

# EYEBALLS OUT!



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THE MAGAZINE OF  
ST. BEDE'S A.C.

**ST BEDE'S A.C.  
EYEBALLS OUT  
OCTOBER 93**

**EDITOR'S DESK**



First off, Jackie and myself would like to thank everyone for their cards, presents and support during Jackie's illness and the birth of the youngest St Bede's runner Daniel (until Joanne has had her baby). Sorry the mags a bit late but the printer Mick "Rupert Murdoch" Moss has been away setting up his own cult in darkest Wales. Thanks to everyone who has contributed to this issue, don't forget all articles gratefully received.

The world championships provided some compulsive viewing, just a shame half the British Team had to travel in a red cross ambulance. Strange isn't it how the Chinese have suddenly arrived on the world stage, although rumour has it that their women have to shave facially every day. It couldn't be their East German chemists, I mean coaches, could it.

Pay attention out there at the back as Captain Maiwaring (Keith) would say, there are a number of vets races coming up. I can personally vouch for the pleasant low key atmosphere, I mean at the Ilkley fell race, the winner got a box of tea bags. None of these so called stars moaning about what they have won. Get along to one and enjoy yourself but don't fall over my zimmer frame.

**From Our Science Correspondent, Professor K.N. O'bheal.**

Einstein calculated that the faster you travel, the slower you age, relative to everyone around you. As Einstein postulated and others have since proved, if you run quickly for 30 minutes each day for 110 years, you will only be 109 years old. This is, of course, only true if you don't die first.

Whilst running a marathon, the average runner loses 3 litres of fluid through perspiration. For every 1,000 finishers this adds up to 3,000 litres or 660 gallons.

The London Marathon had approximately 25,000 finishers equalling 16,500 gallons of sweat. Where, I hear you ask, does it all go?

The Science department of the Euphoric State, University, U.S.A. has discovered that most of it is lost into the atmosphere (through evaporation) where it is having disastrous effects on the ozone layer.

As the ozone layer is slowly destroyed by the photochemical reaction between sunlight and sweat, people on the ground will have to cover their skin to prevent damage from ultraviolet light.

I have, therefore, decided to refrain from running in an attempt to save the earth from disaster. Anyone who continues to run, should be aware of the problem and change vest and shorts for a boiler suit and balaclava.

See Joanne for these latest additions to the club clothing.

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**SPOTLIGHT**

<b>Name</b>	Martin Love
<b>Age</b>	31
<b>Running Experience</b>	9 years (with 18 month enforced "holiday" 3 years ago)
<b>How Started</b>	For a bet - 'A 14 stone lump like you couldn't do a marathon' - 'Like to bet?'
<b>Favourite Race</b>	Paris Marathon - despite all the locals cheating
<b>Worst Race</b>	My next one.
<b>Favourite TV Programme</b>	Rising Damp
<b>Favourite Book</b>	Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee, by Dee Brown.
<b>Favourite Film</b>	The Blues Brothers.
<b>Favourite Meal</b>	Lamb Tikka Massala
<b>Favourite Drink</b>	Tea (Taylors Yorkshire Gold)
<b>Likes</b>	Bradford City, not being injured, travelling (preferably abroad), mayonnaise.
<b>Dislikes</b>	Leeds United, my knees, shopping, British climate, Christmas, gardening, closing time.
<b>Favourite Athlete</b>	Bobby Cambell (as seen on the large photo in the Fountain)
<b>Injuries</b>	How many pages have I got?
<b>Best Running Achievement</b>	Finishing my first race (Robin Hood Marathon 84) it was 7 months before I ran again.
<b>Hobbies</b>	Watching Bradford City, eating (sometimes both at the same time), cycling.
<b>Favourite 3 Albums</b>	Stiff Little Fingers - No Sleep 'til Belfast Talking Heads - Sand in the Vaseline The Pogues - Rum, Sodomy and the Lash.

**PASS THE BATON**

The recent success of the Bastille Bash made me realise that relays are definitely becoming more popular, so here's a quick guide to loc'l events excluding the 2 big ones the Calderdale Way and Leeds Way.

Ian Roberts Relay. This is a road and fell relay, all the legs being about 4 miles. It's hard to choose which is the toughest, fell or road. The road section has a 1.5 mile uphill on a par with Emm Lane. It usually attracts a large field, 57 teams this year, a big plus cheap beer and grub in the club house afterwards.

Aaron Relays. cross country roughly 2 mile legs which is a real lung burster, relatively easy course with one short and definitely sharp hill. Good quality fields, plus unusually for cross country, dressing rooms.

Badger Stone Fell relay held at Ilkley, flagged to the Badger Stone then make your own way off the moor. This leads to some amazing and amusing descents especially this year in the fog. I'll never forget Adrian abseiling without a rope. Great to see Bede's with a ladies team this year. Cheap beer after and loads of spot prizes.

Sheepstones Held in Mytholmroyd, basically a lung bursting, pulse quickening 1.5 miles 1,100 foot climb to the trig and back down 1.5 miles. This year awful conditions, torrential rain and clag (fog in fell runners terms) and very slippery underfoot. A great race.

Yorkshire Vets Championship. Held in a small village near Castleford, four legs of 2.6 miles for men and 3 legs for ladies. The standard this year was very high with Bingley reduced to 8th (I think). Well organised race in pleasant country lanes and a great atmosphere. Shame we couldn't field a ladies team because if all were fit and well, I am sure they would come into the medals, perhaps next year?

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**Bastille Bash** A great success in it's first year with Spen proving to be uncatchable in first and second places with Bede's a highly creditable fourth. A big thank you to everyone who helped, especially those who marked the course in pouring rain. Performance of the night, Richard running in like a man with a rottweiler on his tail and Neil setting off like a madman (but boys you were supposed to touch hands not set off as soon as you got within 5 yards of each other)

Strangest event of the evening those yools in the gents lavatories asking every runner who went in, if they were looking for business?

**History of the Marathon (part 2001)**

The first person to average under 5 minutes a mile for the full distance was Deck Clayton of Australia, who ran 2 hours 9 minutes 36 seconds in 1967.

In Antwerp in 1969 he ran 2 hours 8 minutes 34 seconds which was shrouded in controversy. This was because there was never any evidence of documents to support the measurement of the course. The theory put forward was that the course had been measured by a car and therefore not accurate.

In his defence, Clayton pointed out that the second and third runners didn't set personal bests and he had been told by the organisers that it had been measured by a calibrated wheel. The truth or more to the point the distance will never be known.

Next onto the scene came 2 of Britain's greatest marathon runners, Ron Hill and Ian Thompson. Ron Hill ran 2 hours 9 mins 28 secs when winning the Commonwealth marathon in Edinburgh to add to his European title. Then in January 1974 Ian Thompson took the Commonwealth title in Christchurch in 2 hours 9 minutes 12 seconds.

The rise of Ian Thompson was real Roy of the Rovers stuff. Never really standing out on the track or cross country and describing himself as a plodder, Thompson ran his first marathon in 1973 to help out his Luton club mates in the team race. The race was the selection event for England's Commonwealth Games team and totally unexpectedly, Thompson won. He couldn't believe it, he had never raced beyond 10 miles in his life. However, it didn't stop there and four months later, he won that Commonwealth title and 8 months later took the European crown in overwhelming heat in Rome.

Next issue how Thompson's fairy tale ended and the rise of Charlie Spedding and Steve Jones



A rare shot of a youthful Alan Boland and Nick Sharp on the 1983 Bradford Marathon.

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Mick Jones shows the strain on the Beckfield 10k.

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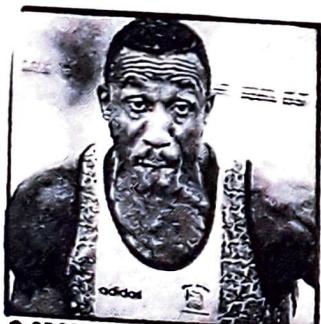
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PRESS PAGE 1



Bill Clinton: No more early morning traffic jams

IF NOTHING else, it's a way of keeping presidents off the street. The new running track in the White House grounds is finally ready for the First Jogger, Bill Clinton. The track will allow the President to take his regular morning runs without tying up rush-hour traffic. Clinton still intends to make the occasional foray onto the streets, however. After all, there is no McDonald's at the White House.



• SPORTSMEN who wear skin-tight shorts like sprint ace Linford Christie, above, are risking a painful injury called 'stretcher's scrotum', say British doctors.

The warning comes after an American athlete overdid his knee-lift exercises while wearing tight shorts and suffered agony from severely swollen testicles. Kenneth Kingsbury, medical adviser to the Sports Council, said: "It's good advice for any sportsman to wear fairly loose clothing."

ON THE run in San Diego was a slimmed-down Oprah Winfrey, a surprise entrant in a half-marathon. The television chat-show presenter said she enjoyed her first race even though she finished in two hours, 16 minutes and three seconds - nearly an hour behind the women's division winner. Ms Winfrey, who said she lost 50lb in five months of training, entered the 13-mile race under the name Bobbi Jo Jenkins.

ATHLETICS: Marathon man's victory spoils

## Martin sets out on the road to riches

THERE was little doubt about who was the most obviously delighted person in London on Sunday. The sight of an athlete whom he had coached for 12 years coming home to win the London Marathon at his first attempt at the distance was one which had a convulsive effect upon the body of Mel Batty, somewhat stouter now than when he held the world record for 10 miles in 1964.

Eamonn Martin's victory was only one half of a treasured double for Batty, who proceeded to Wembley to see his team, Arsenal, beat Sheffield Wednesday in the Coca-Cola Cup final. Before he left he exclaimed: "If Arsenal can win this afternoon, I'll be walking on the River Thames. In fact, I might drink it." The Thames Barrier authorities would be well advised to check their levels.

Martin is a different character to his coach - "I'm the batty one," says Batty - and he was quietly thrilled by the result which has opened up rich prospects, in all senses of the phrase, for the last years of his career.

At 34, with his last major achievement, winning the Commonwealth 10,000 metres title, three years behind him, Martin entered Sunday's race without a shoe contract - his former sponsors, Brooks, had offered him half what he had been getting - and with an appearance fee of \$20,000 (£14,200) that was by no means the largest on offer to a British runner, even discounting Liz McColgan.

The case is altered. As a major marathon winner, Martin is in a position

MIKE ROWBOTTOM

to talk in terms of a £50,000 contract. He earned about £58,000 in total for his day's work - a third of what McColgan earned for her third place, but a highly desirable result for a man who earns perhaps half that annually as a full-time testing engineer with the Ford Motor Company, and whose wife delivered her third child, Eamonn Martin Jnr, on Thursday.

Batty said yesterday that any negotiations for Martin to defend his London title would start at six figures; conservatively Martin could earn £350,000 over the next five years. But as far as the summer goes he hopes to be selected automatically at 10,000m for Britain in the Europa Cup and the world championships.

Inevitably, Martin was asked if Sunday's success would change him as a person. "No," he replied. "Nothing ever has done. Nothing ever will do." Barring serious injury, Martin prearranged daily sessions with a physiotherapist this week. He intends to represent his club, Basildon AC, in the National Road Relays, taking one of the long legs. Throughout a career that began 20 years ago with the English schools cross-country title, he has epitomised the good club man.

"I just feel sometimes that I've got a spirit to run," he said. "I've always looked at myself as the greater fun runner in the country. You would be hard-pressed to find anyone who didn't like running."

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PRESS PAGE 2

SCOTTISH ISLANDS PEAKS RACE: Women's team face one

# Fierce ambition of the Molls of Kintyre

STEPHANIE MERRY has successfully completed round-Britain and transatlantic yacht races and Helene Diamantides is in the Guinness Book of Records for her mountain-running achievements, but this Friday they will team up for their greatest challenge yet in the Scottish Islands Peaks Race.

Both have tackled the annual Hebridean odyssey many times before, pitting their talents and strengths against the forbidding mountain heights and treacherous tidal waters of the islands. The race covers 160 miles of coastal sailing, visiting Mull, Jura and Arran, where two of the crew of five must run 60 miles across five summits totalling 11,000 feet of climbing. It is a test of endurance few could survive but in the male-dominated worlds of offshore yachting and mountain racing Merry and Diamantides intend to achieve the previously unthinkable. With an all-female crew on the trimaran Severnese Challenge they aim to win outright.

When they leave Oban harbour on Friday they will be aboard a £100,000 yacht which has won the race twice and was purpose-built to do so. The millionaire businessman, Dick Skipworth, who is currently indulging another of his passions by racing his vintage Jaguar on the Continent, has sailed the 36ft trimaran to many victories and offered it to an ecstatic Merry, giving the women's team a realistic chance of victory.

A 43-year-old lecturer in mechanical engineering at Southampton University, Merry is an experienced offshore racer and has competed in the race four times with an all-female crew though she denies being anti-male. "I've raced in many mixed crews but am often the only lady as it is very difficult for women to get the necessary experience. Most skippers prefer men for their strength so I like to give women the chance to race. They get on better, aren't afraid to ask each other for help and are more supportive. Egos don't get in the way of teamwork."

For crew she selected Gaye Sarma and Heidi Bell, and the choice of runners was easy. Diamantides has won international mountain races as far afield as Cameroon and Borneo and last year won the 220-mile Dragon's Back race, beating the world's best male endurance runners after five days' racing across the Welsh mountains. Her partner will be Christine Menhennet and between them they have won all this year's long Scottish hill races. Menhennet recently won the Ben Lomond race and is in the Scottish national team.

Together they hold the women's records for all the runs to the summits of Ben More on Mull, the Paps of Jura and Goat Fell on Arran, and as veterans know what to expect. Storms and seasickness, rowing when becalmed, landings on slippery, seaweed-covered rocks and

trackless terrain are all familiar hazards but the faster yacht makes the task harder. "To win we may have to do three 20-mile runs in 36 hours," says Diamantides, "and the noise and motion of the boat allow little rest. It's like sitting in a bidet and having buckets of water thrown over you and is the only yacht I've been on that gives you a kick up the back-side when they hoist the sails. It just takes off."

Merry views the yacht differently. "It has everything you could want, 1,000 square feet of sail, satellite navigation, four batteries with solar charge, even sliding rowing seats. It's superbly designed and is so fast sailing it is very, very exciting, especially in this race. Crossing the Atlantic is just a journey from A to B but here you've got fierce tides, rocks, whirlpools, fickle weather and rounding the Mull of Kintyre to cope with."

In previous races Merry has suffered with poorly equipped yachts while Menhennet and Diamantides have been grounded, rowed to exhaustion, seen the skipper fall overboard and rounded the Mull only to be pushed back by the tide and forced to do it again. Since then they have been known as the Molls of Kintyre and that name is on a trophy they donated for the fastest women runners. This weekend they aim to win it back and help Merry and crew to victory.

## Athlete's foggy ordeal

VETERAN marathon runner Gerald Henderson fell so far behind in a gruelling nine-mile Lake District fell race that a mountain rescue team was nearly alerted.

Mr Henderson, a 56-year-old hospital worker from Keighley, appeared out of the mist around three hours after the last runner passed the finishing line, just before a search was mounted. Worried relatives had raised the alarm.

Mr Henderson came in 24th in the Rydal Roundrun at Ambleside Sports In-

mist and went in the wrong direction before doubling back to arrive about five hours after setting off.

He appeared to the relief of his worried wife, Grace, and 25-year-old daughter, journalist Jane Henderson, who were about to call out the mountain rescue team. But he was not the only competitor to lose his bearings. International runner Steve Hawkins, of Grassington, who runs for Bingley Harriers, also lost his way in the mist when he was in the lead. He eventually came off the fells near Ratherswater and had to hitch-hike back to the start from a resident.

Because of the Games this city is like, donkey dung, clean and smooth on the outside. But inside, it is still shit. Elderly women street cleaners on Peking's cosmetic efforts in its bid for the 2000 Olympics.

Most of us have already got someone - Derek Redmond on the 100m plan to give Mercedes-Benz a gold medallist at the World Championships.

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Gone But Not Forgotten

# A year of Yorkshire marathon running

## SHEFFIELD — June 1983

FORTUNE favoured the brave in the Sheffield Marathon, for Trevor Hawes, a Welshman from Swansea, had the guts to force the pace from the halfway mark in a field of 4,200.

His time of 2 hr. 23 min. 23 sec. was achieved beneath the scorching sun with the noon temperature soaring into the higher 70s.

Steve O'Callaghan, the Yorkshire marathon champion, claimed his county title in this event, but he was six minutes on from winner Hawes.

## ROTHERHAM — Sept. 1983.

MALCOLM Martin, of Sheffield, was a clear-cut winner of the Rotherham marathon in 2 hr. 25 min. 8 sec. and earned an international appearance in Benidorm from his win.

An occasional twinge of cramp was overcome as Martin landed the first prize with a collection of blisters.

## LEEDS — October 1983.

HOLMFIRTH S. John Turner put the disappointment of three previous dropouts firmly behind him when he won the Leeds event over one of the toughest courses in the country in 2 hr. 27 min. 3 sec.

Turner, 28, a self-employed painter and decorator from Wakefield, surprised even himself by beating a field of 3,000 runners from Roundhay Park.

In his three previous attempts, he furthest

he had managed was 21 miles, but he caught Leeds man Brian Eden at 25 miles and went on to win in 2 hr. 27 min. 3 sec.

Terry Lonergan, of the Valley Striders Club, finished fourth, with Brian Scobie fifth, and this could be a pointer to the Bradford race.

## BARNESLEY — November 1983.

MALCOLM Mountford, who has a particular liking for the Yorkshire races, added his name to the list of winners in this race when he beat Olympic man Jeff Norman, of Altrincham, in the good winter time of 2 hr. 22 min. 18 sec.

John Atkin, of Airedale and Spen Valley, proved himself over the distance with a third place 2-27-14.

## HORSFORTH — March 1984

BRIAN Scobie, a 39-year-old university lecturer from Rawdon cracked the record — his own of 1982 — when he ran in 2 hr. 27 min. 6 sec.

Scobie was under the threat of suspension at the time for having run in an unregistered race a few months earlier. But all turned out well in the end, for he was reinstated as an amateur.

## HUDDERSFIELD — April 1984

MALCOLM Mountford, 29-year-old Staffordshire runner, won this event for the fifth successive year at Leeds Road, at Easter.

He pulled through after 15 miles to make certain of the trophy in 2 hr. 27 min. 38 sec., scoring from Huddersfield's Phil Matchett, of Longwood Harriers, by half a mile.

The above article makes you want to weep when you realise the number of good races that have disappeared from the calendar. Due probably to the key person who organised the race packing up or a sponsor pulling out or decreasing numbers of runners.

The running boom is well and truly over with only the die-hards left as people have packed in or moved onto other sports that are in fashion.

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Video Vaults

Someone said to me in the showers, the trouble with the magazine lately, apart from the fact it's crap, is there's too much running in it. Fair comment I said grabbing his throat, so here's my views on a few video releases. If you thought Howard's End was a porno film or a load of artsy, farty crap, this is the column for you

Carry on Columbus. Laugh, I wish I had, this was dire unadulterated crap. After 5 minutes I felt I'd been watching it for two hours. Kenneth Williams must be spinning in his grave. The so called modern comedians were just terrible. The carry on series was in a terminal state with Carry on England and Carry On Emmanuelle and with Carry on Columbus let's hope it's breathed its last. (0 out of 10).

Single White Females. This is a routine by numbers thriller that Hollywood churns out these days. We've had nannys from hell, police from hell and in this one a lodger from hell. One female advertises for a woman to share an apartment, all the candidates are odd except for the one she chooses. Who is of course a raging psycho and proceeds to decimate the cast including pets. It's all been done before and far better in Pacific Heights. (5 out of 10)

Last of the Mohicans. This is a great sweeping adventure made by Michael Mann who also made the criminally underrated films Manhunter and To Live and Die in L.A..

Daniel Day Lewis is perfect as the hero charging about saving damsels in distress as well as having the largest blunderbuss in North America. The battle scenes are superb as is the photography. A great adventure film, take the phone off the hook, get a six pack and a bucket of popcorn "Whatever occurs don't miss it." P.S. The villain makes Hannibal Lecter look like a social worker. (9 out of 10)

Strictly Ballroom. Make no mistake, this is a superb comedy, you'll never watch Come Dancing again without laughing out loud. The formula is pretty standard boy meets plain girl who transforms into a beauty and also turns out to be a brilliant dancer and becomes his partner in the Ballroom Championships. The cast are superb, the dancing is terrific and it's very, very funny. The ending is predictable but hilarious. "Love is in the Air" indeed! Beg, steal or rent this film now. (9 out of 10).

Rage To Order

He's escaped from his padded cell to share his liberal views with you all, yes it's the barking mad Reg Ranting.

Pathetic as usual, the British efforts at Wimbledon, what a waste of time! Yet the newspapers and commentators treat the performances like the second coming, but not one British player got anywhere in the singles as usual. Then we have one bleating, no-one will pay the £600 a week for his coach, well that is £600 a week well spent I must say. Still there's a future for them all as they all seem to become bloody hopeless commentators. I mean Sue Barker for so long the British number 1 (which is equivalent of being the best clog dancer in Barnsley) her claim to fame is her affair with king of the monkey glands Cliff (Mogadon) Richards!

On the subject of rubbish, the England cricket team, if you can call them, English now it seems the only country not to have a player in the England team is Wales. What a set of losers, perhaps if South African gold was waved in front of them they might get motivated. Really South Africa didn't need to get back into world cricket, they were already playing for England. What next Zola 'Flag of Convenience' Budd, making a comeback for us.

Finally before the sedatives take effect, those club vests. Well I haven't space to list them, so it'll have to wait till the next issue. Although Pudsey and Bramley's colours take some beating for inducing feelings of nausea.

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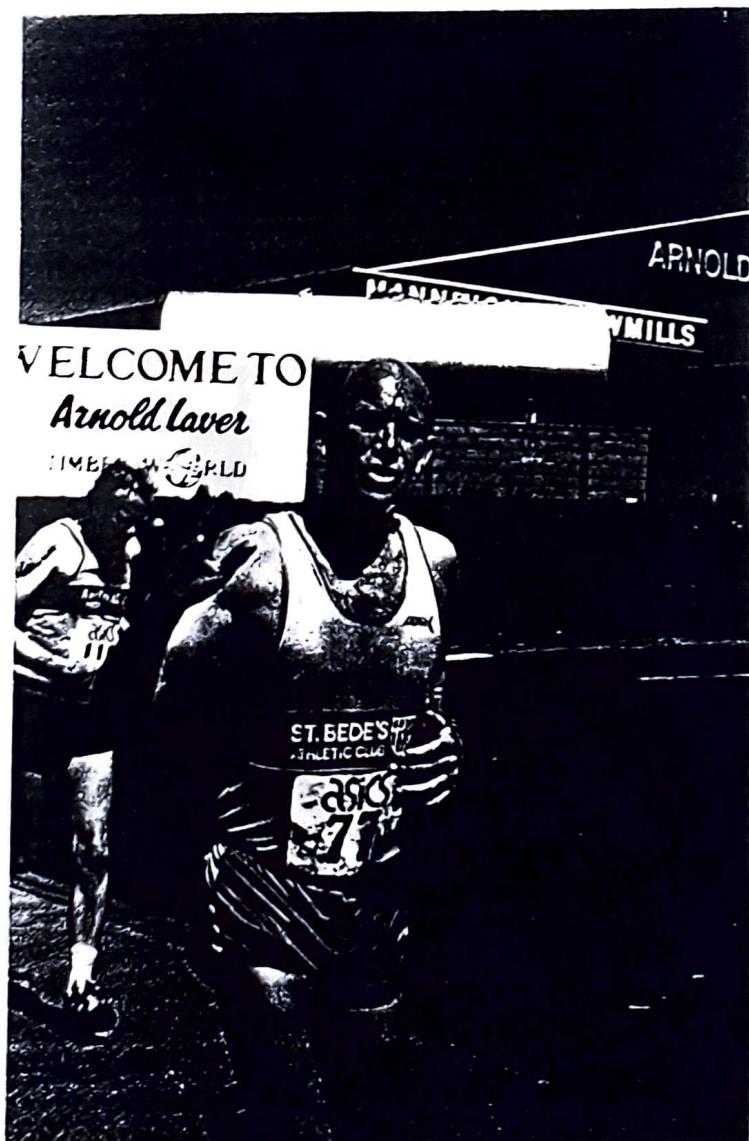
Stars In Their Eyes

Just when you thought television couldn't get worse this summer, Going for Gold re-appears on your screen. I mean what do we pay our licence fees for, we should pay at the rate for when Dad's Army first appeared on our screens. However I was intrigued, nay baffled, when I first saw Stars in Their Eyes. This show basically has total no hopers, trying to be famous for 15 minutes by impersonating so called stars.

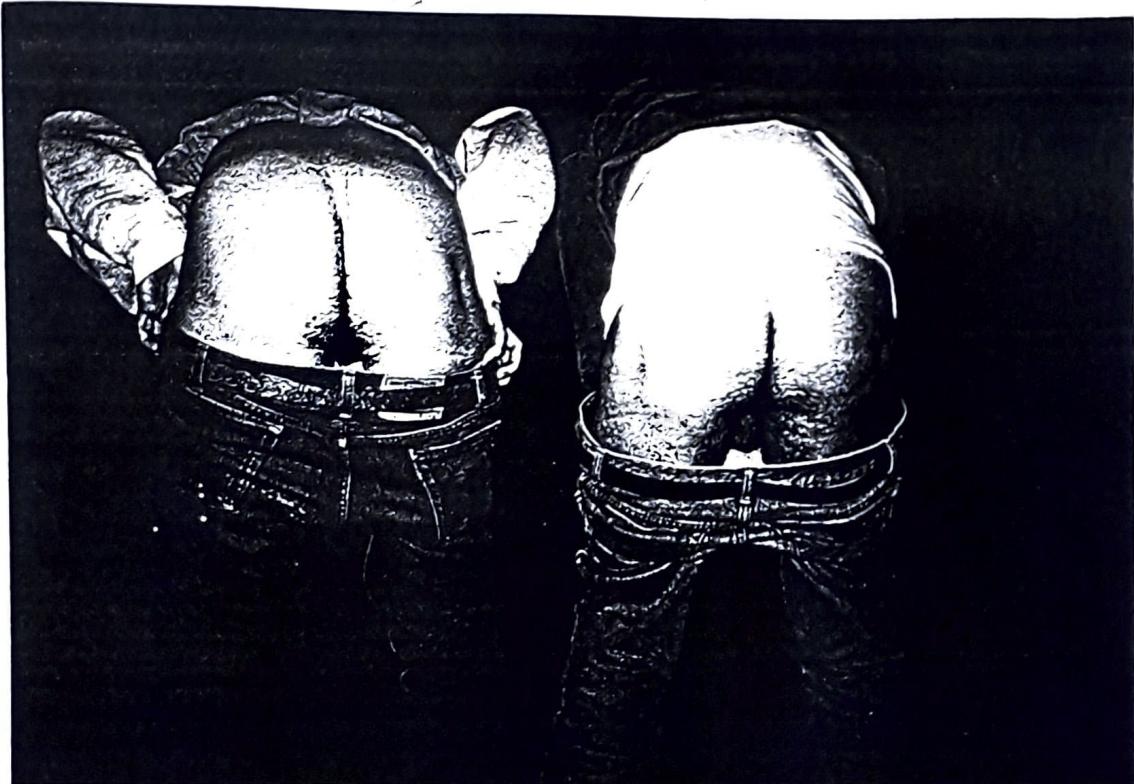
What I thought or who could the members of St Bede's impersonate?

Well for a start, Roy could be Jasper Carrott doing the Funky Moped. How about Jack and Martin Firth as the Proclaimers belting out the King of the Road. Mick 'Moose' Moss is a dead ringer for Tiny Tim (Tiny who Ed?) and Tiptoe Through the Tulips. Martin (The Beast), Richard, Helen and Anne (Lloyd) would make a superb Abba combo. Paul Turner is of course a dead ringer for the famous crooner Perry (Coma) Como. What about Alan wit a beard (perchance) as Kenny Rogers. Chris Upton would of course, have to be typecast as the wild man of rock Axl Rose (complete with kilt).

I leave the rest to your fevered imaginations.



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I am indebted to Helen for this interesting snapshot of two of Bede's male runners displaying their most photogenic regions. Who are they I hear you cry and how did he get a scar there? See Helen for answers to these questions.



*"Not bad – seven bars in nine minutes, ten seconds ..."*

Chris and Mick hard at training the night before the London this year.

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THE UP AND I OWNS OF A PART TIME FELL RUNNER

Never mind, *he* said, just treat it as a training run if you have to, *he* said, you'll enjoy it, *he* said, it's only 13 miles, you'll do it easily, *he* said.

Well all I can say is that I did do it, but I'll never believe *him* again. *He* must have seen me coming.

It started quite normally for race day, I went round to *his* house only to discover at that point that I was expected to carry food and drink with me on the race and that waterproofs and possibly a compass and whistle might also be needed. Not having anything other than a drink with me I was presented with a banana, "just in case". (I should have realised the symbolic meaning of this.) I must admit at this point that I began to have a few doubts about what I had let myself in for. However, the thought that I could just treat it as a "training run" came to mind to calm my doubts. A number of us then piled into cars and set off into the wide blue yonder or more precisely Hebden Bridge and on arrival we discovered that the distance had been increased to 16.5 miles, "It's only three and a half more miles" I seem to remember being said, I seriously began to have second thoughts, it was only when I learnt that there was 4,500 ft of climbing involved as well, I knew that things might just become unstuck.

I've run quite a few long training sessions, but nothing really prepared me for the way I was going to feel at the end of the race. I had been training normally throughout the week considering that the race was a "nice one" and "only thirteen miles".

We made our way across assorted paths to the start, and with the cautionary warning from *him* to "take it really steady" the race began. Inevitably the pace seemed so slow that I set off at what I thought was a conservative pace but which kept me somewhere nearer the front than I probably should have been. It was a nice day in March, quite clear, cold but sunny and with my new thermal tights I looked like a turquoise pipe cleaner.

The route started with a steady uphill plod towards Stoodley Pike and then dropped down past the side of it. What I saw next made me realise that things were not as I had imagined any race should look like, there, in front of me, was a line of backsides almost, and in many cases actually, going up the hillside on all fours towards the Pike. I came out at the top only to drop down again on another side just to come back to the top again. A real sense of déjà vu came on the third time up, apparently there are alternative ways up and down apart from those but I'll take someone else's word for it, I don't want to see it again for a long time to come other than in the far distance.

The race progressed downwards towards Hebden Bridge along the drovers road to the half way point, where the first water stop for the route waited for me. At this point I was only just behind Rudy and feeling quite good, not perfect but OK. We then went up the hill towards Sheepstones, the same one as the recent relay. I discovered then that it is possible to eat and run at the same time, the banana did come in after all, mind you on reflection, I can think of a few places where it might have been used. We also appeared to run over the edge of someone's roof on the way up. At the top there was a Marshall who simply pointed across the moor and said "that way". "That way" was just heather, no path that I could see and the only landmarks were sheep which at first I thought were rocks until they moved. Talk about ankle breakers, I had thought the first half was fairly tough but the second half looked even worse. It comprised of a large rough circular route across Dimmin Dale, down across the top half of Luddenden Dean, where I went wrong, this cost me about a mile, onto the top of Warley Moor, around the lower end of Warley Moor reservoir and a rough straight line from the bottom of Dean Head Reservoir over High Brown Knoll towards leg four of the Calderdale Way. At this point in the proceedings, the originator of my misfortunes caught up with me, I will say this for him, he was prepared to share his jelly babies with me and he also stayed with me for a couple of miles. Martin Appleby passed me at this point as well and both disappeared into the distance. When I reached the last checkpoint, I rather foolishly followed a Bingley runner, he was as lost as I was and what he thought was a path turned out to be a sheep run and it simply wandered all

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over the moor. At this point, I was simply looking to finish, if I could, I would have walked off the moor but I knew the shortest route was the actual route.

I eventually reached Sheepstones. It was here I met the final Marshall, when I said it felt like a long 16.5 his comment was that it was thought amongst the marshals, it was probably nearer 18! I began to drop down the final hill back into Hebden Bridge when I met Martin coming the other way, his only comment was "Don't ask!", apparently I wasn't the only one to go the wrong way during the day. The final mile was misery, I was cramping up every hundred yard or so and I was relegated to a shambling shuffle just to finish.

I must say a thank you to Rudy, Martin, Simon et al and *him* who stayed to greet me into the finish. I must apologise for the language at the time, my only excuse is that I was not my normal, sunny self. If I learnt anything from the experience, it was a great deal of respect for fell runners in terms of their stamina and not to trust any one of the lying \*\*\*\*\* when they describe a route.

Adrian.

