



The Issue with no Theme

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The Jubilee is over; the bunting hangs in tatters from the rain-lashed trees.

There is no law, but one— the law of the stopwatch.

When the sun goes down over Caxton Gibbet, who will be the last man standing? Read our race reports in the Tarmac Terriers' Tribune!

The Return of the Badger...

Anyway, 3 weeks later I found myself going down the M23 to the Pease Pottage services for the start of the 400.

I'd done 90 miles in the rain the weekend before and had been carefully watching the forecast all week, and was really happy when I realised the day would be dry. Unfortunately the forecast wasn't entirely accurate, and as I neared the turn off it started to hammer down.

In the lay-by at the start I sat in the car and watched as the organiser struggled in the wind and rain (and cold) to erect his gazebo.

I was totally fed up with the weather and was wondering what was stopping me turning straight round and going home.

Fortunately the few other riders emerged from their cars and huddled together and grabbed a cup of tea. I joined them and decided that if the rain kept up I'd do a loop down to Brighton and go home.

We set off at 7.00 am and I soon settled in with riders of a similar pace, and this group lasted all the way round. As we went west we left the rain behind and we even had a bit of a tailwind. Things were looking up.



Simon's epic tale reaches its conclusion—or does it?

As in Wales, the scenery was beautiful but as you'd expect the terrain wasn't as grueling.

As QM said to me the South Downs aren't exactly flat but the route the organiser chose was nice and rolling.

We reached Marlborough a bit late but the manager at Waitrose let us relax in the closed cafe and then we turned back and started the 160K back to the finish, lights on into the dusk at 8.00 pm.

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New Wings for Dan-Air!



Now you just need to re-spray the frame to match, Dad!

BIKE WATCH UPDATE

Danny's bike has been spotted with sparkly new parts in the form of a Mavic Ksyrium wheel set.

The lightweight upgrade came as part of her sponsorship deal with The Quiet Man (TM) enterprises.

Uncle Trev, spokesman for the firm had this to say:-
"Eeeha, I carnt keep up wiv 'er no more so I lent 'er me wheels to go farsta!"

The results speak for themselves, two juvenile records smashed in two weeks. First to go was the 10 mile, then a week later followed the 25 mile record.

When asked how does it feel to claim two records within a week Danny said:-

"Amazing, and I would like to say a big thank you to Uncle Trev for the loan of such a fast set of wheels"

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Cycling's Lunatic Fringe

(Continued from page 1)

We had the added excitement of the very real danger of being hit by a deer (honestly, several near misses!) but once darkness fell I started to get bored staring at the cone of my front light.

The later it got the better the roads became as we hit major roads at a quiet time and I had time to question what the hell was I doing riding round the countryside late on a Saturday night.

I've heard that this is the most difficult period in these long rides as you start to contemplate your navel and frankly, as the pain in my arse, neck and back grew, I decided I'd rather be doing something else.

This mood wasn't even broken by the excitement of finding a body at the side of the road miles from the nearest village (drunk not dead).

I recalled that one of my riding companions, when I'd said I was still a novice aiming for an SR series, said that Audax was "cycling's lunatic fringe", and by this time I was convinced I didn't have a future as a long distance cyclist. There was no way I was doing that 600.



A badger, contemplating its navel

We made it back to the services at 4.30 am, knackered and back in the rain: 401 km, some climbing; 21.5 hrs.

On the way home I knew what would happen - I'd wake up tomorrow and forget the pain and boredom and carry onwards to Wales and the 600 in two weeks' time, so I had to act.

I cleaned the bike, removed the Carradice and mudguards, lowered the handlebars to a less sensible height and cancelled the Travelodge booking.

I told Andrea I wasn't going and she was to remind me of this if I showed any sign of changing my mind.

Even now, writing this when I should be struggling across Wales I'm wondering if I should have gone?

Doctor, I need help!



Tarmac Terriers' Tribune

Your favourite race reports, right here!



Shaftesbury CC Middle Markers 25 E2/25 – 16th June

By Kaptain Kev

A warm afternoon, but the very high winds put off a lot of riders: only 8 of the field of 20 in the ladies event braved the strong winds.

First lady was Catherine Essex (Kings Lynn CC) with 1:02:33 with Carol Gandy (PM Racing) second, posting a time of 1:03:05.

Knowing that the return leg was going to be wind assisted, I was up early in the morning to fit my 53 ring to my bike. Come the race, all I had to do was force myself out to the turn.

I started off down the slip road and manage 30mph until I got to the bottom where I met the relentless wind.

After about 3 miles of this I abandoned my big chainring and attempted to do a bit of spinning. It was whilst I was crawling at 13mph towards the A11 exit my pump decided to leave or was it blown off?

I finally go to the turn in 42 minutes, now it was what I had really come here for. Time to wake up the big ring and start flying back to the finish. Touching speeds of 38mph, I wish I had a bigger chainring.



23 minutes later it was all over, I had reached the finish line to post a time of 1:05:27.

The men's middle markers event had 40 DNS's, 8 DNF's and only 6 under the hour was won by Paul Saunders (Glendene CC) with a 57:38

Wednesday Round-Up

This years' evening campaign moved into top gear at the end of May, when the Team Cambridge caravan rolled into Hardwick and camped in the lay-by for five consecutive weeks.

Despite this, no-one received an injunction or any attention from the local press, so I can't envisage any

episodes of "My big fat Gypsy Time-Trial" being aired on BBC3 any time soon.

Naturally a fast course brings with it all the hopes and dreams of a fast time, and quite a few CUCC, Cambridge CC and Triathlon hotshots swelled the numbers on most Wednesdays.



Painting the town red (and yellow)?

Wednesday Round-Up (continued)

As reported earlier, home-grown talent made the most of the opportunity, and Danielle Parker has carved such big chunks out of the juvenile records that it will take some serious effort to beat them in future!

On 23rd May, it happened! The long-awaited "Champagne Night" of warm weather and almost no wind arrived, and no less than ten club members broke their P.B.'s; some by a considerable margin.

In the upper ranks, the ding-dong battle between Ralph Hancock and Simon Denney get going in earnest, and just behind them Shelton and Kevin, who would go on to trade places in the next few races.

Sod's law dictates that on this mythical evening, yours truly was paying his debt to society by marshalling on the Cambourne roundabout, wearing a day-glo bib to reflect the golden sunset.



Time for the serious kit.



Subsequent evenings haven't been quite as good, with a moderate breeze, usually from the East, taking the edge off the temperature and making the return leg quite a battle to maintain momentum. The new 25 mile course was a big success, with another ten P.B.'s being notched up and of course the juvenile record.

Hey, how about asking Trev for a loan of these....?

Again, there was a bit of a breeze, so with a bit of practice on the long steady gradients and sweeping turns

on the East end of the course, and another nice evening, there is plenty of potential for riders to further their ambitions.

The other bonus of this course is that so far, the traffic remains reasonably light and there is plenty of space for all road-users to co-exist, making for a stress-free event all round—long may it continue!

As I write, our new club champion over ten miles is Ralph Hancock, with a hot time of 23:07, just fifteen seconds ahead of Simon Denney. The next event is a totally different challenge—a return to Bottisham for two laps of the hilly E33/25 course, requiring big lungs and big legs. Bring it on!

Tarmac Terrier's Guide to Bike Maintenance



No animals were harmed in the compilation of this article.

Is all this rainy weather making your pride and joy look a little rough?

It's a real drag for me, when I'm on my way out of the back door after next door's cat or some interloping squirrels, to find there's a bike in the passage with its greasy chain right in my way, so I have to squeeze past.

What's the answer?

Well, it's the patent chain cleaner of course! Just make sure you don't use oil-based solvents or my hair'll fall out. The citrus stuff seems to be OK, but I'm not that keen on smelling like a Satsuma. Now if they brought out a product that smelled like fox-poo, then every hound in the country would be lining up for a go!



My First Fifty

by Champagne Charlie

Since starting to gain experience in time-trialling (after six years or so!), I had always known that the real challenge would lie in tackling the longer-distance events.

My size and age would never make me a natural for the ten mile sprints, and since I have always ridden more strongly at the end of an event than the beginning, logic said that a fifty was worth a try.

Nearer the day, however, I was forgetting that the first attempt ought to be taken as a "fact-finding" mission and was starting to get serious: not serious enough for specific training, but I did at least have a few miles in my legs from more frequent commuting and a couple of audaxes and a sportive on my much heavier touring bike.

I deliberately didn't do anything to my race bike before the event, not wanting to mess up a setup that I knew worked for the usual events.

The "new" twenty-year old wheels were a big improvement over the lighter but too flimsy Wolbers, steadying the handling and smoothing the bumps to give more confidence to ride harder on sporting courses.



I was mighty relieved when Kevin said he had entered the same event – I knew that his presence would reduce the mental pressure on myself and allow me to focus on something else. Competing against him was out of the question: his experience of previous events at this distance and his superior technique would outclass me.

Come the day, I had at least ring-fenced plenty of time before the race, instead of my usual error of cramming far too many activities and commitments into the weekend and then being exhausted before the ride. Not having any bottle cages on my bike (how did its previous owner manage a 12-hour?) I borrowed Andy's Camelbak, despite the try-out ride on the Wednesday leading to a cold wet back having failed to fill it carefully enough.



Kaptain Kev's remarkable facial hair continues to enhance his riding ability...

Time to go: the surreal spectacle of a wedding convoy lining up at the traffic lights near the start line, opposite the racers on their (mostly) carbon machines was soon forgotten as the helter-skelter slip road spilled me onto the A11. The first ten miles were great – no need to press hard like a 10 and risk blowing up, and the conditions were good, if a bit chilly.

On settling into the ride, and noting the seemingly constant uphill gradient of the first half of the course, it actually became a bit boring as the fast course is pretty monotonous compared to the hilly scenic routes one would normally ride in an Audax.

The main activity was mentally monitoring ones legs, lungs and guts to try to determine how much effort could be applied in order to last the distance. This was totally different from a 10, where the only tactic is to ride as hard as you can until you feel nauseous, and then press harder!

The turn off at Red Lodge was welcome for a bit of variety, and there were hordes of marshals to see me across the T-junction and onto the old road. I caught a glimpse of Kaptain Kev who had started five minutes behind me and had already gained a couple, but then I had let half a dozen of the faster riders pass me already.

Back onto the A11, the prospect of some downhill was tempered by the slight breeze in the face, and also the

knowledge that if I was going to get a reasonable time I'd have to up the work rate. Traffic on the dual-carriageway is less of a worry than the non-racer would imagine, as the lanes are plenty wide enough passing and your ears give you plenty of warning if the vehicles behind are doing something unusual.

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Kaptain Kev gets horticultural...

Following the theme set by Lord Tallack of Balsham and the surrounding county, I have come up with a few thoughts on gardening tips for the common man.

As our titled land owner has mentioned in previous writings gardening does not improve the cycling and therefore should be avoided at all cost.

However like DIY and childcare we all have to do our token bit to, a) get some peace and quiet and b) quality time with the one that we love (the bike).

Tip-top topmost tippy titmost tips, I mean top tits... Oh, never mind!

Here are a few tips that are guaranteed to reduce unnecessary time spent in one's garden.

- Always select a very small area at a time when weeding.
- To avoid back injury always sit down therefore limiting one's stretching distance. (see above)
- Any gardening is always best done after a race or long training session. This allows for tiredness, aching back etc as an excellent excuse for limited gardening activity.
- It is best that the tools for this activity are stored at the back of one's shed / garage and always behind a child's bike, as the removal of said bike gives opportunity for our second favourite activity – tinkering with bikes.



Kaptain Kev, proud owner of Cambridgeshire's most aerodynamic lawnmower...

Now, as the rest of us have a postage stamp size of land compared to our country gent, it still needs some form of basic maintenance.



- Never garden without alcohol – any back ache or muscle strain must be alleviated with some form of local mild anaesthetic, and be close to hand.
- Allow the grass to grow to at least 15cm (6inches in old money) between cuts. An average size lawn will then conveniently fill your green bin, thus eliminating room for further weeding etc.

Follow these sure fire tips to a successful cycling season. Be sure to read my next issue on DIY—how not to do it! Kev

Disclaimer:

The author takes no responsibility for loss of cycling or other privileges, or for arguments caused on the basis of his article.



Team Cambridge Cycling Club

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

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™
SpokeTwit: (Champagne) Charlie

www.team-cambridge.co.uk



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Unlike a normal road, there is plenty of room in the hard shoulder for an escape route, if needed.

By now, the effects of the mileage were starting to be felt. The legs had plenty of strength left, by my water was running out and I'd only brought three gels where four would have been better. My riding position was getting odd – I noticed that I was hanging off the right hand side of the bike and some five miles later figured out it was my stiff left hip that was causing it: not being able to rotate it freely was pushing my upper body across to straighten it out, causing my right arm and shoulder to ache.

Going past the start for the further eight mile trip to Fourwentways was a trial of temptation, but there was no way I was going to let the discomfort waste the effort spent so far. The conditions would have allowed much higher speeds (I was still doing over 25 most of the time) had I been more comfortable on the bike, and the final couple of miles was as hard as any, with the rising gradient and the wind that always rips across the final stretch.

Mountain Mayhem?

As I write this, the wind is rocking the treetops and the rain is lashing down. The midsummer solstice was three days ago, and blue sky has only been glimpsed occasionally since then. Must be time for an all-night mountain bike enduro!

Yep, that's right—our plucky lads are over at Eastnor Castle in deepest Herefordshire (that's nearly in Wales, folks!) where the rain is undoubtedly just as wet and the wind is probably flapping the tents across the muddy morass that was once the bike park. My, what fun!

Kaptain Kev has promised to tell us all what it was like, in the next edition of The Spokesman!

The last bit...

Kev rolled up a few minutes later, having taken over three minutes out of my time to gain a silver standard. I had tempted myself with the prospect of this, having originally set the bronze time as my benchmark, but in the last few miles I knew that this wasn't going to be realised on the first attempt!

For some strange reason, Kev's handicap time gave him a 16 minute advantage over me; consequently I was placed last in the handicap result! Normally I'm not at all bothered about this, but it did seem a bit strange – I must ask Mr Millard for an explanation...

I can't say I'm in a hurry to repeat the experience, but I know I'll be back for another try. Having won my first club standard this season, there is a new need in my life that must be fulfilled.

I think I'll risk tinkering with the set-up and raise the bars a centimetre or so...

