

GOYT VALLEY STRIDERS



NEWSLETTER
August 2005

INTRODUCTION

This is the summer issue of the Goyt Valley newsletter. A little later than planned but the weather has been too good to sit inside at the keyboard. This newsletter is a bumper packed edition with plenty of articles from members, including pictures as well.

I need to make an apology to Sue after failing to print the whole of the article she wrote for the last edition. It was a genuine mistake.

After 15-months I've started to run again myself. My consultant has now clinically diagnosed me with having hypertrophic cardiomyopathy which means I will never hit the dizzy heights of the past! I'm now on beta blockers to control my heart beat but have been told I can do a little sub maximal activity, which translated I think means not over doing it! I've managed a few 5 mile runs so far.

One important article to read in this issue is that covering the Eccles Pike race, now just a few weeks away. Please read the article and make every effort to attend on the night

Happy reading

Mark

THE RACE (OR ODE TO A STRIDER)

What a strange thing
To run such a race
When, right from the start
You can't make the pace

Oh, why do we do it
and what do we gain
If we can't even run it
without feeling pain

we know there is training
to make us so fit
and it's also important
to have the right kit

and if you should wonder
to hear in the meet
a voice like thunder
it has to be Pete

You've heard of the rumba
that goes with the song
but not the quick lumber
that bears Ralph along

We know about Eddie
who suffers the most
but he runs pretty steady
and this isn't a boast

The A6 is all bustle
as mile after mile
Steve puts on the muscle
to tackle the race
(whoops!)

With new found zeal
and lack of meander
he runs a good deal
it has to be Lander
(sorry Brian!)

Light on his feet
and quick off the mark
he's got us all beat
so it has to be Mark
(that was an easy rhyme!)

prolific of word
she has all the paces
and quick like a bird
Sue wins many races

so last but not least
as I bring up the rear
I cannot claim speed
but I like a good beer

THE LONDON MARATHON

I send you this report my Lords from planet earth. My mission was to mingle with the humans and learn about their mental and physical prowess. I must acknowledge that you chose wisely my Lords. What better place than a running race with 37,000 humans? Also, you appeared to have chosen a lean and fit body, well suited to the race, although more of that later.

My journey started at a railway station called Charring Cross, clearly the first test - crush the weakest so that they don't get in the way during the race! At Blackheath, there was a light frost on the ground, but there was a strong sun and a blue sky - ideal conditions for a human body. The frost quickened the pace, the Sun lifted the spirit and the blue sky - well, it was blue.

My human appeared to be in some kind of trance and was easy to control. We arrived at the assembly area with an hour and a half to spare and ambled aimlessly around picking up free drinks (my human appeared to have an urge to take in abnormal amounts of liquid and then stand in large queues waiting for the opportunity to get rid of it again!)

I was able to observe my fellow racers. The first thing that struck me my Lords is that, contrary to our historical information, not all humans conform to the physiology of our textbooks. Some appeared to have feathers, others had wings, there were a few beaks, some snouts and one with a long pointed head. I think this interesting genetic diversity might be an area for more detailed study.

There were also some strong genetic trends among certain groups. For example, there were a number of males dressed from head to foot in white, with black

studded belts, sumptuous black hair, dark glasses and singing strange lyrics (Love me tender? Are you lonely tonight?). There was a variety of human wearing red or black capes. Some of them wore masks. One group of fine looking specimens were all in red with some kind of intergalactic emblem on their chests. They told me they were super-heroes. I'm afraid their performance in the field failed to do justice to their titles!

One couple I was able to observe closely as they were near to me for the first two-thirds of the race. At first, I couldn't see any connection apart from the masks. One was dressed in grey and black and the other in green and red. However, the crowds of onlookers clearly had no such problem and I soon learned that red and green was 'Robin' and grey and black was 'Batman'. Clearly Batman is the weaker of the two as he drifted behind us after about fifteen miles while Robin disappeared ahead.

With about 30 minutes to the start, I noticed the humans crowding into a narrow lane. Clearly, this was it! I made my way (or at least my human's way) into the lane. However, I was stopped by two bumptious individuals who pointed at a number on my chest and told me to go to zone 5. I think that, if my lords find it necessary to exterminate any members of the host race, you might be doing everyone a favour by selecting a few supervising officers. Looking around, I found that zone 5 was some distance further away from the starting line, clearly an intelligent handicapping system! I'm afraid I never heard the starting signal (possibly some deficiency in my human's hearing ability), but, all of a sudden, the ribbons separating the zones were removed and the humans all started pushing and shoving towards the start. Progress was slow and, after about four minutes, we crossed the line, slightly behind a group of sexually confused humans with well endowed mammary glands, hairy legs and unshaven chins.

This might need more detailed investigation before we commit to an invasion my lords. It seems to me that understanding the sexual behaviour and tendencies of the bodies we intend to occupy might be a crucial part of our conditioning. Anyway, back to the race.

After another three or four minutes, we were able to start a slow jog, carefully avoiding a scantily clad (definitely female - no confusion there) form with very large ears, reminiscent of what I believe humans call rabbits. For about two miles, the 'race' consisted of moments of hopeful acceleration which caused a concertina like action among the humans. Those going too fast ran into those whose forward progress was impeded by the mass of humans ahead, in turn causing chaos among those behind. I understand that humans drive motor cars in much the same manner my lords.

After three or four miles, my human was able to accelerate a little and we were achieving a running speed of around 8½ minutes per mile. Whilst I was leaving the tactics to my human, I have to say that, at this point I was beginning to despair of our ability to actually win the race. By my calculation based on data assembled by my noble lords, it is necessary to average around 5 minutes per mile to be among the leaders at the finish. At our current pace, my human was going to have to put in some good 60 mile an hour spurts and I wasn't clear about the true capabilities of this body I was occupying.

At about this point, we passed a large densely occupied building. The people in front of the building all seemed to have very large liquid containers in their hands full of varying shades of brown liquid. At first I thought this might be a drinks station. However, none of the other runners took any notice. In front of the building was a platform and on the platform stood another of the 'men-in-white-with-black-hair-and-loud-voice' type humans.

He was singing into an electronic device and the noise was ear splitting. I was beginning to understand why my human doesn't seem to hear too well!

These interesting buildings with many different varieties of people and sounds occurred at regular intervals, probably two or three a mile for several miles. One such had a group of gaily clad humans beating what appeared to be a bunch of old oil-drums. The noise they produced was not unattractive! At one point, there was an island in the middle of the road entirely occupied by female humans (again no mistaking the sexual identity here) dressed in skin-tight material and beating the living daylights out of a bunch of skins stretched tightly over cylindrical vessels. This produced an ear-splitting rhythm, clearly designed to energise the runners. We need to study this aspect of the human psychology my lords. Rhythm appears to play an important role in human society. Humans lined both sides of the road and were shouting encouragement to the runners. A remarkable number of them appeared to know my human whose name was apparently Nick. There were many shouts of 'come on Nick!', even 'pull your socks up Nick!' although my human's socks appeared to be in reasonable order.

Taking in liquid seems to be an important part of running. Water and a strange sickly liquid in flexible containers were served at regular intervals. My human took liquid at every possible opportunity which also caused him to make a couple of unscheduled stops. Taking drinks was a hazardous procedure - my human favoured the angled approach - picking out the drink he was aiming for some way ahead and angling in to collect. This tactic had mixed results. On some occasions the target drink had already been snatched when he got there. On other occasions, he couldn't complete the approach being elbowed out by other humans already clutching drinks. There was a good chance of being hit by flying plastic bottles, most of them still half full and the ground was littered with containers for a hundred yards beyond each drinks point.

All seemed to be going well. We crossed Tower Bridge and started out of the great City of London heading for the sea. Here I noticed runners coming from the opposite direction on the other side of the road. I'm afraid I had to draw the conclusion that my human's tactical sense was sadly lacking and that it would take a miracle to get us among the leaders. Neither was I experiencing the necessary acceleration, even though the road now appeared to provide the space for passing other runners. In fact, my human was definitely slowing down. I wonder, my lords, whether you didn't inadvertently place me in an older or defective model.

It was at about this point that I began to wonder whether it was wise to have embedded me quite so deeply into the human host. I realise that you wished me to experience everything he experienced but running appears to involve some pain. Whilst, from the start, I had been conscious of aches and pains coming and going from various parts of the body, there was now persistent and increasing pain coming from the knees, thighs and shoulders of my human. This was aggravated by skin burn between the right arm and the body and sun-burn across the neck and shoulders. In fact, my lords, this was becoming a downright unpleasant experience!

At about 18 miles, I noticed that my human had stopped taking an interest in the crowds and was staring fixedly at a point on the road about ten feet ahead. We were also passing many runners who were now walkers. Indeed there were some sitters and at least one recumbent! I tried to get my human to stop or walk but I'm afraid the distraction of the increasing pain had weakened my hold. The last few miles my lords are something of a blur.

The River, the great parliament buildings, the huge crowds as we approached the Royal Palace - all merge into a pain-filled memory. I even saw two humans walking and apparently carrying a third between them. We finally crossed the finishing line and stopped running.

Well my lords, you wish to know how best to take over this strange planet. My advice is to go far away. If humans do this for pleasure, can you imagine what they might do out of anger or fear? No my lords, this planet is not for us.

Nick Gamble

RE: GOYT VALLEY STRIDERS, LONDON MARATHON 2005, THE 25TH RUNNING OF THE EVENT...

It happened like this...I was rejected for the London Marathon and thought that was that. After all it was a daft idea; this would be my first marathon. Well, on reflection not exactly the first one I had entered, I trained for both the Marine Corp Marathon in Washington DC and the New York one in 1981. On both occasions I had to withdraw before the day of the race through injuries. I went to watch some work colleagues in the Marine Corp around the avenues of the Capital. It was amazing, with Marine in marching formation, in full battledress and one of their member carrying a US flag. Some veterans were also running in their army boots. Tough lot the Marines.

So when Mark wrote about an opportunity to enter through the club, I asked if it would be OK to enter the draw. On the night our family went to the Carol Concert at St John's in Furness and after the service, mince pies and beverages I set off for the Navigation in Whaley. When I opened the door at 9pm on December 17th, the night when the country was bracing itself for festive parties and binge drinkers, the inn was completely empty, save for a young barmaid with a prominent tongue stud. I asked if a running club had met here at 8pm and she said there were some gentlemen in tuxedos but had left. She then suggested, through a mixture of lisping and spitting that there was another Navigation at Buxworth.

I met up with Mark and club members and it transpired that it was a shoot out at the OK coral with Kevin, really hoping that the slip of paper would have Kevin's name on it was my lucky night. Sage comments were brought into conversation and expectations were being made. I have no idea if I can make the starting line let alone the finish tape but Kevin assured me that it was possible – he has completed some half a century of such races.

Four months to the date, sitting down to start this piece that Mark said was obligatory, I feel that I should have a schedule of what I intend to do. I will review a couple of plans provided in Running Magazine etc. I have applied for the Wilmslow half on 20th March, so that should be a good test. Hope to run some of the club events, although I am a coach to an Under7's rugby team on Sunday morning which clashes with club training.

Next Instalment

February 22 2005

January mileage was 116 miles, this included runs while working in the Netherlands so not too taxing on the legs although I did try and speed up the pace. Running at night, in gale force winds along the dykes was an experience. Also running on dimly lit roads was a mistake, I ended up carrying an empty Heineken can with its silver coloured base so that I could flash it back in the general direction of the driver. This works but not as good as the fluorescent jacket that my kind colleagues in Holland clubbed together to buy me on the second week of my stay. Longest run so far....11 miles. Also swam about 75 lengths during the month.

February mileage is lower, the month is shorter, but the hills are alive with the sound of my pounding feet....especially over on the Mickledon Straddle...this is the first Goyt Valley Striders club event of 2005 and during the "race" I really did wonder if it would be my last. The race report said the conditions were ideal; I would not like to have been out in adverse ones.

There is a long climb up from Langsett – which apparently means “long hill” – reservoir and then down into the Howden and Ladybower reservoirs and back again.

The major problem for me, not accustomed to how you have to pick your way around the boggy bits, stony bits and tufty bits was where to place my feet. There was only about a mile of flat track at the start and finish. There were times on the top and during the traverse through springs and bog, up to my knee at one point, that I thought I would never see home and a warm bath again! Finishing towards the back, with the visibility at the top fading it was quite eerie. I tried to follow in Pete Hill’s footsteps until I lost contact with him on a steep bit on the return.

This was the first run where survival clothes, map, compass, whistle and water have been needed to be carried and they carried out a kit check too. I think Pete and I could have opened a shop at the top, selling confectionary, raisins and tried and recouped our entrance fee...we were both well prepared for any eventuality.

I brought up the rear of the GVS contingent and took just under 3 hours for the 13.8 miles and near 2000 feet. First home was Lloyd Taggett, took 1 hour 37 mins, must have been helicopter assisted!

Now that my place, race number 24874, has been confirmed by the staff at the Flora London Marathon, I have decided to make the charity “Daniel’s Light”, which I guess most of GVS members will be familiar with. It’s a Leukaemia charity linked with Christies but very local to Whaley Bridge and Furness Vale where Daniel’s parents live and work. Need to get sponsorship forms etc. organised.

Cloud 9 and the Wilmslow half planned, have swam 146 lengths so far this month but have only run less than 50 miles so far. Have started taking Glucosamine Sulphate to improve the flexibility of joints...hope it's not a banned substance but I believe they are helping, as...touch wood...I'm injury free which I think (hope) is the main thing.

Less than 2 months to go.....to April 17th.
Next instalment :-

March saw the amount, and quality of training improve but only after pulling a calf muscle on the Congleton Cloud 9 run on March 6th. The race was on a cold morning, after a lot of rain. The run across open, boggy fields was OK and the ascent to 900 feet was also OK, especially after the Mickledon! At the top, as I turned to descend, this was about 4 miles into the race, I felt the calf twinge and from then on each step was difficult. The marsh fields towards the finish were painful. 88 mins for the 9 miles was just a relief to get to the leisure centre and have a shower and a massage. Mark Richards ran well and came 8th, I managed to hobble to the car and book an appointment with Sue Fraser-Thomson at Fountains Sports Therapy in Disley as soon as I could. Sue and Matt had me run on a treadmill and video my running gait. They saw a slight dropping of my left hip, not uncommon among runners, it almost flows from being right handed or favouring a right foot to stand or kick. The favouritism has an impact on the running gait and can create the pressures that pull muscles. Abdominal exercise...core support ones were demonstrated and have been religiously followed since.

Kept up the jogging and soon felt fine, cold ice packs on the calf for 20 mins at various times during the day helped.

March 20th Wilmslow half and a time of 1hr 45 mins. Last year it was 2 hrs and 6 mins. Sounds great but the run was completely the wrong way around...first 3 miles in 21mins....tried to slow down, carried along with the crowd....8 miles in the first hour, still too fast, last 5 miles in 45 mins. Lesson for the Marathon...set of slow and get faster, if possible, where have you heard that before? Ask any Goyt Valley Strider for tips and that's what they say...along with detailed descriptions of places to put Vaseline and heart felt comments on ablutions and making sure you know whether portaloo doors open inwards or outwards!

Easter weekend, early and pleasant this year was spent down on the Llyn peninsular and runs along the beach and cliff paths were memorable. I was joined by 2 grey seals off Tugwiliog one morning.

Curry night in Whaley Bridge with GVS club members was uplifting, ask Mark about the previously mentioned doors! Looking forward to reading Mark's comments on his Marathon experience, dressed as a Heart, guessing his expected time was a challenge.

Sponsorship activity increased in April, sent e-mails to both High Peak Radio and Buxton Advertiser. High Peak Radio were on the phone within a day and I was equally as quick to go to their studios and record a piece about my training and the Daniels Light Charity. Following Friday morning at 8:05 I was on after the news and you should have seen the 3 children's faces, and shouts of "oh daddy" and looks of embarrassment.

I also made the Thursday April 14th edition of their paper. Both want to know how I get on, High Peak want a call from the finish line and talk to Leighton. Pledges coming in from relations, colleagues and friends, lots of good luck wishes, lots of banter and increased money if under 3hours 40 mins...I said that I don't think Paula is keen on accepting piggybacks, and also a good luck card from Joyce and John Shacklock, Daniel's parents. Approximately £850 raised and with the gift aid over £1,000 before the start.

Registered in Docklands on Saturday lots of stands with merchandise and hosts of sponsors, tapering down has a real pain, I just want to get out and RUN.....however, dinner of pasta and lots of water..... my wife and friends slurping back the wine in deepest Ealing as I trudge off to bed.

Day of the race and awake at 6am, off to the tube with all types of clothes, too many as my plastic sack was splitting! Although there was frost on the cars, the skies were blue. Get the logistics right and make my way to tube and then down to Charring Cross and not only queues for crowded toilets but trains to Blackheath as well, in fact after some apologies as we were stuck in a siding, sailed past London Bridge as the train was full. A crowded station and masses of runners greeted us. Found my way to a park bench for some stretching...a couple of other runners were preparing, Vaseline on feet, suncream on face! I borrowed a squirt of muscle rub on my calf's and also put Vaseline on toes as I decided, at this late stage that I would run in the old rather than the new trainers.

Taped up the splitting bag at the baggage handling trailers, all were very friendly, found the blue start and within ten mins it was 9:45 and away we went, just 2 mins to get to the start line and jogged at an estimated 10 min miles, heard a couple of ladies saying that they were doing 10 min miles and slotted in near them. Lots of runners pushing through though and a couple elbowing their way in the process, I wish they would not do that, very tempted to give them a little nudge to help them on their way!

I knew that hydration would be a problem as it was warm now and I was running in my Welsh bob hat, as I was to try and see Jill and Pip, Erica and Kit at 6 miles. Took a water bottle at first station at 3 miles and had with me a Pete Hill supply of chocolate bars and some apricots and raisins a la Mickledon Straddle. Ran round with Scoobie Doo and helped him get some Lucozade as he missed the station, you can tell you have been through a sports drink stop though, as your trainers stick to the tarmac for a 100 metres afterwards. Overall had 3 enforced pit stops.

Missed Jill at 6 although she saw the back of my red bob hat!! Jill and the children made off to mile 21. Running through the different areas, different sights, blacks and reggae music, Sikhs and Hindus and Irish dancing, brass bands and disco music. I hit 13 miles in 2 hours and 10 mins, exactly 10 min miles. Then into the city and the temperature rose to 20 degrees. Keep it going and at 21 miles, Jill and team were on the same side as me, sometimes running 10 a breast and so if you spot someone on the other side, forget it, you would be tripping up other runner to get across.

After 18 miles, I was in uncharted territory as I have not run this far before, hence Jill knew that if I was looking alright at 21, then I should make it through. I was OK till at 24 miles, under the underpass on the Embankment, last pit stop and had a sharp pain in my knee reminiscent of the pain I suffered in training for the New York Marathon 23 years before. I rubbed it, gritted my teeth, clenched fists and started to try and run it off, up the underpass and the crowd cheered, shouted "Come on Stephen" and "You can do it" and a limping run got stronger and ran through to the end. Ran in just behind Adrian Childs, TV sports and business presenter, dressed in a thrush's outfit supporting West Bromwich Albion. I had completed the London Marathon in 4 hours 32 mins and 42 seconds.

Splits

KM10:	01:02:31	KM20:	02:02:44
HALF:	02:09:16	KM30:	03:05:49
KM40:	04:16:29	FINISH:	04:32:42

Such a great experience, had my medal and a goodie bag...no sandwich though Mark...made my way to pick up my bag and then eventually met up with Jill as travelling on the tubes by spectators was even harder that negotiating the course!

After a quick few words back to High Peak radio, a pasta meal in Soho, the children made me run up escalators to get the tube back to Ealing, a bath and away up North arriving home at 11 o'clock on Sunday night. We had a discussion in the car about Pheidippides running from Marathon to Athens to warn the Greeks that the Persians were attacking. Pheidippides delivered the momentous message "Niki" ("Victory") then collapsed and died after his run. Children were pleased that I was OK.

One other fact.... at the 1908 Olympic Games in London, the marathon distance was changed to 26 miles to cover the ground from Windsor Castle to White City Stadium, with 385 yards added on so the race could finish in front of royal family's viewing box. This added two miles to the course, and is the origin of the Marathon tradition of shouting "God save the Queen!" (or other words relating to the Queen) as mile post 24 is passed.

Monday morning in the dentist chair but not even he could extract the medal from around my neck.

Saw Mark Richards wearing his "Heart" costume on the BBC coverage and a glimpse of me too and a piece in the Buxton Advertiser:-

Now a couple of weeks after the race, donations have been collected and thanks to all for their generosity, OK Finance for £260, pushes the total collected to nearly £1,600 and nearly £2,000 to "Daniel's Light" with gift aid.

Lots have asked if I will do it again.....I have said no....it was a great day....every thing worked out just right and the 25th running of the London Marathon will be special to me. It took me 23 years to finish the training for a Marathon; I'll let someone else have the special thrill of the whole experience, it is well worth the effort.

Stephen Sanders

***NICK PUTS NEW HEART INTO A CHARITY DASH
High Peak runners Nick Gamble and Stephen Sanders
have successfully completed the London Marathon to
raise vital funds for charity.***

Nick, from Whaley Bridge, finished the 26-mile course in an impressive four hours and 18 minutes - despite having a heart operation only 12 months ago.

The 58-year-old, who raised £250 for the British Heart Foundation (BHF), said:

"I was so impressed with the operation I wanted to do something to help the BHF and the London Marathon seemed like the perfect way to raise money for more research."

Stephen, from Furness Vale, is aiming to collect more than £1,000 for local leukaemia charity Daniel's Light after completing the race in four hours and 32 minutes.

"It was a great experience to run the furthest I have ever run in such an uplifting atmosphere" he said.

By Jonathan Dodds

jonathan.dodds@buxtonadvertiser.co.uk

28 April 2005

11th May 2005



2005 SUBSCRIPTIONS

Just a small reminder to those that have not paid their subscriptions for 2005; Please can you do so as soon as possible. The subs represent good value at just £10.00 per year or £12.00 for a family. The subs are the main source of revenue for the club.

I MADE KEVIN A STAR...

This is perfectly true, I had a call for a photo shoot on the Millennium Walkway Bridge for Runners World. Being out of action and hence a bit podgy I thought it would be wrong to represent Goyt Valley in such a state. I called Kevin Day, he was there before you could say 'get your kit on'. Kevin, please remember, when the money starts pouring in from future assignments, it was me that made you!

50 BY 40 (THE FINAL CHAPTER)

The year started with 2 more marathons needed to complete the 50.

I did not have a good start to the year with illness, which cost vital early training. I was not deterred by the setback and I had planned my first marathon for the beginning of April.

The road to race fitness was on a tight schedule. I did Cloud 9 and did not run particularly well. Next I went down to Seaton, Devon, to run the Grizzly, a 20 mile multi-terrain challenge over a tough course. I had a very good run and seemed to find a little bit of form.

I had decided to do the Bungay Black Dog Marathon on the Norfolk / Suffolk border. This was to be my first road race of the year. The weather was nice, a little on the warm side, but fine for running in. I was unsure how I was going to go. The course was a 2-lap route, the first 5 miles were hilly, after that the course was pretty flat.

I started off easy, but soon I got into my stride. I went through half way in 1:38:55. The second half went well; I passed through 20 miles in 2:32:11. I started to get a little tired at around 23 miles, but still kept going and finished in 3:26:58. I was pleased with my 49th marathon and I came through in good shape.

My 50th marathon was originally planned to be the Three Forts Marathon at Worthing, Sussex, on the 1st May, but an invitation to a presentation evening, the night before in Wisbech, Cambridgeshire, changed the plans. Luckily I found another marathon, on the Sunday on the Suffolk Coast.

The Heritage Coast Marathon at Thorpeness on the Suffolk Coast is a multi-terrain low key run rather than a race. Due to the journey to the race taking twice as long as expected, by the time I had arrived and picked up my number and got to the start line, the race had already been started 5 minutes, not that it made a lot of difference. Well, I got going and after about a mile and a half I caught up the tail enders.

The route started on a dirt track for the first 3 miles, until we reached Sizewell Power Station, when we moved on to the sand for a few miles. After that, we moved on to the road, the course followed country lanes until about 22 miles when we moved back onto some more sand and then the dirt track until we reached the finish. I finished my 50th marathon in 3:40, not bad seeing as I started 5 minutes late.

Since I started this saga, the 100 club have changed the counting method for marathons. Under the old system, only road and a couple of off road events could be used, but now the 100 club are using the same method as is used in other countries, which is to count all marathons and ultra-marathons on or off road. With this system my count will rise by a few extra races. So now my aim is to get membership into the 100 club. So off I run on to the 100 mark.

Kevin Day

ECCLES PIKE FELL RACE

A reminder to everyone that our annual Eccles Pike race takes place next Wednesday 17th August. We **WILL** need your assistance to marshal, time keep etc, so please make every effort to attend. Confirmation of your attendance in advance would prevent me worrying too much! Please be there from 6:00pm onwards. Race starts at 7:30pm.

CURRY NIGHT

I have been reminded that we have not had one for a while, therefore, like this article, we will go for a curry after the Eccles Pike race. All welcome.

CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP

The club championship is being well contested this year. It is not to late to get involved and run the last four races

Date	Month	Race	Distance	Climb
Race 11	Sep	Macclesfield ½	13m	Road
Race 12	Oct	High Brown Knoll	6.5m	1050'
Race 13	Nov	The Roaches	15m	3700'
Race 14	Dec	Cardington Cracker	9m	2500'

Name	Mickledon Straddle	Cloud Nine	Herod Farm	Vanessa Chappel	Eyam Half	Shining Tor	Kettishulme	Boars Head	Offerton 10	Goyts Moss	Macclesfield Half	High Brown Knoll	The Roaches	Cardington Cracker	Total
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	
Mark Richards	20	20	20	20		20	20		20	20					160
Steve Hennessey	18	19	19	14	19	15		19	18	17					158
Kevin Day	16	18	16	18	20	17		18	16	18					157
Stephen Sanders	14	17		17	18	16	16	17	15	15					145
Jonathan Hull				19		18	19	20	19	19					114
Alistair Fitzgerald	19		17				17		17						70
Peter Hill	15			16			15		14						60
Andy butler			18			19	18								55
Will Meredith	17														17
Shaun Coram															16
Daniel Herdwhite				15											15



Above: Kevin Day on the Millennium bridge as seen in Runners World.



Left: Stephen Sanders at the Eyam Half

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		
POSTAL ADDRESS															Day	Month	Year
TOWN															POSTAL CODE ESSENTIAL		
COUNTY															HOME TELEPHONE (STD 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

The Chairman

Peter Hill
127 Buxton Road
Whaley Bridge
High Peak

Tel: 01663 734756

The Secretary

Mark Whelan
11 Shallcross Mill Road
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Sk23 7JQ

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The Treasurer

Di Howe
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High Peak

Tel: 01663 733382