

# THE CHAIN LETTER

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

Winter 2022

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## PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Winter has come! The good news (for riders but not for farmers) is that a drier than normal winter is predicted for south west WA. Dry conditions also mean clear sunny days but cold clear nights. Get out your fleecy jackets and maybe some thermal leggings and keep on riding.

The Retiree's Run and the Queensland Rail Trails Tours were held in autumn. The Retiree's headed up to Yerecoin and north-east into the wheatbelt with a good turnout of riders even if some disappeared before the official end of the ride (that's ok but please let the ride leader know). The generally flat terrain was welcome but let the wind blow in rider's faces, so I am told.

The Queensland Rail Trails was a fun time for the small group of riders. We started with a 200m climb of Brisbane's Mount Coot-tha followed later by steep climbs (up to 1:5!! Bruce rode up them all, awesome effort) of the Bunya Mountains and the Blackall Range. Randell and I saw a platypus in Maleny while having smashed avo-on-toast for breakfast, we also visited the famous Hastings Street in Noosa and several of my family's old mansions (now in other hands). In between we got turned around by five flooded creeks and flooded out of our camp before riding into Brisbane in the pouring rain. Great times.

The 'On Your Bike Southern Forests' tour in October is now registering riders, get in while you can to ride through WA's southern forests. You might see a numbat. After that there is a spoke tour out of Australind near Bunbury in November before the summer heat kicks in.

We welcome our new Treasurer Chris. He is already shaking things up by advertising some CTAWA day rides on Meet Up, a website that people can visit to see if there is an event/ride/poetry reading on somewhere that they might like. If new riders join us in the next few months I ask you to be welcoming but also keep an eye open as they might not be used to riding in groups. Secretary Doug arranged for Wayne Bradshaw, CEO of WA peak cycling group Westcycle to address our committee. Wayne is keen to refocus Westcycle onto looking after community, local transport and recreational cycling rather than on competitive cycling which is

now largely covered by Ozcycle. Westcycle is looking at better insurance for the club and for members and improving provision of bicycle paths and secure parking for riders. We will keep you posted.

Get out there, ride and maybe volunteer to lead a ride. Its easy.

Stuart



## UPCOMING EVENTS

### Tours and Events. Put these in your calendar.

- **Christmas in July Weekend** starting on 9th July 2022 at Mandurah. More details to follow on the website.
- **On Your Bike—Southern Forests** on 15th—23 October 2022 *Click this link for details* [2022 On Your Bike – Southern Forests](https://www.ctawa.asn.au/2022-On-Your-Bike-Southern-Forests) [Cycle Touring Association of Western Australia \(Inc.\) \(ctawa.asn.au\)](https://www.ctawa.asn.au/)
- **Australind Spoke Tour** on 27th November—2nd December 2022. More details to follow on the website.

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**DEADLINES:** Contributions for the next issue (Spring 2022) should be sent to the Editor ([editor@ctawa.asn.au](mailto:editor@ctawa.asn.au)) no later than **25 August 2022**.

**DISCLAIMER:** Opinions or comments from contributors and members do not necessarily reflect those of the Club, its committee, the Editors, or its membership as a whole.

## The Chain Letter

The Chain Letter is published by the Cycle Touring Association of WA (Inc.) every Three months.

We welcome articles and photos on:

- Rides you have done, in WA or elsewhere in Australia or the world
- Articles on bicycles, cycling gear, maintenance or safety
- News of members—whether related to rides or not
- Health, physiology, exercise programs or anything else related to the rider
- Riding tips or techniques
- Cycling trivia or quizzes
- Letters to the Editor...

The Editor will be grateful!! Copy and photos (at least 500kB) should be sent to: [editor@ctawa.asn.au](mailto:editor@ctawa.asn.au).

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## Housekeeping

**Please shoot us an update if your contact information changes** (so we can keep our database up to speed).

Email: [members@ctawa.asn.au](mailto:members@ctawa.asn.au)

## Safety Issues

**If you have safety issues — email [info@ctawa.asn.au](mailto:info@ctawa.asn.au)**

All riders are encouraged to report path and road hazards observed during their rides. You should email a clear summary, subject 'Hazard report', including details of the location and the problem (with a photo if you have a camera at the time) to: <https://www.transport.wa.gov.au/activetransport/online-hazard-report-form.asp> and/or [enquiries@mainroads.wa.gov.au](mailto:enquiries@mainroads.wa.gov.au) (send a copy to [info@ctawa.asn.au](mailto:info@ctawa.asn.au)).

Former Green Senator Scott Ludham sponsored an iPhone app, Bike Blackspot, for reporting bike hazards in Perth. It seems to be a useful easy-to-use reporting tool. Information goes to both the Minister of Transport and the Greens. The CTA does not support any political party.

## A Tale of Two Rides

By Award-winning CTA Ride Reporter Patrick Clancy

Disclaimer: as usual, don't believe a word of it. The truth is in there somewhere, but it is well hidden.

With apologies to President Crombie, but his bare-bones description did not really do justice to the experience.

It may be difficult to imagine now, but it is barely one year since mild, meek and submissive tandem stoker Yew Li Cheng first signed up as a member of the CTA. This year has seen her storm onto the CTA Board (watch out!) as the Entertainment Director (or whatever she decides to call herself, don't argue) and take lead in a couple of innovative ride events.

### **Ride 1: Evening Gallop to Claisebrook Cove**

Yew Li's first ride of the year was on Thursday 24th February - a night ride taking in all three race courses within striking distance of Perth. Three race courses? Most people were able to guess Ascot and Belmont Park, then... Pinjarra?!

Not only was the route innovative, but a new start location was introduced simultaneously - beside the river at Bank's Reserve. Some people might think that too much innovation at once is unseemly, and indeed the ride was boycotted by the Vice President (who shall remain nameless) and his family but the CTA is not the Over 55's and a veritable crowd of 24 supporters gathered on the night to prove the old guard wrong.

The Bank's Reserve location has so many advantages compared to The Narrows or Raffles Hotel, including ease of access from the nearby brand spanking new East Perth train station, convenient free parking immediately adjacent, grand shady Moreton Bay Figs providing shelter from both sun and rain, well-maintained BBQs, public toilet (also brand-spanking new), children's playground, and public mooring for those who wish to arrive at the start in their private motor launch. And do not believe the fake news that Bank's Reserve is part of Maylands - it is solidly within the safe and reassuring leafy suburb of Mount Lawley. It also happens to be within 500 m from our house, so that's a bonus.

The ride set off upstream, against a strong current that fortunately stayed in the river. On land we had a welcome tail wind so the pace was marginally greater than the leisurely 15 km/h that the ride notes had promised. The first challenge came when we diverted from the well-worn (a bit too well-worn for group cycling) path around the historical bits of the Maylands Peninsula. No brick-works, police stables or Tranby tea rooms on this ride! No, up and over the top! A couple of grumbles about having to pedal uphill on a river circuit, but some people just need to grumble every now and again to keep them happy.

Through the Baigup wetlands to give the twitchers something to marvel at, past Garratt Road Bridge with its nearby public toilets for those of an age to appreciate such things and onwards to Tonkin Highway. Riding under Tonkin Highway along Dunstone Road is always an adventure these days - sometimes we are directed along the road, sometimes along the path on the left and sometimes along the path on the right. Until we turn the corner onto Dunstone Road there is no telling where we will be going and quick reactions are essential. Similarly, managing to find the way up onto the Tonkin Highway bridge has been made a lot more interesting since the planners decided to construct a temporary approach out of loose-chip tarmac with a challenging hair-pin just when a bit of speed would be nice to get you up the ramp.

Surprisingly, by the time we arrived on the wrong side of the river the group was still intact with a full complement of riders. We squeezed along between the river and the Ascot Racecourse (tick!) boundary fence, managed a quick unplanned circumnavigation of Black Swan Island, and met our second challenge with a bit of a climb up to the Bilya Kard Boodja Lookout (bet you never knew what it was called before - I certainly didn't). Noel proudly recounted how his involvement had swayed the planners to install the river-side path down from the lookout. I didn't have the heart to tell him that it was closed for quite a few months last year due to slope stabilisation works that probably cost a fortune.

But no matter! We were on the home stretch, linking onto the Farmer Freeway bike path and breezing past the Belmont Park Racecourse (tick!) before switching back onto the river path past Burswood and over the Matagarup Bridge that lands back on the right side of the river just next to the Gloucester Park Racecourse (tick! - phew, not Pinjarra after all). A short wind-down and we found ourselves sitting beside the lovely setting of Claisebrook Cove in the wonderfully accommodating Partisan Restaurant. The food was not half bad.

A cautionary note, or two. At the end of the meal, one of the riders was mildly put out when they discovered that they had neglected to bring the key to their bicycle lock. It was a lock of the sort that has a spring-loaded catch, so the key is not required to engage the lock. Cautionary note number one - never engage your lock except by using the key. Fortunately we were close enough to home that we could return after a short interlude with the necessary tools. A small hacksaw cut through the lock cable within a couple of minutes. Despite the presence of numerous nearby bystanders, the sight and noise of a bicycle lock being cut so blatantly right in front of them raised neither an eyebrow nor a comment. Cautionary note number two - if you want to lock up your nice expensive bicycle safely, use a decent lock.





## Ride 2: Stirling Wall-Art Circuit

Yew Li's second ride of the year was on Wednesday 2nd March.

Another ride starting at Bank's Reserve! At this rate people will soon come to realise its many charms and advantages. Did I mention that it is within 500 m from our house? OK, more like 300 m.

The premise of this ride is that there are a number of attractive wall art installations distributed throughout the City of Stirling. Yew Li undertook extensive research to ascertain the most attractive examples that would be worthy of a visit as part of a CTA day ride. The City of Stirling got wind of the cunning plan and rushed to produce a free calendar to commemorate the ride. Just as well there were twelve locations! Or maybe Yew Li got hold of the calendar and decided to turn it into a ride. Who can tell?

For convenience, at the start of the calendar there is also a suggested route marked as a dotted line that links all of the featured artworks. Unfortunately the dotted line is not suitable as a bicycle route because it appears to pass through or over numerous buildings and pays no attention to the layout of roads and cycle paths. Just another reflection of the contempt with which the City of Stirling treats cyclists. But the indomitable Yew Li was not to be deterred by such trifling matters and a route suitable for cycling was developed.

The weather forecast was for a bit of damp, and the more soluble riders completely forewent the opportunity to experience the premiere of this amazing and varied ride. That is a regret that they will have to bear for many years into the future. Eighteen of the most (fool) hardy but fully vaccinated CTA members assembled beneath the BBQ shelter and refused Yew Li's kind offer to cancel the ride in the face of deteriorating meteorological conditions (there was a bit of drizzle, predicted to get a bit heavier later on but clearing up before the coffee stop).

And we were off! Along the river (downstream this time), up beside the Farmer Freeway and onto the Railway path at East Perth. Over the station bridge at Mount Lawley, we all obediently stepped off our bicycles and walked across before re-mounting and heading up to Beaucott Lane. Half-way along Yew Li called a U-turn. Fearing that she was 'doing a Noel' as these manoeuvres have come to be known, many of the riders felt that they had the right to execute the U-turn wherever they pleased. NO! This was a thoroughly researched and analysed route. The official U-turn location was not due to some random disorientation, but had been carefully selected to bring the first piece of wall art into view. A brief stop in the increasing drizzle while our Glorious Leader read out the somewhat optimistic description ('Take in the sunshine...').

A few short kilometres later and the second stop was on Beaufort Street in Inglewood. Soggy skies, not much shelter and some disenchanted grumbling in the ranks. Shortly afterwards the first mutineer (who shall remain nameless) jumped ship, claiming to be a bit cold. The more likely reason is that they were disappointed that we managed to find an excuse to 'do a Noel' without actually doing a Noel.

A few more kilometres down the road and we lost another two riders to the weather before we had even made it to the third stop.

As an aside, on a completely unrelated note while the thought is passing through my head, a neat trick for getting out of a ride you are not enjoying might be to set your rear derailleur up so that first gear on the cluster is second gear at the shifter. Any time you like, you can shift into first gear to throw your chain and come to a grinding halt. Not that anybody on the Stirling Wall Art ride would have resorted to such underhand tactics. Oh no.



At the third stop we lost another rider or two (they were dropping at such a high rate that it was getting difficult to keep count), so we were probably down to thirteen?

As we swung westward the route became ever more devious, crossing every major road and sometimes doubling back to cross them again. Beaufort Street, Alexander Drive, Flinders Street, Wanneroo Road, Main Street the list goes on. With the diminished numbers we weren't held up for too long at each crossing and we managed not to lose any more riders, which came as a bit of a surprise. Eventually the drizzle relented, the sun almost came out and damp clothes started to steam gently.

We passed through suburbs that had been lost to civilisation for decades: Tuart Hill, Yokine, Nollamara, Balcatta, Carine. Some of these suburbs are so old that they appear on ancient hard-copy cycling maps! The old cycle paths can still be found, beneath millimetres of dust, if you know where to look. The wall art at the Westside BMX Club was a highlight, for those who managed to ignore the siren call of the Stirling Men's Shed and the adjacent Stirling Miniature Railway. The wall art here is so famous that it has had to be secured behind a formidable security fence. The fence is only opened on special occasions (every Sunday) to permit ritual worship by members of the BMX sect. One nameless rider was a little disappointed because he feels that the mountain biking community should also be welcomed. Some people have difficulty adjusting mentally when they reach physical maturity. It can be quite sad to watch, so we turned and headed off towards our next target.

Eventually we crossed the freeway and Marmion Avenue and entered the region of sand dune hills. A short sharp and steep climb brought us to the high point of the ride, the water tower located next to the Mount Flora Museum. Maybe it is the Mount Flora Water Tower. The wall art here is hidden, but if you weren't on the ride you don't deserve to be told where. After the obligatory photo opportunity, it was time to descend to the nearby Lawley's Cafe for a short break. There is ample covered parking for bicycles here because the adjacent business appears not to be trading and the extensive al-fresco area is empty of the usual clutter. If there are not too many riders in the group, the '96 Degrees' cafe is worth a look too. There were still too many riders in the group - fourteen made it to the coffee stop.





Strangely, there were only eleven riders in the group after coffee. The other three are probably still there, maybe pressed into service as barristers or whatever. Say hello if you happen to be passing, but don't tarry too long in case the same fate should befall you.

Across West Coast Drive, but fortunately we managed to make a sharp left before we hit the Indian Ocean. Down to Trigg for another artwork on the wall of the Surf Life Saving Club and then back inland towards the recently redeveloped Karrinyup Shopping Centre. City of Stirling have excelled themselves with the approach road, which features traffic lanes barely wide enough to accommodate motor vehicles and a wide central divide populated with trees. Strangely, these kinds of roads always seem to be filled with red-faced motorists.

The theme of busy road crossings continued: Karrinyup Road (twice), Scarborough Beach Road (twice) and Ellen Stirling Boulevard in between. We lost another rider at the Karrinyup Library. Is there an award for the day ride with the highest attrition rate? Maybe there will be in time for the next AGM.

The wall art at the Innaloo Shopping Centre marked the end of the Calendar and all that remained was to coast on down to the end of the ride at Leederville.

In contrast to the access road at Karrinyup Shopping Centre, the exit from Innaloo Shopping Centre has been improved beyond imagination. There is no longer any need to ride south along Ellen Stirling Boulevard and negotiate the hair-raising dogleg at the end to get onto Stevenson Avenue via Scarborough Beach Road. There is a brand-new cycle path directly onto Stevenson Avenue, thanks to which we managed not to lose any further riders. Until just before Leederville. But that was planned. We think.

Why did the ride end in Leederville? Well, by then it was lunchtime and we know of a very pleasant and accommodating Cafe on Oxford Street just north of the cafe strip. Give Tentazioni a try - on the corner of Oxford Street and Bourke Street. It has a garden area at the back and the owners are only too happy to open up the side gate and allow your bicycles inside with you. The food and coffee are good too, so that's nice.

Unfortunately not all survivors could afford the time to join us for lunch and we ended up with a select group of only four: besides the ride leader and her loyal captain there were Christine and Stuart. I don't know what they think the point of retirement is, but we are prepared to honour the others who made it to the end for sticking it out: Udeni, Arthur, Mary, John, Jeremy and Silvia. And if anybody is interested, there is a chance that some commemorative calendars may still be available at participating



## Goodbye Summer



## Hello Winter



## Flashback

### First group cycle tour WA 1975.

*By Dale Neill*



The 'Dirty Dozen' at Noggerup YH on CTA First South West Tour 1975 (That's Robin second from the right). Robin's nickname was 'Moo cow' or 'Moo' because she had big calves.

In 1975 we made panniers from old wheat bags, cooked sausages on fencing wire and wrapped week-old socks on hands to keep out the icy cold. There were no helmets, computers or electronic gears. There were twelve of us - the 'Dirty Dozen' - including one female, but it was a little difficult to identify Robin from the rest of us. She was more like 'one of the boys'. No inequality in our mob.

On the 'rest' day we cycled from Bridgetown to Balingup, to Nannup and back to Bridgetown. Two of the group rode the whole tour on single speed fixed gear bikes.

The photo here is taken at the Noggerup Youth Hostel, an abandoned one-teacher school about half way between Col-lie and Donnybrook. 'What! No internet! you say. There was no electricity or gas and we carried water from a rainwater tank. Together we made 'Noggerup' stew and cooked it on an old Metters wood stove. We ate the stew courtesy of a Tilley kerosene light.

After dinner we walked through the bush to a country dance at the Noggerup Hall and danced with local girls. Those who missed out danced with guys. If you still missed out there were lots of lonely looking sheep.

Seeing 47 years have gone by I feel its somewhat safe to mention that we occasionally 'borrowed' apples and fruit from farmers' paddocks along the way. From that motley crew today we have a fair smattering of some of WA's leading doctors, lawyers and environmental workers.



## **OUT AND ABOUT**

**The CTAWA have day rides around Perth on Wednesday and Sunday mornings, fortnightly night rides in Summer and extended tours. Here's some photos.**



**A ride to Mt Coot-tha Lookout in Brisbane.**



**Coffee break at Avocados Cafe.**



**Heading south on the Kwinana Fwy PSP**



**A large northern suburbs ride**



**5000 in 4 ride**



**The CTAWA Queensland Rail Trail Tour cyclists celebrate at the finish line.**



## Ride Guidelines and Information

### Ride Guidelines

All riders are responsible for showing up with a well-maintained bike. You must wear a helmet, and we recommend you bring a spare tube, puncture repair kit, tyre levers, pump and, if your bike is not fitted with quick release hubs, a spanner that fits your axle nuts. Most importantly, bring water!

Rides are described using the guidelines below. *If you are unsure of your suitability for a ride, or if you feel it may be too long for you, don't be put off.* Please contact the leader before the day to discuss your suitability, or to see if you

can do part of the route.

**Terrain** refers to the hilliness of the ride, and can be 'Mostly Flat', 'Rolling', 'Some Hills' or 'Hilly'.

Mountain bike rides (on tracks or unsealed roads) are described as 'MTB'.

**Pace** refers to the average speed on the flat without breaks. Downhills may be faster, uphill slower. For rides with 'Hilly' terrain, consider choosing a pace one grade below your usual comfort level.

Social	Under 15 km/hr
Leisurely	15 – 20 km/hr

Moderate	20 – 25 km/hr
Brisk	25 – 30 km/hr
Strenuous	30 – 35 km/hr
Super Strenuous	35 km/hr or more

For any other general information refer to: <http://ctawa.asn.au/ride/general-information>

### LIABILITY DISCLAIMER:

The Cycle Touring Association of WA (CTA), its officers and ride leaders, may not be liable for loss or damage whilst taking part in any CTA activity. It is important to note, that all participants on our rides, individual cyclists (whether they are members or not) are **not** covered by the club for injuries if an accident occurs. We recommend that you obtain personal accident insurance before taking part.

Riders must wear an approved safety helmet and obey all road rules (eg not use a mobile phone while riding). If a rider leaves a ride, they must make sure that the ride leader is informed of this.

### Do you have a redundant bike still in good condition, that you no longer ride or need?

GIVIT ([givit.org.au](http://givit.org.au)) is an online charity where people can go to donate to people in need. Currently on the GIVIT website there are a number of charities asking for donated bikes for their vulnerable clients (adults and children's size bikes).

If you have a used bike in good condition, that you no longer need, they are asking if you would be willing to donate to GIVIT.

Donating your old bikes might help a child get to school and a job seeker get to an interview. For vulnerable WA people bikes are an essential means of transport and would be so appreciated.

If you need further information on how GIVIT works you can check out their website or contact: Sarah Visser, Engagement Officer – WA, [Sarah.Visser@givit.org.au](mailto:Sarah.Visser@givit.org.au) (0480 223 840)



## **Sunday Morning**

**Sunday morning and the sun is rising  
Think I'll pack my bags and run  
Boots out of the closet, got my old pack loaded  
My back against the wall but now I'm done  
Running around wondering who I'm gonna  
displease  
I need some space to feel the spirit of the an-  
cient trees  
Got a bike in my shed and I don't use it  
Sling a bag on the handlebars  
Gonna lie down on the dirt underneath the  
stars, ride out to the bush there's no one to  
stop me  
Sometimes I wonder why I'm afflicted  
Got a wandering disease  
Just sit down and watch the footy  
Stop acting like Ulysses**

**By Gary Pinnegar**



## Tour Report - Retiree's Run 2022

**By Award-winning CTA Ride Reporter Patrick Clancy (supported by his lovely wife, keeper of the magic picnic basket)**

Disclaimer: as usual, don't believe a word of it. It's another pack of exaggerations, fantasies and downright lies. There may be a grain or two of truth in there, but there are no prizes for finding them so don't even bother trying. Names of ride participants have been altered to protect their identities.

By popular demand, or possibly as a result of mysterious forces beyond our control, this report of the six-day Retiree's Run 2022 contains descriptions for a bonus five days! At no extra charge! How good is that?

The official tour commenced in Yerecoin on Monday 4th April. But where is Yerecoin, and what is there? Probably nothing, but we never found out except through second-hand reports from unreliable and severely biased witnesses. You will have to go there yourself if you wish to know, because Yerecoin is not a good start location for a tandem. Instead our journey begins three days earlier with a train ride to Toodyay...

### **Friday 1st April. BONUS DAY.**

Train ride to Toodyay. The Merredin Link train service came to our rescue once again, departing conveniently from East Perth train station at around 9:00 and depositing us in Toodyay an hour or so later. They appear to be more friendly to tandems now, or perhaps have become resigned to us showing up and forcing our way on board because they put up much less resistance than on our previous trip to Meckering. Hardly a drop of blood was spilled this time, and police attendance was optional rather than required. Strangely, all the other passengers were huddled together at the very front of the carriage while we were seated at the very back.

The ordeal of sitting on a mostly-empty train as it wound its way up the Avon valley was followed by a day of sight-seeing, or possibly stocking up on supplies at the IGA, in the bustling metropolis of Toodyay. The night was spent at the Victoria Hotel, which boasts very new and comfortable motel rooms out the back.

### **Saturday 2nd April. BONUS DAY.**

The official tour starts on Monday, with a ride from Yerecoin (where?) to Wongan Hills and we intend to get to Wongan Hills to infiltrate the tour. Probably nobody will notice that we weren't there at the start because we tend to set off after everybody else and ride more slowly anyway, due to all the food supplies and snacks in the famous picnic basket.

Today we go halfway, about 50 km, aiming for Goomalling. There is a bit of hill climbing out of Toodyay and a slight headwind. We have to get to Goomalling before 1:00 because there is only one cafe open on a Saturday and it closes at 1:00. When we arrive at the Lot 39 cafe at 12:50, after an heroic final push, the doors are locked. Actually they are locked, barred and bolted, and as we peer into the gloom within we can see the owner bound and gagged but struggling to escape from behind the espresso machine. Her three teenage daughters have staged a mutiny and closed early! She escapes her captors and opens the door with moments to spare, the joy on her face a delight to see as she turns to her daughters and says 'I told you so! More customers!'. The punishment is swift as her three daughters are forced to make us a coffee. We order a long mac, topped up just to increase their workload.

Dinner is at the community sports club. There are very few other customers (apparently there was a big function the previous night and nobody has any cash left), so the menu is ignored and the chef cooks whatever our preference might be from his wide range of ingredients. They are a very accommodating bunch in Goomalling.

### **Sunday 3rd April. BONUS DAY.**

Rest day in Goomalling, and just as well because it rains a bit. In between the showers we manage to fit in most of the attractions. There is a walking trail around the local wall art, a museum at the old school building that features an ancient charabanc welded on to substantial foundations and held securely within a cage for some unexplained reason. Probably it has been terrorising the neighbourhood in the night whenever there is a full moon. And... erm... some other things to see and do. The Lot 39 cafe is officially not open on Sunday, but the Rusty Gate cafe has set up business recently in the old train station. It has a friendly owner, a grumpy barista and a clueless cashier. We always look out for grumpy baristas because they can be relied upon to make good coffee, and this one is no exception. Always steer clear of cafes that promise 'friendly service' because they are just trying to distract you from the bad coffee.

### **Monday 4th April. DAY 1.**

The bonus days are over for now, but there will be more at the end of the tour if you manage to stick with it for that long. Some of the riders didn't, so you won't be judged too harshly.

Ride to Wongan Hills. Tail wind, misty drizzle. We arrive well ahead of the official tour, which is a bit disappointing because that will make them suspicious. Lunch is at the Wongan Hills bakery where we sample a salty sausage roll and a salty shepherd's pie, washed down with weak coffee. At least they haven't put too much salt in the coffee. Business appears to be booming, so that they don't even pretend to try. The IGA is well stocked, so that's a bonus.





Eventually the other riders start to dribble in, weary from battling a headwind the entire distance but bringing reports of good coffee in Yerecoin to get them started. Don't believe a word of it. Yerecoin is a wasteland and it has nothing to recommend it. Rovert is the first to arrive, taking his leadership responsibilities seriously (or possibly trying to make sure he gets the pick of the camping spots - surely not, that must just be a scurrilous slur generated through jealousy from the other campers).

The highlight of their ride, reported by all the Yerecoin riders, was a dead cat that they encountered along the road. It is probably still there, if you are looking for a reason to ride out there. Over the coming days we will become suspicious that Rovert has salted the road with dead wildlife just to maintain our interest as we ride through the endless paddocks.

The annual two-day corella cull at Wongan Hills finished the day before our arrival (how did the ride not include this cultural highlight?) and all the corellas have returned to town after lying low for a few days. Rumours are that they were tipped off, but the mole has not yet been exposed. Everybody looks suspiciously at the strangers in town.

At the caravan park, the camper's kitchen mysteriously has no kettle and no lids for the pans. Boiling water over the stove using a plate for a lid leads to a pan full of hot water and broken crockery. Evad has failed to plan for cold nights and has not brought a sleeping bag. It is a cold night, but he is unable to convince any other rider to lend him their sleeping bag, or even a pair of gloves. It's every rider for themselves on this tour! He ends up sleeping illegally in one of the cabins attached to the camp kitchen.

## Tuesday 5th April. DAY 2.

The camping contingent wake early and pack their tents before heading into town for breakfast to wait out the heavy drizzle that has just started. Nairb is grumpy because he chose to eat breakfast before packing his tent and now he has to pack wet gear. Evad is frozen solid but looks a little fresher than usual after his brief encounter with cryogenic preservation. Rumours circulate that Aivlis and Drahcir are feeling unwell, their symptoms becoming more severe with each circulation. They are cast out.

Morning coffee is at the bakery, where Nairb and Sirhc elect to drink from disposable cups. They should be ashamed of themselves for destroying the planet so wantonly even when ceramic cups and mugs are readily available. I am almost tempted to reveal their true identities. An extra shot, to give the coffee a detectable flavour, adds \$1 to the already steep \$5 per cup. But rumours abound that there will be no coffee in Ballidu at the end of the ride today.

Nhoj is the first casualty of the ride, forced to retreat due to a catastrophic knee. He will limp back to Toodyay and make his way home from there. Probably the knee is fine and he is jealous of our reports of the sights and attractions in Goomalling, which he would otherwise have missed on the official route. Now there are only two Nhojs remaining and the CTA constitution requires that there is at least one Nhoj present throughout each tour. Rovert's advice to bring essential spares has paid off! We can even afford to lose another one without having to call the whole thing off.

Rovert and Ymereg are running low on supplies already and are spotted rummaging through the rubbish bins. We avert our gazes so as not to cause them undue embarrassment, but not before taking photos. They appear to be quite experienced and comfortable in their endeavours.

35 km later and we find ourselves in Ballidu. Despite earlier reports that there is no coffee to be had here, there is an automatic coffee machine in prime position at the general store. The coffee is only \$4, but it has no discernible flavour and even the shopkeeper says she wouldn't drink the stuff. She has her own coffee machine at home, but even under mild torture will not reveal the whereabouts.

There is a very pleasant grassy park with well-appointed BBQ area and a fantastic public toilet (new, clean, soap, towels, toilet paper, water - everything you could wish for, except maybe a Japanese-style heated bidet toilet seat). Not wishing to miss the BBQ opportunity, Wey Il rummages around in the magic picnic basket and produces a tin of Spicey Spam. Another rummage, and a loaf of freshly-baked crusty bread appears. The other riders can only look on in awe and salivate alarmingly as the Spam is sliced, barbecued to perfection and devoured.

The grassy park is quickly staked out into lots by the camping contingent. Reports are that there is gold to be found, which would explain the frenzy, but Drahcir and Zil show no interest, so the reports must be false. Revort gets the best spot because he was the first to come up with the idea. Accommodation for the non-camping contingent is in clapped-out old caravans at \$40 per caravan per night. Drahcir and Zil mention to the cleaner that there happen to be mouse droppings on every horizontal surface within their particular caravan, but the 'cleaner' just shrugs her shoulders and wanders off, muttering darkly 'nobody tells me anything'.

Food choices at the pub: garlic prawns, garlic prawns on steak, or bangers and mash. Vegetarian option: mash and salad. What, no Parmigiano?

## Wednesday 6th April. DAY 3.

We are awoken in the night, in our luxury en-suite dilapidated cabin (\$50 - a \$10 premium over the clapped-out caravans), by a rustling sound that emanates from somewhere over in the corner of the room. Mice! Two of them, helping themselves to oats stored in the depths of Wey Il's pannier. We chase them out and move the bags onto a benchtop, closing them securely. Just as we are going back to sleep, more rustling from the benchtop. Another mouse, running around inside the (empty) travelling banana bag. It runs down into the back of the oven and we move ALL our belongings onto the one small table that groans ominously under



the weight. Wey Il will not be able to get back to sleep tonight and the surrounding population are also on edge after the terrible screams that she managed to produce.

Ten minutes later, after Wey Il has gone back to sleep despite the constant scuttling noises in the dark, another mouse appears - running across the top of the bed, over my head and across Wey Il who somehow manages to sleep through it. We drag the bed away from the wall into the centre of the room. Eventually the scuttling noises cease and we actually get some sleep. Despite all this excitement we still manage to notice that we are lying on the most uncomfortable bed that we have experienced for quite some time.

Later in the day, as we ride towards Kalannie, Ymerek admits that he had been very jealous of our luxury \$50 hovel compared to the \$40 squalor that he had endured and that it was he who had released the mice. Evets has been caring for them ever since the Ravensthorpe Incident on the Painted Silos tour, for just such an occasion, and is very happy with the \$10 that Ymerek offered for them. Ymerek feels much better now. The mice have probably returned to Evets - he cares for them well and they are very loyal.

Heading east from Ballidu means going directly into quite a stiff breeze for the first 25 km. Then we take a left turn and 5 km later arrive at the highest point for the day at an elevation of 405 m. There is a farmhouse here, set back from the road, but where the driveway meets the road they have erected a kind of weathervane sculpture formed from four bicycles at the top of a pole. Other bicycles are distributed artistically, some would say carelessly, on the ground nearby. There are some naive riders who choose to believe that the sculpture shows a touching sympathy towards cyclists. The more experienced among us know that it is constructed from trophies of encounters between cyclists and farm machinery.

Arriving in Kalannie, we locate our B&B accommodation at the Station Master's House despite the fact that it has no sign and does not appear on Google Maps. It is a very comfortable place with excellent cooking facilities and free coffee at the local hardware store. This peculiar arrangement (the coffee, not the kitchen) arises because the hardware store and the B&B share a common owner. We soon learn that the biggest problem being faced by the hardware store is a shortage of mouse baits.



Nairb is tired and grumpy because he tried to draft Speedy Eus but fell behind in the headwind. With the benefit of perfect hindsight, her specialty, Wey Il consoled him by revealing there is a reason she is called 'Speedy' Eus.

The IGA is new and well-stocked but the baked-in-house bread tastes stale. We order a freshly-baked loaf for the following morning, to try and offset our losses.

Drachir discovers that he left his only pair of trousers in Ballidu, but he is disappointed when nobody else notices anything unusual about his appearance. The trousers were probably squirreled away by thieving mice, and Drachir wanders around for a while looking a bit lost. Just in time, moments before the dementia police arrive to cart him away, it is discovered that he and Leon have the same waist size and they come to an arrangement to share Leon's trousers (alternately, not concurrently) for the remainder of the tour. They will not be able to appear in public together, but it is unlikely that anybody will notice (with the possible exception of Einnoc, who can be quite observant when she wants to be).

Drachir has also managed to leave his razors in Ballidu. Unfortunately, Leon has a different chin size and is unable to share his razor. Nobody else is willing to come to Drachir's rescue. Zil gallantly crosses the road to the IGA in search of new razors, but refuses to buy a 5-pack of pink 'lady's' razors in case they render him too effeminate and instead he has to settle for a 10-pack of the same razors in blue. This represents double the weight penalty and he will struggle to keep up over the remaining days, but at least he will get to keep his luxuriant coat of leg hair.

Nairb cheers up momentarily during dinner because all sing Happy Birthday. Is it actually his birthday? Does it matter? Just so long as Nairb is happy.

#### Thursday 7th April. DAY 4.

Nairb wakes up grumpy, with a stiff neck caused by his choice of an inflatable pillow. It is out of character for Nairb to be grumpy at all, and his excuses are all a bit weak. More likely he is missing Elasor but does not like to be considered sentimental.

Other bleary-eyed campers wander around after spending a night at the 'Rabbit-proof Fence' campground. They have been kept on alert all night watching for rabbits trying to sneak into WA, so we have much to thank them for. Or perhaps they were unable to sleep due to the entertainment arranged by Rober for the evening: the gentle but unrelenting rumble of grain being loaded onto the train that was parked across the road.



The freshly-baked bread is just as stale, which is quite an achievement when I think about it, so it is returned to the shop for a full refund. No mice were observed running around inside the B&B during the night, but there is a decapitated mouse on display in the middle of the lawn in the morning. Our hosts try to laugh it off, but look a little uneasy. It is probably a sinister message from the competing hardware store, which appears to be somewhat less successful. Or maybe it was the cat.

The weather is fine, with a light breeze and the riding is easy. All a bit too easy, so Rober has considerably arranged for surprise roadworks over the final 15 km with a gravel surface to prevent us from nodding off. Just before we reach the end of the gravel, a very shiny prime mover approaches slowly from the opposite direction. It draws to a gradual halt directly alongside us and a very concerned-looking driver winds the window down to ask us a question. He has overlooked the fact that the engine noise is drown-



ing out his words, and he receives all kinds of random answers ('yes', 'four days', 'about 200 km', 'Thursday', 'Western Australia'), before we figure out that he wants to know how far the gravel surface extends. He looks very relieved to hear that the sealed surface returns eventually if he can make it that far.

At the end of the ride, Dalwallinu has a pub, a bakery and a cafe. We give the pub a miss because the lunchtime meals on offer don't appeal. At the bakery the pies look a bit sad but the staff are very cheerful. The cafe has the carefully curated air of an old-time greasy spoon, but actually has quite an extensive menu and also very friendly staff. It also boasts the best chips in town and the coffee flavour is discernible.

Rovert has exceeded himself with the lunchtime entertainment: a frantic flock of Mynah birds chasing an annoyed-looking owl from tree to tree in the park on the opposite side of the main street. It is a shame that he doesn't publicise his shows, because I am the only witness.

Ymerej is now the second rider to find himself with an embarrassing razor deficiency. Fortunately, Dalwallinu is a big town and he has no trouble finding the local dealer who operates his business on the street corner, sporting a peculiar pair of trousers and a luxuriant coat of leg hair.

Nairb is grumpy again because the bolt on his seat clamp failed and he was forced to ride standing up for quite a few kilometres. Has he been sabotaged? It seems likely, because it is the third time that he has experienced this failure. Any suggestions on either who is behind this or how he might improve his riding style should be submitted for publication in the next edition of this newsletter.

#### Friday 8th April. DAY 5.

Evad sets off in the dark at 5:30, claiming that he is being guided by the weather forecast and is trying to avoid the headwinds that are predicted for later in the day. Other, more reliable, sources suggest that the true reason is because he is keen to experience the thrill of witnessing the flag-raising ceremony at the Miling primary school. It is an event that has been sitting at the top of his bucket list for quite some time and his recent encounter with cryogenics has sharpened his focus on living his remaining days to the full. Other attractions at Miling include the famous illuminations, with the 40 km/h sign blinking into life dead on time ahead of school closing for the day, and the full traditional pageant of two school buses (in contrasting sizes!) in their spectacular orange livery.

During the ride Evets manages to accumulate five punctures, narrowly missing out on his personal best. He still has a long way to go before he starts to trouble the record established by Ymerej and Aivlis on the notorious Painted Silos tour in 2021. Whispered rumours suggest that Nairb is responsible for Evets' predicament and that Speedy Eus was the intended target, in revenge for having to eat her dust on the way to Kalannie. In the darkness of the night the wrong bike was targeted and Nairb was running out of time before he realised his mistake, managing only one puncture for his nemesis.

Walking along the main street in Miling, Nairb observes that all of the trees along the entire length of the footpath have been cleanly lopped about half a metre above ground. Locals try to convince us that Dutch Elm Disease has forced their untimely decapitation, but there are suspicions that there is a darker reason. Flocks of corellas weigh down the branches of trees away from the road, and removing the trees that once lined the street will have prevented them from damaging the paintwork on any cars parked beneath.

#### Saturday 9th April. DAY 6.

The final day of the official tour, and the longest at 78 km. For most people. Some riders appear to have lost the motivation to experience the quiet back roads usually associated with the cycle touring experience and opt to take on the narrow shoulder and heavy traffic along the Great Northern Highway, causing Rovert to tut and shake his head in disappointment. Never mind, it is they who will have to bear the shame for the rest of their existence. The highway cuts their distance by 25 km, but there are perhaps highways closer to Perth that might hold more appeal for their next tour.

We make an early start and are on the road before 9:00, still managing to be the last out of town. The other riders are heading for Yerecoin and have to allow plenty of extra time because they may have difficulty finding it. We are heading back to Wongan Hills, which adds an extra 10 km but at least we can be sure that we will know when we get there.

The cause of Rovert's disappointment becomes clear a few kilometres out of town away from the highway. He has made a special effort in the night and there is a dead rabbit, in very good condition, placed artistically in the road to cheer us up. He has probably been saving it ever since the night at the 'Rabbit-proof Fence' campground.

A few short kilometres further along and we make a right turn onto today's 12 km of gravel. At the turn, tyre tracks in the gravel indicate clearly that the earlier riders showed no compunction in cutting across the corner. At the end of the gravel, we turn left but the route back to Yerecoin goes right. Once again, the corner has been cut. Standards are slipping.

As a special treat, we encounter animate wildlife: a pair of kangaroos, disturbed from resting under a bush, bound ahead of us beside the road for a few kilometres before they get fed up and hide under another bush. A fox appears in the paddock to the right, running along for a while before crossing the road ahead of us and going to ground. A second fox adds to the richness of today's riding experience.





We stop once again in Ballidu to remind ourselves of the luxury to be found in the public toilet and to rest over a picnic lunch. We do not even attempt to find coffee. We have made arrangements to collect Drahcir's trousers from the art exhibition that closes at 1:00. The art exhibition is closed and the building is deserted when we arrive there at 12:30. A quick phone call resolves the confusion - our careful arrangements have been completely forgotten and it will not be possible to collect the trousers today. As we head back out of town, we catch a glimpse through the op-shop window (open 10:00 - 1:00, by appointment, but closed at the moment) of a pair of trousers that matches suspiciously the description provided by Drahcir, right down to the disconcerting stain that has made these his favourite pair of formal trousers since 1977 when Queen Elizabeth was celebrating her silver jubilee.

On the way to Ballidu at the start of the tour, we were inconvenienced slightly by workers who were sealing cracks in the road surface by carefully pouring on hot bitumen from a kettle that maybe they will later return to the Wongan Hills camper's kitchen. As we return to the start of this section of road, we discover that they finished their work by pouring a little smiley face.

Further along, we find a golf ball on the shoulder and stop to collect it. Ymerej will pay a handsome bounty for this! He has one of the world's most extensive collections of lost golf balls and has often risked his life to collect a particularly rare example from the driving range. Just as we start to contemplate on how a golf ball came to be on the verge in the middle of nowhere, we spot another one. We will be able to live like kings on the bounty for two balls!

We arrive in Wongan Hills at 3:15, with plenty of time before the cafe closes at 4:00. Before we make it that far, we are surprised to see Nhoj and Atina cruising along the main drag. They have ridden to Yerecoin, driven to Kalannie, picked up the camper trailer that they had left there (it was still there! Intact!) and rushed down to Wongan Hills because they were unable to proceed without knowing that we had arrived safely. They bring news that many riders chose to follow the highway shortcut, without official authorisation, but that they themselves had stuck to the honest way.

We arrive at the cafe, still with plenty of time to spare. There is a hastily scribbled note on the door to inform us that they closed at 2:00 today. Maybe Nhoj is not as noble as he likes to portray, and there are suspicions that maybe the cafe was tipped off. Fortunately, the pub has a coffee machine, but when we enquire about its health, we are informed that it is out of order. IGA suggests trying Ah Wong's restaurant at the roadhouse across the road, but we won't be able to take another disappointment and decide to forgo coffee today.

#### Sunday 10th April. BONUS DAY.

Back to Goomalling today, and just as well because there are a couple of attractions that we missed on the way up. There is a go-kart club just behind the campsite, complete with scruffy urchin tearing around on his mini motorbike. We encounter him again later on as we wander around the perimeter of the orchid hot-spot. He zooms past us on the road in the dusk, with seemingly not a care in the world as he weaves from one side to the other with no discernible lights.

The weather forecast for the following day is dire, with heavy rainfall predicted on our route to Toodyay. We contemplate riding at night to beat the rain, but the radar shows us how futile that would be. Oh well, it's the last day and we will have plenty of time to freshen up in Toodyay before boarding the train at 3:00.

#### Monday 11th April. BONUS DAY.

It has not been mentioned earlier, but over the course of the tour Wey Il had discerned some tension between the day-duty forecaster at BOM and the night-duty forecaster. The day-duty forecaster has a much more positive outlook and often cancels any rain or dials down any wind that the night-duty forecaster has predicted. Today is no exception. The forecast still contains a few showers, but the radar shows that the heaviest will cross our route well before we get there and other showers will be diverted to the south of Toodyay to avoid causing us any inconvenience.

In fact we get to Toodyay completely dry, after encountering only a few short sections where the road was still wet, with plenty of time for a relaxing lunch before boarding the train. Something else that has not been mentioned earlier is the way that Nairb's presence is felt in every country town. All he has to do is sit outside a cafe, looking like he is in his natural element nursing his take-out coffee cup, and locals (mostly women of a certain age) will be attracted to wander over and strike up a conversation. I guess he just looks like a farmer. It always turns out that they know each other from way back or have relatives or acquaintances in common. Another strange phenomenon is that, if you spend enough time in Nairb's company, this influence will transfer to you. As we were heading to the Toodyay station, we were stopped by a complete stranger who wandered up to us and started a meandering conversation about bicycles, cycling and cycle touring. Turns out he is Bob the teacher from St Pat's and that he used to teach Nairb's kids when they were nippers. He now works for Conservation, Forestry, Parks, Rivers, Hunting and Wildlife (or something), goes solo touring on his Surly, and says hi to Nairb (on the remote off chance that Nairb is reading this).

Despite the unplanned interruption we make it to the Toodyay station with time to spare. Three little old ladies, who from the sound of it originate in Eastern Europe, appear confused by the sheer size of the station and require assistance to find the right platform. Fortunately, we are able to come to their rescue because we have been here before and know our way around. There is a token amount of rainfall as the train passes from Midland to Mount Lawley but it is once again dry when we debark in East Perth and the tour is over.





Every year tonnes of bicycles and associated parts are thrown into landfill when they could be recycled, up-purposed and turned into works of Junk Art for the garden. The only limitation is your imagination and creativity. Here's some examples to show the possibilities of how some discarded and worn out bicycle parts can be re-purposed into works of art.



Bicycle Statue. A CTAWA photo opportunity in the Wheatbelt.



A dog with pedal feet, saddle head and chain body



Old bike in the garden from a verge side collection, painted, then some baskets with flowers added



Painted bicycle wheels wired to a frame and turned into an arbour



Bike parts welded together to make a gate.



Cogs, wire and coloured glass turned in a beautiful mobile.



## THEY WANT TO SUCK MY BLOOD



It's been a hard day on the bike and you find a great camping spot.  
The sun is setting over a beautiful lake, the air is clear and hot.

It's too perfect, something isn't right.  
Just then you feel the first mozzie bite.

Hovering around are the ladies of dusk and dawn,  
in a humming, whining, pestilent swarm.

You do the crazy funky chicken dance then throw yourself in the tent.  
Safe behind the mesh they do not relent, they're hell sent.

"Just a drop of blood" they plead "It won't hurt a bit"  
"It's for my babies benefit".

Could they be Buddhist re-incarnated souls who led a bad life.  
Long distance cycling tourers who went away for weeks, neglecting their wife.

Am I going soft? Is camping too rough?  
A five star hotel with room service and bike valet wouldn't be as tough.

The mosquito is the state bird of Minnesota USA.  
But I'm sure if they met our mean girls, they'd yelp, put their tail between their wings and fly fast away.

Alas, your worst fear comes true.  
One of the blood suckers has snuck into the tent and wants to kiss you.

Her end is swift, squished against the tent wall.  
Now she is just a bloody, mangled, parasitic ball.

Later, I put down the book, turn off the light and forget about the flies, mozzies and ants.  
BUT, OH HELL, NOW I FEEL A TICK IN MY PANTS.



## The CTA Achievement Ride Series

The CTA conducts a series of 'Achievement Rides' (ARs) each year. These rides provide you with a graded set of challenges. Each ride must be completed within the set time limit, but is otherwise non-competitive. Each ride is supported by a volunteer and the series is coordinated by the Achievement Rides Coordinator. **(See website for details and conditions)**

50K	100K	5000 in 4	160K	10000 in 8	200K	300K
2/20/2022	3/27/2022	5/8/2022	5/29/2022	6/12/2022	10/1/2022	11/12/2022
John Farrelly	John Farrelly	John Farrelly	John Farrelly			
Christine Liddiard	Christine Liddiard		Christine Liddiard			
Linda Tompkins						
Carl Sputore						
Kevin McMullan	Kevin McMullan					
Eric Toccock	Eric Toccock					
Sue Thomas						
Liz Marshall		Liz Marshall				
Rita Miller						
Cliff Miller						
Bruce Shaddock	Bruce Shaddock	Bruce Shaddock	Bruce Shaddock			
	Steve Digwood					
	Bruce Robinson					
	NFP					
	John McMahon	John McMahon				
	Vanessa Pietrasik	Vanessa Pietrasik				
	Brett Robson					
	Sarah Cutts					
		Richard Marshall				
		Jeremy Knowles	Jeremy Knowles			
		Silvia Klemen				
		Ann Wilson				
	Patrick Clancy	Patrick Clancy				
	Yew Li Cheng		Greg Atter			

## CTAWA CLOTHING AND CYCLING ACCESSORIES

**CTA jerseys:** \$55 Short Sleeve, \$60 Long Sleeve.

Short Sleeve sizes S, M, L, XL, 2XL and 3XL, \$55

Long Sleeve sizes S, M, L, XL and 3XL, \$60

**CTA Socks** Yellow/blue and Red/yellow socks Sizes 2-8, 7-11, 11-14 with CTA logo — \$10 a pair

**CTA Sleeves.** Yellow \$20

**Safe-Zone Mirror** The 57 mm diameter 'Safe-Zone' mirror gives improved vision of vehicles and other riders approaching from behind. Normally only available from on-line suppliers at between \$40 to \$55. CTA is able to offer these mirrors to members at **\$25** (you will need to contact the Clothing Coordinator to arrange a suitable time for pick up). These mirrors use two zip ties for mounting onto your helmet. If you are cycling overseas where traffic is left hand drive, these mirrors can be easily adjusted



**NOZKON, The most stylish and versatile nose sun protection device to date, the NozKon** (pronounced "nose cone"). Simply attach the adjustable hook & loop strap onto your glasses or goggles and go! [NozKon.com](http://NozKon.com) - [The newest technology in sun protection for the nose](http://NozKon.com). The CTAWA has bulk-purchased some tan NozKons and are available for \$12-00 each.

Contact : Liz, 0423207258 or email [clothing@ctawa.asn.au](mailto:clothing@ctawa.asn.au) for any enquiries or orders.

## Some Cycling Vlogs and Blogs



"Comes With Baggage" is a light hearted history of bicycle travel in the Americas, that makes you want to sell your possessions, quit your job and escape on a bike. Past and current footage, along with interviews of bike pioneers, makers and historians are combined to give a unique perspective on where bicycles can take you, both physically and spiritually. Click on attachment below.

[\(4\) Comes with Baggage Movie - YouTube](#)



CTAWA members Sue and John are currently cycling around Spain and Portugal. You can read about their adventures by clicking on the attachment below.

[life on a bike ... my story | don't count the days ... make the days count – Muhammad Ali \(travel.blog\)](#)



Simon Willis from 'Always Another Adventure' is a BBC presenter who now lives in Scotland and writes about cycling

As I enter my 64th year I've been wondering how to stay fit enough to keep doing daft stuff like this. So in 2022 I'll try to find out. Interested?

[\(4\) When are we too old for this stuff? An idea for 2022 - YouTube](#)

**You wish to hire equipment?** We have Rear Panniers, a small Rack Bag and a Trangia (camp stove). By hiring, you can sample cycling touring without investing in lots of equipment. And if you do decide to invest, you'll have a better idea of what you want for yourself. Cost is \$5 per 2 weeks, \$10 per month, plus a bond. Contact Brian on 0438110571.

### Ride Leaders Needed!

Do you have a favourite ride that you regularly do or have an idea about a tour? If so, the Ride Coordinator would love you to hear from you. You could even go out on a recci by yourself for a suggested ride in future!

Check out the website to give you some tips and information on leading a ride.

[http://www.ctawa.asn.au/ctawa\\_files/rides/CTA%20How%20to%20be%20a%20Ride%20Leader.pdf](http://www.ctawa.asn.au/ctawa_files/rides/CTA%20How%20to%20be%20a%20Ride%20Leader.pdf)

## Membership Details

CTA membership is from 1 January to 31 December. New members joining after 30 June may pay the half year membership price (1/2 of the prices shown below).

### Membership Fees 2022

	Metro	Country
Renewal Adult membership (If paid before 31 Jan 2022)	\$35 \$30	\$30 \$25
New Adult membership	\$30	\$25
Concession:		
Full-time Students/Pensioners	\$20	\$20
Dependents under 18	No charge	

Membership forms can be downloaded from our website <[www.ctawa.asn.au](http://www.ctawa.asn.au)>. Please send your cheque and form to the Cycle Touring Association, PO Box 174, Wembley WA 6913. A receipt of payment is only issued on request.

The CTA is a non-Government organisation relying on membership fees, donations and volunteer labour to achieve our aims and objectives.

These monies help provide each member with a number of social evenings with suppers, weekend trips and tours at cost, to name a few of the material benefits.

For more information, send an email to [info@ctawa.asn.au](mailto:info@ctawa.asn.au).