



Eastern veterans cycling club

Respecting the Rights of all Road Users

Newsletter May 30th 2009



Race report

Killara Road – not one of our favourites but 70 members fronted to take on the undulations that make up the sixteen kilometre out and back circuit. The top grades enjoying four iterations, the lowest getting to climb Ford Hill the twice. The unseasonable mild conditions may have had something to do with the large turnout, a gentle easterly breeze a contrast to the strong cross-winds last time we were out here.

That the road up the hill on Saturday was rideable was no accident. Rob Harris, checking out the course on Thursday, discovered that the council was cleaning out the drains on the side of the road and consequently the road was covered with 'crap' and would have been unrideable. Hylton Preece was alerted and contacted the Shire of Yarra Ranges. The Shire responded magnificently, hosing down the road on Friday, which in their view made it worse, and then swept the road Saturday morning. The result was, as you saw on Saturday, a course that could be ridden without any problems provided you kept to the bitumen. Thanks to Rob, Hylton and particularly to the Shire for their swift action to fix the problem. Rob also found some pot holes at Macclesfield a day or so before we raced there, which the Shire also repaired before the race.

Top marks to the Shire of Yarra Ranges.

a-grade (9 riders, 4 laps (64k) – Nigel Kimber)

Looking around the registration desk there were quite a few souls gathered. It looked like there was going to be a good turnout, I wasn't aware of CSV's Preston Mountain Classic that would keep at least three regular a-graders away. The handicapper asked if I wanted b-grade but after the last time here I couldn't accept that and signed up for a-grade. Nobody else had signed up but I could see Phil Smith, Phil Cavaleri and Steve Ross around and I'd bumped into Trevor Coulter during the week and he said he'd be here - I could hold some of

them so there'd be some support in the bus if it all went pear-shaped.

The pre-race reccy of the course had shown a lot of dirt and mud on the climb to the far end (Ford Hill) but the descent wasn't too bad, the first lap would be spent getting a handle on that and on how the legs were feeling after the morning's warm-up. A rumor from the desk - Justin Davis was on his way, did I want to review my decision - nup, in for a penny, in for a pound - I was still anticipating a strong bunch that would provide protection.

Sitting in the hatch of the car; attaching the race number and helmet cover, pulling on the jersey and shoes, scenarios running through the head. Logic dictating to sit on, make the occasional appearance on the front, contribute where necessary but just take it easy, it's a tough circuit, the Ford Hill climb a test. The ego having me out of the saddle and up the road, there are a few places to make a move - any of the west bound hills. The one to the Primary School, just before returning to the start/finish area, but that had the one out from the oval to contend with straight after, a good spot if the legs were strong. Up from the creek another good spot, the slow descent post-crest ideal to recuperate and consolidate. The climb from the airport a similar situation, the drop to the turnaround and the slight rise back providing an opportunity to hurt the chase.

All prepped, it was time to see if common sense would win out over fantasy.

There were only nine on the start line, Rob Amos, Damian Burke, David Holt and Ian Harper filling out the field - no Guy, no Tony, no Roy and no Justin. Hiding down the back may not be an option. It certainly wasn't for the first couple of kilometres, finding myself leading the field at a leisurely pace that allowed various conversations back in the bunch as I tapped out an easy tempo on the small chain-ring to the foot of Ford Hill.

I didn't want to set the pace the first time up to the top turnaround, in fact I didn't want to set the pace up this hill ever - let someone

else do it, and I was relieved when David Holt took over then a little wary when Phil Smith took over from him. Surely it was too early for an attack - hopefully it was too early for an attack. It was. Out of the saddle and easy up the hill, sitting off to the right and in third place, ready and able to respond in case somebody did something silly like slip in the mud or attack. Nobody did and we rounded the turn as one, a fuzzy definition of neutral had the line strung out on the descent.

After the turn allowing a few past before tucking in and rolling back onto the bunch at around fifth wheel. No heroics on the descent, none on the Primary School bump - yeah, I can take them here, had to use the brakes to stop from rolling to the front. Through the start/finish and up to the other half of the course, on the west-bound climb to Gruyere road - again out of the saddle, again holding position, feeling confident. A quick run down to the creek, good speed with no effort, then again marking time up the other side of the valley, down past the airport, up the little rise and the turnaround - closer (to Gruyere) than last time (three/four weeks ago). The return to the start/finish to complete lap one and the legs were feeling ok, over the hill at Gruyere Road they were able to get me out of the saddle, keep me out of the saddle and comfortably with those around me.

Fantasy may just win, I'd already spent a fair bit of time with my nose in the wind so common sense had already lost. Rob Amos and Phil Smith the other main contributors, David Holt and Phil Cavaleri occasional visitors to the pointy end.

But this is lap two, the civility must surely be about to end. I doubt it'll come on Ford Hill, still too far out but something is bound to happen on this lap. My reasoning sound, the far turnaround came and went without concern, again out of the saddle and holding position to the turn. A small surge by Phil Smith towards the top a tester that showed we could all respond. Nobody chose my spot to attack and we raced back down past the officialdom gathered at the finish, the legs feeling good and an attack next lap looking likely.

But that was the end of the niceties, David Holt choosing the climb up from the oval to try to shake the sprinters. I held position, I held form but the legs might not have been feeling as good as I thought. But then nobody else's seemed to be either, everybody making it over the top (essentially) together but, with nobody being able to push the small breaks, the gaps closed as the pace came off legs screaming for oxygen. The first lap and a half lulling the legs into a state of unreadiness, none up for the effort required to maintain an attack.

Might have to review the whole attack idea.

Next hill and David's at it again, again I'm up to the challenge as is everyone else. This time over the top he's still going, the train in tow. At near pro-peleton speeds David drags the bunch a kilometre or so before slowing down to review the effect of his efforts - no attrition. The small climb from the airport was done at tempo, finding myself making my way to the front past a couple and leading the troupe into the turn for the run back to complete half-race distance. The dead surface, the slightly inclinous road and a lack of inclination to be on the front made for a slow start to the return. The drop to the creek

increasing momentum. The climb to Gruyere Road was again a case of watching wheels, don't get hemmed in, be prepared to respond. The ascent a little quicker than the previous lap but the legs were up to it.

As we race through the start of the second half of the race I'm hoping that it stays together to the top of the hill, just once more over the top and we'll see what unfolds. I console myself on the way out with the knowledge that I only have to ride this piece of road once more. Rob leads the way onto the hill, I'm at second wheel. Two hundred metres from the turn Phil Smith rides past, is this it? Is this the end of my fantasy? He slowly builds a gap then Phil Cavaleri responds from behind and slots in between Rob and Phil S, David's next. As the turn approaches the gap is increasing and I'm fearing a non-neutral turn, I round Rob, closing the gap to David hoping that David holds the gap to Phil C. who in turn holds the gap to Phil S. and that we make the turn essentially intact. We essentially do and despite a line of gaps there's no effort down the other side to break the elastic and by the time the road levels out it's all together.

The dream lives. Sitting third or fourth wheel to the bottom of the school hill bump I'm perfectly positioned, except I'm caught to the left of Phil C. The road starts up, I need the whole hump to make an impression. A touch of the brakes, enough to let Phil slip by, and out, and out of the saddle and away. Unaware of what's happening behind it's head down, only aware of Sandra Farrell on the finish line and the opportunity for a new Eastern Vets website cover image. That was dashed as Steve Ross thundered past with somebody on his wheel, a gap, I had to dig deep to catch the wheel, this could be it. No smile for Sandra, just a grimace as we headed up the other side. What was I thinking. The display on the speedo tumbling as the road continued up. A look back and they're all there.

Over the top it didn't take the legs long to recover, the descent to Stringybark Creek enabling oxygen back into the leg muscles if not to the brain. The tempo up from the creek was not high, the legs feeling ok, the brain not thinking, and before I knew it it was out of the saddle again and pushing hard. The brain wakes up and, assessing the situation, urges the legs to continue the effort over the top, along the flat and over the next bump before having a proper look around. A look down shows no wheel on mine, no shadows on the road, daren't look round, keep the head down and the legs pumping. Then the brain kicks in, what am I thinking, this isn't b-grade, I'm not going to last a lap and a third away, the only hope I have is if they don't chase and this is a-grade, of course they'll chase. A quick look back and nothing but road - admittedly my eye-sight isn't the best but ... (according to the lead car driver I took a couple of hundred metres out of the bunch very quickly, according to an insider the bunch didn't initially chase but waited for the other guy to chase).

At the turn it was almost two-hundred metres, I nearly tripped over my front wheel looking back up the road to judge the gap. Successfully round the corner I tried to remember how fast we'd ridden the return last time and tried to keep the speed up around that figure. A glance back before dropping to Stringybark Creek and there was still a lot of road between me and the blurry bright objects in pursuit. Another glance as the road turned left up the rise to Gruyere road and still a lot of bitumen to be closed. If I can get over the top clear I might have a chance, I can handle the

first part of the road to the far end, then if I can get up Ford Hill still clear there was the possibility that the chase would break - "Nigel has a vivid imagination", Mrs Brown (grade 2 teacher).

Two hundred metres from Gruyere Road the clunking of gears brought me back to reality. If I can get over the top with the bunch I have a chance of staying with them to the finish. Phil Smith was the first past, no surprise there, I was waiting for the bunch. David Holt was the second one past, I was getting concerned for the bunch. (from the inside - David had closed the gap and Phil attacked him as soon as he had caught me). Over the top a few more came past and we were united, just Phil Smith and David Holt racing away down the hill. No rest for the wicked, it was a struggle but I held on till we caught David at the bottom, Phil pretty much resigned on the school house hill and fell back into line. Tempo to Ford Hill, the brain repeating the mantra "at least I don't have to ride this piece of bitumen again".

About now I was beginning to have a go at Jae (Omara), he'd given me some drink supplement during the week but I'd said "I don't use that", "I don't drink when racing", "I don't cramp". Well I was beginning to cramp and I could have certainly used some liquid and some sugar.

Rob and I had the same idea on Ford Hill, start at the front and hopefully still be on the back at the top, unfortunately it didn't pan out that way, all but big Steve Ross and the struggling Damian Burke passing us and opening a gap. A hundred metres from the top I decided to leave the bus and try to minimise my losses, no avail the lead five rounding a good twenty metres ahead, twenty metres which quickly blew out to a hundred as gravity took hold. Around the turn I waited for Rob and Steve (Damian too) expecting Rob to get us back onto the rapidly disappearing group of five ahead. I was surprised when it was Steve that came round to do a turn then myself again then Steve. We finally caught the others around half way back to the oval (again from the inside; not enough was done to keep us at bay).

The next thing I knew Rob was storming up the side of the bunch and launching an attack before the school house hump - 'what the'. Fortunately the attack didn't have legs and with a little effort we all followed Rob through the start/finish for the last eight kilometres. Only two and a half climbs to survive, all I want to do is get to the Coldstream turn with the bunch, I should be able to hold them to the bottom of the last hill from there and after that, I don't care - I'll do it on my own, I can do that.

Easy up the hill, out of the saddle, stretch the legs, low gear. One and a half climbs to survive just follow the wheel. Across the creek and up the far side, just feeling the edge of a cramp in the thighs. Out of the saddle tap it out to the top - like Lance in France, try to maintain position but the others must be as stuffed as I. I slowly inch toward the front. Only the little bump after the airport and we're home.

Into the final turnaround, following Rob's wheel when Phil C comes flying by, then hard on the brakes overshooting the corner, Rob and I turn before Phil and start the procession back

to the bottom of the last climb to Gruyere Road and the inevitable move that will decide the race. Rob mumbles something from the front, riding up alongside I ask, he says "We've raced 62k for a 200m hill climb". I was there now so took over and led the group along the valley floor to the decision maker.

I'm here, I may as well make them work for it, increasing the tempo, the cramp no nearer, there's a chance here, two hundred metres from the top, just have to stay with Phil when he goes, just to the top, then sit his wheel to the finish, come out of the slipstream and win. I can get this. It wasn't Phil that came past, it was David, oh so slowly, with Trevor on his wheel. Try but nothing there, then Phil. Less than a hundred metres to the top and no way can I get Phil's wheel. Phil C. and Ian Harper go by, that's it, it's over, find the small chain-ring and cruise home. Over the top, David, Trevor and Phil are out of sight, Phil and Ian are ahead - too far to chase. Keep the legs rolling over, keep the circulation flowing, clear the lactate from the muscles. The others can't be too far behind. There's the line, the back's of Phil and Ian disappearing up to the school, the winners probably further on, spinning the lactate from their own weary legs.

Figures for the race: 64.21k at an average of 33.9kph in 1:53:29

David launched the final attack on the last hill, surrendering the lead to Trevor before the top only to kick and take it back as they crested and started the downhill run to the finish. In a tight finish the positions were as they were over the top, David holding on to win from Trevor and Phil Smith, less than a bike length in it.

b-grade (17riders, 4 laps (64k))

Quentin Frayne set a brisk pace off up the hill for the first time - probably the fastest of the four laps on that section, Nick Tapp taking over as the snake wound its way around the turn onto the descent. After the turn it settled back a little, for respite as much as for caution's sake. Tony Balint, on his comeback ride, punctured on this first half of the first lap, rejoining the group at the end of the lap and thereafter sitting at the back - very frustrating for him. On the second half of the lap Craig Everard, Leigh Bailey and Thorkild were the major drivers. Rob Harris was keen to get to the front and indeed got a small gap for a while before returning to the shelter of the bunch.

It was Nick Tapp who led the bunch up Ford Hill for the second time, at a slightly slower rate than Quentin's initial foray up this hill. With two more ascents before race end nobody was keen to push the pace and Nick again led the group through the turn onto the descent before rolling to the back. Again it was the usual suspects who drove the bus but with little support from the other dozen in the group they weren't about to bust their guts doing it, consequently the pace was slower than on the first lap.

Despite the slower pace a few in the group started to drift off the back.

Through race half distance things were bound to get serious and Ian Smith took matters into his own hands to stay in the race, pushing to the front and setting his pace uphill for a while. Fortunately for him everybody seemed happy with that situation and those who started the climb together ended it together. Heading back through the start/finish area there was a flurry of

activity on the front as the group hit the climb to Gruyere Road. All eyes on Anthony Gullace, Phil Pelgrim and Rob Harris, the most likely to initiate hostilities - none was forthcoming, no one got away. No one attempted to get away over the remainder of the lap either. On the penultimate time up to the drop to the finish Anthony, Phil, Thorkild and Nick put on the pace cresting the rise first. A chest puffing exercise, all trying to gauge the others' condition, but over the top nearly everyone was still there.

Into the last lap Anthony went to the front early but didn't seem to have the legs to push on, Nick sat his wheel for a bit before going to the front. Then another came to the fore to lead the, essentially, still intact group up Ford Hill and through the first turn for the last time. Off the descent Craig Everard was on the front for a long spell, driving the peleton back past the finish and out towards Coldstream. Leigh Bailey and Rob Harris were still riding aggressively, keeping every body else on their toes. Despite the surging and chasing, and the powering up the inclines, it was pretty much still all together at the final turn. Though Ray Russo was off the back by 100m or so and chasing and Matt White was only there courtesy of a sacrificial effort by Ian Smith to drag him back up after being dropped. After the turn the pace threatened to drop right away but Phil P. went to the front and lifted it, leading the bunch down to Stringybark Creek where Matt took over and threw his all into an effort to get sufficiently far enough ahead to ride the last incline unchallenged. The bunch had other ideas annulling the move quickly and relegating Matt to one of the also rans.

On the final rise Thorkild set the pace, gaps appearing all down the line. Anthony was up with Thorkild, as were Leigh and Nick. Quentin spent the early part of the climb jumping gaps to move up from further back to a position where he was ready to challenge. About halfway up Nick assessed his co-competitors and adjudged them as being 'not particularly fresh', putting in a big effort he rode away. At the summit Nick had only to find the big chain-ring and keep the effort up to take a comfortable win. As Nick disappeared over the crest Quentin had a crack and with no response from those around him he also rode over the hill with clear bitumen behind but also needing to find the big ring to keep the chasers at bay. The descent stretching the small gaps of the ascent into unassailable chasms, Quentin descended faster but still finished forty metres off Nick's wheel. Leigh Bailey at least the same distance behind Quentin with a cramping Craig Everard hot on his wheel.

Stats for 2nd; 64k in a whisker under 2 hours, an average of 32kph

c-grade (4514 riders, 3 laps (48k))

Under instruction the fourteen strong complement of c-grade riders headed up to the Ford Hill turnaround at a neutral pace, surveying the debris and assessing the state of the legs, the descent, still under neutral, significantly quicker but equally as attentive. Once off the hill Justin Murphy revelled in the lack of control and with a rush of blood quickly opened a 200m gap that, with the favourable wind, and lack of response from the bunch, he was able to hold to the far turnaround. Those in the

bunch sure he would be back when the race turned back East and into the slight wind. Without support Justin knew it was over and after rounding the Coldstream turn sat up to await the others.

The next lap and a half saw no more heroics. With a small handful of regulars moving to the front and keeping the pace high there was little opportunity for an attack, ironically the inclines were being used to rest, nobody able to put in the effort to break away meant everybody could mark tempo and watch. During this phase Glenn Pascall experienced chain problems and lost contact with the bunch but with hard riding was back in the mix before they got the bell.

The last descent of Ford Hill provided the respite needed by one who attacked the field through the start/finish area and up the other side to start the last eight kilometres, a rider in red sparking a response from the bunch. Hauling him back before he got over the top the re-amalgamated mass moved on to the final turn and the return four kilometres. Each of the climbs to the Coldstream end used to assess the state of the other competitors and with no attacks on those inclines it was going to be decided on the last time up to Gruyere Road.

As the final hill came into view the manoeuvring began, everyone trying to get a favourable position, everyone keen not to get boxed in, to be in a position where they could respond to an attack. It was Justin Murphy who made the attack, 200m from the top, and it was Glenn Pascall who made the response, Martin Stalder not far behind, the others a little flat footed. Justin pushed his advantage over the top and down the other side but Glenn pushed harder and 150m from the line he took the lead to finish strongly in first, Justin crossed in second with Martin doing all he could to keep the pack, led by Bernie Greally, at bay.

----- Shorty's experience -----

Killara road.....

Quote ... *"I'm looking forward to causing some pain this Saturday"*

last week I prepared myself to race at Killara Rd. I trained on Sunday with a MTB ride down to the mouth of Patterson River did two one hour sessions on the wind trainer and rode to work easy round trip of 20k my preparation to race was done and I was looking forward to causing some pain.....

Arrived at Killara Rd with Smithy and we took off for an easy warm up to the turn around. On the way there, with Martin Stalder for company, we commented how dirty the rode was, Martin saying how this mud sticks to your tyres and picks up all the little stones.....Martin turned around and headed back Smithy and I continuing up to greet the lads doing traffic control at the turn around. On the way down, taking it easy behind Smithy about 300metres from the top - bang, hiss, wobble. My back tyre flattened within a few seconds. I called out to Smithy I had punctured as I pulled off to side of the rode. Smithy, my training buddy, carried on bless his cotton socks he's gone to get a car from the start line to come up and get me I thought... what a mate..... I decided to change my flat just in case there was no car show. My Shimano wheels and the racing tyres I ride do love each other and refused to part company. Ten minutes to go before start time don't panic Steve be cool After a fight, some chosen words, and me threatening my back tyre it eventually

came off. Get a move on Steve I'm going to miss the start. I did all the usually things checked my tyre pulled out the offending piece of wood checked again put in new tube. At this stage Phil Thompson came past in the lead car "don't panic" Steve he shouted you have about 8 mins. I began to fumble, drop things, but eventually got my pump working properly I could hear b-grade coming up from around the corner..... There's my mate Smithy smiling riding along looking real cool, the rest of the b-grade guys staring at me thinking "ah what a shame an a-grade rider has punctured all ready".

Now I'm really panicking got the tyre inflated but in my haste pulled away too quickly on the pump and ripped out the valve.....Poo stink!!!!!!!!!!!! or words to that effect.....

Then along came c-grade - my buddies they went past and everyone except Steve Fothergill went past on the way down Steve, my real buddy, stopped and gave me a new tube..... I started to put the new tube in and decided what the hell and started walking down to the finish line.....*I am causing some pain went racing thru my mind..... To my bloody self though.....* my knee was killing me, my feet were sore and I need new cleats when I eventually made it to the start line to make matters worst I could not even get a drink as Peter had locked his car..... I knew I should not have trained

Speaking with Smithy at the conclusion of the racing he told me he could not understand that I had ridden so quickly in c-grade and got in front of his b-grade group..... ? Dah!!!!!!!! I had a puncture and you left me up there mate..... Any way we had a laugh on the way home about it.

I'm not racing this week at Macclesfield but going to the racing at Flemington. So when my c-grade buddies are going thru pain as Glenn Pascal is ripping your legs off think of me sitting back dining, drinking Shiraz and counting out thousands of dollars from my first bet of the day..... (I wish)

Good luck guys, be safe and respect each other..... I'm still going to train so beware.

d-grade (17 riders, 3 laps (48k))

Instructions to take the first half-lap easy to see (and feel) the hazards on the Ford Hill climb & descent fitted well with the usual d-grade strategy of using the first lap to get the body up to speed and check out the opposition. Consequent to the directions the run to the first turn was conducted at a civil pace, the lead shared by just a few. On the descent a few more came to the front; Graeme Parker controlling the initial descent then Hylton Preece, Sam Bruzzese, and a few others taking over as the conditions became clear. At the start line all and sundry were there as Neil Cartledge led them onto climb out to the other side for the first time. On the way up one of the Northern riders took over and rode hard till the climb after the creek when Richard Dobson and Peter Webb went by in an effort to slow it down and relieve the suffering. When questioned later the Northerner responded "I was just stretching my legs".

The remainder of the run to the Coldstream turn, and back to get two to go, was not overdone. The first time up "that hill", to Gruyere Road, was cautious, everybody watching for weaknesses or maybe strengths. A couple pushed hard over the top and on the decent creating a few gaps but it was not a serious move and it was all back together by the time the CFA was passed. Onward and upward, through the mud and around the cone, not a lot changed for the remainder of the second lap. Last week's break-away kings; Paul Kelly and Neil Cartledge, doing a substantial amount of time on the front, Paul occasionally gapping the field but never getting clear. Richard Dobson also making his presence known at the pointy end but cautious enough to not over do it.

On the bell the grade was still together and it was looking like it was going to be a watching game to the last climb. And that's pretty much how it panned out, just a couple on the front doing the work, an equal number working hard just to stay on the back, the remainder trying to keep out of trouble and reserve enough for the inevitable attack on the last little climb.

At the final turnaround a car split the bunch and got the heart rates up, fortunately all survived to start the last four kilometres to the finish - or the last three to the start of the finish. From the creek at the bottom of the hill it became a game of cat and mouse, everybody trying to get third wheel, the bunch almost coming to a standstill as riders refused to move to the front. Eventually somebody snapped and the pace picked up only to come back down as the incline started to take its toll.

As the climb progressed the numbers thinned but it was still a sizable group that approached the crest, then, as the pressure on the legs started to ease Richard Dobson doubled the pressure on his, going hard and opening a gap that had him start the descent before anybody else. Hylton was the first to react, responding to the call of "GO! GO! GO!" from Graeme Parker. Ted McCoy and Sam Bruzzese also shaken from their reprieve by the shout got out of the saddle and went over the hill on Hylton's wheel. The effort on the ascent proving too much for Hylton's legs, Sam and Ted rounding him up early on the descent and despite encouragement from Graeme to keep going Hylton's legs were screaming "NO! NO! NO!" leaving Graeme little choice but to round him up to set about the chase of Sam and Ted who were still in pursuit of the very strong Richard.

Richard finishing unchallenged ahead of Sam and Ted, Graeme came in next followed by Hylton, the remainder of the grade trickling in behind.

e-grade (8 riders, 2 laps (32k))

No report.

f-grade (4 riders, 2 laps (32k))

Frank Carroll's bike decided the hills of Killara Road were too much to ask of it, a collapsed back wheel reducing the number of starters to three.

The hills of Killara Road claiming another on the first lap, reducing the number of competitors to two, leaving just, an under the weather, JC and Brian Farrell to battle it out. The pair

enjoying a good hard ride, Brian striking out up the inclines, JC chasing him down on the descents and flats only to have to do it all again at the next little rise. The pair descending together to Stringybark Creek for the last time but this time

Brian hit early on the final climb and stretched his lead till it was enough. Keeping the pressure on the pedals to the finish Brian took the chequered flag, JC finishing hard on his wheel.

Results

	First	Second	Third	Fourth
a-grade (9)	David Holt	Trevor Coulter	Phil Smith	
b-grade (17)	Nick Tapp	Quentin Frayne	Leigh Bailey	Craig Everard
c-grade (14)	Glenn Pascall	Justin Murphy	Martin Stalder	Bernie Greally
d-grade (17)	Richard Dobson	Sam Bruzzese	Ted McCoy	Graeme Parker
e-grade (8)	Ray Sheldon	Ed Smith	S. Hyde	
f-grade (3)	Brian Farrell	JC Wilson		

Officials

Thanks to Graeme Parker and Ron Stranks who were on the desk taking entries. Thanks to Nick Hainal, John Thomas, Ian Milner, Daryl O'Grady, Philip Tattersall, Nick Skewes, Darren Smith, Kenton Smith, Phil Smith's stunt double, Peter Stanley, Kevin Starr and Phil Thompson who were on duty for the day's proceedings. Also thanks to Richard Dobson who manages the duty roster and ensures we have enough people on the day for our races and to JC Wilson who brings the trailer to all our races and Peter Mackie with the drinks.

Eastern Vets Program

Saturday	May	30	2:00pm	Macclesfield	Graded Scratch Races
Saturday	June	6	2:00pm	METEC	Graded Scratch Races
Saturday	June	13	2:00pm	Casey Fields	Graded Scratch Races
Saturday	June	20	2:00pm	Yarra Junction	Athletic Soft Tissue h'cap
Monday	June	29	8:00pm	Maroondah Club	General Meeting
Wednesday			10:00am	The Loop – Yarra Boulevard	Scratch Races + post race coffee

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	May	31	9:30am	National Blvd, Campbellfield	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	June	7	10:00am	Lancefield	51k handicap
Sunday	June	14	9:30am	National Blvd, Campbellfield	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	June	21	10:00am	Avenel Road, Seymour	64k handicap

Victorian Veteran Cycling Council Program

Sunday	July	5	10:00am	Benalla	George Goodwin Handicap (57k)	29/6 - \$15
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Other Results, etc.:

For your calendar

Date	Location	Event
13/9/2009	Shepparton	Fruitloop ride, 50, 100 & 200k ride options. \$90.00 registration - www.fruitloopshepparton.com/fruitloopride/
18/10/2009	Melbourne	Around the Bay in a Day.

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) for our range of clothing.

Committee Matters;

At the EVCC general meeting of last Monday (25/5/2009) it was put forward that tail lights should be encouraged at all winter season road races with the view to making it mandatory from 2010.

We will be racing at a circuit later this year where tail lights are a requirement of the permit, and the Rob Graham memorial time trial also requires tail lights. So get a light, fit it and get used to it.

VVCC Matters;

Some of you may have heard rumours that the VVCC disqualified a bunch of riders in the Colac May Open at Cororooke. This rumour is slightly under-exaggerated, the VVCC disqualified four bunches in that open. The reason for the disqualification was riding to the right of double white lines and a continued disregard of referees instructions to keep to the left.

The safety of riders is the paramount concern of race organisers, double white lines are painted on the road for a reason - visibility of the road ahead is impaired. Riders who put themselves, and others, at risk will be penalised. Think of the race officials and organisers, how will they feel if they have to explain to your partner that you were killed in an accident. Think of your partner. It's not sheep stations we race for - let's keep it safe.
