



# Eastern veterans cycling club

**Respecting the Rights of all Road Users**

**Newsletter October 20<sup>th</sup> 2007**

## **Club Championships – Yarra Junction – October 13<sup>th</sup>.**

### **Race report.**

Fifty-five souls collected at the Yarra Junction Primary School for the 2007 Eastern Vets Club Championship, some in search of glory; to have their names etched into club history, others to test themselves against the course and find their standing in their age group.

The conditions were fickle, the wind blowing up from the west before racing began but seeming to abate soon after. The skies overhead looked threatening, heavy clouds skirting the northern ranges, but not dumping any rain. The road through the wooded sections was damp, the descent from the hump to Powelltown looking pretty precarious, although by the time the race came to that section it was almost dry.

### **Women**

The women's race was fairly predictable, Louise McKimmie doing the majority of the pace setting and infliction of pain. The pace proving too much for Glenys Jardine, who, not having had a lot of racing this year, was dropped on the first of the inclines.

Sue Cox was the next to find the relentless push by Louise too much, losing contact with Juanita's wheel on another of the small rises around nine kilometres into the race. With a medal still on offer and the O'Mara 100 coming up Sue turned the rest of the race into a training ride enjoying the scenery, there was also time to contemplate cassette selection as Sue slowly climbed the bump on the 23.

Juanita Stumbles was the stayer, even managing to match Louise's cadence on the climb from Powelltown. Unfortunately for Juanita she was on the small chain-ring whilst Louise was still on the big one, Louise riding away up the hill only to be seen at the turnaround and after the finish.

Louise leading the ladies home with a massive margin, the others following at staggered intervals, each having time-trialed the last portion of their respective races.

**35-39**

This race was decided in a three-way sprint that saw Matt Cornford getting over Craig Everard by about half a wheel with Ross Snowball just off the back of the two of them.

**40-44**

If the women's race had been fairly predictable this one wasn't going to be hard to pick either, Phil Smith the unbackable favorite.

Vague recollections of last year when the 45-49 year olds caught the younger guys before the top of the bump had Phil setting a reasonably high pace from the start. Most members in the group aided him in his quest, Mike Fisher (jnr) and Paul Wilson working solidly, only to be rewarded with a surge by Phil when they slackened the pace.

All six starters arrived at the foot of the hill grupetto. Ian Milner's legs took one look at the gradient, stretched, weighed the opposition, and told the brain to select the lowest possible gear and get ready for a long lonely ride. The other four settled in to see how far they could stay with Phil - not long. After the initial pitch Phil attacked which put paid to Michael Jamison and Phil Pelgrim. Next it was Paul Wilson, an upping of tempo a third of the way up the climb proving too much for his legs leaving him no option but to wave Michael Fisher (jnr) through and follow at his own pace. Michael struggled on in Phil's slipstream, hanging in to around one and a half kilometres from the top where, to Phil's relief, he started to fade. The sound of Mike's breathing slowly replaced by those of the forest as Phil rode away into silence.

Taking a gap over the top Phil S. never looked back as he time-trialed it to the turn and back to the finish. On the run to the turnaround Mike F. (jnr) and Paul regrouped to work together in a chase whilst behind them Phil P. and Michael J. had also joined forces. Despite the two chasing pairs working together Phil S., in his element, had over a minutes lead at the turnaround, a lead he continued to extend all the way to the finish.

The pairing of Michael Fisher (jnr) and Paul Wilson did enough to hold off the pursuing Phil P. and Michael J. to finish second and third.

**45-49 (Max)**

On paper the club has a very strong 45-49 year old group; the current number 1 and 2 in the state (Roy Clark & Rob Amos), the current Australian champion (Rob) and the number two in the world (Guy Green). Added to that there are a few regulars

who can stay with these guys on a good day. Unfortunately Rob Amos is still recovering from injuries sustained and wasn't in the mix, nor a couple of the contingent that went to Europe for the worlds.

None the less an even dozen, ranging in ages from 45 to 49 years old, set out for the 60 odd kilometres that were to define the club road champion for 2007. Regular d-grade riders up against the best in the club.

A surge of blood from Guy Green in the first two-hundred metres had everybody's heart rate up, not with effort but with anxiety. Fortunately he backed off once he got to the front and set a comfortable tempo for the first kilometre or so before peeling off and returning to the back of the bunch. Ian Smith was kind enough to let him back in at eleventh wheel. Another two riders took a turn at the front before Roy Clarke found himself there with nobody keen to give him a break.

Phil Cavaleri did what is quickly becoming a trademark early attack only to be slowly retrieved by the Roy powered train. Once back together the peloton proceeded at a pace that kept it together yet was quick enough to keep it ahead of the fifty year olds and to catch a few of the slower riders from the earlier (older) groups.

On the outskirts of Powelltown one of the regular lower grade riders (sorry - ed.) has made a bid for his fifteen minutes, leading the group through the quiet little collection of buildings to the foot of the climb where it regrouped before Ian Harper took over. The change in gradient producing the first casualty of the race with Tony Curulli saying good-bye as the remainder slowly pulled away up the hill.

After the initial shock of change in altitude Ian Harper eased away to a gap of twenty metres or so. Nick Tapp, on the front of the 'chasers', saw no harm in that gap so long as it didn't get much bigger. Nor, apparently, did anyone else, and so it went for two or three kilometres until the gap slowly started to inch its way upward. When Ian's lead reached that critical distance Nigel upped the tempo a tad in a bid to keep Ian in check, leading a procession past Nick's right shoulder. Nigel was followed by Guy, Roy and Phil. Nick deciding it would hurt a lot to match the new pace let them go only to find himself alone on the slopes of some unnamed mountain with the dilemma of pushing on for a solo sixth or waiting for help from behind. In true Joel Goodson form Nick put his head down and followed the leading five over the 'bump'.

The last two-hundred metres of the ascent proving one-hundred metres too many for Phil who also found himself solo and chasing the now leading quartet down the other side for all he was worth. Despite the four-man bunch rolling at a cracking pace Phil was able to slip quietly on to the back half way to the turnaround.

Kevin Starr and Frank Nyhuis caught the soloing Nick at around the same point on the road, Frank inviting Nick to 'Jump on'. An invitation quickly accepted, the three of them setting about chasing the leaders. At the turnaround the chasers (Nick, Frank & Kevin) were close enough to keep the

leaders honest and the lead group (Guy, Roy, Ian, Nigel & Phil) enticingly not too far ahead, providing motivation for the chase.

Both groups worked hard on the return to the hump, the load shared almost equally amongst the leaders. The pursuants adopting a different strategy; Kevin doing the majority of pace setting along the flat, Nick and Frank getting their call to duty on the undulations with Nick drawing the short straw for the final push to the top, Frank huffing and puffing behind and the occasional beep from Kevin's HRM the only indication that he was still there.

At the head of the field, five hundred metres from the top, Guy has gently accelerated and slowly ridden away, Roy in tow. With the gap increasing at a steady rate Nigel has jumped in an effort to bridge only to come up short with two-fifty still to chase. Like the tortoise, Ian passed Nigel and dragged him to the top some fifty metres down on the lead pair. Phil, unable to respond, followed a further hundred metres back.

Having espoused the need for care on the descent all caution was sent to the wind as Nigel and Ian chased the leaders back down to Powelltown. A chase that nearly came unstuck, Ian showing incredible skills to take one right-hand bend on the dirt (I think he might have been trying to use the banking track style - ed.). With no further incidents the gap was eventually closed and it was a foursome that rode across Boy's Camp Creek and into Powelltown. A broken spoke on Guy's back wheel impeding the leader's descent and aiding the chase.

No sooner had the road leveled off than Guy launched the first serious attack of the race. A belated response from Roy was met with desperate efforts by Ian and Nigel who struggled to get back on terms. Then it was Roy, Guy responding and Ian and Nigel struggling. Then it was Guy, Roy responding, Ian and Nigel wondering how much more of this they could take. The next attack providing that answer as Guy and Roy grabbed a significant gap. Nigel responded but again came up short and again as Toby (Disney 1934/35 - ed.) came by he hopped on the wheel and the pair set about giving chase.

And so it went for a couple of kilometres, each time Guy rolled off the front he'd look back in the expectation that the chase had been broken, the look of incredulation on his face growing clearer to the two behind with each rotation. After what seemed like an eternity a character building effort up one of the small inclines had the two pair reunited, the relief expressed by an almost halving of the road speed, leaving room for the bunny to take the lead whilst the others rested.

But it wasn't over, there was still a long way to go. After too short a rest another attack by Guy again saw a successful response by Roy and a mad scramble by Nigel that this time succeeded. (Guy, thinking that I'd be useful come the finish, waited for me -ed.). True to form, as the race entered its last couple of kilometres Nigel found himself at the front, the other two content to let him pace them home.

A little acceleration by Nigel at the 90k sign opened a gap but with cramp threatening it was a short lived effort that served only to warm the sprinter's legs. With the finish line in sight all hopes or thoughts of retaining the club championship were

rapidly disappearing. One last chance, one last effort, where the bitumen changes, that's where I'll start the sprint. That's where I started the sprint, it ended about sixty-five metres up the road when Guy and Roy rolled over my shoulder. In company like that it was pretty much always going to be third as I sat back and resigned myself to the bronze. Hang on a minute Roy and Guy are only two, why are there three riders sprinting for the line? Merde, Ian Harper had dragged himself back into contention and snatched third. But wait. A Bradbury moment. A kid on a mountain bike rides into the middle of the road . . . No, fortunately there was no contact and Guy took the sprint from Roy, Ian in third a few metres back.

A little further down the road Phil Cavaleri soldiered on to take an excellent, hard fought and well deserved, fifth having time-trialed it all the way from the top of the bump he had managed to stay ahead of the pursuers in Frank, Nick and Kevin who had continued to chase all the way to the line.

Figures for the race : 57.3k @ 35.4kph in 1:36:54

#### **50-54 (Steve Short with a little help from his friends)**

During the week I confirmed Thorkild to do my duty as traffic controller. It wasn't too difficult to plant the idea last Saturday after we'd raced at Casey Fields. He was feeling pretty sick after having picked up the dreaded bug that we all seem to have been touched with lately. I told him he should rest and when I asked him what chance he thought he had against the likes of Guy, Roy, Nigel, Tony Chandler, Mark Wallace, etc. the colour drained even more from his face as we stood talking waiting for Ian to announce the race results.....

I always like to ride the club championships mainly to support the club but also to compare myself along side the other riders of my age. We have some great riders in our club. Scanning through the age listings I was riding with some very accomplished experienced riders. It was good to see we ranged from "E" graders to "A" graders. I admire the lower grade riders for pitting themselves against the much stronger riders it says a lot for the camaraderie of our members.

There were eleven of us at the start line, heading out I sat about 3rd from the back surveying the riders in front of me and wondering what we had in store for each other. Last year Quentin Frayne basically rode everyone off his wheel when we began the climb. Unfortunately for Quentin he did not have enough club races under his belt so he was not qualified for a place. Quentin, Steve Gray, Alan Cunneen, Barry Robertson and Tony Balint did most of the work at the front as we headed out to Poweltown and the base of the climb.

Last year I rode with an injured knee which turned out to be a lot more serious than first thought, this year I'm just coming right again and felt much better. That is until a third of the way up the climb, Tony Balint had set a cracking pace and there were only six of us left, I was at the back hoping no one would attack the road ahead. Quentin's body language convincing me even more that he was determined to put in a

good ride, Tony also looked very comfortable, constantly surveying behind him to see which of us were still hanging in there. The other three riders were; Phil Thompson, Steve Gray and Barry Robertson. Well I'm in with some good strong riders and was beginning to think how lucky I was that John Lynch had not turned up to race, he would have attacked by now I thought.....

There was a remote chance I might be able to hang in until the top..... Have you ever noticed that when you begin to have any doubts your mind wanders and you begin to struggle (O2 deprivation - ed.), all sorts of strange and weird things go through your head. Whilst in this daze a gap had opened and the five of them rode away from me. It was either Quentin or Tony picking up the pace, who ever it was they were certainly going faster than me. I was struggling, should I push harder and gamble on blowing up or worst still straining/injuring my knee again. (The new pace proved too much for Barry as well who dropped away a bit further up the road. And further still up the road an attack by Quentin put paid to Steve G.. With Barry 100m behind and the leading three charging up the hill Steve waited on Barry to team up for the pursuit. - courtesy of Steve Gray - ed.). If I can only keep in touch with Steve and Barry till the top I should be able to get across to them on the descent and we can ride together.

(Quentin, Phil and Tony crested the bump 250metres ahead of Barry and Steve G. Steve S. a hundred metres or so down on them - ed)

(Sorry Steve, back to your telling - ed.)

Chasing them through the undulations down the other side they couldn't be to far ahead, maybe I'll see them around the next bend or over this next rise..... man!! are there are some dead stretches in that piece of road. Every time I seemed to be closing in on them they would pull away on the next down hill section. They were working together or at least it seemed to me they were. It must be my after shave or something? maybe it was something I said, they obviously did not want me to get to them.....if the truth is known they probably thought I was long gone and were both trying hard to catch Quentin and the other two riders. Maybe they will slow a little at the turn around I thought, and let me get across to them.

At the turn, as we crossed like ships in the night, I looked at them with my tongue hanging out tears streaming down my face I even offered them my share of any medals on offer ..... I don't think they even noticed me, they had their heads down and were working hard. Oh well, not to worry just keep going, they may both have punctures or something and maybe one of the front three will blow up completely, that'll give me third place.

As I got to the top on the return leg a quick glance behind gave me the inspiring view (? -ed.) of Nigel Frayne powering up behind me, he was in the 55 to 59 year group. Blimey he was traveling well; it obviously runs in the family I thought. Right Shorty there's your next challenge use Nigel as inspiration and see if you can hold him off to the finish line. I pretended to myself I was leading a big race and I had to hold off Nigel to win. I worked the road back to the finish line hoping to catch sight of Steve and Barry before they saw the finish line, I might even catch them. Yeah right, they obviously worked well

together and were determined to try and catch Quentin and the others.

Quentin led the three leaders over the last little bump before the climb to the finish, on the downhill Tony rode through with Phil glued to his wheel. This was the cue for Quentin who decided to jump first and at that instant Phil has gone for his big chain-ring (major tactical error from the wily old fox!) and seen the chain go straight over the east side. With Phil out of contention Quentin only had to hold Tony off to nab the gold, but that white finish line and the top of the hill seem a very long way away as everything blurs into hypoxic slo-mo. Quentin's fear of the sound of Tony's borrowed Zips tearing up the tarmac never eventuated, Quentin winning by a good 30m from Phil, but no Tony - he'd cramped severely as soon as he started his sprint.

(Quentin - ed.)

Steve Gray and Barry Robertson, having chased all the way, finished a minute down on Quentin and his cohorts. Steve Short soloed home a little later.

Congratulations to Quentin, Phil and Tony...Well done to all the guys, another great Eastern Vets race ..... I love this game but I must buy some different after shave!  
(S.S.)

ps Another reminder of the chasm left by our wonderful Rob Graham - I'm used to seeing him solo away on this club champs course. Vale Rob Graham!  
(Quentin)

## 55-59 (Nigel Frayne)

5 starters; NF, Harold Simpson, Steve Fothergill, Graham Cadd and Mick Paull.

The last group to roll away we set a comfortable pace through the green and rolling hills. After a while there were only three rolling turns. When the first rise in the road appeared I moved to the front for a push to test the legs. However this was a bit much for Michael and Graham and we discovered that they had dropped off the back. Seeing no point in maintaining a group we continued to share the front all the way to Powelltown where, as we know, the road starts its inexorable rise.

At the outset I again move to the front and begin the grind looking for a rhythm that might be sustained. The heavy breathing from behind gradually becoming less audible, either they are following comfortably or they are falling away. Realising it is the latter I bed down for the long haul to see whether an early escape is realistic. Nearing the top of the 6km climb a look back and there is no-one in sight. Okay, time to get serious. If those two work together they'll bring me back so it's time to throw the dice.

Down the other side there's not much relief from the previous climbing effort. With a long gear selected pushing over the undulations towards the turn around. The road seems to go on and on. Finally the first of the returning bunches, Phil Smith, out on his own and looking comfortable, just the way

he likes it. Soon after there is a constant stream of individuals and small groups heading for home. Not daring to look back as the die is cast for this escapade and the only consideration is figuring out how hard to set a pace that allows me to stay away yet not bonk before reaching the finish.

The turn around finally arrives and heading for home enables a chance to see the gap to the chasing pair and assess my chances. Maybe it's better not to know? As it happens the first to come by is Steve on his own but the fog of effort clouds assessment of the gap. This is probably a good thing as it ensures the effort is maintained. Soon afterwards Harold also rolls by. At least they are not working together.

The return climb is enigmatic due to the undulating gradient, unlike the outwards climb which is a 'normal' constant climb. Maintaining a steady effort whether going up or down seems the best plan as the numerous small climbs are negotiated.

Various riders from other groups are now being overtaken, some willingly and some reluctantly, like John Jardine who powers back ahead only to be overtaken again as he tries to push up the hills in that long 53/12 of his. After a few yo-yo=s he concedes and the solitude of the solo effort returns.

Eventually relief arrives and the fun of the fast descent presents. It is tempting to ease off and take in the scenery but the aural mirage of a heavy breathing Steve Fothergill powering across to the wheel keeps recurring, causing a regular look over the shoulder. The descent is negotiated at almost full pace with just a little caution being shown to the wet corners that had been noticed on the way up.

Once back at sea level (notionally) it's time to remind oneself of the experience of the Time Trial held on this course earlier in the season. A slight head wind requires the use of the drops and the pace is continually assessed against the internal energy level meter and the fear of the phantom breaths of Steve arriving on the wheel. However Steve never arrives on the wheel and the solo effort is maintained all the way to the finish for what can only be described as a very satisfying win.

While the competing group was very small it is none-the-less an honour to win the Road Race Championship in the spirit of good natured competition which is a feature of all Eastern Vets events. Thanks and congratulations to my fellow riders!

## STATS:

Distance:	57.7km
Time:	1hr 55min
Ave Speed:	31.8kph
Max Speed:	71kph

## 60-64

Six of the seven registered starters set off in pursuit of the group that had been released ahead of them. Brian Farrell, having assumed this group would be off next to last, was caught out warming up on the circuit. Fortunately for him; he was on the Powelltown side of the start line, and the race started at an easy pace to allow John Jardine (running a tad late) a bit of a warm-

up, a quick u-turn and a hard chase seeing Brian join his age-group around Gladysdale.

Five kilometres was sufficient warm-up as John and Martin Stalder started to pick up the pace a bit. John's efforts short lived, a puncture sidelining him, a suggestion by someone in the bunch that they wait for him wasn't met with a great deal of consensus and he was left to his own devices. The remainder of the ride to the foot of the climb was uneventful seeing two of the younger groups overhaul the bunch before the real work started. Martin Stalder relieving Colin O'Brien of pace setting duties as the road headed skywards and setting a pace that saw riders drop away as the ascent continued until it was just he and Richard Dobson climbing to the top. An effort by Richard shortly before the summit left Martin with a small chase down the other side.

Back together the pair worked to the turnaround, Richard beginning to feel the effects of the haul up the bump started missing turns until it was left to Martin to set the pace for the return. Sensing Richard's struggles Martin picked up the tempo before they crested the 'bump' and went onto the descent fifty-metres clear. A gap he extended as he time-trialed it back to the finish, Richard finishing around three-hundred metres behind but well clear of Graham Haines and Geoff Puttock who had swapped turns all the way back. Apparently a hundred metres from home it was Graham's turn to take the lead - giving him third.

## 65-69 & 70 +

Ted McCoy, the current Club Champion for this age group and still one of the youngsters, was the man to watch, and the hill was the place to be doing that watching. Consequently there was no action on the run out to Powelltown, the foursome rolling along saving, and psyching, themselves for the 6.3k challenge that lay ahead.

## Results

	<b>First</b>	<b>Second</b>	<b>Third</b>
<b>Women (4)</b>	Louise McKimmie	Juanita Stumbles	Susan Cox
<b>35-39 (6)</b>	Matt Cornford	Craig Everard	Ross Snowball
<b>40-44 (6)</b>	Phil Smith	Mike Fisher (jnr)	Paul Wilson
<b>45-49 (12)</b>	Guy Green	Roy Clark	Ian Harper
<b>50-54 (11)</b>	Quentin Frayne	Phil Thompson	Tony Balint
<b>55-59 (5)</b>	Nigel Frayne	Steve Fothergill	Harold Simpson
<b>60-64 (7)</b>	Martin Stalder	Richard Dobson	Graham Haines
<b>65-69 (4)</b>	Paul Kelly	Ted McCoy	Richard Maggs

## Officials

Thanks to Keith Bowen for organising and taking entries and to all those out on the road keeping us safe. I unfortunately don't have your names to thank you individually but you know who you were and your sacrifice is much appreciated.

Sure enough, no sooner had the road crossed the creek than Ted took the initiative and started up the hill. It didn't take long for the gradient and the pace to take its toll, Richard Maggs and Ronnie Stranks soon finding themselves watching Paul Kelly doggedly holding Ted's wheel as these two rode away up the hill. A task that Paul managed to accomplish all the way to the turnaround and back to the start of the steep descent into Powelltown.

Back on the ascent a little incentive, in the form of Louise McKimmie going by, prompted Ronnie into an effort that saw him draw away from Richard and solo it over the crest and most of the way back to the finish. Richard using his descending skills to peg back Ronnie's lead on both the run to the turn and down to Powelltown.

The descent also working to Paul's advantage, taking a lead over Ted on the drop that he was able to hold to the finish. Although stopping to celebrate his pending win, and to relate the tales of the road, to spectators before the finish line may not have been the best idea. Paul eventually crossed the line ahead of Ted.

The gains made on the descent, and a solid ride along the flat, saw Richard catch and pass Ronnie (who was riding out of his age group - ed.) just before the finish.

## Wrap up

Thanks to all those who's contributions made the reports possible; Nick Tapp for filling in some of the holes in my memory and in the 45-49yo report, Juanita, Sue Cox, Phil Smith, Steve Gray, Nigel Frayne, Steve Short, Quentin Frayne, Martin Stalder, Geoff Puttock, Brian Farrell and Paul Kelly.

Just gotta love google ™ (- ed.)

## **Eastern Vets Program**

Saturday	October	20	2:00pm	Steels Creek	Royce Bennet Memorial Handicap
Saturday	October	27	2:00pm	Killara Road	Graded Scratch Races
<b>Monday</b>	<b>October</b>	<b>29</b>	<b>8:00pm</b>	<b>Maroondah Club</b>	<b>Monthly General Meeting</b>
Saturday	November	3	2:00pm	Casey Fields	Graded Scratch Races
Saturday	November	10	2:00pm	Dunlop Road	Graded Scratch Races
Wednesday			10:00am	The Loop - Yarra Boulevard	Scratch Races

**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	21	9:00am	Casey Fields	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	October	28	9:00am	Casey Fields	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	November	4	9:00am	Casey Fields	Graded Scratch Races
Thursday	1/11/07 - 20/12/07		6:05pm	Sandown Park Raceway	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	21	10:00am	East Trentham	Handicap (44k)
Sunday	October	28	9:30am	Gisborne	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	November	4	9:30am	Lillee Crescent	Graded Scratch Races

## **Victorian Veteran Cycling Council Program**

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
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 6:00am 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 <a href="http://www.supersprint.com.au">http://www.supersprint.com.au</a> <b>Note :</b> this event is for women only.
27/1/2008	Bright	Audax Alpine Classic <a href="http://www.audax.org.au/alpine.htm">www.audax.org.au/alpine.htm</a>
15/3/2008	Torquay	Great Ocean & Otway Classic Ride - 145k or 60k options <a href="http://www.supersprint.com.au">http://www.supersprint.com.au</a>

## **Other bits and pieces:**

### **Nuptials;**

On September the 5<sup>th</sup> this year Juanita Stumbles and Graham Cadd were married at the registry office in the presence of Nathalie and Graham's boys.

### **Stop Press**

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

Eastern Vets merchandise is available through Kevin Starr at most meets, you can check out what's available with him or through the Eastern Vets web site - <http://www.easternvets.com/clothing.php>.

## **Austria - Deutschlandsberg (part 4 – The Road race. 14/8/2007)**

The circuit.

Two and a bit laps of a thirty-kilometre circuit followed by a twenty-eight-kilometre panhandle - ninety-six kilometres in total.

A short sharp climb (300m) from the start line in Gross-St Florian flattened out as the race headed towards Deutschlandsberg. A tight right took the race off the main road and through Frauenthal where a left, with steel man-hole covers strategically placed that could have made things very interesting in the wet, took us onto the Stainz-Deutschlandsberg road before turning right again towards Bad Gams. At six and a half kilometres into the race (a couple of kilometres before Bad Gams) the road starts to slowly rise. In total an elevation gain of around 100m over six kilometres with a maximum gradient of 8% as the road climbs to its peak after the town, enough to get the heart rate up and the legs complaining. Through the forest an undulation then a fast, brake-free, 1k descent into open farmland before another two kilometre climb (5%) through more woods and another good drop through farms into the outskirts of Stainz where a right took us through a roundabout and onto the road towards Mettersdorf. This portion of the circuit took us gradually down through the village of Stallhof and through corn fields and wooded areas. Another one-kilometre climb (11%) to Kraubath and a slow descent back to the town limits of Gross-St Florian where a sharp drop to the river ended the lap.

On the third lap, instead of turning right towards Bad Gams, we headed on to Deutschlandsberg, skirting the edge of town the race headed up, to where the 'Berg' race had started, before a long (10k) gradual descent to Gasseldorf. A left off the main road by a quaint little chapel and the first of the serious hills confronted us. Just over a kilometre with a maximum gradient of 17% (I'm pretty sure most of the kilometre was 17%) a couple of bends in the road keeping the top out of view till you were almost there. A straight, flat-out, run down the other side providing a run-up to the next uphill slog (700m) (that I swear was more than 17%) into St Ulrich. The road turning right at the top to reveal that there was more up, albeit a lot gentler - it still hurt. A fast downhill around two sweeping hairpins followed by a right onto the main road at Bischofegg. A gentle five-kilometre incline (another slog) through more cornfields till the race diverted off the main road into Eibiswald where another sharp incline (300m @ ~8%) leads to the finish.

The race.

At the start we were combined with the Masters 3 group to give us a bunch size of around 50. The local band was on parade in national costume playing the ompah music, it was a big event, hundreds of cyclists, follow cars and lead bikes, police and traffic controllers, an awesome amount of organisation.

The aim was for Guy to beat Dimitri (I don't quite know why) and half in jest it was suggested that Tony go from the gun and we all sit on Dimitri's wheel and counter-attack whenever he pulled back the previous one.

At 10:50 we were away and as a group made our way up and out of Gross St Florien. It didn't take long to find myself at the back of the bunch – no matter, there's plenty of time to get up toward the front. True to plan Tony has ridden off the front of the peloton with another rider in tow, it wasn't long before a third rider bridged and the trio plugged away. That break didn't last long but in response Guy launched his own attack, staying out for a couple of k along the road to Bad Gams, the bunch pulling him back before the road started its gently rise. Jeff was the next to go, holding his break as we rode through Bad Gams.

By this time I'd finally made it to the front, having worked myself up toward the front and then been shuffled back a couple of times in the interim. I wanted to be up the front for the descent out of Bad Gams - too much experience with descending in groups. But while Jeff out there I didn't want to be leading the chase.

Jeff was caught on the climb and my top 5 position meant that I had a relatively clear road for the descent which had been my aim. After Stainz a couple of guys got away and disappeared up the road. The climb to Krauthbath was taken at full tilt, the road lined with spectators cheering us on. The bunch appeared to hold it together over the top as we raced back to the start. Along this stretch Guy attacked again and I got a lesson from Jeff in making myself 'wide'. Dimitri still managed to get around us and the two of us set about following him up to Guy where I got the next lesson - Guy yelling at me to "do something". It didn't take long for me to work it out and I've counter-attacked, grabbing a small break on the peloton which had by now joined Guy, Dimitri, Jeff and the others. I held the break for a while, leading the bunch back through Gross St. Florien and slowly up and out of the town.

As the road leveled on the far bank of the river a look behind revealed a solitary rider bridging the gap, it was Mark (with permission from Guy). The two of us set about swapping off turns for the next couple of kilometres before another rider joined us, and then another and still more until the whole bunch were there, our time in the sun was over as we swept around the corner and out towards Bad Gams for the second (and final) time.

By now my mind was on auto-pilot, I recall being back in the bunch along this stretch but determined to be back at the front for the descents between Bad Gams and Stainz which I managed to do, enjoying the choice of line through the corners. At some point around the second lap we caught the original two breakaway riders who had been away for most of the lap. There were a few false captures as we blitzed past pairs of recreational cyclists, who we'd confuse for the tear-aways, out enjoying the day. After re-integrating the two escapees another break of 15 or so got away, Roy remarking that that was the break, it included Guy and Tony. Roy was right, I think we saw a couple of its members later on but the bulk stayed away. There was no chase and the pace was all over the place, a rider keen to chase would get the lead and pick it up only to peel off and be relieved by somebody who wasn't interested in riding the break down and the speed would drop off.

The second lap ended and the race headed away up the climb on the outskirts of Deutschlandsberg, there was no move on the hill, half the peloton taking on refreshments from supporters who lined the road. After the ascent it was a long fast descent that wasn't, some riders totally uninterested in chasing keeping the pace to a minimum. Admittedly Roy, Mark and myself could have been counted in that number but we were not responsible for the tempo. After a couple of kilometres and some foreign language abuse from some in the group it got back to being a race. Mark made a comment inferring that it was very negative then proceeded to do something about it by launching an attack. This didn't last long as suddenly, those not previously interested in chasing, developed legs and brought him back. Not to be perturbed he went again shortly after being caught, this time there was little interest from within the group and he took the left at Gasseldorf with a hundred-metre lead over the mass that was the main bunch.

He still held this gap as the road went seriously upward on the first of the two 15% climbs. As the bunch hit the bottom of the climb, some ten seconds later, it spread out across the whole road and there was this sea of lycra sweeping up the hill, bearing down on the lone figure of Mark, like a massive wave about to swamp a small fishing boat. I'd thought that if Mark could get over the top with a decent lead he could hold it to the finish but unfortunately he was cramping and was comprehensively swept up, cresting the hill at the rear end of the now stretched out bunch. A quick and rapid descent on the small chain-ring (the day before when we had sussed the circuit out I'd been caught on the big ring up the next climb - 53-21, it wasn't easy going) and up the other side - the pain was back on. I'd done this hill yesterday on the 53 and made it, today on the 39 I nearly didn't, the tops of my thighs burning with the lactic acid. And there was still the lesser climb through the village of St Ulrich. By the time we'd crested the true summit the bunch was stretched out and essentially split into two groups, I was in the second. Using all my mass and Mother Nature's force (gravity) I got to the front of the second group on the descent and set about bridging to the first group along the flat. I got 90% of the way across and was struggling till help came from behind, first one, then another and another until the gap was filled and it was all back together again for the run into Eibiswald and the finish.

Sitting mid-bunch as we swung off the main road at one kilometre to go I was feeling good despite the initial feelings of cramp. At the five-hundred metre mark the road crossed a little bridge and turned hard left up to the finish. There were a few close calls coming out of the corner but I managed to maintain my speed, get out of the saddle and was powering past riders until I hit a road block; two riders ahead slamming the door on the gap I was about to go through. The adrenalin not enough to compensate for the loss of momentum and my race was essentially over. I got out from behind them and took a couple more places on the run to the finish but not enough to add to the silverware.

The Australian contingent in this race had the following results; Guy 2nd, Tony 6th, Brett Youdan 8th, myself 18th, Roy 19th, Mark 23rd and Russell Johnstone 24th.

(Dimitri was 5th)

My figures for the race: 98.13k at 38.1kph in a time of 2:34:17. Guy's time was recorded as 2:28:51, sixteen seconds behind the winner

A couple of observations from the race;

- We had lead motorcycles that cleared the road ahead of cars, as well as referees and follow cars
- All on-coming traffic pulled off the road to let us through
- There were police on corners to stop the traffic
- The race took the whole road regardless of on-coming traffic, in some instances riders were missing wing mirrors by millimetres.
- The attitude of the drivers was terrific.

It was an awesome experience riding a road race in a 50 rider peloton. The roads, the scenery, the organization and the attitude of everybody impacted. If you ever get the opportunity, grab it with both hands.

After the race we had a lovely 25k warm down ride back to the Hotel in Bad Gams, a shower and early dinner before returning (in the car) to Deutschlandsberg for the presentations. There was a full on fair in the main street with food and drink stalls and entertainment for all.

### **Geoff Puttock swans it in Spain**

After visiting France and enjoying some of this year's Tour de France Geoff Puttock went across to Spain and joined up with a couple of other Eastern Vet's members for a tour following the Vuelta. We are yet to hear of his adventures, but the following images suggest that they had a good time, enjoyed some excellent weather and even got a ride or two in.



Picking up some tips from Cadel



with Carlos Sastre



'Sorry guys. Where we were going to hit them again?'  
Chris Horner, Cadel Evans, Ian Mcleod & Geoff discuss tactics



Alan Cunneen, Geoff and some hills



'On the cobbles Geoff'

### 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](mailto:nigel.kimber@bigpond.com)) and I will include it here.

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