

ROUGH RUNNING NEWS
(FENG SHUI EDITION)



T . A . C . H .
(TOWN AND COUNTRY HARRIERS)

Also see: www.tach.org.uk

Chair: Antony (Turtle) Clark 0117 9687921
Hon Sec and Capt: John McDonough 0117 9623387
RRN Ed: Chris Bloor 0117 9624088

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THURSDAY RUN-LIST: SUMMER

ALL RUNS START at 7pm (with 10 minutes leeway for latecomers)

WHEN?	WHERE?	WHY?
June 7th	Black Horse, Clapton in Gordano (RACE) ST473739	Joe Green's Trail Race to raise money for MS Therapy Centre on our old Hill Climb course.
June 14th	White Hart, Cold Ashton ST749729	For a bit of the Cotswolds to get us in the mood.
June 21 st	The Crown at Churchill ST446595	For a touch of Mendip madness.
June 28th	The Angel, Long Ashton ST513710	For a gentle jog before the Cotwold Way Relay on Saturday.
July 5th	Prince of Waterloo, Winford ST540651	A different angle on the Dundry Thunder Run
July 12th	The Dundry Thunder Run, (RACE) from the Dundry Inn ST557668	An improved version of last year's route.
July 19 th	The Fox, Inner Down, Old Down (turn left at the telephone box) ST617873	Chiefly famous for the Dirty Black Rat
July 26th	The Victoria, Westbury ST574774	A summer trip along the river
August 2 nd	Ring O' Bell, Compton Martin ST541572	A good pub with a climb up the Mendips (also serves food. I remember an excellent trout.)
August 9th	The Compton Dandy Run, (RACE) from the Inn at Compton Dando (south of Keynsham) ST646646	Probably the most popular race in the Summer Pub Series
August 16 th	The Beaufort Arms, Hawkesbury Upton ST778869	Excellent ale for a return visit to the Cotswolds
August 23 rd	The Kings Arms, Easton in Gordano (not to be confused with the Kings Head in Pill) ST514754	The pub's not bad, but the point is the paddle down the stream
August 30 th	The Pony and Trap, southeast of Chew Magna ST588613	An excellent late summer run with views over the lake

CB meets the

fourth estate

You may have read Helen Sloan's articles in the Evening Post and the Western Daily Press, but Cub reporter Dona Juanita got there first!



At the recent launch of 'Crossing Boundaries', I managed to fight my way through the massed throng to secure a brief Q & A with Christopher which went as follows :-

'You have been part of TACH for a long time now. How did this help you with writing your book?'

'It was an absolutely essential part of writing my book, because it gave me motivation, an audience for my book and lots of routes to use for it. It was the reason why I did it.'

'What were your early influences as an author?'

'The influences were practising navigation with my geography teacher using lots of our own back routes at my first school in Yorkshire and also going wading in the River Welland at my second school, Uppingham in Rutland.'

'So have you always enjoyed searching for back routes and interesting paths then?'

'Sort of...yes... I come from York, which is a town with the most amazing set of back routes, so wherever I go on holiday the first thing I want to do is go and explore!'

'You have also always had a great interest in history. Do historical sites feature much in your runs?'

'Yes, every run has something to do with history so that they are interesting for everyone'

Doña Juanita

Dies horribilis

8 April

Dear diary; awoke to a bright yellow glow around the edge of the curtains. Spring is sprung and it looks like it is going to be a hot one. I get up and sort out the usual domestics – get the Sunday papers, check and discover that I haven't won the Lottery (again!), clear up the kitchen from the previous evening. The one thing I don't do is take on a load of water, which transpires to be a mistake.

The Hanham Horror is run from the Vicarage Lane playing fields in Hanham, so it is a flog across town. Then I am directed to park in a nearby side street. Ted and Ann Jones appear from a nearby vehicle. I wander across and spot a few friendly (Martin Bird, Jim Plunkett – Cole) old (Frank Brady) faces and hook up with PK who is nursing a cold. It's already good and hot, and plenty warm enough in a singlet. The race blurb refers to mountaineering skills and mud, so I can only think there is climb a la Dursley Dozen.

It's a decent sized field of a couple of hundred as we walk to the start in the field below. We spread wide but will be funnelled between two thorn bushes.

And we're off! We loop around back onto the road and then through the playing fields to spread the field before we hit a series of steps. Half way down the steps 2 ladies are doing the girly thing of baby steps while waving their arms in the air and squealing (I hate squealing!) and it takes a couple of burly guys brushing by before they get the message to stay to the side out of everyone's way.

We then turn onto the towpath. After about a mile I realise the error I made wearing Innov8s in anticipation of the aforementioned mud. It's rock hard underfoot - no doubt an effect of the baking sun which is beating down on our heads.

Having set off without water (It's only 6.5 miles with water at 4.) I am suffering a dehydration headache at 2.5 miles. The route alternates between the towpath and tracks climbing up into the woods, where it is at least a bit cooler.

We then climb up to the road and curve around in an arc turning back on ourselves so we can do the same sort of thing on the way back.

The water stop is most welcome and I stay to drink three cups, losing the 5 places I had won until then. Pushing on along a long stretch of towpath, I manage to draw a couple back before, crossing the stream, we arrive at the hubbub of the final ascent. This involves hauling up about 80 metres of a dry and dusty bank on a rope. A short trot - then we turn the corner to see the finish line in sight. I trot in with no-one around me to collect my black and red T-shirt and have a chat with Jim and watch the other runners come in.

The hard work done, we repair to the Lock & Weir for a restorative pint of Addlestones (*a wonder for dehydration!* – ed.) on the patio outside and contemplate the race. I conclude I would have enjoyed it a lot better with 20 degrees less temperature and a lot more mud.....

DJ

What does it all mean?

It was not until after the publication of 'Crossing Boundaries' that I discovered that the animated maps, which illustrate it, are a primitive kind of Feng Shui.

Modern Feng Shui is a Chinese art or pseudo-science that is associated, in the West, with interior design. However, in the East, it was originally a system of earth magic connected with military campaigns and the design of fortifications. Practitioners of Feng Shui (or geomancers) were considered such a threat that those not under the personal control of the emperor were periodically gathered in and purged.



Agent *Smurf* checks out 'Crossing Boundaries' for military secrets

However, the pronouncements of geomancers of the Form School of Feng Shui, which have come down to us through western sources, seem a little childish to say the least. One town in China was said to be vulnerable to attack because its outline resembled a carp, while its hostile neighbour resembled

a net. The cure (which worked) was to build two tall pagodas to tangle the net. In another case, a temple shaped like a turtle was thought to be causing trouble, so it was blinded by filling in the wells that formed its eyes.

Clearly the maps in 'Crossing Boundaries' reflect a similar mind set: but what does it all mean?

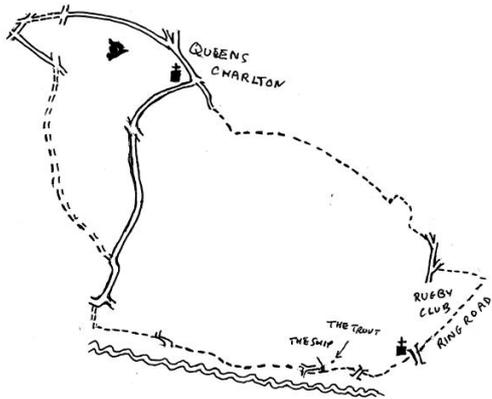
Perhaps an example will make it clearer.

Take last Thursday's run from the Ship in Keynsham (May 3rd).

The route is a short section of the Two Queen's' route from 'Crossing Boundaries', which looks like this:



However, when you chop up a route, you end up with a completely different shape. At first I thought it looked like a puffin diving. But when I drew it out, it looked totally wrong, until I changed its orientation.



It is clearly a sealion.

But how does that affect ones enjoyment of the run?

Well, the first thing you notice is the fact that the belly of the beast is appropriately associated with water in the form of the River Chew.

The next thing we discovered, when we ran around its backside between Keynsham Rugby Club and the ring road, was that the surface had deteriorated and it was now a load of c**p. Spookily, when we got back to the pub, we found that Sue Baic's car had blown up – on the ring road – just out of sight over the bank. Was this caused by getting too close to the back end of a sealion?

The next section along the back of the animal was a smooth

climb, mostly on grass, followed by a lane full of beautiful houses leading to Queens Charlton Church on the shoulder of the sealion.

Here Libby and Pete Brown turned off to join Allie for the return, while the rest of us carried on around the sealion's head, climbing all the way.

We were rewarded by magnificent views from the sealion's snout, which was recognised as the summit of the ascent up Slate Lane by those who had run the Pensford 10K.

The descent along a stony by-way was splendid and was followed by a jog along the River Chew, where we rejoined Libby's gang.

The Ship proved a smoky pub and I was left wondering whether we would have been better off at the cider pub, the Trout, on the other side of the road. After all, sealiions like fish and don't get on with ships.

If we had done the run from the Trout, it is possible that it would have rained, so that the path alongside the Rugby Club would have been more comfortable to run on, and, maybe, Sue's car would not have been blown away!

CB

The Hogweed Hilly Half

Venue: Horton Village Hall, Horton, South Gloucestershire.

Date: 11th March 2007

The morning of Sunday 11th March dawned bright for the start of a glorious day of spring sunshine. I struggled out of bed and did some last minute carb-loading forcing down some toast and cereal - decided I wasn't really a morning person and went back to bed for a longer kip. Finally when the evil moment could be put off no longer I donned vest and shorts, a coat of vaseline and factor 15 and flagged a lift a mile down the road to Horton Village Hall. Why run further than I really needed to?

I'd only decided to enter this "challenging hilly course run on quiet rural roads" 2 weeks before. John and I were on one of our occasional Sunday morning runs around the Cotswold lanes and I was dragging myself up Kilcott with only a glimpse of John's vest disappearing up in the distance ("See you at the top and put some effort into it!"). As I struggled with the last few metres of ascent a car pulled up alongside me. Bob Bell, the HHH race director wound the window down slowly, leant his head out of informed me, cheerfully that if I could run up Kilcott hill I could probably do the Hogweed Hilly half in a fortnights time. By the time I reached the top the endorphins had kicked in I was inclined to agree, anything was possible. I'd only ever run flat half marathons before so I thought why not give it a go?

Back at Horton Village Hall on the day the 300 strong field assembled promptly for the whistle start. After a flat mile, the first ascent of the Cotswolds appeared and took my breath away. Familiarity with the terrain helped and I settled into a steady climb before we dropped back down towards Horton again. The route continued along gently undulating lanes for a couple of miles onto Hawkesbury Common. At 5 miles I spied John outside his house with a cup of coffee and the Sunday papers. He was ready with a word or two of encouragement ("What kept you?") and a very welcome jelly baby.

From there it was flat across to Hillesley village and gently up towards the scenic Kilcott valley. Next came the infamous Kilcott hill for our second major climb at 8 miles. Across the top of the Cotswolds I kept myself going focussing on catching the runner in front. By this time the field around me was very spread out but at least I wasn't last! At about 11 miles we turned into Hawkesbury Upton village and ran along the edge of the Cotswold Way dropping down to Hawkesbury and eventually past the picturesque church.

From here on in the local knowledge proved useful once again. I knew virtually every bump in the road and just how far it was back to Horton so it was head down and get on with it. To my surprise I managed the 3rd and final climb at 12 miles surprisingly well, passing a few runners I knew on the hill and grimacing at the race photographer as I came by.

Back down the hill and across the finish line. Here massage students had set up tables, so free and very welcome massages were on offer to all runners. I won't name and shame a particular individual who managed to blag a massage, despite not having actually run the race - he knows who he is!

Amazingly, given the smooth organisation, this is only the third running of this classic, half marathon. All in all, it's a really scenic road race, well marshalled with plenty of water stops and a bargain at only £11 (affiliated). I have to say I actually enjoyed it more than any other half I've run before but it's probably not one if you're aiming for a PB. I will definitely be up for it next year – any other TACHers want to join me?

Sue Baic

Notes:

PHYSIO

Sue received the following message from Jemma our club physio:

"I wondered if you or any of the club were interested in some free running analysis. I'm aware that we never took this any further and was wondering if you think anyone might be interested. I now work out of Next Generation Health Club in Westbury-on-Trym where I have access to a treadmill and I'd be happy to block out some time in the diary there to assess people and give advice/exercises where appropriate"

If you are interested, contact Jemma on:

enquiries@thephysioplac.co.uk

CHARITY DONATION

A TACH cheque for £300 was presented to a representative of "CLIC Sargent", the Children's Cancer Charity after the W4rington Woodland Run.

COTSWOLD WAY RELAY – PUT THIS DATE IN YOUR DIARY!

The 2007 date is now confirmed – it will be 30th June as expected. John McDonough has downloaded a couple of application forms - £50 per team same as last year, so £5 per person. If you are interested in doing a leg, please contact John (details on front of this Newsletter).

TICKS AND LYMES DISEASE.

Nasty article in The Times recently saying that there is a tick epidemic this year and worse still that one in three are carrying Lyme Disease so take extra care after running, check yourselves and seek medical advice if in doubt.