



# TORRIER

Sep 2007



*Ali Richards running well at Weasdale on August 20th, both a club Grand Prix race and an English Championship qualifier. James Riley two behind. Our ladies' team has been having a good year in the English Champs, lying in sixth place before Weasdale.*

## SEPTEMBER PACK RUNS START 6.45

In September, we're running for the first time from the Fox & Goose, Heptonstall Rd, Hebden Bridge. Park near Mytholm church. As the nights are drawing in, the pack runs begin quarter of an hour earlier than usual, at 6.45pm.

## GIVE YOUR SUPPORT FOR THE BLACKSHAW HEAD RACE

Sarah Glyde is again organising the Blackshaw Head fell race on behalf of the club on Sat Sep 1<sup>st</sup>, at 2pm. This is always a great race, with guaranteed sunshine and beautiful weather every year. Offers of help to Sarah on 01422 847628. Or just run it. 5.5 miles, nice 'n easy & suitable for newer club members too.

# Running the Mary Towneley Loop

## Iggy Pop and the Happy Mondays join Colin for a day out on the Pennine Bridleway

One night I'd had a bit too much to drink (how come all my stories start like this?), and as we sat in a warm, post pack run haze at the Sportsman's bar, one conversation led to another and just as one lie leads to a bigger lie, one half thought through notion led to another. Before I knew it I seemed to have committed myself to running the Mary Towneley Loop of the Pennine Bridleway, in a day, for no other reason than it seemed too much trouble not to.

For those who don't know, the MTL is 47 miles, but it may be as long as 50. The distance is to some extent dependent on your propensity to exaggerate and/or get lost. As the name suggests it's circular, which makes the logistics simpler than a point-to-point thing when attempting it a single day outing. Also, the planners also had to good sense to arrange it so it comes right past my front door, so to ignore it would seem bad manners.

Before we go any further let's get one thing straight. During the course of these ramblings I might suggest that I'm not overly fond of the MTL, when actually the opposite is true. I'm a fan. It probably gives an accurate view of this area, my area. Big empty moors that have seen traffic for centuries, pack horses, quarrymen, and farmers, all making tracks and laying causeway stones across this boggy moonscape in order to be able to move through an environment not conducive to travelling for much of the year. And in-between the moors, crowded little industrial towns hiding in the steep valley bottoms, these conurbations also impacting on the uplands by demanding to be fed water to drink and to keep the mills spinning and weaving, causing the innumerable reservoirs to be built. Places like Watergrove, Widdop, and Cowpe, which would be on the itinerary as I trudged around. So the people have shaped the moors, and probably the moors have shaped the people.

So the challenge was set, I would go around in a day. From there I just sort of got on with it. If there was a planning stage to my little adventure it consisted of my dredging a Tupperware container from the back of the cupboard so I could carry a bit of food. I had decided that I was to be self supporting, carrying all my needs on my back. The reasons for a solo effort was that it seemed too much trouble to organise support, and I didn't really want to be tied to a schedule. In my opinion the only people who should be tied to timetables are bus drivers. Anyway, any list of my friends would show that the vast majority would at any given time, be unavailable to help due to them being either, a) injured b) drunk c) imaginary.

So there would be no support vehicles or crowds lining the streets offering provender to revive my weary bones. Just me and a small rucksack like a wandering peddler, but without pans. And with Tupperware. And with an ipod, which would become my friend and confessor over the course of the day as the shuffle mode continually picked the most poptastic delights at the most opportune moments.

Departure time was 6am on Saturday 28<sup>th</sup> July, and just like the man in the song I loved to go a-wandering with my k napsack on my back. Coming over all Swiss, I couldn't resist a quick yodel as I shut the garden gate. My Alpine style greeting to the dawn being answered by two dogs barking and three windows slamming shut in a bad tempered fashion. I'm very popular with my neighbours, and will be more so went I get an alpenhorn.

I crossed the Rochdale canal at Callis and started to go up through the woods. As I climbed up past the occasional farmhouse, the only audible sound was my feet crunching on a fragmented surface that had been laid to ease access for farm traffic, then almost immediately been lifted and crumbled by this year's battering rains and attendant mini floods. This left a surface that was for all the world like running on broken digestive biscuits. I put on my ipod.

Nearing the top of the woods I clocked a deer making a very poor show of hiding behind a spindly birch tree. It watched me until I was level with it, then it ran away and disappeared into the tangled little of trees, its' white bum being the last thing to disappear.

Iggy Pop sang in my ear *'I'm worth a million in prizes, I got a lust for life...'* and if that doesn't put a spring in your step nothing will.

It was 06.30 and before I'd woken up properly I had traversed the orange mud strip of London Road as it skirted Langfield Common in the shadow of Stoodley Pike. Then down to Mankinholes, which could be either a disease or a village, depending on how you say it. Imagine...  
'Of course our Bill was always a martyr to his Mankinholes. Sometimes couldn't sit down for days'

A quick slurp from the horse trough in the village and then along the dull tarmac section past the Shepherd's Rest before the climb over the old pack horse track at Salter Rake where the causeway makes a ribbon across the bog grass. Then a steep descent on slippery cobbles into the valley at Bottomley.

After negotiating the A646 via a Pegasus crossing, I was climbing up Reddyshore Scout past banks of Bilberry plants. Nature's service station. I'd been out for an hour and a half and there was a slight temptation to hide out here for the rest of the day, gorging myself on the purple bounty before catching the bus home when it got dark. But I dragged myself onwards, I do have some ethics, just not many.

This brings me to an important point. One of my tactics for getting around the MTL seemed to be kidding myself that I was a lot more dishonest than I actually was. What I mean is that I'd tell myself I was going to take a couple of short cuts later in the route if the going got tough (and the tough didn't get going). As it turned out my Sunday school teachers did a good enough job to ensure that I could feel unseen eyes boring into me every time I contemplated such misdemeanours. It seems I'm intrinsically honest, which came as a bit of a shock. So I ended up doing the whole thing strictly by the book.

Shortly after the bilberries, the track once again became wider as I approached a golf club. It was here that a nice lady on a horse stopped for a chat. After opening pleasantries had been given and received she seemed curious about what I was up to. I told her my plans in an excited babble, I think the bilberries were causing some sort of momentary fructose hit. She looked at me like one might look at a stranger who has just told them that he was planning to taste human flesh before the day was out and she cantered off, hell for leather towards Rochdale.

I sighed, and looked around at the grey hills heaving themselves up from the swampy ground. Everything suddenly seemed a bit pale washed out, the colour of a white shirt that has been washed with a black sock. Still, best foot forward. Not sure I had one and fell over trying to decide.

*The Ramones sang 'hey ho, let's go...' Far enough.*

After coming off the moors there was a motivational and geographical dip into Whitworth, pronounced 'Whit'orth' by locals who seem to think more than one 'W' in a word is just decadent. After a little route finding problem, which saw me going in the entirely wrong direction in Healey Nature Reserve, I re orientated myself and eventually found the scruffy track that took me out of the valley past rows of renovated farm buildings.

Then, looming up in front of me like a leviathan rising out of the sea of post industrial East Lancashire was the infamous long climb up Rooley Moor Road. The track up is made up of a million broken stone sets that almost, but not quite, form a suitable running surface. You feel like you should be moving quickly but can't. I continually kept turning my ankles and cursing, much to the amusement of the jeering gangs of teenagers with illegal off road motorbikes who congregated in big lumps of sneering gormlessness at every turn. It was as if these broken moors with their Mordor like puddle pocked quarries were being used as a big open air detention centre for the socially challenged youth of the area. I had strayed into a Mad Max film. Now, I consider myself a bit of a liberal lefty, but at that moment I would have brought back National Service, the birch and capitol punishment, but only for people with off road bikes with knackered exhausts (after all I'm a fair minded bloke).

As I climbed higher onto the moor, to I left the young folk behind and was left with curlews for company in the tussocks that lined the shattered cobbles. But too soon I was dropping again.

High level long distance running is a bit like air travel. You suddenly find yourself in different towns and I soon found myself befuddled by the suburban streets of Waterfoot. As I looked for any clue as to how the MTL found its way through the jumble of health centres, gardens, and schools,



*Colin at the top of Callis Wood*

I was abruptly in the world of normal people who carried on doing their Saturday shopping and taking the kids to football. I was aware of them looking sideways at me like I was some sort of alien in ill fitting leggings and muddy shoes. The accent of the people had changed, from Yorkshire in the early part of the morning to Lancashire as lunchtime approached. Suddenly everyone sounded all Coronation Street rather than Emmerdale.

*The Byrds sang 'Eight miles high, and then you touch down. You'll find it's stranger than you've known' Spooky.*

I studied the pocket guide I was carrying and found that the route through the town was short lived. The section after this passed in a blur of gates to open and blisters to moan about. I'm going to mention blisters for just one paragraph, if you don't want to read it (and god knows no-one would blame you) just move on to the next bit that goes on about Mary Towneley.

I'm not a person who is prone to blisters but I'd managed to develop two. A brace. The first was on the standard blister spot on the ball of my foot. I decided to ignore it and hope it would go away. Like you would a drunken uncle at a wedding. The other one was more problematic, it had made its home right on the very end of my little toe. Consequently it hit the end of my shoe on even the gentlest of downhill gradients. I took to whimpering, and got quite accomplished at it.

*Jimmy Cliff sang 'The harder they come, the harder they fall. One and all.' Yep.*

I ate a peanut butter sandwich by Mary Towneley's monument on the edge of Deerplay Moor. Although her presence had loomed over me all day, I hadn't really thought about Mary Towneley until now. I wondered what she'd have made of me doing this? She was an old school gentlewoman from Burnley's nobility who campaigned tirelessly for bridleways and the rights of their users. The handful of people I know who met her all agree that she was a thoroughly good egg and a nice lady. Unhappily she died in 2001 before this loop was fully open, but I toasted her with a pink energy drink and a Mars Bar. Here's to you Mary. After a drop into the valley at Holme Chapel, a quick climb past the wind turbines to more reservoirs at Hurstwood. Idle thoughts popped out of my tired head 'if so much water was trapped in those big concrete bathtubs, how come I'd been paddling through puddles all day?'

I reached the highest point up at Gorple Gate and it was here that my rucksack strap began to irritate my neck, causing a big red mark that looked somewhere in-between a love bit and impetigo. But there was nothing more for it than to keep going. The next section was memorable for the mud as thick as marmalade that sucked my feet into the ground, and a headwind wind that pinched my face and slowed in to walking pace. The ruined settlement of Gorple with its' series of small reservoirs was laid out in front of me, looking for the world like it belonged in Scotland, but with slightly less midges than one might expect up there.

*The Talking Heads sang 'this aint no party, this aint no disco, this aint no fooling around'* Thanks for that.

The last time I had run on this bit of the Bridleway was at the excellent relay race run on the MTL, organised by Rossendale Harriers. That was back in February. I couldn't help marking at the irony that on that day the ground was so hard I'd bruised my feet and berated myself for wearing fell shoes. Today, in the dog days of British Summer, the mud was deep enough for several young ladies to wrestle in. I could have sold tickets to passing motorbike kids, who had returned to the scene after I'd though I'd lost them at Waterfoot.

In the middle of the afternoon I'd reached the Colden Valley. I really felt like I was playing a home fixture as I run up here most weeks, and whilst I hadn't expected cheering crowds welcoming home their wandering hero, I didn't expect to be fed to a rotweiler either. But I nearly was...

I was passing through a yard, the exact location of which will remain nameless. I heard the clunk of an unseen door open on the other side of the building, followed by the thudding of big paws coming around the house. The unseen occupant did a passable Ming the Merciless cackle as he shut the door.

Normally I'd have been able to get through the five bar gate before the snarling canine could have got near enough to have sunk its teeth into me, but I was too tired to increase my speed by even a fraction and reconciled to whatever was coming. I stood, like a Christian in the amphitheatre and put myself in the care of whatever godly force was paying attention.

Luckily, it seems God didn't have that much on that day and got his act together. The sun came out from behind a cloud and celestial choirs sang. The mutt took a good sniff at me, turned it's nose up and toddled off home, sneezing. Poor beast, but I had run forty miles by then and there's a limit to the effectiveness of even the most serious deodorant.

Soon I was hobbling down Marsh Lane, the hard track that leads to home. As the Calder Valley opened out below me, the late afternoon sun started to shine and rabbits played in the fields at the side of the track. I knew I had done what I set out to do.

*The Happy Mondays sang 'Hallelujah'* I joined in.

**Colin Duffield**

## **HADES HILL RACE**

**Thursday Sep 6<sup>th</sup>, Whitworth near Rochdale**

**Give your support to the race organiser and Toddie Clutterbuck. by running. Sweeper also needed.**

## **FORTHCOMING GRAND PRIX RACES**

**Sunday Sep 2<sup>nd</sup>: Andy O'Sullivan trail race LOCAL! Entry form in last Torrier, or just turn up on the day. 11.15am from the Falcon Inn, Littleborough. It's about 5 miles, somewhere round the back of Hollingworth Lake.**

**Sunday Sep 16<sup>th</sup>: Langfield Half Marathon road race – all the details in the last Torrier, or ask someone who looks knowledgable at a Weds pack run (NOT LOCAL... but very beautiful. Hilly, too)**

**Sat Sep 22<sup>nd</sup>: Good Shepherd fell race. LOCAL! 15miles, 2000 ft, up to Stoodley Pike twice, messing about on Turley Holes Moor, Robin Hood Rocks and much more. Just turn up, Good Shepherd church Mytholmroyd, for 10.30am start**

**Sat Sep 29<sup>th</sup>: Thieveley Pike fell race. LOCAL! 4.25 m, 1300 ft. From Holme, Cliviger (on road to Burnley beyond Cornholme). Just to turn up for 3pm start. Junior races 2.15pm.**

**All these races count towards the club 2007 championships.**



*Martin Roberts on the home straight at Weasdale.*

## **Weasdale: The Old Timers' View**

So how long will it take to get up there? – Oh, about an hour I should think. An Hour!?! Could be a bit more than that – start is at 2 30, so if I come to your's about 11 a.m. we should be in plenty of time. Yeah yeah OK.

So 11 a.m. has me pacing up and down the front drive – and Derek turns up at 11 15, and we have a bit of a chat, and Joyce reminds me about that very nice Service Station on the motorway, so I say I'll pop in on the way & I will get some Cumbrian bacon and Cumbrian sausage and Cumbrian cheese and Cumbrian potatoes and Cumbrian strawberries and Cumbrian peaches and Cumbrian anything else we can think of and Derek knows something about the Service Station but he keeps it to himself and we set off.

And there's a big jam on the M61 but slalom Pete gets us through in double quick time and everyone turns off to Blackpool (why?) anyway, so we have the motorway to ourselves and we get to junction 38 – and we haven't reached the Service Station. It's further north. One mile further north. That's what Derek thought. Anyway, we've got plenty of time, so we go past the junction and pull off and it's rather like what I suppose the Trafford Centre must be like (only I've never been there – have you?) on a Bank Holiday when there's nothing on the box. And Derek is really polite and I buy him a meat pie. No – you daft beggar – for after the race, not now.

It's not far to Shap and my co pilot is issuing dark warnings – if you get off the motorway here you can't get back on. Anyway this time he's wrong and we set off back south and fairly soon we are parking on some wet grass near to dozens of happy fell runners including a good number of Toddies.

And the 'system' for issuing race numbers is unique to Westmorland.

Then we're off down a steep field (that's where some of us will be running back up a few hours hence) and through a gate and sharp turn onto the road and under an underpass and up a lot of mud and onto another road and it winds up for miles and at last we are on the hillside, and it's largely runnable. And Dave comes past – he usually does on the uphill – but I get past him and he gets past me and I get him again and then I'm plodding gently along because it's uphill. And he goes past again, and he's running, and that seems like a good idea, and it's time to wake up and to run and I do. And I keep running. And I overtake people. And the uphill is fine and I can run it. And the downhill is fine because there's no rocks so nothing to be frightened of.

Unbeknownst to me Stuart is just behind, but my running keeps him right there, and even when there's some clag and I'm not sure I still manage to keep on the route and even when I fall over I get up and keep running, though I have to accept that some people do get past – but many of them are people I passed earlier, and I even pass one on the final climb in the field to the finish. And I beat my estimated time.

The Tod B team is 21<sup>st</sup> and the Tod v50 team is 9<sup>th</sup>. I hold my head up high.

Meanwhile Derek has personalised the route and done a bit of sightseeing, so this gives me plenty of time to eat my fill of cakes in the marquee before I have to attend to the task of getting us both back home again. So – a good day out. And this time (unlike Paddy's Pole and Fairfield and Duddon) I do get some points – at much less personal cost than the points I got at Edale. You'll be able to look me up on the FRA website, sometime.

So – thanks to all for all the continuing encouragement, and thanks Dave for waking me up just at the right point in the race, and thanks Derek for keeping me awake on the journey and thanks Stuart for staying behind where you belong – and Sue as well. And here's to Whernside.

## Peter Ehrhardt

### WEASDALE

	18/08/2007	53.43	54.00	55.1	
	Time	Adj Time	GP Pts	Fell Pts	
20	Shaun Godsman	58.47	58.47	100.7	100.7
28	Jon Wright	1.01.13	1.01.13	96.7	96.7
36	Andrew Wrench	1.02.02	59.09	100.1	95.4
82	Mark Goldie	1.07.24	1.07.24	87.8	87.8
102	Martin Roberts	1.08.51	1.01.19	96.6	86.0
113	Dave Collins	1.09.26	1.00.33	97.8	85.3
159	Alison Richards	1.14.21	1.07.11	88.1	79.6
160	James Riley	1.14.27	1.14.27	79.5	79.5
180	Andrew Bibby	1.16.22	1.05.11	90.8	77.5
191	Kath Brierley	1.17.17	1.01.57	95.6	76.6
214	Sharon Godsman	1.20.00	1.12.18	81.9	74.0
240	Rachel Skinner	1.23.13	1.15.12	78.7	71.1
249	Jane Smith	1.25.03	1.05.36	90.2	69.6
251	Kerry Edwards	1.25.20	1.17.07	76.8	69.4
267	Peter Ehrhardt	1.28.17	1.08.36	86.3	67.1
279	Stuart Boulton	1.30.19	1.21.15	72.9	65.6
281	Sue Roberts	1.31.09	1.14.01	80.0	65.0
284	Moyra Parfit	1.32.34	58.53	100.5	64.0
285	Claire Duffield	1.32.36	1.23.41	70.7	63.9
286	Dave O'Neill	1.35.48	1.25.19	69.4	61.8
299	Derek Clutterbuck	2.45.00	1.44.29	56.7	35.9

### TURN SLACK

	21/07/2007	62.28	63.44	63.6	
	Time	Adj Time	GP Pts	Fell Pts	
3	Shaun Godsman	63.57	63.57	99.1	99.1
5	Andrew Wrench	66.42	63.36	99.7	95.0
6	Alex Whittom	67.02	67.02	94.6	94.6
8	Mark Goldie	69.40	69.40	91.0	91.0
15	Dave Collins	73.21	63.58	99.1	86.4
30	Martin Roberts	75.13	66.59	94.6	84.3
44	James Riley	77.47	77.47	81.5	81.5
48	Phil Hodgson	78.19	68.18	92.8	80.9
64	Richard Blakeley	84.18	63.05	100.5	75.2
66	Kath Brierley	84.21	67.37	93.7	75.1
74	Keith Parkinson	86.15	73.37	86.1	73.5
77	Peter Robinson	86.48	84.20	75.2	73.0
78	Sharon Godsman	86.49	78.27	80.8	73.0
87	Mel Blackhurst	87.40	73.47	85.9	72.3
91	Jane Smith	88.15	68.05	93.1	71.8
114	Stuart Boulton	97.21	87.35	72.4	65.1
115	Sue Roberts	97.40	80.16	79.0	64.9
126	Dave O'Neill	105.23	93.51	67.5	60.1
127	Louise Abdy	109.37	86.46	73.0	57.8
128	Mandy Goth	111.31	88.17	71.8	56.8
134	Derek Clutterbuck	121.00	76.37	82.7	52.4

# Rhys' (Yes My) Bob Graham Round

To the left there are groups of people clapping. There's even more to the right. I recognise only a few, not that it matters. Everyone shouting 'Come On Rhys'. Bystanders turn round, shoppers put down their bags, all joining in with the clapping and cheering. Moot Hall now majestically towers in front. I've been looking forward to this wonderful sight for far too long. I'm running through a corridor of enthusiastically clapping chanting people. It's me they're clapping - nobody else. Forget king for a day, forget superstar, at that moment I felt like a god. I was certainly doing at least 20 mph, and I could have gone on for at least another 20 feet no problem. 'Touch the steps, touch the steps', shouts Dave – yes, yes, I think I know this one.

That's it, the percussion of clapping and shouting stops almost as quickly as it started. The amphitheatre of bodies disperses. It's all over. Hugs all around, and champagne. My legs ache something rotten. I really want to sit down, but I'm not too sure whether I could gracefully get up. We're all now waiting for Chris P to come in moments later. Another chance to savour the atmosphere, and boy it is electric.

## Leading Up to the Challenge

Chris P came up with a date of the 23<sup>rd</sup> June in what seems a lifetime away. 'Well if you think about it', I remember her staying, 'it's the only date. It gives enough time to recover for the UTMB (run around Mount Blanc) race in August, and allows a weekend spare if it's postponed'. So when do I do it? The logical date would be same day, as I too need to recover for the UTMB. Although our speeds are very close, we agreed it could only be done if we had separate teams. Thankfully Chris's contacts are extensive so she didn't take too many out of the Toddy pool.

In hindsight the drawback, and pointed out by John P a week before our attempts, was that both Chris and John P couldn't help me with my BG. Equally I couldn't help with Chris's. When Chris and myself have done loads of training and planning together it seems rather ironic and a tragedy that on the day it counts we would have to be selfish and ignore each other. That was a bit of a downer.

On the Sunday after Tash's BG (two weeks earlier) I was a bit despondent. I clearly needed more people in my team. In particular I needed a couple more of the elusive navigators. A truly memorable conversation with one of Achilli Ratti finest that morning and another with one of Toddies finest pointed me in the right direction. Within a couple of days I had a full team. I knew now it was going to happen. The relief was immense. I even started to smile, that is until I looked at the logistics and food.

The following weekend I thought it would be a good idea for Tracey to drive to the various roadside locations. As it happens John Thompson was doing his BG at the time and was at Wasdale. Exactly what we needed. Tracey had a crash course in the kit and setup we needed, together with the sorts of food required. Tracey came on board that weekend. She now had an understanding of what it was all about and what I expected from her. The following week our household became a hub of activity, questions asked, food bought and lists made/ticked. With additional support from Janet M and Jane C, I now knew that I didn't have to worry at all about the roadside stops.

By the time it started, everything was in place. Even though I took Friday off, I was mentally knackered before I started. Irritatingly there's always something small and niggling to keep you awake for the previous few nights. You know there's something special going on that Friday evening. Everyone milling around the hut. Lots of greetings, lots of coffee drinking, lots of planning, lots of packing, cars coming and going. Everyone on that heightened state of anxiety. That 'thank goodness you're here' look in everyone's eyes as we meet up. In the end it got a bit too noisy so I donned my earplugs and rested upstairs for an hour or so. It was all coming together, the inevitable was going to happen. I felt content that all the remaining logistics/planning was being sorted out by Tracey and others downstairs.

I don't remember being anxious on the day, but the weeks leading up to the BG was a real roller coaster. One minute I'm on track, next minute I'm not there. Thankfully in the last 10 days everything slotted into place, and nobody bailed out last minute.

## During the Challenge

It is a great feeling being that important person. I loved the idea of going up the hill with other people carrying my supplies. I love the idea of other people dealing with the navigation when the clag comes down. I love the idea of eating what I like. I love the idea that now I have nothing to sort.

Mind you, I had a wake up call at the first roadside check. For the first time in ages I had to switch my brain on and think. What clothing to change into?, did I even want to change clothes?, what did I want to eat?

Throughout a leg you need not think about nothing, then you are hit with several questions. I don't know what to eat. I'll have those socks...no I wont, I'll have those instead..... come on Rhys, think, what socks do you really want – the clock is ticking. Seemingly I was a pain in the arse.

On the day I was completely relaxed, more than I had been for a long time. When I now think back to that day I find myself easily floating off into that relaxed contented state. Maybe it's some kind of endorphin fix. It can last for a few minutes or can continue for over an hour or so. It's a bugger for work, but I love this sort of contentment. It's a natural drug and I'm hooked on it. Let those endorphins flow.

Other than being relaxed, how did I feel on the day ? Well this is the strangest thing. My legs were tired but I can't remember any real pain (rohypnol kicking in no doubt, or those endorphins again) – other than a small bit if rubbing on back of my heal which stopped when I changed shoes at Wasdale.

A few times on the round I would suddenly think, 'wow, this is my BG. This is not some practice run, this is MY BG'. I would have a little chuckle, as I'm having now, and feel quite emotional about all the people involved. Never have I been helped by so many people. Very touching, and I make no apologies for making a big deal out of this, as it is a big deal.

I think possibly it is for others to judge, but throughout the day I can't remember having a low bit. I was knackered but no real 'how much do you really want this, Rhys ?' kind of low points. Ron Hill said that he never ran races he merely watched himself run them. An out of body experience if you like. This is how I remember it. Take away the worry about food, navigation, even keeping warm, and you are left with a simple task of moving forward. All I have to do is put one foot in front of the other – a long walk as John C would say.

### **Immediately After the Challenge**

Back at the hut and after a shower I'm looking at my sleeping bag thinking if only I could just slide in. The comfort of a lovely warm sleeping bag, luxury. However, tonight Matthew, I'm going to celebrate until the sun comes up, be the sole of the party and a real beer monster. If I can't get pissed celebrating my BG then there's no hope. I'm also on a mission to buy the team a beer. In the end Tracey actually bought the beers. I just sat at the table with a glazed thousand yard stare. Conversation seemed carry on around me. Slouched, knackered, head in my hands is how the photographs rightly portrayed me.

For most of the challenges I've done I get a massive buzz afterwards. That satisfying, I've earned it, feeling as you gorge a bag of chips and clumsily spill red wine down your new T-shirt. Doing the BG offers membership to a unique and exclusive club. I should be delighted. Yes I am, very much so, but I feel a bit down and vacant (no comments please).

I've loved every part of the BG. The training runs, the trips to the lakes, nattering to fellow Bgers. Loved it all. The BG has been such a special thing in my life that I don't want it to fade away. I'm desperate to hold onto every memory. It makes me sad as I know that I cannot relive every minute detail of this precious day forever. If only it could be all kept in a box.

### **Snippets of the Day**

Traditionally a BG account would mention the whole day. Instead I've included a few snippets of the day:

- Phil H driving off to Keswick without me. 'Oh bloody 'ell, that would have been funny if I hadn't taken Rhys' – and no doubt 5 points had he not been called back.
- Stuart B agreeing to sherpa for me provided that I look after him ????. After dragging him up Skiddaw we promptly left him behind. He did manage to catch up, but we then soon left him behind again. Good do Stuart.
- Watching the snake of lights behind us when climbing Blencathra. There were 6 teams out there on that first leg, with most of them behind. A sight I'm going to share with Derek. What a sight, particularly when most of them set off before us. Fantastic navigation Phil.
- Racing down Harts Fell following Phil H and Chris P, only leaving the sherpas to make their way, probably half lost, down some perilous steep cliffs.
- Arriving at Thelkeld with the sherpas/navigators for the next leg just appearing like magic.
- Kath B religiously being at my side, often not on the path, and often meant wading through tussocks, puddles, whatever. The perfect sherpa.
- Great wandering along with Bob Wrightman (of the BG website) and Chris's team for most of section 2. Dave W pulled out the navigation trump card when the mist came down and our team managed to momentarily break away.



- Having stuffed myself with food at Threlkeld and just about to go, when Janet M, the mistress of road support, is loading my plate up with more food. It's little wonder I didn't explode.
- Colin D and James R having a conversation about female anatomy. It gets a bit hazy but I'm sure they were comparing female behinds and such likes. It was great blokey banter and a real giggle. What Alan K thought about it I have no idea.
- Despite the patchy mist Alan K was spot on and he never even got a compass out. Bang on.
- The banter between Tony and Ozzy particularly when going up Great Gable. The clag was down – you could only see 20 feet. Ozzy and Tony were arguing on who was on the correct track. I was on some goat trail a bit to the right, with neither Ozzy and Tony in sight – could only hear them. Both of them were so adamant they were right. A credit to them as no GPS was in sight.
- Ozzy was sent ahead to arrange some hot soup for me at the next checkpoint (Tony was so slick in organising this I didn't see it happening until Ozzy was shooting off). Tracey and rest of support were convinced that there was a problem, when seeing Ozzy thundering in his enthusiastic style down towards Honister.
- Almost getting run over by Geoff R when we were coming out of Honister carpark. Then moments later he's stormed up the hill catching us up. 'Can you not hang on a bit', he asks. Errrh, no, I thought. Great to see you though Geoff.
- Running down the road towards Keswick, with Dave M prompting me, about ten times, to lift my feet. I'm sure that's the way I normally run. I did try to lift my heavy leaded feet, but I don't think it made a blind bit of difference.
- When you are sitting down at the roadside you are truly a king. Everyone milling around, ask and you shall get. Get up and your team drop everything and almost stand to attention in readiness.
- Towards the end of each leg I was looking forward to arrival of a new team, new conversations, new banter. Then I'd question whether I was betraying the current team by looking forward to the next team. The mind plays funny games.
- That early Saturday morning run recce of leg 2 with Andrew Horsfall. Doing the whole leg more than 1 hour faster than my schedule and finishing midday. Those smartwool socks were a real treat, thanks Andrew.

### **A Month or so After the Event**

I'm afraid I'm still a bit confused and lost with the whole thing. Sad one minute, grinning the next.

The BG is without doubt what fell running is all about, to me. Thankfully it's not about speed, but it is about the love of the mountains and friendship. The BG has definitely not sunk in, but it might have done by the time you do yours. Think about it.

### ***Rhys Watkins, Former King for the Day***

It's difficult to mention all those that helped without no doubt missing someone out, so apologises to those who aren't mentioned, but here goes:

Leg 1: Phil Hodgson, Derek Donohue, Stuart Boulton; Leg 2: Dave Wilson, Kath Brierley, Richard Leonard; Leg 3: Alan Kenny, Colin Duffield, James Riley; Leg 4: Tony Shanley, Ozzi Kershaw, Bill Harris; Leg 5: Dave Makin, Arthur Daniels, Tony Shanley, Mick Howard, Bill Harris. Road crew: Janet Makin, Nicola, Tracey Macdonald, Jane Collyer, Sally Harris. On the fells: Pete and Partner (both Achilli Ratti). Broad Stand: Alex Miller & Chris Lloyd (both Achilli Ratti); Geoff Read. Also thanks to Geoff (Achilli Ratti) for driving people to and back between hut and Wasdale, and to the Achilli Ratti Club for accommodation. A big THANKYOU to all.

Also and not least I would like to thank Chris P for being my BG partner. It made a big difference having someone to train with and to talk endlessly about BG stuff when everyone else had switched off. It was a special and awesome moment seeing her complete her BG. Special thanks to John P who probably questioned (together with Tracey) whether there was something going on between us, with all our various training runs, texts and such like. Of course thanks to Mandy for nudging things along nicely.

On the food/drink front. I had a Nuun (salt/mineral) drink the day before. Nothing special to eat during the week although I did have plenty of pasta and 'treated' myself to a bag of fish and chips (with plenty of salt) on the Thursday before. I had some pasta before travelling up on the Friday evening, leaving plenty of time for the food to digest. On the day I was keen to drink carbo drinks – I had 3 x 500ml of carbo drink with probably just under 2 x 500ml water for each leg. I also swallowed a gel on every big climb (I think I went through about 12 gels on the day). I was surprised that I didn't have my usual craving for something savoury after 40 or so miles – so maybe the nuun drink helped. For treats on route I loved fudge, and surprisingly enjoyed the Kendal Mint Cake (brown) that was offered.

Anything that I would have done differently - Nope, thank you, thank you all very much.

# Forthcoming Fell Races

By Colin 'Birthday Boy' Duffield

Sunday 26<sup>th</sup> August 11.30am **Norland MoorRace** CM 7 miles/ 800ft

Old Rishworthians RUFC, Copley

Traily style race, much of which will be familiar to anybody who has run Leg One of the Calderdale Way Relay. Well marked and runnable. Race HQ is a rugby club, so possibility of yards of ale and be-bagging afterwards. Probably.

Saturday 1<sup>st</sup> September 2pm **Blackshawhead Fell race** BM 5.5miles/ 900ft

Blackshawhead Fete Field

*Better see Sarah Glyde about this one, I'm sure helpers would be appreciated, if only to retrieve lighter runners blown into Lancashire. Held In conjunction with the village fete. Top attractions last year included dodging steel framed tents travelling at 90mph across the fields in hurricane strength winds. This year it'll be back to tractor shearing and sheep pulling, or maybe the other way around. Or not.*

Thursday 6<sup>th</sup> September 6.45pm **Hades Hill Fell race** BS 5 miles/ 1200ft

Taylor Street, Whitworth

*Hell of a race! Organised by Derek Clutterbuck, I'm sure he'd appreciate helpers.*

Sunday 9<sup>th</sup> September 10am **Yorkshireman Full and Half Off Road Marathons** BL /CL

Westfield Lodge, Penistone Hill, nr Haworth

*Keighley and Craven can be relied upon for quality events, and this is no exception. I did get sunburnt last year, although this may not have been the organisers' fault. I think you really need to pre-enter, and I'd certainly recommend a recce for the full. Nice food afterwards, although I don't really understand the need for pickled cabbage.*

Saturday 22<sup>nd</sup> September 10.30am **Good Shepherd Classic** AS 15 miles/ 2000ft

Good Shepherd Centre, Mytholmroyd

Quality local race that takes you to the outer reaches of t'Royd. Despite a slightly complicated last few miles, it was well flagged when I did it. The day after my birthday. Don't buy much.

Tod Harriers Lightning success at Lingfield Dash,

Stalwartly Tod Harriers occasionaist Ben 'Bearpaw' Crowther comes just 7 places behind the mighty Mr Robert Jebb, who succeeded in breaking the Dash record set in 2005 by Mr Tim Burton Of Ambleside. In a time of 45.32(ish?). Mr Jebb broke the record by 30 seconds. 60 runners if you don't know it, usually frequent the race as a fundraiser for Wasdale Head Mountain Rescue. The rescue supported the race well with those Landy Driving Members Drinking Beers and holding on to keys and the thin boney types huddled at the sensible points along the race route. A fine day for a run, cool, light wind, spit to moisten the lolling tongue on the 2500 feet of climb from Wasdale heads at 75m AOD to the cloud scraping heights of Lingmell.

Crowther pushed hard to keep ahead of the first lady and on the toes of Mr Jebb, the decent is quite steep and one felt the wobbles come on a bit once thundering down the sheer force of this behemoth, and leaping on to the tarmac for the last quarter mile to the pub, inspiration indeed.

Tod Harriers First (and only) finisher at 64.34(vaguely) a mere 19 minutes behind the winner, 8th of a field of 24. Nice run and plenty other things gng on in the area and country probably helped!

***Ben Crowther***

# Recent Press reports

The press chappie can be contacted at [claire.colin@virgin.net](mailto:claire.colin@virgin.net) or 01422 846593 or at pack runs (he's the one with a rose tattoo on his buttock).

*'In the Tod News there are always four sides to a story: your side, their side, the truth and what really happened'-Rousseau (almost)*

**Widdop/Turnslack/Wasdale/ Lingmell (Press date 26/07/07)**

## Alex Finds Top Form to Finish Second

Todmorden Harrier Alex Whitem confirmed his return to form last Wednesday as he finished 2nd in a class field at the annual Widdop Fell Race, ran from the Pack Horse Inn.

Whitem's time of 52.09 left him just a minute and a half adrift of race winner, Calder Valley's Karl Grey, whose impressive time of 49.26 is only a little over a minute slower than the course record, held by Todmorden's George Ehrhardt.

Further Todmorden interest was provided by Dave Collins, of who finished in time of 59.52 and who took the prize for V50.

Amongst the ladies, winning is becoming a habit for it was Jo Waites of Calder Valley, the English international finishing in 59.05, three minutes ahead of team mate Jo Buckley. Jane Smith who finished 9th lady in 1.12.11 was best placed Todmorden lady, and was joined by Louise Abdy and Rachel Lockley to make up Harriers' ladies' team who finished in a collective second place behind Calder Valley. Calder Valley men made it a double success for the host club, edging Wharfedale into second spot in the men's rankings.

Following their exertions at Widdop, local fell runners were also out in force last Saturday for one of the toughest fell races in the area, the Turnslack race, which was celebrating its' 30th anniversary.

The race, a counter in this year's Tod Harriers' Grand Prix, starts at Bellholme playing fields before embarking on a 9 mile tour of the moors in the border country between Littleborough and Todmorden, which takes in a leg sapping 2000 feet of climbing, much of it through difficult boggy ground.

After an unsettled week, the weather took an unexpected turn for the better and helped the event draw a healthy turn out of 140 runners.

Amongst there were a strong team of 20 Todmorden Harriers.

The race was won by international runner, Danny Hope of Pudsey and Bramley after a long struggle with his pursuers, led by his club mate Nick Leigh and Todmorden's Shaun Godsman.

In the ladies race it was Anna Lupton of Radcliffe who dominated, wining in a time of 77.32. Kath Brierley of Todmorden was first local lady in 3<sup>rd</sup> place and a time of 84.20.

Further successes for Tod included 5th placed Andy Wrench taking the prize for first veteran, and Dave Collins continuing his run of form to scoop the veteran 50 prize in a time of 73.21.

Amongst the Calder Valley runners in attendance, it was Jason Stevens who crossed the line first in 71.45, giving him 12<sup>th</sup> placed, he was followed home by one of Calder's more recent signings, Gary Oldfield, who finished in 13th spot with a time of 71.57.

Away from the local fell scene, a number of Harriers have also been making their mark in Lakeland fell races.

The Wasdale Fell Race is infamous for its' gruelling intensity as it traverse some of the areas highest mountains over its' 21 mile route. Two Harriers completed this year's race. Phil Hodgson running well to finish 38th in a time of 5.16.08, also registering as 2nd over fifty, whilst team mate Richard Leonard followed him home in 87th place, some 55 minutes later.

Whilst these two were competing at Wasdale, another Harrier Ben Crowther was registering a good run At the Lingmell Dash, shorter 4.5 mile race over equally tough fell terrain. Crowther finished 8<sup>th</sup> in a time of 64.34 in a race won by Rob Jebb of Bingley in a time of 45.02.

**Oldfield Fell race (Press Date 01/07/07)**

## Flying Veteran Peter First Home at Keighley

Todmorden Harrier's Peter Ehrhardt had reason to celebrate recently as he took the veteran 60 prize at the Oldfield Fell Race, near Keighley.

The race is a 5.5-mile jaunt around the countryside of the area and takes in 550 feet of ascent. Conditions this year were very wet underfoot although the rain cleared in time for the race.

Peter finished in a time of 45.54, comfortably ahead of his nearest challenger.

**Borrowdale (Press Date 09/08/07)**

## High Winds Can't Blow Jon Off Course in Fell Race Challenge

A travelling band of Todmorden Harriers turned their attention to the Lake District last Saturday to experience one of the classic events of British fell running. The Borrowdale Fell Race is a tough tour of the high Cumbrian fells and attracts the connoisseurs of traditional hard fell running. This year high winds caused the race to be run over a slightly shortened course, missing out the highest fells. Even with this curtailment, the remaining 15 mile route still had packed enough punch to test even the most hardy of fell racers.

10 Todmorden Harriers were in the starting field of 420.

The nature of the Borrowdale race seems to suit local runners and this year was no exception. The race was dominated by Lakeland runners and was won by Borrowdale Fell Runners' Ben Bardsley in a time of 2 hours and 18 minutes, First Calderdale runner home was Todmorden's star man Jon Wright, again flying the flag for the Harriers and finishing in 14th position in a time of 2.42.

The ladies' honours went to another Cumbrian resident, Sharon Taylor, who runs in the colours of Bingley Harriers who finished in 3 hours and 3 minutes. Behind Taylor, Todmorden's Alison Richards showed her expertise in this type of racing by taking several notable scalps and finishing fifth lady in a time of 3 hours and 32 minutes.

First Calder Valley Runner home was Jonathan Moore in 121<sup>st</sup> position with a time of 3.17, just two minutes in front of next Todmorden runner, Phil Hodgson in 130<sup>th</sup> place.

Elsewhere in the field Tod's Mark Harris show a welcome return to racing finishing in 184<sup>th</sup> place with a time of 3.32, twenty minutes ahead of club mate Richard Leonard in 275<sup>th</sup> place.

With Chris Preston (290<sup>th</sup>), Jane Smith (291<sup>st</sup>), Mandy Goth (396<sup>th</sup>) and Sue Roberts (395<sup>th</sup>) also completing the course, half the Todmorden contingent was made up by female runners, showing the men that they have competition in even the most gruelling of races.

#### **Cliviger Six/ Whittle Pike (Press Date 16/08/07)**

### **Alex King of the Road**

Todmorden Harriers' Alex Whitem transferred his fell running talents to the roads recently when he finished fifth in the Cliviger Six Road Race. Whitem's time of 35.13 was just a minute and a half behind winner Andrew Stubbs of Clayton Le Moors Harriers.

Elsewhere in the quality field of 130 athletes, other Todmorden runners were also in attendance, with two relative newcomers showing promise. The first of these was Pete Robinson who crossed the line in 47.05, he was followed by club mate Kevin Coughlan, just 45 seconds and six places behind.

The following Wednesday the action moved back to the fells for the Whittle Pike Race, hosted by Rossendale Harriers.

The four and a half mile race attracted a sizeable field of 140, a significant minority of these coming from the host club. Despite this large local showing, it was Calder Valley Fell Runners Karl Grey who took the race honours after a late charge down the final descent to get the better of Darren Kay of Horwich RMI and Todmorden's Shaun Godsman, less than 15 seconds splitting these three front runners. After this leading group there was clear daylight before the bulk of the field started to finish some four minutes later, Rossendale packing much of the remainder of the top ten to take the mens' team prize.

In the womens' race Jo Waites made it a double for Calder Valley in a time of 47.34, first placed Todmorden woman being Sharon Godsman in a time of 56.35.

Elsewhere in the field Todmorden's veterans showed their mettle with V45 Martin Roberts finishing 41<sup>st</sup> overall in a time of 50.40. In the V60 category Peter Ehrhardt ran well to finish in 1.02.48, and V75 Derek Clutterbuck crossed the line in 1.11.44, leaving many younger runners trailing in his wake.

#### **Weasdale Horseshoe (Press Date 23/08/07)**

After a season in which their assault on the national fell running championships have been dogged by injuries, Todmorden Harriers' fielded strong elite mens' and ladies' teams last weekend for the latest race selected as a counter, the Weasdale Horseshoe.

The race is an eight-mile circuit of the Howgill Fells, characterised by grassy runnable terrain on big hills. In the weeks preceding the race some concerns were raised about its' running in light of the Foot and Mouth scare, but these concerns never came to fruition and from early in the morning on race day the roads that led to this quiet corner of Cumbria were a nose to tail convoy of the best of English fell running. As befits a national counter, the turnout was sizeable, with over 300 runners who lining up in the starting field under very grey skies.

As the race got underway, all the season's front-runners looked to dominate the mens' race, with Rob Jebb of Bingley and Simon Bailey of Staff Moorlands neck and neck at the first summit. However in the tightly packed chasing group, Calderdale clubs were strongly to the fore with Karl Gray of Calder Valley alongside Todmorden's star men, Shaun Godsman, Jon Wright, and Andrew Wrench.

In the ladies' race, relative newcomer Sarah Tunstall of York Acorn gained an early stranglehold on the race which she never let slip, despite the best efforts of a quality chasing pack that included Calder Valley's Jo Waites and Todmorden's Ali Richards.

As the field traversed the route the clouds closed in and the rain descended, battering competitors and spectators alike and turning a large section of the run-in into something of a quagmire.

As the runners started to filter into the finishing field it was Staffs Moorlands' Simon Bailey who took the men's honours. First Todmorden runner was Shaun Godsman in 20<sup>th</sup> position in a time of 58.47, just eight seconds behind Calder's best placed man, Karl Gray. Godsman was backed up in the team standings by Jon Wright in 28<sup>th</sup> place, Andrew Wrench in 36<sup>th</sup>, Mark Goldie in 82<sup>nd</sup>, and Martin Roberts in 102<sup>nd</sup>, giving Todmorden a collective 5<sup>th</sup> place, with Calder Valley finishing 14<sup>th</sup>.

In the ladies race Sarah Tunstall secured a resounding victory in 1.03.27, with Ali Richards first Todmorden lady in 22<sup>nd</sup> place.

Todmorden's other ladies' team counters were Kath Brierley in 31<sup>st</sup> place and Sharon Godsman a further eight places behind. These three took a commendable 7<sup>th</sup> place, just three positions behind Calder Valley.

Elsewhere in the field Todmorden veterans ran well and placed highly in their age categories. Dave Collins finished 12<sup>th</sup> V50 man, whilst Peter Ehrhardt matched this position in the V60 men, Tod's V60 lady Moyra Parfitt also performed well, crossing the line in 4<sup>th</sup> place in her age rankings and now looking set for an end of season medal, although the colour of the medal will be decided at the next counter in the championships, the Great Whenside in September.

***La médaille d'or: c'est l'Angleterre!***

***Congratulations to Kath Brierley who came in first lady in a race in the French Alps in August. Sorry, we're a bit hazy about the details, and Kath is too modest to have sent anything in.***

**2007 ROAD  
/TRAIL TABLE**

			Helen Windsor 10K	Calder Vale 10	Bluebell 10	Leyland 10	Liversedge 1/2M	Radcliffe 12	Ackworth 1/2M			
1	Mel Blackhurst	LV40	75.0	74.9	73.1		75.7		76.3	5	<b>375.0</b>	X
2	Andrew Bibby	V50	78.1	76.8	75.9		76.1			4	<b>306.9</b>	X
3	Derek Clutterbuck	V75	57.4	61.4	57.9		60.5	59.5		5	<b>296.7</b>	X
4	Jeff Anderson	V45	75.5	75.4			72.1	72.9		4	<b>295.9</b>	X
5	Sarah Glyde	L	76.4	72.3	72.1			73.3		4	<b>294.1</b>	X
6	Stuart Boulton	M45	68.5		66.7		68.2	68.4		4	<b>271.8</b>	X
7	Dave Collins	V50	86.8		85.3			85.6		3	<b>257.7</b>	X
8	Moyra Parfitt	LV60	64.8		60.2	58.4		63.1		4	<b>246.5</b>	X
9	Alice Heath	L		72.0	72.3				70.5	3	<b>214.8</b>	X
10	Peter Ehrhardt	V60	67.6	68.9			68.9			3	<b>205.4</b>	X
11	Claire Duffield	L	70.6			64.6		64.0		3	<b>199.2</b>	X
12	Andy McFie	M						83.5	84.9	2	<b>168.4</b>	X
13	Paul Brannigan	V40			82.4				85.2	2	<b>167.6</b>	X
14	Keith Parkinson	M50	80.8					80.4		2	<b>161.2</b>	X
15	Richard Blakeley	V60			72.0			76.2		2	<b>148.2</b>	X
16	Alex Whitem	M						97.0		1	<b>97.0</b>	X
17	Chrisher Smale	V40				88.7				1	<b>88.7</b>	X
18	Greg Elwell	M							83.1	1	<b>83.1</b>	X
19	Simon Anderton	V45			80.5					1	<b>80.5</b>	X
20	Derek Donohue	V45			79.2					1	<b>79.2</b>	X
21	Peter Bowles	M			76.9					1	<b>76.9</b>	X
22	Kerry Edwards	L		75.6						1	<b>75.6</b>	X
23	Rachel Skinner	L					70.5			1	<b>70.5</b>	X
24	Jennifer Porter	LV40			69.0					1	<b>69.0</b>	X
25	Lynne Griffiths	LV45			66.8					1	<b>66.8</b>	X
26	Melanie Nicholls	L			64.8					1	<b>64.8</b>	X
27	Mel Siddal	LV45						60.8		1	<b>60.8</b>	X
28	Chalotte Woodhd	L						60.8		1	<b>60.8</b>	X
29	Michael Hennigan				58.2					1	<b>58.2</b>	X
30	David O'Neill	V45			57.4					1	<b>57.4</b>	X

## Ian Hodgson Mountain Relay

**Sunday Oct 1st** at 10:00 am from the start and finish venue at Sykeside Camping Park, Brotherswater, Cumbria.

Classic mountain relay for teams of 8 running in pairs.

Legs 1, 3 and 4 are genuine mountain terrain; leg 2 is easier but is still a testing course.

We have entered two teams in this event a ladies (could be mixed) and a men's we are looking for team captains. It is an excellent day out.

Anyone interested in running or captaining a team contact Mandy.

2007 FELL			Midgley Moor	Paddys Pole	Stanbury	Fairfield	Turnslack	Weasdale	Edale Skyline	Duddon	Kinder Trog			
1	Shaun Godsman	M	102.9	99.2		97.3	99.1	100.7	88.7			6	587.9	Q
2	Mark Goldie	M	92.0	90.1	89.8	88.7	91.0	87.8	78.2	75.6		8	529.8	Q
3	Dave Collins	V50	82.7	82.0	83.1	83.7	86.4	85.3			85.3	7	506.5	Q
4	Andrew Wrench	V40		96.3			95.0	95.4	89.8		98.6	5	475.1	X
5	Alison Richards	L		78.3	76.2	76.2		79.6	70.7	72.4		6	453.4	Q
6	Kath Brierley	LV45	73.8		71.7	68.3	75.1	76.6	67.9	58.8		7	433.4	Q
7	Martin Roberts	V45	82.3	84.6	81.7	81.8	84.3	86.0				6	419.0	Q
8	Jane Smith	LV45	70.4	69.8	63.6	68.1	71.8	69.6		68.5		7	418.2	Q
9	Jonathan Wright	M		97.5				96.7	99.0	98.9		4	392.1	X
10	James Riley	M			77.8	64.9	81.5	79.5	73.2	69.7	79.2	7	391.2	Q
11	Stuart Boulton	V45		63.0		62.9	65.1	65.6	60.3	59.6	64.2	7	381.1	Q
12	Sue Roberts	LV40	65.1	64.1	64.3	63.6	64.9	65.0		55.5		7	378.9	Q
13	Peter Ehrhardt	V60		65.4	64.5	61.8		67.1	55.6	51.4		6	365.8	Q
14	Sharon Godsman	L	73.6	72.1	72.0	69.4	73.0	74.0				6	364.7	Q
15	Phil Hodgson	V50			76.7		80.9		77.8	79.2		4	314.6	X
16	David O'Neill	V45	61.1	60.7	60.6		60.1	61.8				5	304.3	X
17	Derek Donohue	V45		79.5	73.0				69.4	66.4		4	288.3	X
18	Alice Heath	L		70.2		68.8			68.3		74.1	4	281.4	X
19	Mel Blackhurst	LV40			69.5		72.3			59.6	70.1	4	271.5	X
20	Alex Whitem	M		93.8		64.9	94.6					3	253.3	X
21	Paul Brannigan	V40	79.7	83.8	85.4							3	248.9	X
22	Moyra Parfitt	LV60		60.3	61.6	57.2		64.0				4	243.1	X
23	Louise Abdy	LV45	58.2	58.0		58.0	57.8					4	232.0	X
24	Andrew Bibby	V50			75.3			77.5			73.8	3	226.6	X
25	Christine Preston	LV40			74.7				67.8	72.1		3	214.6	X
26	Derek Clutterbuck	V75	56.9	55.7			52.4	35.9				4	200.9	X
27	David Wilson	V50			65.9					66.4	66.3	3	198.6	X
28	Jeremy Godden	V45	71.0	50.7	62.0							3	183.7	X
29	Keith Parkinson	V50	76.4				73.5					2	149.9	X
30	Richard Blakeley	V60			69.7		75.2					2	144.9	X
31	Neil Hodgkinson	M		73.5	70.8							2	144.3	X
32	Richard Leonard	V45			74.0					63.7		2	137.7	X
33	Claire Duffield	L			63.0			63.9				2	126.9	X
34	Andy McFie	M		86.2								1	86.2	X
35	Peter Bowles	M			78.9							1	78.9	X
36	Jimmy Jackson	V40		78.1								1	78.1	X
37	Ben Crowther	M			76.8							1	76.8	X
38	Rhys Watkins	V40							73.3			1	73.3	X
39	Peter Robinson	V40					73.0					1	73.0	X
40	Jeff Anderson	V45			71.5							1	71.5	X
41	Rachel Skinner	L						71.1				1	71.1	X
42	John Preston	V40							69.4			1	69.4	X
43	Kerry Edwards	F						69.4				1	69.4	X
44	Jennifer Porter	LV40			65.8							1	65.8	X
45	Lynne Griffiths	LV45			65.7							1	65.7	X
46	John Lee	V45									62.7	1	62.7	X
47	Mandy Goth	LV45					56.8					1	56.8	X

2007 GRAND PRIX TABLE

		OPTIMUM POINTS		Qualified?	Fell Races	Road Races
1	Dave Collins	10	774.1	Fell	Q	7 3
2	Moyra Parfitt	8	744.5	Equal	Q	4 4
3	Melanie Blackhurst	9	691.2	Road	Q	4 5
4	Derek Clutterbuck	9	690.3	Road	Q	4 5
5	Peter Ehrhardt	9	653.9	Fell	Q	6 3
6	Andrew Bibby	7	614.6	X	X	3 4
7	Stuart Boulton	11	583.5	Equal	Q	7 4

8	Alice Heath	7	549.1	X	X	4	3
9	Shaun Godsman	6	499.2	X	X	6	0
10	Andrew Wrench	5	495.6	X	X	5	0
11	Martin Roberts	6	470.4	X	X	6	0
12	Jane Smith	7	453.8	X	X	7	0
13	Kath Brierley	7	452.6	X	X	7	0
14	Mark Goldie	8	451.6	X	X	8	0
15	Paul Brannigan	5	436.1	X	X	3	2
16	Alison Richards	6	423.7	X	X	6	0
17	David O'Neill	6	404.9	X	X	5	1
18	Sharon Godsman	6	403.6	X	X	6	0
19	Derek Donohue	5	403.2	X	X	4	1
20	Sue Roberts	7	394.4	X	X	7	0
21	Jeff Anderson	5	393.5	X	X	1	4
22	Jonathan Wright	4	392.1	X	X	4	0
23	James Riley	7	391.2	X	X	7	0
24	Richard Blakeley	4	380.2	X	X	2	2
25	Claire Duffield	5	360.7	X	X	2	3
26	Keith Parkinson	4	358.9	X	X	2	2
27	Phil Hodgson	4	358.9	X	X	4	0
28	Alex Whitem	4	350.3	X	X	3	1
29	Sarah Glyde	4	325.5	X	X	0	4
30	Louise Abdy	4	290.3	X	X	4	0
31	Christine Preston	3	257	X	X	3	0
32	Andy McFie	3	254.6	X	X	1	2
33	David Wilson	3	227.7	X	X	3	0
34	Jeremy Godden	3	204.2	X	X	3	0
35	Lynne Griffiths	2	166	X	X	1	1
36	Kerry Edwards	2	160.5	X	X	1	1
37	Jennifer Porter	2	159.8	X	X	1	1
38	Rachel Skinner	2	156.7	X	X	1	1
39	Peter Bowles	2	155.8	X	X	1	1
40	Richard Leonard	2	153.1	X	X	2	0
41	Neil Hodgkinson	2	144.3	X	X	2	0
42	Christopher Smale	1	93.4	X	X	0	1
43	Simon Anderton	1	87.2	X	X	0	1
44	Greg Elwell	1	83.1	X	X	0	1
45	Jimmy Jackson	1	81.9	X	X	1	0
46	Ben Crowther	1	76.8	X	X	1	0
47	Rhys Watkins	1	76.1	X	X	1	0
48	Peter Robinson	1	75.2	X	X	1	0
49	John Preston	1	74.9	X	X	1	0
50	Mel Siddal	1	74	X	X	0	1
51	Mandy Goth	1	71.8	X	X	1	0
52	Melanie Nicholls	1	71.7	X	X	0	1
53	John Lee	1	69	X	X	1	0
54	Charlotte Woodhead	1	67.3	X	X	0	1
55	Michael Hennigan	1	58.2	X	X	0	1

Torrier editor says: god, I hate trying to get these tables to fit.

# FRA RELAYS

## SATURDAY 13th OCT

### 3 teams entered Mens Ladies and Vets

Mens Team Captain Shaun Godsman  
Ladies Kath Brierley  
Vets Captain needed

The 2007 UKA British Fell & Hill Relays will be centred at Fell Foot, 1.5 miles to the North West of Chipping on the South West fringe of the Bowland Fells. GR SD602442

Situated in the North West of England, the Forest of Bowland Area is a designated area of Outstanding Natural Beauty (AONB) covering 312sq miles of rural Lancashire and North Yorkshire. In September 2004 parts of Bowland became open to walkers for the first time as the Countryside and Rights of Way Act 2000 gave general right of access to the public to 'Access Land' for the purposes of "open-air recreation on foot". Until then the area was used as a private sporting estate. The newly opened Access Land can now offer some of the most remote and rugged ground in the North West.

If you plan to recce before the day it is essential to use Ordnance Survey Map OL41, 'Forest of Bowland & Ribblesdale'. Maps after September 2004 show Access Land in yellow. Much of the Access Land in the Forest of Bowland AONB is within a Special Protection Area (SPA). This European designation recognises the importance of the area's upland heather moorland and blanket bog as habitat for upland birds. Bowland's moors are home to many threatened species, including merlin, golden plover, curlew, ring ouzel and the rare hen harrier; symbol of the AONB. **Please take care.**

The set courses (Legs 1,2 & 4) will be run on a broad ridge of high ground, that rises to an altitude of over 1,700 feet at its highest point, and covers Parlick, Wolf Fell, Blindhurst Fell, Fairsnape Fell and Holme House Fell. The West aspect of this ridge is a steep escarpment, climbing from the Fylde plain, which is over 1,000 feet high immediately below Fairsnape. This escarpment comprises steep grass with some good trods and lines, but for those missing the good lines there are rashes of scree, boulder slopes and deep heather. The East aspect of this ridge, around Parlick, has steep grassy slopes; but once on Wolf Fell the slopes are heathery. At Fairsnape the East aspect is a blanket peat bog with plenty of grouches, grykes and thick heather.

The navigational leg has yet to be decided in detail but it is proposed that, in addition to using the ground on the other legs, it will link across the Wolfen Valley on to Saddle Fell, including its East slopes down into the Burnslack Valley, but not crossing the latter. The enclosed land at the mouth of the valley is private and out of bounds.

All legs will be on open access moorland, apart from a short stretch of leg 1 which will be across a track used as a public footpath.

Leg 1 (AS solo) – 4.7m 1,800', Leg 2 (AM pairs) – 7m 2,700', Leg 3 (pairs/navigation) – approximately 7 miles 2,000', Leg 4 (AS, solo) – 4m 1,900'

