



Team Cambridge Cycling Club

Doug & Pauline host the Official 2012 Garden Party (while Shelton cooks)

Volume 24, Issue 8

Too late for Sept 2012
(Revised Oct 2012)

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Boris, there's no need to abseil from the roof...

Your anti-social correspondent reports: Sad to say, I wasn't there on the evening, so regrettably I missed out on Shelton's skills at the barbecue.

Apparently it was a bit parky in the evening, leading to said barbecue being placed inside the New Team Cambridge Gazebo (pictured). Some might say health and safety has gone mad, but rules are made for a reason, children...

Living the Legacy: after the time trials end...

The TT machine hangs from the rafters in the garage, tyres deflated, gathering the first of the winter's cobwebs.

Racing shoes, still spattered from that last damp evening's ride home, lie in the bike cupboard.

Wednesday evenings are claimed by domestic obliga-

tions, and the naive dreams of a sunlit summer of PBs and fig rolls at the roadside fade into memory: the seeds of fables sown, ready to grow with each recollection.

Evenings close in, now dark at a time when we were standing outside, chatting in the sunshine.

What then: ride to work?

Cyclocross? Anyone who eats chips and chocolate can claim to be Belgian, but they may not pass the real test.

For the rest of us, it's a choice between the long-neglected MTB and the turbo-trainer:



I'd better make sure the Salsa is still in one piece!



Crest C.C. Off-Road Sportive

The absence of the much-loved Tour of the Cornfields from this year's calendar left a bit of a hole in the winter season's training diary: luckily a new(ish) event from the famed Ilford club Crest CC came to the rescue.

Organised in sportive format, there were loops of 30km and 50km radiating from Crest's HQ at Stag Hall, one of "The Uts" near Ugley. Combining these made 80km: eminently suitable for Team Cambridge's finest, in the peak of their condition.

Your editor's recruitment drive brought forth the ever-

dependable Kaptain Kev and Magneto Millard, plus the supercharged Paul Littlebike, the latter in racehorse-like condition thanks to riding regularly in the company of Mr S. Denny and his famous crazy lower limbs.

Shelton was unaccountably out of earshot, but we were bolstered by Jonathan and Paul's mate Andy.

This happy band was surrounded by milling hordes of MTB riders, plus a fair number of late-season time-triallers braving the blustery E1/30 event based at the hut next door, plus a road spor-



tive and also some sort of charity ride in the neighbourhood.

We all got a pair of raffle tickets for each leg of the ride: luckily we didn't have to stuff a bottle of sherry into our jersey pockets, but the liqueur chocolates might have helped in the later stages...

Paul set off at a cracking pace and the rest of us gamely followed to an accompaniment of coughs and wheezes as the MTB cobwebs were



Kaptain Kev rallies the troops with a rousing speech

Take That and pedal...

dislodged from bronchial pipework.

The surprise arrival of the erstwhile Ben Haywards/Over The Hill race team caught the paparazzi off guard, as they missed a reunion almost as newsworthy as that other boy band a few years ago...

My workmate Andy (still in denial over D2D entry) had

clearly been networking and the presence of Matt (the blond one), Jef (the Scottish one) and John (the one with the wonky collarbone) upped the ante still further, by giving us a 15 minute lead from the start. How far would we get before the unspoken "hare and hounds" race reached its natural conclusion?



Relaxing outside Stag Hall: Paul practices the "D2D Yawn"

As it happened, we managed surprisingly well (by my standards) despite an early puncture for Li'lbike giving us a chance for a breather and a spot of attitude adjustment. Paul's expectations duly managed, we also paused to oil Snr. Magneto's squealing chain, restoring harmony to our happy team.

The denouement occurred in the middle of a rutted stretch of farm track, in

which the puddles in each rut became progressively deeper, causing mayhem amongst the large congregation of other riders, some of which felt obliged to lie down in the presence of the oncoming Kaptain.

This took a bit of unscrambling, by which time the OTH boys had pulled ahead, with Li'lbike in hot pursuit. Andy C, riding more soberly, checked in a minute or so later, and we all set off at varying speeds, until Li'lbike

either blew up or cartwheeled into a hedge.

Respect to the boy, he did neither, so it was only Kaptain Kev's pre-prandial puncture that delayed his lunch break, but yours truly was spurred on by the thought of tea and cake and made sure of his place at the trough.

The second leg, lap of loop of the event was done without the company of OTH, probably due to an appearance on X-factor or some-such, but

luckily Team Cambridge Mud Munchers remain immune to the siren call of fame and celebrity and the decision to carry on required no debate, such is the power of the Kaptain's charismatic leadership.

The morning's ride left us wanting more, and we got it. A bit more tarmac admittedly, and the first turn off-road into the middle of a nettle-infested hedge would have

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Crest C.C. Off-Road Sportive

(Continued from page 2)

been a bit daunting for any novice rider who had yet to be blooded by the experience of a wet D2D, but the stretches of fast gravel-surfaced downhill trails interspersed with small jumps (not for earthbound me), roots and berms bore witness to the amount of misspent time the route planners had invested in the excellent course.

Jon was feeling the effects of the early fast pace in the later stages, but we all knew we were there but for the grace of God and all having a really good time, and enjoying the buzz from riding as a group—how many times have you ridden a really nice bit of trail and wished there was someone else there to share it with you?

So, by the time we rolled in to Stag Hall, we were hungry, elated and ready for more off-road adventures. I hope that feeling is still with us when its 3 a.m. and we're sitting in a gazebo staring at each other through a film of mud...

Top marks to Crest C.C. for their friendly welcome, top-class catering and the unbeatable atmosphere that one of The Uts provides, with its faded posters of Poulidor, Antequil and Merckx giving a subliminal blessing to the whole occasion.



Following the weekend's ride out with the Scouts, my Ridgeback faced a drastic increase in pace last Monday, when the club ride was dragged along by the pan-generational Burch duo at an unseemly rate of knots.

Legs shredded, I clambered back aboard for the more sedate ride home to Balsham. As I enjoyed the near-tailwind, I noticed a vague lurching motion from the back of the bike, and the next morning on the way to work the daylight revealed a kick in the rear wheel.

Bike Watch

Anticipating a quick truing-up session, I took the wheels into OWL bikes in Sawston, to see if they had a wheel builder in their workshop.

Luckily, their boss spotted the cracks around the spoke holes of the rear rim, but unfortunately they were tied up with supplying a big order of recycled bike to the university to take on any new jobs.

A perusal of the CTC web forum revealed several other cases of Alex DH19 rims

cracking prematurely, so a new set of rims was the order of the day, with a proper build.

Brother Mark recommended Dave at Station Cycles in Histon, so last week I took them in to him and ordered Mavic A719s with DT Swiss Champion spokes.

Despite the fact these will be no lighter than their predecessors, I'm looking forward to getting them and getting back on the road!



Help, I'm running out of bikes!

Committee Corner



Things haven't been quite the same since Tony and Sue took their holiday in Cuba—they've come over all democratic!

Having said that, we've got the US presidential elections to look forward to (aren't we excited?) and that should redress the balance somewhat.

So, we have Glasnost to thank for this next page of

the Spokesman: an editor's dream (nightmare: see *), since it merely required cutting and pasting into a blank page.

Those of us with experience of other committees will note the following:

1. The secretary's minutes contained no spelling errors
2. The treasurer's re-
3. port was accurate and up to date
4. The meeting was concluded on time
5. Peter Millard was excused attendance due to a surfeit of facial hair.
6. If Team Cambridge organized the railways, the trains would run on time.

Minutes of committee meeting held on Monday 30th July 2012 (abridged)

Attendance

Tony Clarke, Sue Clarke, Doug Parker, Pauline Parker, Kevin Parker, Angela Parker, Katy Parker, Paul Millard, Nigel Burch, Trevor Avis, Charles Tallack, Trevor Kimber.

Apologies for absence

Peter Millard.

Minutes of the last meeting

The minutes of the last meeting having been previously circulated, were read and approved as a true record.

Matters arising

A club membership list has been distributed and the handbook project is in hand.

It was agreed to purchase a new gazebo for £150.

There has been no further action regarding the club barbecue.

Tony Clarke thanked club members for their help in running the open 10.

Compliments have been received from many of the riders.

Secretary's Report

The CTT renewal form was received by e-mail. It was agreed to re-affiliate for 2013. The renewal fee is £30.

Treasurer's report

Petty cash £. Bank balance £. Clothing in stock to the value of £; there is now another jersey in stock.

Membership secretary's report

The club has 40 members for 2012. This consists of 22 first claim members, 5 under 18 first claim members, 4 second claim members, 3 life members and 6 associate.

Racing secretary's report

The club events are going well.

MTB secretary's report

Charles Tallack will co-ordinate entries for entries for the Crest CC off road sportive at the end of September. The club may enter a team in the Dusk to Dawn event again.

Any other business

(Item removed)

Pauline Parker offered to provide premises for the barbecue, using the gazebo, if required.

Trevor Kimber suggested that there should be a column in the Spokesman reporting on committee meetings. Tony Clarke offered to send a synopsis of meetings to Charles Tallack.

Paul Millard reminded the committee that there will be no club meetings in August.

The next committee meeting will be held on Monday 24th September at the Scout HQ, Perne Road.

* Editor's Note: Personal and financial references have been removed from these minutes, with the editor's full agreement. The complete minutes are available from the Secretary on request.



Dusk 2 Dawn 2012

Whether you're there or not, this is what you need to know. As for the rest....?

Menu

Dinner

Kaptain Kev's Mythical Magical Meatballs

Pasta, lovingly boiled in genuine Corporation water.

Beetroot, if you're suggestible enough to believe in it and you don't mind orange pee.

Adrenaline

Supper

Cake (if you remembered to bring some)

Energy gels (ditto)

Organic, holistic, free-range healthy stuff your other half packed for you (if you're being good)

Amphetamines (if you're being bad)

Breakfast Selection

Jews, Muslims and Vegans: Muesli with milk

Anglicans and Baptists: Bread and Sardines

Rastafarians: Yeahhhh!

Cyclists, Agnostics and C of E: Bacon Rolls, Sausages, Fried Egg, Beans

Insomniacs: Coffee

Lactose intolerant: Muesli with water

Intolerant: you'll be damned lucky to get anything at all, you...

Please express your preferences on arrival, the management cannot be held responsible for allergic reactions, strange behaviour or rain-diluted rations. Bring an unbreakable mug (to throw at Shelton).

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 family friendly cycling club, where red and yellow is always the new black!

www.team-cambridge.co.uk



So that's it for another edition!

There's a whole bunch of stuff I've dreamed up while riding, but managed to forget before I've had time to sit down in front of my new laptop and a bottle of Montepulciano and write it down.

Truth be known, some of my finest work has been the result of sleepless nights and early mornings, spent typing nonsense when I should have been giving my poor old brain and body a chance to achieve the state of well-being it aspires to.

Still, after Dusk 2 Dawn I can confidently expect that several others will have disrupted sleep patterns for several weeks to come, and any contributions arising will be gratefully received (in writing—the other sort should be directed elsewhere!)

Likewise, I've still got a bunch of photos taken by Papa Rat-See that I haven't yet published.

Some of these have familiar and memorable silhouettes and need no introduction: others may need expert identification.

Not their fault, I suppose—we're all part of the same big cycling family and, for some skin types, red and yellow can be quite difficult to wear.



Lanterne Rouge



*"I think Shelton's expecting fog this year"
(and he was right!)*