

The Highwayman

Summer 2014

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South Downs Way Relay: Tom Mullen's Silver Bullets and Tim Hicks' chocolate soldiers (as in they like eating the stuff)... Revealed: the secret training sessions that power Tom, Izzy and Russ... Suits you, Sir: Richard Sutor says au revoir... Brighton breezy: Tom Mullen smashes marathon PB... A cracking start to Easter... Colin Johnson's moving recollection of Sir Chris Chataway...



New editor takes charge: "Right all, there's going to be quite a few changes around 'ere..."

(Turn to page 2 and read him fume.)



Oh we do like to be beside the seaside...

Pacey Paul Tomlinson led the Harriers home at the Bexhill 5K in 14th place, with a new PB of 17:08. In blustery conditions, Phil Hardaway returned from a long period of injury to run 17:33 and take 19th place. Steve Dallman, Jack Chivers and Robert Coomber were next in, all running around 18:30. Jason Russell and Andy Biggs rang strongly and there was a welcome return to form for Phil Payne, who has also been nursing injury for several months. Kim Lo ran 20:30 – her best showing since the arrival of her 16-month son Eliot. The field of more than 300 runners looked on at the smouldering Eastbourne Pier, where fire had taken hold just a few hours earlier.

Embrace the Pain: Your new editor writes

After a bruising altercation outside the Burrell Arms, Walter Grabble is happy to have appointed himself as the Highwayman's new editor. Prepare for pain



Greetings comrades,

It's taken a long time but I've finally managed to wrest control of this publication from young Watts his name, the previous editor. It's customary on such occasions to say a few flattering words about the post's previous incumbent. I will not be doing so. As far as I'm aware this young lad only edited the magazine to avoid training. He even had children in a pathetic attempt to lower his race outings. You would not get club stalwart Natalie Chivers taking such an approach.

I've already got plenty of ideas about how we can change this publication for the better. I think we'd all appreciate a bit less of this fun stuff and

silliness. We need more space for inspirational stories of gut-wrenching pain. I'm not entirely against jokes mind – especially if they're at the expense of track athletes who seem to think running a lap or two constitutes a decent day's work.

So from now on I'll be naming and shaming those who run less than, say, 100 miles a week. How will this be done? Well, technology is the answer. I've managed to persuade our treasurer to pay for 10 new GPS tags we'll be able to strap to suspect slackers.

Under my leadership, I want to offer more practical help to Harriers. Such as advice on how run through stress fractures and Do-It-Yourself hip replacements. We should not be afraid to turn The Highwayman into a campaigning publication. I've long suspected that this parkrun business is a license for laziness. We need to persuade the Clair parkrun organisers to turn these 5K routes into 50K races. Just imagine the sense of achievement of turning all of these parkrun events across the country into proper races.

I'm sure you will all have similar ideas to these. So why not drop me a line to hvhnewsletter@gmail.com. Do it immediately.

Harriers training secrets #1: Tom Mullen



(Photo: Josh Pewter)

While holidaying in the USA recently Tom often crashed American football games to work on his power. "You can't beat the sheer terror of being chased by a gang of extremely pumped up 18-stone man machines – it's really given me that extra kick," says the middle-distance ace. "The prospect of not ending up at the bottom of a dozen extremely colossal man mountains really keeps you honest. Since I've been back Martin has been shouting 'hut, hut, hut' on the final lap of track reps just to give me that extra bit of zip. Being chased round the track by Phil Radford just isn't quite as scary."

Win, Win, Win: So how many calories do you think are burned during a marathon?



Kat Barrett writes: This September I'm running the Berlin Marathon for the MS Society. This charity was very close to my late Gran's heart as her partner's daughter suffered badly with the disease.

I want to carry on her hard work by raising as much as I can for this amazing charity. For part of my fundraising, I am running a sweepstake on how many calories I burn over the 26.2 miles.

The calories I burn will be as measured by my Garmin GPS. The final answer will be verified by an independent adjudicator (my husband Shaun) at the finish line. It's £1 a guess and the closest guess will receive wine and a 30 minute sports massage session kindly donated by Anne Lewis of Sussex Sports Massage Therapy.

You can either email me your guesses to kat@bazrat.co.uk or catch me at training on Tuesday evenings and you can donate your £1 via my JustGiving site: <https://www.justgiving.com/Kat-Barrett/>

Please help me raise as much as we can for this fantastic charity!

Harriers training secrets #2: Izzy Coomber



(Photo: Josh Pewter)

Here's Izzy at Pamplona's famous Fiesta de San Fermin "Running of the Bull" in Spain, one of many such events she attends to perfect her mid-race surges. With her love of animals, it won't surprise many Harriers to see these runs have become part of Izzy's training. "The shoving and screaming prepares you perfectly for the Brighton 10K," she says. "The bulls are lovely. I've got three as pets now and Martin says I can bring them to the last Whiteman's session at the end of the summer."

Meet Au revoir to the club: Rich Sutor



Suits you, sir: Richard leading a flock of Harriers at this year's Haywards Heath 10

Five years ago a young, football-loving northern lad came to Haywards Heath and a legend was born. It took him time to join the Harriers and a few months for many of his new clubmates to understand a single word he said. But soon this young whippet was haring round the Whiteman's Green track with a killer sprint finish matched only by his speed to Orange Square's bar. Last month our northern star headed back to Yorkshire. Many tears were shed – and not just by local pub landlords. We hope he'll pop back often.

Name: Rich Sutor

Began running: "2006, when I ran my first Great North Run. It seemed a really great challenge – and I've done it every year since then."

Why I started: "It was something new and different. You do one race, then another and then you realise you are hooked."

Joined the Harriers in: "I was 2010, I'd moved to Haywards Heath in 2009 and found the club soon after."

Favourite distance: "Probably half marathons. A 10K is a bit hanging on for dear life at the end for me."

Favourite event: "Definitely the Great North Run. But the Haywards Heath 10 comes a close second."

When not running: "I work as a mechanical engineer, like rock and indie music, Leeds United and snowboarding."

If I wasn't a runner, I'd be: "Be playing more football... and much more stressed out!"

I bet you didn't know: "When I was 12 years old I was a junior world champion at a North Yorkshire game call merrills – it's a board game not entirely dissimilar to chess or draughts."

Most enjoyable moment in running so far: "South Downs Relay – a great team event, beautiful scenery and great camaraderie."

Most embarrassing run: "Well, forgetting my Harriers vest to the Barns Green half marathon one year. I ran in

a grey baggy cotton t-shirt and looked like a sweaty mess at the end. Then there was the Hickstead Gallop when I was marshalling... and the runners went the wrong way. Not sure whose fault that was."

Now then, that's usually where Meet the Club ends, but we've given Harriers a chance to bid farewell to Richard "Whippet" Sutor...

"Good, honest northern lad. Snowboarding engineer. Cracking roommate/landlord who runs a bit too. Loves a pie. Crap at chess. Will be missed." **Russ Mullen**

"Mr Sutor - we had some good times. Rich is going to be sorely missed by myself and the Harriers both on the runs and after (sure he will have pangs of mourning us occasionally too)?! I remember years ago the arrival of a fresh-faced football boy at the Harriers definitely made me run faster, but once caught Rich worked hard (friendly rivalry?) to leave me for dust! We had some brilliant days out competing - top memories being our annual Great North Run trips (Rich had been doing these for years before I tagged along) and supporting each other through various marathons... weeks of training and the BIG day itself. The South Downs Relay was always a battle of the sexes (and who had the best cake in the minibus) as well! Rich partook in many a Harriers night out especially on the Broadway, most of which I think he remembered!? Wishing Rich all the best for his future up in Leeds, sure it will not be the end of his running days." **Louise Toomey**

"Favourite memory (or lack of!) was a night out after watching Brighton vs Leeds at the Amex, several drinks were taken and the night ended with Russ and Sutor dancing on the tables in Q&A. Somehow Rich was right as rain on a 16-mile marathon training run the next morning.... Champion!" **Tom Mullen**

"Richard spent the week down in Swansea with Tom and I training for the marathon in 2013. We had a great time and Richard was introduced to proper Welsh hospitality drinking the "Gower Power" ale and playing pool. Drinking wasn't always his strength particularly following a Leo Sayer down in Brighton to watch a footy match at Xmas time. Richard got very confused that evening and mistook a wardrobe for a bathroom door. It nearly got a bit messy." **Mark Davies**

"The long Sunday morning training runs we did as part of the group were great. How can I forget

Brighton Marathon 2013, both getting IDENTICAL chip times, even though we didn't run the race together ! (Note: Rich 'the whippet' has since smashed the time we ran)." **Barry Tullett**

"Cool under pressure. What greater stress is there than managing the Hickstead results with a dumb assistant (me). He never cracked. Will be missed." **Marion Hemsworth**

"I'll always remember Rich as some sort of super hero, maybe because of all the metal inside him. He's 'Titanium Man' - the nicest super hero ever." **Izzy Coomber**

"Great bloke. Greater friend. Only beatable in a sprint if he's been snowboarding." **Rob Watts**

"Would like to wish Rich all the best on his move up to the land of chips and gravy. Rumour has it thousands lined the streets from Shipley to Sheffield to welcome his return (this might have been the same weekend as the Tour de France). Nonetheless, Sutor is a top bloke with a devastatingly quick turn of pace on the track. He was one of the few familiar faces when I joined the club, he understands it's ok to play multiple sports (even if it does involve breaking multiple bones!) The greatest shame in all this, is that the Harriers band never got off the ground. We will now be accepting applications for a new drummer..." **Josh Pewter**

"Rich always had an answer for everything and usually it had me in tears it was so funny!! Really easy to get on with. Think my best moment with him was when we did the Brighton 10k last year and had an extremely tense last K left and someone got a pic of us on the home straight. He managed a smile and a wave where I was in so much pain I thought I was gonna pass out! Was a brilliant pic." **Phil Payne**

"I've been crying since he left. Feels like my arm is missing now he has gone." **Anonymous**

SDR#1: Tom Mullen's silver bullets



Six of the best: "Packhorse", "Ross", "Housewife's favourite", "Muggins", "Tommo" and "Legend"

He sat in the team minibus and gasped as the Harriers' senior men's team set about smashing club records at this year's South Downs Relay. With his clipboard trembling in his hands, teen heart throb **Phil Radford** recorded the times, traumas and expletives as his clubmates thundered up and down the chalky paths to glory. Now the man they call "Admin" tells their story...

Smashed, destroyed, violated and all manner of other expletives were uttered by the six members of the HHH Men's A team on completing their final legs of another day's running (or in some places crawling) for the Harriers along the famously unforgiving South Downs Way.

Their efforts however, were not in vain as these words can also applied to how the team dealt with a 32-year-old club record (10hrs 46 mins) which tumbled when Paul 'The Legend' Cousins brought the baton home in 2nd place behind Lewes in a time of 10.42.16, one of 5 individual leg club records which also toppled on a historic day for the club.

No less impressive, was Martin Delbridge's agile handling of our small-aircraft-like minibus, plus his encouragement and advice, all of which helped to make this a day thoroughly enjoyed by all involved.

We would certainly not hesitate to fly Delbridge Air again.

Josh 'Housewives' Favourite' Pewter, making his debut in this event, set a precedent by kicking off proceedings with a course record and passing over to Russ 'Ross' Mullen who spent the day glugging his own home-brewed energy drink which strongly resembled pond algae.

Russ would have undoubtedly broken the leg club record if it had not been for an encounter with a herd of cows which resulted in a scramble up a steep bank to add to his 1004ft of climbing for this leg.

Rob 'Packhorse' Watts was next up and having been unwell with tonsillitis in the lead up to the event, was dosed up to the eye balls with antibiotics. Walter Grabble would have, of course,



No energy for self massage: Josh after his final leg

approved of such heroics and the Packhorse showed us what he was really made of by destroying all 8.5 miles of Leg 17, mercilessly late in the day, in just over an hour.

Captain Tom Muggins, who once again diligently assembled, motivated (/harangued) and organised the team was characteristically convivial with the other teams, especially Lewes who were fast emerging as our main competition for the title. This was, of course, just a façade hiding his violent desire to lead the team to victory.

Paul ‘Tommo’ Tomlinson who maintained control of his bowels all day (we’ve all been there), was tank-like in his ascent of one of the tastier climbs at the start of Leg 5 and almost lifted the team into outer space by climbing Butser Hill on Leg 15 in which he set a new leg club record. It cannot be denied that he is a highly valuable new asset to the club.

It should be mentioned that after the notorious Leg 13 reduced Housewives’ Favourite Josh Pewter to his knees, souvenir photographs (see above) had been taken and he had recovered, he revealed to the rest of the team that he had resorted to self-massage in order to survive the ordeal. JP even almost forgot to hand over the baton to Russ who went on undeterred to set his 2nd Leg club record of the day on Leg 14. Beastly. (Please ask Josh about his fondness for self massage at training. If you are lucky he may even give you a short demonstration of his favourite techniques.)

So far I haven’t mentioned the most enigmatic member of the team. Some say he was raised by gazelles at altitude... and as expected Paul ‘The Legend’ Cousins was running like an animal all day long. Members of the team were concerned for Paul’s well-being after he appeared to be a little worse for wear after Leg 11, his second of the day.

But this was a mere flicker – he returned for a final triumphant leg home.

Only in the later stages of the day did we lose sight of Lewes and their indomitable Bradford twins. We were also ever conscious of the threat Stubbington Green were posing from behind. In general, it seemed that we had put in rather more effort than we would have liked on the earlier legs whilst we were still involved with Lewes. However, we were by no means ready to roll over and die with Tomo, Cpt. Muggins, Packhorse and Paul all managing to find something extra in the tank over the final 4 legs. Perhaps that had something to do with the well-placed pub along Leg 17.

Up there with some of the highlights of the day, around the time that The Packhorse was tucking into his second burger (probably containing a fellow member of his species) was the news that the ever-dependable Andy Carter, who was originally going to share the piloting responsibilities with Martin, had in fact not fully broken his leg at work. The thoughts of the team are with Andy at this time and we would like to wish him the speediest of recoveries.

What a day. May the current golden-era continue. One better next year?



“Where’s that pub?” Muggins after his final leg

SDR #2: Upstaged by young punks? It shouldn't happen to a vet...



Gang of hoodies or chocolate soldiers? Terry Bullet (AKA Barry Tullet), Carl Bicknell, Tim Hicks, Richard Haynes, Mike Essex and Richard Amer ready to tear up the South Downs Way

Powered by pride, chocolate and a fanatical determination to beat the women's team and not be stuffed by the seniors, the Harriers' mens vets team flew round the 96 miles of South Downs Relay in style.

Tim Hicks writes: You've probably read reports about the A-team beating club records and the ladies team finishing in a fine 4th place, but somewhere amongst the small print there is a comment saying that the veteran's team also took part. I feel this throw away comment doesn't do us justice and so here are a few words to describe another grand day out.

We were never going to be fast and, despite being familiar with the intricacies of the WMA age grading process, we were never going to win the Cooper's Cup. I had an attempt at the prize for finishing closest to estimated time, I thought being 7 minutes out was pretty good but even that turned out to be a long way off winning – I suspect

some runners wait outside the playing field at the end and then run in within seconds of their estimate to claim the prize.

However, I think I can claim the prize (if it were to exist) for running with the team originally picked and not having to resort to any reserves.

This is the story of a dedicated group of runners who for the most part can't run as fast as they used to but can still complete 96 miles with smiles on their faces despite torrential rain, thunderstorms, blazing sunshine, heat, humidity and anything else the weather can throw at us.

The story starts earlier this year when the team was finalised and Barry set about trying to get hold of the Age Concern minibus. Unfortunately this didn't work out and we had to resort to more conventional means of minibus hire. Unlike the A-team who required a luxury coach pandering to the needs of elite runners and the girls team who needed space for the beauty salon and pedicure parlour, we went for the purist runners transport, a small 9 seat VW transporter capable of actually entering the South Downs car parks as well as being suitable for nipping in and out of small spaces.



Storming performance: A typhoon couldn't dampen the spirits of Mike or Richie.

The leg allocations were agreed, drivers sorted and reserve runners put in place before getting on with the task of checking out our legs (*Ed writes: well, no one else would want to check out your legs, lads*). As team captain I decided to go the extra mile (an extra 96 actually) and walk the entire route with Helen, my wife. I can highly recommend this approach to checking out legs – you have time to stop at all the hostelrys along the route that flash past when running the relay.

As race day approaches the psychological mind games ramp up. The start times were published, the girls team were given a half hour start on the vets and the vets were given a 2-hour start on the A-team – so the requirements were simple – stay ahead of the A-team and catch the girls. Easier said than done. So, we needed a plan.

The answer lay in chocolate and an excessive number of calories. Six thousand calories of my famous chocolate ginger biscuit mix should do it – the girls wouldn't be able to resist the temptation to slow down so they could eat it and if we could get the A-team to overdose on chocolate as they came past their finely tuned legs would turn to jelly and we would beat them all.

And so to the race – a 7 o'clock start at Beachy Head. We arrived just in time to watch the girls leave and then we were off – the next 13 hours and 22 minutes were a blur of runners, chocolate, minibuses, chocolate, split times, chocolate, rain, thunder, lightning, sunshine... and more chocolate. It seemed that no sooner had we started than we were driving into Chilcomb Sports Field to cheer Mike across the finish line. The plan to overtake the girls and stay ahead of the A-team didn't quite work out – we did catch the girls minibus but despite passing on some calorie laden chocolate we couldn't actually persuade the runners to slow down – and as for the A-team, they came past so fast I couldn't even get any chocolate into their sweaty little hands.

We all had a great day, there were some splendid performances by everyone involved – Carl insisting on running with a bad heel. Richie avoided the cut-off at the Sustainability Centre. Barry ran through thunder and lightning. Richard resisted the temptation to stop for a beer on leg 17. Mike got across the finish line despite getting lost whilst running across the playing field. And I provided the chocolate.

Fine driving was provided by John and Alan and a great pair of reserve runners - Graham and Mike - were fortunately not needed. Thanks to everyone for the effort you all put in.

We finished 37th out of 61 teams – not bad when you're at the upper end of the age spectrum. I have a plan to do better next year. I can't reveal the details yet but it does involve more chocolate.

You've been watching Tim Hicks' chocolate soldiers. In order of appearance...

Tim "I need more chocolate" Hicks (legs 1, 7, 13)

Carl "I have a bad heel" Bicknell (legs 2, 9, 14)

Richie "I can make the cut-off" Amer (legs 3, 8, 15)

Barry "I like running in the rain" Tullett (legs 4, 11, 16)

Mike "Where's the finish line?" Essex (legs 5, 12, 18)

Richard "Why am I running further than anyone else?" Haynes (legs 6, 10, 17)

The driving team: John Rix and Alan Mills. The reserve team: Mike Derek and Graham Lyall.

SDR#3: And I thought I was unique among Harriers...

John Rix reports: Well, wouldn't you if you'd run, driven and marshalled the South Downs Way Relay? However, I was corrected by Lord Mark as he overheard me making this modest claim to a charming and delightful young lady at Tom's post-SDWR bash. Apparently his lordship once marshalled at Houghton with the aid of a director's chair, side table and parasol. When I asked Lady Celia to confirm this claim she revealed – with her customary embarrassment when talking about Lord Mark – that Carson was in attendance keeping him cool with a long-handled Egyptian fan whilst serving gin and tonics. It would appear that after his fifth glass he fell asleep and Carson had to take over. So, I ask again: "Am I unique in having run, driven and marshalled the SDWR?"

Younger readers will be wondering how this downward spiral occurred. Well, having run for the "B" team in the nineties and early noughties I was pulled up short by Rupert, at that time the Harriers' SDWR supremo, as I was about to put my name down for another go. "No John, it will be bad for your health." That was all he said! Even those with few social skills will have noticed the absence of any inter-personal foreplay preceding the killer comment. So it was I became a driver.

As the years rolled by I felt unable to commit to a whole day of driving and navigating and so introduced the innovative and imaginative idea of driving as far as Houghton and then leaving the minibus in the fresh hands of a second driver.

Why Houghton? Well, that is where Rupert and TGH have marshalled many times and it was here that I first gave them valuable assistance. And so it was I became a marshal.

However, this year events took an unexpected and disturbing turn. I was assisting TGH at the baton handover point, with Rupert some distance away directing vehicles into a farm yard. I was observing the way in which TGH seemed to know – and I use this word in the non-biblical sense – each and every male runner who came in or set off when my mobile phone rang: "John, it's Rupert here. In the boot of Marion's car you'll find my bag with a flask and biscuits. Please bring them to me." That lack of inter-personal foreplay was distinctly familiar. And so it was I became a butler.

I did as I was commanded and presented the provisions with the comment: "Would you like me to eat them for you?" This cracking piece of repartee produced the minimalist response: "No."

So, there you are then. Run, driven, marshalled and butlered for Rupert at the SDWR. Who can beat that, eh? Any Harrier contemplating the SDWR next year should be warned. Sources close to the chemistry department at the University of Sussex have revealed that Rupert is thinking of entering the 2015 Brighton Nude Bike Ride and will be using the quiet lanes around Houghton to experiment with various saddle designs and bottom creams.

Harriers training secrets #3: Russ Mullen



Russ Mullen goes the extra mile for his long-run partners. He travels to the snowy wastes of the Hoth system to team up with imperial All Terrain Armed Transports. "ATATs aren't fast and the conversation ain't great, but they're still useful training partners," says the lolloping long-distance of the vast transporters that starred in the Star Wars epic *The Empire Strikes Back*.

"They just keep going mile,

after mile and have plenty of space to store your energy gels and drinks. Just watch out for the lasers and proton torpedoes if you drop a few seconds per mile." (Photo: Josh Pewter)

Road: Mullen battles pier pressure for PB



It wasn't the build-up he wanted. **Tom Mullen** was slower in almost every warm-up race and struggled through his training for this year's Brighton Marathon. But he had something tucked away that would propel him to knock nearly seven minutes off his 2013 time – experience. Here he explains why you don't need to be in the best form of your life to PB at the full 26.2 miles.

The miles were done, taper was complete and carbo-loading was carried out – I was up early for the train to have my second crack at the Brighton Marathon.

In 2013 I had been really on edge, really focused on breaking the 3 hour mark. I'd PB'd at 5K, 10K, half marathon and 20 miles in the build-up. I'd upped the miles significantly from what I was doing before and smashed every long run with a big negative split.

Everything seemed to have gone perfectly, but the last 5 miles were a real battle to hang onto a sub-3 time and not remotely enjoyable – I was also in a right state at the end! After going off too hard and

running an 8 minute positive split. I very nearly threw away a sub 3.

This year was different in almost every way. Firstly I hadn't PB'd once in the build-up. I was running slightly more miles but not running anywhere near as well in sessions. The long runs had been a lot harder and I had a few real bad ones where I struggled near the end (admittedly, I was generally doing them at a much better pace). Strangely though, as race day got nearer I wasn't really nervous and I felt I was going to run a better marathon than the year before.... I wasn't sure why as I hadn't been running as well, I just knew.

So we arrive at Withdean Park - I was lucky enough to be in the elite start (*elite start at Brighton is not really elite, more good-for-age at London).

It is, however, a totally different experience to the mass start. There are only 300 odd of you, the real elites are knocking out 4-mile warm ups and there is a more serious atmosphere. Times rather than finishing is the general theme.



Packing in: Keeping control in the middle miles was crucial to Tom's success

I was pretty relaxed though having travelled down with a few of the other Harriers who were also starting there.

So why did I think I would do better? Well one thing really... pacing. This is the main lesson I have learned over the past year, and the most important for the marathon. I was chatting to a few guys at the start and found two who were also aiming at low 2:50s and we agreed to run together to ensure we kept each other in check early on. The gun went and predictably everyone stormed off, "6:30s" said Lewis (from Lewes) who was one of the guys who was aiming at a similar time. The first few miles flew by, mainly with the three of us telling each other off if we got slightly ahead of schedule.

The support out on course was fantastic and the atmosphere was amazing through the town. The race was settling down and as we headed out towards Rottingdean, the three of us slowly caught and passed groups of people who had been "enthusiastic" in their pacing early on. They are going to hurt later, I thought. I had been there last year!

We headed back into town and the race had settled into groups and was fairly spread out where we were. Halfway ticked by in 1:25:18, and I felt great – remembering the advice I had been given I held back "push on if you feel good at 20-21 miles, not halfway!".

The race was spread out but from 16 miles onwards, the 3 of us started picking off more and

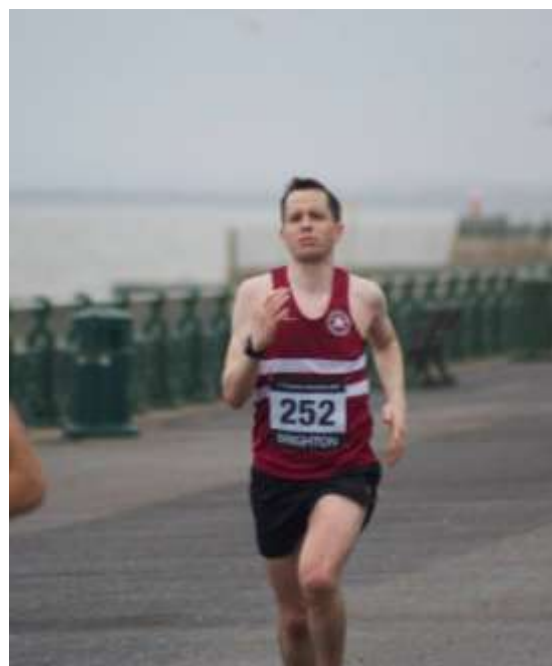
more runners – it was a great feeling and slightly odd as we were running exactly the same pace.

Push on from the power station at 21, I told myself, still feeling strong as we turned out towards Shoreham at 19 miles – and I tried... Another gel at 21 and I'll push it I told myself, moving to the front of the 3 and running harder – well I thought it was harder...bleep, 6:29 according to the Garmin (other GPSs are available!). Hmm, now this is why I have held back, as I work harder still just to maintain pace in miles 23 and 24.

The last two were pretty horrendous to be honest, I lost touch with the two guys I was with and dropped 20-30 seconds a mile, coming home in 2:51:16. Despite slowing slightly for the last two, it was easily my best race (to be honest if I'd cruised home at same pace I think my target pace would have been too slow!) and after two previous attempts, I'd finally worked out how to pace properly!

Just to finish I like to say a few thank you's to training partners/groups, coaches, everyone who supported me and everyone else who gave me great advice in the build-up this year (you know who you are!).

I finally get it now. You don't push beyond your target pace ever in a marathon... maintaining it is hard enough!



The hard yards: Even if you pace your marathon brilliantly the final two miles aren't necessary a breeze

YOUNG HARRIERS: HAYWARDS HEATH

HARRIERS NOTE TO PARENTS/ATHLETES

WE WILL BE TRAINING EVERY TUESDAY THROUGHOUT THE SCHOOL HOLIDAYS.

Training/Inhalers

Please could you ensure that your child comes suitably dressed for training due to the changing weather. It is important that they have a sweatshirt and tracksuit/jogging bottoms with them every week, together with a waterproof jacket. WATER BOTTLES ARE ESSENTIAL EVERY WEEK.

Training does continue if the weather is bad, but we are limited on indoor space, so if the weather is extreme, it may be advisable not to attend training that week. Please also ensure that, if your child has asthma, they have their asthma inhaler with them every week

Non Competing Athletes

I would remind all our junior athletes that those who are not competing for the club on a regular basis may not be offered renewal of membership. Our waiting list now exceeds 150 children so a decision has been made not to renew membership in January for non competing athletes. There are still track and field league events to take part in, cross country races and sports hall league events during the autumn term, so plenty of opportunity to compete. All the events will be emailed out to all members.

Group Names

With immediate effect, we will no longer be having beginner and junior training groups. A decision has been made to rename both groups as our 5pm beginner group are no longer beginners and it is now inappropriate to call them such. The new groups will be renamed as follows:

5pm – Junior Ennis + 6pm – Junior Farah.

Summer Track & Field Leagues

Southern Womens League (Girls aged 11 and above: Saturday 9th Aug – Wimbledon Park

It is important we get as many of you as possible competing in this fixtures.

The U13 and U15 League finals take place in September and, again, we need a good turnout.

Sussex U15 League Final – Friday 5th July – Withdean Stadium, Brighton

Sussex U13 League Final – Sunday 7th September – Withdean Stadium, Brighton

West Sussex Fun Run League

For those of you who enjoy distance running, the next two fixtures in the West Sussex Fun Run League which have junior races are.

Sunday 17th August – Tilgate Forest, K2 Leisure Centre – 10.30am - 1 mile

For your free club entry, enter your name on the club notice board on Tuesday evenings or email me and I can ensure your name is passed to the team manager. Last year we won the 'Most Improved Junior Team' award.

Club Kit

The new style club vests are now available to buy at a reduced cost of £10 each. Please see Irene Parsley if you wish to purchase one. If you wish to order a Grey with Maroon Lettering Club Hoodie, please could you advise either myself or Irene Parsley on Tuesday evenings or contact me via email. They come in sizes 12/13 years, XS, S, M, L and XL (very generous sizes). The cost is £20 each. Also, if you have paid your membership, but not yet received your club vest, please see either myself or Irene on Tuesday evenings.

Dropping of Athletes/Signing In and Out

Please could you kindly ensure that athletes are not dropped off and left alone at the training venue any early than 10 mins before their session starts due to lack of coaches being present. Before this time, we cannot accept any responsibility for any accidents/incidents that arise. Some children are still signing themselves out and walking to the car park to wait for their parents.

Unless your child is in year 10, they are not allowed to sign themselves out - this is partly to comply with our health and safety policy and partly because we as coaches give up a lot of our time already without trying to chase up 30 children after the training session who have wandered and trying to work out whether they have gone home with their parents or not. If you would prefer your child to walk/cycle home from the training venue, we do need a note to say this is allowed. Thank you for your understanding.

Injuries

We have some athletes turning up for training sessions with an existing injury. As the training plan is arranged in advance, we are unable to offer additional coaching for someone who is unable to take part in the main training session. We would therefore advise anyone who has an injury not to come to training or call us in advance to see whether the session is suitable.

Waiting List

We are still operating a waiting list for junior members under the age of 16, so please refrain from bringing friends along.

Emergency Contact Forms/Email Addresses

If any personal details currently on your Emergency Contact Form change, please advise us as soon as possible. Most of the team selection information is sent out via email. If you have not advised us of your email address, please do so. We also need to know if you change your email address.

Parental Help

We are always looking out for help in the running of the club, whether it be in officiating, coaching or as a committee member. If you would like to become more involved with the club, please do let me know.

Linda Tullett: 01444 870788 / 07719 717936
barryandlindatullett@talktalk.net

Silliness: A cracking start to Easter



A long time ago in running club not so far, far away... a band of rebels designed a scenic 20-mile route of footpaths circumnavigating Haywards Heath. They would be thwarted by heavy rain, injury and a busy calendar of far more sensible events. This Easter they would return, take on the challenge, enjoy a beer on the way round and take on a crumble the size of a small moon at the end. **Rob Watts** reports...

The aim was to have a guilt-free Easter of gluttony. What goal could be more noble? This would be achieved by running a 20-mile circumnavigation of Haywards Heath almost entirely on footpaths, taking in Ardingly reservoir, Balcombe viaduct, a bit of banter and a few pints of Harveys.

You might recall there was talk of something similar almost 18 months ago. Torrents of rain saturated the paths when a few of us planned to take on this challenge between Christmas and New Year 2012. So we postponed it - and never quite got round to picking another date.

Good Friday this year seemed like a decent day to resurrect the plan. Spring marathons were

run. The paths were dry and the weather set fair.

So at just after 5 o'clock in the evening Tom Mullen, Josh Pewter, the Sun's triathlete correspondent (our celebrity guest) Tim Heming and I set off for the first 9-mile leg to Scaynes Hill. The opening leg south through Cuckfield offers fewer delights.

Tim, who had travelled down to London on the promise of sumptuous views, seemed unimpressed with the sewage farm we passed after just over a mile. Inspired by the pungent aroma we pressed on, heading south past the bottom of Copyhold Lane and behind the back of the Heasewood Estate.



Thirsty work: Pewter, Watts and celebrity guest star Tim Heming hunt for the next watering hole

This was supposed to be a sociable trot, but Josh seemed in feisty form and powered up a few of the short sharp hills. There are frequent views of the South Downs in the early miles as the route weaves between the Heath and Burgess Hill, emerging at Old Wivelsfield. After trotting through a field of lamas we emerged on Slugwash Lane to begin our ascent into Scaynes Hill.

We'd picked the Inn on the Green as our halfway point because, well, it served decent beer and was not posh enough to kick out a gang of mud caked runners. We were met there by Rich Sutor and Paul Cousins. Rich had signed up to run the second leg with us. Paul, having raced the London Marathon just five days before, was there to raise eyebrows as Tom headed to the bar and ordered five pints of beer and five pints of water. Not all of these were for him.

After 20 minutes of drinking time it was time to crack on with the second half. Morale was definitely improved by the refreshments. Our legs picked up speed. Josh pointed out the site of a romantic liaison from his youth. Rich Sutor wondered what on earth he had let himself in for. We headed north to Walstead Forge and from there to the top of Lindfield highstreet. Shortly afterwards an ambitious small dog set about trying to eat us all, before the owner woke up. Undeterred we ploughed on following

the Lindfield 10K course, along a disused railway and eventually to Ardingly College.

By now the skies had cleared and the sun was starting to set. I inserted an extra half-mile hill that took us to the end of Ardingly's Church Lane. This gave us a stunning view of the reservoir, with the viaduct just visible in the background. That's where we were heading next. The benefits of the morale-boosting refreshment at Scaynes Hill had faded. The lack of a second pub on the route is a definite shortcoming that needs to be addressed.

Fortunately, one of the course's highlights was imminent. Balcombe Viaduct, with its imposing arches and seven million bricks, hove into view. The route took us underneath and a few miles later - in fading light - we began our punishing ascent through Cuckfield's golf course and back to Whiteman's Green. Most legs were starting to flag. Josh remained Tigger like. So in a ruthless attempt to blunt his pace I let him charge uphill in the wrong direction before eventually telling him he was going the wrong way. "Graaaaagh," Josh fumed. It was a devious, vicious and mean trick - but also quite funny.

We arrived back at Whiteman's Green at 8:20 - with 20 miles and two hours and thirty-five minutes of running in our legs. From there it was on to the Sergison Arms where Carl, Phil P, Andy Biggs and Russ joined us for beer, burgers and a crumble the size of a small moon.

This was a day not without surprises. Some how we didn't get lost. Some how the other punters at the Serge didn't try to eject our unshowered bodies. And somehow after 20 miles and two pints were still able to speak and offer constructive comments about Andy Biggs' training.

But most surprisingly of all there was already talk of making this a regular Good Friday jaunt - perhaps with a shorter option for those keen for a bit less running (and a bit more pubbing). Our chairman Mark Sykes has pledged to give his backing to next year's rerun if we can incorporate the Sloop (pub #2) into the route. We dare not disobey.

Memories: Remembering an athletic icon



Sir Chris Chataway, right, congratulates Sir Roger Bannister, after the running of the first sub-four minute mile. Chataway and Chris Brasher (left) paced Bannister to the record

A chance discovery by **Colin Johnson** led to moving correspondence with the wife of the late athlete, politician and journalist, Sir Chris Chataway

This is a story about a runner, runners and a non-runner.

However, just for a change, on this occasion, it is the non-runners who take centre stage.

Back in January we lost Sir Chris Chataway. He died of lung cancer, aged 82. This was a man from “my time”, the late 50s and early 60s. The words of Sam Mussabini (Chariots of Fire) came to mind when he said “In our business, son, we have a saying. You can’t put in what God left out. And you can’t take out what You haven’t put in.”

That Chataway was blessed is beyond question. Naturally, he honed that inbuilt talent to international stardom, whereas the rest of us just grind it out.

I was also minded of my own mortality particularly as I had had a very close shave in the middle of last year.

Anyway, I was prompted to make a gift to the Chataway’s of something my wife had long cherished during her lifetime. Here is the (18th March) covering letter I wrote. It is self-explanatory.

*Dear Carola and the Chataway Family,
Long before I ever knew my future wife she had what can only be described as a “crush” on Christopher Chataway. He was her ideal man. This was no ordinary schoolgirl things as at the time of the first four-minute mile she was already working at the Clerical, Medical and General HQ in St James’ Square. Not far from her home her friends called her “Lady Westminster” because she could see Big Ben from her bedroom*

window. "P-U-R-E, as the driven slush," she would jokingly reply.

Anyway, such was this adoration, she lovingly kept a scrapbook, not only of his running but also into his broadcasting career.

We first met in February 1960 and the fact I was also a runner gained me brownie point. Although of no comparison to Chris, I had at that time already represented the Royal Air Force and, as Selangor State 6-mile trials winner competed in the 1958 Malaysian Independence Games in Kuala Lumpur. There, like Sir Chris, I too stumbled and fell on the last bend only (from a certain 3rd) to be overtaken and up 5th. Looking back, I can still smile. Since then I have become known as "Tripper" Johnson.

We married in September 1962, but being a serviceman our early wedded life was interrupted by long-term detachments both in India and Singapore. On returning home suddenly (late '64) Pam fell pregnant. Back in Singapore for another six months, we naturally corresponded, crossing off boys/girls names (as you do) narrowing down our choices. There was one name, however, that Pam insisted on keeping and that was "Christopher". I acquiesced of course, never really knowing why – she never did say. And so, son Number 1 became Mark Christopher.

It was not until the 19th January this year that it suddenly dawned on me. Coming up 79 one knows one's an old f**t, but is that not delightful? Sadly, I lost my darling Pam two years ago to MS, but I can see her now – looking down on me as I write, smiling and saying "Gotcha!"

I am fortunate enough to say I am still running and that Mark is also a runner. Not just content with mere marathons, he has taken one giant leap ahead of me by becoming an ultra man. His 88 marathons (and counting) puts my lowly two at his age well into the shade.

Nevertheless, I am secretly chuffed that he is well and truly "doffing up the old man".

Son Number 2 and his wife have recent (8th March) presented me with my third grand

daughter (their second) born, wonderfully on Pam's birthday. She would have been so proud. What then to do with the scrapbook? My thoughts of getting it to the Chataway family would have tickled Pam absolutely pink. In response to my enquiries via Athletics Weekly, John Bryant contacted me and offered his assistance.

I am thus happy to pass on this memoranda (via John) in the hope that you will treasure it as a keepsake much the same way my wife has done all these years. In that: "Well done, John, and thank you".

I know what I is like to lose someone you love most dear but hope you find some comfort as you turn these pages. I enjoyed reading it and reliving the memories.

Yours very sincerely,
Colin Johnson,
(Haywards Heath Harriers).

Postscript:

John Bryant is a runner, journalist and author. He wrote the book *The quest for the 4-minute mile* – he gave me a signed copy. A 2.21 marathon man in his day, he is now in his 70s and lives in Kingston-upon-Thames. On the 19th March he looked after Sir Roger Bannister (wheelchair bound) and his wife at Chataway's memorial services at the church in St John's Wood.

The scrapbook was a photograph album, some 12 x 9 inches and 1 inch thick. I added his *Telegraph* obituary cutting and the *Athletics Weekly* magazine as an update and final entry. Also enclosed were photos of Pam.

Postscript #2:

Here is the letter reply I received from France on April 11th.

Dear Colin,
What a wonderful scrapbook was delivered to me by John last Monday. I an the family are touched beyond words that you should think us worthy recipients. Thanks to your lively Pam I am learning things about my beloved Christopher that I never knew – (may be some things he preferred not to tell me, such as his

driving misdemeanours!) and we are poring over every detailed article and picture.

I didn't meet Christopher until 1975, when he was 44 and I was 32, so his running career really passed me by in the 1950s – although his first cousins and my mother (who only died four weeks ago) were best and oldest friends, being brought up opposite one another in Milton Lilbourne, in Wiltshire, where Christopher's uncle was the vicar.

Pam had good taste thinking of Christopher as her ideal man (as she had clearly very good taste in her choice of husband too). He was the ideal man – the kindest, most generous, most tolerant, humorous and understanding man that ever was, with vast depths of humanity, courage – and serenity in the face of his mortality. I am so sorry you had to watch your darling Pam suffer for so long with MS.

Christopher's eldest son is also called Mark! – our two sons, Adam (35) and Christopher Matthew (32) both run marathons like your Mark. Matt is doing the London Marathon for the 4th time tomorrow and Adam did six marathons in six continents in a month during October 2012. Christopher was so proud of him (it was a fundraising project in memory of his late fiancée) – we both were.

And finally:-

A letter – from who?

*Just a line to say I'm living, that I'm not among the dead,
Though I'm getting more forgetful and mixed up in my head.
I've got used to my arthritis and to my dentures I'm resigned,
I can cope with my bifocals, but Ye Gods – I miss my mind.
Sometimes I can't remember when I'm standing by the stair,
If I should be going up for something or have just come down from there.*

*I'm before the fridge so often, my mind is full of doubt,
Now did I put some food away, or come to get some out?
So remember, I do love you and wished that you live near
Because, it's time to post this and say "goodbye, my dear".
At last I stand by the postbox but my face is turned red,
Instead of posting this you – I've opened it instead!*

Ring any bells, anyone?

Matt did an Ironman last July and it is this June they are doing the 56-mile Comrades run in South Africa. Christopher rolled his eyes in despair at what he considered madness, whilst secretly loving every moment of it.

They ran the Barcelona Marathon together two weeks ago together too. They came late to running, really only taking to it after university, but had many happy years, nonetheless, running with their father.

When Christopher could no longer run, he took to an exercise bike and used it every day until 10 days before he died. He stopped running with his lung problems, about the end of 2012.

We had a wonderful life together, as you did with Pam, and were so very happy, we had time to talk about life, death, and my life without him. We talked about everything, but nothing can really prepare one for the actuality, can it?

I send to you all my good wishes, and those of our children, and so much gratitude for such a wonderful gift, which will be treasured very, very deeply.

*Yours most sincerely,
Carola*



"My cup runneth over": Finding Saturday's parkrun a touch repetitive? Chairman Mark Sykes has found a way to retain his enthusiasm week after week

Chairman Sykes shows plenty of bottle

Ron Jinx reports: "We are a drinking Club with a running problem". So Lady Celia Sykes wittily posted on the Harriers' Facebook site after our top runners returned from Rye with their cars loaded up as though they were licensed victualler's delivery vans.

I assumed this was just her sharp sense of humour until at a recent Clair parkrun I caught sight of Lord Mark publicly, unashamedly, openly, brazenly and defiantly pouring himself a generous polystyrene-cupful of Merlot on the terrace of the cricket pavilion. All this in front of a record turnout of 152 parkrunners eager to seek any tips and advice from Harriers.

Unfortunately grubby photographer was nearby to capture this distressing scene. The committee will be discussing whether his behaviour amounts to gross misconduct as defined in the constitution and should lead to him losing his much-cherished and hard-earned EA affiliation. Watch this space.
