

CALDER VALLEY FELL RUNNERS

SHEEP SHEET JUNE 2008

They say never start with an apology - but I will, I had planned to get small Sheepsheet editions out more regularly. Life slightly overtook me since January and this is the first I have got around to. However it is a belter. From short races, to Scottish classics, from little known circuits around the local moors to Bob Grahams. And all with an English vest thrown in for good measure.



Two days after Christmas, the end of a fantastic bike ride in biblical weather conditions, beer, curry and the fire in Cragg's Robin Hood.

"What do you fancy doing this year Nick?" No answer. "Well, the Bob Graham has been nagging away". "Same here", says Nick, quietly, "I just didn't want to mention it!"

Decision made, a winter and spring of training like we have never trained before... headlight- Tuesdays, up to 2 hours; Saville Park interval- Thursdays; 7 lakes reccy trips, the 23 hours over 4 days in a 10 day period at Easter probably the key session of the whole campaign, the night start 10 hours from Keswick to Dunmail the worst and nearest to a BG-towel chuck in. The most Stoodley interval climbs was 6 but never got up to the 10 Simon Bourne championed. The day we decided to do all this was prophetic as the weather was never better than poor and was usually desperate. We got to love the ranger who posts a weather report from Helvellyn summit every day (always grim in a "stay off the hills" sort of way) and became addicted to mwis.co.uk.

With years of Fell, Orienteering, KIMMs and latterly Adventure Races I knew I had this in me but it was a lovely contrast. Almost no races and preparation singular in focus: Learn to climb, descend, not hurt then do it again. To Nick it was all just new. We have

shared some wonderful, awful and surreal moments. The 'dog story' memorial to faithful pets on Helvellyn; Halls End Fell any way; 'alien eyes'; the mark out of 10 for hills based on their name (anything with Pike or Fell in the name at least an 8 on principle, Dollywagon and Green Gable barely making 2); the midnight glider of Skiddaw; sights of the Isle of Man and mirrored Sprinkling Tarn.

This was always going to be a bit of a different attempt: We aimed to get 'round together in simple Alpine- style with wife and kids road support, carry our own stuff and navigate. We could wait in a 10 day holiday window for the best weather. When Nick hurt his back before Go then weather pushed it later in the week still, we were able to get Phil Scarf on board to join us at Dunmail and Staffs Moorland friend Alison Corbett for Honister.

6 00 pm at the Moot Hall on Thursday 29th May. A wonderful first stage in gentle weather and pink light. We could see where we were going, found all the trods and got off Blencathra on dry rock, gel and a proplus. 3-33. Fast!

Bonus minutes rest, new shoes, dry clothes, heavier bags with drink for the dry ridge line and Silva batteries. A bit slower up Clough Head and then most of the Dodd and Helvellyn tops. Mist over 800m. Fairfield was always an (up) downer and not much better this time. Into Dumail at 2-53am for a 5-03 leg. Is it slipping away? Nick isn't really feeding well and skimping on drink. Phil crawls out of a bivvy bag on the road side. He's ready to make us go.

Phil sandwiches Nick between himself and me. Nick is definitely 10% faster without a bag and won't be allowed to drift back. I feel great, climbing well and pleased not to have heavy eyes. The Honey Stinger bars, gels and the faithful Bounty work. Nunn drink electrolytes mostly end up secreted on the skin but work as well. Best line of the round is up Bowfell ramps but rock, and that's all there is from Angle Tarn to Scafell, gets nasty with a slick of drizzle on it. Slow. No Broad Stand cleverness so a ramshackle decent to the Foxes Tarn bypass. Slow. Just before Wasdale Nick suggests I push on. 5 and 3 hour legs can still get me in. Into Wasdale for cheeky bacon sandwich at 10 am for a 6-30 leg.

It's going to be close. Nick still can't eat so he's out. An emotional moment. I choke up. Phil's with me and is amazed at my pace up Yewbarrow. My bag on his back evens things up enough for the ups, but I get it back for the downs! The first walkers of the day (after 18 hours !) Phil descends Windy Gap for water. It tastes fantastic. No Nunn in there. On this leg you just can't take your eye off Great Gable. It's

just there, and in the way. It's always easier than you think though and really is a watershed. Weather still and bright, not too hot, visibility, so important, perfect. The Grey Knotts descent is mossy, grassy, bounding. A brilliant 4-26 leg gets us onto Honister

3-15 to go and feeling better about time. The body, guts in particular, starting to drift though. Poles out for Dale Head and Alison reassuring in pace and humour. This leg just has to be done and trying to remember to look at sunny panoramas, "have I done all that?" helps distract. Tea, shoes and a cocoon of Nick, back, and Alison. Phil fresh from shoe shopping jumps out of a hitched lift from a 2007 BG'er. It is a beautiful, leafy tunnel with a footbridge at its end. We're nearly in! Tea time. Running up the precinct hand in hand with Jo and son Will to touch the door, shoppers oblivious to the achievement and the emotion. 2-40 leg for a 23-25 round.. The pictures that go with this really mean. Thanks for those Damien (and all the food I didn't eat at transitions)

A week ago, as I write this, we were on the way up Raise, just as it gets stony I'd guess. What a feeling. I am really proud, rather sad that Nick couldn't get the trip and overwhelmed by the road and fell support. Phil, in particular, was responsible for making this happen and I am so glad I rang him to see if he could meet us on his way back from Scotland. He and Nick have both got this in their legs and I will be there to get them both round soon.

Jo asked on the way up if I would do it. "Yes", an instant response. I felt the training, reccying and preparation had been honest. All I could have done within a working family life and based on years of other stuff. A simple goal, understanding what to do to achieve it, doing it, reaching the goal. One way to lead a satisfying life! I really enjoyed this.

Jonathan Emberton

Ireland Weekend v1



Across to Ireland again for what is becoming an annual trip for me, my third visit to Newcastle.

First job on arriving on Friday was to visit that fine café just down the road. A few of us were tempted to skip the main meals and just gorge ourselves on the great selection of cakes and buns on offer! me and Jason came pretty close I think!

In the evening just a couple of pints of Guinness for the few of us who can't stay out of the pub, and then back to the hostel to start plotting checkpoints and

bearings on the route map. I think we all realised it was going to be a brutal, roller-coaster of a race. Saturday we arrived at Meelmore lodge, a few miles out of Newcastle, the race start. Good to have a chat with a couple of friends from Leeds before we assembled for the team photo-shoot.

Andy Clarke failed his last minute fitness check on a calf strain and unfortunately had to bin the race, he did make a fine mini-bus driver throughout the weekend though!

On with the race, and Paul (putting aside his disappointment of being sacked from my fantasy fellrunning team) and Stevie G (that's Garner not Gerrard) positioned themselves on the summit of the first climb on photography duties.

The runners split really early, taking lines left, right and centre. I went centre, probably the worst line of the three, I did say to Jo.P 'first hill and I'm almost last place already!'

I did recover though, overtook a few, Thirza, Jackie and Jo just before the tricky descent down to the dam at Ben Crom reservoir, the half way point, but the climb back out of there seemed to finish me off and they all went sailing past me again.

With the finish in sight and after negotiating some nasty gorse bushes I managed to fall in the same bog which I believe claimed Jethro Lennox and cost him the race. I cramped up getting out of it and had to hobble to the finish line, thanks Andy and Steve S for being there for me at the end!

Having been tucked up in bed at 10pm on Friday we were all eager to make up for it Saturday night and I think we managed it and in some style too!

Master chef Paul cooked our evening meal, although Ben and Adam decided on a marathon drinking session instead, taking potential new club member 'young Andy Fleet' with them. Is this a club initiation ceremony I don't know about? if it is then I've not had mine yet, book me in for one if someone else is paying!



Back down to O'Hare's complete with wigs and glasses for a really good night.

I'm sure you have all seen the photos by now, we roped a couple of rival clubs runners in too, I recognise Emma Barclay from Ilkley and also Al Whitelaw's favourite 'girl with the pigtails' in there as well.

Sunday morning bus trip back to the airport was not quite as fraught as last year (eh Ben!) but we did

need a couple of stops for people threatening to off-load their breakfasts!!

From a personal point of view it was a great weekend despite my poor race performance, good to meet newer members Darren, birthday girl Gayle and star performer Helen too.

Dave Beston

Howarth Hobble - 33m 15th March

This is how a snake bite must feel. The burn in my leg muscles, the stiffening of my joints and a tiredness that is moving over me like a blanket covering my body ready to sleep. My last bit of warmth and strength quietly leave my body. I am so tired. It's raining and the sky is grey. I force myself to run down the cobbled road back to the community centre and in some bizarre way, knowing I have nearly made it, I feel warmer and my adrenalin begins one last pump through my veins to take me to the finishing desk. I have just completed the Hobble. Forget the time; the fact that I have made it all the way around is elation enough for me.

The Hobble was the event that Julie Underwood asked if I would like to do. I have to say she sold me the idea – ice to Eskimos springs to mind! I am no super fit runner, but I am determined. We got our numbers, pinned them on and wandered outside to look who else had entered. We instantly hit a sea of toned physcs, head buffs and inov8 rucksacks with bananas hanging out of the sides.

"I guess people do a lot of training for this then", I said looking at muscular quads and well defined calves – and that was just the women. I looked down at my Ron Hill tracksters and thumbed at a toggle on my rucksack. I tried to count how many Tuesday runs I had done before embarking on this no mean feat. I think I got into double figures. The story of the next eight and a half hours is probably similar to any experience of a challenging run. The first doubts of completing it, punctures appearing in my morale, clenching fists, gritting teeth and a continuous digging in to get the job done. As my Tuesday running pals - Rose, Jane, Kaye and Julie - would tell you, I am not one for giving in but it crossed my mind. Yet somewhere in my conscience I had a voice telling me to go on. I owed it to myself to prove that I could do it. Julie ran on ahead. She was the target that I had to keep in my sight. She spurred me on to keep going. I couldn't give up as it would have meant that I was not the only one who wouldn't complete it, wouldn't it. Giving up would have tormented me too much.

I kept going. Plodding on and eating the odd bit of malt loaf or a couple of dried apricot pieces in between sipping water. This was totally new to me and I can honestly say I didn't really know what I was doing. I have read that you are supposed to eat and drink after so many minutes but I couldn't remember exactly what it was that I had read. I had talked to Jo Waites at work about it too. Jo came armed with a box of cereal bars for me. She handed them over and said 'little and often.' 'O.K' I replied, thinking that I already apply that thought to a lot of things... spending money, drinking wine, running...perhaps not so much of the often but a lot of the little. Jo told

me she has Paul well trained to be there at drinks stations to hand out a filled water bottle or an energy gel. Wait for the camper van Jo – meals on wheels! "Hot dog and a coffee stop," said Julie slowing down at our first refreshment stop - only the hot dogs were not ready and they had no milk. I took a black coffee. It took my mind off the miles ahead and the burn of one of my toes where my sock had started to rub after getting my feet wet. We didn't stop for long. Off we set again. I tried to get my head down and find a rhythm. I kept singing songs in my head. I could only come up with Kylie and Take That numbers so I ditched that idea. The only tune that would really fit my pace was the Death March and I couldn't keep that one going. The time passed quicker when chatting with Julie about this and that. We covered subjects from wind turbines to Rose trying to swallow a hot dog muffin last year to 'do you fancy doing a mountain marathon?' (That question wasn't asked by me just in case you were wondering).

We arrived at Mankinholes and I was glad to see John Underwood ready to fill our water bottles and hand out some jelly babies. He became a bit of a distance landmark – who needs hotdogs when you know you have a supply of refreshments at every checkpoint! Thanks John.

From Stoodley Pike onwards I really had to dig deep and find things to distract me. The climb up to Stoodley was hard. I kept trudging up the slope. My lungs heaved, my head throbbed so much that I thought it would pop. I walked the Inca Trail last summer but this was harder, harder than being at altitude. Whatever I was feeling at this moment in time, I knew I wouldn't give up. That gave me an inner strength and calmed my mind from the feeling that my legs were going to cramp up. By the time I had hit 25 miles it was less painful to keep running than to walk. I had more than broken its back. There was no question that I would complete it now. The rest is a bit of a blur. I only remember keeping going. For a time I felt detached from my surroundings and I became quite deep thinking to distract myself from all the discomfort I was feeling. When the last mile (which I must say felt very long) was the last bit to conquer I felt a sense of satisfaction and I self congratulated myself at the hard job, not quickly or competitively done, but done. A family walking down the cobbles began to clap and said 'Well done!' That was really satisfying and I felt proud of myself. I was sore for a few days afterwards, but that was nothing compared to looking back at my experience and knowing that no matter how hard I had found it, I had really enjoyed it. As Lance Armstrong said 'pain is temporary. Quitting is final.' I am so glad that for me, quitting was a flashing thought. What about next year? – I am going to complete it again and try and get around a little quicker! As for a mountain marathon...watch this space!

Cath Proffitt

Runners Runner

Firstly I have to say thank you for voting for me to get this award. What it really shows is that the junior section has grabbed peoples attention and has gained recognition of its existence amongst the whole club which is fantastic. I suppose though you had better get used to it now as there is no way it will fit back in the box.



Secondly it is worthy of note the lengths I will go to get a trophy. It wasn't hard to realise that I am not going to make it onto the roll of honour as club champion. Given my abilities with a map and compass I am destined to be in the reckoning for a navigational cock up at some point but hopefully not and whilst Richard remains in his life long post of Equipment Officer the route to Wally of the year seems blocked. I have for years worked hard to keep my handicap down toiling hard at the back of races but to no avail so really the Runners Runner was the only one I could get. Of course starting the junior section in 2006 (or was that 2007 Rod) I had completely miscalculated and had inadvertently given myself no chance of winning given Bills sterling work on the faultless organisation of the FRS relays. All I could do was press on keep growing the club and hope that it would remain in enough peoples consciousness come presentation evening. It did and I am truly touched and grateful to have my name on such a great trophy alongside such worthy previous winners.

Thirdly and most importantly I want to say now what I wish I had said when Bill asked me to make a speech, however now you can stop reading if you want on the night you would have had no option to sit and endure me rambling on. It should be more than just my name on it. I am just lucky enough to be coordinator in name. The success of the juniors is down to many people but Andy Carnochan and Alec Becconsall have been with me in it every step of the way and need their moment in the spotlight for that. It simply wouldn't have happened without them. Then there are all the people who have helped out at any time happily now to many to mention in one article and without whose help we couldn't manage the crowd control that is organising 45+ kids every week. I am happy that I didn't ruin your night with a speech but equally I have wanted to set the record straight by acknowledging everyone else. That said don't think you have any chance of getting the trophy out of my house for a full year. I love it.

AI Whitelaw

Anniversary Wa! English Championship opener.

Last weekend saw the English Junior Fellrunning championship get under way on a glorious day in Newlands Valley near Keswick in the Lake District. There are many races throughout the year but the 6 race series that makes up the English National championship attracts the very best junior runners. Thirteen Calder Valley juniors made the long trip, many taking full advantage of the chance to spend a few days in the Lakes, and all of the thirteen acquitted themselves well.

The different age categories were all run separately one after the other and starting with the U8 in which both Chloe Greenwood and Gemma Johnson ran. Chloe set of the faster of the two, but it was Gemma who finished the stronger to be the first girl back across the finishing line and win the U8 race. In the U10 race Calder Valley had 6 runners Luka Morris ran the testing route well to finish a very creditable 5th place. The races all started from a field below the slopes of Catbells near the village of Stair. Running up uphill through the field the runners were taken by the routs through a farm yard before racing round a small wooded area on the lower slopes of the nearby fell before charging back down the hill to the finish. Luka was followed home by Sam Foster, Adam Johnson, Silas Page and Dillon Whitelaw whilst in the girls race Jade Harvey did herself proud with another good run.

As the age categories got older so the races got longer and harder, the U12 race followed the same route as the previous one until it took a direct route up the front of the steep sided fell causing most of the runners to slow to a dogged race walk, before being turned diagonally across the face of the slope and the long return run to the finish. Max Wharton ran well all the way to be in contention and he was rewarded with finishing 7th overall. He was followed in by Edan Whitelaw who ran well to finish inside the top 15. In the girls race Issy Wharton found the race unusually hard yet still finished well up the field.

The U14 race saw Peter Walker making not only his debut for the club but also taking part in his first ever race. Having only joined the club two weeks previously he wasn't fazed by the bigger stage of a national competition to begin his racing career. Whilst he found it impossible to stay with the leaders Peter had an outstanding race and was able to run down several more experienced runners on the run in to the finish showing great determination.

Jack Page ran well also to finish in a good position in what was a very tough race, as the climb up the front of the fell was longer still for this race.

The race was also a counter in Calder Valleys Club Championships which continue with the next race being the Coiners Fell race hosted by the Calder club from Mytholmroyd on May 5th, more details can be found on the clubs website www.cvfr.co.uk

Lads Leap 5.9m/1700ft March 16th

Mike Wardle, Graeme Hill and myself travelled down to Crowden in the Peak District where we met fellow members James Horne, Claire Fothergill, Claire Hanson, Steve Smithies, Graham Lloyd and Dave Culpan. Not a race I have done before but I have seen a video of it so knew vaguely what to expect. The 'lads leap' is a jump off some millstone rocks, over a stream and back up the other side. The secret, I suppose, is not to lose your footing in the stream because barely 50 metres away it turns into a raging waterfall and its a long way down !!

The race is run clockwise and anti-clockwise on alternate years. Clockwise on this occasion which most of the local runners thought was the hardest way round. It certainly was a long drag up the quarry track, I would have much preferred to have been flying down it.

'local' Lloyd Taggart won the race, I've mislaid our results but we all did o.k.

Dave Beston



Start of the Midgley Moor race - March 29th

Pennine Bridleway Relay - Feb 3rd

Calder Valley Ladies Team

Leg 1 Cerys and Jo.B, 2 Jo.W & Helen Finnes, 3 Sharon Godsman & Clare Kenny, 4 Thirza and Gail Tombs, 5 Helen Allcock and Jackie. Well done ladies to finish a fantastic 2nd place. It was a great team effort and a well deserved placing.

The team started well with Jo and Cerys running their hearts out on leg 1, and thanks for getting up early Jo, despite the new bump :) Helen and I set off on leg 2 after a near heart attack when Helen said she was too ill to run the last leg, but luckily she decided to have a go and ran brilliantly, thanks Helen. We set off in the usual wind, rain and cold weather but had lots of teams in our sights to overtake. At one point I turned to see Janet McIver but not for long as she was soon in front!!!! The last descent was great as we overtook Dark Peak to come in as first ladies team, yipeeee. Sharon looking all excited set off like a rocket with Clare following..... a great leg, well done. Thirza and Gail set off on leg 4 with Thirza's knowledge this year about where to go, so we made it with no-one going astray, or down the wrong valley :) we were still in 1st place and handed

over to our last leg runners. Helen and Jackie ran a long hard leg and came in second behind Dark Peak. You both looked fab running up the long road section at the end, well done.

Thanks to everyone for running but even more so for the cakes at the end, it's always worth it :) another great team effort and day out. Hope there are lots more. Remember the Ian Hodgson relay and the FRA's, we need to be up there girlies :)

Thanks to Thirza for helping with the team selection.
Cake addict - Jo Waites

The Rombalds Stride - 2nd Feb.

Setting off from Guiseley, this 25 miler took us, firstly over Baildon Moor, blanketed in snow, but with some great views. and also the racehorses out on their morning gallops. From there we headed towards Rombalds (Ilkley) Moor and then down to Menston and through the streets and ginnels before we embarked on a tough climb up Otley Chevin and then a downhill blast back to the finish in Guiseley.

This is actually an LDWA event (Long Distance Walkers Association) but it always attracts plenty of fell running types, out for a slightly more relaxed, social run. It is always a temptation (well, for me anyway!) to linger around at the refreshment stops too long, always a good selection of confectionery to be had!

It's the 6th time I have competed in the race and it was good fun to run it in ice and snow rather than the usual boggy conditions. I was joined by a few other Calder runners, although they, like me, were probably running for their 2nd claim clubs today.

25th Kerry Jenkin 3.18.14

49th Will Stiegeler 3.34.43

80th Dave Beston 3.53.24

100th Philip Jones 4.01.28

450 turned out on a cold but bright sunny day with a few snow flurries along the way.

Dave Beston

Sun 13th April Kinder Downfall 10m/2500

1	Lloyd Taggart	Dark P	1.07.00	m
37	Jo Waites	CVFR	1.20.45	1st f
60	Sally Newman	CVFR	123.33	2nd f/1st f45
75	Brain Busby	CVFR	1.25.34	M50
89	Naomi Sharret	CVFR	1.30.05	3rd f
103	Mike Wardle	CVFR	1.32.04	M50
190	John Nunn	CVFR	1.46.58	M45
290 runners				

The Calder Valley girls stole the show at the race this year including 1st female team. Well done! This is a great race which climbs onto Kinder Edge via Mill Hill and then descends from Edale Cross back into Hayfield. The weather was perfect with a cooling breeze along the edge and a touch of snow in places. The descent required grass skiing skills with the ability to hurdle stiles without breaking your (neck) stride. If you want to enter next year do so early.

Mike Wardle

Sun May 25th Helvellyn AM 11m/4500

1	Jim Davies	Borr	1.43.03	Mv40
2	Karl Gray	CVFR	1.45.23	M
21	Jo Waites	CVFR	2.00.43	F 1st
76	Mike Wardle	CVFR	2.29.57	MV50
115 runners				

Brilliant runners by Karl and Jo. Karl said he had a knee injury at the start. "This is a good race to recuperate on" I said!! I suggested he pushed it on the climb to Calf How Pike to get the training in but ease off on the descent. He clearly didn't listen to my advice. The race is an out and back to the summit of Helvellyn along the ridge from Calf How Pike traversing Great Dodd, Sty Borrow Dodd, Raise, White Side and Low Man. The adrenalin rush comes on the descent back down to St John's in the Vale. The wind added another dimension this year. It was blowing from an easterly direction, and at times blew you along and at others flattened you. The plum of dust off Lowman looked alpine.

Mike Wardle



Mike and Karl at Helvellyn

Sat May 31 Duddon Valley AL 18m/6000

1	Simon Booth	Borr	2.52.01	M40
51	Jonny Moore	CVFR	3.44.16	M40
137	Mike Wardle	CVFR	4.19.43	M50
165	Gary Parker	CVFR	4.33.45	M
212	Dave Culpan	CVFR	5.08.21	M40
215	John Nunn	CVFR	5.18.00	M45
228 finishers				

Short 9m/3000

1	Joe Bloggs	Bowl'd	1.39.01	M
10	Gail Sugden	CVFR	1.54.33	F
26	Darren Sugden	CVFR	2.27.35	M
40 runners				

The weather was fantastic for the first of the Lakeland classics of 2008. It was hot but not too hot and there was plenty of water in the streams. Dave clocked the race at 17.36m and 6015 of climbing. It

did not feel to be getting shorter! Thank you Jo and Paul for the water on Dow Crag it made the difference on the long ridge run out to Caw.

Mike Wardle

THE SIX TRIGS CHALLENGE 25 MILES/2500' SUNDAY 27th APRIL

Martin Whitehead suggested last year that he would like to tackle the six trigs challenge. "What's that?" I said. "It's a route in the 'SOUTH PENNINES AND THE BRONTE MOORS' book written by Andrew Bibby of Tod Harriers" he replied. I knew Andrew's name as I had seen him in results sheets from time to time. I eventually bought the book and read the route, it sounded quite tough, going over rough pathless open moorland, although most of the climbing is out of the way by the time you reach the Bride Stones.

The route forms a very large horseshoe on high ground mostly between 1300-1650ft stretching around the north of Hebden Bridge. Inside this arc are enclosed all the tributaries and streams which together make up the waters of the Hebden Water and Colden rivers which eventually empty into the River Calder. Ranged along this arc are the six Ordnance Survey's trig points, Bride Stones (GR 932268), Hoof Stones Height (GR 913291), Boulsworth Hill (GR 930357), Stanbury Moor (GR 978357), High Brown Knoll (GR 009303), and Sheepstones (GR 014278). Basically the idea of the route is to put them together, starting at Hebden Bridge, visit all six trigs (either clockwise or anti-clockwise) and return back to your starting point absolutely knackered like we did!

Martin phoned Andrew Bibby and got some excellent hints and tips off him the week before we ran. Andrew said it would take around 6 hours and he was interested to know how we got on. We weren't sure the exact length or climb as nobody had measured it on the Garmin so I was interested to know the stats.

We parked up at the Hare and Hounds in Old Town and ran the route clockwise, down into Hebden Bridge and onto the canal bank by the station. We always said that we wouldn't attempt it in heavy rain and low cloud, however this was the only available day that we had, I just wish I had taken a pair of flipper instead of the Roclite's, because it was chucking it down and the cloud levels were quite low. Across the back of Mytholm Bowling Club and up Mytholm Steeps, the rain by now was very heavy as we crossed Staups Moor heading towards the first Trig, Bride Stones, which was covered in low cloud. A quick bite to eat and a look at what would have been the view, and we headed off in the murk to meet the Kebs road at the Sportsman. From here we climbed onto the moor to head for Hoof Stones Height, no paths, tracks or markers that we could find to help us, only Martin's excellent navigational skills and compass bearings, very low cloud, heavy rain, and deep swampy peat bogs thrown in for good measure. Neither of us had ventured into this wilderness before, and Hoof Stones Height was proving elusive until a brief lifting in the cloud cover revealed

more high ground. The trig point was quickly discovered, and we headed off to Gorple Gate and Widdop. Our feet were now completely soaked from ploughing through the swamps and peat, beautiful Gorple Reservoir appeared to the east, the Pennine Bridleway was crossed, and we climbed over the moor to meet the Burnley Way dropping down to the Widdop Road.

It was here that we met only the second person we had seen in the last 3 1/2 hours, and amazingly it was fellow club mate Gerry Symes, out receiving a Long Distance Walkers Route! Nice to see you Gerry, not spoken for ages! A quick chat and then we headed out to Boulsworth Hill, one of the highest points in the area (1600 ft).

We ran west along the Widdop road for about 1/2 mile until we picked up a track on the right, the "Oil Road", believed to be named after the Victorians thought they had come across oil at the end of this mile long track. This petered out onto a narrow path which headed for the highest point of the run, Boulsworth Hill. It was actually hailing on the summit, we were feeling quite cold by this time, so just a quick bite to eat and off we went heading out to Crow Hill on Dove Stones Moor.

The weather was beginning to clear a little now, in fact the sun was shining in Lancashire down in Trawden to the west of us. We continued in cloudy but drier conditions, picking a good line along the Yorkshire/Lancashire border to Crow Hill, and another compass bearing took us south east to Alcomden Stones. Here we made the only slight de-tour of the run, missing the narrow path from the stones to Stanbury Moor. From here in we were back on familiar ground, following the Stanbury Splash route to Top Withens, reversing the Trog route to the Top O'Stairs, and then ploughing across the swampy ground direct to Cock Hill mast on the main road. Over the stile, picking up the Trog route again heading south to High Brown Knoll and then over to the last trig point at Sheepstones, back to the car in Chiserley next to the Hare and Hounds.

We were very tired, cold, and wet after completing the 25 mile route, with 2500' of climbing in 6 hours and 48 minutes. It certainly is a classic route over some of the finest unspoilt and desolate Pennine moors on our doorstep. We probably will have another go at it, maybe in the autumn in hopefully drier conditions, or winter when the ground is frozen over. All this because we didn't get an entry for the 3 Peaks!

Dave Culpan and Martin Whitehead.

For Sale - Inov-8 Roclite 315 fell/trail shoes, UK size 11. Worn only once (I got the wrong size - duh!) & cleaned up like new. Half price at £30. Call or email Jon Hairsine - 07971 142587, jon_hairsine@hotmail.co.uk

Three Peaks (Incorporating the World Mountain Running Championships) Saturday 26th April.

After a miserable, wet, Friday night in Horton spent under canvass at Holme Farm camp site, we got the 'weather window' we desperately wanted both for runners and spectators when Saturday dawned dry, bright and warm. Waking early, I wandered down to the race field and registration at 7am and the place was already buzzing.

3 hours later and what a sight to see close on 800 runners swarming out of the field, over the narrow bridge and then turning left to begin the climb up to Pen y gent. I was suffering a bit with backache (bad idea camping maybe?) all the way up to the summit and arrived three minutes behind the schedule I had set myself.

No problems on the descent though and just 'steady away' on the long slog over to Ribblehead. I was pleased that the ascent of Whernside, steepest of the three, caused me far less problems than in my previous 5 attempts at this race. Good to see some friends at the summit with the jelly baby supplies ! Off Whernside and away to the Hill Inn, arrived there 15 mins. before the cut-off time so no need to panic. About half a mile after the Hill Inn is usually the point the wheels start to come off, the dreaded cramp kicks in, and yet another Three Peaks race goes to pot!

No such problems this time however. Got up the Ingleborough climb ok and then headed down to Sulber Nick, taking care on the slippery limestone (I remember what happened to Linda here a few years ago!)

Still a rubbish time for me but 6 mins. quicker than last year, so at least improved rubbish !!!! (4.51) The presentation ceremony, hog roast, brass band, beer were all good, although it would have been great to see the girls up on the podium as 1st English ladies team. I understand it was just a genuine oversight though.

The few of us who stayed over on Saturday night, myself, Thirza, Helen, Allan G enjoyed a good evening 'down the pub at Helwith Bridge, reliving the days events.

Dave Beston



Three Peaks Can make or “break” you...

This years 3 peaks race was a World Long Distance Mountain Running Challenge but also incorporate a long counter for the English Championships. The day dawned perfect for the race ... But far from perfect for me as I was struggling with a chest infection and had waited until the very morning to decide. It wasn't to be as I was coughing and spluttering and pretty upset at not being able to be part of such a great day. I cycled along from Helwith Bridge near Horton and you could feel the exciting atmosphere in the start field. It was 10 and they were off ... A large field of around 800 runners started of which 685 finished. On the descent of Pen Y Ghent Naomi Sharratt took a bad tumble and broke a bone in her shoulder. She left a lot of her skin up there too. Mmmm not nice. Karl Gray had a storming race to place 7th, Adam had a great race too placing 26th and with Ben Mounsey in 50th place these are world class runs in such a quality field. The girls ran very well too with Helen Fines in 8th, Sally Newman in 11th and Jo Waites in 12th. An improving Gayle Sugden sneaked in in 27th place. Gail Tombs is now in 3rd place in the LV55 English Championships by completing the race.

The race was won by Jethro lennox from Scotland and the ladies record was broken by Anna Pichrtova of the Cech Republic. We are used to low key prize givings but this had all the glitz of a major event with music playing and flowers being presented No we didn't have stand for the national anthems!!!! Our girls won the team prize but they made a bit of a cock up at the prize giving and presented the ladies team to Russians on the day. It was printed on the programme that it would the English Championships teams but when we queried it they said they had changed their minds!!! It was sad really as it wasn't about the value of the vouchers but to see our Calder Lassies up on the podium would have been ace ... And we were all there poised to clap and were very disappointed when they didn't shout out their names. The 3 peaks committee have since recognised the mistake and have sent the vouchers to the girls.

Well done to everyone who ran that day. The 3 Peaks is a hard, hard race to pace and finish. It was a great day ... Even watching was so bad but running would have been much better!!!! **Thirza**



Jo ‘waites’ no more ...

We travelled down to Wales to do Moel Eilio in May. This was a British race plus a selection race for Snowdon International Mountain Race. It was a superb day and we had a good showing of red and white in both the mens and womens race. Mixed fortunes were to be had as Helen had to give up due to a viral infection, Ben was lying top 10 until he got dinner plate sized blisters on the soles of his feet Ouch!!!! BUT Jo got selected to run for England as she was 5th lady. This was one of Jo's goals and she can now tick the box to say she's got selected. Since the phone call which made her panic she's been training hard and running well. She asked Maureen Laney of Clayton (who has represented England in the past) what she should do .. And Maureen replied "Eat less pies" (or cake as it is in Jo's case). And do you think that she's taken on this bit of advice We'll wait and see.

Shaun had a great run in 13th place, Karl in 15th and Ben 22nd the lads have now moved up to 4th team position. Due to the depth of the ladies team (without Helen and Sally on the day) we still won 2nd team with Anne Johnson and Gayle Sugden (who fell over on the track on the run in and bashed her knee. All the way round the race and then she fell here!!!!!!) as counters and are lying in gold medal spot.... Well done all.

Thirza Hyde



Northcliffe & Heaton, Shipley 1st June

Green course 5.1KM 215M

1 Zachary Field EBOR M14 53.30

7 Jeremy Wilkinson AIRE M40 65.30

12 Tim Hayles EPOC M21 73.02

23 Claire Hanson EPOC W21 85.55

49 ran

A number of calder valley members were active in a different guise in a well organised but local orienteering event. The area is a mixture of fairly open woodland with steep sided stream valleys and some open field area. It started off dry, but then turned into a very wet slippery day so this was a good place to be unlike on the open moors. The checkpoints were mostly fairly easy to locate. There are fairly regular events organised either by AIRE, EPOC or MDOC that are within 1 hour of Calder Valley.

Gerry Symes after organising the car parking then did the longer blue course (6km) along with Dick Spendlove.

Apologies I didn't download their results.

Jez Wilkinson

Ilkley Trail Race 25th May

Advertised on web as 6M 700Ft but at race reg.

6.9M and 900Ft

1	Steve Vernon	Stockport	40.26
2	Tim Midgley	Bingley	42.36
3	Lee Athersmith	Bingley	43.16
27	Karen Pickles	Spenborough	50.09
72	Dave Beston	Calder Valley	56.22
81	Jeremy Wilkinson	Calder Valley	57.18
227	ran		

Had some spare time and found this race on the FRA web.

Met Dave who looked like he had done ten rounds with Mike Tyson, but turned out he had fallen off his bike the previous evening not sure whether that was on the way to or back from pub. Amazing 2 cake stalls at registration but couldn't eat before and we were off for lunch with friends after so had to forego those. The local mayor in his regalia rang his bell and offered some words of wisdom at the start. The weather was fantastic and the bluebells looked brilliant in Middleton Woods as we jostled for positions on the way climbing up the north side of Ilkley. This was a fast blast up through the woods on paths



and tracks and then a loop of the moor just below Beamsley Beacon. It was difficult running in the strong head wind and trying to catch/keep up with Dave who seemed in his element on these fast tracks. The winning man was an ex-international cross country runner for Britain so obviously a fairly handy bloke.

Austwick Amble 26th May 8M 1200Ft

1	Lee Athersmith	Bingley	51.02
2	Ted Mason	Wharfedale	52.32
3	Ian Nixon	P & B	53.47
11	Lisa Lacon	Holmfirth	58.06
57	Tony Steward	Calder Valley	71.16
59	Jeremy Wilkinson	Calder Valley	71.55
80	ran		

Another brilliant sunny day however very strong gusts of wind higher up. This race was combined with a very lively street market with various games, stalls selling alsorts of stuff and a punch & judy show which surprisingly Megan did get engrossed in. It was surprising to see so few Calder Valley members at 2 races both in Yorkshire. The organiser announced over the tannoy the current course records and holders which was Jo Buckley for the ladies record although Jo reckons that is a mistake. Quite a number of the veteran competitors had already done races on 2 or 3 consecutive days which was impressive including Dave Tait who had done Helvellyn. The race set off very fast on a narrow tarmac lane which climbed very steeply then onto fantastic lime-

stone scenery. The clouds were looking very dark and ominous but the rain held off until the evening. The views were fantastic of 2 of the 3 peaks and the erratic boulders of Norber. We turned at Sulber Nick who many will remember as the point in the 3 peaks where they lie down with cramp, walk and/or get overtaken by some fresh runner that trots away from them into the horizon.

The run back was very fast downhill/flat on brilliant grassy paths and into the street for all the cheers of the gala croud.

A great outing, but a shame they had ran out of cakes in the village hall.

Jez Wilkinson

Isle of Jura Fell Race May 24th 2008

This race lures you back even if it's one of the hardest in the calendar. Set on the beautiful Scottish island of Jura, it's not the closest to get to (6 hour car journey and two ferries) but for me it's the best of the year and the most rewarding. It's also sometimes the only time you see certain people in the fell running world as it's their favourite race too. It is 16 miles with 7 mountains to climb (7500 feet, including the three paps), with 3 miles at the end on the road (flat!). It is generously supported by the Jura Distillery in, guess what, malt whiskey, glasses, T-shirts and certificates. Back in my younger days when I ran faster I came away with two bottles of this very pleasant whiskey in prizes once – never to be repeated again sadly.

Five Calder Valley Fell Runners went up for the 2008 race, organised primarily by Todmorden Harriers (see the very impressive website at <http://www.jurafellrace.org/>); Stewart Gardner would have run normally but he decided to forgo the pleasure this time as his youngest son was getting married the week after and he didn't want to damage himself! However, his support at the 13 mile marker (Three arch bridge) was very welcomed, along with dogs Joss and Cassie. The weather was perfect (at least for me!); the sun shone, there was a bit of a breeze and the views were superb (you have to take in the views so you can't run too fast – my excuse!).

The race route leaves the Jura Distillery at Craighouse, follows a track, and then shortly heads off up rough moorland terrain, boggy in parts, but not too bad this year. At this point Kate Jenkins's (Carnethy) spaniel had lost her (obviously not running fast enough to keep up with her) – I think it was taken in hand by somebody while she ran the race. And so, on to the first checkpoint at Dubh Bheinn, past lochans to the 2nd at Glas Bheinn, and along the ridge to the 3rd at Aonach Bheinn. This first section, although easy running, can be very tricky navigation in the mist (as me, Thirze and Louise Atkin, a former CVFR member, found out when we eventually got timed out back in the 1990s as it took us so long to get over this bit)! At Aonach Bheinn the cheery marshals encouraged me on by saying, 'well that's the worst bit over', knowing full well the "best" was yet to come (fortunately I knew they were lying). The next

climb, up the 1st pap (Bheinn A'Chaoilais), is a steep haul of 2000 feet but thankfully has lots of water running next to the path, which I was glad of that day. From here a steep descent mainly on scree takes you down briefly to a bit of "flat" before the next steep zig zag climb up the



2nd pap (Bheinn an Oir). A short run along the ridge and then a sharp right down grass and rocks took us down to start the next ascent to the 3rd pap (Bheinn Shiantaidh); I met a guy here who couldn't imagine what the race would be like on a bad day, having been told by many that these were the best conditions to run it! As I have got older and slower I worry a lot about making cut off times but was pleasantly surprised to hear I had one hour's grace at the top of pap 3! Here I met somebody saying 'never again' but I assured him he would be back next year. The descent off the 3rd pap is very rough and on scree until the last section down to lochans; here I had to spend 5 minutes getting rid of all the scree in my walshes (if I hadn't done that I would have been under 6 hours!). The final climb up Corra Bheinn is again steep and the sting in the tail of the race. From here, it's plain sailing over relatively flat grassy terrain, with a few boggy bits to make it interesting, down to the Three arch bridge and the last three miles on the road. Not being too keen on road running, it is a bit of an anticlimax for the finish of the race, but the views are lovely and I always look out for the sea pinks blooming on the coast as I jog along; you can also usually hear a cuckoo not far from the bridge and on the way back to Craighouse (I am sure Rob Jebb didn't notice the sea pinks/hear the cuckoo). A nice welcome drink from a lady in a camper van, one mile from the finish, got me home.

A great day out, fantastic marshals on the route, and lots of classic fell runner camaraderie. And it doesn't end there as the locals provide great refreshments (including cakes), the prize giving is great fun, and a ceilidh is held that evening (if you can make it!). I am sure some of my experiences of this race are the same as those of the other CVFR members who went to Jura this year but, as they all ran faster than me, maybe they didn't take in as many viewpoints??? Next year it is promised that the 1st recipient of the George Broderick plaque for completing 21 races will be awarded – at seven, I have a long way to go....

There were 179 starters, 173 finishers, and 26 got their coveted glass for getting under 4 hours. The race was won by Robb Jebb in 3-07-49, for the first

time, even though before the start he had said, and I quote: 'it would be nice to win as it's one I haven't won before, but it's a bit rough for me'!!! Ian Holmes was 2nd, 8 minutes later, and Jethro Lennox (Shuttleston Harriers), 4 seconds after him. Angela Mudge won the Ladies race and set an amazing new record of 3-40-33 (7th place overall!).

If you haven't done this one, it's a must.

CVFR times:

Richard Greenwood: 4-14-32

Steve Smithies: 4-22-06

Clare Kenny: 5-00-17

Jackie Scarf: 5-14-20

Charlotte Roberts: 6-02-53 (and I wasn't last!)

Charlotte Roberts

The Troggs

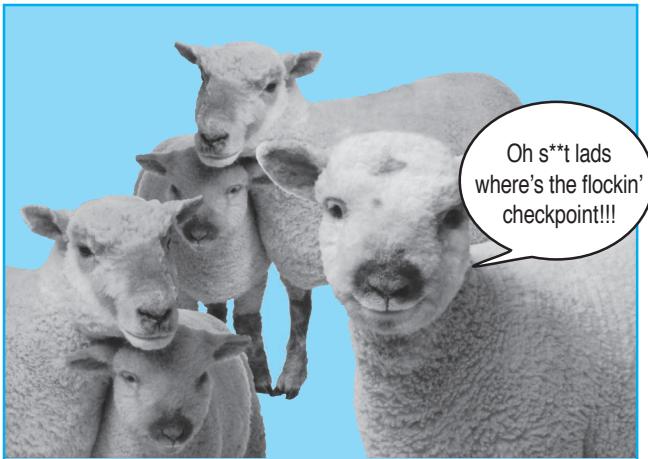
Bill asked me to organise the Trog races back in ?May, easy to say Yes - it was months away. Then the Trog File arrives, its thick, and ominous in its complexity. I put it on a shelf for a few months. Then I had to take it down again to actually work out what I needed to do. The letters to landowners and police are easy, just change the date and send them out again. The cricket club and Old Town ladys who make sandwiches are so practiced, they just ned the date confirming. It the number of people to think about for marshalls that messes with your head! High Brown Knoll - marshalls on the way out, doing a head count for both races, then on the return for the half, and then for the full, how long is that?, what if it rains?, how boring to be there for 5 hours!. **Thank you** to all those who helped in ways big and small.

It all adds up to a great day and a race the Club should be proud to host. The most nerve racking point was hearing that Karl and Ian Holmes were approaching the finish neck and neck, and there was a transit van and trailer trying to exit from the lane next to the cricket ground. I had images of them having to hurdle this trailer to get into the ground. It was a sunny warm day this year, in complete contrast to last years snow.

Ben Davies



2,1,3,5 ... the road!!! or the day SOME of us raced at Black Combe



Well this turned out to be a memorable day but not so much for the fantastic times that most of our top men did but for the interesting time that they had!! The weather forecast was for a blustery day with wintry showers and this is exactly what we got. Jo and I set off early to go via the bakers shop in Broughton Mills and stock up with some goodies before heading to Sillcroft to register for the race. The village hall was a hive of activity with runners registering, greeting old friends and of course going to the loo lots of times!!! After lots of discussion on what to wear, was it going to be cold, did we have enough clothes on ... you know all the usual race preparations we were in the start field with around 300 other runners and Sally with her brand new bright blue and yellow Walshes on. She must have managed to spent some of her many vouchers at Pete Blands (won in the old slapper categories or the more polite way of putting it LV40s). And then it was off, a scramble of bodies to get through the gates and then onto the fell, up a steep first climb to checkpoint 1 and things were still going well. Now this is where it started to go pear shaped for Shaun. He was in about 8th place and running with a group including Jim Davies from Borrowdale and Robert Little from Pudsey and Bramley. Somehow they came off the main path and headed to checkpoint 6 instead of 2. Robert Little then headed off in one direction (he came 4th overall) and Jim Davies in another ... Shaun followed Jim Davies. There then ensued a discussion as what way to go and instead of heading left to regain the path they headed right and ended up at the base of the crags which resulted in a scramble up through the rocks. In Shauns words "I was s****ing myself as it was like proper rock climbing". They had missed checkpoint 2 out altogether. There I was running between CP 2 and 3 when I heard Shauns voice behind me talking to someone else and he said " I'm in for a bollocking in a minute" and as he passed me I had to asked politely "Where the f**k have you been" "Mmm I got abit lost was the reply" ... I then saw Jim Davies overtake me and knew then that some of the lads were having fun out in this. The cloud was very low and we

had a howling gale pushing us from behind along the ridge from CP 2 but as you turned to head to CP 3 it was in your face and hard work but thankfully only for short time and you dropped down to CP 4 and then a descent to CP5. Well that's where you were meant to go but Alex decide to head straight on after 4 with Danny Hope and he dropped off the fell and onto the road .. he was then a road runner for about 2 miles to get to the finish but had missed out CP 5 & 6. Adam was doing well but managed to miss CP3 on the summit of White Combe!!! Running round like headless chickens is coming to mind now. Ben Mounsey managed to get round but visited CP 6 twice ... well at least he found it and he did finish the race. Andy Clarke was on a scenic tour at one point and was running with a Cumberland Fell Runner who had reccied the route 4 times and he hadn't a clue where he was!!! Jo met Ian Holmes coming up the hill as she was going down!!! he went from 5th to about 55th between CP 2 and 3. Karl was at home with a sore hamstring oblivious to all this fun that his team mates were having!!! Now then we have the girls, all 11 who got round. Helen Fines had a great run to place 2nd lady. She ran in shorts and vest only. What a real man!!! No that can't be right as she finished the race!!! Sally made a great start to the championships with 5th lady overall and took 1st LV40 and LV45 prizes. She topped up those vouchers for Pete Blands again!!! Jo had a good steady run for 7th as she was coming back from an ankle injury. They were 2nd team only being beaten by Bingley by 1 place. You'll get them blue and white nasty stripes the next time girls!!! Naomi had a great run to take 13th lady with Gayle in 17th place and Anne in 18th!!! Cerys had a good run and with Sharon, Karen, me and Celia ... what a team we have in numbers and in depth. I've got to say that the weather between CP5 and CP6 was awful and it was cold, very windy and hailing. One poor guy lost his glasses and was wondering around trying to see to get himself off the hill!!! Back to the village hall for the presentation and then the drive home. There was a few quiet men heading home that day from our club but a massive lesson was learned ... try and get a picture of the race in your head and where the CP are ...not always easy but at least looking at the map before race day is a good starting point!!!! Thirza



Photo courtesy of the North West Evening Mail

The Mourne Mountains v2

When the idea of a mini-break in Northern Ireland was first mentioned at the committee meeting, I thought 'great – a fun weekend, maybe a steady run in the hills followed by a couple of pints of Guinness'. I was really looking forward to it.

At the next meeting you can imagine my concern when it was decided the planned run was to be an immense 6500ft, 12 miles covering most of the peaks in the central Mourne! The hardest run I had done up to press was probably the Midgley Moor. So. The training began. Or rather a selection of races designed to toughen me up over the coming weeks. The anxiety gradually wore off and I was lulled into the feeling that it would be fine – of course I could run up a few hills.

Then the weekend arrived and we all boarded the plane and headed for Belfast. Andy Clarke drove us safely to Newcastle where we shared a great hostel with a few Borrowdale runners also over for the race. The evening was spent pouring over maps, marking out check points and discussing route choices. I didn't let my nerves get the better of me – in fact I was more concerned about which wig to wear Gayle's birthday celebrations the following night. It wasn't until we arrived at race HQ the next day that the realisation of what I was about to attempt hit me. Up ahead all I could see were a range of gargantuan mountains, linked by the massive Mourne wall. The scenery was spectacular. My thoughts suddenly turned to thinking 'all I have to do is get round', quickly followed by 'all I have to do is get halfway round'. I could barely comprehend how we were going to scale the first peak. It looked like a few ropes would be handy in some places!

Encouragement from my club mates spurred me to the start line and as soon as the gun went off my nerves subsided. Before I knew it we were scrambling up the first peak, towards Andy and Paul at the summit. A lot of the route followed the Mourne wall as we encountered each calf-burning summit and quad-burning descent. Luckily the weather stayed fine, apart from a bit of hail, and the views were amazing. I couldn't believe my luck when I caught Thirza up with less than a mile to go! Andy was great and led me to the final descent where



Thirza and I began our battle for the finish line. For a moment I thought I might come in first, but Thirza was just too strong and my legs were finished! We crossed the line just a few seconds apart and I collapsed in a heap on the floor.

That night it didn't take much to get the party going!

After a fantastic veggie lasagne made by Paul, the whole gang went out for a night on the town, complete with wigs, and celebrated our efforts as well as Gayle's birthday. It was a fab night, a great weekend and the best race I've done. **Jo Porter**



The Calder Valley Winter Handicap

Windy but dry conditions faced the 15 handicap entrants as we lined up for the start in the football field. John Riley led off, followed at various intervals by the chasers. My turn came 40 secs after Tony Steward and as this was my first attempt at a handicap race, I set off not knowing what pace to run at. I followed Tony up the first hill gradually gaining ground. Nearing the top I looked back to see a pack of runners seemingly not far behind, but I pressed on. Focusing on the runner in front, I slowly gained ground and overtook Tony as we ran along Dick's Lane. As I approached Stoodley Pike the front runners passed the other way, so I knew how much ground I had to gain. The position was reversed as I rounded the Pike, as now I passed the chasers, again not far behind but not as close as feared. Downhill now, following the same route back, I chased John Nunn who was in second place and John Riley still leading, passing a lonely-looking Shaun Godsman, the fastest runner, on his way up Dick's Lane. After what seemed a long chase, I caught up with John just as we came off Erringden Moor, and was immediately overtaken by Tony Steward who found a quicker route to gain a significant gap. John and I were neck and neck down the hill, but as we ran down the path resembling a stream bed, we were overtaken by someone who ran down the field on one side. This was devastating, because now there was someone faster in front and the chance of a win was gone. In the final field of the descent two more chasers overtook, but entering the football field I could see John Riley still leading. In a track style finish, John held on by a second to take a start-to-finish win from Tony Steward, with Richard Kellett in a very close third. An interesting race, running with a chance of winning certainly makes you try harder!

Anniversary Waltz.

422 Runners lined up in the starting field including 9 from Calder Valley. The weather was good with high

cloud and good visibility although the wind was very strong in places. The route follows tracks along the very scenic Newlands Valley before heading very steeply up onto the north ridge of Robinson. From Robinson an exhilarating run down is followed by a reasonable climb to the summit of Hindscarth and a ridge to Dale Head. A steep drop to Dale Head tarn and then a climb to the top of High Spy is followed by the very runnable Maiden Moor and the final climb to the top of Catbells. A steep drop off Catbells takes you back to the valley track and back to the finish. An excellent race was followed by excellent tea and cakes in the village hall. The race was won by Lloyd Taggart, beating a trio of local Borrowdale runners to the finish, and first lady home was young Emma Clayton.

Martin Whitehead

LAMM 2008 report

Glenfinnan was a tough LAMM. Long courses, but then who wanted to spend time at the overnight camp with the midges? Friday night was torture. We had prepared mentally for the race but not for the little biting buggers. In your ears, nose, and throat—a whole hospital department. The slit trench was particularly unpleasant—drop your shorts and the devils were crawling over where they shouldn't. Let us out on the hill, we don't care how long we are up there. Run for it. Although I don't remember much running. A ten hour plus stagger and another seven hours plus the next day. The overnight was right up there in the top 5 of worst sleeps ever. I had had to escape the tent in the early hours—I couldn't sleep for itching legs following a bit of sun burn on the first day. Then, lying outside, it rained and my makeshift sleeping bag was soon sodden and me shivering. At 4am, I was ready for the off. Beam me up, Scotty. Alistair had a better night on his balloon bed—it was a warm and toasty half hour of respite for me, having crawled in when he was cooking breakfast. "Cooking" and "breakfast" are not intended here to create a picture of a "cooked breakfast". Rather breakfast was a cup of tea that tasted a little like the soup still stuck to the inside of the cup.

Others were having a better time. John Underwood was passing around tots of Jura malt, pleased to have got his Achilles through Knoydart. Jackie and Barbara appeared to be living it up in their Himalayan palace...

From the girls point of view...we had a good time on the 'b' course. Only 3 female pairs, and the 1st pair were elite orienteers so don't count! Although we were 2nd 'females' after day 1, we finished 3rd ladies by a few minutes overall. We came 48 out of 77. Not bad for our first LAMM. Weather was fantastic, views stunning, The Saturday camp was scenic (and actually midge free until sun went down and breeze stopped). Met loads of friends...Mandy Goth and Chris P did fine on 'A', Brendon Bolland got a late entry on the Thurs night and came 2nd on Elite(!), mate Amanda flew in from Sardinia for the weekend to do the 'C', John Osborne from Settle walked

his girlfriend around 'D' and took 10 hours on day 1. Everyone was so friendly and the atmosphere was really good on the overnight camp beside the river—allegedly the campsite was a microlight landing strip. Even Alistair managed a smile (despite his blisters and feeling sick). I hope its inspired Barbara. She was really strong and took all Phil's advice on the food front. She's going to refine for the Saunders where there'll be a bit more lying around at base camp, plus milk and beer on offer.

And so it was a weekend of contrasts, good times and hard times, all memorable. This is what we keep coming back for—see you next year, or at the OMM, for more hours of pain and pleasure on a Scottish hill somewhere.

For the record, Tim Higginbottom and Chris Near were elite winners in a time of 12 hours 55 minutes. Phil and Alistair were 11th in 18.18. On 'B', the winners did 11.44 (quite a long time for this course). Jackie and Barbara did 15.25. All the results can be found on the LAMM website.

Phil and Jackie Scarf

Ennerdale Horseshoe 14 June 2008 23m/7500'

1	Nick Sharp	M21	Ambleside	3.48.01
68	Mike Wardle	M50	CVFR	5.21.23
78	Gary Parker	M21	CVFR	5.29.53

The race this year was run in near perfect conditions. There was a cool light breeze and broken cloud above 800m with very clear visibility. It was very dry but fortunately the stream running into Black Beck Tarn was just running and thankfully many of the marshals had done a great job and carried in water. The views were magnificent and the sun never got to hot. It was a day when route finding was never a problem and you could get those lines every one talks about. The scout hut has been done up since I last did the race and provided good facilities including showers.

Mike Wardle

WANTED

Rod can't carry on organising the Coiners Race which is presently on May Bank Holiday Monday. We are looking for a new organiser to take this on. Can you get in touch with Bill Johnson (01422 881312) or Rod Sutcliffe (01422 882082) if you fancy having a go at this. A change of date may be considered if it was inconvenient for you at the bank holiday.

Summer Handicap

Tues 22nd July at 7pm



... Everyone has a chance to win. Starts at Ovenden Wind Farm carpark (GR046307) heads across Rocking Stone, to Bottom Lodge, up the steps, onto High Brown Knoll, then down and around the catch water drain around Warley Moor Reservoir. approx 6 miles. It will be flagged. Your start times will be published beforehand. Presentation in Crossroads pub afterwards. Ring Thirza on 01422 343736 if you want any more info.

Shutlingsloe

Just how good are our juniors and do they know when enough is enough. Spring bank holiday saw a few climb aboard the team bus and head for the second English championship race at Shutlingsloe in Cheshire which was apart of Wildboarclough summer fete and was almost like a step back in time to days of cream teas taken on the lawn and croquet. Fantastic.

Anyway Gemma Johnsone came second in the U8 s and then her brother Adam and Dillon Whitelaw ran well in the U10. In the U12 race Max Wharton was 3rd and Edan Whitelaw 8th as well as Issy Wharton coming 5th and Rose Mather 6th. Finally Peter Walker ran in 5th in the U14. Those fine results on the day mean that overall in the championship after 2 races Peter is 6th, Edan is 8th, Issy is 5th Rose is

12th and Max is 3rd in their respective championships. It all bodes well for the rest of the season. The junior races turned out to be only the warm up act as Max Peter Edan and Issy all fancied a crack at the senior race which is a 2 mile up and down climbing 900ft so they dutifully lined up next to 84 other adults including Bill and Anne Johnson. Amidst talk of "I'm not going to race it I just want to see if I can do it" they all stormed off down the start field forgetting any such talk and competing as hard as they could. Incredibly after the first 37 runners had come in which included near record breaking attempts from Simon Bailey and record runs from Jackie Lee Max cam storming up the finish hill to claim 38 place not bad for a 12 year old. He touched the wall at the top of the field - the official finish in a time of 22.05 Peter who had beaten Max in the junior race couldnt repeat the feat and finished in 46 place in 22.58. Pete is 13. Edan was next to finish in a time of 25.45 and 71st and he is 11 and Issy completed the course in 27.36 for 78th place. Issy is still only 10.

So watch out for the shorter races as the juniors will be there and will be hard on your heels. Well actually well ahead of me. **Al Whitelaw**

