

# Newsletter



## Duty Roster

### 8<sup>th</sup> August Yarra Glen

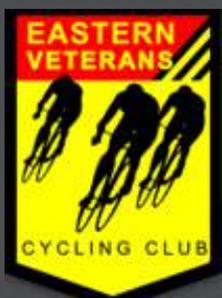
David Hyde, Peter Shanahan, Adrian Dickinson, Harry Hibgame, P Constantinou, Edward Smith, Paul Hutcheon, Rob Birch, Philip Johns, Rob DiBernardi

### 15<sup>th</sup> August Gruyere

Tony Curelli, Martin Stalden, Mark Granland, Peter Webb, Colin Johnson, Brenton Jukes, Geoff Darroch, Tom Leaper, Chris Norbury, Brian McCann, Julian Paynter, Shane Crowhurst

*If rostered for duty, you must be at there at least 1 hour prior to start time. It's your responsibility to find a replacement if unable to do your duty, then advise Andrew Buchanan, [tjtop2@optusnet.com.au](mailto:tjtop2@optusnet.com.au)*

Editor: Janita Keating  
[janita\\_todd@bigpond.com](mailto:janita_todd@bigpond.com)



This week's image is a guessing activity for you ... do you recognise this chap, circa 1955 image? Read on in the newsletter to find out and read the profile ... a great read, and beautifully written.

**☛ YEP ..Still looking (four editions go to):** I will be finishing up the role of editor on the 1<sup>st</sup> September and EVCC need another volunteer to take over.



Adelaide, 1955

## Race Reports – Casey Fields



Pretty Fast bike getup at Casey.

Image: P Gray

### A Grade

With only five or six regular A graders, Peter took the opportunity to promote a few strong B graders to make the field up to ten, with instructions to take it easy. It was the promoted riders that got the action started with Anthony Gullace and Ray Russo up the road with JP where they remained for 15 mins before the bunch came back together. A few more attacks all came to nothing, till about half distance when a split saw Rob, JP, Roy, Steve Foster and one other whose name was missing from the start sheet (sorry) pulling away. A few attacks from Rob and JP could not further reduce the numbers as it came to a five man sprint, with Steve leading out the sprint. Roy, JP and Rob were only separated by inches as they finished in that order. *(Rob Amos)*

### C Grade

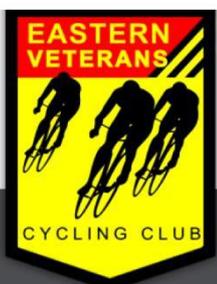
Casey Fields again and yes it was windy, but compared to last week it was but a zephyr of a breeze. Twelve riders turned up for C grade which given the conditions in the morning that was pretty good. We rolled out on our warm up lap and I was chatting to Jo O'Shaughney and she said this was going to be the only time she was going to be on the front. This proved to be incorrect as she went to the front on several occasions throughout the race.

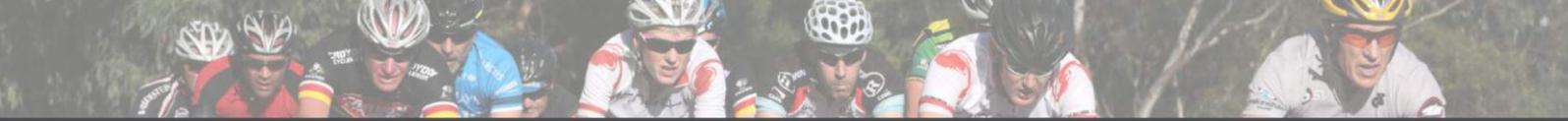
Geoff O'Laughan was first to attack - he did this on the little rise going up towards the lake. We all responded and closed it down fairly quickly. Next to have a go was Andrew Buchanan and he also got brought in smartly. Our race continued like this for most of the time with flurries by Dave Worland and Neil Cartledge hanging on and recovering from each attack. Geoff was attacking on about every second lap and was brought back with Steve Short doing a lot of the chasing. Martin Stalder tried to sneak away but everyone was paying attention to Martin and myself, so the chance of us nicking off was a no-chance option.

With about three laps to go Geoff attacked again down the back straight and everyone sort of looked at each other and he rode away. This time he had a big break and the only real effort to bridge over to him came from Ken Saxton. I think Ken asked me to go with him but I couldn't hear him clearly, even if I could have heard him I would have probably said "send me a postcard".

Eventually Ken ran out of steam and then we were on the bell. First place was already decided with Geoff having a 300 meter lead, Graham Bull was the first to go as he believes he isn't the strongest sprinter in the world but the pack soon caught him. John Pritchard pulled out (he could smash us all). The pace was getting pretty hot as we rounded the last turn. I was sitting at about third place with Phil Taylor ahead, the leeward side of the road was clear so I was nice and sheltered and had a clear run at the line. Up one gear, out of the saddle and push the little Focus as hard as I could - 30 meters from the line I got over the top of Phil to take second place. Thanks to all the officials and people on duty for a well run day. *(Peter Webb)*

Well a normal day at Casey Fields beckoned from the first awakening. Overcast, blowy and wet was my summary from under the covers. "I don't think I'll be racing - I might get wet" was the unspoken thought as I settled down to enjoy a





day in front of the fire. And soon enough my plan was working out, the fire was glowing, the paper was unfolded, the coffee was brewing, she was off "to get a few things" and all was good with the world. And then it happened. The sun burst through.

"Damn" I thought, "there goes my happy and comfy. I'll have to go to my first race in nearly two months (after a slight downhill prangle and a sojourn overseas) - I'll just sit in, maybe do a turn or two if I feel good and circulate with the bunch".

So in a mighty whirlwind to dig out jackets, undershirts, computers, jelly beans, shoe covers and all the other essential racing tools needed, the last minute preparations were made. Bike tyres are pumped and the mighty BMC loaded onto the rear bike carrier and we're all set to go.

And then it happened. She, who of course I'm always glad to see and help, drove into the driveway right behind the car, alighted and said with that tone, "well I'm glad to see you've got off the couch finally, where do you think you're going? Take these groceries and stuff into the house." One of the benefits of racing at Casey Fields over the years is that you learn to tell which way the wind is blowing. I immediately set about unloading the truck full of stuff she had accrued in her travels.

Twenty minutes later I turned the key in the car and I'm off to Casey Fields. There will be wind, sprinters, strong young guys, wily older guys, rain, hyperventilating, plans, and in the end a plan for next week. All I have to do is get down Peninsula Link being careful to not get caught by the speed cameras and then circulate with the bunch.

All was back on track. I was judging my sprints between the cameras nicely and looking forward to a strong finish down Cranbourne Road and, then it happened. A bang, a crash, and another bang. A quick look in the mirror showed a complete absence of bike. And bits of bike-carrier rubber rolling down the highway. With, an admittedly, raised eyebrow, I reduced speed accompanied by the sound of tin cans, carbon frames and record derailleurs scraping down the

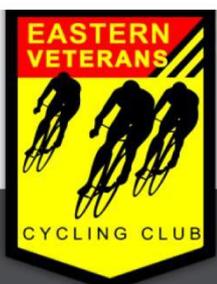
road behind the car - much like tin cans used to be tied behind the wedding vehicle to introduce the couple to the good times ahead. I quietly turned the car off and headed to the rear of the car, thinking "well at least I won't be dropped".

And it had happened again. The bike had been dragged over the road as if it was on a removalist's trolley, tipped up and backwards so that the bike itself had not touched the road. A 200 meter stroll down Peninsula Link to find and pick up the supporting rubber blocks, reattach them to the bike-carrier, put the evidently not fool-proof system back together on the back of the car and we're off to Casey Fields again. I took stock of the situation - I haven't broken the bike and getting dropped isn't the worst thing that will happen today. The bad news though was I wasn't going to get there in time to actually race. I was faced with the choice of going home to not only a raised eyebrow but a furrowed brow and a discussion about the benefits of not leaving things to the last minute and .... well you probably know the discussion I mean.

Or I could plough on and hope that Ron and Peter and Steve are running a bit behind schedule. I pulled into the carpark with only two or three kitting up and others milling about the start line. A hurried and harried "Hello Peter, am I too late" was met with a "yes but we're a few down so hurry up and don't be late again."

Before I knew it C grade was away and Peter W was out setting a strong pace on the front. My mind was still on Peninsula Link, my heart was still in front of the fire and my legs were in the freezer. And my heart rate was in the red zone. After what seemed an eternity but may in fact have only been a lap or two Peter eased off, only for Jo O'S and S. Short to take up the cudgels. And when they were finished there was Martin S and John P going off the front by 30 - 50 meters before being caught up with by the bunch. And so the pattern was set. Someone would go off for a small break and then they would come back.

After what seemed like just a lap or two but may have been 40 or so minutes I put my plan to do a short turn into action and went off on a small





break, just before the downwind back straight. The bunch didn't respond. There was about 4-5 laps to go and I had used up all my luck for the month. So I ploughed on again and by the time I passed the finish line, I had what looked like a 100 or so meters. Another lap out the front and lungs are hyperventilating, legs are lactating and heart rate was back in the red zone. And the bunch led by strong boy in blue was closing in. They closed the space down to about 30 - 50 meters and let me hang, and I knew they were letting me hang. We got to the back straight again and I thought well at least I'll make them go a tad faster as they pass me. So change down a couple of cogs, push the bum back and get down low on the drops. They had my measure and I could see

the sprinters milling in the middle of the bunch. And the bunch waited, and waited. And the gap grew to a couple of hundred meters. And then it happened. The race finished.

Thanks to all involved in this day of miracles!!  
(Geoff O'Loughlen)

## Member Profile – Laurie Bohn



Queensland, 2004

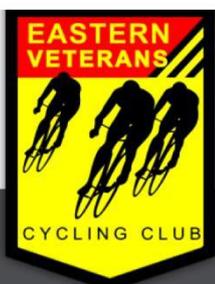
I was born and grew up in West Coburg. Our street was full of kids of all ages, from toddlers to teenagers. There was always plenty of football and street games - a continuous cricket match in the summer and, of course, the usual petty arguments and fights. We rode our bikes for miles, sometimes getting home after dark, which usually meant a warm backside and a cold dinner!

One day, I was waiting to see the Spirit of Progress passenger train come through the rail crossing at North Essendon when I heard a strange rattling sound. I had discovered the North Essendon Board Track. What a sight! Seven laps to the mile and 40 degree bends. I was about 9 or 10 years old, and as I watched these riders hurtle around at break-neck speed, I thought to myself, 'One day, I am going to do that!'

Having had enough of school at age 15, I started work as a carpentry apprentice. Somehow or other, I talked my mother into buying me a track bike (I had to pay her back!) and I became a member of the Brunswick Amateur Cycling Club. Racing was held on a Saturday afternoon, on a graded and rolled, fine-gravel track around the outside of a sports oval. Most riders could regularly boast some good gravel rash.

After a while I started winning races, and gradually made my way to the back marks, eventually riding off scratch at the club and about 30 yards in the open events. In

hindsight, I should have worked the other way, and stayed on the middle marks to improve my chances in



the big handicap events.

My first race at North Essendon. I was held by Bill Jennings and he pushed me so hard at the start that it took me 10 yards to catch up with my pedals. Pure adrenaline! I won my first race on the boards. I was completely hooked and my boyhood ambition had come true. Track racing was my thing.

The club racing varied a lot - handicap, scratch, miss-and-out, points score, lap dash, teams and pursuit. We also raced on Saturday and Tuesday nights, competed in club combines at the Preston track every

second Sunday, plus other

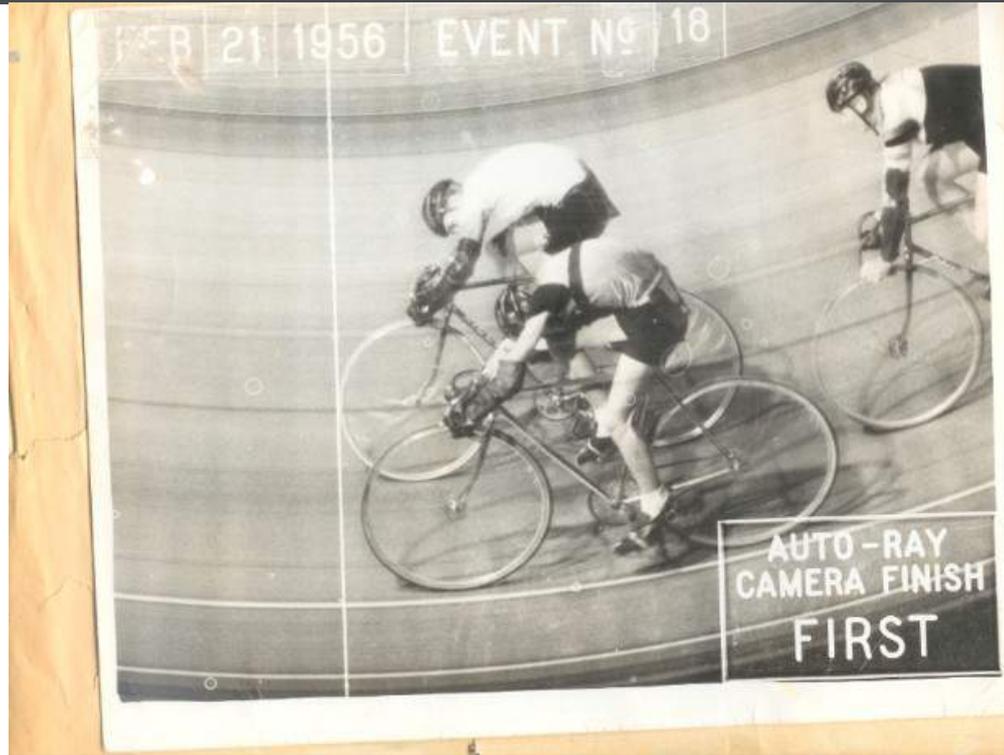
interstate and open events. I competed in the club road races with varied success, but then, as of now, I usually end up riding road races by myself! Although I did win the Seymour to Shepparton combine and somehow managed to finish 7<sup>th</sup> in Stage 1 of the Adelaide Sunday Mail 2 day tour.

In 1956, I won the club track championship and the Victorian 1 Mile Championship and was a member of the team that won the Victorian Pursuit Championship. It was also the year of the Melbourne Olympics and a training program was run at the Carnegie Track for Olympic hopefuls. This was run by the famous Bill Gyatt, Keith Reynolds and Harry Brown and occasionally Syd Patterson. A junior squad was also coached and I was selected to ride in the Junior Championships, just prior to the Games. Unfortunately, I was hospitalised with appendicitis a week before the event, so that was that.

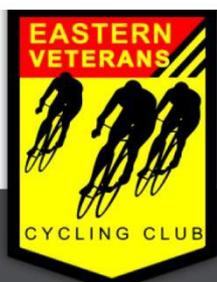
Shortly after that was my Army National Service. After a never-ending period of 'Yes, Sir. No, Sir. How high, Sir?', we moved to the dubious art of setting and clearing landmines and booby traps, and generally had a great time blowing things up! I am glad I never had to use any of those skills in real life.

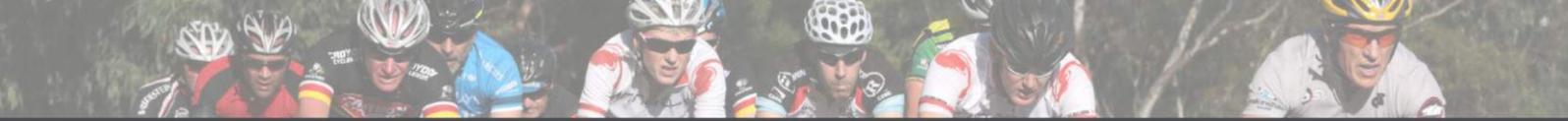
I was now into the fifth year of my apprenticeship and I was told I had to get serious about work (work had always interfered with everything else!) and now with motorcars and girlfriends, bikes started to become a little less important. I had also met a drop-dead gorgeous blonde girl whom I would later have the privilege of marrying.

Around this time, I was crazy enough to participate in a 6-day race in Sydney, teamed with road champion, Fred Pike. In those days, one team member would need to be on the track at all times, so with 3 race sessions each day, there wasn't much sleep to be had. Getting towards the last days, we were one lap down, however we were managing to win a few sprints. Unfortunately, on the second last night, I was involved in a high-speed crash and ended up in hospital with a suspected broken leg (which luckily wasn't the case). That race was the hardest physical thing I have ever done, but at least I can say I competed in a



**Victorian 1 Mile Championship**





6 day race.

Moving forward a couple of years, I was still racing at club level and some open events, but the arrival of the first of our four children, and the purchase of a mortgage, meant goodbye to bikes.

So fast forward 45-odd years, into retirement. It just seemed a natural thing to again hop on a bike, and while riding along the Yarra Trail, I met up with the Tuesday Coffee Run, and heard about Eastern Vets and METEC. At the dinner table that night, I announced that I was joining the Eastern Veterans Cycling Club and was going to race again! My wife rolled her eyes and exclaimed, 'You're Mad!' My daughter said she would reserve a bed in the ICU at the Austin Hospital, but don't you love kids, my granddaughter said, 'If Pa is going to be an Eastern Vet, he can look after our sick dog!'

DR. TO THE ...

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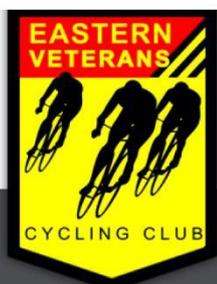
My introduction to racing again was at METEC (in my opinion, the best circuit we use!) and was a bit of a shock to the system. For a while, I wondered what I had gotten myself into, but I soon got into the swing of things and started to have some success. Around this time, I made another dinner time announcement: 'I am going to ride the track again!' Even the hot desert sun would not have melted the frigid silence that greeted that statement. Needless to say, I never purchased a track bike.

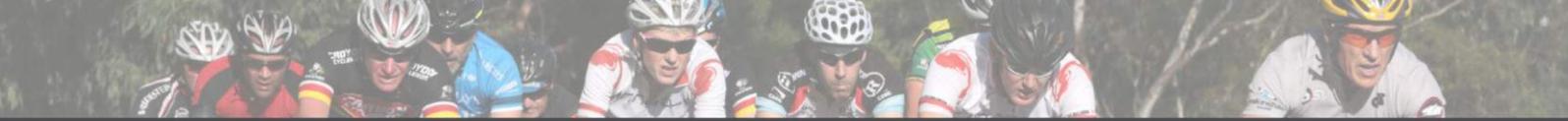
I really enjoy racing with Eastern on Saturday and at The Loop on Wednesdays. If I don't get a place or



*Brunswick Amateur Cycling Club.  
Junior Track Premiership Team. 1955-56.*

*[L to R]. L. Bohn. G. Piera [CAPT]. D. Adam. M. Owen.*





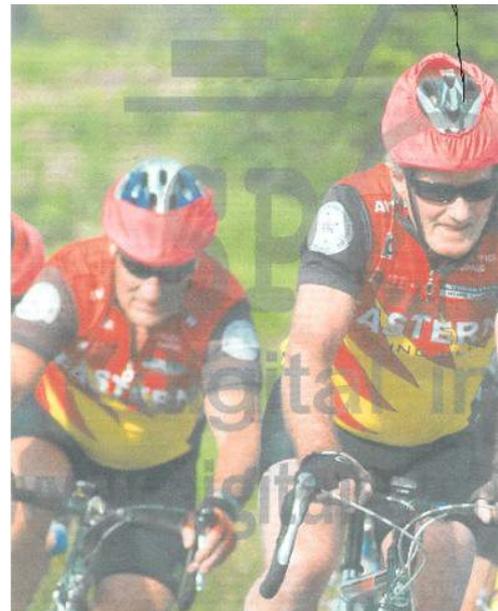
I get dropped off the back, it doesn't matter - the main thing is, I am still doing what I love.

I admire people like Michael Waterfield, Keith Bowen, Rod Goodes, Ken Woollard, Frank Lees, Ian Brown and Ron Stranks, who are all over 80 years old. The Wednesday Morning Coffee lets us 'Senior Vets' reminisce a bit (the older we are, the better we were!). I intend to keep riding as long as I can, and enjoy the camaraderie and (mostly) friendly competition. I love watching the higher grades cycling at top speed...a bit of nostalgia perhaps!

As with all clubs, Eastern would not exist without the hard work and dedication of the committee members and I try to return a bit by helping out on Wednesday mornings. I hope this narrative is of some interest and not too long winded, and by the way, that blonde girl is STILL drop-dead gorgeous! *(All images supplied by Laurie)*



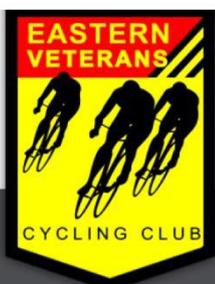
Dunlop Road



Dunlop Road



Casey Fields



## News and stuff



Peter Gray has found a pair of Rudy Project sunglasses. You can collect them at the Yarra Glen race or email Peter on [petergray.ebserve@gmail.com](mailto:petergray.ebserve@gmail.com)

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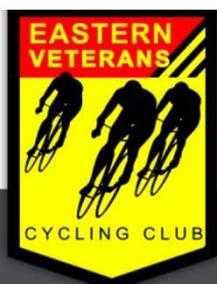
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## Results

### Casey Fields, 1st August 2015

Grade	1st	2nd	3rd
A Grade (10)	Roy Clark	Jean-Philippe Leclercq	Rob Amos
B Grade (8)	Parry Peters	Paul James	Marcus Herzog
C Grade (12)	Geoff O'Loughlen	Peter Webb	Phil Taylor
D Grade (7)	Colin Mortley	Greg Harvey	Peter Shanahan
E Grade (5)	JC Wilson	Harry Hibgame	Peter Gray
F Grade (4)	Clive Wright	Rod Goodes	Ron Stranks

Wedn 5 <sup>th</sup> August The Loop	1 <sup>st</sup>	2 <sup>nd</sup>	3 <sup>rd</sup>	4 <sup>th</sup>
Division 1 (6)	T Perry	C Oliver	P Thompson	
Division 2 (6)	A O'Neil	M Stalder	G O'Loughlen	
Division 3 (4)	D Page	P Gray	S Murphy	
Division 4 (0)				

Thanks to Keith Bowen for Loop race organising and Neil Cartledge and Dave McCormack for 'behind the scenes' newsletter support. Thanks also to Stephen Barnard for helping while Keith is away.

## Future Events

### Eastern Vets

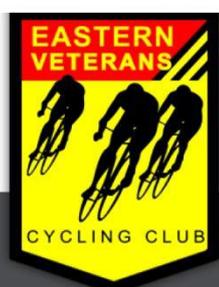
Please refer to page 1 of this newsletter, or go to <http://easternvets.com/roster/>

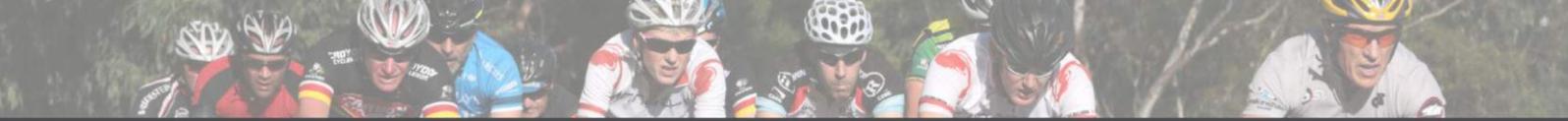
Note: Graded Scratch Race entries are accepted on the day up to 15 minutes before the advertised race start time. Handicap entries close the Tuesday before the race. Riders entering a handicap MUST pay the entry fee regardless of participation. Fees are due on race day; entrants will NOT be allowed to start in any EVCC race until fees have been paid. No late entries will be accepted for either scratch races or handicaps. Entries to handicaps can be submitted via e-mail to the handicapper or on any race day prior to the event.

Northern Vets – for more details: <http://www.northerncycling.com/>

9<sup>th</sup> August Graded Scratch

National Blvd





## Training Rides

Day/Time/Place	Route	Style	Contact
<b>Tuesdays</b> 9:30 am (9:00 am during DST). Main Yarra Trail (meet under Burke Road overpass).	Under Burke Road on Main Yarra Trail to Southbank via Yarra Boulevard and bike paths along the river and return.	Social, bike paths and roads, coffee @ Southbank.	Keithb33@optusnet.com.au
<b>Sunday Mornings</b> Beach Road Ride. <b>Leave 8.00 am sharp.</b> Meet at Peanut Farm Reserve. Cnr Blessington & Chaucer Sts. St Kilda.	Ride along Beach Rd to Frankston. 10 min stop. Then ride back to St Kilda. (approx. 65 km).	Social Ride - Coffee back at St Kilda.	
<b>Saturday mornings (7.30am) and Sundays/Public Holidays (8.00am)</b> Meet at Ringwood Clock towers, Maroondah Hwy, Ringwood	Maroondah Hwy to Carlton for coffee, then return	Fast social	

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