



Eastern veterans cycling club

Respecting the Rights of all Road Users

Newsletter October 6th 2007

Graded Scratch Races - METEC – September 29th.

Race report.

The threat of inclement weather and an AFL grand final that a Victorian team had a chance of winning kept the numbers down with only 58 hardy (or athletic) individuals making the journey to METEC for the day's racing. The weather wasn't the greatest, a strong north-westerly scurrying the clouds across the sky and making for a tough run down the finish straight and along the back of the circuit and not providing a lot of assistance over the hump or through the lights.

Rob Amos was in control of the day's racing and with the ever threatening heavens he set the first group off a couple of minutes before two-o'clock for an hour's battle.

a-grade

It was a small field of six and an overcast and windy day that welcomed me back to domestic racing at METEC - nothing has changed.

For some obscure reason I had this fear that b-grade were going to be nipping at our wheels. This was well and truly unfounded as the initial pace saw us lap the b-grade bunch twice in the first fifteen minutes. The small bunch encouraging those in the know to keep the pace high to eliminate any possibility of an attack that would split the group, those not in the know simply did as those in the know did. I don't know what had got into Roy Clark's bonnet but every time he took the lead the speed kicked up 3-5kph. Early in the race the North-Westerly wind encouraged the formation of an echelon along the finish straight, an exercise that inevitably saw a change of pace-setter by the time we turned onto the back section of the course, the right-hander off the hump another popular place for a lead change.

The initial pace quickly saw the regular rotation of riders at the pointy end of the peloton disintegrate as riders sought to protect themselves by missing turns. It was one such manoeuvre that saw the first casualty of the event, a gap left by a resting rider blew out and the resultant scramble to re-join the leaders proved too much for Paul Wilson who got caught in the wind and soon found himself with an ever growing chasm to bridge. Those at the front, oblivious to his plight, kept the hammer down and then we were five.

Half an hour into the race along the finish straight, the pace still high but slowed a tad by the wind, Dave Moreland has launched the first serious attack, coming from back in the bunch he quickly opened up a ten-metre gap. Don't know what you're thinking Dave, you don't stand a chance out there on your own for half an hour. I was quite happy to let him hang out there. On the other hand Guy Green saw the glass half-full; a chance to break the race apart - two against three. It didn't take long for Guy's thinking to filter through the fog of exertion and a serious effort ensued that saw the remainder of us hook onto Guy's wheel as he caught David's. A moments relaxing by the chasers was rewarded with Guy taking a ten-metre gap, this time nobody responded and that was fine by me. Don't know what you're thinking Guy, even you won't stand a chance out there on your own for half an hour.

As Guy extended his break to around eighty metres over the next couple of laps I conceded that he might know what he was doing. But a couple of strong laps by the pursuers saw the gap drop back to a manageable twenty metres. Cries of "Leave him to hang" were lost to the wind as David clawed us ever closer, Guy finally conceding and returning to the fold after nearly ten minutes of 'seeing what we were made of'. Somewhere along the way we lost Phil Thompson - we were four.

The remainder of the race was characterised by a series of attacks by Guy, every couple of laps he'd jump at the end of the finish straight and see what happened. What generally happened was that there was a collective groan from the remainder and a chase, followed by a regrouping - and we all sang along like before. As the attacks continued the chases got more ragged and Dave ended up becoming unhitched, completing his race solo. So then there were three.

I figured that Guy would see Roy as his only threat and that that would be where he'd concentrate his efforts. So the idea was to be wary when Roy was coming to the end of a turn in anticipation of Guy having a go. This seemed to work ok, until he hit me just at the end of a turn down the finish straight. Roy managed to get round me and catch Guy's wheel but I couldn't find that little extra bit needed to go with them. After a hundred metres Guy looked back to see what damage he'd done, seeing the gap he re-applied himself to consolidate it.

Two-thirds of a lap later we got the bell. If I could stay close enough and they started mucking about I had an outside chance of catching them. Not to be, Guy pushing it all the way to the last corner, giving Roy the near perfect run to the finish. Roy

made his move a hundred from the finish but didn't have the legs to drive it home, Guy able to pull into his slipstream as he went by and then, timing it just right, pull out again to take the win on the line.

Figures for the race: 43.41k in 1:05:24 for an average of 39.8

b-grade

Back to criterium racing at METEC on a blustery Saturday afternoon. It's the day of the AFL Grand Final so while the traffic en route to the track was light the racing fields were similarly light on. But while the numbers were down, the quality was certainly not. B grade set off with 7 riders. That nasty head wind buffeting the home straight was sure to play a part in this race. Who knows whether it was a factor in Kevin Starr's mind? All I can say is that something was irking him as he powered off the line and hammered the entire first lap - yes, the so called 'warm up lap'.

The temptation was to just let him go and see if he can survive an hour out there on his own. Before I could finish that thought I realised the other 5 riders had already started to chase. If I gapped myself too seriously it would be me out there on my own in the breeze - off the back on lap 1! By the time Kev had had his fun with us we were like a hornet's nest of fury but gasping too much to do much more than recover and hope he had 'warmed himself up'.

Turns out he had. Not only that but the shock of that first lap seemed to douse the flames of all our ambitions for brave escapades. Even Peter Shanahan only mounted about 4 attacks! A sure indication of something weird going on. With Ben Schofield in the pack there was sure to be some more fire at some point. When it came it was not the expected solo attack. Rather it was simply a doubling of the pace as he presumably had had enough of the slow crawl line astern, dug in and powered around to see who had some legs. We all did.

Martin Stalder took up position on the front for a short stint only to find himself still there 2 laps later. No amount of twisting and turning could entice anyone to come forward until it became so embarrassing that even Nigel Frayne had to roll up there for a turn. However he found a way off after a lap determined to avoid being cooked when the attack that would surely come, came. With all these perennial attackers in the field, Ben Schofield, Kevin Starr, Phil Cavaleri, Peter Shanahan, surely this was a certainty. But alas - for any sense of adventure - it never came.

Rob Amos, presumably disgusted with the affair, reached for the bell from his racy looking wheel chair (great to see you Rob - and sorry we put on such a non-Amos type show for you!). Good timing for me, Nigel, as I have taken up position in third wheel behind Martin Stalder and our 7th unnamed rider (Brian Gray - ed.). Round we go with eyes in the backs of our heads peeled for the move. It comes late, almost half way down the back straight - it's Ben, surprise surprise, the big sprinter! I kick myself off Martin's wheel and go in search of Ben's but he's flying - coz it's downwind. As we hit the bend we've max'd out at over 50kph. The wind

hits us side on with a blast and tries to force us wide and offline. I'm a good bike length from Ben but must get up there before the head wind does me in.

With the bend negotiated we straighten for home. The wind plays its part and I sense Ben is suffering. I try to slot into the vortex for a brief respite then ease out into the wind, butt out of the saddle and clicked into a long gear. Try as I might I can't get on terms with him, the lad is too strong and he's a deserved winner. But he's not! Phil Cavaleri has rocketed from behind to overtake us both just before the line and steals the prize. Now that is one fantastic sprint into that wind - a sprint deserving of the crowd calls "put him up - put him up" that echo around every EV race presentation. Kevin Starr, baulked by edgy riders negotiating that side wind blast on the bend, has arrived 4th and the other 3 riders not far behind - gruppetto.

The stats would indicate a dull affair but frankly there's never a dull moment in these races.

Nigel's stats:

Race time: 1hr 02min 22sec

Race Distance: 37.2km

Ave Speed: 35.9kph Max Speed: 52.7kph

c-grade

A half decent collection of blue-banded warriors gathered to pit wits and legs against each other and the elements, unfortunately their plans and aspirations were spoiled by the relatively lacklustre performance of their green peers. The larger bunch size and the presence of some strong legs (Chris Mucha, Ian Smith, Ray Russo and John Jardine) saw the 13 strong bunch close on the b-grade race. Not wanting to interfere the leaders backed off to allow the higher grade their space only to catch them again soon after. And that was the story, c-grade kept running into b-grade then backed off only to run into them a lap or so later.

Given the nature of the race it was always going to come down to a bunch sprint, a sprint that Ian Smith thought prudent to be judging rather than participating in, a sprint that Frank Nyhuis wasn't confident of taking. The ringing of the bell seeing Ian pull over and Frank pull away, Ian caught the finish but nobody caught Frank. Terry Murdoch and Peter Ransome gave it a good go but Frank held them off, Terry holding on for second, Peter swamped by the bunch 300 from home, Alex Rigo winning that little sprint.

d-grade

Another race impacted by b-grade's wanton nonchalance. With fifteen in the group, enough of whom were prepared to work the pace was high from the very beginning. The high pace seeing those not quite warmed up (or not quite prepared) enough being shelled over the first quarter of the race - the bunch reduced to an even half-score, and b-grade under threat of being passed. Prudence on the part of the senior members in the bunch (and the toll of the first half of the race) saw the pace drop allowing b-grade to retain some dignity.

Hylton Preece had been marking his fellow competitors throughout the event and settled on Paul Kelly as being the man

with the muscle. With the laps counting down Hylton positioned himself close enough to Paul's wheel so that when the time came he could take advantage. Hylton chose wisely, able to take full advantage of a good lead out provided by Paul, Geoff Mackay followed Hylton through relegating Paul to third. Neil Wray, poking his nose out of the slipstream a bit too early, found the conditions a little tougher than anticipated and had to settle for fourth.

e-grade

A steady pace had the ten strong field lapping at a reasonable rate for the first fifteen-twenty minutes before Ronnie Stranks decided to liven things up a bit with an attack that saw him and Brian Farrell (?) get a good gap on the field. For fifteen minutes the pair toiled away only to be slowly closed down by the pursuants, the race coming back in time for everyone to recover before the sprint for the finish.

f-grade (Sue Cox)

As I do I always look forward to racing on a Saturday afternoon amongst the safety of Eastern CC. A grey old day at METEC, I felt good and I felt ready to tackle E grade, the handicapper had other ideas though, I was to remain in F grade for a bit longer. Ok, I was not going to argue, he is the expert... We started with 7 riders, and stuck together for at least half the race. Graham Cadd, in a hurry to get the fifty minutes completed, set a cracking pace initially. Around the third lap somebody might have had a word in his ear ("fifty minutes is fifty minutes Graham no mater how fast you ride") as he eased up a bit and we were all able to catch our breath. I hung out the back to determine which wheel to grab when Graham again took the lead and I decided to sit his wheel for a few laps while being aware of who was hovering around my shoulder.

We kept a steady pace and were joined by Laurie from e-grade who cruised along at the back. E-grade seemed to be spread out all over the circuit; a certain Mr Stranks had made

an attack and blown the bunch apart (thanks Mr Handicapper). Unfortunately Graham, who had been riding strongly and was certain favorite for the big money, punctured with about ten minutes to race. His retirement resulted in a general reshuffling of the order at the head of the field; Phil (Cox) and Keith Bowen taking up the responsibilities.

Soon enough Rob (on the finishing line) rang the bell for the final lap and we all fought for positions. I was third wheel trying to stay with Keith; however I was unable to and he and Phil rode away. Rounding the last bend I stood up and began my sprint thinking that I had third place locked up, Clive Wright had other plans and taking the outside line relegated me to 4th place, Keith and Phil, up the road, fought out first and second. Knowing we had the secretary with us it was wise of Phil to take second place. Many thanks to the riders in the f-grade bunch and I look forward to next week...

(all this wind-training along Beach Road of a Sunday morning must be paying off eh Graham?- ed.)

Wrap up

Despite the low numbers and the inclement conditions it was a good day's racing for most out on the track. All groups appeared to be well behaved, at times queuing to get around the left-hander off the hump. The same corner seeing the only two (known) incidents of the meet as tired individuals grounded a pedal, fortunately the only consequence being a quickening of the heart (and maybe a slightly lighter pedal).

With the possibility of a chill, or a last quarter, to catch many departed as soon as they'd packed their bikes in their cars, leaving only the hardy souls to enjoy the company of like minded individuals. Either that or it was only those collecting money, or who had nothing better to do, that hung around.

Thanks to Keith Bowen, Peter Ransome, Hylton Preece, Matt White, Sue Cox, Nigel Frayne and Geoff Mackay for their contributions which made the above reports possible.

Results

Aggregate Points (30/9/07)

First

R. Stranks

64

Second

Third

K. Starr

59

a-grade (6)

Guy Green

R. Amos

Roy Clark

56

Nigel Kimber

P. Cavaleri

53

b-grade (7)

Phil Cavaleri

N. Hainal

Ben Schofield

53

Nigel Frayne

c-grade (13)

Frank Nyhuis
 Terry Murdock
 Alex Rigo

P. Thompson
 46
 JC. Wilson
 46

d-grade (15)

Hylton Preece
 Geoff Mackay
 Paul Kelly

G. Green
 44

e-grade (10)

Barry Rodgers
 Geoff Cranstone
 Colin Johnson

T. Renehan
 43
 H. Preece
 43

f-grade(7)

Keith Bowen
 Phil Cox
 Clive Wright

T. Muurholm
 42

Officials

Thanks to Graeme Parker and Ron Stranks for taking the entries, to Rob Amos for starting and finishing us. Thanks also to JC for carting the trailer and Chris Norbury on drinks.

Eastern Vets Program

Saturday	October	6	2:00pm	Casey Fields	Graded Scratch Races
Saturday	October	13	2:00pm	Yarra Junction	Club Championships
Saturday	October	20	2:00pm	Steels Creek	Royce Bennet Memorial Handicap
Saturday	October	27	2:00pm	Killara Road	Graded Scratch Races
Monday	October	29	8:00pm	Maroondah Club	Monthly General Meeting

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.

Southern Vets Program

Sunday	October	7	9:00am	Casey Fields	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	October	14	9:00am	Lakeside Boulevard	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	October	21	9:00am	Casey Fields	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	October	28	9:00am	Casey Fields	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	October	2	9:30am	National Blvd, Campbellfield	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	October	14	10:00am	Avenel Road, Seymour	Vin Nutall Handicap
Sunday	October	21	10:00am	East Trentham	Handicap (44k)
Sunday	October	28	9:30am	Gisborne	Graded Scratch Races

Victorian Veteran Cycling Council Program

Sunday	October	7	10:00am	Paraparap	Stan Howard Handicap (57k)	1/10 \$12
Saturday	October	27	10:00am	Camperdown to Warnambool	Handicap (70k)	22/10 \$20
Fri - Mon	November	16-19		Geelong / Torquay	Australian Nation Championships	26/10 \$15/event

For your calendar

Date	Location	Event
14-21/10/2007	Victoria	Herald Sun Tour
14/10/2007	Bendigo	Excelior Cyclismo part of the opening weekend of the 2007 Jayco Herald Sun Tour. 134.2k or 83.5k ride options. http://www.heraldsuntour.com.au/2007/index.php?id=72
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. Groups will be leaving from Murphy Reserve, cnr. Graham St & Williamstown Rd, Port Melbourne at 6:00am and 7:00am respectively. If you wish to ride in either of these groups please contact; - 210k : Nigel Kimber (e-mail or ph. 0409 386 349) or - M-S-M: Keith Bowen (e-mail)
16-19/11/2007	Geelong / Torquay	Australian National Championships 16/11 – Time Trial – Paraparap 17/11 – Road Race – Australian Automotive Research Centre, Anglesea 18/11 – Track*: TT, Pursuit, scratch – Geelong West Cycle Track 19/11 – Criterium - The Esplanade, Torquay *TT & Pursuit – road bikes permitted, no gear changes allowed. Scratch Races – track bikes only.
24/11/2007	Yarra Junction	Eastern Vets O'Mara 100 Over \$2000.00 in cash and prizes Pre-entry will be required for this event as bunch sizes will be capped. As such riders who enter but do not compete will not be allowed to start another EVCC event until the entry fee has been paid.
1/12/2007	Melbourne	SUB Women's Cycle Challenge – 55k or 20k options http://www.supersprint.com.au Note : this event is for women only.
27/1/2008	Bright	Audax Alpine Classic www.audax.org.au/alpine.htm
15/3/2008	Torquay	Great Ocean & Otway Classic Ride - 145k or 60k options http://www.supersprint.com.au

Other bits and pieces:

Stop Press

Due to increases in costs the entry fee for all races will be increased to \$10 from the 1st of November.

Austria - Deutschlandsberg (part 2 – The Berg, 10/8/2007)

I'm in the garage replacing the Alex wheels with the Mavics, this is it - my first race in Europe. The nerves haven't really kicked in, there's still a couple of hours before start time and the ride to the start line. That's where it'll start, that's where I'll start to wonder what I'm doing here, whether or not I'll make a fool of myself, let the others down.

So what did I take with me?

The Alex (race bike (with 39-53 chain-rings)) with its wheel set (12-21 over ten), plus a spare set (the Mavics also 12-21). The intent was to use the Alex wheels for non-competition rides and as a spare race set in case the Mavics were damaged.

Puncture repair stuff, couple of tubes, frame pump and a track pump (communal)

One pair O'Mara knicks, three O'Mara jerseys (one long sleeve - not used), wind vest (not used) and a complete EasternVets kit.

Essentially I only wore the one O'Mara kit throughout, I was able to wash and dry the clothes between outings (overnight)

Helmet, bandanas (3), shoes, socks (2 pair), mitts (2 pair). Again could have got away with one set but ...

An hour and a half before Jeff's start time we head up the hotel drive and roll down to Bad Gams and on to Deutschlandsberg. The heart rate's up and the breathing isn't easy, this is where the questions start getting asked; if I'm struggling like this on the warm up how am I going to manage a race? will I be able to stay with the race or will I be spat? will I make it to the finish? We did the hill yesterday, I knew what we were up against, I knew I could get up it.

So what was the course like?

From the start line you could see the finish banner about two kilometres away and half a thumbs length above where we were. From the corral in the car park the race headed along a flat section, toward the finish, for a kilometre then dipped down for 600m before flattening out and veering right for another 400m. A hard left just after the stream and it was straight into the climb, a kilometre up an average 12% gradient to the finish. Piece of yellow water, what's the concern?

And the race?

At 15:40 the younger age group was set off, Jeff heading out with encouragement from the collected Aussie contingent. Then we were ushered into the roped off section, our numbers checked off as we entered. Too late for nerves now but the butterflies were still trying to create hurricanes in the Southern Hemisphere. Fünf, vier, drei, zwo, ein, nüll and a bunch of 21 45-49 year olds were away for the first of the week's races.

What's going to happen? are they going to go flat chat or are they going to take the first two k easy - saving it for the hill. I'm ready to jump if they do, but they don't. A bit of fluctuation as riders push to the front and edgy opponents jump in anticipation of a break but it quickly settles to a solid but easy pace.

What's the plan? probably not the best time to be formulating a plan but I should have one. Looking around I see Guy just ahead. Sit his wheel - that sounds like a good plan. We're 200m in and Guy calls to Roy; "Roy, four-three-three". OK, 433 is the man, and that's where Guy headed, so did I until Guy threaded a gap that closed in front of me like a sheep race gate at the height of shearing season. No great drama, we're all together, you could throw a blanket over the field, albeit a bl..dy big one.

On to the descent a small gap appears a couple of wheels ahead of mine, it grows as the riders ahead seem reluctant to race down the hill. A bit of dodging and weaving and I get to the front and proceed to bridge, dragging the remainder with me. The bend at the bottom compresses the field again, Guy and Roy are up the front, I'm mid-field with Mark close behind and Tony is stone motherless, something about one too many falls and too much at stake in the weeks to come. There's confusion around the left-hander, the lead riders getting around and pouring on the gas stretching the peleton which struggles through as best it could. A touch of wheels and I collect my first foreign-language insult. Mark drops his chain trying for the small chain-ring losing several places and a lot of momentum as he rides it back on and down the back Tony prepares himself for the task ahead.

On the ascent, between looking at my front wheel and the gap to the rider in front I counted the riders ahead, about 12, Guy and Roy well up the road in second and sixth. With trophies to eighth I was going to have to extract the digit if I wanted to take home some silverware. Slowly but surely I pulled them back, 11, 10, 9, 8, one more to go and I'm holding a cup, 7. That's it - eighth place - I'm in. A look ahead, there's still a long way to go, Guy is way up the road sitting second wheel, Roy a bit further back in a stretched out group of four and seventh place is within reach. Ahh, to be shure to be shure, more fuel to the engine room and seventh is mine, a trophy pretty much secured barring accident or mishap. Another look up the road and Guy has taken the lead and is pulling away from second, Roy is still fighting his battles. Three hundred metres to go and the sound of lungs sucking air through a gaping maw, across a dry mouth and down a drier throat are heard approaching from behind. Surely this guy will expire before the line, before he reaches me. Two-fifty to go and the gasping is getting closer, two-hundred and it's almost on my wheel, I can smell the banana he had before the race. The gradient drops to something less than 10% a hundred from the finish, if I can hold on to there I should be able to stay away. Not to be, half way to the change in gradient Tony struggles past like we were both standing still only I was standing stiller than him. The gradient lessened and I clawed back a little of what Tony had taken away, finishing one-second down.

The results

Guy took first by 5 seconds (over no. 433) and 2 seconds faster than Jeff's time in the younger group's race.

Roy came 4th - 23 seconds down on Guy

Tony in 7th at 30 seconds and me 8th a further second back

Mark never recovering from his loss of momentum at the foot of the climb did well 52 seconds down on Guy in 14th place.

An excellent ride by Guy and an awesome effort by Tony to drag himself from last at the bottom of the hill. In all a very commendable ride by the Australian contingent, allaying fears of being outclassed.

Figures for the winner; 3.0k in 6:21 for an average of 28.3kph

Other Results, etc.:

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.
