

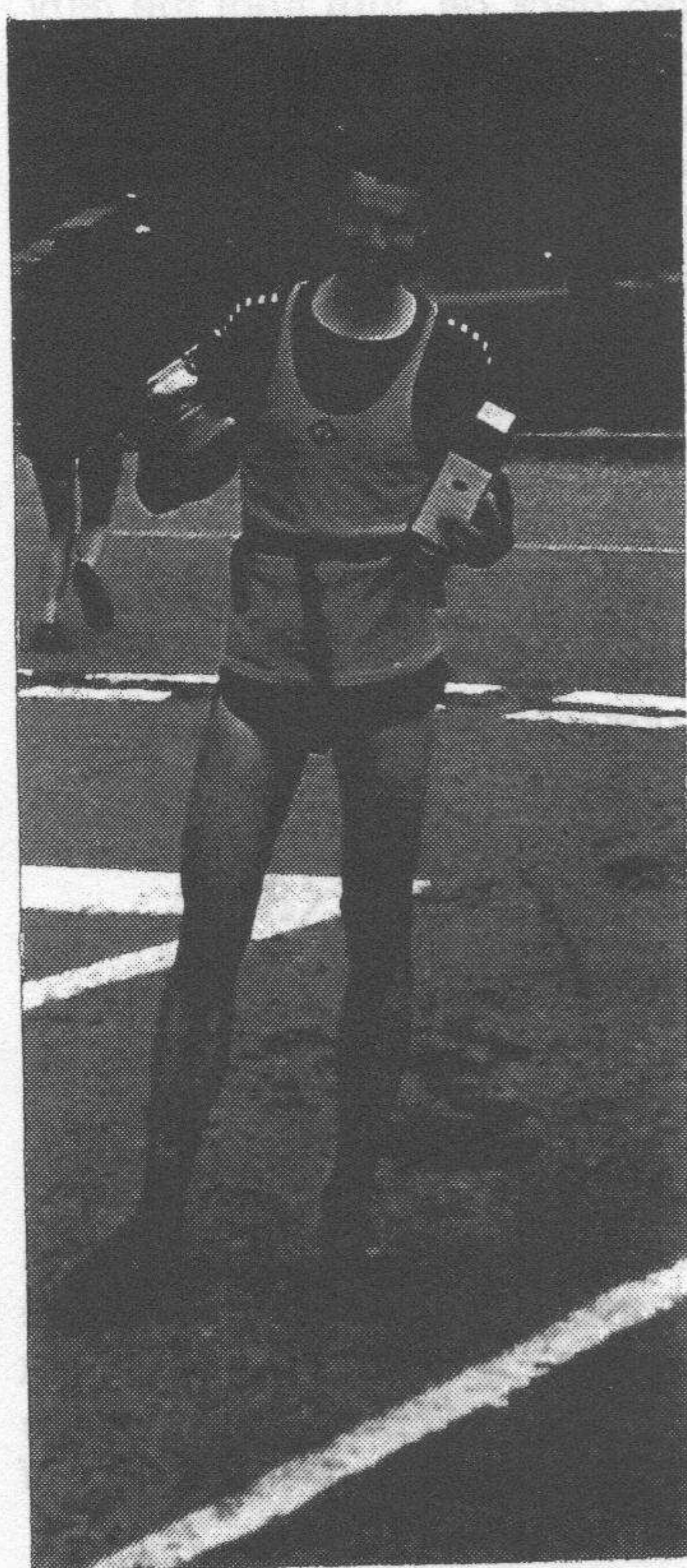
# WESTERLANDS CCC

NEWSLETTER AUGUST/SEPTEMBER 1997

AUGUST/SEPTEMBER 97

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Mark grabs the loot at Glamaig: see p. 5

## News

### Westies Journal Crisis

Ian is getting extremely worried at the lack of stuff being sent in for the 21st anniversary journal, soon to be renamed pamphlet as contributions so far could fit onto a single sheet of A4. The club has been going for 20 years - something interesting/funny must have happened to some of you. Seriously though, the whole project may have to be scrapped if we can't get a better response. Please, for the sake of Ian's sanity, send your articles, stories, photos to: Ian Struthers, 14 Falkland St., Glasgow G12 as soon as possible.

### Good Luck

to Kevin who has carried the Westies flag out to Stornoway to start a new job. His move has already proved successful with a win at the 1500m at a local highland games and a 4th place at Beinn Lee Twin Peaks Race. He should have moved years ago!!

### Thanks

Kevin would like to thank Westies for providing a very thoughtful gift to comfort him on the dark winter nights. hic!

### 21st Birthday Celebrations

Next year, the Club celebrates its 21st birthday. To celebrate, we will be having a couple of special events:

Glasgow to Fort William Relay on Saturday 25 April (not the West Highland Way!)

Dinner/Ceilidh on Saturday 4 October with perhaps a run in the afternoon.

All members past and present will be invited to these events. Further details will be announced nearer the time, but keep your diaries free.

### Club Dinner

The annual club dinner will be held in the 'West One Function Suite' at the Wickets Hotel on Friday 14th November at 8.00 p.m. The cost will be approximately 22-23 pounds per person for dinner and a disco. Those wishing to attend should contact Isabel Coombs (576 1731).

## Club nights

Just to remind you that as well as Wednesday evenings, the club also meets on Monday at 5pm for a pack run. For those masochists amongst you there is also a track session on Tuesdays meeting at Westies at 6pm and hill rep. sessions most Thursdays, meeting at Westies at 6.10pm.

## Race Reports

### LAMM 97 Jura

31st May / 1st June 97

A hectic week of last minute cramming while simultaneously trying to track down a tent (with poles) had culminated with my final exam on Friday morning, followed by a swift drive north to rendezvous with my mountain marathon partner Hamish Lean. This was followed by an even swifter drive south to Kennacraig, to catch the last of the two ferries put on specially to carry the six hundred or so competitors over to Jura for the 1997 Lowe Alpine Mountain Marathon. Loch Tarbet was mirror calm as the Cal Mac ferry pulled out of harbour Islay bound, the bright sunshine and heatwave temperatures a portent of what was to come.

Soon Jura glided slowly into view, looking ominously more mountainous and wild than I had imagined. This was to be both Hamish and I's first visit to the island, although we had been forewarned of hellish scree slopes, ankle-wrenching tussocks, and plagues of vicious deer ticks. Chief topics of discussion, as we relaxed in the sun on the upper deck, were; the heat, the lack of water on Jura, and the possible combined effects of both on us over the course of the weekend, coupled with wild speculations on the nature of the 'surprise' that had been promised for the A and Elite courses by the event organisers; an underwater checkpoint perhaps, or a hang-glide finish off one of the Paps? - we'd have to wait and see. I tried to reassure Hamish (and at the same time myself) that we'd have no trouble with the A course, while we nervously eyed the other passengers, all of whom seemed to be brimming with fitness and navigational expertise.

A few hours later as the ferry entered the Sound of Islay and began to dock at Port Askaig, a shanty town of tents and marquees across the narrow sound on Jura came into view. We disembarked and were quickly ferried across by a flotilla of small boats to Feolin, a the tiny settlement



on the south west coast of the island that was to be the LAMM HQ for the weekend. After registering and receiving our beautiful but unwieldy large scale maps, we pitched our tent and headed for the marquees where folk were milling about in the evening sunshine. We soon met up with fellow Westies Kieth and Sue, Eastie Jane (who was sensibly not running but here to enjoy herself), pseudo-Westie John Donnelly, and sou'Westie Spighty (from Blackpool), here hoping to complete the Jura 'triple' of boat race, fell race and mountain marathon on consecutive weekends. More discussions on the weather and possible surprises ensued followed by some last minute carbo-loading courtesy of the Jura Primary School's home baking stand, before heading off to bed.

We awoke early on Saturday morning to find, as predicted, bright cloudless skies and next to no wind. Ideal weather for a picnic perhaps, but not so for endurance running events. We consoled ourselves that at least mist and clag would not be a problem. A late starting time meant that we had plenty of time to get organised and indulge in some last minute panicking. From the staggered start, lines of runners fanned out in all directions as we jogged the twenty yards to where we were given our control coordinates for the day. The first two checkpoints were in the flatish knolly area to the east of Feolin and, after getting use to the large scale of the map, were found without too much trouble. The third leg was longer and posed our first real route choice of the day - we opted for the 'up and over' rather than the 'contour round' approach and were rewarded with good runnable terrain and fine views of the Paps as we climbed over the bealach between Aonach Bheinn and Glas Bheinn. Heading north, we past the foot of Loch an t-Siob and began the long slog up the side of Beinn Shiantaidh as the heat grew more oppressive.

It was on route to the next check that it began to dawn on us what the surprise might be. Things were going well - too well. We had only been out for about three and a half hours and we had almost completed our five checkpoints; I remembered that on last year's A course there had been at least nine controls on day one. More over, the position of the last checkpoint on a small beach seemed an unlikely place for an overnight camp. We rechecked our control descriptions to find our fears confirmed: 'Day 1 Part 1' it stated - there was definitely more to come.

As we approached the fifth control more runners appeared as the A and Elite courses

converged onto a small rocky beach, where a dozen or so more dejected looking folk sat. As we clicked our control cards our times were recorded, and we were told that we were to be ferried across Loch Tarbert to the north of the island, (off the edge of our current maps, the sneaky swine) where we would be issued with new maps and controls. Although it was fine to get a rest on the beach, there was little shade and even less water, so we piled aboard the first of the small boats that arrived to ferry us over the sea loch to the north of the island. At least we'd been partly prepared for the extra checkpoints; the stewards informed us gleefully that several pairs had arrived sprint finishing to the beach thinking their day was over. On the far side our new 'secret' maps revealed five more checkpoints and another 10k to go.

By now the heat was approaching the unbearable and our pace was reduced to feeble plod/walk. By the time we reached the finish back on the shores of Loch Tarbert I was feeling truly hellish; on top of the usual fatigue, my head was pounding and I felt nauseous with dehydration. Another short boat trip took us back across the loch to the mid-camp by Lochan Mhic-aphi, near the head of Glen Batrick, where we were greeted by the surreal sight of sunbathing runners relaxing and paddling in the afternoon heat, the scene resembling more of a Mediterranean holiday resort than an isolated and inaccessible hebridean wilderness. Meanwhile, all I could think about was trying to find some shade to lie down in where I could expire quietly.

After several pints of water and some scran I slowly began to recover, and was more able to appreciate just how idyllic the campsite setting was. It was another beautiful, warm evening, with a gentle breeze keeping the worst of the midges at bay. Wandering down to the beach we met up with the other Westies and watched the luxury cruiser *The Hebridean Princess* pull into and anchor in the bay, the tranquil scene only disturbed by the occasional yelp of a bizarre Cosmic Hill Bashers' bathing ritual. We stayed up long enough to watch the sun disappear slowly behind Colonsay before retiring to the tent for a dram of whisky and bed.

It was bright and windy on Sunday morning, and clouds scudded across the sky as we hurriedly supped our porridge and packed up the gear for the half seven mass start. Our route took us west along the coast to imaginative checkpoints in a cave and on top of a rock-fin jutting out into the sea, before we scrambled up a sea cliff and headed in

land. A long rising traverse led us to the dried up lochan on Cnoc na Sgrioba before the long slog up the western scree slopes to the summit of the highest of the Paps, Beinn an Oir, where I reminded Hamish to remind me never to enter the Jura fell race. He responded by reminding me never to ask him on another mountain marathon. Our innovative route choice to our sixth control of the day ensured that we spent the rest of the afternoon by ourselves apart from the occasional herd of deer visible on the horizon - karrimor crocodiles, the scourge of the mountain marthoneer, were not going to be a problem. Still, the cooling wind made the temperature a lot more bearable than the previous day, the going underfoot was good, and our route if not the quickest was certainly scenic. A direct line took us down to our seventh control back on the knolly ground to the east of Feolin, from where we followed dried up river beds and trods to the final checkpoint (careful to avoid the 'no-go-area' where dive-bombing arctic skuas were said to be nesting), and jogged the last km of coastal track to the finish. Our unique route choice had cost us several places, but although we'd been out for over an hour longer than on day one, the cooler weather and easier pace had taken less of a toll and left us considerably less puggled, and (relatively) fit for the strenuous post-race partying back at the Craighouse Hotel that evening.

As we looked back on Jura from the ferry the next morning, memories of the slog and pain, tussocks and scree of the weekend had already been tinted a rosey hue. Not only was Hamish speaking to me again, he had forgiven me for suggesting the idea in the first place and was even considering the possibility of entering again next year, while I had decided that I would definitely be back to this Jura for the Fell Race in May. I don't have enough experience of mountain marathons to claim that this was the best ever, but I imagine that next year's LAMM will have to be pretty special to top this.

Brian Bonnyman

## Pen Y Gent Hill Race

Lake District

7th June 1997

### Five Westies Women and a Man

The women came out in force for this English Championships Race, from both the West (Jenny, Chris and Muffy) and the East (Elsie and Jane). The men took the quality-not-quantity approach, in the form of Mark.



Pre-race preparation was rigorous, with the woman's captain (Chris) going so far as to lose some extra weight the night before, in the form of a molar. However, quick weight losses are always temporary and an emergency visit to the local dentist before ensured that advantage was replaced with amalgam.

The race involved a wee tour of the village before heading up the hill, and unusually, the women started off about 15 minutes before the men. This (intrepid) reporter thought that this was great - not only do you not get trampled on the way up the hill, but the men actually clap and cheer as you tour the village. This unfortunately encouraged some of us to start off far too fast, but the hill (and real slog) was reached soon enough.

While the race started in fine weather, some of us (e.g. me!) were still out on the hill when an EPIC lightening, thunder and rain then hail storm broke out. With lightening bouncing off the top and hail stones the size of golf balls, the incentive to finish was even greater than usual.

Jenny led the way for Westies women in brilliant form, escaping the worst of the storm, (now that is incentive to run fast) followed by Chris and Elspeth as counters. Unfortunately, we didn't beat Carnethy, but Mark picked up a prize (what was it Mark??).

There was buckets of tea in the village cafe for all afterwards, including Chris's Dad who had come over to cheer us on.

#### Results

Jenny R 9th  
Chris M 13th  
Elspeth S 27th  
Muffy T 29th  
Jane R 32nd

Mark 9th

## Twelve Trig Trog

7th - 8th June 1997

This race is not for slack-jawed nancy boys faggots.

When I heard about this race last year I thought I must do that as it's the race that comes closest to where I live. Unfortunately ....., congenital stupidity made me actually go through with it. It was close, but having told Manny I would enter way back in March and having sent back the entry form ( and the cash ) my miserliness meant I was committed.

#### Day 1

Race day dawned to a crisis, I would have to look after the house and kids as my wife had an emergency cremation ( she's a Church of Scotland minister ). Being too dumb to take this golden opportunity I ran around like a loony and managed to complete my assigned tasks, farm the kids out around the village, pack my rucksack, and drive like a mental case to Carron Bridge, arriving 10 minutes before the off.

Whoops I thought, there's not too many people in for this, how can I hide in a field this small ? Manny was pleased to see another victim and was dishing out numbers, abuse, maps, repartee, pins, advice (good and bad) with a general air of gay abandon. As I pulled on the rucksack I realised that it was somewhat over-supplied with enough kit and food to last two people for a complete Islands Peaks race rather than just myself for a single day. Just before the off old dodgy ankles Baxter roared into the car park and this meant the amount of abuse on offer was significantly enhanced. Good on you Pete for coming along to take photographs and laugh at the sorely afflicted.

We're off and already the 12lb pack is giving me grief in the first 400 metres. Chug along quite happily until it gets hilly and then Brian and Charlie come past. Brief chat and then they're off.....shortly after that Drew and his mate appear and get ahead of me which gets me going a bit as Drew beat me in my nightmare run at Stuc a Chroin and this must be avenged. Get ahead of them before the first top and try keeping B & C in sight, first road crossing and grab some water and a few sweeties and push on though the gap ahead is growing. No matter ..... the weather is OK for running, conditions underfoot are good, and Manny's route and way-marking are first class. Past the van ( more water, more sweets ) at the foot of Meikle Bin and at last I'm in hills I've run on before which cheers me up. Up Meikle Bin and slightly confused by lack of marking off the top but Manny doesn't let me down and soon sure that I'm going the right way. Still OK I push on to Cort-ma-Law where I can see B & C well ahead. As I get there I see a runner who introduces himself as Bob Sheridan of Cosmics. He'd been well ahead and had taken a bad route off the top of Meikle Bin with unfortunate results.

We joined up and I was glad of somebody to talk to as I'd been on my tod for the last 2 hours, pushed on over Lecket Hill and then down to the second and last road crossing of the day. More water, more sweets and off up Hart Hill with Bob though it was soon obvious that he was friskier than me ( dead

sheep were bloody friskier than me ). Off he went and I trudged upwards, over the top, and then on through the worst conditions of both days - the crap and peat hags were bad. To my surprisel caught Bob and another mile further on as we neared the drop into the Fin Glen he told me he'd strained his groin. Soul destroying to drop so much distance into the Glen and see that you're immediately gonna have to climb even higher on the other side..... enough for Bob and he jacked it in and headed off up Glen ( as it turned out he'd probably have been as well carrying on ). Made it to the top ( couldn't see anybody ahead or behind ) and kept on to Earl's Seat though by this time I was knackered.

Big mistake, despite knowing this part of the hills really well I took a really novel way to the finish which really depressed me and convinced me that one day was enough and I would be crazy to even dream of starting day 2. Manny and his wife were at the Clachan of Fintry with a cheery welcome and the early finishers looked as if they'd had a stroll in the park which had only warmed them up. I was surprised to find I was only 30 minutes down on Brian and Charlie who sounded as if they'd also had a bad descent to the finish.

Off home, having told Manny that dodgy whether I'd be back on the morrow.....at that point there was no chance. My back was aching from carrying the weighty rucksack which I hadn't even opened. Anyway, bath, food, snooze, food, bed and woke up at 8 o'clock feeling only poor. Stupidity and machismo reared their ugly head and I packed a large bum-bag with what I needed and off I went to Fintry for day 2.

#### Day 2

Some new runners had appeared, including Elsie, and some others had not turned up and Pete B was there to photograph the (depleted ) squad before the off again. Off I went feeling OK ( ho ho ) and was lying 5th as we got above the first cliffs and was joined by Tom Ross of Fife AC and Brian. Manny had told everybody it was better to go further from the cliffs on the run to the 1st checkpoint but this was dodgy advice in my view and Tom and Brian stuck on my tail as we pushed on closer to the edge. Ya beauty ....I was right .... we got there ahead of Ronnie and Charlie who lost a few minutes to us. A group of 5 of us then stuck together to the head of the corrie after which Tom and Ronnie pushed on leaving the three of us. We made pretty good time over the next checkpoint and then along through the miles of bracken to the checkpoint in the trees still going OK though Charlie said later that he'd



had a real low point.

After this things got slower ( though Charlie could have pushed on ) but we kept on steady to the road checkpoint where we had some water and food and then to the reservoir. Manny's route to the top of the cliffs was a little nasty illegitimate person and drained the last few calories I had. Onward to the top ( only one to go ) and then down through the woods and off up the Bannock Burn. The first mile and a bit were good and the last few were a nightmare and we were glad to see Dave Rogers at the road ( no water, no food ) who told us we were 45 minutes down on Ronnie and Tom. I hereby confess Manny that from this point on you were really lucky.....if I had a voodoo doll of you I would have been ripping various appendages off and sticking pins in it, as it was I just cursed you upside down.

A few hundred yards of road and then down another horrible burnside with the only highlight Brian trying to geld himself climbing a fence. We found Bob ( of the strained groin ) marshalling at the edge of the forest and we followed the marked trail through to the track and then onward seemingly endlessly to the summit. Here, to our amazement, we found Tom who was totally befuddled as ..... Ronnie had got away from him, he'd missed Bob ( who was answering a call of nature ) at the edge of the woods, wandered aimlessly for a long time, come out the woods again and found Bob, found his way to the top, but had somehow missed Manny's explanation and had been scouting around for another way off (you just went back the same way ). Tom joined up with us and off we went for the last few miles. The rest of the guys were very kind here and allowed me lots of walks though Charlie in particular looked as if he was full of beans. Anyway finished together at Carron Bridge to Manny et al's cheers and everybody was in good fettle.

The inclusive soup was magic and my day was made complete by getting the first veteran prize ( OK Tom Ross was hours ahead and he was a super vet and there was only one other vet finisher but a prize is a prize ). In future I'm only going to enter races with a small entry ..... its my only chance.

The record winning time by Alec Keith of HBT was sensational and might stand for a few years. The race organisation was magic and Manny and all who helped were absolutely top-notch. I honestly don't have a single quibble about anything over the two days .....its just a crying shame that there weren't a lot more entries as more work went

into this race from the organisational viewpoint than any 4 other races that I've seen. C'mon Westies you need to support this race better and get your mates from other clubs along as well.

Well done Manny

Brian Brennan

1 Alec Keith	HBT	8:18:25
2 Mark Higginbottom	Carnethy	9:05:02
3 <b>Ronnie Gallacher</b>	Westies	9:25:28
4 Tom Ross	Fife AC	10:58:29
5 <b>Charlie Campbell</b>	Westies	11:55:22
= <b>Brian Bonnyman</b>	" "	" "
7 <b>Brian Brennan</b>	" "	12:25:31
10 <b>Drew Turnbull</b>	" "	13:25:25
11 Louise Provan (1F)	Dundee	15:31:07

Kilpatricks Hill Race

11th June 1997

A good Westies/Easties turn out for the inaugural running of the new improved Kilpatricks hill race. The new route cuts straight up the hill avoiding the long slog up the landrover track and then heads east, missing out Duncolm, and round Greenside Reservoir where it joins the old race route up the Slacks and down to the finish. General consensus was that the the new shorter route (reduced from 8miles/1650ft to 6miles/1400ft) was rougher but better and more of a 'hill runner's hill race' than before.

01 Ian Murphy	Clydesdale	44:23
02 Adam Ward	Carnethy	46:56
03 Garry McInnes	Carnethy	47:33
07 <b>Ronnie G</b>	Westies	50:28
09 <b>Brian Bonnyman</b>		51:24
12 <b>Steve Wells</b>		52:13
13 <b>Brian Dickson</b>		52:20
14 Karan Powell (1F)	Carnethy	52:27
19 <b>Don Reid</b>	Westies	53:20
21 <b>Jim Hall</b>		54:21
27 <b>Pete Baxter</b>		57:18
29 <b>Big Al</b>		58:25
30 <b>Elsbeth Scott</b>		59:06
36 <b>Drew Turnbull</b>		65:50
38 <b>Pat McLaughlin (1FSV)</b>		71:18

Team

1 Carnethy	19 points
2 Clydesdale	26
3 Westies	28

Cort-ma Law Race

25th June 1997

01 <b>Mark Rigby</b>	Westies	46:23
02 D McGonigle	SHIT	47:00
03 Ian Murphy	Clydesdale	47:37
10 Angela Mudge	Carnethy (1F)	52:43
11 <b>Sandy Bennet</b>	Westies	53:03
12 <b>Ronnie Gallacher</b>		53:19
13 <b>Manny Gorman</b>		53:24

14 <b>Stevie Bell</b>	53:49
27 <b>Brian Weir</b>	56:53
29 <b>Keven Doonan</b>	58:12
30 <b>Don Reid</b>	58:46
32 <b>Chris Menhennet</b>	59:32
37 <b>Elsbeth Scott</b>	62:32
41 <b>Jane Robertson</b>	66:13
43 <b>Noreen Jennison</b>	67:37
44 <b>Lesley Gorman</b>	68:14
45 <b>Pat McLaughlin</b>	71:59
48 <b>Andy Freer</b>	81:49

Team

1 SHIT
2 Westies
3 Lomond

Lairig Ghru Race

29th June 1997

BY SPEIGHTY FROM BLACKPOOL

Having been renamed by an irreverent pair of female Westies fell runners (Who I wont glorify by naming them here!) I have decided that it will now become my Nom De Plume. So here goes my first ever Westies race report.

Hearing about the race in an alcohol induced haze, post Jura fell race it sounded like an extremely good race to do for four reasons. 1. It would be ideal training for my planned run in La Plagne in France in July. 2. It would enable me to meet all my Scottish friends again 3. I would get to wear my long awaited, shiny brand new Westies vest, and, 4. I would be able to get my own back on Jenny Rae for taking the mickey out of me in the Craighouse hotel.

Weather in the week leading up to race was appalling, and it was only after ringing the Highlands direct weather line at 12.00 noon on Saturday that I finally set off for my rendezvous with Chris Menhennet in Old Kilpatrick.

Christine was keen to play with her shiny new Vauxhall Astra, bought after she out manoeuvred a smarmy salesman and conned him into giving her an extortionate amount of money in part exchange for her now desperately sick old vehicle.

Anyway, after demonstrating to me that her new car goes extremely quickly and that the brakes work extremely well we rendezvoused in Aviemore with the traditional enemy Carnethy, led by Baby Face Mark Johnstone.

An excellent evening meal and a free nights camping followed, and suddenly a glorious sunny Sunday morning was upon us, the weather having completely outfoxed the forecasters yet again.



The race, if any one doesn't know, goes from Braemar to Aviemore starting and finishing at their respective police stations and is 28 miles long with 2100ft of climb, most of it runnable, with the Lairig Ghru itself being very rocky underfoot. Choosing footwear is quite a gamble, with most people, including myself, opting to forsake the agility of a fell shoe for the extra cushioning of road or trail shoes as much of the route is on road and tracks.

Milling about in the hot sunshine before the race was a pleasure and it came as a shock when we were called to starters orders and had to actually start running. The race pace early on was very steady, with lots of chatting and banter and runners trying to catch the eye of the film cameramen from Grampian T.V. pacing us on a motorbike. However, after the route dropped from the road and the camera was left behind thoughts turned to serious racing.

Amazingly I found myself at the front of a race for the first time ever, and, being totally unused to this experience succeeded in going a little too fast which I paid for later on as Mark, Adam Ward, Adrian Davies and a host of others came steaming past me.

A further inconvenience were the film cameramen who kept popping up all over the place, usually at the top of short, runnable climbs when runners were completely knackered!

Despite a fall on the rocky path and having to dash to the loo four times I managed to hang on to eighth place, easily my best run of the year in 3hrs 50 mins. Helene came trotting in fifteen minutes later accompanied by dog with both looking fresh as daisies. Brian Bonnyman took ten minutes off his P.B. and Chris had a steady run despite suffering from the heat and sore Achilles tendons. Apologies if I have missed out any other Westies runners but I am still getting to know most of you.

Thanks again to Chris for the floor space on Sunday night, I would never have made it home in one piece, although having to get up at 4.30 on Monday morning for a 3 and a half hour drive back meant I was a little jaded (to put it mildly) at work that day.

All in all the Lairig Ghru is a magnificent race which, combined with the fine atmosphere that Scottish races always generate meant I had an extremely enjoyable weekend. I look forward to seeing you all again in the not too distant future.

FOOTNOTE 1:- Jenny Rae where were

you? watch out, I'll get you later!

FOOTNOTE 2:- Is it true that Pete Baxter has now joined the ranks of the old and infirm? Watch that Zimmer Pete, it may have a little too much horse power for you!

Chris Speight

## Gurkha Khud Race Dumgoyne

6th July 1997

This once proud Westie's race was really poorly supported by said club. The braves that did turn up just missed out on lifting the 'trophy of the season' - a **gold and pearl** kukhri (ceremonial knife of the Gurkas) mounted on a hardwood stand! This delight to the eye was for **keeps** and went to the Ochil runner's team of five. If only ...?

The route bears little resemblance to that of old and is much longer (cross country route) but is definitely worth the effort. The new hosts of the event were fantastic in their welcome and the organisation was superb with t-shirt and drams included in the price.

Westies placings: 9th Manny, Murdo, Brian, Kevin, Charlie, Lesley (1F)

Manny



Westies braves at Dumgoyne

## Glamaig

12th July 1997

Mark stole the headlines - and all the whisky - again! A stunning run by the big man shattered John Brooks (Lochaber) and the seven year old course record of Andy Kitchen. Together at the summit, Mark tore

over two minutes off Brooks on the 'descent from hell' (ask Jenny) and shortened the record by 80 seconds! Full points towards the Scottish Champs for him in one of the results of the year.

Elsewhere yours truly got a pleasing PB of 58:48 in 30th place, four seconds in front of John Donnelly. Good packing by Brian, Murdo (T.V. star) and Charlie kept the finish interesting.

The post race dance/drinking was great as usual. Or to be more precise, it was half great for both me and Lesley as we shared baby sitting duties from the tent. It was great for Brian whose grin became fixed later in the evening. It was great for Archie who only turned up in time for lots of beer and **no** running. It was great for Chris who got to numb her sore paw with various fluids. It was only briefly great for Murdo who had to guzzle his grub and two free drinks before charging off to the last Cal Mac home, to watch himself on telly being interviewed before and after the race. It was hugely great for Mark and Jen since they had a cosy wee bottle of Talisker petrol to keep them pie eyed. It is **always** great for Greame hic. Don thought it was great. Charlie, oh Charlie! Charlie had to be told it was great!

Post dance party games at the Cosmics' chalet saw various painful acts carried out. None more so than the Sumo wrestling which saw Westies triumph again! Dick Wall had killed all comers - until captain Manny made a bold challenge. This new title was comfortably defended against John Donnelly who was once again overcome by a superior club! WESTIES!



001 Mark Rigby	Westies	44:41
002 John Brooks	Lochaber	46:54
003 Steve Burns	Lochaber	49:40
030 Manny Gorman	Westies	58:44
043 Karen Powell	Carnethy (1F)	62:45
044 Brian Bonnyman		62:46
046 Murdo MacLeod		64:55
047 Charlie Campbell		64:57
062 Don Reid		69:44
090 Lesley	(Lochaber??)	83:27
105 Graham Benny		91:25
118 Chris Menhennet (awfy sair fit)		111:28

Manny

## Running Round the World in 365 Days Part 2

Our next big expedition took in three walks in the North West tip of the South Island. We did the high level version of the Abel Tasman which was quiet except for meeting a couple of pig hunters. They were a little disconcerting as wild pig hunting there entails wrestling with the pig after the dogs have caught it by the ears. We had a few days rest baby sitting a farm, complete with 'Belties' (Belted Galloways) before heading off to do the Heaphy track. We completed this one in record time (two and a half days) despite carrying full backpacking gear and food for four days. The incentive was definitely the thought of fish and chips, dark beer (Scottish style) and a cosy pub fire.

We lived it up for two nights before heading back over the hills on the Wangapeka track. This was the best of the routes due to the small number of walkers and despite the roughness of the track. The huts en route were excellent and much appreciated as the nights were well below freezing in these higher climes.

A few days off, an early ferry to the North Island and a successful bit of hitch hiking and we were in the volcanic area near Lake Taupo. The snow on the volcanoes and the low cloud unsettled our plans to do the Tongariro Crossing. One morning around 10:00am however it suddenly cleared so we booked the bus in and out and were running just after midday. We ran up into the area of active volcanic activity, completing more than half of the Crossing before retracing our steps to the bus pick up. It was an eerie feeling running on the moonscape landscape with steam filtering through the ground and snow on the adjacent peaks. We were soon back to reality when the hail started to hit us.

We had met two retired couples in the hut at the start of the Heaphy track who invited us

to drop in. We were never sure about such invitations, but we phoned up when we got to Wangarei and were made very welcome. We did a short hill run on arrival, just 25 minutes up and down, which gave superb views over the bay (to the oil refinery!). During our stay Brian took us out fishing; an excellent trip even if the water was a bit rough. We both had the bait eaten off our hooks but I was lucky enough to land a Kingfish and a Blue Trevally. The Kingfish bled everywhere, I had never considered fishing as being a blood sport. I could not imagine the hounds sniffing out too many Kingfish.

Our six weeks in the Pacific Islands of Fiji, Cook Islands and Oahu (one of the Hawaiian Islands) were somewhat leisurely after all our bush walking and tramping in Australia and New Zealand. We managed to fit in some surfing on Fiji, windsurfing on Cook Islands and the tourist thing on Oahu.

The running did not always take a back seat; we had some excellent early morning runs in an area called the 'Sand Dunes' on Fiji. These dunes were one of the few parts of the Fiji coastline which were not protected by the coral reef. This made it the only safe place in which to learn to surf; the alternative was to learn where the open sea hit the coral reef. Even the experienced surfers were grated by the coral when they fell off!

We did a few exploratory runs in Oahu to catch some of the sights in the early morning before the tourists arrived. The more interesting of these runs were the Marins Headland and Diamond Head Crater. The former was a run out to a nature reserve headland and a disused lighthouse. The latter was from Waikiki Beach on the roads up to the rim of diamond head crater, an extinct volcano which had been used as a military base during the last war. Our illusions about Waikiki Beach were shattered, it is man made; the sand was moved from the North shore of the island to create the beach.

By the time we reached BC, Canada, we were ready for some exercise. We bought a couple of touring bikes and all the accessories at a consignment store (second hand goods retail) for \$500 Canadian (æ250). It was to prove to be an excellent way to get around; the bikes paid for themselves in three weeks in saved bus fares. We finished up cycling the length and breadth of Vancouver Island taking in Cape Scott, Long Beach (West coast), Victoria (South end) and numerous adjacent Islands. We were hounded off the roads by the logging trucks but the hospitality of the other

drivers made up for that. We covered a 1000 miles plus, camping most nights; sometimes for free! We never saw any whales but we did see porpoise, one black bear but thankfully none of the more dangerous grizzlies, mountain lions or panthers.

We crossed into the states near Seattle and it did not take long to find out that bicycles and Amtrak (the US railway company) do not mix. We surmounted the hassles, boxed the bikes, unboxed them, moved them from the goods area to the baggage reclaim, paid the additional charges to buy the box and the charge for boxing (which we had to do ourselves). Between trains we managed to mix cycling with walking and sightseeing. We cycled over the Golden Gate bridge in the midst of a 10 mile road race. If we had known about the race, running would have been the preferred option. At least the crosswinds would have been less of a hassle.

We had a few hours on the other 'rock' on our return to San Francisco. A few hours were long enough to spend in the former state penitentiary of Alcatraz. The prison was made famous by 'The Birdman of Alcatraz', the incarceration of Al Capone and the more recent Sean Connery film 'The Rock'. They say no one escaped; we were glad to leave!

Yosemite National Park was mobbed; we were delighted to meet Jamie and Joanne Thin (frae' Carnethy). We camped one night on the top of North Dome to get away from the crowds (all the campsites were full); sharing it with a bear and two cubs. I was left to do Half Dome on my own; I had a quick walk up and spent a lazy hour on top. The top section is on smooth rock at a 45 degree angle with cable hand rails; they even supply gloves to stop your hands burning. I decided to run down and save my legs; it is always much easier running down than walking. Running the hills up or down is obviously a strange sight to Americans from the incredulous looks I got.

I tried a run in Las Vegas in the early morning but it was my last for a while; it was too warm to be healthy. Instead we did a two day cycle trip out to the Hoover Dam and back, crossing desert in both directions. We had Vegas sussed on the way back taking in the freebies at the Casino's and local factories.

After the heat of Vegas we never once considered a run down and back up the Grand Canyon. A combination of the heat, lack of reliable water sources and just not



being used to running downhill first! We could always persuade JBF to run his Beef Tub Race starting from the top road as training for running down the canyon and back up. We packed light, carried six litres of water (most of which we did not need) and did the walk down the canyon via the South Kaibab trail. Reminders of Nepal were the inconsiderate donkeys; laden with the equally inconsiderate fat tourists with money to burn (burning off a few calories would have done them more good!).

We spent the night lying on the canyon floor in our sleeping bags only, such was the heat. Luckily we did not make any acquaintance with any of the numerous small scorpions; we were told that the smaller they are the harder they bite (sting). Most folk set off early for the long climb out of the canyon; we had a lie in. We soon caught them up and after three and a half hours of walking up the Bright Angel trail we were back amongst the crowds on the canyon rim.

While walking through Kings Canyon in 'Central Australia' we were informed that the Grand Canyon is not really a canyon. A canyon should have a river which dries up for part or all of the year. The Grand Canyon has the Colorado river which runs the length of the canyon without ever drying up; therefore it is a gorge. So in reality the Grand Canyon should really be named the 'Grand Gorge'.

With just a few days left on our Amtrak pass we caught the overnight train to Tucson in Arizona. We stayed in a Youth Hostel (associate) called the Hotel Congress; we had a one bunk dorm to ourselves with ensuite and ear plugs. The ear plugs were the most important items as the hotel is the site of the local bar/disco; the ear plugs worked but did not stop the floor and walls of the room vibrating. It was too hot for exercise so we had to content ourselves with wining, dining and checking out the shops. We found a shoe shop selling old style (circa 1993) Nike training shoes for \$25 per pair. We did a deal and got four pairs for \$80 plus tax (£55); next stop the Post Office to send them home. Our overnight train back to LA was delayed by six hours (reminiscent of British Rail) but we were fed pizza while we waited (not reminiscent of British Rail). The train was so late that we and our fellow passengers were fed a complimentary breakfast by Amtrak as an apology for the delay.

We had a bit of a whistle stop tour of bits of Mexico; thankfully it did not live up to its reputation. We saw no evidence of bandits

perhaps because of the armed police, army patrols (a la Northern Ireland), armed guards on the trains, armed guards at the bus and ferry depots. We had nothing stolen, we were never held up by the police and were treated with friendliness throughout by the people and the police. We crossed the border without being stopped and we never had our belongings searched all the locals did on entry to the bus, train or ferry. A combination of fair hair (albeit bleached by 11 months of invariably hot and sunny weather) and bicycles obviously did the trick.

We started off on the Baja peninsula. The desert of the Baja was too hot to consider running; we were dehydrated enough from cycling. One day we drank seven litres of water each and still could not go for a pee! The same day we had to stop an American campervan and ask if they could spare any water; they did it was lovely and cool and the three litre drum was soon empty. Once we crossed to mainland Mexico and climbed up into the Copper Canyon it was cool enough to consider running. The altitude made running that bit more difficult than normal, however, even a short hill climb of seven minutes had us close to a standstill and 'gasping' for breath.

Despite the altitude and the cheapness of the train we decided to cycle to Chihuahua. The first day we were dogged by very heavy rain and hail as we crossed the Sierra Madre mountain range (altitude 8,000 ft). It was our coldest cycle to date and we were barely equipped for the conditions with just thin gloves, cycle shorts and not a lot of warm/waterproof clothing. We found a cheap hotel in San Juanito and dried off; soon enough the sun was out and we laid all our kit out to dry. We had a major navigational error heading for La Junta and we did 10 miles on a rough gravel road mistaking it for the main road. Numerous punctures soon slowed us down so we hitched back to San Juanito before setting out on the tarmac road to La Junta without mishap this time.

At the end of a strenuous day we found the good and bad of hotels in La Junta from the luxurious to the downright seedy. We found a room for 45 pesos (£4) and were soon tucking in to three hamburgers and a plate of chips each, much to the surprise of the girl serving in the cafe/bar. The cycle to Cuahatemoc was relatively short, so I had an exploratory run to the hills (bumps) behind the town. The final day saw us averaging eight mph on the uphills and twenty mph plus on the downhills as we covered the final stretch to Chihuahua. We cycled on the hard shoulder of a toll road for most of the

day; not an option in the civilised World.

We had a brief stop in the historic city (town) of Zacatecas where we managed one run up Cerra De La Bufa and back. The town was also a stopping point of the Pan America Car Rally. We met up with the sole Scots competitor; my tartan shorts were a big give away. Our ride to Mexico city was to be our final bit of cycling of the trip as we braved the eight lanes of VW beetle taxi's heading for the Zocalo (historic square and centre of the city).

We had a brief end of holiday 'holiday' in Acapulco where we did at least fit in an early morning run along the soft sands. We were thankful for the air conditioning and the five gallon drum of water in our apartment after each run. Acapulco was the last run of our trip. Mexico City is too busy and polluted to consider running except in Chapultepec park.

Our next run was in Scotland, Culter Fell in the snow; brought back to reality with a thump!

My title 'Running Round the World in 365 Days' was not really true. We flew more than we cycled, we cycled more than we walked, we walked more than we ran.

We had a great time! We stuck very much to our budget (a big surprise!). You should try it!

Sandy Bennet

## The Rannoch Moor Tea Tour

Less adventurous members of the Club will be interested to hear of the daredevil feats of a six courageous members in a recent escapade into the wilds of Rannoch Moor. Unfortunately, due to security restrictions, the six cannot be named. Secret Squirrel codenames will be used to protect the guilty.

At the behest of The Doc, these adrenaline junkies met early on a Saturday morning in June, at an undisclosed location in the West End of Glasgow. After initial confabulation and receiving their orders for the day, to discourage unwanted followers and detection by the local constabulary, they split into three groups in three different vehicles (a loose term when applied to The Bonny Man's conveyance) and set off for The North. Despite the attractions of Crianlarich Station and the Green Kettle at Tyndrum, they held steadfastly on their way until the Bridge of Orchy.

Here, during the first confrontation of the



day, the Chick Magnet and Big A, approached the Hotel with trepidation. It was as feared; the tea was served as tea bag dunked callously in a mug of hot water. Unable to believe that such brutalities could still be foisted on civilised people near the end of the twentieth century, these two worthies inveigled the two female members of the troupe, The Sec and Ba'face, to try a slurp. This resulted only in a rapid flight to the railway station, where a convenient iron horse awaited to transport them to Paradise.

By all accounts, the journey through the badlands was as bad as it could get. Due to the crowding on the train, the tea-trolley was waylaid before it could reach our gallant band, who, by this time, had begun to realise the immensity of their task. Even the ministrations of Ba'face, shoving the tea trolley and its custodian manfully personfully up the train toward our heroes, failed to achieve its object of administrating tannin revival fluid. However, there was a silver lining to this failure, in that the invective produced by Ba'face, terrified the ticket man so much that he locked himself in the toilet and refused to collect any more fares. (Any body who is interested in following up this interesting sideline to the story, is invited to peruse the article in Psychology Weekly, where the complete collapse of the poor man's personality is researched in more detail. However, it does not explain why he did what he did to his ticket machine or the resulting progeny).

The concerted protests of the rest of the passengersensured that the Pesterlands crew were evicted at the station before Paradise. The Sec took revenge by spraypainting the side of the train with "Ah've got nae money anyway, ya b\*\*\*\*\*!!!" It was obvious after that, that there would be highly unlikely that the caring sharing privatised railway company would take them back to Bridge of Orchy and to their two vehicles and The Bonny Man's thing (of which the less said the better)

After a spirited confidence building Doc talk, where he promised salvation by the use of a simple rope pulley system leading to a helicopter, involving the use of 29 cars parked in various corners of the country, 14 squezy bottles, 97 Sherpas and a troupe of elephants, the now discomfited souls agreed that this would be impractical, as the local shop only had 8 squezy bottles. It was thus decided to make their way out on foot! Fortunately, in the Doc's pack, he had a globe of the world marked accurately showing all known tea-shops. A route was planned taking advantage of the shortest routes between tea shops (ie great circles). With hindsight, this was admirable planning, as the group were to spend the rest of the





day going round in circles.

Prior to setting out, Ba'face found to screams of delight that there was a tea n' scone shop within easy reach despite the lack of any civilising rows of tenements or even a two lane motorway. As one, our merry band entered this Elysion and proceeded to demolish 8 plain scones, 43 sultana scones and a pan loaf as well as the excellent 14 gallon urn of the liquid that refreshes but does not intoxicate.

Pausing only to send a massage by cleft stick to exCap'n Toad, and trying to lose Big A (a rather childish antic, not at all in keeping with the solemn nature of the mission; luckily Big A is an extremely patient and understanding person who took this nonsensical jape in the spirit it was intended, ie nasty and unprovoked), our gallant band set off into the wilds.

Later, whilst stopping to allow the Chick Magnet's blisters (caused by his new patent leather winklepickers) to be administered to, it was discovered that there was no tea shop at the Black Corries international hotel. This was a blow, but, brooking no disappointment, be it ever so great, off they galloped to the Kingshouse shanty, where Big A was drained off to allow him entry. After saying hallow to the portals, the troupe entered through the Kingshouse's hallowed portals, wherein a fine refreshing pot of the liquid that refreshes but does not intoxicate was quaffed. By sheer chance, it was discovered that there was an event taking place nearby which encouraged people, dressed only in their underwear, to run up a hill!. In order to ensure that our hero(in)es were not begrimed by the proximity of such aberrant behaviour, tea was sipped slowly and appreciatively, broken only by the soft crunching of thin slices of potato and the drip of body fluid from Big A.

Suitably rejuvenated, off they scampered in General Wade's footsteps. It was generally agreed that it was indeed remarkable how long footsteps last in the arid climate of Rannoch Moor. Not far on, Ba'face met her close relation, Ba'bridge which caused a pause for some celebration. Unfortunately, the tea shop at that fine location appeared to be in some dis-use and the weary travellers had to make do with untanned dihydrogen oxide. On the next section onwards to our own dear queen's bridge, the childish element of the troupe, decided to carry out more infantile japes, with the five of them running away from the noble Big A, as he went downhill on the uphill and further downhill on the downhill. This was particularly callous on the part of the Chick Magnet, given Big A's morale boosting company proffered at earlier times when the



Rannoch Moor - But where's the tea shop?

Magnet was obviously attracted by another pole causing him to somewhat retard his onward progress. What was surprising was the Bonny Man's vulture like behaviour, as he held back to accompany Big A in order that he would have first claim on the famous holey vest when A finally collapsed. However, it was in vain, as Big A reached the sanctuary of the Inveroran Hotel without biting the tarmac.

The scene at the Inveroran was like a battlefield, with blood everywhere as the midges took their toll. A strategic retreat to the bar allowed a fine refreshment consisting of our other national drink followed by yet more cups that cheer yet do not inebriate. Big A successfully sickened the others with an uncalled-for display of balancing, which fair fizzed the Irn-Bru.

On to the last stretch. Disguising themselves to like runners, our valorous friends whizzed past some tourists, until they reached the shelter of the next bend, where resuscitation of the Chick Magnet by friendly massage was unkindly refused by the Sec and Ba'face. Staggeringly, this did not seem to have been uppermost in their thoughts as they chewed midge steak in the Inveroran. Not so staggeringly, the Magnet had been dreaming of little else for the last 21 miles.

Blissfully the motley crew arrived back at Bridge of Orchy, eschewing a cup of teabag and water for a cool refreshing bathe in the river. Unusual procedures of bathing were used, consisting primarily of wearing full body cover to ensure maximum entrapment of midges, ashunger was at a fever pitch by this time, although The Bonny Man stuck by his vegetarian principles and kindly succoured the little creatures with some

donations of red corpuscles. Despite the full body cover, it was astonishing at the lack of propriety shown by some of the band as they gambolled about the banks, providing a fine display to passing motorists.

After these extraordinary exertions, a retreat to the Inveroran Hotel to discuss the nature of enjoyment was the obvious answer to drained inner resources. Somehow, it was not surprising that the Doc propounded the theory that food was fuel, only taken to ensure that energy levels were sufficient to allow the positioning of 29 cars in various corners of the country and the acquisition of 14 squeeze bottles, 97 Sherpas and a troupe of elephants for the next Extravaganza. Debate on the level of cleanliness in some hotels also took place ensuring a lively evening, although perhaps not up to par with the great ironing debate of 1988, or the memorable discourse on carpets in 1991.

To summarise, it was an excellent day, with some memorable cups of tea, and a lovely train journey. Pity about having to run.

Big A



## Aunty Pat Advises.....

Running, Health and Personal Tips from our own Queen of the Agonies !

Dear Aunty Pat,

I am a short, balding runner in my earlyish Thirties who is constantly being pestered by Wimmin (and Men) who say that they find me sexy. At first I found this quite flattering but now, to be honest, it's a real pain in the butt!

What should I do ?

Ronald Gallagat

Dear Ronnie ( I hope that you don't mind me being too familiar!),

I really don't know what you are whinging about, you pathetic plonker! You should think yourself lucky, my boy, that anyone finds you attractive. You sound absolutely gruesome to me. It would just be the pits if you had a hairy chest, to add to your disgustingness.

If you want my advise (and you obviously do, or you wouldn't have written!!), you should wear a flat cap and trenchcoat, grow a moustache, and pretend to be Granpa Broon. It sounds as if you could be a terrific likeness.

And , if that doesn't work, just tell these short-sighted gits who fancy you to "Naff Off!".

Dear Aunty Pat,

My wife has recently taken up running and I am now worried that she is improving so quickly that she will soon beat me in races. Although I am in the medical profession I can find no easy solution to improve my fitness.

Can you help?

Euan Strutters

Dear Euan ( sounds a bit like Ian, doesn't it?),

Personally I'm a girl with old-fashioned views and not a feminist in any sense, so I feel that a strong show of male domination is required. Quite simply, I suggest a few threats of physical violence should do the trick. If that doesn't work, you don't deserve to beat her at a beetle drive, never mind a

10K !!

Dear Aunty Pat,

I'm the Wimmin's Captain of a small to medium sized hill-running club based in the West end of Glasgow. Although I enjoy a good laugh, I do take my running seriously. The trouble is that too many of the rest of the female members are.....well, girlies.....and prefer to talk, especially about babies and other boring things. In fact, some of the members think that they are in a social club and not a running club, for Goodness sake!

How can I motivate my team-mates ?

Chrissie Hellmendit

Dear Chris ( I prefer shortening names if possible),

Well, you really do have a BIG problem here. I really can't stand the namby-pamby attitude of most female runners. They really don't have any guts at all !

Normally I would suggest getting right torn into these athletic charlatans, however in this case I think that the old stick and carrot approach may just do the trick.

The dangling carrot is to ensure that some really fit hunky men go along on pack runs. Personally I go for the lean, mean type, mid 30ish with hairless chests. However, srangely enough, I understand that wee baldy gits with short legs and hairy chests are the In Thing with certain peculiar Wimmin with a passing interest in running. Getting one of these guys to lead a hard pack run will surely get your team-mates gasping with pleasure and pain!

The beating stick is simple. Just threaten to ban hairdryers from the clubhouse if they don't run hard enough! This will surely get them to take things seriously.

Dear Aunty Pat,

Last Winer I had a really nasty fall in the mountains when I slipped and tumbled sixty feet down some ice-covered slopes.

When should I start running again ?

Adam Keiths

Dear Adam,

What a question to ask you lazy so-and-so!!!! It must now be several months since your stumble, so I see no reason why you shouldn't be back to full fitness already.

What type of excuses are you using, you feckless wimp!

Some people suffer serious injury from falls in the mountains, you know! It sounds as if you really landed on your feet, though. In my opinion what you need is a good jolt up the backside.

If you have a concern, or query and wish it to be dealt with sympathetically, and confidentially, then please don't write to:

Aunty Pat

c/o The South Side, Glasgow

## For Sale

1 pair of Pbs, size 7 - 7.5. Hardly used - £10

Saunders Jetpacker: light weight tent, ideal for mountain marathons - £120 (including poles)

phone Manny: 01236 822 928

1 black hairy dog, size large, answers to 'Shamish'. One previous owner, answers to 'beer'. Offers at own risk - contact Stevie.

## Forthcomming Events

16 August	<b>World Trophy Trials</b> Dreghorn, Edinburgh: 13.00
24 August	<b>Lomonds of Fife HR</b> Strathmiglo: 14.00
30 August	<b>Moffat Beef Tub HR</b> Corehead Farm: 14.00
06 September	<b>Ben Nevis</b> Fort William: 14.00
20 September	<b>Merrick HR</b> Glen Trool: 12.00
27 September	<b>Two Breweries HR</b> Broughton: 12.00
12 October	<b>Pentland Skyline</b> Hillend, Edinburgh: 11.00

## Thanks...

to everyone for their contributions. Please keep sending in your news/race-reports etc.

The next newsletter should be out for the beginning of October - please send in articles by Sept 26th. If at all possible could you send in via e-mail or disc as it saves a lot of time. Cheers! - Brian.

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