

Tring Runner

July/August 2008

Club Runs:
Every Wednesday
7:30 pm Running from Tring Cricket Club

Main Forthcoming Events

Wed July 16th Waddesdon Manor 5K
(7:30 Start)

Sunday July 20th Fairlands Valley
Challenge (off-road marathon)

July 26-27th Simon Barnett's Bob Graham
Round attempt (Lake District) – Good Luck
Simon

Wed July 30th – Mike Gaunt's Hash
More details in this newsletter

Saturday October 11th – FRA Relays (North
Wales)

Sunday September 28th – Dunstable Downs
20 mile Challenge (An off-road championship
event)

Sunday October 12th – Ridgeway Race –
TRC's flagship event - lots of help needed

Saturday October 25th – Beachy Head
Marathon (An off-road championship event)

Sunday Nov 23rd – Brenda Barlow
Handicap (An off-road championship event
over the course of the Ridgeway Race)

Wednesday Nov 26th – AGM

Newsletter contributions to **Peter Hamson** by
30th August please.
Email: phamson@caci.co.uk

Contents

Page 4 : Mike Gaunt's Hash

Page 5 : Past Events

Page 11 : Fell Running Section

Page 18 : Club Championships

The Midsummer Fun Run

This year's Fun Run was once again an incredible success with a record number of runners turning out to take part. As Race Director Tony Hill wrote:-

“Back in 2001 the inaugural Fun Run had 130 runners. Last night in the Under 7 category alone we had 145. Last year we had a record grand total of 560 runners and this year we had 701!

Behind these simple statistics, there is a more complex story. The Fun Run is only possible because of the passion, commitment and hard work from many members of the Club. I can think of no finer way of describing Tring Running Club than to say we are the organisation that puts on the Midsummer Fun Run.

So I would like to say a heartfelt thank you to every single member that played their part in what was an outstanding event.”

And, of course, a big thanks to Tony, without whom the event would not have taken place at all.

This Month's Newsletter...

.... Is a bumper issue but you have two months to read it as it is a July/August combined newsletter. Thanks to all who have contributed – it's good to have some Fell Running articles back on the menu.

Also attached are the full results so far from all the club championships. The Road Championship results are based on a new set of standards which has produced a few surprises which were not altogether as expected.

Peter Hamson

VISIT OUR WEB SITE

Race Results

All road race results published here will count towards the club championships.

Chinnor 10K (corrected results)

<i>Runner</i>	<i>Posn</i>	<i>Time</i>	<i>PB</i>
Edda Aitchison	67	53:02	
Geoff Dennis	71	53:49	
Jane Porteous	75	54:36	
Nigel Lacey	79	55:13	
Beth Dennis	105	1:00:13	

Pednor 5 Men's race (corrected results)

<i>Runner</i>	<i>Posn</i>	<i>Time</i>	<i>PB</i>
Ross Langley	5	28:59	
Alan Whelan	12	30:03	
Trevor Lark	32	33:12	
John Manning	34	33:22	
Paul Cowan	35	33:33	Y
Callum Bonthron	55	35:05	
Nigel Kippax	63	35:45	
Bob Ford	104	40:57	
Geoff Dennis	106	41:10	
Nigel Lacey	108	41:38	

The men's team was 3rd

Pednor 5 Ladies' race

<i>Runner</i>	<i>Posn</i>	<i>Time</i>	<i>PB</i>
Verna Burgess	13	36:32	
Kirsty Barnett	14	36:37	
Elise Aitchison	20	39:23	
Mandy Bonthron	21	39:53	
Kim Reed	24	40:33	
Edda Aitchison	29	41:55	
Jane Porteous	31	42:15	
Beth Dennis	48	48:11	

South Downs Marathon (Trail race)

<i>Runner</i>	<i>Posn</i>	<i>Time</i>	<i>PB</i>
Peter Hamson	143	4:25:25	
Nigel Kippax	248	4:57:35	
David Heron	275	5:08:13	

331 finished

This was supposed to have been 'A bit like the Beachy Head Marathon, except without the hills'. In fact it must have been just as hilly, with lots of stony tracks guaranteed to cut your feet to pieces. Still, plenty of good views and a well organised event.

Thame 10K

<i>Runner</i>	<i>Posn</i>	<i>Time</i>	<i>PB</i>
Ross Langley	24	36:30	
Nigel Bunn	25	36:32	
John Manning	99	41:05	Y
Michaela Colwell	128	42:20	Y
Jonathan Smith	150	43:05	
Richard White	248	46:25	
Nigel Millwood	297	47:50	
Annabel Scarth	331	48:40	
Geoff Dennis	485	52:08	
Nikki Burgess-Gamble	538	53:43	
Beth Dennis	663	58:17	
Cathy Court	673	58:36	
Frances Mills	701	59:26	
Jane Bowen	811	01:06:26	

There was a good showing from Tring RC for this event - 14 in all. Congratulations to Ross Langley who narrowly beat Nigel Bunn to be first Tring runner home and to John Manning and Michaela for their PBs. The course had been altered this year and is probably a bit faster since there is less of an uphill drag at the end.

Michaela wrote: A friendly, flat course that includes the Phoenix trail. It was my first 10k since the Candleford Cantor in 2006. Chased John Manning but didn't manage to catch him! Lovely to see so many Tring Runners.

Whipsnade 10K

<i>Runner</i>	<i>Posn</i>	<i>Time</i>	<i>PB</i>
Nigel Kippax		45:40	

St Albans Half Marathon

<i>Runner</i>	<i>Posn</i>	<i>Time</i>	<i>PB</i>
Ross Langley	14	1:22:25	
Nick Pierpoint	624	1:51:33	

1896 finished.

Nick writes: a new course - still quite hilly and warm in the lanes.

Stopsley Striders Ladies 5k

Runner	Posn	Time	PB
Michaela Colwell	4	20:42	Y
Sofie Cole	9	23:58	Y

Congratulations to Michaela who also got the 1st vet's prize

Michaela writes: My first ever 5k and a great one to do. Set in Wardown Park in Luton which is fab - lakes, fountains, ducks and old buildings - a well organised, two lap course, loads of friendly officials and a small field of about a hundred. It was a bit warm and sunny for running fast (not complaining though!) and it was over quickly. I was just pipped at the post for 3rd place by a girl from Luton - I had overtaken her at about 3k and put a fair distance between us but she clawed it back and sprinted to the finish. I had nothing left - first race that I've not been able to sprint at the end - probably because I was sprinting all the way round instead!!! Definitely need to do more speedwork. Also, big congratulations to one of our newest members, Sofie Cole, who ran her fastest ever, achieved a pb and was 9th overall. A brilliant run Sofie.

I highly recommend this race and it should definitely be one for the calendar next year. (Not to exclude the boys - the Men's 5K runs next weekend)

Wheathampstead 10K

Runner	Posn	Time	PB
Nick Pierpoint	212	49:08	

Nick writes: The ninth Wheathampstead 10km was run on Sunday the 18th May, this off road event along a disused railway line and through rolling country side and along the banks of the river Lea is a gem. In all there were 703 finishers in the 10 km event, the winner completed the course in 33.38 mins - I completed the run in a stately 49.08mins in 212 place.

Coombe Hill

Runner	Posn	Time	PB
Kevin Harding	5	25:13	
Ross Langley	6	25:16	
Alan Whelan	11	26:59	
Rick Ansell	13	27:34	
Chris Egan	18	28:14	
Robert Brown	21	28:30	
Trevor Lark	25	28:51	
John Manning	34	29:59	
Callum	37	30:32	
Bonthrone			
Clive Cohen	42	30:43	
Alison Harding	43	30:45	
Tony Ruberry	45	31:02	
Jonathan Smith	46	31:12	
Ashley Horton	62	32:04	
Mandy Bonthrone	76	33:49	
Geoff Dennis	112	37:51	
Nigel Lacey	113	37:56	

Congratulations to Alison who was 1st lady overall and, of course, first lady vet.

Kevin, Ross, Alan and Rick made up the 1st team

Holy Hobble (61.7 miles LDWA Event)

Runner	Posn	Time	PB
Peter Hamson		18:15:00	

This was a one off LDWA event to commemorate the 25th anniversary of the Beds, Bucks and Northants group of the LDWA. It started from near Milton Keynes and went almost to Northampton and back. We managed to pass no fewer than 29 churches, hence the name. I almost tripped over a couple of badgers during the night, but the highlight must have been passing the famous 'concrete cows' of Milton Keynes.

The Tring RC Hash – Wed 30th July

Mention of the word “hash” to any new member of the running community is guaranteed to generate a glazed, incomprehensive response. This is understandable for a couple of reasons:

- 1) Those who spent time in the student environment of the 1960's may recall the word as it came into common usage initially as an abbreviation for hashish, an Indian Hemp, that subsequently progressed through a variety of colloquial descriptions prior to formal classification as a class C drug by David Blunkett.
- 2) From the dictionary hash as a verb means to cut up small and as a noun can be either muddle, mess or dish of hashed meat.

We now revert back to the 1930s where in Kuala Lumpur, 2 expatriate Australians and 1 Englishman, bored with their weekly trip to their local restaurant (nicknamed the Hash House) for an evening meal decided to have a run beforehand to build up more of an appetite. This developed into a Hare and Hounds event where one set off early and the remainder pursued, until finally it developed to a kind of paper chase. As others came and went, returning to their own countries or moving on to new ones, Hash clubs sprang up throughout the world. Some of these put a greater emphasis on the post run beer drinking activity which incorrectly led purist traditional athletes in the running community to the conclusion that Hashers rather than being runners with a drinking problem were in fact “drinkers with a running problem”!

This leads us on to the South Herts Hash House Harriers (www.sh4.co.uk) to which quite a few TRC runners join up on their regular afternoon runs, held monthly intervals on the first Saturday throughout the year. Here the emphasis is on people of mixed running ability taking part in the same event, the faster runners get to the checkpoints sooner and take more false trails, plodders at the back of the pack arrive at the checkpoint as the correct route is established and run a shorter distance. We all arrive at the finish around the same time for a drink and a chat.

For the 3rd year in a row I will be laying a trail from Tring Cricket Club starting at our usual time of 7:30 pm. Last year the Hash Evening was at the end of August it become dark earlier than anticipated and many people were lost in Wendover Woods. The year before we were struck by a thunder storm which washed the flour away as we headed towards the Bridgewater Monument and people were lost on Stocks Golf Course. This year the event will be run with the precision of a Swiss clock.....

Hope you all take part and enjoy the evening.

Mike Gaunt

Midsummer Fun Run Article Newspaper Report

The following article on the fun run appeared in a local newspaper:-

“A record number of runners from schoolchildren to pensioners turned out to take part in the Tring Midsummer Fun Run.

The chilly weather could not deter these young runners who were rearing to go.

And Mums and dads got into the spirit by taking part in the 6km senior run all in aid of the Iain Rennie Hospice at Home.

Organised by Tring Running Club, the event on Wednesday (June 18) is held annually to raise the profile of the Tring-based hospice, which cares for terminally and seriously ill people in their own homes.

Community fundraiser for the charity Jo Neale said: "We had 701 runners overall which was 100 more than last year. We ran out of our entry forms so we had to use some spare ones from last year."

Around £2,000 is expected to have been raised for the hospice at home.

Former premiership referee Graham Poll started all 10 races which were split into different age groups and medals were given out by Mayor of Tring Mike James.”

Some Feedback from the Fun Run

“Many thanks for organising such a fabulous event we all thoroughly enjoyed the evening.”

“Dear organisers, thanks for a great afternoon, we really enjoyed it as usual.”

“Thanks and congratulations for organising a great event.”

“I came along to the fun run and enjoyed the evening - a really well organised event all for a good cause”

“Thanks to all for a great event.”

“Well done as ever for a great event”

“Thanks for another great evening. Here's hoping for loads of money raised. Looking forward to next year.”

“Thank you for another great evening!!”

“Thanks for putting on a fantastic event last night. Four members of my family went home very happy”.

The Devon Pub - Run, Crawl and Swim! Must be A Triathlon!

The problem with writing anything about the Pub Run is that recollections of the day are very hazy and so, a brief personal summary.....

What is it?

The 'Midsummer Dream; In Search of the Uncarved Block' is organised by the Axe Valley Running Club and is a 19 and a bit mile run from Seaton seafront through Branscombe, Beer, Southleigh (cream teas) and Colyton, taking in five (or six if you were with us and did the extra one!) pubs along the way.....

My Highlights

- The rugby scrum start
- Racing to the first pub
- The Pimms & Lemonades
- The Cream Tea – yum!
- Wading through the river after Colyton
- Taking in an extra pub!
- The swim in the sea at the end

My Lowlights

- The Baileys & Ice after the Pimms and Lemonades
- Falling in the brambles
- Feeling hypothermic after the swim in the sea
- Sitting next to someone in the pub with a runny egg
- Going to the toilet at 2.30 am

My Heroes

- Richard and Shirley for the loan of a tent
- Geoff and Gill Dennis for the loan of a cup
- Tony for reading the instructions on my Bunsen Burner
- Geoff for not collapsing with his 15 litres of water

My Best Pub

- The extra one – the name escapes me!

My Best Newcomers

- Verna storming up the hills
- Shirley & Jennifer beating us to the last pub

My Best Veterans

- Tony and Richard for still drinking beer in the evening
- Mandy for choosing tent over shower!

Funniest Moments

- Bob leading us around (& around) Colyton
- Richard trying to get out of the sea

Michaela Colwell

Pizza and Pasta Party

Ciao TRC chums!

Those who missed out on our visit to Da Vinci's for the Pizza and Pasta Party Pizza on the 11th July missed out on a brilliant evening! A fab time was had by all and much food and wine were consumed, contributing towards the general bonhomie (am I allowed to speak French in an article about an Italian restaurant?!). It really was good fun and here are a few photos for your delectation and delight. It was a great turnout and thanks to all who came along and made the evening a roaring success!



Our Esteemed Chairman is about to give birth to a Margherita pizza!



Anna makes a cairn out of her pizza leftovers



"I know it was only 15 quid but I thought I'd at least get a chair" said Nigel. "Tell me about it" said Geoff... "Beth can you keep still or I'm going to fall off!".



Here we all are having a Good Time!



Social secretary and Nigel

Maria Cook

Tales of a Breakfast Run Stagger

“If I go to any more breakfast runs and just do the breakfast bit and no run I’m going to turn into Michelin Woman”. I waggled my bad ankle and decided that I could at least take it on a reasonable walk instead of waving everyone off on the run and then stuffing my face with toast and jam for an hour and then repeating this remarkable feat when everyone came back for breakfast. Not good, not good at all.

Saturday morning dawned bright and sunny and I drove round to pick up Mike and Pam on my way to our Esteemed Chairman’s House in Edlesborough, our location for the breakfast run.

“I’m walking today” said Pam “my foot is still bad”. Pam had broken a bone in her toe and was a co-invalid. It was also her birthday.

“Happy birthday” said I and gave Pam a Not Very Rude card. There comes a time when one is just too mature for a “Fancy a Large Sausage for your Birthday” popup card. One is also too knackered.

Cornering the bends at my usual high speed we skidded to a halt in front of Pine Lodge where other intrepid breakfast runners were gathering.

“Come in come in” trilled Jonathan, voice then dropping to a whisper “through to the back Maria”. Before you think the worst, I snuck through to the kitchen and secretly stashed Pam’s birthday sausage, sorry, cake under the table.

The rest of the runners arrived and Pam and I gathered up another walker, Jane. We decided to head off.

“So Jane” said Pam, striding out down the track “do you know where we are going?”

“Absolutely” said Jane “I know this area very well and often go walking here”. She waved her hand authoritatively towards Ivinghoe Beacon “we’re heading thataway”.

That’s what I like, a woman who knows where she is going. We have a leader - brilliant! Pam and I happily followed Leader Jane (LJ) down the path and into the next field. Something caught our eye on the side of the path.

“Oooh look a pigeon and it’s not well”. Pam knelt down by a rather handsome looking pigeon who was looking a tad lethargic. It tried to flap away but failed, almost nosediving.

“It’s got a ring on its leg”. Pam got a bit closer to examine it.

“I don’t think it’s a racing pigeon” said LJ “it looks like it’s just a monitoring type ring thing”.

We pondered over Pigeon and wondered what to do. Pigeon stumbled around looking very miserable.

“We should leave it” said I, Nature Lover Extraordinaire.

“What, no, a fox might get it!” chorused Pam and LJ.

“What do we do then?” said I, “take it with us? If so you can stick it up your jumper coz I’m not having it up mine”

That decided matters and we left Pigeon behind, but we could feel his eyes boring into our backs. We felt reeal bad.

LJ led us over the road and we started up an overgrown path alongside a high fence. It was very very overgrown.

“Is this the right path?” called Pam from behind a very large nettle “I don’t think anyone has been down here for years”. LJ disappeared from view. “Definitely and absolutely, this is the only path” we heard her cry and she suddenly emerged from the undergrowth wielding a big stick a good foot longer than she was “don’t worry” she said beaming, “we will beat our way through!” LJ disappeared from view again as the nettles closed behind her and we heard whacking noises as she beat a path for us through the unfriendly terrain. Pam and I slowly followed on, thanking the Good Lord Jesus that we had on long trousers and long sleeved tops. After what seemed a very very long time, we turned a corner and LJ sprung into view, big stick still in hand, triumphant! We had got to the end, only slightly stung and we started up the hill to the beacon.

We made our way over the downs and down the hill (lots of gorgeous orchids) to the road. We crossed over and Pam surprised us by hurling herself headfirst over the gate into the field.

“Good grief” said I, quite startled by this sudden and unwarranted display of athleticism.

“Once a farmer’s daughter, always a farmer’s daughter” said Pam, blowing on a blade of grass and making squeaky noises. Well, it was her birthday so we had to humour her! Not to be outdone, LJ also performed the gate trick, most impressive!

LJ stopped us to point out that we had a long way to walk if we followed the route planned. We had spent so long getting through the overgrown path that we were running out of time. We were also getting hungry.

“The route goes right over that way” mused LJ, gesticulating towards some distant point “there’s no other path but we could try to get through these couple of fields and make our way back through that gap in the woods”

I strained my eyes to spot the gap in the woods and failed. “Mm OK” said I, a tad unsure. Either I was going blind or LJ had a smudge on her glasses.

“Well” grinned Pam “it’s an adventure, let’s go for it!” We tripped gaily over the fields, got to the edge of the wood and stared into a precipice full of nettles, thistles and other grisly man-eating plants. There was no way through and it was a long way back. We looked the other way and saw a barbed wire fence leading onto the road. It was the only way out so we headed towards the fence. When we got there, we realised it was a tricky manoeuvre to negotiate the fence. Both Pam and I had injuries and we didn’t want to make them any worse. The barbed wire fence was on a slope and when you were through the fence you were still on a slope. LJ took charge.

“Pam you take this piece of barbed wire, I’ll take this one and Maria, you go first and crawl through and we will take it in turns”.

I ducked down and through the fence, catching my head on the way. Ouch! I looked up the slope and saw a large branch and caught hold of it and dragged myself up. Goodo!

I got a foothold and held the fence for LJ.

“Jane, if you reach through and grab this branch, it’s really rock solid and you can haul yourself up with it” said I helpfully.

LJ got nearly through the fence, reached up and grabbed the rock solid branch which, unfortunately, had decided it had had enough of being rock solid, and snapped in half, sending LJ sliding face down back down the slope. Naturally, Pam and I found this most amusing.

“Solid?” said LJ, voice muffled in the mud “I don’t think so”.

Pam got through without further ado and we started down the road, playing Frogger with the traffic. Pam decided she was going to go in front with her orange jumper and warn the oncoming traffic of our existence. She achieved this by leaping out in front of cars waving her arms and scaring the sh*t out of the drivers. I could see it in their eyes as they went past. There was also a further clue when we saw two cars veer into the hedge in an attempt to dodge Pam’s vigorous waving.

We reached the path unscathed and made our way back across the field.

“Oh no” said Pam “look who’s still there”. Pigeon was standing listlessly in the middle of the track looking very sad. “We’re going to have to catch him”. She moved towards him, jumper in hand, “it can’t be that difficult, it must be just like catching a chicken” said the Farmer’s Daughter.

Pigeon, however, proved difficult to capture and flapped around unhelpfully. The Farmer’s Daughter then decided perhaps it wasn’t quite like catching a chicken. In fact, nothing like it. We looked up and spotted runners coming down the field over the road.

“What are they doing coming down there” said Pam and I. “That isn’t a path is it, we took the other path, the overgrown one”. We all realised there and then that we had taken completely the wrong path. We watched the runners trip gaily down the Nice Clear Path whilst we gnashed our teeth thinking about our Nasty Overgrown Path.

Tony, Mandy, et al stopped to find out what we were doing. “We need to catch the pigeon” said us. Tony manfully stepped forward. Always a one for catching the birds. Then followed an amusing few minutes where Tony dodged around the path trying to catch Pigeon. It then became more amusing when Pigeon managed to run fast enough to break into flight and he flapped over the field and then over the hedge. That was that! Well done Pigeon – a full recovery!

Pam, LJ and I cheerily slapped each other on the back and agreed it had been an interesting and humorous hour or so of walking! We got back to Jonathan’s and stuffed our faces – a delicious breakfast organised and cooked by Jonathan and Jane Porteous. Of course I had toast and jam. After a very bad rendition of Happy Birthday to Pam and much cake-eating, Mike, Pam and I got into the car and started on our way home. As we rounded the corner, we noticed something in the road. A dead, squidged pigeon. We slowed down. It was Pigeon. Oh no! Our attempted rescue had resulted in his sudden and sad demise.

There must be a moral here somewhere but god knows what it is.

Maria Cook.

Rick's Fell Races

BLACKSTONE EDGE FELL RACE

It was really completely unjustifiable to drive 400 miles to run 3 ½ miles environmentally, financially and also for my family. However, there is a chance that I will be able to complete the minimum four Championship races this year so yesterday morning I was up betimes and on the M1 by 9.00am heading for Littleborough just north of Manchester on the edge of the Pennines.

Being a Championship race I was expecting there to be 400 – 500 runners and was surprised to find only about 200 men lining up. The ladies ran the same course but in a separate race. Looking round for familiar faces I saw only the faces of the people who you see going up to get the prizes. It quickly became apparent that I was very much out of my depth. It was almost as if there was an unwritten code that you should only be here if you were a real contender. They didn't need people to make up the numbers today.

I don't really know how to run these short races but clearly the most important tactic was to set off at a sprint. After about 600m the route narrowed onto single file path. The leaders were already about 400m in front of me. Overtaking was impossible unless you crashed through the bracken beside the path. The energy required for this left me gasping and unable to maintain my position so I settled for following the pair of shoes in front.

After a gentle climb the route dropped into a hollow before the main climb to the summit of Blackstone Edge, a rocky ridge that was the skyline. The descent to the hollow was boggy and I mean hippopotamus wallowing boggy. Flying down at near terminal velocity when you go knee deep in the morass you just can't get your leg out in time and the momentum of your body continues with the inevitable result. There were bodies flying everywhere: legs, arms, bums, heads flying and cavorting about adding extra obstacles to avoid along with the tussocks and sucking peaty sumps. In the final trough I went thigh deep and had to haul myself out with two other runners on my back. The climb would probably have been runnable if there wasn't anyone in front and you could slip into a slow, grinding rhythm but speed was of the essence and it was a mad hands on knees scrabble, occasionally trying to get past a couple of people and then gulping in some air to recover from the effort. Eventually the gritstone rocks at the top were reached and I could once more stand upright and run, dancing over the rocks trying not to get sucked into the peat. After a few hundred meters along the ridge it was back down the hillside to the churned hollow. A good trod had been worn by the runners in front and the descent was a joy. Climbing back up through the bog wasn't but then at the top we retraced the outward run and with the field now spread out I could let go as much as I dared.

Looking at everybody at the end you'd think we'd spent a month on the Somme not just half an hour running up a grassy hill. I got my money's worth in mud if not in miles. Normally I hope to make the top 25% of a race. The fact that I was only just outside the last 25% was only partially a reflection on my current running form. People finishing in the 30s and 40s were regular prize winners in other races. It was a true championship race.

Results

1 Rob Hope 27.09
124 Rick Ansell 36.01

192 started, 191 finished (and I would have been 15th in the ladies' race)

DUDDON VALLEY FELL RACE 18 miles/6,500'

1	Simon Booth	Borrowdale	2.52.31 (1st V 40)
11	Janet McIver	Dark Peak	3.11.26 (1st Lady new Record)
57	Simon Barnett		3.45.26
77	Rick Ansell		3.52.42
156	Alan Whelan		4.27.42
213	Kirsty Barnett		5.10.10
245 started/228 finished			

I've always felt the Duddon was a bit of a poor cousin to the other Lakeland classic long races. If I can do it in under 4 hours it isn't very long and it doesn't visit any of the major Lakeland tops. Driving back after the race and reflecting on it with Alan, though I changed my mind. It had been a great day out. Much of it is runnable, there's little rock to fumble about on, and by visiting lesser known hills you visit parts that other races don't reach. The Wasdale, Borrowdale and Ennerdale Races all trog round the central hub of the Lake District: Scafell and the Gables so it was refreshing to be dragging up Little Stand about which nothing felt little and running pleasantly over the grassy hills of White Pike and across the Walna Scar Track. The final checkpoint is on the Caw which has a special place in my heart as it was the first proper hill I ever climbed.

Simon set off like he meant business. I lost sight of him after about 10 minutes. I potted along enjoying the day but frustrated that I was not feeling remotely competitive. I ate a bit, drank a bit, got the lines right, felt rubbish some of the time felt reasonable some of the time but never felt really good. Alan staved off the ever present threat of cramp and Kirsty comfortably made all the cut off times.

WELSH 1,000M RACE 20 miles, 8,500'

1	Colin Donnelly	Eryri	3.51.21
10	Jackie Lee	Eryri	4.26.44 (1st Lady)
18	Rick Ansell		4 51.23
98 started/89 finished			

I've always liked this race probably because it ends on top of a hill (Snowdon) and so there is less descent than up hill and I'm useless at running down hill but also because not many other people do it so I've often won things. One year when nobody was looking I even sneaked in and won the race outright. My hopes were up again this year until I got to the start and found it was a Welsh Championship race so the cream of Welsh hill running was out (all 17 of them).

The race starts beside the sea and climbs for about an hour onto the main ridge of the Carneddau. Here I had a most peculiar experience. The cloud had drifted down onto the hills and I lost sight of the person in front. I knew the right thing to do was to get my map and compass out. I kept fighting against it, unwilling to break my momentum but eventually I did and took the bearing. The compass pointed me back down the hill the way I had come. The first thing you learn in Navigation School is that the compass never lies so I thought I must have taken the bearing upside down. I did it again with the same result and then a third time. My next thought was that the Earth's polarity must have suddenly switched in the night. But I'm sure I would have heard about it, I thought. I wonder what would actually happen if the poles switch as they do every few billion years for some strange reason not yet explained by science. Somebody else caught me up as I scratched my head and I asked to have a look at his compass. He wasn't very pleased as he was navigating with a GPS, had no idea

where he was and had his compass buried in his bumbag but he got it out and we compared instruments. It was the polarity of my compass that had switched. It was really rather unnerving to be running about in the mist on the hills with no real way to find my way. Fortunately another few meters brought me to the main path along the ridge. It wasn't quite where I wanted to be but at least I knew where I was. Some, who had failed to get their compass out spent quite some time getting lost hereabouts.

Following the death of a runner in this race last year a new checkpoint had been introduced to steer runners away from the steep ground on the descent from this range. The run down was a delightful grassy romp followed by a less delightful and rather painful run down the tarmac access road to the reservoir. At the bottom, at Ogwen on the A5 there were drinks and jelly babies. On the next climb I got a bit more motivated and managed to run quite a lot, helped by the dry ground. We crossed the col of the Glyders and I stumbled down to Pen y Pass, taking one spectacular nose dive, fortunately into the heather rather than the rock. I was psyching myself for the long grind up the PyG Track to Snowdon. I got stuck into the climb but, although nobody came past me I was unable to make up any places. The minutes ticked by and by PB went by then my target time, then what I thought would be at least a respectable time but at last the top came and at least satisfaction of a good day out in the hills.

Of course the finish isn't really the finish as you then have a 5 mile walk back down to Llanberis.

ENNERDALE HORSESHOE 23 miles 7,500'

RESULTS

1	Pete Vale/Nick Sharp	3.48.01
7	Janet McIver	4.01.37 (1st Lady new record)
44	Rick Ansell	5.00.26
124	Kirsty Barnett	6.43.29
133 started/129 finished		

The run of the day was undoubtedly Janet McIver breaking the ladies' record by 5 minutes and finishing within 15 minutes of the leaders. In my book this goes down as one of the all time great runs.

I didn't have an all time great run. Time was I thought 4.30 was a good target and I even broke that once. Today, despite an ungainly attempt at a sprint I failed to break 5 hours. It was the third long mountain race in 15 days in my heart of hearts I knew that wasn't the reason.

The conditions were perfect, cool and dry, clear all the way and the marshalls and supporters had brought out plenty of water. The streams were all dry, even Black Beck, normally a substantial mountain river was barely flowing. The views were great and finding I couldn't get into top gear I looked about me a bit and enjoyed seeing the hills that I have run over so many times but so rarely actually seen. After Pillar with about 7 miles to go I found a bit more determination and was able to push on a bit and catch a few places which was good for the morale.

Kirsty helped fly the flag for Tring and got round in good order, her second completion of this Lakeland classic: respect.

Rick Ansell

Paul and John go mountain marathoning!

July 2007, Wednesday night at running club, the bar is full of club members fresh back from the Lakes at the weekend after the Saunders Mountain Marathon. The weather had been glorious and a fine time had been had by all. I walk over to Paul Cowan and he says “do you fancy doing the Saunders next year”. I readily agree – little did he know the Manning curse on fell running.

Fast forward to 11am, Saturday 5 July 2008. Paul and I are in a gale, rain lashing down, crossing Helvellyn. The rest of the 900 strong field has long since disappeared into the cloud and we are going back to a sheepfold we passed one hour earlier. There are still many miles of running to go, 6 checkpoints to find, a cut-off to meet and we are going backwards. The Manning curse has struck again – I’ve done 6 fell races now and, on every one, the weather has been abysmal. The Saunders Lakeland Mountain Marathon 2008 was not going to break the curse.

As virgin mountain marathoners, we had plenty of advice in the build up. Alan Whelan and Brian Layton were a font of knowledge on what kit to get and where to get it. I can tell a Pertex from a breathable, waterproof fabric from 100 meters now not to mention the fine distinctions between a Laser Photon, Laser Competition and plain old Laser tent. Mind you, I never did find out what those spare, twiddly bits of guy rope were for.

And as for navigation advice, Rick Ansell gave us superb help and preparation by marking up a map of Kinder Scout and telling us that we would be round it in 4 hours. Two weeks before the SLMM, Paul and I duly spent a day in the Peak District following Rick’s course. Guess what, the weather was appalling and after doing about half the route in 4 hours in lashing gales, we bailed out and returned home, bedraggled but now more confident of taking a bearing and sticking to it. There is a side story here about our adventure up the aptly named Kinder Downfall but ask us about that over a pint.

So, Saturday 5 July finds us lining up at the foot of an impressively steep-looking hill just below the Helvellyn range of hills in the Lakes. This kind of racing is different. As the gun goes, you have a rest for 15 minutes to mark up the checkpoints from the grid references that you’ve just been given and to work out which way to go for the first couple. Checkpoints one and two – a doddle. Yes, there was the odd stream to cross and a few more steep hills but, hey, we were motoring.

Flushed with success, we plan our route to number 3. Feeling more expert, we decide to stick to a contour line, cross three streams and traverse three spurs. We end up high above Thirlmere, on a rocky scree and wondering where the blasted sheepfold actually is. Then the gloom descends in every sense of the word. We realise we sailed past the sheepfold 30 minutes earlier, have nearly reached the next checkpoint, the rain and wind have set in and, if we are not to be disqualified, we have to go back. “Dispiriting” is the printable word that came to mind.

Back on track, checkpoint 4 involved dropping down from the path we were on to a stream junction in a steep-sided mini valley. Afterwards I worked out the descent (and subsequent ascent) was equivalent to 4 times Nelsons Column. Knackering.

Still, we soldiered on. We found 5 after a shortish search. The description was “crag foot”. Given that we are surrounded by crags at this point, it isn’t really very helpful so trial and error takes over.

Number 6 – our nemesis. This one was described as “NW knoll”. And, yes, you’ve guessed it, when we arrive in the 20 metre visibility, there is a veritable forest of knolls or whatever you call a large number of bumpy hillocks. As we search, a few more pairs arrive until there are 10 people wandering around, somewhat aimlessly, losing sight of each other. To one side there appears to be a precipitous

drop. After about an hour, we are even more “dispirited”, to use the now accepted euphemism. Paul and I give up, set off up a steep and even more precipitous edge and hope that we have left enough time to arrive at the midway camp before the 8pm cut off. Half way up, the mist clears below and we hear whoops of delight from the pair who stayed behind. Looking back, we see them dancing a merry jig and also see the checkpoint which is now plain as a pikestaff. Dispirited, indeed.

We find the rest of the points relatively easily and make it to camp by about 7.45pm. Ten and a half hours out on the tops.

The rest of the Tring contingent have been at the camp for a few hours and greet us with a cheery “you look knackered!” Paul and I set about putting up the tent and, seriously, this is where the true spirit of Tring camaraderie comes to the fore. Tony Ruberry has taken the precaution of buying us beers before camp supplies run out. Simon Barnett fetches us a bag o’water from the far end of the field to brew up our supper. Kevin Harding spots that we are novices at the tent game and, quick as a flash, Kevin has the tent up with seconds to spare before the heavens open. Thanks to all of them a million times over. We dive in the tent and collapse in a heap of soggy shoes, rucksacks and clothes.

The rest of the evening is spent in contortions of changing into relatively warmer and drier clothes, unpacking sleeping bags and inflating the self-inflating mattresses. The rain eased off enough for us to get the stove going. The noodles and tomato ‘cup of soup’ combo tasted like heaven.

A fitful night follows – it rains most of the night and these soft, southern ears are not used to the staccato of raindrops falling on the flysheet. At 6 am, bodies begin to move outside. A quick look confirms what we already sense – the mist clouds are even lower so we can’t see the top of the first climb of day two. Whoopee.

Breakfast comprises char-grilled porridge (perhaps we had the heat up a bit too high) and then the countdown was on for the finish of the start (or was it the other way round?). It feels like a military operation – we have to start by 8.15 and the porridge is still cooking at 7.45. As the sergeant majors stride up and down camp barking out “sixteen minutes, fifteen minutes to go”, we still have to stuff the sleeping bags, repack the sacks, take all our rubbish with us and strike camp before “going over the top”. Paul and I were pitched next to Rick who seemed to be asleep still at 8.20! As we wrestle with a sodden tent, we turn round and in the twinkle of an eye Rick’s tent is down, packed and he’s off. It must be practice. We make it with a few minutes to spare.

Day two was shorter and a bit easier – only 14 Nelsons Columns to climb and descend compared to about 26 the day before. And we found all the checkpoints. We even had some expert guidance from Kirsty and Simon as we followed them round a neat chink round the back of a hill. One final slog up White Pike and one final, slip-slide descent (5 Nelsons) down near vertical, slimy paths and we we’re back. Are we dispirited now? You bet not.

The hot tea and food from Wilf’s café at the end was fantastic, as was the prize winning performance of the Harding family teams.

My blisters burst on the way round and the tyre on Paul’s car burst as we set off for the 5 hour journey home. But as the miles (eventually) rolled by, both of us recalled the highs and lows of the last two days and figured that the highs far outweighed the lows. The sense of achievement and the brief glimpses (this time) of magnificent Lakeland scenery always work their wonders. By Wednesday night, back at running club, we were both of one voice. Will we do it again next year – of course! And we’ll see if we can lift my curse of foul fell running weather.

John Manning

The OC Tea

What do you think about the OC tea? Well that would have been the question if it was Bex or Bry, but from our born again Bjorn Borg I knew it was OCT; The Old County Tops race. The answer needed some careful thought. Along the Hardknott and Wrynose passes in the Lake District there lies the 3 shires stone. This represents a point on the border of the old counties of Westmorland, Cumberland, and Lancashire, and about 20 years ago someone had the idea of devising a race for pairs that started/finished at the New Dungeon Ghyl in the Langdale valley and visited the highest points in each of the 3 counties; Helvellyn (950m), Scafell Pike (978m) and The Old Man of Coniston (803m) a total of 37 miles and 10,000ft of climb. To my mind 37 miles is a survival event and not a race, but the race was in contention for inclusion in my Lakeland Classic category so I knew I'd have to give it a go one year. I weighed up all the plusses; a few weeks before was the 3 Peaks Race and I intended doing some distance training for that, Rick had done the race numerous times before, and Rick's company is always pleasurable especially when coupled with a day in the Lakes, so I said yes.

Wind forward to a week before the race. I had managed just 3 runs over 3 hours, and Rick had just told me that he'd done the race just twice. The second time he'd run with a local who had just led him around. The omens didn't look good, but better than Simon whose partner, Andy Sutton, had pulled out. (Simon spent the Friday before the race on a 6 hour trek around the central Lakes only to find on finishing a text from a prospective partner found via the lonely hearts section of the FRA forum. His partner equalled up the handicapping by working that night until midnight in a pub nearby in Grasmere, and then in the morning when his car wouldn't start he was forced to cycle to the race.)

It was to be a proper Tring adventure North with Michael and his brother joining us four so that they could run the Fairfield Horseshoe. Michael drove the advance party up Friday morning to set up camp at the NT site at the end of the Langdale valley, and found that it took a fair amount of persuasion to let the warden book Rick and me in, but in the end he relented and the scene was set for a play in 3 acts ...

Prologue

The journey North - a quiet start, only memorable for Rick's lunch box, or more accurately his silo of pasta that he devoured at our service station stop. No wonder Waitrose has a pasta shortage.

Arrival at Langdale - It was a balmy night in the Langdales and we drove up the valley avoiding the drunken revellers spilling out of the various hostelries. At the entrance to the camp site was a big 'Site Full' sign so we were thankful that the others had booked us in. It was just a case of finding our tent in amongst the 600 others. We were even more thankful to see Michael and Andy waiting on the drive way to show us to the tent. They had been waiting 30 minutes - my e.t.a. was misjudged due to the pasta party.

Scene 1 Hellvellyn

The Start - the atmosphere for the day was set at the start. This year saw the races largest ever entry at just over 80 pairs. On the start line there was no elbowing or pushing just some good natured banter, then a few words of encouragement and we were off.

First Interval

With one top down (or is that up?) we came to the first refreshment break at Wythburn church car park. We were welcomed by cheers, applause, and a cow bell to a veritable feast of sarnis, cakes, tea .

No sooner had I decided to start with the buttered tea bread when I discovered Rick had already set off.

Scene 2 Scafell Pike

The Bog - An aptly named area in the Wyth Burn valley. Memorable for Rick's impression of a mobile aerobic digester, and I didn't know that he was an Archers fan. He blamed it on having to hurry his pasta. Just past here we traversed around High Raise towards Angle Tarn and came across 3 red deer - a magnificent sight.

Approaching Scafell Pike - the weather was a bit bleak on the top of England's highest peak, but this hadn't stopped supporters and grockles congregating there. As we approached we were greeted by Andy offering a water bottle. Rick asked if he had any food, Andy replied that he had some bars in his rucksack, and Rick made for the nearest sack propped up against the summit cairn. Fortunately it was Andy's and not the lady's standing next to it.

Departing Scafell Pike - here there is a choice; a direct descent through the crags or retracing your steps and descending narrow cove. We chose the second, which though slower is a safe bet especially as we hadn't recce'd the route. As we found out later even those that had the direct route wasn't plain sailing. The local pairing of Alan and Leigh headed directly off, and in one zig zag section Alan dislodged a football sized stone that nearly caught him as he zigged back further down. Later they came to an abrupt halt as they met the top of a crag and had to back pedal. At this stage they split each taking their preferred route down.

Second Interval

And a welcome sight after the long trot over Mosedale down to Cockley Beck. The welcome and spread were as impressive as those at Wythburn. As my water container was being refilled I picked up a nice slice of cake only to see Rick disappearing off again.

Scene 3 Coniston Old Man

Not long after - Having caught Rick at the cross roads I discovered we had a choice of routes, but I was still looking at the previous section's map. After juggling my cake and various maps we were ready to head off up for our last top.

The Road - Just what you want after nearly 33 miles of running - a gratuitous section of road! I can only think that it was added to appease any heathen road runners that might have decided to have a go. It lasts for nearly a mile and is all down hill (literally and metaphorically). It is the hardest down hill mile that I have run.

The End - A wonderful round of applause as we enter the finish field just outside the New Dungeon Ghyll. A gazebo had been erected with chairs for the use of weary runners. Next to that a tent full of food, and by its side another tent serving unlimited refills of tea. Absolute bliss, and this time Rick didn't get up and run off.

Epilogue.

You get all this plus a technical T shirt for 14 pounds a pair. I haven't changed my mind that it is too long to race, but it is definitely a grand day out.

Results 2008 Old County Tops (37 Miles, 10 000 ft climb)

1 M Beale, T Brunt	6hr 49 minutes
9 R Ansell, K Harding	8hr 1 minute
13 S Barnett, J Shedwick	8hr 29 minutes

Kevin Harding

Club Championships Roundup

Gauntlet (Forrest Gump) Trophy

The Gauntlet Trophy (or Forrest Gump as it was previously known) is awarded to the runner who has done the highest number of competitive miles in the year. This year three runners have entered the competition – Brian Layton, Peter Hamson and David Heron. No prizes for guessing who is winning so far this year.

Brian Layton's Total

<i>Event</i>	<i>Mileage</i>
Bucks XC Championships	7.5
Ashridge Orienteering	3.5
Toddington Trot	15
Punchbowl Marathon	20
Wendover Woods Orienteering	3.5
Hardwick X - stream	6
The DFH walk	16
Wendover Gap Marshals	26
New Chew	13
The Grizzly	19.5
Sevenoaks Circular	30
Surrey Tops	50
Highlander Mountain Marathon	27.5
London Marathon	26
Pewsey Marathon	35
Wellington Boot	62.5
Oxon Walks	35
Raid O' Bivwalk M.M.	26.5
Yoredale LDWA 100	100
LAMM	30.5
Three Rings of Shap	62.5
<i>TOTAL</i>	615.5

Peter Hamson's Total

New year's Day 10k	6.2
Box Hill	7.5
Tanner's Marathon (LDWA)	30.0
Punchbowl Marathon (LDWA)	30.0
Watford Half Marathon	13.1
Wendover Gap Marathon (LDWA)	26.2
Compton 40 trail race	40.0
Surrey Tops (LDWA)	50.0
Wellington Boot (LDWA)	62.5
Oxon 40 (LDWA)	40.0
Yoredale LDWA 100	100.0
South Downs marathon trail race	26.2
<i>TOTAL</i>	431.7

David Heron's Total

Nigel Barge 10k	6.2
Genk LPM marathon	26.2
Box Hill	7.5
Fred Hughes 10	10.0
Wing Chiltern league	5.0
Puncbowl	30.0
Belvoir challenge	27.5
Steyning Stinger	26.2
Duchy marathon	26.2
Oakley 20	20.0
Treviso marathon	26.2
London marathon	26.2
Aldbury xc	5.3
Blackpool marathon	26.2
Chinnor Icknield half marathon	13.1
Callinish Stones marathon	26.2
North Harris trust Marathon	26.2
Dartmoor Discovery	32.9
South Downs marathon trail race	26.2
Leg 4 Ridgeway Relay for Bearbrook	5.3
Night of Flanders	26.2
TOTAL	425

Off Road Championships

The Off Road Championships comprise a series of eight races. In each race the first Tring Runner to finish receives 25 points, the second 24 points etc. This means the more events you compete in the better your score. Currently Mandy Bonthronne and Rick Ansell have completed all the events and are leading the ladies and men's competitions.

This year there will also be an award for the first over 50 male and first over 45 female. Alison and Tony Ruberry look well placed to take these awards.

Women's Off-Road Championship

	Box Hill	Hardwick	Aldbury	Combe Hill	Total	Position
Mandy Bonthronne	24	24	25	24	97	1
Alison Harding	25	25		25	75	2
Louise Berry			24		24	3
Sofie Cole		23			23	4=
Maria Cook			23		23	4=
Jane Porteous			22		22	
Liz Daniel			21		21	
Cathy Court			20		20	

Men's Off-Road Championship

	Box Hill	Hardwick	Aldbury	Combe Hill	Total	Position
Rick Ansell	23	23	23	22	91	1
Kevin Harding	24	25		25	74	2
Ross Langley		24	25	24	73	3
Trevor Lark		21	20	19	60	4
Tony Ruberry	20		21	15	56	5
Nigel Lacey	17		13	11	41	
Nigel Bunn	25				25	
Paul Allen			24		24	
Sam Williamson	22				22	
Mark Rochester			22		22	
Rob Brown		22		20	42	
John Manning	21			18	39	
Callum Bonthron		20	16	17	53	
Brian Layton		19			19	
Peter Hamson	19				19	
Chris Egan			19	21	40	
Paul Cowan			18		18	
Kevin Buckingham	17				17	
Peter Alford		18			18	
Jonathan Smith			17	14	31	
Clive Cohen			15	16	31	
David Heron	18		14		32	
Alan Whelan				23	23	
Geoff Dennis				12	12	
Ashley Horton				13	13	

Road Running Championships

For the benefit of newcomers the road running Championships are based on standard race distances of 5k, 5 miles, 10k, 10 miles, half and full marathon. For each race run you receive a percentage score based on your time compared with a standard time for someone of your age and gender. To get a place in the league you must complete at least **four** races over **three** different distances. If you do more than four, then the best four over three different distances count.

This year the standard times have been updated with the latest available standard, so these results are not directly comparable with results from previous years. The standards are based on world records + a set of magic numbers - one magic number for each event and age combination. The magic numbers are loosely based on world age bests. For the men the results are basically similar to those that would have been achieved with the old standard – most scores having been slightly reduced but the overall positions are unlikely to have changed. However, the women's results are slightly more contentious. The main difference is that women in their late thirties or early forties will typically find their scores have been reduced by between 1% and 2% whereas for older women their score will have substantially increased. This, of course, favours some runners at the expense of others and I am sure will not be popular with everyone. For this reason the results below should be considered provisional only.

Thanks to Tony Hill for updating his spreadsheet with the new standards and inputting runner's times. Also, thanks to Richard White for supplying the new standards.

Results have also been calculated using the old scores and various documents have been produced comparing the old scoring method with the new method. These can be supplied to anyone who is interested on request.

Lady's Results as at 4 July 2008 (New standards)		
Name	Percentage	Position
Edda Aitchison	74.50%	1
Michaela Colwell	73.82%	2
Verna Burgess	67.41%	3
Kirsty Barnett	63.49%	4
Kim Reed	63.39%	5
Jane Porteous	60.69%	6
Gill Heron	59.91%	7
Anna Scarth	58.59%	8
Nikki Burgess	57.93%	9
Frances Mills	54.07%	10

Men's Results as at 4 July 2008 (New standards)		
Name	Percentage	Position
John Manning	73.04%	1
Ross Langley	72.79%	2
Richard White	67.32%	3
Nigel Kippax	66.32%	4
Geoff Dennis	65.94%	5
Jonathan Smith	63.19%	6
David Heron	61.24%	7
Oliver Gaunt	51.94%	8
Mike Gaunt	49.10%	9

Individual results for the road running championships

Name	Race in 2008	Distance	Time	%
Alan Whelan	Berkhamsted	H-Mar	1:23:34	74.99%
Alan Whelan	Pednor	5m	0:30:03	76.21%
Alex Aitchison	Berkhamsted	H-Mar	1:44:23	56.73%
Anna Scarth	London	Mar	4:25:01	51.10%
Anna Scarth	Berkhamsted	H-Mar	1:54:57	57.27%
Anna Scarth	Hatfield	10km	0:47:39	63.66%
Anna Scarth	Thame	10km	0:48:40	62.33%
Beth Dennis	Pednor	5m	0:48:11	64.65%
Beth Dennis	Thame	10km	0:58:17	67.00%
Beth Dennis	Chinnor	10km	1:00:13	64.85%
Bob Ford	Watford	H-Mar	1:55:24	58.02%
Bob Ford	Pednor	5m	0:40:57	59.54%
Brian Layton	London	Mar	4:13:42	58.64%
Brian Nicholson	Shakespeare	Mar	4:25:04	57.78%
Callum Bonthron	Pednor	5m	0:35:05	63.37%
Callum Bonthron	Sandy	10m	1:13:12	62.57%
Caron Owens	London	Mar	5:09:20	45.56%
Cathy Court	Thame	10km	0:58:36	54.84%
Colin Rees	London	Mar	3:29:42	76.03%
Colin Rees	Watford	H-Mar	1:37:08	78.28%
Colin Rees	St Albans	10m	1:12:40	78.56%
Dave Jones	London	Mar	3:57:50	57.60%
Dave Jones	Watford	H-Mar	1:55:44	56.87%
David Heron	Blackpool	Mar	4:04:05	59.81%
David Heron	Duchy	Mar	4:15:18	57.18%
David Heron	Genk	Mar	4:16:07	57.00%
David Heron	Treviso	Mar	4:17:36	56.67%
David Heron	London	Mar	4:41:42	51.82%
David Heron	Chinnor	H-Mar	2:01:59	57.33%
David Heron	St Albans	10m	1:24:01	62.59%
David Heron	Glasgow	10km	0:49:01	65.22%
Debbie Murray	London	Mar	4:46:42	51.16%
Edda Aitchison	London	Mar	4:20:14	71.62%
Edda Aitchison	Berkhamsted	H-Mar	2:00:09	74.14%
Edda Aitchison	Pednor	5m	0:41:55	76.46%
Edda Aitchison	Chinnor	10km	0:53:02	75.77%
Elise Aitchison	London	Mar	4:15:04	54.83%
Elise Aitchison	Pednor	5m	0:39:23	62.89%
Frances Mills	Watford	H-Mar	2:12:38	55.00%
Frances Mills	Chinnor	H-Mar	2:22:22	51.24%
Frances Mills	St Albans	10m	1:39:34	54.40%
Frances Mills	Thame	10km	0:59:26	55.64%
Gemma Wright	Berkhamsted	H-Mar	1:50:18	59.69%
Geoff Dennis	London	Mar	5:48:03	46.28%
Geoff Dennis	Berkhamsted	H-Mar	2:01:12	63.35%
Geoff Dennis	Shakespeare	H-Mar	2:08:21	59.82%
Geoff Dennis	Pednor	5m	0:41:10	67.37%
Geoff Dennis	St Albans	10m	1:29:11	64.60%
Geoff Dennis	Thame	10km	0:52:08	66.94%
Geoff Dennis	Chinnor	10km	0:53:49	64.85%
Geoff Roser	Milton Keynes	5km	0:28:49	56.10%
Gill Heron	London	Mar	4:43:16	57.18%
Gill Heron	Berkhamsted	H-Mar	2:05:09	62.03%
Gill Heron	White Peak	H-Mar	2:06:32	61.35%
Gill Heron	Watford	H-Mar	2:12:09	58.75%
Gill Heron	St Albans	10m	1:37:20	59.09%
Graham Deacon	Marlow	5m	0:39:28	58.02%
Helle Hennings	Berkhamsted	H-Mar	2:09:59	53.24%

Jane Bowen	Thame	10km	1:06:26	55.64%
Jane Porteous	Watford	H-Mar	1:59:48	60.89%
Jane Porteous	Berkhamsted	H-Mar	2:03:55	58.87%
Jane Porteous	Pednor	5m	0:42:15	62.45%
Jane Porteous	St Albans	10m	1:33:12	58.12%
Jane Porteous	Chinnor	10km	0:54:36	60.56%
John Court	Berkhamsted	H-Mar	1:35:27	73.27%
John Manning	Shakespeare	Mar	3:41:33	65.27%
John Manning	Watford	H-Mar	1:33:27	74.18%
John Manning	Pednor	5m	0:33:22	75.52%
John Manning	Thame	10km	0:41:05	77.20%
John Shelton	Berkhamsted	5m	0:50:49	50.41%
John Shelton	Milton Keynes	5km	0:29:43	52.10%
Jon Scullard	Berkhamsted	H-Mar	1:35:16	63.75%
Jonathan Smith	Edinburgh	Mar	3:41:15	56.51%
Jonathan Smith	Berkhamsted	H-Mar	1:33:18	64.24%
Jonathan Smith	Watford	H-Mar	1:37:12	61.66%
Jonathan Smith	St Albans	10m	1:11:52	62.85%
Jonathan Smith	Thame	10km	0:43:05	64.02%
Kev Buckingham	Berkhamsted	H-Mar	2:15:55	48.02%
Kim Reed	Shakespeare	Mar	4:06:34	60.20%
Kim Reed	Watford	H-Mar	1:51:45	63.76%
Kim Reed	Berkhamsted	H-Mar	1:52:01	63.61%
Kim Reed	Chinnor	H-Mar	2:01:43	58.54%
Kim Reed	Pednor	5m	0:40:33	63.79%
Kim Reed	St Albans	10m	1:25:06	62.40%
Kirsty Barnett	London	Mar	3:28:58	65.21%
Kirsty Barnett	Watford	H-Mar	1:41:36	65.14%
Kirsty Barnett	Berkhamsted	H-Mar	1:55:39	57.23%
Kirsty Barnett	Pednor	5m	0:36:37	66.36%
Liz Daniel	Berkhamsted	H-Mar	2:00:43	59.70%
Liz Daniel	Watford	H-Mar	2:03:26	58.39%
Louise Berry	Berkhamsted	H-Mar	1:49:24	61.18%
Mandy Bonthron	Chinnor	H-Mar	1:53:08	63.70%
Mandy Bonthron	Pednor	5m	0:39:53	65.48%
Mandy Bonthron	Sandy	10m	1:20:13	66.84%
Maria Cook	Berkhamsted	5m	0:40:16	64.86%
Maurice Bond	Berkhamsted	H-Mar	1:40:24	58.98%
Michaela Colwell	White Peak	Mar	3:29:14	68.59%
Michaela Colwell	London	Mar	3:29:45	68.42%
Michaela Colwell	Berkhamsted	H-Mar	1:34:07	73.53%
Michaela Colwell	Watford	H-Mar	1:34:13	73.45%
Michaela Colwell	St Albans	10m	1:10:26	73.57%
Michaela Colwell	Sandy	10m	1:15:18	68.81%
Michaela Colwell	Thame	10km	0:42:20	74.72%
Mike Burgess	London	Mar	3:09:01	71.85%
Mike Burgess	Chinnor	H-Mar	1:27:21	74.72%
Mike Gaunt	London	Mar	5:26:21	45.59%
Mike Gaunt	Watford	H-Mar	2:23:46	49.52%
Mike Gaunt	Berkhamsted	H-Mar	2:24:32	49.26%
Mike Gaunt	St Albans	10m	1:42:55	52.02%
Nick Pierpoint	St Albans	H-Mar	1:51:33	60.02%
Nick Pierpoint	Berkhamsted	5m	0:40:41	59.93%
Nick Pierpoint	Wheathampstead	10km	0:49:08	62.45%
Nigel Bunn	Woodcode	10km	0:36:10	80.32%
Nigel Bunn	Thame	10km	0:36:32	79.52%
Nigel Kippax	London	Mar	3:44:44	62.61%
Nigel Kippax	Berkhamsted	H-Mar	1:42:13	66.05%
Nigel Kippax	Watford	H-Mar	1:47:37	62.74%
Nigel Kippax	Chinnor	H-Mar	1:52:47	59.86%
Nigel Kippax	Pednor	5m	0:35:45	68.76%
Nigel Kippax	St Albans	10m	1:23:07	61.14%

Nigel Kippax	Whipsnade	10km	0:45:40	67.74%
Nigel Lacey	Pednor	5m	0:41:38	60.53%
Nigel Lacey	Chinnor	10km	0:55:13	57.44%
Nigel Millwood	Berkhamsted	H-Mar	2:01:31	48.80%
Nigel Millwood	Hatfield	10km	0:47:45	56.86%
Nigel Millwood	Thame	10km	0:47:50	56.76%
Nikki Burgess	Berkhamsted	H-Mar	1:59:33	58.40%
Nikki Burgess	Marlow	5m	0:43:14	58.83%
Nikki Burgess	Maidenhead	10m	1:34:36	55.18%
Nikki Burgess	Thame	10km	0:53:43	59.32%
Oliver Gaunt	London	Mar	4:26:24	46.89%
Oliver Gaunt	Berkhamsted	H-Mar	1:47:10	55.26%
Oliver Gaunt	Watford	H-Mar	1:51:51	52.94%
Oliver Gaunt	St Albans	10m	1:24:16	52.67%
Pam Burley	Berkhamsted	H-Mar	2:34:36	53.67%
Paul Cowan	Pednor	5m	0:33:33	69.85%
Paul Cowan	St Albans	10m	1:12:34	66.65%
Peter Hamson	Watford	H-Mar	1:47:01	68.38%
Richard White	Silverstone	H-Mar	1:37:55	70.79%
Richard White	Berkhamsted	H-Mar	1:47:06	64.72%
Richard White	St Albans	10m	1:19:39	65.45%
Richard White	Sandy	10m	1:21:09	64.24%
Richard White	Thame	10km	0:46:25	68.33%
Rob Pinfield	Watford	H-Mar	1:39:13	63.67%
Ross Langley	Berkhamsted	H-Mar	1:22:05	72.14%
Ross Langley	St Albans	H-Mar	1:22:25	71.85%
Ross Langley	Chinnor	H-Mar	1:26:17	68.63%
Ross Langley	Pednor	5m	0:28:59	73.61%
Ross Langley	Thame	10km	0:36:30	73.56%
Sarah Hunter	Berkhamsted	H-Mar	1:46:57	62.91%
Simon Barnett	Watford	H-Mar	1:22:16	71.98%
Sue Halliwell	Berkhamsted	H-Mar	1:52:37	61.99%
Tom Griffin	Watford	H-Mar	1:37:09	75.33%
Tony Hill	Watford	H-Mar	1:51:01	64.72%
Tony Hill	St Albans	10m	1:26:05	62.73%
Tony Ruberry	Berkhamsted	H-Mar	1:37:38	69.15%
Trevor Lark	Pednor	5m	0:33:12	72.29%
Verna Burgess	London	Mar	3:46:49	65.44%
Verna Burgess	Berkhamsted	H-Mar	1:46:25	66.95%
Verna Burgess	Watford	H-Mar	1:47:16	66.42%
Verna Burgess	Pednor	5m	0:36:32	70.80%