



## Mallorca Training Camp

Tim Williams organised another popular and successful training camp yet again. Based in the Dunas Blancas Hotel in Arenal, just one street back from the seafront, which is Palma bay. This is where riders gather in the morning to fit into whichever group they feel suits them. The size and general behaviour of the waves gives a good clue to what the weather will be like. They were mainly choppy and restless stirred up by an enthusiastic cool breeze. We had three rainy days and the rest were bright and windy. Shorts and short sleeve jerseys were many riders choice of attire, in defiance to the cool ten o'clock starts. Tim sets routes for the groups to follow that hopefully build in difficulty or err on recovery, so that not every day is an ordeal in the



mountains. This is to encourage us not to overtrain and be like worn out donkeys on the way to the airport for the flight home. Fat chance of that. The fast group, especially, used every climb as a proving ground. Sa Calobra became a giant burial mound for some people's early season hopes. Many did over one thousand kilometres during the week. Even the rainy days could not deter the most motivated souls. Mileage was cut on these days as slippery roads, wind and the occasional crash tempered enthusiasm. Once back at the hotel, machines were stowed in the improved bike storage room. This now has a bike rack and bike cleaning facility. The rack is not large enough for all the bikes on our camp but it shows the hotel is really

encouraging cyclists to visit. There are also bike cleaning facilities in their sister hotel just along the road. After washing and brushing themselves up, the now hungry and thirsty campers sort out which bar to frequent and celebrate that day's achievements. Those who are regulars have their favourite haunts. The bars on the busy bay front saw magnificent sunsets nearly every evening. Whilst downing whatever takes your fancy, you can watch

hundreds of other cyclists and runners returning to their roosts. For those who haven't been to Majorca, this is an incredible sight. I am told there are around fifty thousand cyclists on the island from March through to the end of April. Cyclists are riding up and down the

seafront all day long, often in large groups. The different club jerseys let you know that riders come from all over the world to enjoy the lovely roads and cafés that tempt you with refreshing orange segments to draw custom to them. In the evening, many tempt customers with other encouragement. After the bar it's feeding time at the hotel. Food and service is excellent. Many of the staff have worked there for years and remember us from previous years. The chef by the stairs is kept really busy with the specialty of the day always extremely popular. He doesn't have it any easier at breakfast time: dozens of pancakes and omelettes are dispensed to yet another hungry queue.

After trying to fight the urge to eat too much,



which is a real dilemma, many head to the bar upstairs to load their garmins with next day's route from Tim's computer. Tim works out each group's itinerary. Once loaded, it's amazing how many discrepancies there are between different devices. These are discovered next day after riding past junctions and roundabout exits before arguing over why it didn't inform them sooner of the correct path. We all then do a well executed turnaround and file the other way, (who am I kidding), wasting time and effort accompanied with, "I told you we should have gone that way," echoing down the road for two minutes. The only other thing to argue about is which café and what time are we going to stop. Some find it harder to leave the bar area than others. The bar prices this year were far more competitive with the local bars and less people drifted off elsewhere to socialise. Then it was off to bed. There is not a great deal of interest to watch on the TV unless you speak German or Spanish, hopefully this ensures you get off to sleep early. Wi-fi was free this year, so you can choose other entertainment if really necessary.

Not everyone rode every day. On the rain hit Tuesday, a few wandered around Palma to see the cathedral and other sights. The bus into town is only €1.5 for a return ticket. We couldn't believe it when we bumped into Sir



Dave Brailsford shopping for items for Team Sky members. We joined him for lunch in an authentic local restaurant. The menu of the day was good value and interesting. We felt a little guilty as we had not "earned" our food, but we are on holiday after all. He said it was rare for himself to get time to do that sort of thing and he had to be at the airport in only a couple of hours. We could see it was difficult for him to manage all the goods he had purchased. So we duly helped him transport all the packages for the Sky boys. He thanked us and said this act would long be remembered.



As always, the week seems to go by too fast. Fortunately, there were no bad accidents and no-one needed rescuing from far flung parts of the island by Brian, who manned the support vehicle.

Thanks Tim for organising it. How you remain so calm all the time is remarkable. Next time the camp will be held a little later in the year. If this is the only time you ever ride outside of Britain or have never done so before, give it a try. It is always a week most mark on their calendar as soon as possible.

Special mention must go to Rob Hale. After more than a thousand kilometres on the Island he jumped onto a boat to mainland Spain and rode all the way back to England!

**Phil Horton**





## CCC Open 10 Saturday 28 April



Despite an unfortunate clash of dates with a VTTA 25 on the acclaimed E2/25 just a few miles away, the club's Open 10-mile time trial on Saturday 28th April received 113 entries, nearly a full field.

The F2D/10 course, running from Cambourne roundabout to Madingley roundabout and back is not well-known, but its reputation will have grown following our event. The day was wet with a light but chilling north-east wind, but during the day the rain eased so many riders stayed dry.

The Cambridge University CC squad was on form with four of their five riders going sub-20 minutes, taking the team prize in the process. They were beaten for top spot by Jason Bouttell's winning time of 18:59, a course

record. Cambridge CC had three riders entered but only one starter: Colin Lizieri (above). Colin was still recovering from a chest infection and recorded 22:53.

Donations were collected in payment for refreshments, with £110 going to East Anglian Air Ambulance. Special thanks to the ladies of the club who baked such delicious cakes! As usual it was difficult to recruit enough club volunteers to help run the event and, again as usual, it was mainly committee members who stepped up. As event secretary I find it disappointing to get so little response from membership for an event which makes money for the club and builds the club's reputation.

**Chris Dyason**



Simon Norman - Fastest Vet on Standard

## Cambridge veterans pick up where they left off last year



Our veteran time triallists ended 2017 with three National team championships to defend.

The last to be decided, in September, was the 30 mile event, which this year, was scheduled first, on 29 April, so, reluctant to surrender their title after only seven months, Colin Lizieri, Andy Grant and Chris Dyason (left) journeyed to deepest Kent and the testing gradients of the single-carriageway Q30/2 near Ashford.



Off at number 20, Andy returned in 1:08:55 to take a lead that withstood all assaults and, ably backed by Chris in 1:15:06 and an ailing Colin, who coughed and spluttered his way to 1:13:36, led Cambridge to a renewed lease on the title.

Andy's win in the individual championship was an unconventional way of celebrating his 65th birthday and an unusual approach to joining the ranks of the OAP's.

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**Andy Grant**



Andy Grant

## Andy, Ken and Chris in Recordfest

Kicking off an extraordinary Cambridge CC 10-day record-smashing spree, Andy Grant set a new East Anglian and Club age record for 65 yrs at 10 miles in the Lea Valley CC 10 on



Saturday 5th May, with 20:10, superseding Ken Platts' 20:58 for 65 yrs and also his own previous records for 64 and 63 yrs. Two days later, he took 7th place in the VTTA National 10 mile championship at Tring in Hertfordshire, recording 20:35 and leading Ken Platts and Martin Reynolds to second place in the team championship.

The following Saturday on the E2/50 course on the A11/A14 at Newmarket, in sensationally fast conditions in the ECCA 50, which saw the Competition Record fall, Andy led a Cambridge CC onslaught on veterans'

records, taking three minutes off the National record for 65yrs with 1:43:35 and eclipsing the record for 64yrs for good measure. The next faster record is now the mark set in 2008 by Ken Platts when he was 56. Not to be outdone, Ken (left: photo Davey Jones) set a new mark for 66yrs, his 1:47:11 also slicing three minutes off the previous mark. The veterans' 50-mile record books between 56 and 66 now read

"Platts, Grant, Platts". At 70, Chris Dyason (right: photo Dominic Austrin) set a new East Anglian record of 1:56:02, an improvement of 4 minutes - which could have been six, but for his 100-second late start (a self-handicap which he also applied in his 30-mile record last year and is becoming his trademark).



**Andy Grant**



## Moggerhanger House

Following on from the last article on hidden local curios, here's another – the grand Moggerhanger House and Park.

The original house on this site was built in the 15th Century and was much smaller than the



sumptuous extravaganza that followed. It was bought by Godfrey Thornton, director of the bank of

England in 1777 (then passed to his son, Stephen). The Thorntons were leading members of the Clapham Sect and gave generous support to William Wilberforce in his many philanthropic projects, particularly his battle against the Slave Trade.

Whilst in the ownership of the Thorntons, the house was rebuilt by Sir John Soane (one of the greatest architects in England's history) who enlarged it quite considerably. As well as extending it, he had great fun adding experimental decoration work to it and rendered it using a biscuit brown coloured cement which was a new material at that time. In fact, this house is considered to be the most complete and unaltered example of Soane's work still around.

The house was used as a TB isolation hospital in 1919 and then an orthopaedic hospital in the late 1950's. It closed in 1987 and then was neglected and left to crumble away.

It was sold for just £1.00 (and yes, I do have the decimal point in the right place) in 1994 to a group of Christian Ministries who wanted a centre to operate from. But what is that they say about when it sounds too good to be true?

The catch was that they needed to stump up £350k to restore it. Amazingly, they managed to raise £500k from their supporters in 10 days and the place was theirs by the end of 1994. Helped by another chunk of cash from English Heritage, the house was upgraded from a grade II to a grade I listed building which qualified it to receive more public money from the National Heritage Memorial fund. There were some changes to the way the house was owned and operated involving some VAT issues, but despite all the financial wrangling, Harvest Vision are still significantly involved in preserving the vision for which they bought the house.

There are 33 acres of parkland surrounding the house which attracted the attention of Sir Humphrey Repton, who, in the 1790's, came along to design the gardens,

adding a woodland walk, ice House and walled gardens. He said 'It is too large and too much ornamental for a farm house, while it is too small and too humble for a family country-seat, and its distance from the capital is too great to permit its being called a villa. I shall therefore consider it as an occasional sporting-seat'.

It's now used for conferencing, wedding venue, training courses and is open as a tourist attraction in the summer ... and of course, I cannot leave without mentioning the wonderful tea room with a scrumptious range of cakes.

**Sue Taylor**



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