



Roam'n in The Glowm'n At Ben Lomond

Kathy Lily writes this report after following up an article in the Age Newspaper offering guided Mountain tours This tour was on Ben Lamond Tasmania's only ski resort. Kathy reports;

We were there at the end of winter and still some snow on the ground at the top with a cold wind. We were well rugged up! The first 9 km is back down the road (photo) then we went into the forest on the foothills – mainly rough

4wd tracks and some single tracks. Before we left the road at a warmer altitude, we were able to discard some layers in the vehicle. The previous weeks had been pretty wet and the 4wd tracks tended to be both wet and slippery with some creek crossing or very rocky. (I did a fair bit of walking in this area and quickly had wet feet) I was happier on the rocky! (photo below)



Banyule Bug Newsletter Christmas Edition



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Banyule Bug
Christmas Function
At
Moon and Spoon

Tues 11th December
At 6.30pm
Door Prizes





It's not all downhill, with the second part

a mountain bike. Main features date from convict days (photo) and then later some interesting industrial activities. Ferry cost with bike: \$45 + a national parks pass (\$12 for a day pass).

of the ride undulating and finishing on a roller-coaster track

before the final descent to the valley road. Total distance 26 km



The usual pickup point is in Launceston, but they were happy to meet me a bit further out as I was coming from the East Coast. They left Launceston around 9 am. The actual time of riding depends on the skills/size of the group. We took around 3 hours including stops, finishing the ride by about 2 pm then had lunch before the drive back. \$195 for the day. Fun enough, though I'd have enjoyed it better if it the track hadn't been so wet.

On another day I took the bike to Maria Island which is a national park 12 km off the east coast of Tasmania (accessed by ferry from Triabunna). A day trip gives you about 4½ hours on the island (possibly longer with more ferry services in summer) so good to have the bike to enable further exploration than is possible on foot with such a short time span. The blurb says that you can't take bikes on walking tracks but in reality (at least at this time of year) it's only the walking tracks to the two mountain summits that are out of bounds to bikes. You could do the main tracks on a hybrid, but the inland N-S route would need



Life Down Hill After 65?

Not if it's to do with downhill skiing.

A recent trip to the snow had a few surprises for Gill and Maureen when they indulged in a day of downhill skiing at Mt Baw Baw.

Over sixty five gets you free gate entry and free tow tickets. Officially free tow tickets are for seventy year olds but we must have looked near enough
(Contrary to picture there was heaps of snow on the slopes)



BUGS GET AXED IN AXEDALE



O'Keefe Trail – Bendigo

On Saturday September 15, Donna, Lorraine and Allan took part in the "Ride Into Spring" cycling event along the O'Keefe rail trail that runs between Bendigo and Axedale. This event is run each year as a way to promote this lovely ride and to welcome in spring.

Lorraine and Allan took the early train (0716) which meant a very early start to the day. The train trip was without incident and an excellent way to reach Bendigo. Once at Bendigo we met up with Donna and the 60 + other riders and set off for the 20k ride to Axedale

The trail runs through typical Bendigo scrub of low gum trees and wattle. Numerous birds can be heard along the trail which is generally away from civilization.

The Bendigo BUG have done a terrific job on working with council to upgrade and improve the assets along the trail. The most important is a new bridge across the Axe Creek which is wider and at trail level.

Axedale cont;



Bendigo BUG have grand plans of extending the trail to Heathcote by 2014 and they had a large map showing the probable route. When this does happen, it will be a wonderful ride of some 50k one way. Something to look forward to Back in Bendigo after completing the ride, Donna stayed on for the weekend with her husband while Lorraine and I took the train back to Southern Cross.

This was a most enjoyable weekend



Allan Garbutt

A New Bike Guarantees No Immunity From Punctures



Arnold found this out recently when he turned up to a Latte ride with his newly purchased Avanti. On the way to Williamstown about an hour and a half down the track it happened



Bike Recycle Literally

On a recent ride the Latte Group visited a bike shop with a difference. Chris Rogers who just happens to be a relative of one of our members has made recycling into a Business. Chris' hobby for fixing and restoring bikes for friends and friends of friends has changed from a hobby into a full time occupation.

In Chris's words :

I built up my professional experience as a bicycle mechanic, stripping down hundreds of bicycles and components all manufactured over the last 40 years or so. You learn a lot about the history of bicycles and all their components approaching mechanics in this way. Over the years I have worked predominantly with vintage steel frames and vintage components; however I have learnt a lot about how to incorporate new parts and technologies together to create bicycles that let the rider enjoy the style and aesthetic of the vintage bicycle whilst giving improved performance and quality with newly produced parts."

Anyone wanting to resurrect a pre loved bike Chris's address is

(03) 8060 9043

136 Nicholson St, Coburg

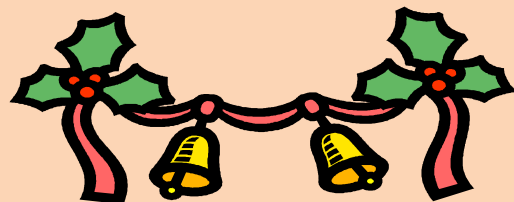
www.pedalcyclery.com.au

[As a promotion, I am happy to offer discounted servicing and repairs to members of the Banyule BUG until the 31st of November.](#)

The offer includes:

[20% servicing and repairs](#)

[10% all parts and accessories. @pedalcyclery.com.au](#)



Banyule BUG Bike Ride to Caveat October 2012

So, try and organise a bike ride through Caveat, God's Own Country when nobody believes that a place of that name exists, even when I tell all that it was the place of my upbringing and primary schooling. There were frantic searches on Google and various phone apps but finally the ultimate authority, Melways, map 610R6, clearly showed a place called Caveat, 20 Kms north east of Yea (another place few of you have probably heard of). Dotted brown lines on the map show the only road access from Caveat to mainstream Victoria.

With place identified we had starters for a day ride of about 55 Kms. We arrange to meet at Eltham Little Theatre at 0800. An apt place to meet as theatre there was. With too many bikes and not enough bike racks the juggling of bikes and racks would have made any Bourke street juggler envious. When all seemed impossible, to the rescue comes Fred in his Merc van. He opens the back doors to reveal great space. Five bikes went in. Three this way, two that way. Two more bikes on my car and we were off. Fred's van had five bikes and two blokes, my car had two bikes and five blokes - three this way, two that way.

Only a brief pitstop in Yea and we Ghin Ghin cutting and arrived on (a primary school back in history) to paradise. I had mentioned that topography and, true to my word we and soon there was huffing and rear of the peloton. This, I was clearly nothing other than the rarefied 700 metres above sea level.



were soon climbing the schedule at Highlands hall start the pedalling in paradise was of undulating were up hill and down vale puffing especially at the informed, was due to atmosphere as we were

There were welcome breather stops the origins of some of the place where Caveat primary school, 3693, used to be in the middle of the forest with horse stables as we used to come to school in horse and jinka. There were only seven of us children that went there. Yours truly spent six years there (someone suggested it may have been ten).

while I gave brief talks on names and showed them

Onward to the little Caveat Catholic church, Mother of Seven Sorrows, built in the late 1950s by migrants of Chech, Slovak, Polish and Ukrainian origin. The church has a bell tower and bell. It also has on one side a stone grotto with the statues of St Bernadette and Mary, mother of Jesus, and, on the other side, a large three metre crucifix. Built by foreigners the land was clearly foreign to some riders. A few photos in front of the holy places and the show of reverence should go well when eventually bargaining for a halo at the pearly gates. We jumped on the bikes and rode off rapidly when yours truly demonstrated skills acquired as an alter boy in ringing the church bell.



Lunch was at the beautiful mineral springs. Surrounded by huge boulders next to a waterfall it made a picture no artist could paint. The mineral water tasting invoked some interesting facial expressions in some, and vivid descriptions as to its possible contents. Others drank copious quantities and filled their water bottles, happy in the knowledge that anything with a taste like that had to be good for you.



After a hearty lunch and mineral water, onwards again on roads with some serious undulations and down undulations. We even encountered some flat undulations on the way to Habbies Howe, our next place for a breather. Habbies Howe is a mansion built in the 1840s and is of historical significance. Bill, our Scottish rider, expanded our knowledge of the homestead considerably as he knew the name Habbies Howe came from Scotland just south of Edinburgh where he roamed as a boy. The owner came out to inspect what the gathering of lycra was about. Quickly charmed by the silver tongues in our midst he asked us down to the homestead. A bit more history of bushfires and rebuilds and we were given a talk on how Habbies Howe beef became a much sort after meat by good restaurants and places of quality produce. The

owner handed us business cards with the Habbies Howe meat advert on the front proclaiming, "*Mature, Well Hung & Available*". Some in the peloton offered to assist with advertising by hanging these labels around their necks next time they rode on city streets and around St Kilda paths.

Off on our last leg back to the cars. I kept this section a closely guarded secret for obvious reasons. It was about five kilometers of continuous up hill (I didn't give them the actual distance till back at the cars). The peloton was significantly stretched out over this last undulation. Some riders were already recharged with a power nap in the car whilst waiting for the rear guard to make an appearance. There is some dispute over who should be the wearer of the polka dot jersey and what effect the mineral water may have had on the result. In the end we decided if one gets the polka dot we all do. So nobody got one.

Bikes loaded and back to Yea for a well-earned coffee and cake and some jolly ear bashing, then, back to Eltham right on schedule.

Feedback appears to indicate a good time was had by all and another ride should be organised shortly. Thanks to those that went and made it a great fun ride.

You can't come away from a ride like this without learning something of significance. Did you know that if you need to reset the security code on your car radio and can't find the code, all you do is put the radio in the freezer and it resets. The perpetrator of this wisdom whopper shall be anonymous but he swears on his fathers kilt that it is true.

Written By: John Pietka

Cyclists:

John Pietka, John Gordon, Les Deady, Fred Brauneis, Allan Peacock, Bill Eager, Wallace Fu.

