

THE SYDNEY CYCLIST JULY 2009



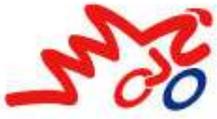
THE 300 ISSUE





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EDITORIAL

The quarterly (bi-yearly?) newsletter has been a long time coming but the editor has been begging/pleading/scrounging for content in all that time but perhaps it's been worth the wait as SCC hit a very important milestone with the registration of its 300th member, hence the theme for the newsletter.

300 is a pretty significant number although I might suggest that as the biggest club in NSW we've got more in common with the Persians than the Spartans although I do like our president's analogy that the historical 300 could take on larger armies due to the fact that they were professional in and out of battle.

This edition has some great accounts of tours that various club members have taken recently (and not so recently) and I hope you enjoy them.

It's been a very interesting period for me on the bike as I finally mastered the pace line, won my first race then crashed out and broke my collarbone on my second (it happens to the best of us) before recovering and having to learn the art of bunch riding all over again.

I've especially enjoyed discovering Calga (and the pies in the sky!) and found that the camaraderie that came out of the preparation for the team time trials brought a new level of appreciation to riding with a group.

Special thanks to SCC members who have contributed to this edition, Steven Berveling, Ralph Stanford, Eddie Bosch, Scott Collings, Des Sullivan, Malcolm Wade and everyone who gave their account of the Canberra Tour and the State Team Time Trials. I'd also like to thank my good friend, Dave Sneller, who is not a member (yet) for the production of graphics in this newsletter.

I promise the next edition of this newsletter won't take as long as this one did and I look forward to seeing you all on the road.

Best regards

Sax Cucvara
Editor



THE 300TH



Welcome to our 300th member, Rob Hunt. He's been connected to the club via Imogen Vize for some time now but recently became an official part of the family.

WHAT MADE YOU CHOOSE SYDNEY CYCLING CLUB?

Initially I was looking at Turramurra due to the mountain biking side of the club, however due to my relationship with Imogen I felt that if I joined another club we would miss out on a lot of quality time together – not that I get to see too much of her whilst riding, she tends to get away on me pretty quickly.

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN RIDING?

I'm a bit of a newbie on the road, I went against my mountain biking ideals about 4 months ago and purchased a road bike and I'm really enjoying it. However, I'm yet to find the late start club, it seems that road riders enjoy getting up at crazy hours in frosty conditions

WHAT IS THE LONGEST RIDE YOU HAVE EVER DONE?

I've done a lot of endurance mountain bike races, 8, 12 and 24 hour races plus the likes of the Highland fling etc. I finished the Blaney to Bathurst ride last month which was my first road race, I think it was 120km's. The last 40km's I thought my legs were going to drop off.

WHAT BIKE DO YOU RIDE AND WHY?

I ride a Specialized Roubaix on the road and a Specialized Stump Jumper for off road. I bought the Roubaix on the recommendation of a friend and the price was pretty good. It's full carbon with very basic running gear which is all I really need at this stage, provided I don't crack the frame I will be able to upgrade the parts. I've already had a stack on the road so it's not a good start.



WHAT WAS YOUR FIRST BIKE?

My first bike was a Giant XTC hard tail, I bought it whilst living in the UK. I started mountain biking over there due to the weather, no matter what the conditions, rain, hail, sleet, snow and very, very occasionally some sunshine, I would be out there. I remember the guy who sold me the bike saying that if I fell in love with cycling it wouldn't take too long before I had another bike, I thought it was a bit of an ambitious sales pitch at the time. Turns out the guy new what he was talking about, right now we have 5 bikes in a 2 bedroom apartment and there's another one on the way, ha-ha sounds like parent talk. I think DOCS would be all over me if that was the case, my bikes have had a fair amount of abuse J

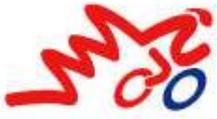
WHAT IS YOUR IDEAL BIKE AND WHY?

Once again I'm pretty new to the road riding scene so I haven't quite worked out a wish list, I'm sure that that wont take too long. I know there are some pretty impressive bikes out there, the problem is they have equally impressive price tags.

WHO WOULD WIN IN A RACE, YOU OR IMOGEN?

Ha-ha, it wouldn't be a race really. Imogen would smoke me in a matter of seconds. When we hit the hills she becomes a very small object extremely fast and I'm a mere spectator battling for breath.





300 STRONG

Sydney Cycling Club has recently passed another milestone – it now has more than 300 members. This makes our Club one of the largest cycling clubs in NSW.

It is a good opportunity for us to take stock of the basis of our Club, and what each of us members can do to further and to assist our Club.

WHAT'S OUR CLUB ABOUT?

A starting point is the Club's objectives as set out in its Constitution:

To assist and promote cycling. To promote diverse cycling activities of members including tours, day rides, training sessions, time trials and the like. To provide social activities for members. To promote and conduct competitive cycling events.

The Club's objectives are diverse – we're neither "just" a racing club nor "just" a touring club. The diversity can be seen in the variety of Club members and their numerous cycling interests – some are racers, some are tourers, some are trackies, and some just like to have fun.

DIVERSITY STRENGTH

The variety of our Club's membership and the diversity of its objectives and activities comprise one of our Club's major strengths. It manifests itself in many ways – for example:

- The numerous cycling activities which the Club organizes for its members, such as races, day tours, weekend tours, time trials, training rides, social events, etc;
- The diversity of cycling abilities that our members have. We acknowledge that some of us are fabulous riders, and others struggle up the hill, and each is a valued Club member. We recognise that we all have limited capacity and time for cycling, and that most of us were not born with Cadel Evans' or Anna Meares' strengths and abilities (and we still have a lot of fun!);
- The egalitarianism portrayed in our membership. A member of the A bunch will slow down when riding with our more relaxed bunches. Conversely, our A bunch would welcome me if I wanted to train with them – despite the fact that I would get dropped quickly! The fact that I might get despondent about being unable to keep up with the A bunch may cause me to review my decision to train with them, but that is a matter for me, and independent from them.

It is crucial that we maintain our Club's variety and diversity, and continue to build upon it. It gives each of us an opportunity to recognise and accept so many different types of cycling activities, and varied abilities.

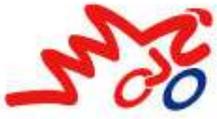
GROWTH CHANGE HELP!

With growth comes change – no longer do we each know the names of all the Club members, and we can't chat with every other member over coffee after a Saturday ride. We don't know the riding abilities of each member in our bunch. More members means more activities to organise.

All of the above bring responsibilities to each and everyone of us:

- Ride safer and anticipate the moves of each of your bunch members;
- Welcome new members whom you don't know;
- Confirm you're a member of our Club by wearing the Club jersey;
- Help generally in the pursuit of our Club.

Our Club is run by and for volunteers. Every one of us can help – it's your Club! It matters not if you've joined only recently, or have been a member for many years. You can help in many different ways. Some examples –



- bear in mind, and pursue, your Club's objectives;
- assist in organising an event;
- reach out to a member who needs some help (flat tyre, food, skills, technical knowledge, transport, etc);
- help in the bunch rides.

REPUTATION

Over the years, our Club has gained a reputation – that we ride safely and have fun. It is a well deserved reputation, but one which we can lose all too easily, especially with a large membership of over 300. We can ill afford to do so.

It behoves on each of us to maintain our reputation, even if for mere selfish reasons. Whilst sometimes it can be a lot of fun to ride that little bit faster; and take that little bit more risk, it is far more fun to make sure that we can continue to ride tomorrow.

We can all be criticised at times for our riding mistakes. Take it in good spirits – the underlying message is always that we all want to keep riding, including tomorrow.

CONCLUSION

We have a great Club, because of its history, diversity, and its members. Let's all ensure and help, so that we continue to maintain the greatness benefits and advantages of our Club, for us and for our future members.

Steven Berveling

The above is purely my personal thoughts on why I enjoy our Club so much, and how, for selfish reasons, I seek to keep it going for many years to come.



WHY DO WE RIDE OUR BIKES?

- For sport?
- For recreation?
- To show off our muscles?
- To beat our buddies up the hill?
- For some other reason?
- For a combination of the above?

There is a huge difference between riding for sport and riding for recreation. Recreation is done to clear the mind. Sport is done to achieve ...

Achievement in our sport can be personal, and need not be dependent on others. Some of us do want to be faster, stronger, fitter, etc than others (i.e. the "competition"), but for others the competition is purely internal, (can I be better than I was last year?)

To achieve in sport requires that we recognise our individual goals. Without our own goals, we cannot achieve.

We both win and pay a price for achieving our goals. The price we pay is the time it takes to train, during which we cannot do other things. A compromise is required to resolve potential conflicting competition for our time. Accepting this as part of the price we pay for achievement makes the achievement all the better. When other people are involved, we need to be aware that our desire to achieve our goals impacts on our relationship with them.

There are many resources to assist in working out your goals. Recognition of one's own goals is immensely fulfilling. Suddenly you have a path, a direction in which to go. It does not matter what your goals are, so long as they are yours and not someone else's. And everyone's goals are equally valid. Enjoy!

Steven Berveling



RACING

CANBERRA TOUR



Sydney Cycling Club had great representation in the Canberra tour in May of this year and brilliant results, including taking the King AND Queen of the Mountains.

Notable results from SCC members were:

A GRADE

Peter McDonald GC: 3rd @ 1:49, KOM: 2nd, Stage 2: 2nd, Teams: 2nd

B GRADE

Sam Rutherford GC: 26th @ 6:31

David Sitsky GC: 38th @ 22:08

D1 GRADE

Alessandro Garofalo GC: 38th @ 29:05

D2 GRADE

Geoffrey Kennet GC: 11th @ 4:01

David Jordan: DNF - a great effort fronting up to this race as his first open

WOMEN A GRADE

Amber Jenkins: DNF - again a great effort for a non climber, who was looking for a good, hard hit out to get a few k's in the bank and did just that.

WOMEN B GRADE

Imogen Vize GC: 7th @ 0:45, QOM: 1st

Here are some of the accounts of this race from the riders that were there:

DAVID SITSKY

Sam and I entered B grade this year. Stage 1 went well, we were both positioned well throughout the 6 climbs in the 97km stage. Sam had a wheel change due to a broken spoke, and ended up with a 23 cluster.

On the final climb and rollers, I just managed to hang on with the skin of my teeth to the final small group, which chased down the breakaway of the day ending the race in a mass-sprint. Sam just missed this group, with his replaced wheel not helping.



I was absolutely shattered afterwards. Hot baths, stretches, sleeps and easy spinning helped a bit, but on day 2 - I was still feeling

fatigued. After the second climb, the already small group sped away, and I just couldn't hold them - I had lost all power! I ended up riding with a couple of other riders to finish the course, losing massive amounts of time. Sam did fantastic - he stayed with the

group, often in the front, and finished very very strongly. Stage 2 was won by a couple of impressive breakaways, which won by over 5 minutes. Compared to two years ago when we last competed at the Canberra Tour, Sam has improved out-of-sight, and his break-through year keeps getting better and better.

AMBER JENKINS

Well I knew I was in for pain, but I wasn't aware I'd be in for pain amongst at least 10 AIS girls who have been away the last 6 weeks doing an altitude camp and having everything done for them (I even think they get their bums wiped!!). Sleep, eat and train is all they have done, so knowing this, the rest of us "little" girls have a lot on our plate.

Now we all know I isn't a climber! And in the first stage this was evident. The AIS girls came out and had a field day. It started on the first climb with QOM points up for grabs. I was last up the hill with a bunch of about 6. We stayed that way for pretty much the whole race (75km). We worked well, but just didn't manage to catch the middle bunch. The first bunch rolled in 7min in front of us, the 2nd bunch roughly 3 and half minutes, then my bunch and then a few others. I was sitting 15th, but 7min from GC. To no surprise, the top 10 have mainly the campers in there.

Then came the crit in the afternoon. 30min + 2 laps. I thought this was my time to shine. The course was super fast and just smoooooooooooooooooooooth!!! I felt great despite my lack of hill climbing in the morning. I had great position throughout the race and was really keen to have a crack and show the girls how its really done. Then with 2 laps to go, there were about 7 girls working for one girl. It was just crazy.....I slipped spots in matter on seconds which was a silly mistake on my behalf and with that it was gone before my eyes. I tried to really move up but girls were cornering like maniacs, and I rather have my limbs in tact at the end of the race. With the 2 last corners to go, I opted to just go all out on the right but it was just too late. I rolled in 11th in the bunch sprint and was extremely disappointed with it all.....No surprises who won though!! Bloody AIS! ha-ha'

Ahhh and then came the dreaded 3rd and final stage. 84km of just climbs....With a not so good sleep and the heavy legs was a recipe for disaster. We rolled out for the first 13km before the first climb. I felt terrible with just the roll out that I knew this wasn't going to be good. Then came the hill. The same girls I was with the first stage were rolling up with me, but as we got over the QOM I was gone....the legs had nothing. I couldn't put anything into the pedals to try and get on to the group.....I ended up chasing for the next 7km but I was going in for a battle that I was just going to lose. When they turned to head towards more hills I was too far behind and opted to turn around rather than probably finishing 30min behind.....it just wasn't my day. Maybe I should of done the ice baths like the institute girls the night before.... could of just simply walked outside my hotel room for a few minutes at night and it may have been equivalent...good old Canberra freezing temperatures!!

So that was my campaign.....disappointing yes, but as they say now.....its in the bank!

Till next time....happy training

GEOFFREY KENNETT

Hills, hills and hills. That is what you need to focus on in training for this event. I thought my program was coming along OK until about 3 weeks ago - getting married can really interfere with your training - but doing Canberra without a single National Park training ride? What was I thinking?



Our first stage was a mere 38km, with 2 stiff climbs. I found out straight away that I didn't have the climbing legs to stay near the front, even having bumped myself down to D2. But in this grade people usually slow down after a climb, so I was able to get back into the front group reasonably quickly. I was quite pleased with this stage; I chased down a couple of breaks, kept near the front (mostly) and finished safely in the lead group on the same time as the winner.

Men's D1 and D2 were the only grades to have another road race on the Saturday afternoon. This time 50km, the morning route with an extension to include another stiff climb. The early parts were similar to the morning race, but on the Condor Creek climb a small tight group went clear with a large amount of daylight before yours truly, then some more daylight and then more riders. On the descent I was caught by 3 riders and we chased like total maniacs for a few km to get back to the peleton. Then at Uriarra Crossing, at the base of the last big climb, I suffered possibly the worst cramp I've ever had. Whimpering pathetically I crawled up the first steep pinch at about 6 km/h. The cramp dissipated and I was able to catch up with a small group, then try to chase the leaders but to no avail. We finished 2 1/2 minutes behind the winner and overnight I was 12th on GC.

By this time Sam had gone to get his wheel fixed so my day ended with a very slow ride into the city, in the cold and gathering gloom. I'm sure it did me some good.

Sunday morning's stage was 84km of hills, the same as what Amber faced. I was not looking forward to it at all but at least I had acquired some sugary electrolyte stuff to put in my bottles. Luckily for me the bunch was in a fairly cautious mood and much of the course was ridden quite slowly - lots of opportunities for those dropped on the big climbs to get back on. Coming over Mt McDonald, the penultimate climb, I was with the leaders, but I knew I would get dropped on the final climb again. This exercise in visualisation worked perfectly and I did get dropped there. I found some chasing buddies over the last few km of undulations and we worked to keep the gap to the leaders fairly small.

Coming round the last bend I was torn between the desire to out-sprint my two workmates and the thought that it would be dishonourable to take time off them after they had helped me. So this was the first time I have won a sprint while looking over my shoulder to make sure I didn't get too far ahead. Ah, the subtleties of road racing.

Oh, and maybe an 11-23 is not the best cassette to use for this.

IMOGEN VIZE

Amber, I think you were a champ even getting to the start line with those girls! I piked in A grade women, having seen the training and the arse wiping I would have been up against and rode B grade women. There was a pretty strong bunch of women with a few women working together. Stage 1 had a few attacks and a break away after the first QOM, but we were caught not far from home. I managed to claim 1 QOM. There was a group finish which I came in just behind. I definitely need to work on my finishes!!

I felt strong in the Crit and rode well in the bunch for the majority. However 3 laps from the finish I heard my coach shout Go Imogen! Me stupidly thinking it was actually 2 laps to go I put my foot down and died on the final lap....and came in at the back of the bunch.

On the 2nd day I was sitting 8th position. The 3rd stage was tough and a faster pace. There were attacks up the 4 QOMs; I managed to claim 3 winning the QOM jersey. The descents were pretty fast and furious, and a lot of elbows in the bunch. The finish at Stromlo was fast around the crit course, again I didn't position myself well and I lost time on a corner (whilst avoiding clicking a woman's wheel) and managed to come in 5th overall.

So a good weekend of racing overall but lots to learn!

Well done to everyone who raced!

ALESSANDRO GAROFALO

Well, not much more to add to all the other reports ... or maybe yes... something more...



Three D1 grade races in two days, with plenty of hills to go through; have been a very tough but also a very exciting experience.

I pushed myself to the limit, made a few mistakes, hang on to the front until I could, almost threw the bike away when the on going hilly road was getting at me, but overall I had a great fun weekend

And the great sunny weather made me appreciate Canberra much more than the previous visits there.

The first stage was short, 38kms, and I thought about climbing the first "short" hill in the big gear! First big mistake.

Half the way up I saw the front bunch getting further and further with my legs getting heavier and heavier.

Before the race someone told me that the first hill was a short couple of hundred meters hill sprint... well it was much more than 200m!

I managed to get back on after I put all I had in ... and they did not ease up once the hill was over!

All good till the down-hill before the second climb, 13kms from the end. You may know by now that down-hills and I do not really get along well!

Lost ground from the front and, even though my legs were still fine for the last 10kms, ended up 1m.10' behind

Went back to the hotel, cooled down in the pool and had a quick lunch (went only half the way thru the burger... thought all of it might have been too heavy to deal with once on the afternoons climbs!)

Start @3.00, off to 50kms of hell!

Bottom of the first climb and my chain is off the rail... sh.. managed to get it back on thru clicking gears on & off... and again chase the bunch like I did in the morning.

Took three riders with me who "kindly" thanked me once we got back on the bunch... "well maybe next time do some work too"!!!

Then dropped on the second down-hill ... again ... and managed to climb the second hill of the afternoon with a small bunch of six guys

Left them behind on the third last hill and caught another couple of guys (guess they could not hang on the front group) with whom I got to the finish, 3odd minutes behind the stage winner

Despite the tough day, I still wanted to go out for a nice dinner and I did. Cycling is a passion, it is definitely fun, but cannot be always only cycling!

Great food and good couple of red wine glasses... then "collapsing" around 11.00p.m. and waking up @6.00 in the middle of hill-climb nightmares!

9.30a.m. Sunday, here comes the final stage... towards the end of which I was ready to throw the bike in the gutter once hills did not seem to end... ever!

The first climb was ... finally .. clean of mistakes or mechanics, what a difference!

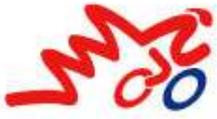
My legs were fine, but the front pack pace was not for me, no matter if I did it the day before.

So after the second climb I did most of the stage with a group of four guys which seemed willing to pace line ... at reasonable but not crazy speed.

And it was all up and down, up and down, all the way to Mount McDonald and after!

On the last climb same outcome of the second stage. Dropped the little group and went on my own to catch another couple of guys getting to the finish very happy that it was finished!!!

Not sure how any many minutes behind I ended up in total.



I can just say that I loved it, despite the moments of great fatigue and frustration. And I will be there again next year ... maybe with a few more Sydney guys than this time!

DAVID JORDAN

My excuse(?) was being crook the night before, and then mistakenly thinking that I could compete even if healthy the next day. I pulled out after the big climb in the first race, and then spent an hour getting back to the start, slowly and with much cramping. I was even sicker that night, but made it back to Sydney on Sunday night (by car). Didn't have pneumonia though.

I thought the event, though, was really good – well organised, good facilities (apart from the dirt car park), and well patronised. It would be worth doing some more long term planning to train for (especially in my case) and get to it in numbers. I especially liked the club tent thing. Not for the mechanics etc but for the ability to meet and talk, perhaps security of bikes over breaks.

NSW TEAM TIME TRIAL

The SCC also made their mark at the NSW Team Time Trial in June. No records were broken but a great experience for all.

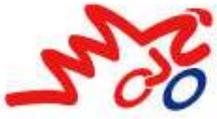
These are their words:

MASTERS TEAM



The team gelled well after meeting on the start line and put in a blistering first half with some solid turns on front from Oli Pringle. A podium finish was looking likely before disaster struck near the turnaround point with a man down and a tack-induced flat. Unfortunately the unique design of Jamie Bedford's lightweight wheels and slow arrival of the course support vehicle meant an early exit for the team but promising signs for the club in upcoming events...

George Day (raced with Jamie Bedford, Oli Pringle and Paul McMahon)



SYDNEY CC 6 17TH 1:23:47.86

We originally had thought up a name called "all on" which as it turns out - was still our ultimate challenge. In fact getting to the start line was a feat in itself. We'll walk you through a series of hurdles. Lloyd had been down with flu but managed to be enticed to the start line. But John - who was just starting with his, was covered by Peter who turned up after running 32 Kilometers earlier that morning (prep for a marathon). Mark came down with a pinched nerve in his foot late Saturday. He managed to crawl on his hands and knees to his indoor trainer to see if he could turn peddles. With that ticked, he then slid down the curb and climb up to the car seat to check that he could depress a clutch. Finally to David. Who only had to contend with cramping from flu related hydration issues, though it too was touch and go close to the start line as he had to go back to get his asthma medication.

The countdown complete - we're off. One minute into the epic and Peter's gone (who says marathons and cycling mix?). Like a true team, three of us keep going!. The trip from here became uneventful with the usual challenges of keeping together and handling the depression of being past by rivals. However, half way through, Mark's gets a puncture. Lloyd carries on as he wanted a turn to feel wind on his cheeks. By the time the puncture is fixed - Peter arrives. So back to a pack of three. We stayed that way for some time nearly to the finish, handling out doses of encouragement and magnesium compound.

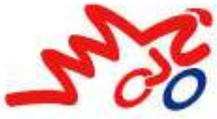
But the greatest prize of all was the appearance of that white tent peering around the final bend and knowing that 150 years spread across three saddles had made it to the finish line. Well done boys.

Mark Long (raced with Lloyd Bennett, David Jordan and Pieter Van Rign)

SYDNEY CC 5 36TH 1:16:00.33



Adrian Atherton, Pino D'Aguzzo, Steve Berveling and Tony Johnson)



SYDNEY CC 2 35TH 1:14:56.00



Not a bad performance from these masters on Sunday. We managed to line up in numerical order and got a decent start – it was a bit disconcerting being overtaken a couple of times during the race but all the teams that did pass had tear drop helmets, skin suits and aerodynamic TT bikes so not exactly a dishonour. Glenn had analysed the course layout prior and was able to keep us up to date with the upcoming grades (which unfortunately became moot when the course diverged from the standard ATTA layout) and also provided some much needed glucose to prevent the hunger flats. We stayed together for the first three quarters with everyone doing a turn but eventually lost Rodney as we hit the chicken runs on the way back (I blame the whiff of the industrialised egg farms for that). For me, the highlight of this event was the preparation – we spent the previous 6 weeks riding together, defining the strengths and weaknesses of the team and working as a single efficient unit.

Sax Cucvara (raced with Scott Collings, Rodney Ecclestone and Glenn McIntosh)



TOUR DE SALEVE

GENEVA, RESPECT FOR CYCLISTS AND 'THE TOUR DE SALEVE'!

The editor would like to make a special apology for holding onto this wonderful account of riding in Geneva from Dr Ralph:



I had the good fortune to be in Geneva for a week earlier this year and saw that Genoise cyclists are much more cared for creatures than their Sydney cousins. Cycling is obviously popular for commuting and shopping as bikes and riders are everywhere, taking advantage of the level terrain in Geneva, for the city sits on a valley floor, straddling the river Rhone and surrounding the western end of Lake Geneva. Cycle paths give genuine access to the streets as they include ways through major intersections and provide a proper place on the road, away from the car-door death corridor. There are even bicycle traffic lights, giving cyclists a head start across intersections or just privileged entry to cycle lanes. Special access routes for bicycles are signposted and radiate out from the centre of town. These make use of quieter streets, parks and trails.





I discovered where it was possible to hire a bike for the day and so a colleague and I took the best bikes available for a spin up a local mountain and back, wagging a day off the conference we were attending. The bikes were commuter style with mud-guards, luggage racks and lights powered by front-hub dynamos! However, with alloy frames, I was able to pick them up without straining my back and they were completely fitted out with Shimano Deore gear and Suntour front shocks. The same shop also provides a basic town-bike, free for four hours and only one Swiss franc per hour thereafter! Being located by the central rail station, they must rent them out by the dozen and there were about 50 bikes on the floor. To boot, the shop gave us a cyclists map of Geneva and surrounds with all the bike paths, bike friendly roads and busy, dangerous roads all marked clearly. I also found a bicycle dedicated topographical map of the terrain to which we were headed, something I have never seen before. It seems that the Swiss cyclist is well catered for.



My friend and I set off determinedly in the pouring rain, our wish being to ride up Mount Saleve, a small peak at 1379m and not snow dappled, down the far side and swing through the Rhone valley back to Geneva, about 80km in all. We used a sign-posted route out of the city, passing through a tree-filled park with cobble-stoned paths and a giant monument to the fathers of the Calvinist reformation, on through narrow streets lined with elegant period architecture and out into the country. The average Swiss driver waits for no-one and road manners are in the form of a duel with unwritten rules of engagement that everyone obeys. It is a matter of keeping your eyes open and going with the flow, in return everyone else seems to be actually paying attention to other road users, including cyclists, to whom they will give way just as much as to cars. Motorists seem to accept the perceived, minor inconvenience of a bicycle in their path quite readily. This is quite a refreshing difference in philosophy to the belligerence of Sydney drivers.

Anyway, back to our little tour. The rain stopped and conditions dried up nicely. We crossed the border into France with not so much as a wave of the hand and reached the vertical escarpment at the foot of Mount Saleve. A cable car will take bikes up, but we were there for the challenge, so skirted around to the road ascent. This took us up 700m vertically, through 13 switch-backs at about 8-10% gradient and a lot of sweat! The scenery was picturesque as we passed by little villages, solitary chalets and fields of flowers. High up we entered mist but saw the top end of the cable car. Pushing on we found what we were looking for (and the real goal of the ride!), a French restaurant open for business (most places open only in full summer) high in the hills with views to the Rhone Valley and Geneva on one side and the Alps to the other – great. Best of all we had the view to ourselves and our hostess was most cordial despite our elementary French. We ordered plate de jeur and an indulgent bottle of wine and eased back into our chairs. Lunch lasted a happy while, long enough for us to catch the beautiful views between passing clouds.



Once back on the road we nursed our full stomachs along, glad that the steepest climbing was behind us. The top of Mount Saleve is a long, wide ridge and we rode through fields of grazing cattle and past farms dotted about. Making the descent on the far side, we came across a grand chateau, seemingly out of nowhere, presiding over a valley passing down to the French side. It now functions as an exclusive looking hotel. Onwards we sped down the slopes and cruised into the Rhone Valley, passing neat fields and villages. I always find French villages charming and timeless; the architecture is so harmonious and well cared for. Pretty flower beds adorn the central square and too the signs marking the village limits.

Time was beginning to run late and we rushed the last few kilometres, but tied ourselves in knots with a few wrong turns. At one point a friendly passer-by offered help and I am not sure if our bewildered faces reflected more our difficulty understanding her French or the foreign map! But in the end the map helped us through. We negotiated the rush-hour traffic with dexterity although my friend was sure that I had broken the law more than once! Back at the bike shop in one piece, we handed over our trusty steeds with smiles all round and headed back to the hotel happy to have met the challenge and enjoyed the day immensely.

My wish would be for the Australian cyclist to be elevated to same status as the Swiss one. I am certain that it is a cultural phenomenon and I imagine that just as in Switzerland, bicycles throughout continental Europe are an integral part of life for commuting and shopping. This ensures that cyclists are seen with more respect, something that we need to nurture at home.

Ralph Stanford



THE OTHER PROFESSIONAL CYCLIST

CMWC XV 2007

Some club members might know that I, like the current Australian Road Race Champion, was a bike messenger in a previous life. In July of 2007 I made my way over to Europe for one of the lesser known cycling events, the 15th annual Cycle Messenger World Championships (some of you may know that I had a 2 year stint in this profession). This is an event which is held in cities all over the world with entrants coming from New York to Sydney to Rio with the purpose of determining who is the fastest, strongest and smartest messenger in the world.

One of the London based couriers had organised a tour from England's capital to the event, which was being held in Dublin. There had been a week long pre-event of racing, games and associated festivities in London prior but I unfortunately missed ...

Somehow I had misread the flight details when booking my ticket and what was thought to be a two hour stopover in Bangkok turned out to be 14 hours (what does one do in Bangkok for 14 hours? Well, that's a story for another time and possibly another audience) but I eventually made it to London, caught up with a locally based relative and managed to get 3 or 4 hours sleep (the first in over 36 hours of travelling) before heading down to the meeting point. There were riders from all over the world, English, Irish, Australian, German, American, Spanish, Japanese, French, even an African, including a fair few who I had known from working in Sydney and Vancouver. There was also a fair variety of bikes – mostly fixed gear (the courier's bike of choice) but a smattering of single speeds and a couple of choice roadies as well (which would turn out to be a very good decision for those who understood what this journey was going to take out of them).



Now, I've since taken other cycle tours. The Sydney Cycling Club tours are well planned, well organised and well run. Courier organised tours are a different story. A badly photocopied map was distributed to all, with instructions on what to do when lost (get to the next campsite) and that was pretty much it.

We did have a van which could take some of our stuff but it was so tightly packed that I ended up shouldering my 10 kilo courier bag (heavier than my bike) for most of the journey. We started with a relatively fast paced critical mass through the city that took us out via the canal network and onto the first checkpoint near Stonehenge (which was closed when we got there).



Eventually made it to the campsite. Our organisers had suggested that there would be a hostel very close by but it wasn't and a dearth of tents meant a fair few of us ended up sleeping in a barn (well, it was good enough for Jesus). Not so bad, really, but the temperature dropped very close to zero and we were only a quarter of the way along.

The second day saw the tour splitting into various groups – some decided they didn't like the B roads and stuck to the highways, others ... there were even a fair few who decided that riding the rest of the way would not be conducive to a good performance for the main event so headed towards train stations along the way. I found myself with a Spaniard named Luis (formerly based in Berlin) – we were pretty commensurate riders and were both determined to ride to Dublin – along the way we occasionally joined others and had others join us. I had not done any bunch riding before so was not aware of the benefits of slipstreaming but did get my first taste of it on this ride.

The second day had a lot more riding – me and Luis crossed the Severn Bridge (below) into South Wales about midday and after joining up with one of the faster groups had a blistering ride into the next campsite, once again, no tents but I managed to find a relatively comfortable cement slab to rest on (at least it was off the ground this time).



A few cricks in the neck were quickly shaken off the next day as we took ourselves down to Camarthen Castle where we missed the meeting point by about an hour. Our map seemed to indicate that the quickest way to the destination of Fishguard was to take the lanes and villages through the middle of Wales. The ride description said that it was 'slightly hilly'. Well, from Meidrim to Llanboidy to Cefynpat to Llanglydwen me and Louis found ourselves riding the toughest terrain I've ever ridden before or since. 20 degree ascents and descents that went for miles through narrow windy roads with such little light that we had no idea what was coming up 10 metres ahead. Both of us were riding brakeless fixies so the descents involved hop skidding for half an hour and when we hit the bottom the grades were such that we had to walk the bikes on several occasions. It was not only brutally difficult but it was also, quite frankly, terrifying. The plan was to make Fishguard before 630pm so we could get the ferry to Ireland but we realised that this was fast becoming an impossibility so we decided we just had to get there before dark (which we did, barely).

Upon arrival, we found that only a handful of us had actually braved the hills and everyone who had felt as terrible as we did. Most of the group had missed the planned ferry and the next one was until 230am so we waited. When it finally came two dozen couriers marched onto the boat and immediately collapsed in the children's playpen (where I got the best night's sleep I ever had).



We berthed at Ireland some time in the AM and rode the 15 miles to Wexford (actually, it was 24 kilometres, now that we were in a civilised country again) where we caught up with the first half of the tour and almost immediately set off again towards Dublin. Some time after 11 we stopped at a pub where I had my first Guinness (it does taste better over there) and then took off again. By this time we'd ridden about 500 kilometres in the past three days and I was really starting to feel the pain. My knees were starting to suffer not to mention the pain in my back and shoulder from my shoulder bag which was really starting to hurt. Eventually, I found myself stopping every 15k or so to stretch and cry a little.



At long last we pulled into Bray, which was the spiritual end of the tour and we were met by a Dublin courier who was to take us triumphantly into the city. There were a few hours of rest which for some meant drinking beer and for others (like me) meant passing out in delirium. The Garda (Irish police) weren't too keen on a troupe of 50 cyclists riding into their city through the motorway so the last 2k involved walking along the shoulder but I was very pleased to have some time off the bike.

Now, after almost 600 kilometres of riding, we were there to do a race???

There were a few days of recovery time that I spent sleeping (in a bed!), eating, sightseeing and catching up with the few locals that I knew but there was a reason I had come to Dublin and that was to race.

Now, courier races (alley cats) are different from other bike races – they always vary and while they always involve riding very fast the winner is rarely the rider with the strongest legs. They're often in real traffic, there is nearly always a navigation element (somewhat like orienteering), and there are obstacles, games and trials thrown in which results in the winner being the smartest rider and not the strongest (I'm yet to win an alley cat although I have come pretty close).



The World Championship has a more formalised structure – it is on a one-way closed course (in this case it was lovely Phoenix Park west of the city) with six check points all manned by various sponsors. The race is done in heats to ensure there aren't TOO many people riding around at once. Once the race starts each rider gets a manifest which has six "deliveries", each of which has a different pickup and destination "address". The smart rider will wait a minute and work out the most efficient route to get to each checkpoint in the right order but the adrenalin has a habit of making you a bit jumpy and sending you off before you've really planned everything out.



We were lucky on the tour across with the weather (I really wouldn't have wanted to do those hills in Wales in the wet) but the sun had well and truly disappeared by the time the main event had started. Even though the majority of the race track was concrete and bitumen there were several areas that were grassed and a hundred bicycles doing reconnaissance had already chopped it up pretty significantly.



My race started in the middle of the heats and I'd already noted the direction that everybody had taken for the first checkpoint so as soon as I got my manifest I went up the hill along the main track, figuring that I'd work out my route on the way. It's a bit difficult to read a map and plan a route while thundering up a hill but I worked out what I still consider to be the best method of negotiating that course. Despite the course being one way it did double back on itself somewhat and there were a few near misses with riders coming the other way but all things considered it was pretty safe (especially for an alley cat). Unfortunately, my performance just wasn't up to scratch. My overall time was in the top third but I had the misfortune to be stuck in a heat with some other riders who were just too fast and I bowed out graciously. Considering my body was still very much broken from the trip over I was quite glad to not have to compete in the final anyway.



As it turned out, there were several qualifiers who didn't make it to the final – a combination of hangovers, general wear and tear and outright fear over the course which had been partially destroyed in the heats – but there were still 40 riders who did turn up for the moment of reckoning. In the absence of Raphael (previous multiple winner and the Lance Armstrong of the courier world) there was an open field with no clear favourite. The Americans got behind Austin (from New York, not Texas) but there was a fair contingent hoping that this would be Shino's (Fastest Man in Japan) year.

The final race was very similar to the heat but once you finished one manifest then you got two more. And once you finished those you got three more. All told, at least two hours of high intensity riding, coupled with the fact that you didn't always know where you were going. A puncture took Shino out of contention, a broken chain took out another, and in the end the first passed the post was Austin but like any major sporting event you've got to have a bit of controversy. He was disqualified for going the wrong way down a one way path (which any courier would have to find amusing) and second was disqualified for not having a regulation bag (they can get very strict) and the declared winner of 2007 was Bostonian, Pete Bradshaw (a nicer guy you'd never meet).

The rest of the week panned out with more events (backward circles, longest skid, track stand competition, high jump, golden sprints and the ubiquitous Texas Twins) and more celebrating. I recovered enough to do some more navigation of the Emerald Isle which had it's moments (although it never stopped raining). I'm yet to return to another CMWC but this September it's in Tokyo where Shino will be defending his title in home town after victory in 2008 in Toronto. Despite having "retired" it's still an event that's open to all (once a messenger, always a messenger) so maybe I'll find myself in the land of the rising sun for another crack at the glory.



To me, this is the definitive cycling event of the year – a celebration of the "other" professional bike rider.

Sax Cucvara



THE LEGACY OF AN EXTRAORDINARY CYCLIST



Several work colleagues expressed bewilderment when I announced I was flying north for the Queensland Labour Day weekend in May to ride my bike a distance of 160 kms from Beaudesert over Mt Lindsay to Casino.

"Why didn't you hire a limo with an on-board bar?" quipped one joker.

SCC member, Kate Roberts, is always up for a challenge and she decided to fly north with me for our second experience of the ride.

While it may seem just an average day's spin for regular cyclists, we can confirm that the Pip Thorley Memorial Ride is an extraordinary community event in honour of a very extraordinary man.

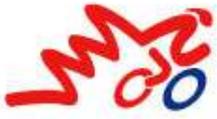
After suffering – and surviving – a debilitating kidney disease most of his adult life, Philip Thorley, aged 53, was killed while driving his car from Brisbane to Beaudesert in February 2007. His wife, Sharyn, was severely injured and eventually recovered after long-term treatment.

The Casino ride has been an annual event for Beaudesert cyclists since 1988.

The genesis was in 1969 when a 15-year-old Pip Thorley completed the journey during his Duke of Edinburgh award qualification. He planned to do the 1988 ride but was admitted to hospital, one week prior to the event, to undergo his second kidney transplant.

Barely 12 months after surgery – and demonstrating guts and determination – Pip Thorley completed the ride, finishing in darkness to the cheers of other cyclists and supporters.

On Sunday night, 3 May, at a post-ride dinner in Casino, Sharyn recalled her pride as she stood watching her husband ride his bike through the final roundabout.



In the afternoon, she was at that same roundabout when - for the first time - the 75 participants finished, each wearing a brightly-coloured yellow and white cycle jersey proclaiming Pip Thorley Memorial Ride.

Organisers from Beaudesert Bug Cycle Club read out to dinner guests a long list of local sponsors and volunteers who had helped to make the event such a success.

Kate and I both agreed the event was evidence of a very selfless community wanting to perpetuate the memory of one of their own who had overcome so much adversity only to lose his life in a car accident.

It is patently obvious that the Pip Thorley legacy is very much alive and powerfully established in the community spirit of Beaudesert residents.

Des Sullivan



GIRO D'ITALIA

In early May I boxed up my bike and headed over to Italy to join a cycling tour coinciding with the GIRO. It was a small group, just 12 of us from all parts of Australia, including a regular riding buddy of mine, fellow Sydney member Chris Howard. We were looking forward to 2 weeks of stunning scenery, challenging rides and magnificent food and wine and as it happened we weren't disappointed.



There were loads of highlights, every day something different and we had plenty of opportunities to get close to the action at the Giro. Our tour started on the edge of Lake Como where the small town of Cernobbio was our base for a few days. Our first ride was one of the best of the trip – the climb of the Madonna del Ghisallo starting from the town of Bellagio. A fairly brutal way to start the trip with 6 of the 8km in this climb averaging 10% (the first 4 and the last 2). This is quite a famous climb used regularly in the Giro although not this year. At the top not only is the view spectacular but there's a couple of cycling tourist attractions – an amazing cycling history museum and a monument to cycling in the form of a chapel that has been converted to a cycling shrine with bikes and gear decorating the inside.

We caught up with the Giro on the climb of San Pietro, part of the stage finishing in Bergamo. We rode most of the way to the summit and then waited for the pros to pass by, ready to cheer on the Aussies especially Michael Rogers who was doing well at the time.



The pros definitely made it look easy despite the gradient.

Our next stop was the Piedmonte countryside near the French border, just south of Torino where we settled in to a converted castle for a bit of luxury. It was a rest day in the Giro and there was hardly anyone on the road for our first ride there, a 60km trip up to the col de la Madeleine. Not far into the ride and we were amazed to find the entire Garmin-Slipstream team ride up next to us and stop at some traffic lights – Wiggins, Millar, Zabriskie, Vandavelde etc and our own Cameron Meyer. They were just cruising on their day off and had no objections to a few of us jumping on the back of their bunch and following them up. We had a great time chatting to them as we made our way up the flat part of the valley, a really friendly bunch of guys. Once we reached the hilly section they turned and left us to it, about 1500m of vertical over 20km with snow and a nice bottle of Barolo waiting for us at the top.



Riding with the Garmin team was going to be pretty hard to top but the next day turned out to be just as much fun. We headed for the ski resort town of Sestriere which from a cycling perspective was every bit as challenging as the previous day, with a 40km long climb and again 1500m of vertical. This time the road just never seemed to flatten out, always up, and after 2 and a bit hours of grinding away it was a blessed relief to hit the top. As the Giro was going to be passing through Sestriere (approaching from the opposite direction, the 'easy' side) there were plenty of other punters riding up with us. This made for lots of "Ciao". . "Ciao" conversations although we didn't spot any other Aussies.

We had a meal and decided this time to watch the race on the downhill side as we were looking forward to doing that ourselves later. By the time we got geared up and rolled off we could hear the choppers in the air and police cars were starting to go past. No-one was there to stop us so we flashed off down the road for about 1km before a police motorbike waved us off the road, fortunately at a handy vantage point. It was a close call because about 60 seconds after we got off the leading rider in the Giro came flying past. That was pretty funny. Next the main peloton came past at about 80km/hr all in single file. Here is the scene from our roadside position.



Following the peloton and then a few more stragglers bringing up the rear we thought we'd get going before all the locals decided to do the same and the road filled up with lunatics. We were flying along but certainly not as fast as the pros, when to our surprise several cop bikes came past and started waving us off again. We moved to the side and slowed a bit when 2 more pro riders came flying past. We'd managed to join the race! After that we got another 10km down the road, tearing up the bitumen (or at least we thought we were) when more cop bikes started waving us off, this time quite vigorously. So we stopped and to our amazement a group of maybe 60 riders flashed past, apparently the peloton had split in two. So yes, now we will be claiming to have actually ridden the Giro.

The rest of the trip included plenty more memorable moments. Cruising around the Barolo countryside with its medieval hilltop towns, not to mention the wines, was very special. Amazing scenery around the coastal Cinque Terre region where the 60km time trial was held, although not necessarily a great place for a leisurely cycle. Finally we finished the trip over on the East coast with the Nove Colli Grand Fondo with 12,000 other cyclists on a truly spectacular course. As hard as it was I would absolutely recommend the Nove Colli to anyone touring Italy at this time of year, I can't wait to have another crack at it.

So that was it, it all ended way too soon. Like plenty of others before me I suspect this cycling holiday caper is going to end up being a pretty expensive addiction. I'm already thinking about the next one.

Scott Collings



THE MAWSON TRAIL



A TALE OF ENDURANCE AND BARBIE DOLLS

For 2 weeks in May five SCC MTB fanatics joined 115 other riders and completed the 900 km Mawson Trail from Adelaide to Blinman in the Flinders Ranges in South Australia. Eddie & Tanya Bosch, Greg Pietersen, Roger Cull and Lencia Macleod had the time of their life on what may well be the world's best "long/remote" signposted MTB trail. We went on Bike South Australia's bi-annual Outback Odyssey fully supported trip. It was incredibly good value at \$1885 each over 14 days (with 2 rest days). We camped every night at caravan parks, football ovals and a farm. An extra \$250 got you a 6 man tent which you could have to yourself or share with 6 men or in my case, one coach. And would you believe they actually put the tent up for you, swept it out and took it down each day – plus you got 2 blown up airbeds? Other luxuries on tour included Mobile Mechanical Support and a belly-dancing masseuse. Some riders took an active role in raising money for the Royal Flying Doctor Service by setting up hero pages for sponsorship or doing a head shave.





The trail is named after South Australia's favourite son, Sir Douglas Mawson, geologist and Antarctic explorer who used to ride his bike to the Flinders Ranges from Adelaide on field trips. He is known for a tragic expedition in which one of his companions disappeared into a crevasse with a sledge, dogs and supplies. Mawson and his surviving mate turned for the base some 500 km away with inadequate supplies and equipment. His mate died but Mawson just made it to the base 8 weeks later after displaying courage, determination, endurance and sheer never give up attitude. These were characteristics which we all needed to complete our outback epic and the various references to Mawson throughout the trip gave us inspiration. (Did you know the soles of his feet came off?) References included a talk from a SA Uni Mawson expert and the daily presentation of the Mawson Man award. This started as a naked "Ken" doll given to the rider who displayed some Mawson characteristics during the day. The award winner's duty was to add an item of clothing or decoration to the doll. Greg and Roger were winners with Greg outdoing all with his sartorial elegance as he made some miniature colours (outlaw motor cycle gang style) complete with iPod and black eye. There was also a Barbie doll for the Wilkins' Woman award (named after another famous South Australian - Sir Hubert Wilkins who was born along the Mawson Trail). Dinnertime followed a routine of entertainment between courses including debriefing the day's ride, briefing for tomorrow's challenge (delivered by an outback character called Ray who placed most of the thousands of Mawson Trial markers), awards presentation by the effervescent tour director Michael and the weather girls segment.



Starting at the centre of Adelaide we went about 20 km along the Torrens River cyclepath before 7 km of bitumen road then the Mawson Trail started. From here the trail had a marker post beside the road/track every km and two at every intersection, one of which was 30 metres before the intersection. Combine this with being supplied with the most detailed and accurate maps I have ever used (I did not find one error) and it becomes unnecessary for the ride organisers to place temporary signs along the route other than a few in some towns. While there is no good reason to get lost, many did because only a couple of riders had map holders (me being one) and when you are riding along talking to your mate you will miss the intersection markers which tend to blend in due to their greenie pleasing colours. But you soon realise that you are off course and when you get the map out of your backpack you find it easy to navigate back on the trail without having to backtrack.



It is only about 500 km from Adelaide to Blinman but due to the Mawson Trail being custom designed for cyclists back roads are preferred to avoid any traffic. Hence we wind around the beautiful countryside on narrow dirt roads and double track through private property, regularly not seeing a vehicle for hours, apart from the occasional tour support vehicle. The costs of the trip are kept down due to volunteers making up most of the 30 plus support crew. On the trail friendly volunteers set up morning tea, lunch and afternoon tea (when required). There are also opportunities to occasionally stop for a cappuccino on route and most of the time we camped in towns that had cafes (this information supplied for SCC – Sydney Coffee Club members!).



The riding itself is challenging, averaging about 75 km a day. The first day includes the longest hill by far, it is 10 km long and steep, but this day is only 37 km in total. We camped slap bang in the middle of a 24 hour MTB race called the Dirty Weekend. The fact that Bike SA also organise the Dirty Weekend had something to do with this choice of venue. Seeing the moving lights of the riders across the other side of the valley at night was impressive as were the riders performances. Some other days are moderately hilly without any hills over 2-3 km long. But generally it is a flattish ride. The longest day was 104 km. We rode through the Barossa Valley wine region and later we travelled on the 27 km Claire Valley Railtrail between vineyards.



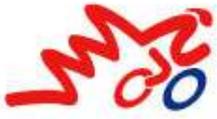


The ride is not particularly technical but there are lots of fun bits including some rocky descents. There is not much really soft sand but plenty of rideable sand in desert conditions. In fact the whole trail is rideable including the steepest hill, however many people chose to enjoy short relaxing walks at times. Rest Days are had at Burra which is a nice little historic town with all facilities. Also a rest is had at pretty Melrose in a caravan park next to a great MTB park at the foot of Mt Remarkable. A scenic 13 km round trip bushwalk can be done to the summit.

The last day was the best day I have ever had on a bike due to the spectacular scenery of the Flinders Ranges, the mainly fast double track, the numerous rocky, dry creek beds and gully crossings and the finish at the Blinman pub. This was all done wearing two Hawaiian grass skirts, which got caught in the chain and disc brakes, my duty for being awarded the prestigious "Skirt" award x 2. Given to the rider who at some point in the previous day did something stupid. My stupidity had something to do with some missing bike shoes and allegations that the crime of the century had been committed, when in actual fact the whole forgettable incident was another reminder about my approaching Alzheimer's Disease!



Average riding temperature was a perfect 17 degrees. We had almost no rain and one day it got down to 7 degrees riding temp for a while. Night time was cold if you took a 10 degree plus sleeping bag like me, even if you used a thermal inner sheet like me, you might have ended up sleeping in all your clothes including raincoat like me, when it got down to 4 degrees in the tent.

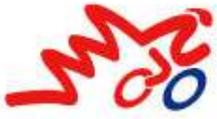


I would definitely do this ride again in two years time and I recommend it to all MTB fanatics. The average age was over 50 with many in their 60s and the oldest being 71. The Sag Wagon was occasionally used by some but I was impressed with how far the many inexperienced riders went without a hint of a lift. Another reminder that long distance cycling performance is all in the mind.

I must finish with mentioning Roger's performance in achieving the Mawson Man award on the last day. This was a 90 km challenging day from Rawnsley Park Homestead Caravan Park to Blinman. Wilpena Pound was morning tea and it was here that Roger left his bike and climbed St Mary's peak, a 7 hours return advertised hike which he did in 4 hours. He then completed the ride arriving at Blinman at 5.15pm right on dusk. He was awarded the Mawson Man and allowed to keep it due to his Mawson-like achievement. He later showed his heart doesn't just pump blood around his body at great speed when he affectionately gave the Mawson Man doll to the man who contributed most to it's unique attire - Greg! Aren't SCC members a diverse lot!

Eddie Bosch





OTHER THINGS

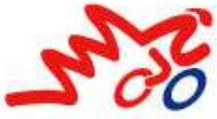
TANDEMS AROUND TASSIE

SCC is not all about racing! Family Wade along with 20 others including 7 tandems recently rode from Launceston to Hobart covering 510km over 9 days; our own "Big Ride"



As you can see below; Damon rode 300km of the route on his own bike including all of Day 3, 85km with 1200m of climbing. He also stoked me for another 80km to allow Keira to have few hours off the saddle.





SYDNEY CYCLING CLUB

1978-2008 - celebrating 30 years on the road!

RIDE FOR A REASON

REGISTRATION IS NOW OPEN

proudly supporting

the children's hospital at Westmead

Ride for a Reason Charity Challenge

It's on again – the third annual Sydney Cycling Club "Ride for a Reason" Charity Challenge from Sydney to Bowral on Saturday, 26 September 2009, this year in aid of The Children's Hospital at Westmead.

Supported by our sponsors Finity, Velosure and Kinselas, the Ride will again be a great challenge to us all; but completing 160kms (or 100 miles in the old measurements), while supporting a great cause like children's health, will also be an outstanding achievement.

In 2007 and 2008, we raised a total of around \$100,000 for the various Bowral Tulip Time charities, and this year we want to raise more than \$50,000, so we are hoping that you will join us for this tough but equally fun and rewarding challenge.

To register please complete and sign the Registration Form and the Release Form and then post (plus copy of EFT receipt and Cycling Australia form if applicable) as soon as possible to:

SCC Charity Ride
PO Box 344
Kensington NSW 1465

Then all you need to do is set up your personal fund-raising website and start encouraging your friends to sponsor you online – it's so easy, just follow this link:

www.everydayhero.com.au/event/ride_for_a_reason09

Those of you who have participated in the SCC Ride for a Reason previously will know that the Southern Highlands in Spring is a great place to ride, especially during the Bowral Tulip Time festival, so we are hoping for your support.

Thanks for your participation, and we can guarantee it's going to be another great day. If you have any queries please contact me on armon.hicks@gmail.com.

Armon Hicks
Club Captain

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