



Spindle – January 2012 – cycleclubsudbury.com

A Happy new year to all of you out there, especially to all my contributors. Many more needed please for the coming year!

I still can't believe this very unseasonal weather we have been having. I'm sure you all have been putting it to good use on your bikes. My secret sources tell me that some of our top TT'ers have been putting in prodigious training miles over the last few months ready for the new season. It should be interesting to see the outcome of it all. My own mileage has been paltry in comparison due to my annual cold, despite the joy of a new helmet to wear which Santa managed to bring down the chimney – and it fits like a good 'un. No lumps sticking into my head, no bits hanging off the back and best of all, it's comfortable.

We still have had a hardy group of members riding in all weathers and conditions on Audaxes. Read on to see how they fared!!

Also included is the (excellent) final installment of Viv Marsh's early cycling exploits and also a graphic account of what it's like to ride a 100mile TT from Nick Webber. And that slippery character Sir John Oakshott, advises on what tyres not to use when it's icy, which he learnt the hard way. There are also other events on the horizon to keep your hand (foot?) in during these dour winter days.

THURSDAY 12 JANUARY 7.30pm: SUBS NIGHT - At the Stevenson Centre, off Broom Street, Great Cornard. An opportunity to reduce the Membership Secretary's workload, and pay your annual subscription in person! Rates are the same as last year. It would be a great help if you could bring a pre-completed membership form (and payment!) on the night. The form can be downloaded from the home page of the website. The **2012 Handbook** will also be available. Refreshments are available and a chance to chat and plan your coming year.

Next is the annual dinner and presentation evening which always goes down well as it is low key and a good chance to meet up without having to wear any lycra for once. The details and the menu are listed further on. If you are a cup/trophy winner, you really shouldn't miss it.

The following week sees Brian Webber's excellently organised **Reliability Ride** which he has outlined below for the benefit of new and old members.

WHAT IS A RELIABILITY TRIAL?

Some of you may never have ridden a Reliability trial and perhaps some that have need to be reminded that there are rules and *regs* which you may not be aware of.

Reliability rides are not races, each entrant must ride over a specified distant within an agreed time.

Entrants can ride alone or in groups.

Groups should not at any time consist of more than 20 riders. The groups will be set of at five minute intervals. All riders must ride in an orderly manner in accordance with the Highway Code, not more than two abreast, and extend all reasonable courtesy to other road users.

A travelling controller will ensure these regulations are being obeyed. Should the organiser receive a report against the good road conduct or the regulations, he can then take such action he thinks necessary.

The route is planned so it will necessitate all-round riding ability and not sheer speed.

Riders must ensure their cycles are in a sound mechanical condition, it is recommended that mudguards are fitted for the comfort of the rider and other riders. Please wear a cycle helmet for our own safety, and would advise you carry two spare inner tubes, puncture kit some tools, plus it is a good idea to have a mobile phone.

Riders should maintain a speed of not more than 18 mph. on the scheduled distance.

Before you sign on check to see which distance and time you think is best for you.

You will be given a map with directions, please read these before you leave the HQ.

Note the above are extracts from British Cycling regulations for reliability rides.

Special note: best part is the tea and cakes at the end of the ride. So come and ride on Sunday 29th. Jan. 2012.

Best wishes in cycling - Brian Webber

Event Details

HQ Location: Stevenson Centre (Gt Cornard Parish Council), off Broom Street, Great Cornard.

Signing on from 9.00am; no advance entry needed. £4 entry fee includes refreshments. Further enquiries; see the CCS website, 'Events' – 'Reliability Ride', or speak to Brian Webber; tel: 01787 379 605

Choose your distance and target time;

48 miles in 3hrs 30mins; first group away at 0910hrs

48 miles in 2hrs 45mins; first group away at 0920hrs

27 miles in 2hrs 30mins; first group away at 0930hrs

27 miles in 1hr 45mins; first group away at 0940hrs

CRASH CARDS

The Ambulance Motorcycle Club, for paramedics who ride such things, have been developing a scheme for riders that involve an indentifying marker on the exterior (right front) of a crash helmet; letting paramedics arriving after an accident know that medical and other information is inside the helmet. They've been pushing the scheme via motorcycle shops, and are interested to see what take-up would be among bikers of the sensible sort.

At our Subs Night on 12 January, we'll have these Cards and stickers available for those interested. Unfortunately the cards are designed for bikers' helmets that don't let in the rain or get soggy with sweat, so the card will need laminating or covering with tape, after you've filled it in, obviously. Strangely, the card doesn't have a slot for a contact phone number, but there's room to add one if you wish. R.W.

QUIZ NIGHT ????????????????????

We had a great turnout for the recent quiz night, in spite of the rain. Early arrivals for the event were able to eavesdrop on the workings of the previous committee meeting – more seasoned attendees delayed their arrival to miss this stimulating event.

We organised ourselves into six teams, and were then subjected to an evening of intellectual activity courtesy of the question-setting duo of Dave Fenn and Nick Reed. Questions covered a wide field of human knowledge (or lack) with sections as diverse as science, art, bridges over the Thames and Tour de France firsts.

The contest was very closely fought, at least at the top of the field. A small early lead was established by a team comprising John and Gwyneth Oakshott, Bob, Brian, Trevor and Rob Sidgwick (a few 'teechers' there, you notice!). At the refreshment break they were still ahead, and built on this lead until the finish, receiving major prizes for their efforts.

Many thanks to the question setters, and the refreshment providers. For those not able to attend, a few sample questions for your amusement.....

1. Name the longest river in France.
2. What did Doctor John Pemberton concoct in a 3-legged pot in his back yard in 1886?
3. Who was the last Prime Minister not to have a wife?
4. Which American city is named after a British Prime Minister?
5. What is measured on the Scoville scale?
6. Of which country is Cape York the most northerly point?

Answers on page 7.....

NORFOLK NIPS 2

The December round of the Norfolk Nips audax series certainly lived up to its name, with frost persisting all day in shady spots, including road surfaces!

There were a number of comings-off, none as far as I know with serious consequences, although there were a few serious bruising, as we made our way into a chilly headwind on the first leg of the ride, heading west before turning



towards the north and the control at Castle Acre. We'd been riding (and walking!) slowly, owing to the conditions, and arriving at Castle Acre were confronted with a major cake shortage. There were 'recently picked' ie green bananas however, so we stocked up with those and tea, and set off back to Norwich.

As the afternoon progressed and the sun lost strength, some more ice patches formed, leading to one or two more hairy moments, before completing the long 10k last stretch down a busy-ish minor road to Hellesdon, where thankfully there were still supplies of high quality vegetable soup available.

Yet another great turnout from Cycle club Sudbury: 15 riders by my count, including Dave and Viv who after a few initial wobbles formed an impressive tandem duo. R.W.

(NOTE: Norfolk Nips 3 is on Saturday 21st January at Hellesdon, Norwich)

This charming e-mail below is from Francois, who had a temporary placement at Purina in Sudbury over the summer, and did some Sunday club runs with our members.

Original Message----

From: francoisdoyer@hotmail.fr

Date: 18/12/2011 14:27

Hello Misses,

An e-mail sent from France, to wish you nice celebrations before the New Year!!!

I have just started my Christmas holidays, but the weather is very wetted, my countryside is flooded when I am writing this message.

It's snowing a bit...

Give my hello to the other cycling members' Club Francois

Another 100.

By Nick Webber

Thirty seconds to go and I can feel the rising south westerly wind – forecast to be gusting at 30mph – blowing into my face as the pusher-off holds me up ready to start. It is clearly going to be a hard afternoon. I force my lungs to breathe deeply and slowly, aiming to calm the negative emotions in my mind. My heart rate monitor had been set running half a minute earlier but already it is registering 90bpm – the effects of a strong double espresso maybe or just pre-race anxiety? Three, two, one... I was released onto the road ahead and quickly accelerated before laying my body across my bars into my tucked time trial position. Although not normally a fast starter I had quickly pushed my heart rate to within about 10 beats of its maximum (possibly because of a subconscious desire to get this ride out of the way as soon as possible) so I eased back to a more manageable pace.

Passing the first pair of marshals I was directed west onto the A50 towards Stoke and felt the wind move around to my side.

I am not a sprinter and have always enjoyed long rides so have generally relished the mental and physical challenge that long time trials have to offer. Although there have been a couple of 100s in which I have struggled in a purgatory of discomfort and exhaustion I have generally enjoyed the feeling of riding hard for around 4 hours. As such, I have made a point of riding one 100 mile TT a year for the last 15 years.

However, this year was different....

My main goal of 2011 had been to record my first sub 4-hour 100 (having come very close on a couple of occasions) and my season's training had been solely directed towards this.

In June's ECCA 100 I recorded a pleasing 4:00:02. While this was a personal best it was clearly frustrating to have missed out on the magic of a sub-4 time by 3 seconds. Those readers who have ridden the E2/100 will know that the last 6 miles are mainly uphill so it is always easy to consider how a few extra seconds could have been clawed back, in spite of the whole body saying, "stop", and cramp threatening to sabotage any out of the saddle efforts.

So, knowing that I possibly still had a good ride in my legs I decided to have a crack at another 100 this year. By the time the summer holidays had passed the only reasonable option available to me was the BDCA 100, a couple of hours north of Suffolk in Staffordshire.

Here I was then, on unfamiliar roads rolling along on at what I hoped would be a manageable speed and with about 20 miles under my belt. Already I had been passed by Nik Bowdler, who had started 3 minutes behind me but I didn't panic,

maintained my rhythm, and watched as he churned his huge gear into the distance.

After about 33 miles the course left the A50 and headed slightly downhill for 3 miles towards Alton Towers. It was here I was due to meet Julie for my second bottle of fluid.

It is worth mentioning at this point just how essential a reliable helper is on events like this. Only once did I experiment with carrying all of my own liquid (in a mixture of bottles and a Camelbak) on a 100 and that was an unfortunate memory of suffering.

Because this was our first time on the course I only had a rough idea of where I would see Julie (based upon our review of a large scale map the previous day) so I was dependent on seeing her in her orange tabard. It worked fine and was a psychological boost to know I was fuelled up for another hour or so. However, that good feeling was short-lived. I am not sure how much time this cost me but the momentary easing of the pace as I followed the line of cars allowed me to recover enough energy to sprint out of the saddle to pass them (hoping they could all see me in their wing mirrors and not pull out into my path).

The marshals helpfully guided me back onto the A50, now heading east but I felt sluggish after the previous 10 minutes effort into the wind. Anxiety began to rise as I realised that I had only passed 2 riders after riding nearly half of the course but I tried to put it to the back of my mind and continued to ride my own race (I was later to learn that several were either DNS or DNF).

The real low point came on the 2nd lap out to Stoke. Not only was I struggling to maintain what I considered to be a reasonable speed but I dropped the second bottle Julie held up by riding towards her too quickly. Even though she diligently leapt back in the car, raced past me to another lay-by and handed me my drink at the second attempt it had upset my rhythm and focus. The wind had now strengthened and veered slightly more to the west (as was forecast) so I found myself dropping a gear just to keep the pedals turning economically.

I generally don't like fast, drag-strip courses but at this moment, heading slowly up the long incline into the wind, traffic flow had almost ceased and I longed for a line of lorries to pass close by, sucking me along with them. I could see across the carriageway there was plenty of traffic heading east but that was no help right now.

As I approached the turn at around 70 miles I gazed down at my watch with dismay to see that I was almost 5 minutes outside of the schedule I would need to achieve a sub 4-hour ride. It felt so much worse to think that Julie had given up her Saturday to come all the way to Staffordshire with me for what was now likely be an abortive ride.

Circling the roundabout that would lead me back east again I found myself among queues of joining traffic that were baulking my right of way. I really don't like this course!

Ironically, it was this congestion that jerked me out of my negative reverie. I got angry at the traffic and allowed the adrenaline to force my legs past their comfort zones. It was also a boost to find that the wind was now at my back as I sped down the slip road. Using my top gear and the drag effect of the passing vehicles I was now flying. My spirits began to soar with the exhilaration of speed and I was able to push harder still. Back onto the lane to Alton Towers I picked up my 3rd bottle. I wanted to shout thanks to Julie but could only grunt. I gave it everything on the little 3 mile uphill stretch back to the A50 and took a few silly risks to pass the traffic queues at the roundabout before returning to the A50. My right calf went into spasm as I sprinted away from the slip road but I was able to stretch it as I rode on.

These days I don't carry a computer on my TT bike as I find it distracting so I have no real idea how fast I rode those final 12 miles but it must have been over 30mph as my top gear was spinning. I dare not look at my watch now but I finally began to believe I may just be able to get inside 4 hours.

Seeing a rider in the distance gave me something to aim for over the last 3 or 4 miles. I passed him (or her – I really didn't look that closely) within sight of the chequered board and the effort of doing so ensured I completed 100 miles with almost nothing left.

A few hundred yards after the time keeper's board I rolled to a halt, unclipped and sagged over my bike gasping for breath. I could not even find then energy to swing my leg over the saddle to fully dismount. I did not want to look at my watch any more, preferring to wait for the official result. It must have been five minutes before I felt able to spin a low gear back the HQ and to meet up with Julie again.

I washed and picked up my welcome cup of tea before I even dared to look at the board. I told myself that even if I did not go under four hours that I had ridden well and, for the most part, had enjoyed my outing in the East Midlands (but deep down I knew I would be mentally crushed if I had not achieved my goal).

With a huge mixture of gratitude and relief I could see that just to the right of my name a number that I had hoped to see since early in the season: the number 3, representing three hours. The fact that there were 59 minutes and a few seconds appended to it were immaterial as the grin on my face erased all of the fatigue I felt elsewhere in my body.

My Cycling Life - Part 3, Junior Racing

1982/83 by Viv Marsh

By 1982 I was racing as a Junior (16-18). Apart from this we largely followed the same format as the previous Schoolboy seasons. I entered Kev and myself for everything and generally his ever-enthusiastic parents would take it in turns to



deliver us to wherever we had to be, on time and fully prepared. It goes without saying that although other people helped out from time to time (my parents included), none of our racing exploits would have been possible without Harold and Pat's endless support for which I probably never thanked them enough.

Junior racing meant we were up against riders up to their 18th birthdays. We were allowed a step up in gears to 86 inches so I kept the 16-up block and reverted to a standard 52 chain-ring. As well as the regular town centre and Eastway Criteriums there were also open road events – proper road races which were often 3rd cats (then the lowest category) and Juniors, lumped together so we were effectively in adult races from the age of 16.

We lived to race. All our time was spent training, racing or fiddling with bikes. Despite this being our school leaving year and O-levels were looming up, the bare minimum of time was spared for revision. An attitude that would rightly be frowned upon nowadays – but this was still the olden days. In any case we were all going to be professional bike racers anyway!

In the first round of the Glyn Jones Handicap Road Race Series in Cambridge, Kev won and I came 2nd still some six minutes ahead of the scratch group. It was the first time in the race's history that the lead group hadn't been caught by the finish. The next week the handicapper got wise and started us in the middle group. This time all three groups came together and we still managed 3rd and 6th, and merely swapped 1st and 2nd place overall with each other! We were flying and were always in strong contention in every event we rode.

History seemed to be repeating itself when exactly a year after my first win as a Schoolboy I

won the Bury St Edmunds town centre Junior race, then I won the bronze medal again in the East Anglian Divisional Championships. We also gained quite a reputation for crashing sometimes having to resort to taking each other out if no-one else was available. In Lowestoft in March Kev crashed in spectacular style in the final sprint. I went right over him hitting his bike with my rear wheel. I crossed the line in fourth place but my bike was unrideable and I had to carry it away from the line – past the St John Ambulance where Kev was being treated!

The season also included CC Sudbury's Handicap Road Race based around Acton and Waldingfield, which was delayed by 30 minutes due to the awful weather. As first year Juniors we were in the first group away and we fought hard to maintain the advantage throughout the race. Second claim club member Gary Davies (riding for Olympia Sport-Colchester Cycles) was one of the better riders in the scratch group but (fortunately for us) he punctured helping us to stay clear. However I only managed 8th in the sprint despite photographic evidence suggesting I'd won it.

The next month saw another CC Sudbury open event, the Babergh Road Race open to 3rd Cats and Juniors. Gary Baker from Colchester was already a member of the Youth National Squad and took the honours here – along with most other races he entered. The Ipswich Town Centre Races also saw Gary Baker win the Junior race – but then he did go on to become a professional rider. Second claim CCS member Guy Palmer took a magnificent 2nd place in the senior race. At the Aylsham Carnival Criteriums, Kev and I were both at the peak of our game. The race included six primes and I won five of them, dominating the commentary. As we came out of



the final bend I could hear the commentator screaming my name, as a blurred orange CC Sudbury jersey was the clear winner – but it was Kev who came through to take the final honours. I came in third – we were on fire.

It was about this time that the Lavenham 10 was introduced which eventually replaced the flatter but flawed, Newton Road course. It used to go all the way to what was then the Gainsborough pub roundabout at the top of Gallows Hill – this was

then the only roundabout on the course. I wasn't (and am still not) a great fan of time trialing and the new course did little to change my enthusiasm. Despite increasing success in road races I never again matched my previous year's peak in this discipline.

Despite now being Juniors under BCF rules, we were still eligible to ride in ESCA events (English Schools Cycling Association), which operated under different rules, and both Kev and I were selected to represent East England in the 1982 Butlin's International Stage Race held at Butlin's Holiday Camp at Filey near Scarborough. Ten teams of 4 were chosen, one from each region of England (North, South, Midlands and East) plus a team from Wales, Ireland, Northern Ireland, The Isle of Man, Holland and an All Stars team including at least one rider from Australia. So it was quite an honour to be selected. Also in our team were Steve Henderson and Jonathan Redgement, usually our main rivals from Norfolk Olympic.

The race was held in early June and consisted of a road race stage on Oliver's Mount (a motor racing circuit with a very steep climb) in Scarborough, a time trial and a couple of Criteriums in the camp itself. The four of us shared a chalet in the camp and Team Haverhill's Eddie Taylor was our team manager. I felt I'd come a long way since showing myself up in my first race that Ed organised at Haverhill only two years previously.

The day we travelled up (2nd June 1982) coincided with the 9th stage of the Milk Race (now the Tour of Britain) from Lincoln to Scarborough. Eddie's son Gerry was one of the England riders, so we had the bonus of a grandstand view of the finish on Scarborough seafront. The following day – our first race day – was a rest day in the Milk Race so as it happened half the spectators watching us slog up Oliver's Mount numerous times were the "resting" Milk race riders. Now that was a wakeup call!

It's fair to say we didn't cover ourselves in glory in that event but it was a huge thrill and our first (and only – as it turned out) experience of international stage racing. Steve was the most successful of us finishing 9th overall. Jonathan was 17th, and Kev and I were still inseparable at 25th and 26th. Chris Lillywhite (who went on to win the Milk Race in 1993 and was a professional from 87-99) was 11th so the competition was obviously very high.

Also high our lists were the revered Peter Buckley Series of Junior events, run under European rules, so had no gear restrictions and also allowed first year seniors. Still at just 16 we were very much the youngsters in these events that were commonly used as selection events for the

national squad. Harold was the organiser of one of these races – The Ronde Anglia. When he formed CC Sudbury he brought this event with him from Anglia Sport and it was highly prestigious for the club, run from Cornard Upper School each April. We rode a couple of Peter Buckley's that year but in all honesty were pleased just to finish. One of them was a marathon 65 laps of Eastway!

History continued to repeat itself though as I won the Woolwich CC races at Eastway – just I had done as a Schoolboy the previous year. Adding to the glory, CCS's Richard Danyluck came third in the schoolboy race this year. CC Sudbury was really becoming a force to be reckoned with.

The World Championships were held in Britain that year too. The track events were held at Leicester and the Road Races at Goodwood in Sussex. A contingent of us from CC Sudbury travelled down to watch the road races, which were run over a gloriously hot weekend. The highlight of the weekend was England's Mandy Jones becoming the Women's World Champion on home soil – a largely unpredicted result. It really seemed that the whole world revolved around bike racing that summer.

Also this summer I left school and started working. Undeterred, in the autumn we rode in the Essex & Suffolk Border Combine Hill Climb at Higham again. This year I improved from 2nd to 1st place overall but we lost the team competition that we'd won the year before to Lowestoft Wheelers by 6 seconds.

1983

A lot was expected of 1983 – and indeed it started well. A 2nd and an 8th at Eastway, a 3rd at Woodbridge and 5th in the Norwich Hilly. For some reason Kev missed CC Sudbury's Handicap race but CCS still fielded five riders. I was 7th (and best junior–on restricted gears), Frank Johns was 11th, Karl McDermot 18th, Peter Broomfield 23rd and Guy Aldworth 25th. For both Guy and Karl it was their first open road race. The winner was Martin Pyne – TT superstar from CC Breckland.

But then it was the big one. April saw the first Peter Buckley event of the year, which was Sudbury's Ronde Anglia – and I was on the start sheet! Doing well in this one almost guaranteed national recognition and international opportunities. Previous winners included Nigel Bloor, Mark Bell and Malcolm Elliott (still pro-racing in 2011!).

And it was tough! Starting in Cornard it followed the Bures Rd to Wormingford, cutting across to Gt Horkeley and back, twice, then out again as far as Bures, up Cuckoo Hill and back through Assington, twice more! It was my first race against this class of competition but despite my

best efforts I was dropped coming up Cuckoo Hill the second time. I'd got back into the bunch

by Assington and managed to hang on to the finish on Cornard's Poplar Road.

After 75 grueling miles Simon Cope won the race from Chris Walker (who both went on to be successful professional riders). I was shattered and got on the wrong side of a crash on the finish straight but it had little effect on my placing of 22nd out of 60 entrants.

There were umpteen pictures and a big write-up in the Free Press but after the 83 Ronde I rapidly lost interest. Despite continued good form I did have a run of bad luck – the commissaires got in a muddle with the lap scoring at Bungay and I was awarded nothing (but claimed a moral 4th). I crashed out at Diss when a spectator stepped into my path after 90 minutes of racing, one mile from the finish – Doh! Maybe a few other races too – I have no recollection.

And then it all stopped. I was lacklustre and uninspired. The doctor said I was recovering from glandular fever but I wasn't convinced. I can offer a field of other excuses: work, college, girlfriends, cars and motorbikes... beer. These days you'd probably claim overtraining, but whatever – I decided to take a break for the rest of the season, fully intending to resume in 1984. But life happened instead and the next time I looked I was 35 and fat.

Don't get me wrong – I thoroughly enjoyed my non-cycling 20s and 30s but when I look back now I can't help but think I gave up with racing too soon and wasted a lot of potential. I returned to cycling and CC Sudbury 22 years later at age 39 – almost a Veteran having missed my Senior years completely. I have thoroughly enjoyed my rejuvenation but I know that my chance has long gone and now I'm just making the most of what is left for the thrill of the ride.

"Twenty years from now you will be more disappointed by the things that you didn't do than by the ones you did do. So throw off the bowlines. Sail away from the safe harbour. Catch the trade winds in your sails. Explore. Dream. Discover."

And I bet that's the first time Mark Twain has been quoted in the Spindle! (*Who does he ride for? – Ed*)



That's n'Ice *By John Oakshott*

I've never really understood black ice: how, why, where... Involuntary dismount opportunities during a permanent audax with Robin Weaver on the 19th December provided an ideal learning context. At 7.00 a.m. there had been a frost, but riding from Lavenham through Manningtree to Bures was no problem; there was a thin coat of ice on some of the puddles, but the forecast was for persistent rain from midday, suggesting rising temperatures after a clear early morning.

My learning started in the three-or-so miles between Bures and Pebmarsh. I was on Vredestein Fortezza tyres at 95 psi; I can't fit bigger than 23s. Robin was riding Schwalbe Marathons. As we came downhill I was suddenly on my back with no warning. There was no visible sign of ice, the road surface looked wet but as I picked up the bike, there was no grip at all on the surface, which was the smooth tar in broad patches which usually feels good under the wheels. Robin had stayed on his bike. We got going again with the surface looking clear. A few hundred yards further on there was a slight, easy left handed bend and I was off the bike again. Robin didn't fall off. We pushed our bikes until it all looked ok, with tyres giving surface grip. At a right turn, I was off again. Robin was still upright. We walked on until the roadside puddles were all ice-free, and from then on there were no further signs of ice.

After the event, I put together what had happened. There was a very light, intermittent drizzle that, while cold, was clearly not freezing. I think that there was not enough warm rain to melt the ground frost, and the moisture was freezing on impact with the cold ground. When the rain became only slightly heavier, I guess it swamped and thawed the ground ice, and so the surface ice sheet may only last a few minutes or even seconds before the rain's higher temperature is enough to melt it. The ice seemed to form in a continuous sheet on the tar road surface which does not allow water to seep away as does the heavy-grain surface which I don't enjoy riding but which allows water to drain between the grains. We had some tyre grip on the coarser patches and transition to no-grip was unpredictable. Overhanging trees, even leafless in winter, provide enough shelter for the ground temperature beneath them to rise despite the air being more still, so the change from ice-free to icy is invisible. My slicks were useless in these conditions, but the relatively small treaded area of Robin's tyres was enough to provide some grip and passing cars were having no difficulty. Might his bike-handling be better than mine as well? We got clear and then it just rained and sleeted for the remaining 150 or so k's. Sheer bliss.

AUDAX RESULTS FOR 2011 SEASON (NOV 2010 – OCT 2011)

Another good season, although we dropped down one place overall from last years position. We came 7th out of the 227 Clubs listed. Scoring is 1 point per 100k of each audax, from 200k upwards, with the six highest scorers in each Club adding to give the Club total. 100k audax rides don't currently qualify, although I believe there are discussions on varying this.

<i>Willesden CC</i>	<i>630pts</i>
<i>YACF</i>	<i>583pts</i>
<i>VC 167</i>	<i>464pts</i>
<i>Audax Ecosse</i>	<i>390pts</i>
<i>Cardiff Byways</i>	<i>303pts</i>
<i>Saint Fairy Ann CC</i>	<i>247pts</i>
<i>CC Sudbury</i>	<i>238pts</i>

The top-scoring CCS riders were;

<i>Peter Faulks</i>	<i>79pts</i>
<i>David Fenn</i>	<i>62pts</i>
<i>Deneice Davidson</i>	<i>44pts</i>
<i>Steve Barnes</i>	<i>21pts</i>
<i>Robin Weaver</i>	<i>18pts</i>
<i>Viv Marsh</i>	<i>14pts</i>

In the CTC groups table, Suffolk CTC were 18th out of 87 listed.

Our very own Chairman David Fenn, topped the Suffolk CTC table with 62 points, just pipping local rider Arabella Maude with 57 points. Robin Weaver, with 18 points, just crept into the top six qualifying riders.

Three Club members also completed an Audax Super Randonneur Series (600k, 400k 300k, 200k rides within the Audax year); Steve Barnes, Deneice Davidson, Peter Faulks; commiserations to David Fenn, who was denied his SR Series by a wayward badger.

Other Audax achievements;

Randonneur 5000 (50 points in one season); Peter Faulks, David Fenn
Randonneur 1000 (100k, 200k and 300k events, totaling 1000k); Simon Daw, David Fenn
Randonneur 500 (50k, 100k, 150k and 200k events totaling 500k); Simon Daw, Mark Gentry, Tony Grimes, Brian Mann, Viv Marsh, Mac McDermott, Robin Weaver.

Answers to Quiz

- Loire*
- Coca-Cola*
- Margaret Thatcher*
- Pittsburg*
- Chilli strength*
- Australia*

One revolution equals
1.2938metres, so if I...

Boxing Day Ride

Shorts and tee shirts were in abundance for this 'Not really the Boxing Day Ride' from Lavenham.

Alright, I lied about the riding gear, but let's say it was a very



Spring like morning. Nearly a quarter of the membership turned up eager to claim the trophy and the glory that goes with it. (Stop laughing!) Organiser David Miller (no, not that one) devised an extremely hilly (for me!) route and one of the biggest CCS pelotons ever seen, set off at an indecent rate of knots.

All we had to do was follow the route sheet and estimate the mileage ridden on our return. Oh, and he also confiscated all of our computers, gps's/sat navs/watches/rulers etc before starting. Brian Mann cunningly counted his pedal revs on his 'fixed wheel machine of the devil' as we sped through the (very busy) countryside. As he can

only count up to 100, he soon gave up, mentally exhausted.

David had arrived in a Mickey Mouse outfit complete with giant stick on ears (well, I don't think they were his own!) which had to be modified on route to make himself more aerodynamic, as I passed him going up a hill (and I **never** pass anyone going upwards) Others had made token efforts with various yuletide accessories attached to their person or bike although it was difficult to work out who was actually in fancy dress and who wasn't! At the finish, everyone filled in their mileage guesses which ranged from 11.9miles to 46.7miles (!) Our hardcore Audax riders all submitted their guesses in Kms which delayed the result for a few hours. Thanks chaps! With the actual mileage at 13.74, new member Ed Nevard was closest with 13.9.

So all well and good you may think, but as I put down 13.99, I think new members should defer to their elders and know their place!!!

Disappointed Bloke at the Back

Club Dinner and Prize Presentation Menu.

Venue; The Bull Hotel, Long Melford.

Date; Saturday 21st January 2012 @ 7-30 pm.

Price for 3 courses plus Coffee = £18-50.

Junior @ School = £10-00.

Drinks from the Bar are extra.

Name				
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Starters

Chilled Melon, Seasonal Fruits and Raspberry Sorbet.

Warm Chicken and Bacon Salad.

Homemade Soup.

Main Courses. All served with selection of fresh seasonal vegetables and potatoes.

Supreme Chicken with a White Wine and Tarragon Cream.

Roast Sirloin of Beef with a Shallot, Garlic and Madeira Sauce.

Salmon en Croute with a Leek and Vermouth Cream.

Field Mushroom en Croute and Tarragon Cream

Desserts.

Summer Pudding with Clotted Cream

Apple Frangipane Tart with Crème Anglaise.

French Lemon Tart

Coffee

Please indicate your selection on the menu and return to David Fenn By Thursday 12th January 2012 (Subs night) **together with full payment.** Contact details; Tel 01787 374284 or e-mail; dr.fenn@tiscali.co.uk