

*bicycle*SA

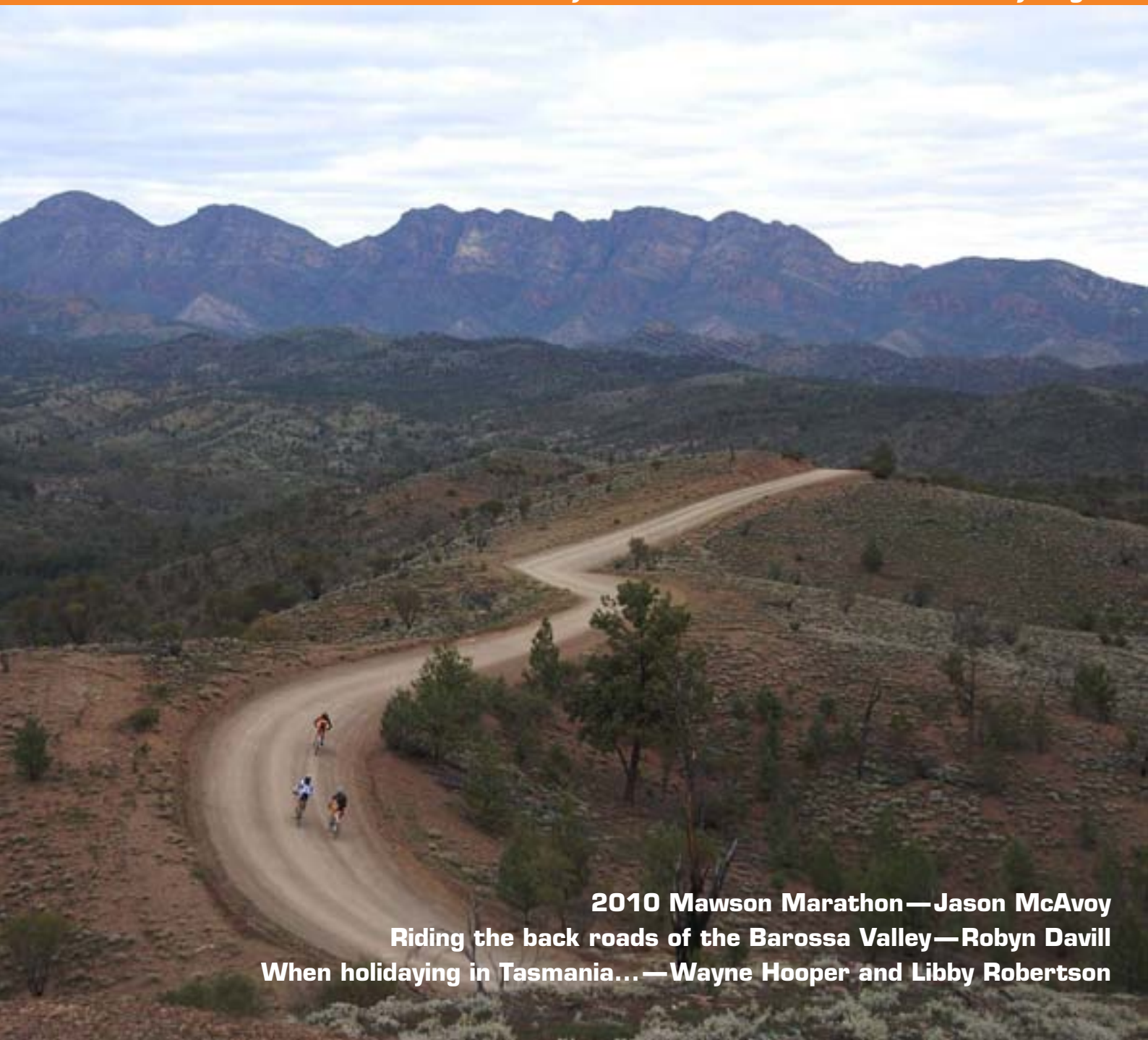
CYCLE!

BICYCLE SA

The Members' Magazine—No 147

August–October 2010

Bicycle SA—More South Australians Cycling



2010 Mawson Marathon—Jason McAvoy
Riding the back roads of the Barossa Valley—Robyn Davill
When holidaying in Tasmania...—Wayne Hooper and Libby Robertson

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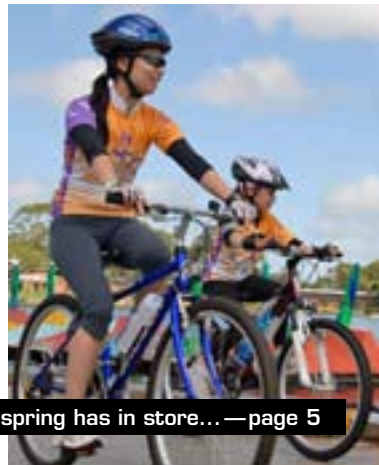
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On the cover

Racing down famous the Bunyerroo Gorge

Contributing to Cycle!

Have you something you would like to contribute to **Cycle!**? If so we'd love to hear about it. Please contact Luka Van Cauteren on 8168 9999 or <lukac@bikesa.asn.au>.



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CYCLE!

Cycle! is published quarterly

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CLUB NEWS

PRESIDENT'S NOTES

Maureen Merrick

Five days a week the Bicycle SA maintenance workshop volunteer team is busy with various repairs being undertaken on different types of bikes. During the day they visit the 10 other sites where the Adelaide City Council's City Bikes are located and respond to calls if bikes develop punctures or become unable to be ridden while out on hire. There is a bond and camaraderie within the team that is quite special amongst our volunteers. A cup of coffee or tea is never too far away!

All the maintenance workshop team have successfully completed their advanced bike maintenance course. Congratulations and well done!

We are able to provide this fantastic and very popular service because of the dedication and commitment of our volunteers.

Over 5.4 million adults are involved in voluntary work each year, contributing more than 700 million hours. The estimated value to the economy through voluntary work in 2006 was \$70 billion per annum, an increase of \$28 billion since 2000. It is little wonder then that the Government, together with various non-government groups, is developing a 10 year National Volunteer Strategy.

We have a wonderful group of volunteers,



prepared to support our various events, sometimes at very short notice, in many different roles. The challenge is to maintain and retain the goodwill and work of our volunteers while encouraging and promoting volunteering to the wider community.

For a number of years we have been involved with the National Australia Bank's corporate volunteer programme. A number of volunteers have been successfully recruited and I am so pleased that they continue to volunteer with us.

Aware of its social responsibility to the community, Superpartners has just launched its corporate volunteer programme and we are also included in this initiative. While the programme is in its infancy, I am confident it will be a success.



AROUND THE OFFICE

Christian Haag

With a flat metropolitan terrain, the scenic Adelaide hills and a Mediterranean climate, Adelaide is a cycling paradise. So much so that bike commuting and recreational participation rates increased well above the national average.

For decades, Bicycle SA has advocated for greater access and opportunity for those wanting to ride a bike. As we engage with the business, government and the community sectors, a series of catch phrases have been at the core of our communication campaigns... "the economic and environmental benefits of cycling", "cycling reduces health costs associated with sedentary lifestyle diseases", "join the commuter revolution!", etc.

While the arguments are compelling, response from government has often been ad hoc: with cycling seen as 'alternative' and not mainstream. And yet through all of this, more and more people took to their bike.

So is SA at a 'bike breakthrough' point? Definitely, and here are just a few SA examples of why the shift as occurred:

- Climate change suddenly legitimises community debate about "how can I make a difference"—bikes slide into the solution side of the debate
- Fuel prices soar, bike sales spike, community debate about sustainability intensifies
- In the media, debate slowly starts to shift away from the 'us and them' cyclist-motorist conflict to a more informed dialogue outlining the whole-of-community benefits of cycling and increasingly, editorials demand that 'government do more to encourage people to ride'
- Cycle tourism is recognised as a legitimate niche market and events like the Tour Down Under deliver massive international awareness of SA as a cycling destination
- Governments respond with investment—cycling trails deliver exceptional political 'bang for buck'
- Regional communities looking to diversify farm incomes, see disused rail corridors as potentially valuable assets that can deliver not just health outcomes to the locals but a tourism boost to struggling economies
- Urban planning and sustainable design policy's

Continued next page...

THIS ISSUE...

Peter Carter

One of the themes for this issue is Spring, and on page 5 you'll find a descriptive list of the events planned for the season. If you've been off the bike for winter, it's time to remove the cobwebs.

Another theme this time is that of cycling education, with reports of recent courses equipping people to ride the roads confidently and safely.

And the third theme is of the recent Kona Mawson MTB Marathon, and we have both a brief overview and a participant's view of the event. It was all recorded for television, so watch for it soon on a small screen. (Some of the pictures of the event have finished up on other pages.)

Then we have reports of riding in the Barossa and in Tasmania, together with all the usual news and another episode of Anna and Ali Wittert's journey through South America, this time visiting Machu Picchu. Remember that you can keep up to date, and see many more pictures, through journals.worldnomads.com/thefuegoproject.

I have so far seen no mention of cycling in the promises made for the forthcoming federal election. At least one political leader is often seen cycling, so there's some hope.



Locally, and as I was completing this edition, our Minister for Transport, Hon Patrick Conlon, issued a media release detailing \$1.3 million worth of cycling infrastructure in city and regional areas. I made space for it on page 6. A good sign, and every little bit helps.

Now, get ready to make the most of spring weather...

FROM THE OFFICE

...continued

moves to embrace 'transport oriented developments'—building communities that actively encourage greater use of cycling, walking and public transport

- The Adelaide City Council's strong support for cycling sees the first Copenhagen lane built in the City as a trial to assist future infrastructure planning
- And most recently, the newly elected State labor government has committed over \$12M to developing Adelaide's extensive greenways network. For many cycling advocates, the greenways have been viewed as the holy grail to achieving a tipping point that will mainstream cycling within the community.

In short, business has been brisk... but then out of left field, a salient reminder that old world views can still dominate the agenda! Barely a year after the city's Copenhagen lane was launched, the mounting pressure of local interest groups have seen the Council announce its demolition!

Predicably the reasons revolve around the impact on parking: thirty parking spaces lost, local business owners suffer losses of 30% because customers can't park outside their shop, parents claim that the time constraints of having to find a park and walk their children to school is unacceptable and the lane has created a hazard for people crossing the street. The car is still king.

To our way of thinking, it's the same old unsustainable values again and while we respect the views of the community it is critical to find a solution of best fit if we are to move forward to a more sustainable Adelaide.



Cobwebs: Bob Ritter, Wayne Kennedy and Gio Batta at Outer Harbour

NEWS AND NOTES

PERSONAL NOTES

Congratulations to **Phillip Daniell**, who successfully completed the Grand Slam series of five personal challenge rides in 2009. We are sorry that Daniell was not acknowledged earlier for his fantastic achievements.

Paul Strickland has very kindly brought in a bike to the office, which has been donated to the Australian Refugee Association. The bike will certainly be put to good use and we thank Paul for his generosity.

Dean Lambert, Ride Coordinator of the Night Espresso has handed the role over to **Robert Rau**. We thank Dean for his time and efforts in looking after the Night Espresso riders and extend a very warm welcome to Robert, who is well known to the group.

For anyone wishing to try out some night riding, the **Night Espresso** provides a ride on the first Tuesday of each month for the beginner. Good front and rear lights are essential and bright clothing is recommended. For further details contact Robert on 8299 0230.

Warwick Cooper has been busy creating and developing the Gallery Rides, to be held monthly, over the next three months. If you are looking for a ride with a generous helping of art, lunch, coffee, a chat, and a hint of mystery, the meeting place is the Torrens Weir, Adelaide at 10:00am on Wednesday 3 September, Wednesday 6 October and Wednesday 3 November. Warwick can be contacted on 8344 8996.

ADRIAN ARTHUR STEPS DOWN FROM COBWEBS LEADERSHIP

Ralph Abbot

After eight years of leading the Saturday Morning Cobwebs ride group, Adrian Arthur has decided to give the leadership a rest.

Cobwebs started as a Bicycle SA ride in 2002 when it was first listed in the Rides Program. It was started when a group was looking for a Saturday morning ride. Seven riders including Adrian rode the first Cobwebs ride on January 5, 2002. Others on the day included Chris Spence, Patsy Waxman, Stu Clement and Sean Kilbane. The ride went from the Buffalo Tall Ship at Glenelg to Outer Harbour and return. With some uncertainty as to how readily the ride concept would be accepted it was originally programmed as a fortnightly ride. Originally a 60 km, 4A ride, in May it was listed as a 3B ride, 'Depending on wind which way we go along the beachfront could be 4B'.

A month later, in June 2002, the three fortnightly rides were listed as 'Winter Cobwebs rides to Adelaide Hills and back'. In July 2002 Cobwebs became a weekly ride and reverted to the beach.

Adrian says that the numbers rapidly grew. In November 2002 the ride split into two speed groups, fast and slow, rated 4B and 6B. In May 2003 the group offered three options, fast, medium and slow.

As the numbers grew further new speed groups were added and now the groups are 36, 34, 32, 30, 28 and 25 km/h average for the 52km ride to Outer Harbour and return.

In summer the numbers swell as riders prepare for the TDU with sometimes over 100 gathering at the Buffalo at 8am. Cobwebs has become the largest weekly ride group in Bicycle SA.

Adrian has been noted for his 'pastoral care' of the groups. In recent years he has been cycling back along the route after reaching Glenelg in order to ride in with the last returners and be comfortable that all riders have been accounted for.

At the completion of the ride on Saturday 1 May at the Market on Maxwell coffee shop, Ralph Abbot presented Adrian with several books about the Tour De France and Paris-Roubaix races together with a voucher from Bicycle Express. These were made possible by generous contributions from the Cobwebs riders. Ralph told those present that whilst the riders could remain in bed if it looked grey and cold outside, Adrian had to brave the elements and organise those hardy riders who had assembled. On behalf of all the Cobwebs riders Ralph thanked Adrian for his dedication and leadership over a long period.

The new leader

Rosemary Purcell has stepped in as leader of Cobwebs. Madam Cobweb, as she is affectionately called, joined Cobwebs in 2006 while her husband was laid up with a broken pelvis from a riding accident. She rides in the 32 group, having been its leader for some time and recently organised the Cobwebs 32s group in the 2010 TDU Mutual Community Challenge. Her focus is on safety for all riders, and to this end she is assisted by Trevor Hill who leads the 28 'group in training'. To anyone thinking of joining Cobwebs this is the recommended starting group to hone bunch-riding skills, learn the signals and the route. Rosemary welcomes new riders, and would appreciate a call on 0419 182 605 or 8295 4708, or an email at rosemary.anne.purcell@gmail.com from new riders prior to joining.



WHAT SPRING HAS IN STORE...

Bicycle SA

It comes around every year. The birds start singing as early as 4:30 am, the sun joins you for a morning cup of coffee and meeting up with friends for an after work drink doesn't include layers of merino thermals and alpaca gloves.

It's a great time to be part of something; a musical band, a social beach volleyball team, a public speaking course or maybe a Sunday riding group.

There are plenty of riding groups in Adelaide and surrounds and they all seem to have one set of standards in common; a blink of joy in their eye when the push up that gruelling hill. Or maybe it is the eagerness of the coffee at the end, and maybe that is why they ride with such determination at such an early hour. The difference between me (I don't like gruelling hills) and them is definitely that I would never take a detour to my coffee. If I could jump houses I would, though it might actually take the same amount of time as the riders.

That brings me to our spring schedule. Bicycle SA has some great Sunday rides in store for spring, for those riders who can complete the distance but also for the people like me, who like their coffee before they leave the house to wander off on yet another unexpected adventure.

Sustainable Transport Day

10 October, in the Adelaide CBD

A day that will highlight and celebrate sustainable transport in Adelaide CBD. The details are still kept secret and I don't kiss and tell. However, I suggest you clean your bike, bring your mates up to speed and dress up the family because this day will be all about having fun of the relaxing nature, amongst loved ones, with not a worry to have about any dangerous cars sneaking around on the road...

Grand Slam Challenge Series #5: the ultimate final

17 October, at Echunga

Complete the Grand Slam Challenge Series with the final 200 km ride. Don't be fooled, we say recreational but this is not for the unpractised souls. This ride concludes the five rides that built up the distance during the year, and will really test your fitness.

There is a 100 km option as well, for those who are not keen to go through the gruelling nature of riding 200 km on a bike, yet are just in for the fun, relaxing nature that surround our Grand Slam Challenges. Be part of the Grand Slam riding group and share the experience with hundreds of like-minded riders.

Amy's Ride

7 November, Adelaide to McLaren Vale

Amy's Ride is a recreational road ride from Adelaide to McLaren Vale, attracting over 3,000 people in 2009. We ride along the Southern

Expressway that is exclusively closed for this event!

When you ride in Amy's Ride, you are a part of a broader community supporting the 'a metre matters' message, encouraging mutual awareness and respect of bike riders and motorists on our roads. Families and children can ride shorter options while avid roadies can take the 100km challenge, including famous Old Willunga Hill. And the best part, everybody finished in McLaren Vale for a cuppa with some tunes...

Gear Up Girl SA

28 November, in the Adelaide CBD

Gear Up Girl SA is Bicycle SA's appeal to women. We want to encourage women to ride bikes and what better way than to put on an event where only women and children are allowed to ride. You can choose from four distance options and either ride in the Adelaide Parklands, to the beach, or ride the more challenging hills climb. Gear Up Girl SA is the perfect opportunity for newcomers to



Amy's Ride: coming down the Southern Expressway. Photo by Chris Hutchinson



Gear Up Girl 2009: along the Torrens River. Photo by Luka Van Gaeterem

WHAT SPRING HAS IN STORE....

experience an organised cycling event; and it's also the ideal time for experienced women riders to introduce their girlfriends, family members and colleagues into this great physical activity.

Annual Tour: only 30 spots left!

11-19 September, nine days, 450 km

"The Annual Tour is one of life's greatest adventures"

Join Bicycle SA for this Flinders Ranges Road Tour. Start and finish at Port Augusta. With 600 million years of secrets waiting to be revealed in the Flinders Ranges, the Annual Tour is home to one of the greatest adventures of your life. Exert yourself for half the day, then relax with a coldie and share stories as the sun sets over the mountain peaks. Tomorrow is just another beautiful day and another great ride with your mates.

So no matter what kind of bike you ride, or whether you flavour your coffee with Lycra, spring has got something in store for you because it IS great to be part of a community...

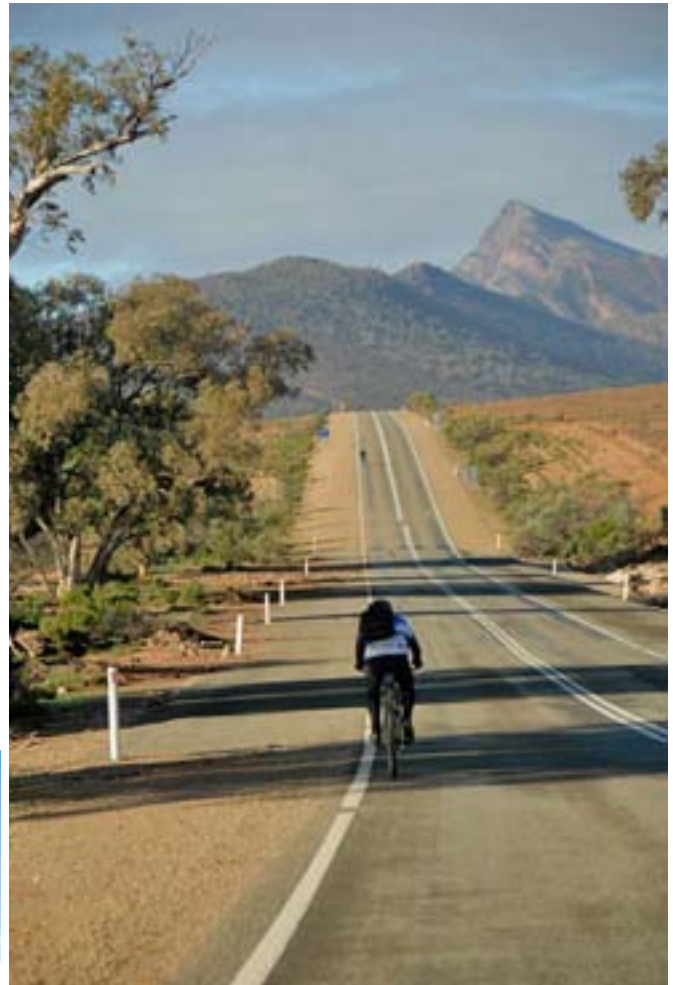
More...

More information on these events and registration can be found on our website <www.bikesa.asn.au>. Or call our lovely Chris at 8168 9999 and she'll answer any question you throw at her. (Really!)

So winter blues get lost, and let the spring feast begin!

We look forward seeing you on our rides...

The Team.



Annual Tour: in the Flinders Ranges



Gear Up Girl 2009: along King William Street.
Photo by Naomi Jellicoe

Media release...

Friday, 23 July 2010

\$1.3 MILLION MAKES LIFE SAFER FOR SOUTH AUSTRALIAN CYCLISTS

Hon Patrick Conlon, Minister for Transport

In a massive win for thousands of South Australian cyclists, the Rann Government will spend \$1.3 million this financial year improving bicycle networks in the city and regions.

Transport Minister Patrick Conlon said the money would be spent on 29 individual bike projects across the state and would help encourage more people to take the healthy option of riding to work or school.

"This Government has spent \$105.9 million on cycling facilities since coming to office to ensure South Australia has safe and accessible places for cyclists of all ages and capabilities," Minister Conlon said.

"Since 2002 we have increased the length of Adelaide's bike paths and lanes by more than 60 percent.

"We will continue to work towards comprehensive and linked bicycle networks for Adelaide and regional centres and have installed a record number of bicycle lanes in recent years."

The latest funding – drawn from the State Black Spot Program and the State Bicycle Fund – will greatly expand the network of bicycle lanes and shared use paths while also providing for significant upgrades to facilities and for strategic planning, Minister Conlon said.

"All nominations were assessed according to their safety benefits, strategic benefits, and contribution to bicycle networks and value for money."

Funding was awarded to 15 metropolitan local council projects, 7 arterial road projects, and 7 regional local council projects, with new bike lanes in places such as Port Adelaide, Brighton, Glenelg, Underdale and Port Augusta.

Other proposed projects to benefit cyclists include shared use paths in Whyalla, Balaklava, Christies Beach, West Lakes, and Modbury, along with a bridge and shared use path link to the Adelaide Airport north path.

GRAND SLAM

2010 CHALLENGE SERIES

5 GROUP RIDES – 5 PERSONAL CHALLENGES – OVER 500 KILOMETRES



GRANDSLAM #1

Sunday 28 February
Mt Torrens 8:00am
Grand Slam 80km
Mini Slam 40km

GRANDSLAM #2

Sunday 18 April
Littlehampton 8:00am
Grand Slam 100km
Mini Slam 50km

GRANDSLAM #3

Sunday 30 May
Meadows 8:00am
Grand Slam 120km
Mini Slam 60km

GRANDSLAM #4

Sunday 22 August
Strathalbyn 8:00am
Grand Slam 150km
Mini Slam 75km

GRANDSLAM #5

Sunday 17 October
Echunga 6:30am
Grand Slam 200km
Mini Slam 100km

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SIRRUS SPORT BIKE

SPECIALIZED

*CONDITIONS APPLY

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RECEIVES
A \$60
JAGGAD VOUCHER!*

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*conditions apply **design subject to change

COMMUTER BICYCLE EDUCATION WEEK

LEARNING LEFT AND CROSSING TRAM LINES: BICYCLE SA COMMUTER CYCLING WORKSHOPS

John Daley

As part of the recent Commuter Bicycle Education Week, Bicycle SA staged a series of lunch-time workshops on aspects of bicycle commuting.

As a recent returnee to bicycle commuting after a 25-year gap, I enthusiastically signed up for three of these events. Reflections on these workshops follow.

Maintenance Express

In 1983, Howard Gardner first expressed his theory of multiple intelligences in adults. This theory explains why a person who can balance a national budget or can negotiate peace in the Middle East is hopeless at changing a flat car tyre: there are different aptitudes and intelligences involved.

Gardner's theory explains my notoriously inept mechanical abilities: usually runs to ringing the RAA for any help with my car. Similarly, after getting that familiar sinking feeling as I looked through a bicycle maintenance book and had the feeling of reading a book written in Klingon, I keenly, signed up for this workshop.

We were introduced by our instructor Chris to the fine arts of changing a tyre tube, adjusting brakes and gear mechanisms, and removing and re-attaching a wheel without suddenly and unexpectedly turning your bicycle into a unicycle. Basic pre-ride safety checks were also demonstrated.

Some of this information, in accordance with Gardner's theory, had me scratching my head (e.g. what does 'valve' mean?), but by the end of the day we had been introduced to the rudiments of these essential practices: as I found the next day when I had to re-set a derailed drive chain.

Practical commuter riding skills

On this workshop instructors continued to develop our learning in riding techniques in urban traffic.

We spent a lunch hour learning the fine art of such things as making sharp turns, braking sharply without performing a forward somersault over the handlebars, and how to look over your shoulder and/or give a hand signal without riding off at a tangent to your route.

And I had no idea that I should wait at traffic lights leaning to the left: and for very good reason (if I accidentally overbalance and fall as I start off, I fall away from the traffic).

We had plenty of opportunity to practise these techniques, and had plenty of space to do so in the controlled space of the bays of the former coach terminal building in which Bicycle SA lives.

These skills proved very useful in the next workshop, which was...

Riding in the CBD

This workshop gave us the opportunity to apply the skills of the two earlier workshops to the practical skill of riding about a city downtown area.

Amongst other skills, we learned the secret of the hook turn, the importance of crossing tram lines at right angles (something that had never occurred to me, growing up as I did in a tram-less city), and effective use of bicycle lanes.

This was also a good opportunity to become acquainted with my new home city, literally from the ground up. The stone cottages and the light traffic (in relation to my home town) continue to amaze me.

Summing up

Bicycle SA is to be commended in organising these events as part of the trend towards bicycle commuting continues worldwide.

Adelaide's BikeDirect routes, combined with a more user-friendly topography, seem to this new arrival all good reasons to re-start a bicycle commuting career that has been on hold for the last 25 years, and all workshop participants were, I am sure, grateful for this opportunity to develop our knowledge of commuter riding techniques.

John Daley began his commuter bicycle riding career in 1969 when his parents presented him with a Dragstar bicycle. He and his wife recently moved from New South Wales.



John outside the BSA offices, ready to ride



Instructor Chris Beauchamp explains tyres. Pic by Luka Van Cauteren



THREE CHEERS FOR BICYCLE SA'S CYCLESAFE PARENTS AND CHILDREN COURSE

Jacqueline Mitchell

In my parenting, I focus on having fun. I love to 'get down and dirty' and learn new skills. That's the best kind of kid-parent bonding too; everyone's happy.

So kid courses in which my sole role is that of the chauffeur don't work for me; three cheers for Bicycle SA's Cycle Safe Parents and Children course. There I got totally involved.

When I paid my Bike SA membership fee, I visualised my bike fantasies becoming reality. I saw orange, specially surfaced bike lanes on every Adelaide street. Wouldn't that be fun? I could zoom everywhere by bike and not need to bite my nails wondering whether I'll be squashed like an ant.

Late one night, attempting to avoid urgent work due in a few hours, I browsed the Bike SA newsletter. A long list of courses they offered for parents and kids in the school holidays caught my eye. New things to learn and places to discover: what fun. At 18 I'd read *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* and had promised myself I would know any bike I bought inside out, like the hero in the book. I'd never fulfilled that promise... now was my chance. I chose the course that promised bike repair, bike safety training, and a bike fun adventure. The bonus here was that this course would provide me hours of adventure with my daughter who's great fun to be with.

I'm no Lycra-clad cycle obsessive. I ride for fun, and to visit my clients in the CBD. I lived for 12 years in Munich, Germany, with a bike as my sole means of transport. My two small kids and I rode everywhere with it. One was perched on a seat attached to the front handlebars, the other on a yellow plastic, lounge-chair-like creation at the back. It was a rusty, sturdy Holland bike with one gear and I loved it. It never failed me. Cycling in Munich was great; car drivers were courteous and considerate. During that time, I only had one accident: I slipped on ice-covered tram tracks.

My 12-year-old daughter, Samina, has been cycling for five years. Until the Bike SA course, we'd only ever cycled on footpaths or up and down the Torrens River on cycle paths together. She's been allowed to visit her friends who live nearby by bike on her own, as long as she sticks to the footpath. She's never cycled to school: it takes her 23 seconds to walk there, as we live across the road from her school.

Samina and I did not feel like getting up on that sleep-in-able freezing Wednesday school holiday morning. But I'd paid for the course, so non-attendance was not an option. We slung ourselves on our bikes and zoomed down the footpaths of Fullarton Road and Flinders Street to the Bike SA headquarters, located right next to the bus terminal. What a quirky place it was; housed in a quaint old building overflowing with bicycles. We arrived 15 minutes early. I'd forgotten my gloves, so our legs got a good work-



The class, with Jacqueline and Samina at right

out as I attempted to get that blood pumping though my fingers.

Friendly staff greeted us. They gave us the royal treatment, offering us tea, coffee and biscuits.

"So have you been avidly following the Tour de France?" I was asked.

"Um... well... um, I just do sport, I get too bored watching it," I admitted, avoiding telling him I didn't know a thing about it.

We waited for 25 minutes until our fellow students arrived: they obviously hadn't resisted sleeping in.

"A mother has just turned up with what seems like a 1000 boys", said Kate, our instructor. They sat us all down together (four boys with two mothers and Samina and I) in a room with tools I'd never even imagined existed, except as a UFO crash repair kit. We got the full works of bicycle repair and maintenance: later I found out they'd condensed their 20 hour school course into these four hours.

We learnt the nifty tricks of the trade: like how to adjust V-brakes and check and tune up our bikes. We listened to horror stories that brought home the importance of bike safety. One cyclist had snapped his neck by wearing the wrong kind of helmet and another had apple-cored her insides by failing to replace the safety plug protecting the metal end bit on her handlebars. We learnt about signaling and did some slalom cycling around objects to improve our cornering skills. Kate praised my turning: I felt so proud that I almost fell off my bike.

We course participants also braved the world of traffic together; we practised our braking skills and roundabout signaling skills in the back streets of Mile End. Samina and I weren't the only ones enjoying ourselves: Ben, a cute 5-year-old, yelled

out three times "This is **so** much fun!"

The biggest surprise of the day was that our second instructor, Chris, offered to replace my front tube with a green Slime filled one I'd brought with me. The tube was a present from my boyfriend; what could be more romantic than green Slime and rubber (I guess it's a guy's version of red roses)?

Samina and I agreed: it was a brilliant day. We're now brave enough to get off the footpath and cycle on streets together. Samina, thanks to Bike SA, has become a pro at signaling and safety. We've been eagerly awaiting the day when we get to practice our bike repair skills... but no flat tires or burnt brakes yet: aaahhh, what a tragedy!



Jacqueline weaves through the cones

KONA MAWSON MTB MARATHON

Bicycle SA

Chris Jongewaard and Brett Anderson claimed the title in the inaugural non-stop male duo category of the 2010 Kona Mawson MTB Marathon. They finished in the extraordinary time of 14 hours 9 minutes and 52 seconds.

Over 130 riders rode the iconic Mawson trail, either over four stages or non-stop... and once the flag went down, it was one hell of a race to the finish.

In the non-stop categories, Chris Jongewaard and Brett Anderson took a lead in the first 40 km and runners-up Kona riders Jason English (current World Solo 24Hr Champion) and Andrew Bell were unable to close the gap and finished in second place. Finishing in a solid third were TORQ team riders Mark Fenner and Mark Tupalski.

The women's non-stop duo race was won by Anne Antrecht and Jac Connell in a time of 20 hours 9 minutes and 30 seconds.

The solo stage race was won by Solo Male rider for Giant, Adelaide-born Ben Hogarth, in a cumulative time of 12 hours and 29 minutes and 37 seconds. Runner-up was upcoming talent Robbie Hucker of TORQ with Andrew Mock coming third.

The women's solo stage race was won by Torq rider Jenni King.



Winners on the podium. Pic by by Luka Van Cautereren

The 2010 Kona Mawson MTB Marathon will be broadcast on television globally to over 200 million households, and we will announce shortly when it will air on SBS in Australia.

Cycling champion and Olympic Gold Medallist Brett Aitken said "This event could become the Paris-Roubaix of the mountain biking world."

Also, check out the latest issue of *Mountain Biking Australia* magazine, and keep an eye out for *Australian Mountain Bike* and *Enduro* magazines as they report on the race. Join the buzz!

See you in 2011!

2010 MAWSON MARATHON

Jason McAvoy

Let's start this one by setting the scene... 25 teams came to take on the inaugural Mawson Marathon, the first race of its kind in Australia, a non-stop mountain bike race for 360 km in the Flinders Ranges. I was immediately attracted to race as soon as I heard about it and entered before they even managed to get an entry system going :) The race is done in pairs, so I needed a good team mate, but who to ask? The choice was obvious, my arch nemesis Brett Bellchambers, the one they call 'the second coming of Christ', the one that has broken me into a million tiny pieces before. We've had our stoushes in the past, but this time we would join forces.

Our competition was pretty impressive: the top teams were comprised of some pretty amazing athletes: professional cyclist and Australian Olympic team member, Chris Jongewaard; the youngest ever rider to complete the Croc Trophy, Brett Anderson; current World Solo 24 hr Champion, Jason English; former National Solo 24hr Champion, Andrew Bell; winner of the 2009 8hr endurance series, Mark Tupalski; and former World Solo 24 hr Number 3, professional coach and cyclist, Mark Fenner. All these teams had dedicated four wheel drive vehicles (Jongewaard had four of them alone!) and the two Torq team caravans were a daunting sight at each of the

support points. They all had shiny new matching team bikes, Chris having dedicated time trial bikes for the road sections and mountain bikes for the dirt; I on the other hand had borrowed a frame and some second hand wheels and tyres and cobbled together a bunch of three year old parts off one of my old bikes, while Brett had committed the ultimate sin and converted his single speed into a geared bike. He only got in two practice rides with gears after years of riding without any. Kylie had to give him a little phrase to remember, so he would know which shifter button to push (and yes Brett, 'the bottom is your friend';)...

We didn't stand a chance, but nothing was going to stop us trying, to psyche ourselves up we watched the ultimate underdog movie, Dodge ball and then packed all our gear into Kylie's six year old front wheel drive Astra and drove the 1600 kilometres to the start.

It was great to catch up with everyone in Blinman at the race start, until Arran questioned my choice of pre race dinner, seafood risotto, when we are over 1000 km from the sea. I never said I was smart! After a very disturbed night's sleep of having to sneak off to the bathroom during the night, we rolled down to the start. Kylie's little Astra was dwarfed by the flotilla of four wheel drive support vehicles that were there!

I wasn't nervous though, Brett's relaxed attitude and sense of humour is very infectious and I knew I was in for one hell of a ride with him.

From the start the course was 18km of bitumen to the dirt, so the field formed a peloton and we rolled together chatting. It was nice, until Chris launched off the front at full noise: an impressive display of strength but he was just testing the waters as he let the field catch him pretty quickly. After another stint of cruising Brett looks at me, looks ahead, looks back at me with that cheeky smirk of his, and I knew it, we were going to attack and try and get to the dirt first. He flew off the front and after exclaiming "Fark!" I did my best to go with him and we pulled away. The big boys let us go; we were after all, no threat to them and I imagine they were happy for us to hurt ourselves a bit :) We got what we wanted though, and were first onto the dirt. The others caught us and we flew through the first few kilometres together. Chris pulled a gap quickly and Jase and Bellie went after them, leaving Brett and me with the Torq boys. We were flying at full XCO pace. I could not believe how frantic these first kilometres were, but we were hanging on and everything was going swimmingly until the fateful psssssssss of a flat could be heard. It was Brett's rear tyre. It was dry of sealant and could not be saved. We pulled over to fix it and watched the orange



TORQ jerseys disappear into the distance. The repair took nine minutes as CO₂ failed to work and we had to pump it up manually. Secretly I was relieved, as this meant we did not have to sit in with the other guys and try and hold their pace, we could just roll at our pace now and we could make up that nine minutes over the next 300 odd kilometres I thought...

Of course what actually happened was Jase and Bellie sat up and waited for the TORQ boys, bunching up and working together while we were left to work against the wind alone.

That didn't worry us though, jokes were cracking and the pace was too, we flew along enjoying the amazing views around Wilpena Pound. Maybe I was enjoying them too much, ploughing straight into a rock and having a little lay down. The crash broke my chain (it was twisted and I am a dufus and jumped back on the bike and pedalled too hard, snapping it in two) and we spent two more minutes fixing that...

We pushed on to the first support point at the 75 km mark where Kylie was waiting. I rifled through the boot and grabbed another tube, chain link, CO₂ canister, food and water and we got going as quickly as we could. Kylie told us the gap was 12 minutes, which is just about as long as the time we had lost, so things weren't too bad, we were on the pace and hopefully all our problems were behind us. Taking turns on the front we ate, rolled and took in the stunning views...

The beauty of these short races is how quickly the time flies, and before I knew it we hit the 100 mile point, right on six hours. I mused that if I could do the 100 mile flog in this time, life would be good :) Getting this far this quickly shows how fast this course is as we were just cruising along at this point. Then, out of blue, I had the most instinctual feeling... I smelt blood in water!

Somewhere up ahead, somehow, I knew, they were fading... we rolled on for Hawker, which was the 185 km point, roughly halfway. Kylie was waiting, this time with good news; there was indeed blood in the water, Tupalski was tired and we were closing the gap to the Torq boys, it was now down to eight minutes. Some quick maths and if we attacked now, we would catch them before Quorn at this rate... and like sharks in a frenzy, we're off like a shot!

We pushed hard and tried to reel the boys in, and at the 260 km mark we are rolling in to meet Kylie when I spotted the TORQ support cars pulling away. They had just left! Kylie confirms the gap is less than five minutes now. The camera crew got wind of our chase and fitted a helmet cam to us from the moving camera car, and I started to get very fired up! This is Fenner and Tupalski, guys I've never chased before, guys out of my league, and guys I had no business chasing, but it was happening!

We stopped to get some warm clothes and headed off; within a few minutes we could see the boys, just ahead of us on the fire trail! Our goal was now firmly in sight and we lifted again, but

not too much, holding back a little, putting down just enough to continue to close the gap, slowly, but surely.

At Quorn, the final support point, there is a 100 m section that you ride up, get support, and then ride back out. Just as the Torq boys are riding out of there, we are riding in and we rode right by each other. Exchanging some friendly "Evening boys!" we pulled in to fuel up for the final assault. We downed Red Bulls, sandwiches and gu's, and I took some pain relief, knowing the final 70 km from here to the finish would be all out, and it was going to hurt.

The course gets faster here and I was on a mission, putting down a full noise one hour time trial effort we went after Team Torq. Attacking people at the end of the race is my speciality, I've done it heaps of times and I usually get who I chase, so I was pretty confident we would catch them back up. The thing is though, the kinds of guys I usually chase at the end of a race are not professional cyclists, they haven't been the World Number 3 at anything or have collections of National level medals across multiple cycling disciplines... I was about to learn the hard way, that when you go after guys of this calibre, they don't roll over and play dead, they respond.

While we were on the limiter chasing them, so were they, making sure they stayed away. Then they got a big carrot in front of them, the flashing red lights of the Pivot/Kona team of English and Bell were in their sights. They could see second place ahead of them! They didn't need us for motivation any more, they went after second place.

By Wilmington, the final town, about 20 km from the finish, it was clear we were not going to catch them, so we shut the engines down and spun to the finish, resigned to fourth. We'd

chased the TORQ boys for over six hours by now, whittling the gap away little by little, getting close enough to see the whites of their eyes, so to not be able to seal the deal at the end was so incredibly frustrating I cannot describe it!

On the other hand though, working with someone of Brett's calibre lifted me to be able to chase guys I never would have dreamed possible before. He's a master tactician and he knew exactly what to do and when to do it, putting us in the right places at the right times. He ran our show and it was an honour to work with him and hope I'm lucky enough to get to do it again someday!

Kylie was also crucial to our ride, being there for us the whole time, never missing a beat and providing all the vital intel we needed to stay engaged in the race.

I also have to thank Onya Bike Belconnen for the frame and Radical Factory Racing for the wheels. Without you guys I couldn't have afforded to get a bike together for this race, so you guys rock!

Some stats for fun:
Race distance: 360 km
Climb: 2542 vertical kilometres
Energy burned: 11,631 Calories – 28 Farmer's Union Iced Coffees
Speed: Average 24.4 km/h
Time: 14:45
HR: 127 bpm
Crashes: 1
Result: fourth
Support car: Driven 3,227 km
Petrol: 297 litres (700 kg of CO₂ offset by Green Fleet)
Cost: \$2000 for entry, travel and food



We might be chasing the leaders and just had a flat, crash and chain snap, but Brett is as always, laughing and having a great old time. Pic by Kylie McAvoy

RIDING THE BACK ROADS OF THE BAROSSA VALLEY

Robyn Davill

"Are you sure you've got the right day?" asked a fellow traveller of one of our group on the train to Gawler. It was Monday 17 May and we were wearing our new bright green and yellow jerseys with our group name Tuesday Traverse emblazoned on the front. For fourteen of us our overnight Barossa Adventure was about to begin.

The Tuesday Traverse group are a very friendly, fun loving, supportive group of cyclists generally on the more mature side of fifty. Originally there was to be one back up vehicle with the cycling and driving to be shared by Robyn and Paul but due to late changes we now had two others, Bob and Liz and Angela and Peter, allowing them to share the cycling. Andrew was to ride but due to a non-cycling accident could not ride so came as another support vehicle and to enjoy the social side. Our ride was to be 65% dirt roads along the quiet back roads of the Barossa Valley.

After a quick briefing at the train station and being asked to keep our eyes open along the way for a quiz later we set off up the heart starter hill on Calton Road. Once warmed up at the top we quickly hit the white stony back roads heading towards Rosedale and the group began to spread out. It was wonderful to look out over the paddocks, which were turning green and to breathe in the fresh air and rural aromas. We rejoined the bitumen approaching the sleepy locale of Rosedale then enjoyed a long downhill run onto our lunch spot on the side of the road just before Seppeltsfield. Sandwiches and salad rolls never tasted so good! At this point we were missing our four back up vehicles and just as we were lamenting their ability to follow a map they arrived in a cloud of dust. They had not got lost but just been chatting before catching up to us.



Photo by Robyn Davill

A change of drivers and off we went through Greenock along the Heysen Trail past the historic cemetery along the range with panoramic views until we came out on the bitumen to a very long downhill run into Kapunda. We descended on the Kapunda Bakery for afternoon tea just minutes before the owner was to close up, but she was more than happy to serve fourteen unexpected thirsty cyclists. We marvelled at two magnificent large old churches we passed as we left the town for Nuriootpa via the Mawson and Kidman Trails. A very corrugated downhill section immediately out of town had me seeing double until I could carefully apply the brakes to slow down. Now we were in the more isolated section: absolutely beautiful rolling hills with hardly a soul around except one farmer who drove by on a truly monster sized farm machine. Bob B had a mystifying puncture on the inside of his tube, which was changed only to re-occur a couple of kilometres further on. We wondered if a spoke had moved due to the vibrations from the rough road and pierced it but we never found out and it

didn't happen again. He made use of the support vehicle for a lift. There was a challenging section for us just before Nuriootpa where the wheel ruts were huge 20–40cm deep and covering the whole road. Fortunately it was dry. I could imagine trucks and farm vehicles slipping and sliding along there in the wet, engines revving.

Andrew, who had collected our keys and milk, met us at the Vine Court Motel. After we had showered and had a cuppa we all met over the road at the Vine Inn for tea where we all agreed the food was superb and plentiful. It was Magda's birthday so we had a cake to celebrate and Angela had written a poem especially for her. It was lovely to unwind after a challenging 65km of mainly off road cycling.

Next morning after a delicious cooked breakfast we set off at 8:30am along the Mawson trail through historic Langmeil and Chateau Yalumba. Morning tea was at Lyndoch as we had built up an appetite again! It was so pleasant sitting and chatting in the sunshine it was hard to get moving on the uphill section towards Para Wirra. The dirt road around Para Wirra was always going to be the most difficult stage with a lot of climb but the whole group did well some taking advantage of a lift for the uphill part.

Unfortunately I made a navigational mistake, meaning we enjoyed a long downhill only to realise it wasn't in the right direction and had to climb the hill again. After lunch it was a steep climb out of the dry Para River then 16km of undulating bitumen roads all the way back to Munno Para. On this road Lorraine narrowly missed out on a collision with a kangaroo or two as two of them hopped across the road just in front of her. All the riders enjoyed the reward of the 8km down hill run at the end. It had been quite a challenging two days ride and we'd been blessed with temperatures of 20°C without any winds.

We finished the ride at the Smithfield Railway station and one vehicle took baggage into the city for riders to collect there. The ride was lots of fun with a great bunch of people and I am looking forward to our next overnight ride later this year.



Jason English and Andrew Bell pushing up Mt Little. Pic by Luka Van Cauteren

WHEN CYCLING SPINS YOUR LIFE AROUND...

Justin Dunn

After two years of social cycling, including participating in events such as the Coast to Coast and Amy's Ride, and eight months of competing state wide, Justin Dunn, 26, has qualified for the Tour de Formosa racing circuit in Taiwan in November and will represent the Australian cycling team.

Justin's love for cycling has finally taken the shape of professional competing, 'a dream come true.'

But it wasn't always the way.

Justin lost his hearing before his first birthday due to the deadly meningitis virus. Too young to realise his disability, Justin believes he coped well during his youth years using sign language as his way of communicating with the outside world.

On his third birthday, Justin received his first bike: a red and yellow one.

"Every spare chance I jumped on that bike. Sound was replaced by the refreshing sensation of wind on my face. On my bike I felt free," he said.

"Later I rode to school from our farm in Finnis and on the weekends to Milang with the local lads.

"There was never a happier time for me than when I pushed those pedals over and over."

At the age of 19, inspired by the Tour Down Under success, Justin decided to follow his dream and start competing in local cycling races: even buying into the Lycra-clad racing gear.

"There were plenty of giggles from family and friends but I didn't take the digs to heart," he said.

"I just said 'I can't hear you!'".

Just when Justin felt as if life was rolling out pretty well for him, things started crumbling apart. Justin began to be ridiculed and abused by a group of locals over a period of time, an experience that left a devastating effect on him.

"I'd always been pretty lucky with the way people had treated me. Mostly, they were not bothered by the fact I was different, so this bullying had a devastating effect. I began to drink heavily and lost interest in everything," he said.

"In time, I was diagnosed with anxiety, panic attacks, depression and post-traumatic disorder.

"My doctor prescribed me medication and it helped, but I still tried to shut the world out."

Justin gave up cycling and lived through his darkest days yet.

Until one day, his cousin Geoff Rose, a member of the Coast Cruisers Cycling Club, invited him out for a ride with his group.

"I didn't think I'd handle a group of people very well, but then I remembered the great feeling that cycling had given me and the freedom I had felt," he said.

"Eventually, I decided to take a chance."

Justin remembered the joy cycling had brought him as a teenager and decided to join up as a member. His motivation began to shine again.

"I began to train harder than ever before. And as my cycling improved, so did my mental health. Eventually I stopped taking my medication all together."

Today, Justin works hard to create his opportunities but feels he is living his dream.

From riding 300 kilometres a week to joining competitions with the Norwood Cycling Club, Justin's achievements continue to pile up. Revelling in the nickname 'Superman' he has had several podium finishes and recently qualifying for the Tour de Formosa is 'a dream come true.'

"I am very excited about this opportunity, and will be seeking help from community groups and individuals to assist me with the considerable expenses."

Justin is now receiving some assistance from esteemed cycling brand Rodman. Rodman is a bike frame company from Italy, and has sponsored the frame with which Justin will race in Taiwan: <www.rodman-bikes.com>.

He is also receiving professional advice from an ex-pro Peter Mueller who used to race for Savings & Loans nationally and internationally.

"Big thanks go to Geoff Rose, my mentor who is also my mechanic, without the help of German, Geoff, Peter and the club at Coast Cruisers and Norwood Cycling Club I wouldn't be aiming for this goal. They changed my life."

(Justin is seeking sponsor or donor from local business to help him with the expenses in the air fare to Taiwan and back would be greatly appreciated to make his dream come true.)

For contact, Justin Dunn, PO Box 92 Macclesfield 5153, dunnj96surf@yahoo.com.au.



Justin at the Grand Slam #5 last year



Jason and Brett cross the finish line

WHEN HOLIDAYING IN TASMANIA DON'T FORGET YOUR BIKE!

Wayne Hooper and Libby Robertson

In February and March of this year we spent six weeks travelling around Tasmania with a group of friends. We took bikes, kayaks and bushwalking gear in order to make the most of the iconic wilderness areas which abound in Tasmania.

We were impressed by the many people who we saw cycle touring but decided that we would not aspire to undertake such an activity in the future due to the steep hills that are abundant on the island. All who were on such trips were enthusiastic in their endorsement of the activity. Obviously they are fitter than us.

Nevertheless we found scope to use our bikes on three memorable occasions, as well as using the bikes to explore the sites in and around the towns where we were camped.

Our first adventure was the descent of Mount Wellington, the mountain which is the backdrop to Hobart. The day we had chosen to do this activity did not work out as we were stymied by cloud, rain and extreme cold. A window of opportunity appeared the next day when we woke to sunshine and no clouds on the mountain. As we had two vehicles we were able to do a car shuttle with one car at the bottom and another taking us and our bikes to the top. The descent of 21 km was a most memorable experience and something we all had on our list of must do experiences. It lived up to our expectations, including the fact that in the alpine environment at the summit it is always freezing. Not long after completing the descent the rain started and the mountain was covered in cloud. We descended on the bitumen road but commercial organisations who run trips, transport to the summit, provide equipment and descend on a combination of the road and fire trails. Apparently for the more experienced mountain bikers there is a single track descent much of the way. Wow!

Our next adventure was three days on Maria Island which is an island with no cars which promotes cycling and bushwalking. The island is a nature lover's paradise and is of great historical interest. One can hire bikes but we took our own, fitted with two panniers, on the reasonably priced ferry for three days of cycle touring. There is excellent interpretation of the history and ecology of the island and the campsites are fantastic but one has to be self contained as there are no shops on the island. There are shared trails for cyclists and walkers and designated walking trails which we enjoyed. The cycling was challenging and includes rough roads; loose sand and single track almost overgrown with bracken. The one day we spent exploring the southern tip of the island had all of the above and some steep climbs and descents. When we tumbled into bed at our bush campsite after this wonderful day we knew we had earned a good night's sleep.

While visiting a wonderful cheese factory



at Pyengana, inland from St Helens on the east coast, we found a brochure advertising a mountain bike circuit which sounded interesting. It indicated a loop and a descent and we decided that downhill was the way to go. The start point is an alpine area called the Blue Tiers. Once again the two cars were used so that there was a car at each end. The finish of the descent was a small town called Weldborough with a great pub. We started off in high spirits on a scenic single track with cycle board walks over the swampy bits. After 6km the track veered off to complete the loop and this is the point when we had decided to descend. We had no idea what was in store. The remaining 10 km to Weldborough had plenty of surprises. We had taken photos of minor ankle deep creek crossings in the first 6 km. Little did we know what was ahead. We negotiated many fast flowing creeks reaching up to the top of our thighs, some which could be ridden across and others with soft bottoms which we had to walk. Imagine walking across a river 10–15 metres

wide with the back wheel of the bike being pushed down stream. There were several signs indicating steep treacherous descents which we were grateful for, as we negotiated granite boulders and 20 cm ruts in the track. For us novice mountain bikers this was both exhilarating and satisfying to reach the bottom after 10 km of abject terror. The three bikes which undertook this adventure included a hybrid with calliper brakes, a mountain bike with no suspension and only calliper brakes and a mountain bike with disc brakes and suspension. Needless to say the modern mountain bike was the first to arrive at the pub, followed by the mountain bike, with the hybrid walking in last with no brakes for the last 5 km. Notwithstanding, we all agreed that this adventure was on the agenda for the next trip to Tasmania with better bikes and more practice on extreme tracks.

While recommending all of these adventures be warned that after such a bicycle trip, a visit to the bike shop for a service is mandatory!



MOSELEY SQUARE, MECCA OR 'MOCCA'?

Jack Djaic

As I am a frequent visitor to the Moseley Square, being a local dweller of Glenelg, I regularly feel myself in an amiable disposition when I see the numerous bike riders, in all their colourful riding attires, bearing boisterous happiness, and spread all over the square's coffee shops. Early morning hours would be dull and boring in the square without the presence of all these guys and gals on their, just as much colourful, riding machines. I've often wondered what suburbs of Adelaide they come from, and what is the Moseley Square's attraction for them?

All littoral suburbs, from Glenelg to Outer Harbour, where I ride, are endowed with attractiveness, particularly at this time of the year (May) when the trees are rich with autumnal pointillism mostly so from Largs Bay jetty all the way to the Passenger Terminal, and the sea is blue-and-green-and-grey turbulently rippled by the moderate southerly and westerly breezes.

With my presentiment of a local dweller it is inescapable for me to admire the cosmopolitan, almost European – dare I say almost Parisian atmosphere in the whole of Jetty Road and the al-fresco café shops around-and-across the Moseley

Square in particular. The old Town Hall, with its clerestory windows is always a subtle prompt to reminisce about the days long bygone while I sit at the square's initial-scarred benches my fingers wrapped around the hot cup of 'mocca' from McDonalds, Oasis Deli, Cibo, or 'Nando's', the cup hotness opposing the effects of a cool westerly that travelled across the gulf from Stansbury and further back.

As it happened, while I was perambulating the length of Jetty Road on the sunny southern side my ears flooded with the cacophony of sounds: trams, cars, splash of the tide on the foreshore, I looked at this tiny, fragile gent in his, probably, very late eighties years of age, mounting his riding machine in front of the Bracegirdle's coffee shop and pedalling off with élan down Moseley Street in the southwards direction.

On the opposite side of the road a corpulent gentleman walked out of the Priceline Pharmacy, after presumably buying a sun screen, sat with some difficulty on to his almost new 'Bianchi' and disappeared with the westerly flow of traffic.

Europa Espresso Bar, Crema, Mint On Moseley, Mamma Carmella's.. coffee shops are always well visited by riders seeking refreshments in the early hours of the morning.

Your attention, when passing by, is bound to be attracted to the pleasantness of sound given off by the people sitting there with an adopted attitude of abandonment, sipping the hot, tasty liquid from their demitasse carefully held by their two hands. If you wish to admire an array of bicycles: Colnagos, Avantis, Orbeas, Felts, Malvern Stars, etc. this is the place to stop and look, you won't be disappointed. The only thing missing is a proper bicycle rack where to place the bikes properly and prevent, 'Oh shock and horror', any inadvertent scratches and chips.

I chatted up two guys, one lanky and the other little chubby, almost podgy, mid sixties years of age, and asked them where have they ridden from. "From the city, down Anzac Highway, and continuing on to Outer Harbour, after we've had coffee here. We'll come back the same way," they said. This round trip amounts to some 70 plus kilometres; talking about some people's indefatigability.

It seems to me that for as long as Glenelg's Moseley Square remains cosmopolitan there will always be an inexorable invasion of bicycle riders from all over Adelaide and elsewhere looking for a fresh 'mocca'.

Welcome one and all.

NEW MEMBERS

Kirsty Ackland	Sandra Davenport	Ross Hubbard	Michael Morris	Gina Scott
Graeme Allen	Jason Dawes	Yvette Hull	Isobel Moss	Kim Seagrim
Christopher Andonas	Reynal Deboy	Tony Hull	Warren Muir	Wayne Seagrim
Helen Apoeffis	Rhonda Dempster	Unity Hunt	Sean Muldoon	Cheryl Seal
Peter Apoeffis	Douglas Dippy	John Lannunzio	Louise Murada	Stephen Separovic
Sharon Armstrong	Valerie Dobie	Mandy Jarrett	Con Nakos	Frances Settle
Geraldine Bagwell	Rory Dow	Katrina Jeremiah	Anthony Nancarrow	Cheryl Shammall
Carolyn Bartlett	Alastair Dowler	Ian Johnson	Grant Napier	Alister Sharp
Marilyn Bassett	Jocelyn Duggan	Rob Johnston	Richard Nash	Chris Short
Geoff Bedenham	Julie Duke	Dean Jones	David Newnham	Marc Simmons
Mel Behrens	Timothy Dyer	Brian Joyce	Robyn Nicols	Roger Simpson
Patricia Berry	Kaz Eaton	Andrew Kennedy-Smith	Mark Noctor	Tim Smith
Michelle Bessen	Lisanne Edgar	Jacqui Kennett	Duncan Nuttall	Audrey Smith
Dagmar Bevan	Mark Edwards	Stephen Kenny	Joanna Osborne	Andrew Speer
Ian Birrell	Graham Ellis	Wayne Keoghan	Patrick O'Kane	Daryl Spencer
Fiona Blinco	David Ellis	David Ketteridge	Steven Orr	Ian Spottiswood
Michael Bolenski	Mike Erny	Geoff Kingsley	Fiona Pakes	Meryl Squire
Rose Boucaut	Ben Everard	Sally Knyuett	Nick Pannell	David Steele
Sam Bruce	Jodi Farmer	Stephen Koerber	Brian Parkes	Brian Stokes
Trevor Butler	David Finch	Myles Kohler	Luk Peeters	Clive Strickland
Anthony Caffry	Sarah Fitton	Scott Kraft	Mary Pemberton	Ross Sutherland
Judy Carman	Russell Freeman	Samantha Lane	Donald Phillis	Michael Swann
John Carrangis	Jasmine George	Richard Lavazanian	Greg Porter	David Swiatek
Kathryn Castine	Neville George	Greg Lean	Tim Pritchard	Cathy Taylor
Bell Chamberlain	Tom Gerschwitz	Michelle Lean	Astrid Quinn	Stephen Thomas
Richard Charlesworth	Joshua Goldsworthy	Michael Lentas	Charles Rabbah	Aidan Thomson
Bruce Chidlow	Neil Grant	Brian Lewer	Lynn Rawlings	Paul Verrall
Rosie Clark	David Guscott	Zheng Li	Michael Reed	Vivienne Vince
Milton Clark	Duncan Hackett	Duncan Lock	Valerie Rickard	Kerry Walker
Sue Clark	Christina Hagger	Margaret Mahoney	Michael Rizzuto	Dean Walsh
Peter Clements	Melissa Hall	Alex Matison	Robert Rodenburg	Andrew Warnes
Patrick Connolly	Sam Harrington	Bernie Matzat	Catherine Rodley	Jan Westerlaken
Doug Cousins	Scott Harris	Scott McCann	Anna Rogers	Stephen Whitmore
Helen Cradock	Scott Hazeldine	Scott McConnell	David Rose	Harry Wightman
Peter Crowley	Bert Heathwood	Shane Mcilhagga	Janet Roussety	Vanessa Wood
Greg Cunningham	Doug Hender	Shane Mcilhagga	Joanne Ruchs	Michael Wood
John Daley	Anna Heusler	Graham McLean	Peter Ryan	Paula Woodfield
Danny D'Angelo	Jack Heyward	Daniel Morcombe	Matt Sanderson	Steve Wright
Tom Danz	Chris Holmwood	George Morgan	Brian Scarborough	Colin Wright
	Volker Horbelt	Robert Morris	Judy Scholfield	Alex Zemkus

Welcome all.

THE FUEGO PROJECT UPDATE

Anna Wittert

Ayacucho to Cusco and the Sacred Valley, Peru

When we rode out of Ayacucho we knew we had a huge task ahead of us to reach Cusco on this notoriously difficult stretch of the 'mountain route', four times over 4000m passes and three times dropping to rivers below 2000m in between those passes. All on dirt roads until Abancay, competing with blood sucking zancudos in the low hot valleys and then the other extreme of freezing cold nights high on the puna above 4000m.

It didn't help that I was still suffering from a virus and a scratchy throat when we headed out through the polluted suburbs of Ayacucho and the dusty first climb past roadworks. After 45km of grinding away on the long slow climb we finally reached Abra Tocta at 4200m, however as we headed left towards Andahuaylas the road only pointed downhill for a short moment before it continued its climb higher up onto the golden puna.

Just as the sun was disappearing behind the mountains we settled on a stone corral used for stock as our backyard for the night. The only problem was we hadn't encountered a water source in the past hour, so in the last minutes of light I walked deep into the valley to the spongy green cushion plants where there was water tied up in the plants soaking my already cold feet but still no running water. Eventually in my desperate state I found a small running stream and filled our water bag litre by litre from a Nalgene under the small dripping stream. Not perfect water, but it would do for the night with some serious treatment. Water was already freezing under our bottle lids and water bags while I fumbled around preparing dinner in the freezing cold... It would be an extremely cold night up there with our pots full of water freezing solid under the clear night sky.

The next days would be down to the wide hot valley of the Rio Pampa at 1950m with its opuntia cactus and desert vegetation then back up to the alpacas and prickly puna cactus at Abra Soracocha at 4250m, before plunging down on a smooth dirt road, (ready to be paved) to the town of Andahuaylas at 2900m.

A long 'white knuckle' dirt descent down to Puente Arhacacha at 1900m before the hot afternoon climb to the city of Abancay (2500m) where we rested up for a day feasting on good 'chifa' (chinese food) and watching some world cup action with Australia and the Netherlands both playing on the same day: how convenient!

With the last of the dirt roads behind us from Abancay the climbing became easier, one more time over the magical 4000m mark before a smooth rolling 2000m descent to the Rio Apurimac, stopping overnight on the way down in Curahuasi at 2700m where we met Anna and Peter from Germany heading the other way to Nazca: the first cyclists we have met on the road in Peru (outside of the Casa de Ciclista)!

Climbing back out of the Rio Apurimac canyon, this would be our last time at 1900m until somewhere in northern Argentina.

After climbing for the best part of the day from 1900m up to 3550m over 44km we were getting desperate for a camp spot and the small villages and houses seemed to continue the higher we went until eventually at near nightfall we found a small track heading off the road to a relatively flat grassy campsite among some low shrubs and eucalypts, high and hidden from the road below and with a spectacular view of Nevado Salkantay as a backdrop.

Our only visitor was an indigenous campesina who yelled something at us from the top of the hill before disappearing in flight before Anna could catch up with her to talk. Kind of strange, but otherwise a hidden camp with no other visitors, glowing Salkantay, a full sky of stars, and all only

a small pass and short day away from Cusco.

The past eight days on the bike had been some of the toughest and longest of our whole trip averaging between 6.5 to 8 hours on the bike (or maybe we had just become soft in the past months?) just to make it our destination each day between 45 and 80km on a couple of occasions riding until almost nightfall. We had pushed ourselves to the limit, but were pretty proud of ourselves.

Cresting the final modest pass of 3700m and looking down into the valley of Cusco with its terracotta red tiled rooves, stone colonial churches, surrounded by ancient ruins and golden hills and the glowing icy peak of Nevado Ausangate in the distance, we felt like we had really made it to the centre of South America.

Cusco was the centre of the Incan empire and the centre of the Americas, its name derived from the Quechua 'Q'osqo' meaning the umbilical, or the navel, the centre of their civilisation.

Today it's the centre of Peruvian tourism and we had been warned to expect something completely different to the rest of Peru, an ugly place overrun with tourists and harassing salespeople. Yes, it's full of tourists, tour operators, offers of massages, street vendors competing for your soles and probably irreversibly damaged by unplanned tourism but you can't deny that Cusco is an amazing city. A melting pot of its Inca and colonial past with Inca stone foundations and immaculate stone walling underlying many of the colonial buildings, churches and monasteries in the old centre of town, the most striking being the Santa Domingo church built directly on top of Qorikancha, the most sacred of Incan temples in their 'sacred city' of Q'osqo.

For us Cusco marks roughly the halfway mark for South America (we hope...!), seven months from Cartagena and another seven months to Ushuaia and therefore the centre of the Americas



Morning view of Nevado Salkantay from our hidden campsite at 3600m on the last pass to Cusco



Not the classic postcard shot but pretty dramatic in the clouds and rain taken from the 'Hut of the Caretaker of Funerary Rock'



for us too. After the long haul from Ayacucho and surviving the infamous mountain route we were in need of some much needed rest and recovery.

We arrive into the hectic traffic, car fumes and narrow cobblestone streets and were happy to roll into 'La Estrellita' an extremely friendly family run hostel (Francisco and family, Avenida Tullomayo No 445) which is famous among travelling cyclists, kind of a makeshift Casa de Ciclista here in Cusco with big ground floor rooms, a huge sunny courtyard (for the mandatory bike maintenance after the hard haul from Trujillo), TV for the World Cup, hot showers and breakfast included... a great deal for Cusco at 15 soles (US\$5.50) per person.

La Estrellita (Travelling cyclists take note: we would thoroughly recommend this place! They also have storage for bikes and gear for off bike jungle trips, Machu Picchu trips, etc.)

We had also timed our arrival into Cusco for Inti Raymi, an Incan festival celebrating the winter solstice and to give thanks to the sun god 'Inti' for providing crops, and to make offerings to the gods to provide favourable conditions for the year ahead. The Incans were in touch with the seasons (only two here though: the rainy season for growing crops and the dry season for building and construction and harvesting and storing their crops), and their natural environment so didn't take these things for granted but made offerings to the sun to provide for them the following year. Inti Raymi took place on 24 June, (I think traditionally on the winter solstice of 21 June) with dramatic re-enactments at Qorikancha, and the Plaza de Armas to tribal drum beats and Andean flutes, with a lot of colourful costume, dancing and parading of the Incan King (The Inca) and Queen, mummies, and golden statues of the puma and condor.

Bring out 'el Inca': the Plaza de Armas, Cusco and Inti Raymi

The festival culminated in the final ceremony at the ruins of Saqsaywaman (pronounced 'Sexy woman') with the letting of blood from a sheep or llama and the reading of the smoke, although



Bring out 'el Inca': the Plaza de Armas, Cusco and Inti Raymi

we didn't make it up there due to the crowds and overpriced tickets... and for the letting of blood! After the festivities of Inti Raymi had subsided it was pretty clear that we were still exhausted and abandoned any idea of riding into the Sacred Valley, instead opting for the public transport to get us down the Urubamba/Vilcanota river valley to Písaq, Ollantaytambo and eventually Aguas Calientes and Machu Picchu.

The Machu Picchu experience...

The hordes of tourists lined up to take the bus up the 8 km dirt road carved into the hill below Machu Picchu, but we opted for the more genuine 'as the Incas would have done it' or 'mini Inca trail' experience of setting off in the dark at 4:15 am under misty mountain peaks and hiking up the 3.5 km stone stairway through dripping wet cloud forest to the ancient Inca mountain top citadel along with a hundred or so other backpackers keen to be in line for the 400 places to climb Wayna Picchu. We were there in time, but after the sun came up the morning mist never burnt off as we had hoped for and instead turned to heavy rain. My wish to see Machu Picchu in the mist had backfired! We still made it up Wayna Picchu in the cloud and rain through beautiful cloud forest, hummingbirds buzzed around the bromeliads and dripping green of the forest, occasionally the clouds would part to reveal Machu Picchu below us, or the steep drop into the river canyon, or the impossibly steep rock walls of Wayna Picchu rising out of the mist. It was incredibly dramatic in the rain, clambering through rock tunnels and down steep stone staircases among the ruins of a fort that sit atop this rock pinnacle. While we were cold and wet, this was the Machu Picchu we had hoped to see, in the dramatic mist and it wouldn't be cloud forest without the clouds!

Unfortunately given the commercial nature of the site the only place to get out of the rain and warm up was the 'Sanctuary Lodge Buffet Restaurant' where you could only enter if you coughed up the US\$36 (that's right \$36 for lunch... in Peru!). So after coughing up the extortionate entrance fee for foreigners, you get no visitor facilities, nowhere to escape the rain and cold, and they even charge you to use the toilet! So even though the rain had eventually stopped we were frozen to the bone and after exploring some of the religious centre, the 'hut of the caretaker of funerary rock', and the main gate to the city we had to leave a little prematurely and descended the quiet stone stairs back to Aguas Calientes.

Machu Picchu is an amazing archeological site, maybe more so due

to its location perched on top of an impossible mountain surrounded by impenetrable lush cloud forest and its (supposed) inaccessibility. We were glad to have visited it once in our lives, (warning rant about to begin...) but the circus associated with getting there, entrance fees, train, and ugly Aguas Calientes left us with a slightly bitter taste in our mouths. It is exploitation of a natural and cultural site in the first degree, that we have never seen first hand ourselves.

Maybe one day the site can be left to peace for those that hike the Inca trail, or brave the elements getting there by foot as the Incas would have done. Get rid of the road, the buses, the 'Sanctuary Lodge', the extortion and have a more sensitive and natural approach to visiting the ruins. We don't like to say it, but maybe one day a natural disaster and landslide like what happened in January will cut off Machu Picchu from the rest of the world, will stop the unplanned ugly development of Aguas Calientes and it will return to the hard to access mountain citadel that the Incans had built it for (end of rant).

Saqsaywaman

Just a short ride from Cusco lies Saqsaywaman, an Incan religious and military fort perched on a hilltop overlooking the city. The Quechua name given by the Spanish conquistadors to the site was 'the Satisfied Falcon'. After the final battle where the Spanish ended an Incan rebellion, and retook the fort, Manco Inca retreated to Ollantaytambo but thousands of dead Incan forces littered the site attracting huge numbers of Andean condors... hence the name. But maybe then it should have been 'satisfied condor'?

We are still resting up and enjoying Cusco one of favourite cities we have spent time in on our whole trip. A great vegetarian restaurant 'El Encuentro' for lunch, Anna is feeding her interest in weaving and textiles by shopping, spending time talking with the women and supporting a local farmers weaving cooperative called 'Nustaquanaq Awanan Wasi' in Avenida Tullomayo No 280, a friendly cooperative away from the main tourist shops with quality weavings. And a cyclist gathering of sorts (we have met more cyclists here in and around Cusco than nearly all of our time in South America) meeting up with those heading north like Christian (Swiss), Monika (Swiss) and Parys (Polish) exchanging route info, and maps. Not to mention the Netherlands just beating Brazil 2-1 this morning...! I guess we'll be staying put until at least the semis against Uruguay!

Next stop for the slow train that is 'the Fuego Project' is the altiplano, Lake Titicaca and the hard dirt routes of Bolivia... that is if we can drag ourselves away from 'La Estrellita', the World Cup on TV and Cusco. Stay tuned..

Thanks for sharing the journey
Hasta pronto y hasta Bolivia
Ali y Anna



TAILWIND



This is the Copenhagen Wheel:

'Smart, responsive and elegant, the Copenhagen Wheel is a new emblem for urban mobility. It transforms ordinary bicycles quickly into hybrid e-bikes that also function as mobile sensing units. The Copenhagen Wheel allows you to capture the energy dissipated while cycling and braking and save it for when you need a bit of a boost. It also maps pollution levels, traffic congestion, and road conditions in real-time.'

Read about it at senseable.mit.edu/copenhagenwheel



Small wheels: done right (Bridgestone Moulton) and squishy (Cyclops)

'UK Police have unveiled their latest weapon in the fight against crime – a pedal-powered patrol car complete with siren and blue flashing light.

'Officers believe building their new five-gear vehicle, which has a top a speed of 20 mph, will help them combat anti-social behaviour.

'The battery-assisted car has full Hampshire Constabulary livery: and a roll bar to protect the driver in the event of a crash.

'PC Keith Waller spent 40 hours painstakingly building the car with children at Ringwood Comprehensive School.

'People have made comparisons between me and Mr Plod from Noddy but I take it all in good spirits,' he said. "It's just a bit of a laugh.

'Getting youngsters involved gives them something to focus on at lunch and after school



so they are not out there committing anti-social behaviour.

"I have been able to reach out to the students and make the police more approachable. It makes me look cooler, we all have fun and the children can come and talk to me."

More at web.orange.co.uk/article/quirkies/Police_unveil_pedal_powered_patrol_car

How to get the children to mow the lawn: details at gizmodo.com/5585797/lawn-mower-tricycle-doesnt-makes-lawn-mowing-any-more-fun



Nature's composite tubing, bamboo:

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The Firefly light recently featured on ABC-TV's *New Inventors*:

'The Firefly light uses a Passive Infrared sensor in order to detect traffic approaching from behind the rider. Upon detection LEDs flash onto the back of the rider with varying intensity depending on the proximity of the traffic. The protruding arm of the device allows the light to illuminate the entire back of the rider at any angle. A set of LEDs also illuminate the ground beneath the rider; providing traffic with a proximity of depth which can be used to determine exactly where the rider is. While a rear tail-light provides strong rear presence and meets bicycle light requirements.'

See <www.abc.net.au/tv/newinventors/txt/s2885740.htm>



Germans take cycling and kayaking seriously: from a recent issue of *Seekajak*, the German sea kayaking magazine



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