

SPINDLE

THE NEWSLETTER OF CYCLE CLUB SUDBURY

FEBRUARY 2006



It Was The Month Of The Bacon Roll

Welcome to another edition of Spindle; or is that THE Spindle? Anyway we are rapidly moving into the New Year, the evenings are beginning to draw out; I'm actually getting to see some daylight these days, the weather does not feel as cold; or that might just be the case of getting used to it, who knows but the end of winter months does appear at the end of the tunnel.

But remember the road conditions are still uncertain; we have had a couple of spills by members lately so keep your wits about you and remember that safety gear!

In The News.

Newton Green Golf Club rolled out the red carpet, and then due to the gravel in the car park they quickly rolled it back up again. This did not deter the crowds as they gathered in the function room ready for an evening of food, drink and prize giving. I will not recite the entire evening as I'm sure most members were there for the proceedings, whose who did not make it there will be photographs available in due time.

My thanks goes out to those who made it possible and of course Newton Green Golf Club for the hospitality.

The following morning those who were still able to stand and were willing to ride a bike met up at the Stevenson Centre for the beginning of the Annual Reliability Ride. Organiser Brian (no the other one; Webber) passed on the follow details of the event:

A total of 67 riders signed on to start:

Group A – 48 miles in 3hrs 30mins – 17 riders signed on. (1 DNF)

Group B – 48 miles in 2hrs 45mins – 28 riders signed on. (3 DNF)

Group C – 27 miles in 2hrs 30mins – 16 riders signed on. (1 DNF)

Group D – 27 miles in 1hr 45mins – 6 riders signed on. All finished!

So out of 67 riders starting 62 managed to finish (what a relief for yours truly) A total of 23 C.C.S. riders took part other clubs taking part were; Haverhill Wheelers, Glendene, Interbike, Anglia Sport, I.B.C, Chelmer, Wolsey R.C., Ford C.C., Colchester Rovers and M.L.C., note I have since been told that this stands for Mid Life Crisis.

This was one of the best turn outs that we have seen for a number of years and although it was bright sunny day there was a cold biting wind, with ice on some parts of the road, many riders found the going hard and needless to say there were a number of punctures on both courses. For those who did not receive your certificates on the day I am sorry but they should be enclosed in this newsletter (*whoops – Ed). Many thanks to all of you who supported this event and to those of you helped make this event a success especially Alison for signing on and also Pat my other half for helping out in the kitchen.

- Brian Webber

I'm sorry to say that I laid up in bed for this event; honest I did try and make it! But in an attempt to help me understand the day I missed Viv Marsh and his brother; Woody, both emailed me their account of the day. I hope they don't mind but I just had to include their accounts, as they are such a good read.

What was I saying about feeling fitter lately? I did the Sudbury reliability trial today which I never remembered as being anything too daunting. And guess what? It was daunting!

I confidently put my name down for the fastest/longest group (48 miles in 2hr 45min) and was impressed to find myself riding in a group of 30-40 fit looking chappies, who set off at a smart pace. I was thrilled at riding in such a big bunch for the first time in this half of my life and despite the icy cold weather, enjoyed the first 5 miles or so enormously even doing a few turns at the front (OK, one turn actually, but I felt I was keeping a bit in hand). But as we approached Semer an Bildeston and a few slight bumps, I found myself (amongst a few others) trying to hang on. I got back on a couple of

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times but on a climb towards Bildeston lost contact and found myself riding alone within 10 miles of the start! I suddenly felt vulnerable and attempted to eat something but found it almost impossible to chew and swallow and breath, all at the same time. I was praying for a puncture so I had an excuse to stop but after a few miles I began to settle down. Just as I was starting to feel that I might at least finish the course I was caught by a club mate who unknown to me had been dropped earlier (unless he'd had a problem - I didn't get to ask him). He was down on his tribars and at his invitation I clawed onto his wheel and felt that together we might maintain a good pace. With a bit of good fortune we might even get back on as the bunch were only just out of sight! Then I got that puncture I had been praying for only a few minutes earlier, which was now most unwelcome. I told my friend to go on as he was looking strong and I could manage the repair myself.

I guess that took me about 10 minutes to repair and as soon as I set off again I cursed myself for not eating something whilst I'd worked - or taking the time to put the wheel in straight - so now it was rubbing on the mudguard. I was now approaching the section of the course that I didn't know so well and managed to miss one turn which cost me a few minutes, by the time I had realised, stopped to look at the map and then retraced my route back to the offending junction (GPS paid for itself here). I rode alone from Hitchin (about 12 miles) until almost back into Lavenham where I caught a rather un-talkative guy who had stopped at some road works. I nodded at him and belched an "alright?" as I sidled up but he just grunted at me, and I soon left him behind. My legs were burning now but this episode made me think that the event was perhaps not an entirely lost cause for me. I continued alone again, until almost back in Waldingfield where some guy came passed me like a train - with my untalkative friend clinging on to his wheel. Miffed, I jumped on too but shortly these two were separated from each other and I found myself riding with my new best friend again, who I Christened "Ugh".

So we rode the last few miles back to Sudbury together sharing the work and doing a good speed despite our obviously flagging condition and lack of conversation. Happily for me though, despite his recuperative rest at the traffic lights, I left him behind coming into Cornard but then realised I had to ride into the empty car park alone and rather unceremoniously. No whoops of joy or shouts of "well done" from clapping friends and family eagerly awaiting my return. I leant my bike on top of the heap of others and staggered inside to collapse into a very welcome hard plastic chair. The other consolations being an even more welcome, free cup of tea and the fact that I had in fact finished the course 2.5 minutes INSIDE the target time. So in fact, someone was impressed after all - me. On sober reflection (sitting here with a beer) it was a great event, well organised and fantastically supported (must have been nearly a hundred starters!) - a most worthwhile effort, but a bit of an eye opener for me - fat old git with ideas above his meagre abilities!

- Viv Marsh

Guess what? I did this too!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Or rather I did the ladies'/FBs'/ kids'/ old mans' version of it. Oh yes, and I failed to finish - bugger! Unlike Ben & Joe who proudly put their completion certificates on their walls. We turn up and enter the slowest shortest class we could, and line up in our fleeces and school coats with all the highly decorative Lycra clad heroes. Our bald tyred mountain bikes leaning on their cast iron stands, setting something of an example in my opinion. We set off at a blinding pace, followed by one of the organisers who, apparently, was unable to ride this slow and soon passed, sucking me along in the slip stream. I hung with him for nearly ½ second, I was quite pleased with that. The "race" soon settled down and I was in a fast bunch led by the superbly attractive lycra clad Lucy very closely followed by Ben, (school coat!) who, I might add, stuck to Lucy all day (good lad). Then Joe, who I soon assessed, had his seat 4 inches too low, then Serena, then me. I was proud to support the ladies and kids by following at the rear, look after them and all that: Fact - I couldn't have gone a lot faster anyway. After 5 miles or so of panting and puffing, mercilessly, Lucy stopped to let us know she had cold feet and Serena was knackered. Hmmmm, it's going to be a long event? Realising we could do nothing about cold feet, not that was suitable for a barren lay by anyway, we pushed on. Despite some funny goings on in the leg muscles department it all seemed a bit less difficult now. We even got within 50 yards of the group ahead of us, couldn't quite hang with 'em, reckon they had just filled up on bacon sarnies, they looked fast to me. Stopped for a break after 12 miles looking forward to a Marathon bar that I had bought especially for just such a moment - and left it in the bedroom draw! Nice one Woody. Still the water was energizing - not. Apparently we had averaged 11½ miles per hour, which I didn't think was too bad, given the circumstances, if that figure is right. Anyway, we continued at a pace suitable for Serena, me and any other snails that could hang in with us. I couldn't feel the effect of the slip stream of any one behind me? Actually I was quite pleased with how we were doing, Ben & Joe were stars. Ben still stuck to Lucy's back wheel, good lad. Few hills around Semer but we took em all in our stride. Back through Monks Eleigh, blistering pace, hang a left only to find rather less stability from rear of my high speed machine, and a bit more road noise from the balding knobbly tyre. Better stop and have a look, soft tyre! Never mind I can keep going? Nope, this is really getting hard work now. Stop

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have a look. Assumed its just a slow puncture, cant find any cause. Feeling chuffed that I went back to get the pump before we started this little escapade, I went to re-inflate the tyre only to find pump will not go onto the valve. Closer investigation established that there was a football adapter snapped off inside the pump, excellent, thanks kids. I figured that Lucy or Serena would have a pump. They did - suitable for high pressure valves and not schrader valves. Asked a couple of other cyclists with no joy. Middle of nowhere so not a lot to do about it. Asked Lucy & Serena to chaperone B & J back in the hope they would be in time to finish in the allocated time. After messing Viv around (sorry Viv) I was able to get a lift home and we all lived happily ever after.

Boys walls look good with their certificates and mine would probably look good if I had been as good as them. Thanks to Lucy, Serena, Viv and Teresa, we all had a good day. It's nice to have done something like this after so long out of the saddle. Maybe not Viv's level but, at 27 miles, an achievement all the same, not done anything like this in nearly thirty years.

- Yours chuffed, Woody.

Now that's the type of story to make me feel better at staying in bed with a Lemsip. Thanks Viv and Woody.

If after reading those accounts you feel the need to shake off those winter blues and put some miles on the clock feel free to join in any of the upcoming events.

The next big planned event is the Anglia Super Challenge; as pictured to the right. Running along the similar lines of our Reliability Ride this should prove to be just as eventful.

Failing that if you just want to jump on your bike please join us on the Sunday Bacon Club Runs. Which leads me onto the heading of this month's newsletter; The Month Of The Bacon Roll. The Sunday Club runs have always revolved around the idea of a leisurely ride out into the country, stopping which a nice cup of tea and possibly a slice of Coconut cake for the truly adventurous and then a peaceful ride back to Sudbury's Market Hill. I'm afraid to have to report that these club runs are now getting totally out of control. The rides are now dictated by the café serving the mid-ride refreshments with some members ordering the largest bacon roll they can find on the menu. This type of riding has got to stop, if only for the reason that soon we will have to start booking tables for Sunday lunches!

That said I think I will hold my hands up on encouraging this trend in fried treats, hopefully next month I will have completed my Top 10 Café Stops review and it will be ready for print. Until then make sure you bring enough change loose change on a Sunday morning.

The Bit At The Back.

I guess this brings us to the end of another episode in the history of C.C.S. until the next time.

If you are one of the elite or committee members as they are sometimes known, remember the next meeting is on Wednesday the 15th February at the Stevenson Centre.

On a side note Terry Law has asked me to pass on comment that he is looking to sell a couple of items of cycling equipment; how could I not offer to put them in the Spindle for him, details below:

- Elite Turbo Trainer with fan resistance. £20
- ITM CX2 Tri bars complete with brake levers £50
- Contact Terry Law 01206 241780

Angliasport Cycling Club Presents the

ANGLIASPORT Super Challenge

Sunday 19th February 2006

Once again we are proud to promote our annual Angliasport Super Challenge. As you will see from the table below there are various events, riders of any age and ability are welcome to turn up on the day and take part. Refreshments will be available so don't worry there will be enough sandwiches, drinks etc for everyone. The routes are all exciting and go over many roads that were once used for the prestigious Grand Prix of Essex early season Premier Calendar event. Please pass the word around to anyone that you know that may be interested in a day that they'll remember for a long time. Event details as follows;

	Event & Awards	Start Time	Max. Time Limit	Finish Time
1	Gold - 70 Miles	10.00 am	4 hours 30 mins	2.30 pm
2	Silver - 50 Miles	10.30 am	3 hours 30 mins	2.00 pm
3	Platinum - 50 Miles	11.00 am	2 hours 45 mins	1.45 pm
4	Bronze - 25 Miles	12.00 pm	2 hours 00 mins	2.00 pm
5	Tungsten - 25 Miles	12.30 pm	1 hours 30 mins	2.00 pm

Event HQ: Birch Village Hall (situated just off the B1022).

Entry Fee: All events £2.50, which includes a **FREE** raffle ticket worth £1.00 (many good prizes on offer).

For further information visit www.angliasport.com