



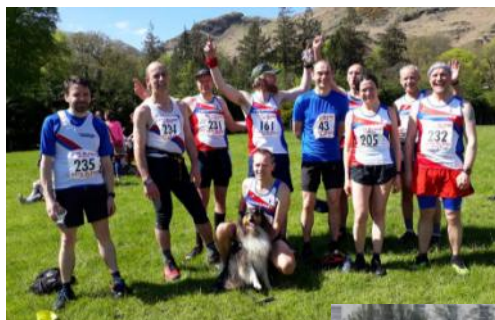
THE TORRIER

NEWS, INSPIRATION, RACING, OBSESSION,
MEMORIES, ADVENTURE AND MORE!

est. 1978



SPRING/SUMMER 2018
40th Anniversary Edition
Part I



Toddies on Tour 2017-2018! Clockwise from top left: Coniston Old man, two unknown Toddies, Jura, Santa Run. Thanks to Paula Haworth and Mandy Goth for pics. Front cover: Kim's vintage Mudclaws



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Left: A blast from the past: Toddlies at the Three Peaks Race (1999/2000?) From the left: Simon Anderton, Ian Morris, Keith Parkinson, Francis Richardson, Ray Poulter, Rob Glover at the back, Peter Ankers, Bohoslav Barlow, Neil Hodgkinson and Derek Donohue. Picture

A few words from the Chair...

Welcome all, old members and new, to the 2018 summer Torrier. 2018 sees the 40th anniversary of Todmorden Harriers and several Todmorden Harriers are undertaking a challenge of 40@40. My own challenge of 40 Stoodley's in 40 days starting on the 40th day of the year was unsuccessful due to a bout of sickness and dioreah and a taper which had me crawling round Edale Skyline vomiting and dehydrated....what a great example I set. I shall have another go later in the year. Next up race wise for me was the 3 peaks.....I was having a great run here and still managed to PB despite a fall which sent my dentures flying across Ingleborough and left me looking like I'd ran into a bus. If anybody finds my denture I'll buy them a pint. However this all set me up well for a great run with the Might Jon Wright where we finished 5th overall at the Old County Tops (picture on left) and won the vet 90 prize.....it was nothing to do with the absence of my teeth (I kept them on a lanyard as Jon suggested) but V90 is our combined age. The clubs presence in Northern Ireland was strong in the 1st British Champs counter and I'm keeping the faith that we shall have a successful year in the British Fell Running Championships.



A historic piece from the archives about the creation of the club follows in this issue. The Club championships are proceeding well with plenty of attendance and lots of prizes going to Todmorden Harriers. This year all qualifiers will receive a commemorative Todmorden Harrier mug. Hopefully this

should encourage all of you to get out racing and who knows you might also come home with some team prize swag.

A big thanks to all of our race organisers and also those of you have volunteered and given your time to marshal or help in any way at our events. The press team are doing a great job ensuring that we have been getting some great coverage in the local press. Webmaster Matt Flanagan thanks for doing a great job and also thanks to all committee members and those who attend committee meetings for all of their hard work. Stuart Wolstenholme has stepped as club secretary and is doing a great job. I mustn't forget though to say thanks again to Jonathan (Jono) Wright for all the good work he put in previously and also mega thanks to Claire Duffield and her team who coach the juniors. Its absolutely fantastic to see the next generation proudly wearing their Tod vests and getting out racing. The juniors also had an awards night with many of them receiving trophies and certificates.....huge well done to all!

I am very sad to hear about the death of Graeme Wrench. Graeme passed away in May and myself like many others wish his family our deepest sympathy and condolences. I am just one of the many that Graeme coached over his 40 year involvement with the club. Graeme gave a lot of time in developing and shaping many people. He coached us in our running but also coached many young people and built their self esteem and really looked after them beyond just developing their running talents. He will be deeply missed.

Please remember, this is your club and you have a say in how things are ran. This is an open invitation for any members to attend committee meetings. If you have any matters that you would like to discuss,

please either come along to your committee meetings. Meetings are held at the Golden Lion in Tod 7:00 - 8:00 on the first Monday of each month.

Pack run venues are as follows:

July: New Delight, Blackshaw Head/Colden

August: Queens, Cliviger

September: Robin Hood, Pecket Well

Nick Barber



A proud Nick with his wife Katch after winning Hit the Trail 5 mileer (on his birthday!)

A word from the Editor...

As we come out of the tunnel that is what seems like the Longest Winter Ever* (although the Hottest Spring Ever has softened my memory of it), we have a lot to be proud of.

In this edition, you'll find recent and vintage articles; accounts of triumphs, poetry, and a fair amount of "comedy". Top marks to Phil for providing the most material this issue... and apologies to those whose material I've had to cut, what a strange and unusual position to be in!

As for my own experiences this season, training for my first 100 miler (more on that in the next Torrier, eek), Todmorden Harriers continues to be a wonderfully supportive gang of people - and I mean 'gang' in the nicest, most welcoming inclusive way possible!

When I arrived to register at my most recent ultra, the Calderdale Hike (40 miles for 40 years too!), I was feeling a bit rubbish, and oddly the concept of running 40 odd miles in an area I call home was super intimidating! Straight away, familiar Toddies put me at ease, apart from Chris "ooh well you could cut loads off by taking all these different lines" Goddard - incredible effort from him though, finished 3rd and ran 3 miles fewer than most of us! Smiling encouraging words at the end made me forget that horrendous steep uphill finish.

And of course there's Strava too - it doesn't take much to write a quick comment or give kudos, but it makes a massive difference over time, having little boosts of confidence when you hit a new milestone.

Did you know that Todmorden Harriers is 40 years old this year? Make sure you check out pages 53-56 for details on how you can get involved. Creativity is, of course, encouraged, and if you come up with

**I'm sure many of you disagree, but I'm pretty much a Southerner*

your own '40 in 40' challenge, we'd love to hear about it in the next issue, deadline October-ish. (To beat the deadline rush and risk your submission being cut, send articles now!)

This winter was also the first year I managed to make it to a Santa Run. If you've not made it to this wonderful spectacle yet, make it a priority this Christmas. There are no words to describe it. Love you Toddlies.

If you're new to the club and want to know more about what we're doing, make sure you're in the Facebook group and check the forum for exciting developments, especially for 40th celebrations! There will be a lovely colour version of this Torrier edition on the website, too, if you want to see what everyone really looks like.

Don't forget to send me lots and lots of lovely material for the 40th Anniversary Part 2 Torrier in Autumn - word docs, jpegs and email text only, to kkashworth@gmail.com.

See you on the fells!
Kim Ashworth



Credit to AW for the photo. Name that rock...

A few words from the President...

Let's hope it's not escaped anyone's attention, but this year is the clubs 40th anniversary.

A very big 'thank you' already goes out to Branny and Nick for all their efforts in getting the celebrations up and running – full details are elsewhere in this issue, on the Forum and Facebook: please don't book the wrong dates for your summer holiday!

To make our celebration a real success it needs as many members as possible to help out and take part – not just being there to drink and dance, willing hands are needed to set up and break down. We are renowned for the turnout of marshals for our races, so please volunteer to make the celebrations as smooth and stress-free for those organising our own party.

Others are also working on tie-ins such as a commemorative 'item' and a Club run to visit all the pubs and venues we have previously staged pack runs or events from (some of them now sadly closed, but it pushes the total to forty). Keep an eye out on the forum.

In the 20 plus years I've been involved, Tod Harriers have always had an impressive reputation for the 'social side' of club life. Former members are being invited to join the celebrations, allowing some of us to rekindle old friendships and newer runners put faces to the names of former champions on the club's role of honour. Your club definitely has a history to be proud of.

Talking of history, it is great to see the competition between some runners of a certain generation taking up the '40 at 40 challenge' (presumably as they might struggle to do 50 at 50 in 10 years time). There is still time for others to join in – remember it's not limited to races, get 40 of something interesting done.

Let's also have your contributions for the next Torrier on life in the Club: we are looking to dust off from the vaults various highlights of our history. We've been privileged to have many running greats associated with Tod Harriers, and also many memorable events in the Toilet Seat. Any nominations? Who, or what, do you remember from either way back or the recent past? Please

feel free to join in and write something, it's all part of celebrating what a great club we have been, are, and given our current strength, will continue to be for many more anniversaries.



Here's to us.

Dave O'Neill

Club Championship Update

With 12 of the 33 races completed as at the end of April, the various championships are taking shape but there is still plenty of time to dip your toe in the ocean of races still to come.

Whether you are vying for a title, aiming to top your age grade or just want to achieve qualification, there is plenty to aim for.

Racing is not just about who can run the fastest, it can be about testing yourself or just enjoying the social side of an event – if you haven't run a GP race yet, cast your eye down the fixtures and take the plunge!

Grand Prix

The overall Grand Prix requires you to complete 8 races to qualify, 2 Fell, 2 Road, 1 Trail and any 3 others. There is no distance requirement and points awarded are age and gender graded.

After 12 races, no-one has qualified yet with Andy Worster and Richard Butterwick both one race away from qualification.

Fell Champs

6 races are required to qualify including 1 short, 1 medium and 1 long. After 5 races, Andy Worster is the only ever present and just one race away from qualification. Michelle Fuller leads the way for the women on 3 races completed. With an average attendance of 9 Harriers per race, 21 Todmorden Runners have completed one fell race so far, with a further 10 having completed two or more.

Road Champs

6 races are required to qualify including 1 short, 1 medium and 1 long. After 5 races, Richard Butterwick is the only ever present and just one race away from qualification. Sarah Glyde leads the way for the women on 4 races completed.

Also with an average attendance of 9 Harriers per race, 10 Harriers have completed one road race so far, with a further 13 having completed two or more.

Trail Champs

Qualification is restricted to just those who have never won a major trophy, and requires any 3 of the 6 races to qualify.

After two trail races, Louise Abdy is the only ever present but as a previous winner is ineligible for qualification, along with 6 of the other 21 runners that have completed one trail race so far.

Of the eligible runners, Darren Shackleton and Kerry Edwards have achieved the highest points so far.

Ultra Champs

A slight tweak in the qualification criteria this year, with 2 'short' races and 1 long (over 40 mile) races required.

After 2 races, 13 Todmorden Runners have completed a race, with Dan Taylor and Elise Milnes having done both.

Richard Butterwick (Buddy), Club Statistician

The tables which follow are correct as of 29th April 2018.

Grand Prix Summary (Top 15)

Pstn	Name	Cat	total com- pleted races	total points	total fell races	total road races	total trail races	Quali- fued?	GP SCORE
1	Andrew Worster	M	7	667.4	5	2	0	X	667.4
2	Richard Butterwick	M45	7	585.7	1	5	1	X	585.7
3	Darren Shackleton	M	5	452.1	0		1	X	452.1
4	Sarah Glyde	F40	4	368.6	0	4	0	X	368.6
5	Peter Ehrhardt	M70	5	353.0	1	3	1	X	353.0
6	Paul Brannigan	M50	4	339.1	2	2	0	X	339.1
7	Louise Abdy	F55	4	328.6	1	1	2	X	328.6
8	Matt Flanagan	M45	3	288.7	0	2	1	X	288.7
9	Craig Stansfield	M50	3	281.5	2	0	1	X	281.5
10	Chris Goddard	M	3	260.5	1	2	0	X	260.5
11	Michael Harper	M45	3	260.2	0	2	1	X	260.2
12	Elise Milnes	F55	3	252.2	0	2	1	X	252.2
13	Dan Taylor	M	3	232.6	1	1	1	X	232.6
14	Julie Graham	F45	3	228.6	0	3	0	X	228.6
15	Michelle Fuller	F45	3	223.9	3	0	0	X	223.9



Don't they scrub up well! FRA Presentation Do 2017

Fell Table (Top 10)

2018 FELL TABLE Race 5		Riv- ingto n Pike	Win- ter Ward Tour Edale Sky- line EC				Com plete d Race Quali fied?	Qualif ying TO- TAL
attendance		12	5	16	3	9	45	
average points		66.2	69.9	75.8	81.7	78.5	73.6	
1	Andrew Worster	M	91.8	92.9	100.5	95.3	94.3	5 X 474.8
2	Michelle Fuller	F45	59.1		65.3		57.8	3 X 182.2
3	Craig Stansfield	M50		79.1			82.8	2 X 161.9
4	Annie Roberts	F		75.1			77.8	2 X 152.9
5	Pauline May	F35	70.2		80.7			2 X 150.9
6	Stuart Wolstenholme	M45		65.1	78.5			2 X 143.6
7	Mel Blackhurst	F50			74.9		66.8	2 X 141.7
8	Paul Brannigan	M50	64.4		72.8			2 X 137.2
9	Derek Donohue	M55	64.0		70.7			2 X 134.7
10	Richard Blakeley	M75	57.6		65.8			2 X 123.4

Road Table (Top 10)

	2018 ROAD TABLE Race 5		Black- burn 10k	St An- nes 10m	Gar- stang 7m	Liv- ersedg e half	Black- pool half	Com- plete d Races	Quali- fied?	Quali- fying TOTAL
	attendance		12	12	7	10	4	45		
	average points		64.6	75.2	81.2	70.2	81.7	73.0		
1	Richard Butterwick	M45	49.5	52.2	90.5	80.1	90.2	5	X	362.5
2	Darren Shackleton	M	86.9	91.2	91.8	89.0		4	X	358.9
3	Sarah Glyde	F40	73.8	78.3	78.6		78.1	4	X	308.8
4	Andrew Worster	M		97.1		95.5		2	X	192.6
5	Julie Graham	F45	59.2	62.5		58.9		3	X	180.6
6	Matt Flanagan	M45		88.7	88.6			2	X	177.3
7	Chris Goddard	M	85.2		90.0			2	X	175.2
8	Peter Ehrhardt	M70	53.4		54.2	52.8		3	X	160.4
9	Paul Brannigan	M50			74.9		82.0	2	X	156.9
10	Michael Harper	M45		76.1		74.9		2	X	151.0

Trail Table (Top 10)

	2018 TRAIL TABLE Race 2		Hit The Trail 5m	Trot- ters 5m	Com- pleted Races	total points	Quali- fied?	Qualify- ing TO- TAL
	attendance		18	5	23			
	average points		78.0	60.3	74.1			
1	Darren Shackleton	M	93.2		1	93.2	X	93.2
2	Craig Stansfield	M50		88.1	1	88.1	X	88.1
3	Dan Taylor	M	85.6		1	85.6	X	85.6
4	Michael Harper	M45	85.4		1	85.4	X	85.4
5	Kerry Edwards	F40	82.8		1	82.8	X	82.8
6	Ian MacLachlan	M50	80.3		1	80.3	X	80.3
7	Guy Whitmore	M50	77.1		1	77.1	X	77.1
8	Katch Skinner	F40	72.6		1	72.6	X	72.6
9	Kevin Coughlan	M55	71.4		1	71.4	X	71.4
10	Kim Ashworth	F	70.9		1	70.9	X	70.9

Ultra Table

	2018 ULTRA TABLE Race 2		Ha- worth Hobble 32m	Calder- dale Hike 40m	Com- pleted Races	total points	Quali- fied?	quali- fying TOTAL
	attendance		9	6	15			
	average points		73.3	75.3	74.1			
1	Dan Taylor	M	76.0	71.9	2	147.9	X	147.9
2	Elise Milnes	F55	52.7	60.8	2	113.5	X	113.5
3	Chris Goddard	M		92.7	1	92.7	X	92.7
4	Mark Rochester	M40	89.6		1	89.6	X	89.6
5	Darren Graham	M45		81.8	1	81.8	X	81.8
6	Richard Butterwick	M45	79.0		1	79.0	X	79.0
7	Jonothan Wright	M45	77.6		1	77.6	X	77.6
8	Bev Holmes	F45		75.5	1	75.5	X	75.5
9	Kate Mansell	F45	72.6		1	72.6	X	72.6
10	Antony de Heveningham	M	71.9		1	71.9	X	71.9
11	Rob Tyson	M	71.9		1	71.9	X	71.9
12	Kim Ashworth	F		68.8	1	68.8	X	68.8
13	Louise Greenwood	F45	68.6		1	68.6	X	68.6

For fully up-to-date, more detailed tables, visit
www.todharriers.co.uk/club-championship/

***Stoodley Pike* by Lucy Burnett**

there is no measurement
of mist as long as my imagination
continues emptying

we swam the
unbounded edges of the
common moor

no beginnings nor endings
woken from the mist
for everything we could
not see contained the weight of water

built
before
our eyes

an obelisk
of disappearance

drawing weather
from stone

now you can
see through me
now you don't – the sublimity
of translucent bone

i cannot extend to you much further
than this hollow memory withheld
within the monumental shell of things

Women's team bring home Gold at the Calderdale Way Relay!



May 10th 2018 will have to go down as one of the best days of my illustrious (ha ha) running career with Todmorden Harriers. While I've probably ran the Calderdale Way Relay 10 times now (I know this is mere chicken feed compared to some!), and captained it three times, each time has been fantastic in its own sweet way (well maybe not 2012 when I popped my calf!). From the heady days of setting a Tod record

on glory leg 6 with Mel B (during the road running years) through to enjoying my home patch on the beautiful and epic Leg 4 (the fell running years). The reality though is I've spent a lot of time recently on Leg 5. Otherwise known as cow s**t leg! Which, while a fair description, doesn't really do it justice. There are more twists and turns than Snakes & Ladders and you can actually run most of it and make a difference (try it next year, so I can have a break!). I've never run leg 2 or 3 with good reason, they are for the climbers! Anyway this isn't meant to be about me.

This is about the wonderful women that I have raced with at relays over the years and how finally we managed to pull it off. After much plotting and a little bit of re-jigging (but not as much as usual!) we nailed it. On a roasting hot day, with a mix of experience (aka age), talent and youth (which was just great to see – Tod now has a lot of amazing young female runners coming through) we nailed it at last.

Paul Brannigan has kindly allowed me to add an edited version of his race report, which neatly sums up what happened: -

Leg 1 Holmfirth run 1.19 for 9th overall!! Barlick next in 1.29 and Annie/ Rebecca P 3rd in 1.34.

Leg 2 Barlick move into the lead with 1.13, Lucy B / Suzy run 1.20 taking us into second 12 mins behind Barlick, whilst Holmfirth run 1.43 and drop to 3rd

Leg 3 Barlick increase their lead to 17 minutes with a 46.13, Claire D / Rebecca S remain in second with a 51.47, Clayton push Holmfirth down into 4th.

Leg 4 Barlick remain in front with a 1.40, but Mel B / Pauline run 1.31 reducing the gap to 8 minutes (closest we've been to the leaders), a 1.27 from Holmfirth gets them back into 3rd

Leg 5 (are you getting excited?), now things really spice up and Tod hit the front for the first time with Zoe/ Lucy H running 1.16 compared to Barlick's 1.24 - just 5 seconds separating the 2 teams! Holmfirth match Tod's 1.16 and retain 3rd.

Leg 6 Emma/Sarah run 1.34 to Barlick's 1.45 and seal victory. Holmfirth run 1.33 to grab second from Barlick.



It really was nail-biting stuff!

This was the first time a Todmorden Harriers team have brought home Gold from this event (the women have won Silver a few times but Gold had always eluded us). It shows that when you have true depth and a committed bunch of runners you can do it. Knocking the mighty Holmfirth off their perch, who have won it consecutively over the last three years and five times over the last seven, and reeling in Barlick who had a whopping 17 minute lead by the end

of leg 3, is quite some achievement.

So, Rebecca P, Annie, Lucy B, Suzy, Claire, Rebecca S, Mel B, Pauline, Zoe, Sarah G and Emma F (and Kath B, Sally and Katch for being super-subbs and Helen H for being a star at the start of leg 3.... say no more, but without you Helen we would not have made it to the finish line, let alone onto the podium)... this article is for you all, to say thank you and congratulations; you are all truly amazing!

Lucy Hobbs



Above: some of the triumphant women of Tod at the CWR prizegiving

Tiree Half Marathon

The May day bank holiday weekend saw 2 toddlers heading up to Tiree for the Tiree half marathon race.

Tiree lies halfway between the west coast of Scotland and the Outer Hebrides and is renowned as one of the sunniest and windiest places in Britain. The weekend brought the latter with a strong SW wind blowing making for a tough outing in places, but also allowing a great

tailwind on some stretches. The race starts along the beach for the first mile before heading out on single track roads to the south and west coast of the island.

109 runners completed the race with Simon Anderton returning a time of 1hr 45min 26sec (20th place) to add to his growing number of 40@40 races while Bob Halstead posted a time of 1hr 52min 48sec (32nd place)

First male back was Fraser Stewart (Cambuslang Harriers) in 1hr 13min 42sec & first lady was Fiona Wilkinson in 1hr 45min 48sec Starting at the same time was a 10K race with 250 entries and the event was rounded off with an evening of Scottish dancing for those still with any energy left in their legs.

The day after the race was a recovery ride around the coastline which showed off the beauty of this amazing island.

Bob Halstead





A First 4000'er: The Weissmies Traverse

A nice vintage article - the following was published in High Magazine in 2001. –Ed

Numb fingers fumbled to tie the knots. This was the final attempt. Failure would force an exposed retreat down the icy ridge. A thick mist was creeping up from the valley, enveloping the crags like a shroud. The wind blew erratically, like a deranged banshee, scouring our exposed skin with spindrift. We shivered as a cumulus cloud blotted out the sun, conspiring to change our mood from elation to despair. I knotted the prussiks and prayed that my improvised straps would secure Jim's crampons to his boots. In the precarious situation we were in they were the obvious quick answer to the problem,..if they worked.

We'd climbed from the Almagellar Hut to the col. Our objective was the classic traverse of the Weissmies up the narrow north-west ridge to the summit, before zigzagging down through the crevasses and seracs of the Trift Glacier. I'd planned it to be one of the highlights of our summer trip to the Swiss Alps. Jim's first 4000'er! I obviously hadn't planned it well enough. I should have examined his gear before we set off.

"I'm coming on holiday with you but I want nothing to do with any of that mountaineering malarkey," Jim had repeatedly told us in the months before the trip. "I'm quite happy going for easy walks." Believing that he harboured a secret ambition to climb a high alpine peak, I kept pestering him until he finally admitted his desire to conquer something more challenging than a footpath. When I suggested the 4000 metre Weissmies his eyes lit up.

"Do you need to borrow any gear?" I enquired

"No problem," he assured me, "I've borrowed all the gear I need off my mate Tony."

The wooden ice axe should have raised my suspicions. I'd made him leave that at base camp and take my spare. Why didn't I inspect his crampons? There had been no problems as we climbed the lower snow slopes but, forced left towards the ridge crest to avoid unstable slab, we had become more and more dependant on our spiked footwear to glue us to icy rock.

"Phil," Mandy's urgent shout and a tug on the rope had startled me. Instinctively slamming my axe into the snow I'd braced myself but a quick glance down revealed nothing more serious than Jim's trailing left crampon. Mandy had helped him refasten it. A repeat with the right crampon a few minutes later had brought a hint of frustration to my voice.

"Right! Let's keep it going now." I was kicking myself mentally, I

should have checked that his straps were fastened properly at the bottom of the climb. "Shit," I'd thought, "it could have been fun descending the ridge with a crampon missing." We'd only climbed another ten metres when a harassed shout brought this nightmare vision into sharp focus. "Bloody hell," I'd exclaimed as I turned round. Jim clutched a crampon in his gloved hands, peering at it quizzically. "Don't drop it," I'd yelled. Worried that we were also losing time I'd downclimbed and taken over the field repairs. Close inspection had revealed that the straps were not designed for the crampons. The crampons themselves were of a similar vintage to Jim.

Even at 62 Jim leads a whirlwind life. Walking and golfing are regular daily pastimes. Visits to the gym are frequent. The sport of fell running however, is pursued fanatically and he retains much of the strength that put him amongst the elite in his thirties. This lifetime of outdoor pursuits has chiselled a well-used appearance.

"He looks totally knackered and decrepit," his friends joke. An apt description of the crampons but not of Jim. It transpired that his mate Tony was even older and the last time his crampons saw any action was in the sixties.

We'd felt like spring lambs skipping past the long snake of fellow alpinists on the slog upto the col. During our crampon predicament they had all climbed past us group by group and were now dots of colour on the ridge above. I eyed the knots, willing them to hold firm. "It's a good job we carry prussiks," I said, hopefully, "Keep your fingers crossed." We moved together, a short rope of three with Jim in the middle. I upped the pace; the weather looked stable but I was conscious of the upwelling cloud and the long glacier descent we faced after the summit. Jim seemed more confident and kept up easily. He's got the stamina, and the looks, of a mountain goat...most of the time.

"I just need to sit down for a few seconds." Jim looked ashen. It had only been fifteen minutes since I'd patched up his crampons.

"You alright?" I enquired, wondering whether we'd actually get down in daylight.

"I'm ok, ... just need a short rest, . . . it won't take long, . . . it's only my heart condition," came his breathless response. Heart condition? I'd thought he'd been kidding when we were acclimatising a few days earlier. He'd been short of breath then and blamed it on his dicky heart valve. Thinking he was just too embarrassed to say he was suffering from the altitude we'd laughed it off. "It sometimes gets to me in fell races," he now admitted. "Stops me breathing properly, . . . just give me a few minutes, . . . and I'll be fine."

He now had me really worried. A horror story image of Jim, blue faced, unconscious and requiring the urgent services of the Mountain Rescue, flashed before my eyes.

"What a bloody trip this has turned out to be," I muttered to myself. Hope was repeatedly extinguished as we made a number of false starts, every agonising few metres of upward progress ending with Jim sat on a rock gasping for breath. Eventually, much longer than the minutes envisaged, the grey pallor receded and the familiar twinkle returned to his eyes. He was soon powering up behind me with renewed vigour.

"Told you I'd be alright," he grinned, "there's life in this old dog yet. How far to the top?"

I looked up. "Another few hundred metres and we'll be there," I replied, amazed by his terrier like spirit and mightily relieved that we would not require a helicopter.

We reached the summit ridge without further mishap. A hundred metres of slender snow arête curved ahead of us, a well-worn trench snaking along its knife edge crest. This delicate traverse, with steep ice falling away into nothingness on either side, is the highlight of the climb. A vivid sensory experience, both visually and mentally, as heart

rates soar from altitude and adrenaline. Mandy fired off one-handed photographs as we edged across.

“Steady does it Jim, just take your time,” I encouraged, one eye in front and one behind, ready to hold if he stumbled or to jump off the opposite side as a last resort.

It felt good to stand on the summit. It had been quite a battle one way or another. I pointed the lens and clicked.

“One for the album Jim. The Weissmies, Four thousand and twenty three metres.” A picture that now hangs over his mantelpiece, Jim Smith, proud 4000’er, with the finely sculpted peaks of the Mischabel chain dominating the horizon behind him. “You had me worried back there” I confessed. Jim looked mischievous.

“No need to worry about me lad. If I do pop me clogs just pile some snow on top of me and leave me here.” He surveyed the panorama. “What a place to go.” He smiled, “And it’ll make sure that old bugger Tony gets off his backside and does some more climbing, to pay his respects, and to get his crampons back.”

He kept us laughing all the way down.

Phil Goth

Ultra Supreme: Interview with Louise Greenwood

This is adapted from the website runeatrepeat.co.uk/ultra-supreme-louise-greenwood-runner-interview/ Thanks to Jeff for his kind permission in letting us print it.

Louise, could you tell us a little about yourself please?

I’m 47 and live in a small village in the South Pennines with my boyfriend Dwane and my dog Kim. I moved here from Portugal 3 years ago and discovered fell and ultra running! I joined Todmorden Harriers when I first moved here and it was like having an instant family! I

am about to start a new career working for the race company Cannonball Events, after spending my working life so far as a joiner.

Why do you run?

I started running for escapism at a very low point in my life. The Portuguese economy was collapsing and work and money were very scarce, my van was off the road and I couldn't afford to fix it. I was in a very unhappy relationship, my dog had just died and my mum was diagnosed with bowel cancer (thankfully she has now made a full recovery). Running was free, it got me out of the house, and forced me to live in the moment. I found running the perfect way to combat the stress in my life. I still really value that feeling of living in the moment and also the connection with nature and the outdoors.



What is the “Devon Coast to Coast Ultra”?

117 miles from Wembury Beach on the South Coast to Lynmouth on the North Coast. It follows the Erme-Plym trail to Ivybridge and then the Two Moors Way crossing Dartmoor, mid Devon and Exmoor.

What was your ultra running experience leading up to this?

My first ultra was the Haworth Hobble, 50k and very cheap and cheerful – I've now done it three times and often use the route as a training run. I did the 50k at Keswick Mountain Festival in 2016 which was an absolutely stunning route on a beautiful sunny day. Then the Calderdale Way 50 mile ultra. In 2017 I did the South Wales 50 which was very tough – the Brecon Beacons were amazing, the rest was a long hard slog! The Long Tour of Bradwell which is really pretty. Lakes in a Day which was amazing despite really bad weather – I would love to do it again in nice weather because the views must be fabulous. Tour de Helvellyn which was an absolute blast as I ran with some awesome new friends and we had a great day enjoying the Lakes in stunning snowy sunny conditions. Dwane and I did the Kong



Above: Near start of Devon Coast-to-Coast Ultra

Mini Mountain Marathon series together and won the V40 mixed pairs.

Tell us about the Devon Coast to Coast!

It was fantastic! Pretty tough as the ground was so wet, so a lot of the run was through strength sapping ankle deep mud. Dartmoor was beautiful but cold with a brutal headwind. Mid Devon was mostly through the night

and seemed to be endless muddy fields and we had blizzard conditions on Exmoor just as night was falling! I ran with people most of the time and teamed up with some guys so we supported each other a lot, with whoever was feeling strongest taking their turn to set the pace, meaning we kept going really well. I felt surprisingly strong through the night and my biggest concern through the whole race was not being warm enough.

What training did you do specifically for this?

I did a few long training runs locally in the months leading up to it including a 50 mile and the 50k Haworth Hobble, which I ran as a training run 3 weeks before the Devon Coast to Coast and had a fall, needing 6 stitches in my knee! A lot of back-to-back runs and running when I was tired. I ran at night or in the dark a lot over the winter and did a lot of core work and plyometrics with Graeme Wrench. I live in a very hilly area so I felt strong on the hills during the race as I run them all the time.

That is some training! And what foods did you eat before, during and after the ultra?

The day before: toasted sandwich, chips and a beer for lunch, bowl of pasta with roast veg for dinner, drank a lot of water and electrolytes. Breakfast before: Soya yogurt and granola, black coffee and grapefruit juice for breakfast. I don't eat a lot during a run so had the following

during: a cereal bar a few hours in, a mug of soup at the quarter way checkpoint, chilli and wedges and black coffee at the half way checkpoint; porridge, black coffee and a croissant at the three quarters checkpoint and otherwise just grabbed pieces of flapjack or sweets at some roadside checkpoints. I drank High5 tablets and had a few High5 gels and some fizzy rainbow belts when I needed a sugar hit. The magic food was chocolate covered coffee beans which the race organiser gave me at a roadside checkpoint in the night. They were fantastic! After the race I was given a bowl of carrot and sweet potato soup which really hit the spot! And my favourite post-race chocolate soya milk.

That is some serious nutrition! What was your lowest point during your run?

The two guys I was running with and myself made a navigation error only 10 miles from the finish and got hopelessly lost. It was the only time we went wrong the whole race and it cost us a few hours. We were wandering around in horrible muddy fields in the pouring rain, utterly miserable and seeing our planned daylight finish slipping out of sight. We were so pleased to finally find the final checkpoint and get on our way to the finish. Unfortunately I was wet and cold by then and we still had the blizzard to come – but by then the end was in sight.

Below: Devon Coast-to-Coast

Mentally, how do you get through that?

There was no option apart from sitting down in the mud and crying! We couldn't even give up because we were nowhere near civilization, nobody had a phone that still worked and we were utterly lost. It was just a case of supporting one another, trying to stay chirpy and knowing we would get out of it eventually. We ended up flagging down a farmer and ask-



ing him where we were. He offered us a lift in his horsebox, which obviously we declined, but it made us laugh so much that we instantly forgot our misery!

What do you think makes ultra running so special?

Apart from the challenge of pushing yourself to the limit, there's the amazing countryside that you are totally immersed in as the real world slips away. I've met and run with some truly lovely people who have become great friends.

Why do you think it's growing so much? [Over 1000% in the past 10 years.]

Trail running in general has grown and there are so many ultras to choose from. It's a sport that's very inclusive so there are people of all ages and shapes and sizes. And there's a lot more media exposure of ultra running in the last few years.

How can we encourage more women to run ultras?

I think ultra running is already very popular with women. There are some great role models for us and also for the mid pack runners rather than those chasing podium position; the friendly atmosphere among runners is very welcoming for women. I would like to see more features in Trail Running magazine for example about ordinary people, men or women, who are achieving ultra distances.

What's next for you?

This summer the Pen Llyn 75 mile ultra and the Welsh Vegan 3000s. I'm trying to get to Wales as much as possible in preparation for



the Dragons Back in 2019. I'm also marshaling at Cape Wrath Ultra. I'd like to do Tour de Helvellyn again, especially if I can meet up with friends and make it a fun pre-Christmas outing. I'm defending my title of Todmorden Harriers Ultra Champion which I've won for two years so I'll be do-

ing Open to Offas, which is in our Championship, and maybe some of the others races in the club list. I plan to celebrate my 50th birthday in 2020 by doing the Joss Naylor Lakeland Challenge, either on my birthday at the end of April, or on my Dad's 70th birthday in June.

My word!! What else do you think you're capable of achieving?

I'm very drawn towards the Spine. The Pennine Way runs through our local area. I marshalled at the Hebden Bridge checkpoint this year and it just made me want to do the race so much! I have a friend who's also Spine curious so we're planning on recceing sections of it, starting with Edale to Hebden Bridge.

Any final words of wisdom for the readers?

It really is all in the mind. Unless there is a physical injury that stops you, then if you believe you can do it you will. The human body evolved to be efficient at moving fast over long distances, it's what we're designed to do. Remember that and believe in yourself – and always stay well hydrated!

Thank you so much for sharing your story and love of ultra running. Very best of luck at Pen Llyn and Welsh Vegan ultras as part of your build up to Dragons Back 2019.

**Yours in sport
Jeff**

Ten Trigs Saturday 16th December 2017 (Winter Edition)

It was minus 4 when I got into the car to drive to meet Dave Garner. Daylight was slowly starting to emerge as we set off running through the streets of Todmorden. Dave was surprised at the quick pace, but I promised him we would be walking in 2 minutes, so he was happy. Onto Meadowbottom and there was sheet ice on the road. We walked all the way up to Windy Harbour, then jogged through the snow to the trig point. The sun was just starting to light the day up

and there was a beautiful red/yellow sunrise as we hit Stansfield Moor. The sun glistened off the snow and lit the day up, 10 minutes later it was gone and we didn't see it again all day.



Stansfield Moor is tough going at the best of times, but with heavy snow, (up to a foot in places) along with heather, tussocks and bogs was very tough. I went up above my knee length socks many times. The going was slow and our feet were cold. Wolf stones appeared ahead and we trogged on.

Above: Dan at Bride-stones

We joined the main path to Hoofstones and I immediately fell down a hole up to my middle. Lovely running down the snowy path towards Sheddon Clough and onto the Pennine Bridleway, helped a little by the frozen conditions.

Robin Cross Hill came and went, then we headed down towards Cliviger. The track towards the bottom was very icy and slowed us a bit. This going up and down into the valleys turned out to be treacherous all day. The path to Theiveley Pike is steep, so we kept up with the schedule most of the way. The path disappeared under the snow a few hundred metres before the summit, but we hit the top only 50 metres off the trig. By now it had started to snow, but the going along the ridge was good until sharney ford and we ran well.

Across the road towards Trough Edge End and the track was snowy but good going. A slight detour around a bull with a large group of cows and calves didn't slow us much. We ended up taking a different route to usual, adjacent to the top wall. This was very snowy, with the odd bit of ice with cold water below, it seemed further but upon inspection was a similar distance to normal. From the trig it got deeper, we lost the path here and there, then skirted around Hades Hill. I couldn't find the correct path, I just haven't got to grips with the

new road to the windmills. This section definitely needs a recce to get the best line. After descending too far down earlier in the year, we contoured round some dodgy slow ground. We hit the path past the stream at the corner and went a little further than needed, there must have been a turnoff before we joined the path. We could see the correct path so went back to join it and down toward the Pennine Bridleway. We only go on it for about 5 yards, but it was sheet ice covered in a small layer of snow. I put one step on it, went right up into the air and (luckily) landed on my bum.

Quick stomp up to Watergrove Trig and down to the side of the little Reservoir (which was frozen solid). Decided against climbing the icy wall and took a nice little shortcut through a field. This took us to the main path down to Shore and onto Littleborough. Quick chat with my mate we bumped into in the town centre, past the Rake up the road and we were onto the Blackstone Edge Fell Race route. It got deeper the further up the 'Roman Road' we got and by the time we turned right it was deeper still. The path was ok though and we jogged most of the way to Blackstone Edge Trig. Dodgy climb up to tag it was interesting.

Over one of the little gates at the back and we headed through the tussocks to the Green Withins drain. It was very heavy going and self doubt crept in, I thought we were too far left so readjusted. We hit

*Below: Dave at Little
Holder Stones*

the drain and had to jump it, it turned out we were about 150 metres off the little



bridge we hit on a good day, so we were probably on track before the adjustment. We were both running strong around the side of the reservoir, but then I managed to take the wrong path. This led to an amusing time, when I thought we had found the main path to Dog Hill and Dave pointed out both our footprints. It

was a small error and didn't cost us many minutes. Dog Hill main path was good, but the cut through was very snowy and we slowed to a walk again.

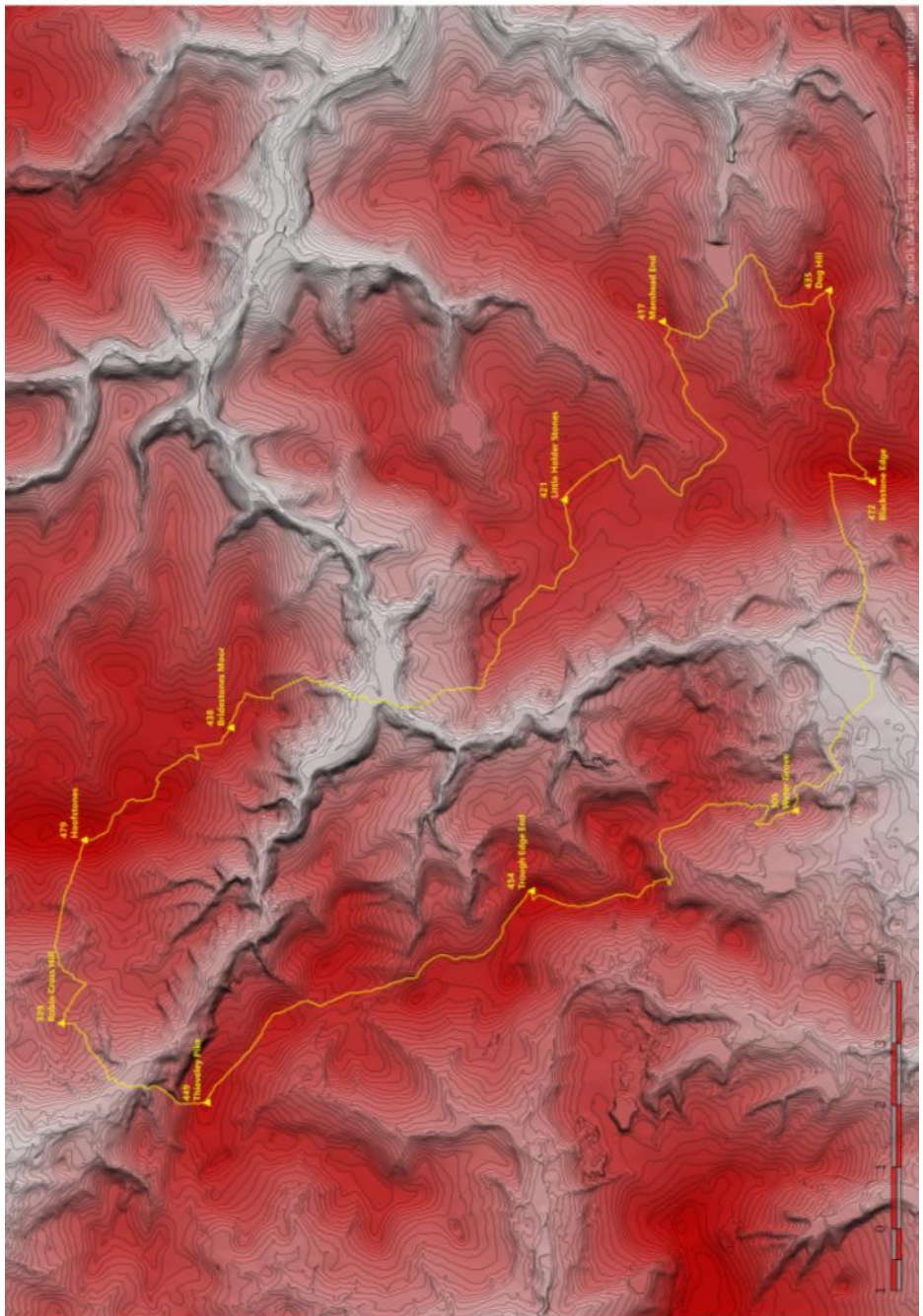
Up from Baitings towards Manshead End and we noticed the nice barn (which was done up a few years ago) has had all the windows smashed and now looks uninhabited. My legs were going as we reached the steep section just before the summit and with hands getting cold I put an extra pair of gloves on. Dave put some on too, he hadn't had them on at all up till then. The running to Cragg road was good, if snowy and we only walked the uphill section after the ruin. I was slowly dying along the track to Whiteholme. One of the workers remarked we were brave being out, we told him we had been out over 7 hours, but were heading home now. I had a mars bar just before the reservoir, then it happened I bonked. Sat down on the reservoir wall for 2 minutes then dragged my sorry self up and shuffled along the track, jogging then walking till we got to the turn. Up onto the heather and we quickly found the path along the fenceline (it is getting better each time). Suddenly I felt OK again and got a decent pace going, even if we were walking. Little Holder Stones trig seemed to appear in no time at all and we even found the path to Warland, hitting the stone bridge dead on.

Below: Dan at Little Holder Stones



The stones to Gaddings Dam were covered in snow so were not as bad as the other week. Further down it was very icy and we had to detour 1 section and walk a couple of others. It was just getting dark as we passed the Unitarian church and went down Honey Hole. A quick run into town and we were done. Straight into the pub for a very well earned pint.

Looking back it was an epic day out, an amazing adventure and I don't even know



10 trigs route, courtesy of Andy Ford and Dan Taylor

how we made it. I have never done more than 3 hours in those sorts of snowy conditions and we were out nearly 9. Will be having another run around soon, I just love the route.

Special word for Dave, who was strong all day and went along at my (probably sensible) pace. Great running companion, we were chatting all the way and it was a brilliant day out. Thanks Dave.

Dan Taylor

Stage Times

Start Calder College	7.36am
1 – Bridestones	31 mins
2 – Hoofstones	42 mins
3 – Robin Cross Hill	30 mins
4 – Theiveley Pike	35 mins
5 – Trough Edge End	56 mins
6 – Watergrove	57 mins
7 – Blackstone Edge	1hr 14 mins
8 - Dog Hill	43 mins
9 – Manshead End	42 mins
10 - Little Holder Stones	1hr 5 mins
Finish Tod Centre	4.25pm (54 mins)

Studmarks in my Belly

It seems like a lifetime ago that I was racing regularly. Well, technically it is. Úna's lifetime. The last fell race of my pre-Mama days was the Scottish round of the British Champs at Merrick. That day was hot. It felt like one of the hottest days I'd ever raced in. I've since been told that it wasn't that hot! However, my thermoregulation was non-existent at three months pregnant so it may well be true that it wasn't that hot! I felt slow the whole way round and had to sit in the shade

at the finish while Greg poured two bottles of water over my head and one into my mouth. People were concerned, thinking something was wrong - nobody knew about the little parasite growing inside. The next week was spent on holidays in Scotland with a lot less running than was normal for me. A recce of the Jura fell race route turned into a plod up only one of the Paps before we took the poor weather route out. In warm, calm, sunny weather. Not normal behaviour.

I started researching running and pregnancy. There are some studies out there about general activity in pregnancy but I wasn't interested in gentle swimming or yoga classes. I was already doing these activities but I didn't think of them to be strenuous enough to even consider that I might have to stop doing them. It surprised me to read so many pieces in the general media encouraging people to continue light to moderate exercise in pregnancy. I was interested in effects of threshold training and speed sessions on the development of the baby. It turns out that it is difficult to find quality research on the effects of strenuous training on foetal development. I guess it's difficult to find ethical approval for such studies. The best advice I could find was: If you're used to doing a certain activity, keep going, but listen to your body and take it easy if needs be. So, I continued running but I wasn't too intent on doing those tougher sessions.

About two weeks after the Jura trip, Greg and I were at the OMM. A few months previously, I had suggested entering the OMM on our wedding anniversary. I wasn't really serious but Greg immediately investigated it and had entered us before I knew it! We were definitely not racing but I was keen to do the best I could. Greg's always been better at navigation and faster on steep ground than me but I didn't want to hold him back too much on our first team event. We started out well, sharing the navigation for the first few controls but as the day progressed, I ended up just following along the best I could. I must have been still going strong as we fast hiked up a steep incline. One man, dressed in army fatigues, was complaining loudly about wanting to quit, quit the event, quit the army and sit on the sofa in-

stead. I easily passed him out and probably should have told him that he got overtaken by a pregnant woman and that would have shut him up. I just laughed to myself instead.

The last 5km of our route was downhill/flat but was such a difficult run. We had about 35 minutes to cover 5km to make it to the finish before we started to incur penalties. I felt like I was at a flat out sprint the whole time but we still arrived 6 minutes late! That was when I first started getting some pelvic pain. The night in the tent was improved by my increased temperature. I didn't feel too cold at all! We took it easy the next day with gentle jogging interspersed with trudging through overgrown thickets full of deer and finished with a respectable score.

That was the start of the end of running for me. Shortly after, I went to do a Pack Run and by then some Toddies knew I was pregnant. I ran with the Medium group (I hadn't run with the fast group for a while - I had recovery and tapering as excuses prior to this). Michelle kept me company at the back of the group (she had just moved up a group) and I was grateful to Rebecca and Kate for waiting for me to reappear from behind a wall after a very necessary toilet stop - bladder emptying frequency had already increased. I was looking forward to running with different people as I descended the groups on Pack Run night but this ended up being my last run with the club for a very long time! Pain and fatigue stopped me running with the Toddies sooner than I expected.

Running alone or with Greg continued, which turned to jogging, then shuffling interspersed with walking but by December I resigned myself to the fact that I'd need to stop running completely. I could feel aches and pains in my pelvis and, as a physiotherapist who previously worked in Women's Health, I knew all too well what could happen if I kept running. I did not want to end up on crutches for the rest of my pregnancy!

I would have liked to have been able to keep running but I was listening to my body. I was still able to walk in the hills and my weekly yoga and swim sessions continued. I know now that I am not like some others who can continue running until late in pregnancy - that's only one way I'm different to Jasmine Paris!

Greg and I still had great days out in the hills. The last Wainwright I ran was Dale Head, one snowy November weekend when we failed to get to Belgium. The descent back down to Honister, in knee deep snow, was fantastic. Greg still can't understand how I could run that and I can't run in scree. He says the technique is the same - I say snow is significantly softer than sharp rocks!

I also attempted to run up to the Old Man of Conistone but needed a few stops to sit on the steps heading up by Goat's Water. On one of these rests, I told Greg that I couldn't get my heart rate down and I felt weak and dizzy. Greg pointed out that it would be quicker to go up and over the summit and descend the other side than retracing our steps. I had a rest, some water and some of Greg's trusted Skittles and powered on. It turned out that all I needed were some of those magic Skittles - another Wainwright ticked off.

I was getting slower and slower, and full days in the mountains were taking their toll. Recovery was slow. In fact, recovery was needed after a day at work, never mind a day in the mountains. I felt like I was overheating again on the slow trudge up Loughrigg Fell though the ice on the puddles suggested it was much colder than it seemed to me!

By the time I was 8.5 months pregnant, I was staying lower but still going out in the hills. Greg was doing a score event from Conistone and I didn't want to be left out. It was too nice a day to stay indoors. Greg suggested a flat out-and-back route slog the valley but the hills drew me upwards. It didn't occur to me to drive up to the Dow Crag car park so off I went, walking up the steep road with a borrowed jacket as it was a long time since I fitted into my own clothes let alone jack-

ets. Even with a bulky jacket on, it was still obvious what state I was in and I got a few nice comments. It did occur to me that it wouldn't be ideal to have to call Mountain Rescue if I went into labour. Not to mention the possibility of a cord prolapse that I had been warned about just a few days previously!

A few days later, after my next scan, the chances of a cord prolapse had increased so I was confined to Calderdale Royal Hospital. Hebden was considered too far away and I needed to be kept under supervision. That ended my forays into the hills and my regular swim sessions and put a stop to Kath's tumble turn lessons - sorry Kath! Yoga continued. I needed to do something as there was only so much walking around the hospital car park I could bear. Thankfully I had a single room so that the midwives didn't see my handstands.

Eventually little Úna arrived through the emergency exit. Now, something else to deal with other than the normal recovery from birth. Recovery after major abdominal surgery is not straight forward when you're dealing with sleep deprivation and a newborn baby. No more mountains for a while. Even walking along the canal was a huge effort. To be honest, I can't remember much of the details of the first few months. That is probably to do with a combination of sleep deprivation and evolution. Mums must have evolved to forget the start of motherhood or else nobody would have any siblings!

It was quite a while before I even thought about running again. But that's a whole other story...

Pauline May

Spoiler: Pauline did indeed start running again, evidence on right. Úna and Pauline doing a parkrun. -Ed.



Don't Call it an Ultra

I'm sure it happens to everyone who's recently taken up running. There's the "Oh god, this is horrible" phase, the "Hmm, I might actually be enjoying this" phase, and then a thought occurs to you: *how far can I run?*

My initial plan is just to set out one day and follow my nose, taking a route that stays within limping distance of a railway line or bus stop, and run steadily until I can't go any further. But somehow I can't quite summon up the enthusiasm to do this. It just seems like it would be too easy to cop out. Then I remembered the name of a local race I'd heard some of the club talking about: the Haworth Hobble. It sounds like an easy intro to longer distances, it's local, entry is cheap. What's not to like? Quite a lot, it turns out, but that only becomes apparent later.

So I log on to their website with the intention of signing up, and check the distance. 32 miles?! Bloody hell, that sounds like a lot. I thought it was more like 20 or something? Anyway, in for a penny, in for a pound. Twelve pounds, to be exact. It makes most Ultra races seem like poor value for money, but then no-one refers to refers to this race as an "ultra" - it's just the Hobble. Egging me on is Rob, a man

who ticked off the Bob Graham Round last year as casually as he polishes off leftover chips. Having a run partner not only makes me feel more confident, it means I won't have to spend 6 hours in the company of noth-



ing more than my own banal thoughts and maddening musical ear-worms.

The next stage: up the distance. Six miles a week with the Packrun might feel like a long way for someone new to running, but it probably isn't going to prepare me for 32 miles. Help is at hand in an unlikely form: with the Hobble at the back of our minds, me and my girlfriend Celia start a challenge to run at least a mile every day in December. After countless short, pointless little trots up and down the cycle path, we decide to stretch out for some longer runs. 10 miles, 12 miles... blimey, maybe I'll make an endurance athlete yet! Then it snows. A lot. Runs suddenly involve blundering through powdery waist-high drifts. It's fun, for a bit, but it's not exactly ideal training conditions. Plans to up the mileage to 20 or so fall by the wayside. It snows again. Maybe I should try and find some cross country skis in a charity shop. Anyway, can't back out now. I've paid twelve quid.

Race day comes around. Celia wisely decides not to run, after spending the previous weeks grappling with what turns out to be morning sickness. This exciting news is tempered with the awful realisation that the day is here. I have to run. 32. Miles. Walking to race HQ to sign on, I notice how soggy the ground is. At least all the snow has gone. A big crowd forms on the cobbled High Street, an inaudible command is given somewhere at the front, and Rob and I start running. Gently, mind. We've got 32 miles of this to go.

We aren't actually running that gently, it turns out, as we make our way past lots of people who know how to pace themselves. Pretty soon we're at the first feed stop. The food on the Hobble is legendary. As in, legendarily bad. The first stop offers pork pies and hot dogs. I can't resist and get one of the latter, struggling to eat it thanks to an injudicious request for mustard. Rob gobbles up a pork pie, then regrets it almost instantly. We carry on, through lanes and farmyards filled with ankle-deep slop, before I realise we're on a familiar trail

that drops down to Todmorden. We briefly chat to one of the top finishers at this year's Spine Challenger race, until she realises that we're way off the pace and presses on ahead. We get passed by Dan, a man who looks like he's swallowed a typical fell runner whole. Something is clearly amiss. We've gone off way too fast and we're blowing up. But that's OK, at least the miles are ticking by.



We both neck a shot of the single malt on offer at the roadside - another Hobbie highlight - before heading up to Stoodley Pike. Running down the sheer tarmac of Horsehold, I experience the strange sensation of having a stranger's legs grafted to me. My body is trying to reject the transplant, with agonising consequences, but I don't care. They are doing my bidding, albeit slowly and clumsily. After the next climb and descent, Rob blows up completely and has to walk even the gentlest gradient. I try and sound encouraging, but what I'm secretly thinking is "Yessssss!" However at this point walking offers no respite, just a different flavour of pain. We've still got ten miles to go, and people are passing us thick and fast. And it turns out the snow didn't disappear after all - it just went and hid on the Haworth Old Road, and we end up having to post-hole our way through knee-deep slush.

Somehow we nurse ourselves to the moors above Haworth, and Rob channels his inner rage into a blistering finish sprint that leaves me hanging on for dear life. We've made it. I stop. I drink a can of beer. And then I try and walk back to the car, before realising that I am basically immobile. My lower limbs have all the flexibility and movement of a cardboard cutout. It's been fantastic. I've gone from barely being able to run a hundred metres, just a few years ago, to ticking off my first properly long trail race, thanks in large part to being a member of

a friendly, supportive club. The next day I am buzzing. And the day after that. And the day after that. If we'd trained properly, paced ourselves and got below six hours, I'd still be buzzing now. I guess there's always next year.

Antony de Heveningham



Short and Sweet: My First Race, or, Everyone Starts Somewhere

'My first fell race was the Half Trog at Wadsworth. I was 58. It snowed, I came third last, I didn't even know you were supposed to have a map and compass. By the end I was broken. I decided all ell Runners were completely mad and vowed never ever to run a fell race ever again. The rest is history.'

David Leslie

'Hebden Bridge three years ago. Got wine for my first fell race. Fell running is good.'

Andy Worster

'My first race was aged 12, Hollins 6, Hot Toddy Route. First club race was Windmill Half Marathon – it was hot, the windmills were not turn-

ing.'

Jon Wright

'After a modicum of success as a teenage girl on the Gloucestershire schools track circuit, I hung up my running shoes for 25 years and concentrated on firstly having a good time and then having babies. After number 3 I decided I needed to shape up (literally and figuratively). So, after a few jogs to the Blue Pig and back, I entered the famous Southport 10k (compromising of 8 short laps near the sea front). An unusual choice I know.... blame Paul. With the fans behind me (well Paul, the boys and Grandad Mike) I set off like a bull at a gate and to everyones surprise took the lead for the first lap... you probably know whats coming. I learnt the hard way and since then have learnt a bit more about pacing and have tried to avoid any races that involve laps! After 7 much slower laps I finished in a fairly respectable time - well it was around 48 minutes, not bad for a first effort. I decided I needed to take it a bit more seriously next time, so I joined Todmorden Harriers'

Lucy Hobbs

'Stoodley Pike Fell Race, three years ago. I was terrified of being last and/or getting lost, so I reccied the three mile route three times. (I'm an over-preparer, me.) Having never run without headphones, or surrounded by people exerting themselves, I was quite alarmed by the auditory experience and was quite concerned for the health of the older gentlemen around me. I tried really hard and really enjoyed it... I still remember Reg's wise words after the downhill, "Number 88, stop looking like you're enjoying yourself!"

Kim Ashworth

'About 10 years ago a chunkier version of my current self set off from Mytholmroyd for the Wicken Hill Whizz. Couldn't believe the speed that they set off. Got to the top gasping for air! An exhilarating descent made it worth while. Hooked!'

Paul Hobbs

'Blackshaw Head, surrounded by gnarly old competitive bastards. Did the Ian Hodgson Relay the next week and became one.'

Nick Barber

This new segment is a great opportunity to share your reminiscences if you're not keen writing loads. Next issue, we want to hear about your memorable race marshalling experiences (specific or general), in one or more sentences. Send submissions to kkashworth@gmail.com now, while you're all inspired and stuff. —Ed.

A Marathon and one that got close

In first half of 2018 I had planned two long races, a marathon in Cracow, Poland, and the Yorkshire Three Peaks. My Abbey Runner colleagues think I am slightly mad in my race choices but I have always wanted to do the Three Peaks and as Cracow is rather lovely this was an opportunity for a city break and a bit of sightseeing as well.

Neither race disappointed. In Cracow two of the Abbeys joined me on the trip. We stayed 5 days based on the Ryanair schedule from Leeds so had plenty of sightseeing time (Castle, Cathedral, Auschwitz, Old Town, Old Town bars, City walls etc). We did a 5m flight recovery run along the banks of the Vistula (really lovely!) and I ended up with 6000 others on the start line with aching legs but hangover free. It was the hottest day of our trip – rather worse than the London marathon, held on the same day. I was pleased to come in only about half an hour behind Mo Farah – though in all fairness we had started 1 ½ hours ahead of him – and just in front of my Abbey colleagues in 4.08. Organisation was exceptional, the route was scenic and reasonably flat. But it was hot. I started well, ran OK through the middle miles and faded at the end. Overall I was pleased with my performance on the day – about 15 minutes longer than my PB but excusable in the heat.

The Three Peaks was just 6 days later and a very different race. I went

with one Abbey – one of the fast boys – to this 38km race – nearly a marathon distance but with real hills. Somebody said the first, Pen-y-Ghent was runnable, the second, Wharfedale steep and the third Ingleborough rocky. I decided all three were steep, rocky and not at all runnable. I planned my timings based on cut off points and the required pacing set out by the race organiser and wrote on my palm average pace and runtime to each peak. Well I did make it OK but not by much. Once I reached Ingleborough the numbers had rubbed off anyway and I was long past caring about timing. So once past the last cut off point I awarded myself a bit of a walk and coasted down towards the finish. Only when brain said to legs ‘this is ridiculous’ could I muster up a bit more running along the last flattish 2 miles into Horton. 5.15 was not a winning time – the first MV60 runner did 4.06 – but I was very glad to complete and in a respectable time with 522nd place out of about 800 starters.



Above: David in Horton-in Ribblesdale with his medal after Y3P

So what have I learnt? First that yes it is possible to run two marathons within a week. It's not even particularly difficult. Second, yes it is possible to start a marathon with aching legs and still complete in a respectable time. Third a marathon with hills is far more uplifting and enjoyable than a city marathon – though you do miss out on the city break tourism. But last, if you want a PB take a bit more care than I did on race preparation and don't schedule long races too close together.

Lastly a plug for the race sponsor. When I did a short recovery

run early the week after, my Karrimor training shoes felt like I was wearing Deep Sea Diver boots after the light, tight and grippy Inov-8s I wore for the race. I have vowed never to stint on running shoes again – despite my Scottish upbringing.

David Leslie

Costa Brava Trail Marathon 2018 - the “Run of the 50,000 steps

So, you think there are a lot of steps in Hebden Bridge? Think again. We’ve just done a race with knee-numbing numbers of steps...and they were the easy bits of the course.

We’d been out camper-vanning in Spain for seven weeks through February and March for our annual winter “training camp” where we’d done lots of cycling, running and climbing and a tough mountain trail race every weekend. At the end of each race I’d pronounce “That’s my new favourite race” Near our hilltop campsite base on the Costa



Blanca is the well known “Walk of the 10,000 steps”, a Mozarabic trail that winds up and down the precipitous cliffs of the Barranc d’Infern. Even this didn’t prepare us for our last race of the trip.

We were on our way home driving north and, on a whim, had entered the Costa Brava Trail Marathon, a 42km race along the undulating coast north of Palomas. This was not the tacky Tossers del Mar territory of the initial Spanish tourist boom but a beautiful rocky coastline dotted with small

beaches, coves and low key village resorts.

We were taken by coach to the inland village of Pals ready for the 9am start. We stood on the start line with the other 220 entrants not knowing what to expect as this was the first running of the event. Trail racing has really taken off in Spain in the last ten years. We brushed shoulders with runners from lots of Spanish clubs, all dressed to kill in brightly coloured matching kit. Our Tod Harriers cycle tops didn't look out of place. As with all Spanish races loud rock and pop music and an animated commentary provided a carnival atmosphere.

The first 7km took us through rolling woodland to the coast. The next 35km hugged the switchback coastline negotiating headlands, coves and beaches, often on "new" paths cut through the undergrowth specially for this race. We were taken to unlikely places on what was often very technical and exposed terrain. What an amazing route. Just when you thought it couldn't get any more interesting a new challenge presented itself. Whilst the event had advertised "free showers" at the finish I also got an early bath when a wave crashed over the





causeway I was running across. (an earlier runner was actually washed into the sea and had to be pulled out!)

We climbed up the edges of precipitous cliffs on slippery paths; ran across sand and pebble beaches; traversed rocky ledges with the waves crashing just below us; downclimbed steep rock with no ropes; bumslid ridiculously steep muddy chutes and scrambled up unlikely looking gullies. I had a big grin on my face at every new twist. The technical terrain was highlighted by my split times: The first 10k took me 50 minutes; the second took two and a half hours...and I wasn't slacking. With the realisation that there was another 22km of similar terrain ahead of me the grin began to wear off.

...and don't forget the steps. The descent to every village involved long sections of steps. In the villages the route stuck doggedly to the shoreline on paved paths and promenades with endless stairways. Having crossed the beaches there were always never ending steps to gain access to the next headland. This should surely be called the

“Run of the 50,000 steps”.

The tortuous route continued. The feed stations, roughly 8km apart, seemed to take forever to arrive. I was relieved to reach the last station knowing there was only 4km to go. Unlike the other stations where we'd had a choice of numerous goodies and energy drinks, this one just had melon slices and water. I tucked in and filled my bottle. I assumed their quizzical look was down to my “mucho gracias” in a broad Lancashire accent. I put on a spurt...not far now. It's amazing how the head rules the body when the finish is in sight. Unfortunately it wasn't. 4km later, as I was expecting to see Palomas and the finish I saw the final feed station. The previous one had apparently been for a different event...still 4km to go...the longest 4km I've ever shuffled.

Over the finish line in 7:07 with Mandy not far behind in 8:00. What a race. What an event. Not our fastest marathons but by far the one's we'll remember for a long, long time. The race with everything but “elf and safety”. It's our new favourite race.

Phil Hodgson (ps. Toddlies long weekend to Costa Blanca Trail 2019? There's a 21km course as well...just saying...)

Av a good'n

Whilst promoting the "That's so Hebden Bridge Fell Race" I approached many of the local retailers and asked if they would be kind enough to either donate a prize or give me a discount on one. I am pleased to say that the Hebden Bridge shop owners were very kind and that with exception to one shop all businesses donated. During this process hebdenbridge.org asked if I might write something to promote and share my enthusiasm for fell running. I have in the past enjoyed reading your contributions on the forum, in the Torrier and now in other digital domains. I don't feel that this compares to some of the inspiring writing that I have enjoyed in your contributions but here is an edit of what I wrote what they published.

It's early morning, the wind and rain banging of the window has kept me awake. 5.30 and my first alarm goes off. I quickly stop it so as to not wake up my wife, creep down stairs, eat some breakfast and go back to bed. It's 7.30 when my next alarm goes off and again I'm quickly out of bed, dressed and out the door.

It's an unusual routine but I like to eat and digest some food before I get started. After shutting the door my body quickly shakes out its lethargy and shifts from shuffle to jog and within a couple of minutes I'm trotting up the first immediate hill to my mate's house where we have arranged to set off. The rain has stopped but it's very windy, still dark and cold but my running keeps me warm, it's hat and gloves season. When I arrive he's faffing around as per usual, eating his porridge and gathering bits of kit. We planned to get started at 8:00 but I know it'll be later.

After plenty of faffing we get started, the weather is shit and has been for weeks. This winter seems endless but I still kind of like it. I like watching the seasons pass by. I rarely take photos as I take it for granted that I'll be doing this again the next weekend.

Through these passing seasons and over the years I've immersed myself in the foulest of weather and endlessly roam these local hills. I've learnt my way round many of the paths, learnt their ancient names and given some of them my own affectionate nicknames, such as shitty bog. I let the moments fly by, I like the fact that another amazing moment comes by so frequently.

My wife asked me the previous night if I had any plans for the weekend. This means, "How long are you going running?" We'll be out for around 3-4 hrs max. Around 20 miles and it'll be as hilly as possible. If I lived in California I'd surf but here in Calderfornia you fell run. The trails here are world class, they were forged by footfall centuries ago, before printing could record them they were etched on the landscape. Roman roads, trading routes, animal trods. I run to explore

both them and myself.

The miles fly by, sometimes we chat, there might be narrative that you are having with yourself, sometimes you curse the bogs, sometimes leap them and other times they swallow you up. Here in Calderfornia we have endless route choices and so much to explore. I love to immerse myself in nature and have such intimacy with the environment.



I've seen some spectacles. Initially thinking it was some sort of borealis I've seen thundersnow erupting over Manchester. Fork lightning cracking over and illuminating the hills. On frozen days I've seen fire and ice as the moors are ablaze as they are burnt for clearing, I've seen water falling off the hills and up them. I've seen the horizon of the moors shimmer and distort in the heat.

I've cooled down in mill ponds and I've been in snowdrifts that come up to my shoulders, icicles that dwarf me. I see the first lambs and seas of bluebells and smell scents of wild garlic. I hear the first call of curlews and the tweet of the marsh birds.

Sunrises and sunsets that would light your imagination, I've seen the solstice sun rise over the millers grave, snowfalls from sets of Narnia. I slurp sweet water that bubbles from the ground of ancient springs and scoff on the bilberries that grow in my hidden havens. I leap billion year old rocks as my feet fly over these ancient trails.

It's a rich sport that runs on the goodwill of you my friends. It's a real social leveller. I have friends from all walks of life. The races we host are all supported by club volunteers, giving their time to encourage participation.

The local race scene is incredible. Awesome courses with entry fees of around a fiver. The average price of a commercial half marathon is about £40 and is usually run for profit. Fell races however generate income for local causes.

You don't get a t-shirt or a medal as it's unlikely that you need either. Sometimes some of the money raised may go to the club to ensure that they can fund the cost of their next races or pay for volunteers to get coaching awards. But frequently the money generated goes to local causes such as Calder Valley Search and Rescue or other worthy local causes.

With Reg Czudek I hosted the Hebden Bridge Fell race on the 7th June. It's a 10km race straight up to Stoodley Pike and is ideal for anybody who might do a spot of running and wants to give it a go. Todmorden Harriers are a not for profit organisation and all proceeds from the race will be donated to Khalsa Aid www.khalsaaid.org who showed many of us in the valley tremendous kindness during the days that followed the 2015 Boxing Day floods.

Thank you to all marshals and to anybody who assisted and if you raced I hope you had a good'n.

Nick Barber

*Thanks again to everyone who has contributed to this edition of the Torrier. We've already got some exciting stuff for the next one... we'll be going to print again in October-ish, which means that you should start writing for the next one now! Remember, no submission is too short (some might be too long, but I'm open to negotiations) Send **word docs** (not PDFs or Pages) and pictures (jpegs not gifs) to kkashworth@gmail.com*

Vintage: TODMORDEN HARRIERS STARTS WITH A BANG

I should like to think that the seeds for the start of the Todmorden Harriers were sown up Sourhall at Easter '77.

I first saw an advert, on the 5th floor of Mons Mill for a 5½ mile race from Sourhall Pub, to Flowerscarr, then Sharneyford down to Portsmouth, back up Carr Road and return to Sourhall. I foolishly said "any silly b---- can run 6 miles" so the maintenance boys entered me for the race. The fee was £1, the lads did not pay it for me. It was now a case of 'put up or shut up' so I borrowed a pair of trainers from Philip Lapish and a track suit from a Todmorden cricketer, Alan Fiddling. I did three practice runs. On one there was a lot of snow and I got lost at Sharneyford. I was heading for Waterfoot and a farmer put me right. Then it was the race on Easter Sunday.

On the day there were 20 entrants, 5 youngsters, 15 adults. I think there was one lady. I got myself sponsored for Stansfield View, one man said that if I got round in under an hour he would double his money. My race made £62 for the hospital.

The race itself was very good, a fine cold day. It was set off by Virginia Stride, a T.V. celebrity. The man who fired the starting gun used a shot gun and managed to cut off the electricity up Sourhall for 2 hours. The race had a stiff start uphill to the top of Flowerscarr where Harry Clayton was spectating, then across to Sharneyford, all strewn with rubbish, a horrible sight, Sharneyford to Portsmouth, a super downhill run, then OH HELL! another steep climb before OH JOY! downhill back to Sourhall. (I finished 19th but managed to get round in 59 minutes so I got my double sponsorship money from Mr. Lunt who incidentally had run for Rochdale Harriers years before.) We had our usual celebration afterwards, many people came from Mons Mill so I had a fan club.

John McDonagh was there and he asked me if I would like to help him start the Tod. Harriers at a later date. He asked Harry Clayton as well.

Keith is now hoping to run the same course in 1997 and I must say it will be a good one. I think I might make it my 'swan song' as they say in Mastermind 'I've started so I'll finish'.

TOD_TIPs

Initiate a constructive debate and enhance your popularity by asking "is a Buff a Hat?" whenever you are told that you need 'full kit' to run.

Ian Ovate - Wearside

Fell runners! Tired of scrubbing dirty toes? Simply use the jet wash at your local garage to clean them and hey-presto! No toes! **A and E**

Ward - Halifax

Need a laugh? Simply stand near the start of any race and shout "nearly there!" It's *never* not funny and *everyone* will think you're hilarious. **R C Brown - Royston Vasey**

Convince race organisers that you are wearing your FRA reg hat by shaving your head, spraying it black and tattooing the words 'Ron Hill' onto your forehead. **R Hill - Accrington**

Wait at the foot of a really big hill at a race, then shout "it's all down-hill from here!" to the passing runners. Everyone will think you are the king of comedy. **P Kay - Bolton**

Thanks to our new Club Secretary, Stuart Wolstenholme, for compiling these tips. Here's a pic of him battling with Calderdale's harsh conditions this winter. -Ed.



Todmorden Harriers 40th Anniversary Party



21st July 4pm-late

Bring your own drinks but... we will put on some nice beer and wine and soft drinks (a small donation to cover costs).

Food: Jacob's Join - please bring something to share.

Camping: lots of room, toilets and washing facilities.

Feel free to bring camping chairs.

In case of midges we will have some Skin So Soft. There will be DJs going on til the early hours.

Please park considerately on Eastwood Road/Staups Lane. For those with mobility issues, parking can be arranged at the farm (email treasurer@todharriers.co.uk). If you're happy to park in a field then you can drop down Eastwood Lane - first left then first right into field. Search for 'Whiteley Royd Farm' on Google and the exact location comes up. Don't use SatNav, don't go up Eastwood Lane unless you have a 4WD.

From Todmorden: Cross Stone Road—Crossley New Road— Right onto Eastwood Road—Great Rock

From Hebden: Church Lane AKA The Steeps—onto Badger Lane into Blackshaw Head—left onto Long Causeway—left onto Davy Lane—Staups Lane—Great Rock

On the next two pages are the jobs that need doing to make this amazing event happen.

See you all there!

Todmorden Harriers 40th Anniversary Party - Task List

Task	Timescale	Volunteer 1	Volunteer 2	Vol 3	Vol 4	Vol 5	Vol 6
Design invites	April	NB					
Parking	April	PB					
Directions	April	PB					
Camping	April	PB					
Liaise with Steve Hoylan	Ongoing	PB					
Purchase straw bales	June	PB					
Food - Jacob's Join - Someone to be point	n/a						
Plates etc.	June	PB					
Booze - BYOB	n/a	Everyone					
Plastic Glasses	June	DON					
Order Kegs and Wine Boxes	June	DON					
Electrics	Fri 20th	Matt Annison?	Neil Hodgkinson?				
Skin So Soft	June	PB					
Toilets	April	PB					
Lighting and Sound System	Sat 21st	PB					
Recycling and Waste Team including taking to tip	Sun 22nd						
Collect Tent and Tables	Fri 20th	PB					
Erect Tent and Tables	Fri 20th	PB					
Dismantle Tent and Tables	Sun 22nd or Mon 23rd	PB					

We still need plenty of helpers for the Anniversary Do - ignore the grey squares, all the blanks need filling in. Email treasurer@todharriers.co.uk with the role you'd like to play - big and small jobs suited to everyone.

It's going to be a fantastic party when we all muck in together!

Task	Timescale	Volunteer 1	Volunteer 2	Vol 3	Vol 4	Vol 5	Vol 6
Tent decoration	Fri 20th or Sat 21st						
Junior Krypton Challenge	June						
Other children's adult events/games	June	Jackson Cowie?	KA?				
Invite distribution to:							
- past members	April	Daz	NB				
- current members	April	Daz	NB				
- junior section	April	Daz	CD				
- landlords and landladies	April	NB					
- others	April						
Entertainment:							
- DJs	April	PB	PC	CG	JS?		
Inviting entertainment (poetry, musicians, impro) from club members	June	PB					



**Current and former members of Todmorden Harriers seniors, juniors and their families
along with those who have supported the club over the years.**

TODMORDEN HARRIERS

**Invite you to join us on 21st July to
celebrate 40 fantastic years.**

1978

**Current and former members of TODMORDEN HARRIERS
Seniors, juniors and families**

**TODMORDEN HARRIERS invite you to join us on 21st July from 4pm
til late.**

Let's celebrate 40 fantastic years of TODMORDEN HARRIERS.

Play your part in creating a great event; the club has DJs, musicians, poets, you may know a good game to play etc. There'll be a Junior Krypton Challenge, and lots of space to have fun.

Email treasurer@todharriers if you've something to offer.

Set in a marquee with beautiful views of Stoodley Pike.

More details on the previous pages.