

TANDEM CLUB OF AMERICA

9

doubletalk

SEPTEMBER - OCTOBER 1998

EDITORS : JACK & SUSAN GOERTZ



**“IT
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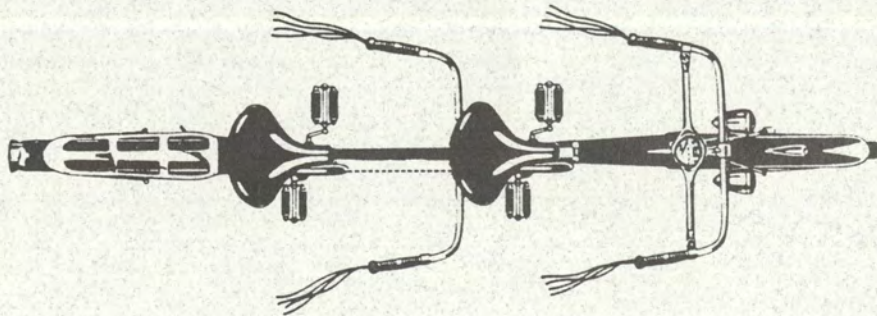
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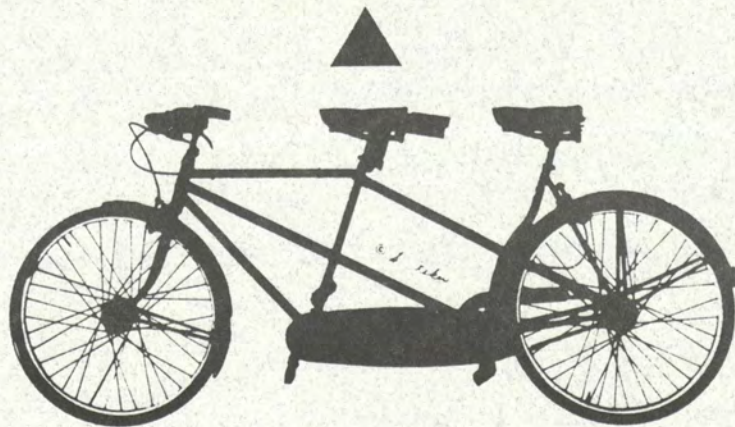
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DOUBLE TALK

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DEADLINE FOR THE NOVEMBER-DECEMBER ISSUE OF DOUBLETALK IS OCTOBER 1, 1998

FROM THE EDITORS

By the time you read this, the Eastern Tandem Rally and the Midwestern Tandem Rally will have come and gone. The Southern Tandem Rally will be history before the next issue. This will mark the end of another great cycling season for the Tandem Club of America. Did you enjoy it? If so, take a few minutes and tell us about. What were some of the highs, a few of the lows? Where did you go? Where would you like to go next year?

Interbike, the annual dealers' bicycle show is also a September tradition. Expect a report about what's new and what to look for in the future in the next issue. We think there are some great things in store for the tandem community. Stay tuned!

Don't forget to take a moment and look at the BACK of this issue of DoubleTalk. Find your label. How many issues are left? It may be time to renew your membership. Rates are still the same -- we haven't had a rate increase in over 5 years! You may want to renew now. Postage rates are going up in '99, but we don't know by how much, yet, for standard class (formerly Bulk Rate). It will force us to look over our costs, and may generate our first increase in membership fees since 1993. Remember, you can beat this increase by renewing now for 1-3 more years. Send your renewals to Bruce & Judi Bachelder, in Morganton, NC now!

Our merchandise managers, Stan & Marilyn Smith, are offering the remaining TCA t-shirts of the current design for only \$5! This special price is limited to the quantity they have on hand now. It's time to stock up! Near the back of this issue is an order form for your convenience. Just fill it out and send it with your check to Stan & Marilyn, in Albany, OR, and your shirts will soon be in your hands

Christmas is coming! While you're ordering \$5 t-shirts, you may want to order a pair (or more!) of the new RED TCA Polo Shirts. These great-looking shirts are just right to wear to your local Bicycle Club's annual Christmas party this year, and to all the tandem events next spring and summer. If your forest green shirt is looking a little frayed, you can order a new green shirt, too.

Don't forget, we're still looking for your articles. You can e-mail them to us at tca_of_a@mindspring.com, mail them to us at 2220 Vanessa Drive, Birmingham, AL 35242, or hand them to us when you see us at that next rally. They can be on diskette (IBM 1.44mb diskettes only, please), written in just about any word processing format you own. We can read almost anything available today. (In case you're interested, we're still running Windows 95, and we have several compatible wordprocessing packages installed. We use the package that's most appropriate to translate your file). If it's typed, we can also scan it and translate it from hard copy, but that is slower and more prone to mistakes. OCR software for the home office PC's is just not as robust as some of the more heavy-duty commercial packages.

Time to bring another column to a close. We hope you're having a great season, and you're already looking forward to an even better 1999!

Jack & Susan Goertz -Editors



LETTERS TO DOUBLETALK

Dear DoubleTalk,

Regarding the Noll's May-June article about being run into by a motorist:

The most important lesson which I think they missed was to ride defensively. And a key aspect of that strategy would be to make eye contact with any driver who might pull out or turn into your path. If you can't make that contact then prepare to take evasive action and YELL before they start moving.

Conspicuity is also critical. Their neon jerseys should have been enough but I would strongly urge all cyclists to consider their helmet color. A white (or neon) helmet is the most visible. The helmet is also the highest object and thus can be seen over cars.

I must take issue with their suggestion to mount "a white or yellow LED flasher ... on the front." Under virtually all conditions, but particularly in daylight, these devices are WORTHLESS. They simply do not emit enough light to be seen. Don't waste your money! (Even at night, the so-called 'clear' flashers - which actually contain green LEDs - are not a substitute for an adequate steady WHITE headlight. Indeed, my research indicates that a helmet-mounted light is by far the best lighting choice for cyclists.)

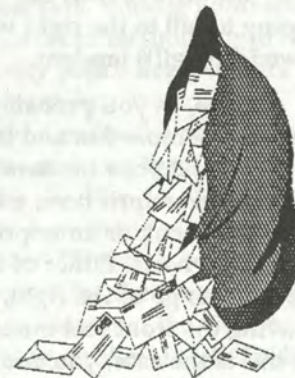
Bill Moritz
Effective Cycling Instructor Professor
(Emeritus),
Bothell WA

Dear DoubleTalk,

The May-June issue contained two articles related to packing a tandem. We'd like to share a couple of ideas from our experience.

In May of '97 we flew with our Burley to Baltimore to begin a 4300 mile/73 day fully loaded tour to Seattle. We found the \$15 airline bike box more than adequate to hold the bike, wheels, racks, fenders, helmets, and a two sleeping pads. It was

much wider than the single bike boxes available from bike shops. A second box was not necessary. With the fork turned backwards there was room for some foam blocks in each end to make a tight fit. The wheels (fully inflated) were lashed to the frame with a plastic protector over the end of each axle to keep it from punching thru the box.



With the wheels off it was necessary to protect the chain ring but this was easily accomplished by strapping a couple of 2x4's under the bottom brackets. Protecting the drop-outs was also easy: A piece of 3/8" threaded rod with a pair of washers and nuts on each side of each drop-out (a total of 4 nuts and 4 washers per axle) should withstand even to most aggressive baggage handlers. [An alternative we thought of later would utilize 1/2" plastic water pipe cut to fit inside the drop-out and held in place by your QR skewers.]

Bill and Judy Moritz
Bothell WA

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Dear DoubleTalk,

This is a response to the letter in the July-August issue from Janna in Pennsylvania, who wrote to say that she always feels like she and her husband are going to fall to the right when they ride their new (wedding gift) tandem.

Janna, as you probably suspect, riding a tandem should be more fun and less work than it has been for you and your husband so far. It sounds like your bike is the culprit here, either because of frame misalignment, or an improperly dished wheel on one of your wheels. Either of these could cause the bike to want to go to the right, similar to the result of having the front end misaligned on your automobile. If this is the case, you and your husband are continuously expending energy to steer the bike straight, which makes the ride tiring, unstable and unpleasant for both of you.

If neither of you are bike mechanics, you need to find a competent one (best if it's someone who specializes in tandems) to turn to if problems arise with your bike. I stress this because when one bike has to carry two riders, it needs to be maintained and tuned better than your solo bikes. In this case, it would only take a few minutes for a good wrench to check your frame alignment and rim centering. Either potential problem can be corrected by a capable mechanic. If you want to check these things yourself, read on.

To check dishing of rims on wheels, a bike mechanic uses a |dishing tool that measures from the plane of the rim sidewall to the outside flat on the axle jam nut. The measurement should be the same on each side of the same wheel. You can do this by laying the wheel on its side, resting on two or three blocks wood of equal height, high enough above the tabletop to leave a space under the end of the axle. Measure from the tabletop to the outer face of the axle jam nut, turn over and repeat. If readings are not within 0.5 mm of each other, get the wheel trued and dished by a by a reputable bike mechanic.

Frame alignment is a bit more complex. It can be imperfect on a brand new bike, so it is not necessarily an indication of damaged goods. The accuracy a frame is fabricated to varies from one manufacturer to another. There are three typical frame alignment problems; bent fork, twisted head tube, and (most common) misaligned rear triangle. A

bent fork may have one or both legs bent rearward, or legs bent to one side. These are often straightenable and when not, the fork can be replaced. A twisted head tube may be bent rearward or twisted out of the vertical plane established by the rest of the frame, but it's an experts-only repair if needed. The rear triangle refers to the chainstays and seatstays on both sides of the rear wheel. When the rear triangle is out of alignment, the rear wheel rim is not centered in the same vertical plane as the rest of the frame. This can be checked with a length of string and a ruler. (On a tandem, it's easier with two people.) One end of the string needs to be held against the inside surface of the rear axle dropout, where the axle jam nut bears. The string must be routed forward on the same side of the frame, around the head tube and back to the corresponding surface on the other rear dropout. With string taut and only touching the headtube and dropouts, measure from each side of each seat tube to the string. If measurements aren't within 1.5 mm of each other at each seat tube, the frame can be straightened by a competent bike mechanic.

Bernie Derry
Essex Junction, VT

WHO DOES WHAT

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MEMBERSHIP: Collects dues, processes memberships.

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

GRAPHICS DESIGNER: Artwork & graphics for DoubleTalk.

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

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

SECRETARY: Contact point between TCA and the outside world.

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



TEXAS TANDEMONIUM

The first Texas Tandemonium, held in Austin on May 16, was a resounding success despite adverse circumstances and conditions. It all began two years ago when I first started cycling. Blind for a quarter-century, I had remained in good physical condition through jogging, weight training, and swimming. When back pain laid me low, I took up cycling to improve my overall health. I bought a tandem, then advertised for captains. Two answered my ad. The first, Preston Tyree, taught me how to ride and is still with me today. We'll cycle coast-to-coast tandem in the year 2000. Heather Davies, 100 pounds and 30 years lighter and younger than I, showed me what can be done through tenacity and optimism. We were on our second ride. Knowing that I am a member of their board of Directors, Heather said, "Why don't we do something with cycling for Recording for the Blind & Dyslexic?" We brought Heather onto the Board of Directors of RFB&D, and with the drive and efficiency she mastered as a graduate of the US Naval Academy, Heather led a dedicated team of volunteers that made Texas Tandemonium a success the first time out and a permanent fixture of the Texas cycling scene.

At our first organizational meeting, an otherwise-silent volunteer spoke up at the end. "I've been a volunteer reader for RFB&D for years. That and cycling are my most satisfying pastimes." He said that his company, Duplex Advertising, would be our first major sponsor. Tandem Computers - a natural fit - became our other major sponsor and allowed us to start our ride from their campus.

At RFB&D, it takes two to record a book and monitor that recording. It takes two to ride a tandem. It takes a sighted captain to lead a blind stoker. At Preston's suggestion, we adopted the toucan as our symbol. Our T-shirts, which riders told us were the best-looking they had ever seen, showed toucans riding tandems, and beneath the slogan, "One can. Two can. You can too."

The sheer number of tasks in organizing a supported ride staggers the imagination. They begin with advertising the event, creating registration forms, buying insurance, laying out the routes,

printing maps and route markers, finding volunteers for the water stops. They go on to include approval from half-a-dozen community police departments and two counties, hiring emergency medical help, and finding donations of goodies for the packets and rest stops. Mind you, we were doing this for the first time. When our porta-potty supplier - what a job description - asked Heather how many we needed she never hesitated to answer, "Eighty!", or approximately the requirement for the State Fair of Texas, with a Rolling Stones concert at the Cotton Bowl. We had people working until midnight Friday posting routes, gathering food and drink.

At times it seemed pointless. Two weeks before the event, we had a total of twelve registrants. Or so I believed. I learned later that the staff had been exaggerating. The weekend following Texan Tandemonium, Lance Armstrong's Foundation was sponsoring a weekend-long cycling event that eventually would attract more than 4,000 participants. It is an eminently worthwhile event











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raising funds for cancer research, and for a year we had worried that it would drain us of all our potential participants.

Then Mexico caught on fire. On Tuesday, our skies were so dark that drivers put on their car lights at 3 PM. On Friday, a rumor - false - circulated that the Governor had issued a hazardous health warning, and that all outdoor events were to be canceled. A local television station, whom we had begged for weeks to do a story on our ride, came to the RFB&D studios to hear us announce our surrender. We refused. By midafternoon Friday, the skies were clearing, and we had patches of blue above.

But how many riders would we get? There were 130 at the start-line at 8 AM. This included 31 tandem teams, by far the largest number ever assembled in Austin. We had riders going out on routes ranging from 5 miles to 100 kms. We had police escorts. Three mechanics with SAG wagons. Seven rest stops with energy bars, cookies, fruit, drinks, and clapping and cheering volunteers. One flat tire. No injuries. We had riders from all over central Texas, San Antonio, Ft. Worth, and Dallas. From Houston came Mike and Susan Mahoney, who only the previous weekend had put on a fabulous Southwest Tandem Rally in Waco. We had several blind stokers. One cranky old farmer took down route signs, cutting the 100 k. to 56 miles for a few riders. Last to cross the finish line were two dogs in a trailer.

Many riders said that it was the best-supported ride ever for them. They promised to be back next year, with friends. And we raised \$15,000 for Recording for the Blind & Dyslexic.

Jimmy Hudson
Austin, TX

Dear DoubleTalk,

This is in response to a recent article on air travel. The belief in "exploding tires" is both mistaken and widespread.

It should not be necessary to release any air, at all, from tandem bicycle tires before or during air travel. However, structures less robust than a tandem's tire may rupture during flight.

Occasionally, upon arrival it is necessary or nice to be able to roll one's machine out of the airport.

Once, upon returning from Scotland without protection or coverage for our machine, our tandem traveled transatlantic "naked", as the empty container had disappeared from British Rail storage. An unknown, well-meaning, airline worker mistakenly deflated our tires until they were both totally flat.

Reaching LAX with our many gifts and purchases we expected to use our tandem as a cart to roll our gifts and baggage through customs, etc. We were not able to easily use the tandem with two flat tires.

Here on earth, at sea level, we are subject to "one atmosphere" of ambient pressure which equals 14.7 or say 15 psi. Many systems of measurement speak in terms of atmospheric pressure and multiples thereof. Notice the common numbers: 30 psi for auto tires; 45 psi, 60, 75, 90, 105 psi for bicycle tires.

As one ascends a mountain the ambient pressure decreases. This decrease also occurs in a non pressurized aircraft cabin, or in an uncompensated aircraft baggage compartment.

If one travels deeper into space the ambient pressure may reach zero.

The effect on an inflated tire deep in space would be to raise the internal pressure by a maximum of 15 psi. A tire at 90 psi at sea level would reach a maximum of 105 psi in deep space. However, the temperature in deep space is lower, and this will cause the pressure to drop or to rise less than anticipated.

Tandem tires typically have an inflation specification of 75 to 120 psi. embossed on the tire's sidewall. The manufacturer has the margin of safety calculated well above the rating number stated. We "under" inflate our tires principally for the ride characteristics of comfort and handling as designed into the tire by the manufacturer. We inflate to the rated pressure as stated and not to keep below a maximum safe psi.

An additional atmosphere of pressure, 15 psi maximum, should not exceed the safety requirements of a tire suited for safe tandeming. Have you ever over inflated a tire? Yes, especially when using a gas station as a source of compressed air. At what pressure does the tire explode? Almost



never does it explode. More often the tube slips out from an improperly seated tire bead, it "herniates", then a bubble forms in the tube, an "aneurysm", which does the pop.

Automobile tires are inflated well beyond normal operating pressure to seat them on their rims, and then they are deflated to the rated operating pressure.

When flying 'naked' I recommend applying masking tape over the tires' valves to keep well meaning and "helpful" fingers on notice.

All gauging pressures are measured and expressed relative to the ambient. No gauge measures absolute pressure.

Matt Kurzrock
Rolling Hills Estates, CA

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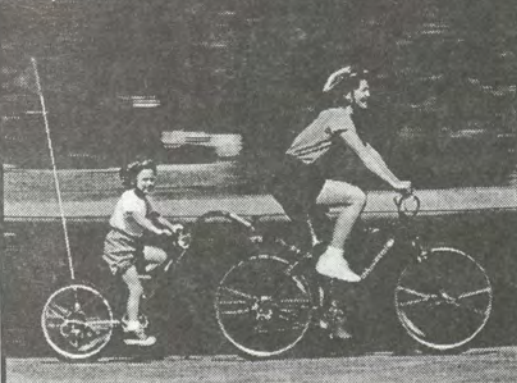
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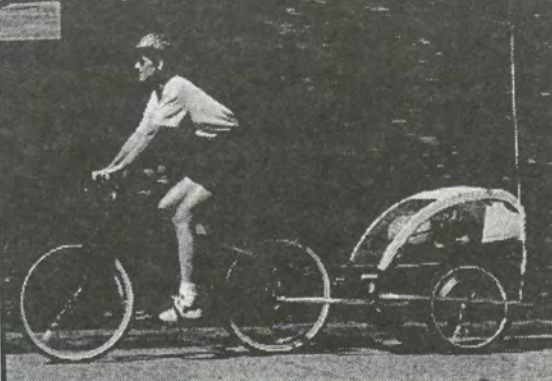


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NORTHWEST TANDEM RALLY ROLLING ON THE RIVER

We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves at the 1998 Northwest Tandem Rally, perhaps more than some of the others. What seems amazing after attending all the Northwest Tandem Rallies since our first at Centralia is how different they are from one another. Not just different areas and different terrains to ride over and through and not just different people attending or putting them on, but very different experiences altogether.

One thing made the experience different this time was the way we started Saturday's ride. We stood at the start line and watched nearly everyone go by before we started. We saw lots of tandems and teams we never would have seen any other way. We were truly amazed at some of the rigs. How about a tandem pulling trail-a-bike pulling not one but two (!) Burley trailers with kids in both? How about a tandem pulling a tandem trail-a-bike, pulling a Burley trailer? Probably more kids at this Northwest Tandem Rally than any other we've attended, and they all seemed to be having fun. Some of the parents didn't seem to be having all that much fun pulling them up some of the hills though. This time we pulled our fifth wheel trailer and stayed at the Gonzaga University campus behind Madonna Hall. There were about a dozen RV's camped there and all were friendly tandemists. We arrived about 11 pm Friday night and set up as quietly as we could, (and were pretty successful at that as the couple immediately behind us didn't know we were there till the next morning).

It was very nice to be able to camp within riding distance of the Saturday morning's ride and to be able to ride to the ride, ride the ride, and ride home from the ride. We chose the shortest of the three planned rides (35 miles) as we were signed up for the Poker Run that afternoon at 3:00. We finished the morning ride about 1:00, rested an hour and then got ready for the Poker Run. We drove to the start Oust three miles, but two of those uphill!!) and prepared for whatever came.

The ride had three major components: 1. You had to figure out the clues to be able to know where

to go. 2. You were supposed to maintain 12.5 mph average while figuring out the route. 3. You drew cards at each check point to try to get the best poker hand.

The first turn was to be at the sixteenth president! Who was that? Most of the streets in that area were named after presidents!! Turned out we were supposed to turn on "Lincoln." Figured that out as we came back after passing it. Pretty quickly we were supposed to turn at the third president. At least I knew that was Jefferson. But what about turning at "((square root of 81) 1) squared -1"?? Yes that was 63rd Street. "Turn left to stay alive!!" Here was a "DEAD END" sign to the right! "Turn toward a stone walled dead zone." Gussed that meant a cemetery, and were right. How about four miles of downhill where you could freewheel at 20-30 mph and after dogging it to stay close to the correct average speed, to come to a mile of granny gear uphill! Sure blows the average when you can only get 4 mph to show on the computer. "Left at the chef." Cook Street! "Right at Gilligan's Island Millionaire." Could you think of Thurston?? And so it went for the 17.5 mile route. It was so much fun that we've already started thinking of clues and routes for a TNT Poker Run sometime this summer.

Sunday morning we attended church services and then went on Monday's ride on Sunday. We knew we had to go home early 'Monday and Monday's ride just looked more interesting than Sunday's.

It was the best ride of the weekend! Went westerly downriver on the southside of the river and crossed over at about the ten mile mark and came back up the other side. But in the meantime, there were about five miles of brand new blacktop, smooth as silk and closed to all auto traffic, and there weren't even any bikes on it either, not even any other tandems! Spokane was a great place for the Northwest Tandem Rally and a great place to visit. With the Spokane River running right through the middle of town, with great views of the falls from



various bridges and skybridges connecting many of the buildings downtown, it was fun to just walk around and look.

Looking forward to Corvallis in 1999, Port Angeles, WA in 2000 and Pendleton, OR in 2001. Make your plans now to attend!!

Jim and Jessie Gibson, Canby
Thanks to Team Northwest Tandemonium for sharing this article with us

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JUST A BUNCH OF BULL

A tandem ride in the early spring - what could be more relaxing? I still remember how cool the morning breeze felt against our skin, as we set out for our first ride on our new Cannondale tandem. We had owned it for scarcely a day, and both of us had been itching to try it out. We both had mountain bikes. Allen had a road bike, too, and now my garage would be bursting with wheels, spokes and handlebars! But I was tired of getting left behind on the hilly routes that Allen always chose. We would begin together, but pretty soon I would hear him say, "Ahh, here comes a really nice hill!" Then off he would go, leaving me in his dust, while I wondered, muttering to myself, how on earth he could choose descriptive words like "really nice" for such deviously difficult, unpleasant, sweaty, heart-palpitating welts upon God's peaceful landscape! Soon he would be so far ahead that I could not even see him, and I suppose he got weary of listening to me gripe about it. At least with a tandem, he couldn't leave me behind, and I was looking forward

to the calm and easy togetherness we could now enjoy.

He had chosen a very flat route for the christening of our treasure, which looked to me like the Cadillac of all bikes, a shining white, super-long bicycle-built-for-two. We headed down Sanders Ferry Road, behind the Uniroyal Goodrich tire plant in Tuscaloosa, Alabama. The pedaling was easy, and my thoughts strayed to the day we had purchased the tandem.

I had gone along with Allen to Birmingham, and closely following the directions he'd been given, we wound up at Tandems Limited. The showroom was entirely filled with tandems. I gazed in wonder at all the bright colors and different styles they had. I had never seen so many of them in one place.

"What type are you looking for?" questioned Jack.



"We need something with good components, that fits us well ... something well-made," Allen answered.

"A white one!" I beamed.

Jack smiled and shook his head. Somehow, without sounding too sexist, he managed to comment on how often the men had definite styles in mind, while women often considered color. I pondered this. Well, when you knew next to nothing about bikes, what else was there?

The white Cannondale had knocked our socks off, and we both took out our credit cards and bought it that very day. I wondered if we would be able to get it home in Allen's van. Jack inquired as to what type of vehicle we had brought with us.

"A green one!" I piped up, kidding him about his earlier observation.

Later, we took a test drive up and down the street, loaded it up and drove away. We were both anxious to try it out, but were on our way to a play that night, and wouldn't be able to really ride it until the next day. It was very difficult to wait that long.

Now here we were, finally enjoying our investment. I could not really see directly in front of us, being blocked by Allen's head and body, but I could see off to the sides, and was enjoying the countryside immensely. We had passed a very old church and graveyard on our right, with gorgeous stained glass in one window. I knew there were cattle ahead, and farmland, because my nose warned me that I might want to hold my breath for a few seconds, or at least breathe through my mouth. Unlike many nature lovers, I find no beauty in the olfactory sensations of the pastoral settings.

I was jerked from my thoughts by the realization that Allen was trying to bring the bike to a swift halt. I had been pedaling hard, trying to do my share of the work, so it was frustrating when I realized I was the only one working. It was going to take us FOREVER to learn to do this together. The least he could do was warn me!

"What's going on..... ?" I began, but broke off as I saw his reason for stopping so abruptly. Ahead of us, and just a little to the left, was a bull, and he was charging us! There was nothing uncertain in his gait, either. He was giving it all he had, and heading straight for us. We stopped. My mind was going

ninety-to-nothing, as I realized there was not a single barrier between us and the bull.

At times like this, we all like to believe that our adrenalin will kick in, and our practical good sense will aid our human minds, to help us to triumph over the beast of the field. Not so with this lady. I completely lost it. I don't remember what I said, but Allen observed later that there were a few words he hadn't realized were in my vocabulary, so I must have said some Sunday School words in my hysteria. I remember a tree nearby, and a quick thought of shinnying up it. Allen's quick thinking is what saved us. I certainly would not have stopped. At least if our Taurean friend wanted to use me as a pin cushion, he would have to catch me first. But Allen held us still, and about twenty feet away, the bull finally stopped. The bull seemed to be studying the situation coolly. I wondered how many tandems he had seen in his lifetime. He could identify a car, a truck, and probably a single bike. But we must have been a puzzlement for him. I quickly gave us both the once-over to see if we were wearing any red. Was a bull as appreciative of colors as I was? Would purple turn him on?

While El Toro was hesitating, Allen managed to turn us slowly around - very slowly. We hardly appeared to be moving, it was taking so long. The bull stood there deciding, I suppose, whether we posed any threat to his cows, who were still locked up inside the fence from which he himself had escaped. I don't remember what I was saying, but I was talking a mile a minute, and Allen was trying to reassure me. We now had our backs to the bull, and were off the bike, walking it away from him, still at a creeping pace. He remained standing still, just a few feet away.

"Now, when we are far enough away, we can climb back on and take off like a big bird," Allen planned out loud.

"Well, what if he chases us?" I wanted to know.

"Don't worry. I'd get between you and the bull. I'd take the horns," he bravely promised.

"Oh yeah? Then how come YOU'RE in front and I'M behind you? Looks to me like I'm between!" I argued. It didn't make sense to me.

I kept glancing back. The bull still had not moved. As we climbed back into the saddle and



began to speed up, he lazily crossed the road and nibbled at some weeds on the other side. I breathed a sigh of relief and thanks. I hadn't even gone to church that morning! And I thought about what my last words would have been if he had actually finished what he had started. Could I have made it past the pearly gates with a vocabulary like that???

"Well, come on in, Linda," Saint Peter would have said. "You can clean our toilets for the next millennium!"

We pedaled to the nearest home, which was a trailer, and knocked furiously on the door. No one was home. We called 911 from Allen's cell phone, and told the operator that there was a bull loose on Sanders Ferry Road. She told us to call the sheriff, and we repeated our story to the dispatcher. No one seemed to know whose jurisdiction it was. I

wondered, if someone had gotten killed, would it have mattered whose jurisdiction?

We remounted and rode for miles out of sight of the bull, but no matter how far we rode, I kept looking back. I didn't stop looking behind me until we were inside the house, ten miles from the bull. We have ridden many times since then on that road, but not without trepidation and many protests from yours truly. I always make sure that fence is closed and locked, and El Toro is tucked safely inside. There's no way he's going to get a second chance at us and our beautiful bike. No Bull

Linda Allen & Allen Rosen
Tuscaloosa, AL

SOUTHWEST TANDEM RALLY 1998

We packed our bags and put our recumbent tandem on the top of our truck on Thursday and headed up to Arlington, Texas. This rally we had decided to leave the kids with their grandparents. There were a variety of reasons for this- they did not enjoy riding as much any more, but also because we had a relatively new recumbent tandem and no extra seats! We had already sold the smaller tandem that we owned.

Having made the trip up to Arlington, our trip to Waco was fairly short the next day. We reached Waco by noon. We were able to check into the hotel (the Waco Hilton) right away but packets weren't going to be available for another hour so we wandered across the street to Cricket's to get some lunch.

After lunch, we picked up our packet which included very nice embroidered polo shirts. We had ordered an extra set (everything in pairs, you know) so we had jade and navy shirts. They also had gray. Alan and Debbie Currie were there at the packet pick-up desk and we arranged to ride with them that afternoon. There were several ride lengths planned out a six mile ice cream loop, a five mile tour of the

Baylor campus, a thirty-five mile ride which included the Baylor campus loop, and a forty-eight mile. We chose the thirty-five mile ride and intended to add the ice cream loop at the end. We met Alan and Debbie and were off shortly after 2:00 pm. The ride went through farm country and was flat for the most part. Waco is on the edge of the Texas hill country and some routes can be quite challenging. At about 3:30 or so we got to a country store with about half the ride behind us. A stop was required by the rear admirals. We decided to get our ice cream there since the ice cream in the park was going to close down at 4:30 pm. Just after leaving the store, Alan and Debbie had a flat so we pulled off into the shade while they fixed it. Debbie took the roll of supervisor/tool hander while Alan did the dirty work.

We got back in time to get a shower and go across the street to the suspension bridge for the social hour/dinner. The suspension bridge is very old and now is closed to all but foot (and some bike, although no one took their tandem across it as far as I know) traffic. The Brazos River was beautiful, a lovely green color and very placid. There were not enough tables on the bridge so we ate with Debbie



(Alan was off helping with some Rally business) and another couple, Bryan and Lee Ann McMurtrie of Deer Park, Texas on some steps by the bridge. It was a very nice evening and we took a little walk down by the river. After that it was off to the bike room to check on our bike. Another social was starting in the bike room as people gathered to check out the bikes (it was what we were all there for, right?). We went over to Cricket's again after that but no one was there so we went off to the hotel and into bed.

Saturday there were four different routes (32, 51, 64, and 84 miles). The longer routes were said to be hilly so flatlanders that we are, we took the 51 mile route. We had been lead to believe that the longer routes were prettier but we were not disappointed in the scenery. The roads for the most part were not terribly busy and it was fairly flat. We ended up riding with Charlie and Teresa Waguespack from Brazoria, Texas. Teresa was having a problem with her cleat so we stopped to let them fix it. The way Teresa held her foot for Charlie to tighten the cleat was like a horse getting a new shoe. Pictures were required. Both teams being somewhat leery of riding an access road (Highway 6), so we chose a short cut which ended up adding some interest and pretty scenery to our ride. The road turned to a kind of gravel (well packed) after about one mile, but it was rideable. Big trees lined the road, which had very little traffic. Shortly after we hit the gravel, Bang! Our rear tire popped! Fortunately we were in the shade and had an extra tube. It was quickly fixed and we were on our way again when BANG! it popped again. Upon investigation, it turned out that our rear brake had been rubbing the tire and there was a place where the sidewall was worn through. Charlie was kind enough to assist Duane in repairing both the tube and putting a patch/boot on the tire so we could continue our ride. Our short cut put us back on the route in less than a mile and we hit lunch at about noon. We finished the ride with no problems, taking turns pulling with Charlie and Teresa. It was a lot of fun although the route back into town was not nearly as scenic.

When we got to the hotel the bike room was not open so we pulled our bike into the lobby (no way would it fit in the elevator to go up to our room) and locked it then met Charlie and Teresa for a swim at the pool. BRR! the water was cold but there was a hot tub and I got wet in there. Duane (my captain), Charlie and Teresa all got into the pool and the hot

tub. Duane enjoyed going back and forth between the two. After our swim and a shower, Duane and I went across the street to Cricket's again and got a snack. We then went shopping to get some gifts for the kids and for my parents for keeping them all weekend. We ran into Charlie and Teresa and ended up back at Cricket's again. After our small social, we went back to the hotel and let Teresa and Charlie test ride our bike. We had to put the bike into the bike room, which was now open but not for much longer. We were the last ones out of the bike room. The banquet was nice. I really enjoyed the dessert. There were many door prizes given out. We won a license plate frame. Duane just finished saying we never won anything when our number was called. We were the 85th team registered- oddly enough, this was also the year we both graduated from Texas A&M. There were quite a few laughs over one prize, some butt-butter. Chad Neu, the only child rider (he and his mother stoked their triple), pulled several numbers that ended up being cancellations!

After dinner, door prizes, and various announcements we repaired with Teresa and Charlie to Cricket's again. It turned out that Cricket's had a large selection of beer and some wine but no liquor so we hung out outside to see if Robert (Archie) and Nicky Archambeault would end up coming over. Instead, Alan and Debbie Currie showed up. We went over to another bar, Buzzard Billy's, and got drinks all around. After that, we all headed to the hotel for bed.

Sunday turned out to be another nice day. A front had passed through Waco over night and the wind was out of the North so it was a little cooler than Saturday. The ride was quite lovely but into the wind going out. Coming back into Waco was fast though as we had a tailwind practically the whole way. It was a nice finish to the rally.

Many thanks are owed to Mike and Susan Mahoney, the driving force behind the rally organization, and the rest of the steering committee, Mike and Sue Burdick, Alan and Debbie Currie, Chris and Binee Curtis, John and Nancy Griswold from HATS (Houston Area Tandem Society). They put on a great rally and are to be congratulated for a job well done.

Duane & Joann Johnson
TX



UPPER LAKE MICHIGAN

We were feeling very ambitious, as we often do at home in the comfort of our armchairs. Last year we pedaled around the island of Hawaii -- so this year why don't we ride around a large body of water? We settled on Lake Michigan. Reality set in when we got out the map and saw how BIG the Lake really is. So we compromised -half a lake is better than none.

We used the indispensable DeLorme map books of Michigan and Wisconsin to plan our route. We concocted a loop starting in Green Bay and proceeding clockwise around the north half of Lake Michigan with a rest day on Mackinac Island and a couple of days on the Door Peninsula. Later, we found that both states publish excellent bicycle suitability maps. Furthermore, each year the Michigan Wheelmen run a tour that approximates the route we had chosen for which a detailed route guide is available. The addresses for ordering these resources are in the Adventure Cycling Yellow Pages.

Days 1 - 5 The Upper Peninsula -- 285 miles

Green Bay is a compact city of 100,000. We arrived on Thursday before a Packer football weekend. Yellow and green, "cheese-head" paraphernalia was everywhere!

We had no problem getting our "BikePro" bag to the hotel, as vans are the vehicle of choice for taxis at the Green Bay airport. By dinnertime that night we had reconstructed our trusty Schwinn Paramount and were ready for fifteen days of cycling.

Early on Friday morning we followed the Green Bay Cycle Club's suggested route out of town.

Coming from a major metropolis, it usually takes us a couple of days to get into the rhythm of a ride. That means two things must occur. We have to spot our first "Cozy Coupe" -- one of those plastic, foot-powered little cars with the yellow top and orange bottom manufactured by Mattel that are ubiquitous in backyards all over the U.S. -- and a bystander must flag us down to offer us unsolicited route advice. Both had happened to us before lunch on day one.

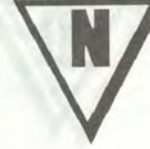
The Cozy Coupe was the first of twenty we saw over the next fifteen days. The bystander, after directing us to a local lunch spot in Oconto, suggested a lightly traveled road that shaved several miles off our route without sacrificing quality.

We got our first glimpse of the water at Suamico. Cottages line the shore of Green Bay. Most of them have been given cute names by their owners and we enjoyed riding along taking turns reading the clever monikers - 'Loon-a-Sea', "'Waves & Weeds", 'Curly, Shirley and Margaret', "Sweet Old Bill". Each yard we passed was a menagerie of lawn ornaments. There were deer, squirrels, bears, and wolves -- every manner of beast. We did a double take when one of the deer we thought was an ornament turned to look at us as we rode by! It has be a major task to harvest the 'crop" before winter sets in. The small garages and storage sheds must become miniature Noah's arks.



Patti and Jack snacking by the shore of Lake Michigan

At the end of the first day we missed the Menominee historic district. We rode through some stately neighborhoods on the way to our motel; but, next time we plan a trip, we will write to each local Chamber of Commerce to get a map showing points of interest we can visit on the way into a town. The next morning we backtracked into town for breakfast and found a cafe in the carefully rebuilt waterfront district. We left Menominee on a grand tree lined street admiring the large homes on the lake edge.



We hit rain between Menominee and Escanaba. The shoulder disappeared as Route 35 went through the Escanaba River State Forest. Water filled the depressions in the pavement and suddenly we hit an unseen pothole. BLAM! -- we had our only flat of the trip. At the height of the storm, we pulled into a cafe in Fox to wring ourselves out and to snack on a plate of pancakes and drink hot chocolate. Ah! One of the joys of bike touring is no calorie counting. Lunch was a soggy tuna fish salad sandwich under the dripping eaves of a church hall.

Even in the rain Escanaba's lake front park and marina were beautiful. On a nice day we would have lingered but we were already soaked. Our room that night had clothes hanging on every chair back and doorknob.

After Escanaba, Route 2/35 skirted Little Bay de Noc through Gladstone and Kipling. In Rapid River we turned east and it began to feel like the north woods. We had a good tail wind and a great shoulder. The roadside was a solid wall of trees interrupted occasionally by small settlements of bait and tackle shops, trading posts, old gas stations and diners. The sun came out just as we arrived in Manistique. The little red lighthouse marking the mouth of the Manistique River glowed in the late afternoon sun.

We followed Manistique's flower lined lake front walk to the Sunny Shores Cafe where the waitresses, each of whom had a dessert named after them, wore black uniforms with starched white aprons, collars and cuffs. Jack finally had a pastie, a pot pie type of dish indigenous to the Upper Peninsula that was the Welsh miners convenient way of taking a hot lunch down into the excavations. Patti had a turkey dinner with all the fixings. We set off early the next morning to get to Gulliver for breakfast only to find that it was merely an intersection with a convenience store and gas station. The proprietor suggested there was a spot a few miles farther up the road. At mile twenty for the morning we spotted the Dreamland Motel and Cafe. It was perfect for us -- eggs, fried potatoes, pancakes and coffee. While we ate, the staff laid out tray after tray of freshly cooked pies to cool. We were well satisfied when we hit the road again.

The WAVE -- 1,000 feet! The WAVE -- 500 feet!
Finally, beside the highway a big red hand

mechanically oscillating back and forth. SMILE! -- one man's Labor Day event.

Three Michigan cycle tourists chatted with us at lunch in Naubinway. They had ridden across the Big Mac Bridge the day before with thousands of other cyclists in a once a year ritual. Their bikes sported ribbons from past years' rides.

We spent our last day on the Upper Peninsula in Brevort. The Clearwater Resort, which had once been a casino, sits on the lakefront with waves lapping the small sand beach at the edge of a green lawn. That evening we sat by the fire ring and watched as the sun seemed to set into the Lake.

We neared St. Ignace and the increased frequency of Cozy Coupe sightings told us we were back in civilization. We got our first glimpse of the BRIDGE from Gros Cap Road. We were reluctant to leave the water's edge so we rode around Point La Barbe on unpaved Boulevard Drive. In St. Ignace we finally left the UP on the Arnold Ferry to Mackinac Island.

Day 6 -- Mackinac Island

We heard only the clop, clop of draft horses and the muffled sound of people talking - otherwise silence! Mackinac Island is heaven for cyclists. There are no cars on the island! There are no motorized vehicles in evidence, at all. In fact, delivery trucks are loaded aboard ferries on the mainland, floated to the island, unloaded and sent back without ever landing. Foot power, horse drawn carriages and bikes are the only transportation.

We circumnavigated the island on State Highway 185, an 8 mile bike trail that is the only state highway on which no one has ever been given a speeding ticket. While two thirds of the shoreline is natural, the small harbor is a collection of beautifully maintained houses and hotels (and fudge shops!) that date from the late 1800's. The centerpiece of the island is the Grand Hotel. Its front porch looks like the promenade deck of a cruise ship. Enormous ""cottages" originally occupied by Midwestern industrial barons flank the hotel.

Owing to its location in the Straits of Mackinac, the island has played a strategic role in international conflicts since the days of the French and English colonists. The well-preserved fort and military



memorabilia provided us an enjoyable and informative afternoon.

Days 7 - 11 The Lower Peninsula -- 300 miles

The next morning, we stepped ashore onto the Lower Peninsula in Mackinac City. Our route now took us along the Sturgeon Bay of Lake Michigan on State Road 119. The terrain in Wilderness State Park and Mackinac State Forest ranged from windswept sand dunes along the water to tree canopied roads high on the bluff. We ate lunch behind the Good Hart General Store and by mid-afternoon we were in Harbor Springs where we stopped for a banana and peanuts break.

The road from Harbor Springs to Petosky goes through some distinctive real estate. Wequetonsing is a tract of grand century-old 'cottages' from which the entire curve of the shore of Little Traverse Bay is visible. We arrived in Petosky at rush hour so we were glad to find the off-road cycle path into town.

Route 31 out of Petosky is a multi-lane highway! The shoulder was good and we had sweeping views of the resort development along the distant lake edge, but we ride on 'freeways' at home; so, we opted for the back roads. Immediately upon turning off of 31 we were on rural farm roads. We ate breakfast in Charlevoix and hunkered down for a 75-mile day. By mid morning our chain was giving us trouble and we were stopping every ten or so miles to free up a chronic stiff link. For most of the day there was very little traffic on the road and our route along Torch and Elk Lakes, despite our chain troubles, was cycle touring at its best.

Back on 31 we neared Traverse City. We looked for the entrance to the TART Trail for some relief from the increasing traffic. We missed it! The next ten miles into Traverse City were miserable. There were two lanes of traffic moving in each direction and no shoulder. Our chain broke, it started raining, the traffic got worse and the drivers surly. Finally, as we were about to pull over in despair, a cyclist popped out of a side road and asked where we were headed. He led us through residential streets to within a couple of blocks of our hotel. Then he turned off and was gone.

We checked in, collapsed for an hour and then went exploring. Traverse City won us over quickly. It is a fine, stately community with a strong down town. We decided to have our drive train



overhauled so we located a nearby bike shop and confirmed that it would be open the next day.

The next morning, Steve at the City Bike Shop went beyond the call of duty to help us out. He served us right away despite an already busy schedule so we could get back on the road. Our new chain and cogs worked fine from then on.

The delay forced us to reconsider our route for the day. Reluctantly, we chose to pass up the Mission Peninsula and head straight for the Leelanau Peninsula.

Out of Traverse City we headed north up the west arm of Grand Traverse Bay. Most of the world's cherries grow in this region but the roadside stands offered fruit of all types. Miles of vineyards; cherry, apple and peach trees lined the road. We ate lunch in Northport and proceeded across the peninsula to Leland on some of the most pastoral roads we had ridden so far. We spent the night overlooking Lake Leland.

We breakfasted in Glen Arbor among the members of a Heart Association Ride group before tackling the Sleeping Bear Dunes National Lake Shore. After dropping our panniers at the ranger station we detoured onto the challenging Pierce Stocking Scenic Drive. The vistas from the top of 4001 Sleeping Bear Dune were stunning. That evening we spent in Frankfort, one of the stops for the grand, lake excursion boats in the early 1900's.

The next day we had breakfast in Arcadia, which sounds prettier than it was. The company was good, though, as we chatted with the young daughter of the owner and a local fellow who warned us of the hills ahead. We briefly considered asking him for a lift in his pick-up but opted to continue pedalling. We traversed the rolling hills between Frankfort and Onekama without difficulty. South of Manistee the terrain became flat and featureless and the Quarterline Road went for ten miles without making a turn. Then farms and dairies appeared all around us. Finally, we rolled into Ludington where we were to board the Badger Ferry for the trip across the Lake to Wisconsin.

Aboard the Badger we secured our tandem next to some pretty fierce looking Harleys and climbed up to the observation decks. The Badger is a reactivated car ferry of the kind that used to ply the Lake waters. It connects Ludington, Michigan and Manitowoc,



Wisconsin saving drivers the 500-mile trip around the Lake. As the boat plowed through the mist we knew we were in for a wet time on the Wisconsin side.

Days 12 - 15 The Door Peninsula 207 miles

It started raining hard as we landed in Manitowoc. We only had 30 miles to get to Kewaunee, our stop for the night, so we donned our rain gear and pressed on. By the time we got to the MacDonalds in Two Rivers we were soaked. While we munched our burgers the sun came out and we were off again.

The terrain and scenery on the Wisconsin side of the Lake was a mirror image of that which we had just left in Michigan -- only more so. We now know why Wisconsin is called Dairyland. There were times when we were tooling along a farm road that we could see as many as a dozen barn/silo complexes in the distance. They looked like castles looming out of the pasture. We arrived in Kewaunee barely ahead of the rain we had been outrunning all afternoon. After a short downpour we were rewarded with a spectacular view of dark clouds behind brilliant white houses on the breakwater.

Algoma was our second favorite breakfast. We almost missed the small diner at the corner of -S- and 42. It was another of those local hangouts with excellent coffee, eggs and pancakes.

The Delorme maps showed occasional small roads along Sturgeon Bay. Several times we ran out of pavement and wondered about their accuracy; but, as usual, Delorme was correct. We bounced on the hard packed surface with the water almost lapping over our tires.

After eyeing the Michigan Street Bridge with trepidation while we snacked on bananas, we crossed the Sturgeon Bay Ship Canal and headed up the Green Bay side of the peninsula. The shoreline became more ragged with coves and inlets below rocky bluffs. The lake edge was again lined with enormous cottages. We had been pedalling into a head wind all day so when we got to Egg Harbor we stopped to refuel. After a slab of fudge, two malts and several Danish pastries, Jack was ready to go again. Patti had a snack, too. We spent the night at the White Gull Inn in Fish Creek and enjoyed their traditional fish boil dinner. It was a spectacle when the 'boilmaster' stoked the fire with kerosene. The



sudden intense heat boiled off the oil and impurities leaving behind just clean, flavorful white fish.

In the morning we rode through Peninsula State Park on the way to breakfast in Ephraim. The park was quiet and the smell of breakfast cooking over campfires whetted our appetites. Later in the day, as we rode down the lakeshore of the Door Peninsula, we stopped at the Ridges Wildlife Sanctuary for a tour of this ecological phenomenon. As Lake Michigan receded after the last Ice Age, wave action and deposits of gravel created a series of corduroy-like low ridges and isolated shallow valleys each of which has become a separate ecosystem. As we walked the trails toward the Lake the foliage varied from trough to trough.

Back on the road, we turned west toward Sturgeon Bay and realized that we would not see Lake Michigan again on this trip. The Lake had been our companion for two weeks and we already missed it.

That evening in Sturgeon Bay, we studied the maps for our final leg back into Green Bay. It did not look inspiring and we were afraid our last day was going to be anticlimactic. Instead, it was delightful! We stair stepped down the Green Bay side of the peninsula on farm roads. The sun was out and the air was clear. Periodically we would climb a low rise and get a glimpse of the water. At Edgewater Beach we rejoined the coast road and from there into Green Bay we were back among the weekend cottages, lawn ornaments and Cozy Coupes.

By early afternoon, we were within a few blocks of our hotel. We had already pedalled more than 60 miles and we did not want to quit. We leaned our tandem against a picnic table in the Bay Beach Park and had a final snack.

Jack & Patti Schwellenbach
Santa Monica, CA



ICEFIELDS PARKWAY

The NIRD family decided to do the Icefields Parkway. What a strange moniker. It comes from Nancy, Ina, Rich and Dave. One of the waitresses noticed the T-shirts I had created for the NIRD Tour '98 and christened us the NIRD family.

After a week or so in Oregon, Washington and British Columbia, we finally were in Banff getting ready to bus to Jasper to start our adventure.

On our last off-bike day, Ina and I explored Banff, taking the gondola to the top of Sulfur Mountain, and then having lunch at the Banff Springs Hotel, a delightful edifice built by the Canadian Pacific Railroad 90 years ago.

We took the bus up to Jasper and settled into our B&B.

The next morning we started out. It took us some time to leave Jasper as we needed some adjustments to our V-brakes and Ina needed to purchase booties. When we did leave, we were quite a sight. The Scofields on their fully loaded Santana and we on

our circus bike (the Tandem Two'sDay) towing a suitcase on wheels. No wonder that several cars took pictures of us and not the scenery. We heard the following comments: "Commendable!; You'll be in great shape when you finish."

Today we saw a moose cow and several mountain goats. The goats were at a mineral lick that they favor, so they are common there. Our first stop was at Athabasca Falls, a delightful spot that shows the erosive powers of water. This was just one of many places along the Parkway that would emphasize this. We encountered the first of several Backroads tours. It seems that this touring company offers many tours of this area. In fact, we later saw another tour just one day behind this one. Cost - \$1,395 per person American for 6 nights, not including bicycles. We encountered headwinds and that made it tougher riding. Rich says, "This is harder than I thought it would be." Ina says, "Help!!" Rich also notes that the trailer isn't doing its share of the pedaling. We finished the day at the Sunwapta Falls Resort. We had a bungalow there and it was a

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very nice place. Unfortunately, Parks Canada made them suspend installation of a hot tub that would have been most welcome. After arrival we walked to see Sunwapta Falls, where the river makes a 90 degree turn just after the falls. Impressive. After a welcome shower, we had a grand dinner at the restaurant.

It is important to remember that there is no choice of lodging or dining along the Parkway. There are lodges and associated restaurants at about 30-35 mile intervals and nothing in between save campgrounds and youth hostels. So, this trip required careful planning. In fact we had to change some dates because of availability. Cost at most places is high. We benefited from the advantageous exchange rate (\$1 Cdn = \$0.69 US), but it was still expensive. Food was much more reasonable.

We had our only bicycle mechanical problem today when the Scofields broke a rear spoke. Fortunately, they trued the wheel and it gave no further problems.

To sum up day 2 - Wind, wind, and more wind. And you don't have to guess from which direction it

was coming. Steady at 25 and gusts to 35. Miles per hour, not kilometers. And to top it off, we had the toughest climb of the week - 1,000 feet in 2.5 miles, an average 7.5% grade. We pushed the bike for 1.5 of those miles, but the Scofields rode the whole way, stopping every half mile or so to rest. Hats off to them. The climb came at the 28 mile mark in a 35 mile day. We fought the headwinds along the lake shore and just gave out. All during this, I am thinking: "How in the world are we going to make the entire week?" I am evaluating bailout strategies. I don't share this with Ina. And to top it off, it was the warmest day yet, with temps about 80. On the plus side, the views were fantastic. The Parkway is 'in the shadow of the Great Divide', and this means the continental divide where water can flow to any of three oceans - Pacific, Atlantic, Arctic.

The Scofields met a nice lady from New Brunswick, Canada who knew of his Leahy ancestors. We met a couple from Montreal who generously took our picture and then wanted their picture taken with our funny-looking tandem. We saw ravens and Clark's Nutcrackers as well as some more goats.

One of the nicest views of the day was part way up Sunwapta Pass, when we looked to the left and saw Tangle Falls, one stream that breaks apart and comes over the cliff in 5 or more rivulets. Quite appealing.

At the Icefields Chalet, we sprung for the better view rooms overlooking the Athabasca Glacier. It also had a great view of several of the mountains that surround the glacier. Dave met a group that was going to climb to the top of one of the peaks the next day. They would get up at 3 AM, leave by 4 AM and be down by 2 PM in order to make sure the snow remained frozen.

The next morning, we went out to the balcony to try to find the climbers. With the naked eye it was impossible, but with the high powered telescope we could see them clearly as they progressed up the mountain.

We took the morning off the bicycles and went for a walk on the glacier. You board a bus which takes you to the Snocoach, a \$250,000 specially designed vehicle with huge tires and special gearing that ventures out onto the glacier. Passengers then

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disembark and get to walk around. It was cool up there, both scenically and temperature.

Around 12 or so, we departed and climbed gently for 4 miles to the true top of Sunwapta Pass and then began the descent of the Big Hill. That is what it really is called. The Big Hill. We used the drag brake and the regular brakes to keep us at about 35 mph or so. The road surface didn't lend itself to anything faster. We stopped at the various overlooks and got a great view of the valley to which we were descending. The descent goes on for 7 miles, around the Big Bend and across a bridge over the Thompson River. Our animal of the day was the Golden Mantled Ground Squirrel, which are ubiquitous in the mountains.

Upon arrival at the Crossing, we did laundry, hit the hot tub and discussed options. The next day was the longest - 50 miles - and it included the second pass on the Parkway. We didn't want to carry our stuff so we looked for alternatives. When we entered the dining room, Dave asked the waiter if he knew anyone going to Lake Louise that evening or the next day. The waiter said he was. We enlisted him to transport 2 panniers and our trailer and tipped him \$40. He assured us our belongings were safe with him as he was going to cop school. At that point, we didn't care if they got there or not, as long as we were free of them. The Crossing was a very nice place, and given the prices we paid at the other Parkway lodging establishments, quite reasonable.

It seemed strange riding without towing our little trailer, but it did make things easier, especially since Ina was slow getting up to speed that morning. The first 23 miles were uphill, some more gentle but uphill nonetheless. We made an early stop at Mistaya Canyon and walked down to the gorge. This was a lovely spot and definitely worth the short hike. It also gave us a chance to get our act together.

As we were pedaling, we would look up the road and see the upcoming climb. After our first two days, everything looked intimidating. But we pressed on. At the base of the climb, we look back and saw that where we had been was now black. Mountain weather has a way of changing quickly and we saw that the probability of a thunderstorm was high. We kept pushing upward, stopping every half mile for a 2 minute break. At one point the rain started and we hid for a few minutes in the lee of a camper parked in a turnout. Finally, the top. Not that

bad, considering. Then the payoff downhill. In 3 miles, we were approaching the turnoff for Num-Ti-Jah Lodge, the last and only place in the 50 mile stretch. Our decision to stop was based solely on the climb into and out of the lodge. Since it wasn't too bad, we stopped. That was a great decision. No sooner had we linked up with Dave and Nan then it started raining. We hid the bikes as best we could and ran to the Lodge. The skies opened up, with hail and sleet. We couldn't see Bow Lake, less than 100 yards away. We were warm and safe in the restaurant having a lunch of soup, hot chocolate and bumbleberry pie. After lunch we lingered by the fire and obtained plastic bin liners from the staff. Stupidly we had packed our raingear in the luggage that was now, hopefully, at Lake Louise.

With typical mountain weather, it cleared as quickly as it had appeared and we continued on. Along the way, we made a potty stop in the woods. Unfortunately it was at Mosquito Creek. For many miles we just sort of went down and up, rolling gently until we were about 7 miles from Lake Louise. Then we had the best downhill of the entire week. Gentle with speeds of 35 or so with no brakes. On and on we rolled, laughing as we forgot the pain getting to this point. Too soon it was over and we rode the last few miles into Lake Louise on the Trans-Canada Highway, a busy multi-lane highway.

Lake Louise is two separate entities. Lake Louise Village is just off the Trans-Canada Highway, at 5,100 feet above sea level. Lake Louise, where the Chateau and Deer Lodge (our lodgings) are located, is at 5,700 feet above sea level. The 2 mile road has no shoulder and is heavily trafficked with buses, RVs of all description, and automobiles. We had no desire to spend the next 45-60 minutes in cycling hell.

Entering the parking lot at the Lake Louise shopping center, two youths waved to us from a Parks Canada pickup truck. Immediately upon dismounting, Ina went over and, using her Southern charms, talked them into giving us and our steeds a ride up. We didn't feel guilty at all.

Up at Deer Lodge, we found our baggage. Hooray! On to the hot tub, and then a delightful dinner at the restaurant. Many thanks to Ron Scheiblaue for recommending this place to us.

A well-deserved day off the bicycle. A tribute to my master planning. The weather was iffy all day,



with periods of sun, but mostly on and off rain. We overdid and hiked 5 or so miles including coming up from the village. We tried to see Moraine Lake, one of the beauty spots, but clouds and fog prevented us from truly enjoying its loveliness.

Lake Louise is beautiful and the Chateau is elegant, if overrun with tourists. I don't know who is left in Japan. We had breakfast and dinner in the Victoria dining room overlooking the lake. Hot tub in the PM. Entertainment is everywhere at the Chateau, from the zither player selling his CDs to the retired Canadian Army sergeant playing the alpenhorn. Extremely touristy but fun.

On our last day of cycling, we started by 'dropping' into Lake Louise village. It was cold, about 40, and for the first time on our trip we made use of the gear we had been toting with us for a week. Tights, long-fingered gloves and jackets was the uniform of the day. We flew down the hill, drag brakes notwithstanding.

We chose the Bow River Parkway to Banff instead of the busier but flatter Trans-Canada Highway. In French, it is called Promenade de la Bow Vallee. Sounds much nicer. There were some hills, but nothing compared to what we had done earlier. And we were so happy to have our trailer following us again. Yeah, right.

Our stop was at Johnston Canyon. We hiked about 1.5 miles up the canyon. Since the trail follows the canyon floor, there are places where there isn't enough room for a path. Steel box beams were driven into the rock and the path was cantilevered out, forming a catwalk. Very thrilling. At the base of the lower falls, a grotto opened to a great view of the pool.

Arriving at Banff, we had lunch and then headed to our motel, where we spent about 45 minutes packing the Tandem Two'sDay for our return to Atlanta. Our last dinner with the Scofields was at the Keg, a local emporium that we thoroughly enjoyed.

The next day we drove to Calgary and departed Canada.

This was a wonderful trip. We generally had great weather, not including headwinds, and found a place where cycling jerseys work, instead of merely making one bake as they do in Atlanta. The scenery and wildlife were fantastic. The Icefields Parkway

JONES/KISKE TAKE BRONZE AT CYCLING NATIONALS

Rebecca and I took the bronze medals in the 40 kilometer bicycle Masters National Championship Time Trial on July 15. On our new Cannondale 3000 we averaged nearly 25 mph for the 40 kilometer course south of Tallahassee, FL to win 3rd in the 110+ (combined) age group in the United States Cycling Federation championship event. In all, 29 tandems raced in the time trial. Tandems started at one minute intervals, and only the race winner passed us. That was New Mexico's Pete Penseyres and Bonnie Gabriel. Pete and Bonnie won it last year too. We race for the Northstar Cycling Team sponsored by Atlanta Cycle and Fitness, so we didn't have our PEACHES jerseys on.

Charlton Jones
Atlanta, GA

has been called the most scenic ride in North America and we aren't going to argue with that.

All told, we rode about 180 miles in 5 riding days and climbed 10,000 feet. 2,000 feet of that were in just 7 miles, so that means the rest was pretty gentle, but hilly. This ride is doable. Just do it.

Rich Wolf & Ina Thompson
Atlanta, GA
Dave & Nan Scofield



THE STUCKER'S DOWN UNDER

TRAVELING IN NEW ZEALAND, THE NORTH ISLAND

Gene and Dina Stucker continue their New Zealand travels. Gene & Dina had arrived in Kaikoura.

On Monday, 19 Jan, we had decided to just bike a very short, fairly flat day to a nearby town of Oaro, only about 12-14 miles from Kaikoura, and walk beaches and look at the scenery. It happens that Oaro is just at the foot of the Hunderlees, a set of hills that we have to cross to get to Christchurch. It is a town of maybe 50 people and one couple there has two tourist flats for rent so we called and reserved one and then drifted there. We stopped at the medical clinic on the way out of Kaikoura to get the last remaining wounds from our crash of some time ago looked at again and rebandaged. The judgement at the clinic was that Dina's elbow and my ankle both have become ulcerated (neither of us really knew just what "ulcerated" meant but the nurse explained that it means they aren't healing as fast as they should) so we got retaped complete with some ulcer dissolving cream and instructed to have them checked again in Cheviot, another town two days down the road. It was another glorious day and we were again biking between the ocean on our left and steep bluffs on the right. Traffic was much less than it had been lately, probably both because we are getting close to when the kids need to be back in school on the 28th and also are past the weekend. In other words, another Zen biking day.

We stopped at: 1) a "rock art" beach, a stretch of beach where people had stopped to build art objects from the local beach rocks and driftwood (it even merits an official traffic warning sign) where we took pictures but didn't build anything; 2) an attraction called Maori Leap Caves, some caves carved by the sea so long ago that they had stalagtites and stalagmites, but the 10 o'clock tour had just left and we weren't willing to wait for the eleven o'clock tour, 3) admired a few more fur seals we saw along the way, one quite close to the road so Dina climbed down to take a close up picture, tossed a small stone to get him to look up and dashed back to the road when he growled and 4) still eventually got to our tourist flat in Oaro. The hostess was very gracious and said that we could use her phone to get our E-mail but, as you might have guessed, when I checked

the phone circuit the modem saver showed a red, too much current light so it will be at least another day before the last report gets sent. We went for a walk along the beach for about a couple of miles south of our rented overnight flat and it is beautiful. Close to the water the sand is fine and black but back on the higher beach it is all smooth stones of varying sizes and colors. In the water there are rock ledges trailing out and there is seaweed, mussels, shells and other ocean things along the way adding their colors and textures. At one point we met a young couple collecting spider crabs to measure for his PhD thesis; tiny creatures with bodies that measure in the 10 to 20 mm diameter range. When we approached them we found they were from Connecticut. It almost washed out of our minds the day we have tomorrow.

Oaro is at about 10 m elevation and immediately out of town we will start up a hill to over 200 m, then we drop to about 100 m and back to almost 200 m again. It would be a tough day.

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Tandem Two'sDay



We were up at seven but I really didn't feel like biking up that mountain and besides, it was cold and looked like rain. I thought that we might find an excuse to just spend the day loafing and suggested that we walk to the hostess's house to check the forecast. Well the bad news was that the forecast indicated that it was a perfect day to bike over the mountain so, lacking a decent excuse, we had our breakfast, packed and got underway. About a mile from the tourist flat the road started up and steeply. We cranked along but in fact it was cool and nice to be cycling and we continued our climb, with maybe a stop or two, right to the top at the listed 200 m. Then down a steep grade (slowly, of course, as we do now), up again, down, and up and finally we were over these three barriers. At that point we rode along beside a river for a few miles and then up a very gentle grade again, this time to 165 m and a possible stop for the night at Hawkswood backpackers. By this time we felt that our original target city, Cheviot, which was pretty much downhill from here, was well within our reach and on we went.

Actually Cheviot was up a considerable grade after we got to the bottom of the hill from Hawkswood and the hill down was mostly a thin layer of new gravel on the tar used to seal the roads here so we had to proceed even much more slowly than usual. Even so, eventually we arrived in Cheviot and went to the far side of town to investigate a rather new motel that had signs that a double was only NZ\$55 (US\$ 32). It was lovely, perhaps the nicest one that we have stayed in so far in NZ, so we settled in after our climbingest day at over 2200 feet of total elevation gained. (Somehow when I calculate that we pedaled the bike and trailer over 0.4 mile up today it seems more impressive.) We had been told in Kaikoura to visit the accident clinic here in Cheviot to get rebandaged yet once again so we called and had 30 minutes to get there before they closed. After the new bandages we investigated the places for dinner. The only place open after 5 PM that served food was the hotel so that was an easy decision. In the hotel dining room we met a couple of touring cyclists, one from New Canaan, CT, where he owns a bike shop, and the other who he had met on the road and found that they shared general goals and timing. Of course we exchanged data and drank some beers together. It was a very nice meal and even with wine and beer

cost only NZ\$34 (US\$20) so, coupled with the motel, this town rates way up there for value.

The next morning we didn't want to bike to the beach in the rain so we mostly used the time to wander about town (900 people, not big), chat with shop owners (the guy who owned the hardware store had a son in Houston who had recently married a Houston woman), stop at city hall for data about where we were headed and write E-mail notes. Oh and another thing. Sitting in the room reading we suddenly felt the couch shake from side to side, dishes rattling and such. Earthquake! Yes, it was just that and we heard later on the TV that it was 3 on the Richter Scale. Not much, really, since a "big one" rates at 7 or 8 which means they are 10,000 to 100,000 times more powerful than our 3 but still the only earthquake that I have ever felt.

When we turned off the alarm at seven and looked out the window it was raining again. Too bad, that is only good for an excuse one time; today we are biking. Dina fixed a big batch of Pam's five fruit porridge to get us going, we paid our bill, packed the trailer and were on the road by 9:30. Somehow I had looked at the road profile for the ride today and thought that it was essentially flat. As we biked along I kept saying, "How come we are still going up?" and Dina kept saying, "Because that is how today's route goes". Of course she was correct when I looked again that evening. It gradually stopped raining. We actually crossed a peak at just the same height as the one we had prepared for on the day before yesterday, at 200 m, but today we just crossed it once and the days total climb was much less. It is really beautiful country we are riding through. The Canterbury Plains - but not at all as flat as you usually think of plains. Low rolling hills backlit by mountains. The hills are mostly yellow-brown, dry grass and the mountains are mostly barren, looking blue and purple in the distance. The mountains look more like a painting than reality. The day was initially cool, got a bit warmer and then kept getting colder as we rode. At a stop in Greta Valley we put our sweatshirts on but shortly thereafter we took them off again when the sun finally came out and by the time we reached Waipara, where we intended to spend the night, it was hot.

At Waipara a local man has purchased four "guard cars" from the railroad when it went from

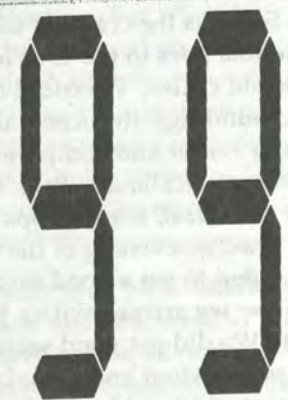


being state owned to being private. These are the equivalent of our cabooses, cars that were at the back end of the train where "guards" rode. When modern technology eliminated the need for these cars they were eliminated in NZ only when the trains became a private enterprise. In the US the cabooses were eliminated after a great deal of labor-management conflict. At any rate, he purchased four of these, hauled them to his property down the road a couple of blocks and converted three of them to places where travelers could sleep and the fourth into his office. It sounded unique so we stopped and rented one. Actually it isn't that great a deal. The cars don't have bathrooms so you have to walk outside 50--100 feet to common facilities, they are small and not well equipped and the price at NZ\$50 is almost what we paid for a really lovely motel room last night in Cheviot. But still it is different, has some charm and is an experience, right? Just 100 yards (or as we say here, meters) down the road from our guard car sleeper is the Waipara hotel and bar and again, as in Cheviot, it is the only place serving food after about six PM.. Dina had brought food along to fix for dinner but we decided to eat in the bar for the experience. It was adequate and easy. I had, beside my fish and chips, a lasagna, which here is a crumb covered rectangle about 3 X 3 X 1 inch, with layers of pasta, sauce and chopped beef, deep fried and ready to eat. Not bad but different.

From Waipara it was literally all down hill to Christchurch with the scenery of grazing sheep on the yellow, brown fields, occasional cattle & deer and closer to Christchurch, fruit orchards. The trip was one of our longest in mileage, about 38 miles, but one of the lowest climbing days at the same time so it was quite easy. We had sent an E-mail note to a backpackers hotel called the Stonehurst in Christchurch and asked for a double room but we weren't where we could get their reply. When we arrived they had our note and a room for us. Again it is an old hotel now converted to simpler use but this time, unlike in Wellington, the queen apparently never stayed here. We have a small, simple double room but it does have a phone, a fridge, a TV and a private bath, all for NZ\$39 per night (currently we can buy NZ\$ for less than 59 US cents so that is US\$23). Like all backpackers there is a large common kitchen and dining room for our use so we are getting by in good shape.

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We felt very lucky to arrive in a town there when there was a buskers gathering (buskers are street performers, an art that is held in rather high regard in many countries). We had arrived in Christchurch for the last three days of a ten day buskers gathering here. We walked into town intending to just have a nice dinner and worry about the buskers tomorrow. Dina had picked out a restaurant from the Frommer's guide that Joe Mountain had loaned us, a neat sounding place called Dux de Lux. We walked to the Dux and had some wonderful food noticing a lot of commotion out back. When we went out after dinner we found that Dux's back yard was the prime performance location for buskers in the evenings. The performance we caught was very good so we decided to return the following night for more.

Saturday, 24 Jan, we took the free shuttle to the base of the gondola car that rises to the top of a local mountain to overlook Christchurch. Wonderful way to appreciate the whole area. Christchurch is set near the sea on the flat edge of the plain but just to its South is the crater of a very old volcano; the gondola goes to the 1500 foot summit of one edge of this old crater. We could overlook the town and its surroundings, the ocean, the large harbor in the crater center and compare it all with an excellent topographical map. Back in town we investigated the cathedral, many shops and such and prepared for another evening of the buskers. Tonight we intended to get a good seat in the patio back of the Dux so we arrived with a big sack of peanuts at 6 PM. We did get good seats, bought a couple of glasses of stout and talked with a local couple, a lawyer of 60 and his realtor wife, in the seats next to us. Unfortunately we lack the self control to sit talking and drinking stout beside an open sack of salted peanuts from 6 until 10 PM intending to eat after the performance. The performers were quite good, especially a cyclist called Justin Case who does trick riding that must be seen to be believed. We did take lots of pictures of Justin to show our cycling friends and hope they come out. When we went into the Dux after the performance for dinner we found that only a small salad was quite enough. Hopefully peanuts and stout are nourishing.

Sunday we did more tourist stuff; rode the city trolley; walked past the cathedral to see if the Wizard, a local character, was out today; visited the Antarctic museum, a very well done display; walked past some buskers that do living statues extremely

well; checked out a Blues, Brews and Bar-B-Q festival, but it was almost over and not worth the price for the few minutes remaining: and had a good Thai dinner, before we again went to see buskers at the Dux. We had decided to spend Monday night at our backpackers so we could again sleep late, do the laundry, buy some groceries and plan for where we might head next. Christchurch is a pleasant, comfortable city with the Avon River winding through town - nice place to spend extra time.

Monday, 26 Jan 98, was a loafing day. That is, we had to purchase groceries, pick up some other stuff that was available in a big town like Christchurch, check with AA for details on the best route through town, catch up on the laundry and have one last great dinner before we stop in small towns on our way to Dunedin for the next few days. And loaf enough that we felt like leaving. I did have one problem. The front wheel that had been making a noise that I thought had been fixed with small chunks of a Coke bottle at the spoke cross points. Since it had started again, I decided to try a milk bottle this time; maybe PE will last longer and/or lubricate better than the PET material destined to become Polartec from the Coke bottles. At any rate, we now have small squares of milk bottle at the front wheel spoke cross points. Dinner was at Bailey's, an old pub in the heart of the city on the cathedral square. A few years ago the building was a fine hotel but is now a backpackers and there has been pressure on the city to have it torn down, but it still stands and the pub at least does a good business. And it has Guinness on tap. We had two Mediteranian salads, a pizza with red pepper and onion and a dish of pasta with smoked chicken in a cream sauce for a meal we couldn't finish and loved. Still, back at the backpackers, we did have a few chocolate frosted wheaten digestives. I am really going to miss being able to eat all this stuff when we return and don't bike as much every day. All that and to bed early.

Tuesday we set the alarm for seven and popped up to get going. Yogurt and muffins for breakfast, carry all the stuff down the stairs (no lift) to pack the trailer, pack up, check out and on the way. Getting out of the city was a fairly long and slow process but Dina had discovered a very quiet road that paralleled route 1. We took Dina's route to Rolleston, about ten miles out, but then we had to join route 1 and its traffic. At least it has pretty good



shoulders. We were now on the heart of the Canterbury Plain, flat for miles but with blue mountains ringing us far off. And dull, actually. These mountains look like the Rocky Mountains in the distance. Yes, I know they are just in the 5000 to 8000 foot range (except for Mt. Cook, which is still out of sight), but here they don't start on a plain that is already a mile above sea level. These mountains start AT sea level. Still, biking along the flats for several hours with the distant mountains on the horizon, it eventually gets dull.

We stopped at Dunsandel for an ice cream break, continued to the bridge over the river Rakaia (narrow, scary when traffic goes past and over a mile long) and stopped at the campground at the end of the bridge and on the North side of the town of Rakaia (salmon fishing capitol of NZ) after about 36 miles of fairly easy but not very interesting ride. Do need to comment on the Rakaia River; it is a "braided" river, meaning that it is wide and flat. The water has several channels down the river bed and these channels wind and cross and recross so that the water actually looks braided. Many of the rivers in the flat Canterbury Plains are braided.

Wednesday, 28 Jan, we scheduled a short day again, even though it is flat. Our plans are dominated by the locations of places to stay and the hills on the road and today it works out to be Ashburton. One of our standard yogurt and muffin breakfasts and we were on the road by 9:30. Ashburton is a town of about 14,000 on the next river South of Rakaia, about 20 miles by the route we take. We left Rakaia on route one and traffic was quite heavy. About 5-6 miles out of town, at Chertsey, we veered left onto less used roads through Newland and Netherby and eventually into Ashburton from the East. For a few miles along the way the wind was out of the North and blowing hard as we headed South on smooth, flat, virtually traffic-free roads; now that is biking! Of course heading NW into town made us face reality again. We are still on the plains and the hills between us and the water have vanished but the ocean is too far away to see. The mountains to the West seem far away too, and the farmland seems to stretch endlessly in every direction. We are here during one of the worst droughts in years - in recorded history in some areas. So big sprinklers are going all over the farm land. It seems strange to see a field blooming with thistle and covered with other weed like stuff being



sprinkled, but there must be something growing there that sheep like to eat. Dina had selected a campground but we missed it with our route. Since it was only noon we decided to just proceed into town to look it over. As many people have mentioned about NZ towns this one also looks like a US town of several years ago. At the information center the woman in charge insisted that we must become an article in the local newspaper and she called the editor who promptly sent a young photographer over. Again we told our story and had our picture taken and again they promised to send us a copy of the paper for our files. We will see; we don't often get the promised copies. Then back to the campground, in a fine, light but stinging rain that came on quite suddenly, and we rented a motel unit for the night. Riding around town to get some feel for the place we stopped at the chemist. The pharmacist recommended a route to our next stop, Geraldine. He is a cyclist and enjoys this particular route. When asked about where to eat, the owner of the motel had many suggestions but when I mentioned that I often choose based on who has Guinness on tap she said, "Well then, you need to eat at Kelly's" That sounded fine to us and we had a fine dinner there of pasta, chicken salad and garlic bread and yes, complete with a couple of pints of Guinness. Back at the motel we again had our nightly chocolate bar and chocolate cookies before going to bed.

Thursday, 29 Jan, we headed for Geraldine, a town a little further inland and reachable by back, low traffic roads. We have to take advantage of these flat plains and create our own routes away from the beaten track. Most of the country offers no alternative sealed roads - only the main highway. After a small bowl of fresh boysenberries followed by a big bowl of Pam's five fruit porridge we packed and were off, on the road by 9:30 about as usual. My speedometer went blank so we stopped in town for a new battery but that was the only delay. Just at the South edge of Ashburton we veered a little right along a road that on our map showed the towns of Maronan, Carew and, after crossing the river Rangitata, Arundel and Orari Bridge before arriving in Geraldine. It is true that there were at least three or four houses in each of these locations but as for being a "town" there was little justification for any with the possible exception of Carew where there was a school. At any rate there was no place to stop to buy anything like a snack and it was a wonderful





day on flat roads so we just biked along for the whole 35 miles with only a couple of short breaks.

Most of this route we were headed west, straight towards the mountains. They loomed larger and larger as the day went by, and by the time we turned south, we were within a few kilometers of a steep climb. All of the mountains close by seemed barren, but we could see a few patches of snow covered peaks in the distance. With such a beautiful day and with no significant stops we arrived in Geraldine by about one and stopped at the information center. As we stopped a couple a few years younger than we are walked up and asked about retirement bike touring. It seems that they were about to enter the bank to talk about retirement planning and biking seemed to them as something that would be fun. We chatted there on the side of the road until they left to meet with their banker and then a young man, who had stood quietly aside while we talked and I thought was just listening, stepped forward and introduced himself. He was a reporter from the Christchurch paper who would like to submit an article about us to his paper. Of course we gave him our card and answered all his questions, ever eager to become celebrities, and then rode past him several times for his photos. As did others in the past, he promised to send us a copy of anything published. When we finally got into the information center the women there were very helpful and did make one suggestion. We were as close as we would get to Mt Cook, there was good bus service from here and this would be the best place from which to go to see it.

First we went to the campground and got a cottage for the night. Nice, spacious place with beds for five for NZ\$30 per night. Then we took the info center's advice and all the information they had to offer; went to the bus ticket office and inquired about tickets up and back; found that tickets were available and reserved a pair; called the YHA hostel at Mt Cook for a double room only to find that they only answer the phone between 12:30 and 3 and then again between 5:30 and 10 and it was 3:15; called the Mt Cook backpackers who only have dorm rooms so we reserved a couple of dorm cots for Friday; and back to the ticket office to purchase the tickets. We got YHA fares up there for Friday (30% off) and "super saver" fares back on Saturday (half price) so the round trip bus trip cost is NZ\$98 for both of us. We are to arrive there at 1:45 on Friday and leave on Saturday at 1 PM so we should have plenty of time

to look at the mountain. Back at the campground the host said that he would store our bike and trailer for the night we are on the mountain and save our cottage for our use when we return on Saturday so things are pretty well worked out. We may call the YHA hostel again and try for a double room instead of those dorm beds but whatever...at least we will have been there.

Oh yes, have we suggested that anyone visiting NZ should certainly consider memberships in the Youth Hostel Association (YHA) because it can get lots of discounts on things, especially train and bus fares but also some entrance fees. It would also be wise to have a membership in AA or as we call it in the US, AAA, for the maps and the information, and also for some discounts. Both have proven valuable.

Friday morning we got up at seven, packed our bags for a one night visit to Mt Cook, packed the bike and trailer for storage at the campground, ate our fruit, yogurt and muffins breakfast and walked the block to the Oaks restaurant where the bus stops. We were there plenty early for our 10:55 departure but that happens as you get older. The bus arrived right on time and we were off. It is a three hour ride to the mountain and we climb from about 100 m at Geraldine to 760 meters at the village, population 300, of Mt Cook. Along the way the surroundings change from flat fields of crops to rolling fields of mostly sheep with some deer. There was a short stop at Fairlie and another at Lake Tekapo and as we proceeded fog closed in and it began to rain. The first stop in Mt Cook was the YHA hostel and, as the driver unloaded the luggage, I dashed in to ask if they had a double for the night. The woman behind the counter said, "We don't have anything for tonight." so I was glad that we at least had the dorm space at the backpackers down the road. When we got off the bus at the Hermitage Hotel it was still raining, lightly but with lots of gusty wind. Inside they gave us a map of the village and told us how to get to the backpackers, which was really run by the hotel and was only about 100-150 meters away. How can you go astray in 100-150 meters with a map? We did, but not too far and finally got there to find that the "dorms" were seven bed A-frame cottages divided into areas holding two, two and three beds. So Dina and I had a relatively private "room" for the night after all. The tarriff for the two beds was NZ\$40. I asked at the hotel what a room would have cost; The least expensive hotel room for two was



NZ\$245 plus the 12.5% VAT so the beds in our little private alcove felt really very comfortable there in the backpackers. As it turned out, our roommates were quiet, they stayed up until 11:00 watching "Born on the 4th of July", turned out the lights and went to bed. Well, the one female came in much later, but quietly.

We walked to the info center, accumulated more data about the area and watched a very interesting slide show about climbing Mt Cook. It was essentially first climbed (i.e., it is estimated that they were about 200 feet short of the peak when it got so late they had to turn back) in 1880 by an English minister and a couple of his friends. Watching the show forced us to consider just how difficult it would have been in 1880 to attempt something like that. It took five years of communication to plan the venture; there wasn't a phone, fax or E-mail to speed it up. There were no roads in the area. The trip from England took months longer than anticipated because they ran into a small pox problem somewhere. Climbing equipment wasn't very sophisticated by today's standards. When they did the climb they delayed too long trying for the top of the mountain before turning back and spent the night standing side by side, each holding with one hand in a crack, on a very narrow ledge, talking to one another so they wouldn't fall asleep and fall off. Impressive. Even with the rain and fog and no hint of Mt. Cook, this is a fascinating place. The construction is closely regulated so that it all blends into the scenery - everything is painted brown or green. And even in the rain you can see that you are in a little valley surrounded by mighty mountains in every direction. No light or habitation anywhere except in this small community which was created expressly for tourists.

That evening we visited the local tavern and had pizzas, bean salad and potato salad for dinner but had to drink a local dark beer because they didn't stock Guinness. Perhaps you wonder why I talk about food so much. You really have to bike tour (or maybe climb mountains or something like that) to know how important food can become. But Satisfying!

Saturday morning we arose to a lovely day with scattered clouds that seemed to be decreasing. After our breakfast of bing cherries, kiwifruit and cold cereal we walked to the hotel to put our bags into

their store room and then took a walk called "mountain view". The mountain was, of course, Mt Cook and the walk took about the advertised hour to arrive at the view point. Along the way we saw a lot of local native bushes and plants. There were lots of lupine (pink, purple and blue bluebonnets for you Texans). We could see other mountains much more closely and understand another reason why these mountains are hard to climb. The rock in these mountains is mostly unconsolidated gravel and rock that isn't too well held together. Much of it is mudstone and sandstone. The mountains are therefore really big piles of that gravel that have come apart and are spilling down the mountainside. You can see lots of gravel slides. Poor footing, easy to slide, tough to find a route where you can really climb safely. The gravel goes into the streams and rivers headed for the Pacific and you know where all the rock comes from to make the beds for the braided rivers and the rock covered beaches. Mt Cook is 3764 m high, almost exactly 3 km above us at the village; 3 km, 1.86 miles, straight up. That and poor footing, snow and glacial ice, all makes for a long trip to the top. At the view point we engaged a young woman in conversation who turned out to be



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from Denver but had visited her aunt and grandmother in Houston a lot when she was a little younger. We were greatly outnumbered by the Japanese photographers coming, going and waiting for the right moment. (At the Hermitage most signs and menus are in Japanese and English. The vast majority of guests are Japanese. Most tour buses are filled with Japanese tourists. You can understand why the Japanese financial problems have affected the value of the NZ dollar.) As we talked the clouds lifted a little more and Dina was able to get a fair picture of Mt Cook. The walk back to the hotel was down hill and down wind and went quickly. As we waited for the bus, the clouds really lifted, and Dina took several more pictures of "the" mountain.

The bus was right on schedule, we made the same stops on the way back to Geraldine as we had coming up and we arrived to reregister at the campground and go back into our cottage by 4 PM. Dinner that night was at a local cafe that had won several awards for its food. Not bad but not as good as we expected. We slept well, ate a usual fruit, yogurt and breads breakfast and were on our way by 9:30 as usual. The goal for today, Sunday, 1 Feb 98, is Timaru, a port city about 25 miles from Geraldine via back roads. Timaru had two famous sons, are you aware of either of them? One is Bob Fitzsimmons, a prize fighter who won three categories of championships. He beat Gentleman Jim Corbett for the heavyweight championship, Jack Dempsey for the middleweight championship and someone else for the light heavyweight championship; or maybe I have the categories wrong but anyway he was one tough fighter. The second is Richard Pearse, an unschooled farmer who built an airplane and its engine (by himself, in a workshop on his farm) and flew it before the Wright brothers got around to it. Both fascinating people. We got to Timaru in great time and were surprised to find it is a city of hills. It has been several days since we biked up real hills. We checked in to a motel to take advantage of the phone. After looking at the statue and wandering all over town we went to the Richard Pearse (right, named after the first man to fly) restaurant for dinner, No, they didn't have Guinness but they did have Murphy's stout on tap and that isn't too bad. They also had a salad bar, a rare thing in NZ, and we took full advantage of it. On the walk back to the motel we explored the Timaru waterfront which has been developed with many things, picnic

areas, tennis courts, fishing spots, swimming beach, as well as the commercial docking that has always been a mainstay of the town. It is supposed to be the safest swimming beach in NZ. Interesting and well done.

Arising on Monday, 2 Feb, Groundhog Day, (at 6:45 because we woke up before the alarm went off!) we got up and had a big pancake breakfast. Packed up and off by 9:30 on our way to Waimate. Built on a lava flow from a long gone volcano (apparently lava doesn't flow smoothly), Timaru is a very hilly city and several kilometers South of town is still very hilly, to the extent that we spent a good deal of our time cranking in our lowest gear up short but steep hills. You would think that millions of years and several feet of dust and debris would level things. Finally I did admit to Dina a certain nostalgia for those flat Canterbury plains even if they were rather dull. We rode on until Pareora, a tiny place where we stopped for the toilets and Dina's morning ice cream cone. The owner was very friendly and, in the conversation about what we planned to do for the rest of our trip, was quite emphatic that we should bike up the West coast because it was probably flatter than what we had already done. He said that he had lived on that coast for eleven years and we shouldn't miss the opportunity to see it on a bike. His observations about flatness are based on driving a car. We will add his opinion to whatever else we can find. Continuing South on "good ole route one" the road got a lot flatter and we began to really coast along until the wind shifted into the South and became a head wind again. We persevered on for several miles to Makikihi where we turned left, out of our way but off route 1, for about a half mile to a quiet road paralleling the highway called Hook Swamp road.

Interesting that we don't see much difference between the traffic volume on the major roads between the North and South islands. Everyone said that we would notice the much reduced volume here in the South but we don't. There must be fewer cars, the population of the south Island is less than one million while about three million live on the North Island, but there are also fewer roads. (By the way, if you total up those figures in the last sentence you will find that there are fewer people in NZ than in Houston.) For the next couple of miles on Hook Swamp we didn't see a car but then the road came to an end and we headed back to cross route one onto



another side road through Waiariari and Deep Creek before turning left on another quiet road into Waimate. It was a 33 mile day and we climbed 870 feet in this ostensibly flat area. In Waimate we debated about where to stay. The town has a population of 3,000 so is about the size of Geraldine but it doesn't seem to have the facilities. There are several motels, at least two hotels and a campground. Dina thought that she might need to fix dinner tonight because places tend to not be open on Mondays so the first thing we did was to check with tourist info about who might serve dinner this evening. We were told that the hotel was open and had good food but still we stopped at the hotel and double checked. Not only were they open until nine serving dinner but the menu looked great and they had Guinness on tap! With that concern removed we went to the campground and rented a cabin.

Cabins at this campground rent for NZ\$8 per person per night (this is < US\$9.60 for both of us; where in the US can you sleep in a bed, inside, in your own room, with access to a shower and a kitchen for less than \$10?) so we were a little suspicious but got the key to a double from the office and biked down to examine it. Not great but large and quite adequate and, since we were only sleeping there, not fixing meals and such, we kept it and went into town to visit the museum. Very nice museum for a small town, especially things that we don't often have in the US like moa bones, bird egg collections and such. Stopped in town for a few more food supplies, back to the cabin for a shower, typed these notes and out to dinner. We ate at the local, New Criterion Hotel and we each had a fairly typical bar meal; I had an asparagus crepe and a salad bar while Dina had a chicken & mushroom pie. We did each get a dessert and therefore didn't have to eat all those chocolate covered cookies and nut chocolate bars back in the room. Not bad but not memorable. Back at the room we found that someone had taken the TV out of the lounge so we couldn't watch the news so we just went to bed. In the morning, Tuesday, 3 Feb, we had a typical breakfast, packed and finally found someone to pay; we couldn't just leave when the room was already so cheap.

The destination for the day is Oamaru. The ride turned out to be 33 miles, very flat and easy but noisy with traffic as usual on route 1. We intended to avoid the traffic on route one so when we got back



on it from Waimate we followed for only about a km before turning left on smaller roads that lead to Morven. These roads are shown as sealed on the AA maps and those maps have been very reliable so far but in this case they goofed. We were sucked in by the fact that the first km or so was sealed but then it became gravel. By then we felt committed and still tended to trust the maps but, a couple of miles of gravel later, we went back to route 1 and its noise. In town we debated about where to stay and stopped at both the AA office and the visitor info center to get their opinions. Of course at the AA office we also wanted to comment about the gravel on the road shown as sealed (for whatever good that might do). In the end we decided on a tourist cottage at the local motorcamp and, since there were so many things in the town we wanted to do, we took it for two nights. It turned out that this motorcamp, one of a NZ chain called "Top Ten" is affiliated with KOA of the US. If we had our KOA membership cards we were to get a 10% discount on the rate. The cottage that we chose was NZ\$39 per night but when I told her that it hadn't occurred to me to bring my KOA card to NZ she gave us the discount anyway. Two nights then cost us a little over NZ\$70 (about US\$42). The cottage had two bedrooms, a nice kitchen and was very bright and spacious, but we did have to walk 50-60 feet to the toilets. If you come to NZ, bring your KOA cards.

We didn't do much that afternoon except prioritize the attractions. There are two penguin colonies in Oamaru, a Little Blue and a Yellow Eyed. The Little Blue colony is closest to downtown and viewing starts at nine PM; they don't come home until after dark. The Yellow Eyed colony is quite a bit farther away from town and viewing is from 6 until 8 PM. They come home while it is still light. You can visit both colonies on a single evening by walking briskly over a hill between 8 and 9. We decided to have dinner and visit the Little Blues on the first night and then visit the Yellow Eyes tomorrow. The young woman at the visitor info center had suggested the Irish Pub for dinner so that is where we went. They did have Guinness on tap and wonderful nachos but the main course was only average. After dinner we walked to the Little Blue colony to see the penguins. It was well over a mile from the pub to the colony viewing spot so we got there a little after the official starting time of 9 PM but we hadn't missed any penguins returning from



the sea. Despite the price of NZ\$9 per head to watch and the rainy evening the viewing stands were full; maybe 60-80 people. Shortly after we arrived a "raft" of penguins were seen returning and hit the rocks. From the rocks the penguins have to climb up a steep but short bluff, cross a road and then find their spouse in the colony. The colony consists of wooden burrows that the city has supplied where the penguins live underground. Three rafts of returning penguins arrived that evening for an official count of 84. At the end of the evening, about 10:30, we felt tired and called a cab for the 2-3 miles back to the cottage rather than walk in the rain, light tho it was. The cab fare was NZ\$5 and seemed a bargain. We slept well.

Wednesday, 4 Feb, we called the visitor center as soon as it opened to sign up for a walking tour of the town, scheduled for 10 AM. When we arrived it turned out that we were the only people on this tour. The tour leader, Helen Stead, had lived in town many years, had been on the town council and was a staunch advocate of building preservation so she really knew her buildings and history. The normal one hour tour took us about two hours because we talked so much and Helen even invited us to her home. Helen had also insisted that the newspaper be contacted to write an article about our passing through town. At the newspaper office the young reporter was very impressed with us and our trip but it is clear that at our age it isn't necessary to do something well, if you do it at all the young are impressed. At any rate she interviewed us at length, took our picture on the bike and promised to publish a nice article.

After the interview we biked five or six miles out of town to the local stone quarry where the white limestone, called Oamaru Stone, is taken from the ground. All the noted buildings in the area are built from this stone. It is a family business that has been in the same family for several generations. We arrived just as a tour bus did so we were simply included in their tour. The young woman who was our guide was one of the current generation of owners and her attitude was refreshing and also typical of NZ. Yes, there was more demand for their stone than they could keep up with but, no, they did not intend to expand; they could keep a stable, year round work force employed at the present rate and the builders didn't seem to mind that they had to order their stone three or four months in advance.

Interesting tour. We walked down into the quarry after the tour and stood beside the huge hole where for several generations the family had quarried limestone. Somehow the idea that all this limestone is the skeletons of microscopic marine animals that have settled to the bottom of prehistoric seas is hard to imagine as you try to calculate just how many of those small creatures lived and died just to form this single quarry that stretches around and above you. This world has been here quite a while, hasn't it?

Back in town we visited the museum, chatted with some local cyclists and bought some deli stuff at the supermarket for dinner and stuck it in the fridge at the campground so that we could go to the observation of the Yellow Eyed penguins from 6 until 8 PM. There are two ways to get to the viewing site. One is to bike up a very steep, but sealed hill and then coast down a long gravel road. The return would be of course to bike uphill on a long gravel road, etc. The second is to bike to where the Little Blues are observed and then to walk "over the hill" to the site. The walk takes one half hour. We decided to go where we had been, the Little Blue site, and walk the hill. After we parked the bike the start of the walk was well marked but as we proceeded it became more vague. Finally we came to a "Y" in the path with a sign that said, "For high tide route follow markers", but we didn't see any markers. (I am reminded of a statement attributed to Yoga Berra; "If you come to a fork in the road, take it.") About that time a young man who we thought to be a local came along and we asked him for advice. He said to take the left path which we did. This turned out to be the low tide route, which we also found later had been closed, but fortunately the tide was pretty much out and we walked along the shingle without problem until we arrived at a point just below the viewing platform. Dina decided to go around a corner to find an easier way up the cliff and found herself right beside a sea lion who awoke and roared at her. She retreated quickly and we saw that the actual route went straight up a bluff where someone had hung a steel cable to pull yourself up with. Dina was not happy about climbing even this short bluff but with me pushing she made it up and we climbed to the penguin view point. We went into the "hide" to obscure ourselves from the returning penguins. It was already crowded at about 5:40 and more people arrived and stood outside but that didn't seem to affect the eventual arrival of penguins. The colony is



very small, presently 17 adults, but as we stood there we saw several of them come in from their day at sea, swimming very quickly in to the beach and then waddling across the beach to the bluff and climbing to their nests under the brush. They swim so quickly and smoothly but walk and climb so slowly and awkwardly that it seems humorous, as you all know from films. Cute and neat little buggers.

The ranger arrived to talk to us about penguins, looked at me and said, "Hey, I know you, you're Gene." He had been at the AA office when we were there yesterday and, after we had talked about biking and recumbents at length, I had given him our card. You don't have to be in one of these small towns long before you are part of it all. After watching the Yellow Eyed penguins until about the normal 8 PM we walked back across the "hill" (a challenging walk really), this time on the official high tide path, retrieved the bike and biked back to the campground. This trip had only one stop, when four women arrived at a street crossing just as we did and started a conversation about cycling in NZ. They had seen us on the road, somewhere South of Picton. Back at the cottage before dark, we ate our deli supper and crashed again.

Thursday, 5 Feb, we had decided that we really needed to see the Moeraki boulders; they were only about 25 miles away and there was a nice motel there as well as a campground in the event the motel was full. The route in our biking guide had us taking route one out of town but instead we took local advice and left town on the scenic, ocean front route. The initial hill, still in town, was very tough, steep and long, but soon we were between the ocean beach and the hills. Since it was a short day and since the beach was so lovely and empty we decided that we really had to stop and walk along the water. We pulled the bike off the road and walked to the water's edge from where we saw that we were not alone. About a hundred meters away there was a table with an umbrella and two men sitting reading a newspaper. Of course here in NZ I felt that I had to go over and say hello so I started in their direction. One of the men left the table and came toward me and when he got close he stuck out his hand and said, "Mr Stucker, it is good to see you." I couldn't recall his face, was quite startled and probably began to sputter but he began to laugh. "Are you wondering how I know you?" he asked. Apparently I at least nodded and he then showed me the daily

paper that he had been reading. There was a very large, full color picture of Dina and me on our bike and a long article about us on the first page of the second section as well as a smaller picture of us, one of a series of three referring to internal stories, across the front page above the paper's name. We talked as he enjoyed his little trick and then finally left to proceed to the day's goal.

For several miles we rolled along the delightful beach-side road to Kakanui where we had to angle back to the main road, but by then we were over half way to Moeraki. Stopping at Hampton we each had an ice cream cone and checked our data about the availability of a motel at Moeraki and the actual location of the boulders. There was both a motel and a pub there at Hampton, the boulders were only 2-3 km farther down the road, the Moeraki motel which was very nice and had a great view was another 3-4 km and there was probably no place to eat near the Moeraki motel. Tough decision but we decided to go for Moeraki and bought a couple of bottles of beer and a little more food for tonight's dinner. At the Moeraki motel we got the last room and unpacked. Back to the boulders, almost spherical rocks formed over millions of years deep in mud sands and now lying along the beach. All are very large and all the smaller ones have been "souveniered", a great new word. Unknown numbers are still hidden in the beach front cliffs, but several are visible, waiting for enough erosion to allow them to fall onto the sand. It is a really beautiful, very wide, sand beach with what looks to be a very gradual slope into the water.

Back to the motel for a cold beer and some chips before dinner and to watch the sun set over the bay from our second floor bedroom balcony. Some Thai soup mix, tuna salad, fresh tomatoes and really good bread made a fine dinner, especially with chocolate stuff for dessert. Another great day.

Friday, 6 Feb, is Waitangi day, a national holiday. It celebrates the treaty of Waitangi, the treaty between the Maori (the iwi) and the Europeans (the pakeha) that was signed in 1840 at the town of Waitangi up at the North end of the North Island. In the treaty the Maori acknowledge the Europeans as the governing group while the Europeans acknowledge the Maoris ownership of the natural resources. It is on this treaty that the country is based; there is no constitution. There is a great deal that could be said about it but I am hardly



enough of an expert to do so. It would be interesting reading. We arose at seven from our nice, second floor bed in the motel in Moeraki, overlooking the bay in the morning light. It was lovely.

We might have been tempted to try to stay another night but when we checked in last night the landlady had mentioned that she could only give us a room for one night because she was full for the following few days. Dina didn't feel well but we had planned a very short day and just got on with it. By now we were pretty well decided that the two hills between us and Dunedin were really too much for fun if they could be avoided and we intended to take the train. The first of these hills goes from sea level to 225 meters (740 feet) and then back to about sea level, all in about 12 km so both sides are steep. The second is not as steep but goes up to 435 meters (1430 feet) and then back down into the town of Dunedin. These two hills would add to equal our climbingest day so far, even if everything else were dead flat. Now, with Dina feeling rather punk, was not the day to try for that.

The last southbound train stop before Dunedin is the small town of Palmerston, about 14 miles from our motel, so we intended to ride there to take the train. It was a lovely morning and part of the route was as nice as any we have had so far. We biked for several miles on a gently rolling road between the ocean and its long, white, crescent beach on our left and mountains behind beautiful fields of sheep and crops on our right. The train passed through Palmerston at 12:45, according to the schedule that we had, and we thought that we might get there in time to catch today's train. Indeed we were in Palmerston by about eleven and, stopping for the toilets at the service station, found that we needed to stop at MacGregor's sandwich shop to purchase train tickets. Proceeding to MacGregor's we asked about tickets and the young lady there said, "Give me some information and I will see what I can do for you." We told her our ages, that we were YHA members, (these two factors are supposed to get discounts) that we were traveling on a tandem bike and pulling a trailer (these things are obstacles) and off she went. In a few minutes she returned to say that she could not sell us tickets since today's train was not expected to stop there at Palmeston and had already left its starting point, Christchurch, where the roster was made up BUT we could stand on the station platform and if the engineer saw us in time he would

probably stop for us or there might be someone getting off to cause him to stop anyway and then, if there was room in the baggage car, we could put on our bike and get on to pay the train manager and go to Dunedin. It sounded like we were about to spend the night in Palmerston and take tomorrow's train.

I told Dina that I was going out to scope the train track and station while she waited in the lunch room. As I approached the station a large, very old flatbed truck with a motorcycle tied to the bed pulled in and parked. The young man who jumped out looked quite friendly enough and I asked, "Are you taking that motorcycle to Dunedin?" "Yep, motorcycle and truck too; I'm going to convert the truck to a house truck." I might mention here that the NZ equivalent of an RV seems to be to take a big old truck and build a house on it. Much cheaper and people can do their own. At any rate, in the conversation that ensued he agreed that there was plenty of room on the truck for a tandem and its trailer and that he would be delighted to take us along. About that time his girl friend and his two children arrived in a van and were informed of the plans. Jessie, for that was his name, had a couple of cups of coffee; I took his kids to the ice cream shop and bought them each huge cones; as Jessie drank his coffee some old friends came into MacGregor's and spotted him and chatted. Eventually we put our bike and its trailer on the truck, loaded all our extra stuff into the girl friend's van, Dina and I climbed into the truck cab which then wouldn't start because the charger wasn't working well, girlfriend pulled the van over for a jump start and we all got underway just as the train charged whistling and clanging through the station without stopping or even slowing. We probably wouldn't have been on that train.

As we started down the road the steady series of pops from under the hood came to Jessie's attention and he turned and said, "Does have a manifold leak but nothing serious. Don't worry, it really runs good." The hills were really steep and long but hills don't look as bad from the seat of a truck as they do from the seat of a bicycle and we came right over them, albeit slowly at times, with the manifold leak popping loudly and with clashing gear shifts as Jesse explained, "These gears probably need some work." The truck was really quite old, and when we asked about it, Jesse said that the previous owner had been planning to donate it to a museum, but had been talked into selling it instead.



We arrived at the edge of the downtown area of Dunedin about 2 PM where Jessie let us off, refusing to accept anything for his trouble. Down we went to the visitor info center to find that almost everything in town was full. Today is the start of a week long celebration and people have gathered from miles around. After several calls the young lady found us a backpackers hotel just a few blocks away with a double room for the next two nights. So after gradually getting ready to spend well over NZ\$100 per night at a local motel as several were contacted and found to be full, we ended up paying NZ\$36 per night for a nice large room right beside the bathroom. Not only that, but as we walked in the hostess said, "I know you, I was just reading about you in the paper and saying to someone that you were the kind of people we should get to stay with us." So we felt welcome too.

This backpackers is a fairly small one located part way up one of Dunedin's hills. Dina had said we couldn't bike up the hill as far as the backpackers - and she was right. This is one hilly town, located in the crater of a very old volcano, in an area of lots of hills especially out in the area of the Otago Peninsula. We walked several blocks to dinner at Filidelfia's Pizza Place - couldn't figure out why they had a picture of the Statue of Liberty there - should have been the Liberty Bell. Good dinner of Greek salad and ravioli filled with pesto and nuts. And chocolate cheesecake.

Saturday, 7 Feb, was supposed to be a touristy day. But we woke to hear raindrops on the metal roof outside our window and went back to sleep. At 2:00, it is still raining, so the festival events planned to happen outside at the octagon (center of town) and the bus tours we want to take are postponed, at least by us. We will just loaf and catch up on this biking report today and tour Dunedin tomorrow. The Dunedin area really needs the rain as there has been a fire ban on for some time and problems with brush and grass fires.

Gene and Dina Stucker
On the road in NZ

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September 12, 1998. **TOYS (Tandems of York (PA) Society) TRABBAM (Tandems Ride Along Beautiful Blue Appalachian Mountains)**. East Hanover Twp Bldg, PA. 9:30 am. 40 miles. We ride ALONG not over the mountains. Includes a lunch stop. Dale & Lana Walmer (717) 469-2428

September 12, 1998. **CATS (Chicago Area Tandem Society) Glacial Run**

II. Chicago Suburbs. The Lynch Family (773-238-8535

September 13, 1998. **TOYS (Tandems of York (PA) Society) Ride**. 8:30 am, 63 miles. Taneytown Memorial Park. The back roads of Carroll County MD & southern PA provide a rural backdrop for a terrific day of riding and lunch in Biglersville at Glenn's Family Restaurant. Jeff & Lindy Venable (410) 638-0965

September 13, 1998. **PIGS (Paired Iowans Going Somewhere) Ride**. Des Moines, IA. Ride leaves from Des Moines Art Center, Polk Blvd & Grande Ave. 25 to 45 miles. Pat or Ernie Fisher (515) 226-0172

September 19-20, 1998. **TROLS Big Adventure '98**. Longview TX. An out and back, overnight ride from Longview, TX to historic Jefferson, TX. Jefferson is a quaint, East Texas town rich in history and full of B&B's, antique shops, and country charm. Registration limited to the first 50 teams. \$125.00 For registration forms or more information; Reggie or Lindw Bowers, 261 Mosley Circle S, Longview, TX 75605, (903) 663-2144, hobbit@iamerica.net

September 19, 1998. **TOYS (Tandems of York (PA) Society) Susquehanna Folly Ride**. Parking Lot of Sam Lewis Park in Eastern York County, PA. 7:30 am, 60+ miles. Lots of hills - do not attempt his ride if you have not been riding seriously. Deb & Gary Franke (717) 843-4147

September 20, 1998. **T-Bone (Tandem Bicyclists of New England) Ride**. Framingham, MA. 10 am. 20 & 40 miles. Bring a picnic lunch to eat at the Old Grist Mill next to the Wayside Inn. Greg Pryzbyl & Debbie Hawks. 55 Salem St, Methuen, MA 01844. 978-685-6394. More details via email: RHarvey422@aol.com

September 20, 1998. **Twin Cities (Minneapolis/St Paul, MN) Tandems Ridin' Nort' Wit' Lena and Ole**. Scenic fall foliage ride around Northern Chisago County. Several great routes on rural roads and along

lovely lakes. Part of the rides will be on the new Sunrise Prairie Trail. Food and drink at our house before and after ride. for details: Bill and Mary Mobeck, 6340-437th St Box 154, Harris, MN (612) 674-4498

September 20, 1998. **PIGS (Paired Iowans Going Somewhere) Ride**. Des Moines, IA. Ride leaves from Des Moines Art Center, Polk Blvd & Grande Ave. Apple Cider Ride. 25 to 45 miles. Pat or Ernie Fisher (515) 226-0172

September 20, 1998. **CATS (Chicago Area Tandem Society) Kenosha Ride II**. 9 am, 40 miles One stop along the way is the oldest velodrome in the United States. An optional ride to scenic Petrified Springs will produce a few more climbs and 10 more miles. Dick or Jackie Homan (847)-587-7234 rhoman@lfelen.lfc.edu

September 25-27, 1998. **1998 BART (Bay Area Roaming Tandems) Rally**. Pleasanton-Livermore, CA, the other wine country. Rally headquarters will be located in Pleasanton and the routes will lead us past picturesque vineyards and wineries. Joanne (510)-449-6869 e-mail zbikers@aol.com www.wenet.net/~pickle/bart.htm

September 26, 1998. **T-Bone (Tandem Bicyclists of New England) Ride**. Ledyard, CT. 10 am. 20 & 30 miles. You've heard of the poker Runs from sports car and motorcycle rallies - join us for a bicycling poker run followed by a picnic. Ray & Kristie Foss. 92 Kendall Rd, Lisbon, CT 06351. 860-376-2717. More details via email. knrf@ctol.net

September 26, 1998. **TOYS (Tandems of York (PA) Society) King's Gap Ride**. Mechanicsburg, PA High School. 9:30 am, 40-50 miles. Don & LuAnn Emert (717) 938-1517

September 26, 1998. **Colorado Tandem Club Ride**. Denver, CO area. Paul and Susie will lead a great ride. (303) 678-7961 for details.

September 26-27, 1998. **T-Bone (Tandem Bicyclists of New England) Harvest Weekend**. Sterling, MA.



Bicycle the quiet, rolling back roads in central MA at apple harvest time. Ride one or both days. On Saturday, spectacular foliage views while cycling country roads to Brookfield Orchards for apple dumplings and cider. On Sunday, try the Major Taylor Century on quiet, rolling back roads (open to all bicyclists). Cheryl Houston & Dick McNamara, 3 laconia Rd, Worcester, MA 01609. 508-753-4471. More details via email: RHarvey422@aol.com

September 26-27, 1998. **T-Bone (Tandem Bicyclists of New England) Sea Coast Century Weekend**, Hampton Beach, NH, SASE to Dave Topham, Two Townsend Ave., Salem, NH 03079. 603-898-5479. More details via email: DSTopham@mediaone.net

September 27, 1998. **T-Bone (Tandem Bicyclists of New England) Ride**. Litchfield, CT. 9:30 am. About 40 miles. Fall foliage ride through lovely Litchfield county. Dave & Nan Scofield, 12 Kent Rd, Warren, Ct 06754. 860-868-7067. More details via email: danasco@snet.net

September 27, 1998. **CATS (Chicago Area Tandem Society) St Charles Ride**. St Charles, IL. Joe Loesch (630) 377-6258

September 27, 1998. **DATES (Dallas Area Tandem Enthusiasts) Business meeting and Social**. Dallas, TX. RSVP and ask what you can bring. Come help us plan the year end events and the SWTR 2000. Bruce or Cara Camping (972)-359-0959

October 2-4, 1998. **Fall Allegheny Ride for Tandems (FART V)**. Off road MTB weekend at Allegheny State Park, Salamanca NY. Private rooms. All meals on your own. Riding XC ski trails, horse trails and dirt roads. Technically not difficult, but be prepared to climb. Registration \$50 per team before August 30, \$60 per team after August 30. For more info, Karen & Brian Managan, 1134 Wall Rd, Webster, NY 14580. (716) 872-1751 or hey_managan@mlsonline.com www.netacc.net/~managan/fart

October 3, 1998. **Twin City Tandem Club (Minneapolis, MN) Chili Ride**. Fall is here. Come enjoy the crisp air,



sights and tastes of cool weather. Lynn Pagliarini and Ralph Hapness, 431 Fontaine Court, Woodbury, MN, 55125

October 3-4, 1998. **CATS (Chicago Area Tandem Society) Lake Geneva Overnight**. A Classic lakeside resort town Lake Geneva is always fun to visit. The Stamms (847) 336-1843

October 4, 1998. **T-Bone (Tandem Bicyclists of New England) Ride**. Avon, Ct. 9 am. 25 & 40 miles. Fall foliage ride around Avon, Simsbury, and Grandby, Ct. Helen Chisholm and Kelly McQuoid, 860-678-7285. More details via email: bkmhlc@aol.com

October 9-11, 1998. **DATES (Dallas Area Tandem Enthusiasts) Fall Campout**. There is nothing better than camping in October, a cool morning by the lake, cycling with friends, a quiet hike on nature trails, dinner on the grill. Camping at Lake Bob Sandlin State Park in east Texas. Sites must be reserved with Mike or Jeri prior to the ride. 20-50 miles. Contact Mike or Jeri Parker (214) 368-0450.

October 10-11, 1998. **TOYS (Tandems of York (PA) Society) Rodney's Retirement Ride**. Lititz, PA. 50 miles. Rodney & Verna Moseman (717) 626-4190

October 10-11, 1998. **CATS (Chicago Area Tandem Society) Festival Ride**. Chicago Suburbs (but on the Indiana side). The Baileys (317) 378-3469

October 11, 1998. **Twin Cities (Minneapolis/St Paul, MN) Tandems Fall Colors at the Country Pub in St Peter**. It sounds like we'll be doing more stopping than riding. Mike Ruedy (612) 944-7635

October 11, 1998. **PIGS (Paired Iowans Going Somewhere) Ride**. Des Moines, IA. Ride leaves from Des Moines Art Center, Polk Blvd & Grande Ave. 25 to 45 miles. Pat or Ernie Fisher (515) 226-0172

October 17, 1998. **T-Bone (Tandem Bicyclists of New England) Ride**. Mystic, Ct. 10 am. 15, 25 & 40 miles. We will ride to Clyde's Cider Mill where you will have the chance to see an old fashioned, steam-driven cider mill in action. Ray & Kristie Foss, 92



Kendall Rd, Lisbon, CT. 06351. 860-376-2717. More details via email: knrf@ctol.net

October 17, 1998. **TOYS (Tandems of York (PA) Society) Hex Hollow Ride**. Adamsville, PA United Methodist Church. 10:30 am 30 miles. Ride through York County's infamous Rehmeier's Hollow. This is a hilly Ride. Joe & Carolyn Stafford (717) 246-1173

October 18, 1998. **T-Bone (Tandem Bicyclists of New England) Ride**. Hingham, MA. 9:30 am. About 25 & 40 miles. View Boston harbor islands from Ft Revere, snack at pastry shop near Cohasset Common. Pot Luck after the ride. Jane & Phil Shute, 427 Gardner St, Hingham, MA 781-749-6518. More details via e-mail: shutehing@erols.com

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 ante-bellum White Force Cottage. Registration forms available. SASE to Jack & Susan Goertz, 2220 Vanessa Dr, Birmingham, AL 35242. (205) 991-7766. More information via email: goertz@mindspring.com Thanks to the HATS Web site at <http://www.ghgcorp.com/currie>

October 24-25, 1998. **DATES (Dallas Area Tandem Enthusiasts) Halloween Ride**. Tyler Texas. Contact Warren or Audrie Casteel (972) 596-8206.

October 24, 1998. **CATS (Chicago Area Tandem Society) Chili Pumpkin Ride**. A CATS tradition. Contact Tom or Sherri Masters (847) 358-7797

October 24, 1998. **Boerne Century**. 4, 12, 25, 36, 48, 62 or 100 miles. \$20 for half bikes, \$30 for tandems, \$5 for cook-out post ride and \$10 late fee after 12 October. Jack Lancaster (830) 816-2305 www.txdirect.net/britton and click on Tour Central

October 25, 1998. **Twin Cities (Minneapolis/St Paul, MN) Tandems Red Cedar Trail**. We'll eat lunch at



the creamery. Chris and Rachel Gilchrist (612) 731-8714

November 7-8, 1998. **RATS (Richmond, VA Area Tandem Society) Leather & Lace "Pumpkin Chunking"**. Call for details about this one. Bob Allen & Cheryl Brown, 12145 Paradise Ln, Hanover, VA 23069. (804)-730-2887. roberta117@aol.com

November 14, 1998. **RATS (Richmond, VA, Area Tandem Society) Junk Yard and White House Tour**. Providence Forge, VA. 2 pm at the Citizen's and Farmer's Bank parking lot for a sociable 30 mile ride though bucolic New Kent County. Highlights will include scenic autumn foliage, George Filberts' famous classic car junkyard at the 13 mile mark, and dinner at the White House Restaurant at the end of the ride. Jeff Wiliness (804) 932-9863.

December 6, 1998. **RATS (Richmond, VA, Area Tandem Society) Holiday Cheer**. Richmond Virginia. John and Joyce Knox invite the group for a ride and social gathering with food. Bring a snack / desert food that will go well with wine, cheese, and hearty snack / meal of soup or chili

January 16-17, 1999. **3rd Annual Sebring Tandem Weekend**. Sebring, FL. hotel reservations with Kenilworth Lodge (800)-423-5939 mention our group. Sebring is located on Route 27 in south-central Florida, about 168 miles northwest of Miami, 95 miles southeast of Tampa, and 89 miles south of Orlando. Enjoy rides 22-65 miles long on flat and rolling roads past cow pastures, orange groves and around numerous lakes. Note that Martin Luther King Day is the following Monday. Joshua Feingold, 13801 SW 26th St, Davie, FL 33325. joshua@polaris.nova.edu

February 9, 1999. **Twin Cities (Minneapolis, ST Paul, MN) Annual Planning Meeting**. Bloomington, MN. Come help us plan an exciting schedule for 1999. Mike Ruedy (612) 944-7635

April 1-6, 1998. **1st Annual New Zealand International Tandem Rally**. Opal Hot Springs Holiday Park, Matamata, New Zealand. This will be a dream rally, need we say more? for

more information via snail mail send 2 (two) International Reply Coupons to: Phil & Louise Shambrook, 48A Gordon Avenue, Milford, Auckland, 1309, New Zealand. or e-mail tandem_bike_42@xtra.co.nz

May 28-31, 1999. **Northwest Tandem Rally 1999**. Corvallis, OR. Contact information will follow. Just reserve the date for a great event!

October 1-3, 1999. **Southern Tandem Rally 1999**. Greensboro, NC. More details later, just wanted you to mark your calendar. Bruce & Judi Bachelder, 306 W Union St, Morganton, NC 28655-3729 judibachelder@hci.net

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

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE

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

Issues still available:

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January-February, 1997

and more!



CLASSIFIEDS

FOR SALE: 1996 Santana Sovereign, Plum, Mint condition, less than 300 miles. \$3000. Skip & Helen Neville (770)-978-8699 (GA) 9/98

FOR SALE: 1985 Ron Cooper Custom tandem, 22 x 17.5. Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud paint, Reynolds 531 Cromoly tubaset. Phil Wood hubs w/disk brake. Mavic E2 front rim, E4 rear rim, Mavic caliper brakes. Gipiemmo Special tandem crankset, Stronglight Spidel headset, Shimano STX rear derailleur and RSX 7-speed indexed shifter. US Flyer stoker suspension post. Great buy for \$2000.00! John & Betty Griffin, (530)-286-2696 (CA) 9/98

FOR SALE: 1987 Santana Arriva, 23x21 (Large), w/XT rear derailleur, 7-sp index bar-end shifters, Suzue sealed bearing hubs w/48 spoke wheels, rear rack, 4wb cages, computer. \$800. E-mail Thom31166@aol.com or call Jay or Jim @ (717)-367-1580 (PA) 9/98

FOR SALE: 1997 20.5x18 Burley Duet (sport/roadracing/touring). Red. Shimano Deore LX cantilevers & Arai drum. Shimano Deore XT rear derailleur & tandem hubs. SPD's, 11-28 8-speed cassette, Shimano barcons. Rear rack, cages, computer, and more. Asking \$1700. Lindy Lyle, e-mail: ll27369@pegasus.cc.ucf.edu or call (407)-282-3245 (FL) 11/98

FOR SALE: 1997 Medium Duet in great condition. Just got accepted in MedSchool and no time to ride (or money!) Contact Andrew Fletcher (afletcher@mindspring.com) or call (770)-660-1642. Asking \$1700. (GA) 11/98

FOR SALE: 1996 Santana Arriva, small (53x48). Available in late December, 1998. \$2900. Purchased new in August, '97. Beautiful bike and well maintained. Plum metallic Sachs Ergo, XTR derailleurs, 40h Mavic T217's on Edco hubs. Contact Mark @ (770)-419-0492 or e-mail: (livngood@flash.net). (GA) 11/98

FOR SALE: 1993 Schwinn hybrid tandem model "Double Time" 21-

speed, w/toe-clips & straps, cyclocomputer, ATB bar ends, trailrack, & 2 bottle cages. Excellent condition and ready to go! \$1100 (791)-294-1919 or e-mail to Busterd3@aol.com. Clive & Beverly DeBeck. (MA) 11/98

FOR SALE: 19x17 Lippy custom tandem -- mint condition! Lilac/gray pearl w/cusotm decal. Gorgeous! STI shifters & other upgrades. \$1750 OBO. Call (541)-389-6780 or lv msg @ (541)-317-3749 (OR) 11/98

FOR SALE: Cannondale road tandem, 23x21. Dark blue. All Campy Record tandem componentry, including Sergoshifters, hubs, bb's, cranks, and more! Sun rims, captain & stoker computers, adjustable stoker stem, stoker shockpost, rear rack, 4 cages, Arai drum brake. \$3000. Call Richard or Peggy @ (252)-937-3827 (NC) 11/98

FOR SALE: 1995 Unevega Tandem 21 speeds, 26" wheels 21X18 Frame

Like New \$750 Firm Call 203-227-8123 Robert Seskin (CT) 11/98

FOR SALE: 1997 Vision Tandem Recumbent, IPS (Independent Pedaling System). Ridden less than 500 miles in the one year we've owned it. New: \$4000 Asking: \$3000 Scott Henry (920) 868-3309 or oldtimeportraits@dcwis.com (WI) 11/98

FOR SALE: Santana Arriva 1994, large size, Plum color. Shimano 8-speed, Edco huds, dishless rear wheel. Bar end shifters. Shock post and clipless pedals. Low mileage, excellent condition. Asking \$2200. Call (516)547-4245 OR EMAIL AT WEINART@AOL.COM (NY) 11/98

WANTED: Used Sovereign in the medium size. Any year, color or condition with the aluminum frame. Call Arlyn or Sandy Aronson 906-932-9852 evening or gnarly&san@gogebic.cc.mi.us (MI) 11/98

FOR SALE: Yakima bicycle roof rack including two single bike fork mount trays and a tandem form mount/bottom tube cradel tray; cross bars with gutter mounts (other mounts available for most cars); very good condition. \$300.00 OBO. Call Richard or Peggy. (252)-937-3827 (NC) 9/98

FOR SALE: Rhode Gear Super Shuttle bicycle rack with 6-strap stability system. Holds two bikes securely; versatile, will mount on trunk, hatchback, or van. Excellent condition. \$75 OBO. Call Richard or Peggy. (252)-937-3827 (NC) 9/98

FOR SALE: Ritchey Logic Pedals w/titanium spindle, new, with cleats. Used twice. \$75.00; Shimano Deore tandem crankarms, 175x175. 100 miles or less. w or w/o timing gears. \$135.00; Tandem stems, Santana captain's stem, 9cm x 15 deg x 1.25". Adjustable stoker stem, 29.8mm; Handlebar bolt are bent. \$35 ea; 27" rim & rear hub w/48-holes. Shines like new, less than 100 miles. \$10.00; Shimano bar-cons, 6/7 speed, new. Make offer; Shimano freewheel, 13-30 6sp, new. Make offer. Much more. Ask for complete. Matt Kurzrock (310)-541-1456 or 541-6506 (h) or (310)-540-8800 (w). CA 11/98

FOR SALE: 48-spoke wheels: Phil Wood hubs, freewheel, 140mm spacing, DT spokes, Super Champion rims. 27". w/extra 700c new rims. \$125; 2 Phil Wood bottom brackets, 113mm & 125mm - \$40 ea; 3 Specialized tandem cranksets, 175x175, \$125 ea; 1 kid-back conversion kit, \$60. Call (423)-984-1206 evenings or (423)-977-4200 da. (TN) 11/98

FOR SALE: Draftmaster Multi-sports rack w/Tandem accessory moutn. Fits 1 1/4" trailer hitch. Like new, \$175.00 + shipping. George or Janice. (508)-756-3394 or e-mail: geojan@mindspring.com (MA) 11/98

WANTED: TA Triple 170 Crossover Crankset. Also looking for right 170 Captains crankarm for Stronglight 99.



TCA Tandem Hospitality Homes

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

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

Bill or Billie Routh
e-mail routh@mypobox.com

TCA Member No. _____ (from your label)
STATE _____ TOWN _____
First Names _____
Last Name(s) _____
Street Address _____
Zip Code _____ Evening telephone _____
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HELP OFFERED: Are you planning a cycling trip to England or Europe? As Overseas Liaison Officers for the Tandem Club (of the UK) we can help with advice on routes, accommodations, bikes by rail, local bike clubs, etc. England is a great

place to cycle, and you are sure of a friendly welcome. Chris & Jenny Davison, Pennyfarthings, 124 Kings Road West, Swanage, Dorset, BH19 1HS England. Tel: 1929 422256 or e-mail to hibike@globalnet.co.uk

HELP OFFERED: Touring Italy? Need news or tips about cycling in Italy?

Contact Paolo Sanvito, V. Europa 4, 20057 Vedano Al Lambro, Italy

WANTED: Objective roadtests, with photos, of tandems built by quality frame-builders. Send articles, photos (prints only), etc. to Jack & Susan Goertz, Editors of *DoubleTalk*. (or e-mail them to tca_of_a@mindspring.com)

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Tandem Dealers

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Bruce & Judi Bachelder

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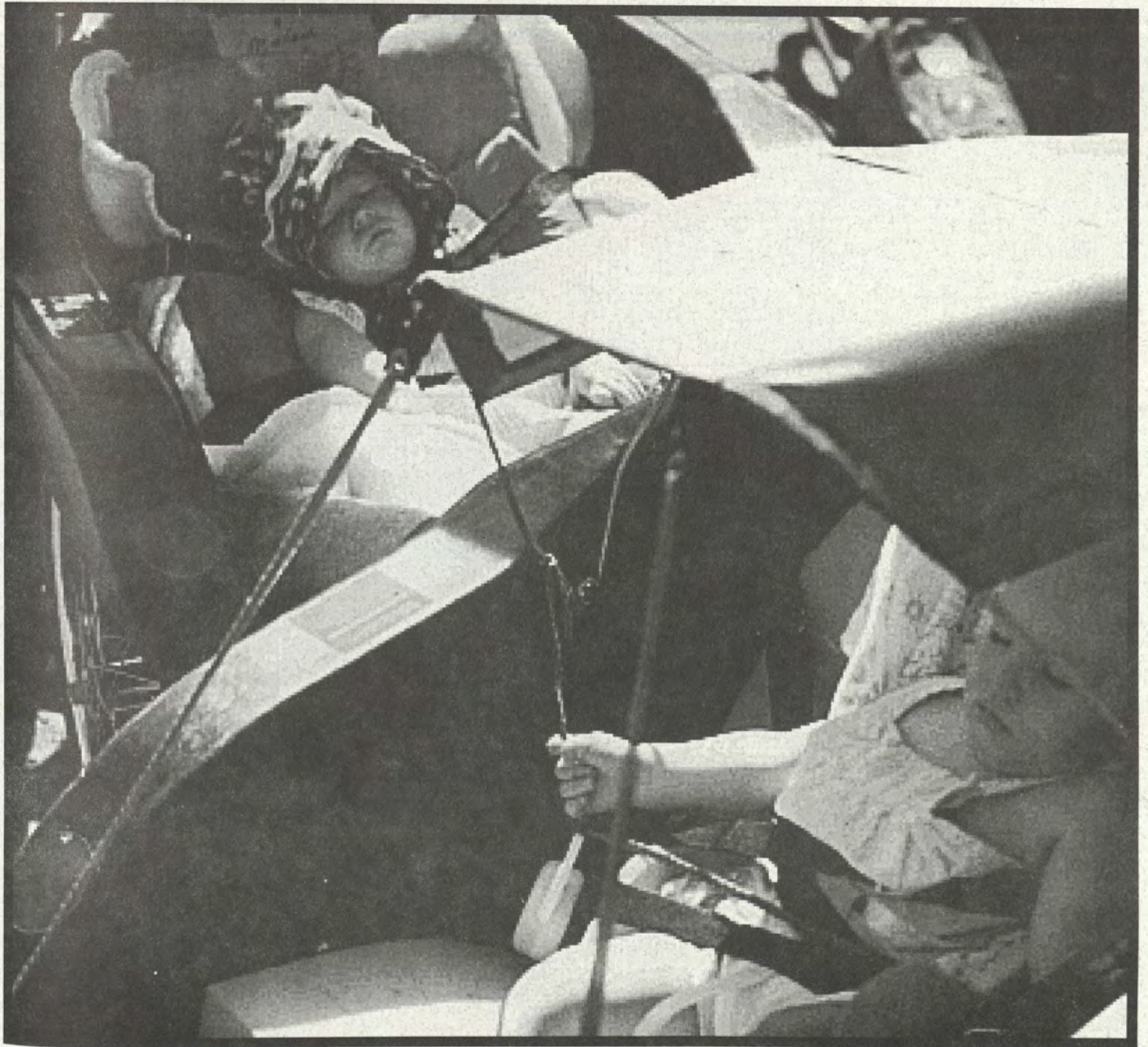
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MAIL TO: **Tandem Club of America**, 306 W Union St, Morganton, NC 28655-3729

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

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

THE LAST PAGE



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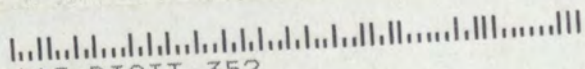
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