

GOYT VALLEY STRIDERS



NEWSLETTER December 2004

INTRODUCTION

It only seems like yesterday that I was writing the last edition of the newsletter. It isn't of course and there has been a lot going on in the mean time. This edition carries some interesting articles from club members detailing their recent achievements, as well as some from the last decade! Sue's article gives hope to all those 40 somethings in the club and shows what you can achieve if you put your mind to it!

The festive season will soon be upon us and this means that we will soon be having the annual GVS festive drinks session at the Navigation Inn, see newsletter for more details!

Next years club championship races have already been decided. Originally we were going to have the Helsby ½ as the first race but as entries closed for this on 1st December and to ask people to enter by this date seemed a bit unfair, therefore it has been excluded this year. Full details of the 2005 championship can be found in the newsletter.

Meanwhile, have a happy Christmas and I hope to be out running with you in the New Year.

Mark

50 By 40 part 2 – By Kevin Day

It's June and I'm back on the marathon trail, this time it's up to Edinburgh.

This will be my second time around the capital of Scotland, - the course is not the easiest but not a really tough one either.

The race kicked off at 9am from Holyrood Park, the sky was blue and the sun was out, it was already looking like it was about to be a very hot day. From the Park we headed straight up to Arthur's Seat before dropping back into the Park just after 2.5 miles. The course then headed towards the city centre; we climbed to around 4.5 miles when we arrived on Princes Street. We then headed back to the Park to pass the start line again at 10k, from this point on; we took a route across the city until 9 miles when we joined a cycle path, which we followed until half way. I was feeling a little bit warm but okay.

The second half arrived at the Forth shoreline just before 15 miles. We followed the shoreline past the Royal Yacht Britannia at 19 miles, and then carried on to Portobello Beach until we left the shore at 23.5 miles. At this point we headed uphill; I was starting to feel a little tired, more to do with the sapping heat than running at a very fast pace. The route was uphill from here to the finish, not what you really want at the end of a marathon, but I rolled in to finish my 45th marathon in 3:36:46; I felt a little tired, but not too bad and pleased with my performance.

The following week it was off to do my favourite race the Potteries, This is a course with no flat bits on it and just to make it a little more interesting the finish had been moved so we could have an uphill finish - great. Anyway, the race got underway at 10.30am from Trentham Gardens and unlike the previous weekend, it was raining.

The route took in the Potteries towns of Blurton, Longton, Baddeley Green, Burslem, Newcastle and Clayton. I had decided to start out gently and took it easy until I reached 10 miles, when I picked up the pace. I reached half way in 1:54, feeling very good. The second half has a number of climbs, at Holden Bridge (14 miles) there's a big drop followed by a climb to match, the next big climb is at Porthill Bank (17 miles). The course then bobbles up and down until about 20 miles when we climb steadily until 23.5 miles; at 22.5 I collected my coffee and cake at the now famous 22-mile tea stop. I was feeling better with every mile and sprinted over the line in 3:43:16 this giving me a second half time of 1:49. I felt very pleased with my performance. This turned out to be the very last running of the race after 23 years.

My next marathon was on Monday 25th October at Dublin. I was a little unsure how I was going to go, although I'd had a few good runs leading up to this race. I had a good run at the Great North Run - 1:32:25, not bad for a half with 36,500 finishers. This was followed up a fortnight later by the Great South Run; this is a 10 miler with 10,000 finishers. I got round this in 66:02 - this was 2 weeks before Dublin. What I wasn't confident about was if I could keep the pace up for the longer distance.

The race started at 9am from outside Trinity College in the city centre, and heads out and up O'Connell Street towards Phoenix Park, which we reached at about 4 miles. I started out gently for the first 4 miles and then I started to pick the pace up. I went through 5 miles in 38:52. We stayed in the park until 8 miles; the route was undulating but very runnable. I reached 10 miles in 1:15 and half way in 1:38:43. I felt very good at this point.

The course then heads out into the suburbs until halfway when it turns back towards the city centre. I reached 20 miles in 2:29:28, still going well, so I pushed up the work rate and hoped I could keep going to the finish line. Well, I kept going all the way and crossed the line in 3:14:40; this gave me a second half split of 1:35:43 with a final 10k of 45:12. This was my 5th fastest Marathon, so I was on a high at the end.

Six days later and it was off on another 26.2 mile run. After such a fast run the previous Monday I thought maybe a nice flat route sounded good, so I went off to the Snowdonia marathon for my 6th trip around this very scenic race.

The race kicked off at 9:30am with clear blue skies from Nant Peris. I started off with a gentle climb of 800ft up the Llanberis Pass reaching Pen-y-Pass at 4 miles. I held back on the 900ft descent down to Beddgelert some 8.5 miles later. I picked the pace up over the next 2 miles, which climbed 400ft. I went through half way in 1:47:36 feeling very good.

From here the course is undulating and I passed though 20 miles in 2:40:54 I carried on until I reached Waunfawr at 21.5 miles; at this point we get to experience the Welsh Wall as it is known. This comprises of a 700ft climb over 2.5 miles up to the quarry, followed by a 900ft drop in 2 miles into the finish at Llanberis. I rolled across the line in 3:32:45; this was my second fastest time over this course.

Having now completed 48 marathons, I need just 2 more for the 50, which I will do in the spring, although I do have until June. Then I can get to work on making it to 100.

PASSED IT? MAYBE – BUT AT LEAST I’VE BEEND THERE! – By Sue Stafford

Tonight out running on a Wednesday night for the first time in ages, a chance remark about advancing age prompted me to write this article.

I was a late arrival on the running scene, starting at 41 and running my first ever race at 42. This was a 10k, flat by later standards and it took me 45 minutes. One of the few other runners I remember being there was Peter fuelled as always by a Mars Bar! I couldn’t have eaten anything I was so nervous. My “gear” was totally inappropriate and my shoes were the cheap trainers of the moment – Silver Hitec Shadow.

Strangely enough, over the years the kit has improves, the shoes have got more expensive (possibly better) but the time has never educed as much as I’d have liked. It is regrets that improving fitness and increasing age tended to cancel one and other out when it comes to performance.

However, I would like to offer this encouragement to Mark (45+). My purple patch in running came during the age category 45-49 (mostly at 46), when for a while persistent

training held age deterioration at bay and I recorded my best ever times.

I did my best 5 Miles (Dorma), 10K (Kingsway), 10 Miles (Sale), ½ Marathon (Buxton, Congleton, Chesterfield) and marathon (Manchester) on the road. I also ran the big stamina events, The Roaches, Edale Skyline, Otter 40 and the Tour of Tameside. I will mention only 3 times to impress!

One to show I had speed – 10 Miles in 66 minutes

One to show I had strength – Edale Skyline in 3:55

One to show I had stamina – Otter 40 in 6:52

So, anyone just entering the 45-50 era your best times are yet to come! Mine, unfortunately, are never to be repeated. It's no wonder enthusiasm is on the wane.

A Runner Goes Forth – By Kevin Day

It's the last Saturday in August and the long distance shoes are out again, this time it's up to Scotland for my first ultra-distance event in 12 years. The Two Bridges Challenge, a 35 mile multi-terrain race along the Firth of Forth. This was the Inaugural running of this event but it wasn't really a new race as its predecessor has been running since 1968. This year's race had a whole new course and didn't so much use two bridges as in the past, but the same one twice. I arrived around 8am to register and mark up my drinks and put them in the boxes so I could collect them at my selected points around the course.

The Race started at 9am'ish with 93 runners from Rosyth. The first 2 miles were down hill to the Forth Road Bridge, we ran over the bridge and then headed west on the south side along a mixture of the coastal road, paths and mud tracks past Hopetoun House and onto Blackness Castle where we turned at around 9 miles. I had planned to run at a steady pace of around 10 minute miles and I went though the turnaround point in 1:28, although at the time most of us never really knew where we were as no mile markers existed and drink station indicators were only a very rough guide

We did a small loop and then retraced our tracks back to the bridge and crossed it again and headed for Inverkeithing at about 18 miles. From there we took the coastal route east to Aberdour where we turned round just short of 23 miles. I was feeling okay at this point; the legs felt good and only 12 miles to go. We came back much the same way as we went out, until we reached Inverkeithing. From there we followed the shoreline around the peninsula to North Queensferry and under the Forth rail bridge at 32 miles. Still feeling good, I decided to pick up the pace a little bit, our route then went under the road bridge and on to the road. We headed back up hill into Rosyth and the finish line. As soon as I had crossed the line I was given a drink of water, my medal for completion and asked if I wanted a can of bitter or lager and did I want it open, with a quick thought I decided I was ready for the beer, It was very refreshing and kept me going for the 15 minutes it took to get showered and changed and get to the bar, before I collected my well-deserved meal. The run took me 5:47:37; I enjoyed the run, though it was not easy. 73 of the other mad fools who started also completed the course as well. After completing the race, I feel ready to try some more ultras in the future.

Terry's Race

Terry's race took place in early November and we had the best turn out yet. To say that this years race was eventful would be an understatement. Things set off OK and the first bunch of runners went off not much after 9:00. Eddie turned out, the first time I've seen him for twelve months, he went round in a very respectable time considering his lack of training. Hopefully we'll see more of him over the next year?

In fact everyone set off OK and things were looking great with a 12:00 o'clock visit to the pub beckoning! However, Kevin Day soon put a stop to any ideas of that. Most people completed the course between 1hr and 1½hrs. After 2hrs Kevin never arrived and things were beginning to look serious. After much fruitless searching for Kevin by Steve, Alistair, Pete, Donna and Mark there was no option but to call Mountain Rescue Service. Just as we were about to do so Kevin turned up, over 2½hrs after he has set off. His excuse, he got lost but had been running the whole time. True, the weather was bad, it was misty, it was raining and it was cold, but for Heaven's sake this was the Goyt Valley. I suppose it just goes to show, you can never be too sure what the outdoors holds. Thankfully, all day opening at the Shady Oak, ensured we still got our Sunday lunch!

Congratulations to Kevin Gleave who ran within 50 seconds of his predicted time. The trophy and prize will be awarded early next year at the presentation evening. Full results over the page:-

No.	Name	Estimated Time	Actual Time	Variance	Position
1	Di Howe	01:28:00	01:52:00	-00:24:00	11
2	Nick Gamble	01:20:00	01:23:50	-00:03:50	4
3	Ralph Longden	01:15:00	01:19:26	-00:04:26	6
4	Andy Butler	00:56:30	00:59:25	00:02:55	3
5	Sue Stafford	01:13:50	01:20:05	-00:06:15	7
6	Kevin Gleave	01:00:00	00:59:10	-00:00:50	1
7	Alistair Fitzgerald	01:01:00	00:58:53	-00:02:07	2
8	Steve Hennessey	01:05:00	01:28:03	-00:23:03	10
9	Kevin Day	01:07:50	02:33:00	-01:25:10	12
10	Peter Hill	01:15:00	01:06:40	-00:08:20	8
11	Eddie Clitheroe	01:45:00	01:30:10	-00:14:50	9

CURRY NIGHT

Back by popular demand. This Thursday, the 9th December. A curry night will be held at the Curry House in Whaley Bridge. 8:00 'o' clock start. I've not booked anything. Just turn up on the night. Any problems give me a call.

Mark

Photographs

A selection of Goyt Valley runners photographed at the Roaches and the Langley 7.



CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP 2005

In order that people can plan their next years racing we have already decided on the races that will form the 2005 Club Championship.

Next year we have changed the format slightly in order that we can accommodate more races. There are some longer races that are out of the area.

Despite saying that the Helsby ½ would be the first race of next year this is now NOT the case. Entries closed on December 1st and people are not guaranteed a place, therefore we have reluctantly decided to drop this from the championship.

This year there will be 14 races in total. The best 10 scores you obtain will go towards your total. Most races details are not formally available yet, but I can give you the month and name. Please note that the first race will be the Mickleden Straddle and this is a pre-entry race only. I will forward the details as soon as the Fell Calendar for next year is available.

Meanwhile the races are as follows:

Date	Month	Race	Distance	Climb
Race 1	Feb	Mickleden Straddle	12.5m	1800'
Race 2	Mar	Cloud Nine	8.5m	950'
Race 3	Apr	Herod Farm	3m	1100'
Race 4	May	Shining Tor	5m	1500'
Race 5	May	Vanessa Chappell	5m	800'
Race 6	May	Eyam ½	13m	Road
Race 7	Jun	Kettlehulme	6m	850'
Race 8	Jun	Boars Head	8m	1322'
Race 9	Jul	Goyts Moss	6m	1100'
Race 10	Jul	Offerton 6	6m	Road
Race 11	Sep	Macclesfield ½	13m	Road
Race 12	Oct	High Brown Knoll	6.5m	1050'
Race 14	Nov	The Roaches	15m	3700'
Race 14	Dec	Cardington Cracker	9m	2500'

The Xmas Cracker Race

A reminder that we have a title to defend this year. The Xmas Cracker fancy dress is up for grabs again this year and we want to win it again. The race takes place on 19th December and I have enclosed an entry form. Running in fancy dress is not compulsory, so don't be put off!

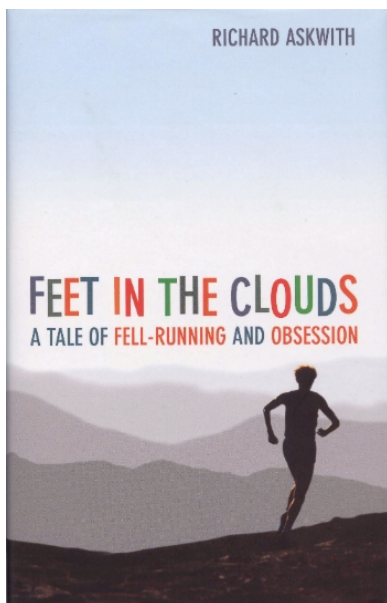
FRA RELAY

Congratulations to all those that took part in the FRA relay in October. Unfortunately Scott went over on his ankle and had to pull out which meant the team were never going to win! However, I'm assured everyone enjoyed the day – there is always next year?

Christmas Presents

Looking for that ideal Christmas present for the runner in your life? Well look no further. Feet in the Clouds, A tale of Fell-Running and Obsession is available at all good book shops now!

This book is a must for all runners and is sure to inspire you for the forthcoming 2005 season!





Xmas Drinks

As usual we will be meeting for Xmas drinks at the Navigation Inn, Buxsworth. This year we will be there on Friday 17th December. Meet from 8:00pm onwards.

The draw for this year London Marathon place will also take place on the evening. Remember if you have been rejected from the ballot this year and wish to go in the draw for this guaranteed spot you will need to let me know. Remind me if you have already told me as my memory is worse than ever!



Vests

I am well stocked with Goyt Valley Striders running vests, so don't be afraid to give me a call if you want one. Remember they are only £10. Another great Christmas present ideas?

Newsletter Articles

Thanks to all those who have provided articles for the newsletter of the past 12 months, they have been very much appreciated. I for one look forward to reading them, especially Kevins!!!

Why not make it a New Years resolution to write at least one article for the newsletter next year. Without them it would be a pretty boring read!

CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP

The latest club championship figures are detailed below. With just one race to go I'd like to say that anyone could win, but that would be lying. In fact we already have a winner – I'll leave you to sort that one out yourselves.

The last race is next Sunday 12th December. The Stockport 10. Hope most of you will be there?

	Helsby	Tigger Tor	Herod Farm	Vanessa Chappel	Eyam Half	Shining Tor	Kettishulme	Boars Head	Offerton 10	Langley 7	Boundary Stoner Blast	Stockport 10	Total
Name	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Mark Richards	20		20	20	19	20	20	20	20		20		179
Kevin Day	18		17	15	18	16	15	19	19	19	17		173
Steve Hennessey			19	19		18	18	17	18	17	18		144
Jonathan Hull	17		18	18		19	17	18			16		123
Peter Hill	15	18		14	17	15				16	15		110
Andy Butler		20		17			19			20			76
Scott Reid	19			16		17	16						68
Mark Whelan	16	19											35
Dave Arden					20								20
Alistair Fitzgerald											19		19
Kevin Gleave										18			18

Paris – By Dave Ardern

OK to my annual update – this time international racing in one of the worlds most romantic cities – Paris. Imagine the scene – pleasant autumn day in one of the most photographed location in the world. Me lined up with 19999 other expectant participants on the bridge crossing the Seine in front of the Eiffel Tower – what a setting for the start of a prestigious athletic race. I'm sure that the sight of the race start from the crescent of the Palais de Chaillot made a most memorable spectacle for the passing observer but from my slightly less than 5' 6" altitude, I'm afraid I could see 4/10ths of sod all.

My build up to this event had started well but ended somewhat less than perfect. I had discussed the possibility of running in the Paris Versailles with a French work colleague back in August and left him to make the arrangements. In September he called me to tell me that the Paris Versailles was not being held in 2004 but that the company we both work for were to enter a team in the 20 k de Paris. OK this appeared a good idea, sign me up and I'll have a crack.

With this news, I immediately masterminded a training programme to achieve a satisfactory result and hopefully come back steeped in some form of glory. This programme included the Meerbrook 15k in which I ended third about a minute behind a chap from the Stoke AC who was 21st in the following weeks Great North Run. *(At this point the master plan appeared to be on target.)* And the Congleton ½ in which due to domestic and work commitments I didn't even make the start line. *(Master plan starting to take a U-turn).* This was followed by two weeks of inactivity enforced by my contracting a heavy cold and chest infection. *(U-turn now complete and race day rapidly approaching).*

I had travelled out on the day before the event, meeting my colleague who gratefully looked after me the whole weekend. Despite me turning up on his doorstep coughing and wheezing and threatening to pass on my lurgi to the rest of his family, he steadfastly refused to listen to my typically 'Ardern' style excuses and insisted that we were both going to start the event the following day. In keeping with his enthusiasm, he had also ensured that his wife prepared pasta and lean meat for the

pre-race day evening meal, and then to cap it all put me in the best bedroom in the house. I have to admit I did manage a very good night's sleep, however, I suspect that this was just as much due to the mixture of cold remedies and red wine swimming their way around my bloodstream as it was to the hospitality of my hosts (well I was in France after all).

The big day dawned and having completed a light breakfast we drove into the centre of Paris. If ever there was an effective antidote to a head still suffering with drugs, alcohol and catarrh, its being driven to the centre of Paris by a Parisian short of time and in desperate need of a parking space.

His knowledge of the location of speed cameras, the sequencing of the traffic lights (not that much attention was being paid to colour of the aforementioned items) the width of his vehicle and the efficiency of his brakes (which only appeared to be used in extreme emergencies) was most impressive. Several millimetres of tyre rubber later and having ignominiously inched a BMW 5 series backwards and a newish looking Smart car forwards, we acquired sufficient space for a rather aged looking Laguna. The car was parked and we were in business and, funnily enough, my head was now remarkably clear.

We trotted down to the start area where a rendezvous with the other company participants had been planned. Greetings were exchanged, photographs taken and sarcastic comments distributed. Most of these were apparently directed at me as the only non-French member of the team. However, each slipped wastefully over my head as I don't speak French.

We proceeded to find the luggage storage area where we changed and left our belongings. From this point a degree of urgency was expressed for us to make our way to the start. Given the fact that the time suggested we had over 30 minutes before the off, this I found confusing. My confusion was only temporary as I soon found that the start was bounded by 6 foot high barriers right across the bridge and the queue was already 60m deep. The normal Ardern trick of sneaking in at the front with 30 seconds to go wasn't going to work here. Joining in at the back I estimated that 10,000 other runners were in front of us and prepared to stand there for longer than we were.

Thirty minutes later with the start imminent my pre-race training was complete, I felt ill, cold and my legs were already stiff with having to stand still in an ever tightening mass of bodies for what seemed like an eternity.

And so this brings me to where my story began – in the middle of 20,000 bodies all waiting for someone to tell them to clear off and not come back until they had run 20k. After the gun went off it took us well over three minutes to walk extremely slowly to the start line, from where the excitement really began.

It is at this point that I must apologise for my lack of experience of being in such a position in mass participant races. This was new territory for me and I didn't relish the chaos. Within the first kilometre I realised that the only way to make progress was to take to the pavements and take your chances with the obstacles. Whilst the roads on which the course was run were large by most English city standards, they were not as wide as the bridge opposite the Eiffel Tower – in simple terms, there were bodies all over the place.

Making any sort of advancement through the field was as much of a game of 'British Bulldog' as it was a running race. And life for a local Parisian out walking their pet toy poodle on a Sunday morning was nothing less than downright dangerous with a good proportion of 20,000 runners charging in their direction. By km 2 I had already witnessed a number of significant firsts for me including a chap who, having sprung through a tight gap between two parked cars to get on the pavement, proceeded to run along the narrow gap between the parked cars and the trees that line the boulevard.

His improved progress was prematurely ended when he tripped on one of the gratings that surround the base of each tree, stumbled several steps and just before managing to regain his balance, he collided head first into a street-side dustbin. Whilst I suspect his injuries were not a joking matter for him I chose not to stop as I didn't feel that the 10,000 or so runners behind me would be so courteous.

This style of running continued for well over half the race which despite the relatively slow progress was not particularly economical on energy. By half way I was way down on any pre-race consideration of pace but with the 'fartlek' style of progress, my legs felt as if they had covered much further.

The second half was predominantly run along the banks of the Seine, firstly west and north past the start and beyond, and then back east on the other side. Whilst the field was starting to thin by this point, the narrowing route meant that progress was still hindered. Having said that whilst it might still have been difficult to gauge where you were in the field there was never a problem gauging your position with respect to the finish – a one thousand foot tall finishing post is a bit of a give away after all.

Given the number of bodies it was only after 15k that I found I could make progress at any sort of reasonable rate and I started to press on with renewed gusto. However, my enthusiasm was dented when into the final kilometre my lack of training and state of health started to take effect. Indeed the last few hundred metres, which coincidentally is where countless photographers stood to record each runners' joyous moment, were a serious slog. Some would say this was perfect race judgement.

Myself; well I would have preferred collapsing 20 metres after the line rather than 50m before it.

As for the statistics my time from gun to line was 1:22. My time from the chip they give you was 1:19:31. A split time at half distance is also quoted which gave me a first 10k of well over 44 minutes and a second 10 of under 35 minutes. My position from the 1:19 time was 338.

Without doubt this is an enjoyable race in a marvellous setting. For members of a fell running club it is basically as flat as your average billiard table. To elite track runners I'm sure that there are a few minor bumps and twists to find a good excuse for slower than expected times. For me the experience was let down by the start which was not controlled at all. (I now understand that there is a concept of a few elite runners joining at the front just prior to the gun, however these are the characters that you watch on the television bounding down the roads in major city marathons or round the tracks of the European circuit). But other than that it was a good day all round.

If anyone is interested there is a web site, some of which is translated into English – www.20kmparis.com, although the results link from this site is not as user friendly as it might be.

Application Form

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

SURNAME																		SEX									
FIRST NAME										DATE OF BIRTH																	
										Day		Month		Year													
POSTAL ADDRESS																											
TOWN																											
COUNTY																		POSTAL CODE				ESSENTIAL					
DAYTIME TELEPHONE (STD ESSENTIAL)														HOME TELEPHONE (STD ESSENTIAL)													

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

Useful Addresses And Telephone Numbers

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