

**Overton  
Harriers**



**&  
Athletic Club**

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Email your reports to me at [PiersPuntan@overtonharriers.org.uk](mailto:PiersPuntan@overtonharriers.org.uk)

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August 7 <sup>th</sup>	Yateley Road Race 3
10 <sup>th</sup>	<b>SOUTHERN ATHLETICS LEAGUE (TIDWORTH)</b>
11 <sup>th</sup>	Salisbury 5-4-3-2-1 Trail Marathon
15 <sup>th</sup>	<b>HANDICAP MOB MATCH v CHINEHAM PARK RUNNERS</b>
18 <sup>th</sup>	Isle of Wight Half-Marathon
24 <sup>th</sup>	Ridgeway 85
31 <sup>st</sup>	Malmesbury 10k

*Also remember the Park Run 5k's at the War Memorial Park, Basingstoke, Greenham Common, Newbury and Charlton Sports Ground, Andover at 9:00 Saturday*

## **ROUNDUP**

Well July has seen the completion of what must be one of the most epic athletic endurance challenges that you can realistically expect someone to do, full details overleaf

Otherwise it was again a quiet month for the Harriers though our joint Andover/Overton Track and Field team were competing, our tri-athletes were in full training, there was the annual Kingsclere 5 race and of course the monthly summer handicap.

This month sees the new Mob Match against Chineham Park Runners which will be on Thursday 15<sup>th</sup> August with a BBQ afterwards. This is the first time we have had a Handicap Mob Match against Chineham Park and they will bring a large number of runners, expected to be over 25, so please can we have a good Harrier turnout.

The Club 5k Championships will be held at the Basingstoke park run. You can do any Basingstoke Park run until September 28<sup>th</sup>; your best time will count for the championship. Further details please contact Franny.

The home Track and Field Fixture is on Saturday 10<sup>th</sup> August and anyone who wishes to compete or assist is most welcome, speak to John Hoare or Sean for details.

Finally Overton 5 programme distribution and curry will be on Friday 30<sup>th</sup> August, please see Lucy or Helen if you wish to help in this activity

Before starting this event I thought that writing a report about it would be easy. I had swum the Channel the year before and found it challenging, but not something that was way out of my depth. I suffered during that swim with horrendous sickness, but aside from that I made it without suffering too much trauma. The problem is that when you train really hard for a challenge like that and then you achieve it, you start to question what there is left to live for. I know that sounds really melodramatic but it is apparently quite common for swimmers to complete the Channel and then feel quite depressed for the few weeks after, with nothing to do and nothing to aim for. Advice on the CS & PF website suggests that you should NOT make any big decisions in the weeks after your swim. I have sometimes wished over the last week that I had read that advice in the weeks after my first swim!

I originally heard about the Enduroman Arch to Arc while training for the Channel and coming into contact with the lovely Bayliss's. Lucinda was training for the Channel on the same tide as myself and Mark was training for a triathlon that would take him from Marble Arch to the Arc de Triomphe. As soon as I heard about this challenge I was fascinated and after swimming the Channel I knew in my mind that I did not have the strength to do the two way swim, but I felt that just maybe I might be able to push myself further than a solo and do this amazing challenge.



I run pretty much everything past my parents because they are my rock but I entered this one in secret because I knew exactly how frightened they would be at the thought of me undertaking such a challenge (my mum washed her hands of me before the Channel swim, not because she had fallen out with me but because she was sick with worry). I wrote to Eddie and asked about the possibility of trying the event in 2014 and going with Eric Hartley who was my pilot for my first swim.

This is where things took a twist and I think fate kind of stepped in and decided how this whole thing was to pan out. I got copied into an email to Eric, from Eddie, asking if he had space in 2013! At first I thought it was a typo and after no answer from this line of enquiry I said I would be happy to go with another pilot if Eric was not free. Within a week I had an email from Eddie asking if I would like to have the 9-14 July 2013 with either Lance or Mike Oram. I don't know whether it was panic at not really wanting to correct a mistake or the thought that somebody up there was telling me I was meant to go in 2013, but for some reason, without a second thought I agreed.

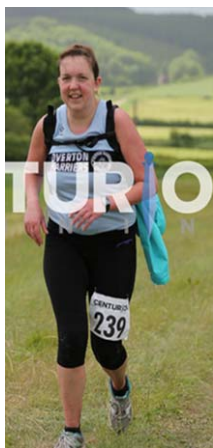
Before I knew it contracts were signed, deposits were paid and my friends and family were asking what the hell I was doing trying this thing a year before I wanted to without even questioning a small mistake in the initial emailing. Lady Destiny had stepped in and I was going to have a go.

Now, for most elite athletes this would be perfectly OK but I was primarily a swimmer and only a year before I had struggled to swim a 5k. I had never ridden a bike competitively and I had never run more than a half marathon. I now had ten months to get myself to the point where I could run 3.5 marathons, swim the Channel and then cycle 181 miles. My first step was to try a marathon in November. I entered Luton and completely blew it. I made the marathon in 5 hours and 4 minutes and thought I was going to die from about 18 miles on.....quite literally! This then left me 9 months to almost quadruple the distance I could run and I had not even looked at the cycle ride yet.

I decided that the next step would be to complete an ultramarathon so I entered the Go Beyond Thames Trot. The weather before the event had been horrendous and so the course was altered dramatically. I managed the 42 miles but again I was in bits at the end. I left feeling that I was really going to let myself down in just a few months time. I was unbelievably sick and I could not walk for days after. The thought that this distance was only half of what I needed to complete was somewhat worrying.

The next few months were miserable as far as the weather was concerned. I was too frightened to ride my new bike because of the ice and snow. I had never owned a nice bike before and was really excited when I managed to grab myself a bargain when a friend of my dad's was wanting to sell a full carbon fibre bike. I bought the bike in December and named her Penelope and I loved her so much I was loathe to take her out in the bad weather. This fear of damaging her continued until the summer, but more of that later.

The next big event that I had on my calendar was the 24 hour Swim 4 Life event in Guildford. I decided to do 12 hours of this although I set out at the beginning to do the full 24 hours. Another disappointment, but I had only my dad to rely on for support and he was due to drive me to the Enduroman briefing in Bournemouth the next day. We felt for safety reasons, and a fall on my dad's part, that finishing at the half way point was both admirable and sensible.

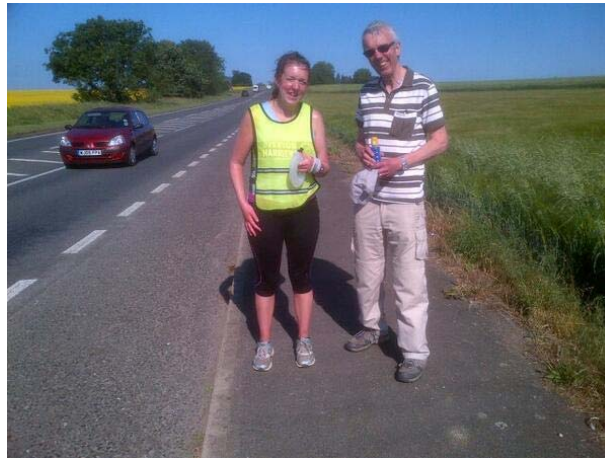


My final BIG training session was the SDW100 run by Centurion Running. I pretty much knew that I was not going to finish this from about 45 miles on. I was happy to have run well for almost all of that distance but at 55 miles I again felt that the sensible thing to do would be to retire, as I was so close to my A2A attempt. I am not normally the type to give up, EVER, so these failures were hard to swallow, but I knew they were necessary. I can always go back and complete these events another day; I knew that the A2A was a once in a life time thing. And then it was upon me. I sent Eddie a quick email early in July to see if there was any news and it looked as if the following weekend was a possibility. After a couple of days of emailing and phoning it was set that I would start the run on Sunday 7th July and start the swim on the following Tuesday morning. The final call to say it was all going ahead was a moment I will never forget.

I have no idea how other athletes who undertake this challenge feel in the hours before they start, but I know that I was terrified. I knew that another years training was what I needed but something inside me was telling me that everything would work out. Myself and my dad arrived in London about an hour and a half before the start and grabbed a coffee and watched the crowds. It was unbelievably hot that evening and I was glad to sit under the trees while we waited for Eddie to arrive. It was while we were sitting at the Arch that I found a penny in one of the flower beds and for some reason I picked it up and put it in the back pocket of my running leggings, just thinking it may be lucky enough to carry me to the finish line.

We met with Eddie about 20 minutes before the start; photos were taken and I was started on the run at 6pm on the Sunday evening. Eddie ran with me through central London for the first couple of miles, until we met up with my dad in the support car. It was during these few miles that I learned Andy Murray had won the tennis and this gave me a bit of a spring in my step for the first few hours.

However, due to the cold winter and spring, I had concentrated on getting acclimatised to the cold and NOT getting used to the possibility of a warm run. Within two hours I was starting to vomit, although I did not let dad and Eddie know this. The heat absolutely killed me and I must have thrown up at least 30 times throughout the run. There are many people in Kent who woke up on Monday morning to find vomit on their driveway, and for that I am truly sorry! Even the night was painfully warm for my body that was used to swimming in water that was unseasonably cold.



I ran through the night and downed a few Pro Plus tablets to keep myself ticking over through the hours of darkness. However, by 6am I was starting to struggle and I began to ask if a sleep was possible. Having very little experience of ultra distance racing I was quite frightened about the prospect of sleeping in the middle of an event. I worried that if I closed my eyes I would never wake up. Eddie assured me a sleep would do me good and I climbed into the car and slept soundly for 40 minutes. It was the most amazing sleep I have ever had in my life. I woke up and felt a million times better than when I had climbed into the car.

This said, I was still struggling from the impact of running on the road and my inexperience was starting to show. From this point on I knew that the sensible thing to do would be to start walking and just keep moving forward at all costs. We made it through so many towns I had seen on my drives down to Dover while training the year before but they seemed so far away while on foot.

At one point we reached a cafe where we had a coffee and I almost felt frightened to ask for another sleep even though I knew I needed it so badly. Again, Eddie assured me that I was still ticking along nicely and I climbed into the car and enjoyed another 20 minutes with my eyes closed.

From there it was about another 6 hours of painful hobbling into Dover. I remember very little of it until we go to Folkestone when I realised that everything was not going to go as plan. We got over the big hill coming out of Folkestone, feeling tired but happy, when I noticed Eddie was on the phone a lot and neither my dad or Eddie looked particularly happy.



The news was broken to me with about two or three miles to go that my swim was going to be blown out on Tuesday. I was gutted and cried to myself while I was out of view of the car. I asked Eddie if the delay would mean that the attempt was not official and Eddie honestly answered that he did not know. This made me cry even more while my crew could not see me but I struggled on and made it to Swimmer's Beach almost 27 hours after I started running. Eddie took a photo but dad and the car was nowhere to be found. We found out he had parked at the Premier Inn at the other end of the beach and a few expletives were exchanged between my dad and Eddie as we hobbled down the beach to the hotel.

Once at the hotel Eddie chatted on the phone to Mike Oram and it was decided that the swim would not go ahead in the morning but I would remain on standby. It was also established that providing I left before the end of the tide that I was booked on it would still be classed as an official Enduroman A2A. With no swim to worry about the next day there was nothing else left to do other than get a little bit plastered in the hotel bar (not that this took much for any of us).

We got up in the morning, had breakfast and decided that we would all return home and wait it out there rather than rack up the costs waiting in Dover. We knew for sure that the next three days were going to be hopeless anyway. I returned to work and tried to concentrate and behave like a normal human being on Wednesday and Thursday before getting the call on Thursday that we would start the following morning. This was later changed to a Friday evening start, but with all chances of a good time gone, the only thing on my mind was getting to the end and being the first lady to do so without a wetsuit.

Friday evening came off as a certainty and before I knew it myself and my friend Fiona were in the car with dad on the way to meet Eddie at Basingstoke train station. We picked up Eddie and then carried on to Dover (getting in to traffic along the way and starting to worry that again something would stand in my way). It was on the journey to Dover that Eddie asked the question about my cycling history and I had to come clean that I had only ever cycled for 1 ½ hours. The look on his face pretty much said it all; I think he was kind of regretting taking me on as an Enduroman contender at that time!

Anyway, we did arrive in Dover with a little time to spare. The wonderful Kate Robarts was already onboard waiting to look after me and guide Fiona through all the ins and outs of Channel swimming. Because we were late it was pretty much a case of loading everything onto the boat at warp speed, smother myself in Vaseline, clip my lights onto my goggles and costume and before I knew it I was being called to the side of the boat to jump in. This year I set off from Shakespeare Beach so there was a bit more light even though it was 10 pm and dark. Also, dad was driving the car over to France so he met me on the beach and gave me a hug. The last thing he said to me was that if I needed to get out, I should just get out and not be ashamed. This felt like a horrible thing to say at the time but looking back I can only imagine how worried you must be as a parent to wave off your child as they swim into complete darkness and you have no control over their safety.

I knew the water was cold as soon as I jumped in. It was some 2 degrees colder than last year but I was determined to just see it out. I have been told since the swim that the crew were worried about me as I complained about being cold on my first feed which is never a good sign. Swimming through the night was something I have never experienced and I did not enjoy the relaxing feelings that some people claim to experience. I felt sheer panic every time the boat pulsed ahead and I was left in the darkness; I just felt cold and lonely.

I remember when I finished my first Channel swim Eric commented on the fact that I complained so little during the swim. Flash forward a year and this was a very different story. Although I had a lovely long rest; four days is not a long time to recover from an 87 mile run. My hips began to lock during the night because I was getting so cold. When the sun started to come up I was greeted by shoals of jelly fish and a thick mist that prevented the much wanted sun from beating down on my back. My crew had to be really strict on me during these hours and my pilot had a proper go at me but without this tough love I would have never made it.



Just after lunch time on Saturday I reached the Cap and climbed up onto a rocky beach. The tide had been fast moving, the water cold, and there was too much wildlife going on in there for my liking; but nonetheless I made it. I picked up a pebble from the beach and staggered to the dinghy that was waiting to take me back to Sea Satin. I was pulled overboard in a rather unlady-like fashion and escorted to the boat where there were congratulations all around. Kate and Fiona stripped off my swim suit and piled on the warm clothes. They fed me and looked after me like pros and within about 20 minutes I was out cold on the deck.

We motored down to Boulogne where we met my dad who had brought the car and the bike over by ferry. I was rudely awoke and told to get off the boat as a long bike ride was awaiting me. I waved goodbye to Kate and Fiona who were returning to Dover and gave Lance a big hug. I hated him then but appreciate the tough love now!

Boulogne was absolutely heaving when we arrived as Bastille Day celebrations were in full swing. We eventually made it back to the car and started the drive to Calais where the bike ride was due to start. I managed another hour sleep in the car before we all made our way into Calais to have a slap up meal of omelette and chips.

I think Eddie was a bit concerned about the little rest I had purely because he was now aware of how inexperienced I was as a cyclist but I was adamant that I wanted to make a few miles up as quickly as I could. I knew I was tired and that it would be slow going but I set off regardless (I'm sure this was much to the amusement of Eddie and my dad). I made it to 10pm and started to feel cold and I think this was the point that everyone realised I was a proper novice as I had a hoodie to keep me warm and not a proper cycling top. I had trainers on and not proper cycling shoes and I had no water bottle holder. Still, I knew if I got to the point where I was on my bike, I would make it.

By 11:30pm I was starting to feel the tiredness set in and so I crawled into the car for an hour. When I woke up there was a thick fog that had descended and I could not see more than a few metres ahead of myself. At one point, I was so tired, I thought I was going uphill when I stopped pedalling and realised I was rolling downhill; I had no idea which way was up and which was down!

At 2am I crawled back in the car for another 2 hours of sleep. When the men awoke me the sun was starting to come up. It was still incredibly foggy but at least there was some brightness. We arrived in a small town a couple of hours later and the men went off to buy some cakes while I climbed in to the back of the car. By the time they were back I had already fallen asleep and they left me there for another half an hour while they enjoyed their croissants.



When I awoke I popped another two Pro Plus and then I was off. For the first time in 12 hours I felt fully refreshed. I had a coffee at the half way point and enjoyed my chocolate croissant that was saved for me from the last stop. It was then just a case of keeping focused on the ultimate goal and not forgetting why I was doing this: to raise money for the cancer centre in Basingstoke. It's amazing how things like this can put your challenges into perspective. My mum was diagnosed with cancer in January and went through weeks of painful treatment. After a couple of days of pain you feel like you want to give up but it's the thought that others have gone through far worse (and not out of choice) that can really keep you going.

The afternoon was hot and although the stops were frequent the whole event was really taking its toll. Although I had done lots of weight training on my legs to make sure I could endure the ride my inexperience really felt as though it was beginning to show. The hills were hard and Paris just never seemed to get any closer.



Eventually we reached St Brice where the athlete MUST stay with the support vehicle as we go into Paris. For somebody who has very little cycling experience the traffic (which I was assured was quiet) was quite scary to deal with. The final hours were extremely hot but we made really good progress purely because I was terrified I would lose sight of the support car. Finally Eddie pointed out the right turn onto the Champs d'Elysee and the car left me to make my own way up the street. There were so many pedestrians because of the Bastille Day celebrations that it took about 20 minutes to do this final stretch. I got to the top of the road to find my dad waiting for me with the Enduroman banner so that he could take a photo. Unfortunately the French police stopped us taking photos with the banner as the brass band were just starting up and the Bastille Day procession was making its way to the Arc within minutes of me arriving (truly amazing as it was all set up for the arrival of the Tour de France too). Eddie then came and took a photo of me on the central reservation and before I knew it I was packed into the car and we were making our way out of Paris. We reached the motorway and found the

nearest services so that I could eat and get into clean clothes. When I came out in fresh gear Eddie presented me with my beautiful trophy and medal; I couldn't take my eyes off them as they went off to buy drinks and sandwiches.



We then carried on to Calais. I managed a pitiful one hour of sleep but my head was still buzzing as I was trying to comprehend exactly what I had just achieved as a single mum who was never really meant to do anything too amazing in her life. When we got to the ferry I found myself trying to find the top deck purely so I could see the sea and what I had put myself through some two days ago. The black water below me actually frightened me and I could only spend a couple of minutes on deck without the flash backs having a slightly negative effect on me. This aside, that ferry ride was probably one of my favourite memories in my life. I could finally relax and be myself (and the large glass of white wine helped with this significantly). I felt almost like we were all family by the time we went back down to the car; quite strange when you are only forced together in an unusual situation just days earlier. On the way down to the car Eddie picked up a "lucky penny" and I remembered the penny I found at the Arch. Sure enough it was there in the pocket of the leggings I was wearing. Eddie said I should frame it and I definitely think I should. It has shared this journey from a flower bed in London to the Arc de Triomphe and back!

We got off the ferry very early in the morning so we drove home to Overton and all slept at my parent's house. The next morning, everyone disappeared and I was left alone to contemplate for a while. I've promised myself I will not be surfing the internet looking for anything crazy to do in the coming days. If I'm left alone, I'll just savour the last few days. I was not meant to do Arch to Arc until next year but somebody up there made sure it went ahead this year, and although the time was awful, it went ahead successfully. If I have one leaving message to anyone thinking of taking on this challenge it would be to train hard, never listen to the negative things other people have to say about you and believe that you can do it. This has been a truly life changing week. It did not pan out how I hoped; it was better. I am Enduroman number 12 and the first lady to do this challenge without a wetsuit. I am not an elite athlete but I have proved that if you have a bit of back bone you can really do pretty much anything you set your mind to.

All that is left to say is a massive thank you to Edgar Ette for all of his support and expertise. Thanks to Lance Oram and his crew for their stern words when they were muchly needed. To Kate and Fiona for pushing me all the way to the French coast. To everyone else at the Sports Centre (Emma, Stacey, Chris in particular). To my mum and Noah for being supportive even though they hate my hobbies. To Zoe Sadler for gathering up the crew on the boat. To the Overton Harriers for getting me back into my running shoes. To the Bluefins and Steve Greenfield who have supported my swimming since I was eight. To Charlie Thorn and all the volunteers at the Overton pool who have taught me that good swimmers go long, not fast. To everyone who sponsored me (especially chief fund raiser, Ruth Day).

<http://www.everyclick.com/rachelhessom>

And most of all, thank you to my wonderful dad. You drive me crazy sometimes but I think we did each other proud last week x x x



**KINGSCLERE 5**    **7<sup>th</sup> July**



The second race in the “Overton Harriers 5 mile Series” after the Hurstbourne Tarrant Race was run under sunny conditions at Kingsclere with the usual Harriers toeing the line at the start.



Matt King of Winchester completed the scenic but challenging 5 mile course in 27.44, beating his own previous best time of 28.15 to set a new course record.

Second placed Sean Holmes came home in 28.47, ahead of Mike Bliss, who finished third in 29.35 with Neil, Richard and Robin closely behind.

The Hannah Bliss march continues on, not content with her win at Brashfield she led the ladies field home at the Kingsclere Race as well in a time of 34:46 with Emma Edwards taking the other Ladies prize who was a few behind Dave Titcomb.

Looks like John made sure that his fellow staff members were not down hearted and completed the course towards the rear!

<b>Harrier</b>	<b>Time</b>	<b>Position</b>
Sean Holmes	28:47	2 <sup>nd</sup>
Mike Bliss	29:35	3 <sup>rd</sup>
Neil Martin	30:25	5 <sup>th</sup>
Richard Clifford	31:14	6 <sup>th</sup>
Robin Oakley	33:13	8 <sup>th</sup>
Hannah Bliss	34:46	11 <sup>th</sup> (1 <sup>st</sup> Lady)
Dave Titcomb	36:42	16 <sup>th</sup>
Emma Edwards	42:01	25 <sup>th</sup> (2 <sup>nd</sup> Lady)
John Castelli	56:52	58 <sup>th</sup>

*63 finished*

This last but one fixture was held on what was at the time, the hottest day of the year with the temperature in the 30's. Overton athletes may have been in the minority compared to Andover but percentage wise must have scored more points with some gritty performances. Our three girls did us proud with two 1st and three 2nd placing. Monique was perhaps the unsung hero. Trying to write this delicately and hoping to avoid a clip around the ear or worse, she is not the quickest runner in Overton and was probably the oldest athlete competing in the match yet she was prepared to put herself on the line not once, but twice, "to get a point". But by being prepared to compete, she finished with a 2<sup>nd</sup> in the 800m A string and a 2<sup>nd</sup> in the B string 1500m and gained not just the 2 expected points but a fabulous 6 for the team. Unfortunately, we had no B string runner in the 800m. If someone was prepared to come and run "just for a point" like Monique, as other clubs failed to turn out runners, more than one point would have been scored and the team would have won the whole match. Another example of no matter what the race or how far down the field you are, if you are having a bad run or wondering if you will finish, you need to keep plugging away as you could be the person that makes all the difference to the team at the end of the day.

In only her second and then shortly after, third track race, Hannah ran both like a veteran, though not with drool down the chin, loud grunting (from more than one orifice at the same time) and shuffling along barely above Zimmerman pace, but like a more experienced athlete and not short on talent. In both races she ignored (a polite way of saying she couldn't keep up) with the fast pace set by rivals but by running her own pace which she judged well she not only pulled away from others trying to stay with her but won the 3000m when the early leader dropped out –perhaps suffering in the heat from going too fast too soon, and in the 1500m ran a storming last lap to storm past an early pace-setter to finish 2<sup>nd</sup>.

Like Monique, Audra showed fine commitment to the cause. Having not competed much for a while it would have been easy for her to cry off but aware of the need of the team, she made the long trek to London and ran the 3000m. Unlike Hannah, Audra is experienced, aka she's getting on a bit, and she also paced herself well and ran a storming last lap to overtake a rival to finish a fine 1<sup>st</sup> B string. I was only there for the beer afterwards. Unfortunately for me, I was dragged away early by a daughter with no prior warning on the totally unjustifiable reason that I had to drive her to her boyfriend's in South Wonston. Whatever happened to having a relationship with the next-door neighbour where no driving is involved – unless it's when the hubby is away and an assignation on the downs is called for – or is that just me?

Neil was practicing for the imminent birth of his baby by turning up just 10 minutes before the event, panicking about being too late, but dressed for the part in shorts and vest. To make it feel like the real thing for him I supplied the heavy breathing, swearing, copious blood sweat and tears as I tried to hang on to him and just moaned that it was too hard and I just wanted it all over with. But he just peed off before the end and left me to finish knackered and alone. My rehearsal obviously paid dividends as days later Marie successfully delivered baby Holly and Neil got through it as well. Congratulations to you all!

Lee was after a qualifying time for the National vets champs. Despite destroying the field with some aggressive and fast paced running and hurdling, the heat and no-one to push him told and he fell off the required pace. Scant consolation to him but another fine win and 4 points. I'm sure Piers only ran so he could soak himself in some cold water every few minutes by legitimately throwing himself into a few feet deep of cold water without anyone pointing at him and laughing. Okay, everyone was pointing at him and laughing but at least he was jumping into the water jump during the race.

Seriously, it was a gutsy effort by Piers. He had a bad headache, dodgy calves, a shoelace that came undone in the race and other barriers to overcome (it was a steeplechase) but he finished 2<sup>nd</sup> B string and scored much needed points. No steeplechase is easy – try one.

A big shout must go out to our 'heavies' in the field. They would normally be beer bellied shape, heavily muscled, tattooed persons, speaking with deep voices and hair sprouting from unusual places. And that's just the women – in Basingstoke anyway. For us, take a bow Eric, Mo, John, JT and Jayne (plus Piers and Monique?). Granted, not a lot of difference description wise, apart from Jayne (she did knock a minute off my reported 3000m time making me one of the quickest in the UK – nudge, nudge, wink, wink, eh Jayne!). I did not know this until afterwards but Southern League points are scored in each match if each club provides the required officials and timekeepers. So well done gents and lady.

The final match is at Tidworth on Saturday 10<sup>th</sup> August and it's our home match. Please consider coming and competing or helping out. If we have 'better' athletes you can still compete as a non-scorer but as we found at Kingston, you may be the one that makes the difference between the team winning or not.

### **SUMMER HANDICAP (Race 3)**

**25<sup>th</sup> July**

*from Richard Francis*

The third race of the summer series took place on a rather warm evening but this did not stop several runners from clocking their fastest times of the year. With the path down from the Harrow Way having a pre race trim (thanks Eric) the way was clear for Keith Clark to win his first handicap this century. Sadly the handicapper now has to take great pleasure in moving him down the start list. The only PB (12 seconds) came from runner up Hannah who had to break into a sprint to hold off the fast finishing Sean who was hampered by carrying a dodgy watch all the way round. Despite this he was still the fastest on the night and not too far off his PB.

Lee made the most of a rare Thursday night run by finishing second on time with Bliss taking third following what appears to have been a battle royal with Richard Clifford & Keith Vallis. The league tables are now taking shape and with one race to go the handicap table has three people equal on 9 points with Keith Clark leading Hannah & Annette on count back, although in reality, any one of the top dozen could win it which should make the final race on August 15<sup>th</sup> very interesting. The time league on the other hand is clear cut as Sean is already victorious with the battle for the minor places seemingly being between Stuart, Richard and Bliss.

Pos.	Runner	Fin Time	H/Cap	Act Time	Time Pos
1	K. CLARK	29.56	6.08	23.48	10
2	H. BLISS	30.06	7.05	23.01	9
3	S. HOLMES	30.07	10.37	19.30	1
4	L. PEARSON	30.12	3.33	26.39	17
5	L. TOLHURST	30.18	10.24	19.54	2
6	M. BLISS	30.26	9.48	20.38	3
7	R. CLIFFORD	30.29	9.43	20.46	4
8	K. VALLIS	30.37	9.34	21.03	6
9	J. CASTELLI	30.38	6.30	24.08	12
10	G. ENGLAND	30.41	8.20	22.21	8
11	E. EDWARDS	30.42	4.16	26.26	15
12	K. GROUNDSSELL	30.48	3.23	27.25	18
13	S. SEARLE	30.55	10.03	20.52	5
14	R. OAKLEY	30.59	9.30	21.29	7
15	M. NAV NUETEN	31.02	0.38	30.24	19
16	P. PUNTAN	31.10	7.03	24.07	11
17	S. EDWARDS	31.30	4.57	26.33	16
18	K. BARTON	31.36	6.10	25.26	13
19	R. DENNISON	32.30	6.16	26.14	14

*Full league tables are on the club web site.*

## **JUNIORS NEWS** *from Anna Vallis*

The Summer track and field season is coming to an end for our Juniors. It was our first season competing in the Wessex League where those who competed had some great performances. The turn-out of athletes dropped off as the season went on so we will re-evaluate if we are to carry on with this next year as we will need more support of both juniors, their parents and senior club members to help with officiating.

Highlights of the season so far are Molly coming 4<sup>th</sup> in Hampshire Championships for high jump and making the finals for the 70m hurdles; Molly and Rory being selected for Basingstoke schools in the Hampshire Schools championship where they helped them get 2<sup>nd</sup> place.

The Co-op Community grant has progressed really well and we are hoping to receive our £5,000 very shortly. We have already started making use of this with our first big purchase of a high jump mat. Our next project is working with the ORC to build a long jump pit and throwing circle at Berrydown. We are hoping to make progress on these in the next few months.

### **OVERTON 5 MILE ROAD RACE & 2 ½ MILE FUN RUN** **Saturday 7<sup>th</sup> Sept**

This year is the 25<sup>th</sup> running of the Overton 5 and is the first race in the Hampshire Road Race League. This year (like every year) we need your help and support. There are a number of ways we need your help including;

- Taking entry forms to your next race – these can be found in the shed
- Putting a poster up in your workplace
- Selling Raffle Tickets – tickets available from JT
- Volunteering to marshal the course
- Helping out on the day
- Setting up St Mary's Hall for the after-race party
- Selling tickets for the after-race party
- Donating a prize for the raffle
- Tweet or Share/Like the race on your Facebook

To keep with tradition there will be the Summer Party in the evening at St Marys Hall and everyone is welcome and the band Stone Gecko will be playing again this year.

**Saturday 7<sup>th</sup> September 2013**  
**7.30pm**

**Overton Harriers Summer Party**

At

St Marys Hall, Overton  
Live music from Stone Gecko

Bring your friends and family and come and celebrate the Clubs' achievement this summer with the annual Overton Harriers Summer Party.

This event is in the evening following the Overton 5 Road Race and everyone is invited. Tickets are just £10 (Under 12's are free) which includes hot food but please bring your own drinks.