

The Sydney Cyclist

August 2006

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ISSUE

CYCLING
AROUND
EUROPE

THE
ULTIMATE
GUIDE

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George Tragaris checks out the latest Italian fashion



Sydney Cycling Club Tour de France Dinner

Location: Una's Broadway, 133-135 Broadway, Ultimo,

When: Friday, August 4, 6:30pm

RSVP: Evite or contact Ruth Lax

You are invited to join your fellow cyclists to celebrate the 2006 Tour de France, or maybe to re-live your own ordeal from the Rosemont Tour.

This year we are celebrating German style at Una's Restaurant Broadway, where we have a private room with its own bar and big viewing screen. So come along and partake in pre-dinner Schnapps and maybe some Schnitzel but be warned don't eat for two days before this dinner!!

Numbers are limited

Switzerland, Croatia and the TdF

After a busy few months which culminated with the Tour of Switzerland I took a well earned break in Croatia and forgot about cycling for a week. This year I've had a very different July; with no Tour de France I had to think about getting ready for the last part of the season. So after a week of riding easy at my home base of Oliva, Valencia I decided to pack up and head up to the cooler Pyrenees where I rented an apartment at La Molina Ski Station (1700m altitude).

My new training location on the French/Spanish border gave me a refreshing change of environment, some spectacular training rides and the benefits of altitude whilst retouching on my endurance. I also enjoyed my free time after training not having to hide inside with the air conditioner on full blast.

I received an offer to do some work for Eurosport to do pre and post race analysis in the studio of the Tour de France. It was a great opportunity and I really enjoyed it. After the Tour finishes there are many criteriums put on to showcase the tour stars. Usually held quite late even under lights they often turn into huge parties and have great crowds of well over ten thousand people that kick on way into the early hours of the next day! This year I was invited to Denmark for three races. I went up there with my wife Jane and we stayed with friends. The races were very important for me to start to find my race legs again. I would go out with the other pros for 2-3h easy ride in the morning then race a 50km crit at night followed by a bbq at someones house. I had a ball and will be putting my hand up again next year! The races were quite fast but having grown up with criteriums in Oz I do not find them a problem,

Now I'm back at home with the air-condition on full blast training for 10 more days!

Where I live in Southern Spain at this time of year is like Brisbane with just a little less humidity. Everyday is between 32 and 36c clear sky and it never ever rains! At night the minimum temps are around 25c so it doesn't cool down too much. Then in the middle of August I have a month flat out with 2 week long stage races and 2 one day races in a 4 week time span. I will then make a decision on my form as to whether I get

ready for the worlds or just wind things down for another year.



Discovery Channel have made me another offer to extend my contract so when I know more I will let everyone know.

**Stay safe,
Matt White**

(pictured left with Frank Hoj & ClausMuller)

Tour de Toscana 2006

When in Rome....

Armed with the Lonely Planet phrase book, 35kgs of luggage, and Andrew Price I set off on my first big cycling adventure overseas. Having only 24 hours in Rome, we decided to pack in as much sight seeing as possible until jet lag got the better of us and we headed for the nearest Nastro Azzuro sign. Rome is great and would love to have spent more time there but the Tuscan hills were waiting so, after having lunch with Alessandro, we set off to Siena.

It didn't take us long to realise that if the task is too hard, don't expect any Italian assistance. Prime example: getting a taxi from the hotel to the train station – and a taxi big enough to take our bike boxes. End result: we had to walk. Every time we went over a cobble stone (which was quite regular) the home-made wheels fell off Andrew's Qantas bike box. This kept me amused for hours!

The train left on time (something which would not happen again during the rest of my holiday!) and we were off to Tuscany to meet up with Michael & Julie, George T, Kate E (all from SCC) and Ben, Leica, Rob and Lisa (all from Steam/Turramurra).

La Lecchia was our home for the next 2 weeks. A huge castle (pictured right) with our own swimming pool, bbq area, bike room and a 1.5 km gravel road which made George T the one and only casualty. I think he was showing off and fell over giving himself some nice gravel rash!

Toscana

Tuscany is beautiful and the cycling is fantastic - once you're used to being on the wrong side of the road! A typical day consisted of leaving the castle around 9am, out for a 3-4 hour ride, back for lunch at the local village (Castellina in Chianti), a swim in our pool followed by a siesta, then out for dinner in the evening. We also managed a few days trips to Florence and other local towns as we had the biggest people carrier vehicle in the world.



Tour de Toscana (2)

Our rides ranged from 70km to 100km with hardly any flat sections and most people rode everyday (unless you were hungover, off galivanting around Italy, or still asleep in the olive grove.....)

The most memorable involved a 15% climb which lasted for about 2km and it was a roaster of a day (see the carnage pictured right!) Our castle was on the top of a hill so there was a climb home regardless.



Doc crashes out of TdF



We met up with Doc one week into our trip. He rocked up in his flashy new Italian outfit on his brand new Italian bike all ready to get beaten going up the hills. However, I never quite got the opportunity as something happened at a tight hairpin bend and he kissed the road with a bit of an impact resulting in badly bruised ribs and a broken right collar bone. First stack in 20 years. We got a new lodger for a few days.

George T had the envious task of dressing him and on one occasion told him to suck in his gut so that his trousers could be buttoned up! How to kick a man when he is down....



Football



We happened to be in Italy when the World Cup was on and were also there that fateful night when Italy put Australia out.

They are pretty fanatical about their football and there were Italian flags everywhere so I'm not sure how they would have reacted towards us if Australia had won!



Tour de Toscana (3)

Horse Racing

On the last night we headed into Siena. The place was buzzing as Il Palio was due to take place the following weekend. This is a bareback horse race that takes place in the centre of the Siena and we arrived as they were parading their horses through the town with all the supporters singing - it was amazing.



Public Transport

So that was it for me in Italy. I headed back to Scotland but not before I tackled the Italian train system one more time. I made it to Rome without too much of a delay (only a few hours) to then discover that the airlines had decided to get in on the act and become delayed too. I could make it to London on my original flight but the thought of getting on the London tube with the bike box and my backpack, to stay over with friends until I could get another flight to Glasgow, forced me to purchase a new ticket with another airline. That airline then 'forgot' to put my bike and baggage in the cargo hold. They eventually got round to it and sent it to me via Paris and Manchester 9 days later. A hire car and a private jet is the way to do Italy!

Auriol Carruthers



Another tough day in Italy

Since the last note, and before the accident, we have focused more on the bike and less of the working! The Giro has finished and it is now the time to start thinking about the TDF and winners. It must be that time for the SCC competition (Stan you still owe me a prize from last year).

In the mean time, I am starting to ride with Riccardo and the local group... during lunch time, a short 70 kms ride and 1200 meters of climbing, all done at a speed to get back to work by 3 pm.

Anyway, last Friday I signed up for my first GF Terme di Castrocaro Alta Romagna, which is near Forli which is near Bologna in the centre of Italy. After visiting Castrocaro Terme several times to pay, collect paper work, the new tyre bags, etc and to be wired up, we were ready for the race.

On the morning I had desired to do only the 72 km D 950m of climbing as I thought this was a soft option.

I had the bike serviced, traded up my wheels to the latest versions, bought the special "start-up" cream and pills, and generally was well prepared.

We arrived at 7.00 am for more paper work. It was 5 degrees, the forecast was for 50% showers and some snow in the nearby mountains (this is 1st june, summer Italian style)

Every weekend there are many GF in Italy and attracting 10000s of serious riders. It is a very fast growing sport. Not only is it the fat old men trying to prove their virility, there are also increasing numbers of young females and an emerging number of males in the 30 to 45 age bracket.

At the start line it is now 7.30 and 6 degrees. Also as I look around I am stunned by all the latest Italian frames and wheels, I was not the only one who thought they would get seconds advantages by buying the latest gear!!!!!!.

I don't think the industry is going to go into recession if GF keep the spirit and attraction.

Our mate Gladdu, who was in Sydney in January riding with the SCC rolled out his near new titania bike, with gee wise wheels, only set him back about 8500 euros!!

Anyway 8 am comes and it is 6 degrees, big black skies and wet roads up ahead. All of a sudden the noise of 700 rushing bikes is the first concern.

Riccardo said the secret was to try and hang onto the pros in the first bunch. Well after the first fifteen kms at over 50 kms an hour I was dropped just before the first big climb.

By this stage I am over 40 degrees and the legs are screaming. Riccardo rides off into the mist.

Now on the first steep climb I am in with a good chance, however, the ambulance stays behind me for most of the climb... not sure that I looked that bad. Then come the descents, villages, more climbs, descent, villages etc all at race pace. I think the Tuscan forest scenery was wonderful, but who knows.

Anyway coming into the town for the finish line. A big crowd had gathered to watch the finish, so I decided to take the sprint in my group, even though there would have been 200 riders before us.

At the lunch party afterwards, the most wonderful food was served and thousands of stories were told. For me it was 3 hours 40 minutes of pain and no glory!



Another tough day in Italy (2)

The official record concludes that I was:

- the first international ride across the line (the only one)
- the 21 in my class (which was open—over 50 years)
- I finished 10 minutes behind Riccardo
- I finished 30 minutes behind the winner, who was my bike shop proprietor from Forli who sold me the pinarello and new mavic wheels!!

In all a great experience and looking forward to doing a few more gran fodi this trip.

Sunday: Now packed a few items and left my scholarly retreat at Certosa di Pontignano, Siena and moving onto a week with our SCC club member, Pino and his Italia Spring Tours.

I meet up with Pino in Vinci (about 30 km from Florence) and we stayed at a new establishment build by Andrea Tafi, world champion, Paris Roubaix, representative of his country and his last pro team was saunier duval in 2005. He and his family have set up a wonderful retreat and the 20 of us in Pino groups stayed 4 nights.

As you can imagine the rides around here on the foot of the mountains still with snow on them was a climbers paradise... for the others like me it was just about suffering again, and again on the 11 km climb,

It was wonderful experience being with and experiencing the everyday life of Andrea Tafi, the retired professional bike rider. This agturism business has many of his cycling memo ability on display and he has even named rooms after his

successes, I stayed in giro delle fiandre.

I would recommend this to anybody coming to this part of the world. I left Pino's group as they went north to ride all the very big passes in the dolimites... whilst I started to work, work, work again.

Anyway, the good news was that my replacement bike arrived from the pinarello factory. Not much choice with a four month waiting list. I am now very happy as I have just picked it up (see photo), it now only has a few kilometers on it, but hoping this is going to change in July.

Finally, Riccardo has just completed one of the hardest GF in Italy, the Campagnolo Gf. He did not sleep on the Saturday night. Not because he was too excited.... No. He was just afraid to have left the shoes in his garage 300 kls away and because of the way the terrible Italian soccer team played (all Italy was in shock).

He undertook the long course: the tough part was just after the manghen (a climb of 30kms, from 400mt up to 2047, with the last 100 very hard), it was very hot and humid, little food and water.

For a while he thought he was on the Be active tour in Adelaide again, 47 degrees heat! Anyway his statistics for the day were 202 kms, 4400 mts of ascent, over ten hours in the saddle. Cycling: what a beautiful sport. In the middle of the climbing of the rolle pass (other 21 kms to climb), a 73 years old cyclist with a very old bike supported him with food and encouragement. He was proud to be part of the Francesco Moser team.

His final thoughts for the day " In the car we were happy. Bruno did his record (about 8 hours), Simone beat his ranking in 9 hour and 12 minutes and I did it and now two gran fondo to go for the PRESTIGIO".

Also what a small world as he met some people of Turramurra cycle (included Mark) who he rode with when he was in Sydney in January, then went to ride this GF. Now looking forward to July with a GF in dolimiti, then off to London for work and hopefully the last 10 days of TDF... it is not just about the bike!!

James Guthrie (Doc)



Two Wheels One Day & Three Passes



Lake District National Park (established 1951)

Located in the county of Cumbria, on the eastern edge of the Irish Sea, is one of England's few mountainous regions – a collection of ridges, rocky crags, and steep peaks, surrounded by numerous lakes and tarns. The park stretches from Caldbeck in the North to Lindale in the south and Ravensglass and Shap to the west and east, a total of 880sq miles (2.290k). The dominance of the ubiquitous rocky crags that span this landscape offers an air of auspicious contempt, beckoning you to explore within. It is in this domain that the rugged, steep passes of Honister, Hardnott and Whynose lie and where I



have come to challenge myself for a day.

Recognition

I was eager to gain an up-close and personal assessment of the passes before I undertook the ride, so Frankie and I drove over them by car. It was memorable, even by motorcar standards – you never go past 1st gear! It was all what I'd expected and more. Physically I was in form but mentally I needed to see where the hardest sections of the climbs would be – In all honesty I had nightmares leading up to the ride, so perhaps seeing the terrain beforehand has it's own disadvantages. Nevertheless the chosen 100km route would start just on the outskirts of Keswick. I would cycle the passes from west to east, finishing in Ambleside. Following behind me in the support vehicle would be my "Domestique, Frankie – role reversal for a change.



Challenge day

The weather was cool and overcast, coastal winds were forecast but no rain – that suited me fine. The first 20km was easy, pleasant and scenic though lush green lanes, skirting the fringes of Derwent water before reaching the small hamlets of Grange, Rosthwaite, Barrowdale and then the last hamlet of all, Seatoller, which leads me to the lower slopes of the first pass.

Honister Pass (358m, 3km @ 7.9%, max. 25%). I'm out of the saddle soon after passing Seatoller, working hard, grunting and grinding to find a rhythm in the 26/39: the steepness toughens as the lush hedgerow disappears and the familiar barren fell takes over – at last I can see around me but still I'm climbing. I find a little respite half way up, and then without notice the camber of the road rears up and I'm out of the saddle again. Then just as the summit approaches, the "steam" of the climb dissipates and Honister Slate Mine comes into view, which concludes the top of the first pass. I felt lousy at the top and wondered if I was capable of the other two climbs – thoughts drifted as I descended – rutted steep bitumen that never allows you to fully appreciate the effort you've just made.



Honister descent

Two Wheels One Day & Three Passes (2)

The other side

After the agonising bumpy decent of Honister, the tiny hamlet of Buttermere came abruptly upon me – out for a morning stroll, strung across the road were the piglet family. I had to do some nifty manoeuvring to avoid sending them to market early; meanwhile



farmer Giles mumbles something in a dialect from a passed era that only he can understand, I ride quickly on nodding to him as I pass. This part of the Lakes is rather isolated, surrounded by high moorland, it has a rather foreboding character, raw and wild but still beautiful. The road hugs the shores of Buttermere and Crummock water, which are divided only by a patch of green turf. At the end of Crummock Water, my direction changes, west around Loweswater

fell through some unpredicted and very undulating back-lanes to reach Ennerdale Bridge. At this point I'm high on the fell and can see clear out to the North Sea towards the coastal towns of St. Bees and Whitehaven. The wind is now on "full throttle" as I turn south with Cleator Moor to my right. My Domestique tries to shelter me from the sharp head-on-wind but it's thwarted with difficulty on the narrow fell road – this is my "hell on wheels" I'm beginning to fatigue as I struggle with the natural elements and wondering where lunch is – as if on cue my Domestique calls for a stop at Gosforth, which is about 10km from the Eskdale valley where the ominous passes of Hardknott and Rhynose reside.

The passes

Hardknott (393m, 2km @15%, max 33%) and Rhynose (390, 3km @ 5.7, max 25%) lay at opposite ends of a valley, sharing the same evil stretch of road. Whatever direction you choose to climb these passes, the misery is much the same. The last village before Hardknott is Boot, an appropriate name considering what lies ahead.



Penultimate assault – Hardknott

As I pulled out of the Eskdale valley there wasn't much time to take in the scenery as the climb took my full attention. It's steep, vicious and brutal. There are a number of hairpin bends to negotiate, each one of them worse than the last, but two-thirds the way up, struggling and fighting against gravity I could hear vehicles behind me. Approaching perhaps the steepest hairpin en-route, a motorcyclist passes me wobbling; he soon lost control, and found a ditch! This caused a domino effect: another motorbike and a car stalled just as they were negotiating the same hairpin that I'm on, which leads me to my own demise – no room to manoeuvre I came to a grinding halt! Although I'd have to admit, I was well below pedestrian pace and feeling "done-in" that stopping was imminent.

30% gradient

Trying to push-off on the steepest hairpin was nothing short of mission impossible! I hit ground zero before I had time to cleat-in – grazed and bloody I tried twice more before my domestique ran down to offer stability to the frame. I made lift-off on the fifth attempt but this was short lived, after 300mt my strength momentarily sapped, I stopped, dismounted and walked 100mts before resuming the last pitch of the climb – what a relief! The second and toughest climb was over.

Two Wheels One Day & Three Passes



Descending Hardknott

Like many roads in the high Lakeland area they are openly exposed and well weather-beaten, deep-ruts, loose-stones, and water-run off is a common problem – a lethal combination, requiring extreme caution!

The Valley Floor

In between the two climbs, is known as Rhynose Bottom, it's about 1.5km in length, providing me with plenty of time to view the next beastly pass before me. The belly of Rhynose is just as tough as Hardknott but without the hairpins. It's just a solid up hill struggle with perhaps a few curves to lessen the forces of nature – I dug deep but not my grave! I made it to the top and pursued with caution down the other side in a state of relief as the third and final pass was behind me.

My Reward

Nestled in the Little Langdale valley is the Three Shires Inn, the name is derived from the three counties that meet here (Cumberland, Westermorland and Lancashire). The Inn has been a travellers-rest since 1872, providing travellers just like me with a pint of fine ale, but to get there, a narrow and winding stretch of tarmac needs negotiating – the width of the road hasn't changed from its pony-n-trap days and with the hedgerow requiring a good prune, it's a challenge all by its self – I could hear Frankie gently tooting the horn as she negotiated each blind bend. I enjoyed my pints over looking the valley floor. I felt good with plenty in reserve to see me back to Ambleside.



Descent of Hardknott



Accent of Rhynose



Descent of Rhynose

Reflection

The previous five weeks of solid cycling in the Yorkshire Dales, certainly was excellent preparation – the terrain being very similar. A slightly lighter body-frame would have helped but I wasn't prepared to forgo British beer to get there. As for the bike, the old commuter did the job but the lighter "Kerry Hopkins" would have been preferable. Timing the weather is everything in the "Lakes"; it doesn't get this green without plenty of rain. This was early October (low season) any later you'd need woollies and wet-weather gear, any earlier you'd have the Jack Brabhams of the world to contend with. As for the route itself, it's part of the infamous Fred Whitton Challenge, a menu of gastronomically proportions. It was a memorable day – one for the scrapbook that's for sure.

Peter Scott.

"Cycling from Singapore to France A summary please!"

2 fifty-kilo bicycles
21220 horizontal kilometres
168 vertical kilometres
304 days
23 countries
15 punctures, 2 free wheels, 1 broken helmet, 8 tyres,
1 gear cable, 12 brake pads
-20 to 58 Celsius degree temperatures
112 maps and 18 language books

From the humid flat plains of South East Asia, to the tropical hills of Laos; from the amazingly dense to the incredibly farmed grounds and rivers of China, to the majestic peaks of the Himalayas; from the high desert-like plateaus of Tibet to the vibrant and alive valleys of Nepal, from the vast deserts of Pakistan to the arid mountains of Iran, through Turkey's hills and Europe's Alps, plains and valleys...

Through snow storms, harsh sun, awesome monsoon rains, crazy whirling winds, heavy humidity and burning droughts...

On dirt roads, uneven cobbles, or mud, in 80 centimetres of water, in loose sand, through sand dunes, on tree trunks or unstable suspension bridges, and in snow...

In war zones, areas torn apart by civil war, oppressed territories, regions recovering from year-long battles but also through peaceful mountains, and vibrant valleys, through regions run by communists, islamists, conservatives, army, a king, or tribes...

We have cycled from Singapore to France, via Malaysia, Thailand, Cambodia, Laos, China, Tibet, Nepal, India, Pakistan, Iran, Turkey, Greece, Macedonia, Albania, Montenegro, Croatia, Bosnia, Slovenia, Italy, Austria and Germany



The muddy roads of China

For one year, from our saddles, we have been witnesses to, and actors in, the incredible variety and fullness of a part of the world one usually flies over on a plane.

We have eaten with the Pakistani police escorts, and we have drunk tea with the Sikhs in India.

We have shared precious moments with families along the way, and fought with hungry dogs or arrogant police.

We have learnt a few words, or more, in 18 languages, ranging from Mandarin to Farsi and Urdu.

We have watched the people on the way raising their eyebrows, when they understood where we had come from.

We have pedaled and experienced constant movement, modern nomads on our dear bikes.

Our tent has become our palace, and our bikes our only activity, leading us from the top of passes amongst the tallest mountains in the world, to the most ancient sites of human civilisation, from the old Silk route to the cycle paths of old Europe.

We have cycled into over-crowded Bangkok or Delhi, swerving through maddening and deadly traffic, or we have spent days seeing close to no one, except for a camel and his master, or a couple of sheep resting at an improbable oasis.

"Cycling from Singapore to France A summary please!" (2)

Our bikes have become our way of communicating and meeting people, they have been the origin of new friendships across the world. And oh, how warmly have we been welcomed!

An old Moorish proverb says "one who does not travel does not know the value of man". How true this is... We have discovered, suffered, enjoyed, indulged, met, moved, laughed and cried.

Maybe some day, we get to organise a slideshow for members interested!

In the meantime, www.rideround.com will tell you more!

Yvoine & Mike McCort



Many Many
Happy
Returns to
Lumby who
turned 60
recently!

The Ryan Bayley signature Hillbrick track bikes are now available. Sealed bearing double sided hubs, alloy aero frame with seat tube wheel cut out. The colour is Ferarri Red with silver graphics. stainless steel rear dropout inserts. Still only \$950 AUD. More details on www.hillbrick.com.au

For Sale

Brand new Ultegra 11-23 Cassette. Never been used. Still in plastic. No longer needed.
Price \$110. Erin Chamberlen (0404 086 711)

Kate's Big Fat Greek Adventure!

At the kind invitation of my mother and the raves and recommendations of her "toy" boyfriend I decided to join them on a Bike/Sail Cruise of the Greek Islands. The itinerary sounded fantastic as it had us sailing around the Cycliads Islands, where Mikinos and Santorini are located. I thought how exciting to cycle over the most beautiful, exotic and romantic islands in the world. You never know what a blonde bombshell, or was that bimbo, riding an aging Giant might find along the road...

So I flew to Athens, where we boarded our humble wooden sailboat, already loaded with Ma and Pa touring bikes, 21 Americans (15 women and 9 men, not good odds!!), 4 Greek crew and 2 German guides. Everyone's spirits were high and legs raring to go. After a short sail we arrived in an industrial harbour still on the mainland. Much to our horror and surprise this was to be our berth for the night. Shortly after docking they called us up on the top deck for meeting. El Capitan (a non-English speaking Greek dictator!!) using the German guides as translators told us that the winds were too high to sail to and dock in the Cycliads. Our course would be changed to a southern one, visiting the Saronic Islands just off the southern tip of the Peloponnesian Peninsula. Disappointment was the order of the day and the trip from then on. Daily they held out Mykinos as a carrot, promising that when the winds abated we would high tail it to the east. Several of the American women had brought special outfits to wear on Mykinos, say no more!!!

Enough said about the boat and its inhabitants for the moment, on to the riding. I wish that someone had shown me a map of the Greek Islands before my agreeing to ride there. In my mind islands conjure up an image of flat roads, white sandy beaches, and palm trees blowing gently in the breeze. This was not the case in Greece. It is a very mountainous country, with poorly sealed roads, sparse vegetation and crazy Zorbas behind the wheel. Not to mention the temps remained in the mid 30's during the entire 12 days.

The days panned out like this; we would set sail after breakfast for ports unknown, stopping for a swim along the way, arriving at our next destination mid afternoon. We would then saddle up in the heat and set off to visit an important archaeological site, usually on the top of some mountain. Armand, the 77 year old "toy boy" managed to fall off of his bike twice, trying to keep up on the descents. Bit of a worry, not to mention that the majority of the women had not been on a bike in years, let alone climbed any mountains. It soon became apparent that we needed to have 2 groups. 6 of us who were fairly fit made up the 1st group. The "women" with the Mykinos outfits made up the 2nd group. When visiting the famous ruins they were put into taxis while the rest of us rode. In the space of a week I went from being the worst rider on a tour to being the best. Great for the ego!

In the end I ended up adapting to the seasickness, eating Greek salad for lunch and dinner for 12 days (vegetarian is not in the Greek vocabulary), taking cold showers, and sleeping in a tiny cabin with no air conditioning. My mother, who is a fabulous sport at age 80, kept reminding me that it was like summer camp! The cycling was great in that there were not many cars on the most of the islands we visited. The views and beaches were lovely and the hills character building! And most importantly there was always a taverna with a long cool glass of Campari waiting at the end. YAMOS!!



Kate Roberts

Tour de France 2006



Photographs courtesy of Kim Fitzwater

Regular Rides

Day	Time	Meet	Ride Description
Tuesday	06.00	Cannons	Watson's Bay Ride. Approximately 25km. Eastern Suburbs hills and in-between flat bits. Faster riders wait at the top of Military Road for new kids/the hill-challenged. Back at approximately 7.00am at Bondi Junction for coffee.
Wednesday	06.00	Cannons	Girls Paced Watson's Bay Ride. One of the more popular rides. A different route from the Tuesday ride and the girls lead the way. The bunch re-groups after all the climbs. Back at approximately 7.00am at Bondi Junction for coffee.
Thursday	06.00	Cannons	La Perouse via Anzac Parade and Malabar. Approximately 35km. Fast clip (35 - 40ish km/h) with three even faster (40-55km/h) intervals. Back at approximately 7.00am. Bunch waits for training enthusiasts but not quite as religiously as Tuesday.
Friday	06.00	Cannons	The 4 Beaches (Bondi, Tamarama, Bronte and Clovelly). A good warm up for the weekend with a quick pace up Military Road then back along Campbell Parade heading towards Tamarama Beach. From there it's onwards and upwards to Bronte followed by a quick circuit of Clovelly. Back at approximately 7.00am at Bondi Junction for coffee.
Saturday	06.30	Cannons	La Perouse Ride. Approximately 45km. Three bunches leave the park rolling easily until Foreshore, then do 3 laps around Port Botany practicing pacelining. The first two bunches pick up the pace at La Perouse for the run home via the hills around Maroubra Beach with a paceline developing again along Anzac Parade. The third bunch does the same route at a slightly slower pace with an emphasis on bunch riding. Back in the park for coffee at 8.30am.
Sunday	06.30	Cannons	Waterfall Ride. Approximately 90km. Two bunches leave the park to Waterfall, medium to hard ride, out at 28-35km with some riders turning round at Sutherland (60km). At Waterfall smaller groups sometimes go on to Stanwell Tops (120km) or back through the Royal National Park (110km). The main bunch U-turns at Waterfall, pacelines back to Sutherland, collects the stragglers, then a fast ride back to the park for breakfast - or a more medium paced ride, medium/average fitness level. Waterfall rides finish back in the park for breakfast at approximately 9.30am
1st Sunday of the month	06.30	Cannons	Akuna Bay 100km. One or two different paced bunches head north to Akuna Bay via Wakehurst Parkway and Church Point. Those wanting to miss the hills and take it a bit easier skip the Akuna Bay turn off and regroup at the top of McCarrs Creek Road. The ride returns to the Park via Forrest Way and the Spit. Back at the park by 10:30am for brunch

The Sydney Cycling Club does not take responsibility for the conduct or safety of the training rides detailed on this program. Training can be dangerous and you do so at your own risk.