



Our ladies XC team with 'The Plate' - Onward and Upward

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CAPTAIN'S COLUMNS

SPRING has sprung, the grass is riz.....and soon we'll be shedding our reflective bibs. With lighter evenings our runs will venture off road; and white legs will start appearing from their lycra coverings. Yes, spring is here. It must be! Cross-country is over, and what a season we've had. More Thornbury members than ever before (in my memory) have run in the Gwent and Gloucester Leagues. Our women were a revelation, not only turning out in force, but they also won promotion to Gwent League Division 1 (*see above & Page 8*) And although the men didn't manage promotion this year, new members have added strength to our team, which bodes well for next season.



Our sights are now set on the Mob Match with Chepstow Harriers on April 8th; the National Masters Road Relay Championships on 15th May; and then, looming invitingly on the horizon, the Cotswold Way Relay on 26th June, always a favourite on the club calendar. We look forward to catching up with Mark Curtis, returning to Thornbury from his new home in Dorset for the Mob Match (as a second-claim runner). But unfortunately we'll have to wait a bit longer to catch up with Simon Young who's been unable to run for more than two months due to a longstanding Achilles problem. He's now booked in for a scan on April 6 which he hopes will shed light on what's causing the injury. We wish him all the best. Continuing the 'absent friends' theme, some of you may have seen Niall Bird mentioned in the Gazette recently.

AN ARCHITECT from Cromhall has won a national prize for his plans to transform a popular tourist attraction. Niall Bird, a former Castle School pupil, has won the Philip Webb Award from the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings.

Niall, who was also once a member of Thornbury Running Club, won the award, along with £1,000 prize money, for his plans to regenerate the well-known 1930s Hulsea Lido leisure facility in Portsmouth. Niall is in the first year of a two-year post-graduate architecture diploma course at Portsmouth University. (*Thornbury Gazette, February*).

Niall left Thornbury last year to continue his studies in architecture at Portsmouth University: He's now enjoying a semester in Vienna, but looks forward to making a few club evenings during the summer.

Talking of summer, plans are underway to celebrate the club's 25th with a party. The idea was suggested by Richard Illingworth at the AGM in February – maybe a barbecue, he suggested? Cue lots of vigorous head-nodding. So a few weeks later the committee discussed the merits of various members' gardens in search of a venue. However, no-one seemed to meet all the requirements: lots of space, a pool, and shelter in case of rain. So we took the only option possible and turned our heads towards Rob Watkins who graciously agreed that we could use his farm in Rockhampton for a barbecue with marquee. A jazz band was also mentioned, as was the Castle School Steel Band. Anyone for reggae? Watch this space.

Jacqueline Wadsworth

Once again John Grimsey provides us with food for thought, having found the below on another Club website. Few Thornbury runners may be able to identify with being the 'first to cross the finish line' or consistently running one hundred miles a week, but hopefully the last line applies to all of us – otherwise why do we bother!

Runners by Roger Hart

We ran through blizzards, thunderstorms, freezing rain, covered bridges, creeks, campgrounds, cemeteries, city parks, parking lots, a nuclear power plant, county fairs, and, once, a church service. We were chased by goats, geese, a crazed ground hog, guards (the nuclear power plant), a motorcycle gang, an armed man in a pickup, a sheriff's deputy, and dogs both fierce and friendly. We ran when two feet of snow covered the roads and when the wind-chill was thirty below. We ran when it was eighty degrees at seven in the morning. We ran on streets, sidewalks, highways, cinder tracks, dirt roads, golf courses, Lake Erie beaches, bike trails, across yards and along old railroad beds. Seven days a week, twelve months a year, year after year.

During the hot days of July and August, Ed ran without shirt or socks; I always wore both. Norm ran with a screw in his ankle and joked that it was coming loose. Ed was faster going downhill; I was better going up. The three of us met at a race and became training partners, competitors, best friends. We ran together on Saturday mornings, usually a twenty-mile run along the shore of Lake Erie or a twenty-two-mile route over hilly country roads near Ashtabula. We ran thousands of miles and more than a dozen marathons together, but most of the time we ran alone.

We gave directions to lost drivers, pushed cars out of snowbanks, called the electric company about downed lines and the police about drunks. We saved a burlap bag full of kittens about to be tossed off a bridge, carried turtles from the middle of the road, returned lost wallets, and were the first on the scene of a flipped pickup truck.

We ran the Boston Marathon before women were allowed to enter and before the Kenyans won. We were runners before Frank Shorter took the Olympic gold at Munich, before the running boom, nylon shorts, sports drinks, Gortex suits, heart monitors, running watches, and Nikes.

We ate constantly, or so it seemed. My favorite midnight snack was cookie dough or cold pizza. Ed enjoyed cinnamon bread, which he sometimes ate a loaf at a time. Norm downed buttered popcorn by the bucketfuls and Finnish cookies by the dozen. We all loved ice cream and drank large vanilla shakes two at a time.

Still, friends said we were too thin. They thought we looked sick and worried something was wrong.

We measured our lives in miles down to the nearest tenth, more than one hundred miles a week, over four hundred a month, four thousand a year, sometimes more.

The smells! From passing cars: pipe tobacco, exhaust fumes, and sometimes the sweet hint of perfume. From the places we passed: French fries, bacon, skunk, pine trees, dead leaves, cut hay, mowed grass, ripe grapes, hot asphalt, rotten apples, stagnant water, wood smoke, charcoal grills, mosquito spray, roadkill. And from ourselves: sunscreen and sweat.

Some people smiled and waved. A few whistled. Once or twice a woman yelled from a passing car, said we had nice legs. Others, usually teenage boys in sleek, black cars, yelled obscenities, called us names, gave us the finger, and mooned us. They threw firecrackers, smoldering cigarettes, pop cans, half-eaten ice cream cones, beer bottles (both full and empty), squirted us with water, drove through puddles to spray us, swerved their cars to force us off the road, swung jumper cables out the window to make us duck, and honked their horns to make us jump.

We saw shooting stars, a family of weasels, a barn fire, a covered wagon heading west, and a couple making love in a pickup; we ran with deer on a golf course, jumped a slow-moving train to get across the tracks, hid in ditches during lightning storms, slid across an intersection during a freezing rain, and dived into Lake Erie to cool off in the middle of a hot run. We drank from garden hoses, gas station water fountains, pop machines, lawn sprinklers and lemonade stands. We carried toilet paper, two quarters, sometimes a dog biscuit.

We were offered rides by The Chosen Few motorcycle gang, old ladies, drunks, teenagers, truckers, a topless dancer (not topless at the time but close, real close), and a farmer baling hay, but we never accepted a single one. We argued about the dancer.

We were nervous before races and said we'd quit running them when we weren't. We won trophies, medals, baskets of apples, bottles of wine, windbreakers, T-shirts, pizza, pewter mugs, running suits, shoes, baseball caps, watches, a railroad spike, and, once, five hundred dollars. Often we didn't win anything, although we never looked at it that way.

Ed liked to race from the front and dare other runners to catch him. I preferred to start a little slower, stalk those whose inexperience or eagerness took them out too fast, sneak up on them around twenty miles when they began to look over their shoulders. I felt like a wolf, and they were the prey. When I passed, I pretended not to be tired, and I never looked back.

Our goal was to qualify for the Olympic Trials Marathon, to run faster and farther, to beat other runners.

Did we ever have runner's high? Didn't it get boring? What did we think about? Why did we always look so serious?

Sometimes. Sometimes. Running. We didn't know we did.

One spring day it rained so hard the road was one giant ankle-deep puddle, and Ed was huffing and our feet were splashing and it struck us funny. We laughed until we collapsed, tears and rain running down our faces. We joked about the time Ed had to pee and caught himself showering a snake's head, the time we got lost during a winter storm and refused to turn around, and the time we ran by Don King's ranch and were mistaken for two boxers. (We never understood how anyone could mistake our skinny arms for a boxer's, but we loved it, too.)

We felt guilty about the time we ran into a church service being held in the middle of a covered bridge, and we were too tired, too inconsiderate, too stubborn to turn around, so we sprinted down the center aisle, dodging the two men with collection plates, and ran out the other end of the bridge while the congregation sang "Praise God from whom all blessings flow ..."

And the dogs! The ones that tried to follow us home and the ones that attacked us. Take the time Ed, Norm, and I were surrounded on a dirt road by half a dozen blood-thirsty, snarling, circling canines, each begging for a bite. We picked up rocks, stood with our backs to one another, and yelled at the dogs, yelled for help, yelled for anything. Then Ed threw a rock, not at the dogs but at the farmhouse where the dogs had been sleeping on the front porch. The rock hit the aluminum siding. Bang! Like a gun going off.

An old man came to the door. Looked at us, looked at his dogs, and I thought we'd done it now, and he'd lift a shotgun to his shoulder, shoot us, and let the dogs have what was left.

"Harvey, Louie, Princess, Tucker," the old man called. The dogs trotted back to the porch, and we raced down the road.

But another time we only yelled at a growling Doberman, told it to go home, and the owner jumped in his pickup, chased us down the dirt road, swearing he'd shoot us for bothering his dog. We ran through a field and across a four-lane highway, circled back through the woods, hid beneath the underpass, and then jogged into a gas station, where we celebrated our escape with ice-cold Cokes.

I was bitten by a Dalmatian, a terrier, a cocker spaniel, and a red-haired, knee-high mutt. Three of the dogs escaped after drawing blood, but I caught the mutt in mid-air and threw it over my shoulder as its teeth clamped down on my arm. The dog sailed into a telephone pole headfirst and fell to the ground, knocked unconscious. The owner, ignoring the blood running down my arm and dripping onto the sidewalk, screamed at me for killing her dog. But when she stroked the dog's head, it jumped up and bit me again.

Or the time a sheriff's deputy stopped his cruiser to protect us from a German shepherd as large as the Poland China hog in a nearby field. The dog jumped through the open window and landed on the deputy's lap, and, while they wrestled in the front seat, we ran, afraid of what might happen if either ever caught up with us.

We found pliers, purses, golf balls, bolt cutters, billfolds, money (once, over two hundred dollars, returned to an eighteen-year-old boy--no reward, no thanks), tape cassettes, CDs, sunglasses, school books, porn magazines, a Navaho ring, car jacks, a fishing pole, a pair of handcuffs (no key), an eight ball, and a black bra (36C).

We ran farther and faster. We sprinted up long steep hills by the Grand River until we staggered and our heart rates exceeded the two hundred twenty minus our age that doctors said was possible. We ran intervals on a dirt track: twenty quarter-miles in under seventy seconds, the last lap in fifty-six flat. We got light-headed, our hands tingled, and sometimes blood vessels in our eyes ruptured from the effort.

We ran because it beat collecting stamps, because we were running towards something, because we were running away, because we were all legs, lungs and heart, because we were afraid of who or what might catch us if we stopped.

One winter, while running twice a day, I was on my way home from a seven-mile run, and I couldn't remember if it was morning or night, if when I finished I would shower and go to work or shower and go to bed. I looked at the horizon and the stars, the passing cars, and the lighted barns for a clue, but I couldn't figure it out. Ed often said he once went out for a run and bumped into himself coming back from the previous one.

We lost toenails and we pulled muscles. We suffered frostbite, hypothermia, heat exhaustion, sunburn, blisters, dehydration, and tendonitis. We were stung by bees, bitten by black flies, and attacked by red-winged blackbirds. Sometimes, after a long run or a speed workout, or after a marathon, our legs would be so sore, the Achilles so inflamed, that we could barely walk, and we'd limp or shuffle painfully when going from the couch to the refrigerator or from the front door to the mailbox.

We treated aches with ice and heating pads, or soaked our legs in DMSO, sometimes in Epsom salts and hot water. We tried medical doctors, surgeons, chiropractors, acupuncturists, podiatrists, sports therapists, trainers and quacks. We were given shots of novocaine and cortisone, told to take ibuprofen, Tylenol, and aspirin. We were warned that we were ruining our knees, our hips, damaging our feet, breaking down too much blood, that we would suffer arthritis and degenerative joints.

But sometimes it was like floating, like sitting on top of a pair of legs that you didn't think would ever get tired or slow down. It was like the legs were yours and like they weren't. It was like being part animal, a running, flying animal. A horse, a bird. It was like feet kissing the pavement and effortless strides, the body along for the ride. It was like sitting in Ed's '67 Corvette, that monster engine gulping high-octane fuel and turning 6000 rpms, your foot ready to pop the clutch. Like freedom and invincibility. When we ran around corners, we were jets sweeping in formation.

We all had a resting pulse in the low forties and body fat of seven percent or less. I was six foot two, raced at a hundred and forty-eight pounds, and went through a pair of shoes every six weeks.

Once, I experienced chest pains, a sharp stab beneath the ribs. A Saturday morning, twenty-two mile run. Seven steep hills. We raced up the first hill to find out if it was my heart or not and when I did not drop, we raced up the second and third. After six miles the pain eased off, and Ed said if it had been a heart attack, it must have been a mild one. Thousands of miles later, a doctor unfamiliar with a runner's heart sent Ed to the emergency room where he was poked, prodded, hooked up, and given oxygen until Ed said enough was enough, pulled the IV and ran home. Two weeks later he set an age-fifty record for the mile in a local meet.

Although we ran faster and faster, we never ran fast enough. We failed to qualify for the Olympic Trials. Still, four times we drove for hours and slept in our cars to watch others compete for the three Olympic spots.

Then, just as we once stalked other runners, time stalked us. We began looking over our shoulders and thinking about the marathons we had run instead of thinking about the next race. We slowed down. Our bodies balked at hundred-mile weeks, and it took longer to recover from a hard run. Sometimes when the weather was bad--very hot was always worse than very cold--we took a day off. Sometimes we would skip a day because we were sore or tired. We stopped giving the finger to those who ran us off the roads. We gained five, seven, ten pounds. More.

Now, Ed has a granddaughter; Norm has "screw pains," and I have a retirement clock and deformed toes. We've turned gray, lost hair, and joined the AARP. We run twenty-five, thirty miles a week. From time to time,

we race, no marathons but shorter races, three, four miles, maybe a 10K. We measure our lives in days, months, and years.

Ed and Norm still live in Ohio; I moved to North Carolina, then to Minnesota. We no longer run together, but we keep in touch and reminisce about the time the Star Beacon ran a front-page article about a group of snowmobilers who had ridden nearly ten miles on a day when the temperature was five below. We had passed them on our way to a twenty-mile run. We argue about who threw the rock at the house, whose fault it was we got lost, and which one of us the topless dancer really wanted to take for a ride.

We complain that we're running slower than we once did and make jokes about timing ourselves with calendars and sundials.

Sometimes when we're running we'll spot other runners ahead of us and the urge to race comes back, and we'll do our best to catch them. Last fall while I was running in a park, I overheard a high school cross-country coach urge his runners to pass "the old, gray-haired guy." I held them off for nearly a mile although it almost killed me, and, when I had completed circling the park, I ran by the coach and said, "Old guy, my ass."

But my ass is getting old along with all the other parts. When I sometimes fantasize about one more marathon, the fantasy seldom lasts more than a day. Fast marathons, hundred-mile weeks, ten-kilometer races under thirty-one minutes are things of the past.

And what did we learn from running seventy-thousand miles and hundreds of races, being the first to cross the finish line and once or twice not crossing it at all, those runs on icy roads in winter storms and those cool fall mornings when the air was ripe with the smell of grapes, our feet softly ticking against the pavement?

We learned we were alive and it felt good. God, it felt so good.

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And if that has you thinking – share your running stories with the club. I can't match the above but I can claim for starters:

- *A Russian thunderstorm with horizontal hail*
- *Rounding-up straying chickens*
- *Being bitten by a farm dog – well, it was Welsh!*
- *Being knocked over by a tractor and trailer – broken arm, £5.5k damages!*
- *Acquiring a riderless horse*
- *Acquiring a horseless rider (they didn't make a pair)*
- *Being flashed at*
- *Doing half the Sodbury Slog with just one shoe*

Over to you

Two more volunteers reveal their secrets in our 20 Questions series.

Today, Jo Plumbley, this is your...20 Questions!

1. Where were you born? *Leamington Spa*
2. What is your favourite race? *The Himalayan stage race – never done it – just really like the sound of it*
3. What is your favourite film? *The Rocky Horror Picture show, and Pulp Fiction*
4. What sporting moment you are most proud of, (PB etc)? *Crossing the line of the London marathon the first time*



5. What is your favourite book? *The Rainbow – D H Lawrence*
6. How many years have you been running? *About 15 now*
7. Occupation? *I'm an engineer turned commercial manager in the aeronautical and naval defence industry*
8. How many miles a week on average do you run? *Probably anywhere between 15 and 50*
9. What is the first piece of music you ever bought? *My first ever album was Boys Don't Cry by the Cure*
10. What is your favourite piece of running kit? *I kinda love my navman armband that tells me how far I've run although sometimes it does clock up the miles incredibly slowlyand gloves*
11. Secret crush? *I don't have secrets. Really can't think of a secret crush...honest*
12. Do you have any pre/post race rituals/habits? *Just trying to stay off the booze and fibre pre race*
13. Which is your favourite, winter or summer? *These days its summer by a million miles – unless I'm skiing*
14. Who is your sporting hero? *At the moment absolutely anyone who has finished an Ironman distance triathlon.*
15. How do you get through 'the wall'? *I only hit it once – during a training session. I had someone with me who talked me through it and I survived. Not sure how I'd do it the next time!*
16. Tell us about an embarrassing moment *All way too embarrassing to share!*
17. What is your current running goal? *My current goal is to firstly reach and then somehow complete the marathon at the end of Ironman Lanzarote. (Even saying that makes me nervous)*
18. When you were a child what did you want to be when you 'grew up'? *A scientific journalist /TV reporter – really wanted to present tomorrow's world so I could travel the world looking at new inventions and projects. I was also going to star on Broadway and have my own farm*
19. Do you have any secret ambitions? *Hundreds, travel the world, climb Everest, swim the channel, ride the national, 3 day event for Britain, tour with a jazz band, buy an alpine ski lodge, win the lottery,and I still quite fancy being a TV or Broadway star with my own pig and horse farm.....*
20. Why did you start running? *Whilst at university I accidentally joined the army.....didn't know what TA stood for and applied for a part time job as an admin clerk. Next thing I knew I was a signed up member of the TA infantry with a uniform, a rifle and a very large sergeant giving me choice of passing my basic fitness test or having my remains stamped into the mud.....I decided to take up running.*



And today Rob Watkins, this is your...20 Questions!

1. Where were you born? *Thornbury Hospital*
2. What is your favourite race? *I'm quite new to running so have not done that many, but it's got to be off road, I've done several of the 'Endurance Life' coastal events, and would highly recommend them.*
3. What is your favourite film? *I love quirky British films and Tarantino, impossible to pick one.*
4. What sporting moment are you most proud of, (PB etc)? *Completing the 'Classic Quarter' in a respectable position, and raising over £1300 in the process.*
5. What is your favourite book? *I'm not much of a reader of novels, but enjoy real life adventure stuff, Sir Ranulph Fiennes and Ray Mears spring to mind.*
6. How many years have you been running? *Nearly two.*

7. What is your occupation? *Farmer and Nurseryman*
8. How many miles a week on average do you run? *At the moment no more than 30 but I like to get a good bike ride in too if time allows.*
9. What is the first piece of music you ever bought? *'Absolutely' album by 'Madness'. £3.00 from the old Thornbury Saturday market, those were the days.*
10. What is your favourite piece of running kit? *My 'Brookes' trail shoes, we've had lots of adventures together.*
11. Secret crush? *Kate Winslet in the back of that old car in 'Titanic' !!!*
12. Do you have any pre/post race rituals/habits? *A big plate of gluten free pasta the night before, and a big bowl of porridge the next morning.*
13. Which is your favourite, winter or summer? *Winter has the potential to turn a 'nice' summer run into an 'epic' and in turn more memorable run.*
14. Who is your sporting hero? *Sir Ranulph Twisleton-Wykeham Fiennes, although best known for his adventures, running 7 marathons on 7 continents in 7 days, at the age of 59, just months after a heart attack and a double heart bypass makes him a pretty good runner in my book!!!*
15. How do you get through 'the wall'? *See answer 12, oh and keep hydrated, then you'll never even see it let alone hit it.*
16. Tell us of an embarrassing moment? *Sorry I really can't think of anything, does that make me dull? Yep !!!*
17. What is your current running goal? *Keep running pain free, (Ray's done a good job on the old knee recently) perhaps another ultra and clock up a few PB's as the only flat road race I've done is the SJ 10.*
18. When you were a child what did you want to be when you 'grew up'? *Train driver, I wish it were something more original.*
19. Any secret ambitions? *It's no secret, to keep fit and healthy and enjoy seeing my little girl grow up.*
20. Why did you start running? *I have Mountain biked since the early days of the sport in this country, and still enjoy a good thrash through the woods, but it is more time consuming than running. I can pop my shoes on and run from home across the fields with the dogs (good for them too) and have a really good work out in the time it takes to load the car up and drive to somewhere good for mountain biking*

Letters



Hi All,

Just thought I would get in touch to let you all know what I am doing here in Oz. When I arrived as you can imagine I was knocked for six (cricketing term) by the hot Oz weather. Even the locals were whinging that it was too hot. I am now quite well acclimatised and the daily temperatures rise to between 26 & 30 degrees C.

I am keeping very fit with running along the coastal path and barefoot on the beach, I have joined a gym and took up surfing yesterday when I rode the waves for 2 hours. Its not all fun and leisure though. I do spend quite a lot of time helping Carolyn to care for her mother who has Alzheimers. Its almost a full time job in itself.

Carolyn's daughter Stephanie, who lives about 6 miles away at Bondi has announced she is doing a European grand tour at the beginning of April. This has brought forward our plans to get married and we have now made all the arrangements for Friday 26.3.10. It's hard work organising a wedding. I can't remember it being this difficult first time round. We've sorted most of the details out. I've just got to get a suit.

Hope everyone is fit and well and fond regards to all,

Frank Brady

To the Editor:

Those TRC members who are now going to order a Bamboo Bike (P&R Feb 2010) may wish to follow my example and wear Bamboo clothing such as an Eco Friendly, Organic Base Layer. Since Xmas I've been wearing the garment shown at the link below.*

Graham Bishop

http://www.allthingsgreen.net/marketplace/bamboo-base-layer-mens-bamboo-clothing-p-7211.html?_Sja=tsid:3154%7Ckw:7211%7Ccg:Rebearth%20future%20adventure



"This high performance bamboo fabric base layer is from our collection of bamboo clothing

All of our bamboo clothing is made from high performance bamboo fabric; this base layer has a comfortable body hugging cut and comfortable non restrictive stitching
Other advantages of bamboo clothing:

- High moisture wicking
- UV Protection
- Anti-static
- Temperature responsive – Cool when Hot & Warm when Cold.
- Anti-Bacterial & Odour resistant"

**I don't think he means he's been wearing it continuously! – Ed.*

Cross Country 2009/2010

Well it seems like yesterday when a few of us gathered one sunny Saturday afternoon in Blaise Castle for an introduction to cross country, and here we are at the end of another season. The club has been well represented at the majority of races with a total of 21 men and 14 ladies running for the club during the season,



including a few newcomers to cross country; Catherine Ross, Trudi Johnson, Sophie Stagg, Angela Bushell, Clare Watt and Carly Rudrum for the ladies team and Steve Selwyn, Rob Cowlard, Rob Watkins, Adrian Savery, Liam Jones, Steve Thorn, John Brian and Nigel Hale for the men. A few stalwarts for the teams are also very worthy of a mention, Ros Rowland who ran 7 out of the 9 races, Pete Mainstone who ran all 9 races and Graham Bishop for his never ending perseverance and great sense of humour.

So how did we do? Well the ladies won promotion from Division 2 into Division 1 in the Gwent League by coming 2nd in the division. A fantastic and I must say well deserved result. It's just a pity the plate we received (see cover pic) didn't match the quality of

the running! The men despite fielding some very strong teams at both league races were up against extremely tough opposition and managed to achieve 7th place in Division 2 in the Gwent League. The senior ladies were 12th out of 18 in the Gloucester League, with the Vets team achieving 6th place out of 26, whilst the Senior men achieved 9th out of 13 and the Vets team 7th out of 12.

Particular mention for their outstanding achievements this season go to Catherine Ross who achieved 16th place out of 317 within the senior women category and Ros Rowland who came 8th out of 93 Female Vet 45 in the Gwent League. Martyn Green came 65th out of 547 senior men in the Gwent League, Ken Ham 31st out of 311 Male Vet 40, Bob Tyrrell



27th-Terje Tondel 28th and Pete Mainstone 53rd out of 146 Male Vet 50 and Jim Clune 14th out of 39 Male Vet 60. Congratulations to you all.

Which brings me to the winners of this year's Club Championship. The men's award goes to Ken Ham with 142 points overall, runner up Bob Tyrell on 132 and the ladies was won by Catherine Ross with the maximum 150 points with runner up Ros on 140. The men's age adjusted category was won by Ken with 148 points and runner up Bob with 131 and the ladies age adjusted category was won by Ros with a maximum of 150 points and runner up Maddie on 144. Very well done to everyone and I look forward to seeing you all again in Club colours next season.

So the spikes have been cleaned off and put away for another year, the flasks of coffee and the cakes courtesy of Caroline, consumed and the hats, gloves, waterproofs and thermal layers returned to their place in the bottom drawer. But come the end of the summer the call will go out, so come on those of you who have never given cross country a go, it's damned hard work at times, great winter training and enormous fun. You don't know what you're missing.

Maddie Parrott

(Full results available on the TRC Website)

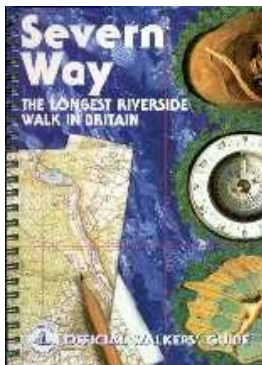
Cotswold Way Relay – Saturday 26th June



Is it that time of year again already? Well not far off. In 2009 our Men's and Ladies' Teams both came 5th in their categories, and while the fast ones can race as hard as they like, the Mixed and Veteran

teams mean anyone who's interested can take part, whatever their speed. As last year we hope to field (at least!) 4 teams and Garry has bravely volunteered to fit names to legs, so to speak. Get in quick with your preferences.

Severn Walkway Relay – Saturday 5th June (proposed)



Like the Cotswold Way Relay, this is an end-to-end run of a marked footpath, (well, part of it), but just for TRC members and friends. Usual problem – so much running to do, so few weekends! In 2009 it proved impossible to find a date when there were enough people free to take part in this event, but Selina doesn't give-up easily. In the hope of making this a bit more successful there is a suggestion we double up the legs, see below.

If there is enough interest we may have a social event at the Boar's Head at Aust afterwards. Although there is a trophy at stake members may just want the opportunity of an off-road run, in company, on a different route. Pencil the date in your diary and look out for details.

STAGE	STAGE START	O/S REF	MILES	START TIME
1	Tewkesbury Abbey , LowerLode Lane	--		9:00
	Wainlode Hill, Red Lion	848 258	12	
2	Gloucester, Riverside Sports	825 192		10:40
	Lower Rea, Quedgley	801 152	10	
3	Water End, (track to river)	759 144		12:15
	Framilode, Darell Arms	746 104	8.25	
4	Arlingham, Old Passage	696 113		13:40
	Frampton on Severn, Splatt Bridge	742 068	10	
5	Purton, Berkeley Hunt	692 044		15:05
	Berkeley Power Stn, By Roundabout	663 995	9.75	
6	Windbound Pub	613 961	6.25	16:30
END	Aust Boars Head Pub	566 898	Total: 56.25	17:20

New Website

Within days you will find yourself looking at the new Thornbury Running Club website. You may be looking at it already if you are reading this online! It's time to say a very big **Thank You** to Jim Godden for all the years that he Mastered the old one; it's become very clear now just how much work he did to keep it together. With Colin Bell as our new Webmaster, Stephen Hales (another 'techie') and a team of inputters we hope it will always be up-to-date and relevant. Have a look.

Thornbury Tri News

Thanks goes to Sandra Webber and club members making another successful Aquathlon. We seem to be getting the hang of it now!

I am awaiting confirmation from the booking lady, but the date of the next Tri section meeting is *provisionally* 9th April 7.30pm at the Catholic Club to discuss the bike routes we use for the lighter evening rides and the state of some of the roads. As well as the Friday night chain gang and the weekend bike rides.

Congratulations to ...

- Trevor Roberts for becoming The National Duathlon Champion in his age group for the 3rd year running and with a broken racing shoe and a very sore foot by the end of the race.
- Arthur Renshaw; Age cat winner at the recent Castle Combe Duathlon
- Graham Bishop; Mountain bike off road Duathlon, age group winner some where recently!!! I can't find the details anywhere!?
- Richard Phillips 3rd *overall* at Taunton Dean Aquathlon
- Sandra Webber for winning her age group at Taunton Dean Aquathlon

The next **Velodrome trip** is booked for 4th April 12-2pm, Easter Sunday. It is great fun but gets booked up fast. Email Garry.Slater@birse.co.uk for details (probably for details of the *next* trip, it may be too late for this one) Richard Phillips is selling his TRC Tri Suit, size medium, only worn once (he thinks his bum looks too big in it!)

Some of us have already purchased the new tri section hoodies. They look very smart and they are also very warm and comfortable. Thanks Sandra for setting it up. It is not too late to order them, just contact the supplier direct, see below for details



The Hoody costs £28.75 and can be in ordered small, medium or large in Black or Navy. The logo can also be put onto any other t-shirt/bike jacket by Linela - ladies fitted t-shirt with logo on costs £14.50. If people want to order them please just pop into Linela Embroidery Limited, The Street **Olveston**, Bristol BS35 4DR UK; Tel : 01454 615300;



Selena Davies

And finally...

Do we worry too much? A bit of ice and the Thursday run is cancelled. I like the ethos of the Dark Peak Fell Runners who say: *Fell running has a culture for individuals to take personal responsibility for safety when out on the hills, as terrain and weather conditions can be severe. Therefore it is accepted that you assess your own physical ability, mountain craft skills, clothing and equipment before going for a run. The club thrives on minimal organisation and if you have a slightly anarchic sense of humour and an appetite to compete in unusual events, you will feel at home with people of a similar disposition.* This seems okay until it impacts on other members of the community; we run too close to cars, pedestrians. But we hope the ice has gone for a few months!

Thank you as always to contributors to this edition. Items for the next Prattle & Run to me at judy.mills@live.co.uk by 24th May please.