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CITY OF HULL AC

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

NEWSLETTER SEPTEMBER 2006 -- 28/9/06

Training Sessions

Monday 5.45pm	Playing fields Gorton Road opposite Haltemprice	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	Club Night
Friday 9.15am	Welton, Green Dragon	Cross country
Saturday 8.30am	Wauldby Green, Raywell	3 to 5 mile cross country
Sunday 8.45am	Beverley Clump, South Cave	Cross country

General Race Diary

Sun 1 Oct	Bupa Great North Run		Newcastle
Sun 8 Oct	Clumber 10k	10.00am	Worksop
Sun 8 Oct	Scarborough 10 mile	11.00am	Wykeham, Scarborough
Sun 15 Oct	Bridlington ½ Marathon (CD 9/10)	Noon	Bridlington
Sun 29 Oct	Haltemprice 10k (CD 22/10)	11.00am	Sports Centre
Sun 5 Nov	Guy Fawkes 10 mile, Nidd Vale	10.30am	Ripley, Harrogate
Sun 26 Nov	Clowne ½ Marathon	10.00am	Clowne, Worksop
Sun 21 Jan	Brass Monkey ½ Marathon (CD 30/9)	10.00am	York

City of Hull AC Winter League 2006/07 – A series of 3 mile handicapped races

There is a charge of £5.00 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 6.45pm** and the races will start at 7.00pm. If you miss your start time, your running time will not be amended by the handicapper.

Tuesday 3rd Oct 2006	7.00pm	Humber Bridge top car park
Tuesday 7th Nov 2006	7.00pm	Humber Bridge top car park
Tuesday 5th Dec 2006	7.00pm	Humber Bridge top car park
Tuesday 2nd Jan 2007	7.00pm	Humber Bridge top car park
Tuesday 6th Feb 2007	7.00pm	Humber Bridge top car park
Tuesday 6th Mar 2007	7.00pm	Humber Bridge top car park

See Entry Form at end of this Newsletter.

From Humber to Clumber (Clumber 10k, Sunday 8th October, 10.00am)

I have recently found out about the Clumber 10k; the course is described as "one of the most picturesque courses in the country" and is at Clumber Park, Worksop, on Sunday 8th October at 10.00am. I am entering and weather permitting, will be taking a packed lunch, which I shall munch on my picnic blanket. If any of you would like to join me, I have the entry forms and more details and if you bring a packed lunch, I am more than happy to share my picnic blanket with you. Tania x

East Yorkshire Cross Country League – Proposed Dates 2006/2007

Race	Date	Venue	Host Club
1	Sun 22 nd Oct	Bishop Wilton	Pocklington
2	Sun 12 th Nov	Drewton Woods	Beverley & City of Hull
3	Sun 10 th Dec	Langdale End	Scarborough
4	Sun 14 th Jan	North Dalton	Driffild
5	Sun 11 th Feb	Welton	Goole
6	Sun 11 th Mar	Sewerby	Bridlington

City of Hull AC Presentation Evening, Friday 27th October 2006, 8.00pm

This year we have arranged a presentation evening at The Darleys pub on Boothferry Road, there will be a free buffet, and all are welcome. Prizes will be awarded as follows:

- The Jubilee Cup - awarded to the athlete with the lowest aggregate score in the following 3 races: (Reg Taylor Three Mile Handicap Winter League, Christmas Handicap and Club XC Championship - which is incorporated in the East Riding XC League)
- The Gordon Trafford Memorial Trophy - The best performance in the Ferriby 10
- The Alex Johnson Cross Country Championship - Incorporated in the East Riding XC League
- The Peter Taylor Ladies Cross Country Trophy
- The Marathon Trophy - Awarded to the athlete recording the fastest time in ANY marathon
- The Fastest Time in the Reg Taylor Handicap Winter League
- The Fastest Time in the Christmas Handicap
- Men's one mile Ladies' one mile Men's 5000m Men's 10,000m Ladies' 10,000m
- Winter League 2005-2006 - January, February, March winners and league overall winner

CoH AC v Beverley AC – Team Relay Challenge, 13th September 2006

This year we had 28 runners, who competed around the Beverley Westwood one mile circuit but the challenge was again won by Beverley.

Champagne League 2006 - Presentation Evening, 15th September 2006

The Champagne League presentation evening was a great success and our thanks go to Dave and Carol Brooke and Pete Kirk for all their hard work in organising this very enjoyable event

City of Hull AC International (report by Stuart Buchan)

Sixties throwback: Ok look, sometimes you just can't begin at the beginning. The beginning was wet and cold and who knows maybe Colin was already sporting his thong but there certainly was no tell-tale glint of it in the corner of his heavy-eyed, *what-the-#@#!-am-I-doing-out-of-bed-at-this-god-foresaken-hour-like* demeanour. No, sometimes you can only bounce around the confines of a particular story with all the unpredictability of a cracked Super Ball.

Dreamtime: The morning before the big city centre marathon, you rise at a civilized hour, breakfast and complete your ablutions without a care in the world and thirty-eight grand burning a hole in your pocket. There's an hour or so to be idled away checking tomorrow's weather forecast, shedding some pre-race anxiety and buying last minute provisions from the mini-market next door to the hotel. Then before lunch, a leisurely stroll along a broad, tree lined boulevard to registration, which passes without a hitch, followed by a funicular ride to a rocky overlook where the meandering, if murky, waterway below provides a splendid riparian backdrop to a very relaxed meal, one or two small drinks and plenty big laughs. Dropping down and back across the river to your room for a late afternoon siesta and shower before once again rolling out of the hotel en masse and, a mere couple of blocks away, a *table* for twenty-plus proving to be no problem, you're settled in for a flavoursome repast on a bustling Mediterranean, leafy avenue. The pre-race supper served and enjoyed without delay you still have time to drop into that small café bar on the way back to your hotel for one last latte on the mezzanine floor and a final attempt to drink in the big city atmosphere amid relaxed conversation. **But don't build your hopes up. This isn't London but Budapest and the Budapest Half Marathon, September 3 2006. That thirty-eight grand: 38,000Forints. Approx: 374.6817 to the pound.**

Real Time: 5.30am Friday 1st September and we're gathered, seeking what shelter we can find from the high eaves of Haltemprice Sports Centre's unwelcoming rear walls. It continues with a heavy drizzle that has been falling all night. Most of us have been up a good hour at least, but no one is, as yet, fully awake and so thankfully the rain is merely bouncing off our inviolable weariness. **Our Jim Bell small shuttle-type bus thing** almost arrives punctually (probably the last time that word will be called on for the next few days) and we're on our way to Elloughton to pick up a second batch of travellers. All safely collected, we number 24 of whom 18 are anticipated to be running along the banks of the Danube in a couple of day's time. Check-in at Manchester wasn't subject to too rigid security and we were soon in the air amid honeymooners, stag-doers and hen-party-goers – Budapest apparently, the coming thing then. The flight did seem to drag once the excitement of the early turbulence was over but soon enough we're on foreign soil experiencing that strange sense of time travel, of being dropped all of a sudden into an altogether alien environment...

Surreal time: Despite the current atmosphere of fear & paranoia the majority of us passed through customs without let or hindrance, save removing baby oils from our hand luggage and emptying our pockets of loose change, mobile phones, knives, handguns and car batteries...oh, and removing our shoes before passing through the magnetised-scanner-surround-sound-girdle-thingy and into the boarding area. The majority of us managed to...but there's always one, and we might have figured there was just something in that louche glance, coupled with the few days of bristle scraped together in a lazy, marginal attempt of a beard of our resident Saw Gums, that would inevitably alert Airport Security who were not satisfied until he stood naked save for a gold-lamé leopard skin posing pouch.

What can you say, there did after all seem to be some confusion as to whether the order to strip had come from the uniformed officers themselves or if it had just been a sudden whim on Colin's own part....Let it be known however, that the reality was a touch still more bizarre and somehow involved a child's colouring-in book and that not inconsiderable belly laugh echoing throughout the corridors of our Hungarian pied-à-terre amid a lightning storm of paparazzi flashes.....now available to download direct to your mobile phone or alternatively, for those without Bluetooth, go to www.col-a-thong.hun

Unsmiling Hungarians/service professionals: After the good old British clemency, sunny Budapest came full in yer face (20° and rising) but nevertheless as a great relief....especially for those in our party travelling hopefully and packed lightly. Met by the Hungarian Jimbell-equivalent, whom we'd unfortunately kept waiting whilst Mr Fozzard negotiated the return of his mp3 player from down the back of his seized up recliner on the JET2 boeing707 we'd just alighted from, he communicates in nods and shrugs whereas we find once in the big city itself English is mostly spoken quite well (maybe this particular bus driver is only indifferent to our particular motley and already quite giddy crew). A speedy switchback ride through Budapest's 'ripped backside' ensues and momentarily we are disoriented, luggage and all, onto the pavement of some anonymous backstreet which is suddenly alive with tut-tutting locals having to steer past our bags. A wordless hand gesture down an unpromising, adjacent street and the little Hungarian-shuttle-type-bus-thing-and-its-driver-cum-sole-link-with-civilization disappears in a catalytically unconverted pall of smoke. We exchange whatdowedonow? glances, and head off in the direction indicated with little hope but with an alarmingly innocent-abroad type, sense of *Oh well...in for a fillér in for a forint.....*

On first sight Budapest appears to be the City that the term *faded grandeur* was coined for. Its streets (or úts) five or six storied high at most, either dissect one another in narrow grids or stretch across endlessly wide, tree-lined thoroughfares. Its buildings offer, side by side, a mixture of peeling, coloured plaster and renovated, sand-blasted stone, trendy boutiques alongside rundown newsagents and in one off-the-wall juxtaposition an overall & tartan emporium next to a one-stop dog shop. As perhaps with any major demographic centre the person not quite homeless because he has a bench to call his own shares his particular piece of the planet with an off-road parking bay for the luxury apartment dweller's luxury car. The Rough Guide to Budapest informs us that the immediate district around our hotel once held 14 of the cities 58 State run brothels: no sign of that today. No, you couldn't get laid in this town even if you required a thong concocted from an entire leopard's hide. (Or so I've been licensed to print.)

The fact that the first evening's meal was washed down with two free bottles of champagne that Mr Holmes rather cheekily, although it has to be said all too easily, managed to negotiate with the head waiter cum-manager, cum-owner, eager for our custom...and that further *lubrickashun* followed, may have had some small part in proceedings....Arriving on Friday afternoon meant that even those running had a chance to let their hair down that first evening before the necessary constraints of the following night's pre-race supper. That a couple (definitely not in the biblical sense) of our number *let their hair down so low* that they had to be supported either side on their way back to the hotel cannot go unreported, but common decency suggests that they really ought to remain unnamed and un-shamed. One of those nameless souls giving a whole new meaning to the Scottish term for off-sales, *the carry-out*, shall remain nameless as Carrie two-bottles Millson, whilst that other reprobate and incorporate soul shall keep his anonymity in tact under the sobriquet, Peter I'm-definitely-not-having-anything-to-drink-tonight Blowers. Beyond that my lips are sealed.

Puppy in a paper bag: Now it should be remembered that all this took place under the watchful eyes of D&B Thompson Tours and that, whilst it is no doubt Denise who manages the bulk of the paperwork and overseas litigation when flights have to be switched and rooms rebooked, it is Bob the overgrown pup who explodes onto Budapest's quiet backstreets, Super Ball a barely controlled bounce ahead him....Budapest's stuccoed ornament and its dour citizenry quickly finding itself/themselves imperilled as the rest of us joined in the chase. The streets were also very soon ringing to the scream's of a whole crowd, a host of big daft school-kid's avoiding the effervescent Dan Stamford (Tania's mam's partner) who I believe is still 'it' at off-ground tig....(my spellchecker wants me to put *tag* here but I ain't gonna.) One for the album: the sight of Anne, Tania's mam running lickety-split through the chaotic Hungarian traffic and crossing a patch of wasteland to seek refuge off-ground in the local church where, if more loyal members of her family had not rescued her several hours later, she might still be marooned like an occasional Japanese soldier.

Breakfast at the laughing-boy restaurant/lower refectory: The inherent difficulty of marshalling 20 odd people inevitably reared its hydra headed stubble again and again, albeit in a perfectly amicable fashion, and needless to say after that first night's debauchery the attempt to interest anyone in an 'early' morning run on the Saturday was bound to be a deal struck on the back of broken promises....That said four of us did make it. Mr Black who, despite being at the epicentre of all things alcoholic throughout the entire four days, seemed devilishly unaffected by it himself and more surprisingly Peter....*I was just tired. No, really....*with his by now familiar headbands (around his knees...don't ask!). Myself and Kevin made up the foursome and as we loitered just in case someone else would stir, and loitered around the breakfast room (giving confused signals to the maitre d' as we contravened the No Food Or Drink To Be Taken Out Of The Restaurant sign in our attempts to re-hydrate on tiny glasses of orange juice.... 'And just what are these crazy people doing in skimpy shorts and sleeveless vests at this time of the morning anyway?' I guess you could say we didn't get off on the best foot with our breakfast show host.

However, the tone was lifted when Steve and Carol Holmes, suitably dressed and damped down, magically appeared out of the very small lift that creakingly serviced four of the five floors (the fifth apparently being just one too many) and correctly gave their room number and were seated with deft Oliver Hardy-esque body language that said, *thank god they're not all like that....*(but it is hard to imagine our head waiter in-waiting - it was a self service, continental affair after all - ever having had a laugh out loud moment in his whole life. Perhaps it was just a cultural misunderstanding?)

We would like to think that on arrival we spread through the hotel like infectious laughter rather than an infectious disease but, however it appeared to the objective bystander, we did quickly establish COH's own version of *Upstairs Downstairs*. At the very top of our 5 floor, 3 star, one lift through the well of a spiral staircased hotel, sat the Body-Langley's bohemian tip whilst the Fozzard-Smiths were employed just off the lobby to count us all in and then out again.... that lift: with room only for three small adults, or one adult and luggage, or one Steve Holmes...sorry Carol looks like you'll have to take the stairs...The rest of us seemed merely to bounce between our own rooms and the reception area manned by three helpful and smiling, young ladies...although, as in all our dealings with the Hungarian folk, whether by accident or design or deliberate obfuscation, one or the other of us - tourist or national - always seemed to be on the wrong line of the wrong page in our phrase book. Dave Brooke always one for a harder pillow, or failing that in need of an extra one, had asked if he might have that very thing. Finally the receptionist courteous and unflustered had assured Dave that "Yes, I understand very good your English and know exactly what you say but sorry, no? the hotel she is full."

Anyway onto that first morning/second day's run: A gentle slope out to Margit Sziget (Margaret Island) over the uniquely Y-shaped (Margit Hid/Bridge) and an even gentler circuit of that island as the thoughtful sports ministry had laid a red carpet all the way around it. At least the all weather compound lane that traced the shoreline was so soft that your feet sank with each step. It was I felt much too soft and succumbing to its comforts would have risked injury as surely as too hard a surface...I perversely ran alongside it. Just an excuse then to get the blood flowing in preparation, after flight and wild night....for tomorrow's efforts. Mind you, as we approached the end of our circuit our quartet was crowned by the arrival of Mr Misson who'd missed us at the start and set out in hot pursuit...needless to say, for all of you who've floundered in Trevor's wake during a steady training run, our return was a might fleetier than our outward passage...Carrie it transpired, was still re-metamorphosing from her purely liquid state into something a little more solid and would continue to do so for most of the rest of the day.

Validation: (No, No, No. Tut! You valid are not, yes. No?) So, having broken Hungarian soil for the first time and, appropriately showered and dressed and, having passed clean fingernail inspection by the aforementioned, unsmiling host, finally breakfasted, we did indeed spend much of that dreamtime morning outlined above. The trip to registration being largely hassle free and with some of those thousands of forints that had been burning holes in our pockets prised loose for (it has to be said) distinctly girly looking Nike Dri-Fit race t-shirts and bedecked in same, like the big innocent kids we obviously are...we settle on a trip down the yellow metro line to the riverside (to save our fine-tuned limbs) before crossing to the Buda side of the river for a light lunch/few beers. **Below Andrásy Út** we innocently enough bought our tickets opting for the touch more expensive but seemingly more flexible Transfer Ticket....and, amid beautifully tiled stations we swept along the mere three or four kilometres to the end of the line. Again wide eyed and innocently holding out our tickets for inspection we were met with tuts and weary 'No, no's and.... 'You, no. Moment. Please, no. You stand over here please...Yes' by the female ticket inspector and her sidekick. Now for someone whose point of departure was to ask whether anyone of us spoke Hungarian (Yeh right we look Hungarian or even of this world?! Her own command of the English language became increasingly *gut yah?* (not that I'm suggesting anything fascistic you understand) as the actual facts of the case became increasingly more complex and convoluted....

The upshot: If you ever travel on the Hungarian metro be sure to take your newly purchased ticket and shove it.....in the little orange box thoughtfully provided for passengers to **validate** their own tickets.... Now wouldn't you have thought it was simpler simply to frank the ticket at point of purchase....simpler we were left to sourly conclude but ultimately generating less revenue. We could've rushed her or fought our corner more eloquently or speciously...but we were on holiday and the reduced fine (she at least had the autonomy to less than halve the outrageous sum she'd threatened us with originally) was not so great that the **Kitty** which kept building anew each time a round of drinks was bought (no one had anything smaller than a thousand forints and what's a thousand forints among friends....) could not meet the extortionate demand comfortably enough, even if in so doing, we went against every youthful bonehead on our ageing bodies....Suffice to say **validation** was never far from wits end for the rest of the trip and will no doubt be dropped knowingly into Sunday morning conversation whenever two or more Budapest veterans are foregathered at the clump....

Anyway somewhat becalmed and definitely validated (there I told you) we took the short but not to be missed Sikló funicular ride up to the top of that aforementioned rocky outcrop, the Várhegy (Castle District). Where unfortunately, ignored for so long after our initial order for food was lodged (was this just fashionable nonchalance or yet another ruse to part us of our thousands on more beverages than we might otherwise have oiled our, by now, uncharitable wit upon?) there was too little time leftover after lunch to take in the medieval streets, museums and other cultural delights on offer....We did however get to visit one or two imaginatively secreted WCs (Hungarians pronounce their Ws as the German's do in Volkswagen so the water closet is in fact merely a single wait-say (Why that seems significant I cannot say really, except that these toilets were invariably

unisex, and only if you were lucky, separated by a plastic shower curtain) a singular experience for which, at the foot of the Castle District, we were charged double the going rate by a gentle old lady...not before ascertaining that our ticket stubs were correctly.....validated of course. Ho-Ho....

Again the dreamtime element of our story held true for the pre-race evening meal....efficiently served, good, wholesome food and plenty of it. Alcoholic intake was restrained and before we left for that conclusive cappuccino, only the matter of guessing Tom's time for tomorrow's race taxed our brains. Tom, just 16 years old was competing in his first half marathon (children as young as 12 were in fact eligible to run) and therein lay the conundrum. Estimates swung from the wildly optimistic, closest family fearing to acknowledge any scent of defeatism, to the cruelly realistic. In the end those who struck a balance between youthful talent, grit and determination and a fast course were nearest the mark. 500ft a throw, I'll have some of that.

Race day and at last a more sobered assembly gathered in Laughing-Boy Towers fit to consume as many calories as possible....And bemoan the music from the wedding celebrations next door that had kept us, at best, merely on the edge of sleep all night....And check those Championship are the right way up and agree on a post race rendezvous and etc....Fortunately, or thanks to D&B's forethought, we're not too far from the race start/finish area and as it promises to be another piping-hot day it's deemed that a steady walk to the park already in race kit will suffice. So, particularly resplendent in their COH purple and last photo opportunity seized, (unfortunately missed by Steve as he had, late Saturday - the lure of that extra pie and pint(s) having nothing to do with it, I'm sure - finally decided not to risk his dodgy knee) the majority (Carrie & Dan and me excepted) attracted the local's looks of wonder (ok, most probably amusement) as we paraded like a small, proud army from Grand Fenwick through the narrow streets and grand boulevards to the start.

A flavour of the race itself: The expected heat-wave thankfully didn't materialise in full, although it was plenty hot enough, and whilst there was a sufficient supply of water...although only in plastic cups...(when will bottles become the norm at big races?) tongues very quickly became dry between times. In the end race day was dullish but probably more humid than the brighter, hotter, sunnier days either side of it. The start was relaxed as regards getting into position, not too much of a rush or squeeze as the hour approached, though inevitably some chose to stand right at the front of the grid when there **BIG FAT ARSES** - not that I'm bitter you understand - should have been firmly/flabbily to the rear....**The murky Danube**, to immediately dispel any romantic notion you might still be harbouring, the murky Danube splits the race inexactly in two, with each *half* not venturing so far from the river's side as to endanger the near monotonously flat course, save for a couple of bridge approaches and a final flyover's sting in the tail.

I would have to conclude however, that if the race had been at home and not hundreds of miles away, it would have been labelled bleak and soulless, at least for long stretches and, but for the chance to run a PB, not one to rush back to. One last detail, the race being on the European mainland was marked out in kilometres, meaning that the 13.1 miles became approximately 21.0975kms. (Approximately) Whether these smaller increments where beneficial or merely different I guess is just a matter of taste. I couldn't decide if taken individually they approached more quickly or whether collectively they took an age to pass.

There were of course the usual big race shindigs....steel-drum bands, last minute Nike merchandising opportunities, warm up routines performed by scantily clad aerobic buttock clenching gymnasts...not that we witnessed any of this as we were too busy seeking out alternative *facilities*...15 or 16 portaloos provided for 5 to 6,000 runners (and their friends) proving surprise, surprise, woefully overstrained. Fortunately for us cheekyforeigndagoes, an unguarded, if a tad smelly, expanse of loos from the previous night's rock concert came to our rescue....although this did involve leaping down a seven foot drop and pushing out beyond a moat surround - for me at least, whilst less desperate peers found a less Indiana Jones point of entry. (And still there was inevitably, a little *over watering* of the parks shrubbery nearer the start of the actual race.)

So down out of the park and across Heroes Square and along the broad tree-lined Andrassy Út, runners were beginning to find their measure and margins of error as we passed the House of Terror; museum and monument to the victims of torture at the hands of the Secret Police, and on down to our first river crossing over the Széchenyi Hid/Chain Bridge. Turning into the (not too strong) wind and following the river embankment for the next few kilometres the groups began to pile on the pressure and burn off any early pretenders....Turning back at 8k we eased up a very gradual incline and shortly after 10k re-crossed the river by the Szabadság Hid and in the dull glare of the sun's best effort to break through the clouds, with the wind at our back now until 17k at least, we followed the Pest side of the bank amid burgeoning support. Finally we swung back in land heading for the park from whence we'd sped, diverting this time through the back streets and off the beaten track...no doubt the main thoroughfare had been opened to traffic by then. Back in the park and having made our final grandstanding sprint finishes some of our number were interviewed for the race's own promotional materials for 2007 (attracted by the multiple purple chests no doubt....) (Mr Blowers attracting two leggy blondes with a video camera...*or so he said*) and then we were ushered along the very, very long finishing funnel to our awaiting goody bags....a banana and plenty of water before making our way back to race headquarters to return our Championship.

However competitive people say they're not, that's exactly how much they are. (Yer a fit old bugger ain'tcha): Of course we loitered at this stage to chat and engage in witty banter (nothing to do with that fact that we were simply too knackered to take another step) and as we gradually recollected one or two things became all too apparent.

That Tom's youthful exuberance had been held in check in the early kilometres by the considerable experience of McManus, McCoid, Millson, and Thompson although chiefly under the guidance of John J. Smith, but that, when Tom's moment of weakness finally came, no sentimentality steadied John's sprint for home, And...that Dave Brooke is undoubtedly the true master of pace judgement, letting all the whippersnappers fly out of the traps, pausing only to ask, 'Alright there mate?' as he later advanced through the disintegrating field, causing the (on this occasion at least) verhh, verhh, **not** drunk Ms Millson to the affectionate conclusion highlighted above. (Which just goes to prove, that were he not so obviously besotted by the lovely Carol, why then he could have just about any of Hull and district's more athletic ladies' hands.....running through his hair.)

Real time 2: Despite our best intentions and best efforts, a last night of debauchery was scuppered by general fatigue and not just because of the race earlier in the day but from the previous days bedevilment catching up with us...most of us after all (Tania's boys excepted) ain't so young anymore...and then our pick of eating establishment was not so fortunate either. We arrived late anyway but then service was incredibly slow and reviews being passed down the line were mixed, till finally (Carol Brooke's for one) meals were arriving close on 11.30pm, cold and congealed and inedible muck....Carol poked at hers, it was dead but had it ever been otherwise? Bob had words. Refunds were offered and pleasantries smoothed things over. Carol and others went hungry till breakfast. Meanwhile Mr Black had one last, diabolical surprise to console Mr Holmes for missing out on the race, as a veritable tower of ale was sprung upon him. I have no idea if this receptacle has a proper name but imagine if you will a pint glass about three foot high with its own little tap at the bottom and you just about have it....imagine again Steve bent forward mouth to tap as the lager line descends in great gulps and you definitely have it. Needless to say Steve still had room for one last pint or two in that café bar en route to the hotel and a healthy appetite in the lower refectory the following morn, although put to shame by Mrs Brooke on that occasion as you might guess.

A not to be missed final run on Hungarian soil saw a much larger group troop out to the red spongy track of Margit Island, defying stiff calves and heat already hitting 26°. Now, we had to be out of our rooms by 10am but attempts to eat before showering were understandably rebuffed with a shooing motion and clear indications that we stank something rotten and Hungarian sign language for take a bloody shower you uncouth, heathen, Britisher, dirtbags....Anyhow we were soon cleaned and fed and on our way to rendezvous, three streets away, with our Jimbell-equivocal airport transferbusdriver. The flight home was uneventful, mostly sleep full I would guess, but one last drama was about to unfold as we landed at Manchester. **Now all weekend we'd been trying to lose Anne** (Tania's mam for those of you not paying attention) no one could say why or even if this was true, but certainly there was that off-ground tig incident and also the incident when Anne, Dan and Mr Blowers were left to finish their drinks atop that rocky outcrop without anyone first checking that they knew their way back to the hotel.

Now whilst we comforted ourselves that they were, after all, grown-ups, when they failed to turn up even as we crept under the duvet, I'm sure most of us were surprised when they appeared at breakfast the following morning. **But finally** it was not Anne's disappearance but that of her luggage which had us suspiciously eyeing all the other carousels long after the one for Budapest Flight LS898 had unburdened its cargo. (To cut along story short) a reliable source has it that her bags did eventually turn up precisely one hour after they'd smashed their way into their own home (car keys, house keys, money...having been in the misplaced portmanteau) the following day after a night spent on Tania's, charitably carpeted I hope, kitchen floor.

So that was Budapest 2006 D&B Tours. We may well not be invited back next year but fresh areas for despoliation are currently under consideration. Three cheers for Denise and three bob and a new Super Ball for Bob. Club funds presently stand at: so many thousand KC Shares and 349,046fts.02 fillers.

			10K TIME	GUN TIME	CHIP TIME
63	Stuart Buchan	KUHAC	00:35:52	01:16:50	01:16:45
110	Colin Langley	City of Hull	00:37:55	01:21:37	01:21:30
191	Adam Fozzard	City of Hull	00:39:13	01:26:13	01:26:06
225	Trevor Misson	City of Hull	00:40:30	01:27:55	01:27:20
346	Paul Body	City of Hull	00:41:47	01:31:29	01:31:13
374	John Smith	City of Hull	00:43:31	01:32:44	01:31:57
397	Thomas Newman	City of Hull	00:43:31	01:33:28	01:32:43
32	Carrie Millson	Beverley	00:43:57	01:33:59	01:33:43
452	Kevin McManus	City of Hull	00:44:05	01:35:06	01:34:20
514	Ian McCoid	City of Hull	00:43:45	01:36:28	01:35:39
541	Dave Brooke	City of Hull	00:45:41	01:36:45	01:36:07
620	Bob Thompson	City of Hull	00:44:27	01:38:50	01:37:32
76	Tania Cream	City of Hull	00:47:14	01:42:20	01:40:33
1126	Stuart Black	City of Hull	00:48:23	01:46:43	01:44:55
1862	Pete Blowers	City of Hull	00:52:22	01:57:22	01:53:39
499	Denise Thompson	City of Hull	00:55:14	02:04:23	02:00:37
2533	Dan Stamford	Unattached	00:58:55	02:07:23	02:02:07
DNS	Steve Holmes	Off-Sales AC	2 beers	7 beers	3 portions

To Hell with PB's and All That! (by Living Legend Gordon Jibson)

Those of you expecting dull and monotonous accounts of PB's and race reviews should quickly turn over the page, as you are in for a disappointment. Whilst not wishing to appear "ever so humble" – Uriah Heep (Charles Dickens), many of my personal bests would present uninspiring reading. Having said that, there have been several defining moments during the past 20 years, which I cherish and of which I am immensely proud. During this time, thanks to the undying support of my many colleagues and mentors, I have achieved in a modest way, my hopes and ambitions.

I joined the Club in the mid eighties, caught up in the heady days of marathon running and the need to halt an ever increasing downward, work orientated life style. In this alone, I feel that my efforts have been well rewarded. On my athletic achievements, I do not aim to dwell, but those defining moments do deserve dwelling on as they were the result of hard work and dedication. In only my 3rd attempt, in 1985, in the now defunct Humber Bridge Marathon, I managed to reach the magic goal of sub 3 hours (2:56:48). With my close friends Peter Kirk and Peter Jarvis, who had long been the Marathoners' guru, and regular runs from Goole, Sancton, Market Weighton and Driffeld, which reduced marathons to insignificant outings. The regular Three Supermarket Runs of 17 miles mid week, coupled with missionary forays to East Hull, kept the mileage high. My real moment of triumph and a personal best of which I am proud to speak, came on the day of my 53rd birthday in the 1990 London Marathon, recording a time of 2:53:03. Scalps have been few and far between, but it was during one of these marathon training runs that I recorded a notable scalp, that of Mike Lake; a fine runner and Club Captain. Accompanying me on a Sunday morning run of about 18 miles, he unashamedly struggled and was left trailing. His wife Sue gently chided me and implored that in any future runs, I return her husband in a better physical state, as he was useless for weeks after! I leave the rest to your imagination. Mike was magnanimous in his account, but I must be equally generous in his defence by reporting that the day before, he had ran his socks off to ensure that the Club won the Hull and District Cross Country on a difficult Westwood course. I still regard it as a worthy scalp.

I am firmly convinced that it was Jarvo's wonderful training camps, under canvas in Wales, which cemented the ethos of the Club for the next 3 decades. Despite the atrocious weather year upon year, these were times of total relaxation, pure enjoyment and hard work. Childish incidents, juvenile behaviour and language unbecoming from middle aged men, who were supposed to be the pillars of society, were something to be seen to be believed. Antics on the beach provided hours of amusement for the children who regularly greeted our appearances with, "Mum, it's those silly old codgers again." It is perhaps fortunate that camcorders were in their infancy, as the modern day reality programmes would have come a very poor second to "Get me out of here – I'm an Athlete." But then, the script would never have got passed any Watershed.

Despite the incessant rain, (I spent hours in the local launderette drying sleeping bags) we all ate well, drank heartily and trained hard. It was during these training camps that I established a platform which allowed me to progress from jogger to athlete. Under the tutelage of Robbo, Jarvo and Jim Dingwall, I succeeded in reaching my goal of 100 mile weeks in the mountains of Wales. The Autumn of 1985 saw me break the magic 3 hour barrier in the Humber Bridge Marathon, which was won by Jim Dingwall. Building on this and further trips to Wales, in 1986 I achieved another milestone in winning a selective and competitive Champagne League Series. The highlight of this series was my 53:47 in the Wauldby Green race, as I loved the country but lacked the strength to perform consistently.

There are anecdotes in abundance concerning Wales but 2 readily come to mind. I have the greatest respect for Fred Fussle with whom I shared several journeys to the Principality but on one occasion I drew the line. Farmer Jones was well versed in selling off his redundant stock to his visitors; Jarvo's 2 dogs had Welsh ancestry but I stubbornly dug in my heels when Fred insisted on giving Billy a lift home. Despite our warnings, Fred came more and more attached to him as the week progressed and I adamantly refused to share a seat with him. I must quickly add that Billy was a smelly goat, which Mr Jones planned to put down. Fred had a soft spot for all animals and stepped in to rescue him from his fate. I'll never forget the look of amazement on our faces when we saw Billy seated and belted up between Fred and Bert Coupland for the journey home. What the Police thought on the M62, we'll never know but all arrived home safely and very smelly.

Wales was also the only occasion when I witnessed our man of letters, archivist and raconteur being lost for words. After a particularly difficult week battered by storms, we set off for home, looking forward to a dry bed and creature comforts. It was a fairly uneventful journey until we reached Birch Services, where we stopped for refreshments and a petrol top up, Robb filled up the car and I was put in charge of the refreshments.

Suitably refreshed and refilled, we continued on our way – until we reached Beverley Road where the fun started. Gentleman that I am, I offered Robb crispy fivers to pay for my share of the petrol. He stoutly refused as I had done the honours at Birch. For what seemed like an eternity, we stared at each other in amazement before it dawned upon us that neither had paid. Robbo saw a stretch at Hedon Road before his eyes. For once I was very laid back about the incident and rang Birch with an explanation and the promise of an immediate cheque. They were very understanding, said that they had Robb's car on the cctv and had alerted the Lancashire Police to look out for us. I then realised the significance of the klaxon horn and red light as we pulled away from the service area. Communications before Forces is not a strong point and despite all our efforts, the boys in blue from the Humberside Force turned up at Robbo's the next morning. An amusing incident which could have had serious consequences if we had decided upon the usual pint, with the Police scanning all points East!

Finally, (did I hear someone murmur "thank God!") it is a good thing that I have retained a sense of humour and I can laugh at myself as I have been the butt of everyone's jokes, sarcasm and innuendoes. I console myself that had it been a boxing match the ref would have had to call "no contest", as I am so far ahead on points. It is for that reason I have save this anecdote until the end. For many years my wife Sally worked on the night shift at Castle Hill hospital and I utilised this twice a week for a speed session. Each evening I would become pillion on the back of her motor bike and I would run the 4 miles back home. Unfortunately, the top box would not hold both crash hats so I had to return home with mine that night. All went well until one fine, summer's evening when on approaching the gates of De Lat Pole hospital and whilst in full flow, I saw out of the corner of my eye, a Police car. Before I knew it they had pulled up in front of me, leapt out and barred my way. They enquired what I was doing and I replied truthfully that I was running home. This surprised them and they asked me to step inside the Police car for further questioning and insisted upon taking to the Willerby sub station to check my story. This was done and they apologised for the inconvenience but they did say that it was somewhat suspicious and unusual to see a person running outside of a mental hospital wearing A CRASH HELMET! They offered to take me home but I declined and asked if they would return me to their pick up point so I could finish my session. This they did with a lot of head shaking.

By this time I could forgive those of you for thinking what's all this nonsense about, just the usual wanderings of a fool in his dotage jotting down reminiscences? This is a long way from the truth as I have put a great deal of thought into this article. It is meant to underpin, give substance to the title of this piece and explain. Speaking for myself in particular, many, at the onset of middle age, are smitten by the running bug. It starts off with the urge to improve and achieve a modest goal. Improvement often moves the goal posts and we start looking for PB's which is both natural and commendable. However, never let these obscure the reasons why the majority took up the sport which was for enjoyment, a healthier life style and social contacts. Our PB's are mile posts along the way but never allow pursuit of these to spoil your enjoyment.

For your final amusement I must sum up by quoting an eminent psychologist's assessment of my good self: Quote "Jibbo is a fulsome character who is uncomfortable with silence".

Let's Celebrate Our Foundation by Robb Robinson

The 4th November 2007 will be the 125th anniversary of our club's first run. Back in 1882 the newly formed Hull Harriers appointed George Lidiard as captain and held their first run on Saturday 4th November 1882 from the Duke of Cumberland in North Ferryby, (the old Duke stood just in front of the present building and was demolished when its replacement was built in the 1920s). The members turned out for this first of countless runs, starting up the hill to Swanland. From there they crossed the fields to Welton Dale, passed through Wauldby, along the track to Braffords Farm, Raywell and then started back by way of Swanland Mill (which stood opposite the northern end of Woodgates Lane) to Ferryby. The distance covered was estimated to be ten miles and much of this route is, of course, familiar running terrain for many of today's club membership.

I know that there are a few individuals who will tell you that the club has changed its name and been reconstituted on more than one occasion but that is the case with virtually all organisations of any age. Our lineage is extremely old – the first harrier club Thames hare and Hounds was only formed in 1869 and there were only a few clubs around when those ten runners started out on the first of those countless runs and started the camaraderie and competition that we continue to this day. Lets think of a good way to celebrate this continuity and the club's 125.

Massage Therapy & Exercise Prescription by Jo Morrow

Sports Massage is a deep tissue technique, which can help restore full range of movement from a previous re-occurring injury. It helps breakdown scar tissue and with correct exercise prescription can aid you to a full recovery. If you are a professional or amateur athlete; pre and post massage should be an essential part of your training programme, as it aids faster recovery, prevents injury and enhances your performance. If your lifestyle is stressful a relaxation massage is a must. Stress has many negative factors on your health and well being. A poor diet along with stress can lead to a reduction in life. Nutritional and dietary advice can be given.

Sports Massage (1hour 10 mins) £25.00

Pre & Post Sports Massage (30 mins) £12.00

Full body Relaxation Massage (1hour 30 mins) £30.00

Personal Training (1 hour) £25.00

City of Hull members receive a 10% discount off these prices.

Jo Morrow, 4 The Old Barn, Barton upon Humber, RSA, NABBA, IIHHT/IIST, BaBTec,
FA Cert Management and Treatment in sports injuries. Tel 01652 637029 Mob 07919 032380

Humber Runner, 229 Boothferry Road, Hessle, Tel 01482 647613
www.humberrunner.co.uk

Simply Running, 4 Albion House, Albion Street, Hull, tel 01482 222169

If you would like to contribute to the next newsletter, please contact Steve Holmes 'till the next time, Good Running to all!

CITY OF HULL AC – WINTER LEAGUE ENTRY FORM 2006/07

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 remember to bring your own pins!

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

Registration must be completed by 6.45pm at each race.

NAME: _____

I intend to run in the CoH 2006/07 Winter League and enclose the £5.00 entry fee

Tuesday 3rd Oct 2006	Tuesday 7th Nov 2006	Tuesday 5th Dec 2006
Tuesday 2nd Jan 2007	Tuesday 6th Feb 2007	Tuesday 6th Mar 2007