

Roadhogg News

Your club needs YOU!

Roadhogs will be organizing two races in the coming months and will need lots of help from members to make everything run smoothly. First up is our Derby Runner XC fixture at Bradgate Park. We'll need volunteers to supervise car parking, marshal and hand out finishing tokens. We'll also need some runners, so we don't lose league points.

The second race is the Kibworth 6, which once again is part of the Leicestershire Road Running League. Again we'll need people to supervise car parking and marshal out on the course, as well as runners.

Why do we agree to do it? Firstly, it is our chance to put something back. Throughout the year we enjoy races put on by local clubs and benefit from the volunteering of their members. Club-run races benefit us by keeping the cost of competing low. Secondly, other clubs and their members are really appreciative and this is good for our reputation. Thirdly, the modest profits that we make help us to develop the club and the benefits we offer to members without having to charge big membership fees. On occasion, it also gives us the opportunity to support initiatives like Heartwise Runners (CPR training)

Cross Country Races

Sat 10 Nov: Kettering (NM)	Sat 12 Jan Nottingham (NM)
Sun 18 Nov: Holly Hayes (DR)	Sun 13 Jan: Bagworth (DR)
Sat 1 Dec: Heanor (NM)	Sat 26 Jan: Midland Champs
Sun 9: Dec Bradgate (DR)	Sun 3 Feb: Charnwood Hills
Sat 22 Dec: Gaddesby Gallop	Sun 17 Feb: Grace Dieu (DR)
Sun 30 Dec??: Huncote Hash	Sat 23 Feb: National
Sat 5 Jan: County Champs	Sun 3 Mar: Bosworth (DR)



October 2018



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SHORTS

A warm welcome to Nigel, Alastair, Peter, Dan and Anna who have all recently joined us.

Club Dinner: 24th November

Picture credits: Equinox, Curley Photography, Peak Running

Brian's Bit

Equinox 24 - Belvoir Castle Saturday 22nd - Sunday 23rd September 2018

As the old saying goes: "When the going gets tough the tough get.....wet". The BBC weather forecast said that no rain would be due until Sunday morning, but having not read the BBC script the rain decided to lash down in the early Saturday afternoon and continue until about 5.30, turning the ground into treacherous mudslides. But then no rain came on Sunday morning. So much for accurate forecasts.

This well-organised 24-hour race consists of a 10 km lap round the estate of Belvoir Castle and you can run solo, as I did, in pairs, in a small team or a large team up to 8 people as the Roadhogs representatives did as "Wildhogs". The course mostly undulates along tarmac paths, with potholes, and grassy fields, the notable exceptions being one long incline called "Not that Hill", and one very steep gradient - "That Hill", shown right. After completing several ascents its name becomes unprintable, but the fastest man up was Jez Clements at 31.7 seconds and fastest lady was Hannah North at 45.7 seconds. My best time was a leisurely 2:11 minutes.

Not knowing what to expect from the race my first objective was 80 km or 50 miles, my optimum was 100km, and anything beyond that being a bonus and I might have achieved the last two goals had it not been for my propensity to fall over. The first, and worst, accident was on re-entering the camping field where the muddy entrance had been churned up by thousands of feet, and I slipped and landed heavily on the concrete on my right knee. Luckily other runners came to my aid and helped me to my feet. Shaken and stirred I made my dizzy way to the end of the lap and the medical tent. Having been patched up I continued to the next laps, but the rain continued until about 6 o'clock, and the course got more slippery by the minute.

Having had a change of clothes and something to eat I ventured out again only to trip again on a pothole where I came down



"That Hill"

Image courtesy Equinox Facebook page

heavily on my left knee, left arm and banged my head. Again, other runners were quick to help me up, and offered to remain with me until medical help arrived, but a spectator stayed with me until the marshal came along. I visited the medical tent again just after the 5 km mark and carried on. It was getting dark now and everyone had their head torches on. Once it was completely dark there were these eerie sights of apparently-disembodied lights bobbing towards me.

After 5 laps and 31 miles I was familiar with the route and running in the dark was not a problem, except that on my sixth lap I was getting tired. At the start of the race I had set off to “Jeff” my way round with my timer set to 60 seconds running and 30 seconds walking but reversed this to walk more and run less, which worked well. However, the injuries and tiredness were taking their toll and I completed the last two laps leaning on my walking sticks. I had run/walked 80 km or 50 miles which was my first objective, so I was little disappointed at not getting to 100 km but satisfied that I had done the best possible on the day.

My thanks to the Wildhogs Team for all their caring support, which made it possible for me to go the distance. I must also mention the marshals who were all supportive and encouraging and for their concern and help when I was injured. They were the best group of marshals I have encountered in all my races.

Another thing that was special about this event was the party atmosphere and general camaraderie amongst runners and spectators alike. Being a 24-hour race many people had camped from Friday night and everyone had an overnight camp or shelter at least; the race loops round much of the encampment from which shouts of encouragement emanate for all competitors. People gather round camp fires and chat and cheer passing runners. This extends to the competitors who continued to encourage me as they passed or when I was in difficulty offer to help. Now I know what makes the Equinox 24 so popular and I am now numbered amongst its devotees.

The Wildhogs team of Marc Draycott, Marcus Shaikh, Terry Woodhouse, Harry Short, Mark Eustace, George Barratt, Sam Crouchman, Richard Bettsworth; completed 28 laps to become the 8th Large team and to equal the club record for a large team. Fastest lap was Richard 45:21; fastest ascent of That Hill was Terry Woodhouse with 56.4 seconds.

On the way home, weary, sore and disappointed at not achieving my goal of 100km I was thinking “never again”. But as soon as my daughter, driving us home, suggested running next year as a pair, I thought yes, I would do it again. Here’s to Equinox 24 2019.

First man: Rob Payne 21 laps 210 km, 23:17:32;



Image courtesy Curley
Photography

First lady: Melanie Edwards 24:12:37 18 laps
Brian Feldman 8 laps 80 km 16:03:17

Workshop Halloween Half Marathon – 28th October 2018

On a glorious, sunny day this was a lovely, traffic-free, run through the Nottinghamshire countryside, with the trees in Clumber Park still with a golden shade. I had started with the intention of aiming for a county standard, but by the time the fourth incline hove into view it was more a question of finishing before night-fall. In a large field of 2300 plus, fancy dress was encouraged and much in evidence, matching the theme of the race and the dry weather was a welcome relief after being drenched at Leicester a fortnight previously.

Here I am “racing” out of Clumber Park towards the end of the run. As usual now I was “Jeffing” round, running 60 seconds and walking 20. After mile 6 I found that I was overtaking people, and a great many were walking after 10 miles, which surprised me as I didn’t think that the course was so demanding. Despite the undulating nature of the course, and still recovering from a lingering cold, I managed to finish in 2:33:56, very close to my time at Leicester. I recommend the race although there was very little support round the course, not surprising given the rural nature of the route.



On The Fell

Hob Hurst's Fell Race (5 miles/840ft)

This brand new race was based in the small village of Beeley, part of the Chatsworth estate, nestling under the hills. The slightly odd name came from a Bronze Age barrow, known as Hob Hurst's House, found up on Beeley Moor. I was lucky enough to have company for this one; Richard, veteran of countless challenging trail runs was finally getting to sample the joys of the fell. His first problem was getting to grips with the organiser's somewhat over cautious insistence that everybody bring full FRA (Fell Runners Association) kit. As I have said several times, the majority of the races I do are just cross country with extra hills but many races take place in challenging terrain and extreme weather. One of the reasons why the sport has such a good safety record is because of the strict safety rules. In FRA licenced races, competitors are required to carry specified kit (waterproofs, map, compass etc.) on all long races and the steeper medium length ones as well. In shorter races it is left to the race director's judgement and based on the event, the time of year and the weather forecast there may be mandatory additional items as well. Checking may be systematic or merely random but failure to comply can lead to a ban.

The weather was a bit cooler than of late and there was the possibility of rain but even so, the insistence that we carried a waterproof wasn't universally popular.



Richard (centre) hiding behind the other prizewinners

The route was just the sort I like; up to the top of the hill and then straight back down again! We started up a fairly shallow lane before meeting steeper gradients as we followed a pleasant forest trail. As he usually does, Richard gradually pulled away. After a couple of miles we emerged on Beeley Moor. The final section of climb and the initial descent shared the same meandering path which wasn't at all relaxing but at least it did mean that those coming down could encourage those on the way up. Once the routes had diverged there were 2 miles of downhill running to enjoy. Towards the end there were some stone stiles to contend with; two long pieces of almost vertical stone making a narrow V-shape. Superior to the wooden variety they are nonetheless tricky to navigate; the risk of whacking a knee as you squeeze through at speed concentrates the mind greatly. My usual slightly abandoned descending style meant I managed to reduce the gap quite a bit by the end but Richard was just out of reach as we came into the finish. He was rewarded for his efforts with a bottle of specially commissioned ale for finishing first V60.

Richard 33/197, Dave 35/197

Curbar Commotion (9.9 miles/1362ft)

It was one of those days where you repeatedly question what you're doing, right up to the moment when the race starts and everything becomes clear. A hard week's training, the stress of organizing the LRRR Presentation Evening, a 7.30 departure and grotty weather; running up the first lung-busting hill, none of this matters anymore.

The first half mile, on tarmac and steeply uphill, is challenging because everyone knows that they need a good position before the first pinch point. Once through this, everything settles down. There's a long traverse through woodland and then a short climb up on to Froggatt Edge. By now the clouds have lifted and the views are rewarding. Natural Resource England will no longer give permission for the race to go over White Edge, so we can enjoy the view from Curbar Edge for a bit longer before hitting the slightly boggy moorland. In between the technical bits, there are long stretches of moderate gradient and the pace can be quite unremitting. At mile 7, after passing a stone cross (Wellington's Monument) we head down towards Baslow. The path goes along the top of a steeply wooded slope, featuring a 250ft drop to Bar Brook, somewhere below in the murk. The path is crossed by numerous wet tree roots and even the most reckless tend to back off the pace.

The exhilaration of a 400ft descent soon dissipated when runners were faced with climbing back up the hill. Fortunately, the steepest part is relatively short but then, resolve is tested by a longer, slightly easier climb. I say easier but in reality, most people were struggling just to make forward progress by this point.

As we came down the hillside we encountered a cow and her calf. It had the long hair and horns (i.e. huge, wide and pointy) of the Highland breed but seemed smaller and a lighter colour. Naturally, I gave the owner of those horns the widest possible berth (difficult in a narrow space) and made sure to pass on the opposite side to the calf. The final descent (on wet tarmac) was taken at breakneck speed as three of us scrapped for position. It also brought an additional hazard: conkers. I had noticed the debris on the way up and had visions of ending up like a cartoon character; sliding down the hill out of control, arms and legs windmilling wildly.

If wonderful scenery and a great atmosphere were not enough, the locals also lay on the most amazing array of cake for runners. This year, in a move that no doubt would have met with Keith's approval, they'd even added a plate of pork pie slices to the offering (not a great hit, as it turned out). As I watched more runners finish I saw a well-known local runner finishing in some distress. It transpired that she'd received a blow to the stomach from the cow that we'd all passed. I understand that the shock was worse than the physical damage but a sobering incident nonetheless.

Dave 58/199, Richard 62/199