

Newsletter

22 July 2017



Duty Roster

Saturday 22 July, Yarra Glen

Richard Dobson (R), Juanita Stumbles (TC), Colin Mortley (TC), Lawrence Lee, David McIndoe, Darren Rutherford, Anthony Gullace, Kevin Mills, Michael Muscat, Darren Woolhouse

Saturday 29 July, Casey Fields

John Thomson (R), Jeremy Canny-Smith, Ian McGeoch

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

Editor: Nick Tapp
nick.tapp@detail-ed.com.au



So. Anyone who thought we were cruising to victory in the Tour de Metro should rethink after last Saturday. Northern came out swinging in Round 3 at Arthurs Creek and reduced Eastern's lead in the four-race series to just 16 points – 274 to 258 – with one round remaining. The series result rests on a knife edge. In all grades, and in C and D in particular, we need to make a big effort this week at Yarra Glen to fulfil the promise of our great start at National Boulevard three weeks ago. That said, there was some fine riding at Arthurs Creek, as the reports inside confirm. (Yes, there is a frog story.)



Eastern needs you!

The more riders we have at Yarra Glen, the better to implement team strategies – there really is strength in numbers. You can enter through TeamApp, but the desk closes at 1.45 pm so make sure you're there to pay your entry fee and pick up your number, or if you need to register on the day. Racing starts at 2 pm. And don't forget your tail light.

C and D Grade riders, take note: we will all be warming up together, leaving the registration area at 1.30.

Regardless of the outcome of this week's racing, Saturday night will be a big night for the club. The annual awards night and Tour de France celebration is ready to roll – which must mean the Tour is nearly over. Where did those three weeks go?! If you're among those gathering at the Kilsyth Club for the presentation of club championship trophies, to hear our speakers and to watch the ITT in Marseille on the big screen, have a great night!

*Be like Phil and think positive!
Photo: Jean-Philippe Leclercq*

Graded scratch races at Arthurs Creek (Eastern vs Northern), 15 July

Grade (EVCC/NC)	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th
A Grade (11/7)	Tony Giuliano (N)	Jean-Philippe Leclercq	Darren Roberts (N)	Guy Green	Nigel Kimber
B Grade (12/5)	Paul Webster	Tom McDonough (N)	Perry Peters	Fritz Charalam (N)	Ray Russo
C Grade (12/13)	Terry Hollibone (N)	Anthony Gretch (N)	David Watts (N)	Kon Papakonstantinou (N)	Julian Browne (N)
D Grade (7/7)	George Goodrope (N)	Michael Lavender (N)	Nick Nomikos (N)	Ron Peel (N)	Andrew Buchanan
E Grade (6/2)	Geoff Youl	Stacey Hatton (N)	Jo Read (N)	Emma Smith	Paula McGovern
F Grade (3/2)	Ian Buckingham (N)	Ron Stranks	Mark Granland	Barry Beachley	Allison Watt (N)

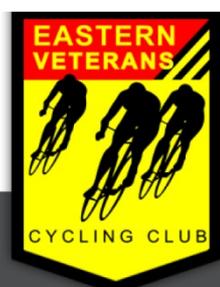
Individual aggregate series standings

Men	R1	R2	R3	Total
1 Tony Giuliano (N)	10	1	10	21
1 George Goodrope (N)	1	10	10	21
1 Jean-Philippe Leclercq	7	7	7	21
4 Paul Webster	7	3	10	20
4 Perry Peters	5	10	5	20
6 Olly Reid (N)	7	10	–	17
7 Kosmos Samaras (N)	5	10	–	15
8 John C. Wilson	5	7	1	13
8 Peter Gray	10	2	1	13

Women	R1	R2	R3	Total
1 Stacey Hatton (N)	10	5	7	22
2 Meredith Kelly-Smith (N)	1	10	–	11
3 Jo Read (N)	3	–	5	8



Photo: Jean-Philippe Leclercq





A Grade (I)

By Jean-Philippe Leclercq

Had the usual warm-up, frog legs felt ready for it (even though I had travelled interstate during the week and had a bad cold since last few days).

Race started, in the neutral zone you could tell a few guys at the front had good legs and were ready to jump on anything. Just after the neutral zone, I went towards the front. Attacks were starting and they were mainly from Northern, with Eastern to shut them down. The main Eastern guys to shut them down were Nigel Kimber, Phil Smith and Guy Green.

We were now in the second lap, Eastern was responding with more attacks, with Nigel, Phil Smith, Steve Ross, Guy and Phil Cavaleri. Phil Cav attacked a few times (with a disturbing noise in his cassette area) – it was really good stuff from him as the Northern guys had to put a lot of energy to bring it back each time.

On the last lap, Phil Cav attacked again, then Phil Smith, and then Tony Giuliano (Northern) put in a strong counterattack. I could see this one coming, and followed Tony's wheel. Break of two riders was established. We rolled evenly together for one lap and consolidated the gap to the bunch. On the last hill, I pushed on the hill but it was not enough to get rid of Tony (strong rider). I led in the last 2 kilometres (stupid of me – need to review my basic tactic!), then got passed in the sprint. Finished 2nd, very happy with this, even though I need to rethink my tactical approach.

A Grade (II)

By Nigel Kimber

When the sun was out it was warm and the forgotten undershirt and arm-warmers were forgotten, but when the clouds obstructed the inflow of radiation their absence was noticed. The arm-warmers shouldn't be an issue once under way, but the shirt ...

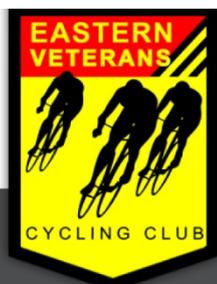
A warm-up would have been nice too but it was straight to marshalling from the car – the neutral section to Nankervis Road would have to suffice. The legs felt surprisingly good on the way to the top, OK it was not under duress but still I felt I was looking at a good day. Then came Nankervis and a slow start to



Steve and JP. Photo: Jean-Philippe Leclercq collection

the race. Northern were again outnumbered yet still they dominated the front of the bunch, all of their seven riders in the top dozen, a train of three leading the bunch.

The first move came a couple of kilometres into the race, the response delayed and dragged out, I found myself thinking that maybe I wasn't looking at a good day, but a look at the Garmin reassured me that, regardless of the day, my legs should be hurting at that point – 50 km/h without making headway into the small gap that had opened up, pain was justified. Finally it came back together and I had the chance to suck a few lungfuls of air into the system and assess the prospects.





The personal plan today was to do only as much as I needed to until maybe the third lap, when I'd give myself my head and rattle the derailleur a bit. 'As much as I needed' turned out to be more than 'as much as I wanted' with an aggressive Northern sending a steady stream of riders up the road, either aggressively or defensively in response to an Eastern attack.

The first two laps passed with surges and lulls, more of the former over the latter, and saw at least two popped from the peloton; one of each, a Northerner not making the first turnaround with the rest of us and one of ours losing contact a lap later. It was developing as a typical club race: Phil Smith, Rob Amos, Phil Cavaleri promoting themselves up the road only to be chased down with varying degrees of urgency, the only difference being the response from the chase was delayed and instigated by unfamiliar faces. There seemed to be a commonality between the factions in dealing with attacks; both seemed very happy to have one of theirs up the road and not overly concerned if it was one of the other's, both were relatively content for there to be one of each, but once it became three (or more) away neither was happy, the team in the ascendancy only slightly less unhappy as it fell to the other to close the gap.

After two successful negotiations of the ascent from Nankervis mingled with the stress of finding the small chain-ring (yes I discovered the little lever under the right brake lever but it needs servicing, something about lack of use), the second ascent necessitating an acceleration over the top and down to Greens Road to bring back an errant Northerner who'd gapped Roy Clark at the head of the field in the last score metres of the climb.

I was feeling warmed up and ready to have a crack. I just couldn't remember the best places to do it. Somewhere on the return of the third lap we lost Jean-Philippe and Tony Giuliano (N) – or, more correctly, they lost us. I contemplated going with them but, having just done something, I wasn't up to doing something else. So, following the seemingly bi-party approved protocol, the pair were left to their own devices and we all settled back in a race to mop up the minor points.

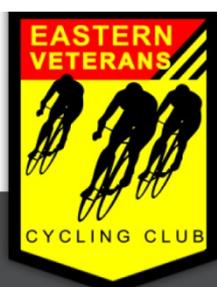
Guy Green must also have been finding his legs in the last two laps as he was making the odd sojourn

off the front as well, a move early on the final return was met with a response from a lone NC rider and looked to have promise. This time I hadn't done something so I thought I would. It took a bit to build the bridge but I knew I had to build the off-ramp as well to give us the best possible chances of survival. Calls of 'Hup!' did not fall on deaf ears and we were away. But I'd transgressed the unwritten agreement and their response had been rapid and complete, which I only realised a minute later when I backed off to let the others through and had a look around. There were still half-a-dozen kilometres to the base of the pinch and they were well used by myself and Phil Smith but to no avail – unless spending Northern bickies counts (which it does).

At Nankervis for the last time, JP and Tony were well on their way to the finish and I was desperately trying to get that shitty little lever to engage the ratchet mechanism and communicate to the front derailleur that I wanted the chain moved left. The penny finally dropped and the chain followed as the group bunched up at the base of the climb. I felt like I could go from the bottom but the phaffing to get the small chain-ring had left me in too low a gear and my rev-limiter would certainly kick in if I tried (that's my excuse and I'm sticking to it). Halfway up, things were stretching a bit and Guy and one other (N) were inching away. It was time, the cadence was lower, there was pressure coming back from the road through the pedals.

Over the top, fortunately the left shifter works – 16, 15, 14, 13, 12 – and the right is good going up: 53. A look down, no shadows, a look under the arm, no sign of bike or rider, a quick glance over the bra-strap and there's definitely a gap. Unfortunately there's also definitely fatigue and only so many pedal strokes in the legs. There was pursuit but there was still a gap at the bottom of the hill, unfortunately there was also a very long 300 metres to the turnaround and it was effectively (albeit strung-out) back together as I rounded the cone for the last time. There was no point in pushing the point and this gave me the opportunity to pass the leadership to another – the Northerner who'd chased me down (fitting, I thought), the race re-ramping up as we made the turn and headed for home.

My new best friend setting a good pace down Greens Road. Sitting second wheel I had time to





think about my timing – couldn't be too early, there were a solid 60 km in the legs, but it couldn't be too late either, I don't have a kick but I can hold a high speed for a while. The last bend is a good 250 m from the finish; it would have to be soon after that. Rounding that bend, a look up the road to the line and beyond, all is clear. A couple of extra pounds pressure on the pedals and I'm in the wind with the line rapidly approaching. It's looking good, then the sound of the wind changed and Guy and Darren Roberts come past my right shoulder. There's still one bonus point available and the sound of wheel on bitumen in my ears meant there was no rest for the bad boy. I surprised myself holding on for 3rd in the sprint for 3rd.

Figures for the race: 66.9 km in 1:53 @ 35.6 km/h

B Grade

By Nick Tapp

It's probably fair to say the team in green felt a bit smug at the pre-race briefing on Saturday. After two good results at National Boulevard, we were back on home ground and outnumbering Northern by 13 riders to six. What could possibly go wrong?

The first lap was pretty quick but basically uneventful, with the most remarkable thing being that Northern's George Micevski led at a solid pace all the way back from the Strathewen turnaround to the foot of the hill. Sitting on his wheel for the entire distance, I thought, well, if George wants to tire himself out while we take advantage, then far be it from me to intervene.

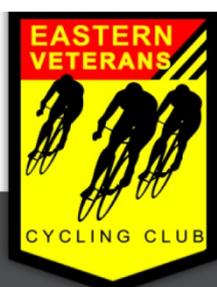
On the second lap the work was more evenly shared. Kevin King took up residence on the front for a good while (as he would do repeatedly all race) and Paul Semmens, Dave Chesney and Derek Rothsay were also up there. Northern riders Craig Harvey, Fritz Charalam and Dave Anderson were never far from the action, either. What they lacked in numbers, Northern were certainly making up for in work ethic. Meanwhile, I think Anthony Gullace had suffered his first puncture for the day ...

We had a plan, which was going fine so far, and at the start of lap three it was time for action. On the climb away from the turn we were two abreast. Paul Webster, alas, was stuck in the inside lane – not part

of the plan – but right on cue Paul Firth lit the afterburners and blasted up the outside. That in turn was my cue. I started from a few wheels back, and Paul was disappearing up the hill before I reached attacking speed, but a quick look behind showed that no one was following – at first. As the road swung around towards the crest I was making no ground on Paul and knew I had to ease up or blow up, and now another look over the shoulder showed a big figure in Northern kit in pursuit. I think it was Fritz – either him or Craig – and he rode past me and away over the top. That was not part of the plan, either, but I accelerated down the hill, leant hard into the left-hander and got myself back to his wheel by Nankervis Road. Paul appeared to be waiting for us and ready to go but I had put everything (for now) into the attempted attack and could not go to the front. Before we could recover and get organised, Paul Webster came powering around the outside and the bunch was upon us. So much for plan A.

Now it was the irrepressible Kevin to the rescue, again with help from Paul S. and Dave C. Ray Russo and Nic Skewes were also prominent on this leg if I remember right. By Strathewen there were murmurs about plan B: having another crack at the start of the final lap. That's when Paul Firth called out 'Puncture!', rolled to the back and was gone. Definitely not part of the plan.

And so to the final lap. I think we had now lost Gooch as well, to another puncture (?), so there went one more option for livening things up. The orchards rolled by and the race settled into a holding pattern, but I remembered seeing Northern's Tom McDonough at last wheel every time we turned. Tom can be relied on for a well-timed late attack so, about halfway back, I decided to try a pre-emptive effort and rode away on a slight uphill. Unplanned, but what the heck. It might force Northern to the front and give a breather to Perry Peters and Paul Webster, our two biggest weapons if it came down to a bunch finish. Without Paul F. setting a blistering pace I felt less in danger of blowing up. The downside of this was that I wasn't going fast enough, and before long the bunch reappeared at my shoulder and I retired towards the back to take some deep breaths. Perry called out a quick encouragement as he went by.





And then Tom attacked. Paul S. was best positioned and tried to follow, but Tom is strong when he goes and quickly opened a gap, and Paul dropped back. Fortunately, Paul W. was able to get across to Tom's wheel, and at that point I think we relaxed a bit. Those two in a two-up sprint? If they stayed away, I'd back Paul every time. I gave Perry a shout: 'Just once more over the hill!'

There was no big explosion on the last ascent, but three Northern riders on the front did enough to force a split. Perry, Ray and I made it three onto three as we rocketed down to the turn and around into Greens Road. At the finish the two escapees were only just out of reach. Paul Webster rode away to a comfortable win from Tom, who did enough to hold onto 2nd place, and Perry held off Fritz Charalam to take 3rd. Ray judged it nicely for 5th, a wheel ahead of me in 6th, with Craig Harvey and George Micevski close behind. Dave Anderson and Nic Skewes followed in 9th and 10th to split the last two points.

C Grade (I)

By Kym Petersen

So this is my abridged version of last Saturday's C Grade race at Arthurs Creek.

We were outnumbered 13 to 12. Not so bad at first glance but let's see how that panned out. Franc was like a jack-in-the-box at the pointy end. Walter smashed himself at the front, chased down anything that moved. When Walt didn't, Webby did. Rode like a demon, chased, attacked – all of it. Tim had been away on holiday, so I'm told, but still looked the goods. Dean and I rode close together. I'm stuffed (polite version), he says. Yeah I'm stuffed too, I reply. This was hard going. Hylton went off the back at some point. After another turnaround I notice our DS on the other side of the road, that's not good either.

So our numbers were further down and Northern were relentless in their attacks. Up the hills and down them. The pace was high, fastest I've ever raced at Arthurs Creek.

On the final inbound lap I latched onto Bernie's wheel and he manoeuvred us smoothly through the bunch, positioning us perfectly in the front one-third approaching the final climb. We knew this would be the race right here.

Sure enough, about five Northern took off at pace and hit the hill hard. I managed to work my way up with them and spun as hard as I could to stay on. As we crested, there was a clear break and my only thought was to latch on to someone and draft them downhill. Click, click, we're all changing into the big dog. More clicking from me, minus the clicking and insert swearing. It won't bloody change! What the hell is going on?

Someone overtakes me (even though I'm spinning at 400 rpm by this stage). Another overtakes, then half the remaining bunch for good measure! That's it for me, race over. I rode the rest in the now locked-on small ring, thinking, 'Of all days, why this one for a mechanical?'

I hoped that, of the Eastern riders who passed me down the hill, one or two would feature in the results. But it seems we were not only outnumbered, we were outgunned on the day also! All placings went to Northern.

Lesson learnt: charge your Di2 if you have one.

C Grade will come out swinging next Saturday. We'll have a better race plan, we'll have a back-up plan if the first turns to do-do's and we'll be bringing our A game. Let's do this!

C Grade (II)

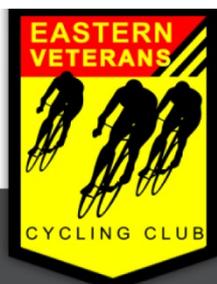
By Rob Lackey

Leaving home Saturday I had the tail up and was excited for what was to be a great battle. As I neared the track at Arthurs Creek I noted a few spots of rain and some very angry looking clouds.

After finding a car park, no regulation mind you, I hurried down to register. Though wearing trackies and a good jacket, I could feel the chill. This wasn't what I wanted – where did the sun go and where did that breeze come from?!

After a fair amount of chatter from the loyal and committed mighty D Graders throughout the week, I was hopeful of a strong showing. Enough numbers to be able to challenge Northern and make up for our tactical error the week before, when we let two of their riders get away without a fighting challenge.

During my warm-up – which didn't work, by the way – I noticed plenty in gold but didn't recognise many





faces from Northern. One or two were from different grades (higher) but none I was familiar with. Fearing a similar result to the same race last year, I was pleased to have had a quick chat with Andrew Buchanan in the car park. He was fired up and ready for some racing action after a couple of weeks off. My mood was lifted, with him and Max easily able to form the focal point of our attack.

Noting relatively even numbers, I thought that we could hold our own and make an impact. The plan would be to keep Max as fresh as we could until the finish. Andrew being a strong rider would assist. Rob Devolle, Peter Gray and myself would provide the heavy artillery support for the first half of the race while Keith Wade and David McIndoe could take over the mobile infantry role.

Lap one, first turnaround and their front men seemed to have forgotten the pre-race briefing only some 20 minutes earlier. As a car approached, they seemed to want to take off but heard and responded to the calls of their fellow clubmen.

By the turnaround to commence lap two, there was no real adherence to the 'neutral zone' again. Now I know that I had been dangling off the back coming over the crest, but I'm certain that I was inside the 200 metres. As the pace was increased back up the hill to carry on lap two, I found that I didn't have the firepower to catch them. At the turnaround at Strathewen, I could see a gap creeping open with three of their front riders.

By the time I was approaching lap three, that gap was sizable. Max and Andrew were hanging in and seemed to be working well. Peter Gray, like me, had resorted to some time trial training and Keith Wade had punctured – second time in a week, I think.

I by then had lost all enthusiasm and called it a day. Very disappointed with my own performance, I went back to the car to warm up with the heater this time.

Next week I'd love to see as many out at Yarra Glen as possible. We as a club have a genuine chance to hold the trophy high but only likely if we turn up in serious numbers ready for a fight. I don't like to use those words in cycling but think it appropriate under the circumstances. Good luck to all grades next week and looking forward to a real celebration at the TDF night – one with a nice trophy in it!

D Grade (I)

By Peter Gray

Enough rope

Goodrope, that is. For the second consecutive week George and his Northern accomplices Michael Lavender, Nick Nomikos and Ron Peel devoured a depleted and hungry Eastern D Grade bunch. I know this sounds a bit harsh, and I include myself in this criticism, but last Saturday we were simply whipped by a stronger and better organised team. Better not to stew over burnt toast, just absorb it and tweak the settings.

Entrée (lap 1)

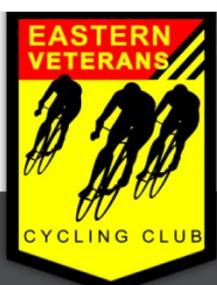
The first outbound leg saw Rob Lackey and Ron doing the lion's share of the front work. I was surprised when we reached the turnaround so quickly but it was at the cost of Rob Devolle exiting the table. Absence of their strong men at the front suggested that an attack might start on the return leg. A couple of Northerners (or it may have been the two guest riders for all I know) attempted to do just that. Visions of last week's breakaway prompted me to bridge the gap and attach myself to the rear of the 'pear', sooner rather than later. But I think this carrot was served up as an appetiser in disguise.

Ron's palate became a bit restless after a couple of kilometres of this, taking control and upping the pace from the pear orchard to Nankervis Road. Quite wisely, Eastern's constitution remained conservative. The return climb had most out of their seats but it didn't seem too put anyone into too much difficulty. Before you knew it, the bunch had completed their entrée.

Main course (lap 2)

Turnaround negotiated safely, a quick swish of whatever vintage was contained in your bidon, and it was onto seconds.

Now, I'm afraid I'm going to have to 'wing it' from here (the race report, that is) because it became evident on the second outbound climb that I hadn't chosen the 'chicken legs' option. I must have consumed a little too much food the previous night, celebrating my son's engagement. The yummiest meal followed by a four-flavour Ice cream dish. I subsequently found myself about 30 seconds behind





at the summit and never looked like getting back on. Evidently, Rob also prematurely hit his limit here, as it was several kilometres before he rejoined me, the two of us sharing leftovers thereafter.

The top three Northern place-getters must have ridden off the front somewhere during our remission. Max Michelson and Andrew Buchanan kept the chasing group moving, as Northern were unlikely to contribute to the pursuit of their three leaders.

Just desserts (lap 3)

As the race entered the final course, it became apparent that Northern were going to get first pick of the sweets. Nick couldn't match George and Michael's consumption but still managed to solo it in for 3rd. I figure Ron probably sheltered within the chasers until launching his own attack before the final climb to secure 4th place. With only Andrew and Max placing in the top six, Eastern's 'chips' were severely limited.

Yours truly (snail's entrails) was about 4 km off the leaders but I recall the 'lead vehicle' quickly overtaking me near the orchards, as if to announce the arrival of the French delicacy of 'frog's legs'. They must have been popular, because shortly after there was a baker's dozen chasing the A Grade breakaway pair of Jean-Philippe Leclercq and Tony Giuliano.

Doggie bag (wrap-up)

Congratulations to the Northern boys for their well planned and executed classic menu. We have a lot to learn from the 'Master Chefs'.

Round 3 of the Tour de Metro most certainly wouldn't have been possible without the great support of our marshals, TCs, referee, handicapper, officials and first aid personnel support. Well done, everyone.

PS I wonder if next week we could enlist the assistance of Gabriel Gaté. Bon appétit.

D Grade (II)

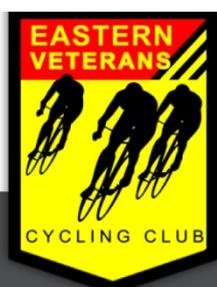
By Max Michelson

I race in D Grade but this was the hardest C Grade race I have had. Northern hit us hard, getting top four placing. As the race progressed, unfortunately, Eastern riders were getting dropped and Andrew Buchanan and I were trying to bridge the gap but they were very strong. With Andrew at 5th place and Max in at 6th, congratulations to Northern. So to all D Grade riders – if we can all turn out in numbers and give some help for the last ride of the series. Eastern only has a lead of 16 points so come on, everybody, let's ride strong together!

News etc.

Injury list

Doug Reynolds (a Gold Coast Masters CC member but practically an adopted Eastern rider) and Roy Clark have both had bad falls. Doug fell on a training ride on a bike path while riding home. Roy was racing with Southern last Sunday. Both have fractures to pelvis and ribs, and Roy also has a fractured collarbone. Doug and Roy will be out of action for a while and we wish them a speedy recovery.





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 or Wednesday before the race, as advertised. 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.

Northern Vets

For 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

Sponsors

