

Newsletter

14 October 2017



Duty Roster

Saturday 14 October, Arthurs Creek

Tony Curulli (R), Rob Giles (TC), David McCormack (TC), Shane Dwyer, Craig Tucker, John Williams, Peter Bertelsen, Kym Petersen, Bernie Evans, Richard Vernon, Keith Wade

Saturday 21 October, Jindivick

John Thomson (R), Hylton Preece (TC), Andrew Nielsen (TC), Richard Abel, Peter Ransome, Russell Newnham, Mark Charlton, Chris Hughson, Rob Castellani, Gary Wishart, John Court

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

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In a break with long tradition, the wind at Casey Fields last Saturday was from the east and only light to moderate in strength. Sixty-seven riders took advantage of this to enjoy an afternoon of good, hard, safe racing across six grades. Look inside for results and race reports.

Sixty-five turned up on Tuesday evening for the continuation of the Croydon Cycleworks Summer Twilight Crit Series at METEC, and 41 raced on Wednesday morning at the Loop, in Kew. (Bravo to those who did all three.) Results from both venues are inside.

Next week, on Saturday 21 October, we race at Jindivick in the Club Road Championships. Entries will be taken beforehand on TeamApp or by email to Peter Mackie at mackiep69@gmail.com, and on the day. As a championship race, there are certain qualifying requirements. See <http://eastervets.com/calendar/> for the full details. In short, you need to be an Eastern Vets member who has competed in three Eastern Vets races (Saturday, Tuesday or Wednesday) since 1 May. There is no entry fee or prize money, and medals will be awarded to the first three placegetters in each five-year age group. Remember your tail light and note the 1 pm start.



And, just because it's magpie season and I love this photo – magpie photo bomb.



Graded scratch races at Casey Fields, 7 October

Grade	1st	2nd	3rd	4th
A Grade (11)	Phil Cavaleri	Jean-Philippe Leclercq	Steve Ross	
B Grade (16)	Peter Mackie	Chris Ellenby	Darren Woolhouse	Grant Farr
C Grade (10)	Peter Gray	Paul James	Bob Lewis	
D Grade (10)	Dean Tune	Harry Hibgame	David Brown	
E Grade (6)	Zenon Gawronski	Jim Swainston	Susan Williams	
D Grade (4)	Rod Goodes	Brian Farrell	Michael Waterfield	

A Grade (I)

By Nigel Kimber

Jean-Philippe was the marked rider, Steve Ross and Phil Cav ones to be wary of, a few known and a few unknown backsides completing the group that rolled off for the social neutral first lap. With the niceties out of the way it was Ray Russo who moved early, grabbing a 100 metre lead courtesy of a small acceleration with the wind past the yet to be fired up barbecue. The BBQ wasn't cooking and nor was the chase, the majority happy to follow the sucker who was happy to follow Ray. I was happy to follow for a bit, this was the ideal opportunity to loosen the legs and knock a few minutes off the clock with the load shared amongst the ten. Unfortunately, everybody else was happier to leave the sharing to someone else.

Eventually the lack of company (Ray) and the threat of B Grade catching us saw an upping of the chase-pace and the 11 re-amalgamate, the pace staying up a bit for a bit, but one can only be asked to do so much. It took some serious time-warping to get to the back to check out these new backsides, I got a minute or two to sus the opposition before a lull in pace opposed momentum and we were back up near the front.

And then on the front. Well, if they wanted me to work, they could work, too. A solid attack opened what the officials later told me was a 'race-winning lead', and it may well have been had there been 10

minutes to go rather than it being 10 minutes gone. Needless to recount, I had a couple of laps of solitude before what looked like the red and white of a Skope jersey dragged the race back to my wheel. Having seen it coming, I'd eased off a tad to get the heart rate back to something under threshold, a precaution that proved not necessary as there was no counterattack upon reunification.

And that's pretty much how it went, a few aggressions, a lot of catching up, serious lulls, I'd get pissed off at the lack of pace and either attack or set a tempo then try to shake somebody else to the front. Phil Cav, Ray and one of the Pauls (sorry) were the prominent aggressors, each on their own and each allowed a leash of varying lengths. The chase content to let a sole soul hang out but as soon as one or two started building bridges it was a scramble to hold the wheel that chased the bridge builders.

Having left the Garmin on the commute I was running blind, both as to race pace and duration, all I had was the relative position to B Grade and the length of the shadows; and given the stop/start/surge/lull nature of the race the former was no true measure and my fatigue made the second just as useful. All grades appeared to still be on the track but it must be getting close, so a quick question to Steve Ross in one of the lulls to get a handle on where we were garnered the response, '10 minutes.' OK, my brain may not have been totally there but I was pretty sure we'd passed the 10 minute mark a while back. 'No, 10 minutes to the hour.' Ah, 20-25 to go.





J-P must have been on the clock too as this was about where he started his aggression. But, where others had been allowed a bit of leeway, nobody was going to cut J-P any slack, and every move he made was jumped on, making every move short-lived. It got to the point where I didn't worry or bother to respond myself as the pace was going to come straight off and I'd just amble back to the front and we'd start again.

Then the bell; the smell of onions and sausages coming from the BBQ shifting everybody's attention from racing to the imminent post-race refreshments and it looked like they were stopping to put in pre-orders to snag that sausage for later. The alternative was to get the lap over and done with as quickly as possible, and being an alternative kind of guy I pushed through the queue and set about setting a new lap record (I didn't have a Garmin, remember, so I could do this) although cramp and skipping gears made that unlikely. Along the back straight an early charge by the Cav, out-jumping the Frog, garnered a gap that was enough to hold on for the win, J-P closing said gap but only enough for 2nd with Steve Ross in 3rd. Your intrepid relegated to last of the survivors long before the final turn.

Of the 11 who started together, 10 finished together. The unfortunate one was lost to a racing incident – over-cooked (or was forced wide) on a corner, losing ground trying to recover and being faced with a gap that proved too big to close under the conditions. We should have waited – sorry.

Figures for the race: no idea – check the B Grade report.

A Grade (II)

By Nick Tapp

Looking around the start line on Saturday, it might have been a B Grade race from earlier in the year. If you ignored Jean-Philippe, Phil, Steve and Nigel, that is. These longtime A Graders tried their hardest to dictate the race, and they ended up filling all the spots on the podium, but those of us more recently promoted did our best to gang up on them. Not really, though perhaps that's how it looked.

Nigel and J-P in particular tried repeatedly to get away. Sometimes J-P and Phil went to opposite

sides of the track, attempting to split the field in a Team Skope 1-2 manoeuvre. But always there was an erstwhile B Grader close to their back wheel, able to follow, in some cases ready to work, otherwise happy to wait until it all came back together. Which it did, time after time.

Ray had some time off the front as well, though, to be fair, the intensity of the chase was not as great then as when J-P or Nigel went solo. Paul Firth had a go, though he said afterwards this was less a case of attacking, more one of going to the front and finding no one on his wheel. Paul Webster gave himself and those around him a scare when his front wheel wobbled on a bend and took him off into the grass. And some of us were content to hang on tight, follow the moves, bridge the gaps and, for once, not get dropped.

The fast bits were fast, and there were many of them, but in between it got comically slow on occasions. That's probably one reason why, as others have observed, we never lapped B Grade. And why it was all together (apart from Paul W.) for the bell lap. Phil went long and stayed away for 1st place, and J-P and Steve were fast enough in the finish to take 2nd and 3rd. Chapeau! Right behind them, though, was a pack of the newer A Graders. Sometimes, just getting that close feels like a win.

B Grade

By Mark Edwards

Casey Fields, great place for a criterium circuit! Having been in the US earlier this year and seen the lengths they have to go to to find a venue, get a permit, insurance, police permission, county approval – it's almost impossible and has impacted a lot of riders and clubs and cities. They are pretty much reduced to unauthorised on-road unofficial twitter-announced 'non' races. Austin is lucky, they have a big scene on a closed track, there must have been 200 riders and a lot of spectators the Thursday night I went. Most cities aren't so lucky and it's just bunch rides with a hill kick. Some complain a bit about Casey, too far, too windy, but I reckon we are lucky to have this and all the other places we can race.

Anyway, after a welcome lift down from Pete Morris and Paul Firth, a strong field turned up, 16 in B Grade and it was always going to be tough to get





away. That didn't stop a few trying. Webby went, Geoff O went on one of his strange slow attacks. At one stage the pace was so low (average 38!) I went to the front just to see what it looked like up there. Eventually Grant Farr, embarrassed that his HRM couldn't crack triple figures, went hard and long and shook a few off before easing back. Most of us just hung on, enjoying the scenery and the suffering. Late in, surprising no-one, Chris Ellenby had multiple digs, one after the other, attack, caught, attack, caught. Not sure who was pegging these back, it wasn't me. After a few weeks off the bike and a lingering illness, I was just hoping to hang on and build some endurance. That and I wasn't quick or good enough.

On the bell, just after the bell, down past the clubhouse, Grant pulled hard, not a vicious attack but strong, like 'Dudes, this is how the big boys do it!' strong. The smart and/or lucky who were close enough and strong trained on and enjoyed the ride, the rest of us wondered who was going to sacrifice themselves for 'me'. Turns out there were not enough domestiques and we all pretty much slumped. Big Dean (not so big Dean now) lit up and reduced the gap a fair bit, but was short a couple of mates. The sprinters were frustrated and toey, they knew they could easily take the leaders if only someone would drag them up. Hello? We saw the frontrunners round the last corner, so close but oh so far. I was happy to trail off ('If you aren't going to contest the sprint, get out of the way'). I would have contested if I could, but alas ...

The handicapper got it in a close finish I was told. Ellenby second, not a renowned sprinter but legs of steel. D.W. I expect was close, and the handsome Grant, the boy racer with the movie star looks, the tall lean pro tour body shape and the A Grade pedigree, trailed in 4th to fool the handicapper into another week on the B Line Cruise. I don't think I've ever been at Casey and not been lapped by A Grade. It's a strange new world. Ask J-P! Good to see Dave Mac back up. Well done Pete on your first place (and win), and thanks to everyone, officials, competitors.

After the race I got my race referee card. I'm not saying a little bit of power will go to my head, but those closest to me would say that, then smirk. The good thing is, you'll appreciate the other referees more now!

C Grade

By Peter Gray

Hammer it home



The C Grade finish at Casey Fields: (from right to left) P. Gray, P. James, B. Lewis, followed by (in no particular order) N. Cartledge, G. Harvey, C. Joy, I. Milner, H. Preece, J. Pritchard and P. Ransome.

F Grade (I)

By Rod Goodes

Hey, don't know what to say. No wind to speak of, anyway, I will give it a go.

Four riders faced the starter in F Grade this week: Brian Farrell, Ray Watts, Michael Waterfield and Rod Goodes. Things started out very orderly, with all riders swapping even turns in a very gentlemanly manner for about 15 minutes. After this I think Michael must have got bored, because he mounted a massive attack about halfway through one lap, catching us a bit off guard. Rod was second wheel behind Ray when he heard Michael click up a few gears and knew what was coming. As Michael sped past, Rod was able to lock on to Michael's wheel and a gap opened on Brian and Ray, but Michael slowed and we were all back together again.

Rod worked out Michael's plan – that is, to attack in the same spot (with a tailwind) every two laps, with the exception being that getting near the race end (after 60 minutes) he attacked up the finishing straight. But we all managed to get back together by the time the bell rang. Ray was on the front when the bell rang and, strangely, nobody seemed to want to deny him this spot – until the last left-hand turn into the finishing straight, when Brian and Michael made





their move. Rod thought it was a bit early and held his nerve before making his move, and was able to pass before the finishing line.

Final placings: 1st Rod Goodes, 2nd Brian Farrell, 3rd Michael Waterfield.

Thanks, guys, for a very safe race!

F Grade (II)

By Brian Farrell

With only four starters there was nowhere to hide on a lovely spring day. Nice to see Ray Watts back racing after a long spell.

The race was hard enough without 'Doc' Michael Waterfield attempting to break away on numerous occasions. He would stick it into the bunch real hard.

I think he was trying to soften us up but he softened first. (Can't wait until I am 85. He is like a good wine: gets better with age.) Ray had decided not to sprint so there were three places, Rod showing a clean pair of wheels to take 1st place.



Michael putting in one of his many attacks and inflicting pain on the rest of the field. Photo: Sandra Farrell





Croydon Cycleworks Summer Twilight Crit Series, 10 October

Grade	1st	2nd	3rd	4th
A Grade (14)	Richard Abel	Chris Hughson	Gerard Donnelly	Perry Peters
B Grade (14)	Ian Smith	David Pyne	Paul Anderson	Grant Greenhalgh
C Grade (21)	Brad Thexton	Brad Jones	Paul James	Andrew Wedderburn
D Grade (10)	Keith Wade	Harry Hibgame	Colin Mortley	Chris Beard
E Grade (6)	Michael Muscat	Allan Hicks	Paula McGovern	Mark Granland

Wednesday criterium at the Loop, Kew, 11 October

Division	1st	2nd	3rd
Division 1 (13)	Stephen Lane	Fraser Short (N)	Trevor Coulter (N)
Division 2 (14)	Chris Ellenby	John Williams	Roman Suran
Division 3 (8)	Peter Gray	Neil Cartledge	Michael Allen
Division 4 (6)	John Eddy	Barry Rodgers	Barry Ellem

Thanks to referee Stephen Barnard and his helpers.

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

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