

# Newsletter



## Duty Roster

### 22 April, Club Criterium Championships, Casey Fields

Tony Curulli (R), John Cochrane, Barry Ellem

### 29 April, Dunlop Road

Richard Dobson (R), David Brown (TC), Nick Hainal (TC), John Macleod (TC), Michael Allen, Jim Swainston, Paul James, Mark Wallace, Rob Birch, Davina Calhaem, Liz Randall, Peter Bracks, Alison Skene, David Bunning

*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](mailto:tiptop2@optusnet.com.au)*

Editor: Nick Tapp  
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It was a big weekend of racing, with graded scratch races at Yarra Glen and, for a number of Eastern members, a trip to Maryborough for the Australian Veterans Championships. Look inside for race reports from both venues.

This Saturday it's the Club Criterium Championships at Casey Fields, open to Eastern members who have completed at least three club races (on Saturday, Tuesday or Wednesday) since 1 November last year. Entry is free and closes at 1.45 pm for a 2 pm start. Tail lights are required. Best of luck to all.



Susan Williams (far left) and Margaret Noonan (far right) after the women's road race (55–59 and 60–64) at Maryborough. Photo supplied by Susan Williams



## Graded scratch races, Yarra Glen, 15 April

| Grade        | 1st                | 2nd               | 3rd                | 4th           |
|--------------|--------------------|-------------------|--------------------|---------------|
| A Grade (6)  | Peter Howard       | Richard Abel      | David Moreland     |               |
| B Grade (16) | Doug Reynolds      | Nick Tapp         | David Anderson (N) | John Williams |
| C Grade (6)  | Russell Wheelhouse | Rob De Bernardi   | Andrew Buchanan    |               |
| D Grade (9)  | Craig Stannard     | Colin Mortley     | Ken Allan          |               |
| E Grade (9)  | Alan Sandford      | Andrew Rutherford | Barry Ellem        |               |

### B Grade (I)

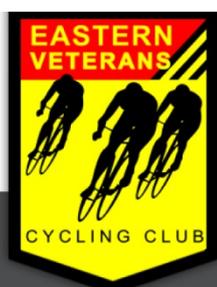
B Grade was the only group to crack double figures this week at Yarra Glen, with 16, which made for good racing and meant there was a fourth envelope to battle for. The field was a real mix of mountain goats (Doug Reynolds, Paul Semmens), a couple of dangerous sprinters (Perry Peters, Dave Pyne), a bunch of strong all-rounders (Dave Anderson, Anthony Gullace, Mark Edwards, John Williams), some big strong blokes who were probably pining for the flatlands (Rob Suter, Doug Page), and some others I don't know well enough to pin even a dodgy label on. No Pete Morris, who was on the finish line, counting laps, and no Dale Maizels, who was off winning her age group at Maryborough. Doug R. was the form pick, having ridden away from us all to win by a country mile last time here. I wasn't feeling great – nerves, believe it or not – but it was a superb afternoon.

In the end it was a really good race – if you like that sort of thing, I suppose. The first half was animated by repeated attacks. Gooch was the first to give it a try, but there were various other attempts involving him, Franc Tomsic, Doug R., Doug P., Greg Foster from Northern and others, and then a good one from Big Dave (A.) and Little Dave (P.) that lasted a couple of laps. I eventually bridged across after the finish line and caught them at the foot of the climb on Glenview Road. By the time I drew level, they were sitting up and waiting, not for me but for the

bunch, so I kept going and put in a gap up the hill. It was no surprise when Doug R. joined me across the top, and we worked together briefly, but it all came back together down King Street into the headwind.

Six laps to go – halfway. Between each attack/chase and the next, the pace dropped right away. I rolled to the back for a breather. Of course, Doug now went again, up the hill, and only the two Daves could go with him. This trio quickly gained 50 metres or more and looked dangerous, so I launched off the crest after the dip, chased hard across the top and got on at the turn into King Street. So far, so good. I sat in and recovered my breath down the hill and along the straight, then rolled through and joined in the work after the rise to the finish. This was good. Everyone was contributing – though Doug was clearly the benchmark – and I thought the break had a good chance to succeed. Then a fifth shadow appeared on the road, and a look behind confirmed it was John Williams, who had put in an impressive effort to get across the widening gap and in the process left Mark stranded, unable to stay with him.

So it went as Pete counted down the laps. We kept up the work, and even lapped Doug P. and Franc, before the A Grade sprint swept by as we were about to take the bell. Around into Glenview Road for the last time and, right on schedule, Doug hit us at the foot of the hill. Big Dave tried to go with him, I





swung onto his wheel, and John was still with us, but Dave Pyne cramped and was gone. Dave flagged and I took over, but very quickly had to make a choice: blow up or ease up. Doug was away. Now it became tactical. I couldn't see us catching Doug, but credit to Dave and John, who worked hard to control the gap, then both in turn ran out of steam, leaving me the last one standing. Normally it would have been too far out to sprint from, and Doug was already at the foot of the rise, but he appeared to be getting slower and kept looking behind, so I gave it everything. We were both dying up the hill, and Doug was dying faster, but he hung on to cross the line, a worthy winner, as my front wheel was overlapping his back one. Dave and John got 3rd and 4th, and Dave Pyne must have been swallowed up by the bunch since I see that Perry was next across the line.

Well done, all, on a good, safe race, and thanks to the day's officials and helpers.

*Nick Tapp*

## **B Grade (II)**

If anyone remembers me saying I had rolled into a bit of form, please scrub that and replace with this.

Saturday at Yarra Glen, perfect, pretty, fresh but not cold, air but little wind, grapes on the vine, cut grass. Oh, what a beautiful day. And no Ellenby, who was off at the Nationals. What could go wrong?

No real pace in the roll to the start but I was uneasy. First few laps it was a struggle up the hill, a few of us laggards at the back exchanging moans and groans. It got gradually, slowly, a bit harder. At 86 kilograms on an SR5 with Aeolius wheels, I could just roll to the front down the hill. I had a chat to Doug Reynolds: 'You nearly snapped the band back there.'

'Just a softener', he said, and I had a bad feeling. The 'this is gonna hurt' feeling.

Another lap, a bit longer stretch of the rubber band, then it snaps back. Next lap, a BIG stretch of a sun-faded, hardened-up old band and a few of us are G-O-N-E. It's awful. You can see it happening but you can't do anything. Nick Tapp waits a decent

time, then heads across. Then John Williams, fresh from weeks and weeks of rest after a cruel NZ stage race, launches to cross but I'm on him. Take me there, Johnnie, getting a free ride across, sweet. But wait, what's happening, how is he going across, working, and I can't keep up? Hello legs, are you there? Wake up, this is happening like now.

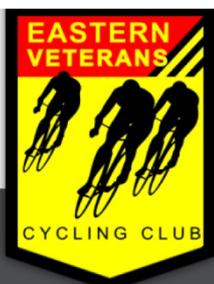
Anyway, John's gone, I can see him bridge. Oh well, at least I am ahead of those slowcoaches back there. I'll just roll around and hope the front group slows. I can do this. I look around, no chasers in sight. OK, solo to the finish, just maintain form and rhythm, how hard can riding a bike be? Everyone can do it!

So I'm freewheeling down the hill, full tuck, breathing, relaxing, then five roll straight over me up the rise. WTF? They weren't in sight. OK, just ride around with this lot, we also-rans, maybe some little honour in the sprint for 6th with my gorgeous wife cheering on the embankment.

Bloody legs, wouldn't do a turn, couldn't go. I've read about lactic acid, the burn. What kinda sooks can't stand a little leg burn? My ticker always blows up first, ticker then lungs, bruised ribs from breathing so hard, but the legs are always there. But they hurt, bad, and my back is sore, and I can't hang on up the hill. They give me encouragement, hang on Mark, but I can't.

OK, it's just two and a bit laps. I'll finish this. I'm no quitter. Just you watch. I'm heading for the finish line, 125 bpm down the hill, can't get anything to work, hating everything and everyone, and it's just too hard. I'm even hating myself as I dismount and have to walk up the baby hill to the car, Peter Morris on the line, marshalling, with his smug 'you poor weak b.' face on, but Helen, she's there, she says well done, gives me a hug and I feel better, well enough to lie down in the grass anyway.

Meantime there's a race on. Real hard men. Last lap, Doug Reynolds comes into focus way ahead, touring to the finish, thinking about his speech. He looks around, sees Nick Tapp coming, and decides to pedal. Tappy is still coming, it's gone into slow-motion replay now, up the hill. Doug digs, Tapp flying, the line closing and Reynolds wins again,





this time by a lot less than last time. I'm thinking about becoming a sponsor now.

Dave Anderson (Northern) an honourable 3rd and an exhausted John Williams, he of the normal weight brigade, a heroic effort for 4th. Well done to all. I've got you on my list.

Another group next, too good for me, too slow to credit, but I did see 'Pops' John Thomson in there? Like, seriously, isn't anyone at the nursing home paying attention? How does he get out?

Last night, I was never going to race again. Oh, the shame and the pain. But today, 24 hours later, I'm back keen as mustard. Off the bike on hols for a month or so in about three hours from writing this. Should pick up 15 kilograms and lose 40 per cent form. Vietnam, LA, Vegas, road trip with my son through the countryside in a rented Mustang. I'll be in a purple cap next time. Look out, Clive and Co.

Thanks to everyone. Another great race. The most fun you can have sitting down.

See yas all.

*Mark Edwards*

## **E Grade**

We rounded up another healthy number of nine starters for our outing at 'the Glen'. No kangaroos or equestrian events and not many cars made for a pleasant outing, just the hill to get up. Quite a diverse group, with Alan Sandford down from Malmesbury and looking a picture, Ray Watts made it this week but lots of work to put in, and JC having a break from the rigours of D. The penny finally dropped and I remembered Emma Anderson from previous years. The old faithfuls were Clive Wright, Barry Ellem, John Eddy and myself, with the youthful Andrew Rutherford also in the mix.

First time up the hill and we were all intact with the exception of Ray, but next lap JC went a little harder and I parted company. The peloton must have been overcome with kindness as I regained the field. As we got four to go, we were intact minus one. The rest of the race may well be a phantom call as the next time up (three to go) I parted company for the duration.

I managed to be at the finish line to watch our grade come in. 'Sandy' sprinted as if it was a flat course and won clearly, while Andrew Rutherford collected a good 2nd and Barry Ellem picked up a deserved 3rd. The course had taken its toll and it was quite a strung-out field that came in behind them.

Reports indicate that Maryborough was very successful and our riders did well.

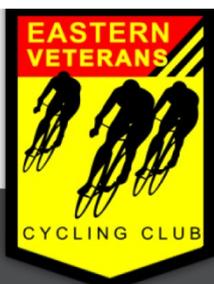
Thanks to all, especially Nigel K.

*Jim Swainston*

## **And from the far corner ...**

I feel it's a honour to do your turn on duty as other club members do for me when I'm racing. My marshalling spot was down the far corner, sharp right-hand turn coming back up. I took this photo before the race started – the great day it was and what a great place we have for one of our road races in the Yarra Valley. Congratulations to all riders on the day. Cheers, Max

*Max Michelson*



## Australian Veterans Cycling Championships, Maryborough, 15–17 April



Jean-Philippe Leclercq (in Eastern knicks) waits at the start of the men's road race (45–49). Photo: Susan Williams

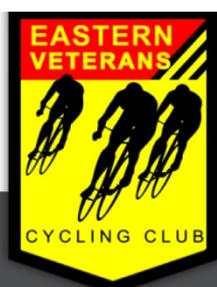
Eastern members achieved great success at Maryborough over Easter. Congratulations to all who competed, especially the following:

### Women

- Kym Petersen, Road Race 1st, Criterium 1st (40–44)
- Dale Maizels, Road Race 1st, Time Trial 2nd, Criterium 1st (50–54)
- Anna Davis, Time Trial 1st (50–54)
- Susan Williams, Time Trial 2nd, Criterium 3rd (55–59)
- Margaret Noonan, Road Race 1st, Time Trial 1st, Criterium 1st (60–64)
- Liz Randall, Road Race 1st, Time Trial 1st, Criterium 1st (70–74)

### Men

- Phil Smith, Road Race 1st, Time Trial 2nd (50–54)
- Russell Newnham, Road Race 1st, Criterium 1st (55–59)
- Roy Clark, Road Race 3rd (55–59)
- Laurie Gates, Criterium 3rd (55–59)
- Ian McGeoch, Road Race 2nd (60–64)
- Rob Lewis, Criterium 2nd (70–74)
- Dan Ives, Road Race 1st, Time Trial 2nd, Criterium 1st (75–79)
- Keith Wade, Time Trial 3rd, Criterium 2nd (75–79)
- Rod Goodes, Road Race 2nd, Criterium 1st (85–89)





### Men's road race (50–54)

Maryborough conditions were warm with little wind, not what I wanted on a new flat course. I was hoping for some strong crosswinds, that would enable me to drop the wheel suckers!

Country riders made up much of the bunch, and in looking around for allies I could only see Steve Ross and Michael Hartman (Northern) as friends in the bunch. The first 5 kilometres of the race was slow as everyone was getting a feel for the bunch. The biggest threat in the bunch seemed to be the Laffy brothers, and I was expecting team tactics from these two! It didn't take too long for Kevin and then Neville Laffy to put in two attacks in quick succession. Nev's attack was just before the climb into Dunolly, and this put a few riders in the hurt locker. Steve Ross was attentive and followed Nev's wheel and I bridged – with some difficulty – and the three of us suddenly had a 50 metre gap. We put in some hard turns, but the flat downhill roads to Dunolly seemed to favour the chase and we were all back together as we rode into town.

The race settled for a while. I put in a few brief attacks that were short-lived, and immediately after this Kevin Laffy attacked – with nobody in pursuit! Kevin got a good gap in no time and the bunch were indecisive about chasing. I patiently waited for the bunch to up the pace, but after a few kilometres, I decided that this could be game over, and took it on myself to do the chase. It took a good 5 km to bridge to Kevin. I rode in the gutter as much as possible but was giving a free ride to riders on my wheel and the following riders were not sharing any responsibility for the chase.

I put in a few more attacks, to try to lose riders in the crosswinds but the bunch was all together at Dunolly. It was after the Dunolly turn that I was planning one more serious attack. On a crest I put in a hard attack and finally got a good gap. It was a brash move – a solo break and I had 16 km of straight roads where I was visible to chasers and riding into a slight cross/headwind. I got myself into time trial mode and surprisingly I started increasing the gap. I maintained this and increased my margin to the end, eventually winning by 40

seconds. Was pleased to see Steve Ross finishing strongly in the sprint, he was blocked by traffic but still managed to come in 5th.

*Phil Smith*

### Women (40–44)

*A tale of twos*

This is a tale with two of everything: two accommodations, two cars, two kids, two races and two medals.

It has been 13 years since I last raced a national level event. This was before kids, in the days when time seemed to be plentiful and not in such short supply. Plenty of time to race, train, recover when you needed to, even put the feet up. 'Why stand when you can sit and why sit when you can lie?' was the motto I was to follow as a bike racer.

That particular AVCC event was held in Evandale and Longford in Tasmania. It was my first big event and I trained hard for it. I was in the 30–34 year category. The road race was my pet event and for about two years my focus was entirely on this. I was lucky to come away with a gold in the road race and two silvers in the TT and the criterium. Shortly after this, I stopped racing and we started our journey of trying to expand the two of us to three!

Fast forward to Maryborough in 2017, and this time I would contest the road race and the crit. TTs are no longer on my radar, mainly due to not having enough time to train in this particular discipline. Plus, I really detest them and always have!

I travelled up by myself on the Friday and Liz Randall kindly offered me a room at her palatial three-bedroom villa, not far out of town. She was there with her son Alex and four bikes between them. I arrived late afternoon and registered, then set about preparing the bike and gear for the morning's racing. The family would follow on the Saturday afternoon.

*Road race (60 km approx.)*

This was shortened to around 57 kilometres due to the inability of the organisers to get some key permits I believe.





My group, the 40–44 women, were combined with the younger group of 35–39 year olds. As it turned out, there was only one of them! Her name was Jude. In the back of my mind I knew she would not feature prominently with the workload, nor work with our group, as all she had to do was finish the race and she would medal.

There were five starters in my age group and together with Jude we all set off. It was all very civilised, with each of us rolling a turn. Having not raced any of these women before, I was unsure how it would unfold.

I did a fair bit of Googling of my opposition the night before and was wary of two of the women. One of them, Tamara, who has had a lot of success out at Northern and seemed to be a handicap specialist, was certainly going to be one to watch.

My initial plan was to suss out this first hill and put the hammer down to shake off any excess baggage. As we approached, though, I needn't have worried as Tamara did the job for me. I was sitting at second wheel when she took off and I comfortably stayed with her as we managed to drop two of the women on the climb. From that point on, there were four of us and things drastically changed. I sensed some unspoken teamwork from two of my opposition and, considering the fourth member of our 'peloton' was the 35–39 year old, I knew it was going to be tough. The top three in my age group were all present and I could tell we were equally motivated to cross that finish line first.

Each time I took a turn at the front, I was attacked. The civilised manner in which we rolled turns was no longer. It was either that or they would try to leave me hanging out the front. I worked this out very quickly and so instead of rolling regular turns I decided that I'd do about one in three. I was not going to play nice any more. This definitely frustrated the girls, but as I was the one being worked over, it was up to me to turn it around and change my tactics!

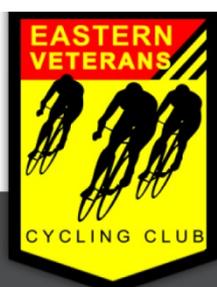
With about 10 km to go, I was expecting a flurry of attacks, but they never eventuated. I didn't want to

be the one to initiate this as I wasn't confident of staying away – particularly considering the wind had shifted and was not at all favourable to me. So we continued to roll turns and with 5 km to go, despite being on the front, I worked particularly hard on my positioning and tried to conserve myself for an uphill sprint. No one was coming through, so I virtually brought the group to a standstill! I sat up, had a drink, stretched the legs and generally stuffed around. Eventually someone came around me, probably from boredom!

Thankfully, Liz had taken me out to the finish line in the morning so that I could ride the last 400–500 metres and plan what I would do, should it come down to a sprint. I had picked out posts on the side of the road and committed them to memory – these were the landmarks I'd see and take off. I then practised my sprint, working out how long I could hold it.

This really played to my advantage as, with about 1 km to go, the pace picked up and I was so fortunate to be in fourth wheel. I couldn't have scripted it better. As we rounded the final corner and the road started to rise, Jude decided that she would lead out proceedings and took the gutter side. Unfortunate for her, as this was where the wind was coming from. My two rivals, one in front of me and one to my left now, also started to wind up. For good measure, I stayed to the right of one of them to box her in, then I stepped out and went for it. I sprinted as hard as I could up that hill and couldn't sense anyone near me so just kept it going. I crossed the line about 3–4 bike lengths in front and was rapt! It was a hard-fought and, honestly, quite a negative race with the tactics, but in the end it definitely played into my hands as I do love a sprint!

I phoned hubby to tell him the good news and he was only about an hour away from Maryborough – the Griswalds were nearly in town! Once Adam arrived with the kids and camper trailer, we set everything up and tried to be organised with all the gear – not an easy task! Our campsite was the smallest I'd ever seen, our neighbours within arm's distance! That evening we joined everyone at the Highland Society for dinner and the presentations.





### *criterium (30 minutes + 2 laps)*

Fast forward to Monday (as I scored Sunday off through not being involved in the time trial) and it was time for the crit. My race was not scheduled until 2.50 pm so we had plenty of time to pack up and check out of our accommodation, and lots of down time. We spent it having coffees (tea for me) and morning tea locally, then headed down to support fellow Eastern Vets riders in their races.

For some reason, I was incredibly nervous this whole weekend. I built up the races in my mind and planned for all kinds of scenarios and possibilities. It just meant that I didn't eat as much as I usually do, and I didn't sit down and chill – which I know I should have. Need to manage this a bit better going forward as it can be quite detrimental to your performance.

This certainly showed as my heart rate on the start line at 2.50 pm was 119 bpm. I knew that the two women I had rolled in the sprint on Saturday would be out for revenge. Again, we combined with another age group, but this time it was the one above, the 45–49 year olds. There were four of them, plus our five, racing this time. A total of nine.

As we set off, we were told the first lap was neutral. This gave me a chance to appreciate the wonderful, newly poured hot mix. The whole circuit was superbly smooth and just a pleasure to race on. I came to the front once we'd completed lap 1 and took off. Time to shake it up a bit. Round the back straight and into a slight wind, it would be hard to stay away, but I wanted to test the others. As it turned out, the two conspiring ladies were at it again. One of them looked behind that much, I was tempted to yell out, 'Yes, I'm still here!' Her mate would take off, we'd all give chase, then the look behind again. I approached this race quite differently and sat on the front. A lot. I wanted to be on the offensive this time and make them work. If they wanted to attack, I'd be ready. Thirty minutes goes by damn quick and before I knew it, we were getting the '2 to go' board. It was shortly after this that I thought it time to get off the front! I'm not sure if it came down to good race craft or perhaps some of them with a lack of crit experience, but again I

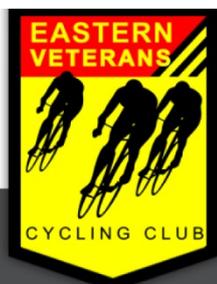
got myself into fourth wheel on the bell lap. Again, we had three in my age group, plus another from the 45–49s. With the finishing straight slightly downhill, I was a tad concerned that my two opponents had more rolling mass than me (quite a bit more) and might get over me in the sprint. But I had to back myself. We came around the top and final corner, and I didn't hesitate nor wait for anyone else to go. I took off. I actually realised that I started my sprint at the crest of the hill and was slightly freaked, and impressed at the same time, when my front wheel lifted. HR shot up at that!

Again, I gave it everything and sprinted all the way down that hill, crossing the line comfortably in 1st place. It was a similar distance to 2nd place as in the road race – the timekeeper showed me a photo afterwards and the margin was about 3–4 lengths again. Clearly, rolling mass didn't feature here and the smallest got over them again!

I am extremely happy to come away with two wins this weekend. It is so satisfying on a number of levels. It says to me that if you are committed and you do the work, you definitely give yourself the best chance of doing well. If you are beaten on the day, you know you gave it your all and that perhaps your best wasn't good enough. On the other hand, when you have a couple of great wins, you start to think that yes, your best is good enough, and it gives me so much inspiration to keep it going and keep striving for more. I'm so lucky to have great support. I've had eight or so years off from cycling and since I decided to launch a comeback, I have had this fantastic family that tolerates what I do – the early morning ergos plus the absences when I go racing and training. A wonderful coach that works with me and within my crazy busy schedule. He continues to push me and I've achieved a lot while working with you, Dave. Thanks so much, buddy. I'm glad that we get each other so well and it just works.

Can't wait for the next time up at Maryborough, whether it be the South Pacific or the National Champs again! I encourage everyone to give it a crack, it's a wonderfully social weekend with the added bonus of some super-competitive racing.

*Kym Petersen*



## Wednesday criterium at the Loop, Kew, 19 April

| Division        | 1st              | 2nd            | 3rd             |
|-----------------|------------------|----------------|-----------------|
| Division 1 (11) | Fraser Short (N) | Phil Cavaleri  | Nick Tapp       |
| Division 2 (13) | Rob Giles        | John Williams  | Chris Ellenby   |
| Division 3 (6)  | Peter Gray       | Neil Cartledge | David McCormack |
| Division 4 (8)  | Barry Ellem      | John Eddy      | Frank Lees      |

## Future events

### Eastern Vets

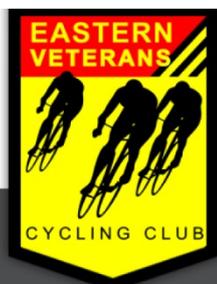
For other events, please refer to page 1 of this newsletter, or go to <http://easternvets.com/roster/>.

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 to the handicapper via email or TeamApp or on any race day prior to the event.

## Training rides

| Day/Time/Place   | Route   | Style                                |
|--|---|--------------------------------------|
| Sunday mornings<br>Beach Road Ride. Leave 8.00 am sharp.<br>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)<br>Meet at Ringwood Clock towers, Maroondah Hwy, Ringwood      | Maroondah Hwy to Carlton for coffee, then return  | Fast social                          |





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