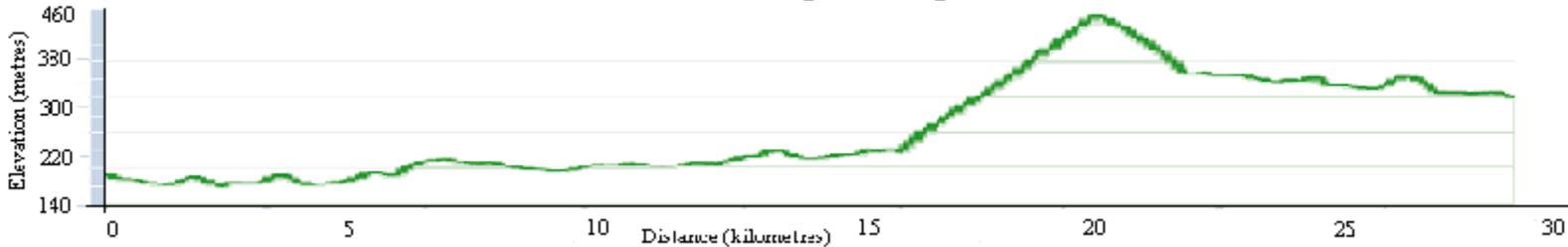


# Eastern veterans cycling club

Respecting the Rights of all Road Users

Newsletter October 17<sup>th</sup> 2009

## Yarra Junction – Club Championships – October 10<sup>th</sup>



### Race report

It doesn't get much better than it did for the Eastern Vet's Road Championships, 15.5°C with a gentle (4kph) south-easterly breeze.

Sixty-eight members came out to enjoy the conditions and pit themselves against fellow members in their age-group, d-graders against a-graders, a chance to see where they stood.

The course; Yarra Junction to Powelltown and beyond, a good testing parcours that is worthy of deciding club champions.

### Womans

I'm reluctant to call this a two-horse race but with only two contenders it was, a two-horse race.

Deb Chambers, admitting after the race that she wasn't feeling 100%, said that her plan had been to simply try and match anything Louise threw down in the way of a challenge and to preserve herself for the finish. A task that she achieved, despite the aggression shown by Louise through out the 60 odd kilometres of the race, Debby was able to respond to all attacks and stay in the race. At the finish Louise had spent too much throughout the race and Debby was able to ride away for a relatively comfortable win.

### 35-39

On the start line there were 5 riders, two regular a-graders; Justin and David Holt, a newly promoted a-grader; Damiano Ambrosini and the brothers Robinson - regular d-grade combatants. The lower grade riders requesting that the a-grade riders take it easy on them, pointing out that the yellow caps were a regular for them.

With no sense of urgency and content to let the brothers set the

initial pace the small group rode out at a leisurely pace. Damiano assisting the 2 lower grade riders at the front while Justin tried psyching David out, letting him know that he'd just completed a Gold Coast Triathlon - 1.8k swim, 90k ride and a 21k run, placing 4th in his age group .... without any training.

In what was either an effort to get away from Justin, or to show he wasn't intimidated, David rode to the front but Justin wasn't going to let him get away, the pace increasing as the three higher grade riders took control of the race. Matt and Brett, keen to complete the course let the other three go a couple of kilometres short of the climb in an effort to preserve their legs.

The lead three climbed the initial stages taking turns until Justin decided to test the other two with several sprints, David held his wheel and replied with some of his own, Damiano just held the wheel in front. Justin's last sprint, a couple of hundred metres from the top saw Damiano pop. It was down to two and Damiano had a long lonely ride to the finish. Over the top David and Justin nailed the coffin shut, rolling turns on the decent to make sure Damiano wouldn't have an opportunity to recover and catch up.

At the halfway point David turned first and after a few hundred metres realised that Justin wasn't on his wheel. It wasn't that David was going hard, the lead 40-44yo and 45-49yo groups had passed him, it was Justin goosing around 20-30 metres behind; something was brewing. David used the older groups to set his pace whilst waiting for Justin to enact whatever plan he was formulating. As the road turned upwards the lead group (45-49) upped the tempo and David got out of the saddle to match them. As David passed the intervening 40-44 year olds Justin went past him, and then the 45 year olds, as if they were weekend cruisers out for a ride on the Warby rail trail.

Justin's momentum carrying him clear of David before he had an opportunity to respond. David's delayed response tempered by the knowledge that Justin couldn't possibly maintain the effort and was sure to blow up. Justin, still out of the saddle, disappeared around the next bend and the next, getting smaller with each passing bend and cresting well clear with the 45-49 year olds between he and David, not to be seen again. David,

using the younger group as the carrot, descended alone and TT'd it back to the finish slowly losing ground to the older foursome as the energy ebbed. David rounding the last corner in time to see Guy Green cross the line ahead of his compatriots but with no sign of Justin.

#### 40-44

In what was the theme for the day the second youngest group set off at a leisurely tempo, the majority happy to follow the wheel ahead as they contemplated what was to come. Dean Niclasen, one of the initial pace setters, found himself shuffled to the back when Wayne Doherty had a rush of blood on the little undulations midway out to Powelltown, and then found himself with a gap to close going into the wooded section, a gap that d-grade legs were always going to struggle with. Wayne's actions seeing him off the front for a bit and Dean parting company as the bunch responded to reel Wayne back in. Dean completing the race solo.

A burst of speed by Peter Mackie after Three Bridges had him away for a bit and another lower grade rider in trouble. The bunch was down to ten and soon after it was nine as the bunch rode into Powelltown, Glen Pascall having parted company somewhere along the way was well off the back and looked destined to ride home alone also.

Out the other side of Powelltown and no surprises, the skinny guys and the a-graders skipped to the front, the not so skinny guys and the lower grade riders slipped to the back. The grasshopper form of Paul Wilson leading Boyd Friis, Anthony Gullace and David Anderson up and away from Ian Milner and Pete Mackie who had retreated into survival mode, Wayne Doherty was somewhere in between and the remainder somewhere behind. Struggling up the incline it came as no surprise to Ian or Peter when the fitter and lighter older blokes started coming through but when Glen Pascall powered past pushing a big gear as if he were Jan Ulrich climbing Ventoux there was a small 'wtf' moment.

Half way into the climb Boyd took control at the front of the race, Paul happy to let him set the pace for a bit. At the top the pair looked round to see empty bitumen behind, nothing to do but work together to ensure no heroic descent made it a three-way battle. At the turn it was the lead pair, Anthony alone but not too far off the pace, David Anderson also alone and about as far back again. Then Doug, Glen, Ian, Peter and the remainder all individuals and all requiring a mechanical ahead to improve their standing.

The lead pair weren't assured of their position and had to continue working together on the return to quash any chance of the two behind regaining the race. As the gradient increased over the last kilometre to the top Boyd took control again and Paul did what he had to to crest on his wheel. Centre of gravity may have been a factor or maybe fear or experience, whatever it was Boyd rode away from Paul on the descent to have 300m on him as they raced back through Powelltown.

It was now a race of individuals, none able to ease off for fear of being caught and losing a place, all pushing as hard as they could knowing there was still fifteen kilometres of undulating road between them and a cold beer. Over those fifteen

kilometres Boyd increased his lead to finish a comfortable club champion, Paul finishing second with daylight back to David who had caught and passed Anthony along the way.

#### 45-49

With twenty starters this had the promise of being a very good race. The initial stages not living up to the promise, a very pedestrian pace for the first couple of kilometres, until Guy Green dropped back to check out the competition then returned to front to launch the first attack of the race. An initial reaction saw the bunch tempo increase but common sense prevailed and things returned to a 'just above pedestrian' pace while Guy held a fifty metre lead, continuously looking over his shoulder to see if anybody was going to bite.

Eventually Tony Chandler bit, more than a kilometre after Guy shunned the group and around halfway to Powelltown. Tony only getting partway across before losing his momentum, and that's the way it stayed for a bit, Guy 50m up the road, Tony 25m, then the bunch - still not interested. But then the race hit the little rise before the dip and rise back into the wooded section - Nigel's spot. Nigel went from midfield and with Phil Cavaleri stuck to his wheel quickly closed on Tony, and with a call of "hup!" went by in quest of Guy's wheel. Phil jumping ship mid break, Tony failed to respond, Nigel closed on Guy and the pair slowly swapped turns awaiting Tony's arrival.

It never eventuated, an intervening truck interfering with the break and when Steve Ross rolled through it was obvious it was all over, the race was back together and going to have to wait for the hill to decide it.

It was a long line of twenty that rolled through Powelltown and onto the foot of the climb, a line that quickly became a bunch as gradient and gravity took hold. Surviving the initial 300m a semblance of order returned to the group, two abreast up the remainder of the first kilometre of the five-kilometre climb.

Refusing to go lower than the fifteen (39-15, I am learning - N.) and reluctant to reduce the cadence Nigel made his way up the bunch to assume the lead and pace setting duties. Maintaining a steady tempo the double line became a single line then a series of single lines. A couple of kilometres into the climb it was Nigel leading a group of eight, the usual suspects; Guy, Roy Clark, Tony, Mick Day with Phil Cavaleri, Damian Burke and Ian Harper hanging on. Other small groups scattered at intervals down the hill.

A kilometre from the top Roy took over the pace setting duties and upped the tempo a tad, Tony reacted by going that little bit harder, Roy responded, Mick had a plan and sticking to it stuck to Roy's wheel. Nigel flagged and those on his wheel were looking at a gap to bridge. Guy responded, rounding Nigel to join the lead, the others didn't and it was the elite climbing away to make it their race.

In sight of the corner before the corner that gave sight to the corner that was the summit Ian took over from Nigel who had to dig deep to hook on. Within sight of the top, the leaders still visible ahead, Phil jumped the chase group but failed to bridge as the leaders disappeared over the bump. Phil quickly caught by the other three early on the descent.

Four away, four chasing, the rest still to crest.

For the two lead groups the descents to the turnaround were done in tight rolling bunches, all working well together. From the chaser's vantage point the leaders were not sighted until the turn nor was there any sign of pursuit. Not until the turn were there opportunities to gauge the standings, and the signs were encouraging for the chase - the signs for the turn coming into sight before the lead car, the lead bunch (35-39yo) behind it and the 45-49yo break only just rounding the cone.

After the turn the two quartets quickly resumed their respective formations and set off back up the back of the bump. A hundred meters into the return, at the outer turn signs, the pursuit crossed paths with the half dozen white hats of its own pursuit; four and four and six and another group not far behind that, it was turning into an interesting race. The climb back up the back of the bump was done in much the same manner as the descent down, the two foursomes rolling turns to maximise opportunities.

Ian Harper had been chewing his handlebar tape in the chase so much that it had started to unravel. As the chase got to the bottom of the last pinch to the bump (just under a kilometre to go) Ian tried to put it to rights but only succeeded in putting himself into the gutter. The off road sojourn and the subsequent dislodged chain putting too big a gap between he and his ex-mates, Ian left to chase alone.

Up front the pace started to tell on big Tony who lost touch with the other three as the road kicked a bit, Tony pacing himself to the top crested around forty metres behind the lead three and descended strongly to be back with them by Powelltown.

In the chase the pinch saw the end of rotation and it was left to Nigel to set the pace to the top. Over the top and Nigel continued the pace setting duties down the other side.

The chase of the chase also suffering toward the end of the climb, Peter Shanahan being shelled from the five strong group. Dean Jones spending too much on the climb couldn't follow through on the descent allowing Rob Harris, Steve Ross and Kevin Starr to ride away. Rob and Steve doing a better job on the descent moved away from Kevin while Dean waited for Peter, the pair joining up to share the load home.

At the bottom it was four away and out of sight, three chasing, Ian Harper doing it alone, then two (Rob & Steve) with Kevin soon to join them then Dean and Pete followed by the rest.

While the lead four maintained a solid rotation the chase oscillated between rolling turns and TTT turns, Ian ITT'ed it and Rob, Steve and Kev bore down on him.

Gladysdale a two edged sword, not far from home but some leg-sapping bitumen to be crossed.

While the leaders continued to share turns Nigel had a go at shaking the other two on the outskirts of Gladysdale, no joy. And again on the last incline before the climb to the finish, again no joy, only resignation to lead the pair into the finish.

In the lead group Roy Clarke started the sprint early, Guy looked at Mick, the pair scratched their heads then Guy decided he'd better do something or Roy was going to get away with it. Guy bridged and sat on to recover despite Roy's warning that Mick was on his way. Tony's legs refusing to go with Mick. As Mick closed Guy opened up again and took off, Mick had the momentum to follow but was still chasing, Roy was caught flat-footed. And that was the way it finished, Guy taking the sprint from Mick, Roy following in third and Tony around five-seconds behind in fourth.

A minute later the chase came into view, Nigel still on the front, fifty metres from the line Phil C starts the sprint, Damian was quick to respond, Nigel left to ponder where they got the energy. The pair ignoring all pain and all cries from cramping muscles to stop fought it out to the line. Damian beating Phil by the narrowest of margins for fifth place.

A minute later Ian Harper rounded the last bend, five seconds later Rob, Kevin and Steve appeared and bore down on the lone rider, cruelly catching him just before the line.

Figures for the race; 56.8k in 1:33:38 at 36.4kph (winner).

## 50-54

It was a very sedate pace set on the journey to Powelltown, none prepared to burn the calories before they would be needed on the hill, a leisurely rolling over at the pointy end keeping the tempo comfortable. Trevor rolled right to the back at one stage but, given the size of the group, he was a bit concerned that when something happened, as it ultimately would, he might be too far from the action to get on board, so he quickly made his way back to the pointy end.

Nothing happened.

As the sixteen hit the hill there was a fairly quick re-arrangement of the order, the lighter, more experienced, and rested coming to the fore. Not far into the hill the inevitable attacks came; Frank Donnelly putting in the first, a move that halved the bunch, Gerard orchestrated the second, gaining a gap. It was decision time. Go with him, or stay with the safety of the group and (hope they) work together to pull him back. Trevor had been here before and wasn't going to die wondering, with Frank covering Trevor it was on. Rob Amos and Phil Thompson holding on the longest but it was soon 3-2-3, Nick Tapp, Quentin Frayne and Kevin Turley forming their own little working party behind Rob & Phil.

Gerard seemed happy to grind away at the front with Frank on his wheel (or Frank was happy to let his younger brother set the pace) and Trevor was happy to watch the pair and wonder how they managed to stay on the big chain ring. As the climb progressed the gap to the chasers grew but the chase grew; Nick, Quentin and Kevin closing in on and picking up Rob and Phil. Nick setting the tempo for the entire climb, putting most others into difficulty at some point, only a bit of handlebar tape nutrition getting Quentin back after losing 20m and Kevin also having to dig deep at one point to close a gap that threatened to have him chasing down the other side alone.

Up front and around two-thirds of the way into the climb Frank started to flag and a bit of a gap developed between the brothers Donnelly. Time for Trevor to re-assess this brotherly love thing, not much of a decision really, Trevor jumping into the gap, Frank finding a second wind and immediately grabbing the wheel. Toward the top Trevor suffered a fit of the guilts and offers to take a turn at the front only to round the bend to see the crest of the bump. The pair (Gerard & Trevor) then setting about swapping turns all the way to the bottom, Frank sitting just off the back giving them room to turn it over whilst still reaping the benefit of a slipstream. The group of five led by Nick Tapp sumitting a little later and setting off in pursuit

Finally the turnaround, Trevor calling a quick timeout for a drink (and a gel) before the little group set off on the return. A bit of a surprise for the leaders at how little space had been put between the break and the main group, but with Rob Amos in the chase group it shouldn't have been such a surprise.

Frank had found his legs by now and the three swapped turns all the way back up the hill until the pinch kicked in around 1k to the top when Gerard made another break; Frank not responding, Trevor caught out and a gap formed. Decision time again.... chase him down and risk blowing up, or stick with brother Frank and maybe end up back with the pack.

A quick conversation, Trevor promising to not beat Gerard in return for help to stay away from the chasing pack, Frank tossed up the options before agreeing but it was up to Trevor to get the pair to the top. So off they set, Trevor leading Frank to the top. As they crested Frank, true to his word, took the lead and set the pace, and line down the hill, Trevor holding on hoping Frank wouldn't corner too fast, Trevor, by his own admission, not being the fastest descender (despite the weight advantage – ed.).

The chase had started the return with hope but soon lost momentum with first Kevin succumbing to the required pace and then Phil Thompson running out of legs as the road took its final upward turn.

Over the top it was Nick, Quentin and Rob followed by Phil and Kevin. Having led the chase for the majority of the incline Nick retired to the back for some well-earned rest only to overcook the first right-hander, the recovery too slow and the resultant gap never closed (you wouldn't chasing Rob downhill) even though Rob's pace put he and Quentin behind a couple of motorcyclists which held up their descent.

On the road from Powelltown to the finish it was one, two, two, then a series of ones. On the straighter sections out of Powelltown the TFM colours of Gerard's kit were occasionally sighted by les pursuants une but that's as close as they got. Gerard's back disappearing around the next bend to be only sighted occasionally on the longer open stretches, not for the lack of effort on either of the chaser's part. Trevor beginning to question this whole blood and water thing as Frank was putting in equivalent, if not stronger, turns.

With ten kilometres to go it was unlikely Gerard was going to be seen again and the pair started to consider the possibility of themselves being caught as the legs became heavier and the

pace started to falter. Even on the longer straights there was no sign of any 'green hats' behind. Within the last two kilometres it was clear that, failing a mechanical, it was going to be Gerard then Frank and Trevor (or Trevor and Frank). At the 60k speed restriction sign on the outskirts of Yarra Junction, the gold medal decided, the spirit of the previous 56 kilometres was enshrined as Frank suggest that the pair sprint it out one on one and Trevor agreed. Side by side up the final hill to the finish line the pair went pedal stroke for pedal stroke (well they would have had Frank been pushing a smaller gear). The decision being left to the line judges, Frank by the proverbial tyre.

Rob rounded the last corner alone, having lost Quentin 3.5k from the finish, as Frank and Trevor crossed the line, Quentin finishing fourth

34.8kph with a maximum of 71.4.  
(Trevor Coulter)

### **55-59** (Nigel Frayne)

Okay so here we go, back to slogging it out against the old crusties in my own age group again. Unlike the Belgium World Champs this is the 55 - 59ers with none of those 50 year old young'ns. So who's gonna be the competition? At the sign on I run down 20 names on the list nodding as I go. If they all turn up there'll be 4 or 5 likely types headed by Rob Truscott, the erstwhile A Grader who easily beat me in the Summer Crit Champs earlier in the year. With respect to the others, he's the main dude.

At the start line I'm looking for the blue caps - where are they all? Seems to be a feature of our championship races that if you don't think you can medal you don't turn up to race. Beaten before they even begin!

Well the two younger grades (White and Green caps) turn up in force with 15 to 20 riders in each. Pity about our bunch of 4 riders! There's myself, Graham Cadd (regular e-grade rider - ed.), Zenon Gawronski and yes! Rob. It's gonna be a race after all but to be honest probably mano a mano, me against Rob. Well that's my prediction and I silently review my tactics.

The course includes a 4km climb @ ave 6% from 16km then turn around at 30km returning over the hill and home for a total of about 60km. The plan is to keep safe to the base of the climb then hit it hard and hope for a gap big enough to hold to the turn around then hit the return hills hard enough to increase the gap big enough to hold all the way home. Rob's too strong to contemplate any kind of sprint finish.

On a perfect clear and sunny afternoon we roll off the line and settle into a rhythm with Rob and me swapping turns. The other two chaps are panting already and when Rob puts in a push up an incline after about 5km the panting ceases. Sheizer, they're gone already. It's down to the two of us. Rob seems to be pushing a bit of pace and I'm wondering if he's thinking of tiring me out before the climb. He probably didn't hear about my 170km training ride last weekend ;-)

And so it goes for the next 10km until we approach the base of the hill. Even with those 16km in the legs I'm not feeling really loose and ready to go but this is it, no second chance, it's do or

die. Without leaving the saddle I try to relax the grip and pump them pedals in earnest. It's working and I'm pulling away. Up ahead I see some dropped riders from the 50-55 bunch and I set them as my mark. I pass them and there's more up ahead. Got them too! This is helping.

However after about 2km of this the body starts to complain and I fear I'm riding the edge of a bonk. Weird feeling. The legs are willing but the rest of the body is saying no. With a wave of nausea rising I'm loathe to try and consume a Gel. But I must do something. I ease off the pace and recover enough to down a swig of Gel and swallow a Snake whole (Snake = jelly-like glucose sweet). Wash it all down with a gulp of H<sub>2</sub>O and push on again. (average speed for the climb 19.08kph - I'll take it!)

The food intake works enough to get me to the top of the climb but I'm not sure how much of a gap I've pulled. Gotta flatten it to the turn around to be sure. The road undulates quite a bit so the speed is varying between 50s and 30s but it's all big ring stuff. I'm still passing dropped riders, now with both green and white caps. Feels good. Once around the turn I can look for Rob and try to gauge the gap. The various dropped riders makes it hard to pick him out but eventually there he is, powering along with 4 green caps hooked on to his wheel for the ride. I think it is probably just under a minute - only! Is that enough?

Fearing the return of the bonk I consistently consume the onboard carbs and press on each of the upward sections of the road home trying to eke out an advantage. I'm too scared to look back coz I'm already at the max judged against the distance yet to travel. On the outward leg the hill is a hill. This return section is a gradual climb with all these false flats and undulations which seem to go on forever. The speedo says 50 but I'm in pain then says 29 and I think I'm flying. I'm on the treadmill to Heaven but I'm being dragged backwards to Hell. C'mon where's the crest of that hill?

The forest seems to be thickening and is more lush and the road is winding upwards and I recognise the left hander that signals the crest of the hill. I dare to look back down. No-one! Bewdy, now all we need do is hammer down this 4km 6% without crashing on the two sharp right handers. The wind has picked up a bit and I find it hard to max out the 11T. But it's a good chance to get some air and prepare for the 16km time trial to come. The two sharp right hand bends are negotiated safely despite some worrying crunches of slight gravel on the apexes. Memories of the two recent slides down the road are pushed aside in the name of the quest for gold. The last bit of straight is the steepest and I hit the max of the day at about 66kph.

Okay, now it's all or nothing. No looking back, no thinking, no wishing or hoping, just working! I concentrate on getting the cadence back up near 100 but it's hard. The legs are complaining. I pass some other riders and one of them hooks on my wheel. It's Peter Mackie. I don't mind the company, frankly, and I realise he's the man with the keys to the drinks car so all the others will be eagerly awaiting his return. I can be a hero too! I'm on the drops into the slight head wind, or at least it feels that way. The speed feels good. Rob's gonna have to really work to reel me in but if he does I'm buggered

coz I've got nothing spare in the tank. What? I said, 'no thinking!'

I enter the zzzooonnnne. On and on it goes until suddenly I feel a wobble. Oh no! Flat! I look down, seems fine, I stand up and bounce on the pedals, it's fine. I realise there's a section where the stones in the tarmac have worn away giving an alternating smooth v's rough ride which plays with the trajectory of the tyres. These Conti 4000S's can't let me down now. I settle back into the zone greatly relieved. By this time I'm starting to smell the sausages! Is it Ronnie's BBQ or am I olfactorily hallucinating? Hallucinating!

There's no BBQ but there is a finish line in sight. I dare to look back to see if it's still the drinks waiter on my wheel and not Rob. It's Peter. Phew! I'm home. The drinks are on me!

Rob comes over the line perhaps only a minute down and I know he's made a race of it. The long departed Zenon has apparently dropped out and it's left to Graham to complete the course for a well earned bronze though it's a shame he didn't have company rather than just his own clock as his competition. Great day in the saddle - sun, not too much traffic, well organised event, good competition and a gold medal. Can't ask for more than that.

Stats:

Time: 1:47:23

Distance: 56.9km

Ave spd: 31.8kph

Max spd: 66.3kph

Ave CAD: 87bpm

Max CAD: 117bpm

Ave HR: Polar failed again! But I know it was in the red zone all the way.

## 60-65

As the last group on the road there was no pressure to push the pedals too hard - no spectre of being caught and passed by a bunch of 'oldies', consequently the first couple of kilometres resembled a Sunday coffee ride rather than a championship race. But then there was that hill to get over so any easy miles were a bonus. With a couple of kilometres under the wheels, the legs warmed up, the pace increased and the first casualty of the day, Brian Farrell opting to survive by maintaining a 'sensible' tempo rather than try to stay with the others.

As anticipated the hill was where it was going to happen and it didn't take long, the small group of five splitting in two; Richard Dobson, Martin Stalder and George Goodrope riding away from the jolly Harold Simpson and Ian Jolly. Halfway up George turned up the screws and implemented 'plan a' and riding away, Martin and Richard maintained tempo and a visual on the preceding George. Over the top George held 200m on the chase pair with Harold and Ian happy to ascend in their own time.

After the initial drop from the top Richard and Martin set about working together to return George to their midst - achieving their mission before the turnaround. After the turn the tail of the race crossed paths with the head, a long way back - the podium pretty much decided. The anticipated 'plan b' attack by George on the return climb didn't eventuate and the trio crested the bump as one, having passed a few 'young' riders on the way up. On the descent the experience told, Martin opening a small gap over the other two. At the bottom it was Martin followed by Richard not

that far back but no sign of George - a dropped chain necessitating a stop and no chance of regaining the leaders.

To be sure to be sure Richard and Martin worked together for the run back from Powelltown until the crowd gathered at the finish line came into sight. Martin started the sprint early, Richard had nothing with which to respond and only the hope that Martin had gone too early and would pop if he were to win gold. Martin may have gone too early but he managed to maintain the gap he had garnered in the initial surge to take the win. Richard followed for a well deserved second and George, ruing the mechanical that relegated him to third, rolling in a bit later.

Harold and Ian completed the course as did Brian, Brian spending the latter part of the race in the company of Graham Cadd, well except the hilly bits where Brian rode away up the slopes and Graham rolled away down them.

## 65-69

The elder half of the sexagenarians set off from Yarra Junction with Neil Cartledge at the head for no other reason than that he was first to the start line. Neil set a slow pace to Gladysdale when Bruce Hawker politely enquired if he could take the lead. An equally polite response of "be my guest", and the following surge by Bruce, signaled the end of civility for the day. As Bruce upped the pace and then Ted McCoy followed suit a gap appeared with Jimmy Swainston and Geoff Cranstone giving away a few metres. After Three Bridges, and a bit of effort on Jim and Geoff's part, the five were back together.

A flick of the elbow from Bruce indicated that somebody else should take a turn and Neil obliged. Before Powelltown Bruce again took control and led the quintet into the climb over the bump with Ted on his wheel. It was a perfect setting for the two renowned climbers to battle it out! Bruce decided he was going to go early and pulled away on the lower steep section leaving Ted, Neil, Jimmy and Geoff to climb together in that order. In the dappled sunshine of the climb the only sound to be heard was the laboured breathing of the foursome. Three-quarters of the way into the climb where the gradient eases and a new section of bitumen makes rolling resistance lower, Neil went around Ted and gradually pulled away.

With a couple of hundred metres to go before the summit, Neil started hearing voices. Was this the first sign of falling into an exhausted heap or were they the voices of Ted and company plotting to power past and leave Neil behind? Two wheels appeared climbing very quickly. Neil knew he could not match that, but then the white hats of the riders indicated they were not his pursers. The two younger men pulled away, still talking about the weather or some such mundane issue in the midst of Neil's painful focus. Ah what thirty years can do to one!

Over the top it was now a series of individual pursuits, Neil chasing Bruce, Ted chasing Neil, Jimmy - Ted and it would

have to be ridden like a time trial. More white hats went by and at the turn Bruce was away by more than half a kilometre from Neil with Ted & Jimmy a further couple of hundred metres adrift.

It was a long, lonely, tough ride all the way back to Yarra Junction, the return punctuated by more riders from the younger groups passing but none sticking around for company. At the finish Neil had taken back the majority of the gap that Bruce had taken on the run out, finishing a hundred metres in arrears. Ted finishing a similar distance back in third and Jim carrying the lantern-rouge.

## 70+

Age carries some benefits and with only two starters the officials decided to shorten the race for our most senior members sparing them the slog up the hill ("What was that?" said Ronnie, "We're not over the hill. Wish these young whipper-snappers'd talk more clearly" - no Ronnie, "you're not going over the hill."). But with age also comes responsibility and it was left to the two combatants to decide where the turnaround was to be (and to turn at the same place). The younger of the pair, Laurie Bohn, lamenting the small numbers but keen to test old Ronnie ("not so much of the old t h a n k y o u very much") Stranks' legs to the max.

With the starters Instructions; "Proceed to Powelltown and turn around when you feel like it", still fresh in their minds the pair set off to make that turn. Swapping off turns and maintaining a steady pace the two made their way out to their turn. Being the first group away they were soon passed by the stronger members of the younger age groups as they in turn rode away from their respective bunches and made their way out - over the hill. Words of encouragement from these young whipper-snappers well received.

Turning somewhere that seemed close to where we'd normally turn a race in Powelltown the pair set about the return. Not so many words of encouragement from the younger riders heading out this time, the determined looks on their faces betraying the focus of their concentration - that small hill ahead. On route to the finish words were not required; as one started to flag the other would take over in the hope to ride away but always there was that little bit left in the tank and the wily old man would slip into the slipstream of the other.

Through Gladysdale, up the last couple of rises and round the last couple of corners the two dived but it was to come down to a sprint, a sprint that showed no respect for age, Laurie having done enough on the road to take the sting from Ronnie's legs and the win by a narrow margin.

And as the winner summed it up "An enjoyable ride in excellent conditions. Who would want to be anywhere else?"

## Results

	Gold	Silver	Bronze
women (2)	Deb Chambers	Louise McKimmie	
35-39 (4)	Justin Davis	David Holt	Damiano Ambrosini
40-44 (10)	Boyd Friis	Paul Wilson	David Anderson
45-49 (20)	Guy Green	Michael Day	Roy Clark
50-54 (16)	Gerard Donnelly	Frank Donnelly	Trevor Coulter
55-59 (4)	Nigel Frayne	Rob Truscott	Graham Cadd
60-64 (5)	Martin Stalder	Richard Dobson	George Goodrope
65-69 (5)	Bruce Hawker	Neil Cartledge	Ted McCoy
70+ (2)	Laurie Bohn	Ron Stranks	

## Officials

Thanks to Keith Bowen and Ron Stranks who were on the desk taking entries. Special thanks to all those on-course led by Colin O'Brien the following ensured we had a good race; Kevin Mills, Thorkild Muurholm, Murry Howlett, Alan Hicks, Paul James, Daniel Ives, Ross Gardiner, Ben De Jong, Peter Howard, Darren Darling, Peter Grey (good to see him back) and JC Wilson. Also thanks to Richard Dobson who manages the duty roster and ensures we have enough people on the day for our races, to JC Wilson who brought the trailer along and Pirate Pete, back from holidays, who was on hand with the drinks.

**Note :** Members rostered for marshal or traffic control duties must be at the circuit at least one hour before the scheduled start time to assist with the setting up of the course. (but bring your bike, you just never know)

## Eastern Vets Program

Saturday	October	17	2:00pm	Steels Creek	Royce Bennet memorial handicap
Saturday	October	24	2:00pm	Killara Rd	Graded Scratch Races
<b>Monday</b>	<b>October</b>	<b>26</b>	<b>8:00pm</b>	<b>Maroondah Club</b>	<b>General Meeting</b>
Saturday	October	31	2:00pm	Casey Fields	Graded Scratch Races
Saturday	November	7	2:00pm	Casey Fields	Graded Scratch Races
Tuesday	Oct	20, 27	6:00pm	METEC	Graded Scratch Races
	Nov	3, 24			<b>Note :</b> No entry to circuit before 5:00pm
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	18	9:30am	South Gisborne	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	October	25	10:00am	East Trentham	Pig & Whistle handicap (44k)
Sunday	November	1	TBA	National Boulevard, Campbellfield	NVCA, Criterium Series, Race 1.
Sunday	November	8	10:00am	Pyalong Rd, Seymour	Chooka's Wheel Race (52k h'cap)

## Gippsland Vets Program

Sunday	November	8	10:00am	Kernot (Melways 512 S10)	46k scratch races
Sunday	November	22	10:00am	Kernot (Melways 512 S10)	46k scratch races

## Victorian Veterans Cycling Council Program

Sunday	October	24	10:00am	Camperdown	Bill Long Camperdown to Warrnambool	19/10 - \$20
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**Note :** Entries are to be on the appropriate VVCC Open entry form (available on VVCC website) and are to be accompanied by the requisite fee.

**Other Results, etc.:**

**For your calendar**

<b>Date</b>	<b>Location</b>	<b>Event</b>
18/10/2009	Melbourne	Around the Bay in a Day.
3/1/2010	Geelong	Amy's Ride -
24/1/2010	Bright	Audax Alpine Classic - <a href="http://www.audax.org.au/public">www.audax.org.au/public</a>
7/3/2010	Falls Creek	BV – Alpine attack, 230k. Registrations open 1/9/2009 - \$150 - <a href="http://www.bv.com.au/great-rides/42359">www.bv.com.au/great-rides/42359</a>
13-14/3/2010	Mansfield	SCODY High Country Cycle Challenge - <a href="http://www.bikeevents.com.au">www.bikeevents.com.au</a>
27/3/2010	Torquay	Great Ocean & Otway Classic Ride - <a href="http://www.supersprint.com.au">www.supersprint.com.au</a>

**Dateline Ballarat 11/10/2009**

Tony Chandler and Roy Clarke backed up their efforts in the Club Championships with a run in the Herald Sun Tour - Masters Support Crit, riding in a-grade. Forty minutes + 3 laps of a 1300m hot dog circuit in the main street of Ballarat. The wide median strip meant that riders could maintain a reasonable cornering speed, an advantage Tony took through the bottom turn on the fifth lap to open a 100m gap by the top turn. Continuing to ride hard Tony opened the gap to the field to almost the length of the dog and held it there to the finish some 20 laps later.

Roy took advantage of Tony's escape and saved himself for the sprint, outdoing all comers to take second.

Congratulations to both.

**Congratulations Debbie and Mark Chambers;**

Another Eastern Vets member has moved into the Bicycle retail and repair industry. Debbie and Mark Chambers have purchased the Kennedy Cycles shop with the intent of starting up their own business on the premises, they will be retaining the coffee shop aspect of the business as well so if you are down that way drop in for a coffee and maybe buy a frame or two while you are there. Settlement date is December 6<sup>th</sup> so keep your eyes open after this date for them.

Also on the same theme, Peter Howard has moved his Eltham Cycles business from the dark recesses of the plaza to a bright new location on the right of the main road just before getting into town (from Templestowe). It is a convenient location for those traveling to Steels Creek to drop in and buy a frame or two.

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