

eastern veterans cycling club

Respecting the Rights of all Road Users

Newsletter September 29th 2007

Indoor Outdoor Imports Hill Climb, The Basin – September 23rd.

Race report.

Entries were down from previous years with 47 entries, of which there were 44 starters that included one entry on the day (who was given a ride time only), compared to 53 starters from 62 entries in 2006 and 69 starters from 80 entries for the 2005 event.

Conditions were near perfect; a cool sunny day with little or no wind. On the start line the favourites were not confident of a good time for the race and if you took them seriously there was no threat to Phil Smith's record.

At one past two Phil started the procession of lycra clad individuals on their trial through suffering up to Sassafras. Three-quarters of an hour later Phil Cox (the last of the registered riders) was on his way, how hard could it be - all of the returning riders had smiles on their faces.

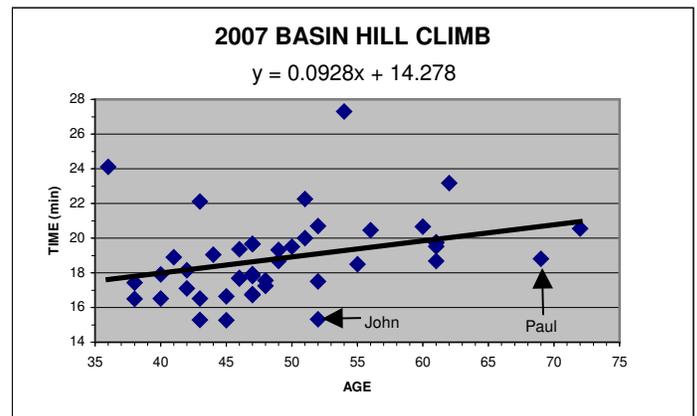
Guy Green, still carrying the form that he took to Austria, was the fastest on the day. In a very tight finish, the closest we've had, Guy stopped the clock one second ahead of Phil. Our most lauded hill climber - John Lynch, a further two seconds back. The top three in a class of their own with just three seconds separating them. A minute-ten to the next place-getter highlighting just how far ahead they are when it comes to going up hills fast.

The handicap was also very close with just 4 seconds separating the first 3 places, Kevin Starr pushing it all the way to the line to pip Paul Wilson by two seconds, the same margin separating Paul from Ronnie Stranks.

As usual there were some big improvers from last year, the best was the handicap winner Kevin Starr who improved by a whopping 3 min 23 sec, David Hyde by 2 min 4 sec and Ronnie Stranks by 1 min 8 sec. Other improvers were, Peter Shanahan 52 sec, Nick Tapp 28 sec, Hylton Preece 37 sec, Phil Cavaleri 24 sec, Nigel Frayne 9 sec, Paul Kelly 5 sec (this is Paul's third time and he has improved his time each ride), Louise McKimmie 5 sec, John Lynch 4 sec. There were also a few who slowed down, but we won't mention you.

The age time winner was John Lynch beating the standard time for his age by 4 min 1 sec. These standard times are based on the trend for times for 352 rides (age time = age * 0.1138 + 13.419).

All the times for this year are plotted below with this event's trend line and its equation. Can you find your dot? I have marked John Lynch and Paul Kelly's dot. If your dot is below the line you have beaten the time for your age, if it is above, perhaps you can do better next year.



Quentin Frayne's 17m30 of pain and suffering ...

It's always the same, you think for some strange reason this could be the year for a PB, you think you might head off up that hill and suddenly find it's a 'no-chain' day (to quote the illustrious Lance and his old cohorts) - but funny thing is, you usually get about 600m up the hill and suddenly the shock ... or the lactic ... or whatever it is, kicks in and fires up the reality sensors. Then it's that awful period where you realise you were dreaming and you go into the zone where you're trying to ignore the little voices and regain enough composure to cover the next 6km without totally wasting your time with a big-time blow. You're looking down at the speedo after the Bus Stop left hander and thinking ... '19 point something?????!! - I go up here faster on an easy training ride!'. But on training rides you don't have the 100% effort behind and ahead of you - it's all relevant.

On Saturday I'd ridden for 1 1/2 hours to get to the Basin, a flat before I'd even straddled the bike in Preston and a steady easterly headwind all the way meant it was suddenly touch-and-go as to whether I'd even get to experience all that pain! The effects of multisport training (in a 4-man corporate team from Lonely Planet in the 6-day 450km Mark Webber Pure Tasmania Challenge in November) and trying to become a runner at the

age of 51 kind of dull the cycling legs somewhat - too much distance, not enough high intensity stuff - and no racing to fall back on either. Oh well, struggle through and try to have enough left to tackle that last crucial 2km. Over the line after puffing like a leaky steam train for the whole thing - 17m30, 14 seconds slower than last year, 39 seconds slower than the PB ... can't complain - and I'll swear the headwind cost me 15 seconds! Another one down.

and Nigel's

Maybe it's old age but the last thing I remember vividly is the quiet words of Graham Parker as he pushes me off the line in a haze of GU gels and Allens snakes. "Stay seated while I push you away ..." then 3 ... 2 ... 1 "GO!" The wheels are spinning freely and I'm away. I'm flying! Piece of cake this TT thing and all I have to do is remind myself of the race plan. Go out hard until the lactic acid smashes you then fight through into your rhythm. Fool's paradise here I come.

The thing wrong with all plans is the lack of the fog of pain that inevitably arrives with the reality of the event. And so it happens at about the 1km mark where the wheels are no longer spinning freely and already I'm clicking the shifters to see if I can find relief from the rising nausea. Dare I look at the HRM? No, don't. Doh! I did. Shouldn't have as it's blinking 182bpm. Suddenly it's all confusing - the nausea, the adrenaline and now the voice in the head - gone weird and confused. Okay, let's think this through. No you can't stop now - must continue - find a rhythm and survive. Last time I heard that one was from my wife half way through giving birth to our first born - 'can't do this, let's go home - now!'

After trying the low spin deep pedal routine I shift down and settle on a high cadence instead. No way I can push that longer gear with so far to go, better to winch my way to the top. Past the bus stop and the houses have gone so now it's just me and Mother Nature. The trees are whizzing by and the air smells fresh. I'm appreciating the smoothness of the tarmac and I seem to be drifting into an out of body experience. The nausea has subsided and the occasional climb out of the saddle breaks the monotony by shifting the pain to other body parts. Sharing the load about seems a fair deal. A yelling voice wakes me - "Go Nigel!" How nice, it's Peter Ransome cheering from the boot of his car - or is he part of the dream too?

While all the markers that I'd laid out in my 'race plan' come and go completely un-noticed by me - maybe someone moved that water tank, scrubbed out the 1km mark?? Can't see the distance reading on the computer, all a blur. I do at least remember to take the odd swig from the bidon. Oh sweet relief from the burning chest. But where am I now? How far to go? The false flat has come and gone and suddenly there's serious fatigue. Must be about 2km ... where is that 1km marker ... damn! The HRM is back flashing over 180bpm. Ah the numbers the numbers it's all about numbers and that beautiful sight of the finish line. But where is it? They have shifted it higher just to drive me crazy!

No there it is - just up there - dig dig dig - it must look

hilarious, a guy thinking he's hammering the final hill but is actually in slow motion. Never-the-less it's done. I roll into the shade under a tree and dismount gasping for air and some semblance of decorum. Eventually it comes - the Time Trialer's Cough - the TTC.

Just why do we put ourselves through these things? Who knows but I'll be back next year just the same. I've shaved 9 seconds off last year. A PB! Whoopie! Next year I can do even better... like I said, it's a fool's paradise.

the other Nigel

With essentially over three weeks off the bike followed by a week on, in which I'd pushed a little too hard, my legs were feeling tired, sore and a little over-cooked. Friday morning's ride up Exhibition St from Flinders to Collins had hurt ... a lot.

Clear skies and the slightest of breezes, ever the optimist I set out early to enjoy the beautiful Spring day, ever the masochist I took the bike with me.

An easy sojourn up the first couple of kilometres of the climb, In way of a warm up, only served to confirm that the legs weren't feeling up to the challenge. Never mind, the money was paid and with one-minute intervals I'd be pretty stiff to be passed by more than one of those starting behind me, so it was to the marshalling area that I gravitated to await my turn at suffering.

The favourites away it was my turn to take the familiar countdown, a gentle push from Graeme and I was away. I'd chosen to start in the small chainring this year but low on the cluster and it seemed to be the correct decision as I glided my way up the slope and out of sight. Half a kilometre in, out of the saddle and still going well, I was feeling ok as I danced on the pedals like Lance did in France. Then the wall, I didn't see it coming but I sure felt it as it knocked the wind out of me, forcing me back onto the saddle. Suddenly the legs weighed twice as much and the lungs couldn't suck enough air. And that's where my race ended.

I struggled through the next five-hundred metres, more a mental battle than a physical one, before the body adjusted to the demands I was making of it. It may have felt more comfortable but there was no way I was able to pick the pace up. The mind wandering as I've checked off the landmarks, the bus turnaround, the marks on the road - was that '3k' or '4'? I guess I'll have to wait a thousand metres to find out. Somewhere along the way I missed one of the water tanks. The flatter section registered but any thoughts of engaging a bigger gear were waived in favour of simply upping the cadence a tad. Even some encouragement from a couple of locals - "get off the f...ing road" - ROBEE 7, wasn't enough to rise to.

Finally the trees on the right thinned, the finish was just around the corner and sure enough there was the speed restriction sign marking the finish but where was Keith? A moments panic, I wasn't where I thought I was, relief upon sighting half the rolling stones (Mick & Keith) a final effort and it was over - 14:46. Second worst time in the five years I've been subjecting myself to this challenge, the worst being the first - one minute slower but on a 12kilo 7-speed klunker.

Wrap up

and every one else's

'started out, hit wall after 1km, felt sick and panicked but continued on in a mad mist of pain and suffering....'

Post race, around the barbeque enjoying the burgers & sausages and a cold drink, the word was that the race was tougher than last year. Must be this global-warming thing everybody's talking about, making the roads slower and the hills steeper. Couldn't have anything to do with being that little bit older.

Results

Handicap

	Rider	Ride Time	Handicap	Corrected Time
1	Kevin Starr	17:49	4:00	13:49
2	Paul Wilson	16:31	2:40	13:51
3	Ron Stranks	20:33	6:40	13:53
4	Wayne Robinson	17:56	3:50	14:06
5	Peter Shanahan	17:42	3:35	14:07
6	Thorkild Muurholm	17:40	3:30	14:10

Overall

Time Against Age

	Rider	Time
1	Guy Green	15:16
2	Phil Smith	15:17
3	John Lynch	15:19
4		

Rider	Time	Age	Time cf Age Time
John Lynch	15:19	52	-4:01
Guy Green	15:16	45	-3:16
Phil Smith	15:17	43	-3:02
Paul Kelly	18:48	69	-2:28

Fastest Woman

Rider	Ride Time	Handicap	Corrected Time
McKimmie L	18:09	3:10	14:59

Officials

Thanks to Graeme Parker and Ron Stranks for taking entries. To Graeme for the handicapping and for ensuring everybody got a good start (even if it only lasted till they were out of sight) Thanks to Alan Sandford, Steve Short and Barry Robertson organising the starters and to Keith Bowen and Mick Paull collecting and collating the times at the finish. Thanks also to Matt White for carting the trailer and Kevin Starr for dealing the merchandise, last but not least to Thorkild and Matt - chefs for the day, and Peter Mackie on drinks.

Eastern Vets Program

Saturday	October	6	2:00pm	Casey Fields	Graded Scratch Races
Saturday	October	13	2:00pm	Yarra Junction	Club Championships. EVCC members only, must have ridden at least 2 club races in 2007.
Saturday	October	20	2:00pm	Steels Creek	Royce Bennet Memorial Handicap
Saturday	October	27	2:00pm	Killara Road	Graded Scratch Races
Monday	October	29	8:00pm	Maroondah Club	Monthly General Meeting

Note : Graded Scratch Race entries are accepted on the day up to 15 minutes before the advertised race start time. Handicap entries close the Tuesday before the race. Riders entering a handicap **MUST** pay the entry fee regardless of participation. Fees are due on race day, entrants will **NOT** be allowed to start in any EVCC race until fees have been paid. No late entries will be accepted for either scratch races or handicaps. Entries to handicaps can be submitted via e-mail to the handicapper or on any race day prior to the event.

Southern Vets Program

Sunday	September	30	9:00am	Lang Lang	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	October	7	9:00am	?	?
Sunday	October	14	9:00am	?	?
Sunday	October	21	9:00am	?	?

Note : Southern Vets have a 'No licence – No race' policy. If you are going to race with Southern take your licence with you.

Northern Vets Program

Sunday	September	30	10:00am	Lancefield	Handicap (51k)
Sunday	October	2	9:30am	National Blvd, Campbellfield	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	October	14	10:00am	Avenel Road, Seymour	Vin Nutall Handicap
Sunday	October	21	10:00am	East Trentham	Handicap (44k)

Victorian Veteran Cycling Council Program

Sunday	October	7	10:00am	Paraparap	Stan Howard Handicap (57k)	1/10 \$12
Saturday	October	27	10:00am	Camperdown to Warnambool	Handicap (70k)	22/10 \$20
Fri-Mon	November	16-19		Geelong / Torquay	Australian National Championships	26/10 \$15/event

For your calendar

Date	Location	Event
14-21/10/2007	Victoria	Herald Sun Tour
14/10/2007	Bendigo	Excelior Cyclismo part of the opening weekend of the 2007 Jayco Herald Sun Tour. 134.2k or 83.5k ride options. http://www.heraldsuntour.com.au/2007/index.php?id=72
21/10/2007	Melbourne	Around the Bay in a Day Eastern Vets will have a group doing the 210k ride via Geelong & Queenscliff and a group doing Melbourne – Sorrento – Melbourne. Groups will be leaving from Murphy Reserve, cnr. Graham St & Williamstown Rd, Port Melbourne at 6:00am and 7:00am respectively. If you wish to ride in either of these groups please contact; - 210k : Nigel Kimber (e-mail or ph. 0409 386 349) or - M-S-M: Keith Bowen (e-mail)
16-19/11/2007	Geelong / Torquay	Australian National Championships 16/11 – Time Trial – Paraparap 17/11 – Road Race – Australian Automotive Research Centre, Anglesea 18/11 – Track*: TT, Pursuit, scratch - Geelong West Cycle Track 19/11 – Criterium - The Esplanade, Torquay *TT & Pursuit – road bikes permitted, no gear changes allowed. Scratch Races – track bikes only.
24/11/2007	Yarra Junction	Eastern Vets O'Mara 100 Over \$2000.00 in cash and prizes Pre-entry will be required for this event as bunch sizes will be capped. As such riders who enter but do not compete will not be allowed to start another EVCC event until the entry fee has been paid.
1/12/2007	Melbourne	SUB Women's Cycle Challenge – 55k or 20k options http://www.supersprint.com.au Note : this event is for women only.
15/3/2008	Torquay	Great Ocean & Otway Classic Ride - 145k or 60k options http://www.supersprint.com.au

Other bits and pieces:

Letter received by Julie Vomero (Rob Graham's partner):

Julie Vomero received the following letter through the Organ Donor register from one of the recipients of Rob Graham's organs

To the family of the organ donor March 2nd, 2007

I wish to express my profound gratitude to the family of the donor and for the donor's unselfish donation of his organs to people who needed them.

In my case it has made an enormous difference to my life. I'm the father of 3 who now has the ability to visit his children all over Australia.

I had been ill for sometime and as a result had to resign my teaching position. I now have a fantastic outlook on life and can achieve many things that I thought would not be achievable for me before.

I wish to express again my gratitude to the donor and his family. His generous decision would have changed the course of many people's lives.

A very grateful recipient of a kidney.

Austria - Deutschlandsberg (part 1.)

Where to start? The beginning is always a good place so why mess with protocol.

It was almost twelve months ago, after a race at METEC that Guy Green mentioned that he, and a couple of others, were thinking of going to the World's next year (being last year then that made it this year now). Without thinking to much about it I said count me in, then I thought about it a bit and figured why not. So much for my plans to take an overseas holiday every second year.

After a little procrastination, some false starts and some serious organisation by Kathy Green seven of us set sail mid-afternoon on the 7th of August from Melbourne's Tullamarine airport bound for Milano's Malpensa airport (best option given chosen airline) via Singapore. The party comprised the afore mentioned Kathy Green, five Eastern members; Guy Green, Roy Clarke, Mark Wallace, Tony Chandler and yours truly (Nigel Kimber) and an interloper from Southern in Jeff Stobie. All of the Eastern contingent were in the same age group (45-49) and on time to the airport, Jeff was the baby of the group, being 43'ish.

Twenty-two hours fifty minutes later (20 hours 45 minutes flying time) we arrive in Italy with an hour and a half to kill before the car rental office opens – time enough to enjoy an Italian coffee. Guy and I swap our signatures (and souls) for two cars; a Renault Traffic (9-seater van) and a Renault Legano (station wagon). The plan; load all luggage and two persons into the van, the remaining persons into the wagon and hit the road. First hitch, the cars were in separate garages, no sweat, go to the van, load it up, everybody else walks to the wagon whilst one of the designated drivers (soulless persons) drives the van around, load the wagon and away we go. Second hitch, the wagon has seats of which only the back row folds down (not away); ok revise the plan, load as much stuff into the van as we can plus 5 people, the remainder of the luggage and two persons go into the wagon. Five bikes and a couple of backpacks go into the van. As the others stroll off in search of the wagon I get to drive the van around. Finding the exit to the parking lot proved no real test for this little bunny, but it was to a one-way road that led away from the other car park. Third hitch? – heck no, I'm a tourist, I'm allowed to drive badly, and besides, this is Italy anyway. A surreptitious dash up the road and in through the out door of the other parking lot and we are all reunited once more, the wagon loaded, persons distributed and phase one about to be brought to a successful conclusion. All that remained was to get onto the correct road going in the correct direction. Instructions were simple; down the street (one-way only – how hard can that be?), left at the roundabout, right onto the freeway and follow your nose till the air started to smell clean, turn right and keep driving for a long time, then consult the map for the last couple of k – those were the instructions for the van. The instructions for the wagon were 'follow that van'.

We were sure they were following us, but you know how it can be in this world; what seems to be isn't necessarily so. Nine hours later; having negotiated Italian freeway traffic, Italian freeway traffic in a torrential downpour, several wee stops, a couple of coffees and driver changes, lunch and a minor incident involving road works, a truck, a wing-mirror and some crunching noises we were wending our way through Austrian country roads and villages on our way to the quaint little village of Bad Gams and our accommodation for the next week and a bit – The Dorfhofel Fernblick.

The first order of business was to set the bikes up and go for a ride, ok the first order of business was to check in, unload, then set up the bikes and go for a ride. The accommodation had a lock-up garage underneath that the owner had handed over to his cycling guests for the week. With bikes set up it was time to ride. Chanting what was to be the mantra of the trip "look left, keep right" we

set off for the ten-kilometre run to Deutschlandsberg and then back with a small detour up a section of the road circuit. First impressions – the roads were quick, minimal effort and we were scooting along at 38-40kph. Second impression – motorists were patient, tolerant and extremely obliging. Third impression - I could get used to this.

The itinerary for the trip was as follows;

Deutschlandsberg

Wed 8-Aug-2007 Arrival
Thur 9-Aug-2007 Free day
Fri 10-Aug-2007 The 'Berg' hillclimb
Sat 11-Aug-2007 1000m Rundkurs (Crit)
Sun 12-Aug-2007 Free day
Mon 13-Aug-2007 300m sprint / Free day
Tue 14-Aug-2007 Road Race (97k, max grad. 12%)
Wed 15-Aug-2007 Two man Time-Trial / Free day
Thur 16-Aug-2007 Free Day
Fri 17-Aug-2007 Handicap (62.8k, max grad. 8%)

Sat 18-Aug-2007 Transit – St Johann

St. Johann

Sun 19-Aug-2007 World Cup Road Race Men's D (40-44)
Mon 20-Aug-2007 World Cup Road Race Men's E (45-49) (116k)
Tue 21-Aug-2007 Hill Climb
Wed 22-Aug-2007 Free Day
Thur 23-Aug-2007 Free Day
Fri 24-Aug-2007 World Championships Road Race Men's 3 (40-44)
Sat 25-Aug-2007 World Championships Road Race Men's 4 (45-49) (116k)
Sun 26-Aug-2007 Depart

Thursday saw us roll into Deutschlandsberg again and do the 1k run up the 'Berg' hill followed by a couple of laps of the crit circuit before heading to registration. Taking the cue from their cousins to the North-west registration was efficient and quick; hand your licence to a person at the first desk who completes paperwork and passes the licence and paperwork to person on second desk. Move to the second desk and part with entry fee (40 Euro for the week's races). Licence and paperwork moves to third desk where numbers are popped into a show-bag along with a tee-shirt, vitamin supplements, a model of the local Rathaus and other odds and sods. Licence is filed (to be retrieved later when numbers returned), show-bag is handed to competitor and we're out of there, riding back to the hotel show-bags in hand or tucked up the jersey.

Other Results, etc.:

If you have a result or an announcement you would like to share please forward it on to me (nigel.kimber@bigpond.com) and I will include it here.
