



Team Cambridge Cycling Club

Bank Holiday Special!

Tarmac Terriers Back In Action!
April 10th 2013 E2/07 Newton Circuit

Hey-ho, nonny-no!

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Let's all a-rattin' go!

Or something like that, if you're a Jack Russell...

Anyway, the racing season kicked into gear again with the brisk scramble around the Newton circuit.

I wasn't there on this occasion, so the sunshine probably wasn't as warm as the previous year; however I do have my trophy to look after (more on this later).

Top honours went to Tom Vickery with several class acts in hot pursuit. The regular early-season crop of triathletes swelled the ranks to give a field of 26 riders—quite a busy workload for our timekeepers on such a short lap, with bikes going in all directions!



There were p.b.'s on offer as well, with club stalwarts Kaptain Kev, Paul Littlebike, Yellie and Peter all bagging an asterisk on the results sheet.

The dynamic duo of Shelton and Harley produced an impressive mid-field time, no mean feat on a tandem due to the sharp corners and short straights on this sporting course.

Thanks to Papa-Rat-See,

we have a nice crop of proper photos on offer, with a link from the club website!



Wot! Wednesday already???

Audax Training with The Badger

In response to an impassioned plea for help, Team Cambridge Audax experts The Quiet Man™, Phil “Schleck the Third” Leonard, Chris “Toucan” McCann and Champagne Charlie rushed to Simon Bowden’s aid.

Simon had clearly reached crisis point with his training plan for the latest long-range exploit: his lean and honed physique was draped over a

bar stool at the Emperor in Hills Road as he stared morosely into his pint –something had to be done, and fast!

Yours truly artfully distracted Simon by regaling him with his latest stumble off the pinnacle of physical health, while Phil entered the bar and casually tipped half a pint of Doom Bar into Simon’s waterproof pannier.

Phil was accompanied by another chap, whom we shall call Bob, to protect his identity. Bob wasn’t a cyclist, so Charlie duly made him welcome by forgetting to include him in the next round.

Meanwhile, Simon rummaged in his bag to rescue the contents. A signed copy of some cycling legend’s biog-

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Training News:

Andy Hamster is reported to be doing back-to-back spinning classes several nights a week. His family have been finding sunflower seeds concealed in odd places around the house, and are concerned for his safety after watching him clamber up the lounge curtains.



Simon's waterproof panniers also hold beer- very useful.

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raphy (I can't remember whose, due to the memory-fogging effects of too many poppadums), but Laurent Fignon's history was looking decidedly soggy round the edges.

Apparently M. Fignon's tale relates how his struggle to maintain form one season was resolved when he passed a mature tapeworm, upon which his performance rapidly recovered.

Charlton Athletic? Is that a cycling club?

Bob, meanwhile, was coming to terms with the arcane lore of cycling: he didn't have much choice really, as the alternative was a treatise by Chris and Trev on football in the 1930's or thereabouts, which might as well have been in Hindi as far as the rest of us were concerned.

Bob battled bravely to avoid getting dropped from the peloton; finally

Who ordered the Lamb Bhuna?

stop for a little rest. (I can assure you, that I was merely giving them a chance to get ahead before I wound up for my devastating sprint finish.)

Fitness goals duly compared, the evening drew to a close. Hefting his beer-sodden pannier, Simon strode away to collect his

As Chris was pontificating on this topic, he enquired why no-one was paying attention, to which CCT explained that the pair of tight PVC trousers standing just behind him were causing a distraction. The Quiet Man™'s response cannot be published...

The initial phase of training successfully completed, we repaired to the quieter environment of the curry house across the road.

he admitted defeat on the last pint. Phil consoled him, reminding him that there is no substitute for training in this particular sport.

Poppadums and pickles came and went, each helping adding another few miles to Simon's capabilities. The training plan was clearly having the desired effect.

The inevitable confusion reigned when the main

bike and ride home to Burwell.

The training had clearly been effective - Simon texted that he had arrived chez Bowden even before Champagne Charlie's coach and four had arrived to whisk him home!

While Simon attempted to justify his reasoning for entering this year's LEL (London-Edinburgh-London), the Quiet Man™ was figuring out that 50% of the assembled party were doctors of something or other. Unfazed by this statistic, Trev demonstrated his mastery of languages by comparing pronunciations of Cobra, which had the desired effect of summoning more beer to the table.

courses arrived, as each of the assembled athletes attempted to remember and identify what they'd ordered a couple of pints ago.

As Simon endeavoured to explain why the next particular Audax involved meeting at Huntingdon railway station, Chris and Phil recounted their memories of yours truly coming over all queer during last year's 200km event and having to

Footnote: the whole object of booking a taxi at considerable expense was to avoid the tedium of pedalling up the road from Fulbourn in the sub-zero darkness for the umpteenth time.

At closing time, an hour and a quarter spent waiting on the pavement can be quite

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Norfolk Nips 4: One does like to be beside the seaside!

Despite missing the well-received trio of audax rides before Christmas, the quite lanes of Norfolk are far too good to miss, so on Easter Monday I resolved to ride off the previous day's excess.

I had planned to take my bike up to the out-laws' in Wroxham and ride home with the Easterly wind behind me, but the family decided that a trip to the seaside was the thing, as the thermometer indicated a balmy 5 degrees.

They took the car, and I set off

towards Acle into a stiffening headwind, in the certain knowledge that my 90 minute deadline was doomed from the start.

Turning north at Caister, I left the caravans behind and the headwind became a side wind and my speed increased 20%.

The long-abandoned holiday camp at Hemsby looked eerie on a bank holiday, but the beautiful landscape of Horsey Fen lay ahead, remembered from previous editions of the Norfolk 100. It was also the

spot where we spent a fruitless afternoon trying to fish Caroline's Ray-Bans out of the Broad...

By the time I reached the packed promenade at Walcott, my tribe had already munched their way through fish and chips (well, I was an hour late), but I declined since the strenuous attempts to keep time meant that anything more than my banana would probably reappear...

In fact the beach had disappeared, as the high tide and



Wroxham Bridge, on a sunny day with no tourist and no traffic, apparently!

It's a lazy wind that blows right through you...

wind was driving the sand-laden brown waves right up against the concrete breakwater in showers of spray.

Before long, the wind was starting to chill through my jacket and so I set off, as the assorted kids, dogs etc. clambered back into the car.

I had banked on the north-easterly wind giving me a nice easy 25mph cruise home after the 30 mile battle I'd just had,

but this wasn't to be.

The wind wasn't quite in the right quarter as I headed down the dead flat A149, and I'd left my legs on the promenade!

Never mind, 18 mph will have to do...

Over three hours on flat roads is no great shakes in time-trialling circles, but it was the longest ride I'd done since Autumn and the wind was

strong enough to make my ears ring from the noise, to I felt I'd earned my lump of cake when I got back.

On the subject of nutrition, that's one of the winning factors in riding in Norfolk - you're surrounded by an abundance of good food and you can easily justify it to yourself.

*Never mind,
18mph will
have to do...*

Thumb!

Time Gentlemen, Please!

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entertaining, but in the end the need for some kip prompted a walk to the taxi-rank at the station.

This cabbie was a very nice chap and conversed knowledgeably about cricket (of which I know virtually nothing) as we wafted up the hill in his Prius.

Mission accomplished, our Simon is now ready for any ride!



Pro teams often publish photos of their riders preparing for a training ride...



Oi! Wot about the racing? April 17th 2013 Bottisham

E33/10

Business got under way in earnest the following week, with a return to our spiritual home outside Brian McKay's emporium on the A1303.

As always, the early-season weather was a crucial topic of conversation pre-race, with a brisk cross-wind threatening to offset the bonus of a reasonably comfortable temperature for a change.

However, the times did not seem too badly affected and the



Editor's Note:

I make no apologies for including photos of members of other clubs here—

Firstly, because it's great to meet and welcome all types of folk to our events, and Secondly, because you get to see an amazing variety of riding styles and kit, such as this brilliant low-pro machine! ———>



evening's winner Matt Chandler of Cambridge Tri was seemingly immune with an excellent 23:01.

No p.b.'s tonight, but Captain Kev is clearly throwing down the gauntlet and there's going to be a hum-dinger of a battle between him and Simon Denny all this season, for sure!



Yours truly was on the scene, accompanied by son Adam on a recce just in case he decides to put words into action and have a go at racing.

On a slightly related subject, I did manage to attend a committee meeting sometime in February at which the subject of young club members came up.

At present, we have no provision for young people to ride or race with the club unless their parents are present, which was unfortunate for one potential member whose parents didn't cycle.

More on this topic in a future issue...

**Committee
Corner**

A Worthy Winner!

May 1st

Hardwick

F2/10 CAX



Firstly, the annual club dinner and prizegiving on March 23rd, which was rightly dominated by our junior members who had made incredible leaps and bounds over the previous season.

Danielle received award for a handful of achievements including records broken, and Harley started what will inevitably be a grand collection of prizes as she starts out on her racing career.

Proud president Doug Parker gave out the awards, while the chap with the scary glasses looked on from behind...

On a somewhat lesser scale of achievement, your editor made history by winning his first ever cycling trophy—the coveted “If Only” trophy.

This was won for a sterling performance on the roundabout on the finest evening of an otherwise rain-sodden year, wearing the hi-viz marshal’s bib and watching nearly every other club member achieve their P.B!

Just to prove it wasn’t a fluke, a year later the feat was repeated and we had a



Champagne evening with just a warm breeze to contend with, allowing Ian Turner of Nice Tri to achieve a blistering 20:50, hotly pursued by Nick and Ralph in the 22’s, Kev with a p.b. at 23:34 and Harley doing her best to overtake Shelton with 25:40 on the tandem. Both Danielle and Peter claimed p.b.’s too!



Big thanks to Angie for organising the dinner once again: for us this simple ceremony means a great deal.



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

Competition Spot



Funniest caption wins!

There's obviously not much point in having a spot-the-ball contest in a cycling publication, so how about spot-the-gala-dinner instead?

There's got to be some comic potential here, not least from our very own Eric Morecambe impersonator, the one and only Paul "Magneto" Millard!

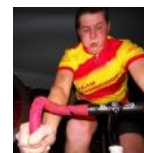
Entries on a £10 note please, to the editor.

Please ask a responsible adult before using any sharp implements. Terms and conditions apply.

If you've been neglecting your training all winter... it's too flippin' late now!

Now get out and ride, before it starts raining again!

(Champagne) Charlie



A Tribute to Mothers-in-Law!

Let's face it, she probably won't understand cycling lore and can't tell the difference between an Integra Mountain Trax and a bicycle, but there's one thing mothers-in-law know a thing or two about, and that is the joy of home-made food.

My wife's mum makes a brilliant Victoria sandwich which is the perfect recovery treatment for a brisk outing on the Norfolk lanes, and she always checks if we're running out of jam or marmalade whenever she calls in.

Pre-ride nutrition for sportive events was in its infancy the first time I entered the Norwich 100 many years ago. I now know that a meat-laden barbecue washed down with red

wine was about the worst possible preparation, but I survived, somehow.

Come New Years' Day, I really did need to turn the pedals after several days at the table, and the smooth flat stretches of the A149 lay unusually deserted just for my benefit.

I probably should have gone round a couple of times more, to be honest, as the expenditure hasn't kept up with the intake for quite a while now...

Anyway, as the riding and racing season beckons for another year, let's hear it for those ladies who love to say "You must have another slice, you've been cycling all day..."