

Newsletter

Wednesday 26 August 2020

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From the Ed - feel free to share the races you've run in years gone by. These weird times are the perfect opportunity to indulge in a bit of nostalgia. This is your newsletter and its your races that make it something special and unique to Lingfield Running Club. So, please trawl your computers and let me share some of those memories. editor@lingfieldrunningclub.co.uk

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

Hello Everyone,

David Nottidge took part in the Rye Summer 5 mile race last Sunday. It was organised by the local sports promotion company Nice Work.

There was a small field of just 51 runners. Dave described the race as both hilly and challenging.

The race was won by Ed Bovington of Istead and Ifield Harriers in a very quick time of 26.26.

The ladies race was won by Annabel Preston of the Weald Tri Club in 35.26.

Despite the lack of competition taking place over the last 5 months Dave had a really good run to finish in 19th place overall in a time of 43.12.

Very well done Dave for finishing in first place in your age group.

Just a few actual races now seem to be taking place. If you do find a race to enter please let me know so that I can give you a mention in the newsletter and put your result on the club database.

Have fun and enjoy your running.

Trevor

LRC Club Coaching Sessions

There are now 11 places available

Dave Worsell - 7pm on 26/08 at East Court (meet at the sports pavillion) <https://www.eventbrite.com/e/116382973607>

Terri Scott - 7pm on 02/09 at Talbot Road <https://www.eventbrite.com/e/117550060395>

Angela Brown - 7pm on 11/09 at East Court <https://www.eventbrite.com/e/117550710339>

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



Marathon XXV

Romney Marsh 9 February 1992

Bob Pank

This was the event that was cancelled last year due to the two feet of snow on the course.

Well, you get that sort of thing at this time of year. And the south-east corner of Kent is a very likely spot to be affected. I kept a keen weather eye out the week before. It was a balmy 10 degrees, calm and dry. On Thursday the word was that it would all change at midday on Sunday. What timing! The thought of running those last miles into a gale laced with cold rain, with nothing between me and the violence of the English Channel, other than a mile of dead flat treeless marsh, was not inviting.

The weather front was just clearing Newbury as I left at 7:30. There was just enough blue to patch a sailor's trousers. My 140 mile journey east took me through the front as I skirted around the south of London, and out the other side to mistier murk, but mainly dry. A flag atop some industrial complex caught my eye. It was held out stiff in the wind. What would it be like down on the marshes? The last few miles on the journey descended steeply from the Downs onto the flat-as-a-pancake Romney marsh. I was soon lost on the little web of lanes that weaved about the map. So I stopped and soon there was another likely looking, nearly as lost, car. I was right, he was searching for Burmarsh too. We soon found it as we followed a third vehicle along the ever twisting lanes. (They must twist so because they followed old ditches perhaps?) The village comprises, at a guess, some 20 houses, a church, a village hall and, of course, a pub, the Shepherd and Crook (still there). The hall and pub faced each other across the road so forming the centre of life... and the start point of our event.

The car park had been borrowed from a flock of the locals. They were still there in the further part of the field tearing at the grass and growing wool as they watched us bipeds tramping through their grass and picking up their droppings on our hi-tech footwear. This is Romney Marsh life... and they need the wool for insulation against that wind which was a near gale on the open stretches.

The folk met in the hall. There was Mr. Cavanagh, from Newbury, looking rather bleary eyed having arrived at some ridiculously early time for the 11am start. The hall, which was sufficient for the business and social gatherings of Burmarsh, was soon to be swamped as the runners gathered and prepared themselves. The special lotions were applied to unmentionable zones of the body and the smell of witch hazel filled the air. I sat still and sipped my coffee, wondering how much to wear so as not to be too cold at the start, too hot from mile two, and suffering from hyperthermia as the pace slows at tiredness creeps

in on those last six miles. What a balancing act! I kept hopping outside to reassess the situation before finally choosing shorts below and the Helly Hansen thermal top with, of course, the Newbury AC running colours, on top. The cold seems overwhelming when I'm inactive, not warmed up, and there's no sun to help. But I know that after a couple of miles there's usually little need of insulation. Still there's those last miles to think about but here, at least there would be people not too far away should the cold be a problem. It proved to be a good selection.

There were some 190 entrants of which I would guess 150 were running. My hunch that this was one for the real marathon man looked to be right. There were only two women runners that I could see. Of the men there were many seasoned participants for the distance. 100 Club T-shirts abounded. For Steve Edwards, the youngest to make the number, this was his 82nd since 8 March last year. At 29 he looked bright and in good spirits. The miles had not beaten him.

On one of my wanderings outside the hall I watched a man attaching one of those big digital clocks to the roof of his car. How I wish I could keep up with him! He looked at me "you must be Bob Pank" he said. How did he know that? Of course he must be Derek Appleton, the organiser, and he clocked me as one of the two Newbury runners, and made a guess. What a memory!

The start was quite a casual affair with a couple of people stretching a banner across the road some 100 yards back from the hall. No bang; we were just, suddenly, off! The first part of the course was about 0.7-mile leg up to a farm and back. This made up the distance to the magic 26.2 with four 6.2-mile laps of the treeless, wide-open tarmac, narrow-roads (and sparse traffic) course, which boasted a net elevational change of just 11 inches. Flat it may be but there's always the wind!

As often happens I was standing too far back at the start. It didn't matter as it was easy to overtake after the first few hundred yards. On the leg out to the farm it was fun to see familiar faces running the other way. The first one seemed to already be concentrating hard and picking up speed.

Then onto the oblong 6.2-mile course starting to the north of the start so giving us the wind

behind for the first two or three miles, then right, across for a mile or so, then right again into its teeth over the most open and exposed section. The last mile turned again and was a little easier. Miles one and two were at the 6:25 pace. That was easy with the wind but somehow I managed to keep to it. After the slowish start I had the fun job of working my way through the field. At first it was easy but as time drew on so the next runner in front was better than the last. At around 4 miles I reeled-in a couple who seemed to be going well. One in red the other in blue. I stuck with them for a while amusing them with my ability to predict the time at the mile markers to within a second or so. Maybe that just showed our experience, but there's no other way, except by running experience, that we pace 6:25 mile-after-mile with such accuracy!

Five miles passed at a pleasing 32:20 (average 6:28) but at this point the cross-wind turned into a head-wind. Out along the hedgeless lanes I could see a farm a mile or so distant. There was nothing else to see! After that farm we turned again and the worst of the wind was over... for that lap.

Soon after 6 miles there was a marker declaring ? distance. That was good to know. There were others soon after for half and three-quarters distance... but those would have meaning in later laps. At 7 miles we were coming back to the village. Mr. Red (red hair and red vest) noted the time. 45:30 was bang on 6:30 per mile. That was OK but showed that the wind had added about 30 seconds. After that it was past the finish for the first time and on round again.

I had my doubts about running around the same loop four times. It must be boring. Surely the most exciting runs are from A to B, or just one loop. So there was a lack of scenic variety but it had the advantage of letting us know what was coming next; where to expect the wind, where the drinks were and how far round we were.

At around 7 miles the sun peeped out. Strangely despite the wind, the cold and its low angle, I was sure I could feel its warming effect. I pulled my sleeves up in a business-like fashion and settled into the running. It lifted me for now there was a surge in my pace. I could have happily sprinted! We passed that house at about 8 miles and the gathering had grown in the modern conservatory. There they were all warm with their Sunday `snifters' just amazed at what others would do on an inhospitable day on the marshes. Now with the

wind behind I started to leave Red a little behind. Blue had faded some-way back. 9 passed at 58:05. Those last two miles were nearly 6:15s but then we turned again across the wind and Red came back up to cross 10 miles in 64:30.

Then around 11 it was back into the wind and, the rain started. It made a little crackling noise as it hit my head. That was not so nice. Even so halfway passed at 1:24:30. Good! I knew it was good because someone shouted that to us "very good in these conditions" he said cowering from the weather.

Like clockwork Red and I passed 14 at 1:30:55, all of 5 seconds faster than the first 7 miles! Of course Red and I talked occasionally, when the wind didn't blow the words away. He lived in Kent and this was his 65th marathon over 20 years! He'd never run more than 5 in a year and last year, when they re-arranged this run for August, just to make sure the snow would have gone, he finished in 2:54: obviously a runner of some class!

The rain faded soon after 15 miles... but turned itself on again as we came back into that wind again. Still the time continued to be good. As usual I was looking for 18 miles inside 2 hours; the 1:57 was fine. Still we were exactly on that 6:30 per mile pace. But the wind and rain slowed us a little so that 20 passed at 2:11, and I hit the wall. The 20 marker was a few yards after passing the finish for the penultimate time. Yes, there was a slight temptation to stop then and there but I couldn't think of an excuse that would stand up. In any case, I would never forgive myself.

After feeling wretched at 20, things started to improve. At about halfway round the previous circuit we had started to lap the tail enders. We gave them a word of encouragement. "Keep it going" seemed to work OK. I felt sorry for them as they had another lap to do, and I knew just how tired I was feeling! Red was being a great help. On the windy stretches we took it in turns to be at the front letting the other slip-stream. It worked, to some extent, to lessen the force of the wind.

It was somewhere about 22 miles that Red started to slip back. He slipped further and further. Soon I could not see him any more. About three miles from home a runner came past. "Are you on the last lap?" I enquired. He was. Was I going that much more slowly now? Then there was a second. It was a guy in a yellow T, I remembered reeling him in

and passing at about the time I met Red. Red and I had run together for some 18 miles. Where was he now?

At 24 miles, 2:40, we were back in the teeth of the wind again. The rain had decided to stop this time round but the wind felt stronger than ever... and no Red for shelter. That was a real grind. Looking back I realise that I was still feeling strong otherwise the time would have dropped right off. As it was the 25th mile took 8 minutes. Then it was the easier bit to make the finish line. About 200 yards from the line I heard the patter of hasty feet. I couldn't care. As far as I was concerned the positions in this run had already been decided. This was not some sordid 10-mile canter. It was a marathon. The person behind clearly didn't see it that way and shot past to beat me to the line. Even so I finished in 11th place, and second vet., with a time of 2:57:03 which, since it was only supposed to be a training run for the LA in three weeks, was very good. I felt pleased with the performance which was achieved without too much effort. That's easy to say now but I do remember panting for about 10 minutes after the finish... I had some catching up to do.

I waited for Red but never saw him.

In the Shepherd and Crook afterwards it was a treat to join the late Sunday lunch time drinkers. The selection of brews was excellent but I managed to restrict myself to just the one pint. After all, there was still the drive home! All the locals seemed very impressed. The man on the next stool worked on security for the Channel Tunnel... only a few miles away.

On the way out of the car park I met Mr. Cavanagh. He was not too pleased with his 3:30 time. Having set off at the target 7-minute miles he twisted his knee at 16. It must have been quite a struggle to finish.

After that the training continues. It's very encouraging to feel so strong in the days after the event. Maybe the flu last year really did knock me back even more than I realised. This year may well be better. Here's hoping!

12 Reasons to Run a Half Marathon

It's a challenge without being overwhelming. Running 13 miles is still a long way to go, so you need to train, and train seriously. But at least your entire Sunday won't be spent recovering on the couch watching Netflix because of a super-long outing. Training plans are usually only 10 weeks, not 16. So guess what? You can race with less long-term planning. (Crazy, right?!)

Less waiting around for your friends and family who want to watch you, but they still have time to see you at different spots or grab a coffee while they await your triumphant finish.

Most people still need to consume some sort of fuel for a half. And let's be honest: Who doesn't think of energy chews as the adult version of Gushers? (Shoot, you could even use Gushers.)

You won't hit the wall, or if you do, it won't derail you like the one marathoners hit around mile 20. (And TBH: This might be the worst feeling ever.)

When spectators yell "You're almost there!" at mile 12, they're not lying.

It doesn't take that long. You can run a half and still get brunch, go to the movies, get a mani/pedi, or visit a goat farm.

You won't feel like death after the race. The recovery time for most people is a day or two, and you won't be waking up feeling awful for a week.

Compared to a marathon, you have only half the chance of getting bloody nipples.

Charged with alerting Athenians about their victory on the battlefield, you'd make it to the outskirts of Pikermi, Greece—a charming little town of just more than 7,000.

You'll have much more energy at the finish line of a half marathon than a full marathon—making for a great photo.

It's a brag-worthy distance! People hear you ran 13.1 miles and they are majorly impressed!

