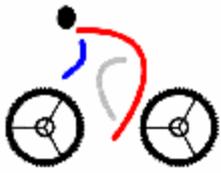
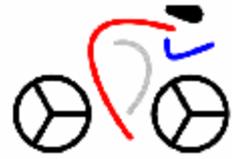




TEAM CAMBRIDGE
CYCLING CLUB



THE SP KESMAN TEAM CAMBRIDGE



April 2012 (just)

Volume 24, Issue 3 (approx)

The Battle of Perne Road

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Stop Press: the UN security council met last week over a cup of instant and a packet of fig rolls to discuss the recent coup d'etat in the Middle Distance.

Reports from the scene suggest that the reign of the long-standing ruler "El Chairman" Tony Clarke has been usurped by none other than the "Quiet Man™" Trevor Kimber as men's Middle Distance Champion.



The Quiet Revolution

Inevitably, anything connected with our Trev involved a great deal of noise and the Team Cambridge website has issued a communique declaring him to be the de facto ruler.

Meanwhile, the ousted leader was seen making a speedy getaway in one of the official staff cars loaned by the Cuban government and financed by the Office for Democratic Services.



Rainfall data in Cambridge:-

- April 2007: 1.9 mm
- April 2008: 42.8 mm
- April 2009: 13.2 mm
- April 2010: 11.2 mm
- April 2011: 1.7 mm
- April 2012: 86 mm and counting...

2012: The Prologue

The first race of the new season was a cracker, with the night's winner James Dixon just missing out on beating Cambridge University's Tom Morris's record time of 13 minutes and 7 seconds, set in April 2009.

James's time was 13:36 and as I watched him cross the line it was clear that his technique was of the highest class, with a low aero position maintained all the way through the final sprint to the finish.





Newton Circuit: 11th April 2012

The evergreen Simon Denney was the fastest Team Cambridge warrior with a time of 14:47, just behind Cambridge CC's mighty Nick Jackson and CUCC's Hayley Simmons.

Just over a minute separated the next several placings and yours truly's p.b. was eclipsed by that cheeky upstart Shelton Pell, himself earning a personal best time that is likely to be the first of many this season.

bridge Tri club and a smattering of new faces.

The young 'uns did well too, with both Danielle and Peter achieving personal best times - the short distance and relative shelter from the wind working in their favour compared to the usual courses.

A good kick-off to the new season then, and let's hope this is more typical than the freezing cold slog that the next week's outing turned out to be...!



Angie makes a smart getaway... smarter than the cameraman!

Despite the temperature not quite reaching the balmy levels of last year, and the moderately stiff headwind on the long stretch from Whittlesford to Little Shelford, there was still a respectable field of 23 entrants, with a good showing from Cam-



The racing season starts here...

Bikewatch Teenage Rampage!

Yellie's bike was spotted in the "technical area" at the Newton course, having undergone a rapid evolution from a "first proper road bike" to a lean mean speed machine.

The Quit Man™ kindly donated one of his bikes to Danielle, as her Islabike was becoming outgrown for competition purposes, especially as her fast aggressive racing style is well beyond the ordinary for most girls of her age.

The lighter wheels and Campanolo equipment was a definite upgrade, but the frame still had too much growing room for comfort.

Luckily, No. 1 Dad Kaptain Kev disappeared into the garage with both bikes and reappeared with this - it's a hybrid, but not as we know it!



Yell if you wanna go faster!

The Islabike frame and lighter wheels go together nicely, and the results speak for themselves.

Now, how about a paint job to match, Dad?

**Luckily No. 1 Dad
Kaptain Kev
disappeared into the
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this...**



Easter weekend promised a chance to get some miles in, with the family decamping to the in-laws' at Wroxham on Norfolk for the bank holiday weekend.

The plan was to ride up while Caroline, kids and dog went in the car, and then back again on the bank holiday Monday.

Wrambling wround Wroxham

So much for the plan: being completely knackered after work and an infected eye meant that I couldn't see with both eyes, so the bike went on the rack in the hope of riding later on.

Sunday after church gave an opportunity for a getaway, despite dodgy weather and partial eyesight! The scenery of the broads is lovely and the riding is potentially great,

except that in order to cross the infrequent bridges over the frequent rivers, you have to mix it with the holiday makes with their caravans and campervans on the main roads.

Nonetheless, I felt I had earned my roast lunch although the rest of the family were well into the champagne by the time I emerged from the shower.

On the Easter Monday, the ride home was more like a crucifixion: the head wind and a detour to avoid the traffic on the A143 meant it took all of seven hours to cover the 81 miles home!

More on this little adventure in a future issue...

Lea Valley CC E2/25 14th April 2012



Weather wise, it was a cool northerly wind that greeted two Team Cambridge riders for our first fast course event of the season.

The Quiet Man™ was off 5 minutes before me and I was hoping to have another chance of beating Trevor before he starts going fast again.

Looking at the wind and knowing it was not going to be easy on the return leg, I remarked to Trev that I would be pleased with getting round in about an hour and eight.

How fast?

At the off I managed to touch 35mph on the slip road to the A14 and then hovered above 25mph all the way to the turn to get there in around 28 minutes.

On the slip road for the return leg and I felt the wind blow straight at me reducing me to a crawling pace to the top of the first rise. After this there were a good few miles of sheltered sections that allowed me to pick up the pace.

It was on one of these sections where I saw Trevor who had unfortunately punctured and was at the side of the road replacing his tyre.



Trev, flat

At the BP garage which is around 1.5 miles from the finish I had a quick glance at my clock to find it at only 58 minutes!

by *Kaptain Kev*

Trying to push as hard as possible I was spurred on by the thought that a PB was on the cards and crossed the finish line in a new personal best time of 1:03:09.

Looking at the result sheet at the HQ it looked like around 100 riders all came in under the hour including a 72in middle gear rider who achieved an amazing time of 51 minutes. Local rider Nick Jackson did it in 54:09.

Top of the table was Michael Hutchinson with a new course record of 49:36.

So for me, the season has started with a PB just like last year. I just hope that it is not a repeat of the last season where I was always outdone by the wind and only got near to my season PB once.



Kev, flat out

Thanks to Dave Jones for the pictures.

“Trying to push as hard as possible, I was spurred on by the thought that a PB was on the cards”



This pair of primates proved that they were made of more than monkey metal when they braved the ele-

Brass Monkeys! Bottisham 10, April 18th

ments in the second of the season's evening 10's. (Note: one of them is naturally that shape; the other one isn't).

Nonetheless, the leg warmers stayed on (and any other apparel available to hand, as the already chilly temperature dropped during the course of the evening.

There was a steady head wind on the outward leg; however there was a modicum of shelter in the lee of Nine Mile Hill, making the

lung-busting early climb no worse than normal.

Unsurprisingly, there were no PBs that evening, but a couple of plucky performances from CUCC visitors (blessed with the vigour of youth) and the unstoppable Nick Jackson (usually last to arrive and never last to finish).

That man Shelton Pell bulldozed his way up the rankings again, beating stalwart campaigner Trevor Avis, but still nearly a minute

(Continued on page 4)



Some say hypothermia leads to irrational behaviour—
Shelton disagrees

The Quiet Man™

**Team Cambridge
Cycling Club**

**President: Doug Parker
Chairman: Tony Clarke
Hon. Secretary: Sue Clarke
Treasurer: Pauline Parker
Racing Sec: Paul Millard
MTB Secretary: Kaptain Kev
Membership Sec: The Quiet Man™
SpokesTwit: Champagne Charlie**



www.team-cambridge.co.uk

*The friendly family cycling club,
where red and yellow is
always the new black...*



Coffee, biscuits, results.

(Continued from page 3)
behind Simon “Crazylegs”
Denney, Team Cam-
bridge’s man for all sea-
sons.

All agreed it was a hard
ride: at best a training ses-
sion for the coming season.
I found it was difficult,
even after a warm-up, to
keep my legs warm enough
to work hard, and on the
final stretch to the finish I
could feel the cold eating
through my leg-warmers.
Our time-keepers are made
of tough stuff, of course,
and they were on hand to
record the results despite
the several extra minutes
most riders required!

Hosepipe Ban! Bottisham 25th April



No need for hosepipes this week—the weather returned to its seasonal stereotype with full effect. Luckily most of the racers managed to get out and back again without getting a soaking, although the event itself was open to some doubt. Nevertheless, there was a decent turnout of 16 riders prepared to take a chance on riding or returning home if the conditions were too bad. The rain or wind isn’t a problem in itself, but too much surface water can reduce the visibil-



Race finished, now for the warm up!

ity for car drivers to the point where the event has to be cancelled for safety’s sake.

Fifteen minutes before leaving the house, I looked out of the window and it was peeing down and I had almost decided to stay at home—then the sun came out and it was fine!

Most riders reported a complete variety of weather out on the course, with the squalls changing the speed and direction of the wind several times in their ride.

My time was slower than last week, but I did discover the benefit of being slow: my legs didn’t ache the following day!



Denzil knew he’d never get to the pub before last orders.

and the Van

(Editor’s note: as your scribe and witness was at the back at the

time of the incident (and most of the day), the exact train of events is “open to interpretation” by the reader.)

I think it’s now safe to recount the tale of how the Team Cambridge audax peloton, led by the sturdy personage and ever cheerful persona of The Quiet Man™ nearly came to grief.

Having already undertaken a minor diversion (inevitably, up a hill) in the early stages, our faith in our guide and de-facto leader (see front page article) nearly proved our undoing when we followed him down a greasy single-track lane, with a slippery ridge of grass along the middle and a liberal sprinkling of gravel on each of the “tarmac” wheel tracks.

From the front there was a shout! And then, much scrabbling for brake levers, frantic unclipping of pedals, rear tyres fishtailing from side to side and juddering of front forks and wheels under the strain of emergency braking. Thankfully, once the fuss had died down, everyone was more or less upright and unhurt.

It turns out that a transit van driven by one of the locals was coming the other way, and the lady living in the cottage at the bottom of the hill just around the blind corner had heard the van and also presumably our Trev in full voice, and had nipped out to warn the van driver just in time, before a largish Campagnolo-equipped dent appeared in his bonnet!