

Newsletter



Duty Roster

11 March, METEC

John Thomson (R), John Williams, Tom Leaper

18 March, Dunlop Road

Richard Dobson (R), Mal Jones (TC), Steve Short (TC), David McCormack (TC), Rob Lewis, Peter Howard, Russell Newnham, David Pyne, Peter Ransome, Ron Chapman, Phil Cavaleri, Andre Weber, Troy Drinan, Stewart Jenkins

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, tjtop2@optusnet.com.au

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By all accounts, Casey Fields turned on the charm last Saturday. Which is to say, turned off the wind. There's another crowded house of race reports inside. Thanks to all our contributors.

This week we are at METEC, 112 Colchester Rd, Kilsyth. Racing starts at 2 pm. Please do not enter the facility before midday. Depending how many turn up, grades may be split: A, C and E Grades would then start at 2 pm, and B, D and F at 3 pm. Tail lights are required.



The view from Rob Suter's tail light at METEC on Tuesday evening. Rob has about 10 minutes of footage, which he may make available through a hosting site – details to be confirmed. Note, though, that (unbeknown to Rob) onboard cameras are not permitted during races under AVCC rules. Mark Edwards also shot some video (from the roadside) at Yarra Glen recently, and hopes to do more.



Graded scratch races at Casey Fields, 4 February

Grade	1st	2nd	3rd	4th
A Grade (10)	Jean-Philippe Leclercq	Phil Cavaleri	Perry Peters	
B Grade (12)	Mark Edwards	Chris Ellenby	Colin Doherty	
C Grade (16)	Ken Saxton	Paul James	Peter Gray	Rob Devolle
D Grade (10)	Michael Allen	Nick Hainal	Colin Mortley	
E Grade (7)	Mark Granland	Jim Swainston	John Eddy	
F Grade (4)	Clive Wright	Rod Goodes	Barry Beachley	

A Grade

The usual Casey guys were there, and straight after the neutral lap, the attacks started. Phil Smith and myself were pretty quiet as the attacks were more coming from the other eight riders with some hurtful ones from time to time. I was kind of more watching than acting, moving in between back and front positions, and sometimes jumping on a mini break, leading to nowhere. This was basically how the race was going, almost turning into a kind of cat and mouse race from time to time.

Towards the end, Rob increased his attacks, made a decisive attack in the last 10 minutes which put him up the front on a solo session for a few laps (had a nice 150 metre gap, which was looking good for Rob but not for the group). Phil 'the Machine' decided to push harder on the pedals, driving the group behind him and, unfortunately for Rob, he was caught back.

Two laps to go was announced and we were all back together. The average speed was dropping, you could see the sprinters getting excited/happy and putting themselves already towards the front. Considering the strong sprinters in the group (Steve, Perry, David, Phil Cavaleri) I was not confident with my sprint today (plus, I am anyway not a 'pure' sprinter, but an 'average' sprinter, or


maybe 'good' when on a good day but still not as quick as the 'pure' sprinters) and could not see myself placing in this race.

So, I worked out quickly a little plan and I thought I should take off midway in the last lap, and hopefully surprise the nine riders. This was a bit of a gamble, but was my only chance to secure a top-3 place. I worked it out in my mind, knew where/how I would take off, and was patiently waiting for the right time. I remembered doing something similar a few years ago at Casey, in B Grade, and winning by 1 centimetre (photo finish). If worked in B Grade, then it can work in A or even Z Grade, does not matter which grade!

Anyway, we were now in the last lap, I positioned myself on the right-hand side, mid bunch, had to be there, felt right for a frog. The moment came, precisely at midway lap location, gears already shifted to right ratio, adrenaline kicks in, quick discreet look under the right elbow (so I don't collide into someone having same plan) and suddenly I give a big kick in the pedals. Here we go, I was off the saddle, full gas, immediately thinking, 'Are they on my rear wheel or they are watching each other for a few seconds and giving me a few free extra metres?'

Within 50 metres I noticed the gamble had worked, they let me go, but I could see some





riders were starting to react. I was pushing those pedals like a maniac (translation: frog legs screaming and HR through the roof) as I knew they could still catch me back. On the long back straight, I thought, 'OK, very little chance they catch me now'. On the last finishing line, I was relieved, no way would they catch me. I was happy with this one, my little improvised plan worked perfectly.

Group finished in a sprint, with Phil Smith 2nd and Perry 3rd. Good racing again from all riders at Casey.

Jean-Philippe Leclercq

B Grade(I)

Wednesday at the Loop – a great way to break up the non-working week. Racing is tougher now that Keith has rejigged the grades, that hill is going nowhere. Last Wednesday I got into a cruel two-man break with Chris Ellenby, the aim being to break the field. Unhappily for me, I broke first and got sucked back into the pack while CE powered on unperturbed for a cruisy win.

Facebook told me Chris was enjoying some quality time in Queensland so I thought Saturday at Casey might be worth a go, only to see him in the car park 'come back specially' and I'm like damn! but still keen to have another crack. Around Christmas I bought a Rotor power meter from Mick and the boys at Croydon Cycle Works. Since then I have had a bit of a lift in form, perhaps due to realising I am way right-sided and stomp down way too much. Those mesmerising left-right numbers have allowed me to experiment, change my style and see what happens. I think I have got more glute involved, driving by rotating the hips slightly rather than the feet. Of course it could be a placebo effect, or just wanting results from spending \$\$\$\$. Anyway, it feels like I can stay fresher for longer and not go into a blind panic whenever someone launches.

Back to Saturday. Easy warm-up, friendly first few laps until someone cranked it up for maybe two laps (perhaps Franc), then the continuous early solo attacks from Geoff O, Smithy and a big one

from the big fella. I reckon if someone can stay away solo for an hour they deserve it (and a promotion) so I just wait and see, hoping either to let a short break dangle to exhaustion or failing that others will make the chase. Webby and Pistol Pete usually obliged, with the in-form P. Morris hauling back break after break, lap by lap, hauling about 10 of us each time.

Now, my favourite riding book (everyone who has read its favourite riding book, actually) is Tim Krabbe's *The Rider*. Page 19 quote:

Bicycle racing is a sport of patience. Racing is licking your opponent's plate clean before starting on your own. Lebusque will stay out in front for kilometers. Where would we be without Lebusque? Lebusque doesn't know what racing is.

With about 15 minutes to go I see Chris interested and thinking about getting involved. Hmm, this is gonna get serious. So four of us get a gap up the finish hill, a working gap, a workable gap, just work together, and everyone relaxes for a moment to form up and roll, but Chris watches underarm, sees three bike lengths of fresh air and goes again. Check. I'm hanging on to Pete's seat post, willing him to bridge but he's spent from all those honest chases so I have to jump across alone. Chris has no option but to roll turns and wait for me to fade, it's happened before often enough. We rolled those turns so hard it had that nice kind of pain. We rolled up to A Grade, and for a couple laps went past, behind, around and about until they got serious and J-P sped off.

By now it was clear we could ease off but we didn't, we saw one get a fair way across, I was wondering if that was a good or a bad thing but when I looked back to check he was gone. At the bell we eased off, sat up, chewed the fat, maaate, decided to wax the money, all the time keeping a very careful watch-and-feel brief. I kept thinking Chris would slide back and go long as he is stronger than me but usually not quite as quick. We rolled all the way to the last corner before Butch and Sundance–style clicking and kicking, and I was happy to take my first win for years, then returned to see Colin Doherty edge out Martin Peeters.





Thanks to everyone. I love racing.

PS That night we had most of our Saturday morning Beach Road crew round for a barbie. I left the envelope on the bench in a studied, nonchalant spot, so casual I moved it from the fruit bowl to the desk and back, sagged and sighed and said how tired I was and waited for the 'So how did you go?' question. Finally Dazza (the only other racer though they all could and should*) asked. 'How did I go?!' Well, they got the looong version, pedal by pedal, until they slumped over.

* from the opening paragraph of *The Rider*.

Hot and overcast. I take my gear out of the car and put my bike together. Tourists and locals are watching from sidewalk cafes. Non-racers. The emptiness of those lives shocks me.

Mark Edwards

B Grade(II)

With ideal weather greeting us at Casey Fields, a reasonably good sized B Grade group ensured that the racing was going to be pretty quick. On the neutral lap Franc Tomsic, in his second B Grade race, reminded me of the first time he raced in C Grade. At the time I also was in C and once the racing sped up I allegedly said to Franc, 'Welcome to C Grade!' Frank was looking for some advice on who were the ones to watch, which I duly offered, forgetting to mention myself.

Not long after the neutral lap finished, John Thomson and I tried to get away. This was soon closed down and racing seemed to go along without too many notable attacks occurring. Franc did a fair turn on the front and was looking good. Ian Smith attacked and I went with him but this also didn't last very long. Soon after this Franc got dropped and, as we rode past, I said, 'Welcome to B Grade!'

As we got into the second part of the race the attacks started to get serious, with Peter Morris and Paul Semmens doing most of the hard work to bring them back. Ian Smith and Doug Page were alternating attacks with Geoff O'Loughlen causing some damage. Finally, as usual, Chris Ellenby

attacked and only Mark Edwards could go with him. They quickly established a good break. Doug tried to get across but was left in no-man's-land for about a lap. We of the 'non-organised' chasing group were losing ground to Chris and Mark on every lap so we resolved to ride on in the hope of getting 3rd place. Peter Morris went off the back after doing a power of work. Doug Page again tried to ride away but I was having none of that, so we worked to bring him back.

The bell rang for us about 90 seconds after Chris and Mark got the bell. As we came into the last corner, Martin Peeters accelerated and Colin Doherty responded, just pipping Martin on the line for 3rd place. As for the leaders, I believe that Chris tried to get rid of Mark a few times, but Mark hung on and outsprinted Chris to take 1st place.

Peter Webb

C Grade (I)


I've been coming to Casey Fields for several years now and on Saturday the conditions were sublime. The best I have ever experienced, with little wind, clear blue skies and a pleasant 28 degrees.

Sixteen of us started and after a few quiet laps the attacks started. Rob Suter, Rob Devolle, Kym Petersen, Steve Barnard, John Pritchard and others all had a go on the front. With each attack the punch would respond and close it down.

Generally the race pace was really solid for the first 50 minutes but there were some times when momentum was lost, when second wheel decided not to take a turn. While this may have been frustrating with corresponding fluctuations in speed, it also provided a fantastic opportunity to attack. I know, having taken advantage of the temporary confusion at the front of the pack a couple of times. Leading out and establishing a good break only to be hauled back into the pack a lap later. However, all this fun must have been too much as the pace did tend to fall away over the last 10 minutes, which would have pleased the sprinters no end.

On the bell lap, Rob Suter took the lead, increased the pace and strung the group out in single file.





John Pritchard took over coming into the back straight and I'm thinking I was in a good position at third wheel to roll wide on the final corner for the sprint. But halfway down the back straight Paul James came from the back of the pack, flew past, caught us all napping and established a good gap. I immediately went up a gear and was straight out of the saddle. By the final corner Paul's lead was down to about four bike lengths. Still out of the saddle, I could see I was slowly closing the gap.

Paul began to tire in the last 50 metres and the gap shrunk but the finish line was getting closer and closer. Neither of us could make a call as to who won as we crossed the line. There was absolutely nothing in it, so a special thanks to the officials who called the final places of Rob Devolle 4th, Peter Gray 3rd, Paul James 2nd and myself only just taking the chocolates. Thanks for all for a great race in great conditions.

Ken Saxton

C Grade (II)

A conversation with Grant

'How did racing go on Saturday?'

'Good', was my initial response. 'I finished with the bunch, 3rd place actually', I added.

'So all those time trials to the milk bar did you some good after all.'

'Yep, you might say that.'

The fourpence change in my pocket at the age of 12 years was certainly a great incentive to better my previous time when my father asked me to fetch a packet of Benson and Hedges from the local shop, about 400 metres from home.

I was puzzled he should ask me anything about cycling, let alone competition! Dad was always tinkering with cars and things but I don't recall him having paid much attention to sport of any kind.

'Well. What happened?'

'Okay!'

About 16 of us started the C Grade race at Casey Fields on a pretty nice day for riding. I wasn't

expecting to be at the finish based on the last few outings, so I just tried to remain sheltered in the middle of the bunch.

The pace was fairly high for the first 20 minutes or so. Can't recall exactly who was driving the pace, maybe Andre Webber, Paul James and Rob Devolle, but I do remember we were catching up to B Grade.

'I felt like I was flying by the seat of my pants!'

Dad could relate to that last statement. During WWII, he joined the RAAF and was assigned to Squadron 33 in PNG as an aircraft mechanic. The mechanic was often the first to go up in the aircraft after maintenance. A great incentive to get the job done right – the first time!

We didn't catch B but I don't think they lapped us either. Rob Suter surged, raising our speed just as a passing manoeuvre by A Grade began. Eventually he backed off but it nearly spelt the end for me.

About halfway into the race, my rear tyre punctured at the very furthest point away from the finish line. I could feel the rear end slip as we rounded a bend and asked Andre to look if it was flat. The reply from him was predictable.

'So did you finish the race on a flat tyre?'


'Nup.' Race referee Nigel Kimber asked if I wanted a lap out to fix it, although I think it really took two laps. Last time I punctured at Casey, it was just before the bell, so no chance that time. I rejoined the group at the rear and followed Andrew Buchanan for some time, then slowly worked my way towards the front. Kym Petersen did a lot of work at the front during the second half. She's a pocket dynamo.

'You're telling me you race against women!'

'Yeah, sure! Kym's an awesome competitor but doesn't offer much in the way of drafting 'cause of her petite framework', I continued.

Stephen Barnard on the other hand is much better to follow, especially when he's about to initiate an attack. Greg Harvey was doing a turn on the front at the time Steve took off, so I immediately jumped





onto his wheel. Steve kept up the pace for a couple of laps but found himself leading on the bell with no one prepared to help out.

Things were so sedate on the final lap, I forgot what the objective of the race was. There was a mad scramble about halfway down the back straight. Ken Saxton and Paul took off and weren't challenged again, with Ken just a nose in front on the line. Rob D. looked a certainty for 3rd place but, after getting stuck in traffic, a clearing opened up for me on the inside of Greg, so I took full advantage of it to take the minor place, leaving Rob 4th.

'So, that's the way it unfolded.'

'Good effort, Son. Hope you can make it 1st place next time.'

'Where are you going?'

'I've got to see a man about a dog.'

Dad often used that excuse when he wanted me to stay at home.

'See you after your next race.'

I gazed into the darkness of the bedroom, reached for my mobile phone to check the time. It was 1 am on Tuesday morning, March 7th. Dad's birthday. He would have been 99 this year.

Peter Gray

D Grade (I)

Casey Fields – windy, everyone says. No wind at home and pleasantly surprised by the lack of wind on arrival. That was good news.

Next task was to get through the handicapper unscathed. As I have not done a lot of racing it seemed to be a good time to have a go. After some interesting negotiations with Nigel, I was able to collect a yellow colour.

After some warm-up laps where it was noted that there was some breeze out there, we all waited for the D Grade call-up to the line.

Finally off we went, all 10 of us. As we commenced the neutral lap, everyone having a chat and questioning how many coffees had been

consumed prior to the start! it was interesting for me as, while everyone else seemed to know each other, I really only knew a couple of riders and had no idea as to their form in crits.

The first few laps there were a couple of surges from various riders – Nick Hainal, Zenon Gawronski, Craig Stannard and Geoff Cranstone. Paula McGovern was also riding strongly during these laps of the circuit. I kept thinking, 'Stay away from the front', which I managed to do, taking particular notice of where Colin Mortley was as I felt he was a very experienced racer and I could benefit from watching his movements. My history on the few occasions I had raced was that somehow I always ended up on the front for far too long, much to the appreciation of all the other riders in the race.

The pace during the first half of the race was reasonably comfortably until all of a sudden Craig Stannard took off– and did he take off. Thinking, 'Do I stay put or go with him?' my attention turned to see where Colin was. Ahhh, he had gone too in a split second, so I decided this could be serious, and off I went to join Craig and Colin. The pace was on for a lap, during which we lost Paula, and as it happened the pace slowed and the rest of the group caught up to us. So a group we were again.

It was during the second half of the race that Max Michelson went to the front and led the group strongly for a number of laps. A few more surges, a few more sprints, but the group stayed strong together. Again, all the time, I kept saying to myself, 'Stay away from the front'. Clearly I didn't listen to myself and as it happened on the third-last lap, there I was out the front riding with Max. As pleasant as it was riding with Max, I knew it could get very interesting, and the words of Keith Bowen kept ringing my ears: 'Don't be on the front on the bell!'

Max and I continued out the front and during the second-last lap Max asked how I was feeling. Now, it was at Yarra Glen last week that Max asked me how I was, and when I said 'Not too bad' – he took off and dropped me! So today I replied with 'Never better!' It was during the second-last lap there were voices from behind





asking for a good lead-out. Not knowing who could sprint and who couldn't, it was a little tense for me, as the group was still together.

On the bell Max and I were still out the front of the group and as I went past the bell, there was Keith, shaking his head as if to say, 'What you are you doing?' The tempo started to increase and as we entered the back straight for the last time Max and I started to increase the pace. As we approached the final corner and not knowing who could do what, I thought 'It is now or never', so I took off out of the saddle and sprinted to the line, hoping that no one would come flying past.

As luck would have it, no one came flying past and I was fortunate to cross the line in 1st place, with Nick and Colin finishing strongly in 2nd and 3rd, respectively.

What a good group to race with, thoroughly enjoyed it.

So thank you to all the D Grade riders in the group and, of course, the officials on the day.

Michael Allen

D Grade (II)

Great day for racing at Casey with only 10 riders. Still made for exciting racing with the lead changing several times. And the bell lap brought the cream to the top with Michael Allen sprinting for the line and powering away, and Nick and Colin taking placings. Which made for another great day at Eastern Vets.

Max Michelson

E Grade

Our numbers were back up to seven this week, which added a bit of variety. Ed Holmes made his return and Mark Granland made his first Saturday appearance for a long while. The ever cautious Barry Ellem asked me, before the race, 'How does the bearded bloke (Mark) go?' I replied that he was like most of us: when he's fit, pretty well, and when he's not, pretty ordinary. Well, he gave us an exhibition at the end as to how well he is going!

I was very relieved to see that J.C. Wilson wasn't among us as he has proved adept at detaching me up the finishing straight hill. We really just rolled turns for most of the journey with a couple of little jumps, so as we got the Nigel-powered bell our bunch still had seven combatants. Ed Holmes was happy to lead us along at a solid tempo until everyone got toey about 300 metres out. Mark hit the pedals hard at this stage, coming from the back and controlling things up the straight with a bit of daylight to the rest of us.

John Eddy was in a handy spot around the corner, while I had got boxed in and had to wait for a clear run. John wasn't going to surrender easily and I just got over him.

Barry Ellem had done a considerable amount of work in that rather effortless style of his while Ronnie and Tony Lateo contributed to the smooth working of the bunch.

Thanks again to all involved and, fortunately, no dramas. Great to see the Clubhouse operating again!

Jim Swainston





Tuesday racing at METEC, 7 March

Sorry, no results from METEC this week.

Wednesday criterium at the Loop, Kew, 8 March

Division	1st	2nd	3rd
Division 1 (10)	Shane Miller (G)	David Holt	Phil Cavaleri
Division 2 (12)	Peter Morris	Roman Suran	Nick Tapp
Division 3 (14)	Steve Barnard	Russell Wheelhouse	Andreas Weber
Division 4 (6)	Michael Waterfield	Barry Ellem	Frank Lees

News etc.

Wheels for sale

Fulcrum Racing Speed 35 mm carbon tubulars including new Schwalbe One tyres – near new

\$1100 neg.

Beautifully light, versatile full carbon wheel set. Used a few times racing – pristine condition. Rear tyre never ridden, front used a couple of times. Glued by Josh at Cecil Walker Cycles. Includes brake shoes with near new SwissStop BR-BO500 pads for carbon rims, Fulcrum skewers, wheel bags. Campagnolo 11-speed freehub body. Pick up Clifton Hill or can bring to a race. Alison 0427542100.





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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