



Handy Cross Runners  
Newsletter

# The Bulletin

September 2007

**M**any thanks to the people who responded to my plea in the last Bulletin for more articles, I think you'll find this one much more interesting.

The 5K at Datchet was the last in the series and Fred Ashford made it a clean sweep of first place finishes in the V70 category, while Margaret Moody won her fourth race in her category. Maryse Haynes was 2nd FJ while mum Ellen was 3rd FV40. Benji was 1st MV50, Frank 3rd MS and Mike Hollis was 3rd MV50. We averaged over fifty runners in each event. Well done everyone.

The end of the 5K series and the last of the summer evening pub runs heralds the onset of Autumn, but there's still plenty to look forward to, like the new Chiltern League cross-country season, where we will be competing in Division 1 this season after achieving promotion last year. The Thames Valley C-C League, which is a similar format to the 5K series, starts in November, dates are on page 5.

## Gerry Grosse Trophy/Wednesday Track Group 5K Handicap Race

**D**espite the awful weather, 22 people turned out to take part in our annual 5k Handicap Race on Wednesday 22<sup>nd</sup> August. Gerry travelled up from Weston Super Mare to take part himself and to award the prizes. It was great to see him again looking so fit and well. The heavy rain made the lap and time recording very difficult, but thanks to Ellen Haynes's complete unflappability, I was prevented from falling apart like the soggy pieces of paper I was trying to write on. Many thanks also to Vernon Martin for calling out the times and to Stephan Naunko for holding the umbrella over us, trying to keep us all dry.

The runners were all started off at the same time with the objective of bettering the unknown (closed handicap) target times I had set for them based on the results of this years 5k series.

The wet and windy conditions soon put paid to most people's hopes of setting a season's personal best. However this year's winner Helen Mengel, didn't let the weather stop her from improving on her previous best 5k time by 1 minute and 56 seconds. Helen gets to look after and polish the Gerry Grosse Trophy for the year. She was also presented with a plaque for being the first lady. Well done Helen!

Ralph Chesswas won the plaque for "First Man". He was 45 seconds inside his season's best time. Congratulations Ralph! It's great to see you finding some form again.

John Peerless only just missed out on the honour of being first man. He was 42 seconds inside his season's best. He was awarded a plaque for being the most improved of my Wednesday Track Group runners. Well served John!

Rob Pettingell was awarded a bottle of wine for setting the fastest time of the evening. Good running Rob!

Jo Smith was awarded a bottle of wine for being the person coming closest to the target times I had set. Well done Jo!

Jo Hutchby was awarded a bottle of wine for being the person who savoured the experience of this event for the lengthiest time. She also had the largest deficit between time taken and that set. Normally that would have warranted being given another bottle, but in the interest of Jo needing to get into hard training for next year as soon as possible, I gave it someone else. Well done Jo.!

Thanks to all of you for taking part and for your support in making our club special.

Mike Hickman

*See all the results on Page 7*

*Many congratulations to Mike on completing the 85 mile Ridgeway Challenge over the August Bank Holiday weekend. I don't know what his time was, but just completing such a long and difficult run is a tremendous achievement.*

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## The High Life

Now those of you who know us, will know that Helen and I have not been around much recently and have been a little remiss in keeping up our running. In truth, this article doesn't have a lot of running in it, in fact hardly any at all, or to be more accurate.....none. But it does have one thing that runners know all about. Endurance, lots of it (which you may need to get to the end).

Around new year time, when so many things that are six months away seem like the personal trial that will change your life and imbue you with the wisdom of Zen, Helen and three other girls decided that the three peaks challenge was a virtuous goal. For the uninitiated, the three peaks challenge consists of climbing the highest mountains in Scotland (Ben Nevis), England (Sca'fell Pike) and Wales (Snowdon)..... in 24 hours.....non stop. It's a total climb of 11,176 feet, that's well over one third the height of Everest, and the trip between the first and last involves a drive of approximately 550 miles, not forgetting to stop off and climb the middle one on the way.

The girls arranged a couple of recce visits to the closest two rocks to get an idea of what was facing them. At the end of their second trip, to the Lake District, two of them woke up, came to their senses and said, "Thanks but no thanks!" This left only Helen and Karen, and as most sensible people will tell you, you can't climb mountains in two's unless you are very experienced. In stepped the gallant husbands. Shouldn't be a problem, we're pretty fit, they're only hills and we've still got three months, .....two months,..... four weeks,....agh!

Now be honest, why do you run, triathle or whatever it is that brings you to the running club?

Kit!

Cool, state of the art, expensive kit! I know people (I won't name you but you know who you are) who buy their suits, shirts and shoes in Primark for a grand total of £60, but think nothing of shelling out £100 for trainers and another £90 for the top and shorts.

Mountaineering (they're mountains, we climbed them....ergo..) is a veritable kit fest! Before you even think about taking on a proper hill, you need; good boots, walking socks, technical shirt, micro fleece, sun cap, fleecy hat, thermal gloves, waterproof jacket and trousers, walking poles and rucksack. In the rucksack you need; maps, compass, first aid kit, torch, whistle, water purification tablets, insect repellent, sun cream, Kendall mint cake and survival bag (sleeping bag made out of Baco foil). Also, there are no wa-

ter stations on the mountains so if you want to drink something you're confident a sheep didn't die in, you have to carry it up.

Now that lot will get you up one hill. To be sure of doing three mountains in some sort of comfort, or even just avoiding abject misery, you're going to need spares of a lot of that. So, two hundred and plenty quid later, we loaded up the Ford Focus and set off to the wilds of the West Highlands on Thursday morning.

There are no set rules as to how you address the time limit. Some people go peak to peak, content in the knowledge that they hit all three peaks in 24 hours. Others go car park to car park, which is the most difficult. There is however a one hour or so (fairly hard) walk from the visitor centre to the point where you step onto Ben Nevis and we opted to make this the start point, and the car park at Pen-y-pas at the foot of Snowdon the finish.

On Friday, we had a lazy morning, a nice lunch and arrived at the visitor centre around 2.30pm. We checked and double checked the back packs, applied the insect repellent and took on fluids. We set off around 3.30pm at a decent pace, in lovely conditions. It was warm without being hot, dry and visibility was excellent. We arrived at Lochan Meall an t-Siudh, our nominated start point after about an hour where we stopped for a short rest and drink. We were already at about 800 feet and the views were spectacular down Glen Nevis. We set off at 4.38pm on a path that was steep and rocky, but well defined.

Ben Nevis is a popular climb and there were plenty people on it, most of them coming down. The majority going up at that time of day were on the same schedule as us and this would not be the last time we saw them in the 24hrs. We kept up the pace and passed a lot of our fellow climbers, but the higher we got, the steeper and harder it got. We were however in good spirits and full of enthusiasm and we hit the summit plateau 1hr and 30 mins after leaving the Lochan, a decent time by any standards. Helen had carried a miniature bottle of Ben Nevis whiskey up the hill and we shared a toast to the first leg on the summit. By now the peak had become shrouded in cloud. The fleeces we had put on half an hour earlier were soaked in rain that had not needed to fall to find us. Visibility was down to about 10m, so we did as the shepherds and got the flock off the hill!

Going down was as difficult as coming up. Not as tiring for sure, but the rocks were wet, the path steep and staying on your feet was a challenge in itself. Our one niggling concern was getting down in daylight, but we arrived at the car park just before nine, a good 90 minutes before sun down.



We brewed up a cup of tea on the stove, packed the car and set off down through Glen Coe. We were in great spirits.

We arrived at the car park at Wasdale Head at the base of Scafell Pike around 3am. It was too dark and too wet to set off so we tried to catch an hour's sleep. The weather forecast for the Saturday in the Lakes was clear, warm and dry. At 4.30am as we set off, it was drizzling, cold and the dawn was grey and foreboding. By 5.30am, it was gusting 40mph which was driving the rain horizontally into our faces.

Scafell is not like Ben Nevis. It is 1200 feet lower for a start, but there are no zig-zags, no contour tracking, no flat sections for relief, bar one short ridge. It is like climbing wet, steep, unstable stairs relentlessly for two hours. At about 600 feet, Helen and Karen had told us there was "babbling brook" that they had crossed on their recce trip. One babbling brook + 3 months solid rain = 1 raging torrent (poetic licence). It was a frightening crossing with water at knee high and fast moving. Some of our fellow climbers (there were a lot less here), turned at that point. At 6.00am we regrouped and considered abandoning. We agreed to keep going provided it didn't get any worse. It did, but we just didn't talk about it. We reached the cairn, touched it, turned round and left. No photos, no toasts, no smiles. Not even relief, we still had the descent.

On Nevis, I had floated up and down the line, sometimes at the front with David (who had a pathological need to lead) but often at the back, to try and help. You don't talk much, but you work together. You absolutely do not need to hear, "Come on, you're doing well" etc. but sometimes it helps to have someone just behind you, not pressuring, not talking, just helping.

On Scafell I was at the back because I couldn't keep up.

We were back at the car by 8.20am, we were very wet and it was still raining. We decided to strip as much off as was polite, and just get in and go. We considered stopping at a service station to sort ourselves out, but suddenly time was the enemy. I had driven most of the way down from Scotland, so David took the wheel, but after 20 minutes, he was suffering. Karen took over, but she too was tired and a bit unsure of the car. We were losing time, we were wet, we were tired and the elation of completing Nevis seemed a lot longer than 11 hours ago.

We stopped for fuel and I hijacked the driver's seat. The sun was coming out, but unfortunately so were the weekend drivers, nevertheless I put the pedal to the metal and we began to make up some time. David took

over a couple of hours later and progress was good until we arrived at the car park at the bottom of the Pyg Trail, allegedly the fastest way up Snowdon. The car park was full! We had been warned that parking on the verge could lead to clamping and towing so there was nothing else for it but wait. We eventually got going just after 1.00pm.

The sun and rest in the car had cheered everyone up a bit. Everyone says that Snowdon is the easy one, the Pyg trail is fast, we still had 3 ½ hours. Surely we would do it. David, our pacemaker, had twisted a knee on Scafell however and was finding it increasingly difficult to crack on. It was Karen, who had probably found the ascent of Nevis harder than anyone, who set a blistering pace. She was determined to get inside the time. The Pyg trail starts quite steep, but then as you go round the back of Snowdon, it levels out and even goes down a bit.

It was on this part that I noticed how stretched out our team had become. From first to last there was maybe 250m at times. Each in their own place, each coping with a different mind trauma. We had been awake for about 32 hours, we had climbed and descended over 9,000 feet already, driven over 500 miles. There was no need for conversation. Each had the good grace to keep their fatigue, their concern, their frustration with the clock to themselves. We all felt it in different ways, we all knew it. We all wanted each other to go faster or slower, but we didn't say it. We just kept going.

After a while, the Pyg trail turns from a fairly placid walk into a full scramble in places. We had been going just over an hour when we asked a climber coming down how far to the top. About 30 mins he said. We pushed on. 10 mins later we asked another. At least an hour and it's treacherous! It was like being punched in the face. Treacherous was perhaps slightly over the top, and his time estimate was conservative, but he wasn't too far off.

We hit the summit around 3.05pm, and it was like Piccadilly Circus. There were loads of people there, some with their dogs, one bloke with a mountain bike for God's sake. Many had come up the longer slower Snowdon ranger track, and they were without exception cheery and friendly. For us however, they were intruders. We were tired and a little emotional, and I don't think we enjoyed the moment as much as we should have.

I caught sight of a three peak team we had seen on both the other mountains just as we were coming off the summit. We shook hands and took a moment to pass. No intruders now. I checked my watch, we had an hour and 25 mins left. Although it seemed like the longest climb of the lot we had actually got up in under two hours. The scramble down however was going to be hard. We opted for the miners track back, which was a longer steeper de-



scent than the route up, followed by a long flattish walk round the lake and back to the same car park.

At the bottom of the descent, we checked the time again. We didn't know how far was left however as we were on a different track. Karen's determination was burning now and she decided to try and run the rest of the way. David was now more comfortable running than walking and did his best to keep up.

She had 25 minutes left.

It was a 40 min run.

Helen and I walked back in about 10-15 mins later.

It didn't matter. The achievement is so much more than you thought it would be. It's physically hard, much harder than an Olympic distance triathlon. On Sunday morning I did the commentary for the Wycombe Half and needed to be helped down the steps out of the caravan, but it's the mental side that really gets you. The mental trauma is gradual. You don't see it coming and you don't realise it's there until after, long after. I don't have a great head for heights, but I'm not too bad. On the last few hundred feet of Snowdon however, I began to suffer with acute vertigo. I was convinced that I was going to fall off the hill. I'm sure it wouldn't have happened if it had been the first climb.

There's lots of team bonding and all that in a project like this, but the overwhelming lesson was respect. Respect for Ben Nevis, the friendly king of British hills with the arctic climate. Respect for Scafell Pike, an evil nasty hill in weather, and respect for Snowdon, the grand old lady of Wales, who presents as challenging a climb in places as either of the other two.

Mountains don't argue with you, don't bend to your will, don't accommodate you. They welcome you and kill you with the same utter indifference. They are the most reliable things you will ever come across.

Pressure often strains friendships, but this did not. Including the trip up and back, the four of us spent eleven hours climbing together and almost 24 hours cooped up in an increasingly pungent Ford Focus. We didn't talk a lot, and the pre climb rule that "Anything said on the mountain doesn't count", never needed to be invoked.

David and Karen are our friends, but from now on they will be a little more than that. They are the people we did the 3 peaks with.

Ian Murdoch

## Fun At The Dew Drop Inn

*(Or, He Really Dropped In!)*

It's a well-established routine. Whenever we go anywhere new, Mrs L drives and I navigate. Years of experience has shown that my sense of direction is far more finely honed and Lynn rather fancies herself as a rally driver.

So, as I headed off for the Dew Drop Inn (albeit without my trusty co-pilot) I was pretty confident I'd find the way. So what if I hadn't been able to make the previous Mystery Run outings to Hurley? Mike's directions seemed pretty straightforward after all.

So confident was I that I didn't even bother to take the instructions with me, having committed them effortlessly to memory. Who needs sat nav? Pah!

So.... how was it that I ended up overshooting the turning into the car park and realising the ever-narrowing track I now found myself on was perhaps not on Mr Hickman's suggested route?

Hmm...so it's too narrow to turn round. Bugger! No problem – I'll just reverse back along the twisty downhill track.

Next, there was an almighty crunch! Ah.... not sure that was supposed to happen. I couldn't actually get out of the vehicle in the conventional way as a hedge was now approximately four inches from my window, so I clambered out via the passenger door, the car now leaning towards the greenery at a bit of an alarming angle.

As I began to take in what I'd done, the door swung lazily shut – colliding with my left thumb, which I had forgotten to remove from said opening. "Flip!" I said, and began twirling my arm in the manner of Pete Townshend. Through the stars which were now flashing before my eyes I discovered the car was dangling perilously over the edge of a ditch, with its rear end wedged solidly over a low wall.

"Flip, flip, flip!!" I clambered back into the car and tried to move forwards. The sound of spinning wheels and a sort of scraping, which was more first-week violin pupil than rock axeman, greeted my ears.



As a feeling of panic slowly started to overwhelm the pain in my swollen digit, a bemused-looking Donna suddenly appeared in her car. After agreeing with her that this was not an alternative entrance to the pub, we headed off back down the hill to seek assistance, just as Mr P Eddington and assorted other members of the Handy X Country Lane Rescue Service arrived.

I led a group of trusty volunteers to the scene of my denouement. "Flip! How did you manage that?" they asked. And so.... rather than warm up for a seven-mile run, a group of guys in silly shorts and trainers lifted the back end of my car while I gingerly moved it forward, watched by a smaller group of admiring women - always keen to watch Peter and the boys flex their biceps.

Five minutes later I was safely parked outside the pub with, amazingly, no damage to my vehicle. Ironically, it was Donna who later asked me to move my car to allow her to go home early. The guy whose Jag I had to manoeuvre past to let her out was heard phoning his insurers just as I slipped the gears into reverse....

I'm writing this the day before taking our other (and far newer, more expensive) car on a family holiday to France. I'm popping into Halfords later to buy a Tom Tom.

Chris Lansdown

PS. I'd just like to say a big thanks to everyone who helped out - I'm not even sure who pitched up in the end but you know who are. And if anyone wants a lift to the next Mystery Run....

*Thanks Chris, but I think I'll give that a miss!*

The previous months pub run from the Rising Sun at Little Hampden was less eventful but no less enjoyable, although it was a cold and wet evening.

The eagle-eyed landlord looked carefully at everyone's feet, but I don't think anyone let the club down by bringing in any mud and the food was good, when it eventually arrived.

The final event from the Gate at Bryants Bottom was only just completed in daylight, but it was a pleasantly warm evening and most people enjoyed their meal outside in the dark.

## One in a Million

**K**aren Jenkins is officially 'one in a million' as her rare form of cancer only affects one person in a million. She managed to raise over £5,000 for charity in the Race For Life on the Rye in June, which she completed with her mum Kathie and other friends and family in 30 minutes.

## Thames Valley XC League

**Y**es it's that time of the year again and here is the semi provisional fixtures list for the 2007/2008 season. Put the dates in your diary now and let's see if we can be as successful as our teams were in the Chiltern League last year.

11<sup>th</sup> Nov 2007 Datchet Dashers

25<sup>th</sup> Nov 2007 Sandhurst CONFIRMED

2<sup>nd</sup> Dec 2007 Handy Cross CONFIRMED

16<sup>th</sup> Dec 2007 Reading Road Runners

6<sup>th</sup> Jan 2008 Tadley CONFIRMED

27<sup>th</sup> Jan 2008 Finch Coasters

3<sup>rd</sup> Feb 2008 Bracknell Forest Runners

All events will cost £2 per runner.

All guest will be charged £2 but not able to score.

All events will start at 11:00

## New Members

**A** very warm welcome to the following new members, don't forget your free T- shirt.

Sarah Hobbs, Janet Hudson, Helen Mengel, Karen Pollard and Hayley Southwood.

## Quiz Night

**E**leven teams enjoyed Ian's very successful quiz and I was amazed to be in the winning team, thanks to team members Seamus, Steve, Gora and Howard. Also many thanks to Ian, Helen, Debbie and Mike for organising the event.



## Doing The Grizzly The Hard Way

*Mike Blowing and Peter Astles thought the Grizzly wasn't a tough enough challenge for them so they decided to cycle to South Devon before the race (they didn't cycle back!)*

Mike and I left on Thursday a.m. and cycled 109 miles to Horsington in Somerset to stay at the Half Moon Inn. On Friday morning we rode a very hilly 47 miles arriving in Branscombe for lunch. We enjoyed a sunny afternoon on the beach with views of the remaining half of the M.S. Napoli, which ran aground last winter and caused the event to be postponed until September. Caroline & Hannah drove down, arriving Friday evening and we spent a lazy Saturday visiting Beer & Branscombe, avoiding thinking too much about the challenge ahead on Sunday.

Sunday morning was warm and sunny as we prepared for the race. The start was on Seaton Sea front as usual, the first half mile being along the pebble beach and the next couple of miles along roads to Beer, where the High Street was lined with spectators, including Caroline & Hannah. The route then went up over the hill to Branscombe where as always the run crosses a small river at Branscombe mouth.

Our support team were there to greet us, they then walked about one mile to the Fountain Head Pub. We had about nine miles to run before we got to the Fountain Head, which included two bogs and numerous hills, one on which you had to climb the last bit on all fours, it was so steep. Eventually we arrived at the Fountain Head where a band was playing and the girls were enjoying a drink. Only five and a bit miles to go!

The route then went up more hills returning to Branscombe mouth where you run (or walk!) along the pebble beach to the Stairway to Heaven, which takes you to the cliff top. Running along the top you can see the finish in Seaton, but you still have two miles to go, including one more climb out of Beer and another half mile of beach to the finish line on the Sea Front. We finished in 4 hours 45 minutes, not the fastest Grizzly, but probably the most enjoyable.

Peter Astles peter@astles.co.uk

See page 7 for everyone's times





# Results

## Bearbrook 10K

Rob Pettingell 39:59  
 Liz Davey 49:04  
 Celia Edwards 53:53  
 Craig Atkins 56:48  
 Brian Sinclair 65:54  
 Martyn Franzese 68:27

## London Triathlon

Sprint Distance : Ann Palmer

Swim - 21:11 Bike - 45:10 Run - 28:19  
 Total - 1.40.16 (PB)

Olympic Distance : Paul Palmer

Swim - 37:17 Bike - 1:10 Run - 43:12  
 Total - 02.36.57 (PB by 10 mins)

## Hook Norton Harriers Hookey 9

Craig Atkins: 00:57:42  
 Gora Neogi: 01:05:43

## Dunstable 20

John Dooley, 2:37:17(1st v50)  
 Brendon Gilbert 2:38:02

## Pewsey Vale Half Marathon

John Dooley 1:24:21(1<sup>st</sup> V50)  
 Peter Edington 1:57:02

## Burnham Beeches Half Marathon

Frank Fulcher 01:21:35  
 John Dooley 01:24:46  
 Brendon Gilbert 01:26:24  
 Martin Fisher 01:28:24  
 Alan Wheeler 01:46:40

## Harlemmermeer Half Marathon

Paul Palmer 1:38:02  
 Mike Hickman 1:47:20  
 Deborah Gatesman 1:48:17 (3<sup>rd</sup> lady)  
 Ellen Haynes 1:50:19  
 Ann Palmer 2:01:01 (PB)  
 Grace Wilson 2:08:27 (PB)

## The Grizzly

David Leighton 3:09:24  
 Gary Tarr 3:30:41  
 Paul Palmer 3:36:46  
 Peter Astles 4:45:30  
 Mike Blowing 4:45:32

## Cub Run

Ann Palmer 1:53:15

## Descente de la Lesse (22km)

Trevor Hunter 1:24:48 (20<sup>th</sup>)  
 Julia Downes 1:32:10 (1<sup>st</sup> lady)  
 James Bateman 1:42:47

## Middlesbrough 10k

Chris Lansdowne 49:38

## Amersham5

Mike Hollis 34:42  
 Fred Ashford 40:48  
 Martyn Franzese 47:49  
 Richard Stone 54:52  
 Chrissie Quinn 60:06

## Hydro Active 5k

Pat Bromley 29:30  
 Grace Wilson 31:00  
 Ann Palmer 38:00  
 Darinka Reilly 34:24  
 Elaine Brewster 35:33

## Gerry Grosse Trophy

Rob Pettingell 18:43  
 John Peerless 19:28  
 Paul Palmer 19:42  
 James Cunnane 20:16  
 Ralph Chesswas 21:08  
 Sally White 21:10  
 Margaret Moody 22:02  
 James Peerless 22:15  
 Phil Hutchby 22:32  
 Tora Stracey 22:55  
 Jo Smith 23:07  
 Peter Edington 23:40  
 Fred Ashford 24:07  
 Angie McLoughlin 25:19  
 Terry Eves 25:38  
 Linda Weedon 25:45  
 Ann Palmer 25:54  
 Donna Howlett 26:51  
 Helen Mengel 26:58  
 Gerry Grosse 28:00  
 Brian Sinclair 29:59  
 Jo Hutchby 33:15



# Tuesday Night Training Programme

- October 2<sup>nd</sup> Pyramid Session (Oak Crescent) 200/400/800/1200 or 1600/800/400/200 (200m walk/jog recovery).
- October 9<sup>th</sup> Paarlaf Session (Dave Nash Estate) 12-15 x 338m.
- October 16<sup>th</sup> 10-12 x 400m (Oak Crescent) (200m walk/jog recovery).
- October 23<sup>rd</sup> 6-8 x 600m (Oak Crescent) (200m walk/jog recovery).
- October 30<sup>th</sup> I shall be in returning from Venice but don't let that stop you enjoying 5-7 x 800m (Oak Crescent) (200m walk/jog recovery).
- November 6<sup>th</sup> Hill Session (Halifax Road) 9 – 12 reps. (Jog recovery back down).
- November 13<sup>th</sup> 4-5 x 1000m (Oak Crescent) (200m walk/jog recovery).
- November 20<sup>th</sup> Fartlek session 3 circuits anti-clockwise Cressex Road/Cressex Industrial Estate circuit.
- November 27<sup>th</sup> 3-4 x 1200m (Oak Crescent) (200m walk/jog recovery).
- December 4<sup>th</sup> 3 x 1 mile around Cressex Rd./Marlow Rd./Rupert Ave. circuit. (Recover back to start point).
- December 11<sup>th</sup> Hill Session (Knights Hill) 6-7 long & 2 short (See the lights!).
- December 18<sup>th</sup> 5k Time Trial. Cressex Road/Cressex Industrial Estate circuit
- December 25<sup>th</sup> No Session. (Enjoy your Christmas).

**Keeping the dream alive.**





# Wednesday Night Training Programme

Venue:- Athletics track at Wycombe Sports Centre, Marlow Hill. Starting promptly at 7:00pm. All abilities will 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.

- 3/10/06            5 x 1000m (200m walk/jog recovery).
- 10/10/06            Pyramid session 200/400/600/800/1000/800/600/400/200m (200m walk/jog recovery)
- 17/10/06            5 x 1200m (200m walk/jog recovery).
- 24/10/06            Paarlauf Session 12 x 400m.
- 31/10/06            4 x 1600m (200m walk/jog recovery).
- 7/11/06            "Upper" 200/400/600/800/1000/1200/1400m (200m walk/jog recovery).
- 14/11/06            Hill session (Knight's Hill), 8 x full circuits maintaining effort until 2<sup>nd</sup> corner. Recover on remainder.
- 21/11/06            5k. Time Trial. (Please wear a stopwatch).
- 28/11/06            "Downer" 1400/1200/1000/800/600/400/200m (200m walk/jog recovery).
- 5/12/06            2 x 12 x 200m (200m walk jog recovery).
- 12/12/06            7 x 800m "Differentials" 1<sup>st</sup> lap of each at 5k pace, 2<sup>nd</sup> at hard effort. (200m walk/jog recovery).
- 29/12/06            Hill session (Knight's Hill), 8 x full circuits maintaining effort until 2<sup>nd</sup> corner. Recover on remainder.
- 26/12/06            **No session. (Boxing Day run with Rod Palmer in the a.m.)**

Mike Hickman

uk: athletics coach (L3 Mar). Sports & Remedial Massage Therapist MHFST

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### Computer Problems Page

Dear Technical Support,

Last year I upgraded from Boyfriend 5.0 to Husband 1.0 and noticed a distinct slow down in the overall performance, particularly in the Flower and jewellery applications, which operated flawlessly under Boyfriend 5.0.

In addition, Husband 1.0 un-installed many other valuable programs, such as Romance 9.5 and Personal Attention 6.5 and then installed undesirable programs such as: Football 5.0, Rugby 4.3 and Cricket 3.0. Conversation 8.0 no longer runs; it simply crashes the system. I've tried running Nagging 5.3 to fix these problems, to no avail.

What can I do?

Signed,

Desperate

Dear Desperate,

First keep in mind, Boyfriend 5.0 is an Entertainment Package, while Husband 1.0 is an Operating System. Try entering the command: C:/I-THOUGHT-YOU-LOVED-ME to download Tears 6.2, which should automatically install Guilt 3.0. If that application works as designed, Husband 1.0 should then automatically run the applications Jewellery 2.0 and Flowers 3.5.

But remember, overuse of the above application can cause Husband 1.0 to default to Grumpy Silence 2.5, Happy Hour 7.0, or Beer 6.1. **WARNING:** Beer 6.1 is a very nasty program that will create Snoring Loudly. **CAUTION:** Whatever you do, **DO NOT** install Mother-in-law. This is not a supported application and will crash Husband 1.0.

In summary, Husband 1.0 is a great program, but it does have limited memory and cannot learn new applications quickly. You might consider buying additional software to improve memory and performance. I personally recommend Hot Food 3.0 and Lingerie 7.7.

Good Luck,

Tech Support

Dear Technical Support,

18 months ago, I upgraded to Girlfriend 1.0 from DrinkingMates 4.2, which I had used for years without any trouble. However, there are apparently conflicts between these two products and the only solution was to try and run Girlfriend 1.0 with the sound turned off. To make matters worse, Girlfriend 1.0 is incompatible with several other applications, such as LadsNightOut 3.1, Football 4.5, and Playboy 6.9. Successive versions of GirlFriend proved no better. I tried a shareware program, Slapper 2.1, but it had many bugs and left a virus in my system, forcing me to shut down completely for several weeks.

Eventually, I tried to run GirlFriend 1.2 and Girl-friend 1.0 at the same time, only to discover that when these two systems detected each other they caused severe damage to my hardware. I eventually upgraded to Fiancée 1.0, only to discover that this product soon had to be upgraded further to Wife 1.0. While Wife 1.0 tends to use up all my available resources, it does come bundled with FreeSexPlus and Cleanhouse2007.

Shortly after this upgrade, however, I found that Wife 1.0 could be very unstable and costly to run. Any mistakes I made were automatically stored in Wife 1.0's memory and could not be deleted. They then resurfaced months later when I had forgotten about them. Wife 1.0 also has an automatic Diary, Explorer and E-mail filter, and can, without warning, launch TurboStrop and Multi-Whinge. These latter products have no Help files, and I have to try to guess what the problem is.

Additional problems are that Wife 1.0 needs updating regularly, requiring ShoeShop Browser for new attachments and Hairstyle Express which needs to be reinstalled every other week. Also, when Wife 1.0 attaches itself to my Saab 93 Convertible hard drive, it often crashes. Wife 1.0 also comes with an irritating pop-up called MotherInLaw, which can't be turned off. Recently I've been tempted to install Mistress 2007, but there could be problems. A friend of mine has alerted me to the fact that if Wife 1.0 detects Mistress 2007, it tends to delete all of your Money before uninstalling itself.

*Sorry, I can't help with this one, but my dog may:*

