



Eastern veterans cycling club

Respecting the Rights of all Road Users

Newsletter December 1st 2007

O'Mara 100 – Yarra Junction – November 24th.

Race report.

There were some keen soles waiting at the gates to the Upper Yarra Secondary College as the race organisers rolled in an hour and a half before the scheduled start time. The weather had turned up as well, clear skies, a nor-easterly breeze that later did a 180; providing a slight headwind for the start then swinging behind the riders as they toiled to the far turnaround before they turned back into the breeze for the run home. The air was dry yet not hot, the sun was though, which saw the Liberal application of sunscreen that the punters hoped would last through their Labour ahead. The warm dry conditions catching a lot of riders out with many suffering cramp to one degree or another.

The course; for a, b and c grades it was to be 100 kilometres, a loop out to Powelltown and back to the start at Yarra Junction (2 * 15k legs). Followed by a return to Powelltown and on up the hill, over 'the bump' then a further 12k before turning back on themselves and returning to Yarra Junction. The lower grades did just the big loop (2 * 36k legs).

a-grade

They'd come from far and wide and it was a quality field that set off to contest the honours in this year's Eastern Vets - O'Mara 100 classic. With 17 riders in the field and 100k to traverse the first 30 were going to be a feeling out period, riders determining how they were feeling and how the competition was feeling.

The first serious move came after only twenty kilometres when, half way back from Powelltown on the short loop, Roy Clarke rode off the front and started to steadily pull away. Steadily became quickly and Jeff Stobie went after him. Jeff was quickly followed by Tony Chandler who was in turn followed by Peter Howard and two others. Seeing the chasing trio Tony waited and the four set off after the lead pair while the remaining eleven set about maintaining tempo, content to let the two small groups wear themselves out.

David Tozer did the majority of the work in keeping the bunch in contact with the two break-away groups. The likes of Guy Green content to sit back and watch how it was going to unfold, Justin Davis happy to watch (and learn (?) from) Guy. At the Yarra Junction turn the Tony Chandler group had made inroads in bridging to the lead pair; less than a

hundred metres separating them. This spurred the chasers on and more fuel was called for the fire. Justin, in a fit of the guilts, moved up and made a contribution but still suffering from his efforts in New Zealand was soon back seeking succour mid-bunch.

The two breakaway groups came together just after Gladysdale, merging seamlessly they continued driving to the foot of the climb on the other side of Powelltown. The chasers were still chasing and maintaining a manageable gap.

On the climb Guy Green figured Phil Smith would have the wheel to follow but unfortunately a recent bout of unwellness had Phil right off the pace. Early on the climb David Tozer rode away from the chasers and by the time the remainder had themselves organised he was a hundred metres up the road but still a hundred behind the leaders who were beginning to break up. A couple of kilometres into the climb Guy decided that it was time and set about joining the leaders. Justin being in the right place went with him, the others were left to make their own way up at their own pace. As Guy and Justin passed David they suggested that he jump on, the offer was declined and the pair continued to power on up the slope. On route to the top Justin found the pace too much and faded, Guy continued on passing two of the original break who also struggled on the climb.

Having put his eggs into this basket Guy buried himself and caught the now leading four just as they crested the bump. The odds now stacked in favor of the lead group, a working group of five against a series of fragmented chase groups. All was not well in the lead group though, as Roy was beginning to feel the effects of his earlier efforts. A couple of kilometres into the descent to the far turnaround and Roy found himself unhitched. The lead group back to four, which was how it stayed to the turn, Guy, Peter, Jeff and Tony going through with clear road behind them.

A minute after the lead group went through Justin, David and Ian Harper went round followed a further minute back by Michael Fisher (jnr) who led Paul Logan, Frank Donnelly and Terry McDonough by about five seconds. Another fifteen seconds back were Phil Cavaleri, Mick Buckley and B. Fris. The hill taking it's toll on Ross Snowball and Phil Smith who were out of contention further back still.

On the way back to the bump Peter Howard succumbed to cramps and dropped from the lead group leaving the three to roll turns to the finish. Fatigue and the threat of chasers quashed any

thought of attacks or game playing in the lead group and it wasn't till the finish was almost in sight that the experience of Guy and Jeff came to the fore. Tony finding himself leading the race to the sprint before being overrun by the wily pair. From the finish line it looked more like a race between Virgil and Brains than Guy and Jeff as the two fought cramps as well as each other in their stilted dash to the line. Guy taking the win, Jeff a close second and Tony comfortably third a little further back.

On route to the finish Justin Davis had gotten away from David and Ian and chased down Peter to take fourth place. Peter holding on to stay ahead of the chasers for fifth.

b-grade – Stephan Jusypiw & Nigel Frayne

The group seemed to be together more or less at the base of the climb. I assume a few riders were dropped at the start. I was following Paul Wilson's wheel most of the time. Paul was setting the pace and spinning like Lance! With about 2.5km to the summit I rode to the front and started setting the tempo. I was comfortable at this speed, and didn't want to attack at this stage since there was around 50Km till the end of the race. I could sense a couple of riders behind me, but wasn't too sure just how many riders were "still in the race". With about 50m to the summit, in typical Veronique fashion, Paul took the KOM points, followed by myself. I zipped up my top and took off down the mountain. We were joined by Frank Nyhuis and Russ Newnham, the 4 of us working hard trying to create a gap to the rest of the field. I was constantly looking over my shoulder to see if there was a chase group but it was daylight between us and the rest of the field.

At the turnaround I could feel my legs cramping and was dreading the journey home. Frank, Russ and Paul were doing a great job setting the pace. I was struggling and hoped that the gel I took would get me over the last climb without my legs totally seizing.

Coming to the last climb Paul hit the front followed by Russ, Frank and then myself at the back. I climbed out of the saddle to change gears and then completely cramped in the left leg. I had to get off the bike and stand on the side of the road, trying to stretch, while the other 3 rode away up the hill and out of sight. I spent about 2 minutes on the side of the road trying to stretch any leg muscle that would move and then decided the only way I wasn't going to completely seize was to hop on the bike and keep riding. In the meantime I was expecting to see the remainder of B grade come by, but I was alone for all this time.

I slowly climbed to the summit and began my descent. Halfway down the descent there was a rider on the side of the road, the result of what appeared to be a fall. I decided to try to ride home as hard as I could and console myself with fourth place, and hoped the remainder of B grade didn't catch me. I passed a few riders on the final leg without noticing any familiar faces or green helmet covers. I was constantly looking over my shoulder to avoid the possibility of being robbed of 4th place. With about 1 km to go I noticed 2 B grade riders behind me. Damn! This meant a sprint for 4th place. I was cramping so badly at this stage and I didn't have the

energy to contest the sprint and here I was caught with 400 metres to go. Riding solo for 23km and being caught..... damn.

As it turned out I had enough energy when the sprint started and rode away to take what I thought was 4th.

Just prior to the presentation I spotted a fellow with his left arm in a sling. It was Frank Nyhuis, he was the rider who crashed on the descent. He told me that Russell had punctured, leaving Paul Wilson to take the win. So, my sprint was for 2nd not 4th! It just goes to show, never give up!

Stephan

O'Mara Eastern 100 (or is that OH! Mara?)

Oooh yeah! This is the big one, 100km road race starting with a short (16km) run out and back then out again on the long leg including 'the hill' - a 6km climb beyond Powelltown - then off to the horizon - and back.

B grade is a nice big bunch of likely types - about 20 riders in all. If the distance isn't going to bring me to my knees the competition certainly will. At least the weather gods have smiled, make that beamed down upon us. A gorgeous day (can I say that and still be a bloke?) with a slight westerly pushing us gently out of town, something we'll be pushing into when we return in a few hours. One other thing in our favour, well mine at least, is that the short loop happens first so I can blow out the cobwebs of a week off the bike before the second long leg up and over the hill.

Out we roll. I've picked out Paul Wilson as one of the men to watch for any early attacks. Lo and behold he immediately moves to the front and starts dragging us along at a healthy clip - average speed for first 4 km is 37.4kph. With the wind coming over my shoulder I'm not too worried about sitting second wheel. But someone has to do something to hose him down at this early stage. Eventually I find the gall to go to the front and kind of soft pedal to an easier pace. I sense a collective sigh from the following pack. But maybe that's just me and my dry joints imposing my thoughts. At any rate, we are rolling more comfortably and I'm almost tempted to gaze out at the green hills. Then Peter Shannahan decides to shake us up!

Paul quickly takes over up front again and Peter is soon back in amongst us. Things stay pretty quiet with various riders taking a turn up front. As we approach the turn around Ian Milner checks his race plan and, yep, it says attack now. So he does. No one shows any interest other than the pace increasing to keep him in 'dangle land'. On the way back home for the first leg we see some new faces coming up to drive the train along into the gentle breeze, Matt Cornford, Wayne Robinson, Dana Anderson (a Southerner) and a few others. Ian is still out there some 200-300 metres but no further.

As we hit the turn around back in Yarra Junction and start the grind towards the horizon we get a chance to see how Ian is looking. He seems very intent on checking us out too but the sweat pouring down his face gives us more information than he

will glean from us, I'll wager. The lad won't be escaping by far I'd say, still, if he was to be joined by someone and they got a bit of a start on the others before the hill, that might be interesting.

With the mind ticking over those ideas some new figures appear up front, Kev Starr, Frank Nyhuis and a good long stint by Nick Tapp - the cross between spiderman and Rasmussen! Surely he'll be waiting for the hills. The hills, yes the hills, we're still playing out the overture. Once Ian Milner is finally drawn back in an almost audible buzzing sound is emanating from the peloton - a hornet's nest of fear, trepidation and dare I say anticipation. We roll through Powelltown buzzing and clicking shifters, slurping from bidons and sucking in air. Here we go.

There is no sudden action, no attacks, no yelling and screaming, just the inexorable disintegration from an orderly string of pearls into a fragmented sequence of random chaos. About 10 riders coagulate into a lead group holding a healthy pace around the 20kph mark. After about 2km this proves too high a pace and the group breaks down into two groups of 4 with the other stragglers drifting off into their own private hell. Up front we have Paul Wilson, Stefan Jusypiw, Frank Nyhuis (huffing and puffing but going well!) and Russ Newnham (headlight on helmet at the ready, er, for some unknown eventuality? (it's a long race - ed.)). The chase group includes myself, Nick Tapp, Dana Anderson and Andrew Lyon. I don't look back so have no more information on les poursuivants.

The lead group continue to move away and all we can do is maintain our average speed (19.2kph for the 46 - 50km sector) and hope to reel them back in once over the top. Eventually we do crest the hill and immediately set about the chase. They are nowhere in sight - great climbing lads! The four of us work well and as we approach the turnaround our prey comes into view. By the time we hit the turnaround we are within striking distance. However, once they turn and see how close we were the switch is thrown and we don't see them as a group again. They speed off towards the waiting hills with us in hot pursuit. The return climbs are sporadic, not the constant effort on the outward leg. While this provides occasional relief we are none-the-less tiring and Nick Tapp slides off the back of our group. The remaining three of us hold it together to the top and begin the descent. I decide to go to the front and click into the 53/12.

As we round the sharp right hander I see a couple of riders walking. It's Frank Nyhuis who's apparently hit the bank after overshooting the bend. He seems okay and has someone with him so I push on. The descent is sweet and provides a little time to recover but somehow it's still hard work. By the time I arrive back in Powelltown I've managed to down my last gel and drain most of my bidons, ready for the final grind home. I turn to see how the other two guys are doing but there's no-one there. Oops! What's the plan now? Solo into the wind all the way home? Hmm, not likely. Fortunately I don't have to ponder that long as Andrew soon rolls up alongside me and takes a good look at my face. I wonder if he sees the wreck I am. We start to roll but I've not got much to offer and he is doing most of the work. Still, it is

to our advantage that we stick with it and get ourselves closer to home.

As we approach Gladysdale we see a rider in white up ahead. Could that be Stephan? Just at that moment a rider rolls up to join us. It's Dana Anderson who's put in a great solo effort to bridge back to us and we're three again. Good, one more worker to help try to get to Stephan, who apparently bonked on the hills before Frank crashed out - even getting off the bike to try to stretch out the knots. Paul Wilson by this stage is way out of sight and headed for a powerful win. But back to our pursuit of Stephan. Dana decides to break us up and begins a series of attacks - well when you're this tired they might be better described as surges. After a few desperate efforts I finally concede and drop off, I'm done. Andrew manages to hold Dana's wheel. Out of nowhere Russ Newnham rolls up and insists that I jump on his wheel. Call a friend! Apparently he has managed to repair a flat and get back to us. I appreciate the help and somehow we clock an average of 40.4kph for the second last 2km sector.

The two chasers have now linked up with Stephan and are on the final rise to the finish line. We're probably only 50m behind them and I'm not sure why Russ didn't go himself but I decide to give it a crack and hop out of the saddle. There's nothing in the legs, nor the upper body and the bike is wobbling hopelessly. That's not going to work so I sit back down. The group of three finally jump each other and go for home. Stephan has saved enough to grab second place and Dana takes third with an impressive final leg. Andrew Lyon is fourth and I fall over the line in fifth.

That is one hell of a race! Congrats to Paul Wilson on a dominating win and commiseration to Frank Nyhuis who's crash robbed him of a sure place after a great ride. Nick Tapp recovered to hold off Kevin Starr and Wayne Robinson, and of the rest I have no clue.

Stats : 102.1k in 3:01:48 for an average of 33.7kph

Nigel

Paul took the final descent slowly which allowed Frank and Russ to ride away. Russell got to the bottom first, Frank didn't make and Paul wasn't far behind, catching Russ soon after. The pair shared turns for the next 6km until Paul took a big turn and, when he sat up to allow Russ to come through, was surprised to find he'd dropped off (he'd punctured - ed.), leaving him to ride the last 6k alone.

c-grade - Steve Short (with a little help from Gary Leroy)

The "C" grade race was competed in great spirit. Numerous riders doing their fair share of pulling at the front, trying to soften each other up during the first session out to Powelltown and back to the beginning of the climb (Matt White being one of those keen to serve up the punishment - GL). The better sprinters putting in good surges trying to upset the climbers and maybe get a bit of a start on the climb, the more confident

climbers hanging in there checking each other out and seeing who they thought were going to be their main rivals.

I personally did a couple of surges to test the legs and rode the first 35mins in the small chain ring getting my heart rate up and ready for any eventuality. I started the climb at the front putting in a couple of big ones just to test the other riders and to wait for the guys whom I knew would still be with me. As expected along came Thorkild (alias the legs) with a number of guys following his wheel. At about the 3/4 mark of the climb the pace was getting very solid and I was a little off the group of about 5-6 in front by around 50metres. (This group included Thorkild, D. Naylor, Kieth Wade and Gary Leroy as well as a couple of others – GL). I was riding tempo with big Andrew Neilson which helped me a lot as I did not wish to blow my knee up. Andrew crested the bump first and disappeared around the first bend, it was then a matter of head down and put in a big effort to get back on. I eventually picked up Andrew and we worked well together pulling in the leaders who had by then dropped one rider who could not come with us.

We clamped onto the lead group and after a drink and snack on a banana I surveyed the damage behind me - no one to be seen, and counted the group we were riding in there was seven of us as we hit the turn around point. Prior to that Ray Russo had a problem with his front wheel coming loose and I watched in admiration as he leaned down with his left hand to tighten it up. The final tightening being done with a couple of swift kicks with his left foot..... I did back off to the right a little while Richard did his repairs. I checked with him to see if he wanted us to stop at the turn around point so he could make sure things were alright but he said it would be ok - riding around the world must do a lot for your bike handling skills.

At the turn around the remainder of the C grade chasing group looked as though they were catching us so after some talking (and maybe a bit of shouting) about how if we didn't all work harder we would get caught, everyone of the seven did a turn which was good to see. We rode back as a group picking up some stragglers from B grade near the base of the return climb. Thorkild, Richard and Gary set a fair pace up to the top, pulling a small gap over the rest of us. I was lucky enough to be behind Keith Wade who did a great job pulling the group up behind the 3 leaders. My knee was feeling pretty squishy by this time and I decided to sit with Keith. I was too worried to look behind but I felt sure the other two riders from C grade; Andrew and Fred Boland were sitting behind me. I felt that if we could keep the front three within sight at the hump we would be able to get across to them on the down hill or the flat at the bottom.

On the decent Keith passed me "going to fast for me" I thought as he disappeared around the next bend. I was beginning to think about really pushing it when I came across Frank Nyhuis (b-grade) propped up against the side of the road with JC Wilson keeping him company. That put paid to my thoughts of going any quicker after Keith. I came off on this decent 5 years ago and have not been a great descender

since. At the bottom I put my head down, determined to get across to Keith then hopefully to the front three who I could see about 200metres ahead.

Got to Keith eventually, and after a quick look behind which revealed no Andrew or Fred, we swapped turns trying to get to the leaders. Keith did a great turn and should be really proud of his efforts but the pace eventually got to him and I decided to keep going by myself and rode away with the B grade stragglers not far behind me. The three guys in the lead were so close yet so far they were working well together and for what I could see it may have been Thorkild encouraging them to keep going, either way they rode well together. Eventually the B graders took pity on me but did encourage me to keep going as they passed me with a whooshing noise which made me feel pretty crap. Should I jump on them and get dragged along? Nah! that's not on Shorty. Keep going, maybe the three leaders will have punctures or mechanical problems. I looked behind me but could not see anyone coming so I just kept going, feeling cramp setting in each time I came out of the saddle.

(The three leaders didn't have any mechanical problems and worked together all the way back to maintain their lead. On the run to the finish Richard ran out of legs in the sprint and Thorkild had too much in his which left second place to Gary. - GL)

At about 3k, to go Andrew, and then Fred suddenly came up to my shoulder. Andrew also complaining of cramp. The three of us rode in together I was lucky enough to have a little left in the tank to take fourth place. All in all it was a great day, the C grade riders were all great company and rode very well together, especially the three leaders. I thank all the guys for their company and help in the race I was too tired and my knee too sore at the end to walk around and talk to them all. Well done guys especially to the first three.

d-grade

The shorter format of the d-grade race lent itself to the tactic of winning it in the first quarter; break away early, holding the break to the base of the climb, push hard to the top, hopefully taking more out of the chasers and then hopefully have enough of a break to hold to the finish. This was obviously on the minds of some in the race as a group of three (Dave McCormack being one) hit the peleton early and raced for Powelltown. Unfortunately for them wise heads in the bunch were alert to the tactic and the break was ridden down after a couple of kilometres.

Peter Mackie and Greg Brigden revisited the tactic going into Powelltown and managed to start the climb with a handy lead. They were soon caught by Louise MacKimmie and another rider and were able to stay with them for a while before the pace set by Louise proved too much, Louise and Greg riding away leaving Peter and his new friend in their wake. Peter and his new friend weren't alone for long as Graeme Parker, Ted McCoy, Deb Chambers and Paul Kelly soon joined them and the six went over the top a hundred metres behind the two leaders.

It took almost six kilometres of chasing before the chasers caught the lead pair. The pain of the chase resulting in a slacking of the pace, nobody keen to push themselves, all happy to recover a bit before the next onslaught. The resultant slowing enabled a few of those who had been shelled on the climb to get back on. En route to the turnaround minor moves were instigated on some of the inclines but they came to nothing, it wasn't till around a kilometre before the turn that a serious attack was attempted; Paul Kelly, Greg Brigden and Peter Mackie hitting the bunch hard. The trio maintaining their effort to the turn where they realised the others had responded and were less than five seconds behind.

Peter, Paul and Greg were followed around the cone by Laurie Baigent, Deb Chambers, Brian Guillot, Geff Haines, Colin Johnson, B Logan, Ted McCoy, Louise McKimmie, Graeme Parker and Dave Worland. Two minutes later a lone Tony Rodriguez went round followed by T Stewart a minute back, a further fifteen seconds to Dave McCormack and Geoff MacKay brought up the rear after another minute had past (timings brought to you by Nokia)

With the chasers so close Paul and Greg saw imminent capture and sat up, Peter saw opportunity and pushed on in the vain hope that the others would be happy to let him go. They were for a bit but after two kilometres Peter was happy to return to the collective mass for a bit of a break. The run to the bottom of the short climb to the bump was fairly uneventful the few surges up the hills amounting to nothing. Things got serious though at the bottom of the climb when Louise again started to assert her hill climbing prowess. With Graeme Parker on her wheel she proceeded to rip the legs off riders until it was an elite group of five that raced toward the bump; Louise, Graeme, Ted, Deb and Pete.

Toward the top Peter Mackie attacked the lead group but misjudged the distance, running out of legs with just one more corner to go (or was it two? or three?). With Peter back under control the five crested the bump together, the remnants of the original eleven scattered back along the ascent. Once over the top Ted assumed the lead and took off down the hill like a greyhound after a lure, Graeme close on his wheel, then the girls and Peter. Peter dropped his chain as he searched for the big ring and in trying to ride it back on wasn't concentrating on the road which took a corner that Peter didn't, Peter managed to scrub off a little speed before running out of road and going down.

Whilst picking himself up two riders went by with out so much as a "by your leave", powered by adrenalin Peter took off in pursuit. Fortunately Peter was ok, unfortunately Greg wasn't so lucky, coming down on the same corner he did some serious damage and had to retire from the race.

Ted's descending skills and Graeme's track skills saw the pair pull away from the girls and reach the bottom with a small break. Laurie Baigent wasn't far behind and was back in the race before it passed the Powelly Pub (some witty remark about mass and gravity - ed.). Deb Chambers also descended well to regain the leaders before they rode out of town. The race now a bunch of four who were working

together followed by a series of individual riders chasing as best they could. Laurie didn't last long with the lead group and was soon relegated to one of the individuals. Further back Peter Mackie was regaining lost places, six kilometres from home, having pulled back three places, he had fourth and fifth in site but this was Louise and Laurie and they were working together in pursuit of the lead three.

At Gladysdale Debbie dropped her chain for the second time leaving the two fellas with the dilemma of either doing the right thing and waiting or going on. The presence of the two Ls bearing down on them incentive enough to curb any gentlemanly tendencies - Debbie was left to her own devices. She managed to restore her drive train and hitch onto Louise and Laurie before attacking them to ride in solo for third place. Meanwhile up front Ted and Graeme were working hard, swapping off turns. Graeme incurring the wrath of Ted as he constantly looked behind to check on the pursuit and not keep his head down and work. That pairing was always going to result in a Graeme - Ted finish, Graeme simply too strong in the sprint. Louise had something left and was able to ride away from Laurie to take fourth, Peter Mackie ran out of adrenalin, rolled over the line in sixth.

Stats: 72km in 2hrs 19mins for an average of 32kph,

e-grade

The e-grade race stayed together to Powelltown, JC Wilson attempting a get away before the hill but Alan Sandford was not having any of that and made sure he was returned before the climbing began. Peter Gray (a first time racer) showing some race smarts came through for the first time as the group approached Poweltown Pub. Some in the bunch thinking that that may have been a good place to stop and wait for the others to return.

Brian Farrell started the climb on the front setting a nice rhythm until Peter decided to carve up the bunch, John Thompson, An Darcy, Ron Stranks, Sam Bruzzese and Brian going with him. This group started to disintegrate toward the top, Peter cresting first to descend like a bomb with Ron and Sam in hot pursuit. John Thompson and An Darcy were the next to struggle over the top followed by Brian.

On the descent the lone Brian waited for Richard Maggs, the pair setting out in pursuit of the leaders. By the half way point Peter had stretched his lead to around a minute, Sam and Ron combining well together but unable to close in on him. John had recovered a bit from the climb but was himself a further minute back. Richard and Brian had picked up An and were yet another minute behind. The last three riders came through individually around two minutes apart.

Early on the return Richard pulled his rear wheel, the young lady wasn't waiting, nor was Brian. On the way to the top Brian rode away from An a couple of times but she continuously came back to crest the bump and start the descent on his wheel. Through Powelltown Brian was finally able to ride An off his wheel leaving him to chase down John Thompson, it took to Gladysdale before he was close enough to attack John. As John went for a lower gear Brian made his move getting past with

enough momentum to prevent John from slipping into his slipstream. The tactic proving fruitful as he rode away to take fourth behind Peter, Ron and Sam. Peter proved too strong on the day to win having ridden solo for the last 50k, Ron too strong in the sprint for Sam.

Wrap up

The atmosphere back at the registration area after the race was one of cordiality and mateship as the elite mixed with the not so fit and compared notes over a sandwich or a piece of cake and a drink. The buzz around the bar was that it was a

very tough race but thoroughly enjoyable. So much so that one visitor from the far west was moved to write a letter of appreciation commending the club on its organisation and running of the event.

Gloria Vesty provided all manner of food that was eagerly consumed by the carbo depleted riders. Jae O'Mara was also on hand with stock from his shop for riders to drool over.

Thanks to Tony Chandler & Guy Green (a-grade), Nigel Frayne & Stephan Jusypiw (b-grade), Steve Short & Gary Leroy (c-grade), Paul Kelly, Peter Mackie & Graeme Parker (d-grade) and Brian Farrell (e-grade) for their contributions that made the race report possible.

Results

	First	Second	Third	Fourth	Fifth
a-grade (17)	Guy Green	Jeff Stobie	Tony Chandler	Justin Davis	Peter Howard
b-grade (16)	Paul Wilson	Stephan Jusypiw	Dana Anderson	Andrew Lyon	Nigel Frayne
c-grade (20)	Thorkild Muurholm	Gary Leroy	Dick Naylor	Steve Short	Fred Boland
d-grade (17)	Graeme Parker	Ted McCoy	Debbie Chambers	Louise McKimmie	Laurie Baigent
e-grade (10)	Peter Gray	Ron Stranks	Sam Bruzzese	Brian Farrell	John Thompson

Officials

Thanks to Graeme Parker and Ron Stranks for taking the entries, and to the following who assisted in one form or another to ensure that we had a good and safe event; Greg Lipple, Kathy Green, Geoff Puttock, Sid Dymond, David Casey, Mick Paull, Denis Pawels, Nigel Kimber, Tony Curulli, Derek Dawkins, Tim Crowe, Kevin Jackson, Glenys Jardine, Juanita Cadd, Graham Cadd, Rob Amos, Phil & Sue Cox, Keith Bowen, John Macleod and Ian Smith. Thanks also to JC for carting the trailer and making up the signs and Peter Mackie on the drinks.

If consumption was a measure of thanks then Gloria Vesty received her just acknowledgment and accolade for the food she provided.

Eastern Vets Program

Saturday	December	1	2:00pm	Casey Fields	Graded Scratch Races
Saturday	December	8	2:00pm	Dunlop Road	Graded Scratch races
Saturday	December	15	2:00pm	METEC	Graded Scratch Races
Saturday	December	22	2:00pm	METEC	Christmas Handicap
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	December	2	9:00am	Lakewood Blvd, Braeside	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	December	9	9:00am	Casey Fields	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	December	16	9:00am	Casey Fields	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	December	23	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	December	2	10:00am	Avenel Rd, Seymour	Handicap (48k)
Sunday	December	9	9:30am	National Blvd, Campbellfield	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	December	16	10:00	Avenel Rd, Seymour	Christmas Handicap (48k)

Victorian Veteran Cycling Council Program

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For your calendar

Date	Location	Event
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 Andy Burmas has some accommodation available – a_burmas@hotmail.com
15/3/2008	Torquay	Great Ocean & Otway Classic Ride - 145k or 60k options Http://www.supersprint.com.au

Other bits and pieces:

My Bad

In last weeks edition I listed the Christmas handicap as happening on the 15th of December, I made a mistake. The Christmas Handicap will be held on the 22nd. There will be a raffle and barbecue after the event so come along, bring your family and make a day of it.

Liz Randall sets an Australian and State Record

Politics can be a dirty game and it may just have deprived Liz of a world record. Carole Gandy of the UK set the mark two weeks ago (4/11) at 39k (mayhap after finding out about our Lizzie’s attempt). This was beyond what Liz had targeted but she went out there anyway determined to do what she had originally intended. It was a small and select group of supporters that gathered at DISC to cheer, cajole and encourage her in any way they could to get her across the line one hundred and fifty seven times (158 actually as the first was lap 0, but we won’t go there).

Liz started off at a measured pace but was soon up to the required cadence, completing 39 laps in the first fifteen minutes (13/5min) had her on target for giving the mark a nudge. The wall was encountered at around twenty minutes and Liz’s lap times dropped into the 25 second area (from the original 23). Liz pushed through the next ten to fifteen minutes, fighting cramp and fatigue she managed to topple the “fat lady” and get her times back to 23 seconds, completing 100 laps at the end of forty minutes (avg 12 laps/5min for the 25 minutes). The loss of five laps was telling and despite returning to the initial impetus; completing 13, 12, 12 and 13 laps over the remaining four 5-minute splits, Liz came up eight laps short of the World mark.



A tremendous effort that may not have been rewarded with a world record but has assured Liz of an Australian and Victorian record that will be hard to better ... until next time ... Liz hinting at maybe another go in the not too distant future.

Congratulations Liz.

You can read Liz’s own words at <http://onehourrecordattempt.blogspot.com/>

Mark Webber Challenge

The Mark Webber Challenge is a grueling physical and mental adventure race in aid of charity, held in Tasmania - Australia. The format is a teams race over six days, each day throwing up a different challenge that may include running, cycling, kayaking or bushwalking. This year’s event was run between November 17-23.

Eastern member Quentin Frayne was a member of the Lonely Planet Team which finished 2nd in the corporate teams category and 8th overall with a time of twenty-nine hours and twenty-six minutes.

Duty

To hold races the club needs people to assist with setting up, running and packing up. To achieve this the club has a roster system in place where club members are asked to assist. Due to the size of the club members should only be required to help once a year.

Members rostered for duty may be required to do one or more of the following;

- assist on the registration desk, taking entries or monies.
- sweep the course – METEC, Dunlop Road
- set up and put out signage
- start, control and finish the race
- act as a corner marshal
- act as a traffic controller
- drive lead or follow cars (road races only)
- pack up the course after the race has finished

Corner marshals are responsible for warning cyclists of dangerous situations; eg. on-coming traffic or a fall, and if needs be stop the race. Marshals are not to attempt to control traffic and they should be courteous to drivers at all times.

Traffic controllers must be licensed and are responsible for ensuring the safety of cyclists at points where they may come into conflict with other road users, such as turnarounds and the finish.

Lead car drivers are responsible for warning on-coming traffic of the presence of riders following. They should precede the race by a distance that does not interfere with the race, approximately fifty to one hundred metres ahead of the lead riders.

Follow car drivers are responsible for warning following traffic that there are cyclists ahead of them, they are also responsible for ensuring all riders get to the finish safely. At no point should a follow car pass a cyclist participating in the race, i.e. wearing a number.

Merchandise

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>.

Assistance Requested

As a part of his Level 1 Cycling Coaching Certification David Heatley of Cycling-Inform is developing grade specific training programs for criterium racing. To assist him put this together he is after competition heart rate and/or power data from all level of cyclists. If you have data from an SRM heart rate monitor or SRM Power data and are interested in helping David he can be contacted on 0410 331 793 or via e-mail at david.heatley@cycling-inform.com.

David has provided the assurance that all data provided to Cycling-Inform will be treated in total confidence. This is a request that has come to the club through the web site and it is incumbent on individual members to ensure that they are aware of what information they are providing and what will be done with the information.

Sick Bay

Ron Stranks was involved in an accident in Westerfolds Park (Templestowe) on Tuesday (cyclist meets moving Parks' car) and is currently in hospital with a compound fracture of the thigh, several lacerations that required stitches and a possible broken finger. He will probably be in hospital for a week.

Our best wishes go out to you Ronnie, get better soon.

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.
