



The Harrier

**August
2006**

The newsletter of the Canterbury Harriers

Blean Woods XC – Oct 15

Put the date in your diary. We have a reputation to keep up for our fine organisation in the XCs in the Kent Fitness League. We need over 30 Harriers, friends and relatives to marshal. Race starts at 11am on Sunday, October 15. Please volunteer to committee members. Dates of other XCs to be confirmed shortly.

Red Lion – not being held

As you probably know, we are not running the Red Lion 10k this year. We are discussing ideas about developing a different race next year.

Thanks for your help

A big thank-you to everyone who has helped in our races or races with which we are closely associated. The Whitstable 10k was a great success again – and is our main fund-raising event of the year. It is particularly important financially to us this year since we are not running the Red Lion. Man on the Run – the male cancer

awareness race, organized by our secretary **Steph Lam**, was even more successful than last year – and the Race for Life in Herne Bay, the women's race run by Cancer Research, was also very popular. Harriers organizers and marshals played a crucial role in both.

Wingham 10k

See below for forthcoming races (and thanks to Alastair for the fantastic race listing on www.canterburyharriers.org) Our very own Rupert is one of the organizers of the Wingham 10k, in aid of local good causes – so please go if you can.

Results

Roy Gooderson was 2nd in the Crab & Winkle Challenge and **Francesca** was 1st lady. Barbara Wenham was 1st V45F in Canterbury Half. Roy Palmer was 4th overall and 2nd MV40 in the Dartford Half. Jenni is one of the elite runners in next year's London after her 3.14 result this time.

FORTHCOMING RACES

Aug 20	10.30	Sandwich Festival 10k	The Quay, Sandwich
25	12.30	Serpentine 5k	Hyde Park, London
Sept 3	9.30	Kent Coastal Marathon and Half	Margate
3	10.00	Shorne Wood 5	Gravesend
10	10.30	Wingham 5k and 10k	Recreation Ground
10	12.00	Miles & Barr 5k	Oval, Cliftonville, Margate
17	11.00	Faversham 10k	Abbev School
29	12.30	Serpentine 5k	Hyde Park, London
Oct 1	10.45	Sittingbourne 10	Highstead School
1	11.00	Quicksand	Marine Sands, Margate
8	10.00	Quest 10k	J Rose Stadium, Ashford
15	11.00	Kent Fitness League 1	Blean Woods
22	9.30	Maidstone Half	Valley Park School
29	10.00	Folkestone Rotary Half	The Leas, Folkestone
Nov 5	11.00	Deal Castle 5	Deal Castle
Feb 18	11.00	Ashford & District 10k	Sandvacs, Ashford
Mar 11	10.30	Hastings Half	St Leonards-on-Sea
Apr 22		London Marathon	Blackheath

LAKELAND HARRIERS

1st – 4th June 2006

by Wendy Osmond

On the 1st June a hardy team of harriers and myself set off to the Lake District with the aim of conquering the “**The Crown Round**”.

We hurtled towards the lakes, with **Roy** providing toys and games for our amusement, arriving in Keswick in time for tea. Our coach (**Gerry**) had taken care of our dietary requirements for the arduous task ahead by delivering us to the best fish and chip shop in Keswick.

Full of chips we set off to meet our guide for the weekend. The **clues were all there**, we met in a pub, the guide was late – it seems he got lost!, who else but **Steve Clark**. Our preparations complete, chips and beer consumed, we headed for the Youth Hostel.

The following morning dawned bright and clear and I really had no idea what I let myself in for. After a hearty breakfast we set off, backpacks full of sausage rolls and sweets – or maybe that was just my backpack.

Mark (Sherpa Tenzing) Wenman carrying a double load to enable **Barbara** to bound gazelle like up mountains unhindered.

The Crown Round consists of **4 peaks to be conquered in less than 20 hours**. We started at the base of Blencathra (2847 ft) in the Swineside Valley and went up, and up, and up. I am never good on hill starts and this left me feeling after an hour or two of up that I would never finish. The incentive to keep going, apart from Gerry disappearing over the next peak, was the fantastic scenery. The views were endless and with **only a few sheep for company** the feeling of being away from civilisation was wonderful.

Having conquered Blencathra and fortified myself with a sausage roll it

was off across country to Skiddaw (3054 ft). I had naively thought there would be a path or least a sheep track - but if there was, in typical Harrier fashion, we didn't use it. The top of Skiddaw was in cloud and **perhaps not being able to see the peak helped**.

We scrambled up the scree and emerged into the cloud our 2nd summit had been conquered.

By this time we had a new member of the group. **Chris** (I've got a sheep's head) **Jones** had found us a mascot in the form of a sheep's skull which strapped to his backpack joined us on the journey.

Great Cockup (1726 ft) was our 3rd peak and by this time I had lost all track of time, I only knew it was still daylight and I had a few sausage rolls left. Our path from Great Cockup to Carrock Fell was across a bog, a very long, very wet, very tricky bog that not even the sheep would cross – but that didn't stop Gerry. Off we went across the bog known as the Back O'Skiddaw. I can think of several other names for it which I muttered under my breath every time my foot got stuck in a smelly bit. But it was also very beautiful and worth the effort to experience the unspoilt landscape.

Carrock Fell (2166 ft) our last peak and I was starting to think that I might get back to the minibus alive. We set off knowing it was all downhill and that there was a pub not too far away.

We completed the Crown Round in 8 hours and 45 mins exhausted but triumphant and retired to the pub to replace lost fluids, once again Gerry ensured our nutritional needs were met with another large dose of fish and chips, double wrapped.

Sunday was another hot sunny day and a rest day was arranged with a short walk up Scarfell Pike (3210 ft), the **highest peak in England**. For those able to walk after the Crown Round I am sure it was very pleasant for the rest of us whose muscles were screaming with the effort of getting out

of bed it was bit of a challenge but one not to be missed. The view from the top was amazing and I started to wonder why I go abroad on holiday.

The **highlight of the day** was Steve Clarke astounding a group of walkers by undressing and leaping into a freezing a pool. He has been compared to **Ursula Andress** but I think Steve had more of an impact on passers by.

The Crown Round was a pub run with a difference and was suggested by **Graham Brown**, the originator of the Harriers pub runs. I noticed that he met us at the pub and didn't run – I can understand why.

Would I do it again ? – yes I probably would but next time I might stop for lunch.

Le Touquet – Brian Fennelly

Panic at the start, no bus! Steve Clark, arriving late and deciding it was fine for him to park his jalopy in what looked like the space reserved for the life president of the nearby Kent County Cricket Club, reported that he had just seen our bus tank up the A2 **the wrong way** But not to worry, as usual he was talking nonsense and the bus duly arrived only a couple of minutes behind schedule.

Which of course annoyed **Roy “stopwatch” Gooderson** immensely. Roy then proceeded to deliver his annual message on timekeeping together with a list of threats, sanctions and punishments to be administered to those who disobeyed. Now, normally, I never bother listening to this kind of stuff. You know like when the trolley dollies on the plane do their safety stuff before take off. I reckon that if you're heading freefall at 500 mph towards shark infested ocean the fact that you have read the safety card “located in the seat in front” means that you have only a slight advantage over those of us who haven't. But when Roy said we would have 40 minutes in the supermarket I paid attention for two reasons. Firstly, I had recently turned

up a whole week late for the recent Saxon shore relay and I suspected that similar imprecision today would not be accepted and, secondly, I do know something about queues in Supermarkets on a Saturday morning.

8.30am every morning I can be found in the bowels of the Whitefriars Shopping Centre in Canterbury poring over something called a Customer Waiting Report. Stop yawning! the “CWR” is fascinating. I can tell who came in, what time they joined the queue, how many were in the queue at the time, how many tills were open, who was operating the tills how fast they were working, what was causing them to be so slow, which bar codes wouldn't scan, why they didn't scan, what time did the queue disappear and when did it form again. Now some might say “If you came out of you bloody office and had a look you'd know that already” But they miss the point, I'm a Manager and therefore need to *analyze* these things. So when I got to the checkout and cast my professional eye over the operation I knew exactly how long it would take and that I would be back on the bus with 1 minute to spare. The Auchan supermarket stocks I reckon over 100,000 lines, so wasn't I really lucky to pick up the only bottle of wine in the whole place without a bar code. Chaos. And the clock is ticking, the checkout girl is on the phone to the supervisor, the **Harriers behind with trolley loads are looking irate**, the French are shrugging their shoulders in that Gallic way they do and muttering something that I think translated as “English Twat” With Stress levels rising all round I decided to leave the unscannable wine pay cash (never risk a card in these situations) and leave.

Leaving aside the supermarket, stress levels were always going to rise today. What do you expect when England get to the quarter finals of the World Cup. Things started well. Clear reception on **Bob Pullen's** Toolbox/Radio/Coolbox combo (A fiver from Woolies and according to Bob the bargain of the

century). Sitting in the shade under the trees, sipping beer, light banter England in control, idyllic! Then Rooney goes for a loose ball, then it's extra time, then we're ordered back onto the bus, **then its penalties**, then the bargain of the century packs up and the stress levels rise further, then another radio is found and the horror show begins...then it ends. The only consolation of watching a penalty shoot out on the radio is that it seems to be over quicker. You don't have to watch that pathetic man- walking- to- the- gallows mien that English players have perfected over the last sixteen years or so, or indeed the cocky my- granny- could -score- this arrogance that the other lot always seem to exude. I found that you could simply make you brain speed up the whole nightmare and make it pass quicker.

Roy's stress levels were now getting to dangerous levels. We've no time to get to the old town in Boulogne and have to make it with some rural hostelry near the beach. Now if you ever want to see the personification of terror, get 25 thirsty Englishmen to walk into a rural bar in France after we've lost another penalty shootout and all start demanding beer at once from the solitary barman! He did the only sensible thing, call the local riot squad, because they're bound to start shouting, fighting and smashing the place up any minute. To his amazement everyone ordered their drinks and behaved. Well apart from Steve Clark obviously. But the riot squad was cancelled after we reassured the barman that we could handle the ordeal of making him behave

We were of course now getting used to ordeals. Which brings me to the Le Touquet 10K **Gerry** has not yet had the idea of making us train in a blast furnace, so we were a bit unprepared for what was about to happen at 4pm. Temperatures were rumored to be **34 degrees Celsius!** Which of course would never do? When "TheSun" does

one of it's PHEW! WHAT A SCORCHER!!! headlines it always uses the old measurement to make it sound hotter. So it was 90! And PHEW! WHAT A SCORCHER!!! The French officials then corralled us into the hottest spot they could find and then droned on in French for about an hour. By the time the hooter sounded most of us were suffering early stages of dehydration. It obviously concerned us a bit at the first water station, to discover that the officials had decided that 2 litres of water would be enough to quench the thirst of 350 runners!

It didn't seem to bother **Russell Williams** though. Dehydrated or not Russell managed a fantastic time of to win the Vet 60 award. A fantastic achievement in genuinely tough conditions. Well done Russell. The story for the rest of us was one of survival. And I'm pleased to report everyone did survive, although some only just. **Barbara Wenman** was last seen getting what looked like mouth to mouth resuscitation from some hunky athletic looking type. She claims now not to remember a thing! Anyway she fully recovered because she was last spotted running a blinder in the Race for Life at Herne Bay.

Despite the various trials and tribulations it was once again a brilliant day out. For most of us we simply had to get their on time, run a race and lie back and think of penalties, as it were. None of it would have been possible without a great deal of hard work before the day and indeed on the day by a small number of Harriers. From all of us, thank you.

Canterbury Harriers Committee

Marco Keir Chair – 276029

Gerry Reilly Head coach -477148

Stephanie Lam Secretary – 832213

Roy Gooderson Admin Officer – 454449

John Minshull Treasurer – 01795 532226

Steve Clark Assistant Coach – 711272

Sue Reilly – Membership Sec 477148

Carol Reid – Assistant Coach 379055

Jenni Van Deelen -Assistant Coach 767489

Alastair Telford – Web Chief 78621

Neasa MacErlean – Publicity Officer 781709

Joe Hicks – Runners rep 07763 861227