

Roadhogs Leicester A.C.



July/August 2012

Established 10/08/1984
Affiliated MCAA, LRRL, DRL, RWA.

Secure One Glooston 10K

Staging a race seems to get more and more difficult each year. Things got off to magnificent start when Ian (pictured here with Kate Ramsey) generously agreed that Secure One would be our first 'headline' sponsors, but then the hard graft started. After a disappointing entry in 2011 we gave the marketing a big push and several members of the committee put in sterling work getting flyers out at races.



Everything seemed to be going well until Ron told us that we'd lost one of the race's selling points; the pub. Fortunately, Ron didn't just bring a problem, he brought a solution, too; he managed to set up a bar in the village hall and Craig kept everyone well supplied. The second potential disaster concerned the scheduling of the Euro 2012 tournament; at one point it looked as if England would be playing on the evening of the race. Fortunately, they won their group and disaster was averted.

Our mug supplier caused frayed nerves by only delivering the day before the race but in the end, thanks to the goodwill and hard work of members, their families and our faithful friends from Aon, everything went well and we had a healthy 129 finishers.

Round Leicester Relay



Don't forget, we're recruiting for our Round Leicester Relay teams (speed unimportant). This year's event takes place on Sunday 9th September. Come and experience the unique atmosphere of Leicestershire's 'festival of running'.

LRRL Summer League

12th August: Hermitage 10K
2nd September: John Fraser 10

Member News

Our latest recruits are Steve, Amy and Rachel. A big welcome to you all. We're also pleased that John Hallissey has ended his sabbatical and rejoined; welcome back John.

In This Issue

Riotous Riga (page 2)
For the record (page 8)
Rainbows' 100 and Handicap (page 9)
LRRL Reports (page 10)
20 Things (page 12)

Twelve Men and Three AWESOME Ladies: Roadhoggs (and Friends) Rock Riga

Day 1: 2.45am - Firebug, Leicester

It was a subdued, uncharacteristically quiet reunion of the Roadhoggs, waiting sprawled across the sofas of Firebug. A weird sensation indeed to be tired in this pub, and not from over-indulgence! When the taxi arrived we gazed out of the window at it for about 10 minutes before realising it was for us. I can only say that lack of sleep resulted in a lack of gentlemanly decorum as I found myself standing behind the grunting men, throwing their suitcases into the trailer before throwing themselves into the taxi.

While the rest of the group settled in for a bit of a nap on the 1½ hour journey to Luton it became clear who the life and soul of the party were as Dan and I cranked up the volume on his iPhone to his favourites: Carly Rae Jepsen and Tulisa (!) Every now and then Ruth would be roused from slumber to chip in an interesting (although often incoherent) comment and, of course, Dale was always close behind, encouraging us to photograph the sleeping passengers of the bus. By the end of the journey Dan had received a first class education in decent music and Mark had thoroughly shaken off his responsibilities of tour guide, which would later be passed to the unsuspecting Ian.

With toilets as our first priority (and a few ticket glitches to be organised), the motley band of first-class athletes traipsed into the airport. With many an hour to kill in and around the airport we lightened the load somewhat by losing several members of the group. Me, Jackie, Ruth, Dan, Dale, Dave and Baz settled into Costa while Mark and the others hastened in the direction of the nearest bar. We somehow made it through security, although I had to offload my toiletries to Dan as a surplus of shoes brought my bag over the 10kg limit. We managed to make it to the front of the queue, save for a Latvian woman and her crying baby (groan!). The others showed up in drifts and drabs, Ian appearing first and Mark and Nick bringing up the rear. Of course, Dan and I took no prisoners, ensuring that we maintained our place in the queue with some elbow jabs and gentle foot-stepping (little did we know how useful such tactics would be in Riga!)

7am: Wizz Air

Having got onto the plane, the excitement of being one of the first to board soon waned as the screaming baby, seated in front of us, simultaneously cried and soiled itself...bad times! (Squished between Dan and Ian, I initially placed the blame for the aroma their way but conceded when I caught sight of the bulging nappy! However, I did later learn that it was not just the baby contributing to the smell!) Luckily, I had Ian on hand to distract me with his vast collection of Kylie videos. Once more Dan proved his ultimate sophisticated and adult side, grabbing Jackie's bag and cardigan as she waited for the toilet. Meanwhile, I became the official photographer of the dozing Hoggs. Ian and Dan were also treated to some much needed entertainment on the two hour flight, consisting of an explanation of the realities of contemporary feminism. I think something went a bit wrong in my tirade though as I somehow landed myself with the nickname saggy boobs (which stuck throughout the holiday!).



Day one and the oldies are already flagging

Riga Airport

Several hours later (still having not slept a wink), and possibly already marking ourselves out as a group of rowdy English tourists, we were descending the airport steps into the muggy air of Riga. We were kindly greeted in arrivals by a sniffer dog who apprehended the more suspicious members of the party, i.e. all the men! Somehow we managed to locate the airport bus (to be fair, it was parked right outside and was bright yellow!) and we cobbled together three Lats (about £3.45) each for the fare to the hotel. It was at this point we learned of the locals' disdain for the English (or rather, for a loud group of Leicester-based runners, holding up maps of Riga and speaking in dubious Eastern-European accents!). As the bus passed

over one of the city's many bridges (one that Jackie reminded us we'd be running over on Sunday - running? Completely forgot that bit!) we drank in the sights of a city that both embodied a rich culture and was simultaneously, like so many other cities in Europe.



Half an hour later and the little yellow bus was relieved of its snorting Hogs. We stumbled up the steps of the Hotel Riga, deposited our luggage (not being able to check in for three hours) and took to the streets (not before Ruth had made a most lewd suggestion...don't ask!). At this point I must ask the inevitable question: how many runners does it take to read a map? Apparently the answer is, more than 15! I even got 'into the map' at one point but we remained stumped as to whether we needed to go past the Opera House or towards the river. This was, of course, in aid of finding the Expo centre to collect our numbers for the race. It was to be held at the Radisson Blu...what do you know, there are four Radisson Blus in Riga!



Ian takes charge while Adam updates his Facebook status to 'lost in Latvia'

Jackie asserted her role as the trip mummy, taking control of the map which by now had been on the floor and walked on several times. She was soon excised from this role by the men as they used their superior map reading skills to lead us through the meandering underpasses, across the many bridges and all the way to...the WRONG Radisson Blu!

"You have to wait!!"

After a 'productive' hour's walk we rested our weary feet at a pub in the central square called Queens (note the cliché of a bunch of English people travelling all the way to a foreign country to eat English food!). All the restaurants in the square had a supply of blankets accompanying the outdoor seating, to stave off those Baltic winds. Me and Ruth settled down in our blanket and treated everyone present to a melodious, broken singsong of 'Kookaburra', sung in a round of course! 'Morning Has Broken' also made its Latvian debut. Once more, English/Latvian relations took a beating as the opposite table threw us withering looks which we, in our sleep-deprived state, took as encouragement and cries for more.

Meanwhile, Mark's table were undergoing some trials of their own. As the other two tables in our party had received their burgers and chips, Mark, Dave, Craig, and Phil were still waiting on theirs. Gazing longingly at everyone else's food they eventually asked the waitress about their missing meals:

"You have to wait!" was the brusque response. Needless to say, this put me and Ruth into a more hysterical mood and became the holiday catchphrase, yelled across to each other in those dubious Eastern-European accents at random moments. It highlighted the stereotypical English politeness (although I'm not sure how much we echoed this cultural typecast!)

Expo Excitement!

Eventually fed, we finally managed to track down the Expo centre, sans a few members of the group who disappeared to the hotel, leaving Ian to assume his new role as tour guide. At the Expo we were presented with bowls of pasta, energy drinks and ice cream. Of course, my seven years of being a student and living on a budget were thrown into overdrive and the next hour was spent gorging on several bowls of pasta and visiting the energy drink stand no less than four times. I think this was the point when Jackie realised she would need to buttress her role as trip mummy as she watched me and Dan walk back and forth past the drink stand to claim

yet another bottle. We were even ingenious enough to slightly alter our attire on each trip: once in a Roadhoggs jumper with the hood down; the next with it up; the third time abandoning the jumper entirely (meanwhile, vegan Ruth ate chicken!).

Skyline Bar

To placate us, the others granted Dan's request and dragged us from the Expo centre and up to the (now infamous!) Skyline Bar, located on the 26th floor of the Radisson Blu. It is Riga's only 'cocktail lounge in the sky' and affords some of the best views of the city, with its central location and floor to ceiling windows all the way around.



More stunning were the vast array of cocktails on offer and with that, we settled ourselves into a corner and drank in the Latvian sun and alcohol. Upon trips to the toilets to dispose of said alcohol we discovered that even the views there were none too shabby. Jackie realised a new love for Midori Sours while Dale stuck to lager. I challenged Ian, Richard and Dan to a game of 21. I thought I was on a roll...apparently not! Ruth enjoyed a nap after her tequila-laced concoction, while Craig tried to make sense of a map of Sigulda, to whence we were bound the following day. Dave managed to stay out of trouble, reclined in a chair and soaking in the sun. He was probably dreaming of his fore-coming bromance. Indeed, I suppose it would be no newsletter without some tawdry account of love and lust. No more was this present than between our Roadhogg friends, the Leicester Coritians. To respect the privacy of these two noble athletes, I will say no more than 'towel-gate' and leave the rest to the reader's salacious imagination!

Stumbling happily from the Skyline Bar several hours later, and not before almost recruiting a homeless man as the newest member of the Roadhoggs posse, we made it back to the hotel whereupon we agreed to meet back in the lobby at 8 for some evening drinks. This gave three girls two hours to have showers and get ready. Many may scoff at the viability of such an endeavour, but we are Hoggettes and at 8pm on the dot (with Jackie rounding us up) we descended to the lobby in our finest...only to wait for half an hour before any of the men made an appearance! I've got to say, one thing I learned from this trip was the lack of stamina among the male members of the group. Dave was found passed out after his shower (towel-gate!) while Mark was also a no-show. In the end, Jackie, Ruth, Dan, Craig, Phil, Dale, Ian, Richard, Rob and I pottered down to Moloney's Pub.

Like just about every major city in the world, Riga has its share of Irish bars and it was in one of these that the 'Barrel Dance' was born. Standing on our feminist soapboxes, me and Ruth tore down the idea of the sexually-arousing stripper and proceeded to dance in embracing movements around a barrel (that was randomly serving as a table in the pub). The jaunty movements and rounded postures subverted the erotic grace of pole dancing, centralising the primitive patina of womanhood...whilst also being WELL FUNNY! There was generally a lot of posturing and posing going on that first evening, an attempt to prove that the rest of the group were missing out. Of course, they clearly were, especially with the debate staged by Rob, Ruth and I about the rights and wrongs of stripping...needless to say, this developed into a full blown argument which only ended when I escaped to the toilet.

Several turns of the barrel and JDs later and I discovered the difficulties of negotiating the (mostly) cobbled streets of Riga in 5 inch heels. Thence began 'carry-Clare-everywhere-gate'. Unfortunately for his arms, this responsibility fell largely to Dan, although Rob, Ruth, Baz and Nick were also roped in a few times over the holiday. All I can say is that I provided them all with some invaluable weight training which will make their running all the better!



An impromptu training session?

Our next port of call was the Victory Bar where we were joined by the others, although Mark and Dave never did make an appearance, and Dale and Rob had sensibly decided to turn in for the night (probably when they realised they might have to carry me...and maybe also because Rob was a little unsteady on his feet!). I soon learned that Latvians like to share their toilets, as a big, burly man emerged from the cubicle next to me. This both terrified and intrigued me and forced me to numb the experience with numerous JDs which in turn led to me teaching everyone a most charming facial movement that can only be described pictorially:



The strain of being the only 'grown up' begins to tell on Ian

This is also the point in the evening where my memory fails me somewhat. Extreme tiredness and a few too many whiskeys probably contributed more to the carrying than the cobbled streets.

With the group thinning ever more (leaving only the hardcore!) we invaded Mojors for a boogy and once more I was startled by the appearance of a man in the toilets (seriously, what the hell?!). The rest of the evening has been reported back to me by several sources. They assure me that I was very well behaved and got home in one piece, and in a timely fashion! (ahem!)

Day 2: Sigulda

...and everyone looked a bit worse for the wear! At this point I calculated that I had had no more than three hours sleep over the past two days. It was okay though as once more my years of being a student have given me the ability to power through extreme exhaustion, even with the post-alcohol shakes! (Phil showed us how a real athlete does it, awaking early for a morning run, followed by a sauna.). It was once more a subdued group of Hoggs and friends (although a fully intact group!) that trailed through the streets to the bus station, which we miraculously found without too many diversions! We even worked out where to buy our tickets to Sigulda. At 1 lat 50 (about £1.70) it seemed a bit of a bargain for the 50km bus journey to one of Latvia's most beautiful cities. We did learn much about Latvian etiquette as our queuing proved to no avail and we were surrounded on all sides by pushy locals, desperate to get on in front of us. Luckily Dan and I had our elbows poised and managed to nab the front seats again (with no screaming baby this time!)

About an hour and ten minutes later and we had descended on Sigulda, a district where people can apparently feel at ease. Indeed, with its lush greenery and suburban atmosphere it was the perfect place for our disgruntled group to stave off the hangover blues. With Sigulda being famous for its winter sports, we could do no better activity than bobsleighbing! By the time we had located the bobsleigh centre everyone seemed in greater spirits (Ruth even became a vegan again, buying a hotdog but only eating the bun and donating the sausage to Craig). Some forward planning by Jackie and me the previous weekend proved to be a hit. Everyone enjoyed the adrenaline-fuelled rides through the winding bobsleigh tracks whilst taking in the surrounding views of breath-taking Sigulda (though not simultaneously!) We were provided with shower caps to wear under our helmets which none of us girls bothered with. On the other hand, Dale, Nick, Ian and Richard enjoyed their complementary caps a bit too much!



Ian and Dale make a fashion statement

We even met a stag party and Dave claimed some condoms from the superhero-clad groom-to-be (for souvenir purposes of course!). In fact, the boys were having so much fun that they decided to abandon their plan of leaving early to watch the football and instead enjoyed the afternoon frolicking in the hills. Some of us did more frolicking than others. Some of us were encouraged to run down a hill which turned out to be a boggy trap. No names will be revealed here. All I can say is a certain ginger-haired boy had very muddy Toms and that the trip mummy was extremely irresponsible to leave us in the care of Dale (oops!). After scraping the mud from our shoes we caught sight of a Latvian wedding and stalked them to take our own romantic pictures in the hills. We found the cable cars and the bungee jump but they were closed. Apparently 'peer' and 'self-respect' cannot be earned every day!



Pride of Leicester!

Several ice-creams and animal crackers (for the little ones) later and we were ready to hit the road back to Riga. Unfortunately we didn't count on the trip tearaway, Baz, being such a loose cannon. My proposal for harnesses came too late and a concerned Dale doubled back in search of the lone Hogg. Fortunately Baz is a man of intuition and cunning and our return to the bus station found him there, safe and sound.

Once more Dan and I pushed and shoved our way onto the bus and sat at the back with Baz, where the naughty kids belong! I'm fairly certain Dan's music didn't drive the Latvian children off the bus...fairly certain. A quick stop in the Expo centre on the way back for some more pasta and energy drinks (what sportsmen and women we are...or freeloaders!) before heading back to the hotel and making arrangements to meet that evening for dinner. For a second time, girls rule and boys drool as we waited for the majority of the Hoggs to assemble. Again, impatience drove us out early, to our loss this time though as we missed Mark's magnificent piano performance!

Carbing Up!

After being aided around the square several times by Rob, tottering on my heels I was almost ready to give up and lie down when we finally decided upon Charlie's Pizzeria as the place to consume our pre-race meal. A whimsically Latvian place (i.e. the waiter couldn't understand us and half of the food on the menu wasn't available) we chowed down on pasta, pizza and (the best part) dessert pizza! Rob seemed displeased with his crisp-covered pizza and demonstrated the perils of dodgily-translated menus.



I think the chef's kids must have made this one at school

It was a far more civilised and muted evening (probably partly owing to my lack of alcohol-consumption!) After leaving the guys to the football we Hoggettes even managed to get back to the hotel before midnight, catching a fire-eater on the way (no holiday abroad would be complete without one!). Finally ready for a decent night's rest, I settled down in bed, waiting for the sweet embrace of sleep...hours later, bitten to death by bedbugs and heart racing from the energy drink that I'd thought was a good idea to have with dinner, I resigned myself to another sleepless evening. Luckily Jackie was there to chat to...after I woke her up by opening the window of course!

Day 3: 6.30am - Race Day!

After about an hour's slumber we lay in bed, dreading the task ahead of us: running 13.1 miles in the Latvian heat, with very little sleep! We got dressed and pinned on our numbers with little enthusiasm, and after trailing back and forth to the toilet for the fiftieth time (no exaggeration!) we were ready to roll, or run! The start was located next to the President's Palace, a convenient 10 minute stroll from the hotel, or in our case, a steady 7 minute warm up! On the way there Dan showed off some impressive moves, twisting his ankle and shocking the locals with his ever elegant use of the English lexicon; along with Rob, suffering from some serious cramp of the previous day, we made an impressive bunch, limping to the start line. Dave Pearce became the new Dave Lodwick, serving as the official photographer...although I'm not sure Dave Lodwick would take pictures of women's bottoms! (However, I hear that these days a certain someone has tamed him somewhat...) Continuing in our role as rowdy British tourists we shouted and danced about as the commentator asked 'who is from UK??' I don't think now that it was something to be quite so proud of but at the time we wore it as a badge of honour and I made sure that everyone recognised us as specifically from LEICESTER! With the clock ticking down, I spent several more minutes debating whether I had time to go to the loo again, but it was too late. It was 8.30: the race had started and we were off!



Craig casts an eye over Roadhoggs' finest

Riga Half

It was a hot day for a run, with temperatures soaring well into the 20s. For the first four miles I had my own personal gofer to bring me water and oversee my general welfare (guess who!). This may have aided me in being the only one to achieve a PB. Nevertheless, I did lose my water-carrier after about 5 miles and had to fend for myself! It was quite a scenic route passing both sides of the river Daugava, the largest river in Latvia, and over the Vansu and Dienvidu bridges, the only real inclines in the whole course. As well as being a very flat course it was also a frustrating one for a runner who isn't the quickest. This was because you had to loop back on yourself, watching all the faster runners pass by. Indeed, at almost 7 miles I waved to Nick, well into his 10th mile...depressing!

Bad Show!

The water supplies were quite badly managed; the first three miles were overloaded with an array of water stations, hosepipes and an archway that released gentle mists of water (still not sure of the technical name for this!). However, along with the cheering crowd, the water-stations also dissipated as the miles rolled on. I waited at one water station for about 30 seconds before realising they had actually run out of water (could have got a better time dammit!). There were also sponges and orange peels littering the floor. I'm sure it was all in a much better state when Nick, Phil, and Craig crossed the line in the top 20s and 30s (and may I add that they also wandered off to have breakfast while we were still struggling round!) but by the time I had made my way through it was a bit of a mess! However, I sprinted across

the finish line victorious, knocking over a minute off my PB. But the more impressive story was Rob's...having been struck down with cramp the day before (from stretching in bed!) he could barely walk and predicted that he'd only complete the first two miles (as Dave did). However, he struggled round at a steady pace and managed to finish in under two hours. Inspiring!

Overall, most admitted that the heat (and potentially the over-indulgence of Friday night) had affected their runs. Cushioning the blow of slightly slower times were the goody bags which, unlike the water stations, were actually very well stocked. Each lady received a white rose upon finishing and as well as the bag we had received at the Expo on Friday, we gained (yet another) drawstring bag, filled with fruit, nuts, cereal bars and (big excitement from Dan and I) another energy drink! We basked in the sun, which suddenly seemed much more pleasant now that we weren't running in it, stretching and making plans to go to the beach that afternoon before being escorted away from the finish line to let the winner of the marathon come in (fairly depressing that someone had run a marathon in not much more time than it took me to run a half!).



Mission accomplished

On our way back to the hotel from the race, we experienced the rock star lifestyle as a passing tourist asked to have a photo taken with us (although, thinking about it, it may have been for the police...). We posed for more photos outside the hotel before heading back to our respective rooms for victory showers (that sounds a bit dodgy, what I mean is we cleaned the sweat off and headed to the beach!)

To be continued.....

Clare Mendes

For the Record

Shakespeare Half Marathon		
Barbara Hermann	836th	2.00.35
Woodhouse May Day Challenge		
Colin Bowpitt	28th	1.45.19
Dale Jenkins	32nd	1.46.30
Dave Lodwick	42nd	1.47.51
Rob Taylor	86th	2.00.51
Clare Mendes	131st	2.12.52
Rex Stapleford	178th	2.24
White Peak Marathon		
Jon Heap,	114th	4.11.53
John Stew	128th	4.18.25
Riga Half Marathon		
Nick Cobley	25th	1.20.11
Dale Jenkins	210th	1.35.21
Adam Clarke	277th	1.36.51
Jackie Brown	789th	1.50.07
Dan Bannatyne	801st	1.50.23
Ruth Stevely	1062nd	1.55.42
Clare Mendes	1068th	1.55.53 (PB)
Rob Taylor	1184th	1.58.01
Baz Barratt	1236th	1.57.06
Rich Norton	1797th	2.12.01
Ian Bass	1995th	2.17.53
Manchester 10K		
Dan Barnes	1779th	44.30
Leaden Boot		
John Stew	68th	7.41
Edinburgh Marathon		
Mark Jowsey	4193rd	4.23.01
Leicester 5K		
John Hallissey	11th	21.55
Jackie Brown	16th	23.19
Clare Mendes	20th	25.56
Parkrun 26/05/12		
Adam Clarke	10th	20.08
Corby 5		
Adam Clarke	86th	34.34
Parkrun 2/6/12		
Neil Winkless	11th	19.11
Adam Clarke	20th	20.01
Parkrun 9/6/12		
Tom Martin	30th	21.16
MOK Run Half Marathon		
Paul Langham	56th	1.45.29
Alexander The Great Half Marathon		
Barbara Hermann	52nd	1.53.23 (PB)
Bury St Edmunds Challenge		
John Stew	10th	5.41
Potters Arf		
Nick Cobley	13th	1.21.09
Baz Barratt	475th	1.52.09
Breedon-on-the-Hill 6.5km		
Dave Lodwick	14th	29.27
Harborough 5		
Dan Bannatyne	96th	35.19
Baz Barratt	109th	36.07
Jackie Brown	129th	37.06

Ruth Stevely	160th	38.41
Barbara Hermann	199th	41.01 (PB)
Clare Mendes	214th	42.01
Richard Norton	256th	46.26
Glooston 10K		
Nick Cobley	4th	35.29
Ludo Renou	6th	37.12
Ceri Davies	26th	44.05
Sam Jolly	31st	44.49
Dan Bannatyne	37th	45.25
Rob Taylor	75th	50.42
Keith Dakin	79th	51.06
Barbara Hermann	98th	54.30
Lucy McMillan	114th	58.19
Cheltenham Circular Challenge		
Jon Heap	126th	6.15.00
John Stew	141st	6.25.36
Weedon 10K		
Dan Bannatyne	128th	47.45
Baz Barratt	137th	48.06
Ruth Stevely	162nd	50.44

Edinburgh, finishing in 4.23.01. John S continued his single-minded 'never mind the quality' quest with occasional guest appearances from Jon. The totaliser now stands at something like 67. Trudy is probably torn between longing for him to reach 100 and worrying about what his next 'obsession' will be!

Rainbows 100 lap challenge

In what was a busy week for our running club we had The Rainbows 100 lap challenge at Saffron Lane Stadium on the 13th July. It was a cold night and was threatening to rain for the majority of it and it did eventually start to towards the end of the challenge. Many thanks to the 16 of you who ran and donated your £5 to the charity. In all we donated £80 for them for entering the race and this was gratefully received by Dave Muddimer (the organiser) I would like to apologise for saying the event started at 6pm but it didn't start until 7pm. I only found out it started at 7pm a couple of hours before and I text the majority (who's number I had to inform the difference) The majority of our runners did 6 laps each and Nick, Lee and John H. did 7. Richard also did 7 and took his son on his last one.

When organising events that have many people involved there are lots of different things you have to do and think about, for example:

- (1) I can always count on 6 definites.
- (2) There are always maybe's.
- (3) There are always maybe not's.
- (4) Might do's.
- (5) Might not's.
- (7) Definitely not's.
- (8) People who let you know by text.
- (9) People who let you know by email.
- (10) People who don't let you know.
- (11) People who can't make it at the last minute for whatever reason etc, etc, etc.

Please can some of you bear this in mind for future events by not moaning and possibly help out in a constructive way to make it a bit easier. (If you would like to have a go at managing an event we have the Round Leicester Relay coming up) so let Dave Lodwick or me know you want to organise teams for it.

Roadhogg's 10k Handicap

On Wednesday 25th July the warm weather had eventually arrived and the temperature was

Birthdays

July

2nd Ian Bass
3rd Charlotte Wood
8th Sally Waterfield
13th Ceri Davies (V45)
16th Rachel Clarke
18th John Davies
27th Lucy McMillan
30th Trudy Sharpe

August

2nd Rex Stapleford (V80)
6th Dale Jenkins
12th John Stew (V55)
15th Roger Kerridge
17th Simon Fryer
25th Lee Hubbard
25th Mark Jowsey (V50)
30th Steve Wheeler

Marathon Round up



Mark Jowsey grabbed the headlines with a courageous first Marathon in the heat of

25deg. It was a very good turnout for the event with about 25 running. This year I started it from Manor Rd (where we meet) and finished at Manor rd extension. This seemed a good idea at the time because it is where we always meet and towards the previous end you wouldn't have to negotiate the traffic on the roundabout coming back to the meeting point. Runners had a few issues after the 10k because the field was overgrown with lots of stinging things and were unable to overtake. I know from previous years that it is always difficult to overtake on the field even when we have started it at the usual 10k start point.

Barry got the run underway and was followed by Richard N and Dave S two minutes 30 seconds later. As everyone went off Nick was the last to go after pulling his hair out waiting in frustration. As Rob's ladyfriend and I made our way to the finish I was expecting the first person back within a hour of Barry setting off. Within 58 minutes Rebecca came storming up the path to win with Richard who had held on to his position very well. I had a problem because Rebecca hadn't informed me she was going to run and I had no idea of her fitness levels. It was eventually decided that Richard and Rebecca should be joint winners. The stand out performance I thought must go to Lee H, who started 6th from last and finished 2nd (behind Richard & Rebecca)



Richard: Handicap winner 2012

All the runners in the event all finished within 6mins 25secs of each other based on my calculations from Hungarton. I based my calculations on this race because it was a really good turnout. Again if anybody else would like a go at doing the organising for it then let us know.

After the run the majority of us went to the Cow & Plough for our chip supper. A few were

disappointed this time so Baz who came to the pub had the idea of getting the mobile chip shop to come to us the next time we do something that involves chips. A special thanks also to Lucy who brought us some cakes to celebrate her birthday.

Well done everyone who took part in the above events.

Mark.....

Leicester Running Shop LRRL Summer League: Hinckley Half

The Hinckley Half returned to the League after a 2 year absence; with its biggest ever field. 20 Roadhogs took to the start but this included only 4 ladies, so we couldn't afford to get careless and lose one on the way. Un-seasonal weather in the build up meant that the water park had been living up to its name and the lake had expanded into the car park, but fortunately by race day things had dried out just enough to get everyone in (and eventually) out. Conditions on the day were pleasant, if a little warm for running flat out.



Mark looking like he means business

Nick was close to his best, breaking 1.20 and finishing 12th LRRL runner (15th over all). Mark R has been knocking out some great times in training and was able to deliver when it counted, hitting the League top 50 (37th) and setting a 1.25 PB. There was a bit of a gap behind these two as Peter (66th) picked up an injury after a couple of miles and had to really dig in to get round (of course he still managed a time most of us would only dream of!). Colin B (94th) showed Dale (98th) the way home and Sam J (101st) took a chunk off his PB. With Dave

L safely, if a little sedately, in in 127th we needed one more for the eight. John Hallissey (140th), returning to the club after a sabbatical on the sofa (and the arrival of young Henry), was the man to oblige but we also had Dave Bullivant (151st), looking strong on his debut, as back up. Keith (164th) is starting to get his mojo back and it's great to see him enjoying his running again. It was good to see Paul (181st) again and he finished just in front of Lee (187th), who was exploring new territory in his first ever long run (who needs training when you've got youth on your side?). John (204th) was pacing Trudy and Mark J (212th) warmed up for his first Marathon with a PB, leaving Rich (240th) to complete our finishers (Adam having pulled up lame, early on).



Maybe half marathons aren't so bad after all....

What of our quartet of hardy Hoggettes? Jackie (28th) did her captains bit, as ever, whilst Trudy (54th) and Clare (65th) both showed great form and succeeded in lowering their PBs. Alison (121st), not usually a great lover of Half Marathons, finished ahead of schedule and even had a smile on her face!

Leicester Running Shop LRRL Summer League: Swithland 6

For many years, my memories of Swithland were of bright sunshine and soaring temperatures. Then we had three years of rain (ranging from refreshing drizzle to knicker-soaking downpour). For 2012 we were back to days of yore and sun cream was the order of the day. The race has now settled into its new format. Although the roads are pretty much the same, the changed start means the challenge is completely different. Previously, the final mile was on a slight downslope and you were always struggling

to maintain the high pace all the way to the line. Now, much of the final mile is up hill and is a real effort when you're tired.



Lucy: First race at Swithland

After struggling for numbers at Hinckley, we had no less than 10 Hogettes including debutants Rachel and Lucy. Jackie set the ball rolling with an excellent 16th place and was ably backed up by Charlotte (26th) and Bec (27th), both making their first starts of the season. Needing only one to complete the team, we got three instead; Ruth (50th), Rachel (51st) and Barbara (52nd). If this wasn't enough, Clare (59th) and Trudy (65th) also followed rapidly (A and B teams in the top 65!). Lucy (109th) was delighted to break the hour and Alison (130th) was probably just pleased to negotiate the heat safely!

Nick produced a quality performance to finish 14th and was followed by Miguel (28th) who had popped over from Norwich to add some potency to the ranks. Mark R (40th) continued his steady rise up the rankings. Peter (68th), Neil (78th), Ceri (82nd) and Sam J (89th) all packed well and Dale (101st) just missed out on giving us an all top 100 counting eight. Colin B (120th), who struggled a bit in the heat, was followed by Lee (126th). John H (142nd) showed Dave L (150th) and Roger (152nd) a clean pair of heels before Martin (158th) led in Dave B (163rd) and an out of sorts Tom (168th). Next up were Keith (190th), Rob T (195th) and Baz (206th) with Sam R (236th) a bit further back. We finished with the V75 category; Colin (255th), making his first start of the season, finishing in front of Barry (261st).

20 Things

	Roger Kerridge 
What do you do for a living?	Risk Manager for Lloyds Bank Group
Are you Married or Single?	Married to Kay for 24 years
How long have you been running?	I started running when I left school in 1976 (mainly half marathons) and stopped when I was 30. I started again 4 years ago just before I joined Roadhogs.
How did you become involved with Roadhogs?	I just googled local running clubs. Roadhogs wasn't the nearest but looked the most appealing. I went along for a sample training night back in 2008 and never looked back.
If you didn't run which sport would you like to excel in?	By far, squash. I love the sport and used to go and watch the British Open every year. Sadly, I finally hung up my racket at the end of last year. Getting too painful!
Did you ever have any ambitions when at school to do a different job?	I loved foreign languages and had a place at university to do German and Italian but backed out at the last minute as the temptation of earning money was too much.
Which is the best Holiday destination you have been to?	Italy generally but Umbria and Le Marche in particular.
What music do you like most?	Difficult one as I have pretty varied tastes. I loved Simply Red but I guess that of current bands, Keane takes some beating.
What was your favourite film?	Another difficult one as I don't watch much. As a kid Where Eagles Dare always fascinated me.
If you could be any TV character which one would it be?	Morse. Had a bad car accident years ago and as I was being carted away in the ambulance the police asked whether they could contact anyone. I asked them to 'phone Kay to get her to video the last episode. They did.
What car do you drive and what car would you most like to drive?	Currently drive a Vauxhall Astra. Would like to drive my beloved fully restored 1973 Triumph TR6 that I sold 2 months ago and wish I hadn't!
What is your favourite food and drink?	Pasta but most Italian food, washed down with a good red wine.
Which 5 people (living or dead) would you most like to invite to your Dinner Party?	John Bonham (drummer Led Zep), Jeremy Clarkson, John Cleese, Cameron Diaz, Boris Yeltsin (not for political reasons!).
What was your favourite subject at school?	Italian.
What was the best book that you ever read?	Sounds boring, but The Ascent of Money which I've just finished (bit work related).
What is your favourite local race and your favourite distance?	Barrow was great, partly because I used to live and train round there. 10k.
What is the best thing about being a Roadhogg?	Where do I start? Great website, lovely people, non-elitist club, variety of routes (especially summer), social activities even though I don't manage to get to many!
If there was one thing you could change within Roadhogs what would that be?	Bring it nearer Gilmorton! Otherwise absolutely nothing.
What would be the best way to spend an evening?	A pint of good real ale (not too strong) followed by an Italian meal and red wine with my closest friends, and possibly even Kay.
Do you have any remaining ambitions either personal or club wise?	Personally I have a bit of a 'bucket' list including walking the Coast to Coast path, doing the 3 peaks, climbing Kilimanjaro and running another classic car. Club wise I would love to do another half marathon but minor injuries keep stopping me.