

## CITY OF HULL AC



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

### City of Hull AC - Track Championship Race Series - ARE ALL NOW CANCELLED

21st Sept, 1 mile 28th Sept, 5000m 5th Oct, 10,000m. We have had to cancel this series due to the still ongoing reconstruction work of the track at Costello.

### Training Sessions

Monday 5.45pm	Haltemprice Sports Centre, Field Opposite	Speed session
Tuesday 7.00pm	From Haltemprice Sports Centre	Club night
Thursday 9.15am	Elloughton Dale top	Pensioner's Plod
Thursday 6.00pm	Wauldby Green, Raywell	Club night
Thursday 6.00pm	From October venue will be Haltemprice SC	Club Night
Saturday 8.30am	Wauldby Green, Raywell	3 to 5 mile cross country
Sunday 8.45am	Beverley Clump, top South Cave Hill	Cross country

### City of Hull AC - Winter League – A series of 3 mile handicapped races

There is a charge of £2.00 for this race series which all goes into the prize fund. The first race is everyone off together, and the remaining races are handicapped. All runners must be registered before 7.00pm and the races will start as soon as possible after 7.00pm. If you miss your start time, your running time will not be amended by the handicapper this year.

Tuesday 18th Oct 2005	7.00pm	Humber Bridge top car park
Tuesday 8th Nov 2005	7.00pm	Humber Bridge top car park
Tuesday 13th Dec 2005	7.00pm	Humber Bridge top car park
Tuesday 10th Jan 2006	7.00pm	Humber Bridge top car park
Tuesday 14th Feb 2006	7.00pm	Humber Bridge top car park
Tuesday 14th Mar 2006	7.00pm	Humber Bridge top car park

**See Entry Form at end of this Newsletter.**

### East Yorkshire Cross Country League 2005/06

The league kicks off this year with the scenic Bishop Wilton course as follows:

Sunday 23rd October 2005, 11.00am	Bishop Wilton
Sunday 13th November 2005, 11.00am	Drewton Woods, South Cave
Sunday 11th December 2005, 11.00am	Langdale End, Scarborough
Sunday 15th January 2006, 11.00am	North Dalton
Sunday 12th February 2006, 11.00am	Welton Dale
Sunday 12th March 2006, 11.00am	Sewerby, Bridlington

All runners **must be** 17 years old or over at the 23rd October 2005

These events are free of charge, just turn up and register with Steve Holmes, who will issue a race number. This number should be retained and used for all subsequent races and there will be no need for further registration.

### General Race Diary

Sunday 25th Sep, 10.00am	East Retford Half Marathon, Retford, Notts
Sunday 2nd Oct 11.00am	Selby Half Marathon, Selby
Sunday 9th Oct 11.00am	Scarborough 10 mile
Sunday 16th Oct, 12 noon	Bridlington Half Marathon, Bridlington

### General Race Diary

Sunday 30th Oct, 11.00am	Haltemprice 10k, Haltemprice Sports Centre
Sunday 6th Nov, 10.30am	Nidd Valley Guy Fawkes 10mile, Ripley, Harrogate
Sunday 13th Nov, 10.30am	Barnsley, 10k, Barnsley
Sunday 20th Nov, 10.00am	Roundhay Park 5m, Leeds
Sunday 27th Nov, 10.00am	Clowne Half Marathon, Clowne, Worksop, Notts
Sunday 22nd Jan, 10.00am	Brass Monkey Half Marathon, York
Sunday 29 <sup>th</sup> Jan, 11.00am	Ferriby 10m, Skidby Mill, Cottingham
Sunday 19th Feb, 10.30am	Sleaford Half Marathon, Lincolnshire
Sunday 26th Feb, 11.00am	Snake Lane 10m, Pocklington

### Beverley AC - Team Relay Challenge, 7th September 2005

I would like to thank everyone who turned up to complete in the Beverley Relay Challenge. City of Hull put out 11 teams of 4 and won the event by 13 minutes.

### Champagne League Presentation Evening

On behalf of all members I would like to thank Dave Brook and Pete Kirk, for what I believe was an enjoyable and entertaining evening. It was also commented that "don't our ladies scrub-up well!"

### Club Jackets

We have now placed an order with Ron Hill to purchase club jackets, which are purple, with white side stripes and our CoH logo and are wind and showerproof. This is a similar colour layout to our running vest. The jackets will be available in approximately 10 weeks and the price is still to be decided.

### Training Log

We have purchased 30 training logs and these are for sale to all members, on a first come, first served basis, price £2 each. If you require one, please see Steve Holmes.

### The Robin Hood Marathon, Nottingham by Helen Sampson

Early Sunday morning James and I set off for the Robin Hood Marathon. Took us no time at all to get to Nottingham, the problem was finding car park B. Needless to say I was map reading and most of you are well aware of my geographical skills. That apart we made it to the start.

I found Claire, but we couldn't see Tania or Sarah. That was of course the last I saw of Claire. She had a brilliant race coming in 13 minutes faster than her time for last year. Why does that never happen to me? Oh yes, I need to go speed training!

Finishing the half marathon I found Claire, we stood in the stand waiting for the marathon runners. This was extremely exciting, particularly when we saw John Smith and James. Both of who had achieved 'good for their age' times, which means that they are guaranteed places in the London Marathon. Trevor came in a short time later.

We then had the excitement of waiting for Tania, our ladies captain. We spotted her coming round the corner at 3.40 and I think the stand just about took off with the excitement of it. Personally, I felt incredibly inspired by Tania's achievement, I know how hard she has worked and her 'good for age' time is well deserved. She is certainly an inspiration to me. I think she must have tried hard because as she crossed the finishing line she was sick (sorry Tania, I had to get that bit in!).

Certainly it was a great day out, we all achieved what we wanted and not forgetting Jessica Body who completed her first half marathon.

Perhaps next year there will be more of us. The crowd was quieter than London and noisier supporters would have been better. To begin with you run the first 13 miles together and then the half marathoners go off leaving the full marathon runners to do a further loop (not the same loop). The course is fairly hilly, running through the city centre and Wollerton Park with roaming deer.

Anyway, well done everybody!

The White Rose Epic by Rob Robinson

After weeks of hard work and detailed planning by Dave Brook, two largish vans disgorged a motley mess of men and mountain bikes onto the pavements of Middlesborough one wet Thursday afternoon in July 2005. Our annual epic had become reality once more.

Although this year we were preparing to tackle the White Rose Cycle Route, the initial portents proved none too rosy. This aghast author spotted some hitherto unseen splits in the canvas of his heavily inflated rear tyre that had apparently escaped the bike's recent service. The handlebars of Colin Langley's new machine proved impossible to tighten up completely whilst the grey stained skies soon served up the first of the many lashings of rain we were to face on our journey.

We had threaded our way through little more than a mile of tight industrial terraces and tarmac tracks when a particularly heavy downpour drove us into the shelter of a crowded café. This emporium, apparently once owned by the rock star Chris Rea, proved an unexpected oasis. Not only were delicious bacon and sausage sandwiches ravenously devoured by our voracious velocipedes but the most helpful proprietor whisked me down to the local bike shop in his Jag to purchase a new tyre.

Back on our bikes we covered no more than another fitful fragment of our seemingly fragile escapade and had hardly emerged from the outskirts of Middlesborough when Dave Brook sustained our first puncture. This proved all the more ironic as the prevailing wisdom of the technocrats (proper bikers) amongst us was that he possessed the best set of wheels in the business – or at least amongst our band. The errant inner tube was soon dealt with in a most efficient manner and our group finally headed out into open country.

We made better progress. Much of the remainder of that first damp afternoon saw us drift over miles of undulating though relatively easy terrain. It also saw us miss the first official stamping point for our route cards and thus establish an unintended practice we unbelievably maintained to the end of our journey. The final climb of the day, up a steep and twisting slope, to gain the top road to Osmotherley, was a bit of a shocker and Stuart Buchan, Dave Jarratt, and the other mountain goats had to wait at the top, amidst gorse and grey clouds, for the rest of us to struggle up the incline with our heavily laden bikes. After the final few miles down into Osmotherley – starting point for the Lyke Wake Walk – we settled into our evening quarters: like all the places we stayed en-route, this was a superb choice by Brooky. It goes without saying that, after drying out, great use was made by the team of at least one of the three hostelrys close at hand.

The following morning some took a run before breakfast. Colin Langley, Pete Blowers and I also changed my offending tyre. We were pleased with both the outcome and speed of our proceedings until John Brook and Steve Bass, casting a professional eye over our handiwork, pointed out that we had put the tread on back to front. Here I must admit to my complete ignorance: this was the first time I was ever aware that there was a right direction for a bike tyre.

The twisting upward trek out of Osmotherley – on a full English breakfast – proved to be both immediate and unrelenting. It seemed an age to the top as we climbed ever higher but here the open air, stark moorland scenery and, above all, absence of rain invigorated one and all. We took the high route to Hawaby by way of stone strewn tracks and along thin ribbons of road, dodging cobbles and the odd Kamikaze sheep. Up and down steep valley sides and over temporary bailey bridges, hurriedly erected to replace those washed away in flash floods a few weeks before. Once, when struggling up a particularly steep and remote stretch of narrow road, we found our way blocked by Council workmen and the thoroughfare – to all intents and purposes – completely closed. In a short while, however, they were able to let us through although I don't think anyone would have turned back and retraced our route to a diversion. We would, I am sure, have heaved bikes, saddlebags and all, over the neighbouring fields and moors rather than go back.

Before noon we were dropping swiftly down a beautiful tree green valley and into the village of Hawaby. Here we had a commitment to keep. Friday at 12.30 pm was the time of Jim Dingwall's funeral. At noon we called in at the Hawaby Hotel and a few of us downed a pint each of real ale – we thought Jim would appreciate that – before riding a short way out of the village to the tiny stone church that lay by the wooded banks of a rushing stream.

We lifted the latch, let ourselves in and had that peaceful place to ourselves: an opportunity for quiet reflection, a few apt words and prayer. Thanks for everything Jim – we felt you were with us.

On emerging from the church and looking around, we were able to grasp something of the sheer power of the flash floods that had swept through the surrounding valleys. Great gravestones, substantial slabs, some centuries old, had been knocked over and strewn around as if little more than cards. We rode back into the village down a different lane, taking turns to spot large pieces of storm debris still lodged in the trees by the water.

It seemed somewhat surreal to realise that, not long before we came, this slight, seemingly placid, watercourse had been temporarily transformed into a raw torrent of uncontrollable strength: an immense force of nature. The evidence was all around: needless to say, the old bridge at Hawnby, like the others we had seen that morning, looked badly damaged.

A lengthy and very casual break for lunch outside the village café followed before we tackled yet another awesome incline. Afterwards, we skirted the top edge of the hills, occasionally glimpsing grand views across miles and miles of Yorkshire's broad acres to distant Pennine dales, as we headed in the general direction of Sutton Bank. We may well have eventually descended on the wrong road but that certainly didn't stop the speed kings amongst us burning rubber, our tyre noises constantly changing as we sped over the alternate damp and dry surfaces of a long, steep and partially wooded lane.

Eventually, by way of Sutton Under Whitestonecliff – where we crossed a busy road and again failed to find the official stamping station – we rode below the magnificent White Horse cut into the hillside at Kilburn, cycled on past the Mouseman's famous furniture workshop with its tall stacks of seasoning timber, to reach Coxwold and the eccentric architecture of Shandy Hall, once the home of Lawrence Sterne, the eighteenth century author of *Tristram Shandy*, one of the earliest English novels. Cross-country tracks and narrow byways took us to, and through, the edge of Easingwold, onto the flatter lands and long easy lanes of the Vale of York. Late in the afternoon, we reached Lynton on Ouse and our second night's stop at the Manor Guest House.

It was here that Mike Baggott and Phil Slater joined the fray. The vans had dropped off their bikes on the way up to Middlesborough and they arrived by way of two buses after attending Jim's funeral in Willerby. A walk from our lodgings through green fields brought us to the distant Lock Inn, lying by the banks of the River Ouse, for our evening meal: my haddock so large it still had harpoons in it. A few beers and much banter in a Yorkshire pub: dialogue probably more Fred Trueman than Truman Capote.

The next morning saw all eleven of us en-route for York and we followed quiet river paths into the centre of the city. The main problem here was finding somewhere secure to leave all our bikes and saddlebags, so we took it in turns to guard our machines by the Kings Arms on the waterside. Whilst part of our crew roamed the crowded streets and pavements, other hung around the bikes, eating anything and everything edible or staring with wonder at the different flood levels marked on the wall of the building. On this damp Yorkshire afternoon, weather more akin to Halifax than Hawaii, a group of South Sea Sirens – well that is how they were dressed – filed into the pub, intent on an early start to someone's hen party.

A rapid deterioration in the weather brought a swift resumption of our travels and we skirted the empty race-course on the Knavesmire before heading out to Selby. Great speeds were attained by the leading posse of riders as we scorched along the former track bed of the east coast mainline, Phil Slater imitating an express steam train in more ways than one. We headed into Riccall – where the Vikings had retreated to their ships after the Battle of Stamford Bridge – and sought shelter from the rain in a pub. Here the rugby league semi-final was on the big screen. When we walked in, Hull were clearly in the lead but by the time we had finished a drink, St Helens had levelled the score at 8 all. Like the Vikings before us, we beat a retreat but even before we reached the guesthouse in Selby, Pete Blowers received a text announcing a 30 – 8 win. Cheers rang out as we rode into Barlby.

Onward, over the swingbridge and by Selby's ancient Abbey. The town was quite different from our other overnight stops. Just down the road from the guesthouse we discovered a large Indian restaurant and that evening eleven starving travellers consumed everything from Korma to Vindaloo by way of pickles, poppadoms and chapattis.

When we hit the road for our final day after another good breakfast, we found the old swingbridge was now shut for repairs.

A detour took us over the river by way of a bypass then along some busy stretches of road to Cliffe. Although determined not to miss the card stamping point here, we were thwarted yet again: the shop was closed on this quiet Sunday morning.

Passing the elegant spire of Hemingborough church, we were now in flat quiet country and glided ever onwards by way of winding lanes, tracks and grassy river banks: crossing the Derwent just where it flows into the Ouse at Barmby on the Marsh. Onward, onward, skirting the ancient town of Howden. We stopped, hoping to eat, at the Hope and Anchor at Blacktoft but they were too busy to deal with eleven unexpected bikers. Crisps and a pint by the river sufficed for most.

The route took us over the remote lock at the mouth of the Market Weighton Canal and for a short while by the banks of the ever-widening Humber, then away from the broad brown mud estuary and through the little village of Broomfleet. A few more miles and we heard the rumble of traffic on the A63. Familiar running country opened up: Ellerker, Brantingham and Elloughton were passed before we regrouped in Welton. The final climb of the day, up Water Tower Hill at Swanland, was taken by all except Phil Slater who headed straight on for home down Great Gutter Lane. Swanland saw John Brook, Steve Bass, Dave Jarratt and Tony Paine part from the main pack and continue down the proper route into Hull's city centre. As the rest of us sped down Westella Way, the sun came out for the first time as if to taunt us. On Beverley Road in Kirkella, the bulk of the remaining pack headed off in the direction of Brooky's for coffee and a debrief whilst Colin Langley and I took our trusty bikes back to Cottingham by way of Willerby Low Road and home at last.

Our epic – a simple and yet almost indefinable blend of good exercise, quiet countryside, warm company and occasional contemplation - was over for another year. It was something not to have missed. Thanks Dave from all of us.

Team: Mike Baggott (Kingston), Steve Bass, Pete Blowers (City of Hull), Dave Brook (City of Hull), John Brook, Stuart Buchan (Kingston), Dave Jarrett, Colin Langley (City of Hull), Tony Paine (East Hull Harriers), Robb Robinson (City of Hull), Phil Slater (City of Hull).

Thanks for driving us up to Middlesborough to Steve Homes and Tony Marshall

*If you would like to contribute to the next newsletter, please contact Steve Holmes*

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

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### **CITY OF HULL AC – WINTER LEAGUE ENTRY FORM**

Registration must be completed by 7.00pm at each race.

To help us with the handicapping, please complete this form and return to Steve Holmes as soon as possible:

One race number will be issued to each runner, same number to be used for all the races and please bring your own pins!

Could all runners please make sure that they run on the pavement and wear light or reflective clothing.

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

**I intend to run in the Winter League and enclose the £2.00 entry fee**