

Newsletter

Wednesday 12 August 2020

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This is the link to the running club webpage

<https://lingfieldrunningclub.co.uk/>

**A reminder that club fees are due by 31st August. Anyone not paid up on
1st September will cease to be a member.**

Please email membershipsecretary@lingfieldrunningclub.co.uk

Trevor's Racing Round Up

I am pleased to say that I have got some information about 2 actual races that took place over last weekend where we had 2 of our members taking part.

On Friday evening of last week **David Nottidge** drove to Rye in East Sussex to take part in the Rye 5 mile evening event which was organised by a local Sports Promotion Company called Nice work. They had put a lot of effort into making the race as Covid secure as possible and there was only a small field of 77 finishers. Dave has given a very good account of the race describing how hot the conditions were which Diane has included in this newsletter. Well done Dave for completing the course in a good time of 43.16. (see Dave's report of the race)

Moving up in distance **Juhana Kirk** had entered the North Downs Way 100 mile event. The event started at 6am on Saturday 8 August from Farnham in Surrey and finished at the Julie Rose Stadium in Ashford, Kent. The cut off time was Noon on Sunday 10 August. A time of 36 hours. Juhana had an excellent support crew of 3. **Scott Ulatowski** provided the vehicle support with drinks etc and both **Mandy Regenass and Brandon Webb** took it in turns to run with him for most of the route. It was tremendously hot throughout the race. A total of just 107 runners completed the course within the 30 hour time limit.

I think that this was Juhana's 3rd time that he had entered this event. This was his day because he not only finished but won the entire event. He finished in an amazing time of 19 hour 33 minutes and 27 seconds - only 2 runners finished in under 21 hours. Well done Juhana - congratulations and a tremendous achievement. Also very well done to your support crew of 3 who contributed greatly to Juhana's success. Time for a rest Juhana.! I hope that you were not too tired to enjoy your birthday which I think was just a day or two after the event?

I am sure everyone would be pleased to read your account of the event if you or your support crew would like to write something.

If there is anyone else in the club who is taking part in another of these live races could you please let me know so that I can give you a mention.

Have fun and enjoy your running

Trevor

LRC Club Coaching Sessions

The club coaches are aware that the training sessions have been over subscribed due to only having 5 places available and they have favoured those with easy access to Facebook who have seen the messages first.

Thursday 13th August with Ian Greenaway at the playing fields by Imberhorne School. Tickets available from 7:30pm on August

5th <https://www.eventbrite.com/e/lingfield-rc-coaching-session-with-ian-greenaway-tickets-115616639481>

Wednesday 19th August with Lisa Compton at Talbot Road. Booking details available shortly.

The booking system works on a first come, first served basis and will also create a "wait list" should someone drop out. The sessions are free despite the system saying

tickets will be on sale



LRC and England Athletics/Covid

England Athletics have set out a process for clubs to follow during the pandemic. Here are some key points for us:

1. LRC is operating under the "Covid secure environment" conditions as set out by England Athletics <https://d192th1lqal2xm.cloudfront.net/2020/07/EA-COVID-secure-environment-guidance-240720.pdf> 0.pdf

2. While members continue to run in their own groups Club runs as used to happen Tues/Thurs evening and Sat am are not able to take place
3. Club training sessions are being held and advertised on Facebook/newsletter. We have to keep a register of all those who attend to assist NHS track and trace if required
4. Coaching and formal club training groups can go up to 12 participants
5. If you have a medical condition that the coach/run leader may need to be aware of please let him/her know in advance of the training session
6. If you attend a training session and are later tested positive please let the club know and complete the UK athletics Covid tracking form

Thank you and happy running!

Rye 5m last Friday

by David Nottidge

Photo below

I was watching other runners warm up, a young guy, I think from Hastings zipped past and attracted some comments about how fast he was going – he replied “just watch me later”. Let’s see I thought. I watched him on the last mile and he was motoring, won the race in 24.33mins. 5 miles at that speed in 30 degrees seems pretty impressive to me.

I also saw a familiar face heading to his start – Dann Quinn once of LRC now South London Harriers. Unfortunately I couldn’t get to say hello. He finished in 28.45. He always was quick.

This was my first race post lockdown. I was intrigued to see how it would be different from before - and also a bit concerned about how I would cope in the heat! We had to

give advance notice of expected running time and also give an idea of preferred start time. We were started in groups of 6-10 at about 5 min intervals. Sue and I approached the start and I had my temperature taken – all was fine. The route was basically an out and back along a private road running parallel to the sea on the other side of the estuary from Camber sands. You could look across to the crowds of people on the sands. No crowds where we were though.

I warmed up. My start time was at 18.35. We were called to the start area at 18.30 and each positioned on a yellow dot on the ground 2m apart. Fastest runners at the front to minimize overtaking. There were only 75 runners in total and most of them had finished by the time I started. So you could not race against others of a similar speed as I do normally. We started, I overtook a guy from Polegate Plodders and thought I should be able to beat him. I was wrong. A bit later he slowly but surely overtook and pulled away from me – familiar story!

I was unsure what effect the heat would have. I have never raced in such temperatures. It was exhausting. I had a target race time of 45 mins but after about 2 miles realized that this was more about survival than time. I didn't want to be one of those racers you occasionally see collapsed on the verge. Any way I wasn't/didn't and finished in 55th out of 77 runners in 43.16.

This was a Nicework race. It was their first post lockdown race and they were using it as a trial of their new "covid" systems. They seemed to have it all well sorted out and from a Covid point of view as good as you could ask for. I missed the mass start and the wave system meant that you were competing against yourself as much as anything. But it was a race! And as a regular precovid racer it was great to be back.



**What I think is a rather nice report of the NDW100 (won by
Juhana Kirk)**

written by Stuart Mills, Race Director Weald Challenge Trail Races

Really good to see regular Weald Challenge runner **Juhana Kirk** win yesterday's extremely hot Centurion Running North Downs Way (NDW) 100 mile Trail Race.

Most years I head to the NDW on the day of the NDW100 for a run along the trail to cheer on the runners. Yesterday as I was running along the trail I bumped into regular Weald Challenge runners **Mandy Regenass and Scott Ulatowski** at the 54 miles mark in Otford. They were crewing for Juhana who was shortly due to arrive, currently in either 2nd or 3rd place. As Juhana arrived, I got to experience the benefit of having a really competent experienced crew. It was around 2pm and the temperature was well into the 30s. Juhana had experienced a few 'difficult' patches so a mini 'timeout' was required to 'freshen up' and to re-focus for the remaining 45 miles. There was a real sense of calm, no rushing, no panic about losing time, as Juhana changed his running top and socks whilst being re hydrated and fed, as his running pack was re stocked, as well as being cooled with ice. There was an abundance of positivity and Juhana seemed to be in a 'pretty chilled' frame of mind, even with it being so very hot. Amazingly hot, which had me really struggling for my very gentle 22 mile run, having to resort to buying a can of coke from a cafe in order for me to keep moving quicker than walking pace.

Anyway, a massive congratulation to Juhana for his win. Having known Juhana since 2014 when he won the inaugural Weald Challenge Half Marathon, and then witnessing his very impressive win in the 2018 Weald Challenge 50km Ultra Trail, in a super quick time of 4:04, it was only a matter of time before he got his first 100 mile win!

Also a massive well done to Mandy and Scoot for their superb crewing, and lastly a massive thanks to James Elson the NDW race director, and his amazing team of helpers/volunteers for managing to put on such a well organised race during these difficult Covid-19 times,

It is great to see racing resume, well done to everyone involved.

Photo's below - Juhana and Mandy, Brandon and Juhana



England Athletics 30 mins Challenge

LRC regulars put in another round of results. Well done all. Let's hope this weekend is cooler!
Surely somebody else would like to join in?

EVENTS > L1 >

Like Share

Start list **Results** Team Scores

Provisional Results

LNG X

Place	Bib	Name	CAT	Cat Pos	Team	Result	Pts
66	_S6ZP	David WATKINS	M55	7	LNG	6210.00	6210
86	427	David NOTTIDGE	M60	7	LNG	5750.00	5750
88	_PWSA	Liz MCLENNAN	W35	4	LNG	5710.00	5710
100	_GX6F	Terri SCOTT	W50	5	LNG	5520.00	5520
140	_NDCP	Helen DAVEY	W55	8	LNG	4882.80	4882

Last changed on: 10 Aug 2020, 3:50 p.m.



THE WHITE PEAK MARATHON, MATLOCK 8 May 1993

Bob Pank

"Eee chuck, that looks grand," I said to Laura as we caught the first glance of the Derbyshire peaks some miles south of Ashbourne. There were the rolling, grassy hills gleaming in the morning sun. It certainly was a grand sight on this fine spring morning. But somewhere out there in that view was our course for today - 26.2 miles in them hills. They had said it was not one for the softies and now it was easy to see why. So the thrill was tainted with a foreboding of the challenge ahead. Still this would give me a good excuse for a bad time. Today's course made it sure that the time would not be special. Three hours would be a very good time to achieve here. It would be nice to have everything right; a fast course, good weather, good training and rest up to the event. Dream on!

Just north of the very pretty town of Ashbourne, bristling with antique shops and Saturday shoppers (yes, this run was not on a Sunday), we followed a small road as far as the Dog and Partridge. There was a car park, miles of open country and a few likely-looking people getting prepared, including John Crocker with his collecting tin.

After musing over a coffee it was time to wander down to the start. The entire course, apart from the last mile, is on old railway tracks - now with sleepers and rails removed - used as trails for cyclists and walkers. The surface was mostly firm mainly covered with crushed stone, but there were dusty, stony bits on the top which made a slightly loose covering. The shoes would slip a little on every step. The starters gathered. At first there were few, only around 30. One of the officials told me more about the course. "The first ten miles is up 500 feet. It's all graded so you hardly notice it, except that your times are a little out. Later there are three big drops; 100 feet at 20 miles, 250 at 22 and 500 over three-quarters-of-a-mile at 24 miles." That would be an interesting experience on tired legs, and no wonder this was labelled as one for the hardened runners of the fells. I felt bound to show the quality of the southerners and how they are just as tough.

Then a hoard arrived, bused from the finish some 10 mile away. There was a couple I recognised from Reading Road Runners, our sworn enemies! Peter and Mike had slept overnight in their car somewhere near Burton after consuming a large quantity of the local ale. Maybe that helped them to sleep, but not wise for running. They have been

running quite a few marathons in the last couple of years, rather as something to do in the week-ends, I suppose. There was Dave Edwards now on his 300 and somethingth run. Did I hear him say he was fed up with the events? Whatever, he was enjoying the company as we all lined up on the trail for the start... now delayed 15 minutes because the bus was late.

At 11:15 we were off. The railway had clearly been single track. With nearly all of the 200 runners that had entered taking part, there was little room for passing. Another aspect was the flow of cyclists coming the other way on this route, known as the Tissington Trail – our host for the first 10 miles. Things sorted themselves out in the first mile and I attempted to count the heads in front. At one time I estimated I was lying 15th. The first mile took 6:40... the slowest this year! In some ways this was a good thing as it was wise to save energy for later; but in others it was a concern about how to pace this track. Having once been a railway, the track had been carefully graded, mostly cut into the side of the hill that rose on the right, and fell away on the left, and surrounded by trees. The track just went on and on... and gently up and up. At first I didn't mind, but eventually it started to grind me down. My best estimate was that the course was adding 20 seconds per mile; number two past at 13:25 and three at 20:05.

As we gently rose, the trees had dropped away, leaving us exposed to the full force of the wind. It was a somewhat windy day anyway. The news reported that the weather was causing havoc with the hovercrafts crossing the channel - it was that sort of windiness. Up in the hills what was just noticeable at the start became a very strong element which had to be tackled. The track had been graded using the cut-and-fill method. In the cuttings the wind funnelled and blew twice as hard. Then, on the exposed ridges of the 'fills' it was hard again - as it always very exposed. These conditions made me think about wind shadowing, keeping close behind a runner for shelter, but there was no one immediately around to help.

It was somewhere around five miles that I was attempting to catch the man in front, when I heard chatter behind. I looked back and, much to my surprise there were not just a couple of runners there, but seven! This was far too intimidating to keep going out in the front so I immediately dropped back and tucked in with the pack - a smart move. Here there was plenty of wind shading and, after only a few minutes, I felt very relaxed. Unlike running out on my own this seemed like no effort at all. Six miles must have passed at about 40 minutes, 7 at 46:40. The pace was still there but the strain was not. Then I felt

myself holding back. My legs were trying to go faster than the pack. At first I controlled the surge but after a few minutes I noticed that the relentless incline had... relented! It was dead flat, for a while, and it felt as if I had a new, powerful, motor on board that wanted to go and go. That was it! I broke from the pack and eased away in front... a bad move.

It was not long before the move was regretted; out there again with the wind... and now no breaker. Soon the track resumed its upward trend and the effort had to be turned up again. It was somewhere around eight miles, and 54 minutes, that a wiry figure of about my age eased up past me. It was Barry who had been in the pack. I kicked down and hung onto his heels - a wind breaker at last! He took a real pounding through one of those high-level cuttings but still hung onto his pace. This was a strong runner.

The nine mile marker slipped by at 50 seconds over the hour - outside my recognised limits needed for a three-hour finish. Well, what could you expect with the wind, slope and surface all against you? I estimated it had added six minutes.

The track seemed to continue on up even beyond 10 miles (67 minutes) which, I felt, was really unfair. I had had enough of the hard work, thank you. It seemed that the run was going the wrong way around for the best results. Surely we could clamber up the steep hills without too much bother, if they were near the beginning, and then we would have these 10+ miles for gentle down all the way to the finish. That way round we would even have the wind with us today. But the course had been specially design to finish at Matlock Rugby & Cricket Club where there are hot showers and other comforts, such as a bar!

After 10 miles we met the leaders coming the other way. For a mile or so we made two-way traffic on a section of the High Peak Trail, passing a spot on the map with the enchanting name of Parsley Hay. There was a marshal at the northerly end of this section who we had to turn around. Then we could see the others coming our way. The group had dispersed. There was one large and very talkative member who was catching us fast. Eleven miles passed at 1:14 and we peeled off to a new track to go to the east of the Tissington Trail. In this way the course makes a very rough inverted V (see mug).

This was to be the flat bit of the course along the tops. I can't say that I noticed it. High ridges are never flat and somehow the wind still managed to blow in our faces. The talkative one from the pack, Peter, was now up with us. He kept on talking, quite a bit to

himself. "Steady now Peter, steady" he said repeatedly as he kept pulling away. That was what he finally did and he took Barry with him. Once again I had lost my wind-shield!

The whole run was out in the wild and there were few spectators. I didn't mind that too much, although a bit of wild support is always most welcome. However, the sparseness of the drinks stations was a worry, but there was one at Parsley Hay which we passed twice. That helped. Just before the start I had downed my usual pint of water, and that helped me over the first miles, but now I began to run low. Our trail was now over moorland at about 1,100ft. The wind was incessant and there was not a bush, let alone a tree in sight. The air was pleasantly cool, maybe just below 15C, and the sun beamed out of a cloudless sky. I began to feel very exposed, as if the elements were sapping my energy. Morale was not high, all I could do was keep an eye on the proceedings in front.

I was making ground on some runners in front and a couple came up from behind. There was a general exchange of places... all this happening over three or so miles. I still felt reasonably OK at 15 miles which must have been about 1:40 after the start.

There was water at 17 miles. This must have been a level crossing in the days of the train, there was the crossing keepers cottage and the road - I was the train! "18 miles just oop at t' peak" said the marshal. Yes, we were climbing again. I remember there was a lady on horseback up there. She pulled to the side and waited while her mount eat the hedge. How kind to let us through like that - no fuss. The 18-mile marker looked bleak on the top of the rise. It felt like the end of the world. So bleak, little vegetation. This course was getting the better of me although the time was just 2:01! The second nine had taken just the hour, very good but now the energy had gone.

The thought that kept me going was that the last part of the course must be easier than the first. I kept waiting for the improvement, waiting and waiting... This was the diversionary tactic to stop me thinking about how much I didn't like how I felt - talking my way through the wall. Reaching 20 miles at 2:15:35 still left a hope for a sub-three hour finish... just.

Then there was the first of the great downs. The 100 foot in a half mile. It was just like a steepish hill, with a rise on the other side. Not very exciting. The 250 ft in about a quarter of a mile was much more of a challenge. At the top there was something of a tourist spot with cycles for hire. Maybe this was Middleton. At the top there was also an old open coal wagon. The train could not pull up such a gradient and the cables that were used to haul

the wagons could still be seen. This took some control to handle, partly as the surface changed to embedded irregular stones. Luckily the ankles stood up to the battering. It had been said at the last water hole, the wind will drop after the hill - my reply was "Thank goodness." Mild for how I felt! Now it did a little.

The next excitement was a tunnel at 23 miles, which must have been 150 yards long. A tall fellow in a green vest came up from behind and beat me to the entrance, a harsh reminder of just how slowly I was now travelling. He just had time to ask if I was OK. I felt like saying "After 23 miles what do you think?" But a polite, hushed 'OK thanks' came out. Going from the bright spring light into the darkness was quite a shock. Suddenly I was not so sure where my feet were going. The whole effect made me feel quite dizzy, but so I didn't worry.

At the other end there were more trees and less breeze. Twenty-four mile marker passed at 2:45. Fifteen minutes to do 2.2 miles. Oh how I wish that 0.2 was not there! I tried to remember if this was OK for a three-hour finish. All I could remember was that it might be. Now we hit the last big down.

The valley way down on the left had trees, grass and flat ground. There was only about one mile to the cricket and football club – and the finish! I could see Barry about 150 yards in front. I had been closing with him over the last couple of miles and now he didn't seem to like this extreme down section. This was where, in the olden days, they hauled empty rail trucks up and coal-laden ones down. This man-made slope, about 60-foot long, was not very far off vertical. You could not run it, you were always holding back. The strain on the quads was something not to be thought about and, again, the surface was uneven. Maintaining normal pace was impossible. About half way down I passed Barry. That gave me such encouragement that I must have gone even faster for a few yards. Somewhere in this helter-skelter there was the 25-mile marker. Then, for the first time we were running on a flat track surrounded by trees. Their shadow meant I could not read my watch in the gloom. So I had the bright idea of pressing the lap time button and then reading the result when back in the light. Well, back in the light I couldn't remember which button to press next and succeeded in resetting the timer! Oh well, it was just for the record anyway.

At the bottom there was a sharp left hander under a bridge and then we were on the tow path of the old canal... flat and not windy! I didn't seem to have the will or energy to put in

the spurt that I knew would be needed to make it the line inside three hours. Some fellow chose this moment, about 400 yards from the end, to overtake - how miserable! Well, I'd have done the same in his position. Finally we turned off the path and onto Cromford Cricket Club's grounds for the finish... and there was no visible clock! Just for the first time in 40 marathons I mess up my watch and then there's no clock at the finish. Grrrrrr! I asked the runner in front for his time and worked out mine must have been 3:01:12... which was later confirmed. The position was 21st. All considered that was not bad though it would have been even more satisfying to have crept under three hours. Peter, the chatterer had... by less than a minute.

Then there were hot showers, hot tea and Mrs P to drive me home. Before that I did have a little chat with Barry. He said his legs were still a little tired after the Shakespeare only two weeks before. "No excuse" I said, "I was there too." But Barry had run 2:46:52 there to finish 11th. So I felt better having beaten one of that stature! Also I have shown that southerners can run well on the hills... or fells if you like.

I now have a new mug with a white peak on it as well as a blue T-shirt with the same emblem. There you can also see the sub-head 'The fresh air marathon.' They weren't joking! And the moral of this story is... stay longer with the pack, don't run too much on your own.

9 Cold Shower Benefits that Will Make you Want to Turn Down the Heat

If not in the middle of the hottest heatwave you can remember, when?

<http://https://www.womenshealthmag.com/uk/health/female-health/a30687519/cold-shower-benefits/>

10 "Superfoods" to Eat Daily for Optimal Health

<https://www.verywellfit.com/eat-a-wide-variety-of-superfoods-3121399>

