



# Eastern veterans cycling club

Respecting the Rights of all Road Users

*Newsletter November 22<sup>nd</sup> 2008*

## Dunlop Road - Omara - Graded Scratch Races – November 15<sup>th</sup>

### Race report

Somebody must have leaked the fixture to the Anemoi and they sent Livas, who must have been a bit pissed because he wasn't his usual gentle self. The sun was warm the air was cool and the competition sure to be hot as 120 individuals rocked up for our first visit to Dunlop Road this season.

The weather in Melbourne's been a tad on the peculiar side but the weather in Hades must be extremely unseasonable right now. Not only was Graeme Parker seen on Beach Road the other week, he was photographed doing it (an image seen by over 208,000 readers of The Age newspaper) but he has also sold the Ute and swapped marque allegiances, and then this week he was seen sporting cleated pedals and shoes – hard to miss given the bright pink tags on the velcro straps - I believe the Devil is getting a pair of ice-skates for Christmas.

### a-grade (Nigel Kimber)

I'd seen number 18 out on the circuit warming up so it looked like a good sized field for the race. It didn't quite pan out that way on the line, only twelve starters (#18 had been used by d-grade). Looking at those on the line it was hard to predict how the race was going to play; the majority of the club's big-guns were absent and there were a couple of faces I didn't recognise. The young Justin Davis was there and probably the favourite to win, Rob Amos always a contender - was one to watch and mark, Russell Newman – I don't think he knows what he's going to do one week from the next so there's no point in trying to guess his intent, but he needs to be watched. The sprinters, the Phils - Thompson and Cavaleri would be doing all they could to stay with the leaders and encourage the race to stay together, unlikely to initiate anything and not a threat till the last hundred metres. Ian Milner, always honest, would be burying himself to stay with the bunch, and then do a turn, one I'd be happy to let go if he got away. Three regular b-graders (Steve Ross, Damian Burke and David Anderson) who'd probably be doing their all to stay with, and get the most out of their time in, the race as they could but probably not going to influence it. And the unknowns (to me); #5 (Michael Day) and #6 (Ray Turner), to be watched early for indications as to their intent and ability.

The plan had been to chase down any and everything as an exercise - a plan that may have to be shelved if no attack was forthcoming; Justin unlikely to attack unless someone

encouraged him to do so. Rob the most likely to, but given the youth in the bunch probably disinclined to do so. Russ (as I said) a bit of a wild-card, the sprinters and b-graders highly unlikely, and the unknowns – who knew? Plan b? Sit in and see what happens.

After a lap on the front (so much for plan b. - but it was only the first lap) Justin Davis pulled along side to get the plans for the day, a discussion that was interrupted when Russell Newman took off up along Dunlop Road. Rob Amos, keen to be in the action, taking off after him. Rob and Russ; almost an hour of racing to go, a twenty metre gap – to chase or to not chase? Well the plan dictated that a chase it was to be. A look across to Justin and then a dip of the head as the chase was joined, half a lap later, out of the last corner, Justin took over the chase to close the last couple of metres.

A lap later Michael Day jumped up the road and Steve Ross went with him, so much for the original prediction that there'd be little to chase down. Head down, bum up and before the race turned into McDonalds Lane it was three away, eight chasing. For the next four laps we swapped off turns in an attempt to consolidate the break, somewhere along the way Ray Turner joined us and Steve returned to the chase group. After four or five laps away it was back together again for another lap or so until Michael went again, this time with Justin on his wheel, taking the plan with him – for the moment at least. Rob Amos looked around then repeated his second lap effort, taking three-quarters of a lap to bridge the gap and it was three away - eight chasing.

With no interest in chasing I was happy to sit on the back and shake my head in disbelief as Russell did everything, bar physical abuse, he could do to get the others to roll the bunch in an organised chase. I've heard "like a dog's breakfast" to describe messy but as the three leaders swapped off turns and increased their lead "a regurgitated dog's breakfast" would have made a better description of the chase.

After a couple more laps, with almost half the expected race duration behind us and the leaders rounding the next corner as the chase entered the straight I decided there'd be no harm in trying to give Russell a hand. After a few false starts we sort of got a rotation going, but the pace and disarray of the previous ten-fifteen minutes had taken their toll on the regular b-graders, and a few of the regular a-graders, so it was a small number rolling a hap-hazard rotation that kept the leaders in sight. (With information provided by the corner marshals the leaders were

surprised to continuously hear that the chase was still in sight, they thought were working really hard but seemingly to no benefit.) Finally the barrier was cracked and the chase lost sight of the leaders along with a couple of their number.

(On the bell Michael Day attacked Rob Amos as the race turned onto Dunlop Road for the last time and garnered a decent gap before Justin was able to get round Rob in pursuit. The length of the straight later Justin had caught Michael, Rob doing all he could to stay in touch, hoping that the pair would start playing games and allow him back in the race. Rounding into McDonalds Lane Rob's hopes were both met and dashed, the game playing had started but the gap was too much and as race turned into the last straight he got to watch Justin win the sprint from Michael before taking third himself.)

In the chase the shenanigans started on the bell, there were five left, and as the bell was rung the pace came right off. Ian Milner rolling through to the front and then being allowed to ride away along Dunlop Road, I was happy to let him go but Phil Cavaleri, and then Russell, weren't and as Ray Turner joined the chase I figured it was time to go too. It didn't take long and it was all together again and again the pace came off and again Ian was rolling away down McDonalds Lane.

Another regrouping, another slackening of pace and I'd had enough. Taking them around the second last corner the hope was to push hard enough into the wind to gap second wheel and take it through to the finish, no joy - plan b. Turning for home, stay in the left gutter - give the following wheels no protection from the sou-westerly, work hard and hope again. For some reason Phil C. took the followers wide out of the corner and as I looked back there was nothing but clean air behind my back wheel, the others ten metres back and off to the right. Nothing for it now but to bury it to the line. Glances under the right arm showed no wheels, under the left - no shadows. One hundred metres to go, still no sign; seventy-five - nothing; fifty - is that a car coming?; forty Phil Cavaleri appears in the right-peripheral vision; thirty - Phil is along side and Russell's there on Phil's right shoulder; twenty - Phil's got the lead, Russell is closing; ten - my plate's empty, it's Phil and Russell; five - Russell's momentum sees him in the lead. And that's the way it went.

It was good to see an Omara rider get up to win the first of the season's Omara sponsored races at Dunlop Road.

Figures for the race; 40k in 1 hour for an average of 40kph (Nigel Kimber rides in Omara colours)

### **b-grade**

A full contingent of twenty-five riders meant that the most likely scenario was a bunch sprint finish, nobody likely to be given the latitude to break away. Still this didn't stop a few from trying, or at least trying to mix things up a bit. After around ten minutes of circulating Mark Withers attacked the field as they rode past the finish line and took a handy little gap around the first corner, a break that didn't last long, capture enabling him to do the same thing next time past the officials. Another handy break into the first corner was

snuffed out within half a lap and so was Mark's enthusiasm as the bunch continued to circulate gruppetto.

It took around another ten minutes before somebody again took the initiative, this time it was Rob Truscott who launched an attack into the wind, Frank Nyhuis was quick to react and the pair took their own handy twenty-metre lead into the first turn. With two away the break lasted twice as long, the chase taking two laps to bring the pair back, although a little confusion as the b-grade chase group caught the d-grade chase group on the first corner may have helped extend the life of the break.

Back together it was into recovery and thinking mode for another couple of laps before Matt White decided the time was right, powering down the outside of the bunch to get to the front just as everybody else got up to speed. Matty doing a lap on the front as penance for trying to break things up. When Phil Purdham went to the front next lap Matt wasn't going to chase and while everybody else was playing rock-paper-scissors Phil took a fifty-metre lead through the back section of the course and back out onto Dunlop Road. But the boys finally worked out who was going to do what and Phil was back in the mix next lap. A bunch sprint almost a certainty, but Phil wasn't finished and another attack was quickly mounted and as quickly disassembled, but this time it wasn't the chase, it was d-grade getting the bell just as he caught their back end. Discretion being the better part of valour b-grade backed it off to allow d-grade their final lap. Only to be rewarded with the bell as they went past the officials.

The ringing of the bell so close to the finish of the lower grade caught a few by surprise and a surge by the riders on the front (Ian Smith) found a few in the wrong gear, in the wrong frame of mind or with biddons in hand. Further confusion as the bunch passed the now spent d-graders stretched the b-grade bunch to its limits, almost all managing to hold on but the effort required taking the sting from the legs. Still it was an almost complete bunch that rounded the last corner but as it approached the line it started to thin. Fifty metres from home Grant Edmonds started to pull clear of the mass, then Jeff McLean and Mark Withers started to stand out from the wall and close in on Grant. On the line it was a line of three, the judges giving it to Grant over Jeff and Mark who were followed a bike length further back by a pack of around fifteen, Anthony Gullace getting the nod from the officials as the winner of that minor sprint.

### **c-grade**

No report

### **d-grade - race 1 (Darren Rowlinson)**

Due to the number of entrants D grade was split over two races, the D1 race began with a starting line-up of eighteen riders. The group kindly welcomed new comer David Holt who is new to racing and the club. Graeme Parker joining the group, keen to assess David's ability, sure that he should not have any problems, and instructed us to look after him. As per usual, Graeme's assessment of ability was right on the money.

With the race underway, David Holt did not hold back and immediately opened up a lead of twenty metres on the first lap. By the second lap, David had extended his lead to around fifty metres with the bunch quite content to leave him out in front. After ten minutes or so, David finally eased up on the pace and came back to the group. The majority of the bunch were quite comfortable with the speeds of forty kilometres an hour plus along some parts of the course, this included going against the wind.

The next break-away occurred around the twenty minute mark, with Neil Cartledge and Mick Paull opening up a break of thirty metres. Neil Cartledge was quite content to do the hard work out in front and gain some additional training for next weeks Eastern 100. Both Neil and Mick maintained the break for the next three laps. Finally, Peter Mackie took the initiative to bridge the gap and bring the two back to the bunch. Neil was planning to stay out front, but when he called his break-away partner through there was no one there. Mick had already decided to return to the bunch.

With the bunch back together again, and a reasonably quick pace being applied, Darren Rowlinson could not hold on any longer and dropped off the group at around the thirty minute mark, and quite content to observe from the sidelines. Words of encouragement from Brett "return to form" Robinson not being enough for Darren to stay on his wheel. The remaining riders stayed together for the duration of the race with almost a full field fighting it out on the final lap. It was a group of fifteen riders contesting the sprint.

Along the final straight it was new comer David Holt that took the initiative to gain a break on the others and comfortably took out the sprint from Graham Parker. Neville Williamson was finishing fast and had to settle for third and Rob Harris also finishing in the money and taking fourth place.

#### **d-grade - race 2**

No report

#### **e-grade**

With a scheduled race start time of 3:00pm the e-grade riders dispersed to various parts of Gillies Road to relax and take in the 'b', 'd' and 'f' grade action. But the splitting of the large d-grade field had the race organisers reschedule things a bit and at five to two relaxation became a rush for helmets and drink bottles as e-grade was called to the line. Red hats emerged from all nooks and crannies along the finish straight, filtering toward the start line. But with the realisation that half the field were out doing corner duty for their mates in the originally scheduled 2:00 races it was 'as you were', the red-hats dissipating back to the same nooks and crannies from which they had emerged to remove helmets and drink bottles.

Three-o'clock came and e-grade were again called to the line, no false start this time as the bunch of around twenty set off for the first of an indeterminate number of laps. A lap count some in the bunch were determined to set a record for. Any idea of a 'neutral' first lap to bed the legs in were quickly

dispelled with speeds in the forties seen along the back section of the course on the first lap (one report has the speed hitting 50kph). Having well and truly shaken the cob-webs from the lungs, and a few riders from the bunch, sanity was restored late in lap 2. Too late for JC Wilson and Graeme Parker, who were both in their second race for the day and deciding that they "didn't need this sort of punishment". Brian Farrell, another to suffer from the hot pace, was able to claw his way back on only to get dropped again before recovering and then being dropped yet again.

With the return to e-grade race pace the usual suspects resumed their positions at the head of the field, Juanita Cadd, Peter Kronneman and a few others doing the majority of the pace setting, keeping it honest whilst Bill Upston and a couple of his Southern 'Rock Star' drinking buddies stirred things up a bit with caffeine fuelled rushes up the road. The bunch recovering the tearaways as the energy hit wore off. An enforced recovery lap around ten minutes from time as e-grade were confronted by a slowing d2 bunch who were in turn hot on the heels of a dawdling c-grade bunch allowed all in the bunch to restock the muscle glucose in readiness for the finish.

On the bell Rob Peterson made his way toward the front of the bunch but it was Andrew Buchanan who led the field into the last lap before swinging up to let the contenders through. John Thomson starting the sprint along Geddes St led the bunch through the last corner and into the run for the line. Rob, taking full advantage of the wheels he'd sat through the last lap, was too powerful for the rest, finishing clear of John who held on for second ahead of Tony MacDougall and Kenton Smith.

#### **f-grade**

The early stages of this race was peppered with small attacks. After a couple of laps warm up JC Wilson, Rob Malasecca and Stewart Jenkins set about launching themselves up the road at various stages, hotting up the pace in the bunch as it reacted to each move. Ronnie Stranks in the thick of it as he tried to cover each move and stay in the race.

Twenty minutes in Rob took a flyer up the right of the bunch and straight off the front, quickly gaining twenty metres. The punishment of the previous one-third hour telling; JC Wilson the first to react almost catching Rob's wheel, another four in pursuit and the rest of the bunch searching for the reserves that would get them back into the race.

A lap later JC's legs, and those of the four, had spent their reserves and it was Rob fifty-metres clear of the bunch and doing all he could to consolidate the break he had. The next couple of laps saw Rob's lead grow to over a hundred metres as the rest caught their breath and left him to the elements, thinking that the conditions would tire him out sufficiently such that they'd be able to pick him up with ease a little later. But as Rob's lead grew toward two-hundred metres the field started to realise the error of their thinking and started to panic. As the clock rapidly ran down the Eastern riders in the bunch; JC, Ronnie, Les McLean and the others tried to get the chase organised but with the Southern contingent not interested in helping they were fighting a losing battle.

With time rapidly running out and no impression being made into Rob's lead it was only a mechanical mishap that would deny him the win. On the bell the gap to first was insurmountable, the bunch slowing for all to consider their options. Oxygen deprived neurones take a little time to process the alternatives and it was not until they almost reached the last corner that things began to happen. It was J.C. Wilson who took off first - just before the corner, the rest

responding and in full flight behind him as it came down to the wire. The gap won by the surprise attack enough for JC to hold on to win the sprint for second, Les McLean thought he had third spot covered but was surprised to see Ashley Willox slowly slide past him in the last 3 metres to steal the money, the rest strung out behind.

## Results

	First	Second	Third	Fourth
<b>a-grade (12)</b>	Justin Davis	Michael Day	Rob Amos	
<b>b-grade (25)</b>	Grant Edmonds	Jeff McLean	Mark Withers	Anthony Gullace
<b>c-grade (21)</b>	Dean Jones	Rudy Botha	Peter Stanley	Harold Simpson
<b>d-grade (18)</b>	David Holt	Graeme Parker	Nev Williamson	Rob Harris
<b>d-grade (15)</b>	Geoff Mackay	Jake Jodlowski	Michael Pearce	John Harle
<b>e-grade (18)</b>	Rob Peterson	John Thomson	Tony McDougall	Kenton Smith
<b>f-grade (12)</b>	Rob Melasecca	J C Wilson	Ashley Willox	

## Officials

Thanks to Graeme Parker and Ronnie Stranks who were on the desk taking entries. Thanks to the helpers on the day; John Thompson, Murray Howlett, Neville Williamson, Ashley Willox, David Wolland, Neil and Sue Wray, Mark Granland, Phil Tattersals and numerous others who filled in so that rostered members could participate in the day's racing. 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

<b>Saturday</b>	<b>November</b>	<b>22</b>	<b>1:00pm</b>	<b>Yarra Junction</b>	<b>Omara Eastern 100</b>
<b>Monday</b>	<b>November</b>	<b>24</b>	<b>8:00pm</b>	<b>Maroondah Club</b>	<b>Monthly General Meeting</b>
Saturday	November	29	2:00pm	Dunlop Road	Make a Wish Foundation charity day
Saturday	December	6	2:00pm	Casey Fields	Graded Scratch Races
Saturday	December	13	2:00pm	Dunlop Road	Omara Graded Scratch Races
Tuesday	Nov 25		6:00pm	METEC	Graded Scratch Races
	Dec 2,9,16,23				
	Jan 6,13,20,27			<b>NB.</b> No entry to facility before 5:00pm	
	Feb tba.				
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	23	9:30am	National Blvd, Campbellfield	Graded Scratch Races **
Sunday	November	30	10:00am	Lancefield	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	December	7	10:00am	Avenel Road, Seymour	48k handicap
Sunday	December	14	10:00am	National Blvd, Campbellfield	Graded Scratch Races

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

## Victorian Veteran Cycling Council Program

--	--	--	--	--	--

## For your calendar

Date	Location	Event

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; - <a href="http://www.cyclosportifvic.com.au/page/events.html">http://www.cyclosportifvic.com.au/page/events.html</a>
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; - <a href="http://www.ringroadrideandrun.org.au/">http://www.ringroadrideandrun.org.au/</a>

## Other Results, etc.:

### Make a Wish Australia Charity Day – 29/11/2008

Eastern Veteran's annual charity day is on again. This year we are raising funds for Make a Wish Australia. Dunlop Road is again the venue this year, November 29 is the date and 2:00pm is the start time. All entry money will be donated to Make a Wish Australia.

There will be prizes and raffles so make sure you bring some extra money. We have some interesting goodies from Skoda including an autographed copy of 'The Rise and Fall and Rise of Mark Occhilupo' – signed by the big man himself. Also a copy of Russell Mockridge; 'The Man in Front' and a photo copy of "My World on Wheels" by Russell Mockridge (this is a very rare book and is for sale on the web for \$780 and \$920!!!!).

### Pyrenees Magic: (Nigel Frayne)

Saturday, Pyrenees Magic indeed. I decided to drive out that morning rather than sleep out so it was an early start - 5:30. It was hard to decide on food and climate so basically packed everything. As it turned out I only needed the arms and even took them off at the half way check point. It was a bloody perfect day for it, really. That said, the stiff southerly caused some concern and so I decided to immediately head for the front of the, I heard 170+, peloton. But there was no way I was going to sit on the front.

The wind stayed somehow front-on over the shoulder all the way, simply shifting from side to side as we completed the circuit. Like a great big Casey Fields ;-). That made for some tricky echelons but not too much pushing and shoving. Soon after leaving the city limits of Avoca there were over 50 riders in the front group until the pace quickened on a downhill section where some selection began. Once the road started to go up the pack thinned to maybe 20 then down to about 12 as we sped over each uphill rise until we reached Landsborough at the 46km mark. According to the brevet we were already 6 minutes up on last year. Strange as it didn't seem that quick.

Not too much mucking around there, quick piss and munch on some watermelon and we were away again. I had been fuelling up on muesli bars and my new secret weapon, Endura chocolate bars. Was also carrying 2 bidons, one water and a smaller one with Endura. We reassembled on the road and jockeyed for a while until a respectable pace was set up and about half of us started rolling turns. Yep, I decided to get in there and lend a hand. The main two workers were incredible - one very lithe looking guy who I was told was over 60! His turns were always longer than everyone else's and the pace was always strong when he was up there.

The tricky thing was making sure your turn wasn't too long as you approached a hill as there was inevitably a surge up each rise. I guess the Ballarat boys decided if you were going to sit on you had better be able to at least stick with the pace. But not many could. Over that section to Elmhurst (24km) we shed all but 8 riders and I was starting to sit on. We clocked in there some 4 minutes down on last year - interestingly. I'm pretty sure that was due to the stronger head wind this year.

From there we had to negotiate a quite narrow section which had been recently resealed and had 2 thin wheel tracks on asphalt between piles of light gravel from car tracks. The boys eased off the pace luckily until we were through that section. After receiving our 'Secret Control' stamp we doubled back to an intersection and turned for home. This extra section had been added to make up the 100km total distance. Some people turned too early and missed the control point - hence the required 'Secret' stamp.

As we climbed over the rise to get back to the main highway an idiot in a small car (yes it was an Hyundai Excel) with a dog hanging out the window approached us at some speed. Rather than give us a wide berth, like all the other drivers we encountered, this prick held his ground and with a bit of yelling we managed to shut down the echelon enough for him to squeeze through. !@#\$\$%

The last 30km was a hammer-fest, the Ballarat boys obviously sniffing home on the breeze. There were a few very dicey moments when I almost drifted off the back thinking, 'gee what am I doing in the scratch group?' As usual I couldn't let them go so buried myself into the red zone and clung on just constantly amazed at the strength of these old fellas from Ballarat. You'll be pleased to hear that Ballarat Vets has decided to also switch to Cycling Australia, so we won't be meeting them any time soon in any VVCC handicaps!

Once we were within 10km of home I decided to move up and do some digs - embarrassed at all the sitting on. We were down to 6 riders by now but even with that minimal protection it was a shock to hit the front and try to hold that 42 - 45kph. These guys had been rolling turns into that all morning! Needless to say I only managed two turns before slinking back to nurse my lungs.

When we finally arrived back in Avoca I was happy to congratulate the workers, mainly 4 guys, and a bit embarrassed to take the same time as them, 2hr 59min over the total distance of 101.1km at an average 35.2kph. Max speed was 67.7 (I hope clocked on one of the descents!) with an average CAD of 90rpm. Ride time was 2hr 52min so not much sitting around eating fruit cake!

All good fun and a bloody good work out for next weekend's Omara 100 race. I did spin out for a recovery ride down to Mordie on Sunday morning just to be sure the legs were fully cooked - another 74km in the 'bank'. Nice quiet week coming up this week I'd say...

It'd be nice to have some of you for company next year... ciao.

—<sup>o</sup>  
—\<,  
...(\*/(\*/

\*\*\*\*\*