

Newsletter



Duty Roster

11 February, Casey Fields

John Thomson (R), Kelvin Stagg, John Eddy

18 February, Dunlop Road

Andrew Buchanan (RR), Ian Milner (TC), Rob Giles (TC), Ian M. Smith (TC), Russell Wheelhouse, Gary Leroy, Haydn Chapman, Ken Mayberry, Glenn Newnham, Graham Haines, Rob Suter, Barry Rodgers, Ken Allan, Owen Anstey

If rostered for duty, you must be at there at least 1 hour prior to start time. It's your responsibility to find a replacement if unable to do your duty, then advise Andrew Buchanan, tiptop2@optusnet.com.au

Editor: Nick Tapp

nick.tapp@detail-ed.com.au



By all accounts it was a stinker at Casey Fields last Saturday. Well done to all who braved the heat and the wind, including marshals, officials, first-aiders and Uncle Tom Coble. Six reports follow – four of them, from B Grade! Now if we could just spread some of that enthusiasm across the grades ...

This week we race at Casey Fields again. Racing starts at 2 pm and the registration desk closes at 1.45. Don't forget your tail light!

Membership renewal

If you haven't already renewed your membership for 2017, a link and full instructions are available on the Eastern Vets website. Go to Membership and scroll down to Renew. Your licence will be embedded in the email you receive from 'the system'. Print it out and take it to all races as proof of membership.



Another tenuously linked holiday snap with a bicycle in it (Chambéry, France). Anyone with pictures from racing or training rides is invited to send them along (JPEGs preferred) to brighten up our newsletter.

Graded scratch races at Casey Fields, 4 February

Grade	1st	2nd	3rd
A Grade (9)	Jean-Philippe Leclercq	Rob Amos	Phil Smith
B Grade (9)	David Richards	Mark Edwards	Peter Morris
C Grade (12)	Doug Page	Franc Tomsic	Hylton Preece
D Grade (10)	Craig Stannard	Colin Mortley	Ian Smith
E Grade (5)	Ron Stranks	Graham Haines	Clive Wright
F Grade (3)	Tony Lateo	Rod Goodes	Mike Lynch (Gippsland)

A Grade

Nine riders in A Grade, a good number for a hot and windy day at Casey.

Straight after the neutral lap, the first attack was launched, and no surprise this was from Phil Smith. I was watching from the back, with mainly Phil, Roy Clark and Rob Amos mixing the attacks. Reason for staying at the back was to watch race developments but, more than this, was to test my legs following a stomach bug I had earlier on in the week, was not sure if I fully recovered.

After 10 minutes of racing, I could see a break was going to happen, so I moved a bit towards the front. After approximately 15 minutes, Rob took off (in the headwind section). I watched, let him go a little bit and then I went as well. It took me almost a lap to join Rob. Damage was done, Rob and I were working together, and it felt like 'déjà vu'. Paul went as well just after me but I understand he came back to the bunch. After a few minutes, we had a good gap of 100 metres.

Behind, the seven riders attacked each other and turned into two chasing riders, Phil and Roy. Rob and myself were working hard but could see Phil and Roy coming back on to us. It was tough with that hot wind, really tough. Phil managed to join us (no idea how he managed on his own – machine man on a bike!), but only on the last lap

(I remember Phil's face as the bell was ringing).

The last lap was a cat and mouse game between the three of us (which was probably good for Phil so he could recover a bit from chasing for approximately 30 minutes). It ended up in a sprint on the last straight. I got 1st, with Rob 2nd and Phil 3rd.

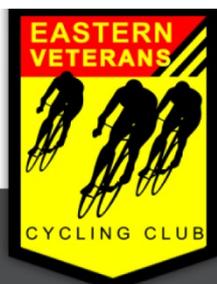
Good racing from all (and stomach bug has gone away with the Casey hot wind).

Jean-Philippe Leclercq

B Grade (I)

A very hot and blustery day greeted us out at Casey Fields. Today was running the course in reverse to add a bit of spice. What did that mean? Well, not a lot as it is a course that has plenty of right and left hand bends anyway. Just meant we would have to be smart about our choices.

We rolled out with approximately 10 in B Grade. Not a big field but a spirited one. After a four-month sabbatical from racing I did not know what to expect. It was a field with some previous strong performers, including the strong and dogged John Thomson, Col Doherty, Chris Ellenby and the wily Peter Webb. All of them capable of taking the melted chocolates. We rolled out for a neutral lap and I was immediately chastised for rolling a little more exuberantly than the handicapper desired,





so I rolled off the front after the first lap.

We settled in with several sticking their noses into the wind, while several didn't, too. I found my way back to the front a couple of times to see if we could raise the heat in the kitchen just a little, but I was not good enough to cook anyone. Racing was fairly casual at this point, with no one really wanting to attack. Perhaps the heat was a deterrent. Perhaps the wind was a deterrent. Perhaps they were thinking of being in a cooler place.

Then Mark Edwards decided to charge off. I had a bit of a look behind. It was only halfway into the race – maybe a bit early in these conditions. Yeah, but my preference is to be out in a break, rather than try and win from a stampede at the line. I looked again and no one was prepared to chase. OK, well, I'll go and enquire what Mark's up to. I charged across to Mark and informed him I came alone and it was time to get on with things. Mark worked really hard. He took his turn and pushed on.

We quickly established a gap and I told Mark I felt the rest were now racing for 3rd. At this point Mark said he was done and needed to go back to the pack. I said, 'Rubbish, lets keep going'. Another two laps and Mark repeated his statement. I thought to myself, yeah, lets roll back to the bunch – but they were a fair way behind now, having obviously decided that we were both candidates to go to A Grade. I backed off a little as I wanted Mark to finish with me. A further two laps and Mark repeated his statement for a third time. At this point I said, 'No, you deserve to be up here and, by the way, you started this with your attack!' Mark's response was that it was only supposed to be a teaser.

It was so hot that the tar on the cracks was shifting under my wheels. I looked back and the chasing bunch was further back. Two more laps and we got the bell. Mercy, obviously, due to the marshals not wanting to remain in the heat. We continued as we had for a number of laps, Mark working very hard. As we turned the final bend I managed to find a little more push in my legs and finished just ahead of Mark. First past the post but that was not my thinking before the race.

Satisfying that the training I had done was moving in the right direction. Pete Morris got across the line for 3rd in the bunch sprint.

Thanks to all the marshals and officials, but most of all to the other riders in B Grade.

David Richards

B Grade (II)

I'm a bit soft for bike racing. I'm not sure how I got into it. My wife really likes me out of the house and is always hinting I should go racing on Saturdays, but something's always not right – the weather, the course, the form, the gear, the ticker.

Casey looked promising. The Friday prediction was warm but OK, with mild winds, so I thought 'Why not?' Why not turned out to be too hot and fire-danger winds, but at least the fields were smallish.

The last two times I was at Casey, everyone's amigo Spanish Dave Richards spun away with about ten minutes left. I thought Sanchez might be worth watching. Besides, we both have a daughter named Hannah, what are the odds? With sneaky Chris Ellenby ever lurking to time trial away if a half a chance loomed, and a honed-down, toned-up sprint king Webby and other strong riders in the field, I thought this might be a hang on and hope.

After a race pace warm-up lap where we careened into the back of A Grade, the early pace was on, Colin Doherty on the front for team CCW and others rolling turns. The into wind bits were nasty at the back and we were all bobbling about in the spongy bitumen edge repairs wondering how we might keep this up. After a while it settled a bit, it got so cruisy I even took a turn. Then a thought: a little tester might be good as no-one seemed really interested. Usually my breakaways have the effect of breaking me before the others, but this time, as I was crying into the serpentine wind thinking 'Why?', young Dave cruises up, soft pedalling, says, 'Just ride tempo', and lets me sit in. Dave hasn't been racing much but my guess is he's been riding a bit. His tempo riding almost broke me (he eased back a couple of times). I





think one or two were trying to come across but that freight train had left the station and we eased further and further away. I was very keen to do my bit and took my turns on the downhill, downwind bits!

We were driving so hard we cruised by the C Grade bunch with a number of strong blokes who beat me every Wednesday at the Loop. Sanchez was on a mission

Even though we were well ahead, I was spent and I pleaded with the marshals for the bell each time past the post. Finally the bell came. I offered Dave the win (like I could do anything about it), he replied with a kind offer as I had made the break by riding solo for about 200 m. In the end Dave eased down to let me past but I could only just pedal up the slight hill for 2nd. The warm-down lap seemed endless. I see Pete Morris came 3rd, sprinting at the end can't have been easy, well done.

Afterwards I felt stuffed – I was stuffed. A few people including the medics were a bit concerned and plied with water and carbs as I apparently looked so spent. Thanks to everyone for the concern and help. I felt OK, just completely gone.

I went to the Springsteen concert that night. A great concert, Helen told me, but I don't remember much. I did fall asleep at one stage.

Thanks to all, the volunteers and officials and especially Dave. I wanted a solid hit-out and I got one! Tip – if you see Dave go, jump on and hang on if you can. A Grade can't be far off.

Mark Edwards

B Grade (III)

Everyone loves to hate Casey, and with the temperature climbing toward the mid-thirties, and the wind on a steady increase what is there to love? The heat I can handle but the wind is another matter – especially at Casey. A few of the usual culprits had not been sufficiently deterred by the elements and presented at the registration desk as did I only to find that Mark Edwards had taken my number. After a lap of the car parks, I found Mark and we rectified the errant number situation.

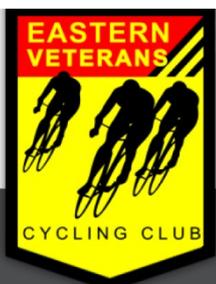
A clockwise Casey course was new to me and felt very alien in the warm-up! Nine of us lined up in B Grade, a sprightly neutral lap was had and a couple of strong and steady laps by the likes of Colin Doherty and Dave Richards definitely got our attention. The first and ultimately decisive attack came at about 25 minutes from Dave with a very attentive Mark Edwards on his tail.

The usual 'early race indecision/apathy' prevailed in the bunch with no one keen to chase. In my typical impatient fashion, I just couldn't live with that. I rolled to the front, upped the pace and before I knew it I was on limit and in no-mans land, with the two up the road only 20 or 30 metres in front, but not having the umph to bridge those last few metres. Dave and Mark didn't seem too interested in company and in a hot fog I surrendered and rolled back to remains of the peloton. The heat, wind and pace had already taken a deadly toll. Mark and Dave worked well together and maintained a good gap. A sea-breeze transformed a difficult wind into a sadistic banshee and it was evident that the dwindling peloton wasn't catching anyone.

I managed, with the best of my limited ability, to stay in the draft with only a couple of turns prior to the bell lap. Webby and John Thomson kept us at an uncomfortable pace and with the 'returning to form' Chris Ellenby making life difficult for all with the inevitable late race surges. The bell rang and, up ahead and out of sight, Dave got over Mark for 1st and 2nd, respectively. Meanwhile, I found myself on the front. This was not an ideal situation, so I dropped the pace – even more so when I was slapped by the block headwind two turns before the finish. Thankfully John, for some reason, took over and led out around the final bend, with me glued to his wheel. He wound up seriously through the sweeper, but couldn't sustain it up the hill to the finish. I sheepishly slid by him to claim 3rd.

It is a pity Mark and I sorted out our numbers before the race, otherwise I could have claimed 2nd! A harsh race in harsh conditions, chapeaux to Dave and Mark, thanks to all helpers and players.

Peter Morris





B Grade (IV)

There was only one way to describe the conditions at Casey on Saturday: hot and windy. I don't know how many started in B Grade but I know only six finished. The neutral lap was led out by Dave Richards and Colin Doherty, an ominous sign for the real race as the speed was not much off race pace.

The first to attack was Peter Morris. As soon as we got him under control, John Thomson clicked up a couple of gears and accelerated, but the pack was straight onto him. The race settled down a bit with Dave Richards doing long turns at the front and some in the pack starting to suffer with the heat and the pace. I saw Pat Healy come back into the pack after what I can only assume was a mechanical problem, but he dropped out soon after.

At about the 40-minute mark, Mark Edwards took off and opened a 45-metre gap. Dave rode across the gap and now the rest of us were in trouble. Peter Morris tried to cross the gap but ran out of steam after about a lap and a half and rejoined those of us who were still in the race. Peter Mackie disappeared and Colin Doherty also slipped off the back. Our group now consisted of Chris Ellenby, Peter Morris, John Thomson and myself. We did rotate turns but the gap just kept getting wider and 1st and 2nd place were out of reach for us.

When the marshals mercifully rang the bell, I was glad that I only had one lap to go because I had just lost contact with the chasing group. Dave won the sprint for 1st and Mark came 2nd, with Peter Morris winning the group sprint for 3rd. Well done to all who competed in very trying conditions.

Peter Webb

C Grade

Crit on the spit

For the four dozen silly sausages who participated, there's simply no need to regurgitate just how sizzling racing became last Saturday at 'Casey Fries'. There were many reputations at 'steak'.

Franc 'Footy' Tomsic asserted his appetite early in C Grade, by turning up the heat into a moderate NWly burner, shortly after the neutral lap. Except for yours truly getting the chop (Oh well, I can always fry again next week), most managed to remain in contact until a prominent rider decided to dig in even a little deeper than last week's brazing at Dunlop Rd.

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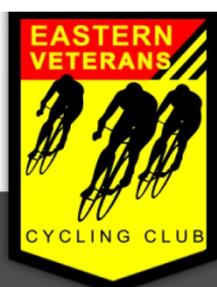
If you're confused about the above statement, it's because I was left gobsmacked on the sideline upon witnessing Doug Page's mid-race solo breakaway. Doug managed to haul a quality field of opponents over the coals, and by the dinner bell had established an unassailable half-lap gouging of sheer mouth-watering proportions. Well done, Doug, for making a meal of it.

In an 'unpresidential' sprint for minor table placings, Franc out-kicked Hylton 'Hot ... el' Preece for 2nd by a couple of skewers, which wasn't a bad effort given his earlier drafting distribution.

Congratulations to all who competed, let alone completed this grilling on the barbecue. Some of us ended up a bit overdone! Hats off to 'Head Chefs' Nigel Kimber and John Thomson for their vigilant oversight and preparation of the cooking surface.

Ironically, the following day at Casey in the AWFL, a rain- and wind-battered game had to be temporarily suspended due to adjacent lightning strikes.

Peter Gray





Tuesday racing at METEC, 7 February

Grade	1st	2nd	3rd	4th
A Grade (13)	Richard Abel	Chris Hughson	Peter Howard	Jean-Philippe Leclercq
B Grade (9)	Peter Morris	Ian Smith	Darren Rutherford	Doug Reynolds
C Grade (16)	Haydn Chapman	Darren Woolhouse	Darren Smith	Sam Bruzzone
D Grade (9)	David Casey	Rob Lackey	Colin Mortley	Ron Chapman
E Grade (3)	Paula McGovern	John C. Wilson		

Wednesday criterium at the Loop, Kew, 8 February

Division	1st	2nd	3rd
Division 1 (17)	Chris Munro (CV)	Ian Clark (N)	Phil Cavaleri
Division 2 (16)	Mark Edwards	Phil Thompson	Chris Ellenby
Division 3 (8)	Peter Gray	Neil Cartledge	Davina Calhaem
Division 4 (7)	Frank Lees	Barry Rodgers	John Eddy

Future events

Eastern Vets

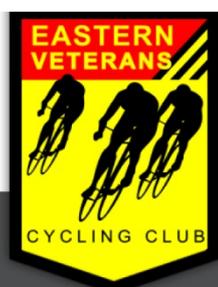
For other events, please refer to page 1 of this newsletter, or go to <http://easternvets.com/roster/> .

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

For more details go to www.northerncycling.com .





Training rides

Day/Time/Place	Route	Style
Sunday mornings Beach Road Ride. Leave 8.00 am sharp. Meet at Peanut Farm Reserve, cnr Blessington & Chaucer Sts, St Kilda	Ride along Beach Rd to Frankston. 10 min stop. Then ride back to St Kilda (approx. 65 km)	Social ride, coffee back at St Kilda
Saturday mornings (7.30 am) and Sundays/public holidays (8.00 am) Meet at Ringwood Clock towers, Maroondah Hwy, Ringwood	Maroondah Hwy to Carlton for coffee, then return	Fast social

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