

# Newsletter



## Duty Roster

### Saturday 16 September, Gruyere

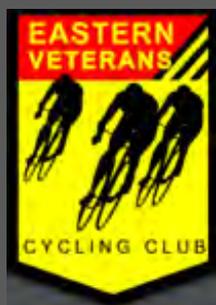
Tony Curulli (R), Ian R. Smith (TC), Ian M. Smith (TC), Dayle Goodall (TC), Glenn Newnham, Geoff O'Loghlen, Ken Mayberry, Franc Tomsic, Rob Suter, John Wilson, Russell Wheelhouse

### Saturday 23 September, Thornton

Nigel Kimber (R), Ray Russo (TC), Walter Savini (TC), Mark Granland (TC), Graham Haines, Gary Leroy, Andre Weber, Geoff Mackay, John Pritchard, Perry Peters, Phil Cavaleri, Peter Howard, David Pyne

*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  
[nick.tapp@detail-ed.com.au](mailto:nick.tapp@detail-ed.com.au)



The clouds parted on Saturday, as they so often seem to do at Thornton, and delivered a fine afternoon for the Rob Graham Memorial Individual Time Trial. Petra Niclasen took the coveted handicap trophy, and Gerard Donnelly posted fastest time. Results, photos and reports are inside. The ITT Handicap was sponsored by the Lawn Mowing Contractors Association of Victoria ([www.mowingmelbourne.com](http://www.mowingmelbourne.com)). Our thanks to Ian R. Smith for his years of support for this significant event. Ron Stranks spoke at the presentation about the late Rob Graham and his amazing legacy. Those who were there also heard that it would be Ron's last day serving in an official capacity for the club. Peter Mackie thanked Ron on our behalf. I am sure there will be more words to come on that subject.

This week we are at Gruyere, then it's the Team Time Trial at Thornton on Saturday 23 September. Riders looking for a team to ride with can contact Peter Mackie. Entries (via TeamApp or by email to [peter.mackiep@spotless.com.au](mailto:peter.mackiep@spotless.com.au)) close the Tuesday before. There's an important message from Club President Adam Dymond about the TTT inside.

Also inside, Dale Maizels reports from the UCI Gran Fondo World Championships in Albi, France, where she and Kym Petersen did the club and their country proud. And Jim Swainston's profile of Roy Clark, longtime A Grader and winner of the 2013 Radweltpokal Masters World Championship (50–52), fills in the back story of one of the club's best racers of recent years.



Nine of the top 10 placegetters from Saturday's Rob Graham Memorial Time Trial. Photo: Shelly Timson

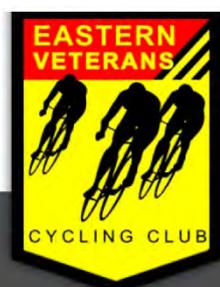
## Rob Graham Memorial Individual Time Trial, Thornton, 9 September

Handicap placing	Rider	Ride time	Handicap	Corrected time
1st	Petra Niclasen	55:22	25:00	30:22
2nd	Rob Lackey	42:26	11:30	30:56
3rd	Juanita Cadd	49:35	18:00	31:35
4th	Ron Stranks	52:55	21:00	31:55
5th	Walter Savini	42:18	10:00	32:18
6th	Greg Harvey	45:22	13:00	32:22
7th	Paul Firth	37:42	5:00	32:42
8th	David Worland	44:34	11:50	32:44
9th	Harry Hibgame	48:48	16:00	32:48
10th	Graham Cadd	51:08	18:10	32:58
Fastest time	Gerard Donnelly	36:31	(Average speed 41.31 km/h)	
Fastest woman	Dale Maizels	41:23	(Average speed 36.38 km/h)	

## Club Individual Time Trial Championship

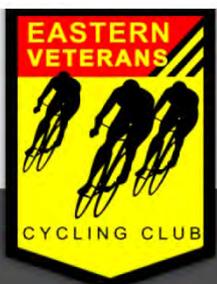
Age group placing	Rider	Ride time
<b>Men 35–39</b>		
1st	Rob Lackey	42:26
<b>Men 45–49</b>		
1st	Paul Firth	37:42
2nd	Paul Webster	41:33
<b>Men 50–54</b>		
1st	Dean Niclasen	40:41
2nd	Craig Stannard	46:07
<b>Men 55–59</b>		
1st	Gerard Donnelly	36:31
2nd	Phil Cavaleri	38:28
3rd	Colin Doherty	40:55
<b>Men 60–64</b>		
1st	Chris Ellenby	43:06
2nd	Colin Mortley	46:01
3rd	John Williams	46:12

Age group placing	Rider	Ride time
<b>Men 65–69</b>		
1st	David McCormack	42:59
2nd	David Worland	44:34
3rd	Andrew Buchanan	45:16
<b>Men 70–74</b>		
1st	Neil Cartledge	41:58
2nd	Harry Hibgame	48:48
<b>Men 75–79</b>		
1st	Keith Wade	47:11
2nd	Geoff Youl	48:00
<b>Men 80+</b>		
1st	Ron Stranks	52:55
<b>Women 45–49</b>		
1st	Petra Niclasen	55:22
<b>Women 50–54</b>		
1st	Dale Maizels	41:23
2nd	Juanita Cadd	49:35





From top left to bottom right: Phil Cavaleri gets some last-minute advice from the coach; Greg Harvey (6th on handicap) looks cheerful enough before the start; riders in the referee's hands; on duty at the finish; Paul Firth put in a great ride to record second-fastest time and finish 7th on handicap; Dean Niclasen held off cramps to finish with fourth-fastest time. All photos: Issy Webster. View many more photos at [www.dropbox.com/sh/cywbj0jrkdxzm4/AABR1pAAg5byWerHI1KR0zXOa?dl=0](http://www.dropbox.com/sh/cywbj0jrkdxzm4/AABR1pAAg5byWerHI1KR0zXOa?dl=0)





## The referee's perspective

By Nigel Kimber

Richmond, 0630, weather: cold and clear but with gathering cloud cover. The prospect for a Saturday morning ride to Ricketts and back, under any other circumstances, would be on the cusp, leaning towards being on. But this was not an ordinary Saturday, this was the Rob Graham Memorial Individual Time Trial handicap incorporating the Club ITT Championships. And I was duty referee.

Google said it was 2 hours 12 minutes (without tolls). Race start time 1:00 pm; allow an hour for set-up – 12:00; a half-hour for reconnoitre – 11:30; two-and-a-half drive time – 9:00. If we could be away by 0800 I'd be a happy camper – or moteler, since that is what we were planning. I say 'we' as Susan and I were making a weekend of it with the race on Saturday afternoon and a social ride in the country on Sunday morning.

With the clock leading with a '7' as we pulled out of Richmond, I was very happy; looking forward to refuelling at Healesville, followed by the run through the Black Spur. The only dampener was the weather that came into view as we turned onto Victoria Street and pointed the Daewoo east – not friendly. Well, it's been 12 months since we saw snow, it'd be good to revive and relive those memories of the alpenhorns in the Swiss Alps.

The north-east did not disappoint – again, the run through the spur was cautious on damp roads but was as enjoyable as always, the majestic mountain ash, the ferns, the bends, the vibe, the bird-brained idiot who doesn't grasp the purpose of 'slow vehicle turnout lanes' – no, it was good, they weren't slow and they kept me at a safe speed. On the other side the clouds were definitely thinner and the air warmer; by the time we made Thornton the roads were dry and there were shadows on the ground.

A lap of the circuit revealed nothing new and no hazards, or wombats, to be removed from the road, returning to Thornton just in time to greet Peter Gray as he parked the trailer in the reserve. With ample time, it was a leisurely set-up whilst Susan wandered down to the New Rubicon Hotel to see if we could check in. A half-hour later Susan is back, dressed in

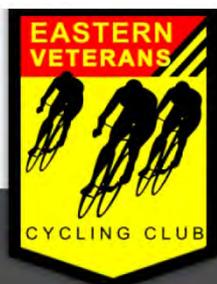
'cactus' kit with an unpacked car, and as I set about loading the start/finish into the Daewoo TARDIS she has set off for a bit of a ride.

Punters started rocking up shortly after and we set about taking registrations. Shelly taking over on the desk just before midday gave me the opportunity to head out to set up the start. Not the best organised, but with help from Ken Allan we had the finish line down and the signage in place with time to spare. Then came the issue of the start line: 35 starters, 1 minute apart, meant 34 minutes between Gerard Donnelly (scratch) and Petra Niclasen (limit); 25 km to cover at ... how fast will Gerard ride? – let's say 40 km/h (for ease of maths), that's 20 km in half an hour, 10 in fifteen minutes, 5 in seven-and-a-half, or 37:30 minutes for the lap. That's three-and-a-half minutes between Petra starting and Gerard finishing; Gerard is a TT specialist, 40 km/h should be minimum. To cover posteriors, we set the start line 30 metres up the road – to give the finisher some scope to avoid the starter.

One o'clock rolls round and the competitors are lining up. At 1:00:55 the first countdown starts and, five seconds later, Gerard is away. At one-minute intervals thereafter, another rider is released and the queue gets shorter and shorter. Finally it is Petra in the hands of the starter, receiving the countdown, no sign of Gerard. With Petra away, all eyes turn east looking for the first of the finishers. It wasn't a long wait. Within a minute, motion through the trees indicated the first time was about to be recorded, and 90 seconds after Petra headed out, Gerard has crossed the line to record what was to be the day's fastest time of 00:36:31 (at 41.3 km/h average).

For the next 54 minutes riders came in, there were gaps, there were clumps, most numbers were in sequence but there was the odd outlier where numbers were out of sequence. As proceedings culminated, a shattered Graham Cadd crossed the line, fifth-last to start and fifth-last to finish, happy to finish 30 seconds ahead of Juanita (who'd started two minutes after him), her presence giving him incentive to keep pushing the pedals: she might beat him but she wasn't going to pass him.

Presentations were well received, all participating women featuring, Juanita's chase of her husband earning her 3rd on handicap, and Petra's





consideration in not keeping us out there any longer than we needed to be earning her the Rob Graham trophy and title. By 3 o'clock people were drifting away, and those who were staying in town the night set about packing it all back into the trailer.

An immense thanks to the marshals on the road and at the finish line; for setting up, marshalling, packing up and then getting it all back into the trailer. Thanks and well done to Peter Mackie for the handicapping, despite a few lower grade riders riding well above what their scratch race grading might have suggested their handicap should have been.

With the trailer packed, it was back to the motel room for a quick shower, change of clothes, then a short stroll to the pub for a drink or two, and with three prize envelopes on 'the bar' it was going to be a good night. For a town of not many, the pub was a happening place, the food was pub food – adequate and of value, the wine was red, the bubbly had bubbles and the beers were cold. Drinks were drunk, meals were eaten, stories were told, plans were made – big breakfast across the road at 7.30, rollout 9.00, ride to Eildon, cross the dam wall, ride Skyline down into Alexandra for coffee before rolling back up the valley to Thornton.

Sunday dawned cold and misty but you could see the that it was going to be a beautiful day in the upper reaches of the Goulburn Valley. With the troops roused, it was off to the corner cafe for that big breakfast – eggs, bacon, sausage, tomato, mushrooms, toast and hash-browns – sustenance for the morning's ride. By 9 o'clock the mist had burned off and six of us took to our saddles – Graham, Juanita, Peter Gray, Dean Niclasen, Susan and myself – whilst the other two, Petra and Shelly, headed off to take to saddles of a different kind, having booked a morning's horseride up the valley.

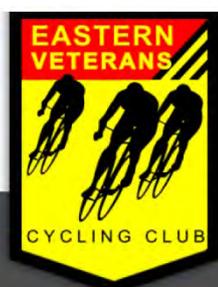
The flat run along Back Eildon Road a nice warm-up for the climbing that was to ensue, the dam wall enough to remind me what gears are for, then a roll back into Eildon before heading up the real climb of Skyline. The small climb to the dam wall had put gaps in the group; Skyline was going to spread us out the way an American spreads vegemite. Marking my own tempo, it was a good ride; enjoying the effort, taking in the views from the immediate

roadside flora, to the snow-covered Lake Mountain to the south and the smooth, brilliant blue arms of Lake Eildon to the north. The climb itself starts steep, backs off a tad, levels off, then kicks again towards the top. It is one of those climbs where the top is just around the next corner – no, the next corner. You know it's 9 km to the very top, so just be patient. A puncture not helping Dean's efforts and making my return to follow the last rider up a tad confusing – I'd been expecting to keep Susan company but the ladies were ahead of the gentlemen (and I knew they were no gentlemen), had I missed them on my descent? No, Graham had stopped to assist Dean and they were following.

Half a kilometre from the top, the road opens up (as well as goes up) and up the road Dean is seen nearing the top with the others not far behind. The views from the top and close to it are spectacular, with vistas across the lake and the rolling hills. The descent from the top just as spectacular, it's 13 km downhill all the way to Alexandra; the first 8 km steep enough to hammer with no effort, sweet enough to need no brakes, the next 5 km a gentle roll towards coffee along winding roads that wend their way through tree-lined fields and across streams, making their way to the U. T. Creek and the Goulburn River. The ride from Alexandra back to Thornton another cruisy 13 kilometres. Not a set of traffic lights to be seen, driveways every couple of kilometres and intersections rarer still.

A great weekend: good company, good conversation, educational – I learnt what it meant 'to cross the Rubicon' (and why), what 'Dog Whistling' was, and that there are five national flags with a depiction of the Southern Cross on them (one of them reversed), great riding. Next time I'll ride the reconnoitre lap and have some lunch at the cafe before reporting for duty.

The small numbers a little disappointing, this week maybe impacted by the State Championships on Sunday. But for a really good circuit that is an enjoyable hour-and-a-half drive out of Ringwood, on really good roads, 35 riders isn't a good turnout. Next race, get up there early, ride a lap (25 km), have some lunch (or a coffee and doughnut), then get prepped. Make a weekend of it and stay overnight.





*The overnights at the top of Skyline Road on Sunday morning. Photo: Graham Cadd*

## **Bib no. 24**

**By Peter Gray**

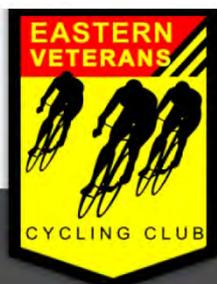
*'Ava good weak-end!*

It's Tuesday morning and I think I have fully recovered from the weekend of the club's annual Rob Graham Memorial Time Trial. Not that Saturday's 25 kilometre event was particularly exhausting; it was the peripheral activities that found my limits. What were those activities, you may well ask, but I won't elaborate 'til later.

The day began for me as most Saturdays do. Pick up the truck and trailer, and depart early enough to

meet up with Nigel Kimber. The subtle difference was that today the destination was Thornton, at 10 am. This town had been selected by our committee 'elders' as an alternative to Eildon as the start/finish point of the time trial and future races. Thornton is also closer to Melbourne, if your Google Maps hadn't already informed you, so I had a little extra time to purchase and enjoy a 'White Coffee' on the journey over a wet and misty Black Spur. No overturned trucks or wombats this time!

Preparation ran smoothly, and before you knew it, marshals and participants started to arrive. Hmm, better get myself ready and warmed up. I chose to





ride a lap of the circuit at sub race pace, just to become familiar with prevailing conditions. An hour or two earlier would have been better, though!

It was 1 pm already and Gerard Donnelly, the first rider, had been despatched. I had 24 minutes to rehearse my tactics and get to the start line. Peter Mackie did the 'holding' and Nigel did the 'folding' (I mean counting). I look down to clip in and realise I'm in the small chainring! Bugger, no time to change now. Five, four, three, two, one – go! The acceleration went OK anyway.

I'd set myself a nominal time of 44:10 this year, if only because the circuit was shorter and flatter than Seymour, and because I felt I had improved somewhat over the preceding weeks. My pre-race reconnaissance, however, told me this goal was going to be difficult to attain, mostly due to a strengthening headwind over the final 10 kilometres.

So off we tootle at a comfortable pace, careful not to overcook it prior to the first bump. Over the summit. 'There, that wasn't so bad after all, was it?' said the legs to the heart.

'Shut up, legs!' indignantly thumped heart. 'You get to have a rest now, I have to keep pumping.'

Five kilometres in and only 40-odd seconds off goal pace. Ten kilometres in, 34 off. This was encouraging, and I was feeling better than the recon had suggested I might.

The following 10 kilometres were a bit of a blur as the bitumen passed rapidly underneath. I tried to keep focused on 500 metre split times and adjusting gearing to maintain optimal cadence. My 'one minute man' (OMM) was in sight and maybe 30 seconds ahead. It was a relief to cross the Eildon bridge only 59 seconds off pace, but I knew the hardest challenge lay ahead.

If the climb away from the bridge and through the 'burbs of Eildon wasn't difficult enough, getting hit with a headwind as you exited the right bend adjacent to the pondage was heart-stopping. But heart went on beating and it was legs' turn to complain.

'I ... I ... I just can't push any harder,' stuttered legs.

'Get over it, legs! I knew you'd be the weak-end of the team,' exclaimed heart.

At this point, brain interjected: 'Stop arguing, both of you, and start cooperating!'

With 5 kilometres to go, things started to come good. OMM was tantalisingly close, and it appeared bridging the gap was imminent. However, Paul James drove hard in the final kilometres to avoid capture. The '1km to go' sign was certainly a handy prompt to give it full gas to the finish. I dropped a further 2 minutes into the headwind to arrive 2:58 off my nominated time. Room for a lot of improvement.

Congratulations and a big thank you to all who competed or officiated.

### *ECAs*

As for the extra-cyclical activities?! A handful of Eastern members stayed over at Rubicon Hotel in order to ride socially the following day. Most went on two wheels, while others, like handicap winner Petra Niclasen, decided they would let four (equine) legs do the walking while they did the talking.

Some big meals were consumed at the pub on Saturday evening, and 'Monster' breakfasts in the morning, by some little people. Just what you need to climb Skyline Road. Yehuda\* – not! However, postal votes for the prettiest PJs mysteriously disappeared (the votes, that is) and the ugliest (thank our lucky stars) failed to make an appearance.

A great weekend. Stay for the Sunday next time. We might even catch our dinner.

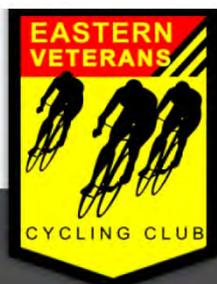
\* Yehuda – haven't a clue what this means.

## **Bib no. 20**

**By Rob Lackey**

The drive up to our wonderful ITT location was fantastic – well, until I hit the Black Spur, that is. Mother Nature threw every kind of weather pattern at that short little part of the range, which had me thinking about what the actual course would be like.

It was a relief as I entered Thornton to see the sun sitting so high and bright in the sky. Enough time for a quick recon of the course (it's amazing what the brain does to block certain things out from your memory). Saw a couple of dedicated clubmen out warming up along the back area near the pub – talk about keen!





As I passed through Eildon, I noticed a red flag opposite the fire station. It was high and fluttering away. Mmm, headwind! And even better that it be on the final part of the circuit, just as the legs would begin to feel the effects of lactic acid. Driving past our usual finish line, I could really hear the effects of the wind on the car. 'Great,' I thought, 'just great!'

A solid warm-up post registration and race brief via our lovely first-aider Shelly, and I assembled with the other brave souls at our new start/finish line, marked with the familiar yellow tape.

Close to being dropped as Nigel was counting down (I won't mention any names, Pete), and I was off. Two interesting things occurred in the first couple of kilometres. The first one being that I overcooked the left-hander through town. Focussed on getting into a good rhythm, I barely noticed our traffic control and neglected to pull up enough to corner. 'Wide!' was the call, which was clearly the wrong game.

The second one being that small pinch of a hill. Remember what I said earlier about the brain blocking things out? On my recon drive, I specifically slowed to get an appreciation of the gradient and actively think about what gear I'd need to be in to get over without much fuss. That thinking was clearly eclipsed by the wind and my focus on how I could avoid it (yeah, right).

A quick scramble and muck about with the gears, and I was over. From there, the rhythm was set and I felt really comfortable in the position with the allotted HR range.

The trip through Eildon was thankfully uneventful with that flag no longer flapping but rather stiff, as the wind had picked up! Onto the second half and it was a matter of keeping my head down and trying to conform to being as aero as possible (not easy in my case).

I was happy with my time (though I'm sure my Garmin said a lower number) and thankful for the change in the track. It's such a beautiful area that riding (racing) a bike around just makes it perfect.

The additional ITT in the race calendar has been a great initiative by the race committee, so thanks and well done. I'll miss the TTT but am aiming to be back next year just as eager.

A big well done to the club officials and duty officials on the day – appreciated, as always.

## **Bib no. 10**

**By Nick Tapp**

What is there to say about a time trial? You start. You go hard. Then you stop.

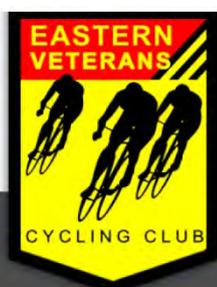
There's plenty, actually, even for an avowed non-TT'er like me. For one thing, without the constant chatter of a road race in your head – about who in the bunch is doing the work, who is attacking, who is down the back and hasn't been seen, and what will they do next and when will they do it, or should I do it first? – it's a chance to focus on you and the bike.

There's the course, too – the road, the wind, even the scenery, though if you're admiring the scenery, you're probably not going to post fastest time. But for me, this year, it was mostly about position. I kept talking to myself, trying to get low and efficient, especially coming back into the headwind. And apart from my own, the other voice I kept hearing in my head, telling me what to do, belongs to someone called Anita.

Anita (say it with a Scots accent) is a yoga teacher, and for the last few years, on an almost weekly basis, she has been cajoling my inflexible, ageing – sorry, my finely tuned, race fit body into poses that previously I had never contemplated, and often I cannot pronounce. It's not what you're thinking. Anita and my wife Ely are in the same Level 3 yoga class (mine is Level 1) and I'm sure they routinely discuss the problem of my posture and what to do about it while they hang about in the ropes. They're in this together, I'm convinced of it.

I wasn't sure about yoga at first. There was the chanting, for one thing – but Anita is cool if you sit quietly through the chanting. And every class begins sitting cross-legged, which on its own is a challenge for me. But I had only been attending Anita's classes for a few weeks when I began to think she must be secretly videoing me on the bike and devising new poses expressly designed to improve my riding position.

'Move your thoracic spine in!' she would command. 'More! MORE!' – sometimes hauling back on my





shoulders with her knee in the middle of my back to emphasise the point.

'Lead with your breastbone ... Relax your groins ... Bring your chest closer to your thighs!'

There's much more to it than a few commands, of course, but the thing is, you can do all those things on a bike. In fact, you probably *should* do them all when riding a bike. *I* definitely should. And what better opportunity than a time trial? So, as I pushed back towards Thornton into the headwind, I listened to Anita and tried to hear what she would be telling me. I adjusted my position in ways that are probably imperceptible to most observers, but that I believe are making a difference.

And then I stopped. No, not really. The race was over, but the ride continues. Chris Ellenby and I headed around again for a warm-down lap and a chat. I even got to admire the scenery.



*The new, improved version? Photo: Issy Webster*

## Letter from the President

**\*\*\* Please read \*\*\* Please read \*\*\* Please read \*\*\* Please read \*\*\* Please read \*\*\***

Dear members,

Unfortunately, the sponsorship we were seeking for the TTT hasn't come to fruition so we need to reduce the prize money to \$1,200. It will be paid down to the first three teams as follows:

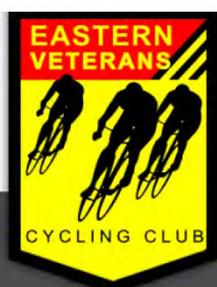
- 1st – \$600
- 2nd – \$400
- 3rd – \$200.

Please accept my apologies for any inconvenience. Also please ensure you get your team nominations to Peter Mackie by 5 pm next Tuesday 19 September.

If any member wishes to inquire about sponsoring the TTT, please email me on [adam.dymond@outlook.com](mailto:adam.dymond@outlook.com).

Regards,

AD



## 2017 UCI Gran Fondo World Champs Time Trial and Road Race, Albi, France

By Dale Maizels

To qualify to race in France, Kym Petersen and I had to finish in the top 25 per cent of our age group at Amy's Gran Fondo in Lorne in 2016. Finishing 4th and 10th out of about 50 riders in our respective age groups, we qualified and decided to make the big trip to France. Three thousand cyclists participated, from over 50 countries. Unfortunately, we both picked up a bug on the plane, me ending up with a head cold and poor Kym a chest infection.

I decided to do the time trial as well, over 22 kilometres in 30+ degree temperatures. As I only took one bike, I did it on my road bike, finishing 18th, but was very happy with my effort. Three days later, with about 60 riders in our age groups, we tackled the road races in combined bunches of about 150 riders. Kym and I both wore black armbands in memory of Paul Semmens. The neutral first 2.5 km at 30 km/h through the narrow streets of Albi was hectic. It was challenging just to stay upright, and we saw at least three crashes. It was only really suitable for those of us with 'race smarts', and we were determined to avoid any sketchy wheels. The race was 97 kilometres in temperatures of 38 degrees. Yes, a little warmer than what we were used to in Melbourne.

### My race

By the 30 kilometre mark I was still with my leading bunch, which contained Jeannie Longo, multiple French, Olympic and World Champion. On the first climb, a small bunch pulled away, with about 20 of us

joining together to form the second bunch. We stuck together on the flats and descents, with only about six of us working at the front, mainly Aussies and one American lady. The climbs were really tough, especially when feeling unwell, however I was determined to stay in touch and I did. I descended and cornered well and kept at the front of the group and out of trouble. The last 10 kilometres was fast, like a sprint. A group of guys passed us and the front of our bunch hooked onto them. I found it hard to hold onto the pace but I did. I sprinted well, and I came 10th in my age group and 1st Australian. I was extremely proud with my result and proud to represent Australia.

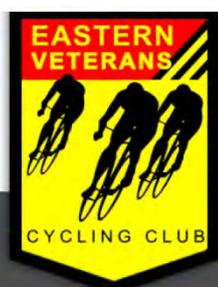
### Kym's race

Kym fought hard and was determined to finish even though she was so sick, and finished a creditable 52nd in her age group. When we returned to Australia, unfortunately, Kym was hospitalised with pneumonia. Kym is now recuperating at home and I wish her a speedy recovery. [*We all do, Kym!* – Ed.]

Kym and I would like to say a special thanks to our coach David Richards and our sponsor Croydon Cycleworks for their awesome support. Thanks also to all our fellow cyclists from EVCC for their encouragement. We were very grateful for the amazing experience.

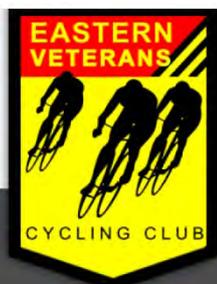


*Dale heads down the ramp on her road bike towards 18th place in the time trial. Photos: Dale Maizels collection*





Top: Dale (far left) sprints to 10th place in the road race. Bottom: Dale at the start (left), and showing off the green and gold with Kym.





## Profile

*Over the years, in addition to regular race reports from various grades, Jim Swainston has contributed profiles of a number of the club's leading riders. This time his subject is Roy Clark. Roy has been a fixture in the Eastern Vets A Grade peloton for more than a decade, and in 2013 won the Radweltpokal Masters World Championship (50–52) road race in St Johann in Tirol, Austria. Most recently, Roy has been working his way back to fitness after a bad crash earlier in the year.*

### Roy Clark: A footloose Aussie's adventures in Europe

By Jim Swainston

Dating back to the late 1890s – practically ever since the bicycle was invented – there has been a constant stream of Aussie cyclists keen to try their luck in the best competitions in the world. Firstly, in Six Day track cycling in the USA, which gave Madison Square Garden its name. Teams generally comprised two riders, who made changes by throwing each other into the bunch and then having the briefest of rests. These races drew huge crowds and continued through to the 1930s. Huge Aussie names were Alf Grenda, Alf Gouillet, Reg 'Iron Man' McNamara and the Elizabeth Street bike shop proprietor Cecil Walker.

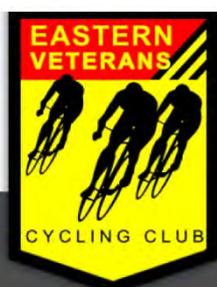
At the same time as this golden era in the USA was happening, the pinnacle of road racing was located in Continental Europe. Hubert Opperman and a very good team of Aussie endurance men put Australia on the map in the tough European events during the 1930s. The story of Oppy's Paris–Brest–Paris victory can be found on some bike paths around Melbourne. There was very little racing in Europe during the Second World War. Road racing got back into full swing in the 1950s, 60s and 70s.

Australia had a huge impact on European track racing in the 1950s due to Alf Strom and Roger Arnold in Six Days and Sid Patterson and Russell Mockridge in general track racing. A little later, John Tressider and Ron Murray did well in Sixes, but the Aussies found it hard going in road events with the exception of Jack Hoobin, who took the world amateur road title in 1950, and Russell Mockridge, who finished the Tour de France in 1955, a remarkable effort for a track sprinter.

Roy Clark and his family migrated from Newhaven, England, to the suburb of Vermont in 1969, when Roy was seven. Around the same time, the Nyhuis family migrated from Holland, and the two families became neighbours. Vermont must have felt very flattered! Roy drifted into cycling, at the age of around 14, with Frank Nyhuis's brother Jos. Blackburn was their club of choice. This club was booming at the time with a couple of hundred members, a gun track rider in John Nicholson and a great road rider in Don Allan. Both John and Don were 1972 Olympians. There is a saying that 'the fruit doesn't fall far from the tree' and Roy's dad was a good middle-distance runner – hence the lean, mean physique.

Roy put in plenty of work and by 1980 he was A Grade in the club and opens. This was in the era of the Sansonetti twins, Wayne and Gary Hammond and Kevin O'Sullivan. To earn a living, Roy worked locally as a furniture maker for a couple of years after having completed Year 11 at Vermont Secondary. Roy's favoured subjects, however, didn't give him any real guide as to what he might be best suited for in life. (Perhaps that's why he became a bike rider like the rest of us!) It would seem that some of his cycling contemporaries were making their way to Europe to try their luck around this time.

I stumbled on the next six years of Roy's life totally by accident one afternoon at Brandon Park Shopping Centre. My source of information was Kim Marshall, Roy's friend and travelling companion along with Jimmy Black. Just looking at Roy, driving a vintage Mitsubishi sedan (now a Toyota) and coming to races in his Hanson work gear, one wouldn't see him as a bit of a gypsy. I am always fascinated by people who go down completely different paths to the accepted norm in life – perhaps because of my own experience of coming from bush New South Wales to Melbourne on my own at 15 with the goal of being a professional bike rider.





*A younger Roy Clark showing impressive 'luft'. From the German word for 'air', luft is the art of wearing a cycling cap high enough on the head to allow some air to circulate. Many consider that luft became extinct in 2003, when helmets became compulsory in UCI races. Photos: Roy Clark collection*

winter wasn't fun. It is probably why Shane Sutton and Bradley Wiggins spent a lot of time drinking beer together in their very early days! In 1986, Roy met up with a kiwi, Morris Brown. Morris could sell ice to the Eskimos, and he 'sold' Roy to a Luxembourg team as a sprinter.

Roy came home for our summer of 1986–87 and worked in refrigeration before returning to Ghent. Alan Peiper was doing very well in the big races, winning Prologues, around this time. Roy recalls that Alan was motor paced when training by a Belgian named Staf Boone, who helped the Aussies with accomodation and entering criterium events. Roy returned home in 1989, aged 27, but injured a knee in a car accident, which curtailed his career until 2005, when he returned as a Vet.

Just as well he returned – he might never have been World Champion!

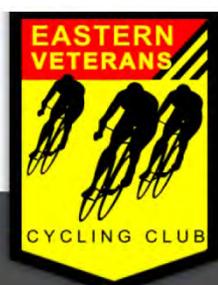
*I would like to thank Damian Toohey of Cyclelink in Bayswater for letting us use his lunch room for this interview on a freezing day.*

In the autumn of 1983, the 'three musketeers' – Kim, Jimmy and Roy – headed for Italy on three-month visas at their own expense. While this was a lovely holiday in Tuscany, there was no midweek racing so training was done, as it is here, during the week. The adventurers returned home in our spring and resumed fairly normal lives. Roy's employers had kept his old job and he rode a track season and spent the 1984 winter here, but the wanderlust must have been setting in. Autumn 1985, and he was off to Belgium.

Ghent must be to Aussie bike riders what Kangaroo Valley is to Aussie tourists in London. For decades they have been flocking there in the search for riches – or, in most cases, just the experience of being part of the scene. The Six Day stars, such as Gary Wiggins, Danny Clark, Graeme Gilmore and Don Allan, would earn veritable fortunes throughout Europe, and the Aussies were on the threshold of earning good money in road racing, with Alan Peiper, Phil Anderson and Stephen Hodge, followed by a multitude of stars. Many, like Roy, were happy just to get something towards their living expenses by riding Kermesse events. In 1985, Roy spent the European winter in London with his grandmother, and the good lady tried (unsuccessfully) to reform him. 'Why don't you give this silly cycling away, go back to Australia, marry some nice girl and have a family!' she said. Roy thought, 'This is going to be a long two months if she gives me this every day!' Training in the London



*Roy (centre back) after a race in the 1980s*

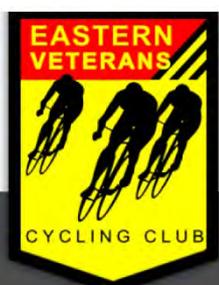




Roy Clark takes line honours in the Radweltpokal Masters World Championship (50–52) road race in St Johann in Tirol, Austria, in August 2013.



On the podium with Marcello Rattelli of Italy (2nd) and Jean Claude Bougouin of France (3rd). Guy Green and Steve Fairless finished 6th and 8th, respectively.





## News etc.

### Pedalthon cancer fundraiser

Rob Lackey is still seeking donations for the Below the Belt Pedalthon, coming up in Sydney next week. All funds raised will be matched by the QBE Foundation and go directly to supporting trials that improve outcomes for patients facing urogenital cancers.

<https://belowthebeltpedalthon2017.everydayhero.com/au/robert>

### Monash Uni study

A great opportunity to learn a bit more about your highly tuned race body through a research project being conducted by [Monash University Nutrition & Exercise Clinic](#).

The team are still recruiting cyclists, triathletes and runners aged 20–45 for a diet and sweat composition study. If you are interested in participating, please see the information below and get in touch.

There are many factors that influence the amount of salt lost in sweat during exercise. They will be conducting a study to see how the amount of salt you eat in the days before exercise might influence the amount of salt lost in sweat during the exercise session.

In particular, they are looking for male and female amateur and elite level endurance athletes (runners, cyclists and triathletes) aged 20–45 who race and train and have previously completed at least one marathon (running) or 100 km cycling event (race, gran fondo or similar).

The study takes place at the Monash University Department of Nutrition & Dietetics – Be Active Sleep & Eat (BASE) Facility in Notting Hill, Melbourne (near Clayton).

Time commitment:

- males – four half days (three mornings and one morning or afternoon)
- females – two half days (one morning and one morning or afternoon).

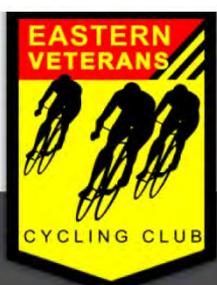
As part of the study, you will receive:

- individual results from a  $VO_2$  max test using the latest breath-by-breath system, including the percentage of carbs vs fat used during exercise
- body composition using Bioelectric Impedance Analysis (recently validated against DEXA in endurance athletes)
- assessment of the amount of salt in your normal diet
- measures of your sweat rate and sweat sodium losses.

These services are valued at around \$350 to get done privately.

For more information, please contact Alan McCubbin: 0408 08 99 44 or [alan.mccubbin@monash.edu](mailto:alan.mccubbin@monash.edu).

NB This study has been approved by the Monash University Human Research Ethics Committee: CF16/1125-2016000598.





## 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 who enter a handicap *must* pay the entry fee regardless of whether they participate. 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](http://www.northerncycling.com).

## Sponsors



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