

Castle Point Joggers Newsletter

A word from The Ed

I would like to thank everyone for their positive response to the last newsletter and to all who have contributed to this bumper August edition.

The summer may have been a wash out, but that hasn't stopped you from posting some pretty impressive performances all over the country, so well done.

Can I take this opportunity to thank all our runners and supporters who give out loads of encouragement whilst we are struggling in a race or 5k time trial.

I don't mean to ignore you, its just I'm having enough trouble breathing! But your support is appreciated, so thanks it really does make a difference.

This month features 2 marathons and triathlon debut – Read on.

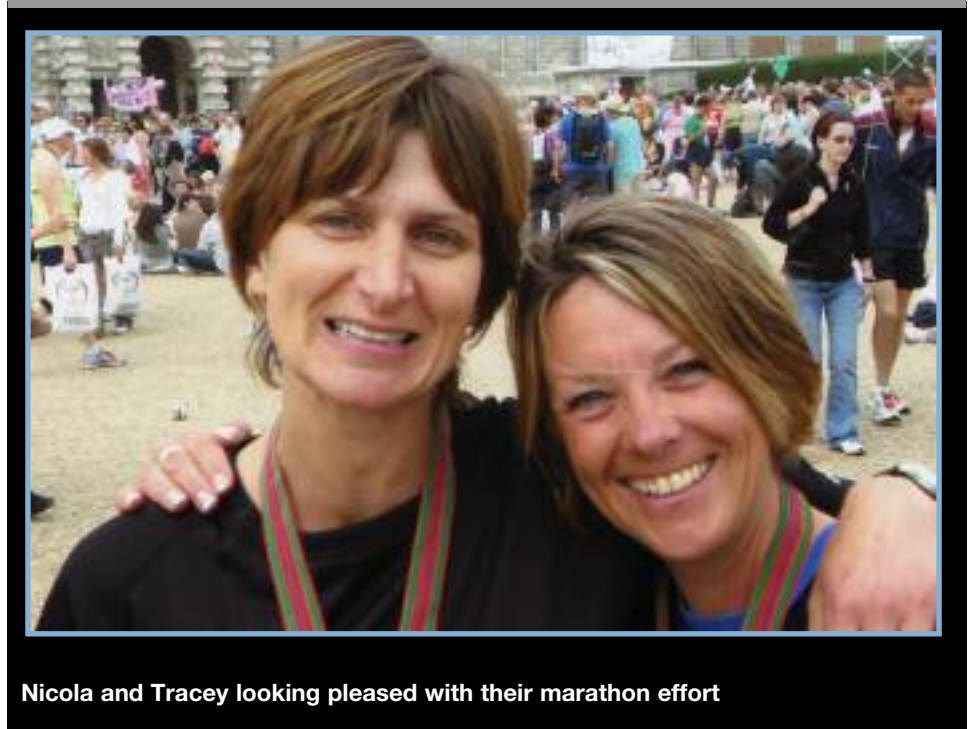
Sad News

At the time of going to press some sad news has come to light.

I never thought I'd have to write an obituary in a Castle Point newsletter, but the other day we learned that Frank Westerman had passed away. It was an honour to have known him and he will be sadly missed. Frank was one of the first people I met when I came along to my first Wednesday session 11 years ago and always had a permanent grin and cheeky laugh. At that time he had just finished one of the toughest marathons there is. The Athens no less. In the past few years Frank hadn't run as much as he would have liked due to ill health, but he still came along to cheer us on, particularly at the seafront 5k's.

I will also remember Frank for his non stop energy at the Christmas parties. He was always the first up on the dance floor and the last to leave. He put all the youngsters to shame.

God bless



Nicola and Tracey looking pleased with their marathon effort

Club News

Just spent some time reading the newsletter and thoroughly enjoyed it. All I could think, was thank goodness I have lost my desire to run those long distances. But the '3 Peaks' sounds to be something extraordinary. Well done to all those who put pen to paper (or I should say fingertips to keyboard) and

congratulations for either completing or even attempting to complete these outstanding distances over exceptionally challenging terrain. Perhaps the club ought to award a special trophy for 'outstanding achievement'

I admire you all
Sheila



Better than a Crackerjack pencil!
Must be the CPJ team claiming their prize at the Bluebell 5

Brathay Windermere Marathon

20th May 2007

Polly Jackson

“I don't do hills” said a fellow runner to me at the start of the Windermere Marathon after I explained that the final mile was a final cruel uphill challenge straight up the driveway to the finish at Brathay Hall. We set off soon after and I was glad I didn't worry her any further by going on to describe the rest of the course - as she may never have started!

Friday 18th May

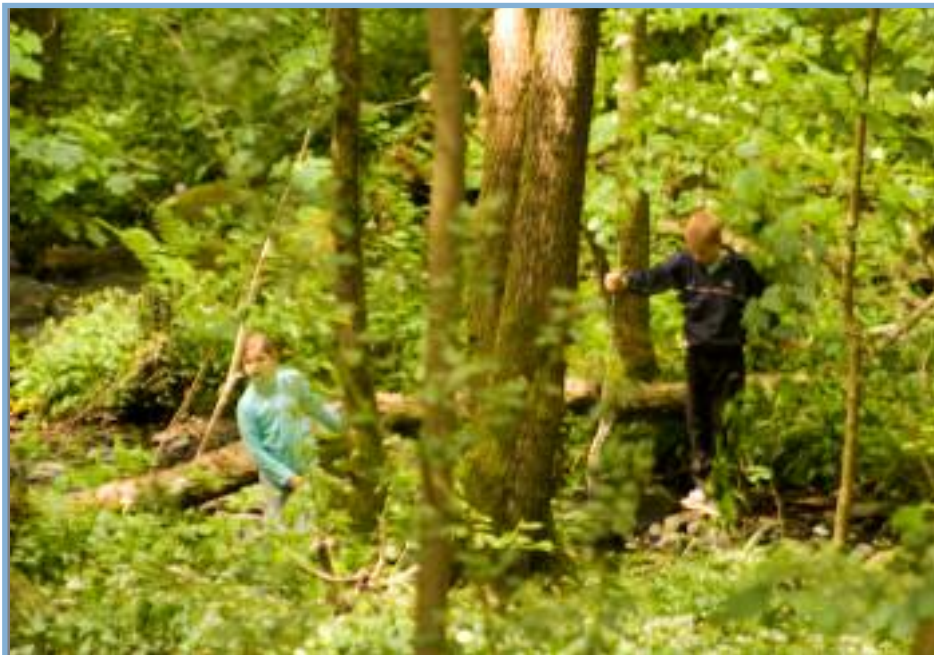
We arrived at Windermere Youth Hostel at 11pm after a 6 hour car journey - myself, hubby Martin and the two kids Lawrence (10) and Charlotte (7). The welcome from the hostel staff and other guests was lovely and the kids particularly found the experience of the whole family sleeping in bunks beds a real adventure. Staying in a large, creepy old building with the wind howling round the hills and rattling the windows was quite exciting - although I have to admit that at this point my thoughts were on my right shin splint and whether or not I'd be able to find a burly runner to hide behind for 26 miles of a gale force wind! In fact, I was debating whether or not I would even start.

Our room was basic but although we still had the standard issue YHA cotton sleeping bags..... there were duvets on the beds! Sheer luxury. Anyway, this meant that my concerns about getting a good night's sleep 2 days before the race were firmly “put to bed” and I slept really well.

Saturday 19th May

The next morning we were surprised to be offered a full “hotel-style” breakfast. A far cry from my teenage days youth hostelling - back-pack, leather boots and tin mug. Lawrence ate them out of Pain au Chocolats - his personal favourite - and with stomachs full we set off to “do” the course.

The start and finish is at Brathay Hall, a lovely setting for a charitable organisation that runs young people's adventure/confidence building courses. The first 4 miles were advertised to be



The Kids were very supportive as usual - no I haven't fallen off the kerb yet



Gimme Now.....I need.....

along rural roads that would be closed to cars for the race and within the first couple of miles of following the route I realised that I hadn't done enough hill training – in fact I hadn't ever made it to one Monday night! Oh no, what had I let myself in for? There appeared to be no flat parts to the course at all – you either went up or down – at this point my shin splint started to throb quietly.....

Having got over the shock of discovering it was a truly undulating course we concentrated on finding out where the proper hills were so I would be prepared, at least, mentally for them. There were four – 7 miles, 15 miles, 22 miles and the last ? mile I mentioned earlier. Although the course is purported to follow the road around the edge of lake Windermere, the first half pretty much winds through rural lanes vaguely parallel with the long side of the lake from Ambleside to Newby Bridge after which it does mostly follow the lake back along the other side back to Windermere and Ambleside. It's a very windy country lane course flanked for the first half by hedgerows and interspersed for the second half with lakeside townships so something for everyone.

After about 7 or 8 miles we noticed some T-shirts sporting "100 club" and signs reading "10 in 10" along with some obvious support vehicles – (ie wives in warm cars with lucozade bottles) – and realised we had passed a few lone runners along the way we thought were just joggers out for their Saturday run. It transpired that the Windermere Marathon had stopped being held since 1986 and a group of experienced marathoners had decided to stage a world record attempt at running 10 marathons, around an officially measured course, on 10 consecutive days, with their final challenge on the actual day of the return of the event. My shin splints was forgotten at this point and I decided that I was completely wet if I couldn't even attempt it once.

After an afternoon tramping about

Windermere – yes we did go to Lakeland and buy a pineapple slicer (Lawrence's idea) and visiting some favourite view points, we went back to the hostel and had a very decent dinner followed by some pre-race discussions with other runners staying there who had also come up for the event.

Sunday 20th May – Marathon Day

The big day – oh and also our 12th wedding anniversary – but no time for niceties, important stuff to do – pull the curtain back and.....sunny and hardly a breeze –yippee!

Had my usual pre-race breakfast – squishy banana and a coffee – anything more and I get stitch for miles and we set off to get there early. In fact we cut it fine since the quaint rural location was rapidly deadlocked with cars trying to access the Hall via a one way horse track and it took us over half an hour to travel 1 mile. In fact this would turn out to be my only criticism of the day's organisation, so not bad really and one they have promised to try and sort out for next year.

The race started promptly at 10am and I knew that my first pit stop with the family was not going to be until between 6-10 miles depending on where Martin could stop and park. Subsequently, I was carrying all the usual marathon garbage with me – gels, water bottle, waterproof, ipod, sun glasses etc Sorry guys, girls have to run with their handbag spread about their person – it's a hard habit to kick! The first 6 miles flew by and the field spread out – I was running slightly faster than my intended marathon pace but felt really good – even the hills felt okay at this point as the "downs" took you gently up the "ups". In fact since the field was fairly small (900), quite quickly I was running with only a few people around me and as a result Martin was able to meet me every few miles – I offloaded all of my paraphernalia into the car and just requested things when I needed them.

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So it continued with everything going swimmingly - then I got to 18 miles.....and the lack of hill training kicked in.....the muscles just above my knees, the extreme lower part of my quads, cramped up. I had never experienced this before and found myself for the next 6 miles running along quite freely for ? mile, having a rest to stretch them when they cramped up and then limping along for ? mile. However, mental endurance had taken over by this point and although my mile splits were snail-like by then I was still going to come in well under my estimate of 4.5 - 5 hours, plus I was still keeping up with the 80yr old 100 club member who was on his 10th marathon of the week – so I felt that I really should keep going.....



Got 'im!!

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I finally made it in 4hr 20 – the same time as my London 2006 so I was overjoyed and even managed to sprint the final 100 meters!

Overall, a really lovely event with exceptionally friendly people in a beautiful setting. One I would definitely recommend and maybe even do again but.....I would certainly make sure I got to some Monday nights first!



Oh Mum did you have to take soooo long to finish I'm really bored!



I'm whacked.....never again?

Jokes

One man's hobby was running, he spent all his weekends on the park trails, paying no attention to weather. One Sunday, early in the morning, he went to the park as usual. It was still dark, cold and raining, so he decided to return back to his house. He came in, went to his bedroom, undressed and laid near his wife. "What terrible weather today honey," he said to her. "Yes," she replied "but my idiot husband still went running!"

Running shoes these days are more and more technologically advanced. I went in this store and they told me this new model of running shoes can even predict the weather! I asked how and the salesperson told me: "Leave your shoes outside the window for a little while: if they are wet it's raining, if they are dry it's sunny, if you cannot see them it's foggy."

The Halstead Marathon

May 13th 2007

December had arrived and as usual I was left looking at a padded package from the London Marathon. For the fourth year running it was a "Sorry" you have not been successful in the ballot and are now the proud owner of an oversized zip top. It was now decision time, do I go through the charity route, as I had done in three of the previous four years. Whilst it is great to raise money for such worthy causes, I can't help thinking that my friends and work colleagues strangely go into hiding when I have sponsorship form in hand year after year.

After last years LM snub I decided to do the Edinburgh Marathon in June. That was a killer and due to excessive sightseeing the day before and 24 degrees heat I ran very disappointingly. I was up for a marathon but not too far away. Thankfully the Halstead Marathon appeared on the radar. Not too far away and in the middle of May, so hopefully a bit cooler than Edinburgh.

The training went pretty well, with a few 20 milers. Was delighted to hear that Richard Bonham had also entered the race and that two CPJer's would be in attendance. It was only when I delved a little deeper into the Halstead Marathon, or to give it its full title The Halstead & Essex Marathon, I noticed that its Runnersworld profile was "undulating", oh good. As we all know, undulating can mean anything from a sleeping policeman to a two-mile incline as steep as Church Hill. I have to say the drive through the village to the start did not bode well; it certainly was no speed hump!

Having seen the tough conditions of the London Marathon only a few weeks earlier I was delighted to wake up to heavy cloud and a light drizzle. Richard joined me for the trip up to Halstead. We arrived with plenty of time and did a recce of the area. With the gun at 10.00 we made our way to the start line, which was also next to the finish line. Having been lucky to run the London and Edinburgh versions, I was rather used the glitzy mile markers and finish lines full of balloons. It was refreshing to see some

dodgy scaffolding with a lame Finish banner that had presumably been used for the previous 12 years of the event.

The start line was made up predominantly of club runners. No rhinos or pantomime horses, although one character did strip off to what looked like a pair of 1970's yellow Speedo's, bandana and a big hairy chest. All was missing was the moustache and I've have sworn it was Tom Selleck. There were also a number of 100 Club vests reinforcing the club runner marathon feel, and it looked like some of them were wearing the same trainers as their first!

The GPS was set, the Vaseline had been strategically applied, the starter had said some words and we were off. The course is made up of a large loop of about ten miles that is done twice, with an up hill section towards the end, on grass, just to kill you off. The weather was still overcast and a bit of drizzle in the air, perfect for quick times to the decent runners at the front. The previous bests of 2:38:02 for the men and 3:09:04 for the women certainly appeared reachable.

The two of us set off at a 7:30 pace with hopes of keeping it together for a 3:15ish time. The course was made up of some beautiful country lanes with a few valleys that let us know that what went down has to go back up, and they certainly did. Our pace allowed us to chat relatively easily and to start picking off a few of the runners who had gone off a bit too quickly. Within the first couple of miles there was a couple of runners talking next to us. One of them was bragging about it being his 23rd marathon, which compared to our four and five, was pretty damn impressive. The other fella, who was rather stocky in stature, blew us both away with his tally of 68. When asked how long that had taken him, was astonished when he told us about two years. We looked at each other and let them go!!

Next to join us was a jolly ginger fella who asked us what we were hoping for, 3:30 would be great was our response.

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Well in that case you're going a bit quick, he said. We looked at each other and let him go. Pleasingly though after the first loop, we were maintaining our pace and to be honest feeling good. The organisers had provided trays at the beginning of the race for you to place your isotonic drinks in to be distributed at points around the course. A nice touch so long as you can remember a) where you left them and b) to shout out your number when approaching.

The first two bottle stops were fine, unfortunately come the third, my brain was becoming a bit addled so at all water stops I was shouting out my number, leaving the poor helpers checking for imaginary foul coloured drinks. Eventually at the 21-mile station the number was

recognised and we were the owner of some luminous orange running drink.

It was at this point I was beginning to feel a bit rough. I mentioned this to Richard and that he should go on as I was struggling. Before I had a chance to wipe my brow he was off, I let him go!. The next four miles were quite hard, especially a nasty little hill at about the 24 mile mark. I was steadily going backwards and becoming a little demoralised as a few runners passed me. As I approached the final mile I was horrified to find the majority of it was not only up hill, but on wet grass. That was a bit of a shock to the system and the legs were a bit jellylike but thankfully managed to keep it going. I finally turned the last corner and passed through the

scaffolding finish line in a new PB of 3:19:47. I was exhausted but delighted.

I met up with a far too healthy looking Richard who indeed had maintained the 7.30 pace and finished in a tremendous 3:15:47, which had taken off over an hour from his previous PB, quite an achievement. We received a fine goody bag with a quality T-shirt, which after several washes still fits, and an excellent medal, which always makes it worthwhile.

The winning times were an impressive 2:38:49 for the men and new course record of 2:58:22 for the women. Our finishing positions were very respectable 45th and 52nd. Overall a great marathon, superbly organised and I look forward to next year, maybe!



Some of the team at the White Peak Marathon



Can you identify the mystery runner?

Answers on a postcard – No prizes, just for fun

The Trials and Tribulations of Two Triathlon Virgins.

Not wholly certain why Kate and I decided to enter the Grays Triathlon, certainly Kate will tell you that it was all my fault but I think Mike Hayward had a bit of an influence. The component parts of the Triathlon weren't daunting, a 400 metre swim, 23 kilometre bike ride and a 5 kilometre run, but together they were a bit more challenging.

We had six weeks to train in. Mine got off to a really bad start, the first running session earmarked as tri training resulted in me turning my ankle on the first lap. Oh well more time for swimming and cycling. The swim of 400 metres is 16 lengths of our pool. Swimming is not my forte (similar to a weighty brick) but I reckoned about 10 minutes should see me through if I shaved my chest and went once a week instead of my usual once every other month. The swimming training was dull it must be said but I did build my distance up to 36 lengths (900 metres). I was pleased with that, it was the furthest I had ever swum. Kate built up to alternating lengths of crawl and breast stroke

The cycling was going to be a bit tricky for us to do together. Kate's bike is a steel framed shopper complete with basket on the front. Some wags reckoned we should put baguettes in the basket for the race, I thought a check blanket and a few kittens would be the way forward. My bike is an ally framed mountain bike, not really much of a racer but it would do. Our gym has a spin class, so in order to train together we decided to do that. The class proved to be a very effective workout, we both gave generously in the sweat department and our quads ached for days after. It must be doing us some good, surely? A few weeks before the race Jacquie Deacon very kindly offered to lend Kate her racing bicycle, it was a real flying machine once Kate had mastered the gear changing and toe clips. The kittens were fed the baguettes, put in a sack with a weighty

brick and then taken swimming with us!!

The most unappealing part of the race was the start time. There is a staggered start with the slower swimmers going first. Kate and Jayne Hayward had a 7:20 start, Mike and I were in the 7:35 slot. We arrived at Grays swimming pool at 6:00. We found registration but opening was delayed by half an hour. We went to look where to put the bikes in the transition area and then went to register. Our number was written on our arms and legs with permanent marker and we were given two paper numbers for the front and back of our running shirt. We went back to the car the heavens opened and a thunder storm began. We talced our running shoes to aid first transition and waited for the storm to abate. We took our bikes to the transition area and set out our compulsory helmet, shoes and running shirt in a sensible manner for the quickest transition possible as it is all part of the race.

Mike said to take it steady in the pool, don't spend all you biscuits on the first discipline. Kate went off at a good steady breast stroke, and a I followed a few minutes behind doing my best crawl. The swim wasn't as dull as the training swims, Mike had started breast stroking a few lengths behind me and I was doing my best to keep the gap. I swallowed some water, nevermind there was plenty more. Up and down we swam ducking under the rope every two lengths. The swim over we had to get out of the pool and run to first transition for the cycle. It was a temperature shock when we got out of the building, but no time to worry, get to the bike and get your kit on. A quick dry off then shirt, helmet, shorts and shoes. Mike overtook me and I wished him luck.

The cycle route was two laps of around 7 miles each, it was grey and drizzly. The roads were nice and empty at that time of day, I could see Mike in the distance

but he had a proper racing bicycle so I had no chance of catching him. There was a couple of hills on the route and we went through Orsett and Baker Street and then back through Grays to start the second lap. I was frequently overtaken, those guys and girls could shift. I just kept pedalling, the marshalls were encouraging and waved us through roundabouts. It felt tiring but the spin class had prepared us well.

After the second lap it was back to transition to drop the bike and helmet off and prepare for the running. The course



was two laps of the field. Off I went, the cycle had taken its toll and my legs were all wobbly though they settled down after a short while but it felt very strange to start a short run this tired. I could see someone in the distance and I started to gain on him I overtook and looked for the next person to hunt down. I got three in the end but someone started to gain on me, I wont let him overtake me I thought, but I was wrong, well done mate.

Kate, Jayne and Mike cheered me in at the end, it was great to finish and to enjoy a well earned banana and bottle of water. Kate and I had both had a great time and wore our triathlon T-Shirts with pride. We were both tired and felt that we had had a darn good workout. We were both pleased with our results, Mike 1:21, Me 1:28, Kate 1:31 and Jayne 1:37. Next year we shall be back, we are already eying up bicycles.

Chris & Kate Cammidge