



# Eastern veterans cycling club

Respecting the Rights of all Road Users

*Newsletter November 17<sup>th</sup> 2007*

## Graded Scratch Races – METEC – November 10<sup>th</sup>.

### Race report.

Dunlop Road again proving the most popular of our circuits as 112 Veteran Cyclists of the South-East voted with their wheels to greet the starter on what was an almost perfect day for pushing the heart rate to the max. Sunny skies and large bunches promised some fast racing, a slight head wind along the finish straight sure to keep things honest and limit any one rider's time on the front.

### a-grade

The fifteen strong a-grade bunch started off at a reasonable lick but not fast enough to keep Roy Clark from riding away after ten minutes. Roy established a decent gap but with no interest from behind, five-sixths of the race to run and the sapping wind on the finish straight the best course of action was to return to the bunch.

A belated counter-attack by Guy Green a couple of laps later met with a similar lack of interest from the massed bunch and he was able to build his lead to the length of the Geddes road straight, his Astana kit just a blue/green dot against the black tarmac. With Guy threatening to disappear from sight the leaders picked up the pace a tad, slowly closing his break down. The pace of the race taking its toll on one rider, a momentary lack of concentration as the chasers scrambled past the big b-grade bunch on the top corner saw Craig Everard come unstuck and go down fairly heavily.

Guy enjoyed more than his fifteen minutes before it was all back together. In the ensuing to-ing and fro-ing Phil Thompson not only found himself at the front of the race but with a little gap to boot. This didn't last too long as the remainder quickly got organised and brought him back, keeping the pace at a level that should have kept everybody together.

That was the theory and it worked in practice until, with fifteen minutes to go, the contenders started to dictate the terms, the inform Guy Green leading the way. In twos and threes they rode up the road till the bunch was pretty much evenly split. John Lynch the last to bridge to the leading group, passing the interim groups in pursuit of the two leaders in Roy and Phil Cavaleri. Having made the juncture John continued on to find himself with a handy gap.

Three legs later Guy broke from the others and made his way across to John. Phil C. being in the right place at the right time, and alert enough, enjoyed the tow up to John who, seeing them coming, waited, the three then set about working together to consolidate the advantage. Seeing the race slipping away Roy dug deep and bridged, making it four against three against the remainder.

The bell found the leaders with a not-insurmountable lead over the pursuers so it was going to be nose to the grindstone all the way to the finish. John Lynch rounding the last corner with clear road behind him, the others about 50 meters in arrears. Out of the corner Guy jumped and set about mowing down John, Roy a little slow to react joined in and Phil, having spent all his bickies in mixing it with the club's elite over the last half of the race, pretty much put up the white flag.

The finish line proved a line too far for John, Guy storming past eighty metres from home and then Roy forty metres later. Roy not having the momentum to close down Guy.



### b-grade

Nigel Frayne's race.

As always Dunlop Road proved very popular in all grades and about 15 - 20 of us set off in B grade, a lot of unfamiliar faces. The initial plan to drift towards the rear and get a feel for it. One unfamiliar face in B grade was Martin Peeters, who I've seen holding his own in A grade, now there's a wheel to follow. As we circulate and rearrange our order on the road I'm trying to

plot who's who and who's likely. First attack! Can't remember who it was but after a little 'dangling' it's all over fairly quickly.

By now I've decided I don't like it so far back and move up generally within the first 5 wheels. There's a fairly regular set of efforts by the likes of Peter Shanahan (naturally), Gary Chamberlain, Ben Schofield, John Pritchard, Martin Peeters and even myself at one point after chasing down John Pritchard and finding we were a small group of 5. We pushed for a while but were brought back after less than a lap.

Early on the lead is rotating fairly frequently, Thorkild is there, Kevin Starr, Martin Stalder. However, as each attempted escape fails and the pace slackens, frustration is developing for the 'likely ones'. Martin Peeters decides enough is enough and tries a new tactic - attrition. At a heady pace he powers along for over a lap dragging us along in his wake. But the differential between the breeze up front and the vacuum behind is too great and he eventually sighs and drops off.

Soon after a group of 4 has slipped away just as the marshals sounded the bell. In one of those snap decision moments I decide to leap across and at least try for a head start on the chasing pack. By the uphill leg I'm on and panting. Down the back straight the pace increases further. This is good as surely no one will try to go forward this far from home. Down the back leg and round the sweeper onto the long (400 metres) home straight and I'm in 6th wheel - perfect! Even more perfect somehow I've managed to secure Martin Peeter's wheel.

Still in the saddle but well onto the drops the heart rate and pain levels are rising, waiting, waiting... One or two riders have slid behind, their sprint is over. Finally Martin rises from his saddle and I follow suit. There's still 200 metres to go and as I start to gain I move out off the wheel - bam! Ouch that wind is a brick wall. I fall back in behind and try to gain more momentum. Just before the line I pull out again and I reckon Martin has eased up a bit too because suddenly I'm past him and take third place. Things just fell into place pretty nicely on that last lap and it's a pretty happy start to the Summer season.

Race Stats: 39.1km in 1hr 1min for an average of 38.3kph

### **c-grade**

The c-grade race was a relatively uneventful affair, a very high pace from the outset keeping the bunch up with the b-grade race. Both the pace and the proximity of the higher grade restricting any attacks. Frank Nyhuis and Matt White the main troublemakers, every time b-grade pulled away these two found their way to the front and poured the pace back on.

The relatively consistent race tempo meant that most of the original twenty-one starters were there at the finish resulting in a massed scramble for the honours. The confusion seeing

a coming together which saw Greg Lipple losing his rear derailleur in another rider's front wheel.

### **d-grade**

A big field of 23 riders, including numerous Southern riders led off the day's proceedings. The first lap was under starters orders and conducted at a reasonable pace, but once the flag was raised David Casey & Bill Upton decided to up the ante and took off up the slight incline on Dunlop Rd, the peloton, not interested in chasing, followed at a slightly increased tempo.

As the non-chasers turned left out of Dulop Rd the lead rider's front wheel appeared to slide out from underneath him and he went down, second wheel went straight in to, and on to the first. Peter Mackie, on third wheel, managed to go around the outside just missing the gutter. A couple of other riders were not so lucky, also kissing the road. Fortunately there were no serious injuries but it was the end of the race for the lead two.

Having avoided the pile-on activity, and gaining a break in the confusion, Peter set off after Bill & David. On catching them his conscience got the better of him and he informed them there had been an accident, the three sitting up and waiting for the bunch.

Having re-grouped the attacks began. David Casey chasing most of them down, particularly any instigated by Southern riders. Peter Mackie had a dig at one stage, but without success, the wind down the main straight making it hard to stay away from the pursuants. After the half way mark Ivan Collings started attacking the bunch, one after another after another. Each move attracting a few followers but none was successful.

Su Pretto waited till Ivan was surged out, figuring that everybody else would be tired of chasing and that she'd be able to slip away. Chris Norbury had similar thoughts and joined her, although he gained little benefit from sitting Su's wheel. David Casey and Peter Mackie, who were at the head of the bunch, decided they'd resist chasing for as long as possible, but after half a lap the bunch caught on to what was going on and chased the pair down. A few more surges followed but with lots of riders willing to chase it was always going to come down to a sprint finish.

Colin Johnson took off before the last corner and raced into the home straight clear of the others and holding on to win. Michael Paull won the sprint for second, ahead of a Southern rider in Stuart Campbell, Graeme Parker rounded out the money positions in fourth.

Stats; Average - 36kph, Duration - 60mins, Distance - 37km

### **e-grade**

It was an eclectic mix in the one score riders who took off in this race, some wily old men, some under prepared individuals and more than a couple of the fairer sex. And it was this later group that put the others to the test by setting the pace for the majority of the hour long race.

Ronny Stranks was keen to protect his lead in the club championship, saving himself by riding deep in the bunch and working as smoothly and efficiently as he could. As the race approached it's climax he made his way up to fifth wheel where he could cover any move yet remain fresh for a sprint if (when) it eventuated.

And attacks there were, the majority coming just after the first corner, as the race turned out of the wind. But the insidious little incline sapped the strength of the antagonist's legs and the bunch was able to regroup with minimal increase in effort. Mid race Angelo Antignani tested the waters, holding a gap for half a lap only to find that a six months lay-off isn't the best race preparation as he struggled to hold on as the bunch caught him.

In the end it came down to a bunch kick, favouring the foxes over the foxies. The big bunch and the flat track favouring the track specialists, Trevor Wilkie, Alan Sandford and Richard Maggs out smarting and out sprinting the Club Champion elect.

### f-grade

No report available.

### Results (Saturday 10/11/2007)

	First	Second	Third	Fourth
<b>a-grade (15)</b>	Guy Green	Roy Clark	John Lynch	Phil Cavaleri
<b>b-grade (19)</b>	Ron McCurdy	Jim Swainston	Nigel Frayne	Martin Peeters
<b>c-grade (21)</b>	Thierry Dreux	Grant Greenhalgh	David McCormack	Ray Russo
<b>d-grade (23)</b>	Colin Johnson	Michael Paull	Stuart Campbell	Graeme Parker
<b>e-grade (20)</b>	Trevor Wilkie	Alan Sandford	Richard Maggs	Ron Stranks
<b>f-grade (14)</b>	Tony Gherxi	Keith Bowen	Graham Cadd	Phil Cox

### Officials

Thanks to Graeme Parker and Ron Stranks for taking the entries, and to the cast of thousands (well dozen) who manned the corners, etc.; Nick Hainal, Greg Lipple, Geoff Puttock, Phil Pelgrim, Angelo Antignani, Phil Cox, Sue Cox, Kevin Mills, Laurie Bohn, Phil Cavaleri, Ivan Collings, Matt Cornford and Geoff Cranstone. Thanks also to JC for carting the trailer and Peter Mackie on the drinks.

A special thanks to Mark Wallace who attended the fallen riders in their various forms.

### Results (Tuesday 13/11/2007)

	First	Second	Third
<b>Div 1</b>	Stuart Bendall		Ross McCurdy
<b>Div 2</b>	Chris Norbury	Tony Curulli	Greg Lipple
<b>Div 3</b>	Peter Gray		Sue Sharples

### Officials

Thanks to Graeme Parker for taking the entries,

### Tuesday Night

An enthusiastic bunch of 50 riders turned up for the first Summer Twilight Criterium Series at METEC on Tuesday evening. It was good to see three women riders also joining in the fun and games around the short circuit in warm and sunny conditions. The fresh sou-wester kept the breakaways to a minimum though there were plenty of attempts by the braver members of the three divisions. Reducing our normal grading down from 6 to 3 creates an interesting challenge for all riders. This was exemplified in Division 1 where the stronger a-graders played cat and mouse with the b-graders. A series of attacks by the likes of Ian Milner, Mark Wallace and Kevin Starr (who was away by a good 100 metres at one point) were met by the gasping chasing pack who managed to cling on and survive to contest a bunch sprint. Aggregate points now begin accumulating for all who turn up with bonus points for first to third in each division. The overall winner will take home the trophy and a nice cash prize. So, get along every Tuesday evening to METEC and start building your tally!

### Wrap up

Thanks to John Lynch, Nigel Frayne, Greg Lipple, Hylton Preece, Peter Mackie and Angelo Antignani for their contributions that made the race report possible.

### Aggregate Points (10/11/07)

R. Stranks	73
P. Cavaleri	65
K. Starr	63
N. Hainal	58
R. Amos	56
G. Green	54
P. Thompson	50
JC. Wilson	50
H. Preece	48
T. Murdoch	47
T. Muurholm	47

### Aggregate Points

S. Bendall	10
C. Norbury	10
P.Gray	10
G. Lovegrove	6
T. Curulli	6
G.Plummer	6
R. McCurdy	4
G. Lipple	4
S. Sharples	4

### Eastern Vets Program

Saturday	November	17	2:00pm	METEC	Graded Scratch Races
Saturday	November	24	1:00pm	Yarra Junction	O'Mara 100
<b>Monday</b>	November	<b>26</b>	<b>8:00pm</b>	<b>Maroondah Club</b>	<b>Monthly General Meeting</b>
Saturday	December	1	2:00pm	Casey Fields	Graded Scratch Races
Saturday	December	8	2:00pm	Dunlop Road	Graded Scratch races
Wednesday			10:00am	The Loop - Yarra Boulevard	Scratch Races
Tuesday	13/11/07 - 11/12/07 8/1/08 - 1/4/08		6:00pm	METEC	Graded 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	November	18	9:00am	Frankston Gardens Blvd	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	November	25	9:00am	Casey Fields	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	December	2	9:00am	Lakewood Blvd, Braeside	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	December	9	9:00am	Casey Fields	Graded Scratch Races
Thursday	15/11/07 - 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	November	18	9:30am	National Blvd, Campbellfield	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	November	25	10:00am	Lancefield	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	December	2	10:00am	Avenel Rd, Seymour	Handicap (48k)
Sunday	December	9	9:30am	National Blvd, Campbellfield	Graded Scratch Races

### Victorian Veteran Cycling Council Program

Fri – Mon	November	16-19		Geelong / Torquay	Australian Nation Championships	26/10 \$15/event
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### For your calendar

Date	Location	Event
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.
25/11/2007	Yarra Glen	Croydon Cycleworks Twin Peaks Road Challenge 8:30am Yarra Glen () – 100k including Mt Donna Buang and Mt St Leonard \$10 entry, email <a href="mailto:info@croydoncyclworks.com">info@croydoncyclworks.com</a> or ph. 9723 5164
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:**

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

### **Austria – St Johann (part 1 – World Cup. 21/8/2007)**

The course:

The same course as used in the UCI World Championships later in the week. Three laps of a thirty-six kilometre circuit with a one point seven five-kilometre pan-handle

The race started on the main road at the edge of the commercial centre of town with a 250metre run to a tight left under the highway. Up onto the highway for another couple of hundred metres before a right that led to the start of the circuit where the road veers left and up to Huberhohe. The climb is a series of five steps with an elevation increase of 105 metres over 2.35k (300m @ 4% + 300m @ 9% + 200m @ 9% + 200m @ 8% + 300m @ 8%. for an average of 5% or 1:22.4). A temporary cafe had been set up at the top of the climb with a bar, tables, flags and stuff. During the races this area was lined with spectators enjoying the spectacle of old men struggling up the hill, using the last of their reserves in the hope of hanging onto the bunch. This was also the unofficial 'feed zone' where supporters handed out drinks and food. A small dip and gentle rise as the road wound its way through woodland for the next two and a half kilometres before losing all of the height we'd gained as the road continued its winding descent over the next 3.25k to the valley floor. Over the next four kilometres the road narrowed and widened as it squeezed its way between fields and the occasional building at one point racers were using the footpath alongside the trout farm to make inroads up the bunch. About one and a half kilometres before the little village of Schwendt the road started up again, building from 2 - 4% over the first kilometre before kicking to 10-12% for the final 500m into the village, the road squeezing between two buildings at the town's edge. Once through the "gate" the gradient dropped but was still up. This was the ideal place to launch an attack as once through Schwendt the road took a dive, losing the 50 metres we'd gained plus 70 more over a very quick two-kilometres (6%). There was no time to enjoy the views, or count the number of para-sailers, the road bottomed to a short flat stretch into Kossen, some heavy braking was required for the right at the roundabout. A couple more flat kilometres before turning back on ourselves up a 500m 8% incline to Lofenberg. For the next eight and a half kilometres the road opened out a bit as it swept briefly down then started the long shallow climb back up to its starting elevation - 60 metres over fifteen kilometres. The last seven kilometres of the circuit were along a little road that followed a stream along the valley floor passing through Kirchdorf before the right-hander that put us back onto the start of the loop. On the last lap the race went straight on back to St Johann, a left putting us onto the highway and a right back into the start/finish straight for the 200m run to the finish.

The Race:

160 riders were massed behind the start line, a few puddles testimony to the anxiety felt by some of the gathered competitors. Atypically my nerves were pretty settled. Since Jeff's race a couple of days prior they had been up and down, each time the race was mentioned the insides would tense up but as the event drew closer they settled down and before they could do anything about it we were in the chute and away. A hundred metres into the race a glance at the speedo showed 46kph – streuth this was controlled, this was going to be a tough race. Then the leaders hit the first bend and there was the screaming of brake-blocks on carbon rims, quality tyres flat-spotting on the bitumen and excitable Italians as clouds of smoke and the scent of burning rubber filled the air.

I think we all negotiated the corner successfully, if the initial burst of pace hadn't got the heart rate up that little episode certainly did.

Despite starting the race from near last I'd made my way to around the two-thirds position in the bunch by the time we left the highway, the intent to be in the top third by the start of the first climb. Objective achieved as the bunch nervously raced up to Huberhohe for the first time, past the cheering crowds and onto the descent, remembering Jeff's words of advice the climb was done on the small chain-ring.

The plan was to stick with Guy, figuring that if he figured in the results I would too. As they say of mice and men, the plan was sound in theory but ... I managed to hold his wheel for the climb and the start of the descent but lost it somewhere along the way as he dove through a closing door. Ok, plan B; keep Guy's wheel in sight or, plan C; follow any wheel that looked like it knew what it was doing.

The descent was a little hairy as riders endeavoured to fulfil their own plans of not being in the back half of the peleton. A situation not helped by some keen individuals trying to break the race apart, the resulting surges and slowing seeing some close calls with more Italian expletives and more rubber left on the road. All the more reason to stay in the top 20. Guy was one of the antagonists but like all the other attempts it was very short lived. A move involving a dozen riders had Dirk (riding outside his age group for Brett Udan) calling for Brett to go with it. An American accent telling somebody to chase, that's good enough for me. A brilliant piece of riding and I was across. A look behind revealed that I wasn't alone in taking Dirk's advice, the whole bunch was there.

As the climb into Swendt approached I was desperate to get to the front to be sure to not miss the break that would accompany the attack that was sure to come. There just wasn't enough road, the ditch on the right and the barbed wire fence on the left deterrents to trying anything remotely risky. As the gradient hit double figures and the bunch started to stretch I was able to wend my way toward the front, weaving around riders as spaces appeared. There was no attack, there was no break but at least I was back in the top quartile as we crested the rise and started the descent to Kossen.

The next likely place for a move was up the short sharp climb after the route turned back on itself, the lead riders having the advantage of taking speed into, and through the corner. Again no move. But as the road opened up and started down a group of four jumped away and looked about set to work together. This rang the alarm bells so it was out of the saddle, stand on the pedals and nearly go arse over. The chain slipped on the gears, I lurched forward, the back wheel came off the road and moved three inches to the right before returning to earth, eliciting some excitable Italian cries from behind. Fortunately there was just clear road where my wheel decided to touchdown and I was able to hang onto it. Undeterred, and with the bike going where I wanted it to go, I set about bridging to the escaping foursome. I thought I did it well, but no sooner had I got across than they sat up, the bunch not far behind. The remainder of the first lap was pretty much a procession as the initial adrenalin rush wore off and the realisation that there were still two laps to complete sank in.

The second lap was a lot quieter although the shouting and the jostling continued, especially at the points where the road narrowed, but the pace was a lot smoother. This time round I had better position going into Swendt and was able to improve it on the climb into the village to the point where, on the descent, I had a go at leading the race, leading it into Kossen and around the roundabout. As the road flattened out and the momentum dissipated I sat up to let somebody else have a turn. Soon after that a reasonable sized group got a fifty-metre gap which they held for the remainder of the lap, unfortunately for its members it didn't have the correct make-up and some concerted efforts by some riders had it all back together again as we went round again.

The pace up the climb to Huberhohe for the last time was fairly pedestrian, I did the first half on the big chain-ring before dropping it down to the 39, not because I had Jeff's voice ringing in my ears but because the pace was so slow. Don't look at me, I was suffering and glad to drop it back a couple of teeth. No attack and again we started the descent spread across the whole road. More shouting and jostling as the road narrowed, at least one rider forced into an embankment as we started up through Swendt. This time I wasn't so well positioned but managed to work my way up the peleton, cresting the hill in the top twenty. I thought that we had the opportunity to split the race at that point but those controlling it had other ideas (I was too knackered from the climb to assert any leadership). Apparently one Italian had got away on the climb with a Belgian in tow and that was the right mix by Italy's reckoning.

Just before the turn up to Lofenberg, while the road was still open Mark and Tony pulled along side and enquired how I was feeling, it was the first I had seen of them in the race and it was good to know they were still in the mix. I didn't see Roy on the first lap but he came out to play after the second time through Huberhohe, Guy was always somewhere around, as was Brett, giving me another wheel to seek out. After the hairpin and up the last little pinch I got caught in the gutter and had to wait for a gap to appear before I could get out. Once free I was able to overhaul a significant portion of the peleton before the summit, this made me feel good, I still had a bit left in the legs.

Having boosted the ego I dropped back to preserve my legs and collect my thoughts. Big mistake. As the road turned back toward St Johann it narrowed and the race got seriously messy - an accident waiting to happen. I don't know what it was, I was too far back to see what was going on at the front but there was a lot of heavy breaking through the middle of the bunch. There was no hope of getting through to the front, we were riding 8-10 abreast on a road that could handle 6, it was incredible that there were no falls. All of this accelerating and decelerating helping the two break-away riders maintain their 200-metre lead.

It finally came unstuck 2000-metres from home. Where the race turned off the circuit and started the pan-handle back to the highway, a little twitch to the left, riders on the right closing down on those on their left and the inevitable touching of wheels followed by the sound of metal hitting bitumen. "Good" I thought, "that'll halve the bunch and improve the prospects". Guy, Roy (, Brett) and I were ahead of the crash, Tony and Mark were behind it and managed to avoid it and with some serious effort got back to the bunch as it turned onto the highway. Where they were forced wide by their momentum and the mass of cyclists trying to get around the corner. A fortunate happenstance as another group went down, something about somebody failing to negotiate a traffic island.

One corner to negotiate, a fast sweeping left-hander, and then the straight 200-metre run downwind to the finish. As the road straightened the leaders hugged the right-hand gutter, a second stream broke off to the left, this was my line. As we've powered down the left of the road the right hand stream has spread across the road and into our group, a touching of something and somebody goes down hard in front of me. The cascading effect sees half a dozen riders go down and with nowhere to go, and vague schoolboy memories of "stacks on the mill" I joined in. A soft fall, ever so gracefully, over the bars and onto some poor sod who kept my skin on my body and off the bitumen. Guy and Roy had chosen the right path which was the right path and watched me complete my somersault from the safety of the other side of the road. Mark and Tony were further back and able to avoid the whole thing, Brett was not so fortunate and went down fairly hard.

In the wash the other four finished in the bunch sprint with the same time at 13 seconds down, Roy crossing the line in 23rd, Guy 25th, Mark 45th and Tony 63rd. I got myself back on the bike to finish a further 39 seconds back in 71st (yes, there were over 70 riders sprinting for third place). Brett unfortunately didn't get back on, finishing in the back of one of the four ambulances that crossed the line a couple of minutes later. He was ok, a mild knock to the head and bruised thumb ligaments, he was out of hospital and enjoying dinner by the time we'd got ourselves showered and back into town.

A good race, not as hard as I'd thought it could have been, certainly educational. I'm not at the level where I could drive it for very far but I was there, I chased down a few attacks, I made ground on the climbs and I was up for the finish.

Figures for the race; 111.75k at an average of 41.4kph in 2:41:37

### **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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