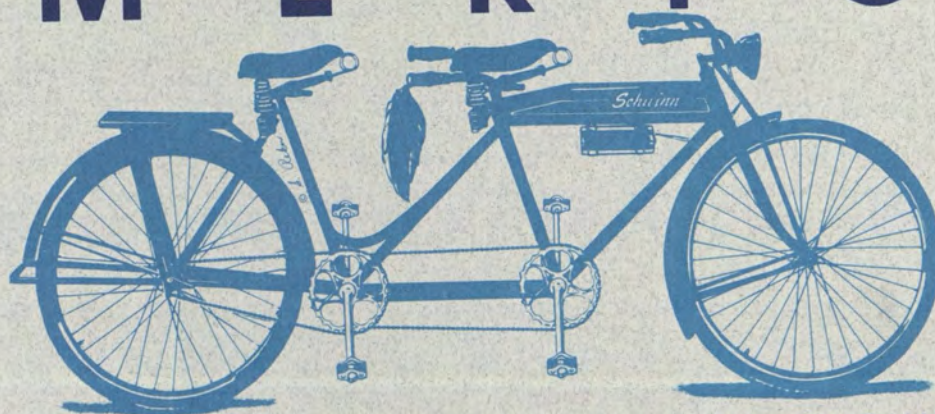


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DOUBLETALK



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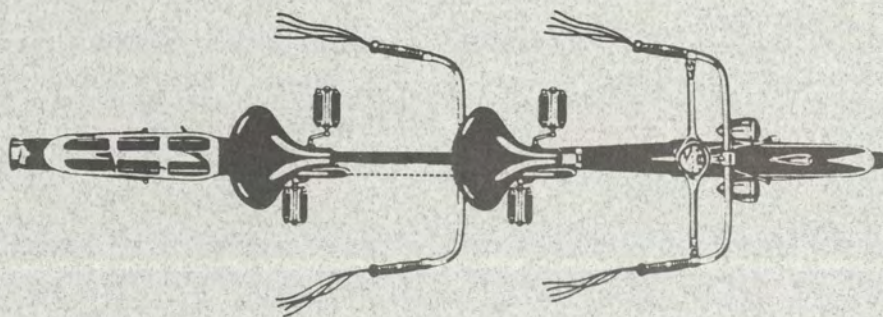
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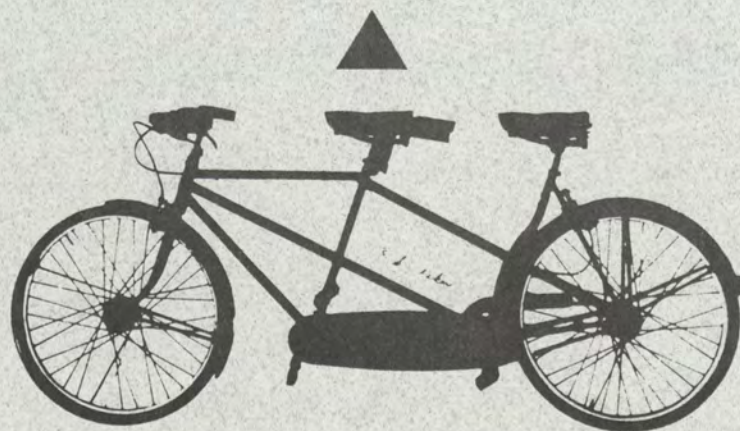
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DEADLINE FOR THE SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER, 1997 ISSUE OF DOUBLETALK IS AUGUST 1, 1997

FROM THE EDITORS

Where is this year going? Can you believe this is already the fourth issue of DoubleTalk this year? It seems like we just mailed the May-June issue last week! We do enjoy our volunteer efforts with D-T, so it isn't too bad. But you can help. DoubleTalk and the Tandem Club is your magazine and your club. It is what you make it. DoubleTalk won't exist if you don't send in articles. The Tandem Club won't exist if you don't schedule rides and rallies and tell us about them so we can tell others. We'd like to know what you've been doing this year with your tandem, and what you're planning to do next. If you don't want to write a full article, send DoubleTalk a letter. Share your experiences with other tandem enthusiasts around the world.

One effort that hasn't started like we'd hoped is a series of articles on what we had tentatively called "Backyard Tours". We encourage you to write a short article for DoubleTalk -- one to two pages would be most welcome -- about a short tour you can do from your doorstep, or from your community. We've found some delightful rides to take when we've had the time to stop and ask local cyclists "What's your favorite ride in this area?" We've been directed down roads we wouldn't have ever found without that type of help and suggestions. To encourage the effort, we'll publish an article about one of our favorite rides in the Birmingham, AL area in the next issue. Watch for it!

Bruce and Judi Bachelder, keepers of the official membership list, are coordinating the staffing of the TCA table and booth at the 1997 Midwest Tandem Rally, Columbus (actually Dublin), OH over the Labor Day weekend. If you would like to share your enthusiasm about the TCA, sell some great merchandise, and sign up new members, give Bruce and Judi a call. They'll put your name down on the

schedule and help you with the things that need to be done. This is a great way to meet many tandemists that might just ride by otherwise, and it's a great place to meet your old friends, too. Almost everyone will pass by through the vendor area at MTR at least once.

Don't you forget to renew your membership, either!. In fact, take a moment and look at your label right now. On the third line of the label, you'll see how many more issues are left on your current membership. If it's two or less, now is the best time to renew, so you won't miss any issues. With our lead times, waiting until the label says "0 Issues Remaining" will almost guarantee that you will miss the next issue. We mail DoubleTalk usually the week preceding the first of the cover month (i.e., this issue went in the mail the week of June 23). As it is mailed Bulk Rate/Third Class to US Members, it can take up to three weeks to reach your mailbox. That means it may not be in your hands before July 18. The next deadline is August 1, less than two weeks later. If you wait a few days to mail in your renewal, your renewal may not find its way to Morganton, NC, for over a week!, meaning it may not arrive until after August 1. To guarantee receiving the September-October issue, your renewal must be processed by no later than August 10, less than three weeks after some TCA members received the July-August issue!

We don't want anyone to miss out, to drop off the membership roles. We encourage you to renew early -- our membership program can handle multiple year memberships -- and it can also keep track of early renewals. Give it a try!

It's time to close this column. We hope to see you at a rally or on the road soon!



LETTERS TO DOUBLETALK

Dear DoubleTalk,

You may be interested to know about Bicyclopedia, a free on-line encyclopedia of bicycles and bicycling, is now available at <http://homepage.interaccess.com/~opcc/bc>. Take a look, it has almost everything, and of course, lots on tandems.

Steven Olderr

Dear DoubleTalk,

Cycling in New Mexico has now added a web site, www.swcp.com/nmcycling

As I was visiting this new site, I noticed Governor Johnson has signed a new law removing the requirement that bicycle riders use side paths adjacent to roadways.

Hopefully this solves some logistics for our touring friends.

Jerry Young
Sandra Luce
Gallup, NM

Dear DoubleTalk,

We are enjoying short rides around our county on our two tandems with our young 7 and 8 year-old stokers. We are anxious to take our tandems on trips to ride elsewhere.



We are planning to adapt a utility trailer to carry the tandems. Has anyone successfully adapted a trailer for such a purpose? We already have a hitch on our 1996 Dodge Caravan. Or can anyone convince us that there is a rear rack (other than Draftmaster) that can safely balance two tandems? We have ruled out roof systems because of the design of the '96 Caravan)

Kim & Renee Casady
2746 County Rd 11
Bellefontaine, OH 43311
(937) 593-5862
(937) 593-6194 fax

TCA BOOTH AT MIDWEST TANDEM RALLY

TCA will have a booth at Midwest Tandem Rally to take new memberships, take renewals and to sell TCA shirts and patches. If you would like to volunteer to help handle the booth for an hour or two during the rally please send us an e-mail message (judibachelder@hci.net) or call us (704-437-1068). Booth hours are 3 to 11pm Friday, August 28 and Saturday, August 29. We'll also have a sign up sheet for those who want to commit after they arrive.

This is a great opportunity to meet and greet TCA members and to help the group. Thanks in advance for your help. We'll see you in Dublin!

Judi and Bruce Bachelder
TCA membership



WHITE LIGHTNING RESPONSE

I started using White Lightning chain lube early this winter on my commuting bike. Several months of snow, sleet, rain and road salt made for a rigorous test.

I found White Lightning to have some good points and some bad. It lubed just fine and did seem to shed road grit instead of letting it build up as my other lubes do. As a result, the chain remained pretty clean and probably is in better shape than would otherwise be the case. The right leg of my casual pants did similarly. I occasionally just hop on the commuter for a neighborhood trip and have ruined countless pairs of pants by not tying up the right leg well enough. White Lightning solved that problem too.

I concur, however, with the problem of longevity. White Lightning needs to be re-applied after almost every rain or snow (or heavy splash). In a Cleveland winter, that means several times a week, sometimes daily. Since it must be applied at 50 degrees or above, and since my garage is detached and as cold as the outside, I leave a bottle at work where I store the bike indoors and lube it there. That's a nuisance too. Otherwise I have to haul the filthy beast down to the basement and risk the wrath of my family, whose winter clothing fill the hallway en route.

White Lightning's pretty expensive and I needed to use a lot, so I got my bike shop to buy it in a large size (9 oz I think). I should have ordered the 55 gallon drum.

Finish Line seems to have a similar lubricant called Krytech, using Dupont's Krytox technology. I just about started Krying when I learned that it's even more expensive than White Lightning. I haven't tried it yet, but would appreciate anyone writing in who has compared the two.

Martin Cooperman
Cleveland, OH

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.

CLUB NOTES

We want to welcome our new TCA area representatives for western Canada.

Dave & Lyn Jones, 5411 114-B Street,
Edmonton, AB, T6H 3N6 (403) 437-6328 or
contact them by fax at (403) 430-9722

Please add another club to your listing of local tandem clubs:

MULES (Missouri Union of Longbike
Enthusiasts). Al & Carolyn Stuhlsatz, 325
Lemonwood Dr, St Peters, Missouri 63376



THE END NEARS

After over 30,000 kms and nearly 2 1/2 years we have just about reached Europe. In fact Europe lies just over a kilometer away across the other side of the Hellesport or Dardanelles.

We arrived in Amman, Jordan having flown from Shalsa in mid-February, a flight forced on us by the refusal of an Iranian visa for an unspecified reason. This was a bitter blow as it dashed our hopes of traveling around the world without flying. Still onwards and upwards as they say.

In Jordan we cycled south down the Kings Highway and experienced the most physically demanding riding yet. The valleys run east-west, the roads north-south. The end result? A grueling day of brutal climbing, not just one day but every day for five days. The views are spectaculars and the pain unrelenting. To stand on Mt. Nebo where Moses saw the Promised Land was moving and really brought to life the Bible. Further down a huge Crusades castle dominated a valley which was once a vital trade route.

And then Petra, the red city hidden away for centuries, no longer a mystery but a huge tourist trap. It is there that state sponsored tourism reached its peak. Jordan operates a discriminatory pricing policy that has foreign visitors paying usually five times as much as Jordanian nationals. At Petra the foreign tourist pays JD20, the local JD1 (JD1 = 1 pound sterling) making it the most expensive tourist rip-off in the world. It is a beautiful place, but not at 20 pounds sterling.

From Petra we bussed to Agalsa on the Red Sea. We had enough punishment from the hills and cold wet weather. A couple of days basking in the sun rested our bodies before cycling north to a float in the Dead Sea and on to Syria.

We were glad to leave Jordan and cross into Syria; but much stone throwing and too many people charging ridiculous prices for even basic commodities in Jordan. Syria was a pleasant contrast. We knew nothing about Syria before we entered and knew not what to expect as a result.

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What we found were friendly generous people and an almost total absence of dishonesty. The absence of hundreds of Mercedes made the discriminatory pricing easier to bear. Besides, the gap between the prices was smaller.

The weather did not improve much. We found ourselves stuck in a soggy Damascus doing excursions by bus when we would have cycled. Bosra's Roman ruins and citadel in black basalt were unusual and in complete contrast to the Roman desert city of Palmyra. Coughs, colds and a touch of Bronchitis kept us down for a few days too, making us both very restless.

We pushed north eventually, but again the weather tied us down. Syrian hospitality rescued us on a couple of occasions with welcoming invitations to spend nights in family homes. What a change from Jordan!

A brutal ride from Syria to Turkey caused coughs and colds to reappear, enforcing another break on us. Phil had a brief bout of indecision and was unable to decide which end to put over the loo. That was his first time this trip.

Early April and we began heading north to the Capadoccia region. Where was spring? The BBC

world Service said it was early in the northern hemisphere; it certainly was not in Turkey. Knee deep snow and temperatures of -3 Celsius do not make for comfortable cycling. But the snow did make the Capadoccia look very pretty.

Our route across Turkey was planned to avoid the Med Coast and its attendant "Tourist Turks", By staying in land we had a very pleasant ride meeting some wonderful Turkish people. We spent many happy half-hours drinking tea and warming toes whilst conversing in fractured phrase book and dictionary Turkish.

The march of history has left its mark on Turkey and is evident in the number of ruined cities that remain. Miltites, Phyrigian, Lydian, Trojan, Greeks and Romans have all played a part. Add in the myths and legends of school days and the result is a wonderful journey into the past as we crossed Turkey.

Our final stop was at Gallipoli and a poignant reminders of the price a nation's youth pays for failed politics. A tour of the battlefields seems to be a must for the many young Australians and New Zealanders that pass through Turkey. Riding Thomas around was an option but we opted for a tour bus, we're getting lazy.

So here we are on the threshold of crossing into Europe for the first time in 2 1/2 years. Another five months will see us in England. That is the only definite point of the coming months, well, nearly. We will meet two friends in Munich and ride with them to Berlin via Prague. Apart from that our route is very open and more dependent on politics and visas than anything else.

Thirty thousand kilometers lay behind us, perhaps 5,000 km more lay ahead. Thomas has had another chain, rear mech and freewheel fitted because his other freewheel began playing up after we were forced off the road by a bus. Other than that he is doing very well, a testament to the quality of his construction. - Thanks George.

All being well we may get to see some of you soon.

Phil and Louise Shambrook
World Travelers



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Amtrak and Tandems

For what it's worth (probably not much) here's a response I got from Amtrak when I inquired about taking a tandem along on the train.

I wrote:

Subject: Tandem Bicycles on AMTRAK

Date: Mon, 5 May 1997 10:06:02 -0400

From: "Edwards, Richard M"

We are planning a trip from Washington, DC, to Las Vegas, Nevada, and will be taking our tandem bicycle with us. Does AMTRAK have any provisions that would make pursuing travel by train an alternative to flying?

Thank you,
Dick Edwards

Amtrak responded:

TANDEM BICYCLES

Tandem bicycles are accepted under the following conditions:

- Checked baggage - must be in a container. the tiedown racks are not big enough for these longer bicycles.
- Two bicycle boxes (telescoped together) are needed for tandem bicycles in checked baggage service if the passenger does not bring his or her own tandem bicycle container.
- Tandem bicycles are not handled on Amtrak thruway buses because they are too long to fit in the baggage storage bins under the bus.
- Tandem bicycles may not be carried on trains without baggage facilities, even those with tiedown racks. the racks are not big enough for these longer bicycles and there is no other place to safely store them on board.

Dick Edwards
Alexandria, VA

RANS Co. Hays, Kansas USA
Phone 913.625.6346 • Fax 913.625.2795



THE BRITS RIDE IN

Even before landing in Atlanta we discovered that our preconceptions regarding the USA were way off beam. We expected to see a flat open prairie landscape and lines of MacDonalds and petrol (sorry, gas) stations beside dead straight grid iron streets. Instead we found a city in the woods - lovely tree lined roads winding through low hills. This looked like good 'tandem country'. Even a little like parts of England!

Driving down to Auburn, Alabama we enjoyed stopping in a couple of small southern towns (you call them cities) to take in the historic buildings and learn of the bitter civil war battles. At least this was one war that the English did not start.

Arriving at our hotel with all the other tandems we knew we were going to enjoy our time in Alabama. The short Friday ride gave us a chance to get used to riding on the 'wrong' side of the road. Why had our American friends not learned the great advantage of driving on the left? - it allows you to use your right hand to draw your sword to counter

the horseman coming the other way!! So obvious when you think about it.

The great thing about traveling to other countries - specially on a bicycle - is that you learn so much and can marvel at strange customs. We asked about the unusual markings on the road - circles and arrows possibly painted by Martians. No, these were 'Dan Henrys' a clever device to tell cyclists which way to go. We soon found that there are 3 or 4 at each junction, some new and others fading in the sunshine. They pointed in different directions! We decided to follow the ones that pointed downhill.


We were soon riding with other tandems and began to learn new ways. 'Car up' meant 'car down' and visa versa. Somewhat confusing. Then our friends wanted to stop to 'go to the bathroom'. We were in the middle of nowhere and they wanted a bath! In England we say we are going to 'see a man about a dog'.

We were very impressed with all the shiny new tandems. - all proudly sporting the latest equipment from Shimano and Campag. The new Santanas with 'take apart' couplers were very interesting. Only Americans could devise such a clever way to build a bike. First braise up the frame. Then saw it in bits. Then reassemble with parts borrowed from the local plumber. Ingenious. Still no doubt the last laugh will be on us when we next get turned back at the airport or charged an extra \$150!!

Our own tandem drew some interest - it's a hand built Mercian and is itself equipped with modern wonders such as cassette hub and ergo power brakes. The trouble is that you spend all this money on new gear but you still have to pedal up hills!! We were a little sorry not to have arrived in traditional English cycling gear - wool shirts, plus 4's, Carradice duck cotton saddle bags with a tandem straight out of a Helms cartoon. Then we would have looked English.

One of the highlights of our time in Alabama was the afternoon ride we made to the next town of Opelika. This old railway town seemed to be a real part of the old south with the superb County Court

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Soon, it was time to leave Auburn - many thanks to all who helped to make it such a fun weekend, particularly George and Judy Bacon. Back in Atlanta we had time for a visit to CNN and an excellent lunch at a French restaurant before flying to Tulsa.

At the airport was a delegation to meet us - soon we were enjoying the company of all our friends in Oklahoma who we had met in England the previous summer. Our stay in Tulsa was a delight. The Tulsa Bicycle Club were at full stretch organizing their first rally - the South West Tandem Rally - yet had time to make us feel so welcome.

The rally itself was a masterpiece of organization - they even managed to persuade the Tulsa Police to abandon all police duties so they could lead the 112 tandems out of the city and stop the traffic for us to pass. Sadly we were unable to photo this.

As we rolled along the straight roads of Oklahoma we came to terms with a very different approach to tandem riding. Firstly no one seemed to fit mudguards (sorry fenders). With wet roads from overnight rain this meant that there was one clean

tandem team at the front and 111 mud covered teams behind. No wonder they went so fast!. Then we pedaled for 32 miles without stopping! Not a tea room or pub in sight. After lunch (it was only 11 o'clock) we returned along another dead straight road with a really nasty looking hill in the far distance. Another shock was to be back at the hotel by 1 o'clock. At home a 50 mile ride takes all day - with morning coffee, a pub lunch, afternoon tea and a few Norman castles thrown in.

We very much enjoyed the historic tour of Tulsa. It was interesting to learn that we had been in the two cities at either end of the 'journey of tears' by the Native Americans after their expulsion from Alabama in the last century. The Gilcrease Museum was another gem, giving us further insights into this period.

Too soon we packed the tandem and flew home. We were happy to have met so many old friends and to have made so many new ones. Oh, and the cycling was pretty good too!

Chris & Jenny Davis
England

FRENCH FRIED RIMS

When was the exact moment that I made the decision? I don't remember. I do remember that at the bottom, when we started, I didn't want one, and at the top, before we started down, I didn't want one. But, when we arrived back down at the bottom, in Sault, I do know that we both wanted one. It was never a question of if we could have one. Heck, I'm in the business of making tandems; I could put one on any time I want to. I just never thought there was a need for one.

Have you ever noticed the exact point in time when you make a decision, when you change your mind? Maybe it doesn't happen that way; instead you are constantly processing information and somewhere along the way you have all the info that you need in your subconscious and the decision is made, you just don't know it yet. I think that is what happened to me. Maybe the decision had already been made, even before we started up the long

sinuous road to the top of Mt. Ventoux. Certainly there was plenty of information available after the descent on the western end of the Grand Canyon du Verdon. I knew the rims were getting dangerously hot but then there was the turn-out on one of the switch backs where the view was so spectacular that we had to stop anyway. We stayed long enough for the rims to cool off, so I didn't think much about it until six days later when we were doing over 50 mph and the next curve, like the last three, was best taken at under 25 mph. I had done this descent of Mt. Ventoux three times before on my single bake and never worried about hot rims but I was worried now.

Nancy, my stoker, and I lead tandem tours in Europe, this one being a loop through Provence in southern France. We started in Nice and headed west through some of the most beautiful cycling country in the world. On the second day out the standard route was fairly short, stopping along the way at a



number of the ancient hilltop towns that Provence is famous for, but Chris and Kate wanted to take the more challenging route along the southern rim of the Grand Canyon du Verdon, 89 miles and 8,000 feet of climbing and descending for the day. The canyon is truly an awesome geologic phenomenon, created by the Verdon river as it cut through the Provencal Alps, leaving vertical cliffs as high as 3,000 feet. Whereas the climb up from the east was gradual, the descent on the western end was most precipitous, with the road switching back and forth as it wound down the near vertical landscape. Definitely not the spot for a blown tire or a failed brake, as a missed turn would result in a long free fall with a most certain end. I believe that I would have stopped to cool the rims even if the view point had not been there, but as it was the rims cooled and I thought little more of it at the time.

The next six days passed quickly as we continued cycling through Provence. The natural beauty, the Roman ruins, the ancient villages, the fragrant smells of wild herbs, the street markets the friendly people, the excellent meals, and the lifestyle of southern France in general all created a magical

experience for all of us, and time went by all too quickly.

I had never intended to climb to the top of Mt. Ventoux on the tandem, because I had conquered it before. However, Nancy had never been to the top and had slightly different ideas. Nancy is a multi-time masters national champion for women 45 to 49 and there is no cycling challenge that she would not be eager to try. So, when she informed me of her decision to cycle to the top, I had to agree. Although I'm sure that other tandems have made it to the top, no tandems on any of our Provence tours have ever wanted to climb this mountain.

Mt. Ventoux rises steeply out of the Rhone river valley to a height of 6,300 feet. We had started the day in Vaison la Romaine on the west end of Mt. Ventoux, and cycled along the north flank until we reached Sault on the eastern side of the mountain. From here to the top there is about 4,000 feet of climbing in 27 kilometers, the first 21 km are fairly easy as the road gently winds up through the pine forests. However, in the last 6 km the road takes a turn - many turns- for the steeper, rising 1,650 feet, much if it at 11% grade. Here you are in the open, no vegetation, just rocks, and one is very exposed to the elements. The memorial to Tommy Simpson, two kilometers from the summit, attests to the brutal conditions possible (this is the spot where he died of heat exhaustion during a stage of the Tour de France). However, on this day, there was a cloud cover and cool breeze blowing. In the valleys it was quite comfortable for an August afternoon, but here at 6,000 feet it was exceptionally cold.

11% doesn't sound that steep; we've done plenty of climbs just as steep with no problems, but at the end of a long climb, at the end of a long day, it looked foreboding. Nancy and I have raced tandems and know how to push ourselves to the max, but this was definitely the hardest piece of road that we have ever cycled. Our stay at the top was short - coke, candy bar, postcard, and photo. The wind was bitter and we were cooling off quickly. Looking down the road from the top it looked even steeper than on the way up. After the first 200 meter descending and we were already doing 50 mph, I realized that this was not going to be one of those exhilarating, reckless descents that Nancy and I are known for. Braking hard in to the first turn I knew that my rims would be heating up quickly and that a cooling stop would

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be necessary. My Dura Ace brakes and Mavic ceramic rims provided plenty of stopping power; still we needed plenty of distance to come to a complete stop near the Tommy Simpson memorial.

My subconscious mind, having digested all the necessary information, and already knowing what I would be deciding, started knocking on the door to my conscious mind. Without opening the door just yet, we climbed back on the bike after five minutes of rim cooling and headed down the mountain again, quickly back up to speed. Braking, accelerating, braking, accelerating, heating the rims, the door opened just a little, and I consciously thought, wouldn't it be nice to have a rear disk brake that Nancy could use to slow us down without heating the rims. The wind chill had finally gotten to us and this time when we stopped we found that by huddling close to the rims, without touching them, we could actually put a little warmth back into our frozen hands and shivering bodies. We stopped twice more for rim cooling and body warming before we reached the final steep turn and then the more gradual descent back to the town of Sault.

We still had a three mile, flat deserted stretch of road left to our hotel in the town of Aurel, and Nancy said, "Let me try captaining the tandem." But, then that is another story. Sitting outside the hotel,

beer in hand, reflecting on the day's ride, and the door to my subconscious having opened fully at some point, I now knew! I knew that when I returned home to my frame shop, I was going to build a new Tandem. It was going to be a travel tandem with S&S Machine couplings a Hope disk brake. No more hot rims for us.

PPS: Which would produce cooler rims (1) keeping the brakes on constantly, limiting your speed to under 1- mph and hence giving the heat more time to dissipate into the air, or (2) go with no brakes until the last possible moment, so that you would be using wind resistance to check your speed before you braked?

PPS: The new tandem frame is already built and at the painter and we are already excited to try some big descents on our trip to southern France next summer.

Glenn Erickson
Seattle, WA

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FROM SEA TO SHINING SEA

We made it! Ocean to ocean, every inch, 45 days, all 3238 miles!

My husband and I rode our tandem bicycle across the United States raising funds for The Jewish Theological Seminary and the ALS Association (Lou Gerhig's disease) while fulfilling my husband Leonard's childhood dream.

Our trek began on Mother's Day in Manhattan Beach, California, where we placed our rear wheel in the Pacific Ocean. We finished 45 days later with our front wheel in the Atlantic Ocean in Cape Henlopen, Delaware.

In between we rode through 118 degree temperatures, 98% humidity, tornado warnings, thunderstorms, rainstorms, hailstorms, sunny days, cloudy days, gusty winds, headwinds, crosswinds, and tailwinds. We rode our tandem bicycle on scenic roads, bumpy roads, rough roads, closed roads, unpaved roads, newly paved roads, straight roads, winding roads, country roads, and city roads. We traveled through three time zones, 14 states, and hundreds of cities and towns. We rode on the Santa Fe Trail, the Turquoise Trail, the Overland Trail, historic Route 66, the Yellow Brick Road, the Indianapolis Motor Speedway and the Major Taylor Velodrome. We crossed the Mojave Desert, the Continental Divide, the Sangre de Cristo mountains, the Texas-Oklahoma Panhandle, the Kansas Prairie, the Mississippi River, the Allegheny Mountains, the Mason-Dixon Line and the Appalachian Trail.

For as long as I can remember, my husband, Leonard, has been collecting bicycle maps and fantasizing about a cross-country journey. Our first plan was to map a route in which we could leisurely cross the country and visit friends along the way. After some research, we realized we didn't know people in most of the cities on the back roads we would prefer to travel. Our second choice was to join a group which took three months, carried their own gear, and camped along the way. Eventually we found a grassroots organization called the League of American Bicyclists which runs a long distance cross-country tour called Pedal for Power. They made all the overnight and meal arrangements,



Susan & Len Lodish ride from sea to sea

provided mechanical and sag support vehicles, and transported luggage from place to place. If I was going to average 85 miles and spend sever hours a day on an 8-inch bicycle seat, I wanted a hot shower and a bed at the end of that day. It was an easy decision.

One component of this well-organized tour was a fundraising aspect. This also fit right into our plan of helping others fulfill their dreams as we fulfilled ours. We chose to support two organizations close to our hearts: the ALS Association and the Jewish Theological Seminary. Thus, we rode for "body and soul."

Leonard's first cousin, Dr. Jules Lodish, was diagnosed two years ago with Amyotrophic Lateral



Sclerosis (ALS or Lou Gehrig's disease), a progressive neuromuscular disorder that strikes men and women in the prime of life. It is characterized by a gradual paralysis and the loss of the ability to move, speak, swallow, and eventually breathe. ALS is always fatal, usually within two to five years following diagnosis. In 1941, ALS took the name and life of baseball's Iron Man, Lou Gehrig. Although identified in the 1860's, the cause and cure of ALS remain unknown. The ALS Association is dedicated to providing patient services and family support, increasing public awareness, and funding ALS research. Our ride honored Jules' battle with the disease and his wonderful attitude toward anyone who needs help. Jules, an oncologist living in Bethesda, Maryland, has been our friends' and family's bedrock source for help, encouragement, wisdom and very sympathetic ear.

Because we believe that Jewish education is the key to Jewish continuity, we also rode for the Jewish Theological Seminary. We wish to help future rabbis, cantors, educators and lay leaders make Judaism come alive for new generations.

We asked our friends and associates who wanted to share in the fulfillment of our dreams and to ride vicariously with us to pledge a certain amount per each mile that we rode. We rode 3,238 miles and raised more than \$32,000 for those two worthy causes.

As we rode along there was a spiritual aspect of our journey. We couldn't help appreciate the beauty of nature as we rode through the multicolored painted desert, past the red rocks of Sedona, over the rolling hills of Missouri, by the fields of waving wheat or under the beautiful red and purple sunsets. We had a new appreciation for a cloudy day, a cool breeze, a tailwind, or a shady tree. We loved seeing deer, turtles or wild foxes or hearing birds chirping or a creek rippling over the rocks. Our taste buds were stimulated by a banana, an orange, or a cool, refreshing drink of water. We even stopped to smell the flowers. We also became aware of the power of nature as we watched a rotor cloud (a horizontal tornado) pass by, rode through thunderstorms, windstorms and flooded areas, or across deserts, mountains, and rivers.

Riding a tandem bicycle has many advantages. It allows two people of unequal abilities to work at their capacity and get to the same place at the same



time. People joked and said we'd be divorced by the Continental Divide. Instead I think it made us stronger because we had to communicate about everything, like changing gears, going around curves, or stopping.

Leonard, on the front of the bike, was the captain. He controlled the gears and the brakes. I (Susan), on the rear, was the stoker. I provided power and encouragement, and I also took photographs. After biking tandem for the past 12 years we have learned to anticipate each other's actions and to maximize the power of a tandem. The uphill are more difficult for us than two single bikes but on the downhill and the straight-aways, we are awesome. One time a tire blew and we were going downhill at 34 miles an hour. We didn't go over the handlebars like you would on a regular bike, because with two people on the bike, the extra weight holds you down. We gradually slowed down and pulled over to the side of the road to fix the flat (one of five we experienced on the trip).

Actually, having a flat tire on this trip wasn't too bad. It was often a time to rest and socialize with the other bikers. It turned a potentially frustrating event into one of fun and laughter. Whenever anyone had



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a flat, at least four other bikes would stop to offer some assistance, a tool or some encouragement.

The highlight of the trip for us was getting to know the other dedicated bikers. Although they were a diverse group, they all shared a love for biking. The oldest biker rode 111 miles on his 73rd birthday. The youngest was 21 years and missed her college graduation to start the trip. The oldest woman was a 62-year-old great-grandmother who could give anyone inspiration. Because of the nature of the trip, we got to ride with almost everyone at some point. Each evening we were given "cue sheets" which gave us directions, mileage, road conditions, topography, and points of interest for the next day. Each rider could ride at his or her own pace as long as they got there by 5 p.m. Most mornings we were up at 5:30 a.m., then we ate breakfast, filled our water bottles, checked our bicycle, packed up our suitcases and loaded them on the support truck, and were on the road by 7 a.m..

Some days we rode with the "Rat Pack," as we called the six or eight 25 to 35 year olds who were in top physical shape and had a wonderful outlook on life. They gave us hope for the future of our country. We would ride at their pace of 22-25 miles per hour for about ten miles until we tired and dropped out of their pace line. On a really good day we would ride with the "Jack Rabbits," the fastest riders who always got to our destination first. Captain Jack was a retired airline pilot who had crossed the country so much from the air that he finally wanted to cross it on the ground. Jack, the high school history teacher, had ridden the Paris-Brest-Paris race and wanted to "leisurely" see the United States by bicycle. He did public relations for teachers and education as he rode along.

Some days we rode with Harry, a male nurse practitioner from Cleveland, who had two kidney transplants. He was raising funds for the National Kidney Transplant Foundation and was riding cross-country on a recumbent bicycle. There was a group of riders from Germany who came to experience the United States for the first time. Herbert, a retired circus manager who rode 12,000 miles a year at home, was like the Everyready bunny." He just kept pedaling.

The kindness of the people who live and work in the small towns across the country was unforgettable. There was the couple in New Mexico

who allowed us to set up a sag stop on their front lawn and let us use their bathroom on a long road where there were no facilities. And there was the bicycle shop owner in Kansas who kept his shop open beyond regular hours when we called him and told him that we needed to replace the worn cleat on our shoes. When he learned that my husband was a University of Pennsylvania marketing professor, the Kansas Quaker said he would give us the cleats for free if we would send him a Penn Quaker T-Shirt when we got back to Philadelphia. He did not even take our names, but gave us his card and trusted us to send the shirt. Not to be outdone in terms of kindness, we E-mailed a university colleague who sent the Kansas Quaker a T-shirt and a sweatshirt the next day.

But most of all we learned a lot about ourselves. When one of us was feeling less than optimal, we really had to help each other. Even if the weather was less than perfect, we still had to ride. We were the first tandem to make it across the United States in the history of the Pedal for Power group. We learned that you can accomplish anything if you do it in small steps and set small goals. In that way, we made it across the United States on our own power.

Statistics

Began - Rear wheel in Pacific Ocean at Manhattan Beach, CA May 12, 1996

Total miles - 3,238

Total days - 45 (40 riding days, 5 rest days)

Longest day - 117 miles

Shortest day - 41 miles

Maximum speed - 52.4 mph

Average speed - 14.7 mph

Hottest day - 118 degrees

Coldest day - 30 degrees

Most vertical climb in one day - 6,890 feet

Total vertical climb - 88,845 feet

Number of flat tires - 5

Ended - front wheel in Atlantic ocean at Cape Henlopen State Park, DE (June 25, 1996)

Susan & Len Lodish
Wynnewood, PA



Alabama Tandem Weekend

April 1997

This year's event was hosted by George and Judy Bacon in Auburn, Alabama. George and Judy live in Trussville, Alabama now, but they are Auburn alumni! Headquarters was the Auburn University Hotel and Conference Center. Accommodations were excellent. The entry fee of \$55 matched the room rate, making this rally a steal! The entry fee included two great T-shirts, which display a couple on a bright yellow tandem, with a keen resemblance to George and Judy on their Santana.

Fifty-six teams attended the rally. Florida was the winner with fifteen teams. Georgia followed with ten, Alabama and North Carolina tied for third with seven each. The distance winner was the Davison team, Chris and Jenny, from Swanage, Dorset in England. They were headed to the Southwest Tandem Rally in Tulsa, Oklahoma following this event.

Heidi and I did not arrive until mid-afternoon on Friday, so we missed Friday's official ride. It was a YOYO, with a minimum of fifteen miles. Saturday's ride was supposed to include options of 30, 47, and 57 miles. However, the Alabama road department had removed a bridge which was "key" to the longer rides. This extended those rides another seven miles. Gee George, couldn't you have at least talked to them about that?

Heidi and I chose the (now) sixty-four mile option on Saturday. The weather was immaculate. It started out in the upper fifties, and quickly warmed into the seventies. The sun shined on most of the ride, with clouds coming along later in the day when they were most appreciated. The ride was mountainous (relatively speaking from Florida), with a light wind. Great snacks and lunch were provided on the ride. Being new to this tandem rally thing, we still haven't learned to control our eating habits. Perhaps the effect of a big lunch on pedaling will eventually be something that we can remember. However, eating is half the fun of riding a tandem!

Sunday's ride was thirty-two miles, with the same kind of spectacular weather and sunshine all the way. All of the weekend's rides went through

scenic, rural, Alabama countryside. Beautiful wildflowers, pastures, and forests were abundant. The roads were lightly traveled, and the few motorists encountered were very polite and accommodating.

In addition to the fine rides, George and Judy hosted a hospitality suite on both evenings. We met some great folks at the suite. Friday's dinner was on-your-own, and many folks chose an excellent Italian restaurant named Denaro's. Saturday's dinner was a pizza party at Mr. Gatti's Pizza, just behind the hotel. The pizza, pasta, beverages, and company of other teams were excellent! No trip to Auburn would be complete without a stop at CheeBurgers for a hamburger, onion rings, and a malted shake. We (and several teams) filled that place up on the way out of town on Sunday!

Credit and thanks should be given once again to George and Judy for a superb rally. It was a great weekend filled with fun, food, friends, and well-marked rides. There is no doubt that a lot of effort went into this event.

Next year's eighth Alabama Tandem Weekend will be held in Fairhope, near Mobile Bay. It will be hosted by John and Mary Hodgkins. We've already been told that there are no mountains, so we'll see y'all there!

Al & Heidi Parker
Crawfordville (Actually Oyster Bay), Florida

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UNDULATING DOWN UNDER

Day 1,2,3: (or whatever happened to Saturday night??)

Joy & I depart Newark Airport for New Zealand on Friday afternoon. We'll be going from Newark to Los Angeles to Auckland to Christchurch. 20 hours in the air & with layovers and crossing the international dateline, we'll land in New Zealand on Sunday morning. Saturday does not exist for us.

We eventually land safely in Christchurch, a few hours late thanks to a flight delay, problems with our luggage and a unplanned stop in Wellington. In Auckland after about 19 hours in the air & a two hour delay, we cleared customs and went to check our luggage for the short flight to Christchurch. The agent at the airport looked at our tandem and stated "I just don't think that's gonna fit on our airplane." I growled at him (funny what a long flight can do to some one with a usually placid attitude) "It made it this far - don't give me that". It must've been the growling, as not only did the tandem fit in the plane, but we got bumped to First Class for our hour and a half flight within NZ (where we were served lunch and little boxes of chocolate truffles - which were too good to throw away, so we actually dragged them all over NZ with us, until they became part of a disgusting peanut butter sandwich - but that's another story).

The delay was good in a way since it enabled us to meet Steve & Shelley as they were originally scheduled to land from Singapore 3 hours later than us. As I finished putting our tandem together, Team Casagrande arrived and within an hour everyone was set and ready to get to our motel for the evening (5 miles/8K away).

We get used to biking on the left hand side pretty quickly, but the traffic roundabouts are a bit unnerving. We arrive at the motel safely, and after a good meal at a local brewpub & a stint in the hot tub, we were ready to conquer the world. However, we are awoken from our first night of sleep at about midnight by the sounds of Armageddon. It turns out to be a thunderstorm whose intensity is magnified by the tin roof on the motel. Nightmares of having to pedal through a non-stop deluge start dancing in our head as we fall back to sleep.

Day 4: Christchurch to Stavely (70 miles/115K)

We rise a little late and get rolling about 9 A.M. The sun is shining, as the previous night's storm has passed and gone. First stop is to pick up some emergency food to have with us, just in case. Peanut butter, bread and chocolate chip biscuits and off we go. We figure the first town we hit, we'll stop and have a real breakfast, but we never hit a first town. Once we leave Christchurch, the towns disappear into never-ending farmland. We eventually find a BP gas station/food mart and eat breakfast there. Out in the farmland, we're pretty excited to see all the sheep (you can tell we're all city slickers) and enjoy sighting the snow capped mountains in the west. We reach the little town of Horarota and have lunch outside the combination grocery/video store/gas station/post office. We review what the rest of the ride is supposed to be like and come across a word none of us is familiar with (we used Ringer's book "New Zealand by Bike"); he describes the upcoming terrain as undulating.

After lunch we saddle up and off we go. We soon find out what undulating means (or at least we think - we're actually still not sure) - it means hilly without looking like it's hilly. So we start struggling a little and only when we look back do we realize that we've been climbing (I'm sure everyone is familiar with this kind of nasty terrain). We reach our next landmark, the Rakaia Gorge and enjoy a great downhill only to be followed by a real nasty uphill. Oh well, never met a hill I couldn't walk and off & up we go. Eventually we're back on the bike and rolling along - but starting to get tired. This is everyone's longest ride of the year and we're all starting to feel it. We're all fully loaded: Steve & Shelley with panniers and us pulling a BOB trailer. Talk about biting off a little more than you can chew. At about 60 miles (100K) it starts drizzling and we all want this ride to be over with. Unfortunately we have no idea how much more we need to go, so we keep plodding on. In another 5 miles (8K) we enter the town of Alford Forest (population 6 - the man we eventually start gabbing with and his cat are 2 of them).



The conversation goes about like this "How long 'til Stavely? Oh about 10 more K and downhill (cool!!). Where are you staying? Oh Birchlands farm - oh nice folks - know 'em well." Buoyed by this information, we start off again and soon arrive at our farmstay. Unbeknownst to us, this gentleman called the family & forewarned them about some strange bikers on their way. When we got there, they were prepared for us. A roaring fire was going in the sitting room, hot tea & coffee and fresh homemade muffins. We just sat in front of that fire and warmed up for the longest time.

After a tour of the farm, showers and a great dinner with the family (an excellent 3 course meal - especially the killer soup - fine wine & great conversation), we were surprised with our next treat (pretty much a standard throughout NZ we would later find out). Our hostess announces, she'll go warm our beds. Electric mattress warmers in a chilly farmhouse after a long, somewhat wet & cold ride. I felt like a piece of toast in a toaster - no problems falling asleep tonight.

Day 5 - Stavely to Geraldine (40 miles/65 K)

We wake up to some rain, so we wait it out since it's such a short day. Our host tells us his neighbor is shearing sheep today if we want to go check it out, so we continue our farming education with a show of deft coordination and fast barbering practices. They could do a whole sheep faster than I can shave my face. Eventually the sun shines and off we go. It's so nice riding along the farms and creeks and rivers, we take a side trip to the Peel Forest and enjoy a picnic in the woods. We underestimate the sun's strength and all wind up with burnt noses and renewed "biker hand spots" (mine had disappeared after the summer). We arrive at our second farmstay "Scotsdale" and turn down the offer of tea & coffee for cold water. All of us were enjoying the ride so much no one had remembered to drink enough and we were all near dehydration. The farm had a beautiful flower garden in the backyard, with a view of the snow capped mountains beyond that. Croquet was the order of the day, as our hostess gave us a quick lesson in how to play (good thing she wasn't hustling us for money, she could've cleaned out our bank accounts, she was so good). We had fun threatening each other with the mallets and playing with the sheep dog's puppies and feeding the lambs. We got to tour this farm as well and watched the

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dogs work the sheep, moving them from pasture to pasture. Over dinner our host mentions seeing another tandem in town & did we know them?? - we say no, but wonder if we'll eventually run into them. Dinners at all of our farmstays were the best meals we had in NZ. Usually they consisted of a great soup, a main course and a nice tasty dessert. The conversation would freely flow at the dinner table and the meals would easily last a couple of hours.

Day 6: Geraldine to Lake Tekapo (60 mi/100K)

Another great breakfast & off we go. This is supposed to be an easy day but the wind rears its ugly head. New Zealand's wind is legendary, but I still don't think we were prepared for its ferocity. The mountains start getting closer & the roads start undulating more. The wind is blowing at about 40 mph (60 kph) and it's directly at us. We struggle but keep pushing. It took us about 5 hours to go 35 miles (60 K) and reach the town of Fairlie. At a restaurant we find, we order some soup to warm us & discuss our options. I had promised Joy that if the going got tough we'd figure something out - and sure enough this day is getting tough. It's late and we almost have half the ride still to go. We scout around town and eventually find someone with a car & a trailer that'll drive us the last 25 miles (40K) and let us be weenies and escape the nasty wind. As we drive those miles, we pass up the other tandem still struggling in the wind. We slouch down in our seats and hope they don't notice us being wimps. However, in retrospect it was a great decision. Lake Tekapo is one of the most beautiful places on earth & now we could enjoy it for a while before the sun went down. As we head off to visit the Church of the Good Shepherd (with its stunning altar view) we run into Len & Susan as they pedal into town. We meet them for dinner later on & discuss our respective trips. Since they're from Philadelphia and we're New Jerseyians it turns out we have a lot of mutual friends and experiences to talk about.

Day 7: Lake Tekapo to Mount Cook National Park (60 miles/100K)

We cross our fingers and hope the winds will die down today. We start out with Len & Susan as they are doing the same tour as us, but without the side trip to Mt. Cook. That means we'll ride the 1st half with them today and say good-bye when we reach Lake Pukaki. Len has figured out a different route that takes us off the main highway & onto a road

that runs alongside a hydroelectric canal. The highways aren't bad in NZ, usually uncrowded, no potholes and no glass, but the tour buses can be a pain, so this was an escape from them for a while. The canal road was pretty, serene and flat, making for a nice ride. We seemed to be blocked from the wind today except when we got out into the open. I could feel us being blown around every time we crossed a bridge. When we reached Lake Pukaki we could see it was on a par with Lake Tekapo as far as beauty goes.

The route to Mount Cook was uphill but we had psyched ourselves up for it. No weenie-ism today. 30 miles (50K) to go and dammit - you know it was gonna be into another ferocious headwind. About 3/5ths of the way up, there was supposed to be a town with food and this would make a good stopping point. Up we went, trying not to get beat. The scenery was so beautiful we thought this could make up for the struggle. Just look at the pretty views and you won't notice how hard you're working. Well at least that's what we thought. Somewhere along the way it started raining (nothing like adding insult to injury). Eventually Steve & Shelley being the stronger riders, pull away from us and we're left alone. We figure on catching them at the lunch stop and we keep going. At one point the wind was so strong we were in granny gear going downhill at 5 mph (8 kph). But we weren't going to be beat.

As we reach the mileage point where the town/restaurant was supposed to be, Joy announces that she's ready to bonk and refuses to pedal one more time unless I feed her. We don't see the restaurant anywhere, so we pull off to the side of the road, lay down the bike and eat peanut butter sandwiches on the shoulder in the rain. Needless to say, you know where the lunch stop was: 1/4 mile up the road (.5 K) hidden by some curves and turns in the hills. As Homer Simpson would say "D'oh!". We ate our sandwiches, got going and eventually made the planned food stop. Oh well - can always eat some more, especially something warm. Steve & Shelley had already got there and ordered some soup, only to be told they were out of it. Watching Steve & Shelley feign (or was it real) agony, the girl behind the counter took one look at all of us in our wet & cold condition and offered us the next best thing. She'd make us all some cup-a-soup and toast. It was some of the best soup we've ever tasted (& I



don't even like tomato soup). Warmed up by the soup & our spirits buoyed, we led ourselves to believe that the last 15 miles (24K) would be a breeze and we'd be there in no time. The weather gods just laughed at us and it took us two more hours to go the last of this distance. But we had a rest day coming up, and our spirits couldn't be broken (even if our bodies were nearing that point).

Day 8: Rest Day at Mount Cook National Park

We awoke refreshed and renewed in our little chalet in Mt. Cook. This was another one of those stunning places NZ is famous for. We were surrounded by snow capped peaks right outside our front door. You would just walk around with your head looking up all around you; totally awestruck by the beauty.

So we had a rest day. Now what should we do with this rest day. Rest????

Nahhh, that would be the intelligent thing to do. Nooooo.. we picked out a hike to do and off we went. A nice little 5 hour hike on the Hooker Valley Trail would be restful enough. Along the river we went, surrounded by mountains, over suspension bridges and to a great lunch spot by a lake with icebergs floating around in it (well small icebergs - but cool nonetheless). On our return trip, we heard what we thought was thunder, but looking up in the mountains we could see the snow avalanching. It was far away from us, so there was no danger - but fun to watch anyhow. It was a beautifully clear day. You could see for miles and miles. It definitely would've been a shame to waste a day like this resting.

Day 9: Mount Cook National Park to Omarama (60 miles/100 K)

Payback time today as we left Mt. Cook. The first 35 miles (55K) would be the reverse of the trip up to Mt. Cook (that's right downhill time). This time we could enjoy all the scenery around us & the miles clicked off quite easily. No wind today and the sun was shining. This was the way biking was meant to be. Another 5 miles (10K) after that and it was lunch time at an outside cafe. We were now out of the mountains and back into the farmlands.

This was confirmed by the fact that when we got into Omarama there was a traffic jam as a local farmer was driving his sheep across town via Main

St. Omarama is famous for its gliding and Steve & Shelley were up for the challenge and took a glider ride as Joy & Joe were up for the challenge of relaxing and sitting in the sun reading and enjoying the afterglow of a good ride.

Day 10: Omarama to Cromwell (70 miles/115 K)

This day was supposed to be our toughest and longest day and sure enough it was. Once again the wind reared its ugly head. It had shifted from the day we went to Mt. Cook and was now blowing out of the south. This ride was split into 3 sections. 1st 15% south, next 50% east and the last 35% south again. Farmland at first, mountains including a pass in the middle and undulating (there's that word again) along the Clutha River. At this point we were all reaching our breaking points as the riding and wind was taking its toll. As high as we were the previous day, the good feeling dropped quickly as we started out again into a stiff headwind. By the first 10 miles (15K) we were totally dispirited, this had taken us about an hour and a half, and we were not looking forward to 60 more miles (100K) like this.

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Spotting a sign for an emergency phone we found ourselves at a B&B looking for some kind of assistance or advice (buses??, someone from the farm we were heading to picking us up??, etc.). The lady at the B&B came up with a bit of help. She'd take us the next 10 miles (15K) up to the top of the pass and leave us there and we'd have 25 miles (40K) of downhills before we'd hit the Clutha River.

This was quickly agreed to. We vowed though, that this would be our last bit of weenie-ism for the day and we'd be tough enough to go the rest of the way ourselves. Up to the pass we went and much relief was felt knowing that we had just put the toughest terrain behind us. The downhills came through and we were back to clicking off easy miles. We reached the town of Tarras and stopped at the tearoom for some hot soup and scones. Knowing that we had a mere 25 miles (40K) to go, we started bragging that we'd blow it off in 2 hours.

The wind obviously heard that and was waiting for us as we turned direction again back south and rode along the Clutha River. This was a beautiful place to ride, the hills & cliffs to your left & a blue milky river to your right. The terrain were "hills that don't look like hills" kind of terrain and again the wind was blowing against us. We tried overlooking the conditions and enjoy the scenery but that only works for so long. 3.5 hours later we reached the town of Cromwell and found some ice cream. The ice cream cheered us, we had made it, so now all we needed to do was find our farmstay and enjoy some relaxation. So we ask around and are told the turn is about 1K (.5 mile) up the road. Unfortunately we don't find out until we get there, that after that turn, it is another 4 miles (6K) to go. And all of it uphill and only half of it paved. It was probably the toughest riding we did. I'm sure you can all sympathize with us, thinking we were finished and yet we still had some more hard riding left.

We were probably the grouchiest guests who ever showed up at that farm. The uphill riding we were unprepared for and the never-ending windfest was bringing out the worst in us. We lost our chain twice going up this hill - it was one of those stretches. We were just about ready to toss the tandem & all the gear & climb into on of those tour buses and take it easy. We literally growled at our hosts as we reached the farm as if everything was his fault. I'm definitely somewhat to blame for this

blunder however - next time I read a brochure and book a place described as a hill-country farm, I'll know what it means. We didn't stay grumpy for long. You know how it is with cyclists, give them some food and a nice hot shower and they'll change right before your very eyes. Our moods brightened quickly and before you know it, we were around the fireplace thinking about and planning our next bike tour. We enjoyed our farm tour (got to watch the dogs drive the sheep), fed a couple of baby lambs, had another delicious dinner & dessert (ice cream, corn flakes, tinned peaches & fresh whipped cream - yummm!!!) and a well earned night of sleep.

Day 11: Cromwell to Queenstown (45 mi/70 K)

Our last day of cycling. We were gonna finish this and nothing was gonna beat us. We were all tired, but we were prepared for the wind and no wimping out was going to be allowed today. We got out of town and headed for the Kawarau Gorge. It was a beautiful place to ride, up & down along the gorge, sheer drop-offs and a flowing river on our left, cliffs to our right. We were protected from the wind for the first half of the day and things were looking good. As we got out of the gorge and hit the wind, we just resolved to keep going. We pulled to the side of the road and had lunch and made plans for our next stop: the Kawarau Bridge, where Steve was planning to do some bungee jumping. We pulled in a few miles later and watched. The first guy we saw do it - it made my stomach flip just watching him from the ground. But Steve was still game and off he went - literally. Tarzan yells and chest beating the whole way down & up & down & up & down & up & down....

Almost done with our riding, we kept going. It seemed like the wind was not going to give us a break & we weren't going to concede to it's nastiness. At one point, we reached a bridge and it just stopped us in our tracks. I had to get off and push the bike across. Finally after a couple of hours and lots of ups & downs, we reached Queenstown. We were ready to retire from riding. We still had a few more days of fun planned, but we had all had our fill of cycling at that point.

Over dinner we discussed what we did right & wrong & what we had learned and what we would do differently next time. This was our first attempt at loaded touring (Steve & Shelley had more experience at it than us) and although it was probably the



hardest riding we had ever done and the weather was uncooperative, it definitely did not turn us off to the possibility of doing it again. In fact by evening's end, we were tossing around the idea of somewhere in Europe next year - far away from island winds.

Day 12-15: Queenstown, the West Coast & back home again

The next couple of days spent in NZ, were spent seeing what we didn't see on our bikes. Queenstown is small enough to sightsee via walking. This place is the adrenaline capital of the world and all sorts of adventurous undertakings can be planned. We opted for the "Triple Challenge" after our planned Milford Sound excursion was canceled. The triple challenge was helicoptering, white-water rafting & jet boating one right after another. The helicopter ride was no sissy little sightseeing flight, it was only 7 minutes long, but it had enough zigs & zags & up & downs to make it quite unnerving & stomach upsetting; the rafting was category 3&4 rapids, the last one totally submerging us underwater (that's under cold glacier water - thank God for nice thick dive suits); the jet boating was pretty fun, the daredevil captain takes you out to this canyon and aims straight for the rocks on the side and turns at the last minute & does 360's in the middle of the river. For folks that get into these kinds of exhilarating adventures, Queenstown is the place to go, every time we turned around we would see brochures for some other crazy adventure that we wished we had more time for.

Steve & Shelley did make it to Milford Sound the next day, while we opted out for some relaxation. We picked up the rent-a-car and loaded it up. For those interested we were able to fit 4 adults, 2 tandems, a BOB trailer & bags and a full set of panniers into a Toyota Previa minivan. We planned to drive up the west coast & see the part of the country we didn't get to cycle. The drive up the Cardrona Highway was the scariest riding I've ever done in a car. Learning to drive on the left side, up gravely narrow hairpin mountain roads is a very nerve-wracking experience. But I got the hang of it pretty soon, although I never could get used to the blinkers and the windshield wiper controls being on the opposite sides of the steering wheel from what I'm used to. New Zealanders must automatically know a tourist is driving a car, when they see a car's wipers go on & then watch that same car make a turn.

We eventually made it over the mountains & the Haast Pass and onto the west coast. Although you see stuff from the car, I missed the closeness to everything you get from being on a bike. The stuff just whizzes by in the car - but you really experience it by bicycling.

Our last big stop was to go hiking on the Franz Josef Glacier. It's pretty amazing driving through a rain forest with palm trees to get to a mountain of ice. We put on the hobnailed boots and climbed up the glacier with some guides. It was definitely a cool experience (in more ways than one). This was our last adventure down under as we headed back to Christchurch to fly home. One more mountain pass to go over and it was back to the city & onto the planes to find our lost day.

All in all it was a great trip. New Zealand is a beautiful country and the people are extremely friendly. The 3 farmstays we did was a great way to experience farm living & experience people on a one-to-one basis. The bicycling part was harder than we expected, but it was a great learning experience on how to improve for the next tour. As discouraged as we were on some days, it was never bad enough to swear "never to do it again".

To wrap it up - I offer some advice for the first time tourer:

- 1) Do not overestimate your ability the first time out. We had only done one metric century all year and now here we were: fully loaded planning to do five of them in a space of eight days. We kept saying "no problem - we have all day to do them" - but even if you take that long - you still have to do them. And you'll never know what obstacles will turn against you - for us it was the wind. It could be the terrain, mechanical problems, sickness, etc.. It's better to finish a day strong, than to be totally exhausted. Once one tour is under your belt, you can always adjust things for the next time. The last thing you want to do is turn you or your partner off from touring because of trying to do too much the first time out and having a totally miserable experience. Our biggest change for next time will be less miles.
- 2) Pack as light as possible - we think we had done a good job but it still seemed to weigh



a lot on every uphill. To do it again I would've brought fewer clothes and washed them more frequently. I think the inconvenience of washing would've been offset by less weight.

- 3) We used a BOB trailer and it worked well, but I can't give you a decision on whether it's better or worse than panniers. Sure it packs more, but it's also heavier. We didn't get blown as bad as Steve & Shelley did with their panniers, but it's a pain to park when you get off the tandem. Debate on this will continue to rage, unless you've tried both.
- 4) Another debate: to book ahead or go by the seat of your pants??? We had every place booked ahead of time and paid for. We followed a tour book and everything was set up before we left home. This is good and bad and this debate will rage forever as well. We wanted the security of knowing there'd be a warm place to sleep and a shower at the end of every night. Also since we had a limited time off for this trip, it made sense for us. But this locked us into having to go

everyday & not being able to wait out bad weather or change our minds and go elsewhere. But then had we opted not to go to Mt. Cook because the wind was against us, we would've missed one of the highlights of our trip. If we were planning everything on a day by day basis, we could've spent more time there or more time elsewhere, etc. or we could've gotten somewhere we wanted to spend time at & find no room available and have to move on. There are definitely pros & cons to both scenarios. And I won't even mention the camping option here (Joy washes my mouth out with soap when I mention the "C" word).

- 5) Lastly go with the flow as best as possible. Laugh at the wind, curse at the wind, do whatever you need to do to get through a bad day (even wimp out and get a motorized assist if you must). Remember cycling is like life - the worst day of it can be followed by your best day ever. So enjoy the ride!!!!

Team Rutch (Joe & Joy)
Laurence Harbor, NJ

HARDSCRABBLE OR BUST!

Hardscrabble on a triple. No way! The echoed sentiment, expressed by a select few at the mere suggestion. The sweet smell of a challenge would soon be contagious.

Jim Turner, seemingly lifetime president of the Lawrence (KS) Bike Club, peaked my interest resultant of his 1995 recruitment efforts. "Too much was a happenin'," as they say, not to mention no one seemed too excited about the prospect of sitting on their butt for 10 hours, cruising the scenic western Kansas plains. Not so this year, as Sue expressed excitement at the prospect doing an unfamiliar and potentially scenic century.

Hardscrabble? NO! NO! NO! "Hardscrabble" stated the gent at the Octoginta (the festive fall 80 mile grand finale of the season ride sponsored by the Lawrence Kansas Bike Club) whose car sported familiar green and white Colorado plates. "There is actually a pass called Hardscrabble," he continued.

We finished one of our many Tuesday evening rides with our tandem buddies (extended family), Jay and Sandy Sanders, when I remarked about our upcoming September 22nd Colorado adventure with only three days until departure. I suggested they join us. Jay "the fly" (about the only guy on a single we cannot drop while on our tandem [we got to know him by default that way starting in 1992]) hesitated a mere 18 hours before calling. If recollection serves me correctly, Sue suggested the triple. At this point we had ridden the triple with Jay only two or three times and at no point on a century, much less in the Rocky Mountains!

I quickly called several of the Lawrence crowd in search of someone who had ridden it before to try to figure out the gearing needed and what we would need in the way of BRAKES on the way down! Everyone was loading up the Lawrence rental van and the club trailer when I first called. I finally reached Jim, the prez, and learned of his miserable



experience the first year with a 50 something low gear and a better experience with a 38 inch low the following year. He assured me the switch-backs were on the way up and it was pretty much flat-out going down.

Having never run an auxiliary drum brake around "these here parts" on the triple and having ridden a tandem in the Rockies a few times, I was a little uneasy about going without one. But being very short on time and the prospect of carrying another two pounds up the mountain (I can be a gram weanie at times) made the decision easier.

Hardscrabble is definitely a century. No Kansas grid work road system exists in this part of Colorado for shorter options. But then you don't need one. You see -- you climb for 20 miles from Florence (located 35 or so miles west of Pueblo or southwest of the Springs) which is at 5,000 feet to 9,000 feet in 18 miles and it is down hill for 80 MILES! With the exception of a 1.5 mile or so blip west of Royal Gorge.

The ride is on Sunday and is held the same weekend as their Pioneer Days celebration. Quite the social event I must say. A few of the cowboy boot stomping locals of all ages really get into it with full dress costumes, games, country western bands in the park, cookouts and craft booths of all varieties.

Anticipation of leaving shortly after 6 pm directly from my Lawrence office was nixed by the needs and arrival of a new patient in distress just before closing. Dedication to my patients and chiropractic resulted in an hour delay. It was going on 7:30 while filling the twin tanks of the old Ford van when Jay (who had been so patient) was heard to say, "Let's just get on the turnpike and floor it!"

We drove to Goodland, slept several hours, and headed southwest across eastern Colorado. We arrived (gaining an hour always helps) in the A.M., checked into the motor inn, walked to the Pioneer Days event in the park and registered for the ride at the Hardees. You are on a triple? No way! I have never seen one before! No one has done that before! Sound tiring yet? A well deserved nap was in order before meeting the Lawrence group, some 23 or so, at the local Italian restaurant. They put us in the basement of this fine establishment but then these guys had been there before. The wait passed quickly as the abundance of merriment and socializing (biker

stories) diverted the mind from hunger pangs. The food was good and plentiful.

The start was 6:30am to 8:30am. The general consensus of the Lawrence crowd was to wait until the sun came (a visual aid) and hopefully the chill in the air would leave shortly thereafter. 7:00am seemed to be the target time of most. Being fashionably late, it was 7:30 by the time we got our act together (we ate cardboard pancakes at Hardees) and headed out. The chill lasted only a mile (until we reached the prison) as the steady slight grade (average of 14 mph) warmed us up. About eight miles into the climb with a few teaser flat areas (and some that looked flat) and an occasional down slope we were congratulating each other on our 14+ average. We had previously heard it was two hours to the top depending upon your physical condition. Then the grade steepened to 8%, you know the ones with the signs showing a silhouette of a truck standing on its nose. A welcome sag was strategically placed at the maximum wheeze point. Having stopped we realized many of the 700 or so riders had started while we were eating that stuff at Hardees evidenced by the food and potty lines. Standing on the road holding the bike, I could not

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believe the effort required to keep it from rolling down the mountain. "Check this out" I said to Jay, "Try to hold this thing!" He used the brakes and said "no problem."

One rider was heard hollering and asking if "Bill McCready (owner of Santana Cycles) was paying us to ride the event on one of his triples. We also heard the first of what was to be repeated multiple times throughout the day, "We heard about you guys!" "I bet it will be a blast going down!" We did not hear much of anything once on the other side for obvious reasons. The steepest part of our climb was in a 1:1 ratio, i.e., 32t rear and 32t front. About 1.5 miles of the climb would have been better with a 28t front sprocket as a cadence of 70 was a struggle to maintain. We paced ourselves by loosely following our strategy of running a heart rate of 160 or so. There were times we started to blow up by hitting 170 and 180 just to keep the gear turning. Two hours and 20 minutes later we were rewarded with an awesome view of the snow covered mountain range, a Kodak moment we could not pass up. It was time to boogie, "Let the fun begin", I exclaimed as we mounted up. Scrolling through the computer I discovered our earlier 14.6 mph average had

dropped to a dismal 10.0 which does not quite add up for you math wizards but that is what it said. Awesome hardly does justice to the smooth sailing decent experienced while turning our 60t x 12t (had to remove the 11t for the climb) at 45 mph mile after mile. We arrived at the next sag, discovered more lines, said to heck with it and headed into town for a Coke. As we headed north to U.S. 50, the terrain flattened out to familiar light rolling cruising terrain. And then the grade steepened as we spun out our high gear at 46 mph. A 35 mph curve sign loomed at an alarming rate causing me to glance at the computer which was all of 2" from my face while in a full tuck. I thought, wow a figure I have never seen before while clipped to pedals! I momentarily feathered the brake while sitting up catching the wind which dropped our speed immediately from 58.5 into the 40's., slower than needed for the under rated curve.

The effort put forth (evidenced by a heart rate monitor check) was starting to wear on the now less than dynamic trio. Wrapped up with the sensation of speed, we found ourselves working harder than ever with heart rates up in the 180's and occasional 190's. Sue was averaging around 160 for the whole ride! Her best effort ever! The only time any real braking was needed was for the stop sign at U.S. 50 highway which was no big deal. A sag was soon to come. It was a relief to get off as the speed and increased concentration also takes its toll. We consistently spent considerable time at the sags as the friendly riders and atmosphere of the event led to more socializing.

Back on the road again! Sue had fun (when she had enough thin Colorado air to manage it), blowing her new train whistle as we passed tandems. We passed single bikes so fast and so often, it seemed futile to blow and blow!

The cruise down highway 50 following the Colorado river was enjoyable. But all good things must end which is exactly what happened west of Royal Gorge as we SLOWLY churned our way up a 1.5 or so mile grade. Another sag at the top and no lines! Most of the riders were behind us at this point as evidenced by a computer average closing in on 18 mph up from 10 mph. Leaving the sag we headed down the other side. What goes up must go down. We spun out at 46 mph, tucked down, and proceeded to experience cross winds, nothing severe



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but at 58 mph it felt a little spooky to more than one of us. Sitting up and letting the wind catch us with the hands on the hoods provided the additional stability we were looking for.

We joked that the post ride meal would likely be a hot dog as we cruised the last few miles into Florence at 28-30 mph. We showered, checked out of our room two hours later than first anticipated and headed over for our hot dog or whatever meal. The whatever turned out to be a barbecue beef sandwich, a bowl of cauliflower, broccoli and or carrots, a baked potato with choice of trimmings, potato chips (for the salt lover in you), ice cream and punch. Not bad for \$25 bucks including a T-shirt! Ranks right up there with the Hotter'n Hell for value.

We left town at 5:00pm our time, each getting about 3 hours sleep in the van bed, and arrived in the metro about 3:15 am. Sue and I crashed at 4:30am



after dropping Jay off in Bonner getting a total of 6.5 or 7 hours of sleep. (Sue was a little shy of that!)

We highly recommend this rewarding ride and plan on doing it again. The increasing participation within the Lawrence group speaks for itself. Jim Turner (prez for life?) would love to get 30 or so together, can the van idea, and move up to a charter bus!

If you do it our way, you may want to take Monday off from work.

Mark Johnson
Lawrence, KS



IRELAND BY TANDEM

Last summer we went to Ireland. My Uncle Gene and Aunt Lee took us to the airport in Montreal. That was very nice. We got on a big plane. The flight attendants gave us lots of food and made us many drinks. We didn't get any sleep. We got on a different plane in Amsterdam. By the time we got to Ireland, we were very tired. I put the bicycle together. I didn't know where the extra parts went so I threw them away. I hoped I wouldn't need them.

We went to Dublin on the bus. The bus was so big that it had an upstairs. We sat there in the front so we could watch the people run out of the way. There were many people in Dublin. There were more pesky little cars than black flies on a June night in the Adirondacks. They tried to run us over, but we were too fast.

We toured a very old college called Trinity College and saw a very old book called The Book of Kells. I liked it because it had lots of pictures. Then we went to a pub and learned how to order Guinness stout. LOTS of people in Ireland drink Guinness. We wanted to be like the Irish people.

We had supper and went back to our B & B. Lorraine fell asleep on the bus and almost fell in the aisle. Ha-ha, funny Lorraine.

The next day we went back to Dublin and to a place called Dun Laoghaire. Lorraine wanted to go there because some dead guy named James Joyce lived there. I watched some people swim in the cold water at the Forty Foot Swim Club. Brrr. Then we had some more Guinness.

The next day we decided to go for a bike ride on our tandem bicycle. We were going to go for a long ride, about 17 days long. We rode north to a place called Newgrange. They were burying people there before the Egyptian pyramids and before Stonehenge were built. Newgrange was a fascinating place. They figured how to get light into the passage grave on only the shortest 5 days of the year.

We continued to ride north. The wind made us go very slow. Bad wind. We rode into Northern Ireland and the old capital of Armagh. We passed lots of farms

with sheep and cows. We got sheep and cow poop all over our bike. Our butts got sore. We soaked them in Guinness at night. That helped. Finally, we got to the ocean and had to stop.

We went to Bushmill's Distillery. This is the oldest distillery in the world and they make Irish



whiskey. The man there said it was the best whiskey in the world. He made us drink some and wouldn't let us go until we agreed. Good whiskey. Bad headache.

After that we went to a place called the Giant's Causeway. This was a very beautiful place, right on the coast. We took lots of pictures. Then we visited the ruins of Dunluce Castle. There are lots of castles in Ireland. More castles would be lived in now if Oliver Cromwell didn't have so many weenie roasts in them in the 1600's.

We started to ride west. The rain made us go very slow. Bad rain. We stopped at a pub to wring out our socks and decide if we were having fun yet. The bartender asked about our cycling trip and how we liked riding on the narrow roads. I said I was glad to be on a tandem because we took up less space than we would on two single bikes. He said he hadn't seen a tandem in a long time and he went outside to "have a look".

While he was outside, a school bus stopped alongside the bike. All the kids on the bus pressed their faces against the windows on one side of the bus, staring at our bike. I thought the bus would tip over on its side. I feel sorry for the man who has to clean all the boogers from the windows.

We crossed back into the Republic of Ireland. We saw peat fields and went through a forest. We passed through a beautiful mountain pass and between some pretty lakes. Finally, we got to the ocean and had to stop. We were in the town of Donegal, which is a very nice town.

We started to ride south. The wind and rain made us go slow. Bad wind and rain. We stopped at a megalithic tomb. Then we passed by Benbulbin Mt. and into the land of W.B. Yeats. We stopped at his grave and cast a cold eye, bikers pass by. As we got back on the bike, we had a flat. It was cold, windy and raining as we changed the tire. Maybe I shouldn't have peed by W.B.'s grave. We had extra Guinness that night in Sligo after two ladies wouldn't let dripping bikers into their B & B's.

We were dry by the next day and had the first day of riding without headwinds. We passed by the Ox Mountains but didn't see any oxen. Why did they call them that? They should be the Sheep Mountains. That afternoon we did laundry. Our clothes were running alongside the bike by this time.

The next day we went through the Connemara. This was one of the prettiest places we've ever seen. (We've seen lots of pretty places, too, like Hoboken). The wind made us go real slow so we had lots of time to look at the mountains. The rain made us get real wet, too. We met some men who were working on the road. They talked to us for a long time. They said they would like to talk longer, but they had to go to lunch. They would talk to us more if we would wait until their lunch was over, but we were too cold to wait. I don't think that road will get fixed soon.

That night we got to Galway. Our butts hurt a lot and the Guinness wasn't helping anymore. We had ridden over 400 miles in the last week and we were ready for a rest. We decided to rent one of those tiny cars for a couple days. We got a car and went south toward the Dingle Peninsula.

The tiny car had a left side mirror with a death wish. It kept crashing into other car's mirrors. Luckily, the mirrors snap back into place. I think lots of mirrors in Ireland must have death wishes because they all snap back in place.

On the way to Dingle we went to a place called Craggaunowen. This is an outside type of museum with interesting displays of how people used to live, before even Guinness. I think people used to worry a lot about getting whacked on the head because they always had to build forts. They put tunnels under them so they could run away. On Dingle we saw other types of ancient forts and stone structures called "beehives". No one knows what these were used for, but I think they're a place for sheep to poop because there was a lot of sheep poop in them.

We enjoyed Dingle a lot. There are lots of mountains, some of which go right down to the ocean. Dingle has a point called Sleah Head. This is the westernmost point of Europe. There. Now you know that, too.

We headed back to Galway and went through the Burren. This is a place with a LOT of rocks. In fact it looks like one big rock. We saw a dolman. This is an old tomb. When people died, their bodies would be left out for the scavengers. When there were only bones left, these would be moved into the dolman. Yecch.

We got back to Galway in time for Meath vs. Mayo, the Irish football match, kind of like the



Superbowl of Ireland. A guy in a pub told us "32 counties in Ireland, and 31 are rooting for Mayo." Meath won.

By now we were anxious to get back on the bike. We saw lots of other people touring on bicycles while we had the car. They looked like they were having such fun riding in the wind and the rain that we wanted to join them. So we gave back the car and got back our bike.

We started to ride toward the Rock of Cashel. On the way, we stopped at a stone circle, after climbing through a marshy field, full of sheep poop, in the rain. We found 8 stones in a 20 foot circle. We were not impressed. Lorraine wanted to make fences out of them.

One time as we were stopped an elderly man came over to ask about the tandem. It turns out that he used to ride tandem with a friend about 40 years ago. They had a three-speed bike and used to average about 20 mph. I told him our bike had 21 speeds and we would love to average 20 mph. That's progress for you. He is still a spry, wiry fellow. I'd like to think years of riding has something to do with that. Either that or he doesn't eat chips.

We thought the Rock of Cashel was a castle, but it was really a church. The church was very old and full of stone carvings. The church had no roof and was full of crow poop. I tried on a crypt for size. Luckily, it was too small.

When leaving the Rock of Cashel, it started to rain. It looked like it would rain for 40 days & nights. We checked into a B&B, and by the time we got out of the shower (20 minutes) the sun was out. Funny Irish weather.

We decided to head southeast, to visit friends of my sister, Joanne. They lived in a town called Tramore. It was at the top of a STEEP hill. They lived across the street from a big church. We tried to remember to keep the blinds closed at night. When we got there, a lady answered the door who had a Staten Island accent. We knew we had the right house. Katie was from New York, and her husband, Ray, grew up in Ireland. They moved to Ireland last year. They have two daughters, Sinead & Maura. Ray cooked us a chicken dinner. There were no chips. This was the first chipless meal we'd had in weeks (barring breakfast...the Irish don't know about home fries. Funny Irish.). Ray & Katie entertained us

with lots of stories about Ireland and Irish people. Ray told us funny stories about his friend, Denny. Denny didn't work too much, and spent a lot of time in the pubs, playing tricks on people. Its amazing Denny still had friends. We beat our dirty clothes into the washer and slammed the door, and wouldn't let them out 'til they were clean. Then we draped them on every available heater in the house, so they would dry. We also learned about the "hot press". This is a closet with the hot water heater in it, with racks above, so you can dry your clothes inside. Even new houses have these. The Irish know a good thing when they see it. Lorraine wanted to sleep in the "hot press".

The next day, we started to ride back toward Dublin. Guess what? It rained. We took a ferry ride in the rain. It cost us 3 punts. This is almost \$5. To ride a ferry for 15 minutes in the rain. That was fun. When we got off the ferry, we had our second flat in the rain. That was real fun. We stopped at Sid's Diner and they had license plates from different U.S. states on the walls, but they still served chips. After lunch, the rain stopped.

We headed toward a town named Bunclody. They were having a championship tractor pulling contest. The Irish sure know how to have a good time. We went to a pub. We drank with 15 year olds. No one seemed to mind.

From there, we headed north, to the Wicklow Mountains. We went to Avoca, to a famous woolen mill. Their wools were so famous, a vest cost \$100. We stopped there to eat lunch in their little restaurant. So did an entire tour bus of midwestern blue-hairs. We all ate lunch together. We ate faster and as much as the whole bus combined. One lady told me that Lorraine was very brave to ride with me on the trip. Brave Lorraine.

We went to a pretty place called Glendalough. It was an old monastery. They had a round tower, made of stone. The round tower had its lowest door 12 feet above the ground. I hope they realized they had a problem before the Vikings arrived. We rode to the top of Wicklow Gap. It was very pretty. A sheep stood with his backside in the road while cars flew by at 60 mph. He didn't seem to notice. We rode uphill on the other side of the road at about 6 mph. The sheep ran away like his butt was on fire. Funny sheep.



The next day was our last day on the bike. We rode up the Sally Gap and saw deer. Now all the "No Shooting" signs made sense to us. It was very desolate, and about 2500 foot elevation. I looked for a tree to pee behind, but I had to settle for a stinging nettle. Ouch!

Over the Sally Gap, we came into the Dublin area. We had been 800 miles, all around the country but we couldn't find a road around Dublin. Several people we asked couldn't find a road around Dublin. They live there. Finally, we made it back to Malahide, to our B&B. We put the bike in a box and walked 2 miles to town for dinner. I guess we needed the exercise.

The next day, our last in Ireland, we visited the Guinness Plant on St. James Gate.

The woman there said they were starting a major expansion due to a sudden increase in sales over the last 2 1/2 weeks. We told her not to worry, it wouldn't be necessary, because we were leaving. Lorraine went shopping. All her purchases fit in one small tote bag. Things in Ireland are expensive.

The next morning, we went to the airport to fly home. Uncle Gene & Aunt Lee picked us up in Montreal. They drove us home after dinner. The customs man didn't even ask to see our tote bag of purchases or our carefully prepared list. What a let down. I wish we'd brought home a Guinness truck,

but it probably wouldn't have fit in the tote bag. When we got close to home, we realized that neither of us had a key. We had to break into the house. It took about 3 seconds. We were glad no one else tried that while we were away. Our dogs would have been glad to see us, if they weren't sleeping. Soon we were sleeping, too.

Things we learned and did in Ireland:

1. People said the rain in Ireland was "different". It still felt wet to us.
 2. We played "dinner lottery" every night. We would each order something for dinner. We thought we knew what we'd be getting. We were often wrong. The one who got the best dinner won.
 3. The English don't like the Irish.
 4. We ate about 5,000 calories a day. About half of them came from chips. They serve chips with lasagna and Chinese food. Chips are french fries. Potato chips are crisps.
 5. We thought we'd have no language problems. We were wrong. We had to point on the map, so people would understand where we were going.
 6. The Irish are generally skinnier than Americans, but smoke more.
 7. Pubs don't start live music until 10 pm, and last call is 11 pm. The locals don't listen to music, they try to drink as much as they can before last call. By then, its so smoky, you can't see the band.
 8. The Irish don't like the English, either.
 9. A lot of dogs in Ireland work. A lot of their owners don't. And certainly, their owners don't work before 9 am.
 10. Ireland has a lot of "roundabouts" (traffic circles). These are biker nightmares.
 11. There aren't many tandems in Ireland and all the kids would like a ride.
 12. There is a lot of litter in Ireland.
 13. Guinness is good for you. All the pubs (and our butts) say so.
- P.S. We had a blast in Ireland and would be glad to share our experiences with anyone considering a tour there.

Gary and Lorraine Schiavi
Chestertown NY

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ALASKA

A more adventurous alternate to the well-known ferry/bike touring routes of the Puget Sound-Seattle area is provided by the Alaska State ferries. These ferries run from Bellingham Washington to Haines-Skagway Alaska and are quite tandem friendly. There are multiple layovers and transfers available allowing a tourist to tailor a trip to their desires and abilities.

Since we had previously cycled western Canada from Calgary to Prince Rupert and I have cycled from Mexico to Calgary I continued my journey further north starting at Ketchikan. There we then caught a bimonthly ferry up one of the worlds greatest fjords to the mainland at Alaska's Southeast tip, at Hyder, Alaska.

Boarding the ferry in the middle of the night, we quickly found some full size reclining deck chairs and comfortable settled into the semi-open upper deck of the ferry. We caught several hours of sleep during the few dark hours of the Alaska night and awoke to panoramic views consisting of horizontal bands of: blue sea, green forest, white snowcapped mountains and blue and white sky and clouds. Soon a school of porpoises played around the ferry raising hopes of a whale sighting.

We headed inland to the snow covered mountains that we had seen from both sides of our ship. A good road and tail winds favor us as we

climb alongside a rushing stream, formed by multiple waterfalls coming off the peaks. In only a few miles we are near snow line and can cycle up next to a small mountain lake filled with iridescent cobalt blue icebergs fallen from Bear Glacier.

Our next landmark destination will be the Cassair highway. This is the "back" door route to the Yukon, the Alaska highway and Alaska. We our anxious and a little apprehensive to see what conditions will be like on this road. We will be riding 720 miles North on the main leg of the trip and there will be segments of gravel totaling about 100 miles.

We find a few supplies and even an unexpected cafe at our junction but pass up the showers for five dollars apiece and the gravel campsites to divert to a much more scenic British Columbia campground. A live bear trap is only a few yards from our campsite but we are reassured that the bears haven't injured anyone, "yet"!

The flies and mosquitoes are the real pests here and they are not all that bad but we do don our mosquito hoods for the first of only two times during the trip.

First thing the next morning we startle a bear on the road edge. He turns and quickly runs away leaving us trying to decide if we should consider

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ourselves fortunate or disappointed about his hasty retreat. A full day of riding brings us to some civilization, no phone but a generator, a cafe and rustic cabins. A cool drizzle through out the next day results in us and our gear being covered in mud. Our spirits are lifted at days end when we find that not only is there a B & B at the lodge but a very nice youth hostel. The host seeing us thickly covered in mud is probably relieved when we decided to stay at the hostel. There has been an unusually late snow in the mountain tops but they are obscured by the low cloud cover. The mud has been making the skip so badly I fear our trip may end with a broken drive train component. I want to do 95 miles the next day and desperately want the rain to stop. The locals tell us there is hardly any, "really no", gravel left.

I find that to the list of things not to believe from non cyclist (such as: "only a mile or two", "all downhill", "flat") you should add "no gravel". The rain has washed out the finer material leaving good size rocks to dodge among the water filled pot holes. We descend hairpin turns into the Stikine River valley. A climb up to Gnat pass requires our 27" gear.. From here water now flows not to the east and Atlantic Ocean but North to the Arctic Ocean.

At Dease Lake it is still raining. I've had enough mud. The camera isn't working and the tandem barely is. The motel has a room and across the street there is a free power washer. We spray the tandem and then each other to the amusement of onlookers.

The weather finally breaks for our last gravel sections. There is a herd of mountain goats on the road, then a moose feeding, and finally a moose and calf.. A road crew tells us they have been following our progress for 300 miles and we are "doing good". Picturesque Boya Lake campground is our overnight stay. The following day we reach the Yukon border and the Alcan highway and turn Northwest towards the Continental divide. The Alcan is a much more impersonal road then the Cassair as the forest is cut far back from the road. There is certainly less sense of adventure and services are much more frequent. Our only flat tire occurs probably as a result of the steel grid bridge decks that now replace the log bridges on the Cassair.. We cross the Continental divide the next day and leave the Alcan on a gravel cutoff road to the Klondike highway. We camp the night at Carcross where many of the gold rushers spent a difficult winter waiting for the river ice to

break. We still have to crest the Coastal mountains and we expect a steep, even harrowing descent to sea level at Skagway. Instead a head wind batters us uphill and makes us pedal on the descent. We have cycled 750 miles in 8 and a half days. We spend some time at the busy and interesting Klondike national historical park. Both of us are coughing as a result of the alternately cold soakings and inhaled gravel dust we have experienced.

In much the fashion this trip started, we will proceed down another famous and long fjord. We make a quick bike run into Haines and look over our starting point for a future trip into central Alaska. Once again comfortably situated with our air mattress and sleeping bags on the deck chairs of the ship we see some tents pitched on the deck. We keep an ear open for announced whale sightings and scan the sea for the "blows". A naturalist gives lectures in a forward observation lounge.

Arriving at dusk In Juneau we ride the tandem off the ship. We have time to ride up to Mendenhall glacier and hike through the thick rain forest. A just completed bikepath also take us into the silent, heavy, almost ominous yet beautiful growth. Winding around and along a trout stream I soon have concerns about surprising a bear. The silence is suddenly interrupted by unusual, loud and garrulous bird calls as the sun sets out over the ocean.

Continuing on the ferry we take in a few quick sights at the old Russia village of Sitka and then pass through Peril straits, sighting a few more (distant) whales.

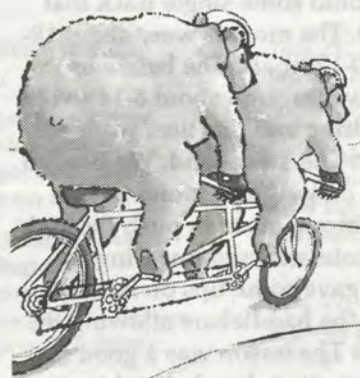
Our ship is ahead of schedule and a stop at remote Indian village is extended, allowing us time to ride the few paved miles of road on this isolated island. On a bridge we watch native boys and their dogs catching the running Salmon. Soon their dogs splash a few yards upstream. Excited, barking, the dogs have spotted a bear who is also trying to fish. The dogs will succeed in harassing the bear into the woods several times and the boys will pay scant attention to the seemingly close and irritated bear. Perhaps I had worried to much about the bear that continued to walk down the road side at us or the one that almost appeared to be preparing to stalk us from a hiding place along the road.



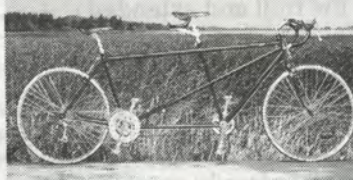
The ferry arrives in Peterburg, another isolated but prosperous appearing town of obvious Danish heritage. Here the mammoth cruise ships seldom unload, to the apparent satisfaction of most of the locals. Having seen numerous whales, but all in the distance, we decide to splurge and charter a boat to take us into one of the "richest" whale sighting areas in the Pacific. We want also to see the actively "calving" Le Conte Glacier.

Eventually the knowledgeable and experienced captain has to admit it is the worst whale sighting trip he has ever had. We have already learned that the glacier is calving so actively that boats have been unwilling to get close to the glacier due to the choking ice flows. As a consolation the captain makes a valiant effort to push, bump and weave his way through the mammoth, modernistic, free form shaped ice chunks. Remembering the Titanic I am almost ready to convince him he really doesn't have to sink us just because the whales didn't show. The disturbed seals seemed quite surprised to see us. Much like the residents of Petersburg they probably thought they were getting along just fine without tourist bothering them!

Our trip ends back in Ketchikan harbor. It seems noisy after the wilderness. It is busy with float planes and cruise ships and the jet departures from the one runway island airport. I have momentarily quenched my thirst for a little road adventure. I try imaging myself to be a returning Klondike



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sourdough. As was the case with most of them I am loaded with no gold but many wonderful cycling memories and experiences from the great North.

Bruce & Becky Perry
Davenport, IA

Eastern Off Road Tandem Rally

We had the chance to take up Malcolm Boyd's invitation to attend the Eastern Off Road Tandem Rally. My preconceived picture of the New Jersey pine barrens was flat riding on the fire trails through the scrub pines. I was aware that there was to be some loose sand that had blown across the fire trails at spots. My new tandem was conceived as a road tandem using 26" tires up to 2.00 wide. Before we packed up the tandem in the van I robbed the tires from my Miyata century limited edition mountain bike thinking that we would be have a fighting chance and better set up for a fun weekend.

We arrived about noon Friday, well in time for the 2:00 afternoon ride. Shortly another team arrived

and by the story telling going on we were beginning to suspect the rides were to be more challenging than expected. This was not their first OR rally. Verna was voicing her apprehensions as we got into our cycling clothing. My fears were based on a deep down

respect for the healing process on my 58 year old body. For both of us this was to be our first time ever for off road riding. The new suspension tandem was not built with aggressive or and other off road use in mind. So I not only was concerned about the riding but also how well the tandem would perform. Prior to that day we only had three rides with 51 road miles total on this new tandem.



The first three miles were on road to the trail start. The trail was the fire trail that I expected. About a mile in we turned off onto some single track that was lesson Number one. The moguls were about 18-24' high spaced about 10-12' apart. The base was loose sand and the groove through about 8-14" wide. Pedal were definitely hitting and our tires were not going to float through in The loose sand. We bogged down after the first few moguls and found that starting and getting the momentum to push through our first challenge. Malcolm advised lowering the seats about an inch and gave some tips on how to unload the weight from the handlebars allowing the suspension to work best. The lesson was a good one and other than a too low bottom bracket and too narrow tires we surprised ourselves by actually making good progress. After about a mile of single track we were back on fire trail. A puddle that spanned the full width of the trail and extended

several hundred feet was the next lesson. Beyond the edges of the puddle the brush and mounds of loose sand dictated the best line would be to ride through the water rather than fall into that lay ahead. Besides the others had already committed to their direct through route. The water keep getting deeper and the bottom brackets were already submerged. The others ahead were not going any deeper and besides we were as wet as it gets so we

keep on cranking. Now was not the time to stop or fall off. The unknown and unseen things we were riding over caused us to focus on just getting to the other side. Actually we found the puddles more fun than the moguls. The lesson learned from the puddles was to look further ahead and not concentrate on where the front wheel was. After about six miles of the off road riding we got back on the road to head back. Malcolm wanted to try the suspension tandem so we switched tandems. Lesson number three was that I needed more pressure in the Leader fork and the rear shock. Verna was definitely in love with the rear suspension by now and made comment about the ride of Malcolm and Judy's hard tail Santana.

The next day we were feeling better about our abilities and after a good breakfast. The forks were pumped up and we drove out to the starting point. The fire trail was a breeze and we turned off on to the single track. The single track had a mile of wicked moguls about 1.2 miles in that caused us to

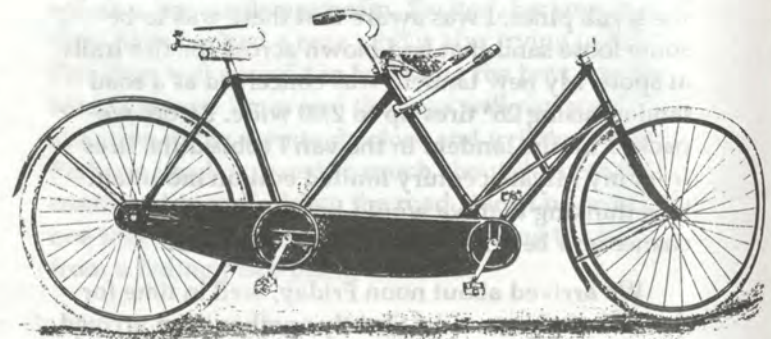
eat sand several times. Others were falling too so we didn't feel to bad. At one point where the moguls were at their worst I was beginning to feel that I built the worlds firsts two wheel full suspension walking stick. After about 3/4 of a mile of walking we got on to firmer ground and caught up with the others and

road on to the lunch stop clearing. We were 2 1/2 hours into our ride and averaging 2.5 mph. By now we would have traveled 30-35 miles if we were riding the road tandem and felt only half as tired. Malcolm had launched over the handlebars and suspected a broken or bruised rib. I wanted to ask if we were having fun yet but thought better of it. I knew I was definitely learning things and having fun learning. Besides I was already planning my next tandem. One that would definitely be fully off road compatible. The trail back to the starting point held the final challenge, sugar sand. The name is in reference to the consistence not the taste. I share this knowledge from first hand experience. For this even

the tandems with 2 1/2 wide tires were struggling. I had already figured that a 13" high

bottom bracket and frame clearance capable of taking 2 1/2-3" wide tires would greatly improve the our performance. I would also change the cable routing on the next tandem but we really had no mechanical problems from the routing I had used. I was very pleased with the tandem's performance even in the harshness of this terrain. Would we do it again? In a heart beat. We were challenged and survived. The others also had fun and admitted the rides were tough and complemented us on what we accomplished. Verna had some obligations for Sunday morning so after a delicious evening meal we drove home feeling good about our weekend adventure

Rodney & Verna Moseman
Lititz, PA



D

E

M

TANDEM CALENDAR 1997

July 4, 1997 **PIGS (Des Moines, IA) Firecracker 50 Ride** Leave from Des Moines Art Center. Contact Pat and Ernie Fisher (515) 226-0172

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 6, 1997. **TOYS (Tandems of York, PA Society) King's Gap Ride.** Mechanicsburg, PA. Depart from the high school. 40-50 mi. Don & LuAnn Emert (717) 938-1517

July 6, 1997. **CATS (Chicago Area Tandem Society) Round Lake BBQ.** Ride from Round Lake area with BBQ afterward. Muellers (847) 740-2990.

July 6, 1997. **Colorado Tandem Club Annual July Ride and Picnic.** A 30 - 40 mile loop from Andy and Kami's house is followed by lunch and a chance to socialize with club members. Please phone in advance. Andy & Kami White ((303) 494-3092

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 12, 1997. **The Greater Rochester (NY) Eating and Tandemming Society Northampton/Bergen Swamp Ride.** 10am, 31 mi. We'll eat before during or after the ride. Chuck Dye & Bonnie Hallman-Dye (716) 473-8041

July 12, 1997. **Chile Pedalers Ride.** Albuquerque, NM. We will ride in and near the Jemez mountains north of Albuquerque. After, we will have a picnic lunch at a member's house.

Karen Ann Smith (505) 897-9253. karenann@unm.edu

July 13, 1997. **Loons (Twin Cities Tandems Minneapolis, MN) The Loons ride** from Maple Grove with Joan & Terry Osell(612) 331-2723

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 18-20, 1997. **T-Bones (Tandem Bicyclists of New England) Ride.** Challenging cycling in unspoiled Vermont. Stay at Inn in Warren, VT; swimming pool & hot tub. Jack Donohue & Susan Grieb, 82 George St, Arlington, MA 02174

July 19, 1997. **COWS (Couples On Wheels (WI)) Wild West Cows Drive** Trempealeau, WI. 50 miles. SASE Jim & Jill Thomson, Rt 1 Box 1274, Trempealeau, WI 54661.

July 20, 1997. **Triangle Area Tandem Ride.** Raleigh, NC Contact Jeff Hutchinson or Neill Ross (919) 876-9876

July 20, 1997 **RATS (Richmond, (VA) Area Tandem Society) Ride.** Join Joe Kris and Peter Kauffman (804) 270-3566

July 20, 1997 **PIGS (Des Moines, IA) 2pm Ride** Leave from Des Moines Art Center. Contact Pat and Ernie Fisher (515) 226-0172

July 20, 1997 **TOYS (Tandems of York (PA) Society Lancaster County Ride** 9am ride start Lancaster PA, 31 miles. Bob & Becky Nordvall (717) 334-0742

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.

July 27, 1997. **MUTS (Michigan United Tandem Society) Family Ride.** Grand Blanc, MI. 20-40 miles. Bring the stokids or bugger tots and we'll make sure we pass or stop at the playgrounds. Bring a picnic basket for after the ride. Andy or Orysia Novajosky (810) 695-1821. GBStoker@tir.com

July 27, 1997. **COWS (Couples On Wheels (WI)) Milwaukee Lakeside Village Ride.** Gary & Irene Sanderson, 5005 N Palisades Rd, Milwaukee, WI 53217

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 Harbor, NJ 08879

August 8-10, 1997. **PIGS (Des Moines, IA) Rally.** Preregistration required. Join us in Pella, Iowa for a fun filled weekend. For registration forms contact Pat and Ernie Fisher (515) 226-0172

August 9, 1997. **CATS (Chicago Area Tandem Society) Apple Pancake Ride.** Gurnee, IL. 47 miles with breakfast. Leaves at 9 am. Stan & Betty Panek (847) 277-7412.

August 9, 1997. **TOYS (Tandems Of York, PA Society) Whistle Stop Ride.** Adamsville United Methodist Church. 10 am 30-40 mi. Ride through S. York County to New Freedom. Ride the Liberty Limited train 8 miles to Hanover Junction. Bike Racks available. Reservations required. Joe & Carolyn Stafford (717) 244-9501.

August 9, 1997. **COWS (Couples On Wheels (WI)) Mt Horeb Ride.** 50 miles. Mt Horeb, WI. SASE to Jeff Trapp 2540 Upham St, Madison, WI 54704

August 9, 1997. **Chile (New Mexico) Pedalers Ride** The ride is a 32 mile loop around South Mountain near Albuquerque. Several side trips are possible for those wishing more miles. Lunch afterwards at a nearby



restaurant. Details and directions - Karen Ann Smith (505) 897-9253, karenann@unm.edu

August 10, 1997. The Greater Rochester (NY) Eating and Tandemming Society Off Road Ride.

11 am 47 mi; noon, 30 mi; 1:00 pm, 17 mi. Olympic Bowl/ Scottsville/, Mumford/ Oatka Trail, We'll eat during or after the ride. Chuck Dye & Bonnie Hallman-Dye (716) 473-8041

August 15-17, 1997. Loons (Twin Cities Tandems Minneapolis, MN) Gathering of the Loons. Sibley State Park, Lakeview Campground, New London, MN. Yes, there are motels in the area for you non campers. Contact Mary & Bill Mobeck (612) 674-4498 for additional details.

August 16, 1997. RATS (Richmond, VA Area Tandem Society) Ride. Picnic and Bugger Routes included. Cheryl Brown, Bob Allen (804) 730-2887 or Steve & Chris Brodsky ((804) 550-1546

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 are ready!. SASE to STTR 97, 93 Goff Road, Corning, NY 14830

August 16, 1997. TOYS (Tandems Of York PA Society) TRABBAM. 30-35 mi. Surprise destination. Hills and a granny are needed. Picnic afterward. Dale & Lana Walmer (717) 460-2428.

August 22, 1997. The Greater Rochester (NY) Eating and Tandemming Society Log Cabin Ride. We'll eat before during or after the ride. 6:15 pm 14 mi, Brian & Karen Managan, (716) 872-1751

August 24, 1997 PIGS (Des Moines, IA) 2pm Birthday Ride. Leave from Des Moines Art Center. Contact Pat and Ernie Fisher (515) 226-0172

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 Boutilier, 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 denning@bright.net or Donna Boutilier (513) 984-6548 e-mail dboutili@tso.cin.ix.net. Web: <http://www.cinti.net/~gdbout/MTR97.htm>

August 29-31, 1997. Family Bicycling Weekend in Central New York. Enjoy a weekend of bicycling fun geared to children and families. We'll be staying at Beaver Cross, a Conference Center/Summer Camp about 10 miles north of Cooperstown, NY. Gentle rides to child-friendly destinations. Lunch and sag service provided each day. Other activities include swimming, nature trails, basketball, baseball, and a Saturday evening campfire with S+Mores. For more info, send a SASE to Margot Hillman, 1807 Homestead Avenue, Bethlehem, PA 18018 or E-Mail to MHillman@aol.com

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

August 31, 1997. Dorothy's Metric Century. Underhill, VT. Flat to rolling route along Lake Champlain. Follow the ride up with a swim in the host's pool and a notorious potluck barbecue and bon-fire. No fee - maps provided. SASE to Ken Resi, RR#2 Box 713, Underhill, VT 05489. (802) 899-1351.

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 6, 1997. COWS (Couples On WheelS (WI)) Blue Hills Tour in Rice Lake. A 50 mile ride with a restaurant stop. SASE to John Waldon, 609 E Sawyer, Rice Lake, WI 54868. jbw@win.bright.net

September 7, 1997 PIGS (Des Moines, IA) 2 pm Ride Leave from Des Moines Art Center. Contact Pat and Ernie Fisher (515) 226-0172

September 10-14, 1997. TNT (Team Northwest Tandemonium) Summer Tour. Vancouver, British Columbia. Mileages will average 40 miles per day. Sag support. Kim & David Rittenhouse (405) 635-0800 or ptc@europa.com

September 13, 1997. The Greater Rochester (NY) Eating and Tandem Society Gorham/ Seneca Castle Ride. 10am, 25 mi. We'll eat during or after the ride. Chuck Dye & Bonnie Hallman-Dye (716) 473-8041

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 14, 1997. T-Bones (Tandem Bicyclists of New England) Ride. Three rides of 25 to 45 miles. Two longer rides pass by historic Wayside Inn in Sudury, MA. Pot luck meal after at hosts home. Diane & Larry Telford, 25 Notre Dame Road, Bedford, MA, 01730. (617) 275-7176 larryt@an.hp.com

September 14, 1997. LOONS (Twin Cities Tandems Minneapolis, MN) Harris-Wild River Rendezvous III. Contact Mary and Bill Mobeck (612) 674-4498 for details

September 20, 1997. TOYS (Tandems Of York, PA Society) Scenic Valley Tour. 10am, 38 mi. Depart from shopping center at corner of Chambersburg St, Buford & Spring Ave, Gettysburg. Lunch at Funk's restaurant near Fort indiantown Gap. Bob & Becky Nordvall (717) 334-0742.

September 20, 1997. COWS (Couples On WheelS (WI)) Fox River Ride. Wrightstown, WI. Tom Thalmann (414) 757-6561

September 20, 1997 Texarkana Texas Tour de Possum 30- per tandem team until September 10. (903) 793-7010 Jim and Denise Petersen

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 21, 1997. CATS (Chicago Area Tandem Society) Great



Western Trail. Starts at the trail head in St Charles. Ride to Sycamore and back. 68 or 100 miles. John Loesch (630) 377-6258

September 21, 1997 **PIGS (Des Moines, IA) 2 pm Ride** Leave from Des Moines Art Center. Contact Pat and Ernie Fisher (515) 226-0172

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) 872-1751 hey_managan@mlsonline.com

September 21, 1997. **Triangle Area Tandem Ride.** Raleigh, NC Contact Jeff Hutchinson or Neill Ross (919) 876-9876

September 27-28, 1997. **TOYS (Tandems Of York PA Society Rodney's Retired Ride.** Lititz, PA. Rodney & Verna Moseman (717) 626-4190.

September 27, 1997. **T-Bones (Tandem Bicyclists of New England) Fall Explorer.** Litchfield, CT. 40 miles, moderate hills. Join us for lunch after the ride at a local restaurant. Nan & Dave Scofield, 12 Kent Rd, Warren, CT 06754. (860) 868-7067. danasco@snet.net

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.** Santa Cruz, CA. Join BART for the 8th annual rally. Enjoy cycling through farmlands and redwood forests as well as along the coast. SASE for registration form; Jon & Bette Zbasnik 6266 Alvord Way, Pleasanton, CA 94588.



October 4, 1997. **T-Bones (Tandem Bicyclists of New England) Ride.** Lexington, MA 25 or 40 miles of rolling rural country. Bob & Ruth Sawyer, \$5.00/person for food. The Sawyers will provide main dish & beverage. Please bring salads & desserts. (617) 862-6517

October 5, 1997. **LOONS (Twin Cities Tandems Minneapolis, MN) Chili Ride.** We'll ride into the Woodbury area. Contact Rachel & Chris Gilchrist (612) 731-8714

October 11-12, 1997. **CATS (Chicago Area Tandem Society) Festival Ride.** New Castle, IN. Bruce & Beth Bailey (317) 378-3469

October 12, 1997. **The Greater Rochester (NY) Eating and Tandemming Society Fall Foliage Ride.** 2:00pm 28 mi. We'll eat before, during or after the ride. Bob DeRoo, (716) 889-2305

October 12, 1997 **PIGS (Des Moines, IA) 2 pm Ride** Leave from Des Moines Art Center. Contact Pat and Ernie Fisher (515) 226-0172

October 18, 1997. **RATS (Richmond, VA Area Tandem Society) Ride.** Join Dave & Susan Jones & the kids on a great ride. (804) 275-9362

October 12, 1997. **Tandem Tour For Wishes V.** Brielle, NJ. 8 am registration & breakfast. 9am ride. 50 mi. \$45 (\$50 after 10/5) per team, includes ride, route markings, sag, breakfast, lunch, door prizes. SASE to: Team Rutch, 231 Brookside Ave, Laurence Harbor, NJ 08879. (908) 566-9536

October 25, 1997. **CATS (Chicago Area Tandem Society) Chili Pumpkin Patch Ride.** Barrington, IL area. Tom & Sherry Masters (847) 358-7797

October 26, 1997. **The Greater Rochester (NY) Eating and Tandemming Society Webster Wander.** 1:pm, 22 mi. We'll eat before, during or after the ride. Tim & Monica Guenther, (716) 288-8986

December 7, 1997. **RATS (Richmond, VA Area Tandem Society) Wine & Cheese Ride.** A great social way to finish a year of riding. Contact John & Joyce Knox (804) 737-8125.



April 16-18, 1998. **Alabama Tandem Weekend 1998.** Fairhope, Alabama. Visit friendly, flower filled Fairhope, on the eastern shore of Mobile Bay. Three days of riding in rural mostly flat Baldwin County, (we will try to schedule 1 or 2 hills for an occasional b---- break). Hotel reservations with Fairhope Holiday Inn Express 1-800-465-4329. Mention Alabama tandem weekend. SASE to John & Mary Hodgkins, 356 South Church Street, Fairhope, AL 36532. (334-990-2551 (before 9pm CST) jrhodgkins@aol.com

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. Host hotel is the Red Lion Hotel (800-547-8010). Mention MTR98 to get the group rate. MTR98 registration forms will be available at MTR97

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
e-mail: tca_of_a@mindspring.com
Please limit your TCA Calendar listings to TANDEM-specific events, or tours/races with tandem classes.
Thanks. -- the Editors



CLASSIFIEDS

FOR SALE: Franklin 23x21 Mens/Mixte fillet brazed frame w/oval boob tube. 4 bottles & rear rack braze-ons. 66" wb. 27" x 48h Suzue hubs/wheels. TA triple crankset. Bike was built in the mid-80's. Ridden very little. A nice lightweight bike. Can be yours for \$900, or will trade for a small ATB tandem for my kids. Phone (704)-465-5657 (NC) or e-mail to lpink@usa.net 7/97

FOR SALE: 1991 Burley Duet, 22x20. Blue/white decals. Suntour components, Avocet seats and computer, Look clipless pedals, adjustable stoker stem, frame pump. Like new condition (<2000 miles). Just got a new off-road tandem and need the garage space! \$1200. Paul and Janette Diegel, (520)-773-0655 or e-mail to jdiegel@infomagic.com (AZ) 7/97

FOR SALE: 1993 Cannondale road tandem. 23x19 frame, built up with a 1992 parts pack. Blue to black fade. 21-speed dropbar gripshift. Approximately 100 miles. 3 1/2 years in storage. Stock bicycle, but built with 48-spoke wheels, Terry stoker seat, Cannondale rear rack, and Look Carbon pedals. Perfect paint. You get to put the first scratches on this one. \$1750. Ted & Bambi Goodwin (954)-781-9111 (FL) 7/97

FOR SALE: 1987 Santana Sovereign GT, 56x53 - Rare! Campy crankset, seatposts, adn pedals. American

Classic h/s. 2 wheelsets (40 & 48-spoke) Extra freewheels. Custom paint, black with gold metal flake. U.S.E stoker shockpost, plus more. All original parts also included to retro it! \$1800. Von & Jean Creek (413)-527-4697 (MA) 7/97

FOR SALE: Motobecane 21x16 Mens/Mixte. Suntour barcons, 15-speeds. drum brake, child stoker kit. Recently cleaned and greased! \$450. Gary Merrill (717)-542-3829 (PA) 7/97

FOR SALE: Lightning Cycle Dynamics back-to-back T-38 Recumbent tandem. Fits captain 5'7" to 6'+, stoker from 5'1" to 5'8". \$3000+shipping & crating from Daytona Beach, FL. e-mail to fredu@america.com or call (904)-767-5768, 6pm-9pm (FL) 7/97

FOR SALE: Kuwahara Adventurer TK Tandem, 22.5x20.5, blue, cantilever & drum brakes, 48-spoke allow wheels, Phil hubs, touring gearing, bar-end shifters, rear rack, Q/R adjustable front/rear seatposts. Brooks & Avocet saddles, pump, water bottle cages, Avocet computer, Cannondale front touring bag, \$1200 OBO, Ed Lifschitz, (202)-544-0073 (DC) 7/97

FOR SALE: Cannondale road tandem, 25x21. Custom-assembled by Tandems, Ltd. Bright Red w/gold decals. Very low mileage. Mostly Campy (hubs, cassette, brakes, ergo).

M-system pads, speedplay Pedals, Adj. Stoker stem, computers, water bottle cages. Terry stoker saddle, San Marco captain saddle. Must see to appreciate! \$1750 firm!. Also, Yakima tandem carrier. \$150. Roy Fraser (205)-699-2996 (AL) 7/97

FOR SALE: 1972 Schwinn Paramount tandem, 24x24 w/curved stoker seattube. Black paint, Arai drum brake, bar-end shifters, Campy triple cranks/derailleurs. 48-spoke wheels. Excellent condition. \$750/OBO Mike or Linda (513)-683-5734 (OH) 7/97

FOR SALE: 1991 Burley Duet, 23x21. This bike is completely equipped and ready to ride. It has been intelligently and meticulously upgraded and is truly a bike for the enthusiast. Click in and ride away! Call or write for details -- spec sheet. \$1500, free delivery in Northeast or Quebec. Ken Resi (802)-899-1351, RR#2 -- Box 713, Underhill, VT 05489 7/97

FOR SALE: Cannondale Road Tandem, 23x21, custom paint, Sachs New Success levers, computers, adj. stoker stem, clipless pedals, aero-spoke composite wheels w/rear drum brake, other extras. Call Rick @ 414-291-6784 days or e-mail to rbaldauf@execpc.com for more info (WI) 9/97

FOR SALE: 1984 Santana Sovereign, 22x19. Light Blue, Shimano XT rear derailleur, Stronglight front derailleur, Sugino front crankset (175mm), Stronglight rear triple crankset (170mm), Suntour friction barcons, 7-speed Sachs freewheel, Phil Wood bottom brackets and 48-spoke wheels. Shimano Deore XT canti's and Arai drum brake, Terry saddles. Recently rebuilt rear wheel and new BB's. Look pedals, standard braze-ons, some spares. \$1700 OBO. Call Lee @ (510)-654-5161 or e-mail to veloed@aol.com (CA) 9/97

FOR SALE: 1994 Bilenky Sterling Deluxe, 23x18. 2000 total miles, fabulously comfortable ride, excellent condition, many upgrades and extras, custom paint. We're selling only because we just bought a Bilenky

TANDEM RACES -- 1996

July 3-6, 1997. **1997 Burley Cycling Classic.** Eugene, OR. Five Great Stages/4 Great Days/2 Great Classes. Limited to 70 teams (40 Senior Mixed A/30 Senior Mixed B). Contact Patty Healey, Race Director, Russ Morton, Technical Director, 4020 Stewart Rd, Eugene, OR 97402 (541)-687-1644 or fax to (541)-687-0436.

July 20, 1997. **Tour de Lititz.** Lititz, PA. A circuit race over a 3.5 mile road course that will challenge any team. Race length is 10.5 miles. Rolling

closure to traffic, white line rules apply. For information, contact Cary Colon (717)-626-7490.

Send your race listings to the DoubleTalk Editors Now!

DoubleTalk Race Calendar

Jack & Susan Goertz

2220 Vanessa Drive

Birmingham, AL 35242

e-mail: tca_of_a@mindspring.com



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.

Tom Thalmann

e-mail sealord3@athenet.net

TCA Member No. _____ (from your label)

STATE _____ TOWN _____

First Names _____

Last Name(s) _____

Street Address _____

Zip Code _____ Evening telephone _____

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Bedroom or tent site _____

mail to: Tom Thalmann
N1466 Fairwinds Dr
Greenville, WI 54942

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
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(logo shown approximately full size)

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



Tinker for our travels. Contact Bill Davidson for complete equipment list or questions. \$3100 OBO. Billmarge@aol.com, day phone (203)-743-7175; evening phone (203)-775-3581. (CT) 9/97

FOR SALE: Santana Triplet. In good condition. Many new components added. Comes with two child stoker kits. Asking only \$750. Call Richard Miller in Central Point, OR. (541)-664-4144 or e-mail to mlrfmly@wave.net. 9/97

FOR SALE: 1995 Cannondale road tandem, 25x21. green. Scott SE brakes. Goretex shift cables. Phil Wood bottom brackets and hubs. Arai rear drum brake. Hydra-post for stoker. Many spare parts including spare (new) rear wheel, and a set of 170mm and 165mm cranks. This bike has less than 1000 miles on it and is in excellent condition. \$2750 OBO. Reply to BarbaraML@aol.com or call (517)-485-6290 (MI) after 3:30 EDT. 9/97

FOR SALE: 1995 Santana Noventa, Ergo shifting, many extras. Low mileage, like brand new! Only \$3495. Call (508)-930-9772 (MA) 9/97

FOR SALE: 1992 Santana Sovereign, 53x50. Sherwood Green, Columbus tubing. Shimano Deore XT drive train. 40 hole wheels/Suzue hubs. Tamer Shockpost/Sachs Ergo Shifter, and more! You won't believe all the extras with this one. We've just switched to a new recumbent. This one can be yours for only \$1600+shipping. Don Boose, Pensacola, FL e-mail to blurocket@gulf.net 9/97

FOR SALE: Kuwahara Adventurer TK tandem, 23x21, blue, cantilever and drum brakes, 48-spoke wheels, alloy rims, Phil hubs. Geared for touring, w/barend shifters, rear rack, Q/R adjustable front & rear seatposts, Brooks and Avocet saddles, pump, water bottle cages, Avocet computer and Cannondale front touring bag. All for \$950. Call Ed @ (202)-544-0073 (DC) 9/97

FOR SALE: New Santana Vision just arrived! (Thanks, Jack & Susan!) Must sell 1991 Burley Duet, 20.5x18. Only 2500 miles. We are 5'8" & 4'8" and this tandem can accommodate a

variety of sizes. Call during the day @ (800)-999-6895 or e-mail to ajosephs@fgi.net for specifics. Asking \$850. 9/97

FOR SALE: Jade green metallic Sterling, 63x51. The perfect tandem for a tall captain with a petite stoker. \$1400. Contact John Hodgkins @ (334)-990-2551 (AL) 9/97

FOR SALE: Black Cannondale tandem, 25x23. Front & rear racks, 4 cages, computer, drum brake, and Shimano drive train. Asking \$1800. Call Bert or Bunny @ (404)-231-0036 (GA) 9/97

WANTED: Co-Motion Co-Pilot or similar style to purchase or rent. My wife and I will be going to Ireland for two months this summer. Please e-mail information or suggestions to bclarke@uclink4.berkeley.edu 07/97

FOR SALE: SRAM ESP-900 Gripshift with rear derailleur and shifters. Asking \$150. Also Edco 40-hole front hub. \$35. Call Rudy Van Rhenterghem @ (520)-742-2518 (AZ) 07/97

FOR SALE: Yakima Tandem II carrier, used twice. \$150. (904)-926-6598 (leave message) or e-mail to alparker@compuserve.com (FL) 07/97

FOR SALE: (Doubletalk ads do work. I can now see my garage floor). Tandem crankarms, 175mm. \$135. Sachs Ergo shifters (made by Campy), \$200 OBO. Rear wheel, 27" w/48-spokes, \$70. Time cleates, 2 pair, make offer. I also have a Moulton (single) for sale. Matt Kurzrock, (310)-541-1456. (CA) 9/97

FOR SALE: Saris roofrack. Previously used on a Dodge Caravan. Complete w/2 crossbars w/locks, tandem tray w/2 supports & 2 locks, 1 single tray. Used for past 2 years. In great condition. Asking \$300 for everything! Contact Basil via e-mail (Commerce, MI) viper93@ix.netcom.com 9/97

FOR SALE: Draftmaster DM-2 two-bike system with additional AT-1 tandem rack. This rack fits into a 2" receiver hitch and pivots away for easy entry into the rear of the vehicle. Buying a different vehicle - outside rack is no longer needed. New was \$449, \$250 will get it to you

doorstep. Call Rick @ (414)-291-6784 (days only, please) or e-mail to rbaldauf@execpc.com 9/97

WANTED: Set of 170mm XT (dull finish) front cranks for a Santana Sovereign. I am willing to purchase outright or will trade for existing 175mm captain cranks. Joel Hodroff, (312)-245-1235 or e-mail to jhodroff@interaccess.com (IL) 07/97

WANTED: Campagnolo HP cantilever brakes. These were a part of Campy's short-lived tandem gruppo several years ago. Also, I'm looking for a triplet frame in good condition. Contact Josh Berger @ (718)-601-0045 (evenings) or fax to (718)-601-03787 (NY) 9/97

WANTED: Visually-impaired biker looking for sighted captain for local rides, tours, and rallies. Will serve as a substitute stoker, if your regular partner cannot make it. Call Barb, evenings @ (860)-442-7319 or send e-mail to balew@conncoll.edu (CT) 09/97

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 Veduggio 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.

Classified advertising rates available upon request. Send a SASE to the Editors. Non-commercial Classifieds are free to TCA Members. Please include your member # with your ad.



TCA DEALER MEMBERS

Tandem Dealers

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TANDEM, LIMITED. Free Catalog. Stocking America's finest tandems/parts. Call to discuss wheels, kidbacks, upgrades or tour support. Test rides by appointment. 2220 Vanessa Drive, Birmingham, AL 35242-4430. (205)-991-5519 e-mail: tandems@mindspring.com 09/97 (431)

Ibis, KHS, Santana, Vision Along with a huge selection of parts. **JAY'S PEDAL POWER**, 512 East Girard Avenue, Philadelphia, PA 19125. 215-425-5111, FAX 215-426-2653 Check our website at Cyber Cycle. 11/97

ERICKSON CYCLES - The world's best tandems! Custom-fit, handbuilt, and beautiful! Signature, Production S&S Coupling Travel models available. Order now for Spring/Summer Delivery. 619 Brooklyn Avenue NE, Seattle, WA 98115 (206)-527-5259 GlennEBike@aol.com. 11/97

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

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GEAR-TO-GO-TANDEM. NY and Northern PA's largest Santana dealership. Two locations: Rochester & Elmira, NY. Tandems in stock, available for test rides by appointment. Elmira, NY (607)-732-4859; Rochester, NY (716)-872-6120. E-mail Rshapiro@stny.lrun.com (5/98)

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Other Dealer Members

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TANDEM MAGAZINE. Contact Greg Shepherd @ Petzold Publishing, 26895 Petzold Road, Eugene, OR 97402 to find out about the newest entry in the tandem bicycling magazine field. (503)-342-3723. (09/97)

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

ERICKSON CYCLE TOURS CYCLE FRANCE ON TANDEM! Summer'97 Spirited tandem tours, fully-supported, lead by nationally acclaimed tandem framebuilder Glenn Erickson. Rhone Valley, July 25-Aug

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Become a TCA Dealer Member! A \$45.00 membership gives you a one-year membership in the Tandem Club of America, six issues of DoubleTalk, and a 30-word classified ad in each issue of DoubleTalk while you are a member. Ads are pulled after the date shown in the ad. New ads with \$45/membership must be received by the editors by the first of the next month (i.e., ads with an 7/97 date will not run in September if your renewal is not received by August 1, 1997) to keep your advertisement current. Send your ad and check (payable to TCA) to Jack and Susan Goertz, Editors, DoubleTalk, 2220 Vanessa Drive, Birmingham, AL 35242-4430.



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

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Membership

Please fill out the membership form below and mail with a check made payable (in US funds) to:

Tandem Club of America

Bruce & Judi Bachelder

306 W Union St

Morganton, NC 28655-3729

TCA MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION / RENEWAL

Membership No. (from your mailing label) : _____

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

Name(s): _____

Address: _____

City, State, ZIP: _____

Phone (Including Area Code): _____

Tandem Make: _____ Year: _____

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DoubleTalk is now available on tape for those that are legally blind. Please check here if you prefer to receive your copy on tape instead of the printed copy.... _____

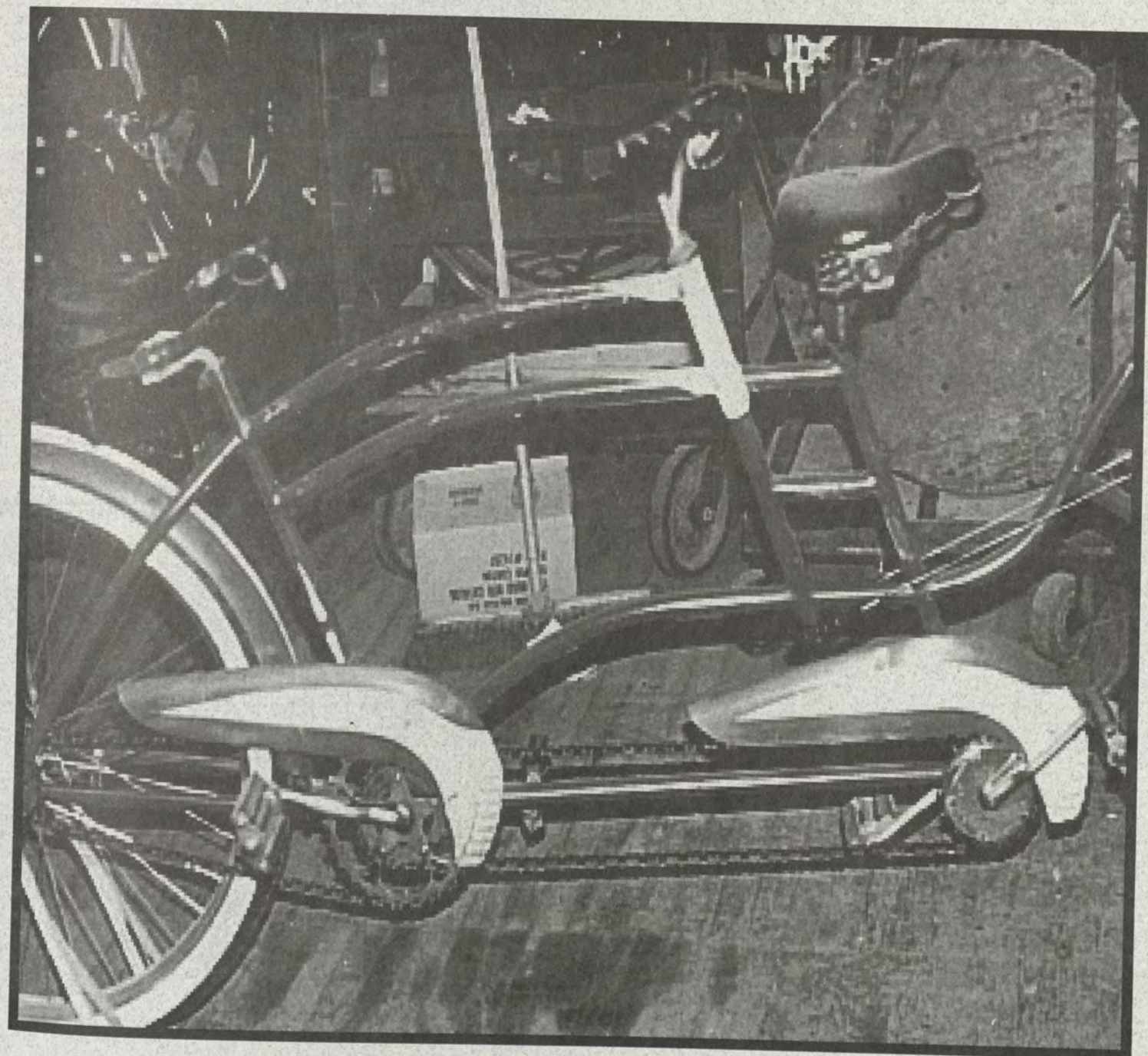
Amount enclosed: \$ _____ for (1) (2) or (3) Years + \$ 4.00 for each patch

MAIL TO: **Tandem Club of America**, 306 W Union St, Morganton, NC 28655-3729

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

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

THE LAST PAGE





Membership

Please fill out the membership form and mail with a check made payable to:

Tandem Club of America

*c/o Bruce & Judi Bachelder
306 West Union Street
Morganton, NC 28655-3729*

All dues are quoted in U.S. Dollars



PRINTED ON RECYCLED PAPER

Dues

United States \$15.00 ◆ *Canada \$20.00* ◆ *Other International \$25.00*