



Eastern Cycling Club

1 June 2019

Newsletter

Duty Roster

Saturday 1 June, Casey Fields

Nick Tapp (R), Franc Tomsic, Stefan Kirsch

Saturday 8 June, Gruyere

Colin Mortley (R), Ian M. Smith (TC), Peter Webb (TC), Ray Watts (TC), Nick Panou, Peter Shanahan, Anthony Cox, Darren Woolhouse, Perry Peters, Murray Howlett

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

We were lucky with the weather again at Thornton last Saturday for the Royce Bennett Handicap. Limit rider Neil Cartledge was never caught, and a bunch sprint from a number of combined groups decided the rest of the placings. Glenn Newnham recorded fastest time, and Paula McGovern was fastest woman. Hylton Preece (3rd) spoke from the podium and paid tribute to Royce and his impact on the club. A fine crop of reports are inside.

Racing this Saturday is at Casey Fields, Cranbourne East. Elimination races for B and E Grades start at 1.45 pm, followed by graded scratch races for all. The registration desk will close at 1.30 pm. On the following Saturday 8 June we will be at Gruyere for the first round of the four-race Toughen Up series.



Most of the top 10 in Saturday's Royce Bennett Handicap at Thornton – minus Chris Ellenby (8th) who was out cycling, and plus Glenn Newnham (fastest time). Read a swag of race reports inside.





Royce Bennett Handicap, Thornton, 25 May

Place	Rider	H/c	Place	Rider	H/c
1st	Neil Cartledge	28:00	6th	John Williams	9:30
2nd	David Griffin	11:30	7th	Greg Harvey	15:00
3rd	Hylton Preece	11:30	8th	Chris Ellenby	6:30
4th	Paul Firth	6:30	9th	Andrew Buchanan	11:30
5th	Nick Tapp	6:30	10th	Bernie Evans	15:00
Fastest time	Glenn Newnham	Scratch	1st unplaced woman	Paula McGovern	17:00

Scratch

By Glenn Newnham

Why is it that Peter Mackie doesn't tell us our handicap until the last minute? I guess that only gives us one minute to complain.

First time for me on scratch, and I was teamed up with Phil Smith, Kevin King and Lawrence Lee. That sounded like a pretty good group to me, but second scratch was looking strong too and they had over three minutes on us. Sitting at the start line, I said I was happy to split any prize money with the group. This is a team event after all, right?

We got down to business quickly and started doing reasonably long turns at the front, but after a while we realised that constantly flowing turns made it easier to keep a steady pace. We were holding an average of around 40 km/h, Phil of course looking very strong and Kevin in his element, tapping out a steady pace, but it seemed like Lawrence was struggling a little. I think this was his second race back after a few months layoff. By the time we were entering Eildon for the first time he was taking some turns out to conserve energy. On the back road we picked up Gooch, who later told me he had

dropped off second scratch at the hill after not doing a decent warm-up. He was happy to join in the action, so he and Lawrence came through every few rotations while Kevin, Phil and I just kept constantly rolling turns.

This is basically how things continued for the rest of the race. Kym Petersen pulled alongside in the follow car the second time up the hill and gave us some encouragement. Phil had a chat to her but I didn't have energy to look up, let alone talk. Occasionally someone at the side would yell out something, but I could never work out what they were saying. I was hoping it was something like 'You've almost caught them', but apparently not. Coming down the back road for the last time, there wasn't a bunch in sight. Phil started taking some longer turns to make sure we got fastest bunch. I came through for the last few hundred metres and took the credit for fastest time, but honestly it was a great team effort by all five of us. At the finish my average was 39.7 km/h.

Many thanks to those who organised, set up the course and stood on corners. Congratulations to the top 10 finishers, in particular Neil, and to Paula as fastest female. I really appreciated hearing Hylton



Preece's tribute to Royce Bennett, and his words about the friendly club. I think Royce would be proud of the club we have today.



L-R: Glenn, Lawrence, Phil and Kevin wait to start.

6:30

By Nick Tapp

As the previous year's winner I felt a pleasing lack of pressure to perform in Saturday's Royce Bennett Handicap. My first concern was not to forget the trophy, a fine piece of handiwork (Steve Fothergill's handiwork, if I'm not mistaken) that has graced a speaker cabinet in my living room since last November, and that by the end of the day would be going home with a new custodian.


As expected – actually, I thought it might have been worse – I was one group closer to scratch this year, off 6:30. We had a strong group, if small, with Rob Suter, Paul Firth – powerful engines and great team players both – and Northerner Adam Williams, who had looked solid in his first outing with us at Yarra Glen the previous week. The wild card was the enigmatic Chris Ellenby. Sure enough, as we gathered on the start line Chris came out with his regular schtick: 'You know I start slow, but I'll come good later'.

Now, that's not how handicaps work in my experience. There's only so much you can do – you can't turn a Vespa into a Bugatti – but riding your normal race is not an option in a handicap. Unless your normal tactic is to go flat stick from the start and blow everyone off your wheel in the first couple of kilometres. We had an open and frank discussion of tactics and agreed we would all be putting in for the group, right from the start. Chris agreed wholeheartedly, and off we went.

I would have to say, that first lap was one of the better laps I can remember from a handicap. Once Adam clocked the format, we worked well and evenly, rotating steadily – with the uncharacteristic exception of Rob, who missed a few turns but insisted he was fine, just looking after himself on the uphill. Before halfway we had the 9:30 mob (the handicapper's group, with nine riders to our five) in sight. Nearing Thornton, Rob took a look behind and announced there were no pursuers in sight.

Approaching the wee hill on the way out of Thornton, the catch was imminent. Chris was all geed up: 'Do we attack them on the hill?' – as in, 'Can we? Can we, huh?' Rob had other ideas: 'No! You look after me on the hill.'

In the end we managed to do both. Paul had just done a turn and waved the next person through to pace the passing manoeuvre. That would be me. By the crest we were safely in front, but I was suffering and was very glad of Chris's wheel to tow me across when our guys swept past with four or five yellow hats now in attendance. I was thankful we picked up some willing workers from the other group (John Williams, Paul Anderson, Martin Peeters and the like) and I could miss a couple of rotations. A spell down the back with Peter Mackie, spinning like a madman with his post-electric Di2 single-speed, and the legs began to come good again.



They would be needed on the way back towards the finish. First task was to reel in our Adam, who had been looking super strong and had taken off up the road on his own through Eildon. Catching him took some doing, mostly courtesy of a big effort from Paul F, and by the time Adam was back in the pack we were feeling the full force of the cross-headwind. Possibly on account of the wind, our capture of the last big merged group was messy. We picked up several more riders, including some I knew had a decent sprint as well as some who came through and did turns on the front. There was still no sign of scratch and second scratch behind us, and Adam Dymond, who must have been counting, announced that Neil Cartledge was still up the road. Assuming that meant that *only* Neil was up the road, it looked as if we were riding for 2nd place.

I felt better and had rejoined Paul, Rob, Adam and others rotating at the front of the group. Chris tried a late attack but couldn't get away. I was on the front, wondering when the finish would appear and thinking it must be close, when the sprint kicked off all around. Righto, I guess it must be *very* close. Gaps opened as riders spread across the road. Some of the first legs to go began to fade, and I found a safe line past John Williams in the last 50 metres to finish 4th in the sprint, behind David Griffin, Hylton and Paul F. Greg Harvey, a couple further back, said at the preso, 'I didn't think skinny guys were s'posed to be able to sprint!' Well, there you go.

Our group worked well to place all five in the sprint for the placings, and three in the top 10. We definitely benefited from the work ethic of riders we picked up along the way. They made us work to catch them, and they helped us to stay away from the scratch and 3:30 groups behind. We can all be pleased with that, and thankful those groups never merged into one.

Congratulations to Neil and all the other place-getters, and thanks to handicapper Pete and the day's officials.

9:30

By John Williams

The weather man promised us cold and rain, but instead we got cool and sunny conditions. I arrived at Thornton and picked up my number to find I was in the largest bunch, with handicapper Mackie. This was a good omen, since the one bunch that is never over-penalised is the handicapper's bunch!

Our group included a number of regulars (Paul Anderson, Pete Mackie, Martin Peeters and moi) plus newbies Chris Beard, Anthony Barton and Steve White.

I must admit I was feeling pretty lethargic at the start, which *can* be a good sign, but it really didn't feel like it. Rob Amos told me I was in the winning group, but I was not convinced. Looking down the list, I saw that David Griffin was starting in the group two minutes ahead (blue hats). I was surprised. I have raced him a bit recently and I expected to be in the same start group – he is going well.

On the start line Pete tells us he hasn't charged his Di2 battery, so he has only one gear. We try to sort out our race tactics in the 45-second countdown, but referee J.T. wants to talk over us about trivial matters such as being safe etc. and as a result we all set off with a different idea of what our race strategy/tactics are. It showed as soon as we got moving. We were going to roll off the the right, but then some of the guys started moving *up* on the right. The leader moved right just as the next guy was about to overtake on the right, while another one shot up on the left and took the lead. It really was Keystone Cops stuff – and I was supposed to be bunch captain! Instead I was sitting on the back trying to get the legs going.





After a few kilometres we did get our act together a bit better, but it was never elegant. One or two were struggling with the pace, others passing too hard. I sensed that, as a group, we just weren't going fast enough.

After passing the Eildon boat ramp, and heading back the other side, someone had the bright idea of rolling off the other way. Okay, it is logical as the wind was coming from the other direction, but we hadn't even perfected the turns the first way before we throw the pack of cards in the air to try to relearn it all again. Confusion reigned, and it was no surprise that no riders had come into sight ahead of us on the horizon as we passed the bell signalling one lap to go.

On the hill, a couple of ks into the last lap, the green bunch came past us – which should have been no surprise to me, yet it was, and I was caught boxed in on the inside. I knew that if the likes of Firth, Tapp, Ellenby and Suter got a 30-metre break, I would find it hard to get back on. Somehow I managed to find a way out. As Rocket Rob Suter steamed past everyone down the hill, I found myself in his slipstream, and as he rolled off, I'm on the front. Paul Anderson was next to pass, followed by Martin Peeters. Hold on, we don't have to take turns once we have been caught, yet here we are, yellow hats doing half of the pacemaking. The pace had gone up several notches, and at the same time I seemed to shake off my lethargy, and was up for the challenge. I decided to stay in the front five, which meant taking turns but averted the risk of being caught behind a break and getting dropped.

Adam Williams decided to go for broke as we headed out of Eildon, and he opened a useful 100 m gap before Paul Firth took matters into his own hands and chased for a good 4 km to bring him back. I played the useful role of protecting Paul's back during the chase. I

considered taking a turn, but felt I was more use hanging onto his wheel than going past and slowing everyone down – and that's my best defence.

We caught Adam as we closed in on the 11:30 bunch, just a few ks from the finish. Ellenby attacked, as Ellenby does, but the bunch was riding hot and he was soon neutralised. Then President Adam moved casually to the front to tell us that Neil Cartledge was still away, and we'd better get a move on if we wanted to catch him. Too late! I think Neil had already finished and showered by then. In the sprint for the line, I found myself with a perfect sit on David Griffin and Paul Firth, and as the line came into sight, the legs feeling good, I momentarily felt I had a chance. Then reality struck, the legs complained about 'one turn too many' and engaged SloMo mode. David drew away to win the sprint for 2nd overall, Hylton flashed by on my right while Nick Tapp passed on the left, and I just held off the fast-finishing Greg Harvey, also on my left.

Great win for Neil, especially considering his recent accident. Time to put him up, handicapper! Thanks to all the marshals, officials and helpers that kept us riders safe. A great day's racing.


11:30

By Andrew Buchanan

Well, with a shaky weather forecast for the Eildon area, 38 brave souls journeyed to Thornton to compete in one of our feature races. As it turned out it was (for me, anyway) bare arms and sunglasses! The weather held for the whole time.

Our 11:30 (ahead of scratch) bunch of six set off with intent. Adam Dymond and Rob Lackey were strong early. Hylton and myself had to take some breathers while heart rates caught up to the early output. We sorted out





the adrenalin rush once we had descended the hill, and set up a good working pace. This was about as even a group as I had ridden with in a handicap. It's one of cycling's simple pleasures, I reckon, being part of a smooth going bunch with a common purpose.

The first lap passed, then into the second. With Daves Griffin and McCormack going nicely, we caught sight of the combined 15:00/17:00 bunch heading towards Eildon, but it took an age to pick them up. We hit them hard to limit the number of passengers, but they were up to the challenge. We had company! Led by Greg Harvey, Bernie Evans and Michael Muscat, they clambered aboard.

The rhythm of the group was a bit haphazard, but was soon sorted out as we hit the Back Eildon Road. About 10 ks out we were joined by some of the 6:30/9:30 bunches. This enlarged group of around 18 riders charged on, with no sign of the fast class riders, and no sign of a lead car. Neil C. was away!

The jockeying for position started as we neared the final couple of kilometres. I was too far back and knew that I had to get into the race, so when Adam made a forward move, I jumped on. Next thing, I was sitting outside the leader – not great, but not the worst spot to be for this non-sprinter! The charge started, and fortunately I was able to hang on to a top 10 spot.

Well done to all, particularly Neil Cartledge, and our group of six, who worked well and gave it a real shake!

17:00

By Susan Williams & Paula McGovern

Susan: The sun shone, the wind was a manageable breeze and the scenery was spectacular! The 17:00 pack set off with Harry Hibgame, Paula McGovern, Madam Secretary, Michael Muscat and Nick Hainal.

The first lap we were a model bunch, taking turns and working well with an average speed of 30 km/h, smiles all round. Somewhere in the first 5 km of the second lap the 15:00 bunch caught us, increased the speed and Madam Sec. went out the back door, as did Harry a little later with calf cramp.

Paula: The pace did pick up, with the handicap specialist Greg Harvey powering the three-man group that caught us after the hill. Fortunately, this time I was on the front and jumped on the G train! We were flying along. Nick, Michael and myself were holding in at the back while the three were rotating turns. I felt strong and took a turn out past Snobs Creek, then rolled back and thought now was a good time to have a gel before Eildon. Bad timing! As I was organising myself and had a gel half-digested, the next group came flying through and I was out the back in a blink of an eye. Bugger!

I still had good legs and continued in my journey. I knew there was still Emma up the road somewhere. We had not caught limit, but I had no idea how far in front she was. After I got through Eildon, I decided to have a crack on the back road and went into TT mode. I could see a red light way up the road. With about 4 km to go, I caught up to Emma and Pete Mackie and continued on my journey. Scratch passed me somewhere along the road. They were low flying!

Mackie and I crossed the line together and went for a cool-down ride. By the time we turned around and came back (not that long), everyone was in and the packing up had started. It means Pete got the marks pretty right. Well done, Mr Handicapper!

Congrats to Neil on the win and Glenn for fastest male! Wow! Yours truly for the ladies (sorry, Em). Big thanks to ref and marshals keeping us safe and on track. Fun, competitive racing.





Limit

By Neil Cartledge

By Thursday, Jane had led me astray – again! I'd packed my thermals, all things long, the gloves, the knicks and the jersey. I even put brandy in my bidon, purely for antifreeze purposes of course. Come Saturday, it was all wasted. We had mild, dry weather, perfect for a good race.

Peter had put me off on limit, along with the charming Emma Anderson. Being just two, it was problematic. Each will spend a lot of time on the front and the recovery will be minimal given that second wheel does not afford the draft protection of those further back in a longer train. Also, should one lose touch, the other would have to ride alone, and how soon or how late in the race that should happen would decide the outcome of our race.

From the get-go, we swapped turns and kept talking. We stayed together over the hill and through the bush to Eildon, each sharing the work with short turns of about 30 seconds. I was very impressed with the effort that Emma was maintaining. She really put in a great ride and, as it turned out, set me up nicely.

On leaving Eildon we were pushing into a strong wind, a wind that takes it out of you. The long straight seemed to go on for ever but in reality it's only about 5 or 6 minutes. We continued working together for the rest of the lap and into the next. But when we hit the hill on the second lap, Emma dropped off. Huge dilemma! Should I wait for Emma or keep going? By my calculations the chase bunch should be about 2 to 3 minutes behind. If caught, the probability of staying with them was not good for either of us. So I reluctantly decided to keep pushing. A decision that I now regret, having later found that the chasers were much further back than I had counted on and we may well have been able

to stay away together had I waited. Really sorry, Emma!

So I was on my own and, with some 18 km to go, I would have to ride at my best. There was nobody around me that I can comment on, so apologies for my 'selfie' race report. That's not completely true. I've had the company of J-P in the lead car – although I do empathise with him. He was driving a car around the circuit at 10 to 15 km/h slower than he would ride his bike!

I retreated into my selfish ITT bubble and just rode on my Garmin numbers. I tried to get a tow from J-P but he wouldn't play ball. He wouldn't even give me a 'sticky bottle' – he was not my 'directeur sportif'.

At Eildon the flaggie informed me that there was no one in view, but I was convinced that the marauding hoard was just around the last corner.

On leaving Eildon for the last time I gradually picked up the pace, kept pushing the pedals as firmly as possible without going too far into the red zone. At one point I noticed I was losing concentration and wandering across the lane so I eased just a tad. (For those who like the numbers, the heart rate rose by 26 bpm from Eildon to the finish.)

For the last 12 kilometres I was expecting most of the field to come charging past at any moment. I knew that they would be out there somewhere, planning my demise.

Finally the line came into view and I stole a glance over my shoulder. I thought I saw something in the distance so I went for the line with nothing left in the tank!

Thanks, Emma, for riding with me. I'm sorry about the outcome. Thanks, Peter, for a good mark – I know you won't let it happen again. A very big thank you to those who did duty and kept us safe.





Wednesday criterium at the Loop, Yarra Boulevard, 29 May

Division	1st	2nd	3rd
Division 1 (5)	David Rooke (N)	Mark Seddon (N)	Tom McDonough (N)
Division 2 (4)	Roman Suran	John Williams	Tony Curulli
Division 3 (4)	Michael Muscat	Shane Dwyer (N)	Neil Cartledge

Thanks to referee Nick Tapp, Dean Niclasen and Shelly Timson.

News etc.

Kit update

As you can see (right), Peter Mackie admirably showcased the new club kit at Thornton on Saturday, and it was very well received by all members present. Note that the socks are definitely not standard issue!

We are finalising the order with Pedla this week. The kits will take 4–6 weeks to produce so we expect them to arrive in late June or early July, just in time for the first round of the Tour de Metro against Northern Cycling on Sunday 21 July.

Adam Dymond



Change to age limit for male Veterans

Members who watch their email will have seen the notification sent around recently by Veteran Cycling Victoria of a change to the age limit for male riders. Male riders 30 years old will now be able to join a Veterans club. As it says in the email, ‘This has taken place over a long period of time. The final outcome and announcement should not have come as a surprise.’

‘Should you have any questions about this please consult with your Club Executive, they have been included in the entire process.’





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.

Sponsors



AUTOMOTIVE ENGINE SHOP

