

# THE TORRIER

**SPRING/SUMMER 2020**



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





(After lockdown...) **Running and racing on the fells, trails and roads.**  
**We're a friendly lot, and we cater for all, come and join us for a run,**  
**and bring a friend!**

Every month we visit a different pub on Wednesday evenings and try to organise four different groups: slow, moderate, medium and fast. We also try not to lose anyone. All runners are welcome. The runs are off-road in daylight hours and on-road (or choice of off-road with headtorch) in the winter months. For now, take a look at [www.todharriers.co.uk](http://www.todharriers.co.uk) and join our **Facebook: Todmorden Harriers**

*Front cover courtesy of Joolz Graham*

*Pictures on this page courtesy of Woodentops.co.uk*



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*Disclaimer: many of the articles and photos in these pages were created before lockdown, before most of us knew what "social distancing" was, so do please take any apparent rule-bending with a pinch of salt, as I'm sure you will. –Ed.*

## **A word from our new Chair...**

Hey-up Toddlies! I hope that this edition of the Torrier finds you and your families safe and well.

Firstly, let me thank my predecessor Nick Barber for his hard work and dedication as Chairman, Nick will be a hard act to follow.

For anyone who doesn't know me, I've been a Tod Harrier since 2014, I run on Fells, Trail, Road and Cross Country (I've yet to pluck up the courage for an ultra!) I run pack runs and parkrun. I volunteer at Harriers races and have been club secretary for the last two years. Back in February when nominations for the new Chair were being discussed someone joked that every time a new person takes the Chair a surprise challenge crops up – whoever that was, please step forward to receive 1000 toilet seat points.

2020 started so well too with well attended pack runs, the best ever attendance at the West Yorkshire Winter League, a super exciting grand-prix attracting a fantastic Tod turnout and absolutely loads of new folk rocking up on Monday run-days C25K starting or returning to running in enthusiastic defiance of the cold dark winter conditions.

We're only three weeks into lockdown now as I write this and we all feel like we've been stuck inside forever. However our social responsibility to play our part in helping to prevent the spread of this virus remains. We adapt to survive and whilst we are under these conditions we have been finding new ways of working and keeping fit. Online and virtual workouts (see Tod Facebook and Forum) are helping to keep us strong ready for when we are free again. Our Tod Harriers pint pots seem to be getting more use than ever! (If you still haven't got one – email me!) The monthly club meeting was held using laptops and Microsoft Teams (all who attended this cyber-meeting have a new appreciation for Monday nights in the Golden Lion!)



We are all missing club life at the moment, but lockdown isn't forever and absence makes the heart grow fonder. When we can get back to the running, racing and socialising we all associate with this great club it will be with an even greater appreciation. Sweat in the eyes, aching legs and burning lungs will never have felt sweeter!



Stay safe and see you soon.

Chairman Stu

Email: [chair@todharriers.co.uk](mailto:chair@todharriers.co.uk)

## A word from the Editor...

Despite everything, it hasn't been too challenging to cobble together lots more fun-packed content for this Torrier, which I hope brings you some joy and comfort *in these strange and unprecedented times* - we've got artwork, a wordsearch, there are even some prizes on offer! - so thank you firstly to everyone who's sent me material.

The next thank you of course has to go to everyone who is working hard to keep us safe and healthy and society functioning as much as possible; from the key workers (I know there's a lot of you out there) to those volunteering (special shoutout to outgoing Chair Nick who's producing much-needed PPE) and everyone adhering to government guidelines. For how fell-running specifically fits with the latter, we've reproduced the FRA's statements on the next pages.

As I write this I should be nearing the end of 190 miles running (walking!) across the country. In the grand scheme of Global Pandemic it's a minor setback really, but many of you reading this will

have had similar disappointments in cancelled races and events. I hope we can use this to motivate us further and appreciate the little things... Is it just me or have the birds been particularly noisy these spring mornings?!

It's been heartening too to see how important "community" is for us, though it be mainly virtual, not physical. A small example for me: instead of my Northern Traverse event, a few friends and I did 'virtual coast to coast dotwatching', adding together distances ran and I spouted nonsense about the route. We certainly "got to" Robin Hood's Bay a lot quicker!



I've got a lot of thoughts on running during lockdown, as I'm sure we all have, but I'll leave it to Fiona, who's articulated her feelings much better than I could, from page 9.

Anyway, as I think Her Majesty said, **we shall meet again on the fells and in the pub.** In the meantime, enjoy the silliness in this special issue, and let's continue to encourage and support each other. Missing you all.

Kim Ashworth- Torrier Editor

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Above: Haworth Hobble 2020 with Biz and Fran recreating 2017's joyful jump (left) with Zoe and Louise.

*2020 picture purchased from Sport Sunday by the author, 2017 by Woodentops*

## **Advice/plea to fell runners: tread carefully.**

*The following was posted on the Fell Runners Association website on 25th March and was correct at time of editing. As always, please follow current government guidelines, and if in doubt, be sensible. Happy running. –Ed.*

*There has been a lot of speculation about what is allowed (or not) under the current Government regulations and there are no definitive answers. There will always be folk who try to bend the rules to suit themselves but I urge you all to limit your activities to minimise even socially distanced contact with other people and to avoid any physical contact with gates, stiles etc.*

*I am lucky enough to live within striking distance of the Lake District and there is nothing I love better than ticking off Birketts and other high fells. During my six decades, I have required rescue and hospitalisation twice and both were as a result of simple slips on easy ground. It can happen to YOU.*

*We all need to adjust our behaviours and attitudes.  
Avoid ANY un-necessary travel. Run/walk from home.  
Thank you  
Charmian Heaton  
FRA Chairman*

Now more than ever is the time to think about others and yourself. We can all help save lives by thinking and being considerate. Running is important for many of us, especially now the UK is in lock-down. This is our chance as a community to show leadership, compassion and maintain and build our reputation as responsible outdoor users.

Many of us are already working overtime in the NHS and other key roles across the country. We ask you please to read and follow this advice:

- Run for sanity not peak performance - there are no races in the near future.
- Maintain base,
- Let those injuries recover,

- Do that strength and conditioning work you've always put off!
  - Keep in touch! We'll all miss seeing our club-mates, well most of them, social media makes keeping in touch easier than ever, but the phones still work and not everyone is online.
  - Don't be a casualty - the NHS is busy and mountain rescue and other emergency services are too.
  - Now more than ever – do not run if you feel at all unwell. Headache, sore throat, persistent dry cough, temperature of 38 or above and loss of smell/taste are all documented symptoms of C19.
  - Don't go for long and/or strenuous runs – injury or heart attacks are best avoided!
  - Avoid running on terrain where you may injure yourself (think about walking it) – Mountain rescue may not be coming to get you!
  - Kit Check - You are on your own.
  - Take full FRA kit as a minimum
  - Take enough food and drink; the café is shut, the pub is too.
- Infection – keep your distance, and keep your hands clean
- Avoid other people outdoors where possible, go early or late in the day to avoid the crowds
  - Keep your distance if you meet others out there.
  - Think about gates, stiles and anything else that people had their hands on. Imagine everything you touch is covered in pink paint! How do you prevent transferring it to other surfaces and users? How do you keep it off the rest of your stuff – keys, jacket, shoes, front door – wear gloves you can throw away or wash when you get home.

#### Route planning

- We love running but it's non-essential: run from home
- As always, let someone know your route and when to expect you back. By text/phone if you live alone.

We all love the fells but the current situation means we all need to act differently. Other European countries have banned mountain sports and imposed 2km limits for all activities. Please let's all be sensible and keep the access we still have. One news story about a 'reckless fell runner needing rescuing' could be the end for now.

Nicky Spinks: FRA Access and Environment Officer

Ian Winterburn: FRA member rep and Woodhead MR team member

Dave Bowen: FRA Fixtures Secretary and Buxton MR team member

Jon Morgan: Anaesthetist and Mountain Guide

Ian Fitzpatrick: NHS Nurse and FRA race organiser

Sally Fawcett: Physiotherapist and Strength and Conditioning Coach

## Stream of consciousness

How lucky are we?! Compared to runners in urban areas or the non-runners that don't know what they're missing. In common with many others, I went through a range of emotions and responses in the past few weeks (is it really only a few weeks?! ) and have got to the 'make the best of it' view point. Helped considerably by the spectacularly good weather - it's a joy to commune with the skylarks and curlews on the moors. I haven't seen many rabbits or stoats recently, but I'm probably not up early enough, or late enough. And I'm definitely not still enough to catch sight of the local badgers or foxes - although I'd love to know what lives in the big burrows on Wadsworth Moor on the bit of the Calderdale Way between Old Town and the golf course. Very big burrows - deep enough to do serious damage if you put a foot down.

So all our plans for races and/or boot camps to make a step change in fitness have gone by the wayside. And it feels like the world and his wife are watching and judging everyone and everything. Why do we do that to each other? So easy to say 'be kind' and so hard to remember, when someone posts something that makes our blood boil. Again, we are so lucky to live in this beautiful part of the world - no we don't have 'proper' mountains, but that means we can get out in our friendly hills and woods in more or less any weather (maybe not 6' snow drifts) for more or less any distance we care to





do (I won't grass you up if you feel the need to run 10, 20 or more miles from your home on some days). I haven't had the courage yet to get my bike out - too worried about doing the sideways pratfall again and breaking something again. Running is much safer!

And the larks are still singing their hearts out, and the curlews doing their looping flights and making those eerie calls, and the whole hedgerow gang of different little songbirds still besieging my neighbour's hanging buffet in the willow tree opposite with gusto, harangued by the local starling mob and the greedy pheasants that pretty much come up and tap on the window when the free supply gets a bit low.

I finally got round to joining Strava, about 5 years after a Toddy first invited me. The technology has moved on a bit and (if I remember to switch it on at the start!) my new watch uploads my run details before I've finished stretching. I've made a statement of intent and replaced my ancient little rucksack, happily remembering the 15% loyalty



discount with Pete Bland (I think that runs to the end of April so apologies if I just annoyed some of you with the reminder that you missed it). In the years I've had the old one, there's a whole genre of ultra backpacks and hydration packs come into being. I'm resisting the temptation to stock up on Clif Bars - although I've just been furloughed for at least 6 weeks so that might last until the end of next week.

If anyone wants a loop or figure of eight route on Wadsworth Moor, I think I've now exhausted all the possible combinations and lengths and may have to start going in different directions, although I'm trying to avoid routes that will be busier or with lots of gates or stiles. In common with many, I've perfected my no-hands stile technique. What a strange world we now live in! And still the lambs scamper and bleat and the ewes call them to order and the new leaves are blinking and unfurling in the bright, bright April sun. See you on the hill sometime. We will run together again one of these days. I miss you all, and the common bond we share as runners and lovers of freedom and wild places, and the challenge of testing ourselves.

Favourite film: Pete's Dragon

Favourite song: Train - Drops of Jupiter

Favourite race: Great Lakes Run - I will do that again one day!

Favourite online gym class: Alison Farrell - Barre pilates

Favourite lockdown recipe: Paella

Fiona Armer

*Left: Fiona's rendering of "on the tops near High Brown Knoll, when I was spectating at the Trog on that lovely, sparkly day in 2019...which lured me into doing it this year!"*

## Who's who in Tod Harriers: your President Dave Wilson

Many years ago (well, in 1987) I joined Todmorden Harriers. At that time it was a very small club of around 40 or so members. It was then that I met Dave Wilson, who along with Ian Morris changed my life by introducing me to fell running and in particular navigation and mountain marathons.

Dave is a fairly quiet character but do not be fooled – still waters run deep.



Dave was born in Todmorden in 1955 and as a child was very active. At school he was a really good sprinter and long jumper and always got into school teams. On leaving school he continued running but also became a cyclist.

It was in the mid 80s that Dave was persuaded by his work colleagues Vincent Miles/Paul Hazeltine and Ian Matthews (who only a few of you will remember) to enter the first Shepherds Skyline race organised by Mark Grice in 1986. He discovered he enjoyed it and went on to cycle to other local races.

In 1987 he joined Todmorden Harriers who at the time ran mainly road and local fell races. Dave started venturing up to the Lake District to race and encouraged others to do so. He continued to improve as a runner and put in some pretty impressive performances. 1991 was his best year with results such as Three Peaks - 3.26, Haworth Hobble - 4.45, Langdale Horseshoe - 2.22 and Ben Nevis - 1.53.

Unfortunately in 1992 Dave developed ME. His local GP (our very own Gerry Williams ) advised him to carry on but to slow down, so this is what he did. Over the next 10 years or so Dave (as the Rustler) wrote race previews and race reports on every single race in our fell championship. These reports were well written and with humour.

He also organised the first few fell championships and attended every single race. One year he organised all three teams in the Calderdale Way Relay (he does point out that it was easier in those days as a smaller club as everyone knew everyone).

In 1993 at a pack run from the Cross at Heptonstall (it was Alan Ainsworth's 50<sup>th</sup> for those who remember him) Dave met Helen and the rest is history. Helen encouraged him to retrain, and from working at Warman's (now Weirs) he got a degree and a doctorate, and went on to lecture at Huddersfield University. They have 3 children between them: Skye and Ailsa who they have always encouraged to love the outdoors, and their older half-sister Kelly, whose two younger children make Dave a grandad!

Over the years Dave has continued to get out on the fells and probably his main skill is his ability to navigate and his route choice is second to none. I still use the Dave Wilson route round Crinkle Crag in the Langdale FR , which I believe to be the best.

Whilst Dave has been hampered by ME and more recently a hip problem he has continued to do mountain marathons. He has been on the start line of the KIMM/OMM on 32 occasions and completed 28; completed 22 SLMM and run in the LAMM, RAB, Capricorn and Rock and Run MM. Most of these he



has run with Helen. His best MM achievement was winning the mixed team prize in the Scafell class (Elite) in the Saunders.

He is not to be deterred. They also came third in their class in the Saunders when Helen was 4 ½ months pregnant and he has managed to complete events with a shoe sole that was held on by a shoe lace.

Dave is currently in the middle of treatment for non Hodgkin's lymphoma and therefore in 12 weeks isolation. I know everyone will join with me to wish him a speedy recovery.



Mandy Goth

### **A message from Dave:**

*Note: this is a transcript of what I said at the Presentation Do in December*

I'd just like to thank the committee for asking me if I would be president for the next couple of years.

When I joined the club, roughly about 33yrs ago, the club itself was in disarray. It was run by dinosaurs with dinosaur ideas. When we went to the monthly meeting on a Monday night, it was like war. People were just falling out. It was very entertaining, but it was absolute war! Mandy took over as chair, and things seemed to settle down a bit.



Well I suppose they had to, because you didn't argue with Mandy.... you just got on with it!

Over the next few years people started putting together a few ideas about how the club should progress.

I don't think most of you will know Mark Grice, but Mark suggested that the club follows the Clayton-Le-Moors model of training; and from that model we got the Wednesday night pack run. And those pack runs have been running every Wednesday night since.

Keith Parkinson. Again most of you will know Keith - although a few of you won't - he had access to a hand-cranked printer. I mean it was that old that you had to turn a wheel to do the printing! He suggested that we put together a newsletter so that the club could communicate with its members- and that newsletter's been running ever since. There are other ways now in which people communicate but we've still got the newsletter.

Gerry Williams, again most of you probably won't know who Gerry is, but he suggested we have a Grand Prix. So there would be 6 fell races and 6 road races and that Grand Prix has been continuing ever since. And I think we're still using the spreadsheet that he created when we got this Grand Prix going! From the original Grand Prix we got the Fell Championship, and we got the Road Championship and things have progressed from there with the Trail Championship, the Ultra-Championship and the Cross Country.

What we've got now is this current initiative which was started by Mandy that is held together by a really good support network of people in the club, who are helping these people who want to run, become runners, keeping themselves healthy and fit.

And that really says to me what Todmorden Harriers is all about. And I hope you don't mind me saying this, but Tod Harriers is not just a

club... it's a community. And it's that community that's keeping us all together here.

And I'd like to say again, thank you for allowing me to take up this presidency.

Dave Wilson

## **Running in the time of coronavirus lockdown**

Is it still one run if you don't stop your Strava?

Your normal running route might feel repetitive after a while, but if you time it for after 11am you'll be too drunk to care.

Viruses have no form of propulsion so if you run faster then 5 min miles you can't catch a thing.

Just like copper, graphene has been found to have anti-viral properties... so says an anonymous source from inov8.

Holding your breath isn't only good anaerobic training, it also allows you to run past people on the canal.

If you've locked yourself in your house, the summit of Everest is just 2500 flights of stairs away – source people living in cities lucky enough to have stairs.

Dolphins are returning to Sardinian harbours, Venetian canals are running clear, goats are roaming Llandudno's streets and UFOs have returned to Todmorden skies.

On a day at the end of March, Churn Milk Joan had a grand total of £648 in coins, which could get you three whole sachets of yeast.

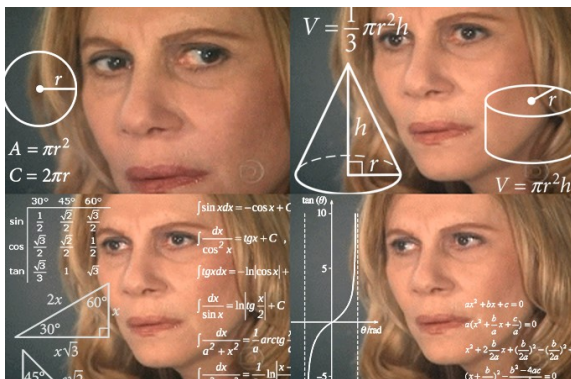
Boris Johnson is now following everyone on Strava... prompting the whole of CVFR to put their accounts on “private”.

Legend has it, the passing of 42 lights in the sky is linked to the spring at Stoodley releasing hand sanitiser.

Air pollution has reduced so much you can now see the Eiffel tower from Stoodley Pike...

...and finally, if you're wanting to hone or foster new skills, making origami models from old race maps will improve your navigation skills SEVENFOLD.

Anon (for once, it's not Stu!)



## Happy birthday Centre Vale: a parkrunner's story

*The following was written by a new Toddy for Centre Vale parkrun's first birthday in March, reproduced with permission of the author. It's a good one to show to those reluctant runners in the family...*

I'll start with a small confession - I used to do a bit of running. In fact, fifteen years ago, in my mid-twenties, I signed up for the Edinburgh Marathon, despite the fact I hadn't so much as run for a bus since my school days. I remember sticking a beginners training plan to the fridge and ticking off each run as I completed it. All went well for a while but about two thirds of the way through my training, I developed a hip injury along with shin splints and was not able to complete most of my longer training runs in the weeks leading up to the marathon.

Stubbornly resolved to complete the challenge I had set myself, I duly hobbled round the marathon course when the big day arrived, in pain from mile six onwards. My family were incredibly supportive, cheering me on at various stages around the route and I do remember an incredible sense of achievement when I finally made it over the finish line some five and a half hours later. The next weekend (still very sore) I dragged myself round a charity 5k I had signed up for many months earlier and then, after that, nothing, nada, zilch – I quite literally never put my trainers back on or ran another single step for many many years.

I don't really know what happened and why I let all that fitness just slip away - I guess training had taken up too much of my free time and, in all honesty, I think I found the pressure (totally self-imposed) of training for a marathon quite traumatic. I certainly hadn't come to love the feeling of running and it hadn't made me a happier person.

Fast forward 15 years to January 2019, now aged 41, feeling the excesses of the Christmas revelries and more than three stone overweight, I knew I needed to make some changes to my lifestyle and resolved it was time to have another go at a bit of running. So I downloaded the Couch to 5k app, headed out on to the canal towpath and started running for 60 seconds and walking for 90 seconds alternately.

I felt a small sense of achievement after that first run and quietly committed to myself to keep going with the programme. In Week 5, delighted to now be running for 5 minutes at a time, I bumped into a neighbour who said; 'You should go to parkrun – they've just started a new one in Todmorden!' 'Sounds great' I replied breezily, internally telling myself there's no way I could ever be 'good enough' to run with other people.

But this word 'parkrun' kept popping back into my head and when I

found myself googling it a few days later, there it was, Centre Vale parkrun, only a few weeks old and right on my doorstep! So I made a commitment to myself that when I completed the Couch to 5k programme I would go and try a parkrun and, sure enough, on 6 April 2019, I turned up on my own and completed my first ever parkrun in 36 minutes and 1 second!

I found it really tough but I definitely experienced the runners high that day and what I remember most was how encouraging the marshals were as I ran round and how many runners came up and made the effort to say 'Well Done' as I finished, gasping for air and legs like jelly. As I recovered, I remember thinking what a lovely buzzing atmosphere there was and how happy everyone seemed – and all this in my local park at 9am on a Saturday morning!

So that was me hooked and I was back again at parkrun the following weekend, this time completing the course 90 seconds faster. I didn't know anyone but I got chatting to friendly folk at the finish line who told me about a beginners running group which meets on a Monday night, organised by Todmorden Harriers.

It took another eight weeks (and a few more parkruns under my belt) before I was brave enough to turn up on my own to the 'Monday Runday' Beginners group but I'm proud to say I've been to nearly every session since. And, of course, I had nothing to worry about – this group is also full of friendly, welcoming folk and caters for all abilities, including those right at the beginning of their Couch to 5k journey. By December 2019 I was a fully-fledged member of Todmorden Harriers and was very proud to wear my Harriers running vest for the first time this weekend at Todmorden's very own annual 10k Road Race – the Red Hot Toddy!







It's been just over a year since I ventured out on the towpath for that first painful session of one-minute runs and I can now run comfortably for an hour or more. Since April last year I've done 29 parkruns and my current PB is 27 minutes & 38 seconds, more than eight minutes faster than my first parkrun. It's such a

great way to start the weekend and has become a kind of anchor in my week, something I try to prioritise and plan other things around. If I'm away for the weekend, I'll look up the closest Parkrun to where I'm visiting and try and build it into the plans. More important than any of the above though, is the fact I can now genuinely say I love the feeling of running and I am a much happier person than I was a year ago!

So what's been different this time around? I am absolutely convinced parkrun has made all the difference. To become part of such an inclusive running community where everyone is encouraged to take part, no matter where they are at on their own personal journey, was absolutely invaluable, especially in those early days when I was running very slowly and feeling very self-conscious. Fifteen years ago when I was marathon training, I never met anyone else who ran and would never have dreamt of being 'good enough' to join an athletic running group. This time around, all my mini parkrun 'victories' have bridged that gap for me and helped me become someone now confident enough to proudly call myself a runner.

parkrun is also where I met my new running buddies and found out about the beginners group and the Harriers. I still like running on my own sometimes but running with other people is always great fun and means I always make the effort to be there when I can, even in bad

weather or dark winter nights when I would be very unlikely to go out alone. I'm sure running with others has helped build my fitness faster too; sometimes I'll push myself hard to keep up with the quicker runners in front and we'll run up hills I would never choose to run up alone, whilst other times I'll run at a much more relaxed pace and chat with others, quietly celebrating the fact I can now run and hold a conversation at the same time. Like many people, I'm sure, my work does not connect me to my immediate community and so parkrun and the running groups also help me feel more connected to my local community and other people who live here.

The other lesson I've learned this time around is that I don't need to have a 'marathon sized goal' in mind for running to feel worthwhile or purposeful. It's absolutely more than enough just to keep showing up for parkrun, week after week, slowly and steadily getting fitter and stronger and chipping away at my PB (but without any of that self-imposed pressure). This time around I am running because I love the feeling and freedom of running, and I have discovered that running really does make me happy.

What else has changed since I started parkrun? Well that three and a half stone I needed to lose has disappeared, I'm addicted to Strava rather than wine (who wants to get up and do parkrun after sinking a bottle of wine on a Friday night?!), I feel a lot more confident in myself and, most of all, I feel a renewed energy and desire to make the most of life and all the opportunities that come my way.

I'm also delighted that my nine-year-old son has begun showing an interest and we've been using the school run to leave the car at home and work our



way through the Couch to 5k app. He's done three parkruns so far and he's been a real support to me so I look forward to seeing where his journey takes him this year too.

And what's next for my parkrun journey in 2020? I have a few mini goals in mind; I'd like to reach my 50th parkrun milestone by the end of 2020 and I'd like to edge closer to a PB somewhere around the 25-minute mark. I want to volunteer at parkrun at least once a month too; I've been tail walker a couple of times and have really enjoyed meeting people just starting out on their own fitness journeys. I wish I'd been brave enough to show up a bit earlier and would urge anyone reading this who's worried about fitting in or about being fast enough just to come along and have a go – I'm sure you won't be disappointed.

So Happy First Anniversary to Centre Vale parkrun – you've made a massive difference to my life this year and I'd like to say a huge thank you to Will and all the volunteers who make parkrun possible, week after week, in all weather conditions! I'm sure you will continue to make a hugely positive impact on many more lives in your second year and beyond ... in the meantime, did someone say there might be cake this Saturday?!

Katy May

*(I'm reliably assured that there was cake. Phew. –Ed.)*

## **Embracing collective enthusiasm (i.e. giving in to FOMO)**

Fear of missing out, or FOMO, is a real phenomenon for people of all ages and has become increasingly prevalent in this age of digital connection. However, it isn't new to our era as there are examples of

FOMO documented in multiple ancient texts. Although often seen as a negative, I have found that it can also bring great opportunities. If I can manage to harness the feeling and allow it to encourage me to be inspired to do something for myself, rather than to focus on comparing my life to others, then sometimes good things can occur. In this case, it was a positive (I think!) and led to my entry to Lakeland 50 (miles) despite having previously run no further than 14km...

Picture the scene: September 2019, sitting in a car on my way to the Hurstwood Hills Trail Race with four fabulous Toddies. Right before the race, they all got their places accepted for the Lakeland 50. I instantly wanted in on the action. I hadn't even considered entering. I wasn't the slightest bit interested. This was Tuesday. On the Saturday, at 9am, remaining charity places opened. I signed up.

It's fair to say that I like a challenge and I'm the sort of person who needs something to aim for, something big to look forward to. Having said all of this, I have never trained for anything in my life. I had suffered greatly for the first two days of an unsupported 14 day LEJOG cycle adventure with my best friend. Man the southwest coast is hilly, way tougher than the gradual climbs of Glencoe! Then, post our trip I had crippling cramps which reduced me to near crawling. I didn't want to ever feel like that again. Queue 'coach' extraordinaire, ultramarathon enthusiast, cheerleader and excellent running buddy, Kim (Ashworth). Her top advice, "You'll be fine! Just up your mileage and learn to eat and run at the same time. You got this! Oh also, you should sign up to The Haworth Hobble, but that's ages away in March."

So this is what I did. Within a month I had run my first half marathon distance (somewhat by accident as I went on a running voyage of discovery around the Calderdale hills. I wasn't just lost, honest!). I also started taking snacks with me in my ill-fitting rucksack. Eating and running came easier than I had expected but I still made sure I practised this part of training a lot. I eventually purchased a pair of

trail shoes. By the end of October I had technically run my first ultramarathon distance, 30 miles for Kim's 30<sup>th</sup>. It was an incredible day with runners of all levels of experience, snacks galore and lots of enthusiastic merriment. A huge thank you to everyone I met on this weekend as it was at this point that I started to believe that I could actually do this run. Probably.

Fast forward to January 2020 and I had somewhat lost the buzz I had gleaned for long distances - probably largely because it was dark, cold and wet. Yey for winter! Positive progress: I had obtained a decent vest pack. As advised, I entered the Haworth Hobble but that was still two months away. That was ages to prepare, right? I was still cycling 80km a week on my commute to work but only running an average of once a week. I knew in the back of my mind that I needed to return to those longer distances. At this point I had mostly run on my own but accompanying Kim on some stunning, and not so stunning, long distance recce runs (new term for me, so much learning!) rekindled that spirit. Great company and sunshine are a bit of a winner combination. Don't get me wrong, there were a few thigh deep bogs too...

Somehow it was now mid-February and I still definitely didn't feel prepared for The Hobble. A strong suggestion that I recce the route before the race led to Kim organising that she, Sophie Cunningham and I set off from Haworth to Tod on a wet and very windy Sunday morning. If I'm honest I hadn't really thought about the navigation side of things; I can read a map but do that and remember how to run at the same time - what is this madness?! Fuelled by pretzels, fizzy belts and trail mix we made our way through just over half of the route. Map studied with twists and turns noted in order to recall them on the day, I was feeling a little more prepared. I was also more mentally ready; ready to get rained on, to wade across a ford up to my mid-thigh and to get blown to bits. I also noted not to look towards Stoodley Pike on race day. Seeing the monument within the first 10km but with another 25km until you reach it is cruel, so cruel!



Receiving the second half of the route took place just a week before the race itself and it genuinely was a real joy: super run buddy Kim, sunshine, snacks and stunning scenery. Having only lived in the area for just over eighteen months it was pleasing to piece together run routes, races and walking adventures all so close to home. The whole race route covered, it was now just down to how I ran on the day. Having not looked at my work schedule I ended up on a shift until 10:30pm the night before The Hobble, great planning and a classic Fran error. On my 7pm dinner break I ate what felt like my bodyweight in macaroni cheese and hoped that I had packed everything ready for the morning. I realised chatting to colleagues about my weekend plans that I was genuinely looking forward to my first ultra race. However, a sombre undertone was present as the outbreak of Covid-19 in the UK had brought with it the possibility that the race would be cancelled. Even with a reassuring email from race organisers, we had to be prepared that on the day it might all be called off.

Race day. Everyone loves a 5am alarm, right? Filled with porridge, coffee and kit double checked (I had managed to lose my map...) Kim and I set off for Haworth. To be honest it all is a bit of a blur from here; registering, attaching race numbers, saying hello to people I knew or sort of recognised, organising kit for after the race, having a pre-race wee and getting to the start. I didn't have a time in mind in which to complete the race, although it had been suggested that around seven hours would be achievable. All I wanted to do was to get to the finish and say that I had managed to complete the race. Having found that Kim and I were a similar pace it made sense to start together but we had discussed that we would separate whenever it felt right to do so. Friend and fellow Tod Harrier Biz (Holmes) was also running and so we formed a trio and set off together with a fumbling beginning having missed the starting announcement. We were off!

Chat instantly turned excitedly to snacks as Biz reeled off all the

delicious delights in her pack. That set the tone for the rest of the race. This is definitely one reason why I love long distance running! After half an hour of running, we diligently consumed snack one. Hilariously/devastatingly, Biz realised that Ben had taken her pack of treats instead of his own and that she would be without her proclaimed delicacy of a Babybel and a fig roll combination. I ate almost constantly! It was a misty and murky day, cool but not cold, drizzly but not wet. Fortunately, I didn't have to think about not looking to The Pike as it was far too overcast to see to be able to see it.

We had set a good pace. Too fast? It felt fast. Everything from the recce seemed to come and go so quickly and before I knew it we had reached Widdop Reservoir, our first checkpoint. Water topped up and broken biscuits grabbed, we continued on. Spirits were high and the weather was brightening. I had debated at the start whether to keep my waterproof on but was glad that I had stuck with the 'Be bold, start cold' strategy. It had been three weeks since we had practically swum through the ford and I was somewhat relieved to see that we could cross it far more easily today. Kim kept us entertained as she told an incredibly long winded 'joke' to keep us going and she even sang (still to be convinced by this as coping strategy!). Past Hurstwood Reservoir, where this all began six months ago, and up to the second check point. I was feeling great. On offer were more broken biscuits yet amongst the shards there was just one whole biscuit visible in the bag. The man before me proceeded to break this biscuit in half and just take one half with him. I was disproportionately enraged by this act, not enough to say anything, why not just take an already broken biscuit...the things a race does to people hey? Up a stretch of climbing road, past a grumpy farmer (to whom I was purposefully overly polite) and we reached another checkpoint. Having had my fill of biscuits, the next checkpoint offered hot dogs and doughnuts. Kim had rightly warned me off eating hot dogs mid race, I opted for a doughnut. This was a poor choice. All that I learnt about not overloading on sugar went out the window at the

temptation. It tasted great but I could still taste it at least 7km later.

Having had the first part of the race fly by, it felt like it was taking forever to head towards Todmorden and that climb up to Stoodley Pike. It was here that I was most grateful for knowing the route, partly in knowing what lay ahead but also in not having to think about reading a map. People around us were checking, debating and running back on themselves to clarify that they were on



the right track. We could just enjoy the run. Yes, we were still a happy trio! I was surprised that we had managed to stick together- it was fabulous. My spirits couldn't have been higher and this was noted by runners around us who commented on our chipper attitude as we reached the opportunity for whisky. I declined the whisky on three counts 1) I don't like whisky 2) It didn't seem wise in the current coronavirus riddled climate and 3) I would definitely be sick.

At the start of the race, I had been prepared to be on my own and with a willingness to chat to strangers but it turned out that I got to do both. Climbing to Stoodley I got chatting to two women. A husband of one of the women had promised to stick with them as he knew the route but had abandoned them within the first 5km. I gladly shared my knowledge of the route (feeling slightly smug but also happy that I could help) and got to know a little about them both. Reaching Stoodley Pike is an obvious race landmark but I was daunted by how much more had to run. Coming down towards Hebden Bridge

we became quiet as a group and I could really feel it in my glutes and in my knees. On the incredibly steep Horsehold Road we began to spread out until I couldn't see Kim or Biz. Biz was ahead, I was in the middle and Kim was behind. Another runner ran past me and shouted that my friend had stopped. Immediately I called Kim, who was also calling me and so we cancelled each other out both getting the option to leave a voicemail. Unfortunately but wisely she had decided to retire from the race due to previous injuries. Despite saying that I had been prepared to run alone, the feeling of now being without both Kim and Biz half way into the race felt disorientating and it took me a few minutes to process that I simply had to push on. I was sad to see Kim go as I knew that the decision wouldn't have been easy for her. *[She had the good fortune to DNF outside Andrew Bibby's house...thanks for the lift, Andrew! -Ed.]* She had also been such a huge part of the build up to this race for me and such a supportive friend.

Somehow I managed to power my way up to Heptonstall and catch up with Biz. We continued our race together with the two women we had met earlier in the day. Again we reiterated to each other that we would run at our own pace and if one of us felt the urge to sprint off (haha) then just to go without a second thought. After ascending out of Hardcastle Craggs we somehow increased our pace and left our new running pals saying we would see them at the finish. The gorgeous sweeping valley views and wide tracks definitely helped and we sort of leapfrogged our way through the latter half of the race. Biz was like a gazelle bounding downhill and I could power up the climbs to catch up with her once more. We remained high spirited, chatting total nonsense and egging each other on. I'm not ashamed to say that overtaking several bewildered runners as we gabbled on about all sorts of twaddle felt amazing. We were both tiring and I was really struggling to pick my feet up enough to clear rocks in the path but I knew we were getting closer and closer. Biz started to count down the kilometres from 8km to the finish. Then, just a parkrun to go... 5km, that's nothing!

I don't think that I have ever pushed my body so hard, or dug as deep to just keep going. Reaching the edge of Haworth and descending the cobbles to the church I was incredibly conscious not to fall, convinced that I would be in a heap at any moment. Somehow in dodging tourists on the high street as we burst down the steps, we found a new spurt of energy. Being greeted by Kim and Ben with smiles and whoops was an incredible feeling.

Finishing was surreal. God I was sweaty, salty. My legs were like lead. My toes had hurt since the first 10km - needless to say I had a fabulously bruised toenail. I had done it. I was on a definite high, impressed by what my body could do and how far I could continue to push it. And continue to push it I will with just an additional 18 miles to cover in Lakeland 50. Bring it on!

Sadly but sensibly, the Lakeland 50 has been cancelled for 2020. However with more time for running than ever before, training continues... as does the snack and cake consumption.

Fran Miller

## **Early morning lockdown run logs**

Tuesday 14th April

Where to: Walsden>Ramsden Clough>Inchfield Moor>Gorpley Clough

How far: 14km. Longest since March 1st. Not much running. Mostly taking photos

Time started: 7:11am

People passed: 9; 6 dogs, sheep on the canal path, cows, rabbits, an army of squirrels, and a springing deer!

Music in my ears: Spotify Discover Weekly. Pretty chilled - made a change from the Electronica I've been smashing out the miles to on the roadie. Some melancholic, some ecstatic. Made for a pretty ethereal experience.

Shoes on my feet: Inov-8 X-talons. Toad shoes [*sic, he means road shoes –Ed.*] would probs have sufficed, even on the frosty boggy patches.

Worth getting up for?: So glad that 'Solid Maybe' fell the right way. See 'Other notes'.

Did you feel handsome?: Like the lovechild of Rob Holdsworth and Tom Hardy.

Other notes of interest: One of the best local runs of life. Thank you for the motivation/idea gang.

Not to be too sentimental, but when I saw that young deer gambolling about in that frosty field in the low morning sun without a care in the world, it made me think that everything's gonna be alright...

Thursday 16<sup>th</sup> April

Where to: An odyssey to Tod's highest point.

How far: 15.1km (Early morning PB)

Time started: 7:02am (PB by 9 mins)

People passed: 6 (PB cos it's lower right?), 0 with dogs?!



Music in my ears: 'Vinyasa Flow' playlist recommended by Spotify which I thought was gonna be some hippy-ass bullshit, but actually I was totally vibing out when I hit that moor.

Shoes on my feet: 🐸

Worth getting up for?: So much so that I might make this a thing.

Did you feel handsome?: Face - No (sweaty), Legs - No (Very sore), Soul - Yes (Nourished by low sun and hippy-ass bullshit)

Other notes of interest: In future, must remember not to

roll out of bed and up  
Doghouse Lane with cold legs  
that wish they were still in  
bed...

Bonus fun fact: You can see at  
least 84 wind turbines from  
Tod's highest point!

Dom Leckie



## Pack run pubs

*This summer marks the 21<sup>st</sup> anniversary of my first ever pack run with Tod Harriers. I thought I would mark the occasion by trying to remember all the pubs I have ever run from on Wednesday evenings since then. –AB*

### Todmorden

Bare Arts. Pink, pinker, pinkest. No, it was pinker even than that. Food was an enormous slab of bread, a great slab of cheddar and a pickled onion.

Polished Knob. Hmm. Hmmm. Handy for parking in the market though.

Queen. This was for many years something of a regular for us. I remember slightly curious curries.

Mason's Arms. I think we all liked the Mason's. Hillsides in all directions, even if the initial climb up was inevitably steep.

Rope and Anchor. I think that was the name. The pub on the Hx Road a little way out which is now long gone. Beer was incredibly cheap.



Maybe that's why it went.

Bridge End WMC. This has been a relatively new venue, perhaps beginning to replace the Mason's in people's affections.

Golden Lion. A bit marmite this pub, I'd say. Good that it has reopened, though.

Bramsche bar. Oh yes, we ran from here more than once. Winter venue.

Jack's House. First time in 2020, I think, and really pleasant. Must go again.

Sourhall. We were the last ever customers. Week 1 was normal-ish, week 2 had no draught beer, week 3 still had no beer, and by week 4 it had closed.

Hare and Hounds. It's a decent pub. What else can I add?

The White Hart. I think we may have run from here in pre Wetherspoon's day, but I'm not sure.

Hollins. This was the rather pleasant pub in Walsden in Hollins Rd. Really well placed for getting on to the hills behind. It became a Chinese restaurant briefly and then disappeared.

Tod Golf Course (up at Cross Stone). We ran from the clubhouse several times. I'm not sure who had the initial contact. Hopefully the meat dish didn't use the horse meat from the chap with the dodgy abattoir next door.

Staff of Life. A regular for very many years, with that tempting path up the side of the hill towards the Flower Scar moors just opposite Shepherd's Rest. This has always traditionally been the April venue,

for the Spring release on to the hills. The food has changed over the years. Anyone else remember the slightly odd baguettes they served up for a time?

### **Littleborough and Summit**

The Red Lion. Cheap but dodgy beer. And lots of people had their cars broken into round the back by the canal one Wednesday. Never again.

The Rake. This is now a tapas bar, but we ran from here when it was a trad pub, and very pleasant it was too. A very large long central table, as I recall.

The Summit. This has been a regular for several seasons.

Moorcock (half way up the hill). The good thing about running from here was that you could get across the other side of the M62 and explore Lancashire's Ogden Res and the other nearby reservoirs. The bad thing was the uneatable baked potato which they took over half an hour to get to me one Wednesday.

White House. My first ever pack run was from here. I was off the back of Mandy's group (a bit like I would be today).

### **Hebden Bridge and Heptonstall**

Stubbing Wharf. A regular. (Is it because Mandy and Phil live a minute's walk away?)

The Crown. Surely the most unatmospheric pub we've ever run from. Oh dear.

Old Gate. We were put upstairs. Quite good food, but small quantities.

White Swan. This was for a long time a regular. But something happened in terms of our relationship with the landlady Elizabeth.

Lane Ends. This has been a summer pack run venue for almost ever, and quite deservedly.

Robin Hood, Pecket. I know we had at least one month one summer running from here.

Fox and Goose. Difficult parking, but good to support a co-op pub.

The Cross, Heptonstall. This has started appearing in the venue list in relatively recent times, I think. Have we also had pack runs from the White Lion? I can't remember.

### *Mytholmroyd and Cragg*

Shoulder. This was always the traditional place in October when most of us started again on the roads. Food was a large slice of meat from the carvery in a teacake (this was in the days when I still ate meat).

Dusty Miller. Slightly odd having to buy fish and chips out the back, I thought. Very sad what's happened in terms of the floods.

Libertines. Well, it's always good to support new ventures (even if they don't last long).

Robin Hood. The evening the chef had forgotten about us but improvised by delivering the most astonishingly amazing buffet you have ever seen is still remembered fondly by all who were there. Great location for Manshead, Erringden Moor etc. So good that this pub came back from the dead.

Hinchcliffe. Snooty reputation, I know, but they did accommodate us for at least one summer month and it was fine.

## Over the hills and far away

Kebs. Another brave but ultimately unsuccessful attempt to keep a country pub open. A great place for fell-running. I once led a medium group from here through the most appalling tussocks the other side of Hoof Stones Height. Belated apologies.

New Delight. I never ran from the Top Shoulder in Blackshawhead. Some nasty property developer got their hands on it (this is a private joke to one particular Toddie). But at least the New Delight reopened. Well, of course we have to run from here. Lovely, just a little noisy.

The Queen in Cliviger. For those times when Toddies want to run in Lancashire. Towneley Park, Deer Play, Cant Clough etc. Almost always a long run back along the road.

Lord Nelson, Luddenden. This entered the pack run scene circa 2015, I think. Deservedly popular winter venue.

### *So where have I forgotten?*

Several pubs have been the venue for our winter MMMs (Packhorse, Cat i't Well, Bay Horse in Oxenhope, Roebuck in Portsmouth) but not to my knowledge for pack runs, so they don't count. We run races from Top Brink, but not I think Weds pack runs – so that doesn't count. I know in very ancient times there were pack runs from the Kettledrum and from Bacup, but they were before my time, so they don't count either. Lots of 5k races begin at the Falcon in Littleborough, but I'm not sure we ever used the Falcon for pack runs. I have a feeling we may have run from more places in HB, but memory fades.

Andrew Bibby

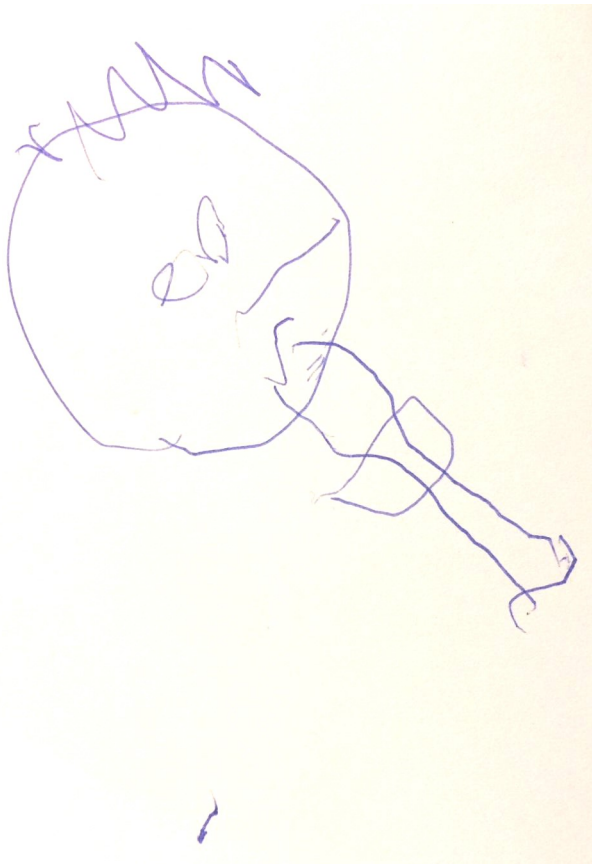
# Greg May, running

By Úna May

2020

Ink on paper, reproduced by kind permission of the artist

*‘Currently developing her style, the young artist uses line in an expressive manner to convey a true sense of motion.’ - Art Critic F.L.Miller.*



Answers to page 63's quiz:  
1: Pip/Nick & Katch. 2: Finn/Richard & Jane. 3: Scout/Rosie & Rob. 4: Grohl/Stu & Julie. 5: Kim/Louise & Dwane. 6: Bella/Elise & Graham

## The joy of navigation

I love maps. I always have done. I've killed several thousands of hours trying to look busy in various jobs by secretly looking over google maps and OS maps online (productive right?). Thinking back, I guess I've just always naturally been drawn to route selection in everyday life. "Can I shave off a minute or 2 in a commute by taking a certain side street and avoid congestion?". "Can I take a route with interest and avoid monotonous stretches of motorway?" etc. I once took a quick scan of google maps before taking my wife Alice from our house right to the doorstep of her best friend's house in a London suburb without having to look again en-route. I wouldn't stop banging on about it afterwards. Alice didn't think it was that amazing. I guess I'm easily pleased.

I guess fell running has really allowed me to explore this in a way that not many other types of running can really offer me. It really feeds my need to explore the hills and mountains off-piste, moving across terrain quickly but also having to remain switched on and aware of my surroundings. When I'm out walking with Alice she is incredibly resistant to my attempts at persuading her to venture off-piste. Perhaps it's a feeling of security that comes with pathways. I suppose even the most hardened fell runners still feel some level of comfort when stumbling on a nicely preserved sheep trod.

I often find paths to be a little restrictive. Even in fell races, following a fully flagged route can often feel quite restrictive to me (although a great way of introducing people to the sport). There's a great thrill in seeing fell runners hit a checkpoint and then disperse in all manner of different directions across a hill, looking for that perfect line. It's those races where route choice is a factor where I really feel free to strategise and gain advantage through smart navigation and hill craft in a way that I feel lies at the heart of the sport. I find it hard to describe the feelings of excitement, adrenaline and child-like mischief when I've found myself lagging physically, only to find myself popping

out of the heather and the clag to find I've leapfrogged my way up the field, such as in recent Hoofstones and Midgley Moor Races.

And then there are the score events. This is fairly new territory for me but something I'm really keen to explore. Running with Antony De Heveningham at the Tod Harriers Mini Mountain Marathon, I just felt in my element as we rushed across open moorland, bashing through tussocks looking for those elusive lines that seem to appear and reappear with every few steps, having no sense of position within the race, it's a pure test of mountain craft, navigation and endurance. I do really struggle with this kind of thing though when it comes to more lowland, mixed terrain. At one of Jackie Scarf's in 2019, I found myself running around various farmyards being chased by rabid dogs!

And of course, it doesn't all go to plan all the time, and by no means am I an expert at navigation. I've found myself in some hairy situations occasionally through poor nav choices. In April 2018, following on from the 'beast from the east', I found myself clinging to the side of a very wet and greasy Y gribin ridge in Snowdonia after a rushed navigational error led to dropping onto the ridge too early. It was a tense climb down and one of the most intense and terrifying experiences of my life. But then it's experiences like this that make me want to improve so that I don't really go through similar experiences again. I do still get quite anxious when the clag rolls in, although it's something I'm beginning to become more comfortable with.

Anyway, I know navigation perhaps comes more naturally to some than others, but I do believe it's something that everybody can grasp and can be really fun to learn and can really enhance experiences out in the hills, not just competitively but by taking you off the beaten track to explore parts of hills where the path might not take you. Even locally, you might find a view you've never seen before and never would have seen if you hadn't taken yourself off that path. The FRA have some great navigation courses, which are coordinated by our



very own Greg and Pauline May. These courses will be held at Kettlewell (North Yorkshire) in March, and at Elterwater (Lake District) in September at a cost of £85 for FRA members and £105 for Non FRA members. More information can be found at [fellrunner.org.uk/navigation.php](http://fellrunner.org.uk/navigation.php). The following books are also great resources:

- The Ultimate Navigation Manual by Lyle Brotherton
- Cicerone Navigation Techniques and Skills for Walkers by Peter Hawkins
- The Natural Navigator by Tristan Golley

P.S. I'm on the lookout for a partner for mountain marathon events. My main requirements are that you don't snore and that we're a reasonable match physically. You'll have to put up with sharing a tent with the world's most infuriating insomniac who fidgets like crazy so if that sounds like a good match then get in touch! How about that for an advert...

Ricky Parrish

*Inspired? Why not try your hand at...*

## **Armchair Beerienteering**

During this time of lockdown some of us have been taking part in the new sport of Beerienteering. As part of our daily dose of exercise, over the last few weeks, beers were hidden at various locations and a rhyme posted to identify each spot. The challenge was to decipher the rhyme (based on the OS South Pennines 1:25,000 map) and go find a beer. The rules were simple: Wash your hands!, don't drink directly from the can or bottle, drink responsibly, and don't twat yourself J .....The beers have gone but the nine clues lend themselves to some armchair beerienteering. Examine the clues referring to the OS map and find the relevant place names or locations where the beer was

located. **First person to email me with all seven spots wins a bottle of beer!** (Clues 2, 3 and 4 don't have place names on map...so give me a six figure map reference or a description of the spot...you might have to do a recce to find them!)

### **Clues:**

#### **1. Blackshaw area:**

This spot has a rabbit theme,  
The wolves to the north are not as they seem,  
The hawks to the east are not in the air,  
This place is the motion of bunny or hare,  
At the obtuse wall corner is where you should stop,  
Hippety hoppety hippety hop

#### **2. Erringden area:**

You can see Richard's Road and the Hill of the Lex, You must look to  
Southeast to see where to go next,  
The Black Cats are roaming in the woods to the west, Northeast the  
bells toll if your hearing is blessed,  
If you examine the map closely you might see a pond, It's now just a  
bog, you must look beyond,  
There's a ruin beside it, you'll see what was a door,  
Here you'll find bitter irony, that's for sure

#### **3. N of Midgley:**

From the moor of a Scottish pest,  
Travel to the north north west,  
And, if you want to find the ale,  
Go across the fading dale,  
Inbetween two watery towers,  
Cross the moor getting higher, not lower,  
Walk northeast along a trod,  
That makes its way through tuft and sod,  
Keep eyes peeled off to the north,  
As skulking there in heathery turf,

An implacable fellow, it's Tittiman's boy,  
It's here that you'll find your beery joy.

4. Hebden side of Erringden:

Not far on a track from the Ancient Pot,  
(The name of a farm, a potty it's not),  
An equine hamlet's away to the west,  
To the east in the woods you'll find a crows nest,  
At a crossing of tracks when viewed from above,  
You'll find foreign beer in the Tunnel of Love

5. N of Mytholmroyd:

To the east of the edge of the petrified sheep,  
There's a hill with a cairn, it is there you should seek,  
A milkmaid stands watch if you wander up here,  
The hill's name? An omen but nothing to fear,  
Good fortune favours the fearless and bold,  
If you lift the cairn's capstone you'll find Spanish gold.

6. N area of Erringden:

NE of "floaters in soup from a market",  
Lies a can in the place where I've parked it,  
Seek a rock that's named after a beer,  
You will find a down under beer here

7. Hebden side of Erringden:

A moor named for a nob? I think not, Above the Side of this Moor  
you'll find the spot,  
An isosceles monolith has been there a long time, Where eggs are  
misplaced and fancy clocks chime,  
The best approach is by Magnificent Leaps, Past a crumbly rock to  
the edge you must keep,  
Here is your treat of musical taste, An unruly beverage...don't let it  
waste

Phil Hodgson ([phil@todharriers.co.uk](mailto:phil@todharriers.co.uk))

Time for a flashback to 1989 courtesy of Dave Wilson...

## LONDON TO BRIGHTON

## BANANAS TO BRIGHTON!

ROBERT BROWN'S STORY

On 7th October 1989 at 11.00am myself, John Newby and two friends Neil and Claire (as back-up support) set off down to London down the M1.

Travelling at speeds of around 70mph we managed to judge to the second that we would hit North London at chaos time and we did! 2 hours later we eventually met up again 30 miles further south at Crystal Palace, where it was just getting dark and here we pitched the tents. Whilst myself and John did this, the other two went in search of some methylated spirits for our stove - eventually returning 90 minutes later after discovering that the shops were shut and having had to barter with a tramp for a small bottle. At around 9pm we eventually went to bed to have nightmares about the next morning.

At 5am we got up, after a night of heavy rain, and made our way to the starting area near Lambeth Bridge. At 6.25 we arrived at the registration point and we got ready. I assembled my chair in the dark and for the first time used some cycle lights. The start at Westminster Bridge was 10 minutes walk away so at 6.50 we raced to the start. In the rush John placed his food and refreshments on the coach which went straight to the finish.

Hot and exhausted, we arrived at the start line with one minute to spare and before long the seven o'clock chimes from Big Ben set us on our way into the dawn over London. Over the first few miles we averaged a speed of about 9.5 minute miles and were very comfortable apart from the roaring traffic of London.

Very soon after, one of my wheels unscrewed itself - meaning I had to swap wheels. Sending John ahead I pulled over and carried out the wheel change. A few minutes later I was again mobile, but at the back of the field. Having stopped early on I was on the border of the cut-off times and I was just beginning to close the gap when the Race Organiser pulled up alongside in his car and introduced himself. I quietly explained why I was so far back - he took my word for it and left. Eventually I caught John, who was pacing himself well, and we went through the 5 miles marker in 41 minutes (10 minutes inside the cut-off time).

Very soon our back-up vehicle pulled up and I had my first banana at the 10 mile point. We were still going well and went through in one hour twenty five minutes - 16 minutes inside the cut-off time. Before long we were again taking refreshments and beginning to leave the busy streets of London. We were going through the precincts of Croydon shopping centre and John mentioned that his groin was beginning to tighten up, something that had troubled him on and off all season. Trying to put this out of his mind we continued on the road to Brighton.

After a longer than usual time we were informed by an official that we were nearing the 15 mile marker. As we went around the next corner we again took on refreshments and split up as John went into the distance up a long hill and I claved my way up a few feet at a time. After a good half mile up hill we went through the 15 mile mark in about 2hrs 20mins - still 14 minutes ahead. On through the countryside we went, avoiding the motorway which has replaced the old road, and we started to slow slightly with John gritting his teeth every inch of the way.

Our target time for 20 miles was three hours but it soon became clear that we had a battle on our hands, eventually going through in about 3hrs 10mins. Now it became clear that we were not extending the gap between ourselves and

the cut-off point. From this point on I moved about 15ft in front of John and tried to keep that distance while maintaining a steady speed. Constantly looking back I could see that John was not improving but was moving through the pain. Nearing Gatwick Airport we came to the 25 mile marker and went through in 4hrs 10mins, only 4-5 minutes inside the cut-off time.

Very soon we began to be passed by the pick-up vehicle which took retired runners to the finish. Passing it several times we soon saw its first victim aboard. Grinding on to Brighton we continued with regular refreshment stops, by now I had eaten 6 bananas and was still feeling relatively fresh.

On approaching a hump back bridge I looked back to see John stood still, clutching his left leg in great pain. Not only had he unbearable pain in his right leg with a groin strain but now he had cramp in his left. The end was now in sight and John made up his mind not to give in now but to make his way to the 30 miles point even though he could get a lift with our back-up vehicle. Inch by inch we headed south, eventually reaching the 30 mile mark in 5hrs 12mins - only 7 minutes behind the cut-off time. At this point John decided enough was enough and handed his number in and collapsed on the back seat of the car.

Stripping down to just my running vest and bottoms I set about making up time and catching the runners. In what seemed no time at all I caught the first few runners and the second big hill at Pound Hill, but once over I was off and made good time to reach 35 mile in about 5hrs 55mins - five minutes inside the cut-off time. Catching runners all the time, I ate yet more bananas with the back-up team of Claire and Neil holding out drinks like the Statue of Liberty.

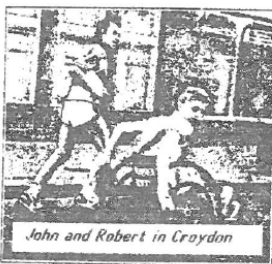
At 40 miles it felt like I had two dead arms, but was encouraged by the amount of runners I was catching and passing. I went through at about 6hrs 30mins - fifteen minutes inside the cut-off time. 45 miles was the point when I decided that I would be able to complete the race, going through in about 7hrs 5mins, giving myself about half an hour inside cut-off time.

Coming to the last hill at 47 miles I knew that all I had to do was to get up the hill at Pyecombe. After that it was all down hill, with cars hitting their horns and cheering me on. I sat about the last steep hill pushing my tyres, which acts as a lower gear. On reaching the top I was greeted by another runner's support who congratulated me and told me that there was no more uphill.

At 50 miles I looked twice because I couldn't believe that it was 50 miles I had travelled. Taking one last drink I set about the last three miles 540 yards. Still catching runners I headed through the town centre with many cars and people making it all worthwhile with their encouragement. I eventually turned into the finishing stretch on eight hours and nine minutes and crossed the line in 5hrs 59mins 56 secs. At the finish I was presented with a certificate, which was a nice touch because I was not an official competitor.

Overall the race was a big team effort with not only myself and John working but Neil and Claire who made the race possible with our refreshments and encouragement from start to finish. Hopefully next year both myself and John can finish the race and maybe other Tod Harriers? The race is certainly worth the effort, and is well organised with little to do except to just follow the signs.

- Robert Brown



John and Robert in Croydon

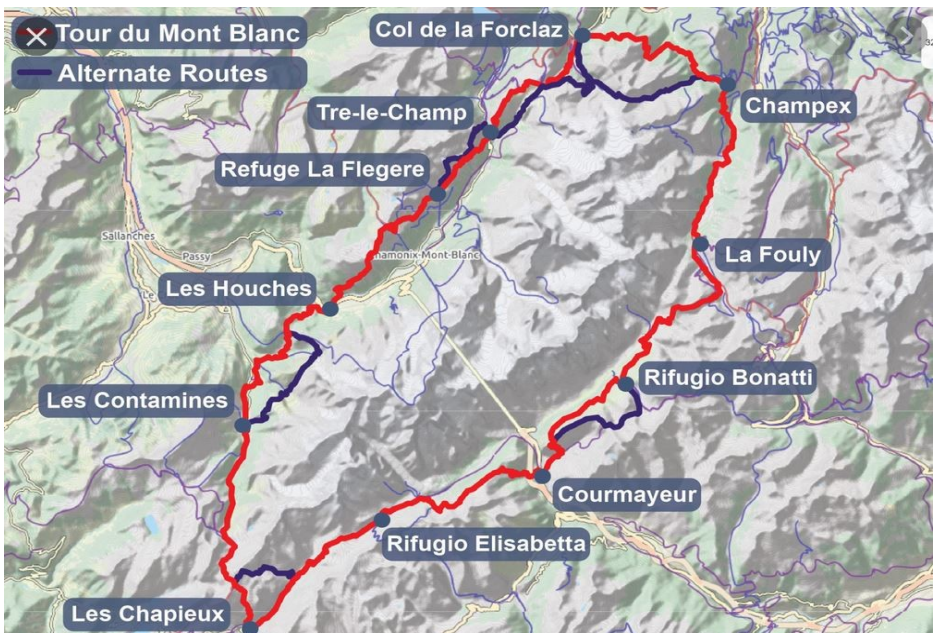
## A Tour of Mont Blanc (2019)

The TMB is a 170 km circular walk around the Mont Blanc massif and is one of the most popular walks in Europe. Having spent a lot of time in Chamonix skiing over the years, it had been on my list of things to do for quite a while and last June finally saw time to fit it in.

The recognised walk is normally done over a period of 10-12 days but given time constraints I figured it could be cut down to a doable 4 days done as a jog/run. Hey, the UTMB race does it non stop with the winner normally completing it in well under 24 hours. Several Tod Harriers have completed this great event. A new dimension was then added to the trip when Simon suggested he cycle the tour on the nearest roads, so we got down to planning it that way where we could meet up at the end of each day.

The routes are as follows;

### Walk



## Cycle



## Day 1

An early Easyjet flight out of Manchester saw us collecting a car hire in Geneva, followed by a drive to Les Houches, the recognised starting point. First challenge, it was just after midday and Europe was in the middle of a heatwave. The car was telling us the outside temperature was 43°C! The phrase Mad dogs & Englishmen sprung to mind.

With the popularity of the walk we'd had to book all accommodation in advance and that night's stop was in Les Chapieux, some 34km away for me. We didn't have much option other than to go as planned without putting the whole trip in doubt before we'd even started. Kit was sorted, all available bottles filled and just before 1pm we were off. Sime was off cycling down the valley to St Gervais les Bains before having the Col des Saisies & Comet de Rosalind to tackle. My route involved 2 climbs for the day, the first from the start at Les Houches, 4km up to the Col de Voza, a climb of about 650m. An hour's climbing saw me over this, which was then followed by 12km of undulating/downhill to the village of Les Contamines. Fortunately, there were a number of small hamlets en route which had drinking fountains in

their square, so keeping up a good supply of liquids wasn't a problem.

From Les Contamines the route then starts climbing again up the Val Montjoie and continues up for approx. 13km and 1300m until the Col de la Croix du Bonhomme is reached at 2483m. It was about 4.30pm by the time I started this climb and most people I passed were coming down having finished their walk for the day. At least as I climbed and the day got later the temperature started to cool slightly. I crossed the col in just under 6 hrs which was then followed by a great 30mins/5km grassy descent down to the village of Les Chapieux & the Auberge Refuge Nova, our stop for the night. Sime had been there a while and after a quick shower we just managed to get in for the evening meal before they stopped serving. Cow's cheek was the dish of the day! I'd found the day harder than expected which was probably mainly due to the heat & a very early start so a couple of quick beers and it was an early night.

Stats for the day were 34km, 2200m climb, 6hr 24min on the go.

**Sime:** Not the best preparation for a trip like this, as I had 2 gigs on Saturday and didn't get to bed till 2a.m. Bob picked me two hours later. I put the Ribble together in the ski car park at Les Houches, and tried to get my head on. The heat was terrific, and as I started up to St Gervais, there was almost nobody outside in the sun, and certainly no cyclists riding up cols. I felt rubbish, and got a ferocious bollocking from one café owner-"YOU SHOULD NOT BE DOING THIS, MONSIEUR!" She was right, and I wobbled to the shade of a tree going up Les Saisies, feeling dizzy. A passing car stopped, and the guy put my bike in the boot, and ran me to the summit of Cornet de Roselend. What a lovely act of kindness. I freewheeled down to our Refuge and went to sleep waiting for the Bobster to appear. The owner and staff at the Refuge were lovely people and the beers went down just fine.



## Day 2

Les Chapieux – Courmayeur. After breakfast at the refuge I was away for 8.30am and Sime was off down to Bourg St Maurice followed by the Col du Petit St Bernard. My first couple of miles were up a tarmac road before then heading up 1000m climb to the Col de la Seigne.

*Right: Mont Blanc from the Col de la Seigne.*



The col is on the border of France & Italy, and from here for the rest of the day the views are fantastic with the whole south side of Mont Blanc coming into view and glacier after glacier tumbling down into the Valley Veni. The route takes you up high on a path on the south side of the valley past the Refuge Elisabetta before a long drop down into the town of Courmayeur.

Here we'd booked a hotel for the night and I arrived just as Simon was putting his bike away at the very civilised hour of about 4pm. Plenty of time to get sorted and even a snooze before a trip into town for pizza and a few beers.

Stats for the day were 33km, 1500m climbing, 5hrs 45min on the go.

**Sime:** A lovely descent down into Bourg St Maurice was first up, and then the first col. This was an absolute delight all the way, with a consistent gradient and great scenery. Just below La Rosiere, I heard a strange sound of whooshing and clicking behind me. It got closer and closer, and then the French national XC ski team went past on roller skis. They were doing intervals up the road, and I kept seeing them on corners as they got drinks from the support van. They were the finest physical specimens I've seen - lean, muscular, 6 packs, the lot. And

I've shared a tent with Phil Hodgson, so I should know.

Despite the heat, I felt better today and went well. I like to travel light on this sort of trip, and I just had my bar bag and an Ortlieb saddle bag to carry all my stuff. Going down to La Thuile, I was wishing I'd brought my other bike for its disc brakes, as it was tough on the hands with all the braking. Found the digs in Courmayeur, and caught up on sleep.

Stats: 84k, 1382 m climb

### Day 3

Courmayeur – Champex en Lac. With a long day in prospect I'd stocked up on food for breakfast the night before and was on the road by 6.30am. Sime had a more leisurely start before heading for the Col du Grand St Bernard on his bike. My day started with a 750m climb straight out of Courmayeur up to the Refuge Bertone. It took about an hour and a half which meant I was then picking up a few fellow walkers starting their day from the refuge having hiked up the night before. I spent the next couple of hours jogging with a girl from Hong Kong who was over doing a recce for the UTMB. The route was again spectacular as the path traverses along at about 2000m on the south side of the Val Ferret with views across to mountains like the Grand Jorasses & Dent du Geant with more glaciers plunging down into the Val Ferret. This path undulates along for about 15km until you finally have a big climb at the head of the valley up to the Grand



Col Ferret at 2537m and the border with Switzerland.

*Left: Looking back down the Val Ferret from the Grand Col Ferret*

From the col there is

a long steady descend down to La Fouly and a supermarket with much needed provisions. The route is still following the Val Ferret and continues for about 20km before a final climb of the day up to Champex and the next nights stop at Pension en Plein Air.

Stats for the day were 49km, 2870m climbing 9hrs 45min on the go.

**Sime:** Today felt very committing. It started very fast, with a descent down the valley to Aosta. The motorway goes through tunnels for much of the way, so it was a really pleasant ride. From Aosta, the Grand St Bernard starts, and it was time for bottom gear in the sun for several hours. About 2/3 of the way up, the main road goes into a tunnel, leaving the original pass to the odd vehicle and er... me. The way the road uses the landscape and its wildness made it seem very remote. I was glad to see the old buildings at the summit. I think I read somewhere that they rear St Bernard pups there, and that they have had a continuous presence there for centuries, a bit like the Ravens at the Tower of London. The only ones I saw were furry toys on the tourist stalls at the road side. Dropping down the other side was fine, until I merged with the main road again at the tunnel mouth. From there, the fast road goes under long avalanche roofs, which amplify traffic noise, so that a truck half a mile behind you sounds like its right up your arse, which in turn increases your awareness that there is nowhere to bale out . I was glad to get to Orsières, and there remained a nice civilised 400m of climb up to Champex Lac. The food and beers were wonderful.

Stats: 107k, 2274m of climb

## **Day 4**

Champex – Les Houches. There had been some debate about splitting this last day as it was the biggest and over the most difficult terrain. In the end I decided to go for completing the whole route in 4 days as there were a number of escape routes down to Chamonix if the weather had been bad or I had run out of time. From Champex the

route has two options, the Alp Bovine or the Fenetre d'Arpette. The Arpette route is slightly shorter and higher but, given I'd no alpine gear with me, I decided the safer option was the Alp Bovine as there was still quite a lot of snow on the higher Cols. On the first part of the day I linked up early with two guys from Sweden who were again doing a recce for the UTMB, and travelled with them as far as the Col de la Forclaz. The route was undulating over a lot of alpine meadows with great views down to the Rhone valley and across to the Bernese Alps. I'd made an even earlier start, around 6am which had me arriving at the Col around 8am just as the café opened, perfect timing. A quick coffee and a couple of croissants and it was on down through Trient before starting the long climb of about 900m up to the Col de Balme and the final border crossing back into France. A descent down the ski slopes of Le Tour took me to the road at Tre-Le-Champ and a meet up with Sime who had cycled over the Col de la Forclaz & Col de Montets.

*Below: Col de Balme looking towards the Aiguille Vert and Mont Blanc*

The final leg of the route now climbs up into the Aiguille Rouge range of mountains which run on the north side of the Chamonix valley. The path works its way up towards the ski station of La Flegere through a series of rocky slabs which include a number of sections of ladders to climb (not for the faint hearted). The route then traverses along to The Brevent ski station at Plan Praz, before another climb up over the col de Brevent and to the summit of the Brevent at 2152m. By now I'd been on the go for 10 hours and the café at the summit had already



closed for the day. No options other than to carry on; while it was all down to Les Houches from here, with tired legs and a very rocky path it was hard work. As I descended the road into

Les Houches Sime had picked up our hire car and was able to meet me for thankfully an easy trip back into Chamonix and our hotel for the final night.

The legs could just about manage a stroll the mile or so into Chamonix centre, where we met up with friends who were out on holiday climbing, and we had a few celebratory beers.

Stats for the day were 55km, 3200m climbing 12 hrs on the go

All in all a great trip. Going for 4 days made it committing but not stupid. After the first day the weather cooled down slightly, remained dry & sunny and couldn't have been much better with great views the whole time apart from the last afternoon when it clouded over. Running on my own meant I could go at the exact pace that suited me but then at the end of the day it was great to have someone to share the trip with and discuss the day over a beer. Perfect!

**Sime:** Bob was away at some ungodly hour, and was determined to give it a good go today. We've both spent a great deal of time in this area, and it was useful to know what lay ahead. I set off down towards Martigny after breakfast. I had ridden the Col de Forclaz before, and remembered having to have a bit of a talk with myself half way up. Again, today, the main pitch just dragged on and on, without hairpins or indeed anything of interest. It's not even a monster, but it just felt uninspiring. After crossing the summit, a quick descent to Vallorcine and a climb up to the Col des Montets. I sat around waiting for Bob to pass through after he'd been to Le Tour. A bloke wearing a Dark Peak vest came up, and I sort of recognised him. He laughed and told me I'd been chatting to him after the Jura race in the Hotel and I'd clearly been the worse for drink!

Bob arrived, and, as if there had been any doubt, said he was going to carry on. Brilliant effort. I rode through Cham, picked up the car and went up to the camping to meet Lew and Tim. I packed my bike up

again in the shade while I was waiting. Bob got down off the hill in the early evening, and we went to celebrate at Le Pub. My reflections on the trip were that we both got exactly what we wanted from it, and it was great to have a drink, post mortem and get excited about next day after each stage. Definitely recommended.

Stats: 64k,1370m of climb

Bob Halstead & Simon Anderton.

## **In praise of pack runs**

One thing I am really missing currently is the Wednesday evening pack runs. I haven't been to one since June last year, apart from a few pub visits, but it isn't quite the same, I don't feel I had earned that pint! I am now ready to participate again and I am looking forward to joining in when we can. So I thought it would be good to put a few lines together in praise of the pack run.

The first pack run I ever did was with Bingley Harriers sometime in the early 1980s. I turned up not knowing what to expect and joined a large group of runners setting off from the Nab Wood Sports Centre. We started at a nice gentle pace with lots of chatting between the runners. Gradually the pace started getting quicker and quicker and people started dropping off the back. Suddenly I was at the back and looked round for the slower runners – an empty road, they must have turned back/gone on a different route. Nothing for it but to hang on to the depleted pack – I got back to the centre exhausted. Found out later that the runners at the front of the pack were some of the best runners in Yorkshire having an easy paced run. A few more visits and I got into the swing knowing which runners were comparable but I didn't really love pack runs till I joined Tod Harriers when I moved over to the Calder Valley.

The first Toddy pack run I did was from the Nutclough in Hebden

Bridge. I was already a regular at the pub for the Tuesday night quiz and the Thursday night live music. Alan Ainsworth made me feel very welcome when we mingled in the pub car park and we went for a road run along Heights Road to Midgley, all very enjoyable and a good chat in the pub afterwards. What struck me afterwards is that running from different pubs every month is inspired, you get to visit – usually – a really nice pub each month and by changing the location a massive variety of routes. At Bingley the Sports Centre had a bar but it was a bit soulless and no proper beer!

A number of the pubs we have used are, unfortunately, no more. Probably my favourites from this list are the aforementioned Nutclough, the Sportsman at Kebs (incidentally I used to participate in the quiz and enjoy live music there) and the Masons. The Masons was also used for many Toddy events including the Mini Mountain Marathon and runners/cyclists team events. Definitely a proper “no frills” pub. However we still visit a lot of wonderful pubs. The Robin Hood at Cragg Vale, the Hare and Hounds at Old Town and the New Delight at Blackshaw Head have all been used for many years for summer pack runs. They are all great pubs with a massive variety of routes available to make a great pack run. Some pubs we go to every year whilst others are much more infrequent. The Flowers near Bacup (no longer open) we went to one month, the pub was fine but the paths (blocked) and issues with landowners made us realise how lucky we are in Calderdale with a superb, well maintained Rights of Way network.

Although I have stated that the variety at pack runs is wonderful we do have certain traditions. In April we run from the Shepherds Rest and the first week we usually do the full Shepherds Skyline route for the quickies and a variation for the rest. Also we often go to Trough End on the last Wednesday in April. Similarly in May we often go to the New Delight and take in the bluebells in Hardcastle Crag. Stoodley Pike is a bit iconic for Toddlies and we had a spell of trying to visit it each month from all pack run venues. This was easily achieved



from the Shepherds, the Robin Hood and winter venues in Tod, Hebden and Royd on bat runs. It was managed with tough routes from the Newdy and Hare and Hounds but proved impossible from the likes of the Queen at Cliviger.

The RAID runs were another great innovation – methinks that when we get started again these should be more frequent. The RAID stands for Rare And Interesting Destinations. I have got lots of great memories of these, Phil Hodgson on top of the Basin Stone recreating the Chartist meeting from the 1840s. It was awesome! Also memorable was Geoff Read's hidden cave on Blackstone Edge, Richard Blakeley showing us some of the antiquities on Midgley Moor and the decoy bunker below Manshead. Andrew Bibby showed us the delights of Sphagnum Moss near Noah Dale and more recently Simon Anderton took us to see the sunken boat in Warland Reservoir.

I don't do any road pack runs now but I have done plenty in the past. I remember in my early days having the sense to let Marcial and Joe go (well I couldn't have kept up with them anyhow) – they used to train at race pace, it was definitely highballs out. Over the years I have moved from the fast group to the mediums and will probably be in the slows when we restart. We seem to have a preponderance of medium runners, maybe people don't want to call themselves fast or slow. The numbers became a bit much so we sometimes have 3 medium groups – medium fast, medium medium and medium slow!

I have enjoyed leading some pack runs although I am not sure that applies to those being led when we end up lost on some featureless moor. I usually say something like "they used to be a path here" to which Dan will reply "when was that 40 years ago". Also found it a good tactic to change route on the spur of the moment if some runners are getting a bit far ahead and not following Branny's mantra of running back to the back of the group. Seriously, I would heartily recommend leading pack runs it is great fun. One of the pleasures of the pack runs is seeing runners develop over time, some extremely

quickly and others gradually.

I am sometimes late for pack runs and I have found a useful indicator as I am rushing to the pub is the barking of Grohl (or is it Stu) meaning they haven't set off. If they have then I used to be able to catch them but now might have to do a solitary pack run or I might run with Suzy who sometimes might arrive late from work. Even when I have missed the pack a great time is assured in the pub. Remember in my early Toddy days of having a free pint at the Hare and Hounds kindly provided by the much missed Jim Smith to celebrate his 60<sup>th</sup> birthday. Peter E did similar at the Golden Lion a few years ago to celebrate his 40<sup>th</sup> birthday I think he said it was!

Let's hope we enjoy many more pack runs and pubs soon – I can't wait.

Dave Collins

## **RECIPE: Delicious squidgy brownies (no eggs needed!)**

*If you can get your hands on flour, this recipe is ideal for those lockdown baking sessions (**the best brownies I've ever had...**) I'm also reliably informed that it makes a great mid-run snack.*

140g self-raising flour (if you only have plain, add half a tsp of bicarb and half a tsp of baking powder - or don't, it'll just be a bit more dense)

20g cocoa powder

200g caster or granulated sugar

80ml vegetable oil

1 tsp vanilla extract

200g dark chocolate

240ml milk (dairy free works really well)

75g dark chocolate chips (optional)

1. Preheat oven to 180°C/160°C (320°F) fan/gas mark 4
2. Line an 8-inch square baking tin with greaseproof paper or tinfoil
3. Break the chocolate and melt it (if using a microwave, check frequently)
4. In a large mixing bowl, add flour, cocoa powder and sugar, gentle whisk to mix.
5. Add oil, vanilla, melted chocolate and milk. Mix with a wooden spoon until smooth and combined.
6. Transfer brownie batter to prepared pan, sprinkle chocolate chips evenly on top.
7. Bake for 25-30 mins or until a skewer inserted in the middle comes out clean. Try not to overbake or brownies will turn cakey.

*Makes 12 brownies. I have no idea how long they keep, presumably longer than a day.*

Kim Ashworth



## Wordsearch: 2019 Grand Prix

How many races can you find from last year's grand prix?

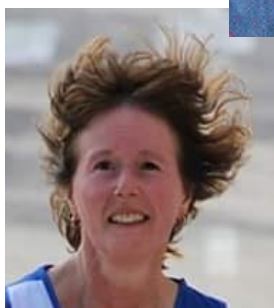
N	L	L	M	R	S	P	A	R	K	L	E	S	L
T	T	S	Y	A	L	E	R	A	R	F	G	S	T
G	C	S	P	S	I	R	C	T	A	E	T	G	U
R	A	L	E	E	M	I	L	L	T	R	A	R	R
E	C	A	S	I	U	T	S	A	E	I	W	I	N
A	C	H	O	E	S	V	A	T	G	R	A	N	S
T	R	O	T	N	S	T	T	R	N	S	I	N	L
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A	G	G	E	N	N	E	E	T	N	E	G	E	C
K	G	I	Y	H	K	M	U	S	D	S	G	A	K
E	V	L	I	E	R	C	A	A	I	I	P	R	L
S	A	L	D	R	I	N	K	B	E	E	R	I	E
Y	L	S	F	G	M	I	L	A	M	N	S	T	R
S	E	E	L	L	G	R	I	S	E	D	A	L	E

Take a photo on your phone of the completed puzzle and email [chair@todharriers.co.uk](mailto:chair@todharriers.co.uk) **The first completed puzzle wins a pint pot!**

If you spot the bonus phrases it'll be a full pint! - STU



# TOP GURNE



*Lovely to see you all trying 'ard! (Especially Joolz) As we may be short of race gurns for the next issue, please send some pictures of your lovely smiling faces (old or new) to [torriernewsletter@gmail.com](mailto:torriernewsletter@gmail.com)*

# TOILET SEAT

IF YOU HAVE ANY CONFESSIONS OR TALES ABOUT YOUR CLUB MATES, EMAIL THE MYSTERIOUS [ARMITAGESHANKSTODMORDEN@GMAIL.COM](mailto: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) - AS



**David Wilson** got all set for the Tod mini mountain marathon ...the day after the event had happened "but it's always on a Sunday!" ...isn't it? 5 points for the President

**Stu Wolstenholme** at Hoofstones Stu volunteered for car park duty, taking photos and marshalling CP1/4, he left his flask and lunch on a wall in the car park, then went to his checkpoint where he realised he'd left his camera at home. For proving that men cannot multitask... 5 points

**Stu Wolstenholme** checked the previous orders section on Racebest only to discover that he'd entered last year's Standish Hall trail race twice - Historical offence = 0 points

**Ricky Parrish** - planned his route for the Tod MMM in the warmth of the pub, then took off at full speed leaving behind his map and drinks. 5 points

**Paul Brannigan** - at Stanbury Splash pinned his race number to his vest, then left it in the boot of Rebecca's car, arranging to meet at the car later (he claims) after warming up. Cue Paul locked out of car having to run in his t-shirt with another number hastily provided by

the organiser - 5 points

**Darren Gillman** - After the very boggy WYWL race in Queensbury left his fell shoes on a wall and drove home. Fortunately (via facebook) they were rescued before Calderdale council got their Biohazard unit to deal with them - 5 points

**Anthony Lee** was pleased to receive a bottle of Moorhouses Ale at the Pendle Round, he anticipated the taste of the "punchy full-bodied blonde ale with its distinct fruit taste and citrus hop finish" all the way home whereupon he discovered he'd left it in Barley - 5 Points

**Dom Leckie** rocked up at Mickleden Straddle without his fell shoes, fortunately he managed to borrow a pair that were two sizes too big - 5 Points

**Dom** again.. some 'out of competition' offences to take into consideration. On the way back from Hit-the-Trail thought he'd left his two coats behind, until it was pointed out that he was wearing both of them! On the way to St Annes 10miler spun his car and wrote it off - 5 points

## Spitting Image



Spot the difference: below: Rob and Ricky in their PE kit, left: Ben Stiller and Ben Stiller (*pics courtesy of To the Max Fitness and Branny*)





**EPISODE 5**  
**(YES, 5)**

Here is the latest batch of Tod Tips sent in by ....err who were these sent in by?

Need to clean your running shoes? simply pop an Ariel pod between your toes and go for a run in the rain - hey presto - free wash!

*Matt Rofact*

We all know that a banana skin takes one hundred million billion years to biodegrade. So to help environment, keep your old skins, refill them with porridge and sew them back up to use again.

*Will Ingley*

Bored? Stuck indoors? Self isolating? forget it all with 'the drink'.

*Licensed Victuallers Association*

Contact lens wearers, prevent the lenses moving around when running by securing them to some copper wire and balancing them on your nose, for extra security make some little arms that hook behind each ear.

*Julie Noted*

If you don't like the music playlist that you're running to simply pop a thick woolly hat under your massive headphones to muffle the sound.

*John Ashworth (an actual Toddy!)*

Save £££s on expensive sports nutrition products. A gram of Uranium contains 18billion calories, that's enough to power an athlete to a marathon every day for the next 9863 years.

*Zoe Wolstenholme (daughter of an idiot)*



Duck tape your record player to a truck battery, then add a guitar strap to make the ultimate portable MP3 player for the audio purist!

*R Tillery*

## Star Wars Meme Tune



## Calamity Corner



Left: Andy Worster using lockdown to learn a new skill. That's what happens if you wear Hokus.

Right: Dave Garner captures Darren Gillman on camera at a perfect moment



## Torrier Autumn/Winter 2020: We need YOU!

Want to contribute to your club's newsletter, but not sure what? As we're unsure what the summer holds, we need your submissions now more than ever. It'd be great to get content from a wider variety of Toddlies, old and new...

Not inspired yet? Here're some ideas...

Send pictures of lockdown crafts and failed bakes (it can't just be me...?!) A running cartoon strip. A photo series of your dog in various yoga postures. Tips on how to recreate gnarly Lakeland weather in the comfort of your living room. An Ode to Sphagnum (again, just me?) A made-up agony aunt column. An article about the local flora and fauna. Five words about your favourite hill. An abstract black and white painting about what it means to be a Tod Harrier. Pictures of smiling runners. A picture of your dog. A haiku about foraging whilst running. A mildly interesting limerick about Mytholmroyd. A picture of your dog. Front cover artwork. A drawing by your 3 year old child. An interview with an inanimate object. A quiz. A random stream of consciousness vaguely related to running/the Harriers. Time-of-life musings, spot the difference drawings, tales of epics, vintage articles from the past... Openings available for Torrier Special Correspondents (ie I can give you an idea for an article).

Send word documents, email text or jpeg files to **torriernewsletter@gmail.com** with '**Torrier**' in the subject heading (thank you for not sending PDFs and Pages files) for the next issue - **send at any time from now** until the deadline which will be in October. Deadlines will be announced on the Facebook page and forum.

Until next issue, stay safe and keep on trucking.

-Ed, April 2020.

## Quiz: Name That Dog

2 points for the dog's name, 1 for naming a human they live with.

*Answers on page 36.*

*Pictures pinched from social media because sadly I was only sent one this time. More next issue pls.*





