



eastern veterans cycling club

Newsletter July 21st 2007

Eastern v. Southern – Lang Lang – July 15th.

Race report.

The annual Southern versus Eastern road race was this year hosted by Southern at Lang Lang. A circuit that loops out over a couple of slight but quite tough inclines to Nyora and on up Lyall Hill (a 4k climb at around 3%) to Poowong. The circuit then rolls to Athlone where it splits, the lower grades taking a left the higher grades going on towards Druin South. A nasty little rise greets the higher grades as they turn onto Westernport Rd for the run home, an even nastier, small chain-ring, climb awaits as they leave Ripplebrook and meet the juncture where the lower grades join Westernport Rd. From here the road still undulates but less so than before till a last little bump 2k from home then a small downhill run to a flat finish just shy of the town limits.

One hundred and fifty-three starters (92 SVC - 61 EVCC) made the journey to the Lang Lang showgrounds for this year's race. It was cold, the roads damp and the skies threatening to either clear or dump more rain. A slight southerly wind keeping the temperatures low and promising a tough run to the finish for anybody brave enough to have backed themselves earlier in the race.

a-grade (72k: 15(S) – 11(E))

There was no formal plan but somehow the race went to plan. Slightly outnumbered the idea would be to defend for the first half of the race and then think about going on the offensive. Protect the stronger riders in the first half so that they could do the job in the second. The domestique role falling to Tony Chandler, Michael Fisher (jnr), Mick Hay, Nigel Kimber and Mark Wallace. The leader role shared between Rob Amos, Roy Clark and Guy Green. Dave Moreland being a reserve for either.

The starters instructions were "Neutral to the roundabout" I interpreted this as until after the roundabout (outskirts of town) to ensure everybody got around safely and were together. With this in mind Michael Fisher (Jnr) and I rolled out of the showground and set a comfortable (35kph) pace as we headed along McDonalds Track toward Nyora. My interpretation obviously differed from that of the locals, a couple of Southern riders coming around us and picking it up to 42kph before we'd passed Carnarvon St.

The first little incline soon saw the social atmosphere of the ride dissipate as the two lines merged into one. A mistake (by your's truly) saw one Southern rider off the front of the peleton and a protracted chase (by yours truly) to keep the bunch in touch before others came round and closed the gap. The effort certainly hurting the legs and I've gone from the front of the peleton to the back and almost off, any plans for attacking before the hill to Poowong well and truly shelved. My original thoughts were obviously not that original as Wayne Benton (S) has hit the group just shy of Nyora, Roy Clark (E) responding to bridge and join him, the two quickly riding away. The peleton, content to allow the two-man break to fight it out for first and second, settled back to race for the minor placings. These two were never seen again, having about a two-minute advantage at the turn at Poowong.

The march up Lyall Hill and into the clouds was achieved at a fairly steady pace, no attacks to speak of, just the odd surge toward the top that was matched by all and sundry. From Poowong to Athlone there were a few attacks, mostly initiated by Southern, nos 1, 21 and 3 being the main aggressors and a few by Rob Amos, each move covered by various members of the opposing club. A couple of the moves threatening to be allowed off but as soon as a pursuant tried to up their clubs odds by bridging the whole group extracted the digit and closed it all down. Finally a break of the right composition got away; Guy Green (E), Dave Moreland (E) and Justin Davis (S) setting off to decide the last of the points, those left behind dropped it back another notch to bring the bus home. That was until one Eastern rider decided that three against Justin was better than two and it was on again as Southern led the charge to haul in the rogue rider. Fortunately the bridge was never completed and once the antagonist was returned to the fold the pace settled back again.

After the turn for home along Westernport Rd, with the break of three still visible a way up the road, Rob Amos made a couple of attempts to get clear and across but the response from Southern ensured that it never happened. As the race wound down a few attempts by Southern met the same fate. The penultimate attack, by a southern rider, almost got clear as no. 1 (S) jumped Rob Amos who had just chased down the previous move. It was my turn so with a call of "I got it" I stepped on the pedals, nearly ending up on the road as there was no resistance (dropped chain). Fortunately I stayed upright and stayed away from Rob. Making my way rapidly to the back of the bunch desperately trying to ride the chain back on Tony Chandler has taken up the chase. Finally got the chain back on as the last of the bunch

slipped past on the left. Back to the front and with a cry of "take two" we've set off after Tony who was in no-mans land. A final effort by Rob and the man in green was back, for good we hoped. Not to be, around 5k from home he's gone again, this time with Mark Wallace (E) on his wheel, this move met the totally apathy of the remainder and got away, the break considered one of pride as there were no points left on offer.

In the end it was Roy Clark out-sprinting Wayne to take the major points. Guy Green having allowed Justin to determine the pace of the pursuit jumped him with just over a kilometre to go only to have him claw his way back to Guy's wheel. Seeing Justin closing Guy sat up, let him pass and slipped back into his slipstream to try again a little closer to the line. This time Justin couldn't match Guy's turn of speed and had to settle for fourth. Dave followed in fifth having found the pace of the other two along the road a little too much. Mark Wallace out sprinted the Southern rider for the pride, the bunch followed not far back in an unnecessary sprint for nothing in particular.

Figures for the race: 72.24k at 35.9 in 2:00:45 (peleton)

A very good result that was attained through the efforts and contributions of each and every Eastern rider who took part in the race. It was a real team effort, each rider supporting the others where they were needed.

b-grade (72k: 20S – 13E)

A small contingent of Eastern riders put their heads together just before the race to decide on tactics, Phil Cavaleri was feeling good and put his hand up to chase anything that went up the road, Ian Milner was going to look after himself and come out hard at the finish and the others; Phil Pelgrim, Martin Stalder, Quentin and Nigel Frayne, Paul Wilson, Evan Butler and Olivier Pomie were going to help where they could. The late arrival of Craig Everard adding to the list of helpers, another worker to chase any Southern moves.

Leaving Lang Lang the initial pace was relatively constant with Southern setting a comfortable tempo, the group seemingly divided; Southern to the front, Eastern to the rear. Five k in, a small increase in effort by the front markers and a lack of response from their team mates saw a group of five Southern riders edge away from the main peleton. Some words of encouragement from Ian Milner to Phil C. ("hey aren't you supposed to be chasing") had Phil looking up and expressing an opinion before setting off in pursuit, Craig Everard in tow. The break was nullified quite quickly but had set a bit of a precedent and a few more attacks were initiated by Southern before Lyall Hill, each move meeting a similar fate with various Eastern riders doing their bit to keep it together. Consequently the full contingent rolled through Nyora and onto the first real hill of the circuit.

And this is where the best laid plans kinda went pear shaped, Paul Wilson, feeling good, attacked the climb only to puncture and end his day with a 55k time-trial training session - one less in the group. With the demise of Paul Southern took over the pace setting and dragged the bunch out, shedding riders all the way to the top - another 10 less.

Phil C. and Quentin Frayne the only two Eastern riders to stay with the leaders as they rode through Poowong, Ian Milner, with major Lactic acid build-up, the lanterne rouge.

As the road flattened out and Ian's lactic acid dissipated he started building a chase group, mopping up other riders who had been left on the climb. The group worked well together absorbing lone riders and small groupings as they continued their chase to the leading pack. Critical mass was almost attained, a group of three just ahead and ripe for inclusion, but the Ripplebrook climb intervened and the chase collapsed as riders struggled to the top as best they could. There'd be no 'Flight of the Valkeries', too much invested and the lead too far away.

Up the front Southern had organised themselves, relentlessly attacking the two Eastern riders, a divide and conquer move saw the twelve become two times six, Phil C. not having the legs to make the elite group. In the lead group Southern constantly sent two up the road until Quentin finally capitulated and it was two, four. With first and second secured Southern sat up leaving Quentin little option but to lead them out to the finish.

Despite being seriously outnumbered Eastern riders put in very commendable efforts, Quentin and Phil for staying as long as they did, Ian and his merry men for pursuing for as long as they did.

Quentin Frayne's Race

At the pre-race muster we estimated about 9 Eastern riders (Ian Milner, Phil Cavaleri, Phil Pelgrim, Martin Stalder, Quentin and Nigel Frayne, Paul Wilson, Evan Butler and Olivier Pomie) and what seemed a sea of light blue helmet covers (at least 20+ Southern riders) ... and a strong looking bunch too. 'Underdogs' would probably best describe our situation! To make matters worse, very few Eastern riders were familiar with the course - all we had heard was that 'it's a flattish course with a 5km climb, and a couple of other short bumps along the route'.

The roll out of town and over the few mini-rises before 'the climb' were reasonably uneventful, everyone having no difficulty going with the brisk but steady pace. It was a time to try and suss who we were, who they were, and think about what might lay ahead. As soon as we hit the climb proper the line began to string out noticeably and it became necessary to jump gaps as soon as they formed or risk losing contact. The pace was proving too much for many and ahead on the climb two riders of unknown persuasion (both Southerners, it turns out - including KOM and eventual winner, Araron Chritiansen) were away and obviously chasing the KOM prize.

By the time we were over the top and into Poowong, the situation looked grim indeed, with myself and Phil Cavaleri outnumbered 5-1, the only naked helmets left in a mass of ten Southern hard men. We had a brief chat about 'tactics' but at this stage I said our only option was to cover attacks. The 'flattish' course proved to be anything but, and we were soon undulating through pleasant rural farmland, with no sign of a chasing bunch or a rescue mission from the Eastern brigade. After about 10km of constant attacks (maybe around the 25km mark), it was still 5-1, but this time it was me against five, a lone Eastern puppy being worked over by a pack of Southern hounds ... Phil had finally succumbed to the constant battering. The

bunch were being artfully whipped into 'team' shape by unofficial group 'Sar Major', Gary Wishart, who instructed who to go, and when, using his handy climber, George Ward, on the ups, and a series of his strongmen on the flats and downs.

At one point I had a gap with one other Southern rider and I agreed to work if we were one-on-one, but this didn't last long as another rider jumped across and I again sat on. The pummeling continued until about the 50km mark, when Sgt Maj Wishart's decision to send them up the road in pairs proved my final undoing and I had to watch the gap form ahead, with Gary himself also smelling blood and jumping across. He soon returned to the comfort of my wheel - probably to ensure his underlings didn't show any pity and take a turn! And so it was, a long, lonely 25km home into the westerly with four riders on my wheel two of the tailing group had seen me stranded, and dislodged Phil C to tag onto the little Eastern derny for a cushy ride home. Suffice to say, the sprint went Southern - four, me - nil.

Strength, and strength in numbers won out convincingly. Congrats to Southern on their win, and for putting on a great event. Gotta love that course, even if it is halfway to Tassie from Preston!

Stats by my computer: distance 72.5, avg 35.0kph (probably 0.5kph quicker for the winner)

c-grade (72k: 22S – 13E)

Ian Smith, recovering from a minor off a couple of weeks ago, joined the large c-grade field as a guest as they set off at a very comfortable pace. The sprinters feeling confident that they'd be there at the finish. Not to be. Five k in, as the road inclined a tad, Nick Bird attacked the bunch which resulted in a couple of Southern riders coming to the front and upping the tempo in pursuit. The increase in pace saw the first casualties drift off the back, some never to be seen again.

On the KOM climb Peter Shanahan made his way to the front and forced the pace which stretched the bunch, leaving quite a few riders with a chase to get back to the main bunch. A small group of Eastern riders including Steve Short, Greg Lippie and Kevin Starr worked together over the top re-establishing contact just before Poowong.

The next 20 kilometres or so saw a lot of aggression from Peter Shanahan, attacking the bunch every time the road even thought about going uphill. Each move being chased down by one or more of the Southern contingent, John Thomas alternating with Pete enjoyed much the same result. As such it was an essentially intact group that rolled into and through Ripplebrook.

The Ripplebrook climb saw the bunch fragment again with a fairly large contingent of Eastern riders finding themselves with a chase on their hands. The chasing group included the eventual Eastern place getters in John Thomas and Kevin Starr along with strong man Thorkild Muurkolm, Steve Short, Nick Bird and the guest rider. With the main bunch fast disappearing up the road and Ian S. providing encouragement from the back of the small peleton the group

worked hard, combining well over the next couple of kilometres to get back on to the lead group, a huge effort.

From there on in (the last 10k) the group stayed together enabling those sprinters who had managed to stay with it the opportunity to express their talents. John Thomas rewarding the work of those who helped get the chase group up to the leaders by taking the sprint, Kevin Starr also showing his appreciation by finishing third. A good result for the club.

Nick Tapp's Race

Lang Lang, Sunday, early. Cold. Back in C grade for the Eastern vs Southern road race. Like the B grade boys, I picked out a few slightly apprehensive familiar faces amid the sea of hungry-looking Southern riders at the start, and wondered what we were in for. As I headed towards the line, Graham Parker took me aside briefly to say 'Their no. 62 is strong. Mark him if he goes'. So at least I set off with the hint of a game plan: find no. 62 and watch him.

Out the gate we rolled. Well, I wasn't going to be much use sitting down the back if no. 62 jumped off the front, so I decided to work my way up there and wait for him to go by. Passed Greg Lippie on the way. 'You should do well against this lot', said Greg. (Me?! What about you?) Soon I was sitting behind six or eight Southerners who were setting a nice tempo through the sandy countryside – very different from Eastern territory. Somehow it felt like dropping in on someone else's training ride. Then Peter Shanahan appeared at my right shoulder and continued past, up the road. This felt more familiar. They reeled him in, I followed. Thorkild Muurkolm was there showing some muscle too, and Nick Bird, resplendent in long red legs. Someone I didn't know slipped in beside me on the left, then edged half a bike ahead and gave me a glimpse of his number. Aha! No. 62.

Not much happened for a while. Peter S went for a few more digs and was pulled back. Some Southern riders were starting to test us out, too. If I remember right, Thorkild, Nick B and I all did a short turn or two on the front, and probably John Thomas as well. Then the road turned up into the clouds and I decided this must be the five-kilometre hill with one KOM point up for grabs at the top. There was a Southerner away by 30 metres at the time and I was on the front of the rest, watching him. He started to come backwards, and I cranked it up a little and went around. I may even have got a wee gap but, as the road continued upwards, I soon heard breathing at my back. The '250 m to go' sign appeared, and the rider behind me jumped. I latched onto his wheel but it was all over too quickly and that KOM point was gone – to no. 62. That was stupid, Nick, setting him such a nice tempo all the way up the hill. The idea of the KOM point was a good one, though, I thought.

On we went. Peter Shanahan launched a few attacks, but none of them came to much. Two or three Southern riders were pulling him back and doing their own attacking, too, usually one at a time. I made it my business to go with them every time they took off, not sure whether this was smart but thinking someone ought to do it. No. 62 was one of the attackers, but not the only one by any means. Then an Eastern rider launched a good, strong attack and worked his way to a gap of 100 metres. This turned out to be John Thomas, though I didn't know that at the time. He stayed away for a good while but with numbers on

their side Southern whittled back his lead, and after maybe 8 or 10 km it was all back together. We had begun to pick off a steady trickle of stragglers from B grade by now. Not having eyes in the back of my head, I didn't know whether we were leaving our own stragglers behind, but Southern riders were still all around, and I didn't see any friendly faces apart from Pete Shanahan's for some time.

After we turned south, into the wind, I went to the front for a bit but didn't want to be the sucker Southern sat on all the way to the finish. They duly came past in numbers and lifted the pace. Must be getting near home. The 'small chain-ring hill' we'd been told to expect came and went. Thorkild joined the fray up the front. The 'last bump' must have come and gone, too, but it barely registered. The jockeying was on. I was sitting comfortably on no 62's wheel when he sat up and announced, 'Through you go, mate. I'm finished.' (Sure you are ... mate.) Ian Smith appeared at my side and I gave him my tip: 'No. 62 is foxing'. Kevin Starr appeared again – after coming back, he said later, from being dropped on both major climbs.

This had to be the finishing straight. Southern riders were everywhere, winding it up. John Thomas must have gone to the front since that's where he finished. Kevin Starr was in the mix, too. I was sitting about eighth, and it was time to have a crack. But, just as I set myself to jump, a rider appeared on my right, exactly where I needed to be. A few seconds passed like this, and six riders in front got a little gap. Somehow I squeezed out and got going, but the little gap was too big. Rode past one fading Southern rider and seemed to be gaining on a couple more but it was all over. Sixth over the line – not much to show for a long morning. One of Eastern's better grade results, all the same, with John the winner and Kevin in third place.

d-grade (60k: 18S – 19E)

D-grade had the biggest field of the day with a total of 37 riders taking to the shorter of the two circuits out of Lang Lang. The pace was on from the get go, this seemed to be a bit of a Southern tactic. Weary from the first small inclines, the sudden appearance of a pot hole almost had the bunch on their collective ears, the group scattering across the road to avoid the rider in front. With nerves settled the peleton started up Lyall Hill, stretching as the leaders disappeared into the mists. A group of Eastern riders including Hylton Preece, Ted McCoy, Paul Kelly, Richard Dobson and Alan Cunneen conceded 70m early but maintained the pace all the way up the climb cresting it just behind the leading bunch.

The flattening of the road enabled the leaders to stretch their lead to around 150m as they turned toward Druin at Poowong, on the descent from the corner the chasing group got itself organised in an attempt to get back into the mix. Rolling turns the six-rider bunch was able to peg back the leaders bit by bit till they were just 60m in arrears by the next turn onto Invermay West road. The leaders weren't mucking about and all along this stretch riders were being shelled, falling back to the chasers. The Eastern riders, with nothing left in their legs, were unable to contribute to the chase, the Southern riders, with a favourable balance in the lead group, were disinclined to contribute.

Along Invermay West Road a solid effort by four of the original six saw the chase bunch close to within 40m as they headed up the short climb. This was as close as they got, the leaders opening the throttle and the gap as the race headed into Westernport Road and on to the finish. Despite the carrot of being able to see the lead car ahead the effort of the chase took its toll as the lead blew out to 300m, the pursuants unable to close the gap any further.

According to Hylton's computer the chase group averaged 32.6kph for the 60k

e-grade (60k: 11S – 4E)

No data available.

f-grade (60k: 8S - 2E)

No data available.

Wrap up

Outnumbered 3:2, away from home, it was always going to be tough. Unfortunately the weight of numbers in most grades proved too much and Ron Stranks had to again hand the shield across to Southern's club captain.

An excellent result by a seriously outnumbered c-grade probably the race of the day.

Many thanks to those who contributed information that enabled me to put this newsletter together;

b-grade : Quentin Frayne, Ian Milner, Paul Wilson, Olivier Pomie

c-grade : Colin O'Brien, Ian Smith, Nick Tapp, Kevin Starr

d-grade : Hylton Preece

Results

	First	Second	Third	Fourth	Points (S/E)
a-grade (23 : 13S/10E)	Roy Clark (E)	Wayne Benton (S)	Guy Green (E)	Justin Davis (S)	4/7
b-grade (33 : 20S/13E)	Aaron Christiansen (S)	Aaron Pitt (S)	George Ward (S)	Gary Wishart (S)	11/0
c-grade (35 : 22S/13E)	John Thomas (E)	Graham Nicolson (S)	Kevin Starr (E)	Greg Walker (S)	4/7
d-grade (37 : 18S/19E)	Bryce Edhouse (S)	Nick Hainal (E)	Imre Szeredi (S)	Colin Pyper (S)	8/3
e-grade (15 : 11S/4E)	Mick Ward (S)	Peter Lipcsey (S)	Brian Gulliot (E)	Jo-Anne Sabbatini (S)	9/2
f-grade (10 : 8S/2E)	Colin Smith (S)	Wayne Poulton (S)	Barry Collins (S)		10/0
					46/19

Officials

Thanks must go to the members of Southern Vets for their work on the day

Eastern Vets Program

Saturday	July	21	2:00pm	Yarra Junction	ITT Championship / Rob Graham Memorial ITT See below for information concerning this event.
Saturday	July	28	2:00pm	METEC	Graded Scratch Races
Monday	July	30	8:00pm	Maroondah Club	Monthly General Meeting
Saturday	August	4	2:00pm	Macclesfield	Graded Scratch Races
Saturday	August	11	2:00pm	Steels Creek	Jack Thompson handicap

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. 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.

Southern Vets Program

Sunday	July	22	9:00am	Somers	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	July	29	9:00am	Cora Lyn – NNG – Modella	Tracker White H/cap
Sunday	August	5	9:00am	Casey Fields	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	August	12	9:00am	Crib Point	Graded Scratch Races

Note : Southern Vets have a 'No licence – No race' policy. If you are going to race with Southern take your licence with you.

Northern Vets Program

Sunday	July	22	9:30am	National Blvd, Campbellfield	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	July	29	10:00am	Avenel Rd, Seymour	General Memorial Handicap
Sunday	August	5	10:00am	Open Age Championships	Lancefield
Sunday	August	12	10:00am	Pyalong Rd, Seymour	Eagle Handicap (53k)

Victorian Veteran Cycling Council Program

Sunday	July	22	1:00pm	Rushworth	Ironbark classic handicap (CVCC)	16/7 - \$12
Saturday	August	25*	2:00pm	Halls Gap *	44k Graded Scratch Race	20/8 - \$8
Sunday	August	26*	10:00am	Halls Gap *	61k Handicap	20/8 - \$12

* See note below concerning Club Halls Gap weekend.

For your calendar

Date	Location	Event
21/7/2007	Yarra Junction	Rob Graham Memorial Time Trial. Aside from being the club time-trial championship – 5year age groupings this is also a sealed handicap event. The Rob Graham Memorial Perpetual Trophy will be awarded to the winner of the handicap event, to be eligible for this trophy a competitor must have competed in at least three Eastern Veterans Cycling Club club events this winter season.
25-26/8/2007	Halls Gap	A weekend of fine food, great company, good laughs, oh and a race or two. 25/8 – Graded Scratch races 26/8 – Handicap For accommodation e-mail Colin O'Brien at; colinjbg@netspace.net.au For race entries see Ian Smith next Saturday. Note entries close with the VVCC 20 th of August, entries through the club must be in a week before then (13/8)
21/10/2007	Melbourne	Around the Bay in a Day Eastern Vets will have a group doing the 210k ride via Geelong & Queenscliff and a group doing Melbourne – Sorrento – Melbourne.

Other bits and pieces:

Halls Gap – August 25th-26th:

If you thought the camaraderie of the Eastern v. Southern race made for a great race imagine what Eastern versus the rest will be like in the Halls Gap scratch race (not that this is a teams race, but ...). This will be a very enjoyable weekend, not only racing in countryside we haven't seen before along roads we haven't ridden before but socializing with like minded friends, swapping stories and tall tales over a red or a beer.

Accommodation is continuing to fill up fast. This is going to be a fair-dinkum top weekend so get in now, contact Colin O'Brien at (colinjbg@netspace.net.au) to reserve a room and see Ian Smith at the next race to shore up your race entries.

Other Results, etc.:

World Long Distance Triathlon Championships:

Congratulations to Su Pretto for her 7th place in her age group and 40th out of 160 female competitors at the World Long Distance Triathlon Championships. Su picked up 14 places in the bike leg and 19 in the run. Her total time was 4 hr 55 min 12 sec, 15 minutes behind the third place getter.

You can check out all the results at <http://www.ipitos.com/resultats.php>.

If you have a result or an announcement you would like to share please forward it on to me (nigel.kimber@bigpond.com) and I will include it here.
