

the Sydney Cyclist



NEWSLETTER OF THE SYDNEY CYCLISTS' CLUB AND THE SYDNEY CYCLING CLUB OLYMPIC EDITION



SPECIAL OLYMPIC GAMES EDITION BROUGHT TO YOU COST FREE BY THE AUSTRALIAN BICYCLE RESEARCH CENTRE

17

1. It was 3.00 a.m. and all through the house;
Not a creature was stirring, not even OUR mouse;
The telly was primed and turned onto 10;
To view the fine feat by our four cycling men;
There was Kevin, the two Michaels and a young bloke called Dean;
The media now calling the "Dean Machine".

2. They are poised to begin this mighty bike race;
And will pelt down the track showing lots of hot pace;
But alas, the Yanks are pulling their tricks;
You would believe they've come from the sticks;
We've seen all these stalling Yank tactics before;
Is it to have our Aussies completely in awe?

3. At last they're away and oh! what a sight;
Kevin and Co. will show lots of fight;
Hello! what's that?
One of the Yanks has broken a strap;
No need to worry the Yanks are alright;
They are going to win this with their machines and their might.

4. Four against three, you say that's not fair;
But those carbon rear wheels can just cut through the air;
They have their 40 grand's worth of machines;
And to our four boys are just bad dreams;
Those bikes cut off 4 seconds you say;
Just watch our Kevin make them work all the way.

5. Around they go at a blistering pace;
If we win this one, boy, will we save some face;
Our Aussies are faster with each turn of the pedal;
If nothing else, it deserves a top medal;
Closer and closer they strive for their goal;
Oh goodness gracious we hope it is gold.

6. The crowd is excited, the commentator too;
And from the crowd there comes not a boo;
Turter's a marvel, he pushes the pace;
Those poor monied Yanks are just not in the race;
Then Kevin comes through and it's easy to tell;
That our team has got gold after that final bell.

7. With arms raised in glory and a victory lap;
The mob's on its feet and continues to clap;
The smiles, the looks, the great adulation;
Come on let's give young Grenda an extra ovation;
They continue to salute and let their helmets fly;
One can't help but have a tear in one's eye.

8. They stand on the dais, how proud they must be;
Displaying their gold for the whole world to see;
They stand at attention, our anthem is played;
And they get full honours for the effort they've made;
Back in 1956 was our last cycling gold;
How pleasing to see we've come in from the cold.

9. The Yanks thought they had gold with their very fancy bikes;
But we thrashed the nicks off them as you've ne'er seen the likes;
They had all their space-age gear, but that didn't faze our team;
Now known as the "Awesome Foursome" or the mighty "Dean Machine";
All the training, all the miles, all the huff and puff;
The 4,000 metres time trial let them really strut their stuff.

10. And now the games are over, the boys are coming home;
They've said goodbye to L.A. and left that bloody velodrome;
They're coming home to glory and a welcome just deserved;
A space in our sporting history should already be reserved;
Man against technology - our boys won with sheer power;
Indeed; this WAS their finest hour.

K.N.F.C.

7.00 a.m. on Saturday, 4th August, 1984

SCENE - Carters' Household

1. It is 7.00 a.m. and all through the house;
There is a creature stirring, including OUR MOUSE;
The dog wants to walk and is going beserk;
Des is washing, not thinking of toshing;
Perc is still lying in bed, suffering, I think, from a very sore head.

2. The paper has been gotten;
But goodness, how rotten;
Not a sign, a whisper, or even a hint;
What I was to find out about my hero's major stint.

3. I have arrived with dog in tow;
Nothing has changed, Perc is still lying low;
The wireless goes on and lo and behold;
My hero, my hero, has won the gold.

4. I rush to the bedroom where there lies my Perc;
Oh boy, oh boy, I fairly could curse;
I called, "he's won, he's won, my hero has won!";
My darling little Perc said, "goodness, what has he done?"

5. The telly goes on and what a relief;
There is my hero performing his feat;
"He's on, he's on", I hysterically cry;
"Come quickly, come quickly, I think I could die."

6. Straight to the 'phone to ring up Jenno;
In case you're wondering, Jenno's my steno;
"Did you see, did you see my hero win?";
I said to her with a big fat grin.

7. "I saw, I heard and said 'Desma will faint';
And all over the wall she surely will paint;
Pictures and write-ups of her wonderful hero;
And I might add, I don't mean Nero."

11 a.m. on Saturday, 4th August, 1984

SCENE - Centennial Park

8. The day wore on and it was bright and sunny;
There I was thinking oh! what a honey;
Full of excitement I really could bust;
My hero rode those Yanks into the dust.

9. Up came Clay and wanted to know;
Whether or not I should take a bow;
"Should I", said he, "be invited to speak?";
"Or should I only become rather meek?"

10. There was Bruno, Bruce, Beauchamp and Smithy too;
All wanting to know just what they should do;
To become so good like my hero is;
So they can give the other Club riders a real lot of whiz.

11. Mark Bonwick and Jack Browne were there as well;
Looking quite amused one could tell;
Wondering, I suppose what all this was about;
After some thought I will leave them in doubt.

12. Max and Robyn came down for a peek;
Heavens above, what a cheek;
Good grief, this is really a sin;
Totally ignoring my hero's win.

13. Michael and Carmel were there with their boys;
Apart from the others, away from the noise;
They too said nothing about my hero's feat;
How they could do this has me beat.

14. Then there was young Tunnelrock ready to ride;
Looking very cheeky - hell what a hide;
"Did he make the Times?" he said with a wink;
"If not, he is not as good as you think".

15. At last arrives Don, looking sublime;
"Just inquiring, have you got the time?
I'm just doing a small commercial take;
Perhaps now we should all take a break."

16. I said "in our newsletter, the next edition;
I really expect a full-page rendition;
About the magnificent feat my hero just did";
Don said, "Now wait a minute, who do you kid?"
17. He cried "Did you hear that Desma would write;
A full page splurge on her hero's might?";
I said, "Hang on, I didn't say that";
He said, "All witnessed now go out and bat."

5.00 p.m. Saturday, 4th August, 1984

SCENE - Carters household

18. The telly's on, tuned to 10;
Again, my hero and the other three men;
Fingers poised, here I go;
Not giving up from go to whoa.
19. Here it is folks, a jolly good job;
I really think I've gone for the lob;
All I can say is "my oh my";
Now my hero can spit in their eye.

K.N.F.C.

(C) D. Carter