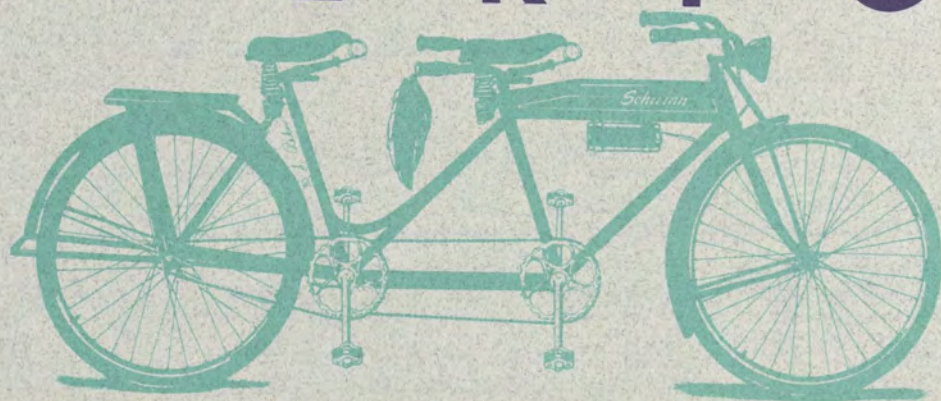


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DOUBLETALK



MARCH - APRIL
1997

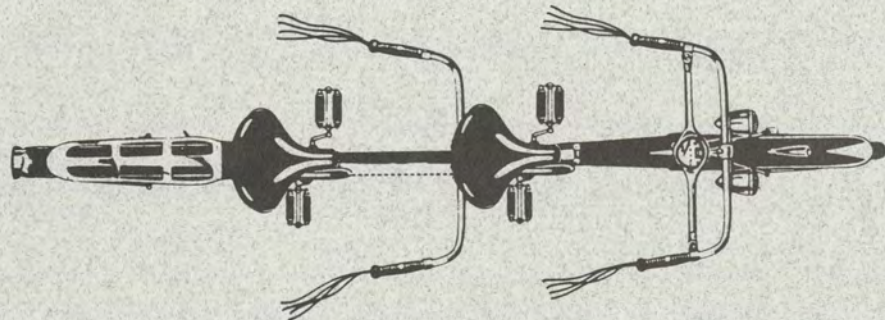
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the newsletter of the Tandem Club of America
Jack & Susan Goertz, Editors
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DOUBLE TALK

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DEADLINE FOR THE MAY-JUNE ISSUE OF DOUBLETALK IS APRIL 1, 1997

FROM THE EDITORS

Whew! The annual membership list is out and in your hands. We must admit, we feel this annual membership listing alone sets us apart from any other tandem organization, and probably justifies the annual dues by itself! We use it whenever we travel, and whenever we visit a new area and want to learn about some good roads in the area. We hope you use it, too, as you travel around the world.

We do have one correction to make, right off. Tom Thalmann, our volunteer coordinator for the TCA's Hospitality Homes program (another great benefit to TCA members), pointed out to me that I had copied his address from an old issue when I put together the "About your Membership List...." page. Tom's correct address is N1466 Fairwinds Drive, Greenville, WI 54942. His e-mail address is sealord3@athenet.net. Sorry, Tom!

We'd like to start a new regular feature in DoubleTalk. For want of a better name, we'd like to call it "Backyard Tours". While we get a lot of articles about tours from around the world and from exotic places, we know there are a lot of great rides in your area. We'd like to hear about them and publish your favorite 2-3 day getaways that you can do without a lot of hustle and bustle and long range planning. We want to learn about that neat B&B trip that you did last spring when you just pedaled from your house. Or perhaps tell us about your club's overnight camping trip that they do every year. We hope to be able to feature every area of the U.S. in the coming months (okay, the coming years). We want to make DoubleTalk the first place you look to find a great place to ride!

So far, it's been a very mild winter. That's allowed us to tandem more in January and February than we've been able to do in the past several years. It's been really great! We're looking forward to a terrific year ahead of us, tandeming with our friends

throughout the country. If you're thinking about attending one of the tandem rallies this year, look at the calendar listing and make your contacts now. Last year, some of the major rallies filled within 2-3 weeks of the event posting. Don't miss out on a great time because you didn't register early enough!

On a similar line, we encourage all rally/event hosts to make available Tandem Club of America literature. We'll be glad to mail brochures to anyone hosting a tandem event. Let us know how many brochures you'll need, and we'll be sure to mail them to you in time for your event. We may even include some back issues of DoubleTalk, too. Please allow us at least 3 weeks notice. If you have electronic mail access, you can send your request to us at tca_of_a@mindspring.com. Don't forget to include your snail/mail address so we can get the information to you.

We encourage those who are "electronically connected" to use our e-mail address to let us know what you are thinking. If you don't have e-mail, don't worry. Just send us your ideas, suggestions, and articles the old fashioned way -- on paper (diskettes are nice, too. If you send us a diskette, please make sure it is compatible with IBM/DOS format, and please let us know what text or word processor you used to prepare it).

We need a new volunteer couple to serve as TCA area representatives for western Canada. Paul & Margie Shoepf of Lethbridge, AB have asked us to help them find replacements for them. Work commitments and travel commitments are not allowing them the time they'd like to fill this role much longer. Please, anyone living in the western provinces of Canada, let us know if you're interested. These volunteer posts can be a great way to meet other tandemists in your area and travelers to your area.

That's enough for now! We'll see you on the road.



LETTERS TO DOUBLETALK

Dear DoubleTalk,

We are planning a two week trip to Oregon this summer to overlap with the Northwest Tandem Rally and would like to do some additional riding in the area. We will be flying into Portland and plan to travel from there to Astoria and Eugene though not necessarily in that order. Can one cycle from the airport?

Can anyone give us a reference to cycling routes in the region. We are not sure if we will do the trip by bike or rent a car for all or part of the trip.

Al Levit/Pat Rehberg
ADD MAIL ADDRESS!!!
76614,1752@compuserve.com

Dear DoubleTalk,

I am trying to locate information about a recumbent "tandem" in which the riders are side-by-side rather than inline. I saw one on the street a few years ago and have been haphazardly trying to locate a source ever since. I believe that it would be a way for my wife and I to get back into cycling. A stroke five years ago left her with limited use of her left side.

If you know of such a bike (technically it would not be a bicycle since it would have 3 or 4 wheels) or if you have any other suggestions as to whom I might contact I would appreciate it. I may be reached by E-mail: jq@procyonpharm.com or at the address below.

James Quick
68 Locust Avenue
Lexington, MA 02173

Dear DoubleTalk,

The ride described by Dorothy & Jack Beiler in the Jan-Feb '97 issue is a familiar one. I must admit that we just drive up that dirt road to park at the west end of the trail. It is a good ride for a warm

summer day. Last year Diane and I used this trail for a shake down ride on our new Tandem Two'sDay. I've ridden this gravel trail on a road bike but on this bike we enjoy the wider tires.

We've been caught in the dark on a tandem before, so we made sure to have a generator set on this bike. The Beilers didn't want to walk thru the Snoqualmie tunnel but

with a light it is a refreshing ride. Going east it climbs gently upward with a packed sand floor. There are occasional drips from the roof to dodge and other explorers to greet. At the top end of the tunnel we emerged and passed a nearly new rest

room facility in a public parking lot. About a mile east of the tunnel is a rise on the left with picnic tables scattered in the trees. There is a view over Kechelus Lake to enjoy during lunch. The return ride is a long gentle down hill that will go by too quickly. This is a favorite annual ride for our Boeing Employees' Bicycle Club.

Buff and Diane Chace
SeaTac, WA

Dear DoubleTalk,

I would like to hear other TCA member's opinions regarding chain lubricants?

I purchased my first mountain bike this past summer (I have lots of miles under my belt as a roadie). The shop where I purchased my bike recommended a product called "White Lightning". It goes on as a liquid, but dries to a white waxy substance. I've found this product to be great for riding in very dusty conditions. The chain stays clean & shiny. There is absolutely no greasy substance to





mess hands & legs. I've started using it on my commuter bike since it keeps the drive train so clean.

The question I have is, has anyone used a product like this on a tandem? Does it provide sufficient lubrication under the heavier loads that a tandem is subject to? The package recommends re-treating the chain after 200 to 300 miles on dry pavement. Currently I've used an oily type product such as Tri-Flow. We have done 900+ mile tours without messing with the chain. Probably would only clean & lube the chain every 500 or so miles while at home. We usually get 5,000+ miles before replacing chains. Will "White Lightning" provide the same drive train longevity, or will we burn up chains faster in a tradeoff for having clean hands after a rear flat?

Vincent Sikorski & Susan Maasch
Bend, OR

CLUB NOTES

Please change the contact for the Chile Pedalers to:

Karen Ann Smith
457 Camino de la Tierra
Corrales, NM 87048
(505) 897-9253
karenann@unm.edu

<http://www.unm.edu/~karenann/tandem.html>

Please correct the address for the Tandem Club of America Hospitality Home co-ordinator to:

Tom Thalmann
N1466 Fairwinds Drive
Greenville, WI 54942.
e-mail: sealord3@athenet.net.

LOST: PLEASE HELP LOCATE

On Sunday, December 1, 1996, a number of items were stolen from the Burley warehouse in Eugene, Oregon during an early morning burglary. Please contact Bruce Creps at Burley, 1-800-311-5294, or the Eugene Police Department at (541) 687-5111 if you come across any of the following stolen bike goods:

Stolen Archive Tandems (new or slightly used):

- (1) '94 Zydeco Mixte, red, serial # unknown
- (1) '94 Zydeco, red, serial #B1033 or B1059 or B1060
- (1) '93 Bossa Nova, small black, broken Magura brakes, serial #BW001
- (1) '93 Softride, teal with black fork, serial #8081 or 8091
- (1) '91 Bongo, yellow, serial #4081 or 4087 or 4498

Stolen Boxed Tandems (new or slightly used):

- (1) '94 Zydeco, red, scratched head tube, no parts or seat box, serial #C1022
- (1) '93 Bongo, large iris purple, no wheels, no parts, no seat box, serial #7148

- (1) '93 Samba, large blue, complete with road bars, serial # unknown

Stolen Miscellaneous Items:

- Sachs component gruppors (several)
- Sachs 3 x 7 hub
- Assorted MTB handlebar samples
- Burley d'Lite trailer wheels
- Suntour shifter samples
- Tandem wheel set samples
- Blackburn racks
- Gripshift samples
- 2000+ front derailleur cables
- 300+ tandem rear axles
- Softride beam samples
- 10 hp Champion compressor



FEB. 5 1997 -- (BALTIMORE, MD) -- The League of American Bicyclists today announced a letter and postcard campaign to protest Amtrak's recent decision to accommodate smoking instead of bicycling on its long-distance intercity lines.

The League has included pre-printed postcards addressed to Amtrak in all 25,000 copies of its annual Almanac edition (March/April) of Bicycle USA, the membership magazine of the League

The National Railroad Passenger Corporation, known as Amtrak, broke an explicit commitment to the League of American Bicyclists to retrofit 34 intercity baggage cars with roll-on access for bicycles. Amtrak has instead turned the baggage cars into smoking cars.

Following the League's 1993 report "Linking Bicycles with Trains: Opportunities for Amtrak to Increase Ridership and Revenues by Increasing

Bicycle Access" and six regional Amtrak meetings in 1995 where the League worked with local advocacy leaders to generate a prominent presence of the bicycle community, the U.S. House of Representatives Transportation & Infrastructure Committee included strong pro-bicycling language in its report on the "Amtrak Reform and Privatization Act of 1995."

The language, submitted jointly by the League of American Bicyclists and League ally Rep. James Oberstar (D-MN), said, "The Committee encourages Amtrak to take full advantage of the opportunity to increase ridership and revenues on all its routes by better serving the bicycling market."

On three separate occasions, top Amtrak officials made the explicit promise to League officials that the roll-on bicycle access, tested in recent years in California and the East Coast's Vermonter line, would be added to the intercity baggage cars in question.

Amtrak Intercity Spokesman Marc Magliari, questioned by the League, said, "We have never announced that, and I'm not aware of Amtrak making such a commitment." League Government Affairs Director Allen Greenberg responded, however, "Either that spokesman is too new to know the facts or he's being lied to. Amtrak made this promise to bicyclists, and now -- when they would ask for our support of their funding in the upcoming

debate over ISTEAs reauthorization -- they have abandoned bicyclists hoping to travel America for recreation and transportation."

The pre-printed postcard the League has included in each copy of its annual Almanac reads as follows:

Dear Mr. Downs:

I am asking Amtrak to keep its promise to the American public to provide roll-on bicycle service on its major intercity lines. Amtrak's commitment to

accommodate traveling bicyclists reflects the best of your organization's goal of providing an efficient and healthy transportation alternative to

automobiles and planes. Amtrak is missing a crucial opportunity to increase ridership and revenue by improving access for bicyclists. I urge you to please reconsider your decision to accommodate smoking over bicycling.

I will be communicating with my congressional representatives this Spring about the upcoming reauthorization of ISTEAs, and I look forward to hearing from you before then that Amtrak will reverse its position and honor its promise to provide roll-on access for bicyclists.

The League requests that you write your own version of the postcard text and FAX or mail to:

Tom Downs, CEO, Amtrak, (202) 906-2211
National Railroad Passenger Corporation
60 Massachusetts Avenue, NE
Washington DC 20002

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AROUND THE WORLD

ED: Last issue Charles & Lisa Chancelor arrived in Auckland, New Zealand and explored the north island. This issue we join them just as they begin traveling around the south island.

All the rain we had missed in the last few months continued to catch up with us. This area, the Queen Charlotte Sound, is known for rain as is the west coast of the south island, our next destination. We had met cyclists that had gotten wet every day along the west coast, and some that had experienced a remarkable two weeks of sunshine. It is often called the wet coast for the amount of rain it gets as well as alcohol consumed there. Travelers are fond of the remoteness, beauty and friendliness of the people. Even other kiwis told us the west coast had some of the most hospitable people in the country.

Not just humans are attracted to the west coast, but it has an inordinate amount of sand flies as well. These small black vampires are very numerous and determined. Lisa and I found their bites to be more painful and have more of a lasting effect in terms of redness and itchiness than a mosquitoes. These bugs

seem to be bad continually during daylight rather than just dawn and dusk, but on the bright side, they apparently go to bed at dark. We used to never eat in our tent until we encountered these creatures. Stores sold sand fly repellent, but we found the best thing to do was to put on enough clothing to cover our skin and wear our head nets. These over zealous creatures came with the adventure at no extra charge.

We arrived on the west coast in the midst of a strong storm coming off the ocean. It was trying very hard to push us back into the interior, as the sheets of water came into us head on. We pulled into a campground and looked suspiciously at the ducks in the shallow lake that was the tenting areas. Although the campground was very busy with RVs, there was one cabin left, but a couple in front of us had first option on it. After inspecting the cabin the couple walked by us to get into their car. They were discussing where they should try next, for the cabin was a bit dismal. Water was pouring off our rain jackets, our hands were as pruned as possible, and a

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chill was beginning to set in. We whispered a prayer of thanks, as we went to see if dismal meant leaky. Heavenly, was our description, when we discovered the small heater. Although it rained until 9 am the next morning, most of our stuff dried out. The head wind had really worn us out and the rain pouring on the windows and roof did not keep us awake.

There is essentially only one road along the west coast and this is where we saw the highest concentration of cycle tourists. We met one Danish couple in which the husband was pulling a trailer with their three year old son getting a free ride. We talked with them about the pros and cons of the trailer. Two days later we met another Danish couple, in which the husband was pulling a trailer full of gear. They had two boys with them, three and five years old. The parents were on single bikes and had small seats installed between the regular seat and the handlebars for the boys. The father carried the five year old and the mother had the three year old. It seemed like a precarious way to travel but made for an interesting sight. The father explained that this way the boys could see better, plus they blocked the cool winds when going down hill! They told us of the benefits of the trailer and mentioned that there was one for sale in Greymouth, the next town we would be visiting along our route.

Upon entering Greymouth we headed straight for the bike store and found the trailer displayed in the front window. The owner met me at the door, he had seen our tandem come by and wanted a closer look. When I asked about the trailer his eyes lit up and he took 1/3 off the price. It was taking up valuable space and he had not had a serious inquiry in the six months he had it. It turned out to be a great investment for us. The trailer tracked behind the tandem surprisingly well. Transferring weight to the trailer made the bike easier to handle and will extend the life of the bike's wheels. After a week we wondered how we had survived without it. I should have listened to other tandem tourists I had contacted for advice before we left on the trip, for most of them suggested a trailer.

As we were repacking with our new toy, we were befriended by a local photographer who covers the west coast for a paper in Christchurch, which is on the east coast. He asked if he could snap some shots and then invited us up to his home to meet his family and explore the area. He was a local guy and



between him and his extended family we got a five star tour. His father had a passion for vintage cars and he owned a 1923 McLaughlin Buick convertible. The father piled us and his grandkids in the antique and we headed out for a country drive. He encouraged Lisa and I to get behind the wheel. It was the first car either of us had driven in almost a year, and our first time driving on the left side of the road. Although we had spent many months biking on the left, thanks to the British legacy throughout Asia, driving a vehicle was intimidating, but we had a good time.

Our stay in Greymouth ended with us being the photographer's children's show and tell piece at the elementary school. The kids were quite fun, and very interested to know if we missed our moms and dads and if we knew Michael Jordan. The fact we were from the same state as he was some consolation. All three days spent in Greymouth were filled with sunshine, possibly the town's monthly allotment.

On another occasion we had the pleasure of visiting a class of 18-60 year old special needs adults. The lady who asked us to visit was a student teacher. We sat in a big circle and talked about jobs, hobbies



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and our bicycle until they learned we were from the United States. The conversation then turned to O.J. Simpson and Michael Jackson. Lisa and I were not well versed in these subjects. We had learned that O.J. won the court battle, but knew few of the details. As for Michael, well, we thought he was married to Elvis' daughter, and we had seen a huge statue of him on a barge in London, England. The class paid much more attention to these two men than to us or the two teachers. The teachers sympathized with us as we simply said we did not know the answers, and they tried unsuccessfully to change the subject.

We headed on down the coast and were impressed by the beauty, remoteness, huge gold mines, accessible glaciers relatively close to sea level, the amount of rain that could fall in 12 hours and the number of cycle tourists that could crowd under a bus shelter during a torrential downpour. Earlier this century an anonymous west coast visitor wrote a poem describing his/her trip to the region which receives over 16 feet of rain a year.

It rained and rained and rained, the average fall was well maintained,

and when the tracks were simply bogs, it started raining cats and dogs,

After a drought of half an hour, we had a most refreshing shower,

and then the most curious thing of all, a gentle rain began to fall.

Next day also was fairly dry, save for the deluge from the sky

which wetted the party to the skin, and after that, the rain set in.

So many beautiful sights and friendly people had pleasantly put us behind schedule. We had to decide how we would change our route to ensure we made the plane. This seems to be a common problem with cycle tourists, except for those who are out for an unlimited time. Some cyclists put their bikes on buses/trains, or hitch hike to make up time. Others are purists who will skip seeing a particular sight, because to them it is important to ride their bike each mile. Lisa and I are somewhere in the middle. We try to ride every mile, but we take side trips off the main route, by other means of transportation. Milford Sound was an out and back destination. From the main route it would take us four to six days to bike

in and out depending upon what activities we chose to do once there. We decided to stop at the crossroads and leave the bike with someone we trusted and hitch hike or take a bus into the Milford areas.

There are so many RVs running around we thought we would have a good chance with one of them. At the small town just ahead we first checked the campground. The only two people camping there were other cyclists, so we headed on into town. It was after 5 pm and everything except the grocery store and gas station was closed. The gas station attendant told me there was a bus in the morning but I would not be able to check the schedule until tomorrow when the restaurant, which was also the bus stop, opened. I inquired about churches in the area and then headed to tourist information which was also closed, to see what they might have posted outside. The only vehicle in the parking lot was an RV, so we decided to see which direction they were heading.

Fred and Jan, both retired school teachers, welcomed us as if we were their adult children back in Seattle, Washington. Jan said they were three weeks into their six week trip, and like many people they had rented an RV to see the country. She said they would enjoy some company and new conversations. Fred was an avid cyclist and was trying to make plans to tie our bike and trailer to the grill of the RV. I told him to give me a few minutes, I would check with a local pastor about storing the rig behind the church. The Anglican minister was very friendly and only agreed to keep the car length bike and trailer in a store room if we would be their guest when we returned. In less than an hour after hatching this sketchy plan, we were whispering more "thank you" prayers as we climbed into the RV and headed for Milford Sound.

Once in the Milford area we decided to do an overnight cruise into the sound. The weather and scenery were stunning as the steep walls shot straight up from the sea. It is amazing what glaciers can do. We sailed out to the open water for a brief look and to do a little fishing and then we returned to the extreme calm of the sound. Dolphins escorted us and seals were laying out in a rare opportunity to sun themselves. We were very excited about the penguins, since we had never seen any in the wild before. The boat provided sea kayaks for passengers



to get closer to the shore and have a good look around. There were four other cyclists on the cruise and we stayed up late into the night swapping stories.

I had not been asleep long when I awoke to a gentle shaking. It was 3:20 am and the whole boat was engaged in smooth rocking that lasted 20 seconds. I first thought an engine had started up, but there was no engine noise. I reckoned it must have been an earthquake since they are common in this area. Going outside I was picturing rocks tumbling down the steep mountain slopes, making big splashes. They were not. The night was just as still as when I went to bed. No one else was up and about, and there were only small waves on the water's surface.

The next morning during breakfast the captain said we had experienced a small 5.0 earthquake, and that this area averages two a day. No damage had been reported. Most people, including Lisa, had slept through it. I was instructed to wake her up if we are ever in another one. It was a long, steep, windy, uphill to get out of the Milford area, and not as nice weather as when we had come in. We stopped at one of the scenic pullouts to have a good look around. We noticed a group of people with cameras, it reminded me of the Blue Ridge Parkway when a bear is spotted. The animal being observed was a Kea, or alpine parrot. They are colorful and rather destructive, having been known to chew up bicycle seats, tires, and helmets, among other things. These two were having a good time trying to rip the rubber sole off a boot. The owner of the boot moved his foot, and they flew to the nearest car and one went after the rubber gasket around a door, while the other began taking chunks out of a wiper blade. Their claws were not improving the paint job either. The driver of the nice car was unconcerned as she carefully snapped pictures. I was most curious about this until I realized it was a rental car.

New Zealand, especially the south island, is known for its large sheep farms. The 60 million meat and wool producers have to live somewhere. The 45,738,003 sheep we rode by were intimidated by our tandem especially when we rang the big biscuit bell we got in India. It was the domino effect as the first to spot us would turn and run, and each member of the flock it passed, turned and ran with it. We toured a few farms and watched them shear the sheep. The



well trained dogs were most impressive, and a necessity to farms we visited. Mutton is very popular, and we enjoyed many meals of roasted lamb, potatoes, and pumpkin.

In addition to sheep and dairy farms we visited chicken and deer farms as well. Deer antlers are more valuable than the meat, and are sold mostly to the orient. Deer were introduced here and in the wild are considered pests. Deer season is open 365 days a year. Possums were also introduced here and they have reached plague proportions in many areas. They have no natural enemies here, and their appetites for leaves has devastated acres of forest and endangered several species of trees and plants.

Our time in New Zealand was coming to an end as a strong tail wind helped push us on up to Christchurch, the largest city on the south island. We had some friends to stay with there and we took a few days to rest, pack for our flight to Australia, and enjoy lots of mail from family and friends.

Although we were excited about Australia we could have stayed in New Zealand much longer. It offers a lot of geographic diversity in a country close to the size of California. Folks were just as fun, friendly and hospitable as we had been told. Maybe it is a cyclists paradise.

Charles & Lisa Chancellor
World Travelers

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:

January-February, 1997

November-December, 1996

September-October, 1996

July-August, 1996

May-June, 1996

March-April, 1996

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COAST TO COAST ON A TWO'SDAY

Our first tandem was a used Fiore. It had six speeds, five of which worked most of the time, and weighed 65 pounds. It had some limitations, especially on hills, but we put over 2000 miles on it, and were hooked on tandemming. Our next tandem was a Nashbar, with 21 speeds; a big improvement, but a little large for us and a touch squirreley. Last year, when we decided that we finally had time for a coast to coast ride, we started looking for a tandem that would fit us well and travel easily. We found both in Green Gear Cycling's Tandem Two'sDay.

About the same time, we ordered Adventure Cycling's (AC) set of maps for the Southern Tier route. We selected the Southern Tier route because we wanted to travel in the fall; we supervise our grandchildren during the summer. We also took a motel-to-motel tour of 180 miles in Oregon by ourselves, and a self-contained camping tour of 538 miles with Adventure Cycling to help us decide which we preferred. We decided that, despite the additional cost, we liked arriving at a nice motel every evening, having a hot shower, not having to prepare food, and most of all,

Gerald and Bev Mohnkern

sleeping on a bed. We also liked having the freedom to alter our plans and schedule as we wished.

We decided that we could probably average about 65 miles a day loaded, but not more than 85. We were not sure that we could travel the entire route without camping because motels are very scarce on parts of the route. We went through the AAA, Mobil, and Fodors accommodations guides and found motels in about 1/3 of the towns where we needed to stop for the night. Then we got a CD-ROM, "American Yellow Pages", from American Business Information. With it, we were able to find motels in all but a few of the places where we needed to stop. We decided to leave the Southern





Tier route in these places so that we would not have to carry the extra weight of camping gear. We carried with us a list of the motels in places where we planned to stop, and other towns in-between where we might have to stop if weather or illness forced us to change our schedule.

On September 18, 1996, we folded our Tandem Two'sDay, packed it into a couple of boxes, along with clothes for two months and a good supply of tools and spare parts, and flew to San Diego, the starting point of the Southern Tier route. We had lived in San Diego for several years, and decided that we would leave from the Ocean Beach pier, where we could take our bike out over the Pacific Ocean, and that we would follow old route 80 instead of highway 94, the AC route. So on the 19th we rode to Ocean Beach to start our adventure.

We made a sign for the back of our bike, "CA TO FL - NEVER TOO OLD". As we traveled through San Diego, we were amazed at the number of people who gave a couple of short beeps on their horn as they passed and waved or gave us a thumbs-up. Also, most times when we stopped for a traffic light a car would pull up and someone would ask if we really planned to ride all the way to Florida and then wish us luck. That night we made it as far as Alpine, only 37 miles but 2421 ft. of cumulative climb. Friends in San Diego had warned us that with Operation Gatekeeper in effect, there was a serious problem with robberies in east-county. Between El Cajon and Alpine we had seen 8 patrol cars and two Border Patrol checkpoints on the back roads we were traveling. That made us feel a lot more secure!

The next day as we left Alpine, a single bike pulled up beside us and the rider asked about our plans. Dave, a retired tower-crane operator, had seen us in Alpine, hopped on his bike, and caught up with us. He rode with us as far as Pine Valley. By the time we reached our next motel in Boulevard we had ridden another 40 miles and added another 3950 ft. of cumulative climb.

The next day we went over the final pass of the Coast Range, and dropped down into the furnace called the Imperial Valley. It was hot riding, but fairly flat, and three days later we started climbing out of the valley at Quartzsite, AZ. The next morning, we started riding a few minutes before sunrise, as was our custom, and reached Salome, our planned destination, about 11:00. Initially we had



planned to call ahead each evening to reserve the next night's motel, but we had found the motels uncrowded but varying greatly in quality, so we had decided that we would wait until we arrived to select a motel. We picked out a nice looking motel in Salome, but when we tried to check in we were informed, "The pickers are here, we are full." The clerk also said that we would probably find all of the motels in the valley full. We not only hadn't seen any pickers, we hadn't seen anything to pick except rocks and cacti. We decided to call for reservations at the best motel in Wickenburg, which we were fairly sure would not be filled with pickers, and ride the additional 50 miles. Shortly after leaving Salome, we saw irrigated fields of cantaloupe, with hundreds of people picking the fruit. So they were the pickers. We arrived in Wickenburg about 6:00 that evening, having traveled 93.6 miles, accumulated another 2185 ft. of climbing, and consumed 6 quarts of water apiece. The next day we decided to take our first rest day one day earlier than planned.

From Wickenburg we headed for Phoenix. On the highways, occasionally cars would beep a couple times and someone would wave, but on the streets of Phoenix, where people were traveling slower, we again were blessed with many well-wishers. We stopped for a snack at a store, and while Gary was shopping, Bev stayed with the bike. A woman asked her where we had ridden from in California, and where we were headed for in Florida, but didn't seem too impressed. She seemed more interested in the bike, looking it over carefully. She finally asked, "Where's the motor?" Bev explained that she was half of the motor and the other half was in the store.

From Phoenix we headed for Apache Junction, then for Globe. Despite the legend that the prevailing winds on the Southern Tier route are from the west, we had encountered southeast winds since leaving the Imperial Valley. As we headed for Globe, these became stronger, reaching about 20 miles per hour, with stronger gusts, as we entered Devil's Canyon. At times we were surprised that it didn't blow us back down the hill. But after several false summits, we finally reached the pass. The next day we enjoyed the fruits of our labors as we cruised down the long hill from Globe to the San Carlos river. Then we climbed gradually up the valley to Safford.

It was too far for us between motels on the AC route between Safford, AZ and Silver City, NM, so



we chose to follow US highway 70 to Lordsburg, NM. We passed through Duncan, AZ about noon, and tried to find someplace to eat. We found the only choice was a small drive-in called Danny's, so we rather reluctantly entered and ordered a milkshake. To our delight, the milkshake was the best of the entire trip.

In Lordsburg, we inquired about riding conditions on highway 90 to Silver City. We were assured that it was a gradual climb on a lightly traveled road with a wide shoulder, and was the route for an annual bike race. It was lightly traveled, and the first few miles were a gradual climb. Then we started crossing a series of valleys and ridges, finally climaxing with the Continental Divide at 6355 ft. We finally encountered the promised wide shoulder about 10 miles from Silver City. What was supposed to be an easy 47 mile day ended up having 3268 ft. of cumulative climbing. Never trust route information obtained from someone who hasn't cycled the route.

The next day was even harder. After crossing several ridges and valleys, we reached the Mimbres river and started climbing toward Emory Pass, the high point of the trip at 8228 ft. We reached the pass about 2:30 PM with 4367 ft. of cumulative climbing, and then coasted down to a bed and breakfast in Hillsboro. Fortunately the winds had been light that day, and we even enjoyed an occasional tailwind. Not so the next day. We were expecting a long but easy ride down the rest of the way to the Rio Grande valley, and then following the valley down to Las Cruces. But as we turned south along the valley, a strong south wind came up, which we fought all day long. We arrived in Las Cruces much more tired than we were the previous day from climbing Emory Pass. Las Cruces was another place where we had lived, so we enjoyed a much needed rest day there with old friends.

Since we were again in well-known territory, we bypassed El Paso by riding through Anthony Gap into the plains of west Texas. The plains seem to go on unchanging forever, but there were a few memorable experiences. For a couple days, we followed I-10. One day we stopped at a truck stop for lunch, and talked for a while with a truck driver. Apparently he told other truckers over his CB about our trip, because the rest of that day most of the passing trucks gave us a couple of short beeps and a

wave or thumbs-up. Another day we stopped in Marathon (population 800). There we discovered the Gage Hotel; it was built about 1920 by a land and cattle baron who had a ranch near there and couldn't find a good place to stay when he visited it. It had a spacious lobby furnished with leather chairs; our room had a four poster bed tall enough to need the ten-foot ceiling, a large leather couch, and a cowhide rug on the floor. After many nights in 1950's era motels, it was a welcome change.

When we reached Sanderson we found that the only motel between Sanderson and Del Rio, 122 miles away, had been closed. After our 93 mile ride from Quartzsite to Wickenburg, we knew that was more than we could handle, so we went to the Chamber of Commerce to inquire about bus schedules to Del Rio, and they volunteered to find us a ride. The next day, Sally, a volunteer at the chamber drove us to Del Rio in her pickup. The route turned out to be pretty hilly, and there was a strong east wind, so we were glad we opted to catch a ride.

Sally recommended spending a night at Ft. Clark Springs, so the next day's ride was shorter than we had planned. Ft. Clark was an Army base dating from the 1850's that was closed after World War II. It is now a gated recreational community, with most of the buildings privately occupied. However, two of the barracks have been converted to a modern motel. We were extra fortunate that the day we arrived the fort was celebrating the 50th anniversary of the decommissioning. Among the activities were open houses at several of the residences. All of the buildings had been built in the 1870s, and were original on the outside. Inside they varied from an ultra-modern remodeling of a barracks to a period restoration (with modern plumbing, of course) of the base commander's quarters.

The next day's ride took us into the "hill country" of Texas. The riding was a little more difficult than on the plains but a lot more scenic. Two of the five days that we rode through the hill country we had more than 2000 ft of cumulative climbing. The motels were generally nicer, too. We passed many ranches that had not only cattle, but also buffalo, emus, ostriches, exotic deer and other unusual livestock. We rode along the scenic Guadalupe river part of the time.



When we arrived in Austin, we cheated and flew to New Orleans. There were few motels along the AC route in this section, and although we had planned an alternate route, we were so impressed with their route selections that we were hesitant to go off on our own for that long a distance. Also, we wanted to visit Bev's twin sister who lives in New Orleans and she would not be available two weeks later when our original plans would have taken us there. So we bought two boxes from U-Haul, packed up our bike, and flew to New Orleans. Bev's sister picked us up at the airport and we had a wonderful weekend with her and her family, mostly at their cabin in Pass Christian, MI. She and her husband are not avid cyclists, but they did ride with us for the first mile as we left Pass Christian.

At Pass Christian we were several miles from the AC route, so we followed US 90 from there to Biloxi. It is a beautiful ride, with beaches on the Gulf of Mexico on one side and ante-bellum mansions on the other. But the road was terrible to ride on, with a sidewalk some places, parking lots in others, and curbs separating them so that we were constantly stopping to lift our loaded bike over the curb. That night we bought a detailed map of the area, and picked an alternate route on less used streets and roads.

The alternate route worked considerably better, but we found that cross streets, even major ones, were frequently unmarked. In Pascagoula we were looking for US 90 to take us over a bridge, and turned instead onto a different major highway. We realized our error in a block or so but still didn't know what street we were on, so we stopped at a service station for information. Three young black men came over to talk to us, and ask about our bike and our route. They told us where we were and how to get back to our planned route. One of them declared that our trip was "totally rad", and as we left another said, "You all be careful out there." As 60 year old whites, we were surprised by the comradeship expressed by these young men and so many others of all ages and races.

Once we reached Alabama we rejoined the AC route. We rode along the Gulf Coast to Dauphin Island, took a ferry across Mobile Bay to Ft. Morgan, and continued along the Gulf Coast to Pensacola. The ride was beautiful, but again we battled the wind. At Pensacola we left the Gulf Coast and

turned inland across the Florida panhandle. If anyone tells you that Florida is flat, invite them to bicycle along the panhandle. None of the hills were high or long, but the ride was constantly up and down. The route was beautiful though, mainly passing through forests of long-needle pines. The weather was usually hot and humid, although there were a couple mornings when we donned jackets and gloves for the first couple of hours.

Near Bonifay, a car stopped a ways in front of us and the driver took pictures with a camcorder as we approached. Shortly thereafter he passed, and asked that we stop at the next service station so that he could interview us for a local TV station. He interviewed us for about 15 minutes, and then stopped to film us several more times. We understand that we were on the Dothan, AL TV that weekend, but we were out of the area by then so didn't get a chance to see it.

As we approached Tallahassee, we were looking for an alternate route because the AC route seemed rather circuitous. When we stopped for our second breakfast, we talked to a young man who recommended riding on Miccosukee Road. It was a

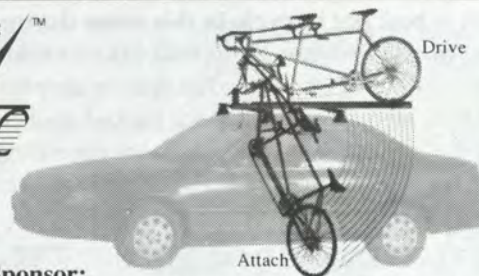
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beautiful road, through a canopy of overhanging live oaks cloaked with Spanish moss.

On our last four days we finally had flat roads and no wind. We averaged 13 to 15 miles per hour, a welcome change after some of the slow days fighting wind, hills or both. We stopped one day in Lake Butler (population 2116) at a grocery to buy bananas. While Gary was in the store, a pickup parked next to our bike, and the driver commented that he had never seen a bike like that before in Lake Butler. He asked Bev about the trip, and as he left, he said, "You all are welcome to come back to Lake Butler anytime. And that's official because I'm the mayor."

When we arrived in St. Augustine we rode to the beach in Anastasia State Recreation Area to

photograph our arrival at the Atlantic Ocean. The next day we packed our bike in two boxes, and mailed it home, while we spent a few more days in Florida.

The trip took 43 days, including rest days. We traveled 2175 miles, and the cumulative climbing was 41,578 ft. from San Diego to Austin; we stopped using our altimeter after that. We tried to eat every two hours while riding, and still lost weight. Literally hundreds of people waved, beeped, or otherwise wished us well. Although we had a few flat tires, the bike performed perfectly. And we never got rained on!

Gerald and Bev Mohnkern
Hillsboro, OR

GRAND CANYON TANDEM LOOP

Having moved to Arizona from the Midwest 19 years ago to get in more sunshine and tandem riding, we have cycled all over this generally bicycle-friendly state. One place we've returned to over and half-dozen times is Arizona's north country, up by the Grand Canyon. Our east coast tandem friends, from Maryland, Jack and Sharon McWatters (A.K.A. Team McH₂O) also took a liking to our state and have spent several winter cycling vacations in Tucson and southern Arizona. Last year, they commented that they were looking for a different challenge in Arizona and we suggested a three day loop in the north country near Grand Canyon National park.

It is best not to cycle in this areas during the heavy tourist season, from mid-May to mid-September, and of course the winter months are to be avoided, also. That is why we picked mid-September to mid-October as our target dates for riding this loop; we'd miss most of the tourists and the temperature would be cooler.

ROUTE AND ACCLIMATION

This three-day tandem adventure would start in Flagstaff on old Route 66, then onto highway 180 and 64 to the south rim of the Grand Canyon, an 84 mile day; thence follow Route 64 along the canyon's rim to the minuscule town of Cameron, a 60 mile jaunt; followed by a 57 mile uphill return trip to Flagstaff on Route 89 and Route 66. If you would prefer to ride

this at a more leisurely pace it could be ridden in four days by staying the first night in the town of Valle; then you'd have only a 30 mile day to the Grand Canyon on day two, thereby giving you more time to sightsee at one of the great wonders of the United States.

If you are not accustomed to riding at 7,000 to 8,000 foot elevations, we would advise you to arrive in the Flagstaff area a couple days early to get your lungs acclimated to exercising in thinner air. Don't worry, there's lots to see and do in the Flagstaff area, on or off the bike.

ACCOMMODATIONS

Flagstaff is loaded with accommodations; from ultra-economy places at \$20 per night to major chains. We do suggest making reservations.

Grand Canyon is on the south rim, and boasts over 1,000 rooms. However, make reservations at least six months in advance as you'll be competing with tourists from all over the world for a room. Prices range from a low, unadvertised price, for a room at Bright Angel Lodge, of \$39 to \$100+ at eight hotels and lodges in the park itself. Bright Angel Lodge (520) 638-2401; other Canyon reservations (520) 638-2631.

Tusyan, a booming tourist town just outside of the south entrance to the national park, boasts many



motels with most prices in the \$100 per day range. the town of Valle, 30 some miles away also has a Days Inn motel.

Cameron has one motel at Cameron Trading Post; \$75 and the rooms have a nice southwestern motif (520) 679-2231. Reservations recommended.

CAMPING

Flagstaff - a KOA near I-40 and Highway 89; Bonit Campground at Sunset Crater National Park, just out of Flagstaff

Grand Canyon National Park, South Rim, Mather Campground, make reservations early

Tusyan - Tex-X Campground, just out of town, plus there may be one more campground in town.

Cameron has NO camping facility, but we have seen folks pitch a tent amidst the rocks, off the highway a bit or ask permission at the Cameron Trading Post to pitch a tent.

FOOD

There are no 7-11's on this route. Bring adequate water and snacks.

Flagstaff has all kinds of restaurants.

Valle and Tusyan have restaurants

Grand Canyon, south rim, has at least six restaurants ranging from cafeteria style to superb dining.

Cameron has one restaurant in the Cameron Trading Post

BIKE SHOPS

None on the route except in Flagstaff proper. You could be 100 miles from a bike shop, so be prepared. Bring your usual toolkit, extra spokes, tube, folding tire, tandem length cables or anything else you may need. Better to have it and not need it than to need it and not have it.

CLOTHING

Contrary to popular thinking it does rain and it does get cold in Arizona! Pack a rain jacket, tyvek jacket, arm/leg warmers, full gloves, long sleeve jersey and any other cool-to-cold gear you may need.



Bring and use sunscreen; at higher altitudes it is much easier to burn, even on a cloudy day. Chapstick and sunglasses are needed, too.

THE TOUR

We avoided weekend traffic by starting our tour on Monday morning, September 16. The low temperature was 38 degrees. We left our motel at 7:30 am with rain-threatening skies. We proceeded on old Route 66 (Santa Fe Avenue) to Highway 180, near Flagstaff's old Railroad station/visitors center.

Leaving town behind was a pleasure as the traffic was a bit hectic on the shoulderless narrow two lane road. Just think, we would not see another traffic light for almost 200 miles.

We were steadily climbing in the thin and cold air for about the next 1.5 hours. we went from Flagstaff at elevation 6,900 feet to 8,000 feet. We were now flanked on each side of the road by the largest stand of Ponderosa pines anywhere.

Occasionally the sun peeked very briefly through a sucker hole in the clouds and we caught a fleeting glimpse of snow covered Mt. Humphreys (12,643 feet).

A swooping descent made us lose much hard-gained altitude and we came from the tall pines into scrub oak vegetation, which at still lower altitude gave way to plains and grasslands abloom in bright yellow flowers.

Crosswinds gave our loaded twicer an occasional hard nudge, so Kay urged the pilot to tap the brakes a bit on the descents. No more hard



Jack & Sharon McWatters enjoy the view from the south rim.



climbing now, but still some good up and downs. Each tandem duo rode its own pace. Our older legs and lungs did better on the ups while the McWatters, accustomed more to sea-level altitude in Maryland, were faster and more daring on the downhills. We agreed to meet in the town of Valle some 50 miles into the ride.

The McWatters team was chased by a pack of about a half dozen dogs a mile or so from town. Fifteen minutes later, on the same spot, our Co-Motion was chased by only one persistent dog. Our 'dog-drenalin' kicked in and we evaded the beast.

At Valle we turned right; there highway 180 is joined by highway 64. In 1980, when we first did this loop on our Assenmacher tandem, Valle consisted of one gas station and about three houses. Sixteen years later it was a bustling mini-metropolis with many homes, gas stations, a big restaurant and a Days Inn Motel.

A group of foreign tourists were talking with Jack and Sharon and discussing tandems; upon inquiring where they were from, they said "Holland." They were all smiles when Rudy started speaking Dutch. A big bowl of hot and hearty soup at the restaurant warmed up our innards and now with a full tailwind we headed toward our nation's largest gorge, 30-some miles distant.



Sharon McWatters is proud to be at 8,000 ft.

We agreed to break and regroup in Tusyan, a real tourist town just outside Grand Canyon National Park, at the local landmark; the golden arches. This is reputed to be America's most expensive McDonalds. The highway was much wider now and even had a good paved shoulder. That wind was really moving us. We pitied a couple of helmetless European bicyclists who were slowly trudging in

the opposite direction. We reached the restaurant and used the facilities; we parked our loaded twicer in front of the place only to have a gust of wind push it, sans riders, in the direction of the canyon. The pilot caught the runaway machine before it made a crash landing. Soon the McWatters team arrived, but we did not dally. The scudding clouds urged us back on the saddle.

There was a line-up at the South entrance to the park, but Kay flashed Rudy's recently acquired Golden Age Passport and we pedaled through. Several miles of narrow and hilly road would lead us to our final stop at Bright Angel Lodge. The noise of the sightseeing planes and helicopters, a scant 100 feet overhead through their assigned air corridor, was near-deafening. On the ground we had to contend with loads of fellow tourists; cars, RVs and oh, those big touring buses. Instead of getting away from it all we were in the midst of it all. After 84 miles of pedaling we surely did not need that type of aggravation. It was with a sigh of relief when we pulled in front of our lodge at 2:40 p.m.

Most of the canyon's south rim is just over the 7,000 foot level, varying a couple hundred feet here and there. The north rim of the Grand Canyon is another 1,000 feet higher and 18 miles away as the crow flies, but over 220 miles by road.

Bicycling the north rim is much quieter with minimal traffic and tourists clogging the road, but that's another tour.

Our cabin was located less than 50 feet from the canyon rim. We had a nice room with a washstand, and the bathrooms and shower were down the hall. Not bad for \$39 per night. A free shuttle service is offered right by the lodge to Grand Canyon Village plus a 90 minute tour to Hermits Rest, where no cars are allowed on the road.

Hermits Rest is one of several buildings at the national park designed by architect Mary Colter; most folks come to enjoy the canyon's majestic views, and not necessarily the architecture. Her designs have the lived-in look of old structures, even when built new. Besides Hermit's Rest, she designed Bright Angel Lodge, and El Tovar among others. Her last project in 1935, was the famous watchtower at Desert View at the far end of the park. It is a 70-foot tall circular structure that mimics the architecture of Arizona's ancient Anasazi Indian tribe.



Before boarding the shuttle for the 90 minute round-trip tour, we donned our raingear, 'just in case.' And sure enough it started to rain. Well, at least we were off the bike. although visibility was somewhat limited at the canyon's edge, it was still an awesome view. While we had dinner at Bright Angel's Coffee Shop, the skies really opened up. Did we care?

After a good night's rest, an early breakfast and a brisk walk along the canyon's edge we decided to roll out our long bikes and hit the road as it was again clouding up and isolated thundershowers were predicted. The temperature had been at a low of 38 degrees with a high of near 60 hoped for.

From the park road we joined route 64 and headed to Cameron. This highway plays peek-a-boo with the majestic canyon for almost 390 miles with many scenic overlooks, all of course, on the opposite side of the road; a word of caution. Stop at the overlooks. Do not try to rubberneck/sightsee while rolling full-tilt down a hill. It has proven disastrous to many an experienced cyclist.

The terrain is again between stands of pine and interspersed with views of the canyon on the left. Even in September, motor traffic can be a bit heavy. The two lane road is mostly up-and-down and your gears will get a good workout. It is a good idea to beat the RVs who all seem to hit the road at 9 am.

The greatest overlook of the day is at Desert View, a "must" place to stop. Not just for the scenery alone, but there is a small cafeteria, picnic area, bathrooms (a rarity out west), a general store and of course, another gift shop. As you head toward Cameron now, you will notice that there is almost no traffic; seems everyone heads back the other way after Desert View. Within three miles you'll be leaving Grand Canyon National Park. From here it is mostly downhill with a 3,100 foot drop in elevation. From lush evergreens, the terrain quickly changes to starkly beautiful and desolate Navajo Indian country.

Years ago, on this stretch of road you would spot an occasional hogan, but, alas, the white man's ways have intruded on this land. Dark clouds were gathering fast and heading our way. The views and visibility were still 'forever' but a couple sprinkles and a fast dropping temperature urged us to stop



and don our rain jackets, plus legwarmers too for the pilot.

About 21 miles from Desert View is the turnoff for the Little Colorado scenic overview, another awe-inspiring chasm. The road has a wide shoulder now, but also rumble strips and here and there the Native Americans have set up stands displaying their handmade jewelry and crafts. Chief Yellow Horse even has humorous Burma-shave type signs up such as "Turn Back", "Friendly Indians" to break the monotony of the land's stark features. One sweeping downhill, if you let your tandem roll, will let you break the 50 mile per hour mark.

Quite quickly now you'll be riding through some rock formations and you'll reach the T-intersection with Highway 89. Turn left and pedal about a mile to the Cameron Trading Post. This trading post was established around 1930, but now trades more with the tourists than with Indians. Every time we've been here, the place has expanded. it features a nice and large motel. A restaurant and a small grocery store are fitted inside a humongous gift shop where you can spend a couple dollars on postcards and trinkets or buy a small, but authentic, handwoven Navajo rug, for a mere eleven thousand dollars.

The restaurant is a real gem with a tin ceiling, fireplace, antiques and best of all good food; from burgers to salmon to steak. However, if you're into sampling the local fare we suggest the Navajo taco, spicy and BIG, or get the half-taco (actually about two-thirds the size of the big one) or they even have a non-spicy veggie version. If you've missed having your espresso or cappuccino, that's available, too. But because you are on the Navajo reservation, there are no alcoholic beverages served. There is not much else to see or do in Cameron except for an old iron bridge built in 1927 that is no longer in use. This bridge spans the Little Colorado river, which flows docily just behind the motel. Though devoid of scenic highlights we find the starkness of this hostile looking land has its own beauty.

Because of the lower elevation at Cameron it was warm enough to ride without a jacket, even in the morning, we did wear a long-sleeved jersey as a second layer, though. This was going to be our shortest mileage day but possibly our hardest day with 57 miles of mostly uphill back to Flagstaff. Remember, yesterday we had that great 3,100 foot





descent. Well, now we had to regain all that altitude, plus some more, to get back to Flagstaff.

After a couple miles of riding, we had to remove our second layer of clothing as we were getting too warm. The town of Grey Mountain is 'up' the road about nine miles of steady climbing. It offers a couple motels, gas station and a restaurant/trading post. Take a break there to make a pit stop and check out the box by the front door and its baby rattlers.

The clouds were thickening again and obscuring most of the San Francisco snowy peaks forty miles distant. It began to sprinkle and we stopped to don our rain jackets. A cold wind blasted us and soon it was raining hard. Trucks were barreling past and throwing sheets of spray and literally drenching us. By now we felt like we were pedaling in a puddle and there was no place to seek shelter. But instead of grumbling, we laughed. We threatened to stop and drill holes in the soles of our shoes so the water could run out. Fortunately we only had to endure about 35 minutes of mother nature's liquid sunshine. As the rain let up our feet were still soaked, but at least we were not getting any wetter.

Just before the turnoff to Sunset Crater we stopped by another trading post for a brief rest. By now even our socks and shoes were starting to dry. The tandem teams agreed that the next break would be the Sacred Mountain Trading Post. This place still trades mostly with the Indians and sells all kinds of beads. It also has an outhouse and a split-log bench on the porch. Sit a spell, have a snack and a good slug of liquid before heading up the 5.5 mile long uphill that will boost you back to the 7,000 foot level. Be prepared with your loaded tandem to hit some l-o-w speed readings on your computer. You think 8 mph is slow? Yes, you'll likely be slower. Don't fight it. Get in your granniest gear and twiddle your way up, back into scrub oak and eventually into the cool pines again.

By now we are dry again and we had worked up a bit of body heat so we stowed our rain gear. We passed the 7,000 ft marker and the main entrance to Sunset Crater. Time to put on our Tyvek jackets as now we'd be swooping down a long 6% grade toward Flagstaff. Huge fields of yellow wildflowers greeted our eyes and then we hit Exurbia, and yes, traffic lights. We had agreed to meet at the local Village Inn Restaurant, just past where Arizona 89 passes under I-40. We arrived in the early afternoon,

after the lunch rush. The waitress told us we could park our loaded twicers in the lobby, because she said, "my son is a bicyclist, too."

It's Jack's 54th birthday today and the restaurant manager presented him with a huge slice of strawberry / rhubarb pie 'on the house'. What a great way to celebrate. We linger over coffee and then it's deeper into civilization on Route 66 to the motel where we had left our motor vehicles and stored our extra luggage.

Bike-friendly Arizona? YES!

If you can stick around a bit, this area offers much more to see, on or off the bike. There's an old steam train that goes from Williams to the Grand Canyon; there's a bit more modern train ride through the wilds of the Verde Valley; there is the magnificent red rock country, via Oak Creek Canyon, to Sedona. If you don't 'ooh' and 'aah' on this ride, you're either asleep or not paying attention. Great tourist shopping all over Sedona, but be sure to visit Tlaquepaque Arts and Crafts Village, you can view the splendor of this magnificent red rock country by helicopter, or do like we did, take a Pink Jeep tour (on and off road) up into the hills and have a birds-eye view of Sedona and all the rock formations. Perhaps you'll visit the old mining town of Jerome, hanging off a hill, and the nearby ghost town of Haynes. If Indian stuff is to your liking there are ruins at Sunset Crater, Tuzigoot, Walnut Canyon, Wupatki and others. Visit the site of Arizona's latest volcanic eruption (about 800 years ago) and see the lava beds and volcanic rock formations. If you want to get in some good pedaling you can ride the hilly Sunset Crater loop or ride from Flagstaff to Mormon Lake. Be sure to stop at Mormon Lake Lodge, an authentic western eatery for some great and plentiful chow.

There's lots to do all over Arizona; so come out west and pedal Arizona's great highways and byways.

Kay and Rudy Van Renterghem
Oro Valley, AZ



THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN BIKE RIDE

ED: We rejoin George & Eileen Dudley for day 6 of the Great Australian Bike Ride.

April 25 - Day 6 - Young to Grenfel, 56 km. Today is Anzac Day in Australia, a very important holiday here, remembering the soldiers from Australia and New Zealand who were killed at Gallapoli in WWI. It's their Memorial day-a national holiday. We got up early and rode downtown to the sunrise service on the main street. It was short, but very moving. There was not a big crowd there at all, and several of the old soldiers, with the medals pinned to the jackets, came up to us and were very touched that we had come to the service. There were a few of the other bikers there as well.

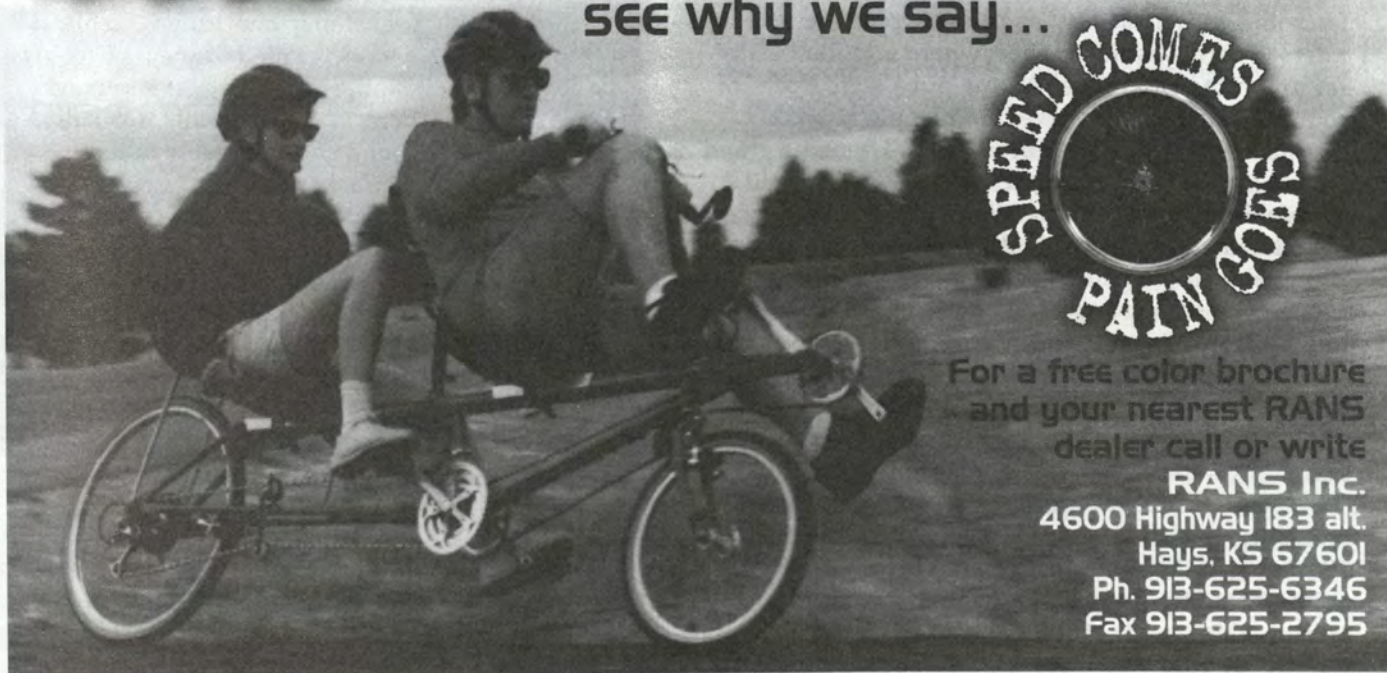
Back at the motel we got ready to ride out and George could not find his money clip, with \$300 in it. We searched all over, unpacked everything and were really worried that we had lost all that money, when

George found it in the back pocket of his bike jersey. (Women never do things like that, do we?).

We finally rode out of town at about 7 a.m. It was very foggy so we could not see much of the

countryside at all. By the time we got to the lunch stop, at 9 a.m., the fog was getting thinner and the sun was trying to come out. Some women from one of the Churches in Grenfel had come out to the lunch stop and were selling fresh fruit salad, it was so great. Riding up a very long hill I said to George "I don't think I can make it all the way up this one, let's get off." Just then I felt a strong hand on my lower back, and this strong young man, on his bike, rode alongside us, pushing us up the hill. At the top, he waved and rode off, and we never saw him again. What a kind thing to do. Of all my relatives, I love my Granny best!

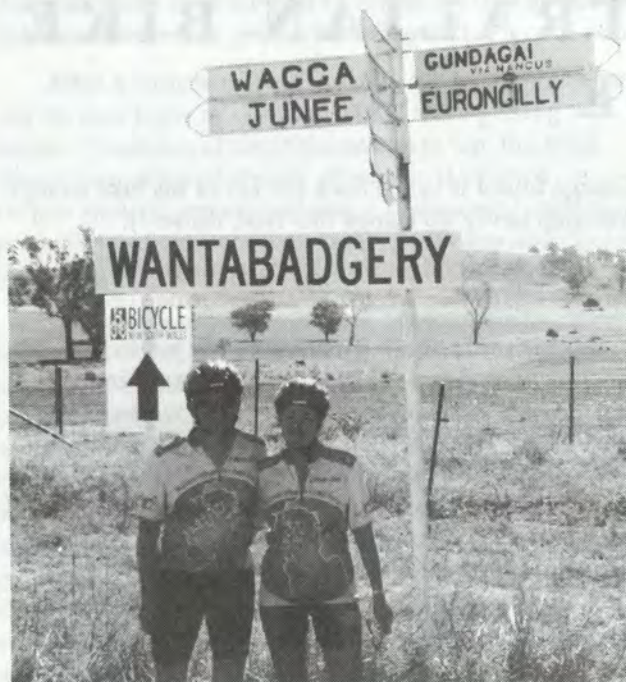
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George & Eileen Dudley at one of those Australian sign posts.

We got into town fairly early today, it was very hot by then and we had our showers and got the tent set up and then went into town to enjoy the festivities for Anzac Day and to welcome the bike riders. There was music everywhere and food stalls set up on the sidewalks. All the pubs were open, of course, and there were even guinea pig races on Main Street. It was all great fun, and we had a grand time. Lots of the riders came down to enjoy it all. Grenfel is a very typical small Australian town, one main business street, with all the buildings with verandahs around their second stories, and that lovely grill work around the verandahs, very like New Orleans style architecture. We went into a drug store to find an ankle brace for me, as I had somehow hurt the Achilles tendon on my left foot. We ate some wonderful spaghetti and sauce that we bought from ladies on the sidewalk, and listened to the various kinds of music (American songs, mostly) including one hilarious and bawdy rendition of "Waltzing Matilda" by an old gent in very formal attire, including a top hat. Of course we also had to go and watch some of the guinea pig races, which were really funny and accompanied by much yelling

and shouting from the watching people. A truly Australian spectacle. George was interviewed on video today by the Big Ride video team and we took lots of video ourselves of all that was going on. Back in camp that evening we went to bed very early as it had been a very long day, and it was very cold too.

April 26

Day 7 - Grenfel to Canowindra 83 km. A really great ride today, the best day so far. The weather was perfect and the route really great too, mostly flat and very pretty countryside. There was a bit of a headwind toward the end, but nothing like we get at home. As we rode into Canowindra, at the top of a hill was a school and all the kids were outside, waving and cheering as we came up the hill. It was so neat. There were also signs made by the kids along the fence, welcoming all the bike riders. In many of the towns we rode through, there were kids lining the road giving us high fives as we rode in.

The campground in Canowindra (pronounced Canoundra) it was very dry and dusty, no lawn at all to put the tents on. Got our tent set up and everything arranged and made it to the showers well before most of the other riders had come in, so for once they were not so crowded.

We kept hearing horror stories about how tough the route was going to be tomorrow - really long hills, and lots of them, the infamous "Day 8" route. Our excellent ride packet map confirmed the BIG hill profiles. So a couple of us decided to see if we could get a ride somehow to the lunch stop, at least, and then ride on from there. We went to talk to Heidi at the information tent, and she said she would see what she could do. She asked us not to say anything, because they had no way of getting lifts for any one else. Later she told us that one of the volunteers would take us out early in the morning and our bikes could go in the Rowsaloo truck that was to be at the lunch stop. That meant we would have to give up plans for having a hot air balloon ride in the morning, but we decided to go anyway. The M.S. Society got a good donation for that little arrangement.

April 27

Day 8 - Canowindra to Milthorpe, 91 km. We got up very early and took the tent down in the cold and dark and packed everything else up. The sun was just getting up and we saw the four hot air balloons



just getting filled up and lifting off into the sky. They were so beautiful. It's a shame we did not get to go on one, but we really did not want to climb 2800' in the first 35 km today. The drive confirmed it would have been a very difficult morning. The lake where we were to have lunch today was a very pretty place. It was a very cool, sunny morning and very quiet and peaceful. There were picnic tables and a walking track around the lake, so we walked and looked at the birds and enjoyed the solitude till the catering trucks and other support vehicles started coming in. The first rider to come in got there at about 10:00 a.m., an Australian racer, and he thought the route was pretty tough. Once the Rowsaloo truck got there and we got our bikes, we left for the rest of the ride into Milthorp. The afternoon part of the route was pretty tough too, with long hills climbing out of the lake area, back up toward Milthorp.

We had a beer in the Brasserie before dinner and after dinner explored the town with a couple of other people. We found a wonderful little candy shop, very old fashioned, with big jars of candy along the walls, and all kinds of goodies. We went in and browsed around and more and more people kept coming in, and soon the little shop was crowded with riders. There was a dance at the school next door to the campground, and we listened to the music for a while. It was too cold to be outside, and we soon went to the tent and went to bed.



If you've never been to an Australian bush dance, you've missed something.

On the notice board outside the information tent there was a sign saying that the person responsible for today's route would be publicly hanged on this spot at sunrise the next day!



Wantabadgerly - the entire town

April 28th

Day 9 - Milthorp to Bathurst, 60 km. This is our last day of riding, rumored to be downhill all the way, NOT! There were lots of steep hills, but we did not walk any of them. We are definitely getting stronger as we get to the end of this adventure. Of course, there were some really long, fast downhills too, and George liked to take those as fast as we could possibly go - we never coast down hills, unless we are going so fast we spin out. Nothing better than a tandem on a downhill!

All the riders were instructed to gather at a spot 3 km. outside of Bathurst at 10:30 a.m. so we could all ride into town together as one vast mob of riders, making a grand and spectacular entrance. I don't think all 1,500 riders were there by the time we rode into town, but there was a pretty good crowd of us. I was so thrilled that we were a part of it. The streets leading to the town park were lined with people and at the park where the ride ended, there were hundreds of people, cheering and waving and a band was playing. It was just incredible being a part of it all. It is a bit scary riding in such a tight group of bikes, but no one fell down and every one made it in safely. There were all sorts of food stalls set up in the park, live music, speechifying by the NSW Minister of Transport, etc. It was a big deal. We had a couple



of hours before bus time, so we ate, enjoyed music and laid about under the trees. Riders kept coming in all the time, the slower ones, or those who had flats and had to repair them. There was lots of picture taking of fellow riders and of the town before we left. Everyone was very happy to have been able to do the whole ride and had a great feeling of accomplishment. Especially me, as I had never done anything like this before.

Our bus driver for the ride back to Sydney was one of those very friendly, talkative Aussies, who kept up a running commentary for almost the whole 5 1/2 hour trip. First he drove us around Bathurst and then took us on a tour of the Bathurst Raceway, which is like the Indy 500 track of Australia, only it is not flat, but winds up and down and has sharper curves on it. Doing it in a large bus was quite interesting. After that we settled in for the long drive back to Sydney. The route through the Blue Mountains was beautiful, these are VERY old mountains and there are deep canyons and other

remarkable formations to see. Unfortunately, everyone from around Sydney comes here for weekends and the traffic jam on a Sunday afternoon is horrendous. It was bumper to bumper for miles and miles, which got a bit monotonous after a while.

When we finally got back to the hotel, it was quite late, and everyone was starving and wanting a shower. A group of us met for dinner at a nearby Thai restaurant, and had a wonderful meal there. After dinner it was time to say good-bye to all the people who would be leaving the next day.

April 29

We still have a bit over a week here in Australia, which is so great; time to unwind and relax after the bike ride. George and I took the bus out to the airport for our flight to Airlie Beach, in Queensland. We would be going on board the "Coral Trekker" for 4 days of sailing among the Whitsunday Islands. When we got to the ticket counter we were told by the Ansett agent that there was no flight to Airlie Beach on Mondays. "But we have tickets," we said "the travel agent booked the flight for us.." "Well, we'll see what we can do for you," and he disappeared for ages. When he came back he said they could get us on a flight to Hamilton Island, one of the Whitsunday group, and then we could take a water taxi to Airlie Beach. Though different from our

original route it sounded like fun and we were ready to do anything to get going.

Hamilton Island is one of the few Whitsunday islands that is developed for tourists and there are really lovely resorts and restaurants etc. there, so they fly lots of people in there every day. When we got there, and in fact for the whole flight, it was very dark and rainy. It was pouring when we got on the water taxi for the trip over to Airlie Beach. I was so disappointed, I have wanted to see this part of Australia all my life, and here it was pouring down rain, and we were told it had been raining for four days. When we got to Airlie Beach it was still raining. And then they told us our baggage went ashore on the wrong island.

We took a shuttle bus from the harbor to the Club Crocodile, where we would be staying the night. It is a very pretty, very tropical looking hotel, lovely pool area with lots of trees and plants, but it was still raining like the Monsoons had arrived. We ate dinner at the hotel that evening, as there was no use in trying to explore around in the rain.

The next morning it was still pouring, it had not stopped since we got here. George called the office of

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The Coral Trekker - The Dudleys home for 4 days

the "Coral Trekker" people to see if we should maybe cancel the trip, but they said "Oh no, it'll be fine, don't worry." We thought they were nuts, but decided to go anyway. We waited in the lobby for the bus to come and take us back over to the harbor and met another couple there, from England, who were also going out on the "Trekker". We took the bus over to the harbor and when we got there found out that we were actually going out to the "Trekker" in a racing yacht, called "Gretel". Gretel had been the first Aussi challenger for the America's Cup, so she was a fast and sleek racing yacht, now being used for charters. The crew provided us all with yellow rain ponchos, as it was still "bucketing down" as they say in Australia, and off we went. It was quite an exciting trip, to say the least.. The waves were big and the wind strong and we sailed fast with the yacht tipped all the way over on its side. I wondered how far over it could go before it tipped completely over. It was an adventure not to be missed.

We flew along in the gale for about a hour and a half and then met up with the "Trekker" anchored in a quiet bay. We went on board and met everyone, including Ashley Kerr, who was the owner and captain of the "Coral Trekker." It is a great old square rigger, with dark red sails and is kept in wonderful condition by all the crew, who never seem to stop working. All the people who had been on it for four

days, and were going back on the Gretel had four days of rain I was so sorry for them, and prayed it was not going to be like that for us.

The Trekker can carry 16 passengers, but for our trip there were only six and the five crew, so it was not crowded at all and we had the forward cabin to ourselves, with its own bathroom, which was great. We had a very good lunch shortly after getting on board and then went for a swim, even though it was still raining and no sun in sight. We even did some snorkeling. I explored all along the little rocky beach and there were so many pools in the rocks with interesting marine life in them. It rained all night.

The next morning, May 1st, we woke up to bright sunshine and no rain. It was so wonderful, the sky was perfectly clear and everything was washed clean and shining. The sea was beautiful and all the islands clear and green, everywhere we looked. I was so happy.

After breakfast we hoisted the anchor and sailed through the Whitsunday Islands, the sea was a deep turquoise blue and so clear. The islands are all different sizes, quite mountainous, and covered with forests. Later in the day we anchored, went ashore on one of the islands and had a wonderful hike to a beautiful river, with a thundering waterfall made very spectacular by all the recent rain. On the way we passed a cave that had ancient Aborigine paintings in it. The paintings were over 8,000 years old.

The rest of the time on the Trekker was spent in sailing and exploring, getting to know everyone on the boat, eating lots of good food, and swimming and snorkeling among the coral reefs. We spent one wonderful afternoon at an incredible beach, 7 miles of pure white sand and the sea so clear and beautiful. I never wanted to leave. We stayed the night anchored off the beach. There was a full moon, and the beach was so totally beautiful in the moonlight. The beach is called Whitehaven Beach and I will always remember it. On the last evening we went ashore on Long Island and had a great barbecue dinner at one of the resorts on that island. Captain, Ashley's crested cockatoo accompanied us on all our on-shore forays.

The next morning we sailed in to Airlie Beach and got ready to leave the boat and say good-bye to all the friends we had made on board. New friends



from the Trekker went back to the Club Crocodile with us. After checking in we went into Airlie Beach and explored around the town. It is very pretty and not very touristy so really nice. That evening we had dinner at a restaurant in town.

The next afternoon George and I were picked up at the hotel for a boat trip up the Proserpine River. It is a very wide river, brown and muddy, but with all kinds of birds and wildlife to be seen along its banks. Our guide was great. She was quick to spot anything that moved on the banks or in the river. We set down some crab pots and pulled some of the most enormous crabs I have ever seen in my life. Their pincers could have taken your foot off, I think. We saw a wonderful sea eagle sitting next to its nest. It was so huge and beautiful. We also saw several

crocodiles, of course, because the rivers in Queensland are just alive with them. They are very quick and run into the water as soon as they hear the boat coming. We saw a lot of small ones; the biggest one was about 8 feet long and he looked pretty impressive to us.

We are back home after our month long trip to Australia, and now it all seems like a dream - did we really go all the way over there and do all the things we did? We must have, because we have all kinds of books and clothes and things that we bought over there all over the house. It was a wonderful, incredible holiday and we can't wait to go back.

George and Eileen Dudley
Peoria, IL

SHIMANO LX "V-BRAKES" and THE WORLD CLASS V-DAPTER A REVIEW

I'm one of those people who normally wouldn't win a draw even if I was the only person in it. However, when I saw Jim Leis' offer of a free pair of World Class V-dapters to the first ten calls from

tandem@hobbes subscribers, in exchange for a review, I thought I had nothing to lose by calling. I was pleasantly surprised, nay stunned, to be caller number 5! Arrangements were made and a pair of the items in question duly arrived.

First, a comment on my comments

I'm aiming this review towards covering the use of drop bar brake levers with v-brakes and/or cantilevers, so any generalisms that I make should be viewed in that context.

I'll try to keep my thoughts on v-brakes and v-dapters separate, but in some cases, it's difficult. I'll also assume that everyone at this stage knows what "v-brakes" (really a Shimano trade name rather than an accurate description) are.

Why bother?

Why would anyone want to use v-brakes? I have to admit to being perfectly happy with our two

tandems' combination of Shimano and Suntour brake levers, Campag HP medium profile cantilevers and either the stock Campag or Scott-Mathausen brake pads. The brake pads don't need to be ridiculously close to the rim, the brake levers don't bottom out and there's plenty of braking "power." We have in the past used the same cantilevers with Campag Ergo' levers to very good effect. Any stopping problems we've experienced have been down to bad captain judgment and/or lack of captain skill rather than lack of braking power

However, the above paragraph refers to the front brake. Both of our tandems have Softride beams on the rear, and the frame slopes down steeply from the rear mounting point to the dropouts. We would love to use the same brakes on the rear but this would mean that Pamela couldn't pedal as her feet would hit the canti arms. Until now, our only option on the rear was to use low profile cantilevers, but even then they needed to be set up with the anchor arms vertical or close to it. This in itself can usually be worked around, but the situation on our Burley tandem is exacerbated by the fact that it has clearance for 2" tyres and we normally have Esge P65 (ie. big, wide)



mudguards/fenders mounted on it. This means that in order for the straddle cable to clear the mudguard, its position is compromised, resulting in an efficient rim polishing device on the rear wheel, but not much in the way of retarding force.

By and large this isn't too much of a handicap because the front brake is the important one. However, there are situations, such as riding offroad and on slippery surfaces, where using the front brake could cause the wheel to wash out, so having a good rear brake is essential.

In the past, we have considered fitting a Wilderness Trail Bikes roller cam brake on the rear, but decided against it for reasons of expense and the necessity for a relatively non-standard placement for the brake bosses. However, v-brakes seemed to address the issues we were worried about and the LX version was not only relatively inexpensive but had the reputation of being preferable to its more expensive brethren. The latter, with their parallelogram mechanism which gives horizontal brake pad movement, appeal to the engineer in me, but they seem to have their fair share of problems.

The anchor arms on the v-brakes are essentially vertical so they solve the heel clearance issue. There is no straddle cable to worry about and the mechanical advantage of the brake is fixed (forgetting about the v-dapter for the moment). However, they require rather more cable travel (approximately 24mm) to operate than is pulled by a drop bar brake lever.

This is where the v-dapter gadget comes in -- it helps pull more brake cable. The v-dapter consists of an eccentric pulley in a small cage which attaches directly to the top of the right hand anchor arm (looking at the rear brake from behind the bike). The brake cable comes in from the left hand side, runs over the top and around the pulley (to which it is attached with a small bolt) and runs back to the left hand anchor arm. When the brake cable is pulled, the pulley moves in such a way as to reduce the mechanical advantage of the brake, pulling more cable in the process.

The v-dapter is easy to install. The cage I would guess is made from stainless steel and is designed to take the metal "noodle" or cable routing tube that Shimano supplies with their brakes (which normally sticks out from the left hand arm) to route the cable.

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The pulley is made from a hard plastic and seems to have a threaded metal insert for the bolt which attaches the cable to it. It rotates on a brass bushing which also allows some floating movement to enable the brake cable to find its own preferred path. The cable is attached to the left hand arm (actually to a pivoting cage on the left arm) using a small machined cable clamp which also serves as the quick release. The cable passes through a hole in the clamp and a small bolt, turned by a 2mm allen key, bears down on it.

A major oversight, especially in the light of the v-dapter allowing drop bar brake levers to operate v-brakes, is the lack of a cable adjuster. Happily, the hole in the v-dapter cage for the cable routing tube is almost the right size for a standard barrel adjuster. I ran a 6 x 1mm tap through the hole and a barrel adjuster screwed right in (it's held in position by the nut on the adjuster, not the threads). The rear brake cable stop on the Burley was in such a position that use of Shimano's noodle was impossible, so I just ran cable housing from the stop to the barrel adjuster.

I'm also not ecstatic about the cable clamping mechanism. A bolt bearing down directly on the cable is crude and also, you can't get much purchase with a 2mm allen key. That said, the cable hasn't slipped and repeated adjustments haven't done any apparent harm to the cable. The brake cable actually lies against the top of the mudguard but is pulled away from it when the cable is pulled.

Adjustment is pretty simple (and it is helped by my addition of the barrel adjuster !). The v-dapter instructions say to position the bolt on the pulley in the 3 o'clock position which is easy to do. Balancing the return spring tension in the two arms is crucial but simple.

So, how do they work ?

The result is that the rear brake is a definite improvement over what we used before (an old Shimano Deore XT low profile, for what it's worth). It's enough to stop the tandem on the flat, but will only serve to take the edge off our speed on anything resembling a downhill. Oh, and it does of course polish the rim as well as the previous brake.

Being rather underawed, we decided to fit the v-brake/v-dapter combination on the front too, in order to give a fair review, as I don't normally use the rear brake that much. This of course served to

reinforce the fact that nothing is ever easy. The cantilever bosses on the front of the Burley are positioned very high relative to the rim and in order to align the brake pads correctly, I had to file out 5 or 6mm from the bottom of the brake pad slot (Shimano attaches the brake pads in a fashion similar to sidepull brakes and they are simple to adjust, if non-standard - more on that later). This means that the

mechanical advantage of the front brake is higher than normal, while the pads on the rear brake are near the top of the slot, which reduces the mechanical advantage.

The resulting front brake works well, but doesn't improve upon our benchmark: a medium profile cantilever setup. It got a thorough test the first night we rode home from work with it fitted, when a motorist forgot that a stop sign means that you are supposed to come to a halt, and it passed with flying colors.

Random comments

The brakes are mounted on brake bosses positioned about 80-87mm apart and are operating on Sun Rhino rims (26mm wide). I mention this

because this is the cantilever boss spacing that they seemed to be optimized for. However, older frames tend to have the bosses mounted much closer together and this, together with a wide rim and/or bosses placed on the high side could result in difficulty aligning the pads or else the arms may be canted away from the vertical. This may be fine, but caveat emptor.

This brings me to the brake pads. Like I mentioned, they're similar to sidepull/caliper brake pads in appearance, except the post is much longer and only threaded a relatively small amount. Two washers, one thick and one thin, which mate with other convex washers, are supposed to be swapped from one side of the arm to the other to make up for different cantilever boss positions. It's rather binary and might make for difficulties in mounting on older frames, like I mentioned above, though modifying the washers is certainly possible. Also, the amount of rubber supplied is rather parsimonious. This is supposedly to prevent the pads compressing under v-brakes high mechanical advantage, but stories of people wearing out their pads in a day's worth of off-roading don't inspire.



I was worried the v-dapters might result in undesirable characteristics due to the eccentric pulley and resultant non-linear action, but my highly trained and sensitive hands haven't noticed anything. I have to wonder how well the pulley mechanism might work in muddy conditions, especially as cyclo-cross racers seem interested in the technology. The jury's still out on this one as things are pretty frozen around here. Also, even with the v-dapter, the pads still need to be set rather close to the rim and this could lead to dragging.

Summary

The combination of v-brakes and v-dapters work well. They have excellent applications, such as on the back of small or Softride frames, frames where the

cable routing is awkward or where the steerer tube has been but too short to take a cable hanger easily. They also have the advantage of needing minimum setup and tuning in order to work well.

That said, if you already have brakes that work well, I see no reason to change to them. Even if you don't, it's probably worth your while playing with the adjustment of the straddle cable and other variables first. You also might be able to pick up an old pair of medium profile cantilevers on the cheap that will work well with drop bar levers.

John Bayley
Cheltenham, MA

FALL ALLEGANY RIDE FOR TANDEMS III (FART III)

After a week of very cold, dreary, wet, blustery weather, the forecast looked good for the weekend. Even the weatherman was calling for cool but nice

weather. Could this be? Anything but rain would be fine! And so started the third annual Fall Allegany Rally for Tandems. This year we had 5 teams signed up, and another one to join us for the day on Saturday, for a total of two Fishers, one Trek, one Cannondale and two Ibis or is it Ibi?.. both purple. With only five couples this year and three cabins, there was ample room in the cabins. We shared ours with a mouse, but he didn't bother us at all.



The Off Road teams assemble

After picking up a birthday cake from the Dyes on our way down on Friday (so Chuck wouldn't see it), we got to the park very late Friday afternoon with Monica and Tim hot on our tail. It was a rather brisk day, despite lots of sunshine, and after checking in and getting parking permits, the guys promptly set about starting fires in the cabin stoves, and then the campfire outside. Now to await the arrival of the others. The first ones to arrive were the couple from Michigan, Cheng and Siu (pronounced Shoe) They were relatively



new to mountain biking, but that's ok, because this wasn't a mega miles, cover all the ground you can event. Remember, we ARE the Greater Rochester Eating and Tandeming Society! (GREATS). They settled into their cabin and joined us at the campfire.

The next to arrive were Fred and Gerry. They are also new to mountain biking and tandeming in general, having just bought their tandem this spring. Their MTB experience consists of mostly rail trail riding, namely, the canal path and the Greenway. You really don't have to be an experienced off road rider to do this event.....you just need a tandem! They followed the same routine of settling in and then sitting around the campfire to await the arrival of Bonnie and Chuck.

Around 10:30 pm, Chuck and Bonnie pulled in, completing the gang, and the waiting was over. After they unloaded the van, we sat by the fire til after midnight. We probably wouldn't have stayed up so late, but no one bothered to look at the clock. It was a very starry night (meaning not a cloud to be found), no wind and, you guessed it, very COLD! Too bad the fire in our cabin died before we went to bed. Too much good time at the campfire, and not enough tending the fire inside! What little fire we did have, Brian managed to get going again, although not as nice as it had been. Then when I got up a little later to hit the bathroom (you know how it is when you're cold), I added another log to the fire, but that move killed it in a hurry. Oops!

Saturday morning we woke to a very heavy frost, but as typical, with many fall days, the



Lunch was a welcome break

temperature quickly warmed and luckily stayed that way the rest of the weekend. I ventured out of our cabin to find Fred grinding coffee beans on his front porch. After breakfast, we loaded up the cars and headed to the Bova trail head to meet Dave and Karen, who were coming down from Toronto for the day. They called on Thursday night thinking it was a road ride! Wrong! A quick trip to the local bike shop to rent a MTB tandem solved that problem. The traditional group photo, (we nailed the first car that came by) and we were off! Three miles uphill to the summit! At mile one the jackets came off, at mile two, more layers, then at the top, the jackets went back on because it was cool and windy. We had a mix of sun and clouds, so the temperature was always changing, depending on where you were. A short detour over to stone tower for a view of the valleys, then on to the rest of the ski trails and lunch.

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We picked a spot on the far end of Christian Hollow loop for lunch. There is a gap in the trees and a nice view of the valley (which one? who knows!, but it made a great lunch stop). The foliage was at its peak this weekend, and the colors were sensational! From there it was back to the cars, finishing the other loops on the way. Brian couldn't resist going down the ski hill with his new magura hydraulic brakes while everyone else went down the regular trail. I wanted to do the trail, but didn't have much choice, so down the ski slope we went. They call this the beginner slope, but it looked pretty intimidating to me! We had been down it before, so I knew we could do it. Been there, done that! so why do it again? Because of this move, we came up with 1 1/2 miles less than everyone else. That tells you something about the steepness of the hill!

Dave and Karen came back to the cabins with us for munchies before we went to the park restaurant for dinner. They went home from there (talk about a long day) while the rest of us went back to the cabins for dessert. They were invited to join us, but declined.....maybe next year!. Then as if we hadn't eaten enough (we only rode 18 miles that day), we helped Chuck eat his birthday cake, along with all the other goodies we had brought to share. The temperature was at least 10 if not 15 degrees warmer than the night before, but no one stayed up til midnight tonight.

Sunday morning dawned sunny and much warmer. There was Fred grinding coffee beans again, but at least his fingers weren't frozen. Siu and Cheng had shorts on! Some of the rest of us decided to wait til later in the day to don ours. What a contrast to the day before! Today would be a shorter ride. Cheng and Siu had a long drive back to Michigan, and some of the others wanted to leave early afternoon, so we only did 8 miles. The plan was to ride up to Thunder Rocks for lunch, then down the horse trail to the road, back up the hill to the intersection, then back down to the cars. So.....it didn't quite turn out that way. We got to Thunder Rocks a little early for lunch. It only took us 45 minutes to get there, a slight miscalculation. The horse trail was a little? wet in spots, but going well until we got the second gas pipeline where the trail turned right and started down the other side of the mountain from where we wanted to go. No problem, we would just follow the

gas line left down the hill to the road and head back. After checking out the hill which made the ski hill look like a bump in the road, the decision was made to go back to the first gas line crossing and follow it back the OTHER way back to the Rocks. Chuck remembered seeing the gas line from the rocks. This turned out to be a wise move taking us back to square one (at least we knew where we were). We even met another cyclist out there who turned out to be one of the WNYMBA guys out for a ride. Where was he when we were lost?

Lunch was back at the cars, even though we carried it around with us all day. There were no injuries and all seemed to have a good time, some even said they would be back!

Considering most had done very little off road riding, everyone did quite well. On the way home, we decided to follow Limestone Road (dirt). We never seem to be able to leave that park without doing some exploring on our way out. Anyway, according to the map, there was a gate at the end of the road, but it was open and took us where else, but into the little town of Limestone PA. I bet only the locals know of this unmanned entrance into the park. It's kind of off the beaten path and you probably can't count on it always being open. We definitely need to do more exploring! There are so many trails



in there that could be rideable, but we don't know where they are, or have seen them, but don't know where they go. Anyone have any maps with horse/snowmobile trails on them?

Coming home, we played leap frog with Fred and Gerry. They were eating lunch (didn't we just eat before we left the park?) at the rest stop just outside of Cuba. Then while we were stopped at the rest stop near Geneseo, they passed us. (No, we didn't stop to eat, but we did order calzones for dinner when we got home!) We'll do it again next year for sure. We're working on getting better accomodations, (including real bathrooms!) so we can invite more people.

Karen and Brian Managan
Webster NY



OUR GERMAN TRIP

What was I doing on a plane from Hartford, CT to Atlanta, GA to get to Germany? Well, that is one of the things you do to take advantage of Frequent Flyer rewards. Delta, doesn't do Germany from Boston, and the connections at JFK are difficult to non-existent. Besides, Ina and I could travel together, as she was originating at ATL. Of course, the first two hours of the flight from ATL to Frankfurt were the reverse of what I had done a few hours earlier, but...

We were on our way for 2.5 weeks in southern Germany, mostly Bavaria, with 13 days planned to be by tandem bicycle. We were meeting 6 others who were to spend the next 2 weeks with us. They were Dave and Nancy Scofield, who we met on a tandem tour of England in 1994, Muffie and Joe VanAndel, whom we met on a Bike Vermont tour in 1987, and Eric and Kathy Schonenberg, who belong to Dave and Nan's bike club in CT.

We had our tandem packed in a large case, and anticipated that it would be an easy thing to get

Deutsche Bahn (the German railroad) to ship it to Munich, our departure point from Germany. Not so fast. There is no freight at the Frankfurt Flughafen (airport) so we took it on the S-Bahn (subway) to the main train station in Frankfurt. Looking lost, we were approached by a representative of DB (Deutsche Bahn), who offered to help. He went with me to the freight department who refused to accept the box as they didn't do freight at that location. Our helper received the name of the courier service who would take care of the box. He called and arranged to have the box picked up at our hotel in Heidelberg and delivered to our hotel in Munich. So, we then boarded our train to Heidelberg, where we wheeled the big blue box about 2 miles to our hotel, the Vier Jahreszeiten (Four Seasons), which was wonderfully located by Alte Brucke (old bridge). Our host, Thomas Weil, assured us that he would handle the box pickup the next morning. The service we received here was outstanding and we recommend it highly.

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We assembled the bicycle, and then met Joe and Muffie for reunion and a nice dinner. We managed to stay up till 2100 (9PM) and then crashed. Little did we know that would be our normal bedtime for the entire trip. Rain the next morning forced us to buy umbrellas for our tour of the old castle and the town, but by noon it had cleared and it turned into a great day for us to sightsee. We returned to the hotel to find out that the courier service had refused the box - - grosse (big), but Herr Weil called the freight company and arranged for a pickup the next morning. We called the hotel in Munich to tell them to expect it, to pay the shipping charge, and bill it to our room. We discovered that they had no record of our coming, but again Herr Weil took care of that by faxing our voucher and talking to them in native



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tongue. I gave them my credit card number just to be sure.

We then rode to the train station to meet Dave and Nancy, who were coming from the Netherlands. When they were not on the train we expected them to be on, we were discussing alternatives, when...there they were. The first train did not accommodate tandems, so they had to wait about 15 minutes for the next one. At least they got there. We had an interesting ride through Heidelberg as they have bike lanes that are both on street and on sidewalk. Finally, we decided to risk the wrath of the drivers and the law by ignoring the paths and riding on the street, just as if we were cars. (In Germany, use of adjacent bike paths is mandatory.)

The next day we left by train to Eberbach, both to avoid the traffic and to shorten the day to about 35 miles. We started riding along the Neckar River and it was glorious, with most of the day on bike paths that were excellent. Wide, low bike and pedestrian traffic, and very scenic. There was even a ferry. I am a fan of ferries. After a stop at Berg Guttenburg to see a raptor (birds of prey, e.g. eagles, owls, and buzzards) show, I entertained the others with my imitation of the buzzards we had seen and then we climbed the 0.7 km, 10% grade to Bad Wimpfen, the town we would spend our first night on tour. This is a lovely town with an old section dating from medieval times.

Then next day dawned with rain in the air. Ina and I rode the train for 20 miles while the others biked. We resumed togetherness at Mockmuhl (umlauts omitted), and then did the climb of the tour. We left the river valley and climbed, and climbed and climbed and walked, and walked, and climbed. (Note: this is not necessarily the opinion of the rest of our group.) But, finally it was over, and we had a great ride through the woods, and a 6 mile downhill to Bad Mergentheim, our first stop on the Romantic Road, one of the scenic named tourist routes in Germany. The towns along the way were casualties in the Thirty Year War in the early 17th century. They lost population and wealth, so nothing was done to them for almost 250 years. That way they retained their character and charm.

Our stops included Rothenberg ob der Tauber, which is where we found all the tourists, both American and Japanese. This is a gem, with a picturesque setting and genuinely original buildings.



We took the nightwatchman's tour, climbed to the top of the tower, and walked the town wall. What a great place! Rothenberg is where we were joined by Kathy and Eric.

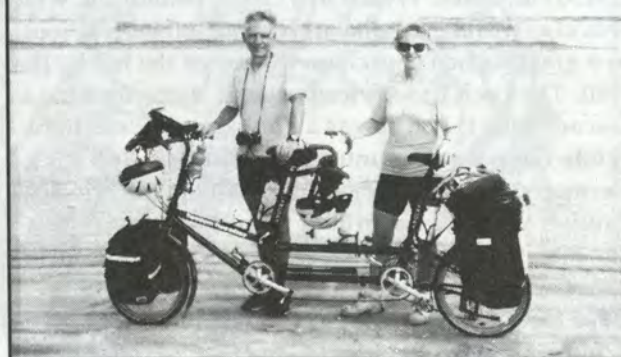
In Bad Mergentheim, we picked up the route book for the Romantic Road bike route. It generally parallels the main highway but with little traffic. Also, the route is marked with signs so it greatly simplifies navigation.

Then it was on to the other towns along the Romantic Road - Weikersheim with its cloister, Dinkelsbühl with a moat, Nordlingen in the center of a 40,000,000 year old crater, Donauwörth where the Danube meets the Tauber, Augsburg and its Roman beginnings, Landsberg, Schongau, and finally Füssen, where the castles of King Ludwig are located. The terrain was different from what I expected. It was much more gentle (with a few exceptions) than I thought it would be, and we really loved riding on the narrow roads in the middle of fields and then encountering another village every 5 km or so.

Approaching Augsburg, we were on a bike path paralleling the Lech River. We got to an intersection



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and stopped a couple on their mountain bikes. Winifred and Renate Weiss then told us to follow them to the tourist information office in downtown Augsburg, about 5 miles away, so we could obtain accommodations. They used their knowledge of the city to get us a place close to the tram, and at a reasonable rate. They then led us to the gasthaus. What a treat to meet such nice, helpful people.

Leaving Augsburg was an experience. Since it is a big city (260,000) we kept on the bike path next to the river. We wound through woods and then by a lake and across a dam. On the other side of the dam was the site of the 1972 Olympic kayak course. It is still in operation and we watched a few folks try their hands at it.

Later that day we had the chance to repay the favor we had received from Renate and Winifred Weiss. Riding along with rain clouds approaching, we encountered an older man trying to get the chain back on his 3 speed internal hub bicycle. Clearly, he was not about to succeed. David did the job and the fellow then picked up some wood, which we thought was to be used in a fire, and pedaled merrily away.

A city we really enjoyed was Landsberg am Lech. We were riding along a bluff high above the river and came to the wall surrounding the city. We entered the gate and then started down this winding hill. At the bottom, we went through another gate and were in the center of town, with the tourist office right in front of us. We splurged for luxurious accommodations and really enjoyed the difference DM30 can make. We ate at a Greek restaurant, which was also wonderful. Ina and Nan climbed (via foot) to a great rococo church on the top of the hill by the wall. The Lech has a wier (series of dams forming a cascade effect) and it was a photographer's delight. While there we encountered the Panther club of Germany, which was holding a rally in the area. Panther is a British car built for a few years in the late 80s and early 90s. These people were not hurting financially. One couple we spoke to was about to leave for their condo in Florida where they spend 6 months a year.

Our day riding into Fussen was a mixed bag, with the weather pretty nasty (mid 40s and misting rain), and the scenery and places to visit great (Wies Kirche, the mother of all rococo churches and Ammer Gorge). Our hosts at the hotel in Fussen took

pity on us wet and cold cyclists and did our laundry for a very reasonable price.

One item deserves special mention. The churches we saw were works of art. It seems that this was where the artistic labor went during the 14th through 18th centuries. Many were in the rococo style, and were lavish and flowery and cheruby. Just great.

The next day was very raw and we were delighted to be off the bicycles. We did Neuschwanstein, and its setting is magnificent. Hard to believe it is only about 100 years old. Dave, Nan, Ina and I spend most of the afternoon in a lovely cafe, as we just couldn't go out.

As we were going to leave Fussen the next day, we were ecstatic to see blue skies. We headed south into Austria and turned east at Ruelle on our way to Linderhof palace and Oberammergau. Up we went, with a few hundred meters of walking for us, and then down to Plansee, a wonderful alpine lake. We biked along the shore for about 5 miles, had lunch on a terrace overlooking the lake, and then climbed gently up and over the ridge separating us from Linderhof. We then began the best downhill ever. Over 10 miles of gentle terrain (after the first 0.5 km of switchbacks). We averaged about 25 mph with little pedalling required. Linderhof is beautiful - in fact, the most beautiful of Ludwig's castles. The downhill continued after Linderhof and we flew into Oberammergau. Oberammergau is very quaint and touristy, with woodcarving being the local craft.

Does a 4 km downhill with switchbacks get your juices going? Well, it does ours, and then next morning we left Oberammergau and started this descent. We never hit over 42 mph, but it certainly felt faster, especially with the curves and the panniers. On the road into Garmisch-Partenkirchen we encountered a traffic jam, so I took the initiative and rode to the vehicles' left, passing many dozen of them before coming to the Garmisch turnoff. Finally, we were in a true Bavarian village, with the Alps right there. Great weather didn't hurt either.

Our bicycling ended in Garmisch-Partenkirchen. All told we did about 400 miles (650 km) in 13 days, with 9 real days of riding and one of only 12 miles, and 3 days off. These distances were enough for us, as we dawdled and allowed ourselves to savor Germany.



That same day we took the excursion to Zugspitze, at 10,000 feet the highest in Germany. We went up by cable car and down by cog railroad inside the mountain. What great scenery. There was snow and ice at the top, and it was about 25 degrees. That evening the rest of the group treated Ina and me to dinner for arranging this trip.

The next day, we said good-bye to Dave and Nan and then sighted the area, including a bus ride out to the Olympic Stadium (G-P was the site of the 1936 winter Olympics), a walk in Partenkirchen, a cable car up to Alpsee, and a wonderful lunch looking at the mountains. Also eating there was an American couple who would be on our Delta flight the next Saturday - small world.

An early start the next day took us to the train for the 80 minute ride to Munich. We maneuvered the streets of Munich to our hotel, where the tandem case was nowhere to be seen. A call to Herr Weil in Heidelberg discovered that the box was in Munich but had been refused by the hotel as they had no record of us coming (sound familiar?). After a few false starts, the hotel finally arranged for the box to be delivered.

Our location was wonderful, with one of the S-bahn stops just a short, inside walk from the hotel, and Marienplatz just two stops away. The weather discouraged us from visiting the Englischer Garten, but we did go to Olympic Park (site of the 1972 Olympics), the BMW museum, the Hofbrau House for dinner, and the Deutsches Museum.

Our departure day reaffirmed the benefit of our location, as we just took one elevator and one escalator to the S8 train to the Munich airport.

The flight back to Atlanta was 10 long hours in a packed 767. Ina was met by John, Gitte and Christopher John Toben, and I caught a plane to Hartford on my way back to Bike Vermont. This was a great trip and we had a wonderful time.

Some of the things that makes Germany different from the US are:

- They don't serve water (tap) at restaurants. They don't think it is good for you. One drinks mineral water at a cost of DM3,20 (\$2.25) for 0.2l (6.7 oz.). Beer is much cheaper as 0.5 liter usually cost about DM4,30. McDonalds and Pizza Hut serve



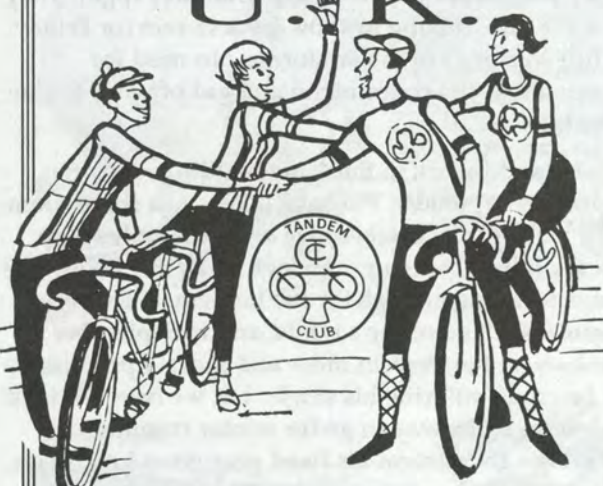
beer. Coke costs even more than mineral water.

- The comma is the decimal point and vice versa.
- 1PM is 1300. They don't do AM and PM.
- 0 is cold, 10 is cool, 20 is great, and 30 is hot.
- They write their 1s and 7s differently.
- Food is served as it is ready, with others at the table just looking at those who are eating.
- There is never a push to get you out of the restaurant. The table is yours until you call for the check.
- The wait staff readily split the checks for us.
- Restaurants rarely took credit cards.
- Gas consumption is measured in fuel used per distance traveled (liters/100km). Lower is better.
- Every place we stayed had these wonderful windows, which, at the turn of a latch, would either open hinged at the side or at the bottom. When hinged at the bottom,



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- There are no washcloths. There is usually no soap.
- The double beds are usually two mattresses and the covers are not sheets and a blanket, but a down coverlet that is not long enough for a six-footer.
- Public transportation is ubiquitous and is on the honor system.
- Their first floor is our second floor.
- In the larger cities, such as Augsburg and Munich, we saw pre-teens navigating their way around the city on public transportation alone. One image is of the young (probably <10) boy getting on the U (subway) at the Olympia Park in Munich after having rollerbladed at the center there, taking off his equipment, stowing it in his backpack, getting off at Marienplatz and making his connection home. Quite

different from Mom loading the kids into the minivan.

- Bicycles are widely used, even in the larger cities, and facilities are there for them. The drivers are more aware of cyclists and we found them to be more considerate than ours at home.

One thing that is like the US:

- ATMs are everywhere and they accepted our ATM cards from our banks and credit union (Cirrus and Plus). There is no need to bring US\$ or traveler's checks and exchange them. The exchange rate is better at the ATMs. We generally were limited to DM500 or DM400 per transaction. At the time of this writing (September 1996) \$1=DM1,5 or DM1 = \$0.66. There are ATMs at the airports and train stations.

Rich Wolf
Atlanta, GA

A SNOWY TANDEM COMMUTE

We listened to the weather guess, I won't even dignify it by calling it a forecast, Thursday night. They called for rain, mixing to snow back to rain for Friday. No dire warnings of major storms. No need for concern about the commute in and out of work Friday on the bike.

John and I work in the same building now (different companies). We have access to a small room off the loading dock, where we and other folks who work for John's company can lock away our bikes. The room is just long enough for the tandem. We've been commuting together for a while, and in September started using the tandem more and more. I promised John he could still ride his single, but we have decided the tandem is the way to go for winter commuting. John misses the control his fixed gear gives him on ice, but the tandem has its own advantages, such as John can work hard to stay warm, while we stay together. Together, we can look out for each other, and we don't worry about the other out there on their own.

For this winter, we decided to use our Burley mountain tandem, complete with fenders, generator, backup battery lights, and Continental Goliath (slick-in-the-middle-slight-knobs-on-the-side) tires. We are still using clipless pedals (Speedplay frogs), which do occasionally clog with snow after hiking around downed trees, but they are easy enough to unclog, by kicking my feet off the cranks.

Anyway, we rode into work Friday on the Burley as usual. It was raining as we came in, but it wasn't an unpleasant commute. I showered, changed and headed upstairs to my office, where I looked out the window to whiteout conditions. GIANT 3" diameter snowflakes were falling at an incredible rate. Now the old New England adage says "Big snow, little snow. Little snow, big snow", which means giant snowball sized snowflakes don't accumulate much, but little powder sized flakes pile high. Although, sometimes, it's the opposite! So these giant flakes piled high and fast.

There was one other bike in the bike room, so we weren't the only ones taken in by the inaccurate



weather prediction. We also heard from other folks in our local club who had used their bikes to get to work. Some were forced to take lifts home. Others rode. A co-worker offered us a lift (although the bike would have to stay), but based on how long it took him to drive 1/4 mile back from lunch, we decided it would take twice as long to drive home as ride.

A large part of the commute is on the Minuteman Commuter Bikepath; a fair amount is in residential neighborhoods, and just a short amount on a secondary road. So we decided to ride the bike home, taking great care, of course.

Both our offices told us we could leave early, but John still felt he should try to finish what he was working on. It was actually a good thing, as roads were clearer later, and things had improved significantly by the time we left for home (at 4pm) over what they were at lunch time, when we witnessed lots and lots of people sliding around on the slightest of hills, at least when there was any movement at all. In actuality, if had we waited even later it would have been better, but who knew? Certainly not the weather-reporters (see how I still won't say forecaster)

Anyway, we left the office in Burlington and headed over to the Minuteman path through some residential neighborhoods. We witnessed lots of snow-ball fights interrupting shoveling and snowblowing as children insisted their parents ENJOY the snow. The snow was perfect for snowballs, being wet enough to pack quite well, the type of snow I hate to shovel, but love to throw, and the type we fortunately don't see too often here, since it is harder to shovel and does weigh the trees down a bit (more on this later).

The roads had car tracks, but not much evidence of snowplow tracks. The snow was wet enough, our tires were able to cut straight through to pavement giving great control, even once we got onto the completely untouched bike paths. We did find that when we accidentally ventured off the paved (below the snow) paths onto snow-covered turf, that we ground to a halt, and the generator seized up. Fortunately we were able to free the dynamo of the little chunk of ice wedged against it and pressed on. A few stops to readjust clothing finally got me comfy, and we headed on.



The Minuteman path was great. A set of footprints had been made earlier, and once or twice we saw ski tracks. We kept looking for Jack Donohue's (a fellow messy weather commuter) bike tracks ahead of ours, but alas, he had taken a lift with "Mrs. D", so we looked on in vain. Trees, formerly next to the path, presented a new challenge, as we had to perfect our limbo technique to get under many that hung over the path, their limbs weighed down with heavy wet snow. Tandem captains have their own set of commands to alert stokers to the unknown, like bump, shift, brake, and head. Head means DUCK! We didn't quite establish a call for clear, so a couple of times, I looked up in time to get whacked with a second limb, but John got caught once himself, so I forgave him. The really tough part was, as we brushed under the limbs the snow would fall off and find its way down our backs! Next time, I'll have a neck gator on!

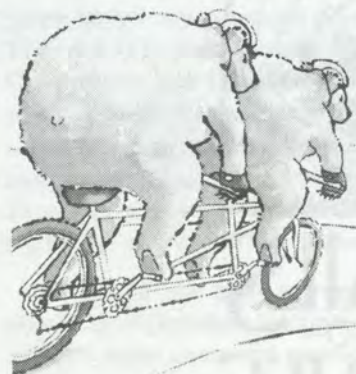
In some places the path was blocked bad enough by bent over trees, we had to dismount and walk around, necessitating banging my shoes off the pedals to clear the cleats of snow and ice. It worked well enough, but I think I'll switch over to my Sorrels and platform pedals for the next storm!



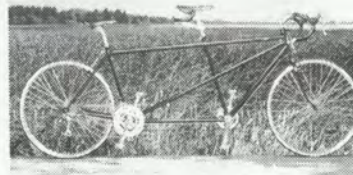
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Each road crossing on the path forces a little slalom technique to get around the gates. One of these caused our only spill of the day, as we just slipped over the edge on one and went sliding sideways at low speed, and fell onto the soft slushy snow. It was just like an x-c skiing fall, soft and fluffy.

When we got to Bedford, we tried to continue on the unsurfaced path behind the VA hospital, but found we were bogging down a bit too much. It hasn't been a very cold fall, and the ground isn't frozen enough yet! So we headed back to roads, and were pleasantly surprised to find route 225 relatively traffic free and clear. Everyone must have left work at noon! We stayed on it long enough to get across the river (only the main roads cross the river) and then turned off on Brook Street to pick up North Road through Great Brook State Park, where we only saw one vehicle, a snow plow doing a few driveways. The ride through the state park was beautiful, as we were back to making our own solitary tracks and the wet snow hung in trees and created a beautiful picture of a winter wonderland (or so we thought at the time).

We got home just as my toes were getting uncomfortably cold. The ride home took a bit longer than usual, but was grand, and I look forward to future snowy commutes!

*That beautiful wet snow that clung to the trees got heavy enough that it brought many branches and trees and powerlines down with it. A second storm on Saturday night brought even more. This resulted in widespread power outages throughout the region, including our neighborhood. It was 48F in the bedroom Monday morning. We cooked with camping equipment, found our way around the house with bike lights (and Petzols), and kept warm with our cats. We were lucky as our power was restored Monday night.

Pamela Blalock
Chelmsford, MA

WHO DOES WHAT

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

MEMBERSHIP: Collects dues, processes memberships.

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

GRAPHICS DESIGNER: Artwork & graphics for DoubleTalk.

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

MERCHANDISE: Sells T-shirts and any other TCA-approved merchandise that may be offered from time to time.

SECRETARY: Contact point between TCA and the outside world.

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

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



RAILS
-TO-
TRAILS
CONSERVANCY



1400 Sixteenth Street, N.W.,
Suite 300, Washington, D. C. 20036
(202) 797-5400 • FAX (202) 797-5411



ULTRAENDURANCE CYCLING

After several years of doing long rides, I'm starting to really feel like an ultramarathoner! Sometimes I declare to myself that I'm out of my right mind; many times I'm surprised at how I can push my body to accomplish such tasks, and other times I fantasize about doing even longer rides.

Five years ago, I would have said it wasn't possible for me to ride more than 200 miles in a 24-hour period. I remember doing my first double century in Delaware (flat) on my single and managing quite well. Then I soloed it on the Jersey Double (hilly) and would have paid the garbage man to pick me up after 150 killer miles. I finished but swore I'd never do another double again, but found myself doing three more on tandem with Neil in the next couple of years. It's kind of like having a baby; it hurts at the time, but you quickly forget the pain and start planning for the next one. And, after doing several 200 milers, you begin to get that perverted mindset that it's almost not worth it to go out for only 100 miles any more.

I forget about the long rides in 1992 after we got our black Santana tandem and instead did some tandem racing in 1992 and 1993. But, we went back to endurance riding in 1994. Neil always says that you gotta get your money's worth -- choose rides where you get the most miles for your money. Well, did we ever find a deal. The International Randonneurs (French for "long distance") is a group that plans progressively longer rides that must be completed within certain time limits. The typical breve series is 125 miles, 185 miles, 250 miles and 370 miles, and the nearby group in Maryland offers these yearly for only \$36 for the entire series. How could we pass up such a bargain? And, so I began my love/hate relationship with ultramarathoning. Could I ever ride more than 200 miles in one day? We were successful in completing the four-ride series, so successful that we culminated our season by doing B-M-B, a strenuous 750 mile ride from Boston to Montreal and back in 76 hours in August, 1994. With 30,000 feet of climbing, it was a true test for the tandem and our bodies. But the brevets had prepared us well, and we even impressed others with how well we could climb on a tandem.

Two years later, we just completed B-M-B again. It was held August 22-25, 1996, and we were able to improve our time considerably, finishing in 66 hours. To give you an idea of how we trained this year, in addition to our many single miles, we prepared by riding the tandem as follows:

- a 65 miler in February and one in March
- 100 miles in York County and our 125-mile brevet in VA in April
- the 185-mile and 250-mile brevets in MD/VA and a 147-miler with Dave & Becky Troop locally in May
- our 370 mile brevet in VA and the 176 mile Dream Ride in June
- 110 miles in York county, 168 miles to Slatinton to visit Neil's parents and a super-hilly 330 mile ride around all 11 Finger Lakes in NY in July
- a 17 hour, 225 miler to Sunbury/Shamokin early in August (if you don't like hills, don't go near Shamokin)

So, to all you 'unborn ultramarathoners' out there, here's my message; if I can do it, you can do it. The trick is to put in lots of miles with plenty of hills. Commuting and fast club rides help. The brevet series, especially the one put on by the Potomac, MD randonneur group, is essential for successful completion of an event like B-M-B or even Paris-Brest-Paris which is held every four years in France (next one is 1999, so start planning).

If you'd like more information about any of the above, don't hesitate to contact me or Neil. We'd love to have some company on our long rides.

Eileen Crone
656 Owl Hill Rd
Lititz, PA



TANDEM CALENDAR 1997

March 1, 1997. **CATS (Chicago Area Tandem Society) Annual Meeting.** Hosts Joe and Sue Lippere, Palatine, IL. Contact Tom Masters (847) 358-7797 for time and additional info.

March 9, 1997. **Dallas Double Dates Ride.** 1:30 pm, Meet at REI, Welch and LBJ. 28 miles and yes we will eat. Tom Shaddox (972) 517-4534

March 15, 1997. **Chile Pedalers March Ride.** Socorro, NM. Enjoy birdwatching and riding at the Bosque del Apache bird sanctuary. About 30 miles. Details and directions - Karen Ann Smith (505) 897-9253 karenann@unm.edu

March 16, 1997. **Dallas Double Dates Ride.** Celina, TX. 9 am meet in Celina Town Square. We will eat Bar-B-Que in Tioga. 25 to 45 miles. Carroll & Bobie Mayhew (972) 596-5251

March 22, 1997. **Dallas Double Dates Dallas in Bloom Ride.** Plano, TX. We will ride to the Dallas Arboretum to view "Dallas in Bloom". Beautiful, bring your camera. Admission fee for the arboretum. Jim & Melody Yuhn (972) 964-5589

April 12, 1997. **Chile Pedalers April Ride.** Albuquerque, NM. A 32 mile loop around South Mountain east of Albuquerque, NM. Details and directions - Karen Ann Smith (505) 897-9253 karenann@unm.edu

April 13, 1997. **Toronto Tandem Co-op first ride of the Year.** We've been skating but by now it should be warm enough to pull the bikes out. For more information contact Rudy Wolleswinkel, 45 Dewhurst Blvd, Toronto, Ontario M4J 3J2

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 19-20, 1997. **T-BONE (Tandem Bicyclists of New England) Killer Bee Weekend.** Ride from Concord, NH area to Waterville Valley, NH on Saturday and back on Sunday. About 70 miles each way. SASE to Fred and Paula McLaughlin, 9 Veterans Rd, Amherst, NH 03031 (603) 672-7648

April 25-27, 1997 **Southwest Tandem Rally 1997.** Tulsa, OK. Post tour offered 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.

April 26-27, 1997 **Central Valley Tandem Rally.** Fresno Cycling Club. Look forward to scenic routes of approximately 30, 60 and 90 miles starting from Visalia, CA in the Central San Joaquin Valley. Registration fee. Send your SASE to Charlie & Corene Burns, 730 E Lewiston, Laton, CA 93242 (209) 923-4149 evenings or cburns@kings.k12.ca.us

May 4, 1997. **AARDVARKS (Ann Arbor Riding Duos Venturing About Rolling Kountry Side) Ride.** Southeast Michigan. Ride will be between 45 and 60 miles with a stop for lunch. Maps provided. 10am from Chelsea State Bank, corner of old U.S. 12 and M-52. Chris and Casey marble, 7695 Huron River Dr, Dexter, MI 48130 (313) 426-8694

May 9-11, **(NEW DATE) 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 11, 1997. **AARDVARKS (Ann Arbor Riding Duos Venturing about Rolling Kountry Side).** Dexter, MI. Ride between 45 and 60 miles with a lunch stop. Depart from the Dexter Gazebo at 10 am. Steu and Lucy

White, 509 Bruce, Ann Arbor, MI 48103 (313) 996-2974

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 16-18, 1997 **Strawberry Jam.** Ashland, VA. **CANCELED!!**

May 16-18, 1997. **Prairie State Tandem Rally.** Springfield, Illinois. Registration fee. We were the hosts for the Midwest Tandem Rally in 1988 and think we know how to put on a good ride, good food, good weather, good food, good rides, good food, etc. John & Marcey Werthwein, 204 Pakey Rd, Springfield, IL 62707 e-mail illtandems@aol.com

May 16-18, 1997. **COWS Spring Rally.** Wausau, WI. A weekend event full of mooving experiences. Good food, good friends. SASE to Bob & Caryl Sewell, 17760 Gebhardt Rd, Brookfield, WI 53045

May 18, 1997. **AARDVARKS (Ann Arbor Riding Duos Venturing About Rolling Kountry Side).** Manchester, MI. Depart at 10 am for a 45 to 60 mile ride with a lunch stop. Meet us at the Manchester municipal parking lot. John and Joanne Phibbs, 1221 Cereal Crescent, Ann Arbor, MI 48103 (313) 663-5809

May 23-26, 1997. **15th Annual Kent County Spring Fling.** Chestertown, MD Preregistration is required. Events include ice Cream Social, dancing, evening activities, Bike - Sail rides. Great food. A traditional event with some new activities added. Contact Al or Ruth Schaffer (410) 484-0306 or SASE to Al & Ruth, 3212 Midfield Road, Baltimore, MD, 21208

May 23-26, 1997. **T-Bones (Tandem Bicyclists of New England) Southern**



Vermont Memorial Day Weekend.
Londonderry, VT. SASE to Bob & Carol Anderson, 72 Dianne Ave, Portsmouth, RI 02871 (401) 846-6344

May 24-27, 1997. **Sleeping Lady Tandem Rally, Leavenworth, WA.**

Rides range from 30 to 100 miles. Cycle on rolling hillsides and open valleys with beautiful views. Participate in evening events at Sleeping Lady Resort including tandem cycling workshops, dance. Food and lodging available in the downtown area. Registration fee required. Contact: Sleeping Lady Resort & Conference Retreat Center, 7375 Icicle Road, Leavenworth, WA 98826. (509) 548-6344

May 24-31, 1997 **International Tandem Rally - Virton, Belgium.**

This week long event is a must attend for the overseas tandemist. The area 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 25, 1997. **AARDVARKS (Ann Arbor Riding Duos Venturing About Rolling Kountry Side).** Saline, MI.

Depart at 10 am from the Saline municipal parking lot for a 45 to 60 mile ride with a lunch stop. Steve and Diana Lansky, 1912 Covington, Ann Arbor, MI 48103 (313) 663-0347.

May 25, 1997. **Heart of Dixie**

Tandems ride from Pell City. Pell City, AL. 8:30 am for a ride through rural Alabama. We'll eat lunch after the ride. Jack or Susan Goertz, 2220 Vanessa Dr, Birmingham, AL 35242 (205) 991-7766. goertz@mindspring.com

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

May 31-June 1, 1997. **T-Bones (Tandem Bicyclists of New England) Camping Trip to Long Island.** New

London, CT. SASE to Ray & Kristie Foss, 92 Kendall Rd, Lisbon, CT 06351 (860) 376-2717 rfoss@groton.k12.ct.us

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

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
Albany, OR 97321-6209

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

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

Total Qty Patches ___ x \$ 4.00 = ___

Total Enclosed: ___

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.

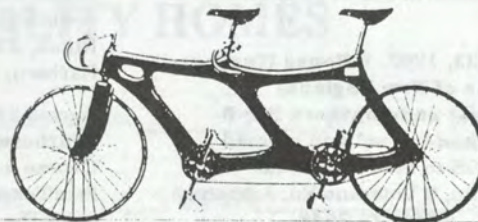
Ship to: Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ ZIP _____ Country _____

TANDEM CLUB OF
A · M · E · R · I · C · A



(logo shown approximately full size)

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



June 6-8, 1997. **Downtown Austin Tandem Weekend.** Austin, TX. No registration fee. Maps will be provided. This is a first time informal event. Come join us to socialize and ride. Saturday ride is 75 miles, no short route options. Host hotel: Driskill Hotel (800-252-9367) ask for special rates. For more info: Anne or Edward Tasch, 1710 Northwood Rd, Austin, TX 78703 (512) 478-1337 or txinfo@eden.com

June 7, 1997. **T-Bones (Tandem Bicyclists of New England) Connecticut's Quiet Corner.** Woodstock, CT SASE to Ray & Kristie Foss, 92 Kendall Rd, Lisbon, CT 06351 (860) 376-2717 rfoss@groton.k12.ct.us

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 14, 1997 (3rd Saturday in June) **Southern Door County Metric Century.** Door County Wisconsin. For more info contact Bob & Caryl Sewell, 17760 Gebhardt Rd, Brookfield, WI 53045

June 22-23, 1997. **T-Bones (Tandem Bicyclists of New England) Lobsterfest and Southern Bar-B-Que Weekend.** Road and off-road rides. SASE to Fred and Paula McLaughlin, 9 Veterans Rd, Amherst, NH 03031 (603) 672-7648

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 10-24, 1997 **Biking the Romantic Road in Franconia, Germany.** Fourteen perfect days in Northern Bavaria. Tour includes first class hotels, all breakfast, seven dinners, sightseeing fees, professional tour guide, sag wagon, storage in Frankfort for bike boxes, transfers and taxes. Contact Linda Taylor for details and reservations. 1-800-278-8924

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. Applications have been mailed. If you didn't receive yours SASE to MTR 97 c/o Donna Boutillier, 10566 Stablehand Dr, Cincinnati, OH 45242. Host Hotel: Wyndham/Dublin (614) 764-2200 or 800-996-3426 for reservations. Mention MTR for discount). Hotel reservations do NOT register you for MTR. Information call Dick Denning

(419) 586-1125 or Donna Boutillier (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 12-14, 1997. **COWS (Couples on Wheels) Fox Valley Ride.** Fox River Valley, Wisconsin. Contact Bob & Caryl Sewell, 17760 Gebhardt Rd, Brookfield, WI 53045.

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

September 26-28, 1997. **Fall Allegany Ride for Tandems (FART IV).** Allegany State Park, Salamanca, NY. Off road MTB weekend. Barracks style accommodations. All meals on your own. Riding XC ski trails and horse trails. Technically not difficult, but be prepared to climb. Preregistration required by August 15. For more info Karen or Brian managan, 1134 Wall Rd, Webster, NY 14580 (716) 872-1741 hey_managan@mlsonline.com

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 after 7pm and before 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: 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: 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: 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

FOR SALE: 1995 Sterling Signature road tandem. 19"x17". Sachs Ergo shift/brake levers, XT cantis and derailleurs, XTR cassette on Hope hub. 48-spoke wheels, Continental tires, Kajita BB's, Specialized cranks, More! Asking \$3600/OBO. Mike Karasic. Call (908)-840-8830 early evenings. (NJ) 05/97

FOR SALE: 1988 Santana Elan, 22.5x20.75. 27" wheels. New paint. Shimano Deore derailleurs. \$1300. Contact George Clapham @ (407)-898-

7123 or via e-mail @ Geoclap@aol.com (FL) 05/97

FOR SALE: Specialized DejaTwo, equipped with the best! 26" wheels, 19x17 frame, XTR derailleurs, X-ray Gripshift, Shimano sealed BB's. Hugi tandem cassette hub, threaded on left for brake. Ceramic rims, Scott SE brakes, Tamer shock-post, SPD-737 pedals. Only used 1 season. Asking \$2450. Call Lary @ (715)-426- 4918 evenings or e-mail to sorenson@adc.com. (WI) 05/97

FOR SALE: Davidson Tandem. XTR Shifters and more! Mint condition. Fits teams 5'9" and taller. Contact by

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

TCA Member No. _____ (from your label)

STATE _____ TOWN _____

First Names _____

Last Name(s) _____

Street Address _____

Zip Code _____ Evening telephone _____

Daytime Telephone (optional) _____

Bedroom or tent site _____



e-mail only: eliaegis@ix.netcom.com
05/97

FOR SALE: Red Cannondale Tandem with Campy Ergopower/Exadrive shifting, Hope disk brake, twin Avocet 45 computers and many other top of the line componentry. Superb condition. Asking \$2800. Call Ann or Bruce for more information and a demo ride. Day: (610)-363-2233 or Evening: (610)-696-0963 (PA) 05/97

FOR SALE: 1990 Rodriguez aluminum tandem with polished frame. 21x17. Original owner, less than 1000 miles. Road setup with quality components, including sealed Specialized hubs & sealed BB's. Sugino cranks, Suntour barend shifters, Suntour freewheel and derailleurs. Like new and in mint condition. \$1500. Call Chuck Ridings @ (540)-678-4188 or via e-mail to cridings@visuallink.com. (VA) 05/97

FOR SALE: 1989 Cannondale Tandem, 23x21, teal blue. Shimano XT components, clipless pedals, 27" 48-spoke wheels. \$1750. Call Gene @ (315)-593-6186 (CA) 05/97

FOR SALE: Santana Cilantro mountain bike tandem. 20x18, light blue., <1000 miles and in excellent condition. Allsop suspension beam for stoker. Complete with dual cycle computers, XTR derailleurs, gripshift shifters, front & rear fenders and rear rack. Will sell with hard shell tandem travel case for \$2500. Call (203)-426-1186 (CT) 05/97

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 rhoman@lfelem.lfc.edu or snail-mail to 38475 No. Helen Court, Ingleside, IL 60041 05/97

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

FOR SALE: SRAM ESP-900 Gripshift with rear derailleur and shifters. Asking \$150. Also Edco 40-hole front hub. \$35. Call Rudy Van Rhetterghem @ (520)-842-2518 (AZ) 05/97

FOR SALE: Miscellaneous bike parts, including Brooks saddles, jerseys, Cranks & crankparts, & much, Much MORE! Call (203)-264- 7963 for a xeroxed list of what's available. (CT) 05/96

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) 05/97

WANTED: Adams Trail-A-Byke, tandem model. Bike will be ridden with two young teenagers. If you have to sell, please call Mitch & Kris Quade @ (608)-873-7274 or email to: quade@execpc.com (WI) 05/97

WANTED: Child conversion kit with adjustable stoker stim for 1985 Santana Arriva. This tandem has 32T

TA timing chainrings. Call Hugh or Carol at (630)-305-0914 or e-mail to hgoodman@nalco.com (IL) 05/97

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 35242-4430.

TANDEM RACES



climbs. Sunday features an early morning time trial on a flat, 16 mile course, then the Casper Classic Downtown

May 4, 1997. **Cedar Valley Cyclists Time Trial & Road Race.** Finchford, IA (near Cedar Falls). Tandem categories; USCF m/m or m/f and citizen. 5 mile time trial and 35 mile road race. For info, call Cindy at (319) 277-0734 (9am to 2pm) or (319) 266-9595 evenings.

May 24-26, 1997. **6th annual Platte Bridge Station Stage Race.** Casper, WY This will be the second year we are running a mixed tandem category. 1k prologue Saturday morning, followed by a 56 mile out-and-back road race with a couple of good

Criterion 11 am to dusk. Monday will satisfy the climbers with a grueling circuit along the base of Casper Mountain. Registration fee. (307) 266-1136 for a race flyer.

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!



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TEAM DEAFER MEMBERS

THE LAST PAGE

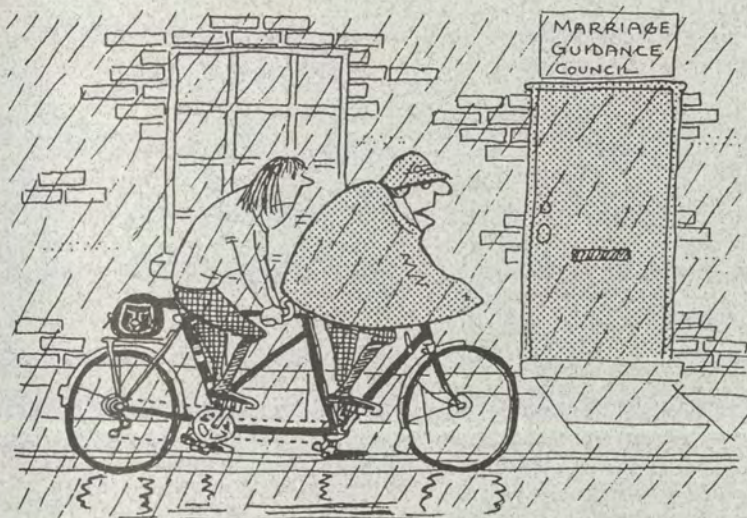


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