



Eastern veterans cycling club

www.easternvets.com

Respecting the Rights of all Road Users

Newsletter February 6th 2010

Graded Scratch Races – Dunlop Road - January 30th

Race report

End of school holidays, no Tour Down Under, no Alpine Classic, with no distractions, no responsibilities and no excuses the numbers turn up - 138 entries meant an average 23 riders per grade. The racing was going to be hot, the weather was already hot and with no signs of a cool change temperatures were pushing the 35 degree cutoff point. A northerly breeze not only kept the temperatures high but also the speeds on the run to the finish, top grade riders taking the turn into Dunlop Road at 50kph.

a-grade

If the hype on the line was to be believed Phil Smith was the wheel to watch, a top ten result in New Zealand after a solo breakaway was caught within a kilometre of the line and a win on Tuesday night from a first lap attack had the punters wary, but a near two-dozen strong bunch, made up of some of the club's strongest riders and a few top level b-graders (who'd been shanghaied to keep the numbers even), sure to curb any thoughts of an early move.

Maybe it was hotter than thought, no sooner had the starter said "go" than Phil was away and heading to the first turn. Nigel Kimber, leader of the pack by virtue of having been first to the start line, suffered a momentary lapse of reason and set off in pursuit. It was half a lap before Nigel came to his senses and, as Jason Pastor and Frank Nyhuis rolled past, he sat up to await the inevitable swamping. Trevor Coulter was the next rider through and as the gap grew, with no sign of others filling it, Nigel took a look back that revealed nobody there. Head down Nigel scrambled back to Trevor's wheel, muttering something about it being nice to have been told (that there was nobody else), making it five together as the first lap ended and the second started, a good gap back to the remainder.

As Phil led the charge from the line, Nigel close on his wheel, Frank set about bridging, Jason quick to follow while David Holt led the 20 strong bunch at a sensible pace. Trevor, thinking the pace of the chase wasn't wise, jumped a little later in pursuit.

Up front the next twenty minutes were tough, a sporadic rotation of turns kept the chase at bay but the workload and a lack of routine proved too much for Nigel who slipped off the back into no-man's land awaiting the bunch, and it was down to four.

Initially there was no panic in the chase, the heavy-weights sitting down the back, a couple in the peloton watching Justin Davis, one in expectation, one because that's just what he does. But as the break started to disappear around the next corner the stronger riders came to the front upping the tempo to limit the gap. The increase in pace and some surging caused by a few attempts to bridge, putting a few in trouble.

After twenty minutes, as Nigel started his long journey back to the peloton, Guy Green sent Stefan Kirsch up the road whilst continuing his watch (as he does). Celtic/TFM managed to get a rider, in Gerard Donnelly, on Stefan's wheel and Rob Amos made it three, the trio rolling turns in their pursuit and passing Nigel half-way across.

The three pursuers catching the break as Nigel was reunited with the peloton. Stefan going straight to the lead and upping the tempo, an action that saw Trevor and Jason retreat to the back of the little group in the hope to just hold on. Nigel going straight to the back of the dozen strong peloton leaving it to Justin to restore some Omara pride. Unfortunately, with one Doherty's/Eltham Cycles rider (Stefan) and one Celtic/TFM rider (Gerard) up the road, there was to be no help forthcoming from Guy, Frank Donnelly or Boyd Friis. A couple of hard laps by Justin did little to make inroads in the gap to the Stefan inspired leaders, but it did cull the chase group down to a half-dozen.

Stefan's urgency to continue the momentum proved too much for two; Trevor Coulter, suffering exhaustion, opted to retire voluntarily before having no choice and a little later Jason, finally not having the legs to hold on, slipped off the back to return to the chase. And it was back to five away. The chasing group bolstered to six with Jason's return were soon down to five as Justin realised he wasn't going to shake the remora and that his efforts alone weren't going to bridge the gap. Then when Jason fell away it was four; Tony Chandler, Damian Burke, Guy Green, and David Holt left to their own devices ... in the end pretending there was no break and having their own little scratch race.

The break worked together for the remainder, as they took the bell Stefan and Gerard were trailing a bit off the back - discussing politics. An opportunity for Frank to write his name in the history books, his attack into the last corner hard but ultimately ineffective as Stefan powered past all comers in the run for the line, finishing a bike length ahead of Gerard, Rob Amos a length further back, leaving the two riders remaining from the original break in fourth - Phil, and fifth - Frank.

Frank Nyhuis's take on the race

Talking to someone before the race about Tuesday night at METEC, and they told me Phil Smith and Rob Amos took off on the very first lap, and lapped the rest of the field twice. Hmmmm. Good field here today, with all the big guns looking to make my legs jelly - Roy, Guy, Justin, Stefan, Boyd, Gerard and Frank Donnelly, Phil Smith, Rob Amos. So there I was second row of the grid, Phil Smith on pole, all of us listening to Ronnie's Ramble, and then we were sent on our 55min session of suffering.

Lo and behold, Phil Smith is out of his seat sprinting to the first corner, Nigel hot on his heels, and I immediately thought of the earlier conversation about METEC, so I thought I'll just dig in to catch the Smith train and wait for the rest of the bunch to catch up when they realise what's happening. I saw Trevor Coulter do the same as me, and one other new member? (Agent 13). I looked behind and saw a bit of a gap at the first turn, but nothing insurmountable for these guys, so I was just waiting for the whirr of another 20 odd sets of wheels to catch us by the top turn, but they seemed content to let us go. Looked around the sweeping bend into the long finish straight, and it already looks like a workable gap. Nigel and Phil obviously sensed the same, so we all got organised with good rolling turns to keep the pressure on.

After 20 minutes or so, I was wondering aloud to Trevor why I was doing this.....just crazy maybe, because surely the bunch wouldn't just let this go on for another 35 minutes?! Everyone in our five-some was putting in, rarely missing a turn, and we were getting some times yelled out by Ray Russo in Geddes St. to let us know how far ahead, but with all the panting going on, I wasn't sure if he said 9 secs or 29 secs! Seems that it may have been closer to 29. I think it was around this time that the pace was too hot for Nigel, and he silently slipped out the back, leaving four of us to maintain the rage. It wasn't long before we were joined by Stefan, Gerard D., and the familiar sight of Rob Amos with his nose to the handlebars.

I hadn't looked around for ages, for fear of seeing the bunch closing in, so when those three joined us, I just assumed the rest weren't far behind. Stefan seemed determined to step on the gas to snuff out any thoughts of capture by the quality field in the main bunch, and we all sensed his urgency and pitched in. At one stage, at the top corner, Trevor seemed to get stuck up against Gerard's handlebars doing a wheelie as he braked to get out of it. Thankfully they came apart without adding to the day's crash tally, and seeing I was right on Gerard's wheel, I probably would have come down as well. I don't know whether the near miss freaked him out, but Trevor dropped off soon after, and not long after that, Agent 13 found the pace too hot, so he went out the back as well.

Back to five and everyone was working well together, although I have to admit I missed a few more turns than the others, because it seemed I always got a turn into the wind, and it tuckered me out, but I dug in deep as I watched the time ticking over realising the end was near and it would be like Phil Smith and I were the opening batsmen and we managed to carry the innings! Around the 55 minute mark we were coming down the finish straight and all of a sudden Stefan and

Gerard had dropped off the back (apparently they were trying to decide who would go first), so I thought it would be just Phil, Rob and myself to fight it out. Considering my lack of sprinting ability, it's "no guts, no glory", so I jumped out of my seat heading into the last corner hoping the other 2 were too tired (as if!), with about 100m to go, Stefan and Gerard obviously worked out their confusion of a lap earlier, and sailed past the lot of us, taking Rob and Phil with them, finishing in that order, with my legs suffering a massive lactic acid build up but managing to take the last of the prize money. I then happily reached down and took my first drink in 58 minutes to quench my parched throat.

Stats for the ride: Time - 58.35, Distance(29 laps) - 40.65km, Av. speed - 41.6kph, Max speed (last lap) - 53.2kph, Av. HR - 171bpm, Fastest lap (lap 2) - 1.54, slowest lap(apart from 1st) - 2.04.

b-grade

No report.

Unfortunately nobody provided me with any information on what was a terrific race, the first half characterised by many attacks with pairs, and the odd triplet, getting a break before being hauled back. Then the break that stuck with a couple of individuals scrambling across to make it six away ahead of what became a very uncoordinated chase.

c-grade

No report. (Sorry Peter but no other contributions left me in the dark)

d-grade (Mal Jones)

Summer had well and truly arrived at Dunlop Road – again. For the second visit to one of the favoured road crit circuits, the temperature was well into the 30s, making for a hot, exhausting and challenging day.

Even with the heat, the day brought big numbers; 25 starters, including most of the usual d-grade suspects as well as a handful of occasional and new names.

Adding to the colour of the day's big numbers was the unpredictable wind. Sometimes making the trip across the back of the circuit very quick and at the same time slowing the front straight, other times, it was all over the place with no pattern. Mmmm, fun for everyone...

As the race got underway with the prerequisite warnings about passing safely and watching out for cars ringing in the ears, the bunch quickly settled into a brisk but doable pace – everyone mindful of the energy sapping heat that would come into play as the hour ran down.

The strategy by many riders was simple – with 25 riders circulating, stay at the front and not risk being caught at the back if and when the elastic snapped.

Not long into the hour Cube Taylor made one of his trademark dashes down the front straight and piled on the pressure until a voice from behind said; "Too early Cube". He sensibly

(according to the other 24 riders) backed off and let the bunch close up again.

During the hour several other charges and challenges were mounted, but were either shut down by the attentive bunch controlling the front for much of the race, or the energy levels of the attacker simply weren't there to push on and consolidate the break.

One notable effort was made by Dave Ryan. Having only his third race, Dave spent a lot of the time driving the pace and was never too far from the front. With some more race craft under his wheels, he'll figure in the results sooner rather than later.

The heat was taking its toll as the race wore (or ground) on. No doubt, the consistent pace was making it hard the further the race went, but still, it was much the same group at the front continuing to drive it.

When the bell finally came it wasn't a moment too soon, and of course the pace went up another several notches. Off the end of the front straight and around the first left hand turn it got sort of ragged as the jockeying for position started in earnest.

Within the still large bunch no one wanted to be caught too far back, but at the same time, not too many were putting their hands up to lead the race for the last half or so of the lap.

Coming around the dog leg kink before the last turn things got really tight as the combined competition for road space and increased speed sucked up pretty much every square millimetre of useable track.

At this point several riders opted out of the sprint, deciding that it could be within a wheel width of turning horribly pear shaped.

The rest charged on around the corner and into the front straight towards the finish line.

To their collective credit, everyone held their line and made it to the finish without incident.

After not having been seen most of the day, Mark Granland came through to take the win, Colin Morris took second, Murray Howlett third, Graeme Parker fourth and Sam Bruzzese fifth.

e-grade (Les McLean)

It was not the sort of day that a lot of riders liked with the temperature around the 32C mark and a little humidity that can quickly sap your energy. After watching the B, D and F grades go through their paces in the hot conditions, 18 brave e-graders started their 50 minutes of racing into the unknown.

Les McLean led off but down the back straight Graham Cadd came up alongside stating that two had not yet got onto the bunch, as a consequence the pace dropped and the first lap or so was fairly slow. However this was short lived as Phillip

Johns went to the front and upped the pace. Phil was followed by a procession of riders going to the front and keeping the pace at a constant but not extreme speed. Juanita Cadd did her normal bit at the front, although not as quick as she usually goes (six weeks holidays'll do that to you - ed.). Robin Condie then took over and started to increase the speed somewhat. This went on for a couple of laps. Then it was Peter Kronemann's turn and he did his bit, but again another not as quick as he normally is.

At one stage Clive Wright took a flyer down the outside and got away by 20 meters but the pack sensed the danger and ran him down very quickly. When he was caught he was heard to say; "who chased me?", the reply was "We all did". JC Wilson did his usual system of going to the front and making it hard for some but he only lasted a lap or so before melting back into the group. It will only be a matter of time before his form returns after his recent ankle operation.

Barry Rodgers went to the front around the 40-minute mark and upped the pace for 3 or so laps and this hurt some riders. Laurie Bohn then did his bit to keep the race mobile but after that the pace slowly died off, partly because of the hot and trying conditions particularly along the back straight and before the final turn due to the wind. Robin then went to the front again and did over two laps at a higher speed which wilted a few would be contenders.

At the bell the speed died away and up the back straight there was a lot of jockeying for the best position and wheels and this continued after the end of the back straight. Coming up to the turn it was Robin on the inside with Barry and Kenton Smith and Les on the outside following the wheel of Adam Dymond with the rest well and truly bunched up behind. Around the turn Les was trying to grab Robin's wheel when he launched his usual explosive power sprint and Les after him. Just then Graham Cadd got caught up in a skirmish and fell, Clive Wright had nowhere to go except straight into him, Kenton Smith flying around the outside and fortunately up a driveway and out of trouble. Laurie stood on his brakes locking up the back wheel and narrowly avoided both fallen riders, the remainder going in all directions to stay out of the melee.

Those ahead of the melee pushed on, Robin jumping to a 4 length lead with Les behind. The fast finishing Charles Lethbridge piped Les on the line for second with Peter and Adam bringing up 4th and 5th places. Robin proving too strong again on such a fast sprinters' circuit.

All credit must go to the two Doctors, Petra Niclasen and Allan Cunneen and especially Mark Wallace, our MICA Ambo who helped and assessed the two fallen riders and arranging ambulance transportation to the Alfred Hospital for both Graham and Clive. These people do a marvelous job which is sometimes to the detriment of their own race when these sorts of accidents happen. It is very reassuring to know that we have these dedicated people racing in our club.

f-grade

No quarter was shown to the handful of new members lining up for their first foray into the sport, nor any gentlemanly concern for the more than half-dozen ladies who made up over a third of the field on the start line. The pace matched the temperature; it

was hot from the first, the first attack coming in the second lap, Brian Farrell taking it upon himself to drag the bunch back to the miscreant.

The early pace was dictated by a couple of ex-Southern members - Rob Melasecca and his junior council, who tried to get away or whittle the bunch down in their attempt. Brian Farrell was often seen at the front chasing these efforts as was Rosie Lumbo, her small frame bent over the bars not providing the relief of the bigger Brian but enough to help keep things intact. Rosie not only responding to other's moves but occasionally seen off the front herself - destined for e-grade if she's not too careful. Petra Niclasen another of the aggressors as the race progressed and the sting was drained from the early antagonists' legs.

Juanita Cadd was amongst the female contingent, riding below her normal grade in support of the new riders, offering encouragement, advice and assistance where appropriate, Alison Barnard enjoying a domestique assisted chase to get back to the bunch at one point.

The pace and temperature led to the intermittent loss of riders from the bunch and the occasional retirement, Alison and

Carol Ross doing better than some of the more seasoned racers hanging in for half race distance before losing contact, Catrin Harris taking a few laps out to re-cover and re-hydrate before re-joining in support of the dropped Alison, the pair completing the race a lap down.

As the clock wound down the numbers stabilised at around a dozen, the women still comprising at least a third of the number. Further efforts to shake a few more were unsuccessful and it was destined to be a last lap jostling for position and a one-fifty metre, leg-searing, lung-busting, wind-assisted sprint to decide the result. Again Brian took it upon himself to lead through the last lap till the heat finally got to him. On Brian's withdrawal the line bunched up and rounded the last corner as a tight unit before spreading out as the sprinters started their run to the line. The resultant wall of riders descending on finish made it difficult for the officials on the line, the final result; Gary Dodds splitting the sprinters Ken Saxton (first) and Daryl O'Grady (third). Rob Melasecca missing the podium by the proverbial ... and Rosie doing the girls proud to finish off a strong ride with fifth place.

A special mention goes to Jean Wiegard who overcame first race nerves to acquit herself well, staying, and finishing, with the bunch.

Results

	First	Second	Third	Fourth	Fifth
a-grade (24)	Stefan Kirsch	Gerry Donnelly	Rob Amos	Phil Smith	Frank Nyhuis
b-grade (26)	Rob Harris	Anthony Gullace	Martin Stalder	Ian Milner	Ian Smith
c-grade (26)	Peter Ransome	Darren Smith	Chris Norbury		
d-grade (25)	Mark Granland	Colin Morris	Murray Howlett	Graeme Parker	Sam Bruzzese
e-grade (18)	Robin Condie	Charles Lethbridge	Les McLean	Peter Kronneman	Adam Dymond
f-grade (20)	Ken Saxton	Gary Dodds	Daryl O'Grady	Rob Melasecca	Rosie Lumbo

Officials

Thanks to Graeme Parker and Ron Stranks who were on the desk taking entries. Thanks also to the helpers who were; Daryl O'Grady, John Thomas, Nick Tapp, Robert Truscott, Keven Urbancic, Phil Thompson, John Van Seters, Paul Wilson, Kevin Turley, Steven Szalla all on roster plus Nick Hainal, Jeff Smith, Ray Russo, Neil Cartledge and Ian Smith who filled in, all under the direction of race controller Nigel Frayne. 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	6	2:00pm	Casey Fields	Graded Scratch Races
Saturday	February	13	2:00pm	Steels Creek	Graded Scratch Races
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
Tuesday	Feb	9 16, 23	6:00pm	METEC	Graded Scratch Races
	Mar				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	7	9:30am	National Boulevard	Graded Scratch Races
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

Gippsland Vets Program

Sunday	February	7	10:00am	Kernot	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	February	28	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 15th not 22nd as advertised in the little white book

Sunday	February	21	9:30am	Dookie	Malcolm Hill Cycles handicap (56k)	10/2 - \$20
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

Coffee for cycling - the real McCoy

Late last year Deb Chambers and her partner bought a bike shop on Beach Road, threw out the old and brought in the new, opening up their own idea of a destination for cyclists - Café Velocino and Velocino Cycles.

Next time you're down Black Rock way drop in for a coffee and a chat - 304 Beach Road, you can also keep up with the goings on on FaceBook - <http://www.facebook.com/pages/Cafe-Velocino/212007345860>

Committee matters.

Safety at Dunlop Road.

Concerns over rider behaviour at Dunlop Road were raised at this week's EVCC club meeting. It was noted that a lot of bunches were pushing the limits of keeping left and riders were riding to the right of the cones on the corners. Our racing at Dunlop Road depends upon us doing so safely and within the conditions of the permits issued. Dunlop Road is an open road circuit, other traffic uses the road at the same time and we (the club and its members) have to be aware of this and ride accordingly. A decision was taken at the meeting on Monday night that will see the same rules, and penalties, applied at Dunlop Road as at our other road circuits; any rider found riding to the right of the centre of the road will be disqualified from the race, some discretion may be shown where a rider is attempting to avoid an accident but wilful disregard of the law to keep left at all times will be punished.

Alpine Classic, 250k - Pete Shanahan

Part One

2:30am rise, my first natural break for the day. Stood at the door of the tent for a while wondering, 'can I have a wee bit more sleep', the hot day the day before making it hard to fall asleep early as planned. Well must get some grub into myself-- Weetbix sounds good, works for Iron men, some untoasted bread & jam, a hot cup of Milo - another Iron man food. Ok, final bits and

pieces, don't forget Brevet card. Prepared the bike the day before, tyres still tight, lights working, must be about 3:30 by now. 5.7km ride into town (Bright), the road nice and quiet, perhaps a couple of cars with bikes atop, coming from further a field.

In the dark, a sea of bike lights and a field of vests awaits, hear a few voices that sound familiar; Ian Smith, Matt White, Thorkild Muurholm, and Dean Jones, all Eastern Vets - Team 250k. Wander off when the gates of the darkness open up to the sound of clicking cleats, some deciding to walk the slow exit out of the shoot. We're off! Bright fluro stripes, stretching out for half a mile down the road. The eager ones breaking the peloton early, leaving the more sensible seasoned Audax riders to lead the peloton of 200+ riders to Harietville. Myself opting to bridge a small gap forming behind some like minded people.

Harrietville, cue for my second natural break, gone unnoticed by the rest of the Eastern guys who assumed I was still ahead, climbing like there was no tomorrow. Back on the bike, the climb up Hotham bringing back memories of the 'Tour of Bright'. The first challenge at 5ks in; The Meg, was a little kinder on the legs, and lungs, than in the Tour. Another 5ks & the road flattens out for approx. 10ks. Then at the Gate House, the road kicks up slightly, but nothing like at the Gate House on Baw Baw. A couple of downhill sections, just so you have to gain altitude all over again. May as well leave it in the granny gear, and roll as far up the hill as I can, I even pass a guy who decided to pedal early.

KOM Mount Hotham. Sun has risen, must be about 7am. Enjoy the mainly down hill section, to the first check point/food stop, at Dinner plain. The four man eastern squad heading out as I arrive, had thoughts of a quick stop, but this thought quickly subsided to a more sensible idea - a three course meal; bread and butter with jam, a bun, a hot Milo, and two bananas to go (& 3rd natural. break). Down hill to Omeo, sort of, very enjoyable, pass a heap of riders on the downs, and the flats. Pass the Kosciusko lookout, and more down hill to Omeo. 2 B Continued

Part Two

Greeted at Omeo by my Eastern Comrades - "do you want us to wait?", a hasty refill, 'not long since I last ate', N.B. no.5, refill water, grab a water additive (lemon flavor). Oops forgot some bananas to go. Road, ok, out of Omeo, some rolling hills, then after a few ks a slight uphill section which saw my team mates slowly put in some time and distance between me and them. Not to worry, plenty of strangers around. A bit of down hill, then a long section of road, that follows the contour of the land. All the way to Anglers rest. No rest for me at the inn, straight off the bike and into the second compulsory walk, across the second wooden planked bridge. This is lovely, a couple of great camping locations along the river. Take your kayak, your bike, some skis, and fishing pole if you must.

What's this, a turn to the left, onto the back road to Falls Creek. Looks like a little uphill to start, should be ok. Oh! it keeps going, as we climb out of the Mita Mita valley. But, wait there's more, 7ks in, 30ks to Falls sign, I make a comment that "at this rate (6kph), it will be another 5 hours before I reach Falls", a 900m walk at 3.7kph, slightly over 4kph when road flattens out a touch. Glad I put in my cleat covers, two drink stops, one at a k or two in, the other 16ks from Falls. Thank God for more bananas, as my food supply had just run out. Nothing too strenuous, from here to Falls, though the road is as dead as they come.

Arrive at Falls, back to familiar territory. N.B. no 7. More bananas, one tuna tart, two chocolate buns, another Milo, and the compulsory rice custard. Some encouragement from fellow survivors, a girl lying down, been attended to by a concerned helper. Three cheers for all the volunteers, who give up a day or two of torture, just to help those, who just can't help themselves. The descent down Falls, was very quiet, didn't spot another rider until - N.B. no 8... Its strange how riders just turn up when one is ascending then disappear when descending. Over Tawonga gap, (9kph) (7k, 6k,,,3k, 2.9, 2.8, etc, etc to go) anything to pass the time. Down the other side, had a battle to pass Mr. 'passed me at the top, I'm going to use up all the road on the way down'. Thought I was rid of him, till he flew past on the flat. Chatted with another rider until a threesome train went past; my cue to do a bit of time trial practice. Didn't get on the train, but had fun passing a few other riders in the attempt.

C U all next year.

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.
