



Mynyddwyr De Cymru

Newsletter October 2010

www.mdcwales.org.uk

Editors Rambles

Welcome to another action packed adventure filled edition of the newsletter. Well enough of what I've been up to. What have you been up to? Not very much judging by the paucity of news articles received this quarter. MDC runners completed a very fine running of the Pembrokeshire coastal path as a relay. Good running weather and great craic made for a memorable weekend. Well done to all for finishing in a time of 26 hours and 20 minutes. This gave an average running speed of 7 miles per hour spread over the weekend. For the report see later in the newsletter. Helen Bennet has also sent me a piece reminding us all of the dangers of not listening to your body. I don't need reminding – my

threshold of pain is so low that I've never been in any danger of getting into the state she did.

Membership Benefits

Just a reminder that we have successfully negotiated a 10% discount at Cotswold Outdoors for club members. Please quote code;

AF-TMSW-F8

This can be used in-store, by telephone or online. Remember the motto, abuse it and we'll lose it - so please don't go passing this onto your friends outside the club. The usual exclusions apply, sale items, gift vouchers etc.

South Wales Winter League 2009 – 2010

Message from John Sweeting about this year's winter league.

Just a reminder (see attached) that this year's series starts on Saturday 2nd October (2.00 pm) with Fan Fawr, then Sugar Loaf (Oct 30th) and Bloreng (Nov 27th). Info on the remaining 4 races in 2011 will be circulated as soon as they are finalised.

DATE	RACE	ENTRY FEE	AGE LIMIT	DETAILS
October 2	FAN FAWR 2m/1000ft	£1.00	Over 16	From lay-by near Storey Arms on A470 Merthyr Brecon road (GR SN 983203) Organiser: Chris Gildersleve (029 2062 4143) e-mail: gildersleve@ntlworld.com
October 30	SUGAR LOAF 5m/1400ft	£2.50	Over 16	From The Crown, Pantygelli, nr Abergavenny (GR SO 302179) Organiser: Douglas Adlam (07950 106886)
November 27	THE BLORENGE 2.5m/1400ft	£2.00	Over 16	From Llanfoist Inn, Llanfoist, nr. Abergavenny (GR SO 286133) Organisers: Chris & Jessica Taylor (01386 443200) e-mail: taylor.jessica75@yahoo.co.uk

Pembokeshire Coastal path Relay

On the last weekend in July South Wales Fell Runners MDC decided to spice up their training and consume a lot of beer by running the Pembokeshire Coastal Path as a continuous relay. The Path runs some 186 miles and covers some 35,000 feet of ascent. The National park Authority doesn't keep records, but note that the SAS ran it "pretty fast". Well we reckoned that we could beat "pretty fast". So Friday afternoon saw a rag tag collection of cars and campervans heading westward along the M4. Kay Lucas showed us that the best way to recover from a stroke is to get out and do some serious running. She started us off at full race pace in Amroth at 4.30 in the afternoon.

We were going South to North. Derek demonstrated the sophisticated navigation equipment we were going to use on this intrepid exploration of wilderness. See the photo below for details. The plan was to run a prologue on the Friday night and get the first 30 miles out of the way. This was ticked off in good time and we were all in the pub by 8.30pm. Some spectacular scenery can be seen on this section of the run with high cliffs and sandy beaches. We were able to run through the MOD danger area as the firing ranges were shut at this time of day/year. We successfully resisted the urge to pick up unexploded ordinance on the way – as the signs carefully reminded us. The next morning saw us



on the go at 6.45am. This is the most tedious part of the route; running inland on roads to avoid the complete no-go area of the Castlemartin ranges. Once past that it was back into the beautiful scenery of Freshwater West where Harry Potter and Russell Crowe's Robin Hood have been filmed. The scenery was changing to a flatter more undulating one now as we headed to the oil refineries in Milford Haven. We

even had to extinguish cigarettes as we passed them. Next was Pembroke Dock, which does not rank as the prettiest highlight of the route.



Sitting at South Hook Point we were reminded that you can't protect people from their own stupidity. We witnessed two men climb into an inflatable boat and start paddling out to sea. Each of them carried an oar and paddled one handed as they sat astride the sides of the boat. The reason they had to paddle one handed was because one of them was carrying a small baby! As you can imagine by this part of the story, they had the grand total of not a single life jacket between them. We could hear how much the baby was enjoying it from several hundred yards away. Fortunately a coast guard vessel intercepted them before too long and tried to persuade them of the error of their ways. Our astonishment was only interrupted by the arrival of a blood-splattered Rob who'd managed to lose the path and dragged himself through the brambles leaving a forensic trail behind him.

The next stage for the route was to take us over Sandyhaven Pill. This can be crossed at low tide on stepping stones, the alternative, if you get it wrong, is a long detour on the road. We got it wrong, but not being keen to run a step further than necessary Haydn and I crossed it with water covering our thighs. There was a fierce side current on the ebb tide and we were only just able to retain our footing.

The next stage is probably the most remote and most beautiful section past Dale and St Ann's head and then up towards Broadhaven and Newgale. We were split now into two teams of 5 runners which were taking it in turns to run the sections or take a sustained rest and this seemed to work really well. We thought we were running behind schedule but a sterling effort by Tom Gibbs and Hugh Aggleton saw the final miles past Solva and Whitesands Bay go

quickly, particularly as the wind was now pushing us along. We were camped at Whitesands Bay by 8.30pm and were able to enjoy a BBQ washed down with a few beers.



Another early start the next morning saw the first runners off at 6.30am. This was for the final push up the North coast part of the path towards the finish at St Dogmaels. The weather was superb, sunshine and cloud without being too warm. There was even time to enjoy an ice cream in Fishguard for those not running that section. The final run into St Dogmaels was completed before 4.30pm by all the runners in unison. A well deserved glass of bubbly was had by all – mind you it would have been had even if it hadn't been well deserved.

The runners were Hugh Aggleton, John Aggleton, Haydn Griffiths, Alan Stone, Ben Moon, Tom Gibbs (whose idea and planning it all was), Astrid Gibbs, Rob West, Simon Blease, Martin Lucas, Kay Lucas, Derek Thornley, Keri and Pauline James, Mark Bryant, Gary and Dawn Davies. Total time taken was 26 hrs 20 mins which equates to 7 miles per hour, moving time average. When you consider how rough the terrain was, how little of it is on tarmac and how much climb was involved, we thought this more than "pretty fast".



Tale of the Unexpected

On 27th March a small fleet of minibuses shipped about 50 nervous people from Weymouth to the South Coast path just west of Golden Cap. The weather was slightly chilly and at 6pm the sun was already weak and near the horizon. We all tipped out of the buses and assembled together at some non-descript part of the Coastal path 78.6 miles from the finish line in Studland Bay.

We had all signed up to an event called The Oner run by votwo. A distance of three marathons to be run in one go in under 24hrs. At 18:30 the organiser shouted GO and we all vied to be at the back as we walked past the clapping supporters. A few keeners started running. I had done the same event the year before and reccying the route meant I knew what was involved. I was well prepared, mentally, physically and practically. I had my favourite foods with me, I had carbo loaded, I had nuun, paracetamol and oodles of ibuprofen, I had done numerous long runs on the route over the months before hand. I had completed it the year before. I was so confident the map I had to carry was in the bottom of my bag.

I started off with the aim of being at the back for the first few hours which I vaguely stuck to, being in the bottom half. However I picked up some stones in my shoes which meant I had to stop a few times to empty them out and started to get frustrated at losing places, even though I was aiming to be at the back! So after about 15 miles I started to run to how I was feeling instead of deliberately holding back and took a few prophylactic painkillers. The sun set and an almost full moon came out and lit the path, my head torch stayed off and I looked at the blinking red chemical lights we had to have attached to us bobbing away on the backs of competitors in the distance. I relaxed and was familiar with where I was going and I started to pick off runners. At about 20 miles, the numbers thinned out and I chatted to a few others for a while before I passed on. Before I knew it the first marathon was over and the checkpoint marshal said I was 5th overall.

I was amazed and happy, I headed down towards Portland feeling great, I couldn't believe I was so high up the field and feeling so good. Portland was lit up in a nightly orange glow and had a veil of clag around it. I felt very surreal running down the main road as the odd police car whizzed up and down from Weymouth to Portland a reminder that the real world was carrying on in a typical Saturday night style. As I ran around Portland I hit the only part of the 78.6 miles I hadn't run before as they had slightly altered the route, I jogged on in the clag confident the path was

obvious... Until I hit a 12ft high locked fence that completely cut across the path. Boll*cks. I had missed a turning and a close inspection of the map showed I had run almost a mile and a half in the wrong direction and descended the height of Portland.... I turned around in anger, upset with myself for making such a stupid error and I ran hard back up the path putting in a lot of effort to try and get back to the point where I'd gone wrong. I rejoined the path only to find 2 competitors that I had passed earlier walking along chatting, not only had I run further and climbed more than I needed to. Not only had I lost time but I'd also lost places. I was even more upset with myself now and I pushed myself to run past them at a pace. The next 8 miles was pretty flat back up to Weymouth and along to Osmington Mills and I spent the time mulling over my mistake and when I saw yet another competitor that I had previously overtaken I was really worked up and started to max out my effort, I took more ibuprofen and paracetamol to ward off any pain.

I was still drinking and eating but my favourite foods no longer seemed appealing. My yoghurt coated brazil nuts that I normally wolf down stuck in my throat and tasted awful. I started to eat Cliff Shot Blocs, a new energy gel I'd not tried before in an appealing red berry flavour. As I stopped for a pee before I hit the streets of Weymouth I noticed my wee was strawberry red and thought it was an amusing side effect of the blocs. I carried on quickly, obsessed that even stopping for a wee was now losing me time.



I passed another runner but this time it was one I didn't recognise and I started to relax a little, but the competitive side of me wanted to race on to leave him behind so he didn't follow me. Eventually I got to Lulworth Cove, the end of the second Marathon and saw fellow MDCer Dan Booth and a couple of other runners at the checkpoint. Unfortunately they were too strong for me to group with and I got left behind to carry on over the hills of Kimmeridge by myself. (I later found out this was the leading 3 runners) The

sun had come up and I noticed I was feeling quite warm, but I didn't want to stop to change my clothing. By this stage I was starting to feel tired and a little light headed on the climbs, I put it down to having run 50 miles and carried on. I didn't feel bad, but I didn't feel great, I took some painkillers and caffeine tablets. I was tired, I felt slow. I kept eating and drinking despite the fact it all my food tasted odd. My pee was still red - it had been for about 9 hours. Eventually I crossed the line running and smiling feeling tired but happy, 3rd overall in 19:16hrs.



I told the organisers I felt funny and they immediately got me to lie down with my legs elevated. Dan Booth came in and we sat and chatted whilst I started to feel worse. My stomach was cramping, I felt dizzy and sick despite the fact I was laying down. I got very cold and tired and wanted to shut my eyes. The organisers had paid to have a paramedic at the finish and he started to look after me as I went into shock. I couldn't do anything other than lie with my eyes shut and wish the world away. They decided to call an ambulance and I don't really remember too much as I apparently went in and out of consciousness. At Poole hospital I was quickly diagnosed with Rhabdomyolysis and further developed pulmonary oedema. Rhabdomyolysis is when the cells in your muscles break down and spill the contents into your blood stream, poisoning yourself and potentially massively overloading your kidneys damaging them. Apparently the red in my wee was myoglobin from my muscles and no one could later believe I thought it was the cliff blocs. I can't quite believe I really thought it now either. I guess that's the danger of tunnel vision. You believe what you want to believe. I spent a few days in the hospital on a drip to flush my bloodstream, on oxygen and medication to clear the fluid from my lungs and to be monitored for kidney damage. Worryingly the muscle breakdown wasn't limited to skeletal muscle and there were also signs in the electrical traces they did of my heart that I

slightly damaged my heart muscles. What a wake up call! My legs felt incredibly sore to touch and move like they were severely bruised all over for days after. The doctors were surprised I managed to finish the race and partly put it down to the painkillers, the endurance runners tendency toward tunnel vision. Ultimately I healed and all readings returned to normal and I was released after 4 days. I spent the next few months resting and recuperating and the summer on the bike as a way of getting some less stressful exercise.

The doctor's don't know what triggers Rhabdomyolysis or why I specifically got it in this event. Apparently it is more common among weight lifters, linked to repetitive muscular strain although there are a small number of cases of ultra runners suffering from it.

I am now back to running in the fells again and am still planning to do ultras I hope to complete the BGR next year (anyone wanna help?!) However, as obvious as it sounds I am now listening to my body. If I hurt, I stop rather than take drugs and push on. I haven't taken any ibuprofen or paracetamol during a run since March. I am being careful, I want to still be running and racing when I'm 80 and you have to look after yourself to get there. There are few things in life that turn your wee red... other than beetroot... be warned.

Born to Run

By Doug Adlam

I read this interesting book by Chris McDougall earlier in the summer. He was a keen if frustrated runner in that he was quite heavily built and kept being afflicted by injuries. His book therefore has something of an agenda to it, but it is quite interestingly controversial.

One of the topics he focusses on is a race called the Leadville100. Held in Colorado with a starting elevation of 10,000 feet, you go up from there to do your 100 miler. He goes into the history of the race and how some Mexican Indians enjoyed remarkable success for a couple of years in the 1990s and then disappeared off the running scene altogether. He also points out that Dean Karnazes (who gets quite a slating) dnf-ed twice consecutively at Leadville, a minor point that does not get a mention in Dean's book!

Anyway, the book is also about his return to running and a small race he helped set up (sounds a bit like a Trans-fan set up) on the home hills of those same

Mexican Indians. It has some links to Mike Stroud's 'Survival of the Fittest' which caught my eye.

Genetically and evolutionarily, humans were born to run. We made it down from the trees because we could run long distances at speed upright on our hind legs and learnt to run down animals in the hunt – not over 500m but 5 hours. The tactic is to single out your antelope and to keep it running till it drops of exhaustion or hyperthermia. We can keep going, they can't. Meat was therefore something of a rarity in our diet. This is no bad thing because, apparently, excised cancer cells are 300% more likely to grow back if you eat a 'Western' diet. Ultras are just eating and drinking contests with a bit of exercise and scenery thrown in (more of that later).

The foot, particularly the arch, is a great feat of engineering and should be allowed to function naturally. Expensive daps are allegedly 123% more likely to cause musculo-skeletal injury than cheap shoes; the more cushioned a shoe is, the less protection it provides! The foot should be allowed to run naturally including a mid foot rather than a heel strike

Fight the beast (the wall) by getting to know and love it and handle it better. Run with a smile on your face, because if you don't run, you deny your history and who you are. "Beyond the very extremes of fatigue and distress, we may find amounts of ease and power we never dreamed ourselves to own; sources of strength never taxed at all because we never push through the obstruction." Hmmm.

Anyway, the bloke made it through the 50 mile race allegedly applying the techniques discussed in the book which is respectable. An interesting read.

Ultra Tour du Mont Blanc

By Doug Adlam

Anyway, if you prefer to get out and do it rather than read about it, you can follow the likes of me, Patrick Woodisse and John Sims to Chamonix for the Ultra Tour du Mont Blanc party. It consists of four races, one of which might even be insane by Tom's standards; the three half sensible ones are Courmayeur-Champex-Chamonix (CCC), Sur les traces des ducs de Savoie (TDS – Courmayeur to Chamonix in the other direction) which John and I had entered and the UTMB 100 miler itself which I believe Patrick qualified for because of his Bob Graham. (Course details etc on the utmb website). I bumped into Patrick at Geneva airport, which is becoming something of a habit, and John in the bibs

issue queue.

Everything seemed to be going fine; lovely weather Wednesday and Thursday.....then on Friday morning, it lashed it down. But it cleared up....until the evening start of UTMB whereupon it lashed it down again. And kept on raining while the TDS competitors went through the Mont Blanc tunnel for the TDS start...and kept on raining. UTMB and CCC were stopped in mid race – brave call by the organisers! - and TDS was completely abandoned. Miraculously, they managed to lay on a slightly changed version of CCC for everyone left the next morning at 10 am – so I spent the night on the floor of a sports centre. I now have more sympathy with flood victims etc who suffer the same fate.

The race started in warm sunshine through ever narrowing streets and up onto a mountain track which caused a bit of a jam. But it soon spread out again, the weather cooled off and started to rain just when I was hitting what were by then significantly trampled steepish mountain paths further on going up to the top of Val Ferret getting deeper in slimy slippery mud with every passing step. Fortunately it was rockier near the top, but the descent soon deteriorated into a bit of a mud slide in places. At least it stopped raining for the long haul down the valley, a lot of which was on road, when I wished it was already all over (with 50-odd km and 3 cracking climbs to go).

CCC finishes with three horrid climbs in quick succession, it getting dark on me half way up the second. You could see the head torches zig zagging up the mountain on the third climb from the bottom which was pretty, but daunting. Perversely, I quite enjoyed it. And eventually, at stupid o'clock in the morning, I jogged over the finish line in the middle of Chamonix. Awesome.

I started the race in a tech t-shirt. When it got colder and windy below Val Ferret and started to look like rain, I pulled on a pair of cycling sleeves. For rain, I had two thin light tops and put them both on to trap heat better. I changed socks twice later in the race to try to protect my feet as with wet ground and rain, my shoes were wet and soles were suffering. By the time I was very cold in the last feeding station at Vallorcine, possibly a little hypothermic, I had had enough and stopped to pull on tights and a long sleeve Helly Hansen type top to get something dry next to the skin which did the trick.

I ate what I could at the feeding stations including hot and salty pasta soup, bread cheese and salami (hey, what do you expect in the Alps?) and orange

wedges. In my kit I had brunch bars which at 35g and 150 calories are quite good and raisins. I drank water from the camelbak and at the feed stations plus the occasional isotonic whatever drink which I don't really believe in and don't like!

To train, I roughly followed a 100k program I found on the internet. It talks about 1500m intervals which I ignored just running mixed flats and steepes to get the interval effect in the Avon Gorge/Leigh Woods/Ashton Court/Bristol airport area; more importantly, it recommended back to back long runs on consecutive days so that by the end I was doing 60 miles in a weekend. I did do one long run in the Beacons but the rest was local to me which may have been a mistake, though we have nothing to compare with serious alpine path ascents. An acclimatisation/recce trip might have been desirable but I don't think altitude was a major issue; I only usually start to notice it above 2500 or so, but then, my body is not exactly finely tuned or sensitive!

Try it – you can do it.

Your Questions Answered

Back by popular demand is the regular column where you can ask our resident expert, the well known former polar explorer, Sir T. Fayed-Insane your burning fell running questions.

Q. Have you got any inspiring stories for the older athlete?

Sir T. I was taken to see my doctor by my daughter last week. I was complaining of stomach pains after one of my more arduous adventures - nowadays a trip to Asda is considered an arduous adventure. The doctor examined me and at the end of the examination said, "I'm afraid we need to do some tests on you, starting with a urine test." I'm rather hard of hearing and had to ask my daughter to explain what he said. My daughter shouted into my ear, "He needs to test your wee." The doctor carried on and said, "I'll also need a sample of your faeces." I still couldn't hear him and asked my daughter to explain again. She shouted into my ear, "He needs a sample of your pooh." The doctor explained further, "...and I'll also need a sample of your semen." It was obvious I still hadn't heard so my daughter shouted even louder into my ear, "It's all right dad, just leave your underpants at reception."

Flying the Nest

Good luck to Hugh Aggleton who has joined the RAF and is leaving the South Wales running scene in order to pursue a loftier career. As you can imagine that's gone down a bomb at home. We hope he'll soon be jetting his way back to us. Let's hope his targets don't get missed as much as his contribution to our team point scores.

LEJOG 2011

A group of MDC members are thinking of cycling from Lands End to John O'Groats next May. For details and to follow progress please see their facebook group page;

<http://www.facebook.com/group.php?gid=163399817009829>

Long Distance Walk/Run

I've attached a link to a LDWA (Long Distance Walkers Association) Challenge Walk. These walks/runs are replacing the old Caerphilly Summits they used to run.

http://www.qlikz.org/swldwa/swldwa_wrd.htm

Snowdonia Marathon

28th Snowdonia Marathon / Marathon Eryri, 2010 - New route for 2010 announced

With 4 weeks to go until the [2010 Snowdonia Marathon](#) the organizing team have released details of the new route. After many years starting in Nant Peris the 2010 race will start just outside of the village of Llanberis, eliminating the need for bus and car transfers to the race start.

The new route will take in the ancient Nant Gwynant road after the runners reach Pen Y Gwryd, meaning a traffic-free run of three miles down the Gwynant. Additionally the race will now finish on Llanberis' High Street, meaning a faster course for the competitors and a greater sense of inclusiveness for local business and the local community.

*"The main reason for the change is to make the race as safe as possible for the competitors", says race organiser **Jayne Lloyd**. "Also it will be more enjoyable. The old road from PYG gives a different view of the course, one less often seen by visitors. The changes to the start and finish are meant*

to make things easier for the runners. Bringing the start closer to Llanberis eliminates the need for the buses and generally makes the logistics easier. Finishing on the High Street will enhance the atmosphere of the race too, the Snowdonia Marathon is a community event and this will allow us to celebrate that."

Navigation Course

The next South Wales WFRA Navigation Course will be on Saturday 23 October in Llangynidr, near Crickhowell. Further details will be published on the WFRA website soon, but please contact Andrew Blackmore to express your interest in attending/ book your place andrew.blackmore@uk.zurich.com

Results

As usual I only list declared MDC runners. For full results please see WFRA website or race organiser. If you are not listed it is probably because you didn't declare yourself as MDC!

Black Mountains Race Sept 25th 17miles 5200ft

17	2:34:26	AGGLETON, Hugh	MDC	M
78	3:06:48	WOODDISSE, Patrick	MDC	M
98	3:15:22	BLACKMORE, Andrew	MDC	MV40
104	3:19:56	MOON, Ben	MDC	M
117	3:24:33	BENNETT, Helen	MDC	L
119	3:26:30	STOTT, Andy	MDC	MV50
125	3:29:33	STONE, Alan	MDC	MV50
131	3:33:26	BEDWELL, Alice	MDC	LV40
176	4:08:36	STOTT, Gill	MDC	LV50

Llyn Y Fan Sept 18th 5.5miles 2000ft

5	Brian Hardcastle	MDC	M50	56.00
	Peter Williams	MDC	M50	56.00
8	Kevin Betts	MDC	M40	56.32
15	Martin Lucas	MDC	M50	63.16
17	Dick Finch	MDC	M60	66.36

Sugar Loaf
7miles 1700ft

34	Richard Johnson	Islwyn	M	S	00:59:45
35	Tom Gibbs	MDC	M	S	00:53:57
36	Hugh Aggleton	MDC	M	S	00:54:11
37	Ben Moon	MDC	M	S	00:57:47
38	Kevin Betts	MDC	M	40	01:04:19
39	Nick Dallimore	MDC	M	50	01:04:58
40	Brian Hardcastle	MDC	M	50	01:09:15
41	Mike Harriers	MDC	M	50	01:12:46
42	Caroline Dallimore	MDC	F	50	01:15:12
43	Adrian Moir	MDC	M	40	01:15:41
44	Dick Finch	MDC	M	60	01:17:48
45	Les Pugh	MDC	M	60	01:34:57
46	Dave Gilbet	MDC	M	60	01:34:57

Llantony Show
Sat 7th August

30	Adrian Moir	MDC	M40	41.45
39	John Battersby	MDC	M70	62.09

Waun Fach Race
31st July

2	Hugh Aggleton	MDC	M	00:51:33
17	John Aggleton	MDC	M	01:01:36
34	Andy Stott	MDC	M	01:08:51
50	Mike Harris	MDC	M	01:14:31
51	Gill Stott	MDC	F	01:14:43
54	Dick Finch	MDC	M	01:15:50
60	Gareth Jones	MDC	M	01:22:01

Fan y Big
Sun 18th July 10.3 miles 2200Ft

Hugh Aggleton	MDC	MS	1:19:16	3
Matthew Collins	MDC	MS	1:20:12	5
Julian Carter	MDC	MV40	1:22:04	8
Ben Moon	MDC	MS	1:26:24	14
Mark Saunders	MDC	MV50	1:34:36	26
Peter Williams	MDC	MV50	1:35:15	28
Andy Stott	MDC	MV50	1:40:19	46

Alice Bedwell	MDC	FV40	1:40:42	49
Alan Stone	MDC	MV40	1:42:09	52
Gill Stott	MDC	FV50	1:52:25	76
Caroline Dallimore	MDC	FV50	1:54:16	80
Ute Meister	MDC	MV40	2:01:19	85

Pen Y Fan Race
Sat 17th July 3.5 miles 1930Ft

Peter Williams	MDC	MV50	44:26	15
Mark Saunders	MDC	MV50	47:13	21
Andy Stott	MDC	MV50	48:36	26
Alice Bedwell	MDC	FV40	49:00	29
Alan Stone	MDC	MV40	50:13	34
Gill Stott	MDC	FV50	55:07	49
Mike Harris	MDC	MV50	55:55	55

Guto Nyth Bran
3rd July 6miles 1300Ft

1	Matthew Collins	MDC	MS	39.02
7	Ben Moon	MDC	MS	46.26
18	Peter G Williams	MDC	M50	50.17
29	Andy Stott	MDC	M50	54.39
44	Gill Stott	MDC	F50	60.01
49	Gareth Griffiths	MDC	M40	65.42

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