



Team Cambridge
Cycling Club

THE SP KESMAN TEAM CAMBRIDGE

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Editor:
"Champagne" Charlie

Spring Springeth!

Welcome to this latest issue of the Spokesman, product of a mind bereft of race results, relevant photos and sleep.

Still, the racing season is fast upon us, so it's time to clear out the metaphorical and physical shed, to make way for the treats that the summer has in store.

Browse on, gentle reader, and look forward to those lazy days of summer when all I have to do is paste in the race results...

The Team Cambridge Prize-giving Dinner 2012

Once again, Angie pulled off a brilliant coup by booking the Community Centre at Over, giving the event a surreal atmosphere that even Las Vegas would struggle to match:

*You want line dancing?
... Yes Siree!*

*You want premiership football?
... Actually, no thanks!*

*You need bouncers?
... Really? In Over?*

*You want Paul Daniels?
... Definitely not!*

*So what's with the waistcoat?
... It's Paul "Magneto" Millard:
alchemist, illusionist, handicap
setter, and... fortune teller!*

In the corner lay the real attraction—no, not the Quiet Man™, but the Aladdin's cave of silverware, ripped from it's keepers' grasp and ready to be dished out to each eager contestant.

Who would be the next lucky holder of the "If Only" award? Would Alan Kidd once again

need to buy a catering-size bottle of silver polish?

Would there even be a surprise victor in the highly coveted MTB trophy?

Hell, Yes! Good job Shelton put on his Stella McCartney inspired Olympic 2012 drinking shirt for the occasion.

Gradually the room grew silent and all eyes turned towards the array of trophies; even those without a cat in Hell's chance of winning anything felt the lure.

A hoarse rasping whisper broke the silence: "My precioussss... that nasty sneaky Hobbit won the handicap trophy again! We wants it, doesn't we, my precious. Gollum, Gollum wants it right now..."

Generally though, the trophies ended up in the right hands, and warm applause greeted new boy Paul Littlebike's rapid rise to form over the season to take the ten mile handicap



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Top after-dinner speakers often command high fees for their services—so we didn't book one!

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Roll of Honour 2011 Champions

- w 10 Mile Champion
Alan Kidd
- w 25 Mile Champion
Ralph Hancock
- w 10 Mile Handicap
Paul Littledyke
- w 25 Mile Handicap
Katy Parker
- w Evening 10 Series
Alan Kidd
- w Circuit Series
Peter Millard
- w Juvenile Series
Peter Millard
- w Men's Middle Distance
Tony Clarke
- w Ladies' Middle Distance:
Sue Clarke
- w Ladies' BAR Trophy
(not awarded)
- w Club BAR Champion
(not awarded)
- w F.E.N. Trophy
Trevor Kimber
- w Fastest 10 Mile
Alan Kidd
- w Hill Climb Trophy
Simon Denny
- w "If Only" Award
Simon Bowden
- w Ron Edwards Memorial
Trophy
Alan Kidd
- w Under 18 BAR
Peter Millard
- w MTB Series Champion
Shelton Pell



Time to sort out the Shed!

If Dave Brailsford had a shed (and I'm sure he does), I bet it wouldn't look like this.

Why? Because only when mind, body and shed are in total harmony can world class performance be achieved. Just think of the amount of stuff you'd be able to remember if your head wasn't full of junk like 1980's music and anything related to football!

So, it's time to prise open the door, toss the toys, garden chairs and

miscellaneous cobwebby articles out onto the patio, and make room for that new bike you'd promised yourself this year...

So, with this in mind it's time to give the Spokesman a spring clean, to make way for the new season's race results, exciting tales of two-wheeled adventures and bike-related trivia that will undoubtedly come flooding into the editorial inbox in the coming weeks.



Does your shed look like this? No? Quite right, there ought to be at least a couple of MTBs in there...

That's a hint, by the way... CCT

Tarmac Terriers' Tribune: Trevor's Mystery 25

Not quite the usual service yet, but thanks to Trevor Avis's intrepid foray into the arena last weekend, we have something to report. Here are the known facts:

- Last Sunday was March 25th.
- There's only one Trevor Avis.

Everything else contained in this report is either a hazy recollection of what he told me last night on the club ride, or totally fabricated.

"It was a relief to find that he'd not gone completely bonkers and decided that racing tricycles was a rational pastime!"

I tried to pad out my sketchy knowledge with a browse through the CCT Handbook, but no event was listed for that date on the E1/25, and a trawl of the internet produced only a batch of results for the Tricycle Association.

Now, we know Trevor as a sensible sort of chap, so it was quite a relief to find that he'd not gone completely bonkers and decided that racing tricycles was a rational pastime!

Anyway, here's what I think he said:-

"The course is a deceptive one, with a downhill start and various odd inclines and a killer of an uphill finish. Despite the recent sunny weather, Sunday morning

was foggy and nearly freezing, making it hard to get the legs up to speed. Nevertheless, there seemed to be a slight tailwind going up to the turn and Sawston roundabout, with a flattering time at half-way. Then strangely, the reverse direction also seemed to have a following breeze!"

Trevor's luck came to an abrupt end just past Hinxtton church, when the breeze went against him, and it was a battle to the finish.

Results (abridged)

The Winner 55 minutes or so.
Our Trevor 1 hour and a bit.

(Apologies to our regular Tribune readers: normal service will be resumed as soon as possible.)

Prizegiving Dinner 2012 *(Continued from page 1)*

award, and Peter "The Twig" Millard's clutch of prizes reflected his increasing stamina and pace.

Katy Parker was the deserving winner of the 25 mile handicap trophy, thus demonstrating that either the handicapping system works, or that the ongoing recession has reduced the number of bribes.

Then, the big news—after the season's most unpredictable off-road series (i.e. Simon Bowden didn't turn up to win every race), our newest of new lads, the irrepressible Shelton Pell took the prize with three straight wins.

After the trophies came a decent clutch of club standards, mostly won by the younger members of Team Cambridge, and a vote of thanks for our ever-present and ever-reliable timekeepers Colette and Pauline, and to Angie for organising a friendly and pleasant get-together.

Now, I must get my form in for some club standards: surely I haven't got that much slower over the winter...



Is the Quiet Man suffering from stage fright, or has he been silenced by "The Shirt"?

Tales of an Office Bike: Shazza gets horny!

Just to lower the tone in what is an otherwise exemplary icon of journalistic integrity, here's another instalment of one bike's descent from grace and eventual redemption: a bit like Black Beauty, only not so well written and not about a horse.

Way back in September 2010, I told the tale of how Tony's retired Mercian globe-trotter came my way and was transformed into an office hack, introducing me to the arcane delights of wheel-building and the peculiar challenge of creating a recession-busting bicycle for a total outlay of less than twenty quid.

Now, generally speaking I am a traditional sort of cove, not to say

backward, but for some reason I never could get on with the old-school drop handlebars with their narrow width and round-shouldered profile—like many riders I use the tops most of the time and this made my wrists ache something chronic. Also, for riding around town the slight delay in changing grip on the bars to reach the brakes in traffic meant the difference between urban chic and an embarrassing sprawl across someone's rear windscreen.

So, out came the hacksaw and while I was at it I replaced the raggedy old brake cable with a find from my shed—a clutch cable from a Ford Fiesta that I owned twenty years ago!

C'est tres belle, n'est-ce pas?



They don't make 'em like this any more!

*Next time, Champagne Charlie discovers the delights of another vintage cycling experience—**toe overlap!***

Training with Champagne Charlie

By now, most of you will be ready for the start of the racing season—first race is less than 2 weeks away; Wooo Hooo!

If you're a proper racer like our Trevor, you'll already have an event or two under your belt to blow away the cobwebs.

So, what do you do if you've been chained to your desk for five months, with a cold that hasn't left your bronchial tubes since Boxing Day? Well, the obvious solution is the Team Cambridge circuit training session on Monday nights,

followed by the eagerly awaited club ride-outs, which due to the growing stamina and speed of the younger members is becoming a proper challenge to some of us older folk!

And if, like me, other commitments have reduced your attendance on circuit training nights to a mere four out of a possible twelve post-Xmas, then here's the answer (I hope)! Are you ready?

*"Oops, up-side your head, I said
Oops up-side your head...!"*



Fitness training with friends is much more fun, and you don't feel the pain until much later...

Gardening for Cyclists: Part 1

Welcome to our new feature for 2012: it's been a while in development, but as editorial constraints dictate I shall be seeking to share the fruits (geddit?) of horticultural wisdom for the benefit of you, gentle reader.

Now, it has to be acknowledged that cyclists are not naturally disposed to have green fingers—why should they? There are far too many activities that crowd in on one's valuable riding time without the added burden of looking after something that (like children) gets to become

unruly and a complete pain in the neck if left to its own devices.

Gardening is one of those things that is likely to need doing on one of those sunny days when you could be on your bike, and the muscle groups used in digging, weeding and so on are completely different to those needed to power your pedals.

So, in the coming months we will show you how the pain and misery can be avoided...



Simon realised that training on his allotment did nothing to improve the soil structure...



“Up the ‘Uts” again—first Audax of the year

Simon “The Badger” Bowden’s call to arms early in the new year was met by seven Team Cambridge members (plus one Mildenhall rider in Newmarket kit, just to confuse matters), of varying shapes, sizes and ages (but only one gender, sadly), but all with the same goal in mind: to cover 200 hilly kilometres in one day, quite early on in the cycling year.

No need to worry about the weather: my memories of this event since “The Joy of Bungalows, by Coan Jollins” (SM April 2008), of howling south-westerly winds were banished by the light airs and gentle



You don't get classy treatment like this in your £30 sportive entry!

sunshine on the morning; perfect for a day of riding.

The route was an excellent blend of country lanes and rolling hills, and with a reasonably relaxed (from Si’s point of view) pace, there was still enough breath to allow conversation except on the bigger climbs.



The joy of Audax - refreshments!



That's my thumb, that is...

One memorable incident was The Quiet Man™’s head-on near-collision with a Transit van on a single track blind bend, but it was so funny (from a safe distance) that it will be worth spinning out into a separate article of its own...

Charlie’s off the back...



Steve’s idea of rehydration: Guinness one side; Red Bull the other.

Meanwhile, the enthusiastic effort from the hard-core winter riders started to take its toll on the less well-trained members of the peloton, and on every incline yours truly started to lose ground, only to make it up again on the

downhill sections, where the heavier mass of man and machine (ahem!) turned into an advantage. The lunch break (no grab-and-go affair in an audax) recharged the batteries, although Phil “Schleck the Third”’s selection of tomato soup followed by custard, due to gluten intolerance, would have made fainter souls feel downright queasy.

However, inevitably the elastic snapped after about twenty miles of hanging on, and I decided to let the others go and have a 15 minutes rest. This did the trick and I picked up the pace to get to HQ in much better form at 98 miles, but only Simon, Steve, the Quiet Man™ and Chris made it to the finish, at around 7 pm.



Long-distance sprinter Simon makes his break, 40 miles from the line...

Erratum

It’s good to know that someone reads this drivel from time to time: Sue kindly pointed out to me that I had missed her name off the list of club officials in the last issue. (In fact I was just trying to pad out a bit of space by including it anyway, and petite Sue doesn’t take up much room!)

Anyway, this is restored in the current issue, and just as well,

since the position of club secretary is one of those tasks that doesn’t get much attention, but to anyone who has attended the normal sort of interminable committee meetings, Sue’s minutes are the very essence of brevity, and that is a rare talent indeed.

Not only that, but she manages to keep our club Chairman pointing



Your editor showing signs of amnesia.

in the right direction most of the time, and has cycled more miles than most of us would manage in a car, let alone by pedal power!

Gardening for Cyclists: Part 1 and a bit

Did you know?

In the time it takes to compile one issue of the Spokesman, Tony and Sue can circumnavigate the globe three times and consume far more pub lunches than the rest of us could reasonably justify.

The Larger Garden

For those of you with a decent-sized plot of land, such as Champagne Charlie ought to have inherited were it not for the misdeeds of previous generations and the depredations of inheritance tax, a most suitable feature to include in one's estate is a ha-ha.

Made popular in the 17th century as a means of keeping out wandering livestock while leaving an



Kaptain Kev shows the proper way to negotiate a ha-ha

uninterrupted view of one's carefully landscaped acres, this can be a valuable aid to developing your off-road handling skills.

Firstly, you will need a decent amount of land in order to make a proper job of it. This can be done by enclosing a nearby common land—you may need to ask a friend to sneak the bill through the House on a quiet lunchtime, or go to dinner with you-know-who. You may also need to move a few peasants and their villages out of the way. This isn't as simple as it used to be, but the results will justify the effort.

This is why I love my bike.

This isn't about time-trialling, mountain bike racing or anything like that, but one Friday I was reminded of the kind of pleasure that using a bicycle can give, in a very simple way.

It didn't start all that well: my resolution to "get some miles in" before the season is well-known to most amateur pedallers who rely on a weekly commute and a few Sunday rides over the winter to keep the middle-age spread at bay combined with the unseasonal dry sunny weather, and a handful of work appointments in town meant that using the car would have been sheer folly.

I planned my timings and chose my clothing—not too sporty (or unflattering) for meeting customers, not too smart to spoil the ride or get ruined on the building site; and set off down from Balsham to Fulbourn, as the chill of the early morning fog was being burned away by the sun.

Then—*pssst!* My rear tyre went flat in seconds. No problem, out with the spare tube...

He showed me the soles of his shoes - in an Arabic country this would have been a mortal insult...

Oh no! that's leaking too; out with the patches... Aagh! I must have left them in the garage when I fixed the flats in my mtb! One shamefaced phone call to Andy to rescue me in Derek the van, and we rolled up to my first appointment 30 minutes late.

My client turned around and showed me the sole of his shoe—in an Arab country this would have been a mortal insult, but it was to show me that he was wearing SPD cleats as the mark of a fellow cyclist and he kindly then disappeared off to the nearest bike shop to buy me some puncture patches while I discussed the project

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"We have seen the elusive man!! He is alive although not very well having fallen off his mountain bike and dislocated his shoulder. It is in sling and he must not move it for 4 weeks. It promises to be a very boring month. He even managed to do this on the day before he retired so that he missed his last day at work. The only good thing about all this is that Clare phoned us just before the club room to tell us that his work-mates had delivered his leaving cake and she needed some

Where's Jeffrey?

Team Cambridge riders to help finish it. The cake was beautiful and showed Jeff on his bike on a green cake with mountains and fir trees behind. Needless to say, Steve, Sue and I were willing volunteers to help consume it.



Yin, Yang, and coleslaw.

Jeff and Clare will be moving to his mother's house in Southampton and then on to Dorset when they have sold it. They will be back every few weeks as they are letting their current house in Cambridge."

- Tony Clarke

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



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



Olympic Watch: only 23,759 press releases to go!

Is it just me, or has anyone else clocked the uncanny similarity between the new Team GB outfits and the Team Sky kit? Let's imagine the creative process for a moment:-



Stella McC: "I asked the athletes what it was about their kit that would help them achieve their best performance."

Rupert M: "That's fine with me, love!"



Design your very own 2012 Team Kit!

This idea could catch on—with the help of a little computer wizardry, anyone can bring their own 2012 ideas to life!

- Step 1: Choose your favourite team outfit.
- Step 2: Add your own 2012 logo.
- Step 3: Admit your blatant infringement of copyright.
- Step 4: Spend the Olympic Games in jail.



Team Kazakhstan take inspiration from the Team Cambridge look.

This is why I love my bike.

(Continued from page 5)

with his builder.

The next leg out to Coton took far less time than I expected and I was back on schedule.

Next stop Landbeach; not on my regular track so I had to guess my e.t.a. and phone ahead to rendezvous with another builder. Giving myself a reasonable margin, I set off into town and then left up Milton road and over the A14 on the cycle bridge, past the throngs of office workers escaping the Science Park on their lunch break. 37 minutes: not racing speed but pretty good for a well-laden bike in urban traffic and I was in plenty of time to cool down and prepare to explain why I didn't want to drive a car today.

Meeting finished, it was then time for a lazy late lunch on the banks of the river Cam, using the



*I could (should) have been working; I could have been driving a car.
But then, I wouldn't have been here!*

car-free (but plenty of bikes and joggers) towpath that I hadn't used before.

A casual glance at my watch gave a sudden realisation that I needed to crack on if I was going to be back in Balsham in time for the school run, and by the time I

had gone to the bridge at the Green Dragon and back again on the other bank, it was flat out all the way up the hill, just in time for the school bell to mark the end of my day's ride. - CCT