

Acorn Newsletter

September 2007



Sherwood Cycling Club

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The Club needs some more volunteers! Karen is stepping down as membership Secretary next year. We need someone to take over. This essentially involves collecting subs, keeping records, handling BC membership and dealing with enquiries. Jon Hunt is also unable to run the Open 10 next year and we need someone to take over.

RACING NEWS

Paul Fostun rode against the seniors in his first attempt at track racing at Scunthorpe. He won the 10-lap Scratch and came 2nd in the unknown distance event. A remarkable achievement! He came 4th in the E. Mids Youth Champs at Darley Moor after breaking away with 2 laps to go and getting caught on the last lap. Brother Matt rode in the E. Mids team in the Junior Tour of Wales and finished 67th overall in a field of over 100 riders

Dave Woodward came 6th in the Heanor Clarion 25 with a season's best 57:17. Matt Shaw did 23:59 (a ride he would like to forget!) in the Ratae 10. Darren Hodgkinson won £10 for finishing 50th in the Ashfield 25! Woody teamed up with Giles White in the Coalville Whls 2-up 25 to do 1:02:05. Giles had done a 21:43 2-up 10 the previous day.

In MTB Joe Peake was 2nd in the Midlands XC and then 5th in the Scottish XC at Drumlanrig.

CLUB RUNS

Saturday Club Runs leave Lowdham at 9.45 a.m. Sunday runs meet Shearing Hill/Burton Rd junction at 9.00 a.m. leaving 9.10 a.m. (9.30 a.m. from October). Wednesday runs meet at Lowdham 9.15 a.m. prompt.

CLUB NIGHTS

Meeting at the Arnold & District Victory Club, Church Drive East, Arnold. Click this link <http://tinyurl.com/ykzvku>. The next club nights are on Mondays 24 September and 29 October from 7.30 p.m.

CLUB DINNER SATURDAY 24 NOVEMBER 2007

Don't forget the Club Dinner is at the Richard Herrod Centre on Saturday 24 November. Booking details next month. Dave Gartside is the organiser tel. 9525881.

EVENING TENS LEAGUE

Nigel won the Senior Fastest League yet again with ten wins giving him his usual maximum points. The Handicap League was much closer with Dave Woodward taking a one-point lead in the final event. Dave was the only rider not to miss an event.

This final event only had two starters after early rain deterred most – although it was dry for the event. Lesley was DNF after stopping to help at a road accident just behind her that closed the road. If there had been more riders some would have been stopped by the closure.

In the Junior Section Paul Fostun won both sections of the League from brother Matt.

For the third consecutive year the number of riders and total rides declined.

Despite Andy's course record 20:44 and a subsequent 20:46 fast times were also less frequent. There were only 26 sub-23 minute rides compared with 57 last year.

	31 July	7 August	14 August	Act. Pts.	H/C Pts.
Verity Butler		26:56		3	12
Lesley Cliff		30:38		10	25
Cameron Davis	29:41			6	15
Chris Draper	26:03	26:14		10	38
Martin Edjvet				10	22
Ian Hales	24:12	24:19		22	26
Mike Hankin		25:38		10	21
Matt Hemsley	26:34	26:25		10	20
Darren Hodgkinson	25:01			10	14
Gisli Jenkins	25:00			14	34
Phil Marren				4	3
Paul Monaghan				31	16
David Moutrie		28:22		1	0
Anton Newell	25:54	25:38		9	20
John Phimister	24:51			5	6
Tony Pickance	26:35			6	11
Matt Shaw		23:07		45	21
Phil Shaw	24:40	24:33		13	18
Rob Stevens				1	0
Mick Swords				5	8
George Thackray				1	0
Peter Thouless				2	1
Pete Walton				12	3
Craig Watson				23	18
Giles White				52	24
Nigel White		21:36		60	16
Nick Wight				3	2
Dave Woodward	23:55	23:57	24:55	48	39
2nd Claim					
Andy Proffitt	23:21	21:30			
Juniors					
Matt Fostun		24:57		24	16
Paul Fostun		26:14		32	29

YOUTH HOSTEL WEEKEND 6/7 OCTOBER 2007

The Weekend is now at Ilam Hall as this was the only one in the area that could accommodate us.

FORTHCOMING CLUB EVENTS

Sunday 2 Sept.	Nottingham To Skegness Race 75 miles – Burton Road	7:30am
Sunday 9 Sept.	Grand Prix De Gents 20 miles – 2up Vet & Younger Rider – Circuit TT Course	9:00am
Sunday 16 Sept.	ANDCC 25 Lighthouse Trophy -- Granby Course A25/2 – Wayne Bradley * see handbook	9:00am
Sunday 30 Sept.	Hill Climb (Terrace Hill) & Freewheel Contest (Harby Hill)	10:30am

The annual classic 75-mile time trial to Skegness is the next Club Event on the calendar. The start has been moved slightly to the lay-by at the end of Whitworth Drive – where the new A612 meets the old Burton Road just before Burton Joyce. I will also take a supporting club run starting about 7 a.m. but using a quieter route for the final part.

A coach has been booked. If riding there you can put your bag with your kit change on the coach. The fare is just £10 (£5 under 16). All welcome. The coach heads back at 4.30 p.m. getting back about 6.30 p.m.

THERE ARE THREE REASONS FOR COMING LAST UP A HILL ON A BIKE - LIES, DAMNED LIES AND EXCUSES – BY DR JOE “SPOILSPORT” WEST

“I was just doing up my jersey, not really concentrating, and you were 10 yards ahead. I couldn’t have caught you even if I could be bothered”

This inimitable quote is from my sometime buddy, sometime nemesis and the always *Assos*TM clad Nicolas James Derek Wight following a watershed moment in our cycling careers whereby I ended up at the top of Crich (sometime during October last year) *before* he did. As he, unfortunately, has been able to point out to me more recently on more than one occasion – the “even if I could be bothered” part of the above quotation is entirely surplus to requirements.

Let us revisit those heady times. Nick, a strong, determined, warrior type in the mode of a typical Pisces had been struck down by a near fatal condition around October time known as ‘becoming a husband’. This period in his life resulted in far too many nights out, Saturdays off and a general lackadaisical approach to training that had taken away the very essence of his cycling toughness. Of course as the supportive friend and mentor that I had become during last season's battering (clinging on (or not) to his wheel) I took the only approach open to me. I took advantage. I did extra loops to and from work in the rain, sought out hills to train on with my panniers on, attempted quite unsuccessfully to eat less food, rode with the White brothers in Derbyshire (you can see I was desperate) and so on. The result was a brilliant, giddy, unsustainable period of glorious strength, incomparable climbing ability and a position at the top of (a few, fairly minor) hills in front.

As the months passed the competitive zeal of my great, struggling partner returned and by the Spring (having had my own excellent excuse on our Spanish training camp of a killer virus to explain my weakness) it was only through turning my pedals to within an inch of my life that I managed to get up to the top of Holme Moss before him. During our brief weeklong trip to near Benidorm we had been shown the true way to train by Geordie Pete. This man was a 17 stone 6-foot giant whose approach to the training camp was to cycle every day and partake of the delights of Benidorm by night. This culminated in a now impossible to believe legend where he returned at 7am drunk, ate 6 sausages for breakfast (quickly putting a few in his back pockets as energy food) and rode 90 miles over the hills at great speed. Awesome.

By now Nick and I had been joined in our training expeditions by Gisli “Goliath” Jenkins, formed, we think, from materials not previously seen on this planet – although he turns out to be of Icelandic origin. That he was miles up the road ahead of us didn’t matter – it was our titanic battle that counted. Occasional cameos from Rob “I have bought a fixed wheel bike and am cycling 30 miles to work and back” Cunliffe added nothing but extra suffering to our plight and only the reappearance of Neil “Michael Jackson shoes” Bateman lightened the mood. In response to coming last up a few hills Neil, as only he can, muttered: “I am going to throw money at this problem”. No excuses for him following the purchase of a new Record compact chainset to go along with his top of the range Colnago.

So now we were in full on training for our big events. We had lined up the Etape du Dales in late May (as last year) and for the real deal the Maratona dles Dolomites on 1st July. By now my forays to the front of the peloton had become severely limited. I had to feign tiredness (spot the excuse) on all major hills before occasionally reducing my life expectancy with the required effort on the odd short steep gradient if only to introduce uncertainty in the mind of the towering colossus the great Nicholas had become. The Yorkshire Dales ride came and went (see results below)

Name	1 Hawes		2 Tan Hill		3 Moorcock		4 Stainforth		FINISH	
	Time	<i>Split</i>	Time	<i>Split</i>	Time	<i>Split</i>	Time	<i>Split</i>	Time	<i>Split</i>
Joe West	1:24:43	84:43	3:17:17	112:34	4:48:40	91:23	6:24:24	95:44	7:36:27	72:03
Rob Cunliffe	1:24:54	84:54	3:15:11	110:17	4:46:58	91:47	6:15:03	88:05	7:26:17	71:14
Nick Wight	1:25:01	85:01	3:15:12	110:11	4:46:55	91:43	6:15:10	88:15	7:26:20	71:10

and now the excuses were coming thick and fast in the build up to the Dolomites. I was becoming increasingly desperate - for example throwing myself from my bike into a dry stone wall and field of nettles on the Via Gellia in a perverse attempt to preserve my dignity. I failed.

The 1st July was approaching quickly and we were all set. Neil, Rob, Nick and I were ready. James (a veteran of last year's Etape) who hadn't been seen on a bike for about 9 months was joining us and he began the phoney wars with talk of going on a sight seeing trip round the Dolomites on his bike. Nobody was fooled. On the way out Nick explained how he had put the new rear tyre on his bike the wrong way round and that the drag from the mal-positioned tread would excuse (!) his slowness. Rob was using psychological trauma as his great excuse, his house (in Lowdham) having been flooded just days before coming with us, and risking his marriage in leaving the family behind. Neil, as it turned out, just hadn't spent enough money.....

So the day dawned bright and full of promise. Caroline (Nick's wife) waved us off and ambled down to the Pinarello shop – you never know we may see her next year with some pink forks – watch out boys. We were on Italian TV thanks to the helicopter crews filming us on the start line and with the prospect of only 85 short miles and a mere 4000 metres of climbing before us we set off. Separated quickly from each other by the 8000 other riders on the closed roads I thought we would be safe from wheel to wheel competitive action but as I reached the top of the Passo Pordoi Neil sidled up to me with tales of zone 2 on his heart rate monitor and a knowing smile. Oh good I thought. Even worse, as I was surreptitiously snacking on a cheese roll provided by a Lederhosen clad young man at the top of one mountain, James arrived looking perfectly well and ready for more (mountains not Lederhosen....). At this point I was feeling mightily aggrieved. Having spent the best part of the last year of my life unable to see through the blood, sweat and tears induced by an attempt to get fitter I could see the ignominy of a last place finish before me again. So I plodded on. Haunted by memories of Alpe d'Huez I didn't get off my bike on the Giau (10km of 10%, second to last climb, good grief) but badly wanted to. Surely with that over with it would be easy from here on in. As ever, I was sadly mistaken. The Falzarego and Valparola essentially sucked the last remaining lifeblood from me and I trundled over the line some 8 hours after starting.

So what of the post-ride analysis? Neil it turns out had some “technical” problem with his rim tape that induced two punctures. Frankly we had no sympathy. After all he had only got his Neutron wheels with him and it was his own skinflint fault he wasn't using Lightweights. Nick, due to the hypoxia induced by riding too fast, had decided that he needed an all white Assos™ outfit to complement his own version of the Michael Jackson footwear (a post-ride Sidi shoe purchase - also white). We await the fashion show. James, thankfully for me, didn't quite manage the ride of the weekend. Well all right he did. And Rob, well his marriage still appears to be intact and if not for descending like his grandma probably would have knocked Nick off top spot – but of course we will never know.... As for me my excuse was that having travelled all that way I wanted to enjoy the roads and the atmosphere. Who would be stupid enough to go fast and let it all go by in a blur? That would be almost as stupid as agreeing to do the whole thing again next year.....

Maratona dles Dolomites 1st July 2007

	Joe	Nick	Rob	James	Neil
Corvara - Passo Compolongo	29:27	24:18	26:20	28:53	27:46
Passo Gardena	2:51:51	2:30:51	2:33:10	2:58:01	3:08:11
Selva di cadore - Passo Giau Cadore (time for climb)	1:18:21	1:01:04	1:03:09	1:18:28	1:19:37
Passo Giau	5:58:51	5:00:46	5:10:14	6:00:56	6:33:17
Passo Falzarego	7:23:51	6:02:01	6:16:57	7:30:50	7:55:36
Total Time	8:08:26	6:38:23	6:55:26	8:17:24	8:44:50