



# Eastern veterans cycling club

Respecting the Rights of all Road Users

Newsletter February 13<sup>th</sup> 2010

## Graded Scratch Races – Casey Fields – February 6<sup>th</sup>

### Race report

This week the winds of change were blowing at Casey Fields; the seventy-six riders who turned out weren't faced with the usual gale blowing from the West/South West. This week it was from the East and blowing harder than at any time in living memory. The higher grades were reaching 40+kph along the short straight by the rooms and in excess of 50 along the wavy section leading to the back loop without trying, if they were trying. The cross winds playing havoc with the Zip wheels around the top loop and along the short section out of the bottom loop, the wind was felt at full force coming out of the first loop, into the bottom loop and along the back straight where speeds in the low-forties at the start were quickly knocked down to the mid-thirties and then whittled away to the high-twenties by straight's end. Fortunately the sparse shrubbery along the finish straight provided enough impediment to the wind to reduce its impact allowing a safe sprint come the finish - if any race was to end in a sprint. The conditions sure to destroy small bunches and encourage the larger ones to stay together, any rider alone destined to be either returned to the bunch (if away) or to the sheds (if dropped).

### a-grade

With only five starters ego was going to be a factor in how this race was to be run, the presence of a large b-grade contingent just behind enough to keep the pedals, and the rotation, turning. Rob Truscott seemingly drawing the short straw early and looked to be doing every windward section before his legs gave out, too tired to catch the last wheel as the bunch rode through and a gap formed that he couldn't close. Fifteen minutes in and it was down to four.

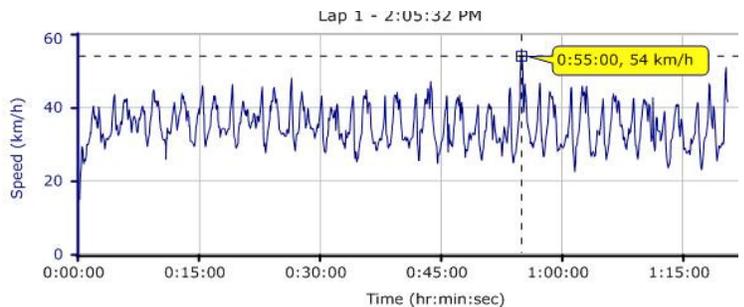
The four continued to mark time and roll turns, a continual shuffling of order by some riders to minimise the time spent on the front in the upwind sections made an interesting distraction to the grind of lap after lap.

Fifty-five minutes in David Anderson decided it was close enough to the end to risk a bit of a crack, riding off the front as he took over from Phil Thompson. Phil looked at Trevor Coulter, who was second wheel, for a response but none was forthcoming and David was able to ride away. The status quo was maintained for a couple of laps, David on his pat while the three behind held a loose leash, that was until Rob Amos decided it was time, again it was Phil on the front when the move came. Trevor responded but Phil couldn't and as the

pair disappeared into the wind then up the finish straight Phil was left wondering just what had happened.

A lap of chasing by Rob and Trevor and it was three again at the head of the race, the trio settling into a rhythm till the bell. As the last lap wound down it was David who led the three cautiously along the back straight for the last time, waiting for the move from behind. It was Trevor who made the move at the final corner and hugged the left of the road, Rob quick to stay with him and David having to work hard to not get left behind. Trevor wasn't hugging tightly enough allowing Rob to slip through on the protected side, David being forced to go the long way round if he wanted the big money. The three closing on the finish line side by side; Rob, getting the advantage of a sheltered run, edged to the lead, David doing the hard yards nosed ahead of Trevor and closed on Rob while Trevor picked it up a notch threatening to take back the lead.

After an hour and fifteen minutes of racing in extremely tough conditions it was down to this; a three way sprint to decide the colour of the notes in the envelope. The finish line came too soon for David and for Trevor, Rob by a tread from David, Trevor the rest of the tyre behind him.



### b-grade

One hour fifteen, first lap neutral, a howling easterly, sense said to string the first lap out as long as possible, use as much of the seventy-five minutes as possible. Steve Ross and Andrew Nielsen were of a different mind; get the race finished as quickly as possible and found themselves the target of cries of "wait up! It's neutral!" as they rode a steady tempo that had them twenty metres up the road half way through the lap. A bit of effort by the procrastinators, an easing by Steve and Andrew and it was back together in time for Andrew to attack the bunch as the first lap ended.

He couldn't be serious, could he? Just in case the bunch responded and Andrew was quickly returned to the fold. Was this the start of a trend?

Yes it was, the usual suspects making all the moves, Kevin Starr and Ian Milner prominent Andrew Nielson also making it difficult, continuing his early tactics. After the initial knee-jerk reaction the bunch settled down, allowing one or two to wander up the road to take their chances with the wind whilst keeping a leash on the escapee(s), but one more and the bunch rose to the task and brought it all back. Steve Ross, Nigel Kimber and Clem Fries the most likely ones spoiling the party (or rescuing the wayward - ed.).

Fifteen - twenty minutes in Nigel switched from responder to aggressor. After bridging to Ian Milner, with a handy gap, and Nigel Frayne on his wheel, the three made an effort. But it was three and the bunch were having none of it, a lap and a half later there was no three, just a bunch of guys. The constant surging, the headwind and the crosswind saw a few of the original seventeen culled from the bunch as the race went on.

Into the second half of the race the attacks continued to come, Clem and Steve getting in on the act, Ian Smith also having a few downwind digs (but none stuck), there was enough legs in the bunch to quickly quash any break. Anthony Gullace had backed it being together towards the end and was now quickly on any move in the hope it was the one that was going to stick. But they didn't.

Not until the penultimate lap when Ian Smith had another go at stretching the bunch down the pavilion straight, this time stretching it to breaking point. Darren Darling on the right side of the break, everybody else on the wrong side. For some reason the bunch didn't respond and the pair, sensing the end was near, worked together for the lap to be greeted next time across the line by the bell and holding a handy lead. The sound of the bell giving the leaders hope and raising a little panic in the chase.

The reaction by Nigel Kimber shattered what was left of the bunch, Kevin Starr and Rob Tidey the only two to hang on and as Nigel faded Rob jumped, flying across the gap. Kevin also left the sinking chase to make his way across to the leaders, hooking the trio before the road turned across the wind.

As the race turned into the wind Ian Smith took over from Darren, providing a strong lead out and slamming the gate on Nigel. Off the back straight and out of the headwind the sprinters came out to play; Darren, Rob and Kevin. Darren didn't get to play too much, the work of the previous two laps sapping the sprint from his legs. It was left to Kevin and Rob who slugged it out side by side to the line. Rob the eventual winner in a tight finish ahead of Darren with Ian a distant fourth. Nigel rounding the final bend to see the leaders finish at no risk of losing fifth place.

#### **c-grade** (Sam Fazio)

The seventeen starters left the starting line, cruising with the wind at their backs, but through the first turn it hit with full force and riders dove for cover. David Casey (appropriately? -

ed.) led the group out as the other sixteen tried to single file behind seeking maximum shelter with most down on the drops. Relief came soon enough as the race turned to the west were the pace started in earnest only to be knocked down again as the bunch turned to the long back straight and again straight into the wind.

After the first few laps, a group of 6 comprising of Peter Ransome, Ron Chapman, Richard Dobson, Dean Niclasen, Jim Swainston and Sam Fazio found themselves with a small gap, a gap they made their own and that was to last the rest of the race. All six riders worked hard grinding out the laps that just seemed to go on forever. Peter Ransome, the winner of the previous two weeks, pushed the pace making everybody work to their maximum, Ron also forcing the pace in the break to ensure its success.

With just over a lap to go Peter took off and Ron followed. The four left behind looked at each other then settled for the option of seeing who was going to pinch 3<sup>rd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> places, the two out front where not going to be caught. The four that were left, made it a race within a race and settled down to fight out the minor places. Coming down the back straight, the wind seemed to be getting stronger. As Peter and Ron battled for the big honour the remnants of the breakaway turned the last corner for the sprint home. Peter and Ron fought it out to the line, Peter, proving just that little bit stronger, took the win. Into the last corner Sam Fazio had gained half a bike length over the others and this was to be the margin between him and the rest with Jim Swainston taking 4<sup>th</sup>.

#### **d-grade** (Mal Jones)

We thought we'd seen everything Mother Nature could throw at us in previous visits to Casey Fields, but that was before last Saturday... A howling gale eclipsed all previous recollections of how damn unpleasant an unprotected and treeless Casey Fields can be. The unrelenting wind was blowing up the back straight and across the finish straight, meaning that it looked like it was going to be a lottery as to which one of the 21 d-graders entered for the day would lead the large bunch off the line.

One thing for sure, it was going to be a day of hard work and lots of swapping from big ring to small ring and back again!

As the group was sent off, with the thought that this could be a big day for a solo breakaway, it was the usual campaigners that took up the front running - big Andrew Buchanan, Sam Bruzzese, John Thomson, Dave Ryan and Mal Jones.

As the pace settled down into a consistent tempo - faster with the wind and a struggle against it, the order began to change as others thought it was a dutiful thing to take a turn at the front. That was until they hit the invisible brick wall that was the wind for the first time and quickly sought the shelter of another's wheel. It meant that very few spent any extended period at the front as the energy sapping wind quickly shut down aspirations of a Lance style TDU breakaway.

Or maybe not... Some call him brave, others question his sanity, but the hard-charging John Thomson decided that this day, d-grade had his name written all over it. At something over the

halfway mark, John piled on the pressure and with a withering burst had opened up a big lead in a solo breakaway.

Out came the stopwatches on the sidelines as, for several laps, the gap grew. Then reality came back and bit him square on the bum as little by little he came back to the chase, either he slowed or the bunch quickened, or maybe a little of both.

The further it went, the quicker the gap seemed to close, until finally, he was swallowed up by an unforgiving bunch that deposited him back with his peers, tired and probably much wiser for the experience.

Sadly on this day (like most others), there was no prize for leading the bunch on a merry chase for multiple laps. With that settled, and perhaps less than 15 minutes before the bell, it seemed that everyone would settle down and take whatever protection from the wind they could until the finish.

Whoops, that wasn't what one other rider had planned. New (first time) rider Marc Ramsdale decided that anything Thommo could do, he could do – even better.

The very strong and lean Marc saw his chance and jumped on the pedals and the next thing the bunch saw was a Quick Step clad rider disappearing into the distance. Any thoughts of him coming back to join the bunch were dispelled when he continued to defy the wind and pull further away as the clock ran down. When the bell sounded it wasn't a case of if he could hold on, but how much the gap would be at the chequered flag.

The gap was plenty - ensuring that Marc Ramsdale would only be making one appearance in d-grade before going straight to c-grade (which he did at METEC the Tuesday night).

With Marc so far ahead at the finish, the minor placings were left to a hard finishing Andrew Buchanan in second, club

stalwart Graeme Parker in 3rd and Sam Bruzzese again in the money with a 4th place.

### **e-grade**

No report.

### **f- grade** (Ron Melasecca)

It was a stinker of a day; never has there been so much wind at Casey Fields.

The way the race unfolded was quite interesting, unsurprisingly the bunch kept together for a fair portion of the race, members of the bunch keen not to spend too much time exposed to the wind and desperate to hold that wheel. Then there was a ferocious attack - by Rosie Lumbo, her small form seemingly unaffected by the wind. No-one could catch her and she was away on her own for two laps, seemingly gathering strength.

Eventually the wind wore Rosie down and the bunch worked together to catch her. But just before juncture Rob Melasecca attacked the chase and raced across to give her a hand, Petra Niclasen going along for the ride. Rosie was exhausted and could not keep up, returning to the bunch while Petra and Rob kept exchanging turns and built their lead. Eventually Rob's bulk permitted him to challenge the wind easier than it did the others and he slowly crept away from Petra and the chase, so much so that he finished well clear of the pack. Petra had done enough in her time with Rob to also be way in front of the bunch at the business end of proceedings and safely rode home in second.

With first and second out of the equation those left settled down to battle it out for the last envelope, Keith Bowen making a welcome return to the podium by winning the ferociously fought sprint that ensued.

## **Results**

	<b>First</b>	<b>Second</b>	<b>Third</b>
<b>a-grade</b> (5)	Rob Amos	David Anderson	Trevor Coulter
<b>b-grade</b> (17)	Rob Tidey	Kevin Starr	Darren Darling
<b>c-grade</b> (17)	Peter Ransome	Ron Chapman	Sam Fazio
<b>d-grade</b> (21)	Marc Ramsdale	Andrew Buchanan	Graeme Parker
<b>e-grade</b> (7)	Ken Saxton	Ron Stranks	JC Wilson
<b>f-grade</b> (8)	Rob Melasecca	Petra Niclasen	Keith Bowen

## **Officials**

Thanks to Graeme Parker and Ron Stranks who were on the desk taking entries. Thanks also to the helpers on the day who were; Brett Robinson, Paul Verheijden, Darren Smith and Peter Webb. Also thanks to Richard Dobson who manages the duty roster and ensures we have enough people on the day for our races, to JC Wilson who brought the trailer along and Peter Mackie who was on hand with the drinks.

**Note :** Members rostered for marshal or traffic control duties must be at the circuit at least one hour before the scheduled start time to assist with the setting up of the course.

## Tuesday Night Standings (9/2/2010)

Pos		Grade	Points
1	Geoff Mackay	D	64
2	Murray Howlett	C	52
3	Chris Norbury	C	48
4	Ron McCurdy	B	44
5	Ray Russo	B	44
6	Grant Greenhalgh	C	42
7	Peter Mackie	D	42
8	David Holt	A	40
9	Dean Niclasen	C	40
10	Kevin Starr	A	40

Women's	Points
Catrin Harris	18
Sue Sharples	16
Carol Ross	16
Allison Barnard	14
Petra Niclasen	12
Louise McKimmie	6
Michelle Vanpraagh	2

## Eastern Vets Program

Saturday	February	13	2:00pm	Steels Creek	Graded Scratch Races
Saturday	February	20	2:00pm	Casey Fields	Graded Scratch Races
<b>Monday</b>	<b>February</b>	<b>22</b>	<b>8:00pm</b>	<b>Maroondah Club</b>	<b>General Meeting</b>
Saturday	February	27	2:00pm	Dunlop Road	Graded Scratch Races
Saturday	March	6	2:00pm	Macclesfield	Graded Scratch Races
Tuesday	Feb	16, 23	6:00pm	METEC	Graded Scratch Races
	Mar	9, 16, 23			<b>Note : No entry to circuit before 5:00pm</b>
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	February	14	9:00am	Toolernvale	Alan Anderson Memorial h'cap – 48k
Sunday	February	21	9:00am	National Boulevard	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	February	28	10:00am	Lancefield	Lancefield Handicap – 62k
Sunday	March	7	9:30am	National Boulevard	Graded Scratch Races

## Gippsland Vets Program

Sunday	February	14	9:00am	Pakenham	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	February	28	10:00am	Kernot	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	March	7	10:00am	Kernot	Graded Scratch Races

On the off weeks the Gippsland club runs training rides from the Kernot community hall.

## Victorian Veterans Cycling Council Program

**Note :** Entries for the South Pacific Championships close March 15<sup>th</sup> not 22<sup>nd</sup> as advertised in the little white book

Sunday	February	21	9:30am	Dookie	Malcolm Hill Cycles handicap (56k)	Closed
Sunday	March	7	9:30am	Woodstock	O'Brien Contracting handicap (56k)	24/2 - \$20

**Note :** Entries can be made on-line through the VVCC website or are to be on the appropriate VVCC Open entry form (available on VVCC website) and are to be accompanied by the requisite fee.

## Other Results, etc.:

### For your calendar

Date	Location	Event
7/3/2010	Falls Creek	BV – 3 Peak Challenge, 230k. - <a href="http://www.bv.com.au/great-rides/42359">www.bv.com.au/great-rides/42359</a>
13-14/3/2010	Mansfield	SCODY High Country Cycle Challenge - <a href="http://www.bikeevents.com.au">www.bikeevents.com.au</a>
27/3/2010	Torquay	Great Ocean & Otway Classic Ride - <a href="http://www.supersprint.com.au">www.supersprint.com.au</a>
17/10/2010	Melbourne	Around the Bay in a Day Registrations open 1/4/2010 for BV members, 8/4/2010 for general public - <a href="http://www.bv.com.au">www.bv.com.au</a>

### Wattyl Lake Taupo Cycle Challenge - 27th November 2010

Interested in taking part in one of the world's great rides? The Wattyl Lake Taupo Cycle Challenge will be held on Saturday November 27th this year and takes in a lap of the beautiful Lake Taupo on New Zealand's North Island.

If you are keen to go, Emirates has a special sale on air fares until February 9th. \$385 will get you a return airfare Melbourne – Auckland with full service (none of that budget airline rubbish) as well as a 30kg luggage allowance (making it ideal for taking a bike and gear).

Mal & Kathleen Jones, Darren Smith and Matt Robinson are heading back again for another crack at the ride. We have 2 (single) beds available on the Friday/Saturday night in Taupo not far from the start. You can fly in a week early (as Mal & Kathleen do), a day or so before (as Darren and Matt are), or do it how you like. Depending on your arrival, we may be able to help you get from Auckland to Taupo (approximately a 3 to 4 hour drive) and return on Sunday after the ride.

If you want to go, please contact Mal Jones on 0412 569 100 or email [mal@shotproperty.com.au](mailto:mal@shotproperty.com.au)

### Dean Jones does the AC250

I headed up to Bright with the family for the 250 km Alpine Classic Extreme on the Australia Day weekend. During the trip I thanked God for creating Nintendo DS as they kept the kids occupied during the journey.

Last year I had completed the 200km event at my pedestrian hill climbing pace without any problems (I took it easy and my time was within the top 30%. Upon arriving at the finish line my darling wife greeted me with "why did you take so long?")

This year I thought I should try the first running of the longer event. What difference could an extra 50km make? Surely not much. Overconfidence matched with blissful ignorance is a wonderful thing.

Staying with us in Bright were 4 riding friends who had also planned to do the 250 but for various reasons ended up riding the 200 or less. One of those was Kevin Turley whose fitness was down due to an injury. We decided he was fit enough to ride from Bright to Hotham and back. As a result, I was probably the only occasional B grade rider to have my own domestique on the day to carry my lights back for me.

The day before the ride I was looking forward to a rare sleep in. However, at 6 am the greenkeeper at the bowling club across the road, who obviously didn't like thousands of cyclists taking over his town, fired up his pre WW2 lawnmower. I wasn't the only one that wanted to strangle him.

Not to worry, even though I had to be up for a 4 am start the next day, I decided an early night would be enough. At about the same time as I tried to get to sleep that night a group of teenagers decided that they would stir up a very loud dog, who then proceeded to converse with all of the other canine locals.

Before I knew it the alarm was sounding and I was on the bike and on the way to the start. Amongst hundreds of riders, and in the dark, I managed to find Ian Smith, Matt White, Thorkild Muurholm and Peter Shanahan straight away. Shorty was there as well offering encouragement as a bung knee had ruled him out.

It was a bit of a scramble staying together once the ride commenced but once we got going I immediately felt it was worth the effort to get out of bed so early. The peloton looked like a large glowing caterpillar, especially on the rises.

The first climb, which I think was The Meg, was just after Harrierville and was quite steep. Everyone had fresh legs so it wasn't a problem. Peter wasn't with us and we thought he had taken off ahead.

I hadn't been up Mt Hotham for almost 20 years and it was in a car then. The ascent was enjoyable and was done at an easy pace, especially as the sun came up and we could take in the views.

We cruised over the top and then sped down to Dinner Plain for the first scheduled water/food stop. I dumped my lights on Kevin and off we went. The others had donned arm warmers and vests for the descent to Omeo but I was happy to do without them.

The descent from Hotham was not what I expected. There was no real major descent that I can recall but more a series of undulations trending downwards with some climbs as well.

I hadn't put a lot of effort into the ride by this stage so I was not happy when my left hamstring and quad started to cramp slightly even before we had reached Omeo. At Omeo I took everything out of my jersey pockets to stretch and felt like an idiot when I found that I was still carrying a torch that I had used that morning.

As we were about to leave Omeo Peter arrived. He had been following us rather than being followed, and looked quite tired.

At about the 140 km mark we reached Angler's Rest, which was a sign rather than a town. We stopped at the Blue Duck Inn to fill water bottles. The Inn was filled with black leather clad bikies who had roared past us not long before. "Why do you blokes do that?" I was asked by one. When I replied that it was for the enjoyment the drawled response was "youse don't look like you are enjoying it".

Back on the bikes and immediately the twinges of cramp returned, which wasn't a good sign on what should have been an easy section of the course, rolling along the valley next to the Mitta Mitta River. I wondered how I was going to soft pedal for the next 110km's to keep the cramping at bay.

The turn left onto the back Falls Creek Road was an eye opener. It was steep and we already had about 150km in our legs. The first section of the climb was about 9km long. Thorkild was the strongest climber and I tried to stay with him. I kept within range for about 2 km but then I could feel the cramp returning. I tried to ease off as much as I could and put as little force on the pedals as was possible, but the gradient made this hard.

Soon I was overtaken by Matt and Ian. I told them not to wait for me at the top but they said they would. After a while there was a false flat and as my cramp had abated I shifted up to the big ring and chased. That was a big mistake. I had almost caught them at the base of the next steep section and partway up the climb the cramp hit me badly and both my left quad and hamstring knotted up. It was so severe I had no option other than to get off the bike for about 5 minutes to try and stretch it, which was quite difficult as stretching one muscle group caused the opposing ones to contract and cramp again.

There were quite a few other riders scattered along the incline doing the same thing as I was. At this stage there were a few silly thoughts spinning around in my head. Why am I doing this? Why don't I just race crits? Aren't they normally flat? Why aren't I at the beach instead of being stuck on the side of a mountain with leg muscles moving like they have gremlins inside them?

Then normal thought processes resumed. How am I going to get back if I don't get on the bike? How am I going to get started on this incline without rolling back down first? Fortunately I clicked in straight away and was off again.

Thorkild, Matt and Ian were at the Rasperry Hill drinkstop when I arrived and we were soon on the way again. It did not take long to reach the plains at the top and soon we had arrived at the Falls Creek checkpoint.

By this time I was sick of Endura, gells and bananas but forced some more in anyway, knowing that there was a long descent to come. I filled one bidon with water thinking there was another stop at Mt Beauty. The descent was taken at an easy pace and after coasting for so long the first slight rise before Mt Beauty came as a shock to the legs.

It turned out there was no stop at Mt Beauty. I had used my only filled bidon before I got to the bottom of Falls so I was looking forward to the stop halfway up Tawonga Gap.

I was dropped like an anchor as soon as we reached Tawonga Gap and the water spray mist at the drink station was hard to leave. My left leg was still threatening to go out on strike when I got back on the bike so I continued pedaling up the hill with as little effort as I could use.

I passed a post on the side of the road that said there was 1km to the top. A few hundred metres later I am positive I passed another one saying the same thing. Groundhog Day on the ACE 250.

I knew that when I got to the top there was only about 20 easy km's to go including the Tawonga descent. My left hamstring must have known that as well because with only 500 m to the top it knotted up like a tennis ball. I scraped my way to the top pedalling mainly with my right leg, joined up with the others who were waiting at the top and then once we had descended sat on the back until the finish.

My first words when getting off the bike were "never again". This year my darling wife responded by telling me that "you look like crap". A few hours later my thoughts were "never again except next year". In the meantime the kids had grabbed me and I was in the river and testing out the water slide.

Overall, I am glad that I did the ride. I saw a lot of Victoria that I had never seen before. I rode further than I had ever ridden before. Due to the cramping I suffered more than I have ever suffered on a bike before.

The electronic timing tells me that we departed at 4:05:am and returned at 4:34 pm. From my memory, my computer indicated that I covered 246 km at an average speed of 23 in about 10 1/2 hours, with a top speed of 80 and an average heart rate of 138bpm. My average heartrate would normally be in the 160's if I was riding in a handicap.

As I conclude this report I have heard talk of the ride being extended to 320km next year to take in Mt Buffalo at the end. I casually mentioned this to my darling wife and after she realised that I was not joking, stated in no uncertain terms that I was not doing it. I think it has something to do with knowing my children, working around the house, and actually being home occasionally etc .

With the hindsight of having completed the ACE 250 I have learned :

1. I need to do more than long slow rides in the hills in preparation. That preparation was OK for the 200, but not for the 250 where the gradients are much steeper;
2. I need a 27 on my rear cluster rather than a 25, and
3. Apparently there is a little known section of the club's Constitution that allows el presidente; Matt White, to "volunteer" a nominated person to write a report such as this.

## **Stop Press.**

After three years of putting together this newsletter Nigel has decided that it is time to call it a triennium and move on to new things, allowing some fresh blood to inject new enthusiasm into the medium of the club.

The club is looking for a volunteer to take over the role of newsletter editor. The club AGM is coming up in March and although the position of editor is not an elected position the AGM provides an opportune time for a changing of the guard. Any interested parties are asked to ponder their interest and to feel free to ask Nigel what is involved along with any other questions they may want to know the answer to.

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