



# Eastern veterans cycling club

Respecting the Rights of all Road Users

*Newsletter April 11<sup>th</sup> 2009*

## Yarra Junction – Omara Eastern 100 – April 4<sup>th</sup>

Clearing showers and a top of 18, not the best forecast for 100 kilometres in the saddle, half a dozen or so of which would be around some tight descending corners but eighty-two riders braved the cold to battle the hill and each other over five graded races. The higher grades completing a Yarra Junction - Powelltown circuit before heading back out again to the 'far turnaround', 36k out, and back for a one-hundred kilometre race. The lower grades spared the initial loop but not the haul over the bump with its almost as unkind return for a total of seventy-two kilometres.

The cows got it wrong, the rain held off, the roads were mostly dry, there was very little wind, and yes it was cool but that didn't last long. Fortunately sanity prevailed on the day and there were no incidents on the hills. By all accounts the bunches behaved themselves, even garnering some cheers of encouragement from locals. The day was marred by two minor incidents; again an instance of foul language, and more unfortunately an accident that saw two of the a-grade bunch out of the race. Phil Cavaleri and Alan Goodrope coming to grief after one of Alan's cranks gave up the ghost, sheering and putting Alan to ground just in front of Phil's wheel.

### Race report

#### a-grade

It wasn't going to happen till the hill and the first time out to Powelltown and back bore that out. The initial couple of kilometres paced by David Holt and one other before the bunch got into the spirit of things and started to swap off turns; a kilometre or so at the front then swing up, let the line through before slotting back at thirteenth wheel - quite civilised. Quite a good pace as well, none seemingly concerned for the work still ahead.

In a case of history repeating itself, or more a delayed repeat, with shades of 2006 Nigel Kimber made the first serious move of the race half-way back out to Powelltown. Catching a couple of members with their pants down (taking time to enjoy the scenery) Nigel rode away to enter the forested section well clear of the bunch. An attempted bridge by Mick Day and David Holt was halted by a bunch response but a solo effort by David shortly after was ignored and a kilometre later Nigel had company (ala 2006) but only sixty-two kilometres to race. Over the next couple of kilometres the bunch nearly closed the gap but resolved to save their efforts for the hill allowing Nigel

and David a little more rope, the pair leaving the Powelltown city limits as the bunch streamed in.

Half way up the hill Nigel's Col de Ricketts training let him down as David rode away up the hill leaving Nigel to the mercy of those who followed. It wasn't long before he knew how the hill had sorted the bunch. With David still in sight Mick Day rode by, Phil Smith on his wheel. As they picked up David, Michael Hay rode by with Justin Davis on his wheel. The climb continued, Mick proved his strength by riding clear of Phil and David whilst Michael and Justin slowly closed on that pair, joining them before the summit, all of the leaders putting time into Nigel and the others. Over the bump Mick had a clear lead but, sure of his legs, waited for the other four to share the load to the far turnaround.

Cresting alone Nigel set about re-joining those ahead as the others scrambled over the top; Mark Wallace, Phil Cavaleri and Alan Goodrope followed by Rob Amos and David Anderson followed by Paul Wilson. With the passing of each bend, the cresting of each rise Nigel slowly pegged the leaders back until they were in sight. But as Nigel was closing on the lead five the chase was forming and closing on him. Two kilometres from the turn it was six against six, the turn giving both groups good opportunity to assess the situation – 20 seconds. A modicum of concern in the break had Mick issuing orders, a rolling bunch it was to be. Half way back to the bump Justin was struggling, dropping off then finding something to get back on, next it was Nigel, then Nigel again but this time unable to get back on, reducing the lead bunch to five. Justin and David were the next to fall two kilometres from the top, then a kilometre shy of the top Mick attacked the remaining two to start the descent with an almost race-winning gap.

The chase group fared little better on the return to the bump, the hard turns demanded in the effort to pull back the leaders just shredding the group. Paul Wilson was the first to go with a major hunger flat, then Phil slipped away as his legs tired, then it was David Anderson who couldn't hold the line, leaving Rob, Mark and Alan to try to haul in Mick's express.

Over the bump it was going to take a mechanical, an accident or a seriously cooperating chase to rob Mick of the win.

It was an accident.

Eighteen hours earlier a woman driving up the hill with her two children went perilously close to the edge of the road and ...

over, fortunately (and amazingly) all three scrambled up the bank and got home safely. Eighteen hours later, as Mick was flying down the hill in pursuit of the lead car, a tow truck was parked across the road attached to a crumpled car on the verge. Fortunately the police were in attendance and Terry Murdock (lead car) and Mick pulled up in time. Fifteen seconds later Phil and Michael came to a halt followed by Justin and David. Half a minute later Nigel joined the growing throng, then the rest rolled up.

It took a couple more minutes to clear the road before the full compliment could set off to finish the race. The leaders saying that we all start together. It was a long snaking line that descended upon Powelltown, the snake becoming a caterpillar as the group climbed the banks of Boys Camp River where Nigel showed signs of old, climbing the short sharp incline on the 53-12 and proceeding to lead the bunch through Powelltown without slowing. Having impressed the locals it was time to allow another the wind and the bunch again set about swapping turns.

The sharing of work didn't last long, Mick and Phil having a go at breaking the shackles but to no avail. Then with around ninety kilometres run Justin hit the group - hard. Mick, fully aware of Justin's potential responded quickly but not quickly enough, the remainder seeking whatever reserves they could to chase the disappearing Mick and Justin. And that was the way it stayed till the 94k mark when the sound of the country was marred by that of steel, carbon, lycra and flesh on bitumen. Alan Goodrope snapped the right crank and was thrown from his bike, Phil Cavaleri having nowhere to go went over the top, over the handlebars and joined Alan on the road. The aftermath saw Justin still well ahead, Mike still chasing and a group of four amalgamate in pursuit, the remainder scattered with Mark Wallace and Nigel returning to offer aid and assistance to the fallen.

The small chase group of Michael Hay, Phil Smith, Dave Anderson and David Holt were unable to get a good rotation going and failed to make headway on Mick who was still chasing Justin. Just over a kilometre from home an effort by Michael split the chase group, Phil managing to go with Michael, the pair leaving the Davids to fight for the last of the Omara money. Under the Flamme Rouge it was Justin ahead of Mick - still in pursuit, Phil and Michael losing ground but clear of the battle for fifth which was almost settled by a surge from David Holt leaving Dave Anderson to chase for the last kilometre.

At the finish line it was Justin followed by Mick, these two were followed by Michael Hay who had the legs to out sprint Phil for third. David Holt was all set to take fifth only to have Dave Anderson find that little bit extra to come back and pass him fifty metres from the line to take the last envelope.

Phil emerged from his encounter with the Powelltown road unscathed, Alan lost a bit of skin and smashed his helmet. As a precaution Mark ordered an ambulance to take Alan to hospital for a check up. The police, on their way back from the incident on the descent, stopped to assist as did a couple of locals, one taking Phil and his bike back to the finish. Alan

was cleared by the doctors and is home nursing a few bruises but on his way to recovery.

## **b-grade**

(Nick Tapp)

Three hours on the bike, 100 km of racing – it's too much to remember more than a few impressions and some decisive moments. I spent much of the first loop, to Powelltown and back, putting names to numbers in the 28-strong B-grade bunch. Kevin Starr treated us to an ambitious leap off the front on the way back out (to Powelltown) but we were all together at the bottom of the Bump after Powelltown – except for Damian Burke and Ian Smith, who had both flatted.

Now, as expected, the selection began. Phil Pelgrim moved up near the front early on the climb, as did Damiano Ambrosini and Peter Cox. Stefan Jusypiw was thereabouts, too. Maybe halfway up the climb the boys on the front moved aside and I went up with Thorkild Muurholm to maintain the tempo to the top. It was enough for six or seven of us – Thorkild, Phil, Stefan, Trevor Coulter, Anthony Gullace, maybe Peter, and me – to crest the Bump clear of the rest.

Having gained a gap, I figured we would work together, but it took until after the far turn before we got organised. A couple of chasers got back on – Steve Ross and Damiano – and as we turned, the main chase group was only a few hundred metres behind, looking keen. Steve said “Well, are we going to work or are we going to let them catch us?” The answer was obvious, but finally it was Stefan who took things in hand and marshalled our efforts. Back to the Ada Tree turnoff we rolled turns, with all nine putting in whenever they could. Now we settled into a climbing tempo until a kilometre from the top, when Stefan decided to test our legs and raised the pace, stretching us out line astern. I think we shed Steve and Damiano again, and this time maybe Phil P too (he was still recovering from a recent crash), and went over the top six strong.

Stefan set off down the hill at a conservative pace, heeding the pre-race warnings of patches of oil and gravelly edges. Not so Trevor, who thought it was all too cautious and went to the front – mindful no doubt of the chasers. We all got down in one piece. Steve and Damiano must have bombed it down the hill and were back with us by the bottom. Our organisation threatened to crumble but it was too soon for any funny business to begin, and we continued to work. Everyone was putting in, no one more so than Thorkild.

Through Gladysdale Stefan started to look jumpy, weaving about and looking around. It still might have come down to a sprint between seven (or six after Steve cruelly flatted with about a kilometre to go) but then, I believe, Trevor cramped and rolled back. Stefan saw his chance and was off. We had 2–3 km to go, I estimate (my computer read 0.0 km/h for nearly the whole ride), too far for me at the pace he had gone with – and too far as well, it turned out, for anyone else. Stefan scrambled 50–100 metres on us and kept it for a well-deserved win. The last hill but one whizzed by and the sprint began. I can only remember passing Trevor, who had recovered from his cramp enough to contest but not quite enough, and making no ground on Anthony (2nd place)

and Damiano (3rd). I crossed in 4th place and Trevor took 5th in front of Thorkild - the unlucky workhorse.

(Nigel Frayne)

It's a tale of two hills, well one hill really, but twice.

The first 30km out to Powelltown and back are thankfully uneventful and the legs are spinning nicely. The anticipated attack from Kevin Starr doesn't eventuate until the return leg and there are enough likely types in this big B Grade bunch to haul him back in without stress.

As we approach Powelltown for the second time the nervousness in the bunch is palpable. I reset the Polar to get a new set of 1km splits (it max's out at 50km). There's a bit of a push up ahead but it doesn't contain the main climbers. They soon appear though and the scrambling begins. Ouch! Pretty soon the selection is made and les neuf, ascending like angels(!), begin to pull away leaving us mortals to our private hell.

As they begin to disappear the rest of us are threaded like a string of pearls. I'm isolated in my own rhythmic dance trying to match the cadence to the pain without losing too much speed. But the cadence has dropped to 70 and the average speed 16 – 17kph, damn that compact crank! This is digging not spinning! As I crest the summit the lads on duty advise of oil on the descent. Bewdy! The relief of finding the front wheel lower than the rear is welcome and I manage to consume a few mouthfuls of power bar.

Over the next kilometre I'm joined by 7 or 8 others and we settle into a rolling rhythm over the undulations that lead us further and further into the Never Never. It's a pretty day, not too much wind, a slightly damp road and the occasional dusting of mist. But it's not enough to raise a rooster tail from the wheel in front so generally we stay dry and committed to the cause of chasing down 'them angels'!

At the turn-around point we are surprised to see just how close they are, maybe only 300m ahead. A couple of us get a bit edgy and start to pull away breaking up the group. A bit of verbal encouragement ensures the grupetto reforms and we continue to work together. Well, they are working, I'm starting to hang on, especially over each rise in the road where the stronger lads are tending to push. So it goes until we reach that 'hill to far', for me that is. The final two gradients send the HR into the red and I'm gone, slowly drifting off the back. Maybe I can catch up on the descent which might be a bit slow on a wet road?

Not to be. They're well away and I don't sight another rider until well past Powelltown when Martin Stalder and another rider in train power past me like a steam train. Wow! Good legs still there. Good for them. For me it's a solo run to the line as best I can with the simmering edge of a bonk and cramping thighs keeping my mind focussed. The Snakes and Endura get me home. Certainly better for the run I hope it means some pennies in the leggy bank for next weekend's Sth Pacific Champs in Maryborough.

Aggregate stats from the two Polar files:

Distance: 100km (exactly on the clock!)

Ave speed: 32.8kph

Max speed: 64.5kph

Total time: 3hr 05min

### **c-grade**

The first lap to Powelltown and back was conducted at a pedestrian pace with only half a dozen of the sixteen starters being called upon to do a stint on the front, the remainder content to enjoy the scenery. Fred Boland having time to smell the roses and still get back on. The second time out to Powelltown was no quicker than the first. - it was going to be the hill.

Glen Pascall was the initial pace setter on the lower slopes and having some form was everybody's choice of wheel, Justin Murphy the man in the box seat as the pace quieted the chatter in the followers. Conversation replaced by pants and gasps for breath, as the bunch started thinning quicker than the air. Half way up the incline (and half way through the race) Glenn was replaced by Fred and Deb Chambers who didn't wait for anybody. Glen knowing his limits continued at his tempo, Justin and Carl Rooney content with the pace set by Glen, the remainder slipping away and left to get to the top the best they could. As the leaders stretched their lead on the climb Carl abandoned his companions in the quest for Deb's wheel.

He didn't achieve it, Deb and Fred crested ahead of Carl and quickly disappeared, Justin and Glen not far behind Carl, and not holding a grudge quickly gathered him in, the trio then setting about closing on the leaders. Glen's large frame, and the work done on the hill, making mountains out of the small undulations and despite the other two waiting he was unable to stay in touch and it was two chasing two. Despite doing solid turns the chase pair made no headway, the leaders up to the challenge.

Behind Carl and Justin Glen was picked up by a growing bunch that, by the turn, was half a dozen strong and just forty-seconds in arrears, the lead pair more than a minute ahead.

The return to the bump suited the leaders as they extended their lead over all the followers. The first chase split just before the top, Carl not having the legs on the final pinch but having the .... on the descent gave Justin 100m over the top which he quickly reclaimed. The second chase bunch slowly disintegrating on the climb back to the bump made no inroads into either pairing ahead, the results pretty much decided with just under twenty kilometres to run.

Through Powelltown and onto the road home it became a two-man pursuit but the lead pair of Deb & Fred had done enough and headed for the sprint with a comfortable lead, Fred proving too strong for Deb over the last couple of hundred metres. Third place was decided on the small hill before the final little rise to the finish, Justin surging with enough authority to gain a gap that Carl was unable to close. Glen Pascall regaining some strength proved too strong for the remainder to finish fifth.

## **d-grade** (Andrew Buchanan)

17 riders moved off from Yarra Junction to contest the 72k journey.

The pace was medium as expected, with the climbs ahead. With no Neil Cartledge to do the early bullocking, it was Brett Robinson, his brother Matthew, Andrew Buchanan, and one or two others who took turns at the pointy end.

The attrition started as one rider punctured before the climb. Approaching Powelltown Paul Kelly made the first move and was away by 200m for a while. He was eventually joined by Bruce Hawker to make it two away followed by a bunch of about nine or ten. The rest had been troubled by mechanical problems or had struggled on the early part of the climb.

Ascending the 4k bump the chasing bunch was whittled down to six. Tony Rodriguez had chain trouble half way up the climb, but recovered quickly to rejoin the bunch.

Down the Noojee side and onto the 'flat' and it was still Paul and Bruce 300-400m in front. The chasing six of Richard Dobson, Tim Crowe, Tony Rodriguez, Andrew B., Ted McCoy and one other were working well together, taking a little bit of ground off the leaders.

At the turn, the leading pair increased the tempo, as the chasers regrouped after the witch's hat. Brothers Brett and Matt were closing the gap behind the bunch. Approaching the return climb Paul K came back to the bunch, as Bruce ground on solo. More mechanical troubles as Andrew and another both dropped chains within a k' of each other. Paul was reclaimed and it was one away, then four and three up the climb.

Down the hill to Powelltown and no sign of the leader, les pusuants deux; Andrew, Tony, and their companion caught the chasers, so the original six, plus Paul, were again intact.

The run home saw Bruce ride strongly to increase his lead. The chasers, realising that they were racing for second, rode steadily over the last 10k with no heroics. There were a few surges to try the legs, but nothing too serious.

Bruce put up a great ride to win easily, with Tim Crowe grabbing second, Richard Dobson third, Paul Kelly fourth and Tony R. fifth.

## **e-grade** (Les McLean)

On a day which looked very threatening weather wise, 13 starters took off on their 72k journey into the unknown.

There were a couple of riders who had never ridden the course before and it was a severe learning curve for them, me being one of them, although I had ridden the Rob Graham Memorial Time Trial last July but it only takes in half the course.

The race speed started to escalate virtually right from the start with Sam Bruzese, Juanita Cadd, JC Wilson and others doing their bit to make it harder for the rest. The bunch speed settled into a steady rhythm around 35kph with Sam, Peter Mackie

and Juanita making the pace, the rest content to just sit in and hang on. Brian Farrell at this stage seemed to be waiting to attack but it all started to fall apart for most of the field at the base of the big hill out of Powelltown. Sam, Peter and Keven Urbancic really started to apply the pressure and slowly pulled away from the rest. I tried to stay with them but dropped off after about 2 km's and then they slowly pulled away from me. Two thirds of the way up the hill Geoff Cranstone came past followed by Juanita who slowly crept passed. At that stage I ran off the road into the gravel and had to stop, dismount, get back on the road and get started again. There was a bit of a joke that as she passed me Juanita gave me a shove but it was due to fatigue, I just lost it and went over the edge. Both Geoff and Juanita continued on making it to the top together.

Dick Maggs came up to me and encouraged me to hang onto his wheel and keep going as we still had Juanita and Geoff in sight but not Keven, Peter and Sam as they were well ahead at this point. I was very grateful for his support at that stage. By then Charlie Lethbridge managed to make contact with Dick and me and we all struggled up over the top and started our descent with Brian not far behind us but by himself.

Over the next few km's the three of us worked very well together to slowly overhaul Juanita and Geoff. We made contact with them about one km from the turn and then worked together. Despite the pressure being applied by Dick, Geoff, Charlie, Juanita and myself, we were still losing ground to the three well out in front. The remainder of the field was spread out well behind us as we made the turn and our run for home. As we passed some of the other riders going to the turn, one of them yelled "wait for us", but as we were well in front of them and working very hard that request fell on deaf ears and the five powered ahead with the mistaken idea that we may catch the front runners.

The amalgamation of the five of us made a very formidable group and we all worked very well together to try to make up the huge gap that the front three had opened up. At no stage did we see them in the distance but we kept up our speed, taking turn for turn, in the hope that they would succumb to the pressure and slacken off.

Due to the speed of the descent down the big hill into Powelltown, Juanita unfortunately dropped off the bunch and rode back to the finish on her own. It was down to four of us to try to catch the front group but that was not going to happen as after the race we heard that the winner - Keven, was crossing the finish line when Peter and Sam were just coming through Gladysdale. At that stage I do not know how far we were behind those two. The remainder of the field was all spread out well behind us and most riding on their own.

Just as we got to the bottom of the hill, coming up to the finish line, Charlie jumped away and took off. He had a quick look back and found that Geoff had also started his run after him with Dick and I just rolling along content just to finish in one piece and without too much damage to our bodies. Geoff managed to overhaul Charlie for fourth place. But it was Keven who completely decimated the field and won the race by almost 10 minutes from Peter who overcame Sam to run second by 20 odd metres.

## Results

	First	Second	Third	Fourth	Fifth
<b>a-grade</b> (13)	Justin Davis	Michael Day	Michael Hay	Phil Smith	David Anderson
<b>b-grade</b> (24)	Stephan Jusipiw	Anthony Gullace	Damiano Ambrosini	Nick Tapp	Trevor Coulter
<b>c-grade</b> (16)	Fred Boland	Deb Chambers	Justin Murphy	Carl Rooney	Glen Pascall
<b>d-grade</b> (17)	Bruce Hawker	Tim Crowe	Richard Dobson	Paul Kelly	Tony Rodriguez
<b>e-grade</b> (12)	Keven Ubacic	Peter Mackie	Sam Bruzzese	Geoff Cranstone	Charles Lethbridge

## Officials

Thanks to Graeme Parker and Ron Stranks who were on the desk taking entries and Graeme for handicapping the event. Thanks to the myriad of helpers who assisted on the day; Greg Lippie who looked after the marshals, traffic controllers, lead and follow drivers which included; Mark Granland, Steve Short, David McCormack, Darren Rowlinson, Andrew Neilsen, Alan Hicks, Dean Jones, Terry Murdock, Ben Scholfield, Kevin Turley, Chris Norbury, Petra Niclasen and Hylton Preece. A special thanks to Richard Dobson who coordinates and organises marshals and traffic controllers for our races. Thanks also to JC Wilson who brings the trailer to all our races and to Peter Mackie with the drinks.

## Eastern Vets Program

Saturday	April	11	2:00pm	METEC	Graded Scratch Races
Saturday	April	18	2:00pm	Casey Fields	Club Championships
Saturday	April	25	2:00pm	Killara Road	Graded Scratch Races
<b>Monday</b>	<b>April</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>8:00pm</b>	<b>Maroondah Club</b>	<b>General Meeting</b>
Saturday	May	2	2:00pm		
Wednesday			10:00am	The Loop – Yarra Boulevard	Scratch Races + post race coffee

**Note :** To be eligible for entry to the club championships you must be a member of the Eastern Veterans Cycling Club and you must have competed in at least three club events this season.

**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 Program

Sunday	April	12		No Racing	
Sunday	April	19	9:30am	National Blvd, Campbellfield	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	April	26	9:30am	National Blvd, Campbellfield	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	May	3	10:00am	Lancefield	Club Championship

## Victorian Veteran Cycling Council Program

Friday	April	10	12:30pm	Maryborough	South Pacific Championships – RR	Closed
Saturday	April	11	8:30am 2:00pm	Maryborough	South Pacific Championships - 300m South Pacific Championships – TT	Closed
Sunday	April	12	9:30am	Maryborough	South Pacific Championships – Crit Incorporating Victorian Championship	Closed
Monday	April	13	9:00am	Maryborough	Cecil Cripps Handicap	Closed
Saturday	April	25	1:00pm	Seymour	Benghazi Handicap	20/4 - \$15

## Other Results, etc.:

### For your calendar

Date	Location	Event
1/4/2009	Melbourne	Around the Bay in a Day entries open for Bicycle Victoria members. Get in early if you want Melbourne – Queenscliff – Sorrento - Melbourne

Easter (April 10-12)	Maryborough	South Pacific Championships. This is a great festival of age-group racing including a road race, individual time trial, criterium and 300m sprint. The criterium championship incorporates the Victorian Championship so all VVCC licensed riders will be racing for two titles in the one race.
13/4/2009	Maryborough	VVCC Open Handicap - The Cecil Cripps Handicap.

### Club Clothing;

A range of cycling clothing is available for sale and usually available from Kevin Starr at the races on Saturday. The clothing is made by Giramondo and is sold to members at cost. EVCC colours and designs are easily recognised in bunches and as such make it easy for you to find your Eastern friends on organised rides. They also stand out well in cloudy and gloomy conditions so that members are visible on the roads whilst training or racing and at the same time you will be promoting the club.

Have a look at the website ([www.easternvets.com/clothing.php](http://www.easternvets.com/clothing.php)) for our range of clothing.

### Apprentice Web Master;

The current webmaster is looking for an apprentice. If you have an aptitude, a desire to learn new skills or just wish to help the club you may be the soul for this role. Tasks will entail keeping the site up to date, adding the current newsletter, the previous week's results, etc. Full training will be provided by Phil and a Pizza allowance is negotiable. The role will take around 4-5 hours of your time per week, a couple Monday for posting the results and updating the calendar and a couple whenever I get round to forwarding the newsletter.

If you are interested talk to Matt White at your earliest opportunity as this position will surely fill quickly.

### Terra Australis 550k – 7-day race;

Ex-Eastern member Kerry Ryan and his team mate won the 50+ open category of the Terra Australis race in a time that would have won the 40+ race and placed them sixth overall.

Current members Nigel Letty and John Pritchard came third in the same category.

### Tour of the Southern Grampians;

A group of Eastern members competed in Cycle Sport's Tour of the Southern Grampians, riding in b-grade against other open riders they achieved the following results;

	Stage 1 (119.5k)	Stage 2 (46.1k)	Stage 3 (96.3k)	Overall
Simon Bone	=27 (-0:04:52)	=6 (-0:00:46)	35 (-0:12:12)	32 (-0:17:53)
Tony Chandler	=6 (-0:00:40)	=6 (-0:00:46)	18 (-0:00:59)	14 (-0:02:28)
Roy Clark	=6 (-0:00:40)	=6 (-0:00:06)	2 (-0:00:00)*	4 (-0:00:59)
Guy Green	2 (-0:00:40)*	5 (-0:00:06)*	=6 (-0:00:06)	=6 (-0:01:21)
Peter Howard	=27 (-0:04:52)	=6 (-0:00:06)	=23 (-0:02:11)	=23 (-0:07:52)
Stefan Kirsch	1	=6 (-0:00:06)	4 (-0:00:00)*	1 (06:56:34)

\*Time bonuses account for the better placing.

### Other News;

If you have any news or results you'd like to share with the club let me know and

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