



LADIES



Newsletter

December 2018

*May all your
Miles be Merry*

Ho ho ho



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Dates for your Dairy

Committee Meeting	Monday 7 th January
AGM Meeting	February TBC
Presentation Evening	Friday 29 th of March
Membership Renewal	Sunday 31 st of March
Midsummer Madness	Saturday 8 th – 9 th June



View from the back

Monthly musings December 2018

Welcome to my, hopefully, monthly journal in which I will chart my journey through next year to the London Marathon, the Rock and Roll half marathon and then to Endure 24 at Leeds and no doubt some other events on the way.

I have been running since 2014 and before then I can safely say, that, I tried to avoid any form of exercise, in fact, I was convinced that exercise is bad for you. (I mean look at how often athletes are injured). I think this mainly went back to school “Sport aversion therapy”, commonly known as Physical Education as a youngster. I can still remember feeling sick in the stomach at the thought of the PE, mainly because, I was so hopeless at it. In those days the teachers were very good at humiliating pupils in front of their peers. That said, I loved watching most sports so was always frustrated at my lack of ability and secretly would have given anything to have been good at something sporty.

This secret hope came out sometime in the early 90s when I stated to Chris, my husband, while sat eating crisps and chocolates watching the London Marathon, that I would love to run it one day.

Chris replied confidently that, “If you run a marathon I will run naked down Whitefriargate on a Saturday afternoon!” I think that he thought he was safe and would have been, had he not developed diabetes. He decided that he needed to keep fit and he built a gym in our garden he also started to ride his bike to work. I felt I needed to support him and also perhaps I should give this keep fit malarkey a go too. The rest as they say is history. I started on a treadmill as I was sure that, if I did go out in public, it would be like all those PE humiliations again. On it the same day I ran my first mile on the treadmill, Jill J, my sister, ran her first marathon.



View from the back

It was Jill who gave me the confidence to run outside, in lycra too, and eventually persuaded me to join West Hull Ladies. Since then we have been challenging each other to all sorts of weird things: Marathons, 24 hour races, (Jill's fault) and Triathlons, Kayaking and maybe Quadrathons (my fault)! In fact, Jill is the only person I know who can make the words, "You will enjoy it" sound like a threat!

OK, that gets us to the moment, on 12 November, when, Amanda approached, a random guy, at the Baptist Church to do the London Marathon draw. I have to say that he looked like one of the fixtures and fittings of the church and was sporting a classic Bobby Charlton haircut. I had, never, entered the club draw before, mainly because I was worried about the pressure of representing the club. What if I got injured? What if I couldn't run it? What if I embarrassed the club with questionable running leggings choices? This year is different because Chris has got a place in the marathon ballot. It seemed like fate that I should have a go. There was a 50/50 chance as it was just between me and Stacy. I was nervous but not as much as the poor random guy. I think he originally had the impression that he had to choose between us, you could see it on his face, "I don't know these ladies, should I go for the short dumpy one or the glamorous athletic one?" He breathed a sigh of relief when Amanda produced the hat with the names in and he drew me out. I was really sorry for Stacy because she is an awesome West Hull Lady who managed an epic 100k at Endure even though she went over on her ankle on the first lap. I really hope you get to have a go Stacy. However, as I said before, it has to be fate, doesn't it?

I am incredibly honoured to be representing, what I consider to be, the best club in the world and quite frankly it's highly unlikely I would ever have got in without the club place.

View from the back

I could never get a good for age place, possibly when I am 150, and these days it's so hard to get in via the ballot. Thank you for giving me this opportunity. I hope you enjoy this column and join me and my little short legs for what is going to be an epic journey....

“To the London Marathon and Beyond!”

Liz Hobson



Grand Tour

Andalucia November 2018

Jenny, Cath, Karen, Stacy and myself set off one obscenely early Thursday morning for Manchester airport for our flight to Malaga and our running adventure. We were not seated together so I put my earplugs in, read my book and then caught up on some zzzzs.

Ultra Trail Spain is run by Sarah and Steve, who met us at the airport and a couple of hours later dropped us off at the bottom of a steep, cobbled street, in a tiny town in the middle of Andalucia. We had to walk up the street to our accommodation, because the hill was too steep for the car! This really did set the scene for our holiday, as we trudged up the hill, past the castle to our first accommodation of the holiday – a lovely traditional villa with views over the entire valley. We unpacked, wandered about and then met Sarah and Steve later for our evening meal. Fortunately they translated for us with the waiters, so we just sat and ate and chatted ... prawns, risotto, pork, hake, dessert, coffee and a couple of beers.



Day One – Montefrio – Alcala la Real
After a self-catered breakfast, Sarah and Steve loaded our suitcases into the car, then Steve drove off to the first checkpoint, and Sarah would be our guide for the day. We were very soon out of the town and

into the real Andalucia – hills, olive groves, and peace.
We met no one on the trail that day at all!



Grand Tour

The going was challenging at times, with some steep climbs (we walked) and some muddy sections – it turns out that Spanish mud is way more sticky than in England!

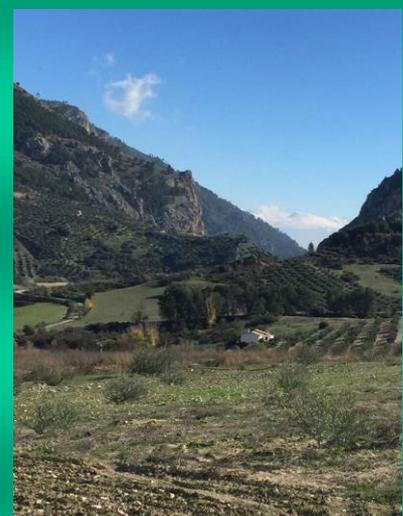
We ran past hundreds of olive trees, but persimmon, almond, walnut, orange, pomegranate, quince and fig trees too ...

Steve met us a couple of times, after about 6 miles of running, where we could fill up with water, snacks and drinks. It turns out Coke, chocolate brioche and home made soup is the best trail nutrition. The soup was wonderful – spicy squash soup today.

Eventually we arrived, showered and enjoyed a wonderful three course very late lunch, then after a little break, we wandered off into the town for a couple of beers ... In this part of Spain tapas is free, so we got *food* with our beers, and after such a big lunch, this was enough food for the evening ... we were ready for bed and day two.

Day Two – Alcalá - Moclin

A misty start but flatter terrain today, and we were running with Steve this time ... from the castle at Alcalá to the castle at Moclin. It was quite intimidating to see this very big hill on the horizon and to be told that's where we were heading!



Grand Tour

One thing that we liked about the holiday is that because we had a guide and someone meeting us at checkpoints, it broke the distances up, and allowed people with injuries / fatigue to skip a leg and meet up later. This worked well today, so that some ran further than others, but we all finished the final leg together. The weather was lovely today, and the scenery changed to wide vistas and valleys, with the snow covered Sierra Nevada in the distance. This place is so good for the soul!

The last bit was a 4km climb to the castle, and to Moclin. This is where Sarah and Steve lived, so we were met by Sarah and Scooby, the dog, at the end, and they escorted us to our next accommodation, which was two apartments in their own house.



Another late three course lunch, a couple of beers and tapas at the bar just nearby our accommodation, and then wine, chatting and laughing around the wood burning stove before bed and our final day.

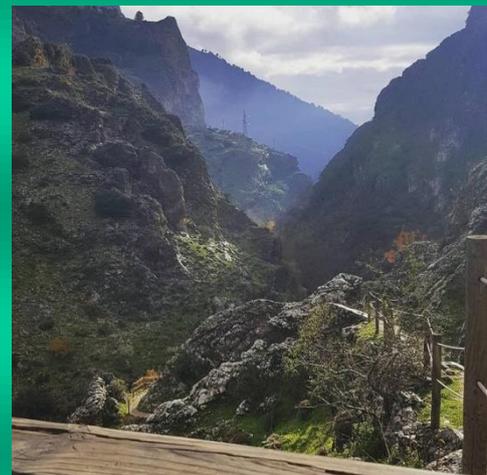
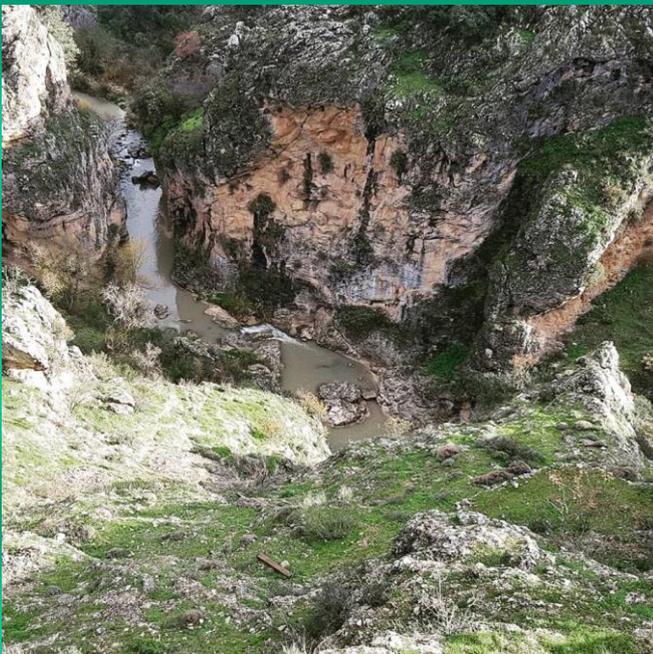


Grand Tour

Day Three – Moclin – Tozar

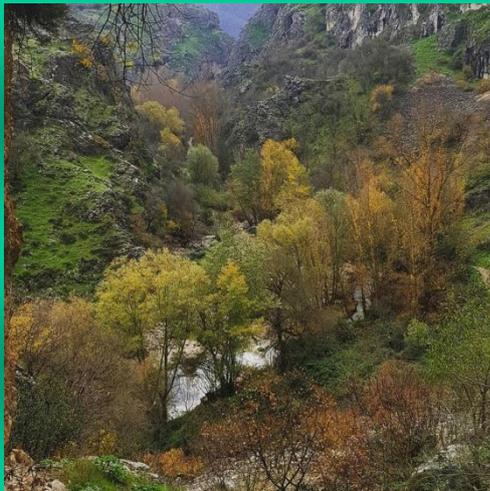
Ooh – day three = creaky, achey, hurty ... sensibly Sarah started today with a ‘test run’ – around the top of the village, to see how injuries and muscles were bearing up for the final day ahead. It seemed the pain killers had either kicked in, or the muscles had given up complaining, as we all seemed ready to rumble.

So what comes after a 4km climb at the end of the previous day? A loooong drop down into a jaw-droppingly beautiful gorge. A lot of concentration was needed for a leafy, rocky, misty, damp descent, but as with everything I’d experienced on this holiday, the more demands that were placed on me, the greater the rewards. I’ll let the photos speak for themselves for this!



Grand Tour

This bridge was somewhat challenging to run across, or even to walk across, if someone else (me) was trying to run across at the same times ... some hysterical laughter here!



At the rest stop we could choose between a 5km or 15km route to finish, and with the reassurance from Steve that he had enough water to see me through, I decided to have a crack at the 15km with

Karen.

This was the right decision, because I found my second wind. There was a lot of climbing and some good, runnable descents, and the last leg seemed to fly by.



Grand Tour

I was so pleased to have tackled this final challenge, and was dead proud when we topped our final hill (which had been very steep!)

What a fabulous holiday we had. I knew I would enjoy the running, but I never expected to have enjoyed the holiday quite so much. I definitely want to go again ... watch this space, ladies – dates will be coming out ... what an absolutely smashing adventure this was!

Ann Holmes

<https://ultratrailspain.com/grand-tour-3-day-running-holiday/>



Chocolate Christmas Pudding Balls

Vegan Protein Balls



INGREDIENTS (MAKES 5 BALLS);

100g dates
50g raisins
30g that protein Blissful Brown Rice & Raw Cacao Super Protein
50g ground almonds
1 tbsp orange juice

½ tsp cinnamon
¼ tsp all spice
30g vegan white chocolate
10 pumpkin seeds
5 naturally sweetened cranberries

METHOD

Blend together all of the ingredients in a food processor or high powered blender.

Separate the dough into 5 pieces and roll each into a ball.

Melt the white chocolate and place a teaspoonful on top of each Christmas pudding ball. Encourage the chocolate to dribble down the sides.

Cut the cranberries in half and mould them slightly so that they are a round 'berry' shape. Place the cranberries and 2 pumpkin seeds on each protein ball to decorate.

Store in the fridge to set for 20 minutes and then they're ready to eat!



New York New York

5/6 WMM

4th November 2018

So, Karen Park mentioned earlier in the year about entering New York Marathon which is one of the 6 World Marathon Majors – the other 5 being London, Berlin, Chicago, Boston and Tokyo.

Until she mentioned this I never really considered running it despite having run 4 of the 6 previously.

My entry went in and I managed to gain a place. Karen had decided not to enter and Linda unfortunately didn't get a place so I went with my daughter and husband.

Since about June I have been plagued with a problem with my foot – so the training plan never really started and I had to adjust my expectations and I had no idea whether I would be able to run it. Deferring was never gone to be an option due to the expense – the entry fee for this is extortionate 350 dollars – I had not told my husband this but a kind man I was talking to on the subway home did. Thank you! If I had to walk all the way round that it was I would have to do. Plenty of others were going to have to do this – and that is the great thing about New York – many of the top athletes and the race director cheer the last runners in – no matter what time they finish.

So, we flew to New York on the Thursday and then on the Saturday Emma and I were up early to walk from our hotel to the United Nations building to run in the 5k – Dash to the Finish. This was a run that finished in Central Park and the finish line was the one I would be crossing the next day. It was a drizzly

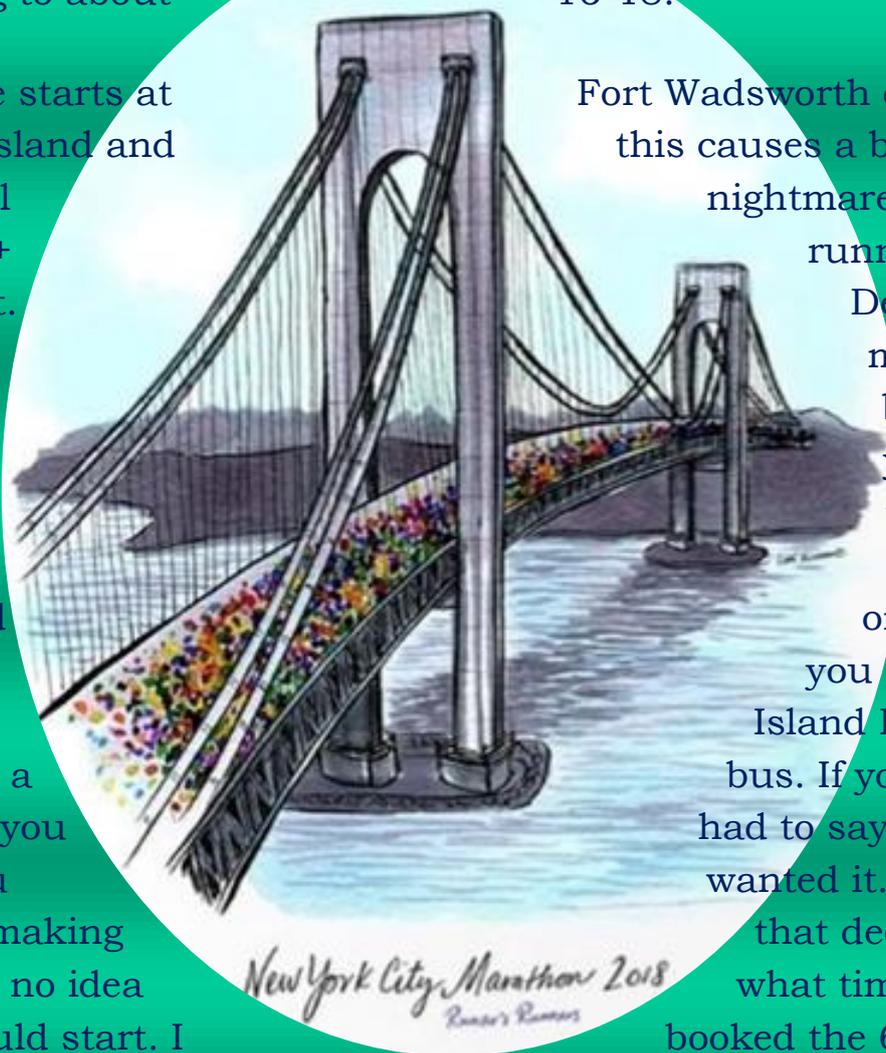


New York New York

morning but I absolutely loved it. The atmosphere was electric and I loved running with Emma and the other 10,000 people taking part.

Then it was Sunday – race day. The weather was perfect – beautiful dark blue sky – sun - no wind and about 11-13 degrees climbing to about 16-18.

The race starts at Staten Island and logistical 50,000 + the start. have to months whether going to of the provided whether Staten then get a the bus you time you time of making you had no idea race would start. I



Fort Wadsworth on this causes a bit of a nightmare getting runners to Decisions made before on you are take one buses or you go on the Island Ferry and bus. If you took had to say what wanted it. At the that decision what time your booked the 6.30am

bus and eventually I was told I would be running about 1040hrs. This was going to be the part I didn't like – hanging about for hours at the start getting cold and weary and fed up.



New York New York

I was up about 5.15am (the clocks had gone back that morning so I did actually get an extra hour!). It was far too early to eat so I had a drink – made some porridge with hot water and then put it in a Starbucks takeaway cup to take with me to eat later. I then walked to the Public Library next to Bryant Park to get the bus. I could not believe the queues – it was 6.15am when I got there and the queue went around nearly the full block.

Nothing to worry about though, I managed to get onto the bus about 6.45am. The volunteers and police were exceptional. It was a fantastic atmosphere.

The journey took about 2 hours – quite a long time for a 15-mile journey! I wasn't upset as it killed time and was warmer than being outside.

Once off the bus it was through security, porta potty stop and then into my corral. Once there I grabbed a bagel and a cup of coffee. Then the black plastic bin liner came out and I sat and waited to be called to the start. I reckon I only had to wait about 30 mins before being called and then we were walked to the start which is on the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge.

I was so looking forward to this as each wave of runners are set off running by the firing of a cannon and then New York New York by Frank Sinatra is played. Because I was at the back of my group of runners by the time I got on the bridge the music had finished. Not very happy!

My race plan was to walk the first bridge – there are 5 - as its uphill and this aggravates my foot – I would then try and run/walk – aiming to walk at the fluid stations (fluid in America not water!)



New York New York

I have to say that I absolutely loved this way of running a marathon – usually I have done a solid 16-week training plan and then on race day I have tried to stay focused on running. Whilst I have seen sights on the way I have never enjoyed them as much as I did in New York. The crowd support was out of this world – words cannot tell you how fantastic they were – Go Sandra – you got this girl – way to go Sandra – the shouts of encouragement – even just thinking about it now gives me goose bumps. There were numerous bands playing – the Gospel singers outside the churches – you just wanted to stop and listen to them. Fantastic.

I just loved every minute of it. My foot – yes it was painful – yes, I had to text my daughter to get me some more painkillers – I met her and my husband at mile 18. It was fabulous to see them and have a hug.



I did walk quite a bit – I can remember seeing one of the mile times and it said 14 minutes – at that point I did think I should try and get a move on – but did it matter – no!

I stopped to take photos and the kind volunteers took them to – I stopped for toilet breaks – I spoke to the volunteers at the water stations – there were people on the course with massage sticks – I used them – I ate my flap jack – I drank the water and took my gels. I got to the finish line in just under 5 hours. I had an absolute ball of a time.



New York New York

At the end we were given a heat blanket and then we had a walk to get our fleece lined ponchos. That was another decision we had to make months earlier – did we want a poncho or did we want to use the bag drop. That really was a no brainer – I just love my poncho. I just love New York and Karen you must do it!

I love London, Chicago and Boston Marathons – Berlin not so much but New York you are the best although it pains me to say it.

Now do I keep trying to get my 6th – Tokyo I am not sure. Maybe.



Sandra Holdsworth



A Snails Tail

Running and me.

West Hull ladies snails group, running and me.

At the age of 49, having never considered running as an exercise that interested me or I was capable of doing, it has come as quite a surprise to me and family and friends who have known me for years, how much I enjoy it and how enthusiastic I have become.



After using the treadmill at the gym for fast walking for several months, I began to notice the other people using them for running, eventually I changed pace into a slow jog and the faster I went the fitter and better I felt as I left the gym. I decided to invest in a treadmill for home to save the gym trips and enable me to run as frequently as I wished. This purchase became essential for my mental wellbeing when my elderly mother took ill and moved into my

home as I gave up work to provide full time home care. The treadmill enabled me to exercise whilst still being at home to provide her with the support needed. After a period of ill health mum passed away and I found running helped me cope with the grief.

Although I enjoyed treadmill running, being an outdoor person myself, I looked enviously at the freedom of the people running outdoors. I wanted to see if I could run outside. I just wasn't brave enough. All the memories of school years of being overweight and uncomfortable and embarrassed exercising were holding me back.

I was sat one day googling and I wondered if there was a ladies running group I might fit in with to help me gain confidence enough to run outside. Fortunately I found out the link for the west hull ladies snails group. This group sounded so friendly and welcoming, more importantly they sounded like they ran/walked at a speed that was achievable for me. I sent a



A Snails Tail

request though Facebook and got a very quick response from a lovely friendly welcoming lady. We had a brief email discussion and it sounded perfect, but it was still another few months before I plucked up the courage to go along for one of the runs.

On arrival I was greeted very warmly by a small group of ladies of various ages. The whole experience was lovely and supportive as I left the club that first day, I was buzzing. I joined in the winter which meant we were running around the streets in the dark, my next hurdle was running in the open and daylight where I could be seen by the general public.

Everyone was very supportive and very normal and down to earth, with a mixture of speeds, the great ethos of the group regrouping during the walking sections means no one falls behind.

Following the daylight evening runs, someone had mentioned parkrun. So I went along and was amazed by that I could manage to run all the way around. Those months of treadmill walking and running had paid off and I was so impressed. A year on and my list of accomplishments includes, a parkrun over ten mins faster than my first one. A wildlife 5k and a 28k endurance run.

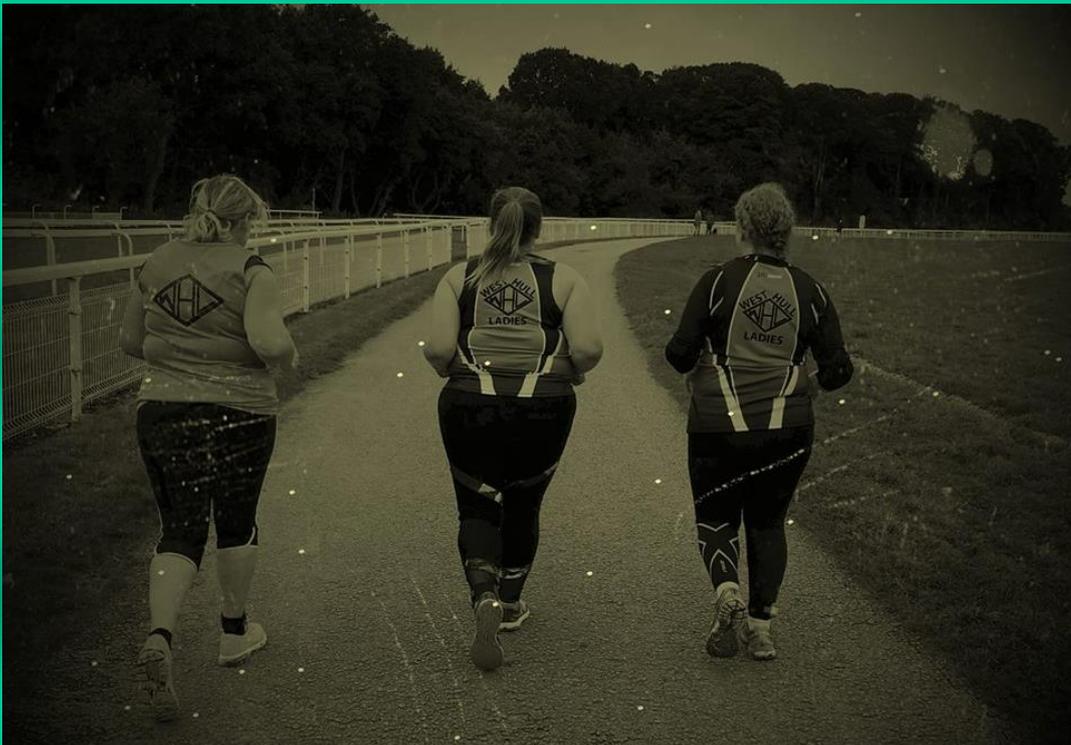


A Snails Tail



All these accomplishments have been achievable due to the support and inspiration provided by the west hull ladies.

Running has helped me through my darkest days and is now a way of life for me. I am thankful for the west hull ladies, for your friendship, kindness and inspiration.



Angela Salisbury



Committee Meeting

West Hull Ladies

Minutes of Meeting

12th November 2018

Present Jill, Maria, Stacy, Andrea, Liz H, Anthea, Linda, Sandra, Amanda

1. Apologies received from Anna, Annette, Jan
2. Minutes of previous meeting accepted as accurate record
3. No matters arising
4. Maria spoke about the confusion still existing over first and second claim members and also the fact that once you joined a Club affiliated to English Athletics you remained a member of that Club until such time as you were released from it by EA. It makes no difference if you are a paid-up member of the first Club or not. Agreed a link to EA would be put on the membership form to make it easier for new members who were joining us from a different Club. **Action Amanda to update membership form.**
5. A discussion took place about the possibility of the Club hosting an event similar to Midsummer Madness whereby Snails could attempt to gain the 25k award and other members 50k. The committee were happy to support anyone wanting to take the lead on this but did not want to initiate it themselves. In relation to the 25k award Linda and Jill to visit trophy store to continue enquiries. **Action Linda and Jill to progress.**
6. There were 2 members in the draw for the Club London Ballot place – Stacy and Liz H. Liz H was the member drawn out of the hat and she was awarded the coveted place.
7. A) The deadline for the Newsletter would be 9th December – **Action Anthea to circulate to members (done via Facebook).**

B) Jill had been in conversation with Tom from Hull and East Riding Badminton Club Chanterlands Avenue about the Club meeting from there on training nights. The Committee agreed for Jill to continue with this and report back. **Action Jill to continue enquiries re possible move of Club location.**

C) Carol Miller a member of the Club had offered a free Nordic Walking Taster session to all Club Members. It was agreed this was a good idea and would maybe benefit ladies who were taking part in 24 hour running events. **Action Jill to contact Carol to organise.**

D) Maria had been approached by a member suggesting that a t shirt be awarded to members who had been with the Club for 10 years or more. A discussion took place and it was decided not to progress this as it was not felt it was cost effective – and it would be difficult and time consuming to administer.

E) In relation to a guest speaker for the Presentation Evening – several names were discussed and it was agreed that a decision would be taken at a later date.



A Runner's Christmas Poem

T'was the run before Christmas
... and all down the road not a
creature was stirring, t'was the
runner's abode.

The snow had been falling for
many an hour, and it covered all
things with it's powdery shower.

Preparations were finished for our
Christmas delight, I just needed to
run before sleeping the night.

My footfalls were silent not a
sound did I make as I looked left
and right which path would I
take?

But something inside me-- for no
reason at all-- chose a new path
ahead, the least travelled of all.

I ran down the path surefooted
and strong, for somehow I knew
that no foot would land wrong.

As I rounded a bend 'neath a moon
full and bright, I was stopped in
my tracks by a wondrous sight.

T'was eight tiny deer, and a sleigh
colored red, and a bearded old
man who seemed very well fed.

He was pushing the sleigh, pushed
again, and then thrice, but it
moved not an inch--- it was stuck
in the ice.

Then he looked up and saw
me standing there, mouth
agape, and he said "Can you help
me? I've a bit of a scrape."

"We've been working all night, from
the East to the West. My deer need
a break, so we stopped for a rest."

"But now break time is over and
just look what I've found-- My
sleigh is now stuck, frozen hard to
the ground!"

"I know you're a runner, not a
magical elf. But we've something in
common I'm a runner myself!"

"Although I look heavy and jolly,
no fear. Tonight's cookies did
this, I'll run it off by next year"

So together we pushed, with the
deer pulling strong till we broke
the sleigh free-- got it moving
along.

"Back in business!" he cried with a
face full of glee "I've more gifts to
disperse before morning, you see."

"Many Thanks for your help, I'm
not putting it mild-- You've helped
save the day for many a child!"

"Santa's never met a runner that
he didn't like, so for your child at
home here's a shiny new bike!"

"And although you might think
you're too old for all that,
I've some nice gifts for you
hidden under my hat."

"So here's a Forerunner
to measure each run
and a shirt made of Cool-Max
for your runs in the sun."

"And some new running shoes



A Runner's Christmas Poem

the right type for your feet, and for tunes... an I-Pod (That's really quite neat!)"

"Though it's winter right now have no fear of a storm, for here's Under-Amour to help keep you warm."

"For you're never too old, nor it too late to start, if the Magic of Christmas lives on in your heart."

Then the deer they did leap and the man and the sleigh, took flight in a flash and went soaring away!

So I took these gifts home my heart joyous you see, for the Magic of Christmas will live on inside me.

His parting words filled my soul as my house came in sight-- "Merry Christmas to all! And to all a Good Night!"

Hope you enjoyed my first newsletter.

Anthea

*Thank You
To Everyone Who Contributed To The
Newsletters Throughout The Year.*

*Hope You Have A Wonderful Christmas And A
Happy New Year.*

