

# CycleClubSudbury

## Spindle – July 2010



[www.cycleclubsudbury.com](http://www.cycleclubsudbury.com)

Another month, another Spindle. And surprise, surprise, my plea for interesting articles brought a shed load of entries, well four actually, which is four more than I usually get. More are needed for the coming months please. They don't have to be current, old memories are just as fascinating.

The four included in this edition, all describe memorable rides, but are all different types of cycling and are tales of individual endurance at its hardest. Good stuff and worth a read.

### **Cycling Shorts.....**

#### **Tour de France**

With the Tour de France starting this month, I was disappointed to see that it wasn't routed across Northern France. The start in Holland didn't really grab my imagination as I would have really liked the opportunity to watch it on its home soil near the Channel. Maybe next year then!

#### **CCS Audax Rides**

You just have enough time to get your gear (and bike) together and ride one of CCS's own Audax events **this Saturday**. Starting from Bildeston at 8.30am (160km ride) or 9.00am (100km ride) they are both worth getting out of bed for. We will allow on the line entries although it will cost a few bob more to do so. The weather will be stunning and the lanes will be almost empty of all traffic, well almost!

#### **Inter-Club 10mile Evening TT on Lavenham Course**

CCS has won another Inter-Club competition this year. The 3 way battle between CCS, West Suffolk Wheelers, and Haverhill Rovers on our own 10mile course and saw the fastest 5 riders on the night all coming from the home club. As it was the fastest first 5 from each club that scored points, we comprehensively demolished the opposition.

#### **CCS Points scorers.....**

- 1<sup>st</sup>. Simon Wright 22min 04secs (Course record?)
- 2<sup>nd</sup>. Rob Davies 22min 57secs
- 3<sup>rd</sup>. Simon Daw 23mins 07secs
- 4<sup>th</sup>. Matt Shotbolt 23mins 13secs
- 5<sup>th</sup>. Stuart Tyrrell 24mins 14secs

#### **New CCS 25mile Open TT Record!**

On the ultra fast E2/25 course near Newmarket, Rob Davies finally broke one of Scott Jones' many club TT records. This one had stood for 17 years and Rob beat it by 27secs with a 53min 11secs, in a recent VTTA event. Rob is literally flying at the moment and is now homing in on the 10mile Open TT record this season. Also worth mentioning is Damon Days' excellent effort in the same event of 57mins 07secs which was a 2min improvement and not surprisingly a P.B.

### **2010 Open TT Results – May**

#### **1<sup>st</sup> May – Cambridge CC – Open 10mile TT – FD2/10- Hardwick**

Len Finch was our sole representative in this Cambridgeshire event and his time of 28min 09secs was a slight improvement on his previous best the year.

#### **3<sup>rd</sup> May Barrachi CC – Open 10mile TT – B10/43 – Bungay**

Damon Day struggled with typical Bank Holiday weather in the form of cold and very windy showers to record a 25min 16sec ride in obviously difficult conditions.

#### **8<sup>th</sup> May - Godric CC Open 10mile TT – B10/43 – Bungay**

Rob Davies also had to endure heavy downpours on the same course as Damon's the week before, to record a very decent 23min 11sec in extreme conditions. It earned him 7<sup>th</sup> place.

#### **9<sup>th</sup> May – SPOCO – 25mile TT- E21/25A – Maldon**

Simon Daw watched as other riders skidded to the ground during their warm-ups in incessant drizzle. With many awkward corners on this sporting course, his time of 1hr 2min 51secs was an improvement of 1 ½ minutes over last years effort and deserves praise for just staying upright! It earned him 10<sup>th</sup> place.

#### **15<sup>th</sup> May - Stowmarket & Dist CC – 10mile TT - B10/33 – Woolpit**

James Rush & Damon Day tackled this out and back course in reasonable but windy conditions and were both rewarded with good times. James had to hastily change his front wheel near the start as he punctured during warm up. His 23min 31sec ride was good enough for 1<sup>st</sup> prize in his age category and also a 30sec improvement from last year's event. Damon wasn't far behind with a very good 24min 02sec ride.

#### **15<sup>th</sup> May - Lea Valley CC – Open 10mile TT – E2/10**

Rob Davies was hampered by strong cross winds on the E2 but still recorded a good 21min 49sec time. Stewart Kirk also produced a strong ride with a 23min 56sec ride. In the Middlemarkers event on the same course, Len Finch managed to improve by just 2secs with 28min 07secs, Terry Law, on his first Open outing of the year was pleased with his 27min 38sec ride and Barry Lee had a very good ride of 26min 21secs.

#### **22<sup>nd</sup> May – ECCA – Open 50mile TT – E2/50**

James Rush had his first encounter with a 50mile TT and produced a worthy 1hr 59min 46sec ride. (See separate report in this edition for the first hand details) Stewart Kirk also endured the unseasonably (for this month) hot conditions to record a creditable 2hr 9min 00sec ride.

#### **29<sup>th</sup> May – TT-Weekly – Open 10mile TT – B10/34 – Bury**

Terry and James both made fruitless journeys to this event which was eventually cancelled on the line due to appalling conditions on the A14 with little or no visibility in the heavy rain for drivers to see the riders.

A correct decision!

## Riding with Lawrence...By Nick Webber

If I were to tell you that I was recently seen coming out of a ladies clothing shop in a small village in northern France wearing an item of female apparel you would quite rightly ask what this has to do with cycling.....

Allow me to explain

On the day in question I was riding from Paris up to Albert as part of a major charity event called the Dallaglio Cycle Slam (during which I was taking part in the Paris to Twickenham leg). The idea behind this (conceived during an evening of ale consumption, apparently) was to ride from Rome up to Murrayfield while the 6 Nations was in progress, taking in each of the 6 Nations Stadiums en route.

A fine idea except for the fact that the 6 Nations begins in February and the bad luck that Europe was still in the grip of one of the worst winters for a generation!

By good fortune the temperature was actually above zero when we rode out of Paris but it was wet. In fact it was so wet on this particular day that my normally waterproof gloves were saturated, inside and out. I might as well have been riding with two sponges attached to my hands.

Elsewhere, the water had found its way through to almost every part of my body – the heavy French rain clearly having no respect for high-tech waterproof clothing. Even my skin was having second thoughts about remaining water resistant.

When I arrived at our planned lunch stop (soggy baguettes but welcome hot tea) I wrung my gloves out and flung them into the sag wagon in disgust. On the basis that my hands could not be any wetter I thought I'd be better off without them. Bad plan!

Five miles later my fingers began to turn white and I started to lose sensation across my palms.

Riding with one hand tucked under my armpit was a little more agreeable for a few miles but it was clearly impractical. If I was to survive the last couple of hours in the cold I knew I had to get hold of another pair of gloves somehow. It was

therefore, in desperation that I entered the only likely looking shop I came across on our route across the bleak, exposed countryside. From the way the staff stared at me I must have looked awful. Immediately one lady passed

me a tissue to wipe my dripping nose (at least I hope that's what it was for). Using my best French and gesticulating with my cold hands I explained my requirements, whereupon an assistant soon appeared with a massive but exquisite pair of leather gloves. Not pausing too long to imagine what sort of woman would have such big hands I expressed my gratitude and offered a few soggy Euro notes in payment. I was waved away with warm smiles explaining that the gloves were a gift. How absolutely charming!

And so it was that I rode off into the rain looking rather more chic than when I had begun the ride.

Sometime later, when tales of this episode got back to Lawrence, the whole event had become predictably exaggerated, to the point where I had to endure a penalty for wearing women's clothing!

Not that the other days on the ride were any less eventful. Lawrence had managed to persuade a number of stars from the world of sport to take part in the event so I had the pleasure of pedaling with James Cracknell (an awesomely powerful rider and all-round charismatic bloke), Lee Dixon (a revelation on the bike and in the bar), Will Greenwood (who rode all the way from Paris in trainers), Raphael Ibanez (one of the warmest Frenchmen I have met, although I would not have wanted to face him in a white England shirt during his years of captaining France) and little Paul Kimmage (who kept shouting at me every time I dropped him on the hills).

Not surprisingly the evenings were lively and there seemed to be a strong belief among the rugby contingent on the ride (and hence peer pressure on everyone else) that beer is the ultimate form of recovery drink and provides perfect carbo-loading for the following day's exertions. This is one area where my training was clearly inadequate.

The atmosphere, mutual support, and camaraderie among fellow riders was excellent so it was a lovely week all round but I have a number of highlights I would like to list (in no particular order):

- Riding into Calais and directly onto the Euro Tunnel train – the first time cyclists had ever been allowed to do so – then getting a police escort out of Folkestone.
- Sharing the utter joy of the less experienced female riders in the group (some of whom had only taken up cycling 5 months earlier) in being able to complete the rigours of the ride, despite getting lost, getting very cold and getting lots of punctures.
- The competitive excitement of riding in a small, fast group of four one morning, two of whom were retired (but not famous) Dutch professionals. Although this event was never supposed to be a race we covered the 70km to the café stop just outside Calais at such a crazy pace that it might well have been.
- Riding through the centre of London in a group of ten (only one of whom knew the route) and presenting a big enough presence in our bright red tops that other vehicles generally gave us plenty of room. For me, it



Nick with Lawrence Dallaglio outside Twickenham

was a huge thrill to ride at speed through the back streets of London, over Westminster Bridge, past the Houses of Parliament, down the Mall and past Buckingham Palace before reaching the tranquility of Richmond Park.

- Riding into Twickenham en masse to the applause of the staff, reporters, and a few family members before having the great honour of meeting and shaking hands with Prince Harry on the hallowed Twickenham turf.

Indeed a great experience and a thoroughly enjoyable week but it must be stressed that our ultimate aim had

## Ventoux Three!

By Viv Marsh

"I think it was nearly a year ago Andrew first mooted the idea of traveling to the famous Mont Ventoux in Provence and cycling up it, not once but three times. I immediately thought it was a mad idea and quickly discounted it. The next thing I knew was Andrew, George and I were filling in our entry applications for the Club des Cinglés du Mont-Ventoux (Mont Ventoux club of Maniacs!).

Apart from some short rides in the Ardeche I'd never cycled up a mountain at all. Andrew had ridden up Ventoux on two previous occasions and George had also done it once but never three times in a day. Living in East Anglia it is very hard to prepare for such an ordeal. Andrew and George managed some days in the Lake District to add to their previous tally of impressive hilly Audaxes in Wales, Somerset and the like. I had managed to do a few thousand miles but all pretty much on the flat. A few times before we went I rode down to Lt Baddow to do a few repetitions up North Hill. We calculated that we would have to climb North Hill the equivalent of 60 times but over only 45 times the distance! My main goal of losing a stone had, as usual, come to nothing.

It was an arduous 10 hour drive from Calais but Andrew and I shared the driving so it wasn't too bad. We managed to pitch our tent in a clearing with a good view of the summit looking down at us to egg us on. We spent a very pleasant day on Thursday (George's 17th birthday) riding through the Gorges de la Nesque, which I made no hesitation in proclaiming to be the most enjoyable cycle ride I had ever done. 80km through a beautiful slightly rising gorge, resting in Sault for lunch then returning via

Chalet Reynard on the easiest of the 3 Ventoux roads. There are three roads up Mt Ventoux, the



classic Tour de France route from Bedoin via Chalet Reynard which we've all seen on the TV (22km), a similarly hard climb from Malaucene (21km), and a relatively easy ride up from Sault (25km). Easy until it joins

been to raise £1 million for charity through sponsorship, etc. (at the time of writing, we were only a few thousand away from this target). Half of this being for Sports Relief with the other fifty per cent for the Dallaglio Foundation (which in turn supports Help for Heroes, Debra & Leukemia Research) .

I remain impressed at the generosity of many people and businesses when it came to supporting an event like this and providing the opportunity for a very mixed bunch of cyclists to share a precious experience.....

the Bedoin route at Chalet Reynard with 6km to go that is. 140km in all, our challenge was to ride up (and descend) all three in a day - simple. Ex Colchester Rover and long time CCS friend, Tim Hamilton kindly traveled the not inconsiderable distance from his home in the Dordogne to act as our support driver.

We set off together at 7.30am on Friday, pausing at the



boulangerie to get our brevet cards stamped, and enjoyed a chat along the relatively flat first section. Once we got into the forest the road went severely upwards and just kept going. George romped off to an early lead but I was pleased that Andrew was happy to ride with me at the back. As the climb went on though he couldn't resist the temptation to chase after some French riders who came past us and he was gone. I felt pretty good though and with Tim's regular support I psyched myself up for a strong coffee at Chalet Reynard. I managed to get to the ski chalet along side George but by that point Andrew was itching to get going again so my coffee was a quick slug and off again.

The 6km climb up to the top was harder still and riding in the surrounding moonscape above the forest was quite a surreal experience. Andrew was keen to press on all the way to the top but I was glad to stop again at the Tom Simpson memorial and to pay my respects to the British legend. 30 years previously I had read Tom's biography and had always wanted to visit the memorial but it had taken me 30 years to get here. I'd taken a bidon up especially with a message from us and all and CCS written on it which I proudly placed at the top of the pile. Then it was on again for the last mile to the top. It was a delight to reach the top for the first time. The views were breathtaking and the morning heat was beginning to burn

through even up here at 1,912m. We had a quick stop getting our brevets stamped in the souvenir shop..

The descent to Malaucene started with magnificent views of the Alps to the east and a hairy moment crossing an icy patch where the sun was melting the snow! We donned long sleeve tops and then it was an 80kph blat down to a proper coffee stop and a Croque Monsieur in the sun. This was fantastic fun and we all reached Malaucene exhilarated and ravenous. So having descended in 40 minutes we then had the prospect of another 2.5 hour climb up the 1,570m back to the top. This started off hard then got harder. Having long since exhausted my morning bounce it was a relentless slog and it got hotter and hotter. I had flies buzzing all over me and sweat filling the pools in my always downward facing sunglasses. Andrew was gone almost immediately and George and I passed and re-passed each other all the way up.

I promised myself a rest above 1,000 metres but when I finally got there it was a barren landscape with nowhere to sit and rest or even get out of the sun. At nearly 1,100m I just got off and laid in the road for about 10 minutes. George passed me again and so I set off in search of Tim for more water and much needed fuel. Then I pressed on to Chalet Liotard where I hoped to get another coffee and have a proper rest. I passed George again and eventually got there and collapsed in a chair. Tim and George joined me but after about 20 minutes it was obvious we were not going to get served so we re-fuelled from Tim's car and set off again. Like the first ascent the last section was unforgiving with many switch-backs all under the shadow of the omnipresent observation tower always looming above us. Eventually George and I struggled to the top to find Andrew had been waiting for us for 45 minutes and was hopping from one leg to the other anxious to get going again. We got another summit stamp but tempers were being tested now and I insisted on a short break before the second descent down to Sault. This was a long steady descent but the road surface was not as good as the other two roads and I found it a lot less fun than the earlier descent.

I was the first to arrive in Sault but there is a stiff climb up into the town and I realised that for the first time ever I'd actually bonked whilst going down hill. I sat down in the first cafe I came to but after the others arrived we found that they hardly had anything suitable to offer us to eat. This was my lowest point of the ride. I was physically drained and really didn't know if I could continue. The thought of another long climb followed by the grovel up from Chalet Reynard seemed too much to bear. The others reassured me that this was the easiest climb and that we'd support each other as far as the chalet at least. So another stamp was collected in the tourist office and we were off again but we were inadequately refreshed this time.

We made steady progress up what was only (!) 750m from Sault to the chalet and we did all stay together. It was difficult to be cheerful as we retraced our route from the previous day and remembered the merriment as we'd romped up here (on the big ring in places) only 24 hours earlier. Eventually we arrived at the Chalet Reynard once again but the thought of the last 6km was taunting me. We agreed that we'd each tackle it in our own way. Andrew sprinted off for the top like an over-excited puppy. George

declared he was just going to plod up slowly-slowly. I wasn't even sure I could do another 6km at all. I decided to break it down into 2km stretches and cautiously set off on the first leg. After exactly 2,000m I got off and sat down on a rock for a good five minutes. Andrew was probably at the top already but George appeared round the corner so I got back on and headed for the Simpson memorial which I hoped would be the next 2km stretch. After exactly another 2,000 metres though I hadn't reached it but I could not press on any further so I got off again and found another rock to rest on. Blearly eyed and with sweat streaming from my brow. My clothes had been soaked through for hours. I couldn't have been any wetter if I'd jumped in a pool. As George came up to me again I pressed on still unsure if I could even do the next and final 2km and twice more up North Hill!

Sure enough I stopped again with about 1km to go. Tim brought me more water and I remounted for what I hoped would be the last time. However the last stretch was steeper still and I ground to another halt with my GPS indicating only 454m to go! I couldn't believe that 450m could be so daunting. George stopped here too and I explained to him that it was little more than once round a running track but I wasn't sure I was even convincing myself. We set off again together and the final loop took us past the tower and back on ourselves. Although this made it even further than it looked it seemed to help psychologically and George came past me to finish the last stretch up the final access ramp ahead of me.

We'd done it! I'm not quite sure how and I couldn't believe how much I'd struggled over the last 4km but somehow we were back on top of Mont Ventoux for the third time today. There was much (seated) jubilation and we also managed to pose for some photos which we hoped would be usable for the Spindle. I phoned home to let them know I was still

alive but the emotion of the moment made it very difficult to talk at all. Of course we still had 25



km to go to complete the course but we all knew we could now manage the final descent - we just had to hang on to the handle bars, grit our teeth and shut our eyes! Indeed apart from the nauseating smell of burning brake blocks we all made it down again without incident, got the final stamp, and headed for the camp site and beer!

It was without doubt the hardest thing I have ever done. Obviously I was woefully under prepared but it was tremendous fun and a huge thrill to have completed the challenge. I look forward to seeing our names (among less than 200 other Brits) on the Club des Cinglés web site. **George will be the youngest English rider to achieve that.** Especially well done to George and thanks to Andrew for making it happen and sharing with me what was truly an experience of a lifetime."

## My First 50

by...James Rush

I decided to have a go at my first 50 mile time trial on the E2/50 course held during the end of May. Having never ridden this distance before I was unsure what to expect other than a lot of pain and I wasn't to be disappointed! Typically, the day was very hot, (26 degs) so for the first time, I fixed my nice new (and expensive) aero bottle on to grab the essential drink every 15 minutes.



Every time triallers favourite course.  
The E2 - James is on there somewhere!

After arriving at the start and clocked Peter Balls, the West Suffolk Wheeler 'superhuman' time trialler also preparing for the start a few places behind me. I hoped this would push me on so he wouldn't pass me before the 25 mile mark. The first 10 miles went well as I eased into the ride but the hot temperatures began to take its toll as I took on plenty of drink. I caught my minute man after 12 miles but obviously eased up too much as he re-took me further on which is never good for morale. I re-took him again and made sure he stayed behind me this time. 25 miles eventually came and with it, all sorts of 'mind' games, as I told myself I had done the usual 25 distance and it was time to stop! It was at this point that I started to struggle. With 15 miles to go, I hit a large pothole and my aero bottle parted company and went sliding down the A11 never to be seen again. From this point

on, all I could think of was, wanting to drink. Then my usual cramp problems kicked in which saw me freewheeling, stretching, and losing loads of time.

On the final leg, my minute man re-took me again which encouraged me to give it one final push. My clock was showing 1hr 58mins with a mile to go but fortunately the finish arrived sooner than expected. (Computer was nearly ½ mile out!)

I crossed the line and nearly collapsed before I found a drink to re-hydrate with along with a big slab of chocolate to munch.

The ride was the hardest one to date mentally and I admit I nearly gave up on several occasions. But the satisfaction of completing my first 50 was great and I also just achieved my goal of going under the 2hr mark with 1hr 59mins 46secs.

Never again, I promised myself, but as with all T.T.'s, it's unfinished business and have entered another in June!!!!

## DIEPPE RAID 2010

By Robin Weaver

Cycle Club Sudbury riders recently returned from their annual weekend of Dieppe Raid cycling on the northern French coast.

The first Dieppe Raid was organised in 1972 by Cyclo-Club Dieppois, to commemorate the disastrous Allied raid on occupied Dieppe in 1942.

The Club Dieppois arranged a great weekend, beginning with a reception with the mayor, and rides of 20k, 50k, 100k, 140k, 200k on offer, and even a choice of two walks for non-cyclists. The Routes are called the Tours de Trois Vallees, which gives an indication of the hilly nature of the ground covered in the undulating wooded hills around Dieppe.

A small group of CCS riders first attended about 8 years ago, and since then numbers have increased; 11 rode the 140k route this year



(Winning a cup in the process), out of a total British contingent of 160.

There were also about 120 French riders. As well as the organised rides, Cycle Club Sudbury riders also had a next day ride into the very attractive countryside behind Dieppe.



This made use of a 36 kilometre Avenue Verte cycle route along a disused railway line – what a pity the closed Sudbury – Bury line and other redundant lines in the area weren't used in this way.

#### **NOTE to Evening Time Triallers.**

As all of the Evening Series TT results are posted each week on our website (usually on that evening or the next day) and I also try to email them to most riders soon after the event, Spindle will not be repeating the list in the future issues. The list of riders is getting rather large – approaching 100 different competitors (including visiting riders)

As the club now has about 75 members (is this a record?) it's not surprising we are attracting large fields each week on Thursday evenings....

Also, well done to Ben Marsh, who is the only rider to have taken part in every single evening time trial this season!

#### **25 MILE CHALLENGE RIDE**

Also on Saturday 3rd July, alongside the above Audax events, CCS in conjunction with Bildeston Community Cycling will be running a 25 mile Challenge Ride from Bildeston Sportsfield, starting at 1.45pm. Cycle at your own speed; directions and route map provided; cafe stop halfway. Entry fee £4, to local hospice charities. For an entry form and details, contact Robin Weaver on 01449, 741048, or e-mail via 'Membership Secretary' on the Contact page of this website. You do not have to be a Club member to ride this event and you should be able to enter on the day. Letting the organiser know of your intentions beforehand would greatly help.

And finally, I will be away when the next Spindle is due out, so apologies now for the late arrival of the August edition. It will give you all, more time to write up your reports for me...hmmm!