



# CAMBRIDGE CYCLING CLUB

For Recreational And Racing Cyclists



## Newsletter June 2025

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## COMPETITION RECORD FALLS TO JOHN ARCHIBALD IN CLUB OPEN 15

Dyason was not optimistic that the eight roundabouts to be negotiated would be as conducive to speed as the old course. On Saturday 26<sup>th</sup> April, however, John Archibald clearly failed to get the memo, setting a new Competition



Record time of 26:32. This was an average of 34mph, beating Elysium Kalas's John Wingfield, the only other rider inside 30 minutes, by 2½ minutes.



If that wasn't enough to make the point about the course's potential, our own Lucy Griffin smashed the club women's record with 35:46 to win the women's event ahead of FTP's Maddie Angwin. Lucy has been absolutely flying this season. Four weeks later to the day, and on the same roads, but with even more roundabouts, she took bronze in the ECCA 25 championship with an excellent 59:52, having won the Fenland Clarion 25 the previous weekend.

Chris Dyason, meanwhile, pulled off his usual trick of organising the event and starting first and though on this occasion he didn't quite complete the normal third part of the trick by setting a new national age record, he did see off all the other veterans on Age Adjusted Time, to take the win from John Wingfield. Modest as ever, Chris puts this down to detailed local knowledge. Paul Donegan from Ely and District CC was fastest on a road bike with 36:12.

## MALLORCA 2025

Organiser Tim Williams reports



The weather was good and nothing went wrong! For a tried-and-tested format, that's normally a recipe for success.

But there were a few new ingredients this time that would change the recipe slightly.

A new venue and a new hotel meant new travel logistics and new routes. Port de Pollença at the northern tip of Mallorca is a truly beautiful place. The bay is surrounded

by craggy, knife edged ridges of rock and the hinterland is the high mountains of the Sierra de Tramuntana. The town, with its long, sandy beaches and marina is quiet and civilised with 'restaurants' where people sip their drinks rather than 'bars' where they down them. There is no Bier König and no Mega Park. And none of their clientele.

But that doesn't really matter if you're spending your time riding your bike elsewhere.

What does matter is the hotel. And the hotel was great. Imagine a hotel built on top of a bike shop, with another bike shop and cycling cafe in the foyer; and a secure bike store with a bike wash station ...but which

is still happy to let you keep your bike in your room if you prefer. Oh, and free drinks with meals instead of the rigmarole of buying bottles of expensive mineral water. The food and the rooms were pretty good too. And so to the staff, who were probably as well versed in the rules of the velominati as their clients.



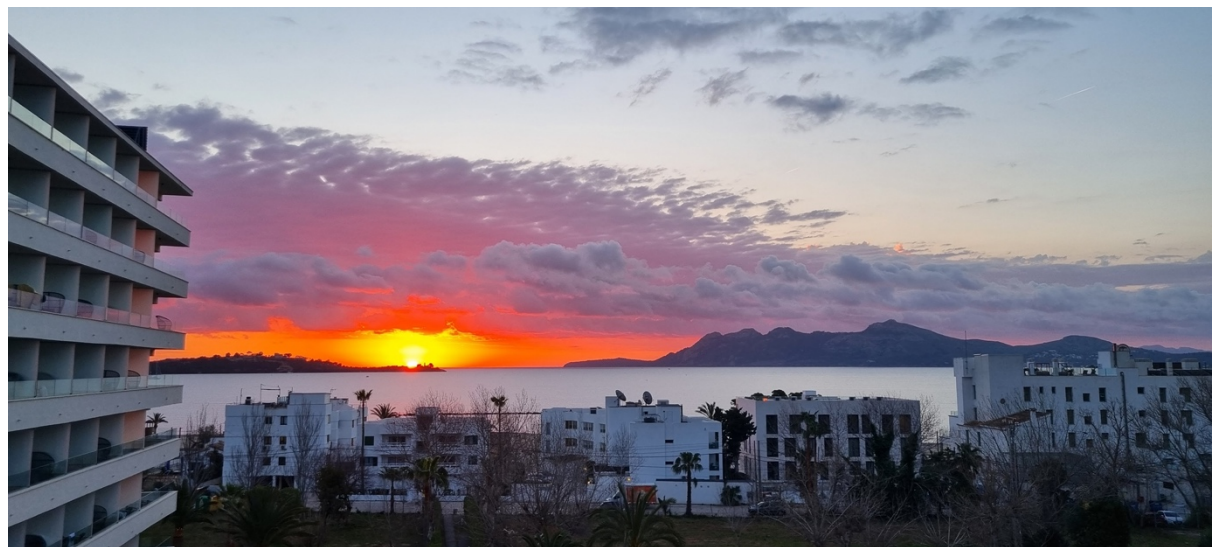
Top marks for the hotel then.



So what about the riding? A new base means new routes and, in this case, access to places that are a long ride from our previous base on the other side of the island: like the Cap de Formentor and the wild and empty northeast. So we took advantage and went to both of those! Port de Pollença is also within easy reach of Sa Colobra, one of the most iconic pieces of road in the cycling universe. Actually, that's not quite true – Sa Colobra is not within 'easy' reach of anywhere, there's just less easy riding on the way. But it is at least more accessible when it's not a 90 mile round trip.

With a group of fifty, setting off as four or five groups each day, bumping into each other en route and gathering for breakfast and dinner together before and afterwards the atmosphere was as good as it always is on our camps. The wall to wall sunshine didn't hurt either, as leisurely café stops (and after) our rides simply helped us to make the most of the days.

At the moment I anticipate doing the same again next year (same hotel), though with Easter falling on 5<sup>th</sup> April it's likely that the camp will be a week earlier. I've penciled 21<sup>st</sup> March into my diary. Here's hoping for another sunny week.





# INTRODUCTORY GROUP RIDES Heather Williams reports

The summer introductory rides are under way on the second Saturday of each month. They depart from Cambridge Station at 10.00 and are 20-25 miles, with an optional coffee stop *en route* or at the end.

The first one in May coincided with one of the first warm sunny days of the years and we had an excellent turnout. Even more signed up for the June ride but this time there was a bit of rain the morning which likely deterred a few people, though as you can see, by the time the group got to Café Amigo the sun was back out!



We've had good feedback from those attending and some have already joined club rides. A special thank-you to the club members who helped out; it makes a big difference having sufficient people at the front and back of the groups as well as riders to provide a bit of advice about riding and the club in general.

The next one is Saturday 12th July. Please spread the word to anyone who is interested in group riding and potentially joining the club.

And if you can help out please sign up here:

<https://docs.google.com/spreadsheets/d/1Fwn3shISqT6LYUCZFIGQSMKDLLKkviPwkudmxQSOGFk/edit?gid=0#gid=0>



## RIDING INTO THE LIGHT

DAVID MCGAW

David is our current time trial record holder at 25 and 50 miles, and was, until Piotr Zulawski intervened, record holder at 10 miles, too. Here, he shares some reflections on what cycling has been and continues to be for him. He also has a blog at:

<https://davidelalocomotive.com/>

*The clocks have changed—well, for most of us.  
Spring has returned. Daisy is on the prowl.  
The blossom is blossoming. The air smells like possibility.  
This is a ride through golden hours, cool evenings, and that feeling of starting again.*

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## **Spring Awakens**

I love spring, it's my favourite time of year!

If a year was one day, [autumn](#) would be the sunset, winter would be the night and spring would be sunrise. The sun is rising.

Just before sunrise there is the golden hour. When everything has a soft golden glow. There is something special about the golden hour. It's a good time to take photos, it makes everything—especially the countryside—very pretty.

Nature has been in hibernation, but is beginning to wake up and get ready to explode into growth. Big things are about to happen.

I love BST so much I always keep all my clocks on BST. I call it DT (David Time). When I give my mum a lift she says "Is that the real time?", I say "No, I don't know how to change it", but I do. In winter my car battery died, I took it to the garage where I always go. They fitted the new battery and set the clock to DT, even they know. The added bonus is that it's easy to switch to BST.

With the longer evenings, cyclists too can come out of hibernation. Staggering out from their dark garages or spare rooms. Squinting as they gingerly venture back into the outdoors.

Daisy is also out in the garden doing her thing. Daisy is my robot lawnmower, her full name is Daisy Cutter. She hates grass and lives to slaughter it. Don't mess with Daisy if you are unruly vegetation. Daisy spends winter somewhere warm, giving her scythes of destruction a little break (and a tune-up). I do worry about her when she's away. It's nice that she's back — out there, doing what she loves.

I love the first ride of spring. It feels great to ride after work. The cool air is invigorating. The sights and sounds of the countryside that I've only been able to occasionally experience over winter. The blossom is out in force—first the white, then the pink.

## **Anticipating the Journey**

It's nice going through my spring checklist:

- Putting away my winter wardrobe and getting out the summer kit
- Tucking away my winter wheels and fitting the shiny summer ones
- Dusting off my summer bikes – I have one winter bike that gets filthy, it sacrifices itself for the sake of the summer ones
- Spring cleaning my velatorium, where all my bikes live

Everyone else does this, right? ...Right?

The best thing about spring is that it is a new beginning. It's not just the start of something, it's the start of everything. There are so many opportunities and things to do. So many that it can be difficult to narrow it down.

It's a great time to make plans for rides with friends, holidays or trips, events, epic rides and places you have dreamt of going.

The best rides I've had are often not the ones that I've planned. They are the ones that happened when I least expected them.

Some days it gets warm in the evening. It's a sign of those warm shimmering evenings that are to come. The rich blue skies that seem to go on forever. I like it when it's warm outside—it makes the whole world as warm as your living room. You can spend the entire day outside cycling and that feels nice.

In summer, the grass will grow quickly, that's when Daisy is at her happiest—more grass to scythe down. Daisy's got my back... garden. She has her own penthouse with panoramic views of her territory. She loves it.

Of course not everything will go to plan—there will be mechanicals, dark clouds, torrential rain, lightning. But the sun will shine again.

### **Embracing the Light**

We've all experienced dark times.  
You might have been attacked by an out-of-control robotic lawnmower.

Or it could have been winter, an injury, [a humiliation](#), a loss, a terrible thing.

We can get support and hope through friends, family and from doing the things that we enjoy.

For me, my connection with cycling—my love for it—has helped me through many dark times. It has a golden glow that shows me a way forward.

When I fell, cycling helped me get back up.  
When I was hurt, it taught me how to come back stronger.  
When I felt powerless, it gave me power.  
When I felt weak, it reminded me I was strong.  
When I lost, it showed me how to use that to win.

It carried me through the darkness.

I have ridden through the darkness.

Into the dawn.

Now the sun is rising—  
soft, golden, and full of promise.

It will reach into me,  
to fill my heart with light.

**The road ahead is mine.**

**And I will ride it!**





## LEJOG FOR CAITLIN

Earlier this month, Kate Sanders, with an intrepid group of friends and supporters, cycled the more-than-1000 miles from Land's End to John O'Groats to raise support for Caitlin, the daughter of a friend of Kate. She has Batten's disease - a truly awful condition which is steadily reducing her ability to live a normal life. Sadly she is now unable to see, so Kate set out to raise money to help pay for music therapy which will be really beneficial in helping her cope with her condition.



Please read more at the link below, and if anyone is able to make a donation, it would be hugely welcome and appreciated. <https://app.collectionpot.com/pot/3350257>



## SARTORIAL MATTERS

Though, admittedly, it required some judicious selectivity in the choice of photos in the article above, it was good to see a fair amount of club kit in evidence in Mallorca. Alas, the same sartorial display of allegiance is rarely so universal on Sunday clubruns and it can be subtly embarrassing to be part of a motley crowd of anonymous bikies, as we so often present ourselves, when greeted by a smartly-liveried peloton all in club colours coming the other way.

For those who haven't yet found their way to the cornucopian abundance of smart Kalas and NoPinz kit available from the clothier, Ken Miller, here is the link <https://www.cambridge-cycling-club.org.uk/clothing.htm> wherein will be found all manner of treasures and (almost) idiot-proof instructions.

Unreconstructed and irredeemable individualists, traditionalists, Eroica habitués and other eccentrics who struggle to keep warm might also want to follow up the following message received earlier this year, **noting that “customisable” means it can be done in club colours.**

*Giddyay from New Zealand!*

*I hope you don't mind receiving this email (I got your address from your club website or online club directory).*

*I make premium merino wool cycling jerseys which are extremely popular with Audax, Brevet and Randonneur riders. I make so many for long-distance riders that I hoped your club members might be interested in my jerseys.*

*As my jerseys are made-to-order, they are entirely customisable, which means I have made jerseys for many Audax, Brevet and Randonneur riders wanting something specific to them, their clubs or their bikes.*

*If this is of interest to you, please check out my website [here](#) and for inspiration my gallery of custom designs [here](#).*

*I'm interested to hear your thoughts so please reply if you'd like to discuss the jerseys I make, and feel free to forward this to your clubmates.*

*Kind regards*

*David Carman*

*Soigneur Merino Wool Cycle Jerseys*

*Rotorua*

*New Zealand*

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# HILLS AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE

## SUSANNE HAKENBECK GETS WET IN WALES

On 7 and 8 June, I took part in the Bryan Chapman Memorial Audax. This classic of the Audax calendar is 607 km with a time-limit of 40 hours, crossing Wales from Chepstow to Anglesey and back. Having done it twice before, both times in glorious sunshine, I thought, "it's always sunny in Wales, why not do it again?" Only now the forecast indicated heavy rain showers and



strong winds, so I was rather nervous at the start at 6 am on Saturday. The route heads out through the Brecon Beacons, before crossing mid-Wales, and, surprisingly, I stayed dry until just before a lunch stop at a Co-op in Llanidloes. The first real climbing starts here - the Machynlleth Mountain Road (*left*) which begins with a few steep ascents past a lake and then opens into dramatic upland scenery. Here I met Rob Hale who was on the same route but doing it as two 300 km audaxes.

Due to the weather conditions, the organiser had moved the roadside control to just before the top of the mountain. There I found two chilly volunteers holding out in the rain under a flapping marquee, stamping brevet cards and feeding flapjacks to passing riders. Not long after, I reached the top, in front of me a sunlit panorama with sheep-flecked hillsides and views all the way to Cader Idris.

A youth hostel, tucked away in a forest on a hillside, is a control point at the 200 km mark. A lovely place to stop and relax for a while, but my aim was to make as much distance during daylight as possible, so I inhaled some pasta and cake, and was back on the road 25



minutes later. The route now took us across the Barmouth estuary on a wooden jetty, next to a little railway line. A magical expanse of sand and sea after the cloud-capped hills. The road then traced Ceredigion Bay onwards into Snowdonia, evening sunlight falling through the trees. And then I rounded a bend to see sheets of rain moving across the shoulders of Snowdon



(*left*). I rapidly put on my rain gear, but at the control near the top of Pen-y-pass I found myself almost dry, the clouds having moved down into the valley. I arrived at the turn-around control, a community centre just after the Menai Bridge, at just before 8 pm, deeply exhausted.

I'd been seeing the same riders on and off throughout the day. All looked exhausted, and nobody relished the next 100 km to our sleep stop at Aberdyfi. I set off alone, but was soon caught

by Gary from Guildford, and we kept together from then on. An exhilarating descent into the falling dusk, moonrise through the clouds, the sound of waves.

We reached Aberdyfi just before 1 am, bone tired and ready for a rest. I slept badly, the hall being cold, noisy, the lights undimmed. Morning did not bring the miraculously refreshed legs that I'd hoped for, but we set off at 7 am, for our last 200 km.

A quick stop at a McDonald's (*tired selfie right*) perked us up, together with the knowledge that we now only had another 140 km to go. The first big climb of the day came straight out of Newtown, followed by a long and rewarding descent past fierce-looking cows with big horns. With the Gospel Pass coming up, I was fading badly, so we stopped at a petrol station outside Hay-on-Wye for some Mars bars and coke. Re-energised, we tackled the horribly steep mid-sections of the pass road, only to be hit by a wall of wind



once the slopes opened up. No ice cream van up here today! A cracking descent down to Monmouth where we were cheered on by friendly drunks, a final stretch through the lovely Wye valley, and a last sting in the tail - the climb back up to Chepstow. We rolled into the community centre just before 7 pm, exhausted and very relieved.

As in previous years, I found this audax to be wonderfully organised, with volunteers in many cases working through the night to keep riders fed and watered. The route is hard but often breathtakingly beautiful. Will I be doing it again? Absolutely not! (But I said that last year too.)

### ...AND SO DOES ROB HALE

As well as the main BCM 600k event, the weekend saw two other variants on essentially the same route for those who wanted a little more sleep. These were Anglesey and Back (A&B), 2 x 300k over two days, and Pauline Porter Populaire (PPP), 3 x 200k over three days starting on the Friday. I chose the A&B, with its promise of 6 or so hours' sleep in a Scout hut at Menai Bridge.

We set off from Chepstow at 5am on Saturday along with one tranche of BCM riders, and largely rode together to the first control, after which people separated out naturally by speed. I'm really not the fastest, and Susanne overtook me by mid-morning, as we slogged up the only real killer hill of that day. Ah yes, the hills – there really were a lot of them, some big, others small and steep and coming relentlessly. Then there was the rain, and the headwinds, and I didn't fully savour the delights of the landscape on day one – until, that is, I topped the climb to Pen-y-Gwryd control at dusk and swept down through the Llanberis Pass in the gathering darkness. Arriving at Menai Bridge control at 11pm, I pitied the weary BCM riders heading back out into the dank night.

The sleep on creaking mattresses was bloody awful, but come 6am we A&B riders were off again. It was drier today although still windy, and I felt even slower, yet somehow had a wonderful day. I kept seeing the same riders the whole way, and by the last 100k three of us had teamed up for the final push. For one of us (not me!) it really was a push too, to get up



the steep north side of the Gospel Pass. The moon came out as we got to the top, and we rushed downhill in a canopy of darkness to the next control, which had already closed due to a minor cock-up. Onwards in the night then to Monmouth with more hills, and now only two of us were left, racing along the Wye Valley in the early hours, trying to beat the cut-off time. We made it, just, and I came in at 02.44 on Monday, just 8 minutes from the limit, and the very last person to finish of the whole weekend. We learnt that those behind us had already DNF'd, making us properly the last of the whole event.

Would I do it again? Maybe not as a 2 x3 00 unless I can miraculously speed up on the hills, but the PPP riders all seemed very cheerful, so that is a chance for another time!

## **RIP PETER BAUMBER 1930 - 2025**



Peter Baumber, who died in April, still holds a number of club veterans' records and made a brief comeback to time trialling only a few years ago. His son Alex and daughter Catherine remember him here.

It is with heavy heart that we have had to say a final farewell to our dad, Peter Baumber, at the age of 94, after a battle with Alzheimer's.

Peter started his cycling career in his late teens and originally cycled for Littleport Wheelers. After several years break following service in the RAF and raising his family, he returned to the world of cycling in the late 1980's when he joined Cambridge Town and County Cycling Club with his discipline being time trailing.

For several years he was national vet champion over many distances ranging from 10 miles through to 24 hours, and broke numerous time and distance records for his age, competing mainly in Cambridgeshire, Suffolk, Norfolk and Bedfordshire.

Peter also supported the Club in many other ways including running events, marshalling and being on the committee, becoming a LVP.

Although Peter hung his cleats up when he was in his late 80's he continued to show a keen interest in cycling by following the Tour De France and the Giro d'Italia or reminiscing about cycling events he had taken part in.

Dad will be fondly remembered by many for his continued positivity, determination and respect of others.