



Team Cambridge Cycling Club

Stop Press!

The date of next year's Open 10 has been amended to 19th July

The Mental Health Issue?

Did you know?

- Cycling can boost your IQ by lots* of percentage points (* qualitative analysis) - unless you ride in the dark without lights.
- Middle-aged men wearing lycra are 99.8% genetically similar to Alpha males in any ape colony.
- In Fenland villages, riders of penny-farthings were revered as gods from a parallel world.

One commonly held belief is that regular exercise is good for your mental health, but can this be proven?

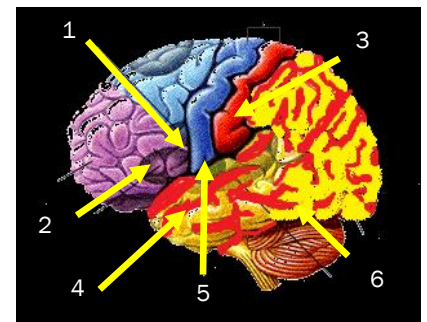
To test the theory, we chose a "volunteer" at random from the cycling population, and subjected him to a series of tests, all in the name of science and the public interest.

The removal of the brain from the subject while conscious presented a few difficulties; however his next of kin have not reported any significant changes in his behavior to date.

1. Pituitary Gland—called the "master gland" due to its influence on bike-handling ability.
2. Frontal lobe. Fills the space between the eyebrows and the important bits.

3. Posterior central gyrus, also known as the red bit.

4. Temporal gyrus (Millard, 1998). Responds on Wednesday evenings, stimulating production of adrenaline and go-fast hormones.
5. Anterior central gyrus (the blue bit). Occasionally given to reproductive fantasies, but generally occupied with mundane tasks such as work.



A brain.

6. The occipital lobe is the smallest lobe in the population at large; its main functions are visual reception, visual-spatial processing, movement, and colour recognition. In our specimen it was found to be abnormally enlarged and particularly responsive to red and yellow.

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Henry gets stuck in a tunnel

Once there was a very important engine named Henry, who had six big driving wheels, a polished funnel and shiny green paint lined out in fine red stripes.

Henry loved to carry the most important passengers to London in style, where they could conduct their business.

However, Henry often had to carry passengers' bicycles on his train, and he didn't like this.

"Toot toot! Why should my lovely carriages get cluttered up with bicycles— there'll be no space for litter and dried up bodily fluids."

"Don't worry Henry" said the Fat Controller.



"We're owned by a new franchise now, so we can ban those pesky bikes and charge the extra for storing them at the station!"



Too many chefs—Dusk 2 Dawn 5th October



*This is the last photo
for another eleven
hours or so...*

To be honest, I probably ought to write a load more about the racing, the poetic aspects of speeding through the night in pursuit of glory and so on, but sometimes one picture says all that needs to be said...

The solo winner might have clocked about 160 miles overnight, but he didn't have a race face like this!



*Sir Isaac's bet was
odds-on in favour
of the lithe...*

Barrington Hill Climb 29th September FHC4

On a crisp but sunny Sunday morning, the view from the top of Barrington Hill was softened by a silver haze draped across the lowlands stretching away to the south: Cambridgeshire's duvet was not yet ready to be thrown aside as the good folk enjoyed their lie-ins.

The foregoing only applies if you're not actually racing of course; otherwise the view is restricted to the top of your

front wheel, surrounded by whirling stars and tinged with red as your heart and lungs question the wisdom of the endeavour.

Wisdom or not, the laws of physics haven't changed in the history of the bicycle, and once again Sir Isaac's bet was odds-on in favour of the lithe over the comfortably-built.

First over the line was Cambridge CC's Willem de Boer.

Despite a Dutch-sounding name, this gentleman had all the attributes of someone used to life at altitude, knocking our home-grown talent Simon Denney into second place by a considerable 16 seconds.

Peter Millard beat his dad by a creditable 20 seconds, and also claimed the scalp of Alex Burch, quite possibly due to the latter's complete lack of preparation, warm-up etc?



Falling Leaves, and a deal done.

Baker days, or what are currently known as "staff professional days" are every parent's nightmare, it is commonly agreed.

What to do when your little darlings are at a loose end and neither wants to do the same thing?

Some skullduggery was called for. How about swapping child

2 with neighbor's child 1, so that two teenage boys can go MTB riding with dutiful parent (forced to forgo a day's earnings for the benefits of his kids' education), while two younger girls can go and do girly stuff next door?

This might not wash in the Parker household, but it was good enough for me.

Car loaded up with 3 bikes, we rocked up at Brandon Country Park and set off to the tune of "let's do the Black run!"

To make sure we got some miles in, we did the Beater (red) trail before the Limeburner (black) run.

In between which, my first-born was showing signs of

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Steve declines to admire the view...

Falling leaves, and a deal done.

(Continued from page 2)

flagging and needed to be fed with half a packet of Tesco scones before continuing.

“When I was fixing 3 bikes in the garage and you were saying “are we ready yet?”, did you have any breakfast?”

“No.”

“Aargh!”, says Dad.

Meanwhile, borrowed teenager

G just got on with it, showing a commendable turn of speed on his iron-framed bike, despite never having been to Thetford forest before.

It was a lovely autumn day, with the temperature still quite warm, and the sunshine scattering into different colours through the canopy of the forest.

Although there had been heavy rain recently, many of the trails

have been worked on, with crushed stone on the most heavily worn sections—these may not be authentic, but to be honest, give a much more pleasant riding experience than grinding through gritty ruts at half the speed.

A good day’s work done, we headed back for home just as the teachers were completing their Christmas shopping in the Grand Arcade...



GB after 25 miles’ worth of fresh forest air.

No sleep ‘til Cambourne?

By all accounts, this year’s Open 10 was another success, due in no small part to the small army of volunteers who perform a myriad of important tasks.

This year, the ranks were swelled by a number of conscripts, such as my brother Mark and colleague Andy, who kindly took my place on the roundabout while I was recuperating from my operation.

By their own admission, neither are time-trial enthusiasts, although the spectacle of

many riders seemingly determined to take the wrong exit from the roundabout provided enough amusement to make for a worthwhile afternoon.

For 2014 however, there will be a renewed impetus on hosting a successful event, for the following reasons:-

1. There will be a pair of rookie promoters doing the organizing, instead of the seasoned Tony n’ Sue combo;

2. It will be Team Cambridge’s Silver Jubilee;
3. There will be a whole bunch of Tour de France shenanigans just having happened.

So, please get this date in your diary right now, cancel the family holiday and tell the kids they’re going to Cambourne instead of the seaside!



Marshal amplification may be required...

19th*
July 2014
(*amended)

Bikewatch—from Widowmaker to Black Widow

One thing I resolved to do at the end of the 2012 season was to get the frame of my TT bike resprayed, so it didn’t look so scruffy.

This wouldn’t make it go any faster—obviously, especially when you look at the photo and note the body profile akin to a barn door.

Nonetheless, a new bike was

out of the question, so off it went to Morley Brothers in Milton, for bead blasting and stove enameling. The most economical colour was whatever was in the spray gun at the time, i.e. black, so black it became.

It’s not really fair to slander the poor machine with the Widowmaker tag when (i) I’m still alive, and (ii) its handling

is only as bad as the rider’s technique, so now it needed a new name.

Despite all this, due to my hip-op, it has spent the whole of the 2013 season hanging up in the garage unused.

So, it’ll be a debut in 2014 for the revamped machine, still fun to ride and maybe, just maybe, a little bit faster?



There’s only so much stress that 531 tubing can bear...

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

Have a look at this logo boys and girls, because next year something a bit special is going to happen...

You see, if you subtract one number from the other, you get the number of years our club has been in existence, and next year that number will be increased to twenty-five.



Apparently, this was the clincher in the deal that brought the Tour de France to Cambridge for 2014, as witnessed in this pic from the Cambridge Evening News—top marks Tony!



The Great British Bake-Off, continued...

Due to the lack of ingredients for a proper cordon-bleu meal, this edition of the Spokesman has been a bit late in arriving at the table.

Nonetheless, your chef appreciates the occasional food parcels of photos and ideas for articles that appear from time to time.

Incidentally, no write-up of a Dusk 2 Dawn event (however sparse) would be complete without honourable mentions to the happy crew who conspire to make the Team Cambridge camp something a little out of the ordinary.

So, its thanks to Head Chef Trevor "The Quiet Man™" Kimber for getting the grub on the table at the right time & temperature,

to Chef de Partie Kaptain Kev for transporting and erecting a mountain of equipment including gazebo, kitchen, workshop and sundry other items, and unpacking it all afterwards, to Commis Chef Paul "Magneto" Millard, for technical wizardry on the one hand and for total disregard for human dignity on the other, in producing team apparel for the occasion.

I have to say that despite the lack of adhesion of the moustaches, the chef's hats did contribute to keeping the noggin warm in the wee small hours.

And to Sous Chef Alex, bless him, for his courageously fast debut at night-time off-road racing.



We're just not quite sure whether he understood that camping out in the forest meant living under canvas, not to his choice of leisurewear...



Until next time, Champagne Charlie