

# Newsletter



## Duty Roster

### 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

### 6 May, Casey Fields

Stephen Barnard (R), David Casey, Tony Kimpton

*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](mailto:tjtop2@optusnet.com.au)*

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The Club Criterium Championships at Casey Fields last Saturday were well attended and hard fought. Look inside for a great bunch of race reports, plus one from Nigel Kimber at the World Masters Games in Auckland. Congratulations to all the weekend's winners.

This week we're at Dunlop Road. See TeamApp for details, and don't forget your tail light!



*Kym Petersen (right) at Casey Fields on Saturday, with Neil Cartledge breathing down her neck.  
Photo: Stephen Barnard*

## Club Criterium Championships, Casey Fields, 22 April

Age group	1st	2nd	3rd
<i>Women</i>			
40–44	Kym Petersen		
45–49	Paula McGovern		
55–59	Susan Williams		
<i>Men</i>			
35–39	Rob Lackey		
40–44	Lawrence Lee		
45–49	David Holt	Jean-Philippe Leclercq	Peter Howard
50–54	Steve Ross	Ray Russo	Peter Morris
55–59	Russell Newnham	Rob Amos	Phil Cavaleri
60–64	Ken Mayberry	Ian McGeoch	Chris Ellenby
65–69	Paul James	John Thomson	David McCormack
70–74	Neil Cartledge	Rob Lewis	Richard Dobson
75–79	Geoff Youl	Laurie Bohn	John Eddy
85–89	Rod Goodes		


### Men 50–54

The weather gods were sympathetic and Casey presented itself in near perfect conditions. There was just a minor mistral assisting down the back straight. Upon assessment of my contemporaries at the briefing, this was not going to be a race where I threw my weight around. Phil Smith would be the marked rider, fresh from great success at the AVCC Nationals, but there was no shortage of other threats. Another pocket rocket, Ray Russo, lapped me at the Loop last Wednesday. Steve Ross presented at the start line as a formidable ball

of strength and determination. Then there was Paul Semmens, whose Strava posts of late had a lot of targeted training so he definitely meant business. And there was Gooch, who is not shy to have a go. Other starters in our group were Craig Stannard and Gary Chamberlain, both dark horses from my perspective. On the plus side, Phil Cavaleri and Guy Green have come of age, so no danger to me there for another year.

The biggest threat to championship glory, I reckon we all figured, was a breakaway by Phil, and sure enough, not long after the neutral lap, he tested his





legs. Steve responded and was quickly onto him, and we all jumped across with relative ease. Paul and I both did a couple of gentlemanly laps on the front (I am sure I promised myself not to do that). However Phil was not done by a long shot and attacked relentlessly throughout the race, slowly wearing us all down.

I was pretty close to popping when, thankfully, the dynamic of the race changed. Gooch went off the front. We left him out there for several laps, which got me back out of the red zone. Phil decided that Gooch had gained enough camera exposure (thanks Steve B, great snaps) and he took off. I saw his move unfold and I think we all jumped on the bridging train and Gooch was brought back. Phil, not content with having Gooch back in the fold, continued to stretch the rubber band, which gave me a new PR for a Casey lap @ 42.4 km/h! This blistering pace saw the demise of Paul. A couple of others also had decided this was all too much and disappeared from our peloton.

I think there were five survivors when the bell rang with Steve, Ray and then Gooch winding it up down the back straight. Steve got it over Ray for a very crafty win, so well done, Champ! I managed to get around Gooch for a 3rd. I presume Phil decided he had done enough for the day and didn't contest the sprint. But what a ride, Phil, all kudos to you and no doubt you will reap a deserving revenge come the road race championships (again).

I've completed a couple of these Championship races now and they are strange beasts indeed. They are definitely not comparable to the average GSR. A lot of tactics come to play, which makes for some messy racing as the pace varies from a little quicker than track-standing to all-out efforts. My intention was just to be there at the end, but a podium is an unexpected bonus! Thanks to all competitors and marshals/helpers.

*Pete Morris*

### **Men 55–59**

The largest group of the day, and also one of the most competitive. Russ Newnham just back from his double National titles was obviously the favourite, Laurie Gates also in good form with his

3rd place in the National crit, Colin Doherty also riding well at the Nationals. Phil Cavaleri has been sprinting well and usually places at Casey, and you never know what you are going to get with the Guy and Roy show – and the same goes for all the riders in B Grade who hit the brakes before the finish line.

Guy took the riders up to race pace after the neutral lap, before a series of attacks to test the opposition were all chased down very quickly. I put in a counterattack on lap two or three and obtained a small gap with no response from the bunch. Half a lap later, Russell arrived on his own, still with no response from behind as we started to roll flat-out turns. My first thoughts were that Guy and Roy were happy to let us knacker ourselves before bridging across and beating us in the sprint, but the lead continued to grow despite some in the bunch now rolling turns.

We got to the point where I thought the gap was no longer bridgeable and we could control it. We started to catch the younger grades. I was surprised that Phil Smith had not dropped his age group, and we also got caught up with the 45–49 group, losing some time as J-P attacked the break with Peter and Dave rolling back onto his wheel. We managed to pull away as they slowed. Back in the bunch, Frank Nyhuis and Phil Cav had small breaks, before Guy joined them in the race for 3rd.

The bell rang for the last lap, and my only hope was that Russ cramped or fell off! Neither happened. It was a great ride by Russ, who could have sat on the back of the bunch and still won. Phil continued with his good form, taking out the sprint for 3rd.


Some time out from training for me now in the hope of fixing up a collateral ligament knee sprain that I have been riding with all summer.

*Rob Amos*

### **Men 70–74 (I)**

The start list was daunting! Some from my grade that are consistent front runners and a couple from B Grade and Div. 2 at the Loop that regularly podium. Jim Swainston and Clive Wright rounded out the age group. Just to confuse things a little,





another two strong C Graders in the much admired Kim Peterson and the youthful Rob Lackey. Both have very good credentials but each a lonely heart from their respective age groups.

Race plan? Sit on and let Bob Lewis, Richard Dobson and Bruce Will tire themselves out chasing each other for an hour. Then hope to pick up a 3rd place at the end. Lap 1 over and plan forgotten. On the front and ready to chase any wheel that appeared.

It didn't take too long. Richard came through and lifted the pace, then Bruce attacked and I was left on the back, gasping for breath, while Bob and Richard sheltered behind Bruce. 'Don't let Bruce get away.' Here endeth the first lesson, when you race with the elite aged.

Bruce attacked again, this time into the wind, and being fourth wheel, I could see him preparing to jump as we turned into the wind, so I kicked as he stood to go. 'Be prepared' – second lesson or boy scout motto, you choose! Bruce eased when he realised that we were holding his wheel, only to go again very soon after, on the back straight. This time it was Richard and Bob that did the chasing. 'Expect different tactics' – third lesson.

I took some turns on the front with a watchful eye for the potential rider out wide, going hard. Richard had a go and Bob along with Bruce forming the train. The next attack was by Bruce, but this time it was a continuous build of speed down the back straight. I held his wheel for some time and then a gap appeared. Fortunately Richard and Bob could move up and let me tag on until Bruce eased off at the clubhouse. Lesson 4, 'Use your mates'. Do we have any mates in a bike race?

Then followed a bit of disorganisation as some faster groups went by. Richard took the front and being close to the bell, the charity had gone out of our bunch, if there was ever any there in the first place.

So Richard led us around until the back straight on the final lap. Bruce, no surprises, attacked with Bob on his wheel like a pro, but Richard kicked too and led the three other septuagenarians around the final bend. The three in front of me moved right to try

and remove the wind shadow effect. Richard squeezed Bob towards the grass and Bob did the gentlemanly thing, backed off and came around the left side of Richard. He possibly could have shouldered his way through if he had been inclined. With nothing to lose, I gritted my teeth and went up the middle and just held off a fast-finishing Bob Lewis and Richard Dobson in 2nd and 3rd places, respectively. I am not aware of what Bruce did, but I suspect he may have not wanted to place because he certainly looked like he could have.

It was a good race, a little slower than a C Grade crit, but with only six riders that is to be expected. A privilege to ride with these guys!

*Neil Cartledge*

### **Men 70–74 (II)**

As I pondered on what might be in our age division I was sure that Neil Cartledge and Bob Lewis would turn up, and I saw a possibility that Clive Wright and myself might fight for the scraps. Move that down one spot as Richard Dobson rolled up and looked interested, followed by Bruce Will. Bruce is a powerhouse and won the silver medal in the World Masters Games road race in 2002 in a three-man breakaway. I have quite vivid memories of Richard about four years ago at Casey, jumping hard about 400 metres out and leaving Boney and myself in his wake. We were honoured with the presence of Kym Petersen in our group, still frisky from her victories at Maryborough and her even better stories.

Richard showed that there would be no mucking around with a long, powerful turn early which put Clive and myself under pressure. Early on, Clive summed up the situation and sought the sanctuary of the 75–79 group. I think I managed about 15 minutes before doing similar. Bruce, Richard and Neil kept the pace on while Kym looked comfortable and had an occasional foray off the front. The best part about Casey is that, if things are bleak in your own bunch, you can watch everyone else!

I hopped off with a lap to go and watched my group sprint home. The bookies would have had a good day as a number of favourites went down. I had Bob Lewis at unbackable odds but Neil got the right





run at the right time and looked really good. I have raced Ken Mayberry for years and don't think I have seen him win a sprint finish but it must have been a really tough race as he ground his opponents down.

It was great to see the Club Champs patronised so well.

Another safe day!

*Jim Swainston*

### **Men 75–79**

Another perfect day at Casey. Four starters in our age group, being Geoff Youl, John Eddy, Barry Beachley and myself, plus evergreen Rod Goodes (85 plus) and Susan Williams (Women 50–55).

The pace was easy enough for a few laps until Susan decided things should not be easy any more. This little move got Geoff moving to the front, and then Barry moved forward, and then Geoff again, then Barry again, and so between these two the speed was up over 30 km/h for the rest of the race.

Just after rounding the last bend before the line, Geoff jumped away and, being the best rider by far in our group, was never headed. I somehow managed to finish 2nd, John 3rd and Barry 4th.

Rod was still there at the finish. Should have taken part in the sprint, Rod, I'm sure your experience and understanding of how a bike rider's brain works (or not) would have you in the middle of everything.

Thanks to all officials for a good day.

*Laurie Bohn*



*Phil Smith tries to shake them off. Photos: Stephen Barnard*



*Ken Mayberry winds it up for the sprint.*



*David Holt leaves J-P and Peter Howard in his wake. Over page: Russ Newnham (left) and Rob Amos.*







## World Masters Games, Auckland, New Zealand, 22 April

### Men 55–59 Criterium

On paper it wasn't pretty – a 2 km hot-dog circuit with four 90-degree turns, the second (and third) of which was quite narrow (as was the second hot-dog turn). Combine that with 44 registered starters (half of whom were likely to be weekend warriors) and it was a recipe for disaster.

The start was off circuit, we were led onto the circuit and the road was closed behind us then it was 400 m to a hard right, 100 m to a hard right, 400 m to a U-turn, 400 m to a hard left, 100 m to a hard left, 400 m to a U-turn (an inverted 'U') – repeat for 30 minutes, add three laps, then the road was opened and we raced straight through to the finish.

In reconnaissance it wasn't much better and just to add to the concerns, the road surface for a good part of the circuit was heavy – 40 riders back, accelerating out of a hot-dog turn on dead roads didn't bear thinking about.

In reality the road width was further narrowed with water-filled barriers separating the two lanes but on the plus side only 26 registered to start – some sleeping in, some deciding the course didn't quite suit their racing style (they had more sense).

The plan for the race was to stay upright, anything better than that would be a bonus. To attain the plan meant staying near the front of the race which, in turn, meant that a good start was necessary – no time to waste getting shoes cleated to pedals, which meant a barrier position where I could sit clipped in and ready to roll – the European experience coming in handy.

With plans settled it was to the briefing early to ensure a place by the barriers where I could hold on, an added bonus with being early meant I was at the front already – looking good. After the pre-race briefing we rolled off, around the corner only to be stopped and reassembled. And somehow I'd managed to go from first to last but I still held the barrier.

Couple of minutes later we were away, the guy in front struggling with his cleats pushed us a bit further back but I was secured and in control – albeit second to last as we rolled across the finish line and started racing. Nothing too aggressive which was good, allowed me to stay back and assess and plan. Last through the first hair-pin was never going to be in any plan so the first half lap was spent moving up the field to around mid-bunch, into the hairpin back a bit but with no serious move out of the corner resuming position wasn't difficult. The remainder of that lap and the next was more about holding position than anything else, hopping a few wheels where gaps were beginning to appear. A messy turn at the far turnaround on the second lap a reminder that things could go pear-shaped very quickly.

Third lap, leading into the aforementioned turn, there was a surge toward the front (#302 – Graeme Miller (NZ) that necessitated some more wheel hopping to close gaps that were opening – we were now racing. Through the turn it was a small group (eight) with a small gap over what was left of the remainder of the race – we'd already lost a couple, the big German was struggling as were a few others. This was the opportunity to improve the odds – keep driving and sever the elastic, unfortunately the driver (#302) didn't see this for the opportunity that it was (or had other plans) and backed off the gas, I did (see the opportunity) and was determined to not let it slip without giving it a go so, as the train slowed, I kept going, fully expecting (hoping) the rest would hop on board and we'd consolidate the break and race amongst ourselves.

A dozen seconds later, after the lead moto realised I was after his wheel (and picked up the pace), a look over the shoulder brought back memories of Dunlop Road 18 March 2017, only this time I didn't have a friendly kiwi beside me, I had a dozen hostile kiwis and a handful of internationals behind me – the remnants of the remainder of the race





having regrouped; quite a long way behind me. What to do?

I'd tabled the card so I should play it. And it might achieve the initial intent – so long as I kept enough in the legs to join the elite few when they caught me. The bonus/blight of a hot-dog circuit is that you can see where you stand each half-lap as paths cross. The first time round the near turnaround and that stand was a good couple of hundred metres, smile as we crossed, assess the chase then heads down. What to do? Twenty minutes plus three to go – way too far to hold off a chase but did I want to go back and take my chances with a dozen contenders. I decided to push on and see what unfolded. Plus I had the choice of line through all corners with no threat of being brought undone by an over-zealous passing manoeuvre.

At the far turnaround, for the fourth time, there were shouts of encouragement from my cheer squad (some of the 55+ women's volleyball team) and the gap back to the chase seemed a bit further than half a lap before. Not only was I now showing intent but I had the added weight of spectator expectations to meet. Over the next couple of laps the gap built, then steadied at around 32–39 seconds (courtesy of an official on course) – half to two-thirds the length of the longer straights (300–400 m) whilst the support of my cheer squad increased as strangers were roped into cheering each time I rounded the far turnaround.

Having committed to the move initially my main thoughts were to maintain 40+ km/h down the straights, then when a dropped rider came into range (at 15 minutes) it was to chase him down, then back to trying to hold 40 down the straights. As the clock ran down (there was a clock on the

near turnaround) the legs tired, the rolling distances into the turns got longer, the efforts out of the turns got shorter and thoughts were running to what speeds can I do to stay ahead but to time it so I get to the near turnaround as close to zero minutes as possible (minimise the number of laps to the finish).

With more arse than class I rounded the turn with 3:26 on the clock, it was going to be close. Next time round the officials were packing up the clock and holding up the '3 to go' board – timed it perfectly. Three laps to go, 40 seconds to lose, it wasn't over yet. Head down for the lap, I missed the split at the far turnaround but after coming out of the turn with two to go a look up the road showed that it was over, the chase was nowhere in sight, a minimum 400 m behind, they were done and were racing for second, all I had to do was to not stop, not puncture, not fall, not cramp, not bonk. Finally the silent bell ('1 to go') but no resting on anything, the fastest run down the final straight for the race and on to the finish – no salute, cobbles and fatigue well and truly ruling that out.

Waiting on the medal presentations, had a chat to others from the race and found out that #302 Graeme Miller was a former New Zealand Olympian and two times Commonwealth Games gold medallist. And it was him, or his presence, that I had to thank for the victory: whilst everybody was watching him, I was allowed away, and every time he tried to bridge the rest sat his wheel and then refused to go past and contribute.

25 km in 0:41:03 – 36.6 km/h

2nd place @ 0:01:28

[www.strava.com/activities/952228812/analysis](http://www.strava.com/activities/952228812/analysis)

*Nigel Kimber*







## News etc.

### A message from Laurie Bohn's wife Lesley

*Don't leave anything unattended at Casey!*

Last Saturday I was sitting in our car during the after-race presentation when I noticed a person concealing himself in the trees at the far end of the car park. He may or not have had any intention of doing so, but I suspect he was going to steal a bike left leaning against a car, especially when he further concealed himself from two people going past on roller blades. At this stage, not knowing what to do and becoming more than a little nervous, I opened the car door, loudly closed it and locked myself in. When he realised he was being watched, he made a quick exit to a car parked on the road with the boot lid open. Unfortunately, one never knows who is hanging about at any time, so please do not leave any equipment unattended. I hope I may have saved someone from losing their dearest possession. Ride safe.

*Lesley Bohn*

## Future events

### Eastern Vets

For other events, please refer to page 1 of this newsletter, or go to <http://eastervets.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 before the event.

## 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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