

Roadhogs Leicester A.C.



Nov/December 2010

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



Hoggs Take Over Leicester

Roadhogs were out in force at the Leicester Marathon and Half. In the full there were mixed fortunes. As you'll read later, Jerry stormed to a magnificent PB. Paul also lowered his, although he missed his 4 hour target by an agonising 37 seconds. Angela ran well but couldn't quite match her heroics in the New Forest and Jon found it so hard he must have felt he was back on the Jungfrau. Hitesh succumbed to cramp in the last few miles and Mark suffered a complete meltdown. In the half we had 23 finishers (not including a couple more who have been training with us). Nick had a great race, finishing 8th in a field of 2000. Behind him, Ceri and Ludo smashed their PBs in breaking the 90 minute barrier and Miguel gave notice that he'll be next. There was a matching pair of PBs for the Turners (Stef and Fiona) and lots of other great runs. Of course these events can't be run without an army of supporters and everyone is indebted to Kim and his small band of loyal marshals for helping to make it all possible.

Missing Person



Have you seen this man? Last seen somewhere in the Somerby area on Sunday 26th September. If you see him, give him a satnav and tell him all is forgiven.

LRRL 2011

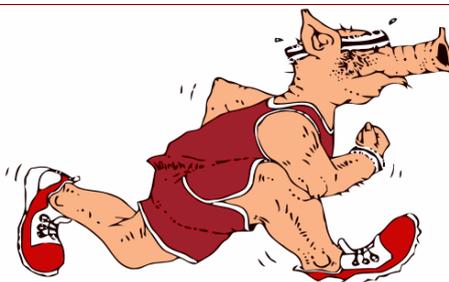
Winter League

23rd January	Barrow 6
30th January	Ashby 5
13th February	Markfield 10K
27th February	Desford 10K
20th March	Kibworth 6

Summer League

22nd May	Desford 1/4 Marathon
12th June	Swithland 6
6th July	Hungarton 7
3rd August	Joy Cann 5
4th September	John Fraser 10

There may be a race added to the Summer League if anyone can be persuaded to stage one.



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Running Stateside

Six weeks of disturbed sleep from a dodgy tooth and a pain-killer habit to rival the late Michael Jackson don't make for great athletic performance. Against this background, I found myself on holiday in the US with an ultra-challenging Marathon (Snowdonia) looming, all too near, on the horizon. Once the initial jet-lag and a trip to New York were safely out of the way, it was time to get down to business. My aim was to run at least 10 miles on alternate days.

Run 1: Boston (11.3 miles)

Running is not necessarily big everywhere in the US but we were in Boston, where, as they say over there 'they get it'. Our hotel not only boasted two run routes, specially devised by Runner's World, but even a 'running concierge'! This was a member of staff who could be called upon to take guests out on a personalised route around the neighbourhood. It might have been worth signing up for this service just to see if they wore a uniform, like the rest of the 'front of house' staff but I felt I was probably capable of looking after myself.



Downtown Boston

It was a bright, pleasant afternoon and I headed through the re-developed dockland area towards downtown Boston. Running in American cities can be a little frustrating; with traffic lights on every block and laws that make right turns on red lights legal, you have to keep your wits about you. I crossed the Charles River into East Cambridge and the world changed from one of gleaming skyscrapers to one of laundrettes and thrift shops. Passing through the working-class streets of Cambridge I came to the manicured lawns of one of the world's most famous universities, MIT. Then it was back over the

water with stunning views of the Charles River basin sparkling in the sunshine. I joined the other runners, cyclists and skateboarders on the riverside walk before looping back into the city.

Still short of miles, I headed out into the suburbs thinking I was running parallel to the road our hotel was on. After I'd run through an extremely bohemian area with pavement cafes and ethnic restaurants I turned North East (or so I thought), expecting to come out close to the hotel. By the time I realised I'd messed up the navigation, I was starting to feel quite tired. Maybe there was something in that concierge business after all? Fortunately, the streets soon became more open and then I could see the skyline of downtown Boston in the distance which gave me a chance find my way back safely.

Run 2: Johnstown, NY (12.9 miles)

My second outing was in upstate New York. We were in the equivalent of a Travelodge on the outskirts of a couple of adjoining towns in a rural backwater. I spent a while pouring over a local map picking out a simple route before venturing out. Sticking to my plan meant running in heavy rain. If the receptionist thought I was mad, she was polite enough not to say so, and I was on my way.



A New England grist mill

Puddles aside, the first few miles went perfectly according to plan; some nice rural roads, a forestry track, and all the turns in the right places. I splashed my way into the 'City' of Gloversville running up wide streets of wooden houses with verandas and neat lawns - the sort you see in the movies. It was at this point that things stopped looking exactly as they had on the map. I was aiming for what looked like the local equivalent of Great Central Way, an old

railway line that had been turned into a 'green way'. Not to worry, I managed 'plan B' which was to pick up the main street instead. Like the majority of small town America, all the modern shops and amenities in Gloversville and neighbouring Johnstown are located in out of town developments. This has left their centres somewhat run down and neglected. After a mile or so I was fortunate enough to be able to swap urban degeneration for the leafy tranquillity of the old railway line which had crossed my path.



Madison County must be missing a bridge

I was back on track (literally) but my next problem was to decide when to leave the line and turn east. Anxiety got the better of me and I turned too early leaving me with a dilemma when I reached the by-pass. Was the hotel to the North or to the South? I chose north. The trouble with these sorts of situations is that once you've committed, you've got to see it through. There's no point in turning round until you're certain you've got it wrong, otherwise you're in big trouble. I ran for more than a mile until I could see the point at which I'd crossed the road 40 odd minutes before!

Even after I'd retraced my steps, I still had a mile and half of running past every fast food outlet you've ever heard of (and plenty that you haven't - drive through ice-cream anyone?) before finally greeting the sight of our hotel like a drowning man spying a life raft (probably an apt metaphor given the fact that it was still raining!). I should probably explain at this point that Alison wasn't insured to drive the hire car, so there would have been no point trying to emulate ET, even if I'd been carrying a phone.

Run 3: Fallsview, On (6.5 miles)

I had always imagined that the Niagara falls were in the middle of nowhere, surrounded by wild landscape. That's the way it always seems in pictures. The Americans have even declared their bit a national park. It was somewhat of a shock to find 'Las Vegas' on the Canadian side of the falls and 'Scunthorpe' on the US! I now realise that the pictures must be taken by the same people who take photos for estate agents' further particulars!



The American falls at river level

The falls themselves are magnificent; the raw power of the water is awe inspiring. We had booked ourselves a room overlooking the Horseshoe (Canadian) falls and it was difficult to tear yourself away from the window.



The Horseshoe (Canadian) Falls from our hotel window

My run was a struggle with my quads feeling stiff right from the start. After 5 miles running parallel to the river, much of it through a dreary industrial hinterland, I worked my way down to the canyon at the interestingly named Whirlpool National Park (bit of a grand title for something smaller than Watermead Park). I was separated from the river by a wall, a few meters of scrub

and a 60m drop. I didn't see any proper whirlpools but I certainly saw several circulating currents on the surface. I had plenty of time to admire them because, by now, the legs had failed completely and I had a long walk back to the hotel.

Run 4: Markham, On (9.5 miles)

Markham used to be a small town but has long since been subsumed into greater Toronto. The Ontarians seem to have a passion for covering the countryside in concrete, so that they can sit in six lane traffic jams. Nonetheless, I did find a nice park to run round albeit at the time of day beloved of 'mad dogs and Englishmen'. In one remote corner, two smartly dressed young men politely informed me that I 'could go that way', so I was forced to retrace my steps. There had been something 'other worldly' about them but it wasn't until I was back on the roads and ran past the sign for the Mormon Summer Camp that I realised why.



A British base from the 1812 war

Unfortunately, the map I'd studied was a couple of years old and the roads had been changed - a whole new community had been built in the way. I was never actually lost but I was far from certain that I wasn't, for a while. I managed 9 miles or so before my legs decided they'd had enough punishment for the day.

Run 5: Burlington, Vt (10.8 miles)

As we journeyed back into the States the weather took a turn for the worse. In clear weather, the drive to Burlington would have been spectacular. The road basically hops from island to island down Lake Champlain (which runs south from the Canadian border) with the Green Mountains as a backdrop. With the rain

set in for the day, I put on my kit and set about exploring the Winooski River.

After a fairly built up mile I spotted a sign for a riverside path. Unfortunately, there were loads of steps, fallen tree trunks and other hazards so it was rather slow going in the wet. After quite a lot of effort, I emerged less than a mile from where I had started. I decided to carry on following my nose and took a small road to an organic farm. From the farm, the way was signposted as a bike trail but I figured not too many cyclists would be using it in the rain. The ground was sodden but fortunately, not too muddy and fields gradually gave way to a beautiful wooded nature reserve. After that, it was back to tarmac and by using a large factory as a landmark, for once, I was able to splash my way back to the hotel (and a hot shower!) with no alarms.



Street furniture Burlington-style

Run 6: Kennebunk, Me (13.1 miles)

My final run was in Kennebunk, Maine. One of the points of note is that George Bush Snr has a house nearby. I managed to find myself a lovely wooded trail which took me down to the seafront. Maine is famous for its rugged coast and the sea was certainly looking moody. The road turned inland, taking me to Kennebunkport with its array of chic boutiques and posh restaurants. I was soon out in countryside again (well a golf course, anyway). Maine's main claim to fame (try saying that after one sherbet too many) is a plentiful supply of lobster and even the little rundown grocery store had signs up advertising their lobster rolls. Surprisingly, I didn't bump into George - maybe he's too old for jogging these days!

For the Record

Leicester Marathon		
Jerry Wilkes	42nd	3.11.12 (PB)
Angela Ladkin	166th	3.42.45
Jon Heap	258th	3.59.03
Paul Langham	269th	4.00.37 (PB)
Hitesh Pandya	326th	4.14.19
Mark Chamberlain	346th	4.19.17
Leicester Half Marathon		
Nick Cobby	8th	1.19.49
Ceri Davies	49th	1.26.47 (PB)
Ludovic Renou	54th	1.27.30 (PB)
Miguel Flores	92nd	1.31.04
Simon Fryer	107th	1.31.53
Dale Jenkins	160th	1.34.55
Stef Turner	245th	1.37.58 (PB)
David Luyt	289th	1.40.16
Neil Winkless	295th	1.41.21
Emma Raven	368th	1.43.27
Ruth Stevely	462nd	1.45.37
Jackie Brown	494th	1.47.25
Steve Wheeler	508th	1.47.13
Rob Taylor	575th	1.47.37
Baz Barratt	688th	1.50.57
Dave Swan	725th	1.51.25
Isabella Parlatore	1084th	1.57.40
Sumina Azam	1176th	1.59.34
Hannah Bishop	1373rd	2.06.15
Steve Martin	1520th	2.12.19
Valerie Spezi	1590th	2.12.58
Colin Smith	1791st	2.22.52
Fiona Turner	19.44th	2.32.35 (PB)
Abingdon Marathon		
Rob Milstead	160th	3.14.17
John Stew	355th	3.41.01
Snowdonia Marathon		
Dave Lodwick	305th	3.48.07
Worksop Half Marathon		
Dale Jenkins	269th	1.33.48 (PB)
Neil Winkless	880th	1.50.22
Rutland Water Marathon		
John Stew	86th	3.41.40
Jon Heap	112th	3.47.33
Shepshed 7		
Craig Atton	58th	47.42
Dale Jenkins	75th	48.38
Roger Kerridge	124th	51.35
Angela Ladkin	154 th (1 st V45)	52.48
Baz Barratt	163rd	53.05
Rob Taylor	180th	53.31
Jackie Brown	254th	56.31

Birthdays

November

11th Angela Ladkin
17th Colin Smith
28th Fiona Sutherland
29th Ron Atton

December

7th Celine Benvenuto
15th Sid Smith
16th Anita Pabla
25th Valerie Spezi
30th Chris Peach

Derby Runner Cross-country league race 1 - Markfield, Sun 3 October

Well what a start to this seasons cross-country league - best Roadhoggs team ever! We had 18 runners, 13 men and 5 ladies, including debuts from Jackie, Ludovic, Miguel and Rob.

This was a new event in the league from South Charnwood High School, home of one of the road league races. But this time we set off around the school field then out along some very scenic footpaths down to Thornton Reservoir and back, it was a very pleasant 5.2 miles. The course was wet and muddy underfoot from all the overnight rain, and it was cold and wet before and after the race but at least the rain held off while we were out running. Nick is right up there with the leaders now, he came in 8th with another of his storming runs, backed up by Jerry, Dale (great run again for an older person Dale) and Craig, then Ludo and Miguel in their first cross-country races, then Dave and John completing the scorers, and then Stef, Paul, Rob, Hitesh and finally me.

Emma and new girl Jackie led in the ladies, followed in by Sumina, Hannah and Trudi. I don't know if you all had cross-country shoes, but Hannah didn't and was sliding all over the place so I ran with her like a good captain. We had indoor changing, so no chance to test out the new club tent yet.

Thanks everyone ... if we keep this up we'll be in Europe soon. Merci Valerie for taking the results, you can run next time.

RESULTS

MEN:

8th Nick Cobby, 60th Jerry Wilkes (V40), 77th Dale Jenkins (V50), 80th Ludovic Renou, 84th Craig Atton, 102nd Miguel Flores, 111th Dave Lodwick (V40), 117th John Stew (V50), 127th Stef Turner, 134th Paul Langham (V40), 153rd

Rob Taylor (V50), 170th Hitesh Pandya (V40),
208th Kim Richardson (V50), 215 finished.

LADIES:

32nd Emma Klimowicz, 35th Jackie Brown (V40),
72nd Sumina Azam, 81st Hannah Bishop, 83rd
Trudi Sharpe (V40), 100 finished.

TEAMS (div 2):

Men 3rd, Ladies 5th, Combined 2nd

A Tale of Two Marathons

Way back in June I booked in for two autumn marathons - a real act of faith considering how many injuries I've been troubled with over recent years. And so there I was at the start of the Robin Hood Marathon on the 12th September. I had genuinely done hardly any training over the summer, but I felt fresh and relaxed and looking forward to the 'off'. I'd done Nottingham 6 times before and so knew what to expect - great support from the crowds, spot on organisation with lots of drinks and energy gels, a tricky 2 and a bit miles getting round the exposed National Watersports Centre and then an attractive run in along the banks of the Trent. I don't run with a watch and try to trust how my body feels and so was delighted with a finish time of 3:19.



I felt no real after-effects and started believing I could do better so dramatically cranked up my training load. Three 20+ runs in the month between Nottingham and Leicester left me decidedly heavy-legged! In persistent rain I cycled the route the Sunday before (after a 'sticky' cross-country race at Thornton). So the day arrived. Leicester Marathon still has the feel of a club race as opposed to the larger and

better promoted Experian "Festival of Running" in Nottingham. I felt quite nervous that I'd not rested enough, but it was great to start amongst so many friends. Out on the course it felt like an absolute slog - the tiredness was playing on my mind and from 16 miles runners started moving past me. Realising how gutted I would feel to miss my 3:15 target I tried to dig a bit deeper and somehow it paid off with a time of 3:11:12. No heroics at the finish - just a happy collapse onto the grass of Vicky Park!

Jerry

Snowdonia Marathon

When I realised, during the winter league, that I was short of speed, I decided to prioritise an autumn Marathon. I didn't have the confidence to aim for a fast course and target a PB, so I went for Snowdonia; a test of character instead. As you will read elsewhere in this newsletter, training got off to a poor start and it wasn't until mid September that I was able to step up the mileage to any meaningful degree. Good runs were at a premium but by the time of the Leicester Marathon I'd managed the patented Milstead Marathon training run (3 laps of Saddington and Gumley hills and 21 miles in total), albeit very slowly. The following week, on my favourite roads around Kings Norton and Carlton Curlieu, I suddenly found a bit of pace from somewhere. I probably should have banked the boosted confidence and tapered but I managed to ruin it all by having the run from hell, a week before race day.



The first mile



Autumn colours added to the spectacle

I was lucky enough to be offered a lift to the race by a guy called Neil from Birstall, who turned out to be a real Snowdonia aficionado (this year was his 7th time). Marathon day dawned damp and by the time we'd hit Llanberis, damp had turned to rain. In previous years, the organisers had made life difficult for themselves by bussing runners to the start, a mile and a half out of town. This year, with the start a mile closer, we were able to have a pleasant walk, chatting with other runners, and it had even stopped raining. It took a minute and a half to get over the start line and begin running and quite a while before you could settle into any sort of rhythm but at least the scenery was spectacular; a lake (Llyn Peris) on one side and rocky slopes to left and right. After a mile or so, we started the climb up the Llanberis pass. A mere 3 miles and 800ft of climbing later we reached the top at Pen y Pas in steady rain - at least the gradients weren't too severe for fresh legs and so the first challenge was successfully overcome. A fast downhill mile was followed by another on a rocky track, which was doing a fair impression of a stream in places. From here it was more or less a gentle down-slope all the way to the halfway mark at Beddgelert, the lowest point in the Marathon. Despite the rain, spirits were high and there was a bit of chatting and banter to pass the time.

The second half greeted us with a tough two mile climb (500ft) as we ran up the valley which runs along Snowdon's western flank. I remembered a few places from visits made as a

teenager but mostly I thought about the challenge to come. Helpfully, drink stations came at 2-mile intervals and from halfway there were energy bars and slabs of chocolate to help runners sustain the effort. My previous experience of Marathons is that the legs tend to go by 20 miles and what follows, mind over body, is not so pleasurable. The Snowdonia Marathon however, saves its greatest challenge for when you are already on the ropes. From 15 to 21.5 miles you are mostly running along flat roads (the profile says slightly downhill, although I don't remember much of that!) but all that changes with a vengeance.



Still smiling at 22 miles!

As we hit the bottom of the final 800ft climb the weather, which had been subjecting us to periodic soakings, turned nastier with some hail tossed in for good measure. During the 3 mile climb, first on tarmac then on rocky puddle-strewn tracks everyone succumbed to walking sooner or later. I held on longer than most but eventually realised that I could walk as quickly as I was running. Two miles took 25 minutes and when I decided it was time to start running again, half a mile from the top, my legs were like wood and it was all I could do to put one foot in front of the other. As we finally staggered to the top, aching muscles were presented with a perilous descent, first on slippery mud paths and then a tiny vertiginous tarmac road. I had expected to be passed by the professional fell-runners on this bit but it turned out that I was the almost the bravest (most reckless) descender and I made a net gain a dozen places as I screamed down the hillside into Llanberis. In previous years, runners had been made to do a loop around the streets, including an unwelcome little hill, before reaching the finish. Fortunately, I had only 400m

of supporter-lined High Street before the wondrous sight of the race clock, safely on the right side of four hours, and the end of an unbelievably gruelling race.

I sat on a wall at the finish, wrapped in a space blanket, to wait for Neil to finish but soon realised that if I didn't find shelter from the wind and rain pretty quick, I'd be going home in an ambulance. Fortunately there was room at race HQ and I was able to huddle in a corner with my blanket and chat to other runners over a welcome cup of tea. As soon as I left the building to walk back to the car, the wind and rain hit me and I started shaking uncontrollably. By now, with the rain set in, the car park had turned into a lake and we almost had to wade to the car. By the time I'd changed into dryish clothes, the shaking had subsided to a gentle tremor and as we drove out of Llanberis I spared a thought for the hundreds still out there on the mountain. It's not for nothing that the organisers recommend you carry a rain-jacket! A wonderful event, but definitely one of the toughest Marathons around.

Thanks to Charlotte for the pictures.

20 Things You Didn't Know

Charlotte Wood	Question	John Stew
		
I create textile designs for home furnishing applications (wallpaper, curtains, bedding etc...)	What do you do for a living?	General Manager Hospitality
Single but have a boyfriend who is a fairly decent(ish) runner himself, though he does struggle up the hills.	Are you Married or Single?	No, under Trudy's supervision
About 3 years on my own (short distances) and 2+ years with the club	How long have you been running?	Since 2007
Wanted to improve my running ability and meet some new people outside of work so searched on the internet for local running clubs.	How did you become involved with Roadhogs?	Accidental - 'liked the name'
Badminton, started playing when I was quite young and have always loved it.	If you didn't run which sport would you like to excel in?	Cricket
I wanted to be an archaeologist for many years and then the idea of midwifery took over from that for some time. Didn't realise jobs existed for people with art based skills until I was close to leaving school.	Did you ever have any ambitions when at school to do a different job?	An accountant!
The Cinque Terre in north west Italy for their beauty and drama. Have loved all my travels around Italy	Which is the best Holiday destination you have been to?	Anywhere in Cornwall
Huge mix really, from Emmylou Harris & Sandy Denny to Michael Jackson and Kanye West	What music do you like most?	Joni Mitchell to the Sex Pistols
Can't possibly just pick one - Amelie, Moonstruck, Roman Holiday and Babette's Feast are all favourites	What was your favourite film?	High Fidelity - Zulu!
Don't really do tv characters, but would love to be a 'Ruth Watson' type who goes into hotels, troubleshoots and tells the owners what to do in order to fix things.	If you could be any TV character which one would it be?	Basil Fawlty or any part played by John Thaw
Golf GTI, but have always seen myself in a landrover (with a dog sat in the back).	What car do you drive and what car would you most like to drive?	Suzuki something - Bentley
Right now I would say a tasty shepherds pie or braised beef in stout with mashed potato on the food front and a pint of real ale to wash it down with.	What is your favourite food and drink?	Frey Bentos steak and kidney pie, Pouligny Montrachet
Emma Thompson, Jamie Oliver, Judi Dench, Colin Firth and Aidan Quinn.	Which 5 people (living or dead) would you most like to invite to your Dinner Party?	Amelia Earhart, Steve McQueen, Harold Larwood, Bob Dylan, Henry V
Art	What was your favourite subject at school?	Biology
<i>most recent - A thousand splendid suns by Khaled Hosseini, childhood - The Elves & the Shoemaker- Ladybird book</i>	What was the best book that you ever read?	The Hobbit
Turkey Trott for favourite race. I used to prefer a 10K distance but think I'm more into a 10 miler now.	What is your favourite local race and your favourite distance?	Hungarton 7 - 26.2 (What else!)
Roadhogs has been good for me on many levels but in particular for meeting such a good bunch of warm and friendly people	What is the best thing about being a Roadhogg?	Running your best is always good enough
I would like to see a few more social events organised, maybe the odd badminton tournament (cross training is good for runners) followed by a beer or two.	If there was one thing you could change within Roadhogs what would that be?	If it ain't broke, don't fix it!
A good long run followed by a lovely bar meal in a country pub where there's a blazing log fire to sit by.	What would be the best way to spend an evening?	Good food, conversation and laughter
To improve as a runner and maybe one day run a full marathon.	Do you have any remaining ambitions either personal or club wise?	Qualify for the Boston Marathon