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# North Bucks Road Club December 08



Welcome to the long awaited edition of what was going to be our quarterly newsletter. However with the on-set of fatherhood, I have enlisted the kind help of Chris Hartly to hopefully get you a more regular update. Well 2008 was good year for the club with a the hosting of a very successful open time trial & members traveling far & wide, well Austria, Wales & Dieppe (story in the next edition, promise). Anyway, unlike my normal self I shall ramble no further, but welcome you to our closing newsletter of the year.....Merry Christmas

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## Forthcoming Events

### New Years Day 10

Keen to burn off those mince pies, as I'm sure we all are. The 2009 New Year's Day '10' will be held on the A4146 Stoke Hammond bypass course F5d/10. We'll be using the Club hut as the Race HQ - the race itself will start at 10am (I always aim to get there for 9am-ish )  
Come along for the first event of 2009!

### Roller Racing.

Roller Racing 2009 starts on Wednesday 7th January at 7:00pm and each Wednesday until 11th February. This year we will be doing head to head sprints as Tony has mended the second roller.

Rules:

Max gear 53x13 (on standard wheels)

No support allowed when slowing for gaining the advantage.

Only one supporter per rider unless they are very new to roller riding, Timekeeper/ judge to decide.

Turn up on time or risk not getting a ride.

Riders must be ready when called to ride.

### Publications Available.

"To Steaming an 8F" By Frank Allcon £5 our late club mate wrote a short story about the steam era on the railways and illustrated it with his excellent pen and ink sketches.

"The North Bucks Road Club cycling through the first fifty years" £6 Derek Taylors history of the Club, everybody is mentioned (Pre - 2002)

### Time Trial Championships 2009

2009 will be another important year in the history of the North Bucks Road Club as we will be promoting the British Time Trial Championships on Sunday 6th September 2009 on the F5/11, otherwise known as the Botolph Claydon course.

Although we have enlisted the help of Team Milton Keynes to enable us to run this as a joint venture, we will need to ensure that as many members as possible are available on the day to help out. Please try to avoid going on holiday then if at all possible!!

This is the only promotion each year which is run under a joint arrangement between British Cycling and Cycling Time Trials, and will need many officials and helpers to cope with the expected 300 plus entries plus associated families and spectators. This event regularly attracts the very top riders in the country, including the likes of David Miller, Bradley Wiggins and Rebecca Romero to name just a few.

Ian Stokes intends to convene a meeting early in the new year to bring together everyone who is interested in being on the organizing committee.

With sufficient early planning there should be no problems on a course on which we have successfully promoted other major time trials in previous years. Your help will be appreciated.

# Iron Man Austria

By Martin Erasmus

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Well, I suppose as it was the biggest event I had ever undertaken I thought I had better write a race report to ensure that I remember the whole thing, while it is still fresh in my mind... My story started over 5 years ago when I was a 'packet of fags a day and a good few lagers a night' bloke - but that is so long ago I won't go into all the gory details. Needless to say, it was an incredible journey that got me to the start line at Austria Klagenfurt at 07:00 on 13th July 2008.

I knew I was ready - I had trained enough! I had taken on a coach, Steve Lumley, who put me through a plan that had covered over 6000 kilometers and 400 hours of gym, Pilates, swim, bike and run. I have also, in the last 6 months, learned a whole lot about efficiency and nutrition. When the race started, I was ready to fire on all cylinders - I was the best Martin I could be!

After confirming with Toni that the race had actually started, into the swim I went. It must have taken about 3 minutes - and 5 kicks in the face - for me to get totally freaked out on the swim. I had to get my head up out of the water to get my composure back. My heart rate must have shot up to about 190 bpm and I was in state of panic. The thought crossed my mind that maybe I should just pull out now and forget this whole damn thing. But, of course, that was not an option!

Having regained my composure, I got my head back under the water and slowed everything down, Very soon I had got my good old rhythm back - until about 10 minutes later when I breathed in about what felt like a gallon of water! Back up on the surface, getting everything back together and finding my bearings, I managed to get back into my rhythm. Getting to the first buoy seemed to take a life time ... but, thankfully, the second came up quite quick. With swarms of flailing arms around me, I had to trust that the people around me knew where they were going because I was never sure where the canal entrance was. Once in the canal, though, that frantic fight started again. The only reassuring thing was that, in the canal, I could feel I was really swimming very fast - thanks to the strong current!

I worked myself over to the right of the canal (as advised by Jevon) and it seemed a lot quieter there. The support from spectators on the sides of the canal was deafening - with hooters, whistles and many other noisy devices - and was really quite an amazing feeling swimming up the canal.

Finally ... the exit! I swam from the right over to the exit on the left and grabbed the biggest hand I could see. I was yanked out and I headed off to transition. Checking the clock, I was quite happy seeing 01:11 something, which was around the number I was hoping for.

In transition it was pretty crowded and I eventually got changed in the middle of what seemed like an open space. I did not even attempt to go into the tent. The only thing that did not go to plan was my sun cream. The spout was like a tap and I must have emptied a whole bottle onto myself! I planned to rub the cream in later, whilst I was on the bike. A cunning plan - until I realised that I would be wearing gloves on the bike! Doh!

Out of transition and gingerly onto the bike as hundreds of others were mounting their bikes - it all seemed a bit chaotic!

Soon I was off and down the main drag of Klagenfurt, stamping on the pedals as I passed the crowds and, before long, I was on the route next to the lake. I knew it would be about 10 km before I would pass family and supporters and I was already looking forward to that.

Having made it through the swim, it seemed like I could now settle down and start my own race. I now had to work on taking it easy as that was the advice many people, including my coach and Ironman Veterans, had given me. I decided to keep my heart rate below 130 on the bike, unless I was climbing, and when climbing never to let it go over 150. In just about no time, I passed the hotel where friends and family were supporting and it was really uplifting.

However, in front of me was the obstacle of getting through another 170 km and another 4 dreaded climbs! Support on the bike was always there and soon, into the first of the 4 climbs, it was a lot easier than I thought it would be. Over the top and there was the feed station ... bananas, water, and a few gulps of full fat warm coke and back into my pace.

I noted that I was getting to the stage where the strong cyclists had stopped passing me and I was now picking off the odd bike. It was also nice to be passing bikes going in the opposite direction on the bike course in the part where there was 2 way traffic and knowing that they must have been a good 20 km behind! Very good for the ego and motivation!

Into the second climb the music, supporters, DJ shouting "IRONMAN" and writing on the road made it quite easy too. Then the decent back to the race HQ to start the second lap. This was a very fast section - once or twice questioning my sanity being on the tri bars at speeds in excess of 65/70 km/h. Passing through HQ to start the second lap was

quite a high point of the race. Seeing a South African flag on the side spurred me on to shout “bokke” and the response was great! They even crossed the road to support me on the way out again.

The second lap was quite mundane other than the highlight of passing the family again and being caught in a major thunderstorm about half way around. The wet roads made the decent after the second climb a lot more subdued and none of those major speeds were clocked going back to race HQ. The storm also brought on a bit of my Asthma, but nothing to worry about at that stage.

Into transition again and, after struggling to get my Garmin off my bike, I headed for the loo. I must have had the longest pee of my life. This was because, having learned from my coach’s disaster of not finishing in Ironman Nice due to dehydration, I must have drunk way too much on the bike. I had gone a few times on the bike as well.

I got my ‘run bag’ and found a place to change. To my amazement, Nigel (my training buddy) was there and, to be honest, I never expected him to be there. I had to very quickly accept that he must have had one very strong bike. I had, by now, also worked out that my other rival – Doug - was also ahead of me. Nigel had agreed to do the run with me but I felt it would be wrong for him to do that and I told him to go on without me as I was still trying to get my running shoes on. The decision to have clean socks prepared with Vaseline in the toe box was a great idea as the bike socks and shoes were soaked. It had now stopped raining, so the dry socks were a blessing.

Out to the run and I looked up and saw the overhead sign – ‘Run 42km’ - and then it dawned on me that, in my whole life, I had never run more than 32km and this seemed almost like an impossible barrier. “Run with high cadence and run light” was what my coach had told me and so it would be. However, there aren’t words to describe the way the body feels at this time ... I ran the first 7 km at 05:30 min per km and was feeling okay (except my toes were really burning, my asthma was quite bad and the thought of running for another 35 km made me realise that I was in a fight now). Also, I had not seen family and friends yet as, due to the thunderstorm and closed roads, had been unable to get to the race course. I, of course, had not worked that out. The second 11 km loop really hurt ... I was struggling to breathe and I watched my speed drift to 05:59 per km. Just as the third lap started I had some coke and then I saw the family. “Wow guys this is really tough” I said. Sara spurred me on and said “you are doing well” and that was all I needed to lift my spirits.

I overtook more than 300 competitors on the run, making up for my losses on the bike. I then saw the

family again on the start of the 4th lap and really felt strong. I picked the pace up and knew I was going to do it now. My plan was to run the whole marathon, except to take on fluids through feeding stations, and that plan seemed possible too, now.

For the first time, I realised that a ‘sub 12 hour’ was possible and I worked really hard to make sure that was going to happen! To be honest, the thought had crossed my mind much earlier on the run, so I had kind of tried to keep the pace up to achieve that.

Into the finishing chute, I heard my sister and niece screaming support, and then some people jumped over the barrier - its Kendyll and Tyrone, my lovely kids! We hold hands as we run the last 50 metres and cross over the finishing line together!

It was quite emotional ... medal ... Ironman ... hugs from team mates ... hugs and kisses from family! Sara says “I am so proud of you” and there’s tears streaming down all our faces!

Time	11:57:09
Swim	01:11:45
Bike	06:24:33
Run	04:06:16
T1	05:24
T2	09:09

## A Letter To Cycling Weekly

By Dick Selley

Dear Sir,

Great interview with Shane Sutton last week, the man is a legend! I was reminded of when the Milton Keynes Cycling Association was considering running a training weekend in the early nineties and we decided to invite Shane to be our main speaker and guest rider.

He came and gave us a great talk full of good advice. Then came the time for the ride. All went well for the first part, Shane rode and talked to everyone, we were congratulating ourselves on a successful weekend.

That was when the dog joined in, he came out from under a farm gate like a low level Exocet missile, straight into the bunch. I can’t remember how many came down but it was a mess. Our own Kiwi, Jeff Hathaway, came off worst and sued the owner. He also provided a soft landing for Shane who was very grateful, I’m sure, I wonder if he can recall the incident. Good to see that he has remembered everything we have told him and has taken his coaching career to the next level and beyond.

Dick Selley  
NBRC & MKCA

## A Tidy Ride

By Chris Selley & the rest of the Dragon Ride Boy's

For a fresh challenge in 2008, Darren proposed an assault on the 5th Reid y Ddraig – Cymru (5th Dragon Ride – Wales), to be held on the 15 June.

Online entries for the event were open on 27/28 December 2007 at midnight, and with some gentle reminding, Russell & myself stood by our initial show of interest & emailed our entries for the Gran Fondo 180 km / 112 mile route, in preference to the shorter Medio Fondo 120 km / 75 mile.

This year's event was promoted as being a more intensified version of the 2007 course, taking in two classic UK category 1 climbs & passing through the stunning Brecon Beacons National Park. The need for some serious hill climb training was often discussed on Sunday morning club runs during the following winter & spring months, but was predictably left by me to the final few weeks before the event.

Darren offered to be driver for the weekend & asked Mike, a Team Deviant triathlete friend from Swansea, if he could put the three of us up for Saturday night prior to the event, which he kindly agreed to do. Darren had lived in Swansea for some years prior to moving to MK and was keen to catch up with old friends & visit past haunts before the ride.

As the weekend approached we learnt that a large group from Team MK were to ride, as well as Stuart (NBRC) & James (work colleague), who were both subsequently invited to stay at Mike's.

Saturday 14 June 2008, soon dawned with the excited loading of freshly oiled bikes & overstuffed sports bags into Darren's people carrier and rapid transfer onto M4 to Wales. The sun was shining & the radio was blaring.

As we approached Swansea a call was sent out to Mike (hands free) to advise him of our imminent arrival & to decide on a place for lunch. After outflanking hoards of dolled up valley girls in taxis & stretched limo's descending on Swansea, for Party in the Park, & dropping our bags off at Mike's, we eventually made it to a pub to watch Sean Williams live on TV outflank four Springboks to score a superb try in the corner for Wales.

Two pints later, we met up with hairy Dave (Team Deviant – South Africa returnee) & were shown the coves & cliffs west of Swansea where the local deviants swam, ran, kayaked & scuba dived.

Later on in the afternoon, we returned to Mike's house to wait for Stuart & James, before walking down to The Mumbles on the coast for pasta, pizza

& beer. With the Party in Park thumping in the distance we recounted past cycling exploits & looked forward to the ride ahead.

Alarms and a slap (by Stuart on James) rang out at 6am the next morning, and an orderly queue formed outside the kitchen for tea, cereal and toast. At 6.30am we were on the road, and by 7.00am we had arrived at the old Sony Factory car park. Bikes were assembled and we lightly spun down to the start at Pencoed College. Passing through the college we were funneled down a single concrete track road where we waited for an 8am start (photo. 01). After a short delay due to a limp start / finish arch, we were sent off at 4 minute intervals in groups of 200 riders.

The first few miles were a breeze, large groups of cyclists sweeping along, shepherded by marshals on motor bikes. Only a red traffic light on a steep incline was to spoil our fun. On green some 200 riders strained & stumbled to find their pedals before progressing further up the Ogmores Vale to the foot of the Bwlch.

The mountain road reared up fiercely at the beginning & I began to doubt whether I was up for the ride. Luckily the severity lessened and I was able to get into my own rhythm. Half way up we met Katherine, the first of many Team MK riders we were to see on the ride. At the top we regrouped, minus James who had sprinted ahead.

We then descended into the Rhondda Valley before climbing up Rhigos and to our first official feed stop for energy drink, bananas & cake. The sun came out as we watched riders come and go before we rejoined the ride & swooped down to the Medio / Gran Fondo split at Hirwaun.

The Gran Fondo now looped us out into the exposed beauty of the Brecon Beacons. The relentless rhythm of long arduous ascents & exciting descents continued to roll out in front of us, as my body began to realise that this was no ordinary Sunday club run. We still had not yet reached the half way mark.

At last we made the second feed station at Cray Reservoir (photo. 02) and I joined the desperate scramble for more energy drink, bananas & cake. I was tired & suffering a bit from stomach cramps, but still had the homeward leg to complete. This I realised was going to be a long day.

I carelessly missed Russell's wheel as he left the feed station, and struggled for the next leg of ride alone, before catching Stuart's passing wheel just before Neath. There then followed a short urban climb up to Cimla and the third feed station for energy drink & bananas. No cake! I compensated with an energy gel.

Mike kindly advised us that there were two climbs remaining. My renewed optimism however was short lived as we started the second ascent of the Bwlch, this time from the west. The road just continued to rise and rise, higher & higher without ever revealing its summit. It was soul destroying, relentless, you may know the feeling!! The road became absent of chat as people focused on every pedal stroke. At last the end, the summit, was highlighted to me by a passing rider. I raised my head and saw the road level off. Just below the summit the team gathered for ice creams & photos (photo. 03).

The finishing line was within touching distance as we sped down the Bwlch in single file, swooping through villages we had passed in the morning. Over a few unexpected climbs, then through the rolling landscape to Pencoed.

James was waiting for us, as we rolled in. We had completed the ride in approx. 8 hour 15 minutes. Not as fast as the majority of riders, but comfortably within the deadline time. We queued for a lamb burger & drink, then basked on the grass in the evening sun.



The departure of the portaloos soon signaled the need for us to make a move. We thanked Mike for his hospitality & said good bye to ??????? & ??????. After changing & packing the car, we set off home to the sound of Guns & Roses. Fortified with cups of Costa coffee and a feeling of accomplishment, we considered future rides.

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Well it was the moment that all of our efforts paid off as we met at the Wavendon Golf Club (yes i can't work out what that golf thing is all about as well), to receive any well earned accolades

Full list of NBRC prize-winners 2008:

Tony Parks	The Viceroy Cup 46.36 Fastest in Club '20' TT The Pine Rudi Cup 20.54 Fastest time in Open '10' TT The Sewell Cup 55.47 Fastest in nominated '25' TT The W J Goodman Memorial Cup 1.56.59 Fastest time in Open '50' TT The Club Short Distance BAR Cup 27.08mph Open '10' and '25' TTs Mike Westmoreland League Div 1 750 points Gold Medal The Bieres Pelforth Trophy 750 points Highest Vet in Club TT league Veteran League 1410 points Bronze Medal
Robert Saunders	The Veteran Trophy +23.55 Best on Standard in nominated '50' The New Year's Day 10 Cup 23.42 The Club 50 mile Championship Trophy 2.01.33 Fastest in nominated '50' TT The Bec CC Trophy 2.01.33 Fastest Vet in nominated '50' TT The E L White Memorial Trophy 4.17.39 Fastest time in Open '100' TT Mike Westmoreland League Div 1 710 points Silver Medal Veteran League 1475 points Silver Medal
Gilbert Wheelwright	The Veteran League Trophy & Gold Medal 1485 points Best on Standard in Club '10' TTs The Hale Trophy 44.51 Fastest handicap in nominated '25'
Steve Abraham	The 24 hour Club Competition 382.18 miles Furthest distance in Open 24 hour
John Buchanan	The Eileen Gingell Shield For perseverance
Mary Hartley	The Brush Cup Meritorious performance
Brian Hills	The Tarmac Trophy
Chris Selley	Club Hill Climb 2-36.2 Bronze Medal
Mike Westmoreland	League Div 3 260 points Silver Medal
Dick Selley	The Freewheel Trophy
Chris Hartley	Mike Westmoreland League Div 2 470 points Silver Medal
Alan Lawson	Mike Westmoreland League Div 2 380 points Bronze Medal
Chris Parkes	Mike Westmoreland League Div 3 253 points Bronze Medal
Tim Carter	The Veterans Road Race Trophy The Cinzano Trophy 20.39 Fastest time in Club '10' TT series The Club 10 mile Championship Trophy 21.37 Fastest in nominated Club '10' TT

Stuart Chung	The Newcomers Cup Best Newcomer Mike Westmoreland League Div 3 370 points Gold Medal
Dave Garrard	The Mal Rees Shield 207.19 miles Furthest distance in Open 12 hour
Katherine Dilks	The Ladies Trophy 19.083mph
David Skeggs	The Tempat Angor Betwani Jug Most improved rider
Ian Stokes	The President's Plate For Services to the Club
Richard Stanton	The 'Goz' Goodman Road Race Trophy
Brian Primett	The P&D Hill Climb Trophy 2-22.2 Gold Medal
Gareth Richards	Club Hill Climb 2-33.7 Silver Medal
Kevin Stokes	Mike Westmoreland League Div 1 660 points Bronze Medal
Darren Haydon	Mike Westmoreland League Div 2 520 points Gold Medal
Gareth Richards	Wooden Spoon