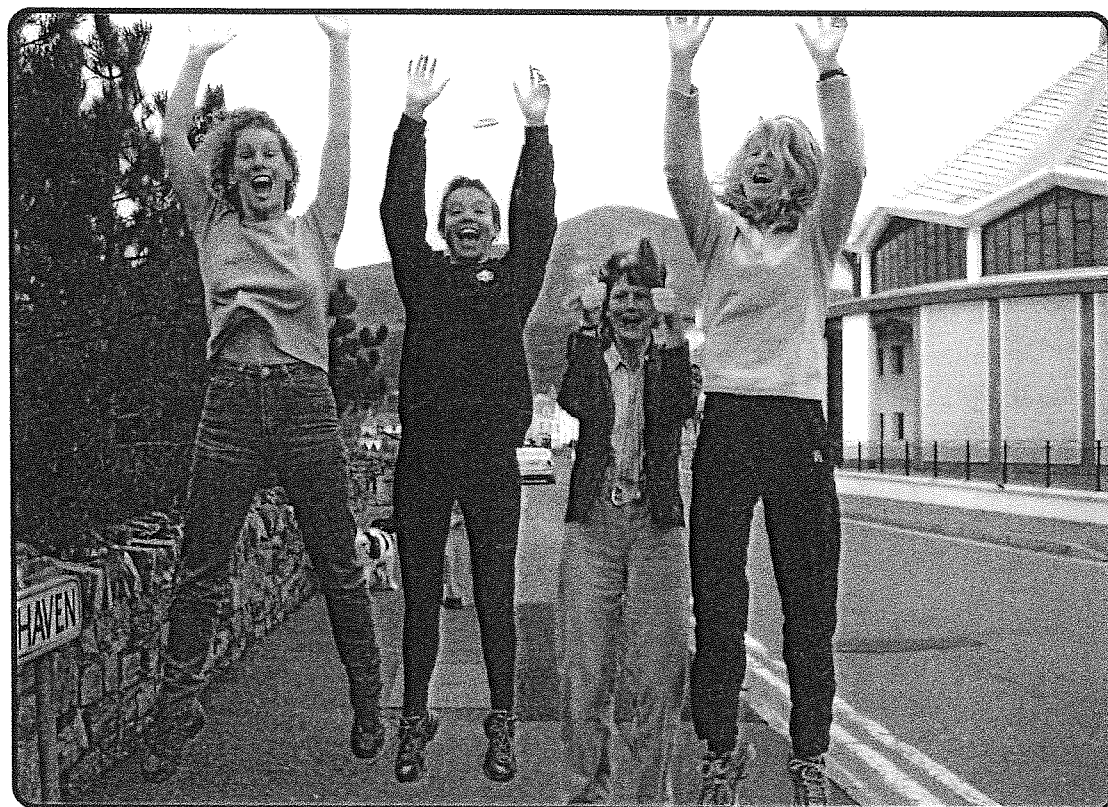




calder valley fell runners
SHEEP SHEET

.... May 2004....

Second team shock for girls in Ireland (but were we pleased)



In the first counter for the British Championships Calder Valley ladies took a surprising 2nd team place behind Dark Peak. The race in Ireland consisted of running up (I use this term "running" loosely) Slieve Donard (the hill seen just behind Linda Crabtree) climbing 2000' in 2k, down beside the Mourne Wall and then another climb onto Slieve Commedagh then on to Shan Slieve and a descent back (the final descent was awful, slippery, stoney and then into the wet wood with tree roots and more rocks) to Donard Park. We were very lucky with the weather during the race as it was very wet just before the start. We had half the race field in the mini bus with us - Very cosy!!! The race route was fantastic and I believe the scenery was stunning (*Chris Robbo walked up and he told us it was - wasn't looking honest!!!*). We did well to field our team with Anne having an excellent race to come 9th lady, I was 7th in the old slappers category and Linda did amazing to do it at all as she hasn't done any proper fell races since breaking her ankle at the back end of the year - And our Julie, well she got round and is gaining confidence all the time. She was a big hit as she ran through the finish funnel lifting her bag to flash her number and vest and I'm sure the men thought that wasn't going to be all!!!! FABULOUS WEEKEND HAD BY ALL. Thirza

ANY ARTICLES FOR NEWSLETTER PLEASE
 email:- thirza.dave@virgin.net or tel 01422 343736
 ANY COMMENTS OR INFO FOR WEBSITE
 email:- carlgreenwood@hotmail.com

ON COMMITTEE



CHAIRPERSON
 Rod Sutcliffe



CLUB CAPTAIN
 Tony Bradley



SECRETARY
 Jon Underwood

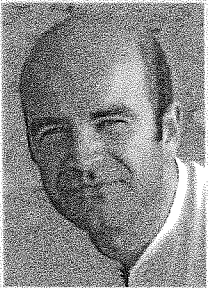


TREASURER
 Adam Breaks



**MEMBERSHIP/
 SHEEPSHEET EDITOR**
 Thirza Hyde

ON COMMITTEE



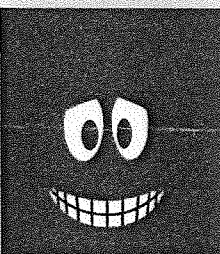
WEB OFFICER
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Allan Greenwood



SOCIAL SECRETARY
Anne Johnson



EQUIPMENT OFFICER
Alec Beconsall



STATISTICIAN
Bill Johnson

RACE RESULTS

Ogden Moors - Sat 7th February 2004 6mils/700'

			Short	Rating	improvement rating from 2003
1	Rob Jebb	Bingley	0:36:00	-	-
2	Dave Watson	Holmfirth	0:36:31	-	-
3	Karl Gray	CVFR	0:37:03	1.04	0%
5	Adam Breaks	CVFR	0:37:17	1.04	4%
24	Sharon Taylor	Bingley	0:42:03	1st lady	-
37	Graham Hill	CVFR	0:43:23	1.21	-
47	Neil Taylor	CVFR	0:44:16	1.24	-
59	Barry Shaw	CVFR	0:45:58	1.28	-1%
60	Rod Sutcliffe	CVFR	0:46:09	1.29	0%
72	Tony Bradley	CVFR	0:47:59	1.34	4%
89	Dave Culpan	CVFR	0:50:42	1.42	6%
120	Jackie Scarf	CVFR	0:54:44	1.53	-1%
123	Steve Cavell	CVFR	0:55:49	1.56	1%
130	Rose Carnochan	CVFR	1:00:28	1.69	0%
144 runners					

Long Mynd Valleys - Sun 8th February 2004 10.5mils/4500'

			Short	Rating	improvement rating from 2003
1	Tim Werrett	Mercia	1.44.36	-	-
28	Jackie Lee	U/A	2.10.50	-	-
33	Adam Breaks	CVFR	2.13.12	-	-
37	Mike Wardle	CVFR	2.14.06	-	-

Adam and I missed this brilliant race last year so we went this year. Adam needs the training!! I needed the company. The weather was very cold with strong to gale force winds, clear visibility with occasional hail showers. Underfoot it was very slippery make good grass skiing conditions. I had a great day pacing the race well so the climbs at the end did not get me. Adam on the hand had a very different day. *All I should say is it is great to be out with such a keen and enthusiastic fell runner.*

Now the tale!!.....

As you all know Adam is involved in a secret TV program for which you have to be very fit and tough so he is packing every bit of training in he can. Adam's preparation for this hard fell race included training all last week, running Ogden moors FR yesterday and coming 5th, and pushing my car round the little chief car park because I left the lights on and flattened the battery. Adam set off in his usual give it everything style and raced the lead group to the top of Callow (CP6 of 7) where they managed to shake him and Adam's troubles started. He set off in the wrong direction descending until a walker told him he was going the wrong way. He fought his way back up the hill against the gale to the correct route to then start a big time bonk. He then realised his body was in shut down mode and his fingers had stopped working, he could not open his bum bag to get food. In true style he had not had time to eat. Fortunately Bob Glover (ex Tod H now Pudsey) stopped and gave him some food and he was able to sort him self out.

I found the poor lad at the finish in a very sorry state. He still beat me though!! He agreed it was just the right sort of training he needed for his TV debut and promised to learn from it.

ON A SERIOUS NOTE Adam had the gear with him and used it if a bit late, clear proof that FRA rules about carrying it are not a waste of time. In certain conditions hypothermia can occur very quickly to the fittest amongst us. Mike Wardle

Not the best weather for fast times but a bracing wind and wet, muddy terrain underfoot made it an interesting and challenging winter fell race. Robert Jebb, the British fell racing champion made the journey from Staveley in the lake district well worthwhile as he coasted round in style. This meant the rest were left to battle it out for the minor places though Dave Watson, the former Yorkshire 10 miles, 15 miles, half and full marathon road racing champion told me afterwards that he "was catching Rob on the faster sections". Rob's girlfriend Sharon Taylor took the women's title, though the trophy will have to be sent on later as it has still not been returned. The hail showers as the last few runners were reaching the final mile or so had us diving for the shelter of the car. Well done those hardy souls who had to bear that unforeseen downpour, though we caught it later in the afternoon as we went out to gather markers. Thanks to everyone who helped make the race possible, the marshals and helpers, especially Bill Smith who again came all the way from Liverpool by public transport just to spend the morning with us and help compile results. Cheers for coming, we hope to see you again soon. Allan Greenwood and Linda Crabtree



THE WADSWORTH TROGS

Wadsworth Half Trog - Sat 14th February 2004 9mils/1500'

			Short	Rating	improvement rating from 2003
1	Adam Breaks	CVFR	1:14:34	1.06	2%
2	Jason Hemsley	P & B	1:14:49	-	-
3	Stefan Macina	P & B	1:15:24	-	-
10	Dave Beels	CVFR	1:21:58	1.16	4%
13	Lee Shimwell	CVFR	1:27:05	1.24	4%
16	Graham Hill	CVFR	1:30:28	1.28	-
17	Jez Wilkinson	CVFR	1:30:59	1.29	4%
18	Jonathan Wilkinson	CVFR	1:31:00	1.29	-
20	Barry Shaw	CVFR	1:33:40	1.33	-5%
21	Alex Cornish	CVFR	1:34:08	1.34	1%
32	Cerys Davies (1st lady)	U/A	1:46:34	1.51	
34	Jackie Scarf	CVFR	1:47:40	1.53	-1%
40	Philip Jones	CVFR	1:55:14	1.64	
46	Kay Pierce	CVFR	2:08:39	1.83	-7%

49 started, 48 finished

Half Trog Teams
Men: Calder Valley
Women: Todmorden

Thank you all for coming. The rain held off for most of the day.

Thanks to all the marshals. The sweep team did a great job, even though they did think that they were only going to run 6 miles. I'm sure I said six miles short of the whole route. Tony Bradley had to retire from the sweep team (he had to be swept up himself and given a lift back to the start!!!), leaving Steve Garner on his own, having never run the entire route. There were so many great efforts made to name all the people.

Thanks to Helen and Jez Wilkinson who did the entries and to Thirza Hyde for badgering club members while I was on holiday before the race.

Abig thank you to the sponsors



Better luck on the record next year Adam. Cerys Davies took the women's race. (we've now signed her up Ed)

'The Camping and Outdoor Centre' for the Trog prizes.

SMK for the Half Trog prizes.

Well done to Adam Breaks for winning the Half Trog. Adam was in 7th place at Cock Hill due to some disorientation. But fought his way back on good lines, to take the top spot by 250 yards.



Wadsworth Trog - Sat 14th February 2004 20mils/4000'

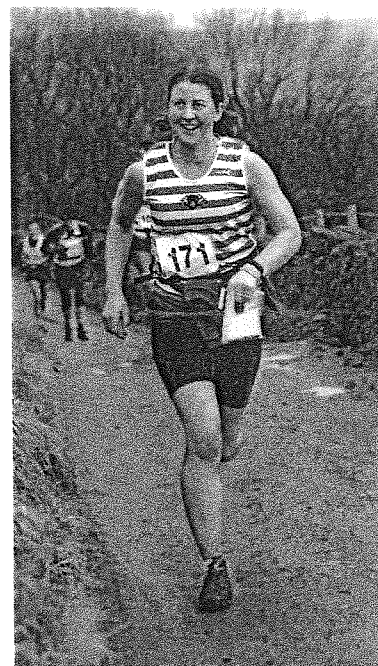
			Short	Rating	improvement rating from 2003
1	Rob Jebb	Bingley	2:42:22	(new record)	
2	Andrew Shaw	Holmfirth	2:49:35	-	-
3	Karl Gray	CVFR	2:50:12	1.04	5%
20	Jo Smith (1st lady)	CVFR	3:26:55	1.26	-
39	Rod Sutcliffe	CVFR	3:44:38	1.37	-4%
76	Thirza Hyde	CVFR	4:07:40	1.51	3%
83	Linda Hayles	CVFR	4:12:02	1.54	0%

103 started, 96 finished

Full Trog Teams
Men: Clayton Le Moors
Women: Calder Valley

Congratulations to Rob Jebb for winning the Full Trog in a record 2:42:22 taking 8 minutes out of his record set last year. Rob started to pull away on the way out to Cock Hill. I'm sure that record will fall again as he had time to talk to the marshals on High Brown Knoll, though he did not have time to sample the single malts that had appeared on the summit.

A good run from Jo Smith gave her the women's race over a tiring Sue Beconsall. Jo's quote was "You just have to keep going". Jon Underwood



At a recent committee meeting it was decided that the official colour of club shorts to be worn at races is **black** please which goes nicely with the red and white stripes

RACE RESULTS

Ilkley Moor - Sunday 22nd February 2004
5.5mils/1260'

			Short	improvement	
			Rating	rating	from 2003
1	Simon Bailey	Staff/Moor	0:35:31(new record)	-	
2	Ted Mason	Wharf'dale	0:39:00	-	
3	Karl Gray	CVFR	0:39:19	1.04	0%
6	Adam Breaks	CVFR	0:39:20	1.04	6%
20	Richard Greenwood	CVFR	0:42:59	1.13	
53	Bill Johnson	CVFR	0:46:41	1.23	1%
54	Helen Johnson	Bingley	0:46:43	- 1st lady	
61	Sally Newman	CVFR	0:47:19	1.25	-3%
65	Alex Cornish	CVFR	0:47:36	1.25	7%
67	Richard Allen	CVFR	0:48:01	1.27	-6%
74	Jo Smith	CVFR	0:48:49	1.29	
84	Graham Hill	CVFR	0:49:35	1.31	
92	Jez Wilkinson	CVFR	0:50:15	1.32	4%
98	Rod Sutcliffe	CVFR	0:50:55	1.34	-5%
105	Mike Wardle	CVFR	0:51:32	1.36	-5%
141	Amanda Farrell	CVFR	0:53:46	1.42	
166	Thirza Hyde	CVFR	0:55:55	1.47	-3%
168	Cerys Davies	CVFR	0:55:56	1.47	
187	Dave Culpan	CVFR	0:57:32	1.52	-1%
223	Alistair Whitelaw	CVFR	1:01:37	1.62	
235	Allan Breaks	CVFR	1:04:24	1.70	
286 started, 281 finished					

Well what a start to the new club championships with an excellent turn out of CVFRs. Simon Bailey looked impressive (only saw him at the start and then at the prize giving of course!!!) taking over a minute out of the previous record. He's going to be one to watch this season in the British and English Championships. Karl had a good run and Adam was having an excellent run until nearly the end he missed the final descent route and lost places but still coming in an impressive 6th. **Watch out Gray he's after your blood this season.** Sally had a good run after doing the National Cross country the day before!!!!. Good to see our new members making the effort to race and Cerys gave me a hard time all the way round. I only sneaked in a second in front of her (I'm sure she could have overtaken me but she stayed behind this old bird out of courtesy!!!!). The lads only missed taking the team prize from P & B by a very small margin as did the girls coming just behind Ilkley. Good to see our small club making an impression. Thirza

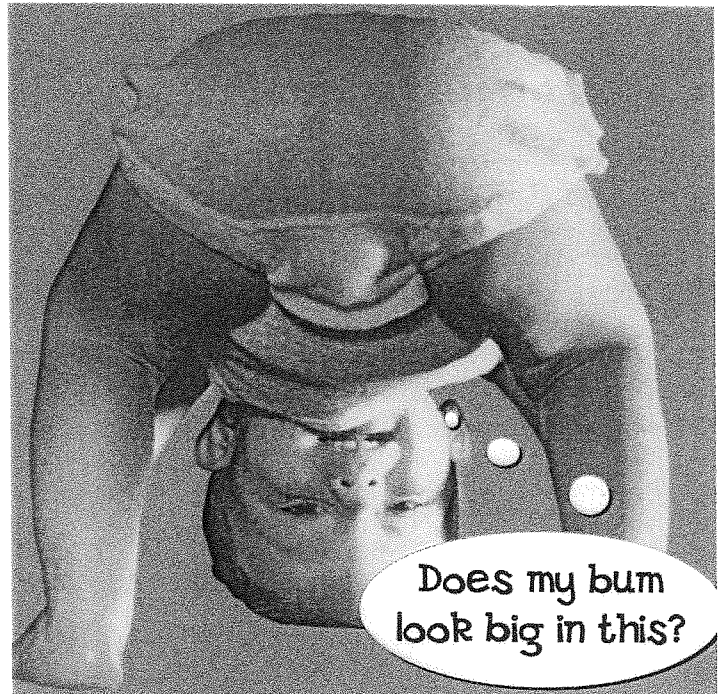


Alex having a great run to take maximum points in club handicap champs

Cerys was just sitting 1 place back behind me here - This is the only way to do it - use the elbows



Our Club Captain Tony at an early age



and it's good to see that he's *matured*



Thursday Night Training

is going to continue through the summer. These sessions are now being taken by Alec Becconsall (he's recently done part 1 of a coaching course and is going to do part 2 soon). The sessions are being constructed with us as fell runners in mind and already after about 3 weeks we've learned lots of new techniques about training to build up stamina and speed. IF YOU HAVEN'T BEEN DOWN GET YOURSELF THERE. YOU WILL REALLY BENEFIT.

RACE RESULTS

Grizzly - Sunday 14th March 2004 20miles and a fair few hills

1	Neil Holmes	Elme Valley	1.55.50
105	Denis Gildea	CVFR	2.21.41

2000 started!!!!

I've been meaning to do this race for the last couple of years but work commitments etc. and the fact it's a bit of a hard one have always made me think - next year probably but as it happens I was in Devon so I thought "What the hell"

2000 people (yes 2000) (bit bigger than your average fell race! Ed) turned up on what was an awful Sunday morning with wind, rain and a sea state 6, to just make things a little tougher - just the conditions fell runners love so dearly.

The race started with a mile of pebbles on an angled beach which I didn't look forward too but it was steady enough, quick loop round Seaton and then off over the hills and far away. The terrain in this area of the world consists of short sharp climbs on cliff paths and through scenic fishing villages like Beer (no comments Thirza) (well hell it's a wonder that he carried on with the run after seeing this name!!!! ED)

Good support by the locals made the 2 river swims and waist deep mud a bit of a laugh really but energy sapping all the same.

The second half of the race was run in thick mist but with marshals everywhere there was no chance of getting lost - so that excuse was out of the question! As the weather got even worse the organiser made a decision to cut short the route by about 2 miles missing out on a very exposed cliff path as the wind could have been a real danger even though everyone was a bout 2 stone heavier due to the mud and clay stuck to your legs.

As I climbed up the last hill just before the finish I had the strange experience of passing a lone bagpiper in full dress doing his own version of "Flower of Scotland". I smiled and waved then carried on my merry way with just a quick descent to the beach left and the last mile again on the pebbles which felt like quicksand by now and the crowds again did help with that end of race sprint that we all like to do if cramp allows.

This is a highly enjoyable event, a kind of long obstacle course with a twist that fell runners would love, the goody bags had all sorts inside and we even had the facilities for a free bath (the Sea!!!!) What more could you want. Cheers Denis



3 Day Event

I'm looking for marshals to help on the 3 Day Mid Summer Madness on Fri 25th, Sat 26th and Sun 27th June. Can you ring me please if you can help out. We'll try and let as many people run as possible over the weekend. We are also having a night do on the Saturday at Wadsworth Community Centre at 7.30pm til midnight. It's a barn dance with music and instruction by the "Foolish Virgins" !!!! Tickets are £5.00. Please try and come and bring a friend we need good support for this. Tickets available from Anne Johnson or me.
Ta Thirza

Noon Stone - Saturday 6th March 2004 9mils/2600'

			Short	Rating	improvement rating from 2003
1	Ian Holmes	Bingley	1:04:34	-	-
2	Simon Bailey	Staff Moorls	1:04:50	-	-
3	Rob Hope	P & B	1:04:54	-	-
37	Adam Breaks	CVFR	1:11:40	1.03	5%
99	Andy Clarke	CVFR	1:16:56	1.11	-3%
100	Richard Greenwood	CVFR	1:16:57	1.11	0%
118	Louise Sharp	Keswick	1:18:16	-	1st lady
171	Dave Beels	CVFR	1:22:42	1.19	2%
189	Graeme Hill	CVFR	1:25:02	1.23	
197	Carl Greenwood	CVFR	1:25:50	1.24	5%
214	Jo Smith	CVFR	1:27:17	1.26	
242	Graham Hill	CVFR	1:29:52	1.30	
253	Barry Shaw	CVFR	1:30:53	1.31	-4%
291	Richard Henderson	CVFR	1:35:37	1.38	7%
311	Steve Garner	CVFR	1:37:43	1.41	2%
318	Thirza Hyde	CVFR	1:38:41	1.42	1%
339	Andy Carnochan	CVFR	1:41:18	1.46	11%
340	Linda Hayles	CVFR	1:41:26	1.46	1%
351	Amanda Farrell	CVFR	1:43:51	1.50	
353	Tony Bradley	CVFR	1:43:54	1.50	-7%
378	Dave Culpán	CVFR	1:49:48	1.58	-5%
379	John Riley	CVFR	1:50:01	1.59	
392	Julie Underwood	CVFR	1:57:04	1.69	4%

409 started, 405 finished (65 ladies)

NEWS

Adam was first on the night navigation at the FRA course in Kettlewell recently. He wants you to know this as he's had a reputation for getting a wee bit lost in the past.)

Red & White Stripes Down-under

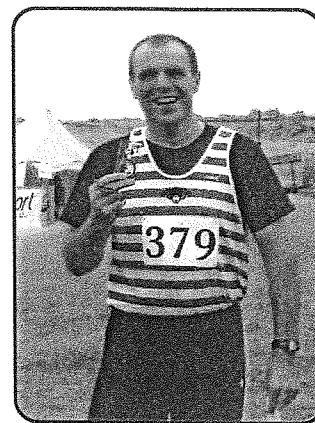
On our recent holiday to New Zealand Jon and I took part in two orienteering events that were part of the Southern 6 Day event.

The first was an hour long score event at Mt Ross in Central Otago. The countryside is similar to Bodmin and Dartmoor with large rock outcrops and rolling hills. The men set off first with half of the field heading right, half left and Jon going straight down the middle! Before the men returned the senior ladies set off. Sarah Noot was also there and said that I could tag along with her as she didn't think that she was that fit!!! Well, Sarah was soon a red and white striped figure in the distance! After getting my feet wet in the only muddy patch in a 20 mile radius I felt quite at home and was thrilled each time I found a control, even when it wasn't the one I was expecting it to be! With a mad dash to the finish I managed to return within the time limit and to beat my sister-in-law!

The second event was 'traditional' orienteering event and more of a challenge. Jon was disqualified for losing his control card and I took 25 minutes to find the first control that was only 500m from the start! Even with that little disaster I came 2nd in the group of 5!

Both events were situated in remote locations that you would not normally visit or have access to, making it a privilege to be allowed to run there. Julie Underwood

Sarah on her way to first place and Jon looking happy at the start



Start of the 1 hour long score. Spot the CVFR vest



Wuthering Hike AKA the Haworth Hobble Saturday 13th March/31 mls/4400'

1. Mark Hartell	3:56:06 - Macclesfield (new course record)
2. Adam Breaks/Steve Bottomly	3:59:10 CVFR/P & B
28. Keith Cadby/Jon Underwood	5:06:58 CVFR
63. Richard Henderson	6:00:47 CVFR
109 Alan Breaks	7:20:47 CVFR
115. Rose Carnochan/Julie Underwood	7:40:38 CVFR

Keith was keen to partner me after Rod dropped out on Tuesday. We set off at a steady pace, hoping to pick off teams towards the end. This was a step into the unknown for Keith who has always wanted to do this event. By Stoodley Pike he was a broken man, but deserves a medal for his tenacity which got him over the last 8 miles.

I predicted that I would see Adam at Top O'Stairs, thinking that he would blow it at the pace he set off. He did say that he waited ten minutes for me there!!!!. Adam also had the slight disadvantage of being sat in his car when the race started, didn't seem to slow him up any. Adam said that Steve complained of the high pace most of the way round and Adam was warned by a marshal for leaving his partner behind.

Unknown to Adam his father had also entered the event. Adam was concerned with the lack of training that this father had done and didn't want him to enter. Alan hoped to finish in 6 hours in order to watch the rugby. At least he made it for the second half - good effort. At least he was easy to spot, running vest and cloth cap.

Rose and Julie talked their way round the course, meeting Anne Taylor for yet another chat at the end. As well as being horse from the amount of chatting they were impressed with the amount of running they had done.

Sorry Richard I didn't see you.
Good break in the weather, gave some sunshine for the finish.
Overall a good outing for all concerned.

Jon Underwood

Another perspective on the Haworth Hobble

It was only a matter of time when the landmark 'Sub 4' would happen. 50 years ago Roger Bannister managed the first ever sub 4 minute mile, this year saw not one but three runners break the four hour mark for the Wuthering Hike for the first time since its incarnation 21 years ago.

It was a toss of a commemorative 50p coin whether to run solo or as a pair, the Hike was traditionally a pair's only event from Howarth town centre, and in more recent years the race venue has changed to near Penistone Hill at Westfield Lodge.

The fell running calendar is packed with enough races to keep even the most restless runner entertained for years (that's why it seems that runners are running into there 70's), from canterers, classics, horseshoes, trogs and wanders there are a few races quietly settled there, which for the old romantic fell runner, must be tried at least once. The Ben Nevis Race for example, The Wuthering Hike AKA The Howarth Hobble is one of those too.

The Hike has the same amount of ascent 4400' as the Ben, but spread over three times the distance at 31 miles. The race runs over undulating moor land track, trails and fell with the majority in Calderdale. The hills steadily get longer and steeper as the race progresses until you get to Top O Stairs, which features mid stage of the Wadsworth Trog, this hill hits you after 28 miles. Team mate Jon Underwood bantered with me expecting to see me taking two steps forwards three steps back at this point.

Although apprehensive going into the race especially with recent pedigree over the longer distances I enlisted the last minute help of Steve Bottomley from Pudsey and Bramley after Sally Newman had to pull out through injury.

A week after being asked I picked Steve up at the train station then we sped over the moors to the start, after setting up a

game plan en route we were confident despite lack of *experience* over this distance that we could be up there at the finish.

The race started without us, as we were still getting changed, but after a quick panic attack we were at the back of the pack and chasing to the front. Still rubbing sleep out of our eyes we managed to get into the front group which included a few familiar faces. Chris Upson, Westerlands was up there and an immediate challenge, I hadn't raced against him since Kentmere and after reading his exploits in the Fell runner since, regards his Lakes24 challenge I knew that his endurance would be good. Steve marked out the immediate candidate for our throne Mark Hartell an ultra expert, Mountain Marathoner and good friend of Anne and Bill's. Then there was Jon Wright and Andy Horsfall, previous winners of the event and running over home ground so to speak. They obviously posed a threat and the look of surprise and reaction when they saw me up near the front turned to concern especially after they saw me suffer less than four months ago at Pendle Hill.

We gradually climbed over the Bronte Moor and past Wuthering Heights which was engulfed under whispering mist, once on the Pennine Way from the heights (Trog route), The Todmorden duo Jon and Andy put a spurt on, Mark responded immediately so did Myself and Steve. The pace slowed allowing a K & C pairing to take the lead through the first checkpoint at Widdop reservoir. This would be pattern of the majority of the race to Mankinholes YH, as the lead group eventually reduced to five.

Keith Cadby, who was running the event with Jon, warned about the continuing changing pace set by experienced ultra distance runners to try and upset the rhythm. The 'Tod duo' continued this approach but when no help for taking the lead came from Mark or our CVPB pairing the pace slowed to a gentle jog allowing a K & C pair to regain the lead.

The Wuthering Hike is just as famous for its en route refreshments including hot dogs, cakes, biscuits washed down with tea. Unfortunately for the leaders none of these seemed to be available at any of the refreshment checkpoints, otherwise I would have got my moneys worth.

The race picked up on Stoney Lane a track over looking Todmorden, I knew that the Tod duo would have some kind of support around this area and it wasn't until reaching Mankinholes YH after 2 hours 30 mins, where Mark, Andy and Jon tried to refuel from there support teams. Team CV/PB decided to stretch the field at this point so much so that Andy and Jon realised the immediate danger and rescheduled their feed station. The five of us regrouped at Stoodley Pike which was surrounded in mist. Time was wasted trying to find a clipper which again wasn't there. Out of the 12 checkpoints only half of them had somebody there or a clipper, this became frustrating especially at the latter stages when you had to stop to look for a non existent clipper.

The climb out of Hebden Bridge to Heptinsall saw Mark and I set a good tempo all the way up which finally saw the 'Tod duo' fall off the back, unfortunately for me Steve was really starting to suffer too. Mark Hartell used his experience to tale Steve as I continued climbing to open up a 20 m gap at the top and again stop to look for a clipper which wasn't there.

We descended through hordes of walkers down to the Blue Pig at Hardcastle Crags, where we got water.

"How far's the finish" Steve asked

"Just up there" I pointed

Steve repeated the question and received an immediate reply of "10 k", he wasn't impressed, running on foreign ground for most of the route, Steve had no perspective of the distance, or where we were going next. No matter how hard I tried to explain what was coming up nothing can compare to actually doing it before.

Mark and I climbed side by side up towards the foot of Top O' Stairs with Steve around 10m back, the more I looked behind the more it frustrated him, so I just concentrated on myself. Before long Steve was a minutes running behind, unfortunate for me still within ear shot, as he bombarded me with a barrage of abuse as he grew closer. Within that minute the basics of teamwork in such a race had been learnt along with the knowledge that race victory had gone.

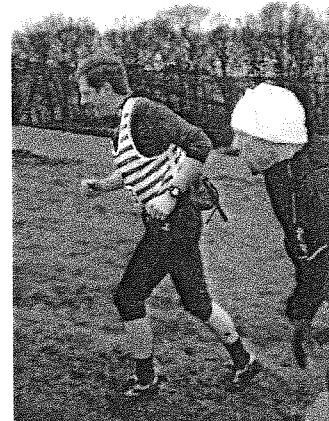
The finish soon came round after seeing a struggling Mark Hartell disappear over Top O Stairs and into the distance we continued a Brest as a pair.

The achievement of finishing so high up on our first attempt was acknowledged by such ultra runners as Helen Diamantides. Thanks to Steve for teaming up at such short notice, I don't think though after this experience he'll be rushing back so if anyone else is up for it next year then let us know. Steve did call later that day to summarise the race and in general we couldn't have ran any faster as a team and the experience was all rewarding having finished inside the record.

The race so much affected Steve Bottomley that he went out and had a Mohican haircut that afternoon! Adam Breaks

Tina Horn Memorial Windmill Whizz - Sat 13th March 2004/6mils/1800'

			Short	Rating	improvement rating from 2003
1	Adam Osbourne	Longwood	0:37:12	-	-
2	Jonathan Ingram	Saddle'th	0:37:41	-	-
3	Chris Smales	Todmorden	0:38:09	-	-
6	Karl Gray	CVFR	0:38:29	1.05	-1%
41	Graham Hill	CVFR	0:43:55	1.20	
69	Kath Drake	Halifax	0:47:08	-	1st lady
122	Hugh Tooby	CVFR	0:52:01	1.42	
126	Linda Hayles	CVFR	0:52:44	1.44	2%
127	Dave Culpán	CVFR	0:52:57	1.45	4%
188	ran				



What a great turnout for the race, and much drier than 12 months ago when we were hit by a monsoon. Adam Osbourne's winning time smashed the record by no less than 2 minutes and 9 seconds, a superb effort. Thanks to everyone who helped with the race, at registration, marshalling on the course and at the finish. 61 Fun Runners enjoyed the "Round the Reservoir" run adding to the funds raised. Special thanks to Peter at Screentone Printers who donated all the prizes, enabling us to amass a grand total of £820 towards the Trinity Support Association, at Holy Trinity School where Tina Horn taught P.E.

Cheers, Allan and Linda

Midgley Moor - Saturday 20th March 2004
5mils/1250'

		Short		improvement	
			Rating	rating	from 2003
1	Jonathan Ingram	Saddl'worth	0:42:10	-	
2	Adam Breaks	CVFR	0:42:18	1.03	7%
3	Andrew Carruthers	Crawley AC	0:46:25		
8	Bill Johnson	CVFR	0:47:38	1.16	7%
15	Dave Beels	CVFR	0:51:19	1.25	-5%
16	Graham Hill	CVFR	0:51:27	1.25	
24	Jo Foster	Ilkley	0:55:17	- 1st lady	
26	Brian Shelmerdine	CVFR	0:56:34	1.38	0%
28	Phillip Jones	CVFr	0:58:02	1.42	
32	Hugh Tooby	CVFR	1:01:07	1.49	
35	Dave Culpán	CVFR	1:01:56	1.51	0%
36	Jackie Scarf	CVFR	1:03:15	1.54	-2%
47 runners					

Edale Skyline - Sunday 21st March 2004
21mils/4500'

		Short		improvement	
			Rating	rating	from 2003
1	Tim Austin	Dark Peak	2:46:27	-	-
2	Mark Roberts	Keswick	2:52:53	-	-
3	Alan Ward	Dark Peak	2:57:37	-	-
22	Louise Sharp	Keswick	3:27:08	- 1st lady	
48	Jo Smith	CVFR	3:41:36	1.31	
62	Richard Greenwood	CVFR	3:47:16	1.35	
63	Barry Shaw	CVFR	3:47:46	1.35	0%
121	Thirza Hyde	CVFR	4:17:45	1.53	2%
134	Jez Wilkinson	CVFR	4:28:33	1.59	-8%
159	Amanda Farrell	CVFR	4:46:27	1.70	
	Karl Gray	CVFR	missed a checkpoint		
206 started, then 30 retired and 3 were disqualified					

Well this was an eventful race. Excellent quality field of over 200 runners started on this tough Derbyshire race in the sunshine (between the torrential showers). First half of the race was run in good weather all the way to Hope. Where there was hope in the form of Sally with drinks and jelly babies. And then on we ran after the usual bit of abuse up Lose Hill and on to Mam Tor. The weather was still fairly bright but getting colder and duller by the minute and then on for another drink at Mam Tor from Sal and more abuse and then the race really starts. The running up to this point is fairly good and then it deteriorates into peat bogs towards and off of Brown Hill and then onwards to Edale Cross and then hard work of the combination of rocky knolls and more peat hags to Grinslow Knoll. This is an out of the way checkpoint and not the route that you would expect to take at all. This is where our Karl become unstuck as he didn't visit Grinslow Knoll checkpoint (Oh what a shame and all those championship points up for grabs but honest we didn't laugh!!! Ha Ha). Karl was having a belter of a run and would have been top 5 material by the sounds of things. Hard lines Karl, but this is how it goes in our sport. Better luck next time. The weather was awful for us slower runs and coming off Grinslow Knoll it was hailing and sleeting hard. The guy that I was running with had purple legs due to wearing shorts. Jo had a good run coming in 3rd lady, Amanda and myself got round and made up the girlie team to take the silver cup. Good effort. Thirza

Donard-Commedagh - Saturday 3rd April
6.8mils/3300'

		Short		improvement	
			Rating	rating	from 2003
1	Simon Bailey	Mercia	1:02:19	(new record)	
2	Tim Davies	Mercia	1:02:57	-	-
3	Simon Booth	Borrowdale	1:02:59	-	-
48	Angela Mudge	Carnethy	1:14:05	- 1st lady	-
126	Jon Underwood	CVFR	1:24:52	1.23	-1%
139	Carl Greenwood	CVFR	1:27:05	1.26	3%
157	Anne Johnson	CVFR	1:31:21	1.32	-1%
160	Rod Sutcliffe	CVFR	1:31:55	1.33	-3%
162	Allan Greenwood	CVFR	1:32:30	1.34	4%
191	Thirza Hyde	CVFR	1:41:05	1.46	-2%
195	Steve Garner	CVFR	1:43:16	1.50	-4%
205	Linda Crabtree	CVFR	1:47:25	1.56	-10%
224	Julie Underwood	CVFR	2:06:16	1.83	-4%
228	Alec Beconsall	CVFR	2:18:10	2.00	-

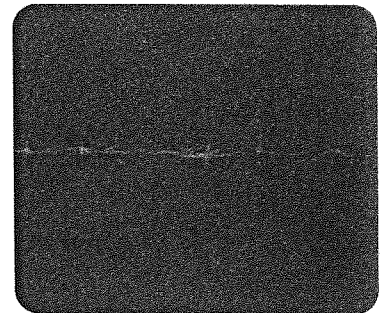
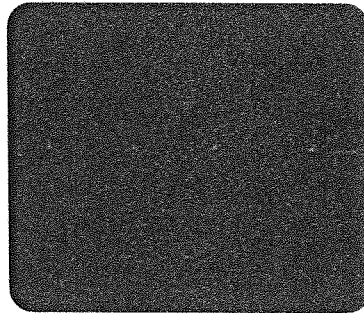
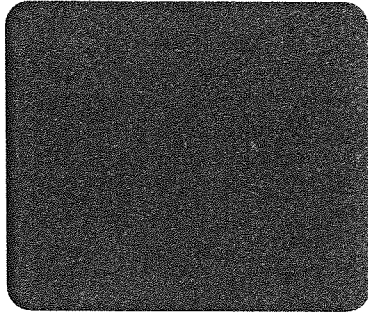
We arrived at Belfast Airport gathered our belongings and a couple of Pudsey and Bramley runners and headed for the mini bus. One of the P&B lads asked if we could pick up their mate who was waiting for them at the bus station in Belfast. "How do we get there?" asked Chris Robo (our appointed driver of the mini bus). Someone said, "That bus over there says it's going to the bus station why don't we just follow it?" We quickly loaded the mini bus with bags and people and set off in pursuit! The bus was some way ahead now so Jon started to shout directions to Chris; it was more like a police chase with commands like "right, right, right!" The bus went down a street just for buses so we tried to catch-up by going the long way at speed "That was a red light!" said Thirza, to which Chris replied "Well you did say follow that bus" Eventually we got to a bus station only to find out it was the wrong one! We eventually found the right bus station and the extra P&B runner. We arrived at Newcastle and dropped off our bags and met up at Maud's Café for a brew and the biggest helpings of pudding I've seen in a long time (well we did need to carbo load for 6 and a bit mile race!) The day of the race dawned with beautiful sunshine, but as I went to register the heavens opened and it rained so hard that it was bouncing up to my knees. I thought this is going to fun, NOT! I ran back as fast as I could to our Hotel, which was conveniently located near the start. An hour later and the rain had stopped and we were lining up on the starting line, it felt more like the Grand National with the commentary like "coming up on the inside we have Simon Booth, watch out for him as he could be in contention" and this was only the warm-up! Then we were called to order and the flag was dropped and we were off, heading for the first fence (this really did feel like the National), safely over that we swung left and up through the forest for at least 1 mile before the serious climbing started. Jon and myself had got off well being in about the top 70 or so, but climbing was not to our liking and we both slid slowly but surely down the field, Jon had a good excuse, but I was just knackered! The top arrived a little over 50 mins after setting off and the descent that followed was sheltered from the gale force winds by the impressive Mourne Wall. The descent was soon followed by another ascent; I dug in a little and clawed a few places back. Turning left at the summit my legs were blown from under me and I was on my ass, I picked myself up ran down and up a little rise to the last checkpoint before the descent proper. The descent was bog and tussac, heather and rock for a mile and a half, I descended well (I didn't fall once, honest!— unlike some people eh Rod!)—"A falling Rod gathers no moss" but he certainly gathers mud! A great race that leaves you with legs as sore as those after the Ben Nevis race, great puddings at Maud's and great crack in the pubs (Chris and Thirza dueting – not to be missed). Here's to Guinness and good company, when's the next social weekend?
 Carl

Nominations are already coming in for the Calder Valley Fell Runners
"Wally of the Year" award.

Here, evidence of a hungry girlie runner, about to feast on
a gigantic portion of Humble Pie.

Linda Crabtree took some fabulous photo's at the winter handicap while marshalling
at Stoodley Pike. And what a beauty of Rob Jebb winning the
Ogden Moors fell race early in February.

Here they are folks.



(No film in the camera !!!!!) Now then Steve Garner time to get your own back (for those of you not at the club dinner Steve won the Wally of the Year for doing something very similiar except he did more than one stupid thing with the camera and Linda was one of the people who nominated him - so Linda watch out - Spies are watching just waiting to report back on other "little mistakes".

A shepherd was herding his flock in a remote pasture when suddenly a brand-new BMW advanced out of a dust cloud toward him. The driver, a young man in a Brioni suit, Gucci shoes, Ray Ban sunglasses, and YSL tie, leans out the window and asks the shepherd: "If I tell you exactly how many sheep you have in your flock, will you give me one?" The shepherd looks at the man, obviously a yuppie, then looks at his peacefully grazing flock and calmly answers, "Sure. Why not?" The yuppie parks his car, whips out his Dell notebook computer, connects it to his AT&T cell phone, surfs to a NASA page on the Internet, where he calls up a GPS satellite navigation system to get an exact fix on his location, which he then feeds to another NASA satellite that scans the area in an ultra-high-resolution photo. Then the young man opens the digital photo in Adobe Photoshop and exports it to an image processing facility in Hamburg, Germany. Within seconds, he receives an email on his Palm Pilot that the image has been processed and the data stored. He then accesses a MS-SQL database through an ODBC connected Excel spreadsheet with hundreds of

complex formulas. He uploads all of this data via an email on his Blackberry and, after a few minutes, receives a response. Finally, he prints out a full-colour, 150 page report on his hi-tech, miniaturized HP LaserJet printer and finally turns to the shepherd and says: "You have exactly 1586 sheep." "That's right. Well, I guess you can take one of my sheep" says the shepherd. He watches the young man select one of the animals and looks on amused as the young man stuffs it into the trunk of his car. Then the shepherd says to the young man: "Hey, if I can tell you exactly what your business is, will you give me back my sheep?" The young man thinks about it for a second and then says, "Okay, why not?" "You're a consultant." says the shepherd. "Wow! That's correct," says the yuppie, "but how did you guess that?" No guessing required" answered the shepherd. "You showed up here even though nobody called you; you want to get paid for an answer I already knew; to a question I never asked; and you don't know crap about my business... Now give me back my dog."

What did the Roman's ever do for us? Allan Greenwood

Each weekend, events take place up and down the country specifically aimed at walkers. They have to be of at least twenty miles in length, so with a few hills thrown in for good measure, coupled with typical English weather, many are a pretty tough challenge. Most, though not all, allow runners to take part, usually with a later start so as to allow reasonable shifts for checkpoint marshals.

Each year, a different branch of the Long Distance Walkers Association (LDWA) organises a walk of one hundred miles in length. In 2002 it was held in the Lake District and the first I'd ever heard of it was when a member of our club, Mike Bell, who had been our Secretary for a few years, told me all about his experience of it. Mike had read about my continuous traverse of the 50 miles Calderdale Way route in the club newsletter and seemed to think that 'double-the-distance' might be the obvious next challenge for me! Coupled with this, Mike recognised the fact that in 2003, it would be more or less on our doorstep, as it was the turn of West Yorkshire LDWA to organise the walk.

"The Hundred is a fantastic event, you really should do it", he said, "Well laid out routes, all the camaraderie you might expect from the marshals and from other competitors, and a great achievement to finish it".

I didn't see Mike after that, but the seed had been planted in my brain, albeit pushed to the back in a dark, quiet corner of my mind. Two weeks later, I heard the sad news that Mike had lost his long fight against cancer.

Months later, I was out on a long training run with Stuart Thompson, my workmate an LDWA member and regular long-distance competitor, when I brought the subject of The Hundred into the conversation. He had certainly heard of the event, having completed one 25 years earlier! We talked about the possibility of getting hold of the route description with a view to looking around parts of the course. "Leave it with me", he said, "I'll make some enquiries".

As good as his word, Stuart made some calls and managed to get hold of the preliminary route. Sunday came and together with Ian Hill, twice winner of the 61 miles Fellsman Hike, off we went, firstly sorting out the logistics of leaving a car at either end, then running the first 21 miles from Ripon to Pateley Bridge. The weather was glorious and the scenery very attractive. That was it. We had made our first move to running a one hundred miles route. Every free weekend from then on was spent on part of the route in glorious weather. It wasn't exactly the most hilly, with only 12,000 feet of climbing in total, but this was part of the course designers' plan to enable as many competitors as possible to finish. I learned a lot in a short space of time from Stuart. Not only about pacing for long events, but *when* and *what* to eat and drink - jam butties, bananas and rice pudding go down dead easily!

The 3 Peaks race in April took up one of my Sundays but I felt strong and the mileage and climbing in my legs would stand me in good stead. However, I had missed a chance to go with Stuart for a look over the stretch that we reckoned would be our night section.

The following weekend, Stuart had other plans so I decided on a solo run over 31 miles of the route, from the village of Thoraby in Bishopdale, over Stake fell and down to Stalling Busk near Semer Water. From here I would pass through Marsett Bridge and over the tops, crossing Cam High Road a Roman track, and round Wether Fell dropping to Gayle and Hawes in Wensleydale.

The final 20 miles would be a straightforward route down the dale via Askrigg and Redmire (passing the remains of Bolton Castle) through Wensley to the town of Middleham, synonymous with horse racing and famous for its castle.

I set off from the tiny village of Thoraby at around 8am and enjoyed another fantastically warm, sunny day. I jogged, ate and drank plenty and arrived in Middleham exactly on schedule, running strongly up the final inclined field to the town. What a great feeling!

My partner Linda had travelled up there with my Mum and Dad and as luck would have it, I arrived in the square just 20 minutes after them, with seven and a half hours under the belt. After sandwiches and tea, we walked the dog a couple of miles over some nearby fields which helped me immensely as I'd no leg stiffness the next day.

After around eight weeks of focused training, much of it on the route of the event, and loads of sleep, the week finally arrived when I would make my first attempt at a "Hundred". The word had got around at work and although we were encouraged by some of the sportsmen in the factory, I reckon everyone, without exception, genuinely though we were bloody crackers!

In the days up to the spring Bank Holiday I had been eating like a horse. Extra sandwiches for work, with cakes, buns and biscuits to nibble on through the day. Andy came round frequently with his latest food bulletin. "Stuart's just had a pile of sandwiches, half a dozen Jaffa cakes and two packets of biscuits; What are *you* having?"

Linda made me a great pasta and rice meal on Friday night with plenty of bread and after a final check of my bags for morning, I settled down for a mega early night.

I arrived at Ripon school at nine o'clock and the sun was beating down. The place was heaving with walkers, making last minute adjustments to their rucksack contents, applying suntan cream or simply laughing and talking with friends. I went across to check in, labelling and handing over my bag for the breakfast stop, which would be in the Dales village of Hawes - home of the famous Wensleydale cheese - at 55 miles. I had packed a full change of clothes, spare shoes and some emergency food, in case I'd had cause to eat the extra rations I would be carrying.

On the way back to my car, parked on the school playing fields, I saw Geoff and Val Bell, some old friends from Scarborough, Ian Hill and his wife Jan. Ian would be setting off on a later start with the faster runners, as he was capable of well under 26 hours on a course such as this.

In Ripon there is a 500 year old tradition with horn blowing. A 9pm each night, horn is still blown at each corner of the town square by a man in traditional costume, to 'set the watch' and signal that all is well. The organisers had therefore arranged for the walk to be started by a horn blower on the stroke of 10am.

I returned to my car, checked my bag contents, drinks and eats, drank a load of water and applied plenty of vaseline to my feet and suncream to the rest of me. Val came over to chat, offered to rub sun lotion into my neck and advised me to wear my cap. Then I sat down in the shade. I was a little nervous and very excited about the days ahead of me. I studied a sheet outlining some late slight amendments to the route, as I mentally ticked each one off, I became ever more confident, as I recognised the descriptions instantly. I knew the whole route well and this would be a great asset. Then I sat calmly sipping water and trying to think of nothing.

9-45am soon came and it was time way made our way to the start. Across the school playing fields, down the road, over a bridge and queuing up a short flight of steps took longer than many of us anticipated and as we reached the start area, the horn had been blown and the throng had gone. Never mind, I thought, we'd have all day to catch up. And, come to think of it, all night, and the next day!

Steady away for the first few miles, everyone seemed in very high spirits chatting and laughing as we went merrily along. I caught Val and Jan on a woodland section and was introduced to their respective friends Dave and Mick. We passed through the first few checkpoints in the villages of Markington, Hampsthwaite and Dacre Banks without problems. Apart from a couple of light showers around Ripley Castle, the sun had continued to beat down but so far, no hot spots or blisters. We reached the first big stopping point at Pateley Bridge, after 21 miles and made sure we had plenty to drink. Jan's leg looked a bit sore at the front of the shin. It was swollen and shiny and, I remarked, looked a bit like the Cellulitis I'd witnessed in someone else a few years back.

We carried on, alongside Gouthwate reservoir and up to Lofthouse, before the long haul to Scar House and over to Thoraby in Bishopdale.

Jan's leg was clearly giving her trouble though she bashed on without complaint. Meanwhile, I'd felt a bit of a niggle in my own shin, though at first I shrugged it off, thinking it was a bit of shin soreness. I put it down to the trail-running shoes I was wearing, as they were fairly new and I had probably covered the longest distance so far while wearing them today. However by Thoraby (44 miles), I was asking for ice. This was a bit of a tall order so a cold tea towel was brought by one of the willing volunteers.

At this point I have to pay tribute to the checkpoint officials. After clipping our cards to prove we'd checked in, we were waited on hand and foot. On these ultra distance events, you simply have to eat whatever you can get down, so they made sure there was *something* for everyone. I was managing well on rice pudding and peaches with biscuits to go. At Carlton, jam butties piled high covered every table. Then we were offered soup, buttered bread, biscuits, cakes and, would you believe, slices of pizza - and even a choice of toppings!

At Thoraby, we were gently ushered to sit and offered waiter (and waitress) service. There were even printed and laminated menu cards in wooden stands upon each table, offering chicken soup, sandwiches and, (get this) apple pie and custard - at almost midnight... Heaven!

As we left Thoraby, it had become dark and the night recc'ing would now be tested fully. Stuart had been 'bang on' in his calculation of where my night section would begin. As we climbed across the moor, Dave told me to look behind. The night was clear and still and across the valley, beyond the village lights, way off in the distance was a string of torchlights descending Carlton Moor into Bishopdale.

We had started on a good bridleway between walls. This soon gave way to open moorland, and then at a signpost we turned right to join a rather spongy green lane. As we crossed the moor, ever observant Dave pointed out a large area of light way over to the right. After a short debate, we settled on the assumption that it must be the floodlit ramparts of Bolton Castle, probably 15 miles away. It was a beacon and it seemed to raised our spirits again, not that they were ever flagging. Val made sure of this, as she had us singing a Suggs song as we went,

"...It's all gone oranges and lemons again, Three bells in a row, In and out of The Eagle and, Down the road we go..."

Coupled with this, we were jogging the flat sections of moor. After all the grub we'd been scoffing so far, the conversation was constantly punctuated by burps and belches, followed by "Oops, excuse me", or "Pardon me!". Val decided it was time for a 'burp amnesty', allowing noises to be passed rapturously without any need for apology.

Unfortunately, Dave and me took it as a total wind amnesty so Val was probably sorry she'd bothered.

All this frivolity tended to take my mind from the pain in the shin that was beginning to become a real hassle. Going uphill wasn't a problem as I was on my toes. As we jogged along on the level ground I was tending to flick my right foot downward on each lift in order to stretch the shin. It seemed to ease the pain for a while, maybe half a minute, before I started the action again. On the downhill however, it got much, much worse. Descending the steep and rough stony bridleway to Stalling Busk I was reduced to limping pitifully so the others went on, offering to have a cuppa ready at the next stop. Soup, jam butties and cakes were also offered up, again with a cheerful smile and lots of encouragement. As we

turned to leave, a great wave of excitement hit me as one of the ladies serving the tea told me, "You are now over halfway, 51 miles" and she added, "Only four miles to breakfast!"

Another quarter mile of torture on a rough track away from the checkpoint meant the others gained a significant lead even though they were only plodding steadily.

As I entered Marsett village, I heard footsteps behind, gaining quite rapidly. I turned my headtorch to catch a glimpse and sure enough, it was Stuart, who had started with the faster runners at 2-00pm. We were clearly delighted to meet one another and he congratulated me on getting so far so soon. I remarked that he was doing far better, as now he was four hours up on me! We had a bit of a chat and as the climb from the village began, I was able to pick up speed and soon drew level with Val and Dave.

The next section was going to be the hardest to navigate as we were going over featureless moorland on a compass bearing. However, I had received this piece only a fortnight before so I took the lead and managed to pick out the sheep trods, made easier as they had been trampled by those in front of us.

Soon we found the bridleway that would take us to Cam High Road, after the crossing of which, we would descend to Hawes, the breakfast stop and, for me, a change of socks! Skirting around Wether Fell, faint veils of mist swirled around us, then voices could be heard above and to the left. Soon a procession of lights appeared out of the gloom, as a stream of walkers, descended the extra peak they had bagged. Our paths converged and the steep descent to Gayle began, and for me. This was to be the turning point.

I'm going to apologise here and now for wittering on about it but the sensation in my lower right shin was now a searing, burning pain, sending shooting spasms up the leg. There are six fields, steep and grassy on this descent, each with a small sprung-gated wall stile. I limped pathetically downwards, and at one point found the only way to make progress was to turn round and walk down backwards. This way there was no pressure on the either front leg muscles, Tibia or Fibia. Ironically, painfully slow as I was, I managed to catch the crowd up as they veered around unsure of the way. Arranging to meet Val and Dave in the checkpoint, about a mile away, I cheerfully showed the route across the next couple of fields, pointing out the stiles opposite with the torch and off the merry band went again.

Soon I gained the road and I could relax along the pavement, past the Wensleydale Creamery, and limp steadily towards the well-lit school buildings. I allowed myself a glance at the watch. It was almost 3-30am.

I had covered 55 miles and had been on my feet for seventeen and a half hours.

As the checkpoint drew nearer, I looked up to the millions of stars in the cloudless sky. "Come on now Mike". *I had actually spoken out loud*, "You're going to have to give me something now". It seems funny thinking back, but my spirits actually dropped a little as the silence continued and nothing happened.

Into the school and there was a lot going on. A small and rather cramped corridor with two sinks and toilet cubicles were being used for changing by half a dozen people. To the right, a large classroom was filled with breakfast stop bags and holdalls. Just inside the door, stewards at a table clipped my card and logged another arrival. I was told to be sure to 'clock out' before leaving the checkpoint as I collected my bag and went to get changed. Badly blistered feet now washed, I sat outside in the cool air and stripped off. People were walking by but I was past caring. The searing, burning pain was so severe. Two St. John's men stood nearby and so as soon as I was decent, I asked their advice about my leg. An instant chemical ice pack was produced and I was able to sit with it strapped to the offending area.

Jan sat nearby in the corner, looking quite fresh and very clean. She had changed into non walking shoes and trousers and sadly, announced that she had decided to pack in. Her shins were both very sore so she'd decided to call it a day. Well, night. Or rather, morning.

Shortly, a lift to Ripon was announced so together with two other retirals Jan stood up and made her way out with a cheery wave and so I was left alone in the corner. Val and Dave sat at the far end. Having finished eating breakfast and redressing their feet they were almost ready to go.

Now we come to the crux of my story. I'm not religious at all but what happened next really makes me think.

A young girl of around ten or eleven years old came across with a pad and pencil and cheerfully took my food order. Now remember, it is ten minutes to four *in the morning!* "Cornflakes, toast with marmalade, sausages, bacon..." I settled for tea and toast and it arrived in a flash.

As I ate, foot up on a stool, a chap in a black sweater and casual walking trousers came across and sat next to me. He was cheerful and mild mannered, instantly easy to get along with. He asked how I felt, then we began to talk as if we were old friends continuing a previous conversation. He pointed out the very well built man with a quiet and kindly manner who had just a few minutes before, asked if I was being looked after and whether I needed anything specific.

He told me that 'the man in charge' was a doctor and that he had travelled widely and spent much of his time in Sri Lanka. He had returned to England with a Sri Lankan woman he had met, who at the moment was busy preparing all this food in the kitchen at the back of the school room. "The little girl is his adopted daughter".

Then he continued to tell me of the work the doctor had done out in the field. He had treated young wayward boys who had been caught stealing or otherwise breaking the law and arrested. "They have no prisons or borstals so they cut off the boys' feet so they cannot run away".

"The doctor helps them during rehabilitation, teaching them to walk without feet, on their bandaged stumps". "They walk everywhere. Sometimes for miles and miles."

"Right", I said quietly. "Thankyou very much, you have just given me the inspiration to finish this walk".

At least, I mused, I have feet.

Val and Dave had set off a little earlier, telling me they would go fairly steady along the valley path to Askrigg where they would take a long break so I could catch up. I refilled my water bottle, stood up, and thanked the staff and St John's lads.

As I left Hawes it was getting light. I set off down the main street and, on turning left to join the Pennine Way past a row of cottages, caught a group of four walkers who laughed, chatted loudly and allowed gates to slam shut at 4-30am. Though this disgusted me I said nowt. Along the beautiful dale of Wensleydale the light began to spread across the horizon. An explosion of pinks and oranges soon burst across the hill tops and, though the sheep in the meadows we crossed had been up and working their shift of munching grass for hours, another day dawned.

My pace was painfully slow but I mugged on. "I have to do it now", I told myself. I had come too far not to finish this. I simply *had* to do it.

As I approached Askrigg, two scouse lads past me as I limped along the road. One asked if I'd turned an ankle, then passed me a few Ibrofen tablets from his well stocked bum bag, which would prove indispensable. "I've a pill for all occasions in here", he told me, "For every ailment including Gout!". Cheers lads!

Val and Dave were at the Askrigg checkpoint as planned and the friendly staff offered us tea cornflakes and bananas. I urged the two of them to go on, but I was amazed when they told me I had literally followed them in by only a couple of minutes as they had felt incredibly tired over the previous section. Soon we left for the next checkpoint at Redmire, passing the remains of the 14th century Bolton Castle. It was built in 1399 by Richard le Scrope, Lord Chancellor of England. It has never been sold, and so remains the property of Lord Bolton, le Scropes' descendant and has been used for filming Ivanhoe, Elizabeth, Heartbeat and All Creatures Great And Small.

What the informative Bolton Castle website doesn't mention is that this is where we were to be included in another film, namely the White Rose 100 video, as we bade the cheery cameraman good morning and I looked back over my shoulder and feebly proclaimed that we would all finish.

Along the next six miles stretch, through the grounds of Bolton Hall to Wensley and along the riverbank to Middleham, Val strode out at the front. She was walking and jogging strongly so we told her to go as she felt. Dave and I were bound by our pain and suffering. He were both struggling with blisters and my leg was burning again. However we stuck together and complained, consoled and swore to pass the time away. Soon I saw Dave's Partner Denise coming along the riverbank toward us, then greeted each other and then hung back a little, probably sneaking a snog.

It was such a relief to know we were approaching the threequarter distance checkpoint. Suddenly, I was overcome with emotion. I saw a woman ahead on the banking skipping our way. It was Linda. She was quite a way off so I suddenly steeled myself. I remembered a report I'd heard on the radio during the recent Iraq war when the American troops had finally liberated Baghdad. A soldier was asked how he had felt when all the common people had come out into the street cheering and laughing, the children singing and hugging the soldiers legs as they walked through the town. "It sure makes you feel proud, but we have to remember that we still have a job to do and we must keep our emotions in check".

I had to keep my emotions in check.

I was amazed at her timing. How *had* she known that I would be coming along right at this time. I must have been bang on schedule - or maybe she had been hanging around for hours?

Linda looked tanned and lovely. She was wearing the new casual cotton summer trousers she'd been promising herself and a new Armani t-shirt.

She smiled and asked how it was going. All the pain and suffering was gone. I felt so strong, so full of energy. Right now, I reckoned I could run the rest of the way to Ripon. "I'm alright, just fine", I lied, "Only a bit of soreness in my leg".

Suddenly Linda was clearly very shocked and concerned. My shin was inflated like a marrow and extremely red. "You could do with that looking at", she said. "Well, just look and I'll be off then," I laughed. I felt so much better.

Dave and Denise caught up and we all entered the checkpoint together where the girls were introduced to one another. They instantly became firm friends and agreed to support us together for the rest of the route. The checkpoint ladies offered us spaghetti hoops on toast and cups of tea, which was fantastic, though it was a little disappointing to hear that the girls couldn't have a cup of tea, even though they offered to pay. A bit of hot water and sharing my teabag wouldn't have hurt. Afterall, they hadn't had anything since breakfast and now it was almost noon.

Middleham is famous for it's links with horse racing. As we set off up the gallops alongside the road we managed a steady canter for a while. Well, I though, I can eat as well as any nag! Leaving the road we dropped painfully over fields to a river then climbed up the heather covered moor. Soon it levelled out and for the next ten miles or so we made good progress.

We were heading for The Drovers Inn at Belford, the 90 miles point. I had taken some painkillers as every time we came to a descent, I was having to walk down backwards, the shin sending shooting pains to my knee. I would have given anything for a bike or kid's scooter right now, but made do with soft grass verge. "We will get there", I told myself. It had become colder over the last few hours and soon began to rain. Dave was getting cold so he bashed on ahead. I reached the wood at the bottom of a hill and crossed a bridge. Though the trees and soon up a steep farm track, there was no problem, it felt easy. I felt fresh and pain free – the pills had kicked in. The route followed a series of stony bridledways waymarked every so often with small mosaics, about the size of a ceramic wall tile. If these were on our estate, I thought they'd have been vandalised. Up the long steady climb on tarmac to the pub and I was able to stride out quickly. Now I was feeling much better and picking up the pace. At a road junction, 200 yards before the main road I could see a crowd waiting. There was a woman with a large black dog. I got my head down now and dug in, preparing myself mentally for the last ten miles. "Only ten miles to go!"

"Go on, find him!" I looked up and the black labrador was bounding down the road toward me. It was Linda, and she had arranged to meet my parents, who were clapping and shouting at me, as another man took my photo. Imagine how I felt. Imagine how I must have looked. Limping pathetically, my right shin swollen like a marrow and shining blood red. No Mother wants to see her lad in this state. "Remember!" I shook myself into shape, "We must keep our emotions in check".

I drew close and the man lowered his camera from his face revealing a warm smile and offering a hand to shake. My Dad said, "This is uncle Tom from Australia." "You've come a long way to see me", I said, to which he countered, "Well, you've come a long way to see us!"

Smiling faces and tables of food greeted arrivals at the checkpoint, in a garage to the rear of the pub. I checked in then helped myself to a yoghurt with fruit and a cup of tea. I crossed the car park to where my Auntie sat in the warmth of my Dad's car. She did look a bit bemused when a scruffy, muddy and wet figure leaved in for a kiss!

Dave and I set off together again and almost immediately we were his by a monsoon. It bucketed down, and just as we were crossing an exposed section of moorland. At least it was taking our minds off everything else.

About a half mile before the final checkpoint we crossed the muddiest farmyard I've ever seen. Shin deep slurry, even the driveway from the main road to the farm was rutted and waterlogged. This made for a slow and painful trudge to the road, then once across, we had to climb a couple of rather high, cramp inducing stiles, then a swamp of a field. I floundered around in the marshy ground, as I glanced up I saw Linda waiting at the next gate and I swore, telling her how pathetic I felt.

"Allan", she said sternly, "You have covered ninety five miles on foot."

The enormity of what I was doing was creeping into my mind, though I was constantly telling myself about the *emotions* thing. "We're not there yet."

It was bouncing down with rain and she offered me her broly, though I declined as the rules of a Hundred preclude any outside assistance of any kind.

I was approaching Sawley, where my old Haworth Hobble partner Maggie Dunn would be checkpointing. She was on the steps outside as I approached and began to shout in her thick Irish tone, "Come on me darlin' you can do it now". Dave checked in then decided to set off ahead slowly, hoping I'd catch him up for the final couple of miles, the only bit he hadn't recced. Once inside Maggie got to work on my shin with some cool cream and helped me into my cagoule and overtrousers.

Maggie waved me off with "You can do it now me darlin', and you won't need your torch!". Through Fountains Abbey and the deer park at Studley Royal was a fitting end to a great weekend out. It was getting dark as I travelled down the long driveway, and as I looked around, my headtorch picked out hundreds of small red lights on either side, the eyes of some of five hundred deer. Along the road to Ripon College, over the fields and around the edge of a building. The lights of the classroom exploded over the sports field and I found the door into the finish. Suddenly it was all over. Linda and Denise were there, but where was Dave? He came in seventeen minutes later, having taken a wrong turning in the grounds of Fountains Abbey!

On Monday we went over to see my parents and our visitors from Oz. My uncle asked how I was, then passed me his Sunday newspaper. "Now you are a Centurion, here's another challenge for you," he said, as he showed me an article about the opening of the full length of Hadrian's Wall, a distance of around eighty miles. Hmm, now there's a thought. What did the Roman's ever do for us? They gave us Centurions!

Allan Greenwood

Calder Valley Fell Runners

Handicap Championship 2004

Rank	Name	Start	Age	SHORT				MEDIUM				LONG							
				22-Feb	13-Jun	19-Jun	13-Nov	6-Mar	9-May	18-Jul	24-Oct	21-Mar	25-Apr	7-Aug	25-Sep	TOTAL			
				TOTAL	TOTAL	TOTAL	TOTAL	TOTAL	TOTAL	TOTAL	TOTAL	TOTAL	TOTAL	TOTAL	TOTAL	TOTAL			
1	Thirza Hyde	134	5	24				24	27	26				53	30	27			57
2	Richard Greenwood	113	5	22				22	25	25				50	25	16			41
3	Adam Breaks	111	4	28				28	29	28				57		26			26
4	Dave Culpin	86	4	26				26	15	24				39		21			21
5	Karl Gray	85	3	25				25		30				30		30			30
6	Jo Smith	83	4	14				14	17					17	28	24			52
7	Andy Clarke	68	3					0	20	29				49		19			19
8=	Amanda Farrell	67	3	27				27	14					14	26				26
8=	Barry Shaw	67	3					0	16					16	29	22			51
10	Jez Wilkinson	56	2	29				29						0	27				27
11	Celia Mills	45	2					0		22				22		23			23
12	Rod Sutcliffe	44	2	15				15						0		29			29
13	Allan Breaks	38	2	17				17		21				21					0
14	Graham Hill	37	2	18				18	19					19					0
15=	Alex Cornish	30	1	30				30						0					0
15=	Mike Wardle	30	2	13				13						0		17			17
15=	Richard Henderson	30	1					0	30					30					0
18=	Allan Greenwood	28	1					0						0		28			28
18=	Carl Greenwood	28	1					0	28					28					0
20	Jon Underwood	27	1					0		27				27					0
21	Julie Underwood	26	1					0	26					26					0
22	Brian Shelmerdine	25	1					0						0		25			25
23	Linda Hayles	24	1					0	24					24					0
24=	Adam Baker	23	1					0		23				23					0
24=	Bill Johnson	23	1	23				23						0					0
24=	Dave Beels	23	1					0	23					23					0
27	Steve Gamer	22	1					0	22					22					0
28=	Cerys Davies	21	1	21				21						0					0
28=	John Riley	21	1					0	21					21					0
30=	Phil Jones	20	1					0						0		20			20
30=	Richard Allen	20	1	20				20						0					0
32	Alistair Whitelaw	19	1	19				19						0					0
33=	Graeme Hill	18	1					0	18					18					0
33=	Leigh Jepson	18	1					0						0		18			18
35	Sally Newman	16	1	16				16						0					0
36	Tony Bradley	13	1					0	13					13					0
37	Andy Carnochan	12	1					0	12					12					0

Calder Valley Fell Runners

Veterans Championship 2004

	Points	Races	SHORT						MEDIUM				LONG				
			22-Feb	13-Jun	19-Jun	13-Nov	TOTAL	6-Mar	9-May	18-Jul	24-Oct	TOTAL	21-Mar	25-Apr	7-Aug	25-Sep	TOTAL
			Edale	Buckden Pike	Great Whernside	Noonstone	Buttermere Sailbeck	Kentmere Horseshoe	Saltergate Gallows	Edale Skyline	Three Peaks	Borrowdale	Two Breweries				
1	83	5	16				16	15	19				34	19	14		33
2	60	3				0	0	20	20				40	20	20		20
3	56	3				0	0	18					18	20	18		38
4	55	4	15			15	15	10	18				28		12		12
5	47	3	17			17	17	12					12	18			18
6	38	2	19			19	19						0		19		19
7	35	2	18			18	18						0		17		17
8	30	2	13			13	13		17				17				0
9	20	1	20			20	20						0				0
10	19	1				0	0	19					19				0
11	17	1				0	0	17					17				0
12=	16	1				0	0						0		16		16
12=	16	1				0	0	16					16				0
14	15	1				0	0						0		15		15
15=	14	1	14			14	14						0				0
15=	14	1				0	0	14					14				0
17=	13	1				0	0	13					13				0
17=	13	1				0	0						0		13		13
19	11	1				0	0	11					11				0
20	9	1				0	0	9					9				0

Calder Valley Fell Runners

Ladies Championship 2004

	Points	Races	SHORT				MEDIUM				LONG				TOTAL
			22-Feb	13-Jun	19-Jun	13-Nov	TOTAL	6-Mar	9-May	18-Jul	24-Oct	TOTAL	21-Mar	25-Apr	
1	67	5	12				12	14	14		28	14	13		27
2	59	4	14				14	15		15	15	15	15		30
3	38	3	13				13	12		12	12	13		14	13
4	29	2					0		15	15					14
5	15	1	15				15			0					0
6	13	1					0	13		13					0
7=	11	1	11				11			0					0
7=	11	1					0	11		11					0

Two Breweries

Borrowdale

Three Peaks

Edale Skyline

Saltergate Gallows

Kentmere Horseshoe

Buttermere Sailback

Noonstone

Great Whernside

Buckden Pike

Edale

Ilkley Moor

CLUB RUNS FOR JUNE / JULY

Tuesday 1st; Rombalds Moor Race. 7.30 start.

Tuesday 8th; **Club Bi-athlon meet M.C.C. for 6.45pm start.**

Tuesday 15th; Away run from Catty I th Well meet 6.45pm for 7.00pm.

Tuesday start. 22nd; Daisey Bank, Pennine Way, Blackshaw Head, Calderdale Way, Mount Skip, M.C.C.

Tuesday 29th; Sheepstones, Pecket Well, Hardcastle Craggs, Lumb Falls, High Brown Knoll, Sheepstones, M.C.C.

JULY

Tuesday 6th; Stoodley Pike Fell Race. 7.30pm Start.

Tuesday 13th; Away run from Hare and Hounds, Old Town. This run will follow the Half Trog route so if you want to find the best lines meet at 6.45pm for 7.00pm start.

Tuesday 20th; Meet at Pack Horse to Flag Route For Widdop Race.

Tuesday 27th; Canal Bank to Brearley, Scout Road, Crow Hill, Calderdale Way to Cragg Vale, Erringden Moor, M.C.C.

Don't forget as well as the Tuesday night runs, Speed work will be taking part on Savile Park every Thursday Night at 6.45pm.

Club biathlon now 15th June
Flagging Mytholmroyd 8th June
Catty Ith well 22nd June