

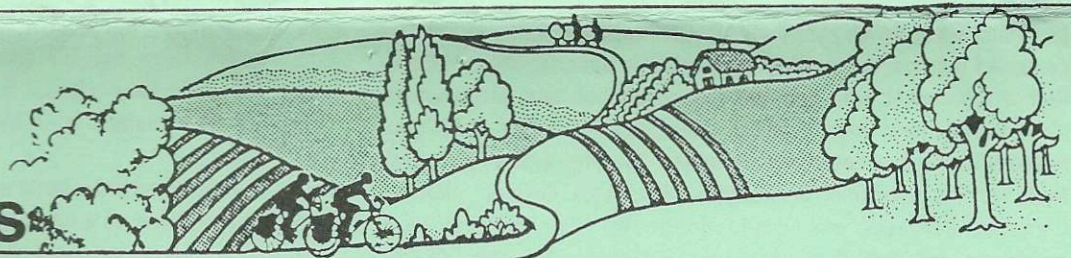
CYCLE TOURING ASSOCIATION OF W.A. (INC.)



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tour notes



BRIDGETOWN OR (/AND?) BUST The 300 km Achievement Ride - 3 am Start 12 October 1985

One a.m. - and I awoke to pouring rain, howling wind, brilliant lightning and booming thunder! OH NO! Well, back to sleep and hope I was only dreaming. When the alarm went half an hour later only the wind was still obvious (only?).

Three a.m. at the G.P.O. there were 10 of us mad enough to be pushing off down near deserted streets, cheered on by the occasional Friday night marathon reveller.

The group soon settled into a steady pace and moved along well, treated to a brilliant lightning display on the horizon, until dawn turned the lights off down past Rockingham. By this time we had already had a good taste of what was to become the theme of the day - WIND.

We leaned sideways into it, almost fell off when it eased up for a moment, even very occasionally had it behind us (well, rear quarter anyway), pushed straight into it, breathed it, were mesmerised by it, talked of it, talked to it, cursed it and at the end shouted victory over it!

Mandurah brought the first welcome stop at a control point, and cheerful greetings from support crews in car and bus. Still early in the day, but already doubts growing about the forecast of 30 degrees for Perth.

On - into the wind - to Pinjarra, where Allan and Geoff opted for a breakfast stop while the rest of us pushed on toward Harvey - the next control and halfway point. The last 5 km saw a fast pace, spurred on by the thought of a chance to get in out of the wind for a while

Bob's expressed doubt about having another 150 km in his legs voiced my own uncertainty - but I reckoned there was at least 50 km more there yet and then we would see - just take it a bit at a time.

As we pushed on, along straight flat roads, the battle with the wind became all consuming. Each of us became lost in our

own thoughts, riding almost mechanically. David summed it up when, after consulting his map and being asked what it had told him, replied "It says that in another 21 kilometers I can wake up again."

By the time we reached Picton, the wind was swinging to a south-easterly, to be a headwind for most of the remainder.

From Dardanup the route becomes more scenic - which of course means hillier! And Donnybrook to Kirup felt like one big hill - upwards! But a longer rest for some of us brought renewed energy to press on, and renewed optimism to compensate on the compensatory downhill.

As we breached the final crest before the run down into Bridgetown, the wind howled its last defiant blast at us, but it was beaten! Eight of our group finally completed this true "achievement" ride, six qualifying for the Audax Brevet and Medallion.

It could not be described as the most enjoyable ride, but certainly was a satisfying accomplishment and thanks must go to John Martin for organising the ride, and to all who gave support and encouragement in the backup vehicles.

A hot shower and change and a chance for many of us to sit down together for a meal in Bridgetown with the return journey by bus before us provided a fitting sociable rounding off to the whole experience.

RIDERS: Allan Booth, Stephen Booth, Sue Campbell, David Crew, Phil Dufty, Geoff Dwyer, Aileen Martin, Robert Minoo, Bob Stockman, John Turley.

John Turley

The companion article to this account of John's, describing the tortures suffered by the 5 am group including the 600 km Audax riders, has been written by Ron Masterman and will appear in our next issue.