



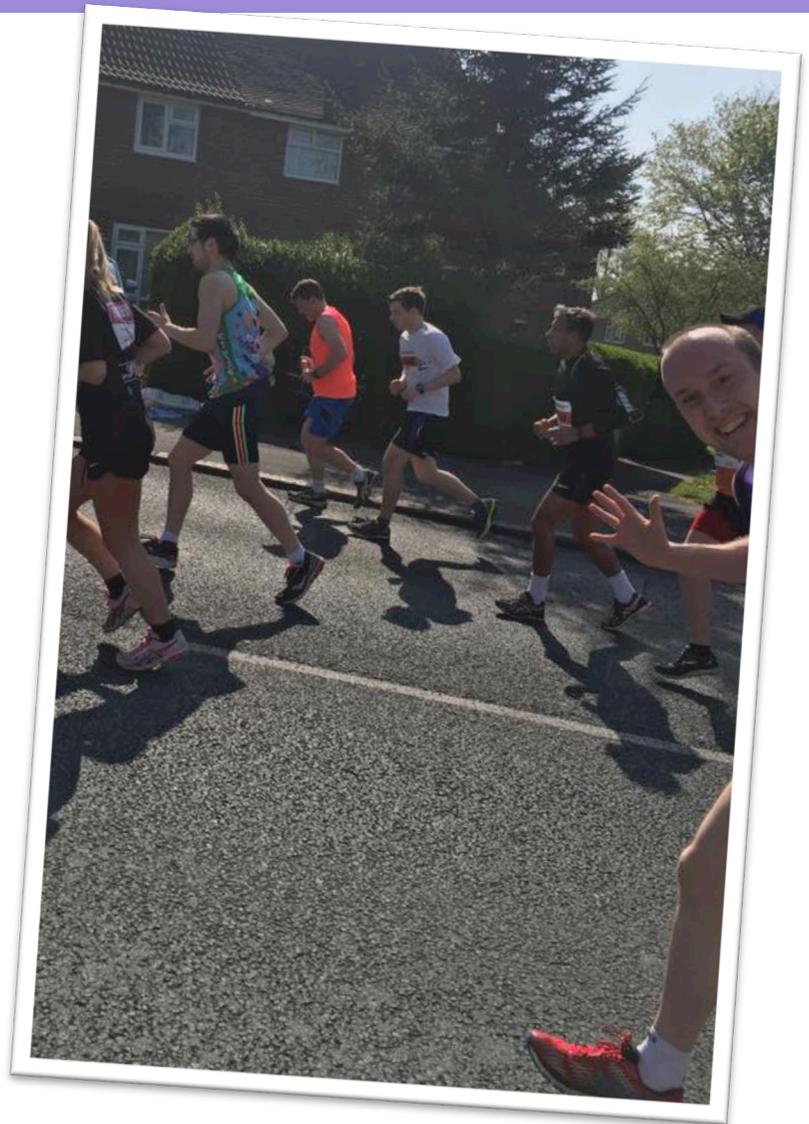
# KIRKSTALL HARRIERS

## Newsletter

Editor: Matt Sykes-Hooban

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### Picture of the Month

*I am loving this 'Action shot' of Chris Hunt at the Leeds Half was submitted by Rose George. It makes me chuckle every time I look at it... Enjoy!*

# News in Brief

## Summer Party - 17 June

I hope to see many of our members at the summer party on Friday 17 June. The party is chance for us all to get together for a bite to eat and drink as well as raise some money for a worthy cause. All money taken on the night will go to Action Duchenne, so please buy a raffle ticket and donate

something for the food if you can come along. There will be games on the cricket field and dancing in the clubhouse. See you there.

## Yorkshire Vets Race 31 May - Kirkstall

As I write this I have seen Adam's list of volunteer

marshals and helpers for our vets race. Once again our members have shown that they willing to give a little back to the club and those of us "Over 35s" who will be able to take part in the race. Thank you all. For yet another year, Peter Hey has done all the organising for the race and Adam Moger has organised the marshals. Many thanks to everyone. **Chris Glover**

Congratulations to all our members who set shiny new PBs in May

Marathon	First Race	Samantha Broome	5:54:15
Half Marathon	First Race	Chris Hudson	2:02:37
Half Marathon	PB	Neil Marshall	1:51:43
Half Marathon	PB	Adam Nodwell	1:35:17
Half Marathon	PB	Louise O'Brien	1:43:30
10k	First Race	Karen Boardman	0:58:26
10k	PB	Vicki Hipkiss	0:58:37
10k	PB	Neil Marshall	0:46:47
10k	PB	Nathan Molyneaux	0:53:15
5k	PB	Timothy Dixon	0:18:33
5k	PB	Helen Drew	0:21:03
5k	PB	Rebecca Dwyer	0:23:52
5k	First Race	Paul Grist	0:19:57
5k	PB	Chris Hudson	0:22:07
5k	PB	Jill Hudson	0:28:54
5k	PB	Neil Marshall	0:21:39
5k	PB	Shevonne McLarnon	0:25:33
5k	PB	Adam Nodwell	0:19:42
5k	PB	James Nundy	0:22:15
5k	PB	Malcolm Taylor	0:23:27
5k	PB	Elizabeth Walker	0:25:56

## Club Trip to the Peak District



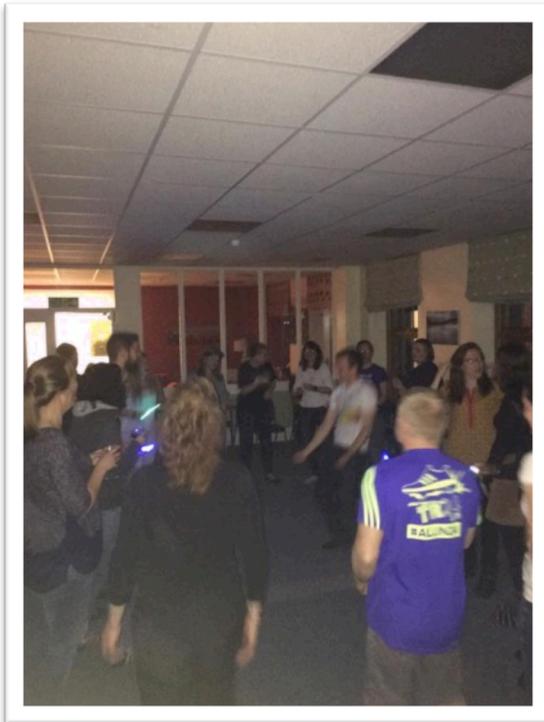
Plans are well underway for the next club weekend away after the very successful trip to Osmotherly in April organized by the Glovers.

This time Hannah Lee and Catherine Barrett with help from 'The Hogg' are organising the trip and have already pulled a blinder by booking the tip-top looking, Foundry Mountain Adventure Centre located in the Peak District. <http://foundryadventurecentre.co.uk/>

Hannah and Catherine have booked Friday 21st and Saturday 22nd Oct and the deposit is paid. The limit on numbers will be 52, so get yourself on the list ASAP to avoid disappointment. Details can be found on the club trip group page on Facebook.

It is booked as self-catering with us having the whole building (2 buildings including a red room?) to ourselves. If you want to come along Catherine and Hannah are collecting deposits of £25 now.

The total cost for the weekend including food will be £50. The balance of £25 will be due at the end of August. If you prefer you can pay £50 'boobies' in full now. 'Catherine the knackered' can accept cash but preferably bank transfers please email Catherine at [barrettcatherine@hotmail.com](mailto:barrettcatherine@hotmail.com) for the bank details. And please make sure that you put a reference to the club trip on any bank transfers.



*So if you fancy a bit of this, or some of that or just need some of the other get yourself booked on the trip!*

# Paul Chapman



**Age:** 42

**Occupation:** Delivery driver/white van man been working for yodel for last 11 years.

**From:** Leeds lived in Leeds all my life.

**Time as a member:** Joined in January 2014, as I needed help to train for my first marathon.

## **When did you start running and why?**

Well I started running back in 2007 after agreeing to do the great Yorkshire run in Sheffield after quiet a lot beer at my brothers BBQ, I mainly agreed to do it just so I could beat my brother at something and I just thought how hard can it be to run 10k especially after playing football since my early teens and been a professional footballer with Huddersfield town, but it wasn't until I started to train for it I realised how unfit I was and I was struggling to run 2 mile without having to walk for a bit. But after

months of training I managed to complete my first ever 10k in about 58mins and it nearly killed me but when I got home and looked at the medal I thought I might like to do more of this and it was a way of keeping fit as I had put on a bit of weight after been forced to stop playing football due to my knees. So I guess that's why I'm still running, as I don't want to get fat

## **What are your motivations for running?**

My motivations for running I would say at the beginning it was just to beat my time from my last race and to see how many medals I could collect, but now I'm doing a lot more runs for charity which I really enjoy doing as it makes you want to go out and do your best as you don't want to let anyone down, and after having 5 operations on my knees I'm just happy I can still go out running and raise money for other people so I think that what keeps me going.

## **What are greatest running achievements?**

I would say my greatest running achievements would be from completing my first ever 10k to my first half marathon, but one of greatest would have to be finishing the

London marathon back in 2014 as I never thought I would be able to run that far for so long but the greatest would have to be the 2 marathons I did in a week which at the time of booking them I was laid up and not been able to run after my 5th knee operation so just to get back out running after that was an achievement on its own.

## **What are your best running related memories?**

I would have to say the first time I did the London marathon, I have never experienced anything like it before from picking up your number at the expo to the buzz of everyone walking to the start line to the nervous excitement stood in your pen waiting to set off, but most of all the number of people stood by the sides of the road shouting your name and cheering you on especially running round past Cutty Sark



## Member Profile continued



and up the embankment towards Big Ben, I would say running past Buckingham palace but I can't even remember seeing it I just missed it so this year when I did the marathon I made a point of looking out for it.

### **What are your worst running related memories?**

Well this is an easy one as it was only last month at the Leeds half marathon, I had been struggling with a bad back for a week and was in two minds whether to do it or not, but come race day I felt better so I decided to do it but I got to 3 miles and my back was killing me and I seriously thought about pulling out but I carried on for another couple of miles and it started to ease up and at this point the sun had come out and it was red hot and I just thought what the hell am I doing I must be mad I have never been so happy to finish a race as I was that day.

### **Do you have any words of wisdom for your fellow harriers?**

Just go out do your best and wear that purple vest with pride and enjoy every run like it was your last as you never know when your last run will be but most importantly you must at least once go away and experience a weekend away with the crazy purple people...

### **Can you share an interested fact about yourself?**

I played football for Huddersfield Town but a bad knee injury put a stop to that so I now have 2 screws in my knee and after another football accident I have 2 metal plates around my eye, and while at work one day I ran into a strangers house and put out a chip pan fire.



## Birthdays and New Members

Many happy returns to;

\*Emma Ballantyne \*Emma Briggshaw \*Graham Fisher

\*Andrea Fox \*Richard Hancock \* Peter Hey

\*Julie Huswit \*Burjor Langdana \*Hannah Lee \*Richard Thomas

And welcome to our new members who joined us in May;

\*Paul Cornock \*Lynda Hamilton \*Graham Fisher

## Three Peaks race report by Rose George (Part 1)



About a year ago, I was standing on the summit of Pen-y-Ghent, one of three small mountains or large hills, depending on your view, which make up the Yorkshire Three Peaks. I was marshalling the 61st Three Peaks fell race, a 24-mile run up and down all three peaks - Pen-y-Ghent, Whernside and Ingleborough - that includes 5300 feet of climb, and usually at least two of the four seasons. There were half a dozen of us marshals at the summit, and our job was to guide runners up to the dibbers, the devices that runners have to check in to at various checkpoints. The rain was horizontal. The temperature was freezing. The fog was dense. And I was as cold as I'd been for many years. As the first runners approached out of the fog, and as I jumped up and down trying and failing to find some warmth, I decided something.

Running must be more fun than freezing to your bones in a hi-vis vest. Next year, I'll run it.

And so I have. And I got round. And I am inexpressibly delighted. Because it was the hardest race I've ever done, and

because I nearly didn't manage it. So this is how I did it.

I had two training plans. The first started in December and carried me through to running Rombald's Stride in February. The second went up to the week before the race. Each week, I had to run a combination of hills, speed intervals, tempo runs and more hills. There were negative splits, and a Chapel Allerton circuit right on my doorstep that combined a hill run, a tempo run immediately afterwards, and a recovery run. I got weirdly fond of that. The aim was not just to get me better at climbing hills, but to ensure that having climbed a tough hill, I could run off the top of it. I suppose you could call it the Running Off Tired Legs Plan.

I tried to fit in one session of strength training and one Pilates session a week. I also tried to do 100 or so deep squats a day, to strengthen my quads and ankles, both crucial for climbing, and to keep up my glute exercises which would hopefully keep my troublesome tendon happy. I never brushed my teeth without doing single leg squats. I paid daft money to do altitude spin classes in a simulated low oxygen environment, in the hope that I'd strengthen my lungs for the climbs. I sort of paid attention to my food, trying to eat lots of iron-rich kale and greens, and as race day grew closer, making sure I ate plenty of carbohydrates, and getting thoroughly sick of pasta.

Of course I didn't do as much as I should have, either with the running or the strength sessions. Mostly that was because I was fighting depression and the menopause, or because I was taking sleeping tablets to sleep now that the menopause is messing with that too, which made me horribly dopey. But all in all, I did OK. I ran in rain and snow and wind. I ran on moors and hills and road. I grew oddly fond of Stonegate Road. Really. I got used to training in tough conditions and keeping going. I ran up so many hills that by the end of my second training plan, I could never run just once up a hill, but always had to do it at least twice. I ran the Post Hill race, finished (and earned my first ever gender category prize!) then ran/staggered up it again. I got better at climbing hills. I often run around Harewood, where there is a steep and nasty climb. When I started the first training plan, I could never run to the top of that hill without stopping and walking. By the end of plan 2, I ran up and down it four times without stopping.

I did two recces. The first, over two days, was Pen-y-Ghent then Whernside one day, then on the next

## Three Peaks, continued

from Ribbleshead (a mile from the foot of Wharfedale) up Ingleborough and the five miles back to Horton, the race start and finish. My legs on day two were sufficiently knackered that I thought it would give me a good indication of how I might feel on race day. Then I went back when FRB was running up in Scotland and did Wharfedale on my own, twice, thinking that I needed to know if I could run it on tired legs. I did OK. The first time, I got to the top in 45 minutes from Ribbleshead, which was far better than expected. The second time, it was slower but I would still meet the cut-offs. Oh yes. The cut-offs.

The race would start at 10.30am and I would have to get to the checkpoints by these times:

High Birkwith: by 12.15pm. Ribbleshead: by 12.30pm. Hill Inn (the final checkpoint): by 2pm

Right up to about 2pm on Saturday afternoon, I had no idea whether I would get through Hill Inn or not.

### Pre-race-day

We stayed the night before at Chapel-le-Dale, and arrived to a view of Pen-y-Ghent covered in snow. All the tops were snow-bound. Which meant The Shoe Question. All us runners go on about shoes, but the amount that fell runners can discuss shoes makes road runners look like mutes. See, we have so much to think about, and particularly on the Three Peaks, which has track, cinder track, tarmac, bogs, rocks, rocky paths, becks, grass, and probably moon-rock too. So you have to calculate: do you want really aggressive studs on your shoes for the soft bits? But then you still have many miles to run on tarmac and hard surface, and you don't want blisters. So do you choose trail shoes, which have less aggressive soles, but are softer on the feet? I was choosing between two shoes: Mudclaws or Rocliters. Both are made by Inov-8, and both are great, but I know that Mudclaws batter my feet on hard surfaces because they have less cushioning. I decided on Rocliters, which have less aggressive cleats (studs) but a bit more cushioning and would probably leave my feet in better shape.

At the B&B, our host Martin told us that he'd had plenty of Three Peaks walkers, but that we were the first runners. He sounded like running the Three Peaks was an odd thing to do. Apart from that, we had a quiet race preparation evening in which the most exciting thing to happen was Neil asking me if I wanted to let out my gas. He meant making Coke flat. Both he and I were going to have a flat Coke at one checkpoint and electrolytes at the other.

He also worried about where to put the packaging for the latex gloves he'd brought. Someone on FB had suggested taking some Marigolds just in case both pairs of gloves got sodden, and FRB had provided surgical gloves instead. He was worried about what Martin might think if he found an empty packet for latex gloves in the bin, though two runners about to run a fiendishly hard race are the least likely to having kinky frolics the night before involving latex gloves. [Read Part 2 on page 18](#)



# Yorkshire VETs (yvaa.org) Report

The flood of Yorks Vets races is now upon us. After a decent turnout at Honley in April, we had two races in May. West Park on 24<sup>th</sup> and have our very own race on 31<sup>st</sup> May. Cold conditions didn't prevent a strong purple army turnout, with 11 ladies and 13 men tackling this PECO-esque course - even including running over "that" football pitch on the first lap due to an errant marshal. Prizes for Emma L-W (2nd F40) and the overall first lady home, Ninja Niamh, "chicking" a significant portion of the male entrants. Also counting for the ladies were Jill Camm, Marion, Sheila, Alyson, Shevonne, Collette, Carol & Vicki Hipkiss, with Bal enjoying the great KH support so much she decided to join them before the finish! Thanks to Vikki, Bethan, Sandra, Laura & Sam for support. For the men: myself, Paul Hallam, Chris Glover, Andy Carter, Colin, Richard Thomas, Paul Glover, Nathan, Peter Britton, Gary, Peter Hey, Graham Fisher & Patrick. Good to see faces both old and new running for the club.

For June there is only one race for certain and when you read this you may have missed the chance of a day or weekend out at or near Whitby. The Bingley race has been cancelled, apparently due to flooding of the clubhouse, unless anyone knows any different, and at the time of writing Alwoodley is still to be confirmed. See below for the rest of this year's calendar.

Lythe Sun 5<sup>th</sup> June 11.10am. Bingley Tue - CANCELLED. Alwoodly Still tbc. St Theresa's Tue 19<sup>th</sup> July 7.30pm. Halifax Wed 10<sup>th</sup> Aug 7.30pm. Pudsey Sun 16<sup>th</sup> Oct. Spen Sun 20<sup>th</sup> Nov 11.00am **Peter Hey & Adam Moger**



Above: Marion Muir going well, 2<sup>nd</sup> Finisher Paul, Prize winner Emma 2 days after Hardmoors and Carol Below: Niamh, Paul Glover, a welcome return to Peter Britton and finally Vicki putting in a great effort.



## East Leeds 10k – A bit of an elephant by Jim Nundy

My first race of the bank holiday weekend was just getting over to St Aidan's Nature Reserve in time. Nestled between Swillington, Great Preston, Allerton Bywater, Methley and the River Aire, I knew the location but as usual, my planning left a little to be desired.

This was the second East Leeds 10k race. On arrival I was greeted by a sea of lovelies at race HQ and straight away I knew I'd made the right decision to compete. Organisation was first class, from the online entry and number collection (ok, there weren't many number envelopes left by the time I got there...) to the well-marked route, marshals and other volunteers.

We often say it, but it never gets tiring - we really do have a great bunch of purples. It felt like 50% of the marshals at this race were Kirkstall Harriers (Perhaps it had something to do with volunteers getting a free entry to the Vale of York half marathon as 'payment'?) but they were there, being loud and super supportive as ever (thanks guys!).

In the blustery starting area the PA announcement drifted away across the trees, but I was pretty confident I would be ok just following the person in front. The route was largely flat and on dusty tracks with some tarmac sections, in and around the nature reserve. If you haven't been to St Aidan's before, it's certainly worth a visit – it used to be a mine before the River Aire burst its banks and flooded it. It was subsequently abandoned for mining and turned into a nature reserve. There's still a gigantic 'walking dragline' mining machine at the site. It's called Oddball and is open to the public several weekends a year (find out more here: [walkingdragline.org](http://walkingdragline.org))



The route could be described as having a similar feel to our KA7 race, but without the natural beauty of Kirkstall Road. During the race the heat increased as the kilometres passed but the wind remained gusty in the exposed places, especially traversing the lake.

A long curving track took us back towards Oddball, only to pass it and be rewarded with a small climb before the gallop back to the start/finish line, an engraved medal, bottle of water and a multi-pack of chocolate. An excellent morning out for £12. I hope to be back in 2017 ☺

So why did I say it was a bit of an elephant? Well, some of you may remember I set a challenge in an earlier newsletter to try a bit of Strava art? Having completed the race the route looked like this:  
[photo: elephant head]



# Suddenly I See – My Guide Running Journey by Simon Smith

I've lived with a visual impairment all my life. Just to be contrary, I'm long sighted in my right eye and short sighted in my left. It was the left eye that necessitated surgery when I was 5 years old to correct a severe squint. Spectacles have been my saviour, and in many respects I am incredibly fortunate to live in an age and a country where they are readily available. When I put them on, I enjoy near perfect 20/20 vision. Without them, I'm hopeless. For the reason that my vision can therefore easily be corrected, I would never class myself as being "visually impaired".

But imagine living with a visual impairment that is so severe specs cannot help. Conditions can range from partial sight and reduced/blurred/cloudy fields of vision through to total blindness. Just living your life and going about your business would be a daily challenge you met head on every day. How would you even be able to think about becoming a runner? We simply have to lace up our shoes and we are straight out the door. Many are not so fortunate.

And that is why I've become passionate about becoming a guide runner for those who need help and support. It is something I have thought about for a long time. Sight is the most precious of all our senses, and I would feel terrified and isolated if I lost mine. I've seen people competing in blind sports. I've seen runners being guided during races. I've found it utterly inspiring, and eventually decided to do something about it. I'm also a big believer in "giving something back" to the sport that has done so much to enrich my life. Hopefully that doesn't sound too "worthy".

So whilst many of you were freezing your unmentionables off on that ridiculous evening of the Chairman's Chase, I drove across to a snowbound York for an evening of guide running training facilitated by England Athletics. I've never seen children making snowmen and having snowball fights 3 days before May before, but there's a first time for everything. The venue for the training was a little odd, as it seemed to be taking place on the site of a near derelict former comprehensive school on the outskirts of the City. I wandered around for a few minutes trying to find a way in, and eventually spotted what was clearly another person similarly confused. Happily, this person turned out to be Andrew from Pudsey Pacers. Neil Wallace had tipped me off in advance that Andrew was attending the course, so this helped us make immediate introductions and strike up a rapport. Being terribly British, the first thing we did was bitch and moan about the weather. It's a default setting for us all, isn't it?



Having eventually found our way in, directed by a slightly dodgy looking gent who I surmised was some kind of caretaker (Jack Nicholson in "The Shining" came to mind), we found the training room and were greeted by our trainer for the evening, Nick. We warmed to him immediately as the first thing he did was direct us to the tea, coffee and biscuits. A few other runners joined us, and by the time we kicked off there were probably a dozen of us present. After the customary "go round the table and tell us who you are and why you are here" introductions, Nick walked us through some on screen, classroom style training featuring video clips of guide running. This was all very interactive, and as usual on any kind of training activity, it's the conversations you have with the other attendees that you gain the most value from. After an hour or so of this, the most challenging highlight of the evening arrived: the chance to experience guide running "for real". We adjourned to the sports hall, where Nick had set up a range of obstacles for us to negotiate. Customised specs were available to replicate various types of visually impairment. It's easy to assume we are talking about total blindness necessitating the help of a guide runner, but as Nick 10

## Suddenly I See, continued

explained, other forms of visual impairment that offer the sufferer some degree of vision are far more common. The specs artificially created what many of these were. We paired up with partners, and took it in turns to be the “guide” and then the “guided”. Both experiences were challenging in their own way, and each took me a long way out of my usual comfort zone. When I was the guide, I found the responsibility a little daunting at first. It sounds daft, but because you can “see”, and are naturally used to doing so without thinking about it, it was quite easy to forget to talk to the other person about the obstacles ahead. “We are turning left here”. “The course narrows here so come into my shoulder”. “There’s a kerb coming up here in 3-2-1”, you pretty much needed to be offering a constant commentary. Even though this only lasted for perhaps 3 minutes, I found it exhausting. Andrew confirmed just how tiring it was doing this over the course of a race, as he has practical experience already of actually being a guide runner. I quickly developed a respect and understanding of the challenge I’d decided to take on.

When the roles were reversed, and I became the person being guided, I have to say I found it terrifying initially. You really did have to put complete trust in your partner to guide you round. Once I became slightly more used to the experience, I started to find it exhilarating in a way. It really struck home with me how completely life changing and liberating this could be for someone with a vision issue. Why should full or partial sight loss, or any other form of “disability” for that matter, stop you from leading a full and normal life? I realised just how valuable the skills I was acquiring could be for someone. Overwhelmingly, I felt humbled by the experience to be honest with you. My God, we are so lucky, folks.

I really enjoyed the training experience, and was delighted when my licence popped onto my doormat a few days ago. This means I’m now on the EA national guide runner database and am ready to go. I’ve initially indicated I’m happy to support a runner within a 10 mile radius of Harrogate, but am also ready willing and able to offer my services to any VI runner who may wish to come down and check out Kirkstall Harriers. I’ll let you all know if someone makes contact with me, and with their permission of course, hope to be able to share some future “real” experiences with you all either through the newsletter or via Facebook. I posted a short video of the training evening on there a few weeks back, so visit my wall if you want to take a look.

If any Harriers are interested in becoming similarly trained and registered, feel free to chat to me to find out more. As a running club affiliated member, you get a discount for going on the course (I think it cost £20 from memory) and also have to go through DBS checks, understandably. Nick Settle occasionally posts to the Harriers group with details of forthcoming courses, and I also have his contact details in case of need.

Finally, I think I’m going to find this a scary, but fulfilling experience. There’s someone out there I know I can help. Running makes me happy. It keeps me fit. Stops me from punching people as well. I’d love to share the benefits of our wonderful sport with someone else. Suddenly, we’ll both see.

## Club Trip to Osmotherley by Simon Smith

*I came. I saw. I got plastered!*

## Club Trip to Osmotherley by Chris Glover



This was the 4<sup>th</sup> club trip of its type in the last 2 years. The pattern of doing a trip every 6 months seems to be popular and we had 36 on this trip, which is about average and is enough to keep the price down to £50 each. Alyson and I had volunteered to organize this one when we were in North Yorkshire at the end of the last trip to Caldbeck in November 2015. It is becoming normal practice for the next set of organisers to announce their 'taking over of the baton' before the trip comes to an end. To keep this tradition going, Catherine Barrett and Hannah Lee came forward to do the next one, which will be on 21/22 October in the Peak District.

The hostel in Osmotherley turned out to be ideal for our needs. We had the place to ourselves and we could make noise and enjoy ourselves without worrying about neighbors. The idea to meet in one of the three pubs in the village on the Friday lunchtime was a good idea as it started the weekend off well. We were late arriving due to the mammoth shopping expedition with Ceata and Bal overrunning, and when we arrived the others had made a good start on the beer! In fact a few did not get away from the pub and to the hostel for the evening meal until about 7pm and were looking very "oiled" by then (Simon Smith!).



Some of the more sober group did an evening run up to the local reservoir to get their bearings. The last of the late arrivals (those who had worked on Friday) made it in time for the meal at 8pm.

The Friday evening was great fun. We all devoured the various meat and veg dishes prepared by Alyson and bubbling away in numerous slow cookers in the massive kitchen. We then had a round of TV and Movie music quizzes. After that it was chilling out in the lounge and play games for some and a head torch run for others.

On Saturday morning a few travelled the short distance into Northallerton to do the parkrun while others had a lie in to sleep off the night before. After a



cooked breakfast, a few got to work preparing packed lunches for our planned 10m walk across the North York Moors which Vikki Daniel has sorted out for us. Despite the weather forecast being poor on the run up to the weekend, it was very pleasant for our Saturday walk. Of course the walk ended in a pub in the village.

Saturday evening started off with a Bal Sandhu curry which was excellent and definitely spicy enough! We had another round of music quizzes before Eric fired up his disco.



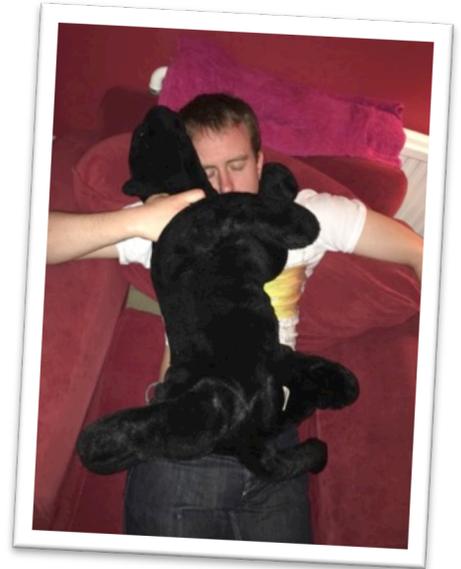
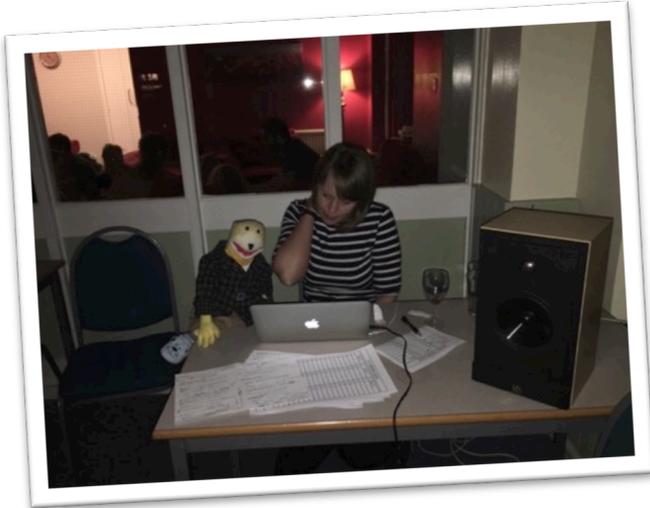
## Club Trip report continued

Others were trying to break records in the lounge for tape measure Malteaser rolling thanks to Andrew Kirby. The award for most enthusiastic dancer went to Alan Brydon for his overall performance and his brief appearance in his briefs. Now we know what is under those short shorts!

On Sunday morning a large group went for a run around the reservoir before breakfast. It was then a case of a big tidy up of the hostel before some went to watch the Tour de

Yorkshire pass close by in Northallerton. The majority met up again back in Osmotherley for lunch in one of the pubs before making our way home.

Alyson and I really enjoyed the experience of finding the venue and organizing the trip. We recommend it. Thanks to everyone who came along and did a great job of sharing the workload in the kitchen. It worked out perfectly as always. We are already looking forward to October's trip.



## Parkrun Milestone day at Woodhouse Moor

This Saturday the 4<sup>th</sup> of June is a special parkrun for several Kirkstall Harriers. Vicki Hipkiss will be running her 100<sup>th</sup> parkrun. Sam Broomio and Myself will be running our joint 50<sup>th</sup> parkruns. As many will know if you have been following the banter on facebook Sam and I have been in a 'bit of a smack down' to see who could get to 50 first. As it happens we have maintained a pretty even pace and will be running our 50<sup>th</sup> together (well at starting it together at least!)

We have turned it into a bit of a mini mob run so if you are free on Saturday please join us at Woodhouse Moor. Its club colours type affair but if you already have a milestone shirt please feel free to wear it!!! I am sure there will be a photo opportunity before we start! Hope to see some club mates there! **Matt Sykes-Hooban**



## The Carlton Canter Trail Race by Vicki Hipkiss

I have decided to combine my first effort at writing a piece for the newsletter with my first effort at a guided trail race. So here goes....

The start of the race is when you get there, between 6.30 and 7.30pm, so not what I was used to - either killing time after work so as not to get too comfy on the couch, or stressing trying to get through Bradford teatime congestion to get to the start on time. A staggered start also means no- one knows who is fastest or slowest whilst on the course, and runners of all abilities mixed in together. I had planned to run with companion, just for the reassurance of not being lost alone, but unfortunately due to injury, this was not possible. I was first to arrive, and as it was Harrier organised, I received a cheery welcome. Race number and instructions supplied, and ready to go.....but then developed an anxiety about starting the race in front of people who know you and running off in completely the wrong direction!! Not to slander my fellow running colleagues- but this would have armed them with ammunition for months! So I felt the need to read the instructions again, and again, and again, and then a mini recce just to be certain. OK good to go now..... also reassured that the couple who set off in front were heading in the same direction. So off I go over the stile, across some fields- good to get going. Now before I decided to do this race I did my homework and picked up some useful tips.

- *Keep track of where you are in the instructions with your thumb.* Good tip- works
- *Read a couple of instructions at a time. That way you can make a turning and look for the next, this is speedy and finding the next point gives reassurance that you are on the right path. You'll quickly build up a rhythm!* – Also a good tip, but for me the rhythm finding was difficult. As I have matured- I have found my arms are no longer long enough to make reading small print possible, so spent the first mile trying to work out how to manage my glasses which I need to read, but cannot see through to run. I carried them. I had them on my head. For those of you who know me, I do not have the tamest of mane, so pulling glasses down from head involved also removing moderate chunks of hair. Result- me running round the countryside with a pair of reading glasses perched on the end of my nose. Lucky no cameras!

Tip 3 also quickly became useful

- *Run your own race. If you run with someone or, heaven forbid, follow someone else then it's best to keep your own eye on the instructions – there's no guarantee that the other person is correct!* Indeed, the couple that confirmed my starting direction took a different route to myself exiting the fields. Double checked the instructions- definitely says left- so left I go. There is for a while an element of doubt- who made the mistake? It is not often in a race you are pleased to see someone catch you up- but on this occasion I had no problem.

I do however also have my own tip to add. On the way round the course there are various clippers where you punch your instructions to confirm you have completed the correct route. **DO NOT PUNCH THROUGH THE INSTRUCTIONS YOU STILL NEED.** I had to follow **FP SA for X00m** to a stone **MP**. Had to watch carefully for my **MP**.

The route was as promised, around 5 miles undulating on footpaths, tracks and fields. A pleasant route. I was able to follow instructions without getting lost (despite what my time may indicate- I did run the vets the day before!). The only deviation from the description of the route was the steps. I would not describe this bit of the course as undulating, more sheer! I was expecting to be checked back in by St Peter.

Overall I really enjoyed run, and I can thoroughly recommend guided trail races. There are three more in the series and I definitely intend to be a part of them.

For more information <http://www.countrytrailraces.co.uk/home>

## Club Championship Update by Malcolm Taylor

May has been a busy month for Club Championship, keeping me on my toes (not my running style!). We've had a variety of races, from our own all weather Chairman's Chase to a fast and flatish John Carr 5k series. It's been fun keeping up with the results, we've had several different winners and the top 3 have been swapping at nearly every race!

Starting off with our Chairman's Chase, our old 10k course with up and downs all over the place. This was handicapped so people were given their start times beforehand; this caused a few complaints like "I can never do that time!". Yet when they did it, they smashed it! After a few dodgy handicaps for our new runners and some unfavourable weather (including a rainy start, snowy middle and a dry finish), the results were in. The top 3 runners against their handicaps were:

Name	Points
Tim Dixon	50
Carol Moran	49
Nathan Molyneaux	48

Then came East Leeds 10k, 8 Harriers completed the event, more would have I'm sure but it sold out pretty quickly! Some great times were posted, and the top 3 handicappers were:

Name	Points
Elizabeth Walker	50
Nathan Molyneaux	49
Neil Marshall	48

Now onto one of my favourite events, the John Carr 5k 3 race series. The course changed from previous years from a net down-hill to a PB legal chip timed course. Using parts of the previous year's course, with the sharp climb within the first 2k (which I much preferred), a lot of Harriers got shiny new PB's officially ratified by their chips. There were 3 races, your best time counting towards your Club Championship time. For me personally, I got three cracks at it and all 3 were my quickest ever 5k times including 2 sub 24 minute runs (I had never gone below 25:30 before!). I didn't get the full 50 points, as there were others able to better their handicaps more:

Name	Points
Yekanth Venkiteela	50
Jill Hudson	49
Malcolm Taylor	48

Sandwiched in between the John Carr's was the Leeds Half Marathon, one of the biggest races in Yorkshire and one we are proud to support. 34 Harriers ran what was a particularly warm day, I'm sure the sprinklers were enjoyed immensely! I will take this opportunity to remind you of the CC rules (which I admit I was a little lenient here): you must indicate you are a Kirkstall Harrier in the results list. You get asked when you sign up for the event what club you belong to, and if you are UKA Affiliated (as we are) we get a discount to the other "fun" runners. If you sign up to run before joining us, I would suggest emailing the organisers to let them know you have joined (they may even give you a small refund). It not only means you stand out in the crowd (by being in the most awesome club in the world) it makes my life

## Club Championship Update continues...

easier trying to pick you out from the thousands of entries. Failing that, please let me know you are doing it; so I don't look more of a fool when I miss you out. Anyway, here are the top 3 handicappers:

Name	Points
Kevin Longmate	50
Yekanth Venkiteela	49
Katherine Hill	48

There were a few marathon and parkrun bonuses were added throughout May, meaning the table was constantly moving! Before the results of Ilkley Trail Race are added, the top 3 are:

Name	Points	Total Races
Neil MARSHALL	<b>270</b>	6
Samantha BROOME	<b>225</b>	5
Adam NODWELL	<b>204</b>	5

As a reminder, your top 6 races count for points, with 50 points when completing a Marathon replacing your lowest score and 25 bonus points for taking part in at least 4 parkruns! There are still 9 more scheduled races, all can be found on the Website under the Club Championship section. All the races are supported Leeds' local clubs as they do for us with our KA7 race in September. Well done to the 96 runners who have completed at least 1 race this year, there's still plenty of time to win!

*Our run away current Championship leader Neil Marshall, catch him if you can!*



## Coach's Corner

For this month's newsletter, I was sent a question on the back of a postcard;

*"I have recently joined the gym but I am confused with all the different machines so find myself spending most of my time on the treadmill, Coach James what machines should I be using to improve my core strength and make me a better runner?"*

Exercising core muscles is almost universally recommended for runners. The postural muscles keep us upright and balance our weight between our legs. Training this group of muscles is great because they reduce your risk of injury and increase running performance.

In my experience the easiest way to train core muscles are through exercise classes such as circuits and Pilates groups. However, you can still train your core in the gym, or even at home. So I would recommend the following exercises to increase your core strength.

For the following exercises I would recommend 3 sets of 10 reps each (except the plank). This is based on a fit and injury free individual, if you have any worries or concerns please check with a medical professional.

**Plank.** You need to be on the floor facing down for this one, and prop yourself up with your elbows for 30 seconds at a time. Make sure to hold your core in tight and try to not let your body sag towards the floor.

**Squats.** Place your feet slightly wider than shoulder width apart and lower your body until your thighs are parallel to the floor, avoid letting your knees drop over your toes and keep feet flat on the floor. I would either hold my hands or a medicine ball raised above my head. Even for those experienced athletes you'll be surprised how hard it is to squat with your hands above your head.

**Back Extensions (Supermans).** You can either do this on the floor or on top of a swiss ball. Place yourself on top of the ball or on the floor face down. Place your arms out and raise your body from the hips. Hold for 5 seconds and release back down for 1 rep. This is really good at preventing back problems.

**Hip Extensions.** Once again this can be done with or without a swiss ball. Lie on your back, with either your calves on the swiss or, if you don't have a ball, with your legs bent and your feet flat on the floor. Raise your hips so your body forms a straight 45 degree line from your knees to your shoulders.

Alternatively, if you have any problems doing exercises from the floor, you can stand behind a chair and pull your leg backwards to a 45 degree angle from your hip.

**Lunges.** This is my favourite exercise for athletes as I believe they're the most beneficial for a runner. Stand with your feet together and take one large step forward. Then bend your forward step down so that your knee is at a 90 degree angle. Then stand back up to your original starting position. If you find yourself leaning over, try doing this exercise with your hands above your head.

NHS England recommends that adults should take part in strength building exercises at least once a week. This is a good starting point, but there are many ways you can make this more fun/interesting/harder.

I should give a disclaimer that I'm a running coach and that running coach courses feature a fundamentals of running strength module. The rest of my knowledge comes from my personal experience, and experiences from training with and coaching others.



## Three Peaks Race part 2: Race Day!

We weren't late. Even my chaos had been subdued by how big a thing this race was for me, and I was prepared and organised. I was surprisingly calm at breakfast, which consisted of tea and delicious pancakes with banana and honey. We met another couple staying at the B&B, a man called Brian and his wife, who were both going to be marshalling. Then off we went to be at the race field in good time and spend about an hour and a half freaking out. Me, that is. Pen-y-Ghent was magnificent, in the way that Everest is magnificent: it's terrifyingly massive and covered in snow. So I kept busy: going to get my kit, then queueing up for the portaloos. I met a woman in the queue who was philosophical: "If I get round, I get round, and if not, it's a nice day out, so I'm not going to worry about it." I tried to tell myself the same. Even if I didn't get past Hill Inn, I would still have done a Two Peaks Race. But I wanted to do well. I wanted to get round.

Finally I was ready. I aimed for the back of the start. Someone announced something, but I was too nervous to pay attention. Someone fired a gun, and off we went. Round the field, up onto the road, over two narrow winding bridges, along more road and then up onto a track that led to Pen-y-Ghent. Afterwards, Neil said, "did you see the amazing sight of all the runners in all the different colours, streaming up the road after the bridge?" No. I didn't. I was so nervous by that point I wouldn't have noticed a mastodon joining in. I was dreading the first part, as I usually really struggle in the first mile as my body adjusts - because I never warm up properly - but the warm-up run and stretches had worked. The sun was shining, the fells were beautiful, and it was a lovely day to be out in the fresh air, running.

I did really well on Pen-y-Ghent, running further (that is, till the point where I started walking) than I'd done in the recce. I was definitely stronger. I'd taken a beetroot shot the night before, and it felt like I'd done everything right for once. I was hydrated, I felt well fed, nothing was hurting. After about half an hour, the leaders started belting back down, having been up to the summit already. Like everyone around me, I applauded the first few but after that thought, sod that, I need to concentrate on my own run. I wasn't running by that point, and though I managed a shuffle a bit higher up along a flattish bit of the climb, I didn't run again until I'd got to the summit (in 50:23, on target), profusely thanked all the marshals, perfected my dibbing technique, and set off down. Lovely, lovely downhill. There was grass to run over, clear paths and trods to follow - one of the great advantages of being a middle or back of the pack runner is that everyone has made a path for you - and it felt like fell running often feels: free and wonderful.

After that, there were three or so miles to the next checkpoint of High Birkwith, then another three or so miles to Ribblehead. There were no big climbs, but the route wasn't flat either. I was supposed to get to High Birkwith in 35 minutes, but I thought I'd been slow and I was: 40.06. I was trying desperately to calculate everything using my pace band and watch, but I was beginning to get confused between the chronological time I was supposed to be at checkpoints and how long I was supposed to take. Was Ribblehead 2pm or 12.30pm and 2 hours? I no longer had any idea. So I just ran, as best I could.

All I was relying on was people around me musing out loud about what time we were doing. I stopped briefly at Ribblehead to get my drink and eat some marzipan and Soreen balls, the better to climb Whernside. Of the three peaks, everyone hates Whernside most, but I was looking forward to it. I'd enjoyed running it in training, and I thought I'd enjoy it again. The race route though had a beck to get through. I took it carefully, then belted along before coming up short: there was a queue of forty or so runners, waiting to cross a stile. The marshal was Brian, who we'd met at breakfast, and he had clearly landed the worst marshalling job in the race. Because the race route ran through private land, and the farmer had nailed a pallet across the access point. As the wait mounted up to 5 minutes, the muttering was gloomy. "We'll never make it." "They'll have to make leeway at the cut-offs." "This isn't fair." Etc. One

## Three Peaks Race continues...

bloke arrived and said, "I'm a runner, I have to get through" to which he got a chorus of WE'RE ALL RUNNERS. The FRA Facebook group and forum has been discussing The Pallet Scandal at great length ever since, including the fact that a man and a well known female veteran runner, who nobody wants to name but I am very very tempted to - her first name rhymes with a word that is a synonym for "flexible" - blatantly queue jumped, running to the front of the queue and going over. Shame on her.

I felt for Brian, who must have had to suffer much complaint and fury. I felt for the race organisers too: there's no sense that this is a poorly organised race, so something unforeseen had clearly gone wrong. As for adding time to the cut-offs, Brian didn't have a radio, we were about to run into a fierce hailstorm that meant they wouldn't want to keep marshals out longer than necessary, and after the race I learned that the race organisers were told of the stile delay only five minutes before the cut-off at Hill Inn.

But I had a bog to deal with first. I was definitely tired at this point, because I did something colossally stupid. We reached a bog, and I saw that a runner was stuck in it up to his thighs, and yet I saw a patch of deep clear water and thought, that looks safe. And then both one foot then another sank deep into the bog and were stuck fast. I couldn't move them. There were plenty of runners around me, so I shouted, "can someone get me out please?" but for a while - it was probably only a dozen seconds or so - no-one did, so I shouted it louder with desperation and hysteria. Michael from Pudsey Pacers and someone else reached in and hauled me out. When I say "haul," I mean I was dragged out on my face. I have no idea how I emerged with both shoes still on my feet, especially as the one fault of my Roclocs is that they are loose on the heels, but I did. I am profoundly grateful to Michael and the other runner for helping me: Thank you.

I was covered in mud up to my waist. I looked like I'd indulged in open defecation, but very inaccurately. But I picked myself up and carried on. I don't really remember much of the climb, except that it started hailing. Hail. The forecast that I had obsessively checked had said rain. But this turned into a fierce hailstorm. It was so fierce, I started talking to it. "YOU MUST BE JOKING." Around me, runners were saying, "we'll never make it now." "We've no chance." But I thought, if I can get up the steep section OK, I can go at speed on the descent and make up a few minutes. That kept me going for a few hundred feet. And then I decided that what will be, will be. And then I got to the top, and I changed my mind again and tanked it.

I ran as fast as I could along the path, past walkers and more walkers. Once again, the Sikhs were doing their annual charity Vaisakhi walk, and lots of other people were doing the Three Peaks Challenge. It was busy, and slippery, and treacherous. Until we got to the first steep part of the descent, I still thought my tanking plan would work. But then I saw that the path was fully taped, not just in parts, and that marshals weren't letting anyone go off-piste, either to stop erosion or because with the covering of snow, it was bloody dangerous. Rather than making up time, I was constantly braking, which was loading my joints and knees. I did a bum slide down one section, as it seemed the most sensible thing to do, and I already looked like I'd had an incontinent accident, so I may as well add to it. I came to one very narrow and winding part of the path, and to a group of walkers who had small dogs, both loose. I yelled at them, "please hold your dogs!" I like dogs and I like walkers, but to have dogs off the lead on that path with that many runners coming through seemed daft. We could easily have accidentally kicked or stamped them. But they were probably sick of runners by that point: about 700 must already have gone past them.

I survived the path, got to the bottom, where I knew there was about a mile and a half to go until Hill Inn. I'd long since stopped looking at my watch, but someone said, "we've got ten minutes," and I started sprinting. It felt like sprinting. Later, I found it was nine minute miling. About 500 metres or so from

## Three Peaks Race continues...

Philbin farm, a runner came up from the opposite direction. I remember he had grey hair and a nice face. I happened to be running with two other women at the time, and he decided to take us all on. "Come on ladies," he said, "you can do it. But you need to push. PUSH." He ran with us all the way to the checkpoint. It was awful. I felt like my lungs were going to come out of my ears. I felt like crying. At one point I'm pretty sure I was crying and running. It was less than half a mile but it felt like so much more. As I approached the checkpoint, a man said, "ONE MORE MINUTE" and I had made it. I had made it by the skin of all my teeth.

I couldn't believe it. I had a massive grin on my face which stayed there for the next mile. I realised that I had probably never really thought I'd make it. But now the pressure was off, and I could relax a bit. I told myself I didn't care what time I finished it, though actually I did. So I kept moving, to find my flat Coke, and I watched a man vomiting copiously near me, and I thought, god, I am tired. I was so, so tired. I must have hung around at the checkpoint for a couple of minutes, but finally I set off again. I saw Adam, covered in blood and mud. He'd fallen on Whernside. He's much faster than me normally, and I thought it odd that he was still at the checkpoint, but doing the Three Peaks for the first time can catch everyone out. We set off walking up to the stile that led to the Ingleborough path. Over that, and then there was a mile or so of runnable fields.

Stuff that. I was walking. Adam ran off, and got back 15 minutes before me. But my inner thighs were cramping, which was bizarre, as I've never had running cramp before. And I was tired and still had two thousand or so feet to climb, and a difficult descent, and five more miles to run. But I still had that grin on my face. I'd made it.

I got to the top of Ingleborough in 56 minutes, almost exactly the same time as I'd done Whernside in (you're supposed to do each peak in roughly the same time). At the summit, I thanked the marshals loudly. It's the longest marshalling stint: they can be up there for 7 or 8 hours, and it was COLD.

But you know what? At the summit, THERE WAS NO MORE HILL TO CLIMB. Blessed, lovely descent. I set off, passing another runner who I turned to speak to, and saw that it was Dave Burdon of Pudsey Pacers. Dave is 60 and has run the Three Peaks eight times, I think. I knew he planned that this would be his last one. We decided to run together to the finish, and I'm so glad we did. That sounds so simple, doesn't it? "Run to the finish." But the last four and a half (or maybe five) miles to Horton are very difficult. Your legs are exhausted, but you can't take your attention off the terrain for a second. There is the steep descent of Ingleborough, which starts off rocky then turns slushy and grassy with snow as well. Dave was great to run with: he told me constantly what was coming up. "Flagstones, here, Rose, they'll be slippery." "Technical bit here, Rose." I'm quite sure I'd have walked more if I'd been running on my own, but with Dave, we ran steadily, all the way back.

There were rocks and gullies, and grass, and heather, and mud, and a checkpoint with water, that was very welcome. There was a moment where Dave had to stop because his legs were badly cramping, but he had one of my marzipan balls and recovered enough to run on. Magic marzipan. Later, I found out that Ben, another Pudsey Pacer, had collapsed at about this point, and had to sit down for five minutes while Mountain Rescue fed him chocolate. He said it was astonishing how soon after he'd eaten the chocolate that he felt better. You can't run a race like the Three Peaks without knowing how your body works and what it needs. It's too risky. But he got up and ran on and did a great time, so well done Ben and well done Mars Bars.

At about a mile from the finish, it seems like you are in a bucolic vision: there are green rolling hills, and

## Three Peaks continued.

you can see the village of Horton in the distance. Two Mountain Rescue people stood near a stile saying, "only two more hills!" and they were right, though they were more like inclines. But they felt like mountains. We got ourselves up them, over the field, over another field, under a railway bridge, through someone's garden. I'd been warned about this bit, that there would be chickens. It's probably a good thing because otherwise I'd have thought I was hallucinating. And then, holy cow, there was the finish line. A woman over the PA was presumably reading out the cute anecdotes that you put on your entry form. Mine was something about learning to run on a container ship and being good at swaying. But she could have been singing the national anthem and I wouldn't have noticed at that point. All my attention was focused on the dibber. The final, beautiful dibber.

I got round in 5 hours and 24 minutes. And I'm very proud of myself. The Three Peaks is not just one of the toughest races I've ever run, but it's one of the hardest challenges I've set myself. I've had a difficult and troublesome six months, with my mental health and menopausal symptoms, and yet I kept going, and I did it. So if you're thinking about taking something on but you don't think you can do it, you can, whether it's going from running no miles to one, or from 13 to 26.2, or giving a speech, or writing the first paragraph of your book. You just can.



## Does this newsletter receive the thumbs up?



*Awh cheers Jo McGarey that's nice.*



Kirkstall Harriers meet every Monday and Wednesday at Kirkstall Leisure Centre at 6.50pm for a 7pm start. All standards of runners are welcome to join us. Just turn up and say hello, we are very friendly! Please visit our website for more info:  
[www.kirkstallharriers.org.uk](http://www.kirkstallharriers.org.uk)  
Please email [kirkstallharriers@googlemail.com](mailto:kirkstallharriers@googlemail.com) if you would like to contribute to the newsletter. All articles, member profiles etc gratefully received.