



The Harrier

The newsletter of the Canterbury Harriers

Summer 2008

In this bumper Summer Edition of The Harrier we have two excellent member contributions. Francis Maude writes of his Trinidad “Hash” experience whilst Dave Smith looks back over an impressive record of 500 runs and writes of his many extraordinary and entertaining experiences along the way.

Also look out for the important update by Tim Richardson-Perks, the club Treasurer, on the club’s affiliation to England Athletics and how it affects each member.

As ever, there are plenty of events and activities scheduled over the next few months so please note them down in your diary....

The Mount Ephraim Summer 10K, 13th July.

The Canterbury Harriers will be staging the second Mount Ephraim Summer 10K on Sunday 13th July at Hernhill, near Faversham. The large house and beautiful gardens provide the perfect backdrop for the start and finish of this scenic yet challenging rural road run.

Once again fruit stalls, a Bar-B-Q and local beers will be available at the front of the house and the gardens will be free to view for all those taking part in the event.

As with all our organized races the club will need volunteers for Marshalling and other duties to ensure we provide a great day out for all concerned. If you are available on the day please contact Steve Clark, our supreme chief Marshall.

Saxon Shore Relay – A great Day Out!

The club is fielding four teams for this great annual relay race which starts near Folkestone and finishes at Whitstable. Teams were fully subscribed early on due to its popularity. The individual £15 entry fees all go

towards charity and this year the club decided to contribute £5 for each entry so that our runners only need pay £10.

The race takes place on Saturday 28th June and we hope to repeat the triumphs of last year when both our Men and Ladies teams came away with the spoils. Good luck to all taking part!

Last of the Summer Relays

To date the Summer Relays have been well supported by the Canterbury Harriers and we look forward to the last in the series.

Those who attended the relay at Fowlmead had the added bonus of tucking into a well provisioned buffet celebrating, our Chief Coach, Gerry Riley’s 60th Birthday. Fun was had by all!

The buffet proved so successful that the club is keen to repeat the event – sorry Gerry, not the Birthday - at the final Relay which will be hosted at Canterbury High.

24th June: Ashford - Victoria Park, 19.30 start

8th July: Invicta - Canterbury High School, 19.30

Seaside Pub Run

The next Friday evening Pub Run will be held at the Rose In Bloom, Joy Lane in Whitstable on the 18th of July. Sue Coombes has kindly volunteered to come back from Jersey and organize the run for the Harriers.

The previous Pub Runs, held at The Elephant in Faversham and at the Rose & Crown at Perry Wood, have each attracted more than 20 runners. Don’t forget the club provides a FREE buffet at each Pub Run so don’t forget to put the date in the diary!

Congratulations to Mighty Barbara!

In November 2007 Barbara Hutton competed in the Ford Ironman 70.3 World Championship in Clearwater, Florida. Fifteen hundred of the world's best Half Ironman distance triathletes lined up for the 1.2 mile swim, 56 mile bike ride and 13.1 mile run.

Barbara had a fantastic race, posting a personal best time of 4 hours and 54 minutes, which means she is one of the top 10 women in the UK at this event. On top of this success came two awards in January this year: Deal Triathlon Club *Female Triathlete of the Year 2007* and *Most Improved Female Cyclist of the Year 2007*.



Important: England Athletics Affiliation

By Tim Richardson-Perks

After much waiting and more false starts than Duane Chambers the England Athletics website is now ready to take your personal details. We are suggesting that you log on and enter your own details as this will

- Save the committee a great deal of time
- Avoid us all having to sign confidentiality agreements under the Data Protection Act
- Ensures your data is current (NB please let Sue Reilly know if you change address/phone/email as you probably will not be reading this or future issues).

- Allow you most importantly to enter as much or as little as you want to online and opt in to areas where this information can be shared.

I've logged my details on line and found the process fairly simple if a little long winded as you have to wait for each section to load up before adding details. I've attempted to give the steps I used below. In a recent letter England Athletics said they would require the following information for each member:

- Name
- Gender
- Date of Birth
- Address
- Email address
- Claim Status
- Competing/Volunteer Status.

When I entered my details I withheld the email as I get enough emails as it is without having more "promotions" or entry forms, training schedules etc. I will let people know if my application is "rejected."

Also note that you do not have to pay £5 for the England Athletic membership as the club covers this from your annual £15 membership fee.

Once your details are on line EA will issue you a membership card which will be proof that you are affiliated and do not have to pay the unaffiliated fee on race entry. The advantages of joining EA are:

- You do not pay the £2 per race unaffiliated fee.
- You will be eligible to enter club competitions such as the X-country
- You may in the long term have a better chance of a London Marathon place as such organisations will support the EA virtual running club website.

Obviously it is up to you on how much privacy you want.

Sorry people. Problems on the EA site mean our user name is not recognised so will let you know when resolved. Until then take no action.

“A Run In The Rainforest” by Francis Maude

When business takes me to Trinidad I take the chance to go running with the local Hash if I can. Each run is written up by the appointed scribe, and here I enter the annals of their literature as the “visiting Brit”. This Saturday afternoon run was set in the rainforest of central Trinidad, near the Arena dam. The author, Bernard Mackay of the Port of Spain Hash House Harriers captures the Caribbean flavour better than I can imitate it, so I have left it largely unaltered. Additional commentary in italics.

We went to Ire Bites for lunch (*Why? Anyone can see that chicken jerk and chips with chili sauce would go down badly before a run in 90 degree heat and humidity*) before setting off on the Hash.

We left town late because the visiting Brit borrowed my car to collect his hash gear and in doing so he promptly fell asleep as a result of over indulgences the night before (*I have no memory of this...*). Then there was the predictable traffic, a long short cut behind the airport (*he got lost and there are no road signs off the main road*) and no previous Hash Trash for directions. The first time I would be late for a Hash. Arrived at Hash site to discover that the Hash start was fortunately also delayed. As superstition would have it I now assumed that three things had gone wrong and I had now gone clear.

Rasmaster in full BM (*Bob Marley*) regalia, accent, dreadlocks etc. welcomed all to the real Jar run #663.

The Arena forest beckoned with the shout of ON- ON. Everything going good, until I jump over the first ditch and bounce full frontal into the Rasmaster. You writing the trash and, as he say dat and ten paces on, big chief reminding Rasmaster to appoint a scribe. A done deal. ON- ON.

What beautiful terrain (*how can you tell? There are no views in a rainforest because the jungle gets in the way*), we ran here, there and everywhere (*lie- I*

distinctly saw him walking with the hash virgins), nobody cussing about a next hill to climb (*another lie*), the earth soft underfoot.

Trying to recall the specific highlights of the run is impossible as it was all good. Under the trees, into the bush, down valley and up mound, the front runners getting seduced at each circle along the wrong trail. The hash was quickly X rated, the middle and back packs frolicking with the front runners, men washing men’s feet (*to get rid of the horrendously sticky mud, which never dries out and immediately clogs your shoes*) and women only watching in awe. (*I was already melting and had drunk all my water by this point*)

Our first glimpse of the lake (*i.e. reservoir*) through the trees, the run along its banks, any miscalculation ending in souls lost in saturated waters edge waiting for the full blast of the rains to fill its crocodile cracks. Rasmaster pointing at mirages of same. (*There were some bush-dwellers with dogs in a shack, living off bananas, bush meat and fish from the reservoir, but no crocodiles*)

Back into the woods, we climbed the highest mound (*I was in the lead here, very hot but rather pleased with myself, when I found I had followed the wrong trail, and was therefore now at the back*), traversed the ridge and wallowed in the valley, canine swimming in water, no Raymond to rule the pack. And then the Hashmaster determining who was fit for the trail, sending the frail whimpering down the short cut. I faulted for a moment but my responsibility for writing the hash trash egged me on, on what turned out to be the easiest part of the hash. (*I had caught the mid-pack again here, but was worrying about heatstroke*).

On reaching the pines the ground underfoot suddenly changed to crick-crack with the sound of pine needles succumbing to the collective weight of the mid pack. A 3-ton truck in the middle of this wilderness caught us off-guard. Soon we were running up a dry sand filled ravine (*and catching the front runners again*) and only on a hash could people speculate on how the sand reached there; ideal conversation or dottishness?

Nearing the end of the short ON-ON, a youth runs past shouting “Water! Water!”. Was it a cry for drinking or Holy water to anoint yet another man’s foot? (*I was equally deranged with dehydration by this point*)

A really, nice, nice run! Or was it a really, really, nice run! I can’t decide. I think I prefer the latter

The run done, I made the mistake to change and sweeten-up before tackling the chow. *(I tried this too. A total waste of time. I was still sweating horribly an hour and a half later.)* All gone! Instructions given to make my own, a culinary skill long lost, so on to the beers, burgers and dogs. The Pastor and wife brought a truckload of virgins to the site and the Rasmaster had to explain what a Hash virgin was before they came forward to claim their free beer/softie. Maybe that explains the 3-ton in the forest.

As the Down Downs continued my stomach started grumbling and rumbling for food with the smell of burgers and dogs in the atmosphere *(They have a van equipped with a beer cooler, and fix up a barbeque. There are always a lot of camp followers who do the food and stay for the "lime" i.e. the hanging around drinking and talking)*, so we drifted away in that direction missing the bacchanal of the poofter for the day. However, we have been reliably informed that the poofter by overwhelming majority was none other than the man who anoints men's feet and the voice of the atheist among us was heard above all else in this proclamation.

The surprisingly large hash *(probably about sixty people in all)* lingered until after nightfall and the hardcore longer into the star filled night. No matter how hard we tried we could not get the Hash DJ to play not one BM tune so that we could bond with our brothers and sisters in JAR-MAKE-CAR.

ON-ON we journeyed to the closest bar for drinks and food. One notable front runner missed the calling, scuttling off Gollum-like to probably anoint his feet with water and bed.

Adjacent to the bar was the usual food shed with the sweaty fat mama doing her thing. The menu included gizzards, fried chicken, chips, meat and potato pies. My sampling did not rate it highly but it saved a few brain cells from alcoholic poisoning. *(I skipped on this. Everyone said it would be awful, and the food ran out anyway.)*

My Brit companion had a few too many by now *(Not so. I needed more to rehydrate, and in any case, he was going to drive the 40 miles back home)* and struck up a conversation with a Trini who had lived in the UK, then Italy for 18 years, married an Italian chick, brought her here on holiday and she refused to go back. The moral

of that story is of course "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." Ex lovers take note. *(This is a non-sequitur. The Trini, who owned the bar was giving me free rum and quoting Julius Caesar in Latin).*

Having had just enough *(too much by a factor of four?)* to manage the road, I retrieved the Brit from the claws of the Trinibritishitalian, he was fading fast *(i.e. suffering from overexposure to deafening Soca music in the bar, and no longer able to speak)*. Despite the lack of conversation the journey home was entertaining, in that the Brit would momentarily fall forward with a sudden jerk backwards without my pressing of brakes, then the stretching of the hands to support the concealed yawn that ended in an agouti like face. *(This is sensationalist reporting....)* Priceless!

Have You Ordered Your New Club Kit?

The new range, sourced locally, now includes zipped Race Jackets, Hoodies and race vests with Canterbury Harrier branding on both front and reverse of clothing – all looking very smart!

If you wish to view the new kit or indeed purchase items please ask any member of the committee at our Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

Kit Prices:	£	Sizes
<u>MEN'S</u>		
Jacket	32.50	S (38), M (40), L (42), XL (42), XXL (46/48)
Hoodie (with full zip)	16.50	S (35/37), M (38/40), L 41/43) XL (44/46), XXL (47/49)
T shirt	10.00	S (35/36), M (37/39), L (40/42), XL (43/46) XXL (46/48)

Kit Prices:	£	Sizes
<u>MEN'S</u>		
Shorts	11.00	XS-XL (23'-38' waist)
Vest	11.50	XS-XXL

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Jacket	32.50	Unisex S (38), M (40)
Jacket (child's)	26.00	11/12 (30'), 13/14, (32/34')
Hoodie	16.50	Unisex S, M, L, XL, XXL
Hoodie (child's)	11.50	9/11 (30'), 12-13 (34') 14/15 (36')
T shirt	10.00	S (10), M (12), L (14), XL (16)
Shorts	8.50	XS-XL (23'-38' waist)
Vest	11.50	XS-XXL

Dave Smith, a member of the Harriers since its inception, has just completed what is his 500th race at the Canterbury Half Marathon. He reflects on what have been AND CONTINUE TO BE mostly enjoyable and occasionally exotic experiences in distance running over the years....

MILESTONE By Dave Smith

Let's get the boring stats. out of the way to begin with:-

The 2008 'Canterbury ½ Marathon' was my 500th race after 27 years running. My first race was Roding Valley Half Marathon in March 1981 (1.31)

Marathons	-	26	P.B. = 2.49.53 (London '87)
Half Marathons	-	115	P.B. = 77.31 (Lydd '88)
Ten Miles	-	113	P.B. = 57.36 (Tonbridge '86)
Ten Kilometres	-	117	P.B. = 36.05 (Canterbury '88)
Other distances	-	129	
TOTAL RACES-		<u>500</u>	
TOTAL distance run since 1 st Jan 1981 – just over <u>25,000 miles</u>			

I think the only thing these figures prove is what an 'anorak' I've been, keeping a log from the first day that I started running!

On the positive side, my running years have been very good to me. I've met a variety of interesting characters along the way, been to many places I wouldn't

normally visit (*not all of them good*), experienced the ups and downs, increased my self confidence and kept my body in reasonable shape into the bargain.

Although I've recently taken early retirement, I've worked in the print trade for most of my life and also been a drummer and singer in rock/pop bands since the age of eighteen, having a single released in 1971 and playing in clubs, pubs, etc., several times a week. I currently play in a 'classic rock' duo; Dire Straits, Thin Lizzy, Pink Floyd, that sort of music.

I've always found the words, moderation and common sense hard to come to terms with. A Sunday race would always follow an 'energetic' Saturday night gig and getting to bed in the small hours. (*In case you didn't notice, that was a thinly veiled excuse for the state I often appear in at the start of a race!*)

After one reasonable London Marathon (1990 I think) I slept on Blackheath Common during the sunny afternoon with clearing up going on around me and then did a gig at nearby Foots Cray working man's club in the evening. I recently topped that by completing the Canterbury Half in 2006, doing a solo gig at Shepherdswell in the afternoon and another in Aylesham in the evening. A gig normally consists of two, one hour, non-stop sets, plus all the setting up and packing away. Well, life's too short and all that.

My best race in terms of feel good factor was the 1988 New Romney ½ Marathon. I arrived at the start line with no expectations, but flew around the dead flat, coastal course, feeling stronger as I ran. Have you had those rare times when, for no particular reason, everything seems right and easy and you feel as though you're floating along? Brilliant. I finished in 77 minutes in second place. Fortunately I didn't know at the time, that it would be all down hill from there.

The thinly attended Farnham Castle Marathon (1982) has to be the hardest run I've done. A two lap course of non-stop hills on a damp, grey, bitterly cold November morning. Most of the three and a half hours was spent running alone and the last 100 metres climbed a steep, muddy footpath where people were literally on hands and knees, crawling to the finish line. Crazy. There was a well beaten trail from the finishing line straight to the first aid tent where we collected a second hand space blanket, a hot, non specific, drink and collapsed on the ground. I didn't do that one again.

The strangest marathon I ran was at Harlow in 1982. Due to road works on the way up, I arrived just in time to see the field set off. It was in the days of having to register on the day so I spoke to a race official who told me to start running and he'd take my details and give me a number as I ran. I did as he asked and true to his word, about fifteen minutes later he cycled alongside me, handed me a number and two safety pins which I put on while still running. He wrote down my name etc. as he rode his bike. I thanked him profusely, overtook a few competitors, had a terrible run and finished shattered and alone on a bleak running track in what seemed like the middle of nowhere. There were half a dozen people milling aimlessly around, but I don't think anyone noticed me finish. There were no medals in those days but as the event was sponsored by Unigate, there was a free carton of milk. Just what you feel like at the end of a marathon. The car was miles away and I've no memory of how I got back to it. It was a long, quiet and reflective drive back to Canterbury.

I've always been an advocate of pace judgment. I'd meticulously work out what pace I should be running, put split times on my wrist and keep as close to them as possible, but sometimes rules are there to be broken. Towards the end of the 1985 Thanet Half Marathon I was hitting a 'bad patch', just as my friend and rival, Ted Briggs, caught and passed me. Normally I would continue to run my own race, but with less than a mile to go I thought I'd try to hang on to the old bugger if I could.

As we continued I started to feel a little easier and then became aware that Ted was struggling a bit. With 400 yards to go, the finish in Minnis Bay was in sight and gently down hill. I hit the accelerator and passed Ted, he hung on to me and we sprinted flat out, practically side by side to the line and I just 'pipped' him. I later paid for my efforts because not only did I have to buy him a Guinness, but it was the last time I beat him. Great memories.

Like most of us I've enjoyed the highs and endured the lows of running and had my fair share of injuries along the way (*oops nearly slipped into 'My Way' there*). Would I change anything; of course I would, but do I regret a minute of it; never.

**Trip To Le-Touquet 10K
Saturday, 23rd. August 2008**

The coach for the Le Touquet 10K on the 23rd August is filling up with both Harriers and Thanet Roadrunners, male and female. If you have not placed your £15 deposit (total cost £30 plus race entry, about £7) get it to Roy Gooderson ASAP. Big thanks to Iain Smith for selling his soul to get the Ferry booking.

Events to look forward to in 2008

Saxon Shore Relay	28 th June
Race For Life	6 th July
Mount Ephraim 10K	13 th July
Summer Relays	July
Le Touquet 10K	23 rd August
Crown Run/Fell Running Trip	August
Reims Half Marathon	October
Club AGM	October
Annual Presentation Evening	6 th December

Calling All Budding Writers

If you would like to contribute an article to The Harrier please contact Gerry Reilly. We are always looking for race reports, stories and running trivia.

Canterbury Harriers Committee

Marco Keir: Chairman	-	276029
Tim Richardson-Perks: Treasurer	-	07792 833846
Roy Gooderson: Admin Officer	-	454449
Carol Reid: Coach & Secretary	-	379055
Gerry Reilly: Head Coach	-	477148
Steve Clark: Coach	-	711272
Sue Reilly: Membership Sec.	-	477148
Sean Reilly: Web Master	-	730816
Susan Coombes: Runners Rep	-	275221
Brian Fennelly: Runners Rep	-	01303 891357
Daniel Rumble: Runners Rep	-	742738
Matt Wade: Runners Rep	-	459335
Mark Wenman: Runners Rep	-	765336