



Banyule Bicycle User Group

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Newsletter February 2012

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HAPPY NEW YEAR

*To all our members and
their families. 2012 comes
with the promise of new
adventures with ride
programs that incorporate
lots of diversity.*

To all those making new years' resolutions, good luck.

We should support each other with these.
Congratulations to Ann Ritchie whose New
Years resolution is to embark on earning her
PHD

Anne's PHD is in sloth, I believe it is a one year
degree.

We should be very supportive of Ann in this.

Should we see her not watching Telly or
approaching her bike or car with a cleaning cloth
we should take the initiative and turn the telly on
or gently remove the cloth from her grasp, in the
long run we know she will express her
appreciation

We are right behind you Ann!

If anyone needs support for their resolutions let
us know

New President New Bike



Leigh with his new Giant XTC 29er

Giant XTC 0 29er

Frame_	Nude Alloy finish.
Wheels_	Giant PXC2 29 inch
Group set_	Full Deore XT 30 speed.
Shifters_	XT Rapid fire 30 speed.
Chain rings_	XT 42-32-24T
Cassette_	XT 11-36T 10 speed
Brakes_	Elixer 7 Hydraulic twin piston disc brakes 7 inch front 6 inch rear.
Forks_	FOX shox 32 F29 4 inch travel. With full adjust and Lockout.
Tyres_	Racing Ralph 29 inch 2.1 wide tubeless folding.

Leigh has tried to convince the Latte Group that
he just wanted to try out the new 29 inch wheels
we however; suspect he was having trouble
keeping up the pace of the Group

Death Defying leap nearly ends in disaster



A recent overnight trip to Skipton came close to having dire consequences. Jim encountering a tree over the track decided to leap it on his bike, unfortunately his chain sprocket embedded itself in the tree and the lever from Jim's bike seat embedded itself in Jim's leg resulting in an ambulance trip and stitches



Jim reappeared later masquerading as Gandhi in a cardigan



But he couldn't fool anyone

How to crush walnuts

Accidents seem to be taking up the news lately when a trip destined for Altona also ended in a hospital case. Colleen Lambert clipped the wheel of the bike in front. She fell heavily resulting in a medical centre crawl which cumulated at the Austin Hospital. The end result was a broken collar bone. While waiting for the results of her x-rays she handed around her stash of walnuts (her snack for the ride) only to find they had been crushed fine enough to add to any recipe So this could be a good article to keep in your recipe folder.

People who have all the luck

Maurie is flitting around New Zealand
Kathy is also in New Zealand
Gill Scott is flitting around South Africa

Trivia

What is a motorised bicycle?

A motorised bicycle is identical to a pedal powered bicycle, except it has an auxillary motor or motors that have in combination a maximum ungoverned and continuous power output of 200 watts or less. Auxillary motor means that the primary propulsion is via pedalling and the motor is simply to assist.

Consider a man riding a bicycle. Whoever he is, we can say three things about him. We know he got on the bicycle and started to move. We know that at some point he will stop and get off. Most important of all, we know that if at any point between the beginning and the end of his journey he stops moving and does not get off the bicycle he will fall off it. That is a metaphor for the journey through life of any living thing, and I think of any society of living things. --William Golding

Banyule B.U.G

Ballarat to Skipton Trail

Ride – 19/20 November 2011

Riders: Gill Scott, Les Bennett, Jim Hutton, Lorraine Hunter, John Sully & Leigh Jukes (Heather Hutton & Joy Jukes, support team).

Route: The Ballarat – Skipton Trail is a 55km long unsealed trail for walkers and cyclists following the line of the former Ballarat to Skipton railway. The railway operated between 1883 and 1985 and was originally built to service the gold towns west of Ballarat and the surrounding pastoral region. It has a smooth gravel surface and features wide open grassland, eucalypt and pine forest, interesting gold mining relics and trestle bridges, plus a few sheep.

In retrospect, Jim might have chosen to stay in bed because unexpectedly, two incidents on Saturday conspired to turn it into a day he'd remember and lead to an early exit from the trip.

I boarded the 7:51am city bound train at Watsonia to find the others on board, all looking forward to our trip. There was some concern about the weather and the ominous black clouds moving in from the west looked like they'd open up at any moment.

As we approached Rosanna station the train came to a halt and the driver announced that there was an object on the line ahead, which he'd need to investigate. Oh no we chorused. A delay was just what we didn't need because already there would be little time between us arriving at Spencer St and the Ballarat train departing. While we waited, two vandals, faces disguised by balaclavas, appeared out of nowhere and proceeded to apply graffiti to the side of our carriage. Their audacity was breathtaking. Acrid aerosol fumes entered the carriage making breathing uncomfortable. Annoyingly, there was little we could do to stop them.

Shortly, we were underway again and made it to Spencer St with about 20 min to spare.

Unknown to us however Murphy was about to strike, for as we were alighting from the train, the doors suddenly closed and it began to move off towards Flinders St with Jim trapped inside the carriage. Gill, standing on the platform,

frantically pressed the "door open" button, to no avail.

I didn't realise at first what was going on and became alarmed at what appeared to be Gill's fingers caught in the door. Just as I was mentally opening my swiss army knife to perform an emergency amputation she withdrew her hand thus relieving me of the gruesome task. It is best you remain oblivious to my reputation as a surgeon, Gill!

There was little we could do other than hope that Jim would make it back to Spencer St in time. So we made our way over to the Vline platform pondering our next move, whether to proceed as planned and catch the 9:08 Ballarat train or wait for the next one which terminated at Ballarat, requiring an 8km ride across the city to Wendouree.

We settled on Plan A. Unfortunately, we couldn't contact him because his wife had his mobile and MYKI card. An attempt to "bribe" the Vline guard to hold the train for 10 minutes proved futile.

Thankfully, with minutes to spare, Jim rolled up – smiles of relief all around.

We arrived at Wendouree around 10:30am and after breakfast at Hungry Jacks set off into a ten knot headwind and an approaching storm, for Skipton.

The trail is best suited for mountain bikes.

Consequently, our narrow tyres sank into the track surface softened by recent rain slowing our progress and we constantly swerved across the track searching for the hardest areas.

The stretch from Ballarat to Scarsdale is a region of grasslands, swamps and open vistas. The lush green countryside was interrupted in the distance by the craters of extinct volcanoes and wind generator towers.



From Scarsdale to Pittong there are lovely stretches of native and pine forest, historic trestle bridges, including the restored Nimmons Trestle Bridge over Woody Yoloak Creek, railway cuttings, mounds of old mine tailings and serene

lakes. The low hanging clouds covered the scenery in a misty cloak.

By the time we reached Linton, cold and wet, we were looking forward to a snack and a hot cup of coffee. I rode ahead into “town” looking for a café and returned to find a drama unfolding on the trail. Apparently Jim, riding behind us with Leigh, attempted to execute one of his mountain bike tricks and “jump over” a tree that had fallen across the trail.

Half way across his luck ran out as the chain wheel dug in and he crashed to the ground, impaling a leg on the lever of his seat clamp and rupturing an artery in the process.

Leigh sprang into action and in true “pioneer style” removed one of his shirts and applied a tourniquet to the wound to stem the flow of blood. The rest of us retraced our steps to find Jim in a cheerful but bloody state lying shivering on the ground as Leigh desperately tried to phone for an ambulance – his efforts were not helped by a weak signal and a “dying” battery. Sorry Jim.



Long dormant first aid training kicked in as we recalled “the patient must be kept warm” so a sleeping bag was produced and wrapped around him.

Fortunately, an ambulance was based in Skipton and that, plus a paramedic van, arrived shortly after. Four “angels of mercy” leaped out and checked Jim over before transporting him (and his bicycle) to Ballarat hospital. Can you claim on Medicare for a bicycle?

After all this a stiff scotch would have been welcome but we had to content ourselves with a coffee and hot pie at the general store.

I thought later how lucky we are to have such a good medical service in this country and how often we take it for granted.

The friendly store keeper assured us it was all down hill to Skipton but we can say in hindsight that it “definitely went uphill”. Actually, this became a minor “grouch” on the trip, as we

reckoned we were constantly riding uphill even though we knew otherwise.

This section of the trail, approx 7km long, was washed out in places and somewhat overgrown with vegetation.

We reached Skipton rather tired and weary around 7pm to find three comfortable cabins, located adjacent to the service station and overlooking the town, waiting for us. By this time Joy and Helen (wives) had returned from Ballarat along with Jim, who was sporting a heavily bandaged leg that required stitching. We had dinner in the Service Station Café and after wine and nibbles in Leigh’s cabin turned in for some well earned sleep.



Sunday morning dawned bright and sunny and we set off at 9:30am for the return trip with some assistance from a tail wind. Jim was obviously in no state to ride so returned to Melbourne with his son.

In contrast to yesterday’s events the ride was uneventful. Gradually the sky clouded over but bar a few drops of rain the day remained dry. We stopped again at Linton for coffee and so that Leigh could correct the owner about it being “uphill” to Skipton. She laughed.

A darkened blood stain on the ground near the fallen tree was a sobering reminder of yesterday’s events.

As we were passing through Smythesdale a dozen or so veteran cars and their occupants dressed in period costume, arrived for a meet in the local hall.

The last couple of km were over a smooth bitumen track which was pure heaven compared to the rest of the trail.

We reached Wendouree about 4pm and relaxed over coffee in Hungry Jacks while waiting for the Melbourne bound train to arrive.

It was an enjoyable and at times challenging ride during which we rode 110km although, given the condition of the trail, it seemed a lot further.

John Sully
22/11/2011