

THE CHAIN LETTER

Newsletter of the **CYCLE TOURING ASSOCIATION OF W.A. (INC.)**

July/August 2004

Issue 177

Perspectives

Albany to Perth 30th Anniversary Full Pannier Tour

Introduction

This tour was to be one of contrasts...uphill slogs and daring downhill dashes; welcome tailwinds and hindering headwinds; relentless rain to dampen the spirits and glorious sunshine to warm the soul; emotions soared but sometimes plummeted and physically, we were taken from enthusiasm to exertion to exhaustion and, finally, to exhilaration upon achieving our goal. While we all experienced these contrasts, our experiences were all unique.

Therefore, several days into the tour, I began to doubt the wisdom of volunteering to put together an article about this significant event, and the enormity of doing justice to the task weighed heavily. It became clear to me that

because each participant came with different expectations and hopes, varying levels of experience and fitness, not to mention the multitude of different personalities, the tour was always going to be a totally different experience for each individual. I soon realised that I couldn't possibly write something that would begin reflect all those varying perspectives and I was reluctant to make readers wade through 16 days of MY (Rosie's) perspective and so I finally decided that the best way to relate those different perspectives was to let participants tell their own stories. As it is, even with the many fabulous contributions from my fellow tourers there are quite a few days where no offers to flaunt journalistic prowess were forthcoming so I've had to fill in the gaps. So, despite my best intentions there are still quite a few days of MY perspective.

Day 1 Perth to Albany Hi Ho...Hi Ho...It's Off On Tour We Go (Rosie)

On the morning of Saturday 17th April 2004, unsuspecting motorists parking at the Entertainment Centre in Perth were witness to a sight seen all too rarely these days. Slowly they rolled in...some in cars with bicycles and panniers in tow and some riding their full laden bikes. Magnificent specimens of the marvellous "Full Pannier Cycle Tourist".

With the hum of anticipation growing steadily, the excited participants of the CTA's 30th Anniversary Full Pannier Tour from Albany to Perth helped to load their precious cargo, containing everything they would need for the next two weeks, onto the trailers under the watchful eyes of our intrepid leader, Kleber, together with Max, Ron and John. They then

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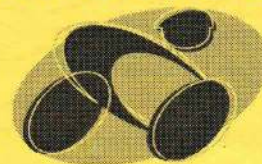
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Please send all articles and pictures for the next newsletter to the Editor no later than September 10th



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NEW MEMBERS

A hearty welcome is extended to the following new members who have joined since the last newsletter:

Tom Atkinson

Joseph Cox

Ben Jones

Graeme Williams

We hope to see you on one of our rides soon.



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Tours and Weekends

Christmas in July in August in Guilderton

August 28 -29, 2004

Situated at the mouth of the Moore River 94 km from Perth, the Guilderton Caravan Park features grassed, level powered sites with ample shade, a grassed tent area, and ten modern self-contained 2 bedroom units to accommodate up to 6 persons. The park has a BBQ and picnic area, and there is great fishing in both the river and ocean. The river is navigable for a considerable distance upstream. The local store is just outside the entrance to the park, and canoe hire, a nine hole golf course, tennis courts and trampolines are nearby.

Prices : Units/chalets ..\$80 per night for 4 persons plus \$12 each extra adult. \$50 refundable bond. Tents sites .. \$16 per night for 2 adults. \$10 refundable bond.

Units have cutlery, crockery, cooking utensils, fridge, oven, shower, toilet, vanity, 1 double bed, 2 bunk beds. You must provide sheets, pillows, blankets, towels, wine glasses, any large cooking pots.

Park facilities include laundry with dryers and undercover BBQ area.

Managers: Natalie & Peter ☎ 08 9577 1021

The Guilderton Country Club (☎ 9577 1013) is a possible venue for an evening meal. Make your own arrangements in this regard.

Leader: Noel ☎ 9355 2745 (H)

Organiser: Grant ☎ 9339 4248 (H)

On Your Bike

Southern Gateway Tour 2004.

9-17 October 2004.

Nine days, fully supported tour, camping in the towns of Darkan, Kojonup, Frankland, Tambellup, Katanning, Wagin and Narrogin of WA.

The tour is already FULLY BOOKED and so congratulations to everyone who made it in time. Preparations are now in full swing to make your holiday an enjoyable and memorable one. For those still interested in coming along, there is a waiting list and so a chance that you may be lucky to get on tour should we have any cancellations.

Organiser: Allan ☎ 9885 8067.

A Wide in the Country

October 2-4 Long Weekend

For those who can't make it to "On ya bike" but would still like to go for a bit of a ride in the country try this. Approx. 240 km, over 3 days, touring pace, fully unsupported. Meet at service station cnr Brookton Hwy and Canning Rd, Karagullen at 8:45 for a 9 am departure. A pannier based mini-tour taking in the Karagullen to Brookton to York to Midland route. The countryside should be at its verdant best with a good chance of fine spring weather. The only component of the forward plan is the following proposed destinations for each day, viz Saturday: Karagullen to Brookton (approx 95 km), Sunday: Brookton to York (approx 66 km), Monday: York to Midland (approx 77 km). It is expected that participants will travel as a loose group and make their own arrangements with regard to accommodation, meals, etc. as required at the time. Naturally you must deem yourself fit enough and have a bike in good mechanical condition. Those interested MUST contact Grant (9339 4248) before August 31, at which time a decision will be made regarding the viability of the tour. CTA members (or friend, relatives and associates thereof) only.

Proposer: Grant ☎ 9339 4248 (H)

(Continued from page 1)

piled into the bus, fighting for front positions to avoid the chance of the dreaded "queasy tummy" syndrome that can afflict some poor souls on extended road trips. Perhaps this is the reason that they choose to cycle rather than drive on their holidays?

Sadly, they had to leave Basia behind because her dog, Otis, was suffering from a mystery injury. Basia expressed grave concerns at missing out on the all-important bonding that would occur in the early stages of the tour and feared she would be treated as an outsider should she later join us. However, her fears were allayed by assurances that, as long as she brought the sunshine with her, she would be welcomed with open arms. It was later discovered, to Basia's great relief, that Otis was actually faking his injury to prevent her

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(Continued from page 2)

from leaving him. A ploy which she discovered in time to join us in Shannon River where she did, indeed, bring the sunshine!

First stop on the way to Albany was a mere twenty minutes down the road when Mike H revealed that he had forgotten to "go" before they left and needed a sooner than anticipated "comfort stop"! Of course, once stopped, the power of suggestion was strong and EVERYBODY then needed to "go" and some also took the opportunity to boost their caffeine levels.

Eventually they were on their way again and made it all the way to Williams for another brief comfort stop. There was some shuffling of seats as those developing "Queasy Tummy" were moved to the front of the bus. Whether the move was to ease their discomfort, or to ensure they were close to the door should a "mishap" occur, was uncertain.

After a pleasant lunch stop in Kojonup, they eventually arrived at the Albany Youth Hostel at about 4.30pm. Chaos reigned as the Hostel Manager tried hard to organise them into rooms with as little fuss as possible...with little success!! However, eventually everyone had found a bed, settled in and got ready for dinner at the Earl and Spencer where we were joined by Cherie and Jane who live in Albany.

Once our tums were satisfactorily stuffed, some partied on but others wandered back to the youth hostel to tuck themselves in for the night. It's amazing how tiring sitting in a bus and eating can be!!

Day 2 Albany – Rest Day A Rest Day...But We Haven't Done Anything Yet! (Rosie)

Ah...a well-earned rest day! Tourers arose at their leisure and some headed downtown for a lovely cooked breakfast at Dylan's. Others peeked dubiously out of the window at the overcast sky and hoped that the clouds had emptied themselves completely during the night. Lance and Patricia, looking like a pair of bookends in their matching cycling outfits, emerged remarkably refreshed considering their bedtime antics of the night before.

After breakfast, the group broke into two main groups...the sane and the insane. The insane group, led appropriately by Mike O, decided to cycle to Mt Barker (which we had driven through yesterday) to check out some local wineries. I'm not sure what they got up to on their day out but I know they clocked up around 100kms...on this, our REST day!!

Those with all their sensibilities in tact, led by the much more mentally stable duo of Cherie

and Jane, set off to take in some of the attractions around Albany. We enjoyed a leisurely ride to Frenchman's Bay with several stops along the way to absorb the beautiful scenery that this southern coastline offers.

Then it was on to the Whaling Station for a bite to eat and a look around. Those die-hard footy fans amongst us took the opportunity to catch up on the progress of the Sunday arvo game much to the disdain of the non-footy fans who

couldn't understand this seemingly pathological need to keep in touch with the score line!

After lunch we set off for the Natural Bridge, giving the Blowholes a miss as the locals advised that there wouldn't be much to see as the wind was not favourable. But the Natural Bridge provided plenty of splendour to sat-

(Continued on page 4)

The 200 Blow-Out

Do you think it odd that only Kleber and I write stories about the "Achievement Rides"?

This posterior yarn happened shortly after The Great 30th Anniversary Tour. My legs were pumped after a week resting from tour fatigue, and I was confident I could do the 200km Achievement Ride. It felt great to get back on Tigger (the racing bike).

Let's see who's here. Hmm...Ann W, Mark E, Colin P – the usual stalwarts – but where is Mark B? Ah, some new faces having a go...Janet, Liz and Mark C joining the ride after an extra 30 minutes sleep!

So, we start the long climb past Gidgegannup and Colin flies up almost as fast as the big trucks. I didn't want to race him, needing to pace myself for the long haul. A brilliant day for a bike ride.

Now, where is the control point? It's been a while since I last rode this one...by the river, okay. How's everyone feeling? Much better after home-made soup and a cuppa Milo supplied by John M and Gromit.

Nearing Keaney College, John was keeping an eye on us and...BANG! A front tyre blowout! What happened, Devo? Ann replaced my old tyre with a new one that Mark C gave me last year. Thanks, Mark...where is he? Oh, he's way back cycling with Janet. I thought Ann was only a rider but here she is changing my tyre! The racing circles cliché, "the rider gets all the glory – the mechanics get none" doesn't apply to the CTA. Did anybody bring a good pump? No? I'll have to do it the hard way. Let's push on.

By this time Mark E and Ann are setting a cracking pace to the next control point for some lunch. I know the roads around Chittering Valley are rough, and wait for Colin and Liz to catch up. There's plenty of time left...we only have to beat the clock...no pushing or shoving.

We ride through to Bullsbrook for a wee stop. Ready to go Devo? Oh no!! My back tyre's gone flat!! Colin and Liz ride on while John and

very small dog help change my rear tube. I have no spares so let nothing else go wrong. Did anybody bring a foot pump? Bugger!! Again, I'll have to do it the hard way...just enough to take me 12kms to the next petrol station.

Arriving 12kms later, the 'car' pump doesn't register when I try to pump up Tigger's rear tube. I just pump until it feels hard enough to ride the last leg of this adventurous achievement ride. Where's Mark C and Janet? No sign of them.

This time of year the sun goes to bed early and has an extra half-hour's sleep before rising the next morning. As I'm cracking up the pace through the Swan Valley, hoping in vain, to catch Liz...faster Devo, faster!!...the sun is falling and you have no lights. Sprint, Devo, sprint...a dog is chasing you.

I just made it before dusk. Should I wait for Mark and Janet? My legs are getting weak and it's getting dark. Never fear, trusty John and Gromit will wait for the tail end...8.30pm is the deadline.

Fellow riders, this is what happens when I neglect to exercise my "pets" once in a while. They moan and whine and it's more "maintenance money" to keep them happy.

I trust you enjoyed reading this little tale.

Devo

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The tour begins

(Continued from page 3)

isfy our appetites for the wonders that nature can provide.

The group then split up as some went on to visit the Wind Farm and take in the hypnotic WOOSH WOOSH of the huge windmills, while others headed home and Mark and Rosie took a detour to visit some long lost relatives.

Later that evening, chaos reigned supreme in the YHA kitchen, as 30 hungry cyclists fought for space to prepare their evening meal. It was survival of the fittest and some gave up and resorted to the offerings of the local pizza shop - Mark B and Tony managing to polish off a large pizza EACH!

After dinner, a relaxing evening was enjoyed with most heading to bed relatively early in preparation for tomorrow's long ride to Denmark...the first day's cycling with full panniers would be a test for us all.

Day 3 Albany to Denmark (73km)

"Real Cycle Touring" (Rosie)

What fit snugly into my panniers in the controlled environment of my home with all the time in the world to pack suddenly seemed to have expanded into unpackable proportions in the cramped YHA rooms and the confines of time that this first morning of "Real Cycle Touring" afforded. How on earth did I manage to fit all this stuff into four little panniers?? I began to wonder how important a change of underwear really was on tour. After all, I surely wouldn't get up that close and personal with my fellow tourers! Unbeknownst to me, until I arrived in Denmark, I did create a little space by leaving my towel hanging on the back of the YHA door. This was the second towel I had

"left behind" as the first was left on the bus and travelled back to Perth with Max. Fortunately, for reasons that only I will ever understand, I had packed multiple towels so still had one left...much to the relief of my fellow showerers who were extremely grateful that I wouldn't have to "drip dry" after my showers.

As was to become a fairly standard practice on tour, I was the last to be ready to leave and impatient fingers were drumming on the handlebars of laden bikes as eager tourists were keen to be on their way. I am surprised that people haven't learnt that the more you make someone feel rushed...the slower they will go...and I was happy to prove that point...time and time and time again!!!

Finally, just after 9.30am, we set off and the overcast sky, with perfect timing, farewelled us with a light shower which failed to dampen our spirits...despite continued efforts throughout the day! The plan this morning was to ride out of Albany as one large group with Terry leading the way. This plan was all very well intentioned but the challenge of the first hill soon spread the pack and those of us who had forgotten to take our "super cyclist" pills were soon straggling behind the rest. Unfortunately, Terry forgot to wait at the corners for the stragglers and the one large group quickly fragmented into many smaller groups with the "super cyclists" forging ahead to claim the softest camping spots in Denmark!

The weather continued to threaten as the day progressed and a timely arrival at a school bus shelter provided a welcome refuge for Mark and me from a rather heavy shower. As we sat, looking out over the lush green landscape, Mike O and Warren rode by but chose to bravely persevere in the face of the rain and rather unfavourable winds. Little did Warren

suspect, but Mike O was probably planning to take him to Denmark via Esperance! As was revealed later in the tour, Mike O actually covered twice as many kilometres than the rest of us due to his little detours.

The rain finally eased up and we carried on our soggy way, planning to stop in at Cosy Corner for lunch. Well...Cosy Corner was not so cosy today. Last time I stopped here, on the 2002 Whale of a Tour, it was a perfect day with sun shining, and we even enjoyed a dip in the rather icy southern waters. Today, however, there was no way I was going to part with any article of my clothing to get any part of my body voluntarily wet!! So, we huddled under a soggy tree and ate our soggy salad rolls. I think Mark's spirits were rather soggy too, as he questioned the wisdom of riding 5km out of our way to visit Not So Cosy Corner. But sometimes it is only when we make these little detours that we experience the little wonders that life has to offer such as the time when we once took a little unexpected side trip in Dunsborough and were rewarded with an impressive performance by a whale. And, to me, this is what touring is about. It's not simply about getting from A to B as fast as possible...it's the journey between A and B. Well, that's the thought that I comforted myself with every evening as I rolled into camp...last as usual!!

We finally arrived in Denmark and, after stopping for supplies, rode into the Riverbend Caravan Park - a lovely, green, quiet place a couple of kilometres out of the main town centre. After pitching tents it was off to the showers where I discovered a queue of tired, smelly, soggy cyclists. Being a fairly small caravan park, there were only two showers so some people took the opportunity to double up thinking this would save time. Ha!! I don't know what Lance and Patricia were doing in that bathroom but they certainly didn't save any time!!!

Later that evening we shared in a group BBQ and after Kleber's usual chat about the following day's cycling, some headed off to bed to recover from their first day of "real cycle touring" while the usual suspects (Tony, Ann W, Mark B) settled in for their nightly fix of Port and Chocolate.

Day 4 Denmark to Walpole (78km)

The Wind Beneath Our Wings...or, more likely, in our face!! (Carol and Marlene)

Early this morning, prior to our departure, Kleber made the announcement that a strong westerly headwind was expected around mid-

day. So, we set off early with the intention of getting as many kilometres under our belts before the headwind came in and thinking that the morning ride through the undulating farmlands would be a breeze!

Well, the westerly came in earlier than expected and there developed a strong battle between Ariel (the Greek god of the wind) on the one hand and Karen, Marlene and myself (Carol) on the other. The occasional wind breaks lining the road offered a contrasting relief to what appeared to be a gale force sweeping across those beautiful undulating farmlands we were supposed to be appreciating. Karen's imagination was stretched to its limits as she tried to offer tactical help and encouragement to us!

Gone were thoughts of a pleasant swim at Green's Pool but, thank heavens, we made the energising stop at the Honey Meadery to enjoy a honey icecream and natural honey comb. Upon leaving the meadery, Marlene learned of a new (and rather ungainly) way to dismount when her mug entered an off-limit area of her bike! But, up again and on we went until we saw the smoke. And low and behold there was Stan at Smokey Bow Bridge with hot water to make a welcoming cup of tea.

All too soon lunch was over, and with rain threatening we continued our ride for what seemed like hours up hill and down valley until, in the late afternoon, Karen led us down the last hill to the happy turn-off to the picturesque Coalmine Beach Caravan Park. And suddenly...there was no wind!!!

It was a gargantuan day of effort, which left us feeling both exhausted and exhilarated.

Day 5 Walpole to Shannon River (72km)

Wednesday, Bloody Wednesday (Anne Brady)

It was a dark and stormy morning. No, doesn't sound quite right. OK it was bloody cold and wet outside. A perfect match to my mood really. The thought of getting out of the tent, packing up the wet, dirty thing and then voluntarily (???) cycling 69km in the rain seemed utter madness. Reflecting back on it now, I'd have to agree it probably was madness but that particular type of madness that afflicts groups (folie à deux, no, folie à vingt huit for all you French scholars) because as I emerged from the safety of my tent, I was greeted by the sight of 27 other clinically insane people packing up their bikes in readiness for the trip to Shannon.

From there the day deteriorated rapidly. I had no milk for breakfast (absolute disaster) as I had arrived at the Coalmine Beach Caravan

Park just outside of Walpole last night, too late and exhausted to consider the trip to town for supplies. (Let's not talk about Tuesday). Therefore, I stupidly started my journey without breakfast, in the rain, with a fully laden bike. Four kilometres of hills later, I arrived in Walpole. The Tree Top Walk Motel beckoned me as I rode past with their seductive sign "Indoor Solar Heated Pool", almost convincing me to stop. I decided however that sustenance was foremost and after indulging in a beautifully full breakfast, I gained a fraction more energy, spurred on by the sight of one of my former patients struggling across the road walking with his above knee prosthesis and a stick in the rain. I figured if he could manage that, then I could manage a measly 65km of cycling.

Leaving Walpole, I again decided to give up my cycling career after several more kilometres of hills (do they ever end?) and persistent rain. I was sure that the nice dry sheets on comfortable beds back at the Tree Top Walk Motel were a much better idea than pushing this bike on and on. And, whilst appreciating the concern and helpfulness of my minders, boy was I getting sick of them making sure I wasn't left to cycle alone again after yesterday (which, if you remember, we are not talking about!!)

And then it stopped raining...briefly. The sun might have even broken through the clouds. Kleber's singing of "Raindrops Keep Falling On My Head" became infectious. I joined in with "The Sun'll Come Out Tomorrow" and joined in duets with Kleber of "Tonight". I actually started to enjoy myself! Of course,

the fact that the road FINALLY started to go down again helped. Luckily we kept having timely breaks in the rain to allow for morning tea and lunch stops.

Just as I was finally thinking things were staring to improve, the chorus of Kleber and Karen remarking on my wobbly back wheel forced me to stop. Yes, I had broken not one, but TWO spokes. My argument that if I hadn't noticed it yet, surely I could ignore it for the rest of the day was ignored and I was forced to stop and get it fixed. At about this time we ran into Mike O (nicknamed "The Boy in The Bubble" due to the rather voluminous clear plastic rain cover he wore) and his sidekick Warren who appeared to have mislaid their bikes, but I was too distracted by my wheel to pay them any attention.

Luckily,

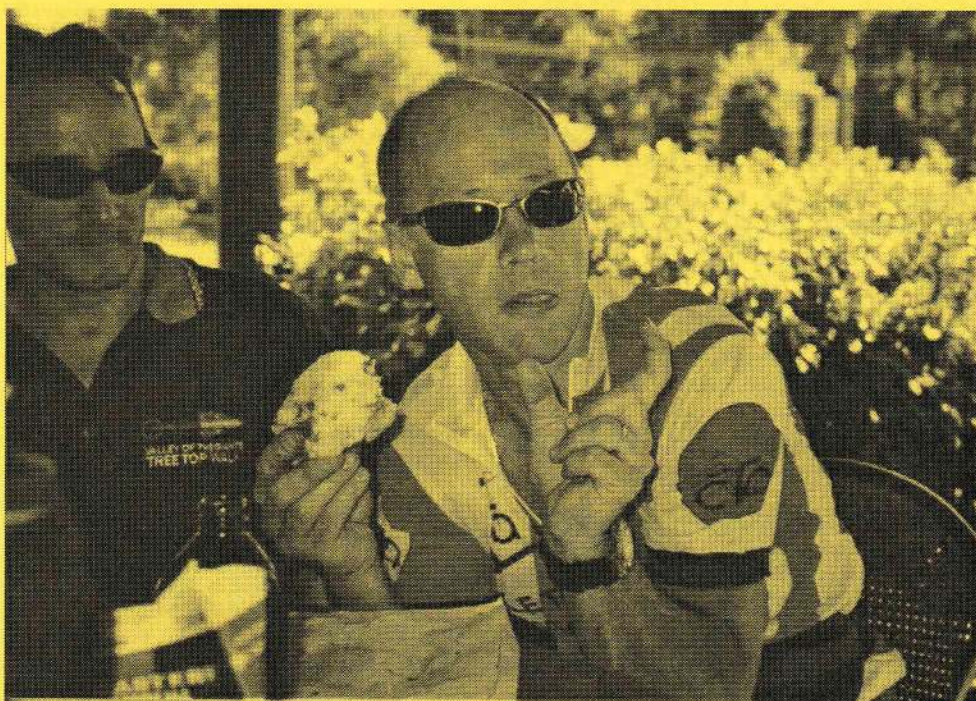
1. I had 2 spare spokes with me (unlike the gear cable which had broken on Day 1)
2. Tony knew how to change spokes
3. Tony had the right tools
4. Tony was kind enough to fix the spokes
5. Tony is wonderful but really shouldn't wipe grease with his cycling gloves as it tends to end up all over his face!

Then, with newly fixed wheel I started back on the never-ending journey (we were only half-way). The next 20 km was a blur of more rain, more hills but thankfully no wind.

Sometime after this point my muscles decided what my brain had known all along and really

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How big Stan?



(Continued from page 5)

started to give up. I could picture their poor sarcomeres lengthening beyond their capacity, losing their glycogen stores then starting to melt and finally turning to jelly. I mentally wrote the scientific paper of my new discovery "Muscle Jelliosis – a tragic condition affecting over-tired cyclists with too much junk in their panniers". Warning signs kept flashing to my brain "STOP". So I gave in and started getting off and pushing my bike up the hills and using different muscle groups.

As I was about to disembark on yet another hill with 10 km to go, I felt a presence beside me. It was Kleber, who first loaded my tent onto his bike, and then started to propel me up the hills. OK, this was pretty freaky at first. I'm not the best at cycling in a straight line and my legs REALLY didn't want to move, but didn't have a choice as I had to keep to Kleber's cadence. Kleber kept saying "just relax". RELAX! Are you kidding? Somehow I managed to calm down and then tried meditating on the pedal strokes and concentrating on a straight line ahead and it worked. We even managed to pass people going up the hills. When I tried to stop, Kleber would trick me into going to the next post, the next tree until finally I would reach the top. Then we would draft down the hills which was really fun. Somehow the last 10 km managed to disappear thanks to a lot of hard work by Kleber (for which I am eternally grateful).

We arrived into camp. The rain stopped, the sun came out and then Basia appeared. Happily her sick dog Otis had recovered and she was able to belatedly start the tour. After a hot shower, I began to feel human again to enjoy a pleasant evening of Trangia cooking by campfire. Mark B surprised us by eating a 6-serve tin of SPAM as part of his 3 course meal. Ann W surprised us having carried a cask of wine all the way from Walpole (I only carried a half bottle).

I looked out across the darkness to see the other 2 campfires surrounded by dim figures wearing dork lights and felt glad that I had come, despite the hard toil. The next day the sun shone on the beautiful, secluded Shannon National Park. Definitely a place to return to in future.

Day 5 Walpole to Shannon River (Take 2)

The Other Side of the Story (Mike N)

As the "clunk" (collective noun for a group of cyclists?) headed for Walpole yesterday and with an ominous forecast of rain later, word soon spread that I was to divert at Bow Bridge

and incorporate a farm-stay with friends as part of my tour.

Unfortunately, I had to face some rather horrendous hills (*poor Mike... Rosie*) north of Walpole but was rewarded with a three-course meal, cold beers on the verandah and, luxury of luxuries, a washing machine on standby.

My stay at the farm happened to coincide with the wettest night of the tour and as I lay in my dry, cosy room listening to the sound of the rain hammering on the tin roof, I thought of my fellow tourers camped out in the rain with great sympathy (*and also a slight smugness, no doubt!!... Rosie*).

Upon arrival in Walpole the next morning, courtesy of my friend's 4WD, I encountered a lot of soggy and grumpy cyclists. For some reason my cheery smile and tales of warm, DRY, bedding, steaming coffee and Tim Tams was not greeted with the enthusiasm I expected!!

I'd also like to add that while many of the tourers enjoyed sampling fine wines at many of the local wineries en route, my specialty was "bucket of chip" sampling. At every opportunity I tasted the local chip cuisine, and I must say that the overall standard of chips was pretty average...except at Bow Bridge where the chips had been well matured in a lovely aged vat and had a lovely full bodied potato flavour with a hint of fresh oil.

Day 6 Shannon River to Pemberton (70km)

An Ode to Touring (Janet)

From the Shannon River camp

I dawdled up the hills

Riding very slowly until

Michael Holland had the chance

To fix his bloody bike

Worried that the ride ahead

Was going to be like

The long and hilly ride we had

The day before which made

Me utterly exhausted

And I was a bit afraid

Of getting in at six o'clock

But as it was today

The ride along through forest was

Magnificent, I'd say

We rode to Northcliffe merrily

An easy thirty k's

The Hollow Butt invited us

To sit inside and graze

Upon our burgers and our cake

We went into the shop

Loaded down with groceries

Upon the bike I hop

And pedal thirty k's some more

To Pemberton to rest

With a bed and roof tonight

The CTA are blessed!

Day 7 Pemberton – Rest Day

Washing, Bike Repairs and The Big Feast (Warren)

A rest day at last! I fought back my body's urge to sleep in. The urge for a better breakfast than the lightweight ones I'd had for days won out and I headed into Pemberton leaving many of my fellow tourers tinkering with their trusty bicycles, cleaning off days of grit and grime and making minor (and a few major) adjustments! Others were heading to the laundry to wash some VERY smelly cycling clobber.

The weather was perfect for cycling. I wished I could have swapped this day for that miserably rainy day cycling to Shannon! After a 9km cycle through the chilly morning air, my appetite was big enough for the big cooked breakfast at the Pemberton Hotel. We also took the opportunity, in true cycle tourist

Quotes of the Tour

Carol (upon hearing about the Shakedown Tour in March): "Did you have a Shagdown Tour?"

Marlene (as we drove past a cyclist on the road to Albany): "Bloody Cyclists!"

Stan: "You don't get grumpy do you Rosie?"

Rosie: "Yeah, sometimes."

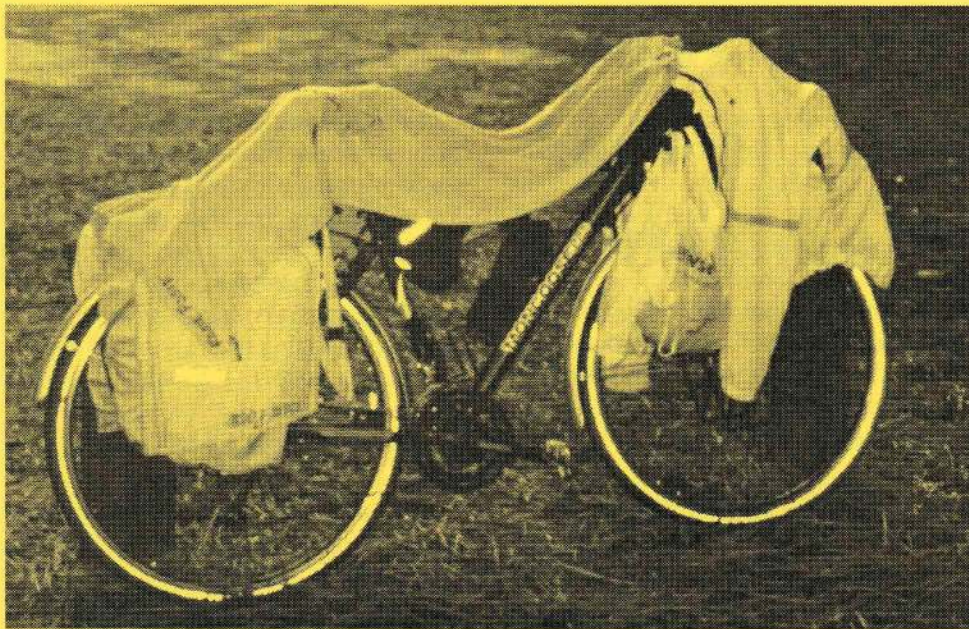
Stan: "Yeah, sure, when hell freezes over maybe!?"

Mark: "Hell has frozen over!!"

Anne B: (when told that the road that led to a lovely view was a rather steep climb): "Bugger the view!"

Marlene: "So far I've slept with Kleber, Stan and...oh...now who was last night? Carol has too!"

Carol: "We're sleeping with Bruce again tonight...he was good last night."



The cycle-tourist's washing line

style, to stock up on jams, spreads and coffee sachets for the next few days.

I had a quick look through town, passing many CTA'ers doing laundry, shopping or talking on their mobiles! I then rode out to the King Trout Dam where a number of us had arranged to meet for lunch. It was against my better judgment to backtrack to somewhere we had passed yesterday, but luckily the "road fairies" had been in overnight and smoothed out most of the hills I had ridden over on the way in!! Having no panniers on my bike may have helped too!!

No matter which way you try to cycle out of Pemberton, there's a bloody big hill to climb. I reckon the first settlers planned it that way. I can hear them now..."If we build our town at the bottom of the deepest valley around, cycle tourists will arrive and never be able to leave!!" Of course, that was before gears were invented, so thank you Mr Shimano for allowing me to foil those settler's dastardly plan!!

I found a sunny patch of lawn by the trout lake and waited for the others to arrive. I had always thought trout fishing was an arcane art of selecting the right lure, casting with great skill with your expensive, finely balanced rod into a precise location in an isolated, secret spot in a trout stream. After much patient, quiet waiting, if you hooked a fish it needed much care as you delicately landed it.

Well folks, I have been to King Trout and I know the truth!! You rent a cheap kiddies rod and reel set, with a huge white float, bait it with a lump of mushy fish food and cast it into any sort part of the dam. A few seconds later, you reel in a trout while shouting excitedly, "I got one! I got one!" You should also bring a few

kids along and have them run around next to the fisher, crying and shouting it seems to attract the fish.

After an hour or two of relaxing in the sun, nobody else had turned up so I headed back to Pemberton. Rather than take the aptly named Pump Hill Road with the rather scary hill, I headed back to the YHA

via Big Brook Dam. I followed the Rainbow Trail (an old rail formation) which is a narrow, unsealed road through the forest. At the dam they have a sandy beach where I went for a swim.

There's a bitumen cycle path around the dam which I followed until I reached a track leading to the Arboretum. Shortly after, things got a bit confusing and I reached a crossroads with a choice between a downhill and a long uphill. Based upon past experience that the way home is always uphill, I chose the latter and eventually came out on a bitumen road near the hostel.

When I arrived back, preparations were already underway for our group dinner. Everyone had a role to play...purchasing, transporting, preparing, cooking, serving and, of course, cleaning up. The culinarily challenged were delegated to the clean-up team! That night we enjoyed a huge feast of vegetable soup, roast beef and chicken with vegetables, followed by a lemon meringue pie (compliments of Mike O) and ice cream.

Devo's stomach capacity was very impressive but even he couldn't eat all the soup, leaving us with a small lake of it to finish for breakfast! We were also treated to entertainment of varying quality from members of the tour. Anne B gave us a few hearty songs and

even Kleber joined in with a few dirty ditties!

Day 8 Pemberton to Nannup (73km)

Impressions (Grant)

Who will ever forget the meal of the night before. A few good organisers and plenty of teamwork produced something special and it is with stomachs still bulging with homemade soup, a full roast dinner and delicious lemon meringue pie we say goodbye to Pimelea at Pemberton. Only 75 km to Nannup. The birds are twittering, a few cotton wool clouds float by, practically no wind... looks like the perfect day for a cycle.

We trundle along through pleasant vineyard country, past rustic country homes, old barns, staring cattle, chattering away about nothing in particular.

First stop...photo opportunity. Apparently someone took a photo at a certain place down the road twenty or so years ago and wants a repeat. Ready, cameras, action; we all belt down this great big hill: flash, flash, flash, thanks everyone, we roll on.

Aha, Karri Valley, I've heard a bit about this place, let's have look. While some of the others stuff themselves with more icecream, four of us (Mike N, Bruce R, Terry M and I) thought it would be nice to ride around the Karri Valley lake. Past pleasant bungalows, watery, misty vistas and spotless 4WD's we rode. A walk path appeared, must be the one that circumnavigates the lake, nothing about 'No Bikes' so let's go.

The few walkers were gently nudged to the side of the track by the tinkling of bike bells. Very pleasant it was, almost like rain forest with no rain. The path got rockier, steeper, bumpier...apparently we had discovered Mt Karri Valley. It was push and grunt from now on. It dawned on us that there was probably no path around the lake. Burke and Wills must have felt similar when they did not find the Inland Sea. We reached a sign, 'Wheelchair Access' (bemused mirth) and 'Beedelup Falls This Way' (water at last) so we left our bikes and went 'this way'. The falls must have outdone themselves recently as the footbridge had been washed away. Our endeavours to complete a circle route had been thwarted yet again, it was getting monotonous. Decision time, 'Do we look for the path or retrace our steps'. Gibson (ala Bruce R.) bravely volunteered to go forward, promising to alert us of any success with a loud "COO-EE". Alas, not a whisper. Abandoning Gibson to his fate is was back to our bikes for the stagger down Mt

(Continued on page 8)

(Continued from page 5)

Karri Valley and back to civilisation. Author's Note : Gibson made it back informing me that my pannier strap was dangling (amongst other things).

Our adventure over we pushed on, only 60 km. to Nannup. Plenty of gum trees on this stretch, not much else though. The highlight: lunch while sitting on a fallen log next to a pile of rocks. Everyone remarked about life's simple pleasures.

Rosie caught up to our group about 15 km. out, feigning she was knackered. It was "Four Blokes and a Floozie" as we headed for the shower. Only some wimpish excuse about her chain falling off prevented Rosie from getting there first. As it turned out the showers were cold on arrival anyhow.

The showers were finally warm enough, we donned our best finery (tracky dacks, T-shirt, thongs .. the three T's) ready for more wining and dining at a local eatery and enjoying our last night with the company of those who would leave us to return to Perth tomorrow.

Stay tuned in the next issue of The Chain Letter for the exciting adventures of Week 2 of this great 30th Anniversary Tour.

Brain Teaser Solution

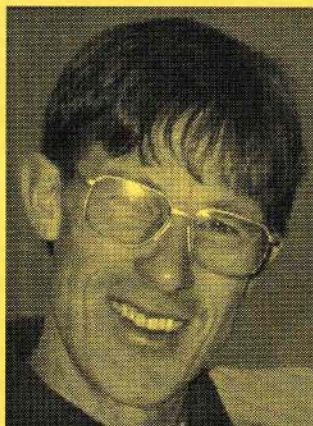
?

In the last issue of "The Chain Letter" we asked what the following words have in common: adam, claim, gall, bouy, fond, and ramp?

The answer is that each of these words can be turned into another word by the addition of the suffix "...ant" - adamant, claimant, gallant, bouyant, fondant and rampant.

Cycle Tourist of the Year Nominations

With the year more than half over, enough time has passed for CTA members to think through who should be the CTA's Cycle Tourist of the Year.



Kleber Claux

Kleber's name immediately springs to mind as a nomination for the Cycle Tourist of the Year for 2004 because of his organisation of the highly successful 30th Anniversary Tour, and associated other events in the lead-up to the Tour, including social nights, rides, and the shake-down tour. Kleber has been a member for many, many years and was rewarded with life membership for his contributions to the club. Since then, Kleber has continued to be a central figure in the On Your Bike tours, leading the 1997 and 1998 tours. He is a frequent ride leader and participant, and 'super-achiever'.

And who else...?

Nominations for Cycle Tourist of the Year can be made by any (non dependent) member. The general criterion for Cycle Tourist of the Year is the member who in the Club's opinion has contributed the most to cycle touring and the CTA throughout the year. As mentioned by our President: "It is a great way to acknowledge the time and effort that people put into the club.". It's also a great way to let the membership know who are contributing to the club, and perhaps a mention in this hallowed journal could be a reward for a less celebrated contributor.

Nominations can still be made at the AGM.

Terry's Tales

As I write this article with bleary eyes I begin to think that maybe it wasn't such a good idea staying up to watch a live stage of the Tour de France last night. But after watching the likes of Lance Armstrong and Jan Ulrich power up never ending mountain slopes, I feel a renewed vigour in my ride to work, only to realise that after powering up the last hill I was only doing about a third of the speed of those guys and the hill has only a few hundred metres long, not 15 km long. Oh well, we can always dream.

On 7 July we held the third social night of the year with about 25 people and one dog turning up on a wet and windy winter's evening. A special mention for Devo who was the only person brave (or foolish?) enough to ride. The evening was spent reminiscing over the recent 30th Anniversary Tour as we looked through each other's photographs. This issue of the newsletter also has a number of photographs from the tour along with a series of articles written by the tour participants which promise to make great reading. There was also a lot of talk about future tours, both short one week or weekend tours and maybe even re-visiting past tours. I hope the enthusiasm shown on the night is more than just talk and we can see some more of these events on a relatively regular basis.

For those that were at the July social night (and those that weren't can hear it now), you will be aware that the Christmas in July has been moved to August. I guess Christmas anytime is a good time so please check out the details in this newsletter and contact Noel for further details.

In the mean time, happy cycling and dodge those rain showers.

Terry

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World

Perth's specialist running & triathlon store

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(Near cnr Roe St) Ph 9227 7281

Rides Calendar – August to September 2004

For any cyclist coming on a ride for the first time, it would be wise to start with an 'Easy' ride. If you are unsure of your suitability for a particular ride, please telephone the Ride Leader. You will need to wear a helmet and bring a spare tube, puncture repair kit, tyre levers, pump and a spanner (to fit the axle nuts if your bike is not fitted with quick release hubs). Most importantly, bring water!

RIDE GRADINGS

Easy - anyone

Moderate - fit with geared bikes

Moderately Hard - fit and experienced. Distances < 100km

Hard - fit, experienced and strong. Distances > 100km over hard terrain

If you are interested in doing a particular ride, but you feel it may be too long for you, don't be put off. Contact the ride leader to see if you can do part of the route.

Sunday August 1

Mountain Magic

35 – 40 km. Moderate, 8:45 for 9 am start. Meet and cnr Morrison Rd and Pechy Rd, Swanview.

Ride follows old railway bed through John Forrest National Park and various walking/bridle paths to Mundaring where we will have a coffee break. Then it's all downhill along the old track through Darlington back to the start. Wide tyres recommended and anyone can do it.

Leader: Mark Corbett ☎ 9294 2625

Saturday August 7 Century Challenge Achievement Ride Take 2

100 miles Hard, 7:30am for an 8:00am sharp start. Meet at the Lakes BP Service Station on Great Eastern Highway for registration and map/ride description. The scenic course includes Wooroloo, Avon Valley, Northam and York. The time limit is 10 hours (average 16 km/h). Participants MUST BOOK at least one week prior to the ride and there is a \$10 fee for non-members.

Organiser: Hooky ☎ 9375 5246 (H)

Sunday August 8

The Training Ride

60km Moderately Hard, 9.00am Start. Meet at Midland railway station for a hilly but scenic ride through Kalamunda, Darlington, John Forrest National Park and Parkerville to lunch at Mundaring. Then it's back down Greenmount to Midland.

Leader: Kleber ☎ 9354 7877

Sunday August 15

Kings Delight

30km Moderate/Easy. 9.30am start. Meet at the Perth Entertainment Centre car park off Wellington Street for an easy paced ride, over moderate inclines around Kings Park and surrounding areas. We will stop for refreshments near the end of the ride.

Leader: Teresa ☎ 9294 2625

Saturday August 21 10,000 in 8 Achievement Ride Take 2

110km Hard, 8:00am for an 8:30am sharp start. Meet at the Kelmscott railway station for registration and map/ride description. This is the CTA's hilliest ride, requiring you to climb up and down 10,000 feet

within 8 hours (average 14 km/h). Required for both the Super Achiever and Challenge Series. Participants MUST BOOK at least one week prior to the ride and there is a \$10 fee for non-members.

Organiser: Hooky ☎ 9375 5246 (Home)

Sunday August 22

Guildford Sortie

50-55 km Moderate. Morning chaps & lassies- 8:45 for a 9am start at the remnants of the Raffles hotel, we will head south along the freeway cycle path, crossing the freeway near Mount Henry, heading east along the north bank of the Canning River before taking route SE16 to Guildford, watching for bandits along the way. After a brief reconnaissance mission (read coffee), we will return via the north bank of the upper Swan, cruising past Ashfield, Bayswater, Maylands, East Perth, with a choice of options to return to our starting point. Tally Ho! (please bring flares and a flying helmet)

Sqdn Leader Bennett DSO DFC and bar (propping up)

Call Sign: 9312 1214

Sat/Sun August 28,29

Xmas in July in August in Guilderton

A weekender in Guilderton (Moore River). Approx. 75 km each way, touring pace. Meet at Joondalup Station at 8:45 for 9:00 am departure. Overnight accommodation will be at the caravan park in either self contained units or your tent. Contact Grant re interest by Aug 14 (probably need about 8 to make it a go-er). See page 3 for further details

Leader: Noel ☎ 9355 2745 (H)

Organiser: Grant ☎ 9339 4248 (H)

Saturday September 4 200km Achievement Ride Take 2

200km Hard, 6:30am for a 7:00am sharp start. Meet at the car park off Morrison Road, Midland (adjacent to the Midland Police Station) for registration and map/ride description. This is a challenging ride that takes in Toodyay, Dewars Pool, Bindoon and the Chittering Valley. The time limit is 13½ hours (average 15 km/h). Participants MUST BOOK at least one week prior to the ride and there is a fee of \$10 for non-members.

Organiser: Hooky ☎ 9375 5246 (H)

Sunday September 5

Come and Smell the Roses

50km Moderate to Hard. 09.00am Meet at the children's playground at Charles Patterson Park, Burswood. A gentle climb to Carmel Rose Gardens, coffee and refreshments at the cafe. Meander through Kalamunda and enjoy the downhill thrill.

Leader Connie ☎ 9355 2745.

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Leader Connie ☎ 9355 2745.

Sunday September 12

25 km Moderate. Meet at Midland Station for 9 am departure for a

slightly hilly ride taking in Midland, Parkerville and John Forrest National Park

Leader: Janet ☎ 9319 9526

Sunday September 19 Avoiding Lofus, Yokine to UWA

35km Moderate, 9am start. Meet at Yokine Reserve near the Coolbinia/Yokine Sporting Club. We'll head down to Maylands and along the river to UWA where we'll stop for some morning tea. Then back to Yokine via Herdsman Lake. This ride is a variation of a couple of routes I take to and from work.

Leader: Tom H. ☎ 9444 4107(H), ☎ 6488 1634(W).

Saturday September 25 300km Achievement Ride Take 2

300km Hard. This is the CTA's hardest ride, having to complete 300km in 20 hours (average 15 km/h) and is required to complete the Super Achiever Series. Participants **MUST BOOK** at least one week prior to the ride to arrange details and there is a \$10 fee for non-members.

Organiser: Hooky ☎ 9375 5246 (H)

Sunday September 26 Canning Catchment Workout

80 - 90km moderate / hard. Meet at the Deepwater Point kiosk at 7.45 am for 8 am start for a strenuous ride that traverses the entire Canning Region from river to weir & back. Terrain includes rolling pastures to breathtaking climbs (several actually). Unfortunately due to the distance to be covered, stops will be brief (for bidon refills), therefore intending riders should possess 100km achievement ride capability and carry adequate sustenance for the ride.

Leader: Andrew ☎ 9313 6803 (H)

If you are interested in leading a ride, or you have a suggestion for a ride that you would like to do, please contact the Rides Co-ordinator by April 22.

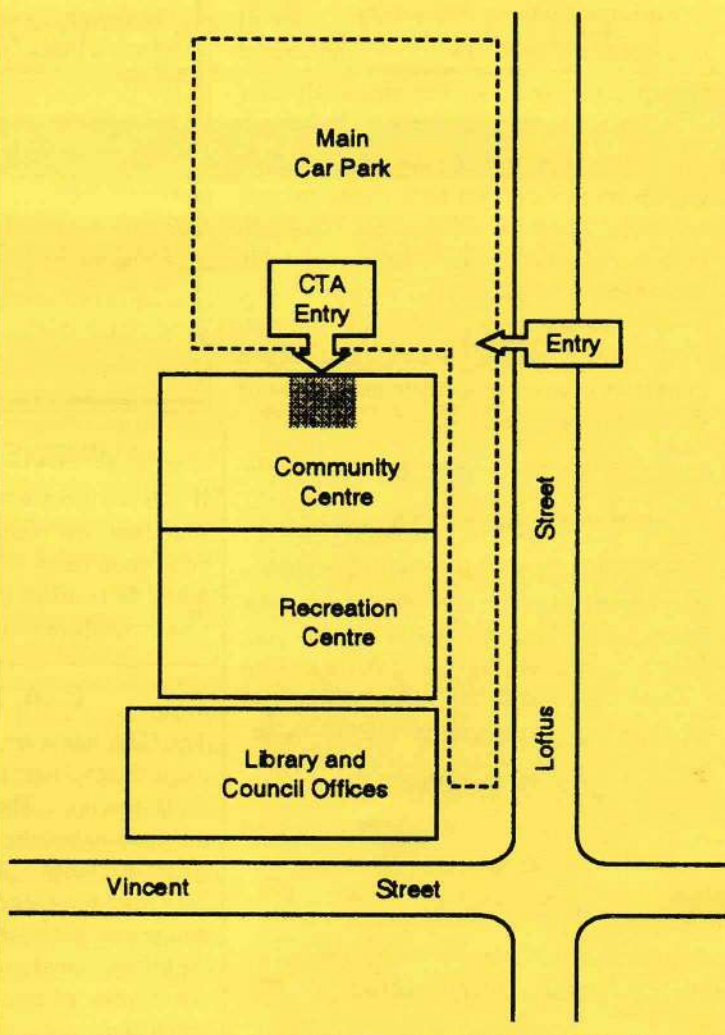
Smokey Car Spotter



Ever notice how difficult it is to breathe when smokey exhaust fumes are choking up the atmosphere? Well here's your chance to strike back! Report smokey vehicles by giving the registration number, make and colour of a smokey car, together with the time and place that you spotted it, to the Department of Environmental Protection ☎ 9324 2835.

CTA AGM Venue

The AGM and Social Nights are usually (but not always) held at the Loftus Community Centre on the corner of Loftus Street and Vincent Street, Leederville. Enter from the main carpark on the north side of the complex (see map below). For further details, contact Tim ☎ 9457 2073



Reporting Cycling Hazards

All riders are encouraged to make a note of hazards observed during rides on roads and paths, especially newly installed ones, and to submit a hazard report to Bikewest. Nearly all ride routes are likely to include hazards, even if minor ones, like centre-mounted grab rails on paths, lips on kerb ramps and drive entrances from roads, or drainage grates with gaps to trap skinny tyres. The aim is to get these fixed, and more importantly, to stop new hazards being installed.

About 80% of hospitalised cyclist crashes did not involve a motor vehicle. Most were "loss-of-control" crashes, and an unknown proportion of these were due to hazards on paths and roads.

The hazard reports should be submitted to Bikewest, either using the freepost cards provided by Bikewest or by e-mail. Sending an e-mail is an easy way of submitting a hazard report with HAZARD REPORT in the subject and a good description of the location and the hazard. The address is bikewest@transport.wa.gov.au with a copy to the BTA bta_wa@hotmail.com please.

2004 MEMBERSHIP FEES

The CTA Membership is from January 1 to December 31 each year. Membership fees for 2004 have been set as indicated below:

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------|
| 1. Adult membership | \$40.00 |
| 2. New members | \$35.00 |
| 3. Full-time Students/Pensioners | \$23.00 |
| 4. Dependants under 18 | no charge |

Note that part year memberships apply after June 30 and the above fees should be halved.

The CTA is a non-Government organisation relying on membership fees, donations and volunteer labour to achieve our aims and objectives. These monies help to provide each member with six Newsletters per year, a number of social evenings with suppers, weekend trips and tours at cost, a library, and indemnity to cover property to name a few of the material benefits.

EQUIPMENT FOR HIRE

The CTA has some equipment (as listed below) which is available for members to hire for \$5 for 2 weeks or \$10 per month plus a bond. This is a great way to try out cycle touring without having to layout a large amount of money to equip yourself with the right gear.

- Rear Panniers (pair)
- Small Rack Bag (sits on top of pannier rack)
- Trangia

Please contact a committee member if you are interested in using this equipment.

CTA CLOTHING

The CTA has its own clothing that is highly visible being yellow with red stripes (some tops and knicks in turquoise and green are still available).

The design is available in short sleeved Coolmax tops and black lycra knicks with a coloured side panel.

Some stocks are available in a range of sizes from S, M, L, XL and XXL and costs \$80 for knicks and \$85 for tops.

Please contact Mark or Melanie on 9313 2853 (H) if you require any further information.

Cheques should be made payable to "CTA Clothing".



WHERE ARE YOU?

If you are lucky enough to move to a bright sparkling new place of abode, please share your good news with us. All members are asked to confirm their current address and phone numbers with Committee members.

CTA LIBRARY

The CTA has a small library of books and magazines relating to all facets of cycling and cycle touring. These are available for all members to borrow or just read at each of the social evenings. The books may only be borrowed for 4 weeks by contacting a committee member on the night. Contributions to the library would be greatly appreciated, so do not dispose of any cycling literature which you feel may be relevant.

POLICE BICYCLE REPORTS

The Police Bicycle Section would like to hear your reports of harassment, abuse or other serious incidents involving motor vehicles.

In order for the police to investigate an incident, you must be able to provide the registration number of the vehicle involved and the time and place of the incident. A description of the motor vehicle and the age and sex of the driver are also useful. You should always carry a pen and paper on your bike to record important details should you become involved in an incident. If the offense is serious, you should try to obtain the names of other witnesses who can verify your account. You can contact the Officer in Charge of Cycling at the Cottesloe Police Station ☎ 9284 5058 during working hours.

If undelivered please return to
PO Box 174 Wembley 6913
Western Australia

