

# The Strider



August  
2013

Newsletter of the Goyt Valley Striders



This edition:  
**Joss Naylor Lakeland Challenge**  
**Phil and Sarah Give Up (nearly)**  
**Life as a Runner's Daughter**  
**Championship Tables**  
Plus more!



# Diary Dates:

## **GVS Anniversary Club Run - Saturday 28th September @ 6pm**

A run of 5 miles (Route designed to be suitable for Intermediates - as fast or slow as you want to go) with shorter version for Social group. The route will be fully marked.

This will take place on Saturday 28th September at 6pm from the Navigation in Buxworth with drinks after.

All members welcome, FREE to enter, Just let me know if you are coming along. Kevin Day.

## **Marathon, Half Marathon and Fun Run - Saturday 5th October**

Help Needed. I need people to man the 4 checkpoints and other jobs around the Start /Finish and Registration Areas. Kevin Day

## **Tuesday Away Days**

September 24th - Bollington.

## **GVS 25th Birthday Party**

If you have not paid your remaining balance of £7.50 pp please can you do so!

Join us on the 19th October 2013 to celebrate 25yrs of the Goyt Valley Striders. We are celebrating at the Palace Hotel Buxton.

Pre drink - 3 Course Meal + coffee - Live Band - Free Raffle - Photographer.

Price just £17:50 per person. This is such a fantastic price as the Club have subsidised the cost.

There are only a limited number of places, so it will be based on who pays their deposit first. Cheques payable to Goyt Valley Striders (please write your name on the back of the cheque). Please say whether you are a vegetarian.

Send Cheques to:

Philomena Smith

132 Old Road,

Whaley Bridge,

High Peak,

SK23 7LA

Only A very few tickets still remain - don't get left out!



## **Up and coming races**

Sun 8th Sep 5.5m Padfield Plum Fair Scamper 1.15p

<http://www.ukresults.net/13sep.html#tameside>

Sun 15th Sep 3.8m Fit As A Butcher's Dog (Hope) 11am

<http://fellrunner.org.uk/races.php?id=2310>

Sat 21st Sep 5m Lantern Pike 2pm <http://fellrunner.org.uk/races.php?id=2265>

Sat 5th Oct 26.2m GVS Trail Marathon 9.30am

Sat 5th Oct 13.1m GVS Trail Half Marathon 9.30am

Sat 5th Oct 2m GVS Fun Run 9.45am

## Officers

**The Chairman:** Peter Hill  
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## Membership

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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](mailto:steve@steveberry.co.uk)  
Subject: GVS Newsletter



# 2013 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 60 points, the second 59 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 60 points, the second 59 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 60 points, the second 59 points and so on. An individual's best 5 races count towards their final total.

Club Championship Races for 2013 have been agreed as follows. The latest details of the races can be found on the website. Please note that some events are pre-entry and will fill up early.

## Main, Ladies and Vets Championship Races:

1	Trail	06-Jan	Sun	<b>Hit the Trail 5</b>	S
2	Fell	27-Jan	Sun	<b>Tigger Tor</b>	M
3	Fell	03-Feb	Sun	<b>Lads Leap</b>	S
4	Trail	09-Mar	Sat	<b>Grindleford Gallop (full)</b>	L
5	Trail	18-Apr	Thu	<b>Mobberley Round the Runway Race</b>	M
6	Trail	23-May	Thu	<b>Goyt Valley 10K</b>	L
7	Fell	07-Jun	Fri	<b>Castleton</b>	S
8	Fell	23-Jun	Sun	<b>Kinder Trog</b>	L
9	Road	07-Jul	Sun	<b>Chesterfield Spire 10</b>	M
10	Trail	17-Jul	Wed	<b>Macclesfield Forest 5</b>	S
11	Fell	03-Aug	Sat	<b>Teggs Nose</b>	M
12	Road	11-Aug	Sun	<b>Great Warford 10</b>	M
13	Fell	13-Oct	Sun	<b>Windgather</b>	L
14	Fell	27-Oct	Sun	<b>Passing Clouds</b>	M
15	Road	23-Nov	Sat	<b>Cheddleton 10K</b>	M
16	Trail	15-Dec	Sun	<b>Xmas Cracker</b>	M

## Summer Series:

1	Fell	17-Apr	<b>Herod Farm</b>
2	Fell	08-May	<b>Rainow</b>
3	Fell	29-May	<b>Kettleshulme</b>
4	Fell	05-Jun	<b>Boars Head</b>
5	Fell	26-Jun	<b>Hope Wakes</b>
6	Fell	07-Aug	<b>Cracken Edge</b>

## **Race Distances:**

**S = Short**

**M = Medium**

**L = Long**

## 2013 CHAMPIONSHIP

[illegible]

[illegible]

## 2013 LADIES CHAMPIONSHIP

[illegible]

## 2013 VETS CHAMPIONSHIP

[illegible]

## 2013 SUMMER FELL SERIES - FINAL TABLE

1	Lucas Jones	-	59	58	56	59	60	-	292
=2	Raj Maharjan	59	58	57	57	58	58	57	290
=2	Lee Grant	58	57	-	58	57	59	58	290
4	Matthew Simon	52	52	53	52	55	57	-	269
5	Paul Hunt	54	54	55	51	-	-	-	214
6	Neil Pettie	-	-	-	59	60	-	60	179
7	Oliver Radford	-	51	56	54	-	-	-	161
8	Mark Whelan	53	53	-	53	-	-	-	159
9	Emma-Jane Eaton	-	43	51	-	52	-	-	146
10	Helen Gray	-	45	-	44	-	-	52	141
11	Mark Richards	60	-	-	60	-	-	-	120
12	Pete Woodhead	-	56	60	-	-	-	-	116
13	Ben Jay	57	-	-	-	-	-	56	113
14	Mike Hudson	56	55	-	-	-	-	-	111
15	Stuart Barker	-	-	52	-	-	-	54	106
16	Sally Mitchell	-	49	-	-	-	56	-	105
17	Stephen Sanders	-	-	54	49	-	-	-	103
18	Sara Bull	-	50	-	50	-	-	-	100
19	Phil Smith	-	48	-	48	-	-	-	96
20	Barbara Hills	-	44	-	45	-	-	-	89
21	James Dean	-	60	-	-	-	-	-	60
22	Alex Elsworth	-	-	59	-	-	-	-	59
23	Steve Watts	-	-	-	-	-	-	59	59
24	Peter Davis	-	-	-	-	56	-	-	56
25	Kevin Day	55	-	-	-	-	-	-	55
26	Anthony Rodgers	-	-	-	55	-	-	-	55
27	Christine Bowen	-	-	-	-	-	55	-	55
28	Clare Griffin	-	-	-	-	-	-	55	55
29	Stuart Barker	-	-	-	-	54	-	-	54
30	Tracy Vernon	-	-	-	-	-	54	-	54
31	Pete Ambrose	-	-	-	-	-	54	-	54
32	Joanne Hobson	-	-	-	-	53	-	-	53
33	Paul Harris	-	-	-	-	-	-	53	53
34	Rebecca Glen	-	47	-	-	-	-	-	47
35	Sue Holland	-	-	-	47	-	-	-	47
36	Moiria Hunt	-	46	-	-	-	-	-	46
37	Kath Ward	-	-	-	46	-	-	-	46
38	Ruth Wilson	-	0	-	43	-	-	-	43





# A Grand Day Out

## Joss Naylor Lakeland Challenge

By Mick Wren

**L**ong distance running is essentially a lonely sport, especially so when you live 160 miles from where your running club is based. This is its nature and is usually perfectly fine. Occasionally however you do need to rely on others to support you in a particularly challenging run. This was the case with my attempt at the Joss Naylor Lakeland Challenge.

To quote the website:

"Increasingly regarded as an old man's Bob Graham, this route has become the benchmark challenge for the mature runner. It was inaugurated by Joss Naylor in 1990 as a fund-raising challenge to the over 50's. In addition to completing the route, successful contenders must raise at least £100 for a charity of their choice. Joss's challenge involves climbing 30 tops, crossing some 48 miles of mountain terrain and ascending nearly 17000 feet. The route starts in Pooley Bridge, Ullswater and finishes at Greendale Bridge, Wasdale. Each age group has a specific time limit varying between 12 and 24 hours with different times for men and women. There is no emphasis on record times and pacers are mandatory for safety reasons."

I'd agreed to have an attempt with my usual mountain marathon partner Dave Stephenson.

My plan to do an ultra marathon a month leading up to the UTMB meant that this should have been my June ultra but as fate would have it we couldn't find a mutually convenient date in June so settled on Saturday the 6th July. This was very fortunate as I had my 55th birthday on 28th June. This meant that I was in a higher age category for the event and was allowed an extra 3 hours to complete, giving me a total of 15 hours. Those 3 hours came in very handy.

So, with a date settled we could put out the word asking for support runners. Dave called on his club, Bingley Harriers and I on mine Goyt Valley Striders and soon had sufficient numbers to see us through the day. My band of happy GVS volunteers was Steve Hennessey, Al Fitzgerald, Mark Whelan and, after some last minute rearrangements, Paul Hunt. During the remaining weeks until J-Day various recces were made. Steve and Mark checked out leg 4, I went up to the Lakes for a few days but only managed to do the Rossett Pike to Bow Fell traverse and the descent off Great End due to having a lame dog to see to, and Steve went up again to check out leg 2. This last one was under the pretext of giving GVS ladies Phil Smith and Sarah Bull some navigation training and exposure to the Lakes prior to their Coast to Coast run. They were suitably impressed.

With 17,000 ft of ascent I knew this was really going to be a challenge for me. As much as I love the hills they don't love me in so far as I'm hopeless at getting up them at any sort of speed. I can predict my rough position in a fell race by how much ascent there is in it. It's a power/weight ratio thing. I have been working on increasing one and reducing the other but there's still work to do. Just to set the expectations of my support runners I sent them an email outlining this. It left them wondering why I was even trying if I couldn't get up the hills! Good job I didn't tell them about my dodgy knee and high blood pressure.

So, it was soon time to drive up to the Lakes and set up camp on Friday 5th July. We'd decided to set up base camp in the Park Foot campsite. I arrived first and set up my big 8-person tent and was busy preparing my drinks for the next day when Aly Raw of Bingley Harriers (along with Stan the world's quietest dog) turned up in her campervan which she parked by the tent for the weekend. Dave and two more Bingley runners Phil Knight and Brendon Georgeson turned up later. Phil was being 'loaned' to me to support on Leg 1 as he had recce'd it with Dave.

Looking at various blogs and forums the general consensus about the first mile or so of the route seems to be that cutting up through Park Foot is the way to go. I'd originally decided, thinking that the start was in the middle of the village, that the better route would be to follow the Lakeland 100 route through Pooley Bridge then up the road out onto the moor. When I realised that the start was actually on the bridge it looked that the Park Foot route was slightly shorter so decided to take that. However, after checking out the route through and out of the campsite I reverted to my original plan. The road route maybe a hundred yards or so longer but it is far simpler with only one gate and a consistent and smooth gradient, much more suited to my running style.

Leg 1 - Pooley Bridge to Kirkstone Pass (14 miles)

My support on this leg was Phil and Paul. Waking up at 4:00 I took advantage of the camp showers, taped up my left hip which had been giving me some pain after a couple of hours on recent runs and dressed for the day. I

wore a light-weight white t-shirt, Salomon twin-skin shorts, smart-wool socks, calf compressions, Inov8 debris gaiters and my Salomon Speedcross 3 shoes.

Paul set off straight up towards Arthur's Pike as Phil and I trotted down to Pooley

Bridge at 5:30. The weather was already warm and humid. Wisps of cloud were floating over Ullswater as we waited for 6:00 on the bridge (above).

The time arrived and we set off up the road. This section before the moors is the only section which offers any shade but it was still worryingly warm and humid in the shade. We were soon out onto the moors above Park Foot and, after a brief interlude to make a deposit in the bracken, up onto Arthur's Pike in a steady 41 minutes. Up onto Loadpot Hill where we picked up Paul the running was much easier than when Dave and I were up here in April on the Nav4 Lakeland Mountain 40. Then it was covered in deep snow.

The rest of this ridge to High Street was fairly straight forward and there was also a very welcome cool breeze. The view from Kidsty Pike over to wards Mardale Head was brief but spectacular. I'd be down there in three weeks time on the Lakeland 50. Apart from a solitary hiker near High Street we had the fells to ourselves at this early hour.

Thornthwaite Beacon with its massive stone tower was next. Through the gap in the wall Phil and I turned right to follow the wall rather than take the more obvious path down which Paul opted to go. This had been kindly recce'd the day before by Aly. The grassy descent by the wall was clearly faster as Paul was a few minutes behind us as we started the ascent up to Stoney Cove Pike. We followed the wall after the Stoney Cove Pike summit



cairn but I was beginning to think it couldn't be the right way as there was no sign of a track when Paul arrived and called us back to the right wall. It was then a simple case of following it until I could see Pike Howe when I cut across. Coming down off Pike Howe there were three people waving at us. I first thought it was my team but soon recognised Andy Nicol, Steve Fry and another Bingley supporter who I didn't know. It was Dave's team out looking for him. From here, rather than follow the path over St Raven's Edge we cut round the back of it and dropped diagonally down to a gate on the pass road where Mark and Al were waiting. Into the car park where Steve was waiting to take over on the next leg I was 15 minutes up on the 14:40 schedule.

#### Leg 2 - Kirkstone Pass to Dunmail Raise (8 miles)

After a quick Muller Rice and a mini pepparami (more on this later) Steve and I set off up



*So which direction is Mecca from Kirkstone Pass?*

Red Screes. This was new territory for me. The steep climb to the top went well and then headed for a wall which we couldn't see for the mist on the top. Once we reached the wall it was a nice grassy descent down to Scandale Pass with views down to Patterdale and Windermere. A steady climb up past Little Hart Crag and up onto Dove Crag (which I don't understand why it's not on the summit list as it's on route and is more of a summit than some of those on the High Street ridge).

We reached Hart Crag and had just come down off the cairn to log the time when a Bingley clad runner appeared. This was John Parkin, closely followed by Andy Nichol. Dave

then came straight over the cairn and onwards totally oblivious to my shouts of abuse about him catching me so soon. This was Dave in the zone. His world consists of the three yards in front of him.

Back in 2010 he did this on the 3 Peaks Race when he came alongside me going up Whernside. I had to tap him on the shoulder to get his attention on that occasion. (Five minutes after that I was laid out waiting for a rescue helicopter having tripped, while trying to chase down Dave, and smashed my face on a rock resulting in a triple fracture of my cheekbone.)

Back to the Joss. A hundred yards after Hart Crag we were following Dave and co up some rocks when he looked back and finally realised it was us. That was pretty much the last we saw of him apart from three dots groping their way up Seat Sandall as we were coming off Fairfield. He went on to finish in a brilliant 11:39, one minute inside his schedule.

Fairfield was looking very different from my previous two visits which were both in howling storms at some ungodly hour in the morning supporting Bob Graham attempts. The summit cairn on those occasions was extremely difficult to find unlike now when it was surrounded by a ring of resting hikers in the bright sunshine. I kept going here while Steve jotted down the time, as I intuitively knew the way off but Steve called me back and got his compass out which duly pointed us about half a degree off my original direction. Better safe than sorry. The descent was also a pleasant surprise as I had vivid memories of sliding my way down this in my headtorch beam but now it was easy to choose the best route down. The Bingley boys up on Seat Sandall looked like they were hardly moving.

This was the third time I'd been alongside Grisedale Tarn in less than three months. Dave and I had been past it both in the Lakeland Mountain 40 in April and the Old County Tops in May. It was looking glorious now. Seat Sandall was a steady steep drag but we were soon up on the top and heading down to Dunmail. I was still feeling good. Steve had been plying me with water and food along the way.

About a week before the attempt I received a phone call from Monica Shone, the recently retired JNLC secretary. She was checking up



on our details as she couldn't get hold of her replacement Ian Charters. After bring her up to date on our times she said she'd be at Dunmail Raise around 11:00 to see us through. At the time I was clearly deluded as I thought we might have gone through long before that. As it turned out it was gone 11:30 as we came off Seat Sandall. As promised Monica and her husband were there to greet us. Apparently while waiting she'd got the name, rank and serial number (so to speak) off all of the supporters, maybe looking for the next batch of JNLC attempters. She'd have to wait a while for some of them to reach 50.

At Dunmail I changed into a clean shirt and had the strange experience of having two blokes (who shall remain nameless but it wasn't Steve or Paul) fighting over who was going to tape up my nipples as they had started bleeding. That's what I call service but they could have shaved the hair off first.

### Leg 3 - Dunmail Raise to Sty Head (11 miles)

This leg is perhaps the hardest of the four with the steep ascent to Steel Fell then the long trudge to Rossett Pike via High Raise and the ascent up Bowfell and descent off Great End. Al was to support me on this leg and I did feel for him as he had all my kit and 3 litres of drink as well as his own stuff. He'd come out of semi-retirement from running as he is concentrating on swimming these days. Neither of us had recced this section up to High Raise so we relied on my GPS for this bit.

So we set off up the very steep climb onto the Steel Fell ridge. I had hoped to do a diagonal ascent but that was impractical due to the bracken so it was straight up for us. This was hot but we kept a steady pace as Al informed me that he had arranged for four naked Swedish masseuse to be waiting at Sty Head as well as a keg of real ale. As I suspected they weren't there when I finally arrived so he owes me one, well at least a beer (compared to the several I owe him for his help).

One of my most vivid memories of the whole day was the views from Steel Fell. Located as it is in the middle of the Lake District and with no other nearby hills to block the view there is a 360 degree feast of Lakeland panoramas, especially on a day like we had.

Unfortunately we didn't have time to stop and take it all in but I'll be back.

The next section to High Raise was a mixture of tracks and grassy meadow as we contoured round Calf Crag before taking the climb up Birks Gill. Al had made sure that I was fully hydrated by regularly handing me a bottle and refusing to take it back until I'd finished it. He also pointed out the spot where clubmate Mark Richards' stomach had rebelled on his successful 50 @ 50 attempt. Between the top of Birks Gill and the High Raise summit the terrain is a gentle slope but not runnable due to tussocks. In retrospect it might have been worth checking out the alternative and only slightly less direct route up Deep Slack. There seemed to be a decent path in that direction towards Sergeant Man.

Over High Raise we ran down to and over the Stake Pass path picking up the path Dave and I had followed for a while in the Old County Tops towards Rossett Pike. My route took us over the rocky rise on Rossett Crag. With hindsight we should have contoured north of this before ascending Rossett Pike. From the Pike we had a cracking view of the route up Bow Fell, a double dogleg onto a rising terrace.

I'd recced the rest of this leg with my dog (who then suffered from sore pads after all the rock work) a few weeks before. It had been low cloud then but we had full visibility now. It always amazes me how routes seem shorter when you're familiar with them. This was no exception as we made our way to the top and picked up the path three quarters of the way up. I really must follow that path back down sometime to see where it starts.

Bow Fell summit was like Piccadilly Circus, covered in hikers. Some pre-teenage youths found my attire most amusing. "Do you think he a fell runner?" one of them asked. Bright lad.

The rest of the ridge over Esk Pike and onto Great End went fairly well. I was amazed that I was still feeling fairly fresh considering what I'd just done. The anticipated bone tiredness and empty legs didn't appear. I even ran some of the path up Great End. I later learned from Dave that there is a nice grassy alternative to the left of the rocky path off Bow Fell.

The descent off the north side of Great End was as expected, rocky, screey, and steep. We



even had to do some rock climbing (which thankfully I'd not had to do with the dog). Three quarters of the way down we found Paul who had come up to meet us. He guided us down the final section and we were soon at Sty Head where Mark and Steve (ready for his second leg) were waiting.

Mark had laid out the contents of my Leg 4 goody bag along the top of the Sty Head stretcher box (behind which Dave and I had sheltered for some respite from the hurricane that was blowing in the infamous 2008 OMM) so I selected a couple of items to eat as I passed straight through and onto the climb up Great Gable. I was bang on schedule at this point.



*Paul and me at Sty Head (I'm still running!)*

Leg 4 - Sty Head to Greendale Bridge ( 13 miles)

The pattern for the rest of the run was set going up here. Steve would lead the way so I had someone to focus on and Mark would trail behind me giving me encouraging words (and food and drink) and letting me know how much ascent was left as we reached the tops.

I had been dreading this climb up Great Gable, fearing I would be shattered by then and that it would be slippery and covered in scree. Neither of those happened. I still had energy



*Start of climb up Great Gable.*

in my legs and the path was paved in untypically even and correctly spaced steps. I got into a steady rhythm and made the top without too much effort.



*Over the top of Great Gable looking down into Ennerdale and over to Crummock Water.*

Steve and Mark then quickly found the right path down, unlike during their recce when they used a horrid route down the scree. Kirk Fell came and went (we didn't use the red gully) as did Pillar with me running a fair chunk of the less rocky sections.

Mark very quickly sussed when I'd want my poles and had them ready for me right on cue on all the ascents.



*Approaching Pillar (Great Gable in the background)*

Up on Scoat Fell Steve waited while Mark and I nipped up and down Steeple. This was the only point throughout the day I could feel my energy levels start to dip so I took an energy drink and some food, including my second mini pepparami (which actually tasted quite good) much to Steve and Mark's amusement (amazement?). Haycock was uneventful but I think I'd have preferred the grassy, but albeit longer, descent than the rocky one we took but the lads stuck to the route they knew which was wise in the circumstances. Time was getting tight.

As we came alongside the wonderfully named Pots of Ashness I looked at my watch then looked at the massive upturned boat that is Seatallan and, thought for the first time that I was going to run out of time. I had 1:05 to get inside 15 hours and, looking at the relentless slope up to the summit, thought it would take me half an hour to get up there. (It's actually just under 200 metres to the summit from the Pots but looks bigger at the end of a long day.) So I started plugging away at the grassy path up this beast staring at the next few steps seemingly in front of my face and occasionally looking up hoping in vain to see Steve disappear over the top. Mark was behind giving me the run down on how far the summit was. 100 metres became 70 and Steve finally disappeared, the top flattened out and I was up in a surprising 15 minutes. Hope came rushing back as Steve handed me a final bottle and a few jelly babies and I dashed off down the side towards Middle Fell, which looked a damn sight tamer than Seatallan had done. It was on the way down Seatallan that I realised that the bottle Steve had given me wasn't mine. He had donated his last bottle to me.

As we approached the summit Paul was there once again to meet us and guide us down. I had plenty of time but got frustrated with myself as I struggled to keep up with Paul and Steve when I'd normally be shooting down such a runnable slope. Joss' house, Low Greendale, came into view and we were soon approaching the bridge to be clapped in by Joss and Mary Naylor and their friend, mountain guide and JNLC dinner organiser, David Powell-Thompson, 14 hours and 49 minutes after setting off. (Thanks for waiting David, I know your wife had put your dinner in the dog due to my slow pace.) What a cracking day! What a team!



*The icing on the cake, a handshake from the great man.*

Leg 5 Greendale Bridge to Pooley Bridge (by car).

As some of you will know I already know Joss and Mary from selling copies of my painting of Joss for charity, with certificates of authenticity signed by Joss (see [www.mickwren.com](http://www.mickwren.com)). Joss bought the original painting the last time I'd seen him so Mary kindly invited us in to see it on the wall. It was looking good up there (but I am biased).



It was now past 9 in the evening and we had to get back to Pooley Bridge so we made our leave and set off back, calling in to Keswick where Paul treated me to fish and chips. I don't normally eat these due to having high cholesterol but they went down very well. It was well past 10 by the time we got back to the campsite so we decided to put our celebrations on hold and the team quite rightly all went home to their beds which were only 2 hours away. I enjoyed a nice hot shower and met Dave and Aly walking Stan the dog as I returned to the tent. Dave, who finished 2 hours ahead of me, had been to the pub in Pooley Bridge with his team who also had decided to head home.

One condition of this challenge is to raise £100 for your charity of your choice. I chose the North West Air Ambulance who'd rescued me from the 3 Peak Race. At the time of writing I've raised over £200 pounds (including Gift Aid). See:

<http://uk.virginmoneygiving.com/MickWren>  
Thanks to all of my sponsors.

Dave and I can now look forward to the JNLC Annual dinner in October this year to receive our tankards.



# A day with the Bash Street Kids



## GVS ANNUAL CONSERVATION DAY

**Smiffy:** “Cor, just look at all them – errr – groupies”.

**Erbert :** (Squinting through glasses in the wrong direction), “They ain’t groupies, they’re ducks!”

**Danny:** (turning Erbert to face the right way), “They’re not groupies, or ducks – they’re Rhodis – and we’re gonna BASH ‘em”!

Faced with a large slope in the Goyt Valley, covered in Rhododendron trees, our brave volunteer band of 15 hesitated a moment or two. But armed with saws and loppers we moved forward and before long the cries of “timber!” and “awesome!” could be heard across the valley (the latter coming from Sam, our youngest and most enthusiastic volunteer).

Rhododendron Ponticum was first introduced to Britain as seed in the 1760's. Its ability to readily send out suckers from any buried root material and it's very effective seed production make it a very invasive plant, taking over and affecting the growth of more native species.

Where we worked there were no other plants to be found. Populations of birds, earthworms and other wildlife are also massively reduced.

Xina, the Peak Park ranger working with us, showed us some sites that had been cleared a couple of years ago. Left alone, the native plants have grown back. So although initially it looks a mess, it regenerates quickly and naturally.

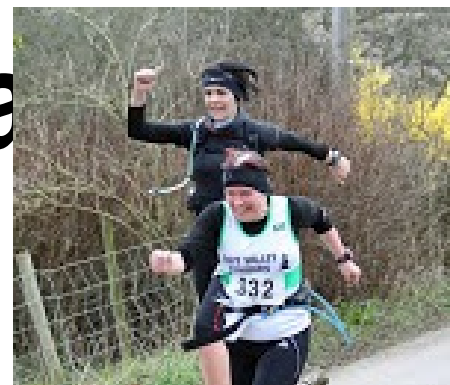
Personality traits could soon be seen as we set to work. There were those that carefully considered what needed to be done and the most effective approach to take before rushing in. Those that industriously cut up the felled branches to a manageable size and moved everything to a site ready for burning on a later date - and then the “Top Gear” element of GVS - Cut down a branch? – Noooo, take out a whole hill side flattening anyone in the way!

The insect bites, scratches, blood and sweat were not pretty, and the boy banter was predictable (you know who you are), but the sense of achievement was terrific. Thanks for our efforts was received from PPCV, and our ugly mugs graced their Facebook page.

Sally Hunter



# Philomena and Sara Coastal Adventure



Fundraisers: Sarah Bull & Philomena Smith

Our page: <http://uk.virginmoneygiving.com/team/coastaladventure>

**JUNE 26th**

**It's apology time. . .**

I had a wobble, quite a big wobble actually in the last two weeks and I've been a bit of a grump!

It seems a long time since we decided to do this and how quickly we were ready with a training plan, accommodation, dates etc. It would appear that 12 weeks of a structured and quite strict training plan can take its toll on the most level headed person - which I am not!

12 weeks ago we were running twice a week, totalling about 10 - 15 miles a week if we could be bothered.

In 12 weeks we have run over 380 miles and 70 hours and every week our mileage is increasing. That is 70 hours of trying to run around work commitments, 70 hours of hoping your other half will either join you or not notice how you keep disappearing for hours on end and stay patient and understanding. 70 hours of me and Phil running together and still not running (ha ha not even a deliberate pun) out of things to say. Until two weeks ago.

Our legs hurt. Our shared iPhone diaries were bursting with runs which are getting longer and longer and longer. Our texts centred on where we were meeting, when, how long, what food, what clothes, what shoes, how tired we were. Most insultingly we had burnt

off 37,895 calories and Philomena had given up chocolate and we hadn't lost any weight! So

I stopped and poor, patient, tolerant Philomena suffered as I moaned that I had had enough, I wanted my life/legs/diary back and I couldn't talk about it anymore. Added to this I was in excruciating pain with Plantar Fasciitis in my heels. I didn't want to run the Coast to Coast.



We discussed my "breakdown" dilemma during (very, very short) breaks in our 800m session at the track and agreed that we wouldn't talk about running at all - in fact I was going to pretend it wasn't even happening and I had never heard of Coast to Coast. This sounded like a fabulous plan and for a few days or so I enjoyed it. We talked about things other than



*Now - is the map the right way round?*



C2C, made plans to run but didn't talk about running but then I realised I quite missed it all. I also realised that everyone is really interested in what we are doing and wants to talk about it, offer us advice and people have been really, really supportive.

So my stop ended, I've ordered the maps which I've delayed doing for some crazy mental, psychological reason and we are back on the training plan with less than 11 weeks to go!

Since our last update we've done loads (we've run 140 miles!): - we've done two races, mastered the art of hill reps in Lyme Park without walking (and having our water bottles nicked by mad women), ran fast when it was the last thing we wanted to do and WE CAN USE A MAP!

We spent a day with Dave Jones who taught us how to navigate. It was a revelation; I didn't realise there were so many things you can read from a map. We had to navigate ourselves to a certain point and managed to agree on a way to do it without falling out. We had to cross through a forest by a wall, which sounds all

well and good until you realise that the wall isn't there anymore. Much hilarity later and an unexpected water crossing, we then spent an age looking for the ruins we were supposed to navigate to on the other side - just to find out that we were standing on them! It was really good fun though and mentally hard

work, amazing how it slows you down but we are going out practising again so fingers crossed.

We also raced the Trog, we had reced it a few times with Mark and made really good times but on the day the weather was awful. Stephen offered to run with me. I tried not to take offence when he told me within the first mile how different it was to be at the back and running leisurely (!! ) but we were putting into practice his advice of start further up, run

quicker, try harder (he offers great advice which doesn't put him on dangerous marital grounds.....) I was counselled by fellow runners on the route as he gently cajoled me up the hills (aka what are you arsing about at, you could do it quicker, come on.....) but the man did good and got me over in a PB time (with echoes of "You could have done 2.45 you know"). Philomena crossed the finish line with a crew of people behind her who she had helped on the right route over Kinder and a kiss and hug off a very grateful runner. See, the navigation did work!

So we are back on track, we have turned over to the next sheet of our training plan. Today Philomena and I calmly planned out the next two months of long runs, 6am starts, 5hrs, 6hrs, 7hrs, back to backs.

So back to the apology. Philomena Smith I am sorry for being a grumpy old bag :)

## JUNE 30th

### We love Steve H . . .



That was what the blog was going to be entitled before today's little disaster but in the spirit of optimism I'll keep the title and explain the disaster later....so we love Steve H, it's official. We love our husbands too of course but Steve H is our best running friend ("BRF")

He is our BRF as he:-

- (1) turns up at our long training runs no matter what time we go
- (2) shares his cheese and tomato ketchup sandwiches at the top of Win Hill
- (3) laughs at our unfunny jokes
- (4) ignores Philomena when she holds the map upside down and me when the compass is the wrong way and silently just moves it to the right place without criticism
- (5) walks ahead as we talk rubbish

(6) offers encouragement as we despair at our fatigue

(7) doesn't even swear as I dislodge a large rock on a steep descent in the direction of his face

(8) rescues Philomena as she rolls sideways down the scree yet again in his direction and just calmly rescues her

(9) has the absolute patience of a saint and is a star.

Poor, poor Steve spent over 5 hours with us last Sunday as we set out to run around the Peakers Stroll route and practice some navigation. It actually went very well, after an initial "duh!" moment we remembered what to do and off we went. We felt good all the way round and celebrated with a cider lolly all the way up Cavedale.

There then followed a very impromptu agreement to go to the Lakes with Steve on Wednesday as he was supporting Mick on a leg of Joss Naylor challenge and he wanted to check the route out. We went along willingly and naively, not expecting the hills that awaited us. The Peak District looks flat in comparison!! Steve wanted us to see what it was like to run in the Lakes as we would spend two days running there and thought we had under appreciated it - we had!

As we stood at the bottom of the first hill we anticipated trouble ahead.

Steve had earlier told us that at times you can do an average of 2 miles an hour - how we laughed, and then finished our first mile in 34 mins. The problem was that there was fog on the top which hindered our line of sight however fortunately we were fantastic navigators now and therefore used that helpful old compass and map. We took bearings, went one way and it was the wrong way, ran back (as this was all about getting the best route for Mick) went the other way and went too far down, ran back up the hill, took another bearing and then ran through swamp like grass which sucked Steve in at one point to his knees. Incidentally on our way back we found a much better path. Great!

So down one hill, up another, down another and on we went. Phil tripped, stumbled and fell like a drunkard not helped by trail shoes. In the end we just chose to ignore her cries and she was picked up off the floor quickly and

not much sympathy given after the 5th or 6th fall.

We had a fab day out though, fantastic views when the fog allowed us to see. We even found some of the c2c route to run on which was really good. We used navigation to get us through thick fog and it kind of worked and gave us confidence for when we do it alone.

We rewarded ourselves with the most fantastic chips in Windermere afterwards and it really was a fab day out. Steve also suggested that we should alter our training plan and drop it to 3 runs a week so that we fit in a long one of 6hrs +, an hour run and 2-3hr run which means we will recover as this week we were hitting 50 miles.

So we started Peakers Stroll with the new plan in mind, plans to run home afterwards and try and get 30 miles running done. We felt really good. We started slowly and stuck to walking the hills. James Hobson found himself running with us and suffering our inane conversation but we all commented on how it felt really relaxed. We were feeling better than all the other years and as we ran down to Edale Youth Hostel I summarised that there wasn't much left and then bump!! I had the most almighty slow motion fall over a rock, taking ages to fall, cutting my knee and leg and pulling horribly on my hamstring. I knew as soon as I hit the ground I wouldn't be able to go on. I got up and tried to walk but it hurt. I tried to run, that was even worse. Within minutes I conceded defeat. Philomena took a little persuasion but she and James went on. They were doing so so well and on course for a PB, I would have felt so guilty if they'd pulled out because of me. I figured there was a couple of miles to the checkpoint and I would walk/run it and then pull out. As they ran away I'm ashamed to say I cried!! I was in the middle of nowhere with no phone signal and no prospect of one.

My first problem occurred when I couldn't even get over a stile, I then hobbled through a field as the pain got worse. Two walkers who we had just passed us before my fall over took me and offered to walk with me. I politely declined as it was obvious they were twice as fast as me. Then a lovely old man, probably about 80, offered to walk - alas I was too slow to walk with him too. As he walked off I shed a little tear (yes another).

I reached the checkpoint in Edale feeling a little sorry for myself as I said I was retiring and could I have a lift to the registration as I had no signal to ring anyone. The marshalls look astonished as I asked to borrow their mobiles - they didn't have any. They offered to drive me home but that I'd have to wait until the last walker comes through, about 6.30pm (it was 3.30pm). I limped across the road to the telephone box which had only coin facility but proudly announced you couldn't make cash calls? By this time I was in agony and burst into tears (again) as I told them I just wanted to go home. Bless the woman who gave me a hug but turns out she thought I was just crying over a scratched knee. But then help arrived in the form of a walker with a mobile which had reception :) We called "Alan" at the finish point who set out to rescue me and another walker who had pulled out. I could have hugged him when he arrived, but alas Alan was up for a chat with the marshalls. Me and the unknown retired walker sat patiently in the car waiting, as Alan talked and talked and talked - as we sat with the drivers door open there came a funny noise, a hen! A very nosy and vicious hen. The hen decided it wanted a closer look and decided that a trip in the car would be fun. I decided it wouldn't as it started pecking away in the drivers seat and I was convinced I would be next. I promptly got out as quick as I could, sadly the unknown retired walker was in the back with child locks on, he was stuck in a car with a hen. And Alan was still talking. I laughed, a lot.

When Alan stopped talking we finally made our way back, stopping to pick up a hitchhiking hand glider en route (as you do) but Alan was lovely. I was smiling when I got back to the registration and just in time to see Phil and James come in at 4.42 and a PB for Phil :)

So the run home was definitely off, but Philomena, James and I still stopped off at Combs Reservoir hoping ice would help my leg.

So my leg, it hurts a lot, I'm a bit upset as we've been doing so well and I'm worried it will mean a lot of rest but I'm trying to be optimistic and am adopting the RICE and PMA approach. I'm glad I wasn't stupid and didn't try to carry on running and hope it mends quickly.

And back to why we love Steve H, in my moments of woe is me I texted him as our new BRF and his response "Get home safely, clean your wounds, glass of wine. Things will be better tomorrow". that is why we love Steve H!

## AUGUST 18<sup>th</sup>

### Back on the Coast to Coast track - in more ways than one!

Well after my disastrous little incident at Peakers Stroll race, Philomena and I soon agreed that there would be no more racing until C2C was over. Had I not been running so fast downhill I wouldn't have fallen over and been resting for nearly four weeks.

Following my fall we did some orienteering around Lyme Park and then a walk/run of Grindleford to test my leg but it still wasn't right. Fortunately a holiday in a very hot country put paid to any long runs, and in fact very few short runs, and as such my hamstring was fully recovered when I came back - phew! What sadly was not recovered and was very much obvious was that four weeks of doing very little running had resulted in a loss of fitness.



*Not a lot of running going on here . . .*

On my first run back with Philomena, who had been marching on regardless with a renee of the Bullock Smithy, I strayed behind, moaning, tired and definitely not on form. My return to running ended up being a hot walk/run



around Lyme Park.

With both of us concerned, we embarked on another run a few days later with Steve H. He had mapped out a route for us to Hayfield, past 20 trees, skirting Kinder and over towards Bleaklow Hill. Yet again it was a hot day and it was tough! We ended up doing 24 miles, calling in for a cider lolly at



Hayfield on our way home and a quick catch up with runners about to start Cracken Edge race. We had a very small (momentary) debate as to whether to join in the race. We sensibly decided that we would probably come last and instead dug deep and continued back to New Mills - which was not easy to do with tired legs and having had a break, but we did it. I think I moaned. A little.

Having spent some time looking at the maps, we had also decided to try and reece some of the C2C route as some parts in the Lakes are tricky and we really needed time on our feet, particularly as I was now convincing myself I was not even fit enough for a 5k!!

At 5.30am myself, Philomena, Steve Berry and Karl all duly arrived at Steve H's house and set off for Ennerdale and what a long long drive that was. Karl was lucky to avoid projectile sickness in his car as the windy roads started to take their toll in the back seat and we arrived not feeling particularly fresh at 9am. We did end up having a fabulous day though, we were lucky with the weather and the views were absolutely spectacular. Steve B and Karl ran on their own (and in doing so ran off with Jelly Babies having eaten mine!) We scrambled up Loft Beck and got lost on the top - although that was completely down to Steve H's nattering on. We managed to get near to Seatoller before turning back and feel really confident

about the route. We also met people on the way who were also going to do C2C and the excitement of doing it resurfaced. It was very reassuring knowing where we will be going. We bumped into Steve B and Karl as we headed back past Ennerdale Water and Karl had been plagued with cramp yet again but it seemed to

pass and we all ran towards the end together. Phil and I had a lovely cold plunge in Ennerdale Water and it was a fine end to the day :)

So we are definitely back on track but we are also definitely running out of time. We have only two weekends of long running left before we taper and so need to make up some time during the week. Yesterday we did a torturous 19 miles via Windgather route and Shining Tor - neither of us were in the mood and would have willingly turned back at 5 miles but we didn't feel that we had much choice. Our run consisted of some sit down protests (by me) and running the same track twice and hoping the other person wouldn't notice we'd gone wrong (Philomena!). I think yesterday is what it will feel like on a back to back and so I'm quite proud that we carried on. We have both got niggles and think we're both hobbling along today but we are so nearly there, just not quite.





# Life as a Runner's Daughter: The Muddy Trainer Monologues . . .

**I**ts 7 'o' clock on a Saturday morning and most sane people are enjoying a lengthy lie-in after the long working week. The majority of the population will not plan on rising out of their cosy beds for their well-earned bacon sandwiches for at least 3 hours.

This however, does not apply to running folk. Instead, this household is woken up by the determined eagerness of my mother, springing out of bed, clattering around in the darkness, searching for a selection of Lycra, head-torches and sweatbands.

When my mum came home one day with the jolly announcement that she would join the

'Strollers' running club, I naively thought it would be a month-long phase at tops, ending in a good old giggle about her madness. However, several years membership, a selection of local races and a marathon under her belt, my mother is not for stopping. It is

certainly acceptable to say that she has caught the 'runners bug' and seems to enjoy galloping through copious amounts of mud, come rain and, well, more rain. We long ago kissed goodbye to the squeaky-clean whiteness of newly bought trainers and instead the muddy, worn out shoes resting after a hard run on the back step has become a regular sighting.

It's the unbelievably cold conditions in which mum is able to run in that astonish me. Although prepared with scarf and a cardi on most normal outings, she can somehow with-

stand the seemingly sub-zero temperatures of the early morning fell runs. Even though I don't volunteer personally to experience these temperatures, my mum's favourite winter wake up was to happily leap onto me whilst asleep in my cosy bed after a long and very cold run. I cannot record a time in which this prank went down well, nor do I recommend it to any other running parents. Nothing good can come from disturbing a snoozing teenager, no matter how funny it seems.

Although proud of my mum's achievements, I can honestly say that I do not hold her enthused attitude for exercise. On the proclamation that 'running is my passion', I threatened her with the consequence that we could no

longer be friends.

I feel it is an unfair lot in life to have a healthier, more active parent, who could and would literally run circles around her 17 year old daughter. When it was suggested to me that I should join the 'Fun Run', my response questioned 'Which



bit exactly will be fun?'

While I am not a seasoned runner myself, nor enjoy the chilly disturbances, I am still glad my mum joined the Strollers. Managing to run a 5K Race for Life in which she was able to raise a large donation for Cancer research, with a fractured ankle and completing the Manchester Marathon proved to me that she is not only a mum (and terrible prankster), but she, and all the runners are probably slightly super-human.

Megan Hill

# Where there's muck . . .



By Kate Cartwright

I recently cancelled my subscription to *Runner's World*. A week later they telephoned to see if I wanted to re-subscribe. I declined. Over the years the magazine has changed; it may be beautifully laid out and full of pretty pictures now, but I'm after content, not glossy adverts and I'm wise enough to figure that however clever Asics slogans may be, their shoes won't make me as fast as Lemaitre.

It's the same shoe companies who told us we needed their responsive cushioning or mid-foot stabilising technology that are now spending

their million-dollar marketing budgets selling us shoes stripped back to the bone. Thirty years ago we refuelled on orange squash - not isotonic sports hydration. Who would have imagined, in Zatopek's era, satellites tracking our training runs? Now we don't step outside without strapping on a Garmin.

Whatever way you look at it, running today is a global commercial business, filled with shiny products and services.

Before The days of Dr Kenneth Cooper and Jim Fixx, there were estimated to be 100,000

runners in the USA. The growth in participation has been phenomenal. There are an estimated 30 million runners today in the States - one hell of a lot of wallets to tap into. Running is an activity that requires no specific facilities or equipment, but that hasn't stopped the big boys. They have convinced us that we need their products and services and they have done so by tapping into a desire that most of us share - to be better runners than we actually are. Fools, like us, look for products that promise improved performance regardless of our own level of ability. We will use whatever we can get our sticky paws on if we think it will help. If it's not a special shoe, it's a lymphatic drainage massage, recovery shake or an on-line training league.

Being controversial, I'd say that none of this gubbins has helped. Listen to Brendan Foster and his views on the state of British distance running and look at some of the statistics. Our top athletes are not what they were in the early eighties and I believe that that's because

we've taken our eye off the ball. We have forgotten that running is about putting one foot in front of the other fast enough so that we

lose contact with the ground; that it's about putting in mile after gruelling mile of training, on cold wet winter nights. We have focused our eyes on the gizmos, the





brands and the whole darned running “experience”.

If you think that what I’m saying only applies to the road-running fraternity, I’d suggest you think again. Cross-country used to be something we did under sufferance at school. A few of the more talented kids were picked out and ended up in the club system. But “re-brand” cross country and it turns into an “Adventure Race”. It’s the same mud and water but this time it’s tarted up with bells, whistles and a hefty price tag; instead of a couple of hundred competitors there’s thousands and a massive publicity machine behind it all. These organisations aren’t staging races for the love of the sport – it’s a commercial venture. In the newsagent’s, alongside the familiar Runner’s World covers with their toned and tanned cover models, we can now buy Trail Running magazine - equally glossy and just as full of adverts.

I’m not saying that this is wrong. After all, increased participation in sport surely is a good thing for the health of the nation and the individual and it can be enormous fun - but can’t we keep it simple? What are we going to feel like when the Goyt Valley Fell Series competes for dates with the big guns? When a four

quid entry fee becomes forty and with it the Technical T- shirt that proves we are tough enough to run up a hill and race back down it, and yes, when fell-running becomes mass mar-

ket? Won’t ever happen, will it? Did Alfred Wainwright envisage today’s congestion in his beloved Lake District?

Follow Inov-8 on Twitter and see the full-on assault of a company marketing its brand; shouting about its sponsored athletes and their feats of endurance on the world’s mountains.

You can bet the other companies are at it too - Montrail and Salomon, planning their campaigns in corporate HQ’s. Wave bye-bye to the cosy image of a cobbler in Bolton making up a special pair of shoes for a man called Pete Bland.

Richard Asquith’s *“Feet in the Clouds”*, has never been out of print and

yes, they’ve sold the film rights. When they’ve worked out how to make a movie from it, they will. There are enough people out there craving adventure and wanting to test their limits. That’s not wrong, but one small push may be all that it takes, to set something very ugly in motion.

After all, there’s gold in them there hills.

KC

**RE-RUN.**

The Nike Daybreak. Back in the day, it felt like the perfect shoe. It's not so bad now either. We've revisited our original styles, and crafted them to look 30 years old—fresh out of the box. And it's all there, almost to the stitch. 1970s-grade nylon. Weird Swooshes. Aged laces. Weathered foam. And, of course, those iconic color combos. It's vintage. Minus the annoying, "wait 30 years" part.

**NIKE**

Beaverton, Oregon

**G SERIES**

G Series fuels your body before, during and after practice, training or competition. Achieve your best every step of the way with this unique system of sports drinks.

**BEFORE**

Get the B vitamins, carbohydrates and electrolytes your body needs to start strong.

**DURING**

Original G and now G2 deliver electrolytes and carbohydrates to keep hydration and energy up throughout your performance.

**AFTER**

Maintain hydration and energy throughout your performance with the electrolytes and carbohydrates in Original G and G2.

## Goyt Valley Striders Membership Renewal Form

*This form is for existing members to renew their 2013 membership. Please complete as much information as possible as this enables the secretary to ensure records are up to date and contact details correct.*

*Do not use this form for new membership applications. A form for this can be found on the Goyt Valley Striders website.*

*If you prefer, you can email these details direct to the secretary. Please complete as much information as possible.*

Name:

Address:

Post Code:

Tel No.:

Email:

.....

Include all family members at the same address here, including yourself and children:

Name	DOB	Tick Level of Membership		
		Inc. UKA (£17.00)	Ex. UKA (£7.00)	2 <sup>nd</sup> Claim (£7.00)

Family membership is £34.00 affiliated and £14.00 unaffiliated

Complete names above and tick one of these boxes for family membership:

**Family Affiliated**

☐

**Family Unaffiliated**

☐