



**Richrrd Leonard, Rhys Watkins, Phil Hodgson & Dave Makin
at the start of the Ultra Trail Tour De Mont Blanc**

Stop press

Stainland 7—cancelled

Replacement

Derwentwater 10
Sunday 5th November.

REMAINING GRAND PRIX RACES FURTHER DETAILS INSIDE

Sun 24th Sept **RL LANGDALE 1/2 marathon**
Entry form last month

Sat 30thSept **FS THIEVELEY PIKE**

Sun 8 Oct **RM BURNLEY FS7**
Entry form in this issue

Sun 29 Oct **RS ACCRINGTON 10K**

Sun 5th Nov **RM DERWENTWATER 10**

Sat 18 Nov **FL TOUR PENDLE**

ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIP INFORMATION

Calling all vet 40's

We are currently in 5th position in the V40's English Championships. We have 25 points and Cheshire Hill Runners and Clayton have 26. If we came 2nd vets team at Thieveley Pike then there is a possibility of a Bronze medal in the English Championships.

So put the date in your diary and lets see as many V40's on the start line as possible on September 30th.

Unfortunately due to the demise of the team at Sedbergh our men's team are currently in 8th position in the English Championships.

Chris Smale is 4th in the men's V40 Competition with Andrew Wrench 10th. Derek Clutterbuck is currently standing 2nd in the V70's

RELAYS

IAN HODGSON MOUNTAIN RELAY SUNDAY 1ST OCTOBER

We have two teams entered in this event, it is a fantastic event which starts and finishes at Brothers water.

Our men's team is more or less organised, but we are currently having to make the decision as to whether our second team will be a ladies or a mixed.

Anyone who is available and would like to run please contact me **ASAP** on 01422 844936 Mandy

FRA RELAYS SATURDAY 0CTOBER 14TH

We have three teams in this event an A, Ladies and Vets

Team Captains are Jon Wright -A, Mel Blackhurst—Ladies, Derek Donohue—Vets

The event is based at Castle Carr and organised by Calder Valley

IF YOU ARE NOT RUNNING AND AVAILABLE TO MARSHAL THEN CONTACT BILL JOHNSON ON 01422 881312 OR E-MAIL watchcave@hotmail.com ALL HELP GRATEFULLY RECEIVED

CALDERDALE WAY RELAY SUNDAY 10TH DECEMBER

We will be entering an A, Vets,Ladies & Allstars in this event

A Team Captain will be Jon Wright 01706 810967

Vets Team Dave Collins 01706 816749

We still need a ladies and all-stars Captain.

Any volunteers contact Mandy 01422 844936 or Derek 01422 842510

Mandy's Page

Pack Runs

Wednesdays

7pm start

BACK ON THE ROADS

**WEAR SOMETHING
BRIGHT
BE SAFE BE SEEN**

**OCT— SHOULDER OF MUTTON
MYTHOLMROYD**

NOV— QUEEN, TODMORDEN

**DEC— WHITE SWAN
HEBDEN BRIDGE**

**JAN— RAKE INN
LITTLEBOROUGH**

**FEB— FIGHTING COCKS
CLIVIGER**

**MAR—MASONS, BACUP RD
TODMORDEN**

**DATE FOR
YOUR DIARY**

**CHRISTMAS DO
AND PRESENTATION**

FRIDAY 15TH DECEMBER

**TODMORDEN CRICKET
CLUB**

CROSS COUNTRY

We are entering the Red rose Cross country League this year.

To compete in this league you need to register as a club and as individuals.

The mens race is approximately 10k and the laides 5k ish. It's very fast & furious but very good for you.

Fixtures 2006

Sat 7th October, Blackburn (Witton Park)

1.45pm(postcode BB2 2TP)

Sat 28th October, Bury (Chesham)

1.45pmmultimap ref: SD812120)

Sat 18th November, Hyndburn (Wilson Playing Fields) 1.45pm(postcode BB5 5SD)

Sat 16th December, Rossendale (Marl Pits)

Please note 12.45 start(postcode BB4 7SW)

Full details on :-

www.redrosecrosscountry.co.uk

**Anyone interested
please contact Andrew
Wrench on 01706 813244**

Juniors

Mondays

Session £1

From

5.30 — 6.30 6yrs—10yrs

6.30 — 7.30 11yrs +

Yes it been changed as at 10yrs old some of them are not mature enough to be taking ATHLETICS, they should come to the early session, where they still will learn but have FUN.

If anyone is interested we got our equipment, (which will make the training sessions more exciting for the juniors), FROM (L .I. A.) not from (C A D G)

Hopefully I will be getting a Level 2 coach coming to help me, at the moment we are doing fine with the help of the mothers, and Jacks Dad. Eileen

GRAND PRIX RESULTS

HADES HILL

07/09/2006	30.31 Time	30.45 Adj Time	31.01 GP Pts	Fell Pts
3 Andrew Wrench	31.01	29.51	103.0	99.2
7 Chris Smale	31.53	30.24	101.2	96.5
9 Alex Whittam	32.10	31.10	95.6	95.6
10 Shaun Godsman	32.22	31.22	95.0	95.0
19 Paul Burnett	34.36	34.36	(88.9)	(88.9)
21 Mark Goldie	35.11	35.11	87.4	87.4
36 Ashley Wright	37.10	37.10	82.8	82.8
47 James Riley	38.45	38.45	79.4	79.4
55 Phil Hodgson	39.27	34.46	88.5	78.0
60 Greg Elwell	39.51	39.51	77.2	77.2
78 Alice Heath	42.03	38.00	80.9	73.2
103 Richard Leonard	44.49	40.19	76.3	68.6
108 Sharon Godsman	45.28	41.05	74.9	67.7
116 Sue Roberts	48.10	39.58	77.0	63.9
123 Mandy Goth	49.25	39.37	77.6	62.2
124 Peter Ehrhardt	49.36	39.02	78.8	62.0
130 Louise Abdy	51.16	41.06	74.8	60.0
132 Dave O'Neill	51.26	46.16	66.5	59.8
136 Laura Sutcliffe	52.44	47.39	64.5	58.3
149 Ian Stansfield	69.08	51.44	59.5	44.5
150 John Newby	70.59	46.19	66.4	43.3

SEDBERGH

20/08/2006	1.59.41	2.01.28	2.08.29
	Time	Adj Time	GP Pts Fell Pts
36 Jon Wright	2.23.03	2.23.03	93.9 93.9
37 Chris Smale	2.23.14	2.16.35	98.3 93.8
78 Andrew Wrench	2.35.14	2.29.26	89.9 86.5
314 Mandy Goth	3.47.42	3.02.30	73.6 59.0

RADCLIFFE TRAIL

10/08/2006	27.14	27.4	28.28
	Time	Adj Time	GP Pts Road Pts
29 James Riley	32.53	32.53	84.5 84.5
35 Keith Parkinson	33.02	29.03	95.7 84.2
56 Alice Heath	37.13	33.38	82.7 74.7
59 Mel Nicholls	38.02	34.22	80.9 73.1
61 Sharon Godsman	38.30	34.48	79.9 72.2
64 Claire Duffield	39.07	35.21	78.6 71.1
65 Nigel Hanson	39.19	35.26	78.4 70.7
72 Peter Ehrhardt	40.45	33.42	82.5 68.2
74 Stuart Boulton	41.07	37.56	73.3 67.6
77 Moyra Parfitt	41.51	28.51	96.4 66.4
79 Dave O'Neill	43.30	39.50	69.8 63.9
85 Derek Clutterbuck	45.36	31.45	87.5 61.0

PAULINE LUCKETTI

14/08/2006	30.57	31.0	31.1
	Time	Adj Time	GP Road Pts
3 Andrew Wrench	31.08	29.58	103.5 99.7
6 Alex Whittam	33.01	33.01	94.0 94.0
9 Mark Goldie	34.30	34.30	89.9 89.9
12 Simon Anderton	35.28	32.33	95.3 87.5
20 Ashley Wright	37.21	37.21	83.1 83.1
25 Keith Parkinson	38.56	33.14	93.4 79.7
38 Alice Heath	41.49	37.47	82.1 74.2
41 Mel Blackhurst	42.12	35.56	86.4 73.5
49 Sharon Godsman	44.58	40.38	76.4 69.0
52 Bohuslav Barlow	45.41	36.23	85.3 67.9
56 Stuart Boulton	46.55	42.38	72.8 66.1
58 Peter Ehrhardt	49.20	38.49	79.9 62.9
59 Dave O'Neill	50.04	45.02	68.9 62.0
60 Louise Abdy	50.48	40.44	76.2 61.1
62 Derek Clutterbuck	52.14	33.35	92.4 59.4
66 John Newby	63.26	41.23	75.0 48.9
67 Ian Stansfield	65.25	48.57	63.4 47.4

**PLEASE NOTE
TO GET POINTS YOU MUST
WEAR YOUR CLUB VEST.**

	2006 ROAD /TRAIL TABLE		Helen Windsor 10K	Radcliffe 6.5	Pauline Luketti	Lytham St Annes 10	Bluebell	Liversedge 1/2 M	Oldham 1/2 M	Hendon Brook			
1	Keith Parkinson	M50	80.3	84.2	79.7		80.6		81.8	87.5	6	494.1	Q
2	Melanie Blackhurst	LV40	73.4		73.5	72.9	74.3	74.1	73.6	77.2	7	446.1	Q
3	Stuart Boulton	M45	67.2	67.6	66.1		67.7	70.3		70.8	6	409.7	Q
4	Mark Goldie	M	85.2		89.9		87.4	85.8			4	348.3	X
5	Mel Siddal	LV40	71.8			70.0	65.6	65.5		68.8	5	341.7	X
6	Richard O'Sullivan	V40				71.0	69.9	70.3		72.6	4	283.8	X
7	Melanie Nicholls	L	68.3	73.1		67.2		63.2			4	271.8	X
8	Claire Duffield	L	67.4	71.1		63.5	66.2				4	268.2	X
9	Nigel Hanson	V45		70.7		67.6	61.2	67.0			4	266.5	X
10	Paul Brannigan	V40	86.7				81.4			83.5	3	251.6	X
11	Alice Heath			74.7	74.2		72.2				3	221.1	X
12	Peter Ehrhardt	V55	65.6	68.2	62.9						3	196.7	X
13	Moyra Parfitt	LV60	62.7	66.4			65.5				3	194.6	X
14	David O'Neill	V45		63.9	62.0		61.6				3	187.5	X
15	Alex Whitem	M			94.0			89.3			2	183.3	X
16	Derek Clutterbuck	V70		61.0	59.4		60.9				3	181.3	X
17	Richard Leonard	V45	72.4							81.3	2	153.7	X
18	Jeff Anderson	V45	75.4						70.1		2	145.5	X
19	Sharon Godsman	L		72.2	69.0						2	141.2	X
20	Sarah Glyde	L	72.2				68.6				2	140.8	X
21	Heather Simpson	L	66.9				63.7				2	130.6	X
22	Andrew Wrench	V40			99.7						1	99.7	X
23	Jonathan Wright	M					93.7				1	93.7	X
24	Andrew Horsfall	V40					91.3				1	91.3	X
25	Nick Wigmore	M					90.4				1	90.4	X
26	Simon Anderton	V45			87.5						1	87.5	X
27	James Riley	M		84.5							1	84.5	X
28	Ashley Wright	M			83.1						1	83.1	X
29	Jeff Walker	M					82.8				1	82.8	X
30	Mark Anderton	V40	81.7								1	81.7	X
31	Derek Donohue	V45					81.0				1	81.0	X
32	Deon Bamford	V40				77.2					1	77.2	X
33	Andrew Bibby	V50					76.8				1	76.8	X
34	Peter Bowles	M					76.6				1	76.6	X
35	Eric Emerson	V50	75.1								1	75.1	X
36	Richard Blakeley	V60					75.0				1	75.0	X
37	Colin Duffield	V40					71.4				1	71.4	X
38	Rachel Skinner	L					69.6				1	69.6	X
39	Lynne Griffiths	LV45					68.4				1	68.4	X
40	Bohuslav Barlow	V55			67.9						1	67.9	X
41	Janine Wigmore	L					65.6				1	65.6	X
42	Francis Richardson	V60				64.8					1	64.8	X
43	Tina Smith	L					64.3				1	64.3	X
44	Louise Abdy	LV40			61.1						1	61.1	X
45	Laura Sutcliffe	L					60.8				1	60.8	X
46	John Newby	V70			48.9						1	48.9	X
47	Ian Stansfield	V60			47.4						1	47.4	X

2006 GRAND PRIX TABLE			Ilkley Moor	Hades Hill	Thieveley Pike	Liver Hill	Half Pendle	Anniversary Waltz	Lordstone	Coiners	Ennerdale	Holme Moss	Sedburgh	Tour of Pendle	Helen Windsor 10K	Radcliffe 6.5	Pauline Luketti	Accrington 10K	Lytham St Annes 10	Stainland 7	Bluebell	Burnley Fire 7	Liversedge 1/2M	Oldham 1/2M	Hendon Brook	Langda1/2M	OPTIMUM POINTS
1	Keith Parkinson	9	0	0	0	90.5	86.2	0	0	0	0	87.4	0	0	90.6	95.7	93.4	0	0	0	90.9	0	0	92.3	98.7	0	735.1
2	Mark Goldie	11	85.7	87.4	0	95.4	87.6	0	90.9	89.7	78.6	0	0	0	85.2	0	89.9	0	0	0	87.4	0	85.8	0	0	0	714.1
3	Melanie Blackhurst	10	0	0	0	0	77.9	73.4	83.4	0	0	0	0	0	86	0	86.4	0	84.6	0	86.3	0	86.1	85.4	90.5	0	670
4	Andrew Wrench	9	0	103	0	103.3	97.6	98.1	101.5	101.4	82.2	0	89.9	0	0	0	103.5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	610.8
5	Claire Duffield	8	0	0	0	78.2	70	67.2	0	73	0	0	0	0	74.5	78.6	0	0	70.3	0	73.2	0	0	0	0	0	585
6	Richard O'Sullivan	8	67	0	0	75.8	69.4	0	0	69.6	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	75.2	0	74	0	74.5	0	77	0	582.5
7	Stuart Boulton	9	64.9	0	0	73	0	0	0	0	0	63.1	0	0	72.9	73.3	72.8	0	0	0	73.3	0	74.5	0	76.8	0	571.8
8	Mel Siddal	7	0	0	0	82	68.7	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	86.5	0	0	0	84.4	0	79.1	0	78.9	0	83	0	562.6
9	Jonathan Wright	7	0	0	0	0	0	85.6	93.5	96.1	83.4	95.7	93.9	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	93.7	0	0	0	0	0	558.5
10	Andrew Horsfall	8	90.3	0	0	95.3	90.1	92.4	93.5	0	87.5	91.7	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	94.6	0	0	0	0	0	557.8
11	Richard Leonard	7	73.8	76.3	0	84.7	0	80.3	0	0	74.4	0	0	0	78.4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	88.2	0	556.1
12	Alice Heath	7	0	80.9	0	82.8	70	74.7	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	82.7	82.1	0	0	0	79.9	0	0	0	0	0	553.1
13	Sharon Godsman	7	71.3	74.9	0	80.9	67	74.5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	79.9	76.4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	524.9
14	Derek Clutterbuck	6	0	0	0	80	0	80.7	90.4	0	0	0	0	0	0	87.5	92.4	0	0	0	87.4	0	0	0	0	0	518.4
15	Christopher Smale	6	96.3	101.2	0	0	0	101.3	102.5	0	81.1	0	98.3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	499.6
16	James Riley	7	0	79.4	0	85.4	75.9	77.2	0	79.4	60.6	0	0	0	0	84.5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	481.8
17	Shaun Godsman	6	0	95	0	99.8	92	94.6	0	96.2	81.7	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	477.6
18	Alex Whittem	5	0	95.6	0	99.9	0	0	0	97.3	0	0	0	0	0	0	94	0	0	0	0	0	89.3	0	0	0	476.1
19	David O'Neill	7	61.7	66.5	0	73.9	66.3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	69.8	68.9	0	0	0	67.3	0	0	0	0	0	474.4
20	Peter Ehrhardt	6	0	78.8	0	0	0	0	80.3	0	0	68.5	0	0	79.3	82.5	79.9	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	469.3
21	Jane Smith	5	82.5	0	0	94.7	0	86.5	0	90.5	79.2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	433.4
22	Nick Wigmore	5	79.2	0	0	89.4	0	82.9	0	0	67.8	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	90.4	0	0	0	0	0	409.7
23	Moyra Parfitt	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	100.5	0	0	0	0	91	96.4	0	0	0	0	95.1	0	0	0	0	0	735.1
24	Phil Hodgson	4	0	88.5	0	92.9	0	87.1	0	0	85	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	353.5
25	Mandy Goth	4	0	77.6	0	80	0	78.8	0	0	0	0	73.6	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	310
26	Melanie Nicholls	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	75.5	80.9	0	0	74.3	0	0	0	70	0	0	0	300.7
27	Nigel Hanson	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	78.4	0	0	74.4	0	67.9	0	73.7	0	0	0	294.4
28	Martin Roberts	3	0	0	0	98.5	0	95.8	95	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	289.3
29	Dave Collins	3	89.7	0	0	0	0	0	95.7	92.5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	277.9
30	Paul Brannigan	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	90.5	0	0	0	0	0	84.4	0	0	0	87.2	0	262.1
31	Simon Galloway	3	81.3	0	0	91.5	84.6	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	257.4
32	Derek Donohue	3	76	0	0	0	83	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	87.1	0	0	0	0	0	246.1
33	Jeff Anderson	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	77.6	0	0	0	0	79.9	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	74.3	0	0	231.8

[illegible]

Forthcoming Grand Prix races

With the cancellation of the Stainland 7, the next GP race will be the **Great Langdale half marathon** on Sun 24th Sep (entry form in last Torrier). Langdale may be more often the venue for fell races, but club runners who've done this half in the past say it's an excellent race, well worth the journey. The race starts at 11.45pm near the New Dungeon Ghyll hotel in Langdale. (There's also a marathon which starts at 11.30pm – no GP points, only toilet points if you get into the wrong race). Families note: 2 km fun run starts at 11am. Entries close on 15th September and there's a maximum field for both main races of 500.

Almost on our doorstep, the **Thieveley Pike fell race** is on Sat 30th Sep just across the watershed in Holme Chapel, Cliviger. Ladies race 2pm, men's race 3pm. The route is new: details below have come from the Clayton website.

Start in the field (SD 875285) opposite the Church Hall (Registration) & next to the Ram Inn. After a circuit of the field, the Race follows the Burnley Way/Pennine Bridleway under the railway to 870287. Turn left through an iron gate & scramble up a steep, rough bank, sticking close to the fence. This section is not a right of way. At the top of the climb, continue uphill (SW) to a ruin (864283). Through the gate, across the dip in the field to the obvious gate opposite & to the gate in the bottom left hand corner of the next field (862279). Run parallel to the wall to another gate which leads onto a track. Go downhill over the cattle grid (865277) & turn right into the valley. Cross the stream to climb the slope opposite heading towards an obvious wall when you emerge onto the open moor (865274). Follow the wall to the summit of Thieveley Pike (873272). Take the obvious path north (downhill) to Dean Scout & a gate (874278). Turn left to follow the overgrown path to Black Clough. Cross the stream & head upward through two stiles to a gate at a wall corner (865282). Run along Stone House Edge to the ruin (864283) and turn right (north-ish) to run downhill (not the way you came up!). After about a quarter of a mile of rough moorland, there is a metal gate in the wall to your left. Go through this and straight down to the Burnley Way/Pennine Bridleway (867287). Turn right along the Burnley Way, skirting Scout Farm through 3 gates and re-trace your route back to the field. The finish is next to the prominent chestnut tree at the top of the field. NB: Some of the new route is not on rights of way or open access land. The future of the race may be jeopardised if you stray from permitted routes.

The **Burnley Fire Station 7** will take place on Sun 8 Oct, starting at – where else – Burnley Fire Station at 11am. Even if you've not done this race before, it's likely to feel familiar, as it includes a lot of the roads we run on when we meet at the Queen in Cliviger. An application form is with this copy of the Torrier.

Replacing the Stainland 7 is the **Derwentwater 10** on Sunday 5 Nov. This 'challenging course' (their words, not mine) is organized by Keswick AC and is now in its 47th year. Starts from Keswick School, Crosthwaite, which has changing and shower facilities. The club suggests you use a standard race entry form (£5 entry needs to be sent to Alan Ritchie, 132 Scotby Rd, Scotby, Carlisle C14 8BJ, cheques payable to Keswick AC). Or there's a cut down entry form on www.keswick-ac.org.uk/roadraces2006.pdf.

Forthcoming road races – info from Mel Blackhurst

Here are the details of forthcoming road races

Sunday 17th September-Mileta 10K 11am.Previously 10miles but now shortened so you can get to the pub quicker!From Princess Mary Athletics Stadium.£6 and £1 more on the day.

Thurs 21st September-Ron Hill 67 Birthday 5k Road Race from the Falcon Inn.6.30pm.£3.50 on the night.

Sunday 24th Sept-Great Langdale 1/2 and full marathon-part of this year's Grand prix and mentioned in the Torrier previously.Need to pre-enter!

Garstang 1/2 marathon 11am.Starts from Garstang Sports and Social club-£7 to enter,can enter on the day.

Sunday 1st October-Kirkstall Abbey 10k road race 10am.£6.50 and £1.50 extra on the day.

Sunday 8th October -Main event-Burnley road fire station 7-well organised race on a familiar running route,mentioned elsewhere in the Torrier.

Harewood House 10 mile trail race-10.30am.In the grounds of the estate.£6 and £2 on the day.

Gin Pit 5 11am.Previously in the Grand Prix but response was very mixed.

Further details as desired on uk.results.net

Forthcoming Local Fell Races

(By Colin 'Da Selector' Duffield)

Saturday 30th September 2pm (ladies) 3pm (gentlemen)

Thieveley Pike AS 4.25 miles/ 1300ft

Holme, Cliviger.

Typically tough, Pennine style short race. English Championship and Tod Harriers Grand Prix counter, both of which should attract huge crowds.

Route slightly changed this year (see map on www.clayton-le-moors-harriers.co.uk). In reality, route finding shouldn't be a problem; on the day they'll be a few other people going the same way (probably about 300 of them).

Saturday 30th September 10:30am

The Good Shepherd Classic BL 15 miles/ 2000ft

Good Shepherd Church, Mytholmroyd.

Second running of this race. Lots of us did it last year and enjoyed it. In addition to going over familiar territory around Stoodley, also takes you to other, less frequented hills around t'Royd.

A little bit of navigation required, nothing very taxing, but you'll need to be able to read a map.

Sunday 7th October 11:00am

Autumn Leaves CM 10 miles / 1700ft

Kiln Green Church, Diggle.

Trailly sort of race on good paths and bridleways. Organised by Saddleworth Runners.

There's usually some sort of cake competition beforehand. Attracts a sizable field, although if that's because of the race or the cake competition is debateable.

Sunday 8th October 11:00am

Bronte Way BM 8 miles / 1150ft

Wycoller Country Park, Wycoller

'Write a classic novel and die of consumption before you're thirty, now that's the Bronte way!' So said Patrick to his daughters.

Actually this is supposed to be a nice little race. A point to point affair so issues with coaches etc, so you'll need to pre-enter. All you need to know about the logistics is on Keighley and Craven's website (www.keighleyandcravenac.co.uk).

Sunday 15th October 3:00pm

Beefy's Nab BS 3 miles/ 650ft

The Lamb Inn, Oxenhope

Another one that's been in our GP before. Runnable, well organised, and well flagged. The race is a benefit event for Upper Wharfedale Fell Rescue, and the organisers would appreciate items for a raffle to be held on the night.

Also junior races, so why not take the whole family? The kids can do the junior races and you can raffle your granny!

And another thing...

The nights are getting darker, the fell are getting wilder, and there's a cold wind up my trouser leg. This means that it's the time of year when more and more organisers are going to start specifying kit requirements. Best bet is keeping everything in your car and then you won't be caught out.

Todmorden Harriers Committee Meeting, 4th September 2006

There were 11 members present

FRA Relay

Team captains:	Men	Jon Wright
	Ladies	Mel Blackhurst
	Vets	Derek Donohue

It unlikely that we will be allowed our fourth 'allstars' team entry, due to a huge demand for places. 6 runners per team, 4 legs: solo, pair, pair, solo. The organisers are looking for more help with marshalling, etc.

Ian Hodgson Relay

This is a great event, but a more 'serious' mountain event than the FRA. 8 runners per team, all legs run in pairs. All team members should have experience of Lakeland running, and one in each pair must be a good navigator.

Team captains:	Men	TBA
	Ladies	Mandy Goth

Laptop

The committee confirmed that the club shall purchase an inexpensive laptop computer for use at races. Jane Smith offered to store the laptop at home with the other race equipment. Derek to organize the purchase.

GP Road Race

It was decided to replace the Stainland 7 (cancelled at short notice to due illness) with the Derwentwater 10, on Sunday 5th November 2006.

Cross-Country

Andrew Wrench is keen to get us running cross-country in the Red Rose league this winter. Listen out for news.

Blackshaw Head Fell Race

Well done to Sarah and Andy for their work in putting on this race in horrendous weather conditions. Many runners said they thought it was a good race route

New Members

Welcome to Greg Elwell and Charlotte Woodhead

New Award

Dave O'Neil has suggested we consider a new club award for members who have completed a set number of GPs (e.g. 5 or 10). The awards would be presented each year as people reach the required number. No decision was made, but the idea will be discussed at a later date.

Pubs for the winter

Sep	Hollins
Oct	Shoulder, Mytholmroyd
Nov	Queen, Tod
Dec	White Swan, H.B.
Jan	Rake, L'boro
Feb	Fighting Cocks, Burnley
Mar	Mason's, Tod

<p>Committee meetings are held on the first Monday of each month at the Hollins Inn, 7pm. All members are welcome. It is your opportunity to contribute to the running of the club.</p>

Recent Press Reports

Radcliffe Trail Race

Todmorden Harriers brushed off their trail shoes for the latest race in the club championships.

The Radcliffe 5 mile Trail Race is a fast 'out and back' style route that tours Tingley Woods on the outskirts of Manchester. Although the route uses a nature trail to provide the backbone of the route, the racing Harriers had little time to study the flora and fauna as the race was run at a furious gallop. However, the organisers, Radcliffe AC had planned the route well and had incorporated several testing small hills to catch out the unwary or those running more quickly than they could maintain for the full course.

The race was won by Ken Chapman, lately of Salford Harriers but now competing as an unattached runner. First of the Harriers home was the improving James Riley who crossed the line in 32.53 in 29th place, some 34 seconds ahead of his clubmate Keith Parkinson. Elsewhere in the race, Alice Heath brought the Todmorden ladies home club home with a creditable fifth position in the ladies' placings. Melanie Nichols and Sharon Godsman followed her home in seventh and eighth place to complete a strong showing by the Todmorden women.

Worsthorne Moor Race

Another running fixture to attract a number of Harriers recently was the Worsthorne Moor Race. This event attracted a quality field, including race winner Sheffield's Lewis Banton running in the colours of Clowne AC. His winning time of 40.48 gave him a comfortable victory, whilst Calder Valley's Sally Newman was good enough to leave the ladies field struggling in her wake to take ladies honours.

Shaun Godsman, in sixth place, was first Todmorden Harrier home, finishing some two and a half minutes behind the Banton. Other Harriers elite runners who registered in the higher placings were new signing Paul Burnett in 14th place and Mark Goldie in 17th.

Brown Wardle Hill Race

Todmorden Harriers busy racing season continued last week with the Paula Locketti Brown Wardle Hill Race in Whitworth. The race, organised by prolific race organiser and charity fundraiser Andy O Sullivan MBE, is best described as falling in between the two disciplines of fell racing and road racing, the start being on steep tarmac, before climbing through rougher ground to the summit of Brown Wardle Hill before a breakneck plunge back down the hill to the finishing line.

The Harriers were well represented with Andrew Wrench in third place after a nip and tuck battle with eventual winner Nick Leigh of Pudsey and second place Malcolm Fowler of Wilmslow. Other Harriers were in close attendance at the top end of the field were Alex Whittem coming home in 6th place, Mark Goldie in 9th and Simon Anderton crossing the line in twelfth.

Sedbergh Hills

The Todmorden runners barely had time to recover from the Brown Wardle Race before heading north in search of English Fell Running Championship points at the Sedbergh Hills Fell Race. This race takes place in the Howgills, a remote area that straddles both the Lake District and the Yorkshire Dales and has been described as a 'fell runner's paradise'. However despite the idyllic setting, the route is notoriously tough and is designed to test the legs of even the most experienced fellsman with a crippling climbs up to the little known summits of Arrant Haw and Winder.

On the day, local knowledge and an intimate familiarity with the route paid dividends with patches of low lying cloud seriously reducing visibility and causing some frustration as many competitors strayed off route and lost valuable time in the mist.

One person who had no such trouble was Bingley Harrier and South Lakes local, Rob Jebb who dominated the race to cross the line first in a time of 1.59.41, two minutes clear of fellow mountain running international Lloyd Taggart of Dark Peak Fell Runners in second place. In the ladies race Natalie White took the honours in a time of 2.25.21, making it a clean sweep for Bingley and also breaking the previous best ladies time by two minutes.

In a race some of the Harriers elite were unlucky to fall foul of the navigational challenges the race posed, but Jon Wright and Chris Smale kept their bearings to lead the Harriers home, finishing in 36th and 37th places respectively. Tod Ladies' sole representative was Mandy Goth, who crossed the line in a time of 3.47.42.

Calder Valley Fell Runners also sent a strong contingent to the race, the best placed of these being Karl Grey who crossed the line in 31st place in the men's race and Jo Buckley who finished in 11th place in the ladies' race.

Ultra Tour Du Mont Blanc

In the athletics world, ultra running is usually defined as distances exceeding marathons, run on trails or footpaths. One of the Blue Riband events in the 'Ultra' Calendar is the 96 mile 'Tour Du Mont Blanc', which this year saw its' first participation by Todmorden Harriers.

The event, which starts in Chamonix, is a circuit around the highest mountain massif in Western Europe, and crosses national borders to pass through Italian and Swiss soil before returning to the finish in France. The race consistently attracts some 2500 entrants, although it's likely that in any given year, almost half of all starters will retire before completing the full course.

Tod Harriers were represented by experienced ultra runners, Phil Hodgson, Rhys Watkins, Richard Leonard, and Dave Makin. Despite their experience, the 96 mile circuit still caused some trepidation in the weeks leading up to the event, 'I'd done the Comrades Ultra in South Africa which is 56 miles,' said Rhys Watkins, 'but I had no idea how nearly 100 miles at altitude would feel, I just couldn't imagine it.'

In the event Rhys finished in 40 hours after running through the night through numerous Alpine villages and over snowy passes.

Three and a half hours in front of Rhys were first Harriers to finish, Dave Makin, who competes as a 'second claim' Todmorden runner, and Hebden Bridge based Phil Hodgson. Completing the Todmorden quartet was Richard Leonard who crossed the line a little later in 468th position in his category.

The successful Harriers had been training for the event for much of the last year, mainly by completing the toughest UK fell races and ultra events. In addition to this Phil and Richard have recently returned from a holiday in the Alps where they took the opportunity to hone their fitness on similar ground to the race, pounding mile after mile on mountain trails.

Reflecting on their achievement in the Tour Du Mont Blanc, Phil commented, 'It's got to be the best organised event I've ever experienced. Afterwards my legs were completely trashed and my feet badly blistered but yes, it was definitely worth the pain.'

Blackshawhead Fete Race

The inaugural Blackshawhead Fete Fell Race took place last Saturday. Unfortunately extremely poor weather caused the cancellation of the fete but the fell race went ahead with a field of fifty one runners braving the harsh elements.

As a consequence of the weather, winning times were never going to be fast, as gusting winds and horizontal rain slowed the runners' progress around the route which took them over Heptonstall Moor and back to Blackshawhead via the packhorse bridge at Hebble Hole.

The mens' race was won by Todmorden resident James Logue, who runs in the colours of Horwich RMI. He was followed home by the fast improving Ben Mounsey of Stainland Lions and Todmorden Harrier Andrew Wrench. In the ladies' race, Calder Valley Fell Runner and Blackshawhead resident Jo Waites romped to an emphatic victory, finishing over a minute ahead of second placed Lisa Lacon of Holmfirth Harriers.

In the spirit of the village fete, prizes were also awarded to the first locals to cross the line. Whilst Jo Waites' overall victory assured her of the ladies' local prize, Todmorden Harrier Roger Haworth took the local men's honours after coming out on top after a tussle with neighbour Greg Elwell.

After the race, organisers Sarah and Andy Glyde thanked all those who helped with the planning and administration of the event, including the Fete committee, the local landowners and the course marshals.

Press Reports

*I try to keep relatively up to date with what's going on but I do sometimes miss things. So, If I've missed **your** moment of glory and you'd like to see it reported in the hallowed pages of the local press, please get in touch with me on 01422 846593 or email claire.colin@virgin.net.*

Also photos are always welcome, either of specific races or library photos that may come in handy for future reports.

Cheers,

Colin.

Toilet Seat 2006

Good news! This will not be the final Toilet Seat for 2006 – I still have some of your daft doings in reserve – mainly ‘cos there’s no more room on this page! You must continue to work towards this coveted trophy (and remember to keep me informed)

*Yours,
Uncle Barry*

Early bird Nick Wigmore, in direct competition with our hapless Hazel (see last month’s issue), can also be a bit premature alleges his wife Janine: he once turned up a week early for a race in Hemel Hempstead, having driven all the way from Rochdale - and still drove all the way back again to compete the following week. He was also a day early for the Stanbury Splash this year. Finally, after running the race on the right day, he spent the entire evening bailing out the cellar - having left the hosepipe on after washing down his Walshes. I make that 15 pts Nick

Supergrass Janine Wigmore, however, is awarded 5 pts for grassing on her husband, and a further 5 pts for standing on Alex Whitem’s injured foot after the Bluebell Trail Race!

Senior moment? Gail Sutcliffe drove into work and took the train home again. She then spent 20 minutes searching for her car at Hebden Bridge railway station. Thinking that her car had been stolen she phoned work – only to be told that they could still see her car in the company car park! Put these 5 pts towards an organiser Gail!!

Dangers of too much salt... Phil Hodgson has been spotted wandering round the garden wearing a head torch and clutching a bottle of salt - he insists that it is not madness but slug patrol. 5 pts

Poor navigation (1) Andrew Wrench ended up on the wrong hill in the Sedbergh Race for the final checkpoint (he was in a very good position as well). He had to descend almost to the finish and would have dropped out except he had to finish to get the team round. Little did he know that Mark and Shaun had already dropped out! 5 pts Andrew

Streetwise (not) Shaun Godsman met a young Romanian with a road bike whilst running up the Shepherd’s route to Stoodley Pike. He said “Hello” and continued. Returning via Gaddings he was again confronted by the chap - stark naked and with hands on hips, the young man said, “Nice day, isn’t it...do you fancy a swim?” A perplexed Shaun asked Sharon what he could have wanted – erm, 5pts for being so naive, Shaun

On...err, off yer bike! Sharon Godsman was injured so decided to go cycling instead, but managed to fall off her bike on a slimy Doghouse Lane breaking her collar bone for 5 pts

RSPCA alert? Kath Brearley is reported to have put her platypus in the freezer the night before a race.

Unfortunately it was still frozen solid at race start (kept the post race beer cold though!) 5 pts Kath

Heavy breather? Hazel thought she’d got one when she picked up the phone early one morning...it turned out to be Phil Hodgson, who whispered, “please fetch me a work shirt as I’m sitting here at my desk, shivering in my running vest.....” 5 pts towards smarter togs Phil

This man is keen... 5 pts to Chris Smales for entering Ennerdale - twice

The Late Dave Collins was not too far from the truth at Turnsack – for he was found to be staggering about with dehydration through not drinking enough water and ended up in hospital with 5 pts

Low energy drink? Nick Wigmore wrote an article on sports nutrition only to be tempted by a cheap lucozade energy drink type copy (ASDA’s own) sadly it didn’t work and he ran out of steam on Ennerdale. Here’s 5 pts towards the real thing – or simply suck a sugar lump Nick

Poor navigation (2) was experienced by the Roberts couple who pick up 5 pts each for getting lost while reccyng the Anniversary Waltz a while back in fantastic weather.

Wombling Peter Ehrhardt was spotted on the Long Causeway helping himself to a pallet from one of the lay-bys for 5 pts - or should he be given a points rebate for recycling?

Poor navigation (3) Andrew Horsfall’s skills let him down after a heavy night after the Ben race. He got lost in the bathroom and couldn’t find his way out for 1/2 an hour. He’d gone in there in the dark so as not to wake Cate and it was only the fact that he broke a glass and woke her up that he escaped in order to collect 5 pts

League Table

Stuart Boulton	20
Nick Wigmore	20
Phil Hodgson	20
Martin Roberts	17.5
Hazel Chapman	15
Sue Roberts	12.5
Jim Smith	10
Janine Wigmore	10
Jeremy Abdy	10
Paul Prescott	10
Dave Wilson	10
Chris Smales	10
Kath Brearley	10
Jeff Anderson	5
Richard Blakeley	5
Alex Whitem	5
Jon Wright	5
Gail Sutcliffe	5
Andrew Wrench	5
Dave Collins	5
Peter Ehrhardt	5
Shaun Godsman	5
Sharon Godsman	5

Bob Graham Round by Mandy Goth

It's Friday 7th July and here I am stood on the steps of the Moot Hall in Keswick with Rhys, Andrew (Bibby) & Richard Bellaries from Clayton. Phil's got the stopwatch and there's 5 minutes to go.

"I can't believe you're putting yourself through this again," says a voice in my left ear. It's Wally Coppelov from Newburgh Nomads who ran the last two sections with me last time and completed his own attempt two weeks previously.

"Can I join you on leg three"

"No problem, see you in Wasdale".

For those of you not familiar with the Bob Graham Round it's a 72 mile circuit of the Lake district, which starts at the Moot Hall in Keswick. The "Round" was originally run by Bob Graham in his 42nd year and encompasses 42 peaks (a total of 27,000 feet of ascent). Bob Graham originally ran it in 1932 but subsequent interest didn't really start until the 60's when the Heaton brothers from Clayton Harriers decided to have a go. Since then approximately 1300 people have completed the round (to date there are less than 100 women). It can be run clockwise or anticlockwise and is split into five sections. Most people complete the Round assisted by a team of people including a navigator and carrier on each leg.
Attempt 1. June 1993 Clockwise 6pm start.

My affair with the Bob Graham started in 1993 The highlight of this attempt was the horrendous weather, with rain and mist so dense it was impossible for Dave Wilson to read his map in the dark, due to the light being scattered in the head torch beam. As a result we got lost on the Dodds in the dark and descended too far off Nethermost Pike, thus losing time. Kitey also got stuck in a bog we had to pull him out. He had to keep his toes clenched so as not to loose his shoes. I gradually got slower and slower over the third section until the hailstones going up Broad Stand finished me off and I dropped out at Wasdale.

Attempt 2. June 2000 Clockwise.

This time both Phil & I set off together at 6pm on the Friday, yet again we were plagued by bad weather, making navigation difficult on the Dodds and time was lost. It was like having buckets of water thrown at you for 12 hours. Yet again the third leg was my problem and as we hit the rocks around Bowfell the going underfoot deteriorated, as Neil Hodgkinson said " The rocks were not just greasy they were alive!" Again I'd lost too much time so dropped out at Wasdale.

Phil who was only just in front of me managed to get his second wind and went from being nearly dead on his feet to running the last two sections faster than race pace to finish in 22 hours 54 minutes.

This year the memories of the discomfort had faded and it was to be now or never. The training started early with many days in the lakes with Kath, good runs on the High Peak Marathon, the Hobble & even a PB on the Trog. It was going to be my year.

The date was set for early May, the previous couple of weekends were glorious it was looking good. Friday arrived and with it the bad weather. The forecast said it was going to get better (80% chance of cloud free summits) so I decided to go anyway. The mist was so thick on Skiddaw that it was only the bike lights that I'd borrowed that saved us. Hall's fell ridge was grim and we kept losing the path. Poor Jeff Walker had the short straw trying to scramble down the rocks and carry the bike lights. Leg 2 went like clockwork thanks to Nick Harris's excellent navigation. It continued to be cold, misty and unpleasant but we managed to arrive at Honister on time.

Leg 3 was where it all went pear shaped again. We strayed slightly off route due to thick mist, a minute here a minute there. Where was the summit of Harrison Stickle? Time gradually ticked away. This time I ran without a watch, but I could tell from the whisperings that I was behind time. Leg 4 I just couldn't go any faster despite the persuasions of Dave Makin and my team of six or seven helpers. We only came out of the mist on the summit of Kirkfell and for the first time for hours I had a view.

At Honister I decided to carry on and complete the round despite the fact that I was going to be over time (I only had 2½ hours and needed three).

It was a beautiful night, but the wheels had fallen off by then, Phil tried to kill me by slipping on the rocks coming off Robinson and I couldn't even manage the Goth shuffle on the road into Keswick. I was met by Sue & Kath (who'd run out of bars to go in as they were all shut) who ran shrieking down the street to meet me. I'd got round, but in a time over 25 hours. Never again.

Back at the Achille Ratti hut in Langdale Arthur Daniels encouraged me with "why don't you go again the other way round, the descents are easier, it would suit you better", and so the seed was sown.

Jura & Duddon under the belt in reasonable times and then an excellent but very tough LAMM with Chris Preston. I'd helped Kath on her first attempt and knew that I could run the first leg very comfortably. I knew I was as fit as I'd ever been so it was now or never or it might rear it's ugly head again in a couple of years time and I'd have to do all that training again.

I had two windows of opportunity Wasdale weekend or early August. I became obsessed with the weather looking at the forecast numerous times a day. On Wednesday I made the decision to go on midnight of Friday 7th July, the offers of help came flooding with Peter Browning & John Sharples from Clayton volunteering to come along. And so it went from low key to the more the merrier.

So there I was on the steps of the Moot Hall at midnight for an anticlockwise attempt.

Leg 1 - Went very smoothly in the dark with the bike lights yet again (thanks to my work colleague Clive - he's one of those nutters who rides around Stoodley Pike in the dark). A starry night ensured that we arrived at Honister spot on schedule. 39 peaks to go.

Leg 2 - Again a very smooth section. It was still dark and slightly misty. Rhys had perfected the feeding & watering technique and was there when needed. A combination of GPS (John Preston) and good local knowledge (Peter Browning) saw the peaks passing by on schedule. A slightly slow descent (not my strong point) off Yewbarrow saw me arrive in Wasdale only a few minutes behind schedule.

Leg 3 - The rain started as we made the big climb up onto Scafell and into the mist, there was a feeling of "Oh no here we go again". My fears were to be unfounded as the combination of Dave Makin's route finding and Colin Urmston (Clayton) got me up and down a very slimy Broad Stand to pick up the rest of my team. The mist lifted, the rocks weren't slimy and my spirits rose. As we descended off Bowfell there was the welcome sight of the McGonagle (Pete & Hilary) support crew with cups of tea and crisp butties on Rossett Pike. I was even allowed a stop there so I knew I was on target.

The rest of this section was tough as my energy started to fade. Dave & Allan Greenwood resorted to bully boy tactics and were on my case. Every time I slowed slightly they hassled me. Much swearing was done and Dave was now referred to as "Makin". Kath had written messages of encouragement on the rocks and Phil came out to meet me at Calf Crag.

I descended to Dunmail Raise just behind schedule - I knew I was going to do it.

Leg 4 - As I climbed Seat Sandal the wind got up and the weather started to deteriorate. John Crummett led the way and got some awesome photos in the process. Chris of Newburgh Nomads kept me informed of the time along the way and as the peaks went by we gained a minute here, a minute there. Makin arrived again to do some bullying much to the amusement of some of the Clayton boys. The rain started but I was on a mission. I arrived at Threlkeld with 5 hours to go. It was in the bag with only three summits to go. Chance to refuel with corned beef hash and tea.

Leg 5 - Once again my support crew had increased in number from 3 to 7. Phil had plotted the route on the GPS so there was no chance of getting lost. Blencathra and Great Calva were climbed on schedule. As we climbed onto Skiddaw the wind was getting stronger, it was really cold, going dark and we were heading into the mist. Geoff & Susan Davis of NFR were superb and made sure they shielded me from the wind wherever possible. As we climbed onto the summit ridge the wind was so strong we could hardly stand up. Chris Preston and Anna Forrest supported me so I didn't get blown away. All of a sudden the wind was coming from the wrong direction as the seven of us spread out across the summit. The path is like a motorway but we'd lost it! Phil had plotted the route to the summit thinking that route finding off would be straightforward; how wrong can you be. Thankfully Geoff was on route and called us across. Only a few minutes lost. We ran down the path, yet again the bike lights came into their own as we struggled through the dark and mist.

Half way down the hill we emerged from the mist to see the lights of Keswick; nearly there. We could see a head torch at the Latrigg car park. It was John Preston who said, "If you want to do this Mandy you are going to have to run." I thought I was running! He grabbed hold of my right hand and, with Anna on my left, I proceeded to run down the hill faster than I'd ever run in my life. Phil was leading the way in the dark. I remember thinking, "I'm sure I don't have to run this fast."

Down the road, through the park, over the bridge, across the car park, through the arches into the square at Keswick. "Right you're on your own," said John and I ran up to the Moot Hall and the welcoming crowd. All I could think was thank goodness I can stop now. 23 hours 48 minutes.

Out came the champagne and the cameras - it was over.

I never had any doubt that I was capable of the Bob Graham Round and when I had finished I wasn't overwhelmed by the fact that I had done it but by the support of those gave up their time to come and help me on not one but two attempts. The likes of Jim and Tony who saw me through all the changeovers (Jim was on the phone just after 12 to make sure I'd done it). The people who just turned up and appeared on spec and had a run for part or all of a section. If I could have done it off positive vibes and good wishes from everyone then I could have just floated round.

The difference this time was that if all felt to be under control, I needed the bullying to get me through the tough sections (thanks Dave), but we never got lost or way behind schedule. I got the eating right this time eating (proper food at the changeovers so not relying totally on jelly babies & sweet stuff - which I will never eat again). My support crew were awesome from Kath on road support (saving herself for the week after - I wish I'd been there) to all the Tod/Achille Ratti/ Clayton/NFR/Calder Valley & Ambleside members who helped along the way.

So thank you to everyone for being there for me and especially to Phil for believing in me - so what's next?

My Bob Graham by Kath Brierley

It was New Year's Eve morning and I was whimpering on my back on the floor in considerable pain as my back had just 'gone'. By the evening and several drinks later I decided to state my New Year's resolution, which was to have a go at the BG (**Bloody Gormless!**). Fortunately Mandy had decided on the same venture, which made the training much more enjoyable. I realised that I couldn't do any speed work due to recurrent sciatica so a nice leisurely pace was my plan with lots of long walks in the Lakes. I drew up a training schedule which was to do something long every weekend 20 ish miles or 7hrs and to familiarise myself with the route. I had some superb days out in January & February, crisp cold days with blue skies and snow & ice.

I also decided to do the longer races, which all fortunately are early on in the calendar – High Peak Marathon, Wadsworth Trog & the Haworth Hobble.

Everything went well until Easter when after playing football with the kids I started with a knee ligament niggle (**Bad Goalkeeping**). This meant pushing my attempt date further on, and for a while to do training that involved no descending? Sue kindly rang me to say she had a friend with a parascender I could borrow. Nevertheless I set off in June on a rather grey day with Mandy running from Keswick to Honister, we finished on schedule. I didn't realise until then just how hard my support team were working carrying gear and supplying me with food & water, neglecting their own needs to keep me going, chivvying me along when they were obviously not enjoying the conditions. I also realised that my navigators Geoff Davis leg 2 and Neil on leg 3 were under tremendous pressure, unable to take their eyes off the route for a second, I slipped most of the way to Broad Stand, nearly pushing Mark Harris off, also Neil and I left Jane & Mark to fend for themselves in the mist from Broad Stand, no problem for those mountain goats, they soon caught us up. We worked hard to pull back time, but it was not to be. I was initially disappointed but soon realised there were lots of plus points about the day:-

- a) I still felt quite strong after 14 hours
- b) It was an excellent training run
- c) I would not be too tired to reattempt in a few weeks
- d) I might have better weather next time

Over the following weeks I developed an obsessive compulsive disorder of checking the weather on the net, which was bad news for John & Jack because the forecast could change several times within a day, which resulted in several sulks and hysterical mood swings. (John says that's normal!) I also had a phone call from my Mum which went along the lines of 'Never mind Kathleen, I think you're getting a bit old for this sort of thing, don't you? I bit my lip and said 'Well Mum I'll just have one more go and see what I can do'. I then swore to myself that I would complete my BG if it killed me. The final weather forecast was to be hot,hot,hot, so I decided to move my anti-clockwise start of 8am to 2am – to get as much of the route done before I started suffering, I had wobbled in the heat at the Wasdale race the year before so my track record was not good.

After finishing work on Friday, we parked the camper van at Threlkeld and settled down at 10pm for a few hours sleep, or lay horizontally with my eyes closed wishing I could get off to sleep. At 1am the alarm went off and I breakfasted and got my gear together. I soon realised that my digestive system was still asleep and my food was lying like a brick in my stomach.

Leg 1: Keswick – Honister 2am – 4.25am

I met Rhys & Charlotte and walked round to the Moot Hall. There was a large group of drunken blokes pointing and laughing at us, so we avoided eye contact and ignored them as best we could, fortunately their cab arrived before they got any closer. Suddenly it was 2am and we were off, It was a lovely night. We jogged the road very steadily and walked up every incline, the Honeysuckle smelt wonderful along the lanes, I felt relaxed and confident. I had a great time chatting away (no surprise there), Rhys was keeping an eye on the clock, and kept me on schedule. As soon as we started climbing up Robinson I felt reassured, that nice steady climbing pace felt good. We found the optimum line to Hindscarth and Dale Head and arrived 5 mins over schedule (a little too much chatting) at Honister in the semi light. John was there waiting with refreshments, along with Ros Murray and Dave Makin.

Leg 2 : Honister – Wasdale 4.30am – 8.40am

Dawn was just breaking at 4.30 am, I collected Rhys's walking poles and we set off. The dawn was fantastic and as we climbed over to Gable we just grinned, it felt like we had the Lakes to ourselves & that we were the 'Lords & Ladies of the Lakes', all those days out in crappy,misty,gloomy weather was flung aside and now all around us it's incredible magnificence and beauty was revealed. Every feature of Gable was highlighted in the orange-pink dawn light. We kept stopping to look back, I felt so privileged to be there. We made good progress over to Pillar, so we had time to take in the views. Dave kept feeding me and passing me drinks. I then realised that I had started to feel warm in my Helly lifa– I glanced at my watch and it was 6.30am. I then knew that it could only get hotter. Ros did a great job of navigating and picked the best line down Yewbarrow (very steep) I had ever been, we even stopped to pick & eat Wimberries en route. We arrived at Wasdale 5 mins up on schedule. Wahoo!

Leg 3 : Wasdale – Dunmail 8.50am – 15.20pm

I changed into cooler clothing, ate, drank & set off at 8.50am with Dave Wilson & Dave Makin. Ha, I thought Scafell at this time should be quite cool. How wrong I was. Dave was passing me water every few minutes and it was pouring out of my skin as fast as I could drink it. Psychologically I wanted this climb out of the way, I knew that once I

was up Scafell, there were no serious ascents until leg 4. Dave (minder) Makin was superb, he was constantly providing food and water, even when I didn't want it, but I knew that he knew it was in my best interests, so I eat even when I didn't want to.

Mike Wardle (CVFR & Teacher at Tod High) had agreed to rope up Broad Stand the week before. How different it was this time. We could see where we were going! It was brilliant. We made quick work of the descent and pootled off to Scafell Pike. This was the longest and most sociable leg. We had people coming up to bring drinks and food on Esk Hause, Rossett Pike, High Raise, Sergeant Mann & High Raise it was like a continuous buffet – marvellous! Colin joined us on Rossett Pike, the day was hot and it brought out people in their hats, which is always quite interesting. I had lost mine recently (no surprise there) & acquired a little white number with a purple paisley print lining from Hebden Bridge, naturally. Dave Wilson had a white, fresh number that made him look like a sailor, Dave Makin didn't need one (cos he's dead 'ard) and Colin had a foreign legion style one (knew what he was in for). It was on this section that my knee started to protest. It wasn't sudden, just a slight stiffening and loss of flexibility. I then realised that I had started to slow down, so I took an Ibuprofen on High Raise. I was met by Jim Smith & Tony Shaw on Calf Crag with water & Satsumas, fantastic. I felt like a spoilt child, with everybody eager to accommodate my every whim, 'can I carry your poles' 'would you like some sun protection sprayed on?' – 'make the most of it I thought'. I then realised I was 15 mins down on schedule & needed to speed up. As we moved off Calf Crag I suddenly felt that my knees were flexible, yippee the drug's have started working, 'come on monkey's' I shouted to Colin & Dave W. (how rude I thought after) let's go. So we pulled 5 mins back, to arrive 10 mins over schedule at Dunmail.

Leg 4: Dunmail - Threlkeld 15.33 pm – 9pm

On how many occasions in your life do you have to eat a meal, drink a cup of tea, change your socks and ice your knee in 10 mins? I struggled, but focussed on my strength – eating, whilst Wade rubbed Vaseline into my feet (heaven) & changed my socks, and Mary iced my knee (mmmmm). I knew I was going to find the next leg hard, but I had no idea of how hard. OK so I had 10hrs 27 for the next 2 legs – in my mind I knew I could do it with 10 hrs at that stage, so no problem, or so I thought. Andy Howie & Mary White from the Rucksack club were there and John was navigating. It was 3.33pm and I had 3 big climbs ahead with a very full tum, oh dear. Off we set into the bracken up Dollywagon, I really hated the bracken, it clung to your legs & trapped in the heat, it felt like Wasdale all over again. Sod it I thought, just keep plodding, you'll get there. John was navigating & did a lovely route off Fairfield. We got down to Grisedale Tarn at about 5.20pm & it was at this point I realised I wasn't really 'with it'. I could vaguely recall silhouetted figures and could hear voices, all I wanted to do was to stop & bathe in the tarn with them, I felt like crying it was such an overwhelming desire. I knew I had to keep going. I remember staggering on the way up Dollywagon, Fortunately my support had realised what was happening. I looked at them looking at me knowing what they were thinking- she's knackered. So what choices have you got? You can stop, or keep plodding. So, my decision was to plod. The mind games then came into play, 'you'll never do it in this heat, you're getting slower' and I looked at John who was becoming anxious as we were losing time on every summit, I could see the despair in his eyes, but I remembered what people had said to me – don't give up, even when it gets really tough. Mary told me that it was my body protesting, if you can keep moving your body will realise that it can't stop & so has to go with you. Finally after 4 of hours suffering it started to respond to Ibuprofen & gel bars, also as we came off Clough Head, the temperature started to fall.

Leg 5: Threlkeld – Keswick 9.04pm – 1.29am

What a difference! A lovely cool evening. There to greet us was a fantastic bunch from Northumberland Fell Runners. 2 of them had never supported BG's before & were really excited – how could you not respond to their enthusiasm. So that was it, suddenly I realised John wasn't there & people weren't sure quite where everything was in the van, so I was shouting I need WATER, GEL BARS & IBUPROFEN – LETS GO! And that was it, I didn't know how well I would climb as I had been so slow, but it was like starting with fresh legs. Wade Cooper (who tells me he's often mistaken for Paul Newman, told rude jokes up Blencathra and carried the 'big lamp'). Geoff Davis did a superb job navigating, he had done it the week before for Mandy, so before I knew it I was kissing the trig point on Skiddaw. It seemed like we were accelerating throughout – although I'm sure we weren't, but I turned to Geoff & said 'right I want to run as much of this as possible'. We seemed to be running for ages in the dark but it wasn't long before we hit the road into Keswick, as we entered the park I then got very emotional as I had thought about this moment for a long time & now it was really happening, at that point I realised I was really tired so I concentrated on running, pushing with my arms (how mad is that!) but at the back of my mind was my schedule time of 23.30. Come on I thought, you mustn't walk. So we ran through the alleyway to the Moot Hall & Geoff announced the time of 1.29 – 1 minute up on schedule - sheer joy, but I was too tired to display much emotion, I just felt so relieved. Then a bunch of girls cautiously approached & one said 'Have you just done a Bob Graham? Well done, my Dad's got the record for it.' Wow so Billy Bland's daughter out on the town with her mates congratulated me – it seemed like I was drifting into a fairytale – but it could have been the effect of all that Ibuprofen. Sorry if I've rattled on a bit, but it's the biggest achievement I've had. I consider my BG experience to be not just the day, but the training up to it and the first attempt, but my overriding memory is of the amazing support and companionship that you get from people, it carries you through it all, so thanks to everyone who helped, got up early, drove, provided food & water, looked after Jack & Barney, supplied equipment, or encouraged me and said good luck, and Mandy for the chats – every single bit helped.



Thursday, 12:30 pm. Easyjet book in desk. Liverpool.

"Did you all book together?" the Easy lady in bright orange clothing asked.

"Yes," said John.

"No?" interjected Dave.

Kate and John looked at Dave and Janet. "I thought you'd booked all our tickets?"

"No, we just booked ours. I sent you an email telling you."

Silence. John looked stunned. "Are there any seats left?"

"Yes," said the orange lady, "you'll need to go to the booking desk over there."

Kate and John soon returned. "Six hundred pounds? That's bloody ridiculous." Kate and John went home.

Not the most auspicious start to a race. Our five man "Achille Ratti Ultra Team" was now down to four (Dave Makin, Richard Leonard, Rhys Watkins and myself – together with supporting "ultra chicks", Mandy Goth and Janet Makin) and we'd hardly set off. Chamonix, via Geneva, was our destination; the North Face Ultra-Trail Tour du Mont Blanc our objective, billed as the toughest ultra in Europe. The race, an anticlockwise circuit of the Mont Blanc Massif, was 158 kilometres with 8700 metres of climbing and descent, taking us through France, Italy and Switzerland in under 45 hours; hopefully. I put it in perspective for the team, "It's just a Bob Graham with an extra hill and a marathon to finish."

"Bloody hell!"

Friday, 18:30pm. Startline. Centre of Chamonix.

We were, by now, back at full strength, Kate and John Broome having flown over that morning on a cheap flight from Gatwick. We struggled just to get to the start. Thousands of supporters crammed the narrow streets. Over 2000 runners were trying to line up, shimmying their way through the crowds. It was a scene from a sci fi movie, innumerable raidlight clones silently converging. An immense gathering of finely honed athletes, thin muscular bodies encased in body hugging lycra with a combined body fat index in the minus numbers. Ourselves excepted of course. Although we'd abandoned walshes and hellys for poncy trail shoes and smart fabrics we were still ruffy tufty fellrunners at heart. We managed to jump over a barrier and insinuate ourselves into the melee behind the starting banner. Dave attracted a few unamused gallic mutterings as his poles, fastened like antennae on the back of his rucack, came perilously close to piercing the nostrils of several, somewhat taller, runners.

What a grand occasion. The cameras panned the gathered competitors relaying nervous and impatient faces onto a giant screen. The speeches sounded cheesy, even in French. Motivational music boomed round the town square. 7:00pm and we're off. Through the enthusiastic crowds lining the streets, far too fast at first, trying to hang onto John who was obviously aiming to justify his flight costs. We passed a Scottish chap on the first big hill. We could tell he was Scottish because he was wearing a kilt. "It's my sports kilt" he explained. The stunning mountain scenery faded as we climbed out of Les Houches and darkness enveloped us. A head torch parade zig zagged up the hill in front of us; a glittering snake of lights following behind. The mountains faded to dark silhouettes against a starlit sky.

Friday, 23.00pm Les Contamines

"Can you hear that?" It sounded like Ski Sunday, a bedlam of cow bells and "Allez, allez." Turning a corner our eyes had to adjust from dark mountain path to bright village lights. There were welcoming parties thronging the narrow track cheering us on and forming two lines to funnel us into the village centre. We ran through the narrow passage of bodies accepting the accolades, "Bravo," they called, "magnifique." Kids leaned out from the crowds giving us high fives, "courage," they shouted. It was a carnival, a celebration of mountain sport in a style that the athlete worshipping French excel at. What an experience. We were plied with mountains of food and drink as a live band played to the revellers. Fuelled up on emotion as well as sustenance we ran off into the darkness.

Saturday, 01:47am Summit, Croix de la Bonhomie

More cow bells. These supporters get everywhere. Imagine climbing a peak in the middle of the night just to watch some runners come past; in the dark. Our way was guided by fluorescent yellow markers every 100 metres or so like cats eyes

meandering across the hill. A few kilometers further and we heard another bell. “Another reception committee?” we surmised. But no, it was a cow, and it was eating the fluorescent markers. We spied the way ahead but pity the poor runner, who following behind us sometime later, might suddenly discover that he was following a trail of luminous cow dung. We ran down the rocky path to another village, passing lots of Johnny Foreigners who can’t run downhill for toffee, especially when it’s pitch black. Our bat training proved its worth. Another rapturous welcome from the villagers, their party was still going strong, no doubt fuelled by strong alcohol. We reluctantly stuck to Maxim energy drink. The fine selection of food at the first food stop had been followed by exactly the same selection at the second, and the third ... We were now at the seventh, with 12 more to go, and the same old menu of noodle soup, cheese, salami, biscuits, energy bars, chocolate, and crackers was becoming less and less appealing. This may have contributed to our dizziness on the next big climb (it certainly contributed to Dave’s toilet requirements – every 10km or so!). Dave and myself had decided to stick together for mutual moral support. We needed it. Staggering slowly up to the 2500 metre col the cold seeped through us. We admitted to each other later that the same thought had crossed our minds, “If we pack it in now we could be back in Cham for breakfast beers.” But, self pity was dispelled by a stunning sunrise. By the time we careered down the 1000 metre descent to Courmayer it was warm and our spirits rose. A longer pitstop at Courmayer to change clothes, vaseline feet and drink yet more noodle soup revitalized us and we set off with new legs.

Saturday 13:40pm. Arnuva

We’d enjoyed the last four hours, passing group after group of runners as we negotiated undulating paths through alpine meadows. Disaster came close when the local residents took umbrage at our intrusion. The herd of alpine cows, obviously fitter and decidedly more vicious than our home grown Fresians or Jerseys, decided to cross the path and, if we were in the way, that was tough. Horns passed uncomfortably close to our swerving bodies as they skittered past. The Grand Col Ferret towered ahead of us, the highest point of the route at 2537 metres. A long, long pull but, still strong, we crossed over into Switzerland. Several checkpoints later, at La Fouly, a team of masseurs was on hand. You might have guessed that Dave would attract the soothing hands of a pretty young girl while I received the attention of a rather burly chap.

Saturday, 19:50pm. Champex Lac

72 miles in. Only 26 to go! “There’s only two biggish climbs between us and Chamonix,” I assured Dave as we changed into dry gear in the village nuclear bunker, “and they don’t look as bad as the earlier climbs.” The bunker was cold but at least we were out of the rain which had changed from drizzle to torrential in the past hour. As we jogged off into the dark of our second night any vestige of new legs had dissolved. The climbs proved to be horrendous, zig after zag of steep, muddy forest path. The descents were more fun as we slipped and skied down the slime. Another bedraggled group of 15 runners appeared in front of us, slowly picking their way down the narrow path. We queued behind them like good Brits for a few minutes before impatience kicked in. “Scusee mwa,” I called in my best Lancashire French, “a la droyt.” We didn’t give them time to reply. We skipped by as they recoiled, taken by surprise and dumfounded by the fleet feet of these lunatic foreigners. “Aah, zee engleesh,” they shrugged. Further unintelligible mutterings were our only pursuers.

The last 15 kilometres were the worst. Cold and wet we trudged up a track. “I’m sure I just fell asleep,” Dave said. “Me too,” I replied. The Red Bull and caffeine tablets had worn off. We were in our own surreal world of torchlight, never ending paths, and painful feet.

“I was sure we were going fishing,” Dave exclaimed. His walking poles might explain that. His comment might explain the scattering of pink prawns I saw on the track a few minutes later. Further hallucinations followed. We were both aware of a third person walking line abreast but no-one was there. We saw imaginary people in the trees. I saw something move up ahead. A rabbit? No, it was a dog, but as we passed it proved to be an inanimate rock.

“Watch out,” I cried to Dave as I swerved while running down a road into Argentiere.

“What for,” he quizzed.

The street furniture that had been in our way dissolved into a pattern of reflections on the wet road. Weird.

Sunday, 07:43am. Chamonix

The adrenaline kicked in and mentally overriding the pain from blistered feet we somehow ran the last couple of kilometers spurred on by Mandy, Janet and Kate who had walked out to meet us. Chamonix, at last! We ran through the streets, teeth gritted but grinning inside. We’d done it! We were cheered across the line by a few early morning supporters. Our time just over 36 and a half hours. Elated, we sat down in the finish tent. “That’s the best cup of tea I’ve ever had,” I sighed as I drained my third cup. Later, after a couple of hours kip, we returned to the finish. Thousands of cheering spectators were welcoming every runner in. Rhys, followed a few hours later by Richard, ran in to rapturous applause. John had finished in an amazing time of 31 hours. The Ratti Ultra Team had all made it round. Can you believe the race was won in 21 hours by a 58 year old Italian chap despite hundreds of young fit rivals. He’s obviously the Italian equivalent of Jos Naylor.

What a race, certainly the best organized event I’ve ever taken part in. The presentation was accompanied by the same stirring music echoing across the square. Janet told me it was from The Last of the Mohicans. I’m still humming it.

Phil Hodgson

Ultra Trail Mount Blanc

25/26/27th August 2006

I'm sitting on the bog. I'm having one of those really satisfying dumps, nice solid ones. I've been going, so to speak for over 30 hours, running and walking my way round Mount Blanc.

I hold my head in my hands. I'm knackered. I'm going to fall asleep if I don't move off this bog. Suddenly the light goes out. I'm not in a fit state for this. It's pitch black other than a small glow on the wall. I press the glow and the light comes back on. Clearly not designed for people taking up residence. I didn't think I was there for long, but maybe I was. I could just sleep in the dark for a few moments. Still, there comes a time like when in a cheap restaurant that joy of sitting down changes to a sore bum and the desire to leave. We had to press on,..... well, once I get up.

I realised that standing up could be difficult when I managed a controlled drop, come stagger, on to the toilet seat, hoping that the seat and the porcelain weren't going to crack. Looking around there was very little to pull up on. My legs were not going to be much help and the toilet paper holder looked a bit fragile. Still at least the marshals knew where I was from the muddy trail across their shiny hall floor and up the stairs. I did ask, in pigeon French, if they minded me making a mess. They replied back in fluent English that it was no problem. I realise now that I was actually in Switzerland – so I must have come over as a real tit.

My running partner Jane was having a twenty minute power nap. So close to the finish, but she struggled up one of those huge hills that go on for ages. I didn't know until afterwards that she was trying not to step on the crabs that were on the path. At 2000m there are no crabs. Still we got her to one of the pit stops and feed her food, coffee and sleep. I was annoyed that we had dropped our guard and not kept fuelled up properly. However, the biggest disappointment down was the lack of variety of food. Noodle soup at every stop, cheese at every stop, salami at every stop, bread at every stop, chocolate at every stop. I didn't expect pork pies or Cornish pasties but some Italian pizza in Italy would have helped. Interestingly they even had prunes but I took caution to the wind and didn't.

The lowest section for me was at the 2nd big base, about $\frac{3}{4}$ way round. For hours we had looked forward to a decent stop, maybe a change of clothes, and something good to eat. What we faced was a massive marquee filled with desperate faces and soulless bodies. We both hated this place. We should have taken more fuel on and drank more coffee, hence our problems above, but it was the pits. Any other time I would have loved wandering around the underground bunker that offered toilets and showers, but that night the pain of the steps and the distance of the corridors was too great. I just wanted to wash my face.

As for the terrain, any trainers would be okay, but some of the paths got very muddy and wet on the second half as it rained on the second night. I wore my Lycra shorts and Merino wool top all the time, and only putting my waterproof on during the second night. Very comfortable all the way round, with the temperature just ideal – cold if you stopped for too long but nice and snug if moving. Poles were essential, although I did see a few people (out of the hundreds) not bothering with them.

Getting round was the aim, that is getting around with my mate Jane from the Dales. Originally we were going to do it with Mike (another mate from the Yorkshire Dales). It was Mike that came up with the idea in the first place, but the bugger died a couple of weeks before the event. Easy saying now, but with the loss of Mike, getting round was a certainty. For Mike, I wanted to help Jane round – 'cos that is what he would have done. With no holds barred, I even went shopping with Jane, only to tell her that she could only buy a fluffy jacket once she had finished the race – what a bastard I can be. Although I think she had the last laugh when we went shopping again after the race – like straight after the race. My feet were in bits.

There are many great parts to the race – I'm still glowing. Sadly most of the race is in the dark. But there was that great sunset. At night I marvelled the way there was a trail of head torches meandering way behind in to the valley below, and the head torches snaking their way ahead to meet the stars. We were part of something big. It felt like we were (and probably looked like) a line of Orcs walking up the hill. Bonfires were lit all over the hillside, and the only noise was the clatter of walking poles. We were fired up for action, with nothing going to stop us.

I was chuffed that Jane and myself met Dave and Phil on our way out of the Courmayer pit stop, which is just under half-way. They seemed a bit shocked. Great to leave them milling around. Of course, moments later they both sauntered past us. I just loved the way that Bill and Ben had the same rucksacs, same shorts, same coloured socks, in fact same haircut and about the same height. What a perfect team. Good to see them together.

Jane's partner, Harry, was watching our progress on the internet back in the Dales. He texted us saying Jane was the 128th woman. There were two women in front so we made it to 126th position with little effort. We passed the next couple of check points and found that Jane was 83rd. We were making great headway. It spurred us on. One time Harry texted us saying had we passed an American woman yet. What American woman? But sure enough, around the corner and a further few hundred metres we met this American woman – technology for you. We talked to her for a bit, but hey, competition is competition.

We got Jane down to the 7th English woman. A tremendous effort considering she kept on telling me she wasn't competitive (like I believe her), and swimming is actually Jane's strength. Mike would have been proud, and I certainly was.

Would I do it again – you bet. It's got a lot of potential, and Chamonix is just great for chilling out.

Rohypnol Rhys

Blackshaw Head Fete Fell Race 2006

The Race only took place due to the massive amount of help we had from:-

Toddies – Helen Hodgkinson, Claire Duffield, Margaret Blakeley, Pat Poulter, Jane Smith, Kath Brierley, John & Jack Crummett, Sharon & Ben Godzman, Nick Wigmore, Ian & Chris Morris, Trevor Smith, Rachel Skinner

Non-Toddies – Mum & Michael, Claire & Dave

If I've forgotten anyone please accept my apologies - it's not intentional. I'm still recovering...

The only survivors from the 2006 Fete were the Fell Race and the Beer Tent (complete with live band playing on like something from 'Titanic') - all in all a perfect Toddies event! But I'm jumping ahead.

10.30am on Race Day - everything that could be organised had been, and Andy added the final notice to the Race Information Board. The (now infamous) Met Office weather forecast : "Heavy rain at times will move away this afternoon with just a few showers."

By 11.30am the weather actually comprised sideways rain and a howling gale (with hindsight not unusual for BSH – perhaps we should have been more prepared!) Andy returned from the Fete Field (having gone across to ensure we had a tent for Registration and to deal with typical Race Day worries such as whether the toilets would be sited in the middle of the finish funnel) to announce that Race Registration had so far been moved 4 times. Locations 1 to 3 (which included the Punch & Judy tent and the First Aid tent!) had blown down.

By 1pm we were relocating Registration for a 5th time, shortly after Margaret cheerfully declared the 4th tent to be "safe as houses." Luckily we were able to salvage all the Race-related paraphernalia as Trevor had taken the precaution of standing next to Andy when Margaret made her assessment of the tent's safety and between them they held the tent up for long enough for us to empty it. The start time for the Race was delayed to 2.15pm whilst we relocated to the Chapel.

This was the second time Race Registration had been suspended. Earlier, a set of market stalls on the Fete Field had blown over trapping 3 people and it was all hands on deck to release the tarpaulin stall roofs which were now acting like a huge sail, trying to drag the stalls. Fortunately no-one was seriously hurt and the one injured lady was well tended by our very own First Aider, Rachel (despite professing only to be available in the event of injury to a good-looking runner!)

At 1.30pm Jane returned from a pre-race course check to announce that all the flags across Heptonstall Moor were missing. Andy was in favour of abandoning the race (even his good humour was wearing thin by this point), but with over 30 runners registered already (all of whom seemed totally unfazed by the weather) I was less keen. Fortunately John was on hand to both advise on kit requirements and also save the race by volunteering to run the section across the Moor and re-flag as necessary. He set off with red & white tape in hand, appropriately attired in his wellies!!

The run of bad luck and ensuing chaos must have expired around that time because when John got up onto the Moor he found all the flagging intact, there having been a misunderstanding between Jane and I in discussing the route (probably something to do with 5 barking dogs, but I digress...). The Race was underway by 2.15pm (despite a sticky moment just before the start of the race when Andy explained to the massed runners that the start of the route was straight along a track, followed by a right hand turn which would be marked by a marshal. Rachel, stood with her fellow sweeper Dave at the back of the runners, turned to him – "isn't that you?" Andy looked up to see Dave sprinting away in the direction of the aforementioned right turn!)

All in all it must have been one of the most eventful Race Days ever, but judging by the number of people who ran (50 compared to only 19 on the old Ragley Run route last year), the number of people who have already asked asking about the date for the 2007 Race, and the fact that all 4 non-Toddy helpers have already volunteered to help again next year, I think it could be described as a success. Perhaps not quite as much of a success as the Beer Tent, though, which post-race was full not only of villagers supporting the (remains of the) Fete but also of runners, most mud-splattered and still wearing their vests & race numbers! As I said, a perfect Toddies event!

Sarah & Andy Glyde

LAUSANNE TRIATHLON WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS 2006

My 3rd World event so I should be experienced by now, though I still managed to start the run with my bike helmet left on!

The Swiss organised the 3,000+ triathletes throughout the weekend with precision, everyone had to cover exactly the same distance so they made transition half a mile long. This added 1 ½ miles onto the distance and transition which usually takes under a minute took over 8 minutes.

The 3 qualifying events this year were Shropshire, The Dambuster on Rutland water and at Wakefield on Pugney's. To get on the GB team you need to get into the first 5 in your age group.

Getting to the airport is always a trial, as I over pack my bike bag, resulting in a unwieldy saggy mass, others seemed to be coping much better. The flight was trouble free but the coach journey took forever and we arrived late missing the opening ceremony and most of the pasta party, no veggie pasta left, I was starving.

I managed a huge breakfast, and started the day's itinerary, registration, bike practise lap, swim practise sighting, check out the run course, wander up and down the endless transition, rack my bike, team photos then team briefing, pasta and bed.

The next day was race day, my race started at 2.20, but as nerves and loud speakers woke me up at 6am I got up to watch the elite junior races. Alistair Brownlee from Leeds came in 14th off the bike and ran through the field for an amazing win, a great start. I went back to bed for a nap.

Last year I was pulled under on the swim start so I made sure that I had a clear channel, it went well, calm, not too cold with plenty of space to swim. I came 17th out of the 1500m swim, struggled out of my wet suit and ran barefoot ½ mile to get my bike. Then ran with my bike ½ mile out of transition to start the 4 lap 40k very technical bike course around the hills of the city. I'm not the best at coming at speed after a fast decent so messed up most tight turns and lost quite a few places.

Into the 10k+ run I managed to pull back some places, it was a flat 4 lap course and seemed unduly hard. I finished in 32nd place out of 66, not bad, managing to beat some women for the first time.

It was a great experience, our team very supportive and the event had a good buzz about it, made even better when Tim Don won the elite men's race and Will Clarke won the Elite u23. GB came 2nd to the USA in the medal tally in the age group races.

Next year the qualifiers are in spring for Hamburg 2007 and then more in autumn for Vancouver 2008!

Lynne Griffiths

My Super Feet

I have some great news. It's about my feet, in particular my right one – the one with one of its toes sticking out more than the rest. I think it looks cute and thought it was normal until Tracey started taking the piss. I've been looking at other peoples feet ever since – you know, in an observational rather than fetish way.

However, despite looking cute, my right foot has recently been causing me some grief. Sometimes, following a run something would tighten up like an elastic band under my foot. It would be like walking on a crooked foot. It would eventually relax but sometimes it was days later, and my sole would be painful until it did.

This problem may have been going on for some time – like a year or so. Initially there wasn't much pain and if there was it recovered fairly quickly so it didn't really register – it felt like my feet were aching that's all. It eventually got worse and worse until I realised that I needed professional help, and importantly I had the Ultra Trail Mount Blanc coming up that will whittle away at any weakness.

I did a bit of asking around and Andrew at Rebound (Settle) seemed to be one of the better foot specialists. I have not looked back since. A few things surprised me, as follows:

- He didn't put my Walshes in the bin. Whilst not recommended for training runs he understood that they were useful for races. No mention was made about cushioning but of the shoe's lateral movement. For instance grab a shoe, one hand on the heel and the other holding its toes, and twist. We apparently should be looking at shoes/trainers that don't twist so much. Clearly this would help to prevent twisted ankles.
- He didn't ring up the nutty farm, although he did comment that his worse customers (or should that be best) are either fell or ultra marathon runners. Worryingly I tick both boxes.
- Often there is no reason why trainers shouldn't last more than 500 miles. Being a Toddy, surrounded by those skinflint Yorkshire folk, I didn't believe this anyway, but it was reassuring being told by an expert. He would recommend changing trainers whenever the misses gets a handbag, or change them whenever the cushioning at the heel is deforming or the uppers are damaged.
- He examined my feet and found that I have inflamed my Plantar Fasciitis.
- I nipped on the treadmill, which showed that I have slight over-pronation. He suggested 'Super Feet' (www.superfeet.com) which offer off the shelf arch support.

He suggested that I take a trip to George Fisher in Keswick and speak to a lady called Lisa. Not only did she sort me out with Super Feet but also introduced me into Montrail trainers. I've been wearing Super Feet ever since and have no problem. My cute feet are now getting stronger and stronger, and I've not had a blister since (apart from on the UTMB – but everyone did).

Some advice then - get assistance sooner rather than later. Failing this strengthen your Plantar Fasciitis by rolling your foot over a baked bean tin – this is what the expert said.

Rhys Watkins

7 Mile Road Race

Burnley Fire Station, Belvedere Road, Burnley
7 Mile Road Race starts at 11.00am

APPLICATION FORM / RUNNER'S DETAILS

I would like to take part in the following event: ☐ **7 Mile Road Race**

☐ **Fun Run**

PLEASE PRINT

Surname:	Age: years
First Name(s):	Date of Birth:
Address:	Male/Female:
Town:	B.A.F Club (if any):
Postcode:	L.C.F.B Personnel:
Telephone:	Home Station No:
Email:

ENTRY FEES:

Please tick where appropriate:

- | | | |
|----|-----------------------------------|--------------------------|
| A) | £6.00 for Non-Members of BAF Club | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| B) | £4.00 for Members of BAF Club | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| C) | £4.00 for Fire Brigade Personnel | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| D) | £2.00 for Fun Run | <input type="checkbox"/> |

Postal Closing Date: Friday 29th September 2006

*** Late entries will only be accepted on the day until 10.45 am. However an additional £1.00 per entry will be charged on the above applicable entry fee and all entry fees should be supported with a completed entry form.**

*** Minimum entry age for the 7 Mile Road Race is 16 years on the day of the race.**

Please make all cheques / postal orders payable to "Burnley Fire Station 7" and send together with a completed entry form and stamped addressed enveloped to:

Mr Chris Howarth, Fire Brigade 7, Burnley Fire Station, Belvedere Road, Burnley,
Lancashire, BB10 3AA.

Please enter me in the above race. I accept that the organisers shall not be liable for any injury to my person as a result of taking part nor any loss of property. I am medically fit and I am an amateur as defined by B.A.F.

Signed:

Date: