



Eastern veterans cycling club

Respecting the Rights of all Road Users

Newsletter August 2nd 2008

Graded Scratch Races, Arthurs Creek – July 26th

Race report.

We were definitely in Cadel country, the sight of banners along the roadside declaring support for the Silence Lotto rider – “Go Cadel”, and painted cyclists on the roads with “Cadel” under the wheels a stirring tribute to the ‘local boy’ trying to win yellow.

Amidst this encouragement it was 62 riders who gathered at the Arthurs Creek Primary School to pit their legs against the famed Alpe de Nankervis with its solitary virage. The weather presented the quandary as to whether or not to employ leg-warmers and waterproof coverings, threatening clouds coming in as race time neared and a few spots of precipitation having many opt for the protection of that extra layer. The cows were right this time although the rain never came in earnest, but there was enough to wet the road sufficiently that the first descent of l’alpe was worthy of extreme caution. The northerly wind not enough to dry the road by race end but enough to make the outbound leg slower than the return.

a-grade (68k - Nigel Kimber)

After the previous couple of weeks’ results it was time to bite the bullet, I was back with the big boys, and most of the big boys had come out to play. An extended neutral zone, the race starting from the registration area, did nothing to ease the nerves. The plan; sit on and survive - just try to stay with whatever was thrown down and if anybody questioned my position at the back of the bunch - I had a tail light. As we descended the pinch for the first time, all care on the bottom bend, the nerves were at their tightest, not for the road conditions but in anticipation of the commencement of hostilities after Nankervis Road.

The white flag dropped and racing commenced, but the earlier shower of rain that had dampened the course seemed also to have dampened the attitude of the participants, the first lap conducted at a fairly sedate pace. Nobody rising to the couple of exploratory moves made by Tony Chandler or Phil Smith, one or the other moving a couple of metres up the road to see what eventuated and when nothing did they fell back to the bunch. There was a bigger battle at the back of the peleton as Mac (Guy) and Tosh (Nigel) insisted that the other go first, “no, I insist, after you”, “no no, I absolutely insist, after you”, “no no, I absolutely positively insist that you go first”.

There are a couple of places on the Arthurs Creek circuit that lend themselves to a launch pad for an attack, the last being a kilometre or so from the bottom of the pinch on the return leg. With more than three laps to run it was too early in the race for someone to realistically hit the bunch here and now, but that didn’t stop the heart rate from increasing above the demand that the pace dictated. The point came and went without so much as a change of cadence and 800m later the whole bunch dropped the chain from the 53 to the 39 as the road cut back on itself and headed up. Out of the saddle and dancing like Lance in France, the pre-race jitters diminishing as I crested the top well entrenched in the middle of the bunch. A collective sigh of relief and crunch of gears as the 53 was re-engaged and the FBS to the bottom commenced. A little confusion at Greens Road saw the back of the bunch become the front of the bunch as the group turned for the second lap, and it was me leading the other eight back to the top, so much for plan “sit-on”. With all and sundry in tow neutral was called at the top of the hill and racing recommenced again at Nankervis Road.

The second lap started much the same way as the first until Phil Cavaleri gapped the group in a move around two-thirds of the way out. Not only was there no response from the group, there seemed to be an active non-chase. Phil taking a quick 75-100 metres then being held there while a few in the bunch looked at each other to see who was going to either jump and bridge or take the lead and chase him back, the others (myself included) looking at the others looking at each other. A little effort just before the turnaround cut Phil’s lead to less than fifty metres but the bunch neutrality after the turn saw that gain wiped out as Phil headed back unimpeded. It didn’t last long as he finally conceded that nobody was going to join him and that nobody was going to let him get away.

No sooner had the bunch reformed than it split, Tony Chandler counter attacking and taking Damiano Ambrosini with him. A quick response by Phil Smith had three away; six following, with me considering my options and reconsidering my plans. It didn’t take long and it was four away, five chasing but with no Doherty’s rider in the break the numbers weren’t favourable and after a brief flurry of activity in the chase group it was all over. A kilometre down the road Roy Clark had a go at going alone and was quickly joined by everybody else and it all settled down again to the bottom of the hill where another mass changing of gears and raising of the chamois saw some waltz up the climb whilst others jitter-bugged.

The third lap was a little more active than the first two, Phil Smith, Phil Cavaleri and Tony making the odd sortie but no serious attacks came and the bunch again rounded the Strathewen turn together. Around half way back Tony had a serious dig that caught Roy Clark's attention and the pair were quickly fifty metres clear of the bunch. With plan A well and truly discarded I joined the party making it three away and prepared to work. The working bit being the undoing; the bunch quickly onto it and closing it down. A few more surges by Roy and Phil Smith before Tony made another break, at that spot a kilometre from the hill. Nobody was going to let that go unanswered and again the full compliment of nine headed up the pinch for the second last time, this time not really dancing at all.

There was almost a feeling of resignation in the bunch as it headed out for the last time, again riding neutral from the top of the first hill to Nankervis Road before hostilities were resumed. After the initial long climb the second spot for a move comes around a third of the way out, two little rises in a row, the dip in between providing a little respite and an opportunity to consolidate. I was a little surprised nobody had tried something there on the previous lap, this time I wasn't going to let the opportunity pass. It didn't work, the fifty or so metres gained on the first incline were held on the second but the cost was more than I had and there was relief as somebody came past a minute or so later, then another and another and another and the sense of relief began to be replaced with one of panic, what if they all go past? would I be able to stay with them or would I be left behind? Fortunately there was no counter move and I was able to slip in somewhere in the back third - just ahead of Mac.

A few more surges on the return but nothing serious until Guy went a kilometre and a half before the final climb up the pinch, everybody had expected this (a little "hup hup" not hurting the expectation) and were quickly onto it. All together at the foot of the climb and again there were nine flicks of the right wrist (ok, eight and Guy's right thumb) as low-range was selected. Tony wanted to be first over the top but went a tad too early and found himself being passed by half the group as his legs faded three quarters of the way up. Guy Green rode the incline well, exploding from mid-field mid-way up and cresting clear of everybody else. A response by most kept his break at a manageable ten metres over the top but it was still a chase down the other side, a chase led by Damiano Ambrosini and then Nigel (that'd be me - ed. - king of the FBS) who brought it back together again by the bottom. Some shuffling in the bunch and it was Guy, Roy and Stefan rounding the cone just ahead of me and quickly gaining ten metres then twenty as the race headed down Greens Road. At the turn I had managed to take twenty metres out of my pursuers but was unable to gain on the three up front. Half way to the finish Tony and Damiano came by, searching out that little pocket of reserve I was able to hook Damiano's wheel, the three of us rounding the last bend in time to watch the finish unfold, a close one; Guy Green timing his throw to take the win by a couple of inches from Roy, Stefan crossing the line third before Roy's back wheel had cleared it. In the sprint for fourth Tony held off his followers Still not where I'd like to be, but at least not embarrassed.

Figures for the race 68.2k in 1hour 58 for an average of 34.5kph

b-grade (68k - with F. Nyhuis)

Fourteen starters headed out for the four lap race, the numbers bolstered by a couple of regular c-grade riders stepping up and the return of Mark Wallace after his fall of a couple of months ago. After the initial neutral zone it was Frank Nyhuis who stepped up to start the racing and over the first couple of laps it was he and the regular suspects in Thorkild Muurholm, Ian Milner and Kevin Starr taking turns to keep things moving. This core assisted by Mark Wallace and George Ward with special guest appearances by Steve Ross and Anthony Gullace. With half the field contributing to the pace setting it was maintained at a consistent high level that deterred any thoughts of attack.

Despite the high pace there's no keeping Ian Milner down and as the legs of the leaders started to show signs of strain over the third lap he was out of the saddle and up the road more times than the bunch would have liked. Each effort gaining Ian around a hundred metres but no more before the collective mind upped the tempo and reeled him in. The negative riding seeing the whole bunch start and crest the final rise together, rolling down the other side to the bell as one.

One lap to run, was there a possibility of a move staying away? Frank thought he'd seek an answer, pushing the pace up the first hill. At the summit a look over the shoulder revealed a line of grinning (or was that grimacing - ed.) green-hats, question answered and with half the field sitting on, preserving their legs for the finish, there was little point in pursuing that line of investigation. The usual mob returned to the front and it all rolled along like before. An eleventh hour attack, two kilometres from the last hill, by George Ward caught the others by surprise, George quickly spinning away to a 150m lead. The response eventually came from second wheel, Frank jumping and setting off in pursuit, his move also going unanswered, the regular chasers to weary to get out of the saddle and chase.

George crested the last climb one-hundred metres ahead of Frank with the chasers forty metres behind him. As Frank crested the climb and then pushed hard down the other side the chase bunch was shattering on the ascent. At the turn the gaps were much as they had been at the top, George disappearing down Greens Road as Frank rounded the cone and the first of the chasers looking right in dismay at George's disappearing back. George, keeping his head down, finished comfortably ahead of the others. Frank with a good break still had to work while the chasers regrouped and then looked at each other, were they going to chase Frank or race each other for third? Ian Milner was one of the last over the hill and into Greens Road where he was confronted by the massed chasers not going anywhere. Barreling down on them like one of those silent movie trains he was quickly on them, unlike the train there was no impact and as he steamed past the spell was broken and the chase was joined, the chasers doing what it was they were supposed to do. Ian's bulk and momentum providing Darren Joy with the near perfect lead out as the small group bore down on the lone (and totally unawares) Frank Nyhuis. As Ian's legs finally capitulated Darren emerged from his shadow and

completed the task, pipping Frank on the line relegating him to third.

c-grade (52k - Nigel Frayne)

As we rolled down from the school for the generous 2km neutral zone the skies began to lighten and the drizzle subsided. The road was still wet ensuring that we all copped a bit of mud and spray early on however by race end the roads were essentially dry. Still, the temperature and wind chill ensured that long gloves, leg and arm warmers were the order of the day.

The first lap began as a sleepy affair until Nick Bird decided to turn it into a race by moving to the front and upping the pace. As he tired various others took over but at a diminished pace. When Nick again pushed the pace on lap 2 a couple of riders were shed off the back. As Nick again tired, his quest was taken up by a yellow jersey clad number 62 (Rudi Botha - ed) who pulled along towards the turn around. On the way back home for the second time Nick again jumped out of the saddle on the steeper climb to put on the hurters. Approaching a blind corner suddenly there was revving engines, squeaking brakes and furious yelling from behind. A gas tanker had started to overtake us just as E grade came around the bend up ahead. Riders from both bunches went in all directions. The call came from behind to ease the pace and Nick along with the front group of riders eased off, still not entirely sure of what had occurred behind.

Once the bunch had reformed Nick drifted off to the rear of the bunch and Andrew Neilsen took over the pacemaking. Second and third wheel decided to take a rest and a gap started to form as Andrew rode away. Nigel Frayne finding himself now on the front started to bridge and noticed he too was gapping the group. He increased the speed to go across to Andrew and the two of them put in an effort to escape. With new found vigour the bunch bridged the gap and the escape was foiled.

So that was it for any excitement. During lap 3 a few new faces paid their entry fees for the inevitable bunch sprint by doing a turn including Matt White, Tony Renehan and a big fella who pushed things along nicely. As 'the hill' approached Kevin Turley, emulating the proverbial rat and drainpipe, zipped away to about a 30 metre gap. The rest accelerated at various rates stringing out to single file, crested the summit and sped towards the turning cone. Once negotiated the escaping Kevin was pursued more vigorously and shortly thereafter captured. By this time a group of about 8 riders had coagulated. Andrew started his move as the bunch emerged from the trees with Nigel Frayne stuck to his wheel.

Once into the clear Nigel made his move and held off the chasers to take his first C grade win. Andrew held on for second and Tony Renehan third after a tarmac duel with Matt White. Nick Bird scored a 'race of the day' prize for his pace setting efforts throughout the 3 laps.

Nigel Frayne's stats:
Distance : 51.9km

Tim : 1hr 39min
Ave : 31.4kph
Max : 60.5kph

d-grade (52k - with P. Mackie, M. Cosgrave & A. Buchanan)

It was a small contingent of eight that set out for the d-grade race, a number that was to fluctuate throughout the three laps of the race. The initial sixteen kilometres to Strathewen and back conducted at a leisurely to moderate pace with Louise McKimmie, Michael Cosgrave and, occasionally, Andrew Buchanan keeping things on the up and up, at times Louise and Michael gained a little gap but nothing that concerned the others. Each time the road went up the small frame of Louise was quickly to the front, making the boys regret that extra serving of chips they'd had the previous night, Louise's efforts putting paid to one of the eight by lap's end. On one of the small descents half way back to the Arthurs Creek turn Brett Robinson used his size to power past the leaders. With still over two-thirds of the race to run the bunch were in no hurry to pull him back. But as the lap drew to a close the heads of the bunch thought it time to reunite the bunch, Peter Mackie and Louise setting about upping the tempo enough to reel Brett in before the start of the last climb. On the ascent it was still Peter and Louise, the pair managing to crest the crown clear of the field and take a good lead to the cone and into the second lap.

Thirty-four kilometres was a ride too far and the pair set a comfortable tempo up the first incline waiting for the others to catch up. And catch up they did. Over the top and down the bottom things remained the same until Michael and Louise warmed things up a bit with a dash up the road. In their eagerness to be a part of it the bunch responded en masse, Andrew losing his chain in the excitement. Fortunately for Andrew the chain was quickly back where it belonged, the break was quickly reeled in and his fellow combatants rode tempo till he could tack back on. With Andrew safely back in the fold the race continued grupetto until the sound of rapidly approaching tyres prompting a call of "car back", no car just David McCormack powering past and gaining a quick hundred metres on the bunch and, with no-one in a hurry to bridge, he went on with it, riding solo through the halfway turn and most of the way back to the bell. The bunch arriving at the foot of the climb to see David struggling up the incline. The ascent led again by Peter and Louise cut into David's advantage and the descent, led by big Brett, soon had him back in the mix.

It was a slightly larger group that started the third lap than had ended the second, a few dropped c-grade riders tagging along for the ride.

Again it was Louise and Michael setting the early pace as the group made their way out to Strathewen for the final time, c-grade hecklers in tow. The 'gentlemen' of the bunch were content to allow the lady to go first, Louise not backward in coming forward whenever the men folk of the group started to slacken off. And so it came to pass that despite their being a fairly constant rotation of riders at the front it was more often than not Louise battling the wind and setting the pace for the first two thirds of the final lap. The guilt finally getting to David who eventually came to the fore and set a surging pace that stretched and compressed the bunch but didn't break it; the

sprinters managing to hold the wheel in front. The fluctuating pace though did provide Andrew the opportunity to launch an attack, going as Dave rested between surges. The eighty metres gained in the initial move held Andrew in good stead for a couple of undulations but that was all he had and it was back together again with time for all to recover and check out the opposition before the effort required to get over the pinch and onto the home straight.

Louise and Michael were still prominent at the front and showing no signs of the effect of their efforts, Peter Mackie, Sam Bruzese and Brett also looking threatening. Again it was Peter and Louise taking the field to the top, only this time they garnered a little gap over the remainder. But it wasn't long before the two were three (Michael), then four (Sam), then five (Brett), then four again as Brett powered down hill to the last turn. At the turn it was back to five as the four chasers dug deep to ensure Brett didn't get the advantage of being clear at the turn, their efforts in vain as Brett powered out of the turn and into Greens Road never to be threatened, the battle for his wheel in reality a battle for the minor places. In the run home Louise paid for the work she'd done on the course, slipping away. Michael jumped on the gas as soon as the finish line hove into view, passing Peter Mackie on the final straight he was able to hold him off to finish second behind Brett. Peter was then left to defend his position from a fast finishing Sam, Peter just holding on for the last of the place money.

Figures for the race: 51k covered in 101 minutes for an average of 30.2kph

e-grade (36k - with N. Cartledge)

With three new members and Peter Kronemann (the only registered f-grade rider) included it was a big e-grade bunch of fifteen that set off for 35 kilometres of racing. The neutral pace continuing well past Nankervis Road, nobody overly keen to get up front and drag the bunch up to race pace. Two-thirds of the way out to the first turn and the heart rates were finally approaching their max, but it wasn't the tempo that got them racing, it was a couple of incidents involving traffic that had the adrenalin in overload. The second seeing many of the bunch off the road and a couple off their bikes, fortunately there was no damage to rider or machines. With everybody back on the road and heart rates still near the max the race resumed at a pace that warranted the heart rates. Peter Kronemann inflicting pain on the inclines, Peter Webb, and a couple of others, keeping the tempo up on the flats, and new member Dean Niclasen taking over from Peter K at the top of hills keeping the pressure on over the crest and down the other side; not allowing anyone any rest. Another new member in Kayleen Jones was never far from the front and showing strong form.

The bunch staying together for the majority of the first lap until the final climb which split the bunch in two, half a dozen starting the second lap clear of the remainder; Dean, Kayleen, Peter K, Peter W, Neil Cartledge and Ken Saxton

making the break. Graeme Parker tagging along to keep an eye on the new members. The pace for the second outbound leg was maintained by a constant rotation of riders at the front with the occasional attack thrown in, no records were set but the pace was enough to keep the break away.

The run home not much different and the six started the climb up the pinch with Peter K setting the pace, Neil Cartledge taking the lead near the top, Kayleen on his wheel and doing it comfortably. But the KoM points went to Dean who had started his run from the back of the bunch half way up the climb to summit ahead of Neil and his shadow, Dean's momentum enabling him to open up a twenty metre gap as the race headed down to the final turn. Kayleen figured that that was where the money was and was quickly on his wheel, Neil left with Peter K for company and a race on his hands. The two pair racing down the hill for the cone and the run along Greens Road to the finish. Kayleen misjudging the turn, going in too deep and locking up the rear, allowed Neil to duck around the inside and set off after Dean. Dean was too strong, Neil making no inroads into his lead, meanwhile Kayleen had recovered and along with Peter K rode back up to Neil, the three riding mano a mano a woman to the finish. The chase taking its toll on the chaser's chasers, Neil able to edge ahead of Peter at the finish and Kayleen just unable to maintain the pace slipping away for fourth.

f-grade

No Race.

Post race wrap

An incident during the race involving a delivery truck and the c-grade and e-grade bunches serves to remind us that we can never be complacent when we are racing, fortunately there was no damage to cyclist or cycle but it was close. Even with there being more than adequate signage on the road and the presence of large numbers of cyclists we are still sharing the road with everyday users and we have to be aware that they are there, that they have the right to be there, and that they may not be of like minds to us. If there is a vehicle following the bunch the last rider must inform the rest of the group of that vehicle's presence, the race should become neutral and the group should ride single file to the left of the road until that vehicle has passed. Riders should also be aware of the conditions, Saturday the roads were damp and some of the corners are quite tight; extra care and separation should be observed especially with on-coming traffic approaching a right hand bend (our right not theirs) in case the driver of the vehicle misjudges the corner and runs wide.

The drive home, back along Arthurs Creek Road toward Yan Yean just topped the day, the grey sky, the light slanting in under the clouds casting a yellowy hew to the fields, the scattered clusters of trees, their leaves brilliant in the rays of the setting sun. It almost made the pain and suffering worthwhile.

Results

	First	Second	Third	Fourth
a-grade (9)	Guy Green	Roy Clark,	Stefan Kirsch.	
b-grade (14)	George Ward	Daren Joy	Frank Nyhuis	
c-grade (16)	Nigel Frayne	Andrew Neilsen	Tony Renehan	Matt White
d-grade (8)	Brett Robinson	Mick Cosgrave	Peter Mackie	
e-grade (15)	Dean Niclasen	Neil Cartledge	Peter Kronemann	Kayleen Jones

Officials

Thanks to Graeme Parker and Ronnie Stranks who were on the desk taking entries. Thanks to Ian Smith who was race controller for the day, organising the small army of helpers required to run a race at Arthurs Creek; Brian McCann, Mick Jamison, Jim Hobbs, Martin Stalder, Jake Jodlowski, Ben Muller, Angelo Antignani and the one-winged Tony Curulli. Thanks also to JC for bringing the trailer, to Peter Mackie who was on hand with the drinks and thanks to Richard Dobson who has taken responsibility for the roster and looking after helmet covers and numbers.

Eastern Vets Program

Saturday	August	2	2:00pm	Casey Fields	Dandenong Bicycle Superstore h'cap
Saturday	August	9	2:00pm	METEC	Graded Scratch Races
Saturday	August	16	2:00pm	Steels Creek	Croydon Cycles Jack Thompson h'cap *
Saturday	August	23	2:00pm	Yarra Junction	Le Tour Classic Handicap *
Monday	August	25	8:00pm	Maroondah Club	General Meeting
Wednesday			10:00am	The Loop – Yarra Boulevard	Scratch Races + post race coffee

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 before the race. Riders entering a handicap **MUST** pay the entry fee regardless of participation. 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 via e-mail to the handicapper or on any race day prior to the event.

Southern Vets Program

Sunday	August	3	9:00am	Casey Fields	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	August	10	9:00am	Crib Point	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	August	17	9:00am	Lang Lang - Yannathan	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	August	24	9:00am	Cora Lynn - Modella	Club Championships

Note : Southern Vets have a 'No licence – No race' policy. If you are going to race with Southern take your licence with you.

* Due to Victoria Police requirements competitors for these events must have a flashing red taillight and a white headlight.

Northern Vets Program

Sunday	August	3	10:00am	Avenel Road, Seymour	General Memorial Handicap (64k)
Sunday	August	10	10:00am	Toolernvale	Time Trial (16k)
Sunday	August	17	10:00am	Pyalong Rd, Seymour	Eagle Handicap, 53k
Sunday	August	24	10:00am	Lancefield	Club Championships

Victorian Veteran Cycling Council Program

Sunday	August	31	10:00am	Halls Gap	Grampians handicap, 61k	25/8 - \$15
Saturday	September	13	1:00pm	Wangoon (Warrnambool)	Jack Brennan Handicap, 60k	8/9 - \$15

For your calendar

Date	Location	Event
30/8/2008 31/8/2008	Halls Gap	Grampians VCC Graded Scratch Races VVCC Handicap A great weekend of socialising and cycling Contact Ian Smith for details or expressions of interest.
19/10/2008	Melbourne	BV Around the Bay Nigel Kimber will be leading a 250k group, there will also be a group going to Sorrento and back.

Other Results, etc.:

Pink Inc.

Who Is Pink Inc?

Pink Inc is a ladies only road cycling group started in 2003 to help women ride more often as a causal group. Since the beginning Pink Inc has supported and trained more than 180 women to enjoy their cycling at a new level.

Aims

Pink Inc aims to unite ladies interested in cycling and fitness to ride together, enjoy cycling and learn the real skills needed to survive out on the road.

Pink Inc is Guided by Brigid Farrell former National Champion cyclist and Michelle Rowe also a former National level rider

Pink Inc rides leave from Kennedy's Bike Shop on Beach Road, Brighton,

- Saturday 7.30am for Beginners, this is a more skills based session, all new members must do a beginners session before joining the group. The beginners ride distance is 45km minimum and the group may average anywhere between 22km/h - 25km/h (2-2.5 hour's duration).
- Sunday 7.30am for intermediate and advanced riders, this session has two groups, the advanced riders covering 80km+ averaging 28-35kph and the intermediate group doing up to 70km at between 25 and 28kph.

See <http://www.kennedycyclefit.com/> and follow the link to Pink Ink.
