

They think it's all over. It is now. With a swing of his lengthy limb, Big Leggy has slotted the final blog in the back of the outrun net, and the whistle has blown on the summer (just as the sun, unlike me, has decided to make an appearance).

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#### OUTRUN 17 - September 17th - THE REDMILE WRECKER.

The final blog of the year - or is it? The question mark is back, where did it come from? Look it's there again.

"Lies, Damn Lies and Statistics" is a famous quotation attributed to somebody famous. If you know who, send your answers on a postcard to, no actually better send an e-mail. My postman is getting fed up struggling to my front door with a heavy sack of mail in response to the quizzes and questions arising from the blog.

Only last week I had countless letters regarding the article on local beauty spots in the area. Mrs C of Dorian Rise wants to know the origin of Bully's Hole. My research tells me that Bully's Hole was a pool on the river where large amounts of Bull Head fish were caught for the local fish-pie making industry which flourished in the area in the latter part of the 18th century, long before Melton was famous for food such as Burgers , Pizza, Chips, Curry and Raw Chicken. (No wonder Melton proudly bears the legend of the rural capital of fast food).

Mr D of Asfordby Road however, remembers Bully's Hole as the place where the school bully used to beat the crap out of him!!

Mr W of Tamar Road wants to know where he can purchase tickets to The Scalford Treacle Mines. I am sorry to inform him that they are not on sale to the general public as it is in fact a SSSI - a site of Special Sticky Syrup Interest. I have a warrant from DEFRA which allows me to take small parties there. If any ladies wish to go they are allowed when there is a Y in the day and men can go when there is a Q in the month. If you wish to go you will need to be blind-folded and then completed disoriented either by circling a broom handle ten times or drinking six pints of lager and leaving your first born child as a hostage. If you have no children a large amount of used notes will suffice. You will also need protective equipment, a basic knowledge of pot holing and experience of bush survival techniques.

A local cafe owner says he would like to know how to get to Rhubarb Island and do I have a recipe for a crumble? There are three access routes, by car down Sysonby Lane with limited parking near the sewage works, a footpath through Longfield school sports field or through the old mill on Leicester Road. Years ago there was a train platform adjacent to the Island which brought a huge amount of tourists from all over the Midlands. The station was however closed in 1964 during the Dr Beeching cuts. Rhubarb Island is in fact a bit of a misnomer. The plant is not actually a true Rhubarb but it can be made into a pie or a crumble using copious amounts of sugar and ground ginger to taste. If you eat the pie however you may find that you sweat profusely, begin to vomit, become dehydrated, suffer paralysis, lapse into delirium, and fall into a coma before making a full recovery. I speak from experience, its best not to risk it.

I also received a letter from W H of Cranmere Drive who writes 'I am a part-time Pizza delivery boy and wonder if I have the same rights of way as other emergency vehicles?' Well yes W H, you do. Providing you can prove there is a risk of your delivery going cold before you reach your destination, you are allowed to run a red light as long as the general public are not put in any danger. W H recounts a funny story in his letter about the time he was delivering a large spicy sausage special to a desperate lady on West Avenue when he was caught driving the wrong way down a one way street. When asked by the policeman if he had seen the arrows he replied 'Arrows officer, I never even saw the Native Americans'. Nice one!! .

Did someone mention statistics about 3 pages ago? As it was the last of the out runs I thought I would tidy up all the facts, figures and results. 52 runners appeared through the Summer at an average of 20.7 per run, (up on last year's 17.4) with the most runners being 27 at the first one at Ashby with a

low of 15 at Market Overton

Julie was the only one who achieved 100% although as she won the thong last year (which I have to tell you has had little use) she says she doesn't need another.

There were 6 who reached the teens Ian 16, Phil 15, Suzie and Michelle 14 and Celia 13. Well done to them and thanks to all of you who supported the runs throughout the year.

Fancy dress winner was Wayne.

Handicap winner was Suzie.

No Watch winner was John Junior.

GPS sweep was shared between Chris, Julie and Michelle. They declined a fight in the pub car park to settle the winner so a draw was declared.

£150 was raised for the air ambulance, which I am told is just about enough to get it off the ground.

18 of us did a run around Redmile footpaths and along the canal where, for the most part, we stayed together. Although confusion reigned for a while when the runners at the front doubled back to pick up the back markers. Got back in reasonable light before filling the bar at the Peacock with, as Lucy remarked, 18 smelly, sweaty bodies. No food but a good selection of beers with Red Stripe being the pick.

This year I will not go into complete hibernation as I would like to come to the club on a Wednesday to see all the Summer hibernaters, you know who you are, emerge from their long Summer sleep.

Regards Big Leggy.

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#### OUTRUN 16 - September 10th - THE REARSBY RAMBLE

What on earth is going on - I put one venue on the card and another on the web page and although we didn't block two car parks it was a good attempt. You must think I am going mad.

18 of us with one new face, a welcome return for Sam (the female version) set off on a beautiful evening along a lovely track towards Rearsby Mill with a short road section into Thrussington. No sign of Darryl this week (or his harem) but there were 6 girls in Di's posse on the shorter run. They will be most welcome to run with us if they wish to next year.

We then took a muddy path heading towards Hoby along by the river. Up to this point it had been an uneventful run and it was to be even more uneventfuller (!) as we continued. As we neared Hoby we saw a man who was walking his labrador on the river bank. It doesn't get more exciting than this, you don't know what you are missing. I forgot to add that the labrador was black and called Floyd. We then went over a railway line into Rotherby. Great. Turning right we made for Brooksby we saw 6 people walking. It was all getting too much at this stage. Through Brooksby college on the last part of the journey to Rearsby and we all thought nothing more could happen, and we were right nothing more did happen. We did however see some anglers which, again, added to the excitement.

Entering Rearsby there was to be one final test to be tackled in order to become a fully fledged off roader and that involved negotiating the raging torment (see Just William. Read by Martin Jarvis) of Rearsby Brook. One by one the 12 of us, (that's 18 minus 6 in case you were wondering how I ended up with 12, it's just basic maths. I didn't get a CSE grade 3 for nothing and this is evidence that it hasn't been wasted), risked the rapids. Only 2 declined and they are named and shamed as Vicky and Emma. Surprisingly our club captain Phil risked being branded a pussy on the blog by at first running over the bridge before thinking better of it and then running through the brook.

Back to the pub. What can I say about the pub. Many years ago, when I lived at home in Queniborough, I used to go to Rearsby for a drink and as I walked through the door on Wednesday it was like stepping back to a time when everything was in black and white. It appeared that nothing had changed (except the prices) and I mean nothing, from the carpet upwards. Although none of us ordered food, I am assured by a lot of people that the food is great and is good value for money.

Please report back if any of you go there for a special occasion, like a 25th wedding anniversary for instance.

Sorry that it's a bit dull this week - I always prefer it when something happens but all of you are so careful now. Where is Clive when you need him. I can always find 2 or 3 paragraphs about him. Even Wayne was there legitimately and in his car (which is a Citroen), so nothing funny there.

Michelle won the GPS this week and is now level with Julie and Chris. £137 raised so far and we would like to make the £150 so don't forget your 50p (or more) next week.

Song of the week is Fools Rush In by Brook Benton a minor hit reaching number 50 in 1961. This in no way implies that Vicky and Emma are angels who "fear to tread". You may be interested to know that dear ole Brooks biggest hit was of course the Boll Weevil Song.

We are at Redmile next week for our final run and as the nights are drawing in we hope to start 10 minutes earlier if possible. Might be an idea to bring a torch.

Just a footnote - it wasn't the runs, it was just an irritation caused by being in the bush too long.

Regards Big Leggy

P.S please turn up at Redmile prepared to do something (anything) interesting

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#### OUTRUN 15 - September 3rd - THE OLD DALBY DODGE

In spite of the prospect of heavy rain and strong winds, 20 hardy souls arrived at The Crown in Old Dalby. Is this the most difficult pub to find in Leicestershire. For all we know there may be a few Striders still out there trying to find it.

We should have noticed the signs that we were in for bad weather when we saw Suzie, the crop top queen, wearing a long sleeved shirt - is this a first. I am pretty sure that Emma and Helen drove into the car park but they were never seen again - did they run on the road as part of Darryl's new posse along with Kirsty or did they take a look at the weather and go home?

We were all just about to leave when a funky moped arrived carrying two Marguerita pizzas and a Hawaiian. As he parked up and removed his crash helmet it turned out to be Wayne doing a bit of moonlighting. However, having no more deliveries that night, he was able to join us for a run. He did say that he thought he looked like Boon (remember him) but he's been dead years, so there was a similarity. I shouldn't mention Wayne by name this week as Wayne should have been elsewhere, so I told Wayne that he (Wayne, that is) wouldn't get a mention in case the wrong (!) people read this and realised Wayne wasn't where he should have been.

Three groups left the pub and went in three different directions, with the main group heading across the fields towards Nether Broughton and passing through the local beauty spot known as Dicken's Dell. This is a small wooded area alongside a stream and has a bench and picnic area. This is right up there with other national parks in the region such as Bully's Hole, The Paddling Pool, Scalford Treacle Mines (this is highly recommended as a great day out for all the family, take your own bread) and, of course, Rhubarb Island. I am sure all you locals know where these places are but if not see me or Chris Southam for a map.

Passing through a field of friendly cows and a mad horse (where was the horse whisperer when you need him? - oh yes in hospital) into Nether Broughton, the rain began to hammer down and it was getting dark. This was the worst night for an outrun for years and we began to have thoughts of cutting it short. Phil made sure this happened by, some say deliberately, missing a couple of paths thus making sure we got back early, but as the sleet was now biting into everyone we didn't blame him too much.

Wayne (oops sorry, Wayne) had the GPS and once again was way off in his own estimate. Sam won being spot on with his guess of 5.7miles. Must come clean at this point as Darryl and Kirsty walked in after the result had been revealed, we all made out we had waited for them and got another pound for the pot before Wayne revealed the distance once again with Sam claiming two wins. Sorry Sam but nice try. Still Julie and Chris in the lead with just two runs to go. £131 raised so far for Air Ambulance. If any members have not yet been on an outrun and contributed to this worthy cause you have still got two chances left.

Nice pub with good selection of real ales with beers of the week being Sherrifs Tipple and Harvest Pale. Darryl, Kirsty and you-know-who sampled the soup, which I believe was Turnip and Pomegranate. I won't embarrass Kirsty at this stage as I don't think anyone else spotted what I, him again, Darryl, Phil, Ian, Steve and Chris spotted.

I have been a bit slack on the song of the week recently, so here is last week's offerings: Stamp by Amos a UK rapper (is there such a thing) which got to number 11 in 1996 and My Boomerang Won't Come Back by Charlie Drake number 14 in 1961. (You will, of course, have to have seen last weeks blog to get the relevance of these songs).

This week's song of the week is Down Came The Rain by the unforgettable ..... (sorry I have forgotten). I will sing it as a duet with Julie next week, she has a voice which is a cross between Ethel Merman, Bjork and Eliza Dolittle, so something to look forward to then.

See you all at the Horse And Groom at Rearsby for a prompt 7 o'clock start.

Regards Big Leggy

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#### OUTRUN 14 - August 27th - THE GADDESBY RUN

G'day coppers hope you are all fair dinkum! Three weeks in Australia and not one person said this to me and I thought that's how they spoke all the time. All I heard from them during the first week was how good they were at swimming and how much better than the poms they were at everything. Still we had the last laugh once the athletics started.

Got back from Oz last Sunday, however if this goes on the web page a week late as sometimes happens I got back a fortnight ago or anything up to a month etc.

I have pencilled in a couple of outruns over there for next year if any of you are interested, the run around the base of Uluru is 9.4km which would be ideal. It is however 600km to the nearest pub and about 12,000 miles to the nearest decent pub.

I am sure you will all be pleased to know that Julie and I have no thoughts of emigrating although we did enjoy our holiday. A lot of travelling - 25 hour train journeys, sunset and sunrise over Uluru, walks over Sydney Harbour Bridge a quick duet with Dame Kiri at the opera house and whale watching but my favourite part was when I was in the bush.

It was nice to get back to the green and pleasant land though, its funny how you miss expensive fuel prices, nose-to-tail traffic, rubbish strewn everywhere, charity shops and Shredded Wheat.

After the last outrun around Buckminster where the fields were overgrown, the farmers (bless 'em ), had cut and harvested them so there were no nettles, brambles, thistles, oil-seed rape or corn lacerating your legs and, consequently, no complaining - although this may be because Clive wasn't with us and Darryl went on the road.

There is a definite '2 girls and 1 man' (and I say man in the loosest possible way) theme emerging on a Wednesday. Darryl did a road run with Laura and Helen, Gary ran at the back with Suzie and Louise, and Ron was lured out of retirement to run with Julie and Celia. What have these guys got that the rest

of us haven't. Answers on the back of a postage stamp please. I am not expecting a huge response. There was even a rumour this week that the fictitious Gary Postle was coming to run with 'er indoors' and Captain Mainwarings wife, but after waiting around with high expectations none of them turned up.

Actually if you are concerned that a stamp is not big enough to write on, consider this. I have been doing some research and found that eminent Victorian, Sir William Devises Banks, had a wager with Lord Kavanagh who challenged him to write 100 words on the back of a penny black in 1857. Banks took up the challenge by writing the Lords Prayer and still had room at the bottom to sign his name. The wager won him a considerable amount of land in the West Riding. The stamp, along with many other interesting exhibits, is on display in the British Museum of Philately in The Strand London.

The run, which was an old favourite from about 4 years ago, took us up the big hill before heading across the fields to Brooksby Farm and over the Leicester Road and into Rotherby, on to Frisby. Not much to report really up until this point (except we were to learn later that Andy had abandoned his own son in the wilds of Frisby saying he would pick him up later). Did he go back. I drove through on Friday and I am sure I saw Loz still sitting by the cross. Leaving Frisby on a hilly footpath heading back towards Gaddesby over some beautiful countryside, we reached the pub just as it was getting dark.

As you probably know I spend many hours checking out the courses for the summer runs and while I can't guarantee that the grass will be cut, I have managed to get you all home safely over the last 10 years. The work can be time consuming and, if I get the opportunity, some of the path finding is carried out after, I repeat after, work. I therefore refute an allegation made by one of our runners suggesting that I must work part time!! This comment was made all the more unbelievable as it was made by a teacher who, and I think I am right in saying this, have 46 weeks holiday a year with a further 6 weeks off in lieu.

Even though we had 19 runners this week we only took £5.50 for the air ambulance surely 50p will not break the bank whether you stay for a drink or not, it's all in a good cause and you may get a mention on the blog. Honest Wayne had the GPS again this week and was once again way off with his guess, as was Darryl who estimated 17 miles, (running with girls has sent him mad). Get back over the fields with the real runners Darryl, it's for your own good. This week's winner was Julie who is coming with a late run and now has 2 wins along with Chris, 7 others are on one win each. I must point out that she has no inside information (although if she asks, there is one way I will reveal everything to her!!!!!!)

After many weeks of research and development I produced the final Stitch Stick and in truth the response from the members was muted so I have decided to consign it to the great wood burner in the sky. There was a little bit of hope as Chris said that he had tried the stick when his daughter had got a stitch and it had worked. Don't think of pinching my idea Chris, I thought of it first. I will allow you to use it under licence though.

With only three outruns left, we are stuck on 50 runners. If you haven't been yet, try and get to one before the onset of the deadly 'Grangeavenueitis' which is a form of depression and can last up to 6 months.

The last outrun on the 17th from Redmile will be around 5 miles and, as it is the last one, I thought it would be fitting if we all ran together that night.

See you all next week on the 3rd September (the day war broke out) for the next out run from The Crown at Old Dalby.

Regards Big Leggy

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OUTRUN 13 - July 30th - THE BUCKMINSTER BOUNCE, THE TOLLEMACHE ARMS, BUCKMINSTER

' Let he who is without sin take the plank out of their own eye'



Oh the shame of it, will I ever be able to hold my head high at the club again. Well yes actually.

Lets get it over and done with now and hopefully you will all have forgotten about it when I get back from Australia. You cannot vilify a man for the rest of his life for one small mistake. Its hardly on the same scale as Hitler, Stalin, Pol Pot or Peter Taylor, is it. I am not an arborealist and I made the mistake of taking the wrong turn, by the wrong tree in the wrong field. If I am guilty of anything it's not being able to tell my Ash from my Elder.

After last week's altercation with the landlord I decided it would be good to get back into the habit of informing the pub that we would block the car park, go for a run and then have a drink afterwards. Simple - except that I hadn't banked on them being slightly dense, as by the time we got back they (whoever they may be) had decided to close the pub as nobody had booked into the restaraunt. It probably didn't occur to them to wonder why 20 cars were in the car park. The 50-minuters arrived back dryer than Rays Mears saddle bag and ready for a couple of pints. Some swift negotiations and threats by the girls (you don't mess with them!) and the manager decided to open. Not the best selection of beers - some nasty Stella, no bitters apart from some bottles of Lancaster Bomber which was surprisingly good. This is the second time in 4 years we have had opening issues at this pub and as a result they are also blacklisted.

Another field of more than 20 headed out together along a nice track towards Coston, with the only problems at this stage being the brambles and nettles at the stiles, this was soon to get worse as we entered some overgrown fields covering the footpaths. I have taken the names of the farms and they are also blacklisted. (We soon won't have anywhere to run at this rate). Running at the head of the field to avoid making eye contact with all the grumbling runners I was in for a surprise as, at the road, most of the men (Andy, Darrel and Clive in particular) and some of the ladies thought that being scratched and beaten by nettles and corn was quite a thrill!!! Not to mention the thistles at a convenient height amongst the beans. It was slightly after the beans that the navigational error occurred but luckily nobody died on this occasion.

Reaching a green lane alongside the Buckminster road, Suzie, who was obviously missing school and not having anyone to discipline quickly, shouted 'Don't give them an alternative' so everyone jumped to attention and headed off for the full route.

For the second week I forgot to whip out my stick, as I think interest is beginning to wain slightly. I do need the model to provide a little bit of glamour to the occasion and give it a bit more profile and kudos. This will be the last chance for any of you to participate in the unspectacular opening ceremony which will take place at Gaddesby on the 27th August.

This week's milometer was Honest Wayne (would you buy a used car from this man) who assured us that he would not look at the GPS so he could have a guess. We have to believe him as his guess was so way off the mark that he must be telling the truth. Still ahead with 2 wins is Chris Southam (who has gone off the boil lately) being over a mile out this time, there are 7 others on one win each with Julie J adding her name to the list this week. Another £8 into the Air Ambulance pot.

Only two 100%ers (13 runs) Me and Julie, with Ian on 12 and Michelle, Steve McGarry and Phil on 11.

What have the following people got in common. Woody, Fraser, Vicky, Julie Dooley and Sue Birley. Answer - they have only done it once all year. How sad! They have, however, done it one more time than Tim Hicks, John Cresswell, Danny Keightly and, of course, Gary Postle.

\*\*\*\*Stop Press\*\*\*\* - The Redmile Wrecker has been rearranged for the 17th September from the Peacock in Redmile.

Cogratulations to Andy and Sally on tying the knot. And best wishes to Kirsty for the op and we hope to see her training as soon as possible.

See you all at Gaddesby on the 27th August.

Regards Big Leggy.

## OUTRUN 12 - July 23rd - THE HOBY HASH, THE BLUE BELL, HOBY

Around 20 runners met at Hoby this week and were greeted by a car park attendant or land lord as he styled himself who had a bit of a moan about parking and requested next time that we phone first. He needn't worry, there won't be a next time, the Blue Bell is now blacklisted and will not appear on any out run diary for the foreseeable future. It also turned out to be the most expensive pub of the year. Maybe all of you who sneaked off early without spending 50p on the Sweep, knew this and had some cold beers at home. On the good side though there were lovely views over the river from the beer garden.

Nice to see Darryl back this week who became minder for the girls as they headed out towards Ragdale where he made them jump a hurdles course of electric fences, hack their way through a hedge and wade a stream to avoid some cows. They must have enjoyed it as they have asked him back for next week.

A new record was set this week as we were 9mins 20secs into the run before Clive began to complain, this is the official time as he was out of earshot before the first (of many) regrouping stops and may have begun as early as the first minute which is usually the case but I'll give him the benefit of the doubt.

Leaving Hoby on the Midshires Way we headed towards Shoby along a slightly overgrown track before having our first encounter with cows. A distant sighting of a bull unsettled some of the girls, as we got closer the bull stood up to reveal testicles the size of space hoppers which may have got in the way had he decided to chase us. He looked pretty tired anyway as he had been satisfying his harem throughout day and was sleeping it off in the evening sunshine. Sounds perfect!! Its just typical that, on a night when we have a large group who do not like cows, every second field had cows in it. It was at Hoby some years ago that Theresa faced her fear of cows head on and has never been seen again. I am hoping that this won't be the case with Emma and Helen as next week we reach the patting the cow on the nose part of their training.

A short road section with a tricky uphill and heading back across the fields to a stream and a little bridge and into impenetrable nettle country with only minor injuries to report, a steep hill section took us into a field of beans (wasn't that the name of a film) where the leaders decided we would walk. If you want to walk, join The Ramblers, their number can be found in the yellow pages under 'anoraks'. The group split at Asfordby sports field with half heading back along the road with the rest running alongside the river into Frisby, Rotherby and finally back to the pub. A long run this week being out for an hour and half with the leaders running for 62mins with a total of 7.7miles completed. No winners on the GPS this week but I did say that I would mention Lucy and Alison who were the closest. With all the tightwads leaving early only £4 was taken this week.

I gave a big build up last week for the Stitch Stick which was to be revealed at Hoby but as I only had a small audience and I had to make some last minute alterations, it will not be finally launched until next week at Buckminster. I am looking for a volunteer to drape themselves over it like they do at the motor show. Please try and attend for the latest in a long list of life changing experiences on offer at the summer outruns.

No phone-in competition this week as to be honest the response lately has been disappointing. I put this down to the holiday period and not that nobody gives a toss, so the next competition will be on my return from holiday.

The run at Buckminster is the last outrun for three weeks. During this time there is the Joy Cann race at Huncote on the 6th August with the following two weeks back at the club. The outruns return on the 27th August from Gaddesby. Would any of you like an extra outrun on the 17th September? It may just be light enough to rearrange the Redmile Wrecker on that date.

This week's song is Cowgirls by Underworld No 24 in the year 2000 which was taken from the album DUBNOBASSWITHMYHEADMAN. I have changed my mind about the competition. Underworld's biggest hit was apparently Born Slippy a No 2 hit in 1996 - if any of you can sing the chorus next week you'll get a full page profile on the blog. Like thats gonna happen!!  
Best Regards as always Big Leggy

## OUTRUN 11 - July 16th - THE BLUE COW, SOUTH WITHAM

Had I done the right thing arranging another outrun 12 miles from Melton in the wilds of darkest Lincolnshire. Knowing the Striders reluctance to venture so far and cross the County border I was worried all day about how many would turn up. For the second time this year I was surprised as one by one they arrived in the car park with tales of how they had avoided the guards at Checkpoint Charlie by disguising themselves as trees, floating over the border in home made balloons, hiding in the false floor of an ancient Trabant, pole vaulting the brook further downstream, digging a tunnel from Wymondham and unbelievably just driving across in the car while the normally vigilant guards were playing poker and drinking vodka. Well done team!

As more and more arrived, 23 in all, we once again blocked the car park with a display of parking never seen in this part of Lincolnshire before. If we could get used to the idea of sharing cars it would be good as it would reduce the Striders carbon footprint thus doing our bit for the environment. I have looked into this more deeply and have come up with a Striders carbon off-setting scheme. More details on request. (That'll be the end of that then).

A momentous event happened this week with the record breaking fiftieth runner joining us who was given a rapturous round of applause. The winner was the 66-1 outsider for the title, Catherine Voyce beating the two favourites Tim Hicks and Gary Postle out of sight. Will we make 55?

Both groups set off together along the old railway and then by the edge of South Witham quarry, through a small thicket (that brings back outrun memories) and into a field of rape, where once again the farmer had cut a wide, easily navigable footpath through - not. The worry was etched on everyone's face as the slower runners came into view and the possible embarrassment of being overtaken by them as they had the good sense to run around the edge, as the main group 'fannied' about in the rape, it was if they were tip toeing through a crocodile infested swamp.

The field was eventually negotiated safely and sanity was restored as the two groups went their separate ways. We did lose Suzie at this stage as she opted for the road route with cries of this place being the back of beyond, which coming from a Northern lass was a bit rich!

Through Thistleton along the Viking Way and past Cottesmore Airbase we noticed two shady characters with cameras, telescopes and long beards skulking in the undergrowth. Now I'm not sure whether the Tora Bora caves are in Lincolnshire but you can draw your own conclusions.

Did I mention Clive was with us this week, his behaviour was slightly better with only a few references to the stingers, I did hear him call rape once or twice though. However he does have a side kick now in Malky from the vet camp, who is fast becoming as whingey as Clive. One I can cope with but two may be trickier.

Why doesn't anyone trust me any more. I give simple easy to follow instructions to try and keep the run going while I am sweeping up at the rear and you all stand waiting for me to reach you before heading off. This is most upsetting and I may need counselling, God who do I sound like!!!!

Reaching another quarry, these runs are not just thrown together you know, on Hooby Lane we headed back towards the airbase. Along a well-maintained track (I am not joking this time) Chris showed his amazing agility as a partridge flew up in front of him he made a grab for it ending up with a handful of tail feathers. He was quite disappointed that he had missed it as he said he would have had it for the pot. I wonder how he would feel if somebody was running through Long Clawson and a stray Rhode Island Red flew up in front of them. Think on Chris. Think on.

Now geography is not one of my strong points although I do have a smattering (good word lets do it again) smattering to get by, but when I watch Michael Palin or Ben Fogle (is he suspect) my idea of a ravine is of steep-sided cliffs often densely wooded with impenetrable forest leading down to a fast flowing river, similar to the one in Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom - I am not sure if I missed it but on the umpteen times I have been on that route I don't recall a ravine of any sort. One of our runners who will remain nameless but who had the GPS said there was a ravine just near the railway at the finish. Bit of a dip I thought. Please email me on this as I may be wrong.

I remember watching a program some years ago about how people in Belgium, not all of them just a few of the nutters, open up their houses on a Sunday afternoon to display their collections of pottery,



postcards, bones, cheese, plunder from the Congo, Plastic Bertrand memorabilia etc and I wondered if Wayne could do the same to show off his stolen beer glass collection.

Beer of the week was San Miguel. The Blue Cow is a pub with its own micro brewery but I have to say the Tom Caxtons wasn't up to much on this occasion.

Winner of the GPS was Pat who has one win along with Michelle, Matt, Mike, Steve with Chris still ahead on two. £93 raised so far.

Must go now as I seem to have rambled on a bit this week for a change. There is one item to update you on though, I think I have now perfected the ultimate stitch stick and I will display it at Hoby on Wednesday. Don't miss it.

Song for the week - 'It's only rock 'n' roll' by the Rolling Stones just beating 'Rosie' by Don Partridge.

Quiz of the week - 60's group The Quarrymen eventually became whom? Still not got question mark!! (you're welcome, Tim)

Regards  
Big Leggy

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#### OUTRUN 10 - July 2nd - THE HOSE POSE

After last year's poor showing in the fancy dress competition it was a day of unbearable tension for me wondering whether more than 3 people would turn up in something other than a T Shirt. As Julie and I travelled to the Rose and Crown, me as Robin Hood and she as my Maid Marianne (Faithful) in her hippy costume, that's hippy as in the sixties type and not hippy as in big hips, we were both thinking that we would be the only ones in dressing up mode. I needn't have worried as the normally stoic Striders let themselves go in an absolute cornucopia of costumes. Julie and I looked pretty ordinary as a variety of characters arrived in the car park.

Liz looked terrific in her South Seas costume with a couple of large sea shells right over her ....., well you know where. Matt looked less terrific in a bikini top (was it his) and a pair of shorts that left nothing to the imagination and must have brought tears to his eyes, he topped this off with a bright red wig.

Andy raided age concern to find some old clothes to dress as a pirate, any resemblance to Johnny Depp was purely coincidental and in fact he looked more like Captain Pugwash strutting about flashing his little weapon.

Phil really made the effort coming as a postman, truth was he finished work late and didn't have time to change. Jenny was a naughty schoolboy while Alison was Little Red Riding Hood, the lengths people will go to save a pound.

Kirsty was well kitted out as Wonder Woman and we all wondered what sort of woman she is. We all saw a different side to her as she blatantly stole a glass for Wayne (if I had thought quickly enough she could have stolen one for me as well). Mind you at £3.20 a pint Wayne probably thought the glass came free.

The winner of this week's prize was Dame Wayne Fontaine as he donned the old 'desmond' and feather boa and treated everyone to his pas-de-deux. Not content with one costume when the run was over he slipped into his silky London marathon nightie and settled down for the night. How did Darryl manage to keep his hands off him, or did he!!

Just a quick mention for the non-exhibitionists in the club, you know the ones Gary, Nick, Julie Dooley, Steve, Sue Birley and all the juniors who didn't dress up but did pay their 2 pounds into the charity pot.

We attracted some stares from the regulars at the pub and the locals as we ran through the village and across the sports field where the tennis players made some unforced errors. Up through the Harby Hills and into Eastwell we headed for Goadby Marwood but were blocked by a field a rape which even Wonder Woman couldn't fly through. Turning back we headed on another path down the Harby Hills where we were attacked by one of Sam's ferocious sheep, before heading back to the pub.

Six ladies took the alternative on the road and along the canal attracting an equal numbers of stares from the anglers with their twitching rods.

Good menu on offer, with BLT Paninis and cajun chicken burger and chips popular choices. Beer of the week was Peroni with the fancy glass, see Kirsty if you'd like one she has loads at home from previous visits to various pubs.

Winner of the GPS was Matt who guessed 7.9 miles with the actual distance being 7.87 he kindly donated his winnings to the prize fund.

A good night and a big thank you to everyone for turning up especially those in fancy dress. We raised nearly £50 on the night and have around £90 so far.

Next outrun is on July 16th at The Blue Cow, South Witham for the quarry run. We have so far had 49 runners this year - will Tim Hicks or Gary Postle be the 50th.

Best regards

Big Leggy

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#### OUTRUN 9 - June 25th - THE WHEEL BRANSTON (The No Watch Race)

A record field of 23 runners assembled at The Wheel in Branston for the 4th running of the race, with the three previous winners on the start line eager for another success. Little did we know that we were in for one of the biggest shocks for years, not the winner of the race but Sam in shorts, we hope to see him back in chinos next time.

The race was run over two courses along roads, woodland paths and farm tracks with the runners estimating their finishing time, the closest being declared the winner. First across the line on the short course (5 - 6 miles) was Imogen in an excellent 44mins 55secs although her local knowledge didn't help her as she was over 6 mins off her time. Second was Debbie in 48.30 @ 8.20 with Martin 3rd in 50.43 @ 10.43. Christian was the first across the line in the longer route (6-7 miles) finishing 4mins down in 47.05, 2nd was Phil in 51.12 @ 2.08 with Stewart 3rd in 51.21 @ 4.04.

The shock of the night wasn't Sams shorts, but was the performance of three junior Striders who put most of us in the shade when it comes to map reading and guessing their time. The winner overall was John (sorry don't know surname) in 52.45 only 15 seconds off his time, 2nd was Emma Brown in 54.10 @ 1.00 with 'Loz' Robinson 3rd in 52.33 @ 1.27. Congratulations to all of you. It was great to see some new faces, please come again.

We have now had 47 runners this season, will you be number 50. Aidy was there but only in a how much can I drink capacity so doesn't count!

As official time keepers, John and I were able to sample some of the excellent beers on offer at the pub which included Batemans XB and Bishops Farewell. John had an unusual method of testing the beer of the week, he drank the ones he liked and the ones he didn't he took into the road and kicked over. The Wheel also has an extensive menu with some unusual dishes available. It is also a dog friendly pub. I felt like Peter Purves at Crufts surrounded by Greyhounds, Terriers, Collies, an Hungarian Pooloo a German Shepherd and a Rhodesian Ridgeback who was on the run from his native country after spoiling his ballot paper by peeing on it.

As I wasn't pathfinder for this week I am unable to report on any trips, weird mud practices ancient monuments or mysterious beasts so it is only a short report.

#### FULL RESULTS

John 52-45 @ 15secs  
 Emma 54-10 @ 1.00  
 Loz 52.33 @ 1.27  
 Steve 51-44 @ 1.44  
 Phil 51-12 @ 2.08  
 Richard 49-18 @ 2.18  
 Sam 55-36 @ 3.24  
 Stewart 51-21 @ 4.04  
 Christian 47-05 @ 4.05  
 Ian 55-36 @ 4.24  
 Gary 66-00 @ 5.00 Last to Cross the line  
 Pat 49-26 @ 5.34  
 Imogen 44-55 @ 6.05  
 Andy 53.52 @ 7.02  
 Mike 52-34 @ 7.26  
 Debbie 58.30 @ 8.20  
 Michelle 58-24 @ 8.24  
 Alison 64-14 @ 9.14  
 Vicki 55-50 @ 10.10 - so far off her time we thought she'd gone to Scarborough again.  
 Martin 50.43 @ 10.43 - and he went with her  
 Kirsty 55.50 @ 11.10 - and so did she  
 Julie 64-14 @ 25.16 and I thought Julie had gone to Australia without me.

This week's song which I have left 'til last, as I will probably hear the groan from here, is - Wheel Meet Again, don't know where, don't know when (for next year's No Watch Race) by the great Dame Vera Lynn.

See you in your best fancy dress gear at the Hose Pose on July 2nd  
 Best Regards Big Leggy

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#### OUTRUN 8 - June 18th - THE TILTON TROT

As you all know, I try to find an appropriate song to go with the anything that happened during the run, but this week even after trawling through the book of hit singles I couldn't find anything. Just as I was about to give up and do the blog without a song it came to me. There I was having a shower thinking of Julie Andrews (does that happen to anyone else) and I thought it's got to be 'The Hills Are Alive With The Sound Of Music'.

Of course the hills around Tilton aren't exactly the Austrian Alps and we don't run around dressed in old curtains but it was pretty hilly. The music connection comes from the Jam Session (calm down Suzie not that type of Jam) back at the pub where three ageing funksters provided something loosely resembling music.

We did have a few complaints this week, even without Clive, about the amount of hills especially the final climb which seemed to go on forever and went through approximately 3 counties. The clue is in the title, the village is called Tilton on the Hill. I will try to organise some runs in the fens where the hills are much flatter. This week's trivia is that Tilton is the highest place eastwards until you reach the Ural mountains on the Russia Kazakhstan Plateau. This may be an old wives' tale but remember dockleaves from 2005!

This week's phone-in is the vote to choose your favourite Carry On film and I am expecting the usual response. The list has been narrowed down to three:  
 Carry on up the Khyber

Carry on up the Jungle

Carry on Screaming .

A vote already carried out in the pub revealed that the top three favourite characters were: 1st Gladstone Screwer, 2nd The Reverend Flasher, 3rd Private Widdle.

How the nights just fly by.

The highlight of the week came in the re-invention of the Stitch Stick. This is a stick scientifically designed to prevent or reduce the symptoms of the stitch. After about four miles Louise was suffering with stitch and so was provided with a stick to carry round to get rid of pain. It didn't work, I don't think her heart was in it. You have to be a believer.

Clinical trials to prove the effectiveness of the stick are still continuing, but results so far are encouraging. Further tests will be carried out over the coming weeks with runners asked to carry a variety of sticks of varying weights, lengths and species to study the ones with the greatest power of healing.

When the trials are completed and have the approval of the British Medical Association, I intend to provide a business plan and present it on The Dragons Den. After giving it some thought I believe £50,000 should be enough to develop a Stick Producing Plant for when the market takes off. The panel may think it is just a stick but it is more than that, it is a multi-tool, more of a Swiss Army Stick, with many uses (apart from the obvious medical benefits). They include a dog's toy for hours of fun, they can be used as a weapon in the event of a surprise attack or can be used to start a fire (could do a BOGOF here). They could also be sold in a number of attractive colours in a handy carrying case. I will have to stop there as I don't want anyone stealing my ideas. This time next year we could be millionaires.

Winner of the GPS sweep was Mike at 8.2miles. Chris has 2 wins with Steve, Michelle and Mike on one each. £40 raised so far.

See you ALL at the No Watch Race at Branston.

Regards Big Leggy

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#### OUTRUN 7 - June 11th - THE MARKO MUDDLE, MARKET OVERTON

Are you going to Scarborough Fayre

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme

etc etc

Simon and Garfunkel and The Beatles among others. Never charted as a single.

What has Scarborough got to do with anything you may ask. Well I am reliably informed that Vicky, who is now out of the running for the 100% award, boarded the wrong train at Leicester Station and ended up, and I think I heard this correctly, in Scarborough!!! I hope to receive a postcard shortly and a souvenir of her visit when she gets back. Steve McGarry also relinquished his 100% award when going, on purpose, to the coast for his holiday.

We were down to a disappointing 15 runners this week. Was the prospect of travelling 12 miles and crossing the county border on the same night too much for all you stay away members, or were you watching the footie. Perhaps in Sam's case he hasn't sewn his trousers up yet; please get that done before we see you again.

The run headed through Market Overton village heading through an industrial estate where we were surprised to be involved in the latest episode of Knight Rider - quite out of the blue we were approached from behind by a talking ambulance which very politely warned us he was there and then on passing by said 'thank you, have a nice day'. This got me to thinking about other talking cars but I could only come up with Kit (from Knight Rider), Noddy's car (but I think he only said 'Parp Parp'), Herbie (I don't think he ever spoke out loud but could understand you), and of course Rafferty's Motor

Car by Val Doonican. Surprisingly this also never charted.

Following the footpath onto the Rutland Round (any one see the Rutland Times last week) we ran around a 6 metre margin full of Triticaria and Quinoa providing ground cover as requested by Defra in order to qualify for your single farm payment which the farmer may receive before he goes bust or dies whichever is the latter. The crop provides ground cover and food for the diminishing number of farmland birds. In fact they certainly will diminish if they don't get out from under your feet, dozens were almost squished on Wednesday night as they threw themselves in front of us as we ran by - Mike being the main culprit.

A nice track took us into Edmondthorpe before turning back on ourselves uphill and through a really muddy, churned up wooded part which the girls (particularly Kirsty and Emma) really enjoyed - so much so in fact that they wanted to do it again but unfortunately we hadn't got time. (Hope the exams went well Emma and all the revising has paid off, ignore your dad he doesn't mean it about the TV and computer games).

Zig zagging across the fields we eventually reached the road at the bottom of Marko Hill after an hour's running. Who was it who said if you give somebody a choice they will take the easy way out, not very catchy that and maybe who did say it wouldn't have admitted to it. I'm certainly not. Anyway, the point is it was 5 minutes back to the pub or to do the official full course was another 20 mins - big mistake giving an option. You may recall that early Christians being offered Death or Cake usually chose cake and football supporters offered Death or a Leicester City season ticket chose Death and, true to form, the Skivers amongst you chose the shorter course.

In doing this you missed out on the Beware of the Chickens sign (I bet you wished you had come now) and also a part of the run which reminded me very much of my time trekking through the bush in Africa and my encounters with the vertically challenged Hellarewe Tribe who in order to see where they were going had to jump up above the long grass shouting 'Where the Hellarewe' - much like Suzie was having to do. In fairness though the grass was very long, reaching up to my knees in some places. They don't call me Big Leggy for nothing.

Arriving back at the pub 20 minutes later (as I said) we were surprised to find that it had been twinned with a scary pub we went to last year (you know the one!). They did however have the football on and served a nice pint of Northern Rock although at £2.60 a go you needed a mortgage, I went for the 125% offer so I could afford the crisps. There was a varied menu available but nobody dared try it.

As the weather has begun to warm up many of the girls are opting for shorts - Kirsty looked very fetching in hers if a little shy. I am not sure about Celia's though. Were they plus fours or Stanley Matthews' old football shorts. Who knows. At this rate we may actually see Julie's legs. I haven't seen her in shorts since 1985, more on that story later.

Join us on Wednesday 18th June at the Crown at Tilton on the Hill (no need to cross the border) for another new run for 2008.

Don't forget the NO WATCH RACE at Branston on the 25th, let's make an effort to be there for the latest Club Race. New runners welcome, who will be number 50.

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#### OUTRUN 6 - June 4th - THE BUFFALO RUN, BOUVERIE LODGE

After cementing Anglo-French relations and extending the Entente Cordial at Thorpe Satchville last week, it was back to the all together more English setting of Bouverie Lodge for the annual barbecue, and for once the weather was perfect. Of course the American Bison (sometimes called Buffalo) is, as its name suggests, originally from America where indiscriminate shooting (in America, surely not) almost brought it to extinction, which in turn resulted in the founding of the American version of the RSPCA. The buffalo does have a smaller European cousin found in the forests of Northern Europe, known as the Wisent.



Our thanks go to Ruth and George who once again provided an excellent repast (see old words) of salad, rice and potatoes to compliment the venison sausage and Buffalo burgers. One of the more astute members remarked that the burgers tasted of liver - anyone else spot it. So in true Richard and Judy fashion I thought we would have a phone vote:

Do Buffalo burgers taste of liver: To vote Yes call 0800 121 456 01, To vote No call 0800 121 456 02. Please remember to get permission before calling. Also be careful how you dial, I voted No and chatted for ages to a very nice young lady! While on the subject of phone votes, in last weeks blog I invited you to call me if you have a wish or a dream I can make come true. I have so far had less than one response. However a recent Mori poll has revealed that this is above average for the Striders. Next weeks phone vote will canvas the Striders opinion on our continued membership of the EU as I know politics are always a hot topic on a Wednesday. Tricky to find a song this week but I have come up with Bob Marleys Buffalo Soldier, which is apparantly a local tune about polishing a small bloke from the vet camp. This excellent madrigal (old word for reggae) reached number 4 in 1983.

During the run this week there were no landmarks or massive feats of Victorian engineering, so I have carried out more research into the John o Gaunt viaduct which was named after the the third son of Edward 3rd. The first train to cross the viaduct was the Loch Ness to Skegness via Dungeness Express and also more than 1000 bricks were used in its construction. Those Victorians eh I don't recall Adam Hart- Davies telling us that.

Two groups set off, 6 on the shorter route and 18 on the full route out towards Old Dalby and through the Horse fields to the top of the escarpment. Its funny the little bits of bizarre conversation you pick up as you run round. Kirsty for instance mentioned rubbing mud on her thighs to prevent nettle stings, can you imagine that. It sounds to me thats only a short to step to mud wrestling. I have heard that in some parts of Scandinavia there are Running and Mud Wrestling Duathalons and I wonder if it might be worth trialling this during next years out runs. Please let me know.

The highlight (for some people) and at the same time the disappointment (for others) was Sam splitting his trousers. Why does he run in his Chinos. Fortunately for everyone and I mean everyone he had not gone commando, it makes me poorly just to type this but as a trainee journalist it is my moral duty to keep the public informed.

The two groups re-joined for the last mile and ran down from the Dalby hills through the Buffalo back to the finish. This must be the best view in the area.

You may have noticed that last week's blog, whilst full of interesting stories, gossip and information was a bit jumbled up with no clearly defined paragraphs. So did I.

Beer of the week was Piddle in the Hole brewed at the Wyre piddle brewery in Dorset £1 a bottle from Morrisons (there are other supermarkets in Melton).

The winner of the GPS this week was Michelle who very kindly offered to donate her winnings to charity (£32 raised so far). We may later in the Summer allow the winner to keep their prize without booing or shaming them or even slugging them off on the blog into giving it back. Who will dare to do it.

A reminder of two events coming up - No Watch Race from The Wheel at Branston 25th June and also the Hose Pose Fancy Dress Night. Please try and get in the spirit for charity £1 to enter if you are in fancy dress £2 if you are not, the fee also includes a free go on the GPS sweep. So all those who never bring any money with them make sure you do on July 2nd.

There were one or two people at the barby who are not paid up members and did not pay the £6 for the night, you know who you are (and so do we) please pay this week. Also if there are any runners who have not paid their £20 membership please pay asap it is now long overdue.

We have now had 42 different runners on the outruns but more new faces are always welcome if you havn't been yet help us to reach the 50 mark. A special award to our 50th runner over the stile.

## OUTRUN 5 - May 28th - 'LE CREPE NUIT CREEP - A LA REYNARD, THORPE SATCHVILLE'

Bonjour and welcome to Le Blog this week. Obviously I am unable to write the whole report in French (I can barely manage it in English) as there is so much to fit in this week after last week's meagre effort!

I did forget to say last week that the Handicap was the first race Suzie has won and she says she's now going for the No Watch Race double. Is there anyone out there who can stop her?

This week's song could have been anything sung by a Frenchman - She by Charles Aznavour, Raindrops keep Falling on my Head by Sacha Distel, but I thought that Thank Heavens for Little Girls by Maurice Chevalier was inappropriate in this day and age! Having discounted all of the above I have gone for (in light of the events of the evening) Life is a Minestrone by 10CC (No. 7 1975) "Life is a minestrone served up with parmesan cheese, life is a cold lasgane suspended in deep freeze, life is a fire of flaming brandy upon a crepe suzette. Let's get this moment cooking, honey, but let us not forget ....".

It might have been a crepe night weatherwise but it was far from crepe - with 23 runners braving the conditions, with just 6 100%ers remaining. Three new first timers this week - Emma 2, her friend Helen and a welcome return for our perennial old whinger, Clive, who was on form as usual. Although even he couldn't think what to complain about at one stile which had stingers, brambles, thistles and thorns. He was, for once, stuck for whinges!

We once again took over the pub car park and witnessed some excellent reversing, double parking and mere abandonment by the girls - anyone remember Reginald Molehusband. After the run we noticed that Emma 2's car had a puncture and the lads were queueueueueu (stop me!) ueing up to change the wheel. It almost came to fisticuffs - it was pathetic as well as chivalrous (see old words). I hope that if the Chairman suffers a puncture there would be similar queueueueue (I'm off again) of both men and ladies offering their services. I'm getting to the bit about the run but so much went on this week, I may not be able to mention Ian - falling off a stile into a hedge and the bit where Emma Brown wished she'd stayed at home revising for her GCSE's (or watching TV and playing computer games as Nick calls it!).

Special mention goes to Di's posse and this week 6 of them took the raod alternative which was 5.1 miles and this was a real breakthrough for Michelle who had never knowingly gone past 4 miles previously. They were flagged down by a mystery stranger in a car on the pretence of handing out entry forms for a race, with the poor opening chat up line "You ladies look fit, fancy doing this" before thrusting something in their hand and driving swiftly away!!

The main run took us across extremely muddy and overgrown fields but, worst of all, every stile we came to was surrounded by monster stingers. Being a hardened off-roader I am, of course, immune to the stings but I am always mindful of the health and safety of my flock and carry out an ongoing risk assessment, which may mean a change of route at a drop of a hat - be it through floods, tempest, cattle, plague of locusts etc. or, in this case, a footpath overgrown with nettles. We found out later that Sam thinks sheep are ferocious with their big teeth and sharp claws (!) and I will include them in future risk assessments. He may be getting them mixed up with wolves, which of course often dress up in sheep's clothing.

We eventually arrived in Burrough with the path taking us through somebody's garden to emerge into the second largest field in the Melton District. A short road section before heading over the fields to Twyford, passing beneath the John O'Gaunt viaduct. Built in 1874 by the LMS Railway, the Chief Engineer was Thomas Acton who was born in Nantwich in Cheshire and was educated at the University of Manchester where he studied Engineering. He married Gemma Bancroft and they had 7 children - some of their descendants still live in the area today. (A little bit of history there for you, as some of you were asking.) It's the little things that make the outruns worthwhile and the boyish smile on Matt's face as the viaduct came into view, was priceless. It had always been one of his dreams to run underneath the arches (Flanagan and Allen - 1930's) and I was happy to make his dream come true. If any of you have a sensible wish that I may be able to help with, call or email me.

The change of route in Twyford took us along the road to the finish at the pub. We were all wet and

hungry and ready to sample the French Fayre. Savoury or sweet with plenty of choice, Steve went for the Ham & Mushroom (extra mushrooms - 50p) Galette with Side Salad served on an attractive plate. In true culinary parlance he voted it "The best scan this year!" (I think I heard him correctly - who needs Darryl). Other chosen meals were the Ham & Onion Galette and the Banana & Chocolate Crepe. I can tell the difference between a Fillet Steak and a Lamb Chop and between an Apple Pie and a Rhubarb Crumble but not between a Crepe Suzette and a Crepe with Butter, Sugar & Lemon. I chose the classic French dish of Crepe Suzette with Clementines, Orange Reduction (!!!) and Grande Marnier. When it was served I took it to be what I had ordered and tucked in even believing I could taste the oranges in brandy - which obviously I couldn't as there were none in it! It was delicious. It was only later I learnt that all the time Celia had been tucking into my Crepe Suzette and was unaware that I had her's and she had mine. She also had my trousers on - more on that story later. The only disappointment for me was missing the flambe bonfire. If anyone would like to flambe me a bison burger at the Barby next week I would be grateful.

How long is a piece of string - 6.1 miles to be precise. This is an appeal to anyone with a GPS. I am quite happy to measure the course using the OS Map and string technique but as competition for the Sweep heats up, just to get your name on the roll of honour some people, well Mike in particular, go down to 2 sometimes 3 decimal places and that's a bit tricky with string! While they all know the judges decision is final and it is all for charity (£22 for Air Ambulance so far) a more accurate measurement would be better. This week's winner was Chris who has a built in GPS - he has 2 wins to Steve's 1.

See you next week for the Barby where we hope for a nice evening.

Regards

Grand Leggy

PS You may have noticed I didn't mention the lovely French Landlady with the sexy French accent, it's because Julie told me not to!!

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#### OUTRUN 4 - May 21st - Club Handicap, The Plough, Hickling

After a number of years in the wilderness the Handicap Race has made a return to the club calendar. This year the race began at Hickling and was on out and back course along the canal towpath towards Long Clawson and was over an inaccurately measured 5 mile course. Could have been slightly more could have been slightly less.

22 runners made the effort to compete for JAM and set off at intervals, with Celia the first away, followed some 19mins later by Christian. It was good to see him and also Stuart Owen and John Stares for the first time this Summer. There were some excellent times along the flat route.

First home was Suzie in an excellent time of 38.57, (starting 6.15 after Celia) second in 44.29 was Julie @ 1.45 and third was Louise in 40.03 @6.10. First Male was Tam Nichol in 34.15 @12.30.

Full results:

Suzie 45.07 actual 38.57 handicap 6.10

Julie 46.09 44.29 1.45

Louise 46.13 40.03 6.10

Michelle 46.35 32.35 14.00 3 miles

Tam 46.35 34.10 12.30

Alison 46.51 32.51 14.00 3 miles

Malky 47.31 35.01 12.30

Celia 47.32 47.32 0000

Mike 47.40 36.10 11.30

Vicki 49.09 36.39 12.30

Di 49.21 45.21 4.00

Phil 49.25 33.20 16.05  
 Alex 49.35 30.45 18.50 2nd fastest  
 Christian 50.01 30.29 19.30 Fastest  
 Ian 50.22 37.17 13.05 Nearest to Handicap  
 John 50.25 40.40 9.45  
 Wayne 50.40 34.20 15.00  
 Laura 51.27 35.32 15.55  
 Steve 51.32 35.07 16.25  
 Paul 51.55 33.10 18.45 3rd fastest  
 Martin 52.56 40.26 12.30 Furthest from Handicap (sorry)  
 Stuart 53.15 35.05 18.10

Prizes included bottles of wine, lager, shortbread teddy bears, fizzy sweets and home made JAM. Winner Suzie swapped her bottle of wine with Christian for a jar of JAM (whats that all about). Anyway I've just been in the pantry and found some out of date Robertsons (gollies and all) and I'm off to see what Suzies got in the wine cellar.

Thanks to everyone who competed. The next Club Race is the NO WATCH RACE on 25th June at Branston.

### ----- OUTRUN 3 - May 14th - The Cross Swords, Skillington

This week's run began at The Cross Swords pub in Skillington where once again we had 22 runners who once again sorted themselves into short road 4ish, long road 8.75 ish and the real runners off-road (this is actually the idea of the out runs) but no matter we love you all and are happy to welcome runners of all abilities, styles and persuasion.

This week's song is by Tenpole Tudor and the Swords of a Thousand Men (number 6 in 1981) as we went, Too rai ooh rai oo rai ay over the hills with the swords etc. This is the song he is best remembered for but in fact his biggest hit was the unforgettable, Who Killed Bambi?

Have I mentioned car parks this year? This is now the third report so it is about time. This pub was possibly the worst yet for car parking. I swung into the car park only to find there was a bungalow there. I wonder if the pub know that a speculative builder has erected a bungalow where the car park once stood. Most of the road parking was taken up by an armoured personal carrier (or was it Grubers little tank) and I thought the army boys may have taken offence to last week's report and come along to sort it out.

We headed out towards Buckminster and then for Sproxton on the Viking Way where we were savaged by two dogs (this isn't true but for once it was a pretty uneventful evening) although we did hear later that Darryl was stung by a roadside nettle. Ouch!! Out towards Saltby we cut off towards the airfield carefully negotiating a hazardous sheer cliff face. Those of you who weren't there will not appreciate how tricky this was, and those of us who were there will big it up. A slight diversion took us through an enchanted wood, before heading back to Skillinton.

One of the nicest courses, nice easy terrain (apart from the cliff face) with everyone sticking together and a surprising distance of 8.4 miles covered with a bit of stop starting in 75mins.

The GPS Sweep is gathering momentum with £14 raised so far. The roll of honour with one win each is Chris Southam and Steve McGarry, will you be next? After 3 runs we have 9 in contention for the 100% award, although with 17 runs it may be tough to complete all so it may be a 93% or thereabouts award this year.

Beer of the week was Davenports IPA a really quaffable (see last week's old words section) ale. There was a varied menu with a wide selection of sandwiches available. I'm not sure if the culinary critique will continue, with the threat of legal action always hanging over it, but maybe it could become a recipe

of the week. Darryl suggests a recipe, for instance a carrot cake or a linzer torte, we then cook that at home and bring him a slice to sample along with a disclaimer absolving him from any libel action.

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## OUTRUN 2 - May 7th - Stilton Cheese, Somerby.

Before the report begins you might be interested to know that I was trawling through some old archives and found a number of reports that have still not appeared on the website. These include: English Troops Thrash French at Agincourt, Napoleon Meets his Waterloo, The Relief of Mafeking, and Titanic Missing Presumed Sunk. More on those stories later.

As regular readers will know, I try to use an appropriate song title for each run but this week I am in a quandry. After the events of Wednesday two names sprang to mind, the first is a song by Barbera Steisand and Neil Diamond but unfortunately I can't remember the title (anybody help) and the second one is They Shoot Horses a number 14 hit for Racing Cars in 1977. After much thought I plumped for Racing Cars.

I quite enjoyed plumping and I thought it would an idea to bring back into every day use some of those old words that are now dying out, such as plump, quandry, veritable, incubus, fastidious and of course curmudgeonly.

There is always something to report on an out run compared to a run around around Melton when there is always nothing to report, the problem is where to start.

Three groups set off from the pub - Darryl and Kirsty for a long one on the road, Di's posse for a shorter road route with the main group heading down the Leicester Round over the fields to the Dalby hills path car park with regular stops allowing us to re-group. A quick head count and we realised that the boys from the Vet camp had not made it this week. Are we to be concerned if they are not fit enough to run 7 or 8 miles or had they got an event on?

Out on the road we headed towards Pickwell. The early part of the run went smoothly with no sign of the mayhem yet to come, although in a show of respect to Liz who wasn't with us, we did have a couple of fallers. As you may know Liz had a fall last week hurting her arm. Matt said he had to do everything for her as it was the arm that moves the gear stick!!

Up the big climb into Cold Overton before a downhill to nettle wood, the views at this point were spectacular. A straight run for home now over easy to follow well marked paths which without the pathfinder at the head of the field directing operations proved too much for these amateurs who made up their own way back. Having got split up towards the rear, guiding Vic, Louise and Suzie home, I waited for them at the bottom of a small climb. After 2 or 3 minutes they were nowhere to be seen - I retraced my steps but they had disappeared. We found out later that they had missed the path and headed for the road, stopping at a farm house for directions to Somerby. The old boy must have thought he had died and gone to heaven when he opened his door to find three ladies dressed in running kit. The only people who knock at my door are a 75 year old Jehovah's witness and reps from N Power advising me that I can save £2 over ten years if I sign today.

Rejoining the route I thought I was in for a lonely run back, but only 4 fields later I was stopped in my tracks by a furious, snorting beast with horrible bulging eyes in a stand off at a stile. This was only Wayne. The rabid horse was none to happy either (I don't think horses get rabies but it is a good word). Wayne and Ian had been waiting for a few minutes but the horse was in a terrible rage kicking and foaming at the mouth; unconfirmed reports suggest he had been poked with a stick by an earlier runner. The owner then came out and the horse turned his attention on him while we slipped round an alternative route. Shooting him (the horse, not the owner) would have been a bit drastic but may have been a good idea at the time. Is there a horse whisperer in the club.

With everyone back safely at the pub we had our first GPS sweep. Even if you don't stay for a drink have a go on the weekly sweep. It's only 50p - half for the winner, half for charity. This week we raised



£6, not a lot but over the Summer we may make £100.

Our cookery correspondent tucked into sandwiches this week and his report will follow this item. Beer of the week was Toad in Pocket, which refers to the quaint old custom of putting a toad in your pocket to keep you healthy and ward off evil spirits.

22 runners were at this week's run and we would like to see a few more on the 14th at Skillington for the Swashbuckle, where there will be a long route or a shorter alternative.

A reminder that the club handicap has been added to the calendar again this year on the 21st May from Hickling and will take place on the Canal tow path. Please try and attend to make it a success. Prize giving in the pub afterwards.

And lastly best wishes for a speedy recovery to all our lame ducks (sorry injured runners) out there including Tim, Chris, Liz etc etc if I have forgotten anyone please add your name to the list.

Regards

Big Leggy

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OUTRUN 1 - April 30th - Carrington Arms, Ashby Folville

The Power You're Supplying  
It's Electrifying  
(John Travolta and Olivia Newton John 1978)

The Summer out runs began on Wednesday from the Carrington Arms and despite the poor weather 27 runners turned up to run a variety of routes.

I was more than a little concerned that after 3 or 4 years of writing reports for the Summer runs I would not find anything to say (actually I can always find something to say).

A small group of 2 runners, Darryl and Kirsty, set off for a long road run, Di and Alison did a shorter road run and a group of 4 set off on the official four and half mile run - more on that story later. The rest set out on the Midshires Way towards Thimble Hall over extremely wet, muddy and slippery fields. Thoughts of the return of the GPS sweep were quickly forgotten as Gary, unusually for him was late!! and he joined the rear of the group. No mishaps so far but as we turned past the hall downhill Liz tripped and fell (not sure if this is news any more), after a whole year without a fall Liz was back to her balletic best with a trip and slide of real quality. The front runners missed the footpath at the bottom of the hill and crossed the fence without realising the fence was electric. Paul was the first to feel the pain with the shock making his hair fall out Phil also got caught and one of his five shirts blew off.

Regrouping near Baggrave Hall a short road section before we headed across the fields towards South Croxton. It was at this point Alex asked if I could find a muddier run. Well yes actually I can and if this was a request I can find one but I suspect it was an attempt at sarcasm.

At South Croxton (or Barsby as Gary the logistics and delivery manager called it) we split and headed back to the pub.

On arrival everybody had returned with the exception of the Ashby Four: Julie, Celia and Fraser and Woody from the Vet camp had not arrived. Where had they got to? It was only a 4 or 5 mile route and they should have been back. There was an extra mile add on if they felt fit but Julie was adamant "well I won't be doing that" she said. Had one of them got injured? A search party was organised with Di and myself heading out to find them. However we needn't have worried - they beat us back to the pub. After interrogation and a de-brief it appears that apprentice pathfinder (should she be allowed out) missed the turn and they ended up completing around 8 miles having never ran more than 5 before.

Obviously running with the fighting Farriers from the Vet camp they were safe. I have never lost one yet.

With the Farriers and other skilled workers and tradesmen in the club I was thinking of setting up a Thompson style trade directory. Farriers could re-shoe your rocking horse or put segs in your loafers. Tim could exorcise your radioactive compost heap. Suzie could give German lessons in the style of Helga from Hello Hello. It would only take one Chris Southam to change a light bulb. Martin could organise a flume for your fishpond and we could ask Darryl if he knows anyone who could advise us on cooking and running a cafe.

A new addition to this years blog is Darryl's Culinary Critique Column. I am not sure what qualifies him for this but he will be sampling the fayre at each of the pubs on the out runs and giving his expert opinion on the food, surroundings and atmosphere. I will retain the contract on the beer of the week award, which this week was the 4.8% Adnams Bitter - sharp and yet smooth, remind you of anyone?

See you all and more at Somerby next week where we hope for a dry evening - (fear not - I am sure Neil is referring to the weather rather than the post-run refreshment)

Regards Big Leggy.

DARRYL (BIG EGGY)'S FOOD REVIEW (sorry couldn't resist) - A pub in a village near Melton (just so I dont get sued). (mmm... perhaps I should think of a different structure for these outrun reports and food reviews.)

Some call me Bumpy Rhodes some call me Anthony Bumhole Thompson, some call me Gay Gordon but let me introduce myself: I am Heston Bluebottle, your fly on the wall food critic. After a great run, 8 miles on the road for the intelligent, and a 7 mile swim across the fields for the retarded, it was time to eat. More Michelin tyre than Michelin star. However for Pub Grub it was pretty damn good. The food was served quickly by a friendly waitress. My keen eye told me that she might have just been eating a few leftovers.

Kirsty, who seems to be still replenishing calories after the Marathon, had Stuffed Peppers with Cous Cous. Truth be known, I dont think she knew what she was ordering (I did tell her Cous Cous was french for Fillet Steak). Anyway, it disappeared well quick so it must have been good.

Wayne, who couldnt make up his mind if he was on a diet or not opted for Salad & Chips. I think he really wanted a MacDonalds as this seems to be his training meal of choice at the moment.

I had Chicken with cashew nuts and red onions. It was tasty and a large portion, smelt good, and it was at about this time that the vultures started to hover. A side portion of Veg appeared and nobody could decide whose it was supposed to be, so, Neil, pretending to be interested in the conversation sidled over and tucked in, seemingly mesmerised by the steamed red cabbage (he must have led a sheltered life). Ian used a different tactic and quietly finished off the leftovers in the corner. Actually, thinking about it, he probably ate the most. All in all, a good meal in good company with some good banter.

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