

The Strider



April
2011

Newsletter of the Goyt Valley Striders



News and Reports, including:
Edale Skyline report
Grindleford Gallop
Championship updates
Plus much, much more!

Editor's Waffle

WELL, here we are -



A corkboard with a brown, textured surface. A yellow sticky note is pinned to it with two red pushpins. The note contains handwritten text in black ink. Above the note, a logo for 'expressions HEALTH AND FITNESS' is pinned. The logo features a stylized 'e' with a person figure inside a circle, followed by the word 'expressions' in a bold, sans-serif font, and 'HEALTH AND FITNESS' in a smaller, all-caps font below it. To the left of the logo, there is a small yellow rectangular piece of paper with the text 'Test: Under News Items To follow soon'.

We now have corporate membership at Expressions Gym, Chapel-en-le-Frith. The fee includes full use of the facilities and classes 7 days a week. It costs £27.00 per month. When you join simply mention the Goyt Valley Striders to get your reduction. Cross training can complement your running!

Phil

Officers

The Chairman: Peter Hill
127 Buxton Road
Whaley Bridge
High Peak
Tel. 01663 734756

The Secretary: Mark Whelan
11 Shallcross Mill Road
Whaley Bridge
High Peak
SK23 7JQ
Tel. 01663 733930

The Treasurer: Steve Hennessey
6 Alderdale Drive
High Lane
Stockport
SK6 8BX
Tel. 01663 765840

Enquiries to:

enquires@goytvalleystriders.org.uk

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Keep those stories coming!

Your contributions to the newsletter are vital.
Please email your race reports, articles, photos,
recipes, etc to the Editor

steve@steveberry.co.uk

Subject: GVS Newsletter



'Double Trouble'

on the Edale to Marsden By Will Meredith

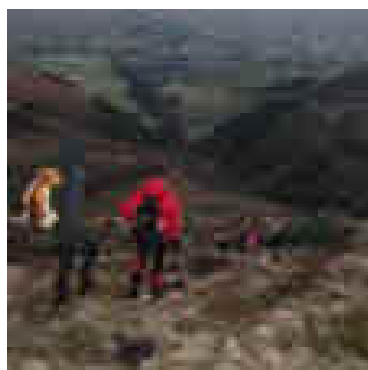
On Friday
7th Jan at
10pm I set off
from Edale in a

group of 16 heading through the night to cross Kinder, Bleaklow's frozen seas, and over Black Hill to reach Marsden 25 miles away at the bottom of the Wessenden track at 8am - all to turn around again and head back to Edale.

Galling masochism of the highest order courtesy of the Manchester Rucksack club.

Some time ago I made enquiries after the Rucksack club and was pleased to receive a copy of 'Meetstaff' and a letter from the RC members secretary after contacting them via the club website. I also received a call from Andy Howie, RC president (and Pennine fell runner), who suggested I could tag along on the annual Edale to Marsden return 'Double' that he organises.

The club was formed in 1902 and has three huts; in the Llanberis pass, the Duddon valley, and north of the border; Craigallan overlooking Loch Linnhe. It has over 400 members and



a busy schedule of meets including climbing, mountaineering, fell running, alpine meets, and perhaps most notoriously; long distance walking.

Turning up at Edale at 9.30pm on the Fri-

day night with Colin Wilshaw (Pennine fell runners), I must confess that my mind had been on other things prior to this and I had given little thought to the actualities of the task in hand. I've done the odd overnight event before as a runner, the HPM, Lakeland 100, BG, I'd also completed Tanky's Trog fell race from Marsden to Edale and not felt too bad afterwards and this was supposed to be a walk rather than a run. I enjoyed, for a short while,

a naivety that I would soon leave floundering in the mire of Bleaklow on a pitch dark frozen 2am slog. As I remarked to Rucksacker Rae Pritchard on the return leg - you know you've had a long day out when you've had to use your headtorch twice. Actually we didn't. Just. We returned to Edale at 5pm Saturday and I got on with trying not to fall asleep at the wheel on the way home. "You're drifting!" Sorry Col.

Conditions overnight were as expected; cold and with a lot of ice. By the time we'd reached the Snake road the night had properly begun.

It was Rucksacker Dave's birthday and he was whiskey toasted while he unwrapped a present in the woods below the Snake. We headed up to Bleaklow via the Snake pass road having been slightly delayed following an impromptu



tour of the woodlands valley. Bleaklow was suitably bleak although not altogether low and we enjoyed another slightly extended tour whilst trying to navigate our way towards Wildboar Clough to descend to Torside reservoir. Navigation was difficult and I confess that I didn't contribute much (no comments please Paul), preferring instead to practice the art of falling over twice in a single step.

My lowest and highest points came over Black Hill. By the time we'd reached the summit my toes were so cold I thought they were on fire - I'd opted for winter fell gear instead of boots. Usually this is fine and wet feet soon warm up if you keep moving; but not when they're continually being plunged into the icy water that surrounded the tussocks of Black Hill. Black Hill in the black night, and cold. I was glad to reach the summit trig and wriggle some warmth into the old phalanges as we plodded down the slippery flagged path towards Marsden. Seal skin socks needed perhaps.

Upon reaching Dean Clough over Wessenden Head Moor we found the river in full spate despite my previous efforts to drink as much bog water as I could.

We prowled the waters edge looking for a way to cross in the darkness. I saw Andy steady himself and then let out a screech as he gamely chucked himself across onto the opposite bank via a rock protruding from the torrent. Then someone else jumped, and so did I, and the chaps helped the others across with outstretched arms whilst I valiantly took photographs in the hope that someone would fall in. Helen, the only lady present made a stirring effort and bounded across without mishap.

We reached Marsden in the grey dawn at around 8am. By that time I'd got cold to the core and Colin and I decided we'd prefer to keep moving to try and warm up. So we let Andy know we were going to head off and did what the 'Double' is all about: We turned around and went back again.

Descending the Wessenden track we'd passed many a cheery 'Singler' doing the Marsden to Edale event with the Rucksack club and it wasn't too long before we caught up with a small group of three heading up onto Black Hill once more. The re-crossing of Dean Clough wasn't difficult in the light although I do remember a time on Tanky's where runners were forced to link arms to avoid being swept away there.

On to the re-ascent of Black Hill to drop down the Pennine way towards Crowden Great Brook. Andy had said they'd catch us up by Black Hill summit but we couldn't see anyone behind and it wasn't until later that I realised there's more than the one way from Marsden to Edale and we'd probably taken different routes after that. Some welcome sunshine warmed us over the Laddow rocks and the edge of Bleaklow was a welcome sight in the valley below. We even managed a bit of a sprightly jog at times but soon reverted to plodding away, ticking off the miles.

The ascent of Bleaklow wasn't too bad and soon we were retracing our falls on the ice towards the summit. Thanks to Rae Pritchard for the navigation here. Rae corrected me as I began to stumble in the wrong direction down the Pennine Way back towards Crowden, and he was keen to help out on my Paddy Buckley

later in the year as his girlfriend Helen is also interested in a PB. Cheers Rae - I'll be in touch.

Buoyed by the arrival at the Snake road Col and I jogged down, trying to avoid lurching into any passing cars. A woman in a lay by said she thought Andy and the other Doublers had headed off towards Mill Hill and the Kinder Downfall on the way back to Edale. Col and I opted for the more direct option up the side of Seal Edge.

A group of Singlers were gingerly crossing Fairbrook ford while their companions gave them encouragement from the opposite bank; "Get on with it you wusses" I heard one of them cry. We splashed on through and began the ascent of Seal edge. My brain was truly fried by this time (and my feet poached) and it reminded me of the surreal sleep-deprived fun of the Lakeland 100.

Across kinder and dropping down Golden Clough to gain the Grindsbrook track and then back to Edale. We said goodbye to Rae and asked him to let the others know we were back safe. That's about it folks. I had a baby's head-wetting to go to in the pub in Leek. I didn't get there. Col wore gaiters. I ate 5 snickers and drank several gallons of bog water. Stupefied and knackered we drove erratically home.

All that remains to be said is a big thank you to Andy Howie and the Rucksack club for a great and difficult night and day out.

**My name is Helen Roberts and I am a
Sports
Masseuse**

qualified to Level 4 (the highest qualification available at present).

I am also qualified in Swedish Massage, Aromatherapy, Reflexology, Indian Head Massage and Hopi Ear Candling. I am fully insured and am a member of the Sports Massage Association and the Federation of Holistic Therapists.

I have a treatment room within my home at Start Lane in Whaley Bridge and my prices vary from between £16 for half an hour to £28 for a full hour treatment.

Please feel free to contact me for any further information you might need.

I can be reached by email or phone

01663 732 501

Email: gdr@club2000.co.uk

2011 Championship Races

Main Championship

There are 16 races in the main Championship. Of these, the best 10 races count towards your total score. Individuals are allocated points depending on their finishing position within the club in the race. The highest placed Goyt Valley runner will get 40 points, the second 39 points and so on.

Ladies Championship

There are 16 races in the Ladies Championship. The best 10 races will count towards your total score. Individuals are allocated points depending on their finishing position within the club in that particular race. The highest placed Goyt Valley runner will get 40 points, the second 39 points and so on.

Summer Fell Series

The Summer Fell Championship is made up of 7 races. Individuals will be allocated points depending on their finishing position within the race. The highest placed Goyt Valley runner will get 40 points, the second 39 points and so on. An individual's best 5 races count towards their final total.

Main and Ladies Championship (dates for guidance only):

1	Lamb's Leg	January 9	Fell
2	Meltham 10k	January 30	Road
3	Mickledon Straddle	February 6	Fell
4	Cloud 9	March 6	Fell
5	Grindleford Gallop	March 12	Trail
6	Errwood Trail	April 28	Trail
7	Crowdon Horseshoe	May 1	Fell
8	Eyam Half	May 15	Road
9	Wincle Trout	June 4	Fell
10	Kinder Trog	June 12	Fell
11	Peakers Stroll	July 3	Fell
12	Tracks To Trig	July 16	Fell
13	High Peak 40	September 17	Trail
14	Holmfirth 15	October 30	Road
15	Clowne Half	November 27	Road
16	Xmas Cracker	December 17	Trail

Summer Series (dates for guidance only):

1	Herod Farm	April 13	Fell
2	Rainow	May 11	Fell
3	Goyt's Moss	May 18	Fell
4	Tideswell	June 24	Fell
5	Sheldon	July 21	Fell
6	Teggs Nose	August 6	Fell
7	Chunal	August 24	Fell

RED - Pre-entry only

Blue - Pre-entry advised

Black - Entries on the day

2011 CHAMPIONSHIP STANDINGS

[illegible]

2011 LADIES CHAMPIONSHIP STANDINGS

Pos.	Name	RACES																Total
		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	
1	Katy Thornhill	40	40	40	40	40	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	200
2	Carolyn Whittle	39	39	39	39	36	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	192
3	Mary Jones	38	38	-	-	33	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	109
4	Tracy Vernon	-	36	-	36	36	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	108
5	Claire Elsworth	-	35	-	35	34	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	104
6	Sarah Bull	-	-	-	38	38	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	76
7	Philomena Smith	-	-	-	37	37	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	74
8	Clare Griffin	-	-	-	-	39	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	39
9	Lesley Sutton	-	37	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	37
10	Sally Smith	-	-	-	-	37	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	37
11	Rrebecca Clark	-	-	-	-	35	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	35
12	Helen Gray	-	34	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	34
13	Melanie Watts	-	-	-	-	32	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	32

Sky's The Limit

The Edale Skyline By Mark Whelan

First of all let me take you back to December, 1993. This was the time of my first race - the Stockport 10. In those days it was a run from Stockport County Football ground and a 3 lap course taking in the delights of Adswood! I have written about this before, but to set the scene for my attempt at the 2011 Edale Skyline it is important I start here.

I decided to run the Stockport 10 the day before the race. I'd done no training. It was a Saturday, the day before the race and I had been talking to Ralph Longden about how I enjoyed running as a youngster and would like to start

again. For reasons unbeknown to me, during the course of that conversation I decided to run the race the following day.

The race itself was uneventful and I managed to get around in 1:25.

Not a record but pleasing enough. I didn't train much after Stockport, but entered the Wilmslow Half Marathon the following March and debuted with a 1:39. It was the Wilmslow Half Marathon that gave me the running bug and as a consequence I started regular training. I joined GVS in the December of 1994 and like so many others it was this that introduced me to off-road running. Having said this, although I trained off-road with the Striders it was the half mara-





Phil and Sarah

thons and marathons that still attracted me. For the next few years they were the focus of my training.

By about 1997 I started to pay more attention to fell races and the switch from road

to predominantly fell was complete. I remember at about this time Peter Hill giving fellow club members an account of his recent Edale Skyline run and I found myself thinking of running it one day.

I continued to train and by early 2003 was becoming more confident with my fell running. Despite running the London Marathon a few times and completing the High Peak 40, I thought, at the time, that the Skyline was outside my reach.

As many will know, in 2004 I thought my running days were numbered. Out of the blue I was rushed into Macclesfield hospital and spent three weeks in their Coronary Care unit suffering with

a Pericarditis. It was not this that threatened my running, but the diagnosis of a Hypertrophic Cardiomyopathy that followed. As a result of this I spent 2 years doing no physical exercise and piling on 1½ stones in weight; something to this day I have not managed to shift! After the 2 year lay-off my consultant gave me the go ahead to do some “light running” up to 30 minutes. With the Beta Blockers I was taking (and still do) this made things very difficult.

Although I started running again I could never sustain exercise for a long period without getting injured. Ask any club member and they’ll tell you how I’d appear for training one week and then disappear for the next six. Between 2004 and 2009 my running was hit and miss and my annual mileage struggled to climb into the hundreds (prior to 2004 I’d regularly run 2,000 - 3,000 a year). During this period I’d resigned myself to the fact that I’d never

race again, meaning the Edale Skyline would remain nothing more than a dream.

Things changed for me in January 2010. My medical condition was still the same but over the previous four months I had decided to increase my training. From that initial green light I got in 2006, saying I could jog for 30 minutes, I’ve always run more than I was told. I prefer to listen to my own body and do what I think is right for me rather than let somebody tell me! Training was going well and I felt I had a good foundation to “up” my training.

However, I then got another calf injury, only this was the mother-of-all-injuries. I decided to take a complete break and consult a Physiotherapist. The result was a large invoice from the Physio and a further 5 months without running. It was however what I needed (the rest not the invoice!)

By May 2010 my injuries had completely gone and I began to start training again but this time with renewed hope. By July I was rejoining the Bullock Smithy with the rest of the club and had managed at least one 30-miler. A bad fall on one of the recces at the beginning of August however set me back, and I didn’t run for a further month until the day of the

Bullock Smithy!

On the day of the Bullock I arrived home from my holiday in Portugal in the late afternoon and after gathering a few bits and pieces went to Earl Sterndale to meet Philomena at 7:00pm. I’d arranged to run the last 25 miles with Phil as support but was secretly concerned about my ability and the thought of Philomena having to support me!

Apart from being very tired all went well with the Bullock episode and as a result of this I decided to run the High Peak 40 two weeks later.



Neil



Carolyn

This race also went well, and at times, although I was completely knackered, I actually enjoyed it. Completing events like the Bullock or the High Peak 40 does make you feel invincible and you start to think about all sorts of challenges; mine was the re-kindled thought that I might have a go at the Edale Skyline.

It's now November 2010 and a quick look at the FRA forum revealed a thread on the Edale Skyline. Quite simply it said something along the lines of 'entries are now open'. I decided to enter.

I suppose this is where my 2011 Edale Skyline story truly starts. I recced the Mam Nick to Brown Knoll a few times by myself by getting dropped off and running back home. I then had a couple of further recces with the club around the first half. The next recce was the most eventful. It was the day in early January when James Small, a runner who came running with the club for the first time, slipped at the start of the run and broke his ankle in 3 places. He's on the mend now, but the fall left him £3,000 out of pocket as he had entered and paid for the Marathon des Sables in March! We ended up abandoning the recce that day.

A few weeks later and on a very snowy, cold and foggy day I decided to recce the 1st half by myself. The day before Karl had done the same but gone off course; he ended up running for around 6 hours. I'd pulled his leg a bit for this but ended up doing something very similar myself and ended being out for over 4 hours ...



what goes around comes around ... lesson learned!

Two weeks before the race was the 21-mile Grindleford Gallop and I ran around with Karl. I'd really enjoyed the event and Karl's company



on the day and it had given us the opportunity to talk about the forthcoming Skyline. I'd sensed that Karl was feeling a bit down about the Skyline because of the worry he had about reaching the half-way cut-off in 2:30. We agreed that we would recce the 1st half again the following week (1 week before the race) and I'd try to pace him round in the required 2:30. This we did and although we just missed out, Karl did make it in 2:37; his confidence grew as he knew he

wouldn't need to carry the ½ hundred weight in his rucksack on the race that he was doing on his recces ... he was right!

Finally the day of the race arrived. I travelled with Phil and Karl; we got there early to claim a parking space near registration. On the way we dropped some drinks off at Mam Nick so we could refuel at the half-way point. This proved to be a good decision as the conditions on race day were fairly warm.

It was a great turn-out by the Striders and many of us mulled about at registration and started to exchange the usual pre-race amble.

The start is a 10 minute walk or so from registration. On the way to the start I bumped into a runner, Mike Kendall from Wootton Road Runners in Northampton. I met Mike several weeks earlier as part of a regional project I am involved in through work.

We had got talking about running and he revealed he was taking part in the Skyline this year for the second time. We've met a few times since and talked about our training and I suppose built up a small amount of rivalry. The chance encounter on the day enabled us to make our pre-race excuses!

The start was too steep for me and I soon found myself near the back. On reaching the top of Ringing Roger a quick glance behind



showed that there was only 15 or so people out of the 300 runners behind me. I wasn't concerned but races do play funny tricks on your mind and even this early in the race I felt the urge to push on. Across the top of Kinder to Crookstone I passed a few fellow Striders. In hindsight I probably pushed too early here and it wasn't really necessary. I passed Karl near to Crookstone and it was good to see he was well up on the previous week's recce time.

Coming off Crookstone I met Clare Griffin and we ran along together for the next 20 minutes or so. Clare used her stronger climbing ability to pull away on the climb to Win Hill. At this point I was also joined and passed by Shaun Coram. There is a big descent from Win Hill to Hope and if there is one thing I like it's a good descent. I was again able to consolidate my position here and re-passed Clare and Shaun.

The climb up to Lose Hill was the worst part of the race for me. I was totally knackered. I'd had a bit of a cold the week before and that, coupled with the previous week's recce, started to take its toll. Streams of people came past me; first Clare, then Shaun, then Pete Woodhead and then Mike Kendal ... and many, many more whose names I don't know. I struggled on though and by the time I got to Mam Nick was well within the cut-off time at 2:13.

I walked from Mam Nick to Lords Seat and was, by this time, feeling a bit sorry for myself. I soon got going again though and by the first sheepfold on the way to Brown Knoll managed to catch up with Shaun. Like me Shaun was not at his best and we both agreed to run together, helping each other through the pain ... the ball of my right foot was killing by this point from all the stony paths.

It was a hard slog to Brown Knoll. Although the conditions were good the ground here is very boggy and it can be like running with suction pads on your feet. Reading some of the accounts of this section from other Striders on the club forum, there were one or two eventful moments.

After Brown Knoll we got into a plod and ground out the miles. At one point I felt as though I was leading a parade across the top towards Grindsbrook. There was about six of us running in a line with me leading ... when I ran, they ran ... when I walked, they walked ... and so it went on, very bizarre.

The last 1½ miles were quite fast. We decided to push and try to get under the 4:25 barrier. That would be a record for Shaun. In the end we missed out by a few seconds but to be honest I

was just glad of the finish.

Well there you have it. It started back in 1993 and eventually after 18 years I eventually ran the Edale Skyline. I was hoping to get around in less than 4 hours but that just wasn't to be. Having said that, I'm just very happy that I completed the race and achieved one of my running goals.

What's the moral of this story then? Well, I suppose it is that no matter what life throws at you still hold onto those dreams. You never know, one day they might just come true!

Despite my post race mutter, I'm already looking forward to next year!

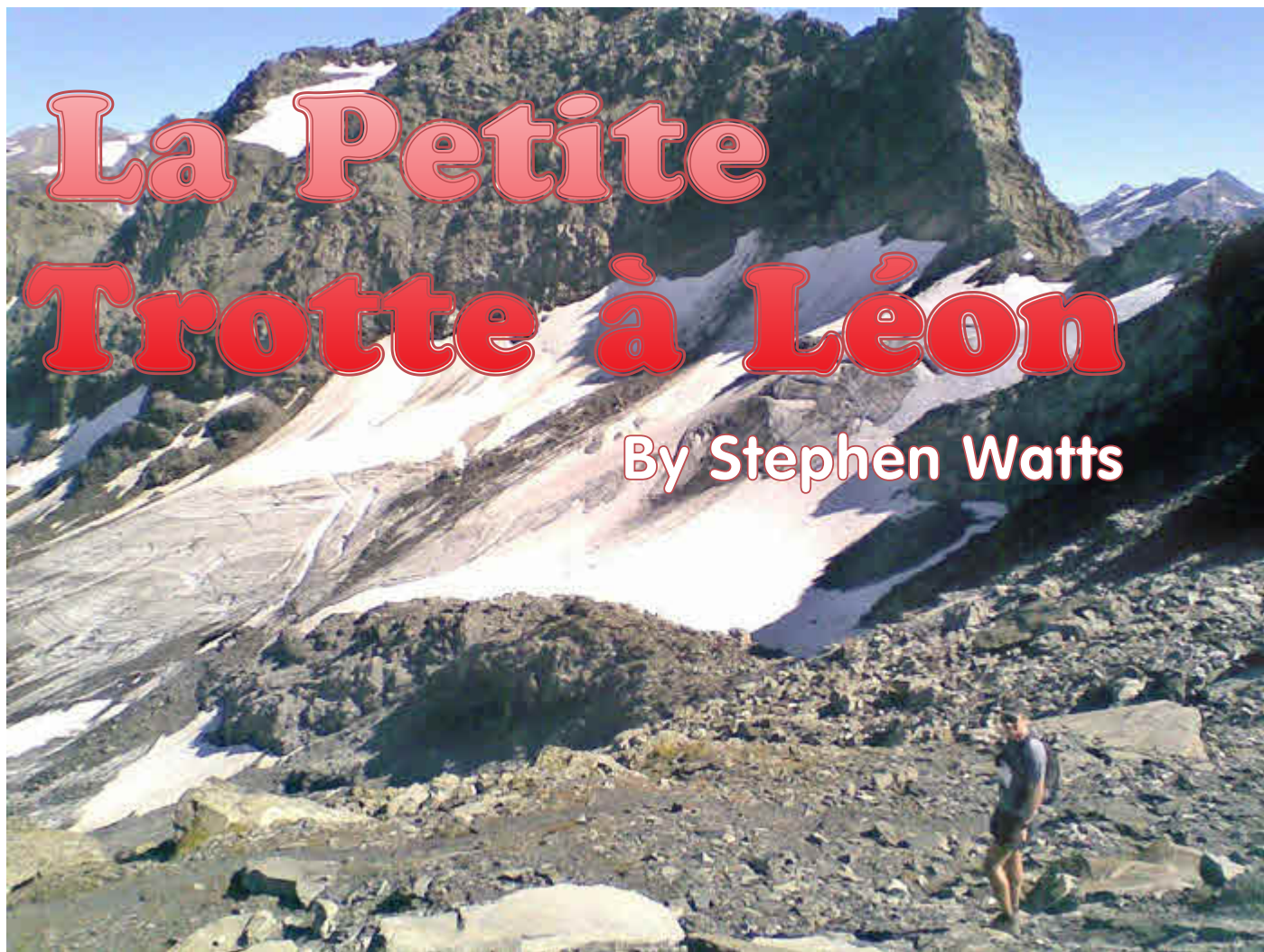


Clare



Nutters

Neil Pettie	03:14:16
Peter Woodhead	04:06:20
Brian Holland	04:06:24
Clare Griffin	04:09:43
Mark Whelan	04:25:49
Shaun Coram	04:25:51
Carolyn Whittle	04:32:13
Katy Thornhill	04:34:10
Philomena Smith	04:47:16
Sarah Bull	04:47:16
Karl Smith	04:48:21



The first edition of the La Petite Trotte à Léon in 2008 had been a fantastic and unforgettable experience but, without doubt, a once-in-a-lifetime challenge that should never be repeated. So at 10pm on Tuesday the 24th August 2010, what was I doing with Stephen Pyke and Digby Harris making my way briskly towards the start line in the centre of Chamonix?

La Petite Trotte à Léon was first introduced to the North Face Ultra Trail du Mont Blanc – UTMB – series of races as a non-competitive event for teams of three. The route, which varies from year to year, is around 240km with 18,000m of ascent and descent, generally on little used paths that circumvent Mont Blanc. The route traverses much steeper and more rugged terrain than the traditional TMB route with a considerable part above 2,500m and occasionally over 3,000m. The fixed course has no official check points but each team's

progress is monitored by a GPS tracking device.

To those who know us, it will come of no surprise to learn that Flipper's Gang was late for the start. By the time we arrived at the start line the route ahead was completely blocked by supporters who had closed in behind the departing teams. Eventually, someone saw us trying to push our way through and started to applaud. Almost immediately, the crowd parted, to cheers of "bon courage", to reveal a clear route leading out of Chamonix. The atmosphere was electric and uniquely French. Onwards we jogged towards Les Houches and the first climb over Col de Voza.

As I discovered in 2008, you eat your way round the PTL, so the first stop at Refuge Trela-Tete was eagerly awaited. Unfortunately, disappointment soon set in when we realised that only soup and coffee were available. After a short stop we continued passing La Balme before climbing over the Col d'Enclave in the breaking dawn and descending the grassy meadows to the Refuge Les Mottets. A breakfast of dry bread and jam and hot chocolate

drove us on over Col de l'Ouillon, into Italy and towards the Col de Petit St Bernard where we knew we would find our next meal. Onward we continued into the afternoon heat as we traversed the rocky ridge of Mont Valezan. With 66km covered, a number of supporters informed us that we were now "la Première Equipé".

The next destination and possibility of food and rest was the Refuge Defeyes. We arrived there just before dusk, about 22 hours from the start but only 81km covered. After more soup and pasta we decided on a few hours' sleep. So just after midnight, and another breakfast of dry bread and jam, we set off on the climb through the dark to the Pass de Panaval at 3,010m. A permanent snow field on the east side had been partially protected with the aid of a fixed 150m rope but the hard packed snow continued to descend steeply for a further 600m from the end of the rope. The descent was interesting, but we survived without a fall and the inevitable long slide down to the rocks below. During the long trackless descent that followed we made a slight navigational error (mistakenly trusting the GPS rather than the map), and were caught by the two French teams who we would see regularly from thereon.

Morgex in Vallee d'Aoste (108 km) was the next target and here we were reunited with our drop bags and able to take a shower and eat some more pasta.

The early morning Italian heat was now intense as we climbed the 1,600m to Col Fetita and on to Col de Citrin before the long grassy descent to what we hoped would be another meal at Saint Oyen. We were again to be disappointed. The small bar marked on the route description was not serving meals and indeed seemed totally unaware of the PTL. We tried our best pleading puppy dog looks and the owner rustled up some bread, cheese and coffee for three together with a bill for 40 Euros.

Four hours later we had crossed the Col de Barasson and arrived at the hospice Grand Saint Bernard. I am sure the fussing monk meant well as he rearranged our plates and cutlery countless times as we tried to eat plates of dry pasta and a giant block of hard Swiss cheese but irritation can creep in after 48 hours without much sleep. We were tired, so the plan was hatched that we get a few hours' sleep and then make a final dash for the finish line which was now only 100km away.

At 2am we were traversing the ridge of the Pointe de Drone at 2,950m. Think Crib Goch with wire ropes, metal hand rails and staples. The situation was simply awesome with nothing comparable on the UTMB. Unfortunately,

we weren't alone. The two French teams had set off just before us and we deliberately let them pull ahead; it was far too soon to start racing. We pressed on through the night dropping down to Bourg St-Pierre for a second breakfast of pasta and sauce and a brief reuniting with our drop bags.

It was quite evident by now that the weather was closing in; the cloud level had suddenly dropped to about 2,000m and almost as soon as we started our next climb of some 1400m to Col de Lane at 3,000m, it started to rain. One of the two French teams, Les Chameaux Volants was now about 40 minutes ahead whilst the other team seemed to race us out of Bourg St-Pierre. We now pressed on knowing that we could ascend faster than almost every other team and quickly left behind the French team, who were worrying about the weather and snow which they anticipated above 2,500m. There was no snow but plenty of rain. Stopping a few hundred metres below the Col de Lane, we put on all our remaining clothes whilst a sudden flash of lightning struck the ridge just ahead. We were used to the rain and carried on regardless. After a few hours the skies started to clear to warm sunshine as we scrambled along the rocky ridge of Mont Rogueux before the

Spyke and me on route on day 1



2,300m descent to La Douay which is in the valley below Champex. On the descent we unexpectedly came across teams we had not seen for almost two days and soon we learned that teams were being diverted to a bad weather route.

We were now on the home straight, albeit 50 km to go. First we had to tackle the 1800m climb to the Fenetre d'Arpette. The route took us to the centre of Champex where we were able to stop at the runners' aid station for the UTMB and the CCC for food and paracetamol. The CCC was now in full flow, but as we entered the marquee the heavens opened. According to the organisers, there were now only two teams that had not taken the bad weather alternative routes.

We made good steady progress up through the boulder field towards the Fenetre that was just visible in the gloom and intermittent rain. Torches came out for the fourth night just before we reached the Col. The descent was brisk as we chatted to the two Flying Camels, perhaps too brisk as it later proved. Before crossing the river at Châlet du Glacier we stopped briefly to eat and wished the Camels 'Bon Courage' as they continued ahead. Les Chameaux Volants was clearly a very strong team and we felt slightly deflated as they trotted off into the dark, but nothing was said.

We battled through the rain eventually reaching the Col de Balme. Digby was now clearly tired and had a complete sense-of-humour failure as we zig-zagged back and forth in what can only be described as ever decreasing circles. We were however bang on course and eventually started to descend to Tre le Champ and the start of the final climb. However, as we started to descend, Digby started to complain that his quad was agony. Spyke and I were sure that it was only a spasm but it turned out that he had torn the quad muscle. Eventually during the slow descent, he decided he couldn't face an-

other 1,200m descent and so Digby was ready to retire at the road crossing. Fortunately, retiring at 2am was logistically difficult and with only slight persuasion he decided to "give it a go". Steady progress was made up through a variety of Via Ferrata, not difficult but the three of us were definitely swaying around, simply through tiredness. Caffeinated gels were having no effect.

At la Tete aux Vents we again met the stream of CCC runners. The going was certainly wet and the rivers were in spate but we made steady progress towards Flegere, stopping only briefly to inspect Digby's shoe and foot when he felt the sole of his shoe split in half. Watching him remove his shoe and sock, Spyke reassuringly pointed out that it was OK, it was only his foot that had split open.

In Digby's words the final descent into Chamonix was "horrendous", but at 6.20am we crossed the finish line, to the applause of a small number of supporters. A total of 80 hours 20 minutes.

It is a truly awesome event with su-

perb views every step of the way although no photographs exist after Digby's phone became waterlogged. The route constantly varies but it is always remote and rugged. The event unfortunately is somewhat over shadowed by the main UTMB event, but if run individually would clearly be a French classic. I cannot think of a better way to spend 3½ days of intense activity in the superb company of two friends. But would I do it again? Well not yet anyway.

POSTSCRIPT

The next day we learnt that we had been the first team to complete the full course of the PTL 2010. The Flying Camels had been overwhelmed by the weather at Col de Balme and arrived some 2 hours after us. Digby was the proud owner of a new pair of crutches and heavily bandaged feet whilst Spyke couldn't resist the opportunity for a run!



L-R Digby, me and Spyke at the finish line of the PTL

Kitchiri

By Claire Elsworth

Fed up with eating tonnes of pasta before a race? This Indian dish which inspired Kedgeree is seriously yummy and contains lots of carbs & protein.

Serves 4

115g Green or red lentils
1 Onion chopped
1 Garlic clove crushed
4 tbsp butter or ghee
2 tbsp sunflower oil
225g easy cook basmati rice
2 tsp ground coriander seeds
2 tsp cumin seeds
2 cloves
3 cardamom pods
2 bay leaves
1 stick cinnamon
1 litre stock
2 tbsp tomato puree
salt and ground black pepper
3 tbsp fresh coriander or parsley chopped



1. Cover lentils with boiling water and soak for 30 mins. Drain and boil in fresh water for 10 mins. Drain and set aside. (If using non soak lentils follow instructions on packet).
2. Heat butter (or ghee) and oil in a large saucepan and fry onion and garlic until soft.
3. Add rice, stir well to coat the grains then stir in the spices. Cook gently for a minute or so.
4. Add the lentils, stock, tomato puree and seasoning. Bring to the boil, cover and simmer for 20 mins until the stock is absorbed and the lentils and rice are soft.
5. Stir in the coriander or parsley and check seasoning. Remove cinnamon stick and bay leaf. Serve hot but also nice cold.

New Club Event

I'm arranging a new club event which will be called the 'Sting in the Tale 5' and will take place on Friday 6th May 2011. It will be run similar to Terry's Race where members run without a watch and are given prizes for the nearest to their estimated time.

There will be additional prizes for the fastest, 1st V40, 1st V50, 1st V60 and 1st FV40, 1st FV50, 1st FV60. There will also be a prize for the fastest male/female pair. There will be more information on these randomly drawn partnerships on the night!

The race starts at the Goyt's Lane car Park in the Goyt Valley; top of Long Hill, turn for the Goyt Valley and it the small car park near the pond at the top.

The event will start from 6:00pm, with the last allotted run time at 7:45pm.

It will be a marked course and will be suitable for all club members.

I'd appreciate an idea of who is coming so that I can make the necessary arrangements.

Maps in advance are available on request.

Mark Whelan
Secretary

markwhelan@btinternet.com

Grindleford Gallop (Re-Run)

Had another crack at the GG (21 miles, off-road, 3000+ feet ascent) yesterday. After last year's pleasing performance I thought I'd be able to break that time, hopefully cracking the 3 hour barrier, but apparently it takes a little more than hope to pull that off.

The weather was an exact repeat of last year where it was cold enough to think about putting on an extra or warmer layer but then turned out sunny. Fortunately, I guessed right as I went for the t-shirt under club vest instead of the Helly. I didn't go for the club coloured shorts which caused so much mirth last year. I was in stealth mode (all black) apart from the club vest.

There was a good club turn out again of some 20 runners, with this being a club championship event.

There were some notable exceptions though with Andy (last year's outright GG winner) having to work, Neil (last year's club champion) not able to make it and Julian (Duracell bunny) also not in.

After getting held up in the bottlenecks near the start last year I made sure I was near the front this year. Even so, Al (running as a very poorly disguised Mat) took off like a bat out of hell (clearly too much London Marathon training under his belt). Pete D soon overhauled me after a mile and they soon disappeared over the first hill up to Eyam.

I thought I'd be stronger on the hills this year but was soon reduced to a walk as the stronger runners overtook me. As usual I retook some of them going down into Eyam but the old free-wheeling downhill technique has well and tru-

ly deserted me after my major face plant last April.

This year I used a different feeding strategy. I carried a 500ml bottle but instead of isotonic drink I started with 500ml of energy drink. I also decided not to stop and top up at the checkpoints. As with last year there were three drink stations, the latter two of which were also cake stations. I had half a plastic cup of orange juice at each of them and took a piece of cake from both cake stalls which I ate while walking up to Ball Cross and Baslow Edge respectively. I also popped the

Grindleford Gallop Race Report

By Mick Wren



occasional glucose tablet. I'm not sure this was enough. Especially on the fluids.

Most of the walkers this year were very good, opening gates and waiting at stiles etc but I had a few cases of them blocking the route which brought out the trail rage in me. I admit to expressing a few expletives in their

direction.

I think one or two bad words also slipped out as I slipped on one of the stiles and skinned my shin on the rock step on the way up to Longstone Moor.

Looking at last year's splits if I was to get anywhere near 3 hours I'd have to get to the third checkpoint (Longstone Moor) inside 1:05 and the sixth (Baslow) inside 2:10. I managed the first (just, at 1:04:46) but failed the second (2:17:42), largely due to having trouble on my downhills. I used to rely on them to make up ground but I really struggled this time with achey quads and a sore (only downhill) left



(c)2011 Caz Whittle

knee. Instead of racing down the lovely grass slope to Edensor I tottered down like an old man (yes, I have looked in the mirror recently).

So, down through the lovely Edensor and into Chatsworth House grounds. I remember running out of steam on this section last year but I found I was OK this time. I could see the runners in front of me and one of them was getting overhauled by the others. As I approached him I suddenly realised it was Pete. I wasn't expecting to see him again, although he had cycled from Whaley Bridge over to the start of the race so it was all beginning to tell in his legs. (He cycled back after the race as well.) I offered him a glucose tablet and we went through the spinning gate at Baslow together. That was the last I saw of him until the end but I was fully expecting him to pass me as I struggled over the last leg.

The run along the edges was a little shorter than I remembered it but the run through the trees coming off Froggat Edge went on forever.

Then it was down the rocky path through the trees where I lost a good minute or two. I nearly came a cropper on this path as I clipped a rock and tripped myself up (Pete saw a runner who did fall being seen to by some walkers and I saw him by the ambulance at the finish later.) Safely reached the bottom, past the car park, over the bridge then finished (a good ten yards shorter than last year).

My splits show that I was up on last year (by a whole 19 seconds) at checkpoint 4 but gradually lost time over the next few sections ending up three and a half minutes slower. All in all not too disappointed considering that the evening before I thought I might have to pull out due to a severe pain in my right side (suspect it was my bad kidney) which didn't disappear until I started the race. I also think I allowed myself to become severely dehydrated which wouldn't have helped especially in those final sections.

In terms of preparation for the Lakeland 100 I'm quite pleased with my level of fitness considering that I've been concentrating on core and short sharp stuff so far. I was even able to go for a run over the Chilterns with the dog at 8 this morning. Need to get some more miles in though.

The rest of my clubmates put in some great performances with many breaking previous bests and others finishing their first attempts.

Notable amongst these was an amazing 3:29 from Katy (last years Ladies club champion). There's been some serious training going on over in Whaley Bridge. . .

GVS Results:

- 1st Alistair Fitzgerald (40 pts) 3:06
- 2nd Mick Wren (39 pts) 3:12
- 3rd Peter Davis (38 pts) 3:21
- 4th Katy Thornhill (37 pts) 3:29
- 5th Ian Waddell (36 pts) 3:35
- 6th Clare griffin (35 pts) 3:36
- 7th Paul Hunt (34 pts) 3:41
- 8th Sarah Bull (33 pts) 3:43
- 9th Philomena Smith (32 pts) 3:44
- 10th Carolyn Whittle (31 pts) 3:52
- 11th Mark Whelan (30 pts) 4:04
- 12th Stuart Shaw (29 pts) 4:09
- 13th Sally Smith (28 pts) 4:11
- 14th Karl Smith (27 pts) 4:15
- 15th Tracy Vernon (26 pts) 4:16
- 16th Rebecca Clark (26 pts) 4:19
- 17th Stephen Sanders (26 pts) 4:38
- 18th Claire Elsworth (26 pts) 5:07
- 19th Mary Jones (26 pts) 5:07
- 20th Melanie Watts (26 pts) 5:44

Tuesday Away Days

Following a few discussions it has been decided that the last Tuesday evening in every month during the summer training session will be designated an 'Away Day' event. Members of the committee will take it in turns at leading a route. The start/finish will be near a pub

Provisional details are as follows:

<u>Date</u>	<u>Lead</u>	<u>Area</u>
April 26 th	Mark Whelan	Bollington
May 24 th	Sally Hunter	Rowarth
June 28 th	C Barstow/S Bull	Buxton
Jul 26 th	Phil/Karl Smith	Earl Sterndale
August 30 th	Steve Berry	Hayfield

Keep an eye on the club forum for more details are contact the lead for each event.

Mark

Strollers Step Out

by Lesley Sutton and Helen Gray

The Strollers are a busy bunch and whilst we may not always be as speedy as we would like, we still like a little competitive edge to our running.

Lesley Sutton and Helen Gray have run a couple of races over the winter season and would like to offer you our personal perspective on them.



Hit the Trail

Hit the Trail is a 5 mile race around Reddish Vale in Stockport, organised by Belle Vue Racers. Helen was interested in this race as she had often run around the Vale country park whilst her son Edward had basketball training at the nearby Reddish Ball Hall. It took place on the 5th of January 2011 and Sally Hunter, Lesley Sutton, Tracy Vernon and Helen Gray all entered.

Registration took place at the Carousel on the Reddish Road. There were 200 or so entrants, many from Manchester clubs. The race began on Tiviot way, opposite the big Tesco and wound around on the paths and tracks that lead along beside the river Tame heading towards Reddish. It follows part of the track of a disused railway and the tracks are pleasantly wide and clear. It is surprising to find that there is so much wooded and open land in such an urban area; sunny Brinnington is just a few minutes away and the motorway can be heard but not seen.

The start was rather narrow and rather muddy at the edges of the pathway but we all set a good pace and were surprised to pass a few runners one of whom was a senior gentlemen but we could see that he was very fit and athletic. A thought entered our minds - was this THE Ron Hill? We put the thought out of our minds and dug in, spraying mud all over him.

The route became much more countrified and a pleasant time was had by all. The finish was a rather tiring uphill slog but worth the prize of a jaffa cake, a cup of water and a lovely slate coaster which we later noticed said "Hit the Trail 2010"! We would like to confirm at this point that Tracy did in fact run this race in 2011, adding to her tally for 50 at 50!

At the finish we found out that Ron Hill had been running and we were quite in awe! Sorry about the mud! Still, he's not short of spare clothing.

A big thank you to Belle Vue Racers for a well organised and marshalled race!

Buoyed by our efforts we decide to run in the Meltham 10k. . . . Hmmm.

Meltham 10K

We knew nothing at all about this race beforehand except that it was 10k and in Meltham. That was good because otherwise we would have pretended to have had things to do and not gone there. What a pretty place Meltham is, up in t'hills near Huddersfield. We passed Meltham Abbey on the way and many other lovely sights. But oh dear, Meltham is not just hilly. It is not even rolling. It is positively mountainous.

After a year of entering races, the thrill of pride at wearing the GVS vest has not yet worn off and pre-race nerves still make us a bit wobbly. Helen recommends her patent pre-

race cocktail of legal performance enhancing drugs: Ibuprofen for dodgy ankle, Omeprazole for acid reflux and Immodium for the nether regions.

The cozy sports club at Meltham was packed pre-race and the queue for facilities was long. We were both quite overcome when Ron Hill said "good morning" - did he recognise us from the Stockport "Hit the Trail"?

The weather was rather chilly and there were a few flakes of snow in the air as we started. We set off from the road outside the sports club and went UP and UP and UP. Even the downhill bits were up. The run was all on road and not traffic-free. Helen kept a steady dogged pace with speedy Lesley and Clare Elsworth ahead and Tracy Vernon in sight. Tony Whittle, the token male Stroller, was close behind Helen most of the way. At least his shoe laces didn't keep coming undone this time.

It was like the retreat from Stalingrad, with long columns of runners snaking up the hills ahead of us. Helen must admit to feeling rather dispirited when she was overtaken by a geriatric from Denby Dale. A very large chappie from Sheffield built like a rugby fullback was running just ahead of Helen. He was wearing tight red satin shorts and the view of his undulating buttocks was quite mesmerising for a few miles.

Towards the 4 mile mark Helen's foot began to hurt badly. She had her trusty New Balance on but had worn some new socks which rubbed the inside of her foot giving her an impressive blister to show the kids.

The end of the run was a massive 1 mile descent from the tops into the town. Helen passed the time pounding downhill thinking about the casserole she was going to make for dinner to take her mind of my sore foot.

As we approached the end, we mistakenly thought that it was going to be back in the sports club where it began but no, it was up another bloody hill and round a corner. Lesley was so convinced that the sports club was the finish that she stopped dead at the corner and only began to run again when the young gal behind her begged her to keep running!

Still, we made good enough times to please us: Lesley in a very credit-worthy 55:19 and Helen in 57:55. Will we go back next year? Only if we have gone mental!

Whaley Bridge Water Weekend

THANK you to everyone who has donated towards the Tombola stall. However I still need more stuff, a few have said they have some at home but have not yet given it to me. I would be grateful if you could do this as soon as possible.

The types of things I have already been given are torches, candles wine, toiletries, handbags, scarf and so much more

The Tombola will be held on the Whaley Bridge Water Weekend, June 11th and 12th.

The aim is to raise the profile of the club in the area and hopefully gain a few more members or just encourage others to run and keep fit.

I am also looking for volunteers to help out on the two days. We can work shifts between us, please let me know your availability. 01663 719251 or text me on 07885208835.

Whaley Waltz June 25th

HASN'T that year gone quickly? It is now time for me to remind you of the best short race ever - The Whaley Waltz . . .

I have requested good weather for this year with lots of rain the few days before to fill the river Goyt.

I hope that you have put this in your diaries as runners and as marshals.

Please ask family and friends if they are able to help with the marshalling therefore more of you can run.

If you are planning on doing this race get your entries in early.

Whaley Watz BBQ

THE traditional Whaley Waltz BBQ this year will be at Claire Barstow's farm, just across the road from Windgather Rocks. We are planning The Whaley Picnic.

The idea is the Club will supply a table of salads, bread, etc. and you bring your meat with you to cook on the BBQ provided. I am researching some music with a caller for barn dancing.

There will be further details about this next month some time.

Does anyone own a marquee???

Philomena



A few months ago I was running along the towpath out of Whaley Bridge, heading for Buxworth. I wanted to do a slightly shorter run than usual as I had the Rochdale 5k the following day and didn't want to overdo it.

Yes, I know what you're all thinking (because teachers know everything), but at least nowadays I will turn up for training runs on Saturdays when I have a race the following day – a year or two ago, a Sunday race was an excuse not to have to run the day before. See how dedicated I've become . . . and it's all thanks to GVS (Alleluia and Amen).

So, there I was, pounding along at my usual stately pace (i.e. anyone else's brisk walk), when I passed an elderly man dressed in shorts and hiking boots, carrying the most enormous pack on his shoulders. Wearing running kit must make me extra-friendly because I don't think I've ever said "Morning" to so many people as when out running.

When I greeted this man as I passed him, he called out, "How's the running going, then?"

Needing no excuse not to stop for a breather, I stopped and replied, "Oh, not too bad, you know."

"Have you just started running?" he asked.

"Well, you might not think it to look at me," I returned merrily, "but actually I've been run-

ning about two and a half years now." Fortunately, I don't take offence easily where my running physique is concerned and there was certainly no malice intended. Not with such twinkly eyes and white beard.

The old gentleman then began to tell me how he used to be a runner and had done races of all types of distances, that he'd had to stop in recent years because he'd been flooded out of his house in the Lake District and had moved to Derbyshire. "I stopped doing races at 77 and I'm 83 now."

I asked him did he do any running at all now (which wasn't such a daft question as some might think, because you do see runners of all ages at events and races).

"No, I do my walking now. I'm off to Hayfield for the day," and before he went, he told me to keep up my running and wished me luck.

And the moral of the story? None, really, except that you never know who you'll meet when out and about and that lots of people have interesting stories to tell.

G is also for Socialising is Good For You

At GVS we believe in getting together to share running-type experiences with other like-minded people, or alternatively those who are squashed into a corner of the pub or restaurant and so can't escape the waffle – it needn't even matter in some cases if they are not of the running fraternity. This is known as a captive audience and I have seen Kevin's eyes posi-

tively gleam at the sight of another victim to whom he can regale his latest story of vast distances and unconquered lands (okay, slight exaggeration, but I think you all know exactly what I mean).

I remember the time before I was a runner and I used to come along to the curry nights at Memories of India and listen to all the running chat going on around me. Did it make me want to start running? You must be joking! It always has (and still does) sound like tremendously hard work and effort. As I've said previously in another article ("A is for Actually Getting Started"), people were very kind and invariably asked me, "Do you run, Jackie?", to try to include me. In fact, people were always very nice when I turned up

What made me start running? That's a subject for another article (unless large bribes are received).

I do enjoy the club social events, whether they're at the Goyt Inn, The Shepherds, Safron or more recently Chapel Golf Club or the Moorside. It's always good to get together, see people in proper clothes, catch up with folk not seen for a while and generally have a good time.

The first AGM I came along to was held at the Hanging Gate (cheerful name) and was in quite a dark room upstairs. I would conservatively estimate there were about 15 people present and I'm not even certain Kevin was a member of the club at that point.

What a contrast to our AGMs in recent years. The turn-out and membership overall have increased dramatically and the club has grown in all ways ("It's all good." Name the company. "I liked it so much, I bought the company!" Name the person. I'd better stop this now, before it gets out of hand.)

The most recent get-together was in Bella's on Saturday, after the Strollers' morning run. Numerous cups of coffee and tea were quaffed, bacon, sausage and egg rolls were consumed with great enthusiasm. We talked about (amongst other things) running shoes and races. But it was the getting together that was the best bit. Thanks, guys.

Quote Answers:

"It's all good." McCain's
Victor Kiam

Jackie's Races Update

In actual fact, no races on the horizon – I am bereft! This is because I can't do the Cheddleton 2 mile race this year (actually, last year now) because it's my school's Christmas do the night before and as all runners know, alcohol and a good time come first. So there.

I am disappointed though, as Cheddleton was my first race so it has a special place in my heart. Do you remember your first race? Subject for an article there, someone.

Memberships

Memberships are now overdue for 2011. Please note that membership's run from January to December each year.

If you joined the club between 1st September 2010 and 31st December 2010, then your membership is rolled over for 2011. If you were a member before then and have not paid your renewals then please do I as soon as possible. In April each year the club pays out in excess of £600 to UK Athletics in affiliation fees for members. If I have not received you membership by the end of April I will not register you. I will register people after this, but you will have to wait some time as I batch process! If you have not paid I have appended a note to this newsletter as a reminder. If you think you have paid then please let me know as it is possible we have made a mistake.

If you do not intend to renew your membership then please drop me an email so that I can withdraw you from the UK Athletics database and keep the club records up to date.

Mark Whelan
Secretary

markwhelan@btinternet.com or
enquiries@goytvalleystriders.org.uk

Crunchy Muesli By Claire Elsworth

Want some fuel food for brekky to get you going before a run? Try this energy packed muesli with slow burning carbs and healthy unsaturated fats. Also very nice mixed with yoghurt or fruit for a healthy snack.

200g porridge oats
250g mixed nuts and seeds (eg; flaked almonds, pecans, hazelnuts, pistachios, walnuts, pumpkin and sunflower seeds)
1/2 tsp cinnamon
1/2 tsp ground ginger
2 tbsp honey or maple syrup
2 tbsp sunflower oil
2 tbsp water
Optional 100g mixed dried fruit (eg: raisins, crystallised ginger, apricots, figs, chopped dates)



1. Preheat oven to 180°C/gas mark 4 (fan assisted lower temp slightly).
2. Mix together oats, nuts, seeds with the spices, honey, oil and water.
3. Spread the mixture evenly onto a large baking sheet.
4. Bake for 20 mins until golden brown, turn the mixture after 10 mins so it browns evenly.
5. Leave it to cool for 5 mins on the baking sheet so it crisps up a treat
6. Add dried fruit if using.
7. Store in an air tight container for up to 3 weeks*

*(It never lasts that long in my house as everyone scoffs the lot in a few days!)

You don't have to use all the nuts, seeds and dried fruits listed, experiment with different combinations to find what you like best.

Hash . . .

Just to let everybody know that there will be a Hash on 19th June at 10.30am from The Swan in Kettle-shulme.

If you haven't taken part in a Hash before, it is a social run marked out with a flour trail. It will be for all abilities with the front runners doing the route finding, allowing time for the rearguards to regroup, and everyone enjoying a drink in the pub afterwards. Don't panic, instructions will be given on the day! I anticipate it being approximately an hours run for everyone.

Please can we try and car share, so as not to take all the parking spaces in the pub itself. There is parking on Paddock Lane and Kish-field Lane.

Vanessa Chappell Fell Race . . .

The Vanessa Chappell will be held on the 25th May at 7.30pm at the Moorside Hotel.

We will be looking for people to assist with marshalling, the finish funnel, sweeping, drinks etc. So if you are free and not running please let Sarah or Clare know.

If you are fighting fit and want to have a go, it is entry only on the night, including soup and a roll.

We are also part of The Lyme Park Series this year. This includes the Vanessa Chappell, the Boars Head and the Kettleshulme Fell races.

There will be race winners and overall series winners. Anyone who completes the series will also get a prize.

Off Road Development Day - Teggs Nose, Macclesfield

By Mary Jones

On Saturday 7th April the Cheshire Athletics Network held an off-road development day at Teggs Nose Country park in Macclesfield. Keen for all the help I can get I decided to attend along with fellow GVS Helen Gray and Neil Pettie.

Helen and I decided we were representing the "all abilities" the course claimed to cater for.

The day started with a talk about kit from Tony Hulme of Running Bear in Alderley Edge. We all got to coo over the latest Inov8s and Montaine jackets.

The next session was a practical workshop in downhill technique. Apparently the key to successful down hill running is:

1. Relax the upper body, holding arms out at the sides (holding elbows bent leads to less flexibility meaning it becomes harder to avoid obstacles apparently).
2. Hold your eyeline about 4 paces ahead, your brain will process what you see by the time your feet reach it
3. Don't "mince". Big strides cover more distance!

We had a couple of practice sessions and then it was back to the classroom for some basic navigation skills with Nick Harris, an FRA coach from Rossendale.

This workshop was pitched at a very basic level although there were some very experienced fell runners there. We learnt the basics of map and compass reading and also found out what a re-entrant is (A small valley apparently). This was followed by a short practical session which saw us walking round some bamboo canes while holding a map. We were supposed to be practicing the skill of turning the map to face the direction we were looking in and using your thumb as a marker. Something my husband has always mocked me for when he's driving and I'm map-reading.

After this session the group split in to two for the run. A faster group headed out towards White Nancy and a slower group had a very pleasurable trot round Macclesfield Forest. It was a lovely early spring day and the views were incredible.

By the end of the run most of us were feeling pretty hungry so we headed back to Macclesfield Leisure Centre for baked potatoes and quiche. I had a brief chat with the Co-ordinator of the Cheshire Athletics Network, Vicky Huyton, who said that she hopes to repeat the day soon, along with shorter evening sessions covering theory such as nutrition. It was a good fun day and a great chance to meet other runners and share experiences. I'm not sure it improved my navigational skills though, on leaving the leisure centre I turned the wrong way and ended up in Prestbury.

For further information about future events contact Vicky at vicky.huyton@sportcheshire.org

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If you want to join The Striders or know anybody who wishes to join then complete the attached form and send it to the secretary.

GOYT VALLEY STRIDERS **MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION FORM**

<p>SURNAME</p> <div style="border: 1px solid black; height: 20px; width: 100%;"></div>	<p>SEX</p> <div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px; display: flex; align-items: center; justify-content: center;"> <div style="width: 15px; height: 15px; border: 1px solid black;"></div> <div style="width: 15px; height: 15px; border: 1px solid black;"></div> </div>
<p>FIRST NAME</p> <div style="border: 1px solid black; height: 20px; width: 100%;"></div>	<p>DATE OF BIRTH</p> <div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 100%; height: 20px; display: flex;"> <div style="width: 25%;"></div> <div style="width: 25%;"></div> <div style="width: 25%;"></div> <div style="width: 25%;"></div> </div>
<p>POSTAL ADDRESS</p> <div style="border: 1px solid black; height: 20px; width: 100%;"></div> <div style="border: 1px solid black; height: 20px; width: 100%;"></div>	
<p>TOWN</p> <div style="border: 1px solid black; height: 20px; width: 100%;"></div>	
<p>COUNTY</p> <div style="border: 1px solid black; height: 20px; width: 100%;"></div>	
<p>DAYTIME TELEPHONE (STD ESSENTIAL)</p> <div style="border: 1px solid black; height: 20px; width: 100%;"></div>	
<p>HOME TELEPHONE (STD ESSENTIAL)</p> <div style="border: 1px solid black; height: 20px; width: 100%;"></div>	

I fully understand that I shall train and race with Goyt Valley Striders running club entirely at my own risk, and that the organisers of Goyt Valley Striders running club are in no way responsible for any injury, illness or loss that I may suffer or any injury that I may cause during any activity connected with the club.

SIGNED:

DATED:

If under 16, signature of parent or guardian