



No Christmas Spirit As Puncture War Heats Up



In the wake of the forthcoming Christmas Celebrations a number of awards are presented to worthy people. They are usually people who have genuinely earned them over the year. The much coveted puncture award unfortunately has taken on a more serious note. This is most evident in the Latte group where one member sold two tubes to another member and then tried to claim the punctures as his own when the tubes turned out to be duds. We can only call for calm during the impending 'silly season'.

Wot Cheeses Me Off

People not responding to a green light until tooted.
People walking across pathways with their mobile phone up to their ear.
People driving while talking on their mobile phone.
Car drivers who stop at lights with their car protruding over the white line.



Anon



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Best Wishes for a speedy recovery to Arnold Wheeler from the latte group. Arnold is having some time off from riding for medical reasons. We hope to see Arnold back for Christmas.



From Little Things Big Things Groan

Words of Wisdom from John Perkins

Accidents will happen. The small knot of timber I'm holding was lying peacefully in brilliant autumn sunshine on Nankervis Road, near Arthurs Creek. Its Zen calm was rudely disturbed when the front wheel of my road bike banged into it, sending the front forks jerking up and your



correspondent's knee bouncing along the bitumen. An ambulance was called; stitches were inserted and the wound dressed in the Austin's Emergency

Department; eight weeks of frequent calls were made to the local clinic for dressings to be changed; back on the bike after ten weeks. And especial thanks to my four BUG friends who waited with me, the ambulance crew ("You cyclists keep us going!"), staff in Emergency and nurses in the GP clinic. Everything healed well thanks to the care and help of others. And I'm not the only one who comes off a bike. Alan Preacher was pedaling along the boardwalk on Darebin Creek Trail when the group hit a damp patch of mould with all the grip of oily glass. Four went over. Alan fell heavily on hip and thigh — ambulance, examinations, scans. No fracture but severe bruising from waist to calf. Three weeks on crutches; three weeks on sticks; three months before sliding back on the saddle.

The back of Allen Peacock's bike was clipped by a car leaving Wattle Glen train station. Lay unconscious for ten minutes; an ambulance whisked him off to the Northern; stayed in for

a brain scan ("They found nothing",); elbow was stitched up. Rode the next Tuesday, shaken and sore. So I thought to myself, what can I learn from these experiences? The typical messages are,

. True but pretty obvious. We were all careful (most riders are). I missed seeing the little lump of wood because I was looking along the main road for any cars approaching the intersection. Alan didn't know his wheels would suddenly slip from under him. And Allen was clocked by a vehicle from behind: he was alert, the driver wasn't.

Accidents happen and can affect anyone. What's really important? To me:

- Make sure your Ambulance Victoria contribution is paid up, either directly or through your health fund. Being shipped to hospital for examination or treatment is bad enough; paying \$2000+ on top is a real bummer.
- Don't be the hero. Take time to check yourself all over. Banged heads, broken bones, cuts and blood, sprains, faintness. Straight back on the bike with a "She'll be right" attitude is silly.
- If anything looks or feels even slightly serious, don't muck about — call an ambulance. Ring 000 — the emergency number works in most parts, regardless of your service provider.
- Take your mobile, of course. If you're riding alone, it's invaluable.
- Have your name plus an emergency contact name and number attached somewhere on your bike frame. An ICE number on your mobile is helpful too, but many people don't know about them.
- And if you're riding with someone who's had a bingle, stay with them. Company is a real comfort.
- Don't worry about your bike. It doesn't bleed and is easily replaced.



Banyule Bug **Christmas Functions**

Godfather Restaurant
9th December
106 Mountainview Rd
Briar Hill.
Christmas rides
Tues 2nd. Dec Studley
Park Boat House
Sunday 7th. December



Upcoming rides

Molesworth to Alexandra date to be set.
Maryborough Fri Nov 14th
to Sun 16th.

Whittlesea/ Humevale Hill on Fri
24 Oct.
Fri 14 Nov - Warburton Rail Trail.



Road Rage



Am I the only “loser” not out celebrating tonight, after my footy team won the 2014 Grand Final?

Some Sage once told me “winners go to parties and losers go to meetings”!

If on the other hand your team lost and you are feeling a bit down, and would like something to cheer you up, then please read on. This article may just be the antidote you need.

In a nut shell, it is a story about Road Rage (the worse episode I’ve experienced) and, like a good yarn, has a measure of drama, farce, a murder plot (well, almost)

and comedy. I can assure you however, the opening chapter was far from funny.

Today, been such a lovely sunny one and having little interest in the footy, other than to stir my daughters with a short SMS, “Carn Sydney,” I decided to dust off my “new” Kona Sutra touring bike and go for a spin into Clifton Hill, along the Yarra Trail.

Unsurprisingly, the streets seemed to be unusually devoid of traffic. I thought to myself, “wouldn’t be dead for quids”

Everything went according to plan until I took a short detour in Kew, near the entrance to Kew Golf Course, to check out a house that I knew from previous rides, to have nice gardens on the nature strip. Sure enough, they were lovely with spring blossom.

Photograph session over, I proceeded down Wattle Road toward Willsmere Chandler Park, aiming to get back on to the Yarra (Trail) when I noticed a large mural, of a pastoral scene, on the upper wall of a house nearby.

Curiosity kicked in so I back tracked to have a better look at it. As I stood leaning against the bike in front of a parked car, admiring the mural, another car approached suddenly from behind. The driver then scared the daylights out of me with a blast on his horn, before turning into his drive way, and waiting for the garage door to open.

Regaining my composure I thought, “this is one horn incident too many and yelled out to him “don’t blame me if you are having trouble with your repayments (on nice shiny car)”. I had this little gem stored away in my memory bank waiting for an opportunity to use it! He climbed out of his car and muttered something so I said again “don’t””.

Well, the effect was dramatic! He instantly turned into a raging bull calling me all the names in the dictionary (of unprintable words) threatening me both verbally and physically.

I stood my ground and remained calm, not wanting to see some very expensive heart surgery go down the drain. “What are you doing here anyway, I’m going to call the police”, he ranted, as he pulled out a mobile phone. “Don’t you go away”.

I decided to call his bluff and hang around for them to come, even offering to call “000, but thought better of it.

When they (police) answered I was dumbstruck when this “beast” proceeded to tell them this incredible cock and bull story about how I threatened and abused him! Me, threaten him! I couldn’t believe the litany of lies that poured from his mouth.

After about twenty minutes during which he paced the footpath, while I calmly jotted down his number plate and address, a police vehicle arrived.

Two male officers approached and the “beast” went up to them, so I took the opportunity to whip out the camera and take a group shot. Not much he could do about that in their presence!

I called the young constable aside and told him my side of the story and what a pack of lies they’d heard on the phone, while his older colleague dealt with the beast.

The constable thought what I (first) said to the driver was amusing and seemed impressed with the fact that I had ridden “all the way” from Watsonia. Even more so when I added, “I’ve done it many times”.

His colleague joined us, and with the wisdom of a seasoned campaigner said, “I think it is a case of “much ado about nothing””. We nodded in agreement.



At that I continued on my way, dignity in tack, to Café Apt in Alphington, for a much needed caffeine and Koken. Except for one other patron the place was deserted, so we chatted until closing time. She (60ish) didn't think too much of a certain bike shop down the road because the bike they sold her was too small. I told her about the B.U.G and Ivanhoe Cycles, so we might see her soon on one of our rides. I continued riding as far as Rathdowne Street Carlton, and then headed back to Westgarth Station to catch a train home –my incident with the “beast” forgiven but not forgotten. That aside, I had an enjoyable day out. Finally, a word of warning! I suggest you avoid Wattle Road for a few days, in case the “beast” hasn't forgiven or forgotten.

John Sully

Bicycle Network guidelines include the following advise on how to react to violent behavior

What to do about the behavior

If you witness dangerous behaviour, you should record the registration number of the vehicle and details of any witnesses who saw the incident. You should report drivers to the police and/or other relevant bodies. Sometimes you will be asked to fill out a statutory declaration.

What not to do

Bike riders should not aggravate the situation in any way, doing so may put your safety at risk or even you make liable for road rage related crimes. In order to prevent the incident escalating, bike riders should:

- Be very careful about approaching the person
- Never follow the person, yell abuse, threaten or retaliate in anyway
- Never deliberately touch the other person or their property



Reporting the behaviour

Thrown objects

You can report a vehicle that throws an object at you to the EPA litter report line. Visit the [EPA website](#) or phone 1800 35 25 55 for a litter report form.

Company cars and vans

Contact the employer to report the driver. Reporting bad behaviour will help discourage it. Make sure you record the details of the incident: including time, place, and registration number.

John Sully

Do you have an incident of road rage to report???

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This photo was also forwarded as a proposed ride by some anonymous and possibly hopeful person The date and destination to be decided depending on the amount of interested people I believe it is inclusive of both groups. Very important to bring sun screen on this particular ride .



## Cycling in Bristol



### *The Magic of Christmas*

I have had great cycles in Bristol- Bristol to Bath along a beautiful sealed rail trail, also serving as a busy bike commuter route right into the heart of both cities. Weather was very good for a change. The next day my daughter and I cycled a circular path through Bristol, over the famous Clifton bridge designed by Brunel and through the extensive parkland around the Ashton Court Estate, one of the iconic parks in Britain. My daughter's partner lent me his beautiful road bike (which he had built up himself) which rode like a dream.



Bristol is supposed to be Britain's greenest city, but it is choked with traffic and resultant pollution. It is in urgent need of car exclusion from its centre. Car parking is a huge challenge. Even more than Melbourne city and inner suburbs, bikes are the quickest and most convenient form of transport. The local baker in Easton, a very multicultural low income suburb where I was staying, does his deliveries with bike and trailer.

I also took an afternoon off a conference in Stockholm and cycled around the city on a city bike which I picked up from one of the many curb-side depots using their equivalent of a Myki card, guided by a local Swedish friend.

**John Merory**

## Cycling in the Solomon Islands

I enjoyed a couple of weeks work in the Solomon Islands recently and kept the eye peeled for bikes, expecting to see very few. About three hours out into the Pacific from Brisbane, the capital Honiara is on Guadalcanal island where temperatures are hot, humidity high and short steep hills rise up from a narrow coastal plain. Ideal for losing weight, rapidly!

Saw a couple of BMX ridden on footpaths (the roads can be cramped and surfaces rough) but then..... Big surprise! Went for an early walk and came across three young men with the full kit. Road bikes, lycra, cleats, helmets. Could have been Beach Rd, St Kilda. All around 18-20 years, they looked as lean and fit as greyhounds. Told me they would be on a 40-50km run along the front. I'd have loved to tag along (liar!) but, of course, my bike was 5000km away. What a shame!



Anyone interested in WW2 history would know Guadalcanal as the scene of very fierce fighting between US & Allies and the Japanese forces. The main battle was for Henderson airfield near Honiara, plus sea battles in the waters between Guadalcanal and Florida Island. So many craft were sunk there the channel became known as Ironbottom Sound. Found a map that shows the naval devastation:



### Thankyou All

For all your contributions to the newsletter over this and past years. You have contributed considerably to improving my copy and paste skills. They still need fine tuning so feel free to keep it up next year.



**Allan's elbow**

Such was Allan Garbutts' reaction when confronted with a poor innocent Skippy////



**Allans account:**

I had driven to Bendigo early so the mist was still in the gullies as I set off for Axedale. About 5k along the trail traveling through Bendigo Bushland (which in parts is quite thick) I disturbed a kangaroo feeding behind a thick bush. I saw him as he saw me. Startled, he bounded onto the trail hitting my front wheel. This brought me thudding to the ground in quick time. While sitting there recovering my senses and getting over the shock, a touring group of visitors to Bendigo arrived on the scene. I explained why I was sitting on the trail blocking their way when one of them asked if they could photograph me saying "their friends back in Japan would be interested in the story of a cyclists being hit by a kangaroo." So insult on injury, I spent a few moments with the visitors and cycled on my way. The rest of the day was pleasant and uneventful if you don't count the three snakes along the trail.



**Another kangaroo experience**

A kangaroo jumped out in front of me south of Banksia st about two years ago and kicked dirt in my face .**Arnold**  
(could have been sand Arnold)



ClipartOf.com/1144408

**And his knee**



**Wahgunyah Rutherglen Ride**

Some people are never happy. Leigh on a recent ride to Wagunyah and surrounding districts not only complained about the amount of snakes in the area apparently they had three sightings of Black snakes on the trip but also on the number of wineries in the area. He found the wineries quite detrimental to the ride. He compared it to a typical Latte group ride. ie ride for half an hour stop for two and unfortunately at this rate you can only get

to manage four or five wineries in a day. Apparently it will take three or four trips before they have them all covered.

