



# TORRIER

SUMMER 2012

# THE TORRIER



HAS  
RETURNED

# General Info

## Pack Runs

***Weds 7pm start***

***July - New Delight, Colden***

***August - Robin Hood, Cragg Vale***

***6.45pm start***

***Sept - Staff Of Life, Cornholme, Todmorden***

## Tuesdays

**Speed Work 6.30pm Todmorden High School**

**Grand Prix dates on page 6**

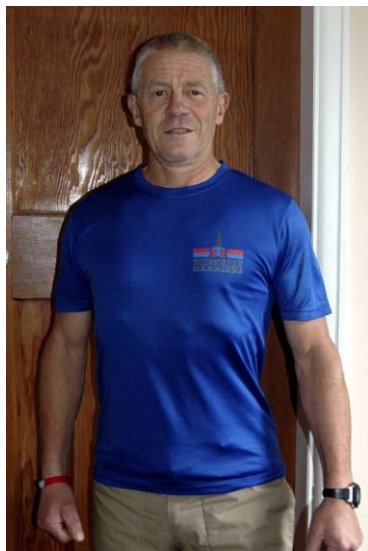
## KIT

**We have lots of new kit**

### Hoodies

Cost £15

Colours Grey  
& Purple



### Technical T's

Cost £9

Available in blue & red

From Margaret & Richard Blakeley

01422 881974

## Coming Soon

New Todmorden Harriers vest



Front



Back

## Cycling Tops

Have been ordered I have tried to contact everyone I know cycles who doesn't read the forum. There are 4 spare mens and 2 ladies cost £35



Tod cycling / winter fell race top



## Dates for your diary

### 7<sup>th</sup> October - Ian Hodgson Relay

Team Captains        Mens Jon Wright

Ladies Elise Milnes

### 14<sup>th</sup> October - FRA relays

### Saturday 1<sup>st</sup> December - Christmas Do & Presentation

## Contributions

**Please please can we have as many articles as possible**

**If you've done something exciting, awesome, different, painful then please write about it.**

**Send to me [mandy@todharriers.co.uk](mailto:mandy@todharriers.co.uk)**

**Andrew [andrew@andrewbibby.com](mailto:andrew@andrewbibby.com)**

**Joolz [joolz500@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:joolz500@hotmail.co.uk)**

## Hot Toddy

Wanted new race organiser

New Location, New  
management...??

I am getting a lot of hassle about  
christmas and doing the Hot Toddy.

I need someone to swap another  
race, or take the HT so I can  
concentrate on running another  
race at a different time of the year.

It is a road thing, Its a great money  
spinner, and I am loathed to let it  
go, it is a lot of organisation hours  
but I am happy to fully support and  
talk through my masterful running  
of the HT over the last 4 year.

Its a good thing to start getting  
involved in now as I am  
renegotiating the location of HT HQ  
to the Cricket Club and new fun run round the park which is much safer.

Cheers.

Ben





## Junior Harriers



It's been about five years now since I wanted to see a junior section to the Todmorden Harriers to rival the deck chairs or the mighty Rossendale. Mostly to keep my girls running and interesting in the sport I am addicted to.

Eileen Miles had a few still running, and I joined with her to learn from her, that group grew then we split to have more exposure for juniors harriers, me to expand and take in younger children to get them just enjoying lots of outside fun.

Graham Wrench was running the senior group and we combined days to give a through - follow on type situation, which seems to be a little successful with Juniors from 6-11 age with me, then 12 onward to Graham. Some staying to help me, Rosie Crowther, Jackson Cowie notably.

I'm Now a level 2 coach, Graham is the Senior Coach and still inspires me with his knowledge and guidance on the simplest to the complex. I have Clive Greatorex as a superb Number 2, and Jackson Cowie and Claire Duffield when they can make it, as assistant coaches.

**I'd welcome more.**

To get the depth and breadth of kids involved in running I think we need a model like Rossy or CVFR, a location, a track or a deep number of coaches to get kids,, especially teens hooked on healthy running, free and easy dipping in and out of the sport but making it a constant in their lives, as so many of us need some form of constants.

This will grow our club to be the mighty champions they can be, using the grass roots original Todmorden youth to fuel the rise of mighty tod harriers. We survive on local strength and blow ins, and I am one, then I grew some locals to add to the strength. Hopefully they will stay interested.

My long term goal is to motivate and expand the harriers, but also the athletics capacity of Todmorden. A track in centre vale park, in their face so people will come down and do stuff. Get involved.

It is a dream and I have that dream. So the stats are, 15-25 kids each week, for 1.5 hours Tod high school gym, Tuesday, five to six thirty or occasionally up to gaddings dam for a bit of fell, exposure and getting wet in the sandy end of the dam. We get wet a lot fell running, get used to it. Dry is for the pub. Good for parents to get some experience of the hills too and I encourage that. Parents supporting are the key to getting the Juniors popular.

Thanks for listening folks, and if you wanna get involved please come get free training and get in!

Ben Crowther



# Forthcoming Grand Prix Races

It's now past the midway point of the 2012 Grand Prix and 75 Toddlies have dipped their toes in the water – literally in the case of many of this summer's races. Will we ever reach the elusive 100 mark?

There are still 15 races to go and with only 8 needed to qualify, it is not too late to start.

## JULY

The scenic (i.e. hilly) Helen Windsor 10k, organised by Halifax Harriers, is on Wednesday 4<sup>th</sup> July at 7:30pm from Greetland All Rounders Sports Club - £7 by 27<sup>th</sup> June (+£1 EOD up to 300 limit).

The next road race is an early start – 9:30am for the Eccup 10 mile at Adel in North Leeds on Sunday 15<sup>th</sup> July organised by Abbey Runners. £11 (+2 EOD if places left).

Calderbrook's annual cake eating conference is preceded by a gentle jaunt over to Freehold's Top, otherwise known as the Turnslack Fell Race on 21<sup>st</sup> July – 8 miles with a couple of small hills to work up an appetite on the way back. For some reason there are never many female entrants, maybe they are too busy baking cakes? £4 EOD only.

## AUGUST

The penultimate Trail Race is just a quick trip down the M65 for the Cuerden Valley Badger 10k on Thursday 2<sup>nd</sup> August at 7:30pm. £6 EOD and every finisher gets a fresh badger, I think?

£6 also buys you hours of fun at the 16 mile Borrowdale Fell Race on Saturday 4<sup>th</sup> August, with over 1000 feet of ascent for every pound – but no badgers.

The English Championship heads for the Howgills for the Weasdale Horseshoe, ladies at 12:30pm and men at 2:30pm, on Saturday 18<sup>th</sup> August.

Surely a hurricane can't strike twice for the Fleetwood Half Marathon on Sunday 26<sup>th</sup> August – 9:30 start for £15 (+2 EOD if places left). Maybe worth taking full waterproof body cover just in case, it is on August Bank Holiday after all.

Beyond that...

The Trail Championship closes with the 'Mystery Race' – we are not telling you when, how far or where (mainly because we haven't found a suitable replacement for the cancelled Stanhill yet).

The Fell Championship then takes to the fore, with its last 4 races:

Rombald's Romp on 15<sup>th</sup> September. Kielder Blast is also the final English Championship Race on 29 September. Good Shepherd on 6<sup>th</sup> October from Mytholmroyd and Race You to the Summit on October 20<sup>th</sup>.

The Road Championship then closes off the Grand Prix with the Preston Guild Half Marathon on October 28. Through the Villages eight and a nearly half miles on 4<sup>th</sup> November near Chorley, and the big finale at the Wesham 10k on 24<sup>th</sup> November.

# Photos and Facebook



The search has been on for the best way to collect and collate race photos of Tod Harriers as a picture archive for the Club and so they can be easily accessed for articles, Phil's Christmas presentations and such like. I, for my sins, have volunteered to take on the job!

Various options have been explored and after much debate and a false start (!) we have now set up a Todmorden Harriers Facebook page. The decision to go with Facebook is because, in the short term, it will provide the easiest way to collect photos to a central online location. At the moment there is no suitable software to attach to our website and the size of photo files can cause a problem on flickr. Facebook will allow people to share their photos through the Todmorden Harriers page without the need to give everyone a custom password or to email them to an individual, clogging up their inbox!

Unlike Facebook pages for individuals, this is a page specifically for an organisation so it won't detract from the Forum as a means of members' communication. Rather than being a 'friend' you will need to 'like' the page and you will then be able to upload any photos you are happy to share. When you post photos to the page please identifying them by the race or event they were taken at with a date.

With regard to privacy, we can ensure that photos are not seen publically but do please make sure that the people in them are happy for you to share the photos with the Club.

We won't be putting masses of content on the page, just highlights from the website. Everything we do post will direct people to the website.

For those of you who don't have a Facebook page, we do have an email address that you can send photos to – [photos@todharriers.co.uk](mailto:photos@todharriers.co.uk)

If anyone has any thoughts, questions etc please let me know.

All that remains is for you to post lots of photos 😊

Many thanks  
Kathy



2012 TRAIL TABLE 4 races				Standish	Bent & Bongs	Pinhaw	Naden Valley	Cuerden Valley	Stanhill	Completed Races	total points	Qualified?	qualifying TOTAL
	attendance			10	6	9	8	0	0	33			
	average points			72.4	76.7	79.5	84.5	#DIV/0!	#DIV/0!	#DIV/0!			
1	Simon Galloway	M45		74.1	79.1	79.4	80.1			4	312.7	Q	312.7
2	Paul Hobbs	M		88.9		91.6	94.0			3	274.5	X	274.5
3	Paul Brannigan	M45			82.6	89.0	97.9			3	269.5	X	269.5
4	Richard Butterwick	M40			81.0	79.1	84.0			3	244.1	X	244.1
5	Dan Taylor	M		79.1		87.1				2	166.2	X	166.2
6	Richard Blakeley	M65		68.8		72.0				2	140.8	X	140.8
7	Peter Ehrhardt	M60			67.7		69.9			2	137.6	X	137.6
8	Helen Wilson	F45		64.3	69.2					2	133.5	X	133.5
9	John Lloyd	M					100.7			1	100.7	X	100.7
10	Robin Tuddenham	M40		92.8						1	92.8	X	92.8
11	Darren Tweed	M				86.6				1	86.6	X	86.6
12	Michael Harper	M40			80.6					1	80.6	X	80.6
13	Phil Cook	M40					79.0			1	79.0	X	79.0
14	Andy Glyde	M		72.9						1	72.9	X	72.9
15	Chris Drinkwater	M60					70.4			1	70.4	X	70.4
16	Helen Hodgkinson	F40				67.0				1	67.0	X	67.0
17	Melanie Robertson	F50		65.1						1	65.1	X	65.1
18	Julie Wyant	F40				63.8				1	63.8	X	63.8
19	Ray Poulter	M65		61.2						1	61.2	X	61.2
20	Dave Wilson	M55		57.1						1	57.1	X	57.1



2012 FELL TABLE			Lads Leap (EC)	Flower Scar	Saddleworth	Kielder Blast (EC)	Summit	Stanbury Splash	Coledale (EC)	Turnslack	Weasdale (EC)	Rombalds Romp	Wadsworth Trog	Pendle Cloughs	Great Lakes (EC)	Borrowdale (EC)	Good Shepherd	Completed Races	Total points	Qualified?	Qualifying TOTAL
	attendance		25	38	7	0	0	29	19	0	0	0	14	5	14	0	0	151			
	average points		71.3	73.4	79.3	#DIV/0!	#DIV/0!	66.2	70.1	#DIV/0!	#DIV/0!	#DIV/0!	74.7	64.7	65.9	#DIV/0!	#DIV/0!				
1	John Lloyd	M	91.6	90.3	98.2			89.0	85.1				84.0		69.7			7	607.9	Q	538.2
2	Helen Hodgkinson	F40	60.9	67.1	69.9			60.2	62.3						52.8			6	373.2	Q	373.2
3	Dwane Dixon	M	93.6					91.3	89.7				90.6		69.7			5	434.9	X	434.9
4	Marcel Ellison	M	81.6	87.5				80.0	79.3					84.1				5	412.5	X	412.5
5	Lauren Jeska	F35	91.8	96.4					90.2						88.4			4	366.8	X	366.8
6	Dave Collins	M55	76.9	78.1	86.0				77.2									4	318.2	X	318.2
7	Phil Hodgson	M55	75.4						73.8				81.4		67.4			4	298.0	X	298.0
8	Peter Ehrhardt	M65	57.5	63.7				55.3	51.9					54.2				5	282.6	X	282.6
9	Nick Barber	M			99.8								95.8		69.7			3	265.3	X	265.3
10	Sean Carey	M	92.6						92.2						79.4			3	264.2	X	264.2
11	Richard Blakeley	M65	63.2	67.1				60.1	59.3									4	249.7	X	249.7
12	Jane Leonard	F50	54.4					61.7	67.1						66.5			4	249.7	X	249.7
13	Chris Drinkwater	M60	61.6	65.9					61.1					60.8				4	249.4	X	249.4
14	Helen Wilson	F45			66.0			59.5	56.0				60.6					4	242.1	X	242.1
15	Sue Roberts	F45	61.1	63.4				59.2							54.4			4	238.1	X	238.1
16	Fiona Armer	F45		62.6					61.3				53.9		50.7			4	228.5	X	228.5
17	Dave Wilson	M55	59.6					55.6	52.7				59.3					4	227.2	X	227.2
18	Lucy Burnett	F4	74.5						75.3						71.0			3	220.8	X	220.8
19	Richard Leonard	M50	67.6					66.9	67.0									3	201.5	X	201.5
20	Mel Blackhurst	F45	67.6					67.7	64.7									3	200.0	X	200.0
21	Jon Wright	M40	95.8										98.3					2	194.1	X	194.1
22	Ben Crowther	M		81.3									84.6					2	165.9	X	165.9
23	Paul Brannigan	M45		86.5				79.4										2	165.9	X	165.9
24	Darren Tweed	M		84.2				75.7										2	159.9	X	159.9
25	Dan Taylor	M	75.7	83.6														2	159.3	X	159.3
26	Simon Galloway	M45		76.7				72.6										2	149.3	X	149.3
27	Richard Butterwick	M40		70.2	73.1													2	143.3	X	143.3
28	Derek Donohue	M50		74.8				65.7										2	140.5	X	140.5
29	Darren Graham	M40						71.1					67.4					2	138.5	X	138.5
30	Andy Glyde	M		69.9				68.0										2	137.9	X	137.9
31	Kevin Booth	M45						71.5						63.1				2	134.6	X	134.6
32	Chris Preston	F45						64.3					69.9					2	134.2	X	134.2
33	Bev Holmes	F40		71.0										61.5				2	132.5	X	132.5
34	Mark Whitaker	M50	70.7												61.0			2	131.7	X	131.7
35	David Leslie	M60		68.2				57.1										2	125.3	X	125.3
36	Ray Poulter	M65		65.5				59.6										2	125.1	X	125.1
37	Peter Marshall	M65		61.7	62.0													2	123.7	X	123.7
38	Elise Milnes	F50						60.9					53.4					2	114.3	X	114.3
39	Mandy Goth	F50						54.8							50.7			2	105.5	X	105.5
40	Andrew Wrench	M45		97.8														1	97.8	X	97.8
41	Ivan Gee	M40		93.1														1	93.1	X	93.1
42	Robin Tuddenham	M40		83.5														1	83.5	X	83.5
43	Robert Gray	M		81.3														1	81.3	X	81.3
44	Oz Kershaw	M50											78.9					1	78.9	X	78.9
45	Michael Harper	M40		76.8														1	76.8	X	76.8
46	Paul Alexander	M		75.8														1	75.8	X	75.8
47	Lee McCluskey	M50		74.7														1	74.7	X	74.7
48	Phil Cook	M40		71.9														1	71.9	X	71.9
49	Geoff Read	M50													71.5			1	71.5	X	71.5
50	Mick Craven	M50	70.8															1	70.8	X	70.8
51	Guy Whitmore	M40		69.5														1	69.5	X	69.5
52	Maria Prescott	F45		68.4														1	68.4	X	68.4
53	Sarah Warburton	F35	68.3															1	68.3	X	68.3
54	Joe Daniels	M						68.2										1	68.2	X	68.2
55	Hatty Nylan	F						68.1										1	68.1	X	68.1
56	Mick Howard	M50		67.5														1	67.5	X	67.5
57	Andrew Bibby	M55											67.2					1	67.2	X	67.2
58	Becca Marshall	F40							66.2									1	66.2	X	66.2
59	Cath Shanley	F45		65.0														1	65.0	X	65.0
60	Andrea Marshall	F		61.6														1	61.6	X	61.6
61	John Preston	M45						59.6										1	59.6	X	59.6
62	Johnny Medcalf	M50						59.4										1	59.4	X	59.4
63	Claire Duffield	F35	57.5															1	57.5	X	57.5
64	Moyra Parfitt	F65	57.5															1	57.5	X	57.5
65	Louise Abdy	F50		56.8														1	56.8	X	56.8
66	Julie Wyant	FV40		56.3														1	56.3	X	56.3
67	Graham Milnes	M55						56.0										1	56.0	X	56.0
68	Kath Brierley	F50	54.4															1	54.4	X	54.4
69	Dave O'Neill	M50		53.0														1	53.0	X	53.0

2012 ROAD TABLE 6 races				Metitam 10k	Rothwell 4m	Helen Winsor 10k	Wesham 10k	Thirsk 10	Caldervale 10	Eccup 10	Thru Villages	Blackpool Half	Keswick Half	Fleetwood Half	Preston Half	Completed Races	total points	Qualified?	qualifying TOTAL
	attendance			15	13	0	0	5	9	0	0	6	4	0	0	52			
	average points			74.8	79.5	#DIV/0!	#DIV/0!	70.8	80.4	#DIV/0!	#DIV/0!	78.9	68.6	#DIV/0!	#DIV/0!	#DIV/0!			
1	John Lloyd	M4			98.4			89.8	99.6			103.3				4	391.1	X	391.1
2	Robin Tuddenham	M40		97.0	93.9				97.7				91.5			4	380.1	X	380.1
3	Simon Galloway	M45		76.8	75.2				76.3			72.5				4	300.8	X	300.8
4	Nigel Hanson	M55		65.6	66.3			60.1				68.5				4	260.5	X	260.5
5	Sarah Glyde	F35		76.6				71.2					71.9			3	219.7	X	219.7
6	Melanie Robertson	F50		69.8				66.0				71.9				3	207.7	X	207.7
7	Helen Wilson	F45		68.0	66.8				67.1							3	201.9	X	201.9
8	Paul Brannigan	M45		85.7	89.0											2	174.7	X	174.7
9	Joe Daniels	M			81.2				90.0							2	171.2	X	171.2
10	Darren Graham	M40		84.7	86.2											2	170.9	X	170.9
11	Dan Taylor	M							82.3			82.1				2	164.4	X	164.4
12	Richard Blakeley	M65		70.5	72.1											2	142.6	X	142.6
13	Lucy Hobbs	F40						66.8				74.9				2	141.7	X	141.7
14	Elise Milnes	F50		69.2									59.3			2	128.5	X	128.5
15	Dave Wilson	M55		63.7	64.6											2	128.3	X	128.3
16	Graham Milnes	M55		58.5									51.7			2	110.2	X	110.2
17	Nick Barber	M			97.0											1	97.0	X	97.0
18	Darren Tweed	M		84.5												1	84.5	X	84.5
19	Clive Greateorex	M45		82.5												1	82.5	X	82.5
20	Richard Butterwick	M40			79.6											1	79.6	X	79.6
21	Trevor Davis	M45							78.2							1	78.2	X	78.2
22	Helen Hodgkinson	F40		68.4												1	68.4	X	68.4
23	Peter Ehrhardt	M60							68.2							1	68.2	X	68.2
24	Julie Wyant	FV40							64.6							1	64.6	X	64.6
25	Mandy Goth	F50			63.0											1	63.0	X	63.0

Race 18

Pstn	Name	Cat	Lads Leap (EC)	Flower Scar	Saddleworth	Kielder Blast (EC)	Summit	Stanbury Splash	Colledale (EC)	Turnslack	Weasdale (EC)	Rombalds Romp	Wodsworth Trog	Pendle Cloughs	Great Lakes (EC)	Borrowdale (EC)	Good Shepherd	Mettam 10k	Rothwell 4m	Helen Windsor 10k	Wesham 10k	Thirsk 10	Caldervale 10	Eccup 10	Thru Villages	Blackpool Half	Keswick Half	Fleetwood Half	Preston Half	Standish	Bent & Bongos	Pinhaw	Naden Valley 6	Cuenden Valley	Trail #6 (10c)	total completed races	total points	total fell races	avg per fell race	total road races	avg per road race	total trail races	avg per trail race	Qualified	Best combination	GP SCORE
1	John Lloyd	M	91.6	90.3	98.2			89.0	85.1				84.0		69.7				98.4			89.8	99.6			99.7							100.7			12	1096.1	7	86.8	4	96.9	1	100.7	Q	3F-4R-1T	768.3
2	Richard Blakeley	M65	90.2	95.8				85.8	84.7									93.8	95.9									98.2		95.7				8	740.1	4	89.1	2	94.9	2	97.0	Q	4F-2R-2T	740.1		
3	Simon Galloway	M45		86.2				79.9										83.3	82.1					83.3		79.2		81.6	86.4	86.7				10	836.2	2	83.1	4	82.0	4	85.6	Q	2F-3R-3T	675.4		
4	Helen Wilson	F45			83.4			75.2	70.7			76.6						84.5	83.0					83.3				81.2	85.9					9	723.8	4	76.5	3	83.6	2	83.6	Q	3F-3R-2T	653.1		
5	Paul Brannigan	M45		95.2				87.4										92.9	96.5									89.6	96.5	106.9				7	665.0	2	91.3	2	94.7	3	97.7	N		665.0		
6	Robin Tuddenham	M40		88.4														102.1	98.8				102.0				96.3		98.3				6	585.9	1	88.4	4	99.8	1	98.3	N		585.9			
7	Peter Ehrhardt	M65	78.8	87.4				74.9	71.1					74.3									87.7						87.0		89.9			8	651.1	5	77.3	1	87.7	2	88.5	N		580.0		
8	Helen Hodgkinson	F40	70.7	77.9	81.1			69.9	72.3						61.3			79.4												77.8			8	590.4	6	72.2	1	79.4	1	77.8	N		529.1			
9	Dave Wilson	M55	72.2					67.4	63.9				71.8					74.4	75.4														7	494.3	4	68.8	2	74.9	1	69.2	N		494.3			
10	Dan Taylor	M	75.7	83.6																			82.3			82.1		79.1		87.1			6	489.9	2	79.7	2	82.2	2	83.1	N		489.9			
11	Richard Butterwick	M40		73.6	76.6														82.5										84.0	82.6	87.7			6	487.0	2	75.1	1	82.5	3	84.8	N		487.0		
12	Dave Collins	M55	93.2	94.7	104.2				93.5																									5	486.5	4	96.4	0	0	1	100.9	N		486.5		
13	Dwane Dixon	M		93.6				91.3	89.7				90.6		69.7																			5	434.9	5	87.0	0	0	0	0	N		434.9		
14	Lauren Jeska	F35	103.6	108.8					101.8																									4	414.0	4	103.5	0	0	0	0	N		414.0		
15	Marcel Ellison	M		81.6	87.5			80.0	79.3						84.1																			5	412.5	5	82.5	0	0	0	0	N		412.5		
16	Chris Drinkwater	M60	78.3	83.8					77.6						77.3																			5	402.2	4	79.3	0	0	1	85.2	N		402.2		
17	Nick Barber	M			99.8										69.7				97.0															4	362.3	3	88.4	1	97.0	0	0	0	N		362.3	
18	Phil Hodgson	M55	90.3						88.4						97.5	81.6																		4	357.8	4	89.5	0	0	0	0	N		357.8		
19	Melanie Robertson	F50																89.3											85.5					4	351.3	0	0	3	88.6	1	85.5	N		351.3		
20	Jane Leonard	F50	75.5					84.4	93.1						92.2																			4	345.2	4	86.3	0	0	0	0	N		345.2		
21	Darren Tweed	M		84.2				75.7										84.5																4	331.0	2	79.9	1	84.5	1	86.6	N		331.0		
22	Darren Graham	M40						75.3					71.3					89.1	90.7															4	326.4	2	73.3	2	89.9	0	0	0	N		326.4	
23	Elise Milnes	F50						81.1					72.1					90.4										77.5						4	321.1	2	76.6	2	84.0	0	0	0	N		321.1	
24	Nigel Hanson	M55																75.9	77.4				70.1			79.2							4	302.6	0	0	4	75.6	0	0	0	N		302.6		
25	Fiona Armer	F45		78.1					76.4				67.2		63.2																			4	284.9	4	71.2	0	0	0	0	N		284.9		
26	Paul Hobbs	M																																3	274.5	0	0	0	0	3	91.5	N		274.5		
27	Sean Carey	M	92.6					92.2							79.4														88.9		91.6	94.0		3	264.2	3	88.1	0	0	0	0	N		264.2		
28	Ray Poulter	M65		88.6				79.6																					82.8					3	251.0	2	84.1	0	0	1	82.8	N		251.0		
29	Mel Blackhurst	F45	84.3					84.4	80.7																									3	249.4	3	83.1	0	0	0	0	N		249.4		
30	Sarah Glyde	F35																86.5				80.4											3	248.1	0	0	3	82.7	0	0	0	N		248.1		
31	Lucy Burnett	F	82.4						83.3						78.5																			3	244.2	3	81.4	0	0	0	0	N		244.2		
32	Sue Roberts	F45	79.2	82.2				76.8																										3	238.2	3	79.4	0	0	0	0	N		238.2		
33	Richard Leonard	M50	79.3					78.3	78.5														78.2											3	236.1	3	78.7	0	0	0	0	N		236.1		
34	Joe Daniels	M						68.2											81.2															3	227.6	1	68.2	2	79.7	0	0	0	N		227.6	
35	Mandy Goth	F50						73.0							68.4				82.4															3	223.8	2	70.7	1	82.4	0	0	0	N		223.8	
36	Julie Wyant	FV40		67.7																			77.1											3	221.0	1	67.7	1	77.1	1	76.2	N		221.0		
37	Andy Glyde	M		69.9				68.0																					72.9						3	210.8	2	69.0	0	0	1	72.9	N		210.8	
38	Jon Wright	M40	100.4									103.0																							2	203.4	2	101.7	0	0	0	0	N		203.4	
39	Graham Milnes	M55						67.8										68.9										60.3						3	197.0	1	67.8	2	64.6	0	0	0	N		197.0	
40	Chris Preston	F45						81.2					88.4																					2	169.6	2	84.8	0	0	0	0	N		169.6		
41	Lucy Hobbs	F40																				79.1				88.6								2	167.7	0	0	2	83.9	0	0	0	N		167.7	
42	Peter Marshall	M65		83.5	83.6																													2	167.1	2	83.6	0	0	0	0	N		167.1		
43	Michael Harper	M40		81.3																										85.4				2	166.7	1	81.3	0	0	1	85.4	N		166.7		
44	Ben Crowther	M		81.3									84.6																					2	165.9	2	83.0	0	0	0	0	N		165.9		
45	Derek Donohue	M50		86.7				76.2																										2	162.9	2	81.4	0	0	0	0	N		162.9		
46	Phil Cook	M40		76.9																															2	160.6	1	76.9	0	0	1	83.7	N		160.6	
47	Bev Holmes	F40		85.4										74.0																					2	159.4	2	79.7	0	0	0	0	N		159.4	
48	David Leslie	M60		86.7				72.6																											2	159.3	2	79.7	0	0	0	0	N		159.3	

# Toilet Seat 2012

***At last the Toilet Seat 2012 is in print where it belongs in a Torrier magazine - I'll admit that Uncle Barry is not a blogger, Tweeter, or tell the world every time he lifts the toilet seat on Facebook! But I, Uncle Barry, am happy that way and will remain so to the end of my days. Anyway onto the toilet seat: it's a great start with the girls leading the way, with a few chaps in hot pursuit including a couple of former champions - looks like it could be a classic year with 111 pts already on the table. Happy Toilet Seating,***

*Yours, Uncle Barry*

**Q:** When does new toilet seat start? **A:** as soon as the last one ends. So, Simon, you will collect 5pts for missing the Calderbrook Road turn off at the Duathlon.

## **Calderdale Relay**

### **1. Need a new bum bag?**

Finishing leg 5, Dave Collins found that his bike lock keys had passed through a hole in his bum bag, leaving his and Ben's bikes locked together. Luckily the day was saved by Branny & Darren with a bunch of dubious looking tools and a bit of brute force, allowing Ben to cycle to Wainstalls to collect his car, drive to Copley to see the finish - sorry wrong place - it does not finish here now. 5pts each to Bill & Ben (oops sorry - Dave and Ben)

**2. Super fast boys** Dave had Marcel and Paul down to run leg 4 in 10 mins (dream on boys). So instead, Dave gets a fast 5 pts

**3. What did you say?** On leg 2 Andrew heard Dwane shout, "push on a bit!", so he did. After a fast finish Dwane gasped, "I meant to say slow down a bit!". Dwane, leave the running **and** talking to the ladies - they are the experts! 5 pts for trying though

**4. Need a new watch** Ivan's watch was not working a week before the relay but he was still wearing it on race day. Here's 5pts and a timely reminder to buy a new one.....

**Louise's PB** Running at the first Burnley Park Run. Eureka! A PB by 5 mins! Sadly, Louise H had missed the short loop out - so 1 more lap to a near PW and 5 pts

## **Could you please repeat that Mel?**

After repeated messages on the Forum I am sure the girls know what they are doing now on the Pennine Bridleway. No repeat points Mel, just 5 pts

**The clue is in the name!** so it's 5pts each to John and Lucy for thinking the Thirsk 10 was a local race and somewhere near Sowerby Bridge

**Recce which race?** Lucy driving up the M6 to recce the Great Lakes race, was so happy singing along to the music in her car that she missed the turn for Kendal and just kept driving all the way to Coledale for a recce there and 5pts

**Recce tips from Fiona** (tested on a Great Lakes recce) 1: Forget lazy bearings 2: Know East from South 3: Spend 10hrs running around Lakeland tops then lock your car keys in the boot. Ring beloved and request he does a 5hr round trip with spare keys whilst you wander to the pub for steak pie and chips and a pint or two, having first ensured money was in pocket before locking keys in car. 5pts on each count = 15pts (the things men have to do)

**Showboating as Dan calls it** to get your picture in the Fellrunner. Sorry, I can only give you 1pt for that Dan but it's a start

**Wrighty's Lands End to John O'Groats** Bulldog clip holding map fell off. Bev rode over it and split her tyre for a costly 5pts. Hitting pothole in Tod gets 0 pts. Forgetting to tighten headset earns 5pts. Other mechanical problems earn 0 pts (can't be blamed for these). Total points earned = 10

## **Phones, Bumbags and Wet Days:**

They do not mix. Tip - put phone in a waterproof bag to save money and a lot of messing about. 5pts to Lucy B - it was a very wet day at the Great Lakes Race.

**Sat Naps:** It is important to input correct address (i.e. race venue, not race organiser's). It's equally important to realise one's mistake well before reaching his house to avoid a last minute dash to the venue. Cannonball earns 5pts

**Toffee Jane?** Unfortunately Jane didn't know she was getting one until hit on the back of the head by one thrown, Dave Woodhead style, by Phil at the Tod MMM prize presentation. 5pts to Phil for good throwing and 5pts to Jane for facing the wrong way.

## **League Table**

<b>Fiona Armer</b>	<b>15</b>
<b>Dan Taylor</b>	<b>11</b>
<b>Lucy Hobbs</b>	<b>10</b>
<b>Dave Collins</b>	<b>10</b>
<b>John Lloyd</b>	<b>10</b>
<b>Jon Wright</b>	<b>10</b>
<b>Lucy Burnett</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>Simon Galloway</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>Phil Hodgson</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>Mel Blackhirst</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>Ben Crowther</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>Jane Smith</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>Louse Abdy</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>Dwane Dixon</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>Ivan Gee</b>	<b>5</b>



# The Haworth hobble

## By Bev Holmes

Well, a series of firsts: this is my first contribution to the newsletter and my first race over 30 miles!

The choice of race was quite apt, as I started my travels over the fells as a walker and all those who have read the latest Fell runner will know the Hobble is a race with walker/runner history. Ironically I transferred my allegiance from walking to running as, whilst working full time and being a mum taxi, running took less time than walking and I could cross more miles in less time. How this has led to spending all day running I'm not quite sure!!

Anyway having got through the early morning start, dragging myself out of bed to get to Haworth for 7 to register, soon it was 8am and the race was beginning. The forecast has been good so having travelled through the mist and low cloud the big question was what clothes to take. Would I need a spare layer, as if I slowed down I was worried I would get cold! I decided to take a thin fleece as my husband would meet me half way and I could get rid of it then if the weather had improved.

Well, we were off! The line of bodies stretched along Cemetery road out of Haworth whilst a car bravely tried to get through!! The route left the road and was soon at Bronte Bridge. From there it climbs to Top Withens which given the similar misty weather when I recced this section I'd felt the isolation which inspired so many classics. However with the long line of people stretching in front and behind, this was not a day for isolation!!

The route then dropped to Walshaw Dean Reservoir and by now the mist was so dense I couldn't even see the other end of it! As I left the reservoir and headed out to the road I chatted to a lady who although until recently lived in Sabden had travelled from Germany for the race!!

As I climbed away from Widdop reservoir the rain began and the mist continued to obscure the view. In a way the mist was a blessing, as it did mean I couldn't see how far way Stoodley Pike was or the fact that we weren't even heading towards it yet!! However given we now could see no runners in front or behind, I was glad to be running with a chap from Clayton Le Moors that was very familiar

with the Mary Townley Loop and so was confident of how far it was to the next turning. When I recced this section I was able to see the reservoir I was aiming to, but now it was out of sight even when we took the left turn towards it!

Leaving the reservoirs and aiming towards the huge windmills which were still out of sight I was glad of a growing familiarity with the route. This continued on Long Causeway over to Pudsey Lane whilst grabbing a Hot Cross bun running on to Whirlow rocks. Meeting Wendy Dodds on her way back to the checkpoint having over stepped it, was a chilling reminder of the importance of concentrating on the route as with 32 miles to do, I didn't fancy any extra distance!!

Having headed down to Cross Stones and Castle hill it was great to see a familiar face as my husband waited at the canal with a fresh drink and banana. Having restocked supplies I headed up to Mankinholes. At least the cows were now gone from the field to be crossed to get to the road, but the sloppy mud left clear evidence of their previous occupation and most of this now seemed to be sticking to my shoes!! I washed them as well as I could in puddles on the way to the next check point where I declined the Jura whisky!!

A quick rinse of my shoes in the water troughs, before turning onto London road and climbing up to the pike. Although the mist had now lifted, the wind was still blowing and seemed to be concentrated on the pike. The descent down the Pennine Way was tempered with the knowledge that Hebden would be the start of the climb to Heptonstall. Having prepared myself for a traumatic climb I started chatting to an experienced Hobbler on his eighth race and as he tried to convince me that the Calderdale Hike is actually easier than the Hobble, we suddenly realised we had reached the Cross Inn and were on the way down to Hardcastle Craggs.

As we climbed out of the Craggs I looked ahead and could see clear evidence of how the Hobble gets its name!! Everyone seemed almost doubled over, willing their legs

up the incline which seemed to go on and on! I battled on, trying to run as much as possible as the transition between walking and running was getting harder! Finally the last check point was reached with the last climb ahead, or so a helpful runner told me!

The final descent to Leeshaw reservoir was daunting with the rugged rocks creating a treacherous route under wobbly legs. The actual final climb to Tom Stell's Seat was fuelled with the knowledge that the route was runnable from here onwards.

Emerging from the church yard and expecting to run down to the Fleece, I was amazed to be directed by both a fellow runner and Haworth residents down a small

alleyway to the Health Centre. Having saved enough energy for a push up the hill the sprint across the road was a relief and I was pleased to reach the finish in 6 hours 19 minutes.

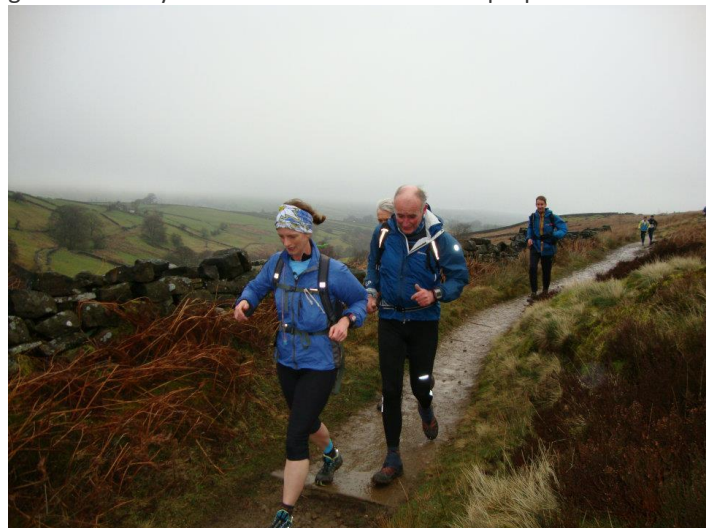
Well I'm pleased to have finished my first 30 miler and in a crazy way and am now looking forward to the Calderdale Hike. Many thanks to everyone who has encouraged me to keep trying new distances – although I'm still trying to work out how much my ability to finish is due to increased fitness and how much is due to lunacy and an ability to ignore the aches and pains!! Possibly a question I don't really want the answer to!

## HOBBLE HICCUP

How about this for a list of ailments leading up to a 33 mile race? Let's see – a grade 2 sprained ankle, a severe kidney infection with high fever, a nasty cold, corns dug out of feet, a diagnosis of arthritic feet, a persistent bad back. It had all been going so well. I'd planned 5 long consecutive runs (20+ miles), one a fortnight, from December to February. Run number 4, The Hebden 22, had gone well and things were looking good for my return to Ultra Running at the Haworth Hobble 32 miler. Then 6 weeks beforehand I rolled my ankle over on a rock while reccying the Pennine Bridleway (which was subsequently cancelled anyway) and that was the end of the good preparation. 2 weeks with no running at all, then a gradual build up through walking and road running. Then 9 days before the race, and I'm off work feeling very sorry for myself with a full on dose of lady-flu, zero running and just hoping it doesn't turn into a chest infection. I'm lucky, it doesn't. Tuesday before the race I've turned the corner and am believing I'll be on the start line.

All this time, my bomb-proof running partner Elise has been texting me seeing how I am. She lets on that she 'doesn't feel very well', and it turns out she's in bed in a darkened room, running a temperature, and too weak to move. This is less than 72 hours before the starting gun. Now Elise is hard as nails, her secret middle name should be Boudicca, she is ultra-reliable, and I'm having to face the fact that after all that me-me-me-ness, SHE may not be able to make it. I know Elise though; if she can stand up, she'll be there.

Hobble Eve, and our pal JT (John Taylor) has come to stay. We're very sensible and drink coffee and eat popcorn and go to bed early. Rather different to the race prep that JT is famous for, and I'm grateful I haven't been persuaded into



drinking any half pints of Baileys! We arrive in good time, and it's great to see so many familiar and friendly faces, and especially good to see Elise's. Our pal Raj is there, and he elects to run with us, despite the warnings that he could be in for a very long day.

8.00am and we're off up the cobbles, along the road and out onto the moor. The weather could have been better! We're running into a stiff head-wind, in persistent drizzle and low cloud and it's very slippery and muddy. Elise and Raj seem to be full of beans, and I'm

having to slow them down for fear of blowing up too early. But the miles are ticking by nicely, Elise has had an inopportune lie down in the mud and is hilariously filthy, and the banter and giggles keep us going nicely. By the time we pass Withins we think the field has spread out, though it's rather difficult to tell being as visibility is down to about 30 feet. The scenery was extraordinarily boring, all we could see was a grassy bank of tufts. I'm really slowing us up across the rough moorland, not feeling confident about my ankle at all, taking it very steady as I slip and slide in the thick mud. I'm glad to finally emerge onto some tarmac and feel like I can run again! I



get out a packet of jelly babies and offer them around. I've followed some advice I saw Kath write about sprinkling some salt in your sweetie bag. From the surprised looks on Elise's and Raj's faces I've clearly overdone it. I own up, and Elise looks relieved, she thought she'd got really sweaty hands!

We're 10 miles in before we know it, and we're out at the (invisible) windmills on the Long Causeway. We have the pleasure of JPs company for a short while and joke about who's going to be the slowest Toddie, but we're walking a lot of the uphill, and it's already obvious that this is just about forward motion. We are clearly going to win that accolade outright!



The miles continue to pass by in a blur of mist, mud, hot dogs, doughnuts and salty jelly babies and we're spat out unceremoniously onto the Burnley Road at 20 miles gone. This is where the challenge really starts, with all the roller-coastering packed into the last 12 miles. The hard, hard climb up to Mankinholes is out the way quickly and we run into the famous 'whisky' checkpoint. There's a bottle of 10 year old Jura on the table. And it's empty. That'll teach us to dillydally so much. We didn't want any anyway, thank you very much. Elise takes the opportunity to empty her shoes of stones, and I take my opportunity to sit in the marshall's deckchair. Ah bliss. My back and ribs are really hurting and it feels so good to take the pressure off for a few seconds.

London Road and Stoodley Pike, and Elise is beginning to suffer. Her illness is taking its toll on her energy levels, and her ITB is playing up and making her unable to run downhill. I can't run uphill, Elise can't run downhill, what a bloody pair. Raj finally loses patience and gets out a packet of Ibuprofen and cajoles us to take some. Then an apparition through the trees of Callis Wood appears. It's Darren with jelly babies and lucozade. He runs with us down Horsehold, and I have memories of the last time, when Elise and I overtook people coming down here. This year there's no-one around to overtake.

I kiss Darren goodbye and then it's the worse climb of the day, up the road to Heptonstall. Except we've taken a detour up the rocks. Elise needs to get her sticks to help with the knee problem. They're making good progress away from me, and stop to wait. I tell them to get on with it being as we're going to Elise's house and I'll meet them there. Not that I was secretly hoping for a cup of tea, but I've been to Elise's house so many times I know exactly where it is. Or I thought I did. After running up several cul-de-sacs and dead ends, I finally see them emerging from a familiar looking house and we're on our way, giggling at Elise's story of walking round the house with her feet in carrier bags, holding them by the handles.

The click-click-click of Elise's sticks act as a metronome and we get a good march on, but we are only running on the easiest of ground now, and we walk all of the long descent down to the checkpoint at Grain Water Bridge. Raj is strong and we think that he must have carried on now, but he's been chatting for ages to the marshall about the Fellsman and is quite

happy. Top o'Stairs comes and goes and I'm beginning to get excited about finishing. I list our milestones, "reservoir", "T-junction", "Haworth 1 mile signpost", "big boulder", "car park", "church", "snicket", "FINISH LINE". These milestones pass by easily, and we call them out as we pass them. We must have looked bonkers. Darren, his lad and Alan are waiting for us by the carpark and give us a big yell. We take the snicket which we didn't know about last year, and it's a much better finish, not having to run UP a hill. And there it is, "FINISH LINE"! 8 hours 21 minutes. Nearly 90 minutes slower than our 2010 time, and almost 2 hours slower than Elise's 2011 solo run.

There is always a sense of achievement to be had from surviving an event of this distance, and I certainly feel pleased that we finished against the odds. However, there's no denying the disappointment about our time. Recovery, both mentally and physically, is fast, and within days Elise and I are texting each other excitedly about entering another 'short' with a view to having a better run and scoring better points. After all, at least we've now done a long training run. And plans have put in place to improve our weak-points. Nothing we can do about kidney infections and sprained ankles; but Elise has ordered a foam roller to tackle that tight ITB, and I've printed out and began a programme of core-strengthening exercises to prevent me sitting in marshall's deckchairs next time!

Joolz (Julie Wyant)



*(Photos thanks to Karen at RunFurther and IWCharters)*

## Easter Eigg-stravaganza 2012

The Sgurr of Eigg, a 390 m high prow of volcanic pitchstone, dominates the western side of the Isle of Eigg, towering above the small harbour at Glamisdale. We'd looked across the Sound of Eigg from the Ardnamurchan



Penninsula at this geological marvel but today, as we powered across the sea in the "Sea.fari" fast catamaran, it was obscured by clag and drizzle. Together with nearly 50 other runners we were sailing from Mallaig to Eigg to take part in the Easter Eigg Races, a one off adventure devised by Lawrie Anderson of Lomond Hillrunners. Today's 9km race would take us from the harbour, across the bogs and moor under the eastern precipices of the Sgurr, before scrambling steeply up and running the rocky ridge to the trig point. Then a headlong dash back down the way we'd come. That was the plan anyway.

"I've put a few flags out", explained Lawrie, "the route's obvious, just follow the red dots along the main tourist path". However, the main tourist path was supplemented by numerous other trods and more than one runner took wayward routes in the thick mist. Even Lawrie himself, flying down the moors towards the last mile on the track, found himself off route. Despite the navigational incidents the race route was a big hit with the runners. A race with everything but a view... track, moor, bog, rock...and beer. The cafe at the harbour serves butties, cakes, teas and coffees...and Guinness. Marvellous.



Mandy and myself, and another running couple, were picked up by Stuart "Scruff" Miller in his old land rover and taken the four miles across the island on the single track road (the only road on the island) to his croft and newly opened B&B. Howlin Croft House sits in a stunning spot under the Quirang like cliffs of Beinn Bhuidhe and overlooks the pristine white beaches of Laig Bay and Camas Sgiotaig – the Singing Sands. The stunning backdrop is the Cuillin Hills of the Isle of Rum. Probably one of the best views in Scotland, but today it was invisible. Scruff, raconteur extraordinaire, regaled us with tales of the island. As a farmer, builder, coastguard and ex lobster fisherman he seems to have his fingers in many pies on the island. Those fingers he has left that is. In his most gruesome tale he explained how he got three of his fingers trapped in the creel winch on his boat and had to cut them off with his bait knife to get free!

If you want to stay somewhere unique, friendly and informal you must visit Howlin Croft House. <http://www.spanglefish.com/howlinhouse/> Before we'd even sat down a large dram was thrust in our hands. We were given a guided tour of the chickens, ducks, goats, pig and polytunnel. Scruff's wife Kathleen cooked up a wonderful home-made and locally sourced meal and we were entertained by endless stories. The Easter Ceilidh was to be held in the community centre near the harbour. Scruff volunteered to give us a lift. He was soon cursing when we were held up by the local bus, an old white minibus, crawling along at 10mph. "The bloody driver's always pissed" Scruff explained, "but nay bother, I know a short cut". He steered the land rover off the road and accelerated across a bumpy field before cutting back onto the road in front of the van. "Did you like that?" he asked. Before we had time to reply, "I know an even better one". We plunged over an edge and plummeted down a steep grassy bank cutting out a hairpin on the road. "My brother's still got a neck brace from last time I did that" he shouted gleefully. Nerves were calmed by one or three guinnesses at the ceilidh. Scruff had promised to pick us up at 1am warning us not to walk home as the road was full of drunken drivers. We wondered whether we'd be better taking our chances with the drunks!

The Ceilidh apparently starts at 9pm, and finishes at 9am! One obvious reason for this was that each dance seems to last forever due to the large number of dancers – all having to execute the particular highlight of the dance at least once. We started stripping the willow just after midnight...by quarter past one we'd stripped it three times and the band was still going strong. We retired, dripping with sweat. I'm sure it was the dancing that caused my calf strain rather than the fell running.

Sunday saw us lined up on Laig Beach ready for Race 2. Lawrie, having lost one young lady in yesterday's race (she was eventually found wandering the misty moors in tears several hours after everyone else had finished), had revised today's route as he didn't want to lose anyone over the precipitous drops of the Beinn Bhuidhe ridge in today's thick clag. Along the beach, along a track, up an outrageously steep climb to Beinn Bhuidhe trig, back down vertical heather before flying down a wonderful grassy ridge to finish on the Singing Sands. Another top 8km route. No prizes for our racing prowess but we did win a spot prize each. As we were strolling back towards Glamisdale in the rain a rusty old pick-up with no rear lights and the widows held in place with gaffa tape pulled up. Scruff leaned out, "You wanna lift?". We nodded. "You'll have to jump on the back then". We perched on a pallet as the pick-up negotiated the narrow winding road waving at the other runners as we passed them. An Isle of Eigg white knuckle ride. "Great pick-up this" Scruff told us, "I once had 18 passengers on the way back from a ceilidh, four of 'em were on the bonnet!"



So, if its ever on again (Lawrie's still deciding whether to repeat it), put the Easter Eigg races in your diary. Or, just visit the island anyway. It's a magical, friendly and wild island with great walks and runs, fascinating geology and archaeology, and extraordinary Scottish island hospitality. We're already looking forward to going back.

**Slainte**

**Mandy & Phil**

**The 28th Calderdale Way Relay Results 13th May 2012**

CALDERDALE WAY RELAY 2012														
POS	No	TEAM	Leg 1		Leg2		Leg 3		Leg 4		Leg 5		Leg 6	
1	40	Wharfedale Harriers A	David Kirkham		Shaun Chew		James Hall		Sam Watson		Jack Smith		Stephen Chew	
			Nick Charlesworth		Matt Athersmith		J Bradshaw		Ted Mason		James Craig		Gareth Hird	
			1:17:50	(2)	1:00:50	(3)	0:36:57	(1)	1:09:23	(6)	1:00:51	(10)	1:12:58	(5)
			1:17:50	(2)	2:18:40	(1)	2:55:37	(1)	4:05:00	(1)	5:05:51	(2)	6:18:49	(1)
4	46	Todmorden Harriers	Nick Barber		Andrew Wrench		Trevor Davis		Paul Hobbs		Ben Crowther		John Lloyd	
			Sean Carey		Dwayne Dixon		Paul Brannagan		Marcel Ellison		Dave Collins		Ivan Gee	
			1:20:30	(5)	1:00:29	(2)	0:41:05	(5)	1:17:56	(20)	1:00:28	(8)	1:15:33	(11)
			1:20:30	(5)	2:20:59	(3)	3:02:04	(2)	4:20:00	(4)	5:20:28	(4)	6:36:01	(4)
60	47	Todmorden Harriers Ladies	M Blackhurst		Jane Leonard		Christine Preston		Lucy Hobbs		Helen Wilson		Fiona Armer	
			Beverley Holmes		Maria Prescott		Andrea Marshall		Hatti Nylan		Mandy Goth		Elise Milnes	
			1:43:14	(55)	1:26:49	(52)	0:55:55	(60)	1:35:50	(57)	1:18:39	(56)	1:45:58	(68)
			1:43:14	(55)	3:10:03	(52)	4:05:58	(58)	5:41:48	(59)	7:00:27	(56)	8:46:25	(60)
61	75	Todmorden All Stars	Robert Gray		Michael Harper		Patsey Boulton		Richard Blackley		Louise Abdy		Julie Wyant	
			Simon Anderton		Clive Greatorex		Stuart Boulton		David Wilson		Paula Haworth		Moyra Parfitt	
			1:42:27	(53)	1:13:36	(29)	0:57:15	(65)	1:47:42	(68)	1:29:32	(72)	1:47:23	(70)
			1:42:27	(53)	2:56:03	(42)	3:53:18	(44)	5:41:00	(54)	7:10:32	(59)	8:57:55	(61)





## 240 Miles for a PB! *Lauren Jeska*

## Cardiff ParkRun Tales

Episode 3  
10 March 2012



With a title like that it's a little tricky keeping up the suspense.. but I'll give it a go! As my legs were fine after the last trip, training had been excellent, and I could take the time out for another parkrun trip. In fact, training had gone so well that, the morning after Running Up Every Hill, I had a great run up and down Cader, and promptly phoned a friend in Corris to arrange another outing within 45 minutes!

By this week, however, my rankings attempts were well and truly busted ~ the first serious 5K of the year had taken place a week earlier, while I was busy making my presence noticed in Welsh FRA circles with my course record at the Pipe Dream Fell Race. My life always being filled with irony, the 5K had been in, you guessed it, Cardiff! #1 in the rankings was now an excellent 15:51 from World Champion triathlete Helen Jenkins, also the record holder for the parkrun course with a 16:20 just over a year ago.

Race preparation went a lot better this time, with 2 days off beforehand, and only a slight attempt to sabotage myself with some bodyweight strength & conditioning work on Friday. I hope it wins me some races later in the year, as all it meant for today was some tight ITBs! Nearing Cardiff, the A470 illuminated signboards welcomed me, as every time, announcing Cardiff Pride! When you drive closer, you see it actually reads P+Ride. My morning rituals had left me about as awake and ready as I can manage at 9 in the morning, and well set for the race.

The shoes of the day were my Lucerne Marathon-winning, and Great North Run, pair, the Adidas Adios in ultra-bright infra-red colour (but without the fluorescent yellow flashes added this year for the Olympics). They worked pretty well, it has to be said ~ a bit more mid-foot support than the Saucony A4, and more of a positive feel than the Nike Zoom's that I used last time. My calves survived the race without too much trauma, and could have handled more of a sprint finish, if only I'd been doing plenty of flat speed work this winter. But my limited road races aren't allowed to interfere with hill training this year, so I haven't!

I decided to go with a slightly fast start, for which one of the regulars told me off afterwards. But I feel it's the way I get my best 5K time. Spurred on by her coach telling her to give it everything, another woman had briefly stayed near me, and I wondered if I might have a race on this time. But her speciality is not the 5K, and by the end she was some way behind. I looked her name (Emily Brown) up at home, to find she is an excellent steeple-chaser, for which she is in the all-time UK rankings, and the coach had already introduced himself as Welsh endurance lead coach Darrell Maynard.

As my critic also acknowledged, I didn't fade so much in the middle this time, and with much breathing-like-a-donkey, came round in decent shape to the finish, albeit not quite sprinting to the line the way the short-distance junkies can manage. This week there was a different timekeeper, which didn't feel right somehow! However, he was also helpful and revealed my time: 17:05. Oh for 6 seconds! Nevertheless, a 10 second improvement on Littleborough last July.

Those few seconds faster certainly have an impact: a return to the spaced-out dizziness that I expect after racing well. Walking round the city centre, I came close to throwing up a few times, triggered equally by traffic fumes or smokers at a hundred paces. What passers-by thought when I momentarily rested my head on a lamp-post, I know not.

The usual Starbucks looking a bit busy on a match day, I found a different branch this week, and the Barrista heaped on the largest





mound of cream I have ever seen, sculpted into a Pagoda-esque architectural feature. Sadly, his construction work subsided while I busied myself with a couple of text messages, and before I thought to take a picture.

Despite the crowds of shoppers, supporters, and ticket-touts, I explored the capital, looking for a new pair of running shorts ready for this year's English Championships look. Sadly, the Ford principle was in effect, meaning you can have any colour you want, so long as it's black!

That aside, Run & Become opposite Cardiff Central train station is certainly a running shop that has all the right products. It being a lovely sunny day, a repeat of my Brecon Beacons showing-off was inevitable. Numbers were boosted even more this week by large parties of children and teenagers. And this time, another fellrunner, eliciting what looked like a surprise flash of recognition. Having got the 5K right, I fully expected to run 3 minutes slower than the previous trip, so imagine my surprise, having left the sun behind and entered the summit clag, to find I was 3 minutes faster! I double checked the arithmetic to be on the safe side. 12:39 at the top. Setting off at 12:15. 39 minus 15 is 24. The arithmetic checked out. That could be taken as evidence I really was ill on the previous trip, or that I am definitely more a fell-runner than a road-runner. But far more likely, it goes to show what happens if I down half a drinks bottle of High5 (slightly-more-than) Isotonic before setting off, sugar being something I rarely use in training.

I briefly chatted with some amateur radio enthusiasts on the summit, who tell me the battery was more of a bother to carry than the mast, and soon set off back to the car park, raising some more fell-running awareness in front of the large groups still on their way up. One party met me on the rocky steps of Corn-Du, eliciting some gasps, and lower down I switched with ease between the grassy slopes and the rhythm-breaking clay path with its numerous drainage crossings, came briefly to a halt rather than mowing down a 6 year old, and continued with a smile to the car park.



And that was that, the day finished with another sedate drive home, stopping at the scene of my third run from a fortnight earlier, but this time just stretching my legs with a walk, and photographing the well thought out road-sign.

So ends this series of Cardiff Parkrun Tales. I was thinking this would be my 5K PB forever, given that I never expect to do as much road training as last year. But it will be galling to leave my PB at 17:05! So, who knows, maybe I can fit in an evening race sometime, and maybe next winter's training will see another series of Parkrun Tales!

Lauren Jeska 11 March 2012

All photos on my camera-phone

Title photo taken on previous trip



## The Cotswold Marathon

The race organisers promised the opportunity to “run the majesty of the beautiful Cotswold countryside” on a 3 lap course...with a steep hill on each loop.” Having run the Brathay Windermere Marathon in 2011 in 3.18.35, I felt the time was right for another go at a road 26.2 miler. The morning of the race saw a pretty dusting of very light snow across the fields and temperatures of around 4 degrees Celsius.

Registration and the pre-run briefing was at Kineton Village Hall. We were then walked down the lane for about a mile to the start. The atmosphere was really pleasant – lots of chat on the way to the start about the runs people had done, who was doing the Ultra, who was doing the marathon and the usual claims by everyone to have done virtually no training and expecting do to finish at the back. I was chatting to a lady who told me she was going to do the marathon as a training run and then run home (about 12 miles) as a ‘warm down’. She did explain that she did a lot of Ultras!

The race itself took runners through Guiting Grange near Guiting Power. The promised hill arrived at about mile 2. The first time the 800 metre or so climb was ‘stiff’ but not too much. The second and third time it felt more ‘aggressive’. Perhaps more of a drain on the energy levels was the long gradual climb between approx. mile 5 and 7. Adam Henson’s Farm (he of Country File fame) marked the top and the start of a welcome downhill before reaching the start/finish of the loop again. I’d hoped to improve on my PB and was on track after the first lap. However, it wasn’t to be.



I got myself round in 3.21.43 having managed to reel in a couple of runners over the last 10k or so. When it came to checking the results I discovered I’d managed to place 10th overall of the 129 finishers. My highest ever finish. Would I do it again? Definitely. It’s a pretty course, although you do end up running some of it on your own as the field spreads out, and I’ll be ready for the hills this time. Maybe, just maybe, I could manage a single figures finish.

***Jo Daniels***

# Dan Taylors Etape Du Dales

My story begins the day before the big race when I took my bike for a last minute service at Vale Cycles. I must confess I was aware of a small click on my bottom bracket and knew it would need dealing with soon but had not got round to addressing this. I got back to the bike shop to collect my bike and found my bottom bracket half out. One of the bearings had collapsed and the shop didn't have any spares. On top of that half of the bottom bracket was stuck in so a complete replacement was not an option. I went home leaving the shop to sort my bike out, agreeing to come back an hour later and hoping I wouldn't be on the Tourer for the race. When I returned I had a new bottom bracket bearing fitted and running ok and also had new brake pads at the front and all serviced. Because of the problems I paid just £10 for this.

So the big day came and I awoke at 6 feeling not too bad (considering I had been to a stag do the night before). Got my porridge down me and headed to pick up Emma.

After an uneventful journey we arrived at Grassington just after 7.30am and I sorted myself out quickly for an early start. Managed to get off at 7.50am which I was pleased with as it was going to be a long day. Up the first little climb and my legs were aching (so much for tapering). Set into a rhythm and continued for 20 mins until while climbing a little slope my seat pin snapped ripping my saddle bag off the seat post.

I thought it was game over and turned back round to return to the start, having already done about 8-10 miles.

I asked around all the marshalls and people who were about to find a new bolt but with no luck. I saw a couple of lads I know from tod (the 2 Stuarts) and Mark A was also about but no one was able to help.

By this point most people had set off. There were a couple of guys selling bikes and I went to see if they could help. Looking at all their expensive looking new bikes they all had different sized seatposts so a straight swap wasn't a possibility. Looked under all the saddles and they had a different setup which had a wheel not a bolt. The last bike we checked was a fixie and this had a similar bolt, we fitted this and it tightened up and I managed to restart 50 minutes after my first start.

I headed out towards Kettlewell again and passed a guy pushing back who had lost drive to his back wheel, this reminded me how lucky I was to have restarted. Continued towards Hawes and then all of a sudden I could see Fleet Moss with a fair few riders on their way up. Got overtook by a couple of the later/faster starts as I went up then actually overtook a guy near the top who was struggling (don't think he got much further than Hawes). Over the top and down to Hawes and I wasn't feeling too bad (apart from my legs which ached all the way). Got to Buttertubs Pass and got up the steep first bit ok thinking that would be it, even overtook a few mountain bike tourers near the top. Couldn't believe how many little valleys there are on top which are all 15-20% gradient and go straight down then straight back up.

After Buttertubs we headed out towards Turf Moor (which surprisingly isn't in Burnley). This climb seemed to go on and on taking us through wild desolate moorland. I got a bit further and saw the sign for Tan Hill, I knew this was a big one so took my time. There were a number of hills and then we seemed to go down a bit then back up again. Overtook 3 others who were in the race (who we will call red jumper man and couple of mates). Eventually got over another brow in the hill and we could see the pub. Grabbed a couple of sandwiches and seeing the marshalls with chips went into the pub to order some. Remembered Richard Leonard warning about getting cold in the Barn so sat by the roaring fire in the pub while I ate my chips.

Got back outside and most of the others had gone there was just 1 guy who the marshalls asked me to cycle with to give moral support. Did this for 20 – 30 minutes then realised he was going too slow and was probably going to stop anyway so pushed on.

Through Keld and over Lams Moss and I decided to check the route details to see how I was doing. This said there was a cut off of 2pm at the Moorcock Inn near Garside. As I was 3 miles from Nateby and it was a further 10 miles to the Moorcock I resigned myself to the fact that I would be timed out. Shortly after Nateby the Marshalls from Tan hill passed me and slowed to see how I was doing. I asked if I would be cut off at the Moorcock and was delighted when they told me the cut off had been changed to 3pm. Arrived at the Moorcock at around 10 to 3 and there were the other riders who I had seen at Tan Hill.

Discussed how far was left (40 miles ish) and managed to find out the next hill (Coal Road) was the worst which was left to do and that of the others only the first bit out of Dent was particularly steep. Decided I may as well set off and headed for the Coal Road. Red Jumper man was already on the climb and I looked to be catching him at first, but as we got further up he started to pull away. Fairly soon I got caught by the couple of mates who I had left at the feed station by the top of the steep bit they were pulling away and although I tried to keep with them I couldn't. Took me half hour to catch up again and by then we were nearing Dent station. We then we set off under the railway up another steep hill over Ribbleshead. Managed to get up ok without stopping despite my legs aching like hell and even managed to overtake someone near the top (the only person who finished after me and he was on a mountain bike).

Was glad of the 8 odd miles downhill to Ribbleshead and I was slowly catching the 3 guys ahead of me. Overtook 2 of them when they stopped just before Selside and caught red jumper man up a couple of mins later. Continued with him through Horton to Stainforth and the last checkpoint.

At the Checkpoint we caught up with a couple of women and I decided to go straight on as the guys had been ascending quicker than me so best to get a head start. Managed to get up the steep first part of the hill then the 2 guys overtook me, felt my legs failing me and the hill just kept going. Carried on but eventually couldn't continue and stopped at the side of the road. The 2 women overtook me. As I got off the bike my legs went to jelly and I was wobbling. Next thing 2 girls turned up from St Johns Ambulance and stopped next to me. They said they were following the backmarkers and asked if I was ok, said I was just resting for a few minutes then would continue. Got some water off them and sat down for 5 minutes. By this time the marshalls had arrived and told me there wasn't much more of the hill to go and that then it was downhill to the valley and then to the finish. Got back on the bike and slowly got up to Silverdale and onto the descent to Halton Gill, just after Silverdale I was overtaken by the man who was taking the signs down (he assured me I would find my way ok). I now had less than an hour till the finish closed and started to worry I wouldn't make it. Just after 6pm I turned onto the main road to Grassington and the sign said 7 miles, managed to speed up a little until a little hill just before Grassington which killed me.

Was very glad when I came down the hill and could see the Rugby Posts of the finish just as my clock turned 6.30pm.

Emma was there to cheer me on after waiting most of the afternoon for me.

Very happy to finish having achieved my the target I had been training for all year

Looking back now the fact I didn't eat anything after Tan Hill probably contributed to me having to stop and rest on the last climb, but I will learn from this.

Roll on the next sportive.

Dan



I have been running for more than 20hrs, through the night, in snow with 40mph gales, mist and torrential rain. I have climbed 42 of the highest peaks with 27,000ft of ascent and covered 60 plus miles over some of the hardest terrain in the Lake District. My toes feel like they are being hit with a sledge hammer with every step as I make a sorry attempt at running along the Newlands Valley. My fingers are like pork sausages and my right ear aches..... My right ear aches because I have Martyn nattering in it incessantly.

“Come on Becca, we’re going to run a bit. If we run a bit now we can do it in under 23.30. Shall we run a bit Becca? We can finish in under 23.30. Run Becca, you are going to do it. You are going to complete a Bob Graham Round!”.

“SHUT THE FLIP UP MARTYN” I thought to myself. Don’t get me wrong, Martyn is a lovely bloke and he really took my mind off my throbbing feet. He also (along with his lovely wife Helen) did a fantastic job of navigating my night section in what were appalling conditions. But I was getting slightly tired now and quite frankly couldn’t give a Flying Flip whether I finished up in hospital, on a morphine drip with jelly baby sandwiches and a packet of Guinness thanks very much. So I told him how it was.....

“Martyn, in three weeks time when you are at this stage and you feel as tired as I do right now I’m going to come and stick a cattle prod right up your jacksy and see how you like it matey”.

Well it was something along those lines anyway, I can’t honestly remember, but whatever I said it shut him up for a couple of seconds at least.

6.45 pm and the team are all outside the Moot Hall ready to set sail. Skiddaw was shrouded in mist and there was a faint drizzle which was to turn into stair rods further down the line. I have never set eyes on such a strapping set of fellows (except perhaps at Todd Cricket Club Women’s disco, 2<sup>nd</sup> sat of every month). Judging by the amount of kit it was beginning to look more like a military operation rather than a jog up Skiddaw. I thought I was setting off to do a BGR but could quite easily have been going to “NAM”?. Sergeant Major Shanley, Corporal Makin, Private Whitehead and Reconnaissance Unit Hodgson were all in good spirits and I knew that I was in good company right from the off.

Skiddaw is just a long slog, nothing more to it, but as we climbed higher the mist came down until we probably had about 30ft visibility. Whitehead was starting to struggle with the pace a little as I was on springs with the adrenalin and had to be slowed down. So as Makin was slowing me down Srg Mjr Shanley was speeding Whitehead up. I

couldn’t quite make out the whole sentence because of the wind but it sort of sounded something like this.

“COME ON. KEEP UP. GET TO THE SIDE OF HER. YOU’RE MEANT TO BE SHELTERING HER FROM THE WIND. THIS SIDE. HERE, NOT THERE!!

Poor old Private Whitehead was getting a right old rollicking.

I was extremely impressed with Sarg Mjr Shanley’s approach to the whole thing. Chivalry is not dead. In fact there was a point where I thought he was even going to put his coat over a puddle for me but he just put Whitehead down there instead. He made me feel like I was the most important person in the world, along with Makin who was shoving coffee beans down my neck like there was no tomorrow. I was having a great time, happy that I felt so good and happy with the light hearted banter between the troops. It turns out that Corp Makin and Sarg Mjr Shanley used to play rugby together and as far as I can gather were quite a hit with the ladies. I think they were trying to tell me that they used to be some kind of magnet but I couldn’t quite figure out which type. Fridge I think.

Over to Great Calva and Hodgson was doing a sterling job pressing on with his nose to the ground. Whitehead had found his feet and was doing a great job feeding me. The banter was starting to fade now as was the light and the rain got heavier as we approached the summit slightly up on schedule. Down the fence side and Whitehead was getting rollicked again as Sarg Mjr Shanley yelled.

“Get your hands off the wire Whitehead, HANDS OFF THE WIRE!”

My Christ, I thought to myself, what kind of wire is it?! Barbed? razor?, TRIP?!!

We crossed the river Caldew and started the long slog up to Blencathra. It was so wet and so misty at this stage that you



couldn't even see the mist! In fact we couldn't see Srg Mjr Shanley and Makin!. Recon unit Hodgson started to get frustrated and shouted out angrily in the dark "COME ON! WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING"? I hadn't heard him speak until that moment and I have to say I was incredibly surprised at how articulate he could be. Eventually 2 hazy head torches immersed looking the least bit concerned. God knows what they had being doing. It was blowing a gale at the summit and 2 French guys were there struggling in the wind with a map. It turns out they were trying to do a BGR having never recced it before. Imbeciles!

Hodgson and Makin did an absolutely brilliant job getting me off Halls Fell Ridge. I have always being petrified coming off this but tonight I felt safe and for some reason my feet seemed to be just skimming over the surface. I can recall "whooping" with joy and exhilaration, glad that the 1<sup>st</sup> leg was done as we neared the bottom and was pleased to find a smile on the faces of Liz and Jenny the Dinner Ladies as they cheered us in to Threlkeld with a fried egg sarnie and a lovely cup of coffee.

Priv Whitehead brought the French guys down safe and sound. The last I heard he was suffering from Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. The Frenchies bailed out at Helvellyn.

Off we marched up Clough Head bang on schedule, Brett sporting the most fantastic pair of long johns I have ever seen, white cotton, three quarter length with ribbed cuff, highly impractical given the conditions but very sexy none the less. Fraser, Martyn and Helen ploughed on with heads down, concentrating on the difficult task ahead of them.

I was pleased that I had put on an extra layer at Threlkeld and dry gloves because by the time we reached the summit it was chuffing freezing. I can only describe the conditions over the Dodds and Helvellyn as "shit". Visibility was zilch whilst rain, snow and hail was driving across us in howling winds which all made navigation and crawling on all fours extremely difficult. There was no point in talking because you couldn't hear anything so we all just got our heads down and grinned and bared it. Martyn and Helen I take my hat off to you. How you ever got us to the individual peaks I will never know but by God you did it! I do remember thinking that if anyone was watching from above with an infra red camera we probably resembled something out of a Benny Hill sketch. I had that stupid music playing round in my head as we ran around like a headless chickens. Brett thanks for physically holding me up in the wind and Fraser thank Christ you had a spare head torch when mine went on the blink. I have never been so relieved in all my living days to find Dolly Wagon Pike. I could have kissed it. I could have kissed Martyn and that's saying something since I'm a lesbian! Helen threw her arms up in the air as if she had just won an Olympic gold medal "IT'S HERE"! All we had to do

now was find the solitary rusty old fence post which is a pointer for the way down to Grisdale tarn , climb up Fairfield and Seat Sandal and shimmy on down to Dunmail Raise. Brett shoved a jam buttie in my hand as we pushed on. "How's your jam buttie Bec's" he shouted out. I shouted back "Shit Brett" as it flapped about in the wind whilst I tried to find my mouth "now get me off this fucking mountain"

Brett dropped down into Dunmail before climbing Fairfield, very wet, very cold and not feeling too good whilst the rest of us finished off. Fraser ran ahead off Seat Sandal like a drowned ferret to ask the dinner ladies to get me a cuppa soup warmed up. I arrived at Dunmail Raise 40 min down on schedule.

We never did find Ken Dodd and Stupid Boy Pike Martyn. We shall have to go up again on a better day love.

#### HIGH PONTS OF LEG 2

#### LOW POINTS OF LEG 2

- |                         |                        |
|-------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Finishing it.        | 1. Starting it.        |
| 2. Brett's long johns.  | 2. Wet long johns.     |
| 3. Jam buttie.          | 3. Soggy jam buttie.   |
| 4. Fraser's head torch. | 4. My head torch.      |
| 5. GPS.                 | 5. Martyn's eye sight. |

I don't remember anything remarkable about leg 3 other than the fact that 6 people, 2 of whom I had never met before, had got up at 2 a.m. in pissing down rain and howling winds to help me run round some hills! It's not natural and you wouldn't catch me doing it. But here the idiots were climbing up Steel Fell Mandy in front finding our way. You do, do well for your age you know Mandy and what you lack in speed you make up for with skill and shock blocks. Thank you, and when are you going to teach me how to navigate?

I still felt relatively strong as day light came. It was still foggy but at least we had light. Steady away we gobbled up the peaks as I stuffed my face with a whole bag of boiled potatoes. I'm glad I enjoyed them because it was the last big meal that I was to stomach for the rest of the run. We approached Rossett Pike a different way to what I had recced before and Stu Air found us a good line up Bowfell. I liked to think of him more as a Breathoffresh Air. What a lovely lad and it was a shame to see him go at Esk Hause. Jeff had already dropped out so that left Mandy, Andrew, Nigel and little old me for the best bit of leg 3 " THE



BOULDERS". I have always hated those bloody boulders and from Esk Pike to Scafell that's pretty much all you have to run on. Nigel worried me a little at this stage as he muttered to me "I don't remember these being here last time I was up". Well Nigel love, I sure don't think they were air lifted in especially for my BGR, I thought to myself. Are you sure you were in the Lakes and not Mars!?

On training runs I had never run beyond Scafell Pike so after that point I was totally in the hands of Mandy. We had a bit



of a conflag about whether it was Foxes Tarn or Lords Rake. Nigel wanted to go Foxes Tarn whereas Mandy thought the latter. I quite frankly Miss Shankley couldn't have

given a toss because at this point I was getting extremely worried about time and just needed to go somewhere quite quickly. And go somewhere quite quickly we did as we scrambled up Lords Rake and up to Scafell. Andrew Bibby got me off this faster than a greased weasel on hot coals. Not sure which way we did get off it Andrew but I will always forgive you the barbed wire incident.

I approached Wasdale a bit pissed off. I was 1 hr down on schedule.

John Preston was off up Yewbarrow like the clappers. I was struggling to keep up with him and could only get down gells and red bull by this stage. "Please don't leave me JP" I was thinking as Linda, Rik, Phil and lovely little Harriet the dog kept me in good company. This leg had to be quick and the lovely chit chat and fantastic encouragement I got from these guys was incredible. Their kindness makes me want to cry now as I write this. It's safe to say I was getting a little tired now and as Great Gable approached all I could think was that I just needed a little sit down and a right nice cup of tea. So I put this to Linda.

"I'm looking forward to a rest and a cuppa at Honister Linda!!!!?" and then came a reply that sends me over the edge even now.

"You can't Becca. We haven't got time".

Well that was it. The tears started to well a little and I had to stifle a little sob. I just wanted a minutes rest and a little sip of tea. How could anyone deny me that after all this? Linda looked back sensing my desperation and as I tried not to look like the pitiful wreck that I was thank god she said the right thing.

"Well maybe we can have just a couple of minutes if we get a peg on now"

I've never run so fast and because I was so tired went for a burton so a rock got a bit of a kicking as I swore at the ground "FUUUUCK OFFF!!". This echoed round the hills and I hope to god that Great Gable heard me. John certainly did because he came running back to make sure I was o.k.

That was it now. I was fired up. Great Gable could bloody well piss off. I was going to kill it. Nothing will deny me my cup of tea. And then Phil decided to tell me I was 11 minutes up on schedule. I have never felt so relieved. Gable wasn't as hard as I thought it might have been but then I had some wonderful people to help me up it. I seem to recall JP being quite nice to me as we dropped to Green Gable which surprised me because usually he's a pratt. I still owe you a pint love. Chrispy greeted us at Grey Knotts with a smile and a dodgy knee, sticks in hand. Obviously she had left the space hopper down at the slate mine for me.

Honister here we come.....

They were all there, the best of the bunch. My Liz (who is not a runner) but who had trained especially so she could run the last leg with me, Tom her brother (navigator), Bob Beattie (court jester), Camille Askins (camera woman) and Jenny who had made both tea and coffee just in case. Funnily enough I opted for the coffee. Martyn and Helen had also joined to complete the last leg.

The sun had decided to help us up Dale Head. Praise the Lord we were going to get some views at last. Bob's wife Hazel and 2 friends were at the top to spur me on which I thought was so nice of them. Over to Hindsgarth and then the push up to Robinson, this seemed to drag on for ever but eventually we made it to the 42<sup>nd</sup> peak. Chrispy left us at this point but before she did said

"Just turn around for a minute and have a look at all those hills you've just run over in one day".

I struggled to turn round and it was a sight to behold although I wasn't in any fit state to really comprehend. I gave Chrispy a big hug and then headed off Robinson in the direction of the Newlands Valley.

The descent of Robinson was purgatory. My feet were killing me and I was conscious of the fact that I was groaning with every step. I wished I'd shut up. I was starting to get on my own nerves let alone everybody else's. Bob was ploughing me with nuuns which I found really refreshing. Liz was just there for me as always and Tom was doing a fantastic job of making sure I didn't have to go over any unnecessary rough ground. He found a great trod that avoids all the gnarly lime stone rock which made life a lot easier and quicker. At the bottom of the last steep grassy descent I noticed a chocolate bar lying on the ground and tried to pick it up but I was so stiff that I started to fall forward like a plank and nearly ended up flat on my face.



Camille shouted out in despair “What are you doing? Leave it!” as Liz picked it up for me. I can’t do with folk that litter the country side. At last we approached the little country lane that leads to the church and Jenny and Linda were there with a chair at the side of the road for me to change into road shoes. Jenny had done a fantastic job catering for pacers and had been up all night and now here she was drying my feet for me and changing my shoes. What a woman. I felt unworthy. I was obsessing about the time again and asked Bob “ how long does it usually take me to run 5 mile on the road”. He looked at me as if I had 2 heads, bemused and I can’t remember what he said but his look

told me “ don’t be stupid you’ve got loads of time”. Liz jumped in the van with Jenny to meet me at the Moot Hall as we set off down the winding country lane to Keswick.

“



You are going to complete a Bob Graham Round Becca”

I listened to Martyn as we ran up the main road to the market square and had to choke back tears as I felt an over whelming sense of pride, not just because of what I had done, but because of the kindness of everyone who had helped me to achieve it. I fell run for a number of reasons but the two main ones are the tremendous sense of freedom that I get from it and the amazing camaraderie and friendship of other runners. It’s second to none and I sure couldn’t have done it without you. Thanks so much.

## Parkruns

Lots of Toddies are now doing Parkruns (A 5k run on Saturday mornings in various parks around the country) Good for speed training – for further info see the forum

Here’s Robins account of a very wet & windy one in Burnley

It was with some trepidation that 5 Toddies lined up yesterday morning on the start line. What awaited them was wind, rain, mud, grass, the navigational challenge of an amended course and at least 5k of hard running.

Wrighty looked worried. On the pre race warm up/recce he had flinched at what looked like a big puddle, and agonised over the impact on his nice clean racers 😊 He also seemed to spot a hill, but having run the course twice it has so far escaped me.

So there we were lined up for the pre race briefing but wrighty and I were thrown by the spitting image of Cannonball on the start line except it was a boy about 12 years old, proudly wearing his skins. it was uncanny, as if someone had squeezed cannonball into an industrial Bosch put heat on boil wash and a smaller version has popped out. He not only had the spiked hair but also the pre race scowl....

So off we went and we overcame the conditions and wrighty nicely moved through the field to finish in 2nd. After initially feeling ok I squelched to my slowest ever 5k and 4th, but then again I had never ran one a week after doing an ultra before 🏃🔥

Seriously folks huge respect to all who ran the maxi version yesterday. You are awesome



## The Magical Isle of Rum by Sea Kayak

by Sarah W

Jago and I started sea kayaking a bit more than 10 years ago, when it occurred to us that it would be an alternative way of exploring the wilds of Scotland, and without having to carry a huge heavy rucksack at that. Sea kayaks are around 16-18 foot in length and have hatches into which can be stowed all manner of kit for wild camping. Over the years I've seen bottles of wine, whisky, cuts of meat ready for frying and fresh eggs all come out of sea kayak hatches...what luxury expedition food is that!

The west coast of Scotland offers spectacular sea kayaking options. Over the years we've managed quite a few multi day expeditions including a 7 day circumnavigation of Mull from Oban, a 7 day circuit of North Uist and Benbecula, and a 4 day journey around the Sound of Jura and out to the Garvellach islands, camping wild all the way. However, sea kayaking trips can be easily frustrated by inclement weather and sea states and it's fair to say that for every time we've managed a multi day trip, there has been another holiday spent sitting out a storm or only able to day trip in more sheltered waters. It is an outdoor activity that demands patience.

For me the jewel in the crown of west coast sea kayaking territory has always been the Small Isles. Early on in our sea kayaking years we kayaked out to Eigg and Muck from the Ardnamurchan peninsula under the guidance of more experienced paddlers. We got storm bound on that occasion and had to stay 2 extra nights on Muck, despite which we were totally inspired by the islands and always hoped to return there under our own steam one day. Most of all we dreamed of a trip to Rum, setting off from somewhere along the southern shore of Skye. This would be a committing paddle, with a long open sea crossing, and the shores of Rum once reached are also particularly wild. We always knew it would have to be REALLY good weather and sea conditions for us to attempt it. So we were pretty amazed when, recently, after several years of waiting, our luck was finally in.

On Monday 28<sup>th</sup> May we were packing up the boats at Elgol, even then only after a large amount of dilemma-ing and several hours spent checking and updating detailed marine and wind forecasts. The day before we'd done a day trip out of Loch Bracadale on the south western coast of Skye to check out the sea state on an exposed coast. It had been very settled with little evidence of residual swell coming in off the Atlantic. Also the wind

forecast overall was pretty low for the next few days. Both of which encouraged us. The paddle to Rum from Elgol would involve first crossing Loch Scavaig, a distance of around 6k, to reach the tip of Soay Island, from where we would then make the further 10k crossing to the northern tip of Rum. We travel at about 6km an hour with laden sea kayaks in calm conditions, so we were looking at about a 2 and a half hour paddle in total for the full crossing.

Whilst we were packing up the northerly wind blew up stronger for a time, creating a sea of white tops on Loch Scavaig. This unsettled us, though we reasoned that it would probably drop off again, and we decided that we would paddle out into the Loch for half an hour to see how it felt, and if it felt right, we would carry on to Soay and from there, only if it felt right, we would carry on to Rum. Plan B, if it didn't feel right, was to turn back into the head of the Loch and camp at Camusanary beach for the night and reassess the conditions again the next morning.

It was around 5pm by the time we set off, into some choppy waves, but the sun shone warmly, and it felt good to be out after a whole day spent dilemma-ing, driving and packing. As we crossed Loch Scavaig the wind gradually eased and by the time we reached the tip of Soay Island the surface had started to turn glassy. This was it, we had no excuses to turn back, so I set my deck compass to the bearing that should take us straight to the sandy beach at Rubha Shamhan Insir on the northern tip of Rum, and off we set towards the magical isle. Apparently I was setting a determined pace! This was fuelled no doubt by adrenaline at the thought of this being the longest crossing we'd ever done, and also I was keeping my eyes peeled for a Minke Whale, which are often sighted in these waters. I've never seen one yet and would kind of like to but also think that my first instinct should it ever happen would be to paddle in sheer terror in the opposite direction!

Somewhere in the middle of the crossing we were buzzed for several minutes by a large flock of Manx Shearwaters. This was quite a beautiful moment. They fly really close to the surface of the water and we could hear their wings beating and see the tips of the wings skim the water. They looked like



they were really enjoying swooping around and circling around us to check us out.



We arrived bang on the predicted crossing time to find an idyllic spot for the tent on deer nibbled turf by an old ruin just off the beach. Sat outside the tent till after 10pm cooking and enjoying the last of the evening sun and remarkably with NO MIDGES! Regretted NOT having packed a little beer or some G&T on this occasion as it felt like a celebration was needed. (1 & 2)

Next morning a 5.30am wake up to listen to the shipping forecast on the long wave radio confirmed to us that the light winds would hold, so we set off in warm sun round the north eastern coast of Rum with stunning views back across to the Cuillin Ridge on Skye and eventually down to the isle of Eigg.

Rum is the largest of the Small Isles, diamond shaped with a rough coastal circumference of 45-50 km. It is a designated National Nature Reserve and is now owned and managed by Scottish Natural Heritage (SNH), who conserve and study the natural history of the island. It has unique geology, flora and fauna, which includes a red deer population and a large colony of Manx Shearwaters which breed in mountain top burrows. Its landscape is rugged and mountainous and there is only one inhabited settlement on the island at Kinloch on the Eastern shore, which houses a tiny population of mostly SNH worker families. The south of the island contains a mountain range known as the Rum Cuillin: Norse named peaks Askival, Hallival, Ainhval, Trallval tower spectacularly at 700-800m straight up from sea level, with their funky shaped ridges.

We pulled in at Kinloch and put our running shoes on, and did a fantastic run /walk up and down Hallival. (3) Made a mental note to come back one day to walk the whole ridge, or in fact to come and spend several days walking all over the island, but for today we were carrying on by kayak, and we set off again down the south eastern shore, heading for

the Dibidilbothy marked on the map at about 3 km from the southern tip of the island.

Paddled for 10km along this stretch noting only one place where a landing would have been possible. The sea cliffs grew in height and steepness below the heights of the Rum Cuillin and we started to feel the committing nature of this coastline as well as a change in the sea state as we moved closer to the southern tip and we could sense an increased movement in water that we associate with exposed shores. Just as I was thinking how wild and beautiful it was, I spotted some activity about a km off shore. We paddled out towards it and watched a pod of what must have been at least 50 acrobatic dolphins feeding



and performing high somersaults back and forth.

The visibility was dropping massively: Eigg and Muck had now disappeared into a layer of sea clag, and slowly a ceiling of low cloud was also closing down the vertical view of our shoreline. We were glad to reach Dibidil but were presented with an unexpectedly difficult rocky landing and a complicated hoick to get the boats and kit over some rocks and above the high tide line. Decided not to dwell on how difficult a launch this would be if a south westerly wind blew up overnight. Introduced ourselves in the very lovely bothy, where we were offered a cafetiere of coffee (!) by its other inhabitant for the night - James Baxter, who had ski toured the whole length of Norway and sea kayaked the whole way back in one go and published a book about it, as well as having written numerous guidebooks on Scandinavian mountaineering. Whisky was also flowing, and we had a roaring fire and good company with James as well as a lone walker called Paul who had arrived to camp, all the while cunningly escaping the midges.

The next morning we dallied in packing up, mostly due to a midge frenzy going on outside but also due

**Askival from Hallival**



to feeling slightly intimidated by the idea of continuing around the impending south western shore of Rum, not helped by continuing gloomy and overcast weather conditions. The imagined south westerly wind hadn't materialized however so after an eventual launch we plucked up courage and put on a spurt in order to lose the midges that were clinging on even offshore! Noticed some tidal assistance whilst coming round the southern tip, where stunning sea cliffs towered steeply and unrelenting into the distance, upon them swirling columns of mists reaching up to the mountains above, and we spotted a white tailed sea eagle soaring close above us. The sea felt jumpy despite the lack of any real Atlantic swell and we were thankful for the calm winds and the tidal push. Made a lunch stop at Harris, the only place to land along the whole of this south western stretch, where there is a deserted house and an old mausoleum, but the tide was rising and we didn't want to have to unpack or hoick the boats laden so we decided to leave a nosey round the mausoleum for another time.

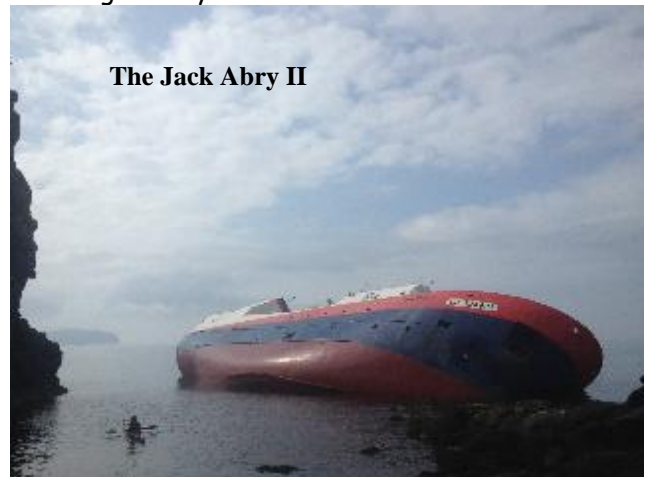
The tide quickened and we hardly had to paddle to get round the western tip, but once having been carried into the Sound of Canna, this eased and the sea turned glassy once more and lost its jumpiness. Stopped to watch a huge porpoise basking in the channel for some time before landing some miles later to stretch the legs and check out the also very lovely Guerdilbothy.

Coming round the North Eastern shore we had another less expected sighting - a French trawler which looked like it had been literally run into the side of the island. It looked so new that for a short moment I wondered if we were going to be first on the scene and have to work out how to call for help or offer first aid from our by comparison tiny boats! It was the Jack Abry II, which ran aground in a Force 9 storm in the middle of one

night in January 2011 after setting off earlier that evening from Lochinver. It was speculated that the skipper had fallen asleep and failed to change course to head down the sound of Canna. The 14 crew were helicoptered to safety by the coastguard in a major rescue operation. Sadly it seems that the wreck may now lie there until it disintegrates in what is otherwise a pretty pristine environment.(4)

That was a long day's paddle and we were glad to reach our idyllic beach again for a final night on the island before crossing back to Skye the next morning. The sun had come back out, the winds stayed low for our paddle back, and instead of going straight back to Elgol, we headed up into the head of Loch Scavaig right into the foot of the Cuillin ridge. Went to have a look into Loch Coruisk on foot before paddling on to Camusunary beach for another warm sunny evening's camp. Late afternoon a strong northerly had blown up (thankfully just as we were approaching the beach and not earlier during the crossing where it would have been a very difficult headwind!) and this was once again keeping the midges away.

**The Jack Abry II**



Next morning we climbed BlaBheinn (Blaven), setting off early in glorious sunshine and up a great ridge with plenty of easy scrambling. 928m literally from sea level, to gain a fantastic 360 degree panorama of the Cuillin Ridge, out to sea over the Small Isles, and away to the mainland hills of Knoydart and Kintail. We were back at the beach by lunch and packed up the boats for the last time, then enjoyed getting pushed by the still strong northerly, which was creating a choppy sea, all the way back to Elgol.

Had tea and cakes at the Elgol café, followed by our magic recipe for the end of an expedition which is a swim and sauna in the nearest sports centre (Kyle of Lochalsh on this occasion), followed by a trip to the nearest fish and chip shop before setting off on the drive home. A perfect end to a perfect trip!



# The Highlander Mountain Marathon



Mandy and I just heard about this event chatting to some Scottish runners after the Ben Nevis race. They convinced us when they said, “it’s small, less than 200 teams, in amazing mountains and there’s beer, food and a ceileigh at the overnight camp!” So we entered!

It’s held in April so this encouraged us to get lots of miles and climbing in our legs early in the year. I was away skiing the week before so I even ran up the piste every morning before breakfast!

Friday morning and Martin dropped me at Mandy’s.

What do I always forget – a watch, which is quite important for a score class! So I borrowed Martins. I’d also forgotten flask and sarnies – hopefully the weekend wasn’t going to continue in this vain.

The event centre was the village hall in Kinlochewe, we stayed Friday night in a nearby bunkhouse next to a hotel with lots of deer, buffalos and bison heads on the wall of the bar! A couple of beers later and we were fast asleep!

Saturday dawned frosty and clear with amazing snow capped mountains, we had seven hours to collect as many checkpoints as possible. We had a great start and plotted out route with our piece of string to make sure we didn’t bite off more than we could chew. It was very steep, heathery terrain and we collected lots of points and saw loads of deer. Towards the end of the day we struggled along a path which ran alongside Loch Maire, it looked like it would be fast but it turned out to be rocky and boggy and slow going, so we realised we were to be over time. We put a spurt on down to finish and 20m from the line Mandy tripped and face planted. Unfortunately the cameras were on her as they were filming for the adventure show! We were 6 minutes over so lost 12 points.



The next bit was awesome as we were bounced across the loch in a giant inflatable boat to the overnight camp!



Before we put our tent up we had a hot meal and tea provided which was very welcome. The Ceileigh band started later on and we managed ‘strip the willow’, chatted to lots of hunky blokes and had a few pints of organic ale and a wee dram.! Amazing, we were leading ladies with the next team 15 points behind us. Bedtime – we had to wear every article of clothing we had with us as the temperature dropped below freezing!

Sunday we packed up quickly and were off again. We had a fantastic day up and down lots of hills, near Slioch and picked up loads of checkpoints. The weather was amazing, clear and sunny with snow flurries.

We completed our 5 hours and arrived back at the event centre with 2 minutes to go! Once the results came through we found we had moved up to 14<sup>th</sup> out of 32 teams and were leading ladies so we were very pleased with ourselves. We got a pair of socks each and some other prizes.

Time for the drive home. After a couple of hours we were at a stand still in a queue of traffic due to road works. I was dying for a wee so jumped out and headed down the banking, when I came up

again Mandy had driven ¼ mile up the road and was still going! So I then had to run up the road to try and catch her much to the amusement of all the other cars! Mandy also found it very funny and kept accelerating! Eventually she stopped and I collapsed inside!

A fabulous weekend with an amazing partner – an event which is definitely to be recommended and we'll be back to do it again next year!



### **Meanwhile the rest of the Toddies were at Coledale**







## A Week of Firsts

Sunday June 3<sup>rd</sup>, Wadsworth Jubilee Fell Race and I'm race organiser. The day had been planned for months. It was to be part of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee celebration weekend, in Old Town. The Wadsworth Community Association Committee (my Mum) had asked if I'd like to help by organising a race, of course I said yes, I do have a bad habit of saying yes!

I got it posted in the FRA Diary, on the day of the entry deadline. I had submitted the old race route, but this was deemed a trail race and not acceptable. A new route was very quickly devised, but in my haste, I had got the ascent wrong, making it an AS. The height given was from sea level to High Brown Knoll, it should have been from Old Town, I bet no one knew there was such a big mountain on Midgley Moor! But it was not me who spotted this mountainous error, it was Bill Johnson from Calder Valley – ooops!

Having got the Landowners permission, it was now a case of leaving everything else to the last minute! The company I work for, Calrec Audio, kindly gave me a donation of £150, with that I got all the prizes and flags for the finish funnel and big union jacks for the turn round markers for the juniors race. The Community Centre were organising the food and also medals and certificates for the finishers.

June weather should be summer weather, sunny and warm, but no, crazy English weather, a cold 6 degrees, windy and very wet. I had received a lot of interest about the junior races and had expected a lot of kids. I walked to Wainsgate Chapel, the junior's start and 2 children, I jokingly said 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> and was a little disappointed, I guess the weather just put folk off. Anyway, got 14 kids in total, at least manageable!

Registration was at the Centre and it had been a little chaotic, but that seemed to miss me and I was enjoying myself. I felt the senior race was a success, with 54 runners. The prize giving went well, especially as I had never spoken in public before. I have the upmost respect of anyone who organises a race, and if you fancy giving it a go, it is a lot of work, but very rewarding.

On the Wednesday, after the race, I went to Gaping Gill in North Yorkshire. Didn't really have much of an idea what I was letting myself in for. Richard Blakeley had organised this and I had said, yes, again! Arriving at Clapham, the weather was rain again and as we arrived at Gaping Gill the clag was down, kind of shrouding the big hole in the ground. We brought our tickets and then waited in the beer tent, but we were not allowed any beer! An hour and a half later we were summoned to the hoist at the cave entrance. Our party included Joolz, Darren and Brendan, Kath, John and Jack and a couple of their friends and Richard. As we watched people in front of us disappearing down the hole, Joolz started to ask questions, like, when was the rope last inspected, has anyone ever fallen out of the chair? She was reassured that everything had passed its Health and Safety inspection!

The decent into the cave was fast with the cave wall not far from your knees, and then, I had never seen anything like it, a 330ft drop into huge space under ground, with water pouring down, spectacular! Richard lead us up a rock fall into a tunnel, which like in Alice in Wonderland got smaller and smaller. At this point I was glad of the green plastic jacket they had given me at the entrance, if fact, most people were in green, giving the place an appearance of a nuclear disaster. We slid, rolled and shimmied. The fear factor, on a 1 to 10 scale, was an 11 and I had to rationalise with myself, that the 400ft of rock above my head had been there a very long time and probably wasn't about to come down! One place did remind me of the movie 28 Days, with a big fallen boulder stuck across one passage way, I didn't have a pen knife on me! We went out as far as Bar Pot, which was stunning, the stalactites were like diamonds hanging down off the cave ceiling.

After several hours we emerged into daylight, sunshine, looking like mud monsters. It had been quite an experience and one I'm not sure I'd ever do again.

On the Friday I was in Scotland for the LAMM. Mandy's partner had pulled out, she asked me if I could do it and I said yes! I was returning from Birmingham with Joolz after doing the Northants 35, I was just saying the next thing I should do was a mountain marathon, that evening I got the call, spooky!

The weather was wet, but the journey was entertaining, Ben Crowther was driving and Mandy knew where all the cheap petrol stations were! By the time we got north of Glasgow there was blue sky and sunshine. The campsite was 3k north of Dalmally. I am not a camper, only twice in my life have I spent time under canvas, so the week before I set up my daughter's one man tent in the garden and spent all night there, Graham thought I'd lost the plot!

We set up the tent and spent the evening in the marquee, food was provided by Wilf's Café and there was a bar. Apparently we were staying at the midgiest place in Scotland, this was a first for me, I've seen midges before, but not on this scale. How can something you can barely see have such sharp teeth? The bagpipes were the early morning call, it was a nice touch, but lurking just outside the tent were those pesky midges, on with the deet spray and head net, but they still got us, we looked like we had the measles.

Day One, 7 hour score event, started with a mystery bus ride to the Bridge of Orchy Hotel, a place I knew from walking the West Highland Way. We got our controls and trotted off in the warm sunshine, it would have been hard to run with the weight of the backpack, even with Mandy weighing stuff, it still felt like I was carrying the entire contents of my house! We had an amazing day out, the views were stunning and the silence was bliss, Mandy's navigation was spectacular. We made it to mid camp, two minutes over, -6 points, but still at 144 points we were second FV. Very pleased with ourselves, we spent the evening eating, from cupa soups to instant mash, Mandy's dehydrated spaghetti, tiffin and tea, loads of tea. With a bit of a breeze, the campsite was free of midges, so we all sat around talking, Ben making us laugh, he's a very cheeky chappy! We went to sleep at 8pm, exhausted and slept so well.

Day Two, 6 hour score. The midges had re-grouped, sharpened their fangs and were waiting for us. The toilet run was the worst, with just a few portaloos it was quicker to use the trench, another first! But the minute you drop your pants, those midges went into free fall and stick to your ar\$e, ouch! But also getting our controls for the day was a horrific ordeal, the air was thick with them, they went in your mouth, up your nose, in your ears, you just couldn't get away from them. Trying to plot and mark up a route was impossible, they stayed with us all the way to the first control.

We had done so well the day before, we were feeling very cocky and mapped out a route with lots of points, but lots of big climbs, on tired legs with a backpack feeling even heavier, probably full of freeloading midges wanting a day out! Still, another amazing day, we saw lots of deer, after they had spotted us, and were off! But the weather was deteriorating and it began to rain and the tops were misty. With Mandy's navigation we found the controls, although one did elude us for a while, which was so annoying when we had visited it the day before and thought we knew exactly where it was! Time was marching on a little too quickly and we were late, in fact, at the finish, 34 minutes late, all those winning points, reduced to just 15. We were still smiling.

What a weekend, what a week, a whirlwind of firsts.

Elise☺



## Five secret Lakeland pleasures

So, anyway, it's happened. I had fantastic support for my Joss Naylor challenge from the club in all sorts of ways and, looking back, yes, I enjoyed June 2nd. Thank you, everyone.

I'm not going to write about the day. I'm going to write instead about the little pleasures which came my way during the weeks of preparation for doing the Joss. These may not seem like much, but each one in its own way lifted my spirits and made me happy to be up in the hills.

The first was one day mid-week when I had skipped work (one of the advantages of the recession is that work has been relatively quiet in recent months) and took the long road round to the head of Wasdale. I went on to Great Gable and Kirk Fell and then up the long drag towards the summit of Pillar, with the clag consistently down. I chatted to a couple of walkers on the path up Pillar about whether the clag was set in for the whole day, and we agreed that it probably was.

But when I was a few feet from the top of Pillar something extraordinary happened. I emerged from out of the cloud into a brilliant blue sky and bright sunshine. The sight of the Scafell range emerging like islands out of the cloud base was so extraordinary that I did something I'd never done before, which was to get out the mobile phone and photograph it. I posted one of the photos on the forum, and here now is another.



A second little delight came on another day on Pillar (I have to say that I grew to like Pillar and that western ridge along to Haycock very much.) This was a much better day and visibility was good, so I was hoping for something special from the summit. And I got it. There lying way out in the western sea was the Isle of Man, a perfect

island visible all the way from top to toe, with Snaefell climbing up towards the wispy clouds. This, I thought, must have been the identical view the Vikings also had when they were here, on this land, on these hills.

Leg 2 of the Joss is from Kirkstone Pass to Dunmail Raise, and I recced it a number of times, out and back. One of these days I was coming back down Red Screes, with my car back in sight far below in the Kirkstone Pass car park, picking my way carefully down the path which is one of those Lakeland footpath restoration jobs which uses stone pitching and is therefore not particularly runner-friendly, when I became aware of a blackbird-sized bird just over to my left. I knew what it was even before it turned round and I could see the distinctive pale crescent around its neck. I think I've only seen ring ouzels (they are also known as mountain blackbirds) about three or four times. Once was many years ago on Shackleton Hill (and I've never again seen the bird in our patch of country). There was another time when I was researching a book on the Dales, and a ring ouzel was showing itself somewhere south of Swaledale. Because it always seems to be a long time coming, the sighting of a ring ouzel gives me enormous pleasure, and I

was smiling merrily to myself as I made it back down to the car. A great way to complete a day's running in the Lakes.



My fourth little treat was also of the ornithological variety. I was somewhere on the High Street range near High Raise with Phil recceing leg 1 when I became aware of a pert little bird just alongside the path eyeing me up. It was obviously a wader, but it wasn't a wader I could identify, so I carried the mental image back until I was home and could check the bird book. It was quite unmistakeably a dotterel, a wader which arrives in early summer on the high montane landscapes of Scotland and also, evidently, of Cumbria too. Here it is...

What about my fifth pleasure? Well, this one actually came in two instalments and perhaps it's fair to say that it was more a pleasure in hindsight than at the time. There was the shocking day in January when a small group of us (Toddies and Achille Rattis) had agreed to tackle leg 1 before we had had a chance to see the forecast. The snow came in heavy around High Raise, and from then on it was real winter blizzard conditions, not helped when one member of the party had to return for their GPS left behind on a wall (Barry, I can supply the name). But there was also the other day, when I was with Richard L and Elise and Sue, when once again the snow started falling quite heavily in the west side of the other High Raise, north of Rossett Pike, blanking out all the landmarks as well as the path we were supposed to be following. Somewhat worryingly, Angle Tarn appeared to have moved. It wasn't where it should have been.... there was a moment of existential angst (for me, not sure about the others) before Angle Tarn did eventually come into view, in (surprisingly enough) the usual place. We lumbered our way back through the drifting snow to Langdale to a welcome, and a welcome drink, in the Old Dungeon Ghyll.



So those were some of the highlights from the last six months. Days of snow, days of clag, days of sunshine, but all of them memorable. The greatest delight has probably been the way in which areas of the Lakes which I really didn't know at all well have gradually become intensely familiar.

And all because I'd had this idea late last year...

*Andrew*

## The Great Lakes Run...Swim!

"Gurgle, gurgle, gurgle...glug glug," cried Mandy as she was mercilessly "laundered" by the River Esk. She later described it as "...like being in a washing machine". How she would know I'm not sure but I think a washing machine experience would be far preferable to being bounced off rocks and rolled over and over like a rag doll. You should see her bruises! Fiona, who suffered a similar raging torrent experience, can match them.

The Great Lakes Run 2012, a Lakeland Classic in the making, will be talked about for many years to come. It had been raining for days and was still hammering down when we registered in the barn at Stool End Farm. Clag obscured the peaks and hung in the valleys. It was definitely going to provide a navigational challenge. We joked about the river crossings. Race Organiser, Ian Barnes, didn't. In a rousing do or die briefing he made it clear, with sergeant majorly gravity, that unless we knew how to look after ourselves in the mountains in dire weather we should hand in our dibbers and go home. "You're responsible for your safety", he barked, "you've got to look after yourself and look after each other. That's what fell running is all about". A round of applause followed. He captured the spirit of fellrunning, the essence of our sport which, many will argue, has been eroded by the risk averse claims culture which pervades our society. He warned us that the rivers would require great care. "It's down to you to find a safe crossing place", he chided, "even if that means climbing back up to Esk Hause".

It didn't feel too bad once we were running. Slippery rocks were the main hazard with the potential to get lost coming a close second. Many did. I've heard tales of runners ending up in Borrowdale and our own Dan Taylor was eventually "rescued" by a passing motorist from somewhere between Wrynose and Hardknott passes. One runner (later disqualified) managed to mistakenly miss out Scafell altogether. Even I was temporarily mislocated when descending off Slight Side and lost 15 minutes wandering around below Silverybiel Crag, a kilometre south of where I should have been. The rocks were the cause of a good many injuries. One runner with an injured leg was escorted off Slight Side by a fellow club member (Colin Moses) down to the Woolpack Inn in Eskdale and deposited there to warm up by the fire while hero Colin ran back to the finish via the checkpoint on Pike a Blisco to complete the race. (and then drove back to Eskdale to pick up his team mate – who was by now no doubt completely inebriated).

The highlight of the race was the flagged route up a gully to Scafell. You could be forgiven for thinking, "What, up there!", when looking up. A tumbling cascade of water engulfed the scramble. The easy hands on rock climb became an exhilarating 100m long shower. You just had to open your mouth to get a drink. The main river crossings of the Esk, Lingcove Beck and Oxendale Beck proved far more daunting. As I approached the River Esk with a group of five other runners it presented a formidable barrier. We had to cross to pursue our route towards the Crinkles. The brown swirling water looked deep and powerful. We saw two ahead of us cross together, nearly getting washed away as they lunged for the far bank. We formed a huddle of six and edged our way across like a 12 legged crab. It was nearly waist deep with the water piling up against us with the force of the current. Slippery boulders made for cautious progress. Suddenly the chap on my right lost his footing but we managed to hold onto him as, legs flailing, the river tried to propel him downstream. Then I slipped. I was under water but still grasping tight onto my compatriots. We somehow made the far side without losing someone and emerged dripping and breathless. I remember thinking, "Mandy won't like that".

Lingcove Beck, again in crab formation, fortunately proved slightly easier as, 100m downstream, impending death in the form of a raging waterfall waited any impromptu swimmers. After a nervous bumslide down the steep wet grass below Blisco wondering whether I could stop before hitting the rapidly approaching rocks the final river crossing near the finish was pretty tame. Avoiding the detour to a rope slung across the river upstream, I crossed by the dam in relatively slack water.

Tales of epic river crossings and rescues abounded at the finish. Dwayne recalled how he had dived in, Bondi lifeguard fashion, to rescue someone in distress. Despite the hardships of the race most were wearing big grins as they recounted their adventures. Some however wore a haunted expression; the thousand yard stare. Mandy and

Fiona for instance. They'd arrived at the Esk together and had joined forces with another runner. The river had prevailed more or less straight away and swept them downstream tumbling them in its swirls and eddies. The chap made it to the far side and ran down the bank to try and help. Fiona was next out after a few hundred metres forging her way across in an unorthodox swimming style. Mandy continued to be pummelled for another hundred metres, doing her best to avoid the bigger rocks and a watery fate. Somehow the river pushed her towards the far bank and after several desperate lunges she managed to grab the grassy bank. Her new hat, best buff and all the food from her rucksack pockets were by now heading for the Irish Sea. Battered and bruised, and well hydrated, the two of them bravely pushed on to finish the race well ahead of many less navigationally astute runners.

What a race. What an adventure. I've heard debates about whether the race should have started, or the route altered. Was it a courageous or a foolish decision to stick with the full course? Opinions differ; I'm still not sure one way or another but I am glad I had the opportunity to pit myself against the mountains and the weather in truly tough conditions. There were a few "high risks" involved but everyone did look after each other, or at least tried to, and everyone returned in one piece... the spirit of fellrunning was seen in abundance

**Phil Hodgson**

***Great Lakes by Lucy Burnett***

there were water

we saw it for

ourselves from the inside

inhabiting the centre

of a waterfall down the back

of your bent bent neck

I would have asked

to stay together but I did not

need to ask

a welcome stranger

waited at one entrance

of a flooding river

the anonymous linking

of arms across the unknown

was as slight and important

as the mosses on the back hand

of a fox's tarn

we took some mountains

and wore them liquid

*trust me*

there was no such

view as the running earth and scree

and rocks of impromptu waters

all endings were provisional

the safety of a rope

threaded to the furthest other side



# MARATHON MAGIC

## Tales from Toddlies running Spring marathons

### Mel's Manchester Magic

**by Julie Wyant**

Last year, Mel and I trained together for our Spring marathons with the intention of both breaking 4 hours. Neither of us achieved our goal. This year however, Mel ran her 2<sup>nd</sup> marathon in a superb time of 3.41.58. I went to visit Mel, not only to drink tea and eat homemade biscuits, but also to find out how she did it.

#### **Why the marathon?**

When I entered my first one (Virgin London Marathon 2011), I had been inspired by listening to other people in Tod Harriers talking about it. I had gradually moved up from 10k to half marathons and had begun to wonder how much further I could go. The time came around for the VLM ballot, and I thought I'd apply. I didn't get in, so I thought that was the end of that. Then the club places came up and I got in.

#### **London Marathon**

I found training for VLM really difficult because I couldn't decide which training plan to follow. I got lots of very helpful advice from experienced marathon runners but as a novice I didn't really know which bits to follow. In the end I stuck with the Advanced Marathon<sup>1</sup> (Pfitzinger) book which you (Joolz) lent me, but adapted it slightly as it was my first marathon, and I didn't regard myself as 'advanced'. But then I worried that I wasn't following it exactly, and got myself in a bit of a state worrying about whether I should be. I kept a log which was useful. I didn't have a Garmin then, and Martin and I would go for drives to

measure out some long runs, and I'd write down the mile markers along the way. I was doing Graham's Tuesday sessions and the pack runs, and then we started doing longer runs on a Weds. As the marathon got closer I was convinced the training had been all wrong, and the taper was awful. I just didn't feel I'd done enough.

**MELANIE ROBERTSON F50**

**MANCHESTER MARATHON**

**29/04/2012**

**3.41.58(PB) 5<sup>TH</sup> F50**

On the day the weather forecast was for heat. I've always hated running in the heat and we hadn't had a single hot day training from December to April. I was worried about water. I was still hoping for a sub-4 (my Spen 20 time suggested I could hit this goal) and aiming to run 9 minute miles. I thought it would be congested on the course, but I was in the right pen and there was no problem at all, though I did find the crowds quite overwhelming. The temperature was fine for the first hour or so, and then it started to get uncomfortable. I'd forgotten to put my sunscreen on too. When I picked up some water, I wanted to keep it with me, which was a big mistake as carrying it put my rhythm out and made my shoulder ache. About halfway in, I decided that I just wanted to finish and wasn't that bothered about the time, I just wasn't feeling good. I couldn't understand it, it was worse than any of my long training runs; I just got really slow after

that. Then at about 21 miles I began to feel better, and began to enjoy it, and had a strong finish, finally crossing the line in 4.16.52.

### ***What Did You Decide To Do Differently For The Manchester Marathon This Year?***

I didn't run for a while after VLM, and I started spending a lot more time at the rowing club at Hollingworth Lake. Then the entries for the return of the Manchester Marathon opened in the summer and I knew straight away that I wanted to do it. I was rowing 3 or 4 times a week, and also doing ergo(indoor) rowing and circuit training during the winter months. I noticed I was feeling a lot fitter, and particularly my glutes, legs and core were getting really strong.

For the specific marathon training I followed a plan<sup>2</sup> in a Runners World book<sup>3</sup>. It seemed so simple compared to the previous year. I had no problem sticking to it and thought it worked really well. I particularly liked the Yasso 800s, the idea being that you run



*Mel at London last year*

sets of 800m intervals in a time that is "equal" to your marathon time (e.g. 3 minutes 45 seconds is equal to a 3 hour 45 marathon). I was having no problem running 3.45s or even quicker. I was often doing two exercise

sessions a day, perhaps running to work in the morning and then rowing on the evening. I felt the combination worked well for me. I still panicked a bit during the taper though, thinking I wasn't doing enough. Despite the programme suggesting only easy runs in the taper, I still did a bit of speedwork during the final weeks.

My lead up races went well. I ran 1.46.47 (1<sup>st</sup> F50) at the Blackpool Half, and the Thirsk 10 in 1.18.23. These races confirmed that I was running well and that a good sub-4 was a comfortable and realistic goal.

I made more of an effort with nutrition too, trying to eat more protein and using recovery drinks after hard training sessions. I also found I was drinking less alcohol and I think that helped.

### ***How Did You Decide What Your Target Time For Manchester Would Be?***

Having the Garmin really helped me to focus on and analyse my training runs. I was feeling much more confident having such quality feedback. I knew that sub-4 was achievable, and had a secret (so secret I hadn't even told Martin) goal of around 3.45. This was based on the Yasso 800s and tools like the Macmillan Calculator<sup>4</sup>.

### ***Did You Have A Race Plan?***

I knew what pace I had to run to get a time of 3.45. Late on in my training I learned about negative splits but hadn't practised that in training. So on the day of the race I decided to try to run with the 3.45 pace maker if I could, at least for the first half of the race. Secretly I was hoping to be feeling strong and try and run faster in the second half. Accordingly I had stuck with the pace maker's group for the first half, and I had just started to get in front of them when my shoelace came undone. While I re-tied it they went past me again and I had to

catch up. I just decided to stay with them then. They came in a few minutes ahead of schedule. It worked well.

Even though I don't do much fell-running myself I knew about the kit requirements for long fell races and because of the heavy rain and wind chill factor on race day I decided to treat the race as if it was a long fell race, so I was toggged up in a long sleeve baselayer and a good waterproof running jacket, and my inov8 peak cap to keep the water out of my eyes. I never took the jacket off. The conditions really were so bad that some runners were being treated for hypothermia at the end.

### **What Next?**

I'm 50 now, and was 5<sup>th</sup> in my category. But I wasn't that far behind the F50s that finished in front of me (only 7mins 10secs behind 1<sup>st</sup> F50). Perhaps I could have placed higher if I hadn't stopped to tie my shoelace. I've been quite inspired by an American F50 Meghan

Arbogast, although she is an ultra runner and I don't think I want to run more than marathon distance. I know that I can't keep getting better as I get older, but I think I might be able to get a bit faster before I start to slow down.

I might perhaps try some yoga to regain some flexibility and help to avoid injuries, or perhaps pilates. I'd like to return to Graham's speed training sessions on a Tuesday.

I'm intending to not have a big break from running like I did last year, but get back into it fairly quickly. I'm doing the Mull of Kintyre Half Marathon in June and I also have a place in the Great North Run in September, which brings me full circle, as it was being inspired by seeing all the GNR runners when Martin did it in 2005 that started me running. I may then have another go at the marathon in the Autumn, perhaps Chester.

<sup>1</sup> Advanced Marathonning, by Peter Pfitzinger and Scott Douglas

<sup>2</sup> To see a copy of the plan visit <http://endurancesports1.files.wordpress.com/2010/02/marathon-training-plan.pdf>

<sup>3</sup> The Runner's World Complete Guide to Running. Gordon & Gotch. 2010

<sup>4</sup> <http://www.mcmillanrunning.com/calculator>

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## **BLISTERIN' BOSTON**

Robin Tuddenham (from Tod Harriers Forum)



"Thanks folks. A big personal worst but a day when times became a bit irrelevant, and it was all about survival!

Running can sometimes take us to places we don't want to go, and there was some suffering out there

yesterday. My tenth marathon and I experienced some firsts, at Mile 5 when you normally feel unstoppable, I was feeling dizzy and uncertain I would make it. But the screaming crowds, and the constant dowsing of water kept me going.

By half way I had revised my target time down to sub 3 in my head, and tried to ignore the

constant stream of fast guys pulling up and walking. The second half is much harder and it just kept getting hotter, with little shade and the promised wind didn't turn up. 🤔

**ROBIN TUDDENHAM**

**BOSTON MARATHON 16/04/12**

**3.04.08**

**(PB 2.35.18)**

Each mile became a test of endurance and by mile 19 as I ran towards Heratbreak Hill I made a deal with myself, ignore the time and just do 2 things, keep running and don't walk, and finish. I stuck to it. At mile 23 it felt like time had stopped, but with 2k to go I felt better and in the last 800m I suddenly picked it up to 5:20 pace ha ha!

Truly a great marathon, with 116 years of history, and must come back and run it in normal conditions. I don't think I have ever run a training session in that temperature let alone a marathon.

Even the Kenyan guys suffered, 2:12 winning time! Winner collapsed in a heap at the end for once they looked mortal. More on this in another post to come. And Mel thanks for pointing out the English guy I just beat, recognised his name, he has a marathon PB of 2:30, says it all!

Now time to enjoy this great city."



# CANNONBALL RUNS . . .TWICE!

John Lloyd (from the forums)

## Manchester Marathon



"Well then guys it's over. Here's the story, up at 3 as couldn't sleep, looked outside it was five finger weather. Set off

at 6.30 got into Rochdale and it was time to move to plan B, wear the Newton v2 s I bought as back up, new shoes never ran in em, loved them. Got to the destination it was actually snowing, sleet and horizontal wind. Got my new sparking trainers dirty before the start (not amused). On the start line I told Andi jones, "I bet ya a fiver I beat ya over the first mile" ( I didn't ) however, there were 2 Asians lads that are my new heroes cannonball juniors, OMG they had a Blinder first 100m! Darren Campbell the race starter said they should go to the next Olympic trails. Looked to my left at the start and saw the quality of the field but had still hoped to achieve my target time and thought top 20 was achievable.

What followed was ridiculous, first 10k 37, 10 mile 59, half marathon 1.18. On track then came the horse track, sleet, monsoon., by 18 I started to slow. I thought I would pick up in last 6, but oh no the weather worsened the roads were bendy beyond belief and my gas had run out on my back. I saw Wrighty, SMS other toddies and friends and slugged to 20. At 21 and 22, a little stoppage for cramp, followed by some blurred vision. I battled



through, I was not going to quit. I saw Wrighty again a god send more encouragement, cramp again, I carried on. I crossed the line in 2:55 gutted but released. I then stumbled, fell and the next thing I knew I was on a Bed in the VIP area, being poked and prodded by a doctor. They had wrapped me up in foil like a turkey at Xmas, my heart rate after 20 mins of stopping was 140 bpm, a slight worry. It took me 1 and half hours to stop shivering and make my way back to the car. I didn't want to miss my wife. I was worried if I got that cold how was she ?? She was fine she ran under her target of 5 hours, I was well proud of her. All in all a good experience, poor course management was like cross country at one stage bad start management. Massive thanks for all good luck messages and all help and support with training. Well done to other toddies who took part, respect to all finishers."

### **Cork City Marathon**

"Just got back to hotel now having completed my second marathon in 5 week. On arriving in cork we got off the plane and the weather was shocking. My first thoughts were, oh crap this is going to be Manchester all over again. Sunday same weather. Yet today was glorious and perfect running conditions if not a little warm. As I lined up on start line I eyed up the Kenyan and last year's winner and knew my race strategy was going to mean I wouldn't be seeing them for long.

The first 13 I ran bang on to plan 6:10 per min. Then I dug deep and had a difficult 5 mile period but kept it to about 6:20. then next 5 miles 6:25. I was hanging on for my life for 2: 45. Then got cramp in calf and had to stop for about 1 min, than feet started to hurt but not unbearable. At this stage a bloke shouted "well done first man" referring to my

five fingers, he chuckled I didn't. 2 miles to go

**JOHN LLOYD**

**MANCHESTER MARATHON 29/04/2012**

**2.55.31 38<sup>TH</sup>**

**CORK CITY MARATHON 4/6/12**

**2.51.52 (PB) 17<sup>TH</sup>**

I dug in and finished 17 th in 2:51:52, shaved 5 mins off but not the coveted 2:45. Makes me realise how well I actually did in those terrible conditions. I am left thinking should I have just done 6:18 all round or at least tried?? Don't think that's my style though. It frustrated me watching half marathon boys and relays passing maybe I am built for the half and tens ??? Overall pleased good course although little undulating , well organised and glad to sock it to the Irish on jubilee weekend."

## **MORE TODDIE SPRING MARATHON MAGIC**

*Jonny Medcalf - London 3.34.55*

*Jayne Williams - London 3.45.21*

*Kevin Coughlan – Manchester 3.40.41*

*Richard O'Sullivan Manchester 3.58.13*

