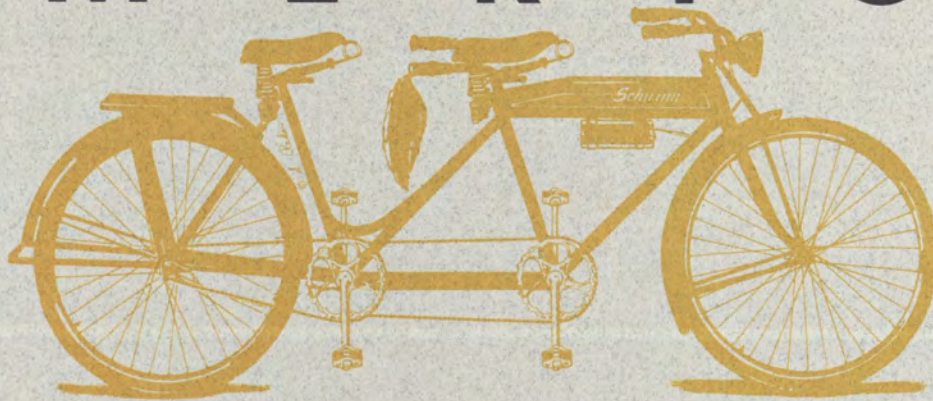


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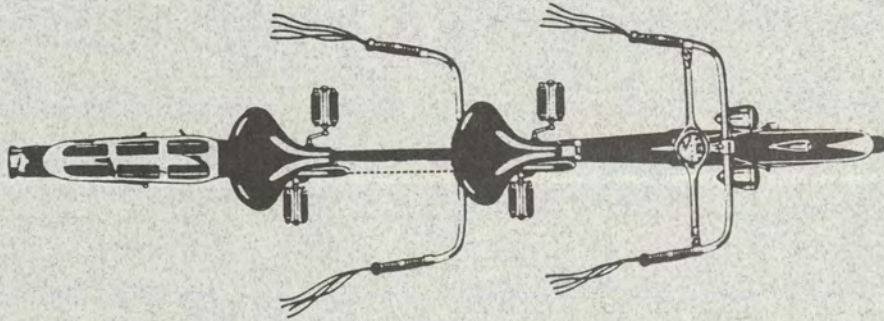
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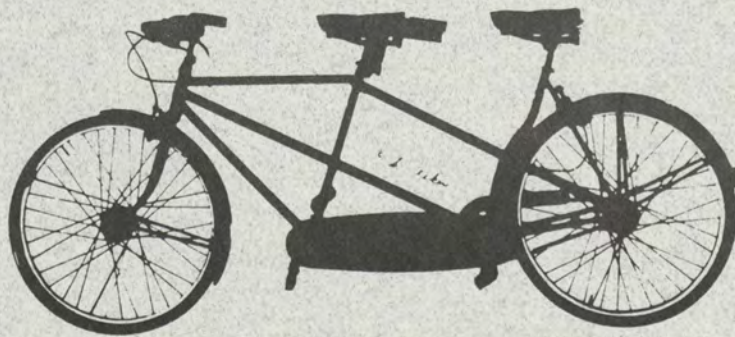
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# DOUBLE TALK

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# DEADLINE FOR THE NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1997 ISSUE OF DOUBLETALK IS OCTOBER 1, 1997

## FROM THE EDITORS

DoubleTalk needs your input. We need your articles and letters. You, too, can be a world-renowned (or at least, world-read) author by simply sending us a report or letter about your latest adventures. It doesn't have to be about an exotic trip, it can be about a ride you took in your own area (see the article in this issue about a "Backyard Tour" in our area), or about your first ride with a club on your tandem, or about that neat little widget that you use that you just know others would like to hear about, or ..... just about anything tandem-related you would like to share with others in the Tandem Club of America.

The Tandem Club also invites you to consider giving a TCA membership to someone who's not a current member of the TCA. With Christmas coming, this can be an ideal gift for that tandem team you know. And a year's membership is still only \$15 for those in the US (\$20US for Canadian/Mexican members, and \$25US for non- North American addresses). As you already know, a membership includes 6 issues of DoubleTalk, plus the annual membership list mailed to all TCA members each February. We're the only bi-monthly magazine dedicated to tandem enthusiasts. While you're at it, consider going ahead and extending your own membership, too. Our membership co-ordinators, Bruce and Judi Bachelder, are waiting for your membership forms now.

Would you like to become more involved with the workings of the Tandem Club? Tom Thalmann, who's been the coordinator of the TCA's Hospitality Homes program since its inception, has asked us to help find a new coordinator. Tom can tell you what's involved (a computer, for one thing, and an e-mail account is nice, too, to exchange the information with the Editors for the annual membership list). If

you are interested, please contact Tom directly to volunteer and to find out what's involved. Tom's address is N1466 Fairwinds Drive, Greenville, WI 54942 (ph: 414- 757-6561; e-mail: sealord3@athenet.net). Tom's agreed to stay involved to help the new coordinator get started. We hope to introduce the new coordinator in the next issue, so don't delay talking with Tom.

We've been enjoying some great riding this year. The Fourth of July found us up in West Lafayette, Indiana enjoying a welcome cool spell, (yes, that was Susan you saw with her tights on!). We were participants in the League of American Bicyclists National Rally. It was a small group, which was unfortunate, because the accomodations were top notch and the host club had put together some great routes. Our ride leaders for one ride enjoyed discovering roads they had never ridden on before, and they live in West Lafayette.

Now, we're looking forward to seeing 600+ teams in Dublin, Ohio for the Midwest Tandem Rally on Labor Day Weekend. We hope to see you there. Please stop by and say, "Hello."

It's time to close this column. We hope you've had a great summer, and are enjoying a terrific fall! Our next issue will be the Christmas issue, so send those Christmas articles and letters on to us. Our address and e-mail address is listed below.

Enjoy the ride!





# LETTERS TO DOUBLETALK

Dear DoubleTalk,

John and I were riding from St. George to Las Vegas Monday after a spectacular week of touring in Utah. We were riding back to the airport in LV, when we pulled off the highway to have some lunch. What do we see but a fully loaded tandem headed toward us. Captains, being oblivious creatures, both had to be told by their stokers, "Hey, look, it's another tandem!". This is how we met John and Gloria.

Anyway, we had a great lunch together - actually they just had malts while we devoured everything we could. In the middle of the desert, in

the middle of nowhere, two tandems (ours only half loaded, we shipped most of our stuff home by UPS), randomly meet. This couple was from England and has been in the US for four months. They started in Key West and are headed for Alaska. We were the first tandem they'd seen on the road. They had wonderful stories to tell of their trip and hospitality of folks along the way. I asked if they had a TCA directory of hospitality homes. They had an address for Tandem Magazine, but knew nothing of the TCA so we gave them contact information.

Pamela Blalock  
Chelmsford, MA

## CLUB NOTES

PEACHES - Pairs Enthusiastically Astride Cycles Having Experiences Simultaneously. This group notifies by e-mail only! To subscribe to PEACHES, send an e-mail to [majordomo@cyclimg.org](mailto:majordomo@cyclimg.org) with the following as the message: SUBSCRIBE PEACHES

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear DoubleTalk,

In Georgia, we have, as have others in many other states, formed a tandem club. Ours is called PEACHES (a natural for the Peach State), which stands for Pairs Enthusiastically Astride Cycles Having Experiences Simultaneously.

I sent a letter out to all TCA members in GA (thanks, Jack, for the names and addresses in soft form), requesting information for a directory. I included a request for e-mail addresses. It was our intent to use e-mail as the notification method of upcoming tandem events. Almost 95% of the responders have an e-mail address, so this works for us.

But, it seemed like I was always maintaining the list, what with changes of addresses and all, plus all messages that members wanted to send to the group had to come through me.

Then it hit me - why not use an e-mail list? There already is one for tandems ([Tandem@Hobbes](mailto:Tandem@Hobbes)), and many other cycling groups use them as well. [Cycling.org](http://Cycling.org) hosts them and I discovered that the fee is only \$25, one time! I created the list, and now anyone can subscribe, unsubscribe and send messages to other subscribers. It works great.

To subscribe to PEACHES, send an e-mail to [majordomo@cyclimg.org](mailto:majordomo@cyclimg.org) with the following as the message: SUBSCRIBE PEACHES

To send a message to PEACHES members, address the e-mail to [peaches@cyclimg.org](mailto:peaches@cyclimg.org)

For information on setting up an e-mail distribution list for your club, contact [carl@cyclimg.org](mailto:carl@cyclimg.org)

To see what other cycling e-mail lists [cyclimg.org](http://www.cyclimg.org) hosts go to their web site - <http://www.cyclimg.org> and click on e-mail lists.

Rich Wolf  
in @lanta





## PEDALIN'

Pedals up, pedals down,  
When will we reach the top of this hill?  
Burning thighs, gasping for breath,  
Why did I ever develop this skill?

Almost there, around the next bend  
What's up ahead?  
Another twisting, climbing stretch  
I'll soon be dead!

Finally, the crest is in sight.  
Up, over, the very last peak!  
What a fantastic view!  
I'd enjoy it more if I wasn't so weak!

A look around, a gulp of water,  
Share an energy bar.  
A photo opportunity,  
I can see so far!

Now, time for some real fun!  
Soaring down the road; flying, feeling free  
Oh, that's why I do this  
So exhilarating, brings out the kid in me!

Charlene Hunt

We have been TCA members for about four  
years, and both enjoy the magazine very much.

Harry & Charlene Hunt  
Johnstown, PA

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## SANTANA ARIZONA RALLY

Dick and Jayne are still having fun on a tandem and this cycling year has begun with another positively outstanding tandem rally sponsored by Santana Tandems. The spring rally this year was held in Tucson, Arizona, March 27-30. The entire rally was a success and from the accommodations at the Westin La Paloma to the weather to the routes to the views to the food all was near perfection.

Deciding whether to go on a Santana Rally is no problem for us: it is deciding WHICH rally that sometimes causes thought. This year's spring rally being only 130 miles from our home in Peoria, Arizona, made our choice easy.

We arrived at La Paloma about three o'clock Thursday afternoon and before check in was completed we were already greeting and being greeted by tandem teams we had met at other rallies. One of the major fun factors of the rallies is renewing acquaintances and making new friends. This year was no exception and we came away from Tucson with an array of addresses for snail mail, e-mail, and live visits. Making our way through lots of "hi's" and "good to see you's," we located our room. In true nothing-but-the-best fashion, our room was lovely and well-located. And to show how plush the accommodations--our room had both a bathtub and a shower stall. No plain shower curtain for this rally.

La Paloma is situated in the foothills of the Catalina Mountains. This location provides wonderful views of the Catalinas as well as the other mountains that surround Tucson. Being in the foothills also provides enough altitude that the valley that is Tucson and the wonderful city night lights provide breathtaking views both day and night.

The cycling during the next four days was superb. Tucson prides itself on being bicycle friendly and supports that pride with hundred of miles of marked bike lanes. These are not short, disconnected lanes on side streets intended for the three-mile a week rider. These are long, connected commuter lanes that sweep the cyclists throughout the city and toward magnificent parks and museums (and to work for the local cyclists). Of the nearly 200 miles of biking provided during the week-

end about 80 % was on marked lanes; the remainder was on outlying roads and even here there was space between the fog line and the dirt. Wonderful.

Our rides during the four days took us higher into the Catalina foothills, into the beautiful Sabino Canyon, into both the east and the west Saguaro National Parks (saguaro forests), into the unique Sonoran Desert Museum (a living museum). The rides challenged us all with great beauty, some swift downhills, some slower uphills, some rollicking rollers, some traffic--and many new adventures.

And as always there was the wonderful food provided by a major resort such as La Paloma. This year's Tucson rally again featured a very special lunch served at the Tack Room, one of only six US restaurants to boast both the Mobil 5-Star and AAA 5-Diamond awards.

Now we sit with our list of Santana rallies for the rest of the year--Sante Fe, Chataqua Lake, Solvang-- We're not sure which we'll choose next. We do know we will choose one and we do know that whichever we choose will provide more fun on the tandem for Dick and Jayne.

Dick & Jayne Lewis  
Peoria, AZ

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# HERE COMES SUMMER!!

## Prairie State Tandem Rally, Springfield, Illinois, May 1997

While the herd of COWS were gathering in Wisconsin (where it may have snowed, and definitely had subfreezing temps overnight), this tandem team from The Town of Delafield, WI, once again traveled south to the Prairie State Tandem Rally.

We were brought out of a "cooler by the lake" and cloudy funk, by upper 80 degree (30C) temperatures, and complete sunshine on Friday, and Saturday. I mean it was hot! It was great to get out the sunscreen. When we set out wearing just a jersey and shorts (sans polypro, leggings, vest, arm warmers, booties, balaclava, etc., etc.) I felt like I was riding naked.

The routes were mapped but we still managed to get lost on Saturday. No problem, the area was interesting and more scenic than we thought it could be. We had envisioned endless miles of flat prairie riding. That was not the case as we pedaled along gently rolling (and narrow) backroads.

Friday's ride out into the steady wind, provided a great run back with great tailwind speed. We even managed to apply some wear to that big ring. Excellent supplies for ice cream fanatics were in place at the host hotel on our return.

Saturday's stop at Lincoln's New Salem park was an excellent break, refreshing and enlightening. The walk through the history of central Illinois provided a change of thought and conversation, and a good amount of time off of the saddle. After we left the park we must have missed a turn on the map and thus created our own route. We still found some good roads with actual rollers and good pavement. The Italian fare at dinner was very good, and information about upcoming MTR's and PSTR's were made public.

Sunday morning's ride to the south to a food and rest stop at a covered bridge site was again a fine ride. Juli must have had the afterburner lit as we pulled good speed at the front for the run to the food stop. We backed off the pace to conversation level as we returned, and rain began to fall. It was still quite

warm and after the heat of the previous day, no complaints were heard about the light rain.

Our thanks to John and Marcey Werthwein and Family, and the TIGERS (Tandems Illinois Going Everywhere Riding in Style). We had a great time, and now know that it isn't all flat in Springfield. You showed us just how a small gathering (25 teams?) can be very nicely done. We know you were trying to keep this rally to yourselves, but we couldn't resist.

James and Juli Garton  
Town of Delafield, WI (it's 56 F (13C) and overcast, at 10am)

PS. The RAPTORS (Rockford Area Pedaling Tandems On Road Society) tandem group and the Blackhawk Bicycle & Ski Club of Rockford, IL, will be hosting the 1998 PSTR on June 12,13, and 14. Headquarters will be the Clock Tower Resort, Rockford, IL. This, too, will be a great event, and larger event, planning for as many as 125 teams. See the calendar for additional details



Surry Co., Virginia - June 26, 1993 - M. Elsborg





# Central Valley Tandem Rally

**Ken:** When I first learned of this event it sounded like a nice ride not too far from home. The pricing was attractive and there was a very reasonable hotel rate negotiated by the Fresno Cycling Club. I talked to Michele (my RA) and it was decided that we would go. About a month prior to the event Michele was asked to go out of town on business for that weekend so I called Kathy.

**Kathy:** Who is this guy calling me about a tandem bike ride? But I did return the call-

**Ken:** I had never ridden with a stoker other than Michele so I thought that Kathy and I should do some training rides to familiarize each other with our riding styles and to hone communication skills. We did three or four short, relatively flat rides together before the event. The longest was a 40 mile ride in the low foothills of the Sierra Nevada Gold Country. We decided we were ready.

**Kathy:** I, on the other hand had never been on a tandem and had only seen one in passing while riding my own bike. I asked a friend about this opportunity before I went on the first training ride. She said "If he asks 'are you pedaling' forget this opportunity." Ken was polite and clear when he answered my questions. I felt safe and thought this could be fun.

**Ken:** We left Sacramento at 4 PM on Friday and arrived in Visalia at 10 PM. The hotel parking lot was

a sight. There were tandems of all descriptions on top of automobiles of every description. We were too late to register so I just wandered around the parking lot admiring the hardware. There was a group start for the long ride (85 miles) at 7:30 Saturday so I called for a 6:30 wake up and tried to sleep.

**Kathy:** Bike equipment doesn't mean a lot to me so I stayed put and wondered what I had gotten myself into.

**Ken:** 7:30 Saturday morning saw us off on the tandem after a substantial breakfast provided by the ride organizers. The strawberries were local, fresh and very messy. There was coffee, fruit, juice, muffins, and bagels. The route started off through the citrus groves and pasture lands south and east of Visalia. We were almost never out of sight of the snow capped Sierra Nevada range. This part of the Sierras includes Sequoia National Park and Mt. Whitney (The highest peak in the lower 48.) About 20 miles into the ride we got into a couple of short stiff climbs with equally rewarding descents. We reached our maximum speed of 49.5 MPH here. I particularly enjoyed having a stoker who enjoys descending as much as I do.

**Kathy:** The first thing I noticed was that tandem riders wear matching outfits! I have never seen so many matching jerseys! Yes, I love the downhills. I figure the only reason to climb is for the thrill of the

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downhill. But the rapid acceleration is amazing on a tandem and it is difficult getting in a tuck as a stoker.

**Ken:** I was starting to feel a little puny so we stopped to have a Power Bar. When we looked around we were surrounded by orange groves. There were a lot of ripe oranges on the trees and they were very tempting. About 10 miles more brought us to the first rest stop. Once again the food was ample, fresh and delicious.

**Kathy:** I was ready for this stop. Here is where I met some friends from Sacramento & could share the adventure up to this point. The distant snow covered mountains, orange groves, quiet roads, friendly people and a captain who asked how I was doing added to my sense of delight as we pedaled on. I was liking this form of transportation.

**Ken:** We left the rest stop for the dreaded climb up to Three Rivers. It turned out to be no big deal. SR 198 took us past Lake Kaweah and the Kaweah river. There were some climbs and some descents, all rather short over a total distance of 12 miles. At Three Rivers we elected not to ride the extra 6 miles one way to the Sequoia Park entrance since this would have really meant adding another 60 miles. Why go to the park entrance if you're not going to see the park? We turned around and headed back along the official route, blowing by the rest stop.

**Kathy:** Several years ago I rode this part of the route but continued on through Sequoia Park (caught in falling snow in June), King's Canyon and finally Yosemite. It was a delight to visit this area again. Yes, we blew by the rest stop but found a quiet stop for lemonade. The advantage of being the stoker: I could gaze at the distant scenery as well as the immediate wild flowers as long as I wanted. The primrose was in full bloom.

**Ken:** We headed back west. It was about 1 PM and a mild head wind started to kick up. We got our first flat at mile 64. After repairs we were on our way again. It was becoming obvious that we should have stopped for lunch in Three Rivers and the next rest stop was still 5 miles away and bonk was about three miles away. It was time for another power bar and fresh orange stop. I missed a turn about a mile from the rest stop and a sag vehicle was right there to set us back on the right path. This became a common theme and I think the organizers detailed one of the sag drivers to follow us and keep us on the right

path. I missed two other turns and each time there was someone there to set us straight.

**Kathy:** After a while I started paying more attention to the road signs. Until now I had just gazed at the scenery leaving the details to Ken.

**Ken:** The temperature was starting to climb and we were wishing for the head wind of an hour ago to cool us off. We turned on to a paved one lane road with oak and walnut trees along the shoulders providing shade. About 1 mile from the end of the ride we got our second flat. I was too tired to patch and just put in the spare tube. After a shower and a nap we were ready for the banquet. The hotel staff did a wonderful job, the food was excellent for a hotel buffet. I was hoping to get some sort of recognition for the most flats but someone had five so I guess I was fortunate? The LBS' really supported this event with lots of high end swag. A stokid at our table won a heart rate monitor.

**Kathy:** We did it! And I felt we did it in style, especially stopping in the orange groves for an orange or two. The rest stops were more than appreciated. The evening banquet was very good & I was able to enjoy it because of a nap and a shower before.

**Ken:** Sunday morning started a group photograph at 8:30 followed by a brisk 28 mile flat ride. After that there was a pool side breakfast buffet. Once again the hotel staff did an excellent job. We got on the road back to Sacramento at around noon. This ride is definitely going on my calendar for next year.

**Kathy:** The grand finale of the weekend was an outdoor breakfast sitting at real tables with linens and a buffet that met my needs! This was perfect after a meandering 28 mile ride through local farms and a dairy or two. Would I do it again? You bet and thanks, Ken for taking care of the stoker.

Ken Menkveld & Kathy Douglas  
Sacramento, CA





## TANDEM TOURING WITH A FOUR-YEAR-OLD

When our second child, Stuart, was born in May, my husband, Whitney, who was in training for a difficult double century, was temporarily left without a stoker. Well not quite. He still could rely on Emily, our four-and-a-half year old daughter. So, he converted our Bilenky Sterling into a stokid bike and they began doing little toodles around the county.

Once Emily achieved 25 miles without complaint, (as a matter of fact, she sings the whole time she is on the bike) Whit decided that she was ready for an overnight tour. So, they loaded up the bike and set off for a nice, wooded campground about 30 miles away.

Rather than giving the blow by blow of this historic event, we would like to provide you with some tips and ideas for tandem touring with a four-year-old:

1. Tops on the packing list is marshmallows, graham crackers, and chocolate bars, and, or course, Kitty, the ancient stuffed "animal". All else is inconsequential.
2. The Burley trailer, minus infant, is wonderful for carrying all you'll ever need without having to use panniers. It also makes drivers give the bike lots of room, for fear of either hitting the non-existent kid in the trailer or scratching up their cars.
3. Pulling stokid and full trailer 30 miles over a mountain pass = 80 miles in regular terms. You'll know that your stokid is not pulling her share when she is singing up the pass, while the captain is gasping for air. (At this juncture, Whitney asks me to remind you that he is a very fit, experienced rider - not to be mislabeled as a wooss or sweenie.)
4. Have post-partum mother and small infant drive out to the campground with the father/captain repair kit: steaks and beer. (Starbuck's Frappuccino comes in a close second.)

5. Invite another 4 year-old to come along. Then, when the exhausted and now inebriated captain is lying on the picnic table, groaning, the two kids can get into all kinds of trouble all by themselves. Emily's best friend, Melissa and her mom drove out to the campground in the evening.
6. Have at least one adult sleep in front of the tent door. This is to foil four year-old's plans to "Sneak out of the tent at night and go hunting."
7. Bring the tandem roof rack to the campground just in case the stoker decides that she doesn't want to ride home the next day. It is essential that the child is allowed to decide whether she wants to ride or not. It's hard enough riding with assigning stoker, imagine what it would be like with a whining one.
8. Once back home, instruct your child to bug you incessantly about going touring again.
9. Plant the family bike tour to include Mom and baby. Let's see... we'll put Stuart in the trailer with the tent and sleeping bags. Pull the trailer on a (gasp) single, while the tandem is loaded with panniers and stokid.. Then we'll ride, Oh, I'd say about four miles down the road to the nearest campground and send out for pizza with the cell phone!

Happy camping!

The Randolph Family  
Dillon, CO





## Tandem Touring Prince Edward Island, Canada

When most people think of Prince Edward Island, Canada, the stories of L.M. McDonald revolving around Anne of Greene Gables come to mind but for bicyclists this smallest providence of Canada can signify an outstanding touring destination. The Island, commonly referred to as "PEI" offers friendly people, an excellent road system, a large variety of accommodations and never-ending scenery.

For my spouse Sally and me, our trip to PEI was the first time ever we had done any type of bicycle camping, so in a few ways this journey was an adventure and experiment. What did make things a little more easy, however, was that we have had both quite a bit of experience backpacking so almost all of our equipment was already purchased and just a matter of loading gear in a different type of carrying device.

For the "base" piece of equipment for this trip, we used our Ryan Duplex recumbent tandem, a bicycle for which I cannot sing enough praise. While we had owned a more conventional tandem in the past, we both found that rides over 40-50 miles did not turn out to be much fun due to physical discomfort. With the recumbent tandem, neck, wrist, seat and back pain are almost unheard of, replaced by a comfort equivalent of sitting in a very comfortable lounge chair. While the bike is long, such length assists in delivering a ride that borders on floating. Mechanically, the Duplex gave us no trouble on our PEI tour, not even a flat tire. But since we were carrying a full load of camping gear, we were assisted in that respect by pulling a YAK BOB trailer which made packing and unpacking less of a chore.

Planning for our trip to PEI started with calling the PEI Visitors Information Service (800/463-4734) and ordering their free Visitors Guide and island map. The Visitors Guide turned out to be one of the most valuable assets of the trip as it lists island attractions as well as restaurants, campgrounds, motels and bed and breakfasts. To help us choose routings, however, we purchased the Canadian

Cycling Association (613/748-5629) Complete Guide To Bicycle Touring In Canada.

Our actual trip began in mid-June when we packed up the bike and equipment in our truck and departed Michigan for PEI on a course along the St. Lawrence River, aiming to arrive off the coast of the island the next night. Since we obtained our Duplex before a coupling kit became available (which allows the 9-foot bike to be "split" in half for transport), the way we have been transporting the bike is having the front fork attached to mount in the far front of the truck bed with the rear wheel sitting on the tailgate in the down position. While this is a very stable way to transport the bike, the problem comes when you choose to stay at a motel along the way. Since the bike is exposed out an open tailgate, the only option is to find a motel that has lower-level rooms big enough to fit such a long bike into. Most of the time there aren't too many problems finding a room but occasionally we will meet up with a motel that seems aghast that someone wants to put a bike in a room, even after trying to explain that the bike is somewhat expensive (i.e. costs more than two Huffy's).

The final crossing to PEI itself began on a Sunday morning at the Cape Tormentine, New Brunswick ferry terminal for the 45 minute trip to the island. It should be noted, however, that in mid-1997 the New Brunswick ferry will be replaced by what public officials are calling a "fixed link" or in plain language, a bridge. Ferry service will still continue after the bridge opening from Nova Scotia to PEI. Which can lead to some nice tour options. Since we chose to take our truck over to the island, our first stop arriving in Borden, PEI was the visitors center to find a secure parking spot which turned out to be in the ferry terminal long-term lot. Not knowing what crowds to expect, we also used the toll-free telephones to make our first nights camping reservations.

At the Borden visitors center, and throughout the ride, the recumbent tandem seemed to bring out quite a bit of attention. Having had the bike for a few years we are somewhat used to the stares, and questions like, "Is it hard to balance?" (no), "Is it



**D****E****M**

fast?" (yes, downhill!) and "Is it expensive?" (as much as a pack a cigarettes a day for a few years). What made PEI unique though was that word of the bike on the island was getting around as people would come up to us and say they heard about us earlier from someone else. We were even joking about going to the press in Charlottetown and seeing if they wanted to do a story on the bike so we could cut down on the question and answer periods. As Dick Ryan, the maker of the bike, said once, "you can't be an introvert on a recumbent tandem!"

After packing up we started heading east along the Blue Heron route, one of three designated scenic drives on the island. The terrain was gently rolling with very light traffic and a mild headwind. Since it was already mid-day when we arrived on the island, we made only a brief restaurant stop and made our campground stop near Fairview well before sunset. Reservations for the evening were hardly needed we found out as the campground was almost empty. We were told that June was a light month for the island tourist trade although July and August brought out fairly large crowds.

Day two was our "cosmopolitan" day as we continued on the Blue Heron route into Charlottetown, the largest city on PEI. We eventually ended up stopping for lunch in the Confederation Landing Park in the city, which overlooks the Charlottetown waterfront and has a very nice outdoor restaurant. We then proceeded north out of town on another scenic route, the Kings Byway, which led us to the north central shore of the island and PEI National Park. We set up camp at the Stanhope campground and started to learn that mosquito larvae had indeed survived the winter. Actually the bugs were not all that bad if you camped in a site that was open to a sea breeze, of which there were many.

The next morning saw our blue skies of the first two days give way to a high overcast which made us start thinking of the inevitable...rain. Our plans from the beginning were to camp out as many nights as we could and sleep indoors only when the rains came. Our road plan in the morning had us back on the Kings Byway circuit which joined up with the Blue Heron route near Brackley Point. Coming out of our lunch stop at North Rustico we started to feel the first intermittent sprinkles so on with the rain gear and a quick check of the Visitors Guide to arrange



Ryan Duplex with Bob Trailer parked at Donollie Travel Park, Fairview, PEI

for a roof over our head that afternoon. We settled on the Orchard View Tourist Home just a few kilometers down the road and arrived there just before an afternoon deluge came from the sky. After taking a very comfortable nap (rain on a metal roof), there was enough of a break in the weather to take off on the Duplex (without the trailer) and sightsee around Cavendish, the center of the Anne of Green Gables region, before returning to our home for the evening and the outstanding hospitality of the owners, the Toomb family.

Day four of our tour started out with light rain and a general plan to stop in Summerside for the night. While our miles for the day were not that much, the rain did nothing but increase in intensity and the winds decided to be right in our face. Oh yes, there were hills too! What made the day bearable was our investment in very good quality raingear which included shoecovers. With such equipment our faces were the only part of our bodies that were wet. Arriving in Summerside on the southwest side of PEI, the forecast was for continued rain so another "indoor" night for us, making the usual inquires (we have this really long bike to store and we need space to dry out our clothing) before settling in at the Paneau Bed and Breakfast (coffees always on!).

Sunlight came through our window the next morning and stepping outside we felt the other half of the equation, cooler temperatures and a healthy north wind. By "cooler" we mean wearing something





with longsleeves as the temperatures on the island during our visit were typical of a midwestern summer. After an outstanding breakfast, and a thorough examination of the Canadian weather channel on TV, we started out for the western side of PEI. Our original plan was to take the third PEI scenic route, the Lady Slipper, to our destination of Mill River Provincial Park, we changed our plans to stay on the Route 2, a main road, in hopes of making better time. With headwind speeds of 15-20 knots, we still managed to make our campsite with plenty of time for exploring the Park, which also contains a lodge. And while just about every Provincial/National Park has hot campground showers, these at Mill River were interesting in that you had to push a button which activated a timer to spray 30 seconds of water. The only thing was very cold water came out first and then very hot water! From great distances away from the showers we could hear campers "discover" these showers.

Day six of our PEI tour was sort of an "off" day in that we would be staying at Mill River that night but making a day trip to North Cape on the far northwest side of the island. Leaving the BOB trailer behind, we set out north on Route 2, stopping for groceries (and some of the best pizza we have ever had) in Tignish. North Cape itself contains a customary lighthouse flanked by loads of every kind of radio antenna you can think of. Leaving the Cape, we kept on the very scenic Lady Slipper route back to Mill River where at a campsite next to us was the only other bike tourist we saw during our journey. A very pleasant day and in the process added 100km to our trip mileage.

The next morning had us leaving Mill River and proceeding south on the Lady Slipper route and into the Evageline (French) region of PEI. This southwest part of the island is quite a bit less "tourist-developed" as I kept on promising my wife lunch but no restaurants ever appeared. Luckily a village store did, with lots of nutritional cookies. We arrived at our campground near Cap Egmont in the early afternoon. It overlooked Northumberland Strait and New Brunswick. During the evening we could even see the lights of the almost nonstop construction on the PEI bridge, a good 30km away.

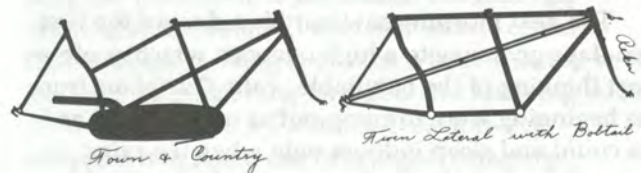
Our last day of bicycle touring on PEI was a Sunday, taking us back into Summerside and then into Borden. During this stretch, we probably had

the worst scare of our entire ride. While riding down a moderate hill, an old restored car pulled up right next to us and right in our ears gave a very loud "aaaaoooghaaa" horn blast. Maybe they meant well, but for a period there-after I had fantasies about finding the driver, sneaking up behind him and then yelling at the top of my lungs into his ear.

Pulling into Borden, we unpacked and with another few days of vacation time left to go, decided to drive up to the northeast side of PEI for the night. We purposely tried to not drive on any of the roads we biked on but that night and the next day things just felt different. While in the truck we were seeing portions of PEI at a fast rate, we were not feeling the island. The sentiment grew so much that by the next day we decided to bid farewell to PEI (this time) and boarded the ferry for the drive home.

I highly recommend a bicycle tour of PEI to anyone. Driving time for many people in the eastern U.S. is the equivalent distance of driving to Florida although PEI is also served by air carriers. While we highly recommend camping, if you have a set of panniers a person could easily go from one bed and breakfast to another as it seems like there are hundreds on the island. For a time of year to visit PEI, June was fantastic although September is supposed to be another great uncrowded month for the island. If you do go, plan to spend as much time as possible biking as this gives you a perspective of the island that others can't even imagine.

Bob Krzewinski  
Ypsilanti, MI







## A TANDEM RACK

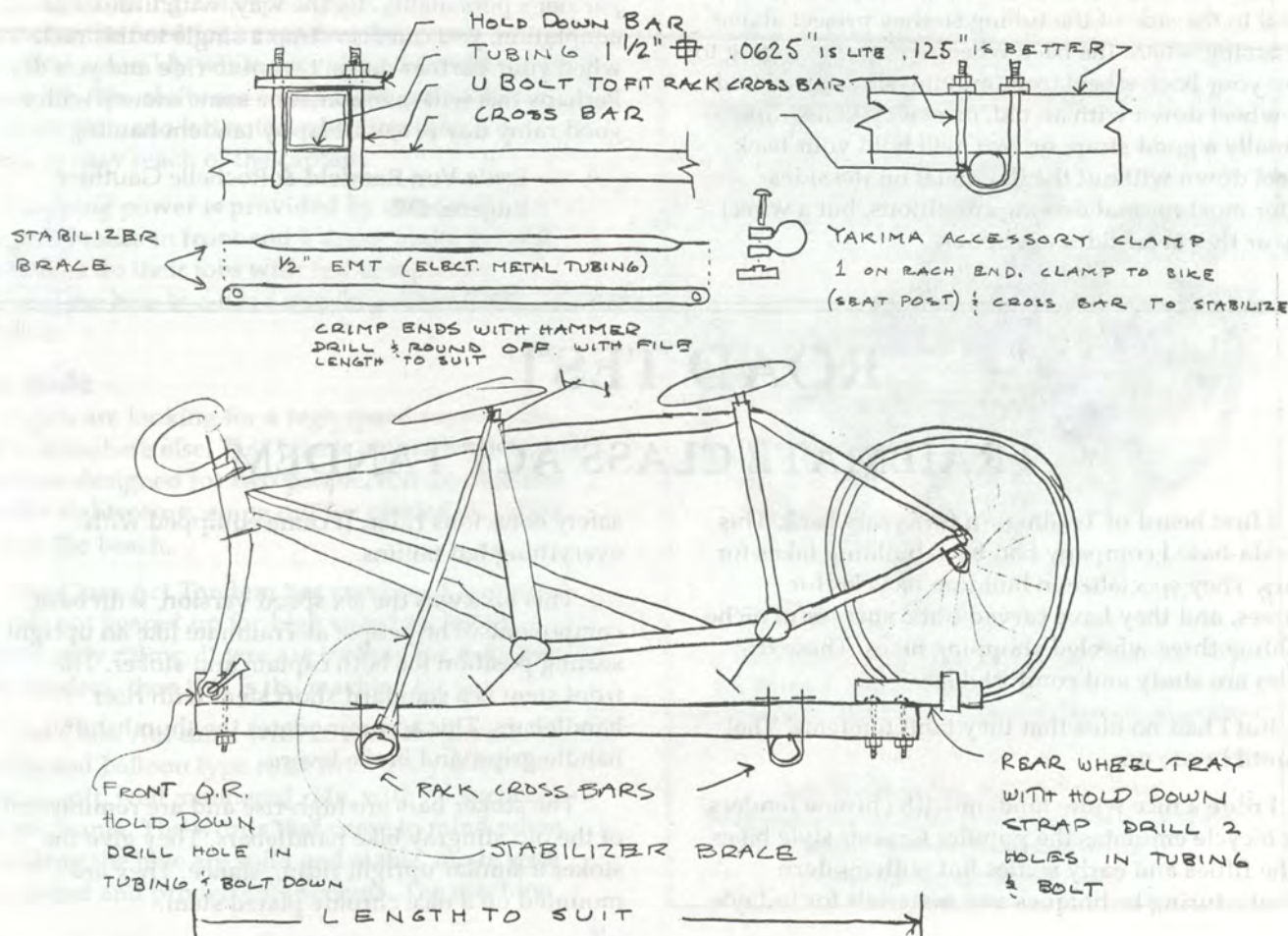
When we bought our tandem three years ago I refused to pay the outrageous prices they wanted for a manufactured tandem rack. I mean, tandems are expensive enough. We bolted some old Yakima fittings to a 2x6 board, bolted the board to our rack and stabilized our tandem with a rope on either side. It worked fine for short runs.

As our tandem started to log more miles on the rack than on the road we thought it was time to rack it up good, so we upgraded to our home-made tubing rack shown in the crude drawing. We used the same old Yakima fittings and added the stabilizer brace made from electrical metal tubing (EMT).

All the stuff except the rack parts can be purchased at a well stocked hardware store or do-it-yourself warehouse type store for \$25.00 or less. If

your store doesn't have the tubing, to a local steel supplier and have them cut you a piece to the length you want. About right is the distance from the front fork dropouts to where the back wheel sets on the ground, plus or minus some inches depending on how you want to rack your back wheel, i.e. a hold down strap around tubing-tray-and wheel, or a store bought strap that fits your wheel tray. If the tubing is a little long you can always do a final cut off with a hacksaw after your rack is finished and tested.

Some manufactured racks support the bottom tube between the bottom brackets, but front and rear support is more than adequate. When you and your partner plop your 250 to 350 pounds on your tandem there is nothing under that bottom tube as you cruise the bumps except air.







If you don't have any extra bike to rack fitting to bolt onto your tubing you can improvise. One possibility follows:

Front: threaded rod, or better, cold steel rod threaded on both ends. The same thickness as your front axle (probably 9mm or 5/16", or a tad less than the opening in your fork dropouts), and long enough to extend past the fork on each side to accommodate a couple of nuts (regular or wing). Use a corresponding piece of pipe (3/8") to hold the space between the fork dropouts when you tighten down the nuts. If you want, use flat washers on either side of your fork dropouts to protect them. You won't be able to use washers on the inside if you have dropouts with a safety flange. Drill a hole through the 1.5" tubing the same size as the rod, and put the pipe spacers on either side. Or stronger still drill a hole through the tubing the size of the pipe spacer and tack weld it in place so it won't move side to side.

Back: Bolt or tack weld a couple of pieces of flat metal to the side of the tubing so they project above the tubing where the back wheel sets on the tubing to keep your back wheel from moving sideways. Hold the wheel down with an old, or new, pedal strap. Actually a good strap, or two, will hold your back wheel down without the flat metal on the sides under most normal driving conditions, but a wheel rack or the metal sides are better.

The tandem rack can be clamped to your rack bars wherever you want. I suggest an even distribution of your tandem's weight. If your cross bars are square get square U bolts. No jokes please U square. The hold down bars should be at least 3/16" thick. They can be made from steel bar stock 1/2" to 3/4" wide. Some flat galvanized metal wood straps come with four holes in them that are the right spacing. They can be cut in half with a hacksaw to provide two bars.

I suggest you put your tandem on the rack before making your stabilizer bar. That way you can customize the length and the angle of the crimped ends. You can grab your tandem almost anyplace up high. e.g. either seat post top tube, or either seat tube. Just don't scratch your beautiful paint job. By the way you can probably get by without a stabilizer but I sure like the rock solid feel with it. EMT comes in ten foot lengths so you will have enough for at least one mistake. You can paint the whole thing to match your car, your tandem, or your tandem partner's personality. By the way, with little or no adaptation, you can also strap a single to this rack when your partner doesn't want to ride and you do. Perhaps this will save someone some money with a good rainy day project. Happy tandem hauling.

Ernie Von Raesfeld & Rochelle Gauthier  
Eugene, OR

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## ROAD TEST

### TRAILMATE CLASS ACT TANDEM

I first heard of Trailmate a few years back. This Florida-based company had been building bikes for years. They specialize in building bicycles for retirees, and they have carved out a successful niche, building three wheeled shopping bikes. These tri-cycles are sturdy and comfortable.

But I had no idea that they built tandems. That is, until I rode one.

I rode a nice white tandem with chrome fenders, this bicycle emulates the popular Cruiser style bikes of the fifties and early sixties but with modern manufacturing techniques and materials for today's

safety conscious rider. It came equipped with everything but tailfins.

This bike was the six speed version, with basic components. The people at Trailmate like an upright seating position for both captain and stoker. The front stem is a standard short stem with riser handlebars. This accommodates the thumbshifter, handle grips, and brake levers.

The stoker bars are high-rise and are reminiscent of the old stingray bike handlebars. They give the stoker a similar upright riding stance. They are mounted on a nice chrome plated stem.





The frame is constructed of high tensile steel. While this is not as light as aluminum or composites, it has the strength and durability of a tank. The welds were strong and the alignment was good. The top tubes are angled down towards the seatposts. The frame geometry allows for lower leg over clearance, making getting on and off a lot easier than most other tandems. The upright seating provides ample room for captain and stoker, while providing excellent all around visibility for both. The fork is also constructed of the same high tensile steel, and should provide years of service.

The frame comes with a lifetime warranty against defects in workmanship and materials, and a 90-day warranty on the components. The people at Trailmate stand behind the quality of their products and they back it up.

The seats, while harder than I would like, are wide and well sprung and offer good support.

The cranks are single piece units paired with 44t chainrings, driving a six speed hub. This hub eliminates the need for a rear derailleur and freewheel assembly while providing a decent range of gearing. The shifts are easily managed by the standard Shimano index thumbshifter which is placed in easy reach of the captain.

Stopping power is provided by standard issue side pull brakes in front and a drum brake in back. The brakes do their jobs with few complaints, bringing the bike to a dead stop in a respectable distance.

### The Ride

If you are looking for a high speed super cycle, look somewhere else. This bike is a pure bred cruiser type bike designed for two people. It is an excellent bike for sightseeing, going out for picnics, or riding around the beach.

The Class Act Tandem has good road qualities, but it is not geared up for high speed racing or serious rally riding. If you are looking for a cruiser style tandem, then this is the machine for you.

The Class Act came with 26 inch alloy road wheels and balloon type road tires. They offer the riders a soft, well mannered ride, with no surprises and no drama. The words that come to mind when describing the bike are solid and stable, made with time tested and proven components. The machine

would be an excellent addition for anybody who is just starting out with tandems, or for someone who is tired of riding with the pack, and is mature enough to blaze their own trails.

Manufacturer:	Trailmate Bicycles Inc
Weight:	69 lbs
Wheels:	36 hole alloy rims with steel hubs
Drivetrain:	Single piece steel cranks, paired with six speed hub, Shimano index thumbshifter
Front brake:	Side pull
Rear Brake:	Screw on drum brake
Handlebars:	Rider bar front, high-rise bar in back
Pedals:	Union black plastic

Andy Barrientos  
Dallas, TX

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## RIDING WITH THE [TC]<sup>2</sup>

As my wife, Super Stoker Kandy and I recently completed our first (and longest to date) ride with the Twin Cities Tandem Club, ([TC]<sup>2</sup>) of Minneapolis, Minnesota, we were asked to write a review for the next club newsletter.

Since our tandem's delivery on July 3rd and especially since our maiden voyage that very evening, we have been avid supporters of the sport. Although we had not even test-driven a tandem before buying one, both Mark and I were experienced single-cyclists and were convinced we would like tandeming. What probably got us off to the best start was that we read two books about the sport (The Tandem Book by Angel Rodriguez and Carla Black and The Tandem Scoop by John Schubert), thus dodging some potentially discouraging elements that can and do ambush the unwary rookie captain and stoker.

Our enthusiasm about tandeming propelled us into attending our first tandem club ride with TCTC after about a week of riding 5-8 mile daily loops. In retrospect, an organized ride may have been a little

ambitious, a bit adventurous and not just slightly optimistic. But it certainly was great fun...

Although at times Mark and I are admittedly competitive with each other, tandeming has shown us a most exciting and enjoyable way to be an athletic team. And riding an extended distance through the Minnesota countryside was a wonderful alternative from the hectic riding through the urban streets in sprint-fashion.

While Mark and I pretty much just ambled into the TCTC, we found a welcoming camaraderie upon our arrival. And tandems, though gaining in popularity, are enough of a novelty to be a curiosity to single-cyclists and even more fascinating to people already in the swing of tandeming. They can be a gearhead (that's Mark) and accessories-person's dream-come-true.

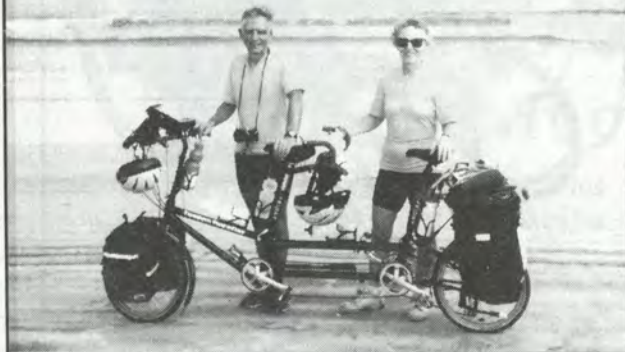
And the day's ride was terrific; the Maple Plain route had fine terrain, variety, enough uphill climbs to make the downhill welcome, and enough straight-aways to allow a steady cadence. The heat and humidity may have taxed the most virile cyclist, but riding through the country was relaxing and for the most part devoid of cars competing for the road space.

The range of fragrances experienced during the trip was amazing (what I managed to sample when I wasn't panting). Some were herbaceous, heady and lingering even at 18 mph and others equally delectable but so fleeting that one barely had time to mention the scent to your partner before it was gone. Then there were the bovine and porcine aromas that left no doubt you were passing a livestock enterprise.

The heat and humidity were not nearly as noticeable moving as when one stopped riding; it was then the full reality of the heat index hit you between the eyes. It was as if you had suddenly thrust your head into the open door of a dishwasher in mid-cycle. Time for fluids, even if you didn't feel thirsty. Stops in St. Michael and Hanover were great fun as they allowed a reassembly of the riders and time to commiserate about the outrageous humidity and how brave and athletic we all were. Perhaps it was the premature aggressive length of the trip or perhaps it was excessive carbonation I

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swilled at the Tom Thumb in Hanover, but riding seemed more like work on the back half of the trip, and during the final two miles I was fully aware I had an increasingly unhappy backside that no amount of readjusting could assist, and the toes on my left foot were aflame and knotted in cramps. At last I had to dismount and hobble around on the road to try to bolster those flagging body members. Upon resuming the ride, I was now acutely aware of every seam in the road and felt I was staggering to the finish line while my partner bravely charged onward, instructing me to hang on.

At last rolling back into the Maple Plain Arboretum parking lot, any misery vanished and I felt great elation and satisfaction from completing the ride. A change of shoes and socks greatly enhanced that euphoria, and as we mounted the tandem back on the rear of the van I was ecstatic and already anticipating the next trip. But for the moment, the picnic gathering had more realistic and immediate appeal. Thanks to all who made the trip so memorable we look forward to the next TCTC ride!

Kandy Bierle

As you can all read, my wife is the writer on the team. My goal is to get her a laptop rigged in the stoker's cockpit so she can compose on the fly.

My additional comments about our longest trip to date center on the great folks we met and how helpful and enthused they were about the sport of tandeming. I have been surprised at every turn at the level of devotion tandem couples have to their sport. As an avid student of sub-cultures (comic books, home theater, Corvettes, Harleys, movies, music, tractors, Looney Tunes, dog shows and computers to name a few) I have found the typical fire burning in the belly of tandemers.

What I find so refreshing and enjoyable about this sub-culture however is that it is something Kandy and I can do as a couple (the reason for our leap in the first place). It has already improved our communication and has shown me that Kandy trusts me enough to grant me the wheel. I, on the other hand have become dedicated to the health and welfare of my stoker and found myself numerous times on Sunday telling her to ease off a bit as I felt

**E**

she was doing more than her share. All this after only 10 days with the bike!

I went out for a ride yesterday on my half bike and ended up feeling quite lonely. It's definitely more fun to share the ride with my lifetime partner! I really had no idea that the sports of tandeming and half-biking were so different. It's been a joy discovering the differences.

Many thanks again to the Osell's and the Larson's for setting up the ride! The exercise, routes, camaraderie and the food were all excellent! See you next ride.

Mark and Kandy Bierle  
Minneapolis, MN

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# 1998 MIDWEST TANDEM RALLY OMAHA, NEBRASKA

Mark the date in '98 to "Party the Plains" and attend the 23rd annual Midwest Tandem Rally in Omaha, Nebraska, during Labor Day weekend, September 4th thru the 7th, 1998, with the host hotel being the Doubletree Hotel with the overflow hotels being the Radisson Hotel, Holiday Inn Express, and Embassy Suites in downtown Omaha.

This event brings in a variety of tandems and their riders from all parts of the country to enjoy the Heartland and get a dose of the "Good Life" of Nebraska.

A variety of bike routes with planned food stops are being planned for Friday night, Saturday and Sunday showing the vast landscape of the Nebraska/Iowa area surrounding Omaha, as well as enjoying the togetherness of riding with other tandem riders.

Omaha is proud of its different ethnic cuisines offered in the Old Market area which is just a leisurely stroll (or hop on Olley's Trolley) from the

Doubletree. Main attractions close to this area (to name a few) are the Joslyn, Western Heritage, SAC and Childrens Museums, and the Henry Doorly Zoo which can boast of its world famous Lied Jungle, Aquarium and the newly built I Max Theater. Other attractions are the well known Boys Town, DeSoto Bend north of Omaha and, when going across the river .. the gambling casinos.

Workshops and seminars are also being planned concerning various topics ranging from bike safety to nutrition. The kids will not be left out, however, with activities being planned during the day.

So again, mark your calendar for September 4th thru the 7th, 1998 to attend this wonderful event to get a taste of the "Good Life". For registration forms (to be mailed out after February, 1998), send a SASE to Midwest Tandem Rally '98, P.O. Box 1758, Bellevue, NE 68005-1758.

Arlene Hull  
Midwest Tandem Rally Committee

## The Road West

It's just an idea, Bill, but if we get a tandem, shouldn't we go on a trip? How about a ride to Arizona? That's all it takes, an idea planted as a seed. It doesn't take any more than that to pull off a trip. The ability to say, 'Why not?' After that, it's just a matter of kicking back and exploring. It's possibility thinking' that leads one to fully explore all of the routes, the dates, the time, the possibilities. Marty said those words to me last fall and soon enough, a trip was created to go with the tandem being purchased.

So it was, and off went the molecules in the brain stirring up the questions, searching for the maps, creating the drafts of a trip list, writing communities for local information. It's part of the fun, this array of lists, letters, ideas, road maps and possibilities. It sure helps pass those long winter nights. It ensures a focus

on riding, training, more riding, more training. The first thing to do is to tell one other person about your ride. Our first person was my sister, letting her know that Cody, our eleven year old son, would be staying with her for 11 days next summer. Was I telling or asking? It's as good as a trip done at that point. It was just that easy to put the wheels in motion, wheels that would roll us toward that morning in June, the beginning of an 1850 mile round trip head for the summer heat of Phoenix, Arizona and back.

It's three days away from being July, are you guys crazy?' people die in the desert in the summer. 'Why Arizona? Are you nuts?' 'When did they start putting air conditioning on bikes; you wouldn't go otherwise would you? You're riding a tandem to carry blocks of ice to keep you cool and alive, right? You can't take a kid that young and make him ride





900 miles! What's your back up plan? Will you catch a bus if you don't make it? Is Marty following in the car? What will you do if it's too hot, if Cody doesn't like it, if you break down, if you make a mistake? I'd heard it all before. The first time, when I rode alone from Canada to Mexico, it got to me. I carried a big hunting knife to keep away the phantom problems. The second time, when I rode solo from San Francisco to Atlantic City, I was able to absorb the bogeyman' stories until my first night alone in the desert of Nevada, fifty miles away from any habitation. The bogeyman came out to play for awhile that night. All of the ugly doubts, questions and fears came out. But then I looked up and saw a salad bowl of stars unfiltered by street lights, car lights and the hum of the city. Soon the soulful sound of coyotes filled in the void of sound and all was well. For this trip, we heard the many questions, we smiled, I shared the lessons of the past with Cody, Marty, and Keith and we let the negative energy flow straight through us. We returned knowing smiles, wondered if any of the naysayers had ever had a dream, had ever grasped for something beyond their reach, understood that sweat is the body's air conditioner, that the road is still our friend in unknown country as it is close to home.

The large purple bike leaning up against the brick wall of the house this dark June morning was a deceiving picture looking curiously like a rig left there by a late night arrival. Inside the house there was a rush of last minute eating, drinking, list checking, double checking, triple checking, adding another pack of GU, grabbing the camera, questioning the map, listening to the weather report one more time. Cody, age eleven for eleven more days, Keith, our training companion, and me, a month away from 50, were ready to head out for a trip from Greeley, Colorado to Tempe, Arizona. Marty, friend, companion, wife and mother would join us for the first day, return to take to the skies and fly to Tempe to continue training for the return trip replacing Cody as stoker. Each leg of the journey figured to be 925 miles, with a one day layover before the turn around.

Soon the cars arrived bringing Keith and Dale. Andy, arrived on his bike and our escort of friends stood on the driveway watching the sun sneak up over the corn fields. There is nothing as refreshing as the first mile of a trip. Suddenly, you leave behind

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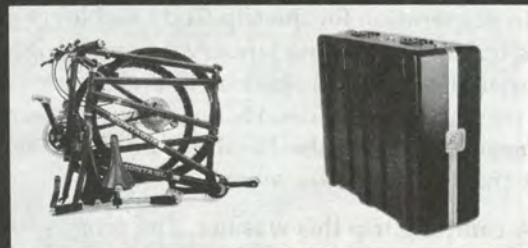


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the patterns of work, grocery shopping, home chores, all of the daily rituals of life. Everything is now replaced with the rhythm of the road. The ride, it's in every turn of the crank. It's in the choice of liquid life that you pour into your CamelBack. The ribbon of dark silk under our tires would become our guide leading us to places unknown. It would wrap itself around hills, wind along the river trails, burst through cities, creep up the passes of the Rockies, whip down steep grades, and finally unwind itself between the Saguaros as it stretched itself out into the urban sprawl called, The Valley of The Sun. Still, the first mile is the finest; it has an itch to it, like a snake shedding its skin. Quickly the layers of daily life peel away until all that is left is the ride.

As the rituals of daily life shed, what was left behind was a lean, thin walled aluminum machine, two wheels humming on the morning pavement, a bulging set of panniers filled with riding stuff strapped on the back of our Cannondale. An extreme tandem, our 25'/21' Cannondale meets the extremes of a 6'4" pilot as well as fit two equally short 5'4" stokers. As the day unfolded the world around us was filled with smiles. A rider approaching from the south turned out to be Ed. This surprise escort rider made a sweeping turn to join our small pack. As the miles pile up our friends peeled away, one by one, to return to the duties of daily living and we were soon a pack of four. Tomorrow we would be three.

In preparation for the trip Cody had logged 1001 miles training beginning January 3, combining mountain biking, road single and tandem trips in ever increasing distances. He ended with a four mile ride around the neighborhood to pass the 1000 mile mark the day before we set out.

A camping trip this was not. The promise of swimming pools at days end made for a complaint free trip from Cody. For Keith and I, a guest laundry turned out to be the number one desire. Start early, end early or end late, was the daily motto. With daily mileage extremes ranging from 46 to 123 miles, we had a trip ahead of us that would be one of extremes. We always made days end smiling and laughing whether it was a day of six easy hours or 13 arduous hours of headwinds and heat.

The trip agreement for the leg south was to keep the other bike in sight. Visits happened on the flats. Any slight tail wind or downhill and the tandem

burst into the lead. As the grade turned into an uphill, Keith would drift by, chatting, on his way to the front. Just enough talk time to enjoy and reflect, call up an old joke or point out a roadside memorial. Then a time of solitude when the mind could drift across the horizon, taking in the vast panorama of the west.

I thought we'd talk more on a tandem. But on the long trip, we seemed to be absorbed in our own thoughts or no thoughts for hours at a time. There were many times without the need for constant noise of the human voice, times when only the wind and sun spoke to us, or often screamed at us. So, there we were in solo synch on a tandem. The only words were the sounds and sights of the road, which took on a special rhythm, broken only by the questions that came from the curious at each local stop, market, road side rest, lonely trading post. An inner spirit started to overtake the body, filling the void left from the empty spot which used to be filled with business.

The ever important Mojo for each bike had eluded us throughout the spring training miles. We had looked, we had searched, we had made special trips to find the mojo for the trip. We had sought the sign of the 'mojo' along the sides of the road, but none called out to us desiring to become part of such a trip. We had listened and looked, but pulled out of the driveway day one without our meaningless companion, attached to the bike. We continued looking as we rode, debating each suggestion. Day after day, no mojo, until, there it was when we least expected to find it! We were looking for postcards in Pagosa Springs so we could write friends to tell the tall tales of Wolf Creek Pass. It was a type of green creature not made to cuddle, and there it was on sale. The kind clerk said we could have it for a buck. It sat there awkwardly on the cash register. She twisted it once to the left and whipped a crook in its left leg and hung it off her finger demonstrating its versatility. Its small red painted eyes seemed to holler at us, begging to become part of our adventure, and shortly, our large two wheeled limousine had its mojo perched on the rear rack fending away those sightless drivers who drive as if no other object occupies their personal highway.

Our miniature creature surveyed life from the rear, drawing preschoolers like a giant magnet during rest stops. The tandem had its mojo, Keith





was still without, pretending his interest in mojos was, and had always been, absent. For Cody and me, Keith's '-mojo challenge' began. Each town, each mile brought a new suggestion for a mojo for Keith. A nice large piece of sandstone would do we decided one day as he blew by us on an uphill. 'Hey Dad how about that giant fiberglass pincher bug advertising the bug museum? That would look great on Keith's bike..... and I want to go to the museum too Dad. It's only 5 miles off the road.' We searched and searched, many of our ideas we found already riding on the back of Harley Davidsons, as our two-wheeled brothers and sisters cruised by in their full leathers, black on black. It didn't come to us all at once. In fact, Cody had dropped a quarter here and there in the machines as we waited patiently at local restaurants along the way. Each time Keith and I would silently hope the three pronged claw wouldn't actually grab some additional piece of luggage to become part of our trip. Then one slow service morning in New Mexico, where the locals got served their breakfasts before the strangers in sissy pants got their water or their menus, Cody shagged off with a dollar in quarters and a challenge from Keith, 'You win one of those things and I'll carry it!' Truly, a mojo challenge if one was ever spoken. That morning

didn't produce a mojo, and Keith clearly stated that the deal was off since Cody had been unsuccessful, but he had planted one seed that would sit restlessly in the soil until it grew and bore fruit. Soon, Cody and I were relentlessly pursuing the reward of the slippery three clawed mojo machines full of stuffed creatures of all types. One stop we knew we had a pouty little seal for our friend Keith, the next town we were sure it was going to be an overstuffed pig. A giraffe got away by the threads on its long neck, a duck escaped by being snagged by an elephant. But the idea had grown deep roots by now, and it was just a matter of time before our talents sharpened and we got closer and closer to getting an obnoxious stuffed critter out of the elusive mojo machines.

Finally, one blustery morning when we were none to eager to leave a restaurant, but had been thirty minutes face to face with a waitress ending a caffeine filled night shift, we opted for middle ground. In the double door entry safe from the morning winds but far enough away from our outspoken waitress, we moved in, armed with five dollars in quarters. That morning, a mojo was to be ours. The 16 inch high white, fluffy teddy bear would soon be strapped on to Keith's rear rack







watching and protecting Keith much as our small little green creature cared for Cody and me. We discovered this large bright ball of white fluff made Keith easier to spot in the distance, and hey, it showed him that even a big tough biker's ego can handle carrying a beautiful snow white teddy bear! Ahhhhhhh, mojo heaven at last.

Real biking is being in a special zone, a feeling at a moment in time. Enjoy it before it changes! There is a great freeing feeling to be on bike for a length of time. The freedom of not having to be home to mow the lawn, read the paper, answer the phone. It you haven't ridden somewhere beyond a day ride, do it! It's a different world. Our life consisted of riding, eating and enjoying the moment for what it was worth. But change, it always did. The terrain, temperature, traffic, scenery, it all changed. Only the wind never changes. We always knew we must be going the right direction if the wind was blowing in our face. It's a biker's one constant. How nice to have something we can count on. There are beyond perfection must have components out there. One of these is the Take-A-Look rear view mirror. It's hand made by the inventor and his family in Greeley, Colorado. Nothing especially magical about this other than it's just one of those perfect products and this one will ultimately give you more lives than a cat. In the lonely isolation of the desert it can tell you when the car approaching from the rear is carrying bikes. Hey, it's fun to be the first to wave. With the right twist of the head I can actually confirm that the stoker is on board on those steep hills when I was sure they had dropped off and replaced themselves with a sack of concrete. You'll also be the first to know when the driver behind stayed too long in that bar three miles back.

Not one complaint from Cody in twelve days, NOT ONE! What works with a boy of eleven? The challenge of not complaining and end of the day surprises to celebrate. To learn to accept whatever a bike trip dishes out is an art that few have learned. It's to laugh into a headwind, catch raindrops on your tongue in a torrential downpour, see just how wet you can get when it's time to sweat, see how many layers you can get on in the cold and still turn the crank. It takes time, it takes a flow through attitude where all of the negative energy passes through you and only the beauty of the bike trip sticks. It demands a bit of a Teflon coating, I suspect, but more than one asks of an eleven year old. The

opportunity for a surprise at day's end equaled no complaints, and more importantly, a constant reminder from the child if either of the adults appeared to be attempting to utter a discouraging word. -Was that a complaint Dad?' No, son. At 112 degrees outside, stating it is DARN HOT is just a simple statement of fact. Thanks for checking, though.' We had some great laughs about what Keith and I could get away with as -statements of fact!' The surprises ranged from an egg of silly putty to a audio tape of Jurassic Park. No biggies, just no complaint day gifts.

Day 12, after 95 tortuous miles of 112 degree heat blowing itself in a blast furnace headwind, we arrived in the Valley of The Sun We were so delirious we might have missed it had we not seen the welcome sign stating such. Ahhhhh, wonderful sunshine! Nice to be able to cook up breakfast right on the pavement. No pots and pans to scrub. Gosh, we won't have to worry about getting the bikes wet in the puddles. Asphalt softens but doesn't splash. We sure won't have to dry our clothes out at days end. Gee, it really enhances those funny tan lines to insure our bodies become conversation pieces. Golly, we won't mistakenly think we're still in Colorado. We sure as heck won't get headaches from drinking water that is too cold!

Twenty-four hours later after putting Keith on a big bird headed home and switching stokers, and after leaving Cody with his cousins, Marty and I pushed out of Tempe with hopes for a little cloud cover. Thirty miles later I was -mind composing' my letter to the mayor of Phoenix. It started something like this, -Take your colorful bike route map of Tempe/Phoenix, give it to a couple of your staff members and have them use it to get out of town. Don't hold your breath for their return. You might consider posting their vacancies immediately. They won't get out of town and may never find their way back to the office, either. Nice bike map if you want to help get riders lost.' We knew we needed to head north, so we used our own senses instead of the mayor's map. North we went toward the mountains and out of the desert. The thermometer barely broke over the 100 degree mark, and we did have a thin layer of clouds as the day crept on. 111 miles later we arrived in Camp Verde, thoughts of the big city fading quickly off the horizon of the mind. From Phoenix, heading north, the choice of roads is the interstate or the interstate, so we enjoyed the packs





of motorized vehicles buzzing past us all day. When you travel in a car you don't realize it, but on bike it is very clear that cars travel in packs. Even on an outrageously busy interstate there are times when you have the whole road to yourself. BUZZZZZZZZZ, another pack goes by. Then the quiet of the Arizona desert returns, only the hum of bike tires breaking the silence.

When you leave Colorado and head to the Arizona desert you realize that you're going to have to regain a lot of altitude over and over again at some point. There aren't any more beautiful ways to gain altitude than traveling through Oak Creek Canyon, up the winding switch backs into Flagstaff. Not only a treat for the eyes, but the nose as well. The smell of the canyon and the pine trees of Flagstaff make the miles extra special.

Fifteen mile out of Flagstaff the afternoon storm hit. There is nothing like putting on a Gore-tex jacket in an Arizona rainstorm. Thanks, William H. Gore. One minute it's raining so hard you have to dismount and wait it out. Twenty minutes later, the sun is out and you're as dry as sandstone.

If there is such a thing as a religious experience on a bike, it has to be touring through the western Navajo Reservation. The western reservation roads are quiet with very little traffic. Start out early in the morning and you get to watch the sun play games with the sandstone monuments that stretch up out of the desert floor. You'll see more cows on the road than vehicles. Also, automobile tourists sleep in, missing the best part of the day. Dawn plus two hours and the world is yours and yours alone!

You can read all you want about saddle sores. It's all bunk! I finally discovered the secret for me, but I haven't decided whether to reveal it or not. My bumper has been through the mill on other long trips. It has looked like a sliced half of watermelon that had been salted and left in the sun for two days. It's then that you don't sit on the saddle; you levitate over it. What Marty learned to do was the art of the silent scream. It wasn't a matter of making the cheeks feel any better on a long day. It was just that doing anything else made anyone who may be around think you were a certified loony. We did discover a new meaning to the word -honeymoon' in this, our twenty third year. It was a morning ritual of, -Honey, moon me and I'll help you get the secret



potion in just the right spot.' -Is this another double shorts day again?'

Transition from the desert of Arizona to the desert of Southern Utah is seamless. The only change is a change of pavement mixture, a widening of the road and a slight break in the center line. However, we did start to experience a more noticeable change, as we soon began cutting across canyons when previously we had been flowing with them. The experience is that of endless ups and downs as the east west canyon flow created giant slow speed bumps in the earth. Forty-nine miles an hour down the canyons turned into 3 miles an hour up and down and up and down and up and down and down and down and up and up and up....

The lack of double butted spokes was clear as we popped our third spoke of the trip. An irritant that was overcome with a ten minute road side repair. But after number three, the nagging reminder always slaps at your conscious when you break over 45 m.p.h. and you can't find the enjoyment because you're listening for the possible ping that sends a shrill message of another broken spoke. As Moab, Utah came into sight at the river bottom of a gentle 20 mile down hill, we made a decision to have the

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wheel rebuilt with the double-butt spokes that should have been there since day #1.

Rim Cyclery is a step into what a bike shop should be. A mellow collection of everything for the Slickrock biker and more. An alcove leading back to the repair shop is an invitation to stroll on back and talk directly to the mechanics. If the swimming pool hadn't been calling so loudly, I'd have rented a mountain bike and headed up for a turn around Slickrock Trail, a personal favorite.

Moab to Grand Junction brought back memories of the long ride across Nevada on my cross country trip. Highway 50 in Nevada dubs itself The Loneliest Road in America. Pedaling east on 128 out of Moab we rode 88 miles before we crossed paths with our first food and water stop. There is a special peace knowing America is still a large lonely place. No stronger feeling of smallness can exist than when you feel the vastness of the great American west. Atop a climb we brought the tandem to a stop, dismounted, turned around 360 degrees and experienced the high plains desert, broken only by thin black wires tied end to end, strung across the country, apparently keeping the middle together and the ends from breaking off.

Ten miles later our only option was the interstate with its packs of cars dashing by chasing an invisible rabbit. There was still no place to offer us water or food, but the overpasses offered a bit of shade while we stretched, sucked down another package of GU, and chased it with a swig of water still iced down as it came out of the insulated protection of our CamelBaks. There is a special pleasure standing and watching the people of the world go by in their air conditioned motorized land modules attempting to experience America from within their cockpit, wrapped snugly in the deep foam of their captain's chairs. They're missing something, not adventuring through the country in a way that involves the mind, soul and the body. They can't experience the sheer exhaustion of that last climb, the exhilaration of the decent, the curious conversations at the roadside stops, all part of something called a bike ride.

Cannondale road tandems come with a stoker's shock post, grams in added weight, pounds worth in the pleasure. We added another shock post to the front saddle and then popped on a Girvin flex stem to hold the front bars. This newly created hybrid shock bike took the edge off the long miles, offering

hand and butt shock absorption worth more money every mile. I guess these amenities are a biker's attempt at luxury. Tush busters, I can easily justify that luxury!

Back to the Rockies again. Out of Grand Junction we angled east and pedaled up the western drainage. In front of us were two major climbs over the Rockies, Vail and Loveland passes. Prevailing headwinds greeted us on this, the one leg of the journey during which I knew we should get guaranteed tail winds. Oh well, headwinds are the one constant you can always count on. Marty and I chattered more than Cody and I did. Nothing special, the feel of the road, the comments by the auto tourists at the last rest stop, the light changing on the cliffs as the clouds drifted by. A peaceful time to enjoy the togetherness a tandem brings.

Riding a tandem you're locked into being in synch in your pedal rotation, but being in synch as a team takes time. Knowing when the stoker wants to stand, which gear inches s/he likes to climb in, knowing which cadence is right for which terrain, knowing how often to recommend a stop, it's all part of becoming one' on a bike built for two.

On to Glenwood Springs where the hot springs greeted us in their own grand way. The hot springs of Glenwood weren't as hot or personal as some of the hot tubs we had experienced, but it was a unique experience that's always a must. As we left Glenwood we found ourselves in the midst of a 500 rider tour headed towards Vail. We enjoyed the ever changing company of the day. We saw all of the rainbow colors come out to play as a mountain rain started. Rain jackets of every color filled the long thin line with brilliance. We caught and passed unloaded tandems and singles, proving to us that the legs were locked in at maximum trip strength.

Colorado is testing a new highway sign. The sign makes a bold request to -Share The Road', picturing a car and bike in side by side harmony. It was here on Highway 6, however, between Eagle and Vail, that we had our only bad on road experience. Surrounded by other riders for the day we found an impatient, over-sized gravel truck honking persistently as it thundered down upon us. Approaching from the other direction was a cement truck. No shoulder, a thirty foot drop to the culvert, no room for three. I should have pulled out into the lane forcing a life giving decision on the driver of the





gravel truck. Instead I took the tandem off the road, on the thin gravel edge between the pavement and the drop. The abrupt three inch difference between the pavement and gravel allowed us to lean in and not go 30 feet down into the drainage. Frustration erupted into anger at the close call that could have taken our tandem and turned it into material for soda cans, and us into road kill. The Share The Road sign became a meaningless bureaucratic reminder. Of all places, of all states, of all roads, this was an inexcusable act by a local driver in an area of the state whose economy is built on visitors, all kinds of visitors. Curse you, beastly driver! May the demons of the road trample through the peace of your dreams each night of your working life.

The riders of the tour dropped off in Vail, and we proceeded into the drizzle up Vail Pass. Climbing is always fun because you know it's working the muscles and the mind, leaning out the body, challenging the heart. Rain turned to light flakes of snow for a brief moment just prior to a clearing sky and horizon to horizon sunshine as we finish our climb. Just a typical weather day in Colorado. Vail Pass east and west consist of a bike path built out of the old road and pure cycle path. It was nice to be away from the earlier automotive tension. Then it was down the pass into Frisco which brought us smack dab into the middle of the mighty Rocky Mountains.

Day 9 heading east, we were greeted with a fog shrouded morning. That along with a thick layer of frost made the memory of the 112 degree heat of the Valley of the Sun seem like a surreal dream from a past life. The back road into Keystone was quiet this morning. The only sounds were those of breathing in tandem as we saw our breath pushed out in front of us, smoke signals in the dawn. Wanting to fill our bellies before climbing Loveland, the last of the passes, we found Keystone Inn, the only place in the village open for early breakfast. A request to the hotel registration clerk to watch our tandem brought an invitation to, -bring it on in.' It was an elegant experience, wheeling the purple beast across the marble floors, through the plush carpet into the back of the lobby behind the leather couches. Leaned up against the window overlooking the ski runs of Keystone, the Cannondale rested in elegant splendor as we strolled toward the most extravagant meal of the trip. Giant fresh strawberries, slabs of crisp bacon, unlimited fresh muffins and French toast on



unique Italian platters were ours. Sitting there with ever attentive waiters along with three other guests in their tennis outfits, we chatted across the small dining room like family, conversing of adventures past, adventures yet to come. Here we were wet with sweat from the previous 15 miles, sitting on leather and oak, celebrating in the casualness of the morning. Thank you, Keystone Inn, for taking us as we were and treating us as you might celebrities. After a couple of leather and luxury photos we were off for the pass.

Climbing on a tandem isn't always in tandem. Everyone will tell you on a given day, at a given speed, on a given incline, two riders clipped in as one aren't always in agreement on the cadence of the moment. Marty and I came to agreement on the downshift and taking turns standing, but at three miles an hour pedaling up a steep grade all gearing was up for negotiations. I often found the sharp fingernail of the stoker to be a very pointed and automatic veto of any cadence I may have thought right. Climbing does bring one thing into perfect tandem hard, steady breathing. The top of the pass felt cool, due to the moisture our bodies had put out. Combined with a brisk wind, it was down right cold so down we went. The far side of the pass was too



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steep to let go, but the drag brake kept our speed in check on everything except the tight curves.

Marty felt the 'Flintstone' effect as the rear wheel suddenly felt oval, a feeling not to be ignored. When you feel this and dismount to have a look, all will look A-O.K.. It's not! A wheel bumping along due to 'going oval' means that the tire threads are tearing away around the edge of the rim and creating a flat spot in the tire as the inner tube tries to bulge out. Dismounting takes the pressure off, the tube sucks back in and the tear disappears behind the edge of the rim. Everything looks just fine. Remount and you feel it again. We unloaded and went into an -8 minute drill.' That was our response to how long it should take to change a tube and get back on the road. This one lasted a bit longer as we needed to put on the spare tire. Removing the original tire I immediately saw the three inch tear that was creating the Flintstone effect.

Back on the bike, we blasting down the wide shoulder of I-70. A hoot! At 45' m.p.h. the cars seemed to drift by lazily. We were able to stare back at the summer tourists caged up inside their steeds of steal. They all looked strange, no streams of sweat, no unusual tan lines, no helmets, no levitating signs of saddle sores. Soon an old highway option came our way and we wandered off onto the side roads of life where the stream could be heard and the trees could be smelled. Now this is biking!

Buffalo Bill Cody's grave site was the last literally high spot of the trip. We then dropped down into Golden and a series of front range communities which lead us home. It didn't mean the excitement was over, as the switch backs leading down to Golden took cramp creating pressure on the brakes. Out of Golden, one more small adventure was created when two bicycle policemen advised us on the best route to Boulder during the evening rush hour. It was a rush all right, our hearts were in high speed pounding due to edge to edge traffic whizzing by in both directions, and not leaving room for a pair of tired riders. Now that was an hour long thrill we could have done without and one we have no need to repeat.

A final sunrise greeted us, and Boulder was ours this final, early summer morning. While Boulder slept we glided out of town, four lanes of pavement all ours, shared only with the stripes of yellow and white. As the brilliant Colorado sunshine crept

higher in the sky we stopped for one last meal at a country inn. The local motorcycle riders meeting there visited with us, swapping tales of the road, admiring the many shades of purple on the oversized aluminum tubes. They hand tested the shock posts, flexed the stem, wondered where the rest of our luggage was stored. Home was too close, signaling an end to 23 days on the road for me, 11 for Marty. It was then that my mind braked, refusing to accept an end. It had been better than I dreamed it might be. It was harder, faster, slower, hotter, windier, easier and always fun. I didn't want it to end. Marty looked ahead to that 'at home shower'. I looked at the horizon wondering what it would be like if we just pedaled through town heading east. I heard the leaves are worth the trip. Fall on the east coast. We wouldn't have to rush. We could just drift across the Midwest during summer harvest and arrive during the golden time. HmMMMM.

Bill Gillenwater  
Greeley, CO

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## BACKYARD TOURS AN ALABAMA DAY RIDE

It's a sunny day and we're ready to ride. Deciding to not tackle the hills and traffic just outside our door Jack and I load up the bike and head northeast from Birmingham. Because it makes a nice starting point we decide to head to Springville, a small town just off I-59. We can ride for awhile and return to our choice of food. A local meat and three restaurant serving Alabama country vegetables, or the Cafe DuPont, a multi star restaurant with reasonable lunch time prices that seems to enjoy our visits. A plus for the Cafe DuPont is the outside seating; our after ride aroma won't offend other diners. We often take the time to poke into the old hardware store, or visit one of the antique stores or local galleries. Enough said.

As we head north we discuss our ride choices. Do we want to head north on US highway 11? Yes friends, this is the very same US 11 that travels through the Shannandoah valley, into Pennsylvania and on north to New York state. US 11 is a very enjoyable road with good sight lines, a smooth surface and not too much traffic. It follows the valley and makes an enjoyable ride. We can follow US 11 north passing county hwy 31, county hwy 36, and US 231 to an unmarked county road that heads due south. The local name for this road is Two Bridges Road since it crosses two bridges. Two Bridges Road brings us into Ashville. Ashville, the St Clair county seat, is another small country town with some beautiful old homes. We're still planning to ride out and spend a night at Roses and Lace B&B in Ashville. Someday we'll make it happen. From Ashville we return south on county highway 23. County highway 23 again follows the valley and allows our eyes to feast on some farm land and a twisting river. We again pass county highways 36 and 31, we could have cut across on either of them for a shorter ride, and arrive in St Clair Springs. Not much is left of this old resort town, but it's fun to look amid the kudzu and imagine the train stopping to bring the families away from the city heat in Birmingham. County 23 turns east and returns to US11 just at the Springville city limits. We would

turn south and return to our car. The loop up to Two Bridges Road would make about a 30 mile ride.

We discuss riding further. From Ashville we can turn north on US 411 / county 23 to Neely Henry Lake. At the intersection with county 24 we can turn left to visit the marina or right, our preferred direction, to head south on country 24 along the lakeshore. We soon come to THE STORE, a friendly stop for a drink and snack. After climbing the hill into the next valley we would enjoy the down hill coastand continue on 24 to the Looney House. The St Clair County Historical Association has restored and maintains this two story double dog-trot house. The oldest in the county. Saturdays and Sunday afternoons they offer tours for a nominal fee. Even if the house isn't open you can step over the gate and visit the little houses out back. No running water, but at this point in the ride a break is often welcome

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and the shade feels good. County highway 24 returns us to Ashville and we have added about 25 to 30 miles to our ride.

Though we think we've now decided on our route we spend just a minute to consider another possibility. We can head northwest out of Springville on county highway 9. County 9 climbs up St Clair mountain and rolls along the top of this broad low mountain. The climb is challenging but not insurmountable. We definitely prefer to tackle it in cool weather. The reward is some lovely views across the valley and the possibility to watching a hang glider launch for a glide into the valley below. Once up on the mountain we've crossed into Blount county, land of covered bridges and its own many good roads. We would follow county 24 to highway 27, north on county 27 to county 29, eventually joining US 231. US 231 is rideable though with higher traffic volumes than the other roads we've considered. We would turn south on US 231 to travel to Ashville, finishing our ride as we discussed earlier. We toy with the idea for a minute because the downhill run on US 231 is a blast, long curves,

good sight lines and no need to use the brakes. No, today we'll opt for the valley roads.

We always enjoy riding in St Clair county. Just about every road is pleasant to ride on. There are a few good climbs, because this is the very tail end of the Appalachian mountains, but the valleys are friendly, with only gentle rolls in the road. The roads are visually interesting with older farms, creeks, rivers and so far, not too much new development. It is in St Clair county that we encountered a horse in the road. His tire, obviously an anchor for an animal that wanted to stray, was on one side of the road, the horse was on the other and the rope connecting the two crossed the road. We considered the situation and gently rode across the rope. We've often wondered what would have happened if the horse had spooked.

Jack & Susan Goertz  
Birmingham, AL

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## PEACHES IN FULL BLOOM

For two weeks the sun did not shine in Atlanta. And then, on Sunday, June 8, PEACHES (Pairs Enthusiastically Astride Cycles Having Experiences Simultaneously) had its inaugural ride... and the sun came out!! Thirty Atlanta area tandem enthusiasts welcomed the sun and the birth of a new club. First, we worked: a 21 mile ride through the hilly Northwest suburbs of Atlanta. Then, the payoff: Rich Wolf and Ina Thompson opened their lovely home for a covered dish potluck dinner. I have never been to a better pot luck dinner... the food was great... and not a morsel was left!

Where would the Atlanta cycling community be without Rich Wolf? He and Ina organized this event, and have spearheaded the effort to bring tandem riders together in the Olympic city.

### PEACHES WILT IN HEAT

How quickly we forgot the incredibly cool June we enjoyed! The second PEACHES get together in July was marked by the summer temperatures we in

Atlanta are more used to... in other words it was HOT! The thermometer on my bike computer was over 80 degrees when we set out at about 9:15 am. This group was about half the size of the inaugural ride, but we were just as enthusiastic! Lee and Jennifer Horning organized and hosted a 20 mile ride followed by a covered dish brunch. A great time was had by all who attended!

We look forward to monthly get togethers where we can combine our love for cycling with our enjoyment of good food!

Eve A. Kofsky  
Marietta, Georgia





## A Tandem Assault on Mt. Mitchell

The Assault on Mt. Mitchell is a 102-mile ride from Spartanburg, South Carolina to Mt. Mitchell (highest point east of the Rockies at 6,684 feet) located along the Blue Ridge Parkway in North Carolina. The first 74-miles of the challenge goes to Marion, North Carolina. It is only the beginning of the event and has 4,500 feet of climbing. The remaining 6,500 of the 11,000 plus feet of climbing is done in the last 27-miles. There is one 2-mile, 2,500-foot descent found on the Blue Ridge Parkway.

In February, Joe and I mailed our registration forms to participate in the 22nd Assault on Mt. Mitchell in May. The Assault rider limit had been reached as of February 5. Since we had not mailed our registration early, we assumed that we had not made the 900 limit when our return envelope arrived. Imagine our surprise when we opened our envelope a few days later and discovered that we had indeed made the ride.

It was time to begin some serious training. Finding time to train was difficult enough; it also seemed the weather would not cooperate. In addition to the cold, there was constant wind to battle. Joe would say that every time we did a ride it seemed like the wind could not get worse until the next ride. We kept telling ourselves that this was good training.

During the months preceding the ride, we planned our rides by finding the routes with the most hills and lots of climbing. The month prior to the big event, we did weekend trips of 40 miles and 4,000 feet of climbing. Finally, the weekend prior to leaving for North Carolina, we did a 70-mile ride with 5,000 feet of climbing. Following that ride, my legs were sore and I was exhausted. I began wondering how I could complete a 100-mile ride with such a large amount of climbing. We spent the final days prior to leaving for North Carolina doing easy rides of about 15-25 miles and only 1,000 or so feet of climbing.

On Thursday we packed our Santana Sovereign and bags into our van and started the drive to Marion to meet our friend, Pete who lives in

Asheville. He was going to travel to Spartanburg with us to be our personal sag driver during the ride. We met Pete on Friday morning and arrived in Spartanburg in time for lunch. After lunch, we went to the ride registration at Converse College where we picked up our rider information and packets. We saw another tandem team and spoke to them briefly. They knew Neil and Eileen Crone from Lititz. On the way to our hotel we noticed several other tandems riding around Spartanburg.

After checking into our hotel, we drove to Cowpens Battlefield and rode the Park Loop to stretch our muscles and do a final bike checkout. The loop was a flat and easy ride. We completed three loops before returning to our hotel. We had a nice pasta buffet at our hotel and turned in early to get lots of rest for the start on Saturday morning. Our day on Saturday began at 4:30 a.m. with a trip to the Waffle House for a hearty breakfast. At 5:45 a.m., Pete drove us to the ride start at the Spartanburg Memorial Auditorium. It was a mass start. There were 900 Mt. Mitchell riders as well as those who were doing the Assault on Marion. The countdown began. Precisely at 6:30 a.m. we received the signal to begin. This was it! There was no turning back now.

Joe and I had planned our strategy prior to the ride. We would drink lots of fluids, eat often, and take lots of quick breaks when either of us needed to get off the bike. We wanted to keep in mind that this was a ride not a race. We planned to finish this ride no matter how much time it took. The only restriction we had was to make the Blue Ridge Parkway entrance by 4:00 p.m. in order to continue the ride to Mt. Mitchell.

We had a beautiful clear day with the temperature at 42 degrees as the ride began. We pedaled off with the pack of riders. We were not in the lead pack but we did not care. We hoped to make the first rest stop at 21 miles in about an hour. We arrived there in about that time. We quickly jumped off our tandem, took a quick trip to the Port-A-Potty, grabbed a banana and got back on the bike. We did the same procedure at the second rest stop at 41





miles. Along the way we talked to many other riders. It wasn't long after the second rest stop that began the climb up Bill's Mountain (the toughest climb on the way to Marion). We easily pedaled to the top. I was delighted. Wow, that was no worse than the climb we had taken out of Otter Creek back home! At the rest area at the top, the support people were handing out water and bananas. Joe grabbed a cup of water and I grabbed a banana on the fly.

We kept pedaling on to Marion. We rode for a while with a very nice recumbent rider from Winston-Salem. He talked with us and kept us company for some time. He was good at climbing and we let him draft on the descents. The single riders were amazed at the speed of our tandem on the descents. After riding for a while, we asked a single rider how many miles he had on his computer. He told us 58 miles. We were getting close to Marion. It was early. We felt sure we'd make Marion before noon.

At 11:20, we rolled into Tom Johnson's campground in Marion. We had completed the 74-mile ride to Marion in 4 hours and 50 minutes. We were pleased with our ride so far. We climbed off our bike when we saw our friend. We quickly found

the restrooms, ate some tuna fish for lunch, and stuffed our pockets with food. After a 20-minute stop, we began the long tough climb up Route 80 to the Blue Ridge Parkway.

The first few miles were flat. Then the road began a very long steady climb. It was only six miles to rest stop # 6 but it seemed like we climbed forever. We took a quick 5-minute break to stretch our legs and got back on the bike and more climbing. It was getting hot and there was little air moving to cool us off. At last, we arrived at the rest stop. We grabbed some Powerade and food. Here we were told that we were almost to the Blue Ridge Parkway entrance--only three more miles to go! However, it was 3 miles of switch back curves and the steepest grades of the ride. What a feeling to be at the bottom and look up! You could see one level above another and hear riders directly above you.

Fortunately, at the rest stop I drank more Powerade and had eaten a packet of Gu. I felt pretty good when a single rider passed us and called out "Nice cadence!" As we neared the top, Joe said, "The Gu must have kicked in. I felt you pushing on the pedals." Rest stop #7 and the entrance to the parkway came into view. At the rest stop, we jumped off the tandem, drank lots of Powerade, filled a water bottle with Powerade and headed onto the Parkway. We were now at mile. The top of Mt. Mitchell was getting closer and was now a reality.

The 12 miles of Blue Ridge Parkway ahead of us was constant climbing with the exception of a 2-mile, 2,500-foot thrilling descent. Riding along the Parkway, Joe said, "Look right. There's Mt. Mitchell." I won't repeat what I said in response to that but I will tell you what I was thinking: "How are we ever going to get our tandem up to the top of that?" Then I made up my mind that I would not think about the climbing still ahead of us. Instead, I concentrated on my pedaling, how beautiful the views from the Parkway were, and how nice it was to be seeing them from the seat of our bicycle.

Sometime during this part of the ride, a single passed us and made the comment that not much communicating was happening on our tandem at that moment. Little did he know that after over 80+ miles of working as a team we were so in tune to each other that no communication was necessary. We both knew what was expected of us at this point and we were using all our energy to do it.

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After several brief stops to stretch the legs and for relief of other body parts, we reached the entrance to Mt. Mitchell. At rest stop #9, we noticed that there was a big gray cloud at the top of the mountain. Would we make it to the top before the weather turned bad? We started the 4.8 mile climb up the mountain hoping we'd make it under 10 hours. After one brief stop, we started up the mountain again. A single bike passed us and called out "Only about 1/2 mile to rest stop #10." That meant we were only 2 miles from the finish line!

We took a brief break at the rest stop to put on our heavier clothing because now the weather had turned cold and windy. Neither one of us wanted anything to eat by this time. We'd had enough of stoker bars and other junk food. We were not going to bonk with 2 miles left. Cars were passing us and offering encouragement that the finish was close. Finally, we passed some people sitting along the road and one of them called out to us, "Only two more curves and then the finish line." It was amazing how folks along the ride called out and cheered us along.

We rounded those two curves and there was the finish line. We pedaled between the orange cones and up the hill. We saw our friend Pete with his camera ready to take our picture as our finish time was recorded on the clock. We crossed the finish line

and pedaled a short distance. I heard Joe say, "Clip out." Would I be able to unclip and get off the bike without help? (I had seen many riders who couldn't when Joe did the ride on his single in 1995.) I unclipped, swung my leg over the bike and I got off the bike without any difficulty or help. My legs did not hurt and I felt good! I cannot describe the feeling I experienced as I looked down from the top of Mt. Mitchell knowing that I had met such a tough challenge.

It is four days after the ride as I write this report. I still cannot believe that I did such a tough 100-mile ride and felt so good. I am sure the answer lies in the fact that I have a wonderful captain. His prior experience riding Mt. Mitchell helped him determine the plan we needed to finish the ride. I really believe that drinking lots of liquid, eating small amounts often, taking plenty of short breaks and good training prior to the ride paid off. The most important thing I learned is what Joe had told me for months--the Assault Ride is a "head" game. I guess it is expressed best by the t-shirt we saw at the Mt. Mitchell restaurant following the ride. It was really for mountain climbers but I think it applies to bicyclists as well. It read "Mind Over Mountain."

Carolyn Stafford  
Dallastown, PA

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## RE: Status report from the road

Ed note: Monday, July 28, Dina and Gene Stucker, member number 6707, departed for a ten month bike tour. The motivation for the trip and the timing is that they sold their home and are therefore homeless until their renter departs from their retirement house. They are initially headed to England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland and probably southern France. When it gets cold they intend to go to New Zealand and return to the US about the first of June, 1998

It has now been over a week since we landed in England and if I find a phone to send this and if everything works you will be reading this first report from the road. At the moment we are dry and about to have some lunch at the home of old friends, Dave and Margaret Lawrence in Brockenhurst.

At 2 PM on Monday, 28 July, Ruth McMillian picked us up and we were on our way. After putting the Ford into the storage shed with a full tank of gasoline into which stabilizer had been added and disconnecting the battery, proceeding to the airport and catching an uneventful flight (poor food, little sleep, standard) we arrived at Gatwick about on time Tuesday morning.

We had arranged for a B&B in Horley to allow us the time and area to reassemble the bike and trailer. As soon as we called our host came quickly, took us to his place and we were here. A couple of naps, a couple of hours of puttering, a great Indian meal and a good night's sleep and we were off.

Follow me on this as a start:





- It is well known that tandems climb hills with more difficulty than single bikes.
- It is also generally recognized that recumbents climb with somewhat more difficulty than traditional bikes.
- Most of us don't need a physicist to accept that pulling a 125# trailer with your bike would tend to slow hill climbing.
- The area between Horley and Goldalming is very hilly.
- Jet lag doesn't help.
- Old folks who have had other priorities in May, June and July that have not allowed much cycling should not expect to be in top condition for hill climbing at the end of July.

Probably by now many of you have guessed that our decision to bike on Wednesday from Horley to Godalming (the home of the Cycle Tourist Club of England), although only 34 miles, impressed us as taxing. Once there we couldn't find the CTC until after they closed but did get the last room at the next door hotel and after a good pub meal with a couple of pints of bitter and a good night's sleep we were again ready for the road.

The people at CTC were a delight on Thursday morning. From Godalming we proceeded to Midhurst for a somewhat shorter day, Friday was Midhurst to Rowland's Castle. Saturday morning we stopped in Havant to see if it might be possible to get a B&B on the Isle of Wight because we had been told this was the worst possible week of the year for accommodations, Cowes week. (This is a very big sailing event from Cowes, the main city of the Isle.) Tourist Info in Havant found us B&B's for both that night and for Sunday so we proceeded to bike through Portsmouth to the ferry and to the Bridge House, a charming B&B in Wootten.

Sunday found us biking across the Isle to Brighstone and to The Lodge, another lovely B&B. Each day our practice had been the same. Stop at interesting sights along the road, into a B&B, shower and walk to the best local pub for a meal and a couple of pints and then to bed. It works well.

Monday morning was different. We biked to Yarmouth, the western ferry port on the Isle, checked out the castle and took the ferry to

Lymington. From Lymington we stopped at Beaulieu and checked on the auto museum and then continued to the hospitality of Peter and Connie Moore, old Exxon friends. Peter and Connie live in Dibben Perlieu where we spent two nights. Another Exxon associate, Don Williams, stopped by both to say, "Hello", and to allow us to view his Buggatti that he had recently completed. Tuesday evening Dave and Margaret joined us for a wonderful dinner, this time not in a pub but in an Italian restaurant.

This morning, in an increasing rain, we left Peter and Connie to bike the 10-12 miles to Brockenhurst and Dave and Margeret's home where we will spend a day or two. It was nice that this was such a short day. We are trying to contact Charles Willard Moore, a high school chum retired to a small town about 75 miles west of here. We have his address and phone number and if contact can be established that is where we intend to head. Things are going smashingly, to use an English expression.

Gene and Dina Stucker  
European Travelers

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# GEARING GUIDELINES

The table below gives the percent decrease in gear ratio when shifting the rear derailleur ("down") from one sprocket to the next larger sprocket. For example, with the chain on a 52-tooth front chainwheel and a 15 tooth rear sprocket, the gear ratio is 52/15 or 3.47; shifting to an 18-tooth rear sprocket gives a gear ratio of 52/18 or 2.89, so the decrease in gear ratio is 3.47 - 2.89 or 0.58. Dividing this decrease by the initial ratio of 3.47 gives 0.167, and multiplying this by 100 gives 16.7%, which is the entry found in the table in row beginning with 15 (for the number of sprocket teeth "T") under the column with the heading T+3 (from shifting "down" to an 18-tooth sprocket, which has 3 more teeth). Shifts resulting in more than 25% decrease in gear ratio, or requiring a rear sprocket with more than 34 teeth are not represented in the table, but can be calculated using the formula  $D\% = N \cdot 100 / (T + N)$ , where 'D' is the percent decrease in gear ratio when shifting ("down") from a sprocket with 'T' teeth to the next larger sprocket with 'N' more teeth.

T	T+1	T+2	T+3	T+4	T+5
11	8.3	15.4	21.4		
12	7.7	14.3	20.0	25.0	
13	7.1	6.7	12.5	23.5	
14	6.7	12.5	17.6	22.2	
15	6.3	11.8	16.7	21.1	25.0
16	5.9	11.1	15.8	20.0	23.8
17	5.6	10.5	15.0	19.0	22.7
18	5.3	10.0	14.3	18.2	21.7

T	T+2	T+3	T+4	T+5	T+6	T+7
19	9.5	13.6	17.4	20.8	24.0	
20	9.1	13.0	16.7	20.0	23.1	
21	8.7	12.5	16.0	19.2	22.2	25.0
22	8.3	12.0	15.4	18.5	21.4	24.1
23	8.0	11.5	14.8	17.9	20.7	23.3
24	7.7	11.1	14.3	17.2	20.0	22.6

T	T+3	T+4	T+5	T+6	T+7	T+8
25	10.7	13.8	16.7	19.4	21.9	24.2
26	10.3	13.3	16.1	18.8	21.2	23.5
27	10.0	12.9	15.6	18.2	20.6	
28	9.7	12.5	15.2	17.6		

The purpose of this table is to assist in the selection of sprockets by the riders or builders assembling their own free-wheels or freehubs, and to help others to evaluate the sprockets selected by the manufacturers and distributors. As a rough guide, racers keep gear ratio decreases as low as the terrain will permit, usually under 12% for road racers, and under 15% for off-roaders. Tourists commonly use ratios with decreases of 12% to 20%; commuters and recreational riders are often happy with ratio decreases of 15% and up. For more information, see a bicycle professional who has experience with your type of riding; or refer to the many books available on the subject, for example, "Upgrading Your Bike", by Frank Berto.

Cornel Ormsby  
West Sacramento, CA

## BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE

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

Issues still available:

- July-August, 1997
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- January-February, 1997

- November-December, 1996
- September-October, 1996
- July-August, 1996
- May-June, 1996
- March-April, 1996





# TANDEM CALENDAR 1997 - 1998

August 29 - September 1, 1997

**Midwest Tandem Rally** Dublin (Columbus), OH. SASE to MTR 97 c/o Donna Boutilier, 10566 Stablehand Dr, Cincinnati, OH 45242. 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 dboutilier@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](mailto: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 6, 1997. **Colorado Tandem Club - Kurt's Ride.** Thornton, Co. a loop out to the Mogul-Bismark and back. The ride is 35-40 miles. For more details call Kurt or Jan (303) 457-0699

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 [pte@europa.com](mailto:pte@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 13, 1997. **Paul's September Ride - Colorado Tandem Club.** Broomfield Park 'n Ride, Colorado. 8 am for a 55 mile loop. Call Paul for the details (303) 678-7961

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](mailto: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 14, 1997. **Heart of Dixie Tandems September Ride.** Birmingham, Alabama 8:30 am, 35 & 50 miles. Join us for lunch at a local

restaurant after the ride. For more fun, come to Birmingham Saturday and ride the Birmingham Bike Club Century and join us for dinner Saturday evening. Ride departs from Springville high school. Contact Jack or Susan Goertz, 2220 Vanessa Dr, Birmingham, AL, (205) 991-7766, e-mail [goertz@mindspring.com](mailto:goertz@mindspring.com)

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](mailto: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

September 27, 1997. **Colorado Tandem Club - Carlos' Ride.** Lakewood CO. 8 am. Enjoy the foothills. Leave from Lakewood and travel through Golden, up the lariat, over Lookout Mt., up to Evergreen, down Bear Creek Canyon, and back. Phone Carlos or Linda (303) 986-2103

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 Tandeming 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) Chill Pumpkin Patch Ride.** Barrington, IL area. Tom & Sherry Masters (847) 358-7797

October 26, 1997. **The Greater Rochester (NY) Eating and Tandeming 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.

December 7, 1997. **RATS (Richmond, VA Area Tandem Society) Ride.** Ride with John and Joyce Knox, distance based on temperature, and return for a wine/cheese/snack get-together.

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 Curch Street, Fairhope, AL 36532. (334-990-2551 (before 9pm CST) jrhodgkins@aol.com

May 22-25, 1998. **Northwest Tandem Rally '98.** Spokane, WA. "Rollin' on the River" Four days of wonderful riding, food and companionship. SASE 1998 Northwest Tandem Rally, 106 W 24th Ave, Spokane, WA 99203 (509) 747-4352 or www.eia.com/~bmurphy/sbc/nwtr.htm

June 12-14, 1998. **Prairie State Tandem Rally.** Rockford, Illinois. "Riding with the Raptors", 20 - 70 mile rides. Host hotel is the Clock Tower Resort in Rockford, IL \$75.00 per team includes banquet, lunch, breakfast, snacks, sag, route markings and entertainment. SASE to Jean & Fred Kennerly, 1619 Arden Ave, Rockford, IL 61107; (815) 398-6861

August 7-9, 1998. **Eastern Tandem Rally 1998.** Fitchburg, MA. Again this year ETR will be hotel based.

August 14-17, 1998. **GEAR** Wellsley, MA

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





## CLASSIFIEDS

**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](mailto: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](mailto: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 Tinker for our travels. Contact Bill Davidson for complete equipment list or questions. \$3100 OBO. [Billmarge@aol.com](mailto: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](mailto: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](mailto: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 [bluerocket@gulf.net](mailto:bluerocket@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](mailto: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

### TANDEM RACES



September 7, 1997 Race for the Rock Criterium. Plymouth, MA. Massachusetts Bay Road Club hosts this great event with and 18 mile tandem loop. USCF rules apply. Paul Miller and Pam Fernandes, Boston, MA (617)-585-4357 before 9:30 pm edt. [pamiller@lynx.dac.neu.edu](mailto:pamiller@lynx.dac.neu.edu)

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](mailto:tca_of_a@mindspring.com)

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





## 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 \_\_\_\_\_

Daytime Telephone (optional) \_\_\_\_\_

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.

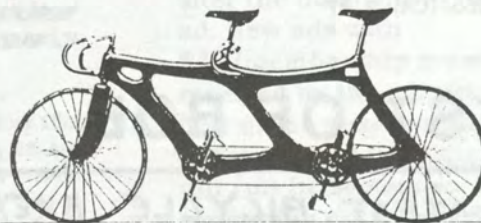
Ship to: Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_

State: \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_ Country \_\_\_\_\_

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



(logo shown approximately full size)

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





**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@infomag.com](mailto:jdiegel@infomag.com) (AZ) 9/97

**FOR SALE:** 1972 Schwinn Paramount tandem, 22x22, yellow, bar-end shifters, 18 speed, suntour triple crank, converted to cross-over drive, campy front, Suntour rear derailleur, new 48h rear wheel, SM rear self-energizing brake. \$600 obo. Ray 916-652-4087 or [raybike@psyber.com](mailto:raybike@psyber.com) 11/97

**FOR SALE:** Rans Screamer, pearl white, HED aero wheels, Conti tires, Shimano XT 'V' brakes, XT rear derailleur, XTR-Ti cogs, speedplay frogs, ZZipper fairing, 4 months old. \$3,500 + shipping Roy 423-652-1322 11/97

**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](mailto: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 your doorstep. Call Rick @ (414)-291-6784 (days only, please) or e-mail to [rbaldau@execpc.com](mailto:rbaldau@execpc.com) 9/97

**FOR SALE:** 1996 Yakima tandem carrier (fits Yakima and Thule racks) \$110 obo. also 1989 Yakima racks for Taurus/Sable, usable as is or good for parts. make an offer Andy Scott (404) 240-4289 eastern 11/97

**FOR SALE:** Shimano chainring set 110/74, 32-44-54 hardly used, \$45; Diacompe 7N "Power Control" mtb brake levers, \$20; Generic Trek seatpost 27.2x280mm, scuffs from seatpack, mech. sound, \$15; Weyless wool jersey, short-sleeve, green, small \$10; Giordana Sport wool blend jersey, short-sleeve, med blue w/red, yellow, black stripe, small \$10; Sergal wool jersey, short-sleeve, yellow w/navy stripe, small, some stains \$5;

Blackbottoms 60/40 wool/poly tights, real leather chamois, very good condition, size M 29" inseam \$10 (203) 264-7963 before 8:30 pm edt 11/97

**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)-601-0387 (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](mailto: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

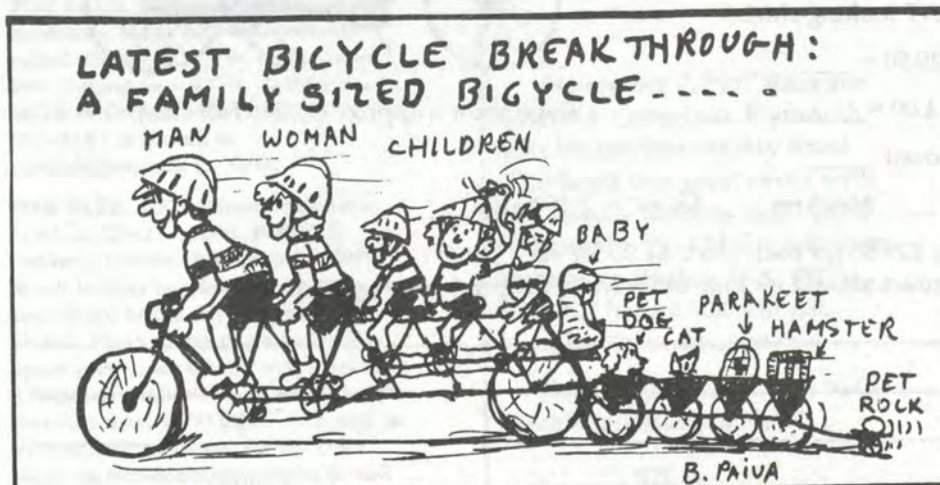
**HELP OFFERED:** Touring Italy? Need news or tips about cycling in Italy? Contact Paolo Sanvito, V. Europa 4, 20057 Veduggio Al Lambro, Italy

**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.

## BEST OF BOB







## TCA DEALER MEMBERS

### Tandem Dealers

**TANDEMS, 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

**TANDEMS 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

**TOTALLY TANDEMS!** Your one-call source for the best tandem parts, precision-built wheels, hard-to-find parts, expert advice. FREE CATALOG! 1-800-255-0576 or tandems@netins.net. **TOTALLY TANDEMS, INC.**, P.O. Box 1661, Marshalltown, IA 50158-7661. 05/98 (11324)

**GEAR-TO-GO-TANDEMS.** 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)

**SMOOTHER BIKES.** Custom framesets (tandems & half bikes) and stems of fillet-brazed steel. Complete repaint service. John Hodgkins, 356 S Church St., Fairhope, AL 36532 (334)-990-2551. E-mail: jrhodgkins@aol.com (5/98)

**PRECISION TANDEMS** Santana, Co-Motion, Roland, Adams, Triples, quads, child conversions, and trailer bikes. Large selection. Parts, accessories, rentals, sales, and service. Demo rides by appointment. Lawrence, KS (913)-691-5911 E-mail: tandem-doctor@juno.com 5/98

### Other Dealer Members

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

**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 8, Provence Aug 9-22. Call or e-mail for details. (206)-524-7731 <http://www.ecycletoours.com> 11/97

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

**BYCUE** Cue Sheet holder. Easily clips on/off handlebar. \$8.95. Tie-Dyed Rainbow Swirl tee. 3 rear pockets. 100% pre-shrunk cotton. \$24. S-XXL. Visa/MC. (800)-522-2640 or BYCUE,

Box 14152, Silver Spring, MD 20911-4152 tdmbear@fred.net 1/98

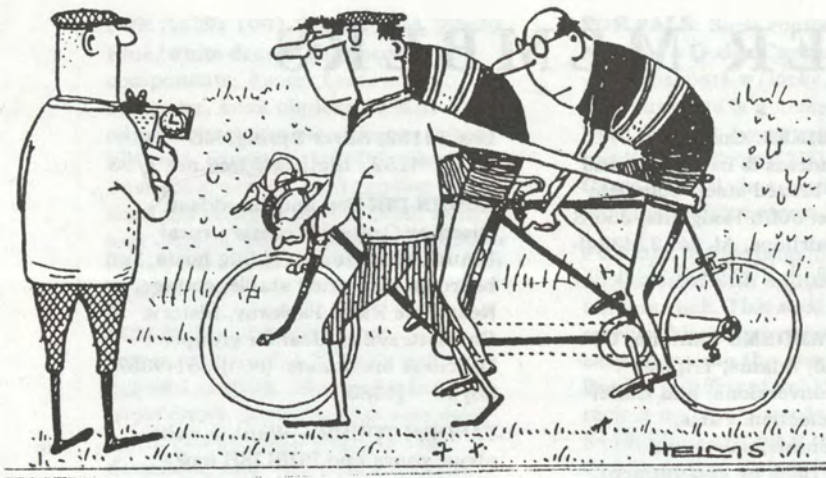
**ACORN INN** Bed and Breakfast: Discover Central Virginia's rural beauty with tandem-riding hosts. Ten bedroom renovated stable; cottage. Near Blue Ridge Parkway, historic Charlottesville. Ideal for groups. Delicious breakfasts. (804)-361-9357. 05/98 (4985)

**TANDEM TOURS** -- Want to write about yours and PUBLISH too? Sharing our successful Book Proposal for \$19.95 + \$1.55 for CA residents. **Odyssey House**, 549 E. Saginaw, Fresno, CA 93704-4125 or ph: (209)-226-1801. e-mail: tandem2@ix.netcom.com. URL: <http://www.netcom.com/~tandems>. 7/98

### 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.





**Dues**

United States \$15.00/yr  
 Canada 20.00/yr  
 Other International \$25.00/yr  
 All dues are quoted (and must be paid) in US Dollars  
 2 and 3 year memberships are encouraged

**Membership**

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

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

**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: \_\_\_\_\_

Color: \_\_\_\_\_ Style: \_\_\_\_\_

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



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### *Membership*

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

## *Tandem Club of America*

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306 West Union Street  
Morganton, NC 28655-3729

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