

EYEBALLS OUT

MARCH 1996

EDITORS DESK

Many thanks to all who came to the AGM and on behalf of everyone, I'd like to thank Graham for all his efforts in the last 12 months.

James has moved to the club captain role and Mick (They Don't Like It Up Them) Jones has taken over the cross country role, although his suggestion that spikes should be worn on the inside of the shoe raises some question marks about his suitability.

As you may or may not know, I'm into the throes of organising the Beckfield 10K and to be honest it gets harder every year in some respects, despite sterling help from the club. This year marks the tenth anniversary of the event. It only seems like 10 years ago that I started.

One of the problems is trying to attract runners to your event, let's face it no one gives a monkey about medals anymore, mugs are OK (or a dinner set if you do the Leeds Country Way). So this year I've decided to do T-shirts which can be a risk, as we could actually lose money if we don't get enough runners.

Another headache is getting the prizes together and unless you secure a sponsor (which is increasingly difficult) you are struggling. Perhaps we should switch to the fell running or Yorkshire Vets type prizes, I remember the winner of one vets race getting a box of teabags. At the Withens fell race the winner got a jar of chocolates. Somehow I can't see that going down too well on a road race? If you think this appeal is going to result in a plea for prizes and/or cash, you're dead right. **HELP!!!**

In closing I've a couple of routes in mind for putting on a local fell race, one a short distance from Bradford Town Centre, anyone interested see me (perhaps for next year)!

P.S. If you can't run on 2nd June Beckfield but can help on the day or your partner can, please give me your name and wallet A.S.A.P.

This has been an appeal on behalf of ME!!!!

P.P.S. Many thanks to Martin Love for getting the main sponsor this year.

P.P.P.S STOP PRESS due to pressure of having to complete a huge portfolio of work by June, this will be my last Eyeballs Out till after I've completed this. Does anyone want to take over till then see me A.S.A.P.

Thanks

Roy

GLITTERING PRIZES

First off well done to everyone who won a prize at the annual dinner dance (or booze up) a near record gathering, saw the prizes spread over a wide section of the club. Although not all the prize winners were there, double winner Mick Long was away on reps on the Hamm Strasse.

There was what is known in biblical terms a miracle as Pam (Hopalong) Essex's leg injury cleared up, enabling her to spread most of the evening careering around the dance floor like a demented dervish.

Many thanks to Roy and Ronnie for their efforts with the raffle, it brought a smile to Paul Turner's face. (How come I never win Ed??)

Many thanks also to Jackie for organising and collecting the cash, she's now collecting the money for next years do.

Low spot of the evening was Mick (Logarithm) Mahoney not being able to give his speech on age related performance tables due to lack of time.

Many people (well one) asked where the alternative awards were, the answer is I've run out of people to insult. However they will return next year. **YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!!!**

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BARRY'S BIT

In the interest of the club and using club funds (only joking Paul) Jackie and myself braved arctic conditions to see Seven at the Showcase cinema.

It is directed by David Fincher whose last film was the underrated Aliens 3, which I felt was a worthy stab at ending the Aliens trilogy, however it did bomb at the box office.

Make no mistake Seven is hard viewing, it is a film of unrelenting gloom and misery and then it gets worse. However it is also a brilliant film, in fact its one of my films of the year already. Just when you thought the serial killer genre was dead and buried Seven raises it from the grave.

From the opening bizarre titles with equally bizarre music, this grips like a dockers armpit. It appears to be the normal formula, world weary cop Morgan Freeman, a week to retirement has a new branch partner Brad Pitt. They are soon on the trail of a serial killer who is killing his victims with the seven deadly sins and what an imagination he has.

The horror of these murders is superbly done in that no violence or act of murder is shown. All you see are the aftermath and the rest is left to your imagination.

Without giving anything away, suffice it to say that the identity of the killer doesn't matter especially as the last third of the film descends into horror.

The city where the action takes place is nameless although hell would be suitable, it is a place where it is continually raining, filthy and no one pays their electricity bill.

The last scene is in stark contrast in bright sunshine on the prairies and what a finish.

I won't tell you which scene had Jackie jumping out of her seat but even I twitched.

Suffice it to say go see this film. Bazza summed it up perfectly "Bleak But Brilliant"

May the Popcorn Be With You.

BOULSWORTH HILL

It was with some trepidation, I crossed the border into Lancashire on a cold morning in early January. Foggy and the Moose were talking about it being vest and T-shirt weather. As I peered out over the moors, I thought sod that it's freezing out there. As we got out of the car any ideas of not wearing thermals went very quickly, it was brass monkey weather.

We picked up our numbers from the Herder's pub which is in splendid isolation on top of a cliff. My fears were increased when I saw a notice which read "Please be careful of the stone stile on the way down to the start, on the way back don't worry you'll be too knackered"!!

Suitably changed we queued to get over said stile and gazed down into the valley. Were those ants in the bottom runners?? It was then we saw the infamous house wall finish. I'm not saying it was steep but I got a nose bleed just looking at it.

Down in the bottom of the valley, at the start we glanced up to see the Herders now resembled a matchbox house and we had only come down about 600 yards.

Off we went, within 50 yards into a bog which numerous runners slid into gracefully on their backsides, over a raging stream and uphill to Brinks End Moor, which is rough tussocky moor. Off the moor and a drop in and out of Turnhole Clough then onto a good track which in turn went onto a road. At this point I felt suprisingly well and wasn't last as I'd feared (not yet anyway). Off the road after half a mile and onto Boulsworth Hill, up till then I wondered why the record was apparently slow for the distance 6.5 miles. I now found out Boulsworth is one of those climbs you think you've reached the top time and again, but it just carries on and on.

The runners are now spread out like a multi-coloured snake on the hillside with an icy wind whipping across us. At last the Trig point is in sight and runners can be seen running away from the summit. Strange I think they

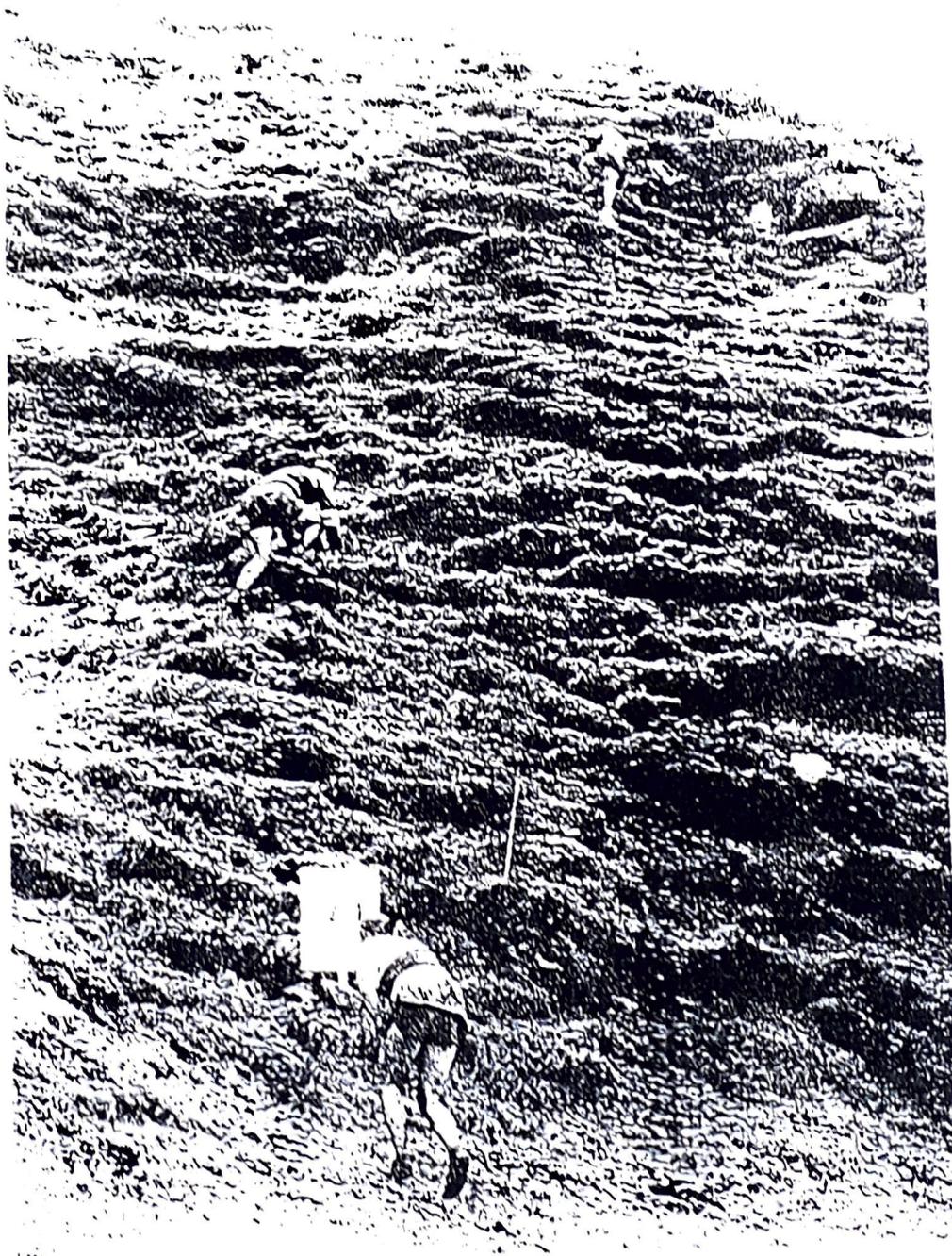
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don't seem to be going too fast, at the turn you find out why, your legs start to sink in a giant bog. It's quite eerie all you can hear is breathing and slurping noises as ankles and legs are pulled out of mud.

The view at this point is incredible or superb as Alan would say. The bog finally ends and its a nice descent down back to Turnhole Clough. Surprise surprise, I feel quite well but I didn't get carried away with the wall to come. Back over the moors and I glanced to my left. Was that really the Herders about 20 miles away on the horizon. Back through the final stream crossing and I run, stumble, stagger to the base of the wall. Simon, the swine, is sat near the top with his camera urging me on. I manage to get up like some demented crab and haul myself over the stile. Simon bellows in my ear you can take those two in front of you. For some bizarre reason I start what could be described as a sprint up a hill (about 1 in 5) and pass them and then into the finishing tunnel that a horse has decided to have a dump in.

What a race! What a FINISH! Race of the year possibly, In my top ten races of the year definitely. See you there next year!



Now That's what I call an UPHILL FINISH!!!

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I REMEMBER

I was laid in the bath fondling my rubber duck the other day, when my mind started wandering, as is it's wont, onto races that are no more or deceased you could say. Most races only keep going because of the efforts of an individual or a few people and if for some reason they give up, the race is no more. So, in no particular order, are some races you may have fond memories of.

Calverly Half Marathon One of my favourite halves. What a finish when you got to the top of Woodhall Lane.

Nidd Valley Half Definitely my favourite half round the Nidd Valley. Great views, tough climbs, feet burning descents. A classic Race!

Trailblazer 7 from Sowerby Bridge. A tough race described as a fell race on the road with what could be described as an interesting finish.

Tyersal 5 an awful race on an awful course measured by people who thought a yard was a foot. Not missed at all!

Otley Half Who can forget the feeling as your legs turned to jelly as you hit the flat after the long drop from Poole Bank. Or the wooden hand operated clock at 6 miles.

Fountain Abbey 10k One of the most scenic 10Ks around in the grounds of Fountain's Abbey. Great day out for the family. Why oh Why did it stop?

Coiners Seven Fell Race which of course featured a climb to Stoodley Pike and some breathtaking views of the Calder Valley.

Simon's Seat (No dates this year) great fell race with a bit of everything in it including avoiding trees on a 1 in 1 descent through a forest.

Danefield Fell Race Nice fell race around the forests on the Chevin. Gone but not forgotten.

The Three Hills of Haworth remember this treat in the Grand Prix. It was in this race that you realised where the expression nose to the grindstone or in this case tarmac came from. A truly bonkers race. At this point I realised it was a competition to see which club could put on the daftest race.



WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE (The Piranha Twins)

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I REMEMBER Part 2

I was sipping a cordial and munching on a packet of pork scratchings with Keith after training in the Fountain. I mentioned my article on forgotten races. He said I can name some you've forgotten and we came up with even more races that have bit the dust.

Skipton Tough 10. This was great race make no mistake and it certainly lived up to it's title with some tough climbs and feet burning descents (again)

Border Breaker Half. I never did this but Keith tells me it should have been called the Ball Breaker Half and he nearly died of hypothermia on this race.

Heckmondwike Half. Again I never did this but Keith informs me it was a pleasant race.

Cleckheaton Half. A 2 lap course around Cleckheaton. As they say an undulating course including part of the Spen 20.

Cleckheaton 10K. a tough 10K around Cleckheaton and surprise surprise it included part of the Spen 20.

Northowram 5. A pleasant summer evening race around the village. If my fading memory serves me right, it was a three lap race.

Halifax 10K. Only run once as I remember three laps of the town centre and finished in the Wembley of the North - The Shay.

Keighley Half. Again I never did this but from what I understand it was a tough but interesting race. That's enough old races (Ed) but do you have a favourite that I've missed, if so I'll include it in the next magazine.



The Squad at the Ogden Fell Race

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FINAL PAGE OR BIT

What is it about St Bede's and Centre Parcs, snow yet again but yet again a great weekend enjoyed by all. Provisionally planned for same time. Next year bring snow shoes and huskies.

Still on Centre Parcs, rumour has it that Tony is going to replace Lionel Blair on that Charades game. (Was it Give Us a Clue?) after his stunning performance at charades. Failing that he is lined up as Scott Tracey's replacement in Thunderbirds.

Don't forget 2nd June Beckfield 10K. As usual if you can donate a prize or get your firm to donate a prize or cash, it will be much appreciated. T-shirts for all finishers this year.

Proposed trip for Guisborough Moor Fell Race 31st March. See Roy or Simon if interested.

Club Championship has got off to an excellent start this year, the numbers are up according to the organiser Mick (Log) Mahoney. See noticeboard in pub for full list of races.

Hot off the press club trip and race this year August 11th to the Sellafeld 10K. Spectators get a free trip around the station. All finishers get a glow in the dark medal.

TOP TEN SONGS (Dave Wilson)

- 1. The River - Bruce Springsteen.** The essence of youth. An epic of it's time. This song just makes the hairs stand on the back of my neck. Long live the Boss.
- 2. One - U2.** I just had to include one of U2s songs. Anyone would have done they are all excellent.
- 3. Jump - Van Halen.** This song reminds me of all the great nights out in Belfast I've had with my mates from Belfast Tech. Yes I have some mates!!
- 4. Candle In The Wind - Elton John.** We were meant to meet - not Elton and I, Norma Jean and me.
- 5. Rebel Yell - Billy Idol.** Just as the song finished a car with blue flashing lights stopped me. The copper told me that a car matching the description of mine was reported 90 miles back for reckless driving. Expecting me to confess he got his notepad out. "Not me officer sir" I replied.
- 6. The Wild Rover - The Pogues.** I would like to think I've still got a bit of the wild rover in me even though I have been in Old Blighty for 7 years.
- 7. Dreams - Gabrielle.** What more can I say. We've all got these but very few come true, mine did I met -X-----.
- 8. The Way It Is - Bruce Hornsby and The Range.** The best intro ever.
- 9. The Green and Red of Mayo - Saw Doctors.** Adopted by a fellow London Marathon Runner in 95 as the anthem to be sung as we crossed the finish line.
- 10. You can reach me by railway etc - Oletta Adams.** Don't know proper name for the song. When I worked in Cardiff but lived in Leeds this song was played for me by Ixchiel.

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Ere Mick can you just run through age related performances with me once more??



Larry Curly and Moe