

Who do you run for? What club do you put on your race entry form? Not trick questions, the answer should be Handy Cross Runners. Then why not wear the club colours?

I have noticed recently watching a number of races many of our members not wearing club vests or T shirts. Wearing the same strip as the rest of your team mates helps engender the team spirit and provides good publicity for the club as well as making it easier for spectators to spot you.

I will be watching carefully at future events and may publicise the names of offenders!

New Members

Only two this time, but nevertheless a very warm welcome to Jaqui Barner and Roger Porter.

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We had twenty one people competing in this years London Marathon and although no one achieved a pb (it was too hot for everyone except Paula Radcliff) it was still a brilliant achievement for the club and especially for Peter Astles, Eri Tanimoto and Allison Packman who were all running in their first marathon.

The crowds round the course seemed larger than ever this year and it was a great boost for all the runners to hear our own large body of vocal supporters, particularly Sue Fenn who, according to Russell, sounded like a fishwife! It must have been easy for them to spot Beverly due to the fantastic Zena the Warrior Queen outfit she was wearing, It was nice to see Mike Stone again, even though he wasn't very happy about his finishing time. Another name from the past, John Flint, was also running.

Congratulations to Duncan Clark and Pete Smith who were our fastest runners, both finishing in the first three hundred places. Also to Eddie Ramon, who fell and dislocated a finger at three miles, but still finished in under four hours!

The otherwise excellent London Marathon web site results service went a bit amiss with Nick Martin's result, claiming he was running for Hanoy Cross Runners!

Paula Parkin's granddaughter heard that 'Paula' had won the race and told everyone that, "Nana's won the marathon!" Ah! Bless.

Club Results

Duncan Clark in 2.42.58 (180th place)

Pete Smith in 2.47 (295th place)

Roger Porter in 3.11

Alex Richmond in 3.24

Mark Hoad in 3.29

Peter Edington in 3.30

Nick Martin in 3.38

Russell Fell in 3.49

Ray Ramon in 3.58

Peter Astles in 4.01 (1st marathon)

Mike Stone in 4.01

Mike Hickman in 4.02

Beverly Black in 4.08

Martin Dean in 4.09

Eriko Tanimoto in 4.13 (1st marathon)

Allison Packman in 4.30 (1st marathon)

Cecil Hamilton-Jones in 4.31

Pat Carter in 4.36

Mike Blowing in 4.39

Heather Taylor in 4.51

Paula Parkin in 5.50

Sue Cordery in 5.59

From a Spectator

I've run the London Marathon twice now and I hated it both times. I decided that this year maybe I would be better off watching. I wondered if watching would inspire me to run it again, but I can honestly say that it made me more determined not to.

I was lucky enough to have Debbie, Alex and Duncan to lead me to a fantastic vantage point. Alex flashed his Massage qualification at one of the officials and they let us stand on an island in the middle of the road, just past the 14 and 21 mile markers. We were really treated well; we were even brought a crate of water.

I watched in awe as Paula Radcliffe ran past. The first Handy Cross runner was always going to be Pete Smith who looked relaxed and easy as always. Next came Pete Edington followed closely by Mark Hoad, who by the way took Pete between 23 and the finish to beat him by nearly a minute. Sorry Pete, had to put that in. Then the throng of runners seemed to come from nowhere and suddenly you couldn't pick out a face. You had to hope that all of the club runners were wearing red, or that they would see us, because that was the only way to tell. We missed Mike Blowing. How on earth did you miss him I hear you ask? Well, quite easily really, if you've never been then you should.

We watched as one man collapsed on our little island and was clearly not going to be going any further. Debbie was great, she talked to him until the St. Johns lot arrived and took over. A few minutes later another man collapsed on the other side of the road and that was definitely the end for him as well. Debbie was great again, dodging runners to get to the other side of the road to offer him her coat and a friendly shoulder to cry on. He was upset, naturally. He said he felt like a failure. Well, don't we all when things don't go our way? This was his fourth London, so not a newcomer by any means.

We runners are always looking for ways to put ourselves down. Never pleased with our achievements, always striving for better times. I'm just as bad. I never think, "Hey, I just ran that distance and I enjoyed it." There's always a time to consider or someone I should have beaten.

Watching was a fantastic experience, the atmosphere was electrified. The people of London really do support the event. They were out in their hoards, shouting and whistling and generally encouraging. We were nearly deafened by a drum band that was about 50 metres away from us. They kept a

steady beat nearly the whole time we were there, I bet it was great for the runners though. The whole experience was really uplifting. The sea of faces just kept coming and it was getting harder and harder to focus. I had hoped to pick out a famous face or two, but all I managed was Eric Pollard off Emmerdale. Who?

After about four hours, I had only given two massages. Alex had done many more, but I was too busy exercising my vocal chords. I had brought a friend with me from Australia, so too much gassing and not much massaging going on. Anyway, when I did give a massage the guy turned out to be French. Who knows what Hamstring is in French? Not me that's for sure and 'string de ham' didn't work either. He just pointed in the end. To his leg, in case you were wondering.

We decided to head back to the coach. I was put through my paces with Alex. He might not run any more but he still walks pretty fast I can tell you. He was a man on a mission getting us back to that coach. I was so relieved when we got back to the Tate, only to discover the coach was on the other side of the road and we had to trek all the way back over the bridge.

We finally left London at 4:45pm a little later than planned. I'd had a great day but I was exhausted. Anyone would think I'd run it and not just watched. I had never appreciated how tiring it is watching. I heard everyone talking about their times and all I could do was think, "I should be able to run it that fast. Why does it always go wrong for me?" Maybe I'd better do another one. Not London, it doesn't agree with me, but somewhere, just to prove to myself that I can. Yes, I guess I was inspired really wasn't I?

Helen Murdoch

The Grizzly 2003

- It's Hard Being A Spectator.....

The day of the Grizzly dawned clear, sunny and warm.....OK, so I'm fantasising. It was actually cloudy, chilly and threatening rain. It's all right for the runners: they keep nice and warm on the way round the course. But for us dedicated spectators, who have to stand rooted to the spot for long periods at a time, with no other exercise to stimulate our blood circulation than raising our hands repeatedly (to clap vigorously you understand, nothing to do with sinking a few drinks), it's a different matter.

I looked out of the window just after 10 am and spotted a strange person performing a contortionist's act on the forecourt outside our holiday flat. It turned out to be Dave Leighton warming up. Sharon then emerged looking like a burglar going equipped, carrying as she was an empty sports bag. This turned out to be so that she could gather up Mike Hickman's, Peter Astles' and Mike Blowing's extra clothing as they divested themselves just before the start. However, when we met them as they came out onto the Promenade, Sharon was cheerfully informed that they'd decided to come out in their running gear and that her services as bag lady would not be required. "No problem," she muttered, through gritted teeth.

We positioned ourselves at the highest point on the town side of the road, as previously arranged with Tim, then fought off numerous other spectators' attempts to oust us from this excellent vantage point, and proceeded to make fools of ourselves shouting at Dave and various other Handy Crossers warming up below, who totally ignored us. I was a little concerned that Tim hadn't appeared shortly before the start, but then I spotted him further down looking agitated. I went to meet him, and was told that he had been looking everywhere for me, so that I could take his kit. Since I was exactly where I'd said I

would be, and he's known me for 23 years now, I put this temporary bout of blindness down to pre-race nerves.

After the start we walked briskly down to the roundabout, so we could cheer everyone off up the hill out of Seaton. No sooner had we climbed onto a wall to get some good photos, than our view was blocked by a car parking beside us. On the roundabout. On double yellow lines. Right next to the car which was waiting for the lead runner to appear, and clear him a safe passage along the first bit of road. Completely oblivious to all of this, and to the hordes of people milling about ("My goodness, it's busy here today") out got the elderly male driver and went round to the back of the car.

At this point Sharon and I breathed a sigh of relief, thinking that he had only stopped temporarily to get something out of the boot. But then his wife got out, clutching her small dog under her arm. She went to shut the car door but got her sleeve and nearly the dog caught in it. We watched, bemused. Having disentangled herself she joined her husband, and after a brief discussion, they secured the car (you can't be too careful these days) and set off with the dog for a nice walk along the beach, just as the first runners started to stream by. We don't think they even noticed!

Once we'd cheered on all our familiar faces, we were off - women on a mission. Back to the flat, into the car and out into the country. We had a quicker journey than ever before because the race didn't cross any of the roads in these early stages, which was a first. But it had to be too easy - we arrived at the Village Hall at Branscombe to find the car park full. Obviously others have cottoned on to my cunning plan of using that as the best place to leave a car off the narrow roads and to head off to more than one viewing point. However, there was one place I could park if I moved the two cones that were sitting in it. So I did (after asking the marshal of course).

And so we walked briskly up to the Fountain Head. The sun had started to come through, the jazz band was tuning up, and we headed into the pub's picturesque interior. "I'm really looking forward to this pint," announced Sharon happily to the world in general. "Well you won't get one!" said the man leaning on the bar. "They don't start serving alcohol until 12 o'clock!" It was only 11.30.

Disaster! So we had to settle for a cup of tea and an orange juice instead. And then we sat and waited, and tapped our feet to the music, until the leader came bounding (seriously) through, followed by many others. We clapped them all, which is very hard on the hands, although we were starting to feel better once we were able to get at the scrumpy (made in a rum-soaked barrel this time - wicked!).

Every Handy Crosser that came through, and every Dorset Dodder that I know from Tim's club down here, got a cheer from us, and some even stopped and gave us items of clothing. This resulted in the bloke sitting next to us commenting on how many men we seemed to know personally, some of whom were happy to undress for us. So that's that, any good reputation we may have had in South Devon is now in shreds thanks to our enthusiastic support. A very nice lady chatted to us in an extremely friendly manner, considering we were total strangers. "How friendly they are in the West Country!" we thought. It later turned out that she had seen us cheer on Pete Astles, and she's his sister!

Now timing is everything when you are spectating, so we knew that we had to get back to the Village Hall by a certain time (enough time for 6 miles and 2 bogs to be covered) to see everyone come through there. So we had a pleasant walk back and arrived in time to see Dave heading for home, and then we waited, and waited, and waited.....and then I had to make an executive decision, that if Sharon was going to be waiting dutifully for Dave to cheer him across the finish-

ing line (and more importantly to give him his warm clothing, drinks and food), we would have to abandon everyone else to their fates, and head back into Seaton. Sorry guys, you'll have to get Dave to run slower next year. The closer you all are together, the more places we can pop up in to support you!

So back down the hill we drove to the roundabout at the end of the Prom. To our great disappointment, the old couple's car was no longer there. We were hoping to find it clamped. Or maybe, just maybe, it did get clamped, and they drove off on their merry way without a clue, merely asking each other from time to time what on earth could be making that funny, clunking noise they could hear.....!

Well done to all you intrepid runners - Sharon and I had a great time before, during and after the race, particularly in the numerous watering holes we visited. Next year we are toying with the idea of not having to worry about our alcohol consumption by touring the course on a tandem - now there's a picture for you to contemplate!

See you in 2004.

Mary Kirman

Many thanks for another amusing article and your vocal support on the day Mary. By the way, the runners do get cold also, as well as wet and muddy!



Aromatherapy Massage



Being a little bored of looking after the children for five years I decided it was time to stretch the grey matter and enroll on a course. I wasn't sure what course but I knew I wanted to do something.

I finally decided upon massage. I had wanted to do sports massage like Mike and Alex, but Ian arrived home too late from work and with Rachel and Stuart it would have been too complicated to work out child care. I therefore enrolled on an aromatherapy massage course. I cajoled Sue Neale into coming along (well, you know us women, can't do anything on our own). She seemed a willing candidate, being in the same sort of predicament having children and all that.

We spent twelve weeks learning how to massage safely. Each week we were introduced to two new oils and given the benefits of each. We were taught which go with which and how to make the client relax or come to life with Sue and I taking turns to practice on each other.

Evidently, true aromatherapy massage should be gentle, but our tutor taught us to be a little more hands on as otherwise the whole experience can end up being a little too soft and this will irritate. The effect is nowhere near as deep a massage as a sports massage though.

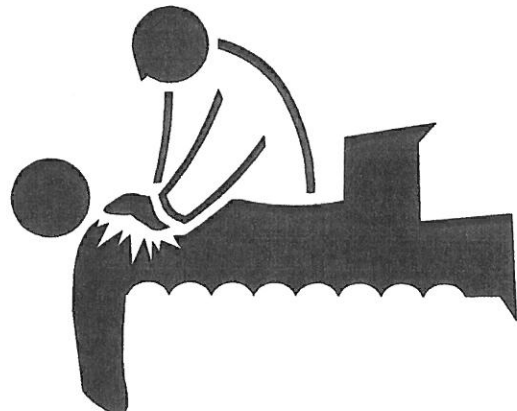
There was no exam at the end so therefore no certificate, unfortunately. I have decided to take it further and will be enrolling on a new course in September which is certificated and also studies physiology and anatomy. Best to know which muscles are being massaged I guess!

If anyone is interested in having an aromatherapy massage I do have my own couch. I am loath to charge as I am not qualified but in order to cover the cost of oils I would charge £8 if you were to come to me or £10 if I were to come to you. The massage lasts an hour and would be a full body massage unless there was a specific area that you would prefer me to have a go at. I would blend oils to your specific needs.

I have studied for 12 weeks and have used Debbie and Nick Martin as guinea pigs. I also now have a very relaxed husband.

If you are interested, please see me at the club or phone me on 01494 445084.

Helen Murdoch



Neolithic Marathon

So called because of its route between the ancient stone circles at Avebury and Stonehenge (or is it because of the age of the competitors?) this combined walk or run covers a variety of scenery, starting over the chalky downs, then descending into the lush Vale of Pewsey before climbing onto the bleak Salisbury Plain for the last fourteen miles.

Not having run it for four years, I had forgotten how hard it is, but having trained for London I thought I should be fit enough. Eddie Ramon also ran it last year, but his memory being short, decided to do it again this year, so we travelled down to Stonehenge together and caught the coach back to Avebury for the start.

It was a gloriously sunny morning, in complete contrast to the previous day's weather, consequently I hadn't packed any sun cream. While waiting for the start we walked round the ancient stone circles where we were joined by one of Ed's mates who suggested hugging the stones to absorb their energy to help us on the run! Must be something to do with being American.

I think Ed must have done some secret stone-hugging though, because he left the start like a clockwork mouse and I soon had to abandon all hope of trying to keep up.

The lovely cloudless sky was unfortunately accompanied by a strong south-westerly wind and guess which direction we were heading?

Fifty percent of the walkers seemed to have brought their dogs along and the runners seemed to spend most of their time dodging round walkers or falling over their dogs.

I thought I was going too well when I reached the ten mile marker in ninety minutes, but I had vain hopes that Ed would blow up and I would canter past him near the end, so I tried to keep up the pace.

But Salisbury Plain was the killer once more. It is a featureless, open, unsheltered and undulating stretch which had to be crossed against the wind in the heat of the early afternoon and by nineteen miles I was reduced to walking.

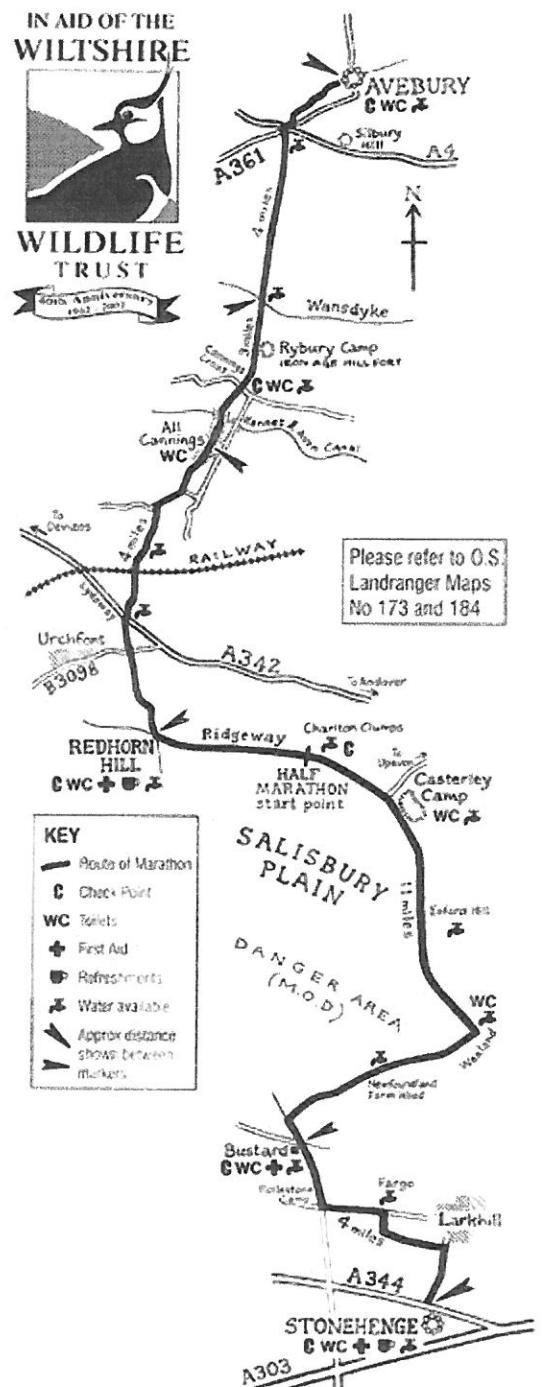
However the army entertained us with a display of tank manoeuvres before Stonehenge was again in sight and I limped to the finish in four hours and twenty seven minutes, to be congratulated by no less a person than the Lord Lieutenant of Wiltshire.

The event is run by the Wiltshire Wildlife Trust, who's rather 'upper-crust' members all seem to speak with a plum in their mouths, but are very good organisers none the less.

Ed was waiting for me at the finish (well he wanted a lift back home) but his mate

was a further forty minutes behind, which gave us great pleasure.

This is a lovely event which is well worth the effort to walk or run (I have done both several times) but if I do it again I will not forget the sun cream, as I was horribly burnt by the finish.



Farcical Op

It all began in the waiting room of the Gyne ward (don't worry fellas, I won't go in to details). I had been waiting for a bed for a good three hours when a lady came in to the holding area to use the phone. She asked if I was able to lift things, to which I replied, "Yes, I haven't had my op yet". She wanted a chair, so I duly lifted one down from the pile for her. She said I was a gentleman and I just assumed she was using this as a turn of phrase.

When she was coming to the end of her call, the nurse came in and switched on the light. The lady turned to me with a look of horror and said, "Oh, I'm so sorry, it was dark in here and I thought" I realised then that she really had thought I was a man! How many men do you often get waiting for a bed in the gyne ward? Or worse, did she think I was transsexual?

My anaesthetist came to see me to discuss my drugs. He told me that towards the end of the op it was necessary to wake me to ask me a few questions and then I would be put back under. He said that only 3-4% of people actually remembers being woken.

The next day dawned and it was my birthday, oh and the day of my op. The nurses were great. One said, "You should ask the surgeon to sing Happy Birthday to you". The next nurse took my blood pressure and said how low it was. She asked if I was fit and I replied that I liked to think so. She asked if I ran and what distances, and I told her anything between 5K and marathons.

The trolley arrived and a staff nurse asked if I'd mind her watching the op. I couldn't have cared if the Queen was in theatre as long as it went smoothly. I was wheeled to an area outside the theatre for my anaesthetic. I was under within seconds.

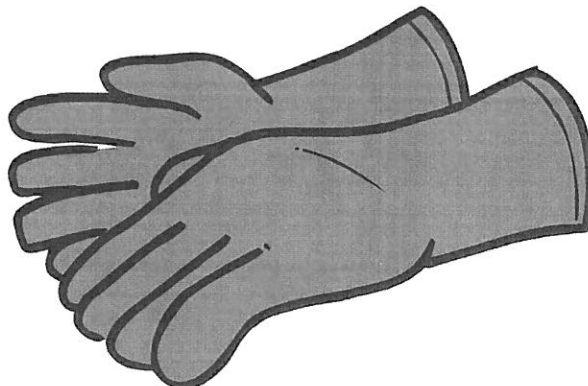
My consultant came in to the recovery area after and said, "My God, you're a chatterbox. Don't worry nothing incriminating. We didn't sing Happy Birthday though." I said, "What a miserable lot" and I thought, "What the hell is he on about?" I was desperate to see Simone the staff nurse who had asked to watch, so that she could tell me what I'd said.

A few hours later and she came to see me. She asked if I could remember being woken and I said that I had remembered asking to look and I could recall what I'd seen. Great that I should remember that bit and be one of only 3-4% to remember at all. She said that as soon as the anaesthetic had started to wear off I'd started to mutter. My consultant had asked if his face was blurry, I had replied that, "No, he had two heads." I am told the whole theatre erupted in fits of laughter.

I then proceeded to talk about 5K's and times. Who says running rules your life? My consultant is a runner fortunately and as he carried out the op he was telling me how he runs 5K in 23:30. When we'd exhausted this topic I started demanding that he sang Happy Birthday to me over and over again. I had then sat up and asked to look. Nobody has ever asked to look before!

He came to see me the next day and I have never been so embarrassed. He was great but his parting shot was that I really needed to get my 5K times down.

Helen (mad) Murdoch



The Otmoor Challenge

I realised why it's called a challenge when I received my entry confirmation, there was no map, number, or instructions included!

However the entry form went to an address in Horton cum Studley, so I headed for there and found it easily. It is a much larger event than I had realised and is combined with the village fete, so there were lots of people around. The next part of the challenge was to obtain a number. This involved queuing with runners who had already paid and those paying on the day.

At last I was ready and found Sue Fenn and John Peerless who were also running, accompanied by Russell and Angie, who weren't.

The first few miles of this half marathon were very pleasant on quiet country lanes, passing through such delightfully named villages as Fencott, Murcott and Charlton on Otmoor. I was joined by Steve Lynch for a few miles but then the going got tough!

The course veered off the country lanes and across a few fields before joining a narrow, grassy and very rutted footpath that seemed to go on for miles around the moor. A curious feature of this area is that there are several rivers flowing into Otmoor but none flowing out, which probably accounts for the name.

It was a hot day and the surrounding water filled meadows became very steamy and humid so I was looking forward to the next water station, but unfortunately it was at the top of a hill! However what goes up must come down but the finish from mile twelve was along a hot, straight and very busy road.

I won't say what my time was but it was slower than Debbie's in the previous year, so retirement is looming! All in all it was an enjoyable run, but held at the wrong time of the year for me. I would give it seven out of ten.

Annual Dinner and Dance

We had been promised amusing pictures before the dinner and no cabaret after this year, but when I arrived there were no pictures either. However Helen soon came in and put up an excellent display together with a quiz which involved identifying club members from some very old photographs.

Helen wasn't the only late arrival, the chairman's late entrance was greeted with some ironic cheers, while the Kingshill contingent nearly missed the soup!

The meal was excellent as usual (I just wish the football team were as good as the caterers). Alex presented the chairman's awards to Lucy Couturier for her warm up routine and Nick Martin for organising the May Meanders and Ridgeway Relay, while Sue Fenn was deservedly voted Runner of the Year for all the pb's she has achieved recently.

Nigel seemed unaware that there was to be no cabaret this year and entertained us with a dance routine from *Grease*, dressed in a kilt and accompanied by Lucy. Unfortunately due to his ankle injury, he had to wear trainers, which looked rather incongruous! We were also treated to an impromptu return performance by four out of five of The Nice Girls, lovely to see them again this year.

Many thanks to Debbie and her helpers for organising such an enjoyable event although, and I know I say this every year, but it could be so much better if more people attended. The club has over a hundred members now so we should be able to fill the Vere Suite and make these events even more special.

Dave Who?

Did you know we have a new chairman called Dave Johnson? If you don't believe me, look in the Bucks Free Press!

Marlow 5

This years Marlow 5 was a victim of its own success. With over seven hundred runners completing the race and the middle markers finishing so closely together, the funnel was unable to disgorge the competitors quickly enough. The resulting back-up prevented the following runners from crossing the finishing line, leading to queues to cross the line, incorrect times and much complaining. Hopefully we can only learn from this and improve next year.

However apart from that, it was still a great occasion and the finishers were very happy with their medals!

Senior Men: 1st Ian Williamson in 25.48
2nd Neill Perry in 26.11
3rd Justin Fowler in 26.54

Senior Ladies: 1st Hayley Yelling in 26.23
2nd Zoe Hannan in 31.58
3rd Louise Rice in 33.48

Junior Men: Richard Taylor in 26.38

Junior Lady: Michelle Stubinfield in 39.13

Male Veterans: 40+ Steve Wells in 27.39
50+ Tony Linturn in 29.55
60+ Keith Scudamore in 30.58

Lady Veterans: 40+ Jackie Bartlett in 33.05
50+ Margaret Averback in 33.42
60+ Eila Mansfield in 42.39

1st Athletic Club (men) Vale of Aylesbury

1st Athletic Club (ladies) Marlow Striders

1st Company Team: Acton Fire Station

1st Sports & Social Team: Clayton Cocktails

Fastest Lady Hayley Yelling, finished in third place overall and had appeared on TV the previous day in the Balmoral 5, while the fastest Junior Richard Taylor finished the race in fourth place overall.

Handy Cross Results

Duncan Clark in 28.27 (11th)
Roger Porter in 29.13 (17th)
John Peerless in 29.39 (22nd)
Alan Songhurst in 34.45
Sue Fenn in 35.08
Ian Murdoch in 38.51 (pb)
Alison Packman in 45.21
Dave Nash in 45.?
Jackie Harding in 46.36
Antony Barlow in 48.54
Linda Gaitskell in 48.54
Grace Wilson in 49.11
Alison Alexander in 49.11
Marion Baker in 49.56
Richard Stone in 50.40
Sue Neale in 50.49
Bill Nobbs in 51.33
Sue Walker in 51.57
Jaqui Barker in 53.06
Stella Gwilliam in 54.26

Dave Nash failed to cross the finishing line because Alex dragged him out of the queue to do some last minute marshalling!



Results



Maidenhead Easter 10

John Peerless in 1.03
Alfred Benjamin in 1.04
Trevor Free in 1.06
Tony Crockett in 1.10
Michael Hollis in 1.14
Debbie Jones in 1.15
Sue Fenn in 1.16 (pb)
Paul Palmer in 1.16

Kirsti Robertson in 1.17
Alan Songhurst in 1.17
Margaret Moody in 1.18
Mike Hickman in 1.23
Angie McLoughlin in 1.28
Helen Murdoch in 1.32
Ann Palmer in 1.42
Linda Gaitskill in 1.44
Julie Dean in 1.44
Martin Dean in 1.44
Debbie Brown in 1.49

Paris Marathon

Sue Fenn in 3.28
Lucy Couturier in 4.10
(both pb's)

White Horse Half Marathon

Dave Leighon in 1:25.19 (pb)
John Peerless in 1:27.00
Benji Benjamin in 1:28:08
Jock MacClean in 1.35.49
Paul Jennings in 1.38.31
Angela Mcloughlin in 1.54.14

Pednor 5

Roger Porter in 30.33 (15th)
John Peerless in 31.03 (23rd)
Ken Hemmings in 34.29
Mike Blowing in 38.19
Heather Taylor in 42.46
Keith Hicks in 43.17
Linda Gaitskill in 50.15

Chinnor Half Marathon

Trevor Hunter in 1.20.44 (2nd)
John Dooley in 1.27.01 (10th)
Benji Benjamin in 1.34.31
Trevor Free in 1.39.31
(1st Men's' Team)
Nick Martin in 1.43.11
Jock MacClean in 1.46.25
Margaret Moody in 1.54.03

Chinnor 10K

Mark Hoad in 41.20
Gill Brooks in 50.32
Liz Davey in 50.33
Debbie Ridout in 51.52
Helen Murdoch in 54.04

Prestwood 10K

Roger Porter in 38.01 (9th)
Benji Benjamin in 40.24
Ken Hemmings in 42.10
Paul Jennings in 43.03
Margaret Moody in 45.10
Peter Astles in 45.18
Jock MacClean in 46.07
Mike Blowing in 48.18
Mike Hickman in 49.39
Liz Davey in 49.51
Dave Woolley in 50.24
Eddie Ramon in 50.51
Debbie Ridout in 50.55
Heather Taylor in 54.09
Dave Nash in 57.34
Jackie Harding in 60.4
Richard Stone in 64.35

Penn 7

Benji Benjamin in 46.22 (11th)

Rod Palmer in 51.34

Jock MacClean in 52.40

Eddie Ramon in 55.36

Terry Eves in 56.22

Lucy Couturier in 61.59

Keith Hicks in 69.01

Marion Baker in 74.09

The Handy Ladies team of Debbie Jones, Sue Fenn and Kirsti Robertson finished fourth in the Maidenhead 10.

The Men's team of Trevor Hunter, John Dooley, Benji Benjamin and Trevor Free won the team prize in the Icknield Half Marathon at Chinnor.

Kirsti Robertson finished second in both the Hart Sprint Triathlon and the Oxfordshire Fire Services Triathlon.

Marion Baker & Grace Wilson both recorded pbs in the St Albans 10k.

Jim Doyle ran his first race, the Oxford 10K Town and Gown in 46.41.

Sue Fenn ran the Wargrave 10K in 46.24 the day after the Otmoor Challenge and Helen Murdoch finished in 57.55.

Phil Stephens has finished in the top ten in all three of this years races in the 5K series.

Ellen Haynes finished fourth out of more than a thousand ladies in the Race for Life 5K on the Rye.

Nigel Cairns and Rod Palmer both had to retire in the Canal Run, Nigel at fifty miles and Rod at ninety. Bad luck both of you but congratulations on getting that far!

Ray Harris

Further to my obituary in the last Bulletin, Brian Sinclair e-mailed me to add that to him, Ray seemed indestructible and while it is nice to remember him by 'the cups in the porch', we mustn't forget he was our oldest runner for many years and picked up quite a few awards, especially in the Wycombe Half.

He was a baker by trade and had got up at three in the morning for fifty years to do his job. He did the London and New York marathons, but that was in his early years when he was only seventy!

Aladdin

I've received confirmation from the Wycombe Swan already (Oh no you haven't! Oh yes I have! etc....) that they have reserved us twenty tickets for the first performance of this years pantomime (starring Frank Bruno) on Friday 12th December.

Just Resting

A recent Runner's World article said, "To run and race better, sometimes you have to run less or not at all". The article concluded by recommending the amount of rest required by different age groups. I was delighted to see that over 55's should rest every other day!

Lifestyles Membership

Membership renewals will be due on 1st of August, but the good news is that there has been no price increase this year. Lifestyles have also opened a new centre in Prestwood which we can use.

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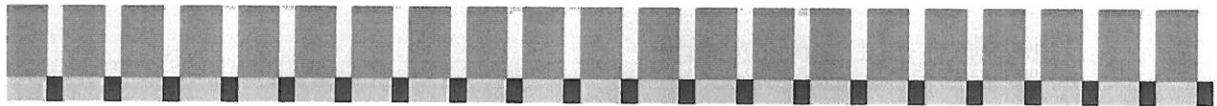
Expanding Possibilities

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21st Benidorm Marathon & Half

Sunday 23rd November 2003

Duncan Kennerson can arrange a trip to this popular event leaving Gatwick on Thursday 20th November at 16.55 and returning on Thursday 27th November at 22.35 for £315 half board at the Hotel Sol Pelicanos or Ocas

The only extras are entry fee of £15 for the marathon
or £12 for the half if running (non runners are also welcome)

Single Supplement of £10.50 per night

Full Board for an extra £3.50 per day

Insurance (if required) £28 pp

To secure your place give Duncan cash or a cheque for £105 payable to
Handy Cross Runners

Alex's Tuesday Night Training Programme

- June 3 8 x 100m 85% 2 mins rest / 4 x 100 m full speed - 6 x 100m 85%
(on grass)
- June 10 Marlow 5k road race
- June 17 Hill session 6 x short & 6 long hills Monkton Farm
- June 24 Handy Cross 5k road race on the Rye
- July 1 8 x 400m effort over last 50 meters with 2 min rest after 4 (on grass)
- July 8 6 x 200m with 200 recovery @ 85% 4 x 200m with 200 recovery
@ 100% (Maidenhead 5k Road Race on 9 July)
- July 15 Time Trial 2 Laps of Cressex
- July 22 Datchet 5 K Road Race
- July 29 Pyramid session 2 x 100m, 2 x 200m, 2x 300m, 2 x 200m, 2 x 100m
On closed circuit, warm downs as appropriate.

All sessions will commence with a warm-up and stretch, drills and warm down, wear warm clothing during warm up and stretches.

Keep the dream alive !

Alex Johnson UK Athletics Coach

Handy Cross Runners

Telephone: 01628-523322 Mobile 07802 791878

Mike's Wednesday Night Training Programme

Venue:- Athletics track at Wycombe Sports Centre, Marlow Hill. Starting promptly at 7:00pm. All abilities should enjoy and benefit from these sessions.

ALL SESSIONS START AND FINISH WITH 4 LAPS (OR EQUIVALENT) WARM UP/COOL DOWN, FOLLOWED BY STRETCHING AND MOBILITY EXERCISES.

- 2-7-03 4 x 1600m (400m jog recovery).
- 9-7-03 **NO SESSION. MAIDENHEAD 5k.**
- 16-7-03 "Downers" 2 x 1600/800/400m (400m jog recovery, 5 min's. rest between sets).
- 23-7-03 "Parlauf" session 12 x 400m.
- 30-7-03 6 x 800m "Differentials". Brisk effort on 1st lap, then hard effort on 2nd. (400m jog recovery).
- 6-8-03 Pyramid session. 200/400/600/800/1200/800/600/400/200m (200m jog recovery. 400m after 800 & 1200m efforts).
- 13-8-03 5 x 1000m, (400m jog recovery).
- 20-8-03 4 x 1200m, followed by 1 x 400m. (400m jog recovery).
- 27-8-03 **THE GERRY GROSSE TROPHY 5,000m HANDICAP RACE / Wednesday Track Group 5,000m Handicap Race.**
- 3-9-03 13 x 400m (200m walk/jog recovery).
- 10-9-03 "Parlauf" session 6 x 800m. (A really complicated Mike effort this folks! 1st person jogs 400m as recovery whilst 2nd is running 800m effort. If person who is doing effort passes person on recovery lap twice then recovering runner has to start his effort from that point and run the remainder of his recovery lap as effort in addition to the 800m).
- 17-9-03 4 x 1200m, followed by 1 x 400m. (400m jog recovery).
- 24-9-03 3 x 1600m, followed by 1 x 400m. (400m jog recovery).

Mike Hickman

uk: athletics coach (L3 Mar)

Sports & Remedial Massage therapist MHFST

Telephone 01494 525474 or 07947 309923 (Mobile).

e-mail mikehick@btinternet.com

Future Events



Summer 5k Series

Handy X Tues 24th June

Maidenhead Wed 9th July

Datchet Tues 22nd July

Sunday 22nd June

Ridgeway Relay

Sunday 27th July

The Summer Tough Guy

Sunday 29th June

Thame 10K

Sunday 10th August

Bearbrook 10K

Sunday 6th July

Princes Risborough 10K

Sunday 17th August

Burnham Half Marathon

Sunday 13th July

Wycombe Half Marathon

Sunday 14th September

The Chiltern Marathon