

HUFF



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From the Editor

Welcome to another edition of HUFF and especially a welcome to our new members.

* Because of the lack of security on the Internet it has been decided that we won't be making available any more editions online. HUFFs are our major drawcard for membership and it really has been pretty easy to view them so we hope this doesn't make members life any more difficult. If you need an electronic copy feel free to ask and I'd be happy to send it to you.

* International membership for OzHPV was slightly misjudged and is now adjusted to cost \$35.00 Australian, (not \$30.00)

* A number of people have emailed with the offer of future submissions to HUFF. Bec Gibb will continue her article on *Taking the Nullarbor Lying Down*



Rodney's view of the World

and I'm excited to hear most of our Australian HPV manufacturers keen to submit articles this year - great!!

Timothy Smith

Australian Speed Attempt

I am hoping that there might be a few others working on something for a speed event when we get something happening in Sydney. It didn't sound promising in Shepparton. It would be good to see a reflex faired trike, one of the faired Trisleds and anything else really!

We will make more than one fairing when we get it all happening so will have more than one vehicle happening anyway....

More details later ;-) **Ian Humphries**

Taking the Nullarbor Lying Down - Part 1!

By Bec Gibb.

The Players: Tony Jack, Andrew Maticka, Rodney Williams, Ian Humphries, Bec Gibb.

The Props: SWB (homebuilt), GTS, MR Components Swift, and a SWB tandem
The Set: The towns and deserts of WA and SA.

The Extras: The WA 'bent crowd, a few truckies, some curious retirees, etc etc

Friday 19 August 2000

We had finally, finally arrived in Perth. After months of trying to juggle maths homework, work, bike building and everything else that's supposed to fit into life (except of course any pre-trip training or previous recumbent experience on my part!), we were there. We had decided to travel West to East "across the Nullarbor",

due to the prevailing wind direction at this time of year after examining Bureau of Meteorology reports in detail. We were hoping to avoid headwinds! Essentially, we set ourselves a completely optimistic target of 150km a day and took as little gear as possible to weigh ourselves down. The trip was an interesting demonstration of packing styles though, as Tony arrived with two massive bright yellow panniers, looking as though he were carrying two wheelie bins with him.

Rodney was described somewhere as "a man in an overloaded wheelchair", Spag had added a trillion little bags and boxes for the ultimate

nook and cranny look, and I had packed several "extra" parcels of lentils into one of our 4 panniers, and was certain they would be useful when the chips were down. We also had tent, rack-bag and on our two level rear rack, a dry-bag on top of everything else... And we'd planned to be marooned in the desert with a 16L water capacity, mostly in custom holders for 2000ml PET bottles.

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But to back-pedal a bit.....Ian and I were booked on the 6.10am Friday flight to Perth from Sydney. Ian had had a busy few weeks at work. I had a maths exam on Thursday night, and after packing my one big pannier of clothing and sleeping bag, I went round to Ian's place at 11.30pm. Ian's housemate Ken was trying to fix their plumbing and Ian was, well, still working on "finishing" the bike.....

We had test ridden it once, though unpainted, the previous weekend for the first time. I slept for two hours that night, and Ian didn't sleep at all. The final welding and assembling operation was tense, and at 5am we made the call to change flights to later in the day. For the first time in several hours we managed to take a deep breath, have a sit down and a proper conversation. We left Ian's place at 10.30am, and then went to my house at Stanmore, finally fully laden, for a speedy refuel and a shower that worked, before heading to the airport. We were on our way!! I met the bitumen for the first time 300m down the road in a right hand turn lane; meeting bitumen is actually not that bad from a stationary position, and my shoes unclipped pretty easily. Minor loss of dignity. Some further starting practice needed.

The Princes Highway isn't the place to make bad navigational decisions, but we did, and survived, and rolled into the Qantas terminal about 15 minutes before the flight was to leave. It was obviously the time to test Ian Sim's allegations about travelling without problems with an un-disassembled tandem recumbent!

Unfortunately, we were only to be told that the bike wouldn't fit onto the plane that we were booked onto. Fortunately however, we were informed that it would travel on the next flight - on a larger plane. Despite Ian's protestations about boarding the plane without the bike we boarded.... and arrived in Perth for our 2900km cycle trip without a bike....(Of course, an earlier airport arrival would have given us enough time to break it down and pack it into the bike box it was designed to fit within.)

Des Hannah collected us from the airport - fortuitous, given that we had no bike - and we drove to Geoff Law's place, where there were other HPV folk, for a BBQ. Tony had cycled there from the airport with Geoff already. It was great to meet other interested and interesting people and Geoff was such a lovely host - generous without fussing!! In our room there was a freshly made bed with a Moulton club magazine on the dresser - such a home away from home. Geoff rode his BikeE all weekend, with a transistor radio on the handlebars. Des introduced us to Beatrice, his homemade and beautifully finished bike. In his car he had a bob-trailer-clone which was due to be powder-coated.

On Saturday morning we went to the airport and collected the bike, which was in one piece and functioning (phew!). Ian could hardly contain himself before we picked it up, and kept trying to jump from the van in the airport carpark. We met Rodney (or "Rotten" as his friends know him) for the first time and then "Spag" (as some know Andrew), who arrived very excited with his new trike, and a shiny orange flag. Spag had already ridden to the airport in Melbourne, and was feeling somewhat weary and sleep-deprived, just like the rest of us actually, but we were all going on a ride to Fremantle, so he came along too.

We rode 78kms to and from Fremantle. We met Bruce, Des' lookalike. Aside from Geoff, the other 'benters were Paula and Mike, Kees, us five and in the afternoon we had the pleasure of meeting the infamous 'Ray' with his BMX with aero-spoke-covers. We then rode to Mike and Paula's house and drank cups of tea - Mike has made their side gate wide enough for a GTR to fit through, but still managed to send a few woodchips flying when he forgot to slow down and scraped a support. On



A quiet morning stretch on the Highway

the way home we stopped at Cottesloe to dip our toes in the Indian Ocean. I got dumped on the road again after Ray decided to hang onto our rear rack for a tow -hmp!- but this really did nothing to detract from the magnificent riding next to the beach in a bike-train of recumbents. I did find myself wondering if I would get used to people staring at us? (Exhibitionist in me secretly pleased at this factor...) Best thing for the day was confirmation that hands-free riding was definite option for my Stoker position -YIPPEE!!

Sunday 20 August 2000

The first real tour day. We left Geoff's house at about 8am. Tony's chain snapped after just 2 of the proposed 2900km. We rode with Gary King and Geoff to the Narrows Bridge, where we met the enthusiastic Ray once more. Geoff received a call on his mobile (the Perth HPV chapter is very technologically advanced) to be advised that Bruce and Des were having coffees, and Geoff arranged to meet them at Hungry Jacks. By this stage we had also collected Dave with his lovely orange

Greenspeed and matching orange hookworm tyres. Dave was a phenomenon - amazingly strong legs. Ray, to our horror, pleaded with Hungry Jacks to open early, and as we were eating our fast food, Ray gave each of us a gift – a Bart Simpson doll, a Homer Simpson pencil top, a rubber whale and a USA bell. We finally left Hungry Jacks and the lovely Perth people, and set off with Dave continuing as our guide.

We rode out of town along the Brookton Highway. Recommended by the Perth recumbent folk, this route proved to be a wise choice. We planned to go south to Esperance, then head up to the start of the Eyre Highway and pedal due west to the Great Australian Bight. Along the Brookton Highway you can expect lovely avenues of trees and fields of canola and roadside scrub and minimal traffic, apart from the occasional and mostly courteous truckdrivers, who shared the road and moved across to the other side in passing us.

Spag's rear tyre grew an ominous bubble 5 or so km into the trip too and while we grunted up a long hill out of Perth (tested out granny gear) Dave checked out the nearby bike shops for tyre supplies. None were open, blast! I sustained my first injury when the fully laden tandem fell onto my leg. A small bolt sank well into my shin, and some blue paint to boot. We kept on ascending through very fertile countryside, planted with lots of orchards.

We stopped for lunch at a servo and Spag bought some fantastic oranges. Dave gave Spag one of his lovely orange hookworms, and then we set off, Dave-less, but carrying an obvious symbol of the Perth people's generosity with us. The hills kept coming, but by the end of the day we had done (according to Ian's speedo, which was proven to be quite dodgy) 124.4 kms. We camped at a really pretty lookout, erected by some of the local Landcare people. We had views over a rolling valley, fairly well vegetated, and the area around us was clean and clear, with no rubbish or feral animals or people. We were about 45km out from Brookton, and had done an average speed of 18kph – not too bad given all of the hills. It was pretty freezing, but I felt great to actually be on the way. We fed ourselves up to the gills with Tony's Gourmet Cuisine and crawled into our tents.

Monday 21 August 2000

We woke up to the sounds of Rodney yelling such calm and peaceful mantras as "hand off cock, put on sock". We left at 7.50 from 6.30am wakening - not too bad for our first morning I suppose. We got well underway, but 25kms into the day's ride, the chain came off the tandem on a long downhill run, and became caught under the rear tyre.

While there, it heated up to red hot, melting the master link, and the front derailleur was left contorted and somewhat worse for wear. In retrospect, I can't believe we didn't both get projected into the upper stratosphere – we were travelling at approx 40kph at the time, but due to magnificent captaining on Ian's part we stayed alive. I was giving commentary: "Ian! Stop! Stop! The chain! The chain!" "Yes, but what's the chain

doing?" "It's come off! It's come off! It's under the tyre!" It's hard work being as helpful as I am in a crisis. There was a discernible smell of rubber and molten steel in the air as we stepped off the bike, somewhat overheated ourselves. The affected chain links had changed colour in the impromptu grinding and forging process – they looked quite beautiful, however were fairly useless in their new form. Ian replaced them with all 8 of our spare links. The front derailleur was then operated upon by Dr Ian, who knocked it into a workable shape. Ian wondered if any further "minor technical problems" would beset our group.....

Our goal of 150km on this day seemed somewhat remote after such a break, but after this interlude we resumed and pedalled to Brookton. The locals were unbelievably slow and friendly, asking questions and being curious. Ian managed in record time to palm our gift whale off onto an old bugger, ostensibly for his four year old grandson, who in his short life had already suffered some degree of hardship, including falling out of a car because he wasn't strapped in. (This was when he was returning home following leukaemia treatment...) I think the kid could do with a squeaky whale...

Brookton was a really friendly town. We experienced for the first time the phenomenon of people recognising us – I like to think that I am looking at everyone else without them noticing me – in line with the whole "vicarious living" outlook, so it's a bit of shock when people volunteer that they've seen us. I'm not comfortable peeing overtly on the side of the road either, so my telling myself that I'll never see the people who are driving past ever again doesn't quite mesh with them telling us exactly where we've been.

After Brookton we headed for Corrigin. The countryside alternated between rolling hills and farmland, and relatively dense scrub. Banksias abound – the soil is fairly sandy around here.

We pedalled on, still going pretty slowly – the hills seemed to be everywhere, and forced us to travel slower than we wanted. We got to use the Dynamo in the dark and visited the Corrigin Dog Cemetery by night. Dog graves are just as eerie as people graves at night. There were lots of small rectangular sites, some with headstones and various canine-related inscriptions, pictures etc. Corrigin folk seem to very proud of their dogs – there was a big sign announcing how the 'Dog in the Ute Queue' raised \$25 000 for the Royal Flying Doctor Service. Apparently 699 people drove their utes with dogs in the back into town one day, and the queue ran for 3km out of town. It seemed a bit strange that we were escaping the traffic bankups of the big city, and these people voluntarily joined a 3km queue of cars for a good time on their weekend.

Corrigin Caravan Park was our home for the night. I called the owner to let him know that we had arrived, and we arranged to pay him the next morning before we set off. It was great to have done some night riding. We were initially concerned about our visibility at night, but I felt confident that we were a fairly visible convoy, with everyone's flickering taillights and dynamo

front lights. The dynamos (union bottom bracket dynamo and union 74mm 2.4watt halogen lamp) put out a strong light, and the increased pedalling effort/light output ratio was justified given its strength. The operation of the dynamo was the only control (apart from pedalling!) I had on the bike, so I operated it with great gusto and a sense of inflated self-importance. (Daily stats: 135.99 km (new pb!) 8 hr 16 min Average speed 16 kph)

Tuesday 22 August 2000

A late-ish start, catalysed in part by the arrival of Blue, the caravan park owner. A sold-up sheep and wheat farmer, he owns the park and a couple of old houses in town, as

well as a very un-farm-looking nippy little new white car, in which he seemed completely out of place. Blue was horrified that the previous night we hadn't the use of some garden furniture which he was busily putting out around us as we spoke. He was incredibly and innocently enthusiastic about our presence in his park. Blue took our photo, and plied us with information brochures about Corrigin.

The town was such a friendly place that we did a run of the main street, and Spag indulged his passion in talking to people, chatting with some locals that he met. Spag was quickly taking on the (highly undesired by the rest of us) role of group spokesperson – wherever we went he chatted to people, and dutifully answered the volley of inane questions with which we were served. Spag was still in the wonderful and excitable first few weeks of recumbent (in this case trike) ownership - enthusiastic and not yet worn down by questions like the rest of us and particularly Ian!

We ended up leaving Corrigin fairly late, and had a tiresomely slow day. I wondered today whether I was demonstrating the first signs of complete lack of pre-trip training? Meanwhile after an innocent question from Bec, Spag and Ian listed, alternately over the next few hours, the 27 things which differentiated Spag's GTS from Ian's GLR. Ian had quite a severe case of 'trike-envy' on this day. He drooled over Spag's bright and shiny new trike, and lamented the loss of freedom and independence in the compromise which the tandem demands.

The bike vs trike debate was carried on for most of the trip, and this was really just the start of it. The trikes excelled as touring vehicles – Spag and Rodney could pull right off the shoulder onto the dirt when a big threatening truck came along, whereas the tandem and Tony had to be a lot more careful about our whereabouts on the road – we were highly skilled in falling off as it was. In subsequent discussions and experience, bikes win

hands-down over trikes in the city amongst the traffic and with variable levels of accessibility – having to dismount in order to get over a gutter is a hassle - however in the country on such a long straight road where comfort, efficiency and versatility are essentials, trikes are hard to match – no need to pull up next to a sign post when you stop for a pee, a seat for when you're having your lunch, and handy spots all over the frame for

containers where you can stow snacks and sunscreen. (Spag fulfilled multiple roles – he also was the official snack distributor, keeper of the muesli bars etc.

I still can't come at a muesli bar yet, 6 months on. I think we somewhat over-did it on that trip.) Still, Lola Limo (when did we name her? The tandem now had a name, she was

after all a showgirl) was performing beautifully, certainly no complaints on her performance from her stoker. One thing that we all agreed on was that no-one wanted to be on an upright. Apart from fatigued and over-used legs, we had no other physical complaints on the trip – no sore pink bits, no crushed wrists, stiff necks and cramped lower backs. Quite remarkable when you think about it, given the distance that we covered on our steel and rubber works of art, and subsequent, shorter rides back on my MTB have reinforced these conclusions.

We arrived at Kondinin at about 11.30am. Kondinin is the home of the publishing group which kept asking me difficult questions when I was working in rural marketing at Telstra. A fairly empty bakery was raided, and they certainly didn't have too much more to sell once we left. In order to lighten his load, Tony posted half of the contents of one of his enormous panniers home. I'm amazed that his doona squashed down so much to fit into a post-pak. We mooched around for a bit too long, then continued on our slow way towards Hyden and Wave Rock. Kondinin overall felt much less prosperous and 'up' than Corrigin – we wondered if this was the less prosperous and poorer Aboriginal sister town of Corrigin.

The weather was really perfect for us – clear blue skies and no rain, and not too much wind at all, but enough to keep us fairly cool as we went along. There have been several hawks along the way, and I saw a poor squashed echidna on the side of the road. I must say, the stoker position is really the one to aspire towards, in that I get to look around and check things out without having to concentrate. Of course, with this freedom comes responsibility – I had the onerous task of being trip photographer.

Our group mood lifted when we arrived at Hyden – we went out to Wave Rock and walked to the top as the dusk turned to night. The colours were really wonderful – very "80s" and pastel! As we stood on top of the rock, we had magnificent views of the landscape around us – the rock seemed to be somewhat of a



A rewarding break at the magnificent Nullabor cliffs

geological aberration though, as all around us was flat plains (except for those other nearby rock outcrops!). Wave Rock had a small concrete wall along its edge – apparently the rock also serves as the main water catchment for the town of Hyden. The wave part of it was striking, with distinct vertical stripes curving high above over our heads in a huge swell. I think I got my first feeling of true space at Wave Rock – an undeniable sense of freedom and openness, and the feeling of optimism and lightness of heart that comes with this.

Wednesday 23 August 2000

Today we travelled 143.9 kms, averaging 18kph. We started at 7.40am – starts are getting more streamlined, if not necessarily earlier! Rodney had been agitating for an earlier start the night before, but somehow when everyone else was ready, he wanted to take a photo of Wave Rock. Timekeeping was one thing, but there was no doubting Rodney's cleanliness, as he washed his undies regularly and they dried out waving behind him, pegged onto his flag pole. We set a good pace, which was to continue all day. My legs felt better – could I dare to hope that I now had “recumbent legs”?

We whizzed along – the weather was perfect again and we reached Varley for lunch, having ridden 85km in the morning. The man at the Varley co-op had his shirt sleeves rolled above his elbows and the heater on in the office on a perfect sunny day. He also had personalised number plates on his ute, which said “VLY – 101 Varley – Small Place – Great Crowd”. Hmm, short, but overflowing with depth and meaning.

We finished the day just past Lake King, a place which Spag just didn't warm to. I think part of the reason may have been



The Limo

that Rodney borrowed Spag's pump and it had spontaneously exploded, with bits going all over the place in the fine dirt of the carpark. I never thought that we could have found the miniscule missing o-ring, but Spag looked and looked until he had it – a testament to commitment!!

Thursday 26 August 2000

Travelled just over 130 km with fairly good weather. We went through Ravensthorpe, and had been warned that the road would be really hilly, whereas in fact in terms of hills it was never too bad at all. However, whilst the hills weren't too bad, this part of the road proved to be the only one where we had any trouble with trucks, as suddenly it seemed to turn into quite a major truck route going down to Esperance from the South West coast. We left the security of our empty road, which until now had served us very well indeed. On this day we were literally run off the road by a truck driven by a man who leant on his horn in a most unfriendly fashion from a long distance back.

This was different from many of the “poop poops” we received from others who let us know they were behind us – this guy had intent. Ian and I bravely held our ground (actually, I can't really claim any bravery at all. I had no control over the steering after all, and in retrospect I think I was saying things like “Ian can we please get off the road now”) Finally at the last second we went onto the shoulder, and slowed to a harmless stack in the gravel.

Tony came up behind us shortly, and asked whether the guy had given us any more room than he had been given, and we confirmed in the negative. Such selfishness is not really forgivable, given that literally every other truckie we came across all trip gave us more than enough room, the road wasn't windy and there had been very little oncoming traffic. Still, all we could do was claim the moral high ground, get back on our bike and keep going. I guess naming the company may be libellous, but they're based in Esperance, and when we left that town I cursed them as we went past their yards. It made me feel a lot better. We finished the day camping just before a place called Munglinup, laughing at all the town-specific personalised number plates we had seen.

I felt really, really strong on Thursday – such a great feeling, and weird at the same time how it can vary so much from day to day, depending on a range of factors, including the amount of sleep obtained the night before, what you had for breakfast (literally!) the weather, the wind, the traffic and the energy level of the group as a whole.

Friday 27 August 2000

We flew into Esperance by lunchtime, making 116km for the day and averaging over 20kph. We paid the obligatory visit to the local bike shop, being

Dempster Sporting in Dempster St (I think Esperance should actually be called Dempster – everything there seems to carry that name). Anyway, the guy there picked up the phone and rang the paper and said “those recument-tandem-whatever people – I've got them here in the shop”. Spag then spoke to the editor of the local paper who said they'd had a few calls and wanted to do an interview that afternoon. We went to a fairly good caravan park near the beach and I had a ridiculously long shower and scraped off about three layers of skin. Spag and

Rodney went shopping, Ian and I went to the beach and Tony, well, he went somewhere. It was that really lovely time of night when the sky goes pink, and we walked along a curvy pier, checking out the fisherfolk. It was a very peaceful place. I can't say I loved the main part of town too much, but the beach and jetty were great. The journalist never rocked up – why would they on a Friday night? We ate Chinese in town, then rode home (aka caravan park) and went to bed within minutes. It rained during the night, but our tent repelled it all due to the superior tent seam-sealing effort of mine prior to our departure.

Saturday 28 August 2000.

A light sun shower which commenced shortly after our departure from Esperance turned into a drastic rainstorm within a few minutes. Rodney and Tony took control and sought shelter at the narrow verandah of Craig's Concrete World, and we ate apples and met Craig the Concreter. A lively discussion revolving around Concrete Cancer and Craig's Concreting Conferences was had, and then as the rain subsided we took off again towards Norseman. We had already had a late start from Esperance and this coupled with the rainstorm and slow pace made us later still. Our convoy rode up a small hill to a railway crossing, and Tony almost slipped on the newly-lubricated tracks. Ian and I approached on Lola, our front wheel slipped too and we were unceremoniously dumped in a puddle. This left me with an entirely brown left side, and Ian with a bruised buttock such that it took several minutes before he could convince himself to settle into his seat again.

Although we had not been travelling at speed, this stack did actually do our bodies a bit of longer-term damage, as was evidenced later. We shook ourselves out and kept going all day in what became persistent rain and cross-wind. From Esperance we stopped at Gibson Springs, and took shelter in the pub from the weather. We inhaled a pastie and a huge mug of hot chocolate each, and braced ourselves to return outside to the weather, which had kindly abated in the interim. Scaddon and Grass Patch were visited, if only briefly. Grass Patch had a memorial to one of its famous soldiers, who had the claim of killing many people in the second world war. We ate some muesli bars and discussed advances in silo technology. (Spag had done a project on the historical development of wheat silos at school, and we had a fine specimen in front of us now, next to the War Memorial).

We reached Salmon Gums, which had a few lovely wide streets near a river, and views over the surrounding areas. It looked quite promising, but given that we were there late on a Saturday afternoon, the only place that was open was a miserable roadhouse which had many pictures of men holding large fish on one of its walls. A woman with a very rough voice worked behind the counter, and one got the feeling that it wasn't quite safe to complain about the food. We camped just past Salmon Gums that night, in a beautiful sunset. It felt quite exciting heading north – it was as though the Nullarbor proper suddenly felt a lot closer, and having done approximately 1000 kms in the first week, we had a lot of cycling to get under our belts in order to reach our goal of Adelaide.

Part 2 to come next edition.....

For Sale

☞ Blue Bent

This recumbent is for sale due to the recent addition of a new lower recumbent.

The frame is Reynolds 531 stays, seat frame and forks. The main tube is 1.2mm, 52mm EWT steel tube.

Bike in good condition throughout.

Suit rider from 5'6" to 6' plus.

It has a grip shift 8-speed setup, with 52/40/24 at front and 11/32 at rear.

Brakes are cantilevers both ends.

Front tyre is a semi slick Cheng Shin 2" x 20"

Rear tyre is a IRC City Slicker 1.25" x 26"

Specialized clipless pedals.

This is a very comfortable and quick bike to ride.

Total price = \$950.

Located in Canberra, ACT.

Enquiries to Peter Heal, Phone 02 62875413

Email heal@cyberone.com.au



Blue bent

☞ 2001 Encyclopedia

ED. Open Road, the UK company producing Encyclopedia (and other HPV publications) has gone into receivership. Greenspeed have for sale their last Encyclopedia - of course this is all that will be available.

The price is \$30 plus postage. Note there was 1st supposed to be a video with it, and then that was changed to a CD, but neither was actually produced.

Ian Sims

Stolen

There's been reports of a few recumbents stolen recently. Chris Moseley was able to recover his but the Greenspeed factory has one ourstanding. Here's a report from Ian Sims.

On Saturday afternoon, I had a guy come into my office saying he was interested in our trikes. He was at least 6'4" tall, and was saying he had trouble finding bikes to fit him, and that he could not find any bike shoes to fit him - pointing to his black running shoes and saying that even the largest ones of these were a tight fit. Having just sold a large frame GTR to 6' 10" guy who picked it up that morning, I was confident that the large GTR demo trike would fit him fine, so I gave him a test ride on it, and when back to working at my computer.

After tea, as I when to lock the trikes up, it suddenly dawned on me he had not come back!!! So if someone tries to sell you a large frame, dark green Greenspeed GTR, - please be suspicious about it. It had the latest www.greenspeed.com.au stickers on it, but the older seven speed 11/30 IG rear cluster and RX 100 down bar levers on the bar ends, instead of the later

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Hotmover

I unloaded the new Trike and placed it gently on the ground. The Family came to admire and comment, as did the cat. It was a weird looking contraption, yellow mesh seat, velcro strapped into a bright red frame, with an emblazoned motif on the main tube proudly declaring the Trike's status as 'Hand made in New Zealand'. It has a direct steering mechanism, with two joysticks turning the kingpins inside brass bushings. The manufacturer



has told me, that longer kingpins and urethane bushings will provide a retrofit suspension system, at minimal cost. Almost out of sight is the steering arm, threaded on both ends to adjust toe in. I have never felt the need to adjust these, however.

I got rid of the standard twin-strap pedals, and installed Shimano SPDs. Initial foot pain was found to be overtightness of the shoes. Now the irrational feeling of losing leg position and having my foot fold up under the Trike at speed has been alleviated. I was worried about visibility on the road at first, but every driver seems to see me, and they give wide berth. I still did not feel comfortable though, until I replaced the yellow flag with Optical Data tape. It is gold in colour, and flicks light in all directions. Even cats and dogs notice the Hotmover. An amusing experience is cycling past a yarded dog, and to see surprise on its face. Un-yarded dogs, however, somehow feel that the low-slung trike is fair game, and I have learned to pack heat when riding around town. (water pistol filled with cloudy ammonia)



After a few days of tootling around the town environs, I decided to try my new toy on a long run. Alice Springs is good for the middle distance rider, as there is a pub in all directions that one may wish to cycle. 85km to the East is Ross River Station, 135 to the west is Glen Helen. 130km North lies

Aileron, and south is Jim's Place, about 80km. I started out from Alice Springs, heading north, passed the Tropic of Capricorn, and waited at the 75km mark for my Father, who was on his way to Tennant Creek. I would have kept going in the dark, but the Road Trains were fierce, and I didn't want to miss him. Tossing the Trike in the Ute, we made our way to Tennant Ck, and camped at one of the high power radio transmitter sites. Early next day, I pedalled off into the horizon, Alice Springs bound. One thing I learned from that day, is just how effective SPF30 sunscreen is. 7 hours in full N.T sun, and not a spot of burn! I was impressed. There were fires everywhere at that time of the year, and I actually had to stop when the smoke got too thick. The trike configuration seems to lose

grip when at a side angle of more than 10degrees. The 110psi Maxxis slicks didn't help either. This fact comes to light when trying to climb the dirt incline on the side of the road. A rear knobby might be beneficial for dirt work, I feel. I made it to Wycliffe Well, before being picked up by a friend who was driving to Alice.



All up, I did 200km on straight highway, with no hills. So far, I am very happy with my new Hotmover, and I plan on entering it into the 2001 Solar Cycle Challenge.

Jeremy Williams - adearthic@hotmail.com

Continued from page 6 - Stolen

8 speed bar ends and 11/28 eight speed rear cluster. Cranks are the standard RX 100 52/42/30, and it has the normal Sachs/SRAM 3x7 rear hub. The rear rack is the standard black Rubis unit, and it also had a twin 10watt Smart light system, with a 7 led Basta tail light. Unfortunately I have so far been unable to find the frame number, but will keep trying. I spent some time at the local cop shop today. However looking through 8 books of mug shots, failed to find a suspect..... My guess is that it was someone from outside the area..... This is the 1st time this has happened in ten years of business, and needless to say I shall be asking for security from future punters.

HPV 2001 CD

Fed up with the Winter gloom? (sorry: Northo-centric comment) Then why not rummage around a huge collection of HPV photos and Video clips (save energy: watch other people racing!). Then read on...

I have just received my copy of this years excellent CD from Oliver Zechlin (<http://zechlin.com/> although Oliver has PC problems at home so the site has not yet been updated to add the 2001 CD.)

Approach

This year seems to mark a change in approach. In previous years the CD was a combination of manufactures and 'HPV peoples' websites and also various pictures sent in to Oliver. This year the website collection has been dropped in favour of Video clips I think the reason for this is that now that so many more people have web access (compared with 1997 when the CD was launched) they can see the latest information on the Net, but most people still have a fairly low bandwidth connections (eg 56K tops) so would not be keen to download the 20, 30 or 40 Mb files on offer here !!

Contents

The CD is full i.e. 641Mb of stuff that I have only touched the surface of so far. The CD is read using any browser, and is organised first into 3 sections:

- * Movies e.g. SPEZI 2000, HP helicopters, HPBs, Cologne 97, Tripendo on the go, trendy NY ZOZ vid...
- * PDF files e.g. HUFF and BHPC back issues, articles from Dave Larrington, loads of building and ergonomics stuff (some only in German)
- * Pictures: e.g. from 2000: Cyclevision, Gent, SPEZI plus loads of other stuff.

Simon Kellett, Germany - simonk@otelo-online.de

Web Page - <http://www.liegerad.com/html/hpvc.html>

Video Editing

Jamie Friday from Black Rose has kindly sent me a VHS video of the 2000 challenge.

Would anyone out there be interested in copying & editing it down to a 5 or 10 minute video? (We'll send copies of the edited video to TV Stations as an information package to tell them about the 2001 event and OzHpv.) If you're interested, please contact **Steve Nurse** (03) 94818290 (costs will be reimbursed)

What's Happening

Melbourne Recumbent Riders

Proposed Ride - Sunday 4th March
 Proposed Ride - Sunday 1st April
 Contact: Steve Nurse Mobile 0409 836271
 Email - cesnur@eisa.net.au

Wonthaggi 24 hr HPV Grand Prix

16th-18th March. Further details can be obtained from Peter Hanley, Assistant Principal of Wonthaggi Secondary College Ph 5672 1344 email - phanley@wonthaggisc.vic.edu.au
<http://www.wonthaggisc.vic.edu.au/>

Sydney Recumbent Riders

Saturday March 31st: Southern Highlands tour - lights necessary for 2/300km option. Starts at: Kogarah Railway station Grade M/H with a choice of 100/200/300km options.

Sunday April 22nd: Social ride and demo day. Come along and have a squiz! Starts at: Parramatta Park / Windsor Grade: E/M 50km

Contact: Ian Humphries 10 days prior to ride ph (h) 9550 2805
 Email - ianh@chw.edu.au

If this Newsletter cannot be delivered please return to:
OzHPV Inc
 10 Abbot Grove
 Clifton Hill Vic 3068.

