

Message from the President

Our club is currently experiencing a wonderful resurgence with many new members signing-on and many past members returning. Our new committee has now been on the job for three months and has been working overtime to ensure the club continues to grow. We are currently working on a new website that is almost complete. The web page is just part of our new club image which also includes a new club logo (as seen at the top of our newsletter) and soon to be released 'club polo shirts'. We are also currently working on designs for a new club cycle clothing kit which we hope to subsidise for all members and then encourage all to get 'kitted-up'. Our race committee has now finalised our race roster for July – December with some exciting races planned. We are also planning some social 'get-togethers' after some races and encourage all to attend...come along and finish off a great days racing with friends. But wait there's more...Jackpot races, Spot prizes, Consistency awards and watch this space for a big-night' announcement. In the meantime, enjoy your riding, be safe and pedal-on.

Brian

VOLUNTEERS

Our Volunteers are like gold and they continue to keep our club afloat. A few of our riders have been out doing duties at the odd CA race and the conversation invariably ends up around what a great job our volunteers do at the Vets. Until you have stood for 2 hours on a corner in the cold you probably don't really understand how long, cold and boring it can be. But doing it week after week is just incredible ...so take the time to thank these guys when you get the chance.



Cindy, Emma, Inge, Amy, Judith and Charles ...still smiling after gominos on the side of the road.



Charles (Safety Officer) and Brian (President) ...two more guys who invest hours into our club every week.

VOLUNTEERS (cont.)

...and what a great effort from this bloke ... Dallas Headlam. Saturdays he is out at CA doing duty and Sundays at the Vets. Talk about putting something back into the sport you love !!! Well Done mate.



Dallas Headlam– covering duty again

If you cant race one week, then please consider coming out and helping out !!!

THE NEXT 4 WEEKS:

7th June:
No Racing—Long Weekend
 8am 5-ways Bunch ride
 Sun / Mon

14th June:
Hagley 51km GHCP
 Duty: David Hillier
Tom Ellison

21st June:
Hagley 50km GMS
 Duty: Peter Jones
 Gavin Moore

28th June:
Whitemore 50km HCP
 Duty: Rob Tatchell
Justin Harper

Racing Rave

RACES NOW \$6

Please note that Race Fees will increase to \$6 a race from here on in. The extra dollar entry will be allocated entirely to the Jackpot Races.

JACKPOT RACES

An idea of Keith and John's (our two Vice Presidents and Handicappers) , Jackpot races will occur randomly throughout the roster. These races will feature increased prize money in a variety of forms ...maybe more places paid or higher \$\$ paid to normal place getters, or random places awarded \$\$.

Neither riders, nor Committee members, will know until the pre-race address. This system aims to reward the riders who turn up week in and week out.

SAFETY IS NOT AN ACCIDENT !!

Based on the fact that a Safer you is a safer me, I think we should all make safety a priority in our racing. The Vets has always been an extremely safe place to race and we need to ensure that it remains this way. There have been a few close calls evidently in races this month. \$10 will barely cover the tube, not the wheel, frame, knicks, doctor's fees etc etc.

Lets give our sport of cycling the respect it deserves !! Just in case you didn't know—crashes can hurt like hell !! Sorry about the fear tactics—but some say fear is the basis of safety.

NB: Bike Maintenance is another aspect of this—you owe it to your fellow riders to have your bike serviced

A Great Read

With his permission we have attached a very interesting piece of writing titled:

“York Park Circa 1963” By Graham Kearney

Anyone who has had the pleasure to meet Graham comes away having had a better day, he is one of the true characters of the sport and we feel privileged every time he makes a return to the club ...

Make yourself a coffee and enjoy the read !!

HOT WHEELS AWARD



Which wheels are running Hot in the club at the moment:

Garry Pickett has taken this months HOT WHEELS AWARD after a good month with a win at Bishopsbourne and then backing up for another win at Longford

June Birthdays

Dave Kemp—8th
Roger Butorac—19th
Steve Badcock—22nd
Peter Dadson—22nd
Wally Barrett—24th
Collin Burns—30th

Interestingly Daddo and Steve share the same birthday as Cindy Lauper while Burnsy shares a birthday with Mike Tyson ..make what you will out of that!!

Member Profile

ROGER BUTORAC



Started Riding:

About ten years ago I bought a road bike, my first ever, to start competing in triathlons. As a kid, I had a long standing desire for a bike but Santa never seemed to get the hints. Vividly recall waking up one Christmas morning to find my sisters had a new bike while I had a sleeping bag. As no-one else was awake, I took their bike for a test ride, only to crash into a tree and sustain a nasty groin injury. Difficult to later explain, but I managed to get away with it.

Soon after I began triathlons, Lynn Faulkner persuaded me to come along to a Vets race and I found it a lot of fun. Especially when the handicapper gave me a good start and I began a bit of a personal tradition of breakaways. Usually fruitless but it worked the first time!

Jobs/Careers:

Went straight from school to Uni (probably the best time of my life) and after working as an Intern at Royal Hobart Hospital, spent four years in the Navy before training in surgery.

Member Profile (Cont.)

ROGER BUTORAC (Cont.)

Lived overseas for 18 months after finishing orthopaedics, including a year in Salt Lake City before returning to Tasmania in 1992. Still not a Mormon.

Training:

Most often with "5 Ways" bunch, more recently the "BC Bunch", but have done quite a bit of solo training over the years, particularly in the lead up to big triathlons.

Most Memorable Sporting Event:

Would have to be competing in Hawaii Ironman last year. I had always said I wouldn't do Ironman distance as there didn't seem much sense in flogging yourself that much. However, you sometimes get caught up in these things and before I came to my senses I had qualified to go. There is a lot of hype around this race and it really is an "extreme" sporting event but I'm very glad I had the opportunity and enjoyed most of it – especially finishing! If only they could shorten the run leg; a full marathon after a tough 180 km time trial on the bike was extremely gruelling and took a lot of mental and physical stamina.

Other Hobbies:

Used to be a farmer before diverting to triathlons and the component sports. Also used to sailboard and snow ski quite a bit before these other sports consumed all available spare time.

Favourite TV Show:

I don't get to watch much TV. Quite enjoy RockWiz and Spicks & Specks

Favourite Food:

Lentils? Pasta? OK, chocolate to be honest. Ice cream is a close second. I call them Vitamin C and Vitamin I. Don't know how you could get by without them.

Random Fact:

I'm quite proud of the fact that I've now been to all seven continents. Achieved this a few years ago when I scored a trip to Antarctica as the ship's doctor on a tourist trip there from South America. Would thoroughly recommend it if you ever get the chance to go.

Cycling Capers



Glenn Myler ..one of the true characters of the club, flanked by the ever so patient Burnsy who is responsible for 50% of Myler's appearances and probably deserves 50% of all prize money he wins !!!

Deloraine 40km Handicap

After two downpours, dark skies all round, and a lack of bikes to be seen anywhere, the Race committee deemed the race safe.. Only problem was there was a distinct lack of interest from anyone in starting the race in the rain. As a result one café in Deloraine got invaded by a vibrant crowd.



..... however while we were in there Rob Purse was smashing up the course by himself. He eventually turned up at the cafe and Wilkie and Helen were able to congratulate him on his win.

While it was a shame about the race it turned out to be an impromptu club function and there was a good vibe in the room. There is more to the NVCC than just racing !

Generous Offer from Bob Mason

"If we have a fundraiser I have got a pair of knicks that I wore in a recent win at Blackwood Creek. If I frame them they should pull a few dollars. They have my personalised signature on the chammy."

HARDEN UP !!



It's not that cold here yet, keep training !!

Now that's training



I wonder how he goes in a strong head or cross wind.

York Park Cycling Circa 1963 *by Graham Kearney*

Life was a cycling smorgasbord when I was a Tasmanian schoolboy. At that time, I punctuated each year with the next sporting event. New Years Day meant traveling to Burnie for the traditional Burnie Athletic Carnival. Late in winter, the Mercury and Examiner

cycling tours filled their respective sponsoring newspapers and Christmas promised the Coastal sporting carnivals, topped up by the Six Day Cycling Race at York Park Speedway in Launceston.

In comparison to contemporary velodromes, the York Park Speedway was a dinosaur. It had been built in concrete sections, on what had been a low lying, wet area when Launceston was initially settled. Popular opinion suggested the track had sunk, certainly the end bankings were not of sufficient height and angle to provide consistent, safe sport. Notwithstanding the risk, riders flocked to the Speedway, Tuesday and Thursday nights, competing in amateur ranks or the tight, taut racing of the Ramblers Club, Launceston's professional cycling body.

The Ramblers Club boasted stand-outs Ron Grenda, Charlie Smith, Roly Sloane, Ian Campbell and Graeme Gilmore. Complementing these stars were a band of polished middle-markers and tough front-markers. The riders were competent, by necessity, and the regular presence of the above Australian Champions ensured that the standard of racing was superb. Similarly, the amateur, junior and schoolboy competitions produced some of Australia's best cyclists, which generated very competitive contests.

Bike racing was a glamour sport. Television had only recently been introduced and Northern Tasmania still had a distinctive culture.

Everyone worked, often in hard physical jobs, and football and cycling were part of a common background. For a "couple of bob" admittance fee you could attend a football match featuring Jim Ross or Geoff Long, amongst others. In a similar manner, the Six Day Cycling Race spotlighted the cream of Australian Cycling. To be famous was local, not international as fame is today. There was also an inherent closeness in much of society, and in sport. Spectators knew, or felt they new, Darrell Baldock or Sid Patterson, our sporting idols, and society displayed a gregarious optimism around the bar at a sporting event.

Those days I spent many family Sunday afternoons listening to uncles debate the relative merit of great bike riders. Every family member had an opinion. It may have been Alf Grenda or Bill Moritz who were favoured, or Russell Mockridge, or the then contemporary Graeme Gilmore. My personal view is that the "Ox", the late Sid Patterson would take some beating. Patterson, the winner of 4 World championships, was the tacit draw card for the Launceston 6 Day Race. Perhaps he was not fully fit, and past thirty years of age, but Patto's strength and personality enlivened the track. I knew many old "bushies" who got the car out and traveled to Launceston, and sat glued to each nights racing. Those "bushies" had endured exacting lives, and they loved rugged sport and "larger than life" personalities. Patto, Grenda, Roche, Oscar Plattner, Reynolds, the name just roll on. The Six was termed "The Race to Nowhere." It had speed, sprints, chases, falls, even fights. Fred Roche and Keith Reynolds had a disagreement one evening in the back straight that had the crowd roaring. 2 hours later that pair of buccaneers were probably in the Park Hotel laughing. One year a motor car was the major

prize for a sprint session which produced cut-throat racing. When the car was produced it was thirty years old.

Each season's racing also had its share of drama and mirth. John Sellars from Queenstown, whose nickname was "Elvis Presley", fell 3 times, on the same day. I wonder if he ever raced again. In 1964, the professional front markers, known as "The Trotters", decided to break the Australian one mile track record. Every Thursday night they went flat out in the mile final, with strong man Bull Butler doing the last burst. This effort, and the accompanying bedlam, was choreographed by that irrepressible character, John McMichael. On a more sober note, crashes were a regular unwelcome feature. I have many memories of watching awful falls at the Speedway. John Nicholson, who later won world professional sprint titles, came to York Park from Victoria one afternoon with shoes that fully clamped to his pedals. This had not been seen before. He promptly crashed in the finishing straight, perhaps to demonstrate the strength of the clamping system. I could be corrected, but I am sure his feet stayed with the pedals.

The Six Day Race was a superb shop window for cycling. The flow on meant that many teenagers lined up at the Speedway. Their motivation varied. Anyone could see champion stamped all over Graeme Gilmore and Danny Clark who both had subsequent, superb European cycling careers, whilst many of the remainder were more concerned with Friday night's social life. The individuality, the colour, the risk of racing, made the sport attractive. All sorts of older blokes, with spectacles and expanding waistlines

today, quietly grin if asked about that old concrete track and dare-devil days.

Many different personalities rode at the Speedway. Ian Stringer was a Victorian who was an outstanding six-day rider at nineteen years of age, but did not proceed much further in the sport. He did not appear to have the single-minded ambition that drove Graeme Gilmore. Of course, there is much more to life than riding a bike. Kevin Morgan, a Tasmanian, who represented Australia at the Mexico Olympic Games in 1968, dropped out of cycling and became a successful business man. He could have made it as a European road rider. Another "What-if" was Brian Mansell who rode for Australia on a tour of South Africa. Brian was a descendant of the Furneaux people, from the Furneaux Islands off Tasmania's north east coast.

Sporting stars can never be type-cast. Kevin Morgan was working in the bush at Mathinna at twelve years of age. When Laurie Venn was thirteen years old, his principal activity was finding empty cordial bottles to pay his entry fees at the Speedway. Ten years later, Venn was the best track rider in Australia. He did not seem to register fear. I also remember another character named Porter who rode at York Park for a season, and seemed to fall off every bloody night. Other riders were terrified of him.

Today there is nothing left of York Park Speedway. I sometimes park my vehicle and stand where the entrance used to be. I can still hear Alf Brookes, on the microphone at the Six-Day race, entertaining the big crowds in his urbane way. I can still see proud Bob Ryan from New South Wales, the Australian Sprint Champion, sweating his way through the "Six". Ryan and his partner rode in black and white checked colours. Where are John

Green or John Young, the great Victorians, or the "Bopper" John Perry who was a polished six-day rider. Does Barry Waddell still ride a bike, the versatile Keith Oliver certainly does.

Keith Oliver's father originally came from St Marys in Tasmania, a tough mining town. What motivated Oliver senior or Morgan to leave their isolated home districts and become cyclists? Perhaps they were influenced by Alf Grenda's legacy. Alf was born at Mathina in 1889. During a long cycling career, Grenda won the Berlin Six-Day race, and the 1922 and 1923 New York Sixes. It was a long way from rugged Mathina, a gold mining town, to New York's Madison Square Gardens, but Alf Grenda made it. He never came home, retiring to California.

I can still sense the silence after watching another heavy fall. York Park's cold concrete was unforgiving. I remember Ian Stringer after a crash when a tyre punctured, or he had touched a pedal. He went back to his track cabin for a rest. Twenty minutes later he returned to the track as if nothing had happened. I can recall hearing Harry Willemsen, a Tasmanian star, saying quietly after a fall, "We were only racing for two bob anyway". That crash occurred in the last lap of a Ramblers Club race. The Ramblers Club racing was so tight, that if someone fell mayhem could follow. Graeme McVilly, who later won the Australia Professional Road Championship a couple of times, crashed at his first ride on the Speedway. That did not worry Macca. Other riders, who crashed at the Speedway over the years, were not so lucky.

My dominant memory of those days is the madcap bravery and the sense of living fully. Sport as adventure. Sid Patterson racing the local postman one Six-Day afternoon. I reckon that a forebear of the extraordinary York Park character, John McMichael, could have been captain of a Vi-

king long boat as it crossed the North Sea twelve hundred years ago. The remainder of the Speedway mob would have been rowing, and laughing and swearing. I think they got that Australian mile record in 1964, and they would have bellowed. To quote from the old song . . .

"Those were the days my friend, we thought they would never end".