



Eastern veterans cycling club

Respecting the Rights of all Road Users

Newsletter November 8th 2008

Casey Fields- Graded Scratch Races – November 1st

Race report

Flat but windy – no surprises there, Casey Fields living up to its reputation, the South Easterly breeze ensuring that echelons would be the feature of the day. As the peleton turned west the echelon headed right and to the east it went left.

Despite the wind 70 competitors turned up to battle out the first criterium of the summer season, an intermediate sprint thrown in to add a bit of pain (I mean interest) to the day's proceedings would see races run in two parts; pre & post sprint.

a-grade

The first half of the race was characterised by a fairly steady pace as everybody marked time to the intermediate sprint where things were bound to be decided. The nine in the bunch taking regular turns at the front, keeping the pace consistent and quick, a couple of hundred metres each seeing most do a turn at the front each lap. A scheduled hour and a half of racing meant the sprint would be somewhere around the forty-five minute mark.

At thirty minutes, for some reason, Tony Chandler used his turn at the front to put some hurt into the legs. A rush of blood seeing the followers having to bury their heads as the speed hit the mid to high forties for half a lap before returning to its previous levels. As the heart rates returned to their previous levels Roy Clark jumped with Rob Amos on his wheel, this effort garnering a small gap that third wheel was very quick to chase down. A brief chase and it was back together. A brief respite and then it was another pair away, another brief chase and again togetherness was restored, the population wondering if this was going to be the trend to the sprint - fortunately not (ed.).

No more attacks over the next ten minutes saw the group take the bell for the sprint as one. Post-bell some serious jockeying for position had the club's elite under threat of being passed by e-grade, but with almost 2000m still to run the pace eventually picked up as sense, and honour, was restored.

The intensity increased as the race made its way down the back straight and, as it rounded the last bend onto the uphill run to the finish line, the back of the bunch pushed toward

the front of the bunch, a wall of riders descending upon the officials, riders desperate, not for the win, but to not be left behind after the dust had settled. Despite the mass of riders driving to the line the sprint was only contested by two; Roy Clark and Stefan Kirsch, the former taking the win. Twenty metres past the line; a quick look passed between the two, a glance back, another look and the break was away. Before Rob Amos realised the pair had kicked the gap was five metres and growing. The oxygen deprived brains of the others taking longer to register the fact that a chase was at hand resulted in the bunch being pretty much smashed up.

Desperate efforts by Ian Milner, David Anderson and Nigel Kimber eventually saw a bunch of four coalesce on Rob's wheel half way through the lap. Tony Chandler had baulked in the sprint and was burying himself, as only he can do, in an effort to gain the chaser's wheels. Phil Cavaleri and Neil McLennan didn't fare so well out of the sprint and were relegated to chasing the chasers.

As the post-sprint lap progressed the chase group got sorted and there were four chasing the two leaders. After a lap or so Tony caught the chase and it was five against two. The next forty minutes were not memorable (O₂ deprivation - ed.), Roy and Stefan swapped off turns at the front, holding the chasers at around 500metres; Ian, Neil, Nigel, Rob and Tony swapped off turns behind, occasionally making ground only to have the lead pair up the effort to take it off them again. The chasers lost Ian Milner a couple of times, Ian working himself to exhaustion before dropping off the back only to fight back on and straight into the rotation until he could give no more then off the back again only to repeat the punishment.

The sound of the bell brought some relief to the chasers - they weren't going to be lapped. It also brought a massive drop in speed as everyone sat up and looked at each other, momentum proving the enemy of Ian Milner as he rolled through, all and sundry fighting to stay behind him. Three quarters of a lap to go and the flightdeck was showing speeds in the twenties, Ian on the right of the track with his followers, Nigel on the left, a couple undecided as to which side of the centre-line they wanted to be. Nigel was the first to snap, with nobody on his wheel it seemed a good opportunity to make a break. Four-hundred metres, and a lot of panting, later it was back together again and the speeds dropped from the low fifties to the mid-thirties.

Counter attacking his original move Nigel went again as the road swung right to the top loop, this time they were on his

wheel and the little advantage gained by the surprise was quickly squashed as the race turned into the back straight.

In the lull before the next surge the leaders could be seen ahead; racing to the finish, Roy Clarke a handy twenty metres ahead of Stefan as they closed on the line - an easy job for the officials.

Back to the chase. Nigel had no interest in aiding the others so hugged the left edge of the road waiting for someone to go round on the windward side, and waited, and waited.

Eventually someone (Ian?) went and the race was on for the last of the cash. Into the last corner Rob Amos passed the leader to lead the field in the run for the line, Tony in pursuit off to the left and Nigel to the right. And that was how they finished, the gaps at the line less than they had been at the bottom of the sprint; half a bike separating third from fifth.

Fifth place figures: 1 hour 32 minutes to cover 60.6 kilometres giving a race average of 39.5kph.

b-grade (Nigel Frayne)

Criteria? How do we race these things again? It's been 10 months since my last fateful crit so this was gonna be interesting. One thing that hasn't changed is the atmospheric conditions out at Casey where a nice steady sou-sou-easter was a blowin'. Somehow it doesn't seem to matter where you are on the course, the wind's always into your face. One recollection springs to mind - get out on your own and you're going to suffer.

So when Ian Smith zooms off on the first lap there is a collective of 14 voices chuckling. Just the same we chase him down pretty quickly and note he seems well warmed up now. The advent of an intermediate sprint at some arbitrary point causes some extra strategising as we settle into the first half of the race. The pace steady in the high thirties was not enough to discourage a few impulsive types to 'have a go'. The big fella from Warrnambool (Suter) went out there with another rider, I think it was Frank Nyhuis. The pair of them were drawn back to the fold after a lap or two.

A little later as the sprint time approached Suter had another go and this time it stuck, however he was on his own. With no-one in particular prepared to drag the pack along the chase was rather mute until we heard the bell for other groups. 'Better get on with it', we thought, 'as we'll be next'. So the pace climbs with the likes of Kevin Starr, Ian Smith and Martin Stalder at the controls. As we get the bell he still has a handy gap and I click into self preservation mode. 'Gotta get to the line in reasonable shape and with the group or you're done for', whispers the little genie on my shoulder. Hence only a short turn on the front is prudent followed by a sit up around 5th wheel before the turn and the sprint.

In spite of the effort in the chase and the wind in his face our Warrnambool friend survives to take the yellow envelope and the pack is well strung out. Remembering the old maxim to keep safe following intermediate sprints I make sure I'm up front and alert. Who will attack? No-one! Kev Starr is the first to put on some pace and I quickly get on his wheel. But

we don't get far before realising that the rest of the bunch is alert to the same ploy and we quickly regroup.

With the sprint out of the way the pace comes off somewhat and things get a bit confusing as D and A grades (as I recall) get into a bit of a tangle with us for a lap or so. 'A' grade are pretty smashed up by their sprint and so the fragments take a while to sift through. Eventually we also move off from the gold caps ('D') and into our own race again. At about the 1 hour mark Martin Stalder winds up the 55/11 (sic!) and makes a break for it. Kev Starr decides he's had enough of our company and jumps away to be joined a little later by Frank Nyhuis. Together they pull away in pursuit of Martin with the rest of us looking on with raised eyebrows.

Martin has by now well escaped and it looks like Kev and Frank are closing on him. The lack of co-operation in the bunch gets a bit much for John Pritchard and he surges away with a whooshing of carbon rims. One by one guys start peeling off the front and the pack is disintegrating. Like a stunned mullet I decide to stick with the remnants until even Wayne Doherty succumbs to the gaps and the wind and falls off the back. 'No way', I say to myself and with a bit of desperate out of the saddle powering into the wind I manage to get up to a small group that has coagulated up ahead. A second larger group reformed further ahead and we made pursuit to join up.

Once the two groups had recombined we settled down to work on the gap to Kevin and Frank, the latter who has been struggling. Two months off the bike trekking in Asia has done his racing legs no good and he can't do much to help Kev. They are soon sucked back into the mix and we continue on in pursuit of a, surely suffering, Martin. He's done an amazing job out there on his own and the bell must have sounded like the call of the sirens when it eventually tolled in his ears. Unfortunately for him the other toll, the one taken by that sou-sou-easter did not have the same ring about it. With only a half a lap to go, or less, he was swallowed up by the hungry pack and all focus went onto setting up the sprint.

With spinnakers flying in full colour down the back straight the final turn was approaching. Cleverly I've worked my way towards the front up the inside only to be greeted by the inevitable impenetrable wall of riders jockeying for the ideal sit. There's the sound of crunching chains and shifting cogs. The surge! There's heaving and huffing and straining but it's the whooshing of carbon rims that tells of triumph. John Pritchard takes the win with Damien Burke on his wheel. Steve Ross follows with Rob Truscott in 4th. - secret training in the States Rob :-). I've managed to hold position for 5th and Kev Starr is right there with me. Now I can remember what I liked about crits at Casey, the wind and the drama and the near things and the solo efforts and the wind and the wind and the line. It's good to be back!

Time	: 1hr25min
Ave speed	: 37.9kph
Max speed	: 50.6kph
Distance	: 53.9km
Ave CAD	: 97rpm

c-grade

A good sized field meant that it was going to take a good sized effort for anybody to get away and that's the way it went. The bunch happy to circulate for the first thirty minutes or so awaiting the call to action for the sprint. David McCormack, not known for his sprinting abilities, backed his instincts and set off early, some 35 minutes from the gun and hoping to be greeted by the sprint-bell next time past the officials. Unfortunately for Dave the officials on the line were running a different time-table and after almost two laps away he was reunited with his co-blue-hats as the said same officials rang the sprint in.

As the sprint lap wound down the bunch formed into two groups, those wanting to contest the sprint pushing their way to the front and those wanting to stay upright conceding the wheels to their more aggressive bunch-buddies. On the line it was Chris Norbury emerging from the mass of the brave to take the honours. Fortunately for the stay at homers half of the half-dozen sprinters sat up after the sprint, too leg-weary to keep going, whilst a select group of three carried the momentum on and established a sizeable gap before the followers were able to regroup and set about chasing.

After a couple of failed individual attempts to bridge the gap to the leading trio, a handful of riders started to work together in a bid to bring the leaders back, another handful happy to sit on and recover. For the next half hour Paul Wilson, Dave Hyde and one other (possibly Chris Norbury) rolled turns and held the chase at bay while Dave McCormack and Steve Short rallied the troops behind to maintain the chase.

À la tête de la course the work rate ultimately proved too much for David Hyde who had to back off and it was down to two workers and Dave doing all he could just to hang on. The thirty three and a third percentage drop in contribution at the front ultimately put paid to the break, the weight of numbers in the chase finally rolling over the escapees around fifteen minutes from home.

Finding something from somewhere the Scouser attacked the reunification with David McCormack (also finding a little extra) on his wheel, the pair obtaining a bit of a break and not looking too bad until ... one rider in the chase tried to bridge only to drag the others up with him and it was back to a bunch kick.

On the bell Paul Wilson went to the front to drag the race out over its final two-point-a-little-bit kilometres in an attempt to take the sting out of the sit-on-sprinters. Two kilometres later and with little left to contribute Paul sat up, allowing those remaining through to contest the final run to the line, a run won by Chris Norbury - Chris taking the double in a tight finish. David Hyde and Grant Greenhalgh close on Chris' wheel getting the finisher's nod ahead of the half dozen other riders spread across the road. A weary Paul W. leading home a wary Steve Short not ten seconds later to wrap up the proceedings.

d-grade (Darren Rowlinson)

With the announcement that we would be racing for an hour and fifteen minutes, there were thoughts (murmurings) that maybe the first hour should be neutral and just fifteen minutes of racing. This was not to be, the group leader announcing that there would be only one lap of neutral and then racing would begin.

It did not take long for the normal pace setters of Richard Dobson, Neil Cartledge and Peter Mackie all having a turn at the front. In the case of Peter Mackie, his idea of taking a turn means staying two hundred metres in front of everyone else. The bunch was quite happy to allow Peter to stay out in front, and after riding solo for about fifteen minutes, he finally decided it was time to come back and participate in the team activities of riding together as a group.

At around the thirty five minute mark, the bell sounded for the intermediate sprint. New comer to D-Grade, John Harle and another rider, seized the opportunity to gain an advantage and decided to make a dash for the sprint finish line. With at least three quarters of a lap to the finish, this was always going to leave plenty of opportunity for others in the bunch. The bunch allowed the two riders to stay out in front until Andrew Finnigan decided that he would also have a crack and began chasing the two lead out guys. Andrew managed to catch the two by the mid way point of the back straight. With Darren Rowlinson stuck out in front of the group, feeling like being in no mans land, decided that he may as well have crack, and began the chase down the back straight. The two early sprinters were caught prior to the final bend and although ground was being made on Andrew, Darren only managed to catch him on the line and take the intermediate sprint by half a wheel.

With the race for the intermediate sprint over, and with a recovery period of about two seconds, Richard Dobson decided that the start line was literally the start of the race again. Richard took one look back and said "lets go". With Richard's spring of energy and lack of recovery for many of the lead riders, the group split causing some riders to be dropped. Lead out guy, John Harle struggled to re-join the group but was content to finish the full distance on his own. The other lead out guy, Andrew Finnigan using all of his energy at the sprint also deciding that conservation of energy would be the preferred option.

With the bunch being reduced to around 10-12 riders, this allowed some normality back to the race. The pattern of riding was conservative as there was still at least thirty-five minutes of racing remaining. Mark Cheeseman was content to spend a large portion of the time out in front with others contributing along the way. Mark may have used too much energy as he failed to hear the bell (or see the sign) on the final lap and only realized we were on the bell lap once everyone had sprinted away from him.

The bell lap sounded at around the 65 minute mark. This also marked the opportunity for the likes of Alan Hicks, Graeme Parker and Dennis Pauwels to obtain prime position and try and maintain this to the finish line. Once again Peter Mackie decided to push his limits as we passed the clubrooms for the

final time. Peter managed to outstay the bunch until just after the second last bend. Down the long back straight, Darren tried to be Peter's lead out, but unfortunately Peter did not have any energy to hang on. With the sprint starting early, a group of five swarmed past the leader about fifty metres from the finish line. Crossing the line in first place was Alan Hicks, followed closely by Mick Paull, Graeme Parker and Paul Kelly in fourth place.

e-grade

Tis the season of renewal and not only did the bunch include Juanita Cadd but a couple of new (read 'also young'), and untested, riders out for their first hit-out - this was going to be a tough race. True to form it was new-boy Dario Piubellini and the usual suspect (one Cadd) that set the tempo for the majority of the race. Daryl Jowett, in his second race with the club, and Ross Gardiner were also prominent at the front, keeping things honest and dissuading any inclination for anybody to go it alone.

The pace being what it was meant that the bell for the sprint saw the original bunch of ten go by pretty much intact. Ah the impetuosity of youth, two kilometres is a long way to go at full tilt but ignorance is bliss as Dario led the group through the lap at full speed, too much for Peter Kroneman who went deep into the red before turning a little green and having to pull the pin, Brian Farrell taking a lap out to nurse him back to the sheds. Meanwhile back up the front Dario didn't let up and even kicked for the sprint to win it comfortably.

Fortunately for the majority of the grade Dario backed it off after crossing the line and the group were able to reform, sans

a couple; Graham Cadd another casualty to the pace set by Dario. The extended sprint taking the sting out of the young-gun's legs allowed the remainder of the race to be run at a more modest pace. It was still the usual suspects at the front though, but the pace had been tempered a tad.

Into the final lap and obviously Dario hadn't had enough as he proceeded to dominate the lap and ride away for the win - d-grade next week Dario. The other 'D' in the race - Daryl Jowett also looking at promotion after finishing second and Ross Gardiner acquitting himself well to finish third in the sprint ahead of the other few who were able to hang on over the last couple of hundred metres.

f-grade

The fortunes of f-grade are as fickle as the Melbourne weather is at present and it was a small group of four who set off for an hour of racing. The four content to share turns at the front, nobody pushing too hard, all saving some resources for the intermediate sprint and the inevitable post-sprint attack.

Sure enough, no sooner had JC Wilson crossed the line to win the sprint than Ronnie Stranks made his move. A move anticipated by Keith Bowen and with Keith in tow Ronnie didn't see a future so after a little effort he backed it off and it was again four circulating awaiting the final bell.

A bell that eventually tolled and that again saw JC Wilson too strong for the others in the dash for the line. Keith held off Ronnie for second, Stewart Jenkins completing the superfecta.

Results

	First	Second	Third	Fourth	Sprint
a-grade (9)	Roy Clark	Stefan Kirsch	Rob Amos		Roy Clark
b-grade (15)	John Pritchard	Damian Burke	Steven Ross	Rob Truscott	R. Suter
c-grade (13)	Chris Norbury	David Hyde	Grant Greenhalgh		Chris Norbury
d-grade (19)	Alan Hicks	Mick Paull	Graeme Parker	Paul Kelly	Darren Rowlinson
e-grade (10)	Dario Rubellini	Daryl Jowett	Ross Gardiner		Dario Rubellini
f-grade (4)	JC Wilson	Keith Bowen	Ron Stranks		JC Wilson

Officials

Thanks to Graeme Parker and Ronnie Stranks who were on the desk taking entries. Thanks to the helpers on the day; Phil Thompson and Peter Scarth. Thanks also to JC Wilson 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	November	8	2:00pm	Macclesfield	Graded Scratch Races
Saturday	November	15	2:00pm	Dunlop Road	Omara Graded Scratch Races
Saturday	November	22	1:00pm	Yarra Junction	Omara Eastern 100
Monday	November	24	8:00pm	Maroondah Club	Monthly General Meeting
Saturday	November	29	2:00pm	Dunlop Road	Make a Wish Foundation charity day

Tuesday	Nov 18, 25 Dec 2,9,16,23 Jan 6,13,20,27 Feb tba.	6:00pm	METEC	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	November 9	9:30am	National Blvd, Campbellfield	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	November 16	10:00am	Pyalong Rd, Seymour	Chooks Wheel Race, 53k h'cap
**Sunday	November 23	9:30am	National Blvd, Campbellfield	Graded Scratch Races **
Sunday	November 30	10:00am	Lancefield	Graded Scratch Races

** Northern Vets invite Eastern members to attend this race and join them afterwards for a barbeque.

Victorian Veteran Cycling Council Program

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For your calendar

Date	Location	Event
22/11/2008	Yarra Junction	Omara Eastern 100 A premier event, over \$1500 in prizes. Note : earlier start time of 1:00pm.
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.cycloportifvic.com.au/page/events.html
14/12/2008	Geelong	To celebrate the opening of the Geelong bypass the Geelong Advertiser is running a 60km individual TT. Entry fee is \$55 and proceeds go to the Geelong Hospital appeal. Entries are capped to the first 900 registered and close 9/12/2008, see the web site for full details; - http://www.ringroadrideandrun.org.au/

Other Results, etc.:

2008 Victorian Sports Awards

Congratulations to Liz Randall who cracked a jersey (or a trophy) at the prestigious VicSport 2008 Victorian Sports Awards Thursday week ago (30th October) (<http://www.vicsport.asn.au/Page.aspx?ID=108>).

After two previous nominations (orienteering in 2001 and cycling in 2004) Liz was finally recognised, and lauded, as the '2008 Masters Athlete of the Year'.

'Frocking up for the event', by Liz's own admissions an infrequent occurrence that can be scarier than the actual competition, Liz accepted the award from the judges who cited her wins in the Individual Time Trial and Road Race at St Johann this year adding to the tally of fifteen World Masters medals she has collected over the past six years.

Liz's story can be found on her blog :
 - <http://onehourrecordattempt.blogspot.com/>


