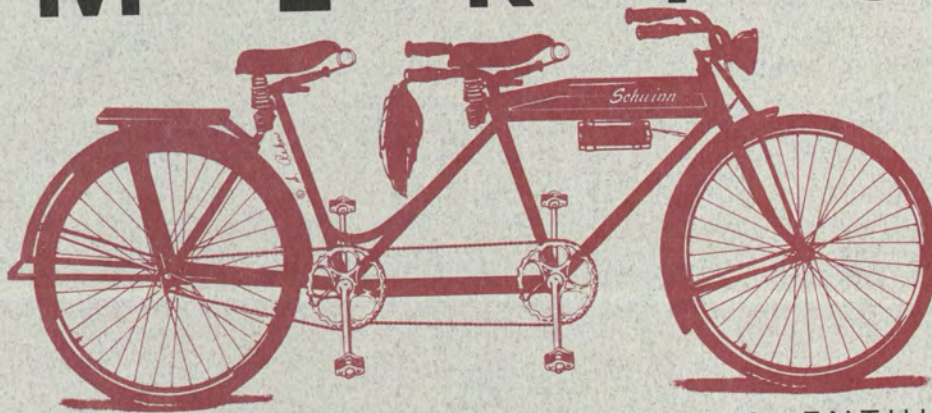


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"AN INTERNATIONAL CLUB FOR TANDEM ENTHUSIASTS"

DOUBLETALK



NOVEMBER - DECEMBER
1997

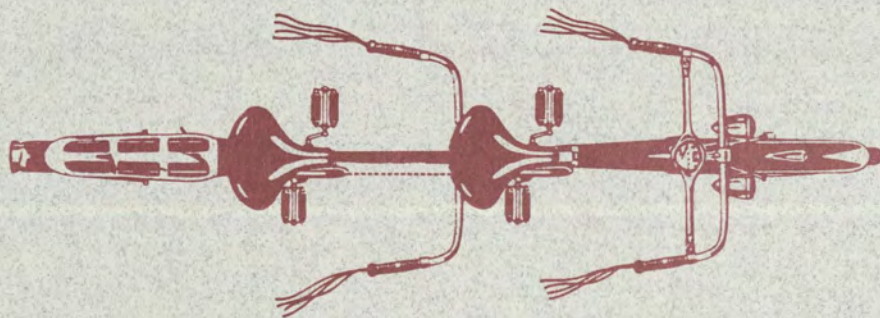
DoubleTalk
the newsletter of the Tandem Club of America
Jack & Susan Goertz, Editors
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DOUBLE TALK

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<i>Editors:</i>	Jack & Susan Goertz , 2220 Vanessa Drive, Birmingham, AL 35242-4430	(205)-991-7766
<i>Secretary:</i>	Terri & Bob Gorman , P.O. Box 2176, Los Gatos, CA 95031	(408)-356-7443
<i>Membership:</i>	Bruce & Judi Bachelder , 306 W Union St, Morganton, NC 28655-3729	(704)-437-1068
<i>Treasurers:</i>	Bob & Linda Harvey , 16 Clinton Street, Salem, NH 03079	(603)-898-5285
<i>Merchandise:</i>	Stan & Marilyn Smith , 4100 Del Monte Place, Albany, OR 97321-6209	(541)-926-6415
<i>Graphic Designer:</i>	Steve Reker , 1636 Christy Court, St. Charles, MO 63303	(314)-928-7109

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Since 1976



DEADLINE FOR THE JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1998 ISSUE OF DOUBLETALK IS DECEMBER 1, 1997

FROM THE EDITORS:

It's the end of another year for the Tandem Club of America. In most ways, it's been a very good year. Membership remained steady, and while we've lost some members, we've gained others. We really hate to lose long-time members, but we always welcome new members. And we encourage all members to become contributors to DoubleTalk. Remember, the TCA is a club that depends on its membership for articles and events. If you don't contribute, who will?

With this issue, we welcome Bill and Billie Routh as keepers of the Hospitality Homes list. Bill and his wife Billie are a great couple who live in North Carolina, and who are very enthusiastic about tandem cycling, and who are eager to contribute more to the Tandem Club. Bill and Billie have been tandemists for years, and they have toured many miles on their tandem. They've also been to a number of tandem rallies, so perhaps you've met them. The TCA Hospitality Homes program is one of the many programs that sets us apart from other tandem organizations. To learn more about the TCA's Hospitality Homes program, or to volunteer, contact Bill & Billie Routh, 2510 Lake Shore Drive, Greensboro, NC 27407-5016 or via e-mail at routh@mypobox.com.

Are you looking for just that right Christmas gift for your tandem-riding friends (or for a suggestion for a gift that you would like for yourself?) We encourage you to think of the Tandem Club Merchandise or perhaps a Tandem Club membership. Just in time for Christmas, our shirts are reduced in price (limited to current stock only). These new lower prices are listed on the TCA Merchandise order form, printed elsewhere in this issue of DoubleTalk. A TCA patch or TCA Memberships (or membership extensions) make a nice gift, too, for a tandem couple who may not have heard about the TCA, or who is not getting DoubleTalk. Joining before December 1, 1997 will insure the membership will start with the January-February issue, and that any new member

information will be included in the next Membership Issue.

Speaking of the Membership Issue, it's now time to check your own information. We compile the listing from the Membership Database that we use to print the labels. Look at the label on the front and see if it is correct. While you're looking, note how many issues you have left. If it's 1 or 0, consider renewing now. The TCA accepts renewals for up to 3 years. And our rates are still the same as they were 3 years ago, only \$15/year for US memberships, \$20/year for Mexican & Canadian, and \$25/year for other non-US memberships. Everyone who receives the January-February, 1998, issue of DoubleTalk will receive the Annual Membership List.

Several new tandem clubs have started this year. We always like to list the local club information, so please, if you belong to a local or regional tandem club in addition to the Tandem Club of America, let us know the name of the club, the chief contact's name(s), and the mailing address where someone can be reached. We want to list all clubs, all over the US, and with the correct information. It's no fun to have a wrong address listed. You can send these updates to the editors (see below for address).

A year ago or so the Tandem Club began offering DoubleTalk on tape for those members who are visually impaired. We couldn't have offered this no-cost benefit without the efforts of Cathy Chang and Glen Phillips, of San Mateo, CA. Cathy and Glen volunteered their time to read DoubleTalk and make the master recordings, and to label and mail all the tapes. With the help of Donna Hardy of Lakeland, FL, they researched what was required, who could duplicate the tapes, and how to read to a tape recorder. From all of us in the TCA, THANK YOU, Glen, Cathy, Donna, and anyone else who helped with this effort.

We're looking forward to another great year of tandem cycling as we bid this year farewell. We hope your holiday season is merry, and that you have a joyous New Year. We'll see you in 1998!



LETTERS TO DOUBLETALK

Dear DoubleTalk,

My first issue of Doubletalk arrived today. I have enjoyed perusing it.

I look forward to more copies, and sharing experiences/info with the group.

Thanks,
Rann Millar

Dear DoubleTalk,

I wanted to share the story behind my 1970's Motobecane. Andy Dyson of Bilenky used to own it. He donated it to Richard Mayberry and Drag'N'Fly Tandems, an organization in Lansdale, Pennsylvania that provides tandems and captains for blind stokers. The frame, "Jubilee," was modified from a men's/mixte to men's/men's by Dyson / Bilenky upon request of Mayberry / Drag'N' Fly. Mayberry and I donated parts and labor to turn the frame into a working bike again. The bike is currently on loan to me and my ace stoker, Pam McGougle. Pam is a medal winning blind runner (Gold in the 3,000 in Barcelona Paralympics) who has recently taken bicycle racing by storm.

John Stevens
Southeastern, PA

Dear Double Talk,

We would like to express our thanks and appreciation to George and Linda Wells and to Alice and Bob Sawyer for two wonderful tandem rallies this summer of '97.

The Wells and their committee put on an outstanding Eastern Tandem Rally in Basking Ridge, New Jersey. We stayed at the elegant AT&T Learning Center which had marvelous food. The picnic on Saturday with a large window of time, allowed riders to enjoy lunch. The rides that left from the Learning Center were well marked and the cue sheets accurate. We are most pleased with the colorful and good quality ride jersey for which we

have received many compliments from members of our club.

The Sawyers and their group staged a grand weekend called NEAT (NorthEast Area Tandem) in Avon, Connecticut where the participants stayed at the beautiful Avon Old Farms Hotel.

The cue sheets were well done and the rides were beautiful. Meals were especially delicious and beautifully served.

Both of these rallies were well organized and this showed from the smoothness of check-in to the farewell on Sunday.

We had a great time at both events; our thanks to all those people who put so much time and effort into making the rallies enjoyable and so much fun!

Sincerely,
Lee and Gail Forker



* ☆ † ✂ ☆ ☆ ☆

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Dear DoubleTalk,

We will be riding Adventure Cycling's Northern Tier route from Anacortes, Washington to Bar Harbor, Maine departing late May - early June 1998. We'd like to hear from anyone who has done this tour. We'd enjoy stopping at Host Homes along the way if you folks could let us know if you have tent space.

Penny Fairfield
Wayne Kocker
2576 E Nye Lane
Carson City, NV 89706

editor's note: The 1998 TCA membership list will identify all TCA Hospitality Homes. If you'd like to volunteer as a Hospitality Home, please contact Bill & Billie Routh using the form in the back of this issue.

Dear DoubleTalk,

Heh! That's our Jack Taylor triplet inside the back cover of the September/October issue of DoubleTalk. It was set up like that for the Des Moines (Iowa) Mid-West Tandem Rally. Amy had ridden several previous rallies in her kid seat in the middle of the triplet. By adding a kid seat on the back for Alan, the entire family still fit on one

CLUB NOTES

New Jersey Tandemists Unite

New Jersey's first tandem club is being started and we want you to join. Send a SASE to Joe Rutch 231 Brookside Avenue, Laurence Harbor, NJ 08879 for additional information.

Team Northwest Tandemonium

We noticed that Team Northwest Tandemonium (of Portland, Oregon) now has a pair of otters astride the tandems in their newsletter. It looks like the animal theme is moving west.

New Contact for the PIGS

John & Carolyn Haase, 1627 Apache Drive, Solon, Iowa, 52333-9474, (319) 644-1387, e-mail JorCHaase@aol.com

bicycle. (One parent is missing from the picture; the person to the right of the bike is not part of our family.)

Richard, Lizzy, Amy & Emily
Engelbrecht-Wiggans

Dear Doubletalk:

We would like to thank everyone who helped out with the TCA booth at the Midwest Tandem Rally in Dublin, OH this year. We arrived with four couples, including us, signed up to help and, before the end of the first day, we had commitments from teams for the remaining time slots. Those offering their time so generously were Bill and Billie Routh, Walt and Nancy Martin, Rodney and Verna Moseman, Valerie and Dave Northcutt, Cathy Hyatt and Alex Sallwey, Alan & Harriet Josephson, Robert and Chris Gilchrist, Dennis and Lyndsey Morris, Jim and Penny Speck (who worked two hours), and Bob and Willa Friedman. We certainly could not have managed this booth on our own and we do appreciate each and every team who pitched in.

We're sorry we didn't have the polo shirts actually available to purchase. They were held up by the UPS strike, though they had been in the pipeline since the Friday before the strike. However, they did arrive in good shape Tuesday after Labor Day, and I mailed them out the next day. We sold a total of 10 shirts and 7 patches. We also signed up 14 new member teams, renewed 19 memberships (one of those for 2 years and one for 3), and made two address changes.

This was our second experience with the TCA booth, the first being STR96 in Sebring, FL. Those of you who haven't had the experience might like to try it at the next MTR in Omaha. We enjoyed meeting all the folks who are familiar on paper (at least to us) and welcome all those who joined for the first time. Doing the membership is a fun addition to our tandem life, maybe not as much fun as riding, but lots of fun nonetheless. Again, thanks to everyone who helped!

Judi and Bruce Bachelder
TCA Membership
Morganton, NC



Dear DoubleTalk,

ETR '97 = Excellent Tandem Rally. In every aspect, the 1997 Eastern Tandem Rally, held in Basking Ridge, New Jersey, rates an A+. Everything about this rally was handled in a superb manner, from requesting information to saying goodbye at the end of a terrific weekend.

We were very impressed with the organization for this rally. Information was readily accessible, both before and during the rally. The volunteers made our weekend special. The location was outstanding. Now we know why New Jersey is called the Garden State. What a beautiful place to ride. We rode four different routes, and each took us past beautiful scenery over tree covered, lightly traveled roads. We even enjoyed the challenges presented by some of the hills, especially "Jacob's Ladder." Saturday's picnic was a biker's delight, and the host site, the AT&T Learning Center, provided delightful, upscale accommodations and delicious food.

Thank you Linda and George Wells and all of your committee chairs and members who provided us with such a memorable weekend. We have saved our cue sheets and hope to ride in the area again!

Kate and John Gibson
Darnestown, MD

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:

September-October, 1997
July-August, 1997
May-June, 1997
March-April, 1997
January-February, 1997
November-December, 1996

Dear DoubleTalk,

For the first 6 months of the year, I had been plagued with faulty shifting on my tandem, equipped with Campy Ergo and a 7 speed freewheel. The symptom was a skip in the #6 cog. Shortening the chain didn't work and neither did changing the angle screw. All this seemed to coincide with the replacement of the freewheel.

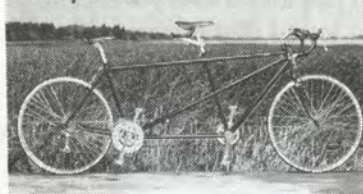
Finally, in June, the shifter stopped clicking. My bike shop knew Shimano but not Campy, but gave me the number of their technical support. They diagnosed a broken spring in the right shifter, and assured me it was user-serviceable. I ordered the parts (\$5.45 wholesale), and replaced the spring carrier and the springs. For good measure, I also replaced the freewheel.

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Rich Wolf
Atlanta, GA



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BACKYARD BIKE TOURS

TANDEMING IN BUCKS COUNTY PENNSYLVANIA

When we acquired our first Tandem last year, the first few months were spent learning how to ride it. Although Len had recently gotten back into cycling after a fifteen year layoff, Marion, having never ridden a bike before, and being quite afraid of it, took to it cautiously and slowly.

Within a short period of time, it became apparent to us that we had entirely different agendas. Len had dreams of taking the Tandem to the Loire Valley in France where we had toured before by car, and spending vacations with the Tandem fully packed, riding from town to town, enjoying the beautiful countryside. Marion on the other hand preferred just poking around and sightseeing with short rides on the North Shore of Long Island, limiting rides to less than twenty miles, with the emphasis on riding less and stopping at beaches and restaurants. Len's desire was to go on Tandem vacations, and Marion's was to vacation and just use the Tandem as an activity. What started out as the quest for a glorious "couple activity" for two people in their 50's with kids grown and out of the house, was starting to resemble a nightmare, with no one the happier for it. We actually talked about selling the Tandem, deciding that it would be better if Len were to pursue his biking activity on one of his single bikes.

One day at the beginning of the summer, out of a clear blue sky, Marion suggested that we take the Tandem to New Hope, Pennsylvania, a place near where Len once lived, located in Bucks County. This is a beautiful picturesque and historic area, located on the Delaware River, seven miles north of where George Washington made his historic crossing on Christmas night, 1776.

Since the forecast for July 4th weekend was great, and it represented only a two hour ride from Long Island, we popped the Tandem on the car, and off we went. We spent just about every weekend of the summer there, and found that it is possible to find places close to home where the excitement of touring and riding can rival any trip involving packing up the Tandem, hopping on a plane, dealing with the hassle of packing and unpacking the

Tandem, and riding forty to one hundred miles a day. Following is the account of some of our experience and what we found Tandeming in beautiful Bucks County.

The charm of Europe within a few hours drive

One of the reasons that this area is so wonderful, is that it provides most of what many of us long for when we pack up our Tandems and head for Europe. Many people seem to have a love for the old, historic, and charming. Many of us long for the ability to travel from one quaint little village or town to another through beautiful and picturesque countryside, enjoying the view, stopping at quaint little restaurants or Inns, and marveling at the beauty of what life was like before the modern era.

Overview of the area

The area around Bucks County, PA, to the west of the Delaware River, and Mercer County, New Jersey on the east side of the Delaware, both beautiful and historic, was settled before the Revolutionary War by the Indians. In the early 1800's, a canal system was built on both sides of the river, on which barges pulled by mules walking on a parallel tow path moved goods up and down the canals. On the New Jersey side, a railroad right of way that was part of the Pennsylvania Railroad was eventually built, mostly on what was once the tow path.

At various places along the river, ferry crossings were set up, used by people traveling east-west routes. Inns and Taverns, and eventually settlements, were built at many points to house the travelers. Many of these are the sites of towns and villages which still exist, with original structures which are now Landmark buildings. Although the entire area, stretching north from Trenton to about 35 miles north, on both sides of the river have all of the beauty and charm needed to spend many a day riding, touring, and enjoying, New Hope, Pennsylvania has become the central focus and a great starting point.

New Hope, Pennsylvania is a delight for the tourist, history buff, shopper, antique enthusiast, bike rider, food lover, and photography buff. It is



also home of the Bucks County Playhouse, which when opened about 60 years ago was one of the first "Summer Stock Theaters" in the country. For many years it served as the tryout theater for Broadway shows before they actually opened on Broadway. For under \$20 you can see quite good productions of recent Broadway shows such as Chorus Line, Carousel, Oklahoma, My Fair Lady, and many others. They are small but very credible productions, and every seat in the house is great.

The Borough of New Hope was settled in 1700 on 1,000 acres that was part of a land-grant from Charles II to William Penn. The oldest building there, built in 1727 was the Ferry Inn, now known as the Logan Inn, and is where we stay on our trips out there. It is a charming Inn with about 18 rooms, recently renovated and furnished with antiques acquired over two centuries. The rates are reasonable, and the large outdoor restaurant covered with a colorful awning looks out over Canon Square, located on the main drag through town. There are many other old and interesting places to stay within the vicinity.

The town itself is a conglomeration of trendy little shops and galleries, antique shops, and wonderful eating places as well as historic sites all in original landmark buildings dating back to the Revolutionary War period. People watchers have a ball feasting on the varied groups of tourists that mostly come as day trippers to this lovely area about 40 minutes driving time from Philadelphia and 90 minutes from NYC. Local bike riding in town is best before 11:00 AM, at which time the streets are quite deserted. Considering the amount of people that frequent the area, the town is polite and safe, with the only crime of note being overtime parking. For those not staying in a local Inn or Motel, there is plenty of metered street parking, or better for those who wish to park and explore for the day, many parking lots that charge \$3 to \$5 for the day.

For those interested, the telephone number for the New Hope Borough Information Center is 215 862-5880, and Logan Inn is 215 862-2300.

On both sides of the Delaware are what the locals call River Road. These are paved State roads that parallels the river, and quite often, runs right along side of it, providing a spectacular view. River Road on the Pennsylvaniaside, which is actually Rt. 32, is much more interesting, with small towns and



villages every 5-9 miles or so. The New Jersey side is less interesting, with a beautiful view, but much fewer towns or points of interest right off River Road, Rt. 29. As a result of this, the New Jersey side is the best route for making time if distance ridden is the important factor on a given day. Along the route there are bridges that allow you to cross over the Delaware River to the Pennsylvaniaside, and back. The roads on both sides are for the most part in very good condition, and much re-paving in the past few years make some stretches superb riding surfaces. There are a large amount of cyclists around at all times, so that both tourists and locals are used to them on the roads. This means that although at some spots the roads can be narrow with small or no shoulders, cyclist are given a wide berth. This is one of the most bicycle friendly areas I have ever ridden in.

Besides having the ability to tour by road, the bike paths on both sides of the river offer an alternative to riding in traffic. The New Jersey Department of Parks has taken the old railroad right of way, between the river and the canal, and converted it to a bike and walking path. In most areas it is roughly 8 feet or so wide, and is surfaced

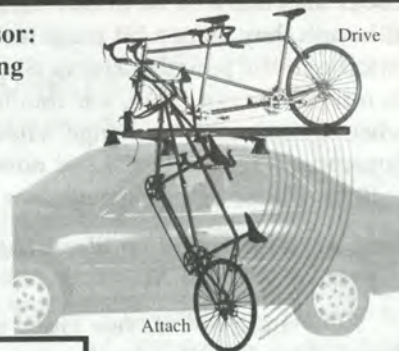


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with crushed stone, compacted into the dirt. In most places there is a strip of grass in the center defining lanes in both directions. We do not mean to make this sound like a paved bike path, since it is not. At various points there is loose gravel, dirt, twigs, etc. Let us say that it is a real off road path, but as civilized as one can get. The path starts just north of Trenton, goes north to Washington's Crossing, and up to Lambertville, which is just over the bridge from New Hope. At this point north the path is unimproved, and suitable only for single track MTB riding. About 5 or so miles north of Lambertville, by Stockton, the improved path starts again, running north through Bull Island Recreation Area, and then 9 miles north to Frenchtown, and then a bit farther up river.

On the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware, the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania has converted the tow path to a bike path too. It is basically unimproved though, and is suitable for single track MTB use, but in many areas, only for the experienced rider. The path can get quite close to the river, and in many cases the path slopes down toward the water. I would not recommend it for tandem use.

A note on tires

On the first couple of weekends that we rode in this area, we brought the '91 Burley with the standard high pressure road tires that we normally use. We found them unsuitable for use on the canal paths. We were able to find some Cross tires that were made in 27" and mounted them. Although we prefer narrow high pressure tires for road use, the Cross tires allowed us to ride on both surfaces, although they were a bit more inefficient for travels strictly on the paved surfaces. Since we have spent so much time out there, we obtained a second set of wheels. It is easier to change wheels than tires if done on a frequent basis, and now put on the wheels with the Cross tires whenever we head for this area.

Trip #1-New Hope to Washington's Crossing and back. 16 Miles

Ride south out of New Hope on Rt.32 (River Road). About 2 miles south on your right is Bowman's Hill Wildflower Preserve. This is a huge protected preserve with beautiful woods, wild flowers, trees, and streams. When you turn off to the right to enter, there is a large double swinging gate with a button next to it which automatically opens it.

After entering the gate, continue up the paved road about 1/2 mile and you will come to the State run Visitor's Center. This is a small building that offers tours, souvenirs, the sale of wild flowers, and has clean rest rooms. You can lock your Tandem to a tree or wooden fence, and walk along the various paths through the woods, down to a charming stream with an old stone bridge over it. Regardless of what time of year it is, the trees and flowers are spectacular. We have spent many full days just walking around the area. There are many places to sit and either rest, or enjoy a picnic basket lunch if you brought one.

Some of the paths through the woods are gravel, and since there are no signs forbidding it, at least that we saw, we have taken the tandem on them a few times. We have never been stopped doing this, but on the other hand there are not many people around. We are not sure if this is legal or not.

When riding away from the building to get back to the main road, make a right turn, which will take you on a road that winds through the preserve, and ends up at the same gate you entered from. Push the button and it will open again to get back to River Road. Make a right upon exiting and proceed south a bit less than a mile, and on the right you will see a sign for Bowman's Tower. Bowman's Tower is a stone, castle-like structure located on the top of a quite steep road, that overlooks the entire area, and gives a spectacular view down to the Delaware River. It was built before the Revolution, and was used to watch for British troops that might be coming up or down the river by boat. If you enjoy hill climbing on your tandem, it is a short but steep ride, and a fun downhill back to the main road. Across the road from the entrance to the road is a quite good and charming restaurant called the Forager. It is in an old house, and serves very good food in a lovely setting.

Proceeding south, a few miles down the road you will see a restaurant on the right called Cafe Marcella. This is a must stop for lunch. It is in a small house with a lovely interior decorated in period pieces, and has a lovely outdoor patio covered by an awning. We just pulled the tandem up on the patio and leaned it against the building. The food is reasonable and fantastic, and is worth a trip back at night for their really fine dinners. It has a beautiful view of the river and woods all around.



Proceeding south from here you will come to Washington's Crossing Park. The park is located right before the bridge built at the spot that Washington and his troops made the historic crossing to surprise the British on Christmas night 1776, supposedly after throwing a silver dollar across to show the troops that it was crossable. There is a beautiful museum there, with displays and artifacts documenting the entire period, along with houses and buildings restored to original condition with people dressed up in period cloths. Across from the park is the Washington Crossing Inn, which during the 1700's was a ferry stop and Inn for Travelers. It has a terrific restaurant and tavern, and serves an elegant fare, and is a favorite local spot for fine dining.

At this point we walk the tandem across the Bridge to the New Jersey side. We are now at Washington's Crossing, New Jersey. You can make your way down to the river by foot, and sit on a bench, picnic, cool you feet off in the water, or just sit and enjoy the view. At the foot of the bridge is a small but cozy restaurant, where you can enjoy a snack on the terrace, while keeping an eye on your tandem.

We had made the decision to head back to New Hope on the New Jersey side of the river. We had the option of either taking River Road (Rt. 29) north to Lambertville, a small quaint town right over the bridge from New Hope, or head north on the tow path and then cross over the bridge to PA. Since we

had the Cross tires on the Tandem, we chose the latter.

The bike path on the New Jersey side from Washington's Crossing to Lambertville is about as good as it gets without resorting to paved roads. For most of the entire 5.5 mile stretch you can see the river on the left and the canal on the right. Riders and Joggers going both ways are friendly and courteous, and there are no Roller Blader's to deal with. The ride is short and easy, and there are many little bridges that cross the canals to allow you to cross over to River Road if you wish. The path ends at Bridge Street in Lambertville, and the bridge back to New Hope is one short block to the left.

Trip # 2-New Hope to Frenchtown via Lumberville.-about 38 miles.

From New Hope head north on Rt. 32. The road north from here is beautiful and tree lined, and winds a bit back and forth at points paralleling the river, and at times jutting inland. Lumberville is about 7 miles north, and is a quaint and historic little village. Upon entering town you will see the Lumberville Store on your left. It has been in continuous operation in one form or another for over 200 years, and is also the Lumberville Post office. You can sit on one of the benches out front, and enjoy a sandwich or soda, or look through the varied souvenirs and local crafts that they sell. Just up the road on the right is the Black Bass Inn. It is a nice, but slightly pricey place for lunch or dinner, with good food and a beautiful view of the river from the dining terrace.

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About 1/2 block past the Inn on the right is a foot bridge that crosses over to the New Jersey side, into the Bull Island Recreation area. We have quite often picked up a sandwich at the Lumberville store, then walked the tandem over the bridge and had a lovely picnic lunch. From this point we will head north on the bike path, 9 miles to Frenchtown, New Jersey. If you are not equipped with cross or off road tires, you can take Rt. 29, which parallels the river and canal.

Frenchtown is another quaint little town with nice eating places and quaint shops. The Bridge Cafe is located right at the corner of Bridge Street and the Bike Path, along with a couple of other restaurants within a block or two. This is about two blocks west of Rt.29 and Bridge Street if that was your Route of choice.

To return back to New Hope you can proceed south on Rt. 29, about 17 miles to Lambertville, and then cross over the bridge to New Hope. The other option is to walk over the bridge to Uhlerstown, PA, and proceed South on Rt. 32 directly to New Hope,

passing again through Lumberville. A third option would be to head South on the bike path from Frenchtown to the Bulls Island Recreation Area, and pick up Rt.29 at that point for the final leg to Lambertville. The bike path is single track from just short of Stockton to Lambertville, making it unsuitable for a Tandem.

For those wishing a shorter ride, there is parking at the Bull Island Recreation Area. A loop from there north to Frenchtown, over to the PA side and down to Lumberville, and over the bridge back to where you started is about 20 miles.

This has been just a sampling of what is available for wonderful Tandeming. If one was to spend many weekends in the area, the multitude of routes to take and places to see would keep the experience fresh of a very long time.

Len Caplan
Marion Robbins
Jericho, NY

WHAT'S NEW FOR 1998?

*More gears ... 27- and 32-speeds!

*More dual suspension!

*More Softride road beams!

*More carbon fiber!

*Recumbent 32-speed!

*More for StoKids!

*Independent coasting!

*Geared tandem under \$600!

*S&S fittings tandem for \$2,650!

*Dual suspension for under \$4,000!

*Titanium tandem for under \$5,000!

After 13 hours of walking and viewing the hundreds of bicycle and bicycle related displays at Interbike 1997 in Anaheim, CA last September, we came up with the following of what's happening for tandems in 1998.

GEARED TANDEM FOR UNDER \$600

ATLANTIC COAST TANDEM: 18-speed, SIS index shifting, internal lateral and sloping toptube, 26-inch alloy rims, QR front wheel, a welded-to-the-seatpost stoker stem and weighing over 50 lbs. The basics, one size only for \$559. Imported by Workmans Trading Corp., N.Y.

DYNO CRESTLINE: A male/ladyback design with internal lateral. The Crestline-18 features Shimano 18-speed indexing for \$500; the Crestline-6 with a 6-speed drivetrain goes for \$50 less. Both models feature Gripshift twist shifters, 26-inch alloy wheels, spring saddles and comes in three color choices. These could be great "cruise-the-'hood" machines.

Yes, tandeming can still be fun without all the hi-tech stuff..... and it sure beats walking!



TANDEM SPECIALISTS

BURLEY DESIGN CO-OP: The folks at the Eugene, Oregon co-op did a major revamp in for '98, including adding another Softride 'beamer' tandem to their line-up, the Rumba with 700c wheels and STI dual controls. Two models are now available with the S&S coupler system; the standard,-- Rumba (sans 'beam') at \$2,650 is the least expensive coupled tandem on the market for 1998.

CO-MOTION: Another Eugene, Oregon tandem specialist, drew admirers for their eye-catching and best-selling Softride 'beamed' Cappuccino model; but folks did a double-take at the custom double-Softride offering beamed comfort for both stoker and pilot that was displayed among their more standard looking tandems. Ready for that double Cappuccino? Aside from production long-bikes, Co-Motion builds customs, triples and quads.

SANTANA: In the tandem business since 1976 they showed off 14 models including some 27-speed-steeds. But the Dual Moto full suspension mellow-yellow off roader drew the most lookers; with a base price of \$7,495 plus options, Santana founder Bill McCready hopes to put a Dual Moto in everyone's garage! Santana prices range from \$2,795 up. The line-up includes customs triples, quads and quints.

OTHER TANDEM BUILDERS

CANNONDALE: The first folks to build a heat treated aluminum tandem showed off three tandems in their huge Cannondale display area. They still offer four models, two road and two off-road machines, including the MT3000 with the Headshok Moto front suspension and Magura hydraulic stoppers. See your dealer for more info.

CURTLO CYCLES: The Newhall, CA builder offered a nice custom mountain tandem frameset for \$1645; Built with True Temper OX3 tubing with long one-piece top and lateral tubes pierced by the seat tubes.

DA VINCI DESIGNS: Features tandems with three bottom brackets to create their Independent Drive System so pilot and / or stoker can coast at will and also give you a 32-speed drivetrain! Smooth as-butter shifting! We rode one just over a year ago. You've got to try it to believe it! All their tandems feature 26-inch wheels including the skinny-tired road machines. This could be the trend for road

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wheels if rim and tire selection improves. The Symbiosis, a fully suspended offroad, was their latest model. These folks also develop and build special tandem components for their own bikes and the aftermarket. They are located in Denver, Colorado.

KHS: They expanded their Tandemania line to five models including their new road machine, the aluminum 24-speed Roma. A dual suspension offroad the FXT model, sells for just under \$4,000.

LITESPEED: The Chattanooga titanium specialists have been quietly building a few tandems (and at least one triple!) for customers with a hankering for titanium. We saw our first Litespeed tandem in 1994 at the Southwest Tandem Rally in Brenham, Texas. At Interbike they unveiled the Taliani (meaning "group of two" in Cherokee) with Ultegra components for around \$6,500. Oh yes, it weighed in at 31 lbs. Litespeed is now producing and 'obtanium' titanium tandem.

SEVEN CYCLES: Their design team built its first Ti tandem in 1988. They offer the Axiom road model and the Sola off road each model available in 12 sizes or custom if you wish. They feature a unique bent and flared rear triangle and impeccable welds. Prices start at \$4,000 for a frameset. Their factory is located in Watertown, MA.

VENTANA MOUNTAIN BIKES USA: One of the early pioneers in fully suspended mountain bike tandems showed off only one of their well-executed framesets. Designer Sherwood Gibson, a former aerospace engineer is, as usual, on the cutting edge!

CARBON FIBER TANDEM

CALFEE DESIGN: Designer Craig Calfee displayed his first carbon fiber tandem at Interbike. He has been building carbon fiber singles for ten years, including Greg Lemond's Tour de France machine, plus 18 carbon frames for his Team Z riders. His tandem frame was in the traditional male/male design with internal lateral and is super-light. Craig figures it can easily be built up into a sub-30 lbs go-like-blazes tandem. Calfee Design is located in Scott Valley, California.

COMPOSITE ARTS & SCIENCE: CAS is, to our knowledge, the only other carbon fiber tandem on the market with a very non-traditional aero-art design and they are built in Pleasant View Utah.

RECUMBENT TANDEM AT INTERBIKE

RANS: Produces two 'bent tandems: The Screamer and the Screamer IC. The IC model offers the Da Vinci independent coasting system and a selection of 32 gears. This Da Vinci system is a great application to give your recumbent tandem the ultimate in gear selection. Rans is located in Hays, Kansas.

VISION RECUMBENT: They showed two models and their upper VR85 features their proprietary Independent Pedaling System (IPS) and Magura hydraulic brakes. Price range \$3,800 to \$4,600. ATP Products, Seattle, Washington.

FOR STOKIDS

GREEN GEAR: They did not have a display booth at Interbike but we did spot one of their Family Tandem models at a suppliers booth. It's the answer if you've got both kids and adults who want to ride the stoker position. The 20-inch wheels and super-long rear seatpost setup allows low standover room for kids 4 and up (depending on their leg length), without need of a kiddie crankset.

LOVE BIKE: Remember riding your youngster sitting on the top tube of your single bike? Now what happens if your child wants to pedal? The Love Bike tandem could be the answer. The Love Bike can be ridden as a single bike and is steered from the rear seat via some super-long swept back handlebars. But it also has a smaller seat up front with crankset and optional footrests for a smaller person. Available as a Nexus 7-speed for \$1,595 or 21-speed for \$50 more. Oh yes, this is a short wheelbase machine at only 55 inches and weighs under 40 pounds.

So that's what was new at the Interbike trade show; if a tandem is in your future in 1998 this thumbnail sketch of a few may be a place to start your searqch.

Do it TWOgether!
Rudy & Kay Vanrenterghem
Tucson, AZ





VISTA LIGHT BATTERIES

Last year there was an article about Vista Lite battery replacement. I have found another solution. My battery too began to fail, The light when fully charged was quite adequate but would begin to dim after about twenty minutes and be completely gone in thirty minutes. The light I have is the six watts single headlight. This light uses lead acid batteries that are supposed to be charging when not in use.

I went to Radio Shack and bought a battery holder for four 'U' batteries. I then bought a nylon case from the camera department at Wal-Mart. This case is made for small cameras or walkmans. It also has a pocket, which is big enough to hold four extra batteries. I had to cut the wire from the original batteries then solder them to the new holder. One of our bikes has a front rack so I just tie the case down with bungee cords. On bikes without a rack I put the battery pack in a small handle bar pack.

The batteries I use are Rayovac rechargeable alkaline. The charge of these batteries last quite a long time. You can recharge them at anytime because they don't develop a memory the way Ni-Cad batteries do. We have two sets of batteries and replace the old with a nearly recharged set after three or four hours of use. We seldom ride for more than

an hour after dark so I can not say how long the charge will last with continual use. Rayovac claims the batteries can be recharged as many as twenty times before they will no longer hold a charge. I use the batteries in other devices and find them just as good as any other alkaline battery. When the charge begins to fail the power output is a long gentle slope down. The original batteries faded very quickly, which meant it was sometimes a race to get back home before the light went out. The Rayovacs recharge over night and hold their charge for months if not longer. This means I do not have to plug my battery pack in after every ride.

I put a large rubber band around the batteries and holder to keep the batteries in place. We avoid riding tough roads after dark and so far have not had a problem with the batteries coming loose.

I bought the batteries and holder originally for other applications. If I had to buy everything from scratch, it would cost as much as the Vista replacement battery. The savings will come in future replacements.

Dennis Price
Canmer, KY

THE LAST BIT

It was now August and we had a welcome rest in Munich, staying with a former work colleague of Phill's whilst we waited for two friends from England to join us. We were so relaxed that we bought another tandem!! Yep we are now a two tandem family. Chubby is a Cannondale (guess why he's called Chubby) and was available at a too-good-to-miss price. Louise also thought the color was nice too. Problem was two people riding two tandems was a little difficult. Never mind we needed an excuse for another trip to Munich. When's October Fest?

Fortunately Karen and Ian arrived before we got to enjoy too much the delights of German beer served in 1 liter steins with 1 meter long sausages to accompany it. Munich disappeared behind us,

though Phill's now expanded waistline stayed in front, as we headed north towards the Danube, Austria, the Czech Republic and a month of cycling with Karen, Ian and Stumpy.

There followed a thoroughly pleasant month, marred only by Phill's many moans ' about being ripped off. Unfortunately when tourism came to the Czech Republic so did dishonesty, especially in Prague. It was hard for us to accept as we had been exposed on and off to the practice since arriving in Jordan in February. You can't allow a few dishonest people to spoil a holiday and the Czech Republic was a very beautiful place to travel through. Pretty villages and towns, stunning scenery and cheap beer by the bucketful go along way to covering up any bad points.



Heavy flooding along the Poland and German border forced a route change on us. Because of that we discovered Meisen and a very picturesque ride along the Elbe. As luck would have it Meisen was having its annual festival. Most of the town were dressed in mediaeval costume and there was a large fair in the castle. Someone was even spit roasting (jump a few words if you are vegetarian) a rabbit which they later ate.

How things must have changed in Berlin since the wall came down. Apart from the large number of mechanical storks pecking away at rapidly rising buildings as the new capital grows, it was hard to know whether we were in what used to be East Berlin or West Berlin. In case you didn't know, East Berlin has the trams. Karen and Ian flew back to England leaving us with only five more weeks before we would be there too.

Those last five weeks were very busy, intentionally so. Our ferry to England was booked so we knew exactly how much time we had. But at this point our emotions were all mixed up. As we headed north towards Scandinavia we found ourselves having huge mood swings; sometimes happy, sometimes sad, as we tried to come to terms with what we had done.

Up to the far tip of Denmark and the weather started becoming cold. Autumn suddenly arrived and with it cold mornings and nights. Rain and wind chased us as we dashed south along the best signposted and well-maintained cycle paths and routes we had seen, back to Germany and Holland and hopefully some slightly warmer, drier weather.

We crossed into Holland expecting to find only flat fields and windmills. Bang went another preconceived stereotype. Instead we found pretty tree lined lanes and cyclepaths meandering across a beautiful and varied landscape through picturesque villages. In Middelburg we stopped to admire a stunning church in the center of the town. An elderly chap came over to talk to us. As we related our tale he told us that we should be proud of what we had done. That we had achieved something that most people only dream about. That we had courage. He told us how we should be feeling at a time when we did not know. Those words meant and still do mean so much.

Into Belgium and a visit to Brugges. After nearly three years traveling it was nice to find that we can still be 'wowed'. Brugges ranks high on the list of favorite towns, ranking alongside Prague and Passau. Did you know that Belgium brews over 600 beers? We tried hard but still only managed to try 6. Guess we'll just have to go back.

Then a final leg north along the Dutch coast to Rotterdam and our ferry home on 30 September. A night on the ferry gave us some time to sort our thoughts out, and buy some duty free wine and beer to celebrate coming home.

England and a cold windy gray day greeted us as we walked off the ferry in Hull. Family met us and an emotional reunion. It had been a long time. We had come a long way. But now we were home - nearly. A nightmare of a ride through Hull before we crossed over the number bridge and found the quieter roads to Louise's parents' house. And finally a cup of real tea!

As we look back, back along the 38 076 kms that we have cycled, back along the many other thousands of kilometers that we have traveled by ship, bus, train, car, donkey, horse and elephant we see so much that is good about the world we live in.

Through the eyes of the many people we have met we have been able to see countries in a different light. It is the people that have made this trip so worthwhile. It is the people who have spoken with us and shared their lives with us that have enabled us to break so many of the preconceived ideas that we had. It is the people that have really educated us. We have seen much, but what really sticks in our memories is not the beauty of the world we live in, but the beauty of the people with whom we share this planet.

Phill & Louise Shambrook
Bonby, Brigg, Great Britain





RIDING WITH THE TWIN CITIES TANDEM CLUB

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 Twin Cities Tandem Club (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 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 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
St Paul, MN





THE RIDE OF/FOR A LIFETIME

This is not the story of a bike ride it is the story of a journey.

In April during a visit to the doctor, my wife was told that there was a mass in her abdomen. Due to having a fine doctor she was able to get operated on within a week (during the doctors vacation). I can remember sitting in the waiting room during a beautiful day outside, being totally distracted from life by the concerns resultant from fear for my wife, fear of the possibilities. And being so focused on the operation which was being done somewhere in that hospital I can't pretend to tell specifically what I was thinking at during that dark time. After the operation the doctor told me that there had been cysts on both sides, they weren't cancerous, my Pam would be recovering in about an hour and would be weak for months, but she was going to recover and be well. I must admit that I felt no flood of relief, having been so distracted and disjointed I had had no specific, identifiable fear therefore I had no overwhelming rush of joy etc...I remember sitting in the hospital room with Pam as her consciousness came and went in waves the rest of that day feeling as if part of my mind had been shut off.

Well, she progressed about as expected; being very weak, trying to do too much too soon, feeling non-productive. I suppose that everyone recovering from major surgery has gone through all those emotions. I on the other hand found solace every day in the fact that I could awake to another day that included my wife in it.

As Pam improved I felt free to do some bike club rides in the area with Sarah, who is now big enough to ride the tandem without the kid adapter, and Bob who still uses it and Andrew who is either in the trailer or on the kid seat, depending on the arrangement of the other two. Pam on the other hand would stay home and rest or 'do too much' depending on whether any of the kids stayed home to monitor her activities.

A couple weeks ago as I was discussing where my nephew and his girlfriend could ride on their last weekend before college starts, Pam said that she felt well enough to ride. Since this would be a ride near their home, relatively flat, not too hot, and she has

been progressing fabulously I felt that it was worth a try.

As we were preparing for the ride I was not thinking of how long it had been since we had ridden together. As we were establishing the route I was not thinking of how she had 'gone under the knife' and then been restored to me. I just know that when I saw her in her biking clothes again I started to feel a lightening of the mind, and when, joy of joys, she got on the tandem and we started off I felt the onrush of relief that had been on hold since the recovery room. I felt an inexpressible joy at the prospect of a life that continues to include Pam. I know that our feelings for each other are not contingent on our ability or capability to ride (footnote: "...in sickness and in health...") but it is so nice, it seems almost unfair to have her back. I think that sub-consciously I was waiting for some indication that things were really OK. The ride at times was euphoric ... that journey was over. The journey through life is once again comfortable.

Even though we do not ride all that much, and even though Pam really is feeling better than before, this was an undeniable indication of her restored health and optimism toward life. We went on to complete a 24 mile ride which did not exhaust either of us. We picked up the kids, had a picnic, my nephew et.al. are back in college and life is GRAND - oh what joy.

Blessings on us who have a companion who is not 'along for the ride' but rather in there pedaling with us on the painful uphill as well as the exhilarating downhill.

John and Pam Cool
St Joseph, MO



NEWS ITEM

What do the 1997 MS150 Bicycle Rally and January 31, 1998 have in common? A tandem team going through wind and rain to a wedding; and you are invited to the wedding, though it won't be on a tandem.

The MS150 began in Waxahachie, Texas one fateful, hot, windy Saturday in June, and the several hundred cyclists battled an unyielding, gusting 15-25 mph headwind all day. We had about 1,500 miles on the tandem, including some challenging training rides, but nothing prepared us for this wind. During the ride, and many times since, we have heard far more experienced and stronger riders state that this was the most difficult they had experienced. At one rest stop (all of which were staffed by fantastic volunteers), a rider was heard to say, "All right, we've had the storm, where are the frogs and locusts and the rest of the plagues?"

Through it all, such humor, and encouragement of fellow riders and MS staffers, we reached Waco. Again the MS staff efficiently handled luggage, bikes, food, and many other jobs well.

Sunday morning began with overcast skies and a gentle tailwind - at last! What a welcome contrast - until the clouds began to get darker, and the thunder rolled in, bringing, you guessed it - RAIN! Sometimes gently peppering down, and for about 35-40 miles pouring, as we cautiously climbed and coasted from Waco to Lake Whitney. By lunch time everything was soaked, including the food, and away we went again. At the finish line the MS staff was scurrying about, in the rain, loading bikes, trying to protect luggage, and getting bikers on the shuttle busses back to Waxahachie.

An unforgettable experience in many ways. As stoker Pauline says about other rides since this MS150, "It's a piece of cake!" Most memorable, though, is that Pauline said that she would be my permanent tandem stoker, and we've set the wedding for Saturday, January 31, 1998, at 2 p.m., in the sanctuary of Northway Christian Church of Dallas, where we first met. We hope to see many of our biking friends there!

George Patterson & Pauline Smith
Dallas, TX

A DOUBLE CHALLENGE

In 1992, we raced the Burley Duet Tandem race in Eugene, Oregon. It proved to be an exciting and rewarding experience and opened our eyes to the exhilarating tactics of racing a "big bike". With the idea that we might race again tucked away in our thoughts, we shifted gears and began to do endurance riding on the tandem. Double centuries gave us our first taste of long days in the saddle. We must have liked the taste (!) and continued by devouring 3 brevet series in 1994, 1996 and 1997, one 500 km race in the finger lakes, New York in 1996, and 2 Boston-Montreal-Boston's (750 miles) in 1994 and 1996.

Our usual attitude has been to get the most for our miles, and we are "kinda fast" even though we're "pretty old" - so we decided to double the challenge for 1997 by combining the Burley Duet Tandem Stage

Race from July 3-6 with the Canadian Rocky, Mountain 1200 km ride from July 10 -13. "Could our middle-aged bodies compete in an 'intense 5-stage race and then ride 750 miles through the glaciers in Jasper and Banff?"

As we drove north through the state of Washington, we reflect on Part One of this saga. The race is over, and despite numerous mechanical problems with the tandem, we finished in good shape. We pushed our lungs, our quads and our wits to their limits as we competed with Cat 1, 2, & 3 racers who could be our children and big names, like Pete Pennseyres and Glenn Erickson. Burley graciously hosted the race and offered tours of their new factory in Eugene, where tandems, bicycle trailers, and children's "trail-a-bikes" are manufactured. We also enjoyed the camaraderie of



over 500 other tandems who came to Eugene for the Northwest Tandem Rally on the same dates. Everyone in the Pacific north west connected with tandems in any way came to stay in the University of Oregon dorms, in RVs or in tents on the campus lawns. We developed new friendships and fans to cheer us on in the races. We also got to renew our friendship with Mike Martin, former LBC member, who now runs Paul's Bicycle Way of Life shop in Eugene and worked on our "drivetrain" problems on the tandem.

Here's a synopsis of the five race stages and how we fared among the 40 tandems in our category:

Stage I-July 3-Mt Tom Hill Climb-10.7 miles Flat for 6.5 miles and then climbed hard to the finish (similar to climbing Furnace Hills twice!). Got 14th place with time of 34:05

Stage II-July 4-Elmira Road Race-53 miles A short, @ climb and a steady twisting climb per lap; we did 41/2 laps. Lost our timing chain 3 times, had to remove a link & "timed-Trialed" most of the race to catch up. Got 28th place with a time of 2:36:48

Stage III - July 5-Cresswell Time Trial - 12.7 miles Fairly flat out-and-back course. Took 10th place with time of 27:56 (27+mph)

Stage IV-July 5-Collins Cycle Shop Criterium Rectangular counterclockwise mile-long course on University of Oregon campus., 40 minutes - 1 lap Lost our timing chain (again!) but took 29th place. Still averaged 27 mph.

Stage V-July 6 Carlos Talbot Memorial Road Race-42 miles. Difficult climbs and downhill corners (one tandem crashed on a downhill) No major mechanical problems. Finished 15th with a time of 1:51:38

Overall, GC was 6:18:07 (first place time was 5:49:49) We finished in 21st place in a field of 40 tandems. About 5 tandems were raced by teams whose combined age totaled 90 plus. Three of them were male / male teams. We were one of the two mixed (male / female) teams that competes. So we did get recognized with a medal and stood on the 'winners' podium with Glenn Erickson & Nancy Bruce for being 'kinda fast and pretty old'.

With the intensity and urgency of tandem racing in Oregon behind us, we changed our mindsets to

long, efficient miles in the saddle(s). Part two of the challenge would hopefully proceed as follows:

Day One - Thursday July 10. We leave Kamloops, B C at 4 AM climbing gradually along the North Thompson River to Tete Jaune Cache. where we enter the Rocky Mountains with more severe climbs. After 200 miles we'll climb Yellowhead Pass (1146 meters or 3760 feet) and then descend into the ski resort of Jasper, with 270 miles for the day.

Day two - Friday July 11. Turning onto the Icefields Parkway, passing waterfalls and cascades en route to the Columbia Icefields, we'll climb Sunwapta Pass (2035 meters or 6675 feet) followed by a thrilling descent to the North Saskatchewan River. Back up over Bow Summit (2068 meters or 6783 feet) to the aquamarine waters of the Bow River that lead to Banff. A shorter day, only 179 miles!

Day Three - Saturday July 12. A 178-mile day will take us along the Kiding Horse. Columbia and Illecillewait Rivers through the Rocky Mountains, the Columbia Mountains and the Monashee Mountains., passing through the town of Golden and finally arriving in Revelstoke. We might even see



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some elk, deer, moose, bighorn sheep, mountain goats, bears and coyotes.

Day Four - Sunday July 13. The final 130 miles, after leaving the mountains, are a mixture of rolling hills and gradual descents through Sicamous and Salmon Arm on the way back to Kamloops. Our goal is to finish late morning on Sunday (about 80 hours total). The time limit for the 1200 km ride (754 miles) is 90 hours. Here's how it turned out.

Fate played a role in the second part of our challenge. We learned that Mother Nature is still a controlling factor in outdoor activities like bicycle riding. Reminiscent of our first Boston-Montreal-Boston 750 miles in 1994, the Rocky Mountain ride began in the rain... but it was fairly warm and we were raring to put in some miles (270?) despite the rain. The rivers appeared quite swollen, still high from six months of above-average rainfall and the previous night's thunderstorms. We had trouble keeping warm when we stopped at the checkpoints and particularly during a much needed stop at a restaurant in Blue River to refuel with some substantial food (eggs, hashbrowns, toast & caffeinated coffee). Things brightened a little and we made good time into Jasper by about 9:30 PM. After taking showers and some pasta and salad, we tried to get some sleep on the gym mats provided. Some riders were already snoring away, but the majority were still on the road behind us.

OK, so we were a little soggy (nothing unbearable), but day 2 would involve climbing into elevations above 6000 feet with glaciers of 12000 feet towering around us. Cold rain greeted us in Jasper at the start of day 2, and we didn't have a lot of warm clothing. As long as we kept moving to the first checkpoint, we should be all right. As we mounted the tandem at 4 a.m. some riders had just arrived and were preparing to get some sleep.

The rain was cold. We put our heads down and concentrated on pedaling in a tucked position to keep as much warmth in our bodies as possible. The temperature was probably about 40 and the rain continued. Numbness and uncontrollable shivering overtook us. Desperate thoughts entered our minds. I felt myself drifting in and out of consciousness, sort of falling asleep or daydreaming about wrapping up in a warm blanket. Neil's hands became so numb that he could barely shift or steer the tandem. The

bike began to vibrate from our shivering muscles; we were risking a crash and possible hypothermia.

Despite our misery, we averaged 20 mph and covered 75 km fairly quickly, thanks to a tailwind. Unfortunately, in our determination to keep warm and put in miles we hadn't carefully read the cue sheet and were on the wrong road! Besides being miserably cold, (dangerous on the bike) and quite disheartened, we were 45 miles off course! To retrace our steps into a severe headwind seemed impossible. We admitted defeat and were lucky to get a ride back to Jasper and Kamloops in an 18-wheeler tractor trailer towing a second trailer. Theoretically, we could go back the 45 miles to Jasper and still have time to get back on the route; however, the weather report only promised one or two more days of rain. It was snowing at the summit of the passes we would have to climb and we just couldn't seem to warm up, even in the cab. Kamloops and a motel room sounded good to pass up. We abandoned the ride, based on the weather forecast and the lack of warm dry clothing. Several others abandoned, but most of the riders completed the entire ride. Some said they'd have quit if they'd had a way back to Kamloops.

The ride had several bright spots. We saw a moose, several mule deer, two coyotes, and even got chased by an elk! Dogs weren't a concern, but I sure increased my RPM's when I saw those elk antlers getting closer and closer. And 5 hours in the truck cab gave us the opportunity to see a different perspective of navigating through the Canadian Rockies (at 65 mph!). The driver shared many interesting local stories from western Canada, and some from his trips into the U.S. He even demonstrated how to use his air horn to chase a black bear off the highway.

Physically, we were well-trained for the rigors of long climbs in the mountains, but we made some critical mistakes (taking the wrong road and not packing enough foul-weather clothes) that prevented our completion of the challenge. We've learned from our errors and have a greater respect for Mother Nature as a result.

Eileen Wieder Crone
Lititz, PA



Midwest Tandem Rally 1997

[Editors' Note: The Midwest Tandem Rally seems to grow each year. This year attendance exceeded 660 tandems. With a rally that size, different teams have different views of the rally. DoubleTalk received several letters, articles, and e-mails about MTR'97. We've taken the liberty to excerpt and combine them into one article. We hope we've kept the flavor of the rally, and passed on the views offered by the authors.]

<mp>=Mike Pechnyo <md>=Mary Davis
<as>=Al Stuhlsatz

<mp> The 1997 Midwest Tandem Rally met on Labor Day weekend in Dublin, Ohio (just north of Columbus) and was hosted by the GOATS (Greater Ohio Area Tandems). My family had spent a hectic week leading up to Labor Day. The kids started school on the Wednesday before the MTR, so we had the typical rush of shopping for school supplies, picking up bus passes, filling out the innumerable forms the schools require, and writing letters to the schools and teachers to excuse the kids for Friday, our travel day. On Thursday evening we rushed to do laundry, get most of the packing done, and get the tandem mounts onto the car top rack. Friday morning dawned, and I rushed to walk the dogs, then get our puppy (also known as the Devil Dog) to the kennel when it opened. I hurried home to put the tandems on the car (two parents plus two kids equals two tandems). We finished loading the car with all of the food required for the trip, of course, and headed to Columbus via Indianapolis.

<md> We have been tandem bicycling for over ten years. During that time, we have done dozens of ordinary day long rides sponsored by various clubs, a couple of "specialty" day long tours exclusively for tandems, been on a couple of cycling vacations (one strictly for tandems, one for anyone) and in 1995, attended our first Midwest Tandem Rally in Indianapolis. We were "blown away" by that ride--the routes were terrific, the sags were wonderful, the food was fabulous. In short it was a first-rate ride and a first-rate vacation. We definitely would give it an "A". We were so impressed, we decided to go to the 1997 ride in Dublin (Ohio). (We already had a conflict for 1996). We registered early, so that we

could get in the main hotel--a slight disappointment in Indianapolis, but nothing that mattered for our over-all enjoyment.

I guess our first inkling that "we weren't in Indianapolis" any longer came when we arrived at the Wyndham hotel--under renovation. There wasn't really a lobby anymore--just long rows of people and directions to a tiny cramped corner where they were attempting to sort out reservations. We finally got to the appropriate personnel and told them we had reservations for a king-size smoke-free room (my husband had told them we had to have a smoke-free room as I am asthmatic and was told it would be no problem). Now, we were told that such rooms did not even exist!! However, they did tell us our room was newly renovated and they thought it would be acceptable (and it was adequate).

<mp> we registered at the hotel and picked up our MTR packets. After dumping our bags in our hotel room, we changed quickly, unloaded the bikes, and started on the Ice Cream Ride. The kids had decided that on Friday, my eleven year old daughter Anne would ride with me, and Daniel, my thirteen-year old son would ride with my wife Marti. Early into the ride, I knew that the weekend was going to be challenging. It wasn't the roads, the traffic, or the terrain -- it was the road markings. We take the route instructions and maps along for emergencies, but with the kids as stokers, my wife and I depend mostly on the road markings for our directions. This year the "Dublin" theme of the rally was carried onto the road markings: shamrocks whose stem pointed to the direction of travel. Unfortunately, Friday's markings were white. Imagine trying to differentiate between a 5" diameter white shamrock painted on the road and, say, random litter as you are approaching an intersection. Making it even more challenging, I had to be virtually on top of a shamrock before I could see which way its stem pointed. Despite the markings, our ride was uneventful. Afraid of the impending darkness, after seven or eight miles we turned on our rear flashers, and backtracked to the hotel. When we got back, we parked our bikes in the outdoor bike corral and covered them with plastic. There was not enough space at the hotel for an indoor bike storage area, so



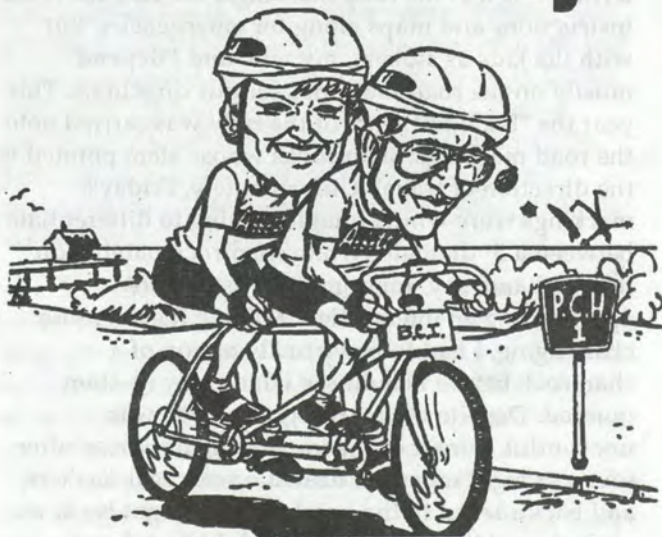
the organizers fenced off part of a parking lot for (guarded) bike parking, and ALSO arranged with the hotel to provide old sheets in each of the rooms as a "bike bed". Since our room was on the third floor, and since we have a pair of six-speed Burleys (let's see, we're only 3 system upgrades behind), we trusted our bikes to the outdoor parking. We went for ice cream at Graetners, the first shop on the route. What a WONDERFUL experience! The staff was bright and cheerful, and the ice cream was sinfully delicious. We vowed to go back.

<md> We registered, then went to the MTR room where we got our packet--much to my amazement, it was packaged in a Post Office express mail envelope--now, yes the Post Office does supply those for free, but they are for mail. I couldn't believe the MTR representatives apparently helped themselves to 650 of these at taxpayer expense! (even this bike riding tax payer was appalled). Back to the room and we started inspecting our package--the maps for each day were printed back to back on several sheets of paper--none of them told what ride they were for and they were in all different scales--if you weren't from the area, you had no idea if they were routes, enlarged insets or what and how they

fit together--arrows of different sizes overlapped and did nothing to help, so we quickly decided to pitch the maps and rely on the good old cue sheets--deciding to do the medium ride of 66 miles on Saturday, with two somewhat widely spaced sags (actually both at the same place, which was the lunch stop/sag for Saturday--we noted the long ride participants had the same "two" sags--even more widely spaced). Ah well ...

Saturday dawned beautifully--we got up, dressed and assembled for the mass start, which we don't particularly enjoy, but the promised police escort was appealing and the ride started out well--got out of town smoothly and were proceeding well--I, the stoker, noticed the cue sheets were awfully hard to follow, but since there were lots of others on the road, obviously had no problems finding our way. Mile fourteen--ka-thunk, ka-thunk, ka-thunk--hey my rear tire looks awfully low. Pump, pump, pump, pedal, pedal, ka-thunk, ka-thunk, ka-thunk--hecky durn, it's flat. Somehow, in those ten years, we have never had a flat more than a couple of miles from home--and always hauled the bike to the shop--oh well, a nice volunteer and then the two sags and we 1) now know how to fix a flat and 2) were back

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on the road again--although near the tail end and that cue sheet became more confusing. The road markings were very small, green shamrocks, that blended right into the road. We got to the sag and had a long, long line for lunch--all they were doing was handing out pre-packaged lunches, so why it took so long I do not know--lunch consisted of a very small sandwich--one slice of meat, one of cheese on a bun, one cookie, one preassigned piece of fruit (we both got out of season very green oranges), and a package of potato chips and a school size juice carton. There was a nearby table, purportedly full of apples, bananas, grapes, cookies, more snacks, etc.--there were signs there telling us so--the table was completely totally empty, with a sign they had run out and gone for more! This was the only sag for the whole day. Come on guys! We decided we'd leave and hope for better on our return.

The cue sheet and bad road markings had other plans for us. I was desperately looking for the medium ride road turn-off, but couldn't find it. Finally a passing tandem noticed my plight and told us we had missed the turn-off and were on the short ride. Since it was forty miles, we decided we'd go ahead back and continued. We got back early enough for sampling the nearby ice cream shop--boy, was it good (and popular--lines of hungry bikers). We went back and cruised the vendors--bought a tire iron--chatted with Omaha promoters, etc. and had a good time. We didn't want to do the hotel's buffet so we went to a nearby Italian restaurant and had a very good meal and returned to get ready for Sunday.

<as> Saturday is MTR jersey day and about half of the riders are wearing the beautifully designed green jerseys with shamrocks and assorted tandem animals. A mass start of six hundred sixty five tandems (666 registered minus us) plus assorted trailer tots is pretty impressive.

We decide to wait until the crowd thins out a little and then sag the route. Most of the riders at the side of the road say they have everything under control. Saturday's route was great. Smooth, lightly traveled roads, mostly flat but with enough gentle hills to be interesting. Distance options ranging from 35 to 84 miles were marked.

One couple has a flat rear tire and doesn't know how to fix it. I offer to lend one hand. Just as I get the tire seated around the new tube the real sag

shows up with a floor pump. That saved Carolyn and the other couple a lot of pumping with a mini pump, My broken collarbone and would only have allowed me to provide verbal encouragement for the pumping process. As I returned to our mini-van, I realized I had acquired a "chain mark" on my leg. Five hundred miles away from my bicycle and I still get marked.

<as> Sunday was team jersey day. Most of the riders were dressed in jerseys denoting a local club or a tandem animal group. Even though Carolyn and I weren't wearing our MULE jerseys, we were invited to stand in for the second annual MULE team photo. I received lots of compliments for designing the MULE jersey.

We decided to watch the mass start from near the sign which invited the riders to make animal sounds. The MUTS from Michigan were clearly the best animal sound makers. There were a lot of them, they made a good variety of dog sounds, and they were real loud, The small but enthusiastic group of MULES deserved second place. They were concentrated together, loud, and delightfully obnoxious. The PARROTS made good animal sounds and they were loud, but they were too spread out. There was a big herd of COWS and they were recognizable in their pretty red and white jerseys, but they sounded too contented to be much moosic. The CATS made pretty lifelike sounds and there were a lot of them, but their "meow" just doesn't come out very loud. The PIGS and GOATS were both OK. My bride of 34 years asked one of the RAPTORS what kind of sound they make. The reply: "On your left." In any contest of this kind, someone has to be last. The CRABS had some really great hats, but I still don't know what sound a CRAB makes.

<mp> Anne was riding with me on Sunday, and I had been a little apprehensive. Anne had just gotten out of a cast four weeks before (from having hairline fractures to three bones in her left foot due to a freak photography class accident), and we were planning to do the medium route with the "big guns" at the front of the pack. Counting the Ice Cream ride on Friday, Anne and I have ridden the tandem together exactly once this year. I wasn't sure how we would hold up. We made our way to the front of the parking lot, and waited for the ride to start. After some quick announcements (which you can actually

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hear when you're at the front), the ride started. The route took us past two churches, and we felt sorry for the rather frustrated parishioners trying to get to church on time. I can only imagine what their attitudes must have been when the BACK of the pack of 600+ tandems finally made it past. The organizers stationed volunteers to help direct the traffic at a couple of the more confusing splits/intersections, and we were off into the countryside. When Anne and I passed the tandem with Spinergies and aero bars, I began to feel more confident. We headed south into the cornfields, and ended up with a group of four teams: Anne and me, my sister and brother-in-law (Jim & Michele Coopers from Delaware), the Bahrets from Brownsburg, Indiana and the Goheens from Urbana, Ohio. One of the other teams set a VERY strong pace, and I was doing my best to hang onto their wheel, when the Coopers came charging around to start the paceline rotation. For several miles our four teams clicked along, until the terrain started to roll a bit. The Coopers began to feel the effect of Saturday's ride (and maybe a rich dinner?) and began to lag. One of the other teams dropped back to help them back up, and Anne and I approached an overpass with the other team. Riding up the overpass, I mentioned to

the other team that only a handful of adult teams are able to climb with either of my kids and me. To inflame a debate that regularly arises here, I think it's because the kids have a phenomenal strength-to-weight ratio that few adult stokers can match. Anne and I crested the overpass in front, and coasted until we got the group back together. We kept the paceline going until we turned west, into the wind. At that point, Jim and Michele decided to take it a bit easier, and sent the rest of us on. We rolled west to a short descent into a river valley. Anne and I were third in the group at that point, and had to slow (we like to descend in a full tuck). I decided to take it easy on the climb out of the valley, until someone called "Hey! Where's our climbers?" At that point, Anne rose to the challenge, and we crested the hill without needing to shift out of the big chainring. The Bahrets and Goheens both were seduced by an ox roast in a small town at about thirty or thirty-five miles, but Anne and I decided to press on to the lunch stop alone. We started to pass tandems from the short route (we were confident that few if any teams were ahead of us on the medium route), and knew we were getting close to lunch.

At the lunch stop, our average speed was higher than similar distance ride I did with my buddies on singles a few days ago -- a truly EPIC ride by my standards, and a real credit to my stoker. After the quick ride back to the hotel after lunch, Anne (and Cairn McNicholas) wanted to swim again (where DO they find the energy), and then we bundled off to the Columbus Zoo to look at the (other) animals before the Sunday Night Safari Feast. The pre-dinner entertainment was provided by a display of exotic animals, some of which (like the 8-foot albino python) were quite amenable to being handled by the crowd. Dinner was a reasonably well-organized buffet, with a choice of chicken breast or vegetable lasagna for the main course, and a delightful assortment of deserts. The after-dinner entertainment was provided by the avian staff (and birds) from the zoo. I don't know whether the presenter had been warned about us, but he handled the peculiarities of our crowd very well. He talked about parrots (to the cheers of the PARROTS), owls (of course, getting cheers from the OWLS), and wasn't even deterred when he described the eating habits of turkey buzzards to the cheers of Team Roadkill ("It's not just dinner, it's an attitude"). After the presentation, the organizers presented the rally

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years was the COMBINED ages of the YOUNGEST tandem team; 152 years was the COMBINED ages of the two OLDEST tandem teams; 1.5 miles was the distance ridden by the team riding the shortest distance to the rally; 481 miles was the distance ridden by the team riding the farthest to the rally (riding in 6 days).

<md> We skipped the evening at the zoo, since the banquet in Indy was our only disappointment and found a nearby historic area with a good restaurant for dinner.

Since we missed part of our Saturday ride, we decided for sure to stay and do Monday's do-it-yourself breakfast ride. Of course, given the cue sheets, it was really "do it yourself", but since much of it backtracked the previous days, we were navigating pretty good--and there were lots of stay-overs also traveling along. We arrived at the restaurant--a big "country" place and were not surprised to find it busy. After we were seated another biking family remarked to the host seating us they really seemed busy--he said they were "overwhelmed." The woman said, "Well, you knew we were coming didn't you?" He replied they didn't have a clue. Guess what? 500 extra people are coming for breakfast? Please say it isn't true--you did tell the restaurant, didn't you?

A quick ride back to the hotel and on our way home--the weather was great, the roads were nice, but this MTR was a bummer we award it a "C"--we were going to Omaha, but now we are reconsidering--is the MTR usually behind door 1 as in Indy or door 2 as in Ohio??

TANDEM RACES

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<as> Midwest Tandem Rally 98 is scheduled for Omaha, Nebraska over Labor Day week end. They have promised us even better ice cream and better riding than Dublin, Ohio - a seriously ambitious challenge! In fact, doing anything better than the MTR97 would be a challenge, Year by year, however, the MTR just keeps getting better and better and I'm confident the folks in will continue the trend. We already have our hotel reservations. Maybe next year we'll be able to ride.

<mp> If I might make some suggestions to future rally organizers: Don't try to "outdo" previous rallies. I think we've gotten to the point of diminishing returns -- the Midwest Tandem Rally is an unbelievable logistic effort without trying to accomplish even more. Simple is better when route markings are concerned. I favor the "Dan Henry's" used in Indianapolis -- small circles, with a line pointing to the direction of travel. Make sure the route directions are in the most understandable form possible. Do the neighboring area a favor, and avoid churches for at least the first twenty miles of Sunday's ride. Make the riders' names on the nameplates large enough for middle-aged eyes to read while riding past on another tandem. The only thing I could read on this year's nameplates was "MTR 1997", which makes it much tougher to "name names" in an article like this one.

Mike Pechnyo - Wilmette, IL
Mary Davis - Elkhart, IN
Al Stuhlsatz - Chesterfield, MO

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TOURING THE BRITISH ISLES

A status report from the road

[Editors' Notes: Gene & Dina Stucker left Texas in July, intending to tour the British Isles for 6 months or so. As they've pedaled, Gene has been sending updates, making us wish we were with him. We began their reports in the last issue of DoubleTalk. Join us we share more excerpts from their daily logs.]

When we last left you we were loafing at friend's homes in Southern England, eating and drinking quite well but not really doing any interesting biking, which, after all, is why we are here. We did have two great nights with the Moores and another two with the Lawrences but then it was time to move along.

Chatting with Dave and Margaret, we talked about how Dina and I had seen a lot of Southern England like Bath, Stonehenge and the Cotswalds and it was going to take several days of cycling to get through that part of the country to go North. Margaret suggested that a train that stopped right there in Brockenhurst went North and we might want to just take it and save the miles. It sounded great and we decided to catch the train for York.

We arrived in York about an hour late, about 5 PM, because of a fire in a freight train on the tracks ahead of us but the TI office was right there in the station so we got a room quickly and easily. After a struggle getting the LONG tandem and trailer into one down elevator, walking 100 feet and then into an up elevator, both being too short, we got out of the station, into traffic and to our nearby room. York was a delight with the wall around the town (which we walked the length of), the downtown castle from the 1100's, the castle museum (which turned out to be devoted not to castle stuff but to everyday living in the recent past, i.e., about 1880-1935) and the Jorvik museum (devoted to the period when the Vikings took over the area, about 800-900). We spend two nights there quite enjoyably.

Our route took us to Stokesley where there was not a TI office to help us find a room. We asked several people on the street and eventually found the police station where there was a xerox of a hand

written list of local B&B's and a town map. We picked one, rode out to see it, and found a widow who probably wouldn't have rented us a room if we had just called. When we asked about a local laundry because it was our wash day she insisted that she do our wash. It appeared that the major reason for her renting rooms was the company so we chatted quite a lot before we went to the Spread Eagle, the local pub that she suggested for our evening pints and grub.

There are changes we have noticed in England since our month of cycling in '76 (of course in 21 years we might expect some things to change. Possibly some things have changed in the US):

- 1) It now seems more expensive in England compared to America. We have averaged about 36 pounds per night for a double room with the bath down the hall for B&B which is about \$57-58. These are not fancy places. In the US we usually stay in cheap places, coupon special motels, that usually run \$25-35 and we have breakfast at something like Shoney's buffet for about \$8-10 so our total "bed and breakfast" cost runs \$35-45 and with a bathroom of our own. A good first guess now seems that prices here in pounds are about what US prices might be in dollars. In '76 things seemed cheap but I don't remember the numbers.
- 2) Pubs are really different now. In '76 a pub was a place that sold beer and sometimes some food to encourage people to drink the beer. Today a pub is a restaurant that promotes its food and sells beer to encourage people to eat there. We are told this is due to law changes like drunk driving enforcement and tax changes that makes beer much more expensive and cut consumption. An average price for a pint of beer in a pub is probably \$2.75-3.00. The pubs are still community gathering places,



however, much like before, but the atmosphere is different.

- 3) The B&B business doesn't seem to have the elastic fringe anymore. In '76 a lot of places that we stayed were simply extra bedrooms in private homes whose owners "did B&B" for us because someone at the police station, grocery or the chemists (pharmacists) called them and asked. Today that marginal B&B doesn't seem to exist. When asked, people acknowledge the difference and indicate it is due to regulations and costs of things like licenses, inspections and such.
- 4) One great advance! The toilet "tissue" made of glassine paper, much stiffer, slicker and generally less user friendly than a Sears catalogue, has essentially vanished. Dina did find some in a government building one day (figures, right?) but that is all we have seen. In '76 it seemed universal.
- 5) Back in '76 almost every town had a druggist but they called him a chemist. Today there are fewer of the shops and now they call the druggists pharmacists.

So much for current cultural observations; where are we now?

We found a room in Corbridge, site of one of the older (i.e., built about 75-80 AD) Roman forts in this part of the country. When Hadrian decided to build a wall across the country in 122 the original plan was that the wall would be just that, a barrier, and all the troops would continue to be stationed in the existing forts well back of the wall. In a couple of years he decided that all those old forts had to go and new forts would be built right into the wall so places like Corbridge were abandoned. Arising in Corbridge, we decided that the actual wall had to wait, we needed to see the local fort ruins and the local castle. We got out the bike, even though the distances were such that the English would walk, and biked to the fort, another English Heritage site about 1.5 miles away. Great ruins and a good place to start. After the fort we visited the local castle, Aydon Castle, yet another E H site built in about 1250 and in pretty much continuous use until recently. The castle was signed to be 1.5 miles out of town but turned out to be about 5 miles away and up and down a steep hill.



Chatting with the ticket taker I asked if there wasn't a tunnel somewhere to get through that hill. Actually much to my surprise she described another, smaller road that took a different route back to town that was all down hill! It pays to chat with the locals.

That evening we made what almost turned out to be a big mistake. We loafed around the B&B after we showered and changed and didn't go to town for dinner until about 7:45. It was a very popular Saturday night with two big weddings in town and there was no space anywhere. After reserving a table at 10:30 in an Indian restaurant we stopped to have a beer in the pub we had eaten in the previous night and the manager recognized me. He promised to find us a table and some food before the kitchen closed and he did.

Before leaving Corbridge we had arranged for a B&B at a farm built directly on top of Hadrian's wall. It is named Sewingshields Farm because it is on the site of a watch tower by that name on the wall. From Chester's we biked to Sewingshields, up and down these HILLS, and spotted it, sitting on a hill about 1/2 mile north of the road. The half mile to the farm was narrow gravel so pushing he bike was in order but imagine our surprise when suddenly coming toward us was the heaviest traffic of the day. A virtually continuous stream of cars and for each car I had to pause and try to get well to the side of the narrow road. It developed that a field trial for hound dogs had finished just as we turned in. Everyone was courteous and we eventually made it to the farm.

The nearest pub was miles away so the B&B was to prepare our dinner. We talked the hostess into including a couple of beers into the price, met a great couple from Cambridge about our age who were walking the length of the wall and had a fine evening comparing notes on a range of subjects.

We left Sewingshields, rode to Housestead's fort and examined it thoroughly before continuing to Twice Brewed. Housestead's fort is superficially quite like Chester's, essentially the same size, shape and layout of buildings. The big difference is that Housestead's in on about the highest point of the wall and therefore had much more difficulty supplying water. Where Chester's had springs and the river, Housestead's apparently relied mostly on collecting and storing rain. All these excavated sites continue to impress us with what a well developed



society there was 2000 years ago and how the human race really blew it for a while. It was hundreds of years after the fall of Rome before anyone reached the same degree of society. Makes you wonder if we might do it again.

Proceeding to the Youth Hostel at Twice Brewed where, for economic reasons, we agreed to each stay in their sexually segregated bedrooms (we could have our own bedroom if we rented all the beds and we are too cheap to do that). The hostel does serve meals and we signed up for breakfast but walked down the road a couple hundred yards to the pub for dinner. The pub dinner was fine, the breakfast at the hostel was poor and very skimpy. For a 2.65 pound (\$4.25) cafeteria breakfast we thought they should do much better.

Back at the hostel, where there is a TI office next door, we stopped to arrange a B&B for the night. We selected a B&B in Gilsland a few miles down the road, again right on top of the wall and near other sites we intend to visit. It may be that the hills are getting easier or perhaps we are getting into better shape but the trip seemed fairly easy. A very nice B&B, called North View, close to two good pubs and in a pleasant small village. Here our first real problem struck. We have had a flat on the bike and a blowout on the trailer, corrected a stupid reassembly chain threading mistake, ruined a tire, broke the chain twice, replaced a lost nut on the trailer and rebuilt the trailer hitch, broke and rebuilt the rear brake attachment but these were all routine. Walking home from the pub, Dina stepped into a small gravel covered hole in the road and fell, pulling me down on top of her. Her foot seemed very sore. In the morning, Dina hadn't slept well because of the sore foot and it was swollen and bruised. In these hills three feet on the pedals just aren't enough, we need all four. We decided to go to the doctor. First we asked our hosts if we could stay for another night and they responded that it wouldn't be possible, they were fully booked. We also asked about getting into the nearby town where there was a hospital but our hosts had recently loaned a car to a friend who totaled it and their one car was about to leave with the wife as she went to work. During breakfast the husband came in and told us that: 1) he had checked and there had been a cancellation so we could have the room for the night and 2) he had borrowed a car from the roofer doing his roof at the moment and

would take us into Haltwhistle as soon as we were ready.

We have heard about the long waits in the English medical system but our experience was outstanding. The Haltwhistle emergency reception nurse examined Dina's foot, decided the doctor should see it. She filled out a form, loaned us a wheel chair, gave us directions and we were off for the 100 yards or so to the hospital. In hospital reception we turned in our form and were quickly escorted into a doctor's office. He examined the foot, announced that he thought a bone was broken but he needed an X-ray, filled out a form and told us the X-ray unit was in Hexham. When we told him that we were on a bike and even that was in Gilsland, maybe 2-3 miles away, he said, "Right, I'll just get you an ambulance". A phone call and another form and we were again in the reception room. By the time the receptionist offered me coffee and made it but before it was cool enough to drink, two burley ambulance drivers came in, put Dina on a gurney and headed for the door. A pleasant ride for the 20-30 miles to Hexham chatting with the second man on the crew and we were wheeled into the X-ray section of the hospital. A couple of Indian extraction doctors came by and tut-tutted about the foot, the X-ray was taken and Dina came out of the X-ray room with the picture. I looked and didn't see any break, the nurse looked and didn't see any break and carried it off to the doctor. In a few minutes the younger of the two doctors came in and announced that the bone wasn't broken. Two to four days rest and it should be fine.

We took advantage of being in Hexham to resupply our daily vitamins (we are health nuts) and found the brewer's yeast, the garlic and the Tums but they were out of echinnea. We bought a couple of snackbites at 26p each for lunch, caught the 1:45 bus for Gilsland and headed back to the B&B much relieved. Resting quite comfortably now, we intend to start for Brompton and be back on the road.

A few other changes that we have noted:

- 1) The temperature of the beer on tap in the pubs is maybe 10-15 degrees colder than it was in '76. All part of the Americanization of the world, I suppose. Also they ask you if you want ice and actually give you quite a bit if you say, "Yes", and many people order bottles of Budweiser while standing at a bar with a dozen good beers on tap! (We were



charmed by Dick Bunce's story about the ice supply here. It seems that when Dick asked for an ice cube some years ago, he was told that the little old lady with the recipe had died recently with out handing it down to anyone in town.)

- 2) Oh yes, one new addition to things that can be drawn by the bartender in every bar that we have visited so far are taps for both Pepsi and Diet Pepsi.
- 3) Coffee is catching up with tea. Tea is far from eliminated but it is sinking.
- 4) In the stores now there are supplies of plastic bags that the merchants will simply give everyone just as they do in the US. Twenty years ago if you didn't bring along your own bag it could be very difficult to take your groceries home. When we forget our string bag we usually just went home and got it rather than struggle with the loose items.
- 5) Something that hasn't changed is the shot glass of orange juice as breakfast fruit.

Brampton was only a 10-12 mile ride from our B&B in Gilsland and we had an early start. The early start seemed a good idea when Dina noticed a bolt in the chainrings that was about to fall out. Fortunately it simply needed to be tightened, Even with that



short delay, when we passed the Lanercost Priory, a church built in 1166 from rocks taken from Hardian's wall, it was only about 10 AM. We stopped and found the priory lovely and interesting.

In Brampton it was a lovely day and since we had brought along a tent and such, it seemed the time to camp. On the outskirts of town was a campground and we had a warm reception from the woman owner. It seemed a bargain at 6.75 pounds for our campsite. Actually we then stopped in town to buy breakfast stuff and spent 4.15 pounds, later found that we needed to buy tokens to take a shower for 40p so the real cost for this B&B was 11.30 (about \$18) which is still a lot below our average B&B cost of 37 pounds (\$60). A great meal at the White Lion, where we ran into a man who we had chatted with several nights earlier at a Gilsland pub (small world), and so to bed.

Gene & Dina Stucker
Crosby, TX -- On the road in the British Isles

[Editors' Notes: Gene & Dina are now back in the US, having had to cut their trip short so they could return for the funeral of Gene's Mother. When the warms up, they intend to return to Ireland and continue their trip. Next issue we will share more of their trip log as they travel to Scotland and to Ireland.]

A JOURNEY BACK INTO TIME, BEYOND END OF TRACK, AND INTO TANDEM PARADISE.

This ride report is of multiple rides, only two of which were on our tandem bicycle. Yet, all the "rides" - a first trip to Europe; our first supported tour (the Santana Tandem Europe rally), a wedding anniversary during the Santana rally, a physical/mental journey back into time via our first unsupported tour which was a ride beyond end-of-track into tandem paradise, were a direct result of tandem biking.

From the land where it all began.

Ninety one years ago, in 1906, a young Martin Taschler emigrates to the USA. He marries, fathers a son, and then dies in an industrial accident. His son in turn, fathers two boys. All traces of and documents on Martin are lost. Martin's two grandsons grow up thinking they are the only Taschlers and this is reinforced by fruitless attempts of the elder grandson in searching for Taschlers in the 1960's. The grandsons knew nothing of and had never even seen a picture of Martin.



Cycling enters the picture.

In 1996, the younger grandson and his wife (Rich and Marian) begin bicycling, discover tandems, and learn of the Santana European tandem tour for 1997. At Marian's suggestion, they sign up for the tour. The timing is right, they will celebrate their 38th wedding anniversary on the tour and repeat their wedding vows there at a special ceremony aboard ship, one day before the actual date.

Family found.

In planning to go to Europe for the first time, I decide to visit the National archives for any information on my grandfather, Martin. While no records are located of his entry into the USA, the volunteer worker finds a record of him in the census in the midwest. Over the next couple days, phone calls to the midwest yield a cousin. The cousin responds with glee, she had been looking for us two grandsons for years. We have relatives. A quick call to the eldest grandson with the news also reveals he has a puzzling envelope with a key inside. On the envelop is penciled "Key to Martin's Urn". Martin must have been cremated. A hasty trip to the midwest produces a meeting with the family and all I could say to them was "you don't exist". Martin had a brother and sister. For the first time, I see a picture of not only my grandfather, but also of my great-grandparents. We find Martin's burial place. We also learn Martin came from a tiny village called Deutsch Schutzen in southeast Austria.

The village found.

Another cousin was present in the midwest and had just returned from being stationed in Germany on active duty with the Air Force. To his amazement, he not only found the village intact, but also our Aunt still living there. He also visited the local churches and city buildings of surrounding communities and made copies of all records available. He kept a diary, which he called "A Trip Back Into Time" on his visit and discoveries. His sister provided me with a copy of his diary which accompanied us on our trip. I have incorporated it into my title as a tribute to him and his efforts.

An idea is born and almost frightened away.

We make the decision to travel to Deutsch Schutzen and to do it on our tandem. I ask my Air Force cousin if we could ride a bicycle to Deutsch Schutzen. His reply is a short and to the point

"absolutely not, the hills would be impossible". This was our first of many warnings about attempting to ride there.

Trip preparation, commitment and another warning.

The idea was to use trains and tandem to Deutsch Schutzen (D.S. for short) and rent no cars. On the internet, I searched for and found an Austrian that had ridden there some 15 years ago but could not remember what it was like. He felt that it would be O.K. but warned that this was the Alps. This gentleman was not only cooperative, but went out of his way to arrange accommodations for us after the Santana rally in Salzburg and Vienna, but was unknowing about accommodations in D. S.. A week before departure, when I purchased the Eurorail pass, the salesman could not find D.S. on the map and had a problem locating end-of-track. He was finally able to find a detail map of the track to the nearest town, took one look at it, showed it to me and gave me a stern warning about all the switchbacks on the route and advised that we should not try to bicycle it. I told him thanks, but we were committed to riding our tandem. He came out from behind his desk, shook my hand, asked how old I was, and wished me luck. D.S. was some 20 miles beyond end-of- track.

I began gently teasing my wife about what we might encounter. But this was our adventure and we brushed all warnings aside.

The journey begins with a warning.

The journey began with the Santana Europe Tandem Tour. I had heard comments from folks how good Santana Inc. conducted its tours, but this was far more than we expected. Upon completion, I had to personally compliment Bill McCready on the high quality of everything, including the chef that traveled with us. A daily newsletter was provided on actions/activities of the previous and next day. I'd say more but there is a danger that if he and his wife Jan get too many compliments, it may be difficult to get a spot on another of their tours by virtue of the fact that all openings may be sold out before I respond.

On that tour, we never rode with the speed demons, yet we did all the rides. Conservation of strength was the watchword. Early on in the tour an Austrian radio reporter interviewed me. When I



explained where we were going and why, he broke out laughing and asked what we would do when we got stuck high in the mountains. It wasn't a mean laugh, more one of disbelief. He couldn't stop laughing. Finally, I looked at him hard and said "Then we'll WALK there".

At this point Marian began gently teasing ME about what we were up against.

On our own, with another warning.

After the Santana supported tour we found ourselves on our own and on our way via train to beautiful Salzburg with its large castle. We spent a couple of days touring and tandeming around several of the six beautiful Salzburg trails, including the Rhine River trail which leads to the chapel where the music "Silent Night" was composed. Then we were on the train again and on our way to Vienna. That was a fun train ride. The conductor seemed to delight in pulling our leg to which I equally responded. However, when we explained our destination, he asked how long we thought it would take us to ride there from end-of-track. When I responded with a 3 to 5 hour estimate, he retorted that we should have scheduled 3 weeks to get there. I became a bit more troubled about what lay ahead. Marian, on the other hand, began teasing me all the more. Visions of sleeping on glaciers with no tent or sleeping bag began creeping into my head. We thoroughly enjoyed touring Vienna via tandem. Having limited bike trails, we still managed by going slow and being very careful.

Finally, on our way to D.S. with an ominous map. With all luggage stored at the Vienna train station, we packed the panniers, examined our (in)sanity one last time and headed for the gate to get on the train to end of track, a town called Oberwart. Is this the way to make our first ever self supported tour?

Without any idea of accommodation availability and with so many dire warnings! On the wall next to the gate to the train hangs a three dimensional map with the word "Alps" boldly printed. Obviously hung there to strike fear into our hearts, the mountains seemed impassable. It was a sobering map.

We boarded the train, it consisted of two units, the diesel engine, with room to carry some passengers and one passenger car.

The wrong train transfer.

Some miles out we had to transfer to another train. The conductor was friendly and at the station where we needed to change trains, he personally guided us to the next train. It was a single unit, diesel engine with room for some passengers and 3 regular bikes. That's a train? It seemed more like a tiny switch engine, used in freight yards to switch cars. We squeezed the tandem aboard with help of some conductors. All other passengers then had the challenge of contorting their bodies and belongings getting past the tandem. Not an easy feat even for the great Houdini, they all laughed as they struggled. Then the train was ready to depart and the conductor said OK, on our way to XXXXXXX. Wait, we cried, we are going to Oberwart. Oh, you two are on the wrong train. With a sigh of relief we got off, the conductor called helpers and unloaded the tandem and carried it to the correct train. Can you imagine that one car feeling?

Then we saw the correct train. Parked right next to us, it was exactly the same type and size train, one combined power/passenger unit. Passengers on both trains roared with laughter and many of them came to help us.



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The screeching halt.

With all the frantic madness behind us, we finally settled in for a comfy ride thanking the gods of luck that we made the correct train. All we had to do now was sit back and relax during the ride to end of track. Suddenly, the train came to a screeching halt and all the passengers swiftly began detraining. Dumbfounded, we did not know what was going on. Finally, an elderly lady rushed up to us, waved her hands at us and repeatedly shouted "Schnell, Schnell". We jumped off the train. Obviously another train had lost control and was careening down the track right at us. Forget the bike, run for your life. We were rushed around the outside of the tiny station and there it stood, a highway bus. The conductors and some railway workers were right behind us, with our tandem.

They carefully loaded our tandem in the cargo bay of the bus, we boarded under protest and we were on our way again, but to where, we knew not.

The ride of all rides.

Indianapolis 500 race car drivers practice for years and think they are good. Well, think again. They are no match for the bus drivers that speed up and down those mountains. Off we went up a big mountain. The road switched back and forth to gain altitude. Suddenly we are in a village with the bus so close to rooftops that you don't dare stick your little finger out the window, much less your hand. The driver is humming a tune. Finally over the mountain top, the bus picks up speed on the downhill side. We want to get on the floor of the bus for protection but there is no time and too little room to maneuver. At a slower speed I know I can reach out and pick an egg out of a birds nest in the house roof's gutter. But the nest is just a flash in my eyes and I have no desire for an amputation. Why don't they provide bibles on these busses? Suddenly the bus screeches to a halt and again all passengers rush for the exits. We don't need to be told again, we KNOW the bus is going to explode or something and we jump off and run away. We hear a "Come back here you two and get on the train".

Another single unit train. Our heart rates finally fall below burst point when we come to end-of-track. We look for a cardiac intensive care hospital but settle for a police station to ask for directions to D.S.. I beg to be put behind bars for the night but the policeman just gives us a funny look. He has only a

stumbling mastery of English, while I can't talk at all. My wife laughs nervously to tease me but I can see her still shaking. His broken English is difficult at best but he finally produces a map, traces a route in ink to D.S. and shows it to us. The route avoids the main highway, "too dangerous heavy traffic" he says. I gesture with my hands in a huge roller coaster pattern while pointing at the map. He chuckles and signals back the same way, but with slightly tamer up and down movements. We thank him and depart.

Lunch.

We find a restaurant and have lunch. We inquire for a bicycle shop, in event we will later need it. We find it but it is closed for the noon hours. At least we know it is there. The hills are alive, but not with the sound of music. We ride out of town in less than five minutes, pull out the map with the route drawn on it and begin our journey. The scenery is nice. The sky has been clear since we arrived in Europe. Now, entering the most daring part of the trip, the rains come. Undaunted, we pull on our rain gear and continue riding. The route is nice and absent of traffic. No hills yet, but now the road signs disappear and we have no hint if we should take the left or right fork on these backroads. Face it, we are LOST. The Hills Are Alive, but not with the sounds of music, only the sounds of knees knocking and teeth chattering Taschlers.

To our rescue comes a doctor and his wife. Never thought I'd enjoy sharing the road with a car. They stop and want to chat. We ask for directions and they tell us we are on the correct route. Make sure you stay on this road, keep off the main road since it has hills too severe to ride. We relax and continue on. Suddenly we see we are on a mountain and the road leads down into a valley and then very steeply up the other side. We don't care what the good doctor said, we are NOT going down into that monstrous hole. We trained back home in the Shenandoah Valleys and hills, so we know there are limits to what the body can do. Another road runs along the ridge and we take it knowing that sooner or later, we will come to the main road, even if we have to walk through fields and forest.

The mountain.

We come to a nice two lane road, wider than the rest and with a shoulder. This must be the main road. Riding is pleasant and then starts uphill. We see a sign and compare it to our map. We are close,



within 10-15 miles and on the main road. But where is the traffic? The hill gets steeper but with the heavy tree growth we cannot see how high or low we are. An occasional car comes along (this is high traffic volume the policeman warned us of?). Hill steeples increases. My thoughts automatically and rapidly flash back to April of 1996 when we made our first tandem ride with our club and on that 39 mile ride with some hills, we finished 3 1/2 hours behind them. Back then we did not know what cadence was and we tried to ride in higher gears, resulting in us "hitting the wall". A year and four months later and much wiser, we will now test the effectiveness of our training in the Shenandoah hills on this mountain. With the adrenaline flowing and one focus, to get up this mountain, we concentrate on cadence, speed, listen to heart rate and pedal, pedal, pedal. The hill gets steeper, and while not as steep as one we trained on, it seems to never end. With loaded panniers, I finally call a stop. We agree not to chance it and will walk until we can get a relative bearing. Do we have another 50,000 feet to climb or 500. We walk less than a quarter mile to a small opening in the trees. Good grief, we are on top! I try to think how hard and long we pedaled but cannot remember. Did all the nay sayers simply fog our thinking? What lies ahead? We hope there is no impassable mountain ahead but cannot tell. We just celebrate that we made it that far.

The breakout.

We remount and begin the journey down. We begin to roll faster. Suddenly, we break out of the trees and I flip on the Arai drum brake for maximum drag. And then we STOP. Later, it crosses my mind that I defy all those folks who love screaming down mountains to do so on this one. And to predict they would react exactly as we did. We had heard the land was beautiful but I had taken it with a grain of salt. Before us, farther than the eye can see, is the most beautiful land I've ever seen. A flat valley with mountains on either side. The valley is many miles wide and we cannot see the end of it. The land is the most plush I'd ever seen and we have traveled the USA. The only place I can think of in the USA

is that famous valley in Hawaii which is not nearly as large. We stop, awestruck and silent, trying to soak in the beauty. We realize no camera, not even a panoramic one, could come close to capturing this. It would take a 360 degree camera, which we don't have. To take a limited picture would be an insult to what we see. I respectfully returned the camera to the bike bag without trying to take a picture. I don't remember how many times we stopped on our way down, but I had the Arai brake on and our speed was probably 5 mph.

Deutsch Schutzen, next stop.

Near the bottom, we see a guest house and stop in to ask how much farther to D.S.. We are told we are sitting next to it, just a mile down the hill. We ask if accommodations are available there or should we stop here for the night. The hour grows late and darkness is not far off. Upon learning who we are & why we are there, the kindly lady tells us where in D.S. to inquire and informs us that the wife we will meet has a maiden name of Taschler. We thank her and continue on. In D.S. we easily locate the guest house and walk in. A man in his 30's helps us. One look at him tells me he is my cousin, but he is not mentioned in the diary I carry. He replies they do not rent guest rooms any longer but he may find a house nearby that would put us up. He makes a phone call and tells us to walk down the street a few houses. I reply with a thank you, a split second hesitation, and then add "cousin". He looks at me but does not connect. I tell him we will return shortly for

What a great vacation!!



I'm glad we gave this trip to each other last Christmas!

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dinner if it is not to late. We find the house, unload and return. We order our dinner, he stands nearby watching us and I ask "won't you join us cousin?" When his non-English speaking parents appear, I finally introduce us.

I ask if they saw us on German National TV on the Santana tour or if they heard us on Austrian National Radio. No. They just stare at us. The phone rings and the son answers it. He chats a while, looks at us and tells us it is his aunt Lizzy. Oh, that is my aunt too. Uncertain, he tells her of us. She was waiting for us and we set up a meeting for the next morning. She had received a letter translated into German by my web pal that I had written to the village. After the meeting the next morning, all barriers came down. I gave my cousin a ride on the tandem and he squealed like a 7 year old. The next morning, I was up before daylight, walking the village. Marian and I still debate the time it takes to walk from end to end. Somewhere between 5 (she) and 10 (me) minutes. Growing up without knowledge of my family, I wondered how my emotions would react in this place. Mostly, all I can think of is that the privilege of being here should belong to those who have so long longed to come here but could not. The husband of the couple whose home we were fortunate to stay in, turned out to be one of those highway bus drivers. At first, I didn't know whether to kiss him or kill him.

Their home was beautiful with an unbelievable marble staircase. Very quickly, we felt great satisfaction and warmth in being able to share the home and breakfast of two personality plus people. I don't think they fully knew just how much they touched us. Our meeting with Aunt Lizzy was monumental. I think they never knew of our existence until she received my translated letter. All they knew was Martin had been scalded to death.

Riding the valley.

With map, verbal instructions and a list of places to visit, we took off riding the valley. Now in the valley, we got to look around. On first sight it became immediately apparent that this was pure tandem heaven. For those who wanted to ride flat, they could. For those who wanted gently rolling hills, they could. For those that wanted to play billy goat, they could. The amazing thing is that they could split into groups and do all three types of rides without ever losing sight of one another.

Time and again we stopped, awestruck by the sheer beauty of this place. I wondered how difficult it had been for all the immigrants to leave this fantastic place. I suspect many of the younger ones never realized the full beauty of this area compared to the rest of the world. Times were hard back then.

We often just walked our bike. Once in a great while, we would see a car. No commercialism in the valley that we could find. Just many empty and great roads. We rode and rode and rode and this time WITH the sound of music.

Variety. What more could you want in fantasy land, castles? OK, you got one. I dare you billy goats to attempt to ride up to it. Wineries? That is the mainstay of life here. Ask my new found cousin who gave us a bottle to bring home. Ancient villages? Two of them and they are functional. Places to stay? plenty every 10 or 5 or 15 or 20 miles. Take your loving pick. Bike stores? sorry. Come prepared. There is a tandem shop in the heart of Vienna, by the name of High-Bike, but that is many hours and a death defying ride away. When we found it by accident, the employees broke up laughing that their boss had gone to Germany to see the latest and we walk into the shop with the latest. Then I told them we had dinner with their boss. I'm such a killjoy.

Other bikes.

Obviously tandems are an extreme rarity here. All of you know what that means. We were bombarded. Every single bike we saw waved or wanted to chat. People mowing their lawns stopped, and on and on and on. One single rider pulled up to us while we were stopped and wanted to chat. She said her husband had participated in the ride across America race several times and that an Austrian had won it this year. Her body was perfect for a highly trained 25 year old racer. She was in her 70's. I suspect this is a major training area for many racers. One racing group (now you know how ignorant we are in the world of bikes, I don't know what you call a group like that) we came upon started a chant as soon as they saw us and kept it up until we were out of sight - "Tandem, Tandem, Tandem". We laughed, waved and gave them a thumbs up. We can also report that we called upon all the Shenandoah training we did and hammered like hell. I am happy to say that we did tandems proud.

Departure and emotion.



WHAT? (Now back home, I've looked feverishly for her number, got it and called her answering service).

The morning we left was sad. Saying our good-byes we were given one final surprise. Aunt Lizzy informed us that the original Taschler house was still standing and was the first house as you come into the village. I responded that we saw it when we came in and commented to each other how beautiful a new home it was. Not bad for a house over a century old. We took pictures.

Back on the road, I could not ride. Finally, I realized emotion had got me. I did not want to leave a place so beautiful. We felt a deep sadness developed in that short a time period. Imagine how the immigrants felt who had lived there. We did multiple stops and walked, not rode, out of sight.

Saying thanks.

The adventure was not over. On our way back to Vienna, we got off the train early at Baden to meet our pen pal and take him and his SO out to dinner. How can you repay someone who gave you hope when all others said failure. We cannot. A hotel employee had sent him a message I dictated while in Vienna that we had an extra day and would stop by just when he returned from his vacation. What great luck. And what a surprise. They are beautiful people and we had a great dinner. Sadly, once again we had to say good-bye, but not before they took our tandem for a ride and we were able to leave them a small gift. That gift was the single most questioned object wherever we chatted with people in Europe, our helmet mounted hand made mirrors.

He gave us a walking tour of his city, Baden. I understand many of Europe's (or Austria's) wealthy live there. The city is a beauty in its own right. Unfortunately, we had no more time to tour it the next day. The distinguished doctor who sat at the table next to us at dinner was/is to some large

measure responsible for the introduction of penicillin in Europe after World War II.

Farewell to European Biking.

Returning to Vienna, we had to disassemble our tandem and pack it into suitcases. It had served us well. The only glitch was a torn tire which we caught before it went flat and replaced in Vienna. Thanks, Santana, and thanks Larry Black of Mount Airy bicycle for carefully checking the bike prior to our departure for the journey of journeys.

We boarded the night train to take us to Paris and which provided us with another surprise. The signs posted all over the train were "Orient Express". Marian immediately began thinking aloud of Agatha Christie, That was another great train ride. I had splurged and got the two of us a private sleeping compartment. The stewardess fixed our bed and drinks and the next morning brought us breakfast in another private compartment, just for us. Such beautiful people.

I wonder what Martin would have thought of his grandson, that crazy American on a bicycle built for two.

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TANDEM CALENDAR 1997 - 1998

November 16, 1997. **TOYS (Tandems Of York, PA Society) Tour of Long Green Valley & Tailgate Party.** York, PA area. 25 or 35 miles. Mike & Evie Reinsel (410) 377-6133

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 17-19, 1998. **NOTE DATE CORRECTION 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 1 - 3, 1998. **Southwest Tandem Rally '98.** Waco, TX. Waco is the home of Dr. Pepper soft drinks and the oldest suspension bridge west of the Mississippi River as well as Baylor University.

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

May 22-25, 1998. **GEAR South.** Johnson City, TN. An annual LAB event moves to a new location.

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. **Iowa PIGS Rally.** Davenport, IA. More information will follow. Sharon Harrington coordinates.

August 7-9, 1998. **Eastern Tandem Rally 1998.** Fitchburg, MA. Again this year ETR will be hotel based. SASE to ETR '98, Brad & Diane, P.O. Box 853, Ashburnham, MA 01430

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.

October 23-25, 1998. **20th Southern Tandem Rally.** Selma, Alabama.

Great riding Friday, Saturday and Sunday on rural roads and in a beautiful historic town. Enjoy real southern Bar-B-Que Saturday and Sunday brunch in antebellum White Force Cottage. Registration forms available in early 1998. SASE to Jack & Susan Goertz, 2220 Vanessa Dr, Birmingham, AL 35242. (205) 991-7766

October 25-30, 1998. **Southern Tandem Rally Post Tour.** Alabama. Enjoy 5 days of great riding in middle Alabama. Hotels for lodging, a truck to carry your gear. SASE to Jack & Susan Goertz, 2220 Vanessa Dr, Birmingham, AL 35242

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

DoubleTalk Calendar

Jack & Susan Goertz
2220 Vanessa Drive
Birmingham, AL 35242

e-mail:

tca_of_a@mindspring.com

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



CLASSIFIEDS

FOR SALE: 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 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: 1993 Gordon Borthwick Soft Ride Tandem. Beautiful custom green/violet/purple paint. Lots of Phil Wood components / Mathauser hydraulic brakes. 21 speed. Custom built for people 6' 2 to 5'7". 1 owner before us. Paid \$2700. Call (414) 757-6193 (WI) 1/98

FOR SALE: 1991 Santana Arriva 62x56. Shimano Deore cranks, 48 spoke, Shimano bar cons, Deore LX ft/rr derailleur, hydropost rear seat post, rear rack, Cateye cyclometer. \$1900. Bike is in Akron, OH. Phone (3330) 836-3679, evenings or e-mail jwagnitz@scs.summit.k12.oh.us (OH) 1/98

FOR SALE: 1993 Santana Sovereign, 56x53, Lumina Red, 48-spoke Edco hubs, cantilever and drum brakes, STR rear and ST front derailleurs, Shimano Bar-con index shifters, adjustable stoker stem, shock-absorbing stoker seatpost. \$2200: Jan & Ken Absher, (509) 627-0227 e-mail yangjan@aol.com (WA) 1/98

FOR SALE: 1989 Cannondale 23x21, Blue anodized finish, 21 speed, suntour barcons, 700c 48 spoke Phil Wood hubs, arai drum, scott cantilever brakes, goretex cables, Coda shockpost, \$1600. Jim or Penny Speck (405) 842-3055 e-mail speck@qns.com (OK) 1/98

FOR SALE: Gary Fisher Gemini. 19x17 True Temper Cr-Mo frame with 26" wheels. Converted to enduro style

road bike. Recent overhaul with many new parts and upgrades. \$1195. Bernie and Colleen Derry, (802) 878-5785 evenings or e-mail derry@together.net (VT) 1/98

FOR SALE: 1993 Santana Vision, 18"x16" (hard to find), 26" wheels w/road tires, 40hole Edco Hyperglide 7spd hubs, Shimano Deore XT (21spd) w/Barend shifters and road bars. Tahitian Blue, like new <500 miles. Can be used on or off road. \$1600+ship rx31035@deere.com or (319) 266-9505 (IA) 1/98

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 27.2x2800mm, 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

FOR SALE: 26" 48h wheelset. Sansin sealed hubs, rear threaded for drum. Sun CRT 16II rims with polished finish, DT 14/15/14 spokes. 135 mm for 7 spd freewheel \$200/set: 27" 48h Wolber M59 rims with dark anodized finish \$30/pair: Bernie and Colleen Derry, (802) 878--5785 evenings or e-mail derry@together.net (VT) 1/98

WANTED: Crank-arm shorteners. Please call Fritz Krueger at (317) 575-9588 days or (317) 867-1824 evenings / weekends. (IN) 1/98

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(608) 873-7274 or e-mail quade@execpc.com (WI) 1/98

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.

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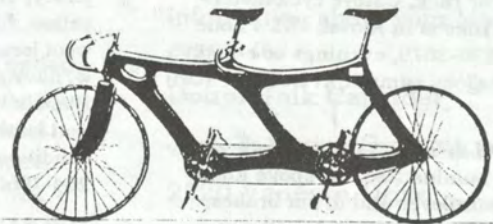
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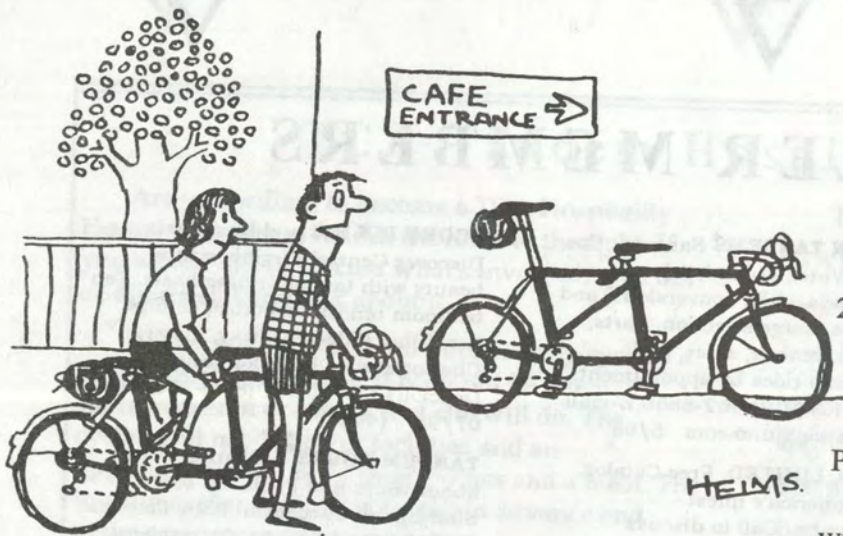
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