

THE TORRIER

TODMORDEN HARRIERS NEWS, INSPIRATION,
RACING, MEMORIES, ADVENTURE AND MORE!



AUTUMN/WINTER 2018
40th Anniversary Edition Part 2



Pictures from Parky's archive. *Clockwise from top left:* Richard Blakeley. Ben Crook. Helen Wilson, Mandy Goth and Shelley Sandiford. Dave Wilson and Christine Ashworth. Joanne Dowling. Kay Leigh Joanne Dowling, Mandy Goth, Sue Beconsall. Mandy Goth, Alan Ainsworth, Dave Wilson, Hazel Chapman and Barry Chapman. Peter Ehrhardt. Mark Anderton.



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2018



A few words from the Chair...

Welcome all members old and new to your favourite inspirational read: the Torrier. Get your training for the day out of the way, stick the kettle on and pour yourself a brew and relish the rewards of all your hard work. Just think - soon enough you could be savouring your beverage of choice from either your commemorative 40 years of Todmorden Harriers glass or your soon to be presented, limited edition, Todmorden Harriers championship mug, to be presented to all qualifiers at the Golden Lion 1st December at what will be fantastic night of partying and banter (Just after the final race of the Red Rose XC series).

To commemorate the clubs 40th year many of you embarked upon a challenge of 40 I hope we get to hear about more of your 40 performances soon. I'm not a high quantity racer - I do about 12-15 races a year. I'm not very good at impulsively running off to do a race. I like to know what I'm doing months in advance. But a massive well done to all of you. Annie Roberts, Stuart Wolstenholme, Mandy Goth, Phil Hodgson, Sue Roberts, Dan Taylor and any others who have attempted - awesome.

RACE	NAME	CLUB	TIME	POSITION
1	Stu's 40	Stu's 40	1:00:00	1st
2	Todmorden Harriers 40	Todmorden Harriers	1:05:00	2nd
3	Golden Lion 40	Golden Lion	1:10:00	3rd
4	Red Rose 40	Red Rose	1:15:00	4th
5	Stu's 40	Stu's 40	1:20:00	5th
6	Todmorden Harriers 40	Todmorden Harriers	1:25:00	6th
7	Golden Lion 40	Golden Lion	1:30:00	7th
8	Red Rose 40	Red Rose	1:35:00	8th
9	Stu's 40	Stu's 40	1:40:00	9th
10	Todmorden Harriers 40	Todmorden Harriers	1:45:00	10th
11	Golden Lion 40	Golden Lion	1:50:00	11th
12	Red Rose 40	Red Rose	1:55:00	12th
13	Stu's 40	Stu's 40	2:00:00	13th
14	Todmorden Harriers 40	Todmorden Harriers	2:05:00	14th
15	Golden Lion 40	Golden Lion	2:10:00	15th
16	Red Rose 40	Red Rose	2:15:00	16th
17	Stu's 40	Stu's 40	2:20:00	17th
18	Todmorden Harriers 40	Todmorden Harriers	2:25:00	18th
19	Golden Lion 40	Golden Lion	2:30:00	19th
20	Red Rose 40	Red Rose	2:35:00	20th
21	Stu's 40	Stu's 40	2:40:00	21st
22	Todmorden Harriers 40	Todmorden Harriers	2:45:00	22nd
23	Golden Lion 40	Golden Lion	2:50:00	23rd
24	Red Rose 40	Red Rose	2:55:00	24th
25	Stu's 40	Stu's 40	3:00:00	25th
26	Todmorden Harriers 40	Todmorden Harriers	3:05:00	26th
27	Golden Lion 40	Golden Lion	3:10:00	27th
28	Red Rose 40	Red Rose	3:15:00	28th
29	Stu's 40	Stu's 40	3:20:00	29th
30	Todmorden Harriers 40	Todmorden Harriers	3:25:00	30th
31	Golden Lion 40	Golden Lion	3:30:00	31st
32	Red Rose 40	Red Rose	3:35:00	32nd
33	Stu's 40	Stu's 40	3:40:00	33rd
34	Todmorden Harriers 40	Todmorden Harriers	3:45:00	34th
35	Golden Lion 40	Golden Lion	3:50:00	35th
36	Red Rose 40	Red Rose	3:55:00	36th
37	Stu's 40	Stu's 40	4:00:00	37th
38	Todmorden Harriers 40	Todmorden Harriers	4:05:00	38th
39	Golden Lion 40	Golden Lion	4:10:00	39th
40	Red Rose 40	Red Rose	4:15:00	40th

Left: Evidence of Stu's 40

Now it's that time again, the English and British championships have been all wrapped up, the OMM has been and gone and the last of Todmorden Harriers championship races are just around the corner and soon we shall be filling our calendars with 2019 fixtures. Winter training is now on so sharpen up and get ready your next season by coming along to Tuesday training sessions which are now led by Kerry

Edwards. Tuesday 6:30 till 7:30 focused sessions to make you fitter, faster and stronger (check the forum or FB for venues).

Talking about 2018 Championships, WOW! Well done to all of you have taken part in any of fixtures. There have been some incredible performances in all categories. 2018 has seen loads of people winning races, relay wins, category prizes and some top results. In particular Annie Roberts (5th in the British and 8th in the English) Andrew Worster (21st place in the British, 11th in the English) both deserve a huge round of applause for incredible participation and exceptional performances. Silver machine Peter Ehrhardt finished 8th in MV70 English champs and in the British Championships Mel Blackhurst has been awarded a Bronze medal. The male Vets Jon Wright and Graeme Brown finished 11th and 12th.... next year I think we can see a few vets aiming to get in the top 10. Male and Females teams were both awarded Bronze. The men's team missed out on a silver by just one point, beating several rival teams of a notable standard. The teams over the past few years have shown focus and commitment and I'm confident that 2019 will see continued success and improvement.

Fell, road, trail, XC and in ultrarunning have all seen members participating at fantastic levels but most importantly we have seen people out wearing their Tod vests and having a great time with their mates. Going to different places and making some good times.

Right: Nick dressed as his post-3 Peaks self for this year's club Hallowe'en bat run.

The summer birthday party went down well and luckily Andrew Worster's fire skills didn't result in moorland blaze similar to that one in Saddleworth, the last thing we could do with would be a visit



from the fire brigade. It was great to see my old adversary Alistair Rhodes-Dawson who reminisced fondly at my calamities but also commented that the times he had in the club were some of the best days of his life. Sadly Alistair has suffered various injuries and hasn't been able to come back to running but still enjoys an active life and puts in some gruelling days on his bike.

We all have people in the club that we spend incredible times with and these people see us stripped back to our most revealing nature.

I'd like to mention Graeme Wrench - As we know Graeme wasn't just a coach for running. He was also an advisor, he would listen and support and he gave a lot to a lot of us and never asked for anything in return. So raise your glass or your mug or give a little nod and remember what great times you have given to Todmorden Harriers and what great times the club has given you.

I'd like to finish by thanking all contributors to the club, relay captains, kit holders, web admins, committee members, coaches, race organisers, marshals, press team, fixture coordinators, party coordinators, tent erectors, sound engineers, pie makers, editors and Torrier contributors. Sorry if I've missed you but to all of you who have given time to help the club I give a big sincere thank you.

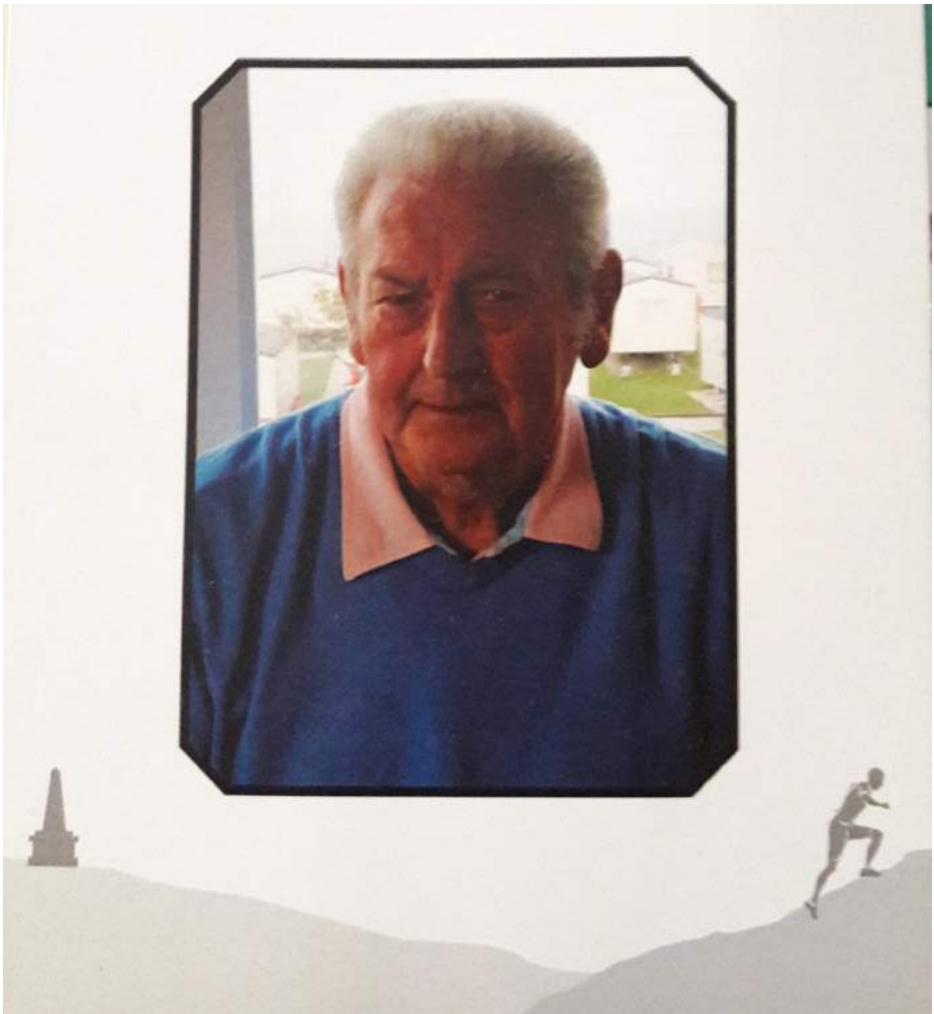
Stay safe and see you soon

Nick Barber

Take control of your club!

Committee meetings 7-8pm first Monday of the month at the Golden Lion, Todmorden

In loving memory of
GRAEME WRENCH
20TH MAY 1941 - 16TH MAY 2018



A word from the Editor...

It's been a fantastic six months since the last Torrier. Tod Harriers have gone from strength to strength, as Nick mentioned, with brilliant performances locally and nationally, and we've seen lots of new enthusiastic people don the vest for the first time this summer.

Some of them have kindly written about it for us. One of those is Ricky Parrish, who has joined us and really got stuck in, proving that hard work really pays off. Rebecca Senior, too, has been attending Tuesday evening sessions and writes about the importance of the club while she's been doing her PhD. There's a nice thread of continuation in this issue, with more exotic adventures from Phil Hodgson, a part two from Pauline May, episode two of Tod Tips and David Leslie's latest x-rated long distance exploits. We've got plenty of comic relief, too - after a brief hiatus the ever-popular Toilet Seat update is back, Kerry's let me publish one of her poems which brilliantly conveys the stress leading up to an important race, and Phil has some valuable tips for surviving the great outdoors.

Personally, I'm feeling very inspired at the moment (my favourite armchair inspirations are the film Running for Good and Charlie Spedding's book From Last to First). I've taken part in my longest and shortest races (105 miles and 0.9 miles - both made my legs hurt, you can read all about my Lakeland 100 adventure on my blog www.adventureandcake.wordpress.com), gone on some nice running holidays on Portuguese Islands (more on one of them from my Dad in this issue), continued my birthday run tradition (29 miles, for anyone who's counting) and generally enjoyed being a part of an excellent running club.

Thanks to everyone who's sent stuff in for all issues, past and present - I really look forward to reading everything. As always, if you have anything you'd like to share, long or short, serious or amusing, informative or entertaining, send it in. I'd love to see a wordsearch or

some more Toddy-created front cover artwork. Send word documents, emails and jpeg files to kkashworth@gmail.com (thank you for not sending PDFs and Pages files) for the next issue in May-ish.

Kim Ashworth

Right: super happy posing with some bilberries I found in Madeira in the mizzle. Sort of like getting excited about finding baked beans in a supermarket abroad. They didn't taste as nice as the ones in Calderdale. The berries, not the beans.



Tod Harriers is hosting the final Red Rose Cross Country race, and we need your help!

Friday 30th November: people needed to help set up tape & markers
Saturday 1st December: marshals needed for all races – if you're racing, you can still marshal.

Marshals needed in these slots:

12pm – 1.15

1.15 – 2pm (men before their race)

2 – 3pm (women after their race).

Cross Country is a great event to take part in and help out, and it's a great opportunity for the club.

We also need a couple of first aiders.

Email, phone, text or chat to Dan Taylor at a pack run to sign up to help, and let him know what times you can do.

07957766105

dan_jft@yahoo.co.uk

Club Championships Update (as of 10/11/18)

2018 Club Championship after 31 Races

Pstn			Name		Cat		total ROAD races		Club Champ Qualifier?		Club Champ no. Races		Long Road						Club Champ Score							
1		Andrew Worster		M		11		4		Q		6		Short Fell		Medium Fell		Long Fell		Short Road		Medium Road		Long Road		598.4
2		Chris Goddard		M		3		4		Q		6		91.3		88.8		85.3		92.6		90.0		88.0		536.0
3		Paul Brannigan		M50		6		5		Q		6		83.8		85.3		77.8		91.2		95.6		93.2		526.9
4		Stuart Wolstenholme		M45		8		4		Q		6		82.0		85.5		83.4		88.8		81.4		86.0		507.1
5		Matt Flanagan		M45		2		5		?		5		81.2		83.5				96.3		94.6		90.9		446.5
6		Darren Tweed		M40		2		3		?		5		89.3		85.9				92.5		92.7		84.4		444.8
7		Rebecca Patrick		F45		7		1				4		99.3		96.6		103.7		105.1						404.7
8		Richard Butterwick		M45		1		11				4				90.6				104.9		98.1		105.2		398.8
9		Mel Blackhurst		F50		8		1				4		97.6		97.9		90.3		95.4						381.2
10		Darren Shackleton		M		2		9				4		88.0						99.7		91.8		92.5		372.0
11		Peter Ehrhardt		M70		6		6		?		5		77.1		62.9				78.2		73.9		71.9		364.0
12		Kate Mansell		F45		5		1				4		90.8		87.4		78.5		93.8						350.5
13		Duncan Cannon		M		4		2				4		87.3				86.9		85.1				82.5		341.8
14		Pauline May		F35		5		2				4		80.3		90.3		73.5		94.7						338.8
15		Dan Taylor		M		2		2				4		70.7				77.7		90.8				76.3		315.5
16		Richard Blakeley		M75		3		2				3		89.8		102.4				103.9						296.1
17		Graeme Brown		M40		5		0				3		96.8		97.4		91.9								286.1
18		Nick Barber		M40		2		1				3		94.5				86.9		101.9						283.3
19		Sarah Glyde		F40		0		7				3								96.0		93.9		93.2		283.1
20		Annie Roberts		F		8		0				3		91.1		94.5		97.2								282.8

Grand Prix standings

Pstn	Name	Cat	total RACES				total FELL races	total ROAD races	total TRAIL races	Qualified?	GP SCORE
1	Andrew Worster	M	16	11	4	1	Q				816.7
2	Matt Flanagan	M45	11	2	5	4	Q				752.0
3	Kerry Edwards	F40	8	3	2	3	Q				739.0
4	Darren Shackleton	M	14	2	9	3	Q				737.2
5	Paul Brannigan	M50	13	6	5	2	Q				721.5
6	Chris Goddard	M	8	3	4	1	Q				714.0
7	Duncan Cannon	M	9	4	2	3	Q				703.2
8	Stuart Wolstenholme	M45	14	8	4	2	Q				691.2
9	Pauline May	F35	8	5	2	1	Q				685.8
10	Helen Wilson	F50	8	3	2	3	Q				674.7
11	Kevin Coughlan	M55	8	2	3	3	Q				631.5
12	Peter Ehrhardt	M70	16	6	6	4	Q				617.0
13	Matt Annison	M	10	4	3	3	Q				582.3
14	Dave O'Neill	M60	8	2	2	4	Q				484.3
15	Richard Butterwick	M45	15	1	11	3	X				703.4
16	Rebecca Patrick	F45	9	7	1	1	X				697.9
17	Mel Blackhurst	F50	10	8	1	1	X				674.7
18	Darren Tweed	M40	7	2	3	2	X				635.8
19	Richard Blakeley	M75	6	3	2	1	X				581.8
20	Dan Taylor	M	7	2	2	3	X				571.3
21	Jane Leonard	F60	6	5	1	0	X				552.5
22	Kate Mansell	F45	6	5	1	0	X				520.6
23	Craig Stansfield	M50	5	3	0	2	X				488.2
24	Graeme Brown	M40	5	5	0	0	X				469.8
25	Sarah Glyde	F40	7	0	7	0	X				467.3
26	Annie Roberts	F	8	8	0	0	X				467.3
27	Myra Wells	F60	6	0	3	3	X				453.5
28	Phil Hodgson	M60	5	2	1	2	X				432.1
29	Martin Roberts	M55	5	5	0	0	X				417.5
30	Nick Barber	M40	4	2	1	1	X				389.1

Fell top 10

2018 FELL TABLE Race 14			Completed Races	total points	Qualified?	Qualifying TOTAL
attendance			173			
average points			73.1			
1	Andrew Worster	M	11	1075.8	Q	608.2
2	Annie Roberts	F	8	656.1	Q	503.2
3	Rebecca Patrick	F45	7	542.4	Q	467.7
4	Stuart Wolstenholme	M45	8	584.4	Q	449.7
5	Mel Blackhurst	F50	8	565.5	Q	430.9
6	Paul Brannigan	M50	6	389.9	Q	389.9
7	Peter Ehrhardt	M70	6	278.4	Q	278.4
8	Graeme Brown	M40	5	452.7	X	452.7
9	Pauline May	F35	5	360.8	X	360.8
10	Kate Mansell	F45	5	347.3	X	347.3

Trail top 10

2018 TRAIL RACES Race 6			Completed Races	total points	Qualified?	qualifying TOTAL
attendance			77			
average points			75.2			
1	Darren Shackleton	M	3	279.5	Q	279.5
2	Dan Taylor	M	3	255.8	Q	255.8
3	Ian MacLachlan	M50	3	244.0	Q	244.0
4	Kerry Edwards	F40	3	237.7	Q	237.7
5	Kevin Coughlan	M55	3	210.9	Q	210.9
6=	Matt Annison	M	3	203.4	Q	203.4
6=	Helen Wilson	F50	3	203.4	Q	203.4
8	Peter Ehrhardt	M70	4	228.6	Q	172.0
9	Myra Wells	F60	3	161.7	Q	161.7
10	Dave O'Neill	M60	4	197.2	Q	155.0

Road top 10

2018 ROAD TABLE Race 11			Completed Races	total points	Qualified?	Qualifying TOTAL
attendance			115			
average points			76.3			
1	Darren Shackleton	M	9	814.1	Q	556.1
2	Richard Butterwick	M45	11	902.7	Q	555.4
3	Sarah Glyde	F40	7	536.2	Q	465.3
4	Peter Ehrhardt	M70	6	326.1	Q	326.1
5	Matt Flanagan	M45	5	442.7	X	442.7
6	Paul Brannigan	M50	5	399.9	X	399.9
7	Andrew Worster	M	4	393.9	X	393.9
8	Chris Goddard	M	4	355.8	X	355.8
9	Stuart Wolstenholme	M45	4	318.5	X	318.5
10	Darren Tweed	M40	3	262.0	X	262.0

Ultramarathon Champs

2018 ULTRA TABLE Race 7			Completed Races	total points	Qualified?	qualifying TOTAL
attendance			30			
average points			79.3			
1	Chris Goddard	M	3	305.8	Q	305.8
2	Darren Graham	M45	4	336.4	Q	264.9
3	Jonothan Wright	M45	3	249.0	Q	249.0
4	Dan Taylor	M	3	226.8	Q	226.8
5	Louise Greenwood	F45	3	216.5	Q	216.5
6	Kim Ashworth	F	3	209.3	Q	209.3
7	Elise Milnes	F55	3	177.7	Q	177.7
8	Mark Rochester	M40	2	183.6	X	183.6
9	Andy Worster	M	1	103.7	X	103.7
10	Richard Butterwick	M45	1	79.0	X	79.0
11	Bev Holmes	F45	1	75.5	X	75.5
12	Kate Mansell	F45	1	72.6	X	72.6
13	Antony de Heveningham	M	1	71.9	X	71.9
14	Rob Tyson	M	1	71.9	X	71.9

*More detailed
standings including
points for all races
available on our
website
www.todharriers.co.uk*

The Calderdale Way

there is no word to capture the sense
of valley shadow-swimming
nor the undercrawl of yet another winter
morning

instead we ran from
the night sky with our brains slanted

holding fast to the acceleration of black
earth and the weather receding from its lack
of purchase on our outheld grasp

our headtorch beams led onward
along the paving slabs of Pennine night

what if permission to continue
became more interesting than permission
to change?

my compass undid my instinct for direction
and the moorland grasses overwhelmed the stones
in search of music

my fascination with a rusted barbed wire fence
had little to do
with constant corners moonlit cloud banks
promises of rain

Lucy Burnett

The Joy of Fell and Trail Running, from a newbie

I started 2018 in the worst shape of my life. I've always yo-yo'd a bit with my weight through the years, but a sustained period of injury and part time study out of work hours caused me to see in the new year at a whopping 16st. I was terrified to weigh myself, as I knew I wasn't going to like the results, but I wouldn't even tell my wife at first, I was so embarrassed and ashamed.

Being a keen hillwalker and wannabe 'adventurer', I've had a keen fascination to run on the fells and on trails for many years, I just needed a good physio to help me understand what was wrong with my wonky right leg. That's where MM Physiotherapy (shout out to Mike) helped educate me and gradually worked step by step with me patiently to help me finally start running. Stepping out on to the start line at Blackshaw Head with my new club vest was a huge moment for me, and I could look back what it had taken to get there. The time in the gym performing painfully mundane squats and lunges, the patience needed to not overdo it run/walk sessions as I built my tolerance and the envy as I watched runners glide past me up on the hills. It may be a fairly easy, insignificant race on the FRA calendar, especially considering it clashes with the Ben Nevis race, but to me, it was a momentous moment, which spurred me on for a sprint finish up the last bit of hill and across the line. That's when I really learnt what fell running was about as I clasped onto the nearest fence and tried to stop myself from retching and vomiting. I had hoped that was just a rite of passage, but I experienced the exact same feelings of nausea crossing the line at Withins Skyline.

As a fairly new runner, it's easy to get caught up in the competitive spirit, particularly with apps like Strava, we're all chasing faster times. I'm no stranger to that, and I'll continue to do so. But one thing I've learnt from off-road running is sometimes it's nice to let go, and just

enjoy playing out in the woods, clasp[ing] hold of that sense of joy as I spot deer running in the woods around me, that feeling of adrenaline and vigour as I feel blood pumping through every part of my body and that childlike spirit of adventure as I let my legs go and glide down off the hill, with that instinctive trust and optimism that I will make it in one piece. Every evening that I get out on the trails is a mini adventure and it's still magical to me. I hope that enjoyment never fades away.

Ahhh to be a big kid playing out in the woods and on the hilltops; what a better way to spend those precious spare moments. That's what it's all about for me.

Ricky Parrish

A Penis-Themed Marathon and Two Ultras *(contains explicit images)*

For the second half of 2018 I had planned a marathon and two ultras. The first ultra was in fact two 30 mile runs with a campsite in between. The route was 100km and 3700ft of climb along the Ridgeway from the Chilterns just off the M40 to Avebury an extensive archaeological site near Stonehenge. This was the Race to the Stones (*picture on the left*) - a huge event with over 6000 runners and walkers setting off in waves, some doing



just one 30 mile ultra, some running 60 miles without a break and others like me taking advantage of a mass camp site to break the distance into two. It was a very social event and en route people talked – some seemingly nonstop – as we ran through some historic countryside. The scenery was stunning. We went past mighty iron age forts, the White Horse at Uffington, followed the course of the Thames and past some old Roman river crossings ending up at Avebury, site of the largest neolithic stone circle in Europe. We were even entertained by the International Air Tattoo which happened to be the same day as the race. At the halfway campsite the organisers managed to provide hot showers, a hot and substantial evening meal (with beer or whatever if you wanted), and even a full English in the morning before the second 30 mile run. It was a scorching hot 2 days running and I certainly did not go fast but still managed 1st Vet 60 of those running the two days with a break and in an overall time of around 15 hours for the combined 60 miles.

Second on my list was the “Penis Themed” marathon. This was run from Sydling St Johns a little village near Dorchester and on a route running past and around a giant chalk figure carved into the hillside. This giant was particularly well endowed, and the race organisers used this as a logo on tee shirts, finisher medals and the like (see pictures). I was not allowed to show my medal to the grandchildren on the basis that it should be X-rated !! The race itself was brilliantly organised, well attended and a very social affair. I found myself before the race at a table with about 8 others, mostly ladies, and after listening to the chat for a while I asked one “how many marathons have you done?”. The answer was 256. After climbing back on my chair again, I tried some of the others with answers of 120, 61, 84 etc. I was a bit intimidated. My own total of about 5 just did not compare. After the race I decided these very experienced people must have chosen to do the Giants Head marathon simply because it was the best off road marathon ever. It was a pretty tough route with 7 real hills and plenty of moderately difficult ground to get through. I did a PW (personal worst) for the marathon distance in a bit over 5 hours. In fact only 3



finishers did less than 4 hours and I was 1st in my age class so that gives some idea of the challenge of the route.

Third on my list was the Ultra Tour of Edinburgh, about 55km with a varied route including some 3000ft of ascent. Edinburgh is a city uniquely able to provide Trail (the Royal Park, the Braid Hills and the Water of Leith trails) and Fell (the Pentland Hills) as well as cycle ways, paths and city streets. It is also rather a beautiful city steeped in history.

The route was almost entirely off road and criss-crossed the city using the Leith River Walk, the Union canal towpath, the docks and so forth as well as a good section in the Pentland Hills well above the city proper. Most of the route on these trails and cycleways has been developed only in the last decade or so. When I lived there – up to age 17 - these routes did not exist, tunnels were blocked off, the Grand Union Canal was closed to the public, full of rubbish and with no tow path, and the Water of Leith Walk was not even a planner's dream. Today the City planners have created the routes for some beautiful runs and the Ultra Tour strung these together into 57km with a bit of everything on the route. Typically for Scotland we had some real fell race weather as well with driving rain and high gusty wind around the Pentland tops although for most of the time the weather was fine and not too hot.

The race was well marshalled, the route was easy to follow, well flagged and even for me it proved almost impossible to get lost. The start was a charge down the Royal Mile from St Giles to the Parliament building, then into the Park and over a shoulder of

Arthur's seat. Then a tour through Craigmillar – past the iconic castle there – and steeply up to the Pentland Hills before coming down for the next two thirds of the route on trails and cycle ways across to the sea and the docks and back following the water of Leith and the canal towpath. The finish was perhaps a stroke of genius. The race ended at the Commonwealth swimming pool where facilities included hot showers for all.

This is the best Ultra race I have done – by some way – and I ran perhaps stronger in it as well with a time of about 7.14 for the 55km route. Recommended.

David Leslie



Phil 'Ray Mears' Goth's Tips for Survival in the Great Outdoors

When camping in the jungle put your sock over the top of each boot every night – this will prevent scorpions and other creepy crawlies giving you a nasty surprise in the morning.

If orienteering or navigating using a compass – never wear red gloves – you won't be able to see the red compass needle.

When winter mountaineering wrap a plastic bag round each boot before you put your crampons on – this will stop them balling up with snow.

When travelling in the jungle keep your matches dry inside a condom (if you're very lucky you may also find other uses for the condom)

If you run out of hair gel – use marmalade instead – but beware of the wasps.

When you need drinking water in an exotic country and you've forgotten your water purification tablets, boil the water for five minutes then, turn your trousers inside out, put one leg inside the other and strain the water through the trouser legs.

If you have moles in your garden and want to get rid of them – press a stick of spearmint chewing gum into the top of the molehill – they'll chew themselves to death.

Do you find Doritos delicious? When you need to light a fire and have no kindling you can use Doritos instead...even better, any flavour will do.

If a flash flood hits your campsite, your rain tarp can double as a sail

for the raft.

If you're camping in the winter melt the snow for an early morning cuppa the night before. Put the hot water in a Sigg flask, place inside your sock and you've got a nice hot (but smelly) water bottle.

When you need to light a fire (and your matches have got wet because you used the condom) a piece of wire wool shorted between two batteries will soon give you a roaring blaze.

If you find yourself in emergency wilderness survival mode, the elastic band of your underwear makes a perfect slingshot for shooting small game.

An effective way of *really* compressing your sleeping bag into its stuff sack is running over it a couple times with your car.

Survival - Just Do It!

Phil Goth



Twelve Trigs Challenge Early Summer 2018

You may remember Dan Taylor writing in a recent *Torrier* about his 10 Trigs Challenge in wintry conditions. This inspired me to get the South Pennines map out and find a route suitable from where I live at the top of Cragg Vale.

First, I plotted 12 trigs that I fancied running round in a loop—initially in one day, but some very hot weather put paid to that. Next I did a bit of internet research on Trig points: it seems the process of placing trig points on top of prominent hills and mountains began in 1935 to assist in the accurate mapping of Great Britain. The Ordnance Survey's first trig point was erected on 18 April 1936 near Cold Ashby, Northamptonshire.

Trig pillars have become the focus of “collectors”. This is known as trig-bagging or trig-pointing. People travel the countryside spotting and recording as many as they can—see the website trigpointing.co.uk. There were once 6,500 trig pillars in the UK but many have been lost to housing developments, farming, and coastal erosion. The highest trig pillar sits on Ben Nevis. The lowest trig pillar is at Little Ouse at -1m elevation.



In 2016, Rob Woodhall bagged his final trig after 14 years of trig-bagging. I wasn't going to emulate that!

The majority of triangulation pillars follow Brigadier Hotine's original, iconic design. He designed them to provide a solid base for the theodolites used by surveying teams, to improve the accuracy of the readings obtained.

However, identifying them is not that simple: the trigpointing website lists many trig points that are water towers, church steeples etc. In fact, Stoodley Pike is listed as a trig point— the OS get-a-map website shows a trig point symbol there.

The loop I decided on was a variation of Dan Taylor's (see Spring 2018 Torrier) and John Riley's (see below). Phil and I started with Crow Hill, going anti clockwise, left out Nab Hill and Trough Edge End, but included Stoodley Pike. Having intended to get round in one [very hot] day, it was clear after 4 hours that we were knackered and Stoodley became our obvious/easy exit home. That little water trough just below the Pike was vital to our wellbeing. Shame there weren't a few snacks to go with it as we had run out! We did part 2 a few days later in slightly different conditions when early fog prevailed.

Right and picture overleaf: Upper Calder 13 Trigs Route - a route compiled by John 'Bod'

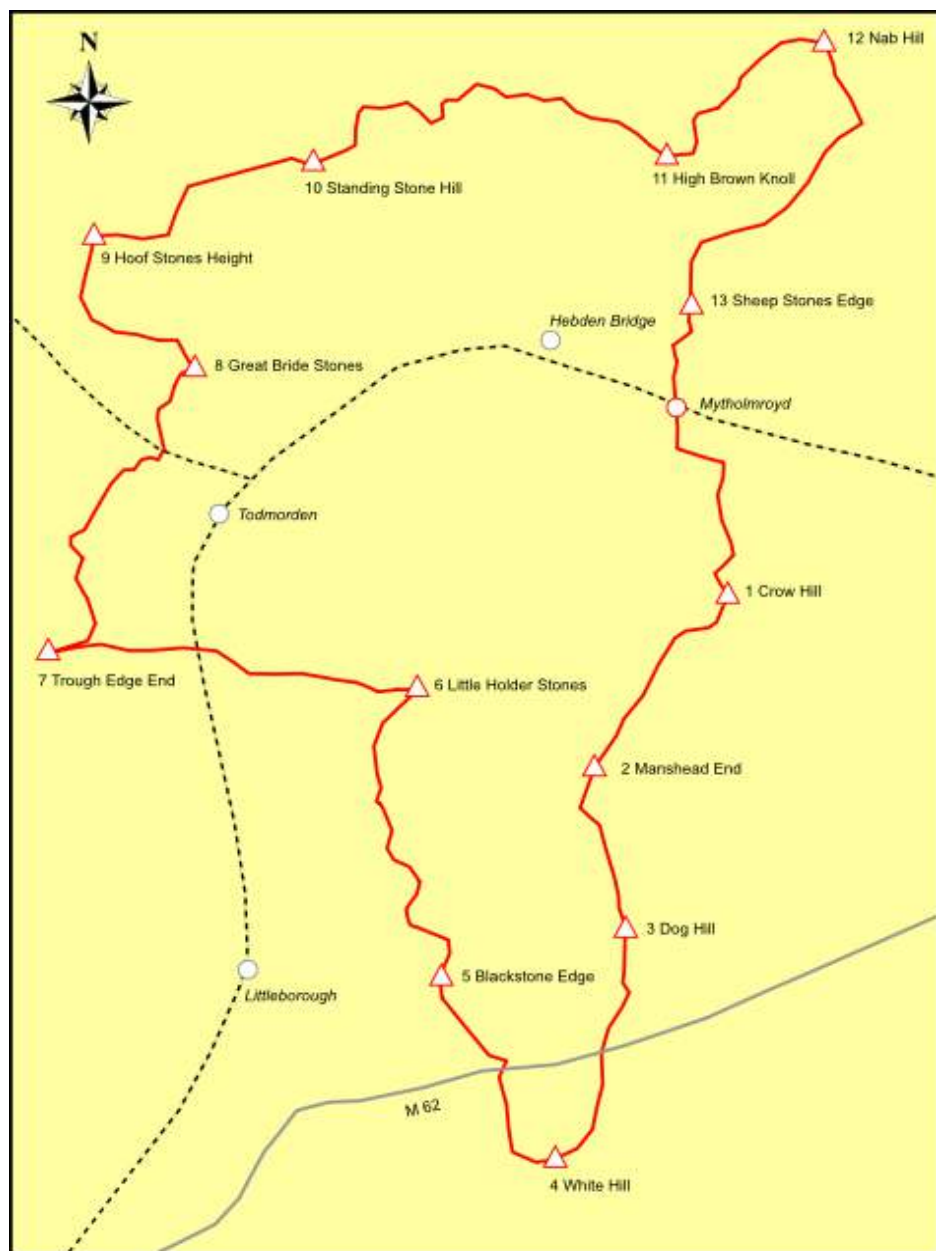
Riley of CVFR and first completed in 2011. You are free to choose any route using rights of way or access land. (gofar.org.uk)

It was fun having a different challenge, the views and weather were awesome, and we ran on some tracks we had never been on before, which always makes a run more

interesting. Best of all, we didn't have to drive anywhere. You can make up your own route around as many trigs as you want, in summer or winter, although depending on the conditions you may wish to factor in a refreshment stop!

There are other local variations on our trigs challenge, all of which can

1	Crow Hill	383 m
2	Manshead End	404 m
3	Dog Hill	435 m
4	White Hill	466 m
5	Blackstone Edge	472 m
6	Little Holder Stones	420 m
7	Trough Edge End	454 m
8	Great Bride Stones	437 m
9	Hoof Stones Height	479 m
10	Standing Stone Hill	398 m
11	High Brown Knoll	443 m
12	Nab Hill	451 m
13	Sheep Stones Edge	401 m



Above: Upper Calder Valley 13 Trigs, gofar.org.uk

be found on the gofar.org.uk website:

The Six Trigs Challenge - originally published in TGO magazine in 1999, this was devised by Andrew Bibby of Todmorden Harriers. The 26 mile route starts from Hebden Bridge and includes the more northerly trigs of Boulsworth Hill and Alcomden Stones.

The Magnificent 7 - An extension of the Six Trigs Challenge starting from Heptonstall devised by some local CVFR members as an annual run. Standing Stone Hill trig on Heptonstall Moor is added en-route to Bridestones. Approximately 28 miles of arduous terrain.

39 Trigs Challenge

This is at least 105 miles with a total climb of approx 20000ft. John Riley devised this one too! The objective is to bag all 39 trig points on the South Pennines O.S. map 1:25000 in one attempt. The start and finish are at Mytholmroyd Community Centre and the first [and only?] successful attempt was by Rhys Kift and Peter White on 29th June, 1991 taking 32 hours 41 mins.

Jackie Scarf

Barking Mad

At the start of 2018 I was adding the club's Grand Prix races to the calendar and began thinking about including something different in addition to the usual running and cycling fun.

I considered a triathlon; I can ride and I'm quite a strong pool swimmer, but I can't say I really enjoy swimming and cold open water does not appeal to me! Whilst considering the options the dog interrupted me demanding his walkies and it was then I had my light bulb moment ...Canicross! For anyone who hasn't heard of Canicross before, Canicross is the sport of cross-country running with your dog.

The human participant wears a waist belt which attaches via a 2-metre bungee line to a padded dog harness. It sounded like the perfect sport for Grohl the fell-running Sheltie and me.

A quick search revealed there was a Canicross event being held at Dalby forest in February – get in!

We arrived on the day and it was COLD, -4 in the forest (not that fluffy Grohl in his winter coat noticed me getting the base layers on). Registration for the 5km event was quiet enough. Grohl spent his preparation time casually sniffing the other dogs whilst I pinned on my number and went for a warm-up.

The race is run in a similar style to a cycling time trial with competitors entering a starting funnel in order and being launched at 20 second intervals. It was as Grohl and I entered the starting funnel that the other dogs started barking and he realised he was here to run. If you've seen Grohl on a pack run you will be aware of how excited (i.e. noisy) he gets when we're about to run and today we were starting way back in 77th position. Imagine nearly 100 dogs all howling! My poor ears....

Our start time approached and Grohl's excitement was off the scale. He may be small and fluffy but he pulls like a racehorse when he



wants to run. After what seemed like an age wrestling with him bucking and howling it was our turn and we were off! Now remember I said launched? Experienced runners know to pace themselves. Dogs have no such concept and I can say with absolute confidence that I've never been fired off the start line of any race as fast before or since. It felt like 0-20 mph in three seconds flat! 200 meters in

stood my wife Julie alongside Rob Holdsworth (Rosie and Scout were also competing) both roaring with laughter at my distress. I didn't even notice them as I was too busy concentrating on staying upright. I didn't fancy being dragged around on my face like a cowboy in the old wild-west. After a hectic first two k's we had passed lots of other competitors, Grohl instinctively followed the trails ahead and had settled down into a more sustainable pace. He responded to my calls to head left and right and we were really enjoying ourselves. The course undulated following fire roads, paths and single-track through the icy forest. All the time we were overtaking other teams, passing breeds of all sizes and shapes - proof that all dogs love to run!



We completed the course in 21.59 and in 19th position overall, not bad given the ice and the number of teams we seemed to meet along the narrow stretches. Grohl got a Bonio at the finish – bonus!

It was a great experience to race with my dog and one I can highly recommend. If you fancy giving Canicross a go with your dog I have a tip...

...bring earplugs!

Stu Wolstenholme

P.S. I'm considering organising a TH fun Canicross event – who'd be up for that then?

Racing Angst

Trying not to panic, but the race is getting near!
Seems like only yesterday, I thought I had a year.
There's just 8 weeks to go now, but that's still time for gains.
So here I go, come rain or shine, out the door to train.
7 weeks, my goodness, the plan is down the drain,
The guilt of missed sessions, is now replaced by shame.
Slap your face and dust right off,
There's still 6 weeks to go,
You'll get round, if you work at it,
And might not be, too slow...
5 weeks now, the race is nigh,
Buckle down and try.
Flipping eck just 4 weeks left,
I think I'm going to cry!
3 weeks, clock is ticking on
Training time is almost gone,
2 weeks and the panic's high
Darn the time that's flown right by!
One week, nothing left but taper
Why did I start this racing caper?
Racing day is here at last,
Take it steady, not too fast,
Half way through, it's in the bag!
Up a hill, then start to flag...
You can do this, hold on tight,
You got this now, the end's in sight!
Cross the finish, beaming smile!
Could almost run another mile!
It's done and didn't seem so bad.
Sign up again, because you're mad!

Kerry Edwards

Update: Kerry absolutely smashed her latest marathon, despite various obstacles during training. Awesome work—Ed.



Clockwise from top left: Dave Ashton, Brian Hargreaves, Sue Becconsall, Pat Collier, Andrew Wrench at Noon Stone 1995, David Wilson



Racing Hard in Black and White



K2K – Keswick to Kendal in a Straight Line

The K2K was dreamt up in the offices of the Lake District National Park Authority in 2004 when my GIS (Geographical Information Systems) colleagues and I became obsessed with straight line routes. First there was the C2C, a night-time parkour-style run between Kendal's two castles; this 1km sprint involved a river crossing, running along high walls and crossing several gardens, but inspired us to greater things. It struck us that the straight line route between Keswick and Kendal included the wonderful mountain ridge between Helvellyn and Red Screes, as well as a great line across Troutbeck and down the River Kent. We set a strict 1 mile corridor (1/2 mile either side of the straight line), within which any route could be followed. The only problem was it was 33 miles long, further than any of us had run or walked, but we set up a charity event for the Bateman's Trust (run by two of our friends) and got in training.

That first K2K was theoretically my first ultra, but photos from the day show me and my running buddy Robin in hiking boots. Starting at dawn in June, we did run some of the route, but I didn't own a pair of running shoes then (my training had been done in my Astroturf hockey shoes) and finished in 8hrs 45mins. Most walked it, some finishing in the dark after nearly twice as long on the hills. The event made a return ten years later, when I took half an hour off the record with my brother and was pleased to be fitter at 35 than I was at 25. Yet still I remember walking briskly up the hill out of Keswick rather than running – I had running shoes by then, but still didn't think I could run all that way.

Fast-forward to 2018 and the event's return gave me justification to start thinking more seriously about ultras. In April's Calderdale Hike, I proved to myself that I could keep running for over thirty miles – until then I thought I lacked the pacing discipline to be able to do this. Three weeks before the K2K, I did the High Life 50k around Otley, completing the same distance in 5hrs 30mins as my confidence

continued to grow. The day before the July event was the hottest day of the year, but during the night the rain came, so when we set off from the Moot Hall at 8.30am, stallholders were frantically trying to erect their shelters amid a downpour. The walkers had gone early, starting at 6am, and I let the other runners set off before me while I made an extended visit to the public toilets (I have since been warned off wholewheat pasta the night before a race!).

The route climbs the path towards Walla Crag, then bears off across the fell to drop down across the face of Dodd Crag. I found a better line here (more by luck than judgement) and waved to the other runners as they thrashed through the thick, wet bracken below. Once in the forest, the established route climbs over Castle Crag, but buoyed by my earlier decision I picked a risky un-recce'd alternative. Though saving 100m of ascent, this required a rough scramble over a densely forested shoulder to avoid going outside the 1-mile corridor. The short steep climb was ok until a line of crags reared up ahead of me in the misty trees, hidden on the map by the forest's shading. At the point at which I was starting to resign myself to a lengthy detour, I found a narrow animal track across the crag, clinging to soggy moss and ducking under low boughs as I climbed uncertainly on. Over the top there was thick bracken and fallen trees to contend with, but I was soon bounding onto the road the other side. I was still uncertain I hadn't lost time when I noticed the path I would have come down was closed for felling – the other teams had to contend with similar obstacles or take a lengthy diversion of their own. There was still time for a closed road and another closed path around Thirlmere before we reached the first checkpoint at Swirls car park.

The mountains reared up ahead, the long steady slog up Browncove Crag to Helvellyn obscured from halfway up by another heavy rain shower. This climb never feels any shorter, but at least I cut off the last 100m by cutting round the side of Helvellyn to the col before Nethermost Pike. Around this time, a couple of the walking teams were being blown about on the top of Helvellyn and decided to bail

out down to Dunmail to catch a bus home, but other than a blustery slog across Nethermost I ran largely unimpeded. I was pretty cold though and aware how ill equipped I was for the fells in this weather. We'd been spoilt by months of hot weather and so all I had spare in my bag was a pair of hideously heavy waterproof trousers. I cut straight down to the shelter of Grisedale Tarn and up the screes to Fairfield, the usual Bob Graham route being outside the corridor. Near the top, I passed some runners from Leeds, who were the only real outsiders taking part and who came up with some interesting new route ideas (not all winners though). The clouds cleared as I ran along the lovely ridge from Fairfield to Hart Crag, Dove Crag and Red Screes, picking grassy lines off the main path (the Hodgson Brothers' leg 3 in reverse).

I reached the halfway checkpoint at Kirkstone in 3hrs 43mins, completely shattered by the horrible descent from Red Screes. I have tried three lines down there now and none of them are nice. However, the road down towards Troutbeck was a blessing before a steep cut down the hillside to Troutbeck Park, the only private land crossed by the route. The landowner had apparently approved it, but part way down some barbed wire unnaturally laid across the path cut through my leg and I went down. I fared better than others behind me though.

The climb out of the valley up the wall to Sallows has always been my least favourite on the route, but it went by reasonably on this occasion, with a newly rebuilt wall along Garburn Road the biggest obstacle. Then there is the joyful descent that continues almost uninterrupted all the way to Kentmere, never steep but a perfect gradient for tired legs. At the third checkpoint at Browfoot, I had stashed my road shoes and some provisions the previous night. Unfortunately I'd put them in the wrong farmyard and so had to explain to a confused man that my shoes were in the garden chest outside his house.

It is possible to follow the road all the way from here to the finish, 8.5 miles down the River Kent, but in the past I'd cut corners on footpaths as I didn't enjoy the tarmac slog. This time, though, the fresh bounce in my shoes coursed through me and I was soon in Staveley, where our friends from Leeds would later stop for a drink at the brewery on the way through. I realised it was only 10k to the finish and felt unbelievably fresh – I can do that in my sleep I thought. So, as the rain came down in buckets again, I cruised through Plantation Bridge, Bowston and Burneside into the outskirts of Kendal. I managed to go wrong for the first time through the industrial estates, but was soon at the foot of the last climb, up on to the castle. For the first time I felt tired and could not run every step up the hill as I wanted, but I touched the castle 6hrs 20mins after I left the Moot Hall. I had thought 7 hours might be possible but this was beyond my wildest dreams; I'd done the second half in 2hrs 30mins and the last 10k in 50mins. For the first time 50k felt a modest distance – the fact that our gallant editor was doing more than three times the distance on the same weekend only amplified this – but I was now sure I could go further. As I lay alone on the grass in the sunshine (there's no hero's reception on this event!), two muscly blokes were doing circuits and exercises nearby. They seemed particularly proud that they'd done a 5k earlier. I refrained from telling them that I'd just run from Keswick.

Chris Goddard

Running with an Úna

Cross country season has started again which marks one year since I started back racing after little Úna was born. It was a slow start back to racing as she was about 6 months old, but I worked up to it. To start with walking was enough of a challenge, but after a couple of months, I managed a jog. I did a few short runs and ran my first postpartum parkrun when Úna was about 9 weeks old. I didn't expect



to be fast but my time that day was nearly 6 minutes faster than the last parkrun I did. Admittedly I was 5 months pregnant at the time! I did a few more parkruns as a way to get out - an event with a definite start time that I had to get to and Burnley Parkrun is so large that I could hide as much as I wanted to with no pressure. Greg came along and minded the baby while I was running for 25 minutes or so.

Training runs turned out to be more challenging. It wasn't easy to time

naps and feeds to have the baby happy with Greg while I was out for a run. It felt great to be out running, barely faster than a speedy walk really, but I felt like me again. I could nearly pretend that I didn't live in a constant state of either hyper alertness or sleep deprivation, but then an image of a screaming baby in Greg's arms would pop into my head and I'd turn around and go home to rescue Greg from the hungry baby. She always seemed to be hungry!

It took a long time before I was fully confident to leave Úna with Greg, not because he couldn't handle her, but because I felt responsible for her crying. I was the only one who could feed her after all, did I mention that she was always hungry?



The months passed and cross country season quickly approached. This had been my aim all along with XC races being shorter than most fell races (for the women at least) and much less hilly and technical I

felt that it would be a good place to start back racing. I started doing some real training again. Some speed sessions around Calder Holmes Park with random comments on each lap from local youths hanging around the benches. They never joined in my sessions. Neither did the commuters passing through the park from the train station, dodging the head torch “speeding” toward them as the nights got darker. I got encouragement and the seeds of self-worth from a coach and training partner but I didn’t believe what I was told. I still felt so slow and sluggish. I felt that my running form had greatly improved but I felt that I had a long way to go to get back to the fitness and speed I’d had before. I kept reminding myself of reality, the fact that I had a year off running, major abdominal surgery and a tiny baby to care for too!



The first cross country race day dawned. Up early to sort everything out. All the baby paraphernalia packed. Don’t forget some running kit too. We planned on going nice and early to allow time for baby feeding before I started my new warm-up routine. Into the car and disaster struck! The car wouldn’t start! A bit of internet panicking and Kerry came to the rescue (thanks Kerry!). She arrived and we transferred Úna’s carseat into Kerry’s car and set off. No time now for a relaxed pre-race preparation. Úna was due a feed but she was much too excited meeting all the new people in Toddy vests. Quick warm up in the sun with Kerry and her children, then off to the start line. Nervous now. I’d usually make sure I



get a front row spot but what should I do today? How fast will I be compared to others? Kerry is nervous too. It's her first cross country race (since school maybe?).

The gun goes and we're off. Wow! These girls are fast! Don't worry, the youngsters always set off fast and I usually pass loads in the second half. But that was 2 years ago. Where's Rebecca? I can't even see her! She's up the front with the youngsters. It's hot, it's flat, I'm not used to the pace but I keep going. I pass Kerry and urge her on. She keeps with me and then passes me near the end when I feel like I'm dying. Across the line and I look for my little family. Where have they gone? Eventually (it seems like ages but probably only a couple of minutes) I find Greg and Úna. Greg had wandered off to distract the crying baby. I feed her while still wearing my Toddy vest. I should have done it prior to the race. She would have been content and I would have been lighter! As soon as I finish feeding her, I head over to the rest of the Toddies for the team photo. I've still got Úna in my arms in the photo. It may seem strange to others that she's in the photo but she feels part of me. It feels strange not to have her with me.

There was a bit of a break after the first cross country and a chance for a few weeks of training to try to increase the pace in my legs. Then I realised that between the next cross country races and the Lee Mill Relays, I've got 3 weekends racing in a row. This normally wouldn't be a problem but after 18 months of no racing, it seems too much! And I



have to do 10km at Lee Mill! I'd not run anywhere near that distance in such a long time! Somehow I manage to get through it all. I really enjoyed the relays despite the cold. Úna got passed to random other Toddies

by Greg as he needed to help a hypothermic runner - Search and Rescue Team training came in useful.

One cross country race was run to the sounds of a screaming Úna as I ran past her in the woods with Greg stoically cheering me on. That spurred me on to finish quickly and then go and find her to calm her down. Eventually, after searching the whole finish field, I find Greg with Úna fast asleep in the sling. Exciting, busy cross country races at nap time doesn't make for easy drifting off to sleep.



It got colder and darker as winter set in and I was still trying to get out a few times a week though usually only short runs. Occasionally I'd managed to get an hour and a half at the weekend, though there always seemed to be other things that needed doing. As well as running, I was attempting to fit in weekly strength and conditioning sessions too. This all became easier when Úna got a proper nap schedule in place. She would sleep for 2 hours at a time and I would either do some training, some housework or just have a nap myself. Bonus!

The end of maternity leave was approaching and I knew that training would soon become less frequent. Working 4 days a week was tiring but at least I was getting a full night's sleep. No more twice or thrice nightly feeding sessions. With me back at work and Úna in nursery I felt like I needed to spend more time with family when I could so I was definitely running less frequently. I started feeling guilty about not doing as much training as I felt I 'should' be doing. It took a while to realise that it really doesn't matter! I was still getting out once or



twice a week for a good run and I was spending quality time with Greg and Úna while also not being a total sleep deprived zombie.

Over time, I started back into fell running, focusing on the English Champs with a few of

the Toddy Grand Prix races too. The English Champs may have been a bit ambitious to aim for but I know they are quality races with a good Toddy turnout and I was also interested to see where I'd end up compared to others. I may have aimed a bit high as they were extremely tough races! My first Champs race of the season, Clough Head, was steep! The downhill was sooo tough. I felt like I hadn't done half enough training (well, I know I hadn't) but what little training I had done was on hard-packed trails, minimal fell practice had been in my training. Mistake! It's difficult to fit in proper off-road, technical terrain with steep gradients when you're pushing a running buggy.

Next up was Buttermere, one of two AL races. I hadn't entered the first (Edale) as I knew I wouldn't have the distance in my legs so early in the season. I had planned on running the 3 Peaks Fell Race in April as a stepping stone to the distance and elevation of Buttermere. However, that plan also failed. I hadn't done much distance prior to the 3 Peaks and then had a minor knee injury in the week before so decided against running the 3 Peaks. I was very undecided prior to Buttermere and very nearly pulled out but felt like if I didn't do Buttermere I may never get back to running longer distances again. Buttermere is a beast! I know I didn't have enough training but it was utterly relentless. Lots of trudging was involved. Thanks to Steve for getting me through so much of the race, but I was disappointed not to be able to keep up for the last quarter of the race. That was when my legs seemed to fall off completely. I resisted the strong urge to sit



down and cry, but pushed on instead. Finally, after some swimming through ferns searching for the correct line, I found a trod and went with it. I finally found my legs again. I started to run with a local and managed a decent end to the race. I was so glad to see the finish that day!

Úna stayed at home with Greg on the day of the Buttermere race but we decided on a family adventure for the Isle of Man Sea to Summit race. We drove to Heysham, unloaded our bikes and the trailer, bundled the baby into the trailer along with tents and camping gear and cycled to the ferry. A long ferry crossing followed by a short easy cycle (for me anyway, I wasn't towing the trailer) and we arrived at the Toddy encampment at Laxey campsite. The Sea to Summit race is as advertised. Start on the promenade after a dip of fingers or toes in the sea, and finish at the tallest summit on the island. Greg and Úna opted for the bus up to the top of Snaefell and I got a fantastic cheer when she saw me approaching. Unfortunately, this turned into cries as she realised that I wasn't stopping! I needed to carry on past her for a few hundred metres to the finish. A nice relaxing descent on the train allowed for a bit more sightseeing than had been possible on the way up. Overall, the weekend was a great success. Úna loved being in the bike trailer and slept really well in her own little tent in the corner of the campsite.

The last of the English Champs races was Cautley Horseshoe. (I'll not mention missing another English Champs race by going to the wrong Seathwaite.) Once again Úna stayed at home with Greg while I had a

day out running. This race definitely highlighted my weaknesses. I held my own up the extremely steep climb at the start, then lost about 10 places on the tussocky descent, kept my position on the contouring path and only got passed by two runners on the next little climb. Then there must have been about 15 people who flew past me on the long quads-jellying descent to the river. My wobbly legs nearly didn't support me at the first of two river crossings. They had slightly recovered for the second crossing, which was much deeper. Thankfully I stayed upright and I even had a bit of a sprint across the finish field. I definitely need to work on my descending.

Interspaced throughout the Summer were some Toddy Grand Prix races, notably my best 5k time post Úna at the Barrowford 5k, a definite PB course. And now it's back to cross country season again. Already a success for me. This year I was 1 min 30 seconds faster at the first race compared to last year. It makes me wonder what I could do if I managed to do some regular, structured training...

Pauline May



The Penn Llyn Ultra



On a beautiful sunny day in June when most Toddies were headed to Buttermere, I was heading the opposite way, down to Wales to run in the 75 mile Penn Llyn Ultra. I've fancied a costal ultra for some time, and this one looked pretty spectacular, but as soon as I turned left at Llanberis and left the tourist traffic behind, I knew I'd come somewhere very special.

The race started at 5 in the morning, with all of us assembled on Abersoch beach. Huw, the race organiser started us off by sounding a horn and then leaping around the beach in his Nasa Jumpsuit waving an orange flare (*see picture*), and we were off.

The first few miles were a pleasant run along the beach with the sun rising behind us, and then through the deserted streets of Phyllheli to reach the coastal path. It wasn't long before we were climbing to a statue of a 'tin man' on the hilltop to find the first of a series of hon-

esty books. Rip out a page and hand it in at the next checkpoint or receive a 3 hour time penalty.

As we ran into the first checkpoint I was greeted with cheers and shouts of 'first lady'. I think my response was 'oh shit!' Pressure was on, and I remained paranoid about another woman overtaking me for the rest of the race.

I found myself running with a bunch of local guys for a couple of hours while we crossed farmland and dodged the cows, and it seemed perfect to hear the guys switching seamlessly from speaking Welsh to English. Eventually our little group broke up, some went ahead, some fell back, and I ran for a long time with a guy from London called Dom. He was great company, bad at nav and technical terrain but very fast on the flat, my opposite, so we pushed each other well and kept a really good pace. His lovely wife and new baby daughter were waiting at almost every checkpoint.

The route along the coastal path was stunning. We sadly didn't see any dolphins which can often be spotted but we did see the beautiful Llyn wild ponies. The sea was flat as a millpond, we felt sorry for the disappointed surfers as we passed Hells Mouth. We passed cove after cove, each one more perfect than the last, deserted with sparkling sands and clear blue sea, the temptation to stop for a dip was almost too much to bear. The sunshine and the sound of tiny waves breaking on the shore was the perfect backdrop to effortless running, and the miles just flew by.

A couple more honesty books and we reached the spectacular checkpoint Ty Coch, the pub on the beach, where there were huge crowds cheering us on. Wow! After that a run along the beach and then through farmland and along the coast until we came a tiny road and a huge climb with hairpin bends. It was about this time that something happened to me that's never happened in a race before – I felt tired. Not tired from running, but tired from weeks of inadequate sleep

since I'd changed jobs the month before. All I could think about was how much I wanted my bed, but we still had 17 miles to go and it was all road. I should point out here that I'd blown the dust off my road shoes and gone out for one 5k road run in the build up to the race!

The penultimate checkpoint was at Huw (the race organiser)'s house, where his lovely wife Caryss was serving everyone with homemade stew, even though it was her birthday. I gave her the birthday card that was on the kit list, ate a bit of stew and we pressed on. I told Dom to go ahead at this point, he was a great road runner and I was holding him back with my total lack of road training. It hurt – it really, really hurt. Going downhill hurt the most so I had to reverse the normal ultrarunner's tactic and run up the hills so I could walk down. It was dark by now, I was on my own and the twisty country lanes seemed to go on forever, but I finally reached the last checkpoint and knew I only had 2 miles to go. Most of this was shingle beach! When I got to the beach I saw the lights at the finish twinkling in the distance. I kept looking back, convinced I was going to be overtaken but it didn't happen, the finish very slowly got closer, the marshals flashed their lights at me and I flashed back, and finally I was there.

They were so kind, offering me food, drinks and warm clothes, but my cosy bed in the van was calling. I stumbled off the beach and collapsed into bed, absolutely stoked to be first woman, even though my overall time of around 20 hours was pretty slow. I found out the next day that only 4 women actually finished the race, but hey, you have to take victories where you can at my age!

I fell in love with the magic of the Llyn Peninsula so much that I'm going back in November to run in the 35 mile Winter edition which promises feral goats on the beaches, a wade through the sea and 'hot checkpoints'! I can't wait. I've also forced myself to do some proper road training!

Louise Greenwood

TOILET SEAT

IF YOU HAVE ANY CONFESSIONS OR TALES ABOUT YOUR CLUB MATES, EMAIL THE MYSTERIOUS
ARMITAGESHANKSTODMORDEN@GMAIL.COM

REMEMBER - I WALK AMONGST YOU, I HAVE SPIES EVERYWHERE AND I KNOW WHAT GOES ON!
SEE YOU EVERYWHERE (OOH, THAT'S A BIT DARK ISN'T IT)



My intelligence gathering network has made me aware of the following acts of stupidity which I have judged accordingly:

Nick Barber:

1. At the 40th party Nick was mastering his flossing (ask the Toddlers) then decided to show the kids his Will Smith style dancing and ended up turning his ankle and lying on the floor in a heap. **Entertaining and 5 points**

2. Already having missed his ferry to Holland Nick then followed his GPS to the 21.30 Harwich to Hook Of Holland pedestrian ferry to get himself and his son boarded

.... on a ferry that had stopped running at 16:30 ..**5 points.**

3. Finally in Holland for his epic cycle touring adventure, Nick couldn't find a campsite so slept at the side of cycle path in the dunes.
..actually that sounds like fun! No points for having fun, Nick!

4. At a strength and conditioning session Nick was sprinting towards Zoe Dijkman while being restrained by a resistance band.

He gave Zoe a high five and then.....boing! the resistance band catapulted him back across the room on his ar5e and dragging his shorts down past his knees.....thankfully wearing a pair of compression shorts saved Nick's err 'modesty' **A solid 5 points for that one!**

Nick Barber and Graeme Brown:

For arriving 5 whole minutes late for their Hodgson Brothers Relay leg
– **5 points each!**

Dom Leckie:

1. At his debut Fell race for the Tod Harriers (Leg 2 of the FRA relay) Dom arrived at the start without his fell shoes, so had run back to the car in Grasmere to retrieve them. He arrived back just a couple of mins before the leg 1 runner arrived – Phew! Close. **1st offence so no points** - but Dom will have to attend a Toilet-seat awareness course.

2. Further to the near miss with the shoes, Dom has confessed that his FRA regulation emergency food was a Tupperware box of 12 fairy cakes – sweet. He also carried his wallet and change (just in case there were any shops on Great Rigg eh Dom?) **5 points.**

Matt Annison :

All salute “Captain Annison” who mixed up the dibbers for the men’s open team runners on legs 3 and 4 of the FRA relay giving no official time but earning him **5 points!** (This would have been 10 but he was the leg 4 runner who didn’t get a time!)

Stu Wolstenholme

1. Used his parking sensors to park super-tight between a wall and a car outside Mandy’s house for the nav course. Jumped back in the car later in the pouring rain, wondered what the funny beeping noise was as he drove straight into the low wall in front of him – **5 points!**

2. Prepared well by packing his dry kit and a drink for after Leg 2 of the FRA relay. Didn’t screw the top on the drinks bottle though and returned, soaking wet from the race, to a bag full of equally soaking clothes – **5 points**

Mel Blackhurst :

Commenting after Turnslock: “I thought it was really strange how there was a vicar marshalling at the top of Trough Edge End” says Mel “...then when I got closer I realised that it was a marshal wearing a

long black coat standing behind the white trig point” How long have you been running fell races Mel?! **5 points**

Jon Wright :
Spotted at Leigh wearing his vest backwards – **5 points**

Pauline May :
For showing up at the wrong Seathwaite for Turner Landscape race, 2 Seathwaites! Who knew?? – that’s a full house **10 pointer!**

Pic courtesy of Greg May & Graeme Brown



HERE ARE THE POINTS FOR THIS YEAR SO FAR... IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO CHANGE THE RECIPIENT OF THE GLORIOUS TROPHY, SO IF IT'S HAPPENED THIS YEAR, SEND US MORE STORIES NOW!

Points table as of 1st November 2018
1 Nick Barber – 20 points
2= Stu Wolstenholme – 10 points
2= Pauline May – 10 points
3= Graeme Brown – 5 points
3= Dom Leckie – 5 points
3= Matt Annison – 5 points
3= Mel Blackhurst – 5 points
3= Jon Wright – 5 points

Running and PhDing

As I near the end of my brief sojourn back home, the time seems right to get sentimental and thank the Tod Harriers for helping me through my PhD.

I grew up in Tod as an avid nature lover, but not a runner. When, aged 16, I was forced to do a cross country run in the Lakes, I realised it was tarmac that I hated, not running! I took to the hills as a way to escape from my A-levels, and I even contemplated joining Tod Harriers based on fervent promotion by my chemistry teacher – none other than the amazing Kath Brierley. Alas, I figured I wasn't good enough, and it was another eight years before I returned.

In the final year of my PhD at the University of Sheffield (studying interactions between forest loss and climate change in the tropics, since you asked!) my partner of seven years saw fit to bugger off and join the army, and the ceiling of my flat saw fit to fall down. I did what all sensible adults do in such a situation – I rang my Mum. She swiftly moved me and my worldly possessions back to Tod, while I finished up my thesis.

Working remotely has many advantages, but a major downfall is the 'not seeing other living beings' thing. And despite keeping up the running in Sheffield, I knew my running was more like plodding with purpose. Eventually, after further umming and ahing, I turned up to my first training session with Graeme Wrench. Intervals on Tod park. It was tough – tougher than any running I did on my own – but afterwards I felt that weird sense of fulfilment that was to become very familiar.

Every Tuesday after that I religiously dragged my deskbound posterior to Tod park. I joined in on Fridays too, with a group I later learned were dubbed the 'Tod teens' (I am obviously not a teenager, but Graeme deemed me young enough to join anyway!). My running



01494141 © Alex Hyde / naturepl.com

improved massively over this time but, more importantly, it gave me a much-needed release from work and a chance to have a pleasant chat with Graeme about running,

runners, and his various new pieces of running kit.

Graeme came with me to my first ever timed run. It was Burnley parkrun, so not a 'proper' race but allegedly good preparation for the Calderdale Way Relay (CWR), which a certain Kerry Edwards had persuaded me to sub for. The parkrun was, for the most part, bloody awful. I set off way too fast, and by 3km I was contemplating curling up in a defensive ball on the grass like a pill millipede (see picture). At the top of The Avenue, Graeme gave me his revered 'that's the way flower', and I managed to push hard to the finish line. We were both pleased with my time and soon fell to discussing the CWR, which by this time I was pretty sure I would be running in, and which would be happening on the following Sunday.

Sadly, Graeme passed away shortly after this. He never saw me in a proper race, but I'd like to think we did him proud by winning the relay! Like many others, I still carry Graeme's words in my head while running, and I feel very privileged to have known such a talented and generous person.



In the months that followed my running was sporadic due to travel and work, but I'm eternally grateful to the wonderful Kerry Edwards and Claire Duffield for keeping the training sessions going! They were honestly a sanity-saver when I was in the hellhole of writing up. Thanks also to everyone at pack runs for being welcoming and lovely. The PhD is now finished and I'm saying goodbye to the valley again in January. Until then I intend to squeeze in as much running as my legs will allow, and get that goddamn championship mug even if the cross country kills me!

Rebecca Senior

B2B 2018 – Cycling the waterways: Prague to Hebden Bridge (Bohemia to Bohemian!)

“Ahoy”, the smiling cyclist shouted as he passed us going the other way along the woodland cycleway. We looked at each other quizzically. “Ahoy? Isn’t that a nautical term?” Well...no; not in the Czech Republic. We discovered that, when greeting cyclists, it’s the Czechian equivalent of “Ey up” or “Ow do”. We gleefully adopted this cheery synonym to hail fellow riders as we pedalled across the region of Bohemia.



In light of the adventures we enjoyed on our 2017 Med to La Manche cycle tour the “boys”, (Brian, Simon and Phil + Bob), decided to adopt the same format for our first foray into Eastern Europe in June 2018. Flights and an Airbnb were booked for Prague and, 12 days later, a hotel in Amsterdam. The bit in between...well, anything could

happen. We'd decide where to end up each night as we went along...albeit knowing that arrival in Amsterdam was on a fixed date. The ferry to Newcastle would then allow us to cycle all the way home; a total of 1500 kilometres in 14 days. I won't bore you with a full account, just a brief summary of our route and the highlights of the three days in Czechia.

We aimed to follow river systems where possible and took a meandering course through Czechia and across the old Iron Curtain (no sign of it these days) into Germany. We took cycleways along the "mighty" River Main (at this point it's only about 5m wide) as it weaves westwards through pretty towns and villages until we joined the mighty River Rhine cycleway and turned northwards through a region of castles and cruise boats. The industrial heartland further north was uninspiring but the Netherlands was delightful: a land of canals, cycleways and windmills. From Newcastle our route home was through the Dales, finishing with a final waterway: the Leeds Liverpool canal.

The Czechia bit: Prague is well worth a visit. Our brief tour of the historical Old Town was topped with visits to several hostleries to sample Czech beer at happy hour prices. As we were in the EU our usual "four pint rule" was replaced by the "three litre Regulation". Day one commenced with pleasant tarmac cycleways along the River Vltava. Spotting a campsite by a lake at Radnovik we called it a day after 90km, tempted by thoughts of a swim, after a day of warm sunshine. The woman at the entrance indicated that we should put our tents up and then go and pay the 100 korunas each (£4) at the bar. There appeared to be an inordinate number of campers with muscular dogs but we found a nice quiet spot by the lake.

"You can't camp here!" We were taken aback by the riposte of the bar manager when we went to pay. "This is a private event, the

campsite is closed". He explained that the site was being used for a dog show. "We like dogs", we assured him. After five minutes of wrangling he threw up his hands, waved us away and wouldn't take any payment. We took this as an indication that we could stay. A few hours later, while enjoying a snack and a few beers in the bar the waitress came over and said that the manager required us to pay just 100 korunas ...this was the entry fee for our dog! It transpired that the "show" was the Czechian National Dog Pulling Championships. This entails bulldog and American mastiff type dogs pulling a truck loaded with ridiculously heavy weights along rails for about 3 metres. (imagine the weight of 20+ large kerbstones!) A bizarre spectacle. We watched as the fierce looking dogs, encouraged by their even fiercer looking owners, competed in round after round to pull the biggest weight from a standing start.

No fear of being eaten alive by a marauding hellhound at our second campsite by the river Ohre in Locket. However, death by a flashfire seemed a distinct possibility. Although used to tents being crammed together in mountain marathons we'd never experienced large open fires being lit in the narrow spaces between the tents. We assumed the large volumes of alcohol being consumed by the happy campers made them oblivious to the risks of a tent inferno. We followed their example. Czech beer appears to have remarkable anxiety reducing



properties.

We really enjoyed the cycling in Czechia. We encountered hospitable and friendly people, wholesome food, good cycleways and quiet roads through a scenic landscape. The highlight? The cheap beer of course.

Ahoy. Phil Hodgson



A Call to Arms (but mostly legs...) Or ‘Why I compete in the English and British Fell Champs’

I will start by saying that I am definitely NOT an elite runner. So why run in the British and English Fell Champs at all, running against the best fell runners in the UK? For the last three years I have competed in these championships and actually, for each of those years, we, as the V40 women have managed to win a team medal. So here are my 4 reasons:

1. I don't think my V40 teammates would mind me saying that we do not have any true elite women V40 runners in our club but where we are really strong is actually getting a team out and consistently. For women, it is three counters in the team – even if there are only three of us in the V40 category, as there were at Cwm Pennant in 2016 (Kath, Claire and I), Wasdale in 2017 (Claire, Lucy H and I) and Buttermere this summer (Mel, Lucy H and I) we get a team out and are often one of the few clubs to do so, which is part of our club spirit.

2. You get to go to races that you would probably otherwise never do – when I look back over the running year, my favourite races definitely come from the British and English Champs because they are new and often in places that I would perhaps have never travelled to otherwise. Stand out races include Cwm Pennant in North Wales in 2016, Stuc a Chroin in 2017 and Mourne Highline in 2018. Cwm Pennant was simply beautiful, Stuc a Chroin was simply epic (the only race where I have looked at the climb and thought 'oh crap' I have to do up and down there) and at Mourne Highline I was simply lost (thank god for the wall and Rebecca!).

3. You have a blast with your teammates. Looking back over this year, I have, again, loved the championship races. The Isle of Man was a fantastic weekend – a real highlight (NB never camp next to Craig Stansfield unless you have industrial earplugs). The best bit about Buttermere for me was the evening meal at the Kirkstile Inn that we all shared. And as for Ben Nevis – well, Louise and I were the only Tod women to brave that race but I felt well supported by the rest of the team who had travelled north of the border and genuinely pleased to be a Tod Harrier.

4. You might get a nice medal at the end of the year!

So, what about 2019? Well, I think the races look epic! In the British,

in April, it will be a return trip to the seaside town of Newcastle in Northern Ireland and another chance to enjoy the Mourne Highline, hopefully with a view of more than 2 metres ahead this time. Ras Y Meolwyn in May will be another fast and runnable Welsh medium race whilst the Scottish Race is Creag Dhubh, part of the Newtonmore Highland Games. This is how the race description starts...'The race begins with a full lap of the games field before heading towards the hill via an obstacle course of 2 barriers, a lumpy field full of thistles, 2 more fences, a river, some rounded boulders, a very steep bank, another fence right next to a crash barrier, across a road and then you can finally start running properly'. I can't wait. Hope to see some of you there too, both vets and those younger runners.

Kate Mansell

Running on Madeira - Toddies on Tour

To be clear, this refers to the island, not the drink (although we did have quite a bit of that). If you don't fancy reading this article, just read this bit: **You should go to Madeira and do lots of running there.**

Here's the detail.

A little while ago, we realised that Kim's birthday and mine were very close together, so we decided on a joint birthday holiday ... "Running on Madeira". We invited Andy along, plus a couple of other guests - Helen and Becky.

Day 1: Arrived at the airport, collected the hire car and headed to the supermarket. Weaving our way through the many tunnels and then the crazy steep streets of Porto Da Cruz ("surely that's not a road") we arrived at our first residence. A bargain-priced AirBnB including a large veranda with hammocks and a marauding hen.



Day 2: Run: Levada Caldeirão Verde - one of the most popular levadas. Levadas are small (tiny) canals which criss-cross the island, bringing water from the mountains down to the coast. With many stops for touristic traffic jams, we made our way through several tunnels to the impressive waterfall which gives the levada its name.

Day 3: Coastal run from Porto Da Cruz along the north-east coast of the island. "Should we stop and put on our FRA-approved waterproofs ? Hmm... *Deluge* ... "Yes, let's do that". Spectacular views of the sea and rainbows from a narrow traverse path, with occasional dizzying drops and accompanying handrails. Return via a slippery muddy ascent and a muddy descent of 200m with Madeiran-style steps. In the evening we went to São Vicente Lava Caves - including a trip to the Centre of the Earth. Didn't feel as hot as I thought it would.



Day 4: Kim and Andy sneaked in a few more K while Helen and I went to collect Becky from the airport. After meeting up for sandwiches on a bouldery beach, we had a somewhat unsuccessful attempt at snorkelling in a rocky bay... clear water, with a few parrotfish and some crabs, but nothing to risk being dashed against the rocks for. Needing to do some more running, we headed out along the São Lourenço Peninsula. A bit more of a mountain feel somehow... again with dramatic views of the sea and the tortured

igneous rock.

Now to the second Air BnB - in Monte, on the north side of Funchal. We really pushed the boat out (so to speak) with this one - an enormous "Quinta" built in 1884 for a rich merchant, with a selection of dining areas, a staircase that seemed to be



somewhere different every time I wanted to use it, an outside laundry and separate table-tennis room... plus some secret rooms that we only discovered on the second day. Outrageous at £20 pppn.

Day 5: A nominal rest day. Just a stroll down the road to the sea to wander round Funchal... it's only about 3K. Well ... it is only about 3K, but it's also 600m of descent (yes, 600 metres... yes, in a town). A wander round the market (many different types of passion fruit) and a visit to the Madeira Story museum. Getting the bus back to the house seemed like the sensible option. Clearly this wasn't enough for some people ... Andy and Becky headed off for a local few K run.

Day 6: It had rained a lot overnight... it was wetter than Widdop on Wednesday in wakes-week. Andy headed off for his own adventure - the rest of us attempted a whale-watching trip... but it was too wet, so was cancelled. Apparently cetaceans don't like the damp. After Andy returned from his morning epic, we all headed to Ribeiro Frio. After a twisty-turny drive safely negotiating fallen rocks and enormous buses we headed along Levada Furado, and back up the torrent that is Ribeiro Bezerro. There was more water on the path than in the levadas (who says the Venice Marathon was wet?).

Day 7: This was supposed to be the "big mountain" day - with the target being Pico Ruivo at 1862m. Andy and Kim decided to make it

even bigger by running from our Quinta (600m). The more weary/sensible of us drove up to Pico Arieiro (1812m) to meet up with them and run from there. Unfortunately when we arrived we were faced with strong winds and swirling mist, with limited viz above 1400m. A 'n' K decided they were going to go for it anyway so set off in to the clag ... to be rewarded a little while later with clear views, a flock of red-legged partridges and a successful summit trip.

The rest of us headed down to Santo Da Serra and had a great sunny 12K out-and-back run along a disused levada through a eucalyptus forest.

Day 8: Going home day. A couple of hours visit to Monte Palace Tropical Garden - apparently it's one of the 13 most beautiful in the world. And then off to the airport.

Thanks to those of you who have managed to read this far. A couple of last points...

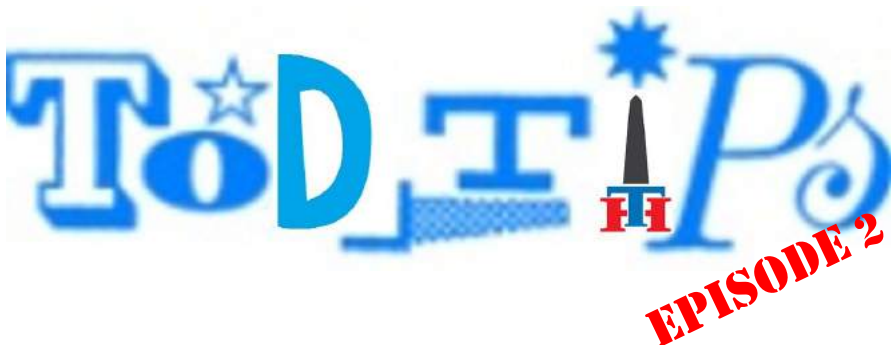
You should go to Madeira and do lots of running there.

If you do want any more info on any of our adventures, catch up with Kim or Andy on a pack run, or just stalk us silently on Strava (lots of pictures there).

John Ashworth



TOD IPs



EPISODE 2

As part of your race prep. Paint eyes onto your eyelids then any mistimed blinks won't ruin the photos. **D Bailey - That London**

Run backwards on navigation events, then if you get lost you will be facing the right way. **C. O. Ordinate**

Run on the white lines between lanes 1 and 2 of the M62 - The slipstream effect from the passing trucks will improve your pace by at least 10%. **E Stobart - Cumbria**

Pack run men - spraying on enough Lynx to asphyxiate an elephant after your run makes you smell almost acceptable enough to go in the pub. **Anna Bolic-steroid**

Avoid being bothered by wasps at races by smearing jam on your rivals. **Peter Doubt**

Get free food at the Shepherds Rest pack run! Take a wooden spoon and a marker pen, wait for the kitchen staff to come out with something you like, when they shout the order number, quickly write that number onto your spoon, hold it up and bosh! free food!! **Carrie Moore**

Stu Wolstenholme

Collect Your Stylish On-Trend Pint Glass!

There are still around 60 Toddlies who haven't collected their 40th anniversary Tod Harriers pint glass. Stu Wolstenholme is distributing them so catch up with him at a pack run or a race (*he seems to be at all of them this year—Ed*).

Festive Fun Santa Run!

Wednesday 19th December Toddlies Santa Run.

Suitable for all abilities singing carols of comfort and joy, comfort and joy, Tod Harriers delivering Christmas joy. It'll be fun and definitely joyous. Dress up as Santa, Christmas tree, snowman, snowflake or similar themed outfit. Starting and finishing at Golden Lion 7-8pm.

Nick

Info on the other most hotly-anticipated event of December on the back page...



Post cross country, Thai food, live
music, dj's and lights. Starting
at 7PM and going on till 1AM
Fine wines and ales.
Golden Lion,
Todmorden

TODMORDEN HARRIERS

PRESENTING AWARDS AND CELEBRATING 2018

7-7:30 start. £15 p.p. Live band
"Big Noise" Dj's lights & Thai feast

**1ST
DEC 18**

Please indicate Name Dietary
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Blackhurst cash or cheque payable to

Todmorden Harriers £15 p.p

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Yorkshire, HX7 5 SQ

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