



Newsletter

Welcome to the latest edition of the Glossopdale Harriers Newsletter.....

Contents

- The HPM without balls!
Page 2
- 'Close on the heels'
Page 6
- Fairfield 2005
Page 6
- My First LAMM
Page 7
- Relays - dates & info
Page 8
- The Bob Graham Round
Page 9
- The Championships
Page 11
- How am I doing?
Page 13
- Skyrunning in Borneo
Page 15
- Which Way Do We Go?
Page 17
- The Jungfrau
Page 19
- Two Faces
Page 20

got to
get up this
hill before
everybody!



....its a whoppa! and been given a revamp. It is also available to download from the website. Comments on the new look, ideas for future articles or features are appreciated. Send them to rod@newleaf-designs.co.uk. If you are happy to download the newsletter and don't need a hard copy in future, let Rod know.

Most importantly, there are excellent accounts and photos of Harrier's exploits over the past few months – at home and abroad. Bill has written about the potential impact of national sports strategies on fell running generally and the Club in particular.

The Shelf Moor race takes place on 4th September and it's the first year under our stewardship. Please let John Stephenson know how you can help. Don't forget to sign up for the yahoo message group, it's a great way to keep in touch, arrange lifts to races, fix up training runs etc. Send your email address to pstitt@btinternet.com

Enjoy the summer running!

The Challenge is:

61 miles (recently remeasured from 72),
26,500 feet of climbing (also recently remeasured and spot on!).

42 peaks, run either clockwise or anti-clockwise. Start and finish at the Moot Hall in Keswick.

To be completed in **24 hours** or less. *Read more on page 9....*



www.glossopdale.org

The High Peak Marathon .

by Kate Cooper, in snow on the local moors



Kate, Lianna, Emma and Jen

Well the second time in two years I was driving over to Edale on a Friday night, and planning no sleep for 24 hours. How can this happen to me again? I had actually really enjoyed the event last year despite finding it one of the toughest things I had ever attempted, but all I had to do last year was turn up and follow my three male team mates. This year was different. I was the experienced one. I'd done the event before, my three mates hadn't. I had done some similar types of events – a 24 hour mountain bike race as a female pair, and the Lowe Alpine Mountain Marathon, but Jen, Emma and Lianna had never done anything like this before. To add to this, Lianna was a very last minute replacement for Judy, who'd broken her wrist in a skiing accident a few weeks before (dangerous sport that!). And the weather.... well many of you will remember that the middle and the end of February were very cold, and a lot of snow had fallen. It hadn't warmed up

at the beginning of March either. So the snow had stayed, and in deep drifts too. Was this going to be a tough night?

We all met up at the Village Hall in Edale, which was already buzzing with nervous excitement. We got sorted and tried to relax before the off. Our team had a start time of 11:12pm, Jen was very nervous, but I don't think she'd realised quite how nervous the rest of us were too!! I spent a fair bit of time chatting to others I knew, a few from the Rucksac Club, and Nicky Spinks, now a friend as well as an opponent in so many races, plus others.

But there was no avoiding it, our start time was creeping ever closer and with all things like this the final nerves actually disappear and a calm does descend as you start to concentrate on the task in hand. Fortunately the weather was good, it was a cold night but reasonably clear, which meant

the temperatures were kept down. We had all agreed that given the amount of snow still around, these were the best conditions we could hope for. The colder the better, as frozen snow was what we needed, not soft slushy sludge!

So all of a sudden we were off, kit checks completed and goodbyes said. We set off at a steady pace, overtaking the team in front of us as we left the car park!! Along the road and off up the first climb to Hollins Cross. The first snow was half way up the climb, and was slippery going. Jen was already suffering at this point from a sore stomach as those nerves took their toll, but we kept it going, trying to ignore the rush of competitors past us as we trogged along the ridge to Lose Hill. It was clear and cold on the ridge with a brisk wind blowing on our backs but I'd relaxed and settled into it. This bit was always enjoyable, as you're not knackered yet and I'd got the route right off Lose Hill down into Hope.

Looking back up the hill behind us was an amazing site, a long line of small lights, bobbing along in the dark. Utterly stunning, although the disposable camera I'd bought along with me wasn't up to the job! It's a sight that'll remain in my mind. In Hope, another team caught up with us, but this time it was a friendly team, as one of them was a friend from university and his mates from Oxford Tri Club. We set off up the short but brutal climb of Win Hill, as more teams passed us by. In fact, running along the ridge to the summit of Win Hill was a bit like the start of a championship race as the faster teams, who start last, come flooding past all the rest of us. The wind up here was keen, and the check point marshals had dropped off the ridge to get out of it. Here, those who've recced the route well make a choice, on descent into Bamford. There

... with no balls!

is an option to drop off to the south, or to drop down Parkin Clough, which is slow going even in dry daylight conditions. We went this way, as did most others – Rob P. and Bill would not approve!! It was incredibly slow going as team after team slithered their way down the steep path. I tried to push the pace and arrived at the bottom without the rest of my team, who'd settled in behind some others at the top!!

At this point, I'd realised that although I'd settled into the pace, and for me a nice easy pace, not all in my team were finding it quite so easy. The going over the tops even by this point had been pretty difficult, slippery, slushy snow making it unpleasant to run on. Lianna and I had been out at the front chatting and getting to know each other!, while Jen and Emma, had been following in silence. Jen was not looking happy and as we walked up the road over to Stanage from Bamford, I started to think that we might not actually complete the course.

The road over to Stanage and High Neb usually provides a bit of a breather before the main event, but the road itself was covered in ice, only discovered when a guy in front of me did his best banana skin impression and landed flat on his back. It could have been really funny in a cartoon, but the were calls of 'are you OK' and 'bloody hell – ICE' etc. We all flung ourselves off to the verges and into the drifts of snow, in an effort to stay upright!

The trog along to High Neb and then to the first food stop at the A57 was slow going. I was feeling a little frustrated I have to admit, knowing that they were finding this hard going – well – we weren't even onto the moor proper yet! The refill at the road was a welcome sight and I half expected Jen to call it quits. She'd been suffering all the

way from the start with a sore stomach and was feeling sick. She's also only little – about 5 foot – which means she's got smaller legs and pulling yourself out of bogs and snow drifts is that much harder. But, there was no mention of stopping, and after a five-minute break to scoff some malt loaf, we moved off down the road to Cut Throat Bridge and the climb up onto the moor.

I was loving it, for me the pace was nice, the night was clear and I was feeling confident in myself, the only worries I had were about the snow conditions on the top. It was not frozen on top, despite the air temperature, but until we got up to Lost Lad and the other check points there was no way of knowing the conditions under foot. As we moved further north from Derwent Edge to Lost Lad we gradually became more isolated, as some teams dropped behind us, but the majority moved ahead. We had by now become a walking team, conditions underfoot becoming incredibly tiring. A wind slab had formed on the surface of the snow, but this wasn't thick or strong, so every few steps if you were lucky to get that many, you fell in up to your knees or sometimes more in the snow, and each step became a fight to get up and out of that hole. Over time I began to read the snow surface and learnt were the more solid parts were but it was never that easy. The lassies formed a line behind as we trogged north.

I made one navigational error dropping too far west from Lost Lad to Sheepfold Clough, but we weren't the only ones – and it made for a tiring traverse and small climb back to Sheepfold Clough. The last thing I wanted, but there were no complaints from the team!! At some point on this stretch we also dropped the poles for our tent. We didn't realise for a while, but these things happen!

As we neared Marjory Hill I realised that there was a faint light in the sky to the east. At first I was buoyed by this and my mood rose, but then I realised how far back we were on last year. We were a lot slower, and had a long way to go. The leading teams were nearing Bleaklow Head and Wainstones by now, and we had yet to turn west around the north of the route!

Still, no one was injured, and everyone was warm enough. This is actually the hardest part of the night. Your body temperature is at its lowest as you are almost always fast asleep at this time, and it's also the coldest part of the night. But we had all taken the decision not to skimp on clothing – a choice some teams didn't take and suffered the consequences. So we carried on, sometimes following footprints, and other times not. In the clear pre-dawn light, the moor was at its most beautiful, and I knew despite all else this was why I do this kind of thing. I was glad that I didn't have to think too much about navigation, so I had time to appreciate my surroundings. We must have look pretty forlorn covering the distance between Swains Head and Bleaklow Head. Conversation was virtually nil, apart from regular checks that everyone was OK, and 'have you eaten recently?'

As we covered this distance to Bleaklow Head we started disturbing several slumbering mountain hares. Native to Scotland but found in the Peak as well, they were for once finding a use for their white coats in the normally infrequent snow cover of the Peak. Moments like this make the pain in your legs become less and are so memorable. Apart from these little interludes your mind is completely focused on where you place your foot, and whether you're going to disappear into a snow drift or a snow drift and bog, or whether this time,



*Och
how did ah get
among these
sassanachs*



you're gonna stay on top. It had been unrelenting across the moor, as we floundered in the snow, having to drag ourselves out repeatedly. I didn't know whether it was worse than the bad bogs or not. One thing that did prove worse was the small cuts that appeared on my ankles between my socks and leggings from the sharp icy top to the snow.

As we turned to the west and crossed the top of Bleaklow to Wainstones, we realised that the weather was turning. Large black clouds had built up to the west and the wind was blowing hard across the top of the moor. We were not going to get away with it. At some point the weather was going to close in, and it didn't look good. Following the stakes across to Wainstones has always been the weak point in my navigation despite the area being one of the nearest to Glossop. Wainstones are not obvious when approached from

the East, and it was my gut feeling and Lianna's eyesight, spotting an antenna, that got us to the checkpoint. For some reason I always drift to the south up there and miss the 'stones. No room for error or missing a checkpoint here!!

We were at a walking pace and my hope that it would pick up a bit when we hit the Pennine Way wasn't realised. As I lead the way, concentrating on getting our line right to the top of the Snake Pass, I kept looking back to find three heads bowed against the wind, and my pace was not being matched. At this point I realised that it's actually harder to judge women's moods than men's. I couldn't really tell what was going on in their minds. Blokes are easier to read and also are more vocal in their feelings! Despite constant communication across the moors, I was not really sure what state of mind Emma, Jen or Lianna were in!! Tired yes,

exhausted probably yes, in pain well I wasn't sure, and whether they wanted to carry on, I didn't know. All questions of 'Are you OK', were met with a yep, without much conviction in the voice. I found it hard to cope with as I was still feeling physically OK, and knew I was fine to carry on.

Mentally, I acknowledged to myself I was tired. I'd had to concentrate across the moor, picking the route, and picking the line, and checking we were all eating and drinking. Getting fuel in is so important and yet is the first thing that you forget to do. I have learnt by experience how to do it, and the others were relying on me to check up on them and make them eat often. Plus I had suffered from a frozen water supply, which was only thawing out as we approached the Snake as I'd shoved it down into my clothing, to get my body heat to melt the ice. This meant I was more

Drink at Sunrise





In between blizzards on Kinder

dehydrated that I wanted to be. At the Snake, the weather closed in. We huddled inside a tent, refuelling, as snow blew past on a strong wind. As I had done throughout the night, I described the next leg of our route to Edale Cross, along the edge of Kinder. In better conditions, getting to the Snake feels like the end psychologically, as you're off the moor and onto the paths flagged or well trod all the way back to Hollins Cross. But today, there was no path across to Mill Hill, the flags covered by snow, and the path along the edge of Kinder was hidden too.

Luckily, I picked up the route of the flags to Mill Hill pretty quickly, as it was much easier going with the solid ground under the snow. At Mill Hill we passed a guy with snowshoes on.

I really felt like mugging him for them, it would have made the going so much easier, instead our icy fell shoes continually broke the snow surface as we plodded onto Kinder. By this time Jen has in a world of her own, and was visibly slowing down. Moral never felt low, but the weather reduced our pace further. A gale force wind was blowing onto the edge of Kinder, blowing spindrift around as well as falling snow. Our faces became sore from the constant battering, and our eyes were virtually closed against the blown snow.

Having led the team across Bleaklow, I fell back to help Jen out of all the snowdrifts. Our pace meant that I was rapidly getting colder, as I wasn't moving fast enough to generate

any body heat, but hauling Jen out of snowdrifts at least helped the minutes go by. The cloud had come down onto Kinder, but with the edge to follow over and down to Edale Cross, route finding wasn't difficult. As we neared Edale Cross, I became very aware that we were nearing the cut off time at that checkpoint. I was also aware that Jen was becoming clumsier, and at one point stated that she was far too hot and wanted to take her jacket off. Alarm bells started ringing. We were moving at a snails pace, and the wind chill was well below freezing. Hypothermia loomed in my mind. I persuaded her to keep her jacket on and when we got to the checkpoint got a warm drink into her. As the others were having a rest and some food, I chatted to the girls at the

... with no balls!

under the snow. At Mill Hill we passed a guy with snowshoes on. I really felt like mugging him for them, it would have made the going so much easier, instead our icy fell shoes continually broke the snow surface as we plodded onto Kinder. By this time Jen was in a world of her own, and was visibly slowing down. Moral never felt low, but the weather reduced our pace further. A gale force wind was blowing onto the edge of Kinder, blowing spindrift around as well as falling snow. Our faces became sore from the constant battering, and our eyes were virtually closed against the blown snow.

Decision made, we set off up over Brown Knoll to Rushup Edge. The weather now was large slow moving squally snow showers, which reduced visibility to a few meters, and made talking impossible. At least the bogs over there had been neutralised beneath several feet of snow!! I took a few pictures as we crossed Brown Knoll and Rushup Edge. The snow was drifted up to the height of the stone walls on the Edge, and it was a polar plod! But we didn't stop, we kept moving no matter how slow it was, with the wind on our sides threatening to lift us off our weary feet. Mam Nick arrived and I only really then realised that we were going to finish. No one could quit now and if we crawled into the Village Hall it didn't matter. As we descended for Hollins Cross, the last checkpoint behind us, a slight spring appeared in all our steps, as it finally dawned on all of us that it was nearly over. As we reached the road, we had a small welcoming party, Pete was there waiting for me, with Judy, her husband and Emma's boyfriend. I was ready for a sprint finish but as I looked around I could see tears in everyone's eyes.

The Village Hall was virtually empty when we finished, as the winners had come in 7 hours before us, but that didn't matter. We had finished, and I

couldn't help but feel pride in the lassies. We've talked and talked about it since, and it was by far the hardest thing any of them had attempted, and we had succeeded. When we set off I knew I was capable of the distance, they didn't. I'd run through the night before, they hadn't. I'd also got the best part of 20 years mountain experience in me, and they hadn't, but we stayed as a team, and encouraged each other though it.

We finished in 17 hours and 14 minutes, the 23rd team to finish out of 25 who finished. 50 teams started on the Friday night. We were one of two ladies teams in the event this year, the Rucksac Club Ladies finishing in 15:31. We do not know of any other ladies teams who have finished this event, in its 31 years. I would love to know if there are any.



Glossopdale Harriers

inspire 'Picture'

For the past few month I have been trying to capture my experience of fellrunning and, after many hours at my drawing desk, I have produced a limited edition signed fine art print of one of our favourite 'trods'.

Sitting at the Drawing Desk is a sharp contrast to running over the Fells but I do believe they compliment each other, it is also wonderful how it makes you look with renewed enthusiasm at the landscape, noticing the subtle and dramatic combination of the light on the moorland scenery.



Close on the heels
by Rod Holt

Fairfield 2005

My daughter gave me 'Feet in the Clouds' for my birthday, which set me thinking. Why do I think I'm past it? Why do I have to give up on my list of 'must do' races? I'm not even 50 yet.

So I posted off my entry to the Wasdale, top of my 'must do' list, and pencilled in some training. A couple of weekends for some distance training and some races to hone the competitive urge to its dangerously blunt edge.

The training went well, with the usual ups and downs of course. A long day out over Kinder reminded me that:-

- It is always further than you think along the Snake Path.
- The seven minute crossing is not always what it says on the tin.
- Sadly, a year old power bar can be just what you need. How could I have forgotten? It was great to be back.

The Fairfield Horseshoe was on the 'to do' list as well, so on a perfect spring morning I was on the start line. A slow start is always best for me. It means I spend the race overtaking people instead of being overtaken. What other option is there? I was going well, making my way through the field along the ridge to Fairfield. I put on a good show for the hikers on the final ascent, rounded the trig point and opened up for the return.

Some rocky descents earned me some more places. Not exactly the wild abandon of youth, but fast enough for now. I would need something left for the lower part of the descent and for the track to the finish. The long grassy part of the ridge was wonderful; soft and fast, with some nice drops and hollows on down past High Pike and on to Low Pike. This is what I joined up for. I knew the final descent from Low Pike was always awkward. I had a quick 'heads

up' to check it out, and felt the familiar tearing of ligaments as I went over on my ankle. Oh sh*****t! Ok, this is nothing new, just run through it. Well, I tried for a while, but it didn't get any better. I hobbled past a similarly afflicted runner. His ankle was much bigger than mine. I made a typically inane comment as I staggered past. At least I wasn't going to be last.

I went to Stepping Hill on the Monday with my sprained ankle, feeling a bit of a fraud. I acquired a more genuine status after the x-ray showed the ankle to be broken. I soon had a full leg plaster and was nil by mouth awaiting an operation to screw it all back together again.

Six weeks on and I can just about walk without crutches. The Wasdale will have to be next year.

Andy Fox

My First Lowe Alpine Mountain Marathon.

Saturday 11th June...Mark puts out a plea for partners to replace his injured running mate for the LAMM. I think "Unlucky mate, who's going to step in at this short notice?"

Sunday 12th June... Meet Mark at the Edale race, my brain goes AWOL and my gob says yes!. ...and so began my first LAMM experience, a minimum of 51kms over two days of fell running on an unknown course.

I'd only ever done up to about 4 hours in an event before and never one where you have to carry all your overnight gear inc. tent sleeping bags, camping stove, the lot. Hard core camping it was called by one mate. Remember I hadn't been camping since boy scouts over 30 years ago!

Friday 2pm we set off for Oban, got there at about 8 o' clock, couldn't resist stopping for a poke o' chips each and then discovered we were to go to Mull that evening but had missed the 8:30 ferry. We decided to spend the waiting time stocking up on Guinness carbo etc in a dockside pub. The last ferry was 10:30pm so we didn't reach the event base camp near Torosay Castle until midnight. The weather was overcast and almost perfectly still so the famous Mulloch midges were dancing with delight in ears and noses. Following registration and whatnot finally set up tent and got to sleep at about 01:30 (Sat).

A BLOODY PIPER STRUCK UP AT 05:15 JUST FOR A LAUGH AND WANDERED THROUGH THE SITE, we didn't have to rouse till 7, the git.

Well it certainly got the ire going but not high enough to actually clamber out of the sleeping bags to thrash him with some of the thistles that featured on the campsite. In the next 90 minutes about 500 souls had to levitate from within nylon pits, dodge the thistles, guy ropes, midges etc to head for the first choice of the day: queue for the portaloos (10 off) or re-enter the dark ages and squat over the slit trenches for the morning constitutional.

Onwards to the start line which we thought was a mile from the camp, but no! we find a coach waiting to whisk us off on a mystery tour. This took us over to the north west of the isle near a spot called Knock – about 15km but apparently this didn't count as part of the route, we still had 51km to go. Finally we reach the real start and are given Day 1 checkpoints and scurry away to plot them on our laminated maps and so began the real thing. The first checkpoint was pretty obviously straight up a steep climb of about 300m as there's about 200 people spread in a huge conga line stretching as it went. I wondered if it was going to be like this all day, but amazingly after the first checkpoint runners picked a variety of routes to the next one and we quickly found ourselves alone in the clouds for a short spell until we dropped below them, and so the pattern for the weekend was set. Probably half the time was

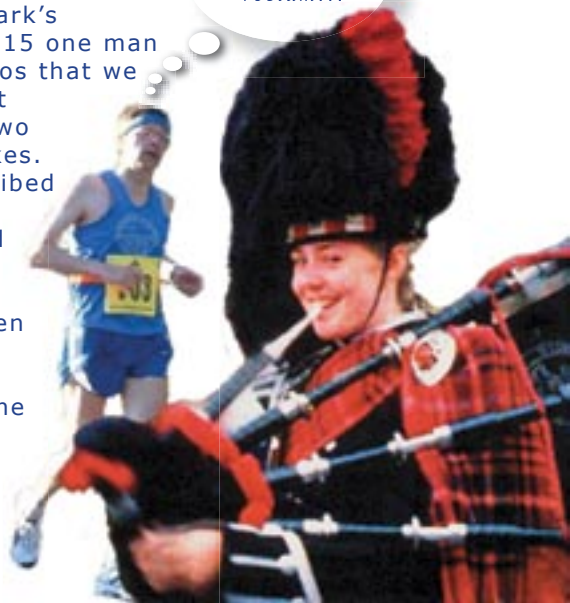
spent compass navigating in clouds above 400m, seeing few people between checkpoints but then coming across groups of them studying the next stage.


The slog from CP1 to CP2 was the longest in the event, about 14km right to the south of Mull near Moy Castle. A pleasant jog along the short turf at the head of Loch Buie led into a very sharp 130m climb back into the hills of that funny wee bit of Mull shaped like a foot on the south eastern edge. There were four checkpoints quite close together leading us round the eastern end of Loch Uisg and up a fantastic gorge called Allt a Ghoirtein Usine, all rocks and swirling clouds – "like a scene from the Lost World" one runner said. A really slow ascent of about 400m followed by a gentler but insistent rise and our only significant navigational error of the day, we should have turned right at some point but we didn't turn enough and the terrain didn't have big, obvious landmarks to check our position. We thought we were on the right heading until after about 15 minutes traversing and to our great surprise we found a large body of water ahead and to the left of us. That was in the wrong place I'm telling you. Anyway, we identified the loch as Airdeglais, re-planned our route and bashed on to CP 9, knoll. The sneaky route planners had planned this one well. There was a knoll bang on line and visible from 2 or 3km by now and we could see a lot of runners bee-lining for it so off we headed as fast as we could only to join the throng complaining and whinging that somebody must have nicked the dibber it had to be here. Sigh, we check the map and coordinates again and sure enough, on the same heading another 500m north is the knoll we needed.

And so we headed to the midcamp area at the north end of Loch Sguabain, pausing only while Mark inexplicably chose to plunge waist deep into a mudhole 50 metres from the finish line. We'd taken 8 hours 21m covering over 31km in the process

Our tent was Mark's masterplan, a £15 one man model from Argos that we knew would just accommodate two conked out blokes. (probably described by an estate agent as a good sized detached property with extensive kitchen (external)). Finding a level space for our one man tent was a bit tricky as there were

bagpipes and rectum!!!





Get up
ye lazy
sassanachs

about 100 tents already in a fairly small campsite. As Mark had to go wash after his mudbath I offered to erect it. We only had to rotate it 180 degrees after realising I'd sited our heads downhill. Still, once sorted we settled in for a good evening catching up with all the other blokes from Glossopdale, eating as much as we could manage and topping the evening off with a couple of malts carried round by Mark in sample bottles. This caused some raised eyebrows as the whisky was same colour as the normal fluid in these containers. "we're bonding" I said.

Let me sum up the night in the tent:

11:30 went to bed.

11:35 started raining

11:36 thunder and lightning

11:40 'F*&K' says Mark. 'No thanks' I said. Mark had discovered that £15 tent not waterproof, very unlucky for him as he's under the leaking zip – horrible, cold wet night for both but mostly Mark. He borrowed my waterproof top to catch the rivulet and every so often tipped the pool towards the bottom of the tent but I guess most of it soaked back into our sleeping bags. By about 3am I couldn't wait any longer for the rain to stop, I was busting for a pee. This was when I learned that the tent was just too shallow even at the 'high' end, so when I sat up to reach the exit zip I couldn't avoid rubbing my head the whole length of the tent skin (single) until I had achieved some sort of yogi position bent double and fumbled with the zips to get out. Then I discovered I shouldn't have left my shoes right way up in the rain – had to empty them first! Still, at least it was warm enough to scuttle across the 100 yards or so to the trenches in my boxers & fell shoes. However, it's not easy to scuttle quickly when you only have contact lenses and didn't put 'em in and ALL the guy ropes on the campsite are interleaved with their neighbours like a giant cat's cradle. Suffice to say that by the time I completed this task in the morning drizzle I was as soaked through as everything in and out of the tent with the exception of Mark. I inserted myself back into the tent, nearly tore the top half off the sleeping bag trying to pull it over a wet bod, gave up trying and fell asleep half out of it until....

05:00 BAGPIPER STRIKES UP. In all that's on this earth we came as close as ever to committing an offence involving bagpipes and rectum! By the time we emerged he'd escaped. B****R!

The weather on day 2 was supposed to be better but if anything the cloud started lower, the rain had spent itself overnight so at least we were able to run in shorts and T shirt again. We had a good day although there was some tough navigating and overall Mark made all the right calls in the hard places and we made up something like 14 positions to finish the event 38th out of 113 who started.

It was a great combination of long slogs through squelchy bogs, even squelchier "tracks", very steep climbs and occasionally, as we came down out of the clouds we would see a view of a loch or the sea on the south coast that made it mostly worthwhile.

I'm still very surprised how well we did given this was a big step up for me. A large part was down to Mark who had enough experience of the art of saving weight but keeping the vital kit and most importantly his navigating was better than most, certainly I became very aware I was lacking in this area, I dread to think how long we'd have taken if I'd done it. It turned out I was fit enough which had been one of my worries. In fact I felt less shot after this event than I did after the off-road marathon in May. Would I do another LAMM?, there's no doubt that I've come away with a lot of good memories and a sense of having achieved something I didn't think I would ever try. I would tell anyone thinking it to have a go, I think that's how I'll view it next year as well.

John Stephenson

Dates for your Diaries...

Ian Hodgson Relays

Sunday 2nd October - at 10am from Brotherswater in the Lakes. Team(s) of 8, running in pairs.

FRA Relays (Alva, Scotland) - Saturday 15th October. Teams of 6.

Calderdale Way Relays
- Sunday 11th December.
Team(s) of 12.

Kate Cooper is co-ordinating the entries for the relay events - mens & womens.

The Bob Graham

by Alison

Club Supported Event?

An idea for discussion & debate.....

In June 2005, Rod helped Stuart Crabtree and John Doyle (Pennine Runners) in their successful BGR. Stuart invited Rod along to what was a fully supported Pennine club event because Pennine had decided to get a few more runners round the BGR. In fact Pennine were a bit disappointed that they only had two people going for it on the day. Anyway, this got Rod to thinking he would like to have a go at the whole thing, with the right preparation & training. Given the logistics of organising pacers and support, not to mention the inevitable recce runs up to the Lakes beforehand, there is a logic to making it a club event. Neil Shutt is our resident expert on the BGR and we have other long distance and/or Lakeland specialists, not to mention climbers for the top-roping at Broad Stand!

What will be involved:

- *Training – height, distances, night runs*
- *Recce-ing the route, including navigation*



serious body maintenance

Talking to Dave Jones of Pennine – obviously the individuals going for it have to commit and get their own training sorted, however the club helped by planning some of their club training and some of their own championship races around the BGR.

- *Planning & advice, discussing the route & options. Deciding the date of the attempt – 2006, 2007?*
- *Pacers for the 5 legs: 1 per "attemptee"*

The pacers need to have really good knowledge of the route, carry all the gear and, obviously, keep the attemptee going! Stuart and John actually had more than one pacer each on some of the legs so 1 per runner is the minimum)

- *Support team – fully equipped with all the spare gear and food for each and every refreshment stop. Also key logistical consideration is arranging the rendezvous and pick-ups for the pacers.*
- *Accommodation – before and after the attempt. Pennine made use of the Gritstone Hostel at Thirlmere and made a weekend of it with families coming along too.*

Pros & Cons

Support for runners – help, assistance, encouragement. Benefit of expertise. Others take on burden of logistics. Gives the Club as a whole a boost – focus for the year – additional benefits to others doing longer runs, Lakeland runs, practicing navigation etc.

Time commitment, focus on BGR at expense of other things. Not of interest to others in the club – could be seen as "selfish". Pressure on runners – so much invested in their achievement. Bad weather (or other factors out of our control) might make it a wasted effort.



the big finish

MOOT HALL

A reminder of those 42 peaks

LEG 1	LEG 2	LEG 3	LEG 4	LEG 5
MOOT HALL	CLOUGH HEAD	STEEL FELL	YEWBARROW	DALE HEAD
SKIDDAW	GREAT DODD	CALF CRAG	RED PIKE	HINDSCARTH
GREAT CALVA	WATSON DODD	HIGH RAISE	STEEPLE	ROBINSON
BLENCATHRA	STYBARROW	SERGEANT MAN	PILLAR	MOOT HALL
THRELKELD	LOWMAN	THUNACAR KNOTT	KIRKFELL	
	HELVELLYN	HARRISON STICKLE	GREAT GABLE	
	NETHERMOST PIKE	PIKE O’ STICKLE	GREEN GABLE	
	DOLLYWAGON PIKE	ROSSETT CRAG	BRANDRETH	
	FAIRFIELD	BOWFELL	GREY KNOTTS	
	SEAT - SANDAL	ESK PIKE	HONISTER PASS	
	DUNMAIL RAISE	GREAT END		
		ILL CRAG		
		BROAD CRAG		
		SCAFELL PIKE		
SCAFELL				
WASDALE				





The Cham

The Main Club Championship Table

<i>All</i>	<i>Total</i>	<i>Lambs leg</i>	<i>Downfall</i>	<i>Buxt Half</i>	<i>R/dale 10k</i>	<i>Moon 10k</i>	<i>Lant Pike</i>	<i>Tint</i>	<i>m2e</i>
<i>Rod Holt</i>	85	22	22	22	19				
<i>Vaughan McKay</i>	55	12	9	17	17				
<i>Nick Roberts</i>	40		18		22				
<i>Andy Anastasi</i>	38	19	19						
<i>Nev McGraw</i>	38	5	4	14	15				
<i>Jon Collins</i>	35	18	17						
<i>Ian Martin</i>	34			18	16				
<i>Mark O</i>	34		15	19					
<i>Kate Cooper</i>	29	17	12						
<i>Andy Fox</i>	28	14	14						
<i>Julie Cox</i>	25	10		15					
<i>Alison Holt</i>	24	8	3		13				
<i>Lindsay Palmer</i>	23	9			14				
<i>Alan Turner</i>	18	13	5						
<i>Paul Stitt</i>	18				18				
<i>John Stephenson</i>	17	11	6						
<i>Duncan McGraw</i>	16			16					
<i>Phil Swan</i>	16	16							
<i>Rob Edwards</i>	16		16						
<i>Andy Wilkins</i>	13		13						
<i>Jim Ollerenshaw</i>	11		11						
<i>Matthew Brown</i>	10		10						
<i>Beryl Buckley</i>	8	6	2						
<i>Bill Buckley</i>	8		8						
<i>Carl Buckley</i>	8	7	1						
<i>Andy Bardsley</i>	7		7						
<i>Neil McGraw</i>	4	4							
<i>Ladies</i>	<i>Total</i>	<i>Lambs Leg</i>	<i>Downfall</i>	<i>Buxt half</i>	<i>R/dale 10k</i>	<i>Moon 10k</i>	<i>Lant Pike</i>	<i>Tint</i>	<i>m2e</i>
<i>Kate Cooper</i>	29	17	12						
<i>Julie Cox</i>	25	10		15					
<i>Alison Holt</i>	24	8	3		13				
<i>Lindsay Palmer</i>	23	9			14				
<i>Beryl Buckley</i>	8	6	2						

<i>Moonraker 10k</i>	<i>Lantern Pike</i>	<i>Tintwistle</i>	<i>Marsden 2 Edale</i>
Sunday 7 August, another Rochdale area road race.....	Saturday 17 September BS 2.00pm. 5m/1050' From Spray House Farm, Little Hayfield. (GR SK035886) Ent £4	Sunday 9 October BM 11.00am. 8.5m/ 1160' From Bulls Head Pub, Tintwistle. (GR024973) Ent £3	Sunday 8 December. Don't expect more than 1 ladies prize though!

Championships

The Midweek Club Championship Table

All	Total	van	shin	calver	rain	cast	shelf	hope	hath	black	bamf	robin
Rod Holt	176	22	22	22			22	22		22	22	22
Lindsay Palmer	118	12	12		15		13	14	22		12	18
Andy Anastasi	100	19	19		22	22					18	
Alison Holt	98	10	11	18	13					19	11	16
Nick Roberts	93	18	18				19	19			19	
John Stephenson	85			19		17	16				14	19
Andy Wilkins	69		16		19			18			16	
Alan Armour	63				14			13	19			17
Nev McGraw	56	11					15	15			15	
James King	49	15		17	17							
Rob Edwards	34	17	17									
Anthony Johnson	32	14			18							
Dave Walker	32				16	16						
Mark Vogan	32		15								17	
Bill Clayton	29							16			13	
Alan Turner	27	13	14									
Mark Ollerenshaw	19					19						
Jim Ollerenshaw	18					18						
John Barber	18						18					
Andy Bardsley	17						17					
Vaughan McKay	17							17				
Wade Hanna	16						16					
Jon Collins	16	16										
Kath Murray	14						14					
Kate Cooper	13		13									
Ladies	Total	van	shin	calver	rain	cast	shelf	hope	hath	black	bamf	robin
Lindsay Palmer	118	12	12		15		13	14	22		12	18
Alison Holt	98	10	11	18	13					19	11	16
Kath Murray	14						14					
Kate Cooper	13		13									

* note - races where no club members took part are omitted

Goyt's Moss	Bradwell	Cracken Edge	Denis Stitt	Eccles Pike
Wed 27 July BM 7.30pm. 6.2m/ 1120' From the Derbyshire Bridge Car Park, Goyt Valley (GR019716) £3	Tues 2 Aug BS 7.30pm. 4.5m/650' From New Bath Hotel, Bradwell £3	Wed 10 Aug BM 7.30pm. 7m/1450' From the Kinder Mountain Rescue HQ, Hayfield (GR SK 036869) £4	Thurs 11 Aug BS 7.15pm. 5m/850' From the Victoria Inn, Woodhead Rd, Holmfirth. £3	Wed 17 Aug BS 7.30pm. 3.5m/ 650' From the Navigation Inn, Buxworth. (GR 821023) £3

How am I doing?

It's a question we all ask ourselves from time to time but the more you go into this, the more you realize it's not so straightforward. Many of us look back to the time we started serious running with happy memories; maybe we managed to run for over half an hour for the first time ever without actually collapsing or finishing up in an ambulance. It was a time of improving performances. It got easier with more regular training, and we joined a running group or a club. We received encouragement and advice, and some of us ran our first race since leaving school. The relief at finding we weren't last! It got better, we were on a steep learning curve, and more training produced better results. Then the realization that we're only a couple of minutes behind 'X' in races, and soon we've left 'X' struggling way back in the field and thinking the 'unthinkable' - we've now got 'Y' in our sights! The wily 'Y', a long-serving club stalwart, is no pushover however, probably got 'Reebok' running through his/her DNA and 'Walsh' stamped on the soles of both feet, but with more training, more races we're getting nearer, now within a minute or so. Increase the training, double up twice a week, a bit better but we still not quite near enough to put in a challenge. So we cut out the 'rest day' all the old f**ts told us we should take once a week - they may need it, we don't. Getting really near to 'Y' now!

Then twang.....if you're lucky it's only the elastic in your shorts that's given up the struggle. More likely you've saddled yourself with a long-term injury or illness. It's the well known 'self-destruct' or over-training scenario, based on the assumption that more training = better performance, but in the words of the Gershwin song 'It ain't necessarily so'. What is needed is better, smarter training. How then do we know how we're doing, when to think about changing the training regime, trying something different?

Looking back, at first it was easy to gauge how we were doing - to beat 'X' was the main objective. Then we started looking at how far behind 'Y' we finished. However, position in a race is never a very reliable guide; it can be influenced by so many factors. Sometimes you can finish high up in a race and know you've not run particularly well. Neil uses a rule of thumb to gauge his performance: winner's time + X %, where 'X' is 30 % or whatever figure you choose. In an article in 'The Fellrunner' (February 1999), Howard Grubb proposed a simple method for calculating Championship placings which he reckoned could also be used by all runners to assess their performance in road, cross-country as well as fell races. The method is simple but you need a full set of results for the race:

Step 1:

Find the time taken by the runner finishing half way down the order, the 'median time' (eg. in a field of 99 finishers this would be the 50th position).

Step 2:

Then divide this time by your finishing time. This ratio: Median time/My time should give you a reasonable measure of your performance.

A word of caution. If there are any special factors which you know will have affected the results in any race, (e.g. extreme heat/cold, thick fog on the fells etc.), the ability to cope with the conditions may be more important than running ability, so the analysis will not be valid.

I've gathered what race results I could get my hands on in a short space of time to see how this analysis would look for a few Club members. Graph 1 shows Rod has been fairly consistent until springtime. I didn't include his 'Tanky's' result because I knew he'd stayed with Alison and me for a good part of the race - a 'special factor' I referred to previously. Then his form seems to have dipped

about 'Cloud 9' in March and the English championship race at Fiendsdale a couple of weeks later. The Cloud 9 race with its climbing spread over 9 miles might not be Rod's forte, he seems to thrive on the short steep courses (do the 'Burnsall' Rod!). In fact it looks as if all our runners didn't perform well in the two championship races (Fiendsdale & Edale), but it may be that the quality of the fields in these races is an influence and we should consider them in a separate category. Interesting to note that all these three runners seemed to have 'peaked' (no pun) at about the time of the Kinder Downfall and Vanessa Chappell races.

Turning to women's performances, **Graph 2**, we see Kate running consistently above the median position, with a dip for the gruelling long 'Tour of Pendle'. This is strange because as I recollect Kate was up in the prizes and well pleased with her run on that occasion, but the figures suggest she underperformed. Only a short time afterwards, it appears that she did her best race to date at the Bury Red Rose cross country race. It couldn't be more different from a long 'A' class fell race, a real burn-up by any standards. After that, Mickleden in February saw the first sign of a loss of form, although she returned briefly to her best for the Kinder Downfall in April.

Lins seems to have had the most consistent 12 months of all of us, steadily improving all along, and achieved her best performance to date in the recent Rochdale 10K. They say life begins at 40..... Leaving out the Fiendsdale, Alison has likewise been remarkably consistent compared with the rest, again peaking about the time of the 'Downfall' /Vanessa Chappell races.

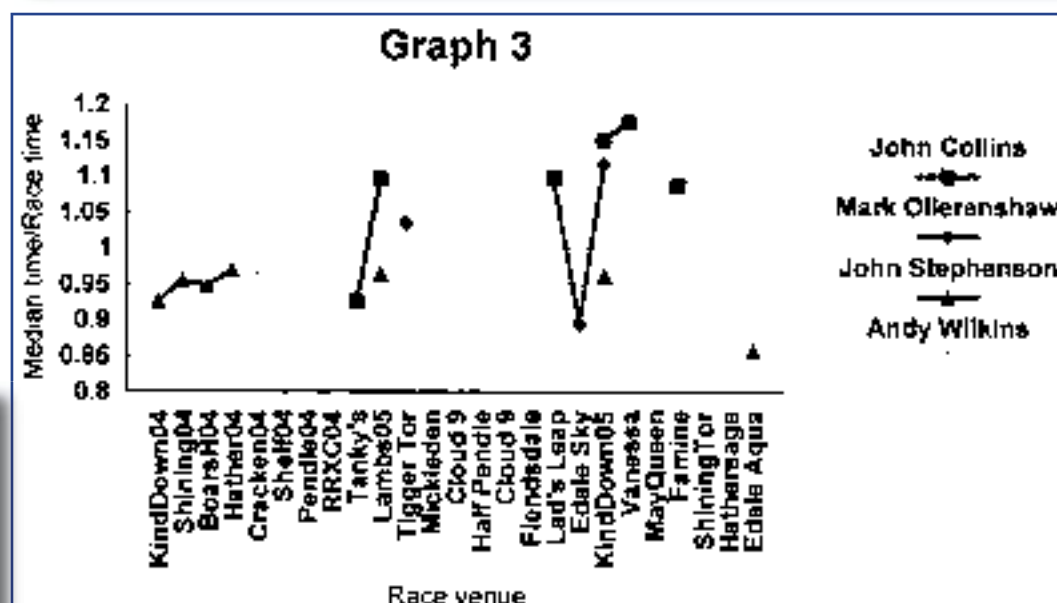
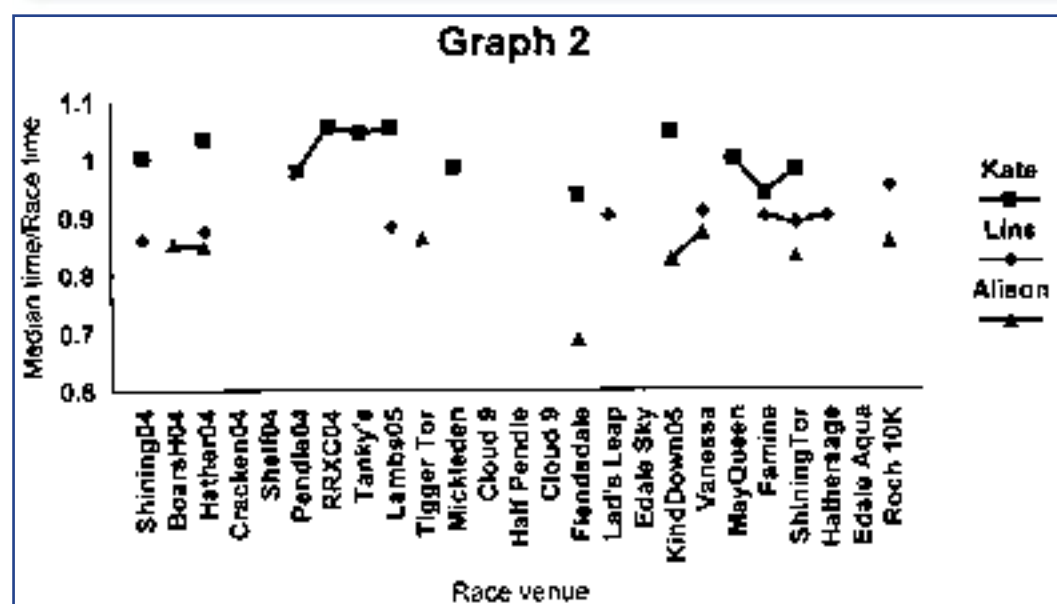
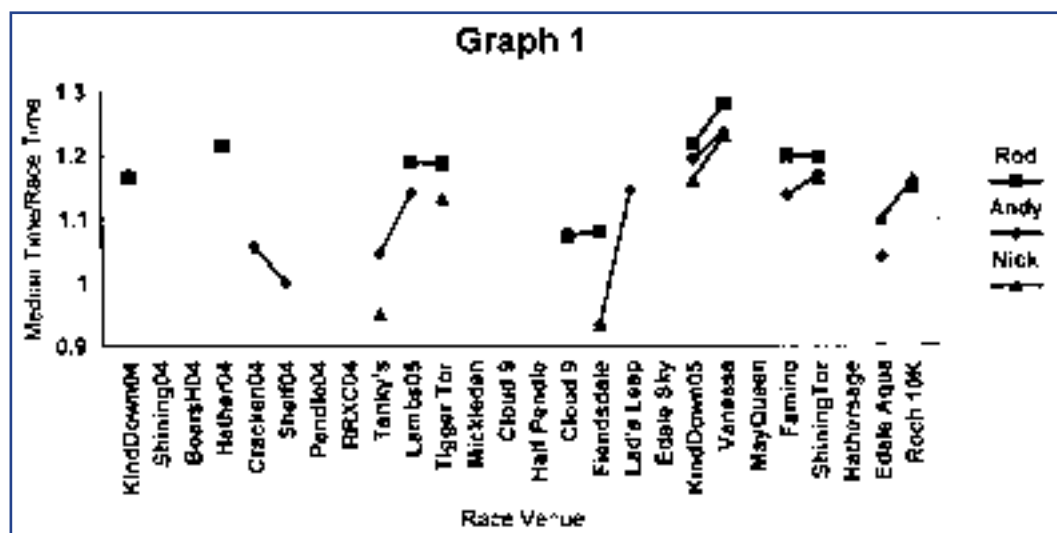
Graph 3 shows the analysis for some of Glossopdale's dark horses. Imagine putting your hard-earned cash on Mark's Edale Skyline results after seeing him at the Lad's Leap



race; it would be enough to warrant a steward's enquiry. All these appear to be somewhat inconsistent performers but have the potential to cause an upset on the day. While we saw on **Graph 1** that Rod, Andy and Nick had achieved above the 1.2 level, John Collins and Mark Ollie are now heading that way rapidly. Note also John Stephenson's Kinder result - surprising since he took a bad tumble early in the race, sustaining a leg injury that put him out of action for a month or so. What might he have done if he'd not had the accident? He was training hard and running well at the time. And look at Andy Wilkins' results. Ignoring the two Championship results you don't need much imagination to see he's had a steady improvement from Cracken Edge last year to the Shining Tor this year. Another runner aiming for a big birthday soon perhaps?

Dig out your results if you're interested and compare your performance using this analysis with how you thought you'd done.

Bill Buckley



I'm training for the Hathersage Triathlon



Skyrunning in Borneo

by Mark Vogan



Last autumn I was lucky enough to spend the best part of three months in Malaysian Borneo as part of my course. Oh, I know, it's a tough life being a student. Prior to heading out I thought I'd have a look to see what events might be on while I was there. Some sounded terrible, some intriguing (the Farmers', Breeders' and Fishermans' day) and some sounded fantastic. I was distraught to find that I would have returned home long before Cabbage Fest. However, the one that really grabbed my fancy was the 18th running of the Mount Kinabalu International Climbathon.

The race follows the most popular route up South-East Asia's highest peak, Mount Kinabalu, a mountain that achieved notoriety a few years back with several members of the British forces getting trapped in a rocky gully and surviving on Polo mints until help arrived. The trail itself is fairly short at about 8.7k to the summit but with 2300m of ascent, reaching a height of 4095m. The route returns to the start and then down to the park headquarters to give a total distance of 21k. I decided to have a bit of a recce so one weekend I did the tourist walk up the mountain. In order to walk up the mountain you are required to hire a guide and to set off before 11am so that you reach your accommodation

at 3000m. At around 2 or 3am everyone sets off for the summit to greet the sunrise at 6am and then descend before the clouds close in later in the day. The walk itself is beautiful travelling out of rainforest through other types of vegetation and then up onto the bare granite above 3200m. The mountain was stunning, as was the sunrise that greeted us at the top. I think in total it took about 7 hours to walk up and about 4 to come down. Chatting to our guide, Gampat, we found his best time to the summit was 2 ½ hours which sounded very impressive. The race up Kinabalu was originally run in order to select the fittest guides who would be called upon in rescue situations. Over the years other Malaysians and then foreigners asked to enter until it became an international event. For the past few years it has been the final race in the Buff Skyrunner World Series and after having walked up it I was buggered if I was going to be daft enough to attempt to race up it. The organisers for the senior men's race had set a cut-off time of 2 ½ hours to make the summit- I reckoned I'd struggle to get there in 3 ½ hours.

In the weeks running up to the event news of who was coming to run made the back pages of the state newspapers and I my determination not to enter

began to waver. As the deadline for entry passed real indecision struck. Maybe I should have entered. Oh well, too late I thought. Maybe I'll send in an on-line entry a day late. At least I won't get in. The organizing office was just a short walk from my hotel so a couple of days later I thought I'd pop in and see what had happened to my entry fully expecting to be laughed out of the place. Unfortunately the deadline meant nothing to them and my name was in the entry list.

Buses were laid on to take us to the national park the evening before the race. Needless to say everyone on the bus looked as fit as a butcher's dog. I was sat next to a Malaysian called Gavin. He was a sub 3 hour marathon runner but had failed to make the cut-off time on his previous attempt. No chance for me then... The guys in the seats in front were from North America and had done all sorts of endurance racing. I wasn't sure I fitted in with this company of athletes.

Dinner was a huge affair. Even though I'd stuffed myself the other runners around the table assured me I needed one last more mountain of spaghetti before bedtime. The wake-up call was 5am ready for a 7am start. As usual I fuffed around, deciding what to wear (obviously the club vest) and regretting the amount I'd had to eat the night before. It was a cold grey day, not too dissimilar to the sort of weather I'd expect to encounter running up James's Thorn. It was a bit of a shock to the system after training in 30+ degrees and high humidity.

In a break with tradition I did a warm-up, from the start line up to Timpophon gate- a climb of just 50m or so. In future, I'll stick with the usual practice of warming up during the race. There was a good crowd at the start with local, traditional dancers and big bells whose sound carried for a few miles up the mountain.

The race set off quickly, but I took it easy as I knew how tough the climb was going to be and knew I had no chance of making the cut-off. I kept it steady up the short road section and as we started along the path. However I soon regretted my slow start because as soon as the incline steepened many of the runners in front started to walk and it was annoying having to find a way past on the narrow track. It probably wasn't until about 3 or 4k into the climb that I settled into a position where I was at a similar pace to those runners around me, but I was still able to slowly catch and pass others. The trail is well marked with distance markers, and I started to realize that if I could speed up a little I might get close to the cut-off and began to push a bit harder.

Above 3000m the air seemed to become thinner and many of the runners stopped running even on the less steep sections. In relative terms I was flying (in a gasping, stumbling, trotting/walking fashion). I was surprised to come past Gavin who unfortunately looked like he'd given up all hope. We were now out on the open granite with ropes to follow or haul yourself up on the steeper parts. The weather had closed in, with poor visibility and a heavy drizzle driving in from our left. I thought I was on Kinder. Despite making good progress I could see I wasn't quite going to make the cut-off. I'd heard that if the organizers didn't think you would summit in time then you'd be turned round before the top. I really wanted to get there after all the effort put in. I obviously slowed in the last k but wasn't challenged by the marshals, who must have been freezing their cods off. I was glad I'd smiled, chatted and tried to look as fresh as possible passing each marshal post. I made it to the summit in around 2:45, 15 mins over time. After a quick photo with the marshals I started to descend with the hope I'd make the overall time of 4:30. I flew down the steep summit rocks overtaking the few

runners who'd been just in front of me. I bumped into Gavin and a British runner who'd been only a short way behind- they'd not been allowed to summit and I felt gutted for them.

Descending the granite slabs was great fun but I just hoped my knee held out, both for this race and the KIMM in a few weeks. I'd also seen the state of the guy who'd come fourth in the veterans' and ladies' race the previous day after his series of falls on the descent so was keen to avoid both his fate and that of a local runner who'd sadly succumbed to hypothermia after a fall. The only dubious moments were when I went too fast on the roped sections and tried to slow myself using the rope, throwing myself completely off-balance. Running down the mountain was quite a lonely affair. I passed only a few people who hadn't summited and were walking back and a few runners who had climbed faster than me. Still, it was nice to feel as if I was the fastest thing on the mountain. After several k all the pounding downhill became a little uncomfortable, particularly on the steep, slippery wooden steps found at various places but I got into a rhythm and was really having a good time. As I got closer to the road the sun came out and the temperature began to rise. I'd now retraced my steps and was back at the start line but still had about 3k or so left to do on the road. I hate road-running and even though mainly downhill I found it hard going. I really started to worry that the overall cut-off time was out of reach. I managed to catch a few more people and attempted an impression of a sprint finish for the crowd. My overall time was 4:20.12- faster than I'd expected with the satisfaction of knowing I'd

completed the event. I was given a certificate with my time but the following week was disappointed to see they'd given me a DNF even though others had been credited with times slower than mine. Ho hum.

The race had been won in 2:40.04 by an Italian Mr Bean look-a-like who'd had the energy to do a dance at the finish line. He'd not won the overall series though, that honour went to a Catalan runner who'd come fourth. A small banquet was laid on with entertainment in the form of traditional dances involving, amongst other things, blowpipes and stout bamboo poles that the dancers hopped in between as they crashed together at ankle level. Not being the best of dancers or feeling particularly fresh I stupidly thought I'd give it a go. There was no way I could move my feet fast enough or get the hang of their rhythm. Having survived the race unscathed I left Mt Kinabalu with slightly bruised ankles.

It had been a fantastic event in a fantastic location with great camaraderie and I'm glad to see that this year it is again the final event of the Buff Skyrunner series. I hope to see it as a counter in our own club championship, although sharing lifts might prove a little tricky. If anyone happens to be in Borneo in early October I'd certainly recommend it to them. I intend to be back sometime in the future.



Which way do we go?

Unfortunately nothing to do with finding your way on the fells in the mist. In previous newsletters and at Club Committee meetings I've tried to keep members informed of developments which might affect us as a Club or as individuals. The reorganization of athletics in the U.K. as recommended in the 2004 Foster Report (read it on www.uksport.gov.uk) is now well underway and the implications for all of us may start to become apparent before long.

I have to admit that before I took on the Secretary's job some years ago, I never concerned myself with this particular side of running, it seemed to be a parallel universe populated by serial committee men, 'suits' and the widely hated 'blazer brigade'. They seemed to be preoccupied with rules and regulations and spend their time in meetings, I went running and kept out of it. Sadly, I find after all this time I now know that my perceptions were not far off the mark. As the new Secretary, and eager to find out how the athletic machine ticked I attended the 1st 'UK Athletics Congress' with Neil. This was our first contact with the organization formed to succeed the bankrupted British Athletics Federation, with former track star Dave Moorcroft as CEO. We emerged from the Congress no wiser, having sat through a lot of slick 'Powerpoint' presentations, 'workshops' with pre-determined agendas and outcomes and little opportunity for questioning or dissent. It was clear that this new organization meant business, we just didn't know what business. Subsequent 'briefings' at County level have only served to reinforce the impression I'd gained that the reorganization is a strictly 'top down' process, with no consultation to find out what was needed at club level. One well-known and respected club secretary wrote recently: "....UK Athletics is perceived as being almost solely interested in attempting to achieve international success to meet

the demands of UK Sport/Sport England* and stroke the egos of the political masters.....It does not appear interested in developing strong, vibrant, participative competition at club level."

* *'UK Sport' and 'Sport England' are the funding bodies for all sports using lottery and other government sources.*


With the publication of the Foster Report last year we began to see what the new organization is mainly about. Its central theme is the development of an organizational structure to facilitate identification and fast-tracking of promising young athletes to international stardom. No one in their right mind would want to argue with this worthy aim, it's the way that UK Athletics (hereafter 'UKA' for short) are going about it that is causing widespread concern and dissatisfaction; they are perceived by many as being arrogant and autocratic. Some of us will remember that only a couple of years ago UKA managed to alienate the fellrunning hierarchy by refusing to part-fund the world fellrunning championship scheduled to be held in Edinburgh. The fact that the amount requested was quite small in relation to the total UKA budget was bad enough but UKA went on to pour petrol on the flames by stating that they didn't view this event as being important enough to warrant funding.

An organization is being built up which despite much 'spin' to the contrary has very little effective democratic input from the club level, in many people's views deliberately by-passing existing grass-roots competitions (track, road and cross country leagues) to promote their own sponsor's events instead.

The new organization for England, '*England Athletics*' will comprise 9 regions or 'hubs' whose primary purpose is stated to be '*the delivery of*

sport' in that region. (All you NHS employees or educational workers can cross out '*sport*' and substitute '*frontline healthcare services*' etc. as appropriate. I deliver '*dog walking services*'.) Back to the point: it now seems almost certain that we in Derbyshire will be in the 'East Midlands' region (promise not to start on that issue again this time), comprising Derbyshire, Notts, Leicestershire, Lincolnshire and Northants, I think. Each region will be managed by a team comprising some full-time officials and some part-time. Overseeing all 9 regions will be an England Athletics Council who report to UKA through a couple more management tiers. It doesn't require much imagination to see that with this new structure clubs will lose what little democratic voice they had under the old system, and that the new structure represents a significant transfer of power to the central body, UKA. At the onset of the UKA reorganization process I attended 'consultation' and 'briefing' meetings for clubs in the County, held in the Derby area. At these I criticized the plans being promoted for the basic reason that they did not club athletics in the High Peak area which is the absence of any track facility in the region. I got little support and no sympathy; all those attending these meetings are from track-based clubs who had the prospect of receiving generous funding being waved in their faces.

The process of implementing the Foster Report recommendations is now well underway, and management consultants have been engaged in Derbyshire (if you've been following so far this wouldn't surprise you) who have recently circulated their 4-year development plan for the County. (I'll email it to anyone on request - otherwise I'll lend them my 40 page print-out). As already indicated, the major part of the plan relates to the future provision of resources for the development of track and field activities. Anyone who has



experienced large-scale company 'reorganisations' will know that there are inevitably winners and losers. As I see it, the losers in this case are going to be all the clubs who do not have access to track and field facilities who will therefore not be able to comply with the development plans and will lose out on the not inconsiderable financial rewards being handed out to those who have followed the UKA process. Of the 27 registered clubs in Derbyshire, only 9 are recorded as participating in track and field athletics, and these are predominantly clustered in the Derby area. (Chesterfield and to a lesser extent Buxton also engage in track and field, although I gather both are very restricted through lack of facilities; Buxton train their juniors on school fields in the summer, weather permitting, otherwise on a road alongside the Pavilion Gardens). The rest of the clubs in Derbyshire, like us, are unlikely to see any benefits from the reorganization. I would guess that few of us are likely to lose any sleep over this so long as we are left alone to get on with what we all joined the Club for in the first place - running! If it does come, and I hope it won't, I think the crunch will come when England Athletics and specifically the East Midlands region in our case will be expected to have become 'self-financing'. With all the various pots of cash having already been allocated and swallowed up in the first year of the Development Plan (over £34,000 spent or earmarked for coaching/coach education in Derbyshire alone) it's not at all clear where the money is going to come from to fund the staff being recruited to manage

the region, not to mention the growing number employed in the UKA offices. The financial projections in Derbyshire Athletic Development Plan drawn up by the consultants do not go beyond the 1st year (April 2006). The general feeling at club level across the country is that it will require a major hike in the affiliation fee clubs pay to the governing body, currently about £4 per head. Figures of between £15 and £25 per head are currently being banded about, not a great deal you might think, but who's going to want to pay the extra for absolutely nothing in return? Worse, we could be in the unacceptable position of effectively subsidizing the clubs with better facilities

- *track and field athletics are expensive by any reckoning*
- *paid officials such as timekeepers, starters, judges, coaches, etc., not to mention the equipment and facilities*

If you read 'The Fellrunner' you'll know that it's possible that before long the membership of the FRA (39 of us in Glossopdale alone according to the recent edition) will decide to kick all this lot into the stands (or down the scree perhaps) and vote to disaffiliate from UKA. Where would that leave us as a club? Do we exist to serve the broader interests of the running community in the north of the High Peak or do we become just another 'specialist' fell running club in the area? One option would be to carry on as normal and run cross country and road races as 'unattached'. What would be in it then for

the Members of our Club who only do road or cross country races? There'd be no point in joining the Club in the first place. There again, UKA will surely jack up the unattached levy to plug this cheap option, and in any event unattached runners can't win prizes. Who would be happy running '2nd claim' for another club, as do many members of Pennine and other fellrunning clubs? Over the 20-odd years of our Club's existence I'd be willing to bet that well over 80% of our intake has come from people who have started out road running. We do have a significant number who only do road running, and every year most of us (even me) manage an odd road or cross country race or two. Over the years Glossopdale runners have distinguished themselves and brought credit to the Club in both road and cross country events as well as on the fells; exactly 10 years ago our women's team won the gruelling 6-day Tour of Tameside against all the odds. In a relatively short space of time Glossopdale runners have established a reputation as all - round capable athletes and it's something we should fight to maintain.

Finally, if anyone still reading this has done an MBA or the like and would relish the challenge of navigating their way through consultant's reports, business plans, financial projections and the like, I'm sure they could do a better job than I have in struggling through all the 'management school speak'

I'm off across Sykes Moor looking for that elusive aircraft wreck - it's easier than all this.

Bill Buckley

The Jungfrau Marathon . .

I was persuaded to sign up for the Jungfrau marathon in April 2004 by a friend who raises a lot of money for charity riding across and up and down the country on mountain bikes dressed as a granny (see www.gogrannygo.com if you don't believe me). It had been sold to me as a "marathon at altitude in the Alps". I was thinking – wow – amazing , not a run up to that altitude but jogging in amongst the snow capped peaks, winding through passes and around glaciers! My vision was badly dented when the details flopped through the letterbox...

The race route starts at the Swiss resort town of Interlaken and heads up, and then up some more, eventually finishing at the base of the Eiger, next to the massive glacier topped Jungfrau. The course almost entirely ascends (1839m of up), and finishes at about 2200m above sea level. It doesn't quite match the Wasdale but looked fairly serious.

We flew out to Geneva on the Thursday before the race, and using Switzerland's punctual train system made our way to Interlaken and checked into our Italian owned hotel – pasta galore! What luck planning! There were five of us running with two supporters - Rich, 'Monkey', Steve, Dom and I with Jane and 'Cookie' supporting. Training wise preparations were a bit mixed. Rich and Monkey had biked down John O'Groats to Lands End two weeks before and ran a bit so were fit but sore from their biking. Dom and Steve were more vague about their preparations, um'd and ah'd and quietly discussed how best to 'ibuprofen load', a new one on me. Their mountain of energy bars and gels was a little suspect.

Feeling a little apprehensive we decided to reccy the route on the Friday and took the mountain trains up, admired the scenery and felt quietly ill about the climbing. In the evening, there was the obligatory massive pasta

party complete with traditional oompa bands followed by a one mile road race around town which all seemed to be enjoying enormously. A few grizzly souls were wearing their "I've done 20 Jungfrau's" t-shirts signifying fitness, or senility. Monkey and Rich ordered an untranslatable meat dish that turned out to be mountain goat – they reckoned it would help!

So at 8.45am on Saturday morning we and 4495 others set off in the rain, with mars bars, jelly beans and some measure of determination. Fortunately it stopped raining almost immediately, unfortunately I managed to lose everyone in the mêlée to get to the line. Thoroughly cheesed off at the prospect of running the whole way on my tod I ran through the line early on and waited for them until everyone had passed – but no sign! And Id already stopped running after a mere 50 yards and was now at the absolute rear of the field!

A lap of the town centre later, Cookie and Jane shouted over that they had seen the rest of the lads about 400 yards ahead, so I kept my pace and sure enough I caught them up after about 10km. Meantime I enjoyed the crowds - all through Interlaken people lined the streets cheering on the runners. There were brass bands, pop bands, Swiss horns and, best of all, lots of people with those cow bells shouting 'go go go' or something that you hear on the downhill races on Ski Sunday. I had run the Edinburgh marathon earlier in the summer and there was so much more support from this small town.

Before long the route moved onto undulating dirt tracks following the river upward towards the mountains, winding its way through the classic alpine glaciated valleys that I'd imagined the race would be like. There was a sprinkling of Brits, the most memorable being the veteran "Team 'Coffin Dodgers'" from Yorkshire. All the race numbers included

racer's name and a flag of their country, so it was easy to strike up conversations. I remember wishing I had brought a camera, not only for the scenery but also for drinks stops which were something special to behold. As well as water, coke and energy drinks there were bits of banana, Mars bars, swiss chocolate, energy bars and, in the later stages of the race, there was soup and cheese! Someone should have a word with Tanky. Rich was having trouble with a sore knee so I ran with him while Monkey accelerated off into the distance. Rich and I were pretty happy to toddle along, enjoy the views and chat and we reckoned that if he got to 25km he'd be fine because it was pretty much all seriously uphill from there which is strangely easier on the knees. At the half way mark at Lauterbrunnen the crowds in the street were handing out chocolate and listening to the bands plus finding Jane and Cookie with ibuprofen for Rich made up for our fairly slow time. At this point we were feeling pretty good - the atmosphere was great, the running had been fairly easy and the scenery was unreal. I was fairly sure that the climbing ahead would be pretty tough so all in all we were doing ok.

Lauterbrunnen sits directly under the ski resorts of Murren and Wengen and the route just goes straight up. We'd tracked down Steve by following the trail of energy bar wrappers at the bottom of the climb to Wengen so I pushed on while he and Rich chatted to a South African lady Steve had 'met'. His mind was clearly torn between being stopping for a rest and pulling said lady which made for amusing watching.

Having reached the climbing proper I tried to keep a good pace going and soon began making up places from my back of the field start. Quite a few people were struggling having gone out too fast and the massage stations (yes indeed!) on the route-side were packed.

. in Switzerland *by Phil Swan.*

The crowds at Wengen itself were the largest so far and the refreshment tables were groaning under the weight of goodies. Cookie and Jane had managed to speed up there ahead of me too so where cheering us on again. At this point I'd been going about 3hrs 35m and I reckoned that a sub 5h 30m time was on the cards which gave me just less than 2 hrs to do the last 13km and approx 1100m of climbing – a bit over the ascent of Snowdon so surely not difficult. But for some reason the km markers must have been set wrongly because they just appeared really, really slowly. The odd Mars bar and a set of rehydration salts helped but by 35km I was down to repetitions of running for a count of 100 seconds then walking for 50, trying to admire the views of glaciers and waterfalls to take my mind of the pain in my calves and sweat in my eyes.

The running from Wengen had been mainly on dirt tracks but at Wixi at 1830m above sea level, the route changed to narrow, rocky singletrack. I'd been overtaking people all the way up from Wengen but it was now only possible to get past by

leaving the track, which was no mean feat due to the gradient, scree and gorse. I started to see my 5h 30m target getting a bit desperate. The altitude also started to take its toll and we were all gasping to force the oxygen down.

The last two kilometres were spectacular, when I could look up, as we ridge-ran over massive and scree fields beneath the glaciers. The enormous glacier that hangs off the Jungfrau was on our right hand side, full of impressive waterfalls tumbling so far the water was falling as rain. The occasional deep rumble of breaking ice sounded like thunder in clear, sunny skies. Looking up, the 1km vertical North Face of the Eiger was on our left and the tiny finish line could be seen as a splash of colour beneath it.

Everyone likes a fast finish so the route wound up above the finish line then turned for a final 800m sprint downhill over the rocks. At the apex of the turn downhill, at 2215m above sea level 'helpers' assisted us over some large boulders while a group of men played 10 foot Swiss mountain horns and another group in traditional

Swiss outfits twirled massive flags. It really rounded the race off fantastically. Despite a final push, my watch said 5h 33m at the line so I'd blown my time, but I had enjoyed the charge downhill all the same and I'm sure I can take off the three minutes or waiting at the start for the others.... According to the stats I'd moved up about 2200 places which made my mid field placing seem a lot better.

I joined Cookie and Jane at the finish line and cheered in Rich about 20 minutes later with Monkey just behind. Dom staggered across the line in 6h 10m in a wave of emotion and cries of 'never again' and Steve arrived about 5 minutes later, sans South African lady and in some discomfort. The race was won by a Kenyan in a stupendous time of 2hrs 57mins, beating the local favourite by a minute.

It was a great final race of my summer season and meant that I had raised over £1000 for the RNLI by completing this, the Snowdon Race and Edinburgh Marathon. If you fancy it see:

www.jungfrau-marathon.ch

Two Faces of the English Championship:

A report on two of this year's races *by Nick Roberts*

So how bad can it get in a race? Not feeling quite on form? Legs feeling a bit heavy? Well, the first counter in the English Championship this year certainly proved to me how bad it can get.

The first race this year was Fiendsdale, a 9 mile loop in the Forest of Bowland, not far from Chipping. The course had nearly 3000ft of ascent, with 3 main climbs over Fiendsdale Head, Parlick and Fair Snape Fell. Everything started out well, and the first 3 or so miles seemed to go by really quickly. No difficult navigation with 150 or so runners follow and I spent most those 3 miles actually

for the first time being able to keep up with one of my climbing heroes, Ron Fawcett. After the second checkpoint (which proved tricky for some owing to them getting hooked up on the fence that had to be crossed) the route dropped down fairly steeply into a widening river valley. One of those narrow, muddy contouring paths (Kate's favourite!) that seemed to go on forever. But by the time we reached the end of this descent and onto the third checkpoint, I started to realise I was rapidly running out of energy. From Langden Castle, the next mile of the route followed a wide Land Rover track to the bottom of the

main climb up Fiendsdale Head. It was here as well that Messer's Holmes, Taggart and Davis wandered off up the wrong track for a good couple miles before realizing their mistake! By the time I reached the bottom of the climb, my pace had slowed to barely more than a walk, and by half way up, I felt like I should really be somewhere in the Himalayas, 10 steps, rest, 10 steps, rest.... The hardest bit on the narrow path was not getting in the way of the 100 or so runners that were now rapidly flying past me. By the time I'd made it across the top and down the steep descent to checkpoint 4, I really don't think I knew



where I was. I simply wandered past the 4th control box, completely unaware of everyone else "dibbing" their electronic SI-Card. Luckily another runner noticed me miss the control and turned me around. A couple of minutes sitting in the stream seemed to wake me up a bit, but the final climb back up Fair Snape Fell, had me struggling to even pull myself up on the fence that the route ran next to. About half way up Kate and Andy W both passed me and for the last mile all I could think of was being back at home and never having to run anywhere ever again.

So as everyone always says learn from your mistakes, what actually happened? For such dramatic effects of suddenly having absolutely no energy, I can only put it down to a lack of food beforehand, that is not eating enough for breakfast, and certainly not eating enough at any time before the race. Stopping on the way back home provided possibly the most welcome ice-cream, cake and several bars of chocolate I've ever had. Below are the results of the race with really great runs by everyone, and Kate getting her to first points towards the English championship.

Fiendsdale 2005

129	Rod	1:37:51
140	Andrew	1:38:39
260	Kate	1:52:45
262	Nick	1:53:32
266	Andy	1:54:10
401	Alison	2:34:02

And so to the more successful race. The Edale race was the first of the short English and British counters this year and from a hot sunny spring day for Fiendsdale, it turned out a typical wet and misty English summer's day. The course traditionally starts from the showground down in the village. However, owing to the size of the field and the race's championship status, the start was moved up to the bottom of Ringing Roger and missing out

the first road section. After the fairly steep climb up Ringing Roger the course cut across into Golden Clough and all the way around the edge to Grinds Brook and Grindslow Knoll. Following a lightning quick descent back to the start of the Pennine Way it's a last "eye balls out" (as Bill likes to put it) run back down the road to the Showground.

Although there were also two separate races this year for the women and men, the relocation of the start did have one big knock-on effect. Normally all the runners have strung out a little before they reach the rather narrow gate at the bottom of Ringing Roger. Even though this year they had removed the gate, with only a 200 yard dash from the start to get through the gap, the pile up in the women's race was bad enough, let alone the 400 or so men that started this year.

Lindsay and Helen represented Glossopdale in the women's race in what was Helen's first proper fell race. Both ran really well in a women's field of well over 100, and each picking up a lot of places on the extremely fast descent back down from Grindslow Knoll to the road. The men's race started of more like a track race, not only the speed but also with the huge amount of pushing and shoving. Of course the bottle neck at the gate was spectacular, but luckily for me, a bit of recent speed-work seemed to pay off and I got through the gate fairly early on. The climb is just over 1000 feet in the first mile, and I managed to get past a few others including Chris who I was doing the LAMM with a week later. The path around the top was mostly too narrow to overtake many people and Andrew mentioned that he suffered from having to run at other people's paces. I seemed to end up mixed in with runners much quicker than me on the flat so it was probably me holding them up. As the track opened up for the descent past Grindslow Knoll, the gaps between people seemed to increase a little, until the

course presented two options, follow the longer route around and down the track or take the straight line down the steepest part of Grindslow Knoll. The field seemed to follow a 50/50 split on this one and the arguments seemed to have rained long and hard on the FRA web-forum as to which was quicker. I chose the path although I think most other Glossopdalers chose the steep way down. It was here unfortunately that Chris' "sliding on his back" style of descending came to an abrupt halt as he right foot shot down a rabbit hole, tearing most of the ligaments in his ankle. Maybe the shortest and fastest of the English Championship races aren't the best preparation a week before the LAMM. The finish down the road was dreadful but even though I lost a few places, the race certainly ended up being my best result to date, and not least from beating the winning women's time and a quite a few others who normally finish in front of me in the midweek races. So the results were

Mens

93	Nick	39:13
142	Andrew	41:26
212	Andy Wilkins	44:40
213	Mark Vogan	44:44
295	Dave Walter	49:59
300	John S	50:19
358	Neil Shutt	60:18

Womens

81	Lindsay	53:35
94	Helen	59.31

So despite the score seemingly even at the moment 1-1 good to bad, I have to agree with Andrew A here; these Championship races are something special. Fields of 400-500 runners seem to produce an atmosphere totally different from the normal mid-week or weekend races. Apart from which, seeing the Simon Bailey's and Rob Jebb's of the world head off up the first hill faster than you can sprint is amazingly impressive. Although you don't get to see them too much, as they're just too far out front in the distance!