



WILMSLOW

Running Club

N · E · W · S L · E · T · T · E · R

JUNE 1993

EDITORIAL

May began with the long awaited, and eagerly anticipated, return of the mighty Maurice Minns to the Saddleworth hills, and with the news that Malcolm has decided to join Salford. Sad though it is for us, it is, however, a sensible 'career' move on his part. We wish him all possible success, and thank him for all he has done over the years to enhance our reputation and standing as a Club. I am pleased to say that it is not all doom and gloom, as he is staying on as our treasurer and as a second claim member, so we will, on occasions, still be able to twist his arm to run for us in races, as at The Cock and Pheasant.

Congratulations to Jim News, Arabella, and our ladies' team of Arabella, Carole, Wendy and Yvonne for their convincing victories in the St. James' School 10km race; to Neil Farmer for his PB in the Glossop Half Marathon; to Jim and Malcolm for their runs in the Cheshire 5000m Champs; to Jim and Malcolm, again, for coming 1st and 2nd respectively at Bollington, and thank-you for running for us, especially as it meant that, with the added muscle power of Bill Heaton, we picked up the team prize, to Arabella for coming 1st Lady Vet, to Ron Reed for being 1st Vet 60 and to all who braved the rain to come and run - we provided around twenty five per cent of the field; and finally, to all who got PBs in the Kingswood 10Km, and to Arabella for coming 1st Lady - also congratulations to her on being selected to represent Cheshire in the Inter-Counties 20 Mile Championships.

NEW MEMBERS

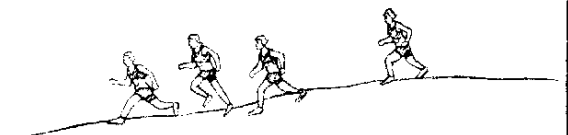
And still they keep flooding in! A very warm welcome to Steven Mees and to Steven Bell, who have been bold enough to join us, and to Jim News, who has decided to join us as a second claim member - if he turns up to a training session, take a good look at his face beforehand, as all you will see, once he starts running, is his back view disappearing into the distance. Malcolm knows all about that!

BIRTHDAY FILE

June is, with one exception, the month of the Oldies. A VERY HAPPY BIRTHDAY to Chris Thomas, who would be attaining veteranhood if he was a woman, on the 2nd, to Tony Hulme, who, after three worrying months for me during which we have been the same age, finally becomes ancient again on the 4th, to Peter Crichton-Gold, the king of the fun runs, on the 12th, and to that prolific racer, Neil Dainty, on the 30th.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

This took place at the Alassio restaurant on May 26th, and was followed by a meal in the restaurant; many thanks to Les and to Paul for organising the evening. A reminder to those of you who were not there, and to a few of you who were, that your sub. for 1993/4 is now due - £15, which includes social membership of the Rugby Club. Dave Read awaits your cheque eagerly!



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THE LORIXI MARATHON - Sunday April 18th

by Charles Vomereley

MARATHON REFLECTIONS...OR TALES OF A FINELY TUNED ATHLETE

As the finishing line approaches and I trot over the crown of Westminster Bridge at almost exactly 1.30pm on a sunny Sunday in April, a thousand thoughts come flashing across what is left of my tiring mechanism known as the human body.

"Well, that wasn't too bad.....she's pretty.....he looks pretty knackered.....I'm dying for a pee.."

And then the line. The Nutrasweet men shouting, "Well done, move along now... keep moving down the line." Suddenly my legs said, "That's enough, matey," and the feeling of elation at having achieved an ambition without feeling too bad, and in the time I had expected, was suddenly replaced by an intense pain in my legs and brain as my body seized up.

The twenty yards to receive my medal could well have been twenty miles as I waited and ached. I could see bodies, clad in silver metal sheets, slumped, seemingly lifeless, in the car park of County Hall, attempting to co-ordinate their hands and mouths to take in some nourishment. The agonising wait to receive my kit from truck No 14 seemed an age away from the time I had nervously left it on Greenwich's blasted heath some 5 hours hence. I was feeling altogether different then....

The pre-race nerves reminded me of rigger days gone by, and the reassuring butterflies meant that I was in the right mental state for the ordeal ahead. "Should I have had that last beer last night? Will my knee hold out. God, I've forgotten my vaseline. I need another pee. This Isostar stuff tastes just like a pee!"

I line up, chat nervously, shake the legs, my heart is thumping, hum Jerusalem and think of Prince Hal at the gates of Harfleur... 'Once more into the breach.' The gun sounds. I don't move. "What's going on?" A seven minute shuffle to the line, I set my watch. "Go easy." That's all I can think about. I feel strangely emotional. No hiding place now. "Save your energy. Take on lots of water."

The first 5 miles. "43 minutes. That's O.K." Great sights round the Cutty Sark. 8 miles and the family in Deptford. A great cacophony of sounds assault the senses. "Run it in stages." Tower Bridge, at last. 1hr 55min on my watch. Thinks, "O.K., just dig in." Canary Wharf. 'When the going gets tough...' I am now f****d. "No, you're not!"

18 miles. "What's happening? Why are all these people walking in front of me? 'Hey! Keep going, you're holding me up.'"

Tower Bridge again.... smile for the cameras. "You poseur! Right, you're still going. O.K., let's give it some Northern rip."

The Rebankment.... nearly there, feeling good but legs obviously tiring.

The Mall.... the longer I run, the further away Buckingham Palace seems to be.

Birdsage Walk smile for the Taverners, then the last agonising slope through Parliament Square. You don't feel that in a car....

The cold, winter nights with lads and lasses of the Running Club, damp and cold. That's what this is all about. Right now, what about a beer... Next year? I'll tell you in the morning!

Thanks Wilmslow!

OVERHEARD AFTER ONE OF TONY'S SPEED SESSIONS

"Well, that was easy. I don't feel as though I have done very much running this evening. But, please don't tell Tony!"



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STUC A'CHROIN - Saturday May 1st

by Andrew Gage

(A Category 'A' Fell Race of 13 miles with 5000ft of climb)

Stuc A'Chroin is one of the Grampian mountains, which form the northern border of the carse of Stirling, ruled over by the imperious Stirling castle. It is a 'Munro' being over 3000ft (3189) and the third highest in that particular southern range.

Getting to it requires crossing a preceding ridge, whichever way it is approached from the roads. In the case of this race, the start and finish are both at Strathyre, a one-street village on the road to Callander, the land of Rob Roy.

The race was chosen for the British Championship in 1991, and the organisation laid on for that was clearly evident two years later. Registration was unhurried and well sited, car parking ample, and the start well placed between the two. Even the sunshine had been ordered and maintained.

The first twenty minutes of running is through forestry commission land on a hard, gravel road. It is a steady climb, with a few plateaux which allow breath to be caught. The first surprise at the end of this 'road running' was a drinks station, very welcome after the windless warmth of the forest. Then a sharp left turn and up a damp, grassy bank to the fells proper.

Keall Mor is the first summit at 2000ft. By this time we had passed the marshal who clapped every runner out and in, and found the second drinks station. A gulp of water might have been better replaced by brandy when one stared down the steep slope into Glen Ample and just picked out the leading runners toiling up an equally steep slope the other side!

The descent ends at about 350ft above sea level, and then the route is straight up the western face of Ben Each at 2660ft. The path is not shown on the map, and the sheep have more sense than to climb up it, so 'follow my leader' is the order of the day. Thank God, the heather is deep rooted because it is an all fours climb, angled at about 80°. Strangely, there is the remnants of an old, iron wired fence all the way to the top and continuing along much of the ridge. The posts that remained were useful hand holds, but the tangled wire tended to act as an irritating snare for unwary feet.

Near to the top was a third drinks station. Three hardy Scots with plastic bottles and cups. They were blessed more times that day than a church full of priests.

On to the top and a glance around at the Scottish wilderness makes it worth the climb. No signs of civilisation are in sight, just deep glens and high peaks. The route now undulates along Bealach nan Cabar, which is a rocky mountain ridge connecting Ben Each and Stuc A'Chroin. The latter's summit comes into view, and is identifiable by the cluster of ant sized figures on its top. Closer to it, the ears begin to play tricks and it is obvious that delirium is setting in, because amidst the wilderness is the strain of a Scottish piper. A swallow of water at the fourth drinks station (where did they find these hardy souls?), the essential stamp at the first checkpoint, and onwards.

The route map made it plain that the ridge ran lower than the summit, and there was one final climb to the top. Tucked into a sheltered outcrop of rock, just before the final ascent, was the sole piper, launching into "Scotland The Brave" to put fear into the Sassenach contingent.

600 feet of broken rock leads to the summit of Stuc A'Chroin, made worse for most of the runners by needing to avoid the leading contenders as they hurtle down on their return journey. Second checkpoint, another drink of



water, and the secret smugness of descending fast, whilst others continue to toil upwards.

The helpfulness and organisation of the Scots was again apparent when each runner was given his position at the summit. A blessing or a curse, it tells you how you are doing, and lends weight to the decision either to go fast or slow for the second half. A glance at the watch showed there was probably one hour to go to the finish, and most of it is downhill.

Coming down just short of 3000 feet in two steep sections, one of loose rock and the other of heather-covered grass, is exhilarating. We were told that there were no short cuts, but angles can be refined, and choosing a higher or lower reach decided in seconds. To hell with the climb out of Glen Ample, let go and enjoy it!

Well, all good things come to an end, and the last 1600ft back up Meall Mor proved that. At the top, the same lovely ladies with a drink of water and the soothing words of, "It's all downhill now, laddies."

Memory reminds one of the forest trail back to the finish, and expectations of a good pace over the last two miles flash into mind. The trouble is that legs which have hauled up and down rough tracks do not adjust to rhythm running very easily, and the two miles begins to feel like ten.

The finish cannot be seen until it is 30 seconds away, and there are no landmarks to guide the memory. At least it is all descent and it gets steeper towards the end. The run-in is painless. Kind words, some clapping and plenty of refreshments instantly available.

The weather was perfect and conditions underfoot were good, apart from two wet patches. Nine drinks stations on a thirteen mile mountainous fell race was excellent, and the warmth and humour of the marshals was exceptional. 70th out of 153 in 2hr 51min was acceptable, and the Scots are top of the pops!

ST JAMES' SCHOOL 10KM - Sunday May 9th

When Arabella and I drove up to the school, there was music blaring and hundreds of children parading around in fancy dress. We thought that they must have turned out to celebrate the unveiling of Malcolm's new Club vest, but apparently this was not the case, the real reason being that there was a massive fun run taking place.

It appeared at one stage that we would not get our usual large turn out, but gradually the Wilmslow runners arrived, many looking distinctly bleary-eyed from lack of sleep. Ray, however, was there in good time, having 'timed' his arrival on the start line so finely last year that all he saw was the back of the field disappearing round the first corner!

The Wilmslow Ladies took the race by storm, with prizes galore (wine rather than whisky) including that of 1st team. Arabella ran a good, even paced race to record a very satisfying and, in the end, comfortable victory; Carole showed good form, and much potential for the future, to finish third; Wendy appeared to be enjoying the race thoroughly, judging from the large smile on her face - she even had time to adjust her hair before putting on a sprint finish in front of her coach, Ron Reed; and Yvonne seemed to be flowing nicely and looked relaxed, even though she had to contend with Paul riding alongside her on his bike, with whip in hand.

Having positioned myself about 300 metres down the road from the start, I was amazed to see Jim Newns charging past, as though it was a one hundred metres race, flames coming from his shoes, with Paul Fitzpatrick from Stockport and Malcolm having to hang on behind him; these three had already got a lead of around 70 metres on the rest of the field. As I wandered



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further down the course, I was surprised to see, when the leaders came back into view, that Jim was now in third place, and thought that his hip must be bothering him. What apparently had happened was that the marshals had just stood by and watched him sprint past, without telling him that he was supposed to turn right; it had been left to Malcolm to call him back on course. Nevertheless, he still managed to win the race convincingly in an exceptionally fast time, but it was rather disappointing for him that, without his extra detour and all the unnecessary energy-sapping anger it must have caused, he would almost certainly have broken his PB for the distance. Malcolm also ran a very good race, and had every reason to be well satisfied with his time (half a minute faster than he ran in this race last year), especially considering the blustery conditions. These first three started in a race of their own, and finished the same way, with the next runner being almost 2½ minutes behind them.

Geoff "Mr Consistency" Quinn - in his last three races he has recorded 35.12, 35.06 and 35.07 - ran very well again, even though he was very much in a vacuum for a great deal of the time, and Peter Nelson had a good race, finishing as 2nd vet - was he trying to win himself another free hair cut or was it that he was merely out to prove that age has not wearied him, since the runner he forged ahead of in the closing stages was almost thirty years his junior! Gavin Mendham just managed to stay ahead of Ray Hunt, who was pleased to be beginning to feel more comfortable again when running at pace, and James Smith showed that he has got any residual stiffness from the London Marathon out of his legs.

Peter Crichton-Gold was running well for the first two miles, but then began to feel knackered, uttered a few expletives, and dropped back - has the mental pressure of his tense victory in a children's race in Alderley Edge finally got to him? - whereas Tony Wilson looked comfortable and in control in coming 2nd Vet 55 - or was it delight in the knowledge that he was beating his son?

Ken Reed seemed to be cruising round, although he was probably wishing that he was back in his favourite hills with a rucksack on his back - I'm sure there is a song about that - Charles Womersley, in his first ever 10Km race, proved that he is, indeed, a finely tuned athlete at the peak of physical fitness, just managing to withstand the challenge of Trevor Faulkner, who had started off very fast, and Dave Read, who was surrounded early on by two devious looking and burly gentlemen from Stockport (were they a couple of bookies debt collectors?), finally managed to shake them off and to run his own race.

1 Jim News	30.42	37 Tony Wilson	41.56 (2nd V 55)
3 Malcolm Fowler	31.15	39 Carole Smalley	42.13 (3rd Lady)
6 Geoff Quinn	35.07	46 Ken Reed	42.59
9 Peter Nelson	36.22 (2nd Vet)	48 Wendy Bracken	43.32 (4th Lady)
14 Gavin Mendham	37.02	56 Charles Womersley	45.23
16 Ray Hunt	37.30	57 Trevor Faulkner	45.39
26 Arabella Woodrow	39.53 (1st Lady)	68 Dave Read	50.40
27 James Smith	40.10	75 Yvonne Brown	53.33 (6th Lady)
36 Peter C-Gold	41.49		

OVERHEARD DURING A TRAINING SESSION

X: "Tony's got some interesting trousers in stock now. He says that not only do they keep you warm round your nether regions, but they are also very tactile!"

T: "No, you idiot. I said that they were made of Tactel."



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THE FELLSMAN - Saturday May 8th

A tough, endurance race of 61 miles over the moors and fells of the North Yorkshire Dales. Having competed in this race last year, I approached it this time with some trepidation. Not only because I knew how hard it was, but also because good navigation plays an important part, and I realised how lucky I had been last year to be running at the same pace as someone, who knew his way round the moors. Otherwise, there would have been a distinct possibility that I would still be going round in circles to this very day.

Last year the main problem, as well as the distance involved and the length of time you are on your feet, was the state of the ground; it was incredibly wet and boggy. At least this time the conditions under foot were much firmer, although there are obviously parts where it remains boggy the whole time; but I only sank up to my thighs on two occasions. The real difficulty came from the strong north easterly wind, which, as the course is basically a sweep from west to east, meant that it was in one's face for the vast majority of the time - and it was very noticeable on the mountain tops and on the high ground.

The race starts in the village of Ingleton, and, for the first few miles, it is though one is on a big dipper. You immediately climb around 1850ft to the top of Ingleborough in the first 3 or so miles, and then drop down 1300ft in the next 2½ miles. There is then another climb of around 1400ft in 2 miles to the top of Whernside, before rushing downhill 1300ft, and then climbing another 1100ft in 1½ miles. After all that, not only is one both giddy and knackered, but also very relieved to spend some miles on the high ground to get one's breath back.

There are strict rules about exactly what equipment you have to carry with you, including spare clothing, full waterproofs, a survival blanket, a torch, and emergency rations (which you are not allowed to touch) - in fact most things except for the kitchen sink seem to be on their list - and these are enforced, not only by a kit check at the start, but also with another one en route - one person just behind me was disqualified for not having a spare bulb for his torch, and another one was about to be disqualified for not having a hat until the other one lent him his. It is billed as an endurance event and you are not allowed to receive any assistance whatsoever from supporters, such as food, water, directions, a change of clothes or shoes etc, and you are disqualified if you are seen receiving any, but at least the organisers do now provide some sustenance at the road side checkpoints.

There are certain sections over which you have to follow a set route, so as to keep the farmers happy, but for much of the way it is up to you to work out for yourself how to get from checkpoint to checkpoint. As there are usually around 400 idiots each year, who take part in this race, route finding is fairly easy to begin with - you just follow the person ahead of you. The field does, however, get spread out quite quickly and, although for the first twenty miles or so there is usually someone in sight, after that, unless you are lucky, you can find yourself quite alone for long stretches of time. It is therefore important that you work out in advance the route you want to take - and there are large chunks where there is no path to follow, and others where the map appears to show a well defined path that, in reality, does not exist.



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I had spent days before the race staring at the maps of the area, and writing route descriptions on pieces of card to take with me. The problem is that writing "run due east for 1½ miles to Jeffrey Pot and then swing to a bearing of 135°" is easy, whereas judging 1½ miles when you are running up and down on featureless moors, not being able to run in a straight line anyway as you have to avoid deep groughs, and recognising Jeffrey Pot, whatever it might be, when you reach it, is somewhat different! At least it is to me.

Needless to say, I got it wrong. Either it wasn't Jeffrey Pot or I mixed up my right from my left, but I discovered my error when, having gone around half a mile or so, I looked behind me and saw some people disappearing into the distance in the opposite direction! Luckily, I have so little faith in my own ability to navigate that I decided that they, rather than me, were going the correct way; so I backtracked and, when I caught them up, stayed with them for a few miles until I got some confidence back and felt able to press ahead alone.

I am pleased, and surprised, to report that that was the only time I made a real error. One quibble I do have with the makers of maps, however, is that they do not seem to realise the vital importance of showing dry stone walls, and, in particular, those that are six foot high and are topped with barbed wire, on their maps - there was the odd occasion when I found my chosen route barred by such an obstruction. I am slightly ashamed to admit that I did not try to find a way round them, but instead, after checking that there was no irate farmer with a shot gun in the vicinity, scrambled over.

For safety reasons, so that no-one is roaming the moors and mountains alone at night, there are various cut-off times at roadside checkpoints, after which you cannot go on alone, but rather have to be grouped with a minimum of three other people; the cut-off time at the last checkpoint, approximately ten miles from the finish, was 7.30pm, and one of my aims was to try to reach it before that time. Unfortunately, I failed by around fifteen minutes. Although any time you spend at checkpoints usually counts towards your overall finishing time, they do, at the end, deduct any time you have had to spend waiting for your group to form. After a minute or so, a couple of other runners appeared, but we still had to wait for a fourth person to turn up. This delay did, however, give me a chance to put on my waterproofs, gloves and balaclava, as it had got distinctly chilly.

Finally, after fourteen minutes, a group of six runners appeared, and our allowed waiting time was now over. There was then an argument as they did not want to have to run in a group of nine and, anyway, they wanted a good rest before they started out. This was very frustrating as my other aim in the race was to finish in under 13 hours, and the minutes were ticking away rapidly. Finally, after a further twelve minutes or so, one of them said that it was unfair on us to keep us hanging around any longer, and that he would set off with us.

To cut a long story, and day, short, we made good progress over the last ten miles, just managed to get off the high ground without having to use our torches, although the last part was distinctly tricky, and I succeeded in breaking 13 hours, just, by three minutes.

OVERHEARD AFTER TRAINING

X: "I gather there were a few moans about their size."

Y: "No, I don't think so. After all, lots of women like a big one."



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FUTURE FIXTURES

As well as those in June mentioned last month, such as:-

Wed June 9th: Astbury 10 - 7.15pm

Sat June 12th: Buxton High Peak Half Marathon

Sun June 13th: Thurnall Engineering Cadishead 10Km

Sun June 20th: Bollington 10Km - second race in the Bollington series

Wed June 23rd: Boar's Head Hill Race

The following races are coming up over the next couple of months:-

Sun July 4th: Hyde 7 - 12pm. There are Entries on the Day.

Tues July 6th: Rochdale 10Km - 7.15pm from Springfield Park. Entries On

The Day. An undulating course.

Thur July 8th: Rainow Hill Race - 7.30pm from Rainow Institute, Stocks Lane, Rainow. 5 miles with 750ft of climb. Entries on the night only. Both Mark Kinch and Cecilia won last year, and are the record holders.

Fri July 9th: Bastille Day 10Km - 7.30pm from Dukinfield Astley High School. A tough course. Entries close - July 1st. SAE to Mr Roberts, Dukinfield Astley High School, Yewtree Lane, Dukinfield, Cheshire.

Sun July 11th: Altrincham Festival 10 Miles - 11am from Blessed Thomas Holford School. Boring, but fast and flat 3 lap course. Entries close - July 2nd. SAE to Mike Brooks, 169 Hale Road, Altrincham WA15 8RX.

Sun July 11th: Southport Beach 10Km - 11am from the Pier. Entries close - June 27th. SAE to Southport Waterloo AC, 158 Rutford Road, Crossens, Southport PR9 8HU. They state that the race takes place on dry, firm sand - let's hope the tide isn't in!

Sun July 11th: Ford Halewood 10Km - 11am from Ford Sports and Social Club, Cronton Lane, Widnes. An undulating mixture of main road and country lanes. Entries close - July 3rd. SAE to J Cheetham, 15 Farnley Close, Runcorn WA7 6NN.

Wed July 14th: Horwich Night Series 5 - 7.30pm from Rivington Barn, Rivington. The course is something of a switchback, with the first mile being one of the fastest you will run. Entries On The Night.

Sun July 18th: Peak Forest Fell Race - 11.15am from Peak Forest Methodist Church. 6 miles with 650ft of climb. Entries on the day only.

Sun July 18th: Devils Gallop 8 1/2 - 3pm from Bankfield House, Banks Road, Garstang. Challenging mixture of road, beach and cliff top. SAE to Race Director, Bankfield House, Banks Road, Garstang, Liverpool L19 8JZ.

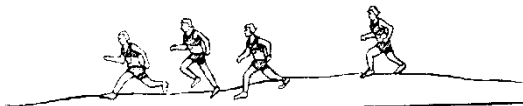
Thur July 22nd: Crown Derby Fell Race - 7.30pm. The third race in the Bollington series.

Sun July 25th to Sat July 31st: The Tour of Tameside. A tremendous week of racing, if you can afford the time. Six races in seven days, including a half marathon, a cross-country race, and a 6 mile hill race. A tough challenge. I should imagine that Rob, Paul, Geoff, Arabella, Kevin Kelley and Malcolm will be doing it, plus, probably, a few more of us.

Wed Aug 11th: Up The Nab Fell Race - 7.30pm from Glossop Rugby Club, Marple Road, Charlesworth. 4.5 miles with 750ft of climb. A road runners' fell race. Entries On The Night only.

Sat Aug 14th: Teggs Nose Fell Race - 2.30pm from Trials Field, Bullock Lane, Sutton, Nr Macclesfield. 6.5 miles with 1100ft of climb. Entries On The Day only.

Sat Aug 21st: Race The Train - 1.50pm from Tywyn, Gwynedd. Around 14 miles, nearly all of which is off-road. The idea is to complete the course before the train does. A very enjoyable day out, and race, even if you don't succeed in beating it. Peter Nelson will tell you all about it. Entries Close - 5th August.



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THE KESWICK HALF MARATHON - Sunday May 16th

Actually, I blame Neil Farmer and Martin Wheeldon. Last year Arabella and I managed to persuade them to run in this race, when it was, even by Keswick's lofty standards, incredibly hot. This year, when asked whether they were going to come back and try again, both, for some inexplicable reason, discovered subsequent engagements.

What happened? It was dull and cool, there was torrential rain both before and after the race, and there was a strong head wind for the first eight or so miles. Except for the strong wind, as Trevor Faulkner, who had been brave enough to come, said, conditions were, in fact, much more conducive to running. But, that is not entirely the point for Arabella and I. This was the fifth year that we had come up to run in the race, and for us it is just as much about the picnic afterwards, as it is about the race itself.

Certainly, we come because we enjoy the course, which is both quite tough - especially over the first seven miles - and very scenic, with some of the views over Derwent Water being breath-takingly beautiful (basically the route takes you in an anti-clockwise direction on the roads round Derwent Water, with a loop into Newlands Valley to make up the distance); but, we also come for the picnic, and, over the years, we have refined our technique, and much pleasure is taken in the planning and cooking of the meal, and in the selection of the wines to bring.

Having looked forward for weeks to lying out in the sun, nibbling on delicious Italian salami, quails eggs, spicy sausages etc., and feeding each other the odd strawberry, washed down with some high quality German wine, we were left to sit huddled in the car, with the rain sweeping down in torrents outside. Not quite the same thing, or what we had hoped for, but the food, and wine, were still delicious.

Maybe next year we will be able to get a group of you to come along and run in this race, and, with any luck, the weather will revert to the usual Keswick sunshine. Come back, Neil and Martin, all is forgiven! As I have said, it is a good, challenging course, with some hills, although none of them is particularly demanding, and there are some spectacular views, so, if you get knackered, you can always stop, sit down for a while by the side of the lake, and admire the scenery - this year the sight of snow on the mountain tops, and sweeping down their sides, was a novel one for this race, and for the time of year.

You also get excellent value for money from your entry fee, as, after you have finished, you get given a 'goody' bag in which is a selection of things, including, this year, a can of Sports Lucozade, a Mars bar, a cribbage set, a biro, a note pad, a couple of bags of crisps, some orange juice, a bottle opener and more besides, the value of which adds up at least to the cost of the entry fee. On top of this, you also get a very good, slate medal. The only thing I will say, if you do decide to take our advice and to run the Keswick Half next year, is that you will have to bring your own picnic!

As to the race itself, I enjoyed it thoroughly, Arabella got into some trouble through the buffeting of the wind and from a rather dodgy knee, but did well to finish 3rd lady - we both came in together - and Trevor, despite having to go much more slowly than he would have liked over the first mile due to the number of runners - there were well over 800 competitors this year - ran a very good race to finish in approximately the same time as he recorded in the Wilmslow Half.

Arabella Woodrow 1:33:13

Trevor Faulkner 1:43:29

Richard Woodrow 1:33:13



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MOEL EILIO FELL RACE - Saturday May 15th

by Andrew Gage

A Category 'A', medium British Championship race Moel Eilio is one of the peaks which surround Snowdon. It lies on the northwest edge and stands at 2382ft. Anyone who has travelled on the Snowdon mountain railway will have gazed over it on their descent. When one of the 230 or more races in the Fell Running Association diary of events is chosen as one of the championship events, it adds prestige and spurs on the organisers to greater achievements. One effect is the certainty of a good turn-out, which means bigger facilities. This was not lost on Eryri Fell Runners, who hired the barn-shaped Llanberis Community Centre for registration and presentations, as well as setting up soup, bread, cakes and tea for the end of the race. Good facilities and adequate refreshments endears runners to events, and, hopefully, encourages their return.

I approached this event with some hope of a good result. 12 weeks after the first championship event, I had built up mileage to 45 per week, then 50+ per week, but overtrained and fell ill, resulting in three weeks at 20, whilst I recovered. A reasonable run in the Stuc A'Chroin had given me some confidence, and regular cycling should have kept quadriceps in good shape. Travelling down was a mixture of bright sunshine and squally rain showers, which instilled doubts about what to wear and carry with me on the run. Approaching the mountains, and seeing snow covered tops, increased my uncertainty.

Arriving an hour early gave time to warm-up, and I was surprised at the absence of others doing the same. The reason for this became clear later, when I discovered that the start was nearly one mile away, and up a steep climb; a quite sufficient warm-up on its own.

The occupational background of the starter soon became obvious when he herded all the runners into a car park and required everyone to pass in single file through a gateway, so that a head count could be taken, to ensure the same number finished as started. At least we were not dipped and sheared at the same time!

I employed my usual tactic of starting near the rear of the pack, thus ensuring that I would overtake people early on, and hope that the habit stuck. This proved fortunate because the first ten minutes was a toil up a steepish, twisting, country road, which gave legs and lungs no chance to acclimatise.

Once on to the fells proper, Moel Eilio could be seen, leaning down from its snow bound summit. The incline was grassy and mainly runnable, so it was 2000ft of grind. My strength is in climbing, and I knew that, with only 3000ft of ascent overall, I had to do some work at this point.

The end of this first climb produced one of the fascinating sights of fell running; we encountered a wire fence, at the height most of us could have scrambled over. Instead, an orderly queue had formed, and a marshal assisted each person on to one milk crate, over the fence, and on to a second one. My idealistic self says that this is the fell runners basic respect for the countryside; my realistic self knows it is because no-one is pushing for a place, and there is half a minute to breath more easily. I wonder what the lads at the front do. (Note: must ask Tony. If he can remember!)

On to the snow by now, 50ft to the top and a 500ft hurtle down the dip before climbing up the next mount. Only 250ft of climb, and the wind is strong enough to blow us up and allow continuous running. Down again and up; same procedure, but this time I am passed by a guy in black leggings



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and a white vest, with yellow hoops. Take him on the next climb, but he hurtles past on the next steep descent. What is his secret? He takes 50 yards from me in about one minute.

Into another dip, and round a wall. There is only about 20 minutes to my estimated time of finishing, so this must be the final climb. Looking up, I know that it is in two halves because there was snow on the last summit, and here there is only grass; and the sun is shining and the sweat is pouring. Really into climbing now, and Yellow Hoops goes behind, along with a few more. On to the second half of the climb. A group of walkers are sat, relaxing by an outcrop of rocks. No claps or cheers, just silence and odd looks at these strange, mountain-top companions, who run in shorts, whilst they walk, dressed for Everest.

Tony told me about the last 2000ft descent on a grassy slope. That was easy, even though Yellow Hoops took 100 yards out of me. His secret appeared to be very short strides and a low centre of gravity (f***ing short arse!) What our intrepid coach hadn't mentioned to me was the mile and a half run in on a rocky path. Although I was gaining on those in front, others were gaining on me. This was for the flat, fast runners, of which I am not one.

Someone shouted out, "One hundred and twenty three," which made sense of the marshal at the last checkpoint shouting, "One hundred and twenty seven," when my number was 441. I had passed four on the descent, so it must be my race position. Christ! Well inside the top third. Will I get some Vets points?

Two runners pass me on this stretch and I can hear the slap of running shoes behind. No point in holding back now, it's do or die. The sound behind recedes and suddenly there is a crowd of runners. Must be the finish. A sharp right turn, and a quick stop so that my number is taken. Llanberis Youth Hostel offers water, an orange, and a * mile jog back to the car.

Intoxicated by the effort, gaggles of runners hang around, not wanting to depart from the scene of their success, whatever it was. I jog back with Chris Thomas, who succeeds in sickening me by relating that he only runs about 15 miles per week in training, and still finished a couple of minutes ahead of me. O.K., so he is a freak - and younger, anyway. Nice to chat to a Club member, though, and convince myself that another race is over.

Back at base, Ruth Hulme is having a breather from earning Tony's fortune, and there is the free food to tuck into, whilst we chat and I resist those tempting Running Bear bargains. The presentations are delayed and I doubt that I will get a prize, so the family go off tadpole hunting. Alice Hulme accompanies us. She may not make a good runner yet, but she proves to be a good tadpole collector. So, if Tony fails to turn up at subsequent training sessions, he is probably playing with Alice's frog.

Sadly, only the first 112 finishers are displayed, ending 2 minutes before my time, and the first 20 vets are amongst them. So, again no championship points, but I have probably done better than last time, and we have got 21 tadpoles for the garden pond; so it probably was worth it.

OVERHEARD AT TRAINING

X: "Don't forget that it is the Cock and Pheasant on Thursday. We want a good turn-out."

Y: "What's the course like?"

X: "Dead easy. A potential PB course."

Z: "A PB course! You must be joking."

X: "No, I'm not. PB Probable Bereavement."



PEAK PERFORMANCE

This is an interesting monthly newsletter to do with the 'science' of running. One article in last month's issue was about the sort of training the Kenyan athletes do, and lists twenty of their commandments. Knowing how they have taken the middle and long distance scene by storm, and appear to be in a class of their own, it is well worth listening to what they have to say. Here I list just a few of them:

1. **Train on hills constantly.** (This is something that is close to Tony's heart!) They carry out almost all of their workouts on very hilly terrain. Hill running transforms your quadriceps into powerful dynamos which can use oxygen at incredibly high rates, and, at the same time, improves running economy - so that you don't need to use so much oxygen, even when you are cruising along at tough intensities.
2. **Don't run on concrete or asphalt.** They like to do their workouts on trails or dirt roads, which simultaneously increase their leg-muscle strength and save their legs from too much hard pounding. The trouble with concrete is that it is a perfect energy-return material; it allows you to bounce from foot to foot quite readily as you run, but it also transmits mega-shock waves up your legs. In contrast, dirt provides more cushioning but forces you to pull your feet out of small depressions each time they land, and so running becomes harder work.
3. **Do more race-speed training.** One of their favourite workouts involves a two to three mile warm-up, and then about 10km of running over rolling terrain, in which they alternate back and forth between two minutes of fast running (at 10Km pace or faster) and one minute of easy, relaxed ambling.
4. **Take long rests occasionally.** Most of us, myself included, tend to think that if we don't keep training hard the whole time, we will lose our edge. The Kenyan maxim is more like, "I work so hard that my body periodically needs a good rest." Moses Kiptanui, world record holder in the steeplechase and 3000m, is known to take five week breaks in which he does virtually no training at all. Such breaks allow the muscle rebuilding process - an essential part of any training programme - to be optimised.
5. **Warm up thoroughly at the beginning of workouts,** and spend lots of time stretching after your training session. Even the very best Kenyan runners start most workouts by completing a couple of miles at a leisurely eight to nine minute mile pace (there's food for thought for many of us in groups one and two!). They settle into fast training speeds only when their muscles are warm, and blood vessels leading into their hearts and leg muscles are fully open. They also do 20 to 30 minutes of stretching exercises after almost every workout.
6. **Expand your stride lengths.** During workouts, they often focus on taking longer strides. This involves both a conscious attempt to relax hip and upper leg muscles and a concentrated attempt to elasticise the same muscles during their stretching routines. After all, the longer your stride length, the more ground you cover, and so the sooner you should finish a race.

THE COCK AND PHEASANT CHASE - Thursday May 20th

This used to be a 10Km race, but they had decided this year to lengthen it to around 8 miles, and to make it the first in a series of four races: the others being The Bollington 10Km on Sunday June 20th, the Crown Derby 3.5 Mile Fell Race on Thursday July 22nd and the Bollington 9 on Sunday September 19th. Make sure that you put those dates in your diary, as we will be hoping that vast numbers of you will come along and run for us in these races.



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The weather was miserable, but this did not prevent us from having around twenty five per cent of the field - congratulations to all who braved the elements - nor did it stop Maurice from coming along, in masochistic fashion, to spectate at White Nancy. The course was basically the same as that used in the Inter-Club race last year, except that they used a different, and better, route for getting to the top road to White Nancy on the way out, and a longer, and tougher, sweep round to Rainow. Conditions under foot also meant that there was a difficult choice as to what type of shoe to wear (maybe Tony should have been there with his van). Some opted for normal trainers, some for studs to help them on the off-road sections, and some for racing flats, hoping to gain on the road parts and not to lose too much on the slippery descents.

We had a very successful evening. In the past there has been Bob Hope and Bing Crosby, Laurel and Hardy, and Morecambe and Wise, to name but a few; now there is a new partnership which is beginning to take the North West by storm - the Jim and Mal Show! Congratulations to Jim Newns on another superb victory, to Malcolm for coming a convincing second - it must have been a novel experience for him to see a Wilmslow vest disappearing into the distance ahead of him - to our men's team of Jim, Malcolm and Bill, who apparently cruised round parts of the course (I hope that Tony doesn't get to hear about it), for taking the team prize, to Arabella for coming 1st Lady Vet, and to Ron for being 1st Vet 60.

There were many other notable runs, in particular by Jim Yearsley and, on a surface that is not exactly his favourite, Geoff 'Tarmac' Quinn. Steve Russell also ran very well, and one of the sights of the evening for me was that of Charles Womersley and Steven Bell in an eye balls out, neck and neck sprint for the line, with no quarter being given - honours in the end were, I'm glad to say, even. The quote of the evening came from Charles, who, on getting his breath back, looked at his watch and said, "Well, that was 72 minutes of sheer, unadulterated pleasure. Where is the Boddies?" And, well done to Diane, who 'did a Ray' in front of the master himself, arriving on the start line with less than one minute to go.

Congratulations, as well, to Dave Read, not only for managing to finish the race - no mean achievement with the problems he has with his hip at present - but also for persuading so many of us to come along to run. Maybe next year, with more concerted pre-race publicity, we will get over fifty of us taking part, and we will be able to flood the event completely.

I was also amused to see in the results someone, who must be a new member, finishing just behind me: an A. Gags. Amused because Gags (9,4) has been a clue in the Times crossword in the past. A small prize will be awarded to the first person to come up with the correct solution to the clue.

1 Jim Newns	44.17	60 Peter Crichton-Gold	63.10
2 Malcolm Fowler	45.50	65 Carol Duff	64.15 (8th Lady)
12 Bill Heaton	51.23	67 Neil Dainty	64.28
13 Jim Yearsley	52.09	75 Diane Lenders	65.44 (9th Lady)
14 Geoff Quinn	52.14	76 Ron Reed	65.49
19 Mick Fairs	55.10	78 Tony Wilson	67.15
21 Ray Hunt	55.20	81 Andrew Clark	70.02
23 Richard Woodrow	55.52	83 Charles Womersley	72.10
26 Andy Gage	56.11	83 Steve Bell	72.10
47 Steve Russell	60.38	89 Ken Smart	77.29
52 Kevin Kelley	61.51	90 Dave Read	80.56
53 Arabella Woodrow	62.27 (5th lady)		

(93 Finishers)



WILMSLOW

Running Club

THE KINGSWAY 10KM - Sunday May 23rd

For the second time in one week, we made our presence felt in a local race. We were not so successful in terms of prizes, although congratulations to Arabella for coming 1st lady, but we were there in number and there were a few PBs recorded - by, I think, Rob Dunkley, myself, James Smith, Steve Russell, Ron Reed and Neil Dainty (apologies if I have either left anyone out, or have mentioned someone who normally runs five minutes faster).

There were some comments afterwards, when people looked at their watches and saw the time they had done, that the course might have been a little long, but I think that it was probably due to some heaviness in the legs after Thursday's race, although neither Rob nor Paul had that excuse as they had bottled out of the Cock and Pheasant; I gather that Rob was worried in case his hair dye should run in the rain, but what Paul's excuse was, I do not know. It can't be anything to do with his hair!

It was good to see Peter Watson back in action in his first race since the 1992 Kingsway 10km, and well done to Charles Womersley for surviving after his long session the previous night. Diane made it with a few more minutes to spare before the start than she had at Bollington - but not many - and Ray lived up the reputation he has built for himself over the years of being the master of timing; I believe that he was the other side of Stockport with twenty minutes to go - and he hadn't even registered.

The saddest story, however, is that of poor Maurice. For weeks he had been gearing his training towards this race, and he was determined to do well. When he woke up in the morning, however, he knew that all was not as it should be, but, in typically brave fashion, he decided to give it a go, and it was with cheeks a-quivering that he lined up at the start. By the time he had completed the lap of the playing field, he knew that he was fighting a losing battle, but, manfully, he decided to carry on. After one kilometre he was having to grit his teeth and clench his cheeks tighter and tighter, until, just before the two kilometre point, he could stand the pain no more, and had to make a violent and very sudden dive into the bushes. His race was finally run. Never mind, Maurice, there is always the Cadishead 10Km on June 13th - just be careful what you eat the night before!

8 Nick Withers	34.08	136 Ken Smart	46.37
16 Geoff Quinn	35.49	152 Stephen Foster	48.26
23 Paul Sanders	36.44	156 Charles Womersley	49.04
25 Gavin Mendham	37.07	168 Dave Read	51.25
26 Rob Dunkley	37.23	174 Yvonne Brown	53.11
33 Ray Hunt	37.56		
38 Richard Woodrow	38.31		
47 Andy Gage	39.11		
56 Arabella Woodrow	39.42	(1st Lady)	
58 James Smith	39.56		
73 Steve Russell	40.43		
82 Peter Crichton-Gold	41.18	(188 Finishers)	
84 Ron Reed	42.06		
95 Tony Wilson	42.35		
109 Neil Dainty	43.45		
116 Diane Lenders	44.24		
125 Peter Watson	45.07		
126 Trevor Faulkner	45.16		

The race was won by Bashir Hussain in 31.40.

Men's Team

Wilmslow came 3rd

Women's Team

Wilmslow came 2nd



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CAPTION COMPETITION

Can you come up with a suitable, witty, and clean caption to the picture below that appeared recently in the local Press? There will be a small prize awarded to the best one submitted to me by Tuesday June 22nd.



THE WIZARD'S TERRIBLE TEN - Sunday May 23rd

by Peter Nelson

While many members travelled down Kingsway to the 10K, three Wilmslow stalwarts chose to travel to Alderley Edge for the "Terrible Ten".

For those who have not heard of the event, it consists of a series of ten time trials at various (mostly hilly) spots on the Edge. Many will be familiar to those who have attended club sessions - the Quarry, Hairpin Hill, The Circuit and Beacon Steps (all sounding like rides at Alton Towers). Points are awarded on a similar system to decathlons, and a total arrived at after ten gruelling events. It is aimed very much at sprinters, who train regularly at the short distances (maximum 350 metres), but is great fun(!) and worthwhile putting in the diary for 1994. All entry fees go to a fund for research into Leukaemia.

The three Wilmslow survivors were Ian Fox, Carole Smalley and Peter Nelson. Ian came 6th, Carole was 3rd and Peter came 23rd.

Footnote. I gather from Ron Davies that some of the excavations, which the Caving Club are working on, actually collapsed. I'm sure the pounding of dozens of pairs of feet had no connection with it.



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CUMULATIVE RESULTS

In the Saddleworth 7 Mile Hill Race on April 30th, Paul Sanders came 20th in 43.17 and Rob Donkley was 35th in 45.37; in the Saddleworth 9 Mile Road Race on May 2nd, Maurice Minns made a guest appearance and smashed his PB for the race by over 4 minutes in finishing in 69.43; in the Pentstone Hill Race on May 3rd, Tony Hulme came 35th in 45.10 and Paul Sanders came 70th in 49.08; in the Chorley 4 on May 5th, Malcolm Fowler came 4th in 19.36, and Bill Heston did 21.20; in the Hinchley Half Marathon on May 9th, Kevin Selley continued to show excellent form coming 30th in 1:26:35; in the Chester Wolf Marathon on May 9th, Alex Patterson, Cheryl Barlow, Mary Evans and Sue Walton all ran; in the Oswestry 10Km on May 9th, Bill Heston came 10th in 34.34; in the Timperley Dash 4 on May 12th, Trevor Faulkner did 28.30; in the Cheshire 5000m Championships on May 15th, Jim Mewns won in 14.00, and Malcolm Fowler was 2nd in 15.36; in the Glossop Half Marathon on May 16th, Neil Farmer set a new PB of 86.45; Tony Hulme ran in the Caradoc Cradler Fell Race on May 19th, and would like to advise anyone thinking about doing this race not to bother; in the Liverpool Women's 10Km on May 23rd, both Sue Walton and Mary Evans took part; and in the Peelers and Weavers 5.5 Mile Race on May 26th, Malcolm Fowler won in 26.43 and Bill Heston came in the top 30 in 31.30.

STOP PRESS

RUNNING BEAR HITS ALDERLEY EDGE

The international tycoon and playboy, Tony Hulme, has opened a "Running Bear" shop in Alderley Edge. He says that it is the most exclusive, and smallest, sports shop in the north west. After a champagne celebration - and apologies to those of you whose invitations got lost in the post - the doors opened for business on Friday June 4th.

It stocks the very best in clothes and shoes for running, aerobics and leisure wear, all at unbeatable prices; you are also able to purchase all your Wilmslow Running Club kit there. So, hurry along with your cheque book in hand.

You will find the shop on the main road through Alderley Edge, very close to the No 15 Wine Bar. Once you have stepped through the portals, you will be guaranteed to receive expert advice and service from either Tony himself or Cecilia, and, providing you buy enough, you may even get a smile and a thank-you as well!

Running Bear
17A London Road
Alderley Edge
SK9 7JT
0525 562130

OPEN till 8pm on Fridays
OPEN all day on Saturdays
CLOSED on Mondays
CLOSED on Wednesday afternoons

AND FINALLY

A rumour has reached me that Carol Duff has been doing tremendous things in her triathlon competitions. I gather that she has been selected to take part in the European Championships, and that she is in with a good chance of being selected for the Great Britain Junior Team in the World Championships in August. Heartiest congratulations to her.

