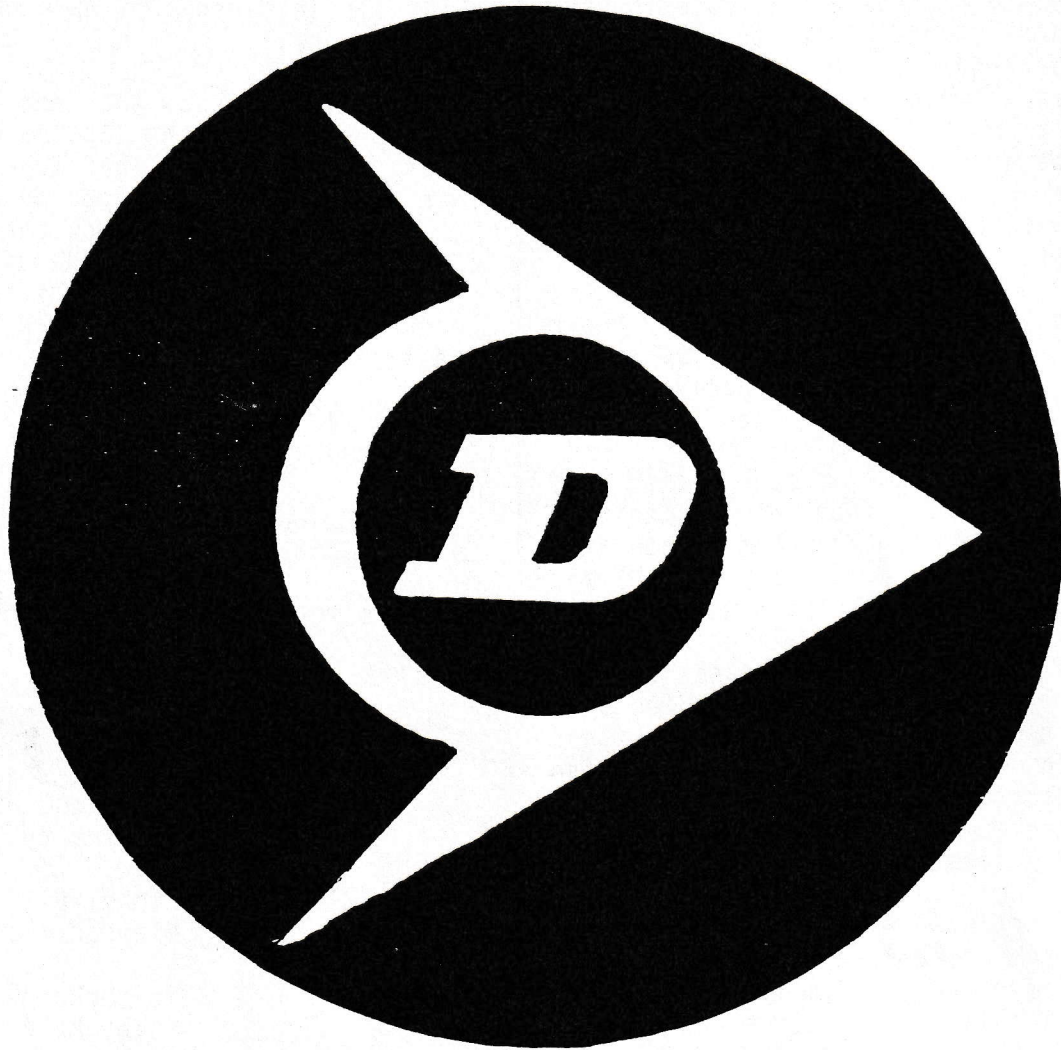

THE NORTHBROOK RUNNER

June 1988

PRICE 20p.



TYRED!

Twenty Four Hour Racing, or Getting the Le Mans Flavour

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"You must be bloody mad!" was the comment that I got from everyone I talked to in the week preceding the race. This was echoed by Jean Jones as I drove off with Ray and their son Darren on the way to meet everyone at the club. On arrival at the club most of the team had assembled together with some of the helpers. The thing that worried me most was that Ian Carter looked absolutely knackered. It wasn't until we had been running a few hours that I realised that he wasn't in the team.

Once John and Mary Gardner had arrived we were off and drove in convoy (to the gates of the Telepost club). Having missed my turning at Chelmsley Wood I took the scenic route to the Fort. After going wrong once more we arrived. Jason Nicholson and Ian Carter were already there and Jason was out jogging the half mile track (very keen). Sutton Coldfield mens and ladies teams were already pitched camp as had the home team S.P. Fort. Very soon the rest of our team arrived and there is a flurry of activity pitching tents beside the track, brewing up and engaging in nervous banter. Some of the team kicked a ball around - this was a mistake!

Having registered and decided what the running order was to be its soon twelve o'clock and we're off with Tim Wright leading the way. His is a relaxed and fluid style (when chatting up the girl who makes the tea - he's not a bad runner either!). There is a rush of euphoria as we were leading for the first couple of laps. Pretty soon though it settled into a pattern with Tunbridge Wells leading, Sutton Coldfield second and our lad third, but only just. After twenty four hours the position would be exactly the same but more of that later.

The race continued in this vein for much of a hot and humid afternoon, some of us watching the European Championship final on a pretty dodgy television, some of us lazing around getting sunburnt. Into the evening and the weather started to cool, tracksters started to appear. If there was a competition for the best dressed runner then Pete Davis would have surely won with his stripey tracksters and several changes of kit. The pubs are open so some extra supporters arrived thus making running through our camp like running through a party (and later like running through Calcutta).

At nine o'clock its time for Tim to go for his mad mile, I handed over to him after completing the hundredth mile and gave him an enthusiastic send off. Tim duly won his mad mile (times e.t.c. next month) and we all carry on running into the sunset. Its about at this point that the ladies jogging club latched onto our noisiness, we were getting support all along the starting straight. This was especially good for Dave "Linford" Halford as it was his fastest part of the course.

Letter to the Editor

Martin.

The summer has officially arrived. Numerous training groups can be seen assembled outside the club each Wednesday night. The size of the group and its members is determined by the individuals' aims, be it for social, or another hard run. The faster veterans are normally away first - keen and denying their age. The largest group is some 12-15 strong. There is no elite here. This harmonious bunch usually runs the Jaguar course. The group sticks together for six miles (start of Butt Lane) where the stronger few kick home via Staircase Lane. Those who leisurely run on have no doubt got a suitcase full of bronze medals and have nothing to prove. Topics of conversation range from the charismatic leader, cuckoos, and fartlek which is a renowned virtuoso of John Varden's. All club members can freely join this group. The recent improvement in race times and fitness has no doubt been noted by other club members. The younger members are well catered for - the supervision rota was an inspired decision and is a credit to all who assist.

Now for the more boring discussion. Remember constructive not destructive. A reply will no doubt be not forthcoming. The recent handicap result situation can be laid to rest since investigation shows that the results were put on the noticeboard but were pinched. As May consists of thirty days a copy could have replaced them. June has also been delayed. It can be assumed that the handicapper is not available. The committee should deputise for him. We should not blame Glyn, his superb timing has resulted in queueing at the finish. The recently sanctioned funnel project will no doubt come into use here.

Communication within the club can be improved by each section fully utilising the club noticeboard. The present noticeboard is a shambles. Entry forms should be passed to Bob Awcock not overlaid willy nilly on old information. Club recruitment is showing results. Two new members have joined us. The recruitment morning was a success. Membership figures have hardened to 55 full members which could be enhanced by 10. The loss of the Alvis sports facility also lends itself to possible membership acquirement.

As you all aspire to new achievements this summer, remember to spare a backward glance at the slower member. Give encouragement and advice; and lets get Northbrook moving (not bickering).

John McKenna (abdicated ex-judge).

Its nice to get some helpful advice and guidance from John, perhaps we should waive his membership subscription for being such an asset to the club.

There are, however, some points to consider: this concern with social running is laudable except if it is an attempt to form a club within the club. Secondly, running is a highly individualistic sport and not all people like to run in big groups. - Ed.

RACE REPORTS

This last month has seen the diary positively crammed with events with members here, there and everywhere trying to score P.B.'s and in some cases winning. In addition to some local events there are some reviewed here from a bit further afield (I'm trying to avoid all those Massey's vests).

Hereford Marathon - Sunday 15th May 1988

Once the after effects of my well publicised "cock up" in the London Marathon had worn off I started juggling with the idea of doing a "Rich O'Shea" (you know, sneaking off somewhere without telling anyone and running another marathon). It was with this thought in mind that I originally entered the Hereford half-marathon, knowing that the opportunity would be there to switch to the proper run if I felt like doing it.

Upon arrival at the start area next to the football ground, the temptation became too great and despite it being just about the hottest day of the year so far (I thought I'd get the excuses in early!) I decided to go for it. The contrast with the London couldn't have been greater, with there being less than 200 runners entered (I should make the first 100) and only about that many spectators present. The only runner I recognised was Taff Phillips from Massey's doing his regular weekly marathon.

Things went fairly well on the first lap as I managed to keep a steady 7 minute mile pace going, but not surprisingly, things began to get a bit harder after about 16 miles and I was forced to drop the pace a bit. After climbing the long hill up to the 20 mile mark, things weren't helped when a little sod, sorry lad, handed me a cup of salt water! Fortunately for him I didn't have the energy to chase after him.

As always seems to be the case in a marathon the final few miles seemed to be a lot longer than they were on the first lap but I finally managed to jog to the finish in a time of 3 hours 13 minutes - nothing brilliant but 4 minutes better than London and, after all, it was only a "fun run"!

Postscript; I note from reading A.W. that half the runners dropped out after 1 lap - what a load of wimps, hardly Northbrook material.

Bob Adams.

Craig-yr-Aderyn (Bird Rock) Half Marathon - Sunday 22nd May 1988

For many Northbrook runners Tywyn on the Mid-Wales coast is the setting for one of the hardest runs of the year - Race the Train. Surprisingly, sharing part of the course is a reasonably fast half marathon - the Bird Rock.

Starting in Tywyn the race follows the Race the Train route until that veers off up the hillside. The race then keeps on the main road through Bryn Crug on the Dolgellau road (i.e towards Barmouth) this is the only long uphill drag on the course the rest of the hills being short sharp inclines which can be attacked. At about four miles the race leaves the main road to do a loop through country roads passing the Bird Rock (a famous rock climbing challenge) and back into Bryn Crug. Picking up the main road again the finish is at the ice cream factory back in Tywyn.

The day dawned, bright and warm but windy. There seemed to be a few less competitors than last year, probably due to its not being on Bank Holiday weekend this year. The race started well and I passed the first mile marker in 6.5 mins the first lady (no not Mrs Reagan) said that she thought this about fifteen seconds too slow and tried to quicken. I deliberately decided not to chase the little bunch of runners around her (mistake number 1). I put the next few miles (including the climb) at around seven minute miles as I thought it was going to get really hot. At seven and a half miles (the rock itself) I decided that I wasn't really pushing myself that hard and decided to "have a go". I was soon passing people and hence got a bit of a psychological lift. At around ten miles I could see the lady that I let drop me come into view. Try as I could I couldn't catch her over the last 3.1 miles. I finished in 1:30:44. Perhaps if I had tried harder from the start those 44 seconds could have been knocked off - still there's always next time.

Martin Warwick.

Warwick University "10" - Sunday June 5th 1988

A bright sunny and warm day - masses of Northbrook vests we must be at the University 10. While waiting for the start its interesting to see that the warm weather has brought a lot of last minute runners out and the entries on the day desk is besieged. As is usual on these occasions everyone is going to run this one slowly and we're all going to run this one together - I don't believe it either!

We're off and its a fast first mile followed by the horrible climb up Westwood Heath Road, Mike Windsor-Smith passes me and attaches himself to a group of Massey's and Nuneaton runners. Down into Kenilworth and I seem to be running in a big gap. Halfway at 33.5 and I have lost Mike and it seems like hard work. Under the railway bridge and I am feeling much better and give it a burst up the hill. A group of Northbrook runners tell me that "he's just ahead" but who? Around the next bend I can see two Northbrook vests - Mike and Ray Jones. I catch Mike at eight miles and set off after Ray. Ray, however, is doing his mad sprint for the line as in the previous Wednesday's handicap. An enjoyable morning with three minutes off my P.B. but I hate that climb up to the Peeping Tom!

5

Michelin "10" - Sunday 5th June 1988

A very pleasant day greeted the 3,000 or so competitors for the 19th annual Michelin 10 and fun run 4. I travelled up with a couple of friends and happened to bump into Mr Deasy just before the start. As he was looking for a 58!! (training run) the week before the Blackpool Marathon we started together.

I was told that it was quite an easy course and after two miles (11:28) I wasn't arguing but what comes down must go up (wrong way around but you know what I mean) and the next two miles seemed to go up and up. Half way reached in 28:45 feeling fine but at six miles disaster, my hamstring starts to tighten (shades of Tipton 86) and I'm reduced to a jog for about half a mile followed by a little leaning on a lamppost to stretch. It seemed to ease off and so what the hell I'm no quitter off we go again. Eight miles reached in 49 minutes and so sub 60 is out of the window but a good last two gives hope for the future in 60:27, not bad for my first serious race of over five miles for eighteen months. Colin was well pleased with his run, he ran virtually steady pace all the way through and barely broke a sweat. Pete finished in just over 68 and after certain recent races was quite pleased.

A good day out, the organisation was superb but a pity it clashed with the University 10.

Ian Ladbrooke.

Blaydon Race - Thursday 9th June 1988

If you put on a 5.6 mile race in Coventry on a Thursday evening how many people would turn up? It illustrates just what a hotbed of running the North East is that two thousand five hundred people started the Blaydon race on 9th June. Commemorating the famous song, this event starts at Balmora's music hall in Newcastle upon Tyne (the oldest music hall in Britain) where Geordie Ridley (more about him later) first sang the song. The race then follows the route mentioned in the song along the Tyne to Blaydon. The song is quite specific about the course as it rivals "House of the Rising Sun" in the number of verses that it has.

It was a chilly evening as we gathered outside the cathedral for the start, listening to the starter's instructions (I don't know why, they were later ignored) and the horrible skirl of the Northumbrian pipes. The Blaydon Belle was chosen, poor girl, she had to run all the way wearing a big blue sash. Seven o'clock chimes on the cathedral bell and someone rings another bell to start the race. We all charge off (well at least as fast as you can in a narrowish street with a lot of people around you) blissfully unaware that the leaders had led off the wrong way. Instead of veering left we had all gone straight on so we had to squeeze down a narrow alley full of taxis.

After this somewhat slow start the Scotswood Road was leg achingly fast due to a slight downhill incline. Past the Vickers factory with the night shift outside cheering us on. Over the Scotswood Bridge around the industrial estate and into Blaydon to finish in the car park of the Georgie Ridley pub. I was slightly slower than Paul Cuskin and Mike McLeod who battled it out in front (come to think of it I was slower than Kirsty Wade as well). No medals!!! - a bottle of brown ale (these are the lengths I go to for free beer) as much tripe as you want - no thanks, a ham and pease pudding stottie cake, some black pudding and a couple of pickled onions what more could you want. If you're in the area next year it's worth trying.

Martin Warwick.

Wolverhampton 10 km - Sunday 11th June 1988

A lovely bright morning was spoilt by a nasty gusting wind that was straight in the runner's faces for the last 3km but a field of approximately three hundred set off from Wolverhampton and Bilston A.C. track at 11:00 on what was described as a gently undulating course. It was undulating from start to finish but a good testing course that provided several P.B.s on the day.

Results

1st M.Cooper	Wolverhampton & Bilston
2nd R.Bentley	Tipton
3rd E.Twohig	Leamington C & A.C.
9th R.Statham	Coventry Godiva
21st I.Ladbrooke	Northbrook A.C.

Rugby Half Marathon - Saturday 18th June 1988

Its nice to see that Richard O'Shea has got over his "Delhi belly". Its also nice to see a Northbrook runner winning (despite the Coventry Evening Telegraph's comments when the result was 'phoned through). On a cloudy and humid day when some of us were attending Coventry carnival Richard "hacked" three minutes off his P.B. to "ramp" home (over the top verbs supplied by C.E.T.) in front of among others Martin Judge. I note that Massey's results were missing from the sports pages. For the record Richard came home in 74 minutes.

Let's not forget our other intrepid heroes John Bird(1:24), Shaun Flanagan(1:31) Mike Windsor-Smith(1:32) and Alan Fanning(1:34) all scored good times on what was a difficult day for running.

HANDICAP

Handicapper's Report

Following murmurs of discontent the result of the handicap will be published in the Northbrook Runner, as the results of the May race were taken down from the noticeboard. I must apologise for the late publication of each month's results, this was due to factors beyond my control and in future the results will be ready within a week.

Following discussion with committee members, the scoring system has been refined slightly; a minimum of twenty points is guaranteed for a win, regardless of numbers running. In races where twenty or more runners turn up the scoring system will remain the same as at present.

Next handicap: Wednesday 6th July.

Glyn Perrins.

Results

The number of total points is given only as a reference as the final result will be based on the runner's best five places out of the six races.

* denotes five bonus points for a personal best.

4th May 1988

<u>Present Handicap</u>	<u>Name</u>	<u>Total Time</u>	<u>Actual Time</u>	<u>New Hcap</u>	<u>Points</u>	<u>Total Points</u>
<u>Juniors</u>						
2:05	N.Froggit	23:52	21:52	4:00	4	9
2:05	J.Griffin	25:05	24:00	2:00	3	7
4:00	R.Bignall	26:54	22:54	3:00	2	3
2:05	B.Buckenham	28:37	26:32	Scratch	1	4
<u>Ladies</u>						
Scratch	R.Simpkins	23:59	23:59	2:00	6	6
4:10	C.Weston	25:15	21:05	5:00	5	5
2:30	S.Creamer	26:00	23:30	2:30	9*	18
Scratch	J.Hart	26:17	26:17	Scratch	3	6
1:15	R.Windsor-Smith	26:44	25:29	0:30	2	7
Scratch	J.Hatwood	27:08	27:08	Scratch	1	3

Senior Men

<u>Present Handicap</u>	<u>Name</u>		<u>Total Time</u>	<u>Actual Time</u>	<u>New Hcap</u>	<u>Points</u>	<u>Total Points</u>
1:30	C.Nicholson	(V)	24:13	22:43	3:15	24	24
4:10	C.Hatwood		24:42	20:32	5:30	23	23
6:00	J.Bird		24:58	18:58	7:00	22	22
4:30	M.Turrall		24:59	20:29	5:30	21	21
5:15	C.Preston		25:13	19:58	6:00	25*	58
7:30	J.McKenna		25:30	18:00	8:00	19	46
1:30	N.Moore		25:41	24:11	2:00	18	18
6:50	A.Eastham		25:47	18:57	7:00	17	37
6:30	M.Baker		25:48	19:18	6:45	16	17
5:50	M.Warwick		25:49	19:59	6:00	15	47
5:50	R.Jones	(V)	25:50	20:00	6:00	14	27
6:50	I.Gill		25:51	19:01	7:00	13	34
5:00	K.Buckenham	(V)	25:52	20:52	5:00	12	31
6:00	S.Flanagan	(V)	25:53	19:55	6:00	11	34
5:00	N.Buckenham	(V)	26:03	21:03	5:00	10	10
6:10	A.Fanning	(V)	26:11	20:01	6:00	9	25
4:30	B.Waterfield	(V)	26:20	21:50	5:00	8	13
2:05	B.Griggs	(V)	26:20	24:15	2:00	7	17
7:50	B.Adams		26:21	18:31	7:30	6	21
4:10	B.Garner	(V)	26:27	22:17	3:45	5	9
6:00	M.Windsor-Smith	(V)	26:29	20:29	6:00	4	32
4:30	R.Awcock	(V)	28:15	23:45	2:15	3	3
Scratch	J.Grumbley	(V)	28:37	28:37	Scratch	2	4
8:30	J.Gardner		29:58	21:28	5:00	1	26

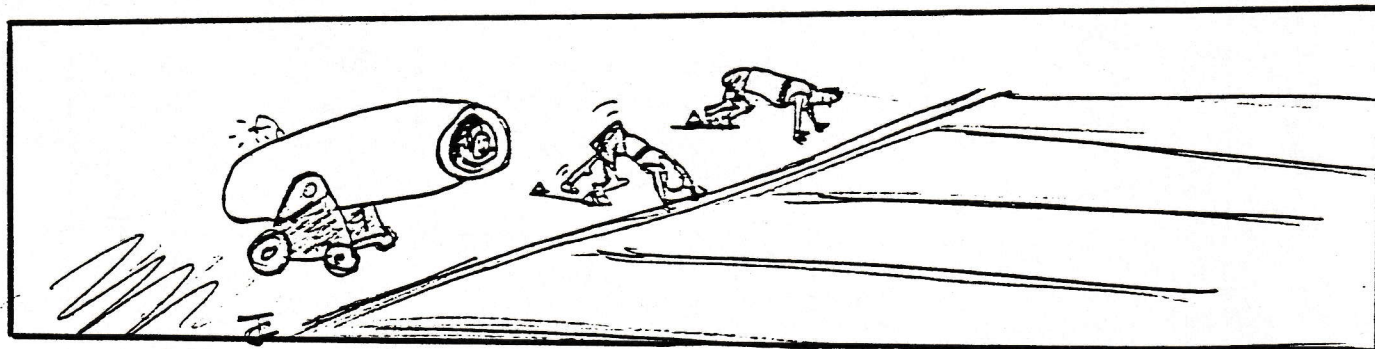
1st June 1988

Juniors

2:00	J.Griffin	24:22	22:22	3:30	3	10
4:00	W.Froggit	25:30	21:30	4:30	7*	16
3:00	R.Bignall	25:46	22:46	3:15	1	4

Ladies

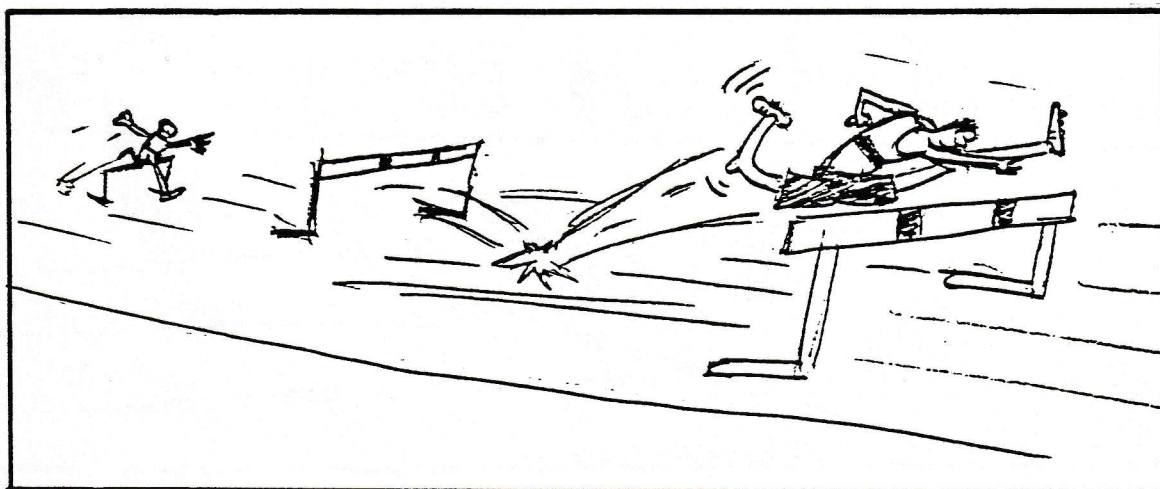
0:30	R.Windsor-Smith	26:54	26:24	Scratch	2	9
Scratch	J.Hatwood	27:00	27:00	Scratch	1	4



Go for the fastest possible start when sprinting!

Senior Men

<u>Present Handicap</u>	<u>Name</u>		<u>Total Time</u>	<u>Actual Time</u>	<u>New Hcap</u>	<u>Points</u>	<u>Total Points</u>
8:00	T.Wright		24:30	16:30	8:45	33*	33
2:15	R.Awcock	(V)	25:05	22:50	3:00	27	30
3:15	C.Nicholson	(V)	25:15	22:00	4:00	26	50
8:00	D.Hagan		25:16	17:16	8:00	25	25
8:00	I.Ladbrooke		25:19	17:19	8:00	29*	55
7:30	I.Carter		25:33	18:03	8:00	28*	35
8:00	R.Barry		25:35	17:35	8:00	22	22
5:30	M.Turrall		25:36	20:06	6:00	21	42
7:00	J.Bird		25:38	18:38	7:30	25*	47
6:45	M.Baker		25:39	18:54	7:00	19	36
6:00	R.Jones	(V)	25:40	19:40	6:15	23*	50
7:00	I.Gill		25:41	18:41	7:15	17	51
6:00	M.Warwick		25:43	19:43	6:15	21	68
8:00	S.Simpson		25:52	17:52	8:00	20*	32
7:30	R.Adams		25:53	18:23	7:30	14	35
7:00	A.Eastham		25:55	18:55	7:00	18*	55
4:00	D.Wardle	(V)	25:58	21:58	4:00	12	12
5:00	N.Buckenham	(V)	26:03	21:03	5:00	11	21
5:00	J.Varden	(V)	26:06	21:06	5:00	10	10
5:00	K.Buckenham	(V)	26:08	21:08	5:00	9	40
8:00	J.McKenna		26:20	18:20	7:30	8	54
6:00	M.Windsor-Smith	(V)	26:37	20:37	5:30	7	39
5:00	P.Van Ristel		26:38	21:38	4:30	6	6
8:00	J.Gardner		26:44	18:44	7:30	5	31
2:00	J.Thacker	(V)	26:55	24:55	1:00	4	7
2:00	M.Brock		26:55	24:55	1:00	3	3
5:00	B.Waterfield	(V)	26:56	21:56	4:00	2	15
2:00	T.Schofield	(V)	27:54	25:54	Scratch	1	1
7:30	D.Murray		28:35	21:05	5:30	0	17
Scratch	J.Grumbly	(V)	31:24	31:24	+4:00	0	4



Flexibility, high knee lift on trailing leg and low body rise are essential for fast hurdling.

Twenty Four Hour Racing, or Getting the Le Mans Flavour

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"You must be bloody mad!" was the comment that I got from everyone I talked to in the week preceding the race. This was echoed by Jean Jones as I drove off with Ray and their son Darren on the way to meet everyone at the club. On arrival at the club most of the team had assembled together with some of the helpers. The thing that worried me most was that Ian Carter looked absolutely knackered. It wasn't until we had been running a few hours that I realised that he wasn't in the team.

Once John and Mary Gardner had arrived we were off and drove in convoy (to the gates of the Telepost club). Having missed my turning at Chelmsley Wood I took the scenic route to the Fort. After going wrong once more we arrived. Jason Nicholson and Ian Carter were already there and Jason was out jogging the half mile track (very keen). Sutton Coldfield mens and ladies teams were already pitched camp as had the home team S.P. Fort. Very soon the rest of our team arrived and there is a flurry of activity pitching tents beside the track, brewing up and engaging in nervous banter. Some of the team kicked a ball around - this was a mistake!

Having registered and decided what the running order was to be its soon twelve o'clock and we're off with Tim Wright leading the way. His is a relaxed and fluid style (when chatting up the girl who makes the tea - he's not a bad runner either!). There is a rush of euphoria as we were leading for the first couple of laps. Pretty soon though it settled into a pattern with Tunbridge Wells leading, Sutton Coldfield second and our lad third, but only just. After twenty four hours the position would be exactly the same but more of that later.

The race continued in this vein for much of a hot and humid afternoon, some of us watching the European Championship final on a pretty dodgy television, some of us lazing around getting sunburnt. Into the evening and the weather started to cool, tracksters started to appear. If there was a competition for the best dressed runner then Pete Davis would have surely won with his stripey tracksters and several changes of kit. The pubs are open so some extra supporters arrived thus making running through our camp like running through a party (and later like running through Calcutta).

At nine o'clock its time for Tim to go for his mad mile, I handed over to him after completing the hundredth mile and gave him an enthusiastic send off. Tim duly won his mad mile (times e.t.c. next month) and we all carry on running into the sunset. Its about at this point that the ladies jogging club latched onto our noisiness, we were getting support all along the starting straight. This was especially good for Dave "Linford" Halford as it was his fastest part of the course.

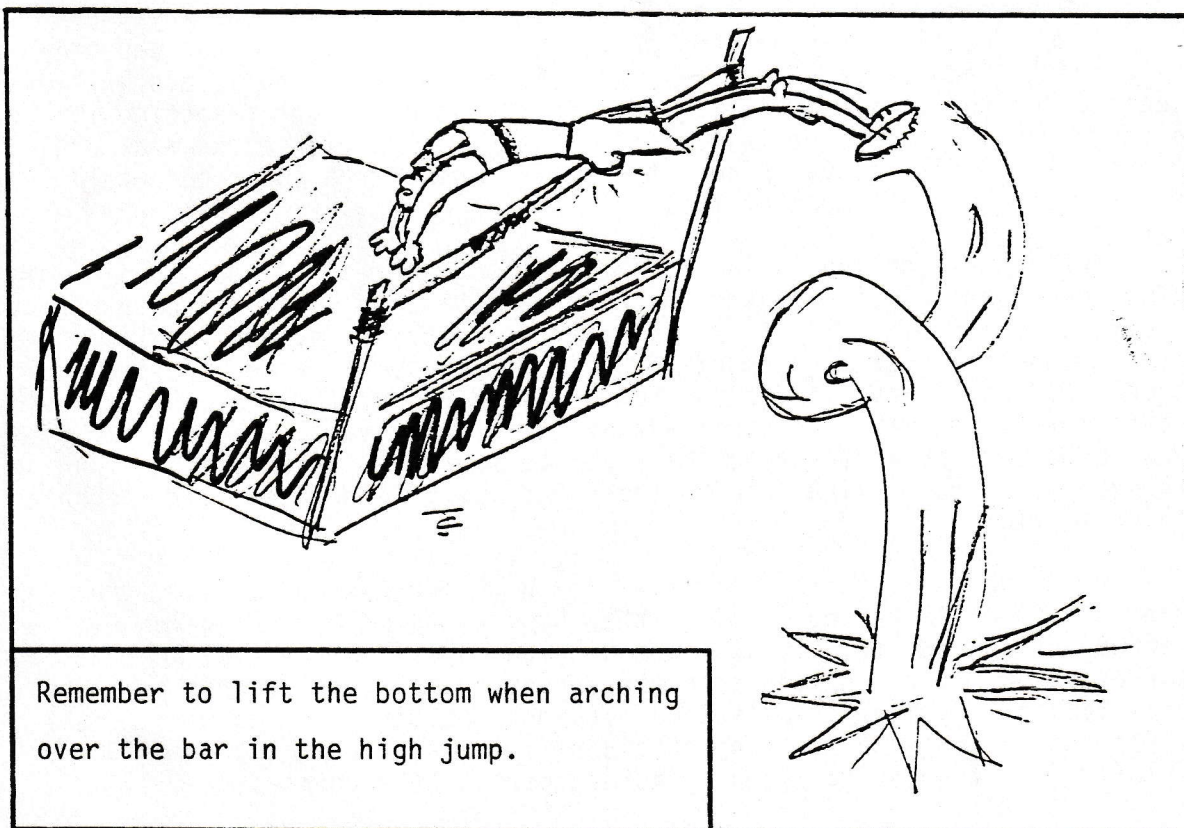
Coming up to midnight and to the strains of Wreckless Eric disaster struck twice. The muscle pull that Jason picked up while playing football has developed and despite massage from John Cox he had to be pulled out. Also it started raining, which was o.k. for a while but soon got irritating as it dampened the spirits and got everything soaking wet. Soon all the non-runners were asleep and the runners were camping out in the pavilion.

On through the night and at three a.m. John Gardner had a go and won his mad mile. Another blow came just as it started to get light as a completely knackered Glyn Perrins was pulled out - and then there were eight. As the light got stronger Bob Awcock arrived to give further support and the other supporters began to emerge, Mark Baker looked as though he had run two marathons back to back - or spent an evening drinking with Rob Barry! With the light getting stronger and the rain easing off some of us got a new lease of life, but we lose Ray Jones. Nobody bothered to go for the nine o'clock mad mile and its now a matter of counting down the miles you have to run.

At twelve o'clock the hooter goes and Bob Adams carries on. Stop! Stop! we cry, his position was marked and the sparkling wine was opened. The final total was 240 miles and 1020 yards, I think I deserved my pint of Banks' bitter. Tim and John collected their mad mile awards and we all trooped up to collect our mementoes. It was an experience for all us runners and we appreciate all the help and support that we got, especially from John Cox without whom it would have been much more difficult. By the way Bob Adams is taking the names of volunteers for next year!

Martin Warwick.

And finally.....



THE END.