



Eastern veterans cycling club

Respecting the Rights of all Road Users

Newsletter October 18th 2008

Yarra Junction – Club Road Championships – October 11th

Race report.

It was one out of the box, an ideal spring day in Melbourne, the temperatures in the mid-20s with a gentle breeze. Under these conditions sixty-one Eastern members assembled at the Yarra Junction Primary school for the annual club road championships. The near perfect conditions allowing the races to go over the bump where they would undoubtedly be decided. The wind, what little there was, was one of those winds that no matter which way you turned you weren't prepared to spit for fear it would come straight back at you. According to the weather bureau it was a seven-knot Nor'-westerly, a cross head wind on the return leg - just when it wasn't needed.

Thanks to all those who responded to my request for information for this newsletter, most of you will see your words in the following reports in one form or another.

men 35-39

Rolling away Darren Sayers kicked the chain to the big ring - nothing, a broken cable and Darren was stuck on the small chain-ring for the duration. With no hope in a bunch sprint Darren set about reducing the odds, launching a couple of accelerations on the road to Powelltown to see what happened. Not a lot, the bunch of seven responding to each move, keen to keep it together, at least to the bottom of the hill. So it came as a bit of a surprise to Darren when indifference in the group allowed Ross Snowball to ride away to an 'out of sight' lead prior to Powelltown.

Through Powelltown and onto the hill it was Andy Burmas setting the group tempo for the initial stages of the climb, a pace that split the bunch and made inroads into Ross's lead. As the metres passed a small bunch of three closed on Ross's rocking and rolling form on the road ahead. Spurred on by the sight an increase in tempo proved too much for Matt Cornford, Matt slowly slipping away as Andy and Darren Sayers continued the pursuit. Encouraged Darren upped the pace again, this time dislodging Andy, leaving just Ross thirty metres up the road and closing. Another effort to pass Ross and stop him from grabbing the wheel and it was brown's cows; Darren, Ross, Andy, Matt and the remainder.

As Darren continued his ascent Matt and Andy came together to ride the climb at their own pace behind the two leaders (Darren and Ross). On the descent Darren spun his legs out

on the small chain-ring whilst Andy and Matt reeled in Ross. At the turn Darren had managed to maintain a one and a half minute advantage over the chasers and with the climb back to the bump hoped to consolidate that gap. On the return to the top the chase group split; half way up Andy looked round for support only to find himself alone, with no other option he put the head down and turned on the style for the descent.

With everybody fairly evenly matched on the descent there was no change in positions at Powelltown and with determined efforts by Darren and Andy there was no change at the finish, Darren crossing the line around two and a half minutes ahead of Andy. The pairing of Ross and Matt Cornford sprinting for the bronze a couple of minutes later, Matt taking the medal by the narrowest of margins.

men 40-44

It was left to Mick Jamison and Phil Pelgrim to do most of the pace setting to Powelltown and, with nobody too keen to fry their legs before the climb, the pace was steady and relatively easy so much so that Ian Milner and David Hyde were passing comment on the scenery, but not for long, no sooner had the road headed skywards than Phil Smith powered away, leaving all bar Michael Hay to fend for themselves.

The remaining nine shredded till it was a group of three chasing the two leaders followed by a line of lone individuals struggling up the hill wondering what had happened to the lovely ride through the countryside and why they were now putting themselves through this uphill torture. Halfway to the top the chase group lost Andrew Buchanan as Mick Jamison kept changing the tempo, the lithe form of Phil Pelgrim able to match the surges and hang on. Ahead of the chase, toward the top of the hill, Phil Smith took one last look over his shoulder, saw Michael still on his wheel and put paid to him with a sprint for the summit.

The eleven-second advantage Phil S. had over Michael at the top extended to almost a minute and a half by the turn. Despite working together Phil P. and Mick J. didn't make inroads into Michael H's advantage, Andrew B. chased solidly down to the turn to hook back on to the pair just after they turned for home.

After the turn Mick J. raised the bar and rode away making it a three way pursuit for the medal positions and leaving Phil and Andrew to make the effort if they wanted to dispute it. On the

return to the top Phil had to let Andrew's wheel go to stretch out a cramp but was able to chase him down on the other side.

After Powelltown Phil S was in his element; time-trialing it home. Michael Hay worked hard to keep the assumed chase at bay and hold his second place. The pairing of Phil P. and Andrew B. were sharing the work and catching the occasional glimpse of Mick J. up the road, the visions becoming more frequent as the kilometres ran down. Mick could also see them coming and, risking whip lash, kept a watchful on the closing pair. Unfortunately for the chasers the road ran out and Mick claimed bronze behind Phil Smith and Michael Hay. Andrew conceding the reward of work well done crossed just behind Phil P.

men 45-49

As expected this was the biggest field of the day with sixteen starters and there was little money on the event, Joe Punter and the bookies in full agreement to the pending result.

In hind-sight there were other ways to tackle this race but the consensus of opinion was that there was no benefit to be had by attacking early, there was too much strength in the bunch for a breakaway to last to the foot of the hill, and that was where it was going to happen. So the majority were content to allow a minority set the tempo to Powelltown. Tony Chandler, Roy Clark doing the lion's share of the pace setting, the occasional foray into the wind by Mark Wallace, Rob Amos, Steven Ross and a couple of the others providing the occasional change of colour at the front.

It was Tony Chandler who led the peleton past the crowds lining the street at the edge of town but he quickly surrendered his position as the hill hove into view. Leaving Ian Smith the dubious honour of leading the troops down into Boys Camp gully and up the other side onto the climb proper.

As the leg sapping first 500m eased up Thorkild Muurholm took over from Ian, pulling away to a thirty-metre lead as the bunch plodded along behind. Too slow for Nigel Kimber who, boxed in, was like a caged cat trying to find a couple of metres of clear road to steer his steed along. Proving too much to take Nigel dropped back to some clear road before pulling out of the mass of wheels and move up the outside of the bunch at a more comfortable pace.

It wasn't long before the comfortable pace had Nigel alongside Thorkild and then moving away. This was the cue for the bunch to respond, the favourites coming to the fore to increase the effort which soon had the bunch line astern, marching to Nigel's tempo. Realising that he was the drummer-boy Nigel eased up in an attempt to let some other bunny syncopate - no takers. The resumption of the original (now not so comfortable) pace saw the first cracks appear as a gaps formed down the line.

The gaps grew and it was four away, a glance over the shoulder revealed no surprises; Roy Clark, Tony Chandler and Guy Green then an ever increasing gap to the remainder. With the break initiated Roy moved to the front to maintain

the momentum and nail the lid shut. Then within "noojee" of the top Guy made his first foray to the front and a decisive foray it was, Roy sticking to his wheel, Nigel losing Roy's and Tony having to build a triple word score to catch the pair. But without a 'u' he was stffed and Guy led Roy over the bump twenty metres clear of Tony, Nigel a further twenty-metres behind him. By the time Nigel crested the top the gaps had blown out to around a hundred metres.

Back down the road Thorkild was plugging away while behind him a couple of groups formed, first was Rob Amos, Phil Cavaleri and Mark Wallace. Ben DeJong and Steve Ross were hanging on to this group by a very thin thread which was slowly unravelling, Steve was the first to slip eventually picked up by Damian Burke and Kevin Starr who had been riding tempo to make a second chase group. Ben also loosing contact before the summit crested alone behind the Amos group but ahead of the Burke expedition.

On the descent to the turn Guy and Roy worked together to consolidate their advantage, Tony buried himself (he'd found a 'u') in pursuit (in fact he'd found a few) and Nigel did likewise. All the way to the turnaround the gap between Tony and the leaders remained nchanged (but not enough), the gap back to Nigel dropping little by little each time the road was inclined to head upward. Half a kilometre from half way Nigel caught Tony and it was two chasing two at the head of the race. Just behind this battle the first chase group of Rob, Mark and Phil had caught Thorkild and the four were in optimistic pursuit of the bronze position. The second chase group caught and passed Ben who'd spent too much on the ascent to be able to hold on on the descent.

At the turnaround it was Guy and Roy followed a hundred metres in arrears by Tony and Nigel, then a gap to Rob, Mark, Phil and Thorkild. After that it was the group of Kevin, Damian and Steve who were followed by a string of individuals.

The return to the bump was not so kind to Nigel, losing Tony's wheel and sight of the leaders half way to the top. After the descent the gap from the leaders to third had increased, from third to fourth it was around the same. But that's as close as it got. Guy and Roy continued to swap turns, building their lead over a solid time-trail effort by Tony who was being matched by Nigel - for a little while before the pain got too much.

In the chase group the turns weren't flowing and Thorkild took off solo prior to the top in an effort to bridge the gap. Rob used his superior descending skills to re-catch Thorkild, Mark holding his wheel for as long as his nerves allowed before letting him go, Phil just watched in disbelief as the pair bolted down hill and around the second corner. Through Powelltown Mark buried himself to join Rob and Thorkild but it cost too much and, cramping, he struggled the rest of the way home.

At the bottom of the hill it was three (DB,KS&SR) against one (PC) against three (RA,TM&MW) against one (NK) against one (TC) against two (RC&GG).

A couple of kilometres from home a softening up by Roy, and a lack of race conditioning, proved the deciding factor in the finish, Roy having the legs to lead the sprint out and hold off

Guy by a tyre for the championship. Tony solo-ing in for a comfortable bronze, Nigel struggling in a couple of minutes behind him and only seconds ahead of Rob, Thorkild and Mark, Rob winning an ego-inspired sprint from Thorkild, Mark too cramped to get out of the saddle was content to watch.

Soon after Powelltown Phil Cavaleri was picked up by the Damian Burke group, swelling its numbers to four. This group worked together and finished together. A request to finish "line abreast" falling on deaf ears as first Kevin, and then Phil, broke ranks and sprinted for the line. Damian appealing to the commissaires to have the two disqualified for breaking the gentlemen's agreement only to have the flaw in his argument pointed out ...

Fourth place figures: 57.21k covered in 1:39:33 at an average of 34.4kph.

men 50-54

Quentin Frayne's version

60km (30km out and back) in a warmish 25°C, a healthy nor-wester meant a headwind all the way back from the turnaround. Ten starters, a few of the known dangermen were MIA, but there were also a few faces new to me who'd come up into the old codgers age group.

It was pretty relaxed heading out with the tailer to the 'start' of the race (the climb beyond Powelltown at about the 15km mark), and, I decided that as one of those capable of riding reasonably high up in the grades I should take a fair dose of responsibility for the pace, doing some longish spells up front and upping the pace a bit. The plan was to assess the 'hill form' around me once we hit the up and decide whether an attack was going to be sensible or suicide.

The 'warmup' over, the sense of anticipation (or dread?) was apparent in the bunch as the road suddenly flipped upwards at the bridge beyond Powelltown. One of the riders I hadn't recognised (Steve Gray) also happened to look pretty darned fit and I picked him as one to watch. Sure enough it was Steve who started setting the pace at the start of the climb - in fact after only a few hundred metres or so he was already creating a small gap to the bunch. I decided to go across and having managed that without drama ... well, the brain went 'click' and the right hand went click and suddenly I'd thrown it all out there and was away - holding a pretty infernal pace (about 24) for some time before the lactic and the heart and lungs caught up. A look over the shoulder revealed a clean road back to the last corner and I knew I'd have to try for as much gain on the hill as possible if I was going to survive this kamikaze move so early. The speed settled to about 19 or 20 and I held a pretty constant rhythm on the big ring (53/21 and 23) - hmmm, until it all started to feel somewhat uncomfortable - the speed was dropping and the effort was going into pant & gasp territory and I was compelled to back off a bit and try the 25 ... where is that *#@* summit?!! Finally ... over the top and totally committed to a full-blown escape.

I made the turn and checked the clock - around a minute after I turned the pack of green hats went the other way - so I had around 2 minutes with what looked a worryingly large bunch of chasers and 30km of hills and headwind to the finish. I had no idea what that 2 minutes meant in real terms but it certainly put a few doubts in my mind. I thought if I could hold them at around that gap on the ups and downs and up the last shortish final ramp to the summit I might have a chance in the 'TT' home into the wind. The return summit comes more suddenly than the outward, endless grind, and I settled into getting the pace up on the descent (maxing out just above the bridge at 73kph). From there, it was into the race of truth. I had visions of the legs going completely, a major bonk, dehydration (the 750ml bidon was already empty) and the pack regrouping for a full-blown assault, handicap-style, on the cheeky little mongrel out the front. As it went I was really happy with the way the form held from there. I chose to ride big gears and stay really low in the drops. A slug from the gel grenade with about 15 to go ... and hoping my pace was high enough to hold them off. Lots of little carrots of dropped riders from younger groups along the way to take my mind off the pain and finally made that last hill and saw the line 'just up there!!'

And everybody else's

On the climb Steve Gray maintained his gap over a group of four chasers (Steve Short, Greg Lipple, Michael Cosgrave and Gary LeRoy),

The remaining four from the age group were scattered back along the road.

After the crest the chase group worked together to bring Steve Gray back, achieving the objective quite early on the descent to the turn.

The five worked together in an effort to catch Quentin

On the return to the hump Michael Cosgrave dropped his chain and had a chase to get back on

On the return climb the Steves, Short and Gray, proved too strong for Greg and Gary (Michael was still chasing), riding away to crest the bump clear

Michael caught the river (GandG (sorry it was late and I couldn't resist)) before the summit, the group splitting on the descent but coming back together again at the bottom.

Steve and Steve worked together from Powelltown to stay ahead of the three chasers who were also working together but unable to reduce the gap.

At the finish Steve Gray had enough left in the legs to beat Steve Short in a slo-mo sprint for second.

men 55-59

Only four club members in the 55 to 59 age group turned up to race, the chickens' age of age-based veterans' racing. Maybe that's the group that doesn't like to admit they are pushing the big six-oh so they stay away from these events trying not to alert anyone to their age and delude themselves. Obviously once you've hit 60 it doesn't matter any more, the hypothesis proved by the numbers racing in the 60 to 64 age group.

Given the low number of starters and the gaps in ability there didn't really seem any need for an all out race, well not at least before the hill after Powelltown. So it was that a very chatty quartet covered the first fifteen kilometres, Steve Fothergill and

Michael Paull taking the lead and maintaining a steady pace of at least 25kms/hr, their conversation being around everyone's favourite interest - cycling. Peter Webb and Graham Cadd bringing up the rear and discussing their experiences of living in the Balwyn/Surrey Hills area and their employment. The foursome hardly noticing the 60 to 64 age group pass just after Gladysdale, not so much because they were distracted with each others company, but because the older group were going at about twice the speed. Paul Kelly was well out front, winding up big gears, with a file of red faces and grey hair trying to stay in touch. Their impressive passing speed did little to stir things up in the younger bunch which maintained the same formation, the same speed and conversation, right through Powelltown.

There's something about up hills that seem to excite some people ("the only hills I get excited about are down hills" – GC). But Peter Webb got excited, shifted his gears, got out of the saddle and without so much as a goodbye, sprinted up the short sharp section just after the bridge. This really buggered up the happy little ride in the country, and it didn't do Peter a lot of good either, the excitement waning pretty quickly. Steve Fothergill reacted and took off after Peter, eventually catching and passing him with still half the hill to conquer. Michael Paull procrastinated for a few minutes, debating whether to stay and keep Graham company or try to look like he was trying. Favouring the latter he reacted by increasing his pace, just to make his effort a bit more respectable, rather than to try and stay in touch with the break. Graham continued to enjoy his ride in the country, controlling his breathing to be sure he got to the top.

At the turnaround it was Steve in the lead, Peter some way back trying to stay in touch. Michael was further back again, just trying to remain respectable and Graham was still enjoying the ride and relishing the prospect of finishing fourth in his age group at the club championships (his highest place ever after 14 years of veterans racing). Apparently the conversations were still going only now they were a little one-sided but extremely intelligent and interesting.

At the finish it was as it had been at the turn, and as had been predicted at the start; Steve Fothergill first, Peter Webb second, Michael Paull third and, without too much effort and a token 100 metre sprint at the finish, Graham Cadd in fourth.

men 60-64

The first five kilometres saw Neil Cartledge and Ian Jolley setting a reasonable pace, but obviously not reasonable enough for Paul Kelly who moved to the front to up the tempo a notch or two. With memories of the Criterium Championship (19/4/2008) still in mind Ted McCoy wasn't going to let Paul take an inch, he was also keen to show that he was ready to match anything Paul tried throwing at him. The remaining, younger members of the bunch, doing all they could to save face by hanging on. (Paul riding down two age groups and Ted riding down one – ed.).

The good initial pace, and the Paul Kelly inspired increased pace, had the sexagenarians passing their immediately younger counterparts around Three Bridges, the manoeuvre

marked with an exchange of wise cracks. The two women were the next to feel the rush of air as the Kelly express powered into Powelltown, this time the exchange was more friendly, a bit of fatherly encouragement from Ted.

And as to be expected the hill sorted the bunch out. Ted, Paul, Richard Dobson and Martin Stalder riding away, Neil Cartledge riding tempo slowly losing ground a hundred metres back, Ian Jolley just behind him with the remnants scattered further back along the slopes of the 'bump'. The pace set by Ted and Paul enough to overhaul some younger riders who were struggling, Neil's tempo riding seeing him scale the climb alone and pass many of the same younger riders as the leaders had.

Over the top the chase was on, a chase that didn't see a change to the positions, the leaders continuing to push hard, the chasers doing the best they could on their own or in pairs.

At the bump on the way back Ian Jolley and another caught Neil and the three set off in pursuit of the four ahead of them, holding little expectation but driving it none the less. With still around five kilometres to the finish a glimmer of hope in the form of Paul Kelly coming back to the chasers. But it was only Paul, the other three staying well away to sweep the podium, Martin Stalder first, Ted McCoy, giving some of his co-contestants seven years finished second (and more importantly avenging the crit result) and Richard Dobson rounding out the medals in third.

In the sprint for pride it was Neil who emerged from the chasers to cross the line first for fourth.

men 70+

With Paul Kelly opting to ride a couple of age groups down to challenge himself over the hill it was only three starters who took to the road for the 70+ race. A race that deferred to the status of its members by not subjecting them to the ignominy of struggling up the bump but by turning at Powelltown.

The threesome was split early; Ron Stranks dropping his chain and taking a while to get going again. John Porter and Keith Bowen continuing up the road blissfully unawares that Ron had departed their company. Upon realising the absence of the third musketeer the pair sat up and waited for him to regain the little troop. It didn't take long and Ron was back and settled in - not quite, the chase had his heart rate up and the adrenalin was flowing. It didn't take long for Ron to decide that the pace wasn't to his liking and go to the front and beyond as he rode off into the distance. Leaving Keith and John looking at each other wondering what it was they'd said and who'd do the chasing.

Neither put their hand up and the pair continued as they had been, following in Ron's wake. On the return journey Ron was well clear and, barring another mechanical, assured of the win. Soon after the turn John Porter put the pressure on, upping the tempo and riding away from Keith, but his legs hadn't taken the wind into account and as they tired Keith slowly ground his way back to John's wheel and the pair continued as they had before.

With no further problems Ron Stranks took the championship leaving the other two to sprint it out to settle the minor placings.

It was the longer legs of Keith that had the reserves to out run those of John, Keith taking second and John rolling in in third.

women

Only two of the half-score female members of the club made it to the start line for this year's championship race. With only two years difference in age and similar competitive natures this was going to be a ding-dong battle.

The pair setting off at a reasonable rate and doing the right thing by sharing turns, although Louise was encouraging Deb Chambers (nee McCoy) to do the slightly bigger ones. And, in a masterly stroke of timing by Louise, it was Debbie who was on the front as the road headed upward.

The presence of the group of men who had passed the girls on the flat encouraging Deb to dig deep and race past them, Louise, not to be left out, wheeled her back in and the pair were huffing and puffing up the hill. Louise leading the last

kilometre over the top before the pair scooted down to the turnaround, again sharing the load.

Back up to the top to go down to the bottom again. The many Buffalo descents that Debbie does each year paying off as she hit Powelltown alone and time-trialed it home for the win. Louise not so quick on the drop used them (the drops - ed.) as she also TT'ed it back to the finish, head down into the wind, matching Deb for pace but never closing the gap.

Debbie and Louise went up the hill
To seek a championship win
They both rode hard to the top and the turn,
Debbie's descent, well she literally burned
Louise losing contact on the way down
So now it's Deb who wears the championship crown.

Post race wrap

If there is any lesson to be learnt from this week's race it is; don't use the car carrying the drinks as the follow car.

Results

	First	Second	Third
men 35-39 (7)	Darren Sayers	Andy Burmas	Matt Cornford
men 40-44 (11)	Phil Smith	Michael Hay	Mick Jamison
men 45-49 (16)	Roy Clark	Guy Green	Tony Chandler
men 50-54 (10)	Quentin Frayne	Steve Gray	Steve Short
men 55-59 (4)	Steve Fothergill	Peter Webb	Michael Paull
men 60-64 (8)	Martin Stalder	Ted McCoy	Richard Dobson
men 70+ (3)	Ron Stranks	Keith Bowen	John Porter
Women (2)	Deb Chambers	Louise McKimmie	

Officials

Thanks to Keith Bowen and Ronnie Stranks who were on the desk taking entries. Thanks to Kathy Green, Kevin Mills, Nick Hainal, Olivier Pomie, Barry Robertson, Roman Suran, Wayne Robinson, Darren Rowlinson, Peter Gray, Ray Russo and Nick Tapp, a cast of thousands, well eleven who were required to enable us to race. Thanks also to Michael Paull for bringing the trailer, to Peter Mackie who was on hand with the drinks and thanks to Richard Dobson who is responsible for the roster and looking after helmet covers and numbers.

Eastern Vets Program

Saturday	October	18	2:00pm	Steels Creek	Royce Bennet Memorial Handicap
Saturday	October	25	2:00pm	Killara Road	Graded Scratch Races
Monday	October	27	8:00pm	Maroondah Club	Monthly General Meeting
Saturday	November	1	2:00pm	Casey Fields	Graded Scratch Races
Saturday	November	8	2:00pm	Macclesfield	Graded Scratch Races
Tuesday	Oct 21,28 Nov 18, 25 Dec 2,9,16,23 Jan 6,13,20,27 Feb		6:00pm	METEC NB. No entry to facility before 5:00pm	Graded Scratch Races
Wednesday			10:00am	The Loop – Yarra Boulevard	Scratch Races + post race coffee

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.

Northern Vets Program

Sunday	October	19	9:30am	National Blvd, Campbellfield	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	October	26	10:00am	East Trentham	Handicap (44k)
Sunday	November	2	9:30am	National Blvd, Campbellfield	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	November	9	9:30am	National Blvd, Campbellfield	Graded Scratch Races

Victorian Veteran Cycling Council Program

Sunday	October	25	10:00am	Camperdown	Camperdown – Warrnambool	20/10 - \$20
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For your calendar

Date	Location	Event
18/10/2008	Carlton	2008 Jayco Herald Sun Tour Masters Support Races
19/10/2008	Melbourne	BV Around the Bay Nigel Kimber will be leading a 250k group, there will also be a group going to Sorrento and back.
13/12/2008	Shepparton	Scotty's Ride. A 120km recreational challenge ride on the quiet country roads around Scott's home town of Shepparton. For details check out Cyclo Sportif's website; - http://www.cyclosportifvic.com.au/page/events.html

Other Results, etc.:

Training rides:
