

Club Report November 2017 to January 2018

We'd like to say a big **THANK YOU** to the members who have contributed to this edition of the Newsletter! Please keep sending us your race reports, photos and parkrun times to aces@rothwellharriers.org.uk

Club Races

Guy Fawkes 10 Mile (Multi-terrain) – 5 November 2017

Steve Head was the first male finisher for the club in 31st position and in eighth place in the M45 age category whilst **Paula Brook** was the first female Harrier to cross the finish line.



Race report: **Karen Head**

It was a sunny, chilly morning for a hilly 10 mile run where 811 runner's completed the course, seven of which were Harriers. The course was very scenic with a mixture of country roads and well surfaced bridleways. The race finished in the grounds of Ripley Castle, however, there were three hills (all with names) which we had to conquer before then. The first hill was approximately 3 miles in and was about a mile up called Birstwith, the second hill had a sign saying Swincliffe and the final hill at about 8 miles was called 'For Fawkes Sake'.

This was a very well organised race and was well marshalled with two water stations. I last did this race in 2015 and it was a disaster. I came back and knocked 16 mins of my time. We all got a goody bag containing 5 chocolate bars and a long sleeved t-

shirt.

Quote from **Haley Kenny**: *"Well that was certainly the toughest run I've done! The uphill's were cruel but the downhill's were fantastic! Very well supported and organised. The marshals were amazing and the runners were very friendly"*.

Full results: **Steve Head** 1:07:074; **Paula Brook** 1:24:47 **Lynne Metcalfe** 1:27:43;
Hayley Kenny 1:32:06; **Carole Clifford** 1:33:47; **Emma Rawson** 1:38:46; **Karen Head** 1:42:51

Abbey Dash (Road) – 5 November 2017



Elsewhere, at the Abbey Dash, the club championship was to be decided. Just three days before the race **Paul Brown** decided he would enter the race, to defend his 2016 championship title, and to battle it out with **Jason Westmoreland** who had not won the champion since 1990! In the race Paul finished 37 seconds ahead of Jason to retain the title.



A total of 47 Rothwell Harriers took part in the race and there were PB's for **Shahana Miah** (46 minutes and 10 seconds) and **June Stakes** (53 minutes 30 seconds). **Leanne Sobratee** achieve a race PB by beating her 2016 time by 7minutes and 50 seconds in her first 10km in a year; confirming that resistance training whilst running with a running buggy does yield benefits.



Shahana Miah
Bib #2810, GB, Female, Rothwell Harriers & AC

Certificate f Share

CHIP TIME
00:46:10

Gun time 00:50:06
Finished 10.0 KM
Speed 13 km/h
Pace 04:37 min/km

Overall position
1989

Out of 8921
Women
268

Out of 4257
FSEN
168

Out of 1687

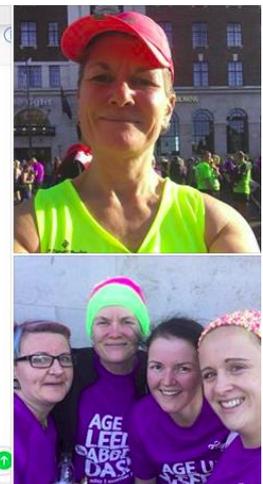
CHEERS CHECK IT OUT!

raceahead

Text Message
Today 11:11

Well done! Your race time is 00:53:30. See your results and find out more about Age UK www.ageuk.org.uk/dash

Text Message



Race Results: **Will Collumb** 33:27; **Andrew Flemming** 36:21; **Paul Brown** 37:44; **Ross Blackburn** 37:52; **Jason Westmoreland** 38:21; **Peter Swoboda** 38:26; **James Mace** 38:52; **Tony Gardner** 38:57; **Peter Farnell** 40:10; **John McCarthy** 40:56; **Dale Richardson** 42:48; **Craig Whiteley** 43:53; **Marc Randall** 43:50; **Peter Mullery** 44:31; **Mat Kelly** 48:15; **Clynt Hiscoe** 45:12; **Rowena Skellhorn** 46:34; **Shahana Miah** 46:10; **Stephanie Hall** 48:23; **Robert Gresswell** 47:11; **Brian Shaw** 51:10; **Anna Hinchcliffe** 50:51; **Jayne Turner** 51:44; **Chris Parker-Haim** 51:19; **Claire Easton** 51:42; **Trish Wilson** 49:52; **June Stakes** 53:30; **Helen Mann** 54:12; **Erin Townsend** 55:31; **Angela McCarthy** 57:59; **Philip Laing** 59:12; **Amanda Farnell** 58:26; **Joanna Clarke** 58:17; **Emma Bird** 1:00:36; **Carol Plumridge** 1:04:02; **Jade Johnson** 1:02:54; **Richard Hillarby** 1:03:34; **Jacqui West** 1:05:49; **Leanne Sobratee** 1:04:19; **Louise Haley** 1:04:52; **Denise Barraclough** 1:06:28; **Caroline Davies** 1:10:03; **Andy Dixon** 1:12:59; **Christine Shaw** 1:28:06

Roll of Honour 2017

Club Champion - **Paul Brown**

Male Senior Club Championship Winner – **Andrew Flemming**

Male Senior Club Champion Runner Up – **Ross Blackburn**

Male V35-44 Club Championship Winner – **Paul Howard**

Male V35-44 Club Champion Runner Up – **Peter Swoboda**

Male V45+ Club Championship Winner – **Paul Brown**

Male V45+ Club Champion Runner Up – **Jason Westmoreland**

Female Senior Club Championship Winner – **Steph Hall**

Female Senior Club Champion Runner Up – **Jade Johnson**

Female V35-44 Club Championship Winner – **Rowena Skelhorn**

Female V35-44 Club Champion Runner Up – **Paula Brook**

Female V45+ Club Championship Winner – **Jo Heseltine**

Male V45+ Club Champion Runner Up – **Joanne Hawden**

Most Improved – **Emma Bird**

Most Club Runs – **Mat Kelly**

Jane Tomlinson Trophy – **Jason Westmoreland**

Male Parkrun Tournament Winner – **Jason Westmoreland**

Female Parkrun Tournament Winner – **Jo Heseltine**

Parkrun Most Improved – **Brian Shaw**

Captains Annual Award – **Caroline Davies**

Club Personality of the Year – **Paul Brown**

PECO Race #1 Nostell Priory (X-Country)–26 November 2017

Race report: **Steve Firth**

Hundreds of people freezing in vests and shorts on a bitter November morning can mean only one thing: the masses are taking a final opportunity to feel the cold before global warming increases Wakefield's temperatures to tropical levels. No, be serious, it's cross country time at Nostell Priory. The 2017-18 PECO season is upon us with the first of five races.

After the annual 'First-Race-Of-The-Season-Registration-Delay' the men's event began. The stampede start proved hair-raising for most, while those of us with no hair merely feared for our lives as runners bombed downhill trying to avoid one another and the countless piles of cow excrement littering the opening lap. *Le Grand Depart* it wasn't.

After a circuit of the field in front of the house the 525 competitors had formed an elongated, slithery chain. With the fastest at the front and slowest at the rear the PECO hierarchy had been established courtesy of the wonders of natural selection. Charles Darwin must have felt very proud.

Thanks to my tentative start I had plenty of ground to make up, a depressingly familiar scenario. For the next ten minutes I eased my way up the standings. Such progress couldn't mask Nostell had many more ups than downs and the 'hills', without being lengthy or hard, sapped both spirit and muscle. I know, I know, in the 21st century hills have been rebranded and are now 'good' for runners. I'm still not so sure. As Lance Armstrong almost said, 'Hills are your friends, when EPO's your best mate.'

Battling inclines, Darwinism and fellow runners didn't stop me appreciating nature's offerings. The course was in good shape, OK underfoot with hardly any mud, while the clear skies meant neither rain nor snow would spoil our fun. It was a great day to be wearing minimal clothing and burning maximum calories.

By now I'd overtaken a couple of Harriers (sorry, I can't remember who) and I contemplated the location of my long-term running nemesis: Rothwell's very own **Andrew Baiden**. We'd chatted pre-race and he'd played down his fitness. Yeah, right, as if I hadn't heard that one before. I suspected he'd had his usual fast start, was way ahead of me, and like everyone else was fighting the low sun that had transformed tree roots into near-invisible life-threatening trip hazards. Ring Health and Safety I hear you say. Too late, too late, he cried.

After halfway life became tougher. I kept up the same pace, yet picked off fewer and fewer runners. The world isn't fair. Putting existential angst aside I ran, and ran, and ran. Often people run in the zone, I ran in something more akin to a coma. I've a feeling many of the Harriers in the women's race (which began ten minutes after the men's) may have acknowledged or even high-fived me as our paths crossed. I apologise if I failed to greet you all. My excuse for such rudeness is breathing had become a cruel master that prevented any dreams I had of multi-tasking.

By now I'd become warm. I contemplated removing my woolly hat. A big decision, I know, but one made easier when your head is the temperature of the sun's surface. I vowed in future I'd wear my cooler 'Henry VIII' skull cap. Cooler in terms of temperature, not style, as my old-school headgear

turns me into the doppelganger of England's portliest monarch. Not a good look. Appearances, however, become of secondary concern when the alternative is to have your head spontaneously combust.



The final miles meant yet more hard running. By now my morale and physical resources had dipped. Poor me. Then, renewal, a dot in the distance; I'd recognise that running style at 200 yards. **Mr. A. Baiden, esq** had entered my world. Well, my, my, my.

Inch-by-inch I closed the gap on my quarry. I made painstaking progress, yet enough so that when we returned to the field in front of the house for the final lap the gap had shrunk to 50 yards. We ran downhill and by the bottom we were shoulder-to-shoulder. With about 300 yards of uphill to the line, it was all-square in the race-within-a-race. First place is an irrelevance when the fight for 280th position is so enthralling.

The Arctic Monkeys once proclaimed, '...so tense, never tenser. It could all go a bit Frank Spencer' and while they might not have had cross country in mind the Sheffield lads had predicted my running future. In all the excitement I committed the classic error: I went to the front too early thus giving Andrew a target. Oh, dear, that kind of recklessness means the teacher will want a word with me after class.

I tried to press on. Nothing happened. Nothing. That's a pity, I thought. Two runners overtook me 'Chariots of Fire' super slow-mo style. Any less forward momentum and they'd have rolled back down the hill and into the car park. Yet they had no trouble leaving me behind. Louts. Bad news for the Harriers in the team event as well: neither of my tormentors wore a running vest that's visible from the moon.

I scrambled the last few yards leaving onlookers debating whether or not I'd been hit by a tranquiliser dart. Oh, happy, happy day, I crossed the line ahead of my arch-rival. Now wasn't the time to remind myself Andrew leads our PECO battles 4-2.

Post-run everyone said the course was longer than the advertised 4.9 miles. So, that's why the final two-hundred yards lasted seventeen lifetimes. Extra mileage. I hadn't prepared for that.

Later Ross Blackburn said I 'looked strong' at the finish. Somebody needs an eye test. Also, I spoke with Andrew who said, I'd 'run well' and I 'had much more left [than him] at the end.' You're a gentleman, sir. I promise I'll never stalk you in a race again.

So, that was PECO #1, the most fun you can have running half-naked through cow pats in the bitter cold while chasing some bloke who for 99% of the race doesn't know you exist. Roll on PECO 2018/19.... real life is never this good.

Dalby parkrun & Dalby Dash 10KM – 11/12 November 2017

Race report: **Jo Heseltine**

Five Rothwell Harriers went on tour in support of Help the Heroes charity on Remembrance Weekend.

First stop was the Dalby parkrun; the route despite Graham's description of 'flat' was most defiantly undulating with some small hills and an uphill finish that Graham post run can now recall! HaHa. The route takes you past streams, pine trees, and the Gruffalo monument and adapted signs and is set in the heart of Dalby.



The Dalby Dash 10k multi-terrain was held in support of Help the Heroes and started adjacent to the visitors centre at the large car park in the forest.

The race started at 11.02am post briefing, poem and 2 minutes silence. We all got acquainted by huddling together to stay warm against the chilling winds and crisp morning and sharing good luck messages. Athletes from many clubs some local to us were in attendance. I will give you a clue of the route, they have mountain rescuers rather than first aiders and trophies for 1st king and queen of



the hill. The race starts with a 2 mile ascent that enables you to look above the forest pine trees and see the views - breath taking in more ways than one lol as you reach the top the descent begins wildlife are past, pine cones and needles are beneath your feet on mostly shale and stone paths and the smell of pine and fresh air lets you feel alive and at one with nature and of course a little mud. I was waiting for the sting in the tail after 3 miles of descent but a slight elevation to a fairly flat finish was it we were done.

The marshalling locals and (Pickering running club) and race director were brilliant well organised and in abundance. Dalby Dash pride themselves on not disclosing the post race gift which this year was a pair of running gloves with union jacket emblem. No down side to the race we will all return perhaps my car closer to the finish rather than back up the hill lol and perhaps chip timing may be the next investment. Race results were available on notice board after race with good category of prizes. Welcomed refreshment at the visitors centre were well timed as the rain and sleet started and we were indoors and cosy.

Race results: **Jo Heseltine** 47:07; **Jo Hawden** 51:52; **Claire Easton** 53:01; **Carol Clifford** 54:18
Graham Hawden 55:56

Portabello Promathon – 1 January 2018



307 runners lined up at the Portabello Promathon, a 4 mile race along the front and back just outside Edinburgh on New Years Day 2018. The majority of the local clubs had runners entered and one solitary runner from the Rothwell Harriers.

I was entered by my brother, a 2:45 marathon runner of multiple worldwide events and it was no surprise that he was on the front row, whilst I was about six back when we lined up. The race is along the sea front for about 3/4 of a mile, then turn around and come back past the start - wave to your supporters - and then keep going until you go around a bloke stood in the middle of the path and back to the finish.

I warmed up with Paul at a gentle 7:50 min mile pace and then he went off with his mates from the Dunbar club. He had bet me I would run under 30 mins which I figured no chance after a traditional Scottish New Years Eve with the family! We stood in lines, someone shouted something and then fired a gun. The first 3/4 mile went by like a shot and around a car parked on the prom we went. I thought it was a mile and was delighted at my time as I was seriously shifting. Seeing Paul going past me a few seconds before made me feel great. The distance between us grew and grew and grew as the tide stayed out and the cold wind blew in off the sea.

Going past the start again and I looked feverishly for my single support crew and partner... Jane - who was in fact drinking coffee and watching the sea from the leisure centre window instead of shouting and cheering me on. The next leg was hard work and into wind, past the coffee van which was agony to a coffee lover like me with my nose twitching like a rabbit. Before the turn, you climb up a hill, to the bloke a few hundred yards up the sidewalk, who I swore moved further backwards when I got to him and around and then back down the front again to the finish.

I chased and matched pace for pace the woman in front of me but at the end, she pipped me to the post and well deserved beating me by three seconds. We really pushed each other on and was a pleasure to run alongside her for a couple of miles. We crossed pretty much together and into the funnel where we shook hands, gave each other a hug and had a brief chat whilst catching our breath and was handed a carton of orange juice and box of raisins. No medals, no t-shirts, just great Scottish hospitality surrounded by visitors and incredible marshals and spectators. Paul finished in 30th place in what he called a slow and steady race @ 23:15 and I came in 132nd @ 29:21 and my fastest 4 mile run. He was there to cheer me at the end and we got a photo of us together.

It was a year to the day Paul and I first ran together in my first ever parkrun. Now 2.5 stone lighter, fitter and a proud day for us both and I then ran a 5k 23:16 PB the following week at parkrun! I went for the cold water treatment after this, as we drove quickly back to North Berwick and I ran into the sea for the annual looney dook on the stroke of midday and a swim in the Firth of Forth. Utterly mad! That sorted the legs out as did the wee dram of whisky that helped the recovery.

Temple Newsam 10 – 14 January 2018

Race Results: **Simon Garside** 1:11:39; **Steve Firth** 1:22:05; **Clynt Hiscoe** 1:26:51; **Paula Brook** 1:31:56; **Kevin Connell-Moore** 1:33:39; **Stephanie Hall** 1:33:55; **Elaine Kelly** 1:34:17; **Chris Parker-Haim** 1:37:44; **Anna Stones** 1:37:44; **Carole Clifford** 1:38:40; ; **June Stakes** 1:41:35; **Steph Watkins** 1:42:46; **Claire Easton** 1:44:25; **Caroline Davies** 2:19:55; **Jade Johnson** 2:20:04.