



Team Cambridge Cycling Club

That was 2013 then...



I hope 2013 turned out OK for you.

In the big picture, this year couldn't offer the highlights of the Olympics, or an easy trip to watch the Tour de France.

Bradley had got his knight-hood, but could he repeat the feat of winning the Tour again, in the later stages of a long career?

Would the much-discussed advent of Chris Froome live up to the hype?

And, after the implosion of the Armstrong affair, would we be able to enjoy a racing season without the familiar spectre of doping looming? Or is that too much to ask in this cynical age?

Well, I reckon it turned out all right in the end.

There was some great racing and the highs more than outweighed the lows, even counting the blizzard conditions of the Giro and the rain-lashed World Champs, which ought to have suited the UK contingent, one would have thought.



Lesser heroes such as "G" and Nairo Quintana certainly made their mark this year—I can't wait to see them in Cambridge!



Dusk 2 Dawn is a race held during the hours of darkness.

Here is one of several good reasons why...

Happy Quizmas from Team Cambridge!

Colette has done it again, with a cracking Christmas quiz that left even hardened bike nuts scratching their heads.

For example, did you know that the Tour is only riding through three counties next year?

Pah! I can do that in less than

an hour on a Sunday morning (Hadstock, Withersfield, home).

Or that a Riding is a third part of Yorkshire—there's no South Riding, because it were too posh and full of Jessies.

Leaving aside the "Guess the

Picture" competition, at which I scored my usual nil points, I considered my eight out of a possible forty-ish (depending on how you marked your own score) compared well with Tony the winner's 28 and a big improvement on my last year's 3 points!



The Year in Pictures



Prizes up for grabs

As tradition dictates, the prize-giving dinner gets everyone in the mood for the season to come.

However, one departure from tradition was Alan Kidd's retirement from racing, making several of the club trophies available for the asking...

Simon Denney makes off with one of the prizes, while Trevor Kimber looks on and considers undertaking some training?



Meanwhile, Doug's faith in his grand-daughter being angelic is as strong as ever, but Danielle's gaze reveals a glimpse of the Dark Arts at work.



Your editor was mindlessly happy to win his first trophy, but can't remember what for!

The Rites of Spring



January got off to an unusual start with fog causing the cancellation of the New Year 10 miler.

Another grand tradition, this has witnessed all manner of cycling garb worn in all types of weather, from warm(ish) sunshine to brass monkeys.

There was a grand turnout, with folks arriving from all quarters, including half the population of Cambourne, chaperoned by Paul Little-bike.

Regrettably, Elfin Safety has to prevail, so we had a chat and then rode home again!



Another spring highlight was young Harley Pell, giving it plenty of girl power and showing that pink bikes ain't necessary!

Here she takes on a cyclocross circuit in February, watched by the proverbial one man and his dog.

Putting the Hammer Down!



Things got going in May, with Harley competing in the Ixworth road circuit races, and Danielle entering the National Championship TT later in the month.

Both did a great job, and Yellie came home with a medal!



It's not about the bike!

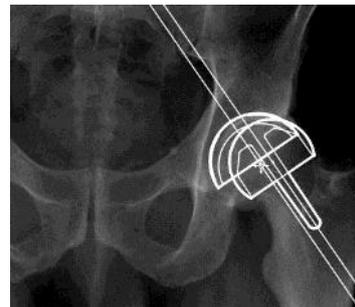
It's an inescapable fact of life, that as you get older, you get slower. Luckily, wisdom increases, thereby providing a broad spectrum of excuses for why the current year's results are failing to match the previous season's highlights.

Of course the weather plays a part, but as this summer was one of the best in years, some of us needed a really big excuse - how about a hip implant?

Two good things came of this:-

- (1) It doesn't hurt anymore, unless I do something stupid.
- (2) I got to watch the Tour live all day, while lying in bed.

On the minus side, it was over 30 degrees and perfect riding weather, and I was forbidden to ride for twelve weeks. That's a long time!



No it's not a set of instructions from Ikea, the two axes indicate how much realignment had to take place.

Some compensation for a lost season of racing was provided by shepherding my son Adam on his first events on the road.

Showing typical youthful disrespect, he posted a silver standard ride on his first attempt, and then took over two minutes off on his second!

Yes, we raced!

It wasn't all down to surgically enhanced performances though, as these naturally-aspirated campaigners ably demonstrate.

Kaptain Kev took to the fast lane in earnest, achieving times on a par with the days of his youth.



Steve reappeared from somewhere on the high seas, and roared in like a sou'-wester, as if he'd been training all winter.

Perhaps he had?



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

I thought it might be a good idea, at the end of another year of racing and other bike-related happenings, to give a word of thanks to some very special people.

You won't see them pictured in the Spokesman very often, but they're always there. One or two of them don't even ride bikes very often. Sometimes, when it's blowing a gale and cold enough to freeze a Thermos, they may even wonder why they're standing in a lay-by.

So here's to Pauline and Doug, Colette, Angie and Sue, and everyone who makes Team Cambridge special.

A Happy New Year to everyone and best wishes for 2014!



It's good to be (at the) back...



And, at the back end of the season, the Hill Climb, so graphically described by Peter as he took on gravity and won: beating his Dad!

I didn't get to witness much of the racing season particularly, so articles in the Spokesman were a bit sparse.

As I got back into the habit of riding though, there were some very enjoyable moments, such as the high-altitude reunion on the slopes of Mont Barrington for the club hill-climb (fat lads take places at the back...) and the first of Nigel's Saturday morning ride-outs.

Organised online via the newly-fangled medium of Doodle (whatever next?), one teenage-fangled and one twenty-something fangled but mostly old-fangled riders met up and headed for the sunlit uplands of somewhere near Saffron Walden.

Due to an important daughter's birthday party, I had to leave them settling in for a comfortable cake stop.

No easy cruise home for me though, as a rider caught me up on the climb to Ashdon, so naturally I gave chase in full ignorance that my considerable weight penalty gave me no chance against the motto on his back "Col de what'sname; umpteen thousand metres of climbing; seen it, done it, bought the gilet".

Luckily, gravity worked in my favour as far as Bartlow, after which the inevitable happened and I lost him. Nonetheless, 40 miles well spent and thoroughly enjoyed—I'm looking forward to the next one!

