



Eastern veterans cycling club

Respecting the Rights of all Road Users

Newsletter February 20th 2010

Graded Scratch Races – Steels Creek – February 13th

Race report

Humid and not a lot of wind but a lot of competitors - 102 starters lining up over the six grades, with the majority concentrated in the middle grades there were some big fields; b-grade, deemed full with 25 registrants, saw at least one late entry promoted to a-grade. The sizes of the bunches and the conditions favouring bunch finishes unless somebody made a super-human effort or the bunch were caught napping and a small breakaway was able to get away late in the race.

Unfortunately the day's racing was marred by a few incidents. Despite repeated warnings there were disqualifications in several grades and unfortunately, after sixty-two kilometres of good, hard, incident free racing the b-grade race was spoilt by an accident in the last couple of hundred.

a-grade

A small but quality field set off for the four laps, sixty plus kilometres, of racing. The first lap was fairly tentative as riders reacquainted themselves with the Steels Creek circuit, reacquainted themselves with their road racing legs, sussed out the opposition and generally enjoyed the fresh air before things got real serious. Tony Chandler, not too keen on the air, and Stefan Kirsch, softening the others for his team mate, putting in the occasional surge to keep the proceedings moving along. Doherty Sheet Metals/Eltham Cycles had two riders in the bunch and 'Kosdown' jerseys were adorning the shoulders of another two - Phil Smith and David Holt, the other nine left to fend for themselves or quickly organise an affiliation.

The first serious attack came half-way out on the second lap (20k in) this time Tony and David Holt worked in cohorts pulling a gap, the break short-lived but when Guy Green joined the next attempt it was a very threatening move. The response was immediate and strong; the intent, hold the lead tight. With few excuses the majority of the les dix pursuants rolled turns to ensure the break didn't get away; Thorkild, riding above himself to assist the chase, ultimately lost touch before the break was shutdown and rode out the remainder of the race alone. The break was returned half a lap after its initiation, the group riding to the half-way point just the one rider down. Out of the turn it was two down - Phil Smith having blown the rear tyre, and his position in the bunch, on the run to the turn.

As the remaining eleven headed out for the third time Phil headed to the cars for a spare wheel. Having given up on Phil

the bunch pushed it back out to Steels Creek for the second last time, but Phil hadn't given up, having purloined a wheel from somewhere he set about putting his time trialing skills to the max. The bunch were quite surprised shortly after turning at Steels Creek to see Phil in pursuit. Thoughts of waiting for Phil were quickly pushed aside as Guy pushed an attack up the small hump after the tennis courts, opening a small gap and cutting a lonely figure some fifty metres ahead of the bunch for the next couple of kilometres. With eighteen pairs of legs prepared to chase Guy was not going to survive alone long and it was as a bunch (sans deux) that a-grade took the bell. Guy's efforts removing Phil Smith from the equation, it was down to the eleven.

On the first hill after the turn Roy Clark put in an effort that quickly had him away, Rob Amos rode across the small, but growing, gap and was surprised to find nobody had followed, leaving the pair to make the most of the occasion. Swapping turns to the Steels Creek turn Rob & Roy maintained their lead, the remainder happy to hold a loose leash despite the efforts of Trevor Coulter and Frank Nyhuis to inject some enthusiasm into the chase. At the final turn the leaders still held a handy gap and with the downhill nature of the leg and the small pockets of wind assistance there was possibility. A silent agreement was struck and the pair dug in for the long haul.

Seeing the returnees the chase also saw the possibilities and started getting a bit more enthusiastic. But the horses had bolted, Rob & Roy doing enough on the return to keep the chase at bay. Cresting the last rise with a diminishing lead of 200m the pair pushed it to the line, Rob left holding the shorter straw leading Roy to the line, Roy stepping out to take a comfortable win, Rob cruising (as if - ed.) for second.

The gap between chase and break may have been diminished on the return but so had the chase; less another two as Stefan Kirsch and Phil Cavaleri were last seen rapidly falling away from the chase group soon after turning for home. A ploy by Doherty's/EC? David Holt (unawares of Stef's fate) thought so, Stef's non-appearance at the front surely meant he was saving his legs for the finish. As the leaders disappeared up the last of the hills all hope of a chaser finishing top two were gone. David, still keen to podium, took off before the first of the last climbs; Tony in tow and keen to help, the pair quickly opening 50m on the rest who'd also split. Trevor, desperate to feature in the results, had buried himself in pursuit only to provide a slingshot for the bunch which summarily dropped him and a few others. Another effort by Trevor to regain the back of the train brought to a halt by a bee, ingestion necessitating a stop in an effort to cough it up, failing to bring it back up Trevor decided to wash it down but had

run out of water so, in absolute panic, he hauled some c-grader off the track and stole his bidon (no ill effects from the bee and thanks to the unknown c-grader - Trev.).

While Trevor was jousting with bees and c-graders Guy Green and Frank Nyhuis had caught David and Tony, Tony had attacked the small group on the last hill, David & Guy had responded. As Tony started to fade Guy launched a surprise attack (David unawares that he was there), David dug very deep to grab Guy's wheel and didn't let go. Guy not stopping till the top. A look back revealing the smiling David and a gap to Tony and Frank that was defendable. Guy backed off the pace in an effort to get David to lead but no dice, David gambling that Guy was more attached to his nose than Stef had been to his, David winning as Guy picked the pace back up and started the run to the finish. One hundred metres from the line David made his move, Guy able to grab the wheel but, having nothing left after the previous incline, had no kick and was unable to get around before the line.

Average was 39.0kph for the 65k in 1:40, max 62.4

b-grade

Nigel's view from mid-bunch.

Four laps, 8km out and 8km back on bumpy Steels Creek Rd - first road race since Tour of Bright back in December.

A huge pack of 25+ riders turned up in b-grade. It's going to take the perfect combination of strong riders to escape this pack. And it's going to take a lot of care to keep it safe. The conditions are almost perfect, overcast with a mild crosswind somehow hitting the face in both directions. I take a quick look around and pick out the likely types. There are the big strong boys who are going to attack and try to gap the climbers. Gotta hope I manage to get with them or at least spoil the combinations. But I suspect everyone has a similar plan in mind as we set off over the hill and hammer down into the valley.

The first lap is watchful but completed all together the pace being brisk but manageable. When the second lap is completed in the same manner I start to get a little nervous. There are the occasional pushes rather than attacks and the bunch comfortably shuts them down. I play it safe at lap's end and lead the bunch around and into lap 3. This is the one. Indeed there is some speed on in the early stages but the group remains coagulated. I see Wayne Doherty wandering up and down the line chatting to the odd likely type. Something being planned?

By the time we round the turn and head out on the bell lap I'm getting real nervous. There's so much dry powder in this bunch now we must be approaching spontaneous combustion. The folks out here have endured enough through last year's bush fires so they'll not be happy with a pack of flaming cyclists igniting their neighbourhood. Still nothing happens and as we approach the final outward turn a lone rider starts to move off the front almost in slow motion. It's our Nick who, thinking he's merely doing a turn, glances over the shoulder only to find himself alone. A visible shrug of the shoulders accompanies a rise in energy output as he starts to build his

gap. It's a smart move before the turn as the bunch has to remain neutral for 150m either side of it. However surely one solo rider against 20+ poursuivants is folly. I find myself on the front and with a chuckle start to soft pedal to do the right thing by our Nick.

By the time we're all around and building speed again Nick's tripled his gap. But it doesn't take long for the inevitable gulp and he is swallowed whole by the brooding nervous peloton. With Nick safely in the fold the group has bunched up making it impossible to attempt to get towards the front. Patience is the order of the day. Eventually those hills will arrive and it'll be survival of the fittest. Alas a couple of guys who should know better try pushing through from behind on the outside of the road causing some awkward moments. Fortunately they see the error of their ways and ease back.

We hit the final few hills and the gaps start opening but still the group stays in contact. This is going to be one hell of a bunch sprint. As we crest the last hill there's a slight dip in the road before the final uphill sprint. I know the road will be closed at that point and so am perfectly positioned to take a line up the right hand side of the road and slip past that morass of lycra. I happily find Nick's wheel and just as we lift out of the saddle to engage the afterburners there's a sideways movement just ahead followed by the ugly sound of the rubber side up! Three riders have crashed and the pack has spread across the road. Nick and I have room to sweep right around the carnage and for a split second there's the desire to keep pushing towards the line.

However, clearly this has been a serious accident (one guy, Kev Starr, carted off with shoulder, busted ribs and punctured lung - the other two just abrasions). We switch off and coast to the line keeping moving out of the way and let the medicos do their thing. It's a regrettable way to end what had been a pretty interesting, and actually, safe race. Average speed wasn't exactly lightening for this course but it was honest and the top speed is probably a few kphs over the speed limit for that road ;-)

Nigel's figures : 64.9k in 1:47:07, avg 36.3kph (Max 76.5kph)

Nigel's view from all over the bunch

It was a long way to the top of the b-grade bunch, twenty-five starters necessitating the appointment of two bunch captains. Your's truly, too slow in taking one step backwards, found himself volunteered for patrolling the front of the bunch, Ian Smith content to keep an eye on proceedings from near the rear of the peloton. And so it was we set off for the first of four laps - eight legs, with myself and Ian somehow together towards the back of the field.

Big field + little wind + small climbs + some strong legs = bunch sprint, unless the strong legs managed to gap the big field on one of the small climbs where there was a little wind. But getting that combination was unlikely. The first lap pretty much reflected that sentiment - not a lot of enthusiasm to race up the road, the majority content to let someone else set the pace whilst they got the feel of the road and of their own legs as they rolled out. The second lap started in much the same way until, on the outskirts of Steels Creek, the lead car was spotted coming back with the a-grade bunch (or a segment thereof) not far behind. The location of the crossing represented a significant gain in gap the a-grader's had over b-grade, a couple of kilometres at least and if this trend

continued we were at threat of being significantly embarrassed. Time to do something, if only to up the pace to save the ego. It took most of a kilometre to push up the outside of the bunch, hopping from wheel to wheel as riders drifted left leaving enough space between bum and the middle of the road to squeeze through.

A couple of hundred metres on the gas was enough to shift the lethargy and the pace was up as we raced down past the tennis courts to the far turnaround. A big neutral zone and then back on the gas, the adrenalin of pushing a big bunch along in the high forties self sustaining as those in the top ten plied the pace. Towards the end of the lap, where the road starts its series of small climbs to the top, it was time to start sorting the contenders from the pretenders, cut the chaff and reduce the bunch size - for the bunches own sake, not mine. It was going to take a bit more than a few hills but it would start here. Needless to say it was a full (or near full) compliment that entered the neutral zone, rounded the half-way point and set out to do it all again.

This time there were a few more pushes on the way out. On the dead uphill section half way out I again threw down the gauntlet but it was quickly picked up and what I thought was an attack was interpreted further down the line as a 'surge in pace'. Never mind it all has to hurt - heck it was hurting me. The lead car was spotted around the same locale as the previous lap - the loss had been stemmed, egos were safe - for now. I struggle to remember those doing the work up front, Kevin Starr was prevalent, as was Clem Fries and a few others. Throughout the second, third and final laps there were momentary breakaways but there were some marked individuals and when the number up the road got more than four or five, or one of the watched went, the bunch responded and it was all quickly back together. And that's how the leg ended, again the whole bunch rolling round the cone at the Steels Creek end to head back for the bell.

It's amazing how quick one could go from the front of the bunch to the back but how long it took to get from the back to the front, having led the group round the cone I was near the back as the road flattened after the tennis courts climb - not the place to be if I was to influence this race. Pushing to the front I launched a blistering attack that, with the advantage of a bit of a tail breeze, saw me with a fifty metre advantage. I wasn't going to do this alone so backed off a tad to await some help (ok, I was puffed) help came in the form of twenty odd b-grade riders. This time I made sure I stayed closer to the front, putting in an effort to slip (push) in around fifth wheel. A bit further along, a move by a couple gained a small gap but Clem's presence in the break meant it was doomed. Again the rises to the end, again an effort, surely some (others) would have to be suffering, alas, again two-score rolled down to the bottom of the final rise before again rounding the cone as a strung out one.

On the descent Kevin rolled away from the bunch, no effort, no transgression of the unwritten rules. From fifth-sixth wheel I ensured all and sundry were attached to the bunch in one form or another and allowed them time to make the effort to close on Kevin before the road started its little climb to Magnolia Close. As the road went up Kevin was still 50m clear of the unconcerned bunch - I'd give 'em concern. A

twitch of the wrist, a flash of spinning legs and I was on Kevin before he was half way up the slope. A call of 'hup' and he responds - two away. The lactic acid starts to kick in toward the top but the gap's still there and we crest, momentarily out of sight of the bunch. On the descent a little voice says "there's another one on their way", the source of the voice - Tim Ferres, the other - Nick Tapp. It was four away and we tried to get a rotation going but it wasn't pretty. The bunch eventually sitting another bridge-builder's wheel half way out to Steels Creek and again it was one merry bunch of lycra clad gentlemen.

Another surge soon after being caught but again too many of the watched were involved and again the break was brought back, the drop in pace as the mob was reunified was missed by Nick who continued tapping away oblivious that he had no friends. Nick taking a hundred metre gap into the final turnaround, the head of the bunch not really interested in chasing, Clem and I because we'd only be hunted, Nigel because it was Nick. Let the others make the action.

Nick didn't seem too keen to be alone, not taking advantage of his free passage through the turn the bunch were on to him before the road flattened out after the tennis courts. A slightly more enthusiastic exit from the turn saw a couple miss the bus despite its still relatively relaxed pace.

The final return was a carbon copy of the previous return, again I jumped along flat section, again I was chased, again I ran out of legs and again I was back in the mix. Again there was the odd surge and again there was the response and again, as we hit the undulations, it was still a road full of cyclists. Time and road were running out, things were going to have to happen from the first bump so with a big gear and momentum on my side it was once more over the crest and into the valley. The bunch stretched, the bunch recoiled. There were still a couple of inclines to try again, and try, try I did but to no avail, the legs they did protesteth and the bunch it did respondeth and it was a mass of colour that crested the final crest and descended the final descent to play out the equation.

I wasn't going to win any sprint so I tried to keep the bunch a line but gravity is an equaliser (something Galileo once said) and as the road bottomed the hoards swarmed. Calls of "keep left" were heeded, riders four abreast filling the left side of the road, rubbing shoulders till the road opened up and they could spread out, unfortunately the rubbing extended beyond shoulders to tyres and Kevin Starr found he had no control over his front wheel and down he went. Clem had nowhere to go but into the fallen Kevin, Clem and a couple of others following Kevin to the bitumen.

Those ahead of the carnage continued on to finish, those behind pulled up to offer assistance to the fallen. What had been a very good and well behaved race spoilt in the last hundred metres. Kevin is home from hospital with three broken ribs, a punctured lung and a broken collar bone; Clem went to the doctors Sunday to find he had a broken bone in the hand and a possibly damaged shoulder.

Nigel's figures : 64.94k in 1:47:18, avg. 36.30kph (Max 58.9kph)

c-grade

No report.

d-grade (Mal Jones)

Ahh, at last the green fields, gentle breezes and rolling roads of Steels Creek – last Saturday was close to nirvana for those getting giddy of belting around in circles on the oft-used (and generally much abused) crit circuits.

In a sense, it felt like a sigh of appeasement went up from the d-grade collective – all 24 that entered for the 3 laps of the undulating out and back course...

Having such a large field (on a day of record numbers for Steels Creek) prompted the appointment of 2 bunch captains. Plenty of activity kept Geoff Mackay and Mal Jones busy over the 50-odd kilometres covered!

As usual, the requisite warnings were issued about obeying the road laws and staying to the left of the centre line – and yet d-grade, like most other grades, had a number of riders disqualified for straying to the wrong side. Hmm, one wonders just what were they thinking?

But for those that did cover the distance (legally), it was a great ride and good race.

Straight up it was most of the usual suspects driving the pace on the first leg out to Steels Creek; Sam Bruzzese, Peter Webb, Dave Ryan, Louise McKimmie, Mick Paull, Geoff Mackay, Mal Jones and others that came and went crowding the top ten or so spots on the road, taking turns and keeping the speed up.

At the first turn a smiling Darren Darling sent everybody safely around the cone and back towards Yarra Glen – with the benefit of a soft tailwind easing the effort and upping the speed.

As it was on the outward bound leg, the return trip was relatively uneventful. Again, a tightly packed bunch rounded the cone and headed off on the second lap, this time fully warmed up and ready to really start racing.

Midway through the trip Dave Ryan, showing his strength, pushed hard into the wind and had the next two behind him (Peter Webb and Mal Jones) scrambling to hang on. Dave was just pedaling – as he normally would, while Peter, between gasping for breath, was trying to tell him to just back off half a pedal stroke so we could get away.

And on Dave pushed... oblivious to the increasing oxygen deprivation the two behind him were suffering.

Finally, he heard the by now whimpering Peter's voice, and pulled over to let him take a turn. Sadly, Peter was for the moment a spent force, and he too pulled over to leave Mal Jones sailing into the wind with a badly damaged sail (or some such lame nautical cliché).

Mal didn't have much left in the tank and did what he was hoping Dave would do – slow down just a fraction to a more manageable pace so he could re-insert his lungs back into his chest!

A couple of riders hovering near the front took this as a cue and shot off, looking for a break knowing the turn point wasn't that far away.

And the chase was on again... Again, Dave Ryan figured in the action and took off. By the time he'd closed the gap, 3 separate groups reached the turn with Brian Gulliot and Dave holding a slender gap of maybe 10 metres over another three and then the bulk of the field perhaps 30 metres further back.

Protocol and neutral turns went out the proverbial window as Brian and Dave took off while the rest sensibly (or perhaps properly) did the right thing and regrouped before starting the pursuit.

The mission was on – catch up, close down, and push on. It took well into the second half of the second lap before the two were swallowed up and a few harsh words exchanged about neutral turns and when a break isn't a break.

Things settled down for the remainder of the lap and the by now depleted field went around the finish line turn to start the last lap.

Even with the finish getting tantalizingly close – or at least one lap to complete is two-thirds less than three to go – the chances of making a break looked slim, so it was a case of swapping turns (for those that could or wanted to get to the front) and hoping like hell it would open up for the inevitable sprint finish.

And that is pretty much how it panned out. At the 300 metre mark Mal Jones led the bunch out but had nothing left to give, so moved out of the way to let the rest go for it.

With Graeme Parker urging him on, Dave Ryan rode through to take his maiden road race win (and a likely move up the grading ranks). Graeme took a strong second with Peter Webb third, Stephen Oberg fourth and M Picozzi fifth.

e-grade (Les McLean)

On an almost perfect race day with the temperature around 24C and little wind to speak of, thirteen e-graders started on their two-lap circuit. The pace at the start was, as usual, fairly sedate whilst the riders got their bearings etc. Michael Harper, a new rider having his first race, soon adjusted to the bunch routine and settled in well.

Things soon started to hot up on the first outward leg as Michael Pauly moved to the front and set the bunch a very high speed. This started a long congo line of riders, all hanging on for grim death. Ron Stranks also moved across to the front and tried to get away on one of the rises but was brought back soon after.

JC Wilson as usual jumped past everyone to go to the front but that move was short lived. Juanita Cadd then did her bit at the front but as she has not yet got back into her best form after her South African trip her pace was not as severe as it usually is. Ken Saxton, Ian Smith (not that Ian Smith - ed.), John Shaw, Charles Lethbridge and Lawrie Bohn also doing their bit to keep the pace high.

At the first turn the bunch was still intact but it was on the return leg that Michael Pauly, Peter Kronemann and Ken started to inflict a lot of pressure on the rest.

Just after the halfway turn, on the third leg, Michael attacked and took off. Les McLean responded and gave chase along with Ken and Ian. These four riders grouped and with Michael doing a power of work at the front of the other three created a good 200 metre break on the rest. The chasers led by Peter, JC and Charles caused the elastic to stretch to such an extent that the chasing group started to splinter; Juanita, Ron and Lawrie succumbing to the high pace and slowly dropping away from the chasing bunch.

At the final turn it was still the four out in front but due to misunderstandings in that group they did not work as hard as was required in order to keep the chasers at bay and the gap slowly came down with Peter, JC and Charles doing a lot of

hard work to bridge the gap. They made contact at around 4k's to go and as the speed was still high, with Michael still powering away, they sat at the back and did not volunteer for any of the work. Around one k to go Michael was still pushing the bunch along at just under 40k's per hour with Les on his wheel followed by Ken, Ian and the rest.

The sprint started 200 meters from the line as Ken took off past Les; JC, coming from the very back of the bunch, swept past all and sundry as easy as you please and powered away to the line for a great win. Ken took out 2nd with Ian 3rd. JC has evidently benefited from the break after his ankle operation and is racing far stronger and better than before.

f-grade

No report.

Results

	First	Second	Third	Fourth	Fifth
a-grade (12)	Roy Clark	Rob Amos	David Holt		
b-grade (25)	Ron McCurdy	Wayne Doherty	Ray Russo	Martin Stalder	Dean Jones
c-grade (22)	Steve Szalla	Jim Swainston	Peter Shanahan	Harold Simpson	
d-grade (24)	David Ryan	Graeme Parker	Peter Webb	Steve Oberg	Mark Picozzi
e-grade (13)	J C Wilson	Ken Saxton	Ian Smith		
f-grade (5)	Stewart Jenkins	Petra Niclasen	Keith Bowen		

Officials

Thanks to Graeme Parker and Ron Stranks who were on the desk taking entries. Thanks to Greg Lipple who was race controller for the day, in charge of the race and the other helpers who were; Ian Milner, Jenni Worland, Darren Darling, Cube Taylor, Ben DeJong and Walter Savini. 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.

Eastern Vets Program

Saturday	February	20	2:00pm	Casey Fields	Graded Scratch Races
Monday	February	22	8:00pm	Maroondah Club	General Meeting
Saturday	February	27	2:00pm	Dunlop Road	Graded Scratch Races
Saturday	March	6	2:00pm	Macclesfield	Graded Scratch Races
Saturday	March	13	2:00pm	Dunlop Road	Graded Scratch Races
Tuesday	Feb	23	6:00pm	METEC	Graded Scratch Races
	Mar	9, 16, 23			Note : No entry to circuit before 5:00pm
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	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
Sunday	March	14	9:30am	Toolernvale	Time Trial 16k (age adjusted)

Gippsland Vets Program

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

Victorian Veterans Cycling Council Program

Note : Entries for the South Pacific Championships close March 15th not 22nd 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. - www.bv.com.au/great-rides/42359
13-14/3/2010	Mansfield	SCODY High Country Cycle Challenge - www.bikeevents.com.au
27/3/2010	Torquay	Great Ocean & Otway Classic Ride - www.supersprint.com.au
11/4/2010	Tarrawarra	Just Cycle Yarra Valley 45k (Maroondah Hwy, Warburton Hwy Healesville-KooWeeRup Rd loop) - \$130, 120k (45k ride plus Donna Buang) - \$145. Entry includes event jersey, showbag of sponsors goodies www.justcycle.com.au
17/10/2010	Melbourne	Around the Bay in a Day Registrations open 1/4/2010 for BV members, 8/4/2010 for general public - www.bv.com.au
27/11/2010	New Zealand	Wattyl – Lake Taupo Cycle Challenge Mal Jones on 0412 569 100 or email mal@shotproperty.com.au

Committee Matters

The club races on public roads subject to approval and conditions applied by permits issued by various authorities including the State Police, local council and Vic Roads. The club is covered by insurance that requires adherence to any issued permits, club members carry insurance (as a part of their registration) that covers them in races carried out by the club in accordance with any issued permits. We race on open roads which we can not close to traffic, be it vehicular, pedestrian or other cyclists. For any cyclists to race with the club they must be entered in the race; they must have paid their race entry and they must wear a number. The club has, in the past, allowed members recovering from injury or sickness to ride with a lower grade to get a feel for where they are in their recovery and to gain a bit of race fitness before coming back to full time competition. A condition of being allowed to do this is that the member enters the race by paying their race entry fee, they wear a number and they do not participate in the race - do not influence the race by attacking or assisting a chase or a breakaway, any member riding below their regular grade is to follow the bunch and not get involved in the race. There were a couple of instances on Saturday where these privileges were abused, if this continues the practice of allowing riders to ease themselves back in to competitive cycling may be discontinued.

If a non-entered rider, be they a club member or not, becomes involved in a race they should be told to remove themselves from that race immediately. Any non-registered rider may be liable for damages in the instance of an accident.

There seems to be an upsurge in the popularity of the sport of cycling and we (the club) are getting bigger numbers to our races than we have previously. For rider safety the club has a self-imposed limit on the size of bunches it will allow, the absolute bunch sizes will depend upon the type of race being ridden and the circuit at which the race is being conducted. Where a bunch has been filled late entrants may find themselves being temporarily promoted. To ensure you don't find yourself riding a grade higher than you would like register early.
