



calder valley fell runners

SHEEP SHEET

....June 2005....

English and British Championships - the story so far

We've now had 2 English and British Championship races and the club is competing well in both Championships

After the 2 British races of Spelga Skyline and Moelwyn Peaks Karl Gray is lying in 8th place in the senior mens with 2 fabulous runs and Andy Clarke is placed 14th in the V40s .. And the mens team are in 9th place in the senior mens and 7th team as V40s. In the womens competiton in the British Sally is doing very well lying joint 1st in the senior competition and leading the V40s with Sue Mitchell 2nd V40. The girls team is lying in Silver Medal position after placing 2nd team in both races, (with Sally, Sue, Snoots,Clare and Jo being the counters) with Ilkley Harriers taking the honour in both races.



Karl ascending Spelga's final climb

In the English Championships after Fiendsdale and Buttermere Sailbeck the story is all about Sally as she's taken the field by storm and won Fiendsdale and Buttermere Sailbeck outright against very stiff competition and she's proved what an athlete she is on the fells. The old tart is leaving the young ones in her wake .. Oh and she broke the record at Buttermere by 2 minutes and her lemon drizzle cake was even bigger than normal!!!! What a talent on the fells and with her buns!!!! It leaves you speechless (yes even me. Ed.) The girls team are now lying in 3rd place behind Ilkley and Keswick as I've calculated. At the time of print the English Championship results weren't up to date so I can't tell you what the mens positions are I'm afraid except that the teams were lying in 10th position in both the Senior Mens and Vets Championships. Well done Calder Valley And there's yet more to come to name but a few Wasdale aaaagh !!!!!!!!!!!!!



Sally on her way to a fantastic win at Buttermere Sailbeck

ON COMMITTEE



CHAIRPERSON
Rod Sutcliffe



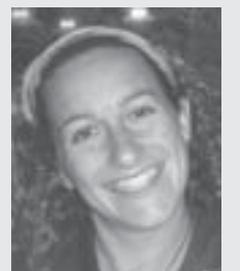
SECRETARY
Jo Smith



TREASURER
Cerys Davies



CLUB CAPTAIN
Andy Clarke



LADIES CAPTAIN
Sarah Noot
(Snoots)

ANY ARTICLES FOR NEWSLETTER PLEASE

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ANY COMMENTS OR INFO FOR WEBSITE

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Spelga Skyline 2005 - Love it or loth it this was a challenge



WEB OFFICER
Carl Greenwood



PUBLICITY OFFICER
Allan Greenwood



SOCIAL SECRETARY
Clare Kenny



EQUIPMENT OFFICER
Alec Becconsall



STATISTICIAN
Bill Johnson



MEMBERSHIP/SHEEP SHEET ED
Thirza Hyde



Our happy bunch *before* the race

So its Friday
In the Mountains of Mourne
If the weathers like this tomorrow
We'll be a little forlorn

Early Saturday morning
Dawns clear and bright
Navigation should be a doddle
Not a cloud in sight

At the base of Butter Mountain
Looks a fair climb
The gun goes off
As the race starts on time

After tussocks and bogs
Its heather and gorse
Then a stream crossing
What a pig of a course

Feeling good on the climbs
Must not dilly dally
Cause I've not a chance of descending
Like the lads from Calder Valley

The morning progresses
The course passing away
Starting to enjoy this
In a sick sort of way

The last hill appears
How will I cope
To get up this climb
Without a bloody rope

The finish in sight
Make a dash for the line
Who put that bog there
Fall down for the last time

So my Irish friends
You've been having a laugh
To design a course like that
And not a proper path....

Poem
by John from Abbey Runners
(he came with us to Ireland)



The club won 2 bottles of wine for having lots of us out in Ireland !!!!!

Spelga Skyline - Saturday 2nd April 2005 13mils/6175'

			Long		Improve from
				rating	Long races over last 12 months
1	Rob Jebb	Bingley	2:26:40	-	-
2	Simon Booth	Borro'dale	2:27:59	-	-
3	Nick Sharp	Ambleside	2:28:05	-	-
20	Karl Gray	CVFR	2:48:42	1.01	5%
49	Andy Clarke	CVFR	3:10:17	1.14	-1%
55	Jill Mykura	Carnethy	3:12:19	1st lady	
64	Sally Newman	CVFR	3:16:42	1.18	-4%
69	Jon Underwood	CVFR	3:17:53	1.19	5%
100	Rod Sutcliffe	CVFR	3:34:35	1.29	-5%
107	Sue Mitchell	CVFR	3:39:55	1.32	-
119	Carl Greenwood	CVFR	3:46:43	1.36	-
122	Phil Scarf	CVFR	3:49:09	1.37	-
129	Brian Shelmerdine	CVFR	3:51:21	1.39	1%
130	James Williams	CVFR	3:51:30	1.39	-
146	Sarah Noot	CVFR	3:58:25	1.43	-
150	Celia Mills	CVFR	3:59:16	1.43	0%
155	Jez Wilkinson	CVFR	4:02:16	1.45	-2%
157	Ben Davies	CVFR	4:04:07	1.46	9%
164	Clare Kenny	CVFR	4:08:02	1.49	-13%
183	Thirza Hyde	CVFR	4:37:27	1.66	-12%
184	Alison Wright	CVFR	4:38:58	1.67	-
185	Jackie Scarf	CVFR	4:39:53	1.68	-
187	Dave Beston	CVFR	4:44:35	1.71	-
204	Alistair Whitelaw	CVFR	5:49:30	2.10	-

and Bill had to retire due to a small problem with his shoes!!!!

Explanation later in the newsletter

216 started, 204 finished

Wow! What a race! This is certainly one of the most challenging races in the calendar and possibly harder than the Lake District classics. It was up and down, up and down all day, with underfoot conditions on the descents treacherous to say the least. My mud- and grass-caked Walshes met their match. The final climb up Spelga Mountain (fiendishly included by the organiser) was a corker. It was marvellous to see 20 club members complete the race. Only Bill, who was having a stormer, had to drop out though equipment failure. This is a race you cannot be indifferent about – either you'll definitely come back for another dose or "never, ever" do it again. The Guinness wasn't bad and the craic was great. Thanks to Thirza for getting it all together. Rod Sutcliffe

The Spelga race was as tough as promised not so much for the climbs but for the wet and slippy descents. It seemed like the harder I tried the more I fell over, basically there was no easy running. The weather and visibility were very good which made for a fantastic race experience. Many thanks to all those who cooked and supported over the weekend and for the organisation to get us over to Ireland.
Celia Mills

The whole weekend was excellent! Going out on the same very cheap flight from Liverpool, hiring a minibus and all staying in the seafront Youth Hostel in Newcastle [thanks Thirza], and the communal cooking, worked so well. What great cooks Ben [Thai curry] and Andy [chilli] are! With cloudless skies and some really welcome support enroute [jelly babies were ace.] I managed a reasonable race time. Despite those killer hills, I actually enjoyed it! Phil did much better and finished strongly. The club spirit really impressed us both. Thanks everyone for a memorable weekend. Jackie Scarf

"Just a few word - just your thoughts about it" I'm not sure its possible to condense the experience into "a few words". If I leave out the bit between the start and the next 5hrs 49mins and 46secs I might just manage it. Suffice to say Spelga was a way bigger and way nastier than anything I had encountered before but to be fair I always knew it was going to be. When I first thought of it I knew it was going to be hard but honestly I failed to realise just how hard. It always seemed a long way off and there would always be time by the plenty of time to put in the miles and hours and then strangely it wasn't and there wasn't. I've had days that have been hard before emotionally and to some extent physically but Spelga hammered me on both fronts. Something most of you will never experience is just how demoralising it is to see the penultimate runner in the field disappearing in the distance and there's not a thing you can do about it. You can try to reassure yourself that probably some runners have given up but you can't be sure. This was reinforced by the fact that I had to navigate from before halfway as I found myself well and truly alone. It was not surprising then that on a couple of occasions I considered bailing. When you get to the checkpoints and even the Marshalls have given up and gone home that's when you want to bail, that's when the task ahead of you grows to seemingly impossible sizes and shapes. And when you meet the Marshalls coming down and they promise not to tell anyone if you go round rather than over then that's when you question whether you've chosen the right sport. But I did go over every time and down and then up and over again. And I'm glad I did. But when I needed the support the most it was there. When I arrived at the road crossing before the final cliff face I hadn't seen another human being for about 2 hours and to have company up that hill was fantastic (Thank you Cerys). Having many of the others still out there cheering long after they'd finished and their own thoughts should have been turning to hot water and cold beer (not necessarily in that order) made the whole experience worthwhile. For me Ireland was always going to be about getting to know people better, with a race thrown in for good measure. I loved it, I knew I'd achieved something and everyone was happy to acknowledge it and share in it. That made me feel so much better. It's a good club to be part of because it is packed with people who care about each and everyone's enjoyment..
Alistair Whitelaw



Big Al as he finishes to a heroes welcome



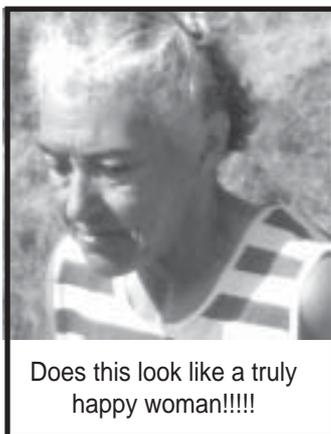
Over and out, Jon at the finish and he's finished!!!

Spelga Skyline

Pre-race checks:

Cagoule, waterproof trousers? *Check*
Hat, gloves, compass, some food? *Check*
Map with checkpoints marked on? *Check*
Evening spent poring over map working out best route? *Check*
Turn up to race start in time? *Check*
Start running in right direction? *Check*
Be sure that running shoes are not going to collapse halfway round? *Ah, failed*

I was thoroughly enjoying the first third of the race. I followed Sally, Sharon and Lou, who seemed inseparable, and grinned at Sally as I slipped and slid past them on the first long descent. Over the road, stopping to get some encouragement from Anne, and further up the hill there was a welcoming party of CVFR folk. It was heading down to the col that my shoe split open – coming apart all the way down the side and front. I tried running on, but it was useless – the shoe was tripping me up every other step. Determined not to give up, I took my shoes off and put them on a wall as an offering to the hill gods, and took a few strides in just my socks. In this mud that became a comical spectacle resembling Bambi on ice, so off came the socks. If the Africans can run in bare feet, then so can I. It took about half a mile, with hordes of runners passing as I tried to avoid stubbing my toes sliding into rocks, for the adrenaline to fade and some semblance of sanity to return. I looked up at the hills that were still to come and realised it was going to take me all day to get round at this rate. Dejectedly, I turned round and shuffled back to the road crossing, collecting the remnants of my shoes from the wall. I had to speed up again, though, as I could see the last runners going through that checkpoint and Anne heading away to drive off. Having decided to give up, I didn't want to have to walk all the way back to the start. *It was amazing how many people offered to swap shoes with me to give them a valid excuse to drop out!* I did catch Anne before she left and it was fun to sit in the sun watching the runners going through the last road crossing and up the final hill. Rob Jebb strode up it at a phenomenal rate. The rest of the field were a little more variable in pace, including James who rather bizarrely lay on his back in front of us, wiggling his legs into the air. Perhaps doing the first third of the race and then dropping out was the best move of the day. Cheers, Bill



Does this look like a truly happy woman!!!!

.....
This was an incredibly well supported race with pretty much half the CVFR Ireland party there to cheer the runners on. Helen, Steve and I made up the on-hill support team, thrusting jelly babies and flapjack (often mashed together) at our valiant competitors. It was a great day out from my angle – I'd really recommend supporting, its such a rewarding way to be involved and to feel like you make up part of the team effort (which is often hard for me when I'm bringing in

the tail end of races!!) Alistair put in a superb effort from start to finish and I was proud to have supported him during his last climb – even though he wouldn't accept any of my darn flapjack
..... Cerys

Pre-race Shoe Check for Trouble-free Racing

Here is some simple guidance for simple souls on how to make sure before important races that your fell shoes are in adequate condition for your next race. Whilst it is quite reasonable to wear well worn shoes for that unimportant local short race, it is inadvisable to wear shoes that are about to fall apart on, to take a hypothetical example, a **British Championship** race that commits you to a weekend in **Ireland**, even if they are your old favourites. If you're really only going for the Guinness, then there's no need to read further.

1. Consider the nature of the race. For instance, if the race involves a lot of descending (**say, about 6175 feet**) on steep rough terrain, there is likely to be a lot of shearing stress on the shoes, tending to separate the soles from the uppers.
2. Test the shoes.
 - a) Examine the shoes. Are they in one piece (or two pieces if you are looking at both at the same time)?
 - b) Take hold of the sole with one hand and the upper with the other and try GENTLY to pull them apart. If there is any sign of a tear at the junction of the upper and the sole, this makes them UNSAFE.
 - c) Holding the shoe as in b), give few sharp tugs with MODERATE force. If the join remains firm the shoes are probably safe and the risk is low. If the shoe falls apart at this stage then, either they were unsuitable to start with or you pulled too hard. In either case the shoe is now unsuitable.
 - d) Do not use test c) with brand new shoes.
3. Grade your common sense (sensible, daft tendencies, completely daft). If you are completely daft, ask someone else to do the above tests.

By following these simple tips you are almost assured of many hours of trouble-free racing. Rod

Lamb's Longer Leg - 16th January 2005

Firstly, thanks to everybody who turned up and made the race such a great success – with a field of almost 130 runners. The sheer numbers placed a heavier than usual burden on the excellent admin team of Tina and Margaret who coped admirably in the circumstances. Despite this, two or three runners missed the start and I must apologise for this – it won't happen again. The weather was fine with occasional bright intervals. Lloyd Taggart (Dark Peak) was having a great race, well in front and looked like winning but unfortunately took the old route back and had to be disqualified. Darren Dunn had a great race to win the men's in 28.35 but the 2004 record of 26.02 by John Brown (Salford) remains intact. Liz Batt (Buxton) won the ladies in 32.42, taking 18 seconds off Mary Egerton's 2004 record. Rod Holt of Glossopdale took the MV45 prize in a time of 30.18. Steve Smithies, in his first running of the race, ran really well to finish 48th in 35.19. There were 127 finishers. Many thanks for the superb support I received with course flagging, registration, marshalling, sweeping up and perhaps special thanks to Alec Becconsall for his excellent help on the finish line with his electronic timer. Thanks also to Dorothy of the The Lamb Inn for the use of the car park and for her terrific chip butties. I look forward to seeing you all again in January 2006. Brian Shelmerdine

Midgley Moor - 26th March 2005 5mls/1250'

		Short		Improve from	
		rating		Short races	
				over last	
				12 months	
1	Steve Oldfield	Brad/Aire	39:12	-	-
2	Simon Thompson	Clayton	39:54	-	-
3	Paul Stevenson	P & B	40:02	-	-
9	Bill Johnson	CVFR	43:55	1.14	3%
21	Adrian Muir	CVFR	45:59	1.19	-
22	Rob Sharratt	CVFR	46:18	1.20	-3%
23	Dave Beels	CVFR	46:20	1.20	-2%
24	Steve Smithies	CVFR	46:21	1.20	7%
25	Ruth Pickvance	Les Croupiers	46:33	1st lady	-
27	Ian Wood	CVFR	46:45	1.21	-
32	Keith Cadby	CVFR	48:50	1.27	-
42	Brian Shelmerdine	CVFR	53:22	1.39	-3%
47	Pete Horne	CVFR	57:03	1.48	-
50	Mick Banks	CVFR	57:21	1.49	-
54	Philip Jones	CVFR	59:01	1.53	-
63	Allan Breaks	CVFR	68:11	1.77	-15%
64	Andy Burn	CVFR	68:13	1.77	-14%
65	Clare Rafferty	CVFR	69:17	1.80	-
70	Lizzie Scott	CVFR	74:03	1.92	-1%

70 runners

Bill Johnson got the lines right and ran a stormer to finish in ninth place in variable conditions with some soft ground underfoot this year. Dave Beels had also been recceing the best routes and won the V50 section. He was involved in a close tussle with Rob Sharratt and Stephen Smithies, with Ian Wood not far behind. The latter four were beaten by dark horse Adrian Muir who must have more to give because he was disappointed with his 21st place. 'Blasts from the past' Pete Horne and Mick Banks gave it a go, while Allan Breaks and Andy Byrne decided to give the whole field five minutes start on them. Clare and Lizzie got round with no trouble at all. Rod

Now then these
2 young 'uns
should
show some
respect
for their elders
.....



Flower Scar - 9th April 2005 4mls/1100'

		Short		Improve from	
		rating		Short races	
				over last	
				12 months	
1	Karl Gray	CVFR	30:14	1.01	1%
2	Sean Bolland	Bowland	30:17	-	-
3	Andrew Wrench	Tod	30:18	-	-
6	Adam Breaks	CVFR	30:37	1.02	2%
13	Richard Greenwood	CVFR	33:14	1.11	2%
14	Jon Emberton	CVFR	33:31	1.12	1%
20	Bill Johnson	CVFR	34:15	1.14	0%
25	Carl Greenwood	CVFR	35:15	1.18	6%
26	Steve Smithies	CVFR	35:31	1.19	6%
29	Gareth Pemberton	CVFR	35:37	1.19	-
30	Rob Sharratt	CVFR	35:37	1.19	-1%
32	Graham Hill	CVFR	35:50	1.20	2%
35	Adrian Muir	CVFR	36:28	1.22	-4%
44	Ben Davies	CVFR	38:43	1.29	0%
47	Rod Sutcliffe	CVFR	39:14	1.31	-2%
54	Jane Smith	CVFR	40:36	1st lady	-
57	Brian Shelmerdine	CVFR	41:16	1.38	-3%
65	Dave Beston	CVFR	43:12	1.44	-3%
67	Dave Culpan	CVFR	43:34	1.45	0%
69	Cerys Davies	CVFR	45:01	1.50	-8%
71	Thirza Hyde	CVFR	45:42	1.52	-5%
82	Jackie Scarf	CVFR	50:12	1.68	-13%
84	Mark Everington	CVFR	50:39	1.69	-2%

89 runners

This was a cracking local short race full of familiar faces, with CVFR making up 22% of the field! After leaving the starting field, it was a full -on climb to the top, with a false summit to deceive those more naïve amongst us. Always nice to see the leading lads descending as you approach the final climb. It was a gusty day and Thirza, as small as she is, proved a marvellous windbreaker as I clung to her heels throughout the ascent. What a fab descent route, shallow angle, nice and bouncy with just the right amount of mud! Calder Valley confirmed their presence at the prize giving, with Karl Gray claiming yet another first. Karl was joined by Adam, Richard and Jonathon to take the boys team prize. Myself, Thirza and Jackie took the ladies team prize and Thirza claimed third LV40. Cerys

Bunny Run 2 - 12th April 2005 3mls/300'

		Short		Improve from	
		rating		Short races	
				over last	
				12 months	
1	Mark Buckingham	Holmfirth	17:09	-	-
2	John Heneghan	P & B	17:31	-	-
3	Rob Jebb	Bingley	17:40	-	-
17	Adam Breaks	CVFR	19:29	1.07	-2%
36	Natalie White	Holmfirth	21:01	1st lady	-
105	Jez Wilkinson	CVFR	23:37	1.30	2%
165	Andy Burn	CVFR	26:09	1.44	-
176	Mick Banks	CVFR	26:28	1.46	-
195	Allan Breaks	CVFR	27:38	1.52	1%

265 runners

I hope I measured Jon Underwood's foot correctly and that this isn't too small!!!!



Bunny Run 3 - 19th April 2005 3mls/300'

			Short		Improve from
			rating		Short races
					over last
					12 months
1	Rob Jebb	Bingley	17:48	-	-
2	Jorge Thomas	Cardiff	18:05	-	-
3	Chris Doyle	Trafford	18:30	-	-
8	Andy Clarke	CVFR	19:24	1.07	1%
40	Sharon Taylor	Bingley	21:25	1st lady	-
145	Philip Jones	CVFR	25:46	1.42	7%
190	Mick Banks	CVFR	27:20	1.51	-3%
194	Andy Burn	CVFR	27:26	1.51	-
201	Allan Breaks	CVFR	28:08	1.55	-1%
274 runners					

HELP!

Marshalls, please!

The Midsummer Madness club event is almost upon us: Wicken Hill Whizz on Friday 24th June, Tom Tittiman on Saturday 25th June and Reservoir Bogs on Sunday 26th June, with a memento for everyone who runs in all three races.

Having three club races to provide marshalls for on a weekend means that we need lots of people from the club to help out.

This year, to make it fair for all, anyone who helps or marshalls in at least one of the races is free to run the others if they wish. If you help in all three races this year, then you can run in all three next year, and so count in the overall race series.

Please can anyone who can help or marshall contact Bill Johnson (01422 881312).

Moelwyn Peaks - 24th April 2005 10.5mls/2800'

			Medium		Improve from
			rating		Medium races
					over last
					12 months
1	Tim Davies	Mercia	1:11:47	(record)	-
2	Jethro Lennox	Shett'ton	1:12:46	-	-
3	Rob Hope	P & B	1:14:35	-	-
14	Karl Gray	CVFR	1:18:43	0.98	5%
43	Adam Breaks	CVFR	1:25:14	1.06	-2%
53	Andy Clarke	CVFR	1:27:28	1.09	-1%
61	Helen Fines	For of Dean	1:29:42	1st lady	(record)
78	Jon Underwood	CVFR	1:32:53	1.16	5%
87	Sally Newman	CVFR	1:34:02	1.17	-2%
98	Bill Johnson	CVFR	1:35:30	1.19	-1%
116	Rod Sutcliffe	CVFR	1:37:57	1.22	6%
119	Steve Smithies	CVFR	1:38:28	1.23	8%
131	Rob Sharratt	CVFR	1:42:18	1.27	-4%
137	Jo Smith	CVFR	1:44:10	1.30	-4%
139	Clare Kenny	CVFR	1:44:45	1.30	2%
143	Keith Cadby	CVFR	1:46:01	1.32	-2%
147	Ben Davies	CVFR	1:46:36	1.33	4%
149	Sue Mitchell	CVFR	1:47:03	1.33	-9%
162	Celia Mills	CVFR	1:49:47	1.37	3%
165	Paul Gallagher	CVFR	1:50:47	1.38	-
184	Dave Beston	CVFR	1:59:11	1.48	0%
196	Linda Crabtree	CVFR	2:02:13	1.52	-
201	Cerys Davies	CVFR	2:06:47	1.58	-7%
208	Alison Wright	CVFR	2:16:01	1.69	-4%
218 runners					

We had a fab time in Wales and I think most of the club were there. Girlies were second team and the lads were like bees round a honey pot at the cake Sally had baked. Staying at Jos cottage was brilliant and the weather on the Sunday was warm and sunny. Some people did a run but we went on a bike ride and laughed at Rod falling off into gorse bushes etc as he couldn't unclip from his pedals. Thirza

The Three Peaks - 24th April 2005 24mls/4500'

			Long		Improve from Long races over last 12 months
				rating	
1	Rob Jebb	Bingley	2:57:50	-	-
2	Andy Schofield	Borro'dale	3:08:06	-	-
3	John Hunt	CFR	3:14:18	-	-
39	Richard Greenwood	CVFR	3:49:31	1.19	-4%
64	Sally Malir	Ilkley	3:59:56	- 1st lady	-
143	Andy Wardman	CVFR	4:22:53	1.37	5%
185	Allan Greenwood	CVFR	4:35:30	1.43	-1%
192	Richard Henderson	CVFR	4:38:37	1.45	-
248	Dave Culpan	CVFR	4:52:50	1.52	6%
340 runners					

I wanted to run the 3 Peaks again this year to try and make a big improvement on last year's time as the weather was too hot in 2004. Race day dawned with a good forecast, dry and sunny, but not as warm as last year. I wanted to make sure that this year I hydrated properly so I opted to carry more fluid with me, extra weight being a big drawback, which I thought could be a problem. I brought with me my wife, daughter and mate Martin to ensure that I would also be able to refuel at both Ribbleshead and Hill Inn. The field this year was still surprisingly large, after last year's championship race with plenty of newcomers, not many from the club made the journey to Horton. On the climb up Penyghent to the first checkpoint, my waistpack felt too heavy around the top of my legs, I was worried whether I was going to get round, so I started to take the fluid onboard quicker to reduce the weight. Rob Jebb by now was flying down the descent with a good minutes lead ahead of the rest of the field, on his way to achieving the first half of his ambition for 2005, which is to win the 3 Peaks Race and 3 Peaks Cyclo-Cross within the same year. At the top I clocked 3 minutes ahead of last year's time so that gave me the impetus to press on the long stretch to Ribbleshead. Allan Greenwood cruised past me after an hour despite running for 6 hours the previous day in the Lakes, I tried to keep up but fell behind on the path leading to the road which seemed to last forever. I swapped bottles at Ribbleshead, 10 minutes ahead of 2004, and grabbed some food then made my way up the narrow track, under the railway line to start the steep ascent of Wherside, here Richard Henderson caught up with me and pulled away on the last third of the climb, by now everybody around me was starting to struggle. After dibbing at the summit one competitor summersaulted over a rock and landed full length on the path, struggled to his feet and carried on. The descent off Wherside is always difficult, I picked my way off the top careful not to trip, at the bottom I was gathering speed and feeling strong ready for the next checkpoint and last climb to Ingleboro, by now I was starting to pick a few people off who had past me earlier, I knew that 4hrs 50 mins was quite feasible depending on the run off Ingleboro, I dibbed at the last checkpoint, managing to hold my own for the last few miles, not overhauling many people before fading the last mile finally finishing 20 minutes better than last year, with 3 badly bruised toes. Nice to have achieved a more justifiable time but it certainly won't be on my 2006 race calendar, the rocky hard terrain certainly takes its toll!

Dave Culpan

Bunny Run 4 - 26th April 2005 3mls/300'

			Short		Improve from Short races over last 12 months
				rating	
1	John Heneghan	P & B	17:39	-	-
2	Mark Buckingham	Holmfirth	18:09	-	-
3	Chris Doyle	Trafford	18:22	-	-
5	Karl Gray	CVFR	18:52	1.02	0%
35	Blue Haywood	Lincoln	21:30	1st lady	
58	Graham Hill	CVFR	22:28	1.22	0%
61	Jo Smith	CVFR	22:49	1.24	1%
141	Mick Banks	CVFR	27:15	1.48	0%
208 runners					

Cragg Vale Fell Race - 2nd May 2005 5.9mls/590'

			Medium		Improve from Medium races over last 12 months
				rating	
1	Paul Green	Sale	34:00 (new record)		
2	Karl Gray	CVFR	35:58	1.02	0%
3	Paul Stevenson	P & B	36:58	-	-
6	Andy Clarke	CVFR	37:59	1.08	0%
16	Jon Emberton	CVFR	40:51	1.16	-1%
24	Dave Beels	CVFR	42:19	1.20	0%
36	Steve Smithies	CVFR	44:23	1.26	0%
41	Ian Wood	CVFR	45:21	1.29	-6%
52	Jez Wilkinson	CVFR	47:23	1.34	-1%
55	Donna Allen	Radcliffe	48:11	1st lady	-
73	Mick Banks	CVFR	51:25	1.46	1%
97	Mark Everington	CVFR	56:51	1.61	4%
98	Allan Breaks	CVFR	57:01	1.62	-5%
100	Helen Wilkinson	CVFR	57:17	1.62	1%
111	Kay Pierce	CVFR	64:38	1.83	-
120 runners					

Thanks to everyone for a magnificent turn out, and for supporting the Cragg Vale fete. The sunny weather helped, no doubt. Note that next year the race will use a different route as we have lost permission for the current route - English Nature are concerned about disturbance to the Twite.
Jackie Scarf.

Junior Membership

We have 2 new members who have just arrived on the scene. Might be a wee while before we see them on the fells but

***Congratulations to Rose and Andy
on the birth of their baby daughter
Mari and to
Amanda and Steve
on the birth of their son Isaac***

Coniston Fell Race - 30th April 2005

9mIs/3500'

		Medium		Improve from	
		rating		Medium races	over last
				over last	12 months
1	Rob Jebb	Bingley	1:11:07	-	-
2	Ian Holmes	Bingley	1:12:58	-	-
3	Simon Stainer	Ambleside	1:12:59	-	-
40	Sharon Taylor	Bingley	1:28:19	1st lady	
45	Sally Newman	CVFR	1:29:07	1.14	1%
68	Ian Wood	CVFR	1:35:49	1.23	-
127	Paul Gallagher	CVFR	1:47:20	1.37	0%
172	Thirza Hyde	CVFR	1:56:30	1.49	-2%

215 runners

After abit of consideration thought that I would go and do this race just to try and get abit of race fitness... what a mistake. I had a hard time on this race as it just never happened and my legs were heavy all the way round. Sally had a fab run and after taking a bad line off the Old Man Sharon Taylor just crept past her to take 1st woman with Sally a close 2nd. Paul had a good run and was much happier with his descending as he overtook people this time instead of them overtaking him. Thirza

Race Stats

A little clarification of race ratings:

A couple of people have asked, "How is it possible for Karl to get a race rating of less than 1.00? Isn't it the race time relative to the winner, so 1.00 would be the lowest possible value?"

Well, the race ratings started out as being your race time relative to the average of the first three finishers. But that's no good for comparing one race result against another. A runner whose time is 1.25 times the winner's time in a low-ley local race is likely to be 1.40 times the winner's time in a British Championship race. We need to be able to compare results from different races on an equal footing.

So I work out how fast each race was won, relative to the other races, and adjust your race rating accordingly. So the runner who finished in 1.40 times the winner's time in the British Champ race will find that his race rating comes out as something like 1.25.

Generally, a race rating of 1.00 is likely to be fast enough to be in the top 3 in a local race that doesn't have the top national runners in. When Karl got a rating of 0.97 at Moelwyn Peaks this year, and 0.98 at Buttermere Sailbeck, he was running fast enough to have won this year's Noonstone race (for instance) with ease, but he would need to get down to about 0.90 before he's fast enough to win those championship races.

Cheers, Bill

Lothersdale Fell Race - May 4th 2005

1	Mark Horrocks	Wharfdale	23.55
29	Jez Wilkinson	CVFR	30.15
39	Holly Williams	U/A	32.38 (1st Lady)
46	Mick Banks	CVFR	33.26
66 -	Helen Wilkinson	CVFR	36.36 (5th Lady)
76	ran		

Lovely sunny Wednesday night persuaded me I could probably manage to get round this race, along with an exceptionally muddy start which would slow everyone down. The route climbs across fields and narrow paths before crossing the moor to a cairn on the top. The slower runners got to see the leading runners showing how to descend as they returned which was exciting as we were looking straight into the sun and couldn't see them coming. A very fast decent which saw my competitive streak come out, racing two girls back all the way from the summit with the result changing constantly all the way down but me still in the middle at the end though with a different girl in front and behind. Great race with food and beer in the pub after. Helen

Buttermere Sailbeck - 8th May 2005

9.4mIs/4650'

		Medium		Improve from	
		rating		Medium races	over last
				over last	12 months
1	Rob Jebb	Bingley	1:23:49	-	-
2	Simon Bailey	Mercia	1:26:43	-	-
3	Rob Hope	P & B	1:27:06	-	-
22	Karl Gray	CVFR	1:34:15	0.98	4%
45	Adam Breaks	CVFR	1:38:38	1.03	1%
56	Andy Clarke	CVFR	1:40:52	1.05	2%
88	Sally Newman	CVFR	1:47:04	1.11	3%
168	Dave Beels	CVFR	1:57:01	1.22	-3%
174	Jeff Winder	CVFR	1:57:43	1.22	-5%
179	Rob Sharratt	CVFR	1:58:08	1.23	-1%
187	Carl Greenwood	CVFR	1:59:39	1.24	-
196	Keith Cadby	CVFR	2:02:08	1.27	2%
198	Sue Mitchell	CVFR	2:02:24	1.27	1%
212	Paul Gallagher	CVFR	2:04:27	1.29	6%
220	Clare Kenny	CVFR	2:05:08	1.30	0%
255	Celia Mills	CVFR	2:11:24	1.37	0%
260	Ben Davies	CVFR	2:12:30	1.38	-1%
262	Steve Smithies	CVFR	2:12:43	1.38	-5%
267	Anne Johnson	CVFR	2:13:20	1.39	-1%
291	Thirza Hyde	CVFR	2:19:29	1.45	2%
306	Dave Culpan	CVFR	2:21:34	1.47	-2%
344	Andy Burn	CVFR	2:34:12	1.60	1%
345	Cerys Davies	CVFR	2:34:15	1.60	-6%
360	Alison Wright	CVFR	2:50:32	1.77	-8%

374 started, 363 finished (75 ladies)

This must be one of the best medium races in the calendar. The route is superb with good running, steep climbing and runnable descents. Rained before the race but was glorious during and after the race. Great atmosphere. Don't how it happened but the results were cocked up abit - we were running with the dibber system!!!! Anyway Sal had a great run coming 1st and the girls were 2nd team on the day. If you've never done this race put it in your diary for next year - it's one not to be missed. Thirza

Jack Bloor - 10th May 2005 5.2mils/1150'

			Short		Improve from Short races over last 12 months
				rating	
1	A. Robertshaw	Otley	44:07	-	-
2	M. Cox	Otley	44:08	-	-
3	N. Armitage	Pud Pace	44:12	-	-
41	Jo Smith	CVFR	50:43	1.26	-1%
58	Jez Wilkinson	CVFR	53:32	1.33	0%
112	Mick Banks	CVFR	59:21	1.48	0%
174 runners					

It was a brilliant sunny night but bitterly cold in the wind and Ilkley Moor bogs were very wet. There was a large turnout of 174 runners. Jo Smith overcame her disappointment from the weekend to win the ladies section 1 minute 38 seconds clear of the rest of the ladies and even managed to have a stop to go to the loo in true Paula Radcliffe style and still win. Jez

Mytholmroyd Fell Race - 15th May 2005 7mils/1350'

			Medium		Improve from Medium races over last 12 months
				rating	
1	Karl Gray	CVFR	44:30	1.00	1%
2	Chris Smale	Tod	44:57	-	-
3	Steve Oldfield	Brad/Aire	45:38	-	-
4	Adam Breaks	CVFR	46:20	1.04	0%
29	Adrian Muir	CVFR	53:16	1.19	2%
31	Ian Wood	CVFR	53:55	1.21	1%
34	Dave Beels	CVFR	54:12	1.22	-2%
35	Graham Hill	CVFR	54:23	1.22	0%
41	Rod Sutcliffe	CVFR	57:03	1.28	-1%
45	Lynn Bland	Dark Peak	58:44	1st lady	-
55	Brian Shelmerdine	CVFR	62:02	1.39	-4%
60	Phil Scarf	CVFR	63:31	1.42	-
61	Jackie Scarf	CVFR	63:39	1.43	4%
67	Linda Crabtree	Halifax	65:27	1.47	3%
78	Allan Breaks	CVFR	70:11	1.57	-2%
79	Andy Burn	CVFR	70:12	1.57	2%
83	Mark Everington	CVFR	1:13:09	1.64	0%
93 runners					

Changing this race to a Sunday was certainly a good move. Previous Mytholmroyd races have attracted only 40 runners while on a midweek fixture. Thankyou and well done everyone for helping us to make it a success again. Karl Gray of Calder Valley smashed the previous record time, set by Bingley's Robin Lawrence in 2003 by well over a minute, and dragged the next two men, Chris Smale of Todmorden and Bradford's World veteran's Silver medallist Steve Oldfield inside also. Sheffield's Lynn Bland dominated the women's section to win relatively comfortably, with local lady Naomi Sharratt second. Thanks to members of Halifax Harriers who flagged the course, marshalled and swept the field, and to SMK Sports and Screentone Screen Printing for assisting with the prizes. Thanks for coming and, if you enjoyed it, please tell your friends before next year's race. Linda Crabtree and Halifax Harriers



DAVE BESTON, RETIRED ROAD RUNNER

I started my running career in 1990 after I packed in playing rugby, joining Abbey Runners who are based at Lawnswood in North Leeds. They are mainly a road running club, but also members of cross country leagues as well. I am still a member there too. Over the next 10 years I completed almost 100 half marathons and 20 marathons, including London, New York, Dublin, Snowdonia and Rotterdam. Around five years ago I started to venture out onto the fells when I became slightly bored with all the road stuff. At first I competed in some short low-key events, usually held in conjunction with a show or gala, Malham, Hellifield, Halton Gill to name a few, progressed on to Dave & Eileen's races on Haworth Moor and Allan's South Pennine one's, did the Three Peaks race the week after I'd done the London Marathon (I'm a bit more sensible now!) Joined the FRA and I was well and truly hooked, wished that I'd done it years ago. Last year I took the plunge and decided to run all the English Championship races, I didn't do too badly although the Borrowdale race was a bit of a shock to me with such different terrain to what I was used to, throw in the hottest day of the year for good measure too. Much more camaraderie in fell running circles, even though you do bust a gut to beat the guy in front, everyone looks out for one another up on the fells. I've been pulled out of bogs by fellow runners several times. Really enjoyed the Ireland trip to do Spelga and I hope there are many more to come (maybe not Wasdale, I don't think I'm capable of getting round it to be honest!!) Dave

Helvellyn Fell Race - 22nd May 2005 11mils/4500'

1	Simon Booth	Borrowdale	1.39.21	
10	Chris Howard	Matlock	1.55:33	1st female(record)
43	Ian Wood	CVFR	2.07:43	
106	Ben Davies	CVFR	2.27:06	
160 ran				

Low cloud and rain skidded across the roofs of Ambleside on Sunday morning. Not the most motivating of days for a run, however I had told too many people that I would be running so there was no way of getting out of it

The route starts with a hands on bracken-fest climb onto the Dodds. Good tracks and firm ground lead higher onto the rockier ground of Helvellyn. At my point in the field the biggest danger comes from the descending runners on their return leg.

The return journey from the summit is certainly much faster, to the point of verging on terminal velocity when descending the grass chute to the valley floor. Three rounds of tea and exceedingly good cake were required to still the shaking thighs.

Ben Davies



Thirza asked me to write a **few lines** for the club newsletter about a little run some of us at the club put together a few weekends ago. I have obliged, and hope that it in some way pays tribute to the amazing crew who helped me achieve a long held dream, and perhaps inspire others to have a go.

For those who don't know what it's about, or those of you who's eyes glaze over at the very mention of these long distance events, The Bob Graham Round is an anytime challenge circuit in the Lake District, starting and finishing in Keswick. It involves climbing to the summits of 42 mountain peaks (about 70 miles and 30,000 feet of climb) inside 24 hours, following the route that Keswick guest house proprietor Robert Graham devised in June 1932. At the time, it was considered a "fell walking record" but little did he realise that the challenge would be almost forgotten about after the War years and that his time would stand for 28 years, until Alan Heaton of Clayton le Moors Harriers set a time of 22 hours 18 mins in 1960. The Bob Graham Round has been completed by around 1250 people since 1960, though the success rate in any one year is around 50%, largely dependant on the weather.

A day and a bit on the fells

I had planned to have a crack at the "BG" in 2004 but was thwarted by bad weather both for planned training weekends in the lakes and the run itself. The thick mountain mists and low cloud cause so much confusion and can lose you time through navigational errors. My first attempt of the year - 2 weeks earlier - had been thwarted by, yes you've guessed it - bad weather, causing us to get confused in the mist. After only two sections, (around twenty five miles and 15 peaks covered) I was two hours down on the schedule and was advised to call it a draw and try again later. I felt so miserable and dejected for a day or two, not least because of all the hard training I had put in, tripping up the M6 every weekend burning all that petrol money that I really couldn't afford. Even though I'd had some brilliant days out alone on the high fells, there had to be an end product. However, I just couldn't face going through all that again... until Anne rang. Anne Johnson used to be called Anne Stentiford, before she joined Calder Valley and although she will kill me for this, she is one of the greatest long distance endurance fell runners ever. She did her Bob Graham Round on a horrendous day with gale forced winds and hailstones, but still broke the women's record by 22 minutes. At the time, few **MEN** had done a faster Round. Anne called me on the Monday and asked me if I would allow her to organise everything for another attempt in a fortnight. "Leave it all to me", she said, "Pacers, navigators, road support, you just give me a box of food and clothes". I had to admit that organising all the helpers had been a real nightmare for me on top of all the worry about whether I could actually complete the run. It would be a lot less hassle if someone else helped in that department. So I agreed. I resolved then that I would return in a fortnight, and that night I put four words in my diary. I WILL NOT FAIL..

Friday evening at 9-15pm, Bill and Anne Johnson drove Karl Gray and myself from the camp site at Castle Rigg down to Keswick, where we met Clare, Nick and Alec Beconsall. Alec had offered to take care of the road support, possibly the most important link in the whole operation. It was really a mammoth task as it meant being at Threlkeld for 2am with tea and food ready, then killing four hours until around 6 in the morning to provide the same again. The trouble is, what do you do in between. It is impossible to sleep in the car and you daren't go to a tent or other hostel because you are frightened of sleeping in and missing the rendezvous. Beside this, you have no idea when the runners are going to arrive until they emerge at the top of the hill so the kettle is boiling constantly from half an hour before the scheduled time!

Leg 1 Keswick - Threlkeld

Karl Gray, Clare Kenny and her partner Nick Harris were my companions for the first 4 hour section, over Skiddaw, Great Calva and the mighty Blencathra. We started at 10pm so that all being well, I would finish before dark the following night. On our first climb it began grow ever darker. The steep ascent brought quite a sweat on even with the cool breeze at around 1500 feet up 10-30pm, so I rolled my cagoule down to my waist and walked briskly in shirt sleeves. The sky was almost clear, and the views down the mountain were spectacular, with all the lakeland hills sillhouetted, glimmers of light through the remaining clouds reflected on the surface of Derwentwater Lake and Keswick's street lights glowing yellow gave us a view like you would get from an aeroplane. There was enough light to see our way on the good track however and so the torch batteries were preserved 'til the first descent started. We passed over Skiddaw summit, over 3000 feet up at 11-25pm, exactly on schedule. Down the other side for a few minutes and then we climbed the fence onto rough ground. Now it was pitch black all around. Karl shot off ahead to scout for the faint path we needed while Clare and Nick kept me company on the steady jog down the steep grass. 10 mins later we were on the good trod which would take us straight to Calva. How Karl found it I don't know but it saved us loads of time having avoided the thick heather and swamps all around. A brilliant job, well done mate. On the climb up Calva I felt fresh and strong. Karl hung back and for the second time, filled my drinking bottle from the large container he was carrying. Nick and Clare followed a little behind us and I worried that Nick's bad back might be troubling him. I felt bad that I'd let him come out and support me when he wasn't just right but then reasoned that he was experienced enough to know what he was doing. In any case, I was going to repay him by completing this round, come what may. Calva was gained eight mins ahead of schedule, so I relaxed and led the way to Blencathra. I knew the way intimately now having run this section six times. Even though it was totally black and I was in a 30 acre wilderness, descending from one mountainside to a tiny stream and then straight up another 3000 footer, I knew I could do it blindfolded. I asked Nick to take a bearing just to be belt and braces and he did a great job, jogging about a hundred yards behind me and calling slightly left, of a little more to the right as I went off line after avoiding rough stoney gound or marsh. Down we went and I must admit that when we hit the gully to left of the stream and I found fell shoe studmarks by the fence I was about to cross, my confidence rocketed. As it got steeper, Nick and Karl went slightly ahead to make sure of the right line to Hall's Fell ridge. Clare stuck at my side, talking quietly and asking me if I was eating and drinking. It was a great atmosphere. The lads were out there scouting and Clare was keeping my spirits high but stopping me from getting too excited and bounding off up the hill. A great job done. We climbed Blencathra steadily, the light mist at the top clearing away the nearer we got, and as we reached the summit and the grass levelled out, I glanced up just in time to see a shooting star go whizzing across the sky from right to left. Karl led a great line down Hall's Fell Ridge and we made the road in Threlkeld just about on time. The two Andys were ready to go and Alec Beconsall had a table and chair set up behind his Land Rover with tea, rice pudding and bananas and chocolate bars. The tea was spot on, just the right temperature, as blowing and trying to drink hot liquid takes up valuable time. Well done Alec, a superb job. As we trotted off down the road I wondered, how would he spend the next four hours?

Leg 2 Threlkeld - Dunmail

Andy Addis is a friend of Bill and Anne's who stepped in to offer his services at a moment's notice. Anne described him as a Shit Hot navigator. We were soon aquainted and we chatted like old mates as we plodded up the steep flank of Clough Head.

Andy Clarke moved steadily up the hill ahead, the clear night sky silhouetting the summit lump. Bang on time again here and away to Great Dodd, though as I looked across to the East, I could see the veils of mist creeping across to Great Dodd summit. A long drag later we began to speed up as the ground levelled near the top and we were entering the fog. "Right Andy", I said, "I think we had better have you up in front". Andy Clarke dropped to my side and offered me some water which I took. "Anything you want Al", he said "Nothing is too much trouble". That is what Andy was there for, he knew that in around four or five hours this would be all over for him but I would have around another 15 hours to do.

Andy Clarke mentioned afterwards to the support party that he'd been amazed at my food intake. "More than I eat in a week!" he laughed to Thirza. By the time we got to Fairfield I'd eaten 3 bananas, 2 hot crossed buns, half a malt loaf, five breakfast bars and a handful of chocolate covered raisins washed down with about 3 pints of water. Fairfield was the usual zigzag plod grind though we were soon levelling out and looking towards the big shelter. The path peters out here and there is no path across the stones to the highest point. We turned to retrace our steps as Andy Addis came over the crest of the hill right on cue, guiding us onto the right path.

Andy C led the way and after swift descent on scree, we made short work of Seat Sandal minutes quicker than the scheduled ascent time. Right, I thought, let's get down to the road crossing at Dunmail for some grub. It was a relief to get down out of the mist and see the road far below, a tiny grey ribbon with a few toy cars at the far side. Andy flew down ahead to ask Alec for my requested tea and rice pud with peaches, while I jogged down steadily and carefully, keeping it relaxed and easy like you would at the end of a long Sunday training run.

Leg 3 Dunmail - Wasdale

Because I'd agreed to allow Anne to do all the support organisation, it was only just before the weekend that I'd heard that Jon and Julie Underwood had made what to me was a mind blowing decision. They had decided to cut their holiday in Scotland short and come down to join the support team. Jon would accompany Bill and Anne on the next leg, the long one to Wasdale, while Julie would team up with Alec to take care of me at the road crossings. Again, what a superb set of friends, surely I couldn't fail with a crew like this around me. Barry Shaw had left his tent early to watch me through the road stop, along with Wayne Percival of Ambleside who was going round to take over on pacing me from Wasdale. Alec had set up the table and chair again and laid out the food in the back of his Land Rover. The tea was spot on and ready to drink straight down without cooling. After the tea and the heavenly peaches and rice pud with strawberry jam, Julie gave me a dry change of clothes and we prepared to leave. Off we went up the incredibly steep grassy side of Steel Fell. Anne and Jon were in good spirits, asking how the night had gone. I mentioned that, as of now, I'd got further than my last attempt two weeks ago, when in bad weather, I'd been forced to stop at the last road crossing.

I told Bill that from Seat Sandal, about half an hour before, I had looked across the steep sided valley and noted that our next objective - the High Raise section - was fairly clear of mist. By the time we got there however, it was gloomy. Steel fell was soon gained and along the fence we went towards the Langdale Fells. Up ahead, the mist was starting to swirl around a light drizzle began to fall. Anne kept up the banter and produced an endless supply of golden syrup cake which had to be eaten quickly or the rain would have it. Whilst heading towards Sargeant Man, up some rock steps Jon tried me with a jam hot cross bun, but I was still struggling to prise Anne's treacle cake from the roof of my mouth with the tongue so asked him to hang on to it and let me have a swig of water instead. Skirting round to the left of the marshy tarn and up the zig zags

we soon made the top, then away towards High Raise, the most central peak in the Lake District. The rain continued to fall steadily, every ditch or depression was a swollen deep water hole causing us to exert ourselves more than normal to leap across. Now we trotted for a while on good level ground, and I soon had a craving for the jammy treat. "Too late mate!", said Jon, grinning like the Cat who'd had the cream (bun). I was given the choice of the long drag round Martcrag Moor and across Stake Pass or down into Langdale and the long climb up The Band to Rossett Crag. I didn't need any extra climbing so I suggested we took the long way and asked who had some jokes to while away the hour. Bill's about a wasp was poor, but mine about 3 pieces of string was worse.

Bow Fell.

Bow Fell is a pig. It is a massive mountain of sheer rock slabs and many Bob Graham contenders dread it's arrival. Some have admitted to being frightened of Bow Fell especially in bad weather as there is little or no shelter. The summit is very exposed to any wind or rain and the ground on the top is hard going over rocks even on a sunny day so in the wet it can be slippery as hell. Treading gingerly over this terrain can lose you loads of time. Time on the Bob Graham is so important. One minute lost can mean the difference between success and failure but of course, safety in the mountains is the absolute paramount and you wouldn't want to rush over this minefield.

However, I had been kidding myself about this section for a while before The Round, that I actually looking forward to Bow Fell. After all, I have a happy memory of the beautifully sunny late evening a year or so ago when, during a Bob Graham support for a Bingley lad, we found a stray dog on the summit. It was clearly lost or abandoned and was very hungry. To cut a long story short, it now lives in Bingley)

So Bill, Anne and Jon began to glance up as we neared Bow Fell, and I could tell that they were wondering how the hell we were going to get up that thing. The Cambridge Slabs like towering skyscrapers high above were just discernable through the swirling mist. The rain was sheeting across the higher rocks, so it was obvious that the wind was getting quite strong near the summit. We began to climb and I put my head down. One foot in front of the other, on and on and on. Steeper and steeper, now clambering over boulders, the rock steps getting steeper. Anne was right at my side. The wind was driving the rain straight into our faces and it was hard to keep a grip on the wet rock. She must have been frozen and soaked but never complained. She simply kept talking and passing me bits of food. By the summit plateau the wind was taking us off our feet. We stopped as Bill checked his compass bearings and I quietly told Anne that I felt cold. Immediately, she ushered me alongside some large rocks and began to take my clothes off. Any other time and I might have possibly obliged to these advances but I knew that she knew that things could get serious if I began to suffer with the cold here. My outer top, a totally waterproof jacket was soon off and she dragged me into another thermal shirt, (so I was now wearing four), then I struggled into a lighter cagoule and the top coat was re applied. Thick thermal hat with dog ears, hood up, balaclava holding it all together, thick fleece thermal gloves with thick poly bags rubber banded over to keep them in place. Meanwhile Anne was taking all the weather herself but she never complained. She was only concerned with looking after me. Even Jon, who is a great towering hunk of a bloke looked to be feeling the effects of the cold and wet as he stood behind Anne with his arms out to form a great human wind shelter. When we finally got going again, across to Bow Fell summit, Jon resumed his chatting and trying daft jokes and stories to keep my mind occupied. Bill said little. He was deeply involved with a map and compass always a few yards ahead navigating the way as we wandered through a solid fogbank. And they were only doing this for me. It would have been so easy for any one of them to suggest we

pack it in and take the shortest route down to the road at Wasdale. How could I ever repay these people for doing all this? By not letting them down of course. No matter how bad it got, I simply could not afford to fail.

Soon we were climbing Scafell Pike, where Bill had suggested, about five hours before, that it would be really busy. I agreed at the time as, at midday on the roof of England it's usually a picnic site. But today, it was no place to hang around. Down over more wet and slippery boulders to Mickledore, the thin strip which links Scafell Pike and the slightly smaller Scafell and Anne was looking really cold. Jon chatted away cheerfully, but all the while he was keeping a secret. I only learned recently that he had twisted his left knee on Bow Fell and was in agony. Apparently, a small amount of swelling had developed over the kneecap which was filling with fluid, commonly known as Bursitis. The cure is rest, and definitely not to put any undue load pressure on the affected part. With this in mind I'm sure he was comforted to know that we had the longest single drop coming up from our next peak down into Wasdale, dropping around 3000 feet in two miles, straight down. Thankfully though, that would be the end of his day's work. We dropped down out of the mist for the first time in six hours and into Wasdale Head where I fancied a sit down for the full 20 minutes rest allowed. Tea, cakes, rice pud and a hot bath also appealed but people on the ground had other ideas. Finally off the steep fell and along the farm track I could see Alec and Thirza standing holding out a mug and dish and shouting, "You're not stopping". Now I'd been running for sixteen hours, with only about fifteen minutes rest. Under my cagoule my thermal shirts were wet and I thought a dry shirt might be a good idea. I told them I needed a change so Julie set to work as someone poured tea down my neck.

Leg 4 Wasdale - Honister

As I stood having Julie rip my thermals off and redress me, a guy came over and said, "Right Al, this is Chris, he's going to be navigating you around the next section". The guy speaking was Phil Cheek, and he was referring to Chris Cripps. They are both Wasdale locals and good friends of Anne and Bill Johnson's, though I hadn't met either of them before. Imagine that. These guys live in the valley below the highest and most stunning mountains in England. They know the hills intimately, but didn't know me at all. And yet they had agreed to come out on the foulest of days when they could be sat at home or in the pub, to help me on a fell run. Off we went after only five minutes "rest", Alec jogging alongside me with a pot of tea and Thirza with rice pudding. My other companion on this section was Wayne Percival from Warrington, whom I've known a long while through him competing in the races I organise, and through local fell races generally. Wayne is a long distance addict, and can reel off stories of his exploits with his mate Yiannis Tridimas til the cows come home. And tell the tale he did. As we went up the steep slope of Yewbarrow, the fourth biggest single ascent of the day he climbed behind me with Phil, passing the bottle of water at my request every few minutes. Chris led a good line, zig zagging where possible to ease the strain of the unrelenting gradient and soon we made the summit, a minute quicker than my schedule. Phil was full of praise, telling me that I was working well and looking strong. "Now you just concentrate of moving and eating" he said. I repented to this and made a similar ascent on Red Pike, where the rain persisted and the thick mist swirled around. Chris trotted along in front, constantly checking his compass bearing. Phil and Wayne were in front of me now talking away and it sort of occurred to me that they weren't including me. This was my Round and they weren't watching out for me. At that moment Wayne turned round, "Ok Al? Just keep listening to our conversation and plodding on. Your going really well now so we don't want you to waste any unnecessary energy". Of course. He was absolutely right. Both these lads were well used

to supporting on these attempts and knew exactly what to do. They talked, I tucked in behind and listened and we gained more time. Chris took me out to Steeple and back which is a sort of lump at the end of a narrow rocky ridge. The sheer steep sided cliff edges weren't a problem to me, partly due to the thick mist and rain and partly to the thick fog in my head. Again we gained time as I jogged back to the wall with Chris and he passed me a Chocolate mini roll. He then led a fantastic line to Pillar, gaining two minutes and Phil suggested I up the tempo now to gain another couple. A good line, mostly on the grass took us down to Black Sail and again, Phil wanted me to up the workload a bit. I asked for some food here but they suggested rice pudding as we reached the top of Joss's Gully on Kirk Fell. The climb began and all that steady jogging soon slowed to an interminable grind. I was moving so painfully slowly, though Phil kept telling me I was doing really well for this stage of a BG. I was clambering up the sheer walls of rock on my hands and knees, the steepness was just like climbing a ladder. The immensely fit Chris climbed a bit more then pointed out the best line for me and where to find the hand holds before springing off further up again and repeating the act. Phil was still talking with Wayne as they discussed the Ennerdale Race which comes down this way. "Imagine if a dozen runners were suddenly coming flying off now", he said, but Wayne remarked that they would realise what we were doing and give way. "My arse!" I thought. Soon we were up and jogging to the summit rocks. Then across to the tarn on the narrow trod which would lead us to the descent before the long slog up Great Gable. Mike Wardle told me that once you've done Gable that's it, you are assured of finishing as all the major climbing is done. Thanks Mike, that kept me going up there. Phil said, I know this is terribly cruel thing to say to you Al but I want you to raise your workload now. I was moving my feet so slowly up the steep rocky track as it zigzagged ever upwards. Oh, I was SO tired, so weary, I just wanted to finish now. Wayne reminded me that I still had a rice pudding to eat and Phil suggested I had it going up the next hill, Green Gable. That got me going and the big boulders near the top were soon climbed and I touched the summit trig point with relief. Now my feet started to hurt a bit as we descended the steep rocky zigzags, but soon the climb began and Phil passed me the Ambrosia! Oh, what heaven, and a banana from Wayne. Come on now, I said quietly, as I added up only five more summits to go. Brandreth and Grey Knotts came and went and we were jogging down to Honister Pass together. Now I knew I could finish, but could I do it in time? I had no idea of the time, only that Phil had told me to raise my game. Down to the quarry and across to the carpark and people were shouting my name, clapping and cheering. What had I done to deserve that? "Straight through!", shouted Thirza, as Anne passed me a dish of rice pudding and peaches. You are probably thinking that I must have been sick to the back teeth of that dish by now but believe me, it is just about all you can shove down - and keep down, after over 60 miles and 21 hours running.

Leg 5 Honister - Keswick

The long drag up Dale Head was eased by the great gang that had turned out to witness the final stages and finish. Thirza had come all the way back from Wasdale, Ben and Cerys Davies were carrying food and water and Wendy Dodds who had finished the Duddon fell race just hours before and still had mud spattered leggings on kept close by and chatted away. We walked steadily upwards and Wendy remarked on my quick pace, though I reckon it must have been quite pathetic. "I've seen people crawling up here" she told us. I talked with Wendy and tried everyone with Bill's crap joke about a wasp. When they groaned I said "I'm only trying to keep your spirits up" to which Cerys was aghast. Thirza and Wendy kept the conversation light and cheerful. Cerys kept shoving Jaffa Cakes into my mouth, probably to shut me up, and passed me a drink

that tasted like petrol but did the trick. The mist higher up was confusing me, as every little hump of boulder ahead made me think it was the top. Ben did exactly as I asked, jogging off in front into the mist and standing near the last rise so that I could gauge where the summit was. It was going on for ever, this climb and I just needed to know how much further the pain was going to last. Soon I could see Ben's silhouette ahead and I could gauge the top. What a relief when we were finally at the top. I touched the big slate built cairn and then we were off to Hindscarth, the second to last peak, but not before I had let out an absolutely almighty fart. All that crap food you eat on these runs can really produce a shirt flap ripper. This caused laughter all around but I had to apologise profusely. Then Wendy proceeded to entertain us with a story about when she once nearly shat her pants on an ultra distance challenge like this. She said she always keeps spare pants in her kit now in case she gets run over on the way home. Down the grass to the col and then onto a path which contours round the main rib and up to the top. We climbed well and the chat had my spirits soaring. Ben went off again to give me an idea where the top was, while Cerys put more Jaffa cake and petrol in the tank. The top came and we shot down into the second col, the up towards the final peak, Robinson. As I reached the summit pile of rocks I lunged forward and threw myself at the masonry. It was a very proud personal moment as I patted the rock with a thick fleece gloved hand. Wendy came over and hugged me, saying she was proud of me. The others cheered and shouted with glee. Now, for the first time, I glanced at my watch. It was exactly 9pm, which meant two things; I had been running in the Lakeland fells for 23 hours - almost non stop - and now I had just an hour left to reach Keswick and qualify for membership of the Elite 24 hour club. "Lead the way and just get us down as fast as you can Wendy", I said and off we hared on the stoney track down towards High Snab Farm and Little Town. Down we went, frantically trying to make up the time I'd lost during the day. A few weekends before, I had been in Keswick for a long Saturday recci run and had decided to jog up Robinson after tea on the friday evening. That day, it had taken me 40 minutes from the chapel at Little Town to the summit, then another 20 minutes to jog back down. Right now, in my present euphoric state of mind, I reckoned I could do it in the same, which would give us 40 minutes for the run into the finish. Down, and out of the mist we flew like lunatics on a wave of adrenolin. Wendy led a good line around the rock slabs and soon we were turning sharp right to descend on grass steeply into the valley. The grass was wet and slippery but I was wearing windproof overtrousers so I sat down and slid. What a speed! I flew down and caught Ben who was jogging ahead. We hit the path along the valley and away we flew. Cerys and Thirza were behind, Ben running on ahead to open the gates and save us time. That was it, **time**. It was so important. When you are fed up and waiting for something to happen, doesn't the time drag so slowly, but when you want time to stand still, it waits for no man, it literally flies. How long did we have? I'd no idea and I didn't want to take my eyes from the stony ground to look at my watch, but I reckoned I could do it. Down to the farm and along to the chapel. I'd studied the map in recent weeks and reckoned it was about 3 miles from the chapel over farmland and bridleways to the finish. If we had half an hour or so now, I guessed I could do it even on these 69 mile legs. "We are going on the road, it's quicker!", someone shouted and I wasn't in a position to argue. Anne was ahead on the road with a pot of tea but I just ran straight past as hard as I could. I didn't speak, or even look at her and I hoped that would get the message across. I mean't business. We were going to do it and nothing was going to stop me now. Barry joined me on the road and kept talking to me telling what an achievement it was having made up time. "We can do it Barry" I said, but as I lifted my head and looked at the road ahead my heart sank. Oh, no, I thought, nobody told me it was so hilly. The road rose up and disappeared around a bend in

front. "Come on", said Barry, it's just one little rise. It was murder. I hadn't the strength to run any more and so walked quickly swinging my arms. It levelled and we were off again. As it sloped downhill I put the boot in and began to surge ahead "Go on" said Barry, but it was short lived as it began to rise again and I was reduced to a pitiful amble. More water from Barry and another Jelly Baby from Bill. On and on it went, Ben and Cerys out in front, Wendy just ahead, Barry and Bill passing me drinks and jelly babies. "How much further Bill, and how long have I got?" I asked. It occurred to me that this was the only bit of the whole 70 miles I hadn't been on before. "Oh, it's going to be close", he said, "A couple of minutes either way..." I didn't want to look at my watch, I just wanted to keep believing that I could still actually do it. I could see the fence at the end of the wood going sharp right from our road. Only the bridleway to the bridge to go and it was into the street lights of Keswick main street and to the finish. Suddenly my legs were fresh again. We were in striking distance and I really thought I was still in with a chance. To miss by a few seconds would be my heartbreaking so I upped the pace to where Ben was holding the gate open. Along to the bridge and along the town street and Barry told me he could see the town hall clock through the darkness. Onto the cobbles and away I flew, sprinting into Keswick square. Anne, Thirza and Barry's wife Tracey were near the Moot Hall shouting, "Come on Allan" clapping and cheering. A man's voice over to my left began calling out my name also, but I didn't look as I guessed it was a drunk rolling out of the pub. Another few yards and I slapped my hands against the wall of the Moot Hall and then frantically pulled at my shirt cuff to see the watch. 10-23. At first it didn't make sense. Had I set the stopwatch and it was saying 10 hours 23 after running to 12 hours and starting again or.... No, I realised, it was 23 minutes past 10pm and I was 23 minutes too late. I collapsed over a litter bin to catch my breath and an arm was thrust around my waist squeezing me tight and the same man's voice said, "Well done Allan, well done lad, I'm proud to have witnessed this tonight". I said "Oh, please just leave me alone mate", still believing it was some local on a night out. As I straightened up and looked around all my friends were smiling and cheering, congratulating me, though I couldn't really understand why. I had failed surely.

Then I saw the man who'd cheered me in and squeezed my waist. It was Ken Taylor of Rossendale Harriers a champion veteran runner who once won the Elite Swiss Karrimor. "Well, you have done something I never did", he said as he shook my hand. I shook hands with everyone and we had our photo's taken by Alec and Barry. I suddenly felt proud of everyone who had helped made this happen. What a team, together we had achieved a dream. We had set out and done something, a pointless thing that wouldn't change the World, but would change our World for the better.

There is a sign over a shop doorway in a Lakes town that says, "Great things happen when men and mountains meet, these things are not achieved by jostling in the street". How true. At the time of writing this, four days later, I am planning another attempt at The Round this Summer. Given decent weather, I shall be bidding to join the Bob Graham 24 hour club. Game On? Allan Greenwood