

Prattle & Run

The Magazine for Thornbury Running Club

August 2008

The Caretaker's Comments

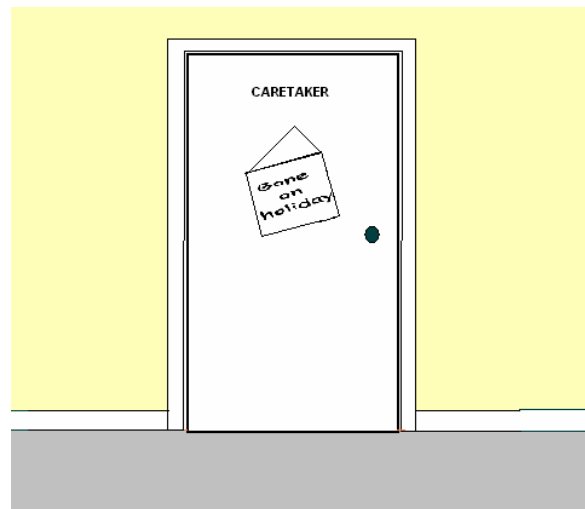
Well, that's it then. Nothing from the Caretaker this edition! (how many weeks is it left now, Mark?) No; that's not quite true, before he locked the cupboard door he muttered the following comments:

I would like to thank people for their efforts for Cotswold Way all did very well...

Thanks to Jan for Severn Walkway

It has been noted that Jon & Jane entered the Worlds under BAD Tri.....

If there is anything else worth mentioning please do....



Thanks too to Mark, who agreed to organise the teams for the Cotswold Way Relay not realising quite how much it would entail in e-mails and phone calls.

More about the Severn Walkway and World Triathlon Championships later.

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THORNBURY RUNNING CLUB - THE FIRST YEAR

In his second article on the history of TRC, Dave Matthews looks at early kit, and the predecessor to Prattle & Run

After all the activity that took place prior to inauguration, it was a relief to be able to spend a higher proportion of our time concentrating on running. However, there were still many tasks to consider to ensure that the Club became a viable entity, as we had no data to indicate what level of support we might attract. This is, of course, in contrast to squash, tennis, badminton etc. where the existing level of use of public courts would be a guide.

The first requirement was to organise the committee, hopefully to spread the load of responsibilities. At this point, it should be mentioned that we had met Chris and Marian Humm for the first time a short time before the inaugural meeting, and learnt that they had also considered starting a club centred on Sunday morning runs, i.e. a less active organisation than we had envisaged. This view was to impact on subsequent developments.

Dave Bratt offered to produce the first Club newsletter, and the first issue appeared in March 1986, consisting of two A4 pages of compactly presented Club information including Club developments and race results. Other issues followed at reasonably close intervals, and I prefer this frequent, compact presentation to the more extensive P&R, which of course is partly the result of the more extensive editing/printing requirements needed for the much larger present membership. Phil Holland joined in January 1986 and made a substantial contribution to the Club in maintaining the first set of membership lists. This was due at least partly to his ownership of one of those new-fangled computers, which he was keen to put to good use.

At the end of 1985 we had 24 members and 52 at the end of 1986. These figures included junior members, whom we were able to accept as members with their parents' permission, and without the requirement for qualified coaches at that time. Terry Morgan was an enthusiastic coach, partly due to the success of Yate A.C. (of which he had been a member) in producing competent junior athletes.

All was not plain sailing. We had agreed that we should apply for membership of M.C.A.A. and A.A.A. so that we could organise Club races and obtain discounts for members in entry fees for other events. Yate A.C. became aware of this, and their chairman, Mike Smith, contacted Russ Lawton to try to persuade us to merge with Yate A.C., thus increasing their pool of runners and removing potential competition. This included a detailed description of all the potential difficulties in operating a separate club, but Russ was rightly not impressed. There was also a clause in AAA Laws that "No club shall form a branch", which was the proposed outcome. Mike Smith was very ambitious and had been largely responsible for the Yate club's recent development, including the installation of the track, for which substantial finance had been required.

I subsequently attended an Avon A.A. meeting to formally apply for affiliation to Avon AA, MCAA and AAA, at which Mike Smith (he being also the chairman of Avon AA!) tried again to prevent our affiliation on the grounds of proximity to Yate, but the meeting accepted our view and we had achieved our official status.

[Note that a number of years later, Yate A.C. and Westbury Harriers "merged", whilst also retaining their separate identities – Yate being responsible for Track & Field, and Westbury for Road and X-C, with each member being affiliated to both clubs, and therefore pooling the talent for those disciplines. I believe that this arrangement was officially accepted because it increased the probability of winning regional and national honours].

Domestically, we had already started Sunday morning runs in December 1985, but these were over 3 – 5 miles only. The first Thursday Club Nights started in January 1986, starting at about 3 miles, but both the Sunday and Thursday runs soon escalated to longer distances for those interested (and able!). This was at least partly due to the impending GW 10 and Wyvern 10 races. Terry and Ray Daniels completed both events within the hour, their times for the Wyvern being 56:47 and 57:50 respectively. (Ray reminded me a short time ago that he had, in his typical fashion, kept pace with Terry for 9 miles, but then could not maintain the pace). Ray was a very able runner, but his main weaknesses were assessing pace, and angling!

We also acquired our first batch of Club kit from Turrells Sports (on the Plain). This was more difficult than expected, as there was very little choice at the time – no Internet or other global source of information. The supplier was Gymphlex, primarily involved in supplying school kit but catering also for adults. The material was slightly heavier than usual (not wool, as you might believe!), and very comfortable, stable and hardwearing, but we had difficulty with obtaining an accurate size for one member, who shall remain unidentified!

In October, we entered a team for the first time in the Gloucester Cross-Country League event at Dursley. The team consisted of Terry, Russ Lawton, Neil Howard, Paul Nutting, Richard Illingworth, Eddie Hawkins and myself. I believe that only Terry had previous X-C experience, and it showed. It drizzled, most of us did not own spikes (they were just for professionals, of course!), and we had only 2 carrier bags in which to store spare clothing (for 6) under a hedge near the Start. The congestion in the changing rooms and showers was also an experience that I (and others) declined to endure at subsequent events.

Towards the end of 1986, it was a disappointment for Club members that Terry Morgan decided to resign his post at Rolls-Royce and move to Dorset to manage a general store business with his wife Jacquie. In addition to his impact on the formation of the Club, he was also valued for his athletics experience, his management of the junior coaching and his always-friendly company on runs. Terry generously donated a sum of money for the purchase of a trophy for a Club handicap event, and this is, as you know, still a regular item in the Club calendar. Perhaps I should also mention that Terry forgot to enclose the cheque with his first letter, but fortunately realised his error and sent the cheque before we had to decide on the ethics of reminding him (or not)!

As a consequence of Terry's departure, I took over the junior coaching in the absence of any other offers (!), and although I lacked the formal experience, previous participation in sport with my two eldest children (by then aged 19 and 17) was helpful. I must admit now that the thought of managing a group of about 10 14 – 16-year-olds, of differing standards, running on the pavements on a winter evening is somewhat daunting. To their credit, the youngsters *always* stopped and waited for the group at each road junction as I had instructed. It could not happen now. Eventually the coaching was taken on by Eddie Hawkins, with some assistance from Phil Green.

Finally, on a personal note, Russ and I had many useful training runs as we were quite similar in ability, although Russ was always the stronger runner. However, in the 1986 Sun Life race I won the 3rd Over-50 prize, and was fortunate to receive the trophy from Ron Clarke, the great Australian middle-distance runner at the time (I believe it was the 10th anniversary of the race). In fact, Russ had again finished ahead of me, but although we were the same age, his entry form had not been completed correctly in this respect. I still have a slight tinge of conscience about this, but Russ was ahead of me in many other races to compensate.

Dave Matthews

In Short:

Steve Jones Memorial 10-mile – August 24th. The Members-only handicap race over the Oldbury course. Please support it

Oldbury Power Station 10 – 31st August. Thanks to Justin Taylor and John Watt who are our new Joint Race Directors and will be enlisting your help soon

Terry Morgan Summer Handicap. Another event in memory of a previous club member. Congratulations to Fiona Hunter, especially since she managed to ensure that Pete Mainstone *didn't* win it!

And on the subject of **Pete**: do look at: <http://www.justgiving.com/petemainstone> as the sooner he gets the money he needs for his generator the sooner we can all relax!

5-Valleys – September 28th. John Grimsey has found he can't be in two places at once and will have to give it a miss, but there will still be a TRC contingent. Watch this space!

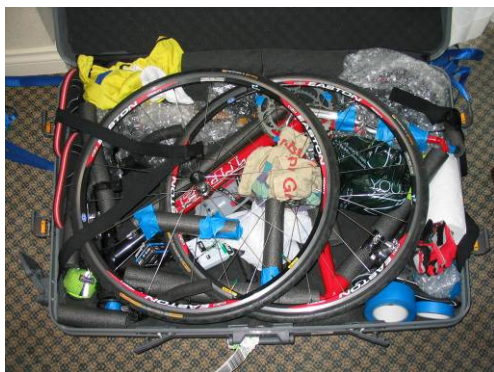
Tea Rota – enough people come to Club nights for this to be only an annual task for anyone. Fill in the spaces soon or there will be **no tea** after Thursday's runs!

World Triathlon Age Group Championships, Vancouver June 2008 – How not to Run a Triathlon.

Early June saw two of our triathletes cross the Atlantic to take part in the trip of a lifetime. Both Jane Leslie and Jon Greenwood tell it like it was!

Tue 3rd June

At last, the qualification events, the training, the checking/servicing of equipment, the beg/steal/borrowing and in desperation buying bike boxes, the packing and paperwork were all sorted and Jane and I were on our way to Vancouver. We were 'old hands' having been to Hamburg the year before but his was still exciting stuff.



I am often asked how we transport bikes by air ...

Flying from Heathrow Terminal 5 was worrying only a month after its chaotic opening but we needn't have worried. My brother delivered us there with plenty of time to spare and we had a very relaxed departure, no crowds, plenty of helpful staff and a Japanese omelette that seemed almost alive as very fine shavings of smoked fish topping waved in the warmth.

The flight was uneventful, although all spare floor space was occupied with triathletes performing various stretches – which was probably more amusing than the in-flight entertainment for the other passengers. Not quite strong willed enough to resist free booze with meals but did drink plenty of water and fruit juice as well.

Arrival at Vancouver one and a half hours after takeoff – long immigration queues – unexpectedly bilingual signs in English and Chinese – first view of Vancouver skyline very strange, a sort of mixture of Gormenghast and post-apocalyptic New York.

It was at the hotel that things stopped running smoothly. We found that Jane and I had been allocated rooms several floors apart despite requesting being close together. Separate early breakfasts were arranged for triathletes (good idea), but everyone was expected to have 4am pre-event breakfast on Friday (Sprint) AND Saturday (Olympic)! This was sorted out with very ill grace at the front desk and then we went to our rooms, now a couple of doors apart. Rooms – well suites – very spacious with plenty of room for bike build etc. Jane thought that my room was haunted (it was rather gloomy) but if things went bump in the night my sleep was not disturbed.

Wed 4th June

Up early for swim familiarisation. Weather grey and cold – this was to be a theme for the whole event. Trekking down to start area and joined hundreds of others donning wetsuits. The water was grey and choppy and distinctly uninviting but Jane and I took the plunge and started swimming out about 500m to what we thought was a marker boat for the course. I was finding it hard going but Jane was going well and had to wait every 50m or so for me to catch up. We got to the boat and found the lifeguard was just waiting at an arbitrary point and had no idea about the course. So much for familiarisation. By this time Jane and I were feeling less comfortable in the cold water (11/12°C) and decided to head back rather than swim the rest of the course (swim/bike transition was about 1000m along the coast.) A possibly life saving decision as we were both heading towards hypothermia by the time we got to shore. Jane felt as if she didn't have a wetsuit on and was being crushed by the cold – she looked quite white and ill – and I was shivering uncontrollably when I got out. Unfortunately we had both brought thin fast wetsuits, great in warmer waters but no good for those conditions. Something would have to be done if we were going to be able to compete.

The next thing to do was to reccy the run course, so off we set clutching our athletes handbooks. The maps in these looked nice but I think were produced by a graphic designer rather than a cartographer or athlete as the course markings obliterated any detail on the map that allowed you to relate it to the physical reality. Still it afforded many opportunities to chat to other puzzled triathletes as we all wandered around saying 'do you think the run goes up here?' In the end we had to make do with the impression that it was quite flat with a lot of bends.

In the evening we found the 'Macaroni Grill' a pleasant restaurant that very adequately satisfied our pre-event carbohydrate requirements. It was quite startling though when one of the young waitresses stood in the centre of the restaurant and launched into an operatic aria – rather nice as she was obviously classically trained and had a good voice. So for us, each evening was not over until the thin waitress sang.

Thu 5 June

The handbook said that the Expo/Retail area was open from 7am today and that Orca and other wetsuit manufacturers would be represented. So Jane and I set off on the cold wet 20 minute walk from the hotel to the start area to deal with our wetsuit problem. This walk was to be quite a feature as it was cold and either raining or about to rain the whole time we were there. The walk was however slightly enlivened by the dubious/educational nature of many of the shops and bars as we appeared to be staying in Vancouver's equivalent of Soho.

What we had hoped for was Hamburg's row of dozens of exhibitor's tents. What we found was – almost nothing, certainly no signs to point the way. None of the officials that we

approached had been briefed and so couldn't help us. Eventually by barging our way through fencing to get to the designated area and found a small marquee with a few exhibitors setting up. Luckily one was 2XU a wetsuit supplier who were very helpful and hired us two nice thick wetsuits. We were back in business!

Next we planned to reccy the bike course so we waited for rain to stop – it didn't! So late afternoon we set off on our bikes. I do not recommend trying to learn the fine details of another countries traffic rules on a bike, on a wet Thursday afternoon and in downtown traffic. Still we did a couple of laps of what were fairly sure was the bike course (those maps again!) and were reasonably happy if a bit cold – course not too technical or hilly, at least compared with many UK events.

The traditional pasta party was held at the Vancouver Aquarium – an inspired choice of location. Food stations were laid out around the site so that you could wander around eating and looking at the exhibits in their glass sided tanks – the beluga whales were especially charming. However attendance was poor (not advertised adequately?) We were also surprised to hear that team managers had not been invited and, unforgivably in my opinion, nor were guides for visually impaired AWAD (Athletes With A Disability).

Fri 6th June

Rest day, so we went to watch the age group sprint tri. Amazingly they were swimming nearly the same course as for the Olympic event – certainly much longer than 750m. The cold rainy conditions caused many problems – we witnessed quite a number of falls at bike dismount as people slipped on wet matting.

In the afternoon it was time to rack our bikes. While waiting in the long queues to get marked up, have bike and helmet safety checks etc it was apparent that there was general dissatisfaction with organisation, especially amongst the old hands who had seen how World Championships should be run. Disquieting rumours were beginning to circulate that our swim would be truncated – to shorter than the sprint swim!

Then it was back to the team hotel team manager Malcolm's team talk and final event briefing - and team photo outside where for once it was not raining!

Final pasta and opera meal and then to bed.

Sat 7th June

Race day!

Down to start to find that swim had indeed been shortened to 1100m. The water was a cold 12°C, with small waves raised by an onshore breeze – challenging but swimmable even by a moderate swimmer like me, or so we thought. Got our wetsuits on and waited in the rather tense atmosphere generated by a thousand or so competitive athletes. The



first few waves set off and then it was Jane's turn to muster for her start – I was scheduled for a couple of waves later.

About 10 minutes before my scheduled start I went to the warm up area. In fact it was more of a cool down area so that diving in from the beach start would not be such a shock to the system. However I was advised by a marshal to wait as starts were delayed because the lifeguards were having trouble keeping position in the wind.

So we waited – and waited. Finally it was announced that the swim was cancelled. Jane and her wave (the next to go) returned from the marshalling area where they had been cold and wet

(having been for a 'cool down'). Apart from being well chilled – which had me scurrying around getting a foil blanket, warm clothing from her bag and so on - Jane was one of many swimming specialists who were seriously upset by the cancellation of the swim. When it was announced that a duathlon format would be adopted by substituting a 3km run for the swim it was all I could do to persuade her that it was still worth competing as we walked the kilometre or so to transition for the new start.

Having stripped off our wetsuits many of the field put on tops of various sorts as we were all fairly cold by now and lined up for the new start. This was according to our original waves so Jane was first off. A little while later my wave set off and I was a little surprised to find myself in the lead at a world championship event, eventually arriving 3rd at transition. This gave me the opportunity for a quick unobstructed transition onto the 4 bike laps. On closed roads there was plenty of opportunity to build up a good speed with racing lines through corners and as always I began to get caught up in the exhilaration of fast riding, although passing a couple of crashes perhaps gave pause for thought. Despite this I still fell back a number of places and entered transition 25th. Then another good transition then on to the 2½ lap run. Things were getting a bit crowded by now with lots of counter flows (so Jane and I saw each other a couple of times) but I seemed to be making good progress through the field and indeed ended up 19th in age group at the finish.

So that was it – an anticlimactic finish. Then it was return our wetsuits (mine hadn't even got wet) and then back to the hotel to think about heading home.

And when we got home we found that it had been warm and sunny here all the time – and the baggage handlers at Heathrow had managed to break my (actually Alan's) bike box! Bike was OK though.

PS. We met Malcolm the GB team manager a short while later and he told us that one of the GB team in the waves that did swim got into trouble and was duly hauled into a boat by the lifeguards – and was then asked to get back into the water so that they could help someone else who was in worse trouble! No wonder they cancelled the swim.



Jon Greenwood

ITC World Triathlon Championships – Vancouver , June 2008 Or The Great Vancouver Disaster

It was with excited anticipation that we touched down at Vancouver Airport for the ITC World Triathlon Championships. Last year's event at Hamburg had been one of life's memorable episodes, and there was no reason, at this point, to believe that Vancouver wouldn't be another.

Admittedly the weather on arrival was something of a dampener – grey, very cold (8°C) with intermittent showers (which later turned into continuous stair-rod rain). The taxi driver seemed very positive about his City, although not particularly aware of the big event that was about to be held there. Nevertheless, he was pleased to show off some of the highlights as we were driven to our hotel. That was probably the last truly positive thing to happen. Least said about the hotel the better, except that it was in dire need of a face lift, and inhospitable - once you had used up your one sachet of coffee in your room – you had to pay a dollar for each replacement for the rest of your stay! Very welcoming! The receptionist was clearly fed up with bike boxes and foreign athletes arriving in his lobby – so we sallied out on the grey bleak evening to find some food elsewhere. Tired

from a 10 hour flight and jet lagged, we tried the main Team Hotel, but after waiting over an hour to be served with a simple salad in a virtually empty Bistro – we gave that one a miss too.

It would be too depressing to go on about how cold it was – how much it rained – the long dreary walk to the transition site from the Hotel, the endless stream of tawdry sex shops and gay bars on the way – the beggars and trolley people who haunted every street we walked, but suffice to say, this was not the most attractive of venues.

This depressing backcloth pales into a mere shadow when compared with the abysmal organisation and resulting disastrous event.

A swim practice session was scheduled for the morning after arrival, to familiarise with the course and assess conditions. The information sheets had warned that the water might be coldish, 14-16 degrees, so we were not prepared for the icy 11-12 degrees that greeted us as we plunged into the murky brown waters of the Pacific Ocean. After about 500 meters of swimming and a fruitless conversation with one of the lifeguards bobbing about in an ancient rowing boat, who had no idea what the course was anyway, I realised that I was getting seriously cold and needed to get back to land. I have never experienced near hypothermia before, but believe me, it is not pleasant. I suddenly felt that I had no wet suit on at all and that an icy hand had grabbed my whole body rendering me unable to move. I managed to make the beach and was greeted with concerned swimmers who had noticed my ashen face and staggering walk. My wet suit was not thick enough for these conditions. I had many kind offers of a suit from the Sprint Distance athletes who were competing the day before, but they were all the wrong size – ranging from baggy to positively strangulating.

The Expo stand advertised in the Guide Book boasted many vendors, including Orca and other wet suit brands, so the next step was to seek out one of these stands and try to hire a suit. After two days of fruitless searching by many of the athletes it became apparent that there was no Expo stand at all. On the Thursday before the competition we stumbled on a leaky tent buried amongst scaffolding and wires, which seemed to sell a few items of sports gear. There was one stand of wet suits on display, and it was with much relief that I persuaded the young man in charge to lend me a thick wet suit for the event. As it happens, this suit only had a 'warm up'.

Competition day arrived – rain again, of course, and quite a stiff breeze. We had watched countless competitors displaying acrobatic falls from their bikes on the extremely slippery downhill dismount section of the course during the Sprint Distance the day before. There had been many complaints about the swim section of the Sprint competition which was supposed to be 750m but turned out to be 1100m. This advantage to swimmers was reflected in the results, much to the disappointment of bikers and runners. But worse was to come...

As we gathered into the groups for our wave start, the sea conditions were choppy. It was going to be a tricky swim, but for me, this was an advantage. As the wave before mine lined up to start, we were instructed to warm up, just so that the cold water wouldn't take our breath away in the race. It was cold, but with the thicker wet suit, bearable. I have done some sea swimming and knew I was on to a good thing with this swim. We lined up to start, wet and shivering in the cold (5 degrees) air.. and we waited, and we waited. After an hour and a half of waiting – by this time wrapped in silver sheets and feeling miserable, the decision was made to abandon the swim altogether as the life craft were not up to the job. What a surprise! They had 3 rowing boats patrolling a 1500m sea swim! Even the smallest Triathlon in England provides more efficient cover than this.

The swim was to be replaced with a 3K run – so that the Triathlon had now become a Duathlon. At this point some competitors ripped off their timing chips in disgust and gave the whole thing a miss. A few of the athletes who favoured running were openly joyous (which didn't go down that well, and I wondered how they would have reacted to a swim/bike/swim situation), but most were disappointed and dejected at not participating in the event they had trained for and for which they had travelled many miles. I was sorely tempted to withdraw too, but with encouragement from Jon, decided to participate.



My wave was the first to start with the extra run, so we dejectedly walked the 1500m to the transition area still clad in silver blankets over our cold clammy bodies. I have never started a serious race in one fleece before, but this time I wore two. As we gathered in a messy group to start the new run I found myself hanging back feeling unwilling to put in the effort. The bunch was crowded into a narrow road, and without timing chip mats at this new start, the back competitors were already at a disadvantage.



Jogging round 3K was miserable when I knew I should have been battling through a challenging but satisfying swim. It was a slow run, even for me, but I didn't care. Through a muddy transition and on to the bike, after shedding one of the fleecy layers, and I began to feel temporarily better. This was what I had trained to do, and the ride went well as I overtook several of those who had left me on the run. But some of that was lost again as we battled through the final 10K run - although this was better than the initial run - it was, after all, what we were primed for. I even managed to shed the second fleece for the 10K.

The end of the race brought no joy, just a lot of discomfort and a feeling of emptiness and wasted time and energy. It had been a long hard winter of training with the promise of an event that would make it all worth while. I have entered Iron Man in September (too ambitious all in one year I think), but have sacrificed much of the endurance training in order to put in a good race in Vancouver. Now I feel cheated of that too as I have grave doubt whether I shall get round on the limited endurance training done.

I can only say that for me, this was the great Vancouver Disaster – it's a hard one to get over!

Jane Leslie

And on a brighter note – printed with the permission of the
Thornbury Gazette Sports Editor

Triathlon

Tri-athlete bounces back after Vancouver fiasco

EASTER Compton tri-athlete Jane Leslie went some way to making up for her disappointment at the World Championships by becoming the national age group champion 2008.

One month earlier Leslie travelled to Vancouver in Canada for the World Age Group Championships with the hope of gaining a medal, but her chances were effectively ruined when the organisers cancelled the swim.

However, Leslie bounced back in perfect style with victory of over three minutes ahead of her nearest rival in the 55-59 year age category at Wakefield.

She battled through strong winds and driving rain in the event which consisted of a 1500m open water swim, a 40km bike ride, followed by a 10km run.

Although that success could not make up for the hurt she suffered in Canada, it was nonetheless very satisfactory.

She said: "It made me feel better about myself.

"Nothing will make up for it (the World Championships) because I spent a lot of money to go out there.

"Even the people who had an advantage weren't happy because it just wasn't a triathlon. It's like having a steeplechase with no jumps. However it is very nice to be national champion."

Leslie began swimming when she was 39 and her talent quickly grew as she was the British champion for the 1500m swim, and also held the national record.

by Rob Iles

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She has been a member at Thornbury running club for five years and took up cycling two and a half years ago.

With such a good record in the water however, swimming is her forte in the gruelling triathlon event, and after training long and hard for her chance to achieve something special at the World Championships she felt very let down by the poor organisation of the event.

Leslie told the *Gazette* of the lows she felt at that time, and how she managed to pick herself up for the national event.

She said: "I was aiming to get in the medals but the organisation was appalling.

"I came back feeling angry and very depressed because I put a lot of effort into training for the event.

"I went up to Wakefield and felt quite low and tired, but when the race started I went for it because I'm very competitive and it was a very good race."

Leslie also managed to take 13 minutes off her personal best time for that event, finishing in 2:59:46 as she cruised to victory.

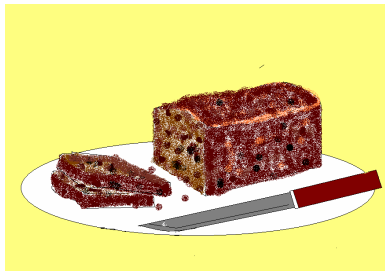
And her Canada experience has not put her off future international events as she plans to travel to Australia for the World Championships next year.

Before that, however she is aiming to compete in an even more gruelling ironman event in Sherburn.

Fellow Thornbury running club member Jon Greenwood also took part in the National Age Group National Championships and finished seventh in his category.



TRI-ATHLETE Jane Leslie GSR974V08



Healthy Cake

Yet again, John Francksen's culinary contribution had the runners clamouring for the recipe after Thursday's run. Well, 'yer tis!

220g SR Flour
110g butter
175g soft brown Sugar
175g Apricots (dried and ready to eat)
1 medium Cooking apple -peeled and sliced

2 large eggs -mixed together with a fork and added to milk
3 tbsp milk
2 teaspoons cinnamon (or mixed spice)

Method - Add all ingredients together in mixing bowl and mix until they form a creamy consistency. Try to ensure apricots are evenly mixed
Spoon into greased baking tin & bake for 20-30 minutes at 180C until skewer inserted into middle comes out clean.
If I can make it, anyone can!

John Francksen

In Support of Dwain Chambers - by Jacqueline Wadsworth

THAT'S it then, Dwain Chambers' Olympic dreams are over. The High Court has said he can't challenge the rule which prevents him competing at the Games for Britain. And that's as it should be. The Olympics represent Sportsmanship with a capital 'S', and taking drugs is not sporting.

But despite that, I'm very sorry for Dwain (*pictured right*) because I like him - and I always have. He's never been one of those Brits you hear down at trackside talking to Sally (or whoever), saying 'Well, all I wanted to do was to qualify, so to come seventh in the heat - I've got to be pleased with that.' No, Dwain Chambers wanted to win. So he went to America to train, to see how it was done. And the rest, as they say, is history.



Dwain should not have taken what was on offer. But he did. The choice was his, and it was the wrong one. At least, the wrong one by our standards, as spectators. But what must it be like to look at the opposition, the world's top sprinters, and *know* that drugs are rife - because I'm quite sure they are. And then to look at yourself, an also-ran by comparison, and think: 'who's the fool here?' Top athletes sacrifice some of the best years of their lives to be the best in athletics, and to earn as much they can to cushion life in retirement. You need to be incredibly strong-minded to defy the temptation to cheat, to accept that you'll probably never be the best, or the richest.

Dwain did cheat, and when he was found out, he held his hands up straight away. He did not lie to the authorities or to his fans, like the sophisticated, cynical US sprinter Marion Jones. He admitted it. And he served his two-year ban. When he was free to compete again, he trained alone at a public track, then came roaring back to win silver in the 60m at the World Indoor Championships, beating all other British competition. UK Athletics were furious. Fancy being associated with 'drug-cheat Dwain Chambers' and having all your best athletes beaten by him. But Dwain had served his ban. It wasn't his fault the ban wasn't longer. And anyway, how come UK Athletics welcomed shot-putter Carl Myerscough back into the GB fold once he had served a similar ban? Maybe because British shot-putt doesn't make headlines.

Through all this, Dwain smiled graciously, accepting the authorities' brickbats - and the crowds' cheers. Yes, his return was generally welcomed by supporters, and it was interesting, too, to watch the number of athletes who shook his hand after races. Because Dwain Chambers is a likeable athlete. Why on earth didn't UK Athletics realise this? Why didn't they admit they'd been beaten by their own rules. And, rather than sulk and fulminate with sympathetic BBC commentators, why didn't they ask Dwain Chambers to join them in trying to beat the drugs scourge. Why didn't they ask him to talk about the pressure he felt to take drugs, so that other British youngsters could recognise what might be happening to them, and know where to go for support? The world of cycling has used David Millar, once banned but now back competing, to campaign heartily against drugs, and he's doing a great job. Dwain Chambers should have a similar role in British athletics. He may have done wrong, but from what I've read and heard, Chambers is not bad, he was ambitious. He took his punishment. He hasn't whinged.

At the time of writing, it's not clear what the future holds for Chambers. But if he leaves athletics, I will miss him. I wish him all the very best.

Severn Walkway Relay – 19th July 2008

After a break of a few years, it was decided to re-start the Severn Way team event. Having volunteered to co-ordinate it, Jan Burke gives her thoughts, accompanied by those of some of the runners.

There are times when I wondered if I'd done something daft. Picture the committee meeting: volunteers easily found for organising the Cotswold Way Relay teams, then a slight silence when someone was needed for the Severn Walkway, which is was hoped would be reinstated this year. When I could bear the silence no longer, I volunteered and soon set about publicising the event: two articles for Prattle and Run (one simple and straightforward, the other a literary masterpiece of which I am, quite unjustifiably, very proud), numerous entries in the Diary, plus announcements on club nights.

Names started to come in. One or two people said they were interested (and remembered to tell me again after the run we were on). By 17th July, two days before the relay, we had enough runners for two teams which meant that no-one would be running by themselves unless they were happy to do so. I'd managed to accommodate all requests for times and places as well, so was pleased. I was very pleased that Val Heyes, a newish member, asked on the Thursday if she could run, but was only able to run the last leg because of other commitments. All the other runners (that Leg already had four runners) were faster so I was pleased when Caroline offered to run a second leg so that Val wouldn't be running alone. All I had to do was wait for the results.

The results started to come in. Most people had, as expected, run in pairs, so it was down to the more competitive spirits to go for times. Those who had got lost had found their way again. People seemed to have enjoyed it and the weather had been kind. I've been asked if I'd be prepared to sort out teams again next year. Let me know if you're interested – I'll be starting a list very soon.

So: how did it go?

Leg 1 – Caroline Lansdown & Angela Bushell

Leg 2 – Sandra Webber & Rich Phillips

Well, survived but paying the price with my back now..... advice for those who do it in the future - do your homework regarding the terrain of the leg you do. Me being me just put names down ages ago and then didn't think about it until a week before. Leg 2 of the course has hills in it right at the start!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I was imagining that it would be a nice little path running along the Severn river with simple instructions keep river to the right can't be that difficult.

First problem was finding out how to get into the car park of the riverside sports centre (where leg2 finishes) - using the Gloucester one way system - ended up doing an illegal u-turn on main road in end - sorry you police folk!

Found the red lion (where leg 2 starts) luckily Caroline and co were waiting for us..... quickly got out of car with a minute to spare and started running. Had no clue where to go but following white arrow it took us up a very big – Beachy Head type hill. At this point I knew my little path along the Severn wasn't going to materialise.... We then to be honest went through loads of fields and made the route up I think. Somehow we got to the riverside sports centre but it took us 1hr 27 which was slightly more than the 50mins target and have no clue as to what distance we covered as don't have a wrist gizmo - did we go wrong somewhere anyone who has done leg 2?

Think Roger Denton has done this leg before - how long should it have taken us Roger?

We had a laugh though especially liaising with Judy on the mobile - we did remote handovers!!!

Leg 3 – Maddie Parrott & Judy Mills

It seemed to start well enough; car park was easy to find (if you approached the one-way system the right way!) and there in the corner was a 'Severn Way' sign. About 50m later with paths going in all directions Man (1) with West Highland White terrier tried to help and we diverted onto the Glevum Way for a few hundred metres. Back on track we turned left into an industrial estate, but the signs petered out and all we found was the Glevum Way and a lot of nettles. By now we had lost the Severn! We knew where it should have been, but the council tip was in the way. Man (2) with Van was asked for advice but our only option seemed to be to continue on that Glevum Way! At least we felt it was going in the right direction. At last we found Men (3 and 4) with Rottweiler who put us on the right track and there, at long last, was the river! And almost as soon as we had found it, we were at Lower Rea – but no sign of Sian, John or their cars.

We had decided to run out-and-back and found the route far more easily on the return journey, but we had to agree it wasn't the most scenic or interesting run we had ever done. And certainly not the best marked!

Judy

Leg 4 – John Grimsey & Sian Holley

Sian and I had leg 4 of the Severn Walkway – Lower Rea, Quedgeley to Water End.

It is only 5 miles so Sian and I decided we wanted to do a bit more (without running back over the same ground) so we agreed to meet at Epney. We met fine. I had done this leg before so I didn't need maps (!)

We got to Quedgeley – but could I find the road to Lower Rea? Please don't think too hard how to answer that question. I'm sure that the last time I did that leg some of those new housing estates didn't exist. I thought if I asked a lock keeper he would know – but he didn't So (at least my recollection of the route allowed me to do this) we left the car at the lock and ran to the start. As always happens – the rain came down as we started running.

We got to Lower Rea. The rain stopped, I set my watch (not something I would always do) and off we went.

We went along the road; saw the sign to take us into the field although it was hiding behind 6 foot high stinging nettles and tall bushes and ran through into the garden of a very large house and off we went.

As people have noticed – there aren't too many signs, the stiles are often hidden in corners of fields surrounded by trees and stinging nettles. There was plenty of long grass to run through and plenty of fields with cows. Sian did protect me all the way.

We got to the stile at Water End and I did look at my watch to take our time. Not the fastest 5 miler I've ever done!

We ran on to Epney. I think that part of the next leg had fewer stinging nettles and stiles and we did pick up the pace a little.

It was a very pleasant run. I think my recollections of the route allowed me to find some of the "hidden" stiles. It was a bit longer than I planned with the extra "bit" along the canal at Quedgeley – but it was a pleasant run. Maybe next time I will take a map!
John G.

Couldn't have put it better myself! Thanks John!

Sian x

Leg 5 – Selina Davies & Rachel Gill (plus Jim Gill and Chris Pearce)

Me Rachel and Jim Gill and Chris Pearce ran leg 5. It was a nice run: a couple of cow fields to tackle which only seemed to bother me! It was quite wildernessy in parts, lovely views. Towards the end there was a about a kilometre of road which was a bit hazardous as it was along country roads, but all in all a pleasant run. SelinaX

PS We have had several suggestions about a 'do' at the end. Bob suggested his old social club in Berkeley and a few thought it would be nice to have a picnic/BBQ on the grass at the last leg at Aust.

I ran leg 5 (I think) with Selena.

Notes for future years - was that parking was difficult at the start and that you did need to have the map handy as you do go onto the road for about 1 mile and it is not that well signposted. It is not quite as simple as keeping the river to your right!

Nothing much to report, other than it was quite enjoyable run in quite a remote part of the Severn Way - lots of wilderness. Luckily Jim and Chris Pearce accompanied us on our leg (as a warm up to running the next one) and nobly saw off some cows for Selena.

Rachel

Leg 6 – Jim Gill & Chris Pearce

Leg 7 – Carole & Graham Bishop

The first 3 miles or so of our leg was predominately along the flood bank but the route across fields towards Frampton was not as shown on my OS map nor were the Severn Walk Way signs in evidence. However as we are reasonably familiar with the area we used normal waymarked footpaths to reach the Sharpness Canal path and onto the stage finish at Splatts Bridge.

It's a good idea to record these problem areas and then ask members who might visit those locations to investigate and report back on a preferred route. In time the club would then have a fully detailed picture of the whole route. Carole and I will when next in the area backtrack from Frampton to find the 'correct' route away from the river!

Graham

Leg 8 – Val James & Hilary Collins

Leg 9 – Sue Pascoe & Pete Mainstone

Leg 10 – Bob Hall & Richard Illingworth

Richard & I were glad to be doing it again after a 4 (5?) year gap - quite like olde tymes, my fellow olde-tymer (Magister Illingworth) and I agreed. Even the rain was warm and welcome!

The leg from Berkeley PS south to the Windbound is well-known, entirely straightforward and, by Severnside Farm (aka 'Fishing House') almost a road run.

The only problem is if the hedged path around the old labs site has not been well cut out. If you've recce'd it and found it overgrown then you can take the short-cut, down the 'labs' road, through the car park, to the gate at the far left corner.

When I finally got back to Berkeley NSSC (of which I'm still a member), after the windless last mile back round the Berkeley site, I sat for a while, looking at the Severn and the Forest beyond, and remembered all the pleasant runs and subsequent pints I've had there. Perhaps we should see if they'll accommodate us for an hour or two afterwards next time - it's not too far out most people's way.

Bob

Leg 11 – Phil Lucker & Garry Slater, Mark & Jo Williams, Caroline Lansdown & Val Heyes

I was on the last route with Gary, Mark and Jo, route was simple enough but I do know that area well. Wasn't totally sure where our finishing point was but the didn't matter too much as long as we got to the viewing point.

I know there was some concern over the organisation, but I got enough info from Jan re the route, and Gary organised us for transport – Phil

*One for the navigationally challenged.
Starts out from The Windbound. Plenty of parking.*

You can see the finish [Old Severn Bridge] for the full length of the run.

Keep the river on your right and you can't go wrong.

When you are approaching the Bridge, look for a kissing gate on the left. Well signed.

There is then a 30m steep climb to some pillboxes at the top of the scarp.

You then cross 2 fields, keeping the cliff edge tight to your right, go through another kissing gate along a wooded track, and come out at Aust services. You then follow the concrete path to the viewing area.

Next year I would recommend that the run carries on to the Boars Head in Aust, where we can all meet up and have a drink????? Maybe adjust the stages so that the last leg starts from the Anchor at Oldbury? [to shorten the distance] Then open it up to everyone who has competed earlier on during the day???? Having a mass final leg????

This year leg 11 was me, Phil Lucker, Mark and Jo Williams, Caroline Lansdown and a new runner, Val Heyes.

Phil came first in about 36.40? then me 37.20? with Mark and Jo close behind.

Caroline and Val brought up the rear.

Welcoming committee of:

Jimmy, Rachel and Sally Gill.

Chris and Kathy Pearce.

Phil Lucker's Mother, Wife and Harry.

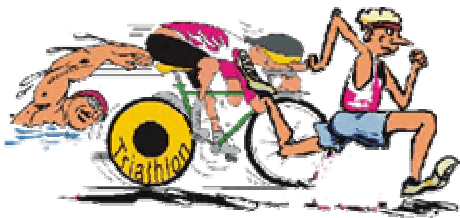
Selina and Eve.

Pete Mainstone and Jill.

It would have been nice to have finished the run at the pub.

Garry.

Bob Hall has kindly donated a trophy, in memory of his wife, Chris, who used to enjoy the Severn Walkway leg between the two power stations. He will be presenting it to the winning team in the near future. Thank you, Bob.



Triathlon at Thornbury Running Club

by Jacqueline Wadsworth

RACE REPORTS take pride of place this month. We've had some notable winners (Jo Williams, Jane Leslie, Rich Phillips) and we've had TRC athletes flying the club flag locally, nationally and abroad at a huge variety of events – sprints, Olympic-distance, half-ironman and full ironman. This is what they've been up to....

WESTONBIRT TRIATHLON

1ST June 400m swim 22k bike 5k run (150 finishers)

We have a winner! Jo Williams was the first woman to finish Westonbirt Tri last month. Her time of 1hr 12min 02sec was nearly a minute faster than the second woman, and placed her 21st overall. The race was the second in a series of three. The first was Springfield, last month, where Jo placed third, so let's wish her luck for the third race at Malmesbury in August. Thornbury also picked up second in the MV55 category at Westonbirt - congratulations to Pete Mainstone (1hr 22min 35sec). Further up the field, Mark Williams finished 26th in 1hr 13min 06sec, and Paul Shanahan came 33rd in 1hr 14min 06sec.

BURNHAM-ON-SEA TRIATHLON

1st June 500m swim 20k bike 5k run (250 finishers)

Garry Slater knocked almost three minutes off last year's time, to finish 20th overall in 1hr 06min 34sec. Hot on his heels was Richard Phillips (1hr 09min 39sec) in 30th place. Sandra Webber clocked 1hr 22min 39sec, and Selina Davies finished in 1hr 27min 47sec.

NOKIA ROYAL WINDSOR TRIATHLON

15th June 1500m swim 42k bike 10k run (1,628 finishers)

TRC trio Andrew Darton, Richard Phillips and Garry Slater battled manfully for club honours at Windsor, with Garry coming out on top. He finished in 2hr 26min 9sec (171st) with a terrific 41.09 run; Andrew was less than a minute behind in 2hr 26min 50sec (184th); and Rich came in at 2hr 28min 5sec (207th) - quite something considering the injury he's had to contend with.

Pete Mainstone broke three hours (2hrs 55min 30sec) to come seventh in his M55-59 age group. Meanwhile, Sandra Webber was winning a battle of her own just by finishing. This time last year, injury forced her to abandon summer triathlons, but now she's back with a vengeance, finishing an impressive 20th in her F45-49 age group in 3hrs 09min 51sec. Explaining the injury and how she recovered, Sandra said: 'Three or four years of incorrect running and biking technique put stress on my back, causing degeneration of the lumbar spine. That put stress on my knee and IT band, which meant I couldn't run. I am now an advocate of core stability - my daily physio exercises in this area have got me back and are keeping me running!'

ON THE DOUBLE! The Castle Combe Duathlons have proved popular with club members this summer (see website for results), and several have paired up to enter as relay teams. If I recall correctly, Mike and Trina Willis started it off, and now Sian Holley & Bob Tyrell, Ros Rowland & Ray Sunnucks, and Sandra Webber & Rich Phillips have followed suit. With two duathlons left, how about a TRC relay championship?



Triathlon at Thornbury Running Club

IRONMAN 70.3 UK, held at WIMBLEBALL LAKE, EXMOOR

15th June 1.9k swim 90k bike 21k run

After more than six hours and 112kms of racing, only six seconds separated Thornbury triathletes Alan Taylor and Jo Plumbley at the finish of Wimbleball half-ironman. 'I didn't know she was there, and I still don't know who she is!' said Alan, who finished just ahead of Jo in 6hrs 27min 32sec. Jo was behind Alan in the swim and bike, but made up time on the run, finishing ninth in her F30-34 age group. Competitors had a tough day, with mist, rain and hail all making appearances. However, that didn't stop evergreen Trevor Roberts finishing 20 minutes quicker than last year, in 7hrs 26min 46 sec.

VANCOUVER 2008 WORLD TRIATHLON CHAMPIONSHIPS

June 7th 3k run 40k bike 10k run

TRC's Jon Greenwood and Jane Leslie travelled to Canada expecting to compete in the world age-group triathlon champs, and ended up racing a duathlon. Chilly water (12.5 degrees C) and choppy conditions forced officials to cancel the 1500m swim and replace it with a 3km run. This suited Jon - a competent swimmer, but a better runner. However, Jane was bitterly disappointed because the swim is her strongest discipline. Both competed in the 55-59 age group. Jon finished an excellent 19th in his age group (out of 62). His time was 2hrs 3min 51sec. Jane came in a very creditable 24th out of 52, in 2hrs 27min 39sec. See Page 4 onwards for their account of the 'event'!

WAKEFIELD TRIATHLON (NATIONAL AGE GROUP CHAMPIONSHIPS)

July 6th 1500m swim 40k bike 10k run (391 finishers)

Congratulations to Jane Leslie! Her disappointment at the world champs (see above) didn't affect her performance at the national age group competition - she won her 55-59 age group in 2hrs 59min 46sec, finishing 332nd overall. Jon Greenwood also competed and finished in 2hrs 43min 41sec - 230th overall. The Gazette article is reproduced on Page 10

SWISS IRONMAN

July 13th 3.8km swim 180km bike 42.2km run (2,500 finishers)

Never one to do things by halves, Roger Denton chose the Swiss Ironman as his first triathlon, and finished in an impressive 12hrs 8min 28sec. Things didn't start too auspiciously though. The night before travelling to Switzerland, Roger snapped the seatpost of his racing bike while packing, and had to take his commuter 'tank' instead. And he couldn't sleep the night before the race for worrying about the swim (or rather, drowning). So when he arrived at the lake shore after just one hour's sleep, he just wanted to get round - which he did, exiting in around 2000th position.

'Transition was almost deserted when I got there, it was weird,' said Roger. 'But once I was on my bike I made up 1,000 places.' On the run he was on course for a 3hr 30min marathon - until stomach cramp struck with seven miles to go. 'That's never happened to me before, and next time I'll eat more on the bike, where the body can digest food more easily.' Roger finished 241st out of 411 in the M40-44 age group. His splits were: 1hr 38min, 6hr 22min, 3hr 48min. 'It would have been nice to get under 12 hours, but I'll have to improve my swimming,' he said. Back home he has another challenge - to lose weight. 'Most people finish an Ironman much lighter than when they started, but I came home 6lbs heavier! We went over on Thursday and ate pizza every night, so it must have been that!'



Triathlon at Thornbury Running Club

CLEVEDON AQUATHLON

July 13th 450m swim 3km run

And finally, well done to Rich Phillips who was the first male to finish the sprint event at Clevedon's open-water aquathlon - our very own Thornbury Bullet!

THE ABOVE IS ONLY a record of what *actually* happened at races. It does not reflect what *should* have happened had misfortune and unfair practice not skewed some people's placings and times. Race reports I have gathered during the last few weeks have included several sad tales, like the following:

'I snapped my seatpost and had to ride my commuting bike'

'My shoe broke and I had to mend it in transition'

'Took time putting put my socks on. He didn't bother'

'They cancelled the swim'

'Every other b****r was drafting....'

'Not bad considering I haven't been well for months'



Keep those excuses coming in - we'll publish the best!

A RUN ROUTE HAS NOW been drawn up for TRC's aquathlon, which is being held at Bradley Stoke Leisure Centre (*pictured right*) next March. 'It's a brilliant route around the footpaths of Bradley Stoke behind the leisure centre, and it's all traffic free,' said organiser Sandra Webber. 'Many thanks to Martyn Green, who devised it, and to Arthur Renshaw, who's going to formalise it. We now need to risk-assess the event, nominate a race referee, and apply to the BTA for certification.



'Our current task is to try and find a sponsor who will donate £550 to fund the venue cost.' If anyone knows of a company that would be interested in donating sponsorship, then let Sandra know: sandra@thekudosgroup.com. She added: 'We are now drawing up a list of actions necessary to put on the event and will be assigning to owners shortly.'

The aquathlon is being held on Sunday 8th March, 2009, and two distances will be on offer: 500m swim / 5km run, and 1,000m swim / 10km run. The long-term plan is for a TRC triathlon in summer 2010, which would be the first Bristol-based triathlon.

AN ORDER has now been placed for 25 TRC trisuits and they should be here in the next month or so - 'just in time for the end of the tri season!' said Garry Slater, the man behind the merchandise. 'It's a fine result, but it's been hard work,' . The suit (*pictured right*) is based on a design by Andrew Darton. His idea came top in a competition open to those who put their names down for this first batch of trisuits. We now look forward to seeing them been shown off on podiums up and down the land.



And a big thankyou to Garry.

Triathlon at Thornbury Running Club

OPEN-WATER SWIM SESSIONS at Lake 12, South Cerney, near Cirencester, are on hold now, but they're back again in September: 6, 13, 20, 27 and October: 11, 18, 25. They run from 8.15-9.30am and cost £5 per session. Club members usually get together and share lifts.

ANOTHER CYCLE TIME-TRIAL route has been suggested to take the place of our current route, which will be unusable once traffic lights are erected at Falfield. It's known as the U7B and it's already used by several local bike clubs for their 10-mile time-trials. It starts at the layby near Newport Towers, follows the A38 up to Slimbridge Roundabout, then returns to the start. Two other routes have been suggested: the first starts near Thornbury Rugby Club, continues through Rockhampton, turns left towards Ham, then left again to the finish at Hill. The second would adapt the 10-mile run route used in TRC's Oldbury Power Station race. No-one seems to know exactly when the lights will be in operation at Falfield, but it seems they're fairly imminent, so now's the time to try out some alternatives.



ONE TO WATCH: This edition's nomination comes from Sandra Webber: "How about Garry 'the goat' Slater, a nickname he earned on a tough bike ride for his hill-climbing ability. I gather he just bombs up them now as he is so slight!"

I'm sure nobody will argue with that, Sandra, I just hope he doesn't take offence at the rather bestial nickname.

AND FINALLY, get in touch if you have any news or results for the next edition of Prattle and Run, or if you want to nominate anyone for 'One to Watch'.

Email: jacquelinewadsworth@btinternet.com

In the next edition of Prattle and Run, we'll see how TRC triathletes fared at the Bath and London Triathlons.

Thanks to Jacqueline for her excellent Triathlon pages. Remember to look at the website for members' results in running, duathlon, aquathlon, triathlon, and for forthcoming events.

Just to finish

In the beginning God covered the earth with broccoli, cauliflower and spinach, with green, yellow and red vegetables of all kinds so Man and Woman would live long and healthy lives.

Then using God's bountiful gifts, Satan created Dairy Ice Cream and Magnums. And Satan said, 'You want hot fudge with that? And Man said, 'Yes!' And Woman said, 'I'll have one too with chocolate chips'. And so they gained 10 pounds.

And God created the healthy yoghurt that woman might keep the figure that man found so fair.

And Satan brought forth white flour from the wheat and sugar from the cane and combined them. And Woman went from size 12 to size 14.

So God said, 'Try my fresh green salad'. And Satan presented Blue Cheese dressing and garlic croutons on the side. And Man and Woman unfastened their belts following the repast.

God then said 'I have sent you healthy vegetables and olive oil in which to cook them'.

And Satan brought forth deep fried coconut king prawns, butter-dipped lobster chunks and chicken fried steak, so big it needed its own platter, and Man's cholesterol went through the roof.

Then God brought forth the potato; naturally low in fat and brimming with potassium and good nutrition.

Then Satan peeled off the healthy skin and sliced the starchy centre into chips and deep-fried them in animal fats adding copious quantities of salt. And Man put on more pounds. God then brought forth running shoes so that his Children might lose those extra pounds.

And Satan came forth with a cable TV with remote control so Man would not have to toil changing the channels. And Man and Woman laughed and cried before the flickering light and started wearing stretch jogging suits.

Then God gave lean beef so that Man might consume fewer calories and still satisfy his appetite.

And Satan created McDonalds and the 99p double cheeseburger. Then Satan said 'You want fries with that?' and Man replied, 'Yes, and super size 'em'. And Satan said, 'It is good.' And Man and Woman went into cardiac arrest.

God sighed and created quadruple by-pass surgery.

And then Satan chuckled and created the National Health Service.

Editor's footnote: That's all for this edition. Please let me have all articles and please **some new photographs** by September 29th, either on paper or by e-mail to judy.mills@avonandsomerset.police.uk Runners out there – do we need to redress the balance? The majority of the club are still not triathletes, but you wouldn't think it to see this magazine!