



Toddies at Shelf Moor

Congratulations to Lauren on her English Championship Win

Full report inside

And also

for her second place in the World Mountain Running Championship

AWESOME

Inside this issue lots of race reports, final Gp fixtures, results and tables and lots more

WANTED



Shepherd's Skyline Sat 6th Nov

**From the Shepherd's Rest Todmorden
Junior races from 12 Senior race 1pm
Marshalls and runners wanted**

If you want to run in the main race then please help with car parking or marshalling on the junior race. If available to help please sign up on the forum or ring 01422844936 or see Phil or Mandy at pack runs

TEAM CAPTAINS FOR THE CALDERDALE WAY RELAY

Alastair is A team Captain

Sarah Warburton—Ladies

Still needed Mixed & Vets Captains

Please let Mandy 01422 844936 mandy@todharriers.co.uk or Derek 01422842510 derek@todharriers.co.uk know if happy to organise

**HOT TODDY
MONDAY 27TH DEC
2010
11AM START**

**HELPERS WANTED
IF AVAILABLE
RING BEN CROWTHER ON
07810501959**

Or e-mail ben@todharriers.co.uk

**ORGANISER WANTED
FOR THE
MINI MOORLAND
MARATHON
IN EARLY JANUARY**

If interested tell Mandy or Derek

Wanted team captains

Mens Road & Mens Fell

Ladies Road, Ladies Fell (currently Kath who hopefully is prepared to carry on)

What's On Oct –Dec 2010

PACK RUNS

Wednesdays 7pm

Oct - Queen Hotel (opp railway station),

Todmorden.

Nov - White Swan, Hebden Bridge town centre.

Dec - Mason's Arms. Bacup Road Todmorden

SPEED WORK / INTERVAL TRAINING

TUESDAYS 6.30PM TODMORDEN HIGH SCHOOL

TODMORDEN HARRIERS CHRISTMAS DO AND PRESENTATION

SATURDAY 4TH DECEMBER 2010

TODMORDEN CRICKET CLUB

FOOD, PRESENTATION, LIVE BAND DANCING

PUT THIS DATE IN YOUR DIARY

Calderdale Way relay Sunday December 12th 2010

CALDER VALLEY MMM

**proposed date last weekend in November watch forum
for details**

Five more chances for Grand Prix points

Five more races left in the Toddie Grand Prix of 2010, so there's still time to get those all-important road, fell and grand prix points. Here's what's on offer.

Sun Oct 24th: 11.30am, Withins Skyline. This is another of the local fell races organised by fell race impresario Dave Woodhead on the moors above Haworth (or as he calls it on his website, Howarth.). It's the 19th year that the race has been run, and it's a seven-miler with about a thousand feet of climb. A pretty good initiation into fell racing if you haven't done a fell race before. There's a free curly wurly chocolate bar as a prize to everyone. This is also the place to pick up an entry form for the popular Auld Lang Syne on December 31st. Junior races earlier. Course map and entry form on our website.

Sun Oct 31st, 9.30am. Holmfirth 15. An early Sunday morning start for this end of season toughy round the roads of Holmfirth. The race starts at Holmfirth High School in Thongsbridge just outside Holmfirth, and the route consists of two anticlockwise loops. Lots of drinks stations. The entry form and plenty more information is at <http://www.holmfirthharriers.com/events/H15.html>

Sun Oct 31st. Bronte Way. This is a linear fell race (almost veering towards a trail race), previously organised by our very own John and Chris P, from Wycoller to Haworth. 8 miles, 1150 feet of climbing, with an 11am start from Wycoller. However, if you want transport to the start from Wycoller you need to pre-book, and you also need to be in Haworth for 9.30am. Free bottle of Timothy Taylor's Landlord. All the details accessible from our own website, under Grand Prix

Sun Nov 14. Roaches fell race, 10.30am. A substantial fell race (15 miles with 3700 feet of climb) in the Staffordshire bit of the Peak District. If this is an area you don't know particularly well, this could be the time to make the journey south. Parking and toilets are 15 mins walk from the start, so arrive in good time. There's a map and a little more info on the Macclesfield Harriers website: http://www.mh.k313.com/mh/index.php?option=com_content&task=view&id=652&Itemid=48

Sat 27 Nov. The very final GP race of the year is a 10K road race near Preston. **The Wesham 10K starts** at 11am from the BNFL Club, Salwick near Preston and the route is described as rural and undulating. This is a road race with all the fancy electronic chip technology, plus a technical teeshirt for all (it says here). Race usually fills up beforehand, so prior entry advisable. Entry form on our own website.

RESULTS AUG/SEPT/OCT 2010

		time	pts	GP pts
Borrowdale 7/8/10				
Jon Wright	M40	3 16 10	92.3	95.0
Alastair R-Dawson	M	3 44 10	80.8	83.2
Andrew Horsfall	M45	4 3 16	74.4	81.1
Phil Hodgson	M50	4 21 10	69.3	82.1
Andy McFie	M40	4 27 21	67.7	71.0
Jane Leonard	F50	4 31 53	66.6	89.9
Kevin Booth	M40	4 49 1	62.7	67.6
Kath Brierley	F45	4 51 51	62.1	80.4
Richard Leonard	M50	5 8 16	58.7	67.4

Belper 30k 15/8/10				
Nick Barber	M	2 11 55	96.2	96.2
Mark Anderton	M45	2 52 45	73.4	80.2
Elise Milnes	F50	3 9 26	67.0	85.7
Julie Wyant	F40	3 36 46	58.5	68.6

Burnsall 21/8/10				
Dave Collins	M50	18 14	78.4	92.8
James Riley	M	20 58	68.2	68.2
Peter Clarke	M55	21 57	65.1	78.9
Peter Ehrhardt	M40	27 18	52.3	69.9

Shelf Moor 5/9/10				
Alastair R-Dawson	M	48 10	92.3	95.0
Lauren Jeska	F35	48 49	91.1	102.0
Dave Collins	M50	51 21	86.6	102.5
Sarah May	F	53 56	82.4	91.2
Martin Stork	M	54 7	82.1	82.1
Paul Brannigan	M45	56 30	78.7	85.7
Claire Duffield	F35	58 58	75.4	85.1
Kath Brierley	F45	59 24	74.8	97.0
Sarah Warburton	F35	59 47	74.3	83.9
Rachel Skinner	F35	59 52	74.2	83.8
Lee McCluskey	M50	1 0 24	73.6	86.2
Emma Osenton	F	1 1 43	72.0	79.7
Richard Blakeley	M65	1 3 29	70.0	97.3
Mel Blackhurst	F40	1 4 19	69.1	85.1
Elise Milnes	F50	1 7 0	66.3	87.1
Fiona Armer	F40	1 10 42	62.9	76.5
Maria Prescott	F45	1 10 54	62.7	77.2
Peter Ehrhardt	M60	1 11 19	62.3	83.3
Moyra Parfitt	F65	1 11 34	62.1	103.0
Isobel Pollard	F	1 11 36	62.1	68.7
Graham Milnes	M50	1 12 31	61.3	73.4
Barry Chapman	M60	1 12 52	61.0	82.6
Melanie Robertson	F45	1 19 19	56.0	72.6
Ian Stansfield	M65	1 55 3	38.6	54.4

Cowm Res 8/9/10				
Jon Wright	M40	24 0	99.3	102.2
Nick Barber	M	24 41	96.6	96.6
Paul Brannigan	M45	26 51	88.8	95.5
Martin Stork	M	26 52	88.7	88.7
Darren Tweed	M	27 45	85.9	85.9
Mark Anderton	M45	28 35	83.4	91.1
James Riley	M	28 46	82.9	82.9
Richard Butterwick	M	30 7	79.1	81.5
Richard Blakeley	M65	31 42	75.2	97.7
Melanie Robertson	F45	35 35	67.0	84.8
Nigel Hanson	M50	35 49	66.5	75.7
Peter Ehrhardt	M60	37 22	63.8	80.3
Dave O'Neill	M50	38 33	61.8	69.7
Myra Wells	F50	42 47	55.7	73.6
Ian Stansfield	M65	48 49	48.8	64.2
John Newby	M75	56 48	42.0	68.3

Good Shepherd 11/9/10				
Darren Tweed	M	2 10 55	91.3	91.3
Peter Bowles	M	2 12 3	90.5	90.5
Clive Greatorex	M45	2 19 15	85.8	93.5
Mick Craven	M50	2 23 29	83.3	97.6
Marcel Ellison	M	2 25 23	82.2	82.2
Mel Blackhurst	F40	2 27 10	81.2	100.0
Richard Leonard	M50	2 33 34	77.8	90.2
Jane Leonard	F50	2 35 59	76.6	103.4
Richard Blakeley	M65	2 40 50	74.3	103.3
Paul Carruthers	M50	2 44 11	72.8	82.6
Sue Roberts	F45	2 52 32	69.3	88.6
Peter Ehrhardt	M60	2 59 30	66.6	89.0
Elise Milnes	F50	3 9 3	63.2	83.0
Moyra Parfitt	F65	3 9 6	63.2	104.8

Langdale 1/2 mar 28/9/10				
Mel Blackhurst	F40	1 46 37	73.7	89.7

Burnley Fire Station 7 3/10/10				
Darren Tweed	M	46 58	85.3	85.3
Richard Butterwick	M	49 33	80.9	83.2
Mick Craven	M50	50 37	79.2	90.0
Maria Prescott	F45	53 27	75.0	91.2
Richard Blakeley	M65	53 27	75.0	97.5
Mel Blackhurst	F40	55 27	72.3	87.9
Nigel Hanson	M50	57 34	69.6	79.1
Melanie Robertson	F45	57 40	69.5	88.0
Moyra Parfitt	F65	1 2 3	64.6	98.9
Graham Milnes	M50	1 3 50	62.8	72.6
Myra Wells	F50	1 7 22	59.5	78.6
Ian Stansfield	M65	1 17 30	51.7	68.0

2010 FELL TABLE

			Ilkley Moor	Pendle	Mearley Clough	Sedburgh	Burnsall	Shelf Moor	Half Tour Pendle	Coledale	Coniston	Reservoir Bogs	Withens Skyline	Bronte Way	Trog	Ennerdale	Holme Moss	Borrowdale	Good Shepherd	Roaches	Completed Races	Total points	Qualified?	Qualifying TOTAL
	attendance		7	13	15	22	4	24	13	19	28	20	0	0	10	16	16	9	14	0	230			
	average points		78.2	72.4	76.4	72.7	66.0	70.5	78.4	67.1	72.3	73.2	#DIV/0!	#DIV/0!	69.3	73.4	77.8	70.5	77.0	#DIV/0!				
1	Jon Wright	M40				94.9			96.9		97.4	100.0				97.4		92.3			6	578.9	Q	578.9
2	Lauren Jeska	F35		86.8		88.2		91.1			90.9					83.2	93.2				6	533.4	Q	533.4
3	Alister R-Dawson	M				86.0		92.3			89.5					85.5	94.4	80.8			6	528.5	Q	528.5
4	Andrew Horsfall	M45		84.1	90.3	84.6			86.6	81.4	84.9	90.3					86.6	74.4			9	763.2	Q	523.3
5	Dave Collins	M50	85.6			85.1	78.4	86.6	84.7	80.4	84.2	86.9			83.3	75.3	89.3				11	919.8	Q	518.2
6	Clive Greatorex	M45	78.7						77.6	75.2		76.2			69.7	74.1			85.8		7	537.3	Q	467.6
7	Phil Hodgson	M50				74.8				72.0	77.2				76.6	75.6	71.0	69.3			7	516.5	Q	447.2
8	Kath Brierley	F45				75.5		74.8		67.7	72.1					68.0	75.4	62.1			7	495.6	Q	433.5
9	Jane Leonard	F50		65.5	73.8	72.7			62.8	61.7	66.5	67.8				73.3		66.6	76.6		10	687.3	Q	430.8
10	Richard Leonard	M50		68.3		66.8				62.2	68.1				68.4	66.5		58.7	77.8		8	536.8	Q	415.9
11	Richard Blakeley	M65				66.9		70.0		56.9	61.3	65.0							74.3		6	394.4	Q	394.4
12	Louise Abdy	F45			64.0	62.5					59.7	61.5				58.0	61.1				6	366.8	Q	366.8
13	Peter Ehrhardt	M60	58.1				52.3	62.3	61.9	53.3									66.6		6	354.5	Q	354.5
14	Andrew Wrench	M40			99.5				93.9	87.1	92.2	96.1									5	468.8	X	468.8
15	Steve Branwood	M50	82.1	79.5					80.7	78.3	83.5										5	404.1	X	404.1
16	Paul Brannigan	M45	87.5		73.6			78.7				74.1					84.7				5	398.6	X	398.6
17	Ben Crowther	M		82.7					82.4			85.5				66.5	68.8				5	385.9	X	385.9
18	Mel Blackhurst	F40				67.0		69.1							66.7		67.3		81.2		5	351.3	X	351.3
19	Nick Barber	M			95.3	92.0					70.8					84.4					4	342.5	X	342.5
20	Paul Hobbs	M	86.6						82.8			86.0					83.7				4	339.1	X	339.1
21	Sarah May	F			86.3			82.4			78.4						80.4				4	327.5	X	327.5
22	Mick Craven	M50									72.7	73.2					71.7		83.3		4	300.9	X	300.9
23	Barry Chapman	M60			60.3	55.3		61.0		54.3	57.0										5	287.9	X	287.9
24	James Riley	M		74.1		72.7	68.2								70.9						4	285.9	X	285.9
25	Sarah Wharburton	F35						74.3		68.1	67.8					69.9					4	280.1	X	280.1
26	Dave O'Neill	M50		52.5	55.9	52.0					48.4	60.3									5	269.1	X	269.1
27	Elise Milnes	F50						66.3							57.4		64.6		63.2		4	251.5	X	251.5
28	Sue Roberts	F45			62.0	57.7					61.4								69.3		4	250.4	X	250.4
29	Martin Roberts	M50			87.0	77.4					75.2										3	239.6	X	239.6
30	Chris Preston	F45								63.7		68.4			76.4						3	208.5	X	208.5
31	Kevin Booth	M40		77.3												65.8		62.7			3	205.8	X	205.8
32	Peter Clarke	M55				73.0	65.1			65.6											3	203.7	X	203.7
33	John Preston	M45								58.1	67.8	67.2									3	193.1	X	193.1
34	Moyra Parfitt	F65				60.9		62.1											63.2		3	186.2	X	186.2
35	Darren Tweed	M			84.1														91.3		2	175.4	X	175.4
36	Martin Stork	M			80.4			82.1													2	162.5	X	162.5
37	Oz Kershaw	M50														78.3	81.7				2	160.0	X	160.0
38	Rachel Skinner	F35						74.2			72.6										2	146.8	X	146.8
39	Claire Duffield	F35				70.6		75.4													2	146.0	X	146.0
40	Richard Butterwick	M	68.6						72.5												2	141.1	X	141.1
41	Lee McCluskey	M50				62.2		73.6													2	135.8	X	135.8
42	Richard O'Sullivan	M45										65.5			66.5						2	132.0	X	132.0
43	Johnny Medcalf	M50								58.1		67.2									2	125.3	X	125.3
44	Fiona Armer	F40						62.9				60.5									2	123.4	X	123.4
45	Helen Hodgkinson	F35							60.1						57.4						2	117.5	X	117.5
46	Dave Wilson	M50									62.6					52.8					2	115.4	X	115.4
47	Mel Robertson	F45			58.3			56.0													2	114.3	X	114.3
48	Mandy Goth	F45								53.0	58.3										2	111.3	X	111.3
49	Sean Carey	U18		90.7																	1	90.7	X	90.7
50	Peter Bowles	M																	90.5		1	90.5	X	90.5
51	Marcel Ellison	M																	82.2		1	82.2	X	82.2
52	Jeff Walker	M40									79.6										1	79.6	X	79.6
53	Ian Stansfield	M65		40.5				38.6													2	79.1	X	79.1
54	Shaun Picard	M45								78.1											1	78.1	X	78.1
55	David Baldaro	M							76.6												1	76.6	X	76.6
56	Roger Howarth	M40									75.8										1	75.8	X	75.8
57	Neil Hodgkinson	M40			75.0																1	75.0	X	75.0
58	Paul Carruthers	M50																	72.8		1	72.8	X	72.8
59	Emma Osenton	F						72.0													1	72.0	X	72.0
60	Keith Parkinson	M55		70.8																	1	70.8	X	70.8
61	Andrew Bibby	M55															70.8				1	70.8	X	70.8
62	Peter Jackson	M60		68.0																	1	68.0	X	68.0
63	Andy McFie	M40																67.7			1	67.7	X	67.7
64	Maria Prescott	F45						62.7													1	62.7	X	62.7
65	Isobel Pollard	F						62.1													1	62.1	X	62.1
66	Graham Milnes	M50						61.3													1	61.3	X	61.3
67	Stuart Boulton	M50										55.8									1	55.8	X	55.8
68	Patsey Reilly	F40										55.8									1	55.8	X	55.8
69	Paula Haworth	F35									48.9										1	48.9	X	48.9

2010 ROAD TABLE 13 RACES

				Huddersfield 10k	Salford 10k	Cliviger 6	Cowm 4.2	Wesham 10k	Lytham 10	Bluebell trail	Otley 10	Eccup 10	Burnlet fire Stn 7	Liversedge 1/2	Hendon Brook 1/2	Belper 30k trail	Langdale 1/2	Holmfirth 15	Completed Races	total points	Qualified?	qualifying TOTAL
	attendance			17	11	17	16	0	10	13	6	9	12	11	7	4	1	0	134			
	average points			67.0	72.3	74.7	74.1	#DIV/0!	67.1	71.3	66.0	68.0	72.7	71.3	70.9	73.8	73.7	#DIV/0!	#DIV/0!			
1	Martin Stork	M		81.9	77.0	86.3	88.7		82.8	84.3		81.0		81.1					8	663.1	Q	505.1
2	Darren Tweed	M			73.7	83.7	85.9			82.8			85.3		83.8				6	495.2	Q	495.2
3	Mark Anderton	M45			76.8	83.9	83.4			84.4				83.1		73.4			6	485.0	Q	485.0
4	Richard Butterwick	M		81.8	75.6	77.0	79.1		82.7				80.9	77.9					7	555.0	Q	479.4
5	Mel Blackhurst	F40			67.5				74.0		72.1		72.3	73.4	75.6		73.7		7	508.6	Q	436.5
6	Nigel Hanson	M50		62.5			66.5		65.7	58.5	66.3		96.6		62.7				7	478.8	Q	420.3
7	Elise Milnes	F45		69.5		68.6			66.2	67.6					67.8	67.0			6	406.7	Q	406.7
8	Melanie Robertson	F45		60.5	55.7	66.7	67.0		64.9	60.8		63.1	69.5	59.9					9	568.1	Q	391.1
9	Myra Wells	F50		53.0	51.1	55.5	55.7		55.2				59.5	51.7					7	381.7	Q	330.6
10	Ian Stansfield	M65				51.2	48.8				48.2	48.3	51.7		47.4				6	295.6	Q	295.6
11	Paul Brannigan	M45		86.5		90.1	88.8				77.2	82.5							5	425.1	X	425.1
12	Nick Barber	M				94.9	96.6					90.8				96.2			4	378.5	X	378.5
13	Peter Ehrhardt	M60		65.8		66.6	63.8		65.8	66.4		63.3							6	391.7	X	328.4
14	Graham Milnes	M50		55.9		60.4			55.9	61.9			62.8						5	296.9	X	296.9
15	Jon Wright	M40			89.2	95.6	99.3												3	284.1	X	284.1
16	Kevin Booth	M40				83.8				76.7					83.4				3	243.9	X	243.9
17	Dave O'Neill	M50		57.9		60.7	61.8												3	180.4	X	180.4
18	David Baldaro	M40		80.9										81.0					2	161.9	X	161.9
19	Richard Blakeley	M65					75.2						75.0						2	150.2	X	150.2
20	Maria Prescott	F45				73.8							75.0						2	148.8	X	148.8
21	Richard O'Sullivan	M45		73.2										74.8					2	148.0	X	148.0
22	Phil Cook	M40				71.9				72.4									2	144.3	X	144.3
23	Lucy Hobbs	F40		70.6								68.8							2	139.4	X	139.4
24	Mel Siddall	F45			64.4						70.0								2	134.4	X	134.4
25	Bev Wright	F40		65.2										65.7					2	130.9	X	130.9
26	Moyra Parfitt	F65									62.2		64.6						2	126.8	X	126.8
27	Barry Chapman	M60		55.3					57.4										2	112.7	X	112.7
28	Andrew Wrench	M40			88.0														1	88.0	X	88.0
29	Paul Hobbs	M								87.2									1	87.2	X	87.2
30	James Riley	M					82.9												1	82.9	X	82.9
31	Mick Craven	M50											79.2						1	79.2	X	79.2
32	Sarah May	F			76.1														1	76.1	X	76.1
33	Keith Parkinson	M55													75.9				1	75.9	X	75.9
34	Karen Gray	F45												74.7					1	74.7	X	74.7
35	Paul Cruthers	M50								72.0									1	72.0	X	72.0
36	Bohuslav Barlow	M60										67.4							1	67.4	X	67.4
37	Wayne Morrison	M40												61.1					1	61.1	X	61.1
38	Rachel Henthorne	F40		59.8															1	59.8	X	59.8
39	Julie Wyant	FV40														58.5			1	58.5	X	58.5
40	David Henthorne	M50		58.3															1	58.3	X	58.3
41	Katy Moore	F35								51.9									1	51.9	X	51.9
42	Rachel Allen	F40										46.9							1	46.9	X	46.9
43	John Newby	M75					42.0												1	42.0	X	42.0

2010 GRAND PRIX TABLE - 28 races

			No of races	Ikley Moor	Pendle	Mearley Clough	Sedburgh	Burnsall	Shelf Moor	Half Tour Pendle	Coledale	Coniston	Withens Skyline	Reservoir Bogs	Bronte Way	Trog	Ennerdale	Holme Moss	Borrowdale	Good Shepherd	Roaches		Huddersfield 10k	Salford 10k	Cliviger 6	Cowm 4.2	Wesham 10k	Lytham 10	Bluebell trail	Otley 10	Eccup 10	Burnlet fire Stn 7	Liversedge 1/2	Hendon Brook 1/2	Belper 30k trail	Langdale 1/2	Holmfirth 15	completed races	total points	avg per race	Fell Races	avg per fell race	Road Races	avg per road race	Best Combination	QUALIFIED?	GP SCORE		
1	Jon Wright	M40	9				97.7			99.7		100.3		102.9			100.2		95.0					91.8	98.4	102.2												9	888.2	98.7	6	99.3	3	97.5	5F-3R	Q	793.2		
2	Paul Brannigan	M45	10	94.4		79.4			85.7					80.7				92.2					92.4		96.9	95.5					83.0	88.8							10	889.0	88.9	5	86.5	5	91.3	3F-5R	Q	728.9	
3	Nick Barber	M	8			95.3	92.0					70.8					84.4							94.9	96.6						90.8				96.2				8	721.0	90.1	4	85.6	4	94.6	4F-4R	Q	721.0	
4	Mel Blackhurst	F40	12				82.5		85.1							81.1		82.9		100.0				81.4					87.7			87.9	88.4	92.0		89.7				12	1047.9	87.3	5	86.3	7	88.0	3F-5R	Q	715.2
5	Elise Milnes	F50	10						87.1							75.3		84.8		83.0			88.9		87.7									86.7	85.7					10	850.4	85.0	4	82.6	6	86.7	3F-5R	Q	690.4
6	Peter Ehrhardt	M60	12	76.6				69.9	83.3	82.7	71.3									89.0			81.9		83.8	80.3		82.9	83.5		79.7								12	964.9	80.4	6	78.8	6	82.0	3F-5R	Q	667.4	
7	Dave O'Neill	M50	8		60.9	64.8	60.3					56.1		69.9									65.3		68.4	69.7													8	515.4	64.4	5	62.4	3	67.8	5F-3R	Q	515.4	
8	Richard Blakeley	M65	8				93.0		97.3		79.1	85.2		90.4						103.3						97.7						97.5							8	743.5	92.9	6	91.4	2	97.6	-	X	664.4	
9	Darren Tweed	M	8			84.1														91.3				73.7	83.7	85.9						85.3		83.8					8	670.6	83.8	2	87.7	6	82.5	-	X	596.9	
10	Andrew Wrench	M40	6			106.3				100.3	93.1	98.5		102.7										93.2															6	594.1	99.0	5	100.2	1	93.2	-	X	594.1	
11	Martin Stork	M	10			80.4			82.1														81.9	77.0	86.3	88.7		82.8	84.3		81.0		81.1						10	825.6	82.6	2	81.3	8	82.9	-	X	586.5	
12	Melanie Robertson	F45	11			74.6			72.6														75.9	69.9	84.5	84.8		81.4	76.3		79.9	88.0	75.2						11	863.1	78.5	2	73.6	9	79.5	-	X	565.8	
13	Richard Butterwick	M	9	68.6						72.5													81.8	75.6	79.2	81.5		82.7				83.2	77.9							9	703.0	78.1	2	70.6	7	80.3	-	X	549.5
14	Barry Chapman	M60	7			80.6	73.8		82.6		72.6	76.1											69.6						72.2										7	527.5	75.4	5	77.1	2	70.9	-	X	527.5	
15	Dave Collins	M50	11	101.4			100.8	92.8	102.5	100.4	95.3	99.8		102.8		98.7	89.2	105.8																					11	1089.5	99.0	11	99.0	0	####	-	X	513.3	
16	Moyra Parfitt	F65	5				101.0		103.0											104.8										95.2		98.9							5	502.9	100.6	3	102.9	2	97.1	-	X	502.9	
17	Lauren Jeska	F35	6		96.1		97.6		102.0			100.6					92.1	103.1																					6	591.5	98.6	6	98.6	0	####	-	X	499.4	
18	Jane Leonard	F50	10		88.3	99.6	98.1			84.7	83.2	89.8		91.6			98.9		89.9	103.4																			10	927.5	92.8	10	92.8	0	####	-	X	491.6	
19	Kevin Booth	M40	6		82.6												71.0		67.6					89.5				79.4						89.0					6	479.1	79.9	3	73.7	3	86.0	-	X	479.1	
20	Steve Branwood	M50	5	96.2	94.2					94.5	92.8	98.9																											5	476.6	95.3	5	95.3	0	####	-	X	476.6	
21	Andrew Horsfall	M45	9		90.8	97.4	91.3			93.5	87.8	91.6		97.5				93.2	81.1																				9	824.2	91.6	9	91.6	0	####	-	X	473.2	
22	Kath Brierley	F45	7				97.9		97.0		86.7	92.3					88.1	97.8	80.4																				7	640.2	91.5	7	91.5	0	####	-	X	473.1	
23	Alistar R-Dawson	M40	6				88.5		95.0			89.5					88.0	97.2	83.2																				6	541.4	90.2	6	90.2	0	####	-	X	458.2	
24	Mark Anderton	M45	6																				83.9	91.7	91.1			92.1				90.8		80.2						6	529.8	88.3	0	#####	6	88.3	-	X	449.6
25	Sarah May	F	5			95.5			91.2			86.8						88.9					84.2																5	446.6	89.3	4	90.6	1	84.2	-	X	446.6	
26	Phil Hodgson	M50	7				88.6				84.4	91.5				89.7	89.5	84.1	82.1																				7	609.9	87.1	7	87.1	0	####	-	X	443.7	
27	Mick Craven	M50	5									84.3		85.8				83.9		97.6												90.0							5	441.6	88.3	4	87.9	1	90.0	-	X	441.6	
28	Ian Stansfield	M65	8		56.3				54.4															66.5	64.2					62.7	62.8	68.0		61.7					8	496.6	62.1	2	55.4	6	64.3	-	X	434.9	
29	Clive Greatorex	M45	7	84.9						84.5	81.9			83.1		75.2	80.8			93.5																			7	583.9	83.4	7	83.4	0	####	-	X	427.9	
30	Paul Hobbs	M	5	86.6						82.8				86.0				83.7										87.2											5	426.3	85.3	4	84.8	1	87.2	-	X	426.3	
31	Graham Milnes	M50	6						73.4														64.1		69.3			64.0	70.9				72.6						6	414.3	69.1	1	73.4	5	68.2	-	X	414.3	
32	Richard Leonard	M50	8		78.3		76.6				71.3	78.1				78.4	76.2		67.4	90.2																			8	616.5	77.1	8	77.1	0	####	-	X	401.6	
33	Louise Abdy	F50	6			81.9	82.1					76.3		78.7			74.2	80.2																					6	473.4	78.9	6	78.9	0	####	-	X	399.2	
34	Ben Crowther	M	5		82.7					82.4				85.5			66.5	68.8																					5	385.9	77.2	5	77.2	0	####	-	X	385.9	
35	Nigel Hanson	M50	7																				71.1			75.7		74.8	66.5	75.4		79.1		71.3					7	513.9	73.4	0	#####	7	73.4	-	X	376.3	
36	James Riley	M	5		74.1		72.7	68.2								70.9										82.9													5	368.8	73.8	4	71.5	1	82.9	-	X	368.8	
37	Myra Wells	F50	7																				69.3	66.8	73.3	73.6		72.2					78.6	67.6						7	501.4	71.6	0	#####	7	71.6	-	X	367.0
38	Sue Roberts	F45	4			78.3	73.0					77.5								88.6																			4	317.4	79.4	4	79.4	0	####	-	X	317.4	
39	Sarah Warburton	F35	4						83.9		76.2	76.5					78.9																						4	315.5	78.9	4	78.9	0	####	-	X	315.5	
40	Richard O'Sullivan	M45	4											72.8		74.0							79.1											80.8					4	306.7	76.7	2	73.4	2	79.9	-	X	306.7	
41	Martin Roberts	M50	3			100.8	89.7					87.2																											3	277.7	92.6	3	92.6	0	####	-	X	277.7	
42	Chris Preston	F45	3								79.5			85.3		94.1																							3	258.9	86.3	3	86.3	0	####	-	X	258.9	
43	Maria Prescott	F45	3			</																																											

[illegible]

GRAND PRIX 2011 ESSENTIAL INFORMATION

THE BASICS

The 33 races are split into 12 road races, 15 fell races and 6 trail races to choose from. There are 5 championships:

- Fell (6 fell races of different lengths to qualify)
- Road (6 road races of different lengths to qualify)
- Trail (4 trail races of any length to qualify)
- Club Champion (3 fell races of different lengths plus 3 road races of different lengths)
- Grand Prix (8 of any races, but a minimum of 2 road, 2 fell and 1 trail). This is the only championship that is handicapped according to age and sex thus finding the best 'pound for pound' runner

Our statistician calculates your points by dividing your finishing time by the average of the first 3 finishing times and multiplying by 100.

A lot of races are pre-entry especially the English championship fell races and some road races. It is important to enter these races early as they do get over subscribed.

You must wear a club vest.

GRAND PRIX CHAMPIONSHIP

This championship encourages participation from club members and aims to find the best runner making an allowance for age and sex.

Points: Points are calculated by dividing your finishing time by the average of the first 3 finishing times and multiplying by 100. As this championship is handicapped once you reach veteran status your points are multiplied by a factor that is higher for women and increases with age. Some races are eligible for a 9% bonus (see Rules section).

Qualifying: 8 races from 33 will ensure you qualify, which must include a minimum of:

- 2 road races
- 2 fell races
- 1 trail race

Combinations such as 5 fell, 2 road, 1 trail or 2 road, 2 fell, 4 trail or 5 road, 1 trail, 2 fell are examples of how to qualify.

If you do more than 8 races then your best 8 scores are the ones that count (subject to meeting the minimum requirements above).

The club's software will work all of this out and the table is published regularly on www.todharriers.co.uk/grandprix.htm.

Top ten finishers get trophies and all qualifiers get certificates.

FELL CHAMPIONSHIP

This championship encourages participation from club members who enjoy fell running and aims to find our best fell runner. This championship incorporates the 6 English championship fell races plus 9 fell races selected by the fell race committee. There are 5 each of long, medium and short fell races.

Points: Points are calculated by dividing your finishing time by the average of the first 3 finishing times and multiplying by 100. There is no handicap applied for age/sex, but some races are eligible for a 9% bonus (see Rules section).

Qualifying: 6 fell races from 15 will ensure you qualify, which must include a minimum of:

- 1 long
- 1 medium
- 1 short

Combinations such as 1 short, 2 medium, 3 long or 2 short, 3 medium, 1 long are examples of how to qualify.

If you do more than 6 races then your best 6 scores are the ones that count (subject to meeting the minimum requirements above).

The club's software will work all of this out and the table is published regularly on www.todharriers.co.uk/grandprix.htm.

Trophies are awarded for all gender/age categories.

ROAD CHAMPIONSHIP

This championship encourages participation from club members who enjoy road running and aims to find our best road runner. This championship incorporates 12 road races selected by the road race committee. There are 4 each of long, medium and short road races.

Points: Points are calculated by dividing your finishing time by the average of the first 3 finishing times and multiplying by 100. There is no handicap applied for age/sex, but some races are eligible for a 9% bonus (see Rules section).

Qualifying: 6 road races from 12 will ensure you qualify, which must include a minimum of:

- 1 long
- 1 medium
- 1 short

Combinations such as 1 short, 2 medium, 3 long or 2 short, 3 medium, 1 long are examples of how to qualify.

If you do more than 6 races then your best 6 scores are the ones that count (subject to meeting the minimum requirements above).

The club's software will work all of this out and the table is published regularly on www.todharriers.co.uk/grandprix.htm.

Trophies are awarded for all gender/age categories.

CLUB CHAMPION

This championship encourages participation from club members who enjoy fell and road running at all distances and aims to find our best all-round runner. This championship incorporates the 12 road races and 15 fell races. It does not include races from the trail championships.

Points: Points are calculated by dividing your finishing time by the average of the first 3 finishing times and multiplying by 100. There is no handicap applied for age/sex, but some races are eligible for a 9% bonus (see Rules section).

Qualifying: You must do:

- 1 long fell race
- 1 medium fell race
- 1 short fell race
- 1 long road race
- 1 medium road race
- 1 short road race

Your best scores in each of the above categories are the ones that count. The club champion is the person attaining the highest total.

Trophies are awarded for all male and female club champions.

TRAIL CHAMPIONSHIP

This championship encourages participation from newer members and those who have not previously won a championship. You are eligible for this championship if you have **not** won a championship (grand prix, club, road, fell or trail). This championship incorporates 6 trail races that include local category B and C fell races and races advertised as trail races. Races are selected by the road and fell race committees. They will cover a range of distances.

Points: Points are calculated by dividing your finishing time by the average of the first 3 finishing times and multiplying by 100. There is no handicap applied for age/sex, but some races are eligible for a 9% bonus (see Rules section).

Qualifying: 4 trail races from 6 will ensure you qualify. They can be any distance.

If you do more than 4 races then your best 4 scores are the ones that count.

The club's software will work all of this out and the table is published regularly on www.todharriers.co.uk/grandprix.htm.

Trophies are awarded for male and female trail champions.

RULES

We're not really a "rules" club - but there are a few involved here...

You MUST compete in a club vest if you want to score championship points.

Distance categories for fell races: As per FRA guidelines, i.e. short (S) is under 6 miles; medium (M) is 6 miles and over but under 12; long (L) is over 12 miles.

Distance categories for road races: short (S) is up to and including 10K; medium (M) is over 10K and up to and including 10 miles; long (L) is over 10 miles.

Distance categories for trail races: there are no distance categories for trail races.

Championship status events: Any race which has championship status, e.g. a county championship or English championship carries a 9% points bonus to make up for the exceptionally high standard of performance.

THIS IS THE FORMAT THAT WE HOPE TO INTRODUCE, ANY COMMENTS PLEASE COME TO THE COMMITTEE MEETING OR CONTACT MANDY & DEREK.

AUTUMN WORKSHOPS FOR COACHES & ATHLETES



Workshop	What about, when and where ?	Cost
Introduction to Nutrition for Sport. 10 th November. Coaching Room, Spring Hall Track, Huddersfield Road, Halifax. 1900- 2015	Introduction to what to eat and when, aimed at athletes and coaches and will focus on sport in general and endurance in particular. This session will go beyond what is covered on level 2 courses and is delivered by Lauren Jeska from Todmorden Harriers who is the current English Ladies Champion and has just come 2 nd in the European mountain racing series.	£3
Introduction to Navigation for Fell Running. All day session. Jerusalem Farm , Luddenden Foot from 1000 -1600 on Sat 20 th November.	Practical session on navigation techniques delivered by James Logue (international fellrunner and orienteer) and James Williams (Orienteering Development Officer) of CVFR. Techniques will be learnt in the classroom and then practised in the woods around Jerusalem farm and then on Midgley Moor in the afternoon.	£5
Injury Prevention 15 th December. Coaching Room, Spring Hall Track, Huddersfield Road, Halifax. 1900- 2015	Practical session on what to look for in athletes and simple techniques to prevent injuries from happening. Delivered by Sports Therapists from Leeds Met including Phil Bolton who is a UKA L2 Coach at Rossendale Harriers.	£3

To book on any of these workshops, and for further details, please complete the form below and post with a cheque (if needed) payable to CADG to Graeme Woodward, Calderdale Athletics Network, 16 The Brook, Mytholmroyd, Hebden Bridge. HX7 5ED (graemewoodward@hotmail.com.)

.....
I wish to book on the workshop and include a cheque for
Name : DOB :
Contact details :

Upcoming Local Fell Races

We are so lucky to have so many fell races over the next few months so near, make the most of them!

More details to be found on www.fellrunner.org.uk

Race You to the Summit

Sat 23rd Oct 2010 at 11:30

- Distance: 4m
- Climb: 800ft
- Summit Inn, A6033 Todmorden Rd, Summit, nr Littleborough.

Withins Skyline

Sun 24th Oct 2010 at 11:30

- Distance: 7m
- Climb: 1000ft
- Penistone Hill Country Park, nr Haworth, Keighley.
- The first of the winter races from Penistone Hill, lots of heather, bogs and puddles – great fun.

Great Whernside

- Date & time: Sat 30th Oct 2010 at 11:30
- Distance: 4m
- Climb: 1555ft
- Venue: Kettlewell Campsite
- An up& down race which was fab as a night race in the first snow flurry of winter, and am sure will be even better when you can see where you are going

Bronte Way

- Date & time: Sun 31st Oct 2010 at 11:00
- Distance: 8m
- Climb: 1150ft
- Venue: Aisled Barn, Wycoller Country Park
- A fab little race and a good intro to fell racing – point to point, with transport to the start from Haworth included in the price, along with a bottle of TT Landlord & soup. Usually sunny too!

Cop Hill

- Date & time: Sun 7th Nov 2010 at 10:30
- Distance: 7m
- Climb: 900ft
- Venue: Meltham Community Centre, HD9 5QT

Tour of Pendle

- Date & time: Sat 13th Nov 2010 at 10:30
- Distance: 16.8m

- Climb: 4830ft
- Venue: Barley Village Hall.
- So good a hill is Pendle, that they make you go up it (and down) 6 times & save the best til last. Be prepared for all weathers in 1 day. Great cakes after too.

Roaches - club champs race

- Date & time: Sun 14th Nov 2010 at 10:30
- Distance: 15m
- Climb: 3700ft
- Venue: Village Hall, Meerbrook, Leek.
- A runnable out and back, varied terrain – great fun and fast!

Harriers v Cyclists

- Date & time: Sat 20th Nov 2010 at 14:00
- Distance: 6m
- Climb: 650ft
- Venue: Fisherman Inn, Wagon Lane, Bingley.
- The great and the famous turn out for this Bingley organized event, apparently great fun & lots of mud!

Rivock Edge

- Date & time: Sun 21st Nov 2010 at 11:15
- Distance: 6.3m
- Climb: 835ft
- Venue: Bridge pub, Keighley Rd, Silsden.
- More cross country than a fell race, with lotsof fast running on the canal

David Staff Memorial

- Date & time: Sun 28th Nov 2010 at 11:30
- Distance: 5.1m
- Climb: 1200ft
- Venue: Bandstand, Sunnyhurst Woods, Darwen.

Bolton by Bowland

- Date & time: Sun 5th Dec 2010 at 11:30
- Country: England
- Category: CM
- Distance: 8m
- Climb: 800ft

- Venue: Village Hall, Bolton by Bowland, nr Clitheroe, Lancs.
- Fast ankle deep in mud cross country type race, unless it's rained & then the mud's even deeper

Gravy Pud 5

- Date & time: Sun 5th Dec 2010 at 11:00
- Distance: 5m
- Climb: 1000ft
- Venue: Bulls Head, Tintwistle.

Calderdale Way Relay

- Date & time: Sun 12th Dec 2010 at 08:00
- Distance: 50m
- Climb: 12000ft
- Venue: To be confirmed.
- Sure you all know about this one!

The Stoop

- Date & time: Sun 19th Dec 2010 at 11:30
- Distance: 5m
- Climb: 800ft
- Venue: Penistone Hill Country Park, nr Haworth, Keighley.
- Another well attended race from Haworth, junior races too

Whinberry Naze

- Date & time: Sun 26th Dec 2010 at 11:30
- Country: England
- Category: BS
- Distance: 4m
- Climb: 750ft
- Venue: Marl Pits Sports Centre, Rawtenstall.

Auld Lang Syne

- Date & time: Fri 31st Dec 2010 at 11:30
- Distance: 6m
- Climb: 900ft
- Venue: Penistone Hill Country Park, nr Haworth, Keighley.
- Finish the year off with another trip over to Haworth & then cram inside the pub for the rest of the day. As much a social gathering as it is a race.

A NOVICE'S GUIDE TO MONT VENTOUX by Helen Hodgkinson

I had never heard of Mont Ventoux until last year. Neil had got a new road bike and we decided to head down to Provence in the summer and support his Dad, Brian, in achieving a long-held ambition to complete the celebrated Tour de France climb from Bedoin.

Mont Ventoux, the 'Giant of Provence' rises to 1909m from the rolling plains of the Vaucluse. Its white summit can be viewed from 65 miles distant on a clear day. Snow blankets the summit through to April and the top still appears snow-capped in high summer because of the limestone bleached white by the sun above the treeline. I am very new to road cycling, not so much drawn to it as resigned to it because of injury, but seeing the summit observatory shimmering in the July heat, I felt that excitement I usually associate with climbing a great route or skiing a run that's a bit beyond my ability.

We stayed at a villa in Malaucène, a bustling village at the foot of the west ridge of Ventoux. As well as having an excellent market and plenty of good restaurants, the place is also a mecca for cyclists, and after a couple of warm-up rides it was easy to see why. Quiet roads weave through beautiful scenery: endless vineyards, limestone valleys and ancient villages with shaded squares. It was a world away from fighting my way over Widdop Road in driving rain. I was converted.

Neil and Brian's route took them from Malaucène to Bedoin, for the start of the 13 mile climb to the top of Mont Ventoux. At first the gradient is fairly steady but as the road enters the forest, it becomes relentless, averaging 1 in 8, the main distraction being the names of world-renowned cyclists painted on the road, Ullrich, Pantani and Schleck were a few I recognised as I drove the support car.

Mont Ventoux has its own ecology, wild boar roam its forests and the rare Tengmalm's owl, a native of Finland is also resident. Sixty rare plant species are found on the summit although I don't think this fact was uppermost in Neil's mind when we caught up with them at Chalet Reynard mid-morning. This is the point where the forest gives way to the lunar landscape of bare scree slopes in the full glare of the sun, an unforgiving place when legs are beginning to tire. Neil and Brian had been riding for about 3 hours and still looked fairly strong but as

we stopped further up to take photos, they weren't smiling quite as readily. I think it was with some relief that we stopped at the Tom Simpson memorial.



Tom Simpson was, without doubt, the greatest cyclist Britain has ever produced. He was an Olympic medallist, world champion and the first Briton to wear the coveted yellow jersey of the Tour de France. He died from exhaustion and dehydration, aged 29, at the spot marked by the memorial during the 1967 Tour, one mile from the finish, fuelled by amphetamines and brandy. I knew little about Tom Simpson before the trip to Ventoux, but as I stood looking at the tributes, souvenirs and the plaques from his family, it was evident that a true sporting legend had lost his life here who was a hero to a great many people. Surrounding the granite monument were drinks bottles, buffs, energy bars, and stones painted with messages of condolence. It felt as if his death had happened only last week, not 43 years ago. It was incredibly moving.

Onwards then to the summit, where a white line across the road marks the finish and the riders can finally stop pedalling! If you are ever in need of inspiration, then go and stand on that finish line. You will see all types of people of all ages: super-fit cyclists with the latest gear, tanned twinkly-eyed old men in cycling caps with bandy legs (I suspected none were English), overweight men in too-tight lycra pushing their bikes around the final corner (some of them were definitely English) and even the occasional runner (very thin and always with poles). Many were greeted by family or friends, each celebrating their own personal victory and enjoying their moment of sporting greatness. It was quite special to see Neil cross that line with his dad and stand on the summit marker. Far below, the lavender fields and rolling hills receded in a misty haze. It seemed a very long way down indeed.



Neil and I rode up Ventoux two days later, this time up the Malaucène route, which takes the western slopes and is slightly longer. The day could not have been more different, cool and cloudy with a slight breeze. As we climbed higher the wind started to pick up. I decided the best way to approach it was not to think about the whole climb, but just to focus on the section I could see ahead of me: the next hairpin or mile marker.

Approaching the summit, it was difficult to stay on the bike, the wind was so strong and we didn't hang around for long once we reached the observatory. The summit was shrouded in cloud and ill-prepared cyclists were huddled in corners for shelter. What a contrast to our previous visit, and a reminder of the extreme variations of weather the mountain can produce.

The descent was amazing, 13 miles of the smoothest road surface imaginable, no traffic, no junctions and no need to turn the pedals once! I went so fast I scared myself. The scree and the forest went by in a blur, accompanied by the chirrup of cicadas and the scent of juniper and wild thyme. It had taken over two and a half hours to slog up the mountain and we were back down at the bike shop in Bedoin within 20 minutes, the adrenaline still pumping and legs a little wobbly with the thrill of it all.

We will definitely be returning to Provence for another cycling and climbing trip when our boys are old enough to ride by themselves. For now though, it's back to the Widdop loop...



LOCAL ROAD RACES TILL THE END OF THE YEAR

Sunday 31st October

Holmfirth 15-one of our final grand prix races.9.30am
It has featured in the Grand prix several years-undulating with two laps
taking in the famous Compo's cafe!It can be a lonely race but with
good finishing mementoes like hats and towels!

Up and Running Guy Fawkes 10 10.30am
1000 entry.Closing date 15/10 so you need to sign up fast!!

Accrington 10k
10am-fronted by Andy O'Sullivan.Register Accrington Cricket Club.
Starts on main road.Rural 10k with the climb in the second half!!
£7 to enter,£8.50 on the day.

Sunday 7th November

Through the Villages,Wheelton 10.30am. 8.45 miles.
Old favourite-hilly and scenic but very disorganised!
£7 to enter with £2 extra on the day.

Lancaster Half Marathon.11am
Join Lauren and run this for £10.No entry on the day.

Christine Navan Reservoir Race 11.30am.
Another chance to race round the reservoir

£4 with £1 extra on the day.

Sunday 21st November

Preston 10 10am
Flat 2 lap course-great for a P.B
but expensive at £8 and extra on the day.

Sunday 27th November

Wesham 10k-last Grand prix race. 11am
It has chip timing and very popular so enter now!!

Sunday 5th December

Guys 10 10.30am
Start-Bilsborrow near Preston
£7 to enter,£1 extra on the day.

Sunday 12th December(clashing with the Calderdale relays)

Stockport 10

Travellers 6 from Denby Dale Pie Hall(real place,honest!!) 10.30am
cheap at £3.50!!

Sunday 26th December

Leyland 10k 11am
scenic.Enter before 18/12.No EOD.

For more details use uk results.net.

JOHN MCDONOUGH 1928 – 2010

John McDonough was one of the founder members of the harriers in the 80's.

He also established the Hot Toddy which in its inaugural year had 600+ plus runners.

He was for many years Club President but after moving away to Lytham St Annes disappeared off the scene but remained a member until his recent death.



John was a driving instructor in Todmorden and could best be described as a colourful character who enjoyed life to the full.

“John Mac was one of the founder members of the Tod Harriers and a keen member of the Northern Vets, a great character and a great friend to all who knew him. “ John Newby

Todmorden Harriers
at the Pram Race
from L to R John
Newby, Brian
Hargreaves, John
McDonough, Mick
Thomas and Harry
Clayton

BRIAN HARGREAVES 1932-2010

Members will be sad to hear news of the death of Brian Hargreaves, aged 78, after a short illness. He had recently recovered from two bouts of pneumonia. Brian joined Todmorden Harriers in the 1980's alongside his good friends, Harry Clayton and John Newby. Over the next 20 years Brian won lots of Veterans' prizes representing the local Harriers and the Northern Veterans Association. In 1988 he met up with Pat Collier, whose race performances greatly benefited from the association. Roadrunning became Brian's speciality, ranging from 10 km. to half marathons. He competed in the World Veterans Championships in Bruges as well as half marathons in Benidorm and Majorca, the latter event completed in one and a half hours, just in front of Ron Hill. Brian captured another "scalp" in the World Fell Running Championships at Keswick in the early 1990's, defeating Olympian Chris Brasher. Brian and John competed in numerous Mountain Marathons, often winning their age categories.

Away from running Brian was a real grafter and very successful businessman. His early working life was spent at the coalface at several pits in the Burnley/ Deerpit area. This experience gave him the mental and physical toughness displayed in his work and road races. Over the next 40 years Brian opened shops and market stalls selling chickens and cooked meats in Todmorden, Bacup and Rawtenstall. He became one of the best known characters in Todmorden, being known as "Chicken Brian" by local shoppers, who enjoyed his regular banter on Todmorden market.

Most members will remember Brian for his buffets, supplied at Christmas prize presentation evenings. His catering produced good wholesome food.

At one time he owned five businesses, including " Brian's Cafe" in Hebden Bridge. He invested in houses which he renovated and helped to build new houses from scratch.

In the months before his death Brian spent many hours building a rockery garden at his house near Todmorden station. His lifelong interest in rocks, fossils, shrubs and plants can be seen in the finished article - a beautiful well-arranged garden.

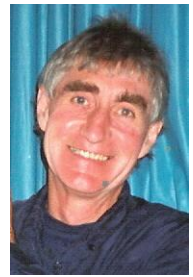
Brian leaves two sons and five daughters. Another daughter died in early childhood.

On Tuesday, October 5th 2010, the Reverend Glenn Cannon gave a moving tribute, outlining Brian's varied life. The choice of hymns - "All things bright and beautiful" and "Morning has broken" was most appropriate, the singing at the Unitarian Church being accompanied by a brass band. Many friends, relatives, market customers and team-mates from Todmorden and the Northern Veterans paid their respects.

The Service of Thanksgiving included the poem "If I should go".....by Joyce Grenfell

Break not a flower nor inscribe a stone
Nor when I'm gone speak in a Sunday voice
But be the usual selves that I have known.
Weep if you must, Parting is hell
But life goes on, So sing as well.

Jim Smith



Brian and I entered a local solo orienteering event 'The Capricorn' entering and running separately on the first day and pairing up on the second. From that day we become a team. Our first mountain marathon was in March 1987 'The Rock and Run, which was held in Great Langdale. To demonstrate just how green we were, I entered us in the 'A' class. There was frozen snow on the north facing summits. The first climb, a fairly steep stretch, from the start up to Crinkle Crag culminates in a very steep, 100 foot or so snow face. At this point there were several teams sliding back down towards us at a great rate of knots, ending up in an undignified heap at our feet. Having had a similar experience in Glencoe in the Scottish Highlands with Alan Ainsworth on Bidean Nam Bian in thick mist, Alan had a quick look at his map then suddenly shot off down the snow face and out of sight with his faithful cross Pyrenean mountain dog Robbie in close pursuit. This was a shit or bust (old nautical term) situation for me, Alan had demonstrated to me on a previous occasion, how to dig in and use the long handled ice axe. To say I was frightened would be an understatement 'I was terrified' but after what seemed like half an hour but was in fact only 10 minutes my heart rate had dropped and I began to enjoy it. Slowly dropping out of the mist, a very large crag appeared below us, at this point we veered to the left and dropped off the snow line onto scree, Sorry about that little diversion folks...! To get back to Brian..! We were a few steps up this short snow face, I could sense that Brian was ready to join the others on the downward slide, so I got behind him and encouraged him to proceed upwards, that way we got to the top. At this point we were hit by strong winds and blinding snow. A few yards ahead was our first check point, we clicked in and carried on west along the crags. After a while the wind and mist disappeared and the sun came out. We carried and bagged our next four check points, The forth being on Hay



stacks, which was Wainwright's favourite Lakeland Fell. We could see clearly where we wanted to go, which was 2 thirds of the way up Pillar. We set off down towards Black Sail Pass, turning right onto Pillar, after approx half a mile we met the marshals coming back down, we were effectively cut off (timed out) We walked down to Wasdale with the marshals and camped on the riverside a few yards from the Wasdale Head Hotel. We cooked a meal and had a good nights sleep. The following morning we set off back to Langdale, tired but happy. We were hooked..! On looking at our map the following day, we spotted a bridge over the Ennerdale river, which would have led us in very reasonable time to our check point, had we known of its existence. After this first experience, we discussed having lessons on mountain navigation. I think you can say, we never took it seriously enough in the early days but it was fun.

Todmorden Harriers president, The right honourable James Smith esquire, describes our over all map reading skills as navigational inexactitudes, in other words (crap)

Following our first infantile attempt above, we proceeded to complete a further 24 Mountain Marathons, Karrimor, (Kimm), Saunders, Low Alpine Mountain Marathon. (LAMM)

Brian and I went on to win our age group in some of these awesome events. Our best ever win was The LAMM on the Isle Of Jura in the 1997 'D' class. Having done the fell race plus a few walks and training runs on Jura in previous years proved to be a great advantage to us.

Brian was a good man and a good friend. He loved animals, insects, trees, flowers gardens and fossils. On many occasions, I found myself chatting away only to turn around and find Brian, in the far distance with his head in the undergrowth inspecting something or other, totally oblivious to my ramblings. Then he would holler 'hey John come here' I would trudge the 200 yards or so back and discover he had happened upon some fossil or pebble...! He never carried a rucksack on these walks as he knew someone who did...! Some of these 'so called pebbles' that I found myself carrying back weighed three or four kilos. The evidence of which could be found strewn all over Brian's garden. I thought that someday we could build a cairn. Jim Smith's mention of the rockery garden however, was a far better idea.

Brian was laid to rest in his family grave at Waterfoot. After the family had left the graveside, I took the opportunity to have a few quiet moments where I scatter some soil on his coffin on behalf of all his friends in the Harriers who couldn't be there.

Rest well partner, see you later. Much later

Writing this, 11 days after the funeral brings back memories of a comment my Mother used to make to me and my sister, in moments of frustration 'you will be late for your own funeral..! I hope she was right...!

From John Newby

Toilet Seat 2010

This is probably the penultimate Toilet Seat page before Christmas and I'm sure you'll all agree that there are many more unreported mishaps yet to score points! The problem could be due to my inability to retain your wonderful stories, usually recounted on Wednesday nights, and after one or two pints! Note for diary: must carry diary and pen at all times. As I have at last managed to master the Forum, perhaps a Toilet Seat notebook could be placed on it – er, just in case I forget my diary...

Yours, Uncle Barry

Making a spectacle of

herself: Having previously left two pairs of sunglasses in the pub and lost one pair in a car park, Myra wants to know if losing specs, buying new ones then finding old ones in a drawer the day after ...qualifies for toilet seat points? Yes, she can claim 5 points for thinking she'd lost her specs and a further 5 for not learning from past mistakes. *Uncle Barry*

Derek losing touch? Could be: he went to the committee meeting at The Queen, sat there with his pint, then realised the venue must have been changed. Worse: he had turned down a lift from Mandy and gone on his bike. Derek finished his pint, sneaked out of pub (having previously asked a member of staff if they could use a dining table for a meeting), and got soaked cycling back home. Bearing in mind that Derek is Secretary and generally arranges the meetings, this is a well deserved 5 points - *Barry*

Early bird Kath Brearley managed to set her clock forward an hour not once but twice the night before a 100-mile cycle event. Poor Emma had a rude awakening at 6.15am by Kath – who couldn't understand why no one else was up! 5 points Kath

Treat for churchgoers? Chris Preston took a Sunday morning shower outside their van at a weekend's camp in the Achille Ratti hut carpark. Pity she hadn't noticed the congregation streaming into the adjacent church... good job she'd kept her undies on though! Rumour has it that church attendances in Langdale have soared! 5 points.

Ouch. Jeff Walker awoke early in his new camper van at Coniston but then managed to pour boiling water over his bare feet instead of into his coffee cup. The poor man then had to run the Coniston fell race with toes resembling sausages, before setting off to Scotland for a week's walking holiday! 5 painful points Jeff.

Seen an optician lately? During their recent Alpine trip our three heroes, Barry, Richard & Jim, set off walking for the village of Alpe d'Huez. However, the trio managed to misread the marker signs (this one had a clearly marked cross on it) and ended up spending an extra 3 hours stumbling around in "Dicky's Meadow" before eventually getting back on track. So that's 5 points each, plus an extra 5 to Richard for making the first wrong move directly up a rock face, then stating that he wouldn't be able to retrace his steps!

Yet more lost keys: Following a trip to Glossop for the Shelf Moor race, Hazel (I never lose keys) Chapman spent two days frantically searching her bag, the caravan, the car, her bag, the caravan....before finally contacting Glossop police, who very kindly sent them back to her in the post. 5 points.

League Table

Nick Barber	40
Roger Haworth	20
Richard Butterwick	15
Mel Siddall	15
Richard Blakely	10
Myra Wells	10
Rantin' Ray	5
Derek Donohue	5
Kath Brearley	5
Barry Chapman	5
Jim Smith	5
Hazel Chapman	5
Jeff Walker	5
Colin Duffield	5

Champion's Tales

The English Championships 2010, through the eyes of Lauren Jeska

It's difficult deciding where to start ~ it could be with my training, especially from November onwards, which makes an epic story in itself, or with the ups and (predominantly) downs of last year, or the year before. In January my racing calendar is already planned, down to the dotted *i*'s, the crossed *t*'s, and obviously highlighted in lots of colours! But here I'm going to stick to the races themselves, moment-by-moment, as they unfolded. As always this is a story about the people, and once introduced my main competitors will be referred to by first name only. Anyone else referred to without a second name is either a Todmorden Harriers member, or clear from the context. Sarah refers to Sarah Warburton unless specified, and Tamara is Wharfedale's Tamara Hird.

Noonstone

Here we go! The first race is here, and I'm about to find out where I stand. In four months, the only breaks to my training programme have been a couple of relay events, and Nine Standards in a blizzard on New Year's Day. Not many people seem to have spotted the significance of that result, and it's only other Todmorden Harriers who have any great expectations of me. Today's race is really too early in the season ~ I've only just started training twice a day in mid-February, and while I know it's making a big difference, I need a few more weeks training to reach top form ~ however, I need to test the waters, and confirm my feeling from Nine Standards that I'm in contention for a medal this year.

On this occasion, the pre-race nerves kick in 24 hours ahead, and coffee gives me a sore throat even the day before, on Friday. At least the race is close to home, not that it's my kind of terrain ~ it isn't, and in training I go out of my way to find harder ground than these moors! It doesn't take long to get to the start, and soon I'm sitting in the pub, Sarah watching as my fingers tremble in anticipation. Rick (Stuart)'s are trembling too, so at least it's not just me! I'm only slightly sick before the race, and eventually we're lining up on the road. After an age, we get to start, and it's all action. Working hard up the first climb, I find myself near Helen Fines at the top, having hardly seen any other women ahead or behind.

Near Helen is pretty good compared to where I was last year! She's fast on the first descent, but I don't panic, saving my legs for later, and I'm sure I'll come back to her on the climb to Stoodley Pike. We reach the monument neck & neck, and match each other on the long fast descent that follows, even a slip on the wooden bridge not being enough to take me down ~ I'm thankful for my fast reactions! On the downhill road section I ease off, side-by-side with Helen as if we're running together in one of the relay events, although in reality I'm preparing for a relentless push across the rough moor section. Helen takes a few metres out of me on the steep down & up, but once we get going my pace increases and increases, and before long she's left behind. But her place is taken by two more athletes!

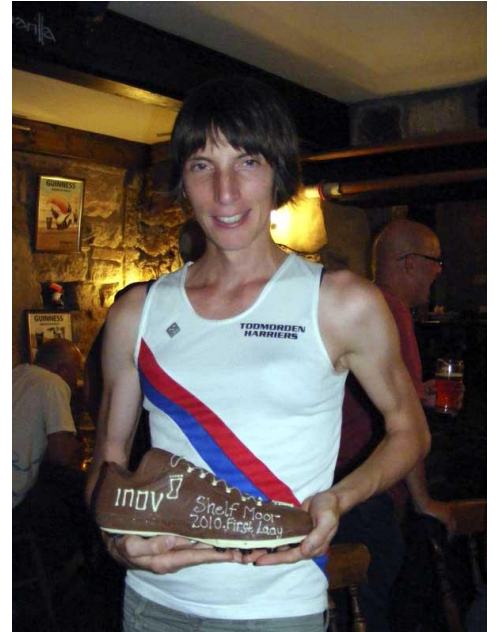
Jackie Lee and (I find out who she is later) Anna Lupton are now with me, having been just slightly behind. Try as I might, I can't shake them, although long legs and a bit of local foot-placement know-how help me keep a strong pace. The conditions are awful ~ Anna takes a wrong turn and has to drag herself out of a bog! I keep going, light footsteps across the patches of snow, picking out the least soggy ground, and still they're right behind me. Kath Brierley at Holder Stones is one of many marshals excited to see a home runner so high.

The short section by the storm drain actually is in my training repertoire, but it doesn't help ~ Anna and then Jackie edge slightly ahead as we angle towards the steep little down & up. They seem to be getting away from me, until the steep uphill bit that is, when a sudden burst of adrenaline brings me all the way back to Anna, surprising fellow Harrier Dave Collins as well. It's all lost again; however, as my legs, heavy with lactic acid, can't keep the pace as we continue the climb up to the Noonstone. Anna edges ahead once more, as do Jackie and Dave. There's just the steep downhill to the finish remaining, and I do my best to stay with them, managing quite well, but downhill training's been limited this winter with all the snow. The finish line in sight below, I suddenly find myself overtaking Christine Howard, and run in to claim 5th place. It turns out we all nearly caught Emma Clayton as well, Anna finishing just seconds behind her. But today Olivia Walwyn was in a class of her own, the winner by four and a half minutes.

It's been an exciting day, certainly everyone knows who I am now, and by the next race I'll be in not far off half of all Fantasy Fellrunning teams! For the next few days I'm buzzing in training, running past the same spot over and over again, thinking every time Yes! I was here, in a race, with Jackie and Anna! Now that the race is out of the way, I keep up the training, more confident and determined than ever.

Coniston

Two months later and it's Coniston. Those extra weeks of perfect training have brought me close to the top, and I've had some good results, including a second place in the British Championships race in Northern Ireland. Expectations



on me are now high! As this is the second medium distance race, the result is very important both for my chances overall, and for all of us ~ if Olivia manages two wins at this distance she's looking very strong for the title. Mediums are probably my best distance, and it's unfortunate for me that they're both so early in the season. Coniston is always popular amongst Todmorden Harriers, and as well as runners, we have numerous supporters lining the course. Pre-race I have the usual conflict between catching up with friends, and finding somewhere quiet to focus on the race. I almost avoid being sick until a whiff of coffee sets me off; just like Noonstone, I don't lose much, and once it passes I can fill up on a bit of extra race drink. I'm a bit concerned about the race, having damaged a ligament the week before in training, but my form's not about to be destroyed by a few days rest.

We're on the start-line, and it looks like it's between Olivia, Emma, myself, and the new face to me this time around, Lizzie Adams. It's a fast start, and I don't see anyone else. This time I've learned to make sure I know who's in front of me, so I know it's the four of us. Olivia promptly pulls away up the steep hill, the other three of us changing places quite a few times all the way up. Emma follows Mike Robinson on a slightly different line to the right, rejoining about the same. Lizzie manages to pull away a little towards Wetherlam, but not by much. This race is like nothing I've ever experienced ~ even if I had training hills this high, to run at such a high intensity for 50 minutes would take days of recovery, and with all my attention on the race, I notice little else. Once we reach Wetherlam, Emma and myself have a short distance to regain back to Lizzie, and then we're with her for the climb to Swirl How. Someone tells us Olivia is three and a half minutes ahead. Three and a half minutes! Looks like the rest of us still have some work to do in training! The immediate concern is to be best-of-the-rest, and I'm pushing hard all the way to Swirl How, reaching the brow just steps ahead of Emma and Lizzie. I'm barely aware of some more Harriers shouting support.

All good so far ~ but not any further! Working that hard for that long has taken its toll, and I'm feeling a little dizzy. Emma makes a scintillating transition and shoots off the summit along the slight descent to Levers Hawse. My plan was similar, to push hard on the steady climb to Coniston Old Man, but instead I meander between the two sensible lines down to the col, no doubt looking a little confused, and once I'm there trip over a rock. Lizzie makes inroads into Emma's gains while I walk and limp for half a minute to shake my leg out. Is all lost? After a couple of minutes I regain my stride and push towards the top, but I'm still well behind. I've got good pace again on the descent, although contrary to my plan I get dragged down the gully under the quarry, and onto the tourist path for a while (I haven't even reccied the line I was planning so maybe this isn't so unfortunate!). The next bit I know well, and with Lizzie in my sights, I choose the little trod to the right, overtaking her as she sticks to the stony path. My speed is good, and all I can do is push to the finish. I don't catch anyone else, and not seeing Emma or Olivia before the end, I have no idea how close they are. I finish 3rd place, and have to face the camera for my first interview. I'm exhilarated to beat Lizzie at least, and head off quickly to the showers before I get cold. Helen is many minutes behind in 5th.

In the changing rooms I find Jackie, who had to retire after hurting her ankle near the start, and to my surprise she tells me Emma won the race. I am speechless, as Olivia had been so far ahead earlier, but she'd had a bad fall on the way down, where she was already losing ground to Emma. Moreover, I'm annoyed that my temporary loss of focus might have cost me the win. Now that I know what to expect after working so hard uphill, I won't let it throw me again. All credit to Emma for pulling off what I intended, and deservedly winning the race. Her win blows the Championships wide open.

I'm not at the finish line to see the rest of the team come in, but with Sarah May out in her first Lake District race, we do quite well and claim 4th team. Someone asks me where I was when the hail started. "What hail?" I reply!

Ennerdale

A few things have changed since Coniston ~ I've somewhat reluctantly moved house and it's affected my training, although at the start of June I'm still on good enough form to claim the course record at Blencathra. I pay for it with a cold, and limited training in the run-up to Ennerdale, which isn't necessarily a bad thing. To take the Championships by force, I have to get out there and win both the longs, and I reckon I have the form to do so. However, it's the first time I've tried to do a super-long at pace (not counting Wasdale from last year, see How to Get Round Wasdale When You Probably Shouldn't), so once again it's a learning experience.

The early start and long journey don't help matters. I disorganisedly get out of the house in time for my lift with Kath. I struggle with my latté from Tebay services, adding more and more milk to it from my recovery supply before giving up. We're there early enough, and meet up with Sarah. Along with Clive, the three of us have reccied the course, and Sarah has taken a second look at it in the heat of 23rd May. Tamara also braved the high temperatures that day, following round in Sarah's footsteps but never quite catching her up, and we've all compared notes before and after. Jane's running so we have a pretty good team for this kind of race. I have a total disaster with my pre-race drink (High5 extreme) and throw nearly all of it up. I resolve to change my last-minute drink for one I tolerate better (High5 isotonic), but it's not going to help today.

Ready to go, and we have some start-line comedy, as we all turn round to sing happy birthday to Kath just as Sarah's taken her top off to change her race kit! I'm hardly aware of this at the front, and when we finally get to start, I'm gunning for it. Some comfortable bounding across the long grass gets me to the path in front of... everybody! OK, I'm not sure I should be leading the whole field, although once I settle into my race pace I'm perfectly happy. I try to let someone past me (Rob Jebb as it turns out). "No, go ahead," he says, "You're leading the race!" A steady trickle of men goes past me, while I prepare for the big first climb. Fast but not too fast! It goes well and I'm feeling good as we head off Great Borne, taking the bracken where I can to keep off the rocky path,

and save my legs for later. I'm not aware of any other women until Red Pike ~ Jackie Lee's on my tail! No surprise there, she and Jane Reedy are the people I have to beat today. Try as I might, I'm not staying ahead of her. Coming off High Crag, I choose the line under Seat. So does Jackie. A moment's inattention and I bang my leg into a rock, but it doesn't slow me down. Jackie goes in front and leads us on a mystery route up Haystacks, until eventually, no longer convinced, I choose my own route. Our paths soon merge again. Heading down to Blackbeck Tarn, Jackie gains a little, but I'm biding my time, and after she stops for a drink, I race to reach the checkpoint ahead of her ~ I want to be first at every checkpoint!

So, everything's looking good ~ I'm with Jackie and feeling strong! It's all about to go wrong. There's a large rock in the path beside the tarn, and the extra jump elicits a sudden squeak. I have cramp. I make my drinks stop moments later at the stream, and my powder refill for my bottle is gone, as it wasn't packed very well due to my disorganised early start. I've now lost two isotonic drinks on the day, and a few steps later the cramp is crippling. I'm reduced to walking. It turns out my gels aren't very good either, a lesson I should have learned at Silent Valley. The following uphill, runnable section is horrendous. Alastair catches me and gets me going a bit, but running uphill keeps triggering the cramp. On the steeper sections I don't lose too much time, but all the runnable bits cost me minutes.

I reach Green Gable still second lady. "Is your leg OK?" asks one of the marshals. "No, I've got cramp," I say. "I meant the blood," is the reply. My knee is bleeding copiously from the knock, dark blood streaking down my leg ~ fantastic, make my day even better. But it's not life threatening. Helen flies past on the descent, and Jane on the way to Kirk Fell. "Cramp," I say to her. "Keep eating and drinking," she replies. The many water stations on offer do make things a bit easier. Nick catches me about the same time as Jane, but I manage to stay close to him all the way down to Black Sail pass, and not far behind all the way up Pillar. He gives me a noon tab to help. I'm in 4th place. For myself, finishing 5th is pointless as I already have a 5th from Noonstone. A 4th might make some kind of difference, so I do my best, managing a reasonable flat-footed plod on the long downhills to avoid aggravating my calves. Nick has escaped a little, and I've shown the next gaggle of men a good line around Steeple. Jim's out supporting us all on Iron Crag, and it's looking possible I might hold on to 4th, but there's still a way to go. I catch occasional glimpses of a rival catching me.

Approaching Crag Fell and I'm still in 4th, but after an age of not being sure who was behind me, if anyone, Nicky Spinks is close. I just about hold her off on the steep uphill, but when it levels off slightly I know I have to run to stay ahead. I give it a go, but it's hopeless. She goes past me and I can't do a thing about it. She's so far ahead by the top I don't even witness her highly adept descent. I make my way down as best I can, worrying there might be more behind me. Nearing the end, I suddenly remember to cut the corner over the grass and make a quick change of direction. Big mistake! Ouch, and it takes a few steps to recover my stride. With open fields I can see how much time I have, and gently persevere until the finish. The front-runners wave at me from the stream, where they're cooling down. The next woman in is Tracey Greenway, a good run but 15 minutes behind me ~ all that work and I've lost out to everyone who was anywhere near me!

Not having been able to run flat out, I'm still full of energy after the race, and, once race organiser Colin has cleaned my wound, I can be seen running to and fro from the car! Annoyingly I'll never know if my pace judgement was spot on, and I'll still be experimenting in my next super-long. Also annoyingly I've finished 5th, no help at all to my English Championships challenge, although I'm now top of the table as I've finished all three races.

What with the first-aid distraction, the rest of the Todmorden Harriers are in almost before I know it, Jane and Sarah having great runs. Wharfedale's Tamara has had a brilliant run to claim 9th place, and unlike Sarah and Kath, she won't be absent sitting in a stream for the prize ceremony! She and I pick up our individual awards, plus Jane for 2nd LV50, and we're all waiting to hear who might have the team prize ~ quite hard to work out from the computerised sportident listings. It seems to be close between Keswick, Dark Peak and Ambleside. Jane and I are astonished when Colin says "First Ladies Team, Todmorden Harriers," and rush to hug each other as the counters are listed: myself, Jane, Sarah and Kath. Take four counters and we have the team prize! Jane and I are oblivious to the rest of the prize-giving as we go to find the others and pass on the news.

Interlude: Ennerdale, the Aftermath

Racing poses some specific challenges for me, as I have a bit of an emotional disorder. As the season progresses, it's taking its toll. If I'm careful I can keep problems to a minimum; this mostly entails staying at home a lot and not seeing too many different groups of people. It can be quite monotonous, but with the right friends and some careful preparation, I'll always be in lethal form, mentally and physically, on race day. The race itself I can handle. The real problems begin afterwards!

Once the race is over, I don't care too much where we all finished, I just want to catch up with friends. Although 5th place is disappointing, Ennerdale leaves me in probably the highest, most hyperactive state of the year, and once I'm home it's getting difficult to deal with. By this time I have a full Ladies team championships table, down to the smallest detail. This is not precisely out of obsession, rather I'm always a bit distraught that everyone's gone home after the race, and I need to direct my passion and energy somewhere, preferably close to home as I'll be physically drained. There's another agenda this time ~ Todmorden Harriers is talking about a new vest design. About time! ~ that red and blue stripe was almost enough for me to join a different club when I started! I've only just noticed this discussion on our club forum, a few days earlier, and now that the race is out of the way I can apply myself to the challenge wholeheartedly.

I quickly have an idea, but I'm not sure how to present it, or even arrange it on the vest. The only way to approach this is artistically, working directly with paint. By Tuesday morning, I barely know what I'm doing, but I'm

certain the vest will be made that day ~ all my best projects are completed in 24 hours! I make the rash decision to go and find the materials, and leaving the house before midday means I have half my clothes on back-to-front without noticing. I know I should go to Halifax, but Burnley's a lot easier so I head there. I should be home in an hour and a half! Wandering through the town centre it occurs to me to find the haberdashers in the market, a good idea, and they have blue Dylon paint but not red. What to do? Well, from Burnley, Blackburn seems a sensible idea, although unexpectedly expensive on the train. The market gives the same result, blue but no red! The staff are more helpful here, and say the red's likely run out due to the World Cup. Great, thank you football.. What next? Eventually, I'm passing my house and heading the other way towards Halifax, which luckily results in me finding some decent white vests, complete with some yellow highlights I can work into the designs, boys sizes but hey, they fit! And yes, in Halifax, renowned for the Piece Hall, they have the red fabric paint, both in the market and in The Range. After an eight-hour trip that would normally leave me shattered, I'm home and I have the materials!

A quick snack later, and I'm rushing to finish while it's still daylight. First I do a simpler design I've thought out, wanting to get a feel for the paints. It's quite laborious and the paint supplies diminish pretty quickly, but it seems to be working! Next it's on to my design! I'm adapting our diagonal colours by moving them away from under the number, and making it more exciting with a ripple effect, a bit like tiger-stripes. I'm still not sure how it's going to work until I start applying the paint, but the blue goes down well and the criss-cross lines look fantastic. Next it's the all-important red. Heavy application of paint initially gives it an unexpected cut-throat appearance (which will later be improved as I cut the neck-line lower), but as it progresses it's looking good ~ I want to look like I'm on fire! By the time I'm making the final touches, I've just about got the technique right, and if I was a perfectionist I'd be raring to start again. It doesn't matter, it's done, and tomorrow night I'll be wearing it at our Pack Run.

The next day, Jane and I are wearing the sample vests, and the stimulus finally provokes considerable discussion about new designs. For myself ~ while I'm making it, I'm obviously convinced it's going to be the best vest design ever... in the world! A week later and I'm a bit more sanguine. The club and the world can choose whichever vest they prefer. For me, my vest with its stripes is the perfect design. I am, after all, a Big Cat!

Sedbergh

This time the lift is with Jane and Richard, and I have Finn the lurcher to sit on my lap, at least until I'm too warm! Heat is the name of game today, as temperatures rival those at the Lletty race in May, a little foreboding as it didn't help me at all that day. As usual I'm hyperactive, having barely calmed down since Ennerdale and the vest-making extravaganza. Today I'm matching the vest with a go-faster haircut, possibly the shortest my hair has ever been. However, training has been difficult since Ennerdale and I'm not hitting my usual performance targets, although in my exuberance I seem to have forgotten these details. I excitedly show the vest to the Wharfedale gang, and make some alterations to it with scissors.

Being a short championships race, we get to run separately from the men, and as the time approaches I'm distancing myself from everyone to focus on the race. It's getting harder being around the crowd before the start ~ Julie Carter's ready to tell me why she couldn't make it to Ennerdale, but she'll have to wait until after the race. As it's in the British as well, Pippa's here, and fully expected to win, neutralizing the race as far as myself and the other English Championships contenders are concerned. Olivia doesn't want that to happen, and is running despite the fact she has the European Championships to go to the following week. The men are out in force supporting us, though not straying too far from the start lest they miss their race an hour later!

It's a fast start along the almost-flat road, with Emma, myself, Pippa, Olivia, Anna, and Clare Whitehead (from Scotland) the front runners. There's little change as the slope steepens, until we reach the usual race-start at Lockbank Farm. Here the climb steepens further, and Olivia and Pippa pull clear. The climb feels harder than I'm expecting, but I keep pressing as Emma drops behind. Instead of giving Pippa a run for her money, I'm way behind and struggling to stay with Anna and Clare. However, there's no time to worry about it, or the fact I'm not managing to run every step as I hoped beforehand. I just have to finish the race as best as I can, as every result is now crucial. Nearing the top, Anna and Clare are as far ahead of me as Pippa and Olivia are ahead of them. Sarah has the Day in the Lakes triathlon the next day, and she and Mandy have made the trip up the hill to cheer me on, as well as supporting Moyra Parfitt, who's going for the LV65 medal this year, and all the other Todmorden runners.

I reach the top at Arant Haw pretty much on my own, and hope to make up some ground on the fast Howgills descent that comes next. It goes quite well, but I'm not making many inroads into the leaders. As I come to Crook, I can see Anna, and a good line off Crook brings me even closer, but she's still some way ahead. The closest battle is behind me ~ I have no idea until I reach the beck at the bottom that Helen is anywhere near me, and I'm alerted to her presence by what sounds like about 50 people shouting, "Come on Helen!" We've found the men. I have some supporters too, from many clubs, and one of them runs beside me for a moment to get me going, compliments my line off Crook, and tells me how close Helen is. Such is my focus I don't have any idea who's there!

Once I hit the stony track, however, I don't need any encouragement ~ I'm well trained for this and I'm off at full speed, not looking back to see where Helen is until I make the turn towards the finish. By this point, she's some way behind, and I reach the finish closer to Anna than to Helen. First item on the agenda is water, and the men hadn't thought to bring us any. I'm so hot that all I can do is find a spot on the grass and collapse there for a while, stripping down to my bra. Emma's sitting nearby, but most of the other runners are hanging around on the tarmac ~ I'm not sure they raced hard enough! I'll be feeling shaky with heat exhaustion well into the night, and end up having my first drink of the year ~ a bottle of Sheppy's Kingston Black.

In the race it turns out that Olivia hasn't had the greatest descent, allowing Clare to catch her, and Pippa's

won by a minute. Not counting Clare, Olivia has 2nd and I have 4th place. Behind me, Emma's not doing too well due to injury, and Jackie isn't so fast in short races. It's not over, but it's feeling like the title might be slipping away from me, albeit I'm still top of the table as I have 4 races already. I'm not impressed with my form, either, but a new haircut goes with a new attitude, and mine means I'm going to sort my training out and get back on track.

By the time the men finish, I've come round enough to take water over to the finish line for some of the Todmorden runners. They look a sorry sight, and I order a few of them to sit in the shade!

Holme Moss

A big race. There's no question I need a win now! In theory there are six contenders for the title, including Helen who's been improving all season. Neither Emma nor Olivia are great in long races, so today's going to be a telling day, and if Jackie claims a second win, she'll be the title contender, not me. This time I'm rightly confident: my training is back on track after Sedbergh, with the bad few weeks being blamed largely on Ennerdale. I estimate my recovery period was three weeks, after which I was out setting a course record in one of our club races, Stoodley Pike. The long recovery would have been worth it if I'd claimed 1st, or at least 2nd, at Ennerdale. Today, distance is not a problem for me, I've reccied the course (with Kath, Sarah, Sarah May, and some more Todmorden women), and the long flat stretches after Laddow should be all mine. The new drinks strategy seems to be working, well, at least I'm back to being only slightly sick 15 minutes before the race!

With Snowdon in 6 days time, Emma's been playing her cards close ~ she might not be running today, especially as her injuries have hampered her English Championships chances anyway. She's there before the start, but it's still not clear what she's doing. I've also been selected for the England team at Snowdon, but made it abundantly clear to the selectors I'd be running this race, as my season goals are the English, the British, and a top-8 placing in the WMRA Grand Prix in Europe. In fact I've considered turning down Snowdon, as my first Grand Prix race is just one week afterwards.

On the start line, I'm once again calm and focussed, forgotten only for a moment as I pose for club-mates Ali and Emma to take photos ~ arms in the air, I look like I've won the race already! Emma Clayton's not running. Anna's not here either. That leaves four of us. We're off with a fast run along the road. This time, I don't quite take the overall lead, and settle in behind Alastair, before letting him go as I find a steady pace. I'm well prepared for all the upcoming climbs and descents, varied terrain, whatever Holme Moss can throw at me! As we leave the road, Olivia is close by and then edges very slightly ahead, but I expend some extra energy to get past her before the steep descent down to Ramsden Clough. I don't want to be held up behind her. True enough, she drops behind over this rugged section. I keep things steady as I work up the first serious climb, wondering how long it will be before she's back. It's well into the climb before she's close, and meanwhile Jackie's gone past. Jackie holds the lead on the flat but difficult cross-country section, with Olivia and me never far behind. Nothing changes until we reach the road, when Olivia sprints ahead to regain the lead from Jackie. I'm not being dragged into it, keeping it steady, and despite Olivia's efforts, I quickly catch her on the steep mossy descent, Jackie building a slight lead.

While I down a gel on the following climb to checkpoint 2, and on the long downhill afterwards, the status quo remains ~ Jackie out front, Olivia hunting her down, me keeping tabs on them but not working too hard. A near-twist of the ankle keeps me in my almost lackadaisical pace, but all is well. Mindlessly tracking the group just ahead of me, I miss a tiny short-cut I should have remembered. No matter, but time to pull myself together and prepare for the race proper! I build up my pace as we hit the stony track, and start reeling Olivia in a little. Next is a steep little descent down to checkpoint 3, and Olivia's almost standing still on a technical section as I go past her, although I pause briefly after pricking my finger on one of my safety pins ~ completely bent, presumably I've banged it into a fence post. I haven't quite caught Jackie, and I need to be with her by the next check on Bareholme Moss. While finishing my drink, steady but determined progress up the hill brings me to her just before we get there. Olivia's come back to us as well, and looks eager to go ahead, while I pick the easiest line underfoot across some peat.

Next is a treacherously steep down & up, and the flatter sections I'm counting on. Jackie and me are off, Olivia falls behind and we don't see her again. I'm chatting a little with Jackie as we swim up through the bracken, but soon she's not looking so strong as I push hard up the steep path to Laddow. We're both wondering if Olivia will be fast on the run-in. Jackie says she can see Helen too, although I'm too busy focussing ahead to look. By the time we reach Laddow Rocks, I'm in first place, explosive, and raring to go. Issy and Amanda are there to see the moment when I make the race mine. By the time I reach the next checkpoint at Black Hill, the job is done, and I have the best part of an hour to savour it! I just have to keep focussed and stay close to a couple of men I've tagged onto.

At Holme Moss car park, the sound of a thousand voices is for me! You'd never believe that it was just three Todmorden Harriers: Sarah, Emma and Ali! Sarah gives me one more isogel, handy as despite the fact I have a better energy strategy this time, I've left part of it in the car! One of the men I've been shadowing stumbles and is injured, hopefully not seriously. The Ambleside runner, Ian Barnes, keeps going, and for the second time gains a few metres on me as I mess around with the gel, but I keep my focus on staying in his tracks, and the celebratory run-in continues. Although I can briefly see Jackie behind me on the last climb, I have a good lead, and even the tiny touch of cramp (at least it's after three hours this time!) isn't going to slow me down once I hit the track and road. I've done it! Emma Clayton's spectating at the gate by the cricket field. Ian's just managed to stay ahead, and I've passed a few other men along the road, the last of them making me laugh as I sprinted past him inside the cricket field, saying he just wanted to be in the video! With a safety-pin gone, my Todmorden Harrier's vest is displayed in all its glory as I cross the line, and brave once more the interview on-camera.

Jackie's a minute-and-a-half behind me, with Helen more than two minutes further down. All that remains is to see where Olivia finishes ~ the lower the better if I want a good chance at Gold. She finishes almost 9 minutes down but good enough for 4th place. The multi-way tie possibilities are pretty much gone: Emma, Anna & Helen are out of contention, and it's now winner takes all between the remaining three of us, or Olivia if none of us win.

Sarah May has a great run for tenth, and with Kath in 22nd, we've done very well team-wise. Though narrowly second by our reckoning from the results board, this is nevertheless an amazing result for Todmorden Harriers Ladies. For the second long championships race of the season, however, the race organiser works it out differently, and gives the team prize, on the day, to US! As ever (well, apart from Ennerdale!), there's a large assemblage of Harriers runners and supporters to celebrate the moment.

Shelf Moor

You can win the race in the first 100m, and I did my best to pull it off at Shelf Moor. I'm here for one reason only, and that's to claim the title, on my birthday, with a race win, and half of Todmorden Harriers has come to support me. Moyra's just one race away from the LV65 gold, and with local rivals Calder Valley being quite erratic this year, we're angling at a remarkable team bronze if they don't get their act together. In a ladies race of 82, we've brought 14 runners; no-one else has 10, although Calder Valley has the next-biggest team, under, so I'm told, a Three Line Whip from Thirza! So, the team bronze might be unattainable, but don't you worry, Todmorden Harriers always has plenty to celebrate! Strong showings from other teams give the day a party-feel, with Keswick hoping to fend off Calder Valley for the silver, and Tamara captaining a healthy Wharfedale showing as always ~ indeed, Tamara and Helen Fines are the only women to score points in every English and British Championships race this year.

I'm on great form after my return from the Alps in summer, and I'm well on track for a top three finish in the WMRA Grand Prix. Olivia's away at the World Championships, as is Anna, and given what I know of everyone's form, I'm pretty sure I can beat anyone else who's likely to be here. Emma hasn't shown up, but Helen's here. So, I have to beat Helen for the title. I'm hoping nerves would be easier after my summer race, and I'm not sick at all for once, but it's still pretty stressful, so after greeting a few friends, and picking up the latest BRIGHT RED X-Talons to wear in the race, I find some quiet space to prepare for the race. Deborah Wright's here, and it's maybe easier to talk to a Lancashire team-mate from Lletty than any of the championships regulars. Jennifer from Howgill Harriers, and of course the Nine Standards race where my year started, puts in a rare appearance too.

Ready for the start, and I'm wound up like a coil. Nothing less than a convincing win will prove I could have beaten Olivia. This is total focus, and my acceleration when I hear the hooter is phenomenal. I don't want anyone to even try and stay near me. I don't look back at all for the first mile, so it's helpful when one of the marshals tells me I have a big lead. As the track climbs more steeply, maybe my pace falters a little? Hard to tell, but I know the course, and I know what I should be able to do ~ without a curious flagged detour over James's Thorn on the way up, I'd be hopeful of beating Carol Greenwood's record.

Things change when I cross the ditch and start up the fell proper ~ Helen's much closer than I expected. I'd like to leave her behind on the climb, but I'm not settling into my best rhythm, an 11'o clock start being no help to me there! Also no help is the wind, just when the slope levels a bit and I want to pick up my running pace, I'm buffeted so much it knocks me back to walking. It's hard work, and Helen's not losing any more ground. She's there as I cross the stile and push for James's Thorn. The next bit's fast and runnable before the final short climb, and maybe she's further behind? It's hard to tell, she disappears now and then as we make our way through the peat landscape. As I make my way to the trig point at Shelf Stones, I'm sure she's further behind, then as I turn and start to head back, I'm not sure.

The cat-and-mouse game continues for the next mile over to Dowstone Clough, with Helen appearing nearer and then further. I can't drop her completely. Finally she seems to be gone and I ease off slightly, only for her to reappear as I cross the stream and start down the ridge. OK, she hasn't gone, and this is a race! I increase my pace time and time again, each time sure this will be enough to hold her off, but it isn't ~ she's getting closer and closer. We're both flying down the ridge. The rough terrain almost trips me, but not quite. Eventually, after 40 minutes in front, she's caught me! All that's left is a short steep downhill, and then the final blast between the gates and along the track. Advantage Helen on the descent, advantage Lauren on the rest. So, don't panic, just stay as close as you can, I tell myself.

Right behind her, I'm in prime position for a descending masterclass, and she doesn't disappoint. I wish I could watch her technique more closely, but I'm concentrating on not falling over and staying as close as possible. She's gained more on me than I expected. The briefest moment of doubt enters my mind ~ after all this, could Helen deprive me of the title, for no medal of her own anyway? However, there's no room for self-doubt in my universe, and these thoughts are quickly banished. Focus. She's close enough. You know how far it is to the finish. Catch her. Below us the men have just set off. Pity! We're too slow for the course record! Not really a surprise with



such a strong wind. I'm already closer to Helen by the time I go through the second gate, and then we're sprinting! She's giving it everything, and so am I, and although it seems to take forever to reach her, I have the lead maybe half way down the track. She doesn't have anything left and I don't have to maintain maximum effort quite to the line, but she's so close! I've won, but only by three seconds, a bit more traumatic a finish than I was looking for!

I make it through the finish funnel and find a patch of grass where I can collapse. There's even a friendly dog. Helen hits the deck on the finish line. We are both completely breathless. What a race! We're the fastest runners since the record was set, and two minutes clear of Jackie in 3rd.

I'm in a bit of a daze as the other Harriers find their way to the finish. Sarah May is 7th, and with Claire as well we're looking good for the team. Moyra finishes to claim her gold medal. Once everyone's in, and the men as well, we're off to race HQ for the prizes. Kath's made an amazing Todmorden Harriers cake, and although I've managed to keep it pretty quiet, it's no longer a secret that it's my birthday. I have to hold the cake while we have team photos and everyone sings Happy Birthday! The team's pulled off another amazing result ~ 2nd to Calder Valley, and by just two points. Soon enough it's prizes, and I receive my chocolate Inov8 shoe. Of course, the uppers don't last long!



Postscript: A Move to Austria?

If it's hard the day or two after a race, what's going to happen after the whole Championships!? However, the relief that it's over is immense. I've been feeling a little strange since returning from Austria in August, not leaving the house very much, or engaging with many people, or training as much as earlier in the season ~ to be expected as the last races come near. I've managed to maintain an amazing focus all year, and now that it's over, aside from suddenly remembering all week I'm English Champion!, I'm extremely calm. I do have another important Grand Prix race in a few weeks time, and after seeing the World Championships results, I make the difficult decision to drop the British race in Wales, as I need to be on top form the week after in Slovenia.

This serenity is a little unexpected at a time when I'm on a high, and everything I've been focussing on has finished. I don't have a PhD lined up for this year, having left it quite late to apply, and I haven't settled into my current house at all well, plus I already want to move somewhere with better training. Everything is uncertain ~ I'd expect an extreme crisis, matching that of, say, finishing exams at University. On Monday ~ the day after the race ~ I have no idea, but clearly my subconscious is working on a plan, and by the end of Tuesday, I know I'm going to trial a move to Austria.

So, I'll be staying in Austria for a while (after the race in Slovenia), hoping to set up a permanent move. It's not as sudden as it may seem ~ I've long wanted to move to a Nordic or Germanic country, and it's long overdue that I progress either my Swedish or German language skills to a good level. I have a family connection to Austria and the people, the cities, and the mountains are fantastic! It's the perfect moment. I have a few contacts there from my races in August, enough money to give it a try for a while, and I can come back within weeks or months if it doesn't work out the way I hope. If I don't take the chance now, my current focus and energy will be wasted, as I have nothing in particular lined up. I can only hope that every Ladies Champion uses the boost of success so productively!

Acknowledgements

I have the highest respect for all my competitors, and I hope that this comes across in the way I have portrayed them here. Thanks are due to all the members of Todmorden Harriers, a fantastic local club supporting athletes of all abilities. Thank you for cheering me on, talking to me in the pub, giving me advice, being there in races, supporting races, and driving me here, there & everywhere. Also thanks to the numerous runners from numerous other clubs who have been friendly and supportive throughout the year, to Kath Brierley for being our Ladies Captain, for driving me to most of the races, and reccying most of the courses both with me, and with other women from the club. Finally special thanks to Tamara and Sarah for being the amazing friends all year that made this possible ~ guys, you were with me every step of the way, in spirit at least!

Taking up running, turning forty and loving it

I remember my first trip to Langdale as a teenager – travelling up in the evening, getting there in the dark, pitching tents and in the morning, emerging from our tent feeling like I was just surrounded by walls. I remember the feeling of achievement from reaching a few of those peaks after a long days walk.

And now 25 years later I've just run round them all in under 2 ½ hours. How the hell did that happen. I used to look at fell runners and say to my walking mate – NUTTERS; ironic that I have fitted in so well. As I approach the end of my third year as a Tod Harrier [THREE YEARS – time flies – Mandy said “it seems longer than that” – Is that a compliment?], I thought it was time I put pen to paper, with some persuasion from Mandy and Andrew Bibby on the way back from Langdale, in between fits of laughter as I squirm on the back seat of Mandy's car in vain attempts to alleviate the cramp from my legs, especially as I am feeling a bit delicate after vomiting through the presentations at the ODG – sorry a bit graphic (Maybe a warm BLT sandwich which I'd left in the car and overdosing on Ibuprofen followed by a couple of pints is not the best post race meal!). Despite the pain I'm feeling well chuffed after completing my 5th Langdale. It's the only race I've done every year since I started running 5 years ago – my



time then was 3 hours 8 mins – which means I'm nearly 3 mins a mile quicker now and I'm running with an injury – a sore knee which I picked up on Ian Hodgson Relay (Knee vs Rock = Rock wins). I seem to have spent most of the past few years running with some injury or ailment – suppose it come with the territory, you just have to shrug it off. Sometimes a trip to the physio is required as long as they agree it's OK to run on. Family & friends think I'm mad / obsessed, especially when struggling with an injury I come out with phrases like “I'm just going for a recovery run” or “I'm going to run it off” and to be honest it does sound like a total contradiction in terms but there not runners and they don't understand.

You think it would get easier but it doesn't. Every long race I do in the lakes I get cramp, although I was pretty close to the finish this year before it got me. I've tried everything; Nuun tablets, compression shorts, Ibuprofen, extra salt leading up to the race, all this is well and good but in truth I know the answer – do lots of training and long runs in the lakes. Unfortunately there just isn't the time so its option 2 – suffer. Which takes me to Borrowdale, if the finish line was at Honister Pass I'd be OK but the slog up Dale Head is a killer. This year I feel like I'm pulling a piano up it as runners stream past, then coming down the other side I'm descending like a giraffe. Many people say it's their favourite race but the finish is horrible – you have to run past that lovely stream in the knowledge you will have to trudge back later to soak legs full of lactic acid. Then you have to run along that track – Borrowdale legend Gavin Bland is just ahead of me – it would be a fantastic scalp but my legs wont respond on he out-shuffles me to the finish line.

I see Jon Wright at the finish he is already changed, taken the dog for a walk and looks like he's been no further than the pub – bastard. By the time presentations come round I've managed a couple of cups of tea and a pint of Old Peculiar and feel much better. I can help feeling that I'm lucky, surrounded by magnificent mountains and fantastic people.

The past three years have been such fun, and I feel I owe a lot to a lot of people. Tod Harriers is a fantastic Club, superbly run and incredibly well supported . There are just too many people to thank so I will just say thanks to everyone and here's to the next 3 years.

Alastair Rhodes-Dawson

FROM THE ARCHIVES...

This month in...

1987 – Mark Rice represents the English Junior Team at the World Fell Running Championships in Latrigg, Keswick

1990 – Ian Stansfield completes the South Downs Way, covering 80 miles and 9000 ft of ascent in 21hrs 58min

1994 – Toddlies and Calder Valley enjoy a Halloween bash to celebrate the successful co-hosting of the British Championships, which saw 600+ runners descend on Old Town

1996 – Our present Club President, Jim Smith, turns up well-prepared for the 3 Shires race with 2 footwear choices, only to receive toilet seat points after discovering that 3 of the shoes are for his left foot!

2004 – The English Championships draw to a close, with Derek Clutterbuck picking up a silver medal in the V70s class and Moyra Parfitt claiming gold in the LV60s

Toddies fixture list 1988-style... thank goodness for the digital age!

OCTOBER PROGRAMME 1988

SAT - 1ST - 1) REELERS PKR FROM ROER 3m/750' - 3-00PM BUXNORTH WHARF BRIDGE £1-75 ON DAY
2) TOUR + 1/2 TOUR OF PARKER 7m/4000' 11-00AM BARLEY N BURNLEY 25/9.

SUN - 2ND - 1) BRITISH VETERANS MARATHON GILTOPS. STONE STAFFS £5 27 10/9.
2) BURNLEY FIRE STATION 7m Road, ROER & 3m FUN RUN 11-00 AM 25/9.
3) IAN HOBSON MOUNTAIN RALLY - 25m/8500' FROM STIKESIDE COMB SITE, BROTHERWATER, POTTERDALE, CUMBRIA. 10-00AM H X 2 MOUNTAINS £16 MARCH 27 12/9.
4) ROUND INGBOROUGH MARATHON 10-00AM COMBATH COMB £5-50 27 24/9.

THURS - 6TH - PWD TO END ROER 7m/1900' FROM WEST HEAD FROM THIRUMERE TO STOL END FROM HONDALE 2-30PM £1 ON DAY (HOUND TRAIL SOME ROUTE)

SAT - 8TH - HONDALE HOBSON 16m/4000' 11-00AM

SUN - 9TH - 1) NORTHERN VETS 10KM COMBATH STAFFS 12-00NOON OAKLANDS SPORTS CENTRE ACROSS YORK £1-50
2) NATIONALLY PROVINCIAL BRADFORD 1/2 MARATHON - 10-00AM THORNTON RECREATION CENTRE, THORNTON BRADFORD £4 27 26/9.
3) REELERS 10 CLASSIC 11-00AM £1-50 OR £2 ON DAY

Wanted... photos (the older the better!)

I think we're all agreed that the Torrier looks much better with a few pics, so if you have any old photos which you would be willing to lend for the archive pages, please contact me (claire@todharriers.co.uk / 01422 846593). I promise I will take good care of them and will return them as soon I can after scanning them in.

Going long...the Ennerdale fell race

This was my first foray into longer distance fell racing, and as some of you may have gathered, I'm not usually one for winging it. I needed to know at least that I would get round without some painful epic. April, May and June therefore involved plenty of days out in the Lakes getting the miles and the climbing in the legs. I also spent hours looking at the race map and memorising the order of all the summits (determined to remember, no matter how tired or staggering a state I might end up in, which ones you have to go over for checkpoints rather than the ones you can cut round the sides). I'd been to run sections of the route 3 times, practised the art of eating and drinking whilst running, had my once yearly haircut so there'd be less to carry, and I even reread a few chapters of Feet in the Clouds in the few days prior for some added psychological motivation...

There were a few last minute panics. I went for a full recce 3 weekends before the race. It was a very hot day and I found it very tough and was more than alarmed when it took 9hrs and I felt utterly spent at the end, as if I could not have gone any quicker. I didn't have the experience to realise how much of a difference intense heat can make nor that a long recce will usually take 30-40% more than the race time (Geoff Read's later words of wisdom!) and worried that I might not get through the cut off times at the checkpoints on race day. But I was put right /saved by kind words of encouragement on the forum and started to feel positive again.

Then, a week later, I ran the Langdale route as a training run and hobbled off with an inflamed IT band and a sore lower leg and foot which a week later were still not shifting. Cue Gareth, who was a complete star, fitting me in at short notice for 90 minutes of agony on the Monday before the race. I was then sent home with strict instructions to take ibuprofen all week, not to run until race day to give the inflammation chance to settle, and given a handful of lotions and potions and instructions for the leg on the day of the race.

So, come the day I felt that I'd done all I could, I was ready and I felt really excited! I decided as part of the pre race plan that I should remember to say thanks to all the summit marshals, who had walked in over long distances and carried water to the summits. Without them the race wouldn't happen and I thought this might help me focus on something positive if the going got tough.

The weather conditions were perfect as the summits were clear and although it was sunny there was a lovely cool breeze. I set off (smelling like a chemist's shop having dutifully applied Gareth's lotions) in the pack of 297 runners at a steady pace but soon found myself towards the back of the pack on the steep first climb up to the summit of Great Bourne and checkpoint 1. Made it through the checkpoint with only about 90 seconds to spare (phew!) and thanked the summit marshals.

I stayed near to the back for the next couple of miles and chatted in passing to a few other runners whilst settling into a steady rhythm, the mountain views were stunning and it just felt amazing to be running along up there at 700-800m. I smiled to myself remembering that when I'd reccied with Rick we'd laughed and said that we should enjoy this section of the race as this will be "as good as it gets" with the first hard climb out of the way and a gentler grassier few miles to cover whilst the legs are still feeling fresh.

Whilst climbing Red Pike, I came across Clare Kenny who gave me half a banana. I hadn't even realised she was running and it was a lovely surprise to see her. I realised that it is a good thing to choose a championship race for a 1st long fell race because there are more people running than usual and you will never feel alone.

By about the 7th mile just after climbing Red Pike I realised that I was feeling really good. My legs were coping really well with the climbs, I was full of energy (isn't it amazing what a week of proper rest can do!) and feeling like I was concentrating well, covering the ground quite efficiently. The next few miles wends its way along the top of the ridge and I started to pass other runners who were struggling more than me on the stony ground, which gave me a boost. Said hello in passing to Mel B & Russ who were up on the ridge cheering us all on.

Next came the descent off High Crag...one of the steepest and hardest sections and I hadn't been looking forward to it. I took my time and it was okay, at least I felt to manage it better than in the recce, and at the bottom of the screes stuck to my plan which was to continue down left under the crags of Seat to reach Scarth Gap pass rather than over the mini summit and down to the pass by the main path. Interestingly most of the other runners I could see were going round to the right of it but I'd never heard of anyone going that way before so I stuck to my plan and went left, took a good line under the crag and was surprised when I popped out at Scarth Gap to find that I was suddenly in with a much larger crowd of runners who must have been ahead of me up to now, and the ones who'd gone to the right of Seat were still somewhere behind.

Made good progress to the next checkpoint at Blackbeck tarn. Spent some time there refilling my camelback with water from the beck (awkward when its only running at a trickle) and trying to undo my shoelaces to get the stones out of my shoes that I'd picked up on the High Crag screes. Had to let a lot of people past while I was doing this but saw it as investment for the later miles.

Onward and upward and still my legs felt good climbing up Green Gable but as soon as I started to descend my right leg started to feel unstable and a bit painful and I started to worry that the injury was going to rear its head. I slowed to a walk to try and protect it, but the descent is short and I soon reached the Moses trod where it all starts to climb again. Was able to run on the gentler parts of climb and the knee felt okay going upwards and I started to smile again. On and over Kirk Fell...I'd recced this section twice and felt utterly exhausted both times, but not today. Had another gel, took some pain killers for the leg, and kept on working, now passing lots of other runners who looked really tired whilst I felt great.

Managed to hobble down the difficult descent gully off Kirk Fell, the leg was sore but I was distracted by the thought that I would soon see my friend Ralph at the pass between Kirk Fell and Pillar, this is at about 13 miles. He was a star as he'd offered to come up to watch the race and bring me some supplies. He gave me coffee and I restocked my food and drink supplies and it was a lovely boost to see a friend and have a quick chat. Quite a few runners went past but it was worth the stop.

Pillar feels like a huge climb, especially when you have already run 13 miles. I set off again steadily and had Clare Kenny and Richard Leonard to chat to to begin with. Then Richard and I came upon Kath who was having a bad spell and she told me I was now third counter for the team and encouraged me on. Still I felt strong and so I carried on my way and felt to reach the summit easily. Saw a crowd of runners queuing for water from the summit marshals and felt a bit smug that I was carrying my own and that thanks to Ralph I had enough now to last me to the end, and I cruised on past without stopping, saying thanks to the marshals as I dibbed. Took an excellent line off Pillar down a grassy flank and left quite a few runners behind who'd strayed onto rockier ground, and felt like I now had a fire in my belly for the race. I knew that I just had to get over Black Crag and then the running becomes much grassier and on the whole gentler for the last 9 miles and I still had a lot of energy.

Those last 9 miles were a delight. I'd always hoped I would have some running left in me for this section, which gently undulates for the most part though there is a stiff ascent and a long steep descent right at the end. As it turned out I ran most of it and even managed to push the pace over some sections. I think I smiled all the way, even when like many others I started to get cramp, though I did have to scream my way over the stiles as doing that really hurt. On top of Haycock Joss Naylor was handing out mugs of water to runners and although I hadn't planned to stop and didn't need the water I could hardly run past Joss Naylor and snub his offer so I stopped and had a quick sip and said thanks!

I'd seen Skinz on the train to work a few days before the race. She'd said to me that Jim Smith would be supporting on the way up Iron Crag and it'd impress him if I were still running at that point. Sure enough he was there and I realised I was amazing myself let alone Jim that I was still running on the ascent, and so I smiled to myself. It gave me a boost to see Jim and when I told him I had cramp he advised me to "just walk to the top of the hill and then you're away!" and I smiled again.

It might've had something to do with the caffeine gel I'd saved till the bottom of Iron Crag. By the time I got to checkpoint 8 on its summit I felt strangely euphoric, even though the cramp had started to really bite on the ascents. I was still managing to run downhill well though and gave chase to a woman from Black Combe Runners on the 2 mile stretch down to the plantation which lies at the foot of the final climb to Crag Fell summit and checkpoint 9. I'd been through the plantation twice before in recces and had mentally rehearsed the twists and turns of it over and over again, (my race map is marked wrongly and the last thing you want is to get lost in a flippin plantation at 21 miles), and so I ran on through. Up Crag Fell and the Black Combe runner slowed and I went on past. I felt like I had all the running in the world left in me energy wise but 30 yards from the summit and the cramp wouldn't let me do anything other than a fast walk and I laughed about it with the summit marshals as well as thanking them for marshalling.

I'd expected the final long steep descent to be painful but it wasn't and I felt to sail down. I was dreaming of a cup of tea and looking forward to sitting in that stream at the finish, and to hearing how Lauren had got on in her championship bid, and how all the other toddlers, and Rick, and Tamara and Gill from Wharfedale had all got on (I'd met Tamara & Gill on the day of the full recce. They were doing the same and we'd bonded in the shared experience of heat exhaustion). The Black Combe runner caught me again on the descent and we popped out on to the road together. There is a final half a mile stretch from there to the finish, the first part of which was an ascent and the cramp got me again and I had to let her go past, but it didn't really feel like it mattered, as I knew I'd made it round in a good time, and for this race on this occasion that was by far and away enough.

It was a really brilliant day out in the mountains. Some days I get up and feel great when I set off running, other days I don't. Sometimes there seems to be no explanation for this. I've had a fair share of bad races this year as well as good ones, and have learnt that the times that it goes wrong makes you appreciate all the more all the times that it goes right. Although I did try to prepare as well as I could for this event and increased my chances of having a good day, I was still aware that I might just set off and not feel good all the way round. I feel so lucky that that didn't happen this time!

The finishing time was 5hr 38 mins 16 secs, much much better than the recce!

Sarah W

Loch Ness Marathon 2010 by Sara May

The Day started early with a 'Marathon' breakfast put on by the hotel for the few intrepid guests planning a day on the road that day.

7.30am and I joined the converging group of runners heading towards Bught park in Inverness and the fleet of coaches waiting to take about 3000 runners to the start. Once underway and the coach trip seemed to take a very very long time, a very scary thought as we were to be running back this way in a few hours time.

Just before arriving at the start (an inflatable archway on a road in the middle of nowhere), it started to rain, but that didn't dampen the mood of expressed excitement and apprehension. Off the coach and there were the usual long toilet queues to be negotiated before chucking my kit bag on the relevant trailer. The coaches were a little late getting to the start and all of the other coaches arrived in quick succession so there wasn't much hanging around, just enough time to wander to a potential start place. Time to cheer on the school bagpipe band as it proceeded through the ranks of runners to the start and then we were off.

My supposed game plan for a steady start was out the window within a minute of the start. Pent up energy, a gradual downhill start and a load of pacey runners around me lead to a 6min 45 sec 1st mile. Oops!! I still felt good, but was very conscious of the long journey a head so after a while I found a triathlete (could tell by the tri suit and number belt) going at a nice pace and ran behind him for a while. This felt comfortable but probably still a bit faster than I wanted and after 6 miles or so I let him steam ahead and found a few other groups to run with. I arrived ahead of schedule at the spot that Gareth and I had planned for him to bike to cheer me on, luckily he just arrived there just before me and so began a series of bad photos as he saw me at various points along the course and cycled along side me for short sections.

The first 8 miles or so, despite a few ups, were predominantly downhill, the scenery was great and I felt full of running so the miles passed quite quickly. I ran with a different groups for bits of time. I heard a few different stories and met people on their first and many more than that marathons. A guy on his 129 marathon, 100th after being diagnosed with cancer, ran passed me chatting throughout, hats off to him. At about halfway when we were running along next to Loch Ness (this unsurprisingly was the view over my left shoulder for most of the run), I ran up next to a guy taking his own photo at arms length with the loch in the back ground. His t-shirt declared him to be running 52 marathons in 52 weeks, definitely crazy I decided, but definitely worth chatting to. Tristan the crazy Australian was on his 40 something marathon this year. He'd been been made redundant last year and had decided to spend a year seeing the world by marathon (check out www.runlikecrazy.com). I wanted to run with him for a while but he encouraged me onwards as I was running faster than him. I thought briefly about taking his photo for him but could see myself tripping over my own feet in the process so the next time I saw Gareth on his bike I suggested he offer his photography skills.

Leaving the edge of the Loch at 17 miles marked a change as we passed through a small town for the 1st time with crowds cheering, which was incredibly uplifting. Out of the town the road rose up, which I had been warned about but was actually a pleasant change for anyone that used to running on the hills around here. My legs were beginning to get tired so it was nice relief to use different muscles for a while, the subsequent downhill after was equally as refreshing.

Miles 20 to 23 were hard, the tops of my legs felt so tight and sore. The final few miles were much better, I felt stronger, I was overtaking people, the triathlete I'd followed many miles before was now passed and left behind and the finish was within ear shot.

The final mile through Inverness was great, I knew that I could finish, the crowds were amazing and the sun had come out. Despite my original plan to complete in under 4hrs and preferably closer to 3hr 30, within a couple of miles of the finish, I realised I might be able to go sub 3hr 15min, and pushed on as much as I could. It wasn't quite to be, the final 'point 2' of a mile scuppered that plan, but it didn't matter, I was so happy with getting round and my time didn't matter. I finished in 3hrs 5min 40ses (24secs chip time), 139th over all and 12th girl. I was more than happy with that.



Parklife (by Buddy)

It's got nothing to do with your vorsprung durch technic, but it *is* about joggers who go round and round and round... and not just joggers: runners, racers, walkers and even the odd pro athlete – in fact anyone that wants to turn up.

For those not in the know – and only half a dozen Toddlies have tried them so far - Parkruns are 5km events (strictly speaking, timed runs rather than races) held every Saturday at lots of parks all across the country – and are completely FREE to enter! As they are organised entirely by volunteers, you are encouraged to help out once in a while.

It all started in Bushy Park a few years ago with a few friends timing each other and it has spread exponentially, even to Denmark. Manchester is a real hot spot with currently five Parkruns to choose from, with Bradford and Leeds also not too far away.

All you need is a barcode that is obtained by registering once at www.parkrun.com and an alarm clock as they start at 9am. Once you are registered online, the great thing is that all you do then is turn up at any of them with your barcode and run, so an 8:59 arrival is fine!

When you finish you get handed a position barcode, then two beeps from a scanner and that's it.

Results usually pop up on the website early afternoon and are a statto's paradise for tracking your (and anyone else's) progress, pb's, averages and age grades, etc.

- Oldham Alexander Park – which has a nice gravel surface and features two laps of 1.5km and then a tougher 2km third lap including a little woodland section. Started in July 2010 and still gets fairly small numbers so you can revel in the false glory of a high placed finish! Currently the closest one to Tod, only about 30 mins drive.
- Heaton Park - almost all on tarmac, a small lap and a big lap means least repetition and despite a long gradual hill is one of the faster courses. Usually gets over 200 runners. Only a little further away than Oldham.
- Woodbank Park – starts with a lap of the running track and has a small, but steep, 'down and up' hill in the middle of the two laps. Usually around 100 runners.
- Bramhall Park, Stockport – Only 60% on tarmac, the rest off road hard footpath. Two undulating hour glass laps of the oldest Manchester run often sees 300+ runners.
- Platt Fields, South Mancs – A single lap fast flat course close to the centre of Manchester. Usually around 100 runners.
- Bradford Lister Park – Another 3 lap course on wide well kept paths. Usually up to 100 runners.
- Leeds Hyde Park - It starts with a short lap, then two and a bit around the park perimeter, dodging collapsed students. Small gentle uphill section gets harder every lap. Started in 2007 and attracts big numbers, sometimes 300+ and is hard to find parking if you don't know the area, especially in term time.

Aside from the odd promo visit from sponsors, after 50 and 100 runs you get a T-shirt! There is also an annual points competition and a 'runner of the month' award for each Parkrun... with a free pair of running shoes up for grabs (a pair of which a certain Tod lady is currently sporting).

Whether you treat it as a lung bursting race, a training session, a gentle warm up for a Sunday race or just a social run, they are a great way to start off the weekend. Then you can be happy for the rest of the day safe in the knowledge there will always be a bit of your heart devoted to it.



Myra Wells

My first (and probably last) triathlon

Picture the scene. We've just finished our last training swim in a beautiful French Alpine lake prior to the Alp D'Huez Triathlon. JP had been giving us some advice and assessing our performance for the swim section of the event. "You'll be alright" coach JP says in turn to Jane, Jonnie and Chrispy. Then turning to me; "But you're going to struggle."

It had all seemed a good idea about nine months previous when one of the experienced triathletes in our club announced that they were 'up for it' and set the ball rolling. "It doesn't matter if you can't swim. You'll soon learn" says Phil. So Jane and I started to visit Tod and Bingley baths fairly frequently. It seemed like everyone had sound advice to give but putting advice into practice was another story. I got up to 10 then 20 lengths then eventually half a mile, but always with a nice breather at the end of every length. It was going to be a different story in open water. There the best news for my ears was that it was nigh impossible to drown wearing a wet suit!

So to the day of the race. I had watched the start of a couple of large triathlons and seen how the water erupts into a foaming frenzy of swimmers arms and legs when the gun goes off. So I resolved to start at the back, out of any danger. And there I stayed. As I slowly swam breast stroke for the first 100 metres the shoal of swimmers accelerated away. I tried to string together a few strokes of crawl but I was hyper ventilating. I could not calm down and that first bouy never seemed to get any nearer. I thought I saw Jim, Richard and Barry on the lake side so I jokingly shouted out "I'm knackered. I'll never finish." Next thing the rescue boat is asking me if I'm OK!(It wasn't the three stooges anyway.)

After what seemed like an hour and with a combination of all the swim strokes known to man I eventually reach the first buoy. Now I had to leave the comparative safety near the edge of the lake to swim across to the second buoy and that would be over half way. And there were swimmers behind me! Not many admittedly. I was sure I would be well over the 90 mins allowed for the swim but I could now see the exit ramp in the dim distance and I really wanted to ride the bike section. So I gave it my best effort and actually managed to swim front crawl for the next half mile or so.

What a relief to feel terra firma again. I'd done it! I'd swum 2.2km and lived to tell the tale. There were a few spectators left calling out words of encouragement; "Chrispy is 13 mins in front of you," and "Hurry up you slow b-----d."

Alright, perhaps ten minutes is a long transition but at least all the necessary creams were liberally applied prior to the bike section. At least I wasn't retching like one of the Army team in the row next to me. Then I was off on my bike. A fast 10 miles down the valley, overhaul a couple of riders, then the first climb up to Le Col du Grand Serre. The road went on and up interminably. After about 15 mins I thought I must be near the top and could see a sign up front.....10km au summit!! But the scenery was fantastic, the roads were good, plenty of drinks and food stations, I was starting to enjoy myself. Over the Col d'Ornon and then a fast descent with wide Alpine bends toward the Bourg d'Oisans valley. Past an unfortunate rider who had gone too fast round the bends, but an Ambulance was already with him.

I'd previously thought about the importance of hydration and replacing lost salts and minerals in the heat. I knew there were isotonic drinks and gels at the feed stations and thought I could depend on those. What I didn't reckon on was how the drinks didn't agree with my stomach and so dear reader the remainder of this account is a very painful one....cramp. It first reared it's ugly head when climbing the famous Alp D'Huez. On bend no.3 with another 20 to go! Simon was very kind and donated some of Phil's Nuun supply in an effort to keep me moving. It worked for a while and I passed a few more cyclists on the journey to T2 in Alp D'Huez village.

The run consisted of 3 laps of roads and trails above the village and quickly became an exercise in mind over pain, ignoring the cramp and concentrating on how bad (or good) other runners looked. I was very envious of anyone wearing 2 wrist bands when on my first lap but gradually my collection of bands grew as well. It was good to see friendly faces 'en route' and all too soon it was over. I had completed my first (and probably last) triathlon. Thanks to all who cheered us on and congratulations to all the Toddies who competed at Alp D'Huez. Did I enjoy it? The Jury is still out on that one.]



Jane, Phil, Chrispy & Richard

Richard Leonard

What's the point?

March 2007. The 18th. An intrepid band of Toddies off to the wilds of Derbyshire. The Edale Skyline.

Not been to Edale in years. Perhaps decades. Reminds me of my teenage years. It's an impressive situation, isn't it? Do we really have to get round all of that lot? Wow. Ah well, best get registered. Best get changed. Shoes, shorts – hang on – it's cold. Best keep on all the clothes I've brought. And it wasn't so much the hailstones, though the marshals on Mam Tor were difficult to differentiate from snowmen: it was the wind. And I got round! Some didn't – and you all know your names – a disgrace to the Club. Despite the compartment syndrome. I was the last finisher – but the list of DNFs was very long. And I did dismay the final marshal, following me down the hill to the finish, when, as he thought, I was flaking out and lying down by the path – it's just the compartment syndrome, honest, I'll be on my way in a minute. 19 seconds actually.

Eleven points for an English Championship race! Wow!

Some might have worked out that my deducing that I could achieve points in English Championship races, as a result of this result, may well have been fallacious: I guess there's no fool like an old fool.

So here goes. Paddy's Pole – nul points. Fairfield – nul points. Success at Duddon (despite the compartment syndrome) – a point. And 4 at Weasdale. Things are definitely looking up.

Total for the year – 16 points, 19th vet 60. Yippee.

If I can do it in 2007, roll on 2008. It's the 8th of March. Black Combe. And I get over the finishing line moments before Graham Breeze. 8 points. Hooray. 3 Peaks. Some of our most prominent runners are timed out. I get round. The compartment syndrome slows me from Ingleborough to the finish. A sad person, I peruse the results to find the – single – runner who took longer than me to cover that section. But all to no avail – nul points. Then Blackstone Edge, home territory, and 3 points. Nil at Kentmere, can't finish Borrowdale (first time I've dropped out of a race, though I was previously timed out at Wasdale) and the year finishes with 8 points and 25th place. Ah well – try again next year.

March 2009, Half Tour, nul points. And again at a rain sodden Stretton Hills. Two points at Tebay: I managed that vicious climb OK. And didn't brain myself on a post on the run in. No point (geddit?) trying Wasdale – I'll be timed out. FOUR (!) points at Dentdale. And my shoe falls apart at Langdale. Second race ever that I don't complete.

Total 6 points and 34th place

My excuse this year? Family & work commitments. Daughter's wedding. Sister's golden wedding. So – no entries this time. Till we get to Shelf Moor. The wind blasted heath. And I got a point!

48th this time – what will it be in 2011? That may be the point.

Peter Ehrhardt



New clinic now open! Come and get those aches and pains sorted before they stop you running! It is much easier and quicker to treat an injury in the early days than wait until its really set in.

Come and test your core stability and engage those abdominals, it will improve your running-**FACT**.

PILATES OFFER

Special offer 5 for the price of 4 sessions, £140. Having 1:1 sessions does not allow for any cheating!

MILLS NEWS

KINESIO tape is coming to Mills Physiotherapy by November. Its what all the sports stars wear!



It seems that kinesio tape can used treat any running related injury. It is designed to mimic skin and integrates with the body's sensory system naturally to enhance performance and aid recovery. Unlike regular athletic taping it allows freedom of motion without restricting muscles or blood flow. By allowing the muscles a larger degree of movement, the body is able to heal itself more quickly and fully before. The tape is water resistant, breathable and may be worn for up to five days. I hope to be able to use it some Toddlies.

My running career is still halted I'm afraid, have a problem with my sacro-iliac joint which is compounded by running. I am working hard at firing my gluts and stretching, hope to jog again soon.....but I can't miss out on scary bats!!

Ali 07780901493

