

Castle Point Joggers Newsletter

A word from The Ed

Welcome to the first Castle Point Newsletter, which will be the first of many, hopefully, but that may depend on you writing some articles for me. Anything welcome, photos, jokes, articles for sale, etc, etc. It really is up to you.

The good news is I'm not under any pressure for deadlines and daft things like that. I will just produce one as and when there is enough content.

I thought this would be a good time to start, as it London Marathon time so there are bound to be some stories to tell.

Thanks to Greg for writing our very first piece, hopefully it will inspire you both in running terms and in literary terms. You can read all about their adventures on the next page.

Club News

The club seems to be going from strength to strength lately, so a big thank you to all off you who support the club and a very warm welcome to all our new members. Thank you for all your positive comments about our website. I think this has made a difference, as members and perspective members can now access information 24 hours a day, such as where we will be running, what races are on, etc, etc. In fact just this week I had 3 enquiries for possible new members, so hopefully we will see even more of you on a Wednesday night now.

A big thank you also must go to Sarah for all the work she has put in, not only in organising our social events, but also in taking charge of all the new kit orders. I think you will agree we all look a lot more professional these days.

A heat wave in April? Well that can only mean one thing. It must be London

Marathon day.

Flora London Marathon pictures



The triumphant return to Runnymede



JAX a.k.a. Paul Jackaman making his London Marathon debut



Val and Lesley at the Cutty Sark

3 PEAKS RACE

Horton-in-Ribblesdale, 29th April 2007

A Front Runners view (Well 37th place anyway)

A fell race adventure with Greg Deacon, Chris Cammidge, Nick McCullagh, and Terry Whalley

So here we were at last. The months of training had been done – or as much as was going to be done had been done – and the day had dawned. Four of us had risen to the challenge of the 3 peaks race: a 23 mile fell race taking in the 3 highest peaks of Yorkshire (Pen-Y-Ghent, Whernside, and Ingleborough).

I suppose we had best start with breakfast. It had to be early - 7.15am - and it was a pretty large affair but that was not too surprising for what we all knew lay ahead. Porridge to start, followed by the full English and then tea and toast. I am sure there would even be a few jelly babies before the start too. The start was at 10 and we took the short ride to Horton-in-Ribblesdale at 8.30am. The day was warming up nicely and it promised to stay cloudless all day. At least we shouldn't need the full-body waterproof clothing that is obligatory to carry. This is on top of the whistle, compass and emergency food. Those bum bags would certainly be bulging! The car park was already busy when we arrived with about half of the 600 field milling around the registration tent and the portaloo's. 10 o'clock soon arrived and we all wished each other luck as the five-second countdown began.

And we were off. And so were the other runners. Now I am no slouch but I was not even in the top 200 as we made our way up to the first climb. And what a climb it was – 3 miles to the top, some 2000ft above the start. I did make my way through the field so that 35 minutes later and at the cairn perched upon Pen-Y-Ghent I was in 49th place. Then it was a turn around and a run straight back down the hill and on towards the second peak – Whernside. On the way down I passed the other 3 coming up. First Chris, then Nick and finally Terry. I was extremely glad that I had already been to the top and was well on my way.

Whernside was another 8 miles away and the course undulated its way over the



This is just one of the peaks!



Chris



The CPJ supporters club



Nick



This man is looking too confident!

Yorkshire countryside towards the Ribbleshead viaduct and the first cut-off point. To be able to progress all runners needed to be through here in 2hrs10mins. I felt good and my speed over the flattish terrain brought me up to about 35th place. I was starting to feel the heat by now but was through with plenty of time to spare. Our travelling support of WAGS (well W's!!) had made their way to this point and it was great to hear some cheers. Kate had an enviable selection of Mars bars and jelly babies at hand and Val made sure that we weren't going to run out of Lucozade Sport. Jacquie made her presence felt with a slab of Yorkshire Tea Loaf – well, when in Rome!! I hadn't any ideas how the others were doing behind me, but I knew that it was going to be tight if they were to get through the cut-off.

I ran under the viaduct to face the huge sight of Wharfedale. I knew then that the race was only really 1/3 down and that it was going to be a struggle from now on in. In fact it took me 35 minutes to climb Wharfedale. Most of the time I was walking and as I neared the top I was on all fours, using my arms to pull me up to the summit. I cannot emphasise enough the relief I felt when I made it to the top. I turned a full 180 degrees and took in the views. I noticed the stream of runners back to where I had just come and could see as far as imaginable in all directions – it really was the most magnificent of views. But I did not rest for long and was soon heading back down to the second cut-off point at The Old Hill Inn. It only took me 22 minutes but I knew I had had it. My legs were in agony from the steep descent and my big toes felt like they had pushed their way out of my shoes. My saviour was the flat ground and running on my heels once more. I knew that the other three guys were never going to make it through the second checkpoint. At least they had the consolation of the pub close at hand! And this was 16 miles into the race – a magnificent achievement

for us southern softies!!

As the third peak came back into view I had to summon whatever energy I could find to keep me going. By this time I was beginning to be overtaken by several of the runners and the thought of all that good work to Ribbleshead being undone was extremely demoralising. Jacquie and Jonny (our greyhound and new family member) were waiting at the bottom of Ingleborough - and that gave me the strength to keep running. I knew that I would have to walk up the third peak but as long as I could stay in the position I was then my hopes of a top 50 finish would be realised. Although a further 3 people came past me by the time I reached the final cairn, I was still in 46th place and just needed a good descent to the finish – just the small matter of 5 miles on rocky ground. I started well. Too well, in fact, and after 3 miles down I had overtaken about 6 people. I could still see a small group ahead but to catch them would be difficult. However, they must have been feeling even worse than me and one by one I overtook another 3. I only had about 800m to go and continued to open a small gap. But I had given everything and at a small ascent had to stop and walk. I could see the finish and just about hear the crowds cheering other runners in, but I just did not have enough energy left. With 400m remaining the course drifted down and I began to run again. I could feel the salt stuck to my face as I came into the finishing field at little more than a jog. The clock stopped at 3h32m55s and a finishing place of 37th. It had been a magnificent race and a real sense of achievement, but a totally energy-sapping experience. Would I do it again? You bet! My name will be one of the first when the entry forms come out in January.

Greg Deacon

Find out more on the website:

<http://www.threepeaksrace.org.uk/>

The Three Peaks Race

(A view from nearer the back, with the real runners !)

The Three Peaks Race takes place on the three highest peaks in the Yorkshire Dales, covering 24 miles and 4,500 foot of climbing. This year was its 53rd year. I had read Richard Askwith's excellent book Feet in The Clouds about two years ago and that was it, I wanted to tackle the Three Peaks. I was talking to Greg Deacon about it after the 2006 Benfleet 15 "Ok, yeah I'll do that". It didn't take too much persuading for Terry Whalley to agree to it as well.

In the seventies there was a fatality due to hyperthermia and four years ago fifty people also succumbed, two being hospitalised. Rules were introduced to stop people just turning up and running, you had to have completed two races that fell into the long and steep category. In addition there were requirements for compulsory kit to be carried: full waterproof body cover, map, compass and emergency food.

We had great fun completing the necessary races and also the training element for the hills. We went to Lancashire, Shropshire, Yorkshire, Devon and Cumbria where after a bit of confusion on the Old Man of Conistone I realised how cold you can get high up on foggy mountain top, even in August, and what a darn good idea the compulsory kit is.

Nick McCullagh came with us to Cumbria and this Christmas he decided he was going to give the Three Peaks a go. With Geoff Clack on board that made five of us. Unfortunately Geoff had a recurring heel injury and wasn't able to come to the race.

The race was on a Sunday so Kate and I travelled up on the Friday. We stopped at Betty's tea rooms in Ilkley on the way through and had afternoon tea. A very delicious spread of sandwiches, scone with cream and jam and three cakes each. The carbo loading was going well. Got to our b&b we were greeted with more cakes on our arrival, homemade and

very good. The carbo loading was going very well indeed.

The race has two points where you have to be within specific times or you're on the mini bus back to the start. The first is at the Ribbleshead viaduct after about 11 miles and the first of the hills, Pen- Y- Ghent, you are allowed two hours and ten minutes. The second after Whernside and a further 6 miles for which you are allowed three hours and thirty minutes (from the start). The race was full with around 500 lining up. Greg moved to the front area. Terry, Nick and I skulked around the back, we know our place.

3, 2, 1, GO. We set off through the village at a comfortable pace; we had a long hard race ahead armed only with Mars bars, fudge and water. After about a mile we turned on to the Pennine Way and started our long climb up the lower slopes of Pen -Y -Ghent. The terrain was rocky path with dry stone walls either side. It was a lovely sunny day but the heat was beginning to build in the enclosed area. Thirty odd minutes later we started to hit the steeper part of the climb, the walls were left behind and the path became more even. Shortly after we saw the race leaders coming back down at an impossible speed, two legends of fell running, Ian Holmes being pursued by last years winner Rob Jebb. They were so fast they caught us by surprise and we had no time for encouraging comments. We were prepared when Greg came through "Come on keep it strong, looking good". It was true; Greg was looking good with a determined air. Our climb had become a lot steeper and we slowed to a walk. We made the trig point at about 50 minutes. Excellent, we had an hour and twenty minutes to cover about 7 miles that was mainly downhill or flat. We could see in the distance Whernside, it is slightly disconcerting to see how far you have to go, it is rarely laid out for you in a straight line. I was slightly ahead for the downhill but it wasn't to last long, Nick came haring past me (probably with a maniacal grin) having a whale of a time. We went

over a small hill and met with a stream in a gully which we followed down and then crossed the stream.

The way ahead was flattish and runnable for many miles and we made steady progress towards Ribbleshead and its famous viaduct. After a while Terry caught up with me. How far? He asked. The viaduct looked a long way ahead and we had only thirty five minutes to make the first checkpoint. Somehow time had slipped us by and we had to quicken the pace. A lady was running with us she was convinced we would be timed out, I was sure we would make as I knew there was a section of road ahead that was quick and mainly downhill. We made the road and saw our first retiree nursing an ankle. Time to raise the pace again to make the checkpoint, but not too fast if we made it we would have another twelve miles to run.

We made it in just over the two hours ten minutes but they were not being too harsh and didn't time us out. Nick was refuelling at the checkpoint, he had made it with a couple of minutes to spare. Kate gave me a Mars bar and a large drink and replenished my fudge supplies. Nick set off for Whernside, the highest of the Three Peaks at 736 metres. Terry and I followed shortly behind, I overstretched my knee and slowed a bit, Terry opened up a good gap on me. I knew this section was going to be tough, looking at last year's results very few who were close to the time limit at this checkpoint successfully made the next. We had to cross a stream, it was calf deep and everyone got booters. I was surprised to find that the next bit of ground was marshy given how little rain we had had over the last few weeks.

Very soon we started the climb up Whernside and everyone was slowed to a walk. The going was tough across tussocky grass and boggy peaty areas. Nick and Terry were together and slowly I started to catch them up. It was great to be with them again and I was really starting to enjoy myself and began to believe that we could make the next checkpoint. It was a glorious day, never say die. We could see the people at the next checkpoint flying the Union Jack on

Castle Point Joggers Newsletter



“Excuse me, have you seen 600 runners, running up a mountain?”



Mid Essex? Are you having a laugh?



Where's the pie tent?



“What just water? Where's the pies though?”

top of a large pole. The hill got steeper and we were reduced to all fours at some points. We got to the top and it was quite windy, one marshal lying down to avoid the wind. It had taken us an hour to get here from the last checkpoint. We had twenty minutes to cover three downhill miles, it wasn't looking good but if we bust a gut and made the final checkpoint we could finish the race at least.

I set off first but my knee was hurting and was reduced to a limpy hobble. Nick quickly overtook me and Terry wasn't far behind. The wind was making me cold. The going got tough; the path was like running down a rockery as Nick put it. It also had nasty steep uneven steps in it. My legs were exhausted and the next checkpoint looked a long way off, I could feel the race slipping away from me. Nick and Terry looked good in the distance and I mentally wished them all the best. I could see the next hill, the dark and brooding Ingleborough. The final section to the checkpoint was on the road but uphill, I ran it, might as well try and look the part. I missed the cut off time by thirty four minutes; Terry missed it by twenty four, Nick by twenty.

Greg ran a brilliant race finishing in three hours and thirty two minutes. He finished 37th out of 459 finishers, outstanding given the hills we have to train on. Rob Jebb won it again in a superb two hours fifty one minutes. The last finishers took six hours and nine minutes, they must have given it their all to make the last checkpoint and walked from there. Around 10 % of the starters were timed out.

I wasn't disappointed, I had really enjoyed it and found what an exceptionally tough race it was. A proper challenge not to be taken lightly.

Chris Cammidge

(Ed's notes)

Well done to all the gang that ran this one. It really is an achievement just to qualify for this one let alone finish it, and they tell me they are coming back for more next year ! Sooner than me.

Castle Point Charities

I thought I really must mention the amount of money that our runners are hoping to raise during the course of this years London Marathon, as it is really stunning and goes to show what a great bunch we have in the club. In total CPJ runners will have raised over £7,000 this year alone, so thank you to all that sponsored us.



Best insults and comments heard this month

“Run Forrest Run”

“Get those Knees up”

“Got your number”

“Oi 118”

“Oi !!!!”

“Why are you running up and down that hill ?”

“How far you going”?

Mike's Marathon Madness

Who would have believed we would have a heat wave in April? Well that can only mean one thing. It must be London Marathon day, April 22nd.

After months of training (in the winter) the day had finally arrived and the weather men were predicting a very warm day, let's hope they have got it wrong I was thinking.

We had a great crowd making our way up on the coach from Runnymede, which made the journey pass a lot quicker I must say. Castle Point Joggers on the bus included Me, Ian, Paul, Nicola, Tracey, Alastair, and Dave as well loads of spectators, the East Essex Tri mob and The Little Havens marathon team. In total we had 44 people on the bus, a record I think. Thanks to Mark for all his help in organising the coach.

After fighting our way through the traffic we finally made our way to the different starts and said our final good luck goodbyes. It was now 9 o'clock and you could feel the sun beating down on the back of your neck. It was at this point I was wishing I hadn't put my cap on the baggage truck !

Oh well never mind I won't be out there that long ! (Oops wrong !!) And I'll be going so slowly, well sensible pace I won't get too hot ? (Oops, wrong again)

If you've ever run the London you will know all about the crowds and how they are worth about a 10 mile start. That's good because after 8 I began to feel the dreaded wall creeping up and that's about 10 miles ahead of schedule. Oh dear alarm bells ringing here, or maybe I was imagining it.

I had managed to spot our gang at their usual hide out at the Cutty Sark and I must say that really does give you a lift, even if Mark Bidston is shouting abuse and laughing, but I expect that as he is the opposition these days ! The problems began soon after that though when I

thought Tower Bridge would be coming in to view any minute, unfortunately the sign said 9 miles.

I felt myself slowing gradually, never mind press on, but on finally reaching Tower Bridge I was going even slower and by the time I reached Canary Wharf the dreaded walking stage had begun.

I thought that if I had a little stroll now this would conserve my energy for the dramatic sprint finish down the Mall. You know like those Kenyon's tend to do (Oh dear wrong again!) As I attempted to run again I felt a burning pain in my calves. I didn't realise at the time but this was a severe case of muscle cramps brought on by the heat. I have never experienced this before and thought my calves were about to go completely, so had no choice but to keep walking for another 4 miles ! If you have ever run a marathon you will know how much of it is about mental attitude, so I thought just keep thinking of the positives. We are all in the same boat, me and thousands of others and we are all raising millions of pounds for good causes. This is what kept us going. I should not worry about times today just try and enjoy it and I found that did help. So overall a good day just don't ask me to go anywhere near a marathon again. I really have retired this time. I know my place !! Roll on the X- Country season.

Mike H



What's happened to your calves?