

ROUGH RUNNING NEWS



T . A . C . H .

(TOWN AND COUNTRY HARRIERS)

See also: www.tach.org.uk

and www.gaveller.wordpress.com

and www.closetothecountryside.co.uk

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Editorial

Spring is just round the corner, though one wouldn't think it from the icy runs and race cancellations that have just been experienced. To celebrate this vernal proximity, our Race List Guru, the esteemed Gaveler, has devised a Spring Romance run list that will have TACH members in raptures (see the final page for full details).

The new Club Championship, devised by Rob Hicks from an original idea by Pete de Boer, has generated much activity in the pub after training runs. For more information, attend a training run and get a personal introduction to the intricacies of the Championship from Captain Hicks.

Post-training pub activity has also been generated by the comments book that has been passed around whilst libations have been imbibed. Some of the comments are published for your entertainment and inspiration.

In this issue I have captured the results of TACH members in recent races. I find it interesting to see the variety of races that club members are undertaking. I would welcome feedback on this, especially if you disagree with me and don't feel this should be a regular part of RRN. I have tried to find all the relevant results for local races – if you are doing a race further afield, please let me know so that I can include the result.

We have some excellent reports in this edition from a variety of contributors. However, more articles are always welcome – so please make an effort to provide input to the Summer edition which will be compiled in early May.

This month's recognition for the most blood spilt whilst wearing TACH colours goes to Emma, as you will see on page 9. Other gory photos, or even bloodless ones, will be gratefully received for inclusion in future editions.

Many thanks to all the contributors to this edition.

Twelfth Night Dinner - January 10th 2009

(Report by Sue Baic)

On January 10th the great and the good of TACH (well at least those not yet constrained by the credit crunch) gathered for our annual 12th Night Dinner in the upstairs room at Sergio's in Park Street.

The evening kicked off to a great start with a rousing speech from chairman Antony Clark, welcoming old and new faces and giving us a taste of evening to follow. John McD and Pete Brown received the first of the evening's awards for winning the TACH Treasure Hunt training run in splendid style (pictured right with their awards). I thought I overheard some muttering



about “life” and “the old dogs” but I couldn’t be sure given the background buzz.

Next followed the meal, in which the most amazing variety of animal species from land and sea were consumed. Our illustrious chairman rose to his feet, less steadily than before, to address us once more. An overview of the TACHing year was followed by the award of the Green Man Trophy for best overall contribution to the club. It was extremely close run with both Membership Secretary Libby and Run List Guru Chris Bloor receiving many votes but Club Captain Rob Hicks just pipped it. Graciously receiving his award Rob went on to discuss plans for next year’s championship and paid tribute to his predecessor Pete de Boer’s sterling efforts to get a championship going the previous year.

Finally Hon Sec John McD addressed us and gave the results from the TACH straw poll questionnaire, including the response from one honest member to the question “ Do you have usually a shower when you return from a Thursday training run?” – “No my partner prefers it that way”!

Finally no TACH evening would be complete without some sort of ritual humiliation of the assembled party. This year it was achieved with a version of charades cleverly entitled “ Pubs we ran from in 2008”. Particular favourites which stick in the mind remain Jason swaying in the style of “Tales of the Unexpected” (for those of you who remember it) to depict “ The Blue Flame “, Chrissie’s brave effort at George and Dragon and the various mimes for Bung Inn and Ring O Bells. Thanks to all for taking part so sportingly. (*Sue has modestly forgotten to mention that it was she who devised this wonderful entertainment – Ed*).

I would personally like to thank the club members who managed to break free my car from chains in Avery’s car park, with an amazing display of strength only possible after from a plate full of animal protein and a half bottle of red.

Many thanks to Sommelier Pete Brown for selecting the fine wines provided by the club and to Mike Bastow for organising the event so efficiently and cheerfully. More photos from the evening can be found on the TACH website.



Training Runs

Blue Flame, Nailsea

06/11/08

Had a fantastic run this evening. Thank you Bill. Following Saturday’s Green Man Challenge – legs and feet OK. Having some Thatchers to celebrate.

Somebody should mention Obama! A bop bop a lula bam a bam bu!

Rob

Elastic snapped in my running leggings – a real nuisance holding them up. Thank goodness it didn’t wear out during the Green Man Challenge on Saturday.

Ruth

Old Crown, Kelston

13/11/08

Definitely a summer route this one - to appreciate the vistas. I thought there was miles to go but turned a corner & was at the pub - Chris passing me should have given the game away!

PK

but....

Most enjoyable run. Good views in the dark and very atmospheric in the mist at the top of Kelston Round Hill.

Ed.

Prince of Waterloo, Winford 20/11/08

Great run tonight. Very enjoyable route including lots of mud and some good fast off-road sections. I ran 9.3 miles yesterday so found it slow to warm up but feel fresh as a daisy now I've got a beer inside me.

Turtle

Mud, mud, water, mud, water. You get the idea. Bill – all is forgiven!

John T

The Wellie 27/11/08

A superb run. I came with low expectations (of myself!) after time off with the flu. The run was delightful, consisting of by-ways and ginnels, woods and golf courses with a cool night and light drizzle forming excellent running conditions. Chris found a delightful sylvan path off Brentry Lane which I was unaware of – a super delight in my locale, which I will explore again on a weekend run. **John McD.**

My first run and half way round Chris said it would be 10K. Anyhow I finished and that was enough. I look forward to next week.

David

Cross Hands, Fishponds 04/12/08

Route by Chrissie Kelly – Vasalls Park, Purdown, Eastville Park, Snuff Mills. Excellent! Jonathan was saintly!

The Gaveller

Thanks everyone for supporting my first ever run (as leader)! I enjoyed the experience – steep learning curve & not so steep hills.

Chrissie

George, Backwell 11/12/08

Great route. The fields all crisp and crunchy, but the lanes all deep with mud. My first moonlit run. No torch required. Great winter running.

Jonathan

Libby should remember her ice skates next time.

Diane

Hare on the Hill Handicap Race 18/12/08

Ugh! Everyone else enjoying sour grapes. ☺ The happy winner of the handicap. An Alf Tupper training regime of pie, chips & 2 pints saw me right on the day. Makes up for being beaten by a bloke with a carbon fibre leg at Merthyr Mawr on Sunday.

John McD.

Fox, Easter Compton 01/01/09

Chris Smart set tonight's run. The pub was shut so we adjourned to Chris Bloor's gaff for a pint. 3 Chris's, 3 Petes, 2 Johns and 1 Turtle - I felt a bit left out. Good fast run.

Turtle

Black Horse, Clapton-in-Gordano 15/01/09

Jason's route over to Portishead & back via Cadbury Camp. The rain kept off, mostly, but it blasted on the top – Good route.

Gaveller

Oops, a bit long – especially in the rain! ...and we did cut a bit out – the millennium path from Weston in Gordano Church (not marked on any map). One for the summer perhaps? Some highlights were: the view from the top of Cadbury Camp Lane (both Severn Bridges, Crooke’s Peak and the whole world; the exotic bird noises from the aviary in the house on Cadbury Camp Lane and John’s Field, which had planning permission refused for tele-tubby land.

Jason

Thanks for baptismal run. Good views if sufficient imagination!

Peter Oldham

Shakespeare, Totterdown

22/01/09

Rain kept off – mostly. The “dangerous” bit along the river proved OK! Cathy out from Nailsea (not in pub); Jonathan ran here and back without coming in pub. Turtle and PK replaced the missing runners in the pub.

Gaveller

Few dodgy pathways! Run that could only be put together by someone with too much time on his hands.

Pete deB

Swan, Swineford

29/01/09

Great run – lovely views across the valley. Could have done with a torch!! Fantastic 2nd run – getting webbed feet!

Tom

Cold, muddy, windy. Learnt about some history too – the battle of Lansdown featuring my Cornish forefathers.

Anon.

Shame no-one came to do the short version of this tricky run, which I’d recc’d on Monday. Must remember to put more entry forms in folder.

Libby

Lamplighters, Shirehampton

05/02/09

Great to be back after week and a half of a cold. Felt like I’d been let off the leash for first time in ages. King’s Weston Ridge was particularly good fun – and the final blast along the river bank. Great route. Cheers!

Jonathan

Woodwose instinct took Rob and I off to the left on the golf course. The Gaveller had already overcome his as he bore off to the right. Rob and I fought it and eventually managed to follow the others. **Ed.**

Race Reports

The Full Monty Cute 10 – 7th December 2008

(by Emma Oughton)

This year the Full Monty celebrated its 10th anniversary and the organisers decided to celebrate by running from Ham Hill Country Park rather than its usual National Trust venue due to a double booking.

The day dawned clear and remarkably cold – coming as it did at the end of a freezing week. The trip to Yeovil and beyond was spent looking in wonderment at just how spectacular the icicles were and how the freezing fog seemed to really be lingering.

Ham Hill is only a mile or so from the usual start and, as its name would suggest, up a socking great hill. By this stage the sun was out, the place was filling up and it was apparent that it was a good bit colder than Bristol had been, judging by the thickly frosted puddles adorning the many – and confusing – car parks.

TACH was represented by me and PK – we both crowded into the very tightly-funnelled start and after a few inaudible words from the race director we were off. To be honest, the first mile or so was a complete blur, as by this stage the sun was low and dazzling. The start consisted of running through the quarry, up to and around the war memorial, skidding a great deal on the ice and crashing into other runners in the confusion – it’s probably fair to say there have been less painful starts to most races. The bottleneck passed, the route became clearer and, for those who had done this race before (several times), things suddenly began to make sense as we got into the woods. Here it was quite staggeringly muddy, knee deep in places, and you could only be thankful the preceding week had been fairly dry as the only way through otherwise would have been to swim.

By mile three, we were cantering along the old route – I say “we”, PK had long gone but as I got to a stile Patrick popped up beside me – he had only just made the start and been going like the clappers to move up the field. About two fields later I found my stride and managed some solid climbing leaving Patrick and the couple of women who had been in front at the bottom of the hill.

I have to say, at this point, that I really love running the Full Monty and will never forget the first time I ran it. Crewekerne had obviously gone all out that year and made sure that, at the top of each hill, was a marshal, fully decked out with tinsel and Santa hat with the trees around them decorated and Christmas songs belting out of either their car stereo or a portable tape deck, handing out mince pies and Quality Street. That was truly a Christmas spectacular but they only ever managed such dizzying heights of festivity once – it seems a shame because it really made the race a worthwhile experience and it has seemed slightly tepid since.

That said, they do still have the open bar at the top of the hands and knees climb halfway through, serving everything from squash to Guinness. I never fail to be amazed at how many runners manage a swift half or short before the ankle-knacking descent - or maybe that’s their key to success!

Due to the change of venue, there was an extra hill this year, meaning there were nine to run not eight as usual. The finish was twisting and turning through the quarry rather than the glorious half mile romp downhill where you have the finish line clearly visible for ages. In that respect, this finish was like every TACH race I’ve ever run for the first time, where after a certain point you have no idea if you have a mile or 100 yards left and only know you’ve finished when you round the corner and come face to face with everyone else!! Which is actually one of my favourite things about the races – the complete uncertainty keeps you on your toes!

At the finish was my frozen family who muttered that they remembered why they never came to my races as they are too cold and in the middle of nowhere, although I found out later they’d had a great time. The traditional – and very tasty – Christmas puddings were handed out, we all posed for a photo and then put lots of clothes on and went home to warm up.

The new venue proved very popular and they may run from the park in the future. If they do, a word of advice is to get right to the front of the race and wear sunglasses!



Brown Willy Hill Run – 1st January 2009

(by Rob Hicks)

The New Year began as it has for the past 5, or maybe 6, with the Brown Willy Hill Run. Brown Willy, from the Cornish Bron Wennyly, meaning Swallows Hill, is the highest point in Cornwall and sits on Bodmin Moor. The race starts and finishes from Jamaica Inn on the A30 near Bodmin (my home town) and is even closer to the hamlet of Temple (where Jo grew up).

The 31st Dec was spent in Temple with Jo and her Mum and I played my chances down this year following last year's embarrassment... Last year (after the festivities had the better of me) I declared that I would win the race. This would have been fine if Karen (my Mother-in-Law) had not remembered the next day (the next year!) – but she did. Unfortunately, she proudly told the mother of another runner, a triathlete as it

happened, that I was going to win (damn my credibility) and of course I didn't and he did. I wasn't even in the top 5.

Anyway, sobriety ensured I made no such boasts this time but secretly expected to have a good run. The course was changed this year and the race turned into a bit of a cock up. The usual route takes runners around the trig point on Brown Willy and back down the same way. It is not a marked route so it becomes a bit chaotic; in my opinion all part of the fun. This year the director marked a route up one side of the tor, over the top and down the other side adding about another 3/4 of a mile. This new route was ignored by the first 2 runners who went up and down the same way. I was in the following group of 3 runners and my group of runners went the correct way (as directed by the sole marshal on the trig point). However, on rejoining the old route we found we had dropped back about 7 more places as others had opted for the shorter option. Very annoying.

Out on the Moor I saw Jo, Karen and Dylan the dog, who had got about 2 miles in by the time I passed them on the way out (they had a head start!) and were making good progress on their way back by the time I saw them again. Also on the course were my Mum and Dad who had gone about a mile into the course and stayed there until my return. This is why I really enjoy the race.

My friend Will has also run for the past few years and we were able to have a good moan about the 'cheats' over a glass or 2 of sherry and a bowl of soup back at Karen's.

Sough 'n' Stumble

(by Don Juan)

11th January and it's time to shake off the holiday excesses with a race. I came across the Rough 'n' Tumble a couple of years ago and waxed lyrical in a former issue of RRN about it. It's run from Milton Lilbourne near Pewsey and is in White Horse country (and also in Marlborough country, advert fans). Milton Lilbourne is a chocolate box village and the race is put on to raise funds for the village hall. The weather forecast was dry and windy, so I was anticipating a howling gale blowing on the hilltops.



TACH was out in force: Jonathan G was going, and I travelled up with Emma O and Chris S. Rob had an entry but was sidelined with a cold, so Pete Brown, making a welcome return to racing after a substantial lay off, arranged to have his number.

The race takes place under the condition that the runners do not park in the village (like Slaughterford) so we were directed to park in a field 10 minutes walk from the start. As it was freezing, we wrapped up warm and took kit to get changed into after the race, to save a shivery hike back as they had a kit tent and changing facilities.

Arriving at the start, we saw Patrick W had arrived and JG was there and warming up – but no sign of Pete. I went through the usual dilemma of kit choice and opted for longs, Helly, hat and gloves on the basis it was freezing now and wouldn't get much warmer on the tops. The Race Director warned us the course was icy and on Friday they were thinking of cancelling the race. We were huddled together most of the way back in the field; I suggested to JG that he move up to save getting boxed at the start. Progress at the start was slow with ice underfoot and a field of 700 or so runners, and the first climb was a halting affair as the road shoe wearers came to terms with their folly. Chris used his brain and experience and took to the outside to surge past.

Once out onto the top it was easier to push up the field and I followed Emma from a distance of 50 yards or so with Chris close behind me as we did some steady overtaking. After a couple of miles we came to my favourite bit – a gully, between 2 fields that close in overhead, which goes down for about half a mile or so. Last time I did the race I got caught in a train of fast guys and it was an exhilarating descent as there is no opportunity to overtake or be overtaken so you are pulled along. This time 5 of us got stuck behind some guy in road shoes who was tiptoeing his way down. When I emerged at the bottom I was able to overtake him and immediately scanned ahead for Emma's bushy bounce but to no avail; she was nowhere to be seen in the 300 yards or so I could see ahead. Bugger!

The race progressed with magnificent views as we hurtled down chalk tracks being bounced hither and thither by the uneven terrain. Patrick came by and we exchanged a few words.

Coming over a brow we hit a grassy descent and looking up could see an army of colourful ants waggledancing their way upwards. A closer inspection revealed this to be the big climb and the ants were runners pumping hands on knees as they tacked their way up the hillside. Chris pulled alongside and then led the way up to the ridge, which we followed for a few hundred yards before reaching the matching descent. 50 yards ahead of me, Chris took off down at a good lick. Trying to follow, I immediately found out that the ground was frozen and my conical studs, so good for finding traction in mud, meant that I had all the grip of a hippo on ice. A painfully slow descent followed and I arrived at the bottom just in time to see Chris disappearing over the brow of the next hill, 400 yards ahead. Double bugger!! I pushed on over flatter terrain now and focussed by picking off target runners one by one.

We came off the grass and onto lanes before going back into the woods for a bit of mudplugging to ensure our legs were well and truly sapped. The last climb was a bit of country lane where the majority of the runners, including yours truly, caught their breath by having a bit of a walk before hitting the last muddy descent. Curiously, I felt much happier pushing on in the mud than on the tarmac, and managed to finish with a flourish overtaking 4 runners in the last half mile.

JG persuaded another runner to take a TACH team photo on his



phone before we took advantage of the changing facilities. These transpired to be open air changing facilities so Chris sought the refuge of a hedge to protect his modesty when he discovered that he had only brought a hand towel. Having no such scruples, and modesty which in those conditions could be covered with an eye patch, I quickly got changed in the middle of the field before seeking out a reviving bacon butty, followed by coffee and cakes.

Chris went to look at the results and saw someone writing Em's name down so we waited for her to be called up in the prize giving. Em was 4th lady and 3rd FV35.

Prizes were given for the first 2 FV35s. Em is 40. **There was no FV40 category** - which gave Em something to ponder out loud about on the way back to the car. . .

The Riverbank Rollick – 18th January 2009

(by Emma Oughton)

I ran this for the first time last year, on my 40th birthday and sort of enjoyed it despite its lack of real hills. Did I enjoy it enough to run it a second time? Well, it is local and the closest race to my birthday so I thought I would try again – its only 8.5 miles so it can't possibly be that hard can it?

Hmmm, I discovered very quickly that a fool and her warmth are soon parted and that actually it's not that much more fun second time around! To be fair to the Rollick, it wasn't their fault that my trail shoes were absolutely soaking so my feet were numb before I'd even put my bag into storage. It also was unlucky that it rained quite so heavily the night before leaving most of the course under a substantial amount of water – of which more later. It also transpired that it was Westbury Harriers club championship so every decent runner in the club i.e. plenty of both sex, were out in bullish mood. Still, the sun came out and it didn't seem that windy as we walked to the start – what could possibly go wrong?

The race starts down a farm track so again, being towards the front pays dividends, although if you find yourself in front of recognizable past winners you may have gone too far! The first couple of miles were going well, a hasty last minute veer to the right meant that running through a steaming heap of silage was thankfully avoided. Then we hit the farm track and the rutted road beyond.

It's one thing getting a bit of mud splashed up your leg, its quite another suddenly falling off a three foot drop into ice covered water and feeling something deep within your right buttock go "ping". Chris Smart cruised by, he was in his Mountain Marathon element, plus he's much taller so coped better with the water that by that stage was lapping against the top of my shorts. I can honestly say I have never felt more like quitting a race with everything numb from the waist down and a sore backside - however, sense prevailed as I realised it would take ages to get to a marshal which would involve wading back through the icy water anyway and it was only 8.5 miles so stop whining!

As we finally struggled out of the water and back onto the fields the wind started to pick up and really hit with vengeance on the riverbank itself – two plus miles of Baltic headwind was not so much short drying useful as a form of chilly endurance. I have found from previous experience that if you're in a race and start to think "you know Ranulph Fiennes would really enjoy this" you are generally in trouble.

As the end of the riverbank hove into view I cheered inwardly at the knowledge that six miles had been run, but no, the sign said four – must be those interminable country miles! Onward and upward to one of the two climbs, small but vicious probably best describes the hill. At the top, yet more gallons of mud – do they grow it in Thornbury?? It was quite a staggering amount.

The last miles passed in an ice-cream headache blur, my legs never actually warmed up. In an uncanny rendition of last year, I got to the top of the golf course, I knew for a fact there was only half a real mile left to run when Patrick appeared from nowhere and overtook – it was a real Groundhog Day moment.

The final piece of joy for the runners, but mostly the spectators, is the quick dash along the river before climbing up to the finish. That it gets your shoes quite clean is possibly all there is to say on the matter! The finish was a very welcome sight; they do get you in very swiftly and efficiently. Once bags have been collected you can either brave the tepid dribble of football club showers or put on a pair of truly hideous but toasty warm track pants, which is definitely my preferred option because it means you can get to the tea and cake that much faster.

I have to admit that it was my worst race for ages, I was in the process of boring Chris and Lucien (from Great Western) how horribly dull and painful it was when my name was called as first V40 – I nearly choked on my fruitcake because I had run horribly! Still, bless Sweatshop and their vouchers – I am hoping they sell less painful backsides to compensate for the horror of mile two.



I know I will run it again next year and I know I will probably complain about it next year but it is local and it is nice to have a birthday goal – even if that just involves keeping your shorts dry!

The Slaughterford 9 – 25th January 2009

(by Rob Hicks)

I have entered the Slaughterford race twice before but through injury have not made the start. This year I was too late to enter and it was the misfortune of Jonathan that led to me race. Jonathan was unwell and offered me his number the Saturday before, overhearing me complaining on the Thursday that I had not got in.

John and Chris S were also running and John kindly offered me and Jo a lift. We set off early and made good time to Slaughterford. John's story about former TACH runner Richard Dempster who arrived late and parked his Bath Ales van on Leafy Lane (you MUST NOT park on Leafy Lane!) lightened the mood as I began to think about the job in hand.

The route begins with a mass jog to the start (it is a mass jog - the entry limit is 400) across the main road to the lane on which we begin. The first few miles are downhill and the lane soon turns to a very muddy path flanked by pastoral



fields. A few things were consistent in this race; the mud; the hills and the fantastic support of the marshals and spectators. Other prominent memories are of a great battle with a Corsham Runner (which I lost) and of the river and of the hill. There a hills, there are big hills and there are hills like the one just before the finish of this race. The t-shirt you earn for competing the course asks if you 'ran the hill?' In my mind I did. I never stopped running however I'm not sure the spectators gathered near the top would agree.

I finished in just over an hour, which was what I had hoped for but had not expected, and waited for John and Chris. I did not have to wait too long for company as at this point I was joined by Jo, Ruth, Sylvie and Dylan the dog.

Chris appeared, closely followed by John just one place behind. I am sure that John would have loved to have caught up with Chris, who had noticed him on the section that doubles back after the river, but he could not. There were plentiful supplies of food and drink at the finish and, whilst the support crew returned to the clubhouse for a coffee, John and I got changed.

We all headed for the Quarryman at Box, grabbed the last table and enjoyed some excellent Butcombe beer and a spot of lunch. Chris and (now regular Thursday runner) Cathy joined us; the banter and beer flowed like only it does after a tough, invigorating race.

Race Results

The Full Monty'Cute' 10 miles 07/12/2008 - 226 finishers		
Name	Time	Position
Peter Kennedy	1hr 23:51	9
Emma Oughton	1hr 35:29	58
Patrick Winstone	1hr 36:31	66

Merthyr Mawr Xmas Pudding 10k 14/12/2008 - 583 finishers		
Name	Time	Position
Robert Hicks	39:35	12
John McDonough	52:29	216

Christmas Cracker 10K 14/12/2008 - 1209 finishers		
Emma Oughton	43:59	134
Patrick Winstone	50:16	359

Stoke Stampede Boxing Day 10K 26/12/2008 - 317 finishers		
Peter Kennedy	40:45	41

Clevedon Boxing Day 4 miles 26/12/2008 - 815 finishers		
Patrick Winstone	31:19	378

Whinberry Naze Boxing Day Fell 4 miles 26/12/2008 - 169 finishers		
Peter Brown	30:02	32

Hangover 10K 01/01/2009 - 158 finishers		
Patrick Winstone	50:40	105

Brown Willy 6 Miles 01/01/2009 - number finishers unknown		
Robert Hicks	Unknown	7

Rough 'n Tumble 10 miles 11/01/2009 - 559 finishers		
Name	Time	Position
Jonathan Gledson	1hr 19:02	34
Peter Brown	1hr 27:56	107
Emma Oughton	1hr 30:55	145
Patrick Winstone	1hr 31:15	150
Chris Smart	1hr 31:58	163
John McDonough	1hr 33:53	189

Riverbank Rollick 8.7 miles 18/01/2009 - 235 finishers		
Chris Smart	1hr 16:10	75
Patrick Winstone	1hr 16:10	76
Emma Oughton	1hr 16:45	78

Slaughterford 9 miles 25/01/2009 - 362 finishers		
Robert Hicks	1hr 01:03	10
Chris Smart	1hr 16:36	94
John McDonough	1hr 16:57	95

May Hill Massacre 8 miles 01/02/2009 - 469 finishers		
Patrick Winstone	1hr 15:19	120

Green Man News

Thirteen

(by The Gaveller)

Boxing Day, 2008 brought us our thirteenth Woodwose when Tim Down of Bad Tri and TRA completed the Green Man Challenge in 11 hours.

He was seen off by the Gaveller in Clifton beside the Suspension Bridge and was met in Dundry by Pete deBoer, who kept him company until he reached Pensford, when family commitments took Pete back to Dundry.

At 12:10 he texted in from Shortwood Hill, with 22.9 miles and 5hr 10mins on his Garmin. He reported: "Still some energy tho a little stiff!"

At 13:54 he reported: "Hambrook 29.5m, 6h 54m. In urgent need of zimmer frame".

At 15:04: "Patchway C[ommunity] C[ollege] 8h 04mn 34.5m. Think I might do it!".

At 16: 51 he reported "Leaving Blaise now."

The Gaveller met Tim on Avon Way and, with Liz who had met him at Blaise, they made their way back to the start. He looked in good condition after his ordeal.

On New Year's Eve he emailed: "Managed to pick up a cold somewhere en route but nevertheless I'd like to say how much I have gained from researching and completing the route. In spite of having lived in and around Bristol for most of my life I have learned a great deal about my own environment. I quite fancy giving it another go once the ground is firmer under foot and the days a little longer".

Event

John Tarkanyi and Diane Zimmer invite you to a

Breakfast Run in Backwell

Saturday 14 March, 8.30 am

Long run of 6 or 7 miles and short run of 4 miles

Please email Diane Zimmer (Diane.Zimmer@uwe.ac.uk) by 5 March

Numbers limited to 25

From:

42 Oakleigh Close, Backwell BS48 3JU Tel: 01275 462892

Directions:

From Bristol, take A370 towards Weston. When you get to Backwell, proceed through the traffic lights and watch out for the Spar on your right. Continue past this for about 1/3 mile and then turn left on Church Lane (the turning is shortly after the sign on the right for the Backwell Tennis Club). Proceed along Church Lane to the first turning on the right (St Margaret's Lane). After turning right on St Margaret's Lane, proceed to the end, and the semi you will see on the opposite side of the road is the other side of 42 Oakleigh Close. There is also a massive oak tree on the corner to the right. You can park anywhere along St Margaret's Lane, Oakleigh Close or Karen Drive.

Draws Galore

LONDON MARATHON - GOOD LUCK!

As you saw in the last edition of RRN, we had one club entry for this event.

As there were had two very keen contestants for the place, a draw was help in December. The draw was won by Jonathan Gledson. We'd all like to wish him the very best of luck on 26th April.

Also good luck to Rob Hicks (the other entrant) running his *alternative* – the Edinburgh Marathon.

ANOTHER DRAW...!

If you were at our Annual 12th Night Dinner, you will know that all current paid-up TACH members were put into a draw for a free pair of off-road shoes, donated by the running shop Moti.

The lucky winner was Duncan Hooper, whose photo will appear on the TACH and Moti web sites. Well done that lucky runner and a big thanks to Moti.

moti
Be active. Feel great.

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7
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A WEEK

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THURSDAY RUN-LIST: SPRING ROMANCE

ALL RUNS START at 7pm (with 10 minutes leeway for latecomers)
It's getting lighter bit by bit.

WHEN?	WHERE?	WHY?
February 12 th	The Bag O'Nails , Bottom of Jacobs Wells Rd ST578726	Handicap Race. The pub is a real ale haven
February 19 th	Dundry Inn , Dundry ST557668	Peter DeBoer. Pub is under new management. Flat run impossible.
February 26 th	The Salutation , Henbury ST 565788	Toby Carvery . So the brave may make a break for the Blaise Inn!
March 5 th	The White Hart Weston-in-Gordano ST446743	I didn't make it last time and it sounded like a good route.
March 12 th	The Swan Conham Hill, Hanham ST635722	A new route from a new pub. There may even be chips.
Sat March 14 th	42 Oakleigh Close , Backwell BS48 3JU	Diane and John's Breakfast Run 10am Please let them know if you are going.
March 19 th	The Old Fox Inner Down, Old Down ST437636	Black Rat. Chris Smart to lead.
March 26 th	Prince's Motto Barrow Gurney ST530679	A decent pub with good routes known to many
April 2 nd	The Victoria Chock Lane ST574774	It's my birthday weekend and I can walk home from here!
April 9 th	The Blathwayt Arms Lansdown ST726686	Not a very pubby pub, but there is good running on Lansdown
April 16 th	The Old Inn Congresbury ST437636	This is where the club was started 14 years ago.
April 23 rd	The George Abbot's Leigh ST543737	St George's Day run
April 30 th	The Priory Portbury ST498753	Ruth/Jason's bluebell run
May 7 th	Wrighton Woodland Run Lord Nelson at Cleeve STST456656	Race – all hands to the pump
May 14 th	The Windmill Portishead ST458767	Views over to Wales
May 21 st	The Bowl Almondsbury ST604841	Chris and Libby's anniversary run
May 28 th	The Compton Inn Compton Dando ST646646	It might be the race route, but there are other good routes from here