

THE TORRIER

AUTUMN/WINTER 2025





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. Take a look at **www.todharriers.co.uk**



Contents

04	A word from the Editor
05	A word from the Chair
06	President's column
07	Members Q&A
08	Socials
09	Emergency Contact setup
10	Iron Maiden
14	Bob Graham
18	Ben Nevis
19	Cowshed Backyard Ultra
22	Crow Hill Reverse
23	Dave & Michelle in Turkey
26	Green Prix
28	Remembrance Round
31	Which way to the pub?
32	777 Challenge
34	Thank you from Overgate
35	Strava nerdery
37	23 Before tea
39	Tribute to David Wilson
41	Tribute to Moyra Parfitt
44	The Funnies & Quizzes
52	Presentation Do



A word from the Editor...

Well hello dear readers!

How exciting to be taking on such an esteemed newsletter as The Torrier, a publication rivalled only by War and Peace and the Gutenberg Bible in its cultural heft. Huge thanks to Kim for sterling service at the helm over the last eight years (and five prime ministers!) and for such a smooth handover.

In this edition Paul Colledge ponders the highs and lows of distance rounding (I remain baffled), Heather Rostron shares the experience of doing her first Iron Man (check out the photo of Heather beasting the British Army in the cycle climb) and Luke Dyer tells all about his Bob Graham Round. We hear about the Cowshed back yard ultra in which our intrepid (winning!) team run for a very long time and Darren T almost uncovers an international drugs cartel. Finally, we pay tribute to two much missed members of the club, Moyra Parfitt and David Wilson.

The next edition will look a bit different as Microsoft is retiring the Publisher software we use and so we must move on to software pastures new. The Torrier is a content hungry beast so please send your reports, reviews, photos, quizzes, quests, recipes, fascinating facts and anything else even remotely interesting to TorrierNewsletter@gmail.com. This edition's fantastic cover photo looks towards Windermere from Pavey Ark and is by Bob Halstead.

Happy reading, happy running

Lisa Peatfield

Editor

A word from the club Chair

Sad times: summer is over, darker mornings gets darker sooner, it's wet and cold. Hang on that sounds like Rossendale. But! autumn is coming, new colours on the hills and trees. It's been a busy summer and loads of racing has been done. It was great to see The Toddlies at Whittle Pike race at the end of August; I was marshalling at the bottom of Whittle Pike. I love looking at our Tod Facebook page, the race photos of you lot enjoying yourself and the group photos at the start and end of races. If you haven't been on there I would take a look. Very encouraging and awesome to see runners enjoying themselves.

Another year nearly done as Chairman (it's going very fast), I would encourage you to think about helping out at the club. There is a lot to do behind the scenes that you don't see but keeps the club going. If we didn't have these people we wouldn't have a running club. So have a think and come to a club meeting. See where you can help out. The meeting is held at The Polished Knob, 1st Monday of the month 8pm till 9pm. So dig deep this autumn and enjoy the new colours and hopefully loads of fresh air. Keep encouraging each other on the fells and stay safe.

See you soon on the fells, pub or racing x

Gaz



President's column

It's time for me to write my column for another Torrier, and this time I can welcome a new editor. Thank you to Lisa Peatfield who has taken over the editor's chair from Kim Ashworth, after Kim's long and very innovative time in charge of our mag. Big thanks to her too. These days the Torrier is looking better than ever (gurns and all).

Yes, it's Autumn and that means that most of us are now off the fells and on the roads for the Wednesday pack runs. But there are still plenty of running opportunities ahead of us before the year comes to its end, including several Grand Prix races. If you've not quite qualified yet for one of our club championships (fell, road, trail, and the bit-of-everything that is the GP itself), you've still potentially got a chance to get there before the season is wrapped up in November with the Soyland fell race and the Morecambe 10K.

And don't forget when you do run Grand Prix races to claim your Green Prix points, too. This has been a great innovation this year, with club members encouraged to think about how they get to races, in order to reduce the environmental costs of too many cars being driven unnecessarily. Those club members who've been turning up to GP races on their bikes or by using trains (or sometimes – as at Accrington recently by one Toddie – using both) are making sure that this first season's Green Prix prize is being hard fought for.

After November and the last GP race comes December, and in particular the club's big social event of the year on Saturday 6th, the Tod Harriers awards evening and party. This year our venue moves back to Todmorden, to the Cricket Club, and you'll soon be being encouraged to get your tickets. A message for newer members of the club: please don't be shy and do come along. It's always an excellent evening.

I'll be there, offering congratulations and handshakes to everyone who is a GP qualifier or a prize winner. In fact, the evening will be my last official engagement as your President. My two years will be up, and after that the club will have a new President. Who will it be? You'll have to turn up on Dec 6th to find out!

Andrew Bibby

Members Q&A: Becca Chapman

You were voted 'Most Improved Runner' in 2024 - what's your secret?

No secrets really! There was an unexpected discovery that I enjoy running up hills, and I'll always give things a go, but it's mainly having lots of very supportive friends and Toddlies!

When did you join Tod Harriers and why?

I started running with the Monday Runday group in September 2021 - I didn't know anyone when I first moved to Tod and thought it might be a good place to meet people. Mandy, Helen, my fellow 'slugs' and everyone at Monday Runday were so supportive and have been a huge encouragement in the last few years - from there I started coming to pack runs and then thought I'd try out a few races.



What's the best thing about being a Toddie?

It's lovely to be part of such a friendly community where everyone shares an interest (although I know there's definitely much more than running and the pub), and where everyone makes such an effort to make you feel welcome and cheer you on however fast or slow you're feeling. You're an amazing bunch!

What tips would you give to new runner looking to improve?

Start with Monday Runday, find your feet and be kind to yourself on the way. Learn what it is you really enjoy about running :)

My running happy place is ...?

Anywhere with a satisfying hill or a lovely view - I really like running by Square Dam, especially in the spring so I can check for tadpoles. I love races where I finish smiling because I've enjoyed it (or because I know there's food at the end!).

What's your favourite race?

I really like Race You to the Summit, it's such a fun atmosphere and costume

spotting is a great distraction. I also really enjoyed the CWR this year - I hadn't run a race with a team before and it was really nice keeping each other motivated along the way (thanks Louise for getting me back up the hill!).

My next goal is...?

I'd like to do the Hobble again and see if I can enjoy it even more this time, avoid any actual hobbling and have more than one slice of pizza at the end.

Favourite biscuit & why?

The answer I usually give is chocolate hobnobs but the actual answer is party rings (I didn't realise they were vegetarian for ages so I'm making up for lost time!)



Tod Harriers/Calder Valley FR social evening

Friday 21st November @ The Ginger Tiger, Tod

Together with our friends at CVFR there will be a **run starting at 7pm**, returning for **food at 8:30** followed by an evening of music! (Runners are sought to DJ – see Stu)



ICE, ICE baby!

Run alone? Clumsy? Read on as Paul Brannigan explains how and why to set up your emergency contact details on your phone and wearables.

Stu had a fall and banged his head at a recent pack run. This made him raise the question: should the club store members' emergency contact information? We plan to add this to the membership form for new members and are considering ways to give members the opportunity to submit emergency contact details should you wish to share them. In

any event, club members are encouraged to store their emergency contact details in their phones so they are accessible to first responders etc if you sustain injury whilst running.



If your phone doesn't use a password*, then you can add the word ICE (in case of emergency) to the name of your emergency contact in your phone's address book e.g. 'Ingrid Kristiansen ICE'. If you have a Garmin device, iPhone or Android phone see QR codes below for instructions. The Android instructions require a Google account; as an alternative you can put emergency contact details on your lock screen by going into Settings, Display, Lock Screen, Add Text To Lock Screen and entering your emergency contact details.

*Ed's note: this is a bad idea unless you are a penniless hermit with absolutely nothing worth stealing.



Android



Apple



Garmin

Iron Maiden

Heather Rostron

Build up

It was Simon Anderton who inspired me to try a tri. One afternoon discussing races, Simon said, "Well there's Helvellyn Tri". I looked it up: one of the hardest triathlons in the world. He was having a laugh, right? Well no, and off I did it to the best of my ability. The good thing about starting off with a difficult tri, is that every subsequent tri race hasn't phased me.....until the beast of the Ironman. Again, Simon was key in inspiring me to undertake this next tri challenge. Also, my colleague Heidi announced to our team that she had entered the inaugural Leeds Ironman. Leeds is a special city for me, having performed many swimming races there in my younger years. I heard the next day that another colleague had also entered. I slept on it one more night and then held an emergency family meeting, explaining the impact doing an Ironman would have on family life. After getting the go-ahead, the next day I pressed 'submit' and was £600+ lighter. After carrying out some research, I bought a copy of 'Your Best Triathlon' by Joe Friel, a book I'd come to spend more time with than my husband. I joined Trilab Racers for support and specialised guidance. Off I went on this new, daunting, terrifying journey ahead.

Training

Training for Leeds IM was the hardest thing I've ever done. The 30-week programme seemed relentless. Often (usually) consisting of a morning and evening session, and my 'day off' being a weights session at the gym, it was all-consuming. How on earth could I sustain this? One of the main difficulties was fitting in with lane swimming times whilst navigating swimmers of such mixed abilities. Later, I would be setting my alarm for 4am to get to Roundhay Park Lake in Leeds with Heidi and our colleague Dani, to check out the race swimming venue. I was so glad that I did this and it was perfect swim preparation. Early on in the training, the weather was snowy and icy, and determined to not fall at the first hurdle, I took everything indoors. Fond memories were made running next to our lovely Emma Kerwin on the gym treadmill. What a contrast to the runs I later made in the hot sun, desperately preparing to race in a heatwave. During one long run, I remember having no capacity to think of doing anything better than running round Tod park.....2 hours I went round and round. Training was tiring and often the only way



to fit sessions in was to go very early morning, and this meant less impact on family time particularly at weekends. I remember one such run coming home and finding my sleep eye mask still round my neck! Blimey the fatigue was bad.

Cycling was the discipline I had least experience of. I was fortunate in finding Trevor – everyone needs a Trevor in their lives. Trevor is an ex pro cyclist and has run with Tod Harriers too. What that man doesn't know about bikes and cycling is simply not worth knowing. Trevor supported me with bike routes, tips, bike maintenance, leant me his bike computer, and came with me on my longer rides. Trevor got me set up with aero bars on my bike (he spent hours fiddling with these for me, ably assisted by our cat Brian), and has taught me loads. One memorable tough ride: I was doing cycle hill reps up Burnley Road and close to throwing in the towel that evening, when suddenly a familiar white van screeched and stopped in front of me....it was Simon coming back from the Lakes and I honestly could have flung my arms around him when I heard his familiar voice. With renewed enthusiasm, I persisted with another few reps. Along with Jamie Rose (Lisa's other half), who came with me on various training rides, I gained two new superhero cycling friends.

There were many sessions undertaken on my own, often too early for others to join me, making large parts of the training lonely. I'll always be grateful for those who joined me, including Brian* (with Simon and Phil) on long bike rides, Hannah-Louise and Fabienne on long runs. It felt a massive achievement a couple of months out from the race, to complete a half ironman race in Nottingham successfully and later my first 100-mile bike ride in the Liverpool to Chester return race. Never before have I set off on such a long ride feeling absolutely shattered and ended it with more energy. The training must have been working!

*Ed's note: not the cat

Event weekend

As the race became closer, I came into tapering which simply felt amazing. The sessions had become hard as well as long, and now they were just hard but shorter. I registered for the event on the Friday then enjoyed the merch tent and picking up my unique Ironman tri rucksack. Determined to lap up the whole experience, I went to Ironman prayer on the Saturday evening after racking my bike, which was held at a church near Roundhay. It was a calming service and it was good to hear others' stories and experiences of why they were there. The enormity of the event really did hit home. Hard.

I stayed at a friend's house in Leeds the night before the race, settling down early and knowing sleep would be hard to come by, with alarm set for 3.30am. Race day

morning I was up and out on time – phew! After parking up I dropped off my fuel supplies in the transition tents and felt in a good mood, determined to enjoy whatever lay ahead. I headed for the quickest swim time wave with this being my strongest discipline and enjoyed the pre-race chants. Seeing the crowds on the opposite side of the lake was simply amazing and emotional. This was it. Flippin heck.

Swim

I set off in perfect weather and entered the lake using a staggered start. Luckily no Aussie exit just simply twice round the lake. I felt good and relaxed on the swim; no punches to the face and was only pulled on the ankle once. It was busy, especially on 2nd lap when the later waves were just starting out. It was so difficult to estimate timings but I felt like I'd got a good balance of preserving energy and maximising my strongest discipline. A slight bit of cramp towards the end soon went. I came out of the water and was delighted to hear me being announced as the first in age category to exit the water. Great stuff! I glanced at my watch and realised I'd gone sub 60 minutes so although happy, I wondered if I'd gone too fast. Anyway.....I ran up the hill with enthusiasm to transition 1, high-fiving Trilab supporters which was ace. Estimated time: 1hr 10 mins, actual 59:02, 3.4 miles. T1: All smooth, wetsuit off just like the Brownlees (not!), grabbed my bike whilst throwing down some food. Pleased afterwards to see T1 not too shabby a time.

Bike

The 3 lap route was a beast. The pre-race hype about the notorious Black Hill Lane didn't disappoint. Luckily, I had reccied it with Brian and Simon. Some were pushing their bikes up Black Hill but I managed to stay sat down. Simon and Phil were at the top, absolute legends those two! I am so grateful to them both. Simon informed me I still had a long way to go (thanks Simon) and that he was very proud of me. The atmosphere was amazing: superheroes, dancing, music and written on the road in chalk 'Don't be Shit' made it



all the more bearable (Ed: Leeds eh?). The route was tricky with some out and backs, tight turns, speed bumps, and I found that I wasn't able to switch off and relax for a moment....indeed my chain came off at miles 90 and 110, I think simply because I had lost concentration by this time. Great to see half a dozen of my colleagues out supporting me. I managed to let a little wee out on the bike, determined not to waste time in a portaloos! Estimated time: 8 hours, actual 7hr 46, 112 miles. T2: Relieved to get round the bike route in one piece with no punctures and get to the running where I have more experience. Apart from struggling to rack my bike quickly, I couldn't complain with a decent T2 time.

Run

The run was the hardest. I set off so slow but was surprised to find myself walking some bits after mile 9. Who knew walking sections of an Ironman run was a thing! Each time I tried to run again, the pain in my hips was terrific, but then it would subside for a bit. I used the run-walk tactic which seemed to work particularly during the second half. Luckily going past my colleagues was a downhill section, so they at least didn't get to see me walking any of it ha! It was amazing to see them and they had a massive banner with our names on. We did four laps of 10k and on the second lap, I was emotional to spot my family. Amazing. I became concerned that with walking some sections, I had blown the whole thing, let myself down. I think I was a bit delirious though and managed to tell myself that I was still going to come in under 5 hours, which I would be delighted with. (Estimated time: 5-5.5 hr, actual 4:48, marathon)

The last few meters were a whirlwind going down the chute towards the famous red carpet. The crowds were huge and the atmosphere electric; this was it. My girls screamed for me and as I turned to see them, I missed seeing the bell, which is rung by all first timers. Crossing the line I was still looking for that bloomin' bell!!



As one of the volunteers hung my medal round my neck, I had to hold onto her shoulders to keep upright. I'd done it. Absolutely incredible. All those months of training, fatigue, and sacrifices were worth it for this moment. 27th July 2025 – a date I'll never forget. Later on whilst listening to the other competitors finishing to 'You are an Ironman' over the tannoy, I enjoyed a glass of fizz with my family as the darkness drew in. Content? Absolutely. Smug? Just a little. If you're thinking of doing it, DO IT!

It Takes a Team to Run a Round

Luke Dyer

Last training run on the Bob Graham Round before a midsummer attempt. Three hills reps of Blencathra to work out the descent should do it. Slip on some mud. Landing I knew something was off, my shoulder didn't feel right. Then the pain hit. "Poppy, you're going to need to come and pick me up", I gasped over the wind to my wife on the phone whilst holding back all my emotions. Nine months of training was abruptly over. I had to figure out how to both stand up and get down with my arm dangling off my shoulder. Still to this day, I don't know where the good line is.

Fast forward to take two – September 12th. Looking at the forecast in the week I had been uncertain whether to go ahead. There was no guarantee that the weather would be better another weekend and I'd have to rearrange all the supporters yet again. The only guarantee was that every week I left it in September there'd be thirty minutes less daylight. It felt like it was either now or next year. There was no harm giving it a crack. There was nothing to lose but pride and, at a minimum, experience to gain.

Leg 1 - Not Dislocating a Shoulder

Eight pm and off we go with the setting sun. I was excited to get going. As always seems to be the case, the rain and wind started half way up Skiddaw but it was relatively light at this point. I was more concerned about the wind. The top of Skiddaw was exposed but running off the back of it was beautifully sheltered. As we skipped down into the bog it was kind of Will and Nick to take a few thigh deep hits for the team to show me where not to go. When we reached the top of Blencathra we were twelve minutes up on schedule but the clag was down, the wind was up and we didn't know the trods to shortcut rocky parts of Halls Fell. My only aim was not to dislocate my shoulder again, I didn't mind if I lost time here.

Leg 2 - Surviving the Storm

As I ran into Threlkeld car park I felt joy at being back in the calm of civilization unharmed. Waiting there for me were two people who I'd never met before in my life. I briefly caught their faces in the headlamps as I quickly changed shoes and downed a cup of hot chocolate. Louise and Jack were happy to come out at midnight and venture head on into horrendous weather for over four hours. There were a few stars dotting the sky at this point obscured by the scudding clouds. It's a strange thing this fell running community and a Bob Graham Round – it brings the best out of humanity. Others will sacrifice for what is, in all honesty, an arbitrary goal (whilst being of utmost importance to the contender). They were happy to add extra weight to their packs to give me a better chance. It's a feeling I'd experience

many times throughout the round. A deep sense of gratitude, privilege and community. So many people came out that weekend to support me. Later on, when the tiredness had hit, it was more overwhelming and brought some dampness to my eyes but for now I was just peacefully grateful.

Clough Head came and went quickly but once on top the wind was in your face and it alternated between heavy rain or hail depending on how high you were. I was looking forward to having a good chat and getting to know Louise and Jack, but one could only shout to be heard over flapping fabric and howling gusts. That'll have to wait for another time (hopefully when I can return the favour). Louise knew all the trods so nav was a breeze. Upon reaching the road support at Dunmail I proceeded to warm up nicely and had a full change after my drenching into dry clothes.

Leg 3 - Welcome to the Pain Cave

"Alex, how do you solve cramping quads?" "Salt and stretching," came the reply. Given that I didn't have any salt, and I wasn't going to stop to stretch, it was time to start to occupy that place of discomfort some call the pain cave. It wasn't very welcome. I didn't enjoy it. Maybe now, almost a month on, I could imagine going into it again. If I'd used my brain more I should have just eaten some electrolyte tabs but I was worried about looking like (or becoming) a rabid dog. Alex took everything out of my pack and I could noticeably feel the difference. The gratitude was almost too much for me.

Bowfell is where my quads turned permanently stiff and running freely was finished for now. By the time I was coming down Scafell Pike other parts of my body started to want to give way. Alex gave the sage advice of "We'll just see how you are down in Wasdale". There was no easier way out but I thought it was over. My quads had given up and now my IT band had quite rightly decided it couldn't function as quads. West Wall Traverse was otherworldly as usual in the clag and rain. The



descent from Scafell is normally a favourite; not today. The scree was a blissful relief as my legs didn't have to brake. A steep, wet grassy slope after: challenge accepted. I sat on my bum and slid right down. Stopping was a problem especially as both legs went into cramp. In the end a patch of ferns provided the necessary hand holds before a splash into the river.

Leg 4 - Keeping Hope Alive

Coming into Wasdale I was 1h 10 down on a 23h schedule (so if I kept to schedule I'd get to Moot Hall ten minutes late). I felt pretty shot. As Dan Taylor had come all the way to Wasdale to support me, I thought the very least that I could do was to get up Yewbarrow and see how I felt. If I stopped now I'd have to do the past 15+ hours again! We made it to the top in good time and proceeded to make back ten minutes over the next few peaks. Dan's experience really helped me here; as I went to 'run' on the flats Dan told me you don't need to run leg 4 if you can climb. You just need to have the legs to run leg 5. This gave me time to recover a bit. I could hike and do it. Left to my own devices I wouldn't have given my body time to recover and I wouldn't have been able to run at the end. We had recce'd the leg together back in April and today was a different experience. I was, and am still, so grateful for the help from Dan and everyone else.

At 5pm on the way up Great Gable I was trying to figure out when I'd be getting to Honister and finishing. My PhD in maths was no help - by my sleep deprived calculations I'd be finishing at midnight. I resigned myself that no-one would want to run from Honister to Keswick and I'd just plod in on my own. I was very surprised when we reached the top and Dan said we'd be in Honister in an hour. I was going to make it.

Leg 5 - Getting the Job Done

Hobbling down to Honister I could hear the screams and shouts in the car park from about ten people there to cheer me on. They had previously mistaken an old lady for me and cheered her for a while. A reasonable mistake given I was as graceful as an 80 year old who needed both hips and knees replacing. Dave Weedon and Dan Philips came armed with anecdotes to get me through. I was tired and let the happy chat wash over me. After getting a time check I knew I had to run all the downhill and flats if I wanted to finish on time. Nothing like that to light a fire in your legs. Tom Saunders was waiting at the fell gate to meet us for the final five miles into Keswick. I was glad to be joined by another friend and we started to motor on our way.

Running into Keswick was a relief. I was going to make it. I had time to savour. My father-in-law stopped the traffic as I crossed the road and my family were there to cheer me on. I did have to dodge a son who wanted to launch himself into a hug. I

don't think I could have withstood that even though he's only small. With the steps in sight, I saw a crowd taking their photo on the top. I didn't want to wait around to touch the door though, so I mumbled "excuse me" as I pushed past behind them to finish. They made me redo my run up the steps alone and gave me an almighty cheer. The cool pint was refreshing and being given a medal by my four year old daughter polished off the moment nicely.

It takes a whole team to run a Bob Graham Round. It would not have been possible for me to achieve this silly and audacious dream just a few years into running without all your help. I feel humbled and thankful. If you're thinking of what to do next: think of something that scares you and is at your limit (it was). Don't be afraid of telling people (I was). There's more to life than running, but running (and cake) is a good start. Thankfully I don't have to come back and do it all again but I do get to come back and live through other people's journeys. I'm very excited about that. So if you want to have a go, just let me know!



Ben'd it like...Pemberton

Gaz Pemberton

It's the highest mountain in the UK, it's steep! Massive rocks everywhere. Brutally beautiful horrible race. But! I go back every year. This was my 19th Ben Race in a row: why do I go back year after year? Loads of reasons. I love the drive up, meal with friends on Friday night, chatting about our year and how much training we have or haven't done. Saturday morning nerves getting kit ready. Getting your race number in the football field. Tea and cake after the race. The dip in the river at the end to try and help with "Ben legs" pain. Overall it's meeting up with friends and hurting yourself as you try your best to beat your time from last year.

Wow that was the hardest I have ran with not much training! Every year I say after the race. Definitely going to train for next year's race and every year the same thing goes through my head while driving up to Fort William "Not training enough!" Oh well. It was a warmish race day. At the start I was thinking of wearing a t shirt under my vest so glad I didn't as it was hot. Thankfully when I reached half way at Redburn it was a little bit cooler, got there in 55 mins (4 mins faster then last year). Climbing well but then cramp in both legs stop me in my tracks for about 5-10 minutes then slow walking for the next mile - was gutted. Made the top in 1:48 (again 5 mins quicker than last year) the best bit! Downhill - love it! Started well, picking a few runners off. Feeling hot and very thirsty, had a dip in Redburn, felt loads better. It's a long way down.

Getting closer to the road bit. My legs started to give way, pain running through my body but I had to keep going: wanted to get under 3 hours. Wanted to stop and walk. But I was like come on!!! I keep it going all the way right to the end 2 hrs 57 minutes. Done it. Grabbed 2 bottles of water, poured them over my head and drunk 2 bottles of water. Not felt like that or pushed that hard for a while. I was done. Number 19 in the bag. I didn't move for a while. Felt rough as a dog. But tea and cake was waiting for me and my friends. Another awesome weekend on The Ben. I want to do a list of runners who have done The Ben Race. How many have you done and what's your fastest time? Get in touch with me.



Keep on moo-ving: Cowshed Backyard Ultra

Darren Tweed

What is a backyard ultra (BYU)? Simple concept really - just complete a 4.167-mile off-road loop ('Yard'), on the hour, every hour – until you are timed out or just can't face another one. Last person standing is the winner ... everyone else is a DNF. After almost 20 years of running, the BYU format appealed to me just to get a unique/new running experience – and that it certainly was! Now I wouldn't say I'm the most sociable of runners, I'm happy in my own head and thoughts much of the time, but I did love the fact this event gathered everyone back together again on the start line again, every hour. For those who do love a natter, you could chat to some new folk every lap if you so fancy. Although you're repeating loops, there are various milestones and targets along the way. 4 Yards = > half marathon, 7 Yards = >50k, an 'ultra' distance. 12 Yards = 50 miles. 15 Yards = 100k, 24 Yards = 100 miles, and so on. So loads of different abilities, and ambitions on the starting line, but many people seeking personal distance records from what I gathered.

So before starting I had a few personal ambitions in my head. But first and foremost, this was a Tod Harriers' team entry event, and we had assembled a crack team of pedigree ultra runners that I figured would be the perfect self-motivation to keep going: Kim Ashworth, Paul Colledge, Dom Leckie, Ian Symington, and myself. It was also supported by the inimitable crew of Fran, Florence and Ishbel who were consistently and enthusiastically onto everything we requested, having hot/cold food and drink ready at the end of each lap, for all 5 of us.



Awesome stuff ... much harder than running I reckon! The team effort, and the support, were what made it for me into such a fantastic weekend experience and great memories. What follows are my key lap recollections, followed by some deets yard by yard in the true banality of a BYU format. Dull? Repetitive? Yes, maybe. But that's what I thought of a BYU when I first heard of them...

The stats	Key recollections
Yard 1 10-11am Time: 51:37 Runners: 161 Weather: Wet	Lots of excitable chatter, relief to be going. Immediately bumped into a familiar 'Run Further' face. Enjoying soaking up the variety of the course (450ft climb per yard!) – sunflower fields, pine forest, farm track, grazing land, open views. And was that weed I smelt somewhere on course? Mood: Excited
Yard 2 53:01	Dropped to the very back of the pack, for a slow lap to photograph the route for posterity. Mild panic set in around halfway at the potential embarrassment of being timed out first, so then hot-footed it the second half. Mood: Touristy
Yard 3 47:31 Fuel between laps: Cream cheese & crisp pitta	Faster lap – planned to eat lunch at the end. First meeting of 'Tough Mudder guy' – he's done over 100 don't you know? Started to notice it getting soggy underfoot ...Mood: Hungry
Yard 4 51:10 Cream cheese & crisp pitta, cup of tea	Another smell of weed on the way round, musings with fellow runners over the real reason for this farm (is it really an ice-cream parlour, or a front for something else?) Mood: Damp
Yard 5 2-3pm 46:41 Runners: 150 Still wet Pot noodle	Rain properly setting in now, and route repetition feeling a bit dull already – this could have been a bad idea ... first hot food waiting at end so decent pace. Mood: Fast
Yard 6 53:04	Kim points out 'Weed man' lighting up off the starting straight. Turns out that the venue is innocent after all. Don't smell it again after this, clearly not a secret weapon for the BYU format. Dry clothes and shoes to start the lap, felt a treat. Mood: Fresh
Yard 7 48:23	Chatted to one of 'The Wolf Pack', another team entry, and discover that one of them is aiming for 30 yards – chief rivals may have been located ... Mood: Intimidated
Yard 8 49:05 Cup of tea	Meet Holly, who eventually turns out to be last woman standing, but is the first person I've spoken to so far who has actually done one of these before and come back. Re-assuring to finally find someone ... Mood: Cold
Yard 9 49:45	'Tough Mudder' guy still in ... and still talking to me and another guy about Tough Mudder. I've heard enough now. Mood: Wet
Yard 10 7-8pm 47:14 Runners: 82 Very wet Mac n cheese microwave meal	Double digits feels good, a great milestone ... and the lap boredom has disappeared now the numbers are racking up. Hot dinner waiting so an extra kick round this yard. Mood: Flagging

Yard 11 51:10 Cup of tea	Both lightweight jackets now soaked, alternating each lap, but feels pointless. Do I have enough dry base layers? Saw Paul finishing his 10 th yard (by seconds) with a supreme last effort, but knew he was out for 11, so we were our first team member down. Mood: Sanguine
Yard 12 50:05	Last time I recall hearing 'Tough Mudder' guy (telling someone else the same thing). Not tough enough for today, clearly. Mood: Settled
Yard 13 53:49 hot rice pudding	Running out together on 13 (4 Toddies) having just celebrated Kim's 50-mile PB with her still looking as lively as ever. Felt really good, had to pull ahead as hot food waiting again and wanted top half change! Mood: Honoured
Yard 14 51:23 Cup of coffee	Team down to 3, unfortunately Kim had timed out. The starting corral suddenly looking v. sparse, hadn't noticed until now. Getting interesting! Full mountain waterproof on now (last jacket so had saved as long as possible before putting on). Feel properly warm and dry on top half at last! Shouldn't have eaten that entire tin of rice pudding though ...Mood: Bloated
Yard 15 Midnight 46:18	Food settled. Fast effort to allow time for full lower body change at end of lap (I know how long those knee-length waterproof socks take to get on), plus fuelling and tea. Came
Runners: 16 Wet	in as 1 st finisher (one and only time!) & Toddies coming in as the first 1-2-3 to complete the 100k distance. Felt like we're winning at life. Mood: Smokin'
Yard 16 53:20 Runners: 10 1 X Pro Plus, Cup of tea, Jelly babies	Slower lap, to recover. Legs heavy now, noticeably walking a little more, thinking might have overdone it a bit! Grippier shoes back on though, huge difference. And finally stopped raining at some point round this lap – after 15hrs ...Mood: Regretful
Yard 17 51:21 Runners: 10 Dry! Apple & cinnamon porridge	My first pre-race ambition met – a new personal distance record! Noticed only 10 lining up for Yard 17, 3 of us Toddies – surely team prize was bagged by now? Crew still unsure though ... Mood: Proud
Yard 18 52:20 Runners: 9 Cup of tea, Jelly babies	Dom turned back at bottom of first hill, head and/or heart no longer in it. So down to 2 in the team. New 'time on feet' record for me bagged. Put <u>airpods</u> in for the first time ever on an event, 30-minutes of Underworld and Bicep – definite pick me up as no chatter from anyone now. Knee niggle starting on the downs, something new to me – sowed the first seeds of doubt in my mind about how many more. Mood: Happy
Yard 19 52:04 Runners: 7 Cup of tea, Jelly babies	Super clear night, stars everywhere, beautiful. 30-more minutes of tunes, some Leftfield and Faithless this time, then <u>airpods</u> back away and listening to owls. Managed to convince Ian to go out for 1 more lap (as crew still unsure if we'd bagged the team prize). Mood: Blessed

Yard 20 5-6am 54:42 Runners: 7 Still dry	First light seen halfway round. Seeing the dawn was the second of my pre-race ambitions met. Ian was clearly done after this one, and knee niggle still there so time to call it a day myself as no more team yards would count (need 2 runners in), and not worth injury. The 3 rd ambition could wait – I already knew this wouldn't be my last BYU. Came through the finish line for crew to confirm that we'd bagged the team win – perfect finish! Time to pick up our wooden spoon DNF prize, and DNF photo. Mood: Celebratory!
--	--

Race Report: Crow Hill Reverse

Dave Collins

A few people have said to me “why is it called Crow Hill Reverse”? Well back in the mists of time (about 15 years ago) the initial climb/final descent were run in the opposite direction of the reverse course! This got me thinking, should I run the original course or how about running the original and the reverse at the same time? Sounds like fun, I remember doing the South Mynd Tour race a few years ago and runners set off in opposite directions for the first control. By my, very rough, calculations the original and reverse route must have been run a similar amount of times, so lets do them together.

We got some red (reverse) and blue (original) stickers to put on the race numbers and a few signs for the marshals at the key junction on the return. Plenty of confusion with runners turning up and having to choose original or reverse, especially for runners who hadn't competed here before. The Tod Harrier marshals and registration team managed to make it work, I am indebted to them. We had good feedback from the runners – they seemed to enjoy it.

Martin Howard got a new record with a superb time of 28.18. He ran the original route, when he approached the finish, the Calder Valley Search and Rescue team were walking through the narrow path just before the finish line. Martin managed this obstacle without slowing down or taking out any of their marvelous volunteers!. Dom Leckie (original) and Ethan Hassell (reverse) had a good battle running different routes – Dom edged out Ethan for 2nd. Rachel Pilling (reverse) had a good battle with Charlotte Jackson (original) with Rachel getting the win in a good time. Calder Valley Fell Runners won both team prizes on home soil. The race was the 4th (and final) race in the Tod Harriers Tuesday Night Summer Series which was well received. Race proceeds, this year, (after club costs) went to Overgate Hospice in appreciation of their work in supporting Dave Wilson and his family. Dave was a strong runner and excellent navigator who excelled in tough conditions.

Dave & Michelle's Excellent Adventure: Turkey

Dave Garner

As we crossed the border from Bulgaria to Turkey our days in Europe were coming to an end, but we wouldn't reach Asia until we got to Istanbul and crossed the Bosphorus. We rolled into the small town of Dereköy, where we decided to get something to eat and then find a camping spot for the night. We came to a small square with what would become a very familiar sight, a tea shop with loads of old guys chatting and drinking tea. Heads turned in our direction as we paused to see what was around. One of the old guys came over "Welcome" he said "if you want tea it's over here, if you want food it's over there". After something to eat we went off to find a camping spot, something that is always a little bit daunting when you first enter a new country. We found a bit of scrubby land in the corner of a field just outside the town. Just across the road was a spring coming out of a pipe and flowing into a stream and across the stream in some woodland was a family having a picnic. Two young lads came over the stream to go to the spring for water, we said "hello". A few minutes later the boys reappeared with dad carrying 2 cups of Turkish coffee and some Turkish delight for us. We ended up sitting with the family, chatting and drinking tea from the bottomless samovar which is always steaming away at a Turkish picnic. What a lovely welcome to a country and one which would continue for the next 5 weeks.

One of the best parts of travelling for us is meeting and spending time with people. In a lot of places in Europe especially the west people are not always inclined to chat to random strangers, although there are always exceptions. It seems we need a few drinks before we open up and lose our reserve. In Turkey we got our first taste of Muslim hospitality, although I am convinced that the tradition of looking after guests has transcended religion and it has been absorbed into the nature of the people to be friendly, welcoming and generous. As this was my first time in a Muslim country I had no idea what to expect. I knew that the people had a reputation for being very friendly and welcoming but on a deeper level surely they would have different values to atheists like us. Across Turkey we drank lots of tea with the old guys, we would be waved to the side of the road for a slice of watermelon and we would share picnics and food with many people. I don't think most people are even interested in your religious beliefs, they just want to make you feel welcome.

We cycled into Istanbul and decided to blow our budget and stay for a few days to take in the sights and enjoy the atmosphere of this ancient city, the gateway to Asia. We visited the historic sights including the Blue Mosque and the grand

bazaar and enjoyed a bit of time off the bikes to visit markets, drink Turkish coffee and relax. The days we spent in Istanbul were on the European side of the city and it was soon time to hop on a ferry and take the short trip across the Bosphorus Straits to the Anatolian side of Istanbul. This was a big landmark for us, apart from the Dover/Calais ferry and the ferry across the Bosphorus we had cycled 4175 miles to Asia including John 'O' Groats to Lands End in just under 4 months. It was time to start exploring a new continent. Istanbul is a big city and we only just managed to reach the outskirts on the first day. Luckily we found a park where we asked a couple of locals if they thought it would be okay to camp, "no problem" was the reply " I'm Özey, I go fishing and I drink Raki". So while we put the tent up Özey and his family got a fire going and started cooking. Then we ate fish and drank Raki, lots of Raki.

A few days later we camped by a lake with Turhan and his friend. We sheltered under his tarp in the rain drinking tea until the rain eased off and we could put our tent up. Later Turhan and Ahmed lit a fire and cooked us some amazing food and we spent a great evening enjoying each other's company. We cycled to Beypazari and discovered that there was a big festival on, we decided to stay. On the Friday evening we met a family who invited us to stay with them. It was our first time staying with a Muslim family in their home, would we feel awkward, would the language barrier make communication hard. Staying with Ali, his wife Burcu and teenage children Ismel and Zaynab was wonderful, we had lots of laughs, they showed us around their town and in the evening Ismel tried to teach us some Turkish. In the west women traditionally being housewives is usually seen as inequality, but is it? We sat down to the Turkish breakfast that you may have heard of, a huge feast with many many different dishes, the butter was homemade as was the yogurt and the jam. We had Tarhana Çorba, a delicious soup made from dried fermented flour which has to be rehydrated then cooked. They told us that this was a normal breakfast for them. Nobody in England would have the time to make food like they ate and go to work as well.

On a stretch of our route that took us across a 4000ft high rural plateau with no shops or food for 2 days we had 3 wonderful experiences. On the first day we had asked at a mosque if there were any shops around, 17km down a motorway in the wrong direction was the reply. The guys at the mosque filled our water bottles and we headed on, about 200 meters later an old guy flagged us down to say hello, he told us to follow him. We stepped into a room with 3 women making gözleme, a type of flat bread, on a big hearth heated with sheep dung. A handful of cherry tomatoes were washed and 2 special gözleme, brushed with butter were made for us, a glass of homemade fruit cordial and a couple of homemade baklava completed a wonderful dinner, and a glimpse of Turkey that very few tourists will

have seen. We broke camp in the morning, breakfast consisted of a cup of tea. As we rode down an empty rural road a van appeared, an arm came out of the window holding a huge simit (sort of like a Turkish bagel). We stopped and the guy got out and gave it to us. He then pulled out a teapot from his van and gave us both a cup of tea. Later that afternoon whilst fixing a puncture a lad came over to offer help. The puncture fixed, he took us to a shop in the small village. We were relieved that we would now be able to stock up with food. I started to pick things off the shelves when the young shopkeeper said I have food here put that stuff back. He then took us into the back of the shop and shared his dinner with us.

Originally our plan had been to cycle along the Black Sea coastline but when we had arrived in Turkey the weather had not been the sunshine we had been expecting but rainy and cool weather. We decided to change our route and cycle down the middle of the country to Cappadocia then head north to Ankara. This turned out to be a good move as the landscapes we passed through changed constantly so we never knew what was around the corner. We climbed over high wooded hills where we were warned to look out for bears. We rode through hills made from layers of shale in tones of brown, green, orange and blue. We cycled past Tuz Gölü, a huge salt lake. We passed many areas where old dwellings could be seen cut into the cliff, we saw these in many places but the most breathtaking of there were Tatlarin, a huge underground city complete with several 12th century Christian churches, and of course the other worldly fairy chimneys at Göreme in Cappadocia where the combination of nature and man-made cave dwellings is absolutely breathtaking. From Cappadocia our route took us through rural Turkey, farms and small rural villages.

Turkey is a wonderful place for wild camping, all over the country are water troughs that people have built with drinkable spring water flowing into them. These troughs are usually set back from the road with a little green oasis around them and are the ideal place to camp. You have unlimited fresh water for cooking and washing. People who see you camping are more likely to bring you a melon than come over to ask you to leave. We also camped in a couple of urban parks near picnic areas, a warning though, if the grass is lush and green it means there are hidden sprinklers that will blast your tent at 4pm, we fell for this twice.

Far too soon we had left rural Turkey behind and cycled into the capital Ankara. We found a cheap hotel, completed our online visa application for Pakistan and waited for its approval so that we could book our flight to India. Our time in Turkey had been wonderful. Wild camping had been very easy compared to Europe. People had been so generous, whether it was giving us food or just spending time with us over a glass of tea and making us feel welcome in their

country. In a few days our visa had been approved and our flight booked and we had just a few more days before we headed off to explore new horizons.

The latest results for the Green Prix are in! Thank you to everyone who has taken part so far, we are delighted to see so many people getting involved and considering more environmentally friendly travel methods. Did you know that according to the leading environmental organisation *Friends of the Earth*, a fifth of planet-warming pollution happens during journeys less than 5 miles?



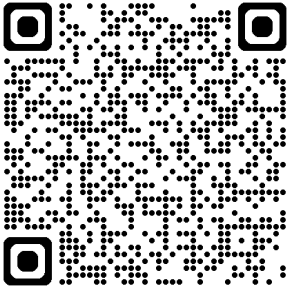
There is still time to think green and get your entries in for past and future races. We would love to see more people taking on the challenge so get involved by sharing lifts, walking, riding or hopping on public transport and let us know how you travelled to score points.

Mode of Transport	Points
Active Transportation	15
Public Transport	10
Car Share	1 per person in the car*
Solo Driver	0

*points awarded to all Toddlies in the car

Simply scan the QR to submit your form after every race.

Any photos or stories to: th.greenprix@hotmail.com



[illegible]

Remembrance of Things Past

Nick Barber

End of July I was fortunate enough to visit the East Cairngorms and stay at The Muir cottage Club hut, also known as Muir of Inverey, situated on the North side of the Linn of Dee Road, 8 kilometres west of Braemar. Here I had the pleasure of spending several days with Robin Tuddenham. Robin at time of print has less than 65 of his Munroes remaining and now after several years it has become customary for Robin and myself to enjoy time out on these hills together. This year for the first time we rolled in and out on bikes and hiked the surrounding Munroes. Among others we had a great day covering the Darkside from Lin of Dee, a 40 km route in total with 2,200ft 16 km being the total on bikes. I accumulated 250 km and 6,425 m of climb that week in total. The hut allows accommodation through affiliation and membership to other similar clubs. One of which is the Fell and Rock Climbing Club. Looking at the FRCC website I browsed challenges and here is where I first found info on the Remembrance Round: *"The Fell and Rock Remembrance Round is an epic journey through the heart of the Lake District. Covering at least 37kms with 2,900 m of ascent and descent you'll visit 12 summits and a Lakeland Valley. To complete the Fell and Rock Remembrance Round visit, in a continuous journey, the summits of the 12 peaks which were gifted to the nation to commemorate the members of the Fell and Rock club who lost their lives in WW1 (Glaramara, Allen Crag, 6,425 m Seathwaite Fell, Great End, Broad Crag, Lingmell, Green Gable, Great Gable, Kirk Fell, Brandreth, Grey Knotts, Base Brown) and the Memorial Bridge in Ennerdale, remembering those who lost their lives in WW2. Your round starts and finishes at the club's hut, The Salving House, in Rosthwaite Borrowdale."*

Following my jaunts in Scotland I was quickly off for a cycling tour with mates, Paul Hobbs and Alistair Rhodes-Dawson both affiliates of Tod Harriers. Setting off from Chester we rode the 136 km 2,221m to Barmouth. The climbs at the latter end of this ride had some real stings, including the last one to the bunkhouse. Day 2 we rode Bwlch Y Groes. The name Bwlch y Groes translates from Welsh as the pass of the cross. The English, no



doubt shocked by the madness of its severity branded it the 'Hellfire Pass', which is a far more accurate description of what awaited. After climbing this beautiful hill we descended, sweeping our way through the mountainside which bloomed in the sunshine into Bala and broke our fast. From here we returned to Chester, staying at the YHA Trafford Hall. The following day brought us back home. Roads and traffic had been great throughout however the condition of the roads and etiquette of the drivers deteriorated on entering Greater Manchester

The recent bulk of big days meant I hadn't been getting much running in. I resumed running upon my immediate return and incorporated daily Pilates, which I had been returning an interest to. I accumulated a further 386 km and 5,262 m for the week, combining running, cycling and Pilates. Returning to my running I was startled that I felt myself to be running well. Activating and preparing my body for running through a whole body Pilates routine prior to running as well as having a greater interest in bio-mechanics and running with economy/efficiency. I was 2 weeks into a period of optimisation, moderating my diet and had the opportunity to go and do something bigger in a few weeks, hence the Remembrance Round.



I sounded out fellsman "Bogart" Ian Symington. A man who knows the lakes well. Agreed upon a date (19th August) and took to our maps. Ian edited my initial route suggesting that instead of descending Black Sail Pass we should traverse a path along Robinson's cairn and descend close to Pillar. Maps printed and packed we both agreed upon using GPS, we had the route on watches, phones and I now even carry a dedicated Garmin GPS unit as well as each of us also carrying the map and compass per person. I have the skills to use map and compass but prefer to use the technology. From previous experiences I have learnt the importance of being prepared. Conditions were good, dry, light breeze and we were fortunate to not be experiencing the recent high temperatures of the summer heat wave. There was availability of water on the route, I estimate I consumed around 5 litres of fluid getting my calories from a small soft flask of honey, rice balls baked with egg and blocks of dried guava.

Quickly summiting Glaramara the first half dozen hills had flown by, but looking first at Green Gable followed by Great Gable I felt a sense of apprehension. We flashed to the summit of Green Gable, a comparative stepping stone followed by the clambering of obstacles and boulders to summit Great Gable. Ian is in his element on rough Lakeland ground and the route played to his strengths. He had been showing me a clean set of heels on every descent. Great Gable is a fine formidable mountain and is described as a "strenuous trail that includes steep and rocky inclines that you must be prepared to scramble over as you make your way to the summit of Great Gable. This trail will require scrambling experience and a head for heights." Wainwright considered Great Gable the "undisputed overlord" of the group of hills it belongs to, and its name is fitting due to its distinctive shape.

At the summit Great Gable the Fell and Rock Memorial can be found. A quick photograph and no hanging round. Descending Ian again made no exception to holding back on the descent and showed his class on rough gnarly ground. I took a dreadful line, I should've really checked in some nav instead of heading east on what initially looked good. I was soon engulfed in clouds of dust, I could taste the dust from the scree that was sliding down in front of me. Struggling to stay on my feet I took a big thump on my left quad as the ground slid away from me. My leg deadened and remained sore and bruised during the following days. I could see Bogart with his permanent grin sat between GG and Kirk Fell. A bit of swearing seemed to help the situation and I safely descended. Glancing at my watch I checked to see how much ground we'd covered...around 15 km. I didn't entertain the idea of DNF'ing, it was too early and not bad enough yet. Soon climbing Kirk Fell and I had a second wind. It was probably the relief of being off the mighty Great Gable.

Descending in the shadows of Pillar to the remembrance bridge we hit the track directly on what should have been the bridge. Sadly the bridge has temporarily been removed but the memorial plaque remains. After quick photographs we waded across the low water and continued to follow the track to Black Sail hut and complete the final 4 summits, Grey Knott, Brandreth, Base Brown and Seathwaite. We tapped out a gentle run climbing the track until the path steepened, when the land again plateaued and flattened out. I put on a Hally and buff as we traipsed our now weary bodies over the final summits. On sore tired feet we made our way down the long rocky decent from the summit of Seathwaite. A 4 km Road run back to the Fell and Rock Club at Salving House saw us finish the challenge in 8:54. Not just a great days out but more great days out with Todmorden Harriers. Next up.....relays and racing!

Witch way to the pub?

Helen Tipping

Todmorden Harriers don't just meet up for social runs in the week, we also have a spring camping weekend in the Lakes and a summer run in Pendle. It's usually Pendle because the pub can fit us all in and feed us, and there's a great big hill to run up and over. We meet up in the Pride of Pendle where we have a free drink, courtesy of the late Jim Smith, a former member who left some money to cover this in his will (thanks Jim) and then a meat/veggie/vegan meal before heading back to Calderdale. Sadly for a few of us, this year wasn't a run up and over, and more of a walk around the side, as we were side-lined with injuries. For Stu it was his second year in a row of not being able to run it, having had a cycling accident the previous year.

We met the bus in Hebden Bridge, with another small bus making the pickup in Todmorden, and made our way separately to Pendle where we met up in a lay by at the Nick of Pendle for the run/walk over to Barley. The drivers seemed to know where they were going, which was a bonus, as we've had



some very odd experiences in the past. There were 3 or 4 groups, the walking group, a steady run group, a medium group and a fast group (I'm guessing, I didn't take much notice as I was doomed to walk it due to a pulled hamstring/groin strain). The weather was breezy with a possibility of some drizzle, and the ground was pretty dry as it has been all year. Stu, Neil & I set off as soon as we could once the obligatory photo had been taken, which a few people nearly missed by disappearing for a wee behind a rock. It's a nice walk/run over Pendle Hill, most people head up to the trig point, where I believe most of the groups managed to meet up for more photos, it was very windy up there apparently, we skipped the trig point as we didn't want to still be walking when everyone else was eating their meal. We had a pleasant walk around, and only saw a few other people out and about, with a good chat about music and about getting to that age when our

parents are getting more infirm and we're having to look after them or clear out their belongings, which they seem to collect rather a lot of.

Once back in Barley, we all headed to the Pendle Inn, where the landlord had very kindly allowed us to use 2 of their studio cottages to get changed in. Then into the pub for a beer/cider/coke/G&T and a reasonably substantial meal before we headed back. Unlike previous years, such as when we had a driver that got lost, and didn't get us back until midnight, the whole trip went off very well. The drivers were on time, they knew where they were going, and we had a non-stressful and fun visit to Pendle.

777 Challenge 2025

Mandy Goth and Phil Hodgson

The inaugural 777 Challenge was held in August 2024 to raise money for the **Motor Neurone Disease Association (MNDA)** and **Overgate Hospice**. The inspiration for the event was fellow Todmorden Harrier Dave Wilson (who was suffering from MND) and his wife Helen who had encouraged club members to raise money for both good causes. Mandy Goth came up with the idea to base an event on No.7 which was Rob Burrows' rugby shirt number. I measured out a one kilometre lap in Centre Vale Park in Todmorden. How many laps could we do if lots of people had a go? We thought 777 was a realistic target. On the day it proved to be a friendly and inclusive event with hundreds of runners and walkers taking part who, between them, nearly doubled 777 by completing 1428 laps and raised over £2500.



"Should we do it again next year?" we wondered. It didn't take long to decide to organise another 777 Challenge in 2025 in aid of **Overgate Hospice** who are raising money for new facilities. This year's event would be held in memory of Dave Wilson who died in early July. By 09:30hrs on Saturday 16th August 2025 we were

set up in Centre Vale Park ready to welcome runners, walkers, kids, pram pushers, dog walkers and anyone else who was up for a stroll or a run to contribute to the cause. We had a homemade cake stall with a wide variety of delicious bakes. Even if you just fancied a piece of cake you could still donate. The “rules” decreed that for a donation you could run or walk one lap or as many as you liked and as fast or slow as you liked. On completion of each lap you rang a bell and our scorekeeper added another lap to our fancy ‘digital’ scoreboard. All laps completed by adults and kids (even kids in prams or baby carriers) counted towards our grand total.

Although Mandy put in a lot of effort publicising the event in the previous few months we were still amazed by the number of people who turned up from far and wide to support us. Many who had just completed the Centre Vale 5km Parkrun came and did a few extra laps. Members of all the running clubs in the Calder Valley and surrounding districts came and took part. Passers-by and dog walkers said “Can we have a go?” Holidaymakers from as far away as Tasmania and Calgary came and did a few laps. Quite a few folk in their eighties still looked sprightly as they strolled round. By 10 am there were hundreds of us running and walking round and round in one kilometre circles! The bell was jingling so much the scorekeeper could hardly keep up. We tried to keep count of how many actual people took part...impossible!

The carnival atmosphere was greatly enhanced by Todmorden Harriers’ very own Rebecca Tyson belting out pop songs on her dazzling green electronic violin. Lots of people did lots of laps. Some just strolled round with friends for a natter. Completing 5, 7 or 10 laps was popular with many. Quite a few did half marathons (21 laps) or more, including Todmorden Harrier Fran Miller who did her first ever half marathon. Some treated it as a training opportunity for ultra distance events. The oldest person to do a lap was 84 years old. The youngest ‘completer’ was just 3 months old. The father and son duo, Allen and George Parkin, cruised round 51 and 57 consecutive laps, George breaking last year’s record of 56. The original ‘target’ of 777 laps was reached by 11am. “Could we beat last year’s 1428?” Well... we smashed it! The final lap was completed at 15:30 hrs giving a grand total of 1867 laps (439 more than last year). That’s the equivalent of running/walking 1867 kilometres (ie from Todmorden to just past Vienna)...in 6 hours!

The cakes nearly sold out. The number of those who took part was amazing...and everyone’s generosity was inspirational. Between us we raised the grand sum of £2900 for Overgate Hospice. Thank you to all those who helped make this event happen, to those who turned up and had a go or ate cake, and to everyone who donated to this worthy cause. “Should we do it again next year?” Of course we

will. Watch out for the even bigger and better Todmorden Harriers 777 Challenge next year.



You Made a Difference – Thank You from Overgate Hospice!

Shoutout to all the amazing 777 Challenge Legends!

Hey Toddlies, it's James from Overgate, here to say a huge thank you from everybody at Overgate Hospice to everyone who took part in the 777 Challenge, and for your continued support of the hospice. Your efforts have already made such a huge difference to our patients and their loved ones at a time when they might not have had anyone else to turn to.

The 777 Challenge raised an incredible £2,950.65 for Overgate Hospice's Big Build Appeal, helping contribute towards the creation of our brand-new inpatient unit, featuring 16 ensuite rooms designed to give patients and their families the privacy and dignity they deserve in their final days. Whether you showed up to run, walk, hop, skip, or jump your laps of the park, or whether you just popped by to grab a slice of cake, your support has truly made all the difference to our patients and their loved ones. Another thank you must of course go to all the wonderful bakers who helped keep the cake stall stocked and the runners fed!

And finally, I cannot thank Mandy enough for taking on the organisation of the day, and the huge responsibility of counting all the laps! So, here's to Tod Harriers, thank you for being our true Hospice Heroes!

The Perfect Distance (or how to provide inclusively rounded numbers for the viewing pleasure of Strava athletes using both imperial and metric units of measure)

Paul Colledge

"It makes me very uncomfortable" – Pete Rolls, on finishing a run's distance at an unrounded whole number (the inspiration for this brain spillage).

As listed on the World Athletics list of sports, the metric user benefits from recognised short to middle / long distances from the 100m to the 10,000m, and while the imperial user might enjoy the classic road running distances of the half and full marathon being commonly measured in miles and yards (the Olympic marathon is 26 miles and 385 yards), World Athletics (formerly IAAF) recognised the modern official marathon distance unit of measure in 1921 (based on the London Olympic course from 1908) as kilometres (41.195km to be precise). Nevertheless, the popularity of imperial measurements for running distances remains. If a metric user runs up and down the pavement outside their front door to round up their 9.66km run to an even 10km, their kin shall rejoice in the beauty of a well-balanced and favoured number. However, those with an imperial persuasion were quite happy with the 9.66km or 6 miles, but the rounded 10km extends the mileage to 6.2 which for some may leave a bitter taste in the mouth.

This begs the question, is there a perfect distance to satisfy both camps? First, let's discuss the base conversion rates. One mile (at 1,760 yards, it's no wonder the metric system was devised) is equal to 1.60934 kilometres. The short answer would be to multiply the km equivalent of one mile by a number great enough to shift the decimal 5 places to the right to give us 160,934km to 100,000 miles. But despite the boundaries of human endurance being continuously pushed beyond previously unbelievable feats, it's unfortunately an unlikely expectation that a human (or any creature) could log a casual weekend activity at this volume. We shall call these outrageous whole numbers the "rounded maximums". Thus begins a deeper exploration into the possibilities of a perfect distance. The presentation of activity distances in Strava are rounded to two decimal places. Using the previous example, a 10km run will appear as 10.00 km and the imperial equivalent could appear as 6.21 mi or 6.22 mi, and a 6 mile run will appear as 6.00 mi and the metric equivalent as either 9.65 km or 9.66 km (the joys or sorrows of conversion).

Working with two decimal places and the rounded maximums, we can begin by stating unequivocally that dividing them by 2 will produce two smaller (but still worryingly vast) whole numbers as they are both even. They are 50,000.00 mi and 80,467.00 km respectively. To continue this line of enquiry, we can construct a simple table in Excel (or the other one, but does anyone even use it?) as below, with columns for the division variable, miles, kilometres, and a check column:

Division	Miles	Kilometres	CHECK
1	100,000.00	160,934.00	TRUE
2	50,000.00	80,467.00	TRUE
3	33,333.33	53,644.67	FALSE
4	25,000.00	40,233.50	FALSE
5	20,000.00	32,186.80	FALSE

The division variables range from 1 to 100,000 since at this point the miles value will be 1, and going below this may cause headaches and nausea for imperial users. To draw attention to any potential perfect distances, we can use a formula to highlight where both the resulting miles and kilometres are rounded to two zeros after the decimal:

=IF(AND(ROUND(B2,2) - INT(B2) = 0,ROUND(C2,2) - INT(C2) = 0),TRUE,FALSE)

Sadly, the results show that there are no matches beyond dividing 2 into the rounded maximums. For the sake of argument, and despite the Strava two decimal format, let's repeat the experiment but for just one decimal place. This approach yields much better results, returning several potential perfect distances*:

Division	Miles	Kilometres	CHECK
1	100,000.0	160,934.0	TRUE
20000	5.0	8.0	TRUE

Both rounded maximums can be divided by 19,992 through to 20,000 to return distances of 5.0 miles and 8.0 kilometres, and by 5,541 through to 5,549 to return distances of 18.0 miles and 29.0 kilometres. That's precisely nine different division variables a piece. Another notable distance with four division variables is 23.0 miles and 37.0 kilometres, which I believe is so pleasing that an official petition

should begin immediately, demanding that World Athletics and the Olympics amend the official marathon distance (and while we're at it, let's nudge Strava to drop a decimal place).

At the pointy end of these results, those familiar with the Lakeland 100 will be jumping for joy to see the incredible return from dividing the rounded maximums by precisely 952. But perhaps the most pleasing result of all due to its accessibility as a distance, and another official race measurement requiring adjustment (see previous mention for a petition), is from the division variable 7,663 which lands us bang on the money with 13.0 miles and 21.0 kilometres for the beloved half marathon. In conclusion, I present the new and improved 13.0 mi / 21.0 km half marathon as the perfect distance, but with the caveat that you forgive your metrically muddled or imperially imperfect fellow athletes for their stray second decimal places, and instead direct your displeasure at the big bad wolf that is Strava for forcing this format fuelled fury upon us.

Calculated and manifested into a digestible format by Paul Colledge.

*Ed's note Sadly the second table had to be edited due to space restrictions – speak to Paul if you would like the full twenty row version!

23 Before Tea: A fell running challenge

Bob Halstead

Set up by Elterwater Hostel the rules of this challenge are to climb 23 Wainwright mountains starting and finishing at the hostel sign in Elterwater village. One of the big appeals was you can choose your own route and the tops you attempt to bag. Hence lots of interesting planning to be done! You can climb any of the 214

Wainwrights as long as it is in the Wainwright guides. Early routes completed included the Langdale & Coniston fells but as more and more people attempted the challenge the best accepted route with the least distance has seen the Coniston fells replaced with the Fairfield Horseshoe tops.



I first started looking at this in November last year and had 2 recce outings to look at finalising a route. The first took me from the hostel to all the Wainwrights on the northern side of Langdale (7 in total) and over a further 6 continuing further north and east of High Raise before dropping down into Grasmere via Helm Crag. The 2nd outing took me from Grasmere over all the Fairfield Horseshoe tops (9 in total) leaving me 1 further top required with Loughrigg being well situated on the route back to Elterwater. With the daylight hours now getting very short and me not particularly fancying needing to do some night time navigation to try this, I never got chance to link the 2 routes together in one outing until April this year. I'd entered The Old County Tops race which was in May so was keen to get some longer runs on Lakeland terrain before that and this certainly fit the bill.

I set off towards the end of April at about 7am on a day that was forecast to be far too hot to be ideal for a long day out in the hills. The first half of the route didn't feel too bad as with the early start I beat the worst of the hot temperatures and apart from a slight navigation error between Tarn Crag and Calf Crag which had me climbing a bit higher than I needed to I got down into Grasmere in just under 4 ½ hours. A quick bite to eat and refill of the water bottles and I was off heading up a steep traverse towards Nab Scar. This is definitely the committing part of the route. From Grasmere with the legs now starting to feel pretty tired you are heading out on a long climb further away from your start/finish point. The temperature was also well into the high 20's by now and consequently the pace started to slow. Once you hit the ridge leading to Fairfield and have been over the first 2 tops of this leg there is a slight diversion down to Stone Arthur then it is a steady pull up all the way to Fairfield summit, your furthest point away from the finish. From here there are another 4 tops on the ridge before you drop down to Rydal water. A quick skirt around the edge of the tarn and you then head up Loughrigg, your last top. Fortunately, Loughrigg at 335m high is the 4th lowest Wainwright and after summiting that it's about 2km of downhill back to the hostel.

I got back in just over 9 hours covering about 47km and 2,700m of climbing. A great day out, even if too hot.

For anyone who may be interested, an established route has emerged and this is what the last few record holders have followed: Silver How, Blea Rigg, Pavey Ark, Harrison Stickle, Loft Crag, Pike of Stickle, Thunacar Knott, High Raise, Sergeant Man, Tarn Crag, Calf Crag, Gibson Knott, Helm Crag, Nab Scar, Heron Pike, Stone Arthur, Great Rigg, Fairfield, Hart Crag, Dove Crag, High Pike, Low Pike and Loughrigg.

Tribute to David Wilson

Mandy Goth:

Dave Wilson joined Todmorden Harriers in the 1980's. In the late 80's and early 90's, at the peak of his running fitness, he particularly excelled in tougher, technical races. Some of his best results were in the Lake District classic races particularly when navigation was needed. Some of his times from back then would put him in the top 10 in today's races. Dave had a knack of finding the best lines



on race routes and, especially in the mist, this could save him lots of time. I remember him agreeing to show us his race line through the tricky ground below Crinkle Craggs on the Langdale Horseshoe race. We called it the 'Dave Wilson' route. (which we obviously didn't share with runners from other clubs!) It was great to follow his lead on race day and pop out in front of lots of faster runners near the summit. His love of the mountains and his uncanny ability to navigate meant that mountain marathons would become his favourite event. These are events for pairs described as "a self-reliant 2-day journey through some of the UK's finest mountain terrain, in a new area each year; a true test of mountain craft, resilience and sense of humour...". Dave

certainly had a sense of humour and completed well over 50 of these events over the years most of them with Helen.

Dave was a great contributor to the running of Tod Harriers, particularly in the early years when we were a much smaller club. He was membership secretary and also served on the race selection committee which, with his love of the mountains, meant that there always had to be some proper fell races in our fell championship. He wrote very descriptive reports of races, both before and after, for our club newsletter the "Torrier". I looked through some of our old Torrier's the other day and remembered just how prolific his contributions were. Possibly one of the most remembered articles was named "How I tamed the Beast" after Dave completed the Wadsworth Trog in horrendous conditions. His opening paragraph: *"On the 23rd February 1991, 143 souls, all in need of some form of psychiatric treatment,*

set forth upon the Wadsworth Trog. Their aim was to conquer twenty miles of unforgiving moorland and master the race that has been named "The Beast. To say it was hard work would be an understatement. The lucky ones retired first, the more sensible ones did not start at all. Those of us that packed our brains into our bum bags carried on to the bitter end... Just to make things a little more difficult, the course planners had given us a drainage ditch to cross, twice, which not having yet mastered how to walk on water, I found to my detriment was rather deep ...". I told you he had a sense of humour!

Dave loved our Wednesday pack runs. He was very supportive of newer runners on club nights and would regularly keep them company if they were struggling at the back. Back when I was new to the club, and to running, Dave's enthusiasm encouraged me, and many others, to do races we never dreamt we were capable of. If Dave said you could do it: you could. I can honestly say my life would have been very different if I had not met Dave Wilson. We also had some crazy outings like taking on the Krypton Factor Assault course (remember the TV program - there was definitely a lot less 'health and safety' in those days) and we competed in the 'Horseless horse trials' at Harewood House, an assault course over and under the horse jumps on the racecourse. A forerunner to Tough Mudder and a lot cheaper. In 2019 Dave was elected as President of the club, which he always described as much more than just a running club. Even when his health was failing Dave was still interested in hearing about events and would pore over the map from a mountain marathon. If he nodded, and agreed with my route choice, I would know I'd done ok. Dave was a man of the mountains and a Todmorden Harrier. We will all miss him.

Simon Anderton:

I had known Dave since childhood, when he was one of a group of older, bigger lads from "Up Lydgate". When I hit 30, I had recently done a few races, and had trained for them entirely on my own, when I bumped into Dave and he suggested I'd find it more fun if I joined Tod Harriers. At around that time, I also read Dave's famous account of the Wettest Ever Running of the Wadsworth Trog Fell race. Nicknamed "The Beast", the race had been run in truly epic conditions, and Dave made it very clear that he had loved every minute of it. So....early January, 1991. Boulsworth Hill race. Results: D. Wilson 30th place, S. Anderton 77th. I was hooked, especially when he pointed out the finishing climb, which you went up on all fours because it was so steep: "It's a right laugh."

Dave was a legend already in Tod, helped by his brilliant record at the Langdale Horseshoe race. He knew a lot of great route choices, about which he could be cagey if he thought you were in with a chance of beating him! On one occasion,

we camped just outside Keswick, and went into town just for “a couple” of pints. However, we met a group of climbing friends up from Tod, and a session developed. Dave loved it, of course, and the next day we both had flyers at the Buttermere Sailbeck race, despite carrying crushing hangovers. Dave didn't say a lot, and wasn't excitable or even outwardly enthusiastic, but when you were in his company, you felt that running the fells meant everything to him and that he was completely at home there. And that he was happy that others felt the same way. When Dave was ill, I was uncertain as to whether or not we should talk about places he had held so dearly, but he loved to hear about the racing crack, especially if it involved someone getting lost! I never once heard Dave laugh out loud—he didn't need to, as it was all there in that knowing grin. A proper fellsman, a great character and a lovely friend.

Moyra Parfitt: Memories of my fell-running Mum

(28 October 1944 – 19 September 2025)

As a teenager, I really didn't enjoy running at all. My Mum used to say, “Come on, let's go for a run up to Walsden”. My heart would sink! At school, she had been an excellent athlete, becoming Junior, Intermediate and Senior champion at Calder High School, winning the cross-country championships and representing Halifax Schools in the Yorkshire Sports championship. Her favourite event? The 100-yard hurdles. On our runs, while I was puffing and panting, feeling like my lungs would burst, she jogged along happily, thoroughly enjoying herself.

As far as I'm aware, my Mum didn't really run that much in the years following those outings, with the exception of the occasional pram race - a lively Todmorden tradition at the time, where teams of four took turns pushing one teammate in a pram between a series of local pubs, pausing at each for a quick drink before racing off to the next - but along with her gardening, exercise and keeping fit were very important to her. She and my Dad even set up a step aerobics class once, which ran for several years.

So, when my friend Helen encouraged me to start running with Todmorden Harriers 15 years later, my Mum started taking more than just a passing interest. Whenever I mentioned our Wednesday evening pack runs, she'd say she really wanted to come with me but that she didn't think she'd be good enough, fast enough, fit enough. “Of course you will”, I'd say, “you're far fitter than I am”! When I finally convinced her that she'd be fine, she nervously came along with me - and never looked back. Once again, there I was, puffing and panting beside her while she was thoroughly relishing the experience! “Who's the new girl?”, said

Mandy, the club chair. She's my Mum. I was so proud.

At this point, my Mum was 51, and over the next 20 years I continually had cause to feel proud of her determination and achievement. We started doing local races and she invariably came home with a prize for her age category. Being teetotal, she passed the wine and beer prizes to me and my Dad - much to our delight! We encouraged her to race further afield and she loved the challenge of the bigger, tougher hills. Unfortunately, her navigation wasn't quite on a par with her running talent and I would often run behind her on the more challenging routes, quietly encouraging and



guiding her around the course. Sometimes, she would get misplaced on races and come into the finish saying things like, "I got lost. I was running round and round this field. Then I saw another runner coming and I followed him". Once she ended up coming first in the club handicap race because she cut an entire corner off the route!

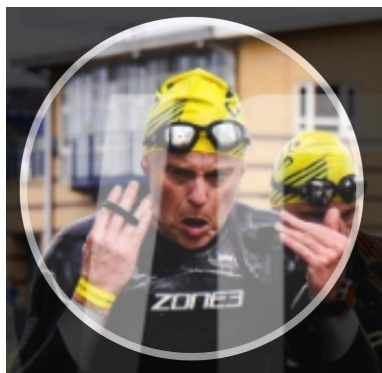
Once she'd a few big races under her belt, my Mum turned her attention to the English fell championships, where she enjoyed much success. In 2005, when she was 61, she became the FV60 English champion— the first time that category had ever been awarded. She repeated her trailblazing success in 2010, becoming the first V65 woman to take gold. At age 70, she completed the English Championships once again, but sadly, with no other competitors in her age group that year, she didn't receive a medal – though the achievement itself was no less remarkable.

One of my proudest memories of my Mum's racing career was accompanying her around the Black Combe fell race when she was 71. With almost 3300 feet of climb, and descent, over an 8.1 mile course, in near-zero visibility, this was going to be a race to test even the strongest of fell runners. Part of me was wondering whether it was wise for me to be encouraging her around this arduous course in such appalling conditions. I needn't have worried. Despite being drenched and muddy, she crossed the finish line in two-and-a-half hours with a smile on her face.

Unfortunately, this was the last race we would do together. My Mum continued racing, though she began to experience unexplained aches and pains that gradually made the tougher events more difficult to tackle. Just two years after that shining moment on the national stage, she was diagnosed with Parkinson's disease - marking the start of a new and more challenging chapter in her journey. Even as Parkinson's began to take its toll, my Mum continued to find joy in long walks with my Dad, making the most of the time and movement she still had. They'd go over the tops from Tod to Hebden, finishing at the Fox & Goose for a pork pie. Sometimes while walking, her legs would get the better of her and she'd set off running, sometimes uncontrollably. She always made light of this but must have found it very frustrating and distressing.

Aside from the racing, my Mum was an inspiration to many who had the pleasure of running with her. Newcomers to the club, who she supported as they took their first steps in club running - she would never leave anyone behind on pack runs. Teammates with whom she travelled to many, many races over the years. Faster members of the club at speed training sessions, one of whom told me he used to think, "If Moyra is doing 8 reps then I'm doing 8 reps." And of course, those who raced alongside her will fondly remember her love of post-race cake. "Are you entering that fell race?" I'd ask. "Is there cake?" was often her reply. In later years, when reminiscing, I'd say something like, "Do you remember when we did the Blackstone Edge fell race?" and she'd respond, "Oh yes, they did really good cake at that one!"

My Mum was a remarkable runner - not just for her achievements on the fells, but for the joy and camaraderie she brought to every running encounter. She sadly passed away on 19th September 2025, but her memory lives on in every muddy trail, every steep climb, and every slice of cake shared after a run.



TOP GURNE



Send your favourite gurns in to TorrierNewsletter@gmail.com



Toby Leckie

Packrun Bingo				
"I didn't realise it was a 6.45 start"	Shoe lost in bog	Runner lost in bog	Strava chat	Mandy mentions the 'good old days'
Someone orders a lime and soda	No headtorch	Guest doggo	"Wetter than an otter's pocket"	Dropped car keys
Killer cows	Race chat	Chilli	Shoe chat	"Fast-Moderate"
Run-Dip-Run (deliberate or accidental)	Dave Collins on a bike	Toilet Seat points earned	"It's too hot for this"	Path that's not a path
Chest high bracken	Post-run board games	"It's undulating"	Trig point selfie	Fruit chat

Earnrest

Shackletod's Cryptic Quest #4

"TODDIES WANTED for marvellous journey. Local adventures, probably cold, some minutes of incomplete trods, usually rainfall, safe return hopeful. Honour and recognition in case of success." - Earnrest Shackletod

Find your way to the mystery destination, take a photo to evidence your success, and submit to Torrier.Cryptic.Quest@gmail.com with the subject "Cryptic Quest". Should your journey encounter notable events, please feel free to include them. Names, photos, and reports shall be summarised in the following edition of the Torrier. Please aim to keep your quest private to keep things sporting!

The destination is revealed by solving the following Caesar Cypher:

Encrypted Grid Reference = **WI DIVS DIVS RMRI XLVII**
DIVS XLVII
Shift = **+n (where n is the logical number)**



Earnrest Shackletod's Cryptic Quest #3 roundup

Greetings fellow Torrier Readers! It is with great pleasure that I can announce our champion explorers who successfully solved and completed the third Quest...

Peter Ehrhardt, Katie Burgess and Emma Kerwin!

All were able to decipher the Cryptogram from my previous article to reveal the hidden grid reference of *SD 905 218, which led them on a great adventure to the Freeholds Top Trig Point! It would have been helpful of course, if I had in fact included the grid square letter reference in the previous article. Thankfully we haven't lost any members because of my poor attention to detail, but there was a potential opportunity for epic quests beyond our valley...

NY 905 218, west of the Pennine Way near Selset Reservoir, south of Middleton-In-Teesdale

NT 905 218, approximately 1km north of The Cheviot summit on the Mid Hill north face

NH 905 218, Carrbridge on the A9 north of Aviemore

NG 905 218, the west banks of Loch Duich, Shiel Bridge



I would also like to admit that SD 905 218 is potentially a misleading grid reference as pointed out below by Peter, so my apologies for putting any Toddlies in danger of snagged clothing, and a special hats off to Peter for his meticulous navigational prowess. Peter said:

"Obviously the camera equipment was too bulky to get across the barbed wire fence blocking access to the

nondescript puddle which is marked on the OS map as a pond at SD905218, near Trough Edge End" Katie said: *"I didn't know what a cryptogram was - but I worked it out by the end of a long train journey and came up with:- NINE ZERO FIVE TWO ONE EIGHT Unfolding and checking my real paper map, I reckoned that must be Freeholds Top which has the advantage of being on a bridleway so here is a picture of my bike by the trig point. The tarn, unlike the reservoirs, was full of water. Freeholds Top, I note, is a Marilyn* and the only one in Calderdale. I enjoyed*

working this out, thank you!". Emma said: "Freeholds tops...I hope? braved a lot of cows to get there, I'll be fuming if not!"

<u>N</u>	<u>I</u>	<u>N</u>	<u>E</u>		<u>Z</u>	<u>E</u>	<u>R</u>	<u>Q</u>		
10	3	10	21		15	21	12	6		
<u>E</u>	<u>I</u>	<u>V</u>	<u>E</u>		<u>I</u>	<u>W</u>	<u>Q</u>	<u>Q</u>	<u>N</u>	<u>E</u>
23	3	14	21		9	13	6	6	10	21
<u>E</u>	<u>I</u>	<u>G</u>	<u>H</u>	<u>I</u>						
21	3	26	17	9						



Here's the solution to the
Cryptogram... **SD 905 218**



*For more information on Marilyn's, see the Relative Hill Society website by scanning the above QR code.

TOILET SEAT

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

REMEMBER: I WALK AMONGST YOU, I HAVE SPIES EVERYWHERE AND I KNOW WHAT GOES ON!

SEE YOU EVERYWHERE (OOH, THAT'S A BIT DARK ISN'T IT) - AS



Dan Taylor – went to the Mother’s Day 10k on Mother’s Day. Sadly for Dan the race is the day before. No fun for Dan and.. 5 Points

Dave Weedon - At Barrowford 5k but couldn’t work out why the organisers put him in a different race to all his similarly paced Harriers. A quick check of his entry details confirmed he’d entered his predicted finish time at 22hours not minutes = 5 Points

Dom Leckie – Left his Hebden Bridge fell race prize in the pub – 5 points

Gaz Pemberton – Dropped a KM marker into a river while setting out the Red Hot Toddy course – 5 points

Mark Anderton – The finish line at Greenway 5k erupted in chaos on Mark’s arrival ...actually Mark what did you do? Even my spies couldn’t work it out! 5 Points.

Simon Anderton – Has developed a habit of forgetting his shoes. Turned up at the national triathlon relays without his cycling shoes (not the first time) and had to pedal in his trainers! 5 points

Luke Dyer – On his epic Bob Graham managed to leave his tracker behind in the van at Honister. Fortunately, he was re-united with it fairly swiftly – 0 points though as Armitage Shanks has big respect for Luke for completing the challenge!

To Do Tips

EPISODE 15

Membership Secretaries: avoid having unlucky runners joining the club by throwing half of the membership forms straight in the bin – Ray Vaughan

Athletes: Confuse Geordie physiotherapists by telling them you have knee complaints – Lou Send

Fitness fans: Double your number of daily steps by tying your shoelaces together – Jim Nastic

Fell runners: Keep a hot-dog sausage in your pocket so that mountain rescue dogs can find you in the event that you get lost – Alan Keyes

Marathon runners: avoid performance enhancing drugs as they don't work! I had a couple of skunk spliffs just before the start, I ran in the opposite direction to the finish line and woke up in a park two days later covered in kebab salad. – Zoltan Venniger

Right: last minute space filler: Strong showing from the club at today's British Fell Relays, if not from the club gazebo...

Top 10 for both Men's and Women's Vets, and 27th Overall for Men's Open (right) - Our best result since 2015 (Last 4: 44th, 43rd, 42nd and 41st!)



TODMORDEN HARRIERS GET RUNNING AT THE TODMORDEN HARRIERS STARTER GROUP

TARGETED AT BEGINNERS OR THOSE
WANTING TO RETURN TO RUNNING

Mondays at 7pm
Meeting at Bramsche carpark

**www.todharriers.co.uk for more
information or email
mandy@todharriers.co.uk**

Free & all welcome! Share with your friends who don't run (yet)

TODMORDEN HARRIERS

CHRISTMAS/ PRESENTATION DO

with Spanish Feast from Duke Street Food
and live Band/DJs tbc

Tickets from Chris Goddard
(cmgoddard@gmail.com)



SATURDAY 6TH DECEMBER, 7PM
TODMORDEN CRICKET CLUB