

# CITY OF HULL AC



*Supported by  
Simply Running, Albion Street, Hull  
&  
Start Fitness, Butcher Row, Beverley*

## NEWSLETTER FEBRUARY 2005

### Terry Allanson

It is with great sadness that the club hears of the sudden death of long time member Terry Allanson at the age of 63. Terry was one of life's true characters and time spent in his company was always guaranteed to send you away with a smile on your face. Many of you will remember Terry from the London Marathon trips of the 80's and 90's when he started the bingo, raffles and quizzes that have now become a popular part of every trip, he also supplied all the prizes at his own expense. He took part in 10 London Marathons to raise money for the Ganton Special School, which his granddaughter attended. Terry was that rare commodity in today's society, a giving, caring man who always had a story to tell as he went through life helping others, he will be sadly missed. Those of us who were honoured and privileged enough to have known Terry can take great pride in being able to say, "Terry Allo was a mate of mine".  
By Dave Brook.

### Training Sessions

Monday 5.45pm	Humber Bridge top car park	Speed session
Tuesday 7.00pm	From Haltemprice Sports Centre	Club night
Thursday 9.00am	Elloughton Dale top	Pensioner's Plod
Thursday 6.00pm	From Haltemprice Sports Centre	Club night
Thursday 7.00pm	From Haltemprice Sports Centre	Fartlek Session
Saturday 8.30am	Wauldby Green, Raywell	3 to 5 mile cross country
Sunday 8.45am	Brantingham Dale car park halfway down	Cross country

### London Marathon Trip 2005 – Bob & Denise Thompson

If you are booked onto the London Marathon Trip, please pay any outstanding amounts that you owe  
by the end of February. tel 01482 656070 or email [tomo@derede.karoo.co.uk](mailto:tomo@derede.karoo.co.uk)

### City of Hull AC - 3 Mile Winter League Series – Last Race

Tue 1<sup>st</sup> Mar            7.00pm, Humber Bridge top car park

### East Yorks Cross Country League

Sun 13 <sup>th</sup> Feb	Bishop Wilton, Pocklington	Host Pocklington	11.00am
Sun 6 <sup>th</sup> Mar	North Dalton	Host Driffield	11.00am
Sun 20 <sup>th</sup> Mar	Ship Inn, Sewerby, Bridlington	Host Bridlington	11.00am

### Race Diary

Sun 20 Feb	Snake Lane 10 (miles), Pocklington	11.00am
Sun 13 Mar	East Hull 20 (miles),	10.00am
Sun 20 Mar	Ackworth Half Marathon, Nr Pontefract	10.30am
Sun 20 Mar	Louth 10 (miles), Lincolnshire	11.30am
Sun 3 Apr	Lincoln 10k	10.30am

### Champagne League 2005 - Entry forms will be out shortly, please return asap

29 Mar 05	Humber Foreshore, 4.0 miles - all off road
5 Apr 05	North Cave, 4.0 miles – multi terrain
12 Apr 05	Sancton, 3.7 miles – multi terrain
19 Apr 05	Beverley Westwood, 3.7 miles – all off road
3 May 05	Brantingham Chase, 4.0 miles – multi terrain
17 May 05	South Dalton, 5.1 miles – multi terrain
31 May 05	Kiplingcotes, 6.0 miles – multi terrain
14 Jun 05	Wauldby Green, 8.4 miles – multi terrain
28 Jun 05	Lockington, 4.0 miles – multi terrain
12 Jul 05	Humber Foreshore, 4.0 miles – all off road

### Warners Sports Injury Night – 23<sup>rd</sup> February 2005 - Open invite to all CoH club members

Paul Body has organised an informative talk by Keith Warner at the Hull Sports Medicine Centre, Pickering Road on Wednesday 23<sup>rd</sup> February, 7.30pm – 9.30pm. Keith will discuss causes and treatment of sports injuries as well as preventative measures us runners can take to avoid them occurring in the first place. After the talk, the footscan equipment will be available free of charge so those who wish can have their running motion checked to help in the future when purchasing trainers, i.e. stability, neutral etc.

Paul needs idea's of numbers wishing to attend the evening, so if interested please call him evenings on tel 01482 654923 or email [paul-body@supanet.com](mailto:paul-body@supanet.com)

### Ferriby 10 by Steve Holmes

We had 466 entries for this year's Ferriby 10, which showed a small increase on last year's race. The biggest worry in holding an event in January, is the weather as it can be so unpredictable, however, this year we were very lucky, the sun shone and it was a warm and pleasant day, with a lot of runners hanging around at the finish, just chatting, which was nice to see. The race was again won by Pumlani Bangani of Scunthorpe & District AC in a time of 54 min 35 sec with second place going to Stuart Carmichael of Beverley AC in 55 min 48 sec. The first City of Hull runner to finish was Jason Purdon in 62 min 34 sec, with our first lady being Claire Nicholson in 75 min 33 sec. I would like to thank all our members and non members who helped out, making the race such a success. I would also like to thank our sponsors, SBS Services, Simply Running and Neville Tucker Heating; for supporting this event..

### Yorkshire Vets by Steve Holmes

Sunday 6<sup>th</sup> February saw us competing in the Yorkshire Vets championships at Thirsk and we had runners at vet70, vet50, vet40 and a ladies vets team. The biggest successes on the day were Glen Hood winning the vet70 prize, Becky coming 2nd overall but winning the vet 35 prize and the ladies team, (Becky, Lucy and Denise) finishing 3<sup>rd</sup>. Many thanks to Derick for organizing such a pleasant day out.

### LANGDALE END 23/01/05... THE MOTHER OF THE PIMPLE, starring Crème Fouettée

Written by Tania and Tom.

It was a beautiful sunny, Sunday morning; you know the type you've just got to get up for! We met at Haltemprice and off we set in 2 cars, ably driven by Steve H. and John. Steve was in the lead, John struggled to understand this going at the speed limit thing, and shot past, but, did he get to Langdale End 1<sup>st</sup>, did he heck!

I stepped out of the car and found myself in the shadows of something huge, I looked up and up and up again "this must be the PIMPLE" I gasped. Although magnificent, I didn't relish the thought of racing up and down it. To my delight I found that the course had been changed and the pimple and the stream were no longer on route. "This is going to be a doddle" I thought.

So we gathered at the start line, freshly washed vests, neatly ironed shorts, an aroma of fabric softener, precisely placed numbers and brand spanking new cross-country studs – and we were off, with cries of "Have a good run", and "Don't forget to enjoy it".

The first hitch was a thin path where most of us seemed to wait our turn, but the eager Helen and Sarah overtook on a different path, good thinking girls.

The course took us through woodland, where we had to duck trees and jump logs. "How exciting" I exclaimed as I followed a Scarborough runner into a big puddle, I said "Scarborough, I thought you would have known the right way to go". "No" he replied "Never been here before!" Just goes to show how vests can be deceiving.

We came to a ledge, where like lemmings we had to jump into sloppy mud below. I couldn't see any body parts in the mud, so I launched myself into it, the mud was calf deep. Now I was beginning to enjoy myself, and started to sing a Katie Melua song,

"This is the closest thing to crazy,  
I have ever been.  
Feeling twenty two, acting seventeen.  
This is the closest thing to crazy,  
I have ever known.  
I was never crazy on my own!"

Upwards we battled, I could still see Derek and Steve C. they must have been having a good run!

And then I saw it, it was enormous, (cue the scary music) a force to be reckoned with, the one the only, MOTHER OF THE PIMPLE. "AHHH!" I screamed before gathering my strength and declaring "This Pimple needs some special Cream and who's more special than me?" Tania Cream AKA Crème Fouettée.

Cue the music "Ooops there goes gravity,  
Back to reality." Eminem.

We climbed 700 metres that day, we raced 7 miles and Sarah informed me we burnt off 700 calories, Yummy!

The ridge at the top was well worth the climb. A glimmer of sun sending shards of light onto the surrounding countryside, and the dusting of snow sparkled as though it was encrusted with diamonds, the view was breathtaking and I for one was glad to be alive, enough of this joy, we had a race on our hands.

Once at the top it was pretty much all down hill as we retraced our steps through the sloppy mud and log strewn paths. I fell over and had thick mud up to my chest; I just couldn't resist some free beauty treatment.

And so we were all safely gathered in! We looked like the remnants of a rugby match, with mud on most of us; Jeff had a cut nose as he had forgotten about the tree we needed to duck! And Kevin was limping badly after falling at the last hurdle, but still managing to make it to the finish line. Well done Kevin.

Zack has to be awarded man-of-the-match, for winning convincingly. Well done Mel – 1<sup>st</sup> C.O.H. lady home.

Safely back in the cars, I asked how everyone felt, Derek said "Exhilarated" I chuckled to myself as I thought he meant, X RATED HILL, or ex (hill) arated, either way I had to agree. THE END. x.

Round Rotherham (from the "sharp" end) (Or, as it turned out, pretty dim really) by Stu Buchan  
*"Quality is never an accident; it is always the result of high intention, sincere effort, intelligent direction and skilful execution; it represents the wise choice of many alternatives."* William A Foster

Steve (Coveney) asked me to write something as payment in kind, refusing an offer of petrol money as we journeyed home from the Rowbotham's fifty miler.

I think he had it in mind that we might inspire some of you to give it a go next year, but I can't help thinking that in this he seriously miscalculated as all I really want to say, following a barrage of profanity is, "Don't bloody-well count me in if you do!".

So, Steve's idea was that I should write about the trials of running at the front of the field whilst he stole the moral high ground for himself and spoke about the tribulations of life among the equally competitive but not so blinkered majority. Again, a fundamental error as I was at the front (modesty forbids me to add, the very front and far away) and then...I wasn't.

What can I say? I'd already lost count of the many and various ways my tired mind had conspired to misinterpret the Wainwright style map the organisers had provided for our navigation of the course, mostly turning right when it indicated left and vice versa, and then I committed the major idiocy that became the story of my particular race.

A seven o'clock start for Steve saw us leaving North Ferriby at 5.30am and whilst he set off on his run while it was still dark I had a more leisurely stroll through registration and made my final preparations in the hour I had to kill before we faster lads (in theory) set out at eight o'clock. Assembled outside the Sports Centre we were told to; "Bugger off then" (such was the friendly and professional nature of proceedings) and we charged off amid a last minute frenzy of checking that our bumbags, maps and GPS systems were correctly adjusted and then fell in behind those without any of these accoutrements who seemed to know what they were doing and more importantly where they were going. To be truthful I don't think I'd have made my way out of the housing estate we immediately found ourselves in the middle of otherwise, and left to my own devices, I'd probably still be there to this day, marooned like a Japanese soldier convinced that the war was still going strong.

Initially then, I settled in a few yards behind the leading group just to feel my way into things and to try and weigh up the opposition....starting up the usual conversations one usually has, usually with runners, you know, PBs, injuries, past performances etc., with the ulterior motive of pinpointing weaknesses and getting some sense of a pecking order. Without revealing much about myself (I never realised I could be so devious) I quickly established to my own satisfaction that on paper at least, I was the quality of the field. Time would show however that, like the proverbial verbal agreement, this realisation was not worth the paper it was formulated on.

Meanwhile my ambition was such that I hoped, nay, expected to prove the other lads wrong, whom I also realised, had me pegged as the idiot who didn't know the way and was too impatient to bide his time...biiiiig mistake on my part.

Not too far into the race a threesome had begun to move away made up of myself and two others who clearly had a wealth of experience of the course but I couldn't content myself with simply following their moves even as I kept having to retrace my steps and wait for them to point out the particular gap in the hedge referred to, or turn around as they called out NO RIGHT....! NO LEFT...! as the situation demanded. They did seem to have infinite patience with me on that score and I knew my charging ahead was all wasted effort under these circumstances, but I was trying to learn how to interpret the map at speed and to give myself the necessary confidence to take my destiny in my own hands and go on and win the bloody thing.

I forged on and had opened a significant gap when, with only 20km to go, I misread my approach to the indicated pylon and subsequently misjudged my path away from it. The trouble is that when you're lost you try to make the map in hand fit what's in front of you and/or what's before your eyes fit the map....and so, only after a good half hour did I return to rational thought and retrace my steps to the pylon that was thankfully still where it should be. By then I was tired and dispirited and lacking any confidence in even the most basic orienteering skills and so low on basic energy reserves that I walked most of the way to the next feed station, losing even more time. However once I'd eaten two or three chocolate rolls and had two or three cups of water I was able to ease back into a decent pace for the final stage albeit much too late to matter.

Two interesting, post race conversations occurred after I finally dragged my bedraggled and dispirited frame into the Sports Centre over an hour and half later than anticipated.

The first was with the eventual winner of the race, Les Hill from Scotland who seemed to ignore the fact that I'd got hopelessly lost and concentrated on my pace judgement suggesting "Even some of the lad's at my Club don't know how to pace their effort in these sort of events." That was me told.

The second took place as I tried to console myself with the misfortune of the runner who'd been one of the original leading trio, but who'd made the wrong choice of footwear (Walsh fell shoes) and paid the consequences with badly blistered feet and a much lower finishing position than anticipated. This time, the runner in question launched into a cautionary tale, about a lad that had figured early on in the race who kept charging off only to have to be called back time and again...."Just a complete waste of effort," he summed up, clearly not recognising me.....

Now, by the infinite rule of possibility a monkey at a typewriter will eventually tap out the complete works of Shakespeare. I'm not sure what this says about one of America's tennis greats but I believe Chris Evert arrived at the following conclusion independently of Rudyard Kipling,

*"If you can react the same way to winning and losing, that is a big accomplishment.*

*That quality is important because it stays with you the rest of your life."*

My reaction to both triumph and disaster: to go out and run some more. And then some.

The one out of exuberance, the other out of frustration, probably not quite what was meant?

PS: I used to take pride in my hard won literary knowledge....now I just go to:

[www.wedothehardworkforyouquotationswise.com](http://www.wedothehardworkforyouquotationswise.com)

Stu Buchan.



### **Simply Running**

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### **SPECIAL OFFERS – JAN/FEB 05**

<b>Nike Waffle XC spikes</b>	were £44.99 now £33.99
<b>Mizuno XC spikes</b>	were £39.99 now £31.99
<b>Mizuno Wave Mercury</b>	were £69.99 now £55.00
<b>New Balance M765</b>	were £59.99 now £50.00
<b>New Balance W765</b>	were £59.99 now £50.00
<b>New Balance M752</b>	were £64.99 now £55.00
<b>New Balance W752</b>	were £64.99 now £55.00

These offers are only whilst stocks last, however, there are numerous other in-store special offers available on clothing and footwear.

### Newsletters

We are always looking for articles to fill each newsletter, so if you would like to contribute, please contact the editor, Steve Holmes.

*'till the next time, good running to all!*