



Newsletter of Eastern Veterans Cycling Club

Newsletter, March 23rd 2013

This week! Official Race Roster for March 23rd. Dunlop Rd: Steve Barnard, Rob Giles, Nigel Frayne, John Wildes, Ben DeJong, Steve fothergill, Chris Ellenby, Brian Dew, Andrew Fillery, Peter Gray, Nathan Dewar, Ross Gardiner, Callum Gough, Shane Dwyer & Grant Greenhlagh.

Next week March 30th. Metec: Nigel Kimber, Frank Donnelly & Gerard Donnelly.

Note: Members roistered for marshal or traffic control duties must be at the circuit at least one hour before the scheduled start time to assist with the setting up of the course. (But bring your bike, you just never know). If a marshal fails to turn up for duty, a rider will be balloted to do that duty. If you cannot turn up for duty, you must find a replacement and please advise Andrew Buchanan at tiptop2@optusnet.com.au

Gruyere 16th March 2013

Race report:

It started out a good day for racing, warm with a little wind. If it wasn't warm enough, the hill certainly changed that. Some of the bunches started to split as early as the second lap.

On about lap 7 the rain came, along with the wind. Those that hung on for those couple of laps, had dry final laps, but still with wet gear.

A-grade: (Frank Nyhuis)

The day didn't start off too good – I got to Yarra Glen and didn't see anyone warming up as I got close. Then realised my auto-pilot took me to the wrong kermesse! Luckily it wasn't too far to Gruyere, and after booking a number with Peter Mackie, I arrived with 10 minutes to warm up. Just to keep in the same vein, I got back to the start line and saw the tail end of the A grade bunch 200m down the road already! A short chase and I was hooked on to the back, but feeling not quite ready for 12 laps around this 5km circuit. As usual, everyone



was just feeling their way around the first lap, not wanting to show their hand just yet. The first time up the hill was a sedate affair, with everyone still together over the top, to go across the finish line with 11 to go.

The speed picked up a little, with Phil Smith putting on a bit of a squirt, but no one was letting him get too far, and we all started together for our second time up the hill. I was about half way up when I just started spinning to the top, and then realised I had taken about 30metres out of the bunch, so I decided to dig in and see if it would entice an accomplice. Across the line for 10 to go, around the corner, and punched it up the short hill, and it looked like no one was coming across, with the gap widening. Down the hill to the hairpin, and it looked like the bunch was about 150-200m behind, so I tried to keep calm and a good cadence up the hill to maintain the gap without blowing up - you never know if you don't have a go! I figured if I try and stay out of sight, they might give up, ha ha!

Across the line for 9 to go, and the bunch looked way back, so I tried to keep my pace up as long as I could.

Smash it over the short hill again, over the roller coaster down to the hairpin, and I couldn't see the bunch as I put my head down before the main hill.

Unfortunately by the time I got to the top, I could see that the bunch (probably Nigel Kimber, Michael Hipfel and Phil Smith?) had put in some serious work to drag me back, so I started soft pedalling and crossed the line for 8 to go, waiting for the inevitable. I made sure I got to the top of the small hill just in case someone jumped as soon as they caught me....they didn't, so I sat in to have breather. Next lap was uneventful, except that the Adriatic boys Phil Smith and Phil Cav seemed to be hatching a plan, with Phil C jumping up ahead just before the hill each time, likely so Phil S could jump away, which is what he did on lap 7, and he took Stefan Kirsch with him, but they only crested about 20-30m ahead, and Laurie Lee, Nigel Kimber and Michael Hipfel dragged the rest of us along to reel them back in within half a lap. By this stage we had already lost Jamie Goddard early, and Steve Ross I think on lap 6, so with 9 in the bunch, it was getting down to the pointy end of the race.

On lap 9, with some black clouds in the west looking very ominous, I went hard up the short hill and gained a few metres as it started spitting. A couple of hundred metres later, Stef came past me and says "Let's go!" I didn't even look around as I latched on to his wheel, and hung there as Stef put in some heavy work just as the heavens opened up to the point where I could hardly see where I was going, the brakes weren't so good coming down to the hairpin, and there were rivers across the road everywhere! It was actually a good

time to break off the front, as I'm sure the feeling in the bunch was less inclined to chase in the atrocious weather conditions. And so it was for the last 3 laps - Stef doing most of the work, me helping when I could, and Stef kindly slowing on the big hill to allow me to stay with him. For the last foray up the hill, I looked behind and saw one white hatted beetle, Phil Smith, battling on his lonesome about 250-300m behind, I guess hoping one of us would falter on the hill.

Unfortunately for him, he'd left his run far too late, and we got into the finish straight well clear. I gave Stef a tow to the line where he sprinted for a well deserved win, and I rolled across a few metres behind for second. Phil Smith made some ground in the last half a lap, and came across for a hard fought 3rd about 150m behind us.

Having a chat with Stef on the cool down, he said, "You're riding strong, but your breathing was really heavy, have you got a lung infection or something?" I don't, but it's called coughing up a lung, ha ha! Thanks for dragging me along Stef!

My Strava stats for the race - Distance 62.7km, 1hr 45min18sec, Av. Speed 35.7kmh, Max speed 58.1kph. Fastest lap 8.24min, Av. HR 152bpm, Max HR 170bpm

A-grade: (Nigel Kimber)

After the regular Saturday morning routine the road wheels were put on the bike and the bike was loaded on to the car and it was off to Gruyere for the March road race. The morning ride had encountered a few showers and the weather as I headed through the inner and then outer eastern suburbs it didn't look any better. Cresting the hill at Chirnside Park, racing looked unlikely, a sea of grey obscuring everything beyond Lilydale. Turning off the Maroondah onto Killara Road the road surface went from wet to dry and the further from Coldstream the more pleasant the conditions became. With no excuses it was to the registration desk to sign on and check out the competition - a small but fairly balanced looking bunch.

Jamie Goddard: Haven't seen Jamie since last Monday when Susan and I were looking for something to eat down at Constitution Dock, Hobart. Looking fit and given the remainder of the field he could be there at the end.

Lawrence Lee: If Lawrence was on a good week he could have a go, certainly be with the majority at the end.

Phil Smith: Showing some form of late, renowned for both his time-trialing and hill climbing strengths he will



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be one to watch - mid-race, on the climb to Gruyere Road where he'd most likely make his move.

Phil Cavaleri: A true terrier, he'll do everything he has to be there at the end, then he'll be a handful.

Stefan Kirsch Not overly aggressive, will be content to stay with the bunch as long as he has to, but capable of bridging to any promising break or making a late move to open and hold a winning break of his own.

Steve Ross: On the flat Steve has been running hot, on this course he may struggle if the feather-weights put the pressure on up the long hill.

Michael Hipfel: To be honest, I have little idea about Michael, his name has come up a few times in the results so he is more than capable.

Roy Clark: Another of the favourites but again not an overly aggressive rider, more reactive than proactive but given the makeup of the peloton may be keen to break things up.

Frank Nyhuis: On the comeback from injury and with a few good wins in b-grade Frank will be a finisher but most likely with the also rans.

Rob Amos: On a flat track Rob would be ripping the legs off everybody else, but with twelve times up Killara Road, Rob is going to struggle if the little guys make it difficult on the inclines.

So how was the race going to pan out?

Eleven, relatively equally matched, riders, none overly aggressive. Twelve times around the five-kilometre loop with the two pinches out the back (on Medhurst Rd) and the grind on Killara Road.

The first lap would be essentially neutral, nobody keen to start hostilities early with so much still to go. The pace will increase on the second and subsequent laps, maybe a few small breaks over the next couple of laps but nothing threatening. Around the fourth lap Phil Smith will start pushing the pace on the Killara Road 'grind', efforts that will test those who don't have the legs, this will probably trim a few from the bunch. But the remainder - Stef and Roy, won't let Phil go and anybody who can will suck wheels to stay in it. The remainder of the race could go one of two ways, either Phil will get a break and Stef and Roy will bridge, or Stef or Roy will counter attack a Phil effort and ride away with the other bridging and maybe Michael Hipfel. My money was on a Roy, Stef and Michael trifecta (order unknown). Phil Smith fourth (either with

the top three or alone). The remainder spread out behind.

So how did it pan out?

The first lap was essentially neutral, yours truly leading the way to the dipper where the bulk of Steve Ross took over for a while until the gravity got the better of him and it was back to me to lead the troops onto the grind where cold legs determined that I relinquish the lead to another.

One lap completed, the bunch still together, the pace picked up through the second lap.

Frank Nyhuis rode away at the end of the second lap/beginning of the third, the full bunch keeping tabs. A couple in the bunch controlling the leash, at times rolling turns, at times swapping off – enough to keep Frank in sight but not out of reach. This suited me to a tee, swapping off turns to maintain Frank's pace. Unfortunately, after two laps, gentleman Stef took pity on Frank and returned him to the bunch. As Stef closed the gap two thoughts were running through my head; "nooooooo!" and getting in position to go with the inevitable Phil Smith counter attack.

Frank came back and Phil didn't go so it was gruppetto compacto for another lap or so, albeit sans a few who'd found the chase more than their legs could cope with. I wasn't sure who was still there and who wasn't, nor do I have a great deal of recollection of what happened or who did what after that. The next few laps came and went with a few moves that didn't stick.

Forty-five minutes in, as the group crosses the finish line, we are rewarded with "six laps to go" – the e-grade race distance. Around the back, looking at the threatening skies that seemed to surround us, the thought crossed my mind that we were in a little pocket of dryness, this was immediately followed by the thought – "don't think that!".

Five to go, the weather still holding, a scramble up the first of the pinches, a look back and there's a gap. I'd kind of thought/planned to push things through this section on the last couple of laps, if I was still there, to liven things up. Well the last couple of laps looked to have come early. Rounding the corner back onto Killara Road, a look back showed a decent gap, a look ahead showed some pretty ugly looking clouds and a hill to be crested. Two options; wait and ride the rise with the guys, or push on and get over the top before I got caught. The gap was too big to wait so I went with option two. They caught me along Cahilton Road as we got four to go.



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They let me go again on the first pinch, but not as far as the previous lap, either that or my legs were beginning to fail – most likely my legs were beginning to fail. On to Killara Road the gap was small enough that trying to out run them up the hill was pointless so it was back to the group that I went. Then to the back of the group. Then off the back as the strong legs in the group turned up the screws. But not too far, cresting close enough to the bulk to regain a wheel on the descent.

Three to go, and now three away, but I was still in the race and the weather was still holding. Well that was all about to change. On to Medhurst Road, the heavens opened. As the rain tumbled so did the spirits. With the podium out of reach, the legs twinging with the threat of cramp and the sky falling there seemed no reason to continue. And there was still the hill to get over. Half way up I bid the race good bye, nearly riding Rob out with me but his determination saw him crest off the back but a good descent would see him still in the race. Down to Cahilton Road I finally had what I'd been wanting all race – a clean run into the corner, unfortunately this time it was wet and there was no desire to risk skin.

It was wet, I was wet; sometimes you just have to say 'what the heck'. The slight tailwind, the slight downhill, the fast surface and a bit of effort and Rob's back wheel was obtainable. Two to go. Skirting the puddle that had formed on the Cahilton/Medhurst Road corner I picked up Rob and set about catching the rider in front of him and then the small group of three that was the remainder of the chase group. Back on Killara Road the rain was easing as the reformed group of six ground their way up to Gruyere Road for the second last time. A fairly civil ascent, a chance to look around and see who was still in it. I was there, so was Rob, Phil Cavaleri, Michael Hipfel – so my prediction wasn't to be fulfilled, and Lawrence Lee rounding out the little group - I thought there were six. Stef was missing, Roy and Phil Smith too, the Skoda boys (Steve & Frank) were not there either nor was Jamie.

Over the top the group was stretched, a chase along Cahilton Road, picking up the bell on the way through, and skirting the debris left on the corner by the retreating puddle the small bunch came back together at the top of the first pinch and set about completing the last half lap.

Given that the thighs and calves had been threatening to tear themselves apart every time I put effort through the legs over the previous two laps I went straight to the back of the bunch as the road started its subtle and

relentless increase in gradient with the intent of not interfering with anybody else's race. It became apparent that my legs weren't the only ones complaining as little Phil Cavaleri took advantage of his lighter build and started to ride clear of the rest of us, stretching the small group into a long thin line. A test of the legs showed they may have been bluffing so it was back on the pedals and chasing little Phil up the last of the rise. The sound of snapping rubber bands could be heard behind. Over the top, Phil had a good gap and I had the company of Michael. Down to the final turn little ground was made leaving a long sprint to the finish if we were to spoil Phil's fourth place.

It was a good chase, but not good enough, Phil taking fourth ten to fifteen metres ahead of Michael who'd relegated me to sixth some fifty metres from the line.

Up front it was Stef who had outsprinted Frank Nyhuis for the win, Phil Smith having been dropped on the final climb crossed solo in third. I wasn't too far off, Roy missed the break and pulled out when the heavens collapsed, saving himself for Sunday's VVCC open. And Frank is obviously back in form.

Figures for the race; 62.90k @ 35.10kph in 1:47:34

B-grade: (David MacDonald.)

Gruyere was my first race with Eastern Vets that wasn't essentially a crit race. I had no idea what a Kermesse was, and at first glance at the calendar I actually thought it was the venue. Google fixed that. Running late getting to the race I didn't get a chance to preview the circuit but I had spoken to a few guys earlier in the week and was told that the course would suit me. So after a very quick change out of my work clothes I lined up on the start with no warm up in a small B grade field.

The first lap was a fairly gentle affair. I was taking the opportunity to suss out the course. There were a few accelerations but nothing too serious for the opening laps. I was also trying to assess the way the field went up the long climb and whether or not it would be a crucial part of the race. As we turned into Medhurst Rd on the 4th lap David Phillips decided to test us out and jumped off the front. I decided to go with him to try and get things going. Once I reached him and rolled past to take a turn he asked a simple one word question "Yep?" and my response was an equally verbose "Yeah." so we worked together for the rest of the lap. At this point in time I was fully expecting our little effort to get reeled in but it didn't and we soon had a decent gap. We rolled through the start finish line with the 8 laps to go sign. With my heart pounding in my



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ears and a dry mouth I did some quick calculations and realised how far we still had to go and I thought, did I really want to try to stay away for so long, and more importantly, could we?

Working together for the next handful of laps we managed to slowly increase the gap. The way we rode the course seemed to occur naturally, David took turns on the more punchy climbs and I took the lead on the longer climb. We shared the flat sections and it seemed to suit our relevant strengths and was working well. Early in our effort we were averaging 25km/h for the start of the climb and staying above 21km/h on the last slog over the top. We averaged roughly 9 mins per lap for the duration of the race. Once the gap seemed stable we settled down into a good rhythm and shared the efforts up the long climb. We started making small talk and I commented that we had been lucky with a nice break in the weather for the race. I should have known better than to comment on the weather because soon the heavens opened and we were getting quite wet. With a mountain bike background I wasn't too concerned about the rain and thought it would probably work to our advantage. Not having raced road bikes in the rain I soon discovered at the bottom of Medhurst Rd that road bikes really don't stop to well in the wet as apposed to my disc brake equipped mountain bike. Let's hope that discs make it to roadies soon :). The roads were now very slippery and David had issues trying to keep traction up the short pinch before the descent on Medhurst so it was seated climbing for the next couple of efforts. The turn into Medhurst Rd was now under a few inches of water and we were being very cautious. When sitting in behind David with the combination of heavy rain and wheel spray I had trouble seeing anything at all. It was a matter of just keeping the head down and pushing on now we had a winning margin. Luckily for us the weather eased for the last few laps.

Finally the bell. David and I were both happy to hear it and commented that it was a rewarding sound after such a long effort off the front. Then it was time for 'the discussion'. David asked "How were we going to do this, how long since you've won a race, it's been two years for me?". "I've never won any race." I replied. So that wasn't going to settle it. Having spent nearly 1hr 40min two up with David in trying conditions on a tough little circuit I did feel that we both deserved it, but a race is a race so game on. My solution was that the hill will sort it out. As we ascended the hill for the last time I picked my place to jump and went for it. In my mind I had visions of Andy Schleck at the tour jumping out of the lead group up a mountain but in reality it was more like a soggy stick man chewing his head stem groveling his way to the top. Our effort had taken its toll

and David hit the cramps so it seemed my time had come. I buried myself for the rest of the lap to make sure even though I had opened a large gap. But that's not it folks, no fairytale finish. In the last 100m, out of fatigue, stupidity and relief, but mainly stupidity, I sat up and managed to DQ myself. Yep, that's right, I took 'both hands' off the bars. No big Sagan like celebrations, without thinking I just sat up to stretch my back. What a genius! I think the phrase 'snatching defeat from the jaws of victory' is quite appropriate. So it was definitely a lesson learnt. That lesson is, READ THE RULE BOOK!

It was great riding with David Phillips and I was happy to finally get some hills after getting my legs ripped off regularly of the flat circuits. Congrats to all who raced and finished considering the small field and trying conditions. A special thanks to the organisers and marshals for putting the race on and standing out in the rain looking after us.

B-grade: (David Phillips.)

Saturday's race commenced in dry but grey conditions with showers constantly passing in the lead up with wind. The course was damp in some parts but mostly in good shape with no real problems with pot holes, obstructions or gravel to speak of. We rode neutral to the start finish line and the race started in a pretty moderate tempo. The first lap was a case of everyone looking at who was prepared to take the sit and show some climbing legs. A couple of riders took it up and many just sat back and conserved their energy. I sat between 3rd and 4th wheel. One lap down, still dry and some sign of sunshine!!!!

I decided I would have a little dig on the punchy short climb on Medhurst Road to "flush out" anyone who felt good and thought they had form. So coming through the start / finish line the 11 laps to go card was shown. This was going to be just a "see what happens" sort of move but had kamikaze written all over it. A usual "DP Rabid dog" sort of move – as my riding mates from St Kilda say. If anyone did join the move they are either crazy or pretty confident of their fitness and ability. A move with 56 kilometres to go, perhaps solo is usually full of pain, bravado but 9 times out of 10 ultimately it fails.

So I improve my position to 2nd wheel coming into Medhurst road to do a sweeping left hand turn to gain momentum and good speed to slingshot me up the punchy little climb. Attack!!!!!! Clear the hill, down on the drops going hard. I look over my left shoulder and there is David MacDonald (34). Thank god someone came I am thinking!!!!. It's a decent gap in a short



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distance and the bunch does not appear to have responded to this move. "It's too early" they are perhaps thinking, or is it more like...."no you do some of the chasing dude, I'm sitting in and can't do it all!!!!".

Of course when you have just made that decision to attack, you must make it stick. Open up the advantage as quickly as possible, ride tempo for 5 minutes, get the heart rate down to a reasonable level and then consolidate. A Dennis Bowen Day theory. Don't look back. Easier said than done. Especially on this course and especially with a one kilometre killer Killara climb. I was calling it something else the next 10 times around. I think it took me until lap 8 or 9 to work this mother of a hill out. The first 2 laps away were extremely hard but my breakaway companion was up for it. He was pulling the turns each time from half way up Medhurst Road and Killarda Road. David is a lighter frame than me and he climbed extremely well. I played to my strengths and basically did as much TT style turns on the flatter sections of the course. Together we worked really well by continuing to encourage each other and keep the tempo consistent but not too hard to blow each other up. I was certain that early on the bunch was going to catch us at the top of Killara Road on lap 4 but we dug deep and I said to my companion – just 1 lap flat out, give it everything and we will see if we can extend the elastic band.

The gap back to the chasing bunch slowly but surely, lap after lap, got bigger and bigger. Some close calls included the bus full of tourists who virtually stopped both of us in our tracks at the top of the 2nd Medhurst road climb just before the descent. The spinning of my wheels on the same sector of road when the torrential rain and wind came with 4 laps to go!!!! It was so heavy I could not see so I was tempted to throw my glasses away. At times I felt physically extended to breaking point and nearly asphyxiating nearing the top of the Killara killer early on, but we both were so committed. I didn't even know this guy, but what a tough rider!! He even had time to tell me in the last lap that he played the bagpipes for the police band.

When the bell lap came we shook hands at the top of the first Medhurst hill climb and said whatever happened, happened. It was a great effort to break away so early in the race and stay away. We descend down Medhurst road turn left on to Killara hill one more time. Yes we were both counting them down. 4 to go. 3 to go. 2 to go. David is smart. He leaves me on the front longer than the usual 10 previous times!!! I know the attack is coming but when it comes – 200 meters from the top – I cannot respond quick enough. David is pedalling like mad and I start cramping in quads. Race over. I try like hell to use my descending and time

trailing to catch my opponent but he has too much of a gap. We approach the finish line and I am probably 50 meters behind David. He puts both his hands up to salute – a great performance. Unfortunately for him he is not aware of the rules that hands off the bars means instant disqualification (DQ). It didn't even click. I was just gutted at coming second, or placing yet again. My opponent stopped dead shortly after the finish line and told me what had occurred. I genuinely felt sorry for the guy. He rode the perfect race. Tactically flawless. Panache. Better luck next time David. You won't be in B Grade very long. I won't forget this race in a hurry and will admit that as I had never ridden this course before I am not in a hurry to come back!!!! Still very sore and tired as I write this 2 days later.

Race stats – Distance 62.62km, Time 1 hour 51:38, Average speed 33.65kmph, Max speed 56.47km sorry no heart rate monitor – don't want to know any more during my races!!! PS Thanks to the guy on the top of the Killara Road climb next to the van who kept on encouraging and assuring us the gap was getting bigger. I was sceptical but he was right!!!! If anyone has photos of us away I would greatly appreciate one. David J Phillips (28) aka DP

C-grade: (John Clarkson)

A good, friendly race had by all. It started to heat up on about lap 4 with a push by Tim Crowe showing his hand on the climb. I'd given a little push to Peter Ransom to help him get over the climb and I was quiet happy not knowing how my legs would hold up after only my 3rd week back on the bike to sit in the bunch. John, Marcus and another couple of blokes, (sorry, I don't know their names) did some strong turns on the front, then after about 5 laps the pace dropped right off.

On lap 6 Tim Crowe attacked again. On the climb, I managed to drag myself over to his wheel and we stayed away for about a lap and a half. The bunch must have worked hard because A grade passed us on the climb and Tim Crowe and myself bumped back into them on the home straight for over 3/4 of a lap (Bloody A grade) . After the bunch caught us I was spent, but luckily, no attacks.

Then on climb Tim Crowe had yet another crack the sneaky Bugger, but he gave up and sat back in the bunch.

On the bell lap it started to rain Marcus was trying to sneak away which I was happy to let it all happen. The rain turned into little droplets of fire and I was thinking this is rubbish, I'm for going home . We all struggled around to Killara Rd and started back up the climb for



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the last time wet and cold . When the hill monster AKA (Tim Crowe) is off again!
I was stuck boxed in but finally I got out. I heard Marcus yell "GO JOHNNY, GO" which did help a lot!
Cheers Marcus, a 1-2 would have been nice .

I got across and wanted to take the lead over the top, But I changed my mind and jumped on the back of Tim's Wheel. At the bottom left hander I think we had about 150 metres, with the bunch all busted up behind us. I didn't want them getting back together and chasing us down, so I passed Tim and pushed on thinking we should split this if we win. Then I realized the old fox was sitting back ready to jump over me. I still had a little bit left when I heard him change gear. I pushed as hard as I could just holding him off for the win.

d-grade: (Neil Cartledge)

The first lap was completed in sharpish time. The hill on that first lap is my usual undoing but this time I was able to stay with the bunch. At the top I felt that 8 more times were going to be a test for me. Everybody else seemed to be doing it easy. Big Dean Niclasen went to the front and looked like he was going to attack but then thought better of it. Little Keith Wade wasn't even trying and could have ridden away with ease.

The second lap was the fastest of the whole race (just under 10 minutes). Geoff Darroch and Alan Cunneen raised the pace along the 2nd leg while Keith and Adam Dymond pushed it up the hill. This time the bunch started to fracture. Some may have even dropped off at this point. I was off the back of the main bunch but still able to get back on the descent, a good sign.

The lap board said 7 to go! Had we only done 2 laps? The legs were starting to work by now so a little push up the first incline on the 2nd leg was a tester to see if I could go the distance, but as soon as it flattened Geoff, Alan, Keith, Colin Morley and David Brown quickly moved around me and the test proved nothing. On the sharpish rise out of the dip Alan and Geoff would pick up the effort and then hold the lead to the Killara Road corner. I was only too aware that I had fallen on this corner in a previous race and the first few times in this race were taken with a great deal of caution.

The middle part of the race was uneventful. The lap speeds slowly dropped as fatigue started to creep into the legs and the mind. The usual suspects led up the hill and the chase was on down the hill for those that struggled. My aim was to get back on before the turn into Cahilton Road, achieved on most laps. On one occasion I didn't get on until the left right left deviation

in Cahill Road at which point I still was carrying some speed so I rolled past the bunch and took a turn on the front. This germinated an idea in my head!

The rain started with a few drops around the finish line but was heavy by the left hand turn. The wind picked up considerably blowing debris all over the place.

Glasses were useless, if not from the water, then from leaves between the sun lens and the prescription lens. Looking over the frame made the eyes feel they were ducks being shot with lead pellets. The speed picked up on the descent to Killara Road. Alan was leading with Geoff behind. I went right and applied the brakes but the bike just accelerated. Fortunately they finally worked and my speed decreased sufficiently to turn left.

The rain cleared and we had one or perhaps two laps to go. The bunch was down to 5 riders and I felt I could maybe finish with them for a change. Lap 7 and 8 were the slowest of the race, due in large part to the weather and perhaps fatigue of all the riders.

The bell was a welcome sound. It meant I could be assured of finishing on the same lap as the other four. The flat sections were taken with some renewed vigour. The hill was attacked a little harder than any of the previous laps to the point where I was off the back by 80 odd metres on the top of the hill and much more going down the other side. Never the less I went on the big chain ring, wound it up and then took a little breather before the turn. At the deviation in Cahilton Road, I came up to the bunch led by Colin with Geoff, Alan and Keith close behind.

The idea that had come into my mind some laps earlier was to use my speed to attack rather than just slow and sit on until the sprint. But this was still a long way out from the line! Geoff looked like he was going to kick so I thought I would get on his wheel and have a good sit to the line, but for some reason he didn't. This left me with no option, but to keep going. Geoff jumped on to my wheel followed by Alan and Keith and that was the finishing order. The jump had caught Colin by surprise and he was playing catch up all the way to the line. I was happy to be in the bunch at the line and didn't expect to place. Thanks guys!

e-grade: (John Neil)

After a couple of ignominious recent outings at the Loop, I journeyed to Gruyere in the hope that the parcours and the temperature would suit me better. The quote of the day came from Keith Bowen who said "The hill did not seem too bad in the car". I was interested to see whether the climbing I had done on



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10 day tour of Tassie in late February would stand me in good stead. A couple of warm up laps did little to instil confidence but I resolved to do my best to follow any moves and see what happened.

As we set off on the first lap I looked to sit on JC Wilson's wheel thinking, we might build into the race gradually, but it soon became obvious that David Coull was in a testing mood, making us work whenever the road pitched up. David had a crack the first time we hit the long climb, gained a break and hared off down the hill with JC leading the charge to pull him back. We managed to reel David in somewhere around the finish line (with most/all of the pack together?) but he wasn't planning to let up for long.

By the time we hit the climb for the second time my heart rate monitor was reading ridiculous numbers and David decided to set us another examination. As David started to move away on the second half of the climb Ronnie Stranks and Peter Mackie ground their way past me and I decided that a bigger effort was required. I worked my way past them (slowly) and once over the crest I set off after David. After turning out of Killara Rd I glimpsed Peter Mackie close on my wheel but could not see anyone else. Peter and I got up to David again before the stop sign and we began to work together. According to my Garmin the second 5km was close to the fastest of the day (av 29.7kph).

I went to the front in third lap, not out of any bravado but in the hope the other two would let me set the pace up the climb. This kind of worked and with an extra effort near the top I was able to crest the hill close to Peter's wheel. I was, however, burning kilojoules at a great rate and my heart rate was 190-200 bpm. The pace on lap 4 seemed a little easier at least until we hit the climb again. David and Peter overtook me much earlier this time and I lost ground steadily as they

maintained their pace to the crest and disappeared. To add insult some bonehead in a blue car decided to see how close he could pass me at 80 kph as I crested and settled into the descent.

In the fifth lap I could see a pink cap from time to time, but the traffic of those passing and those dropping off faster groups obscured relative positions. By now I was focussed on riding solidly to maintain my possible podium place, without any idea how close any pursuer might be.

Into the last lap I got a bit of a lift on the turn out of Killara Rd, when the leader of the A-Grade pack alerted me to hold my line through the corner and politely acknowledged my work when I did so. I had a good view of the A-Graders as they streaked past and I lifted my pace with no expectation of matching them.

The last run up the climb did not seem so bad as I was doing it at my own pace (better than a couple and worse than others). After the last corner I was head down, tail up and too far back to see the final dice between David and Peter. David had a deserved win, having "made the race" for the most part. We were fortunate to finish before the rain came down but did not make it back to the cars without getting damp. As we headed back JC (who laboured through some mechanical issues) crossed the finish and a little later we saw Ray Watts headed for the line.

By my calculations I covered the 31.7 kms in 1:06:40 at an average 28.5 kph. I had a good day and look forward to racing at Gruyere again. Thanks to the organisers and officials.

f-grade: (No race)

Results: Metec, Saturday, March 9th.

	First	Second	Third
a-grade (11)	Stefan Kirsch	Frank Nyhuis	Phil Smith
b-grade (11)	David Phillips	Darren Woolhouse	Callum Gough
c-grade (15)	John Clarkson	Tim Crowe	Russell Wheelhouse
d-grade (12)	Neil Cartledge	Geoff Darroch	Alan Cunneen
e-grade (7)	David Coull	Peter Mackie	John Neil.

Officials at Gruyere, March 16th.

Thanks to Peter Mackie and Ron Stranks who were on the desk taking entries. Special thanks to all those on-course led by Keith Bowen, the referee along with the following, ensured we had a safe race. Thanks to Zenon Gawronski, Nick Hainal, Adrian Dickinson, Laurie Gates, Gary Dowell, Janita Keating, Steve Barnard, David DePedro and Shane





Crowhurst. Thanks to Andrew Buchanan, who manages the duty roster and ensures we have enough people on the day for our races, to J.C. Wilson who brought the trailer along and Dean Niclasen, who was on hand with the drinks.

GSR Results: Metec, March 19th Croydon Cycleworks Tuesday Summer Series.

	First	Second	Third
a-grade (16)	Andrew Mapstone	Roy Clark	Steve Ross
b-grade (19)	Darren Woolhouse	Dayle Goodall	David Hyde
c-grade (16)	Dave Pyne	Richard Abel	Dave McCormack
d-grade (14)	Phil Aarons	Paul James	Mark Cheeseman
e-grade (2)	J C Wilson		

Next week is the last race of the Croydon Cycleworks Tuesday Summer Series.

Results: The Loup March 20th.

	First	Second	Third
Division 1	Phil Cavaleri	Russ Newnham	Daryl Beovich
Division 2	Tony Curulli	John Williams	Rob DeBarnardi
Division 3	Alan Cunneen	Paul Griffith (N)	Shane Dwyer

Eastern Vets Program: www.eastervets.com/

Saturday	Mar	23	1:30pm	Dunlop Rd.	Graded Scratch Race.
Tuesday's			6:00pm	Metec	GSR Summer Series
Wednesday's			10:15am	The Loup	Graded Scratch Race
Monday	Mar	29	7:30pm	Ringwood Club	Annual Meeting
Saturday	Mar	30	2:00pm	Metec	Graded Scratch Race.
Saturday	Apr	6	2:00pm	Casey Fields	GSR. A-grade teams race

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.

Northern Vets Program: www.northerncycling.co.au/

Sunday	Mar	17	9:00am	National Boulevard	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	Mar	24	10:00am	Lancefield	Bradley Family Memorial Handicap.
Sunday	Mar	31			Easter Sunday. No racing.
Sunday	Apr	7	9:00am	National Boulevard	Graded Scratch Races

Victorian Veterans Cycling Council program: www.veterancycling.com.au/

Sunday	Mar	17	9:30am	Sth. West Credit/Robbie Hall Memorial. Warrnambool Vets.	Wangoon Res. 62k. \$25
Sun.	Mar 29 to Apr			South Pacific Championships	Maryborough. Road, Sprint ITT & Crit. \$25/event
Thursday	Apr	25	1:00pm	Benghazi Handicap Northern Vets	Lancefield, 76k

Note: Entries are to be on the appropriate VVCC Open entry form (available on VVCC website) and are to be accompanied by the requisite fee.

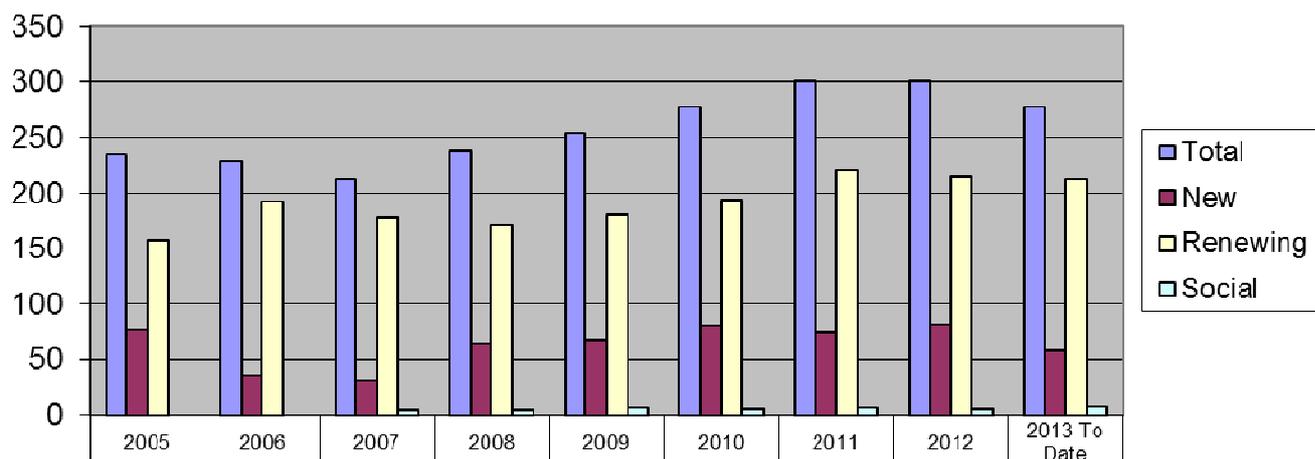
Note: The club benefits from the sponsorship from the Ringwood Club, even if you do not use the facility, but you must register with the Ringwood Club. It doesn't cost you anything and you are under no obligation to ever attend the club. So, please fill out the Ringwood Club application form and return it to the EVCC or post it to PO Box 8114, Burnt Bridge 3134.





Eastern Veterans Cycling Club - A look at Membership numbers over the past 9 years.

Eastern Veterans Cycling Club - A Look at Membership 2005 to Now



■ Total	235	228	213	238	254	278	301	301	278
■ New	77	36	31	63	68	80	75	81	58
■ Renewing	158	192	178	171	180	193	220	215	213
■ Social	0	0	4	4	6	5	6	5	7

Other coming events etc:

Please advise the editor of any future events that could be of interest of the members.

The Annual General meeting will be held at the Ringwood Club on Monday, March 25th at which committee positions become vacant and new officers are elected. To date we have received no indication from any of the membership to nominate for any of the positions available. The club doesn't run itself, it requires input from members, the more who help the less there is for those who do.

If you have any desire to help the club please consider nominating yourself for a position on the committee. The positions that are Appointed Positions available are;

Elected Positions;

- President / Vice President- Safety Officer
- Secretary / Assistant Secretary
- Treasurer / Assistant Treasurer / Membership Officer
- Handicapper / Assistant Handicapper
- Club Captain / Club Vice Captain- VVCC Delegate (1 of 3)

Appointed Positions;

- Safety Officer
- Referee
- Newsletter Editor
- VVCC Delegate (1 of 3)
- Race Committee member

Peter Wykes, former Eastern member is running a track training/coaching session at DISC every Tuesday morning from 10.00 am until 12 noon. Peter is a level 1 coach. You can hire a bike for \$10 and you might need to take out a CA licence for \$66. This is a non racing licence, but enables you to ride at DISC and enter Gran Fondo's without having to pay extra. If you are interested, contact Peter on 9404 1740.





Donald Crits 20/4/2013:

The township of Donald is celebrating its 150th anniversary this year and the Central Victorian Veteran's Cycling Club has been asked to stage Criterium races in town on April 20th as part of the festivities. The event is being supported by local government and businesses and at least \$2,000 in prize money will be up for grabs.

Central Vets are asking for entries to be emailed or phoned in before race day so the handicapper can assess where to place riders from other clubs. Please contact me on 0419876815 if you have any questions.

Website: <http://www.cvcc.org.au/>

E-mail: centralvicvets@gmail.com



Bayswater

