



Eastern Cycling Club

11 May 2019

Newsletter

Duty Roster

Saturday 11 May, Gruyere

Tony Curulli (R), Neil Cartledge (TC), Ray Russo (TC), Colin Mortley (TC), Vaughan Bowman, Chris Beard, Mark Trounson, Alison Skene, Marcus Herzog, Paul James, Grant Greenhalgh

Saturday 18 May, Yarra Glen

Richard Dobson (R), Ken Saxton (TC), Dean Tune (TC), Daniel Ives, Rob Suter, Ed Holmes, Allan Hicks, Chris Norbury, Phil Johns, Richard Vernon

If rostered for duty, you must be there at least 1 hour prior to start time. If unable to do your duty, it's your responsibility to find a replacement, then advise Andrew Buchanan, tip2@optusnet.com.au.

Banner photo: Pete Morris

Editor: Nick Tapp

nick.tapp@detail-ed.com.au

There was just enough blue sky at Casey Fields last Saturday to make a Colombian climber a pair of knicks – but that was enough. The winners list saw an almost complete changing of the guard from the previous week at Jindivick. (Quiz question: who was the only rider to place in the top three at both courses?) Results and a race report are inside, along with an assortment of other good reading for a quiet night on the couch.

This Saturday we're at Gruyere for graded scratch races, starting at 2 pm. Registration and parking are near the footy oval, at the corner of Killara and Cahillton roads, and the desk closes at 1.45 pm. Charge your tail light – and bring \$15 to enter. As usual, you can sign up ahead of time via TeamApp.

A reminder that sample Pedla garments are now in the Croydon Cycleworks shop. If you couldn't make the members night last Tuesday, call the shop (9723 5164) and set up a time to go in, try on and order your new club kit – or just order anyway. Note that you must pay in full when ordering to gain the special introductory prices, which must end at 4 pm this Saturday.



An evergreen F Grade podium on a grey old day at Casey Fields: (L-R) Ron Stranks, Neil Cartledge and 'Uncle Rod' Goodes





Graded scratch races, Casey Fields, 4 May

Grade	1st	2nd	3rd
A Grade (8)	Glenn Newnham	Paul Webster	Phil Cavaleri
B Grade (10)	Craig Stannard	Paul Firth	Dean Niclasen
C Grade (13)	Ken Saxton	Dale Walton	David Griffin
D Grade (6)	Greg Harvey	Colin Mortley	Michael Muscat
E Grade (6)	Peter Shanahan	Geoff Miller	Alan Cunneen
F Grade (5)	Neil Cartledge	Rod Goodes	Ron Stranks

A Grade

By Glenn Newnham

There has been a real ‘sprinters versus breakaway specialists’ conversation going on in A Grade recently. For the most part it is the usual banter, but it has also meant that during races there have been more tactics around which breaks are chased down and when.

I was on the wrong side of this on Saturday and sat back too long while Kevin King, Paul Webster, Phil Cavaleri and Clem Fries broke away. I got my timing wrong and left it just a little too late to jump across. I had Gooch on my back wheel and when I turned around to suggest he take over, he was pretty well toast.

I did another lap chasing on my own before I looked around and Tony Kimpton wasn’t far behind, so I let up on the pace and we started working together to chase down the break. I was pretty confident we could bridge across, but the guys ahead obviously had other ideas and the gap just continued to grow for the next half hour.

I was glad it was Tony with me, and realistically my main concern was making sure I put in as long and as hard a turn as he was doing. The gap continued to grow – until

it didn’t. I’d say they had 300 metres one lap, and the next lap for some reason we were within 50 metres. I guess they started attacking each other and stopped working together, but Tony and I couldn’t believe our luck and basically sprinted across the final gap. So going into the last 15 minutes we were six and it was looking like a sprint finish.

Clem put in a strong effort to break away but everyone was too motivated to stay on. I went into the back straight at the back of the group but moved up alongside Kevin so I had prime position behind Paul for the sprint. As we went into the last turn I slotted myself on the inside of Paul and put my head down to the line. I had to apologise to Paul because I put him off his sprint with that last corner move, which of course was my intention.

So the final podium was me (Glenn), Paul Webster and Phil Cav, with Kevin, Clem and Tony following close behind. A special shout out to my chase buddy and recent Australian Vets Road Champ, Tony Kimpton. I was lucky to have such a strong companion in the chase. And a warm welcome to Clem Fries, who put in a great ride for his first outing as an Eastern member.





Wednesday criterium at the Loop, Yarra Boulevard, 8 May

Division	1st	2nd	3rd
Division 1a (5)	Mark Seddon (N)	David Rooke (N)	David Younger (N)
Division 1b (6)	Pete Morris	Trevor Perry (N)	Craig Blowfield
Division 2 (5)	Dale Walton	Roman Suran	Doug Page
Division 3 (4)	Juanita Stumbles	Shane Dwyer (N)	Michael Muscat
Division 4 (3)	Petra Niclasen	Neil Cartledge	Alan Cunneen

Thanks to referee Nick Tapp, Petra Niclasen (who brought all the gear in Dean's absence) and other helpers.

News etc.

New kit launched at Croydon Cycleworks

There was a great turnout last Tuesday night for the members' night at Croydon Cycleworks to launch the new club kit.

Thanks to all members who came along and supported the night, and also to all of you who bought raffle tickets. The raffle was won by Lawrence Lee, who gets his kit for free – winner, winner! We raised \$890, which is more than enough to buy the club a new canopy for the registration tent.

Anyone who couldn't make it on the night has until 4 pm on Saturday to place an order with CCW. Either call the shop (9723 5164) and pay over the phone, or call in and try on the samples to make sure you get your size just right.

Adam Dymond

Letter from Susan Williams

Dear Eastern members,

Heartfelt thanks to everyone who has supported me with such positivity and to those who have contributed to my Tour de Cure fund. We have raised a massive \$24,460, which is double the target for every rider who participates in the full tour. One day we will nail cancer.

<https://tourdecure.com.au>

After 7 months of intensive training, I will be really glad to get my life back and not to be living in Lycra, washing Lycra and constantly eating or exercising or stretching or recovering or preparing for the next session! I have sorely missed social racing and look forward to returning.

Madam Sec.





Dispatches returns

It's that time of year when the avid cycling fan heads off abroad and makes us all envious with tales of country roads and mountain passes, coffee and pastries, aperitives, digestives ... Or something like that. First cab off the rank this year is Mark Edwards.

Greetings from Turin

So here we are, four weeks in Torino. My wife at Italian school, me on the bike and Netflix. Helen loves to speak Italian. I have no aptitude for languages other than some on-road finger signs and gestures. I go as far as a bit of Cinelli and Bianchi and for Gooch a De Rosa. I feel slightly guilty at home when Helen is prattling on and I'm not paying much attention. Here, she is pretty much full-time Italiano so I don't feel bad at all. What is the Italian for 'Yes, dear'?

Saturday is bunch ride day everywhere. I asked a bunch, a perfectly matched kit bunch, if I could tack on. They said yes but in a polite, unenthusiastic way. Eighty kilometres, they said. I leapt at it. I think they thought they'd drop me but I'm an old wheelsucker and stayed on in the flat country until it turned up and I dropped way back. Learned a few local tricks. Best to go anticlockwise around the roundabouts. There are road laws and then there is how you ride. Pedestrians, zebra crossings, kids, dogs – anything smaller than you, keep going. Buses, trucks, cars – give way regardless of who has the legal right of way. Don't die wondering if they're going to stop. Apart from that, the drivers are both chaotic and kind, overtake with a big gap and wait patiently on the hills – mostly (there's always one). Great riding. Must remember to stay right. And up.

Send some suspension

The roads here are rough. I've lost feeling in hands, and fillings in mouth. Full-suspension bikes are the go, on the groomed trails, in the hills and on the city streets. Turin is near the top of the massive Po valley, long, broad and flat. It's one huge Collingwood/Richmond floodplain flat. On the south side of the Po, immediately, are some hills a bit like the Dandys, Sky High sized. The snow-capped Alps are visible in the distance about 30 km away. I'm pretty sure I can avoid them for four weeks.

Send more gears

You know that wtf bit of Inverness Road? There is a lot of that here. I don't know how the older cars got around back in the day. Clutches and brakes. I talked to our gazelle-legged editor about a bit of knee soreness. 'Change your cadence', he advised. Yeah, well, 200+ watts, 84 kg, 10–17% grades, a dodgy ticker, compact gears and I'm at zigzag stomping cadence. Next time I'll take Tappy's advice – dial in 600 W, spin 90 rpm and 24 km/h and scrub off some of Pantani's local records. I'm already dancing on the pedals, more 'old repressed white bloke, head nodding with that 1/3 beat all wrong' than Latin Lover. My bike silently forgives me, maybe it's laughing at me. Maybe I'll put the torch on the phone. I've always wanted to be one of the cool dudes.

Send more brakes

I left the carbon rims at home and brought the alloys, but my caliper brakes are struggling downhill. That smell of burning rubber. How I envy those casual one-finger disk brake heroes. A 20 km ride up and down and I'm done for the day.





Send more legs

I could do with Phil Smith's legs, Frog legs would be fine, too. This is A Grade country. I gotta lose me some weight. I am going to cut back to just the one Negroni every night. A blonde with lunch of course. And the obligatory digestive (usually grappa) after big pasta dinner. It's Jindivick, Yarra Glen, Gruyere season back home. Can I hide out here until summer?

Off to the gym (palestra)

Back home, Helen is a Fernwood gym rat, perhaps more a gym mouse. I'm not. I'm tagging along here, though. While she has an hour of PT, I do my thing, a bit hard to explain, it's sort of the gym you do when you're not doing gym. The Italian girls are fit. Really fit. Some are strong, too. I've been looking at the chin-up bar. That would be embarrassing. I pretend I can't read the instructions. I can't read the instructions.

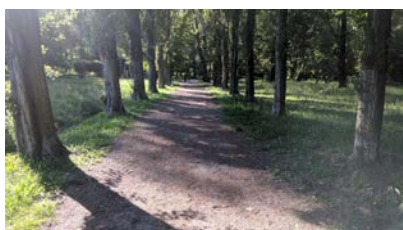
To my B Grade friends

I often wonder who has taken over my role as friend to all the bunch while I am away? To always have a kind word ready, a helping hand, be a team player and give a tow back if wanted. It's a pity Ellenby has been awarded the Peter Mackie Lifetime A Grade medallion or he could deputise for me. I've decided when I get back I'm going to go feral, maybe even attack a bit. No more Mr Nice Guy.

And the Saturday aggregate?

Following a query, I looked into the aggregate. Turns out I had left a bunch of people out of my oh-not-so-clever worksheet. You are all back in now, and Ken Saxton goes from not existing in my Cloud to second overall. I can hear Mackie's gears turning as he thinks about league leader Paul Firth. Blackburn boy Glenn Newnham is storming up the table. Find out where you are and what you need to do [here](#).

Ciao ciao,
Mark





Road to recovery

Recent new member Sam Curry has returned to riding after a nasty road accident. He shared this story of his journey back.

Every time I roll my leg over the top tube, there's a level of gratitude that overwhelms me. A second coming, rebirth if you like. Doesn't matter if it's a short ride or an adventure – every kilometre is a bonus.

I had delayed my return to riding a lot longer than I should have. If I had my time again, I'd have listened to my mates. 'Are you back on the bike?' they would ask. They knew me better than I knew myself.

The past 18 months had been a nightmare: 2 months in hospital, surgeries 6 months apart, a whole year before returning to full-time work. Physios, chiro, nurses, doctors, surgeons, psychologists, lawyers, physiologists and dietitians. I'd got to the stage where I just wanted to be left alone. Find the pathway myself that would lead me back to my former life. A new romantic partner, new house, financial commitments. Life had changed in the blink of the eye and it felt like my former life had been stolen from me by one unfortunate incident.

Nothing would lead me back and I had to look forward. I tried cricket, swimming, running (without success) and a few other indoor gym activities, but nothing was scratching my itch. I asked to borrow a mate's bike to test whether my mind and body would hold up to riding again. A slow 10 km trek along the river path. Tick.

From there I went and bought a road bike with the mentality of 'stuff it'. Some people thought I was crazy, but my friends knew what was good for me. For whatever reason, I chose the 1 in 20 for my next ride, not realising how unfit I had become. Climbing the first few kilometres of the roughly 6 km ride, I passed the '4 km' paint marking on the road and thought, 'Good, I have 2 km to go'. Then I rode past the '3 km' marker and remembered to my horror that the road markings showed how far was left to ride. By the time I made it past the false flat, I was cooked, and pulled over exhausted and out of breath. 'My god', I thought, 'I can no longer climb one ascent.'

By the time I reached the cafe summit, I had what I needed. Not a short climb in the bank or some calories spent. I was able to ride relatively pain-free and would be OK to ride the next day and the day after that. Although I had become 'the fat kid in PE' to my riding mates, I was back in the peloton.

I soon dispensed with physio and counsellor appointments. I exchanged boring exercises for fresh air and outside escape. That was medicine! Getting out the door and losing myself in a ride helped me find myself again. I became a better partner, friend, son, brother and all-round happier person to be around.

This year I joined Eastern Cycling Club after a recommendation from David and Nick at Croydon Cycleworks. You don't need a spell on the bike to enjoy riding. I see it on everyone's face.

Sam Curry





Room to rent in Girona

Eastern member Rob Birch lives in Girona, Spain. It is a fantastic location for cycling, not far from the Pyrenees, France and the Mediterranean.

Rob has a 2-bedroom apartment and his second bedroom is available to rent for any Eastern Cycling Club member, subject to availability (June is currently booked out). Price is €120 per week or €20 per night. Rob's contact details are as follows:

Email: robgb53@gmail.com

WhatsApp: +61 478 119 502

Mobile: +34 662 060 483

Future events

Eastern CC events

Please refer to page 1 of this newsletter, or go to <https://easterncycling.com/roster/>.

Note: Graded scratch race entries are accepted on the day up until 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 ECC 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 CC events

For details, go to <http://northerncycling.com.au>. Please note that Northern has a new start time of 10 am for road races. Start time for criterium races at National Boulevard remains unchanged at 9 am.

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