

COSMIC COMIC



News Reviews and Interviews

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FEBRUARY 1995

EDITORIAL

Happy New Year folks!

I hope the partying is finished and you are getting down to some serious training for new adventures across distant skylines. I would like to thank a few people who have helped put our little Cosmic venture firmly on to the map in 1994. Eddie Butler for his dedication to the Comic. Kath for her superb cartoons. Steve Pryor, our fun organizer, who helps with anything and everything and whose company, OPS, sponsors our training nights at Kings College. Phil who zealously guards the Cosmic pennies. Terry and Ewen for turning up on Tuesday nights to stimulate jaded appetites at training. Shona who co-ordinates the party. Thanks to everyone who turned up when they could, gave us a few laughs, bought me a pint or gave me a lift in their car for free. Congratulations to our first ever Club Champion, Phil Kammer. Can he hold on to his title in 1995? Make 1995 the year that you write an article for the Comic. We accept any article (yes, we're that hard up) about the great feats of our members, wherever they take place - on the mountains, on the roads (they have to be exceptional) in bed (any titilating drivel accepted on this subject), etc. etc. Yes 1995 is upon us and already the Cosmic machine has entered into the next phase of its dizzy climb up the greasy pole. A junior event is being incorporated into the El-Brim-Ick race and there is talk of a long race over Bennachie.

And the years hardly begun! When the calendar gets underway we will invite that S.H.I.T. team up from Glasgow for a good going over at Clachnaben. Or if that's too early for them, at Morven!
So go to it you Cosmics.

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Brian Lawrie

OUT OF AFRICA

BY MIKE McCULLOCH

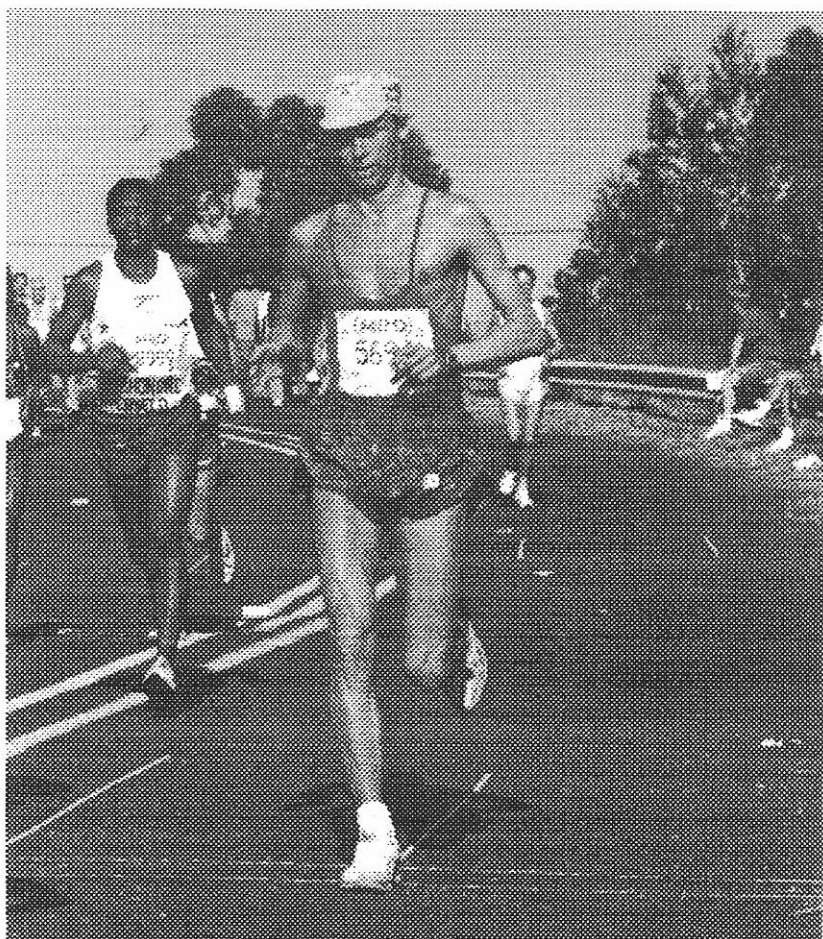
On the 31 May 1994 more than 10,000 of the worlds leading Ultra-Distance runners converged in Durban, South Africa, for **"THE COMRADES MARATHON"**.

The Comrades has become the worlds premier road race longer than the standard marathon distance. This years event comprised 90 Kilometres or 56 miles of uphill running from Durban on the Indian Ocean to Pietermaritzburg inland. The event was first held in 1921 as a mark of respect to those comrades who had taken part or had lost life in the Great War. That year from its humble beginnings 34 hardy souls took part and now in 1994 the number of starters was 12,706.

Each year the run alternates direction to and from Pietermaritzburg and this years 'up-run' was destined to be a bit special with the newly elected Nelson Mandela as President. The 'Comrades' has always been an event of great importance to the South Africans and race day was one of unity, peace and friendship. Comrades day is a public holiday and it seems that everybody becomes involved in the 'marathon' as competitors, supporters on route or television addicts. The scale of the event can be seen by the fact that this is the biggest single sporting broadcast in the world with eleven hours of live coverage on network television. Everyone wants to be involved in the 'Comrades' race and huge sums of money are paid to the organisers for the privilege. Companies and competitors alike are rewarded for their efforts by special medals. This is one race which has remained 'amateur' in that no prize money is awarded to the winners and yet the organisation is professional and lives up to its credentials as "one of the planet's great sporting spectacles".

Grantown athlete, Mike McCulloch made the pilgrimage to Durban in May to take part in the world's greatest road race.

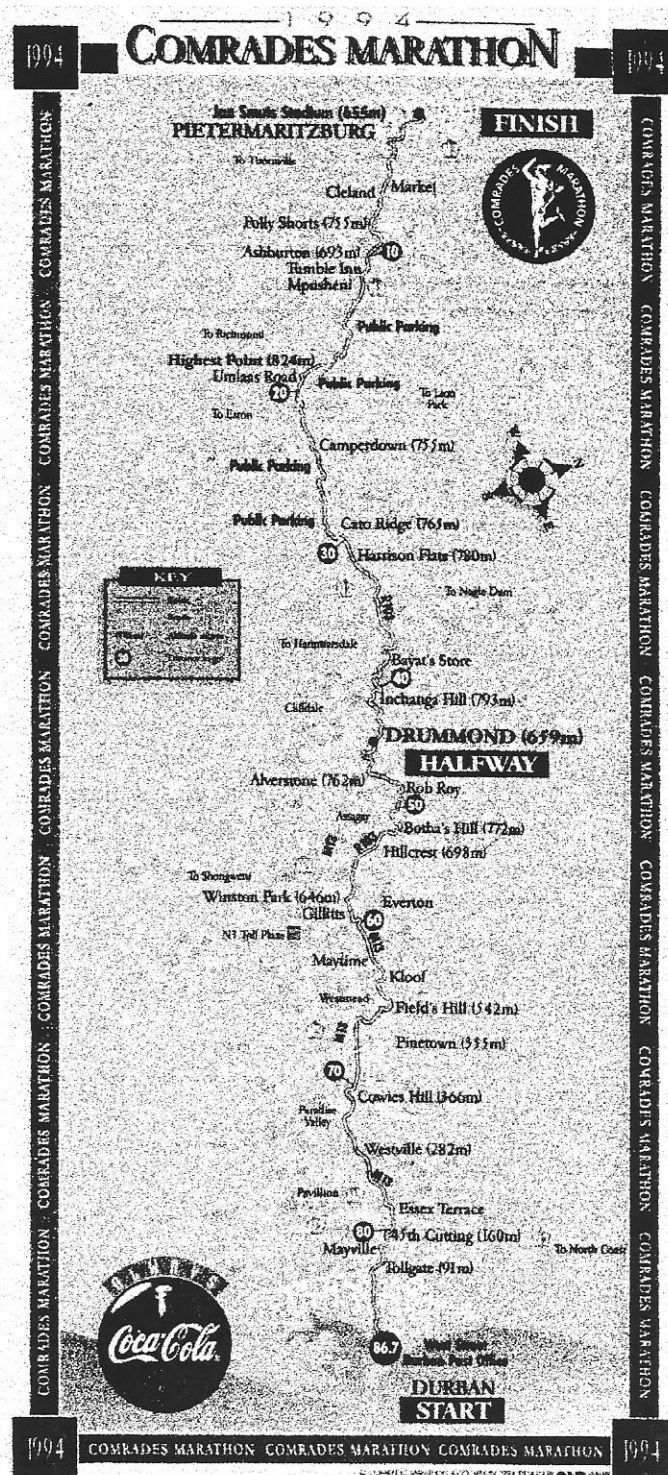
Mike who is the assistant swimming pool supervisor at Aberdeen University has taken part in events throughout Europe over the last sixteen years and has represented Scottish teams in both Triathlon and Ultra-distance running. In preparation for the event training consisted of several weeks of 100 miles with weekend runs of four to five hours and several 'sprint' events of 50 Kilometres. Mike finished in 5th place in both the Dunfermline and Speyside Way 50K's in the Spring time and did some cross country events and some road races to develop some speed. Not that running in the Comrades has anything to do with 'speed'. Long distance events mean lots of slow running, staying in control for as long as possible. It is one thing 'hitting the wall' in a marathon at the 20 mile stage but a much more cautious approach is required for a 56 miler.



How does a runner pay respect to such distances? Quite simply by slowing down to a speed which can be maintained throughout. A race of 10 miles would see Mike running at 5min 30sec miles. The marathon at 6min miles, the 50K (31miles) at 6min 30sec miles but for 90K the pace would be around 7min 30sec miles on an uphill course. A lot of discipline is required to slow down to such speeds and it is only in the second half of the race that the benefits of such wisdom are felt. The Comrades Marathon Organising Committee ensure that athletes are well catered for with refreshment stations every 1500 metres providing food and drink. The ultra runner can and should practice eating and drinking whilst on the move. The importance of remaining hydrated and adequate fuel being consumed is crucial to a good performance. Race day was a cool 10 degrees for the start at 6am and more than 12,000 runners facing up to the challenge ahead.

The atmosphere at the start is a moving experience. There was an incredible feeling of oneness, we were all beginning a journey in which our dreams could be realised or a nightmare could take placeit was up to us! 90 Kilometres of sun-baked tarmac, roller-coasting over lush Natal countryside lay ahead. The Durban symphony orchestra sent us on our way along the road which in places was like the 'Tour de France' lined with spectators, those still in nightgowns, those having bacon and eggs by the roadside and those that were just plain high on the excitement of the occasion. This was one event where the loneliness of the long distance runner takes on a new meaning.

The route winds its way into the hills surrounding Durban, passing through towns and villages which provided music, song and dance and such vocal support that it was difficult to keep the emotions in check. At each feed station you would pick up a drink and maybe a banana only to be followed by a group of coloured youngsters asking for food - heart stopping!! It is experiences such as this that put things in perspective. Later on, at about 40 miles we passed a school of handicapped children who waited by the roadside in their wheelchairs with limbs outstretched just to touch us, like passing 'Gods' we disappeared into the distance.



The route passing through Westville, Pinetown, Kloof, Drummond, Camperdown and Ashburton takes in five notorious hills finishing off with the famous Polly Shorts at 10Kilometres to go. This final 2 Kilometre uphill stretch seemed to reach for the sky and I had to walk part of it (as did the winner). Television cameras which had been with us throughout the race were on hand in abundance now to catch every moment of anguish and agony as tired limbs struggled up to the top. The reward once over the summit was 7K of mostly downhill to the finish. This was my fastest part of the whole race, I was as strong as an ox and flew across the

finish line in the Jan Smuts stadium in 7hrs 48min 48sec. The atmosphere was incredible with about 30,000 spectators greeting the triumphant. I had done it , I had completed the Comrades Marathon. My medal was put round my neck and I left it there.....usually at races I take it off and put it into my pocket but this was different I was proud to wear my medal for it meant more, much more than just achieving a goal I had learnt a lot about life and about myself, I wanted this moment to last forever.

Once showered, massaged and eaten, all having taken place in the stadium all the competitors who had already finished gathered with spectators, friends and families at the finish line to support those still to complete the distance. Competitors have 11 hours till 5pm to cross the line, after that no medal, no mention in the results! This is a hard line but one in which everyone respects and the Comrades is known for. It makes for a unique and special occasion.

When you consider that 60% of the finishers cross the line between 9 and 11 hours and 40% in the last hour people are flooding across the finish line and the atmosphere is electric. The closing minutes of the race have competitors crawling and sprinting towards the line. The man with the gun in hand to signify the end of the race turns his back on the incoming competitors and pulls the trigger - skyward I may say!! A hushed silence takes over the whole Arena, an outpouring of tears by most, for those who did not make it on time. One second the buzz of excitement. BANG!the next peace and quiet. Words cannot convey the atmosphere which pervaded the stadium at this time, I only knew that this was a special moment, one of harmony, innocence and yet profoundly simple.

Mike had the support of his employers the University of Aberdeen in getting time off during term. Air fare, travel insurance and race entry fee were also provided by them. Mike raised £650 for 'Starlight Foundation' and 'Dreams come True' both Charities for critically, chronically and terminally ill children. P.S. It is all downhill from now! Maybe next years 'down run'who knows?



STEWART THOMPSON

Stewart is fairly new to the hill running game, but with his turn of speed, allied to his strength, should soon be doing well. Stewart is a real mountain man and hill running has to find time in his life along with rock climbing and ski-ing. His ambition is to stake Ewen Rennie on to the grass at Kings (naked!) cover him with honey (no, not to lick it off!) and leave him to the insects. Cosmics could all watch from the pavilion window. And I thought Stewart liked his training!

ANDREW HEAP

Andrew came running into this world itching for the sight of his first mountain. When he did eventually clasp eyes on one he experienced his first great disappointment in life. From the trampled down bleak moors around him he could see that he had been born a Yorkshireman. Mountains! Where were they? Andrew took to long distance running in order to find them. When he did he was a long way from his mummy. Switzerland actually! The impact of the Alps was to be enduring and his great ambition in life is to win the Swiss Mountain Marathon. A fifth place in the Rock and Run 'B' Class Mountain Marathon recently indicates that he might be on his way. Plans to retire to the grit and grime of Yorkshire when the hills will be even more ground down and fit for the old codger that he will have become.

STEPHEN WILLOX

Although relatively new to hill running Steve has been a leading North East athlete for a number of years. Scolty (that hill again) got him started running up hills and a very respectable 33min 17sec for 4th place was his reward. After years pounding the roads the hills are offering Steve a fresh challenge. What a sensible lad! Steve appears to know, to the nearest second, the best times, overt all the distances, of all the runners in the North East (and a good many elsewhere) who ever raced on the roads. Since 1920! Even an early career in the ring failed to punch this obsession with the watch out of his skull. Its now up to Cosmics. Our times are generally measured in lunar cycles anyway!

CLAIRE MILLER

Claire is in her first year at University and is a very promising young runner. Although she hasn't done many races yet, Claire has a genuine love of the hills (her upbringing you see; you can always tell class!) and enjoys any event in scenic countryside! Her favourite pastime is yodelling followed by throwing sheep over cliffs. Naturally, Cosmics was the Club for her.

COSMIC 100 CLUB 1994 WINNERS

JANUARY	B. Kerr	G. Hope
FEBRUARY	S. Gray	P. Woods
MARCH	M. McDonald	J. Rennie
APRIL	A. Watson	W. Warman
MAY	S. Cheyne	Dr. R. Johns
JUNE	K. Moore	J. Pryor
JULY	M. Urquhart	£50
AUGUST	J. Kammer	S. Cheyne
SEPTEMBER	M. Urquhart	P. Rioch
OCTOBER	E. Butler	P. Thomas
NOVEMBER	R. Hope	J. Pryor
DECEMBER	W. Davidson	H. Yule
DECEMBER	H. Chok	£50

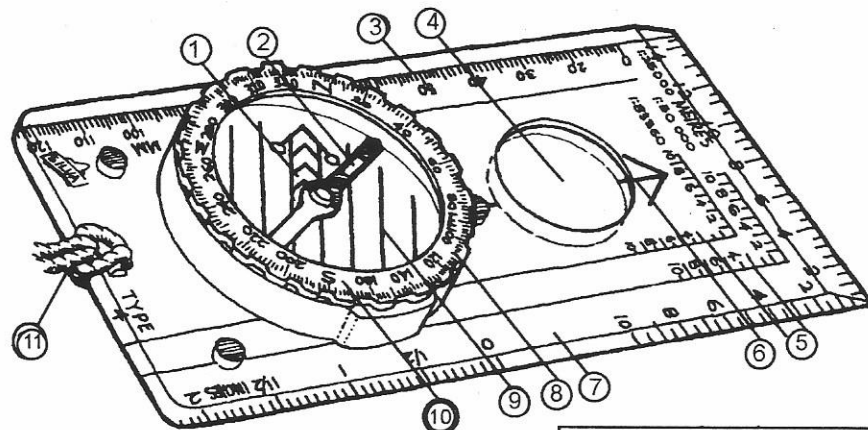
NAVIGATIONAL SKILLS FOR HILL RACES

by Dave Armitage

The object of this article is to give a few hints on how to tackle hill races requiring navigational skills. Although in good weather it is usually possible to get round these races by following the crowd without so much as a glance at a map, things can be very different in conditions of poor visibility. The safety rules that apply to all long hill races and certain other designated races in the Scottish Hill Race Calendar include the requirement to carry a map of at least 1:50,000 scale of the full area of the race and an orienteering type compass. These do include some races where the route is obvious (e.g. Ben Lomond) or well marked (e.g. Carnethy). For this type of race a photocopy of the 1:50,000 O.S. map and a smaller type of orienteering compass tucked away in the bottom of your bum-bag are probably adequate. There are, however, races with more subtle routes and fewer paths. These include the Angus Munros (now Glen Clova Hill Race), the Culter Fell Horseshoe and the Moffat Chase. For these races more careful preparation is worthwhile.

Although many prefer the detail of a 1:25,000 map I would normally choose the O.S. 1:50,000 map for hill races. This gives a good overall impression of the shape of the hills and adequate detail in a conveniently small size. The extra visual impact of colour makes the map easier to read on the run and so I normally cut out the appropriate area from the original O.S. sheet rather than using a photocopy. It is well worthwhile to mark on the start, finish and checkpoints with a red biro before the start of the race. The map should be kept in a stout polythene bag of an appropriate size (or laminated) so that it can be used in any weather. During the race, if there is not a marked route or obvious path, then I usually carry the map in my left hand and the compass in my right, using the wrist loop so that it can be released when necessary to punch at controls, pick up drinks etc.

I keep an eye on where others are going as local knowledge can sometimes save time. However, I always rely more strongly on my own judgement and will not



1. Orienting arrow
2. Compass needle
3. Scale
4. Magnifying lens
5. Romer for grid references

6. Direction of travel arrow
7. Base plate
8. Read bearing against index line
9. Orienting lines
10. Compass housing
11. Carrying cord

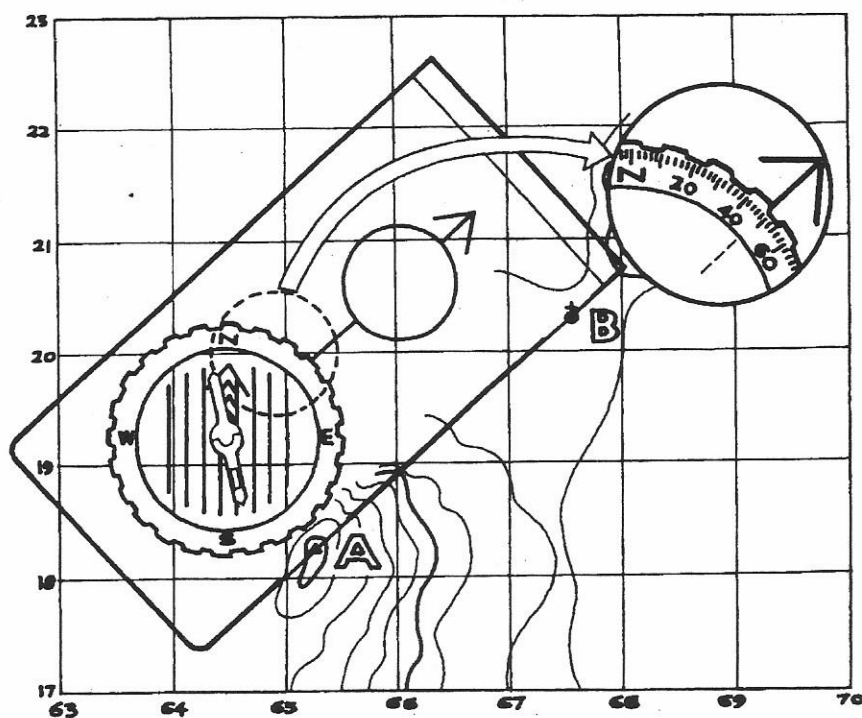
Parts of the Compass

follow a group if they are going the wrong way or if I feel that an alternative route choice is better. Many runners have a strongly developed herding instinct which is fine if the leader is going the right way. However this is not always so. On one notable occasion I travelled to the Kentmere Horseshoe race with Colin Donnelly and Jack Maitland, both of whom went on to win the British Fellrunning Championship in later years. Although I would have expected to be the slowest of the party, I was, amazingly, the only one to pick up any Championship points as the others ended up in a leading group getting lost in the mist on the High Street plateau.

The actual navigational techniques required in most hill races are fairly basic. The most important thing is to be able to take a compass bearing. This is particularly important when starting a descent or on a plateau. The technique involves three simple steps. First the edge of the compass base plate is placed on the map along the line in which it is wished to travel. The compass is then turned to line up the north marks on the

housing with grid north on the map. A magnetic north correction can be added to the bearing at this stage but as it is currently less than 5 degrees it can be ignored for most practical purposes. The compass is then held with the base plate pointing forwards and you turn your whole body until the needle lines up with the north arrows on the compass housing. You are now pointing in the right direction and can run straight ahead with confidence!

Distance judgement is also useful and you should learn how many paces you take to each 100 metres (60 to 120 for most people, depending on terrain, gradient etc.). You should also know how long it takes you to run a kilometre (5 to 10 minutes?). Although techniques are simple it takes a lot of practice to use them efficiently on the run. The best way to gain the necessary experience is probably to try some orienteering events where the techniques are used more intensively than in most hill races. Anyone wishing to do so would be able to obtain a fixture list from either myself or Ewen Rennie. GOOD NAVIGATING!!



*Taking a compass bearing from the map
Turn the housing so that the orienting arrow is
lined up with the North - South grid lines.*

THE SOUTH DEESIDE SKYLINE

by EWEN RENNIE

If those running on the Hill of Fare or racing up Morven have the time to glance southwards their eyes are met with a seeming unbroken ridge that runs from the mass of Mount Keen to the tor of Clachnaben. For years Brian Lawrie had talked of running it. Finally on the 18 August 1994, to celebrate the end of the school holidays, we decided to give it a go.

An early breakfast, (it would be routine next week), saw us off up Deeside by 7.30am to leave one car at Glen Dye and take the other to Bridge of Muick just outside Ballater. Amazingly both car parking spaces at Bridge of Muick are already occupied but by the time we've got ourselves organised the dog walkers have left so that I can leave the car off the road rather than perched hard against the cemetery wall.

For the first part through the woods I keep Spud on the lead but when we emerge out on to the moor with not another living thing in sight he gets his freedom. Brian said before we started that he was walking all the climbs and the long drag up over Craig Vallich he's as good as his word. Across the moor heading for Glen Tanar we see a huge herd of deer; luckily too far off to interest Spud. Already the water and food supplies have been sampled but with sixty minutes gone we arrive at the bridge at the head of Glen Tanar for our first proper stop.

As it's likely to be the last running water before Mount Battock (fifteen miles away) we have a good drink and then some more before filling the water bottles and setting off up Mount Keen. Hopefully Spud has caught the mood and taken plenty on board as well as sloshing about in it whilst we were filling up. We walk every step of the way up Mount Keen but still make ground on two young lads whose bikes we'd seen padlocked to the bridge. At the summit we finally catch them up with their work for the day done whilst ours stretches to the horizon, and beyond.

Now our route heads East and off Braid Cairn we pick up the old county boundary fence that is to be our companion for the next five miles or so. Although it's basically a ridge run there are plenty of ups and downs before we reach Cock Cairn where Brian takes time out to dress a budding blister. I stoke up on food and water whilst Spud lies in the shade of the trig point. Way in the distance we see a landrover on the top of Hill of Cat but it's gone by the time we reach there through the peat bogs. Off Hill of Cat we pick up the Firmounth Road before dropping down off of Tampie to the Fungle.

Straight across and up, and at last Mount Battock is beginning to seem a little nearer. Off of Mudlee Bracks (honest!) Brian gambles that the landrover track

does eventually go where we want to be up Hill of Cammie. He's proved correct and we follow the ridge east a little more before the descent down into Glen Tenna. Here there is the first fresh running water since Glen Tanar so Spud and I drink whilst Brian finishes off his flask of tea. Now it's the long slog up Mount Battock. Fortunately we find a green stream course which keeps us out of most of the heather - there's no paths round here!

Five hours and ten minutes, 6000 feet of climb and twenty-one miles gone. The legs are starting to feel it! Off Mount Battock we pick up a good landrover

track but the unfamiliar territory (and maybe the distance) catch up on me and I have to walk although it's all basically downhill. A worried Brian waits for me to recover! With over six hours behind us we reach Clachnaben and after a steady descent I pull Brian up Mount Shade just to show who's the boss (at least on the uphill!). Then we pick up another landrover track round the back of Graystone Hill and it's downhill all the way to Brian's car and a new record.

It's a slog back to Ballater but at least Brian's driving this stretch and I can relax before a couple of pints of Guinness to celebrate in the ZXC Hotel.

Distance	Climb	Time	From	To
8K	1400'	60min	Bridge of Muick	Glen Tanar
3K	1800'	43min	Glen Tanar Bridge	Mount Keen
8K	800'	70min	Mount Keen	Cock Cairn
12K	2000'	137min	Cock Cairn Mount	Battock
8K	350'	52min	Mount Battock	Clachnaben
5K	350'	44min	Clachnaben	Glen Dye
44K	6700'	6hr 46min	(about 28 miles with 240' climb per mile).	

Bridge of Muick (B976) - skirt Craig Vallich - top of Glen Tanar - Mount Keen - Braid Cairn - Hill of Gairney - Cock Cairn - Hill of Cat - Tampie - Mudlee Bracks - Hill of Cammie - Mount Battock - Hill of Badymicks - Hill of Edenoche - Clachnaben - Mount Shade - skirt Greystane Hill - Glen Dye (B974).

1994 COSMIC HILL RUNNING STANDARDS

EL-BRIM-ICK

MALES - 21min 16sec for the winner giving

GOLD : 23min 23sec

SILVER : 26min 35sec

Gordon Yule : Phil Kammer : Malcolm Stone :

Ewen Rennie : Brian Lawrie : Gordon Ramsay :

Graham Milne.

BRONZE : 31min 44sec

Tom Gunn : Ian Jolliffe : Doug Leiper :

Keith Greenwood.

FEMALES - 25min 38sec for the winner giving

GOLD : 28min 11sec

SILVER : 31min 44sec

BRONZE : 38min 9sec

Rosie Hope : Bing Kerr.

CLACHNABEN

MALES - 1hr 19min 59sec for the winner giving

GOLD : 1hr 27min 57sec

John Buchan

SILVER : 1hr 39min 59sec

Brian Lawrie : Gordon Ramsey : Ewen Rennie

BRONZE : 1hr 59min 59sec

Graham Milne : Dennis McDonald :

Graeme Marks : Graham Elrick : John Stewart

FEMALES : 1hr 38min 35sec for the winner giving

GOLD : 1hr 48min 26sec

SILVER : 2hr 3min 53sec

BRONZE : 2hr 27min 53sec

Margaret Stafford.

GLAMAIG

MALES - 50min 25sec for the winner giving

GOLD : 55min 27sec

SILVER : 1hr 3min 1sec

Eddie Butler : Phil Kammer.

BRONZE : 1hr 15min 37sec

Brian Lawrie : Malcolm Stone.

BEN RINNES

MALES - 1 hr 59min 39sec for the winner giving

GOLD : 2hr 12min 37sec

SILVER : 2hr 29min 34sec

Dennis McDonald

BRONZE : 2hr 59min 49sec

S. Chapman.

MORVEN

MALES - 40min for the winner giving

GOLD : 44min

John Buchan

SILVER : 50min

Eddie Arrowsmith : Dennis McDonald :

Brian Lawrie : Ewen Rennie : Gordon Ramsay :

Graham Milne.

BRONZE : 60min

Ian Jolliffe : Tom Gunn : Keith Greenwood.

BENNACHIE

MALES - 47min 1sec for the winner giving

GOLD : 52min 42sec

John Buchan

SILVER : 58min 45sec

Eddie Arrowsmith : Phil Kammer : Stevie Willox :

Brian Lawrie : Ewen Rennie : Dennis McDonald :

Gordon Yule : Ian Jolliffe.

BRONZE : 1hr 10min 30sec

Tom Gunn : Graham Marks : Keith Greenwood.

FEMALES - 56min 24sec for the winner giving

SILVER : 1hr 10min 30sec

BRONZE : 1hr 24min 36sec

PENTLANDS

MALES - 2hr 22min 40sec for the winner

SILVER : 2hr 58min 20sec

Dennis McDonald :

BRONZE : 3hr 34min

Phil Kammer : Ewen Rennie

PRE RACE EATING

by JIM DARBY

Energy comes from the chemical breakdown of ATP (Adenosine Triphosphate) in the muscle cells. ATP is produced in the body through the breakdown of glucose, fats and proteins. At rest and at submaximal activity the athlete utilises as fuel a mixture of approx 60% glucose 40% fats. At race pace however the endurance athlete uses almost exclusively glucose (from stored glycogen). There is normally sufficient glycogen stored in the liver and in the muscles for about 90min. to 2 hours of maximal activity. Athletes on high mileage however may be in a constant state of glycogen depletion until they have allowed 48-72 hours rest so that the body can replenish the stores. Because of this pre - event nutrition should begin at least 48 hours before the event. Gradually decrease training to allow the body to replenish stores of glycogen and to eliminate toxins.

A large unabsorbed food mass in the digestive tract is of no value to the athlete. It does not provide energy for the race, increases body weight and causes some discomfort.

What to eat. Under ideal conditions it can take 4-5 hours for a light pre race meal to pass through the stomach and small intestine. However pre race tension and in particular eating unwisely can slow stomach emptying to twice this time.

A large unabsorbed food mass in the digestive tract is of no value to the athlete. It does not provide energy for the race, increases body weight and causes some discomfort. For races up to 90 minutes there is sufficient stored glycogen for the athlete to complete the event at maximum effort. It is therefore not essential to have a pre race meal at all, but many athletes would find normal hunger difficult to cope with. If you must take a pre race meal try to eat a modest quantity of a complex carbohydrate. Liquid meals are excellent but may be unpalatable. They pass rapidly through the system without complications. Toast or cereals are fine particularly if they are your normal breakfast. The body likes routine. Avoid foods high in cellulose, bran, beans, lettuce etc. as they can increase the need to defecate. Proteins - meat, fish, eggs, fried foods, spiced or fatty foods, cheese, crisps and snack foods. All of these slow gastric emptying.

Sugar or glucose sweets, tablets or drinks...they can stimulate the production of insulin which reduces blood glucose levels. They also slow gastric emptying.

Don't drink tea, coffee, alcohol, they are diuretic (they promote the production of urine therefore fluid loss). Alcohol is the worst substance to ingest in the 48 hours before the race. It seriously interferes with the production of the hormones which regulate the body's fluid balance causing dehydration and consequent loss of performance.

**EAT COMPLEX CARBOHYDRATES
DRINK WATER.**

REVIEW PAGE

by BRIAN LAWRIE

McHatchins history of North East fell running has just come into my hands. This is a good buy at £10.50 and a must for those interested in the history of our sport. There certainly were some fascinating characters around in the old days. To stimulate your interest in this fine book here is an introduction to some of the more zany characters.



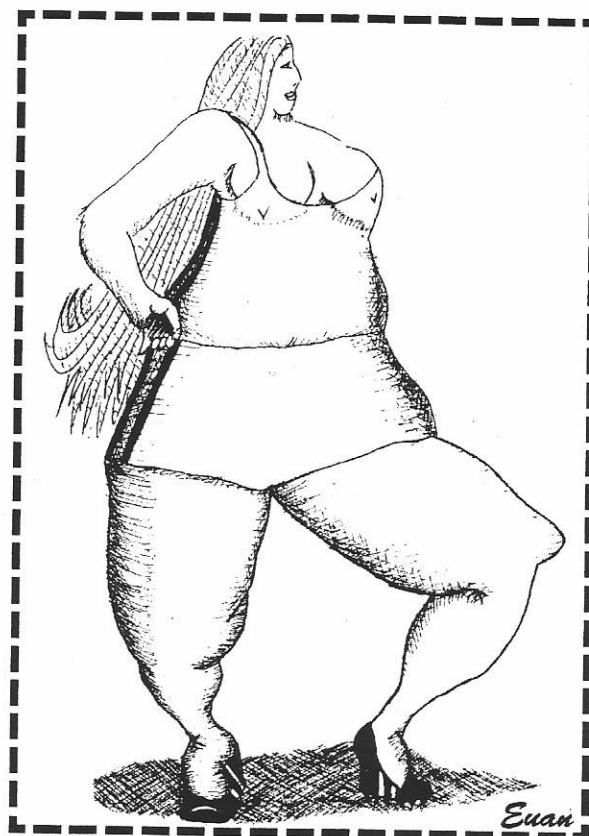
BILL 'THE WORM' MACKIE

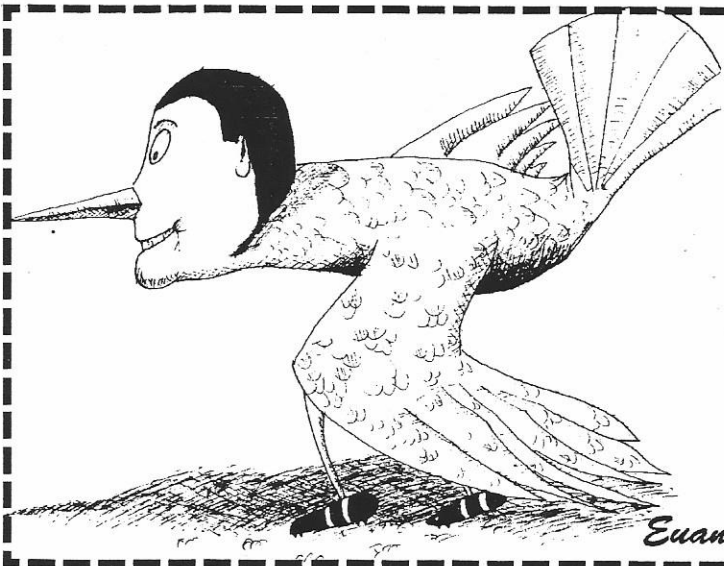
Never completed a race in his life and used to be twice this long until somebody stood on him at Scolty.

Remembered especially for his unusual appearance. Bill was unfortunately eaten by a blackbird while helping to mark the course at the 'Turra Fair'.

MARY 'THIGHS' HENDERSON

Once described as having evocative bulging thighs. Mary overdid the uphill reps and can now only exist in a buoyant water environment, which is maintained with the help of a Hill Running Commission grant.





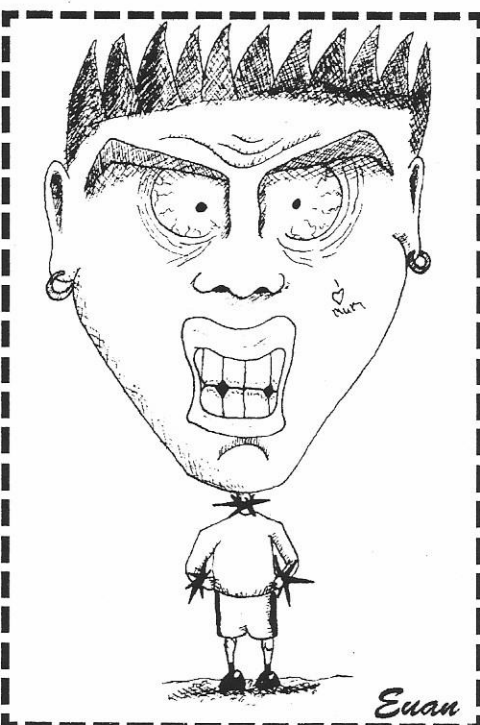
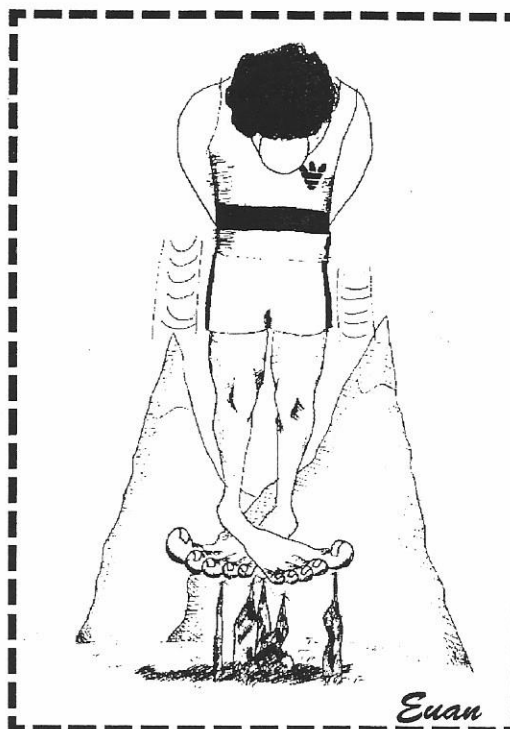
HARRY 'BIRD' THOMSON

'Bird' was an interesting sociological case. Brought up in a nest by Ravens on the big cliffs of Creag an Dubh Loch, he never accepted that he had an advantage over other competitors. He was finally driven from the sport when he flew all the way down from the summit of Ben Hoorin in the 1927 race! 'Bird' was tragically shot by an unscrupulous gamekeeper just before the second world war.

TOM 'MASOCHIST' BREBNER

Steep descents in bare feet were Toms forte. He never ran over the grassy Border hills because he couldn't do himself enough damage there.

Would often re-ascend a scree during a race in order to enjoy a second flesh tearing descent. (This of course did very little for his times). Died in agony in the 'Ten Screes' hill race in 1949.



GEORGE 'MISOGYNIST' MILLER

A notorious women hater.

Entered the sport to exterminate every bitch in heat. Although never proved, it appears that he may have attempted to dynamite the massive scree above the second loop during the ladies only Ben Brae race in 1959.

Committed suicide in 1961 by garrotting himself on the finishing line after being beaten by Molly Scott in the Tyrebagger Wallop race.

FRA RELAYS 1994 — VINI, VIDI, WIMPI TUSSOCKS 6 - COSMICS 0

by Ewen Rennie

Team Manager, Brian Lawrie, was unabashed after his teams first foray into the top league of British Hill Running, otherwise known as the F.R.A. Relays. "It was a learning experience for us" he claimed. "Next year in Wales we will aim to do much better and the pitch, sorry the terrain, will be more to our liking".

Certainly the flat moorland and tussocks that represented much of this year's course was alien ground to five of the six team members; whilst Ewen Rennie regards it as his least favourite terrain. "If there's a patch then it's okay but virgin tussocks are murder". The course planners clearly thought otherwise with plenty of virgins and very few paths in evidence.

Preparations had gone reasonably well although the loss of Malcolm Stone (twisted ankle at Bennachie) presented the first selection problem. Stevie Willox was drafted in to join Phil Kammer, John Buchan, Dennis McDonald, Ewen and Brian. An uneventful, if long trip down the A90, A74, M6, M61 and M62 saw the team make an overnight camp at Globe Farm bunkhouse in Saddleworth near Manchester.

Once all had assembled Ewen insisted on a pilgrimage to the Cross-Keys Inn which he claimed was the spiritual home of the friendly, beer drinkers relay. (The race from here provided the concept for the Elrick relays although Ewen has yet to find a venue combining a tough course with the appropriate spectator facilities). Some restrained beer drinking saw us return to the bunkhouse in time for Match of the Day - surprisingly it wasn't Aberdeen being thrashed by Motherwell!!

Next morning adrenaline was to the fore as we woke to find the temperature at least ten degrees colder than the previous day and that's in centigrade, not Fahrenheit! Phil has his porridge, Brian his bananas while John is too hyped up to eat! Ewen's roundabout trip to Hebden Bridge has us wondering about the wisdom of trusting him on the navigation leg whilst there is some discussion about whether John or Stevie should do the first leg. We opt for John but he hardly has time to warm-up before they're off - one hundred teams charging up the village street and on to the hillside.

After 9 miles and 2200 feet of climb over rough moorland the quality of the opposition is apparent as we count twenty-eight teams before John comes in. (Leaders are Lancashire & Morecambe through Mark Croasdale in 67min 34sec compared to John's 75min 33sec). He's upset with his run feeling that he lost several places in the last mile or so.

Meanwhile Steve is on the short fast leg of five miles and 1300 feet climb. He too finds the quality of the opposition impressive as he drops a few places to thirty-sixth. (Clayton lead through Sean Livesey in 1hr 45min 16sec whilst the fastest leg comes from Billy Burns of Preston in 35min compared to Stevie's 43min 15sec).

The final two legs require the runners to go in pairs. Dennis is paired up with Ewen (on the navigation leg of 7.5 miles and 1300 feet of rough terrain) whilst Brian and Phil have the monster trip to Stoodley Pike covering 13 miles of varied terrain and 2300 feet of climbing.

Ewen and Dennis give their all but still loose places dropping us to fortieth place with their run of 1hr 21min 29sec compared to the fastest leg (all four of them) from Rossendale in 1hr 7min 9sec with Bingley now leading from Dark Peak and Kendal.

Phil and Brian have to cope with a marshal directing them off course and then shouting them back. The Robert brothers from Kendal produce the fastest fourth leg 1hr 37min 38sec when it matters, to push their team into first position at the finish with an overall time of 4hr 37min 40sec. Meanwhile Phil and Brian record 2hr 5min 12sec for 5hr 25min 29sec overall and forty-third place.

Other Scottish teams

LIVINGSTON	7th	4hr 51min 4sec
CARNETHY	12th	4hr 55min 16sec
SHETTLESTON	20th	5hr 4min 40sec
CARNETHY 'B'	55th	5hr 36min 18sec
(including Mark James 1hr 22min 56sec 1st leg)		

LIVINGSTON LADIES 61st 5hr 49min 21sec
(winning Ladies)

CARNETHY VETS 67th 5hr 56min 22sec

A LIFETIME OF RUNNING - A SUGGESTED APPROACH

by Mel Edwards

As runners we are all looking for different things from our sport and these can be numerous - the excitement of racing, the feeling of fitness, the camaraderie, the challenge of a training programme, the opportunity to travel within the U.K. and abroad and many more.

I believe that the above aims vary throughout our running career, depending on our age, work situation, family commitments, injury etc. and it is useful to appreciate that this will happen, to expect it, ride with it and always maintain a positive attitude to your sport. It is also my firm belief, after taking a keen interest in running from the age of five and embarking on a life-long distance running campaign in 1960 at the age of seventeen, that if you are sufficiently determined and resolute, you can overcome almost any impediment to your continuation in the sport at a level which is to your satisfaction. Let us look more closely at the intrusions which are mentioned above.

1. Age. There is one thing certain - we will age. Thank goodness! It means we are still alive and still in the sport and that is the positive way to look at it. We have all heard of the over 50 or over 60 runner who is still producing remarkable performances. They seem to be abundantly talented or lucky, but are they? Perhaps their performances are due to the fact they have been sensible enough to adopt a lifestyle and training regime which still allows them to give of their best.

Some pundits say "make no concessions for age". I disagree. I believe you have to make every effort or sacrifice to be in a position where you are able to give of your best and if that means making concessions, so be it. You should be able to train hard and frequently well into your 40's, especially if you have taken up the sport in your 30's. When you turn 50, beware! Tissues are becoming less flexible, more brittle. Muscle bulk can diminish. Counter these hazards by stretching regularly, running on soft surfaces, having rest days, regularly doing strengthening exercises for your quadriceps and easing both into and out of a training session or race.

2. Work and family commitments.

A necessary intrusion into a runner's life.

If you have a job which has regular hours, then there is no problem. If you have time at midday - great. If not, then if you have family commitments work out whether pre-work or after work is best, remembering that it is not sensible to carry out quality work pre-breakfast.

If you work irregular hours, then it is probably best to get a run in before work to play safe. Most of us can avoid missing a session if we are committed enough, although I can envisage situations where it is probably best to skip running e.g. 7am flight to London, work all day, home at 10.30pm. Only a Ron Hill would fit in a run around that schedule!

3. Injury. Most of us get injured at one stage of our career, but it is not the end of the world. You can 'get back', although at 52 I can only speak up to that age! I have been fortunate (?) enough to have had only three serious injuries in 34 years of running and it may be of interest to note there details.

Type of injury	Period	Back to good form
<i>Achilles tendon</i>	12/64 to 3/66	10/66
<i>Abductor muscle</i>	8/69 to 1988	1975 then put up with it until it went away!
<i>Knee cartilage and ligament</i>	3/93 to 6/94	11/94

It may be seen that when an injury has virtually healed it can take only about six months to get back to satisfactory fitness and in my case this happened at the age of 23 with the Achilles tendon and at the age of 51 with the knee cartilage. So do not despair.

Probably the most important step you can take when injured is to find someone who has experience of that type of injury, or is a specialist in the field. Easier said than done. Keep asking your running colleagues until you achieve the breakthrough in tandem with medical advice.

Running is a demanding but rewarding sport. If you adopt the correct attitude, whatever standard you achieve, you can not only reap great satisfaction from it but help others to do the same. i.e. enjoy a lifetime of running.

1994 COSMIC HILL RUNNING CHAMPIONSHIP

	El-Brim-Ik	Clachnaben	Glamaig	Ben Rinnes	Morven	Pentlands	Bennachie	TOTAL
Phil Kammer	9		9		9	9	9	45
Ewen Rennie	7	7	6		5	8	6	39
Dennis McDonald		5		11	7	11	4	38
Brian Lawrie	6	9	8		6		7	36
John Buchan		11			11		11	33
Gordon Ramsay	5	8			4		5	22
Steve Pryor	1		4	7	1	6	1	20
Keith Greenwood	1		5		1	7	1	15
Malcolm Stone	8		7					15
Gordon Yule	11						3	14
Graham Milne	4	6			3			13
Eddie Butler			11					11
John Stewart	1	2		8				11
S. Chapman				9				9
Stevie Willox							8	8
Eddie Arrowsmith					8			8
Ian Jolliffe	2				2		2	6
Alf McKay	1	1	3					5
Tom Gunn	3				1		1	5
Graham Elrick		4						4
Graeme Marks		3					1	4
Doug Leiper	1	1						2
Mike Gibb								0
Andrew Johnston								0
Danny Laing								0
Andy Heap								0
Graham Dudley								0
Patrick Gordon								0
Ian Curphey								0
Wilson Moir								0
Peter Stephen								0
Mike McCulloch								0
Terry Kerr								0
Bing Kerr	11							11
Shona Manson							11	11
Margaret Stafford		11						11
Rosie Hope	9							9
Kath Butler								0

THE GLENMORE LODGE BASH - NOVEMBER 1994

FACT AND FANTASY

by Brian Lawrie

Bed and Breakfast and 'Denner"! Partying until two in the morning! Superb chalets! A chance to mix with famous athletes like Des Crowe! Watch the heroes and heroines of our sport get their prizes! And all for nineteen quid! Us Aberdonians were right in there as soon as we had a whiff of the business, and with lots of other fun loving Scottish hill runners descended on Glenmore Lodge for a repeat of last years successful bash.

First, in order to scourge the soul and temper the seductive pleasures awaiting down at the Lodge, we had the 'little' business of running up and down Meall a' Bhuachaille to attend to. Cosmics had a strong team assembled and had already scared off Shettleston Harriers, that S.H.I.T. team from Glesga. (Shettleston Harriers International Team). However a controversial incident calling for Cosmic action during the race probably deprived our team of victory.

It was obvious from the start that all was not well. The track up through the forest from the start is narrow and steep and there was a lot of pushing and shoving going on. I had never seen such a competitive start.

Word soon went round the lads that the Cosmic heroine was rapidly approaching from the rear. Since the oath of April 3rd Cosmics have been sworn to ease the passage of Hills Angel in any race that they compete in, even if the ultimate sacrifice of coming last

has to be paid. Few others know of this.

We print this story in full now only because of nasty rumours that Hills Angel's victory was tainted by being involved in medical experiments with the Fila doctors in the Himalayas. This has enraged us and forced us to come clean.

Where these runners come from is anybody's guess but it is clear that many runners are sick and tired of the petty jealousies and back biting tactics of Central belt officials and look to the North of Scotland, particularly Grampian Region, to lead a Renaissance of the sport.

Anyway the situation Cosmics found themselves in called for quick thinking. She was almost upon us and there was no way through. Greenwood and Pryor had the measure of the moment however. Without a thought for their own chances or their three pound entry fee (Rennie can never be trusted with this task) they spontaneously fell over and formed a bridge over the deep heather at the acute right angled bend in the forest, thus allowing our heroine to cut the corner and run over them. Having by passed the knot of runners who were barring her progress, she steamed off for a magnificent victory.

My heart went out to the lads, what a gesture! But precious time had been lost because of the bridge forming drama, as we had all stood transfixed by the spectacle. It was time to press on.

Heave, gasp, over the top at last. Help ma boab, another Westie creeping up. This one isn't going to get away. Whoosh! Side by side we plummet down to Ryvoan. Unfortunately he takes off on the tarmac and disappears round a bend. Rotter.

Knowing that J.B. would be champing impatiently at the finish I battle on impervious to the beauties of the Ryvoan Pass. Hilda, Elaine, Janet and Spud are spectating near the finish so I pull myself together and put on a co-ordinated look. However this is spoiled by an upstart from Alnwick Harriers who passes me just as we draw level with the girls.

J.B. looks reasonably happy after all. (He was seventh) Dennis and Steve are also there. Other Cosmics came galloping in and we stood steaming in the damp air like a bunch of nags after the 3 o'clock at Aintree exchanging views. Bing was stoical, "I just take what comes!" Pryor and Greenwood philosophical "Best in the circumstances!" Wasn't that an understatement? Terry frustrated, "Hid ti wait tae show Bing the way!" Graham elated, "Ding Dong out there man!" Rennie dejected, "I still haven't done enough damage to my knee to get my operation!" Stuart distracted, "I was thinking of that Ga move!" Those rockclimbers! Dennis hopeful "I could have been two minutes quicker!" Steve truthful, "I'll need to improve my descending!" John Buchan aggressive, "Fit kept yi!" Me? Well I'm so fat I'm pleased that I can run at all. Anyway who cares, the day will only get better.

With Cosmic heroes Greenwood and Pryor held shoulder high (onlooker must have wandered why) we head for the Lodge just 'doon' the road.

But any thought of a few hours relaxation before the bash started was wishful thinking with all those Type A Cosmics around. Before you could say Joe Brown, we were all down in the sauna like cauldron of the lodges rock climbing wall, thrashing our upper bodies.

It was good fun really, with old crag rats Armitage, Kammer and yours truly caught up in a voyage of rediscovery, while the young hot-shots, Elrick and Thomson demonstrated wild dynamic lunges to the gawking spectators.

Only the most sceptical failed to be enticed down from the balcony for a go and they probably regretted their timidity as another terror struck figure came screeching off the wall unable to hold on for a second longer. A belly full of laughs, right enough! Now for some grub.

A buffet this year and it was good. Competitive to the end, food was crammed on to plates as if it was going out of fashion although standing up to eat it was a bit tiresome. A steady flow of fizz from Steve was enough to keep us all bubbling however and then it was upstairs for a seat and the prizegiving.

J. Wilkinson late of Gala was the mens Champion and A. Brand-Barker (Erryri) took the womens title. D. Armitage was best Vet and B. Waldie (Carnethy) was best Super Vet. J. Brooks (Lochaber) was junior Champion and Shettleston were the team of the year. Hmmm! Well done all. Officialdom having had its hour, Des and Dermot took to the floor for the

alternative prize giving. A few sweaty brows wait apprehensively to see if they are to be the centre of ridicule. Our Ewen doesn't have to wait long and carried off the prize for the ugliest man in Scottish hill running. I think this was very unfair because it's so subjective. I definitely saw one uglier person at the lodge that night but he went away before Des saw him. Ewens tartan tights may have had something to do with the scales of fortune being tipped against him, but he's got a thick skin and got his own back by shouting (bellowing?) abuse at runners from other clubs all night long. You know what his voice is like!

And so to the disco. At the first hint of a tune, on to the dance floor we careered to explode in a frenzy of seething limbs. It was clear that this was the moment everybody had been waiting for. The last dregs of energy were being thrashed from our bodies but the liquor made the 'pain' bearable.

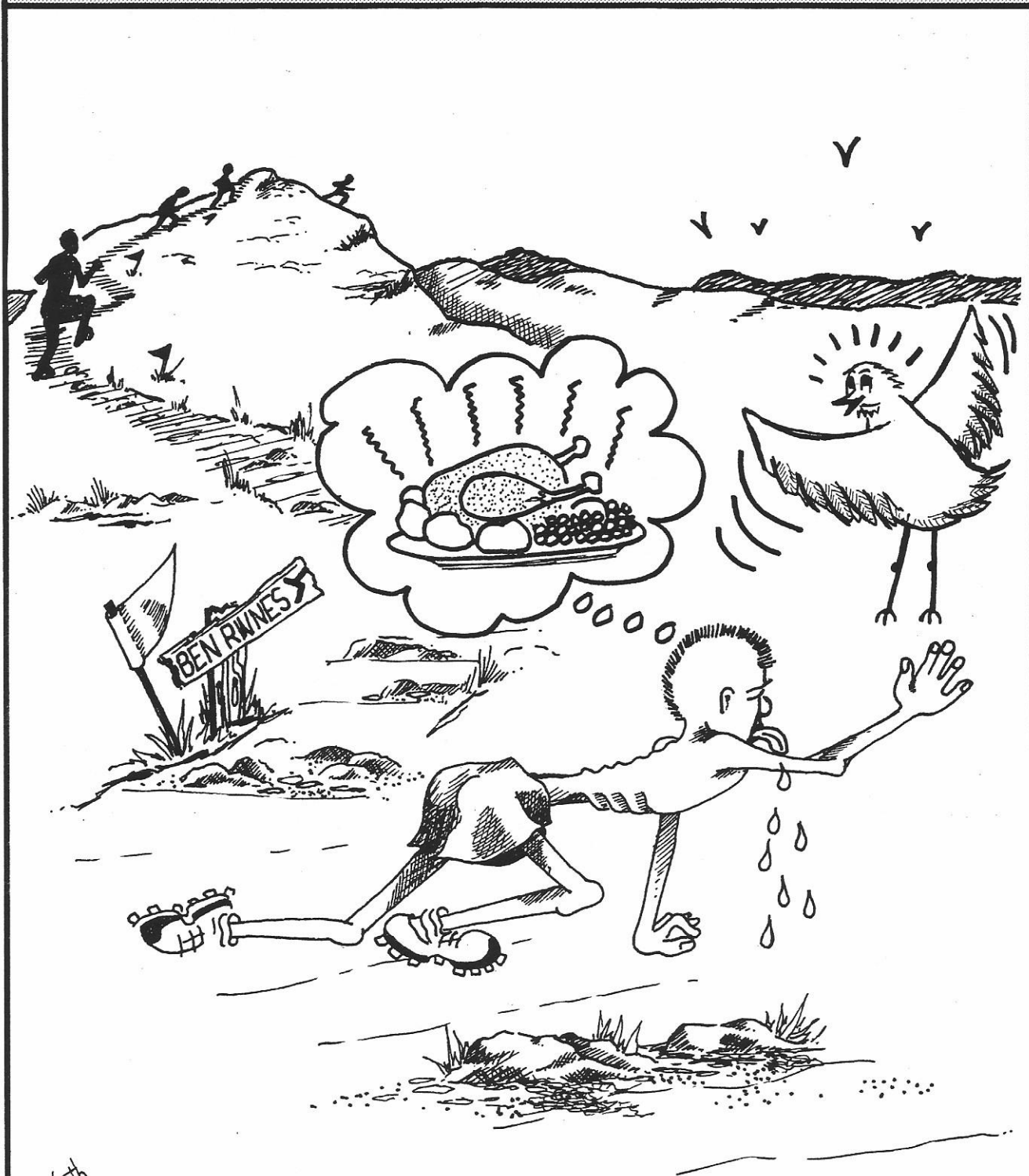
I wandered if I could dash back enough booze to ask the Cosmic heroine up to dance. Had she any inkling to whom she owed her success today? Maybe she thought Pryor and Greenwood were stupid enough to fall down where they did at that crucial point of the race this afternoon!

God almighty, what's this? Kammers done it. She's dancing with him! The sneak. He's beaten us all to it and he is sober! Look at him pretending that he doesn't notice that we notice who he's dancing with. Green with envy I console myself that it is at least a

Cosmic first. Over in the corner Dennis and young Graham have been seized by the teeny boppers for their entertainment for the night and acquiesced graciously. J.B. is ferociously restless. He's got to go by ten and wants to cram a whole night in by then. Willox looks mournful, he's driving J.B. home and can only contemplate what could have been. Pryor is pestering Sonia about tips on how to stretch properly. At one in the morning! Bing is provocatively teasing Cosmic men by drawing scented ten pound notes out of her bra and telling them to have a sniff. Unfortunately Terry is always watching. And so we rode our luck until the wee sma' hours. Next year we will all be back in droves. Sorry Des!



OOR BRIAN



Kath

Fasting to go faster on Ben Rinnes !!!

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