



# Spindle – October 2011

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

**W**ith an Indian summer now underway, it's never been a better time to get out there on the bike. And what a great month it's been for British cycling. Wiggins and Froome, both on the finishers podium in the Vuelta, Cav winning 2 stages in the Tour of Britain and winning a thrilling World Championship road race (thanks to some astonishing teamwork by the rest of the G.B. team), Wiggins snatching a Silver medal in the Worlds Time Trial, and Team G.B winning a further 5 medals to top the medals table. Barbara Law winning a bronze medal at the World Duathlon Championships (Age related) in Spain, Simon Daw getting 2<sup>nd</sup> place overall in the ECCA 25 mile TT at Chelmsford and finally, CCS winning the Interclub Speed Judging competition. The list seems endless.

Anyone who went out to watch the T of B come through our patch couldn't have failed to have been impressed with the spectacle of it all. Although when you analyse what you actually get for your money, it's quite strange really. When I tried to explain to a non bokie friend about it all, he summed it up as..."So you wait about for an hour or so, see a few (more like 20 – 30) motorbikes come through, then a few bikers shoot pass, followed by a bigger gang of bikers coming by, then a load of cars with bikes on them and then it's all over" "Erm, that's about it" I replied "You're bonkers" he smugly told me.

I had to agree, but I loved it! Pity the tele highlights missed out any coverage of it all going through Lavenham and Hadleigh.

I've seen half a dozen stages of the Tour de France over the years and spent a lot longer travelling there and waiting around for the spectacle to arrive, but I didn't mention this to my friend about it as he would have had me certified! But as all of you who have done similar, it's a whole new ball game and needs to be experienced to 'get it' All very odd really.

## CYCLING SHORTS

Last week's Club Run to the Interclub Speed Judging competition at Hawkedon was a huge success, due mainly to the wonderfully generous provision of tea, coffee and cakes provided by Jenny and Brian. Thank you very much. Oh, and the competition was a triumph for CCS as well. We took every point that was available. We swept the board. It was a whitewash (*Surely an Orangewash? Ed*) Haverhill and West Suffolk were nowhere. Well, wherever they were, it was not at the Speed Judging.

None of them turned up except for Ted Jackson of Haverhill Wheelers who carried out the time keeping! CCS won convincingly well, I say CCS: the first three places were taken by ex-members/non-members. Perhaps the success will go to their heads and they'll all join/rejoin the club.

## Speed Judging Results

Name	Time difference in secs.	Position
Brian Mann	19	6
Mac McDermott	16	5
Trevor Pillet	28	9
Mark Gentry	29	10
Denise Leeder	67	12
Colin Harris	12	4
Chris Smee	20	7
M Borg	81	14
<b>Tim Radford</b>	9	<b>2</b>
Trevor Mansfield	22	8
Justin Horne	65	11
<b>Mark Jay</b>	6	<b>1</b>
<b>Kirsty White</b>	10	<b>3</b>
Graham White	80	13

## DATES FOR YOUR DIARIES

Get those audax miles in while the weather holds (if it does!).

Saturday, 8 October: from Blaxhall, near Wickham Market; the Suffolk Byways 120k audax ride.

Sunday, 23 October: from Blundeston, Lowestoft; organised by well-known East Anglian audaxer John Thompson, two totally new audax routes, 150k and 200k Silly Suffolk rides.

Further details and entry forms these rides on the AudaxUK website, at [www.aukweb.net](http://www.aukweb.net), under 'Calendar'. Entry is open to all, not just AudaxUK members.

**11am, SUNDAY 16 OCTOBER: INTERCLUB HILL CLIMB, DALHAM**

With Haverhill Wheelers, West Suffolk Wheelers. 11am at Dalham.

Exact hill to be confirmed; see our website homepage nearer the date!

**11am, SUNDAY 6 NOVEMBER: CCS HILL CLIMB; ENTRIES FORMS NEED TO BE RECEIVED BY 22 OCTOBER.**

Our very own Open Hill Climb, incorporating the East District Cycle Association Championship. **This year we've arranged for the road to be closed**, so no horse boxes slowing people up! Why not give it a go. Held on Watson's Hill, from the B1115 Hadleigh to Bildeston road at Semer bridge up towards the Hollowtrees farm shop.

Semer Village Hall on the Hadleigh to Bildeston road is used as the Headquarters for this event. Refreshments are available on the day.

Even if you're not riding the event, it's worth coming to watch. The Club run for this Sunday will be coming over to watch the event, and for the refreshments!

Our website home page has links to the Entry form, event details, and the course.

Entry forms to be sent to Andrew Hoppit, 9 Aubrey Drive, Sudbury, CO10

1PY, BY 22 OCTOBER. Entry fee £7, cheques payable to A. Hoppit.

**7.30pm, THURSDAY 24 NOVEMBER:**

**CCS ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING**

Although not until next month, we're giving you early notice of this so you've no excuses for not coming. The AGM will be held at the Stevenson Centre, off Broom Street, Great Cornard. Refreshments provided. Attendance isn't (yet!) compulsory, although it would be good to see more than the usual 25% of the membership attend. Got any gripes about the Club, or suggestions for improvements or extra events? If so, come and give them an airing, or even better, stand for a committee post. There are positions available!

**THURSDAY 8 DECEMBER: CCS QUIZ NIGHT**

7.30pm, Stevenson Centre, off Broom Street, Great Cornard; taxing questions, good company, free refreshments and prizes galore – what more could you ask.

Once again CCS is well placed in the AudaxUK Club Points table.

We're currently sixth out of the 225 clubs listed, and as in previous years several of the clubs ahead of us are much bigger.

YACF 500

Willesden 482

VC167 376

Audax Ecosse 346

Cardiff Byways 238

CCS 220

And remember, this is achieved during Brian Mann's audaxing year off!

Our good showing is due in part to new member but experienced audaxer Deneice Davidson.

The Audax point's year finishes at the end of October, so there's still an opportunity to help increase that total;

200k events are the shortest that qualify, unfortunately, but there's a new East Anglian 200k event, the Silly Suffolk, from Blundeston on Sunday 23 October, along with a 150k ride.

Chairman Dave Fenn also currently tops the CTC Suffolk audax table, with a convincing 23 point lead over annual rival Arabella Maude.

**FOR SALE**

3/4 length brand new Roubaix bibtights for sale, size M, unisex.

Purchased mail order, wrong size, selling company refuses to exchange.

£40. Contact Deneice Davidson at [d.davidson63@tesco.net](mailto:d.davidson63@tesco.net).

**MOUNTAIN BIKING**

*Hello to all CCS members.*

Some of you may remember me from a few years ago participating in the time trials. My name is Doz Bree, and my overriding biking interest is mountain biking. I am writing to gauge the level of interest for a possible mountain bike section of the club??

My intention is to; if there are enough people interested, arrange a regular evening xc ride on local routes that I use, and those that other members know?

A possibility of team or solo racing in local (ish) events or visits to centres such as Thetford and Chicksands would be considered, too!

Please contact me on (01787) 829130, or by email on [doz.bree1973@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:doz.bree1973@hotmail.co.uk), initially to register an interest in participating.

Thanks for reading; I look forward to hearing from you.

*Regards*

*Doz Bree*

**CAUMONTOSE in the**

**Pas de Calais** by Mark Gentry

On Saturday the 3<sup>rd</sup> of September a half a dozen doyens of the pleasures of velopedical delights left Sudbury, Glemsford, Hadleigh, Lavenheath and Milton Keynes (or there about) at crack of dawn and drove toward Dover. Five of us met at Ashford services for a pre-breakfast snack and then continued in convoy to Dover where the sixth member of our elite cycling group was picked up and we boarded the ferry in two cars. Dave took Roger and Alun in his car. Colin took Mac and Mark in his. I don't know the arrangements in Dave's car but in Colin's, I was the designated navigator, of which more must be spoken later. The Channel was as calm as a millpond and as we crossed, on the 10.35am ferry, we indulged in healthy and healthily sized, proper breakfasts. I looked at my watch as we were docking in Calais and I couldn't believe how long we had taken to cross. (There is a possibility that time zones and putting watches forward could have had some effect on my time perception.)



“Navigator, direct me to the A16” said Colin. “Follow that light blue Jaguar in front. The one with the bikes on top” I said, before going to sleep for the duration of the journey. We turned off the A16 onto the D939 and arrived at Hesdin where we did a spot of shopping in a Carrefour supermarche. Stuff for barbecuing, breakfasting and wineing. Along with the meat, fish,



potatoes and wine bottles, was a bag of healthy apples, which returned with us to the UK, unopened. Some of the fish we bought was labeled “Lieu Noir” for which the only translation we could find was “Colin, Pollack.” We had four wonderful treats, carried from Blighty to lessen the culture shock of mucky French grub. Mac brought a cake, which

Julie had made and a raspberry crumble, which he had made. David brought a fruit cake which Mary had made. I brought a hessian sack of muesli, which heaven knows who, had made.

Chez Leopald, our accommodation in Caumont, Pas de Calais, was a really nice place with a little tower outside the front door, which was either a dovecote or the place where the Caumontoise confined troublesome Englishmen. There were two bedrooms on the ground floor and three upstairs and there was very little blood spilt during the selection of beds and none at all during the compilation of the bathroom rota. Some people, though, found the shower more difficult to operate than others.

Our nearest neighbour being the village church, there was some concern about the hourly striking clock but in the event it was either silenced at night or the effect of the wine was to render the bells inaudible to cyclists. There were, in the churchyard, eight British War Graves. Six of the pilot and crew of a Halifax bomber shot down during the Second World War and two others from the First World War.

When the cars were unloaded and everyone had

settled in, we got the bikes out and trundled off to Crecy and had some coffee and some beer. I suppose it's due to lower population density but there seemed to be a lack



Proper Bikers!

of locals out and about. In fact it seemed that, all the time we were in France, most of the villages we passed through were shut. The exception to this desertedness was motorists, though there were fewer of those than in similar circumstances in Britain. After our coffee we set off to the site of the battle of Crecy. Which was also shut. Like two sets of the Three Kings, “we returned home”, to Caumont, “another way”, which proved to be a bit of a problem because we had to do a bit of track retracing?

Starving cyclists need nutritious comestibles in abundance. Roger, besides organising the whole trip

admirably, was a superb Chef de Barbecue and with a little help, produced excellent food to compliment the 2009 Bordeaux, which was the main component of most of our meals. Colin told us that this was a good vintage and he was not wrong. During this feasting we decided that tomorrow we would cycle alongside the river Somme because it would be nice and flat. All roads on the map that showed any signs of having anything resembling a chevron marked on them were severely shunned.

I'm sorry to report that there were no notable incidents on this Sunday expedition to the sea. We did notice that there were more people out and about than there had been on Saturday. There were several changes of direction after consulting the faulty French maps, with their silly names, and we reached our goal in spite of M. Michelin. We did pass the French equivalent of Dale Farm but sped quickly past without incident. Lunch was at a restaurant on the plage at Quend Plage after which there was a return trip, passing Dale Farm again and avoiding the shouting family beside the road.

The course of this return trip took us alongside the river Somme again but on the opposite bank. Spinning happily along, we mused upon the fact that, although the sky was overcast most of the time, we had experienced some weak sunshine but at least it was dry. HA! What a laugh. Half way home, it began and soon capes were drawn and I for one wished I'd put mudguards on. “Let's stop at this bar for some coffee,” someone suggested, “I could do with a comfort break.” Coffees all round was the damp order as our capes dripped puddles on the floor. The pissoir (I've always wanted to write that) was outside the bar. Imagine a half metre square roofed construction with cowboy saloon louvre doors facing the road and you will have some idea of the privacy afforded here. See above!



Very public toilet

More delicious food, courtesy of The Chef de Barbecue, cooking under an umbrella to disperse the rain, and more 2009 vintage and we slept well. Some people, though, had opened the Velux windows upstairs to their fullest extent and the rain had slightly drenched their rucksack and most of their clothing, before they realised their mistake.

Monday brought a diversion of courses. Four of us went off to Azincourt

(*That'll be Agincourt of the battle fame – did the Frenchies change the spelling because they lost I wonder?– Ed*) and the other two went elsewhere at a more



Proper wet

leisurely pace to explore the local cafes. All six, though, got drenched to the bone. The Azincourt parties were climbing up to a plateau, and were approaching the top when the skies opened. At the top we could just make out, through the torrential rain, just one tree, the only

suggestion of shelter for two hundred miles. To this tree, we made our way through the two-inch deep water flooding the road. As the rain made its way down our necks and gushed out of our shorts, we realised the truth about this tree. As a shelter, it was a washout.

Gently oozing water and very slowly drying out, mainly due to the friction of shivering, we made our way to the village of Azincourt and the battlefield. Every house in the village had its own cardboard cutout knight, bowman, pike man, crossbowman or other such military person. We drank more coffee in a bar but didn't visit the visitor centre but carried on to the battlefield and rows of cutout archers and knights. There was a very informative display board at the actual site of the battle. On the route home, we attempted to find food. No such luck. On Lundi, France is closed.

More gorging and quaffing occurred in the evening, together with preparations for the journey home, which proved to be very similar to the journey out, except in reverse. My



Proper grub

navigation became worse, if that is possible, and all praise is due to Colin for overcoming the handicap that I represent. The unremarkable but long return journey was made a little more interesting by the roughness of the crossing. Waiting for two hours outside Dover harbour made for some excitement and the thrusting of the tugboats trying to turn us to get into the berth caused quite a stir. It certainly stirred the water.

By Tuesday evening we were back to our respective homes and pining for our Caumont cottage. What a great break.

## DARK, COLD AND MISTY

by Robin Weaver

Yes, the autumn audax season began for me with an early morning start for the Shaftesbury CC Chris Negus Memorial 200k audax, from their club hut at Henham.

Having picked up Dave and Mark on the way, we arrived at the hut for an early cuppa, before setting off with about 35 other riders on the longest (100k) leg of the ride, to that well-known venue the Dutch Nursery cafe at Coggeshall. We reached there by roads some known, some new, via Thaxted, the Bardfields, Gosfield, Greenstead Green, passing lots of potential cafe stops on the way. If only we'd known! Having made our way through to the cafe, we found ourselves at the tail end of a coach party queue of 'old people' (as distinct from ourselves), dithering about what to order. After an enforced prolonged break, we left 50mins later, refuelled and refreshed, setting off for Great Leighs, and the first of far too many info controls. By now, the weather was glorious, and the earlier optimistically applied sunblock



came into its own on the return to the club HQ via Stebbing

No, not a figure of eight course, instead, a cloverleaf (fortunately not four-leaved). After a second bacon sandwich, we set off on the next leg of the ride, a shorter 50k ride to the familiar hills between Barkway and Great Chishill, with a trio of others thrown in for good measure - audax organisers from the Henham huts seem unable to produce a route that completely avoids this area, mores' the pity. This leg seemed really tough, and we all struggled a bit.

The third leg, another 50ish k, had every appearance of being a bit easier - basically a square route around Bishops Stortford, with a run out alongside the airport, which we knew would be flat, at least. One or two main roads to cross - drivers really are getting more bike savvy - one even stopped to let us through. Onto Much Hadham, playing catch-up on the hills (strangely) with a couple riding in matching PBP tops - a little ostentatious, we thought! They dropped us again once back on the flat - well, we did get caught by some traffic lights.

We then found some more, thoroughly unexpected, hills, not good with only 25k to go. We had a series of left turn instructions, each followed by a long steep climb, not at all what we needed - needless to say, always in the wrong gear after the turn. Very pleasant cycling country, though, nowhere more than a few miles from Bishops Stortford and the airport.

Finish time, 7.15pm. Lights needed for the last 45 mins, but still pleasantly warm. After yet more tea and cake, though, it was definitely dark as we reloaded the bikes for the run home. Total distance, 214k - certainly a bit over the advertised 200!

A completely new route (with fewer info controls) is promised next year - one leg out to Haverhill, followed by a second to Ingatestone.

## A Real Bikers Holiday

by Simon Daw

I've never really been a holiday person. When I first worked at the bike shop I was its only employee, and therefore only got Bank Holidays. Later, when I worked at Hedingham Castle, summer holidays were out. And when I started teaching I at first had no money to be able to afford a holiday, and later didn't make time to organise one.

I've come to cherish the five or six week summer break, though. And at the end of August last year I really didn't feel I'd done much with it. I determined to try to actually get away for once in 2011.

Back in the spring I started to look. I thought there'd be lots for the single holidaymaker. In fairness, there is quite a bit. However, I'm now dangerously close to 18 + 30, and am really not 18 **to** 30. Even if I'd bought a toupee and tried to wing it I didn't fancy my chances all that much.

So I tried cycling holidays. There were lots of offers of accommodation and organised routes, but it was all really aimed at groups. Even if I decided to go off by



Simon riding the cobbles

myself, I didn't fancy the Dolomites with my limited grasp of Italian (four words at the last count. You can only get so far on piccolo, selle, strada and pista, I imagine, though these could well be useful at some point). The CTC coordinate cycling trips, but unless one is interested in the lesbians-only three day tour of the Wirral one seems to need to book at least two years in advance. I found one company who were advertising organised cycling holidays to Poland, but apart from the photo of happy, smiling families riding sit-up-and-beg bikes the stated itinerary of "up to twenty miles per day" made me think this maybe wasn't for me.

But then, just as I was knee-deep (barely an exaggeration) in paper in the middle of my favourite time of the year – report-writing month – into my inbox plopped (or pinged, I suppose) an email forwarded by Nick Reed. "De Ronde with Geraint Thomas". I was intrigued. In fact, I still am: I don't think I've ever heard of a current pro – and especially not one riding at the highest level – taking time out to work as a travel company rep., in effect! Although slightly numbed by the price (I have a well-developed reputation for meanness) I exercised my other reputation for impulsiveness and booked that very evening.

Anyway, the weeks whistled away; report writing turned to the end-of-year production, then the leavers' service, and with it the piles of mouse mats and mugs (parents – we're really, really grateful that you are so generous as to buy us teachers a gift. But not a mug. Please. Thank you.) And finally...the holiday.

And so, on August 17<sup>th</sup>, I found myself in the uplifting surroundings of South Mimms Services, waiting for the coach. It was easy to pick out my fellow-travellers by their bike boxes and bags. It was less simple to work out whether these guys were going to be First Cat roadies or weekend warriors, but the fourteen participants' ages ranged from fifteen-year-old Hugo Walters (a name to watch. Well, he dropped me, anyway) to...erm...much older Chris Goddard. He'd been advised to bring his mountain bike styled touring bike in preference to his Colnago road bike; I had some doubts about that one...

Geraint introduced himself to us during the journey. It was pretty clear that he was going to be more than just approachable; he really didn't want to be aloof from the group. He set only one condition – that no one should ask him anything about 1) Did he regret waiting for Bradley Wiggins during Stage 7 of the TdF (Yes, but he'd do the same again because he was his team leader) and 2) Did the Welsh flag make him lose concentration before he crashed on that descent? (No, it was poo on the road. Or words to that effect.)

After tackling the delights of the M25 and the Tunnel we arrived at our 4-Star hotel in Kortrijk. Needless to say, this being Belgium, the meal that was served was just right for cyclists. Even wandering around what was essentially a business hotel in cycling gear didn't raise eyebrows – we speculated how long it would take us to be ejected if we did the same in the UK!

The next morning we set off for nearby Oudenaarde. The two rides both started and finished at the Centrum Ronde van Vlaanderen. This is well worth a visit in its own right – a fantastic museum packed with bikes and memorabilia ancient and modern. Apart from all of this

it also boasts a human exhibit – none other than double world champion Freddy Maertens. On Friday morning he gave us a guided tour. It was a fantastic opportunity to hear his perspective on racing both in the seventies and now, and he offered a unique insight. Freddy's career was controversial to say the least, and he has subsequently been frank about the problems he had, and the mistakes he made both then and after he retired. His racing money depleted, his work at the CRVV is in the line of a pension. I found talking to him quite a moving experience. Near the end of the tour I asked him if, when he watches the Ronde van Vlaanderen roll away from Bruges, he wishes he were still in the peloton. He gave a wistful smile and a small nod. I liked Freddy, and I feel privileged that I got to meet him.

But that was all ahead of us as we assembled our bikes in front of the CRVV on Thursday morning. Early rain was clearing, but I wasn't much looking forward to the possibility of still-greasy cobbles. I needn't have worried – by the time we reached them they were dry!

Almost as soon as we left the Centrum, one of the riders broke a spoke. Or noticed he had a broken spoke. Who knows? After a wait, during which it was decided there was nothing to be done (he had to ride a wobbly wheel), we set off once again. After another three miles, and when slowing at a junction, one of the guys rode into the back of another. Neither fell, but there was minor damage to one bike (and a leg...) and a nice hole in a carbon fibre seat stays on the other. I felt quite glad at this point that I was riding my old steel Bio Racer; the previous evening I'd received some very odd looks from the Pinarello / Cervelo brigade when I'd told them I'd brought a twenty-year-old bike.

Despite the delays Chris, on his touring bike, was out the back. I think he was braced for it, but we saw little of him during the next two days. Still, at least he was away from the unscheduled dismounts!



The first serious climb was the Kluisberg. The idea, I think, was to break us in gently. I tried to ride side-by-side with Geraint on the front (first and last time I managed it on one of the "proper" climbs!); I paid dearly. With my heart rate at 166bpm (compared to a maximum of about 172bpm) I was, to all intents and purposes, eyeballs out. Geraint helpfully remarked, "You were trying a bit up there, weren't you?!" as we regrouped over the top. During the following climbs – which included the infamous Oude Kwaremont and the positively evil Koppenberg – I found that the best I could manage was to keep Geraint in sight, usually cresting the climbs in about third or fourth place. As he came past on one particularly long climb he asked if the noise he could hear was my phone ringing. I pointed out to him that it was my heart rate monitor, telling me I'd just reached 95%! These hills are truly nasty – short, but often quite steep (20% in some cases) and usually cobbled. And

these are not nice, smooth North Street type cobbles, but ancient lumps that one has to haul the bike over, one-by-one. Quite a few times the refrain, "I'm going...aargh...!" from behind was followed by the crash of carbon and alloy and flesh onto cobble. It paid to stay near the front.

I'd originally been a bit sniffy about the mileage we would be covering each day – 70km on the first day (we actually did about 80km), and 90km on the Friday, and I'd planned to try to make myself look big (quite hard, generally) by doing some extra kilometres on the second day. Friday dawned grey and miserable, but the skies soon cleared and, after our museum tour, we set off. We were headed for Geraardsbergen, and specifically for the famous Muur. The climb can only be described as iconic, and for me – despite thirty years of interest in the sport – the 2010 Ronde van Vlaanderen provided the most powerful images, with Fabian Cancellara powering away from Tom Boonen half way up the Muur.

As usual, Geraint set the pace – I felt a bit like a duckling, hastening to try to keep up with its mum (and always scared of getting left behind) – as we headed out along the busy main road from Oudenaarde. Every so often, one or other of us would try to be heroic and do a turn, and would flounder, gasping desperately on the front as the pace dropped discernibly, before after a polite interval G would roll effortlessly past to pick things up again.

There were no crashes, and apart from a few guys getting dropped from time to time it was a decent, smooth ride, with a bit less stopping.

Geraardsbergen was busy – like Sudbury on a Saturday morning – so our approach to the climb was a bit frustrating. Geraint commented on how different it felt, compared with race day. The climb itself starts easy, and I

rode on the front; suddenly, one turns sharp right, the cobbles become much less smooth and regular, and the road –



Riding to the top of the Muur

such as it is! – veers skywards. At this point, as I slowed to a crawl, Geraint simply maintained the same pace and disappeared out of sight. He was kind enough to turn around and stand by the side of the road to cheer us as we (eventually...) neared the top, though. Young Hugo bounded off after him, only to start to suffer as the climb kicked again, whilst Neil – who's never ridden a race – also came hammering past me as I zigzagged desperately. With my heart rate monitor alarm again sounding fairly continuously, I was pretty happy to see the famous chapel.

On the way back from Geraardsbergen we took in several more climbs, and one particularly horrid cobbled section of about three kilometres which made me feel as though all my teeth were about to fall out. The format was much the same – hang on to G for as

long as possible, and then try not to look too disheveled when eventually rolling up at the point where he'd decided to wait.

On one main road section a car pulled up in front of us, its hazard lights on. Now, if this happened in the UK I'd be getting reading for a slanging match, or worse. But as we passed the window was wound down, and an Australia accent called out, "Hi Geraint! What you doing?" (A lot of people looked very puzzled at this strange group of pro cyclist and tubby / odd shaped / bald / junior riders passing by). It was none other than Robbie McEwen, serving out his last few weeks as a pro in Europe before finally hanging up his wheels and returning to Australia.

We'd only done 70km by the time we returned to Oudenaarde, so I decided to do my hero thing. "You fancy doing a bit more, Geraint?" I asked, as nonchalantly as I could manage. Three others decided to come along, too, so soon we were off, heading south-west along the N8, in the direction of the Koppenburg.

As we hit its first cobbles I knew I'd made a mistake! This time, Geraint simply blasted into the distance right from the bottom. I ground my way up it's 20% slope, determined at least not to be last to the top. (I was third – one guy had to walk.) Any thoughts about scenic routes, and building up the miles, quickly evaporated, and I was quite glad when we headed directly back down into the town!

It had been an amazing two days. I've always loved cycling, but reckoned that my most memorable moments

would all be from my twenties. Not so any more – this was right up there. To round the trip off, we were all presented with a named cobble and



Arise Sir Simon – Is Geraint really that tall or is Simon....

with one of Geraint's Tour de France race numbers. I'd certainly recommend this trip if it's repeated next year – and it sounds possible that it will be. In fact, a different company is offering a "Mark Cavendish Experience" – for a mere £6,000! I think I may give that one a miss. It must be a limited market, because it would be very difficult to make it a family break (Geraint had brought his partner, Sara, and having a few days with her mid-season was one of the attractions for him, but there was no separate itinerary) and, whilst not in the "Cav" price bracket, this wasn't cheap. However, it was a great opportunity to meet a supremely talented rider. I'll be cheering him all the harder when he goes for the team pursuit gold in London next year.

My video of the cobbled climbs on the second day is at [www.youtube.com/watch?v=eZQcykT8z4E](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eZQcykT8z4E), and there are many photos of the trip at <http://www.flickr.com/photos/55119780@N06/>. The routes of the two rides can be seen at <http://connect.garmin.com/activity/108068110> and <http://connect.garmin.com/activity/1080681>

## C.C.S. Riders - Open T.T. Results - 2011 August

Date	Event	Course	Name	Dist	Time	Notes
6th Aug	ECCA - Newmarket	E2/10	L.Finch	10	29.12	84th
6th Aug	ECCA - Newmarket	E2/10	B.Lee	10	27.44	77th
6th Aug	Rudy Project Series RTTC - Gt.Witley	K22/16	S.Kirk	16	36.11	20th Vets
7th Aug	Stowmarket & D.C.C. - Rougham	B10/38	M.Shotbolt	10	21.57	4th P.B.?
7th Aug	Stowmarket & D.C.C. - Rougham	B10/38	J.Rush	10	22.38	10th
13th Aug	Kings Lynn CC - Fincham	B25/33	S.Daw	25	59.01	6th PB
13th Aug	Kings Lynn CC - Fincham	B25/33	J.Weatherley	25	01.05.33	PB
13th Aug	VTTA East Anglian - Bungay	B10/44	R.Davies	10	23.23	9th
17th Aug	SPOCO Essex -	E39/6B	S.Kirk	25	01.06.44	9th
20th Aug	Chronos RT - Hardwick Cambs.	F2A/10	D.Day	10	22.23	19th
20th Aug	Chronos RT - Hardwick Cambs.	F2A/10	B.Bush	10	33.14	90th
20th Aug	Team Pedal Revolution - Woolpit	B10/34	J.Rush	10	22.17	10th
20th Aug	Team Pedal Revolution - Woolpit	B10/34	R.Davies	10	22.45	14th
20th Aug	Team Pedal Revolution - Woolpit	B10/34	L.Finch	10	29.02	28th
21st Aug	Velo Club Baracchi - Bungay	B50/17	J.Rush	50	02.09.00	17th
27th Aug	Victoria CC - Ugley	E1/10A	J.Weatherley	10.2	26.00	PB
27th Aug	Victoria CC - Ugley	E1/10A	B.Lee	10.2	33.46	
27th Aug	Victoria CC - Ugley	E1/10A	B.Bush	10.2	36.20	
28th Aug	Peterborough CC - Sawtry	N1/10	S.Daw	10	23.28	11th
29th Aug	Essex Roads CC - SPOCO - Chelmsford	E9/25	S.Daw	25	59.11	6th
29th Aug	Essex Roads CC - SPOCO - Chelmsford	E9/25	D.Day	25	01.02.18	17th - 3rd Vet Cat
29th Aug	Essex Roads CC - SPOCO - Chelmsford	E9/25	B.Law	25	01.26.20	51st
29th Aug	Essex Roads CC - SPOCO - Chelmsford	E9/25	J.Rush	25	D.N.F.	Puncture
31st Aug	ECCA - Gt.Dunmow	E91/10B	J.Weatherley	10	24.33	16th PB 1st H'cap
	<b>ANY MISSING – LET ME KNOW</b>					
	Fastest time to date =			* Club Record	PB - Personal Best	

The Open Time Trial details for August, above, show a lot of impressive results. Simon, Damon, Mat and Jonathan have all produced very good rides which include new personal best's amongst their results. Plucky Barbara Law was back in the saddle after only 5 weeks since her 'mishap' in late July, as she continued her preparations for the Worlds Duathlon Championships.

James suffered his third in a row, non finish on the notorious clunky E9 Chelmsford course with yet another puncture.

Rob is already winding down his season, but having secured the fastest times by a club rider in the 10, 25 and 50 mile T.T.'s, his goals have already been achieved.

As reported earlier, Len also returned to the TT scene with 2 good rides and along with Bob and Barry, continue to fly the CCS super Vet flag.

**Late news;** congratulations to Mat Shotbolt on completing last week the Great Barrow Challenge, cycling 125 miles a day for four consecutive days - yes, that is 500 miles in total! He was one of a small number who completed the Challenge successfully, from an initial entry of over thirty. More details, and hopefully Mat's view of the event, in next month's Spindle. *(That's compulsory Mat – sorry!)*

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This brings me neatly to my monthly plea for written material. I'm not sure if Spindle hits the spot (I get very, very little feedback on this subject) with you all, but it will only be as good as the articles I'm sent. So far, my little band of dependable contributors keeps it afloat. Some of you out there must have stories and experiences to share with us all. Give it a go before I have to launch the lifeboats!

Rog