



CAMBRIDGE CYCLING CLUB

For Recreational And Racing Cyclists



Newsletter March 2025

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ANNUAL DINNER

Co-organisier Beverley Carruthers reports

CCC Annual Awards Dinner at Selwyn College.



While reading the 'Cyclists at Dinner' article from the 1930s that Colin Lizieri shared in our WhatsApp group, I was struck by the fact that that annual dinner marked the first time in the club's history that a woman was present—and she was the president's wife. Fast forward to last month's 2025 club dinner, and I felt an immense sense of pride as I looked around the Harrison room at Selwyn College, filled with an incredibly diverse group of cyclists who are all essential to the club's success.

The impressive achievements listed below are a testament to the hard work and dedication of our members, and they go hand in hand with our social club rides. Our regular Sunday rides are the backbone of the club, bringing us together as a community, building friendships, and creating lasting memories. The annual dinner provided a wonderful opportunity to set aside our bikes, enjoy each other's company, and celebrate the incredible accomplishments of our members.

Piotr Żuławski was announced as Club Person of the Year for his outstanding competitive performances, setting new benchmarks for the club with his fastest 10-mile time of 17m 44s. He also did a fabulous job of MC on the night. Caitlin Borowski received the Young Rider Award, while Elspeth Grace was honoured with the Cyclo-Cross Award.

Lucy Griffin continued to impress, winning five cups on the night for her exceptional performances:

- **Club 10 Champion and Club 10 Female:** 25.25
- **Club 25 Female:** 1.08.24
- **Hill Climb Female:** 5.32
- **TT League Female:** 100 points
- **Road Bike League Female:** 80 points

Of course, these achievements only scratch the surface of the accomplishments celebrated at our annual dinner. We also honoured a wide range of other members for their impressive results throughout the year:

- **Ben Redman:**
 - Club 25 Championship Open: 56.47
 - TT League Open: 199
- **Tim Welsh:**
 - Hill Climb Championship Open: 4m 41s
 - Fastest 50: 1hr 52m 08s
- **Chris Owen:**
 - Road Bike League Open: 200
- **Adam Fisher:**
 - Fastest 25: 51m 14s
- **Matthew Smith:**
 - Club 25 Open: 48.1
- **Kate Allan:**
 - Club 25 Female: 51.39
- **James Jenkins:**
 - Club 50: 1.36.12
- **George Jukes:**
 - Road Race Performance Open
- **Alice Codling:**
 - Road Race Performance Female
- **Ian Bird:**
 - Most Audax Points

The diversity of achievements showcased at the dinner speaks volumes about the broad range of talent within our club. From competitive performances to personal milestones, it was a night to remember as we celebrated the dedication and passion of our members. Here's to another year of continued success and friendships at Cambridge Cycling Club!

A full list of 2024 trophy winners and all past winners can be found on the club web site at <https://docs.google.com/spreadsheets/u/0/d/e/2PACX-1vSjbjsTSu6tDhSmtMjbrETmc6Rn149EwdUNulrmkW3nHKWqCGNalvQReW-xGEW1MFowla7wukgDafWN/pubhtml?pli=1>

The dinner was also the occasion for marking, with a presentation, Mick Draper's retirement as our longstanding regular club timekeeper, as Kate Sanders, who led the tributes, reports below:

We were delighted to have Mick Draper and his wife attend the club dinner this year. I was asked to say a few words as Mick had announced his retirement from the club TTs at the end of last season and we couldn't let the occasion pass without acknowledging his long involvement with CCC. Before this, we had heard from a few of last year's TT trophy winners, including a rather entertaining description of riding the E33/10 from Ben Redman.

However, I had to add one thing to Ben's tale; the ever-present, friendly and encouraging timekeeper at the finish. Mick has been timekeeping the club TTs for many years and has always had a smile, words of encouragement and helpful advice on offer. Before the dinner I spoke to some of the current TT organisers about Mick. Jan Ertner said 'his love of the sport and the club and his willingness to be part of it on every level has been evident to all and CCC has been very blessed to have him as a member. We will very much miss seeing Mick on Wednesday evenings, always cheery, friendly and encouraging.' Ken Miller told me how Mick's years of experience made him the first point of call about whether to run an event; in fact, Mick turned up to one event at Haslingfield with very questionable weather to make sure they did NOT run the event, as safety of the riders was his first concern.



Mick in his natural habitat

However, Mick's contribution to CCC goes back further than timekeeping at club TTs. Mick joined Cambridge Cycling Club in 1954. That's not a typo; he has been a member for the last 71 years. His early interest was in track cycling which in the 1950s was on grass, and Cambridge CC gave him this opportunity. He later took up time trialling and proved himself extremely strong, recording the following club records:

10 miles (1984) 23.23

25 miles (1978) 55.50

50 miles (1979) 1.57.46

These are amazing times given the equipment back then, especially the lack of tri-bars. Remarkably, the 25 record stood for 15 years! Mick, in fact still holds one club record: the outright Trike 10 mile record set in 1990 with a time of 24:54, at the age of 53.

So here's thank you to Mick. Over 70 years membership of CCC and he has done so much for our club. We hope to see him popping along to the TTs on a sunny evening just to say hello. I'll try and have the tea and cake ready.

CLUB RUNS

club runs captain Will Lockhart reports

It has been almost exactly a year since I've written a report on club runs. I'm glad to say they continue to be one of the mainstays of club activity; it's very gratifying to turn up at Addenbrookes on a cold, windy, or damp morning to find a good number of like-minded souls have done the same. December saw a couple of Sundays lost to strong winds, and January a couple more Sundays lost to very low temperatures.

Gloomy winter weather.



The club had its traditional Christmas Eve ride, which is always a more sociable affair where different speed groups mix more than they would do during the rest of the year. The destination, as always, was Waresley Garden Centre.

Riders assembling for the Christmas Eve ride - one of the better days, weatherwise.



As I write this at the end of February we're just coming out of a lengthy spell of continuously pretty cold weather and I have to admit I do have to have a stern word with myself to get out of the front door on the colder days. Some riders opt to stay inside and use an indoor trainer or turbo during the coldest months; I prefer to try and keep riding on the road as much as possible and my recipe for happier cycling in cold weather has evolved a bit. I find the following all help:

- Two base layers - I wear a merino wool base layer over a snugger-fitting thermal one.
- A windproof layer, my breathable waterproof jacket works very well.

- Hand warmers - I go for the single use ones from brands like Hothands; they're lightweight, not very bulky, and stay warm for around 10 hours. If your feet get cold, there are foot specific ones available too. There are more expensive options - reusable hand warmers, or electrically heated gloves and even socks (as pioneered notably and enviably in the former case by Sue and, in the latter case, less enviably, since the day turned quite warm, by Ryan).
- Knee warmers - worn over my bib tights. I don't know if I'm committing some sort of cycling fashion faux pas, but I find this really helps keep the muscles warm - especially if I tuck some hand warmers in there too!

Towards the end of 2024 the club started a series of 'Time Crunched Rides' which proved popular. An earlier start time, a slightly shorter distance and no mid-way café stop gets riders back to Cambridge before midday - and there's normally an optional café stop somewhere close to, or in, Cambridge for those that want to socialise at the end of the ride. We hope to restart these this year.

Another 2024 innovation, introductory rides, were aimed at people who are already competent bike riders but who lack group riding experience and skills. These also proved popular; we kept the distance short and the speed low so that riders could focus on the discipline of group riding. Again, we hope to restart these this year as well.



Riders on one of our introductory rides enjoying coffee in the sun.

Since a club ride isn't *really* a club ride without a decent slice of cake (or possibly a bacon sandwich or scrambled eggs on toast) in the middle, I thought I'd comment on a few café openings and closings. Relatively close to Cambridge, The Mixing Shed opened last year

and seems quite popular - perhaps a little pricier than others. Waresley Garden Centre has competition in the form of a second Bean Theory (on the Waresley Park estate) - I've not been there myself but I am told it's worth a visit. Further west, The Cowshed in Northill was a popular destination for riders last year - particularly good cinnamon buns. Another new destination is The Porter's Lodge, Cavenham - if you're thinking of heading there, ring ahead, they have an additional room they can open up (and heat, in winter). The garden centre in

Tuddenham has closed its doors for good, but the Porter's Lodge is a good alternative, and The Nook in Risby is also good, although indoor seating is limited so ring ahead in winter. You can find these cafés, and many more, on the club's Café Compendium on the website: <https://www.cambridge-cycling-club.org.uk/cafes.htm>

I didn't want this report to be purely my own take on things. Here are some words from a couple of the group organisers on their groups:

Richard Pollard, ST group organiser

The Sunday morning outings give members a chance to meet and ride with great people along well chosen and quiet country roads to lovely cafe destinations. Mill End Plants is a typically quaint stopping point where the local staff prepare amazing home made cakes fresh every day, the Bakewell Tart being a particular favourite. The route can vary but often takes in Clover Hill and the scenic rolling lanes around Nuthampstead.

Ron Jackson, Touring group organiser

The Touring Group provides rides that are enjoyable and mildly stretching to a nice café stop, with an average speed of 13 to 14mph. While there are several stalwarts who have been riding with Touring for years, the group provides a warm welcome for new members. Many riders who have joined the club in the last year have had their first rides with the Touring Group, and then after building fitness or getting used to group cycling, have moved up to a speedier group. An annual highlight is the 100-mile ride in early September. In 2024, the ride had café stops at Sturmer, Maglia Rosso and Anglesey Abbey, taking in a few roads off our usual routes.

Finally, I would like to thank Richard, Ron, Fufu and Marino, and all those who lead rides, for their time and dedication to the club.

AND IN CASE YOU CAN'T FIND A CAFÉ, HERE'S A RECIPE FROM NEIL DYSON
GUARANTEED TO HAVE YOU HALF-WHEELING EVERYONE ON THE WAY HOME

Neil's Rocket Fuel Energy Bars Ultimate Version

Groundnut Oil (or Sunflower oil but not as tasty)	110ml
Muscovado Sugar (or Soft Dark Brown Sugar)	125g
Treacle	1 tbsp
Honey (Manuka for posh bars)	1 tbsp
Peanut Butter	1 tbsp
Orange Essence	1/2 tsp
Cinnamon essence	1/2 tsp
(or try vanilla essence or other flavours)	

Melt these ingredients in a pan over a low heat until melted and mixed together.

Next, add:

Sesame Seeds	25g
Sunflower Seeds	25g
Flaked Almonds	50g
Sultanas	50g
Chopped Dates	50g

Then gradually stir in:

Porridge oats	225g
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Transfer mixture to a baking tin lined with parchment. Roughly 25 x 15cm. Press down firmly with the back of a large spoon. Place in an oven at 180C for 15 minutes, keeping an eye on them so they don't get over done. Finally, leave to cool in the tin before you take them out and cut them. Enjoy!

(Adapted from a GCN show recipe)

Shot on location in Mallorca



MALLORCA 2025

preview by Tim Williams

Andrew asked me to write a preview of the Mallorca training camp - he seems to think that I have some idea about what's going to happen!



I know for sure that we're going to a new venue this time, Port de Pollensa, and that we're staying in a different hotel.

I also know that Port de Pollensa is a beautiful location, surrounded by craggy mountains and a stunning bay. It has seafront cafes, a picturesque harbour and a white sandy beach.

It's a favourite spot for middle-class family holidays for good reason.

Of course, just like s'Arenal and Playa de Palma, our previous bases, it's really just a starting point for our rides: but it's obviously a different point for starting our rides, and though Mallorca is small enough to get anywhere from

anywhere by bike, it will mean new roads and new areas to explore for everyone - and no doubt some new cafes.

We'll be as big a group as ever, 50 people in total. Most are returnees and regulars, but I'm pleased to say that there are a number of first timers in the group.

I haven't got as far as planning routes yet. I'm sure that they'll be



great as there are only a few roads to avoid, but with so many roads to choose

from my aim is to create great rides for all of us all of the days that we ride; I think that, after the people themselves, the mix of rides is the key to a successful camp.

Also haven't got as far as planning the weather - oh yeah, I can't. Fingers crossed on that one :-)



CYCLO CROSS

James Ward possibly grinning, possibly grimacing at Milton Country Park on January 26th



AND FINALLY - MAUNA KEA: FOR THOSE OF US WHO FIND GREAT CHISHILL A DAUNTING CHALLENGE, MATT POLAINE GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF SOME EXTREME AND EXTREMELY FOOLISH BEHAVIOUR



As a rouleur and ex-enduro MTBer, long climbs are not my fort , so with true Sufferlandrian psychology I embrace the no-pain-no-gain mindset and ride up grades instead of upgrades to improve this weakness, resulting in a bucket list of Big Climbs of the world I would like to manage before I am too old, whenever that is. So the first question is of course ‘which is the hardest climb in the world’? Then work my way back down the list...

A quick Google search will provide many contenders but one climb stands out far above the rest and is not debated - Mauna Kea on Big Island, Hawai’i. It is extremely remote, extremely expensive to get to, and well, extreme everything. This explains why I have not tried it before, but in August 2024 I found I had the opportunity to get onto the island for 20 days in December.



Most of you will perhaps know the most famous European mountain Mont Ventoux and the 21km climb from Bédoin to 1,910m summit, over 7-11% gradients. Some of you may have even ridden it. I will refer to this 'Ventoux unit' of measurement for the Mauna Kea summit from Waikoloa beach as the numbers alone do not do it justice.

The tradition is to dip a wheel in the Pacific Ocean as one's starting point. From the beach in Waikoloa to the telescopes at the summit is 4,384m of altitude gain in one continuous climb of nearly 91km. So large is Mauna Kea that if you measure from its actual base many kilometres below its shoreline its height is more than 10,000m, making it the tallest mountain on Earth. So massive is Mauna Kea that it has dented the earth's crust down by 8km. If Mauna Kea was on a convergent plate boundary like the Himalayas, it would be over 18,000m high. Everest is 8,849m above sea level. From the Nepalese Base Camp at 5,364m the climb is 3,484m to the summit. While not at the same altitude or gradient, this Mauna Kea ride covers nearly 1km more altitude gain than climbing from the Base Camp to the summit of Mount Everest.



The Saddle Road section to the Mauna Kea Mountain Road turnoff is effectively climbing 610m more than Mont Ventoux from Bedoïn, with similar gradients, over about 70km. At this junction, if only this part of the climb is tackled from junction to summit, it is ranked #4 toughest climb in the world.

Every rider account I've read has had a support vehicle, mostly to carry a second bike - an MTB for the 7km volcanic rock/powder section - for nutrition/fluid supplies, for the return lift down the mountain, and for clothing, as the temperature change from beach to summit is over 30°C; in my case 28 to -3°C. I've not yet found an account of anyone over 40 years old achieving the climb, but I am sure there must be someone. No account exists of riding it in the dark either, although all starts are in the dark whether from the SW side from Waikoloa or the NE side from Hilo, in order to reach the summit before sunset.



For a variety of (foolish) reasons, I rode just one bike; a 3T Exploro Pro gravel bike with worn 35mm cross tyres, I carried about 3.5kg of fluids and 3kg of rucksack with sub-zero clothing and gravel shoes to spare my cleats. I didn't have a support vehicle/driver and I had only one day's weather slot to achieve this ride given the wind at the summit. For me, from some test rides up to 2,800m, nothing over 20kmh above 3,000m. In the end I rode down the mountain in the dark, including the gravel section, in sub-zero temperatures, with about 35 4x4s. The rangers had not a single rider up there in September to December. None of them recall any rider doing this in the dark, ever. 'Epic' is an often overused

term but in this case, 'epic' means foolish, insane, reckless and damn lucky. I'll pick up from the Visitor Information Station (VIS) at 2,804m where everyone has to stop for 30 minutes to acclimatise...

It looked so near in the Hawaiian sunlight, a dark coffee peak lightly scratched by a zig-zag cut to assist the 4x4 pilgrimage to the best sunset on the planet. The tarmac here was only at 7% but within about 500 metres just around a gouged bend it turned to chocolate powder with big nuggets churned into it.

Normally I can ride this terrain, but the 3,000m altitude is already denting my VO₂max, I have two Mont Ventoux of climbing behind me, and I'm not on my

flyweight Giant TCR with this 3T Exploro weighing almost 4kg more. In total I'm hauling over 11kg more than I would on a local club ride. As soon as I stand on the pedals the rear tyre spins up in the powder from my weight shifting. As the 3km of this terrain bites with sections greater than 18% I switch to gravel trainers and walk the bike. I now have a third less oxygen to cope with and deeply regret the rucksack and heavy CX bike.



A ranger pulls up next to me in his massive 4x4 to ask if I am OK, or stupid. I do not recall which but I gasp an 'OK' and he drives on. The first section seems endless and severely erodes my reserves. It also adds considerable time to the climb and I note the arc of the sun casting longer and longer shadows across the moonscape. The ranger returns back down the steep track 30 minutes later.

"The paving starts in less than a mile, you're nearly there!" he shouts over the sound and dust of numerous 5 litre USA trucks crawling up past us taking customers to the sunset experience.

That tarmac section is a long time coming and I almost kiss it at 3,600m up. Switching back to SPD shoes I'm shocked at the 15%+ gradient of the road and just how difficult it is to turn the cranks up here. The summit is now only 5.8km away but I have to stop every ~200m to suck oxygen in like a 50-a-day smoker. The light is also turning more lava orange adding to my own 'summit red mist' to get there at any cost...

With just 300m more metres of altitude remaining I come to my senses as the temperature begins to plummet, like iced water was splashed onto my face. With no vehicle to carry me back down I'm aghast at my stupidity in creating the dilemma of descending that I have just climbed. I decide I cannot make the summit and turn back. At this point I have no idea how far I climbed or how far from the summit I really was. Walking around at over 4,200m is one thing, riding a bike up 15% gradients at this height is extreme and I don't think my mind was all there.

As I descend on the tarmac section, I find it is easy to accelerate to well over 70kmh in an instant, then I see the dirt section and panic. Some of this is at 20% and deep fine dust with hidden boulders. I don't touch the front brake and mostly slide the rear wheel like a rubber anchor unable to slow a suicidal maniac. I start to consider options of thumbing a lift, ditching the bike altogether, but I am still over 80km from home. Can it become any more dangerous?

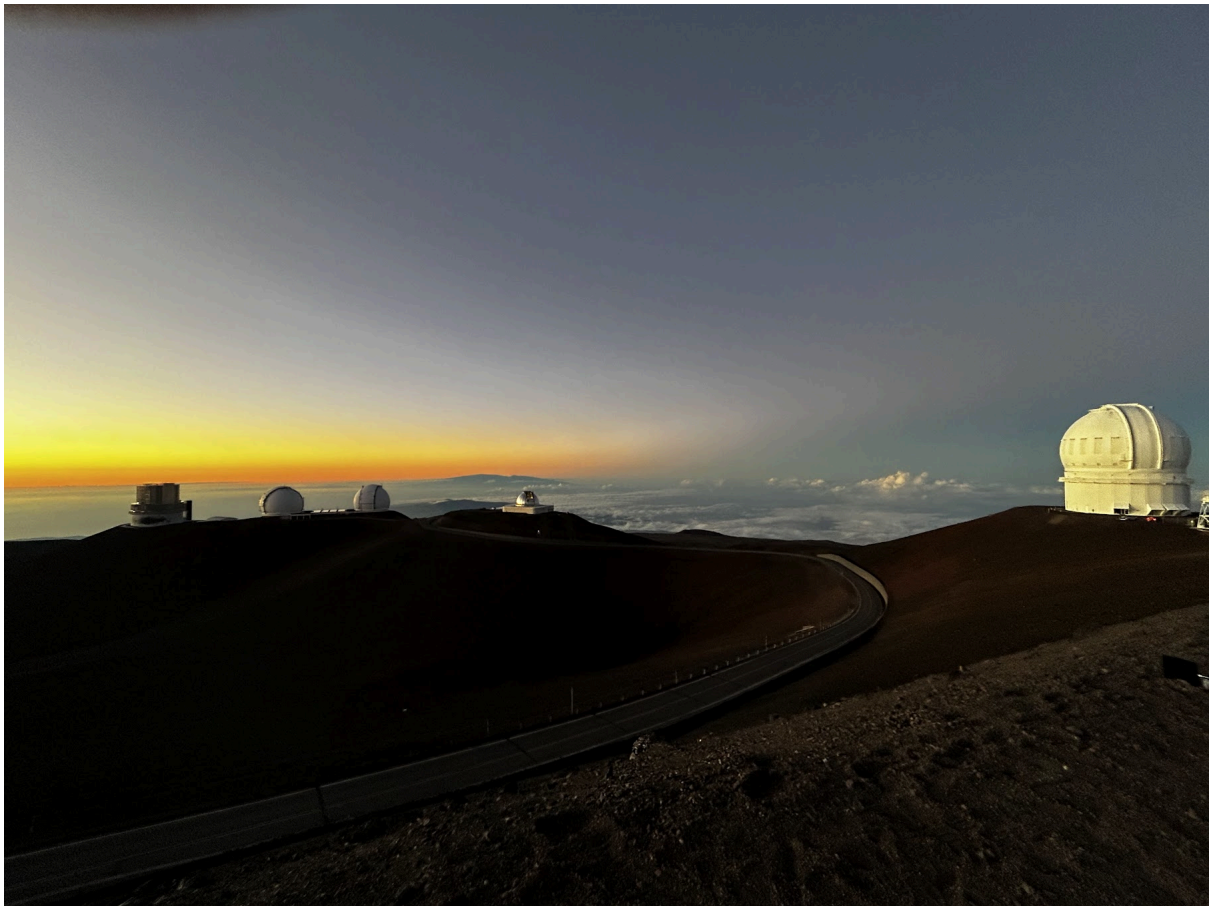
The sun skips over the massive volcano fast, very fast. Within minutes the extreme deep ash descent goes black hole black. My 'get-me-home' LED lights are barely worth turning on. Numerous descending 4x4s assist with their lights but create huge clouds of dust so I can not see further than 10m and ruin my own night vision as they vanish on each hairpin bend. It is also dropping below freezing.

The rear brake is squealing from becoming red hot and often buried in volcanic dust, and my brake hand is pumped up and numb from both the huge effort and cold. I'm in my thermal tops but still wearing shorts. The pumice debris of the track would shred my skin in a crash. The descent required every gramme of past MTB racing experience to avoid \$20,000+ of 4x4 ambulance recovery.

When the tarmac section finally appeared I stopped to rest my hand, considered kissing the bitumen once more, and thanked the god of cyclists for the use of the front brake again, as the rear disc and pads felt almost welded together.

Once I made it down to the VIS, I arranged to leave my rucksack behind to collect the next day. I still had to cross the cloud line which was very moist, and cover the return 70km mostly illuminated by moonlight. My rear lights were very good, it was just my front ones that were not up to the Hawaiian liquorice-dark interior. Fortunately the hard shoulder is about as wide as a UK road with zero potholes on a silk sheet smooth road, but it was very cold at roughly 5°C in dense mist, effectively a rainforest at night.

As I crossed the landscape down below 500m the hot coastal air thawed my bones and glittering lights of Xmas in Waikoloa guided me the final 25km home.



In the end I covered nearly 169km and climbed 3,910m in about 11hrs there and back. I was just 2,800m of tarmac road from the summit, less than 200m of climbing left. I did this without vehicle support, on a single bike, and as a summit & back attempt. I also realise at over 58 years old, I'm up in the 1% able to do this at my age. The bike hire shop staff confirmed this, as they too did not know of anyone else who has done this at my age, in the dark, and as a return ride or perhaps, as stupid.

I now know that with just a single climb to the summit, support, and using two bikes fit for purpose I can ride the toughest climb in the world. I just need to go back and do it.

I thank my wife Naisha who never fully voiced her worry or questioned my sanity, and made it possible to spend a fabulous 20 days with her on an island like no other.

A hui hou Poli'ahu, Mauna Kea.