

NORTHBROOK



RUNNER

PRICE 50p

MAY ISSUE

FEATURING

THE

LONDON
MARATHON

AND
The Shakespeare
Marathon



Dear Fellow Runners,

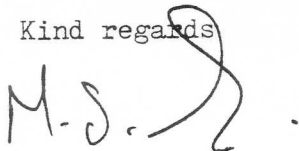
May I warmly welcome you all to this evening of fun and entertainment, an all too infrequent opportunity for Coventry's runners to meet socially.

With the winter season now behind us we can look forward to some warm summer evenings and lots of hard training ahead. For one of Coventry's runners a place in the World Championships beckons. May I express congratulations on behalf of all Northbrook runners to Dave Long and Massey Ferguson for Dave's superb performance in the recent London Marathon. A good bit of publicity for the city's runners and I'm sure we all bask in some of the glow of having a world class marathoner in the city.

Although we won't all reach those standards in running I'm sure some of the darts, dominos and especially the drinking records will fall tonight.

On behalf of Northbrook AC please enjoy yourselves and may all your injuries be little ones.

Kind regards

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'M.S.' followed by a stylized flourish.

Michael Reynolds

Chairman Northbrook AC

THE NEWTON SOLNEY 10 K.

It was a miserable start to the day, the weather was unsettled and some of us had hangovers from the night before at the Windmill.

Adrian soon perked up when he discovered that Rich O'Shea was unable to run as this meant that it was between him and John Gardner to see who would be the first Northbrook runner to cross the finishing line. Yes, so much for team spirit.

Adey was the first runner home in 36-05, John was second in 37-11, and other times included: Ray Jones 44-00, Shaun 46-43, Bob Awcock 46-58, Bob Griggs 49-18, Karen Marlow 49-50, and John Cox and Jean Jones 54-00.

It was a lovely scenic run with a testing hill at 5 K, which made the course quite challenging. Everyone who participated enjoyed the run and all finishers received a tee-shirt. Shaun swears that although he was given a medium sized tee-shirt it fits him, (I'd have thought he'd have trouble getting into a medium sized tent these days) but has anyone seen him wearing his prize.

JEAN JONES.

P.S. it was well marshalled and a must for the diary next year.



THE MUCH TALKED ABOUT HIGH LEG ACTION THAT HAS BROUGHT RICH O'SHEA SO MUCH SUCCESS THIS SEASON. MR. O'SHEA'S RUNNING CARREER CONTINUES TO BLOSSOM, AND SO IT SEEMS DO HIS LEGS. WELL RICH WE DID WARN YOU ABOUT THE SIDE EFFECTS RESULTING FROM SHAVING YOUR LEGS.

BANBURY HALF MARATHON - SUNDAY 24TH MARCH

A trio of us set off for Banbury in good time for this half, as Ade wanted to enter on the day. This involved queuing for about half an hour but gave us time to chat to Alan Dodd and some Alvis runners who had turned up as well. Despite Ade wingeing about the cold weather, we set off for the start with about ten minutes to spare. This gave us a useful warm-up jog of about half a mile through a pleasant park.

The start almost turned out to be a non event as someone hadn't tested the starting pistols. It took seven attempts and two pistols before we finally got away.

Dave Halford sprinted off like a man possessed, whereas Ade and myself went for the more steady start. I ran the first mile with Ade who said he fancied "getting a top 20 place today!", then disappeared. This turned out to be wishful thinking! This was my first half for about 9 months and I decided to take it steady after doing only a modest weekly mileage in training. This was definitely a good move, for the few hills on the course were to appear later, the hardest at $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Generally speaking though, the course wasn't that bad, and was run mostly along country lanes visiting villages like Middleton Cheney, Cropredy and Great Bourton.

As I approached the finish back in the park, Ade and Dave were already home, but it seemed that Dave had found a few problems with the officials for not signing his entry fee cheque. Dave rectified this with gentle persuasion from a few hefty marshals and duly received his medal.

At the presentation it was time to check the results. It turned out that the winner had done around 1-09 and Alan Dodd had won aprize for 10th senior man in 1-14 (he was actually 11th but a vet finished in the top 10). As Alan had gone home, Ade generously decided to look after his prize - a bottle of Liebraumilch.

As we headed home, we noticed that there were still people on the course after 3 hours - perhaps the course was harder than we thought!

MARK BAKER

NORTHBROOK RESULTS

54th	Adrian Lawton	1-23-44
67th	Dave Halford	1-25-54 P.B.
108th	Mark Baker	1-31-25

JOINING A FROGGY RUNNING CLUB

Within two days of arriving in France I found myself another running club. On finding the "Stad d'Hainaut" I tried out the two or three words I knew in French, pointed, gesticulated and swore repeatedly. They then got someone who spoke a bit of English and things got moving. I could join the club and they'd let me off the subs. - I wasn't complaining. In the next week they were all very friendly, the women even insisted on kissing me - quite like the old French kiss, rather pleasant!

Apparently I've fallen upon one of the top clubs in the area and they have a trainer who seems to be very good. In the first week he organised for me to train with them on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, and also on Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning (both different locations). They are mainly a track and field club but I'll start up a new section for them. From what I can tell the trainer intends to lick me into shape - whats new? Mind you their training sessions had me sweating before we had started. They run for half an hour and then do a session on the track. Bit of a bugger if you've been on the beer the night before.

Anyway to end off I'd just like to say that if you ever go to foreign parts don't be afraid to go to another club. Runners are no different wherever you go and if you make an effort so will they.

Ade Lawton.

TRITH SAINT LEGER 8 KM. - 8/4/91

One nice thing about France in May is the large number of National holidays - two days this week. After a week of being in my new running club I was entered for my first race over 8 km.. One of the chaps from the running club took me to the race even though he was not racing. This seemed to be organised by the club trainer who turned up after the race had finished. A very nice gesture !.

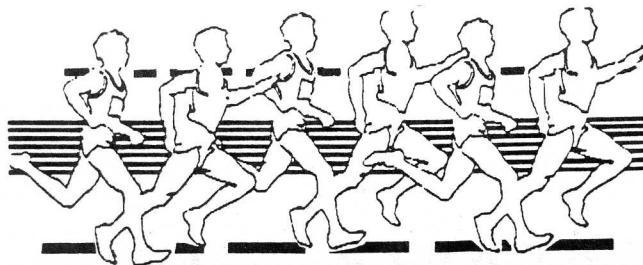
The bloke I went with had me warming up before the race (!?). Fifteen minutes of jogging? I was sweatin' me cods off before the start.

The start was something else, it was a case of x-country tactics, get them elbows stuck in. I thought that I had started near to the front but there were millions of the 'foreigners' miles in front of me. Once on the open road I got into my stride and , feeling pretty good, went storming past the frogs hoppin' down the road.

Anyway the 8 km. went pretty quickly and getting to the finish, after an uphill section, I stopped. Well I didn,t know what the French for Start and Finish was did I. I'd stopped some 50m. short of the finish, people were shouting at me and then I realised what had happened! Finally I got there and I had managed 17th. place for Northbrook. Next minute I had the Red Cross bloke racing up to me asking whether I was O.K.. Alright I was knackered but I didn't think I looked that bad.

The surprising thing was that at the end they had free grub, cake, chocolate, figs, oranges, lemons etc.. and thats the norm. Overall a good afternoon out.

Ade Lawton (Agony Ade abroad)



THE MIDLANDS TWELVE STAGE RELAY.

A superb response from the club ensured that we could enter three teams for the twelve stage relay at Sutton Park on April 28th. One of these teams was composed of vet's. I remember arriving at the event and seeing all the other teams limbering up and familiarising themselves with the course and then saw the Northbrook contingent, lead by Ray Jones, striding up the hill carrying what must have been a weeks supply of beer. O well all this running is thirsty work.

The sunshine that had greeted us at the start gradually faded away and by midday it was clear that it was going to rain. I had just completed my run when the first drops started falling and the wind began to grow stronger. I gave silent thanks and to make sure no-one would ask me to run another leg, helped myself to a couple of cans. I think this is what's called evasive action.

It was very noble of our three A's coach, John Cox, bedecked in all his badges to attempt to put temptation out of our way by drinking as many cans as he could.

As the day wore on so we got predictably noisier and more abusive, old Northbrook runners, now at other clubs, being on the receiving end. Meanwhile Rich and Dawn moved amongst the crowd selling illicit literature thinly disguised as running diaries.

As the rains became heavier so everyone retreated to the sanctuary of the tents. After Mark Baker had completed his leg, the first for the 'B' team, I don't think he ever moved again. Ade retreated to his car trying to keep warm for his leg which was to be the last. You lucky... devil.

It was good to see Bob Adams again, flying back from his Jersey penthouse to represent us. Also Ian Ladbroke who liked to be called Alan Bass on his leg.

Finally Bob handed over to Ade and we responded with some rousing support: "C'mon Ade we all want to go home!" "Get a move on Adey."

Adey's time of 17-11 assured that the A team gained its best result ever: 4-18-08. We were placed 50. Tipton won the event and Coventry Godiva were second, Massey Ferguson 'A' came 9th.

The fastest long stage of the day was ran by Dave Long of Massey Ferguson in 25-20. P. Larkins, representing Wolverhampton ran the fastest short stage in 13-48.

Northbrook 'A' team results:

<u>Long leg</u>		<u>Short legs</u>
1. C. Leeson	31-04	2&3 J. Bird 17-37, J. Gardner 17-02
4. Rob Barry	28-58	5&6 M. Warwick 18-20, D. Halford 18-05
7. Richard O'Shea	28-38	8&9 S. Simpson 18-01, P. Osborne 16-53
10. Tim Wright	28-55	11&12. B. Adams 17-24, Ade Lawton 17-11.

I'm sorry I can't give you any 'B' team and veterans results, but the times for these teams have gone missing.

Dave.

VETS SECTION

12 STAGE RELAY SUTTON PARK 6TH APRIL. 1991

WELL LADS A VERY GOOD TURN OUT FOR OUR FIRST VETS 6 STAGE, INCORPORATED IN THE 12 STAGE RELAYS. THE FIRST LEG WAS RUN BY MYSELF, TRYING TO KEEP WITH THE MAD CHARGE, RECORDING A GOOD TIME OF 35.06, TO KEEP US IN FRONT OF THE "B" TEAM, ON THE FIRST OF THEIR 12 STAGES. THE SECOND LEG SAW BOB (I HATE HILLS) ALLCOCK TAKE OVER FROM ME WITH A VERY GOOD LEG OF 21.00, TO STILL KEEP US IN FRONT OF THE "B" TEAM. THEN ITS LEG THREE, AS BOB HANDS OVER TO RAY JONES WHO DID THE FASTEST SHORT LEG FOR THE NORTHBROOK VETS, IN 20.19. NEXT A LONG LEG AGAIN WITH OUR OLD FAITHFULL TONY MURPHY, RECORDING A GOOD TIME FOR HIM!, OF 41.47 BUT, BY NOW, THE "B" TEAM OVERTOOK US OWING TO A FAST BUGGER BEING ON THIS LONG LEG FOR THE "B" TEAM, THEN ITS ON TO THE FIFTH LEG, AND MURPHY HANDS OVER TO (PAUNCHO BELLY) FLANAGAN, WHO DELIGHTS THE WATCHING CROWD (HE MUST REMEMBER HIS SHORT NEXT TIME), RECORDS A GOOD TIME OF 20.46 FOR THE SECOND FASTEST SHORT LEG FOR OUR TEAM. FINALLY THE LAST LEG SHAUN HANDS OVER TO OUR OLDEST VET, THE EVER IMPROVING BOB GRIGGS WHO DOES A GOOD 22.25, NOT BAD FOR A OLD BUGGER EH! WELL DONE LADS AND HERES HOPING WE REPEAT A DAY LIKE THIS MORE OFTEN.

TIMES:	1ST LEG	I. CORBETT	35.06
	2ND LEG	B.AWCOCK	21.00
	3RD LEG	R.JONES	20.19
	4TH LEG	T.MURPHY	41.47
	5TH LEG	S.FLANAGAN	20.46
	6TH LEG	B.GRIGGS	22.25

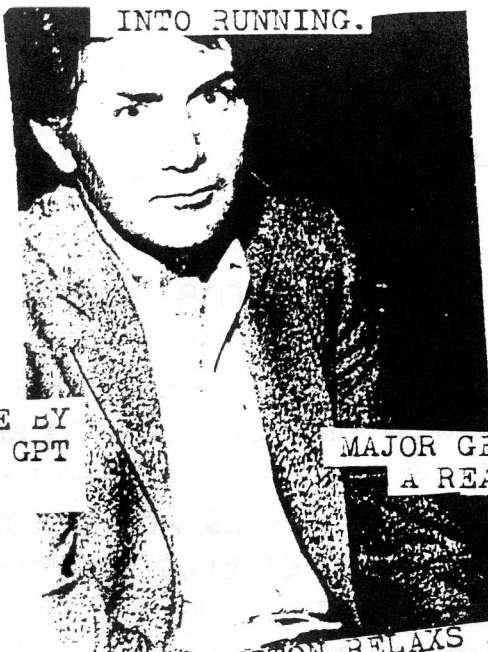
TOTAL TIMES = **2hrs 41 mins 22 secs**

Ingle Corbett

THIS WAS A KNACKERED OLD BUGGERS PRODUCTION !

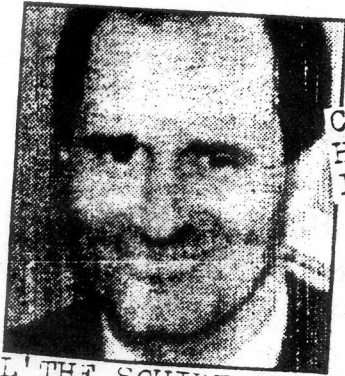


'TOPPER' BARRY, OVERCOME BY EMOTION AT WINNING THE GPT LIVERPOOL 16 K.



INTO RUNNING.

MAJOR GENERAL ARTHUR PAGET McKENNA, A REAL CONTENDER IN THE BOER (anagram) WAR.



NEIL 'THE SQUIRE' GRAHAM, BUCKENHAM IN CHAMPIONSHIP TIE SELLING FORM

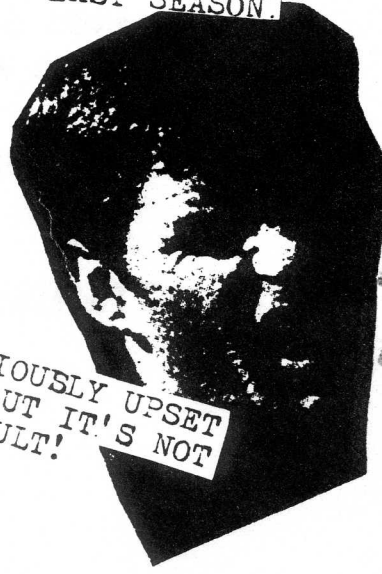
COLIN SHEEN PRESTON RELAXS AFTER HIS RECENT APOCALYPTIC PERFORMANCE IN THE MASSEY'S FIVE.



JIMMY SOMERVILLE O'SHEA, CERTAINLY HIT A HIGH NOTE LAST SEASON.



GEORGE ARLISS AWCOCK. A.K.A. EL PRESIDENTE. HAS HE DEVELOPED DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR.



FALDO LEESON, OBVIOUSLY UPSET AT HIS HANDICAP, BUT IT'S NOT THE CLUB'S FAULT!



SMALL WONDER THAT STEVE SIMPSON HAS LOST FORM THIS SEASON WHEN HE SPENDS MOST OF HIS TIME TALKING TO THE PLASTERCINE MODEL OF GEORGE MICHAEL HE HAS RECENTLY MADE.

INGLE CORBETT, ALWAYS TURNS IN AN ARRESTING PERFORMANCE.

NORTHBROOK LOOK-A-LIKES.

THE FAMOUS FIVE MINUS TWO IN THE LONDON MARATHON ADVENTURE.....

Page 1.

The day started by the intrepid trio, messrs.. Martin (slaphead) Warwick, Bob (the pro) Griggs, and Ingle (hooter) Corbett meeting up at Coventry station. Bob and Martin being chauffeured to the station by their wives, whilst yours truly arrived from Bedworth by train, owing to the wife being too idle to get up early to drive me there, (hope she doesn't read this).

As Martin bade farewell to his missus she said we would probably end up in a nightclub tonight. "Don't be silly" said Martin, as three tickets for the BOTTOMS-UP nightclub fell from his pocket as he went to blow his nose.

The time is now 8.30 am, and our train is at 8.40 am, Corbett panic NO 1..... I couldn't find the train tickets, it ain't easy finding train tickets whilst being trampled on by a load of passengers.

After a super journey to London, except for a loud mouth Brummie idiot who rambled on about canoeing, all the way there, we made our way by tube to Jubilee Gardens, walked in and registered and straight out again, had a look round the exhibition I was the only one who bought anything a sweat-shirt (bloody poser), Martin and Bob declining all the offers on show (tight bidders).

Then it's on the tube to Hounslow, where Martin knew a good pub, being fully conversant with the area having been to college there (big head). We all had jacket potatoes for carbo-loading and a few pints (purely for medicinal purposes only), Yours truly getting his meal £1 cheaper owing to barman error (jammy sod).

Then it's on the train again to Heathrow, to find the Edwardian International hotel..... £90! a night, will Northbrook ever be the same again after such luxury. As our courtesy coach arrived to take us to the hotel I remarked that the coach was so plush that maybe we should sleep on it and ask for a refund for our rooms.

Arriving at the hotel reception Martin fell in love with a lovely girl going past, then on reaching the reception desk he fell in love another eight times (loads of crumpet behind the desk). Martin left his American Express card in case we indulged in any of the fare on offer, on handing it over to the receptionist he looked quite pale and drawn as he prised it from his wallet.

Overwhelmed by the grandeur of the hotel, on reaching our rooms, Martin and I each bagged a single bed, leaving poor old Bob with the folding bed complete with squeaks. On goes the telly to watch a bit of sport as Martin decides to have a look at the tariff. He immediately goes pale again, mumbling something about getting his Amex card back again, then proceeds to stutter out the prices..... Whisky £5.50 a tot..... can of beer £2.47..... bowl of soup £8.99!!!! (we need a washing-up bowl full for that price). Anyways a unanimous decision to eat out tonight.

After a rest, Corbett panic No2 comes up..... as we were checking our kit for the race tomorrow, I found that my racing shoes were still damp after washing them the night before + what to do? could I be the only runner starting in wet shoes on a dry day !!! Then a brainwave! hair-dryer in vanity draw (hooray), I spend 30 minutes drying shoes with hair-dryer, whilst the other two take the piss out of me.

It's time to go out to eat, Martin polishes his head, Bob spruces up his moustache, and I have another shave, my third today, as Martin cracks up saying, I will be the only runner in the marathon to stop at a first aid point, foregoing the vaseline or a leg rub and asking for an electric shaver point (I'll get him back for that).

We find a nice pub nearby called the pheasant, not many in so we ordered our food..... more jacket spuds !!!! not very Egon Ronay, but what do you expect from a Northbrook runner caviar ?. The place starts to fill up, mostly crumpet (hooray). After eating food and three pints... four for Martin (piss artist), uncle Bob only having shandy (good lad he is the pro runner), then it's back to the hotel, a look at the telly & a good nights sleep.

Woken by our early morning call at 5.45 am, drag ourselves out of bed and get ready for the big event, last minute check to get our kit right. The tension starting to build up now. Off to breakfast we go plenty of runners in the restaurant, we all eat a light breakfast, then back to our room to get kit and await coach to take us to the start. Two coaches outside soon filled up and off we go. Nice to be driven to the start no hassle.

Martin says he feels a bit nervous as the starting line gets nearer, (thought I could smell something), Bob acting so calm he is nearly asleep (think it has something to do with his age). Then we're at Greenwich Park and we walk up the bloody big hill to the start. Bob and myself say goodbye and good wishes to Martin as he is on the blue start (young and fast-bugger). Bob and myself are at the red start (knackered old buggers). We go to the toilets, put our bags on the lorry, and jog upto start positions. We join other runners at our appointed number position, I say my last farewell to Bob who will start a little further back than me so he doesn't get carried away in the starting walk. Chatting away to people on the start is always a laugh. Then they move us up a bit toward the gates of the park. Then bang goes the gun and off we go, well nearly!. It takes me nearly 3mins to get under the start banner.

The race is on, the weather is sunny but cold, but I am enjoying it (I think) The atmosphere is electric, as it always is at the London Marathon, and slowly the miles are getting less even though the legs are getting a little tired, but I wouldn't miss it for the world. The race went quite well for an old bugger like me, as I finished in 3 hrs 25 mins 20 secs actual but 3 hrs 28 mins 22 secs official, the wind getting stronger in the final miles. Then it's the finish!! medal and goody bag for all, then drinks and sandwiches as I walk down to the baggage lorry.

Then I find Martin looking quite pale, feeling a bit disappointed at coming in at 3 hrs 10 mins, but I thought he ran well to do that time. We waited for Bob to come, and when he turns up, he is smiling and feeling quite chuffed with himself at doing 3 hrs 58 mins official and 3 hrs 52 mins actual, which is a P.B. for him. good old Bob (hooray for Northbrook vets).

Now it's time to make our way to Euston station to get the train home. On to the train, checking our fellow passengers to see if the idiot canoeist is about, and fortunately he is not,. Good journey home with a celebration drink justly bought by super quick beer champion Martin.

Whilst enjoying our drinks we have a good chat and a few laughs recalling our memories of the race to each other, and before long we're at Coventry station where disembarking we bid each other farewell. Martin and Bob are both met by their wives and escorted back home. I waited a bit longer for my lift home owing to my wife missing the turning into the station and heading off towards Kenilworth (silly sod), but then again it's only to be expected Coventry is like a foreign country to Sue (Sean knows what I mean).

Well back home now and a well earned dinner and a few pints, then put my feet up at the end of a great two days, with two good club mates. Lets hope we can repeat the same next year with more club mates involved. Thanks Martin and Bob.

Your Vets secretary Ingle (hooter) Corbett.



SHAKESPEARE MARATHON & HALF MARATHON

The Stratford, 'Shakespeare' marathon, was held on the same day as the London marathon: April 21st. However, as the Stratford marathon started much later in the day we were able to see the whole of the London event; this was being shown on the television in the marquee. London certainly provided a distinct contrast to the scenes at Stratford where the atmosphere was more garden fete. The Rotarians who were organising the event to raise money for charity didn't try to pressurise you into making contributions, they provided tea and coffee which was nominally free and you were left to make a small donation if you wanted. Everyone was relaxed and friendly, well excepting an occasion when I used the central support of the marquee as part of my training routine; honestly, I wasn't pushing that hard against it.

I had planned to race this marathon with Alan Bass, but he had developed an injury. Alan's friend, Barry, was also going to run, but hadn't established enough training to do the full marathon so he was racing in the half. As Barry was an old school friend I was hopeful I could obtain a 'lift' from him. I haven't got a car and this is always a problem when planning events. There was one terrible moment when, standing on Barry's door step, months of hard training hanging in the balance, when his wife's voice piped in with: "Remember you've promised to take Irene, me and the kids as well". I froze in cold sweat, looked back at his car assessing its ability to accommodate four adults and two children. It didn't look capable, perhaps one of the children could be put in the boot? But Barry assured me he was going to get me to the event. In the end the children were abandoned to their grandparents.

The start of the race was by the river, on the bank opposite the theatre. The actual starting time was an unknown factor, depending on when the Shakespeare procession finished. From our bank we could see an interminable queue of brass bands etc marching into the high street. The actual start was at one o'clock which was also the beginning of a slight down pour. The start was a glorious oddity: the half and full marathons both started together, in close proximity to one another, at the same time, but each charging off in opposite directions. I've never competed in one of these 'double' events before and I'm not sure if this is common practice, but it certainly struck me as incredibly crass to make the full marathon do a lap of the field before converging on the tail end of the half marathon. It was very frustrating having to twist and dart through wave after wave of gently jogging fun runners. The start wasn't helped by the scaffolding, only erected a week before, which covered the, already narrow, foot-bridge. This meant that only one person could get across at a time. Praise be that only a thousand or so were taking part. Furthermore as both events have covered different distances before converging this meant that each event had different mile markers, in the same colour and only differentiated by a half sign in small print; very confusing. As it was a two lap race there seemed to be mile markers where ever you chanced to look!

I don't want to criticise the event too much as this might give the impression that I didn't enjoy it and that it was not an enjoyable marathon to run in. The reverse is true. The course itself is one of the most beautiful and varied I have run on, passing through some exquisite villages along winding country roads. Also the organisers provided each competitor with a map, posted with their number. This gave me an opportunity of cycling out to the course and seeing it in advance. I still can't understand why some runners prefer running as part of a huge queue through city streets when you have courses like this.

By the third mile the town had been left behind and with it most of the slower run runners. I'm afraid that my plans to run at a steady and controlled pace for the first ten miles had evaporated after the starting line had been crossed. I hoped that by the fourth mile I might have slowed down a little, but I had latched on to another marathon runner wearing a green vest and I couldn't seem to resist keeping pace with him. He was a Hull Springfield runner and we struck up a very pleasant conversation in which he told me he was hoping to break two hours, fifty minutes, or at least get close to this time. At six miles I still felt relaxed and strong. Ian Ladbroke spotted me and gave me some encouragement; he was cycling along the route following the Evesham runners in the leading group.

After Welford-on-Avon came Rumer hill at 8 miles. This was the most testing hill on the course, being both long and steep, but it gave me no problems. The descent was very steep and I believe that, had I attempted to run down it, at even a steady jog, I'd have probably obtained multiple fractures in both legs by the time I 'hit' (and 'hit' seems the appropriate word), the bottom.

Once the 9 mile point has been reached there now follows three miles of gloriously flat road and track. The route has been altered from previous years when runners had to pass over Clifford hill. The course now follows a disused railway line, now a cycle track, and was very undemanding although later Barry told me that it had caused his legs to stiffen up. I had no such problems, I had the wind behind me and I was really flying along. I left the Hull runner behind who believed our pace was too fast to meet the halfway point at his intended time of 85 minutes. This was true as I passed through it in 83 minutes 36 seconds, a P.B. I knew I hadn't done enough training, quantity or quality, to sustain this pace. A little voice was telling me I was going to suffer for this, but another voice said, "Go for it."

It felt strange when most of the runners suddenly turned off to finish the half marathon. The road seemed a lot more lonely. As if to compensate for this the runners behind me began to increase their pace and the runners ahead dropped theirs so that we formed a little group of about six. I was re-united with the Hull runner. By the fifteen mile mark the conversation dwindled away as all effort and energy was concentrated on running. At eighteen miles I still felt strong, the pace had slowed down only fractionally and I realised that if I made it to the top of Rumer Hill, the 21 mile point, I was going to get a fast time. However at 20 miles I started to lose touch with the group, once I had got to the top of Rumer hill I knew that the rest of the race was going to be painful, but I also knew that I had a chance of getting inside 3 hours if I maintained a reasonable running pace. At 22 miles my group had vanished into the distance, I was beginning to feel very uncomfortable. I hadn't just hit the wall, it had crashed down on top of me.

Ian Ladbroke reappeared shortly after the 23 mile point and proceeded to give me all the details of the demise of the Evesham runner. Just what you need to hear when only will power is keeping your body from total disintegration. By now every water station was an oasis, every mile marker sweet benediction.

Barry had jogged back up the course after finishing his race. We met at about 24½ miles and he ran along side till 25 miles informing me that I had 10 minutes left to break 3 hours. He then took a short cut to the finish. I wish I could have done the same. I drank 3 cups of water and started to climb the last hill. I seemed to be moving in slow motion as the hill, about half a mile in length, sapped the last energy from my legs. I passed a veteran who was tottering all over the place and being shadowed by a worried race official. The hill ended and I tried to increase my pace, urged on by runners who seemed to be streaming past. With 150 yards to go the Tannoy system announced that the 3 hour point had now been reached. I was 34 seconds too late.

BAKER MARKS TIME.

THE LINCOLN HALF MARATHON-SUNDAY 28th APRIL.

After completing a month's reasonable training I decided to test my fitness(or lack of it) in the Lincoln half marathon.

The organisers had promised a fast,flat course and I was not disappointed. A large field of nearly two thousand runners lined up at the start and tried to focus their minds on the task ahead;not an easy task when the mayor has insisted that all the competitors must sing 'Land of hope and glory' before he will start the race.

Despite this distraction we were soon away and the first three miles went by very quickly as we zig-zagged through the city.The only problem we incurred were the cobbled roads near Lincoln cathedral.I settled down into a more realistic pace until eight miles and I was going well until the sun appeared and the temperatures increased,slowing most of us down.

I finished in 1-28-44 with mixed feelings:I knew it would have been better if I'd have maintained my pace from halfway,but it was still quicker than any of last year's half marathons,when I was hindered by injuries.I found out later that Barney O'Connor,running for Massey Ferguson had won the race in 1-05-14.I ended up 268th out of 1603 finishers.

The course was one of the flattest I've seen and would be a P.B. course for someone with more training behind them.Also it was reassuring to see that all the roads were closed to traffic and that the mile markers were accurate.This must be one of the best organised races on the calender, the only bad point being the lengthy walk from the finish to the car park.

Mark Baker.

BASS GETS RHYTHM !

THE WHITE HORSE HALF MARATHON-

The white horse half marathon takes place in Oxfordshire over a very flat course,and as my training was going well after the cross country season,I was both confident and determined to go for a personal best; hopefully breaking 80 minutes.As I knew friends in the area I stayed with them so I didn't have to face a long drive before the race.

I started off well,keeping the leaders well in sight,and staying in contention until the sixth mile when I began to lose touch with the group I was running with.I find I can cope with the more painful sections of the race,when you're on your own,by starting up my Sony Walkman,strapping on the old headphones and letting the music take me.

At the seventh mile was a water station and I grabbed a cup.Unfortunately I'm not very skilled in the art of drinking on the move and spilled more than what I drank;but what I managed to swallow revitalised me and I began to make up lost ground.

The next point when I didn't feel too good was just before the next drinks station.Again I resorted to music to keep me going,but I'm afraid the drink I took spilled down onto the headphones.Luckily the water did no damage.It's incredible what a mouthful of water can do:once again my running improved.I knew that if I sustained this pace for another couple of miles I was assured of getting close to my target time.I eventually crossed the line in 79-57,although officially it was recorded at 79-59:due I'm sure to the time it took to cross the starting line.Still I was elated and confident I can improve upon this.



THE FACE IN THE RACE. IF THE NORTHBROOK RUNNER, WEARING THE NUMBER 31, IS WILLING TO COME FORWARD AND IDENTIFY HIMSELF, THE CHAIRMAN, IN LINE WITH THE NEW CLUB POLICY, IS WILLING TO BUY HIM A DRINK.



CHAIRMAN MICK REYNOLD'S AND THE NEW LOOK COMMITTEE GET DOWN TO SOME SERIOUS, HIGH POWER, FAR REACHING DECISIONS.

SHAUN FLANAGAN'S TRAINING TIPS FOR THE RELUCTANT ATHLETE.

In 1809 Captain Barclay Allardice accepted a wager of 10,000 guineas, worth approximately £2 million pounds by today's values, and attempted to cover a thousand miles in a thousand hours. This was at the height of, what was then called, pedestrianism, when endurance races captured the imagination of society, and attracted a rich betting culture.

I believe that we can employ some of the captain's training methods for improving upon our own performances. He based his training system on that used for dogs and horses and this is set down in detail in a book on pedestrianism.

The good captain was especially enthusiastic about the benefits obtained by the use of the 'sweating liquor'. Before drinking this concoction Captain Barclay stressed that the runner must complete a four mile course at the top of his speed, dressed in flannels. This after a months hard training. Then, **immediately** on returning, he must drink one pint of hot liquor. He is next put to bed, still in his flannels, and covered with eight pairs of blankets and an eiderdown. He must remain in this state for half an hour when he is taken out and rubbed perfectly dry.

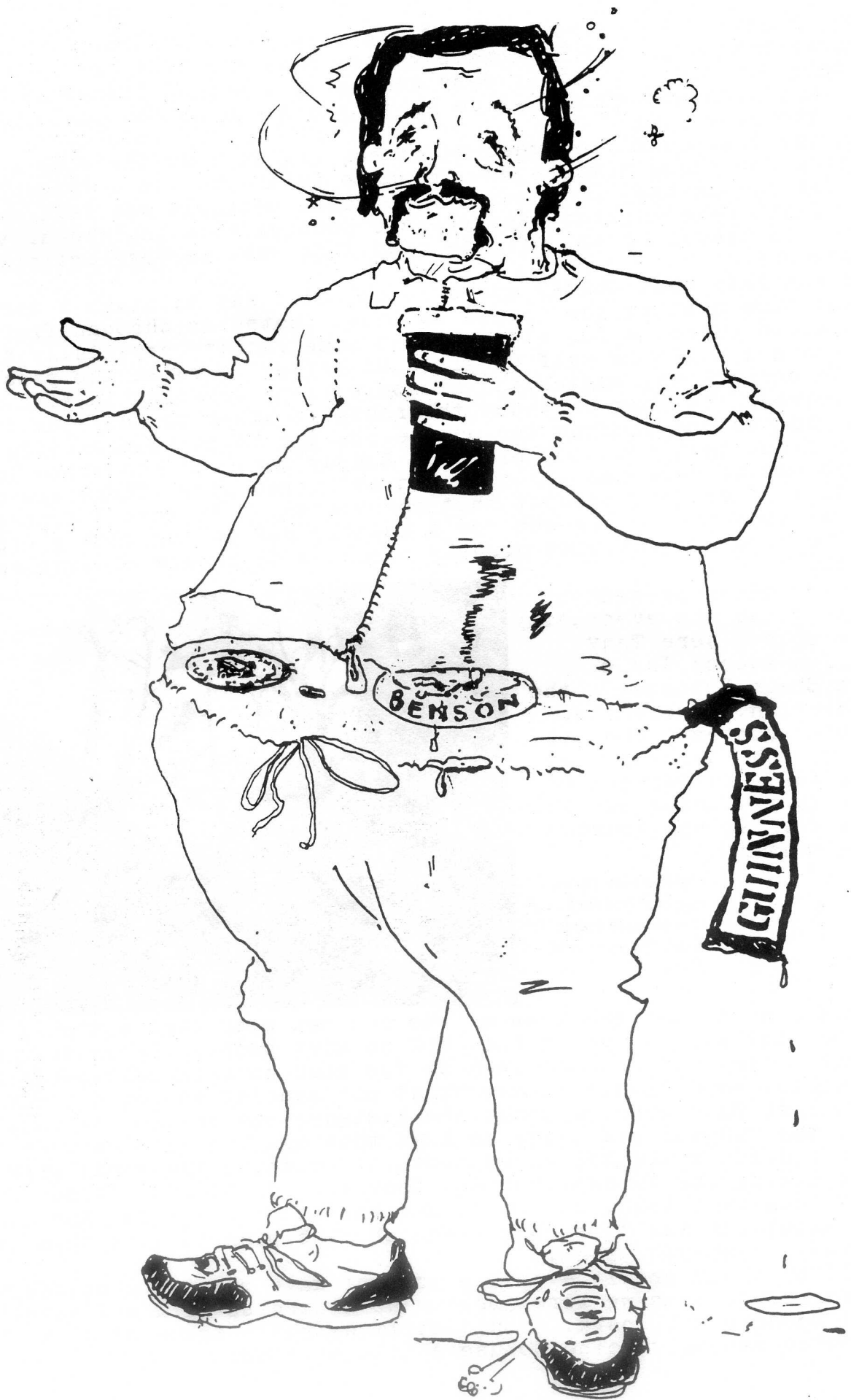
I must admit that on first reading this it all seemed rather barbaric and unnecessary compared to our own scientific training methods. However, on reading about the contents of the Captains 'sweating liquor' I think he might be onto something. Its ingredients include: one ounce of caraway seed, half an ounce of coriander seed, one ounce of root liquorice, and half an ounce of sugar. This is then mixed with (and this is the good part) two bottles of cider, which is boiled down to one pint. Well why didn't he tell us this before.

Well in the preparation of the 'sweating liquor' I think we can dispense with most of those seeds and the sugar and it seems a waste to boil the cider down. And I suppose that cider could be substituted for any alcoholic beverage. So basically what we're talking about is going straight to the bar after a really hard club training night and drinking a pint of guinness. As for all that twaddle about flannels and sweating, well that's just the ignorance of the period, but I suppose if you really wanted to make certain the guinness was doing its stuff, well have another pint.

So to recap, we go out for a hard four miler and work up a thirst, dart into the bar and drink as much guinness as we can before going home, getting into bed and falling asleep. The good captain also mentions eating a roasted fowl. So obviously on the way home you call in for a take-away. So there you have it, a brand new, as yet untried training schedule.

Actually I think the hard four miler was a bit over the top.

As for the good captain. He began his epic feat on a rainy day: June 1st 1809. His first mile was in 14 minutes 12 seconds. But by the 34th day the pain in his legs was excessive and he could not move without crying out. Silly bugger. Still he completed his final miles on the 42nd day, now averaging 21 minutes and 30 seconds per mile. So obviously the 'sweating liquor' can get you there.



THE ARTIST AT WORK.

THE NORTHBROOK COUNTRY HOP TEN.

The Northbrook 'country hop'ten is aimed at the runner who wishes to run over more interesting, scenic routes than treading the usual tarmac. The telepost club is within easy access of a web of footpaths bisecting some very pleasant country-side so it's a shame not to use them for our more leisurely runs.

At the last committee meeting it was argued that the club is not really catering for those members who are more interested in a friendly jog, to keep fit, rather than in races and personal bests. It was felt that most club nights have mutated into private battles, each individual trying to 'burn' his nearest rival off the road. This must be very intimidating for new members.

It was felt that Sunday would be the best day to stage a more relaxed run and that setting the course on local footpaths, through fields and woods, would inject a fun element. Also some runners, especially the more elite, have a built in self conditioned reflex to raise the pace on the road. To prevent any suggestion of competition creeping in, with some runners disappearing into the distance, the route is known to only one of the group who has pre-planned the course; and the route changes with each run.

The first test run took place on Sunday June 2nd and those turning up that Sunday were persuaded to act as 'guinea pigs'. There was a wide cross-section of runners present that morning which is what I wanted both to bring together people who don't usually run in the same groups, and to keep the race element, that usually occurs with people of similar ability, to a minimum.

Amongst those present on the Sunday and who eventually ran the course were Tony Murphy, Bob Awcock, Ingle Corbett, Shaun Flanagan : the vet's section. Representing the faster runners were Rob Barry and John Gardner. Also present was Glyn Perrens who is well known throughout the club as a tried and trusted leisure runner.

*On the way to an
ancient hill fort ...
the shingle track
from Burrow Hill
Farm*



I must admit that the idea of the run met with what can only be described as resounding apathy and by the look on most peoples faces they seemed to be wishing they hadn't come down to the club on this particular Sunday. Sean mumbled some feeble excuse about not wanting to get his new trainers dirty, whilst Tony worried about the distance. But on hearing that Dave had planned the run and was going to lead them all their fears were thoroughly intensified. You could see minds mentally equating the words Dave and lost and not liking the outcome. Bob and Tony were obviously dubious about the type of pace that was going to be set, was it possible for Rob and John to run slowly, or was this some fiendish club plan to lure them out into the wilds and abandon them.

Still to their credit, everyone present gave my idea a chance, the mad, brave fools, and soon we were jogging up Staircase hill and skirting the edge of Coundon Hall park. I could still detect a trace of doubt that my ten mile course was only going to use a mile of road.

After leaving Coundon Hall Park we took the right foot-path running alongside the grounds of Keresley manor, crossing Hall brook and turning left to climb the stile. There now followed a climb to link up with Fivefield road. We didn't remain long on the road, but passed into the next field. Another steady climb skirting Bunsen's wood, before entering the forest itself. The shade was very welcome after the glare of the sun, and we followed the tracks to the bottom of the wood before circling up and joining Thompson's lane, called a road on the map, but the part we were running on was merely a narrow track bounded by two very high hedges, nearly combining to give a tunnel effect. By now most of the group were wondering where we were. The run through the forest, quite a long one had proved very disorientating and even I had picked the wrong track at one point which didn't exactly inspire my followers with confidence. One mistake, just one mistake.

The next series of footpaths took us to Burrow hill where there was once an iron age hill fort, you can still see the embankment. We passed the Corley rocks with their exposed red sandstone; I can still remember the picnics we used to spend here when my grandparents took me blackberrying. We didn't follow Burrow hill lane all the way round, but took a short, little used footpath to bring us to the Tamworth road.

By now Tony was beginning to worry, inquiring if we had reached the half way point. We probably had and Tony looked very relieved when we turned back and headed back towards the 'Horse and Jockey'. After passing the pub we turned right, passed through a gate and over a stile and along some very well marked footpaths. These eventually took us into the grounds of Marsland farm, which is really a stable. The owner had built a small race track to train his horses on and our footpath took us over part of it.

I think Rob would have liked a quick canter over the sticks, but the going would have been a little hard for that old war horse Shaun.

Everyone commented about what a great cross-country course the various sites we had passed would make, but I think you'd need about 2 miles of tape for Bunsen's wood and as for the race track, well I'm not sure what the other teams would make of turning up to such an event. Still it would make a great talking point for season's afterwards.

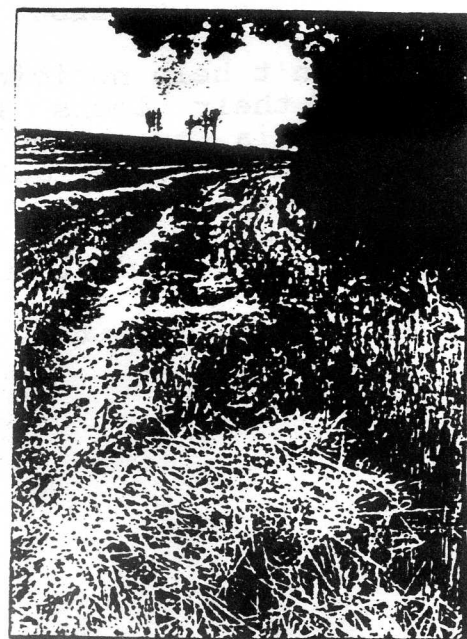
We now rounded the three woods, Hooton's Little Lady's and Daddley's, before arriving at Wall Hill road. We passed into Piker's lane and found another footpath which brought us to Ted Pitt's lane.

At the end of the lane we crossed Hawkes Mill lane and climbed over another stile and fields that brought us out by the Jaguar factory site. A narrow footpath running by the sport's complex brought us into Butt's lane and we made our way back to the Telepost club via the Coundon wedge.

I'm not sure how long the run took us, but everyone enjoyed it and thought it made a refreshing change. I hope to stage regular 'country hops' throughout the Summer, and I can't see why we can't arrange more ambitious ones possibly travelling by car to Hampton in Arden and running from there. Certainly there are many walks well documented in rambling guides that are also runnable. In a way this is a return to the club's roots, when founder members, then known as Northbrook striders, jogged around the Coundon Wedge.

Any future 'country hops' I can devise will be posted up on the notice board, but I hope that other people will come up with their own courses independent from me. I'm particularly enthusiastic about planning one that uses the canal tow-paths around Sutton stop and the Greyhound pub.

Dave Halford.



NORTHBROOK 10KM

As Race Director for the above event I've been ordered to say a few words by my old Sergeant Major, Chairman Reynolds. A fast, flat, P.B. course was the general consensus following last years imposed changed of venue from our beloved hilly Wedge course to the Centre AT7 route.

This years trot will again be staged at the AT7 off Stoney Stanton Rd, which stands on the site of the former Morris Engines (also good runners, or so I'm told by Arfur (Turrall) Daley and him outdoors Brock). Martin runs on unleaded now apart from handicaps.

The date for your diary is Sunday 29th September, at 11:00 am. Lets make it a day to remember with every club member getting involved (or you may face conscription).

Thats enough about the race, lets talk about something more hairy.

I can't help noticing how many of our senior members have started to grow their locks long and/or wear earrings. Could this be 60's nostalgia or a ploy to get a hot shower in the Ladies? Whilst on the subject of that golden decade of peace & love, Squire Buckenham is selling his exclusive collection of ties in aid of 'Save the Kipper' and club funds. So come on all you budding hippies - get your hair cut or buy one of Neils ties to look respectable on parade.

As you know my hairs wavy - it's waving my head goodbye !!

Colin Preston.

10 MILE SELECTION RACE - FINAL RESULTS.

Here are the results of the 10 mile selection race for the hilly 100 relay.

<u>NAME</u>	<u>POSITION</u>	<u>TIME</u>
R. O'Shea	1	55:34
P. Osborne	2	58:30
R. Barry	3	59:58
J. Bird	4	60:45
D. Halford	5	61:49
A. Bass	6	61:50
J. McKenna	7	62:25
M. Warwick	8	62:57
I. James	9	64:12
M. Baker	10	64:22
D. Robinson	11	65:32
I. Corbett	12	65:53
T. Gillan	13	69:15
S. Flanagan	14	72:10
M. Reynolds	14	72:10
R. Awcock	16	76:51
R. Griggs	17	77:27
T. Murphy	18	84:04

Colin Preston.

BETTER
SHOWERS
FOR
WOMEN!

