

GOYT
VALLEY

STRIDERS

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LIMITED



NEWS LETTER SPRING 1989

NOTICE OF ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Venue: The White Horse, Whaley Bridge

Date: Friday, 10th February 1989 at 8.00 p.m.

AGENDA

1. Receive Annual Report of Committee
2. Receive Audited Statement of Accounts and Balance Sheet
3. Election of Officers and Committee
4. Electing the Honorary Auditors
5. The following proposals have been put forward by the Committee and will be voted upon:
 - a. Shall Goyt Valley Striders seek affiliation to the Fell Running Association
 - b. Shall Constitution rule No. 7 (Subscriptions) have the following added:

Joint Membership i.e. Husband and wife: £8.00
Family Membership i.e. Husband, wife and any number of unmarried children: £10.00
6. Date of the next Annual General Meeting

Report on the Staffordshire Moorlands Christmas Cracker
18th December 1988

Despite turning up early, all attempts to secure a place in the Rock Tavern Car Park (as advised in last news letter) were thwarted by just about the most determined female marshal I have ever encountered. Threats, sob stories and sweet talking' were to no avail and eventually the Striders contingent turned tail and trailed off to the official car park at the Anzio Army Camp, to be transported ignominiously backwards and forwards by bus.

The race itself however lived up to all expectations. It has long been a favourite race with me, and the fact that our racing league trophies were riding on it made it all the more enjoyable this year. At the start of the race the top of the Striders racing league score sheet stood at-

Lou Lomas 57 points
Martin Russell 56 points
Ralph Longden 53 points

Martin opened up a gap of 100 metres or more on me (Lou) along the first mile or so of road, and it was not until we reached the Roaches summit that I eventually caught and overtook him.

Unknown to me Ralph (without a doubt the most improved runner this year) overtook Martin shortly afterwards. A glance behind at the end of the mid-section of the race just prior to the X country stretch, showed me that Ralph was gaining on me at a fair rate. With this in mind I attacked the mud of the X country section at the sort of pace I would not normally have attempted, a mistake for which I paid dearly about half a mile from the finish. In the midst of a particularly sticky quagmire I 'lost a shoe' it took only a few seconds to stop, turn and recover the shoe but by this time Ralph was past me, and racing on to the very well deserved position of 1st Strider home. This clinched the 1st Vet. position for Ralph in our racing league. Meanwhile back at the bog I was desperately trying to unpick the lace of my recently retrieved shoe. A few seconds of this was enough to convince me that if I was to finish in front of Martin (something I had to do to take 1st overall in our racing league) I was going to have to stop playing about with the shoe and start running again straight away.

So with stocking flapping and shoe in hand I crossed the finishing line 2nd Strider home. As I had suspected, Martin, was very close behind and crossed the line a few seconds later as 3rd Strider home to give him 'runner up' in the league. Annette Nelson completed the course to take the racing league prize for 1st Lady.

A convivial couple of pints enjoyed by a few of the Striders in the Rock Tavern after the race rounded off not only a very pleasant day but also an enjoyable years racing.
P.S. Please forgive the rather self centred approach to this race report but when you are actually taking part in a race it is difficult to write it any other way.

Lou

GOYT VALLEY STRIDERS RACING LEAGUE 1988 - HOW THEY FINISHED

Name	Bollington 9 18.9..88	Eccles Pike 1.10.88	Langley 7 5.11.88	Christmas Cracker 18.12.88	Total	Position	Place
C. R. Lomas	19	20	18	19	76	1 st overall	1
R. Longden	17	19	17	20	73	1 st Veteran	3
D. Goulding	15	16	0	16	47		6
M. Russell	20	17	19	18	74	Runner Up	2
M. Connell	16	15	15	13	59		5
J. Colton	0	14	0	0	14		12
P. Stead	0	0	11	0	11		14
P. Hill	13	0	14	0	27		9
C. Nelson	12	0	13	15	40		7
A. Nelson	11	0	10	12	33	1 st Lady	8
P. Watkins	14	0	0	0	14		12
M. Turnock	18	18	16	17	69		4
K. Longson	0	0	20	0	20		11
D. Watkinson	0	0	12	14	26		10

STRIDERS STANDARDS

I trust that by now you've all had opportunity to scrutinise all the times that are pertinent to your current capabilities and future aspirations. I also hope that, like me, you'll be a bit more motivated in 1989 to achieve some sort of standard or certificate in as many of the events as possible.

Some members may consider that certain of the standards are a bit 'soft'. This was a deliberate aim by the Committee when all the various times were established at a meeting a few weeks ago. The reason for this is simple. "We are a new Club and it was felt essential that members be encouraged and motivated. There is no reason, however, why the standards can't be reviewed annually and revised if considered necessary.

I'm sorry there were no explanatory notes accompanying the Standards; there just wasn't time and the important thing was to get them out in time for the New Year. One or two people have raised questions already and I hope the following notes will therefore prove helpful.

1: How Do They Work? Let's assume you're a senior male looking to achieve the bronze standard at 10Km. You would need to run between 38:01 and 41:00 mins. to accomplish this. Anytime between 41:01 and 50:00 mins. qualifies for a Certificate of Merit.

2: You can try for a Standard at all of the distances plus Fell Races.

3: The qualifying criteria are different for Fell Races and apply to races of any distance.

4: Standards have not been drawn up for Junior Men and Women for road races of 10Km or longer as AAA rules technically prevent youngsters competing in races of these distances. As an AAA member Club we must adhere to these rules.

5: How Do I Qualify For A Certificate Or Standard? First run in any Fell Race or Road Race having an AAA permit The race does not have to be a Club Championship Race. Secondly check your finishing time against your copy of the Standards sheet and let me know. (Tel. No. Whaley Bridge 4153). Your claimed time must, in due course, be supported by a results sheet.

6: Your result will be recorded in the Newsletter so everyone will be able to follow each others progress.

7: You will receive an award or awards at the Clubs Xmas Buffet.

8: There will be only one award per event. That is to say if you achieve the standard time for a Certificate of Merit in a 10 mile race in February and then the Bronze Standard for the same distance later in the year, an award for the Bronze Standard only will be made.

9: What Form Will The Award Take? The Certificate of Merit is self explanatory and a suitable one is to be designed. A decision has yet to be made regarding Gold, Silver and Bronze Standards. The viability of medals or cloth track suit badges is being investigated.

Success to Everyone in 1989. Go for it !

Mick Connell

IT'S JUST NOT CRICKET

The game of cricket has changed a great deal since I used to play. For the uninitiated cricket today is a simple affair. Each team bats for an identical period (a certain number of overs), and the side scoring the most runs in their allotted overs is declared the winner. Quite reasonable and fair you might say: Not so; the real art has gone out of the sport.

But to tell my story I must go back 20 years to a sleepy town in rural Isle of Wight. The weather is balmy, the birds are singing, the bees humming and the odours of the countryside abound. Picture if you will a reel-haired, spotty, bespectacled youth, not unlike a red-haired, spotty, bespectacled middle aged honorary chairman of a certain local :running club.

In those days my home town had a fine cricket team and played against other established Island teams and visiting mainland sides like Gloucester Nomads, Portsmouth and Southsea and Bath Civil Service.

I played in the 2nd eleven, a motley crew. I remember them well - Gray was the skipper and wicket keeper - an ox like man with huge forearms. He was a lorry driver in an era when lorry drivers did not play in cricket 1st elevens. He could smite a cricket ball with awesome power and had as violent a temper as any man I ever met.

We had two men who used to be able to play cricket. Derek who had been a promising off spinner in his youth but whose career had been blighted by his tractor falling on him - twice: and Alan, a slow bowler and ladies man with a flowing cover drive and beguiling wit.

Brian was a Solicitor and pompous prat. He was an inept medium pace bowler, but his social status ensured his position as vice-captain.

The rest of the team comprised of "promising" juniors and general no-hopers (I belonged to both categories).

Of the younger brigade Shem, an agricultural worker, was a taciturn slow bowler, Abel a narcissistic 'all rounder' and Terry, my best mate, who could play a bit.

Syd was a small wizened man of indeterminate age, much afflicted by senile dementia who didn't bowl, usually batted number eleven and picked flowers in the outfield. Jim and Malcolm had particular roles in the team, but more of them later.

Our games with other 2nd elevens were generally close, boring affairs, the highlight of which was the tea interval. We also had fixtures against local villages and new clubs. These were usually strong sides but made up of "cads" and "bounders" and not warranting full 1st eleven status. These teams contained actual cricketers and our games with them tended to follow a certain pattern.

Whoever won the toss, our opponents would bat first. Faced with our mediocre bowling attack the runs would flow freely, the batsmen dispatching the bowling of Brian, Abel and Co., to all parts of the field, while Graham would string together whole sentences of the most inventive obscenities aimed at his bowlers and fielders.

Do any of you play cricket. If so you will sympathise with me here. One team we played, Medina C.C. had an ace batsman named Ryan who invariably scored a century against us. Brian would bowl him the most appalling long-hop and Ryan would hook it high and handsome into the blue summer sky. Out at Deep Square, yours truly would stand quaking in his plimsoles, fail miserably to judge the flight path of the humming red projectile and watch helplessly as the ball dropped harmlessly ten yards away as Brian scowled and Gray called my parentage into question.

I digress - back to my example match. Our opponents would amass an enormous score by tea, say 350 for 4, leaving us about 2 hours to bat. As the rules then stood if we were not bowled out the result would be a draw, regardless of our total.

Often our innings would commence with promise. Gray would smash a couple of boundaries with pulls and square cuts, Alan would steer the ball elegantly and Terry scamper some quick singles. All too soon though the rot would set in and the wickets begin to tumble. Gray would go LBW in a shower of four letter words; Abel would stride to the crease, hair immaculate, whites whiter than white, collar turned up Gary Sobers style, and be bowled first ball. Brain dead Syd and Derek with his gammy leg would normally go cheaply.

Soon, with 45 minutes to play we would be 32 for 8, and on the crest of a slump, with Shem and myself at the crease. My role was to stay there, "play for a draw old man" Brian would instruct.

In between each delivery I would pat the pitch, Shem would appeal against the light, Terry would let his dog loose (it was trained to crap on the wicket), all wasting precious seconds. Lengthy mid-wicket conferences would be held, shoe laces mysteriously cane untied and pads need adjusting. Finally with 20 minutes play remaining; Shem would be winkled out with the score on 34 for 9.

With the tension mounting we would play our trump card, Malcolm. He would march purposefully to the middle, survey the fielders, take guard, roll his eyes and drop slowly to the ground, foaming at the mouth. He came from a family prone to 'funny turns', particularly during a full moon.

By the time order had been restored the clock would have ticked on to 7.30 p.m. and the end of the game. An honourable draw.

I have neglected one member of that illustrious body of sportsmen that was the 2nd eleven, Big Jim was a strange lugubrious mm with a protuberant belly and vast backside which made him a curious S shape. His face was permanently caked

with calamine lotion, he had an inexhaustible fount of blue jokes and would occasionally turn up to matches with his holdall full of mars bars (literally hundreds of them).

Normally, he was a batsman with only one shot. He would plant a large front leg down the wicket, followed by a broad bat stolidly blocking the ball. He was indeed the ultimate defensive batsman. One day however, at Havenstreet, a small nondescript village, with our innings drifting into ignominy Big Jim suddenly cut loose with a frenzy of attacking shots to all corners of the ground. He flayed the Havenstreet bowling, hammering one of the great innings in Island cricketing history and enabling us to coast to an unexpected victory.

The week after Big Jim reverted to his old stonewalling tactics and as far as I'm aware he never played another shot in anger for the rest of his career.

The incident receded in the memory, so much so that even those present on that warm afternoon at Havenstreet began to doubt what we had witnessed.

On another occasion we were up against the Parkhurst Prison Officers team. They were batting and totting up a big score with our fielders chasing about under a brilliant, vertical sun. After a couple of hours of this we broke for drinks, a lady appeared at the boundary rope carrying a tray upon which was a large jug of orange squash, ice cold, and the requisite number of tumblers. Big Jim, who was stationed out in the deep bounded over to this angel of mercy, grabbed the jug, and tipped the contents over his head. He was truly an unfathomable and enigmatic character.

Little was known of Jim's origins, although there ere rumours of him having slipped off his mothers knee as a babe. I never gave much credence to this theory, no man of Jim's size and unique configuration could ever have been a babe.

Some said he was a psychiatric nurse by profession. The more I got to know Big *Jim*, the less doubts I entertained that he did indeed have some close association with the local mental hospital. (He was seen only at weekends).

But I have gone too long and my disjointed reminiscences must be brought to a close. As I look back at these fading memories I wonder what became of my erstwhile team mates of those long lost summer afternoons. Old Syd I fear is pushing up daisies rather than plucking them, Terry I know went bald and married an older woman. I understand that Gray has been detained at Her Majesty's pleasure. I cherish the hope that he finally carried out his threat to many an umpire upon a hairline LBW decision and actually inserted a stump in a suitable orifice.

I look at cricket today and think that perhaps the real characters have gone out of the game, or perhaps as someone said, the past is truly a foreign country, they do things differently there.

FAVOURITE LOCAL RUNS No.1

As runners, one thing I'm sure we all have in common is our own favourite training circuits. This is one I use regularly and which contains those features I consider essential to fun running: a variety of terrain, uphill downhill & flat sections, superb scenery and a comfortable distance. If you don't already know it then give it a go.

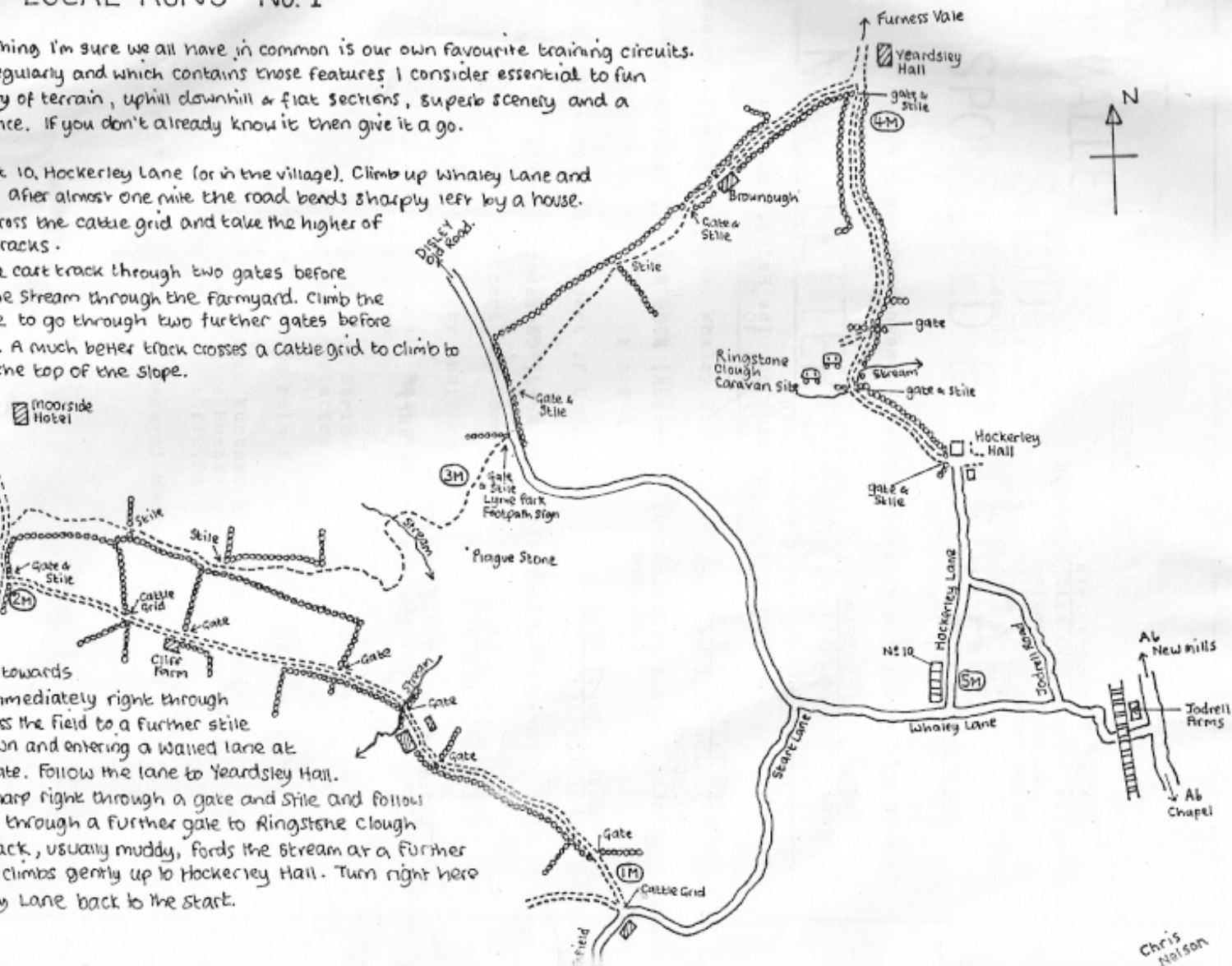
0 - 1 mile. Begin at 10, Hockerley Lane (or in the village). Climb up Whaley Lane and left at Start Lane. After almost one mile the road bends sharply left by a house. Turn right here across the cattle grid and take the higher of two obvious cart tracks.

1 - 2 miles. Follow the cart track through two gates before dropping down to the stream through the farmyard. Climb the usually muddy lane to go through two further gates before reaching Cliff Farm. A much better track crosses a cattle grid to climb to a gate and stile at the top of the slope.

2 - 3 miles. Turn right towards the Moorside Hotel. The footpath climbs the field to a stile. Follow the path via another stile to come out on Disley Old Road.

3 - 4 miles. Go left towards Disley and almost immediately right through a gate and stile. Cross the field to a further stile before dropping down and entering a walled lane at Brownough via a gate. Follow the lane to Yeardsley Hall.

4 - 5 miles. Turn sharp right through a gate and stile and follow the excellent track through a further gate to Ringstone Clough caravan site. The track, usually muddy, fords the stream at a further gate and stile and climbs gently up to Hockerley Hall. Turn right here and follow Hockerley Lane back to the start.



Chris Nelson

DIARY DATES

Sunday, February 19th

The Werneth Low Half Marathon

11.00am from Romiley C.C.

Entry forms: A. J. Walker
 70 Roundcroft, Romiley, Cheshire

Sunday, March 19th

Robinsons '10', Chesterfield

10.45am

Entry forms : 1 Highfields Drive, Holmewood, Chesterfield

Sunday, March 19th

Roger Colson '5'

11.45am

Entry forms: P.C. 4735 O'Sullivan
 Rochdale Police Station, The Holme, Rochdale

Sunday, April 2nd

Wilmslow Half Marathon

10.30am

Entry forms : Wilmslow Half Marathon, P.O. Box 25, Wilmslow,
 Cheshire

Sunday, April 15th

Coniston 14

11.00am

Entry forms : 14 Beckyeat, Lake Road, Coniston, Cumbria

Sunday, April 29th

Manchester YMCA 5

7.00 pm

Entry forms : Brenda Bradshaw, 12 Heaton Drive, Bury