

Even more thoughts of Chairman Plow

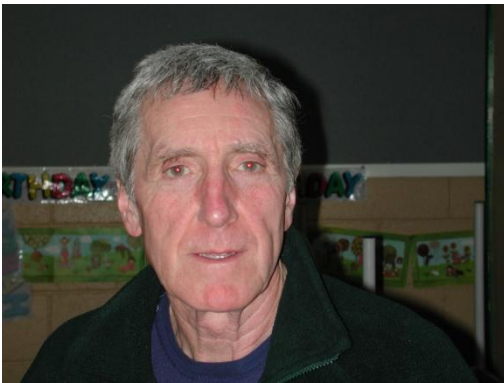
Hi All and welcome to the second and last newsletter of 2009.

As 2010 approaches, at an accelerated pace, I have reflected on a few of the events that have taken place in our tenth year. What originally started out, for me, as a means improving my fitness ended up displacing the sport I loved the most, squash. Years of playing five to six times a week rapidly dwindled into vague recollection as running took over my life.

Little did I realise at the beginning, circa January 1998, that eleven years on my sporting & social life would blossom to the extent it has.

After a few short years I consider that I have been privileged to have made so many new friends and acquaintances through my "new" sport & pastime. Where would our social lives be without each other?

Our recent 10th anniversary Dinner was a great success, thanks to Alison & Nikki for their hard work preparing for it, and of course to the rest of you for attending. While for preparing for the event I was able to renew acquaintances with a few members who were there at that very first meeting. Many former committee members & officials were also in attendance on the night which is a testament to the longevity of membership and member loyalty. Lest I forget, thank-you once more to those of you that donated prizes to the raffle the proceeds of which will underwrite future social events.



Our very first chairman, Geoff Waller, pictured left, was unable to attend the dinner as he has been trying to get back to full fitness and had an appointment with the medics in Mansfield on the day. I am sure we all wish Geoff a speedy recovery and maybe we will get to meet up with him on the slopes of Sea Fell Pike next June.

Our new Charitable Status, thanks Roger, will benefit the club financially as we will now be able to claim tax relief on income from sponsorship. However, this registration does mean that your committee will need to exercise caution on spending to ensure we do not break the guidelines (If you have any questions on the matter please speak to Roger).

As we go to press I am awaiting the results of our Clubmark submission to England Athletics. I expect to have the result by December 12th. While this application has been very time consuming, thanks Judy, success will open access to more resources and funding. That is where the real work will commence as

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we start to assess the direction for club development in the future.

We will be looking at areas such as sponsorship, accommodation, land, facilities, training & coach education and development. Your thoughts and ideas will be of great help in the decision making process, please make them known either to myself or any of your committee members, requests for anonymity will be respected.

In this issue we have the ever popular "letters to the editor" section along with much headline news including some activities you might never have dreamt of. This includes activities that some might consider inappropriate for club members "holding office."

Also, our esteemed Met Office representative, the long suffering Roger, has very kindly decided to give us an insight into his work (Recently referred by one of our members as "tales from the seaweed room") unfortunately, due to computer issues I have had to defer Roger's good work until the next issue, around March 2010.

I frequently get asked to advise on computer related matters so for the next newsletter I will have a Q&A article. If you have any general problems which may be of interest to others please let me know and I will provide the answers that will be of interest to all.

Finally, thanks to all of you for your contribution to our club this year. Whether it is running, administration, sponsorship or socialising your effort ensures the continuity and success of the club.

*I hope that you and your families enjoy a happy Christmas and a prosperous 2010.
See you all at the "lights run" on December 21st.*

Paul

And now for Barbados!!!

For The Third Year Running, Jo Lowman Was Crowned, Nude Limbo Dancing Champion Of Barbados

It's a nightmare according to Paul. A real nightmare, indeed, a virtual yet verifiable nightmare. Seemingly, as our Barbadian holiday approaches, Paul's been waking up in the middle of the night in a cold sweat with that newspaper headline seared into his fevered mind. Even though it was only a nightmare, in reality, just like infected marrow, it was too near the bone.

Knowing that I can keep a secret, Paul confided in me.

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With Paul being in this agitated state and tortured by sleeplessness, I was worried that unless something was done about this recurring, banner-headlined nightmare of his, it would spoil our upcoming Caribbean holiday. Thus, regardless of the cost and, ignoring its most dangerous appendage, I took the bull by the horns and rang the Barbados Tourist Board and demanded to be put through to the relevant department; upon completion I then engaged in conversation.

'I'm canceling Jo Lowman's entry,' I said curtly.

'But she's won the competition for the last two years running', pleaded Miss Marigold McGlove, the event organizer 'The cancellation still stands', said I, standing my ground; even though I was sitting down at the time.

'Shame,' said Miss McGlove sadly, 'the kids a natural.' With nature naturally being the operative word.

'Does naked ambition counts for nothing these days?' she enquired.

'Barely,' I replied.

Hopefully, due to my prompt action, I've not only saved the day and saved Paul's blushes, but also, saved the holiday.

My only worry is that when Jo finds out what I've done, she'll give me a dressing down.

TRULY TENACIOUS "TYKE" TRIUMPHANTLY TAMES TERRIFICALLY TOUGH TERRAIN TEN TIMES OUT OF TEN

For those of you who don't know, a 'Tyke' is the sobriquet (*or nickname, ed.*) of someone who is fortunate enough to be born in the incomparable county of Yorkshire. And who is the H R C's very own, equally incomparable, Yorkshire-man? Well, it is none other than our very own, in-house Tyke, the indubitably and undoubtedly durable, Pete Lyus.

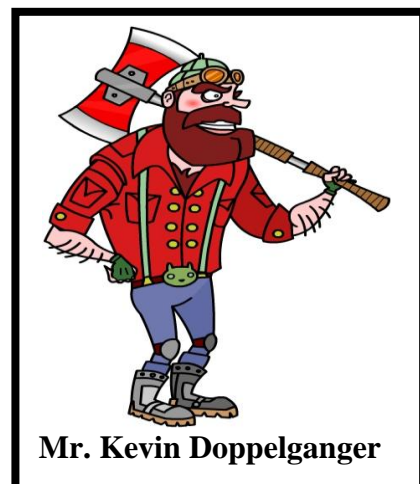
The Musbury Ten, which covers ten tough Devonshire miles, up muscle sapping hills, down muscle aching dales, with only the odd, erratically undulating, flattish section in-between, has been held for the last ten years, and Pete has entered, and moreover, completed every single one of them, Some record! Especially as, most entrants think that doing it once is more than enough; but not 'Tyke' Lyus. Or should that be, 'Teak' Lyus; as in, as tough as teak.

Is Pete's remarkable endurance due to the circuit training he does (unfailingly) every Wednesday night down at The Holt? Perhaps that probing question should be put to Pete's personal trainer, Dave 'Otter Ale' Dunn.

In summary; well done, Pete.

STICK IT IN YOUR DIARY OR IF YOU'RE A SILLY COW STICK IT IN YOUR DAIRY

On the 1st of April, a logging competition will be held at Thornhayes Nursery (near Cullompton), so, if you've got no axe to grind, then bring your chopper along and get lopping. Yes, it's a case of, chop, chop; lop, lop.



I can't bring myself to exercise during the winter.

Now that the nights have drawn in, I'm finding it increasingly difficult to motivate myself to exercise. Getting out of bed for my thrice-a-week morning run is tough enough, but now that it's pitch dark when I leave the office, summoning up the energy to head to the gym is almost impossible. Is there anything I can do, or any supplement I can take, to give me my mojo back?

Reply. It's all about circadian rhythm. This is an innate (indeed, mammalian) ability to gauge when we should be tired and when we should be active, and is dependent on two major factors; core temperature and light. Whilst clothing and central heating largely enable us to ignore the former, it is much harder to deal with the diminishing light during the winter months.

Exposure to sunlight enables us to top up our levels of vitamin D, so, daylight runs help enormously; supplements are of course available. Then there is the role of melatonin. This is a naturally occurring hormone which encourages drowsiness. It is produced in greater quantities in the dark, and conversely, it is inhibited by light. Some people find "dawn lamps" useful. Like a natural alarm clock, "dawn lamps" are designed to gradually increase light levels on winter mornings, which in turn, inhibits naturally the production of melatonin. All of which helps.

Also, the body favours routine, so anything you can do to stick to a schedule, like regularly attending club nights, will help. Then there is the advantage of setting yourself a specific challenge, and in doing so, putting your reputation on the line, thus during the winter months, it may help to sign up to a few sporting events (for instance, either the Grizzly or the Cub) or a 10K run or a sponsored swim. Putting your name down for a specific event should give you the motivation to drag your feet out of bed and into your running shoes. A potential loss of face can be a great motivator.

SUN EXPOSURE 'MAY HELP PEOPLE WITH CANCER SURVIVE

Sunbathing is known to cause skin cancer, but rather surprisingly, certain scientists are reporting that it may also help people survive when they do get it. Bizarre?

Make your own mind up.

The scientists in question are, a research team from the University of Leeds, working with the US National Institute of Health. They found that a high level of vitamin D - suggestive of high sun exposure -protected patients with malignant melanoma, the deadliest form of skin cancer.

In brief, the findings were that those with the lowest levels of vitamin D in their blood at the time of diagnosis were 30% more likely to suffer a reoccurrence of the disease after treatment than those who had the highest levels.

In addition to that, patients with the highest levels of vitamin D in their blood also had the thinnest tumours at diagnosis. (The full report from which this resume was taken from was published in the Journal of the National Cancer Institute)

Certain scientists are of the opinion that these findings add to the growing body of evidence that boosting levels of vitamin D could protect against a wide range of diseases, or extend survival with them. Although, Professor Newton Bishop warned against excessive use of vitamin D supplements, saying that, "There is some evidence from other studies that high levels of vitamin D are also harmful. So, we should aim for a normal level rather than a very high one."

On more general level, vitamin D has been described as a man-made healer, with the argument on its behalf being as follows. It is the only vitamin that humans make themselves and is essential for

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the health of skin and bones. It has attracted increasing attention in recent years as its role in preventing cancer and other conditions, including heart disease, diabetes and multiple sclerosis, has been revealed. Some experts believe the benefits of the Mediterranean diet may have as much to do with the sun as regional food. An increasing body of cancer and other medical experts say that a healthy intake of vitamin D for people in the UK and northern Europe should be 5 to 10 times higher than the current recommended level of 200 to 600 International Units a day, depending on age. But, as a word of warning, as mentioned above, by Professor Newton Bishop, amongst others, there are those who have suggested that high levels may not protect and could even be dangerous. As is often the case, certain scientific advice can be so confusing.

ATTENTION!

STAY CLUBBABLE

YOU CAN NOW BUY
YOUR

ALPACA BURGERS

ON-LINE
LOW ON FAT
HIGH ON FIBRE
COMMEND ABLY
LEAN
AND THAT'S JUST
RICHARD

Research by Emma Cohen, an anthropologist at Oxford University, suggests that middle distance runners and the like, training in synchronized groups and similar gatherings, may be heightening their tolerance to pain, which in turn, allows them to train both harder and longer. Research was carried out using Oxford University's rowing crews. Without going into too much scientific and methodological detail, the findings were as follows. After training, endorphin levels were measured, which showed that pain thresholds were significantly higher following group sessions, as against, solo efforts.

You know it makes sense: you get fitter with friends.

(The next edition of the Newsletter will carry a not dissimilar article entitled: A Pain in the Neck. And, no! It is not Nick Thorpe's autobiography.)

IT'S NOT ONLY THE WEATHER THAT'S CHANGING – by Andy Guest

The sun is setting and it's another brilliant sunset over Mazar e Sharif casting shadows across the mountain range. Winter is starting to reach out as the cold air settles in for the night. Like rabbits hiding in their burrows those of us that live on site hideaway in our rooms.

I hear on the news another British soldier is killed; Gorgon Brown to send in another 500 troops; sadly this is not the answer. More troops will not alter the events or improve safety, the key and answer is to win over the local people. It seems strange to me that the British have always been about winning hearts and minds. What the politicians and senior military people have failed to understand is that we need to take this to a higher level playing field but not with force.

The bad guys out here are called Anti government elements (AGEs) because they are not all Taliban but different fractions. The term Taliban is used very loosely in regards to insurgent attacks in Afghanistan. Tribal elders that govern their province and command the respect from their people feel they are not being consulted enough and are being ridden rough shod. This is where the AGEs take it to another level, their media marketing campaign is very clever and yet western powers feel they are dealing with backward people.

The AGEs will speak to the elders highlighting the disrespect and to get that respect back amongst their people is to join them. They utilise the radio stations, every time they launch an attack they call the radio stations who broadcast their claims. They exaggerate the amount of people they kill, if they fail to kill anyone they claim half a dozen. If they kill six people they claim to have killed twenty five and accuse the Afghan Government and international troops of lying about the numbers killed. When the international military chain screw up and kill innocent civilians the AGEs make a huge thing of it

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using radio stations TV and the internet. They film their IEDs going off killing troops and within a couple of days you can see the footage on the internet highlighting their success.

This cannot be viewed as just a military conflict that just requires military action, the biggest tool to win the hearts and mind of the Afghan people is to launch a massive media campaign to counter the Taliban media campaign and get the message to the local people. If you keep someone in the dark and all they hear is from one side then ask yourself who they are going to believe. One has to understand that local tribal elders in the provinces carry far more weight than government officials in Kabul, ask an Afghan what he feels about the government and they will they tell you they are all corrupt and do nothing for us.

Information comes to me from my intelligence sources, the Taliban are sending 1500 men up to the north as they have identified this as a key area. It is an opportunity to disrupt the new International military supply lines coming in from the North as the terrain favours them. The German military in the North are not proactive and are under orders not to seek out the enemy. They are permitted to fire when fired upon. I found it interesting when I first arrived up here and had talks with the American, Swedish and German troops. I raise the question should my PSD team be ambushed can I call on them for support, both the Americans and Swedish said they would do what they could. The German answer was a clear no, unless they get direct permission from the German command in Kabul. It is because of this German stance the AGEs feel they have freedom of movement on the ground. In Nuristan the Americans suffer an attack on one of the Forward Operating Bases (FOB) which found itself in a pitch battle from around 300 AGEs. After the attack in which the Americans lost eight lives it is decided to withdraw troops from the FOB and close it down.

The Americans announced it was always part of the plan to close the FOB down, what is interesting here to note is what dates back to the days of Ahmad Shah Massoud the lion of Panshir during the Russian campaign. Nuristan was the scene of some of the heaviest guerrilla fighting during the 1979-89 invasion and occupation of Afghanistan by Soviet forces. The strategy of Massoud – take the garrisons out of the mountains to allow free flow of fighters and weapons from Pakistan to Afghanistan. Nuristan is a crossroads between provinces and is of strategic importance. It's another example of the AGEs using tactics deployed during the Russian campaign. It is also a province that the Afghan government never controlled but allowed the Nuristan people to govern themselves, not unknown for villages to attack each other as to has the rights to collect nuts. This also shows the importance of taking out the safe havens in Pakistan which the Taliban have enjoyed over the years.

I check with my intelligence sources for information as to what incidents have incurred in my province. The feedback confirms my suspicions the AGEs are spreading out in the North. In the last twelve days 26 incidents recorded mostly IEDs and small arms fire and a dozen land mines discovered on the road, what has changed is sixteen of the incidents are on the doorstep of Mazar e Sharif Afghanistan second largest city. The Finish army while patrolling 20 km out of the city hit an IED; the Swedish coming to their aid are hit by a second IED, a classic from the enemy who actually study your military drills.

A new AGE commander has moved into the area with fifteen of his men tasked with planting IEDs. A second commander has moved into the province with twenty men, their tasked with setting up ambushes. If you win over the tribal elders on the ground you gain the support of their people. Local people know when there is a stranger amongst them and they can be persuaded to take up arms against the AGEs sending a clear messagenot on our patch. Certainly they are areas in Afghanistan where local people have taken arms against the Taliban sending a clear message, take your fighting elsewhere. The Taliban knowing they will be recognised as outsiders and knowing the locals will take up arms against them will avoid these areas.

Failure to understand and take advice from people with real knowledge from having on the ground experience during the Russian campaign has led to this situation.

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Tony Blair was told that this had to be treated as psychological warfare to win and yet failed to heed the advice he was given. Instead he chose to involve our troops and let the Americans dictate, a fundamental mistake. In my opinion the government should have aimed at having a larger role in advising the Americans the way forward on this, as PM he should have shown some back bone leadership and taken charge.

Tony Blair dropped the ball on Afghanistan when sound advice was available but was not taken up. Interesting to note the UK expert on Afghanistan with over thirty years experience on Afghanistan having been on the ground during the Russian campaign has not been employed and yet his predictions before the campaign as to the sequence of events have materialised.

Gordon Brown is now the PM and I have no doubt his legacy is that he will be known as the PM that was always trying to close the gate after the horse has bolted. In my opinion his decisions seem to be based on public opinion and far too often he fails to understand that as PM he is expected to lead with strong leadership skills, he needs an understanding of what that means. Not only have the British Public been treated with disrespect but our armed forces have been badly let down.

So what does the future hold, well there is no doubt that Labour will lose the next election, it's just such a shame it's taken the British public so long to see Labour for what they are. As for David Cameron, well he has a golden opportunity to take up the mantle, the question is will he lead with blinkers on or is he able and willing to take a step back and see the bigger picture. Afghanistan and the British troops need a strong PM that is able to step up to that mantle and be willing to listen with an open mind and not get sucked into listening to so called experts that have failed to deliver.

A conservative MP was contacted in July to ask for a meeting with David Cameron, it's an opportunity for a UK expert to brief him to understand the complex of what Afghanistan is and how to tackle the situation. So far no response has been received from that conservative MP from the West Country or David Cameron. The weather is changing here and there is nothing we can do about that. The situation in Afghanistan has been deteriorating for some time and continues to do so but we can do something about that. There will come a time when it will be far too late, time is not on our side as the situation will continue to worsen unless we act fast to stem the tide, force is not the whole answer.

Perhaps what is required is a media campaign to highlight our politicians dithering on Afghanistan from both parties and the fact they lack any clear direction as to how to resolve the situation as our troops continue to lose their lives.

Marathon De Provence Luberon - Nick Thorpe

Following a recommendation from Brenda, I am looking into organising a group to travel over to the South of France for this race next year. Based in the town of Pertuis, near Aix en Provence the race will take you through Le Luberon, Provence. The route is described as 'rolling' or 'hilly' depending on which race you enter.

The race will be held on Sunday 3rd October 2010. There is a choice of three distances, Marathon, Half marathon and 10k, something for everyone. I was particularly taken with the information that the 'water stations' will be providing wine, olives, grapes and other local produce!

As with all running races in France, we will need to produce medical certificates to prove your fitness to race.

I would anticipate travelling out on the previous Thursday, returning on the following Monday or Tuesday. Travel and accommodation details will be confirmed later.

If you are interested in coming along, please get in touch asap, so I can get organising. Details of the race can be found on their website www.marathon-luberon.com

LEXOPHILES (LOVERS OF WORDS) QUIZ

Courtesy of Roget S.T. Hesaurus

1. A bicycle can't stand alone; it is two tired.
2. A will is a dead give-away.
3. Time flies like an arrow; fruit flies like a banana.
4. A backward poet writes inverse.
5. In a democracy it's your vote that counts; in feudalism, it's your Count that votes.
6. A chicken crossing the road: poultry in motion.
7. If you don't pay your exorcist you can get repossessed.
8. With her marriage she got a new name and a dress.
9. Show me a piano falling down a mine shaft and I'll show you A-flat miner.
10. When a clock is hungry it goes back four seconds.
11. The guy who fell onto an upholstery machine was fully recovered.
12. A grenade fell onto a kitchen floor in France which resulted in Linoleum Blownapart.
13. You are stuck with your debt in you can't budget.
14. Local Area Network in Australia: the LAN down under.

This is a quiz for people who know everything! I found out in a hurry that I didn't. These are not trick questions. They are straight questions with straight answers.

1. Name the one sport in which neither the spectators nor the participants know the score or the leader until the contest ends.
2. What famous North American landmark is constantly moving backward?
3. Of all vegetables, only two can live to produce on their own for several growing seasons. All other vegetables must be replanted every year. What are the only two perennial vegetables?
4. What fruit has its seeds on the outside?
5. In many liquor stores, you can buy pear brandy, with a real pear inside the bottle. The pear is whole and ripe, and the bottle is genuine; it hasn't been cut in any way. How did the pear get inside the bottle?
6. Only three words in standard English begin with the letters 'dw' and they are all common words. Name two of them.
7. There are 14 punctuation marks in English grammar. Can you name at least half of them?
8. Name the only vegetable or fruit that is never sold frozen, canned, processed, cooked, or in any other form except fresh.
9. Name 6 or more things that you can wear on your feet beginning with the letter 'S.'

Answers in the next newsletter, or sooner!

BITS AND BOBS

By Miss Cellaneous

PLEASE NOTE

Next year's Gittisham Iron Man Challenge has been called off due to rust.

BOWMAN BIRTH BULLETIN

**Postnatal report from somewhere
near Colyton.**

Congratulations are due, for since Tia
Bowman's birth on the 19th of August
2009, Rhui has put on 2 Ibs.

MY FAVOURITE PROVERB

By

**Marion Brush
Pine Park, Honiton**

“A new *broom* sweeps clean.”

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From the Editor. Dear readership, it has been suggested to me that despite diligence, the odd, spoof-letter, has crept into this section. With that in mind, I have made an extra effort to stringently vet every single contribution, consequently, where suspicion has been raised, it has been weeded out. Thus, I can say with complete confidence that all the following 'Letters to the Editor' are 101% authentic: particularly our first 'International' contributions.

Dear Editor

This brief letter is simply to announce that entry forms are now available for the Sue Jones' Stiletto-heels Half Marathon. This is of course, a handicapped event that is open to both sexes, cross-dressers and, quite naturally, transsexuals: which gives the long-legged Dave Dunn a slight edge in a number of ways; particularly the dressage. Although, Sarah (sue me if you dare) Warren, who being a professional legal eagle (in Crewkerne: pronounced Krakow), and thus undoubtedly, well-heeled, has been up on her expensively pedicured toes and training hard.

The rules are exactly the same as last year's event; no heels under 5 inches and, no sling-backs. However, because of the economic climate and the necessity to trim costs, there will be one slight change from last year's race; blister stations will be every two miles, as against, every one. As usual, wigs can be rented on the day of the race. In fact, will John Burgess please return the one he rented last year as he has now had it for almost twelve months and it must be sadly in need of backcombing, never mind, de-lacquering.

Cornily yours

Fanny Bottomley (Ms.)

Editor's biographical note: concerning the above. Purely coincidentally, and strange as it may seem, and moreover, in pursuit of the truth, however uncomfortable that truthful approach might be, it has to be admitted that Sue Jones abhors clothes of a too casual nature, so, in pursuit of style, let's take a leaf out of one of her many catalogues and go up-market.

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Dear Editor

Although I have been a member of the W I (Women's Institute) for many years, of late, my normally supportive husband has begun to take, what I consider to be, an unhealthy interest in my membership of that august body of women.

'Bake bigger buns!' he shouts out. 'Bake bigger buns!'

He had never complained about my buns before, size-wise or otherwise, but now it's a constant refrain of, 'Bake bigger buns! Bake bigger buns!'

As soon as I've baked yet another batch of buns, he jots the date of, the time of, and, the buns' dimensions onto our W I wall-calendar: which is now covered with his statistical jottings. No sooner has he jotted their statistics on to the calendar than it's back to his urgent urging of, 'Bake bigger buns! Bake bigger buns!' In fact, as a result of his insistence, my buns have now grown to such a size that I can hardly get one of them into the oven, never mind, two! I have told him time after time that size isn't everything but, he remains unconvinced, for him, it's the bigger the better.

It was once fun baking buns but now it is no baking fun at all. In short, my once wonderful husband has become a no-fun big bun fanatic. If there is a connection between big buns and a Women's Institute wall-calendar then I fail to see it?

I don't wish to be alarming but I do worry about what he has planned for me; something esoterically dark, I fear. Is it all down to naked ambition, I sometimes wonder? But my greatest concern is about the effect his 'Big bun' mania is having on our standard of living as the cost of yeast is rising like an over-egged egg nog.

Oveningly yours
Nann Icholls
Pavlova House, Meringue Drive
Smearthorpe, Devon

Editor's biographical note: concerning the above. Purely coincidentally, and strange as it may seem, Ann, the culinary talented wife of Alan Nicholls, is indeed a member of the Women's Institute. Whether or not big buns are overabundant within the WI remains a hot topic; if not, a hot 'cross' topic.

Herr Editor

Pen friending is much good. My friend pen is pen pally much good. Honiton she lives. I lives in Germany. Police record no. Only 3 times prison. Solitary confinement never no. 8 months, but.

My name Hans. Her pal name Nikki. Nikki send Hans Honiton Running Club Newsletters. Hans happy. Happy clappy Hans hands Nikki handshake, thanking. Nikki handshaking Hans thanking. Thankfully.

Hans enjoy reading it. British humour crazy. Hans like crazy. Hans German. I like Newsletter much. Up good work keep. Up Editor good keeping. Please again writing soon again.

Many sorries for English much bad. My English teacher in Germany from Glasgow.

Many danka

Hans Nezanbumpsadazie
104 Fuhrerbunker Platz

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Berlin

Editors note. I think that this letter goes to prove that those who say that 'a German joke is no laughing matter' are wrong. Hans sounds like a lot of fun. Hopefully, whoever this Nikki he refers to is, she can tempt Hans to come over to see us. With that Germanic flair for efficiency, perhaps Hans could give us a hand with the Hippo. Finally, and this isn't just Nikki nitpicking, but, we do have a number of Nikkies in the club (under a variety of spellings: none of them correct), unfortunately up until publication, it has been impossible to identify exactly which Nickie-Nikki is Hans pen-friend; however, I have eliminated Nikki Gigg from the list as she can neither read nor write.

Most honourable, respected and wise Editor

Me pen pal too. Me pen pal two. Me pen pal too two. Good English tell too from two. Good punctuation too. Not good punctuation two. Nice one, yes. Nice one too. Not nice one two.

Hans pen pal number one. Nikki pen pal number two. Me Japanese. First name, Tojo. Second name, Mojo. Mojo not working. Me like to get Mojo working. Save soul get off dole.

Hans, German! Nikki, English? Her English no good to too. Maybe Nikki no English? See question mark. Still, Nikki trying. Poor Nikki. Poor punctuation. Poor spelling. Poor grammar. Poor Julian.

Nikki send Hans Honiton Running Club Newsletter (no stamps). Hans reads. Hans send read Newsletter (not red Newsletter) to too Tojo Mojo. Tojo Mojo write to wonderful and esteemed Editor. Much thanking very muching to him.

Tojo Mojo on holiday now. Write letter from Hawaii. Write letter from Pearl Harbour. Tojo Mojo visiting grave of dead ancestor. He good flying navigator. Tojo Mojo fly from Tokyo to Pearl Harbour on Kamakazi Airways. Japanese no-frills airline. Very cheap. No parachutes. No return tickets.

Tojo Mojo much fast fleet-footing. Like running. Trainers me like, Nike. Not trainers me like, Nikki. Japanese joke!

By-gooding fairwelling for now.

Tojo Mojo (Samurai)
c/o The Sumo Fattery
next to - The Sumo Cattery
Hiroshima

Editor's note. Going by the clues in the above, it seems that Nikki Gigg has added two (not too) more oddballs to her already odd circle of friends. As the Japanese say: 'Poor Julian.'

Dear Editor

People are puzzled as to why I have recently changed my 'Axselent' surname by deed-poll; so, allow me to explain to my fellow runners, my reason for doing so. You see, ever veterinary surgeons are allowed to have heroes and, unsurprisingly, my hero is the highly admirable, Doctor Doolittle: the man who could talk to animals. Now, I know that Dr Doolittle is a fictional character but, so am I (well, almost).

My wife is less happy with the name change as she feels that being known as Mrs Doolittle might cause some people to suggest that she has a less than caring attitude towards her housework, but, I just dust off such complaints on the grounds that such people are merely spreading the dirt; indeed, for me, such insults are just like water off a duck's back. Although biographically speaking,

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if not, biographically boasting, I did once treat a duck that sank because it leaked; mind you, trying to give the kiss of life to a semi-drowned duck (mouth to beak so to speak), almost drove me quackers. Unfortunately, the foolproof waterproofing of leaking ducks is an aquatic technique that is still at the experimental stage. However, in the experimental sense, like a duck that's sprung a leak, hope springs eternal.

What with Pekinese dogs (despite their misleading name) speaking Cantonese, Mandarin ducks speaking classical Mandarin, Burmese cats speaking formalized Burmese, Pigeons speaking Pidgin English, Scots Terriers speaking (one assumes, when one can make them out) back street Glaswegian and, Irish Setters speaking a garbled version of bowdlerized Gaelic, and so forth, it is clear that, or rather, it is unclear that, interspecies vocal interchange is fraught with difficulties (other than for those talented few who are multilingual, such as, the multitalented, platypus duck): which is why I have decided to devote the rest of my life to the development of an animalistic form of Esperanto, which I have called, Creaturanto.

For example: when I give one 'woof' it means, 'yes', and, when I give two 'woofs' it means, 'no'. But even this is already driving my dear wife (who is acting, rather appropriately as, a guinea pig), barking mad. When I bare my teeth at her, it means that I am angry; when I bare my teeth at her, whilst growling, it means that I am very angry; and, when I cock one of my legs up against a piece of furniture, it means that I want her to go and fetch the mop. I am of course aware that when aroused, baboons bare their bums but, thus far, I am not sure how to incorporate such a daring derriere gesture into Creaturanto; leastwise, not without both lewdly and loudly breaking the law. Although as my wife says, she's 'seen it all before.'

Another problem I have yet to overcome is, displaying joy; for instance, a dog does it by joyously wagging its tail, whereas, and herein lies a tale, or even, a tail, I don't have that particular, prolonged option: although, I do have a not-too-dissimilar, attendant appendage, in the full-frontal sense of the term. But, therein lies the problem, if not, wags the problem, for I haven't yet managed to get total wagging control over that particular waggish appendage: especially in public. Thus, I am having to put my trust in a trusty truss in order to not only keep 'joy' under control, but also, to keep me out gaol.

In summary, it is work in process, so to speak.

Doggedly yours

Greg Doolittle

Editor's note: concerning the above. Purely coincidentally, and strange as it may seem, the HRC is fortunate enough to have its very own, in-house vet, to wit, Greg Axsel. On a professional level, Greg deals with dumb animals on a daily basis; which doubtlessly explains why he chose to join the Honiton Running Club.

Dear Editor

I would like to inform my fellow club members of my change of address, having recently moved from the Wine Bar (where I was known as, the Swedish Swigger), to, Bar 102 (where I am known as, the Swedish Swinger).

Smorgasbordingly yours

Marie Snootenmeister

Editor's note. Yes, coincidentally, coincidence strikes once again, for Honiton R C does indeed have a Swedish member (or should that be, a member who is Swedish) In fact, the club is proud of its international

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mix, as the presence of the aforementioned Swede proves, thus in order to balance the ethnic blend, and, to disprove any allegations of discrimination, may I urge any Turnips living in the area to please contact us.

Dear Editor

I was wondering if any of the club members could help me. For those who don't know, I run (from home) a selective up-market book business for up-market types. Amongst my areas of specialization are; antiquarian books, antiquarian documentation and, antiquarian photographs. And this is where club members might be able to help and, earn some money.

You see, I get requests which are not always easy to source; indeed, market forces being what they are, the greater the degree of difficulty and, the greater the rarity, the greater the price, so, in pursuit of a few extra bob, it's well worth while rifling through your drawers (although, for the male of the species, apparently it is much more fun rifling through someone else's).

Here are three items that three keen collectors have commissioned me to track down.

(1) John Burgess's original birth certificate. (With papyrus from this period being highly collectable, this fragile item will fetch a very good price.)

(2) An extremely rare book (limited edition) with the title: The Freudian Significance of the Alpaca in Erotic Dreams (particularly, threesomes) - by - Professor Sigmund Harris.
(Possibly an alias.)

(3) A photograph (sepia) of Dave Dunn (aged 5) at the school-gates on his very first day at school: must be the one in which he is seen wearing shorts; no other photograph being acceptable. (The lady wishing to buy this has requested anonymity; consequently, she has given herself the code name of, "**Sore Bottom**". However, in relation to that sorely suggestive sobriquet, a word of warning is necessary as my conversation with the aforementioned, "**Sore Bottom**", took place over a pathetically poor telephone line.

Any assistance with this trio of searches will be greatly appreciated.

Hopefully Yours

Mrs. Pippa P Paperback
Nearway
(near Farway)
Devon

*Editors note. Co-incidences being what they are, as in, not infrequently deeply unsettling (reference, **Sore Bottom**), the HRC does indeed have a (up until now) well respected member, a certain Mrs. Vanessa Glyn-Jones, with an address at **Shore Bottom**, which is near Stockland. In Vanessa's defence, the state of her telephone line is most assuredly, not "pathetically poor", although at times it is muffled. In a not dissimilar vein, nay, even a not dissimilar artery, another club member, by the name of, Pippa Westall, is the entrepreneurial drive and flair behind an extant, and indeed, flourishing bookselling enterprise; but there the similarity ends, for Pippa specializes in hardbacks and not paperbacks. Without ducking the issue, I hope that puts an end to that particular canard. In summary, will the mischief makers (namely, the authors of these proofless spoofs) please desist from plaguing the Editor with their childish (and mostly illiterate) pranks.*

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Dear Editor

I am sure that my fellow runners will be in jaw dropping awe of my latest (self-imposed) long distance challenge; namely, to run around the whole of the Equator (40,075 kilometres), without a break. Perhaps claiming to run the whole of the Equator without a break is somewhat misleading as I shall be pausing at regular intervals to take on board, and moreover, to take on board exclusively, for energy, if not, for additional propulsion, my sponsors most famous 'product'. When I mention that my sponsor is the world renowned company, Heinz International, you will by now have guessed that the famous product I shall be ingesting at ten kilometre intervals, will be, 'baked beans'. Yes, at 10 kilometres intervals I shall be stopping to eat a tin of baked beans: for the statisticians amongst you, that's 4,007 tins. With a following wind I hope to complete the run in record time.

Flatulently yours

Mrs. Feather Peregrine-Falcon

Editor's note. Mrs. Feather Peregrine-Falcon sounds like an interesting bird. (Not to be confused with our highly respected member, the human milometer, Mrs. Heather Foundling-Hawker). However, it should be pointed out to Feather (not Heather) that a large part of the Equator runs through a number of oceans, and thus, those oceanic parts are at least, more suited to swimming than running. Perhaps she should seek out an additional sponsor to spread the load, such as, a water biscuit manufacturer. Anyway, best of luck, Feather, Still, thanks to Heinz, next year you 'll be justifiably able to claim, "Bean there, done that!"

Dear Editor

I need help, I need publicity, I need sponsors, I need volunteers and, all for a jolly good cause. You see, what with the credit crunch and all that, raising money for charity has become very competitive of late, so, finding a new angle, or, finding a new twist to an old angle has become increasingly important if you want to do good, which I most assuredly, wish to do. If you keep trying the same old thing, no one notices your efforts, and consequently, the charitable rewards are diminished, hence the eyebrow-raising tweak on my next fundraising endeavour, to which I have given the rather cryptic name of: Operation Sporrán (picture one if you will; in dangling situ).

Until everything is finalized, I am keeping certain details about Operation Sporrán under wraps, and, for the moment, that well-wrapped secret includes my name, but, here is a clue; my main claim to fame is, a talent for the tonsorial trade, which at a clip, provides me with a living. But that's enough about hairy old me: which as a barbering barb, is about as subtle as a frolicking follicle.

In anticipation of success, I have already booked the Mackarness Hall, and, as I have already mentioned, all I need now are sponsors and volunteers; although on the big day, you can pay at the door. In fact, in support of this unique charitable endeavour, a well-reputed scaffolding firm called Poles Apart (whose head-office is in Warsaw), is constructing within the Mackarness Hall, for no charge, a mini-grandstand, so, I am, in keen expectation, planning for a considerable level of both local and international interest.

Now, having wetted your appetite and tickled your curiosity, if not, tickled your fancy, I fancy I can hear you asking the pertinent question: what is Operation Sporrán all about? And the answer is that, it is all about sponsored Brazilian Waxing. (To keeps costs down and thus maximize the charitable return, I shall be using the tools of my trade: a prospect which I fervently hope, doesn't cause offence to our dyslexic readership.)

The challenge I am setting myself is; how many Brazilian waxings can I do in public during a 24 hour period: comfort breaks, lathering, tweezing, squeezing and, razor sharpening not included? And in deference to the events Brazilian theme, all the waxings (if not, all the wailings) will be done

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to the sultry sound and stirring tempo of the samba.

To the best of my knowledge, a challenge of this sort has never been attempted before (leastwise, not in public), and, although this is not about naked ambition, nevertheless, I am confidently predicting that I am about to book a place in either the Guinness Book of Records, or, The Lancet. Although, in fairness, an appearance at The Old Bailey might take precedence over either of those two.

I don't feel the need to explain the nature of sponsorship, as in this instance, it is all rather standard, just back me for a pound per waxing, based on the unselfish principal of, no pain, no charitable gain.

But what I really need are more volunteers; indeed, lots and lots of them (But no rare blood groups, please). Don't worry if you're shy, for if you feel the need for anonymity, a ski-mask can be provided; indeed, my nimble-fingered wife is knitting one at this very moment. Now, I know that when it comes to assisting charities, the members of the Honiton Running Club never fail to produce pecuniary PB's, and thus unsurprisingly, the list of volunteers from that racy quarter is already up and running, so, here are the names of just a few of those bighearted waxing bravehearts, who are not only prepared to forgo anonymity, but also, prepared to go without a ski-mask on the "Big Day", to wit; Paul Lowman, Nick Thorpe and, a particularly brave, Rod Warren, who believe it or not, waxing lyrically, has volunteered to go twice, proving that there is more to Brazil than just nuts.

So, come on girls, volunteer, don't let the boys take all the credit.

Beseechingly yours

Razor the eraser (my current alias)

Editor's biographical note: concerning the above. Purely coincidentally, and strange as it may seem, what with fact being stranger than fiction, Alan Rowe, the H R C 's esteemed President, is in fact, a masterful, barber. His Brazilian connections remain shady, if not, shavey.

Dear Editor

As a fleet-footed alpha male with a superabundance of sex appeal, in the past, most men (being understandably insecure in my testosterone charged presence) have found it impossible to accept their inferiority vis-a-vis yours truly, thus, I would like to take the opportunity to thank the male members of the Honiton Running Club for bowing to the inevitable with such good grace.

Mr. Al Paca
c/o Ticklecombe Farm
To-an-fro Drive
Honiton

Editor's biographical note: concerning the above. Purely coincidentally, and strange as it may seem, a far too swift member of the HRC, by the name of, Richard Harris, does in fact, breed alpaca on the side. What else Richard does on the side, is none of our business.

The next issue due in March 2010 please submit your articles, anecdotes & even any running related experiences by February 24th.