

NEWS, INSPIRATION, RACING, LARKS, GRIT,  
MEMORIES, ADVENTURE AND MORE!



**#1**

*"Without a doubt the  
finest running  
publication in print"*  
-Dave Garner



**SPRING/SUMMER 2022**

**THE TORRIER**



**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: steadyest, 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. Take a look at **[www.todharriers.co.uk](http://www.todharriers.co.uk)**

*Front cover courtesy of Katy May, taken on an April packrun from Shepherd's Rest. Uncredited photos pinched from t'internet*



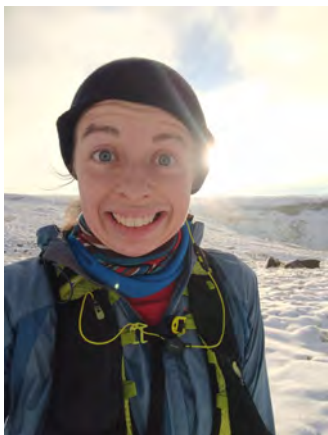
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## A word from the Editor...



It seems like just yesterday that someone let slip to Nick Barber (then-Chair and Torrier Editor) that I really enjoyed reading the club newsletter and wouldn't mind helping out... five years later, this is a special one for me, as it's my tenth issue.

Twice a year (ish), it's heartening to see so many Toddies answer the call for material to fill these pages, and I like to think it's as fresh, relevant, inspiring and above all, entertaining, as ever.

Sadly we have a few obituaries this issue - thank you so much to David Wilson for his touching words in remembering John and Eric. We've got a piece on

Curlews (would love to see more wildlife content in future), plenty of people pushing themselves to their limits, a return of club champs tables (yay stats!), some puzzles, cutting-edge Hollywood journalism, more gurns than you could shake an angry stick at, and much much more. I'm really proud of this 'un.

If you've not contributed to the Torrier yet (and if you have!), we'd love your input. Content accepted year-round, more details and ideas at the end of this issue.

Until next time,

See you on the fells - and at races, woo!

Kim Ashworth

Torrier Editor

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## A word from our new President...

I'm just penning a few words to say 'Hi' as your new club president, it's an extreme honour to take on this role from Dave Wilson, but even more so as I'm Tod Harriers first female president (the first of many more to come I hope).

So if you joined the club in the last five years or so you probably won't have seen me about much but prior to that I was fairly active in the Grand Prix fixtures,



Championship races, team relays and pack runs - especially the post-run bar.

This club has a fantastic range of activities to get involved in, whatever your ability, whether it be cross country, mountain-marathon, ultras, trail, road, park run or fell with a great mix of folk to get to know. I love the fact that you can find out so much from the huge collective experience that members have on racing, biking, swimming, triathlons, navigation, injuries, training and recovery.

I've picked up so many tips from other Toddies over the years and been enthused to compete in races all over the country. So I wish all Toddies a great season of running, racing, biking, walking, swimming - or whatever floats your boat, I hope to see you out there. As they say – have a good 'un!

Kath Brierley



## A word from the Chair...

It's been a long, cold and windy winter since the last edition of this great publication. Winter is officially over once the retired Toddies return like migrating swallows back from Spain and the West Yorkshire Winter League has run its final race - well it is in my mind anyway!

We have a full program of Tod races planned this year and a 'normal' Grand Prix in which almost 70 toddies have already scored points - Kudos!

Alongside the Grand Prix we have some extra inspiration for your road running with our new club standards. The aim of club standards is to recognise athletic performance over 5k, 10k, 10miles and half marathon distances. The program is running parallel to the grand prix and is adjusted for age and gender. There are bronze, silver and gold awards. Any race with an advertised distance counts and Parkrun counts for a 5k standard. Full details are on the forum and thanks go to Joe Mountain for bringing the idea to the club and implementing it. (more details later in this issue)

I tried to improve my bronze 10mile standard at Caldervale last week, phew - no



chance! Far too hilly! Who knew?

Also coming (maybe already happened by the time this is published) is the fabulous Toddies Coniston fell race and camping weekend with its usual mix of run and fun, the Calderdale Way Relay, with four teams entered there's plenty of spaces for new and experienced alike, if you haven't done this before it's a great team day out. In the summer the legendary Pendle trip returns.

The club would not run without the efforts of all its members and volunteers who give their valuable time and there are always opportunities to get more involved (usually advertised on the forum) and I'd like to once again thank everyone who contributes to club life.

We've plenty to look forward to – get out there!

Stu Wolstenholme  
chair@todharriers.co.uk

## In Memory of John and Eric

Earlier this year I attended the funerals of two former Todmorden Harriers, John Newby and Eric Blamire. John and Eric were already super veterans when they joined the club and were keen to get out there and race, John on the Fells and Eric on the roads - although they both enjoyed either type of race.

John was something of a hardy character; he liked nothing better than getting out into the Lakeland Fells to do the classic races like Wasdale and Ennerdale. One day John did the Ennerdale race but commented beforehand that he was going to do take it easy because he was doing the Blackpool Marathon the day after! On that occasion, he was supporting a disabled athlete by the name of Robert Brown, who competed in road races and marathons as a wheelchair athlete. John had introduced Robert to Todmorden Harriers and



encouraged the club to put its support behind him, which they duly did.

Being a hardy character, John also liked to compete in mountain marathons. He was a regular competitor in the Saunders Lakeland Mountain Marathon and occasionally the Karrimor International Mountain Marathon (now rebranded as the OMM). He completed regularly with fellow Todmorden Harrier Brian Hargreaves, until age got the better of both of them. Neither of them was expert with map and compass, so it was a relief to see them at the overnight camps and the finish, even if they were often quite late.

John also had a strong social network among his age group and introduced to Todmorden Harriers Alan Ainsworth who subsequently introduced Jim Smith and Tony Shaw, a couple of top fell runners in their day. In his early days at the club he was a regular attendee at the monthly meeting and actively contributed to discussions and debates about activities and the future direction of the club. And again he would contribute to the club newsletter usually in the form of a bit of poetry. One of his poems is printed at the end of this article. John was competing in club races and the occasional English championship races well into his 70s, was eventually brought down until a decline in his health forced him to retire from running.

Eric, or *Eric Merckx* as he was occasionally known by the odd work colleague or two, was a very keen cyclist. Before he took up running, he was often out on his bike after work doing circuits around the hills and lanes of Todmorden and the surrounding district. A cycle ride with several of his work colleagues and trips out on the bike would often turn into a bit of a race. He joined a local cycling club and days out cycling at the weekend became the norm. Occasionally, he could be seen out cycling in the company of former world road race champion Mandy Jones, a very talented cyclist from Rochdale. He was good on the bike for his age, so he decided to do a bit of time trialling. Unfortunately, a serious accident during one of these time trials put an end to that. However the accident never put him off cycling, and he continued for many years. He even acquired a tandem so he could go out cycling with his family.

Encouraged by a few of his work colleagues, he took up running and subsequently joined Todmorden Harriers. In his early days at the club, he was active in





calling for a road championship to be created in response to the Fell Championship that had been developed the year previously. He and others were concerned that the needs of roadrunners were not being met by the influx of new keen fell runners to the club. Although Eric liked to do a bit of road running, he was no stranger to the Fells. He had spent his teenage years working on a farm in Ullswater in the Lake District. His primary task at that time, was that of the Shepherd. If he had taken up fell running 30 years earlier, who knows what he might have achieved. Eric was eventually let down by his deteriorating eyesight and had to retire from running earlier than he would have liked.

Whilst they were not active with the club in their later years, both John and Eric will be fondly remembered by those who used to run and drink with them during their many years with Todmorden Harriers.

David Wilson

## THE RELAY

Along the corridors of life we run,  
The winds of time obliterate our footprints,  
Inspired dreams lead us on into the future  
Each culmination slowly and unobtrusively  
Phasing out further aspirations,  
Younger runners take up the challenge,  
The unseen baton handed on.

John Newby



## Club Champs standings after race 11 (Blackpool Half)

Club Champion 2022										
Pstn	Name	Club Champ Qualified	Club Champ no. Races	Short Fell	Medium Fell	Long Fell	Short Road	Medium Road	Long Road	Club Champ Score
1	Dan Taylor	X	5	90.7	88.3	86.0	92.6	87.8		<b>445.4</b>
2	Dave Garner	X	4	82.4	84.6	76.8		81.7	83.5	<b>409.0</b>
3	Michelle Fuller	X	5	56.8	60.7	53.9	62.1	63.6	60.3	<b>357.4</b>
4	Dom Leckie	X	4	90.3	92.4	79.0		85.8		<b>347.5</b>
5	Stuart Wolstenholme	X	3	72.1	77.2			74.7	75.4	<b>299.4</b>
8	Katy May	X	3		55.4		64.4	61.8	61.0	<b>242.6</b>
9	Chris Dewhirst	X	3	80.4	83.8	70.0				<b>234.2</b>
10	Mark Tempest	X	3	67.9	73.9		84.5			<b>226.3</b>
11	Dave Weedon	X	3	77.8	75.5	68.6				<b>221.9</b>
12	Chris Pickens	X	3	65.9	70.3			66.7	62.0	<b>202.9</b>
13	Heather Rostron	X	3	58.4	63.0				66.8	<b>188.2</b>
14	Paul Brannigan	X	3		61.6		64.8	55.9		<b>182.3</b>
15	Chris Kay	X	2		91.3	85.1				<b>176.4</b>
16	Duncan Cannon	X	2	89.2		86.3				<b>175.5</b>
17	Ben Blossie	X	2		85.9			87.0	89.4	<b>172.9</b>
18	Chris Goddard	X	2	86.1	85.7					<b>171.8</b>
19	Aaron Hargreaves	X	2	82.2		72.4				<b>154.6</b>
20	Duncan Ritchie	X	2		73.0			76.9		<b>149.9</b>
21	Zoe Dijkman	X	2			72.2			74.1	<b>146.3</b>
22	Joe Mountain	X	2	69.8	75.0					<b>144.8</b>
23	Richard Butterwick	X	2	66.4	76.3				86.1	<b>142.7</b>
24	Mick Cooper	X	2	72.1		66.7				<b>138.8</b>
25	Sam Lund	X	2	66.0	71.1					<b>137.1</b>
26	Simon Anderton	X	2		64.8			71.1	69.0	<b>135.9</b>
27	Mark Whitaker	X	2		70.8	63.5				<b>134.3</b>
28	Katie Samuelson	X	2		56.8			72.5		<b>129.3</b>
29	Andrew Bibby	X	2	48.9			65.1			<b>114.0</b>

*With no one yet qualified, it's still all to play for!*

*To find out more and see full current standings including fell, trail and road champs, head to [todharriers.co.uk](http://todharriers.co.uk)*

# Grand Prix standings after race 11 (Blackpool Half)

To find out more and see full current standings including fell, trail and road champs, head to [todharriers.co.uk](http://todharriers.co.uk)

Pstn	Name	Cat	total RACES			total FELL races	total ROAD races	total TRAIL races	Qualified?	GP SCORE	Midgley Moor	Stanbury Splash	Ian Roberts Memorial	Wadsworth Trog	Stanley Park 10k	St Annes 10	Caldervale 10	Haweswater Half	Blackpool Half	Hit the Trail	Trotters 5	total completed races	total points	avg per fell race	total road races	avg per road race	total trail races	avg per trail race	Qualified?		
1	Dan Taylor	M40	8	4	3	1	Q	743.0	96.0	93.5	91.2	91.0	97.4	92.3	87.5					94.1		8	743.0	4	92.9	3	92.4	1	94.1	Q	
2	Dom Leckie	M	8	4	3	1	Q	705.9	90.3	89.8	92.4	79.0			85.8	92.5			83.8		92.3	8	705.9	4	87.9	3	87.4	1	92.3	Q	
3	Michelle Fuller	F50	9	4	3	2	Q	697.0	75.5	72.6	80.8	71.7	80.4	82.3	77.9					77.8	78.0	9	697.0	4	75.2	3	80.2	2	77.9	Q	
4	Stuart Wolstenholme	M50	8	3	4	1	Q	678.0	82.6	82.0	88.5			82.9	87.6	84.3	84.7			85.4	8	678.0	3	84.4	4	84.9	1	85.4	Q		
5	Dave Garner	M50	7	4	2	1	X	665.1	96.6	95.5	99.1	89.9			92.9					96.1	7	665.1	4	95.3	2	94.0	1	96.1	X		
6	Mark Tempest	M50	6	2	3	1	X	533.7	77.8	84.8			94.5		94.3					93.7	6	533.7	2	81.3	3	92.5	1	93.7	X		
7	Katy May	F40	7	2	3	2	X	501.3	64.7	66.6			76.9	73.7		72.8				73.5	73.1	7	501.3	2	65.7	3	74.5	2	73.3	X	
8	Heather Rostrom	F40	6	3	2	1	X	442.2	68.6	70.8	74.0					78.3	73.6	76.9			88.2	5	442.2	3	71.1	2	76.0	1	76.9	X	
9	Katie Samuelson	F40	5	1	3	1	X	422.2		69.1			76.3	65.8						83.2	76.2	5	377.0	1	75.5	2	71.1	2	79.7	X	
10	Paul Brannigan	M55	5	1	2	2	X	377.0		75.5										83.2	76.2	5	377.0	1	75.5	2	71.1	2	79.7	X	
11	Chris Pickens	M45	5	2	2	1	X	359.2	71.1		75.9		71.2			66.2				74.8		5	359.2	2	73.5	2	68.7	1	74.8	X	
12	Chris Goddard	M40	4	3	1	0	X	350.2	91.2	78.6	90.7					89.7						4	350.2	3	86.8	1	89.7	0	0	X	
13	Richard Butterwick	M50	4	3	1	0	X	345.5	76.1	85.6	87.5											4	345.5	3	83.1	1	96.3	0	0	X	
14	Duncan Ritchie	M50	4	1	2	1	X	341.2		82.9			85.3							84.9	88.1	4	341.2	1	82.9	2	85.1	1	88.1	X	
15	Andrew Bibby	M65	4	1	2	1	X	320.9	68.9				85.5							82.1	84.4	4	320.9	1	68.9	1	85.5	2	83.3	X	
16	Sam Lund	M45	4	2	1	1	X	319.4	73.4	79.0					81.2						85.8	4	319.4	2	76.2	1	81.2	1	85.8	X	
17	Darren Gillman	M50	4	1	2	1	X	314.9		71.3					83.4						83.3	4	314.9	1	71.3	2	80.2	1	83.3	X	
18	Dave Weedon	M40	4	0	4	0	X	307.4	81.6	74.7	79.2	71.9										4	307.4	4	76.9	0	0	0	0	X	
19	Kath Brierley	F60	3	1	0	2	X	288.0		92.2												4	288.0	1	92.2	0	0	2	97.9	X	
20	Nev Drake	M50	3	0	2	1	X	287.3					96.0		95.4						95.9	3	287.3	0	0	2	95.7	1	95.9	X	
21	Helen Tipping	F55	4	2	0	2	X	285.7	58.8	65.5											95.9	4	285.7	2	62.2	0	0	2	80.7	X	
22	Duncan Cannon	M40	3	2	0	1	X	275.1	91.8			88.8										4	275.1	2	90.3	0	0	1	94.5	X	
23	Ben Blossie	M	3	1	2	0	X	262.3		85.9												3	262.3	1	85.9	2	88.2	0	0	0	X
24	Lisa Peatfield	F45	3	0	1	2	X	258.7														3	258.7	0	0	1	85.2	2	86.8	X	
25	Simon Anderton	M60	3	1	2	0	X	257.3			84.5				87.7							3	257.3	1	84.5	2	86.4	0	0	0	X
26	Hannah-Louise Mobbs	F40	3	0	1	2	X	245.0														3	245.0	0	0	1	79.8	2	82.6	X	
27	Nick Birchill	M	3	0	1	2	X	238.2														3	238.2	0	0	1	77.4	2	80.4	X	



## Fail to Prepare: Jon Wright's JNC

*The following article from 2020 was mistakenly omitted from the last Torrier. Please enjoy all the gory details now. -Ed.*

PREPARE TO FAIL - I know that certain elements are out of your control such as weather and for a special guest appearance this year - Mr Covid. The crucial things that I could control were training, navigation, recovery, diet, clothing, pacers and so on. Getting these right was my main focus prior to the attempt on the Joss Naylor Challenge V50-V54 under 12 hrs. It was planned to take place on Saturday 5<sup>th</sup> September 2020 and would involve traversing 30 Lakeland Fells from East to West from Pooley Bridge for a distance of 42 odd miles, climbing over 17000ft and finishing at Greendale Bridge in Wasdale.

In the last 3 decades I've completed the Bob Graham Round (BGR), been a pacer or helper on numerous occasions for BGR attempts and a Gerry Charnley Way completion. It's an arduous job, its stressful and very tiring, your hero for the day will expect you to run alongside, shelter them from the wind, carry a sac containing sufficient food, drink and clothing. There's an expectation to navigate, dress them, provide reassurance, record split times at various points and put up with the sharpness and grumpiness of a fatigued runner. In amongst this, you need to keep yourself fed, clothed sufficiently and hydrated to render yourself of any use. However, don't be disillusioned the comradery is very special during the attempt and the preceding weeks of reccys, it's extremely infectious.

### Pooley Bridge –

Forecast for the day - light rain at 6 am, clearing, 10-12 mph westerly winds with gusts of 24 mph, heavy showers, 8-10 degrees, 3-4 degrees on summits with added wind chill.

At 5.15 am, Bev aka The Mrs, Andrew Wrench aka Wrenchy and me aka Jon Wright travelled from a bunkhouse we had hired near Threlkeld to a temporary car park for Pooley Bridge, situated off the A592 and in position due to bridge repairs at the start. Access was





only available over a footbridge to the village and start as the original bridge was damaged in floods a few years back. At the car park, we met Ian Symington aka Boggart and Andrew Worster aka Boy Wonder who'd set off at daft o'clock from the Calder Valley to get to the start of leg 1 (many thanks boys). Wrenchy and Boggart were pencilled in for running leg 1 to Kirkstone Pass where Boy Wonder would take over from old-stager Wrenchy. We take a 5 min walk from the cars alongside the shores of Ullswater and over the temporary footbridge and into the village. With 10 min to go I nervously stretch, conduct half-hearted leg swings and snigger at Wrenchy and Boggart being thwarted by private CCTV and security lights in an

attempt to have a nervous pee.

5.59.55 am Bev gives us a countdown and were off, no cap lamps required. The rain has baited; a slight wind blows from our right and I feel light on my toes. I chat nervously as we jog leaving the peaceful village via the B5320 and up a track past Hillcroft Caravan Park before breaking out right onto moorland to climb the first peak 'Arthurs Pike' in a split time of 35 mins. I'm aware I'm already 3 min down at the cairn, Wrenchy glances at the schedule in hand and states that it's actually a 25 min split, a few expletives escape my lips. I ask for confirmation again, Wrenchy squints his eyes at my clearly written schedule and corrects himself "Sorry 35 mins".

Phew !!, he rudely blames me for my handwriting, we chuckle and set off again across the flattish moorland. It feels very pacey as the boys do a sterling job passing Gels every 30 mins, passing water on demand and sheltering me from the worst of the wind coming from our right, at times we are an echelon as the early summits come thick and fast. The conditions underfoot are similar to the Pennines, mud and grass on an undulating route. It only really starts to get interesting from Kidsty Pike onwards as you start to encounter classic Lakeland rock. Today though it's as wet as an Otter's pocket, as a result it has the hallmarks of verglass, constantly being re-dampened by showers that come and go as fast as they arrive. On the descent to the last summit of 'Pike Howe' I hear Wrenchy shout out like a wounded soldier, I take a glance behind and he's 50 yds back and holding his leg in pain. Its cramp and

brought on no doubt by his regular high mileage of 3 miles a week! . Wrenchy waves us on in typical hero fashion, I touch the cairn and descend with Boggart all the way to Kirkstone Pass.

### **Kirkstone –**

Bev is present at the car park with all kit and food prepared xxx, I'm 1 min down on schedule and tell everybody that it was a fast schedule for the 1<sup>st</sup> section. On arrival some hairy bearded geezer from Chorley pops over, shakes my hand, wishes me the best and states that his attempt is planned for the following week. I guess I'll read his account somewhere! A quick change of thermal top, a drink of flattened coke and we're soon off up the hill within 4 mins. taking four Gels, a banana and a cheese/jam buttie with me. Boggart and now Boy Wonder who has taken over from the retiring Drenchy (private joke), they will stay with me for Leg 2 until Dunmail Raise. 200 yds into the section and Andrew Horsfall aka 'Hoss' who is back at the car park supporting with Bev, hollas out to us that I'd left my life saviours behind (Gortex mitts), my hands suffer terribly in cold. Boy Wonder with a sub 5 min pace bolts back to collect and is soon back in our company prior to topping out on Red Screes. A fast steep descent on good spongy ground, passing a M55 JNC attempt and his pacers as we scoot around knolls, they appear unsure of the correct line and soon follow on behind us. A long grassy climb follows to Hart Crag this involves contouring around Dove Crag, in the Col between the two summits Boggart graciously admits defeat; he is unable to keep with the pace. Considering his lack of distance training of late it was understandable after getting up in the early hours and supporting me for 18 miles or more (cheers pal). Boy Wonder again puts in another fast negative split to collect my waterproofs etc from Boggart, unsurprisingly he's back with me by the time I reach the cairn of Hart Crag. Heavy showers in amongst the strong westerlies are the story as we progress over the broad summit of Fairfield where I stupidly ask Boy Wonder for a drink. Battling the elements and crouching behind the summit shelter together, he manages to find the bottle as I grab my clothing that's desperately trying to escape from his bag. An un-eventful run off follows down superb Scree and up the side of a wall that leads you to the summit of Seat Sandal. The cairn is touched with the foot and we quickly shoot off down the well-trodden BGR descent to Dunmail Raise Pass where I can see a plethora of cars parked on the roadside of the A591.

### **Dunmail Raise-**

Bev is amongst other supporters at the road crossing, sadly all the cars are not here to cheer me on, most I guess were on recons, possibly supporting other JNC / BGR attempts or even potential additions to the 2020 statistic for local Mountain rescue call outs. 8 min up on schedule here, thermal top / gloves change and flat coke drunk. Boy Wonder and Graeme Brown aka 'G' who is now a suitable replacement





for Boggart (he did get back safely dear reader). 6 x gels, banana, cheese and jam sandwich collected, water bottles topped up and we are away up the 900ft ascent of Steel Fell (steep as hell). Legs are complaining a little now but the company is great, fortunately the climb passes quickly ....'thank god'. 'G' was my international support and had flown in from Sicily the day prior, he's nicely tanned but complains that the bright green surroundings are hurting his eyes in contrast to the arid conditions of his hols in Italy for the last week. With Steel Fell conquered in 21 min we set off along the long trudge across bog and rock, skirting round knolls, basically picking the best lines to avoid any unnecessary climbing to the next summit of High Raise. Rain

and wind is still rattling the outerwear. 'G' and Boy Wonder are on cue passing the now hateful gels, at the same time trying in vain to shelter yours truly from the strong Westerly winds. 13 min up at the High Raise, we take a well-defined narrow grassy trod down in the direction of Rossett Pike with the atmospheric Western fells before us. 'G' stops abruptly to take a photo of several Red Deer running on the skyline between High Raise and Thunacar Knott. On this occasion he uses his camera phone. Previously on recons he would use his trusted Cannon DSLR super zoom with tripod...J that he somehow squeezed into his mini fanny pack along with one Gel, a soft drinks bottle and an item of Rapha clothing.

I suffer a mini bonk here and wobble a little whilst contouring and climbing to Rossett Pike, but subdue this by sucking down on another delightful tube of Mountain Fuel Energy Gel (I'm looking for a sponsor J). Bowfell is next, this has always been a beast for me, doesn't matter what direction I tackle it from, it's always a b\*st\*rd. Today was no different, the rock was lethal underfoot on the long climbing traverse to the top. It seemed an age getting there and it didn't surprise me when I reviewed splits post event that I was 4 mins down on this section. The run from Bowfell over Esk Pike and onto the Great End was also greasy and rocky underfoot. Great End summit is found shrouded in mist as we pass a BGR attempt but neither party speak, clearly all concentrating on navigation. The crux of this leg

is the descent to Styhead Pass from Great End. Firstly, you need to take your head off and took it safely under your arm (just a metaphor dear reader) you then shoot off North and through a large boulder field on steep ground towards a number of small cairns. It is simply a case of scrambling, bum sliding, stumbling, shouting expletives, stubbing toes, slipping and laughing down scree, grass ledges, narrow gullies and grassy ramps to at last you pop out on the main path to Styhead from Esk Hause. At the foot of this death slide as I hit the stony track I can hear a cowbell ringing in the distance, it's a relief as I'm now assured that Hoss and his wife Caite have made it to the stretcher box at Styhead Pass in time with my provisions. As I get closer and see my next pacer/victim James Riley aka JR awaiting annihilation. I thank Boy Wonder for a fantastic job supporting, considering it was a very late call up the day prior (cheers Bud). 'G' complains that his newly acquired suntan has now been scraped off on the Scree of Great End, we laugh and dab his tears with sweaty gloves.

### **Styhead Pass**

Same routine, change of thermal, drink of coke, 'G' and JR stash my Gels and spare clothing in their respective backpack and Fanny pack and we're off within 5 mins. I feel strong going up the south side of my favourite Lakeland Fell - 'Great Gable', rain is light and we're sheltered from the NW strong winds. I pass two walkers who shout encouragement, "Well done Jon".

I thank them, apparently they'd been talking to Hoss, Caite and JR at Styhead Pass prior to my arrival, gossip has it that Hoss ate their entire stash of Eccles Cakes! We summit in poor visibility, pick a good line off from the boulder-strewn summit and thread our way down the scree to Beck Head and its small tarn. I remember a humorous incident when Nick Barber aka Young Bull got lost and detached from us at the same point on a recon a few weeks prior. He comically asked a passing group of ill-dressed lads on a stag doo if they had seen a few runners pass through moments earlier, oh we laughed. The gels were getting harder and harder to consume, a very enthusiastic 'G' counted down every 30 mins for each one, followed by expletives from yours truly. Water was now the issue, an error in my haste at Styhead Pass to get going was that my water bottles had been left behind. Eventually after descending the infamous Red gully from Kirk Fell we were able to get a drink at Black Sail Pass. 'G' dropped down to the beck as JR and I continued up the long drag to the summit of



Pillar. 'G' caught us up within 10 mins. as we plodded on up the BGR, Wasdale Fell race and Ennerdale Horseshoe Race trod to the summit, the water is like nectar and I immediately feel rejuvenated. Within 5 mins I start to feel queasy again, I focus and meditate my mind in putting one foot in front of the other. Pillar done and I'm up on schedule by 38 mins, we turn SW and descend the last rocky section of the JNC, we drop down through rock and scree into a Col, take the sneaky contour left around Black Crag, followed by a short climb over large boulders to Scoat Fell. Strong wind is now blowing from our right on the ridge. JR and I take the short trip out to Steeple, which isn't visible until we are on the top. The usual spectacular view down into Ennerdale Valley is non-existent.

We retrace our steps back to 'G' who's recording our split times, it was then a case of following the wall SW down grass and up the steep ramp of Haycock, touch the cairn and turn left and South towards the penultimate summit Seatallan. I get a glimpse of the last summit of Middle Fell to my left and it's the kick I need, it's in the bag. We dropped down sharply and across the boggy plateau of 'Pots of Ashness' on a defined trod where part of it is used in the Wasdale race. I take a drink of water and instantly throw up a couple of times, I feel a lot better as the queasy feeling dissipates as I climb the grassy wall of Seatallan. It's a beast today and seems to take an age to get to the trig point, I tap it with my right hand and we fly off south in the direction of Middle Fell, drop down a steep grassy slope, across another boggy plateau and hit the climb. This is normally runnable but the legs are protesting, I



adopt a shuffle/ walk/ jog. As I close in on the summit at the far end of the ridge, two slim figures appear from behind a large boulder, it's Wrenchy and Ashley aka eldest son. It's a delight to see them, they join us for the final steps to the last summit, I feel absolutely fantastic. A few photos are taken, the vain buggers even had me taking a photo of them!

Within minutes we are descending from the summit, my legs no longer screaming, running hard down to the finish at Greendale Bridge jesting to the group if they wanted me to slow down. I reach the bottom of the fell with JR and sprint the last 100 yds to Greendale Bridge where I punch the air in delight. Hugs and kisses all



around (sorry Mr Covid) Bev hands me a Polka Dot labelled beer bottle titled 'Stage Winner', photos taken, followed by sitting in the cool waters of Greendale Gill, it's done, I'm done.

Total time 10 hrs 45 min 11  
secs - GPS states 42 miles  
and 18800 ft

55 mins quicker than  
schedule

Thank you all x  
Jon Wright aka f\*\*ked Fuzz



## Club Standards

The club recognises and commends athletic performance over 5k, 10k, 10 miles and half marathon distance. The times laid out in the table overleaf represent club standard performance ranging from Bronze through to Silver and Gold standard performances. These times relate to the world record for each distance and are separated by gender and 5 year intervals.

Standards achieved whilst running for Todmorden Harriers can be claimed by self submission although any GP or Todmorden Harriers race will automatically be included. The club standards year will run parallel to the gp and it is only possible to achieve 1 standard over a distance in any one year, the highest standard superseding previous achievement.

Any race advertised as a distance counts and parkrun counts for a 5k standard. All claims to be emailed to [clubstandards@todharriers.co.uk](mailto:clubstandards@todharriers.co.uk)

Claims can be from December 2021 onwards and tokens of recognition will be awarded at the annual presentation do.

Joseph Mountain

		Women Senior						Men Senior		
	Bronze	Silver	Gold			Bronze	Silver	Gold		
5k	0:24:37	0:21:06	0:18:28		5k	0:21:38	0:18:33	0:16:14		
10k	0:50:33	0:43:20	0:37:55		10k	0:44:32	0:38:10	0:33:24		
10 mile	1:22:16	1:10:30	1:01:41		10 mile	1:13:20	1:02:51	0:55:00		
Half Marathon	1:48:52	1:33:19	1:21:39		Half Marathon	1:37:18	1:23:24	1:12:59		
		Women 40					Men 40			
	Bronze	Silver	Gold			Bronze	Silver	Gold		
5k	0:25:17	0:21:40	0:18:58		5k	0:22:51	0:19:35	0:17:08		
10k	0:52:03	0:44:37	0:39:02		10k	0:46:11	39:36:00	0:34:39		
10 mile	1:25:06	1:12:56	1:03:49		10 mile	1:15:38	1:04:50	0:56:44		
Half Marathon	1:52:25	1:36:22	1:24:19		Half Marathon	1:40:03	1:25:46	1:15:03		
		Women 45					Men 45			
	Bronze	Silver	Gold			Bronze	Silver	Gold		
5k	0:26:11	0:22:27	0:19:38		5k	0:23:41	0:20:18	0:17:46		
10k	0:54:05	0:46:10	0:40:33		10k	0:48:03	0:41:11	0:36:02		
10 mile	1:28:30	1:15:52	1:06:23		10 mile	1:18:42	1:07:27	0:59:01		
Half Marathon	1:56:56	1:40:14	1:27:42		Half Marathon	1:44:04	1:29:12	1:18:03		
		Women 50					Men 50			
	Bronze	Silver	Gold			Bronze	Silver	Gold		
5k	0:27:32	0:23:36	0:20:39		5k	0:24:35	0:21:04	0:18:26		
10k	0:57:07	0:48:58	0:42:51		10k	0:50:04	0:42:55	0:37:33		
10 mile	1:33:32	1:20:11	1:10:09		10 mile	1:22:04	1:10:21	1:01:33		
Half Marathon	2:03:35	1:45:56	1:32:41		Half Marathon	1:48:35	1:33:05	1:21:26		
		Women 55					Men 55			
	Bronze	Silver	Gold			Bronze	Silver	Gold		
5k	0:29:07	0:24:58	0:21:50		5k	0:25:34	0:21:55	0:19:10		
10k	1:00:44	0:52:03	0:45:33		10k	0:52:16	0:44:48	0:39:12		
10 mile	1:39:29	1:25:16	1:14:37		10 mile	1:25:45	1:13:30	1:04:19		
Half Marathon	2:11:26	1:52:39	1:38:34		Half Marathon	1:53:31	1:37:18	1:25:08		
		Women 60					Men 60			
	Bronze	Silver	Gold			Bronze	Silver	Gold		
5k	0:30:54	0:26:29	0:23:10		5k	0:26:37	0:22:49	0:19:58		
10k	1:04:49	0:55:33	0:48:37		10k	0:54:40	0:46:52	0:41:00		
10 mile	1:46:13	1:31:03	1:19:40		10 mile	1:29:47	1:16:57	1:07:20		
Half Marathon	2:20:21	2:00:18	1:45:15		Half Marathon	1:58:55	1:41:55	1:29:11		
		Women 65					Men 65			
	Bronze	Silver	Gold			Bronze	Silver	Gold		
5k	0:32:54	0:28:12	0:24:41		5k	0:27:45	0:23:47	0:20:49		
10k	1:09:30	0:59:34	0:52:07		10k	0:57:18	0:49:07	0:42:58		
10 mile	1:53:57	1:37:40	1:25:28		10 mile	1:34:12	1:20:44	1:10:39		
Half Marathon	2:30:33	2:09:03	1:52:55		Half Marathon	2:04:51	1:47:01	1:33:38		
		Women 70					Men 70			
	Bronze	Silver	Gold			Bronze	Silver	Gold		
5k	0:35:11	0:30:09	0:26:23		5k	0:29:07	0:24:57	0:21:50		
10k	1:14:54	1:04:12	0:56:10		10k	1:00:15	0:51:38	0:45:11		
10 mile	2:02:53	1:45:20	1:32:10		10 mile	1:39:05	1:24:56	1:14:19		
Half Marathon	2:42:22	2:19:10	2:01:46		Half Marathon	2:11:24	1:52:38	1:38:33		
		Women 75					Men 75			
	Bronze	Silver	Gold			Bronze	Silver	Gold		
5k	0:37:49	0:32:25	0:28:21		5k	0:31:15	0:26:47	0:23:26		
10k	1:21:13	1:09:37	1:00:55		10k	1:04:56	0:55:23	0:48:27		
10 mile	2:13:21	1:54:18	1:40:01		10 mile	1:46:03	1:30:54	1:19:32		
Half Marathon	2:56:11	2:31:01	2:12:58		Half Marathon	2:20:26	2:00:22	1:45:19		

## The Curlew

What can be more evocative than the haunting cry of the Curlew on the open moor. Britain's largest wader can embody the very atmosphere of the South Pennines with their cry ringing out above the moors. We almost take that cry for granted in the South Pennines; but we should not.

They arrive from the coast in Spring and congregate in great numbers on rough grazing land and surrounding moorland to breed and forage in wet flashes with a bill that is three times as long as their head. According to the RSPB, Britain has 30% of the West European population. Curlew from Scotland spend autumn and winter on the British west coast and in Ireland. Populations from Scandinavia, the former Baltic States and north-west Russia head south-westwards towards this country. Others, remarkably, winter in Iceland and the Faroes. And yet others penetrate to the West African coast. Curlew are capable of migrating at remarkable altitudes at a height of up to 20,000 feet.

They have been in steep decline for several decades and whilst we are lucky to have a stronghold here we should not take it for granted. It is estimated that numbers might have declined by 42% between 1995 and 2008 – a decline that might well be masked by their longevity ( they can live up to thirty years) .

There are many factors for their decline; maybe more predation by foxes, even badgers; the production of silage; and afforestation can all encroach upon Curlew



habitats. We should be aware of our own activities and try and reduce disturbance as much as we can; particularly our dogs which need to be on a lead during the breeding season ( 1<sup>st</sup> March to 31<sup>st</sup> July) .

Guidance produced by the Northern Upland Chain Local Nature Partnership designed to improved awareness and land management to live alongside Curlew and other ground-nesting birds; also new guidance agreed between the Forestry

Commission and Natural England seeks to ensure that Curlew is considered at the outset of any proposals for forestry and woodland creation in the uplands.

The launch of World Curlew Day in 2018 and Mary Colwell's book *Curlew Moon* have raised the profile of the Curlew within wider society. The book tells of her 500 mile walk from the west coast of Ireland to eastern England and the people she encounters, united in their desire to help restore the curlew population. Her curlew crusading skills have helped Mary to get Government to launch a whole new GCSE in Natural History starting in 2025.

Robin Gray

## Progress

Training for marathons while living in Leamington Spa (spoiler for those yet to visit, it's very flat), doesn't adequately prepare you for a life of running in the Calder Valley (spoiler for those yet to visit, it's not very flat).

Shortly after moving to the area I picked up an injury, probably as a result of trying to run too fast on the not very flat stuff. I visited a recommended physio and set to work on fixing myself. Twelve months and lots of consistent training later, it was time for my first fell race. The Wadsworth Trog, maybe you've heard of it?

On a spectacularly grim February day I set off from the Oldtown Cricket Club and ran harder and faster than I ever have through the worst bog and rain I have ever seen. I closely nudged the cut off times, the second of which especially so, but by the sweat of my brow I found myself arriving back to the Oldtown Cricket Club for a warm welcome and even warmer soup.

Paul Colledge







Listen to the  
call of a Curlew



Find out more at  
[curlewaction.org](http://curlewaction.org)

CURLEW ACTION

# GROUND NESTING BIRDS

Please keep dogs on a lead  
and stick to the footpaths

March – July

Thank you



## How to feel Empowered!

*“How do we get back to being active in the fells together if we can no longer run together after blood-cancer, a necessarily restrictive hip replacement and a diagnosis of Motor Neurone Disease?”* Not a question I imagine many people would have to ponder, but this was exactly what David and I were trying to work out, when the answer literally rode into where we were having a brew.

Empowered People is a small local cycling charity which aims to champion cycling as a way of supporting the physical and mental health of those who are facing physical disabilities or mental inhibitors such as the fear of riding on roads. And on that day last May, when they rode into the car park at Craggies they brought with them the solution we were seeking.



Established 9 years ago by Simon Lord, himself a keen cyclist facing the increasing physical challenges that come with MS, this little gem of a charity has been a live-saver for us, and for many others who are facing perhaps a few more than one might consider their fair share of challenges.

Simon began by making alterations to his own bikes as his MS progressed and writing regular reports for the MS Society publication about how he had done it. His reports gained a lot of interest and other people benefitted from doing similar alterations. Simon then participated in a major MS Society cycle ride through New York in which there were 2800 participants, raising a lot of money in the process.

From this, the idea of raising funds to establish his own charity to help others through similar bike-alterations was sparked. With the help of Quest he raised the £5000 needed to register the charity, and with the successful application for a £10K Lottery Grant, EMPowered People was established in Todmorden in April 2013.

Empowered People source and adapt bikes of all types to enable adults to ride independently either solo or as part of a bike- train (where an e-bike is attached to a recumbent). Did you know, for example, that an ordinary e-bike will not work effectively for a person with a prosthetic leg? The electrics and mechanics of the bike have to be modified quite considerably – and it is just this kind of thing that Empowered’s team of skilful volunteers will set their minds and skills to.

Of course, some of the riders that have been supported by Empowered are dealing with degenerative conditions (ourselves included), and so adaptations are ongoing for as long as they are needed and wanted. David’s changing needs are a prime example. When we first rode out with Empowered last September, he was able to use his hands to brake and change gear on his recumbent. This is no longer the case, so Empowered approached some major companies for support, one of whom provided free-of-charge a very expensive and hi-tech electronic gear changing system that David can operate with the much-reduced dexterity and finger-strength he now has. They also welded arm supports onto the recumbent to hold his arms and hands in place as his muscular strength deteriorates. And still the team are thinking ahead to when David has even less physical independence, and they are looking at a voice-activated gear-change system, and a recumbent that can be towed without the need for David to cycle with his legs at all.

Once a bike has been suitably adapted, then Empowered provide the training and support needed to get the cyclist up and running (well...cycling!). In our case, this meant my learning how to tow a recumbent both on and off road, as well as





learning how to use an e-bike. Neither is actually as simple as it sounds. Once Simon was happy that I could keep David safe on the bike we were invited for a social ride to The Secret Café using the canal banks.

And since then we have been out a lot on our bike train. Sometimes on our own or with family, but our most challenging cycling has been during 3 fantastic cycling holidays with Empowered in both England and Wales, exploring coastal cinder tracks, country roads and the steep hills & valleys around Cader Idris. Being back in the hills as a couple, enjoying a sport that provides the athletic challenge on which we have always thrived, with people who have the same '*just find a way to get out there and do it*' attitude as our friends in the Harriers, has given us a reprieve for which we will always be thankful.

And it is this personal care and on-going support & problem solving that makes this small Todmorden-based charity such a wee gem.

But, as with all small charities, they can only keep on doing what they do with support from the local community and volunteers. This is why the donation of half of the profits from *The Shepherd's Skyline*, *Flowerscar Fell Race*, *The Red Hot Toddy*, and *The Tod Harriers' MMM*, will make such a difference.

I hope this article has been of interest to you, but if it has also stirred in you a desire to do more to support Empowered, then there are several ways in which your experience and enthusiasm could genuinely make a difference.

Donations of any size will always help J But, other things you could do that would be



welcomed include:

Supporting with the day-to-day running of the charity

Helping fettle with bikes, trikes and recumbents in the Todmorden-based workshop – people are often there at the weekend, and late afternoon/early evening on a couple of days of the week

Becoming a support rider for any of the social rides or longer events

- Driving one of the vans that provide back-up for the rides/events
- Participating in the forthcoming **Hills of the Edge** cycle challenge & Fundraiser – Sun 3<sup>rd</sup> July (flyers available at pack runs)
- There is also the opportunity for an ongoing commissioned role for someone to seek out and submit grant applications to help raise the £10 000 per year needed to keep the charity viable.

You can contact the charity in any of the following ways:

Phone: 07702 784916

Email: [info@empoweredpeople.co.uk](mailto:info@empoweredpeople.co.uk)

Empowered People

Bentley Fielden

Salford Way

Todmorden

OL14 7LF

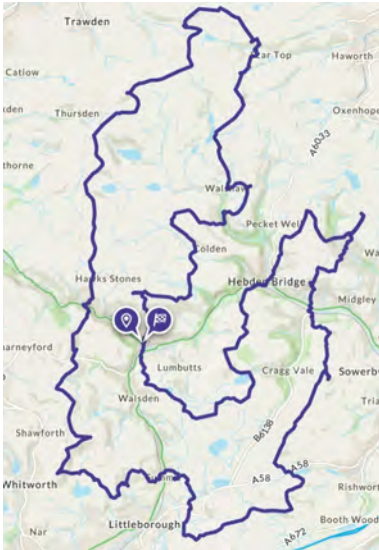


And if you look at their website **[empoweredpeople.co.uk](http://empoweredpeople.co.uk)**, you can find out loads more about them (and maybe even see some video and photos of me and himself!).

Helen Wilson



# Lessons to be learned from the Mark Parrish Round



I'd had it in mind for quite a long time that we should have a 24hr peak bagging alternative to the Bob Graham in our local hills. I have come across the 39 trig before, but to me this looked to be much further than a 24hr challenge for most people and didn't really excite me all that much, so I began planning my own. I had criteria that it had to fit also:

1. It had to flow well (i.e. I didn't want to be doing weird hill reps up the side of the valley just to get arbitrary ascent in)
2. I wanted it to visit 'summits' or significant hilltop features. I didn't want checkpoints to be random features like wall corners or farm ruins etc.
3. It needed to cover proper fell terrain

Anyway, after several drafts, I came up with something that I really liked the look of. It flowed well and it had a lot of rough, off-piste sections that should be a real test for most fell runners and mountain marathoner types. Only 2 things left to do...

1. Give it a name.
2. Actually give it a go

In January 2021, my dad was admitted to ICU with Covid Pneumonia, in which we came very close to losing him. We would video call with him every day and I just couldn't even begin to imagine what he and all other ICU Covid patients were going through. My dad has always had a positive mental attitude and I do believe that his mental endurance was one of things that helped him get through it. It was with this that I decided to name the round after him and also raise money for NHS Charities.

I planned a supported attempt for 4<sup>th</sup> September 2021, with my brother looking after road support, plus several runners interchanging between different legs to look



after me.

### **Leg 1: Todmorden to Ponden Reservoir**

I decided to set off at 2am as I felt there was a potential for tricky navigation on the 2<sup>nd</sup> leg, so wanted to be hitting that as it was getting light in the morning. With Rob Holdsworth and Jonathan Moon, we ran out of town away from drunken revelers



and into the quiet of the night. Heading up to Bridestones we were moving well and I was in a comfortable rhythm, arriving at the trig point 5 minutes up on schedule. The next few summits were routine really, with a fair bit of road and easy terrain which put me up on schedule for a while, given a bit of buffer before hitting rougher fell terrain later on.

We dropped to Gibson Mill and found the summit of Hardcastle Crag, which is a lovely viewpoint usually, but maybe not so much in the early hours of the morning. I guess we had a job to do anyway. Again, it was routine going over Shackleton Knoll and over to Walshaw Dean reservoirs and then up and over to the trig point at Withins Height. I tucked in behind Jonathan and Rob and they purposely slowed the pace down as I kept pulling away on some sections.

As we crested the hill and dropped towards Top Withens, the clag had dropped and Rob was getting a little concerned we might miss the turn off at Top Withens. I was a little more blasé about it, thinking it would be impossible to miss. I couldn't have been more wrong really as if it wasn't for a tourist info sign we would have missed it completely.

I started getting a little obsessed about time, which was stupid really as it was far too early. This did cause me to start ramping up the pace ever so slightly. The guys told me to get a grip as it was too early to even be thinking about splits. Jonathan told my leg 2 pacers to ignore me whenever I tried getting an update on time.

### **Leg 2 – Ponden Reservoir to Cornholme**

I pretty much ran through the change over at leg 2, picking up some rice pudding and cracking on. I was joined by Ben Beckwith (who turned up after a busy night

shift), Pete Rolls and Ian Symington. The first climb up to Little Wolfstones felt a little quick, I think with fresh energy gained from a change of pacers. I just tried to ease my pacing, trying to ensure it was I who dictated the pace. We left Ben at the summit and carried on down Coombe Hill before crossing the road and heading up to Crow



hill. Pete kept stopping to bury his head in the heather, enjoying the aromas at this time of year. I was a little confused by this, but he replied “I just love the smell!”.

I think from this point is where the round really starts to kick up a notch as from here on in it's a lot of classic, rough, pathless Pennine terrain. From Crow Hill it's a straight line across the moor to Boulsworth Hill. If you're lucky you might find an intermittent trod but we had no such luck.

We carried on ticking off summits and moving well. Ian kept shoving food and water in my hand at every opportunity and the pace was strong. We were moving over the long drag from Gorple Hill towards Hoofstones when Dan Taylor's unmistakable, booming voice appeared out of the mist like a damascene moment. This was a great boost and inevitably the pace ramped up a little again. Ian spotted this straight away and pulled me back as Pete and Dan ran ahead a little, chatting away.

### **Leg 3 – Cornholme to Summit**

The changeover at Cornholme was done very professionally by my team. I have to give a big shout out to Ambi Swindells who sorted my feet out for me.

I set off on this leg with Ambi, Jon Wilson and Dan, who continued along for the ride. My knee started giving me a bit of pain on the outside on my left leg. It wasn't terrible at first but it was a bit of a nuisance. I hoped to shake it off over time so I kept on going. We made it up Flower Scar in good time and dropped down to Bacup Road and straight up Midgleden Bank and started on the long drag up to Trough Edge End. Things were going pretty well still, but the pain in my leg was starting to



become more prominent. I necked a couple of ibuprofens and cracked on with it, hoping that it would ease off. It wasn't really affecting my climbing too much but the descents were becoming a bit grim. Trough Edge End to Rough hill was a right slog!

I enjoyed the section around Watergrove Reservoir. We were picking off the nice little summits one by one and I started to pick up again. It was a nice boost when Andy Ford appeared to run some miles with us and things were looking up again.

#### **Leg 4 – Summit to Mytholmroyd (cut short at Crow Hill)**

Unfortunately, this is the leg where things fell apart. The changeover was pretty grim as we were just covered in midges so I wasn't hanging around for long here. I set off with Aaron Hargreaves, Nathan Watson and Andy Ford. The first hill, Snoddle Hill, was a bit crap. Just full of tussocks but fortunately it was over pretty quick.

I was starting to feel extremely low now but grimly tried to keep the pace going. Andy peeled off at Blackstone Edge Road and the rest of us continued over Stormer Hill and over to Lode Nab and Blackstone Edge. I was still climbing well and was managing to just about keep a jog/shuffle going. I really enjoyed the climb up Blackstone Edge, taking a direct line up from Lode Nab, which is a small hill sat amongst the large amphitheater that is Blackstone Edge and Clegg Moor. However, arriving at the top this is where the knee really started to give up on me. I couldn't really run anymore so I was having to hike the long flat section over to Dog Hill, inevitably losing time. I was gutted when I climbed to what I thought was the summit, only to find the actual summit was probably another kilometer ahead. Aaron was slightly ahead and Nathan saw my disappointment and just let out "it's not fair is it mate".

We took a poor line off Dog Hill as I tried to shortcut from the trod. Here I was starting to talk about dropping out, but the guys kept reminding me that my climbing wasn't suffering and I was still close to schedule. I flew up Manshead End so hoped to hike round and just accept a slower time but as we reached Crow Hill at Sowerby the knee just gave way completely and wouldn't let me go any further. After I called off the attempt, I rang Alice, crying down the phone



to her about how I felt like a let down. I'd been on the move for 14 hours and other than the leg I felt so strong and so fit, so to go out like this was hard to take.

Fortunately, Crow Hill is close to a nearby road, where Mandy Goth, Kevin Robinson and Natasha Butterfield (along with my brother), who were due to help on leg 5 came to meet me and console me.

My brother drove me home and I just wallowed in self-pity for the rest of the evening whilst family were over for tea. My dad got all teary eyed when he told me how proud he was, although I wasn't feeling too much pride in myself at the time. I had dragged people out to help with my little pet project and I'd failed. I'd run for 57 miles / 14 hours straight but none of that really mattered to me (at the time) because I didn't finish.



### **So what have I learnt?**

I'm revisiting this article 7 months later, after not a lot of running and months of rehab. Its been a frustrating time but a time in which I have learnt a lot about myself and how I might do things differently:

1. Actually train on the route – I was very complacent about this and just figured I knew the route, but didn't factor in the effect of the terrain underfoot.
2. Strength, Strength, Strength – I think in future I would sacrifice running miles for more strength and conditioning for this kind of thing.
3. Remove the pressure – I think the charity aspect, the tracker, the social media song and dance, the strict schedule etc. just piled on the pressure when really it's just a day out in the hills.

But the biggest lessons I've learnt are just to have fun, don't get bogged down by injuries and set-backs as that base fitness doesn't just disappear and remember that these things aren't always cut and dry, but that's the exciting thing about a project like this. It's taught me more about myself than I could ever have imagined and isn't that why we run anyway?

Unfortunately, I have an overwhelming urge to have another go at some point. Whenever the time feels right, I think I'll just be keeping it pretty low key and under

the radar, probably carrying more of my own gear and just linking up with a couple of people along the way and not worrying as much about time, focusing on just getting round and completing the loop.

I would like to say that I am fully behind anyone else who wishes to have a go and would love to support an attempt. I am not precious about being the first completer, but I'd like to keep it named after my dad as he gave me the inspiration and the confidence to put myself out there and have a go. Give me a shout if you're interested in an attempt.

And finally, a big thank you to everyone who supported or was due to support me later on.

Ricky Parrish

## Great North Run

*Last September myself, my mum and a friend Adam ran the Great North Run. Like other races, it had been postponed the year before due to Covid-19 and had had to make several alterations to enable it to go ahead.*

**Slight tweaks, yeah; new protocols, unfortunately; but back with the same wonderful spirit and fantastic occasion.**

**Runners: Darren Shackleton, Sheila Shackleton and Adam Dennett**

It's fourteen minutes past three; a minute until the hometime bell signals the weekend has begun and Class Eleven of Crawshawbooth Primary are, as usual, lined up across the front of their classroom waiting for the nod to go home. Unlike the end of every other school week however, this particular Friday saw an unexpected figure at the head of the line. Their teacher. Bag packed and eagerly anticipating the dash to the staff car park – avoiding any unexpected 'have you got a minute' conversations from a senior leader – to begin the journey north for one of the best weekends of the year. The Great North Run.

With family and a fellow runner collected, the boot packed and rush hour traffic around the south of Leeds successfully navigated, we settled into the journey up the M1. The tradition of tuning in to Sara Cox's 'All request Friday' was momentarily interrupted by a phone call from the third runner of our group – Adam, running his first organised half-marathon – who had reached our caravan site base on the coast near Ashington. Adam's first Great North Run was to be

unique for all of the near sixty-thousand runners lining up at the start on Newcastle's central motorway as, to make the event Covid-19 compliant, the course had switched to an out-and-back route with the traditional South Shields finish relocated to the city centre.

A bright, sunny Saturday morning greeted the three of us as we bundled into the car to head up the coast to find the meeting point for Newbiggin-by-the-Sea parkrun. Sheila opted to save her legs for the main event, leaving Adam and myself to head out on to the sand for the 'new runners' briefing. After a moment's pause to mark the 20<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the 9/11 atrocities, we set off along the promenade. Approximately nineteen minutes of 'do not get dragged into a race!' running passed by to leave my legs feeling really good and ready to go. For the afternoon, our families went their separate ways and we headed for a relaxing stroll along the beach at Creswell and a fuelling pit-stop at Drift Café to take on a huge fruit-rich scone (spark the debate with work colleagues via Instagram whether it's jam or cream first?!). Any runner's guide will list an adequate amount of sleep as essential pre-race preparation. Unfortunately, Emma Raducanu's victorious exploits in the US Open pinched an early night.

Early alarm switched off. Race number attached to Toddy vest. Bags checked. Porridge consumed. Bags re-checked. Race day.

*Below left: looking fresh: before hitting the 13.1 miles across Newcastle and Gateshead*

As a light morning frost was heated off the car windscreen, the three runners



buckled up for the thirty-minute drive south to Newcastle (my dad opting to watch via the TV and Adam's family journeying down later to find a spectator spot around the halfway mark). Plenty of chatter filled the car, partly excitement – well I was excited! – and partly discussing the alterations to the usual event organisation. For the first time, in a bid to promote social distancing, runners were to be set off in waves at different allocated times. Talk also centred around the change to the route; in



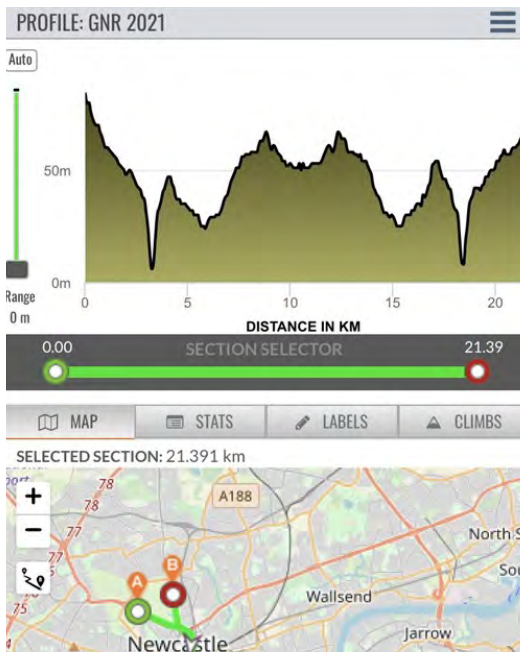
particular, the normally flat final mile along the front to South Shields had become an incline through the city up to Great North Road to finish adjacent to the start line. It's fair to say my fellow Toddies were, well, slightly apprehensive whilst I, in a bid to raise confidence, reminded us that compared to our training routes of the South Pennines, it'd be nothing (a comment which came back to bite!).

*Right: We're Toddies, that's not a hill! Eilish McColgan, who holds the British half-marathon record, describes the course as "brutal".*

As we navigated our way into the heart of Newcastle, disaster struck; parking!?! Due to the constant crashing of the GreatRun.org website, we hadn't managed to secure a pre-paid parking spot. Following our routine from previous years, we initially headed to park up behind the statue of the inspirational Sir Bobby Robson, however, the St. James' Park car-park was unexpectedly closed. With the clock ticking towards the starter's gun for the first wave, several frantic laps – including potentially the wrong way up a 'Bus Lane' – of the inner-city ring road finally resulted in Google Maps leading us to an empty space. The less glamorous side of running mass participation city events is ensuring all runners know how to get back together at the end; a recce was needed. A dashed walk past the Haymarket led us to a perfect spot approximately a kilometre from the finish; ideal for spectating and meeting back up. Turning towards the starting zone on Town Moor, we joined the growing crowds of runners before pausing on the bridge directly over the start line for a quick team photograph and last good lucks. We splintered into our own directions; me up first at 09:15, Adam beginning around quarter past ten and Sheila in one of the middle waves near 11 o'clock.

On my own. Join the toilet queue. Final couple of bites of a banana. Bag drop into the 'Angel of the North' tent. Through the 'Runners ONLY' entrance. Down onto the A167(M).

In contrast to previous Great North Runs, gathering in the starting pen was much more sombre. For one, there were less people due to the staggered starts but



several regular features, such as the high-energy, music-blaring mass warm up, hadn't ticked the Covid-19 risk assessment. The organisation, considering the size of the operation, was faultless. Stewards ensured as a 'Fast-paced Club Runner' I was able to get to the front starting pen; this year on the right-hand side of the dual carriage way.

A sudden fire of the starter's gun signalled the Elite women's race had begun; under a quarter of an hour until my legs would need to kick into gear and find 13.1 miles of running. While the Elite male athletes arrived - including Marc Scott, who the previous summer had set the British 5k record as part of the Podium races on the bike track at Barrowford, and the up-and-coming Jake Smith - small talk was chattering amongst the amateur runners. A Keswick runner noticed my Toddy vest, joked about the lack of fells we'd face before declaring his half-marathon best was 1:11:00 and asking what time I was targeting. After mumbling a modest number to him, I recapped in my head the key splits I was hoping to run to break eighty-minutes.

BANG! With the gun came the zealous air-horn and within seconds I'd stepped over the timing mat, smiled in admiration at the NHS workers – who'd been invited to start the event in recognition of their courageous work throughout the pandemic – and was attempting to find a rhythm to the sounds of 'Local Hero'.

The first mile, which is deceptively quick, sweeps along fly-overs and descends into 'Oggy, oggy, oggy' underpasses. Having that summer read a tweet from Ambleside Fell Runners mocking the price of a big city run equating to a full season of their Lake District races, it's impossible not to agree that commercial events are grotesquely overpriced. However, the atmosphere created by throngs of spectators is remarkable and the north-east crowds seem to take it a notch further in both their loudness and encouragement. Heading over the iconic Tyne bridge was spine-tingling whilst glancing at my watch showed I'd ran a 5:33 second mile. Perfect start.

At mile three, adjacent to the Gateshead Stadium, the field was directed to the left of side of the A184 dual carriageway to leave the opposite side clear for returning runners. "I ran the same race as Sir Mo; but no, I, erm, never saw him actually running" is usually my GNR race-report. However, for one year only, the new route allowed the first wave of runners to see the elites as they turned for home. Spotting the graceful stride of Eilish McColgan and hardworking determination of Charlotte Purdue was inspiration to hit the 10K marker in 35:04.

From mile six onwards, the course became uncharted terrain. It started with a gentle decline to the half-way turning point which had a gigantic television screen filming approaching runners and a radio DJ giving shout outs. Approaching the turn,

I spotted the elite men – absolutely in a completely different league but, yet not a different postcode – heading back to Newcastle and the realisation hit that I must've been within the first two-hundred runners. All of the Goldie training tips – 'chin to pocket' and 'relax those shoulders' – began to kick in. Suddenly, shouts of, "Mr Shackleton! Go on Mr Shackleton!" filled the mile 8 air. Was there a school residential to the north-east I hadn't been informed of? No, it was Adam's family giving a rather formal, but most welcomed, cheer of support moments before he himself passed as a blur of purple on the other side of the central reservation. By downloading the race day app and using GPS tracking, his family were able to spot him, twice, and hand out the obligatory high-fives.

The short sharp incline leading into mile 10, saw my splits creep over six minutes for the first time, however, the slope down to re-cross the Tyne Bridge at mile 11 ensured I was comfortably still heading for inside my target time. Could it be as simple as a victorious parade to the end? Erm, no. The climb through the city-centre, on tiring legs, was brutal (curse the earlier comments to the other Toddies!). Yet, as a frontrunner, I was free of being sandwiched within a large group and therefore cheers from the growing crowd – plus the unexpected Red Arrows fly-by – really spurred me on. Recognising our planned meeting point signalled the moment to kick hard with any energy left. As the 200m markers dropped down from eight hundred, with the aid of targeting a white-vested runner who was treading water, a sprint finish got me across the line.

*Below right: it's all about the bling: showing off three 'PB' medals*

Slowly, I edged back across Town Moor, collected a finisher's goodie bag, sipped on a bottle of water, allowed a volunteer to hang a medal around my neck and posed for an official commemorative photograph I'd never buy. It was then I finally raised by wrist into sight; 1:15:57. 84<sup>th</sup> position. Job done. And smile.

After stumbling down to



the meeting point, I perched against the metal barrier and watched as a man epitomised the whole heart-warming nature of the event. For hours, he stood cheering on the masses whilst pinpointing any floundering, exhausted runners and offering some jovial Geordie motivation. Thankfully, timings were on our side. I managed to see Adam thunder along Great North Road to smash the hundred-minute marker, running 1:38:14 to go with raising thousands of pounds for charity. He'd managed to join me to witness, despite GPS saying we'd missed her, Sheila heading for a stunning personal best of 2:27:04.

*Right: posted on Insta: those precious three seconds!*

Gathering back together for a 'Completed it' photograph back above the start line, we swapped tales and recounted our runs; each of us delighted. Driving north to reunite with family I pondered, do I fancy new challenges and getting out into the fells more? Well, yes. So then would I run the Great North Run again? Oh, in a heartbeat; after all it's the best weekend of the year.

Darren Shackleton



## Limerick: Lunatics ticking them off

A striving hill runner from Todmorden,  
He trained on the fells with Flash Gordon.

One June afternoon,  
They flew to the moon.

Munros! Wow! They got eighty four done.

Phil Scarf



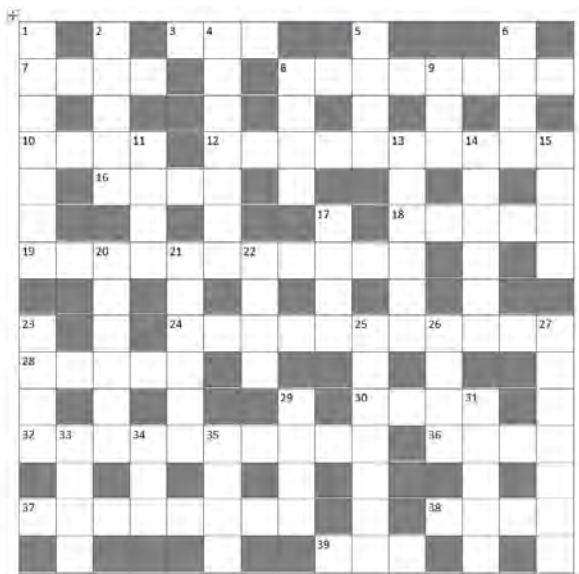
# Crossword by College Boy

## Across

- 3 & 8 dn. What one achieves when it's over. (7)  
 7. Either way it's 12. (4)  
 8 & 29. Race speedily took over. (8,4)  
 10. Starts to run, bike and swim after nothing. Balls! (4)  
 12. Forbid playing around after meal for 27, perhaps. (4,2,4)  
 16. Exercise! That's a year ago roughly. (4)  
 18. Collar large gorilla, maybe. Then left after that. (5)  
 19. Dance? (2,2,2,5)  
 24. The RN, RAF, hot, confused in remote place. (3,3,5)  
 28. Rival runner in book about animal doctor. (5)  
 30. Mostly misses sleeps. (4)  
 32. Drinks for us after run? (3,7)  
 36. Small sailor has heavenly body. (4)  
 37. Tea in Paris after 12 is comic. (3,5)  
 38. Work needed to retain joint. (4)  
 39. See 23 down. (3)

## Down

1. Present wrapped and coming home. (7)  
 2. 12 in sport, for example. (5)  
 4. To carry nothing about degree is a pain. (7)  
 5. Therefore, left nothing alone. (4)  
 6. Footballer has games against the French. (4)  
 8. See 3 across.(4)  
 9. Swim initially in Derby indoor pool. (3)  
 11. Type looked for on radio. (4)  
 13. 12 footballers, a student and a



- hundred circle player. (6)  
 14. Reorder part or make 12. (6)  
 15. Cowardly exclamation of pain expressed to get another. (4)  
 17. India, Cyprus, Sri Lanka, finally, are here. (4)  
 20. Target where to shelter on fell. (6)  
 21. Needlework is rubbish as well. (6)  
 22. Amass income ethically therein. (4)  
 23 & 39. Blimey, an empty week makes another 12. (7)  
 25. Transport is wild hawk, sir. (7)  
 26. Men lost first two. Oh dear! (4)  
 27. One of us is 12. (7)  
 29. See 8 across. (4)  
 31. This after 12 was raced once. (5)  
 33. Throwing from here makes strange echo. (4)  
 34. Draw twice, oddly. (3)  
 35. Likes place to stay. (4)

## Chevy Chase: Unravelling the Mystery...

Which came first, the actor or the fell race?

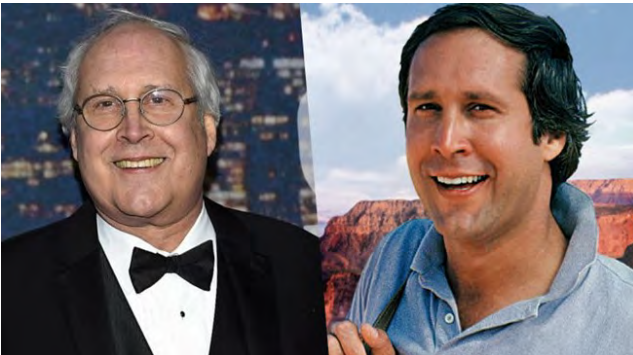
A mystery we've all\* been wondering...

I recently found myself staying at Wooler Youth Host, the base/end of the Chevy Chase fell race and the most northerly youth hostel in England (highly recommended by the way, although it's currently a bit of a hidden gem!). I'd always wondered about the name of the fell race and if it had anything to do with the actor - of whom to my shame I'd heard first. You may know him from the "classic" 80s/90s National Lampoon films, or as "the bigoted one off *Community*". This year is the 65<sup>th</sup> Chevy Chase Fell Race, so I figured it'd be a close one...



Astonishingly, Google is not regularly asked this question!! So off to Wikipedia I went.

"Chevy" refers to the Cheviot – with me so far? Ok and "Chase" in *The Ballad of Chevy Chase* (an old song about hunting and battles, definitely pre-dates the race and the actor) refers to a hunting ground. But *also*, if a runner is following another, you could say that one is "chasing" another. Chased up the Cheviot, in this case. Chevy Chase.



Turns out, it's not just a weird coincidence that Mr Chase was called Chevy. Cornelius Crane Chase was born in 1943, making him now 78, and his grandmother gave him the nickname "Chevy" ...to refer to that

*ballad I was just telling you about.* Cus she was a descendant of the clan Douglas. Clever stuff.

Unfortunately, this is where the trail (running reference) runs cold (like the top of the Cheviot). Wikipedia didn't tell me *at what age* Cornelius became Chevy, and I'm not invested enough to read his biography. But as he was 13 when the race first happened, I reckon it's *more likely* that the person Chevy Chase existed before the fell race. Which seems quite strange but there we are. We've all (probably) learned something (not necessarily valuable).

Kim Ashworth

\*although potentially the crossover between people who've heard of both the actor and the race is quite small.

Sources: Wikipedia

Bonus fact: Chevy Chase in Maryland is one of America's first streetcar suburbs. It predates the actor and the fell race but not the song.



## A Lucky Break

June 2019, trotting on Errington Moor during the Cragg Vale fell race. Suddenly, my legs give way and I am lying on the springy turf wondering what had happened. Club mates Phil Hodgson and Rosa Blackwell were soon on the scene and provided comfort and calmness. All runners following checked on my well being and most were divested of their cags to keep me warm and comfortable. Jackie Scarf's (race organiser) superb team of marshalls then took over, Calder Valley Mountain Rescue were contacted (some who had taken part in the race) who took me off the moor to a waiting ambulance and on to Huddersfield infirmary.

One week later I was home nursing a broken left femur and a ruptured tendon in the right leg. Still not certain what happened but I did notice soreness above both knees when I warmed up at the start of the race. The consultant thought that the tendon ruptured causing the fall and break.

July 2021, went down to Saddleworth to do the Alderman's Ascent race in lovely sunny weather. Darren has a bit of a reputation amongst Todmorden Harriers of

being a bad weather guru. It used to be always rain, snow or gale force winds he was associated with, but instead he decided that extreme heat would make a nice change. The women's race set off first and I think they got the worst of the conditions and helped the men to realise how extreme the conditions were. I took water (never done that before on a short race) and set off right at the back next to Antonio. We were also lucky that there was also water and water hoses now on the course. However, there were still a number of men who suffered badly as well as the women. The organisation from Darren and his large team of helpers was superb in supporting and rehydrating the runners. Back in the club house with a pint and cake I was delighted and surprised to be called out as first v65.

Alderman's Ascent was the 3<sup>rd</sup> race of 6 in the 2021 English Fell running championships. The week after the race I looked to see when and where the next race was after my surprise result. Kentmere in a couple of weeks, full – oh well my chance of a good position in the champs disappeared. A few days later I got an e-mail that I was now in. There was a moving tribute to Pete Bland before and after the race. Again I set off near the back but soon bumped into my old mate, Dave Stephenson from Bingley. A good chat helped up the long climb towards Buck Crag. The first time I ran Kentmere was in the mid 80's, it went anti- clockwise then. I learned a valuable lesson that it is not a good idea to wait till the top of Kentmere Pike to put on your cag in a snowstorm! I came 3<sup>rd</sup> v65 and enjoyed my first Lakeland race in quite some time.

Next up was Black Combe Dash. Felt quite good on the long climb in this short race, again having a good battle with Dave. Heels blistered on the final part of the fast descent. Dave edged past near the end to get his revenge for Kentmere. Another 1<sup>st</sup> place in my category puts me in with a good chance of a medal if I can get round South Mynd, the final race in the series. A dip in the sea and a bop at a Northern Soul Disco in Heptonstall round up a great day.

Went down to Shropshire the night before and had a few pints in Church Stretton – keeping the same pre-race schedule as the previous 2 championship races. South Mynd reminded me of the Long Mynd race except here the very steep climbs are at the start of the race. Very scenic and enjoyable race. A fair bit of route choice especially from the final checkpoint to the finish. I had caught up with my team mate, Rebecca Patrick, part way round and I knew she had reccied the route to the finish. We followed Ashes Hollow all the way down to the finish, which is definitely the safest route back. What I didn't realise at the time was that Rebecca was having a great battle with Rowena from Bowland and Deborah from Accrington for V50 positions, they followed us down the valley. Also Jeanie from Wharfedale who had arrived at the last checkpoint a fair bit in front but chose a different route. Rebecca managed to get the win in her V50 category which clinched a well deserved bronze



medal. Also with Annie, Mel, Kate and Claire they achieved a bronze medal in the ladies open and a silver in the vet 40 category (minus the youngster Annie).

My second place at South Mynd was enough to achieve gold in the v65 category. A really unexpected result as although I have completed the championships many times I have been nowhere near the medal placings, maybe a few top 10 placings – I had never previously achieved a top 3 placing in any of the individual races that make up the championships – maybe a couple of 4ths. It does help that runners like Steve Oldfield, Dave Neill and many others of similar vintage are not competing currently in the championships, they were literally miles ahead of me. I am also thankful that Billy Proctor's 65<sup>th</sup> birthday was later in the year (he was 1<sup>st</sup> v65 at South Mynd as well as winning the V60 championship).

In some ways the break for COVID was lucky for me. I was able to build up my strength and fitness by taking part in the various lock-down challenges. John Page and Phil Hodgson organised 65 trigs (on South Pennine OS map), Interesting Old Stones and derelict farmhouses. These were all great challenges that I completed mainly by bike and on foot, it also helped for motivation that there were 65 of each in my 65<sup>th</sup> year. I particularly enjoyed the old farmhouse challenge and I tried to picture what the farmhouses would have been like in earlier times. It also meant that when races started again everybody was in a similar position having not raced for some time.

The funny thing is that I am not the first Todmorden Harrier to win a gold medal in the English Champs after a bad break. Richard Blakeley won a v70 gold a few years after breaking his hip after an altercation between his bike and an extendable dog lead on the Rochdale Canal towpath.

Dave Collins



## A Fell-running Glossary - Part 2: Terrain

This was originally placed on 'tinternet' by Garry Perratt in the year 2000.

**Hill:** Anything a *Real Fell Runner* can run up

**Small Hill:** Less than 2000' high

**Big Hill:** Over 3000' high

**Mountain:** Something a fell runner can't run up because oxygen tanks won't fit into their bum bag

**Top:** The summit of anything – hill, mountain, ridge, boulder, crag,

phone box etc. (Many fell-runners are inveterate climbers and ascend anything which doesn't move, as well as a few things that do!)

**Sheep Track (Sheep Trod):** A path along a fell-side, which looks initially promising but rarely goes where you want to

**Tussock:** Large tuft of grass, which conspires to turn ankles

**Scree:** Steep slopes of stones of various sizes. The small ones get into your shoes, and the large ones clobber your ankles. *Real Fell Runners* ignore the pain this causes, but '*Southern Softies*\*' have to empty their shoes at the bottom and apply extensive bandaging to their ankles

**Peat:** Black, organic mud common in fell areas, which always looks the same just before you step onto it, regardless of whether it is firm or, in fact, a bottomless gloop. The famous bodies of ancient people found in peat bogs around Western Europe are, in fact, the first known fell-runners who made a bad route choice.

**Tarn:** 1. Sheep flavoured body of water

2. Blue splodge on a map which may contain water on the ground, but could just as likely be a depression of peat

**Marsh:** Tussocks of grass growing on a tarn

**Flat:** Gradient up to 1 in 3

**Gentle Slope:** Gradient up to 1 in 1

**A Bit Steep:** Sub-Vertical

**Quite Steep:** Vertical

**Very Steep:** Overhanging

**Wet Rock:** Something to which no known footwear will stick

**Dry Rock:** Alternate state of wet rock, rarely encountered in fell-running due to the prevailing weather in fell-running areas



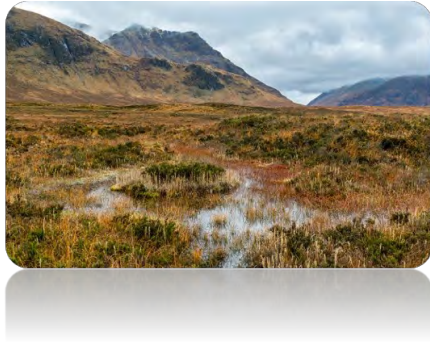
**A Bit Boggy:** You will sink up to your knees

**Quite Boggy:** You will sink up to your waist

**Very Boggy:** You will need a snorkel!

Look out for **Part 3: Weather** and **Part 4: Living things** in future Torriers

*\*a term of endearment used by northern fell-runners to describe those fellow runners who live and train in the somewhat less hilly areas of the UK, south of Watford Gap*



Sent in by Helen Wilson

## Puzzle

Couplets :

Take two letters from each word to form the name of a fell race

IE = FORT CHIP SPAN = Orchan

1 - TRIP PUNT ACED \_\_\_\_\_

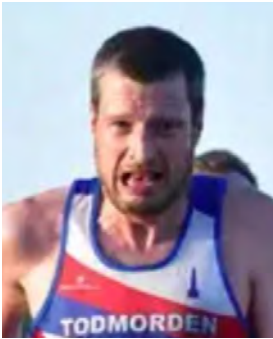
2 - AWAY LARD ABLE \_\_\_\_\_

3 - WHAT SALT PREY \_\_\_\_\_

4 - SKID SEND HERE \_\_\_\_\_

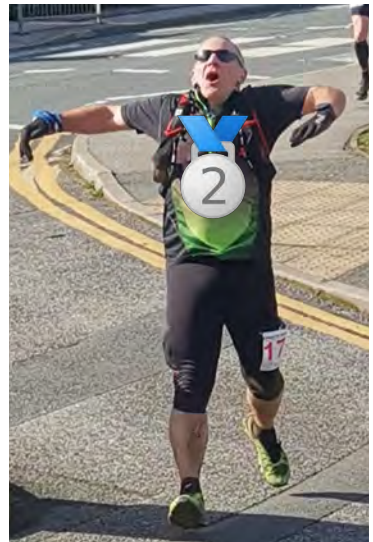
5 - WIND ODDS OPEN \_\_\_\_\_

6 - ABLE FIST SCOT \_\_\_\_\_



# TOP GURNE

*Trying 'ard: we love to see it!*







Send your favourite gurns in to Torrier editor [torriernewsletter@gmail.com](mailto:torriernewsletter@gmail.com) to be featured. We'd particularly love to see some team entries! If you don't, we might get Duncan (right) to look at you like this...



It felt somewhat cynical to skip through loads of lovely photos of smiling Toddlies in search of the angry/despairing/fed-up ones, so, inspired by Sarah Farnell's lovely happy face, Top Grin is a new feature to capture the spirit of Tod Harriers. Kudos to those who made it on both pages, especially Aaron for doing it with the same picture.

Send grins to [torriernewsletter@gmail.com](mailto:torriernewsletter@gmail.com)

# TOP GRIN



# 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



Here's the team photo from the West Yorkshire Winter League race at Queensbury....



...but wait! Where's **Dom Leckie**?

Apparently he was back on the course, in a cow field searching for his phone through 4 inches of slurry – 5 points for Dom!

**Dom** again... forgot to submit his time for the virtual fell grand prix race back in April '21. Only realising a week after all the tables were finalised and the trophies engraved ..a time that would

have got him into 3<sup>rd</sup> place in the fell GP - Doh!

– Another 5

For joking about previous toilet seat winner Dom Leckie turning up at fell races without his shoes, then herself turning up without her shoes for Midgley Moor... **Fran Miller** earns 5 points!

*Right: last year's winner modelling the trophy in the traditional fashion*

**Dave Collins** – Messing with his phone while running along the canal towpath, fell



in, full submersion and a ruined phone earning Dave the first “full house” 10 pointer of the year!

It's tied at the top of the leaderboard with Dave and Dom, both previous winners on 10 points each. There's a long way to go in the 2022 competition and I know you lot are as mad as a box of frogs so get snitching on the usual address  
**armitageshankstodmorden@gmail.com**



**EPISODE 8**

**Here is the latest batch of "marginal gains" sent in by folk who frankly, need help :**

Plan your long runs for rainy days to avoid having to carry a drink.

**-Buddy**

Wring out your running clothes at the end of a run for a natural (if salty) isotonic recovery drink.

**-@TheWrongtrod**

Stand ten paces away from someone then silently mouth the word ‘supersonic’ Then run towards them as fast as you can. On arrival say ‘supersonic’ out loud without moving your lips. Hey presto! They will think you can run faster than the speed of sound.

**- Nichola Knack**

Tuck two scaffolding poles through your running vest and down through each leg of your shorts, in the event of an injury – hey presto! You have an instant stretcher!

**- Patrick Whack**

An old mudclaw on your dashboard makes an ideal cup holder.

**-Tom Bowler**

Collated by Stu Wolstenholme



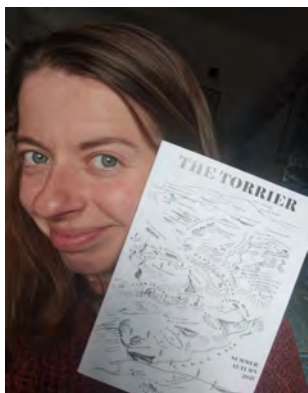


## Next Torrier: You're up!

Want to contribute to your club's newsletter, but not sure what? Here're some ideas...

Send a run report. A high-res photo for a front cover. An ode to lichen. Four words about your favourite race. An abstract ink representation of your feelings during a run. A good gurn. A bad gurn. A Toddy-related satire of any standard magazine article. A picture of your dog. A mildly amusing haiku about Erringden. Front cover artwork. A drawing by your 5 year old child. A photo quiz. A picture of you reading the Torrier somewhere amusing/interesting. Time-of-life musings, holiday stories, tales of epics, vintage articles from the past... We even permit submissions that aren't running-centred... Openings always available for Torrier Special

Correspondents (ie I can give you an idea for an article).



Send word documents, email text and jpeg files to **torriernewsletter@gmail.com** 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 around October. If writing an article, aim for 500-1500 words (absolute max is 2000). Deadlines will be announced on the Facebook page and forum.

-Ed.



## Doggo profile: Cooper



Cooper is Andy Dyson's Italian Spinone who used to run with him before developing a bad back.

He would run for 5 miles and then stop, regardless of how far you were away from where you started, so there were a number of gentle walks home...

Sounds like a very good boi who knows his own mind, 12/10

*Send your dog profile to [torriernewsletter@gmail.com](mailto:torriernewsletter@gmail.com)*





