



IN THIS
ISSUE:-

- Home-grown Heroes!
- Home-grown Heriones!
- Mud Munching!
- Mo' Mud Munching!
- Another Drug Bust!
- A Reader Complains!
- Jeffrey Appears!

INSIDE
THIS ISSUE:

- Harley has a **2**
Bash!
- Kaptain Kev **2**
swallows a
squirrel
- Crazylegs **2**
wins again!
- Where's **3**
Jeffrey been?
- The Cold **3**
Grey Light of
Dawn
- The Full **5**
English
- Time to get **5**
Aero...
- Committee **6**
Corner

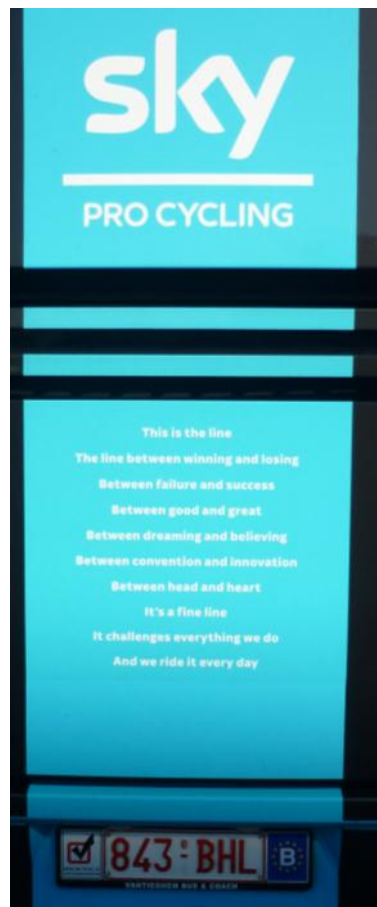
It's a fine line, or is it?

Last month's Spokesman was born of expediency, as with so many things in life.

Partly, it was because yet another 31 days had passed and the partly completed issue was still many hours away from being ready for publication, partly it was because a piece of inept editing led to a hasty retraction and amendment of the September issue.

So, the October issue turned out to OK (I thought so anyway) and I've now got a collection of stuff that was left over, to fill out what is usually a quiet month, in cycling terms. How relevant is this?

Well, the big picture has of course been dominated by Team Sky/ Team GB and their amazingly successful campaign in the Tour de France and the



Olympics and Paralympics, and then the seemingly inevitable train crash that occupied a full five minutes of the media's attention, i.e. the Lance Armstrong revelation.

I must be singularly naïve to have given him the benefit of the doubt for so long, but I did.

Perhaps the line is not that fine after all: it's so broad that most people don't come near it.

So, it's either brave of Team Sky to print this on the back of their team bus, or arrogant beyond belief.

Let's hope it's the former, because there are plenty of good folk out there that I know, who know exactly where the line is and exactly which side to be on.

The Cold Light of Dusk 2 Dawn

Let's deal with this first—it didn't rain!

Yes, we'd kind of got used to it in the last few years, becoming inured to the attrition of our prized off-road machinery; the total loss of chains, sprockets, brake pads and even head bearings becoming commonplace,

expected even.

The seductive autumn sunshine of Saturday afternoon did not fool us; we'd seen all that before. Nonetheless, we had the all-new £150 giant waterproof Team Cambridge gazebo to keep us snugly in the wee small hours, and our cake supplies

free from inundation.

High Lodge was packed with folk enjoying the sunshine, many completely unaware of the lunacy to come.

Get this: the solo winner rode nearly 150 miles in 12 hours, in a forest, in the dark. Nutter!

Harley has a Bash!



Proud Dad Shelton sent in some pics of Harley's inaugural cyclocross race at the weekend.

Grafham Water was the venue for the race, and a fair bit of water made its way onto the course, by the look of it.

Despite her MTB being heavier than the others' specialist cyclocross machines, Harley battled through the mud to achieve 45th out of 59 in the under 12

category.

Now that's a result that your editor would be proud of (being under 12 would be nice, too).

A few of these events will get Harley in good shape for the road season next summer—
Watch out, Yellie!

A Mud Muncher is born!



**Remember,
remember,
sponsor
Kaptain Kev
this
Movember!**

Mo' Mud Munching

Kaptain Kev is at it again, demonstrating his total mastery of masculine grooming by growing yet another amazing array of physiognomical fuzz, all for the sake of Charidee!

This annual event is becoming as much a part of the calendar as such institutions as "I'm a Celebrity, Get Me Out of Here!", and for certain female members of the Parker clan, kissing our Kev as he sets off

to work must be something of a Bush Tucker Trial at times...

Nonetheless, its all for a good cause and worthwhile to know that thanks to all this, future generations of menfolk will be able to maintain their family allowance in full working order.

Last year he knocked us all back to the Seventies with a Charles Bronson number;

what will it be this year?

Based on this Monday's early showing, he may have swallowed a squirrel, but there's still three weeks to go yet.

If your tackle is worth preserving (or even if it is redundant), sponsor Kaptain Kev and look forward to this Movember!



Kev grows a 'tache while standing to attention for the Last Post...

Hill Climbing - Why?

It's really that simple: you don't need an A level in physics to work it out (although your editor made a totally unscientific attempt in the Spokesman some time ago): the heavier you are, the harder it is to get up hills quickly.

1st	Simon Denney	2':15"
2nd	Lex Burch	2:19
3rd	Peter Millard	2:29
4th	Paul Millard	2:36
5th	Kevin Parker	2:47
6th	Danielle Parker	3:03

**EH/13 Beechwoods
21st Oct 2012**

So, although the turnout this year was not that large in numbers, it was also slight in stature as well.

The results speak for themselves: the youngsters are mixing it with the old guard and the fat lads never got out of bed!



Magneto's

Miscellany

It was a weary "Magneto" Millard who emailed the Spokesman a few weeks ago, with an assortment of photos needing captions and a story.

I'm not sure quite how he came to be in this condition, but trying to pack a dromedary into the boot of a Vauxhall Insignia can be physically challenging even for the fit and healthy, so it is probable that attempting to perform a similar feat with a sporty new Sirocco is the straw that... Oh, never mind!

Of course, the lack of a credible theme for the article (or even the lack of material) is a challenge that the Spokesman is well used to overcoming so read on, while we make it up as we go along.

Suggestions, explanations or excuses for the situations described in the following photographs are welcome: if they are funnier than this, so much the better.



Your caption or mine...?

Dear Editor

After reading another of your fine monthly write ups in the Spokesman, I get to the bottom of my electronic version and find a photo of a rider wearing the white blue and red of that other Cambridge club.

Is it right that you defile the pages of our great magazine with such a photo of this lowly and insignificant other local club?

I ask that the editor should make a full and proper apology for this complete defamation of our magazine.

The Quiet Man

G*lf War Syndrome

Just goes to show, you can make a career out of mocking someone for their choice of leisure pursuit and their erratic training regime, and then they turn on you, without so much as a shout of "Fore!"

True to say, the correspondent in question is red and yellow to the core: he has been known to wear in excess of five layers of club clothing on a typical ride out! But then David Mellor was reputed to have worn a Chelsea FC shirt while on the job...

The correspondent in question has been known to wear in excess of five layers of club clothing on a typical ride...

My Doping Shame by Champagne Charlie

I confess

that my GP has a Spanish name, and for a while he prescribed me testosterone patches.

It is a matter of fact that my PB for a ten mile course fell by about one minute forty seconds that year.

Now the prescription was for a clinical reason, but I can't deny a certain curiosity about the possible effect that it would have on my riding performance: was this real or psycho-somatic?

And, if I hadn't been exposed to a lifetime of stories and rumours about performance-enhancing drugs in cycling, would my reaction have been the same?

Small wonder then, that riders whose careers could thrive or die on the decision whether to ride clean or accept the magic needle, could find it hard to resist the temptation.

(For the record, the patches were stopped a few months later, and my PBs continued to fall the following season.)

Currently nursing an injured hip that stops me riding properly, I'd be tempted by almost anything. I'm sure I'm not alone...



Once a beacon of hope for overweight riders across the world...

**Surprise of
the week
(from the TC
website):
Rain is Wet...**

**Home-
grown
Hero #3**



Where's the coffee?

Where's Jeffrey Been?

At night in the forest, strange apparitions are all part of the mystique and folklore of endurance racing. These days, even the eerie sound of the Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy being played in the deepest darkest section of wood is less unnerving than it used to be—it's even welcoming once you know it's

only a mile and a half from notching up another lap. So, full credit to those solo riders who experienced this phenomenon nine or more times in the course of the race, including TC members and associates Mark "Babycham" Tallack, the irrepressible Shelton, and the indomitable Clare Allen.

Now Clare was supported by former MTB supremo and spiritual guru Jeff Bushrod, who hasn't been seen much of late.

Strangely enough, he wasn't seen much that evening but made an appearance the following morning looking suspiciously like he'd had a full night's kip...



**Home-grown
Heroine #2 is
behind the trees,
still racing!**

You did put the kettle on, didn't you, Jeff?

The Cold Grey Light of Dawn

Curious this, but the finish of a race always brings a sense of sadness at the end of all that preparation and excitement, balanced with the relief that the discomfort and fatigue is about to stop.

There was no rain this

year, but it was pretty darn cold, and the clear skies gave way to a hard frost and unpredictable patches of fog that would blank out everything just as you left the shelter of the trees, and your helmet lights just bounced back as a murky white glare.

The smiling faces at the end reveal the camaraderie of experiences shared, even though amongst 1000 riders it is quite possible not to see your club-mates for several hours at a time, or even all night!



Ain't nothing' camp in this kitchen!



I can think of: once the sun rose, it was a beautiful morning (as so many times before) and the aroma of frying bacon started to fill the air.

Having given up attempting to light CCT's petrol stove, rejected by the Taliban as being too hazardous, Kev's gas stove got the job done.

The Full English

The aftermath of Dusk 2 Dawn is the best excuse for a fry-up



Save us a slice of black pudding, Shelton!

Time to Get Aero (well, maybe next year)



I've still got a bundle of time-trialling action pics awaiting publication, mainly for reasons of space but partly because quite a lot of them look quite similar.

It occurred to me while cranking along one night at 12mph with my hands on the tops of the bars, that this might give a

clue to the relative performances of riders in practice. So, while I'm treating my race machine to it's winter rebuilt and stealthy black paintjob, the Spokesman will be compiling a photo gallery of profiles, from aerodynamic to carthorse. *Stomachs in, chaps!*

Home-grown Herione



e'mon Katie!

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™

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

www.team-cambridge.co.uk

No More Heroes?



That was the headline for the previous version of the Spokesman, before the editor's axe was unsheathed. Fact is, we all have our own collection of heroes, and most of them are closer to home than the orbits of superstardom.

Nonetheless, it's nice to have some sort of connection with the world of elite level competition, even if it is only wearing the team jersey on the Sunday morning ride. We've got our British champions on the rostrum and it all looks good. Let us pray that it is not a false dawn and that they are as good as their word.

I'd still like to have it proven that at least some of the competitors from the dark days were riding clean, if only to know that I wasn't wasting my time staring at the TV for three weeks every July.

In the meantime, the main battle seems to be just to be able to continue to ride, for many different people and for a multitude of reasons.

So, as my indomitable Auntie Joan used to say:-

"Keep on keepin' on!"

Team Cambridge Cycling Club AGM

12th November 2012

The Highlights:

Team Cambridge has 44 members; a broadly figure to previous years.

A total of 450 entries were recorded over the time-trialing season, of which 258 were Team Cambridge members and the remainder comprised day members and members of other clubs.

Claims for club standards and awards should be submitted by 10th December 2012.

Mountain biking entries were thinner so far, with Shelton taking the honours from Paul Littlelyke on the first Winter Series sortie.

The club officers were re-elected unopposed, however Shelton Pell has

now joined the committee (good training for the UCI top job) and Champagne Charlie has stood down to make the place available, but remains in a "non exec" role as editor of the Spokesman.

Club finances remain in good order, but it was agreed to increase the annual membership subs in order to maintain a healthy balance.

First claim members will now pay £20 per annum; second claim £12 and junior members will remain unchanged at £7.50. This was felt to compare well with other clubs and will enable the availability of coffee and biscuits to continue undiminished.

Racing Sec Paul Millard will review the cost of club awards and report at the next committee meeting, set for Monday 19th November.



UCI President Elect cleans up...

Committee Corner