

Newsletter



Duty Roster

Saturday 11 November, Casey Fields

Jim Swainston (R), Darren
Woolhouse, Perry Peters

Saturday 18 November, Dunlop Road

John Thomson (R), Rob Giles
(TC), Kevin King (TC), Dayle
Goodall (TC), Davina Calhaem,
Barry Beachley, Tim Crowe, John
Clarkson, Owen Lewis, David
Pyne, Phil Thompson, Dave
Worland, Nathan White, Jeremy
Canny-Smith, Gavin Plummer

*If rostered for duty, you must be at
there at least 1 hour prior to start time.
It's your responsibility to find a
replacement if unable to do your duty,
then advise Andrew Buchanan,
tjptop2@optusnet.com.au*

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Last Saturday we raced at Casey Fields in reverse direction, which seemed to do a few heads in. Reports are inside, nearly a full house – written from right to left, naturally.

IMPORTANT: PLEASE READ

Please note a change to the usual start time for this week's racing. We are at Casey again, off Berwick–Cranbourne Road in Cranbourne East, but for reasons beyond our control we cannot have access to the track at the usual time so **racing will start at 4 pm**. The registration desk will close at 3.45 pm. Tail lights are required.

There was no Tuesday twilight crit this week thanks to some horserace or other, but results of Wednesday's racing at the Loop in Kew are inside.



Graded scratch races at Casey Fields, 4 November

Grade	1st	2nd	3rd
A Grade (8)	Jean-Philippe Leclercq	Phil Cavaleri	Paul Firth
B Grade (15)	Paul Anderson	Grant Farr	Dean Niclasen
C Grade (13)	Peter Gray	Hylton Preece	Bob Lewis
D Grade (8)	Ken Allan	Mike Joss	Max Michelson
E Grade (7)	Pat Ruys	Emma Smith	John Eddy
F Grade (3)	Ron Stranks	Rod Goodes	Michael Waterfield

A Grade

By Jean-Philippe Leclercq

I travelled for work during the week, with too much of good food and drinks, early mornings, late nights, little sleeps and could not train since last three days. This was not ideal preparation for today's race at Casey. When I woke up on Saturday morning, I was tired, walking as an old man in the home, and thought I should not race. But after a good breakfast, going in the garden to get some fresh air, I changed my mind and felt I should go anyway. I thought, it does not matter if I get smashed or dropped today, at least let's have a good race. During the warm-up, legs were unsurprisingly feeling heavy and rusty, HR not reactive as usual, and breathing was average. However, I was happy to be on my bike at Casey, in a good spirit. So I thought, with some good positive thinking I should be able to bring back that snail body to a frog. Could I? 'Yes *oui* can!'


We were eight riders on the line, with a good mix of strong and smart riders, this Casey race was going to be exciting. Considering I was not feeling that fit on the day and that any move I would make would be marked (I remembered last time we raced at Casey – *mamma mia*, I learnt a cycling lesson), I decided I should stay at the back, do nothing and watch. In the first 10 minutes, I could see the guys were waiting for me and hesitating to launch real attacks (they did not know I was feeling crap). After 10 minutes, the guys started to put in some stronger attacks but I was only

following, like a sheep, and allowing any breaks/gaps to develop. At one stage, there was a break of two riders, then four riders and me and another rider at the back. I would still not respond until I saw the break of two about 50 metres in front of a chasing group of four, and me and other riders another 50 metres behind. This was starting to be too much of the gap, so I went hard to get on the chasing group of four and joined. So, we had a break of two guys, and myself in a chasing group of five.

We were 30 minutes into the race, legs were feeling better and I thought I could now start to be more active. Around 45 minutes of racing, Paul Firth was on a solo break with about 100 metres gap, and us in a chasing group of four. We were not working together, cat and mouse game was on. We finally caught back Paul, probably 10 minutes before the end of the race. We lost one rider and were now down to four riders: Steve Ross, Paul, Phil Cavaleri and myself. Racing mode was back to cat and mouse game, where most riders were saving as much as energy as they could and/or jumping on anyone going away on their own. In the last two laps, we were down to three riders: Paul, Phil and myself.

On the last lap, we were watching each other, strategically changing of position, changing of pace, directions and so on. In last 400 metres, I suddenly took off, got a small gap so I would not be pipped. In the last corner I was still at 100 per cent effort, and in the last straight lane gave all I had left in the frog tank. Despite starting to lack of energy/speed in the





last 30 metres, it worked, Phil and Paul did not catch me. This was a frog 'last 400 metres trick', it worked on the day but I will have to find a new frog trick for next time.

B Grade

By Mark Edwards

November to Snovember. Good bike racing weather. Saturday again and I can almost taste it.

Peter Morris owed me from Wednesday. He owed everyone else, too, after sitting in at the Loop before easing down on the fast twitch muscles for the big money, but he chauffeured only me to Casey in the King Cab. I don't know what it is you baby vets play on the USB, some MTV stuff I think, sounds OK when the girls are dancing but not so good on Eastlink. Didn't matter. After a quite a few races midfield and behind, I decided to get into the zone.

A long warm-up, long sleeves, armings, leggings, full gloves, still shivering. Chris Ellenby, pointing: 'This one's a gun, that one's unbeatable, he's an A Grader, ya ya.' Then I realised he was talking about blokes I didn't know, not the ordinary EVCC bullies like the kid racers Anderson, Farr and Niclasen, all warming up at race pace. Another no-chancer. If I'd had my car, I think I would have slunk off home. I compromised and decided on a very fast training ride.

And we're off. An unsettling early pace. Too fast to sit in and roll, and way too fast to have a crack off the front although that didn't stop a few trying. The whisper was the bloke in the Around the Bay top, Ian McGeoch, was a gun who had done and won everything. I don't think everyone heard because he ran a few sorties but someone (not me) always chased him down. John Thomson soloed away for a while. I was just watching the wheels go round, half waiting for the strong (Dean and PA that I knew of) to power off the front at any opportunity, or Ellenby's late repeated Red Baron attacks. I also knew Grant Farr was behind me somewhere with that scary, casual, this is just me cruising around in B Grade smile. Frenemies everywhere.

I was motoring along about midfield when I realised I was pretty much at the back. McCormack, Thomson, Webb, Williams and others – all gone with the wind.

This field was too strong for me to think about placing, I was worried about finishing. I wondered if I could find some other way to make it interesting. Paul! Paul Anderson. I'd hitched up behind Paul for a couple of wins this year, and we shared some cocktails with our lovely wives high above the Tokyo neon. He's an incredible workhorse, and willing – perhaps too willing, sometimes taking very long turns into the wind, every lap, then dead at the kick. He had podiumed consistently but never cracked a win. I decided to sponsor him.

'Wait, wait,' I kept shouting as he took off after every feint, but he couldn't help himself, hauling everyone back. Another approach was needed. I told him I would mount an attack, hard as I could, but knowing I couldn't hold. He should roll and wait for the catch. I'd sit up, everyone would ease down and he should go right then. It was still 20 minutes to go, so I thought we might two or three but he went strong and long and held on. It felt good to watch him cross the finish line from across the big bend. I could feel the grin.

In the meantime, back in the pack it was business as usual. I tried to sit on anything that moved, just in case. Chris was brave, time after time. Others tried to bridge but no-one really wanted to work together, and the gap was too far, too fast, for anyone to bridge solo. Halfway round the bell lap, Grant took off like he was shot, gapped the field by a street and hung on from a fast-finishing Dean. I took the referee's advice and tailed right off a sprint I had no place to be in, a happy last of the finishers.

Next week it's same same at Casey, I hope it's as much fun. Thanks to all.

C Grade

By Peter Gray

What a difference a direction makes.

Race referee Nigel Kimber's decision to race in a clockwise direction certainly threw a cat amongst the pigeons during last Saturday's criterium at Casey. Or was it a field mouse on the barbecue with a skewer stuck – somewhere? The wind was up from the south but not cyclonic by Casey standards and the grazing sheep were happy being – well, just grazing sheep.





Thirteen C Grade riders were released, pretty much flying in homing pigeon formation for about 50 minutes of their 60 minute graded scratch race. Our race began fairly pedestrian-like during the neutral lap. I glanced to the side to see the D Grade bunch nipping at our heels. The feeling I was getting was, the fireworks would be lit as soon as we crossed the start/finish line for the first time. Suprisingly, it didn't proceed like that.

A series of surges by Hylton Preece, Neil Cartledge, Russell Wheelhouse and Craig Stannard, with I think Dave Worland, generally kept the pace high throughout the race, but not sufficient to trouble anyone. There was a bit of confusion in all grades as to which side of the road was for cruising and which side for overtaking, but it seemed to function like clockwork, provided adequate warnings were given in advance.

Neil, Hylton and Russell did the lion's share of the front work, with the rest content to follow. Things started to get very interesting when grades F, E and D were being given their sprint lap. Craig Stannard instigated a couple of short, sharp attacks, ones which I felt compelled to attach myself to. The first of these, I found myself out front and really not wanting to be there when Craig eased off. I think Russell relieved my temporary predicament.

Getting closer to the bell and yet no appearance from Steve Barnard. With the bell lap approaching, the bunch were spread four abreast. The pace went up over what is usually the sprint and back straights. Suddenly, before we entered the Ss – zing zing, zoom zoom – off launches Steve, taking Hylton and Greg Harvey with him. The sprint was going to be tricky, with a dozen riders negotiating the last right-hand bend to the chequered flag.

With 150 metres remaining, I positioned on the outside and followed Russell around that bend. It was further to ride but the road ahead was clearer. As luck would have it, my line was on the leeward side of Russ and I was able to hold off a challenge by Hylton to cross the yellow tape first.

Appologies to any competitor I may have overlooked. Thanks to Nigel and Susan (assistant for the day). Thanks also to Colin for looking after the barbecue, all 46 sausages and 10 burgers worth.

D Grade

By Max Michelson

D Grade at Casey on Saturday – eight riders, with the reverse loop to challenge and make it interesting. Everybody having a turn out the front and racing hard. On the bell and Nick Hainal charging off, then Mike Joss came around to the front and Kenny Allan not to miss out. He could smell the BBQ that Colin Mortley had cooked, and rode well to come in 1st, then Mike and Max.

The big news of the day was that Zen Gawronski had his last race at the club. Zen joined at the age of 35, making 30 years with the club. One of Zen's favourite races was the Royce Bennett Handicap as Zen raced with Royce and admired how much of a great club person Royce was. Easter is special to Zen – off to Maryborough, with great results. For those that may not know, Zen and family have purchased a caravan park on the Murray, and of course he will continue cycling. As for Max, well, I have to get on Google Maps as Zen and I had a system: I drive, Zen gives directions – what a team! All the very best, Zen. D Grade will miss you, your jokes and fellowship. As for Max, well, you took pity on me and threw me a paintbrush and roller. Thank you for that and the secret training on the Warby trail and all the great times. Thanks, buddy.



Cheers, Zen! Photo: Max Michelson





E Grade

By Jim Swainston

Pleasant conditions greeted us at Casey on Saturday and the numbers were quite pleasing considering Cup weekend. Our seven members had rather varying fortunes on the day, however. Barry Ellem caused Shelly to expend a burst of energy before racing commenced as he caught his wheel in the edge of the bitumen and fell. We had another dislodged derailleur but not quite as spectacular as Colin's.

Clive Owen bravely accepted E Grade but needs a couple of gallops under his belt to get back to where he wants. Early on, JC was looking a threat, but when Pat 'the locomotive' Ruys applied the pressure after about 10 minutes, JC's legs didn't like the look of that and he had a pretty solitary ride. Emma, John and I were quite happy to see Pat ride off into the

distance and ride a tempo that suited us. With about 15 minutes to go, we appeared to be holding Pat but he lifted towards the end and he had just been dangling a carrot!

I have watched Pat in action for about 20 years but never riding this well. Emma had said before today that she couldn't sprint, so I thought I would put her in the right spot with 200 metres to go, and she did well, taking 2nd from John.

Colin Doherty was quite chirpy during the week, with plenty of support, and looking forward to getting active again.

We all had a rare treat on Saturday – not just the barby cooked by Colin Mortley, but we met the lady who makes Nigel Kimber the man he is!

Thanks to all and good luck to Zen. Just make sure the visitors don't go to Barmah!

Wednesday criterium at the Loop, Kew, 8 November

Division	1st	2nd	3rd
Division 1 (8)	Phil Cavaleri	Paul Firth	Ray Russo
Division 2 (10)	Mark Edwards	John Williams	Geoff O'Loghlen
Division 3 (9)	James Somers	Neil Cartledge	Davina Calhaem
Division 4 (3)	John Eddy	Barry Rodgers	Frank Lees

Thanks to referee Keith Bowen and Barry Rodgers.

News etc.

Indoor trainer gathering dust?

If anyone has an indoor trainer sitting around that they no longer want, Shelly (first aider) is looking for one. She doesn't need anything flash so hopefully someone has one sitting around that they replaced with a smart trainer or no longer use. Talk to Shelly on race day.





Future events

Eastern Vets

For other events, please refer to page 1 of this newsletter, or go to <http://easternvets.com/roster/>.

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 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 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 to the handicapper via email or TeamApp, or on any race day before the event.

Northern Vets

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