

WESTERLANDS CCC

NEWSLETTER DEC/JAN 1996-97

Welcome

Welcome to this special bumper Christmas edition of the Westies Newsletter. This month's issue has an international flavour featuring a race report from exotic Sedburgh, and an article on the Qingdoe 5K by our far-east running correspondent Dave Calder.

News

AGM

Last month saw our AGM and the following appointments:

Club Secretary	Pat McLaughin
Club Captain	Manny Gorman
Ladies Captain	Chris Menhennett
Club Treasurer	Jenny Rae
Race Organiser	Big Al
Social Convener	Isabel Coombs

Thanks to retiring Archie for all his good work as club captain over the years.

Club Handicap

This will take place on the Saturday between Christmas and New Year (28th December) - meet at 12noon at Westies or 1pm at Carbeth - followed by a curry at night in The Spice of Life. There will also be a pack-run on Monday 30th December, meeting at Westerlands at 5pm.

Subscriptions

Subscriptions are now due. Please make Jenny's life a bit easier and send them in as soon as possible.

T-Shirt Competition

If anyone has any ideas for a design for the new Westies T-Shirt / Sweat Shirt, then let us know. The winning design will win a free T-Shirt.

Captain's Note

Will you *all* please pencil in this year's Scottish / British Championship races. I would like to see large Westies teams being entered this year to challenge Carnethy, S.H.I.T.s and Cosmics - there's no reason why we can't compete with these scruffs! It also does not matter that you will not be in the top twenty places - the people who complete the courses at all are just as important as the counters. If you are going to a race, phone a clubmate and get him/her to go along too. I will be phoning around asking for team support and don't want to be let down - after all why did you join the best club in the world anyway! Also note that the Westies races still require help of all sorts (Whangie, Cort ma Law, Trig Trog, Ben Lomond). If you're not running due to injury/pregnancy/hangover, please, please *offer* to help. This would help a fit clubmate have a race. We are a great social club - now lets get back to being a great running club.

M.Gorman

Devil's Burden

The Devil's Burden Relay Race will take place on Saturday 2nd of Feb over the Lomonds of Fife. We need a few teams of six to run over four legs. Those interested should contact Pat.

Race Reports

The Two Breweries

28th Sept 1996



Pete late for work

An exceptional turnout by the Westies for the event of the year - Pete and Elsie's last bachelor run! Oh for such numbers more often!

Pete led the field - in the drinking race - by downing a special presentation Traquair Ale on the start-line! Elsie, not to be out-done, set off in a sexy little number of balloons and trailing beer-cans: you had to be there!

The mob trotted off down the first tarmac mile as the Westie's support car, with the Gorman/Doonan duo, following close behind. The wummin got off to a fierce blether right from the gun and there were concerns that the conversation would dry up before the line! Big Al tried to cheat by climbing in the passenger's side window of the car, but a brave fight by Kevin saw him off and forced him up the first

hill!

The support team drove to the first 'water' station at Glen Rath Farm and watched Mr. Rigby zoom past in first place over Dermot McGoo and Adam Wart. Armed with a half-bottle of electrolite whisky, the backup team dished out drams to those who didn't care anymore! Pete had to be forced - but Big Al didn't. The wummin arrived at the water station at a fierce rate of vocabulary with Jane, Helene, and Elsie all sounding like fast-forward rugby singers!

The next road crossing was at Stobo Farm where various Westies, including Matt and Ronnie, were seen to pass through without too much pain being suffered. Probably because they weren't trying hard enough!

Little known to P.B. was the ambush awaiting him just after Trahena, where a bunch of desperados stole his running kit! The only things left for him to wear on the last mile were some girlie fatigues of the 38DD and Man from Uncle 'badge' nature! To his credit, Pete pressed on regardless into sleepy Broughton where he very nearly caused heart seizure on an old bird out doing some shopping! What a shocker you are Mr. Baxter. Pete finished to thunderous applause and a lot of laughing. Well done P.B. (I think you enjoyed it?)

Mark missed out on victory (unbelievably) by taking a more scenic and time consuming route to the top of Trahena while Dermot McGoo raced off to win comfortably (but must have been surprised at his good fortune).

Pete was not too far in front of his missus-to-be and her chaperones. However, the miles had taken their toll on the Westies Wummin, and they had *almost* ran out of subjects to discuss. Down to a mere gibber, they crossed the line and Elsie fell into the arms of her beloved without noticing he had become a hermaphrodite!

All in all it was an eventful race with credit to all the gang who turned out. There was not a bad performance amongst you.

The after-race entertainment was sadly dented with the Hotel being closed, but the ravers among us managed to consume plenty beer at the prizegiving before taking Pete out for a memorable Stag night in the Southsider, then jiving the night away at the infamous Mambo Club. The Hens arrived at the same venue later in the night after frequenting the Greenmantle pub. The night was young...!

M.Gorman

FRA British Relay Championships

20th Oct 1996



Well done to all those in the large Westie contingent that headed south of the border for the FRA Relays back in October.

After a six am rendezvous at Westerlands (surely a club record), the Glasgow based Westies, several of whom were still recovering from the Hare and Hounds reunion the night before, sped south to meet up with rest of the team at Sedburgh. This miraculous feat of organisation was marred, however, by the discovery that, despite Pat's rigorous

planning/cajoling of the previous weeks, we were still a runner short for our mixed-vets team. After much deliberation and a few phonecalls, a replacement was found in Paul McClintock, who agreed to give up his Sunday morning off and drive down the hundred odd miles down to Sedburgh (an act in itself surely worthy of a Runner of the Year nomination).

We were joined in our foray south by a large (and very noisy) Scottish contingent, fielding an impressive fourteen of the ninety-three teams starting. Carnethy, sporting their usual blue woad and ginger bunnets and led by the kilted and claymore wielding Jamie 'Braveheart' Thin, were joined by runners from Cosmics, Livingston and Shettleston.

The steep sided Howgill Fells provided varying terrain for the race with steep climbing and desents, made more trecherous by the continual drizzle, with plenty of runnable bits in between. The relays were run over four legs - two medium solo legs, followed by two longer courses ran in pairs, one of which navigational, all of which finished with an arse-sliding desent off Scald Law back to the finish. Great performances all round by the three Westies teams, who, despite the deteriorating weather, seemed to (mostly) enjoy themselves. Ronnie had a storming run for the 'A' team, where he picked up nineteen places on the shortest leg of the race. For the mixed vets, Keith and Archie belted round the final leg and finished ten places in front of the Westies 'A' team! Not to be left out, Chris and Jenny literally ran themselves into the ground to help bring the Women in 9th place.

Borrowdale finished first and Mr Rigby helped his other club, Ambleside, come in 4th, just in front of Carnethy. Westies A were 48th, the vets 76th, and the Womens' team 78th.

A great turnout and team effort by all concerned, and despite all the hanging about in the rain, a good day out was had by all. Special thanks must go to our hardworking secretary for getting the whole thing organised - well done Pat!



Chris and Jenny sprint for home

1st Borrowdale 'A'	04.14.57
2nd Bingley 'A'	04.18.56
3rd Pudsey 'A'	04.24.14
5th Carnethy 'A'	04.38.13
44th Westies 'A'	05.31.40
76th Westies Vets	06.15.50
78th & 9th Westies Women	06.23.03

Westies 'A'

Matt Ogston, Ronnie Gallagher, Brian Bonnyman, Peter Baxter, Steve Wells, George Reid.

Westies Vets

Pat McLaughlin, Helen McPherson, Jim Hall, Paul McClintock, Keith Adams, Archie Cameron.

Westies Women

Jane Robertson, Christine Patterson, Helene Diamantides, Elspeth Scott, Chris Menhennet, Jennifer Rae.

The Qingdao 5K

There is a 3 mile trail which I run from my apartment in Qingdao some mornings around 7am. I generally wake up about 6:20, switch on the BBC World Service for the latest news and sport, shave, then don my shorts and Westies vest and do my warm up running down the 5 flights of steps to the front of the apartment block.

When in Qingdao, I live in "Silver

Gardens", a block of "luxury" flats full of Europeans, Koreans, Americans and anyone else who will put up with paying £100,000 for a 3 bedroom flat complete with leaky ceilings, ill-fitting doors and draughty windows. The kitchen comes complete with a single electricity outlet and a wall storage unit is placed at easy reach only for anyone six foot high or over! So far there are some eight hundred foreign mugs in Silver Gardens.

Once out the main door of the apartment, I turn right and run round the bend for 200 metres before cutting through the main gate to the estate. After a quick "Ni Hao!" to the security guard I turn left followed by right and after deftly avoiding the dead rat which has lain at the bottom of the slope for about three months, I end up on a small coastal path.

This path runs for about half a mile along a rocky bay frequented early in the morning by local fishermen. Sometimes there are scores of women sitting huddled together gathering in the seafood from the nets which have been hauled in from the night before. A line of villas hug the coast at the back of the path. From here, the area seems like a small fishing village. It's hard to imagine that I am smack in the middle of a city of 1 million inhabitants with the equivalent of the population of Scotland living within a 30 mile radius. It's also the third largest seaport in China and part of the crazy economic explosion currently careering out of control along it's eastern seaboard. Away from the coast, the skyline is a mass of half-built skyscrapers and construction cranes.

Still, this part of the run is very pleasant. After avoiding the rats the only other hazards are the thousands of cockroaches scurrying about! After a while you can concentrate on the scenery. The tide can be in or out, the waves calm or rough. After a while, the path fades away into a small sandy beach. One Sunday, still only half awake, I was admiring the scenery when suddenly I became aware of a man sitting down with his back to me only 10 metres ahead of me. He must have become aware of me around the same instant because he turned his head round to face me. Almost as I reached him I realised that his breeks were at his ankles and he was squatting down doing his morning constitutional No.2!! Not that he was

bothered of course! Too late to do a detour, I managed a 90 degree turn just as I was right up to him!

From the small beach, there is a steep path up to the top of the sea-cliffs. This is a good spot for showing off. At the top of the path, there are always several locals out for a morning stroll, so Whangie training really pays off here. Head down, digging deep, I always sprint up that 100 metre section imagining the locals thinking "Wow, what a man!". Unfortunately the perplexed look on their faces at the top betrays a different interpretation.

At the top of the cliff, there is a rough track which follows the western part of the bay for another half mile. Or rather there was a rough track when I first ran there several months ago. In June, the track was being excavated for the laying of a new sewage main. Even at 7 in the morning, a few hundred workers were busy digging away. There is nothing quite so impressive as a Chinese labourer working. Even at 5 foot tall and weighing about 8 or 9 stones they are incredibly strong and once started they just keep going, and all for an average wage of maybe £30 to £40 a month. As I ran alongside the 2 metre deep trench, the object of the exercise became avoiding the clods of clay being punted up from below!

By August the sewer was complete and the dirt track was quickly evolving into a 4-lane highway. Now the damage is done and the fishing village atmosphere has gone for ever. Still, it's all in the name of progress and what right do us big-nosed foreign devils have to criticise?

At the end of the bay, I turn right up a road leading away from the coast. This rises gently for about half a mile and is the setting for much physical exercise in the early mornings. Chinese men and women of all ages perform Tai Chi, play badminton, stroll or sometimes even run. Often I see a woman cantering up the street on all fours. So why is it that everyone stares at me???

At the top of the hill, after passing a small shop where a cockerel crows every morning, there is a junction with a main road at the Grand Regency Hotel, the city's only 5-star establishment. For \$100 dollars a night you can sleep in a luxury air-conditioned room, and enjoy the facilities which include five International Restaurants, several bars (£4 for a

single shot of whisky), souvenir shops (Chinese rugs at £2000+) and a luxury sports complex. Or you can take in the panoramic view over the shanty town on the other side of the street!

If you watch out of your room window from the Regency for long enough (perhaps 20 minutes), you will undoubtedly see a road traffic accident. The hotel architects obviously had this in mind when they decided to position the building at one of the most notorious junctions in the city. The combination of no Give-Way signs (they would probably be ignored anyway) and lack of driving discipline makes the inevitability of accidents unavoidable. There are only a very few rules associated with Chinese Roads. These are basically as follows;

He who sounds his horn first has right of way.

Don't give way to anyone voluntarily; this is a sign of weakness and you will only lose face.

Don't use your mirrors. The horn is sufficient warning of your intentions.

Don't use the outside lane in a dual carriageway unless you are travelling slower than the vehicle on your inside. Always drive in neutral unless you wish to accelerate. In this case always use a higher gear than necessary; first gear is quite acceptable at 60MPH.

Finally, if you are a pedestrian or cyclist, don't look where you are going when crossing the road; this is another sign of weakness and means that you are aware of the 10 Tonne truck rumbling towards you. If you don't look, the truck will have to stop.

Running along the main street at this time is particularly hazardous. The pavement is packed with children heading for school, so running on the road is inevitable. High speed and extreme foolhardiness is required to complete this section. The road starts to rise again at this points which makes it a good section in which to inject a bit of speed to overtake the multitude of cyclists winding towards the top (just me showing off again!).

At the top of the hill, there is a junction with a road leading off to the right which heads rapidly downhill back to "Silver Gardens". At this point any cyclist who takes the same turnoff inevitable gains revenge as he steams past me (usually within inches), but I don't usually care as my attention has moved elsewhere. By this time, people

are on their way to work in the offices, shops and hotels in the area and talent spotting can be good fun. It always amazes me how good some Chinese girls look. Even on only sixty dollars a month, some girls can look a Million Dollars every day!

The road winds back down to the coast and the steep slope provides a good means of impressing passers-by with a display of speed. Once the sea is reached, two left turns take me back to the entrance to the "compound". At this time the atmosphere becomes slightly surreal as the sound of a solo saxophone comes wafting through the air! There, just behind the Gatehouse, the saxophonist strolls up and down, sometimes practicing scales, at other times launching into a virtuoso solo. I always wonder why he is there; does he just enjoy playing outdoors at this time in the morning or is he exiled there by the rest of his family and neighbours?

A quick sprint back to the main entrance to my building is followed by a feeling of extreme nausea as the humidity finally gets to me. It takes a few minutes before I can even face climbing the stairs again. Sometimes I cheat and take the lift. Eventually I get back into the flat where I have left the air-conditioning on full blast. What a feeling! Sheer Bliss!

The quality of my running may not have improved while out in China, but for anyone who loves people-watching, there is plenty of raw material about. With 1.3 billion of them, there's never a dull moment!

D. Calder

Forthcomming Events

- 28th Dec Club Handicap
- 2nd Jan Broughton Brewery
Greenmantle Dash
- 25th Jan Dunbartonshire AAA
CC Championships
- 2nd Feb Devil's Burden
Relays
- 16th Feb SAF National CC
Championships
Perth
- 22nd Feb Carnethy Five HR

Next Issue

Wet and wild in Galloway: Karrimor Report.
Debauchery at Loch Ossian -photo exclusive.

Thanks

to Dave and Manny for the reports. If you want to write something for the newsletter contact me at this address:

Brian Bonnyman
39 Carrington St
Glasgow G4 9AJ
Tel: 332 5708

E-mail:

106165.327@compuserve.com

Here's wishing you all a great Christmas and an injury free new year! All the best - Brian.

