



THE
SP  **KESMAN**
TEAM CAMBRIDGE



Typing through the Dark

INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

Rouleur #1	2
Bucket List	3
TarmacTerrier	4
TC Open 10	4
Tour de France	5
Floyd Landis	5
(S)training with CCT	6

Did you know?

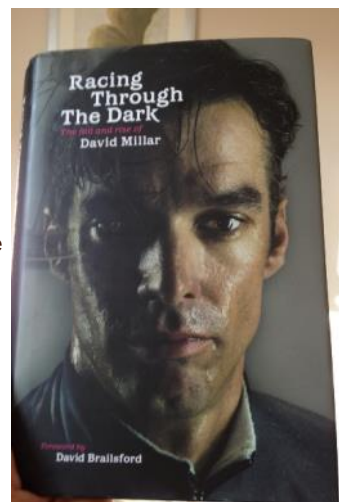
- Vincent van Gogh doused his mattress with camphor, to cure his insomnia.
- Other famous insomniacs include Bill Clinton, Marilyn Monroe, Madonna and Margaret Thatcher.
- Groucho Marx wrote "Q: What do you get when you cross an insomniac, an agnostic, and a dyslexic? A: Someone who stays up all night wondering if there is a Dog."

I'm sure I'm not alone in having visited some dark times in my life: mercifully these have been short and always with an upside, and a way out to a generally happy and content existence.

Cycling has always been present since I first wobbled down the path and tumbled over in the paddock, and in later years it has been as much a way of keeping my head and body in some sort of working order as I plough inexorably into my middle years.

So, the prospect of not being able to ride at all for a while has filled me with a kind of restless mania, compounded by lack of sleep and my innate and inherited sense of ridiculous and often inappropriate humour.

Readers will already be familiar with my insomnia-fuelled tales, since nearly every piece I have written for the Spokesman has been typed before 5am and honed either in the saddle or in the wee small hours.



One of the best cycling books I've read.

This one is the same; only more so. I can assure you that any drugs involved were prescribed by the NHS, and predominantly involve large lumps of Paracetamol (the Oromorph was nice for a while, but not really sustainable...).

Self-obsessed - Moi?

This edition is likely to be even more self-centered than usual, not least because I haven't been on a bike properly for a while now and am forbidden to for TWELVE WEEKS!

So, I thought I might as well fill the time by writing something; mainly for my own amusement but in the hope that it amuses you too, or more likely warn you to cross the road

*whenever you see me coming!
Still, there's more to cycling than just turning the pedals, as we all know...*

Your Editor



Rouleur N^o. 1

Some Say... that his great grandfather was Redbeard the pirate and his legs were carved from the same Oak tree that hid Charles II from Cromwell's troops; others that he was the result of an accident in Cambridge University

involving an Italian bottom bracket threading tool and a bucket of DNA— all we know is, he's called Steve Laurie. In may ways he defines the quintessential cycling club member, expressing his personality through deeds rather than words.



Heart and legs of Oak

Let the legs do the talking...

Probably the first time I met Steve was at one of the indoor training sessions one winter. No press-ups for him; while we were sweating and flailing around the club HQ, he calmly wheeled his bike between us, delved into the pannier and retrieved a bottle of

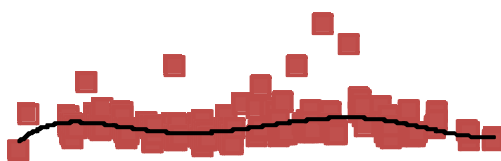
beer, which he then proceeded to enjoy without a hint of irony.

The bike in question was one of those hack bikes that all proper cyclists own; of indeterminate age and with the scars of many thousands of miles ridden in all weathers. At least this machine is somewhat more

hygienic than Simon Denney's example (aka the Septic Tank).

What prompted this article however, was the last two weeks' race results, in which our man calmly returns from a lengthy period of not racing (I can't see how one can train on a sailing boat) and posts times that most of the younger riders have flogged themselves all season to achieve!

10 Mile Times 1995-2013



31-Jan-93 24-Jul-98 14-Jan-04 06-Jul-09 27-Dec-14



There's a hole in my bucket, dear Charlie!

It wasn't that long ago that I didn't really know what a bucket list was, but like all human beings (particularly men past their prime) I suffer from the delusion that at some point I would be able to cast aside the shackles of everyday life and pursue some impractical dream to the envy and amazement of my peers.



5 speed Raleigh Arena

Nowadays, there is a major industry formed around the fulfillment of these ambitions, and every edition of the Cambridge News is full of solicitors and building society clerks pedaling off en-masse to Paris, or John O' Groats or Istanbul. The doesn't make it a good reason not to join them of course (or even sponsor them), but of course the point of these ventures is to try and tread an untrodden path.

Naturally, not being able to do the things you once could give one the opportunity to re-fill your bucket list with your very own choice of either more rational and achievable items, or alternatively the wildest most incredible feats you could imagine. As far as I am concerned, I have always been quite prosaic in my ambitions, so for now I would be quite happy to achieve some of the things I took for granted in my younger days.

Reviewed your Bucket List Lately?

<u>Challenge</u>	<u>Current Status</u>	<u>Action Plan</u>
Go to the Tour	I did do the Canterbury mini-Etape in 2007...	Cambridge 2014!
Own a Dream Bike	Well, my Raleigh Arena did the job in 1978	Persuade my body to fit a normal bike!
Ride a Recumbent	I admit I'm curious...	My brother promised to run me over in his car if I did!
Build a Wheel	Done that! (2012)	
Ride a Fixie	I'm too old; my knees are shot...	Maybe just once...
Sleep with Laura Trott	No chance	Still no chance
Sleep with Richie Porte	He said he was already spoken for...	You've missed yer chance now, mate!
Ride Le JoG	Hasn't everyone done that already?	Lands End to Lowestoft seems more my style.



It takes a good few horsepower to shift this lot!

For example, notwithstanding that my physique is more suited to pulling a plough than riding a time-trial bike, my main target for the upcoming season will be to get back on my race machine, and then perhaps set about revisiting my p.b. or thereabouts!

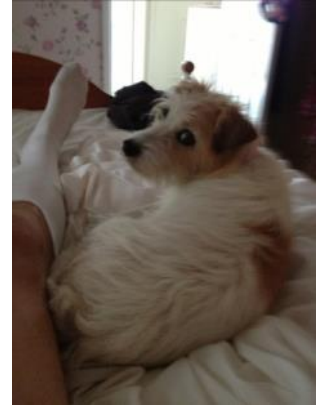


Tarmac Terrier's Tribune

Now, I could get all self-righteous about the scarcity of race reports being submitted in the middle of the racing season, but then readers will already have noted that I am quite experi-

enced at padding out the monthly edition with increasingly inane ramblings.

Nonetheless, it's time the Tarmac Terrier got her teeth into the post-man's leg more often!



What do you mean, no walkies?



Kaptain Kev winds it on...

Team Cambridge Open 10 20th July

As I was in hospital for this event, I have only a limited amount of information to go on (i.e. no results sheet, and a snippet from Facebook).

One feature was the feared scarcity of marshals, which is something that needs to be addressed if we are to be able to run events of this class in future.

As next year is our Silver Anniversary, the Open event ought to be one of the centerpieces of the celebrations, and so the choice of date and selection of marshals is vital.

Luckily, my brother Mark and colleague Andy allowed themselves to be straight-armed into volunteering for duty, for which I am very grateful.

As they are not time-triallists themselves, they had an amusing afternoon on the roundabout watching the antic of this admittedly peculiar subset of the family of cyclists, including those that seemed hell-bent on taking the wrong exit from the roundabout!



Yellie chews up Transit vans and spits them out at the side of the road...



...and Peter manages to go downhill even when the road is dead level!

Fortunately, the race is now held on the A428, which although it is not as fast as the A11 course, it is not as noisy for the marshals and with fewer entrants, the time spent is much reduced.

I actually find the prospect of not having to exert oneself for a couple of hours quite enjoyable, and there is a lot of fun to be had from observing the panic-stricken faces of

the motorists as they attempt to conceal their phones and do up their seatbelts, in case the hi-viz jacket belongs to a policeman!

And to be fair, it's a lot easier than compiling over one hundred entries and results, or making and serving enough tea and cakes for them all!

Of the results I am aware of, it is of course Danielle Par-

ker who has delivered the goods again, placing 4th in the ladies' category with a time of 24:57 and winning a CTT Elite National Award as well!

At the time of writing, the results have not yet been published, but Peter Millard also won a gold standard with his time of 26:22; slicing 13 seconds off his recently-established p.b.

Tour de France - 100th Edition

It seems that the new atmosphere of the pinnacle of cycling competition and culture is finally showing the potential to overpower the corrosive cynicism that we have endured for most of our lives.

Perhaps, the cynics may have to find a new target—the potential domination of the elite road racing competition by a relative newcomer of a team, with a background outside of the traditional road culture and seemingly unlimited money. Certainly, it is almost inevitable that some will choose to abuse Team Sky in the same way as they casually dismiss Man United for being too successful.

However, it was by no means inevitable that Chris Froome would win in the way that everyone expected, and the absence of Bradley Wiggins from the race was far more of a setback than the apparent “rivalry” between the two potential stars would suggest. The sprinting competition has also evolved into a new status, from being a side-show that had little relevance to the race proper, to a showcase for the specialized talent of Mark Cavendish as he has matured from an incomprehensible upstart to an incomprehensible ambassador for the sport.



We can't help sharing in the joy—at last!

Now, we have a rich and varied field including the clowning stunts of Peter Sagan, along with Andre Greipel, Marcel Kittel and most of the teams offering their own version of the “train” in order to get their man to the front and gain all-important publicity for their sponsors. And yet, we have the unexpected, in the form of the

poker-faced Columbian Nairo Quintana, who came a good way toward derailing Froome's bid for success, while calmly leaving the disgraced but still talented Alberto Contador in his wake. At present, I do not think any other major sport offers such drama and spectacle—let's hope it stays that way forever!

Choose your Role Model carefully...



One of the first things I identified when my arthritic hip was diagnosed, was that a former Tour winner had had a similar operation and had continued to ride competitively the following season.

The rider was Floyd Landis, an American contemporary of Lance Armstrong, who “won” in 2006, one of the more troubled years in the Tour's history. Certainly, some of his stage wins were remarkable, even for the standards of that time. Despite a strict fundamentalist upbringing, Landis was drawn into the doping culture and this was what ended his career, rather than the operation on his hip. In the end, he was forced to retire from professional racing due to being tainted by the suspicion of cheating to the extent that race organisers would not want him in the field.

The tragedy does not end there, as Landis's former room-mate and friend shot himself after the revelation of doping, possibly as a result of his knowledge of the practice.



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

You'd get less than that for murder!

Some historically-minded folk will already have realized that 2014 will be the 25th Anniversary of the founding of Team Cambridge. I wasn't there at the time, as I was in far-off Rugby riding around on my flat-mate's classy but criminally underused 12-speed (he didn't seem to mind).

As the Tour have generously marked the occasion by bringing one of their UK stages through Cambridge, it seems only fitting that we mark the event in style.

I've had a few hare-brained ideas so far, including a bumper sticker something like the mock-up below— if anyone can improve on this, please let the Committee know!



(S)training with Champagne Charlie

The enforced layoff from cycling has inevitably necessitated some changes to the balanced regime that I have attempted to share with you.

However, noting your race times during the course of this season, most of you seem to be following the plan and reaping the benefits— well done!

The shape of things for the next several weeks is likely to take the form of a pair of crutches, and sadly no wheels.

Interestingly, my former colleague who had the same operation 14 years ago was encouraged to cycle as soon as possible, and he duly achieved this on Day 10, with his crutches balanced across the handlebars!

I recounted this tale to the consultant and the physio, who reacted with horror and forbade me to emulate this feat (which makes the temptation almost too much to resist!).

So, I've used some of the surplus time to get to work on my standard-issue NHS crutches, adding a few bits and bobs from my spares drawer.

Firstly, the Campag bar-end shifter saves a few seconds when negotiating stairs, and the bottle holder is a must.

The Garmin is useful, but a warning— the heart rate monitor must be used with caution!

Students of Velominati will already know what Rule 5 means; the rest of you will have to look it up.

Suffice to say, the effect of all those painkillers resulted in Rule 5 only being overcome by four continuous days' dosage of Lactulose. So, remember to disconnect your HRM before making that big push!

