



HARRIERS NEWSLETTER

The Newsletter of Overton Harriers and Athletics Club



UPCOMING FIXTURES

Hayling 10

November 4th

Hampshire XC League Race 2: Aldershot

November 10th

Gosport Half Marathon

November 18th

Hampshire XC League Race 3: Popham

December 1st

Cyclist Race

December 16th

Roundup

by Piers Puntan

Being long term injured is not something that I have had to put up with; though I've seen enough Harriers go through the pain, anguish, frustration and boredom of being off for a prolonged period of time.

Like many runners before me I'm desperate to get back to running but know that coming back too early is not a good idea leading to even longer layoffs in the future.

Some runners swear by aqua jogging, some cross training, others hit the roads on the bike or some, like me, see how many kilos they can put on in weight while watching back episodes of Homes under the Hammer.

Anyway; thanks to all for your reports from October's exploits. Don't forget that if you are coming on the Training Weekend initial deposits are due and the menu for the Christmas Dinner at the Test Valley Golf club is in the newsletter.

Hopefully I'll be able to run at the Cyclists Race as that's the current plan.

Enjoy your running.

BOURNEMOUTH MARATHON

6th October

by Mark Underwood

So after what was a disaster of a London Marathon earlier this year, there was only one option for me, enter another marathon. My training had gone so well for London, no injuries, PBs being smashed in other races along the way and all my times coming down with everything I was doing, it felt like a waste if I didn't get out and actually run a marathon in a time I was pleased with. So I entered Bournemouth within the next day or so.

Training this time hasn't gone so well. Having started the program the week after the Lordshill 10k, I think I expected too much too soon and was tired before I even really got going, and looking back probably wasted the first 5 weeks of training trying to push too much. Too often wasting the odd session just getting miles in, instead of getting good miles in. The scorching summer we were treated too also didn't help. 4am long runs are nobody's idea of fun. My own stupidity also let me down a couple of times, with the odd trip, fall, knock or run into something along the way, it felt like I wasn't really getting anywhere.

After speaking to Sean and Martin though I got some great advice, a sports massage (not from them, before the rumours start), and had tweaked my plan a bit and coming into the race itself felt great, managing another 8 minute PB at Solent for good measure 2 weeks before.



So to the race itself, I decided to make a weekend of it again, so packed up ready to go on the Saturday and headed down to Bournemouth with my wife and a few friends, staying in a B+B a short walk to the finish area. A big bowl of pasta and an early night and I was ready to go.

In the morning I awoke to find near perfect weather conditions, bright, cold and not a stitch of wind, so double and triple checked my kit and made my way down to the finish to grab the shuttle bus to the start area.

Once at the start I did all the usual pre-race things which don't really need mentioning, had a gentle mile to warm up followed by a good stretch, and lined up for the 10am start. Unlike London there didn't really seem to be the same level of excitement, there was barely a crowd at the start, not much chat going on just lots of bored runners annoyed by the Scottish man on the Tannoy counting down to the race one minute at a time (not even joking). At the stroke of 10 we were off though.

The race starts with a lovely gentle downhill through Pokesdown centre and along towards the south of Christchurch, and very early on it was easy to get into space, and settle into a pace. I went out at just sub 8 minute mile pace and felt good and strong, although still slightly disappointed by the lack of any kind of crowd or support. After 5 miles having navigated the first hill and finally seen the coast for the first time came the first of what was many out and backs. This time on one of the coastal roads just above the beach a 2.5 mile section along the road, before hitting a roundabout and coming back again. After this though, we dropped down onto the beach paths and the first 10 miles was in the bag, bang on schedule.

A few miles down the road and hill number 2 was upon me, a short and sharp incline up out of the beach, around another roundabout before hitting the half way mark. This was the first time I got to see my wife and friends cheering me on, a much needed boost to the quietness of the race so far. Another drop down to the beach, and I was heading towards the next out and back, this time around Boscombe pier. This is where the race started to get very very boring, plus a bit tougher and a bit disheartening.

With all of the out and backs there was no fencing, no marshals, no timing mats and no crowd to split the 2 sides, and I started to witness the odd run just turning back on themselves and hopping across to the other side, before carrying on.

Although I kept on going, it isn't exactly a great motivator as things start to get a bit harder! But around the pier I went and back towards Bournemouth we headed. The wind and sun had picked up at this point and down on the beach it felt about 30 degrees again!

A little loop around the pier there and you are finally greeted with some more crowds....largely because you are actually running through the finish line, just on the other side of it. Again, a really hard sight to stomach when you still have 9 miles to go! But the crowd cheered and I was still holding my pace, barring having to slow down a little to allow my friend who had chased after me with my bottle of coke I had asked for at 16!

Up next was the hardest part of the entire race, a series of hills, then a horrible sharp incline up alongside the BIC. I felt good, but knew I would probably drop a bit of time. I slowed it down, pictured Martin telling me it's no worse than Station Hill (it was) and dragged myself up, passing a fair amount of people who had decided it would be better to walk. Having got up the top I told myself the hard bit was done, only to be greeted by just a touch more hill, before leading into the park.

Upon exiting the park, I knew that there was going to be some nice downhill, as you drop back onto the sea front, for the last out and back before the stretch back to the finish. This is where things went wrong. Having got through what I thought was the hard part, I started on the descent, which very early on had an almost hair pin turn on it, and when going round it felt like I had been shot up the bum. I tried holding the pace as long as possible, but in the end decided to try and stretch it out with a little walk.

The pain got worse and worse, regardless of walking or running so the final 7 miles was a pretty horrible affair. I managed the odd 400m jog, followed by 400m of walking, and tried to keep this up as much as I could and just hoped I would still get in under 4 hours. This was made worse again by yet more and more people jumping across and cutting out miles of the course on the final couple of out and backs.

Coming into the final miles I had worked out I should be comfortably under 4 hours still despite going along at 11 minute miles at this point, but coming into the final mile I realised this wasn't actually the case, if I carried on I was going to be a few minutes over. I tried to give it one final push and hoped I could somehow pull a quicker mile from somewhere, the pain was absolutely horrific, but being cheered

on for the final time by my wife and friends gave me another little gentle nudge, and coming into the final 200 meters and the crowd cheering I knew it was going to be very very close.

I managed some sort of final kick and pretty much threw my body over the line.....my watch time.....3:59:58.

Knowing that the chip might come a few seconds either way I had an agonising, in more ways than one, walk to collect my medal, bag and extras, to get my phone and check my chip time via the text message they send out. The text had landed..... official chip time of.....3:59:59!

I could not have been more relieved (my wife was probably the only person who was more relieved).

The difference that one second made was huge, although I hadn't got the time I aimed for, I had got the time I wanted at London which was what it was all about. This meant I could go and get drunk and eat rubbish which seemed a fair trade off.

Now, do I try and finish one without an injury or incident.....

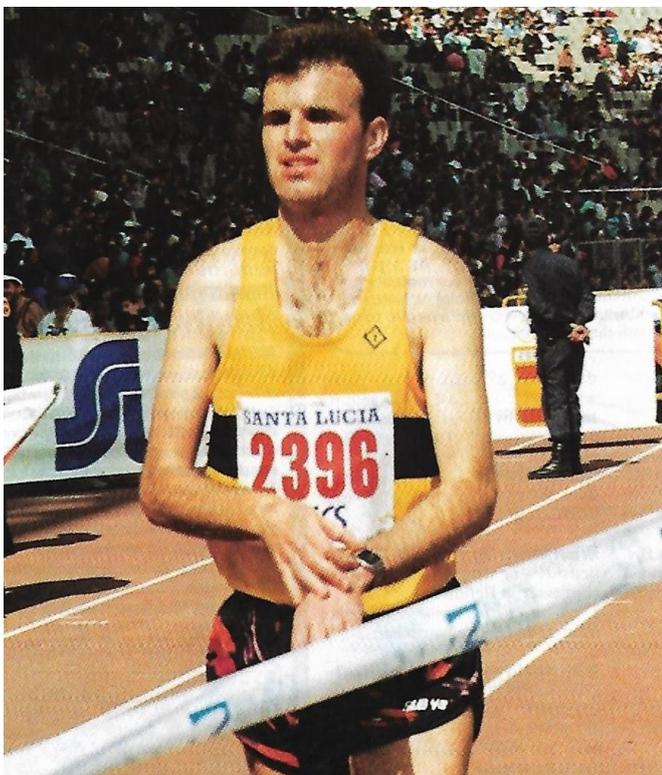


30 Years and Still Running (Plus a Bit of Race Walking)

by Keith Vallis

This year marked 30 years since my first marathon (London '88). I started this year determined to run another marathon to mark the occasion. Having nursed a heel injury throughout the winter all looked good for an autumn race but the injury flared up after the final Vets League Track and Field in early July (please help me out all you 50+ year olds!). As a result, I entered the Clarendon Marathon still a little injured but knowing that it was just about my last chance before the year ended.

This was my 3rd Clarendon but the first time I'd run it since they'd reversed the route from Salisbury to Winchester. On a warm and beautifully sunny day I started nice and steadily but it was soon apparent the injury was starting to slow me down. I pushed on until 18 miles until I decided that if I walked and jogged it would lessen the pain and I wouldn't be travelling much slower than my current running pace. This I did for the next 3 miles and then I just 'race walked' the last 5 miles to the finish. My finish time of 4.34.06 was the first time I'd gone over 4 hours for the marathon but, at the end of the day, I was just glad to get a finish.



1992 Catalunya Marathon inside the Olympic Stadium in Barcelona

Since that first London I have run 40+ marathons and ultramarathons. The list includes 10 London's (P.B. of 2hrs 37mins 47secs in 1998) plus races in Spain, Cuba, Canada, Australia and New Zealand.

Of the ultramarathons the longest was the 55 mile London to Brighton Road Race back in 2001 (7hrs11mins).

I guess one of the 'oddest' marathons I ever ran was the one-off British Millennium Marathon. This was held near Preston, Lancashire on 2nd January 2000 despite predictions that the whole world might grind to a halt what with the 'Millennium Bug' and all that. Fortunately, the doom-mongers were all wrong and I still have the race t-shirt in its plastic bag as a souvenir. Only another 982 years until the next one!

Maverick Dark W Sussex

by Rachael Visick

This was a 15.7km trail race starting at Cowdray Park in W Sussex in the dark!

I managed to time my arrival in the car park field perfectly, given how freezing cold the weather was that evening - I was ushered to stop right by the start/finish! I nipped out to grab my race number & then hid in the car as long as I could before doing a warm-up run to the loo & back & then congregate at the start.

Everyone went off the start v quick, probably to get warm again! - which wasn't so bad as the first 500m maybe were downhill on the nice tarmaced drive out of the Park. At the end of the drive it was into the woods & time to adjust the vision for trails by head torch, which was fine unless you had people with their torches right behind you creating a big black shadow of yourself right where you were desperately trying to scan the path ahead (this wasn't nice smooth woodland paths at all)!

At one point in the woods on a little downhill section, I managed to trip & roll an ankle & had to stop briefly to shake it out before continuing. After that I took the downhills more carefully & peeled the eyes some more.

The temperature wasn't too bad in the woods, but when we popped out of them to cross some open fields at the furthest point of the route, the wind was bitter. I discovered at this point also that in the head torch light the grass seemed to reflect like a hologram, which hurt the eyes quite a bit!

After the fields & some annoying sandy paths through an area that felt like open scrub land, the route dived back into the woods again.

The route-finding here was a bit harder - they had hung up glow sticks from the trees every so often to mark the route, but with various paths in the woods crossing each other & tree branches obscuring the way ahead sometimes it wasn't always obvious. One group ahead turned off at a crossroads, but there were no signs, so the guy I was running with at the time & I decided to carry straight on, which thankfully turned out to be correct!

A bit further on in the woods I got surprised by a pair of bright eyes running towards me & across the path - I'd startled a big deer!

Back out of the woods there was probably 1.5km along a road & back up the drive to the finish line & it was nice not to run without looking v hard at the ground to spot tree routes, stones & holes in the dark!

I crossed the line, grabbed my medal & Maverick Trail Ale & dived straight to the car to escape the cold wind.

It was hard to tell how well I'd run - with having to be a bit cautious over the trails in the dark & some route spotting faff - it didn't feel the best, but I ended up 3/24 female & 14/79 overall, which was a nice little result!

JUNIOR XC LEAGUE LORD WANDSWORTH COLLEGE

By John Hoare

The expression 'Magnificent 7' took on a new meaning at Lord Wandsworth College with a group of our Juniors taking part in the relatively new Destination Basingstoke Junior XC League.

It covers all age groups from Under 9's to Under 15's, both Girls and Boys and this was certainly the most youngsters we have fielded in a single match over cross country.

First to go were the Under 9 Girls. Freya made the early pace but was eventually caught by Lily but not much separated them as they both finished towards the front of the field after superb runs.

We also had two Under 9 Boys and Matthew produced our highest finish of the day with an

excellent 4th place, while the diminutive Jack had much to feel pleased about with his effort.

The Under 11 Girls had a longer course that included a nasty hill, but both tackled it well as they finished, not far apart, Aimee just taking the honours by a few seconds from Elsie.

Just one Under 13 and that honour went to Luke in the Boys race, who also had to tackle 'that hill', but was still smiling at the end after a gutsy run.

Well done to all of you



Pictured just before the start are 'The Magnificent 7'.

(L to R) Jack Coventry, Matthew Davey, Luke Cottrell, Freya Cottrell, Aimee Regan, Lily Gray and Elsie Instone

RESULTS

U/9 GIRLS

5th Lily Gray 6m 40s.
8th Freya Cottrell 6m 54s.

U/9 BOYS

4th Matthew Davey 6m 05s.
15th Jack Coventry 7m 17s.

U/11 GIRLS

33rd Aimee Regan 12m 40s.
34th Elsie Instone 12m 57s.

U/13 BOYS

19th Luke Cottrell 13m 05s.

Ironman World Championships - Kona

By Simon Lovelock

I was finally at the world championships in Hawaii, the hard work and sacrifices had finally paid off and I was about to compete alongside the best in the world.

We travelled out just over a week before race day to acclimatise to the conditions and jeez did I need to. I was warned that it was a different kind of heat and it was not wrong. Within a few miles of being on the bike or going for a run it looked like I had just stood under the shower. On one 56 mile ride the temperature hit 35 degrees and I emptied 4 bottles of energy drink, Race day was going to keep my head right on top of how much nutrition/liquid I was consuming.

The build up to race is unbelievable, running alongside pros on Ali'i Drive and swimming with the 2012 world champion Leanda Cave. Every sponsor involved in the race is dishing out freebies. I spent most of this week looking like our friends from over the pond wearing trucker caps.

Race Day

Swim

The swim is a mass start one of the only races left on the circuit that allows this to happen. With the swim not being my strongest part of the day, I decided to get into the water early and position myself far left and try to avoid majority of the stronger swimmers who have no understanding of personal space.

With a couple of minutes to go I turned to look around back towards the pier and the surrounding bay, taking in the scene of the sun rising over the mountains and the crowds packed onto the seawall as well as every other vantage point.

This was the first of many moments during the day where I had to pinch myself to check if this was in fact real and I was about to race in Kona.

With the cannon about to blow, the fight for space on the line got more intense as everyone got rather nervy.

Then suddenly: BOOM, and we were off, the relative calmness of the bay immediately turning into a washing machine of arms, legs and torsos.



After a few minutes everything seemed to settle down and I tried to ignore the giant fish tank below me and concentrate on swimming well. The swim in Kona is as straightforward as they come. Swim 1.2 miles out to a massive boat, go around it, and swim back. I was trying to keep my route to that boat as straight as possible, to make sure I didn't swim a yard farther than I needed to.

An hour plus is a long way to be swimming in a straight line, and despite trying to maintain focus I always find my mind wandering not only to the race ahead of me but trying to spot the dolphins which had visited the bay for the week before the race.

Bike

Swim course navigated I was now on the pier with my heartrate through the roof trying to pick my bike out of what is estimated to be 10 million pounds worth of bikes.

The opening miles see you take in a glory lap of town, passing 'hot corner' twice before heading for a short out-and-back up the Kuakini Highway. This part of the race was fast and frantic. My main aim here was stay out of trouble and let those uber bikers take the risks on the corners.

Once passing hot corner for one final time, you climb up Palani Hill and onto the infamous Queen K Highway, where you pretty much spend the rest of the ride cycling through the middle of the lava fields. Once on the Queen K, it's a case of getting your head down, tucking into the aero position and cracking on. There is lots of chat around Kona and drafting. For those not fully clued up on the triathlon rules, you have to leave a gap of at least 12 meters to the rider in front of you so to not gain any aerodynamic assistance. Once within that distance, you have 25 seconds to make the pass and move forward, or else a 5-minute drafting penalty is coming your way. This has always been a big issue in Kona, as everyone is coming out of the water at the same time and the course immediately becomes very congested.

This was a major issue for the first 10 miles and really found it hard to find my own space and at times found myself going too hard to attack and stay away from the drafters to avoid the potential penalty. This calmed down and I managed to find my rhythm.



The last part of the out and back is the 6 mile climb up to a small town called Hawi. This town looked like something out of the wild west and I'm sure no one visits this town apart from race week when Ironman takes over. With the climb complete I was on my way back to Kona. The first part was the 6 mile descent; I can see why the pros have larger chainrings now because at times I couldn't spin my legs quick enough. Coming back into Kona was a magical moment and the sheer noise from the crowd was crazy. Launching my bike at the volunteers I was off running around the pier to pick up my running shoes to see what was left in the tank.

Run

After a rather enthusiastic 6:32 first mile, reality well and truly kicked in. Who had turned the oven on? The first 7 miles take you along Ali'i Drive and back, with the route lined with supporters cheering, BBQing and drinking beer. It's like one giant triathlon party that you're kinda invited to, but you can't drink the beer yet and have to run a marathon.

No amount of training could've prepared for the conditions I was now facing on that run course. I'd come into the race with some high run goals, but I realised from early on that the name of the game was survival.

Looking around, I just couldn't believe the carnage that was already ensuing. Not even 5km into the marathon, there were more people walking than running, with many quickly discovering that they'd probably pushed a little too hard on the bike and were now paying for it hard. I just fixed my gaze into the distance, and constantly told myself stick to the nutrition strategy but this time add to pouring ice down my top to keep the core temperature down.

Once up Palani, the fun and games well and truly begin. You've then got 7 miles straight along the Queen K highway, before running 2 miles down into the infamous 'Energy Lab'. Once down there, you make the return journey, retracing your steps back out of the lab before the long 7 mile slog back to town. All of this in 35-degree heat with zero shade and no supporters: after a mile or so on the Queen K, spectators are prevented from carrying on any further. Am I selling this to you yet? Just remember, we're all doing this for 'fun'.

It was in the 'Energy Lab' when my goals on the run truly changed as I could feel myself cooking, you could literally fry an egg on me. This was when I had to walk for about 2 minutes to allow my core temperature to drop. Each aid station was about a mile apart, so I just focused on travelling from one to the next. Stuffing ice down the front of my top and pouring cold water over my head.

The last part of the run is a small loop before the finish line by the pier. Good job I had a visor and sunglasses on as I was starting to well up. I spotted Leanne and Arabella and my parents close to the finish line, a quick high five and a final push and stumble across the line. Racing out here was one of the best moments in my life and being able to achieve a top 10% finish and 7th brit overall at the world champs topped it off.

I always said that racing here is a onetime event but from the experience I have had here I will be back. I'm calling it project 2020 as I feel like it may take me a year to get over the after partying I have been doing since the race.

Swim	T1	Bike	T2	Run	Total
1:06:01	0:04:06	4:56:51	0:04:28	3:05:53	9:17:16

Hampshire XC League

Race 1: Bournemouth

By John Hoare

By reputation the Hampshire Cross Country League is one of the most competitive in the country. Judging by the quality and size of field I can well believe that. Having been promoted to Division 1 our men's team were up against the might of teams from Aldershot, Southampton, etc. It is somewhat difficult for a small club such as ours to compete at this level, especially with a number of our Senior runners missing, and was not really surprising that we finished in last place in the premier division.

But it was still an excellent showing from our small squad. Sean took the honours as first counter but had to work really hard to hold off the challenge of Lennie, who had gradually pulled Sean's lead back over the final lap. But he couldn't quite make it as they finished just one place and one second apart.

Neil Martin, running over a much shorter distance than he is becoming used to, put in another strong run as third counter with Neil Glendon, who appears to race sparingly, finished still smiling, not far in arrears. Stuart completed the team, which finished in 10th place but only a handful of points behind Poole Runners.

A special mention for Keith, who was struggling on the day but put in a gutsy run to complete our contingent. Such is the yo-yo effect of the league that, even without a full team, we would have been second in Div 2 just a few points behind Salisbury and ahead of City of Portsmouth. We did much better in the Vets league, our leading trio taking a very creditable 5th place.

We had a bigger turn out than normal from our Ladies, which reflects the steady growth in their numbers. In a massive field of nearly 200, Hannah continued her excellent run of recent form to lead our team home.

It was a really strong run and she (and the club) benefitted from her decision to race that day.

Looking to recover racing fitness, Cath was not at her absolute best, but her class was such that she was a clear winner in the Over 55 category.

To my mind one of the most improved runners in the club is Clare 'Dave' Spencer. Hers was a really strong run and closed our team in a very creditable 12th place in the Seniors race. Coming down well in distance after a period of 'ultra' races Rachel completes our Vets team which took 9th place. (3 to score in both Senior and Vets).

On the comeback trail following very little racing recently, Claire must surely have benefitted from her race and should certainly feel pleased with her efforts.

It was a really close and exciting battle between Rachel and Claire. Another of our ultra distance girls, Lucy, completed our contingent with a fine run and I feel sure she too will have benefitted and will show even better results as the season progresses.

Unfortunately our Ladies captain, suffering from sinus problems, dropped out with breathing difficulties, but still made a valuable contribution to the afternoon with the cakes.

Ladies

Harrier	Time	Position	Vets Pos ⁿ
Hannah Bliss	24:36	41 st	
Cath Wheeler	26:33	74 th	23 rd
Claire Spencer	28:32	98 th	37 th
Rachael Visick	29:44	121 st	50 th
Claire Boyle	29:56	123 rd	
Lucy Sykes	33:17	162 nd	77 th

Men

Harrier	Time	Position	Vets Pos ⁿ
Sean Holmes	35:18	70 th	13 th
Len Passingham	35:19	71 st	14 th
Neil Martin	37:01	105 th	27 th
Neil Glendon	38:43	138 th	40 th
Stuart Searle	39:57	152 nd	49 th
Keith Vallis	45:15	231 st	100 th

CHRISTMAS LUNCH TEST VALLEY GOLF CLUB

SUNDAY 16th DECEMBER
1.00PM FOR 1.30PM

MENU

STARTER

Chicken liver parfait served with Chutney and Brioche
Poached Salmon Mousse serve with lemon dressed herb salad
Creamy Garlic Mushroom and Garlic vol au vent
Roasted Red Pepper and Tomato Soup with Pesto

MAIN

Roast Turkey, Gammon and Beef Carvery with all the Trimmings
Roast Nut Cutlet – Vegetarian Option
All served with roasted potatoes and vegetables

PUDDING

Christmas Pudding with Brandy Sauce
Baked Vanilla Cheesecake with Blueberries
Homemade Chocolate Fudge Brownie with Vanilla Ice Cream and Chocolate Sauce
Fresh Fruit Salad with Chantilly Cream and Meringue
Mince Pies and Coffee

Cost: £21 for adults, £10 for Under 12's, £5 for Toddlers. No charge for Children in High chairs

Payment on the day. Orders to John Hoare (johnhoare41@gmail.com). Please state choices of Starter and Pudding

Winter Handicap Race 1

By Richard Francis

The winter series got underway on a perfect night weather wise but surprisingly, for the first race of a new season, no PB's were broken.

Stuart set his PB way back in 2013 and his form since meant he received an early Christmas present from the handicapper.



He had a comfortable victory in the fastest time on the night, and, will only be docked 38 seconds which makes him the favourite for next month's race.

Behind him there was a good run from John who seems to be getting back to his best form while Gareth just managed to hold off Hannah on the second lap.

Gareth and Richard Clifford tied for second in the time league with Hannah fourth and there were promising debuts from Sarah and Olivia.

#	Name	Time	H'Cap	Act Time	Time #
1	S. Searle	32.02	8.47	23.15	1
2	J. Harrison	32.39	3.38	29.01	9
3	G. Juliff	32.57	9.06	23.51	= 2
4	H. Bliss	33.00	9.00	24.00	4
5	K. Brothers	33.42	3.02	30.40	10
6	R. Visick	33.59	6.39	27.20	7
7	R. Clifford	34.06	10.15	23.51	= 2
8	S. Pitcher	34.20	1.58	32.22	11
9	M. Underwood	34.46	7.07	27.39	8
10	K. Vallis	34.49	9.20	25.29	5
11	L. Sykes	35.04	6.39	32.26	12
12	S. Davies	35.18	8.47	26.31	6
= 13	M. Van Nueten	35.21	1.58	33.23	= 13
= 13	O. Williams	35.21	1.58	33.23	= 13