SAPIENTIA

STONE MASTER MARATHONERS

Sapientia atque Levitas

August - September 1998

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Editorially Speaking.....

SMM is celebrating its twentieth anniversary this year and I've just been reading again about its formation and early days in the article that first appeared in the April 1981 edition of Running Magazine. It was 1982 by the time this particular mag came to hand and as I was already a vet, had just run my first two marathons and had good memories of people that I'd met in the area when cruising on the Trent and Mersey Canal it seemed to be made for me. Just goes to show that following one's instinct can really pay off. I believe that our Membership Secretary may have inherited some copies of that particular article which is still well worth reading.

The anniversary was well and truly celebrated at Terry and Monica's annual Bar BQ held last Saturday after the John Oultram 10. A goodly number of members and families turned out but we would like to have had a few more out-of-town members and past members there. Perhaps next time, eh? It was particularly good to see Angela there with Dave after all that she has gone through this year. God bless you Angela. Ivan and Dave were our chefs for the evening again while Bernie and Dave kept the youngsters entertained with the football. The kitchen disco was very popular, as usual, though it was necessary to keep your head down when the decibels caused pewter pots to vibrate from the shelf above our heads! Great stuff. Thanks again to Terry and Monica.

Plenty of contributions from members in this edition which is just what we like to bring you. Have not had any reader's letters for a while but there are other ways of doing things when you need to attract marshalls or make a point about our joining fee as John Clemens has here. Was very pleased to hear from another old friend too, one Alan Braddock with whom I used to dice in the Tour of Tameside. Shame about the knees Alan, but keep writing in - and other out-of-town members, too. Any chance of someone organising a run or weekend in their area - with sufficient notice given, of course? Let me know.

Race results..... which we do like to carry in *Sapientia* but need to be notified if it's not a NSRRA or one that a fellow club-member is obviously logging at the finish. Please ensure that the Captain or I get the details, particularly if it could have a bearing on the Club Championship. It is also worthwhile double checking the Championship table in case I have overlooked anything including best marathon times for the year.

Enjoy your running.

Gerry

Chairman's Chatter

We have had quite a few events since the last *Sapientia*, most of which should have been in glorious weather!! Instead of which we have been very lucky not to have a soaking and/or been blown away!!

The Stone Festival events i.e. Steeplechase & the dog derby went off in the usual Summer conditions - the river was so swollen it was considered to be dangerous to do the river crossing - Shugborough Relays only just stayed dry. Potteries Marathon bucked the trend and got hot, giving the St Johns Ambulance people plenty of practice!! I must give a "thankyou" to those of you who helped out over that weekend, at registration and on the day, it's a good profile for the club. We will soon have the Wolverhampton Marathon to show off SMM again, I hope you have given your names to Patsy unless you have put it on an entry form instead!!

It managed to keep dry for the John Oultram and more especially for the B.B.Q. that evening. What a good night it was. Angela really enjoyed herself, getting back into circulation and at last managing to thank people for their thoughts and kind wishes (It gave me a rest!!) personally. She has progressed so much, but can't manage the lawns and hedges yet!

It was a nice social gathering thanks to everyone who made it possible.

Much sapientia

Dave Mason

News Briefs

Thanks to Monica we now have an address for the summer for **Pat and Bryan Radford** which is; **C/O Camping de Chantepie, St. Hilaire-St. Florent, 49400 Saumur, France. Tel: 0241 67 95 85.** The site is apparently 380 miles from the Channel Tunnel/ 200 miles from Le Havre, etc., should you be in the area.

*Old friends not seen for some time are **Jim and Barbara Brough**. Apparently Barbara has recently done herself a nasty when she came off her bike. Hope you are on the mend now, Barbara.*

We have a winner! Second claim member **Kevin Taylor** won outright a recent race in the Moorlands series - and wearing club kit too. Since then Kevin has also finished in the first six in the Tour of Tameside where 6 races totalling 52.4 miles are raced in 7 days. Phew. Congratulations, Kevin, stick around!

Patsy's Piece

Hello Girls - and Chaps too this time.
This time it is an official request for your support on **SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 6TH** to help man the finish line of **THE CARVER WOLVERHAMPTON MARATHON & HALF-MARATHON.**

Your committee is most anxious to see that there is a good turn out for this event to make our presence really noticeable - and hopefully for people to say afterwards "What a splendid job SMM did" Some of you maybe running there but hopefully will still feel fit enough afterwards to come and help at the finish line or be there in your SMM gear to swell the numbers.

Our duties on the day are likely to involve organising the finishing funnels, recording finishing times/positions, handing out medals/mugs/T-shirts/whatever and monitoring the movements of the various award winners for when they are needed to be available for interviews, prize giving, etc.

As we go to press, the following have committed themselves to help at this event: Richard Shaw, Dave & Pat Upton, Roger & Maggie Westhead, Dave Mason, John Haine, Roger Bolsover, Dennis Banks, Gerry Barnard & Patsy Gerritsen (11 total) plus six possibles that need to firm up soonest. We need at least 20 members, more if possible.

So please do your very best to help out on this special day; show your pride in SMM and let's make it a memorable occasion for the club.

Listen out for details of timings, car parking arrangements, etc.

Patsy

Wednesday Runs

Halfway through the season (I almost said Summer!) and the Wednesday run rota seems to be working well again. We have had two "out of town" runs so far, thanks to John and Jonathon, giving the chance to try some different scenery. Plans are afoot for two more before we run out of daylight.

But what do you think of these changes? We attempt to try different ideas, even though our local routes are varied and very pleasant - on the whole.

If you have any ideas for a run, let Richard or me know. This includes you new members! Don't be shy - if you are unsure of the distance, just recall some of the "misjudgements" that we so-called experienced members make!

On a general note, let's have some feedback. Tell us what you like, and more importantly, what you don't. After all, we try to please and keep you from being bored!

Brian Hall

Stafford International Mile and Pole Vault Spectacular
Saturday September 26th, 1998

SMM have again been asked to assist with the provision of marshals for this spectacular town centre event.

The proposed timetable is as follows:
11.30 to 13.30 - Men's and Women's Pole Vault
(4 men & 4 ladies)
13.45 - Corporate Challenge Charity Race
(In aid of MacMillan Nurses)
14.00 - Boys under 15 race
14.15 - Girls under 15 race
14.30 - Men vet's race
14.45 - Men's open and under 20's race
15.00 - Women's race
15.15 - Men's International Mile race

At least 12 volunteers are required to be available from 13.00 to 15.30 approximately

Names to **Lew Badger** please at the club or on the dog and bone (**01785-664809**)

Enjoy being part of the action

How Much To Join?

As Membership Secretary I accept as part of the duties I should be encouraging people to join our happy band. It fills me with dread though when the above question is asked, seventy pounds is a lot of money but we have all stumped up it or its equivalent when we joined, so why shouldn't new members now.

I believe that compulsory kit purchase is not the way to encourage new members, and I shall propose to the management committee at its next meeting that when the membership fees structure is reorganised we drop from the initial joining fee all costs of mandatory kit purchase.

The current subs, which for those of us who use the club regularly are extremely good value, plus the M.C.A.A. registration fee should be all that we ask new members to pay.

Those who race and train with us will still need to buy vests, shorts and T-shirts. I hope that we can introduce more sweatshirts with just the logo on, and perhaps casual shirts with a logo.

I cannot guarantee that adoption of these proposals will bring members flooding in, but I do think they represent better value for money than the present arrangement and will not put us at a disadvantage when someone is looking around for a local club to join.

Your thoughts would be much appreciated.

John Clemens

Whatever Happened to Alan Braddock?

Yes I sometimes wonder. I suppose that the swan song was the last Flying Fox. I at last achieved my ambition of a Place in the National Championship; Enid missed the presentation and anyhow it was a bad cold rainy day and the faster runners - wimps some of these lads - dropped out complaining about the climate. I used to like bad weather, it brought us all down to the same size a bit, I used to think that if they could have held the race in a compulsory blizzard I might have won it.

There was a time when I thought of Stone as a second home town, for I probably had as many friends in SMM as anywhere else except the Yorkshire Mountaining Club and the Flying Fox was my favourite race; for me something went out of running when it had to be scrapped. I ran it thirteen times, which may have been a record number of times nationally and certainly was for SMM because, being a country member I managed somehow to con the Committee into letting me run instead of helping to organise. I did man a drinks station one year, which I thought very noble.

I used to like the pre-race; usually Enid and I would stay with David and Angela Mason, whose hospitality was always immaculate (thank you people!). There would be the Saturday night pasta party or a meal with the Masons, helping to collect the clock and mount it on David's red and black Volkswagon and then up early, nerves and careful dressing, the band at the start, the curious way that time stretches the minutes just before the gun goes off..... The course became very familiar; I could figure out a mental 'blue line' cutting the corners at all appropriate places, got to recognise the police-persons, know which pub Enid would sneak out of to wave before nipping back for more scotch, where Derek Palmer would turn up shouting and so on. The best bit was always the last six miles along the dual carriageway, passing those who had started too quickly. Sometimes I could catch up a mile. And the finish with its commentary, folk shouting my name.

Well it's over now. During the last four years I have been getting slower and slower; my knees have had it and I can't get the miles in. I can do the Karrimor when they let me in because any running is usually on soft ground, the hard bit is walking fast and keeping going uphill. Suddenly I find eight-minute miles too quick and twenty-mile training runs out of the question. I kid myself that I could still do a marathon, just one, but somehow I'm not fooling many people any more. Yet I wasn't too bad at times, getting better as I got older and more runners gave up or died. I won the M60 in the Isle of Man three times and the Manx Running Grand Prix likewise. I only dropped out of two races, (last Barnsley Marathon and the only Stafford Twenty I ever entered). I completed three 100kms and 54 marathons, not a lot by some standards, but I always beat four hours and only recorded more than three-and-a-half five times, usually in hot

weather. I could always manage a sprint in the last handred yards.

I always enjoyed my races immensely. I used to console myself by thinking that someone has to run at the back so that winners have somebody to come in front of - so I never minded being beaten; the thing that was most pleasing was to stand at the finish and gloat nastily as young lads came in behind..... But anyhow that's it; I can't hack it on the road any more unless someone invents a synthetic knee that you can race on. Just how I'll keep fit is a puzzle which I'm trying to solve by bouts of race-walking of a sort and the problem with this is that I feel such a wazzack doing it.

However, herewith the account of last year's Karrimor (by the way what happened to McCoig and Mrs Gillick?) Thank you, all those of you who I know and those I don't.

Good luck to SMM and all who sail in her, I may come down to visit some time. Meanwhile, if you have been, thank you for reading.

Alan

Karrying On

"Over hill, over dale, through bog, through brier" (W. Shakespeare)
"The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats and so are the stoney rocks for the conies" (the Prayer Book 1662)

Karrimor Mountain Marathon 1997; Kielder Forest
by Alan Braddock (who?)

Oh dear, here we go again. I don't know why I do it. McCoig, ones erstwhile partner, has been led astray by the blandishments of the unfair sex and is staggering about the hills with a Mrs Gillick. Dave Duffield, hero of last year's epic, has fled to the United Staes. Thus in a weak moment I have sought for company one John Littlewood, aged 58, Veterinary Surgeon to the Goverment of Farms and Bogs of Scotland, on the Karrimor Long Score. Again, after last year's incredible disaster (a score of minus infinity)(but we did complete) you might think that I would have been warned. Let me first caution you about this man. If a slim, quitely-spoken male person of medium height and high-domed streamline summit approaches you with a view to an undertaking in the Great Outdoors, you will be well advised to break an ankle, walk into a plate glass window or fall down the stairs - immediately. You will then only be in agony for the time it takes to get the parts into plaster or sewn together, instead of a whole weekend. Once commited, only the most abject pleading on your part (or the appearance of Sunday afternoon) will get you out of the clutches of SuperVet. The man from the Ministry has taken charge; we shall foregather in the square of Newcastleton (where?) at 16.00 hours on the 24th of October, thence proceeding to Kielder Castle to be registered and returning to Newcaslteton to await our fate in a Scottish boarding house. A humble repast has been ordered in the local

hostelry. Not at all like the home life of yer average Karrimor-person, who on Friday night normally has the luxury of a British campsite.

Saturday dawns and the lady of the house throws us out at 08.00. John is equipped with a Toyata Juggernaut, mowing down all and sundry on the 15 miles to the start. I have carefully explained to him the rules:- Don't run faster than Alan, don't run uphill, keep out of the woods. Carry More Food. Despite which warnings I find myself staggering uphill through bog and brier towards our first checkpoint.

Allow me to explain something here. In the Karrimor there are two competitions; one official and one unofficial. The first, officially sponsored, is between the various teams to achieve the highest points total (in the Score competitions) or the fastest times in the other (Elite, A, B, and C). The second, unofficial, is of so much greater importance that I really feel that there should be awards. For a start, only one team can win the official prize, ANYBODY can win the other one. I refer of course to the competition between the (alleged) partners in each team, the object of which is to seriously disable the other pack-carrier but not until Sunday afternoon. Until then he (or she) is allowed merely to feel gradually more and more pain until the Climax of Excruciation is reached a couple of miles before the finish. Some unusually strong people have been known to achieve "E-point" in their partner on the Saturday night but this of course is a mistake. Some vestige of hope should be allowed ones victim for as long as possible, thereby prolonging the agony.

To continue. Uphill we jolly well go towards the closest this part of the world has to a mountain. Typically, it bears a television mast. We have set our aim at getting a certificate for 250 points. Getting to the first checkpoint and proceeding downhill (an unusual angle for the Karrimor) towards the second I realise that this is going to be an "easy" year. "Someone" I say, "is going to get 400 today". I was right, too, but it wasn't us of course. We did succeed in altering our course to take in more country, along with about 200 other teams and it wasn't a bad day out apart from carrying the sack and trying to catch JL, who has the discouraging habit of letting me draw level and then putting on a spurt. I think he is trying to train me for something. Well, over and round the moors, spend a silly time finding a ticket punch halfway down a crag, pinpoint navigation my foot you'd need GPS to find this one without good luck, one slight error cost us 20 points but we still got in with 260 on the first day yet. Thinks, stroll quietly home tomorrow, no need to rush.

In the campsite we are pleased to meet Alan Swithenbank, Ian Gamble and mates (Yorks. Mountaineering Club persons). If we hadn't missed that check the old men would be in front of them! Serious problem, one water tap for about a thousand of us, and we are camping by the river that supplies the tap but the British are queueing for water..... Nearly as daft as last year when

the men's urinals were flooded and the screen blown down but everybody still stood peeing round the hole..... However, the usual incredibly long night at last comes to a close and we pack up, eat (some people even wash) and set off. This time we set a serious target of 200-plus in five hours, despite this being more than I normally can do in six. I must be crazy. Three and a half hours later realise I am crazy, we will be lucky to get 160 and only that by running(!!) about 9 km down a cart track. Arriving at the track after stumbling over uphill heather for about a week I reach E-point; we are passed by two young ladies not showing the respect due to age when I request a lift. I remember not much about the run in except that JL determined to defeat me at all costs. He could have carried me in, I was quite willing to give him the prize already.

408 points, 518 on handicap. Best I've ever done - knew it was an easy year. When my left knee gets better, my back stops hurting and I can breathe I may try to run a nice easy road marathon again. At least they don't **insist** that you accompany somebody. But will I be back next year? It took me five years to get in, I'm not giving up now. And this year I got a certificate - but then I should maybe have been certified before I started.....

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SMM Club Championship 1998 - Marathon Table

Bernie Priekulis	3.05.46(50)	Simon Fielder	3.10.09(45)
Kevin Uzzell	3.13.26(41)	Vernon Olivant	3.19.40(38)
Simon Probert	3.22.20(37)	Bill Clarke	3.28.30(36)
Russ Hall	3.32.36(35)	Terry Murphy	3.44.01(34)
Chris Barlow	3.44.57(33)	Lew Badger	3.51.00(32)
Peter Williams	4.05.01(31)	James McLellan	4.34.04(30)
Dave Baddley	5.00.19(29)	Peter Salt	5.42.44(28)
Celia Hargrave(50)	3.17.50(50)	Ros Barker	3.24.46(45)
Rita Banks	3.39.35(41)	Jane Metcalf	3.52.05(38)
Kym Billington-Baddley	5.00.19(37)		

Show me the hills.....

It is a nice feature of this club that there are people who 'bother' to do things for others; things that help to enrich one's quality of life and foster better relations in the close family that we are.

A recent example of this was an invitation by Celia and Dave Hargrave to visit them for a running weekend at their home set in the lush countryside of Gloucestershire to the south of Cheltenham. And most hospitable they were too towards the eleven club members who descended on them on the Saturday morning and stayed over until the Sunday afternoon.

Arriving fairly early after a good but wet journey down the M6/M5 with Dave and Rose there was time to enjoy a look around Celia's splendid and colourful garden with magnificent views across the land falling away to the south beyond the spire of Painswick's Norman church while waiting for the others and before having to think about preparing for a run. Despite the very heavy rain that had set in we eventually opted to venture out rather than wait for the remaining two of our party who had yet to arrive; but more about them later.

Now there are surely not many places where a running trail starts just six feet from your back door but it does for Celia and Dave. It's a gentle upslope which on this occasion was somewhat watery underfoot as we ran through a wood leading to more open countryside higher up with lovely views if you found time to look up and around! Later it was back into more woods, this time through deepish mud that was very slippery in places besides being of the energy sapping variety. Uphill and down dale we went - with more ups than downs it seemed - but there was plenty of mustering to keep us all together in the true SMM tradition. Terrific to run somewhere quite different to the norm but also something of a relief to eventually spot landmarks that said we were nearly back. Waiting for us there were Sid and Derek who had arrived just too late to join our run so they said - but could it really be that they were more intent on saving themselves for tomorrow? We would see.

After an excellent al-fresco lunch, time for a walk to stretch our legs, which was also a signal for the rain to start again, but only after we were about half way to our destination, a hostelry in Painswick. As luck would have it a handy bus shelter gave us refuge until the worst was over and we hurried on to our destination to find not only the welcoming pint but also a fire in the grate to dry us out a bit. Flaming June indoors instead of out!

The weather perked up later and we had a conducted tour of Celia and Dave's garden which had featured in a glossy magazine recently and is quite a spectacle. Five years of hard work have paid off.

In the evening, a BBQ, giving Dave Gillick the opportunity to impress us all with his culinary skills and chat across the griddle. Again Celia set out a table full of food and a good meal accompanied by liberal amounts of lubricant made

for a very sociable evening before turning in. Expecting to be in a sleeping bag on the floor, it came as a very pleasant surprise to be provided with a bed, though I had to usher aside various teddies and other cuddly toys before I could stretch out.

Just a few aching heads in the morning as we sipped our tea or coffee prior to setting out again. Yesterday's exertions had taken their toll and three of us took the opportunity to make it a short outing, or so we thought, when Celia announced a cut-off point, directing us "Just up the hill and then first left". Well that was some hill, just went up and up, but it was a nice morning and so we took our time, enjoying the scenery and a chat. Mind you, we did try to talk ourselves into an old folks home on the way, but as they were full we could only reserve a place for later. Could it now be occupied by those Celia had taken for a run around Gloucestershire before? Only joking, Celia, honest!

The others continued on their merry way and we were already showered and sat out in the garden by the time they returned. As was expected, our two latecomers from the day before had been saving themselves and featured well in the Painswick Cross Counry 10. Shouldn't be allowed at their advanced age! Good job they've looked after themselves so well.

And so all good things have to come to an end, as the old saying has it, and after lunch it was time to bid farewell to our kind hosts and set course for home.

A great weekend and I hope that we shall be invited back again next year. Thank you both once more, and Celia - there were a few sharp intakes of breath and wry smiles at the first committee meeting following our visit when I floated the idea of SMM celebrating the Millinnium by running a 2,000 mile Double End to End relay. Funnily enough, once the aftershock had subsided we then actually started to discuss some of the implications - so you never know! Watch Phil's page to catch the call for volunteers to come forward!!

Gerry Barnard

Reflections of the Sea to Sea

By Phil Sharratt based on an idea by John Clemens.

We counted them out and we counted them back but there were four missing !

6:30am Saturday morning and it was an early start, the day looked great with plenty of early morning sunshine, a typical early spring morning. Just the day to go and run 140 miles sea to sea !

Everybody seemed to be there who was going. All the vehicles had turned up as planned, which is always a relief. The luggage was loaded along with four or was it five bikes and a mountain of excellently prepared food. The photographs were taken and off we went, in convoy, on our mission of discovery. I suppose we were just passed Keele services when we decided to take a head count in the mini bus. Everyone seemed to be there or who was admitting to being there. We had 11 in the mini bus, 2 in Brian's Discovery and 2 in John's BMW but 16 were supposed to be going! There seemed to be some discrepancy, names were jotted down and another role call was taken. The missing person was Sue Haine, was this a planned escape? No, Sue had obviously heard about "her leg" climbing Hartside (make a note of that name — it does appear again) and had decided to use Saturday as a training session for the anticipated "climb", I use that word advisably. Sue had planned to go separately with other followers (our wives - Diane and Julie) and try out a vigorous and strenuous training session around Penrith!

Like all journeys the drive up the M6 was relatively monotonous, the only highlight was deciding in advance what were going to eat at the Italian that evening. We stopped for about 45 minutes at the service area for a comfort break and a number of members did debate the merits of a cooked breakfast but their dedication to their sport won the day.

We arrived at Whitehaven, our starting point, at about 11:30. This was to be our first taste of the navigation problems we were to meet on a number of occasions (understatment). Where was the starting point ? However it soon became apparent as we approach the harbour area, large numbers of cyclists seem to be converging on this one common point (the C to C is a national cycle route). Many of these cyclists we would see a number of times on the route. Hooray ! we were here, there was the Irish Sea and the

starting point. The challenge was about to begin. That is after we all had made ourselves comfortable ! We were off, sort of. We all made a token start by running from the gentle waves of the Irish sea across the sand to the harbour side where the run would began "real style"

This was it, the stop watches were started and with map in-hand, Bernie was the first runner off followed quickly by the support vehicles — all going in different directions. This was always going to be difficult, the first leg and trying to find our way out of the town (the towns were always going to be a problem — another understatement), but Bernie did us proud and sure enough he turned up at the change over point bang on time — we were really on our way now. The first part of the run followed the Ennerdale Railway Path and was very pleasant, so I am told. After a couple of legs the route changed onto road and we began the journey through the north lakes. It was about this time we had our first disappearance. Mac and Pam disappeared while out on the bikes, allegedly there had been a problem with the map reading, however they soon re-appeared, very breathless, apparently after some hard pedalling to catch up with us.

The journey continued, passing by Loweswater and along Lorton Vale. I can understand why they say the route passes through some of Britains most beautiful scenery. It was really ouststanding. By now we had several runners out, Margaret, Rita and Bernie and all the bikes were in use, everyone taking full advantage of the scenery and the glorious weather. It was here that we had our one and only accident, the support team were avoiding the onset of dehydration by taking on liquid refreshment and Gerry was patiently waiting for the oncoming runners at the change over point. It appears that at this point a car became indecisive and Gerry had to take avoiding action which resulted in a few scrapes and bruises. However this did not deter Gerry and he continued with his leg of the run — true professionalism.

We were now at Keswick, 30miles into the run and it was Chris's turn to get lost or should I say it was the mini bus that got lost or should I say there was a difference of opinion about the direction of the route. It was really a number of problems, lack of maps (although we had 5 sets), people not out in the right places and not using the bikes to support the runners. It was something that continually plagued the run but added an additional challenge. As I was out with Chris I was also on the receiving end of the "c—k up", fortunately for me Chris was well ahead and managed to sort it out before I caught up.

We were now on the last two legs of the day, it was all off road and Dave and John C decided to do both legs together. I can still picture it now, they had been out about 5-10 minutes and we all looked across at the distant hillside and could see these two little red specks running up at an extremely long path on the side of the hill that must have been at least 45 degrees and we all said it couldn't have happened to nicer people or thank god that's not me; it looked pretty serious. Well done lads!

The end of the leg and the finish for the day was at a Sparket Mill. A small water mill about 5 miles outside Penrith. Again, it was a really beautiful area and while we were waiting for the incoming runners a number of us managed to arrange, with the owners, a small guided tour around the mill. However it soon became apparent we were also missing Brian who had been supporting or trying to support the runners on his bike and had arranged to meet us at this point. Soon all was revealed as Brian stormed in and muttered some expletive about maps, he was soon followed by John and Dave who summed it up as an "interesting but challenging leg" !

After settling in and freshening up at our overnight accommodation we set off for Gianni's and our evening meal. I did say in the pre-run write up select your partners in advance for the B&B and I must admit there were some very interesting selections. No further comments! What can I say about Gianni's, the food was good, the quantity of wine consumed was directly proportional to the mileage ran and everyone seemed to have great fun. I won't say anything about the Hen party and Chris or John C's difficulty in being served what he ordered or that everyone (and I mean everyone) was kissed at least twice by the "randy" waiter.

Day 2 and "bad day at the office for John and Sue Haine". I had drawn the short straw to start the day off, fortunately and surprisingly with no hangover or headache. I handed-over to Brian and Bernie whose changeover point is Penrith and that's where the day starts to go wrong. To sum up the events, Sue waits at the first changeover point in Brian's Discovery, the mini bus circulates Penrith at least 6 times to find the changeover point, gives up and travels down the route to pick the runners up and fails. Brian runs back to his Discovery and Sue. The mini bus returns to Penrith and gets a puncture which requires the assistance of a farmer to change the wheel. The run manages to continue Bernie and Richard pushing ahead. John Haine breaks a main bearing on his bike trying to support the runners, Sue still waiting in the Discovery receives a mysterious telephone call from John who mutters on about wheel bearings

and Ostriches. Yes, Ostriches (ask John he will explain). This is all in the first hour and I am sure I have missed out other events but somehow we pull things together.

The run continues and this is Hartside. Imagine the steepest run on the Downs Banks, multiple by ten and make it steeper, add rocks and run a stream down it and you are getting near to Hartside. This was to be Sue's leg but somehow there was a mix up and Sue was "delayed for a short time" Gerry stepped in to fill the gap and accompanied by Richard and myself on bikes we set off. We soon discovered that you can run faster then you can cycle on hilly terrain. I am still having nightmares about pushing a bike up Hartside. All I can say that is one hell of a hill, well done Gerry. Having managed to get to the top to our waiting support vehicle we soon discovered that our "delayed Sue" was en route up Hartside with John. Well done Sue and John. Having climbed the hill it was now payback time for Rita, Margaret, Bernie and Dave who had the pleasure of a great downhill section. For John, Hartside was just a training run for his next challenge, Black Hill, the highest point of the run which he shared with Rita and Margaret. This was really the high stop of the run, the scenery, the solitude, the unbelievable isolation were all worth the effort. The day was nearly completed, the mini bus returned to Alston and the overnight stay while the Dave and John again completed the last legs for the day before returning with stories of steep hills and irate geese (could this have been a wild goose story).

Today had certainly been the most mountainous of the entire route with about four major hills within twenty miles, Hartside 580 mtrs and Black Hill 609 mtrs. A great days running by everyone.

Overnight stay was at Alston, everyone's idea of a picture-postcard Cumbrian market town. Again the accommodation was great, meeting all our expectations, however the evening meal was somewhat different from the previous night. One word sums it up "Grunter's Curry", a concoction of fearful ingredients that seemed to have spectacular effects as the next days running proved for Bernie. An evening of reflection on the days running culminated in a change of destination to Sunderland (the official end of the C to C) and Chris throwing out a personnel challenge; he was going to attempt to run all tomorrow - 35miles.

Day 3, downhill from here and this section marked the end of the rough hilly stuff. From here our route is made up from the countless miles of bridleways , footpaths and old railway tracks that gently fall to our

destination now to be Sunderland, and was this going to be Chris's day? A bad start; he had slept most of the night in an armchair and the weather was not as good as the previous day's but promised to improve. Chris started off with Bernie and then was joined latter by Brian. Our route crossed the broad, heather clad Pennine landscape of Middlehope Moor, Redurn common and then onto Stanhope common. These commons are designated as Areas of Outstanding Natural Beauty where peregrines, curlews, lapwings are among the many species which flourish here amongst the wild flowers and heather. This seemed to be a dream route, a prevailing wind, gentle gradient, improving weather and beautiful country side. Runners joined in and runners dropped out, Richard and Rita followed by Sue and Margaret, Mac joined in on another leg and Chris and Bernie were still going 15, 20, 25 miles, was this going to last? Unfortunately not, after 30 miles Chris had to call it a day — and what a day, but no one told Bernie.

This was the last leg, Dave and John C were the nominated runners for this final leg into Sunderland. They were followed by Bernie, John H (supported by Sue on Bike) and myself. This was a difficult leg as the sign posts for the C to C, which we had religiously been following, seemed some how to disappear in Sunderland. Don't ask me how but somehow we seemed to make it, well almost. Hello to the North Sea and the official end, marked by a plaque on the Harbour Master's Office next to the quay. All the support vehicles had made it and John H with Sue were the first in but where were the other four? We counted them out and we counted them back but now four were missing. Brian set off on his bike in search and managed to locate Bernie and myself just entering the harbour complex. Bernie had run 35 miles — well done. But where was John C and Dave. After a full and comprehensive tour of Sunderland they turned up accompanied by a few well chosen expletives.

We had wet our feet in the Irish Sea and now, 3 days later, we had wet our feet in the North Sea. We had done it!

Some facts about the run. 13 runners completing 5 mile legs ran 140 miles in 19 hours 51 minutes and 54 seconds. The average time per leg was 44 minutes, with times varied from 30:58 minutes to 1:19:19 minutes (both times achieved by the same person). Thanks to Gerry and Patsy for the time keeping.
Bernie ran a total of 75 miles, many others did 30 - 40 miles.
We ate our way through a mountain of food. Thanks to Mac and Pam.
We used 104.56 litres plus of fuel. Thanks to Dave, Brian and John.

Thanks to Brian and John for planning the route
We raised about £700 - £800 for the Acorns Children's Hospice. Thanks to all.
PS. We will still take more money!
You have read the story now get the video, available from Shaw Productions.

Well done everyone! An event to remember.

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The Social Scene

Summer is always a quiet period for the social side of the club with not many events organised.

The Barbecue

The main event has been the 20th anniversary barbecue at the Radfords, thanks again to Monica and Terry for a wonderful setting. As always it's a great event especially when the weather is kind to you. The chefs, Dave and Ivan, were in fine form and once the "Bishops Finger" had worked its spell their skills were unsurpassable, apart from the early attempts at the sausages. However the star attraction of the evening was Angela. It was really great to see her again and looking so good. Angela you're amazing!

The Last Night of the Proms

I am hoping to organise another last "Last Night of the Proms" at Shugborough. Its on Saturday 22 August tickets are £13.20 special discounted price (normally £16.50). Let me know ASAP as it soon gets sold out.

Bonus Ball Club

Just to remind you all its fund raising time (hint!) and we plan to run a Bonus Ball Club based on the bonus ball from the National Lottery draw. We have numbers 1 to 49 for sale at £1 per week (min period 4 weeks).
Twice a week, Wednesday and Saturday, there will be a £20 prize based on the Bonus Ball of the lottery only when all numbers are sold.
We hope to start the club in September when everyone will have loads of surplus money after the holidays ! So please contact Phil or any member of the committee to purchase a number.
Remember balls means prizes !

Future events

I hope to organise more events as the year goes on. Suggestions include another bowling and balti evening, continuing to eat our way around Stone – there are still a few left, perhaps a visit to a local theatre or a quiz night, if any one will challenge us. If you have any suggestions please contact me.

Phil Sharratt

Idle Thoughts of an Idle Runner by Plodder

Since we are locked in the heat of the English summer, my mind naturally turns to thoughts of cross-country running. In an eager search for just the right training programme or, alternatively, an inspiring thought, I have looked out some literature on the subject (as you do). Two of the books I found are marked "soiled" on the cover, and although this was probably the reason why they were cheap, it seemed to me that this just about summed up the whole sport of X-C running - SOILED.

But the great pedestrian, Alf Shrubb wrote some 90-odd years ago:

"Of all forms of pedestrianism - and indeed, of all branches of athletics - there can be nothing superior to cross country running for either pleasure or health. Track or road running is apt to be monotonous, however exiting it may be; but there is nothing monotonous in an open country run..... Even the training itself is almost as enjoyable as the race, and from first to last I defy anybody to find a single point to cavil at."

Running and Cross Country Running. A Shrubb 1910

Anyone who recalls the searing pain of the last mile of any X-C race, when your breath is like razor blades in the throat and your legs seem made of a ton weight of best Dunlop rubber will, of course, instantly agree with Alf if stopped at that point and asked.

Motivation keeps us turning out for the club, despite the anticipated discomfort. As we stand shivering at the start, wondering if Guy Fawkes felt this way as they took him to the wrack in the dungeons of the Tower of London (The wrack! They had it ***easy*** in those days - we had to do the Uttoxeter Cross Country Races!), we know we are there for the Club. Over the previous weeks the Captain and his/her henchmen have been variously giving us gentle reminders, sending our mothers hate mail, leaving horses heads in our beds, keying our cars and holding our nearest and dearest hostage. So we turn out to run.

But it wasn't always this way, there are alternative ways of engendering esprit de corps: "Cross Country for Coaches and Runners" by Dave Long, Lynn King and Bill Loeffelhardt (1981) lists several ways of promoting your X-C programme. The first listed is a "Watermelon Feed". It is rumoured that watermelons contain a drug which enables the coach to plant the seeds (no pun intended) of his/her devilish plan into the runner's mind without them noticing. A further method promoted by the book is "Senior Medals". This arcane ritual is laboriously described as follows:

"We recognise the seniors on the squad each year with a medal with a red, white and blue ribbon on it. The medal has a cross-country runner on it and the ribbon is long enough to hang around the runner's neck. It has prompted many positive remarks from the runners".

We never thought of that.....

And so, motivated by whatever internal or external beast that drives us, we should console ourselves with the thought that however bad it may feel doing the shortest of X-C races, be thankful we don't live in Hong Kong:

"...there is no such thing as a straight, flat section for anything longer than 50 yards. Either the course bends and twists around the contours of the mountains on unpaved, rocky roads, or it climbs murderously up and down. There is one cruel affair called Wanchai Gap Road, which I did not think was runnable the first time I saw it. It is a half-mile climb up a grade so steep your knees are practically hitting your chin at some points. After about five attempts I am now able to reach the top, but when I do my legs are so rubbery with fatigue that it is difficult to continue to run or even walk." Jim O'Neill 1977, from "Cross Country Running" Mark Bloom 1978

(Cont'd over)

What's on.....Racing

Thu 06 Aug	19.15	Parkhall Hilly X/C 4 mile ^
Thu 13 Aug	19.15	Rudyard Lake Final & Presentations 6 mile ^
Sat 15 Aug		Race the Train, Tywyn
Tue 11 Aug	$$	Hanley Park 5k&
Sun 16 Aug	11.00	Leek Half-Marathon*+
Wed 19 Aug		*Staffs Knot 5 (Reserve - Races 11-20)**
Thu 20 Aug	19.15	Abbey Inn Warm Down 5 mile ^
Sun 06 Sep		Wolverhampton Marathon & Half-Marathon
Sun 06 Sep		New Forest Marathon & Half-Marathon
Sun 06 Sep	10.30	Litchfield 10k
Sat 12 Sep	15.00	Ipstone 5*££
		Stone 10k*+
Sun 13 Sep	10.30	Ashbourne Half-Marathon
Sun 13 Sep	11.00	Congleton Half-Marathon
Sun 20 Sep	10.30	Ice Rink 5 mile, Telford
Sun 27 Sep	11.00	Bidulph 7 "Moor" race
Sun 27 Sep		Robin Hood Marathon & Half-Marathon
Sun 04 Oct	10.30	Madeley Half-marathon*
Sun 04 Oct		Great North Run
Sun 04 Oct		Gloucester Marathon
Sun 11 Oct		Manchester Marathon
Sun 25 Oct	11.15	Walsall Flyer 5 mile
Sun 25 Oct		Lake Vyrnwy Half-Marathon
Sun 25 Oct		Snowdonia Marathon
Sun 25 Oct		Stroud Half-Marathon

* NSRRA Series race (**££ - Note change to time or date)**
+ SMM Club Championship race
^ S.M.A.C Summer Series - **see Club notice board for details**
& Park Series race **$$ Start times** are: 18.40 for Juniors
19.00 for Vet Men
19.30 for senior men and ladies

Idle Thoughts of an Idle Runner by Plodder (Cont'd)

O'Neill goes on to say that this hill was only one in a course of 10.5 miles the winning time of which was over 65 minutes by a 2:38 marathoner. He also says that it was the only race he has done in which the course had frightened him.

He should have seen the cow poo on the course at Leek, that's all I can say!

Club Championship - 1998

Eligibility: To qualify for Club Championship points, members - first and second claim - must enter as "SAM" and run in club kit.

	GP1			GP2			GP3			GP4			Score
MEN	A	B	C	A	B	C	A	B	C	A	B	C	
John Clemens				45	45		50				50		145
Dave Gillick				50	50		45			50			145
Bernie Priekulis				41			41				38	50	132
Chris Barlow	50			37			38					33	125
Simon Fielder	38			35	37		37			38	35	45	120
Dave Hargrave	41						35				41		117
Vernon Olivant	36			34						45	37	38	115
Gerald Davis	34						34			41	36		109
Simon Probert	31			32	38						34	37	106
Roger Bolsover	37			33			31						101
Peter Williams	33						29					31	100
Tony Bridgewood	32			31	34		30						96
Terry Murphy				30	33		28				33	34	95
James McLellan	28			28			22				31	30	87
Richard Shaw	30				30		27						87
Dave Baddley	29						25				32	29	86
Kevin Uzzell				36	41							41	82
Brian Coker	45						36						81
Bill Clarke					36							36	72
George Kay							33			37			70
Lew Badger					35							32	67
Gerry Barnard					32		26						58
John Haine				29			24						53
Peter Salt							23				30	28	53
Russell Hall											45	35	45
Jonathon Howell				38									38
Jim Brough	35												35
Robin Cope							32						32
Mac McCoig					31								31
LADIES													
Celia Hargrave	50						50				50	50	150
Ros Barker	45			50			45				41	45	140
Rita Banks	38			45	50		38				45	41	133
Pam Davies	35				45		37				38		120
Kym Billington-Baddley	37			36	38		32				37	37	112
Barbara Brough	36						33				37		106
Paula McLellan	34			33	36		30						100
Angela Glendenning	33			34	37		29						99
Angela Coker	41						41						82
Rose Gillick				41			36						77
Margaret Shaw					41		35						76
Sue Smith				38			34						72
Gill Pointon				35			31						66
Sue Haine				32			28						60
Lynne Foster				38									38
Jane Mecalf													38

Subject to ratification

Group 1
Newcastle 7 | Million 10k
Group 3
Stafford Half | Leek Half

Stone 10k

Madeley Half

Group 2
Trentham Trailblazer 15k
Group 4
Milford 21

John Oultram 10

Stafford 20 |

Eccleshall 10

Any Marathon

Race Results.....

Shavington 20 - Sunday May 31st

Rita Banks	2.39.00

Tittesworth Reservoir 4.5 mile - Thursday June 4th

Dave Gillick	29.02	Jonathon Howell	30.16
Tony Bridgewwod	32.39	Elaine Statham	32.42
Carol Lorimer	34.57	Rose Gillick	37.31
Roger Westhead	37.09	Margaret Shaw	40.41

Michelin TT8 - Sunday June 7th

Bernie Priekulis	51.23	Vernon Olivant	53.18
Peter Williams	55.04	Simon Probert	56.30
Rita Banks	59.30	Pam Davies	61.01
Richard Shaw	61.45	Margaret Shaw	66.40
James McLellan	75.09	Paula McLellan	75.09

PD 1st F45, RB 1st F50

Bilston 10k - Sunday June 7th

Lynne Foster	46.	Frank Shepley	46.
Sue Smith	49.12		

Stone Festival Races - Monday June 8th

Stone Steeplechase - One man and his dog - Bernie Priekulis and Flash - 1st

Open Race - Chris Barlow, Vernon Olivant, Rose Gillick, Frank Shepley, Lynne Foster and Sue Smith

Buxton Hilly X-Country 4.75 miles - Thursday June 11th

John Clemens	32.48	Dave Gillick	32.57
Jonathon Howell	33.38	Tony Bridgewwod	36.30
Carol Lorimer	37.48	Rose Gillick	41.19
Roger Westhead	41.28	Margaret Shaw	47.52

Shugborough Relays - Wednesday June 17th

Men's Vet Open - SMM - 7th/32

Jonathon Howell 11.21/Simon Fielder 11.57/Kevin Taylor 09.42/Bernie Priekulis 11.35=**44.35**

Men's Super Veterans Open - SMM - 3rd/6th/7th & 13th/13

John Clemens 11.26/Vernon Olivant 12.07/Dave Gillick 11.21/Chris Barlow 11.53=**46.47**

Bill Clarke 12.00/Phil Sharatt 12.49/Brian Hall 12.41/Kevin Uzzell 11.25=**48.55**

Tony Bridgewood 12.19/Brian Coker 12.37/Peter Williams 12.33/Simon Probert 12.40=**50.09**

Shugborough Relays - Wednesday June 17th

Men's Super Veterans Open - SMM (Cont'd)

Terry Murphy 13.31/Roger Bolsover 12.14/John Haine 14.17/Mac McCoig 13.45=**53.47**

Men's Ultra Veterans Open - SMM - 1st/5

Gerry Barnard 14.37/Syd Carnell 13.59/Derek Palmer 14.04/George Kay 13.25=**56.05**

Women's Veterans Open - SMM - 2nd & 6th/9

Angela Coker 12.52/Rita Banks 13.50/Rose Gillick 13.58/Pam Davies 14.04=**54.44**

Lynne Foster 14.27/Sue Smith 15.00/Gillian Pointon 16.27/Jayne Metcalfe 15.36=**61.30**

Race for Life - Saturday June 20th

Lynne Foster 13th/600+ & 5th vet Sue Smith 26th/600+ & 1st F50

Potteries Marathon - Sunday June 21st

Kevin Uzzell	3.13.26	Vernon Olivant	3.19.40
Simon Fielder	3.20.33	Simon Probert	3.22.20
Bill Clarke	3.28.30	Terry Murphy	3.44.01
Chris Barlow	3.44.57	Rita Banks	3.49.14
Jayne Metcalfe	3.52.05	Bernie Priekulis	3.55.22
Peter Williams	4.29.42	James McLellan	4.34.04
Kym Billington-Baddley	5.00.19	Dave Baddley	5.00.19
Peter Salt	5.42.44		

Oakamor X-Country 5 - Thursday June 25th

John Clemens	31.30	Jonathon Howell	32.10
Tony Bridgewood	35.48	Carol Lorimer	36.10
Angela Coker	36.48	Rose Gillick	40.20
Margaret Shaw	44.17		

Longsdon Real X-Country 7.5k - Thursday July 2nd

Dave Gillick	32.40	Jonathon Howell	33.51
Tony Bridgewood	?	Angela Coker	37.12
Rose Gillick	40.58	Richard Shaw	45.21
Margaret Shaw	46.07		

Crown Classic Burton 10k - Sunday July 5th

Rita Banks	45.01	Lynne Foster	48.50
Frank Shepley	47.	Sue Smith	50.50

LF 1st F40, RB 1st F50

Ironbridge 4.5 - Wednesday July 8th

Kevin Uzzell	26.38	Vernon Olivant	27.59

KU 1st V50

Roaches 7 mile - Thursday July 9th

Dave Gillick	42.49	Jonathon Howell	44.20
Tony Bridgewood	?	Rose Gillick	54.30
Margaret Shaw	61.06		

Cheadle 4 - Sunday July 12th

Kevin Uzzell	24.36	Vernon Olivant	25.25
Chris Barlow	25.54	Simon Fielder	26.02
Simon Probert	26.04	Rita Banks	29.07
Terry Murphy	29.08	Roger Westhead	29.43
Pam Davies	29.53	Richard Shaw	30.28
Geoff Shallcross	30.46	Angela Glendenning	36.20
Paula McLellan	37.01		

PD 1st F45

Chase 10 - Sunday July 12th

Dave Gillick	65.22	John Clemens	69.02
Gerald Davis	76.09	Lew Badger	76.28
Gerry Barnard	85.02	Lynne Foster	88.46
Margaret Shaw	88.47		

Clayton 5 - Wednesday July 15th

Rita Banks	36.00

RB 1st F50

JCB 5 - Thursday July 16th

Simon Fielder	?	Rita Banks	35.19
Sue Smith	?		

RB 1st F/Vet

Fenton Park 5k - Tuesday July 21st

Kevin Uzzell	18.21	Dave Gillick	18.44
Simon Probert	19.45	Vernon Olivant	22.30
Frank Shepley	23.17	Gerry Barnard	23.58

Shutlingsloe Fell Race - Thursday July 23rd

John Clemens	28.10	Steve Lorimer	28.35
Dave Gillick	28.45	Tony Bridgewood	33.15
Carol Lorimer	34.40	Rose Gillick	36.00
Margaret Shaw	43.05		

John Oultram 10 - Saturday July 25th

Dave Gillick	62.25	John Clemens	63.25
Kevin Uzzell	63.44	Simon Probert	68.40
Simon Fielder	69.24	Bill Clarke	71.12
Lew Badger	71.30	Tony Bridgewood	71.41
Terry Murphy	74.49	Rita Banks	75.45
Pam Davies	77.43	Gerry Barnard	79.34
Mac McCoig	80.34	Richard Shaw	82.53
Margaret Shaw	83.13	Kym Billington-Baddley	90.04
Angela Glendenning	96.07	Paula McLellan	96.55

JC 1st V55, PD 1st F45, RB 1st F50

Gnosall 10k - Sunday July 26th

Peter Williams	41.52	Lew Badger	42.44
Rita Banks	45.21	Gerry Barnard	48.40