

# Newsletter



## Duty Roster

### Sat 23<sup>rd</sup> May Eildon

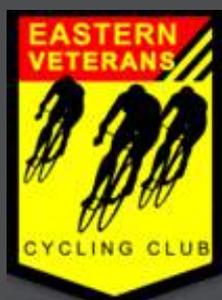
Richard Dobson, Matt White  
Ken Saxton, Ian M Smith,  
Michael Allen G-Iris, Stewart  
Bendall, Peter Dunne, Paul  
Anderson, John Cain, David  
Holt, Craig Oliver, Richard Able

### 30<sup>th</sup> May Newham

Andrew Buchanan, Rob Feigan  
Mal Jones, Clive Wright, Ross  
Tinkler, Wes Black, Matt Rice  
Darren Rutherford, Marcus  
Herzog, Rob Devolle, Rob  
Castellani, Vaughn Bowman

*If rostered for duty, you must be at  
there at least 1 hour prior to start time.  
It's your responsibility to find a  
replacement if unable to do your duty,  
then advise Andrew Buchanan,  
[tjptop2@optusnet.com.au](mailto:tjptop2@optusnet.com.au)*

Editor: Janita Keating  
[janita\\_todd@bigpond.com](mailto:janita_todd@bigpond.com)



This week's *image of the week* shows the Birthday Girl, Susan O'Keefe, winner of the Yarra Glen E Grade races last weekend – well done! Thank you John Williams for the image. Lots of great images of racing in this edition, thank you to everyone who contributed. Peter Gray can transport a couple of people to Eildon this Saturday with the trailer, please email: [petergray.ebserve@gmail.com](mailto:petergray.ebserve@gmail.com)





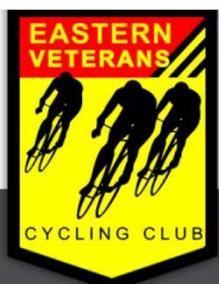
*It doesn't get more beautiful – Yarra Glen*

*Image: Peter Gray*



*Susan O'Keefe and Nick Hainal (eventual first and second) lead E Grade on a gorgeous winter day at Yarra Glen*

*Image: John Williams*





Wes Hurrey leads B Grade up the hill

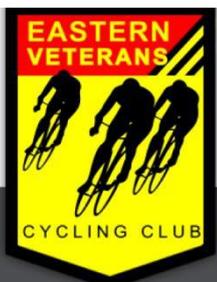
Image: Dave McCormack



Breakaway at Yarra Glen – Ride of the day, Richard Abel and David Holt in 'A' grade breakaway that went the distance.

Image: Dave McCormack

John Williams has kindly uploaded 96 images from the Yarra Glen race for members to view/download: <https://www.dropbox.com/sh/8u16w6e2tyn9xqg/AADUa2qVYmb-SarIcAj2RazUa?dl=0>





## Race Reports – Yarra Glen

### C Grade

What a beautiful day it was in the Yarra Valley on Saturday, the temp was cool but perfect for racing and the wind although mild was going to be right in the faces going up the climb. C grade consisted of 17 riders and with a couple of unknowns (to me) looked quite strong.

Tim Crowe and I led the ride out to the start line and were having our customary chat as to how we thought things would develop. It was Tim's opinion that not too many would willingly go to the front going up the hill and we wouldn't see much action before lap three. Well we both got that wrong as the first and most decisive move occurred on lap two with D. Chesney, Darren Eagle and D. Watts moving off the front and putting in a decent gap between us and them. Some of the peloton put in some good work to try and pull them back, notably Ken Saxton, Hylton Preece, Tim Crowe and Andrew Buchanan but the break-away worked well together to maintain the gap. When we went up the hill for the fourth time I decided it was now or never and tried to bridge across to them, I managed to get onto a faltering Darren Eagle and hoped he would be able to catch them on the downhill part of the course but try as much as we could we weren't making any ground on them.

Darren and I decided to go back to the main group and try to get our energy back. On the next climb up the hill Paul Anderson rode up the hill with lots of power and managed to get onto the lead group. The peloton seemed to ride with survival in mind with a lot of riders now dropping off the back due to some really hard work at the front. With about three laps to go D. Watts came back to the fold and that left the two break away riders out the front and not in view except for on the finishing straight.

In all honesty there were only a couple of flutters of attacks for the rest of the race that were instigated by Tim Crowe and Andrew Buchanan.

The bell rang and so off we went into the last lap up the hill, the strong riders that were left started to position themselves into the positions that should best suit their chances of grabbing a bit of the glory that was left, because the first two places had already been decided. Darren Eagle moved ahead and Bernie Evans moved closer to the front, Tim and Hylton were all moving well.

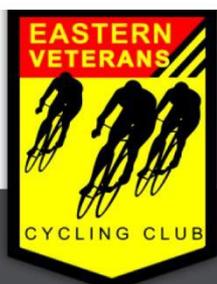
When we turned onto the main straight I moved a little farther back, not wanting to go too close to the front, Greg Foster took a flyer and was well ahead but he had done so on some previous laps and died when he hit the little rise so I thought we might catch him before the line. With 200m to go Bernie moved up on the left of Hylton but boxed himself in, at 120m to go Andrew came past on my right. My mind is saying don't go yet, don't go yet and with 50m to go its go,go,go. Andrew thankfully stayed right and held his line, Bernie had slipped through and was just ahead, a couple of big pushes to get past Bernie and through to the front to pick up third. As far as the finish for first and second I can't report as they were too far ahead but congratulations to Dave Chesney and Paul Anderson for a fantastic ride and to be able to stay ahead for seven laps is very impressive.

Again thanks to all for organising a great race and to the Marshals and TC's a good job of looking after us. *(Peter Webb)*

### D Grade

What a lovely day to be racing, I thought to myself as I was driving to Yarra Glen. Sun was out, and a gentle breeze greeted all that chose to race. Inspired by watching the boys in the Giro I thought if I could win I'll be up there collecting an envelope surrounded by spunky girls and spraying champagne over the crowd watching.

Nine laps was our distance and the first four or five were fairly standard racing with Ian Smith, Colin Mortley, Sam Bruzzese, Neil Cartledge, Adam Dymond and myself taking it in turns to





lead the pack. Not too sure when it happened but I had a quick look behind and there was only five in the bunch and couldn't see the rest with around four laps to go. Please forgive me if that is not entirely accurate but I'm not 100% sure what was going on behind.

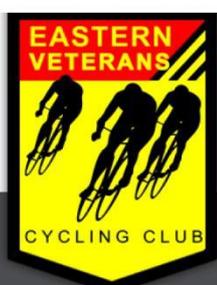
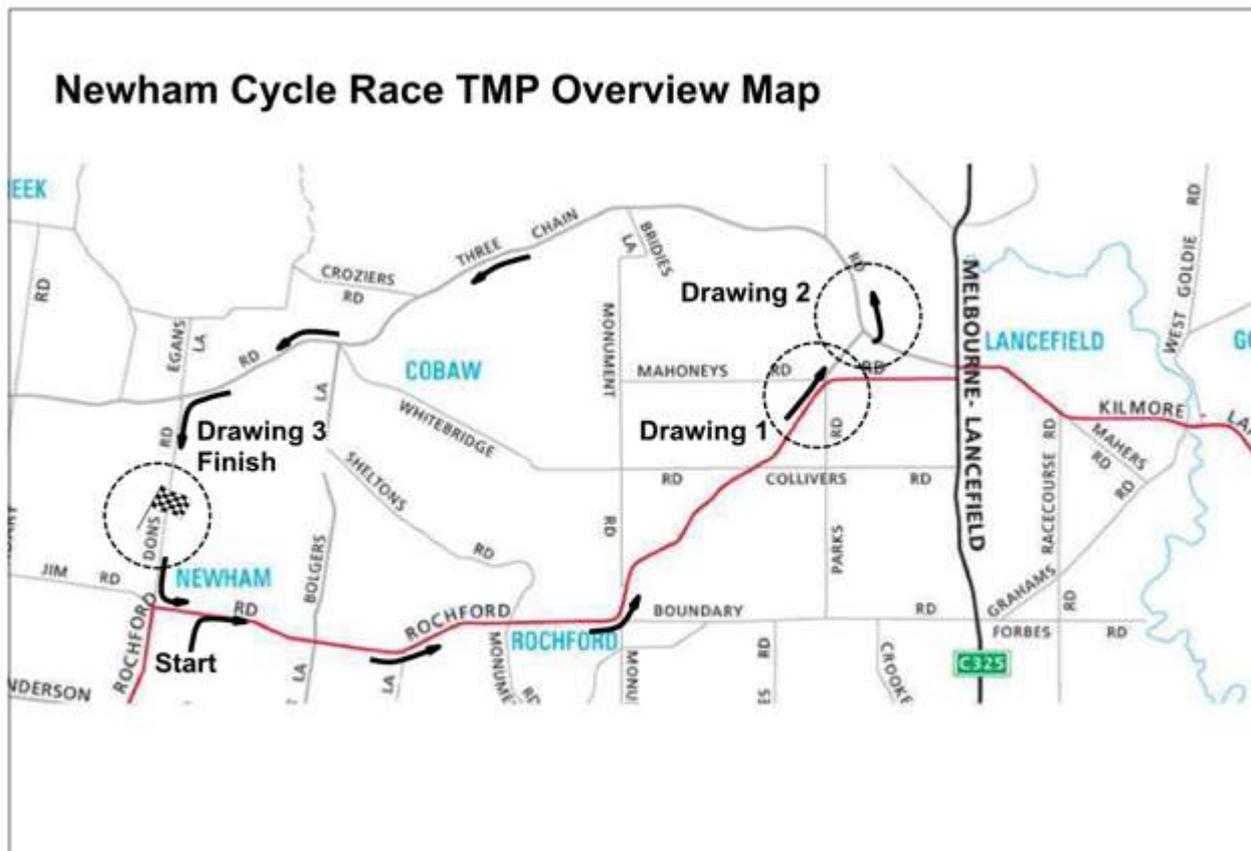
A little confusion arose on our beer lap because what should have been the sound of the bell ringing it wasn't heard. We had a quick chat and all agreed that we were on the bell lap and off we went. Nothing much happened until the last corner when Ian, leading into the last corner slowed to let someone else take over but no one

obliged. I was tucked in behind and planned to take off with about 200 metres to go which I did and hung on to win with Ian second and Adam getting third.

No girls or champagne but I'm more than happy drinking Becks and getting a handshake off Ronnie...thank you to everyone that helped on the day and a good day for the Sou riders with Adam, myself in D grade and Paul Anderson getting second in C grade. *(Phil Taylor)*

## News and stuff

### EVCC new Newham course – an interview with Hylton





## CLIMB DETAILS

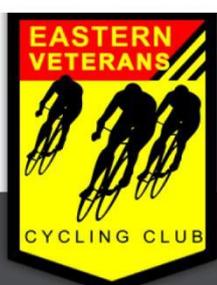
[Learn About Climb Ratings](#)

[Download Data](#)

Rating	Start/End Points	Length	Start/End Elevation	Avg Grade
	14.87 km/30.03 km	15.17 km	456 m/596 m	0.9%

*Hylton, I notice there is a new course at Newham for racing on the 30<sup>th</sup> May – where exactly is this, and how did it come about as being developed as a new course?*

The course was chosen after a request from some members to hold a VVCC race, some of the criteria were that it should be central so that other vets clubs would come along and it also should be reasonably flat so that it would suit handicap conditions (doing turns etc).





***Is committee looking to have further new courses, if so what areas are they being considered in and why?***

At this stage we are not looking at any other new courses. Refer to the image above for the profile.

***Can you give me a bit of idea of the time commitment and what's involved in setting a new course, I'm suspecting it's pretty big?***

The time commitment to set this up has been way too much, over 24 hours on documentation preparation, phone calls, application emails etc and it is still not finished as we still do not have any permits from any of the authorities involved, police, VicRoads and Shire of Macedon Ranges.

***Is this a one-off course?***

We plan to run it twice at least, from then on we don't know.

### **Audax Alpine Classic 2015 Report – by Nick Tapp**



*Nick tops out on Mount Hotham at about 6:40 a.m. Only 265 km to go.  
Image: supplied*

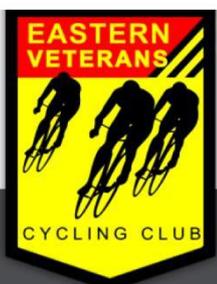
Do you remember where you were at sunrise on Sunday of Australia Day weekend? As usual, a handful of Eastern members were preparing to ride the Audax Alpine Classic. Some of us had been on the bike since 4 a.m. and were already approaching the summit of Mount Hotham.

The Alpine Classic was first completed in 1986 by six members of Audax Australia; now it draws thousands of riders and their families to Bright each January. The original 200 km ride still climbs Falls Creek and Mount Buffalo, with Tawonga Gap (from both sides) in between, and there are now several shorter versions as well. When the Bogong High Plains Road was sealed in 2009, the organisers saw an opportunity to

go longer. So the next year the Alpine Classic Extreme (ACE) was born. It tackles the 250 km loop over Hotham to Omeo, up the back of Falls Creek, then back over Tawonga. The route is similar to the Bicycle Network's Peaks ride, but starts and finishes in the valley at Bright.

Since 2011 Quentin and Nigel Frayne and I, along with our long-time riding buddy Tim, have made the ACE an annual event. Apart from Nigel, we even did it in 2013, when bushfires on Hotham closed the Great Alpine Road and instead we climbed Mount Buffalo to Cresta Valley three times in a day. They gave us a medal for that one.

We had always laughed at stories of tough nuts who would finish the Alpine Classic and then head off up





another mountain, just for fun. So reaction was mixed when the menu for 2015 included a new dish, the Alpine Classic Ultimate: the ACE we knew and loved, plus Mount Buffalo for dessert. Four peaks, 5800 m of climbing, 320 km. In one day. Quentin said he couldn't imagine anything worse. I think Nigel liked the idea but didn't believe he had the legs to tackle it. But Tim and I couldn't resist. We signed up, and started to sketch out a training plan.



*Snapshots from the training program: clockwise from left, Tim refuelling at Forrest, in the Otways; rainbow from Cape Patton, on the Great Ocean Road; ten days to go – a damp Thursday on Donna Buang, where there were more lyrebirds than riders*

Australia Day weekend came around quickly, and we gathered in Bright with our families for an evening of pre-ride pasta. Festivities wound up early. Part of the deal was a 4 a.m. start, and there was important sleeping to be done.

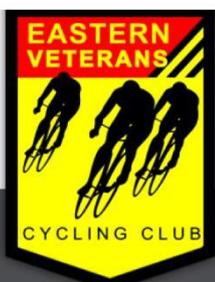
By 3:45 a.m. Bright's main street was a sea of winking LEDs. The early start and alpine region road regulations bring strict lighting requirements, including two sets of front and rear lights and a reflective vest. I found Tim and we made our way to the corral. We wouldn't see Nigel and Quentin until much later in the day. After a safety briefing, a sizeable group rolled out towards Harrietville.

Incredibly, with such a long day ahead,



*At the start line, 4am*

*Image: supplied*





one red light went off the front “on the attack” even before we reached the edge of town. Most of us were content to find a rhythm and enjoy the slightly weird experience of riding in a brightly lit bunch through pitch darkness.

As the road left Harrierville and kicked up towards Mount Hotham, lights from riders behind cast our shadows onto tall roadside cuttings. The pinch known as the Meg is one of the steepest on the 30 km climb to Hotham (and a KOM point in the Tour of Bright); it follows a hairpin bend, so once you’re over the worst of it there’s line of sight down to the road below. As far as we could see in that direction were white lights, snaking up the road towards the base of the Meg, while up ahead red tail lights disappeared into the distance.

By the level of the alpine resort ticket box the sky was growing lighter. The first rays were blocked from view behind the ridge we were climbing, but by Windy Hollow, at the base of a sweeping descent, the sun was emerging on the horizon to the right. We were above the tree line and the high country of the Alpine National Park was all around us, tinged orange. The 3 a.m. alarm was forgiven if not forgotten. We pushed on to the summit, where I stopped to put on a wind vest. It was chilly up here and I didn’t want to freeze on the 11 km descent to the first checkpoint at Dinner Plain.

Between Dinner Plain and Omeo there are substantial climbs to break things up, but mostly it’s either undulating or seriously downhill – the scene of my maximum speed for the day of 83.2 km/h. After a break at the Omeo football ground we pushed on. After climbing out of town (4 km at an average of 4%), the road undulates before dropping to peaceful Anglers Rest. There was a headwind getting there, but the scenery is wild and beautiful, and we settled into a rhythm and enjoyed it. Conserving energy was a big focus. Hotham was behind us, but the big slog up Falls Creek was still to come. The prospect of following that up with an ascent of Buffalo made it even more important to keeping something in reserve.

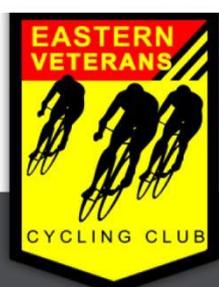
I pulled up at Anglers Rest and looked behind. No Tim. An arriving rider remembered seeing someone stopped, pumping up a tyre. A few minutes later Tim rolled in with a puncture story. He filled up and we rolled straight out again.

A few more kilometres brought us to Shannonvale, otherwise known as WTF Corner, where the climb to Falls Creek begins. One moment you’re cruising along the valley floor; the next, you’re out of the saddle, pushing the lowest gear you can find. It was still before midday and not too hot, which was a blessing, but this is a brute of a climb where each rider has to find their own pace. At the next water point Tim said he’d see me ‘somewhere up there’, and I put my head down and pushed on.

The back of Falls is long, steep and unrelenting: 1190 m of climbing in 22.9 km, with gradients of up to 13 per cent. Sometimes it lets up and you might think you’d done the worst, but then it kicks up again. From past experience I knew to expect this. Even so, the next water stop at Trapyard Gap was a long time coming. I considered waiting for Tim sooner, but we’d agreed on the need to avoid unnecessary stops. This felt like a necessary one. I filled up with water and made use of the long-drop bush toilet, then just sat for a while until Tim arrived. He only dismounted briefly before we were back on the bikes.

Still more climbing brought us out onto the Bogong High Plains and into a stiff headwind. The wind was the only thing we could possibly complain about. In every other respect the day was ideal. We got down on the drops and whittled away the kilometres.

It was a relief to reach Falls. After 187 km and two monster ascents this was to be expected, but I was slightly concerned. I didn’t much want to think about climbing Buffalo. Fortunately, after a double serve of creamed rice and the long descent to Mount Beauty, the signs were good. The back of Tawonga Gap





seemed easier than it sometimes does, the descent was a blast, and I took care not to overdo it on the drag back to the Great Alpine Road. A shout from some friends by the roadside gave me a further boost, and I arrived back in Bright a little after 4 p.m., right on schedule and ready to finish the job.

I satisfied my craving for jellied fruit and custard tarts, and filled bidons again. I left a heavy light with Ely, who had been sitting on the riverbank and keeping an eye on Quentin's kids as well as our own while they rode the rapids on inflatable mats. Tim appeared out of the crowd, steely determination in his eye, and we headed out of town on the Back Porepunkah Road.

Into a headwind. I suggested to Tim that there was no point both of us burning energy into the wind. He slotted in on my wheel and we made reasonable time out to the base of the first bump before Buffalo. Time had been in the back of our minds all day. We'd made all our deadlines with a bit to spare; now we had about 4 hours to get to Dingo Dell and back before the dread hour of 8:30.

The uphill was where you really felt it now. No amount of positive thinking would make the legs go any harder. Either they had it in them, or they didn't. Clearly, my legs were still going a bit faster uphill than Tim's, and on the bump before Buffalo he cut me loose. 'Get a bit of a buffer on that cut-off time, Nick', he said. With that, we went our separate ways – or, rather: same way, slightly different speeds.

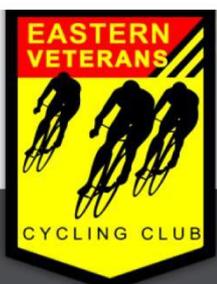
I tried to distract myself by thinking of all the times I'd ridden up Mount Buffalo. Today might be the slowest yet but, so long as I got there, that wouldn't matter. I'd never ridden it this late in the day and, while not as enjoyable as early in the morning, this was a big improvement on the middle of a scorching day, when the tar pops under your tyres and you can feel the heat pulsing off the road. There were not many riders still on the road; just us 320-ers and perhaps the odd 200 km rider.

At the last water point, known as Waterland, I stopped, not because I needed water but to give my backside a few seconds off the bike. Had a chat with one of the volunteers there. I can't remember what we talked about, but I remember the warmth of it. Here was someone who understood this crazy thing we were doing. Probably wished he was doing it himself. The landmarks slipped by, and at last I reached the Gap. That felt good. In other years there had been someone here in a deck chair, applauding every rider who made it that far. Maybe they'd already packed up and gone home. Down to the plateau, then a couple more ks of climbing to a big empty car park and the final checkpoint, tucked in the bush down a side track. It was 6:57 p.m. I had an hour and a half to be back in Bright. Surely it was in the bag now. I only had to stay upright.

There must have been food at Dingo Dell, because I'm pretty sure I ate some. It wouldn't do to bonk within sight of the finish. Then back on the bike and rolling again, one last time – or almost. I realised I was cold, and the descending had barely begun. I stopped, put on a wind vest and pushed on. Gave Tim a shout as he went by, still going up. The descent from the Gap is a cracker, but the late hour called for some caution. It would be a shame to lose everything on a bend now. Still, it sure beat going up, and soon I was at the bottom, tucking the wind vest away.

Between Porepunkah and Bright, I realised I had company. A young bloke, also wearing the fluoro vest of a 4 a.m. starter, pulled to the front. He seemed to have found that same reserve tank of energy that always takes me by surprise at about this point. 'Only 2 ks to go', he shouted, 'and I'm more excited than I've been all day!'

With a wheel to follow, the last 2 km into town disappeared in a jiffy. A few cheers from roadside diners, a left at the information centre, a little swoop down over the timing mat, and it was done. By now an enthusiastic crowd was giving every rider a reception to remember. I'd never finished late enough to earn it



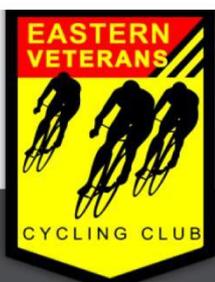


until today. My name flashed up on the board, and my arrival time: 20:12:42. Sixteen hours and 12 minutes since 4 a.m., and all but an hour of it on the bike. Quentin and Nigel were there, having got in from their 250 km ride just a few minutes earlier. We joined Tim's family and friends to wait for him to roll across the line – which, a short time later, he did.

And next year? I'm not sure ... (Nick Tapp)



A long day and a big number – job done!





## 'The Race' – a poem by Lou Wolfers

Bicycle racing,  
Riders chasing,  
Legs spinning,  
Mind swimming,  
Heart beating,  
Bikes creaking,  
Pressure peaking,  
Bell ringing,  
Speed increasing,  
Winners grinning.

## The story of Lost, then Found by Peter Gray



I was reorganizing the club trailer contents (as you do regularly with one's kitchen bottom drawer) when I came across a bike pump. Big deal, you're thinking. I immediately recognized it as one that I lost several years ago at a Yarra Junction race. I had even driven back to Powell Town after the event to try to find it (just plain dumb). It appears a good Samaritan had found it on the roadside and returned it to the trailer. Thank you to whoever that was. I would like to 'Shout you a Beer'. Rider and pump are now happily reunited.

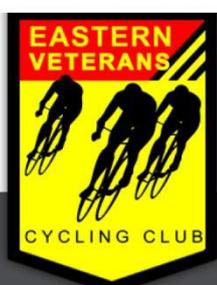
I intend to establish a small refuge in the trailer for items which have gone astray. If you find or lose an item, go to the bucket labelled; "Finders Keepers, Losers Weepers".

*Holder and Pump happily reunited*

An inspired poem – “**Reunion**” (this is the edition for poems):

H. Pump!  
P. Holder!  
H. What happened to you pump?  
P. I got dropped on the descent.  
H. Couldn't you stay in contact?  
P. The two wheeler said we'd go faster if we separated.  
H. Was it correct?  
P. No!  
H. I'm not allowing you to 'breakaway' from the pack again!

Current stuff in the Lost and Found Trailer box – is this yours?



## Help needed:



Is there anyone in EVCC who could reproduce on computer a drawing plan of our trailer contents. Peter has roughly sketched the layout and contents list and would ultimately desire it on A2 size laminated sheets. Not urgent.  
[petergray.ebserve@gmail.com](mailto:petergray.ebserve@gmail.com)

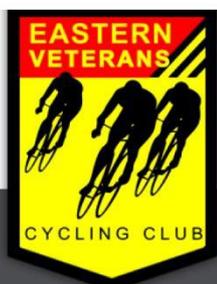
## Results

### Yarra Glen, 16th May 2015

Grade	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th
A Grade (16)	Richard Abel	David Holt	Jaye Phillipotts	Ian Clerk	
B Grade (21)	Ed Smith	Nick Tapp	Ray Russo	Anthony Gullace	Perry Peters
C Grade (1?)	David Chesney	Paul Anderson	Peter Webb	Bernie Evans	
D Grade (1?)	Phil Taylor	Ian Smith	Adam Dymond		
E Grade (?)	Susan O'Keeffe	Nick Hainal	Max Michaelso		
F Grade (0)					

Wedn 20 <sup>th</sup> May The Loop	1 <sup>st</sup>	2 <sup>nd</sup>	3 <sup>rd</sup>	4 <sup>th</sup>
Division 1 ( )	P Cavaleri	R Russo	R Suran	
Division 2 ( )	P Firth	G Plummer	R Dobson	
Division 3 ( )	N Cartledge	S Bol	D Niclasen	
Division 4 ( )	S Murphy	B Rodgers	C Wright	

Thanks to Keith Bowan for Loop race organising and Neil Cartledge for 'behind the scenes' newsletter support.



## Future Events

### Eastern Vets

Please refer to page 1 of this newsletter, or go to <http://eastervets.com/roster/>

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.

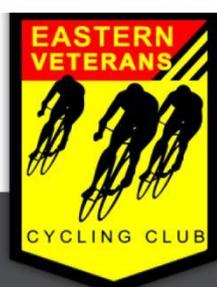
**Northern Vets – for more details:** <http://www.northerncycling.com/>

**17<sup>th</sup> May** VVCC Handicap – Colac Vets

**30<sup>th</sup> May** Central Vets “Oppy” Open at Rochester, see <http://www.veterancycling.com.au>

## Training Rides

Day/Time/Place	Route	Style	Contact
<b>Tuesdays</b> 9:30 am (9:00 am during DST). Main Yarra Trail (meet under Burke Road overpass).	Under Burke Road on Main Yarra Trail to Southbank via Yarra Boulevard and bike paths along the river and return.	Social, bike paths and roads, coffee @ Southbank.	Keithb33@optusnet.com.au
<b>Sunday Mornings</b> Beach Road Ride. <b>Leave 8.00 am sharp.</b> Meet at Peanut Farm Reserve. Cnr Blessington & Chaucer Sts. St Kilda.	Ride along Beach Rd to Frankston.  10 min stop. Then ride back to St Kilda. (approx. 65 km).	Social Ride - Coffee back at St Kilda.	
<b>Saturday mornings (7.30am) and Sundays/Public Holidays (8.00am)</b> Meet at Ringwood Clock towers, Maroondah Hwy, Ringwood	Maroondah Hwy to Carlton for coffee, then return	Fast social	





## Sponsors



***BikeGearNow***

