

## NEWS!

**THIS AND THAT! NOTHING  
ABOUT THE EU! NO  
POLITICS!**



**RACE REPORTS FROM  
HITHER AND THITHER!**

**SAFETY TIPS FOR MEN,  
WOMEN AND ALL**



**A REMINDER: ALL  
NEWSLETTER EDITOR  
EMAILS ARE ON OUR  
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“NEWSLETTER”, ALONG  
WITH ALL ARCHIVED  
NEWSLETTERS**

# KIRKSTALL HARRIERS NEWSLETTER

**editor: rose george**



**PHOTO OF THE MONTH: READY, STEADY, PUKE. AND IT WAS ONLY A MILE!**

## NEWS: BE SAFE

In the last few weeks, two women have been attacked in the woods of Leeds. The first attack happened near Swinnow Road in Pudsey; the second was in Bramley Fall Woods. The first woman was a runner, the second was walking a dog. Whatever they were doing, they shouldn't have been attacked, and rather than women taking care, it should be that men take care about not attacking women. But that said, there are things that we can all - women and men - do to stay safe when we are running. Here are some suggestions:



1. If you are running alone, tell at least one person where you are going, what your route might be, and how long you expect it to take you. Then try to remember to let them know when you're back home. It may seem like a pain, but it's worth it.

2. Invest in an ICE (in case of emergency) bracelet. There are plenty available (even in purple), and you can choose to list several emergency contact numbers, as well as your blood type (handy if you have a rare blood group), and whether you have any allergies or conditions.



3. Turn your phone into a safety device. There are all sorts available now that can turn your phone into sirens and alarms, or transmit your location to someone at all times by GPS. For example, Glympse (free), which lets you set who can track your movements and for how long; or RoadID (who also make safety

bracelets) which does a similar thing. Some of them have features that send an alert if you don't move for five minutes - you can set how long your phone waits until it alerts someone - or if you don't get home within a pre-set time. Bsafe, which is also free, turns your phone into a siren, alerts authorities, records video, and informs your contacts of your GPS location. You can also get a friend to virtually walk you home, with its Follow Me live GPS trace, and set up fake calls, and even specify who they are from. Perfect for staying safe, but also

getting out of terrible dates or tedious meetings.

4. If you're travelling and in a place you don't know well, contact a local running group and join their runs, or ask them for routes, or check their website or Facebook pages, as many clubs publish their standard training routes. Most clubs happily accept visitors and it's a great way to get out of the hotel-office-hotel tedium of business travel and actually meet some real people.

5. If you're running with headphones in, and you're on your own, make sure you can still hear your surroundings.

6. Enjoy running, don't be scared, but be prepared.

## YORKSHIRE VETS NEWS

After a two-week break due to holidays the results of the race at Lythe near Whitby have been put on the YVAA website and added to the overall positions. We only had three ladies and three men running but the points do make a big difference. As there were only 49 ladies and 79 men the slower runners could earn more points too. Even I managed to score 124, which is nearly three times more than my normal tally. I even overtook four of the fun-runners from the Mulgrave Castle 10k which started 5 minutes earlier over the same very interesting route (which included a water crossing)! Two really good races which we should encourage ALL members to take part in one or the other next year?

Emma Lavelle-Wood was 5<sup>th</sup> overall and 2<sup>nd</sup> in her age group. Adam Moger was 18<sup>th</sup> overall and 4<sup>th</sup> in his age

group. The ladies team are now 5<sup>th</sup> (109 points behind Pudsey Pacers) 4<sup>th</sup> (53 points behind Saltaire Striders) and 5<sup>th</sup>

respectively in ALL TO COUNT, 1<sup>st</sup> 4 TO COUNT and REST TO COUNT competitions. This is out of 24 clubs. The men are 5<sup>th</sup>, 6<sup>th</sup> (158 points behind Holmfirth) and 5<sup>th</sup> (171 points behind Saltaire Striders) respectively, out of 33 clubs. This is after four races. This could be the halfway point, as we are still waiting for Alwoodley to confirm if they are holding a race.

Individually we have a couple of stars, the main one being Emma Lavelle-Wood who is

2<sup>nd</sup> overall and 1<sup>st</sup> in her age group. In other age groups, Niamh Jackson and Jill Camm are 11<sup>th</sup> and 13<sup>th</sup> but have only done 2 out of the 4 to date. Shevonne McLarnon is 7<sup>th</sup> having done 3. Marion Muir and Collette Spencer are 13<sup>th</sup> and 16<sup>th</sup> having only done 2. Rose George having only done 1 is 17<sup>th</sup>. Vicki Hipkiss is 7<sup>th</sup> having done all 4, Alyson Glover 8<sup>th</sup> after 3, Sheila King and Carol Moran 12<sup>th</sup> and 15<sup>th</sup> after doing 2 each. For the men Paul Hallam is 13<sup>th</sup> after 2 races. Adam Moger 1<sup>st</sup> from 4 races. Gary Carlisle is 13<sup>th</sup> after 3 races, with Andy Carter and Richard Thomas 15<sup>th</sup> and 21<sup>st</sup> after 2. Chris Glover is 5<sup>th</sup> after 3 races. After doing the 2 highest counting races at Honley and Lythe deliberately, I'm in tenth place, though I've only done three races. Paul Glover is 7<sup>th</sup> after doing 3 and finally Ian Brown is 6<sup>th</sup> after doing 1.



The next race is staged by St Theresa's on Tuesday 19<sup>th</sup> July at 7.30pm. Full details still to be confirmed, but it may be at Barnbow. The race after that is at the Spring Hall Athletics Track in Halifax, on Wednesday 10<sup>th</sup> August and is described as

“mostly flat on riverside paths and canal towpaths” which sounds really odd for a race in Halifax? Let's hope for a good turnout on both nights.

The date for the Spen race in November has been brought forward by a week and is now on Remembrance Sunday, hence the 11.02 start time. As usual, check for race details on the Yorkshire Veterans Athletics Association website ([yvaa.org](http://yvaa.org)).

PETER HEY

## RACE REPORT: TEMPLE NEWSAM

The Urban Trail Race series is made up of three midweek 6–7 mile races at Temple Newsam, Roundhay and Middleton Park. You could enter all three and claim a discount but I decided to just enter the first one at Temple Newsam. At £10 it seemed okay value anyway. The club championship Otley 10 was on the same night, so there wasn't much Harriers' noise about this one, however I knew Louise O'Brien was going and I was glad to have a buddy. Niamh had also entered after doing it last year and had recommended it to me, but sadly had a car crisis on the night.

Louise and I were also without a car so we took the bus, which dropped us off about a mile away from the main grounds. I wonder why there's not a better public transport service to one of the biggest parks in Leeds. Anyway, we got there very early, collected our numbers and timing chips from a little hut, then relaxed on the grass while more runners arrived, including fellow Harrier Hannah Newman.

Just before 7pm we were called over to the start line for the race briefing. As usual I couldn't really hear, but I did catch the race director

introduce a lady who broke her shoulder on the course the previous year. I think that was our health and safety warning. Once we set off the size of the field became evident, there were only 158 of us and we soon spread out.

I always have real difficulty

recalling what I actually saw on a run, so perhaps I'm not the best person to write a race report, but here goes, in no particular order: lots of shaded woodland with some steep climbs. Long climbs on wide tracks with views (probably). Grassy land, with climbs. A pretty walled garden. Lots of twists and turns, stiles, steps, tussocks, tree roots and a fallen tree, all to keep you on your toes. It was an exciting and challenging course. Louise had said she was going to have a steady one, so I decided I would see if I could hang on to her. After a couple of miles of relentless hills I knew it was going to be tough, but I'd committed to my pace by then and I couldn't give up.

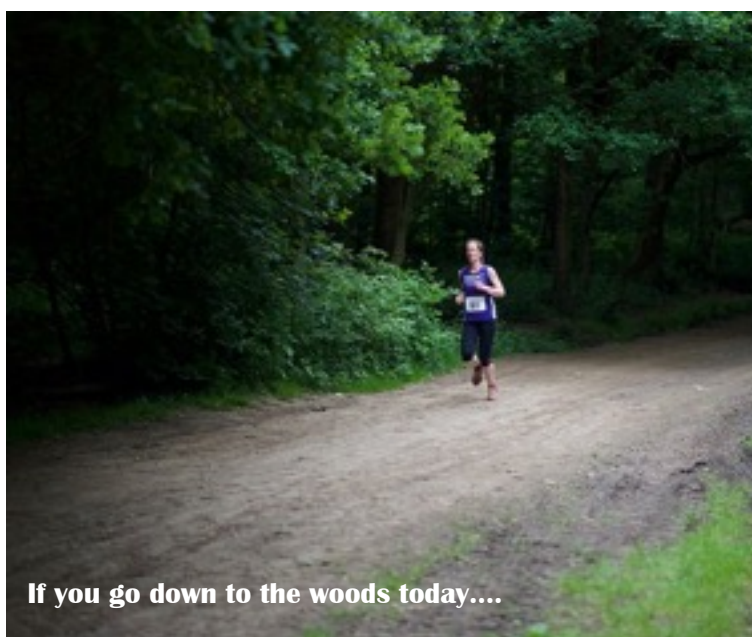
There was a drinks station at about half way with plastic cups of water, lemonade and another pink drink. It was a humid and sticky evening and I definitely wanted water. There were a few photographers, some STAC supporters and very few marshals, but the course was so well marked even I couldn't go wrong. There were times when I felt like I was running alone in the woods and I enjoyed pretending I was on a solo adventure.

Into the second half and I could still

occasionally see Louise's head bobbing up in the distance. I was hanging on, just. There were no mile markers and my only guide to how much further to go was from a marshal saying "not long now". Can those words ever be believed? [Editor's note: NO] I was glad to emerge from the woods to see



By  
**MARION MUIR**



If you go down to the woods today....

the finish banner and managed a final short sprint across the field. I immediately guzzled some water, then congratulated Louise who looked much less knackered than me.

By the finish area was an ice cream van where a long queue of runners was forming. This was our finisher's prize: a FREE Mr Whippy! ("Fun" Mr Whippy fact: my mum would not allow us have them when we were wee, because Margaret Thatcher invented them and it was just a way of charging people for air.) Then Hannah appeared making a strong sprint for the finish, looking fresh-faced and without a bead of sweat. How do people do that?

Hannah very kindly offered us a lift back, thank you again Hannah. On the walk to the car Louise and Hannah reflected on how much they enjoyed the race, and quite right; it was a great course, a friendly atmosphere and a fine evening for a run. I didn't enjoy it as much as them, probably because I was too busy torturing myself trying to keep up with Louise. It made me think, when I saw my better-than-usual time and position: I feel proud I challenged myself, but was it worth forfeiting the full enjoyment of the race? Sometimes it is, but maybe when you have less to lose. When I enter this race next year I'll make sure I concentrate more on the scenery.



## RACE REPORT: THE WALL

Late one [Saturday night](#), sometime in the autumn of 2015, two aging yet fabulously good looking chaps were just opening their 5<sup>th</sup> or 6<sup>th</sup> bottle of red wine when one says to the other “what about this Wall then?” In a moment of alcohol fuelled weakness the “other” says “aye, why not”. Fast forward to 4pm on Saturday 18<sup>th</sup> June and the “other” is sitting with his head in his hands, having his blood sugar and blood pressure checked by a member of mountain rescue. But more of that later...

Five years ago I weighed 16 stone and couldn't run 69 yards, let alone 69 miles. In the months and years since then I've gone from a 37 minute debut parkrun to a sub-20 minute 5k PB. I've graduated to 10k, half marathon and marathon distance. Then last year I moved up to ultra distances with the Two Oceans marathon (35 miles) and Race to the Stones (62 miles over two days). In the process I've lost 4st (but no more than 4st – senior management says she'll divorce me if I get any smaller), joined a tremendous running club and hopefully set a good example to my two young kids about leading an active lifestyle. But now this has got really serious – 69 miles from Carlisle to Newcastle along the route of Hadrian's wall.... in one day. That's not just about leading an active lifestyle. That's excessive. So why do it? Well, there are two reasons:

1. Alcohol
2. If you can't go fast, go long.

So, now that I've paid my entry fee and booked accommodation in Carlisle and Newcastle I really need to think about a training plan. For this I use a company called Full Potential who come up with a custom 20 week plan for me based upon my running history and upcoming diary commitments. It's an intense plan with lots of Kenyan hills, threshold interval sessions and lots of back to back long-runs. Not easy but a good plan to ensure I'm in shape for the run. The first 4

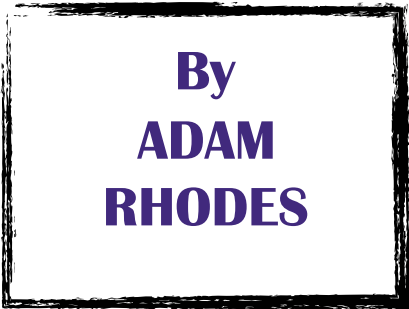
weeks of the plan go well. But soon it becomes difficult to commit the amount of time required by the plan. There are a number of reasons for this – working away a lot and the distraction of moving house in the middle of the plan to name just two. At least this is what I tell myself to justify having missed key sessions. Towards the end of the plan I get back on track and smash out some of the key longer runs but they're tough going as it's around the time that we saw some early summer hot weather.

One week before race day and I go for my monthly sports massage at the Coach House, complaining about a bit of calf pain and tight hamstrings following the Otley 10. Kate makes me walk up and down the corridor a few times and confirms that my left leg is not moving freely at all. She soon identifies that my left ankle is “blocked”. By this she means that the fascia has tightened around my ankle and is

restricting the movement of ligaments and stuff. She spends about 20 minutes trying to free everything up but can't release it, so in come a further two physios who simultaneously cause me a level of pain that humankind has hitherto never experienced. Finally, it's free and by jove it does feel a lot better. Incidentally, they think it was caused by me breaking a

toe a few weeks previously (on the morning of the Honley vets race) and my running gait subconsciously adjusting itself to allow me to run without putting weight through that toe.

So, to the race. [7am](#) start at Carlisle Castle and we're off with a large amount of mandatory kit on my back. The conditions are perfect. Not too hot, not too cold and the occasional light breeze. The first 15 miles are straightforward and bring us to the first checkpoint, where I force down a sandwich and nutri-grain bar. I've been very conscious about fuelling strategy and have eaten and drunk little and often. Senior management and the kids are waiting at the checkpoint and their screams of encouragement give me a huge lift as always. So far so good. After a 10 minute stop John and I are off again with the



By  
**ADAM  
RHODES**

checkpoint at 27 miles our next target. This 12 mile section now starts to get tough and takes us over some big hills. It's also started to get much warmer. But, I've been a good boy and have 2 litres of electrolyte solution in my hydration bladder. I continue to sip this frequently to ensure I don't dehydrate. We finally reach the checkpoint at Cawfields Quarry and by this point both John and I are starting to feel tired but no more than we would expect after having run more than a marathon. So, I change my socks, give senior management and the kids a kiss goodbye and we're off to the next checkpoint at the 45 mile mark. Things start off well and after a few miles we pass by the side of the stunning Roman fort at Vindolanda. From the ramparts of the fort there comes an unexpected scream of "GOO ON RODSEY" as senior management and the kids have taken in some sight-seeing along the route. A much needed lift. But then....the climb from Vindolanda is huge and for the next mile and a half we're walking up a steep incline. We crest the climb and set off again with a firm strategy now of walking one minute in every mile in order to preserve some strength for the latter stages. This 18 mile stretch is a really tough one and takes in some of the large climbs of the route. Eventually we leave the hills behind us and come to a road sign telling us that Hexham (the location of the 45 mile checkpoint) is just 2 miles away. These 2 miles take about 20 minutes but feel like twice that distance. We cross the timing mats, relieved that we get a short break and some proper food to refuel. At this checkpoint my bag drop is waiting for me and I clamber for the Lucozade that awaits inside. This is where things get very strange. I sit down at a bench outside, remove my trainers and start sipping on my Lucozade. Suddenly from out of nowhere I start to shiver uncontrollably, but it's more than shivering, it's so violent that it's almost a convulsion. Now my recollection here gets very sketchy. I know that people are



talking to me but I'm not really aware of what they're saying. I refuse to put layers on, telling people that I'm fine – clearly I'm not. I'm starting to feel nauseous now. Suddenly John pats me on the back to ask me if I'm ok but the act of patting me on the back has woken me up – I'm not sure how long I've been asleep. All is definitely not well. By this time senior management has arrived at the checkpoint – forces layers upon me and gets the medic to come over. He checks my pulse, my temperature, my blood pressure, my blood sugar. Everything comes back ok. There's no obvious medical reason for me to feel like this but yet I do. I walk around for 10 minutes and try to eat but can't stomach anything. At this point I nearly throw-up and that's when senior management, the medic and I reluctantly reach the conclusion that my race

is run. So I bow out at 45 miles. That's 10 miles further than I've run in one go before. Ordinarily I should be delighted with this but I'm not. I've failed. I've DNFd. Yes, I've run 45 miles but I've had to withdraw with nearly an entire marathon still to run. I'm gutted at such epic failure. As I sit here writing this 3 days afterwards I'm still gutted. The t-shirt they gave me at registration remains in it's packaging and will do so for the foreseeable, because I

didn't earn it. I now find myself questioning why I didn't just carry on – easy to ask that question 3 days later when I feel fine – not so easy at the time when I'm struggling to comprehend what people are saying to me.

So what now? Leave the ultras alone? Stick to marathons and shorter? No, I need to vanquish my ultra demons. I'm looking for another ultra, maybe not as long as 69 miles but certainly longer than 45 miles – just so I can prove to myself that I can get there, and get there alive.

**EDITOR'S NOTE: YOU'RE STILL A HERO TO US, DNF OR NOT.**

## RACE REPORT: PUDSEY FUN RUN

June 19<sup>th</sup> was Father's Day but there was no breakfast in bed for me, no lie in. Instead I was up early for a proper pre-run breakfast and the standard multiple trips to the loo. Once the normal rituals were completed it was time for the journey to Pudsey to find a parking space, the registration point, the loo again and then off to the Cenotaph for the crowded start.

Yep, today was all about the family fun run. The route is so short that it is hard to describe it in a lot of detail but basically it's a 2.5km lap of Yorkshire flatness around Pudsey, finishing with the final "uphill flat" (©Bramley parkrun) to the sprint finish in the park.

So to the start with an looking forward to the the best race ever after him being allowed to run down the hill at an initial behind didn't overtake someone not running her) and generally excellent support from



Along the way questions knows what a Cenotaph end (19:51), my name is down as "Nail" on the results and if the course had been a 2km junior parkrun then it would have been a PB by over a minute. I shall always love my son but he does know that PBs mean treats.

excited Leo (son) who was really run, officially declaring that it was the first 20 meters (this was due to on the road for the first time ever), sprint, making sure the two sisters us, feeling happy when we ran past with any kids (and yes, we did beat enjoying the whole thing with the volunteers along the route.

were asked and answered. Leo now is, yes he did indeed beat me at the

So to put it bluntly, the 10km is nothing, it's all about the fun run because we got a medal and not a bright t-shirt. If only it had been a club championship race!

Same time next year.



# RACE REPORT: “Ye Shudda Seen Us Gannin’”: Blaydon Race Review

*“Aa went to Blaydon Races, ‘twas on the ninth of Joon*

*Eiteen hundred an’ sixty-two on a summer’s afternoon.....”*

So begins the first verse of the song “The Blaydon Races”, unofficial anthem of the Geordie nation and sung on more than one occasion on the terraces of St. James’ Park by yours truly. Written in the 19<sup>th</sup> Century by Geordie Ridley (I swear that’s not a made up name), it was and is a popular folk tune detailing the somewhat inebriated 1862 journey of a group of friends from Balmbras Music Hall in Newcastle to the aforementioned Blaydon Races. Details of their sundry misadventures *en route* are woven into the fabric of Tyneside life.

Little could Geordie have known when he penned those words that he’d unwittingly be the inspiration for the birth of the “other” Blaydon Race. Founded in 1981 by Blaydon Harriers, the event sees runners starting outside Balmbras and then heading west along Collingwood Street out of the city. Following the route of the song, the race proceeds along Scotswood Road, crossing the Tyne over the Scotswood Bridge before finishing on playing fields in Blaydon. A distance of approx. 5.6 miles, the first race saw just a few hundred local runners take part, but over the years it has mushroomed to well over 4,000. Entry opens in February, and sells out extremely rapidly - this is a hot ticket. Tipped off by Jill Buckley when entries opened, I initially missed out on a place, but was pleased a few weeks later to find I’d been plucked off the reserve list and granted a spot. This was going to be another 2016 race that satisfied my resolution at the turn of the year to “do races I haven’t done before”.

With the song very much at the heart of the event, custom mandates that the race must always take place on the 9<sup>th</sup> of June, irrespective of what day of the week it falls on. This year, that happened to be a Thursday. Managing to bail out of work mid-afternoon, I headed North East and soon found myself waiting in a sun-drenched Bigg Market for the start of the race. As other runners began to congregate on such a warm day, there was no

shortage of bare flesh on display. If you are familiar with how the locals “dress” for a typical night out in this part of the world, regardless of prevailing weather conditions, I’ll simply say “insert your own punchline here”. I found myself chatting to a lady called Kay who I’d bumped into just near the portaloos. Again, a chance encounter between members of the opposite sex in similar circumstances is not untypical of the area. Kay was lovely. It turned out she lived in Beverley just outside Hull. A North East lass by birth, we struck up a bit of a rapport and she seemed

most keen for me to try out the Hull Marathon which she helps organise. Jill and Jason then joined us along with a few other members of Mrs. Buckley’s Geordie mafia, and we all got along famously. It came as something of a shame when we had to stop gassing and start running.



The atmosphere at the start line was noisily expectant, and the Lord Mayor had us underway by ringing an antique Victorian handbell. With his fascination for bells of all types, Eric would have enjoyed that. As an unrelated aside, the “Lord Mayor” was a “she”. So although the tannoy announcer kept referring to her as the “Lord Mayor”, I was thinking “surely she’s a Lady Mayoress”? I may have missed the memo on this one in our politically correct age. Given the size of the field, progress was somewhat constrained at first and the pack didn’t really start to thin appreciably until around the 2 mile mark. Whilst the course was virtually flat, it was an extremely warm evening, so I quickly found myself sweating like a fat girl in a chip shop. (Saying that’s yet another reasonably common sight in Newcastle would be as beneath me as it is undoubtedly accurate). I was actually motoring fairly well up to about 4 miles, but then started to blow up and realised my loose goal of a sub 40 finish was receding faster than my hairline. In all honesty, I wasn’t really bothered. This was a race to savour for the experience and thrill of “being there”. And you can’t really set a PB for a 5.6 mile course, can you? Something approaching a sprint

finish saw me cross the line in a chip time of 40.24, which I found out later was good enough to see me place 838<sup>th</sup> out of 4,127 finishers. I can't argue with a place in the top quarter of the field.

The finish area is famous for allowing runners to indulge their taste for fine dining with a selection of tripe, black pudding and pickled onions. If those comestibles were available this year, I sadly missed out on them. What I was able to enjoy however was a rather marvellous goody bag containing an excellent technical (or "polyester", as we used to call it) tee, a bottle of water, a bottle of beer brewed especially for the race, a packet of crisps, an oat based protein enriched energy bar, a ham and pease pudding stottie, a slow cooker, a fondue set, a cuddly toy, a teasmade and His and Hers matching dressing gowns. Ok, so I'm lying after the

ham and pease pudding stottie. Queuing for the bus to take us back to Newcastle wasn't too much of a hardship as we were still being gently warmed by the dying rays of the sun. A visit to the Bridge Inn for a cheeky pint rounded off an enjoyable and memorable evening rather well. Huge thanks to the Buckley's and their friends, to Kay and to the 4,000 other runners for their convivial company. Hopefully I can bag a place in the event again next year, because I'm putting this one very firmly on my annual "must do" list.

On that note, I'll close by pointing out that next year the 9<sup>th</sup> of June falls on a Friday evening. Potential for a Kirkstall Harriers contingent to go up there and have an overnigher sampling the Toon's finest alehouses? Sounds like a plan.



## THE GOOD, THE BAD, THE INJURED

**The good runs.** Those “wow” moments where you feel like you have enough energy to fuel a power plant. Normally accompanied by Strava trophies and that intense feeling of euphoria we all refer to as the ‘runners high’. Sometimes these good runs may even just be that you spent the whole session in front of someone that’s normally faster than you. Often it can be as simple as having a new pair of shoes and feeling like your legs are made of springs. Either way, these runs offer a good argument for getting out the door in the first place.

**The bad runs.** The “I feel like I’ve already run a marathon” within half a mile of your planned session. You know that lead-like feeling?

Sometimes it clears and the run can improve, other times you end up on a 7 mile club run clinging to the back of your group swearing at your legs to do their thing. These runs are not always caused by tired legs though, sometimes our brains can be too tired, maybe we haven’t eaten properly, and a hangover or even a holiday can lead to a groggy run.

Despite the annoyance these runs can cause, often resulting in self-criticism, I find they provide the key to understanding where your body is at. Often when this level of fatigue becomes frequent, it can indicate something isn’t right. Maybe you need to consider additional rest days, switching training sessions around, nutritional changes, hydration improvements, increasing sleep or even just accepting that our bodies sometimes can’t do everything we ask them too and a week off may be more beneficial than detrimental.

**The injured runs:** The session where you know you pushed to far or the session you miss because you pushed too far. By far the

worst type. Although a lot to be learnt each time, often they can lead to several months out of running, which not only makes fitness deteriorate but also motivation.

And this leads me to where I’m at now. Lack of proper hip stability and glute strength due to hypermobile hips allowed for a fairly miserable four weeks, including a trip to Edinburgh marathon, but only as a spectator (congratulations Steve Webb, Shami, Kieran and anyone else I missed). Eight weeks later, three gym sessions a week and tedious amounts of drills and short grass runs means I’m almost capable of a single leg squat and can carry out most exercises without excessive wobbling. But most importantly running is now pain free.



The degree of change I have seen within myself over the past eight weeks is a good enough argument to encourage ALL runners to partake in weekly strength and conditioning. Now the summer is here (kind of) I am planning on continuing my grass work once a week and it would be great to have some Harriers join me. With PECO on the horizon we need all ankles, quads, glutes and hamstrings to be as strong as possible!

To conclude I would urge everyone to listen to their bodies. Remember that missing a few sessions isn’t a fail but often a smart move, and definitely better than being told you need to stop. I’ve found checking my heart rate is a good indicator of recovery – sometimes I am surprised at how high it is 12-24 hours after a run. But for those with no monitor or even those who feel they should go anyway, it’s always worth throwing in some recovery runs – gentle running – conversation pace. This should place minimal stress on your body but still allow you to train if you wish.

Hope to see you all in the gym or on the grass.

## RACE REPORT: ITU World Triathlon LEEDS

16 Harriers took part in the various distances earlier on the day of the World International Triathlon at Leeds. It was a similar course, but they had rather different problems to the elites. The worst was baggage. The race began at Roundhay and finished in town, so the obvious solution was a choice of collecting wetsuits from Roundhay (where most will have parked) or town (for those staying/living near the city centre, or needing to catch a train). Instead the organisers said all bags would be waiting in town when we finished, when in fact only the first 1,000 or so actually were.

People were stranded with no dry clothes, no money and no phones to let their spectators know what was happening, perhaps in a city they didn't know, with travel and spectating plans unravelling. Some, seeing the baggage queue, decided to collect their bikes and cycle back up to Roundhay to watch the ITU, then come back into town for bags, only to be told the later numbered bags had stayed in Roundhay. It was worse for those who'd travelled far. A friend of a friend from Cambridge didn't get home until gone midnight, with two young kids in tow. The organisers have offered £25 off next year's event but that won't cut it for a lot of people.

By  
**Adam Moger**

too. The run was poorly described. "See your runner up to four times" was written throughout the grandstand and in the spectator booklet, which wasn't the case.

There was a finish chute directing us back over the run course to get out, and a very crowded bike run for later waves. Nearly 100 amateur competitors were DQ'd for coming in a lap early, including the then leader. But despite the chaotic administration, the volunteers did a great job and most competitors had an enjoyable day, even if it was a much longer day than they'd planned.

As for the elites, there was no Mario Mola, the series leader (no-one runs every race; it's a "best of"), and Javier Gomez was 30 seconds faster than

Alistair Brownlee over the 10K. But the

Brownlee early breakaway on the bike was decisive, and it was Brownlee first and

second: what a result. The GB women didn't do badly either: Leeds-based Vicky Holland made the podium, and all five GB women were in the top 13. First though was the imperious, amazing Gwen Jorgensen, the solid favourite for gold in Rio.



There were avoidable problems on the course

## MEMBER PROFILE: LIZ WALKER

**Name:** Liz Walker

**Occupation:** Marketing and Campaign Consultant

**Originally from:** A little town called Northwich in Cheshire

**Time as a Harrier:** Since the end of 2013

**When did you start running and why?** My uncle is a big runner for Mid Cheshire Athletics and he used to take me out running whilst I was in school exam season as a de – stress. Those were my first acts of running for more than a minute at a time and were brilliant. Then I came to Leeds to go to Leeds Uni, where my running career was placed on the backburner for 3 years. The next act of running was when I was working in Leeds. My friend and I sat eating cake one day, and she suggested we should probably tootle up and down the canal after work to make an effort, which I agreed to. Little did I know she had signed herself up to the Leeds 10K and was beginning her training. The next thing I knew we were tootling up and down the canal, not for the love of cake but as we both had a 10k to train for. After a few more 10Ks, half marathons and Jenny getting into London, she retired from running but it seemed I carried on...

**How did you end up joining Kirkstall?** After my first marathon, which was Chester, I decided that the only way I would carry on running would be with a group. I had also moved into the Kirkstall area so started to look at local running clubs. Kirkstall popped up and here I am! The first time I came down, you were also so welcoming and Peter made sure I didn't fall behind and get lost (still no change there then!)

**What are your motivations for running?** Apart from the obvious – to eat exactly what I fancy – running with the club has become a big social activity of my week. I don't really come for the love of running (did I write that out loud!) but for the chatter, tips and motivational stories I get from everyone I chat to along the short or long 7 mile run we



complete every week. Although I did buy "Runners Weekly" the other day and found myself relating to some of the articles and I also went for my first ever sport massage. All these things must make me an athlete surely?

I have never gone out for a run and not felt good about it after. I come up with every

excuse not to go at the beginning but once I am out I feel happy and relaxed. If you feel energised, with a sense of achievement after a hobby, there is no way you should give it up!

### **What are your greatest achievements?**

The Chester Marathon has to be my greatest achievement. It was my first marathon and I worked hard to get round. My second marathon, the Yorkshire Marathon was a surprising achievement, not because I didn't train, because I think it was the first running experience that I really enjoyed all the way round. Here's the part where I can give a woop woop to my marathon training partner in crime - Neil - who made the first 8 miles fly by.

I am also going to give a nod to the PECO series here. I am not great with mud, woods, going downhill, going uphill, protruding rocks, running through bogs, or jumping over streams but I have signed up to this series for 2 years on a trot now and although I dread it, I do get the most sense of achievement completing them without falling...phew!

**What are your best running related memories?** I can't pin point any really - every race I have signed up to with Kirkstall has been a good memory banked to get me through the next set of races that I sign up to.

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

The only race I have ever entered where I have since stood firm, never to be swayed to enter

again is Major Series or any sort of obstacle/running race. What a terrible race! Six miles which took over two hours of running through shoulder deep rivers, getting pulled down by fellow runners who had lost their footing, crawling through ice baths, getting a shock or two from a wire over and under obstacle and

running up and down a hill in a zig zag fashion all the way to the end. I knew it was a terrible race, when I ran over the finish line and it deflated on me. Even the marshal at the end who lifted the finishing line off my face, concluded that this had never happened before and I must not be having a good day.

### **Any words of wisdom for your harriers?**

For the love of running! , keep chatting and it will soon be over.....

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

I am the proud owner of a hand written 30<sup>th</sup> belated birthday card, signed by no other than Jason Donovan himself wishing me a great birthday. I also own his board game, Straight from the Heart (you make a heart shaped picture up of Jason's face by answering Jason Donovan factoids). But no one wants to play it with me, so any takers let me know...



## RACE REPORT: THE SOLSTICE SAUNTER

After almost a year out of running due to concentrating on populating the world with more fiery haired girls, my first race back as a Kirkstall Harrier was to be the inaugural Solstice Saunter, at Bolton Abbey. The Solstice Saunter was held on June 20<sup>th</sup>, the day of the summer solstice, and is a new 5-mile race that runs from the Cavendish Pavilion on the Bolton Abbey estate, along the paths and trails that run parallel to the River Wharfe. Organised by Airedale Dodgers and in aid of Sue Ryder charity and the Manorlands Hospice.

Firstly I think it may be pertinent to mention a little bit about how I am finding the process of "getting back into" running. I put that in inverted commas, because during the 9 months that I was with child, I never really, in my head got out of running. It was very much missed, and I had hoped to continue during the pregnancy. I had ideas of being this glowing lady still looking strong in her lycra, baby bump out front... but frankly Baby Martha and her sickness inducing ways had other ideas. \* quick disclaimer I do realise nobody looks graceful in Lycra \*

After 9 months of less use and carrying an extra 2.5 stone of baby (and maybe some cake in there too) I've got to say running again has so far been an up and down experience (and that's not the hills I've been avoiding them) My legs really didn't work like they used to, the first run that I did, I couldn't walk very well the day after, everything was too tight and everything was too tired, a barrier that 9 weeks and some yoga later I'm starting to slightly overcome, I'm also now starting to overcome the little voice in the head that tells

you, you can't do it anymore. My brain remembers the pace I used to run at, it's taken it a little while to reconcile itself with the fact that that's just not going to be happening again for a while. It's good to be outside and active again though.

There were just two Kirkstall Harriers entered into the race, myself and Graham Fisher. The day had started out a bit drab, but by the time we set off to the abbey the sun was shining bright and the heat was rather sweltering. Race numbers had been sent out before the race however we had to collect timing chips

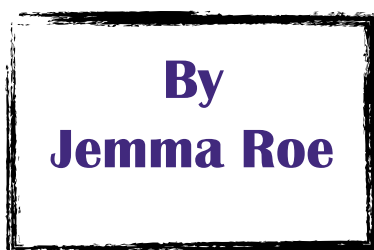
upon arrival, but the organisation was excellent so queuing times were minimal. The race had sold out, there were around 500 runners I believe, and the majority of the entrants appeared to be female (an announcer confirmed this was correct and may or may not have been to do with the fact that England were also

playing at the same time). Saunter was a very appropriate name for the event, there were many walkers there to take part, and the

general feel was that people were there to take it a bit easier and enjoy some of the stunning scenery they were about to run through.

The race started promptly at 7.30, as runners headed past the pavilion taking up the trails to the left of the river. A lot of the trails were under the cover of the trees, which was a very welcome shelter from the sun, and they were all laid down with gravel making it a bit steadier under the foot. The first part of the course was 3 miles and was errr... undulating? There were some small hills, and then there were some big hills, but with

the big hills came some big views, and I was



amongst many people that stopped to take few photos.

Just past mile 2 the course dropped level with the river and ran along for another mile until it reached a bridge where we crossed and there was water and fruit pastilles. We then started the two miles back to the finish line. Next was a nice short Grass section near the bank of the river before it was back into the woods again, where there were a few more climbs, and a nice descent onto the grass for the finish.

The finisher's bag was great, you got a very nice medal, a bottle of Timothy Taylors "Le Champion" beer, a nice sports bottle and some biscuits! Marshalls all around the course were brilliant, really supportive

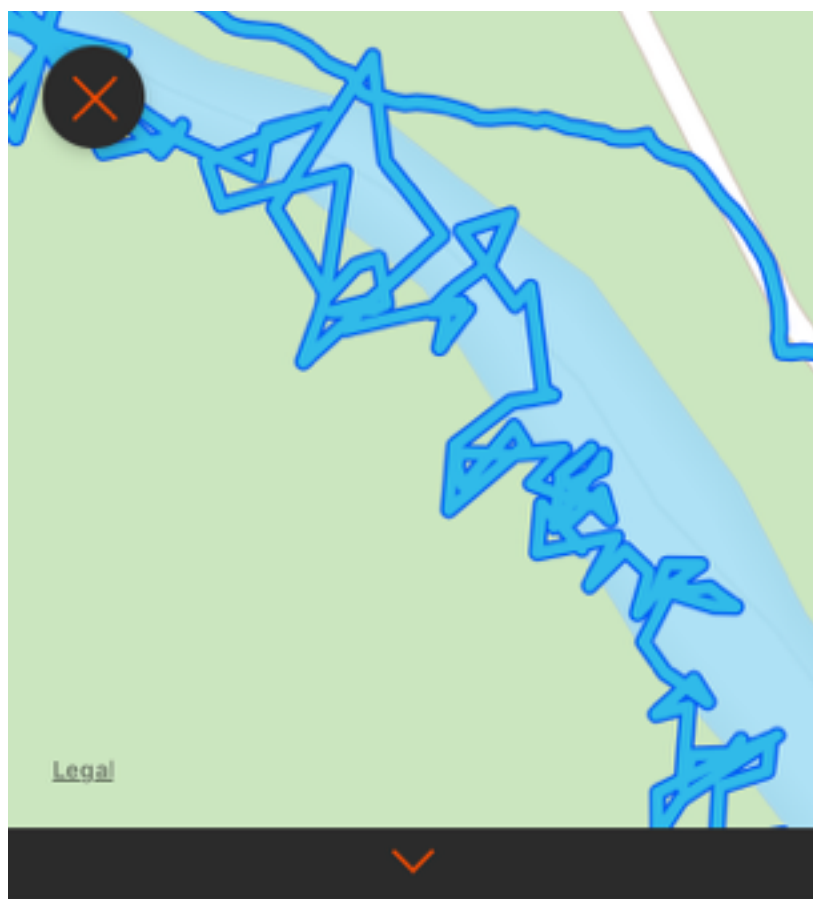
shouting out names or your club names as you passed, and on a whole the event was impeccably organised (well done Airedale

Dodgers). Personally I didn't set myself a time to complete the course in, but I did beat the time that my brain had set itself against my wishes, and it was good to be back in purple. A good event, and maybe one to think about if it is repeated next year!

Finally – James Nundy set a task for us to try and draw shapes/pictures on our run. My Strava had a bit of a meltdown (it thought I had done 11 miles?!) – but it has ended up looking a bit like spaghetti at least!



**Jemma's new flame-haired reason for her running break, and the latest innovation in medal hangers.**



## NEWS FROM OUR SOCIAL SECRETARY

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### Summer Charity event

First of all thank you to everyone who came along to support the event, despite the slight rain pour, everyone enjoyed themselves and looked to have a great time. Thanks also for the kind donations from everyone and with the much appreciated help from Alyson and her slow cookers (her electrical devices not Chris), Malcolm and Alan and their 'Fun Filled' games and DJ Steve Groves for his mad music skills, we have managed to raise £310, all of which will go to the charity Action Duchenne.

On the night we had a raffle which consisted of lots of alcohol, chocolate and goodies, based on the amount of donations I think a lot of people won something. Outside Malcolm and Alan were asking people to see how fast they could hit a tennis ball, how many pineapples they could knock off the coconut shy (???) and guess the shoe owner. Prizes were awarded to the winners of each game, being Alan and Malcolm these prizes were none like you could image. Jack Hipkiss went away with a bag of breaded croutons whilst Lucy Churm went home with a packet of Large Bottom Whips – what else could you want??



Alyson again put on a fantastic spread of homemade chilli, meatballs and stew with a number of yummy sides. All this food came in handy to soak up the alcohol caused by the 5p drinking game (not guilty). The night was then rounded off by DJ Steve Groves and his musical talent, playing tunes that got Collette Head/Hair waving, people dancing around each other and throwing pineapples at each other(???). Once again thank you to everyone who attended and I hope you all had a great night. These little events always seem to go down well so we will maybe continue to host a summer party each year.

## NEWS FROM OUR SOCIAL SECRETARY

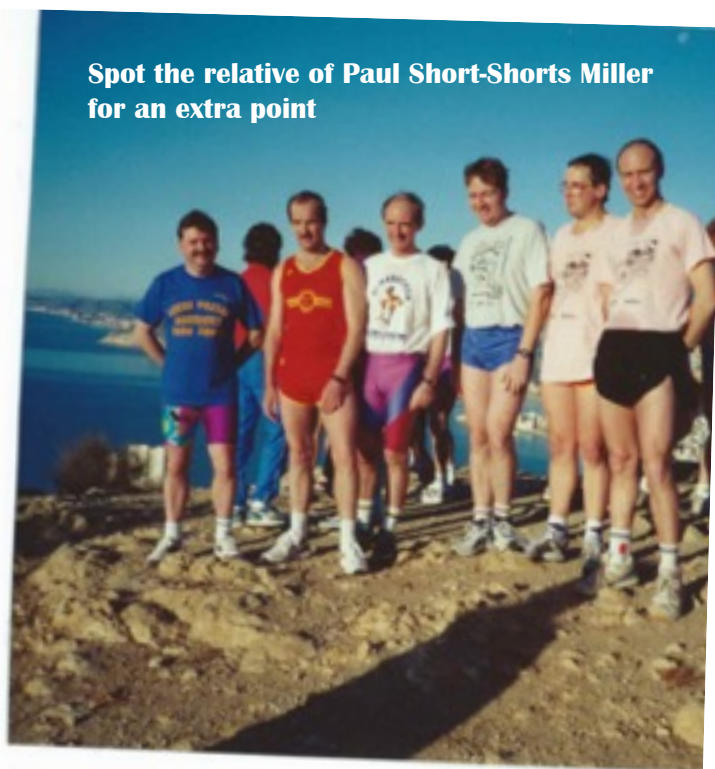
### parkrun milestone

Some of you would have noticed that over the past few months Matt Sykes-Hooban and I have been having a little race to see who could reach 50 parkruns first. Well, thanks to holidays, trips and work we both managed to complete our 50 parkrun together, along with Vicki Hipkiss who completed her 100th.

parkrun is a free 5k event put on by volunteers. It is timed and marshalled, and it's a great way to get into/improve your running. It's also a great way of making new friends. parkrun relies on volunteers so if for any reason you can't run then please do look at volunteering at your local event. We are lucky to have a number of friendly local runs around us: Woodhouse Moor, Bramley, Temple Newsam, Roundhay, Cross Flatts. There's also Lister Park (Bradford), as well as park runs in Dewsbury, Wakefield, Harrogate and other nearby towns. So if you haven't already done so pay them a visit and say hi. Don't forget that completing 5 park runs will give you a bonus 25 club championship points.

### QUIZ!

1. Name 3 people out of the group photo who are still members of the club. Any one answering who is of the same era/century as the photo will have to name all 6 individuals!
2. Name the world famous long distance running star who asked if he could pose with us all. (For a clue: it's not Mo Farah)
- 3 Name the city the photos were taken in



**Spot the relative of Paul Short-Shorts Miller for an extra point**

4. tie breaker if needed. Name the year? The flamingo pink Kirkstall Abbey 10k cotton race T shirt may be a clue.

First prize will be a free entry into the next Post Hill Fell race. If there is a 2nd prize it will be 2 free entries into the Post Hill Fell race. Send answers to our social secretary at the usual address.

PETER HEY

## PBs, new members, birthdays

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### PBS FOR JUNE: WELL DONE ALL!

Marathon	First Race	Samantha Broome	5:54:15
Marathon	PB	Adam Rhodes	3:24:35
Half Marathon	PB	Niamh Jackson	1:30:07
10m	First Race	James Finnigan	1:28:36
10m	First Race	Yekanth Venkiteela	1:29:45
10k	First Race	James Finnigan	0:53:49
10k	PB	Yekanth Venkiteela	0:58:59
5k	PB	Jackie Elmer	0:28:56
Mile	First Race	Rhona Cameron	0:08:14
Mile	PB	Paul Chapman	0:06:33
Mile	First Race	Timothy Dixon	0:05:40
Mile	First Race	Hannah Newman	0:08:00
Mile	PB	Malcolm Taylor	0:06:16
Mile	First Race	Yekanth Venkiteela	0:06:48

### Member Birthdays in JUNE

Scott Anderson  
Jill Buckley  
Rhona Cameron  
Harriet Carlyle  
Paul Cornock  
Martin Crosby  
Lynda Hamilton  
Katherine Hil  
Matt Kasperek

Rachael Kearns  
Tom Keeber  
Kevin Longmate  
Marion Muir  
Edward Munro  
Alice Murray-Gourlay  
Clare Rhodes  
Shamiso Sisimayi  
Hikari Yamaguchi



### NEW MEMBERS

James Corah, Simon Boardman: Welcome!

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## AND FINALLY

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**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. We usually run in at least three groups, and no-one is left behind. You are very welcome to turn up and run with us a couple of times to try us out. We are very friendly!**

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**Please visit our website for more information:  
[www.kirkstallharriers.org.uk](http://www.kirkstallharriers.org.uk)**

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**We also have an active Facebook page for our members.**

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**And anyone is free to follow us on Twitter: we are @kharriers and welcome all your thoughts, in 140 characters or fewer.**

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**Please email [kirkstallharriers@googlemail.com](mailto:kirkstallharriers@googlemail.com) if you would like to contribute to the newsletter. All articles are gratefully received.**

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