

Ex-Hausted

Volume 3

March 2003

Exmouth Harriers AAC

Odds and Ends

Cross Country : Sunday 16th March is the last fixture in the Westward League, and it is at Rolle College playing fields in Douglas Avenue Exmouth, so Roland is looking for course Stewards for the day. We have a number of Harriers who look likely to be collecting prizes on the day.

Exeter Arena Open Meeting : Tuesday 25th March is the first of the monthly track meetings, these run through the "Summer" months, and are a good opportunity to give the world of track racing a try, these are very friendly, and not at all intimidating, so if you fancy a go just turn up and register on the night.

"Summer Nights" : It is only 4 weeks or 28 days, until the clocks change, hoorah! so the March club nights will be the last "Winter" ones, any ideas for "lighter evening" runs let me know.

Web Site Matters : As you may have noticed the expected re-vamp of the Web site, has not happened, unfortunately, our new Web Master has not been able to devote the time to this, and as a result we are looking for a new **Web Master/Mistress** Roland has assured me that this will not require dressing up in Leather and using a whip, unless you really want to!

Articles for Ex-Hausted : Any items of news, comment, or stories please send to me, perhaps someone might like to do a piece on the Grizzly? Thanks to Mandy and Dave for their articles for this edition.

March Club Nights

Tue 4th Halsdon loops x 6 or 8 pushing hills.

Thu 6th Withycombe Village Rd, St Johns Rd, Dinan Way, Capel La, Maer La, Sea Front (route approx 6.5 mile)

Tue 11th Brixington Lane Twice, pushing hill, back down Pound Lane.

Thu 13th Withycombe Village Road, Bradham Lane, Salterton Rd, Dinan Way, Summer Lane, Exeter Rd, Belle Vue Rd for Halsdon Ave $\frac{3}{4}$ loop, Marine way

Tue 18th Cranford Ave, Merrion Ave, Douglas Ave Reps X 6 (Orcombe and Aves if not speed work)

Thu 20th Sea front race (3.3 miles from beach hotel to Orcombe point and back)

Tue 25th Phear Park reps x 10 (Exeter Arena Track Open Meeting)

Thu 27th Hulham Rd, Dinan Way & Sea Front

The Broadclyst Bimble

I swore I would not do this race as a protest against losing the Luppit Lollop, well I held out for one year, and the lure of a Dave Pressely organised epic Off Road race was too much.

The first surprise on the morning of the race, was seeing Dave Stone. While he may not have been the last person I expected to see, I was surprised, considering he had run the Inter-Counties Cross Country in Nottingham the day before.

The next apparition was Trevor Cope. Had I signed up for a Genuine Road Half Marathon and just not read the fine print?

We all massed on the road somewhere near the start banner, that Dave Pressley could not find, so we were told not to be so "picky". We then had a chorus of "Happy Birthday" for someone who was not aware that it was his Birthday.

After the usual dire warnings about loss of life and limb and the warning not to stop off at the "Rave" that was in full swing part way around, we were almost ready. The final announcement was the awarding of a spot prize for the runner who was able to recognise the species of the dead animal, somewhere on the course!

And we were OFF! A very gentle start with about a mile or so on road, mostly flattish, perhaps Trevor Cope knew something I didn't? Then we hit the mud. I have never seen so much mud concentrated into a single course ever.

The only respite from The Mud was when we hit the road, for a hill that made Dulditch Hill look like a gentle slope. At the top of the hill we took off again for the woods and more mud, it was at this point that I spotted the fallen Roe Deer, for those of you that missed it!

The race for the line was about a mile down the same road we had started on, so at least we knew the end was near, although my legs were giving me clues at that point.

You can imagine my surprise when having just finished Shaun Lock came in (I didn't even remember going past him). Now I know he has a new baby at home, but I didn't think he got slower in a few weeks which leads me to an interesting question.

Did I go short or did Shaun go long?

I guess we will never know!



Anybody who says the Broadclyst Bimble wasn't muddy, obviously wasn't there!

Winter Sea Front Race

| Name | Dec-02 Time | Jan-03 Time | Feb-03 Time |
|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|
| Rich Selby | 19:06 | 19:13 | 19:24 |
| Mike Mears | 19:27 | DNF | 20:17 |
| Steve Thompson | 19:36 | 19:17 | |
| Hugh Marsden | 19:52 | | |
| Anthony Yates | 20:24 | 19:50 | 19:02 |
| Steve Merry | 21:00 | | |
| Sean Lock | 21:13 | | 21:56 |
| Phil Bater | 21:56 | | 23:48 |
| Paul Champion | 23:52 | | 22:45 |
| Dawn Teed | 26:43 | | |
| Dave Stone | | 17:40 | 18:04 |
| Nigel DuPain | | 22:31 | |
| Chris DuPain | | 21:20 | |
| Mike Douglas | | 19:54 | |
| Jon Bamsey | | 23:31 | |
| Jan Moulton | | 31:14 | |
| Neil | | | 19:34 |
| Sue Wilkin | | | 27:47 |
| Stef French | | | 25:16 |

National Inter-counties Cross Country Dave Stone

It was Saturday 8th February at 03:15 I woke to the sounds blasting out over the air waves. This came after hitting the sack early Friday evening and trying to sleep, but remaining restless most of the night gazing at the clock every hour. You may ask why, well I'd been selected to compete for Devon at the National Inter-Counties Cross Country Championships in Nottingham, so this seemed like a small price to pay.

With my bags packed, lunch made and clothes sorted the night before, this left just the tasks of Getting up, Dressed, Washed, and a bowl of Cornflakes at 03:45 , Next on the agenda was to arrive at Exeter Services for a coach departure of 05:00 . I had considered running but as there was no shower facilities at the services, to my disappointment I was forced to opt for a taxi. The taxi was due at 04:10 but gazing out of my window at 04:00 as you do, I was amazed to see the taxi ready and waiting.

Quiet roads meant I was at the Services at 4:15. This gave me 45 minutes to do what ever, buy a coffee for the same price as a set of spikes, or strike up a conversation with the cleaner. I did neither and just sat waiting. At 4:45 some others started arriving, Juniors and Ladies, but no senior Men.

We boarded the coach at 04:55, which was half full as it had started even earlier at Plymouth. Now I was getting worried, the Senior Men's team consisted of Sean Childs of the Navy and me.

Next stop was Junction 27 on the M5. Runners appeared from all directions, but only one more Senior Man, Kevin Heywood of Bideford. Two Senior Men failed to show, making exactly one half of a team.

The journey North continued with "Pit Stops" munching and talking only to break up the journey. Duly arrived safe and sound at Wollaton Park in the middle of Nottingham at 10:00. Off the coach for a stretch of my legs, followed by a spot of lunch at 10:30. It had been a long day already and as you highly tuned athletes know it takes 3 hours to digest food, so with my race at 2:30, the timing was perfect.

I then watched the first race of the day - the Under 20 Men. The pace of the leaders was fast, just a taster of what I would be up against later. With plenty of time to kill, we were able to wander around the trade stands, natter, watch other races, and of course queue for the toilets.

Once relieved I headed off for a 2 mile warm up with the other members of the Devon team, not mentioned yet, Dave Wilkinson (Exeter), Alex Lockett (Plymouth), Peter Rigler (Tipton), and Jon Parkinson (Bideford).

The course was very dry and going to be fast, I would have preferred wet muddy conditions, as some of the speed freaks would have found this hard going.

With half an hour to the start we changed into racing mode, and bared our muscular physiques to the elements. We made our way to the start shivering in the biting cold wind. Each County had their own Pen in which to queue, with the fastest runner at the front. I took up my position in fourth and waited for the gun. The start was delayed by a few minutes. Someone shouted that this was for the adverts on "Sky Sports" to finish and there was a roar of laughter.

Then all of a sudden we were off. The pace was manic. I slipped into position at about 250th and last Devon runner. As I approached half way in lap 2 of 4 I had fought my way through to about 150th, taking advantage of some gaps and making some of my own. By the start of the 3rd lap I was starting to feel strong, and able to keep up a good pace, I was now 2nd Devon runner.

The end of the 3rd lap and it was starting to really hurt. I hung on to my position until just half a lap to go and fellow Devon runner Sean Childs, passed. The finish was now in sight, and I gave it all I had left. I finished 3rd Devon runner in 171st place, with the team in a very credible 24th place.

The race over, and all the others waiting on the coach to head home, we boarded quickly and were off. We were covered in mud and a bit smelly but there were no showers anyway. We stopped several times on the way back, the most important was for a "Burger and Chips" (well I was starving, and anyway, why do you think they call it "fast food").

I arrived back at Exeter Services at 09:00 where Mandy was waiting to whisk me home. Once home, more food, and bed.

I slept like a log, (strange that), got up at 07:30 next morning, ready to race again, The Broadclyst , Bimble, but that's another story.

Membership Renewal

Anybody out there that has not renewed by now, should be ashamed of themselves, you are now 4 months or a third of the year late.

So come on, we need your money!

VIEW FROM... THE WATER TABLE

By Mandy

5.30 pm, Saturday 25 January 2003. Seeing down the last of the sun which has been shining all the day long, blessedly and blissfully!

Ears still echoing with the distant bellows of poor George:
'GET—OFF—THE—COURSE!' Shouldn't think he'll have a voice tomorrow.

Phil Crook and co. were champs handling the numerous parking dilemmas and all the attendants maintained their graciousness even with the small number of visitors inclined to be grumpy from long journeys and pre-race nerves.

Jan, Gill, Rebecca, and I set tables a-bristling with cups of water (I rather wished we had rubber duckies to float in the water tubs). Another kind of Champion (of the Paul variety) chivalrously strained his back and arms to keep us supplied with water 'tanks'. Green Goddesses have nothing on him!

We'd hear the boom of a gunshot, a plume of smoke would rise above the brow of the hill, then—nothing. Oh no, they've done it in the runners! Then up, as if rising up from the ground, floats into view masses of bobbing heads, gleaming in the sunshine; then torsos with piston arms, then pumping legs and pounding feet. We all got lumps in our throats when the first race set off—the youngest lads, away like speeding bullets. Each successive wave of racing groups was a delight to witness, and the determination and wholeheartedness were palpable. And of course when the great wall of men set off in the final race, what a sound and what a sight! The thrumming of the ground as they charged forward; it sent a shiver down my spine, half-imagining the advance with swords up-raised and shields and helms glittering in the sun.

From the sidelines most of the competitors just seemed to flow along beautifully and effortlessly. But you know it's not so at the finish, when they all crowd in wheezing, faces red and contorted with effort, slobbering, staggering, hacking, spitting, snotting— so much for elegance!

It was interesting to observe the different groups come in: a tendency to hug among the girls; a tendency by the boys to dump water on their heads; the drama (and sometimes melodrama) of 'collapses' among the youths; the passage from unconcealed emotion to restraint with each successive age group; competitors of all ages shaking hands and giving each other a 'well done'; the waiting and watching for

club-mates. A highlight, too, was seeing the sparkle of triumph on the U15 girls team's faces when they came back for more water after getting their bronze medals.

We got loads of lovely, sincere thank-yous and praise for the day, which I promised to store up and pass on to our intrepid organisers and the Club in general. Some of the more specific ones: From a group of senior ladies: 'We may not be the fastest but we had a great time! It's a beautiful course—really beautiful! Nicest one we've ever been at with this, I think!'

Several Poole folk said they thought it all went brilliantly—so well organised, and they knew a bit how much planning and effort went into making it go smoothly, since they organise the Poole 10K.

A Wells City lady said, 'Excellent organisation on everything! I know you've had a lot of flak from taking it away from London, but it's excellent—the directions and signs were perfect, parking was efficient, the course was great! And'— with a note of amazement— 'all of the marshals are friendly and smile—you never get that!'

An Aldershot granddad down supporting his granddaughter, and very grateful for the excellent arrangements: 'You've put on a great do!' 'Superb day!'

And so it was!

WELL DONE, Harriers!

----Mandy Marvin

