

HUFF



May - June 2001 - Volume 4 - Issue 3

From the Editor

Welcome to another edition of our OzHPV newsletter. This is a much bigger edition than normal as I've had a back-log of articles. Please don't let this stop you sending submissions in as we'd love to have a diverse range of material to display. As you can see we're trying out a new way of printing and binding to see if we can reduce production costs. Some have also expressed the concern that we haven't tried recycled paper so this we will try as well. Many thanks to Bernard Weir for his contribution to the HUFF production.

As mentioned in the last HUFF we have a continuation of the article by Bec Gibb on their trip across the Nullarbor. For those builders out there looking for a proven trike design Giles Puckett has submitted plans for his (LMH) trike - unique because it doesn't have a spine like most do and this should appear in the next edition.

Timothy Smith
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For Sale

* Shaped fibreglass recumbent seat (like on a Streetmachine) looking for a good home. It'd suit someone about 160-170cm. It is a "Billspeed" seat made in Canberra by Bill Shelley. New ~ \$200 sell \$70 or swap? **Ian Humphries** 02 9550 2805 **IanH@chw.edu.au**

* Greenspeed Expedition Trike

20/20 Expedition Tourer with double pannier rack, Mountain Drive and Sachs discs, 7-speed Shimano derailleur and 3-speed Sachs hub with 72 tooth front ring. Amazing value at \$3,995. Eager buyers should phone 4572-8475 without delay....

Brian Walker
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Taking the Nullarbor Lying Down – Part 2

Welcome back to our faithful readers!

29 August 2000

We are in Norseman, the unofficial gateway to the Nullarbor for those heading east. If you can, picture 5 starving 'benters on the footpath of the main street, eating, drinking and packing away our recently bought haul of food following a rushed sweep of the local supermarket. We arrived here 5 minutes before it closed for lunch. When we'd packed up, we debated whether to push on or to stay in Norseman for the night. We deferred the decision and retired to a small park nearby in which each person ate 12 times their own body weight and had an excessively long shower in the public facilities. Everyone was tired and sore to a varying degree, feeling as though we needed a rest day a day or two ago, and very conscious of the distances that awaited us when we actually started crossing the Nullarbor.

We discussed the plan for the afternoon. Spag went to buy ice and revealed that his ankle needed a rest. He took some aspirin for its anti-inflammatory effects. My knee and Ian's ankle had begun to give us both trouble too following the fall leaving Esperance. Both injuries had deteriorated enough to deserve ice and aspirin too (and a long, long rest!). Ian regretted not bringing some ibuprofen (but having never needed it before...) Rodney and Tony also felt and looked pretty weary. At the end of the afternoon however, we got back on our steeds and decided to pedal a few kms out of town so that we could at least camp in the bush away from the 'civilisation' of Norseman.

We 'refuelled' at the servo, buying 88c worth of petrol for our stoves, and headed off into a rainbow of Australian bush colours. We noted the first road sign which mentioned Adelaide, only 1986km (!) away upon leaving town. The sunset that night was extraordinary and despite our earlier woes a sense of achievement at having reached "the gateway" to the Nullarbor and excitement for what lay ahead surrounded us. The strategic element of the trip was by now well developed: Spag as chief strategist and Ian as his worried deputy conferred and calculated each night



146.6km straight - just to check your speedo calibration.

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the average travelling times, distances, wind speed, etc while Ian also worried about the group's capacity {but in reality was also worrying about his own ability to continue to pedal for 3 weeks without rest!}. Eventually the strategists reached a conclusion on projected travelling times, distances and probable destinations for the next day (which we routinely abandoned within an hour or so of the start, but Spag just saw this as an opportunity to begin revised calculations).



30 August 2000

Adelaide in our sights - after 1000km

Our first morning start on the Eyre Highway – the only way to go for us was due east – so we did. The morning was beautiful and clear, and we all felt better for having had an easy afternoon yesterday (only 90kms in the morning!). Rodney had fine-tuned his packing regime and was getting into the rhythm of very early starts, so he set off before the rest of us, and we caught him later in the morning. For the rest of us, a pattern of getting up and leaving had been established, with our first interlude of the morning then determined by Tony's bladder capacity. Group dynamics dictated that we all pee at the same time to maintain our cohesiveness, so our bladders had to conform with Tony's time-frame. We had camped about 10kms out of Norseman, and we knew that the next locality was Balladonia, about 180kms away.

Balladonia was apparently good for UFO spotting and famous for having the largest chunk of the infamous Skylab satellite crash nearby in the 80s. Ian was looking forward to eating one of the UFO Burgers he had heard about through friends. (He wasn't expecting to find much vegetarian food at any of the roadhouses and feared he'd be eating mostly meat pies to keep himself pedalling! As it turned out, it is possible to do the Nullarbor as a vegetarian, as there are veggie burgers of varying quality all the way across.) We had enough water for 1.5 days with us, and felt confident that we'd reach Balladonia no later than lunchtime the next day.

With big plans for the day Ian began to add a little more air to Lola's tyres...only to discover numerous cracks in the side-walls on both front and rear rims – we weren't sure why such cracks should want to appear in new rims on our first day on the Nullarbor proper. The cracks weren't due to excessive braking and side wall wear anyway as we had disk brakes and never really went so fast as to need to brake suddenly! It was a cruel blow having to let the tyres down to quite soft pressures to try to stop the cracks from propagating any further. We felt slower after this, but it's hard to specify exactly whether that was our bodies or our tyres. Anyway in the end, we pedalled all day, reaching the bustling truck-stop just after dusk. We had cycled 184 kilometres. This was our first Nullarbor roadhouse, and we were particularly impressed when we arrived. We bought

plates piled high with home-made sweet potato gnocchi, baked potatoes and cooked vegies followed by icecream sundaes, gloating over the good food that was available. Outside the servo was a man taking his Dorper sheep to the Adelaide show. Adelaide still seemed very distant. We pitched our tents on the rock hard red earth, showered our tired bodies and slept as solidly as is possible with an incredibly loud generator nearby.

31 August 2000

Although we didn't know it yet, this was the second day in a stretch of four days of 180+ kms per day. This morning Ian bought a Balladonia / UFO phone card (he didn't end up getting the UFO Burger) and called Melbourne, arranging for Ian Sims to post new rims to the WA/SA Border village, where we envisaged being in a few days' time. This was to lead to some interesting consequences later, but we set off gingerly again on the existing rims, not sure how they'd last, but with the knowledge that we should meet up with some new rims soon. We rode towards Caiguna. Each day we started with a 'see how we go' attitude, but on the inside we all had the same goal of reaching the next town, no matter how far away it seemed.

Apart from the rims, the day was one of the less eventful on the trip – we groaned as we reached the sign indicating we were about to ride 146.6kms of straight road - the longest in the world - and that's pretty much what we did that day. We saw a sad family of three camels dead by the side of the road – perhaps one a roadkill and the others waited sympathetically to be run-over later? (The image of 3 dead camels forms, for Ian, a unique symbol of road carnage in general). Now that we were on the due east stretch, the road really did stretch for miles ahead, and the horizons were huge, making us feel free and small at the same time. We developed games to entertain ourselves, and from these the concept of "bettable ridges" was born. Basically, once we'd crested a hill we all got to bet on how far away the next crest, on the distant horizon, was. You were usually pretty safe to bet between 5 and 12 kms, as the road was flat and straight.

Traffic was pleasantly minimal and the sky was clear and a deeper blue than you will ever see in town. We did another 180+ kms that day and reached the settlement of Caiguna on dusk again. Rodney had arrived about 30min before us, and we dribbled in feeling fairly worn out. Inordinate amounts of food were consumed in what was a fairly ordinary roadhouse, and we finished again with icecream for our tummies and ice for our legs. Caiguna probably rated lowest on our list of roadhouse experiences....we even had a plane that landed close to our tents!

1 September 2000

Rodney was holding out better than the rest of us, myself in particular. His fitness and tenacity and his spindly sinewy energetic legs (“he’s all ligament!!!” cried Spag one day), coupled with an extraordinary ability to get up early meant that he had been riding on his own for extended periods of time over the past couple of days, waiting for us occasionally and heading off again, meeting up to finish at night. This promoted a group discussion at Caiguna as to whether he should leave the rest of us completely (sob!) and aim to reach Adelaide for his earlier flight, or whether he would stick with us and take the chance that we might not make it all the way. He opted to put off the decision and continue to travel with the group – I think that even though we had recently covered large distances, we were all still feeling new to the Nullarbor at this stage and were unsure as to what lay ahead. We didn’t want to hold “Rotten rocket” back, so were glad that we had the chat. Why is it the food I remember best ?

Massive morning tailwinds enabled me to enjoy a terrific mid-morning yoghurt and some fruit salad of all things at Cocklebidy. We basically operated on the principle that we should eat at every opportunity that we weren’t pedalling, peeing and sleeping. Although, pedalling itself didn’t prohibit eating in itself due to Spag’s mobile snack bar, or more accurately, mobile muesli bars, being always nearby. On the Nullarbor proper we hardly cooked at all, as the roadhouses kept us fed at the end of long days. We left Cocklebidy and headed for Madura Pass. The interminable stretch of straight road the day before was our entry ticket into some really exciting geography now – at Madura Pass we overlooked a massive escarpment to our east and south.

At the top of the pass at the end of the day we looked out across an expanse of plains, formerly the sea-bed, which dropped away to the horizon and the new start of the ocean beyond our view. This was the spectacular beginning to the breathtaking stretch of coastline which we were to enjoy over the next few days.

There was no need to descend the pass as we still had plenty of water, so we enjoyed the sunset, and cooked the first camp meal since Norseman.

2 September 2000

We relished the steep descent down the pass into Madura to start the day. 5kms in just a few minutes, and an enormous cooked breakfast at the end, served by a guy who spoke exactly like a DJ on a low quality radio station. Spag and Rodney filled

up all of our water bottles (only 20 or so ;-) in a covert operation as the roadhouse was reluctant to be seen giving water away, and we started riding next to the escarpment which was to protect us from the north all day. We met a journalist, Alan Francis from the *Kalgoorlie Miner*, and he interviewed us and took our photos. Our PR agent Spag lined the whole thing up, as Ian and I almost ignored Alan’s requests to stop on the basis that we didn’t have time and we already knew the questions he was to ask. I think Alan’s dogs were glad to have the opportunity to get out of the car – they’d been passengers all the way from Sydney.

Spag started getting bored today. By lunchtime he was juggling his water bottles as we rode along. We have a great photo of the blue sky, yellow water bottles in the air, the yellow trike with donated orange hookworm tyre that Dave had given him in Perth (thanks Dave) topped off with Spag’s white cricket hat. To distract Spag, we played the Alphabet Shopping Game for an hour before we reached Mundrabilla (“I went to the Mundrabilla Roadhouse and bought an Air horn, brakepads, Crankset” etc, up to z), our pace often slowed to a crawl as we laughed hysterically. We went through our usual servo routine – lots of iceblocks and cool drinks, as well as any sticky buns or local delicacies (!) that were on hand. This time though, there was a crucial difference – Ian bought an iced-coffee, and when we jumped back on our bikes everyone was immediately alerted to the impact of this variation. Fuelled by caffeine and the best form he had felt all trip, Ian’s legs went into overdrive. The group was shocked into keeping pace – we were laughing and yelling incredulously to begin with, but when Ian’s spurt lengthened into a long-held burn, we all fell silent in the sheer effort required in keeping up.



Andrew Maticka, GTS - two big panniers etc

My experience of the now-infamous episode was unique due to the complete lack of control I had over my legs for 40 minutes, as they were clipped into my none-too-independent pedals. I had no idea that my legs could actually do so many revolutions in a minute over such a sustained period. Perhaps I could be an Olympian after all. (Ian claims a number of other factors contributed to this miraculous spurt, such as the time the pub at Eucla closed, the distance we had to get there and our average speed, but the rest of the group

subsequently discounted these ;-).

We had left grim looking Mundrabilla at about 6pm to press on with the 60 kms to Eucla. With the miraculous spurt behind us we were able to settle back into a comfortable touring pace for more night-riding. This is perhaps the best memory I have of the whole trip. We pedalled along in almost complete silence and darkness - switching on the dynamo with its faint whirring sound only when we saw the lights of a vehicle approaching. (This was almost a problem for Rodney, but luckily he switched

his lights on before hitting the roadkill kangaroo that he was approaching.) We were refreshed after a hot day by the cool clean air which surrounded us. There was very little traffic on the road, and the few trucks that passed us were generous. We still had the escarpment to our left, now a rich black shadow in the night-time, and the rest of our view in front of it was of the grey velvety earth, punctuated with the black silhouettes of plants. Above us, the horizon stretched all around, and right down to the road. The night was clear, and from my position at the rear I could rest my head on the rack bag and gaze upwards at the stars (still pedalling, of course).

The evening seemed endless, but in a lovely way, and it was just before 9pm by the time we worked at the last grunt up the pass to the top of the escarpment again, and into Eucla. We all felt completely wrecked – an 184.4km day – and we fell into the chairs in the Eucla tavern, devouring yet again, remarkably good food, and – joy! – beer. It was the birthday of a girl at the bar, so we sang happy birthday, and ate some of her cake – we obviously looked as though we could do with a feed. We treated ourselves to beds that night and our bikes had a roof over their heads – it felt so decadent!

3 September 2000

When I went into the room next door this morning, three butterflies were sleeping soundly in their cocoons. Amazingly, Rodney was very reluctant to get up. I formed a theory that if we carried a bed with us, perhaps he wouldn't be awake at 4am on a regular basis. Only problem was where to store the bed. We went to the shop and ate a lot of food for breakfast, and were delighted to find that rice and jam were sold there. A puppy stole the clothes we had washed and were drying outside, and we were treated to some magic tricks from a travelling magician who had taken the day off to go fishing. At about lunchtime we rolled out of paradisiacal Eucla, and headed towards the SA/WA border. It all felt quite surreal when we arrived – lots of signage at an arbitrary spot in the middle of nowhere. We didn't dwell on this for too long though, as Ian was focused on getting to the Border Village, and more importantly, his rims. Full of expectation, we surged en masse into the petrol-smelling ASCO hut that was serving as the Border Village, as the previous one had burnt down. The rest of us eyed the food (great sticky buns in this part of the world, apparently made on the Eyre Peninsula) and Ian asked eagerly for his parcel. Woe was him though, as Ian Sims had been unsure which post code to put on the parcel (fair enough – which side of the Border is the Border Village? Or is it a virtual place?!)

The rims had therefore gone to Ceduna, and were about to be sent to the Border Village on a truck that night when Ian spoke to the Australia Post staff at Ceduna. He requested that they be kept there, and we'd wait for them a bit longer. After all, our existing rims were still holding out after so many kms – it was pretty safe to assume they'd last a bit longer. An angst-filled bun-eating session followed, and we remounted to head towards the Nullarbor Cliffs. We couldn't be tense for too long – the cliffs were breathtaking. We trundled along several dirt roads of about 1km in length off the highway, and were treated to

views of cliffs stretching for miles on either side, with the surf pounding 100 metres below us. Our eyes were peeled for whales – talk on the caravan grapevine was that they were around – and we chose to camp on the cliffs that night after we had seen some. It was an enchanting place and we couldn't leave. In the afternoon we cast long shadows on the burnt orange earth, with a searing blue sky above us. But we'd done only 57 km that day – and Rodney Rotten was restless.....

4 September 2000

The wind was whipping our tents this morning, and Rodney had completely packed up by the time we emerged from our tent. He had been deliberating for days as to whether he should stay or go, and this morning he had made up his mind. We sadly farewelled him with some jelly snakes and he pedalled off down the dirt road back to the highway. The rest of us stood around sheepishly for a while, concerned about his well-being on his own, and wondering whether he would “make it” – the goal we were all still riding towards, despite an increasingly pressured time-frame. We shouldn't have worried at all really – the Nullarbor grapevine kept us informed in great detail of Rodney's whereabouts, although the old codgers enquiring with great relish as to our “breakup” did get a bit wearing. It was one of these travellers who thought Rodney was riding “an overloaded wheelchair”. We were fortunate enough to see whales again that morning, this time almost underneath us at the bottom of the cliffs. They were fluking constantly with their tails, and making phhhsssst noises, amazingly audible above the relentless crashing of waves, and inciting great delight and mimicry amongst us landlubbers.

For the rest of the day we rode along the cliffs, detouring every few kilometres to go down to the world's edge and gaze off. This is one of Australia's best stretches of coastline. We had decided to take an easy day to enjoy the magical surrounds, so Spag got to do some quick watercolours, we enjoyed the pace and stayed the night in a bunk room at Nullarbor. Some of us slept some of the time – poor Ian had a bad night. He was disturbed again by Spag's pathological need to zip and unzip every zipper constantly, Tony's snoring, and two unknown men apparently accidentally entering our room during the night.



Tony Jack, SWB and his two BIG panniers!

5 September 2000

We rode today from the Nullarbor roadhouse to a few kms out of Nundroo to the turn-off to Fowler's Bay. On the way we visited Yalata Roadhouse. I had been dreading this place, as a few years previously I had visited the Aboriginal settlement,



(Rotten) Rodney (Rocket) Williams, MR Swift - 4 panniers

a couple of kms inland from the highway. It was a very grim and sad place, and an obvious example of the plight of Aborigines. The roadhouse by contrast seemed to be hermetically removed from the people of the area, and bore very little trace of the sadness that lay so close by. A sign out the front of the roadhouse told the story of the local people, and how they'd been affected by white settlement, disturbances originating with the building of the east-west railway and punctuated with the Maralinga tests – worth a read for anyone passing by. We ate our mandatory icecreams at Yalata Roadhouse and pressed on to Nundroo.

It was dark by the time we arrived, and we decided that we'd rather camp than spend another night on some gravel at a roadhouse next to a generator. We were sitting on some benches outside the roadhouse having a feed when a man came up and started running through the standard list of recumbent questions. This was most unfortunate for him, as we were heartily sick of answering the same unimaginative questions from elderly motorists, and earlier in the day we had hypothesised about what would happen if we reciprocated the interview and asked the caravan folk about their vehicles – is it comfortable, where'd you come from, how far are you going, how much did it cost. With our victim before us, Spag initiated the attack. He began, innocently and politely, to ask the man mundane questions about his caravan, and Ian and Tony were quickly reduced to a shuddering mess. The man asked us to share the joke so we told him and reaped the benefits when we were in Ceduna two days later and he had warned his fellow caravanners about us in advance. We left the roadhouse feeling much relieved, and pedalled for about 10 more kms before camping in the roadside vegetation at a fork in the road. A friendly local seeing our lights asked stopped to ask if we were ok, and apart from him, only one other person went along the road on either side of us all night.

6 September 2000

Spag's fascist tendencies were emerging, and he had taken his speedo off rolling average to give us an overall average speed which included stops. Ian and I were therefore already 15 minutes late before we had even started cycling for the day, even though we left at 6.45 am. We had two time zones to cross today, and a post office to reach before the weekend, so we were very motivated to pedal fast. The countryside was quintessentially South Australian coastal by now – we had well and truly left the desert behind. We flew to Penong, and I chose to pee and fill up with water, thus sacrificing my eating time. This was not a problem as I could eat on the bike, but the others must either have been thirsty or left with bursting bladders. I know that Spag was thirsty, as he had commented on the all-pervasive country music which was infiltrating his head in the mens' toilets at the servo. Debates about the actual time, the time taken to reach Ceduna and our time of arrival at Ceduna carried on all the way there. We were riding separately this afternoon, but caught up to Tony when he got a flat, strangely on the front wheel. He replaced the tube, as the thorn-proof tube he was using had developed a crack along one seam. We were wondering whether we needed to give up the lentils and dried carrots (that we had carried from Perth!) at the fruit quarantine stop outside Ceduna, but the man on the gate saw us coming and laughed us through. He mentioned that he'd seen Rodney that morning – i.e. he was about 8 hours ahead of us. We knew Rodney must have been flying, and this confirmed it.

We arrived at the Post Office in plenty of time and collected the rims – hooray! – and as we were still planning to work towards Adelaide, so did a lot of shopping at Ceduna, where the supermarket seemed like a cornucopia, with fresh fruit and vegetables. Unbelievably, we cooked curry with lentils in it for dinner (Ian was obviously trying to diminish the load of "spare" lentils!). Spag's most magnificent planning session yet followed the meal. His pencil was a blur as distances and average speeds were calculated. Eventually, after much debate and reconsideration of calculations, he put his pencil down and we all agreed that we would *leave* by 6 am the following morning. We all went to bed feeling slightly anxious, and psyching ourselves up for the hardest (and probably least exciting) leg of the trip.

7 September 2000

I woke up at 6 am and cunningly thought to myself that if I didn't move and make rustling noises in my sleeping bag, no-one else would wake up, therefore I could remain prone for longer. Amazingly, Tony, Spag and Ian all had similar cunning thought processes, and we all finally osmosed slowly from our tents at 9 am. We spent the rest of the day lying on various parts of the lawn at the caravan park, generally being as inactive as possible without actually being asleep. (When we weren't doing this, we were actually asleep)... We had showers and went out for pizza that night in town. On our way back we poked our heads in to listen to a band which sounded pretty good, until we realised that it was an enigmatic Christian

meeting. We left before we were saved. Once we had stopped cycling, we all realised that we had been feeling rushed and pressured over the last couple of days, and a lot of hard miles still lay ahead of us in order to reach Adelaide.

After much deliberation, we decided to abandon our mission of reaching Adelaide by HPV. Spag prepared a couple of media releases to issue for the caravanners grapevine which transformed our image from hardened trans-Nullarbor recumbent cyclists on a mission, to a group of cyclists on a touring holiday on the Eyre Peninsula of South Australia. We could therefore set off with light hearts the next day to head towards Streaky Bay, where we planned to catch the bus back to Adelaide.

8 September 2000

The Olympics had almost begun, but we felt that we had finished our sporting triumphs as we left Ceduna. We pootled along with lighter shoulders than we had had for weeks, smug in the knowledge that we only had to reach Streaky Bay, only 100 or so kms away by the following evening. We had a lovely day on back country roads with minimal traffic. Tony had developed into a fit and speedy thing, and took off fast, and we almost rode past him mid-morning when he was standing a few metres off the side of the road with a cup of tea in his hand. He had met some local Aborigines (oh, and one Hungarian), who were doing some fencing, and they had invited him over for a cuppa. We pulled over too, and had cups of tea with a very interesting mob. These people owned land in the area and farmed it as part of the Homelands scheme, and they told us a lot about the local vegetation and fauna. In turn, they had never seen anything remotely like a recumbent bike, let alone Lola the land yacht, so we swapped stories. Importantly, they warned us away from the Acraman Creek Conservation Park, saying that it was full of mosquitoes.

We kept going, had lunch and a snooze (you can do that when you're "just" touring) at Smoky Bay. Here we experienced four seasons in an hour – we arrived in the perfect sunshine and soaked up warmth outside the local CFS shed. Suddenly, threatening clouds blew over in the space of a few minutes, and the rain began. We hurriedly packed up the peanut butter and got back on our respective steeds.



Foolishly ignoring local advice, we decided to camp in the conservation park ("how many mosquitoes can there be"). I am now ashamed of my behaviour, but upon being met with a swarm of mosquitoes, I made a dash for the tent and holed up inside it, only coming out after putting on all of my clothes and being coaxed for quite some time by Tony, Ian and Spag, and a smoky, mosquito-deterrent fire that Spag had lit. We cooked and ate the last of the dried carrots and broccoli (only the lentils left now!!!) and went to bed shortly afterwards.

10 September 2000

Only one word describes today's conditions adequately, and that's "headwindy". On the trike, Spag felt less of a difference, but Lola was being pushed all over the road as we were confronted by the strongest cross and headwinds we'd had all trip. Streaky Bay seemed distant, but we reached the top of the bluff looking down over the town, and the bay's waters were a beautiful blue, making the effort worthwhile. I can thoroughly recommend the showers in the Streaky Bay Hotel – it's a beautiful old building right next to the ocean, and the water pressure is excellent. In fact, the whole town of Streaky Bay is filled with lovely old buildings, and we wandered around for the rest of the afternoon, eating quite a lot and generally feeling pleased with ourselves, and the Eyre Peninsula. The cycling leg of our trip officially ended here.

Whilst each of us was sad not to have ridden into Adelaide, it was a good compromise to have a couple of cruisy days at the end, in a completely different mode, but still cycling. In addition, we weren't too sad to have missed the increased traffic and narrower roads which fed into Adelaide. Having said that, when we got home and heard Rodney had made it, we were impressed – he had stuck to his goal of reaching Adelaide from Perth, and done it by himself. This had involved early starts, consistently long days, terrible weather and more caravans than we ever wanted to meet – an admirable effort, and testament to what "all ligament" can do!

So, we'd crossed the Nullarbor and ridden 2413 km in 17 days. If you asked me to do it again, I would. The sense of space, freedom and accomplishment are hard to describe – the only way to really understand is to do it yourself.

Bec Gibb

Ed. The specifications of the tubing and parts of Ian's recumbent SWB tandem aka "Lola the land yacht" will appear in a following issue of HUFF.

Greenspeed Tandem Trike

One of Greenspeed's most famous models is their GTT, or Greenspeed Tandem Trike. Perhaps one reason for its notoriety is that it really was the only production recumbent tandem trike for some time. This changed last year when ICE (in the UK) brought out their tandem model. Another reason people mention it's name with awe is that it is, like many tandems, a bit pricey (the 2001 list price is \$8,900). Accordingly, a sighting is significant, even for experienced HPV-watchers.



The GTT is a boon for HPV enthusiasts who are accompanied by stokers with a lack of trust in their captain. This state of mind result in screams of terror when 2 wheel recumbent tandems are banked into a turn after whistling down a steep hill. Although some captains may consider this unsteadiness of temperament a psychological fault, others treat it as a "delightful eccentricity", and dutifully promise to acquire a trike instead.

Alyson and I had the opportunity to test ride a GTT at the Greenspeed OzHPV Challenge 2000, in Shepparton. Our new treasurer, Glenn, turned up with his new (second-hand) GTT, which is apparently the first GTT made. Also on hand was his matching custom made trailer trike.

The GTT is a classic tandem, with the stoker behind the captain, as opposed to a sociable, where the two riders are side by side. Both riders have high (or ergonomic) bottom bracket positions, which makes the whole bike quite long. In comparison, other recumbent tandems, such as the Rans Screamer, have a low BB for the stoker, which enables the total length to be reduced.

The length (3.5 m) and width (1 m) of the trike make it difficult to pick up and transport around, so Greenspeed have come up with versions with S&S "couplers". These allow frame tubes to be split, and are alleged to be simple to operate (I've never seen it done). The "2S" option splits the trike into two sections of approximately equal length, while the "5S" option allows both seats to separate from the frame, and the frame to be split into thirds. The 2S option would probably allow a GTT to be transported on Melbourne & Victorian trains, while the 5S option is useful if you feel the need to be able to pack the trike into a couple of suitcases. If you can't afford the couplers, the best transport method is probably to construct a custom roof rack, or get a van which is long enough for all three wheels to sit on the roof.

The seat angles are the standard "touring 40 degrees", which I found very comfortable. I have ridden 30 degree and 20 degree seats, and found it difficult to hold my head up. Perhaps this was simply because the seats weren't the right size for me. I have always found Greenspeed handlebars to fit neatly to hand, and the Shimano bar end shifters are a delight to use. I didn't really test out the full gear range at Shepparton, as the hills weren't that steep, but the standard setup of 17-125" appears wide enough. I found that the chainrings were easier to shift than on Paul and Lindsay Segals "Same Speed" but this was likely due to their choice of large size gaps in chainring size rather than any aspect of manufacture.

Handling is stable and secure, even when turning sharply at speed. I never managed to lift a wheel, but then again, I'm not much good at lifting wheels on single trikes either. On the gravelly criterium circuit at Shepparton, I was able to take corners at speed with little fear of losing a line or sliding out. Furthermore, with a little practice, I was able to negotiate the hairpin

turn without scrubbing off too much speed, so the turning circle isn't too bad.

Disadvantages? I have already mentioned transport difficulties and purchase price. Some people may prefer seats which can be adjusted, but like all Greenspeed trikes, on the GTT they are custom made to a single fixed position. Hills may be slower - in this respect a recumbent tandem is said to be worse than a recumbent single, which is in turn worse than a diamond frame bike. Some GTT owners have named their machine "treacle". However, I think this is a minor concern compared with draining the energy of a weaker rider on a single HPV (remember why you want a tandem in the first place?).

Overall, I think the GTT provides a secure environment for your stoker, who can take photos, eat or drink without fear of gravel rash. Communication between riders is easy, and above all, your stoker will not complain about you "riding too fast". The GTT would make a magnificent touring machine, ideal for Great Vic Bike Rides, or any you make up yourself, such as "Around the Bay in 5 days".





Trailer Trike with central hitch

Greenspeed have also made a trailer trike, though I am not sure if this is a genuine "production" item. Alyson had a go on it, and reported that it "felt fine". We also towed around a few kids, and they seemed to have fun, which perhaps indicates that the stability and general ride quality was OK. The trailer has a central attachment point to the main trike, which helps with line (following the leader) and saves on weight, as a long side arm is not required. The central hitch (on the main trike) could also be useful for other trailers, especially for towing heavy loads.

Jeremy Lawrence
jeremyl@cfcl.com.au

...And from Ian Sims

It is what we call a "special", i.e. made to special order, and only available direct from Greenspeed.

Current price for a trailer trike is \$2,500.

Ian Sims, Greenspeed
ian@greenspeed.com.au
http://www.greenspeed.com.au



Disclaimer (i.e. grain of salt): The author has recently paid a deposit for a GTT.

Canti-Vs

Canti-Vs are way of getting V brake stopping power on recumbents at a fraction of the price.



I have had this set up on several recumbents that I have built recently and they provide a nice compact and reliable brake.

It only works if the tyres are 28mm or you are lucky to have the brake pivots at the upper end of their operating range.

By using my oldish LX cantilevers and filing a bit off the slotted hook I have been able to run a V-Brake "noodle"

(about \$4) and a straight pull cable.

On my most recent recumbent, I had some problems with my knee rubbing on the noodle and cable so I bought a roller "doodad" to get the cable in closer to the main tube.

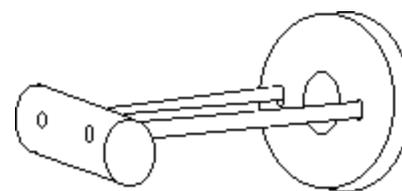
This still wasn't enough, so I made up a extension piece from two pieces of brake cable, a brass nut, a piece of brass rod and some silver solder.

The cable is now very close into the frame and there's no interference with my leg.

The photo/s show the canti-V setup and extension piece.

I have drawn the extension if you can't figure it out yourself.

Peter Heal - heal@cyberone.com.au



Pedal trailer pictures by Darryl Shelswell taken at the last Challenge at Shepparton.



A Little Bubble For Two

24 hours of two-up fun in my latest, greatest, racing HPV.

For the uninitiated, the AIPP and Wonthaggi Events are 24 hour non-stop racing around an often tight closed off street circuit. The idea being the vehicle that travels the most distance wins. In short, it's La Mon for HPV's. There is a limit off 8 riders per team and there are some stringent safety regulations for vehicle constructors. This may sound a little limiting compared to OZHPV but when you pack 100 vehicles on one kilometre of track for 24 hours, safety becomes an issue. Innovation is still very much alive thanks to the teamwork required and the reliability expected of the machine.

I have been constructing for these events for few years now and by the end of 2000 have built about 7 fully faired vehicles. Each time I'd start building a vehicle and when it was at a presentable stage of construction I'd invite friends around to look and talk them into helping me race it. Although it is the main reason for being there, building the vehicle is really a minor part of this type of racing. Getting a dozen people in one place at one time normally hundreds of kilometres from home is a challenge in its self. Then there is the seemingly endless list of equipment to be brought for the pit area to make shore that if anything goes wrong, we can deal with it. All this adds up to a weekend away that is as much a social experiment and exercise in logistics, as it is a test of a vehicle.

Aside being a great fun weekend away with a bunch of mates, my reason for being there is that is an excellent testing ground for my vehicles. 24 hours of hard racing with barely a close glance at the vehicle is pretty much the best field test you could ask for. All the main workings of my production vehicles have at some stage been tested on one of my race vehicles.

Of course I would be a liar if I said I hadn't had things go wrong. Back before I was building vehicles for others, I built a vehicle with a two piece cross member. The ends were butted up against the main tube and welded. At about the 21st hour of the event, one of the welds had started to give way resulting in the vehicle sagging in the middle and dragging on the ground. We had welding equipment to fix it but the biggest problem was bending it back again. In a manic team brainstorm, we placed the vehicle upside down with each wheel propped up on a plastic safety barrier; we then got to the middle of the main tube with a sledgehammer! This worked very well and after being promptly re-welded it was back on its wheels and out on the track.



Ever since this day I have used a one piece cross member design which has proven much more durable. Mind you, the old design had lasted 7000km on my very first trike with no problems but it took a hard race to show its weakness. I have never taken to my machines with a sledgehammer since, but I still pack it as a good luck charm...

Tandem madness

After our last race for 1999 we had a bit of a team BBQ and the idea of a tandem came up. We had raced against one at the AIPP and it looked like great fun. I was initially very reserved about the idea wanting to continue with my development path. Over the next few weeks, things got out of hand and I started receiving phone calls from friends of friends expressing interest.

A few more weeks passed and it got to the stage where the interest was undeniable and I gave in to the pressure. I sat down at my trusty drawing board and started to figure it out.

The layout.

I decided on a back to back format as it meant that the seats could be triangulated and also a good aerodynamic shape could be achieved. The drive was via three

separate chains, one from each crank set travelling to a step-up drive which in turn had the third chain running to an 8 speed back wheel. Crank chain wheels were 46t to 20t on the step up. Main drive was 44t to a 12t to 25t cluster. I knew this was a little over geared but as the track was flat and the low gear was sufficient, this did not mater. Wheel base was 2100mm and track width was 600mm. Braking was RST cable operated disks on the front wheels.

Racing

The great thing about racing the tandem was that we could have a greater range of rider heights. This is often a problem as there is no time to adjust length during the race. We had the back seat to suit a rider around 5ft 7in and the front seat to suit 6ft. This meant that most people could ride it and it is also best to have the bigger rider in the front for weight distribution.

As it is endurance racing, pacing is very important and so we took advantage of the fact that there were two heads in the bike. The stoker had a speedometer in front of them and it was their roll to control the speed. This meant that the captains' already big workload of negotiating corners and other competitors was reduced. Because the heads were close together, communication was good and so discussion about speed, lines though corners and rider condition were frequent. We also found that non-verbal communication developed over time and we could tell when our partners were cramping up or getting sore. Stokers also learnt to anticipate what the captain was going to do next.

Riding around a circuit for long periods of time in the confined space of a fairing often takes its toll mentally. We found that the tandem was much better in this regard as it was easier to keep up your spirits. Currently we are doing some research into the effects of Oxygen deprivation. This is a big concern to us as we are one of the few teams that use a fully enclosed fairing. Most are opting for a head out fairing.

Commonly, the rider gets out with his legs still in good shape but just couldn't cope with being in there any longer. This could be strait claustrophobia but we don't believe so.

The tandem proved to be an excellent research tool. The interest that it created meant I had a large and diverse group of people to help. The spirit of teamwork was a real buzz and I'm most grateful for the efforts put in by everyone who came along. On the way home from each race, everyone (myself included) swears they'll never do it again. But as usual, we are now in preparation.

Ben Goodall - Tri-Sled HPV's - trisled@start.com.au

Two Wheel Thrill

As a side project to the Fast Back Racing Tandem in March 2000, I built a fully faired Two Wheeler.

Having been heavily inspired by the Canadian Varna team I decided to stop resisting my desire to head in this direction. I had no intention of cracking any speed records with this prototype. I just wanted to get a feel for the dynamics of fully faired two wheelers. As usual, Good old Corflute is my material of choice for development. Inside is a FWD with side-mounted 12 spoke wheels. As it was just an early test, I restricted it to Velodrome use. It had no foot holes and no brakes so I had to enlist the help of a few friends to help me in and catch me at the end of my flight. Total rig weight was around 14kg.

After getting over the initial adrenaline rush of launch, I managed to settle into a rhythm for about 3 laps and begin the wind up. I got it up to about 60kmh and maintain it of several laps. Just as I was getting cozy with the idea, I noticed a little bit of a wind gust on the entry to one of the corners. I paid attention to it for a couple of laps and foolishly decided it would not be a problem. I started another wind up and as I approached



the spot my back wheel washed from under me. A strange thing to happen on a FWD??... I managed to keep it upright but lost all confidence for the day. Because I had no brakes I had to coast for 3 laps before I was slow enough for my friends to catch me.

Test Outcomes

* On-lookers commented that they could barely feel the wind that gave me the trouble. The wind conditions of the test site are really important!!!

* I believe that my steering geometry was a little on the slow side, which meant I couldn't react to gust fast enough.

* More steering lock. (I only had about 10 degrees each way due to handle bar clearance)

* I heard some wind roaring when I got up to speed which would suggest brake away from laminar flow (well...You can't expect miracles. It's just Corflute) This also would suggest that I was close to terminal Velocity making future tests without modifications pointless.

* More heel clearance was needed, my stroke was very limited

* It was the view of both others and myself that if the front wheel were further down the shape there would be more steering off set to the wind.

Testing has been freeze-framed due to business commitments but I'm hoping to get back into it in 2001.

Ben Goodall - Tri-Sled HPV's - trisled@start.com.au

Industry News

Wayne Kotzur

I'm in the process of writing up something for HUFF about my new recumbent and bike range...

wkotzur@dynamite.com.au

Greenspeed

Ed. I asked Ian Sims whether Greenspeed will be selling commercially the leaner trike featured in previous HUFFs. His reply was...

Oh yes, there is no problem making more of them, if people are interested to buy them. However we would need to do a costing,



and we may need some modifications to it, depending on the use, e.g. There is no front brake on this model, as it was only an experimental machine and was only used for racing, and test riding.



We did have it at the National HPV Championships, no one expressed a real interest in it, although it was not painted.....

Ed. I also asked 'Is it true you're not selling 2 wheelers any more?'

Yes, the demand was not there, and we are still having problems meeting the trike demand, plus trikes seem just so much better than the bikes, we stopped making the bikes, and

sold off all of the demos. I took them off the web site late last year.

Ian Sims

ian@greenspeed.com.au

<http://www.greenspeed.com.au/>

Mr Components

Michael Rogan writes '... We will soon have full catalogue of HPV / recumbent parts at discounted rates for OZ HPV MEMBERS'. Here's a sample:-

- * 20x1.5 rear wheel (7spd cassette hub dt spoke Velocity rim) \$90
- * Alloy wheelchair hubs with quick release axles \$60 each
- * 11-34 screw on cluster \$ 34
- * Velocity triple v rim 20x1.5 \$24
- * Shimano IG31 chain (7,8spd) \$18
- * Spokes 180mm dt stainless \$18 per 36

mrogan@peninsula.hotkey.net.au

<http://www.peninsula.starway.net.au/~mrogan/>

OzHPV Membership Report

Several recent issues affecting membership have been/are being resolved on OzHpv's internet discussion site (Ozhpv on Yahoogroups, see details below)

20 OzHpv members have agreed to receive their issues of Huff only in the form of a PDF (Portable Document Format) file sent to them via the internet. Those receiving the PDF then have the option of printing the file or reading the magazine from their computer screens.

Advantages for the reader.

* The PDF emailed to members will be in color (hard-copy, mailed Huff will still be in black and white)

* The PDF will include clickable links, so any references to websites will link to that website when viewed on a computer connected to the internet.

Advantages for OzHpv:

* We won't have to print and mail so many Huff's, representing a considerable saving to OzHpv.

Anyone wanting to receive only the email version of Huff, please contact me by email on cesnur@eisa.net.au. Thanks to those who've already volunteered to receive the PDF version.

Recently I came across a scheme another club uses to increase

its membership and reward its active members. The Club (Melbourne PC User Group) gives "Membership Credits" to any existing members who sign up new members. The membership secretary knows about the credit from the new member's membership form (which has the recommending member's name on it along with all the new member's details) and adds a month to the recommending member's renewal date. In Ozhpv's case, I think we should go with 2 month's membership credit for each new member signed up.

In my opinion there have always been people active in signing others up for ozhpv and these people deserve to be rewarded in some way. If someone signs up so many members that they never have to pay membership, so much the better for them & so much the better for OzHPV. A small change to the membership form is all it would take and I am ready to issue "membership credits" now. (At the time of writing this idea is still being discussed on Yahoogroups)

Yahoogroups: If you are an OzHpv member, on the internet and would like to take part in technical discussions on HPV's (no, not the Human Papiloma Virus) or discuss & vote on issues affecting Ozhpv, we invite you to join our email. Discussion group. It was started by Chris Curtis and forms a central part of OzHpv's management.

Website: www.yahoogroups.com

Post message: ozhpv@yahoogroups.com

Subscribe: ozhpv-subscribe@yahoogroups.com

Unsubscribe: ozhpv-unsubscribe@yahoogroups.com

STOP PRESS: Motion has been passed on yahoogroups, For 7, 0 Against so the motion is accepted. Please write or fill in "Recommended by (Your name)" on any entry forms you hand out and we will go from there)

Steve Nurse - Membership Secretary - cesnur@eisa.net.au

Recumbent Pedal powered Road Train

Helmut writes... It's 4.5 meters long and about 130 kg of weight including the Tripendo trailer. I with the two kids Lisa (4.5 years old) and Timmy (2.5 years old) plus Lisa's bike trailer, II with Timmy's bike plus helmets and other stuff.

That is the way we usually go for a tour around Bendigo for a couple of hours on Saturdays or on Sundays to give mama some time on her own. The kids normally sleep for at least one hour in the trailer before we stop at a playground where they can play or ride their bikes and if they have enough we ride home for an ice-cream.

Everybody is happy with the vehicle, the kids get out, mama has some hours without the kids, daddy has some training and can spend some more time with the kids - isn't that perfect?

Helmut Finkler
h.finkler@intervet.com.au



What's Happening

Ed. Any event relating to HPV's are welcome - feel free to send in the details and we'll be sure to list it.

OzHPV Canberra Recumbent Riders Group

In June there's a chance of the Sydney Recumbent Riders coming down for a weekend of recumbent riding around Canberra. Please contact **Peter Heal** Email: heal@cyberone.com.au or **Duncan Cleland** Email: Duncan@CES.com.au for more details.

Melbourne Recumbent Riders

Saturday 3rd June: Croydon - Jells Park loop, mostly bike paths. 45 km. Contact **Struan Little** Ph. 9725 3313 Mbl. 0403 442511 Email: wayfarer@alphalink.com.au

For the July Ride I propose a Saturday field trip to Werribee to visit the VUT track where the challenge will be held. The Footscray Cycling Club hold race meetings at the track on Saturdays and I will contact them as soon as the Challenge dates are confirmed. We may be able to meet a few of them, drum up a bit of interest for our event. Ride contact: **Steve Nurse**, Mobile 0409 836271 Email: cesnur@eisa.net.au

Sydney Recumbent Riders

Sunday June 17th; Social gathering, short social ride and cake-eating. This will be Lane Cove National Park I think (Or Parramatta Park - to be confirmed)

Sunday June 23rd: Scenic 100km ride in the Royal National Park on June 23.

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

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

