



Eastern veterans cycling club

Respecting the Rights of all Road Users

Newsletter September 6th 2008

Halls Gap – August 30th – 31st

Race report: Alternative title – The Arctic Race

Well folks the weather played havoc with what promised to be a good weekend and whilst all survived upright, none expected to be suffering frostbite or hypothermia ... and that was just in the warm up. A great pity for the organiser's who had gone to a lot of work with a safe circuit, good roads and a welcome cup of tea at the end of Sundays tribulations.

Thanks to Ian for all the logistical work & organizing, next year we will be better prepared to hand some lessons to the country riders. Suggestions include putting traffic lights and more than 2 cars on the road at the same time which should scare them country lads into our style of racing or at least operating at a level similar to what we are used to.

Results wise unfortunately not a great weekend for the EVCC results wise except for Thorkild Muurholm 8th in the Sunday handicap.

Ed. Profuse apologies if anyone else's results are missed my brain & body were so frozen that results sheets & post race discussions were dumped in favour of a hot shower, dry clothes and getting to some source of heat.

Saturday Scratch Races:

Division 4 Hylton Preece

I am still thawing out!

I rode in Div 4 on Saturday, some observations:

Based on last years experience I was expecting a fast start and that is exactly what happened, they actually started racing in the pub car park!

The pace was like a typical sprint finish at Dunlop Rd except it went for about 5kms then settled down for a little while then went back to full on, by that time about one third of the field had been dropped.

By about half way the field started to splinter a bit with three riders from country clubs getting away, I got dropped from the main bunch but managed to get back on as did a number of Eastern riders. We got back together and then worked together all the way to the finish, the breakaways stayed away as was their plan as told to me by one of the

Bendigo riders, who went on to win the handicap race the next day.

The entire race was held in what were for me the worst conditions I have ever raced in, 8 degree temp with strong wind and continuous rain.

Division 3 Nigel Frayne:

Back to Hall's Gap in the Western District for some country fun and games! Last year the handicapper got me confused with my brother and put me in Division 1. While that was a nice compliment it made for a lonely ride home once I was inevitably dropped 'when they went for home'. At least the weather was nice then. As for this Saturday, hmm, well does it get any worse? Steady rain all morning indicated the smart move would be to fit the Flamingo (mudguard). That seemed like a stroke of genius until the shoes filled with freezing water within 1 km of the start. But at least the bum felt kind of dry for a while and maybe had a few scrambling for my wheel to escape the rooster tails of our group of about 20 riders, Division 3.

As we slipped out of town I settled in about 7th wheel keen to keep in touch with the leaders while sheltering from the blustering head/cross winds. The pace was surprisingly reasonable but steadily building from the low to the high 30's. By the 8 km mark the average has gone into the 40's for a few kilometers as a couple of the strong lads decided to stretch their legs - and test ours. Once we made the turn off and hit the narrow road at Illawarra the pace dropped and the tight echelon required care and concentration.

Turning left towards the undulations of Sandbar Rd one senses the tension starting to build. Like last year it will be the last hill where the attack will come. It does! A group of three breaks off the front and the collective remainder try to calculate whether they are doomed in this wind and if not who will start to chase. Fear takes hold and one by one riders start peeling off the front and the field is in turmoil. By the time the situation clears there are 3 riders away and 3 chasing with me chasing them. Luckily, before the wind gets the better of me I have scrambled across the gap and hang on for grim death - or is that life? We hit our maximum speed (60kph) on the downhill run past Lake Lonsdale and the workout begins in earnest urged on by a self appointed sergeant major, Tim Fraser (Central Vets) who barks the orders and urges us on.

Somehow a Geelong rider looking remarkably like Paolo Bettini in a World Champ jersey drags his Bianchi onto my wheel and now we are five. The strongest riders, Garnet Bateson (I think) from Northern, Sergeant Tim and a third rider (unknown) are doing most of the work. However, once the heart rate has stabilised I and 'Bettini' (actually Grant Edmonds from Geelong Vets I think) start to contribute. We are rolling turns with average speeds per kilometre splits of 43.7, 49.3, 40.5, 39.6, 39.6, 41.2, 40.1, 37.2, 38.1, 37.6kph. In spite of 10km of this effort we are making no progress on the 3 escapees who are putting in one hell of an effort in that wind. With 4 km to go the elastic busts and I'm off the back. I watch as the four of them glide slowly away and settle in for a lonely last few kilometres home, just me, the rain, the wind and the sudden realisation that I am cold and drenched.

No prizes for 8th place so I am straight off to the hotel for a hot shower. The chasers never made the catch and I feared for tomorrow when those three would be together with us again, driving our group in the handicap.

Stats:
Time 1hr 13min
Distance 44.3km
Ave speed 36.1kph

Division 2 Damian Burke

Small group of 12, as expected bang from the gun with riders being dropped steadily as we exited the Pub Drive through, headed out through the car park with the sensible ones tuning left & heading straight back to their cars, and we fought our way through the wall of water. Many fragmented memories as the country lads worked us over, nice to see Malvern Star back in the race bunch, and the big gears ticking over along with a steady stream of attacks 7 counters.

These repeated attacks & counters soon saw bunch down to 6 after 20 km and the way they were working together it was an obvious 5 against 1. Succumbed to that and the cold at 32 km mark with a similar experience similar to Rob Amos in Division 1, that is out of the saddle on the hill to get some speed only to find myself going slower than a Coles Check out operator in a busy 10 items of less lane ... result the sliver thread shredded in a millisecond and rolled in for a cold wet miserable 6th.

Division 1 Phil Smith

I was useless on Saturday - got dropped after 20km, picked up Rob Amos as they rode in together.

Ed we think Phil Cavileri finished 4th.

Sunday 65 km Handicap Race:

Sunday dawned dark & semi dry after the big wet, many of us woken by the howling wind at 5.30 hoping that the weather Gods had blown the rain away. We were to be somewhat rewarded with parts of the circuit dry, however as we all know God is Black, Female & has a wicked sense of humor. It was a cold damp start, with the rain returning just

before the starters gun, a vicious cross wind in the trees accompanied by hail during the race saw a high number of non starters & forced many retirements from the race, as one was noted, God finished the work Handicapper started Saturday!

12 min Hylton Preece;

I thought for the handicap the conditions could not be worse but I was wrong, they were much worse, gale force winds, torrential rain and just to top it off hail!

I rode in the 12 minute bunch and was glad to see that it was a little easier start than the scratch race. Unfortunately there was a rider from Stawell who insisted in riding 6 lengths off the front each time he did a turn. His actions caused a lot of angst in the group with many riders, including a sole female telling him in no uncertain terms to stop riding off the front - all of this "advice" he duly ignored. Eventually his surging caused the group to splinter about 25kms in, I fell off the back at this stage and could not hold the 10 minute group either when they came through and found myself stuck in no mans land for most of the way back.

About 15km from the finish a storm front came through with what seemed like cyclonic winds and hail which literally blew me sideways off the road into the dirt. After the storm front passed I managed to tack onto a couple of riders from the 18min bunch and rode slowly back through more rain and endless wind.

The racing was hard but due to the appalling weather conditions it made or very unpleasant racing on both days.

5.30 min Nigel:

Well I asked after Saturday's scratch race "can it get any worse?" The answer is "yes"! Saturday had been a steady rain blown by a northerly. As 10am rolled around on this morning a heavy cloud burst driven by a squall from the south west celebrated the departure of the limit riders from the Hall's Gap sports ground. Meanwhile back at the motel cabin, I sat aboard the wind trainer on the porch spinning away in the hope that it would all blow over by 24.5 min past the hour, when my bunch, 5min 30sec ahead of Scratch, would head out of town for the 60km loop. Pain and suffering were to be expected but did we also need this weather?

There were to be 17 of us collaborating and working our way across to the 8, 10, 12, 14 to 30 minute bunches - to glory and victory. But as our time arrived the pelting rain returned and our numbers dropped to more like 12 as riders decided sitting beside a log fire was a smarter place to be. As I had experienced last year these country riders take no prisoners and so the first 12km to the Pomonal turn had average speeds (per 1.8km splits) looking like this: 39.0 40.3 39.6 40.0 40.3 40.5 38.5 45.7 41.4kph. As we headed back towards the Stawell road we were down to about 8 riders including only one other Eastern Vet, Rudi Botha. By this time, I along with a few others, were starting to skip turns much to the annoyance of the now firmly established sergeant major, Tim Fraser, who barked with even more intensity than yesterday. However it wasn't all aggression

and I appreciated the occasional compliment and encouragement from him and another rider to hang in.

However, by the time we were back on the highway the crosswinds were howling and the echelon was limited to the white line, half the road. This limited what little shelter had assisted my survival and once exposed I was weakening to the point of exhaustion. In about exactly the same spot as last year, about the 29km point, I lost the wheel. There they were, just there in front of me, but with the heart rate banging into the 180's bridging was impossible. Barely half race distance and off the back for good. A glance at the speedo revealed an average speed to that point of 38.7kph. No way was I going to keep that up anyway so it was over to plan B! Recover and prepare to jump in with the next chasing group.

Alas, the hands were so cold I couldn't get the much needed gel out of the pocket and by the time I had managed to consume it the next group (off 4 minutes) had zipped by. Only 4 riders left there so maybe not much help anyway. I pushed on and met up with Rudi who kindly waited for me after also finally succumbing to the wind and gruelling pace. I learnt later that our 5m 30s group had dwindled to only 4 riders who rode to the line without either being caught or managing to roll over any other group ahead. What a great effort!

Rudi and I rolled turns conserving energy readying for Plan C - jump on the back of Scratch and get towed all the way home. Heh! When they finally caught us we were back on the skinny Illawarra road and once again the narrowness tightened the echelon to the point where it was either ride the mud off-road or suffer in the wind. I chose the wind and got blown backwards. The stats showed a nice little bump in the average speed from 32 up to 37kph while I was aboard the Scratch wagon. Once off and heading directly into the southerly along Sandbar road it was small chain ring stuff and down to 15kph. Was it the hills or was that wind getting even stronger?

The question was immediately answered by a stinging sensation on the bare arms. Hail! It was the full catastrophe - howling gale driving a full hail storm turning the tarmac white. I considered sheltering under a tree to stop the stinging on the arms and remembering the opening scene from the film, 'The Last Wave' (cricket ball chunks of ice falling from the sky). But concern about the wind and falling branches made that a bad choice. I ploughed on, head buried in the bars, small chain ring spinning away barely moving. Like all storms it passed. The sun didn't exactly come out but another ray of sunshine appeared in the form of Phil Cavileri, Eastern Vet friend who welcomed me aboard the Bus of the

Lanterne Rouge. Even though it was only Phil and another rider the company and slight shelter were most welcome.

I finally found the big ring again and just as we settled into a nice rhythm the loud call came. "Rooooo!!!" A large kanga bounced out of the bushes beside us and bounded across the road. "Watch for the second one!" And sure enough a smaller adolescent bounced across as well. What next? Surely that was as much excitement as anyone can ask for in a bike race. We were really having fun now! And just to prove it, Phil's fellow Scratch rider burst into song. I kid you not! As the kilometres gradually slid under our wheels and the pools of water splashed and sprayed we collected up the odd dropped colleague, including Rudi who had finally lost contact with Scratch after an impressive effort. Somehow, perhaps due to no longer believing I even had hands or feet let alone a brain, I lost contact even with the Bus and rode a very cold and lonely last few kilometres to where they were packing up the finish.

2.30 min Damian

Smallest bunch of 5 due to many scratchings, sensible folks & strong men of yesterday Div 2 Bunch being allocated to the 5 minute bunch, cue mutterings about the handicapper. Rolled turns solid speed low to high 40's, then caught by the scratchies just before the major left turn.

Vicious cross wind, so we formed echelons across the road with the Referee reminding us of the white line, but the cross wind was doing terrible damage, to everyone's legs & recovery rate so I was popped off the back and rode in alone except for the company of wind, hail & various stares & sounds of the local wild life laughing at me.

Scratch Phil Smith

Thank god it's over!

Sunday, I managed to stay with the scratch bunch with four or five of us working well together to our best ability to close in on the front markers.

There was just five of us left at the end, I got 4th fastest rob Amos 5th fastest. We picked up a lot of riders but still had a few in front

Post race wrap

A nice weekend away except for the weather & Handicapper conspiring to make most of us doubt our choice of sport, but good preparation for next year.

Officials

Thanks to Ian for his organising and all who made the journey. Many of the locals appreciated the effort & it is good to get some variety in our racing & keep the spirit alive.

Eastern Vets Program

Saturday	September	6	2:00pm	Casey Fields	Avon Tyre Service Handicap
Saturday	September	13	2:00pm	Arthurs Creek	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	September	21	9:00am	The Basin	Indoor Outdoor Imports Hill Climb
Saturday	September	27	2:00pm	METEC	Graded Scratch Races
Monday	September	29	8:00pm	Maroondah Club	Monthly General Meeting
Wednesday			10:00am	The Loop – Yarra Boulevard	Scratch Races + post race coffee

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	7	9:00am	Casey Fields	Fathers Day Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	September	14	9:00am	Cora Lynn – Modella	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	September	21	9:00am	Somers	Lang Laycock Trophy
Sunday	September	28	9:00am	Lang Lang	President's Cup – Graded Scratch Races

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

* Due to Victoria Police requirements competitors for these events must have a flashing red taillight and a white headlight.

Northern Vets Program

Sunday	September	7	9:30am	National Blvd, Campbellfield	Graded Scratch Races
Sunday	September	14	10:00am	East Trentham	Handicap (44k)
Sunday	September	21	10:00	Broadford	Mountain Goat Classic handicap (49k)
Sunday	September	28	9:30am	National Blvd, Campbellfield	Graded Scratch Races

Victorian Veteran Cycling Council Program

Saturday	September	13	1:00pm	Wangoon (Warrnambool)	Jack Brennan Handicap, 60k	8/9 - \$15
Sunday	October	5	10:00am	Geelong	Stan Howard Memorial H'cap	29/9 - \$15

For your calendar

Date	Location	Event
19/10/2008	Melbourne	BV Around the Bay Nigel Kimber will be leading a 250k group, there will also be a group going to Sorrento and back.

Other Results, etc.:

News from Europe:

Liz Randall has again cleaned up at the World Championships in Austria again winning the Women's 60+ Time Trial and Road Race. For more info check out Liz's blog at <http://onehourrecordattempt.blogspot.com/>.

We don't understand this but in the road races, Guy Green and Roy Clark ran 5th and 6th in the men's 40 to 44 last Sunday (they are older than this), with Simon Bone 32nd and on Tuesday Guy came 6th in the men's 45 to 49, Tony Chandler 14th, with Roy Clark and Nigel Kimber well down the list. Ken Bone also finished well down in the men's 65 to 69.

It appears that in Europe you can ride down an age in the World Cup, but not for the championships (a bit bizarre). There seem to be 3 races with Guy and perhaps the others. Some are World Cups and some World Championships. In World Champs he came 7th but second in the bunch sprint for 6th place down with 96 riders credited with the same time.

Other News:

Update from Karen & Gerald Flug

Hi guys

Just a quick note to let you know I will be leaving Nike.

I have been offered the role of Head of Apparel for Reebok Europe, Middle East & Africa.

Although a smaller brand, it gives me a great opportunity to extend my strategic management skills & hone my knowledge of the European Sportswear market, in particular the emerging markets. (Russia, Romania, Poland etc)

Reebok were originally a UK company but now have head offices in the US, Hong Kong & Amsterdam. I will be based in the Amsterdam office- next to Ajax Stadium.

Reebok is now part of the Adidas group so there are potential further opportunities within Europe or elsewhere in the future.

It's been a great 5 years at Nike, especially managing the Tour de France, Rugby World cup & Beijing Olympic apparel, but I am looking forward to putting my commercial hat back on & driving new business opportunities & heading up apparel & accessories for men's, women's & kids. (It could have taken me a very long time to wait for a similar opportunity at Nike)

My start date is not 100% finalised yet- depending on Nike (I have a non compete clause in my contract) - it will probably be December. So perhaps some chance to spend more time with our baby-litious & ramp up the fitness regime a notch or two!! In the meantime..... Please note contact details:

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Cheery beery

Karen
