

Roadhogs Leicester A.C.



September/October 2015

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



Winners!

Our magnificent ladies have done it again, storming to Division 2 titles in both senior and veteran leagues. Twenty three ladies contributed by running at least one race for us and our most prolific (Clare, Alison, Trudy, Vicky and Jackie) completed 52 between them. As usual, Jackie has led from the front, not only recording high finishes but also encouraging people to race and fostering a great team atmosphere.

We also have individual successes to celebrate; Jackie capped a superb come-back year with 2nd in the V50 category. Emma marked her first proper season of road racing with 3rd V45 and there was also an award (2nd V55) for 'Mr Consistent'; Dale, who continues to ignore the fact that you're supposed to get slower as you get older (I wonder what he's growing on that allotment?).

No less than nine Roadhogs completed the clean-sweep of 11 LRRL races; no other club had more. Well done to Fabio, Keith, Dale, Alison, Dave, Clare, Ben, Ferrante and Chris.

Derby Runner League 2015/16

22nd November: Bagworth Heath
6th December: Bradgate
10th January: Allestree Park
31st January: Grace Dieu
21st February: Hinckley
13th March: Holly Hayes Wood

LRRL Fixtures 2016

Winter League

Markfield 10K	January 17 th
Barrow 6	January 24 th
Asfordby 7	February 28 th
Kibworth 6	March 6 th
Desford 6	March 27 th

Love is in the Air

Congratulations to Amy and Dan, who got married at the end of August, and to Barbara and Steve, who will tie the knot at the end of October. We're also delighted that a romance that started over a parkrun has now led, one year later, to a parkrun proposal and a yes! Congratulations, Caroline and Edd.

Individual = best 4 races

Summer League

West End 8	May 15 th
Gaddesby 7	May 22 nd
Swithland 6	June 5 th
Hungarton 7	July 6 th
Huncote 5	August 3 rd
Hermitage 10K	August 14 th
John Fraser 10	September 4 th

Individual = best 5 races

In This Issue

Terry's Lakeland Adventure (page 2), For the record (page 4), Cross Country (page 5), Fell reports (page 6).

Picture Credits

SL Images, Dave Pearce, Anon

Member News

A big welcome to Hayley, Jacqui and James, our newest members.

That brings current (paid) membership to a record 100 (including 15 honorary).



Who is this cheeky chappy, and why does he have plenty to smile about at the moment? See page 1 for a clue.

The Pain of a Novice Fellrunner

Growing up in Ambleside, the Lake District in the 1980's, meant summers of galas, country shows and village sports days. At each of these would be a series of fell races for all ages, under 12's and up - taking part in these was my introduction to running. As is the case now, I never threatened to win any of the races I entered but taking part and completing the challenge was what mattered. In recent years, regular trips back to the Lakes and a new lease of my running life have whetted my appetite once again for these ultimate off-road races.

Fell races are graded by distance (Short, Medium, Long) and difficulty A, B & C. 'A' being the steepest, toughest routes. My recent experience of this branch of running has been to try a couple of 'AS' events, where I was completing about 1.5 miles in approximately 22 minutes - the winners, by the way, knock almost 10 minutes off my time.

This year my trip 'back home' coincided with Ambleside sports, the home of the Rydal Round - a gruelling course of 9 miles (or more), including 3000ft of climbing and graded 'AM'. The temptation to give it a go was too much for me to resist. To put this into perspective, the 14 mile Charnwood Hills race, Leicestershire's only

officially registered fell race, is graded 'CL' and includes 1200ft of ascent.

With limited access to hills, let alone fells, in Leicestershire; training for this event wasn't easy. I, of course, did Beacon Hill, which registers 300ft of climb over 1 mile but in reality I was going into the Rydal Round totally untrained.

Additional preparation for my challenge included gathering my kit. Fell Running Association rules dictate that in certain races, all competitors must carry survival kit including; full waterproof body cover, hat, gloves, map, compass, whistle and food. Running on the fells in sunshine and clear visibility is hard enough but if the cloud and rain descends whilst at altitude, runners must be able to find their way and be sure to take the right path down the mountain - a wrong turn could result in going down the wrong side of the fell and a very long run home.

So race day came and I was lucky, it was a glorious and rare sunny day in the Lakes.



Nervously, I made my way to the start line and was comforted to see a few familiar faces; my cousin - winner of many cups and trophies as a junior back in the 80's and still challenging at the front of the pack on days like today. There was no way that I was going to keep up with him! But another friend was there; last time I ran in the same race as him it was the 2014 London marathon and we both clocked very similar times on that occasion, maybe he would be my bench mark and a possible buddy for today. A quick chat dismissed this optimism - when I asked if he'd run this course before his reply was, "yeah, probably about 40 times".

After a quick start line briefing from the race organiser, we were off - approximately 100 of us. The first mile or so was fairly flat and went

the same way as most races that I run: that is my head telling my legs not to go off too quickly and my legs not listening. So the first mile was completed in under 8 minutes and 200ft had been climbed. Then it hit me like a brick wall! The 2nd mile would see a climb of over 1000ft and take me over 25 minutes. A steep zig-zagging path led me to Nab Scar and then on to Heron Pike. My run became a walk, my calves started to burn and my thoughts turned to 'Why'?

Of course I knew how to answer those thoughts. A brief pause every now and then, not only allowed me to catch my breath but gave me the opportunity to lift my head and see exactly why I was doing this. The view was spectacular! The sports field, where the race began was a speck on the valley floor, the lake in the distance was glistening as it reflected the sun light and all around me were the green rugged fells, looking so inviting - and the higher I climbed, the more I could see.

Following that initial, sudden ascent things eased slightly. The constant climbing was replaced by sections of gentler slopes, where my walk could occasionally transform into a jog and I could lift my head and look around me for longer periods. At first each period of jogging lasted for as little as a few seconds, before I was forced back into a walk but eventually I managed to get into a rhythm.

After about an hour of running, 3.5 miles and 1800ft of climbing I had a welcome boost when I came across my support party - Michelle, Mia & Evie, not forgetting Gracie the dog. They had walked ahead of the race to cheer me on. Two other things stick in my mind from around this point; it was when I was caught up by a small group of runners distinctive in that they were much older than many of the runners in this event, illustrating that fell running is not just for the young and that experience can often triumph over enthusiasm. I also started to become conscious of a sore rubbing on the back of both heels - Blisters! But in fairness they only hurt on the uphill sections, the pain subsided when running on the flat or downhill and so, I kept reassuring myself, I'd be okay going down the fell.

In fell racing, there is not always a specific route to follow, there may be checkpoints to reach, but how you get between each checkpoint is up to each individual runner and can be where a runner with a bit of local knowledge can save a few seconds and with it some precious energy. I

suffered from this heading towards Great Rigg; hoping we were getting close to the summit, I 'followed' a Keswick runner, from the group of veterans, on the direct path towards the next peak. Part way through this climb I noticed that a lady in an Ambleside vest had come from behind and was taking a different path - slightly longer and lower than mine. By the time I decided to abandon my uphill route the Ambleside lady was 40-50m ahead and speeding up.

I finally reached the top of Fairfield after 1 hour 25 minutes. The wind blew and the landscape was bleak but the view back down the valley was breath-taking! At this point I was still full of optimism and satisfaction. I was still close to the group of veteran runners, who I was sure I could overtake on the descent and I could see at least 5-10 runners behind me. And of course, it was all downhill from here!

A rocky downhill section followed where I caught and overtook several runners but before I knew it we were back on the ascent - one final push was required to reach the summit of Hart Crag. At this point I passed a group of walkers who spotted my Leicester Roadhoggs vest and cheered me on, suggesting that I think of the current slope as a run up Beacon Hill, I had to laugh and reply that I had used that tactic a lot further down the hillside.

It was at about this time that my troubles really began. Whether it was down to over exertion, poor preparation or bad use of energy gels I'm still not sure, but my stomach started churn and the faster I went, the more it told me to slow down. On top of this my legs felt heavy and the pain from my blisters was replaced by aching thighs. It was going to be a long way down and the route down seemed to be more populated by walkers and so it was all I could do to grimace as groups of well-wishers urged me on.

When I did finally reach the sports field and the finish line, the clock had ticked on to 2 hours 36 minutes - an hour behind my cousin who was already on his 2nd pint! I fell to the floor with the satisfaction that I had completed one of the toughest 10 miles races imaginable. I vowed to return one day, to be better prepared for the climb and to get under 2 hours.

For the Record

Rydal Round		
Terry Woodhouse	95th	2.36.25
Brassington Fell Race		
James Bostock	7th	32.21
Dave Lodwick	40th	38.47
parkrun 1/8/15		
Ben Milsom	79th	23.13
Shaun Heaphy	220th	28.09
Jeannette Franklin	229th	28.24
Caroline Evans	263rd	30.08
Kathryn Evans	348th	42.34
Dovedale Dipper		
Sophie Noble	72nd	6.06
Salt Cellar Fell Race		
Dave Lodwick	93rd	1.15.28
parkrun 8/8/15		
Neil Winkless	25th	20.40
Ben Milsom	87th	23.17
Shaun Heaphy	186th	27.04
Caroline Evans	249th	29.03
Ashley Simpson	284th	30.14
Summer Series 5K		
Robin Meynell	13th	19.55
Ferrante Neri	22nd	20.29
Dale Jenkins	23rd	20.35
Dave Lodwick	32nd	21.14
Richard Curtis	39th	22.04
Terry Woodhouse	40th	22.05
Jackie Brown	50th	22.50
Gianluca Capelli	52nd	22.57
Clare Mendes	58th	23.39
Valerie Spezi	75th	26.15
Caroline Evans	93rd	28.52
Alison Lodwick	101st	29.48
Jacqui Womersley	104th	29.59
Jeannette Franklin	106th	30.14
parkrun 15/8/15		
Caroline Evans	270th	30.28
Ashley Simpson	274th	30.46
Roseland August Trail		
Ben Milsom	49th	2.13.33
Northumberland Coastal Marathon		
Sophie Noble	53rd	5.04.40
parkrun 22/8/15		
Ben Milsom	44th	21.41
Baz Barratt	108th	24.06
Caroline Evans	275th	30.04
Jacqui Dean	291st	30.40
Jacqui Womersley	293rd	30.42
parkrun 29/9/15		
Ben Milsom	119th	23.08
Baz Barratt	123rd	23.20
Shaun Heaphy	238th	26.40
Caroline Evans	298th	29.03
Edd Smissen	299th	29.03
Ashley Simpson	321st	30.34
Mike Cummins	417th	37.48
Jeannette Franklin	434th	45.20
Thames Meander		

Sophie Noble	166th	4.44.47
Barrel Inn Fell Race		
Dave Lodwick	68th	57.19
parkrun 5/9/15		
Jacqui Dean	311th	31.50
parkrun 12/9/15		
Ben Milsom	70th	22.22
Baz Barratt	111th	23.38
Caroline Evans	283rd	31.24
Great North Run		
Richard Curtis	2321st	1.38.48
Bristol HM		
Mike Cummins	2118th	1.46.56
parkrun 22/9/15		
Baz Barratt	94th	23.17
Valerie Spezi	220th	27.25(PB)
Jacqui Dean	282nd	30.36
Jacqui Womersley	285th	30.41
parkrun 29/9/15		
Kathryn Evans	88th	22.31
Ben Milsom	154th	24.41
Shaun Heaphy	225th	27.07
Jeannette Franklin	243rd	27.48(PB)
Jacqui Dean	265th	28.32(PB)
Caroline Evans	298th	30.44
Edd Smissen	299th	30.44
Robin Hood HM		
Drew Simpson	1366th	1.49.02
Edd Smissen	2281st	1.40.39
Lee Hannel	2457th	1.54.46
Barbara Hermann	4345th	2.10.48
Steve Robinson	4348th	2.10.48
Chris Peach	4564th	2.05.38
Kate Wooley	5534th	2.18.21
Caroline Evans	5935th	2.25.37
Robin Hood Marathon		
Kathryn Evans	420th	3.41.30
Keith Dakin	703rd	4.19.10
Mark Coulson	871st	4.38.22
Atlantic Coast Challenge (Day 1)		
Sophie Noble	84th	6.23.40
parkrun 3/10/15		
Edd Smissen	48th	21.14
Baz Barratt	134th	24.30
Shaun Heaphy	172nd	25.49
Jeannette Franklin	218th	27.42(PB)
Caroline Evans	219th	27.42
Atlantic Coast Challenge (Day 2)		
Sophie Noble	107th	7.53.25
Atlantic Coast Challenge (Day 3)		
Sophie Noble	93rd	9.17.36
Wimpole HM		
Dale Jenkins	22 nd (1 st V50)	1.38.13
Colin Bowpitt	46th	1.46.39
Clare Mendes	86th	1.55.10
Curbar Commotion		
Dave Lodwick	143rd	1.20.56
Mablethorpe HM		
Jackie Brown	51 st (1 st V50)	1.36.22(PB)
Bournemouth Marathon		
Fabio Caraffini	172nd	3.28.30(PB)

parkrun 10/10/15		
James Dunham	25th	20.00
Ben Milsom	72nd	22.11
Baz Barratt	139th	24.39
Tamworth 10K		
Jacqui Womersley	303rd	59.42
Jacqui Dean	304th	59.44
Yorkshire Marathon		
Amy Barnes	2041st	4.17.07(PB)
Sophie Noble	2728th	4.36.32
parkrun 17/10/15		
Edd Smissen	45th	21.13
Baz Barratt	151st	24.50
Caroline Evans	271st	29.24
Birmingham HM		
Mike Cummins	1924th	1.42.58
Hayley Yarnell	9886th	2.26.33
Abingdon Marathon		
Valerie Spezi	620th	4.22.42(PB)
Barbara Hermann	665th	4.39.31
Steve Robinson	666th	4.39.32

Getting Muddy with Kim

Derby Runner League Race 1 - Thornton 11/10/15

It was a bright and sunny day at Markfield for the first race of this season's cross-country league. The course is a scenic 5.5 mile route from South Charnwood High School down to Thornton reservoir and back. They started the men 10 minutes before the ladies and it was interesting to see how many of the faster ladies caught up with the slower men. We didn't have so many Roadhogs running as I had hoped, and we were lacking our faster men on the day. But we did have full teams in both races so that's a decent start and something to build on in the next race at Bagworth next month. We welcomed debut runners Emma Raven and Janet Hall to the ladies team, and Steve Palmer and young Laurie Gibson into the men's. Also Lorena Capell came back for another go at cross-country a year or two after she last ran for us.

The going was mostly firm with a few muddy sections. The sun became warmer as the race went on, which made the runners work harder in the heat. There were fewer runners compared to last year, so the queues at the styles and crossing points were much shorter. Runners were warned at the start about cows in one of the fields you have to run across, about a mile into the race. The leaders ran through the herd, but the killer cows just stood back and waited for the Roadhogs to come racing by so they could

watch some real runners. After that there's a nice section down through some woods and then alongside the reservoir before you start the route back up towards the school. Out first runner home for the men was Fabio, fresh from his marathon pb just a week before, with Terry and Dave Lod close behind and young Ben and young Laurie a little further back. Emma led home the girls in her first race for us, followed in by Vicky. Our ladies team outscored the men and so, after just one race, they are sitting higher in the league ... come on guys, you have some catching up to do.



Fabio: Swapping the Marathon for the muddy stuff

Mya Bromwich ran in the junior race. Mum Bec was there to support and is making good progress in her recovery and hopes to be back in a Roadhogs vest before this season is done.

RESULTS:

MEN: 160th Fabio Caraffini 42.34, 167th Terry Woodhouse (V40) 42.48, 168th Dave Lodwick (V50) 42.49, 194th Ben Milsom 43.54, 215th Laurie Gibson 44.52, 233rd Hitesh Pandya (V50) 45.47, 246th Steve Robinson (V40) 46.33, 265th Jerry Wilkes (V50) 47.28, 276th Steve Palmer (V60) 48.06, 292nd Martin Capell (V50) 49.21, 339 finished.

LADIES: 39th Emma Raven (V40) 45.14, 66th Victoria Sutton 48.06, 160th Lorena Capell 57.08, 162nd Trudy Sharpe (V40) 57.13, 176th Janet Hall (V40) 60.07, 178th Barbara Hermann 60.36, 202 finished.

TEAMS (all division 2) (provisional): men 13th, ladies 8th, combined 12th.

Fell Racing

Brassington 840ft/4.5 miles

I was supposed to be going to the joint club session in Bradgate Park but when James told me there was a fell race on the same day, the temptation was too much to resist. Like many vibrant rural villages, Brassington has a series of community events; a Wakes Week. James had learned about the race, which wasn't advertised by the FRA, from a work colleague and it seemed worthy of the trip. Brassington is a pretty village, not far from Carsington Water and the race started and finished outside one of the village pubs. Parking was on the street and registration was a table set on the pavement in front of the pub; no expense spared!

Much of the village was in shadow but the hills were bathed in evening sunshine and everything looked idyllic. After a dash through the village we tackled the first climb, punctuated by stone stiles (an interruption to one's rhythm, rather than a welcome breather at this early point).



James in his natural habitat

After a mile we started to descend towards the village of Carsington before turning to our left and beginning a really tough climb up King's Chair. Things levelled out and we were able to speed along a section of the High Peak Trail (an old railway line). From about 3 miles the gradient was mostly down; sometimes gently, sometimes steeply. It was good to experience

running as fast as the likes of Ludo (5.13 m/m) for a short while, albeit heavily gravity-assisted!

James, of course, was already home and hosed by the time I sprinted across the line. Despite being tired from having run the fastest time in the club handicap the day before, he finished a very creditable 7th. I was a somewhat more modest 40th out of 78.

Salt Cellar 1594ft/6.8 miles



Thank goodness that climb is over!

A Friday evening race can be a great way to set up the weekend. However, investing in a 2 hour drive in the peak of the rush hour means the return needs to be good. I neither like nor completely trust satnavs, so I was a little unsettled when mine decided that Google's straightforwardly logical suggested route wasn't nearly intricate enough. Eventually though, the place names became more reassuring and then it was a case of hoping that the postcode really did identify the correct bit of the back of beyond. Despite the jams, I arrived at the Fairholme Visitor Centre on the northern tip of Ladybower Reservoir with almost 40 minutes to spare for the 7 o'clock start. As I pulled in I spotted a couple of Huncote runners, including an old sparring partner and before long had come across a fell race veteran from Stilton and a West Ender. Those that had done the race before reassured me that it was well worth the trip and started to fill in some of the details. The reasons for the slightly early start seemed to be two-fold; the later runners would find it

pretty dark in the final wooded section and as dusk fell the midges would be on the warpath.

The race started under the dam of the Upper Derwent Reservoir with a sprint towards the first pinch point; a set of stone steps. There was a brief respite as we ran alongside the reservoir before we turned and the path started to climb; it was runnable at first but soon it got too steep.

After climbing about 400ft (definitely more walking than running) the incline became more manageable and the second 400ft to the high point were almost pleasant! We ran along Derwent Edge on a path made from stone slabs (laid to protect walkers from the boggy ground); not the most comfortable of surfaces but at least it was dry. The race is named for an unusual rock formation and we were instructed to stray from the path to touch 'The Salt Cellar' so that we would slow down sufficiently for the marshals to note our race numbers (not sure they would have had any difficulty reading mine at 'full' speed!).



What goes up.....

The first descent, tight in to a stone wall was quite nerve-wracking but life didn't get much easier when it levelled off; the bracken overhung the path so much that you couldn't see where you were putting your feet. After one or two boggy bits we approached another with a marshal and a photographer (which should have given me a clue). The bloke in front of me was awarded 7/10 for his belly flop. I tried to avoid this fate by taking it more carefully but ended up stuck knee deep instead. The seconds ticked by, I was awarded 9/10 by the gleeful onlookers, and for a while I wasn't quite sure whether I'd

be able to free my right leg at all (thoughts of John's boggy demise went through my head).

The next section was some really tricky contouring on a narrow twisting path with disintegrating edges but after that we had a long climb on wide tracks which was somewhat of a relief, even if going uphill once more was hard work.

The final descent started with a wide rocky track and I was able to leave a couple of my pursuers behind. This was followed by a steep grassy section. To navigate this sort of terrain requires one of two things; excellent technique or recklessness. Having plenty of the latter, I was able to catch a few more before the final section through a wood, which by now was quite gloomy making it difficult to see where the ground fell away. On finishing, I noticed that all of the race officials were wearing bee keeper-like headgear. I soon realised why, as the midges began dive-bombing! The more experienced runners had slapped on the repellent so that they could enjoy the cakes laid on at the finish in peace; still, it was good to be able to enjoy some excellent fare as we waited for our comrades and thanked the gods of running that our ankles were still intact. All in all, a successful trip that even the M1 slip road being closed on the way back couldn't spoil! (93/155)

Barrel Inn

With the nights drawing in, opportunities for evening races were disappearing fast. A bit of an early start and another battle with my favourite rush hour/M1 roadwork combo, but it had to be done. Eyam is a rather touristy village, not far from Baslow, just off the main road over the peaks; one that I'd driven past dozens of times but never actually seen. You can tell where you are in the Peak District by looking at the runners with green vests; mostly yellow diagonals (Ripley) then you're in the south, mostly white then you're in the north. Tonight the white stripes were in the majority.

If ever you doubt the benefits of training in wild terrain, any experience of a fell race will show you the truth. They are usually packed with tough veterans who make it look easy. This race had 5 V60 women and 12 V60 men (in a field of 123) and they were clearly not just there to make up the numbers.

Race HQ was in the shadow of a steep hill; no prizes for guessing where the course went! A bit

of tarmac and then onto a steep rocky track that looked like it doubled as a stream in winter. A quick breather on a flat road section and then we were off over the moors. Another couple of miles and we passed the eponymous Barrel Inn; can't imagine they get much passing trade in winter. We ran over some pleasant moorland and there was a beautiful display of purple heather to warm the heart.

As we descended from the moor things got a lot trickier; slippery rocks, tree roots and gloom. Then, having almost reached the bottom of the hill, we crossed a stream and zigged back up the slope again. Fortunately, it wasn't long before we zagged back down for the final time and a relatively flat run in to the finish. (68/123)

Birthdays	
September	October
8 th Ashley Simpson 12 th Rebecca Willday-Riley 16 th Steve Palmer (V65) 19 th Clare Mendes 21 st Amy Gasper 28 th Kathryn Evans 28 th Dan Barnes (V40) 30 th Barry Waterfield (V80)	2 nd Naomi Dickens 3 rd Paul Langham 5 th James Boyd 19 th Barbara Hermann 20 th Mal Blyth 24 th Dave Bullivant 27 th Nick Cobley 27 th Richard Curtis 27 th Dave Lodwick (V55) 31 st Mark Coulson (V50)

