



Eastern Cycling Club Newsletter

Edition 3 Jan 2022

Alpine action, Dunlop Rd heat, Kit order time and a sombre moment to remember one of the ECC greats.

Your contributions are a critical part of the newsletter, so please send in your race reports, news, gossip and slander, no matter how brief (or accurate) to newsletter@easterncycling.com

An ECC Legend Passes

John MacLeod remembers the good times with Keith Bowen



When I first joined the Club as a very inexperienced racer Keith was always ready to give great and useful advice. Later whilst serving on the Committee together he was always my go-to man.

He was a wonderful person to have known, Keith was a person of great wisdom — one of nature's gentleman. who served on the committee for many years — a great club man.

I fondly remember our chats when after being dropped from "E Grade" road races and riding back to the finishing line. He will be sadly missed by me and many present and past members.

Rest in Peace Keith from John MacLeod and you many friends.





ECC Covid Safety Reminder- Dale Walton **No Vax No Race No Exemptions.**

- **Positive Covid test reporting** – Members to advise ECC if they or a family member tests positive to Covid-19. Private & confidential notification to Dale Walton by email at covidsafety@easterncycling.com
- **Symptoms** –DO NOT attend ECC events if feeling unwell or displaying any flu-like symptoms.
- Please respect that some members may or may not be as comfortable around large groups at this time, but still wish to race in a `safe as possible environment`, so please continue to social distance when not racing.

Masters Nationals at Buninyong.

ITT Podium -Cicchelli powering her way to Silver in the (WMAS6) on a tough ITT course











Graded Scratch Races, Dunlop Rd, Sat 22nd Jan

It was hot and fast at Dunlop Rd on Sat. A small turnout due to the weather, Alpine adventures and Covid concerns.

Thanks to Pat Ruys for the pics.



A Grade- Russel Newnham, JP and “A Grade Aaron” took the honours.

B Grade- Dave Pyne blasted past Colin Blackley for the win after a few laps out in front

Second	First	Third	Second	First	Third
Jean-Philippe Leclercq	Russell Newnham	Seungjae Lee	Colin Blackley	David Pyne	Craig Stannard
					
Eastern Cycling Club GSR at Dunlop Rd			Eastern Cycling Club GSR at Dunlop Rd		
Saturday, January 22, 2022			Saturday, January 22, 2022		
A	A GRADE		B	B GRADE	





Second	First	Third	Second	First	Third
David Thompson	Damien O'Hara	Peter Ransome	Chris Norbury	Greg Harvey	Philip Johns
					
Eastern Cycling Club GSR at Dunlop F			Eastern Cycling Club GSR at Dunlop		
Saturday, January 22, 2022			Saturday, January 22, 2022		
C	C GRADE		D	D GRADE	

C Grade Race report- Damien O'Hara



Following a thrashing on Tuesdays METEC B grade (dropped, lapped, and dropped again), I woke Saturday feeling scratchy, and unenthusiastic. A quick check of the start lists revealed Colin Blackley in B grade. That reinforced my decision to take the easy path and register for C grade. After a few "Warm-up" laps of Dunlop Rd, I'd drunk a third of my water bottle, and realised...its 30'C, why am I warming up?

At start time, 10 riders hid in the shade, looking unimpressed. The neutral lap was pleasant, and so were the first few laps, until Peter Webb had had enough. As soon as we were out of the wind, he took off, with Pete Ransome chasing. That set the scene for the rest of the race. Peter Webb taking off, and the pack chasing him down. At one point David Thompson from SMCC took off and a breakaway formed with myself and Ransome, but it couldn't be sustained. Each time I looked over my shoulder, we'd added another rider to the breakaway bunch, and within a lap... the





rest of the rabble arrived. After that, the bunch pretty much stayed together like chewing gum, stuck to Peter Webb's shoe.



After the final bell, heading into the corner, I chose the wrong line and was stuck, mid pack, on the gutter. After the first corner, David Thompson from SMCC took off, and pulled away from the pack. I looked across at Pete Ransome and said, "Let's go Pete", but he replied "Na, I'm cooked". I was still stuck. I yelled at the pack to go get him, but no one moved. By the second turn, I was still trapped, and yelled "SHIT" out loud, in frustration, and a gap magically opened to my right. Forgetting the safety of everyone around me, I blindly darted into the gap, pushed across to the far right side of the pack, found a clearing in front and took off to chase the SMCC guy who was now 40m in front. There was half a lap to go.

By the time we reached the final corner, I was on his tail. He'd started his final sprint, and I was coasting on his wheel. At that point, everything went quiet. There were no other riders next to me, the hum of tyres on the road disappeared. It felt like it was a race between myself and SMCC. A voice in my head said "wait, wait, wait". When we got to 70m mark, I couldn't wait any more, and ducked out of his slipstream. With 2 pedal strokes, I was past him, and powered onto the finish.



Pete, "I'm Cooked" Ransome was third. Kudos to Peter Webb, who set the pace for much of the race, and should have been there at the finish.

Great race everyone. Thanks to first aiders, marshals, and traffic wardens for being there throughout the stinking hot afternoon.

Cheers,





Damien

Wednesday at the Loop- Suddenly seeking shade



Nick Tapp- Alpine Classic Report

‘Oh FFS!’

No, it wasn't WTF corner, not yet. It was the sight of my two elegant and expensive titanium bidon holders – empty. No bottles. An Alpine Classic without bidons was out of the question. Fortunately, it was only 6:05am and we were still under the elms on the main road out of Bright, so I did a U-turn and pedalled back through town to my accommodation. Crept in, trying not to wake the family or the dogs, mixed up two bidons of secret sauce and crept out again. Quentin (Frayne) and another old Lonely Planet workmate, Mark, were waiting outside the Viewhill holiday flats where Quentin has stayed every year since the Flood. We were off.

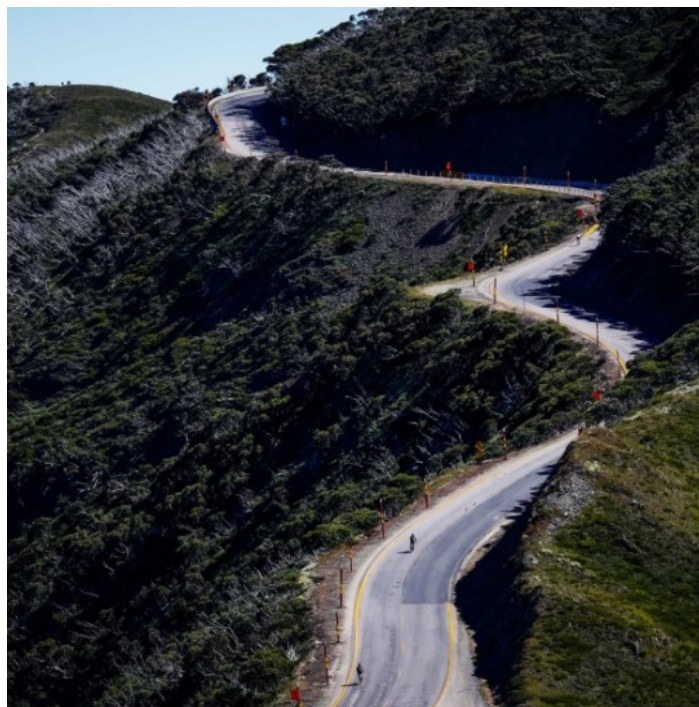
This year I dialled back my plans to ride 320km and settled for a couple of hours more sleep before starting the 250km option with Quentin at 6am. As easier, shorter rides go, it's still a beast. But not an unknown quantity: Quentin, our friend Tim and I – and, in years past, Quentin's brother Nigel – have been riding the Alpine Classic every year pretty much since 1999. Only ride cancellations, summers abroad and the births of children have been acceptable excuses. First the





200km classic Classic, then the 250km Classic Extreme. We all have at least one 320km 'Ultimate' in our palmares, and Tim had set out in the dark at 4am on his fifth or sixth, along with Grant Farr on his second.

Quentin's preparation had been suboptimal (read: woefully inadequate) so Mark and I tapped out the pace for most of the gently uphill 25km to Harrietville. A stop to powder our noses and the climbing began. The first half a kilometre out of Harrietville is always shockingly steep. My preparation had been pretty good and we expected I would make lighter work of the ascents, so I soon left Mark and Quentin behind. I love the climb to Mt Hotham even when it's hard, and I planned to stay in touch with Quentin all day, so there was no pressure to smash out PBs. The Meg, CRB Hill, Mt St Bernard – the steepest sections – all came and went. By then you're above the tree line and the views of Victoria's glorious high country all around make the inevitable suffering worthwhile.



From the top of Hotham it's 11km or so, mostly downhill, to Dinner Plain and the first of three main rest stops. I waited there for Quentin to arrive and refuel on pikelets and Nutella, then we rolled out towards Omeo. There are a couple of uphill in this leg, the second of which seems never-ending, but we knew to expect them. A fast roll downhill, early lunch and lots of hydrating.





The Omeo Highway winding northwards to the Mitta Mitta valley is wonderful riding country, remote and beautiful. From the second of two pick-a-plank bridges at Anglers Rest, a further 11km brings you to the fabled WTF corner, where the climb up to the Bogong High Plains and the 'back door' to Falls Creek ski village begins. It's long (22.6km), steep (4.3% average, often 8% and occasionally 13% and more) and usually hot. Not as hot this year as some, when the tar pops and you hug the edge of the road in search of shade, but hot enough.



A minor food stop at Raspberry Hill takes ages to appear, but of course it did. I was gobsmacked to hear a rider, while accepting food and drink from a volunteer there, moan about the poor event catering. I resisted the urge to punch him in the nose and told the volunteer how much I appreciated what she was doing. Quentin rocked up and sat in some shade to eat a banana, then we pushed on up the last few rolling hills to the High Plains and the downhill run into Falls Creek. We'd been speculating when (or if) Grant and Tim would catch us. Four riders with '320km Ultimate' tags on their seat posts had motored past me, in two pairs, way back before the top of Hotham – think about that for a moment. As I was enjoying some smooth new hot mix (it only covered half the road, and on the wrong side, but the occasional oncoming car was visible miles away) I finally heard the scream of Grant's freewheel, and there he was. Just in time for a quick last few kilometres into Falls and a couple of cups of chilled creamed rice there before we waved him off on his way. Good effort, amigo!

Normally I eat Quentin's dust on a descent. I blame his pedigree on motorcycles. (Grant, also a motorcycle rider, goes even faster.) This time – blame his fatigue or the patchy light and shade that hid details of the road – I still had him in view when we crossed the Kiewa River and began to climb for a while, then again when we reached the bottom in Mount Beauty. Only Tawonga Gap to go. For my money this climb starts right in Mount Beauty as you grunt up the highway towards the turnoff. Once on the climb proper there was at least some shade at this late hour – it was 5:30 – and a bit of breeze to blunt the sting in the sun. Quentin put it well: after all the day's vertical gain, Tawonga is more of an inconvenience than an ordeal. From the Gap it's all over bar the shouting. There's another great curvy descent, a flatter stretch down the valley to the main road and then a final flat 6km run into Bright. Just before 7pm our families cheered us across the finish line in the park beside the Ovens River. Grant was already there with Pam. With Tim's family and extensive support crew, we settled in with a cold drink and





some real food to wait for Tim, who duly rolled in, another 320km under his belt and with time to spare, about a hour later.

Well done to all those Eastern riders who took part in the Alpine Classic. It's nice not to feel like quite such a weirdo these days. I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did.

Grant Farr completed the massive 320km in a mere 14hrs 40min (Strava's moving time is 13:24).



Grant descending Buffalo at dawn.



Mark Edwards spends far to long in the midday sun

Elton John said Saturday night's alright for fighting. So many Monday songs it's a drag but as far as I know Harry Vanda and George Young's "Coming Tuesday I feel better" speaks best to the summer moods of the Eastern Cyclists.

I've been doing the Croydon Cycle Works Summer Series now for sixteen seasons. I know that's the little ring for many of you but I started fairly late. I've lost my mum, watched our kids go from Primary School to living overseas, sold my business and retired. The only things still the same are my gorgeous wife and Tuesday nights at METEC. I still look forward to it, and I look back on it with fondness. The only time I don't love it is when I'm in the thick of it. It hurts.

With apologies to John Lennon

People say I'm crazy still doing what I'm doing
Well, they give me all kinds of warnings to save me from ruin
When I say that I'm okay, well they look at me kinda strange
"Surely, you can't be happy still, you're too old to be in this game"

They also say I'm crazy racing my life away
Well they give me all kinds of advice
Designed to frighten me
When I say I'm happy chasing wheels around the track
"Don't you miss some feet up time instead of suffering at the back?"

I'm just sitting here watching the wheels go round and round
I really love to watch them roll
Still riding on the merry-go-round
I just cannot let it go

Ah, people looking sideways, are you in delirium?
Well, I tell them it can great fun, riding criteriums
Well, they shake their heads and they look at me, as if I've lost my mind
I tell them I'm in a hurry, I maybe aint got so much time

I'm still sitting here watching the wheels go round and round
I really love to watch them roll
Still riding at the METEC-go-round
One day I'll have let it go

It's a Long way to the Top ... for the Alpine Raiders





I must be more susceptible to peer pressure as I get older, particularly anything to do with the bike.

I promised myself that I would never ever ride that circuit again following my effort on the 3 peaks in 2019.

But this would be easier because it was over two days right!.

Training shouldn't be too much given the spread of the course, again, over two days.

And of course, most of the 'gang' were signed up and I didn't want to be left back in town looking after the kids. Everyone else was doing it so why shouldn't I?

I'd done a good job of packing and preparing for the weekend ahead. My bike was serviced and ready to be ridden uphill fast. The car was packed, and I made a good get-a-way from the home office.



Our merry band of 11 and made good pace to Harrietville.

The climb to the top of Hotham was spectacular and I seemed to spend most of it by myself. Nathan hung with me but then went to check on the others up ahead- he did that a lot over the course of the weekend- laps on the big climbs checking on the group. He rode uphill faster than I could go downhill!

We rolled into Omeo, but our accommodation wasn't open for another couple of hours, so the smarter ones took a dip in the river while the rest located a cold beer in the shade of a tree out the back.

After a good meal, a call from home that meant I'd need an early night. Sparing the

details, Master 12 was up to his antics and I needed to hoof it over the hills in the morning and scoot back to Melbourne that night.

Drifting off to sleep I was woken by the lovely tones of Bon Scott and his mates- not sure what time it was, it seemed a bit early for 'Shook me all night long'. The locals were starting to fire, and the juke box was getting a good work out along with some mis-tuned vocal chords.

Pillow over the head I must have drifted back off to sleep when the "Hey, Hey, Hey's" started up outside on the street.

You see, I scored the premium room in this establishment- right above the stairs up from the juke-box and overlooking the tables on the footpath. I had local country hospitality in stereo.





The chanting was the start of an old fashioned blue and acted as a beacon to all in the area of what is going on. It sometime summons others to join in, it wards others off and mostly, signals to all that a spectacle is about to unfold.

Nicole was at the centre of it- she always is. Her best friend was announcing that to anyone who would listen.

By now the quality of the audio was starting to diminish. By no means had the sound dropped, just the quality of the output had reduced. I couldn't decipher exactly what had lead to this 'Hey, Hey, Hey situation' but there seemed to be a bit of kissing and making up. That was until 'Rob' joined the party. My ears strained. What on earth could a nice bloke like 'Rob' being getting up to?

He was told in no uncertain terms to clear off!

Nicole by this stage must have left with the visitor and she went back to being spoken of in the third person.

The announcement for last drinks was exactly that "Hey everybody, I have an announcement... pause (yes yes what is it I beckoned?) Last Drinks!"

That should wrap things up nicely I thought- wrong.

Bon and his mates got one last blast. Someone had located a \$2 coin deep in their pocket and selected, you guessed it, 'Long way to the top' It certainly was to be!



The alarm shocks the following morning on about 5 hrs sleep wasn't welcomed but I knew I wanted to tame that beast at the back of Falls.

It nearly broke me last time and I was going back to give it hell. Just after the Anglers Rest re-group we had our first one-day-er pass us. He was a man on a mission passing us flat out, overtaking cars and generally looking like he was on a prison break. I certainly wanted what he was on, or even half!

I did get up and over that climb and culled 30 min from my previous attempt. A brief period of phone reception enabled a call

from home which meant that I didn't need to head back to Melbourne that night- sigh!

I passed Nathan again on the up as I was heading into falls. He did this on my descent as well. Each time with a smile!

Climbing Tawonga nearly broke me- that was one hot and nasty little beast. Bumped into Nathan and then we rolled into Bright for a refreshing Ginger Beer- the other members of the group by then were back at base planning next years trip.





I wonder if we will get to meet Nicole next time?





ECC Kit order- Doug Reynolds

We are about to place an order and any orders placed in the next week can either be supplied straight from current stock if available or included in this next order, which will be delivered in about 8-10 weeks.

Gilet's, Speed suits, jerseys. Long and short, nicks and bibs, gloves, arm warmers, socks and a cap!







Future events

Saturday, January 29

2:00pm ECC The Loop / Teardrop Graded Scratch Races

Tuesday, February 1

6:00pm ECC Croydon Cycleworks Crit Series

Wednesday, February 2

10:00am ECC Teardrop Racing - Ref Simon Perry/SB

Saturday, February 5

2:00pm ECC Casey Fields Graded Scratch Races

*Note that Holloway Drive has been postponed.

ECC Women's Grand Prix - Sat 5 March, 2022

It's on again- volunteers needed on the day and for catering.

If you can help out- contact Kym Petersen by email kympetersen@icloud.com.

Eastern Cycling Club YouTube

https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCaBg6iyx_22APIW3tiEG_BQ

(57 More subscribers needed to reach- 100 to get our own name Youtube///EasternCycling)

Some great videos and Pics from Mark Edwards. Anyone with experience editing video - assistance would be appreciated, as Mark is still learning.

And from Teardrop Wednesday this week here is an [album of short clips](#)

Also check out A grade- by Sam Curry





https://youtu.be/sP_qJD_ptW4

Club Champ pic of the week

The sprinters lead it out early in A grade.

