

WESTERLANDS CCC

NEWSLETTER JUNE/JULY 1997

JUNE/JULY 97

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News

Congratulations...

to Maureen and Alan on the birth of their second baby, a brother for Calum. Craig John was born on Sunday 18th May weighing 8lbs2ozs. Mother and baby are doing well.

Welcome

to Moira Hall, Rosemary Masterton, Lynne Wharam, Charlie Campbell and Noreen Jennison ... and everyone else who is flocking to the best hill running club in Scotland. I'm losing track!

Rannoch Run

Ian is organising a group run from Rannoch Station to Bridge of Orchy, via Rannoch Moor and the Kingshouse Hotel (c.24miles), for **Saturday 14th June**. Those interested should meet at Westerlands at 8:30 am.

Westies Vesties

At long last we have a "fresh" supply of club vests available. The material is slightly different from the last batch but still good quality. The price is £10.00 and this applies both to current and new members. We can no longer afford to offer a complimentary vest as part of new membership as in the past. Ladies vests are medium size and mens are a choice of large or x/large. Please see Pat McLaughlin if you require a vest. Remember you should wear club colours at all races and it is mandatory for x/country events.

Loch Ossian Weekend

The hostel at Loch Ossian, Corroul has been booked for club use for the last weekend in October. the dates are Fri 24 and Sat 25 Oct. There are 12 male beds and 8 female beds. A £5.00 non refundable deposit is required to secure a place and demand will be high so contact Pat Mc Laughlin as soon as possible if you wish to book.

Midsummer's Night Run

The (now) traditional midsummer's night run up Ben Venue will take place - you guessed it - on **Saturday 21st June**. Phone Big Al for details - 0141 357 1393.

Lairig Ghru

Sunday 29th June

This year the race organisers are putting on a bus from Aviemore to the race start at Braemar. The bus will be leaving from outside the Police Station at 8am on the race day. Those wishing to use the bus **must** enter the race in advance, by **21st June**, to reserve a place. Brian has some entry forms left if you're interested.

Pbs for sale...

Size 10, hardly used, PB MkII Trainers - contact Big Al.

Westies Journal

Please keep (or even start) sending in stuff to Ian for the 21st. Anniversary Journal - Ian has so far been underwhelmed by the response. Post to : Ian Struthers, 14 Falkland St., Glasgow G12.

Race Reports

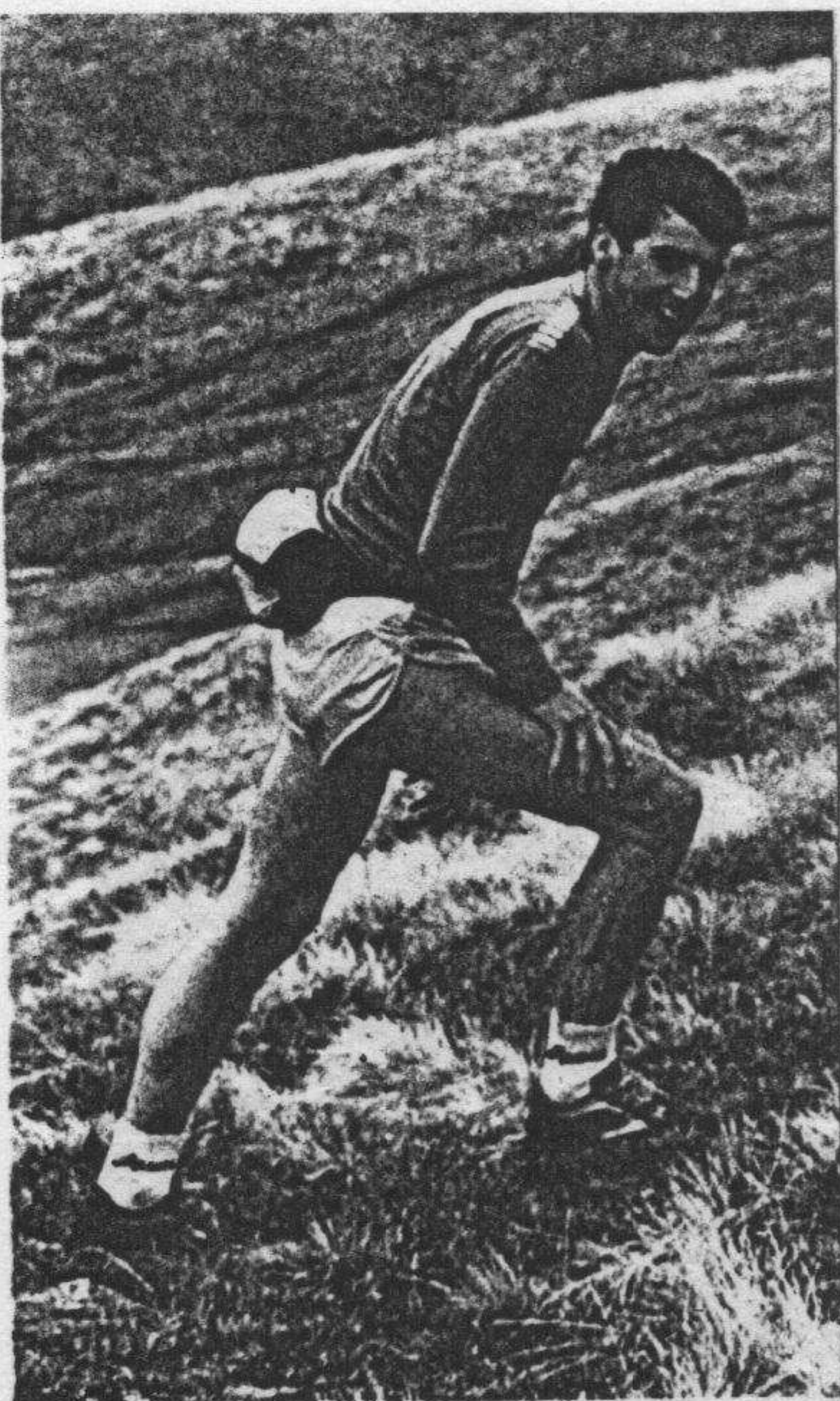
Hunters Bog Trot

(Or Bog Hop for Peter)

19th April 1997

Great day for a slog round the Hunter Bog. The course has been toughened up since I last partook. Attaining the top of the Crag now means a 'hands on knees' approach straight up the 'World Cup route' (groan) - twice (groan again). Matt and I decided to be tactical and start slow - and finish slow. We were so slow in fact, that Baxter was just behind us! Having finished the first lap Matt did the dirty and opened a gap on me. How dare he. Peter for some reason disappeared and I managed to overtake the three foot Fife midget who must be aged eighteen months or less! What do they feed them over there?

The pain of the last climb in full flow brought Matt back to me, and we tried to pull away from our group together. However, on the runnable bit along the top, Matt struggled - unable to cope with Maggie's and Westie's demands (you're burning the boy out too soon Maggie!). I put in a burst on the descent and opened a lead on the following mob and held on to the end.



WESTERLANDS CCC

Elsbeth jogged round into second lady position with Donald Smith just at her heels. Peter DNF with the 'best bust ankle' award, but I'm sure he's only looking for a kop-out excuse for the Trig Trog!

Manny

01 J. Brooks	L.A.C.	26:18
02 J. Hopburn	Dundee	26:40
03 J. Wilkinson	Shettleston	27:16
36 M. Gorman	Westies	32:25
37 M. Ogston	Westies	32:37
48 D. Reid	Westies	33:50
64 E. Baxter (2ndF)	Westies	36:08
67 D. Smith	Westies	36:32
82 G. Orr	Westies	39:23
87 L. Gorman	Westies	41:06

(99 finishers)

Aberfoyle Uphill Dash

(or Splash?) 3m, 1000ft.

23rd April 1997

No results were possible unless you manage to remember your own time. This was due to the weather only being suitable for salmon with Pbs! Even the rain got soaked! A wee stinker of a course with the first mile and a half being fast cross country followed by a continually steepening climb up the forest road.

A good race - try it next year.

Approximate Westie Places?

M. Gorman	24:09
K. Doonan	
M. McLeod	
E. Baxter	

Best looking spectators:
equal 1st Chris/Jen
last, 'ankle' Baxter

Manny

The Whangie Whizz

30th April 1997

Tremendous runs by *all* Westies at the Whangie Whizz. Rampant Ronnie didn't quite manage a win, but 2nd, 3rd, and 4th places to Westies was equally good. Brian, myself and Gibby also made good packing well up. Great running Westies!

Manny

01 John MacArthur	Clydesdale	26:37
02 R. Gallacher	Westies	27:09
03 Sandy Bennet	Westies	27:31
04 Stevie Bell	Westies	27:36
07 B. Bonnyman	Westies	28:08
08 Manny Gorman	Westies	28:23
11 G. Fleming	Westies	28:48
21 Don Reid	Westies	31:09

30 A. Farrell (1stF)	Helensburgh	32:46
32 Pete Baxter	Westies	33:10
36 Muffy Thomas (2ndF)	Westies	35:03
38 Lesley Gorman (3rdF)	Westies	35:48
39 Lynne Wharam	Westies	35:55
45 Drew Turnbull	Westies	37:08
47 Ian Struthers	Westies	37:38
48 Rosemary Masterton	Westies	38:17
51 Helen MacPherson	Westies	38:55
55 Moira Hall	Westies	44:45

Stuc A'Chroin

3rd May 1997

Well done to Mark for a brave 2nd for Ambleside (I bet Jura felt sweet!). Also the wummins' team who are putting the guys to shame. Bad luck to Graham and Ronnie who got lost in the mist.

001 I Holmes	Bingley	1.59.22
002 M Rigby	Ambleside	2.00.09
003 J Brooks	Lochaber	2.01.16
071 R Gallagher	Westies	2.33.59
128 D Rodgers		2.44.58
146 M McLeod		2.48.50
155 J Rae (9thF)		2.50.12
175 C Menhennet (11thF)		2.57.50
189 T Ritchie		3.04.41
200 E Scott (20thF)		3.10.52
244 D Turnbull		3.43.59
247 D Smith		3.46.44
252 B Brennan		4.01.05
255 C Osmond		4.25.06

Manny

Ben Lomond Hill Race

10th May 1997

After about the third visit to the toilet, I manage to prise myself away and get out to Rowardennan for 12ish. I sign in as usual, and then things start to go wrong: the club vest that Alisdair promised is waiting to be adorned. 'Sugar' - so much for plans of drifting by anonymously in the middle of the pack, not caring about time or position; now I have a greater entity to be concerned about - THE CLUB!

Alasdair shouts the instructions and I think I'm confused, but not sure. Not to worry, I'll just follow the conga line. Bang, and off we go. Round by the toilets and already I'm breathing like an 0898 number in the back of The Sun (allegedly). Up through the forest, I follow the guy in front, and he's wearing a pair of these loud-graffiti lycra leggings - or is he - maybe I'm just hallucinating with the strain. Get out of the forest still managing to jog, but that soon comes to an end when I start on the first of the marker sections. Time for the good old 'hands-on-thighs' position - thank goodness the mates aren't about or I'd never hear the end of it. At last the tourist path again for an 'easier' section where the rubber legs are coaxed into a slow jog. I pass several extremely obese people with woolly, bobbed hats, who are shouting abuse at me for having a large W declare my persona - then I realise they are Westie marshalls under twenty layers of clothing, giving encouragement - most excellent, think I, and I manage to raise a hand and give a mucus filled grunt in response.



The leader appears coming down, and goes flying past. For one devilish second, my brain cells entertain the thought of sticking my foot out to see him really fly, but the pain of the final steep marker section quickly brings reality back. At last I recognise one of the Michelin Men - it's the editor himself, Brian B. Alas, however - what's that in his hand? - aaah! No, it's a camera, and the wind carries his dreaded words ... 'Smile!' - smile, is Brian taking the piss or what? Eyes are watering, nose is running, mouth is foaming, sweat everywhere, and he's asking for a smile! Still, in between gasps for air, I manage to comply, and struggle on up.

has reduced to mere pain, and a smile can once again be achieved. General chit-chat ensues, with guys comparing the size of their blisters and the ladies discussing the pros and cons of Ariel versus Persil in getting their club vests back to original condition.

And then that's it - it's all over and time to go home - a Westie virgin no more. Thanks to everyone at the club for a great welcome. Now that the lager anaesthetic has worked, (after several doses), and the blisters have been drained, the hill-calendar is being searched for the next Westies race.

Charlie Campbell

01 Colin Donnelly	Eryri	69:28
02 Dave Weir	Perth Strathtay	69:52
03 A. Davenhill	Shettleston	72:18
26 C. Campbell	Westies	86:17
30 Don Reid	Westies	86:54
44 A. Farrel (1stF)	Helensburgh	92:24
45 Pete Baxter	Westies	92:56
69 Drew Turnbull	Westies	104:26
74 Elspeth Baxter	Westies	107:53

Scottish Island Peaks Race

16th May 1997

Running Without Mascara

It's a nice feeling; spare torch batteries, congealed jelly babies and used plasters keep appearing out of the pockets of my running kit - post Scottish Island Peaks Race syndrome - it provokes a flood of memories and a nice feeling.

Being a seven times veteran of the event and having only had five weeks notice to train for this year's fixture, I'd been pretty laid back about the whole thing, looking forward to running with Jenny Rae, seeing once again the carpets of blue bells on the approach run to Ben More and intrigued, but not overwhelmed, by stories from our Isle of White based skipper, of having a fast boat. In other words, I was in no way prepared for what was to be my most adventurous experience of this wonderful race.

With two weeks to go, a phone call informed us that the mast on the boat had snapped but that another one could be made in time - perhaps; a fax, a week later said it couldn't, but that another boat could be found - perhaps; with three days left, a phone call to say that a super fast 30' trimaran had been found and the owner coerced into playing. The 'Ship' as it was referred to, could be towed up to Oban from the Isle of White by two of our crew - no probs!, and could we please collect Steve (the third crew member) from Glasgow Airport - no probs!

It was Steve, sporting a friesian cow-inspired fleece, who set the alarm bells ringing; on the road north, we had to stop, at his request, to buy a road map of Scotland so that he could establish the whereabouts of Oban and Troon. We also had to confirm to him that the race did not go anywhere near Skye, but to Mull, Jura and Arran. Had this guy done *no* homework - was he really going to navigate us down the Sound of Jura in the dark!! South coast yachty ignoramus! Steve was also loudly confident that the 'Ship' would not be in the water for our arrival in Oban - 'There's bound to have been a disaster if I know Pete', he laughed.



Top: Descending off Ben Lomond
Bottom: Colin Donnelly on his way to victory

The object of the last hour's struggle comes into view. I touch the blessed trig-point, flash my number at the Michelin men (or womwn), then turn for the best part - over 3000 feet right down to the pub-door - you can tell this is a Westie's race. The stride begins to lengthen and soon I'm hurtling, or so it seems, down past Brian again - much bigger smile this time. Half of the descent gone and I feel I'm running with drawing pins under each heel - this is pain, but can't slow down now. Into the forest again, and I catch up with my loud-legginged friend - so they are real after all. Onto the road and there's Manny shouting at me to go for it and pass the lycra man. Can he not see that this is me 'going for it', and I'm doing my best not to puke on the guy, never mind pass him. Anyway, in a minute it's all over and I'm bent double in the carpark, gulping air and swearing never to do this again. I raise my head to see about half a dozen others all doing the same - all looking as if they've just just been kicked in a certain place with size 11 steel toe caps. Still, such are the joys of hillrunning. Five minutes later and the agony

We dismissed his claims as pre-race nerves and passed round the humbugs.

Steve, however, was right! There was no boat at Oban, but on the concrete slipway at Dunstaffnage, six miles round the headland, we encountered a collapsed launching trolley, a stranded, potentially damaged £80,000 worth of yacht and a very tense atmosphere - not a good moment for introductions, but we went through the motions anyway.

If things looked grim at ten o'clock on Thursday night (grim enough for Jenny and I to indulge in a comforting Caffreys) - they looked even grimmer twelve hours later with only two hours to the race start! The yacht was now dangling from a crane and there were mutterings about an essential piece of gear being well jammed. There was nothing to do but to lob our bags of Quick Cook Pasta, high energy flapjacks and buttered rolls into the cock pit and taxi back to Oban, leaving our crew to do their best.

For readers unfamiliar with the race, the event opens with a 10km run in Oban finishing with runners pouring onto the beach to be whisked by rubber dinghy out to their waiting yacht - very exciting if you have a yacht - a bit sad if you most probably haven't! As race time approached, the fleet flicked up and down the bay like a flock of multi-coloured butterflies and excited runners fidgeted on the start line in anticipation. Jenny and I were resigned to no boat, but we would jog around the 10km anyway, putting a brave face on our disappointment, then go somewhere nice for lunch!

However, between ten and twelve noon a miracle had occurred and we finished the jog to see a frantic Steve waving us onto the rubber dinghy, and our little 'Ship' zipping across sun sparkled waves out in the bay - we were racing!

In glorious sunshine and a brisk breeze, we blasted up the Sound of Mull, overtaking boats all the way. Jenny and I could now relax a little, stick on the kettle and attempt to tidy up the chaos of life-jackets, pasta packets, and sail bags, lying in a heap below decks. A sudden bang, a curse, a moment's panic and now for our next crisis ... our bold crew had forgotten to secure the rubber dinghy - it was almost lost overboard in a sudden gust, was rescued but punctured in the process! We would just have to swim ashore at Mull - was this allowed in the race regulations?

Our two hour whizz got us to Salen Bay in third position; we didn't have to swim, but

were rowed ashore in a bandaged and rapidly deflating dinghy and commenced the Mull run with salty wet bums. It was a relief to settle down to the steady, practiced plod of the long distance runner after the frantic events of the last twenty-four hours.

Mull was as magical as ever - the blue bells were just breaking colour along the roadside, cloud patterns scudded across lonely Loch Ba, and woolly cattle munched placidly between the twisted birch trees of Glen Clachaig. Despite the afternoon sun, the rocky elevation of Ben More looked dark and foreboding, but we confidently picked our way up the pre-reccied route to the summit ridge. By now, as we knew they would, some of the faster pairs were overtaking us - we exchanged insults, banter, and sweets with Mark and Ian, Helene and Angela; Speighty from Blackpool and the men in uniform - the Marine Team!

Descending Ben More via the new route was one of the worst parts of the weekend for me, still suffering a little from Westies knackered knees syndrome; the last three miles on the road back to Salen was one of the worst bits of the weekend for Jenny who was suffering from 'My God - not the boat again' syndrome!!

Seven hours is not a long recovery period between a 24 mile run on Mull and a 15 mile run on Jura and 3.30am is not the ideal time to start running across the boulder strewn paps. We flew down to Jura, our (as it transpires, Olympic experienced) crew by now having sussed things, mastered the G.P.S. Navigation, mended the dingy, eaten mountains of pasta, and generally re-hyped themselves. We didn't sleep - you can't sleep when you're being flung around in the forepeak like a training shoe in a tumble drier, the sailors yelping with delight as we reached speeds of 18 knots!

Our run on Jura was dark at first, extremely wet, windy, and cold later, badly navigated off the third pap, and altogether - well, not jolly. Never before had I had to wear all the compulsory survival gear and still been cold. After this run it was a kind of sick relief to return to the 'Ship' and our crazy crew, even if they did persist in calling us 'chicks'. Personally, I preferred the 'Nice Girls'! Back on board, we cheered ourselves up with fresh brewed coffee from Jenny's cafetiere, much to the amusement of our crew - hardmen don't have cafetieres on yachts!

Saturday was dull and windy, a beam reach (sailing term) around the Mull of Kintyre and a noisy hard beat (another sailing term) up towards Arran. We dosed a bit, ate a lot,

and as we crashed along through curtains of spray, the boat suspended between waves, then slamming down again, shuddering through its structure. Jenny related memories of passing an advanced personal survival test; she could blow up her pyjamas and tread water for an hour - I was much reassured!! Night descended and we landed at Lamlash, again in third position.

There were only two nice things about the run on Arran - firstly, arriving to see a bunch of smiling Westies faces - Tracey, Elspeth, and Jane amongst others - and secondly, running over the headland from Lamlash to Brodick in almost total darkness, but hit by waves of heavy scent in the warm night air - the scent of bluebells, wild garlic, azaleas, magnolias, roses and pine needles.

We had a fast run up the shoulder of Goatfell and cunningly, I thought, left a head torch there to guide us back down later - mistake!! The summit, when we finally got there, was dark and very misty, torches were almost useless owing to the diffraction - we lost time on the descent, accordingly, totally missed the shoulder Cairn and my head torch (retrieved later by Speighty from Blackpool!) And our spirits dropped a little. Jenny was hopeful we would see Mark ascending as we descended - keen for a cuddle, so keen I thought she'd accost any of the dark figures stumbling up the track if he didn't appear soon. He didn't, Jen was dejected and scolded me for not letting her walk 'for just one minute' in Brodick! We're still talking though! Meanwhile, back in Lamlash, our thoughtful crew had bought us a Chinese carry-out for our return - then eaten it, as well as their own!!

Although we'd had a slow run (nearly six hours) we'd only lost one place; we had arrived in Lamlash in third position and we left in fourth, having to row out of the bay in a brief becalment. The breeze returned and a two hour beat brought us into the finish at Troon in fourth position - the fastest boat in the race but with two runners on board not quite able to take the pace! Nonetheless, the sailors were impressed with the 'chicks' performance and we were impressed with theirs - they could navigate after all, and knew a thing or two about how to sail fast.

We celebrated throughout Sunday with a combination of cat naps, sponser's port, beer and whisky. It was a nice feeling!

PS: Steve has promised us two friesian cow-inspired fleeces courtesy of his company - so if you see two fresians at the table next curry night - it's only Jen and I!!

Chris Menhennet

Goatfell Hill Race

17th May 1997

7am on a dreich Saturday morning! Whose idea was it to bring the start time of the Goatfell Race forward? Automatic pilot got me out of the house and down to meet Chris at Central Station for the 8.30 train to Ardrossan. Not much to be seen out the train windows except misty hills and just a large black cloud where Arran should have been when we reached the coast. Transferred to the ferry and most of the usual suspects started to appear. Looked like being a good Westies turn-out, only the mad souls in the Boat Race were missing, but the Westies' "sore knee" seemed to be reaching epidemic proportions as one after another declared themselves to be just going to spectate, or to cycle round the island. As we approached Brodick the cloud seemed to be lifting as forecast and the rain was almost off. But the bad news was that the course was the same as last year with the start/finish down by the beach thereby adding at least a quarter mile to the course.

Almost 120 starters shot off towards the still mist-covered Goatfell and I settled into a leisurely pace near the back of the field. The transition from the tarmac to the first climb up the forest track always comes as a shock to the system and with the high humidity I soon became a shambling, sweaty wreck. The cooler air after the deer fence was very welcome and with the cloud level down to the back of the corrie hiding the upper part of the hill I also got a psychological boost. Not for long though, as just after I overhauled a couple of stragglers the leaders started to appear out of the mist. Unfortunately it was quite a while before any Westies came down, firstly Gibby followed by Don then Murdo and Pete then a bit of a gap before I encountered Jean, Ian, Chris and Tracy a wee bit below the summit. Tracy and her pal had cruised past somewhere about the deer fence but the old mountain goats were in their natural habitat among the rough stuff and were able to open up enough of a gap to maintain their places to the finish. I picked off a couple more stragglers on the descent and then had a solitary run back to the finish seeing only one other "runner" on the tarmac - Dick Wall heading the opposite way since obviously Boggies have still not mastered the literary skills to work out start times from the calendar.

Gibby was first Westie home and third supervet. He had been fourth SV but the guy in front crashed into a fence at the last corner coming round the tennis courts. Gibby claims that no elbows were used and

his rival dived, honest ref!

Rehydration therapy followed, starting at the Ormidale and for those of us waiting for the last ferry a minor pub crawl passed the time. No pots this year but still a good day out. Oh, and the first sheep tick of the year - thanks Arran!

Graham Benny

Lochaber Dinghy 3

Peaks Race

18th May 1997

Westies lost its grip on the winner's trophy for the first time in three years to Fife AC - but not without a fight!

Eight boats took part this year with four Westies, two Fifers, one Carnethy, and one unattached runners doing the hard bits (running). The Rodgers team of Mary and Dave get special thanks for filling places at a moments notice.

Myself, Dave, and Alex McGuire of Fife were fighting over the top three places from the first to the last. But it turned out to be Fife's day in the faster boat, 'MCP', helmed by Lochaber's very competitive Hamish Loudon. I kept catching Alex on the hills only to lose time on the sailings. We both punched the last control on the last hill neck and neck, and Alex pulled away slightly on the descent. Dave was only a minute behind on the last top. The 'sprint' across Loch Linnhe was won by MCP with forty seconds between first and second.

My crew excelled themselves since they had only been sailing for a year and their boat, 'Serendipity', was by far the oldest boat in the fleet! Dave had a good run considering his 60 mile jog the week before! Kevin was a bit lethargic, by his own admission, and finished seventh; with an all ladies crew, with Mary running and Lesley helming in 'Mr Blue' (last year's winning boat) taking up the rear. Classy t-shirts and prizes were courtesy of VW Nevis Garage. Hopefully next year the trophy will return Westies bound.

Manny

1 MCP	Alex McGuire Hamish Loudon Chris Dodgshon	Fife AC	2:09:49
2 Serendipity	Manny Gorman Mark Maylin Heloise Maylin	Westies	2:10:30
3 Fantasia	Dave Rodgers Kim Cameron	Westies	2:13:52

Gerry Evans

7 Golden Plover
Kevin Doonan Westies 2:40:24
Duncan McPhee
Henry Methold

8 Mr Blue
Mary Rodgers Westies 2:55:47
Lesley Hope
Dorothy McPhee

Isle of Jura Fell Race

24th May 1997

Manage to avoid colds, sore throats and flu all winter and guess what happens the week before the Jura Race - a rasper of a sore throat, the usual start to a bad cold. So hit it with anti-inflammitory pain killers and hope to catch it early enough that it does not progress to the full scale article. But on the Friday afternoon ferry to Islay, after three days of this treatment, it still shows no sign of getting better. The Jura hills are looking great and the weather is forecast to stay sunny and cool - perfect conditions - so resolved that evening to at least start the race and see how far I could get.

Saturday morning and the pain killers have taken the edge off the sore throat but my breathing is now seriously bunged-up. However, this might not make much difference to my usual pace and there is a good chance I can sweat out the cold before it takes hold. Good turn out of Westies, both in the race and supporting. Mark, Jenny, Murdo, Jean, Christine, Chris Speight and Chris Osmond, plus semi-Westie John Donnelly.

Off up the hill track in glorious sunshine and out on to the moor beside the plantation, wetter and muddier than I can remember it - several runners in front suffer an early bath. Long slog up to the first check point quite comfortably inside the time-out limit then a good run over the next two hills and the steep descent to the base of the first Pap. Christine had been feeling unwell so decided to retire about here - after the equivalent of a decent hill race by non-Jura standards, and still a long, rough route ahead to get back to 'civilisation'. A long line of coloured dots snakes up the steep 2000ft slog of Beinn a'Chaolais and fortunately by the time the tail-end group get to grips with the slope the adders, for which this slope is famous, have all been scared away. This first Pap takes its toll on the tail-enders time allowance but some clouds are forming to give us the prospect of cooler conditions to come. The marshals tell us that the two leaders passed them well ahead of the field and a good

guess that they are Mark and Ian Holmes proves later to be correct. Our group has settled to 5 of us, including 1 Jura runner who is doing the race for the first time and one other for whom it is all new since he completed it 2 years ago in atrocious conditions and saw nothing.

Straightforward, careful progress takes us up the middle Pap, Beinn an Oir, with one of the group pulling ahead. Across to the final Pap, Beinn Shianntaidh, with the first twinges of cramp on the ascent moving me back another place, then encouragement / abuse from Pat and Moira at the summit before the horror descent down the quartzite boulders to reach the lovely peaty track to the lochans and the foot of the final hill. Catching up on the two in front when cramp kicks in with a vengeance. Near the top of the ascent the Jurach appears ahead of me by some easier route so now there is only one behind. On the long run down the moor this remaining rival takes a parallel route which gets him to the river crossing first and then to add injury to insult I am attacked by an owl on the moor before the road. Later no-one seemed to believe that I had been buzzed by an owl in daylight and out on a moor but it was real enough and later identified as a short-eared owl.

Once on the road it was mind-over-matter time with the only bright hope coming when I rounded a corner to find my last rival only 100 metres ahead, but he must have been taking a rest as he pulled away again and finished several minutes ahead. At the finish I caught up with everyone else's news. Mark had stormed to a fine win in 3:08:17, just 1 minute outside his own record leaving Ian Holmes trailing 4 minutes behind. Chis S finished just outside the 4 hour mark on 4:09:18 with John D not far behind on 4:14:42 in spite of running for 2 1/2 hours with a burst shoe only held together by binding it with his laces. Murdo followed on 4:21:48 then Jenny came in as 4th female in 4:45:14. Jean was next in 5:23:57, then Chris O in 6:06:22 and finally myself in 7:17:27 with all traces of my cold sweated out on the first Pap. Inadvertently Westies had bracketed the field!

But in Jura the proceedings do not finish with the prizegiving, there is still the post-mortem in the pub and the late-night ceilidh to follow. The public bar began to take on the atmosphere of a war zone as the Islay youths started to succumb to a surfeit of alcohol, so the extended Westies family congregated in the residents' lounge to study timetables and work out the logistics of Sunday's return journey. All combinations of car, bus, cycle and ferry were worked out

until brains started to hurt but fortunately it was by then time for the masochists among us to head for the ceilidh.

As Jura ceilidhs go this was one of the better ones since the Islay riff-raff had been successfully excluded. However, the band gave some cause for concern. We later discovered they had entertained the occupants of the afternoon ferry and raised a considerable sum of beer money, most of which seemed to have been used up by now. The accordionist was on automatic pilot, the drummer's previous experience must have been with a BB band and the guitarist stayed seated all evening, presumably unable to stand up. Somehow they managed to produce a good enough sound for the dancers to cope although when they degenerated towards a country and western bop and sing-along around 2.30am it was time to head for bed.

Sunday was another beautiful day and all the transport logistics seemed to work out so we all made the afternoon ferry from Port Ellen and watched the magnificent Jura hills fade into the haze for another year.

Graham Benny

Ardochrig Hill Race 28th May 1997

01 A. Davenhill	Shett	42:57
02 M. Paterson	Shett	43:24
03 G. McInnes	Carnethy	44:07
06 A. Mudge (1stF)	Carnethy	46:18
07 M. Gorman	Westies	47:56
15 S. Bell	Westies	49:25
19 D. Reid	Westies	50:01
20 M. McLeod	Westies	50:14
23 C. Campbell	Westies	51:51
25 P. Baxter	Westies	52:12
26 D. McDonald (2ndF)	HBT	52:41
29 C. Menhennet (3rdF)	Westies	54:04
31 E. Scott (4thF)	Westies	55:05
37 I. Struthers	Westies	57:25

Duddon Fell Race (short race) - 11m 3000ft 31st May 1997

We only managed to find a baby sitter at the last moment so both Lesley and I could run. The temperature must have been mid - high

70s! Well coated in suncream, it quickly became obvious my good run at Ardochrig on Wednesday and the oppressive heat were going to make me struggle. I punched the first control with the leading four already pulling away easily and this left me with a tussle with

a vet-aged bloke, who by his deep tan, had obviously been doing some warm-weather training. Just as I thought I might be pulling away from him and catching Mari Todd in fourth place, I took a brain storm. Thinking I was being sneaky and cutting a corner onto a fast footpath, I was in fact ascending a pointless 200ft hill only to rejoin the original route! Aargh! Having lost two places, and fighting off two more, I was almost for giving up and jogging the rest of the way, until my revenge on the overtakers presented itself. They both took a bum route with extra climb and I passed them again before the second checkpoint in a quarry. A long hoof over to check three was an arduous, undulating, contouring, slog, with that well tanned bugger still on my heels and hardly puffing. The biggest climb up to the Dow summit about 1600/1700 ft. was a slow 'hands on knees' affair with no ground gained or lost. Good ridge running and clever contouring over to White Pike did not change anything but the run/climb to the final summit of Caw nearly proved costly. I tried a south route around an intermediate top while the other guy headed north. I crawled over the ridge to the summit to see him punch first and start off on the long descent for home. However, Captain Gorman put on his magic cape and gave chase. He took the much more runnable route while I took the giant steps and big rocks route direct route. I caught the blighter just before the final wall crossing when he dropped too low below a compulsory crossing point. Yahoo! A lovely fast burst down the track opened an unassailable gap and I jogged over the line in 5th place. Lesley managed to survive the heat in 2hrs 18mins (2nd lady), while her Paw and our host Peter Morris from Kingussie (combined age 150!) finished ironically in a dead 'heat' for last place in a respectable 3hrs and 45mins. Note: great race, place and pub and grub. Some of you will know the long race being 22miles and 6000ft - ouch! The race was finished beautifully with a tropical thunderstorm and torrential downpour.

Manny

Running Round the World in 365 Days

Part 1

The title sounds good but is it true? Read on...

Sir Francis Drake took three years, Phileas Fogg went "Round the World in Eighty Days", or so Gregory Peck claimed, Lynne and I took 365 days. We both packed our club running vests filled with great intentions to find a race in every country/continent.

Our first stop was India, but the only running we did there did not involve the use of either running vests or legs other than for positioning! It never crossed our minds to go for a training run. The traffic pollution was horrendous; and there were the inevitable hassles from a money grabbing race. We have heard since that India is not all bad if you can get away from the cities.

On arrival in Nepal, I managed a few exploratory runs around Pokara either side of our trek round Annapurna. We managed our trek without either porters or a guide; which proved to be an excellent form of training. On one of our rest days I donned my tartan shorts and set off along the main highway (a road runner's nightmare - no tarmac, no cars and never likely to be any!). I got some strange looks. I do not know whether it was the tartan shorts, the kamikaze down hill style or the knackered visage as I climbed back up.

Back to the trek, we used a local bus to get to the village of Besishahar, the starting point for an anti-clockwise circuit of Annapurna. The tracks were excellent for walking and were well formed, as one would expect for a major trade route. We were often open mouthed at the incredible loads carried by the Sherpa's; five crates of glass bottles of Coca Cola and beer were not uncommon. The load to beat all loads was the solid wooden table and equally solid chairs neatly inset carried by ONE sherpa in flip flops! Perhaps we should send our national hill running squad for some combined altitude and weight training.

After a few days walking we saw some dramatic evidence of the recent landslides which had devastated this country. The village of Bagarchap had been all but wiped out when a huge landslide flattened it. One rock had stopped less than one metre from a house; the rock was the same size as the house - a lucky escape for the inhabitants. Others were not so lucky with foreign visitors

making up 40% of the 15 people killed.

We carried our own packs (50-65 litres) with contents which included sleeping bags, karrimats, tent, MSR stove (which burns Kerosene, the only fuel available round the trek) and cooking pots. This gear allowed us to use a combination of camping and the hotels for overnight accommodation depending on the cleanliness, campsite availability and overnight temperature. The training effect of carrying these loads combined with the altitude and distances walked was surely beneficial. Although in reality we found it difficult to eat enough food to replace the calories used while trekking. We were ultimately to cross the 'Thorung La' at a height of 17,500 feet at a snail's pace; or so we thought. However, there were a number of groups from the UK, complete with porters, who had set off two hours ahead of us; we met them at the head of the pass. It took longer than anticipated to negotiate the snow and ice dropping down to Muktinath; much longer than the climb up the other side. It was nice to drop down, however, and relieve the headaches caused by the altitude as we crossed the pass.

The quality and variety of food which was available saw a dramatic change after crossing the pass. We had been eating fried potatoes, rice, Tibetan bread and then it all changed pizza, steak and chips, burritos and even chocolate cake were available. This was some of the best quality and appetising food we were to sample on our World trip, not to mention the relative cheapness. The meal to end all meals was eaten two days after finishing the trek in Pokhara at the Everest Steakhouse. We shared a 2 kg piece of prime meat with assorted vegetables and chips served up on a tray for 600 Nepalese Rupees (£7) - we ate the lot!

On our way out we did a side trip to take in ABC (Annapurna Base Camp); this added three days to the basic circuit. On arrival at ABC we were disappointed not to see the big peaks which surround it. The weather deteriorated quickly and a heavy fall of snow ensued. We were thankful for the heated table in the 'hotel restaurant' where we were staying. The heating of tables is a common occurrence at such heights in Nepal. This time it was a kerosene burner, but in previous huts hot embers were more common. It was very much a fire hazard as the tables above were wooden and were draped in heavy cloth.

That night the overnight cold temperature woke us at 4am. We had a look outside to see clear skies (blue with stars shining through) and the majestic peaks of Huichuli,

Annapurna South and Annapurna 1 surrounding us. By the time we got up at 7am the peaks were bathed in the early morning sunlight. The combination of the sunlight, the blue sky and the virgin snow of the day before is a memory which will never leave us. We started the walk out the same day and got some excellent views of the peak of Machhapuchhre, known as 'Fish Tail' because of its shape. Local legend is that the peak has never been climbed and that anyone who has tried has disappeared in the process.

We spent a glorious 19 days on our circuit of Annapurna and the walk to ABC covering the relatively short distance of 260 km (163 miles). We had two rest days and can always use the high altitude and our total ascent of 15,000 m (49,000 ft) as our excuse for the low daily mileage.

We finished our stay in Nepal with a short stop in Kathmandu; the name conjures up thoughts of an idyllic village. The reality is a city of three million which suffers from poverty, pollution, auto rickshaws, overcrowded streets and begging. We hired bicycles and got out of the centre and visited the outlying temples and Buddha statues.

We arrived in Thailand on Christmas Eve, it was mid evening and very hot; quite different from the cool Nepal evenings. Bangkok was too busy to contemplate a run of any sort; we had to wait for the beaches and islands in southern Thailand. Ko Phi Phi was one of those idyllic tropical islands despite the hordes who had flocked there for Hogmanay

and New Years Day. We were thankful for our wee tent (Jetpacker LE with 'A' frame) as all the accommodation was full. We explored the island's beaches and jungle interior in two runs during our stay. The views from the small hill above the resort town showed the island to great effect.

We moved on to Lanta Island from Ko Phi Phi. Since we were back into the swing of camping, a site near a beach was our target. We found this at a place called the 'Sanctuary' where we could camp for free provided we bought the odd meal and drink from the chalet's restaurant. We were adopted by a small dog who served as an excellent early warning system for intruders in return for scraps of food. A neighbouring tent had been slashed and the occupants money and passport stolen. Our morning run along the beach worked up an excellent appetite for some French toast and superb banana pancakes from 'VR Mini Mart' (the local cafe and supermarket). The only disadvantage was having to head back to

our own beach and campsite with a very full stomach.

Malaysia and Penang Hill saw our first 'conventional' hill run of the trip. We caught the public bus out to the botanical gardens in darkness to ensure an early start to avoid the heat of the day. At the first signs of light we set off up the track through the jungle to the top of the hill. Thankfully there were no signs of poisonous snakes just a few bull ants (40mm long). Lynne checked out using the funicular railway for the return trip but the cost was prohibitive to world travellers with a total budget of just £10 per day each for food, accommodation, transport and entertainment (beers, wine, cinema, etc...). Instead we took the road down. It was to prove to be just as direct as the forest track but our downhill muscles were soon in agony. The pain was not dissimilar to running down Chapelgill, but lasting three times as long.

Our hill running was to continue in the jungle in an area on the mainland called the Cameron Highlands. The trails through the jungles were none too distinct, neither were the tops of the hills. The views from the top were non-existent - too many trees; in Scotland we should be thankful that our hills are clear of trees. Our running escapades came a cropper when I fell over a near invisible wall; I am claiming the darkness as my excuse, we never did find the off licence!

We managed a few jogs around Singapore which just aggravated the bruises from the wall fall. Then it was onto a wet Bali in the middle of the rainy season. Lynne was left to run the local volcano on her own, despite numerous offers to be guided for \$25 to the top. She made it without map, compass or any obvious path. Other hassles in Bali included the dogs who were very intent on protecting their little bit of beach or street. This necessitated the carrying of a handful of stones; a well aimed projectile normally had the desired effect.

Despite spending nine weeks in Australia we did not do much running although we more than made up for it in walking terms. We were on our last night on the Cradle Mountain track in Tasmania when a few runners passed us. They were running in 8-12 hours what had taken us 3-4 days to walk. One advantage of our leisurely pace was the hills we climbed en route gave some superb views of the Tasmanian mountains.

Our first stop on completion was a well situated shop/cafe where we had some well earned foot long hot-dogs and chips. We were eyed up by the crows and wallabies as

we chomped our way through them. We walked to the main road where there was a pub and we were all set for a pint or three when we were offered a lift. We started our sortie to Frenchman's Cap early and not even a pint for sustenance!

The 'sodden floddens', a knee deep muddy area of marsh, were successfully negotiated and a comfortable night spent in the hut at the end of the track. The following day we climbed (walked) up the Cap which was a hard slog over a rough track composed of mainly tree roots before the ridge was reached and then a rocky walk to the summit. The view from the top was like Scotland with trees; we were reminded again of how lucky we were with our clear uninterrupted views (weather permitting!).

Our last stop walk in 'Tassie' was into the Freycinet area; a bit of a lazy walk as we spent much of the time on the clean and unspoilt beaches. We did spy a giant stingray in the shallows; Lynne was intent in getting closer but I preferred to watch from the rocks. The rest of our time was spent gathering firewood and doing the rustic thing of cooking on an open fire; well it did save 20 cents (10p) worth of petrol. Our stove was an MSR multi fuel stove; probably the most useful item we carried round the World after the Swiss army knife and the frisbee! The stove did however fail later during our stay in Yosemite after the equivalent of about 20 weeks solid use. It was very quickly and efficiently replaced by MSR the same day after a phone call to their service helpline.

We had an impromptu attempt at getting to the Ben Lomond National Park but our thumbs did not work so well that day. Well they did work but they got us to the town of Launceston many miles further on than Ben Lomond; it is always an excuse to go back. Thought we might try to climb the Ben Lomond(s) reputed to be on the Australian mainland instead.

What we did climb on the mainland was Ayers Rock, at 6am so that we would see the sunrise from the top. It certainly helped clear the hangover from the night before when copious quantities of Aussie champagne, wine and beer were consumed. This little celebration was just to see the sun setting on Uluru (Ayers Rock).

Back to climbing the 'Rock' (not to be confused with Alcatraz - see later) we had intended to run up but the hangovers dictated a more leisurely pace. The crosswinds didn't help matters as we crouched low to avoid being blown across the face of the rock. The few minutes peace

and quiet on top of the rock was a pleasure: then the rest of the tourists arrived. By the time the sun rose there were 50 folk on top.

The descent showed the steepness of the climb especially where the Japanese, complete with cotton gloves, were clinging for dear life to the chain on their way up. As we walked down we had to step over the bodies of those who had given up on the climb after just a few yards and were now walking down on their bums.

After a superb 48 hours diving on the Great Barrier Reef we headed inland to the Atherton Table Lands. Sitting on a bus I recognised the back of the head in front of me as that of a well known 'Vicky Park' runner, Alistair Douglas. We managed a couple of runs together, the closest I was to get to training all year.

We arrived in the South Island of New Zealand at Easter in the sunny 'English' town of Christchurch. It was too cold for punting on the Avon which flows through Christchurch but it did make an excellent running backdrop. Running was again to take a back seat however when we headed South to do a bit of tramping. A few weeks later we had completed the Rees-Dart, Routeburn and Caples walks. The Rees-Dart proved to be an epic when we were marooned in a hut for a second night because it was impossible to cross the rivers on the route out. The Routeburn was marketed as a three day walk which we completed in just eight hours walking; the split was six and a half hours on day one with the balance on day two. We suspected that the number of days were recommended to maximise the income on this 'great walk' where the huts cost \$25 NZ (£12) per night.

We were almost in the right place at the right time to run the New Zealand World Trophy trial race but not quite. Our compensation was a walk up Ben Lomond (1748m), adjacent to Queenstown at the foot of Lake Wakatipu. This Ben Lomond was higher than our Ben Lomond and, indeed, Ben Nevis but thankfully just as easy a walk as both. With the ever increasing potential for too much snow for our lightweight boots and diving socks (3mm neoprene) to cope with, it was time to head further north to warmer climes...

Part two next issue.

Sandy Bennet

Westies on the Web

Here's a list of all Westie e-mail addresses known to me. If I've missed you out or made a mistake, please let me know.

Sandy Bennet	s.bennet@napier.ac.uk
Graham Benny	cnbs96@ccsun.strath.ac.uk
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Brian Bonnyman	106165.327@compuserve.com
Brian Brennan	Brennab@BP.COM
Dave Calder	101652.557@compuserve.com
Isabel Coombs	gbza63@udcf.gla.ac.uk
Andy Freer	A.Freer@chem.gla.ac.uk
Ronnie Gallagher	rgal@holyrood.ed.ac.uk
Jim Hall	JIM_HALL@SPOWER.CO.UK
Pat	pmml1d@pop-server.cent.gla.ac.uk
Helen MacP	helen@mis.gla.ac.uk
George Reid	gr5m@udcf.gla.ac.uk
Mark Rigby	m.rigby@vet.gla.ac.uk
Tony Ritchie	tonyr@chem.gla.ac.uk
Jane Robertson	JANER@wpo.nerc.ac.uk
Dave Scott	d-scott1@uiuc.edu
Muffy Thomas	muffy@dcs.gla.ac.uk
Ken White	Ken.White@osov.dti.gov.uk

Here's a couple of hill running related web-sites:

Irish Mountain Runners Association :
<http://ireland.iol.ie/~imra/>
 Dick Wall's website, includes race callender and links to the HBT web-site:
<http://www.taynet.co.uk/users/usr01/index.htm>

If anyone knows of anymore please let me know and I'll pass them on.

Forthcomming Events

11 June	Kilpatricks HR Old Kilpatrick: 19.00
14 June	Traprain Law East Linton: 15.00
18 June	Ben Sheann HR Strathyre: 14.00
21 June	Glen Rosa Arran: 12.00 West Highland Way Milngavie: 3.00 Elidon 2 HR Melrose: 15.00
22 June	Durisdeer HR Durisdeer: 14.00 7 Hills of Edinburgh Calton Hill: 11.15
25 June	Cort-ma Law Clachan/ Campsie: 19.30
29 June	Lairig Ghru Braemar: 12.00
05 July	Dollar HR 15.00
12 July	Glamaig HR Skye: 15.00

20 July	Half Nevis Race Fort William: 12.00
26 July	Ben Rhinnes Dufftown: 12.00
03 August	Glen Clova Clova Hotel: 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 August - please send in articles by July 28th. If at all possible could you send in via e-mail or disc as it saves a lot of time. Cheers! - Brian.

Brian Bonnyman
 39 Carrington St
 Glasgow G4 9AJ
 Tel: 332 5708

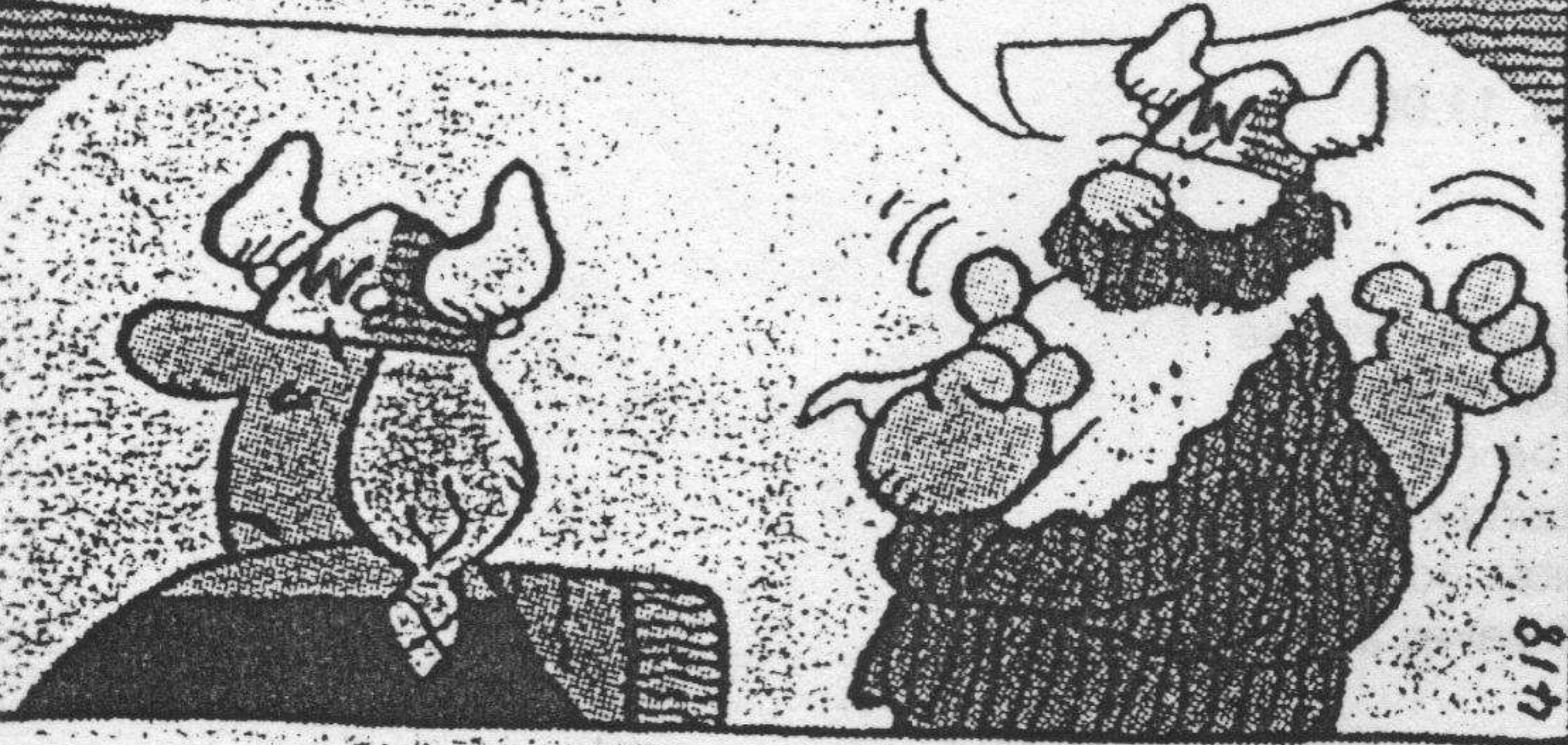
E-mail: 106165.327@compuserve.com



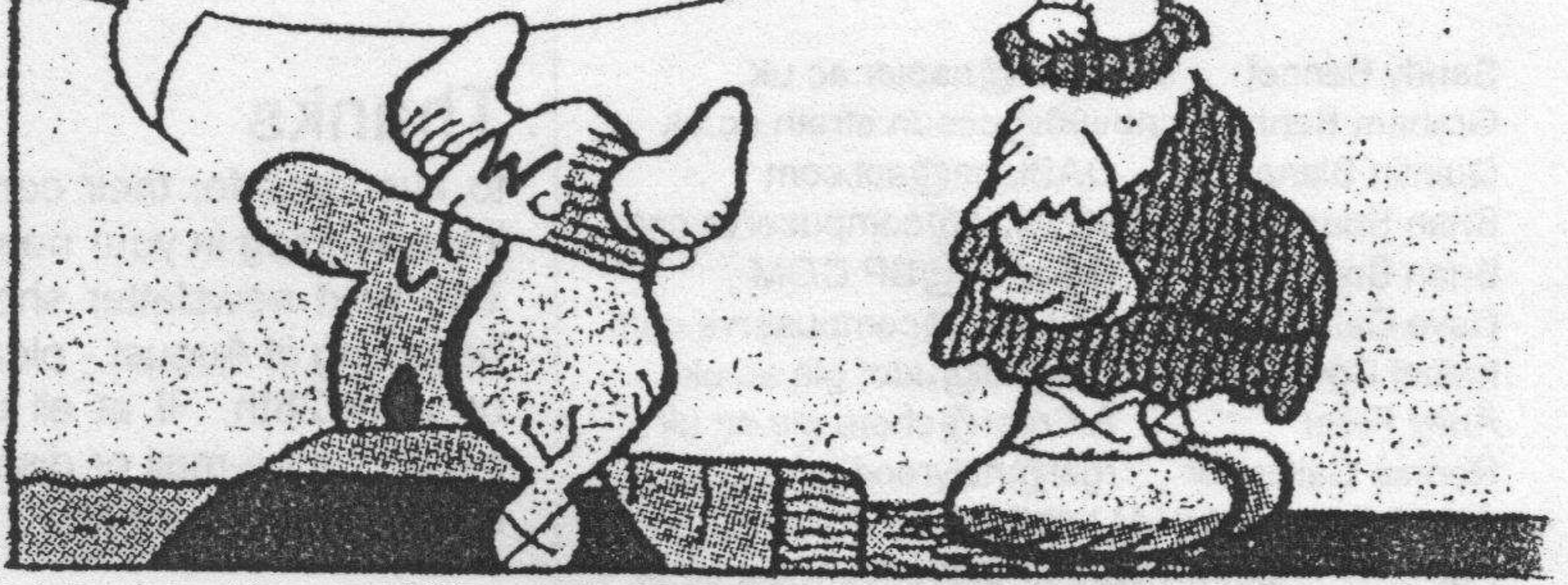
Now for a hot bath and a cold beer

PETER AND ELSPETH - MARRIED BLISS!

NOBODY EVER HELPED ME!
I'M A SELF-MADE MAN!



IN THAT CASE, I
THINK YOU MADE
THE STOMACH
TOO BIG



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12 TRIG TROG

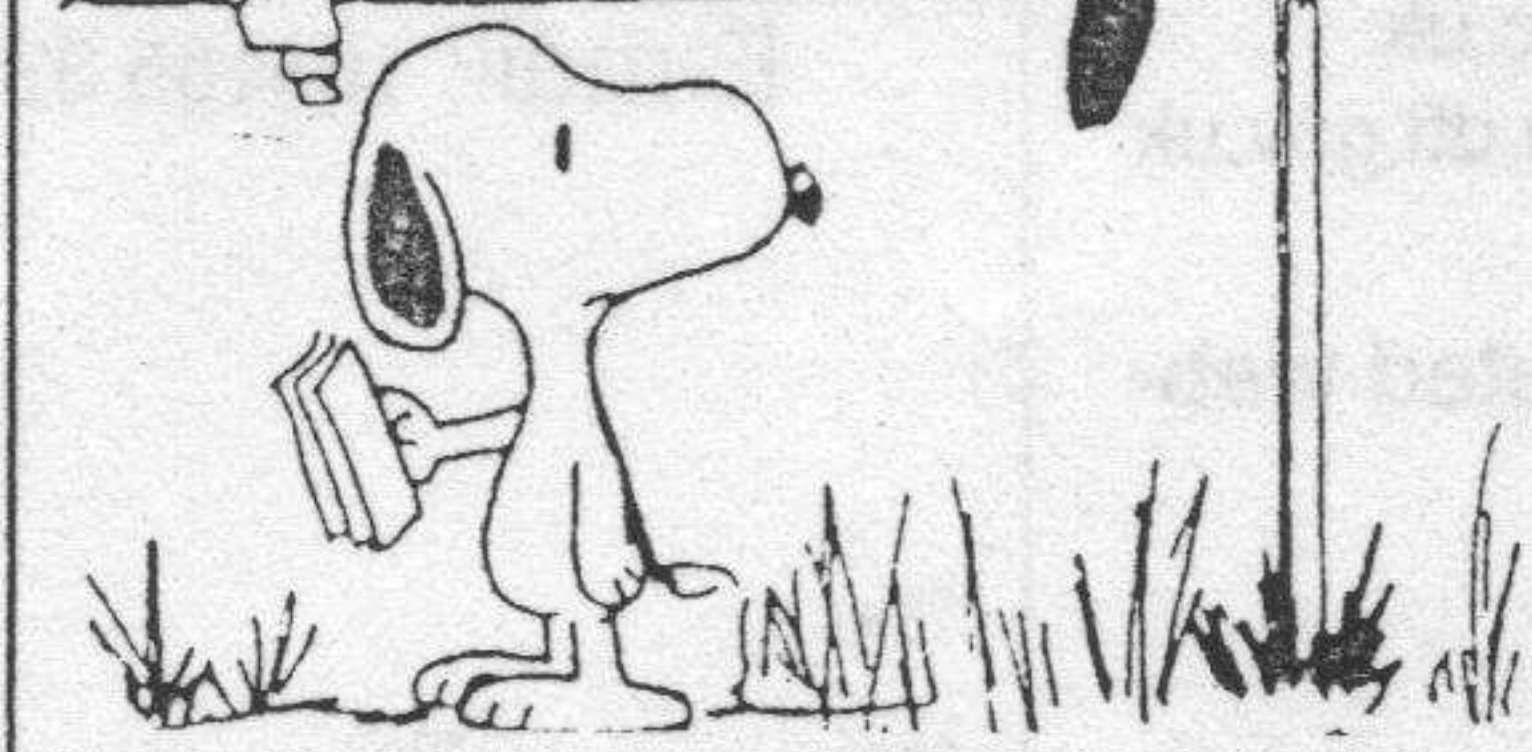
ONLY 2 DAYS TO THE
CLOSING DATE & NO ONE'S
ENTERED MY EVENT.....



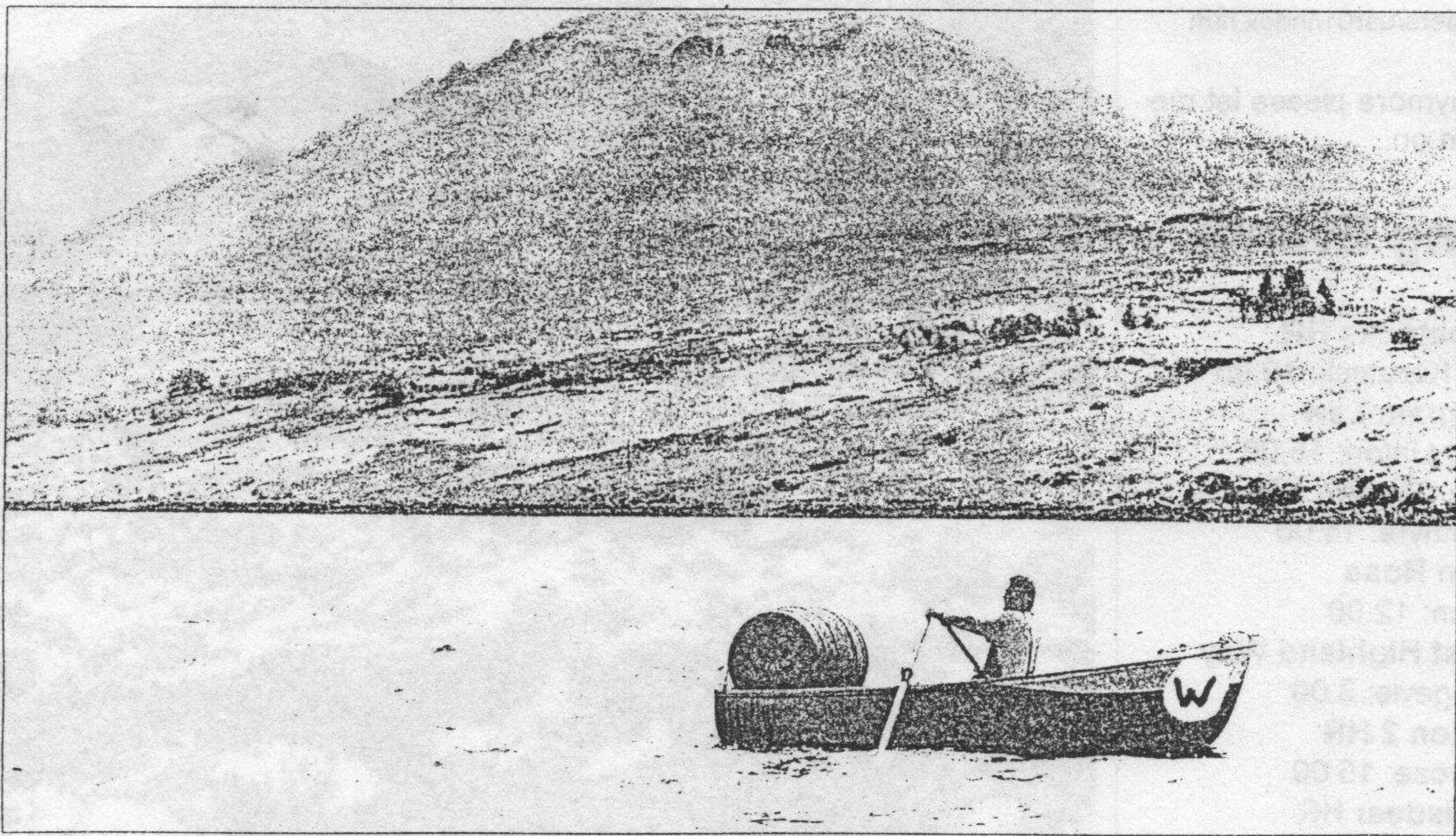
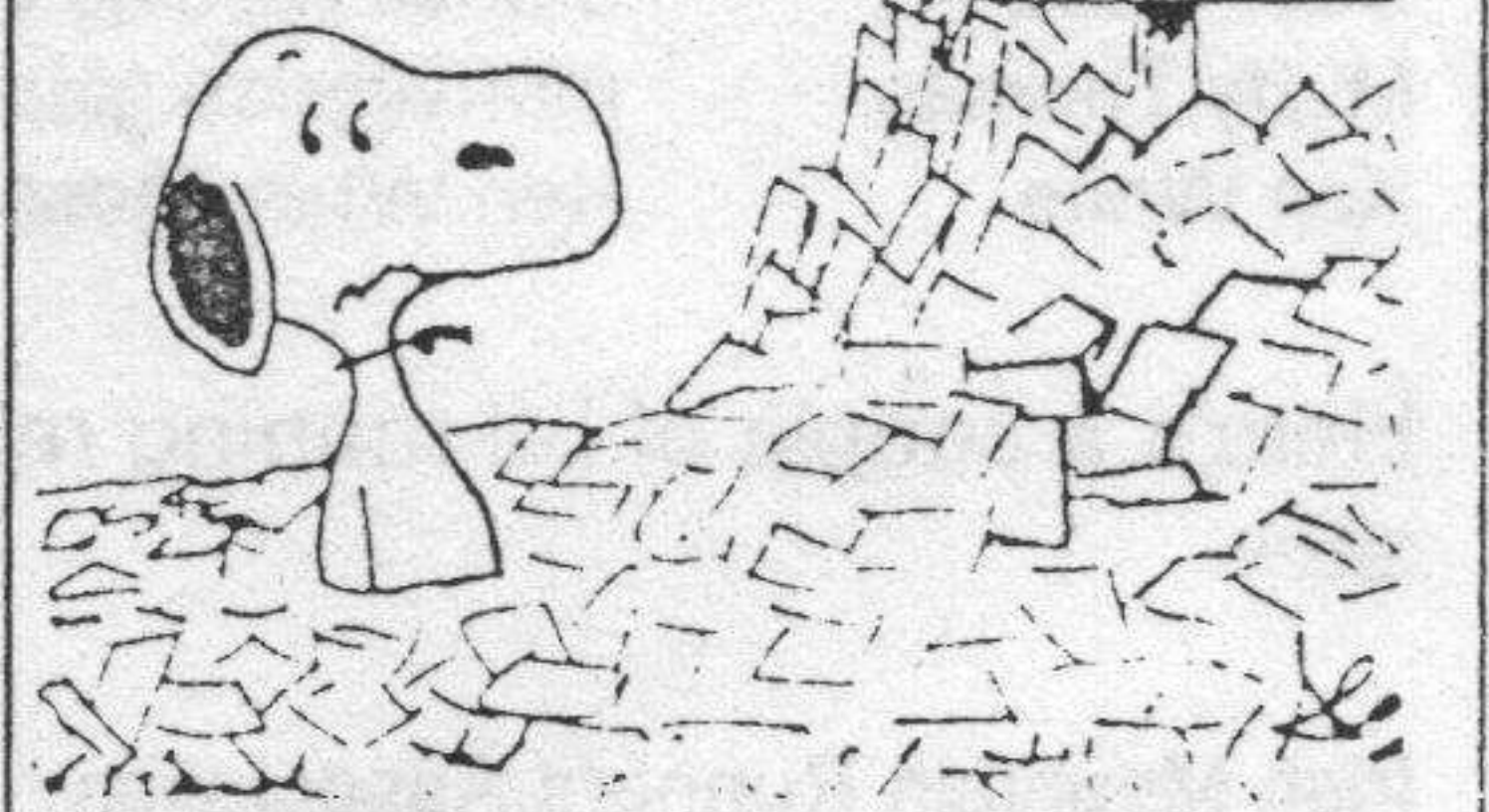
NOTHING!
.....MAYBE
TOMORROW...



...THE CLOSING DATE &
ONLY 3 ENTRIES... MAYBE
A LATE ENTRY TOMORROW?



MAIL



MARK MAKING HIS WAY 'HOLME' FROM JURA WITH 1ST PRIZE!

CAPTAIN CHRISTINE'S TEAM TALK

THEY SAY SOMEDAY MEN
AND WUMMIN WILL BE
COMPLETELY EQUAL



BUT UNTIL THAT TIME, I SAY WE SHOULD
ENJOY OUR OVERWHELMING SUPERIORITY!

