

Trail Report

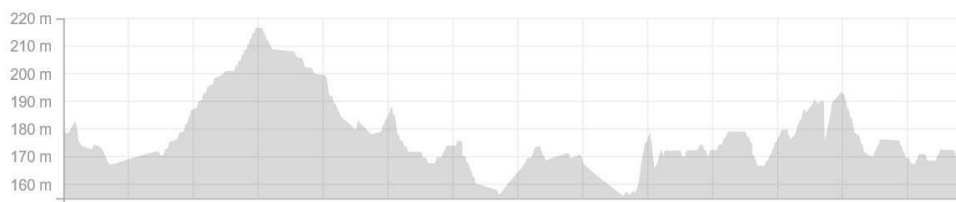
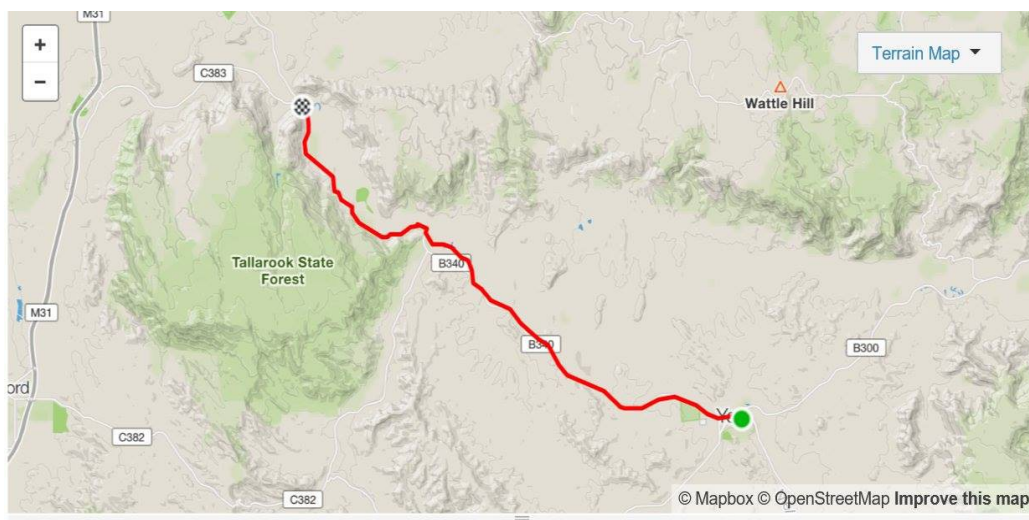
Yea to Trawool (almost).

This ride is a section of the High Country Rail Trail and is designated as a 'flat ride'. A flat ride it is, but it does seem to have a lot of short and difficult sections to it. The trail surface is mostly loose packed gravel/bluestone which at times makes for difficult riding. The day I was on was warm to hot and the trail was indeed hot towards the afternoon. There are sections without much shade. There are a number of historical sidings to look at and the scenery is generally spectacular. The trail crosses King Parrot Creek which has a very high cycle bridge and affords terrific views of the creek valley. This is a great place for a break or lunch. The trail is devoid of watering holes so plenty of water needs to be carried. I had two bottles full and ran out.

I greatly enjoyed the ride and can recommend it to anyone looking for a day's country cycle.

One thing I do recommend is at the end of the ride, once back in Yea you visit the CWA "Tea & Scone" facility. It is right on the trail adjacent to the old station.

*I did have pictures, but a recent computer failure sent them to digital neverland.



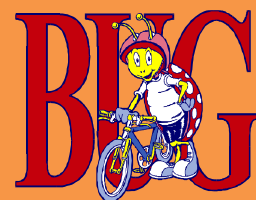
Just a timely reminder to us all that when securing your bike with a chain lock, make sure that you secure the entire bike, and not just a wheel. This photograph was taken in Eltham and illustrates that the "socially ill-at-ease" who walk amongst us will take anything that is not bolted down.

This is the finest example of "coffee art" I have ever seen. Send in your examples.

Banyule Bug Newsletter

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I was browsing the web recently and came across these two poem which caught my eye and fancy. There was a footnote indicating that the author of "The Night of Claire" wished to remain anonymous and so he or she is.

The Night of Claire

A ride in the woods in the dark of the moon
Was no challenge or so it was said
So I mounted my Schwinn and I turned on my lights
And away in the evening I sped.

Slicker than owl snot my drive train did run
As I reached the first tulgey glade
Completely at ease I passed under the trees
Breathing deeply and yet unafraid.

A sudden light clicking then came to my ear
And I wondered if it was the bike.
The volume and frequency seemed to increase
And something just didn't seem right.

My crankset? My pedals? Perhaps the rear wheel?
But my spokes were stress relieved.
I'd checked all the torques and examined the forks
No fault could be conceived.

But then I remembered the horrible squirrels
That run in the woods at night.
More cunning than weasels and faster than bats
My blood ran cold with fright.

My mirror was useless, it bounced up and down
I carefully looked to the back.
Not one running there in the LED glare, not one
But the whole freaking pack!

I knew in an instant the danger I faced
For the squirrels of the East are unreal.
Like furry piranha that scamper like rats
They wanted my brand new wheel!

I knew in the morning they'd find my bones
spread out by the side of the trail.
If I couldn't pull off a quick finesse
I had to deliver the mail.

I spun and I sweated and pulled a huge gear
In the face of imminent death.
The grade was intense and my terror immense
I smelt their squirrelly breath!

Just then I remembered that in my valise
Which I'd strapped to the top of my bars
I had peanuts and trail mix and Gatorade
And a couple of candy bars.

I unzipped the bag and flung out the tools
Which only impeded my hand.
An anvil, a tow chain, a hacksaw and such
And a brand new truing stand.

I hated like fury to throw out that stand
But I needed to get to the food.
I whipped out the trail mix and tossed it back
It halted that Hell spawned brood.

I sat at the top of the hill and wheezed
As the squirrels devoured the nuts.
I'll never again take a ride on that trail
No ifs, no maybes, no buts!



Bicycle Commute

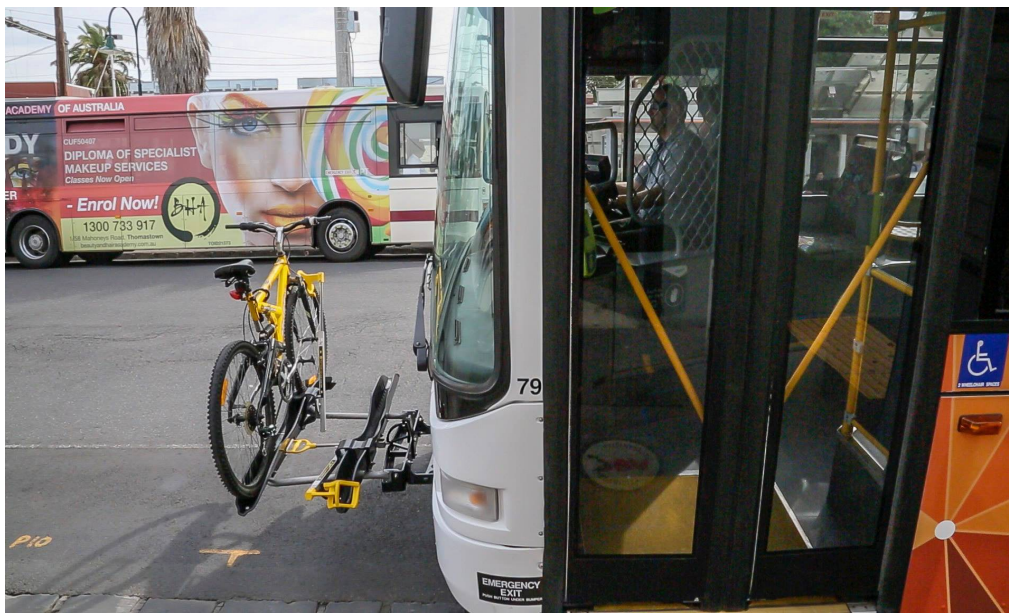
Stillness returns as I retrace the path
Daily rhythms hold at workday close.

Spirit wind is a constant companion.
Even when the leaves are idle,
The breathe of life is called forth
By the joy of movement.

Time is irrelevant, the sun moves
The mind to reflect on the day
As gravel stones sing a broken melody
And the horizon communicates purpose.

Machine, sacred ring of Black Elk's vision
Revealed in steel and sweat.

Alan Bender
Volga, SD



Here is a good view of a Moreland bus carrying a bike. It appears there is option for two bikes only. Perhaps if the trial is a success, greater capacity will be added. If you like this idea and think it worthwhile, perhaps you could email Moreland Bus Company and let them know of your appreciation and approval. (I wonder if Leigh would be happy to have his high-tech Defy hanging off the front of a bus?)

Of all of the cycle gages't I have seen recently, this one is the most desirable.'Many times I have had to scrape a banana from the inside of my backpack and thought that I should pack this with a bit more care. Problem solved.

Just to round of the banana section. Here are a few facts about bananas.

Is banana good for you?

Every long-distance runner knows the power of a good banana. The fruit contains high levels of potassium and magnesium -- two nutrients athletes lose when they sweat. Bananas also have a chemical property that may help control stomach pain and reduce your risk of diarrhea or constipation, according to LiveStrong.com.



A falling tide reveals many hidden treasures. This object' was photographed from the swing bridge over the Merri Creek at Harding St. I have been over that bridge many times and have never noticed it before. What is the structure? It could be an eel trap or fish trap? It may be an ancient artifact that predate European settlement? Look for it next time you are out that way.

(inset) An aboriginal stone fish trap from the Darling River.

April/May Country Ride 2016

After a couple of warm sunny Autumn weeks the outlook for the Bridgewater Ride deteriorated rapidly as the time approached. By Friday the forecast was for wet and wet and thunderstorms and wet. In spite of this ten keen bike riders and one useful support crew headed for Bridgewater on Friday April 29th arriving sometime after lunch.



Jan and Margaret were waylaid shopping in Bendigo where they were able to keep dry and enjoy the ambiance. Allan, Maureen, Ann and Kevin found a window of decreased drizzle

and erected their tents by the Loddon River in the picturesque Bridgewater Caravan and Camping Park. Les, Eleanor and Heather found the motel satisfactory for their needs. Jan and Margaret joined them later.



After settling in a few intrepids did a slow peddling tour of the delights of Bridgewater, following the creek trails

and checking out the solar experimental station and the bakery. While they were away Fran and John's tent mysteriously appeared amidst the others making up the eleven participants.

Dinner was booked for the Bridgewater Hotel, where all diets were catered for and an enjoyable night of eating, drinking and socialising ensued.

On Saturday at 830am we got down to the serious business of riding the planned 65km(minus Jan and Margaret who returned to Melbourne due to illness) and Heather who went to Inglewood for meat and salads for the BBQ. In the drizzle we rode through Arnold, ----- and Tarnagulla to Laanecoorie and then down to the weir. Due to the rain of the precious day and the threatening grey skies the drought affected area was looking damp and pleasant. We stopped for photo opportunities at all "towns" and managed to get some refreshments from the Tarnagulla Hotel. Heather caught up with us just in time for refreshments at Tarnagulla. Great timing we thought.



The ride from Tarnagulla was a bike riders dream,

down hill with a brisk tail wind. We made good time to Laanecoorie. From there we headed into a fairly strong head wind back to Newbridge. Here the local store (where you could buy individual nails by the way) provided us all with some good food and coffee. We also met up with the Bendigo Veterans Cyclists who were off on a race through the areas we had covered. We expected they would do it much faster than we had. There were no eager takers from our group!

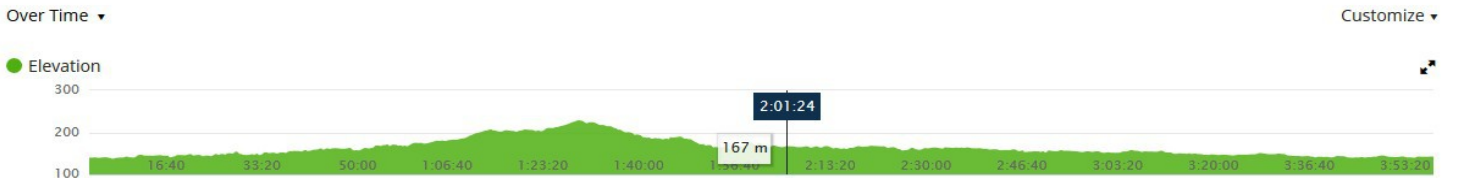
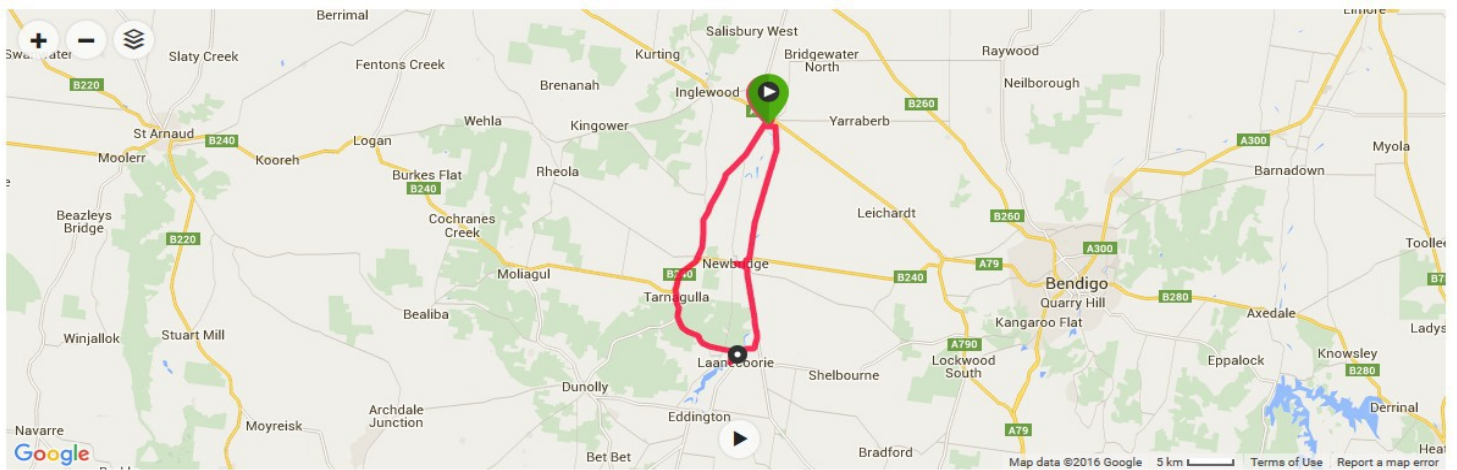
The final leg of 16km made up for the delights of down hill from Tarnagulla. We beat head down into a strong head wind the whole 16km to Bridgewater. Just as we were about to turn the corner to the camp ground and away from the wind, John got a puncture. A committee was quickly formed and completed the fixing with alacrity. We arrived back at our various abodes at about 3.00pm.

That evening a BBQ was organised outside the (well set up) camp kitchen with everyone contributing to the menu. After lots of chat and socialising in expectation of a pleasant nights sleep followed by another 40km ride on Sunday we retired for the night. However the weather had other ideas for us and just after midnight a long sound and light show, (the likes of which most of us had never experienced before) began. The thunder shook the ground under the tent dwellers and the wind made them worry for the survival of their tents (and even themselves). Morning dawned sunny and windy with no damage to any of the campers other than a loss of some sleep. However the wind was much too strong for the planned ride for the day so we dispersed to various sightseeing tours and then home. All agreed it had been a challenging, interesting and successful weekend.

Ann Ritchie



A view up and downstream the Loddon from Bridgewater bridge.



This was Saturday's ride of some 65k. The ride basically followed the Loddon upstream to Laanecoorie then back to Bridgewater downstream.



Maureen getting acquainted with one of the locals near Tarnagulla.



Clear and ever present danger of cycling. After cycling 64k, John was about 1k from completing the ride.



Spotted in Hayes Paddock. A Welsh pony names "Surrey" after where his sire was born.

Did you know?

Bicycle lanes

If there's a bicycle lane on the road heading in the same direction as you, you must use this when riding a bike (unless it's not practical to do so).

From **VicRoads**

Bike racking is nerve wracking

By Kevin Balaam, for Banyule BUG Newsletter, 7 May 2016, Page 1

To attend a recent Latte Group ride, I decided to trial the bike racks on buses. Not only did I rack my bike on the bus, but my nerves were also a bit wracked! But it worked, that's the important thing.

I live in Craigieburn and the Latte Group rides start in Heidelberg at 9:30am, so what are my options for attending when I do not have my own car? Together with the trains, the 510 Essendon – Ivanhoe service now provides a convenient, but not time-efficient method of traversing the northern suburbs with a bicycle.

Normally, I would ride the whole way. That's about 32km, and takes me about 1 hr 20 mins, or even longer in the reverse uphill direction. Recently, I've also started getting a lift (thanks!), which takes about ¾ hr. For this Bikes on Buses trial, I left home at 7:30 and arrived 1 hr 50mins later.

Due to an error on the station's Passenger Information Display (PID) which caused me a bit of confusion and distraction, when I caught the 7:49 from Craigieburn I might have forgotten to touch-on with my Myki. I realised when I was on board and the train about to depart, so I wasn't going to get off to touch-on. I noticed from the train at Roxburgh Park, the next station, that the PID there was also wrong.

To minimise the possibility of getting caught without a valid fare, I decided to disembark at Glenbervie instead of the premium station Essendon, and ride the short distance to Essendon. But this meant I wouldn't experience taking my bike through the crush on the Essendon platform! Oh, drat! (Tongue-in-cheek, that, if anybody is wondering!)

On arrival at Russell St beside the station, I overtook the parked bus and stopped in front of it. On dismounting, I looked at the driver, with difficulty through the glare of the window, and pointed at the rack on the front of the bus. The driver got out to show me the ropes, not that there are any ropes on the racks to tie the bike down. Two other passengers, or bystanders, also took an interest in proceedings. But first, I had to take my bag off the bike (it was tied on with an old tube), and then find somewhere to place it and my helmet while loading my bike.

The driver showed me the latch on the handle to pull the rack down. There were two wheel trays. I lifted my bike onto the one closest to the bus, ensuring the front wheel

was all the way on the end with the locking bar. This bar was lifted over and clamped onto the wheel. No other clamps or tie-downs were used. That's where the nerve wracking part of the heading comes from! I crossed my fingers it would be secure. The locking bar clamp on the front wheel was very close to the reflector mounted under my front dynamo-powered light. I did fear the reflector could be knocked off, but realised if the bike moved relative to the clamp, the reflector being damaged could be the least of my worries.

Bike racking is nerve wracking

By Kevin Balaam, for Banyule BUG Newsletter, 7 May 2016, Page 2



My bike on the rack of the bus.

A brief discussion with the driver assured me that all buses on the 510 route had the racks, unless a bus had to be replaced for emergency or maintenance reasons. (The Public Transport Victoria web page about the Bus Your Bike Trial ambiguously says 15 buses on 4 routes.) The trial service is getting used. He also expressed concerns about bikes falling under the bus.

We left on time. Straight away, I felt the driver was being careful not to jolt the bike. Acceleration and cornering felt different to other bus rides I have been on. I noticed also the driver was careful of rough patches on the road like pot holes, to prevent the bike bouncing off. I wonder if that effort will be sustained, or will timetable pressures overwhelm the drivers to continue to drive like, well, bus drivers? I sat at the front so I could keep a close eye on my bike. Arrival at bus stops got some looks from awaiting passengers. People we passed, including other cyclists, also had looks for the bike. Of course, that could've been Kevin the Minion sitting on my handlebars, staring out at the footpath, which attracted their attention! The bus

driver also provided plenty of safe distance as we overtook a couple of cyclists (who, before long, caught up and overtook, or undertook, the bus).



From the web.

[“How does a bike stay upright – It's all in the mind.”](#)

[One metre cycling rule questioned by TAC and Victoria Police due to safety fears.](#)

[Transport for NSW Centre For Road Safety](#)

[I was hit by a kangaroo on the O'Keefe Trail \(Bendigo\) a year ago, but it was nothing like this riders experience.](#)

[Wheels in motion for 'sky bike' highways in Melbourne's CBD](#)

[Unhappy trails: Bike riders fear Yarra path will be choked by new apartments](#)

[History of bicycles and replica of the world's first bicycle](#)

Check your bike before riding

As winter is now upon us, darkness is with us longer and roads are slippery, it is probably a good time to remind cyclists of the need to check bikes before riding.

Before each ride:-

- *Check tyres for pressure, faults and glass/splinters.
- *Examine rims for splits or beginnings of cracks.
- *Brakes – are they pulling on smoothly and contacting rim/disc correctly.
- *Carry lights. Rides can often end later than planned. Do the lights work and are they charged?

- *Are the wheels secure in their brackets with adequate tension on the holding lever?
- *Repair kit and spare tubes – plus a pump.
- *Are you adequately clothed and prepared for rain? Think layers of clothing.

I'm sure that you will be able to add to this list. A well prepared bike is a pleasure to ride and welcomed by riding mates. (Ed)



A really big “than you” to the people who contributed articles/ideas to this issue. I really enjoy tinkering this together, but a really good “newsletter” depends upon contributions from the members it serves.

So please, send your contributions to Allan Garbutt allang@bigpond.net.au or speak to me personally about your thoughts.

May all your cycling be safe and pleasurable.