



Mynyddwyr De Cymru

Newsletter - October 2008

www.mdcwales.org.uk

Contents:

Snake Bite	Page 1
East to West Relay	Page 2-4
4 Cardinal Summit in day	Page 4-6
The Turas – adventure Race	Page 6-8
Results	Page 8-9
Dates for the Diary	Page 9

Reflections on a Snake Bite



Male Adder

I was running across Llangynidr mountain in May on the East-West relay and bounding between the tussocky grass (as one does up there) when I felt a sharp pain in my left ankle, as if I had landed on something sharp. I yelled out thinking that something had stung me. I didn't think much more of it and carried on running the rest of that leg of the relay. It was only on sitting down in the car half an hour later that I was aware my ankle was hurting and thought I ought to look at it. The inner aspect of the ankle was already swollen and I noticed one obvious puncture mark and another more superficial mark 1.5cm away. Whatever it was had managed to do this through a thick woolly sock.

I was thinking perhaps a bee, a wasp or even a hornet had got me but was aware that more slippery animals lurked in grasslands. Over the next two hours as I was sitting in the van at Storey Arms waiting for my next leg on the relay the ankle really started to swell, became obviously bruised and the marks became more livid. The gradual realisation dawned on me that this was no bee sting and that I'd probably been bitten by an adder.

I was aware that Adders favoured grassy heathland and that it was Britain's only venomous species. A colleague at work later told me that he remembers being taken on a biology field trip as a teenager to look at the Adder nests on Llangynidr mountain, so I now know they are there.

I was beginning to wish I'd read a bit more about it at medical school. I was starting to feel sick and had abdominal cramps. Then without warning, despite the dire weather outside, I had to get up, get out the van and have a pee. Others commented that I'd gone pale as a sheet. A large bruise developed in my groin within 40 minutes of the bite. No one offered to suck the venom out!

It became obvious that my participation in the relay had come to an end as my leg was slowly digested. Derek kindly offered to drive me home. By later that evening the ankle was twice its normal size and I couldn't walk with the pain. I had to borrow some crutches to go to bed. Despite being urged by all around me to pay a visit to casualty I couldn't see the point as I knew there was no specific treatment apart from the treatment of complications. I did confirm this with a telephone call to the Poisons Information Service, who still ended the call with the advice to visit casualty!

I did some reading around and am now a bit of an expert on Adder bites. *Vipera berus* is a member of the viper family. Snake bites are rare in the UK. The poisons information service receives about 100 enquiries a year about them. There have been about a dozen recorded fatalities in the UK since the 1880's, the last in 1976 in a 10 year old girl.



Snake venom is an interesting cocktail of proteins causing damage to the heart and muscles, interruption of the nervous system, digestion of proteins (including blood vessel walls) and disturbances of blood clotting. There are also proteins that make you pee. This is so that the snake can follow its prey more easily between the moment of biting and the moment of death. The effects you get depend on the species and the amount of venom injected.

They are normally shy and retiring creatures and I think I must have been unlucky and either trodden on it or just come too close

So what's the worst thing about being bitten by the UK's only venomous species? The pain? The swelling? The Fear of imminent death? No – the ribbing afterwards, the awful puns and being forced to drink a pint of "Snakebite" (half lager and half cider) in the pub on my return to fitness.

Alan "Snakebite" Stone

The East to West Traverse July 2008

MDC's history of inflicting great discomfort on as many people as will fit into a minibus in the shortest amount of time, continued this year with the great East to West Traverse. A Tom Gibbs production this one, starting at the furthest eastern point of Wales on the River Wye at Biblings near Monmouth to St Davids Head in Pembrokeshire. The route is 270Km long with nearly 9000m of ascent and takes in as many mountains and off road and as Tom could find. Tom's anticipated time was an optimistic 28:30hrs. Ten runners split into teams of two and three support crew signed up and were keen to participate. Tom with his usual attention to detail left nothing to chance and produced spreadsheets detailing everything from what, where, who, and how fast, truly a spreadsheet an Airbus production line would be proud of. With many of the teams having done their homework and recce'd their legs over the previous weeks, confidence was high the evening before the off, despite the rather gloomy forecast. The majority of the team stayed at Tom and Astrid's where a few last minute tweaks were made to the running order due to a few last minute "no shows" due to illness and injury. After a superb curry courtesy of Tom and Astrid and relentless competitive games of tennis on the Wii, we hit the sack ready for the 7:00am start at Biblings.

Martin Lucas and John Aggerton kicked off the first leg followed by Tom and Jules Carter both making good time to Monmouth, where everybody, including the support crew, were slung out to do a stint of the road relay. Haydn Griffiths and Andy Blackmore did a nice section through the woods to Lower Hendre, where Alan Stone, Astrid Gibbs, Rob West and Andy plus a bit road relay saw us into Abergavenny. Andy and Hugh Aggerton drew the short straw for the steep leg up the Blorenge with Martin and John

taking over for the nice descent into Clydach, well up on the schedule.



Tom and Jules had the first of the longer mountain legs (and the rain) over the hill to Cefn Onnau before passing Rob West's bespoke baton in full MDC colours, to Haydn and Alan. Hacking through knee deep heather towards the Chartist Cave (sorry Tom we will take your advice next time and take the path), Alan yelled and said that he'd been bitten, thinking it could not have been much more than a ferocious midge, Haydn, ignored his continued cries of pain got on with the job of yomping onto the Trefil Road. In worsening weather Hugh and Derek were eventually released, slightly behind schedule, to head for Abercynafon ready to hand over to Tom and Jules for the leg over to Storey Arms.



On closer inspection at Storey Arms Alan's foot was swelling fast and displayed two neat puncture marks. Half hour later Alan was looking decidedly like he was not going to be running anywhere for a while and diagnosis of snakebite was made. A decision was made to medevac him back to his personal physician (his wife) for TLC and to prevent him becoming a liability, sorry, I mean for his own well being. A tough call, but somebody had to do it! So, with mutterings of "I'll catch you up tomorrow" Derek did the honours and drove him back to Cardiff.

By now the weather had changed and in very poor visibility, high winds and lashings of rain, Martin and

John headed up over Fan Fawr towards the Maen Llia Road. Rob and Astrid ran the leg over Fan Gihyrich in similarly atrocious conditions. With a final slither down the final steep grassy slope, keeping a sharp eye out for snakes at all times, they handed over to Haydn and Derek for the short hop over to the Tawe Valley Road. The Tawe itself was in full spate and provided a few minutes of careful contemplation for Hugh and Jules before deciding to sod it and going for a three man effort (with Haydn) to cross the torrent.

This was one of the longest legs and proved a difficult 10 mile slog in foul weather over Bannau Sir Gaer to the road crossing at Pen Rhiw-Wen. There was great relief to see Hugh and Jules descend out of the gloom as nobody was keen to go outside the vehicles for a pee let alone go searching, a fine effort worthy of such lunatics. One last leg by Tom and Haydn over the bogs of Bleanpedol, finally saw us out of the mountains and passing the atmospheric Craig Cennen Castle in darkness and on into Presbyterian country!



We were indeed by this stage in need of a little spiritual guidance and perhaps even a little physical support as organisation and schedules suffered from the atrocious weather, the loss of Alan and even a little fatigue amongst the runners. A change of plan was required, Tom suggested splitting into two teams with the idea that one team could drive on ahead and get a couple of hours much needed kip while the other team carried on running. The minibus team got to sleep first, but after what seemed like minutes were rudely awoken at some irreverent hour with full beams and horns from Kay's car. The car teams had put in a good effort and clawed back some of the lost time up through the Brechfa forest and the country



lanes of above Carmarthen to kick start a lethargic minibus team into action to do their stint. The rain eased to a drizzle and good time was made to the start of the Presceli's for the last of the mountain legs. The much coveted ridge was not at its best and John, running alone, was deprived of the normally fine views by thick clag.

A few shorter legs over the foothills of the Presceli's brought views of the sea beyond Fishguard to revitalise our spirits. Tom ran over Strumble Head in improving conditions to give Haydn the first of the superb coastal legs down to Aber Bach Beach. Martin and John continued to Abercastle followed by Rob doing the leg to Trefin. Hugh went on to Abereiddy to fittingly leave the final leg to St Davids Head to Tom and Jules finishing in superb sunshine in 30:37:57 hours to down champagne on the awesome St Davids Head followed by Ice cream on the beach and an end to another fine MDC outing.

Great thanks must go to the drivers/runners, Phil Brown, Kay Lucas and Derek Thornley for switching off their tachometers and staying awake for 2 days, putting up with huge amounts of moaning and still providing a smile at each checkpoint. A debt of gratitude must also go to Tom for dreaming up the idea and providing the enthusiasm to see it through to the end. Finally fangs must also go to Alan "Snakebite" Stone for getting bitten and providing the source of amusement on club runs for weeks.

Haydn Griffiths

Cardinal Summits of Wales 8th August 2008

Typically the weather forecast for the day of my attempt, Saturday 9th August, was awful, in keeping with the rest of the summer. If the weather had thought it had scuppered me then it was in for a surprise, the forecast for the Friday before, was great – dry, sunny, not too warm and a slight north-westerly to boot – so after a quick discussion with my ace support crew, Phill, we decided to take the Friday off and have a go a day early. This later proved to be a masterstroke as Saturday was one of the worst days of the summer so far.

So Thursday evening saw us driving up to North Wales to stay with "The Boy Wonder" Andy Mullett in his holiday cottage near Tremadog. This was a spot to relax and prepare for the next day. Friday morning, we were up at 6am aiming for a 7:30 start and a great journey the length of Wales.

The 4 Cardinal Summits are Snowdon - the Highest in Wales, Cadair Idris - the most Magical, Plynlimon - source of the Wye and Severn and Pen y Fan - the highest in South Wales. With cycling in-between the distances work out at 22 miles and 8000ft of climb on foot, over 110 miles and 9000ft of climb by bike. I knew the route from having done the route South to North back in 2001 with good friend and one time

Welsh Ironman record holder Keri James in the current record of 14:26 minutes. This time would be North to South and I hoped to knock a good chunk off the record, aiming for sub 12 hrs.

So 7:36 am saw me starting a Pen y pass. The cloud was about 600 metres and I was worried that the forecasted good weather would stay away. I aimed to take it steady up Snowdon and tried my best to hold back, as I approached the summit I broke out of the cloud into sunshine, it was going to be a great day after all. Construction of the new summit café/station was in full swing. At 8:30 am, they workers must be on a good rate! The descent took me down the Rhyd Ddu path and on to the bike after 1hr 30mins, bang on schedule.



After a speedy transition I was off on my road bike and was quickly enjoying the descent to Beddgelert. To make the most of the various roads, I'd got a bit serious on the bike front this time bringing with me a Road Bike (Wilier Cento), a Time Trial Bike (Wilier Lavaredo complete with Disc Wheel and Aero Helmet) and my Whyte 19 Hardtail mountain bike. All this lead to much amusement for my Fell club.

By now the weather was warming up and the sun out. I was quickly in the groove on the bike, nipping over the climb from Garreg to Rhyd and down past the Ffestiniog railway to Meantwrog. Next climb was the long slog up to the A470 junction. Here I switched to the TT bike for the fast section of road to Dolgellau. This section was super fast with me averaging well over 25mph. All to soon I was on the outskirts of Dolgellau and back on the Cento for the climb up to the Hotel at the start of the Foxes Path.

I'd knocked the 36 miles from Rhyd Ddu off in 1hr 45, putting me slightly ahead of schedule.

Next up was the crux of the route, Cadair Idris, still too early to be going hard, but the hardest climb and descent of all the hills. I tried to keep a lid on my effort whilst still making good time. It's a tough climb up the Foxes path, with the loose scree on the upper slopes, it was also getting warm towards midday. After 52 minutes I touched the trig and after a (very) brief look at the view and a bit of banter with some walkers I was heading down. Here I took the very steep and rough path down the crags to Llyn Idris. This was a really quad-buster, reinforced by the unrelenting steps all the way to the valley floor. It took over 30 minutes to descend, and I'd lost a few minutes on my schedule, but felt that I'd not put too much into the hill. With less than 5 hours gone, I was glad to have the 2 hardest hills behind me. Getting back onto my Cento was a pleasure and I headed out of Snowdonia towards Machynlleth and my next peak, Plynlimon.

Previously we had taken the roads to Tal-y-bont and around Nant-y-moch. I'd worked out a shorter off-road route that I thought would save me 15 minutes or so. Jumping on the MTB, I pedalled a direct line south towards Plynlimon. A big off-road climb brought me out onto the large plateau of wilderness that characterises the area. A good track exists that leads all the way to the ford through Afon Hengwm where wet feet was the order of the day. Here was the tightest transition for my support crew. Phill had to race round via the roads, 20 miles further, then run 1 mile on a track to meet at the best changeover spot. Unfortunately I was too fast – getting to the transition 4 minutes before him!

After this slight delay I was quickly clambering over the tussocks and picked up the big track to Llyn Llygad Rheidol. From here a good line to me up to the top of Plynlimon. Here I had my first sight of the last hill of the day, Pen y Fan and boy did it look a long way away! The descent of Plynlimon is good and I quickly picked up the big track by the mines that led to Eisteddfa Gurig. 50 mins for Plynlimon and I had now been out for over 7 hours 15 mins. A quick look at the schedule showed that sub 11 hours was possible, if I could maintain a good pace.

Here I used my (not so) secret weapon, doing the Aero Helmet and jumping on the TT bike for the fast A roads to Llangurig, Rhayader and Builth Wells. After about 3 miles of over 30mph riding I noticed a police car coming the other way with the Copper staring at me – Quickly I was thinking, do they think I am racing? If so where are the permissions? Next thing I know the police car had turned around and came back past me. I was now thinking of my excuses and wondering if the attempt was to be stopped by a night in the cells!

Then I saw the Police Car pulled up in the next lay-by with the Copper (not in uniform) getting out – perhaps he is undercover (in a blatantly marked Car) I thought? I slowed down and to my surprise the Policeman asked if I was Tom and he explained that he was Moley, a member of the Fell Club!

Relief at not being in trouble was quickly followed by annoyance at being stopped, but at least now I had a potential police escort for a few miles. Back on the case I tore through Llangurig and the superb stretch of road to Rhayader, which saw me clock 23 minutes for a 10-mile stretch. I continued on to Builth, blessed with a slight tailwind and generally descending roads. At the Showground I jumped back on the Cento for the last stage of the cycling – over the Sennybridge range to Upper Chapel and Brecon. Just leaving Builth, I spied a cyclist who appeared to be waiting for me. As I got closer I realised that it was, Toffer, one of the regular South Wales madmen who had cycled out to ride the last bit with me. It was a great moment that lifted my spirits and helped me maintain my pace over a tough stretch of road. To stop any cries of assistance I diligently made sure that I never drafted behind him, climbing side by side over the 1 in 4 climb. Soon we were descending in to Brecon, nipping through back streets to avoid the early evening rush, then climbing up to Cwm Gwdi Car Park. This was a real sting in the tail with a nastily steep road up to the last transition. By this time 10 hours had elapsed and I knew that I had to keep on the pressure to beat 11 hours.



The climb up the North ridge of Pen y Fan is a big one; steep at the bottom it only relents for a short while before the final steep section. Here I was on my knees, feeling the effects of the day, and a 24-hour race 2 weeks previously. I was so glad to clamber up to the cairn at the summit. I had it to myself as well. A quick glance behind to look at the way I had come. Plynlimon was barely visible, Cadair Idris and Snowdon, lost to the mists and the curvature of the Earth. It struck me at the length of this journey.

I had no time to stop and contemplate, as the climb had take 40 minutes and I had only 20 to get down to the finish. I sped down familiar paths, surprised to find that the nasty cobbles had been replaced by a

much more runner friendly surface. Quickly I realised that the 11 hours was safe and I began to think about my long day on the hills and how much the character of the landscape had changed from the rocks of the North to the remote wilds of Mid Wales and the grassy moorland of the South. All to soon I was crossing the bridge to the gate at the Car Park and the finish, 10 hours 57 minutes after starting at Pen y Pass.

Huge thanks go to Phill - my one-man support demon, Toffer – for the company on that last bike ride, Moley – for the police escort and making me think I was about to be arrested, My wife Astrid - for putting up with me and ATB Sales - for bike support with my great selection of machines.

Tom Gibbs

Goodrich “CEO Challenge” Hill Race 2008 (Near Symonds Yat)

Formerly Known as: Goodrich Fell Race (1250' Of Ascent) Approx 6.5 Miles Category : 'BM'

Senior Race (18+) – 2 laps = 6.5 miles

14 –17 years Race – 1 lap of main race. (700' of ascent) 3.75 miles

SUNDAY 19TH OCTOBER 2008 - 2.30pm

Registration at Ye Hostelrie Public House, Goodrich from 1pm

(off the A40 2 miles West of Ross on Wye, Herefordshire).

CHARITY EVENT

All proceeds to Concern Universal in aid of World Poverty Day

www.concern-universal.org

Entry Fee's £8.00 (attached), £10.00 (unattached), under18's £5, £2 extra on the day

Return entries to: Martin Green, 16 Park Road, Five Acres, Coleford, Glos, GL16 7QS.

Tel 01594 836408, e-mail: martinjenny@sky.com

SUPPORTED BY FOREST OF DEAN ATHLETIC CLUB

The Turas – AR World Series Race 15th – 21st June

I always like a journey that involves a ferry – it adds a certain element of exploration, that just driving or even flying seems to lack. So getting off the ferry in Rosslare, it felt like we were heading into the unknown. A nice drive across southern Ireland revealed some tremendous landscapes, especially as we approached the mountainous southwest. The home of The Turas AR World Series event.

Substantial prize money had attracted a small but select field, including 10 of the best teams in the World. The race would be fiercely competitive.

The pre-event registration and general faff was kept to a minimum that allowed us to relax a bit in the beautiful surroundings of the Dingle Peninsular. All to soon however we were up at 4am to start the prologue. As a team we had decided to take the prologue pretty steady as historically any prologue deficits tend to be sat out at uncritical points on the course. True to form a lot of the top teams charged off up the first MTB climb, with us tucked on the back. The first climb topped out along a craggy ridge and a great moorland descent to the transition. Just before this we suffered a sidewall split on one of our tubeless wheels, which lost us a few minutes. In transition to the run over Brandon Mountain we were 25 minutes down on the leaders. We were graced lovely views of this enigmatic peak and after an hour were running down to the end of the first part of the prologue.

In true Irish style, we were bussed to a pub for some food before the 2nd part of the prologue – a short kayak paddle back to Dingle. The weather was superb and the seas flat – which suited our tippy boats and weak paddling. Coming into Dingle we had lost a total of 40 minutes on the lead team over the whole prologue, but importantly we had not used up too much energy.

After a long bus transfer to Schull on the Mizen Peninsular, far too much food and a good night's sleep we were ready for the start of the main race. The route was to take in all the 4 remaining peninsulas in South-west Ireland.

The weather forecast was not good, with winds picking up – not what we wanted for the first paddle. The course was altered to keep it more sheltered. After a few hours and some rough seas we had worked out a sneaky portage to avoid the most exposed headland. We got back into a maelstrom in the next bay and kept the boats upright to the next portage. The good Swedish team, Lundhags, had extended the portage to miss out the bay – a tactic that gained them a lot of time.

We finished off the last sketchy bit of the paddle and were glad to be on dry land, and also happy to be within an hour of the leaders. Next up was a very technical orienteering stage which we completed without too much difficulty, but proved to be a real killer for slower team who had to do it in the dark with heavy rain and mist, one team taking 7 hours for a section that took us only 2.

Now we had caught a couple of teams up and were on our bikes and heading out to the Sheep's Head Peninsular Lighthouse. A very dramatic spot, especially in the wet and windy weather conditions. We then had a long ride, mainly tarmac with the odd off road to the beautifully situated Gungan Barra hotel. We arrived about 1am and had to sit out our penalty before we grabbed a few hours sleep. Next stage

was the longest and hardest of the race – a 40-mile trek over high trackless ground of the Beara peninsular. At the end we knew that we had a short swim then a rest until the following morning, so we set out at 5am to have a long steady trek and save what energy we could for the next day. The mist made the navigation tricky, aided by the dire weather. It wasn't until the last 10 miles that the rain eased and the sun came out. Something that stayed with us to the end of the race.

The swim across Killmakillogue Bay was fun and frustrating at the same time. We could see the finish, symbolising rest and food, all the way but it took a long time to get there. We arrived about 10:30pm and quickly got changed and had some hot food – chips are fantastic when you are really hungry!

5am came all too quickly and we, as the 5th team in, started out on the next rowing stage at 5:20am. This was one of the highlights of the race. Rowing across to the Iveragh peninsula in a local racing rowing boat with our Cox, Paddy. He encouraged us (mainly with coarse language) – “row you pussies”, came the cry, and as we worked pretty hard “that's quarter power, now show me half power”. It really made the stage special, and the 5am restart brought the field back together.

We arrived in Sneem on our final peninsular, and then were quickly onto our bikes and off on an excellent ride via a fine offroad section. The highlight was the views of the impressive Skellig Michael Island from the Headland. After a vicious road climb (used as a hill climb by local roadies judging by the writing on the road) we arrived in Portmagee for the run on Valencia Island. By now the weather was great, the sun out and we could really work on our suntans!

At the end of the run we had a short paddle section, once round lighthouse and the rough water we had the tide with us and we flew through the section. At transition the organisers told us that we had an extra zipline to do on the bike. For us the diversion would add about an hour, but for some teams make or break their whole race. All to soon we were back on our bikes and to the base of the monster bike push – plenty of swearing at the officials was to be heard as we pushed bikes up a 700m climb for 90 minutes. The descent down was fast and over all to quickly. At the bottom we were greeted by a large gathering of people who were having a party – all to coincide with the race.

This was a huge feature of the race. The organisers had smartly put on a whole festival to follow the race route, allowing locals and tourists to see the racers in action. At every transition you would see lots of locals all with a friendly word and smiles on their faces. It was the best reception I have ever had.

We were soon to the abseil and only 1 hour down on 4th spot. However little did we know that 2 teams had missed the abseil and were having to return to complete it – something that cost them 3 hours and a chance of winning the race.

Rushing to use the fading light, we finished off the last bike of the race via a nasty little bike push over a col, here the wheels came off our charge a little. Tiredness in the team meant a short nap, followed by the first nav error of the race and we had allowed the team, Lundhags, behind to catch us up.

What followed is classic AR racing. Two teams in Canadian Canoes on a complex series of lakes, in the dark. Conscious we were leading the other team through the various channels we went to silent running, turning off all our torches, hiding our glowsticks and keeping very quiet. We were gambling that they would miss the channel and we could slip by. Unfortunately they found the channel and we were then trying to catch up.

At the transition to the final section, a run over the Macgillcuddy Reeks, Ireland's highest mountains, we were only a few minutes down on Lundhags. It was now a race to the Jumar, and we tried a different descent line that didn't pay off. Now were we 30 minute behind Lundhags and we gave chase.

We chased down a team in front, which we thought were Lundhags, only to discover that it was a team on the short course, something that knocked the stuffing out of us. However, keen to finish and get to a restaurant to eat some food we pushed on, finally finishing about 6pm on the Friday evening. Straight after the finish it was into Killarney and a huge Pizza followed by Ice cream!

In the end we finished in 85 hours and 6th place. A great achievement in such a very competitive field, taking the scalps of Adventure NZ, Buff, Keen and others. With a little more luck on the last night we could off pulled up to 4th. We would like to thank our sponsors for their support – Aberdeen Asset Management, Marin Bikes, USE Exposure Lights, Paramo and Helly Hansen.

Tom Gibbs

Transfan

Due to the horrendous weather at the end of August, the Transfan has been moved to 11th October. Kickoff is at 11.00am. Remember that this is a tough individual challenge. It is not a race. You must be comfortable navigating in bad weather and must be self sufficient with your own support over the 21 miles and 8,500 foot of ascent. Much of it is off path and it is definitely, positively not marked or marshalled. Please 'phone myself or Martin Lucas for further details.

Results

Only MDC results listed. See WFRA website for full information.

SOUTH WALES SUMMER HILL SERIES 2008 (BEST 4 RESULTS TO COUNT)

1	Matthew Collins	MDC	MS	415
8	Peter Williams	MDC	M40	330
11	Neil Lewis	MDC	M40	323
12	Andrew Blackmore	MDC	M40	320
15	Andy Stott	MDC	M40	290
17	Helen Bennett	MDC	FS	284
21	John Darby	MDC	M50	258
26	John Sweeting	MDC	M60	232
31	Patrick Wooddisse	MDC	MS	198
72	Dick Finch	MDC	M60	97
81	Gareth Craft	MDC	MS	93
106	Doug Adlam	MDC	M40	82
108	Les Pugh	MDC	M60	81
128	Peter G. Williams	MDC	M50	75
130	Allan Hodkinson	MDC	MS	75
150	Gareth Griffiths	MDC	M40	69
159	Steve Brown	MDC	M50	66
171	Martin Lucas	MDC	M50	64
211	Robert West	MDC	M60	53
226	Adrian Moir	MDC	M40	48
231	Mike Harris	MDC	M50	47
240	Dave Gilbert	MDC	M50	43
257	Ian Payton	MDC	MS	18
258	John Battersby	MDC	M70	16

(Full races report at end of the newsletter)

LLyn Y Fan Race 13th August 2008

7	Andy Stott	MDC	M40	58.06
9	Kevin Betts	MDC	M40	61.43
10	Martin Lucas	MDC	M50	63.42
16	Dick Finch	MDC	M60	67.37

Machen August 25th

30	Andy Stott	MDC	M40	51.11
34	Neil Lewis	MDC	M40	52.04
35	Peter G. Williams	MDC	M50	52.10
45	Andrew Blackmore	MDC	M40	53.57
59	Helen Bennett	MDC	FS	55.54
108	John Sweeting	MDC	M60	62.14
138	Les Pugh	MDC	M60	71.00
146	Ian Payton	MDC	MS	76.42
151	John Battersby	MDC	M70	83.49

Brecon Beacons Race 16th August

4	Jules Carter	MDC	MV40	03:15:46
5	Helen Bennett	MDC	SL	04:10:20
	Patrick Wooddisse	MDC	SM	DNF

Llanthony Show Hill Race 2nd August

3	Patrick Wooddisse	MDC	MS	31.52
9	Peter Williams	MDC	M50	35.27
12	Andy Blackmore	MDC	M40	37.50
13	Helen Bennett	MDC	FS	38.18
21	John Sweeting	MDC	M60	42.54
30	Les Pugh	MDC	M60	52.34
31	John Battersby	MDC	M70	58.44

International Snowdon Race 27th July

127 Andrew Blackmore M40 01:41:54 MDC

Pen Y Fan Race 16th July

62 David Gilbert MDC MV50 00:58:33

Waun Fach Race 12th July

2	Matthew Collins	MDC	MS	51.53
14	Neil Lewis	MDC	M40	63.21
23	Peter Williams	MDC	M50	66.43
24	Andrew Blackmore	MDC	M40	67.29
26	Andy Stott	MDC	M40	68.34
45	Dave Gilbert	MDC	M50	84.14
46	John Sweeting	MDC	M60	92.54

Guto Nyth Bran Race 5th July

1	Matthew Collins	MDC	MS	41:31
25	Andy Stott	MDC	M40	54:27
27	Andrew Blackmore	MDC	M40	55:24
33	Peter Burne	MDC	MS	57:57

Coity Race 29th June

1	Matthew Collins	MDC	MS	41.00
16	Neil Lewis	MDC	M40	51.05
20	Peter Williams	MDC	M40	53.22
29	Helen Bennett	MDC	FS	59.20
40	John Battersby	MDC	M70	85.00

Beacon Batch Race 24th June

53 BENNETT, Helen MDC ladies 18-39 0:42:00

Mynydd Troed Race 25th May

4	Gareth Craft	MDC	MS	74.46
5	Peter Williams	MDC	M40	75.34
10	Andy Blackmore	MDC	M40	79.46
13	Helen Bennett	MDC	FS	87.49
17	John Sweeting	MDC	M60	95.18
23	Ian Payton	MDC	MS	dnf

Dates for Your Diary

Sat 4th October Fan Fawr 2miles 1000Ft
2.00pm £1.00 Chris Gildersleve 20624143

Sat 4th October Long Mynd Hike 50miles 9800Ft
1.00pm Church Stretton School
Phil and Gil Harris 01694 771674

Sat 11th Transfan (see above for details)

Sun 19th October Goodrich Hill Race
see advert listed above in newsletter for details

Sat/Sun 25th / 26th October The OMM – say no more

Sat 1st November Sugar Loaf The Crown Pantygelli
Douglas Adlam 2.00pm 01275 391345

SOUTH WALES SUMMER SERIES

(report courtesy of WFRA)

Matthew Collins (MDC) made it 3 wins out of 4 to take the South Wales Summer Series, winning Coity, Waun Fach and Guto Nyth Bran. The only man to beat him in the series was overall second placer Harry Matthews of Mynydd Du. Harry also clocked up the highest score of the series- 109% at Mynydd Troed, but the overall strength in other fixtures meant last years winner had to settle for 2nd this time. The consistent Max Suff of Hereford Couriers was 3rd and 1st M40 for the second year running. Under 23 Matthew Stott (Chepstow) finished an excellent 4th overall, his best score coming in the opening fixture at Pen Cerrig Calch back in March, where conditions were anything but summery. Steve Littlewood was 1st M50 and also scored highly at Mynydd Troed. In the women's competition Emma Bayliss, running for Mynydd Du, was hard to beat after consistent performances in all the fixtures except Llanthony. Her 'best 4' total of 329 points gave her a comfortable victory over Helen Bennett (MDC) with 284. Sharon Woods, also Mynydd Du, was 3rd and 1st F40.

Editor:

Alan Stone
5 Church Road
Whitchurch
Cardiff, CF14 2DX

Email: alan_stone@talktalk.net

Deadline for next issue: 31.12.08