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*The official Team Cambridge Newsletter – Nov 2008*  
*(Incorporating Mud Munchers Monthly)*  
*(Incorporating Tarmac Terriers Tribune)*

# Mud Munchers Excel in the D2D



Team Cambridge Mud Munchers just after dawn  
Full report on pages 8-10

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## Team Cambridge Open 10m TT October 5<sup>th</sup> F16/10

The weather forecast had predicted rain for this weekend, and as usual they were absolutely correct, it didn't so much rain but bucketed it down. Of the thirty riders on the start sheet about ten decided not



to ride, those that elected to ride were greeted with the most abysmal conditions. Riding into driving rain with a head wind to the turn was not to everyone's liking. Event organiser Alan Kidd decided that the event could continue, being single carriageway there was not the traffic or the dreaded spray that caused the cancellation of our 10m TT in August. The event was



won by Ken Platts (CCC) in a time of 23.16 second claim Nick Jackson also of CCC was second in 23.46. Sue Clarke won the prize for the fastest lady with her time of 29.41, unfortunately a senior club member (the most senior) on presenting her with her award announced 'Sue Clarke of Cambridge CC'. He put it down to a very senior moment!! Sue has only been a member of Team Cambridge for about 17 years or so.

Alan Kidd

Other club results were Alan Kidd 26.45 Alan came over the top of Orwell Hill on the return leg and announced to P.R.S 'Oh dear my back tyre has gone somewhat flat. Bother perhaps I have got a puncture.....' (Well something like that) He was followed by Trevor Avis in 27.07, Tony Clarke in 27.52 and Trevor Kimber with his time of 28.29. I think Trevor (K) summed it up when he said it was perhaps one race to many! Trev was last seen cycling into the very heavy rain towards home. In spite of the weather it was a very well organised event and as usual Betsy produced single handed another of her famous catering spreads. Well done to them both!!!



Trevor Avis



Tony Clarke



Trevor Kimber



Ken Platts

## Tarmac Terriers Tribune

### Cambridge CC 25m TT 20<sup>th</sup> Sept E2/25b

There were five club members on the start sheet for this event, an event of which very nearly didn't take place. Event organiser Nick Jackson was allegedly badly let down by his helpers i.e. person with the numbers, and the pusher offer didn't turn up!! This resulted in a late start. James Millard (no relation to the MMM) (Plowman Craven) was the eventual outright winner with a time of 54.35 riding on a warm, still afternoon. Alan Kidd as usual was the first rider for the club with his time of 1.03.08; he was followed home by Tony Clarke in 1.07.34. Making another appearance in a road event was Simon Bowden with his time of 1.07.48, Trevor Kimber off at No21 came back in 1.08.57. Last but by no means least came Sue Clarke with a time of 1.11.30. This event was contested for CCC's three John Brown Memorial Trophies (men, lady and team) Sue Clarke was the winner of the Ladies Trophy which she will keep for one year!

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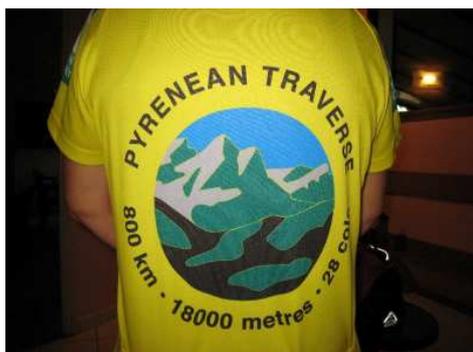
### Lea Valley CC 30m TT 28<sup>th</sup> Sept E1/30

Well into the Autumnal weather by now, it was a very cold (3 C) start to the morning with a patchy mist over the course; resulting in a delay by half-an-hour to the start time. There was five club members on the start sheet first off was Simon Bowden riding the 30 miles in 1.15.52. Next went Alan Kidd who produced the clubs best time of 1.14.32, he was followed by Sue Clarke in 1.27.11. Tony Clarke off at No37 returned in 1.21.16, last off for the club was Trevor Avis who did a 1.20.21! Second claim Nick Jackson (CCC) did a creditable 1.12.15; the event winner was Paul Smith (PCA Ciclos Uno) who stormed round this E1/30 course in 1.05.59.

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## PYRENEAN TRAVERSE 2008

Our recurring thought during the tour was that we were pleased we were not attempting the real Raid Pyrenean. We were riding from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean along the Pyrenees in 10 days rather than 100 hours. Our tourist route included a few more cols and some smaller roads whereas the actual Raid has quite a few miles of main road. Our ride still included 28 cols, 17,600 metres of climbing in 800kms. At an average of 80kms. Per day. The actual Raid requires 160kms per day and we were pleased not to have to nearly the same distance again at the end of most days.



The CTC tour was with a leader who we had not met before, Gerry Goldsmith, and we only knew 2 other people in the group. However the tour was very well organised with route sheets, maps and good hotels so we would certainly go with her again. Also, like most CTC tours, the group were a nice bunch too. The only disappointing aspect was the weather which was the worst I have ever experienced on a foreign tour.

The tour was planned so that we used the European Bike Express which is something we had not tried before. It is a long way and rather boring but it was nice to know that our bikes and luggage would arrive and be undamaged. We boarded the bus at Newport Pagnell and then drove to the Dover-Calais ferry and then all the way down to Bayonne. Each time I thought 'this is boring' I tried to think of the alternative which is travelling by air with the bikes and it made it more endurable. One just had

to sit back and relax. There were videos and the scenery to watch and the onboard catering and stops every few hours helped to break the journey.

We extended the holiday by riding to a pub near Newport Pagnell for the night before, as we had to be there by 09.30, which would have meant a very early start. We stayed on the way home as well as the scheduled return was 14.30 and it would have meant a rapid ride home. It was very comfortable with good beer and food. Thoroughly recommended.

We finally arrived at Bayonne and rode to the Atlantic for the ceremonial dipping of toes in the water before setting off in an easterly direction. Little did we know that the rain that started whilst we had lunch would be with us for much of the tour. It eased after lunch and we found some small and, in some cases, slippery roads before arriving at our first overnight in St Jean Pied de Port which is a nice town on the pilgrim route to Santiago de Compostella.

After suitable refreshment and a good nights sleep we commenced the harder riding. The wind at the top of the Col de Burdincurucheta was so strong that most people walked for the last couple of km. up and the first couple down from the summit. The wind dropped a bit during the descent but remained strong.

The overnight rain stopped fairly soon after the start next morning up the Col de Marie Blanque. The summit was cold, grey and cloudy. After lunch we climbed the Col d'Aubisque but there was cold thick mist at the summit so we missed the views between this and the Col de Soulor.



Fortunately the sun shone on the next day as we set off up the Col du Tourmalet but still very chilly on the descent even with a lot of clothing on. We stopped to look at the memorial to Eugene Christophe in St Marie de Campan which has changed since our last trip and does not give so much detail of his exploits with repairing his forks in the forge. Then it was time to climb the Col d'Aspin before arriving in Bordes-Louron for the night.



It was only 6C as we set off up the Col de Peyresourde the next morning but we warmed up quickly and the day was warm and sunny later. We stopped for coffee at the summit having ridden all of 13kms. A descent to lunch

and then we climbed over the Col de Portillon to Spain. Lunch would have been preferable at the top as the bread and cheese made itself felt during the climb. A ride along the valley took us back to France for the night.

Another good meal set us up for three more cols the next morning including the Col de Portet d'Aspet where we stopped to see the memorial to Fabio Casartelli. This has been erected at the start of the climb where there is more room than at the actual scene of his crash. Last time we rode up the Col de la Core was in 1984 when we went to see Robert Millar win the stage of the Tour de France. On that occasion it was so hot that I emptied the sweat out of my shoes when I reached the summit. This time it was quite chilly.

We then actually had a nice warm day and found a café beside a river in Aulus-les-Bains for coffee in the sun. After the break it was back to the graft as we climbed the Col d'Agnes before dropping to Tarascon for the night, where there was a castle and clock tower in the middle of town. The views were splendid.

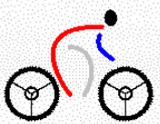
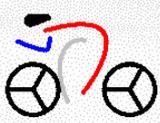
The showers returned for our easy?? Half day to Ax les Thermes but we still had three cols on the way. The showers turned to a spectacular thunderstorm during the evening and the rain continued all night before moderating to a cold light rain in the morning. By the time we got to the top of the Col de Pailheres, the temperature was 3C and we were soaked. Despite putting on all the clothes we had with us we were frozen. I told Sue to get in the van as she had picked up a cold a few days earlier and I admitted defeat a mile later as I could not control the bike I was shivering so much. We got out again after about three miles and the next climbs warmed us again



Another day of four more cols brought us slowly down to sea level and then we threaded our way through busier roads to the Mediterranean for the ceremonial dipping of toes in the water to celebrate completion of the journey.

All that was required cycling wise was to ride to Perpignan to meet the bus for the journey home. Unfortunately the weather was still unkind to us and we had a strong wind for this ride too. It was real struggle to stay upright and ride in a fairly straight line. A final meal and it was back on to the bus for the journey home.

The trip gave us plenty of time to reflect on an enjoyable, well organised tour that was unfortunately spoilt by the weather.  
Report By Tony & Sue Clarke

Team Cambridge Roller Racing	
   <a href="#">The Portland Arms</a> 	<h3>Fri 16th Jan 2009 @ The Portland Arms</h3> <p><a href="#">Rollapaluza Roller Racing</a> is coming to <a href="#">The Portland Arms</a>, Cambridge, for a Team Cambridge event generously sponsored by <a href="#">Ben Hayward Cycles</a>.</p> <p>Unsure what Roller Racing is? Check out the Rollapaluza web site which has loads of information. Their <a href="#">press page</a> includes a recent <a href="#">Cycling Plus</a> article and a couple of mentions in Cycling Weekly. For those people looking for that extra edge there's also the December 10th 2007 episode of the <a href="#">BikeShow</a> entitled "How to Win at Roller-Racing".</p> <p>Race format: 2 hours of qualifying sprints followed by 2 hours head to head knockout with both men's and women's competitions. The cost is £10 per rider and spectators are free (but still need a ticket). Racing to commence promptly at 7pm - please wear club colours.</p> <p>To book your ride or to get some spectator tickets please contact <a href="mailto:rollerracing@team-cambridge.co.uk">rollerracing@team-cambridge.co.uk</a></p> <p>All proceeds go to the Arthur Rank House.</p>  Arthur Rank House

## Doctor Beeching, I Presume?" – Volume 2

After a gentle reminder from my publisher, here is the second helping of tenuously bike-related literature. For those of you searching for heroic tales of night-time mtb-destroying action – just skip to the next page where I'm sure Simon and Clare will have done a job worthy of the Guardian (for a left-leaning vegetarian viewpoint).



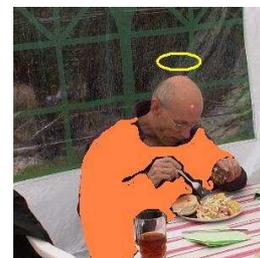
Volume 1 left our hero surveying the scene that would have greeted many a sea captain as he bade his loved ones farewell and set off to deter the Frogs from invading, only to get flattened by an artic on the A27. Tip: if you're using a Network Railcard to buy your ferry ticket you need to take the ferry near the station, not the Wightlink car ferry. Thankfully, I had enough time to figure all that out and read the paper (remember Ossetia, before the credit crunch took over the front page?).

Having spent the previous rain-sodden night in the company of my Dad and two ducks, with no running water other than that available from the clouds, as the only cyclist on board I was easily able to have plenty of space in the saloon. (Dawn2Dusk wasn't that bad – I never saw any ducks there!) Once off the ferry, the sprint to beat the cars and caravans etc onto the island inevitably led me to forget the route and do an impromptu high-speed tour of the island. The other factor in this was that relying on Caroline's friend for accommodation without her actually telling us where it was beforehand, I'd photocopied as much of a 1960's OS map as possible to take with me. I couldn't quite fit the eastern extremity on the copier... you guessed it! Luckily, as I screeched to a halt at the bottom of the hill in Bembridge and phoned the girls for directions, I was actually only 100 yards from their holiday cottage.

For newcomers like me the Isle of Wight was a great mix of genteel 19<sup>th</sup> century resorts and 20<sup>th</sup> century kiss-me-quick trash, with surprisingly hilly terrain and loads to keep the kids busy. In fact, for the three days I was there they were happy enough just to potter around beachcombing for hours, with the occasional ice cream for sustenance. Still, with work looming and an expedition to complete, it was soon time to get on my bike. Thankfully, it had survived being totally neglected after the monsoon apart from a persistent grumble from the freewheel (which is still surviving).

My original plan had been to cycle though the New Forest and then northwards to the Chilterns to call in on my work colleague before catching a train from Stevenage back home. As this involved crossing the length of the island to the ferry and some 130 unfamiliar hilly miles in one day, reality finally won the day and a study of the incomplete collection of maps at my disposal found an off-road path on a disused railway line stretching from Portsmouth to West Meon, from where I could loop back to Petersfield and catch the train home.

Being an ex-trainspotter (OK, I've admitted it) I'm always looking out for bits of disused railway to explore and imagine what they might have been like in years gone by. My brother gave me a copy of The Titfield Thunderbolt on DVD, and now I know. Besides, if I were to achieve a state of off-road nirvana in the South Downs, it might lead to a vision of the missing guru without having to smoke anything strange.



The missing Guru

Back off the ferry, a not very interesting grind into the wind on the A27 brought me to the scenic and probably tourist-choked town of Wickham, from which the Meon Valley railway path runs northwards for 11 miles to West Meon. Being a railway path obviously means there is no technical riding to get excited about, but it does have the advantage of keeping away from the heavy traffic on the A32, while still allowing a decent rate of progress across country. That said, I wouldn't try it on a skinny road bike as it was a bit soggy in the cuttings and from time to time it was necessary to slither down the embankment to a road crossing and up again where a bridge had been removed.

The feeling of being on another spiritual plane was reinforced by the odd sensation of riding for over an hour on a perfectly level and straight route, with no traffic and no clues as to where you actually were, due to the dense undergrowth on either side of the trail. Eventually, the site of West Meon station gave some clue as to my location, and the end of the trail. Apparently, the Act of Parliament that authorised the building of the railway stated that the station should remain there forever, making the closure of the railway technically illegal. The line never even survived to the Beeching era though, as it was uneconomic from the start.



Anyway, if you're susceptible to a bit of nostalgia for an era that ended before I was born, this website <http://homepage.ntlworld.com/ron.strutt/rrcor0.html> gives a few starting points for an expedition ride.

The rest of the ride was uneventful, the pretty chocolate-box surroundings of the route from West Meon to Petersfield passing almost unnoticed after the otherworldly experience of the railway line. Thankfully, arriving in Royston at around 8pm the wind was still blowing in the right direction this time, and I had the joy of whizzing down the A505 at 20-25 mph with a mud-encrusted bike and panniers, back home to a pint and an overdue bath!

Report by Charles (Dickens) Tallack

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## **Forthcoming Events**

Nov 3rd	Start of Circuit Training 7.30pm Perne Road
Nov 9 <sup>th</sup>	MTB race Thetford forest (Fire Road 6)
Nov 17 <sup>th</sup>	AGM Perne Road Scout Hut 8.00pm
Nov 24 <sup>th</sup>	Committee Meeting 8.30pm
Dec 22 <sup>nd</sup>	Team Cambridge Christmas Quiz Night (bring your own drinks - nibbles supplied)
Jan 4 <sup>th</sup>	New Years 10m TT Bottisham 10.00am
Jan 16 <sup>th</sup>	Roller Racing (see page 5) also <a href="http://www.team-cambridge.co.uk">www.team-cambridge.co.uk</a>
Feb 7 <sup>th</sup>	Team Cambridge Annual Social and Award Ceremony - Longstanton 7.30pm

The Winter Series of MTB events are already posted on the web (<http://www.thetfordmtbracing.com>) check this out for the dates and location. Or contact The Guru at [www.team-cambridge.co.uk/mudmunchers](http://www.team-cambridge.co.uk/mudmunchers)

## D2D Report 2009 or How I "Satisfied That Curiosity"

Ever since I first heard about Dusk 'till Dawn I'd been attracted by the thought of riding round the forest in the middle of the night. It sounded like Fun with a capital 'F' with a hint of danger (little 'd'). The problem was that in the previous couple of years every time I mentioned it to a fellow Mud Munchers I always got the same response – "I don't have a decent light set." I could sympathise with this point of view because I didn't have lights either and a proper set costs in the region of £150 to £200. This year however I was determined to get in early so we could hire lights from LumiCycle before they ran out, so as soon as I got a price list I emailed Bike Mates suggesting we have a go at D2D and I sat back and waited excitedly for the replies to come flooding in. I waited... the silence was deafening. Finally, after a couple of days, Clare mailed me back and she appeared to be gripped by the same madness (surely enthusiasm?) that was afflicting me. Hurray, we were a team! But we agreed we needed more people and after not much persuasion we were joined by Andy and Charles and found ourselves entered in the mixed team category.

Having signed up it began to dawn on me that I didn't really have a clue what to expect: I'd never ridden off-road at night before and this was the first 12 hour endurance event I'd entered. Scouring the web didn't throw up too much information either and then finally we learned that the course was 12 miles long. The race lasts from 8pm to 8am so going on Winter Series lap times a D2D lap was going to take about an hour. Apart from that we were going to have to make it up as we went along.

With this in mind we decided we needed some night riding practice so we met up at Brandon Country Park one Friday night in late September. I admit I was really looking forward to it and was rather excited and not a little giddy at the prospect and the ride didn't disappoint. It was a beautiful night with late evening sun and a clear sky and after an hour or so a nearly full moon rose above the tree line. I had every light I owned strapped to the bike and it still seemed insufficient but when we all kept together there was enough illumination (we would only get the hire lights on race day). No one crashed and no one got lost so it was deemed a success

On the day of the race we met up at Mayday Meadow to pitch camp. All morning and for a couple of days previously I'd been eyeing the weather forecast – it didn't look good. Rain was predicted from early evening onwards and from about 5am Sunday the intensity increased so that the BBC radar map showed a massive yellow blob (yellow = very very bad) over Thetford as the race ended. I wasn't too worried though because I knew that the weathermen often get it wrong. We umm'ed and ahh'ed a bit and decided where to put Jeff's tent and Charles' gazebo then Charles signed us on and we got to play with the LumiCycle lights. We each had a pair of halogen lamps: a 12 W spot with a 20W wide beam. The lights worked flawlessly and the charging system was simple and effective: after you finished your lap you just took the battery to the charging tent and they plugged it



in for you and issued you with a rubber band (like at the swimming pool). We still had a few hours before the start so we went on a practice lap (the course was dry and quick and the bomb holes weren't too tricky) then sat down to Clare's bean pasta before wandering over to the rider briefing at about 6.30pm. By this time it had started raining... We were informed that it had never rained on a D2D before.

We drew lots to determine the lap order and fortunately I ended up with the first lap. This was to include a mile long dash behind a quad bike round an extra fireroad circuit in an attempt to string out the field (600 riders!) before we hit the single track. Just before 7.30pm I rode off towards the course to warm up and found riders already waiting on the start grid. I joined them and ended up on the second row

with half an hour to wait in the rain. I hoped this meant I would avoid the inevitable hold-ups. As 8pm approached I saw that some of the riders in the front row were actually helpers just holding the spot until the real riders strolled up later – these were the ‘pros’ in with a chance of the £1000 solo prize. As the minutes ticked by I was struggling to contain the adrenaline and when the hooter finally went I was feeling distinctly odd. Mayhem ensued as everyone went crazy jostling for position but I was content to avoid crashing into anyone and didn’t mind dropping back a few places as I was still in front of the main field. As I went back through the arena I heard a shout from Paul and spurred on went into the first lap. At this point the course was still dry and there was little congestion so I could go as hard as possible, despite the dark, but pretty soon the pace started to tell with my back and arms telling me to slow down. The course was mainly flowing single track, which on the practice lap had been a joy but at this pace I was struggling to get into a rhythm. As I finished the first lap I wondered how people could keep that up for 12 hours when I was struggling after just 1. I rode up to Transition and passed our team glow stick over to Charles who shot out on lap 2.

Near the finish the timing people TimeLaps had installed a new bit of kit: a TV showing the lap times of people that had just gone through that also showed the team positions in each competition. This made watching the race much more interesting as normally you would have had very little idea about relative positions and throughout the night we spent quite a lot of time crowded under the cover in front of the screen watching as ‘Team Cambridge Mud Munchers’ hovered just outside the podium positions.



Andy went out after Charles and was the first to encounter The Mud. At this point the course started to get churned up and lap times started increasing and I’m pretty sure some of the solo riders packed it in not long after. Myself, I still had a bit of time to kill before my next lap.

There was plenty to do with keeping warm, drinking and eating and watching the rider times. Also Jeff’s tent was proving invaluable as we huddled inside out of the rain brewing up. I’d also noticed the massage tent and wandered over to have my back sorted out.

When my turn came round again I parked my bike in the rack and took up my position in Transition and waited for Clare. Standing there under the canopy was pretty miserable – cold and a bit windswept with the rain highlighted by the floodlights - but as soon as Clare passed over to me and I left the arena behind the atmosphere improved markedly. This was what I’d been expecting, the calm and the quiet and the fun of riding in the forest at night. OK, it was muddy and it put an extra 15 minutes on my lap time but I was really enjoying it.

By our seventh lap Andy had put us into fourth position but this was when the rain got heavier and it was also when I started struggling to stay awake. Caffeine had stopped working so I got in the car and had a nap for half an hour. The way things worked out it looked like we’d get 9 laps in so I was due out again on our last lap. As I stood in Transition dawn started breaking but as before my spirits started to sink as I stared at the rain. It didn’t help as other riders came in and as they passed over to team mates they cursed the weather and the mud. One bloke came in at about 7.15am and just told his partner not to bother. The other Mud Munchers roused themselves and came over to keep me company, which really helped, but I imagine my silence spoke volumes! When Clare handed over I rode out and immediately came to the first bomb hole. Having ridden them all before I decided not to take any risks in the mud and jumped off my bike and ran through it. Not long after that I found myself having to walk parts of the course that were unrideable. The going was grim and it didn’t get any better. I fell off several times but always at low speed and into the mud. My brake pads disintegrated. I started to question my sanity but at least I’d now paid my dues for missing the horrendous conditions of WS2 last year.

Finally as I entered the last couple of miles my energy came back and I put on a final spurt. As I approached the finish line it was just past 9am and there were a few people lining the finish. They cheered me in and amazingly I heard my name over the tannoy. I punched the air and recovered my sense of humour – I'd finished. (The tannoy announcement was actually a message from LumiCycle to return the hire lights. They wanted to get on the road back to Bournemouth. Ho hum.) When we checked the times we'd finished 5<sup>th</sup> out of 19 mixed teams. See [www.timelaps.co.uk](http://www.timelaps.co.uk).

After a few pictures of my mud splattered back we decided to forego breakfast and to just pack up and go home as the rain was still pouring down. Fortunately Paul and Peter had shown up again to help and we quickly got sorted out. It was during this that Paul asked me if I was up for doing it all again next year and I replied "No, I think I've satisfied that curiosity" (grammar never a strong point). Funny that, because just 24 hours later after a hot bath and a decent nights sleep I was already dreaming about D2D 2009. When the results were published I also noticed that the 'Team 3 Male' race was won by Paul Ashby and his two sons. OK, he's a top 3 finisher in the 4 hour winter races but it seeded an idea that maybe one day the Bowdens could have a go.



I'd just like to thank my fellow Mud Munchers Clare, Jeff, Andy and Charles for helping me enjoy this exercise in masochism and Paul, Peter and Steve for coming out in the rain to support.



Report by Simon Bowden - Photos Paul Millard

### Editors Note

I know it's a few weeks since the event took place, but I have to add my congratulations to the Team of Mudmunchers i.e. Simon, Charles, Clare and Andy aided and abetted by Jeff MTBushrod for such a remarkable performance. They were a credit to the club!

Doug Parker

### Team Cambridge Hill Climb Nov 2<sup>nd</sup>



A very disappointing number of riders turned out for this last event on the Team Cambridge racing calendar, just four members made the effort to turn up and ride. There were at least ten spectators on hand to cheer the riders on, including the two timekeeping stalwarts of Colette Millard and Pauline Parker. Early morning drizzle and mist turned into a reasonably mild and (weak) sunny morning. Five members of Cambridge CC decided to test out their legs and lungs and ride this event. The Stewart Dingley Hill climb Trophy was won for the second year in succession by Simon Bowden his time of 1.09 was good enough to earn him 5<sup>th</sup> place overall. The four juvenile members were all present, but none of them were brave enough to test their hill climbing skills.

1.	Basil Moss	CCC	0.58(?)	6.	Ralph Kay	CCC	1.10
2.	Rob Jackson	CCC	1.00	7.	Paul Millard	TC	1.34
3=	Chris Hughes	CCC	1.08	8.	Kevin Parker	TC	1.48
3=	Own Lakes	CCC	1.08	9.	Ian Millard	TC	2.07
5.	Simon Bowden	TC	1.09				



The four club riders in action

## 2008 Claim Form

This 2008 claim form is for all Club Trophies, Records and Standards. Please complete and return it to Paul Millard by 30<sup>th</sup> Nov. Do not forget to enclose a copy of the race results.

Name.....

**Standards**

10 Mile TT	Standard	Time	Event
25 Mile TT	Standard	Time	Event
30 Mile TT	Standard	Time	Event
50 Mile TT	Standard	Time	Event
100 Mile TT	Standard	Time	Event
12Hr	Standard	Time	Event
Tandem	Standard	Time	Event

**Club Records**

10 Mile TT	Date	Time	Event
25 Mile TT	Date	Time	Event
30 Mile TT	Date	Time	Event
50 Mile TT	Date	Time	Event
100 Mile TT	Date	Time	Event
12Hr	Date	Time	Event
Tandem	Date	Time	Event

**BAR (Club, 50,100,12Hr)(Ladies,25,50,100) (Ladies Middle Dist,10,25,50)  
(Men's Middle Dist,25,50,100) (Junior 10,10,25)**

Delete the ones not entered for.

10 Mile TT	Date	Time	Event
25 Mile TT	Date	Time	Event
50 Mile TT	Date	Time	Event
100 Mile TT	Date	Time	Event
12Hr	Date	Time	Event

**FEN Trophy**

F 10 Mile TT	Date	Time	Event
E 25 Mile TT	Date	Time	Event
aNy 50 Mile TT	Date	Time	Event

**Fastest 10.**

Date	Time	Event
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**Records**

Date	Time	Event
Date	Time	Event