

18 April 2021

Eastern Cycling Club

Newsletter

Duty Roster

Saturday 24 April

GSR, Dunlop Rd, 1:30 pm
Richard Dobson, Hylton Preece (TC), Ken Saxton (TC), Dean Tune (TC), Tanya Simpson, Danielle Van Tol (sw), Alan Adams, Roman Suran, Peter Gray, Garron Buckland, Steve Parker, Chris Hughson, Steve Ross, Philip Curtis, Michael Lillycrapp

Saturday 01 May

ECC Womens Grand Prix, Casey Fields, 10:00 am with GSR following at 2:00 pm
Morning: John Williams (R), Peter Shanahan, Justin Van Tol
Afternoon: Andrew Buchanan (R), Hadyn Chapman, Alan Cunneen

If rostered for duty, you must be there at least 1 hour prior to start time. If unable to do your duty, it's your responsibility to find a replacement, then advise Andrew Buchanan.

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Editor: Peter Morris
pmoz@ozemail.com.au

The Eastern Club Criterium Championships were held at Bazalgette Crescent last Sunday with many age groups well represented. It was especially good to see a good sprinkling of riders from lower grades having a go in their age group. There's a bunch of race reports below which attests to how excellent the racing was and a very interesting insight into the tactics employed in club championship rounds. The Club Champs are a different kind of racing and much more tactical than our average GSR's. It is good to see increasing support for these events.



ECC Club Crit Championship attendees – Bazalgette Crescent. Photo: Mark Edwards

Next week we are back at Dunlop Rd for some more flat, GSR action.

*May 01 is the Eastern Grand Prix Women's Race at Casey Fields. At last count there were close to 30 entries and it promises to be an awesome day out. However, **we still need some help on the catering front.** See Kym's plea for help below (News section) and get busy in the kitchen. Let's showcase Eastern's camaraderie and why it is known as the friendliest club!*

Afterwards, there will also be a Crit at 2pm, open to all (men/women).

Bazalgette Cres, ECC Crit Champs, 18 April

Grade	1st	2nd	3 rd
M7 Women 60-64 (1)	Pamela Vandersluys	-	-
M2 Women 35-39 (1)	Danielle Van Tol	-	-
M12 Men 85-89 (1)	Ron Stranks	-	-
M11 Men 80-84 (2)	Keith Wade	John Eddy	
M10 Men 75-79 (3)	Harry Hibgame	Ken Bone	Neil Cartledge
M9 Men 70-74 (4)	Paul James	Peter Webb	Andrew Buchanan
M8 Men 65-69 (9)	John Williams	Mark Edwards	Ian Smith
M7 Men 60-64 (9)	Garron Buckland	Rob Amos	Kevin King
M6 Men 55-59 (13)	Phil Cavaleri	Steve Ross	Peter Morris
M5 Men 50-54 (10)	Perry Peters	Glenn Newnham	Peter Howard
M4 Men 45-49 (2)	Alex Randall	Nathan White	-
M3 Men 40-44 (2)	Matt Clarke	Rob Lackey	-
M2 Men 35-39 (1)	Justin Van Tol	-	-
M1 Men 30-34 (3)	Corey Williams	Kristopher Masters	Daniel Bolton

M5 50-54

By Damien O'Hara

The 50-54 age group was a ride with an average 38.5 kph, and a 48 kph peak. I spent the entire race hanging on the back for dear life, playing catchup for every surge like a yoyo. It felt like I was redlining the engine.

After 40 minutes of abuse, I started to doubt myself, and entertained thoughts of an exit strategy. The pack surged again, and my heart wasn't in it. I peeled off and joined the spectators.

Once sidelined, I was filled with regret. The legs felt good to go again, and I was

disappointed with my mental strength that had suggested the early exit.

Important lessons were learnt. The pace was ok, I need more stamina for surges, and a bit of grit to hold on for a little bit longer.

Congrats to all winners. Sincere thanks to ECC, and all the Marshals for putting on this great event. The opportunity to race with the faster grades was a great experience before, and after the race... just not during.

Looking forward to Saturday.



M6 55-59

By Doug Page

An ode to Major Frank Burns

I recall the character Frank Burns from the long running US TV series MASH once stating: "I'm not into mock heroics", the irony being Major Burns was also definitely not into genuine heroics.

Though of late, going around in C grade, I have occasionally indulged in a spot of mock heroics myself, I felt for the club championships I should follow Frank's lead. In past years I have enjoyed mixing it with a range of faster riders one comes up against in the club Champs, hanging on for as long as I could and seeing what the faster riders did and how they did it. So, the plan was to keep out of trouble, to keep myself tucked away as best I could and enjoy the ride for as long as possible.

Prior to the race I did assure Hot Lips (aka Louise) that I would be joining her for a sizable final portion of the race on the sidelines to keep her company.

A lucky 13 riders rolled out in our group with quite a few dangerous looking legs amongst them. A number of factors then seemed to go in my favour:

- 1. The nice flat track.*
- 2. Although there was no shortage of people heading off the front on a fairly regular basis, there was also no shortage of enthusiastic quick legs keeping the pace up and bringing them back.*
- 3. Those determined to hang on like myself politely didn't gap or bonk and though we lost a few (and good on them for having a go) I think the bulk of us made it to the bell and the finish.*

Finding myself still with the group for the final lap, I did have an annoying childish Frank Burns-esk giggle to myself that I was still there and thought that perhaps a little bit of mock heroics might be now in order. Heading "bravely" to the front I led the race down the back straight around the final two corners and onto the Champs-Élysées, oops, I mean the finishing straight. Having at this stage gained suitable TV exposure for my major sponsor Yarra Bikes, I wound down my mock lead out, pulled to the left and let those who knew what they were doing get on with it...

Thanks to the club executive, organisers, marshals, helpers, supporters, and all those who turned up to have a go and make it a great day.

PS. Although Hot Lips, oops I mean Louise, didn't have the pleasure of my company on the side lines during the race, I was able to make it up to her later in the day.

PPS. All characters appearing, and events described in the above report, are entirely fictitious.

M6 55-59

By Pete Morris

I dragged myself to Bazalgette Crescent in a world of pain, and with a list of dodgy body parts, but adequately medicated to at least throw a leg over the bike. We had thirteen in our group and it was good to see a good sprinkling of riders from the lower grades lining up. You are all winners in my book, especially those that gave it all until they had nothing more but also to those that hung on to a crazy fast bunch to the bitter end.

I am rapidly approaching the twilight years in the M6 category and the exuberance of youth was looking threatening on the start line. I hung my hopes on sitting on bigger A graders – yes that is you Steve.Ross. It was a good





plan but it seemed everyone else had the same idea and no sooner had I got Steve's wheel that some other bugger would steal it.

After the neutral lap the attacks weren't far off. Shady Ray Russo had an early dig, as did Marcus Herzog on his speedy new steed. Then the heavy hitters got involved with Stuart Bendall having a couple of serious attacks followed by multiple sadistic missions from Tony Kimpton. These took some covering and had me in the red on several occasions. One of these had me relegated to the back of the pack and thinking seriously of getting first dibs at Dean's esky and continue my weekend triste with Jack Daniels. By chance things settled down by the bell lap and I improved my position along the back straight with Doug Page selflessly leading on to the penultimate corner where I got boxed in cut off and lost a couple of positions. I settled for the 'zero-draft' advantage of Cav's wheel going into the last corner and clicked up to top gear. It did not take long for the sprint to wind up. I followed Cav as best I could as we passed several riders. By some miracle that gave me third behind Cav, who just nabbed line honours from Steve.

Thanks to all who helped, and to everyone who had a crack today. I really love the Championship format. It is a real box of chocolates...You just never know what you gunna get.

My stats for the day:

Speed: Max: 53.6 kph, Ave: 38.5 kph

Power: Max: 929 W, Ave: 220 W

Heart Rate: Max: 176 bpm, Ave: 160 BPM

M7 60-64

By Nick Tapp

It took a few years, but I've come to enjoy the club crit championships. Flat, fast Bazalgette Crescent hardly suits someone of my build or

type of motor, but I admit, it's a great circuit for a crit. And I look forward to any outing with the 60–64 age group. We hadn't raced as a group since the 2019 road champs at Yarra Glen, and I was expecting no mercy today.

The ride there from Mark Edwards' place in Blackburn with Mark, Dean Niclasen and Glenn Newnham was 30 km at a nice easy pace. A shower of rain on the way down blew away, the road was dry when we got to Dandy South, and so it stayed. Lucky! After a couple of laps to remind myself how the corners went (fast!) and where the wind was coming from (a solid headwind in the long finishing straight), a nervous pee and a bite to eat, it was time. Rob Amos and Kevin King were among the crowd at the briefing, and I had a chat with Garron Buckland, who I recognised but had barely spoken to before. They would be hard to beat. A good handful of other B, C, D and E-graders made up a group of nine in total.

The first couple of laps were neutral-ish as we sorted out where the other groups were and how fast they were going. The two next younger age groups in front were both decent-sized bunches, and we would pass, and then be re-passed by, the blue hats of the 55–59 group several times in the next hour. Then Rob and Kevin hit the gas. Ken Saxton and Michael Muscat were still in the mix and looking comfortable, as was Garron, as expected. I settled into sixth wheel for a couple more laps. Then someone accelerated really hard, and the next time I looked up from the handlebars and the wheel in front, we were down to four: Rob, Kevin, Garron and me.

We settled into a pattern. Embracing my role as the pest from B grade, I laid claim to fourth wheel while the other three rotated on the front. There were accelerations, but for now I could hang on. Every couple of laps, towards the end of the downwind leg, Rob would go to the front and smash it into the corner. I would dig deep, fling the bike through the two left-





handlers in quick succession and close any little gap before the long upwind leg past the finish line. I didn't know how long I could keep this up. Once I went to the front to do a turn, just to save face, and waited for the response. They left me there for a short while and then, sure enough, all swung wide, went around me and attacked. Oof! Dug deep again and hung on. Back to the pattern.

I saw heads together at the front – tactics talk, plan B. What would it be? Answer: Rob and Garron went hard while Kevin left a gap, with me on his wheel. Before long, before the gap got too big, Kevin put in a hard effort to drop me, but I saw it coming and instead he towed me across to the other two. Next, Rob and Kevin went, leaving me on Garron's wheel. Garron seems like a really decent bloke, but this was racing. He was prepared to do nearly all the work, but flicked the elbow from time to time, usually towards the end of the upwind leg. The first couple of times he did this I went through despite having a good idea what would follow, and it did. At some point on the downwind leg he would go past really hard and I would have to accelerate to get on.

Meanwhile, Rob and Kevin had passed a couple of other groups and got a fair distance up the road – almost out of sight. I don't know that this was the plan necessarily, and I had a hunch Garron would not want to gift them the race. He kept the pace solid and the gap started to come down. It began to look as if Rob and Kevin had eased off, and in fact both said afterwards they thought they had it in the bag and were preparing for a two-up sprint. The laps were passing and the end couldn't be too far off. When Garron called me through and said, 'Come on Nick, one last turn', I did my longest turn on the front for the race. Then Garron went through one more time to finish the job, and we were there.

I so hoped he wouldn't go straight past them and attack, which I think would've finished me.

But he didn't, and we had a couple of laps to recover before the bell rang. Now the pace came right off. Rob sat up, looked around and had a stretch, as he does, and as we swung into the drag to the finish no-one wanted to go first. With hindsight, my best chance of doing better than 4th was to lay off a little way and then go long and hard. But I hesitated and the moment was lost. Garron opened the sprint up the inside, got a length ahead and held it, while Rob, Kevin and I followed in that order, all three within a couple of bike lengths.

Well done and thanks to Garron, Rob, Kevin and everyone else in the group, and thanks to all those who helped out on the day. I have to say, that was fun.

M7 60-64

By Rob Amos

Nine starters out of a possible 23 in the 60-64 age group, including a few brave riders from the lower grades. Three A graders would start as favourites, but as the last championships showed, it's not always the case, as this circuit usually concludes with a bunch sprint. I prefer a technical circuit and a longer race as the last 10 minutes can totally change the results. The first 15 minutes were ridden at a modest pace with just a few surges and the bunch staying together. I decided to up the pace and rode off the front and was soon joined by Kevin King and, swapping of turns we soon built a decent gap. With 10 minutes remaining the paced eased slightly as we started to consider the finish and could not see anyone chasing. On the bell lap I led past the finish line and along the back straight I looked behind and was shocked to see that Garron Buckland and Nick Tapp had caught us, it now became a track race, everyone watching one another and the finish line drawing closer as Garron opened the sprint, the jump being the difference holding off myself and Kevin. A very impressive ride by Garron especially after a



30-minute chase.

M8 65-69

By Ian Smith

It is common to hear club members say they will give the Club Championship a miss as the competition is too good. As a result, it would have been surprising to hear that almost all the starters in the 65–69 group agreed at the finish that they had enjoyed a really good race.

We had a good-sized pack of nine at the start. I think most of us had the plan to sit behind the stronger leaders with a hope that they might possibly be able to hold on to the finish. The first 25 minutes certainly was going to plan with no one to keen to do any work at the front and the average speed was around 31 km/hr. Then some riders started to get restless with surges by Andre Webber, Mark Edwards and Ian Smith. Each time the pack just let them hang out the front alone until they gave up. When John Williams had a crack, Ian Smith decided to throw the race plan out the window and chase hard. No one else in the pack wanted to do any work and when Ian caught John the two worked strongly together to open the gap and ride away, averaging nearly 38 km/hr for the rest of the race

Finally with around ten minutes to go Mark Edwards decided to chase. He hit the pack hard four times trying to shake them and in particular the sprinter Andre Webber. On the fourth attack he finally got away, and with one lap to go he caught John and Ian. Whilst this was happening the pack finally got organised and mounted a chase closing the gap to around fifty meters on the final lap and then hoping the leaders would play silly buggers so they could contest the sprint. It didn't happen.

With 500 meters to go John kicked early trying to drop Mark and Ian. Mark dropped back whilst Ian doggedly hung on but with fifty meters to the finish John found another gear and kicked away again. Mark then laid on one

of his trademark super sprints. At the finish John just won by a half bike length to Mark with Ian a further length back with the pack not too far behind.

It was a terrific race full of tactics and solid efforts with most riders feeling like they had a chance right to the end.

M8 65-69

By John Williams

Having chased Messrs Maybury and Ellenby around in Club Champs for many years, their absence this year gave many of us born in the mid 50's, optimism that there may be more than mere crumbs on offer. Finding a way onto the podium though was no easy matter.

Mark Edwards was a marked man as clearly the strongest rider, and we all expected a series of Ellenby like attacks in the last 15 minutes of racing. Andreas Weber has also found some fitness of late. Without doubt the best sprinter in the field, Andreas has been building a base of endurance recently that has led to a series of C grade podiums. If he is in the mix on the last lap, then you can lock him in for the top step of the podium. Ian Smith is always hard to beat and starting to regain pre-COVID form, and Tony Renehan also has a turn of speed. Any of the others on the start line are capable doing some damage, chase down a break, especially if they work turns, so it is hard to see a race strategy that might deliver a win. Indeed, by the start line I had concluded that much as I craved Gold, my strengths are on longer hillier courses, so I may as well throw caution to the wind and enjoy myself.

The first half of the race was steady with Mark, Ian, Hylton, Andreas and myself taking spells on the front, but without any serious attacks. Around halfway I decided to see how everyone's legs were, and attacked into the wind on the finishing straight. I was soon away on my own and worked very hard to keep the





pace up with the tailwind down the back straight, and then again into the wind. Unsurprisingly, I soon sensed riders on my tail, and sat up to recover back in the pack. Not for long! Mark choosing an ideal time to attack, with Andreas right on his wheel. We all responded. I think I was using Dave McCormack to bring me back up to them. As we caught them, I decided to go again, this time with a tailwind to help my escape. Again, I soon sensed company, but when I sat up to look, saw that only Ian Smith had managed to come with me - we had daylight!

We quickly started working turns - around 400m each, and not sparing the horses! Each time we risked a look back, we were emboldened by no sight of no red hats chasing. Twenty minutes to go, but this break might even work.

Unbeknownst to us, an intriguing battle was going on behind. Mark was keen to bridge across to us, but not so keen to pull a whole lot of passengers with him, especially Andreas the Speedy. Andreas was also keen to get across, and reckoned his best chance was on the wheel of Mark. The rest were trying to work together to bring back the breakaway but were disrupted by periodic attacks from Mark and Andreas, only for them to both sit up when Mark was unable to unglue Andreas from his wheel.

Ian and I were unwittingly grateful for the help, but 2 v 7 can only survive for so long, and with less than 10 minutes of racing to go, I looked around to see a lone red hat chasing us down. It was no surprise then, that a lap later we were joined by Mark. After a hard chase, he understandably didn't immediately take a turn, but that was disconcerting for Ian and I - are we going to drag him to the line, only to be out-sprinted? After all, we're a bit tired too!

Without going as hard as previously, I lead the pre-bell lap, and took over half of the bell lap

to get off the front. Ian took over, but I was aware that the chasing pack might be closing in on us, and as everyone knows I hate to see a good breakaway fail.

Pre-race I had marked my spot around 200 metres from the finish line to launch my final sprint into the headwind. I was as surprised as anyone then, when with around 600 metres to go, before the final bend into the finish straight, I hit the gas and went hell for leather for the finish line. My theory (with limited oxygen reaching the brain) was if I can get them out of my slipstream, I might have a bit more endurance in my sprint than the other two. And so it proved, as I crossed the line less than half a bike in front of Ian and Mark. Except, apparently, I did not get them off my wheel. Ian later told me he was waiting for me to go and managed to respond immediately. Just did not have the legs to get past.

Andreas led home the pack only 50 metres or so behind us. Clearly once 'Mark the Disrupter' left them to join the breakaway, they made great inroads, and it was probably just as well I went for the long sprint home.

I'm reluctant to suggest Mark was being Mr Nice Guy (one only has so much credibility to risk), but I am not convinced he did not have a few unused watts that might have got him the win, but I'll take it anyway.

Great to see so many riders partaking in some age groups. The Club Champs are the most important races on our calendar, and it is surely a mark of disrespect for riders to skip the race because they don't think they will make it to the podium.

M8 65-69

By Mark Edwards

Wednesday at the Teardrop. Johnny says we need to talk about Andre. I think that's what he meant, who gets Brizzle? My father's father was a Taffy born at Bristol. It should be in my



genes but it aint, innit. Andre with the Giant legs? The Sprint King. That Weber would roast us alive if it came to a sprint. Andre is one of the great wheel suckers, and proud of it.

Friday. Date night. Helen chooses the film. This will get you fired up she says. We see Nobody, it's not about John Eales. I've never heard of the film but by mid film I'm frothing, and ready to kill. If you are an adult juvenile like me this is a must see.

Sunday. Race face on. The one day I don't have to get smashed by the kids. A gentle spin down with locals Niclasen, Newnham G and ring in Tapp and we are there. It's good numbers for us old blokes. The pensioner club. John W looks cherry ripe. He's been trying to get on the podium for years. He talks about it. He writes about it. He dreams about it. In the past it's been Ellenby and Mayberry that have done him in again and again. This year they are not around but up pops Andre. We hatch a plan. We'll swap attacks and not chase, or more so not bring Andre along for a free ride. Work him over. Easier said than done. We all roll around for a while, not too fast but fast enough to lap the 35 year old group. Half hour in I go first, full gas. I'm well clear, 50 metres easy, and settle in. A moment later I hear him braking to sit in. WTF? I flick the elbow. Nothing. I back off, the bunch catches. Now it's Johnny's turn. He goes. Andre's not bothered, he's just covering me. Damn. Hylton and Dave and Ian wind it back. Recover, repeat. AW covers me easy every time. We all know his plan, he talked it pre-race and is sticking to it. Hmmm. We should have had a Plan B.

Johnny goes again, at the right time. Lush. Smithy locks on. That wasn't part of the plan. Andre waits. They get further away, proper outta sight. Everyone's watching me, a lot. Have I put my knicks on inside out again? Dave McC is old school, sees what needs

doing and works on the front lap after lap. Hylton tries to organise short sharp turns but this lot's got cloth ears. I try twice to shake Andre off but he's like a rash. I'm sitting behind, waiting for him to have a drink, or look the wrong way when I see he's double boxed in, so I go hard and this time it sticks. JW and IMS are well gone and I settle in to 155 bpm, all I can hold for any time. My bar tape needs changing, a taste of grease and salty sweat. There's my gorgeous wife at the finish line, a sure sign something good can happen. It takes forever to close the gap and now I'm well spent and unable/unwilling to take a pull. Or-roight me ole muckers? The two babbers work together til the bell when it's man on man. I didn't look back so didn't know the rest were so nearly back. That would have been frustrating. All that for nought. Interestingly all the C and D Graders are comfortable and hang on easily. It's a pity the Handicapper wasn't there.

I'm thinking about a 50 metre sprint into the headwind. Smithy and Johnny jump at the corner. Seriously? They are side by side for ages. I'm sat in thinking ooh this is mint! I'll wait and roll over the top but bleedin ell I've gone and left it too late haven't I? And I got nothing left anyway. It's Johnny be Goode. Gert good. I go up a group next year to rejoin Webby, Paul James, Andrew and the others. I won't see Andre for another five years. I hope vets racers don't have long memories.

M9 70-74

By Peter Webb

Only four riders turned up to race on the day unfortunately for some, family commitments were occurring on the day (family must come first). We agreed to not go flat out until at least the 25 minutes out of a race time of some 50 minutes. We all stuck to this agreement until the agreed time, then I decided to attack into





the wind up the home straight. I did this with the plan to put Paul James and Andrew Buchanan under some duress. Due to a lack of fitness I wasn't able to go on with it and they all came back including Geoff Miller (great riding Geoff). With the benefit of hindsight, I should have gone again, but I'm no Chris Ellenby. We continued to go around, and Andrew went off the front a couple of times and we left him there, but always keeping him on a leash albeit a long one. The bell rang and it was down to the business end, Paul is renowned for coming from the back and going past at a speed that is difficult to match. My plan was to sit on his wheel and wait until a distance that I thought I could overtake him. Andrew was still a fair way ahead as we came down the back straight and Paul was trying to

get me to go around him and chase Andrew. I was having none of that, I was prepared to let Andrew win rather than change my plan. As it happened Paul accelerated and I was able to keep up with him, we caught Andrew and now it was just a matter of timing the sprint. I went exactly at the point I had picked and nearly drew level with Paul but he still had a little bit left and managed to match my speed. We crossed the line at what I would think was about a quarter of a wheel separating us. Andrew came over the line ahead of Geoff for third place. It was a good and fair race with great camaraderie and competitiveness between us. Thanks to everyone for a great day's racing and also to the younger grades that passed us slower old buggers very safely.

Wednesday GSR, Teardrop Criterium Track, 21 April

Grade	1 st	2 nd	3 rd
A Grade (9)	Mark Seddon (NC)	Russel Newnham CCCC	Jordie Lindstrom (N/A)
B Grade (14)	Nick Tapp	Dale Walton	Grant Farr
C Grade (10)	Doug Reynolds	Peter Webb	Tony Curulli
D Grade (6)	Phillip Curtis	Peter Gray	Tim Berry (N/A)
E Grade (-)	-	-	-





News etc.

Catering for the Women's GP - Saturday 1 May, preceding the usual GSR's!

Hi again, just me bugging all our wonderful Members!

I am still hopeful that we will get some more 'offers of a plate' for our Women's Event.

So far I've had a couple of Members reach out and the rest is being filled by our organising Committee.

Thank you to those who have offered to assist already, it is greatly appreciated.

I only need about another 10 more volunteers and my quota will be full!

Please reach out, I won't bite you and I will be ever so thankful.

We have intentionally not dipped into the funds too much for catering, so your support is very much needed.

My email is kympetersen@icloud.com

You may be wondering: why would the blokes want to cater the women's race?

Well I will tell you precisely why.

Because Kym is persistent.

Because Kym doesn't want to spend the entire day prior, in the kitchen cooking.

Because we want to attract more women to our club and bolster our numbers.

Because we want a big show of community on the day and nothing says welcome more than a plate of homemade goodness.

Because you might just get some leftovers for after the GSR's at 2pm.

Because Kym can be a pain in the butt and we'd like to, at some point, silence her.

Please help Kym. Kym is needy. And hungry.

Thanks for your time.

Kym. P.

STOP PRESS..... Eastern Cycling Club Polo ShirtSTOP PRESS

*Members that are interested in a club Polo shirt, orders are being taken **NOW**. Cut off time is 30th April and cost is \$40. Max will bring samples for sizing on race days, or place order on 0438 538 139.*



Wanted

Second hand 56cm men`s road/race bike.

Potentially a bike that you have upgraded from.

Doesn`t have to be flash, just suitable for a young rider getting into crit racing.

Please contact Dale Walton on:

0409 943 663 OR

dale@designeq.com.au

Thanks,

Dale Walton

Duty Roster

A friendly reminder to all club members. If, for some reason you are unable to fulfil your roster responsibilities, it is your responsibility to find a replacement marshal to swap with AND then notify the duty co-ordinator (Andrew Buchanan) preferably within 72 hours of your scheduled duty. If members need the phone number of a potential swap, contact Andrew Buchanan.

Call for Additional Race Day Facilitators

The role involves directing the marshals to their pre-determined (road course) locations 1 hour prior to the race. With this role you can still race on the day. Contact the duty co-ordinator (Andrew Buchanan) if interested in helping.

ECC on Instagram

Eastern Cycling Club has cast its social media net further and now has an Instagram page. Be sure to follow your club to access photos, news etc

Future events

Eastern CC events

Please refer to page 1 of this newsletter, or go to <https://easterncycling.com/event-calendar/>

Note: Graded scratch race entries are accepted ahead of time on Entry Boss <https://entryboss.cc/calendar/ecc>. Handicap entries close the Tuesday or Wednesday before the race, as advertised. Riders who enter a handicap must pay the entry fee regardless of whether they participate. No late entries will be accepted for either scratch races or handicaps. Entries to handicaps can be submitted to the handicapper via email or TeamApp, or on any race day before the event.

Wednesday racing at the Teardrop/Loop is still cash on the day with registration closing at 10:00 am and a start time of 10:15 am. Cost is \$4 in coins or a \$5 note. No change is offered due to ECC Covid-Safe procedures.





Eastern Grand Prix Women's Race

Saturday 1st May is the ECC Womans Grand Prix at Casey Fields. This is a multi race womens only event. So mark this in your diary and spread the word. If you're female, 30+ years of age and would like to give this road racing a try, get yourself an Australian Cycling license and come along. Casey Fields is a closed circuit so is a safe place to learn the art of cycling!



**eastern
CYCLING CLUB**

Womens Only Racing

3 Races in 1 Day

Saturday
1st May
2021

Grades
A - D

2.2km
Circuit

Hot Lap,
Elimination
& Criterium

Casey Fields, Cranbourne

Entries & Info: <https://easterncycling.com/>
Riders will need a current AusCycling licence.

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www.croydoncyclingworks.com.au





Northern CC events

For details, go to northerncycling.com.au. Please note that Northern road races start at 10 am on Sunday; start time for criterium races at National Boulevard is 9 am.

ECC Sponsors



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