

calder valley fell runners

# SHEEP SHEET

....October 2005....



## WORLD V40 CHAMPION

### THIS PICTURE SAYS ITS ALL .....

Sally had a tough race with Jaqui Hargreaves and Ruth Pickvance. They both shot off the start line like S\*\*t off a shovel and Sal said she just couldn't go with them and decided to run her own race. Climbing well Sal saw Jaqui's shorts in the distance and realised that she was now running stronger. After overtaking each other a few times Sal got the bit between her teeth and went for it downhill leaving Jaqui behind. She then spied Ruth and overtook her and and I think this must have surprised Ruth but she couldn't respond and Sal won by 30 seconds. Someone was heard to say that they had never seen anyone with such short legs with such a big leg stride and I think such a big smile on the finish line. Well done Sal from all your Calder Valley team mates.

## Congratulations and thank God .....



Yes he managed it ... Allan Greenwood managed to complete his BG in 23hours and 48 minutes ... exactly the same time as Bob Graham did himself all those years ago. This was his third attempt this year and he put his support through the mill each time but we are all really glad after all his effort that he managed ... and Linda got her posh frock for the BG dinner. Well Done Allan

CVFR LADIES TEAM HAVE WON TEAM SILVER IN THE BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIPS FOR THE SECOND YEAR RUNNING, SALLY HAS WON SILVER AS A SENIOR WOMEN AND GOLD AS A VET ... AND KARL GRAY HAS PLACED 5TH IN MENS . IN THE ENGLISH WE HAVE ALSO WON LADIES TEAM SILVER, SALLY HAS WON GOLD AS A SENIOR AND AS A VET . AND KARL HAS PLACED 8TH IN THE ENGLISH .... WELL DONE ALL ...YOU DESERVE THE SUCCESS AS IT IS HARD WORK KEEPING THIS KIND OF FORM THROUGHOUT THE SEASON AND FROM YEAR TO YEAR.

**ANY ARTICLES FOR NEWSLETTER PLEASE**  
email:- [thirza.dave@virgin.net](mailto:thirza.dave@virgin.net) or tel 01422 343736  
**ANY COMMENTS OR INFO FOR WEBSITE**  
email:- [carlgreenwood@hotmail.com](mailto:carlgreenwood@hotmail.com)

## ON COMMITTEE



**CHAIRPERSON**  
*Rod Sutcliffe*



**SECRETARY**  
*Jo Smith*



**TREASURER**  
*Cerys Davies*



**CLUB CAPTAIN**  
*Andy Clarke*



**LADIES CAPTAIN**  
*Sarah Noot (Swoots)*



**WEB OFFICER**  
Carl Greenwood



**PUBLICITY OFFICER**  
Allan Greenwood



**SOCIAL SECRETARY**  
Paul Gallagher



**EQUIPMENT OFFICER**  
Alastair Whitelaw



**STATISTICIAN**  
Bill Johnson



**MEMBERSHIP/SHEEP SHEET ED**  
Thirza Hyde

## Austwick Amble - 20th May 2005 8mls/1200'

			Medium	Improve from Medium races over last 12 months
			Time	
1	Jonathan Deegan	Ambleside	49.35	-
2	Ted Mason	Wharfedale	49.59	-
3	Richard Pattinson	P & B	50.17	-
42	Tamara Hird	Wharfedale	62.18	1st lady
54	Dave Beston	CVFR	67.03	-
61	Dave Culpan	CVFR	69.20	-
63	Mick Banks	CVFR	70.02	-
94	ran			



Fatty Banks (not so fat these days though!!!) making the effort

Coincides with the annual village fete, nice warm sunny day, it seemed as though half of the Dales had turned out, the village was very busy. The route starts on the main street and then a steep climb up the road that leads onto the Norber Erratics leading up Ingleborough to the highest point in the race, Sulber Nick, you then leave your brains (if you've got any!!! Ed) at the top with a very fast descent down the rocky Ingleborough path, dropping onto the track and road that leads you back into the village centre, with a good crowd to cheer you back to the finish. I tried to catch Dave Beston on the descent but he had too much of a lead. Mick Banks was 'nt far behind me wearing a Calder vest again after an absence of a few years. In my opinion the route has too much track and tarmac to be classed as a true fell race. Dave Culpan

## Hutton Roof Crag - 28th May 2005 7mls/1300'

			Medium	Rating	Improve from Medium races over last 12 months
1	Lee Siemazko	Borr'dale	47:16	-	-
2	Darren Kay	Horwich	48:04	-	-
3	Sean Bolland	Bowland	48:10	-	-
10	Vic Wilkinson	Bingley	52:32	1st lady	-
87	Jez Wilkinson	CVFR	63:52	1.34	-2%
101	Ben Davies	CVFR	64:58	1.36	1%
159	Cerys Davies	CVFR	71:42	1.50	3%
193	Helen Wilkinson	CVFR	80:07	1.67	
207	runners				

The really good features of this race is it goes over an area of countryside you would probably never walk or run over, it has some very narrow twisty paths which make it difficult for overtaking and finally there is amazing selection of cakes to eat after the race. It is strange that always attract a large field of runners and some very fast ones as well. The day was very dry and sunny and it gradually got warmer during the race. The race is part of the local village gala so there is there is the usual assortment of strange stalls/competitions. There was a very small contingent from Calder Valley but all enjoyed tea & cakes afterwards. Jez

## Waughts Well - 7th June 2005 4mls/1000'

			Short	Rating	Improve from Short races over last 12 months
1	Darren Kay	Horwich	29.44	-	-
2	Karl Gray	CVFR	30:24	0.99	3%
3	Paul Thompson	Clayton	30:39	-	-
11	Andy Clarke	CVFR	33:30	1.09	-1%
28	Adrian Muir	CVFR	36:49	1.20	1%
35	Vanessa Peacock	Clayton	38:23	1st lady	-
99	Mick Banks	CVFR	46:43	1.52	-3%
122	runners				

I CAN'T KEEP MAKING UP REPORTS IF I'M NOT THERE .... SO IF YOU CAN'T BE BOTHERED TO WRITE A FEW LINES I'LL JUST LEAVE A REPORT OFF ..... but thanks to everyone who did write reports for me as it makes my life much easier



GREG HOUGHTON

9th August 1948 - 24th September 2005



Greg, a founder member of Calder Valley Fell Runners went to tick off some Munros on the Isle of Skye on Saturday 24th September. He set off from Glen Brittle to do Sgurr Alisdair, Sgurr Dhub Mor and Sgurr Nan Eag. We know he did do them all as he met a walker who was on the ridge and he told

him where he'd been and that he was retracing his steps, back to meet his partner Margaret ... but he never made it. Greg's body was found on Wednesday 5th October by a walker at the head of Loch Coruisk. Greg had a passion for motor bikes, Bolton Wanderers, fell racing and the Scottish mountains. He had managed to do about 150 Munros in 2 years which is some going from West Yorkshire. He was doing some thing that he loved and as Steve said "He would have died with a smile on his face". He was a dedicated man, never letting you down if he said he was going to be there he would be there. We will all miss him dearly. I would like to do a special newsletter to celebrate Greg's life so all contributions of happy, funny memories would be much appreciated. Thirza

## PENNINE WAY RELAY 2006

We're planning on giving The Pennine Way Relay a go during the summer of 2006, as part of the club's 21<sup>st</sup> celebrations. It's an 8 stage relay (averages about 30 miles per leg), with usually 10 runners (solo during daylight; paired during darkness). There's enough talent in the club to have a go at the record, **which is held by our club** (old people, like Rod). However, there may also be enough interest to generate 2 teams; one having a go at the record and a second to experience something special minus the pain. To get things started, can anyone who is interested in running or supporting, let me know. At the same time, myself and others will be press-ganging people. Jon Underwood, Karl Gray and myself are going to take on the planning. Anyone else interested in getting involved with the "Pennine Way Relay sub-committee", then please let me know as soon as possible. We have 1 year, which sounds distant, but isn't when planning something like this. Once we have an idea of the numbers of people interested in taking part – both running and support – then we'll draw up a plan building up to June/July 2006.

Andy Clarke

## Junior Section - Welfare Officer

Due to work commitments Cerys has had to pull out of being the Welfare Officer for the Junior Section of CVFR which will be up and running by the AGM in mid November. This is a fairly important position in the Junior Section as we have to get the Child Policy, CRB checks to name but a few things sorted out fairly sharpish. If you feel that you would like to give this a go please ring Alec Beconsall on 01422 881312 and a message will get passed to him from either Anne or Bill as this is where he is residing at "Johnson's Tower".

---

## LDWA Events

Here are some long distance walkers events to get you fit for the Pennine Way Relay challenge next year.

### Bottoms Up! 22.10.05

Hoghton Village Hall Map LR103 GR 614265 on A675 midway bet. Preston and B'burn Start 8.30 am  
22/13mile options  
Runners only on 22mils - £6 on day  
Tel. 01772 613362

### Skipton Double Trigger 30.10.05

Skipton Cricket Club GR 983511  
undulating route N & W of Skipton 23/11mils - £7  
jjparker@tiscali.co.uk

### Manorlands Meander 5.11.05

Golden Fleece Inn, Harden 8.30am £8 on day  
Tel. 01535 273271 peter@bashforth.wanadoo.co.uk Bingley area

### Kilburn Kanter 5.11.05

30/22mils from Kilburn Village Hall - £7 on day  
Tel. 01943 462801

### Winter Wyresdale 19.11.05

23mils Dolphinholme Village Hall GR 516533  
£8 on day start 8.30am Boydandlilian.millen@virgin.net  
Tel. 01539 724011

Loads more events further afield. Most are reduced fees if booked in advance or as a member of the LDWA. So how about some club / team training efforts?? Cheers Clare  
Tel: 0161 795 9740 email: clare.kenny@northmanchester.net

---

## CLUB RUN - 6th Nov

On Sunday 6th Nov we'll have a club run to recce one of the routes that will be used for the British relays champs next year. Meet at the Hare & Hounds (aka Lane Ends) in Old Town at 10am. We've got permission from Bo Schofield to run from there into Castle Carr (normally private land, where we will be basing the relays next year) and around one of the proposed relay legs, then back to the pub for lunch.

---

## Edale Fell Race - 12th June 2005 5mls/1400'

		Short		Improve from	
			rating	Short races	over last
				over last	12 months
<b>MENS RACE</b>					
1	Simon Bailey	Mercia	31:46	-	-
2	Iain Donnan	Lothian	32:55	-	-
3	Alasdair Anthony	Ochil Hills	32:58		
63	Andy Clarke	CVFR	37:44	1.08	0%
97	Richard Greenwood	CVFR	39:26	1.13	1%
150	Rob Sharratt	CVFR	41:39	1.20	0%
159	Bill Johnson	CVFR	41:51	1.20	-2%
172	Graham Hill	CVFR	42:41	1.23	0%
211	Rod Sutcliffe	CVFR	44:36	1.28	1%
310	Dave Culpan	CVFR	50:57	1.46	0%
312	Dave Beston	CVFR	51:07	1.47	-1%
366 men					

### LADIES RACE

1	Natalie White	Holmfirth	40:15	1st lady	-
4	Sally Newman	CVFR	41:24	1.19	-1%
12	Jo Smith	CVFR	43:51	1.26	-1%
17	Sue Mitchell	CVFR	44:50	1.29	-
24	Clare Kenny	CVFR	45:34	1.31	4%
45	Celia Mills	CVFR	48:34	1.39	1%
59	Jackie Scarf	CVFR	50:15	1.44	7%
61	Cerys Davies	CVFR	50:23	1.45	1%
83	Alison Wright	CVFR	54:04	1.55	-
84	Linda Hayles	CVFR	54:18	1.56	-1%
102 ladies					

I had to sit this one out yet again due to my knee this time so I was not a happy girl watching my team mates climb up the hill. Fabulous race which climbs up towards Ringing Roger and the around the skyline to Grinslow Knoll and then a fast descent back to the gala field. The girls had a good race to take 1st team and keep us in the running!!! (excuse the pun) for a medal. Weather was cloudy with sudden showers but it didn't stop us having a picnic and sharing cake with the Ilkley lassies. Thirza

## Coiners Fell Race - 15th June 2005 7.5mls/1100'

		Medium		Improve from	
			Rating	Medium races	over last
				over last	12 months
1	Steve Oldfield	Brad Aire	52:28	-	-
2	James Logue	Horwich	53:04	-	-
3	Shaun Godsman	Tod	53:50	-	-
4	Andy Clarke	CVFR	54:48	1.09	-2%
8	Richard Greenwood	CVFR	56:01	1.11	-1%
14	Bill Johnson	CVFR	58:46	1.16	1%
18	Graham Hill	CVFR	59:04	1.17	4%
21	Jo Smith	CVFR	61:39	1.22	1%
22	Adrian Muir	CVFR	62:06	1.23	-2%
26	Lee Shimwell	CVFR	64:07	1.27	-
27	Clare Kenny	CVFR	66:03	1.31	0%
35	Dave Beston	CVFR	68:39	1.36	7%
39	Jackie Scarf	CVFR	69:22	1.37	7%
43	Alistair Whitelaw	CVFR	73:09	1.45	-
45	Mick Banks	CVFR	74:40	1.48	-
47	Ivor Noot	CVFR	76:32	1.52	-2%
51 runners					



## Who Let The Dogs Out !!! Who Who Who ??? A.K.A. A Quiet Weekend In The Lakes

We decided on a weekend trip to a) recce the World Masters course from Keswick and b) to enjoy a walk up Great Gable on the Sunday. After deciding to camp down the Borrowdale valley at the National Trust site at Stonethwaite, alongside Langstrath Beck we headed back up to Keswick and Fitz Park to begin our recce. The route takes you over the footbridge crossing the dual carriageway and to the left of the foot of Latrigg, followed by the long climb up onto Lonscale fell. Today of all days there happened to be a **hound trail meeting** and so as I struggled up the hill some distance behind Paul and John the next thing was I had 100 bloody hounds for company! Hope I'd not got the aniseed scent on my shoes otherwise they would probably all be still with me tonight in the pub! Fortunately they did eventually turn off down another track. (strange Cumbrian pastime, hound trailing, why use aniseed when any normal Yorkshireman would just mark out a trail using opened cans of **Pedigree Chum** and a few **Winalot** wouldn't he?) Anyway, we completed the recce, all ready for September now, had a beer and bite in Keswick and headed back to the campsite. Saturday evening we enjoyed a few drinks in the nearby Langstrath Country Hotel. The proprietor does not like riff raff from the campsite invading his up-market joint, so to gain entrance we had to blatantly lie and say we were staying at the Royal Oak hotel in nearby Rothwaite. (well we did last year anyway, for the Borrowdale race) Sunday saw us make an early start from Seathwaite farm for the climb up Great Gable. We headed up the South-West face to scramble up to Napes Needle and the Sphinx rock and were rewarded with great views of Wasdale and Wastwater from Westmorland cairn. Nearly came at a price though as I could not quite 'thread the needle' (scramble through the gap). Got stuck, panicked for a few minutes before continuing the climb. We carried on to Green Gable and finally back down to Seathwaite.

Dave Beston

## Buckden Pike - 18th June 2005 4mls/1500'

		Short		Improve from	
			Rating	Short races	over last
				over last	12 months
1	Gary Devine	P & B	34:53	-	-
2	Ricky Lightfoot	Ellenbor	35:56	-	-
3	Dave Taylor	Dark Peak	35:57	-	-
27	Gareth Pemberton	CVFR	43:13	1.18	1%
40	Vanessa Peacock	Clayton	44:58	1st lady	-
42	Rob Sharratt	CVFR	45:28	1.24	-3%
45	Steve Smithies	CVFR	45:46	1.25	1%
81	Linda Hayles	CVFR	54:43	1.49	4%

102 runners

## Summer Handicap Race - 14th June 2005

final position	start position		finish time	running time	run-time position	rating	improve from running races over last 12 mths	
1	3	Helen Wilkinson	20:13:22	1:07:57	12	1.58	5%	
2	9	Jez Wilkinson	20:13:51	0:55:46	4	1.30	2%	
3	4	Stephen Hoyle	20:13:53	1:06:28	11	1.55	-	
4	6	Dave Culpán	20:13:58	1:00:08	7	1.40	3%	
5	12	Rob Sharratt	20:15:41	0:52:26	3	1.22	0%	
6=	2	John Riley	20:16:06	1:10:46	13	1.65	7%	
6=	14	Jon Underwood	20:16:06	0:51:31	2	1.20	-1%	
8	7	Jackie Scarf	20:16:11	1:01:11	8	1.42	3%	
9	1	Mark Everington	20:16:19	1:11:29	14	1.66	-1%	
10	15	Andy Clarke	20:17:19	0:48:34	1	1.13	-6%	
11	10	Ben Davies	20:18:05	0:58:40	5	1.36	-1%	
12	5	Cerys Davies	20:18:06	1:06:21	10	1.54	-1%	
13	11	Neil Palmer	20:21:45	1:01:55	9	1.44	-10%	
14	13	Carl Greenwood	20:23:07	0:59:42	6	1.39	-12%	
-	8	Phil Scarf	DNF (Twisted his ankle)					

The "Summer" Handicap and I would definitely use the word summer very loosely as it was one of the worst nights of the summer with fine drizzle, plenty of clag on the hills and a biting cold wind but that didn't stop 15 hardy club runners from setting off. The race starts at the windmills above Ogden Water and runs across Rocking Stone Moor down to bottom lodge at Castle Carr, up the steps and then on the bridleway to High Brown Knoll and then the catchwater back to Warley Moor Res and back to the windmills. It was a good competition with the handicaps being pretty good and the runners all following in to the finish fairly well packed together. Helen Wilkinson had a fine run to win. This was an excellent run from Helen as she has been fighting knee problems for ages and it is good to see her being back on the fells and competing and it was even better to see her being in front of Jez!!!! Thanks to Bill for the good handicaps once again. Due to ongoing injury I went along to help and it was bloody freezing, better to have been running than helping on that night!!!! Thirza

## CALDER VALLEY FELL RUNNERS AGM

On Tuesday 15th November at 8.00pm  
(after the club training run)  
**Shoulder of Mutton**  
**Mytholmroyd**

"If you've something to say about the club, it's training or you want to become a part of the committee now is the time to air your views on any club matters ... and if you can't make it pass on any comments to one of the present committee members"

### A "GRAVE" YORKSHIRE TALE!!!

The family decided that their mother's gravestone should be inscribed with "She were thine". At the burial they were horrified to see that the inscription said "She were thin". They were quickly onto the undertaker to complain that he had missed off the 'e', and he promised to put it right straight away. The next day when they went to the grave the inscription had indeed been changed. It said: "E, she were thin".

## Did you know ??

That Calder Valley fell runners are affiliated to the Yorkshire Veteran's Athletics Association???

They are a friendly and well organised bunch, and they put on a series of low key, value for money races over cross country, fell, trail, road and even track. If you are a veteran (over 35 women or over 40 men) and are a member of a Yorkshire club (like ours!), then you can turn up and run in one of the fixtures. There are also monthly runs and a season long grand prix series. Every race usually has loads of prizes and SPOT PRIZES to give us duffers a chance, and there is usually lots of food on afterwards. Full details at [www.yvaa.org](http://www.yvaa.org)

See you there !!!!! Allan Greenwood



I'm going to be looking after the social side of things for the time being and would be glad of an ideas for an social evenings  
Thanks Paul Gallagher  
mobile 07795694531  
mail@paulgallagher.org.uk

## Wicken Hill Whizz - 24th June 2005

### 3mils/1000'

		Short			Improve from Short races over last 12 months
			Rating		
1	Chris Smale	Tod	21:50	-	-
2	Steve Oldfield	Brad/Aire	21:59	-	-
3	James Logue	Horwich	22:25	-	-
12	Richard Greenwood	CVFR	23:58	1.12	2%
19	Rob Sharratt	CVFR	25:37	1.20	0%
24	Dave Beels	CVFR	25:57	1.21	-1%
31	Tom Arrandale	CVFR	27:37	1.29	(Junior)
34	Jo Smith (1st lady)	CVFR	27:47	1.30	-4%
51	Jackie Scarf	CVFR	30:05	1.40	8%
58	Dave Beston	CVFR	31:14	1.46	-1%
63	Mick Banks	CVFR	31:53	1.49	0%
73	Linda Hayles	CVFR	33:24	1.56	-1%
74	Neil Croasdell	CVFR	34:35	1.61	3%
76	Allan Breaks	CVFR	36:00	1.68	-7%
77	Andy Burn	CVFR	36:01	-	-

87 runners

## Tom Tittiman - 25th June 2005

### 4mils/600'

		Short			Improve from Short races over last 12 months
			Rating		
1	Chris Smale	Tod	26:36	-	-
2	James Logue	Horwich	26:38	-	-
3	Ian Greenwood	Clayton	27:41	-	-
15	Graham Hill	CVFR	30:02	1.24	-1%
18	Jo Smith (1st lady)	CVFR	30:31	1.26	0%
37	Jackie Scarf	CVFR	34:04	1.40	7%
41	Philip Jones	CVFR	35:10	1.45	2%
43	Dave Beston	CVFR	35:21	1.46	0%
47	Alastair Whitelaw	CVFR	35:26	1.46	2%
50	Mick Banks	CVFR	35:49	1.48	1%
57	Linda Crabtree	CVFR	37:30	1.54	
62	Linda Hayles	CVFR	38:34	1.59	-3%
66	Brian Shelmerdine	CVFR	?	-	-
67	Neil Croasdell	CVFR	41:24	1.71	-4%

79 runners

CALDERDALE WAY RELAY:  
SUNDAY DECEMBER 11<sup>TH</sup> 2005

I have had some enquiries already from people and this is now a call to ask everyone interested to state or re-confirm their interest.

CVFR have entered 3 teams, with the proposal that the "mixed team" is our best team and 2 other "open" teams, which could include anyone in any format.

If all of those interested can contact me, **Andy Clarke (details below), before Friday 28<sup>th</sup> October**. I will then produce provisional teams by Tuesday 1<sup>st</sup> November, which allows everyone 5 weeks to get reccyng their legs.

When stating your interest, if you have a strong preference for a particular leg – or there are any legs you feel that you cannot do – then let me know. Andy Clarke  
Email: [Andykatiec@aol.com](mailto:Andykatiec@aol.com) (preferred mode of contact)  
Tel: 01422 341578

## Reservoir Bogs - 26th June 2005

### 8mils/1000'

		Medium			Improve from Medium races over last 12 months
			Rating		
1	James Logue	Horwich	1:00:27	-	-
2	Andy Wrench	Tod	1:00:54	-	-
3	Chris Smale	Tod	1:06:08	-	-
11	Jo Smith (1st lady)	CVFR	1:12:13	1.24	0%
14	Dave Beels	CVFR	1:12:59	1.25	-5%
21	Jackie Scarf	CVFR	1:18:19	1.34	8%
39	Dave Culpan	CVFR	1:22:09	1.41	3%
51	Linda Hayles	CVFR	1:28:50	1.52	-3%
52	Mick Banks	CVFR	1:29:23	1.53	-3%
62	Dave Beston	CVFR	1:41:47	1.74	-21%
64	John Riley	CVFR	1:47:47	1.84	-15%

75 runners

The 3 day event was another huge success for Calder Valley again being supported well by Leicester Owls and Springfield Striders (Essex) and they've already booked into the Hare and Hounds for next year. The races went smoothly under Bill's watchful eye but I think he's realised, after being completely shattered, that you have delegate lots of the jobs when you are the overall controller (couldn't call him fat controller as he isn't fat enough!!!). Well done to Jo who was 1st lady and to Jackie Scafe who had excellent races to place 2nd LV40. The Saturday night beer festival was a huge success and 2 of the races will run from the Hare and Hounds next year as Timothy Taylor will be sponsoring them .. so say this when you've had a few ... Timothy Taylors Tom Tittiman. Also the Saturday and Sunday races are going to be swopped over so that anyone travelling to the races can get an earlier start back home and it won't be so bad running a short race with a hangover!!!! (ask Allan Greenwood how he felt after Saturday night!!!!) Thirza

## Culter Fell (near Moffat, Scotland) - 25th June 2005 - 11mils/4900'

		Long			Improve from long races over last 12 months
			Rating		
1	Simon Booth	Borro'dle	1:48:53	-	-
2	John Heneghan	P & B	1:51:30	-	-
3	Jethro Lennox	Shettl'n	1:52:31	-	-
7	Karl Gray	CVFR	1:55:26	0.99	2%
43	Sally Newman (1st Ldy)	CVFR	2:11:05	1.13	1%
95	Clare Kenny	CVFR	2:33:13	1.31	-1%
150	Alison Wright	CVFR	3:21:04	1.73	-3%

166 runners

### What a cracking race this is!

Situated well within the Scottish borders it could be assumed that a very lengthy car journey would be involved in order to get there. However, this race is surprisingly easy to get to....definitely easier and quicker than getting to Wasdale Head!

The night before Culter, at the Wicken Hill race, Clare (Kenny) had kindly offered for me to car share with her and Nick to the race. I quickly took down directions and headed off to marshall at Sheepstones trig point. The next morning I set off to Manchester with plenty of time to spare, just as well really! I hadn't realised that when Clare said "turn off at junction 18" she meant junction 18 of the M60, not the M62! Hmmm! In my defence though you can also follow signs to Middleton from the M62! Anyway, after a

## *Alison enjoying Culter Fell*



few u-turns, scratches of the head and mobile phone calls later, I arrived at theirs several minutes late!!!! We were soon on our way and thoughts and conversations turned to the race. Neither Clare, Nick or myself had ever done the race and I'd never heard of it! With 4900' of ascent and descent over 11 miles you could pretty much work out that if you weren't going up hill you were coming down. I was starting to worry a bit about having to have to reach into my bum bag for the dreaded map and compass, then, looking out the car window, at a sahara sun beating down, it was clear a camel back would be more helpful. I never really put any pressure on my self to perform in races, you do as well as you can on the day and that is it. However, following my ankle operation and subsequent recuperation, I had had time to think about my running plans for 2005. After completing the fantastic Bob Graham, I had decided that I would give myself a break from ultra endurance challenges and give the British and English races a good go! Therefore, following good performances at Spelga and Buttermere I needed to do well here. No added pressure there then? **Anyway, if I didn't have a "good un" there was always the consolation of a gigantic piece of Sally's delicious Lemon Cake! For those of you that havn't tasted it? Get yourself to a British or English race!**

Following the compulsory trudge to the Pete Bland stall I began my warm up interspersed with periods of studying the map (hoping I didn't need it). We were soon at the start wishing both fellow competitors and arch rivals all the best!

The race starts part way up the hill from the crook inn. A narrow path takes you up to the first check point at Crook head, before a grassy descent takes you down the other side. I was pretty much with the leaders at this point but didn't have a great climb up the next cimb to Glenlood hill. As expected Simon Booth and the other Borrowdale runners started to pull away, however, I had no answer to my rivals steadily moving away. I dug in to limit my losses, careful not to go to my limit! Need to work on my climbing I thought to myself. However, I didn't lose too much ground and I quickly caught them back up on the tricky grassy tussocky descent which takes you down to the bottom of one of the steepest ascents around. Runners appeared to be arriving from all directions as we headed over the streams and dirt track as we approached the 'climb' up Chapelgill hill. There was a choice to be made here, either follow the stream bed up to a very steep climb to the summit or take the narrow path up which is more gradual but less direct. Unless you can stride up steep hills like scoffer, the path is definitely quicker.

I was lying somewhere in the first 20 at the top of the climb, safely placed in a small group as we headed around the skyline

bringing us towards Culter fell. I was feeling strong, but decided not to push the pace towards Coomb hill. Not really knowing where I was, I had resigned to staying with this group at least to the final descent. However, as we came off the summit of Coomb hill, I could make out a few runners half way down. My competitive spirit kicked in again as I hurtled myself down this steep descent towards them. I had made a sizeable gap over the runners behind as I caught the other runners just before the final climb. This wasn't the time to pace myself anymore, so I pushed on past them on my absolute limit. I knew I was near to getting a top ten British finish. As I reached the top I dared to look around, I had a small gap, enough of a gap to avoid any unnecessary risks on this descent into the finish. What a feeling as I crossed the line! I had finished 7<sup>th</sup> in a British Champ. Race!!

Sally had a another storming run. Not only beating Jill Mykura by over a minute, but taking some impressive male scalps also on her way to winning the womens race. Nick and Clare had resumed battle in their race within a race. With clear satisfaction, Clare had managed to edge it and beat Nick by just under a minute. Great company, great cake, great race, excellent day! Karl.



*Sal on her way to winning Culter Fell*

---

## AND ANOTHER ONE TO MAKE YOU GIGGLE ....

One day in the near future, Jesse Jackson has a heart attack and dies. He immediately goes to hell where the devil is waiting for him. "I don't know what to do here" says the devil "you are on my list, but I have no room for you. You definately have to stay here, so I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I've a couple of folks here who weren't quite as bad as you. I'll tell one of them to go and you have to take their place. I'll even let YOU decide who leaves". Jesse thought that sounded pretty good, so the devil opened the door to the first room. In it was Ted Kennedy and a large pool of water. He kept diving in, and surfacing empty handed. Over, and over and over he dove in and surfaced with nothing. Such was his fate in hell. "No" Jesse said "I don't think so as I'm not a good swimmer and I don't think I could do that all day long" The devil went to the next room and in it was Al Gore with a sledge hammer and a room full of rocks. All he did was swing the hammer time, after time after time. "No" say Jesse "I've got a problem with my shoulder and I would be in constant agony if all I could do was break rocks all day long The devil opened the third door. Through it, Jesse saw Bill Clinton lying on the floor with his arms tied over his head, and his legs restrained in a spread-eagle pose. Bent over him was Monica Lewinsky, doing what so does best. Jess looked in shock disbelief, and finally said "Yeah, I can handle this" The devil smiled and said ..... "Ok Monica, you're free to go.

## Low E Alpine Mountain Marathon

The LAMM event is held in a different location in Scotland each year. This year the instructions were to arrive at Oban on the west coast. From there we took a ferry to Craignure on the Isle of Mull, then a miniature train onto Torosay Castle where the event centre was established. As it was already midnight, our first stop was Wilfs CafÉ tent for chilli and pitta bread, then to register our team and then to put up the tent to get some sleep. So, it was at around 1am when I pulled apart my rucksack and realised that I had left my sleeping bag back at home! I probably could have survived in a bivvy bag; I had a down jacket with me, if I didn't get too wet through the day? But I had done the LAMM last year when it snowed in June, so I took the modern consumerist option and bought a new bag from the shop.

Jez and I had entered the B class (day 1 - 31km 1490m ascent, day 2 - 21km 970m ascent). When the bag piper started up at 5am the idea seemed ridiculous. Clare and Nick had been camped close to us, they were rushing to the shop to remedy a stove and gas compatibility issue that had arisen, while Rod and Phil were in the café tent serenely eating breakfast.

I'll not describe the routes in detail, they can be found on the LAMM website if your interested. I'm staggered whenever I look at these websites and see the distance and ground that the elite class cover – on both days we were passed by elite teams and the experience is similar to standing too close to the platform edge!

Of the 50 odd km on our route I reckon we "ran" about 10km, my experience of Mull is of big tussocks, with sometimes knee deep quagmire between. These required each step to be a controlled stagger forward. All the time hounded and pursued by the infamous Scottish midge. I am sure they have some vital ecological role to play in life but I would be quite happy to seem them exterminated from everywhere, forever!

There was a time midway through day 2 when I would have packed it in – anything to be away from bog and midges. However, I kept thinking of Alans' dogged determination to carry on in his BG attempt, and I remembered my own frustration from last years LAMM when we missed a checkpoint. Those thoughts and not to let your partner down kept me moving forward. By the end of event, Jez and I were 51 out of 95 teams that found all checkpoints (130 teams started). Tired, bite ridden, thick feeling knee but personally very satisfied to have taken part and finished. Perhaps mountain marathons are like child birth – not for everyone, generally painful



to take part in, but afterwards the glow of satisfaction makes you begin to think of the next one? (I'll await the corrective replies from those in the know!)

If you do check the website results you will also notice that Rod and Phil did exceptionally well in the A class. (2nd team) I hope they tell their story. Ben Davies



## Erringden Moor - 1st July 2005

8mils/1900'

			Medium	Rating	Improve from Medium races over last 12 months
1	Christ Smale	Tod	1:03:29	-	-
2	Stewart Gregory	Holme P	1:06:16	-	-
3	Alex Whitem	Tod	1:08:05	-	-
12	Gareth Pemberton	CVFR	1:13:45	1.16	-
15	Adrian Muir	CVFR	1:14:29	1.17	4%
18	Jo Smith (1st lady)	CVFR	1:15:51	1.19	4%
21	Rob Sharratt	CVFR	1:19:17	1.24	-2%
22	Graham Hill	CVFR	1:21:09	1.27	-5%
24	Rod Sutcliffe	CVFR	1:23:09	1.31	-3%
25	Brian Horsley	CVFR	1:23:20	1.31	-
29	Richard Greenwood	CVFR	1:24:51	1.33	-22%
44	Linda Hayles	CVFR	1:33:03	1.46	2%
48	Allan Greenwood	CVFR	1:36:47	1.52	-11%
58	Mark Everington	CVFR	1:47:46	1.69	-3%
59	John Riley	CVFR	1:48:41	1.71	6%
65 runners					



Bill took this race on at the last minute as Tony was working. This is a tough race taking you up and over Erringden Moor, dropping to the reservoir before climbing up towards Stoodley and then the killer, back down to London Road and back up to Stoodley when the legs are tired and then back across the Moor to the finish in Shroggs Field. Good race by Gareth and Jo Smith broke the womens record. Well done. And thanks bill for taking it on ... you must have been abit fed up of organising races after the 3 day just the weekend before!!! Thirza

## Wasdale Fell Race - 9th July 2005

21mils/9000'

			Long	Rating	Improve from Long races over last 12 months
1	Simon Booth	Borro'dale	3:49:05	-	-
2	Nick Sharp	Ambleside	3:50:39	-	-
3	Jethro Lennox	Shettleston	3:53:35	-	-
9	Karl Gray	CVFR	4:20:33	1.02	2%
35	Sally Newman	CVFR	4:51:41	1.14	1%
45	Adam Breaks	CVFR	5:00:40	1.17	-9%
129	Celia Mills	CVFR	6:08:03	1.43	-1%
142	Clare Kenny	CVFR	6:22:26	1.49	-9%
238 started, 144 finished					

I'm not going to get into the cut off times etc that caused lots of controversy and was talked about for a long, long time after the race. Karl and Sally, again had fabulous runs .. these two must enjoy the heat. Sal was first lady and the best comment of the day was ... GAVIN BLAND, FORMER ENGLISH CHAMP WAS HEARD TO SAY "I'M PACKING IT IN HERE BEFORE THAT WOMAN NEWMAN OVERTAKES ME ... Well done Sal, got those men worried. Karl in the top ten in a British and English champs. Fab.

## Mount Skip Fell Race - 9th July 4.5mls/1000'

		Short	Rating	Improve from Short races over last 12 months	
1	Steve Oldfield	Brad/Aire	29:58	-	-
2	Thornton Taylor	Ross'dale	30:49	-	-
3	Chris Davies	Saddleworth	30:55	-	-
4	Jon Emberton	CVFR	31:08	1.16	0%
7	Anne Buckley	Salford	31:17	1st lady	
9	Gareth Pemberton	CVFR	31:39	1.18	1%
12	Jon Underwood	CVFR	32:35	1.21	-1%
18	Tom Arrandale	CVFR	35:22	1.31	0%
21	Neil Palmer	CVFR	35:53	1.33	0%
27	Jackie Scarf	CVFR	37:39	1.40	7%
30	Dick Spendlove	CVFR	38:16	1.42	
33	Philip Jones	CVFR	38:41	1.44	2%
35	Mike Wardle	CVFR	39:29	1.47	-5%
40	John Riley	CVFR	42:02	1.56	2%
47	Kay Pierce	CVFR	50:36	1.88	-3%
47 runners					



Jon and Anne descending the tricky path where a marshal stops you landing on the summer seat!!!!

Nice day for a run but no Gala as they keep changing the Gala dates. This is probably the last running of this race.

Our club's "Score Event" will be on Sunday 27th November this year.

As usual it will be from our house: Trough Farm, Stocks Lane, Luddenden, Halifax HX2 6SR. (SE046269) Tel: 01422 881312.

For anyone who has never done a score event, it consists of navigating yourself to as many checkpoints as possible, in any order, and then getting back to the start/finish within the time limit, in this case three hours. When you start you will be given a map with the location of the checkpoints marked on it.

Since you can decide how far you are going to go in 3 hours, and get to as many or as few checkpoints as you feel capable of, it is an event that is equally suitable to runners of all standards.

There will be hot food for when you finish and prizes. There are some hot contenders for the "most improved performance" prize after last year! Unfortunately I cannot guarantee the perfect weather conditions that we had last year (!!!)

For safety, you must carry full waterproofs, full body cover of clothing and a whistle.

It will cost £5 and you can start at any time between 09:30 and 10:30 (everyone starts at a different time).

**Please let me know beforehand if you are intending to take part, so that I know how many maps and how much food to do.**

Cheers, Bill Johnson

## Stoodley Pike Fell Race - 12th July 3.5mls/700'

		Short	Rating	Improve from Short races over last 12 months	
1	Ian Holmes	Bingley	17:45	-	-
2	Andy Norman	Altrincham	18:10	-	-
3	George Ehrhardt	Todmorden	18:15	-	-
8	Adam Breaks	CVFR	20:12	1.10	-3%
19	Jon Underwood	CVFR	22:16	1.21	0%
22	Adrian Muir	CVFR	22:26	1.22	-1%
32	Jo Smith	CVFR	23:11	1.26	0%
51	Tom Arrandale	CVFR	24:32	1.33	-3%
67	Jackie Scarf	CVFR	26:33	1.44	5%
73	Mike Wardle	CVFR	26:59	1.46	-10%
76	Dave Culpan	CVFR	27:18	1.48	-1%
87	Linda Hayles	CVFR	28:35	1.55	0%
88	Neil Croasdell	CVFR	28:44	1.56	6%
93	John Riley	CVFR	29:13	1.58	3%
94	Stephen Hoyle	CVFR	29:19	1.59	
102	Andy Burn	CVFR	30:33	1.66	-5%
104	Allan Breaks	CVFR	31:04	1.69	-6%
116	Julie Underwood	CVFR	33:49	1.83	-9%
128 runners					

This race was full of first for the club, Tom was 1st under 21, Jo Smith was 1st lady and along with Jackie and Linda they were first team ... and Jon looks as though he swam into the top 20!!!!



Toms first junior win .. and he can't even drink it as he's underage ... Oh what a shame .. means you'll have to drink it Russ but the good news is that Tom gets his name on the trophy for the first under 21. Well done.



## Ingleborough Fell Race - 16th July 7mils/2000'

1	Lee Siemaszko	Borrowdale	49.13
2	Seb Shepley	Tipton	49.44
3	Richard Pattinson	P & B	50.11
53	Vanessa Peacock	Clayton	59.28
76	Stephen Smithies	CVFR	62.02
120	Dave Beston	CVFR	66.22
158	Mick Banks	CVFR	72.59
212	ran		

## Holme Moss Race - 17th July 16mils/4000'

1	Julian Rank	Holmfirth	2.29.24
2	Adam Breaks	CVFR	2.34.48
3	Andy Wrench	Tod	2.36.04
33	Nicky Jaquierey	Ilkley	3.17.29
38	Allan Greenwood	CVFR	4.08.26

Holme Moss was my first long category fell race a few years back when it was an English Championship race. This year I got that all round fell running experience ... a heavy fall on the first descent cutting my knee, my drink bottle and holder detached itself from my bum bag unannounced and with a steady increasing temperature which really affected everyone after the climb up Laddow Rocks along the Pennine Way. Julian Rank capitalised on my personal navigational cockup and with local knowledge broke away on this section to take victory. Myself and Andy Wrench endured a personal battle over the last six miles by repeatedly overtaking each other, and then stopped to walk. We called a truce by the second visit to the mast at the summit of Holme Moss and chatted back to the finish but Andy suffered cramp and had to walk the last few hundred metres. A relatively small field of 85 started with over 15% of the field dropping out due to the heat, just like the weather contions at Wasdale the week before. Allan Greenwood continued his BG training by finishing the race in a good time. Adam

## FRA Junior English U16 Uphill Championships Sunday 24th July 2005

1.	Sam Webster	Bingley	11min 51sec
2.	Tom Addison	Helm Hill	12min 11sec
3.	Jonathan Pawson	Skipton AC	12min 23 sec
9.	Tom Arrandale	CVFR	14min 00 sec

And this is what uphill racing does to you ... well done Tom.



## Widdop Fell Race - 20th July 7mils/1200'

			Medium	Rating	Improve from Medium races over last 12 months
1	Karl Gray	CVFR	48:33	0.99	2%
2	Mike Wallis	Clayton	50:40	-	-
3	Mark Horrocks	Wharf'dale	51:03	-	-
10	Jon Emberton	CVFR	55:26	1.13	2%
14	Adam Breaks	CVFR	57:28	1.17	-13%
15	Bill Johnson	CVFR	57:37	1.17	0%
17	Jo Smith (1st lady)	CVFR	57:52	1.18	4%
36	Brian Horsley	CVFR	63:27	1.29	1%
40	Neil Palmer	CVFR	64:30	1.31	4%
43	Jez Wilkinson	CVFR	64:56	1.32	0%
53	Jackie Scarf	CVFR	65:54	1.34	8%
57	Clare Kenny	CVFR	66:41	1.36	-4%
76	Dave Beston	CVFR	71:09	1.45	-1%
77	Dave Culpán	CVFR	71:16	1.45	-1%
79	Cerys Davies	CVFR	71:35	1.46	5%
86	Linda Hayles	CVFR	75:13	1.53	-3%
94	Andy Burn	CVFR	79:45	1.62	-1%
95	Allan Breaks	CVFR	79:56	1.63	-3%
102	Mark Everington	CVFR	88:52	1.81	-10%
103	runners				

This was an interesting night not only for the fact that Karl and Jo just missed getting the records on this race but the fact that Roy Hattersley was interviewing us about fell running for the Daily Mail. He couldn't have had his glasses on as his description of Jo smith was "*who looks to fragile to push her way through the tussocks*". I could have used a lot of words to describe Jo but fragile wasn't one that came to mind. (see article overleaf) Another successful club race on what was a good night for running but very chilly for hanging around marshaling. Numbers seem to be going up on this race. Can't understand it myself as I hate climbing the tussocks on this race. You nearly need a ladder and rope to negotiate them ... Thirza

## The Round Hill - Sun 31st July 9mils/1100'

1	Richard Pattinson	Pudsey & Bramley	55.35
2	Matt Cox	Otley	56:27
3	Richard Barrett	Skipton	58:54
36	Sarah Jarvis (1st lady)	Ilkley	68:33
37	Jeremy Wilkinson	CVFR	69:08
57	Mick Banks	CVFR	75:39
81	ran		

When most club runners were in Wales fighting for valuable championship points I decided to be lazy and find the closest race to drive to. This course is very good for speed training as it is eyeballs out from the start and all runnable. However it is in a very scenic wild area north of Otley. Mick told me this was something like his 30th race this year so that is pretty good going and must be nearly every race in Yorkshire. Afterwards it was back in the very old library building in Timble for refreshments and the prize giving conducted by a very senior gentlemen that insisted all the veteran ladies taking place in the race were old friends of his. Jez

# Roy Hattersley

In search of England



**A** SUMMER'S evening on the moors that separate the wool towns of West Yorkshire from the cotton towns of North-East Lancashire. Despite the season, a cold wind makes waves on the dark waters of the Gorp, Widdop and Walshaw Dean reservoirs and shakes the few trees and bushes that cling to the grey-green hillsides.

It is not the weather for a night out. But there is a traffic jam on the winding road that runs from Hebden Bridge to Nelson.

The cars are all converging on the Pack Horse Inn. For there, at a quarter past seven, the Widdop fell race will begin.

Fell racing is the sport of England's northern hills. It began long before the days of trainers and track suits, when men and women ran for pure pleasure and the satisfaction of knowing that they had stretched their minds and muscles to the far boundary of endurance.

The seven-mile Widdop fell race is described by the sport's official magazine as 'one of the hardest, wettest and most demanding routes on the Pennine Moors'.

Yet among the competitors is 74-year-old Derek Clutterbuck. His youthful hobby was mountaineering. But for the last 25 years he has enjoyed 'the friendship of fell running.'

Peter Duffy, a mere 70, demonstrates how great that friendship is by expressing his surprise that Clutterbuck has 'still not been dragged off to the knacker's yard'.

A more serious indication of the spirit that fell racing encourages is provided by Thirza Hyde, a print room manager who, although a serious runner, has sacrificed her evening of exertion on the hills to keep the register of competitors.

'Fell runners look after each other. If somebody falls down, we don't just go past. We stop and help.'

That does not mean that times and records are unimportant. Karl Grey, the 35-year-old physiotherapist who won this year's race, cursed silently when he was told that he had finished in 48 minutes 33 seconds — 12 seconds outside the record. But the disappointment passed in less time than the difference between the two achievements.

His prize was a small silver cup. Other winners — veterans, ladies, youths — received low-cost gifts, bought from the proceeds of the £3.50 entrance fee. Although fell runners take their sport seriously, it remains happily free from the slightest taint of commercialism.

The Widdop race has been organised by the Calder Valley Harriers and has followed more or less the same route for 20 years. Slight adjustments, made to accommodate exacting landowners, have resulted in the contestants being spared the need to ford Graining Water. In full flood, the stream is waist deep.

**T**HAT hazard has been eliminated, but it is still necessary to warn competitors that they risk getting lost in the moorland mist. One hundred and five intrepid runners thought the risk worth taking.

Fell runners are driven by all sorts of compulsions. Neil Worwick — a farmer whose two days' growth of beard and red-spotted bandana made him look like an extra in *Pirates Of The Caribbean* — clearly enjoyed the physical challenge.

David Beston, a civil servant who took up the sport five years ago, described it as 'a reason to be out in the countryside'. Norman Berry, a vet, 'enjoyed the camaraderie' and George Arnold, a sprightly 67, said that it provided a rare oppor-

Only the tough fall for fell running

tunity for modern men and women 'to pit themselves against nature'.

Jo Smith, a family doctor from Keighley, who looks too fragile to push her way through the 'tussocks and chest-high bracken' promised in the course description, thinks fell runners are 'normally weird'. Andy Clarke, a clinical psychologist from Halifax who organised the Widdop race, declined to confirm or contradict her diagnosis.

**M**OST of the competitors were regular runners — seven-days-a-week, 10-mile-a-day enthusiasts who take part in every sort of competition.

None of them pretended that the Widdop fell race was a classic of the sport. Neil Worwick called it 'a B class event'. At Wasdale, in the Lake District, the runners cover 21 miles and climb to over 2,000ft. But it would be a hardy — and foolish — novice who set out from the Pack Horse Inn. Fell racing can be a dangerous business and the runners know it.

On days when rain whips through the swirling wind, runners are required to carry cagoules on their belts. Some of them will drop out and a few may collapse. A plastic sheet may make the difference between rescue and a punt in the pub and a cold death on the moor.

Long after the winner had breasted the tape, the stragglers were still struggling home. As they cleared a wall and crossed a cart-track in preparation for the last ascent, it was clear from how great the effort was and why all that mattered was completing the course and reaching the finishing line.

Fell runners would not welcome such a pretentious comment about their sport. But it does demonstrate something special about the English character. We know that the secret of life is never giving up.

## Turnslack - 23rd July 8mIs/2000'

			Medium	Rating	Improve from Medium races over last 12 months
1	Darren Kay	Horwich	1:06:01	-	-
2	Mark Horrocks	Wharf'dale	1:06:10	-	-
3	Andrew Wrench	Tod	1:06:23	-	-
21	Richard Greenwood	CVFR	1:16:51	1.18	-9%
25	Jo Smith (1st lady)	CVFR	1:18:19	1.21	2%
26	Rob Sharratt	CVFR	1:19:05	1.22	0%
28	Dave Beels	CVFR	1:19:23	1.22	-2%
36	Rod Sutcliffe	CVFR	1:21:55	1.26	0%
41	Anne Johnson	CVFR	1:23:13	1.28	7%
60	Brian Shelmerdine	CVFR	1:28:13	1.36	0%
74	Dave Beston	CVFR	1:32:19	1.42	1%
82	Dave Culpan	CVFR	1:34:00	1.45	-1%
83	Mike Wardle	CVFR	1:35:00	1.46	-
88	Mick Banks	CVFR	1:37:46	1.51	0%
90	Philip Jones	CVFR	1:38:34	1.52	6%
103 runners					

### Arriving in heaven ....

Two women are new arrivals at the pearly gates and are comparing stories on how they died:

1st woman: I froze to death.

2nd woman: How horrible.

1st woman: It wasn't so bad. After I quit shaking from the cold, I began to get warm and sleepy, and finally died a peaceful death. What about you?

2nd woman: I died of a massive heart attack. I suspected that my husband was cheating, so I came home early to catch him in the act. But instead, I found him all by himself in the den watching TV.

1st woman: So what happened?

2nd woman: I was so sure there was another woman there somewhere that I started running all over the house looking. I ran up into the attic and searched, and down into the basement. Then I went through every closet and checked under all the beds. I kept this up until I had looked everywhere, and finally I became so exhausted that I just keeled over with a heart attack and died.

1st woman: Too bad you didn't look in the freezer - we'd both still be alive!

## Pen Y Fan - Sun 31st July 3.5mils/1700'

		Short		Improve from Short races over last 12 months	
			Rating		
<b>LADIES</b>					
1	Jill Mykura	Carnethy	39:34	-	-
4	Sally Newman	CVFR	41:28	1.18	0%
14	Celia Mills	CVFR	48:26	1.38	-
20	Alison Wright	CVFR	54:15	1.55	0%
22	Thirza Hyde	CVFR	55:54	1.60	-5%

### MEN

1	Rob Hope	P & B	32:00	-	-
2	Lloyd Taggart	Dark Peak	32:26	-	-
3	Danny Hope	P & B	32:52	-	-
7	Karl Gray	CVFR	33:28	0.96	5%
74	Allan Greenwood	CVFR	50:20	1.44	-5%
79	Dave Beston	CVFR	53:14	1.52	-5%
90	Jon Underwood	CVFR	69:44	1.99	-65%



We made a good weekend in South Wales walking the route on the Saturday and camping over. Another fabulous British Championship race with a good climb onto the summit of Pen Y Fan but then a monstrous descent off it's face (the hill behind Dave Beston in this picture). Silver medal was secured for the girls team, Sally has won Silver as a senior women and gold as a vet in the

British and Karl has come 5th overall. My legs were killing me due to lack of racing. Had to hold on to bannister rail to get down stairs the next morning. Could just be old age!!!! Thirza

## Crow Hill Fell Race - Tues 2nd August 5mils/1000'

		Short		Improve from Short races over last 12 months	
			Rating		
1	Andrew Wrench	Tod	30:06	-	-
2	Chris Smale	Tod	30:44	-	-
3	Steve Oldfield	Brad/Aire	31:03	-	-
11	Gaz Pemberton	CVFR	33:44	1.15	3%
21	Adrian Muir	CVFR	35:04	1.20	1%
23	Rob Sharratt	CVFR	35:13	1.20	0%
29	Dave Beels	CVFR	36:18	1.24	-3%
31	Graham Hill	CVFR	36:26	1.25	-2%
32	Vanessa Peacock	Clayton	36:32	1st lady	
42	Brian Horsley	CVFR	37:49	1.29	-4%
44	Rod Sutcliffe	CVFR	38:24	1.31	-1%
51	Ben Davies	CVFR	39:59	1.37	-4%
58	Mike Wardle	CVFR	40:55	1.40	0%
60	Brian Shelmerdine	CVFR	40:58	1.40	-2%
76	Dave Culpan	CVFR	43:03	1.47	0%
79	Cerys Davies	CVFR	43:28	1.49	-2%
86	Mick Banks	CVFR	44:28	1.52	-3%
94	Alastair Whitelaw	CVFR	46:36	1.59	-8%
96	Andy Burn	CVFR	47:19	1.62	-1%
98	Allan Breaks	CVFR	47:46	1.63	-1%
109	Kay Pierce	CVFR	52:52	1.81	3%
112 runners					

## Borrowdale Fell Race - 6 August 17mils/6500'

		Long		Improve from Long races over last 12 months	
			Rating		
1	Simon Booth	Borro'dale	2:46:18	-	-
2	Ian Holmes	Bingley	2:51:20	-	-
3	Lloyd Taggart	Dark Peak	2:51:50	-	-
59	Nicola Davies	Borro'dale	3:40:25	1st lady	
182	Carl Greenwood	CVFR	4:24:53	1.32	2%
254	Jez Wilkinson	CVFR	4:46:29	1.42	-1%
272	Allan Greenwood	CVFR	4:51:47	1.45	-2%
340	Ben Davies	CVFR	5:36:25	1.67	-14%
341	Cerys Davies	CVFR	5:36:26	1.67	-
384 started, 353 finished					

### Borrowdale – My bogey race!

Borrowdale Fell Race is one of those races that seems to be much harder than most for me to complete, it always stretches me to my limits. I first did this race in 1991 and actually completed it in a shade over 4hrs 8mins, but it hurt so much that I never went near it again for 8 years. When I eventually got around to doing it again I dropped out at Honister Pass when Sally (my wife) was conveniently there with the car just yards away; I was knackered and the temptation was just too great!

Three years later I was back again and determined to get round, but the weather was hot, very hot; this doesn't suit me so I made sure I carried lots of water in my Camel Back. It was to be to no avail despite filling it up 3 times on route, I was dehydrated by the time I got to Honister Pass. This time Bill was there and I got a lift down with him: Borrowdale was beating me 2 – 1, not good!

This year I have been trying to get hilly runs in around Myholmroyd in the hope that it would pay-off on the long Lakeland races. I was entered in the Wasdale, but a cold and a forecast of hot weather put me off so I needed another race to see how my training had gone; that race I decided would be Borrowdale, but would it beat me yet again?

I walked into the marquee with Jez, Ben & Cerys and we handed over our money in exchange for our numbers, mine was 369 (as in 3, 6, 9 the goose drank wine, the monkey chewed tobacco on a street called line, ... - a childish song from my youth!) this song would spend a lot of time just playing on a loop inside my head.

Nearly 400 people started the race and I decided to set off as steadily as I could; after what seemed like an age we started climbing up to the 1<sup>st</sup> check-point (got there in about 45 mins), the marshal at the top said "369" to the other marshal and that song came back into my head! Still it has a good fast rhythm to it and my pace was good and comfortable, passing people in droves to Esk Hause & check-point 2. I felt good!

A steady climb to Scafell Pike skipping lightly over the ever growing number of rocks that lead to the summit – they where proving no problem, I was enjoying this! The summit came in about 5 mins under 2 hrs of running, the marshal again reading out my number and the song coming back into my head, still the descent down the screes should take my mind off it. About 1/5<sup>th</sup> of the way down the dreaded shout of "BELOW!" repeated from various runners behind us; we looked back in terror as a rock, the size and shape of person came bouncing" – slowly it seemed towards us. I ran like hell across the scree-slope to put as much distance between me and it's path as possible. Feeling safer myself, I added my voice to the call of "BELOW!" The rock was heading for a line



of runners about half-way down that seemed not to have heard the cries from above. They looked up just-in-time to see the rock embed itself into the scree and slide to a halt! I was nervously glancing behind me for the rest of the descent, I was glad to get to the bottom and away from the threat. A descent down the Corridor Route provided me with an opportunity to get refreshments. Cutting across to pick up a path that leads to Styhead Tarn and the start of the climb to the summit of Great Gable I was amazed to see so many people out supporting the race, some offering food and drink to everyone. Linda Crabtree was there with a camera, water & bananas; bananas have never tasted so good!

The climb up Gable was steady with refuelling being the main priority. The summit came and I turned to the right looking for a runner that seemed to be going for the alternative route to the one normally taken; I found two such runners with Clayton vests on. I caught them up and tucked in behind. The latter of the two shouted "Do you know where you're going?" I thought "Shit! This following like sheep navigation is going wrong", my fears were quickly lifted when the reply came "I've done it 8 times already". "Good" I thought, relaxed a bit and listened to the loop of 3,6,9!

Climbing to the right of Green Gable I spied more runners ahead so I upped my pace a little, passing the two Clayton men. All seemed OK as we kept to the right of Brandeth, but the runners ahead of me didn't turn to pass Grey Knots to the left; this I knew from Mike Wardle's advice was wrong. I turned left over rough grass and saw some other runners on the correct line, it was the two Clayton men, I tucked in behind them not wanting to pass until I saw Honistor Pass!

I'd suggested to Sally & my kids that I would be going through Honistor at about 2.30pm, I was over ten minutes up on that time and never saw them. Good job really as almost as soon as the climb up Dalehead started, everything began to ache and the musical loop was replaced by an ever increasing headache – this was a just keep moving moment that lasted all the way to the top.

The summit came; the marshal called out—"369" but no song, no loop, just aching! The descent started well enough but it got steep, very steep! The bottom came and a small slog across bog and past Barry Shaw who said some words of encouragement, at least I think they were meant to be encouraging! The final part of the descent came and with relief that the end was finally insight did little to put life back into my legs. The river crossing was the last obstacle left; a dunking here would prove embarrassing, determined not fall I moved steadily across. The water was cool and felt wonderful; I could hardly bring myself to get out, but finish was near! I entered the field to the announcement of "369 – Carl Greenwood, Calder Valley Fell Runners".

I'd done it. I collapsed in a heap. The goose may have drunk wine, but the water tasted sweeter as I chewed on a cereal bar and thought "2 all!" Carl

## Keilder Borderer - Sun 7th August 17mils/3000'

1	Adam Breaks	CVFR	2.48.00
2	Jeff Ross	NFR	2.54.38
3	James Dickinson	Tyneside	3.01.52

This race is one held in conjunction with the Keilder Forest Show with the run kicking off the days proceedings. Spectators and supporters can enjoy events like British Trails Team (Mountain bikers doing outrageously controlled stunts), husky running and an escapologist, bands and a spit roast .... The race, a 17 miler which Andy Clarke (a previous winner) summed up "on paper with 3000ft of climbing it doesn't look bad", the times tell a different story with the record of Borrowdale, ran a day earlier, despite more than double the amount of ascent, being marginally faster than the "Borderer". It starts at the Keilder Castel gates, and after a mile or so flat along a disused rail line, its then up through the forest towards the first checkpoint at Grey Pike. The race from here is run over open moorland with sporadic trogs to give your legs a rest from the continuous lifting over heather, ferns and overgrown grass. The run along to the Three Pikes is along a summit plateau with undulations and the occasional pothole, which actually swallowed a competitor ... he did manage to regain his composure and continue. From the most northerly point at Knox Knowl you follow a broken fence line back to Deadwater taking in the giant Keilder Stone and Peel Fell. The fence line marks the border of England and Scotland. The wilderness is very rarely visited by anything including sheep, and had the occasional bog which added to the occasion of the fell race. From the summit of Deadwater which looks over Keilder with its radio mast its all downhill back through the forest to the castle gates. The event is 'one of the best in Northumberland' - certainly the best long race and next year is its 21st birthday. What it lacks in stunning scenery and ascents that neighbouring Lakes and Borders provide it makes up for in true challenging fell running (think Cock Hill to Sheepstones on the Trog). Despite ideal conditions the race struggles to attract the runners it deserves with nearly more marshals than runners. I promised to take a car load next year. Adam

## Giant, Withens and Windmills - 9th August 5mils/1000'

			Short	Rating	Improve from Short races over last 12 months
1	Karl Gray	CVFR	29:06	1.22	-22%
2	Richard Pattinson	P & B	29:11	-	-
3	Chris Smale	Tod	29:16	-	-
4	James Williams	CVFR	29:29	1.23	-4%
5	Carl Greenwood	CVFR	29:41	1.24	-2%
15	Rod Sutcliffe	CVFR	31:34	1.32	-2%
23	Ben Davies	CVFR	32:01	1.34	0%
25	Carole Waterhouse	Halifax	32:04	1st lady	-
29	Andy Clarke	CVFR	32:18	1.35	-24%
36	Mike Wardle	CVFR	33:01	1.38	2%
38	Graham Hill	CVFR	33:10	1.39	-13%
43	Rob Sharratt	CVFR	33:34	1.40	-17%
50	Adrian Muir	CVFR	33:56	1.42	-17%
56	Mick Banks	CVFR	34:31	1.44	3%
57	Jo Smith	CVFR	34:36	1.45	-15%
58	Philip Jones	CVFR	34:38	1.45	1%
71	Brian Horsley	CVFR	35:43	1.49	-16%
79	Alastair Whitelaw	CVFR	36:04	1.51	0%
80	Linda Hayles	CVFR	36:06	1.51	3%
88	John Greenwood	CVFR	38:34	1.61	-
89	Andy Burn	CVFR	39:14	1.64	-2%
90	Allan Breaks	CVFR	39:21	1.64	-1%
98	Neil Croasdel	CVFR	45:40	1.91	-18%
108 runners					

## Whittle Pike - 20th August 4.5mils/1400'

		Short	Improve from Short races over last 12 months		
			Rating		
<b>MEN</b>					
1	Rob Hope	P & B	38:09	-	-
2	John Heneghan	P & Br	38:19	-	-
3	Rob Jebb	Bingley	38:21	-	-
7	Karl Gray	CVFR	39:38	0.98	2%
50	Andy Clarke	CVFR	44:19	1.10	-1%
108	Rob Sharratt	CVFR	47:43	1.18	2%
159	Jez Wilkinson	CVFR	55:46	1.38	-4%
170	Dave Beston	CVFR	57:15	1.42	3%
173	Dave Culpán	CVFR	58:22	1.44	2%

### WOMEN

1	Natalie White	Holmfirth	45.48	-	-
3	Sally Newman	CVFR	48:16	1.19	-1%
5	Jo Smith	CVFR	49:22	1.22	3%
9	Anne Johnson	CVFR	51:26	1.27	2%
21	Clare Kenny	CVFR	55:04	1.36	-1%
31	Celia Mills	CVFR	60:00	1.48	-7%
37	Thirza Hyde	CVFR	62:52	1.56	0%
39	Alison Wright	CVFR	64:41	1.60	-3%

Another fab day out with the weather brilliant for racing. A well organised race with Clare bullying all her CVFR mates into doing jobs (A tip for next year don't get to a race early that Clare is organising or you won't get a minute to think!!!). Excellent course with surprising steep climbs especially the last one where you have to haul yourself up the tussocks. Well done to the girls who were first team and are keeping Ilkley thinking about the medals... and to Karl in 7th place. Cakes were good (I baked one!!!) and excellent company. Thirza



The girls looking cool!!!!!! with their prizes.

## Norland Moor - 28th August 7.1mils/800'

		Medum	Improve from Medium races over last 12 months		
			Rating		
1	Steven Neil	P & B	41:44	1.04	-
2	Adam Breaks	CVFR	42:47	1.07	-3%
3	Brian Hanley	Valley Str'drs	44:08	1.10	-
18	Sue Beconsall	Bingley	50:41	1st lady	-
40	Brian Shelmerdine	CVFR	57:37	1.44	-6%
44	Linda Crabtree	CVFR	58:08	1.45	2%
50	Philip Jones	CVFR	58:53	1.47	6%
64	Allan Breaks	CVFR	63:27	1.59	0%
85 runners					

## Ragley Run - Sat 27th August 5mils/1200'

1	Adam Breaks	CVFR	33.29	New Record
2	Salu Young	Highgate	38.07	New Record
6	Tom Arrandale	CVFR	43.05	

The Ragley run, a fell race turned on it's head. Starts near Leg 4 of the CWR and descends down to Mytholm Steeps before Yo-Yoing up the other side of the valley through woodland, the rocky paths through the woods were quite slippy due to over night rain, but the course was well marked. Again numbers were down on an overcast but dry day. CVFR had a handful of runners out including u16 Tom Arrandale, who showed true character and strength to pull through to 6th place overall and 2nd Calder member home. It is encouraging that he finished with a smile and that he is now after my position. Continued support from all the club to all juniors, and also the coaches especially Alec should enable Tom to achieve his goals. He like all the other runners, apart from myself, were beaten by an impressive young lass from London who was up for the weekend. She came through to take a fine second knocking a few seconds off Sally's record. This run and the Kielder Borderer will stay in my mind for a while as I won both taking the records too. It brought a smile back after the few misfortunes this year. Adam

## Hades Hill - 8th September 2005 5mils/1200'

1st	M Corbishley	Rossendale	32.49	
31st	Tom Arrandale	CVFR	40.03	U18
39th	Mike Wardle	CVFR	40.51	V45



A cracking little race for the last evening race of the year. The rain started as we arrived at the race and poured all race. Tom just managed to hang on to the early lead he established over me despite his choice of route through every deep bog he could find.

Hey watch your back the next time Tom as he's after you!!!!!! ED

## The Ben - 3rd September 10mIs/4400'

		Medium			Improve from Medium races over last 12 months
			Rating		
1	Rob Jebb	Bingley	1:29:22	-	-
2	Simon Booth	Borr'dale	1:31:59	-	-
3	Ian Holmes	Bingley	1:34:22	-	-
49	Richard Greenwood	CVFR	1:55:01	1.06	4%
141	Gareth Pemberton	CVFR	2:13:40	1.23	-6%
181	Brian Horsley	CVFR	2:20:33	1.29	0%
182	Celia Mills	CVFR	2:21:06	1.30	5%
296	Dave Beston	CVFR	2:43:21	1.50	-4%
362 finishers					

I would imagine that most of you in the club have had an attempt at 'The Ben'. Well the other week I finally got round to doing it myself. Having never even walked it before I had no real idea what to expect ( apart from the fact it goes up !! ) terrain wise. A 2pm start meant that no harm would be done having a pub crawl around Fort William on the Friday evening, where we soon bumped into the Bingley lads doing the same. Perfect conditions as we left Claggan Park and I was doing o.k. on the ascent, coming off the zig-zagging path here and there and shortcutting straight up. Celia overtook me at Red Burn along with some bloke with an ironing board strapped to his back, and of course carrying his steam iron as well. (The fell running equivalent to being beaten by some fancy dress runner in the London Marathon I suppose, how bloody embarrassing is that!) Reached the summit just as Celia had started on her descent, had a few seconds to admire the view, on a perfectly clear day, of Loch Linne before I started on the downhill. I was going so slowly I even had time for a chat with Mandy from Tod. We were both bemoaning our lack of good descending techniques. Having made it down without any mishaps, just as I was about to hit the road section I went over on my ankle so it was a bit of a hobble to the finish. Richard Greenwood finished in a brilliant 1.55, Celia did 2.21 I ended up with a hugely disappointing 2.43. My race went pear-shaped on the descent, need to be more daring and decisive next time. There will be a next time as I enjoyed it immensely. Had a great week in the Highlands and Hebrides, warm and sunny and no midgies either. Dave Beston



## WORLD MASTERS - KESWICK 9th September - 7.2mIs/2250'

		Medium			Improve from Medium races over last 12 months
			Rating		

### MALE V40

1	Franco Torresani	Italy	50:39	-	-
2	Alan Bowness	CFR	51:53	-	-
3	Craig Roberts	Kendal	52:50	-	-
83	Adrian Muir	CVFR	64:58	1.22	-1%
169	Dave Culpan	CVFR	77:46	1.46	-1%

### MALE V45

127	Dave Beston	CVFR	74:52	1.40	3%
15	Philip Jones	CVFR	78:32	1.47	4%

### MALE V 50

51	Rod Sutcliffe	CVFR	68:20	1.28	-2%
----	---------------	------	-------	------	-----

### LADY V 35

1	Angela Mudge	Carnethy	59:27	-	-
---	--------------	----------	-------	---	---

### LADY V40

1	Sally Newman	CVFR	63:55	1.20	-6%
---	--------------	------	-------	------	-----

### LADY V 50

19	Linda Hayles	CVFR	80:45	1.51	-1%
----	--------------	------	-------	------	-----

## WORLD MASTERS - KESWICK 10th September - 5.9mIs/1600'

		Short			Improve from Short races over last 12 months
			Rating		

### MALE V55

1	Reinhart Vogler	Germany	44:38	-	-
2	Mike Walsh	Kendal	45:15	-	-
3	Brian Hilton	Leeds	45:22	-	-
62	Gerry Symes	CVFR	58:58	1.45	-2%
84	Neil Croasdell	CVFR	63:34	1.57	3%



## Three Shires Race - Sat 17th September 12mIs/4800'

			Long	Rating	Improve from Long races over last 12 months
1	Steve Bottomley	P & B	1:56:29		
2	Andrew Schofield	Borro'ale	1:57:22		
3	Alan Ward	Dark P'k	1:57:39		
6	Karl Gray	CVFR	2:02:54	1.05	-2%
30	Karen Davison	Dark P'k	2:17:24	1st lady	
89	Carl Greenwood	CVFR	2:33:51	1.31	1%
122	Mike Wardle	CVFR	2:40:28	1.37	
128	Ben Davies	CVFR	2:42:17	1.39	4%
177	Allan Greenwood	CVFR	2:52:33	1.47	-3%
261 finishers					

Allan talked me in to going because he was having a gathering of BG helpers, I am glad he did. This is a great race. Weather was good with a touch of cloud over Weatherlamb and Swirl how other wise it was cool and very runnable. Karl was seen wondering a bit on the descent to three shire stone. A fanastastic day! Mike Wardle

## Thieveley Pike - Sat. 24th Sept 2005 4m/1000'

1	Michael Corbisher	Ross	26.08
16	Jo Waites (1st lady)	Unattached	29.00
20	Gaz Pemberton	CVFR	29.31
52	Mike wardle	CVFR	33.18
74	Dave Culpan	CVFR	35.29
103 finishers			

Never done this race before. It is a real cracker with a super descent. Weather fine. **Will be an English counter next year.** The route has been checked with GPS and is in fact just 3m/1250' so there could be small alterations to the course. Mike Wardle

## Good Shepherd Classic - Sat 24th September 15mIs/2000'

			Long	Rating	Improve from Long races over last 12 months
1	Karl Gray	CVFR	1:51:59	1.09	-5%
2	Jon Wright	Tod	1:56:34	-	-
3	Andrew Wrench	Tod	1:56:36	-	-
13	Jon Emberton	CVFR	2:10:15	1.26	-6%
15	James Williams	CVFR	2:10:48	1.27	7%
20	Sarah Rowell	P & B	2:15:54	1st lady	-
29	Lee Shimwell	CVFR	2:28:18	1.44	-
35	Brian Shelmerdine	CVFR	2:33:16	1.49	-9%
38	Jackie Scarf	CVFR	2:36:00	1.52	9%
40	Neil Palmer	CVFR	2:40:17	1.56	-
45	Dave Beston	CVFR	2:46:57	1.62	4%
53	John Riley	CVFR	2:58:52	1.74	-
54	Neil Croasdell	CVFR	3:19:09	1.93	-
55 finishers					

Everyone seemed to enjoy this route with Karl absolutely flying round the course with a 5 min lead over the second runner. Jackie picked up 2nd ladies prize. Thanks to all that helped on the day.

## My Unfinished Business in the Lake District - Allan Greenwood

After completing the Bob Graham Round, although just outside the time allowed, I felt compelled to try again while I was still fit. All those long hard training runs and route finding exercises in the Lake District had to have a satisfactory end product. I decided that I would pick a date and go for it. 19th/20th August would give me eight weeks between the two assaults, and would mean I could run my beloved Borrowdale fell race with 2 weeks to go. By early August, I had an inclination that all my friends in the club were sick of hearing about it and I *know* Linda was. The hardest part was assembling the support crew. Anne Stentiford and her husband Bill Johnson, who had been inspirational in my previous attempt, were going to be tied up on my chosen weekend as they wanted to help our club members Nick and Clare with the Whittle Pike English champs race. However, Anne had been speaking to her former club mate at Macclesfield Harriers Phil Cheek and he soon got in touch with an offer of help. He would also ask around his many friends at the club and get a good team of navigators together. All I needed to do was get a team of pacers and sherpas to carry my food and drink. Our club champion Karl Gray had signed up as soon as I'd announced that I was going again, so I asked him to do the first section. Carl Greenwood asked for an early leg so I put him with Karl and Barry Shaw offered to come on a later one. Many other members of my own club would be hoping to run at Whittle Pike, so I had to ask other running friends for back up. After running in the Holme Moss race in July – held on a really hot day and I suffered badly with the heat - I got chatting with the race winner Julian Rank of Holmfirth Harriers. Soon the subject of my BG came up and he asked how I was fixed for helpers. "Right", he said, "I'll be in touch later on if I can be of help". A few days later the call came and he informed me that he would have club mates Andy Shaw (regular winner at Marsden to Edale and other mega moorland slogs) and John Ewart for company. When I asked which legs they would prefer he said, "We will do what ever it takes to get you round." - Brilliant. My workmate Stuart Thompson had packed in running due to a niggling knee injury that had all but stopped his enjoyment of the fells the previous Summer. After cycling and walking for a while, he decided to give it one final go, and he was soon able to support a Joss Naylor challenge in the Lakes. When the knee pain did not return he quickly got his enthusiasm back and before long he found himself offering to come on a leg with me. He never flinched when I asked him to take me on the long stretch from Dunmail Raise to Wasdale over England's highest mountains! August came and after a trip to Wales at the beginning of my holiday, Linda and I returned home in order to organise one of our races in Calderdale. Mike Wardle turned out to run, getting fit again after a long lay off through injury, lethargy and building an extension to his home. Mike came into running from a climbing background, having done some mega climbs on classic routes. He asked how the team was shaping up and offered to have a rope waiting at Broad Stand. Though I smiled and thanked him for his kind offer I was immediately filled with dread and fear. I am in fact shit scared of heights and on the one occasion I visited Broad Stand with my great mate Ian Hill, the former two times 60 miles Fellsman Hike winner, I took one look and turned back shaking from the height and exposure. Mike said he would meet me in the Lakes and show me how to get up the rock, with a rope for reassurance. "Think of all the time it could save" he said, so I agreed. I vowed then that I would go and conquer my greatest fear" – with an offer like this there was no way I was going to waste his time and petrol money. I ran the Borrowdale race, again on a very warm day, and I beat my previous best time by well over 30 minutes. After Honister Pass I felt really strong, jogging most of the final climb up Dale Head. After a good meal and a few hours at the Celidh in Rosthwaite Linda and I returned to the tent at around 10pm. I was up at 6-15am and off the next morning to

meet Mike in Ambleside from where he drove me to Wasdale Head and lugged ropes and other tackle up to Mickledore. It was a beautifully sunny day and as we sweated with our full rucksacks on our way up the path from the valley Mike pointed out many of the big rock climbs he had done over the years. I swung my neck sideways to peer at the massive rock buttresses, where climbers were already making their noise, chinking metal karabiners and other tools and calling across to each other. I watched them, clinging to great slate grey towers that went shooting up to well over 2000 feet. My stomach was now churning with dread of what was in store, but I kept quiet and climbed the stony steps, concentrating and constantly drinking from my water container. Mike told me how he used to come up to climb a certain pitch in the early morning, then he would absail down and move around the mountain, climbing again, then repeat the procedure following the sun as it moved round to keep climbing in it's warmth, making a ten or twelve hour day of it. Soon we reached Mickledore, the thin rib of rock and scree that joins Scafell Pike to Scafell. Over to the end we walked and Mike soon got to work, slipping off his rucksack and untwining all his ropes. Up into the narrow squeeze between to 30 foot rock walls, "Fat Man's Agony" he climbed. I took some deep breaths and boldly followed, my rucksack rubbing the walls of the narrow gap as I pushed myself forwards, then up a big step and out the other side onto a ledge. I sat down and tried not to look at the drop directly to my left. I had come out of the squeeze and onto a shelf, with sheer rock walls straight ahead and to my right. I sat down with my back to the right hand wall, shrinking into the corner and Mike quickly slung a rope around my waist and clipped it to an anchor he had already secured in the wall behind me. The shelf I was on sloped slightly forwards towards the drop and even though I couldn't actually see what was below, I didn't want to find out (it is a sheer drop of around 500 feet). Mike gave me a harness and showed me how to wear it, then gave me a piece of climbing rope and showed me how to tie a Figure Eight. I tried twice before I got it, then he said "Right do another", and then another and another. Mike stood up and walked toward the precipice, then, holding onto the rock wall, swung himself around to the right and out of my view. He had gone onto other shelf around the corner and was now climbing up the sloping face above it while I sat shivering in the shade practising 'Figure-of-Eight' knots. After a short while, a rope dropped over the rock to my right and I was told to tie a Figure Eight knot in it and clip it to my harness. "Get the knot right, your life will be on it". With the Karabiner clipped in and screwed securely the rope went tight and I called out "That's me!" as instructed earlier. "Are you on your way?" shouted Mike, so I took a couple of deep breaths and moved to the edge of the cliff, feeling a little easier with the rope. "Climbing now!" I called out and around the corner and up I went. Mike kept the rope tight and called out encouragement. Suddenly I was on good flat rocks. "Is that it?" I asked, but Mike pointed at what was next and I tensed up a little. Now I was going to start the climb proper. Another big slab stood in front of me, seemingly impassable, but he showed me where to put my hands and feet and soon the technique became clear. I reached up high – at full stretch - and got a hold on the ledge, then with Mike pulling the rope tight, I walked up the diagonal crack to my left and eased my way up. With my hands slipping on the top of the ledge and my whole body now at a sideways angle I gave a great grunt and a Mike gave a pull and suddenly Mike was slapping my back, "Well done!" as I lay in a heap on the slabs in the sun. Oh, what a relief! I'd done it. I never, never thought I would get up Broad Stand but of course I was lucky because it was bone dry and I had an expert guide. Without going into loads of detail, we made our way to the top of Scafell, then descended Lord's Rake, under the great recently fallen boulder and climbed back up Broad Stand. This time my confidence soared and I was confident that, with a rope, I could do it again if required. We hung around on the top of the rock for an hour or so in the sun and when Boff of Pudsey and Bramley came down into Mickledore from Scafell Pike, Mike helped him up Broad Stand. He got round his BG in just over 23 hours. We dropped down into Wasdale and who should I meet but Phil

Cheek and Chris Cripps who had just been up to try out the West Wall Traverse route onto Scafell. I kept in close contact with Phil over the next two weeks and gradually, the whole thing came together. Final plans for getting cars to ends of legs and pacers back to their cars were made and for the later road crossings where Phil's partner Annette Morris and Chris's girlfriend Polly Lander would have everything sorted. I travelled up to see Alec Becconsall who was to be my road man at the two early road crossings with a box of food and clothes. "I've got a flask, a phone and the camera loaded and ready", he said, "That's all I'll need to bring". I arrived in Keswick at around 8pm and managed to get my tent onto the busy field at Castle Rigg. Carl Greenwood came up to the Campsite from Braithwaite and we got the rucksack that he would be carrying sorted out with my food and clothes. Linda arrived shortly before him and offered to take us to the start point. It was a cool clear evening and the tops were completely free of any mist or cloud. At around 9-15 we drove down to the town, dropped Carl's car off and Linda took us to Bell Close where we met Alec. I went into the market square to look for Colin Ardron. I'd never met the Macclesfield runner before but in a square bustling with drinkers and revellers dressed up for a Friday night out, swaying between pubs, anyone in a helly, tracksters and a head torch would do. The others came through a few minutes later, Colin appeared and we all shook hands. Now was the time for nerves. I felt a bit daft as the crowds of half-drunks wandered by, shuffling my weight from one foot to the other and not knowing where to put my face. Unknown to me, Alec had disappeared into a pub and he came out with two Geordie couples to who we were introduced. As we shook hands I thought they must be Alec's relatives but it was explained later that they had been sitting together with Alec in the bar an hour earlier and enquired about Alec's choice of reading matter, Feet in the Clouds by Richard Askwith. He had then proceeded to tell them in great detail about the Bob Graham challenge. They had done some fell walking and heard of fell running so they were suitably impressed. One of the Geordie women asked me what I liked to drink though I politely declined, though I did say I like Guinness. "Right love, we will be here at the same time tomorrow night with a bottle of Guinness for you - so you had better be here". "Alec smiled and confidently announced, "Oh yes, he'll be here". We walked up towards the Moot Hall and Alec took our photo. Five minutes to go and I began to feel a mixture of nerves and excitement.

## Leg 1 Keswick to Threlkeld

A minute to go on my watch and Alec produced proper stopwatch, the one he uses at his coaching sessions down at the club. I put my hand against the door of the Moot Hall and counted down from five seconds then away we went as Alec Linda and the Geordies cheered us off with cries of "Good Luck!" Across Fitz Park it was pitch black but as we began to climb Skiddaw the moon came out in the clear sky and we didn't need torches. I felt happy and relaxed as we all chatted casually and I got to know a little about Colin. Carl kept passing me the water bottle and before long we were at the big gate. Veils of mist hung around in the valley far below - around the base of Great Calva - and before long we were entering a cooling swirling fogbank. Carl passed me a balaclava from the rucksack as a precaution. I didn't want to get cold so early on as I might struggle to warm up again before sunrise. The mist was thicker on the summit of Skiddaw but I found the top easily then led the way off and down to the fence crossing. At one point I realised I'd cocked up and gone a bit too far to the left so I asked Colin for a bearing. It worked and we soon hit the fence spot on. Colin and Carl led the way off and we picked up the double track down to the stream below Great Calva. Carl picked up the soggy trot and after a bit of bracken bashing – it had really shot up since I was here last eight weeks previously – we found the posts that mark the climb to our second peak. It was pitch black but the torchlights picked out the long line of reflectors that someone has fastened to the wooden marker stakes. A reasonable climb brought us quickly to the misty top, then as visibility was poor we followed

the fence line for safety down to the river. Though it would take a little longer than I'd like, I wasn't too worried about time at this early stage. We reached the river crossing, filled the water bottles with the pure mountain spring water and crossed to the start of our third climb. Mungrisdale Common is a long drag, around an hour's climb so Carl kept the food coming and passed the bottle. He had taken a GPS reading with his Satellite Navigation Phone and we were spot on. It levelled out and just as I was telling him to watch out for the cairn that marks the path, we nearly tripped over it. "Spot on!" said Colin. We were quite a bit behind schedule, though I wasn't too worried at this early stage, but at least now we could jog a little on the good turf path until the ground began to steepen and we again entered the moorland mist. We cocked up a bit as we failed to turn half right and between the scree runs that would lead us directly to the top, but as we climbed Sharp Edge I recognised the path leading to the white cross made of rocks. I felt really good now as I jogged along the ridge and up to the summit. A large mound and a white glow lay ahead and we soon discovered someone bivvying out on the summit with a gas lamp burning next to the cairn. A woman's voice called out "Are you with Alistair's group?" Now Colin led the way down Halls Fell Ridge. As we lost height and dropped out of the mist, we saw that the sky was clear and the full moon really bright. I told Carl to turn his light off and look at the sharp rocky edge going down in great jagged peaks. It was absolutely spectacular; the slate lit up deep blue. "We could be in the Alps!" he said. The track became more runnable and the lights of Threlkeld got nearer quickly. I belted into the lead and flew down the lane to where Alec and the Holmfirth lads were waiting. We were quite late and they said they were frozen but we'd soon warm up on the next climb. I asked where Colin was and Carl set off back up the lane to investigate. It turned out he'd jarred his back and was lying on the grass near the farm. A quick swig of tea and a bit of food and we were away.

## Leg 2 Threlkeld to Dunmail Raise

Clough Head was a steady grind but we were soon up and I jogged ahead on the track towards Calfhow Crag. We regrouped and made a quick ascent of Great Dodd. The sky was clear, no need for the torch, but I could see a great cloud in the east that looked to be drifting in toward the long ridge. As we got to the summit the cloud was clinging around the grassy top so I said we needed to be careful as I've had great trouble finding the next peak, Watson Dodd on my two previous Bob Graham attempts. Off we went on a compass bearing and before long we were floundering around in the mist running around in circles and retracing our steps. The path is rather faint in places and in pitch black and mist it's a pig. How I wished I'd taken Anne Johnson's advice and borrowed a GPS! Julian got his navigating head on and soon we were back on track. We eventually found our objective, though we'd lost a fair amount of time, then started to climb to Stybarrow Dodd. We were still in thick cloud and I was getting cold. I asked for my cagoule but Julian told me to just keep running and get warm. The next few summits were reached without mishap, Andy kept the food coming and John kept me watered. It was light by the time we reached Raise, though with the cloud swirling around it was like being surrounded by tracing paper. Dropping south from Helvellyn we got our first glimpse of the day with the warm sun dissolving the clouds from Nethermost and Dollywagon and bursting through, lighting the whole district to the west as far as the eye could see. On the descent to Grisedale Tarn, the lads bombed off down the wallside, while I trudged pathetically down nursing a niggling pain in my knee. I'd felt it for the first time a few weeks ago but felt nothing since, now it bothered me a lot as I'd a long way to go and I was down on time. I reached the tarn and led the way to the col. As we started up Fairfield, Julian shot past and started up the grass, on the steep direct route. Andy and John followed and I thought I'd better stick in and show what I was made of. The lads had left their rucksacs in the col and I sensed they were now chomping at the bit to get a couple of good hills in before the end of their stint! As we neared the top, Julian sent me

over to the highest shelter while John hung back to mark the correct descent path as there are loads of them. Now it was a bit of a race, as we shot down the scree before anyone found the bags. Now my bloody knee was niggling me again but I put the pain aside. Seat Sandal was climbed quite quickly and without trouble, eased by some of Julian's chocolate and coconut bar, but the descent turned into a nightmare as the pain in my left knee really started to give me trouble. It was just as if someone was sticking a pin in just behind the kneecap. I descended the zigzag path directly to the road at a pathetic pace and as Andy caught me up, I decided to confide in him. "Andy, I wouldn't dare tell Julian but I'm in real trouble here", I said. I know your knee gave you some jip on your attempt and now mine is bothering me. The pain is serious and I don't know what to do. Do I say bollocks and carry on, risking serious injury or call it a day, wasting everyone's time?" We got to the road and I sat down on the grass. Alec and Linda had tea and rice pudding ready but I had already started to cry the poor tale. Mike Wardle, my rope man at Broad Stand had stopped off on his way to Langdale to watch me through. I felt sad that I'd wasted his time. Phil Cheek crouched down right in front of me so that he had my undivided attention. "Right come on, get moving, we have to go *now*". I opened my mouth to speak but before I could utter a word a hand slapped two Nurofen painkillers in. I felt so miserable. I was well down on time and couldn't face another 24 hour plus round. Billy Bland had told me to 'sack it' if I got behind time again and I could hear him now. "These failures tend to stick in the mind". Phil was in my face again, "Right, we are going to have to hammer it on this section, are you up to it?" I bowed my head and shook it slowly. "The pain in my knee is going to hamper me" As I finished my tea, Stuart Thompson surveyed the situation and said "Right then, let's be off!" He climbed the stile and set out to climb Steel Fell. I stood up and turned to Linda. "Please stay here, I'll set off after Stuart but I will come back down". "No you won't" she said, because we're off now!" Julian Rank later told me that if he had seen a vet passing by, he would have flagged him down and asked for the humane killer they use to put a beast out it's misery!

## Leg 3 Dunmail Raise to Wasdale

I turned and looked about me. It was warming up and looked set to be a beautiful day. Now the Dodds ridge was clear, as was every other peak in the district. I climbed the stile and as I set off up the hill, the mood at the roadside seemed to change as they cheered and wished us well. Phil quickly took the lead and picked out a good line over to the left of the scree gully, a new one on me but a fine route nonetheless. I didn't actually know Julian Brown, Phil's mate from Macclesfield Harriers but we were to get on like a house on fire over the next six hours. Julian kept passing the water bottle and I took off my long sleeved shirt as the sweat poured out of me. The top of Steel Fell came fairly easily and soon we were away, bounding after Phil towards Calf Crag. Stuart asked how I was drinking and I passed him my empty bottle in exchange for his full one. We all chatted although keeping a fair clip on and soon we were running off Calf Crag and climbing to Sargeant Man and High Raise. "Well done", said Julian, "We've picked up some minutes there". Stuart called out, "How are you doing with that water, is it empty yet?" Yes I was talking and not drinking, so I quickly drained it and took a fresh one. We made good time to the Langdales and then Phil decided that we were going down and up to Rossett Crag instead of the long route around Martcrag Moor. Down we plummeted into the valley, and all the while, my knee never even bothered me. I guess I had had a niggler and it was the only thing my thoughts were focussed on at the time. So it had become magnified like a toothache, taking over my whole mind. Stuart told us he would fill all our bottles at the stream in the valley and catch us up, but after Rossett I stuck the boot in and as Julian kept passing me a giant bag of sugary sweets, we made short work of Bow Fell. It was around 11-30am and blisteringly hot now, so I kept pouring the water down my neck. Stuart rejoined us on Esk Pike telling me that I'd flown up back there so quickly he

couldn't catch me. A few minutes later, on the way up to Great End I heard him chatting with Phil, saying something about me really moving well now. This gave me enormous confidence and I responded to their encouragement by clipping another few minutes off at Ill and Broad Craggs. We made it to the summit of England highest peak, Scafell Pike at six minutes past one, still an hour and a half down on the schedule, but I was moving well and felt really great now. Just off the summit, I suddenly desperately needed a pee. There was nothing to do but pee, so on the roof of this great nation, at midday, thronging with tourists and day trippers, I simply had to go. I turned my back to the main path and stood there, smiling over my shoulder and saying, "Sorry, I'm really sorry!" As it poured out as clear as mountain dew I called to Stuart, it's good enough to re-bottle is this!" Julian had descended to Wasdale and Phil had gone to Scafell via Lord's Rake so me and Stuart made our way to Mickledore and as we reached the stretcher box I waved to Mike who had walked in from Langdale with all his heavy ropes and climbing gear and had the line ready at Broad Stand. Through the squeeze and onto the ledge and Stuart told me to take my time and have a breather, then as he went round the first corner I steeled myself and began to climb. In no time, it was over and I crouched by Mike in a heap, breathing heavily. He told me afterwards that I said to him, "That's it Mike, now I know I'm going to do it", though I don't really remember. Phil met us on the summit plateau, then after I touched the top, the three of us made a swift descent to Wasdale by the Red Scree gully. Over this section, Phil had led me the optimum route. We hadn't climbed a single foot more than we needed to nor run a single yard further. Stuart and Julian had kept my spirits high and my sugar and fluid levels topped up. What a great team. As we reached the good grass down below, I felt so good, so confident. I immersed myself in the beck as we crossed it and jogged down to the National Trust car park where Alec, Linda, Phil's partner Annette Morris and Chris's girlfriend Polly had set up their stall, with a chair in the shade of a tree and some tea and goodies laid on. As soon as my bum hit the seat, my shoes and socks came off, my feet were wiped and dried, Vaseline applied and fresh socks and shoes on. What a team! 17.2 seconds and we were ready for off again.

#### Leg 4 Wasdale - Honister

We set off along the road to the new bridge, with me trying to eat five peach slices from a spoon *and* drink tea *and* eat rice pudding. Polly Lander - girlfriend of my navigator Chris Cripp's - and my pacer Pete Ferris took one or the other away and got me to eat and drink them sensibly, then we were through the gate and away between the bracken to the rickety stile. Suddenly I had a thought, "Oh, shite I need some vaseline", "It's ok", said Pete, "I have some". "Oh", I exclaimed, "And I meant to ask for my sun cream", to which Pete replied "I have some of that too!" I was glad to have Wayne Percival of Ambleside AC along on this leg. He had just finished a night shift in Warrington then come straight out to assist me - what a star! Wayne says he is a veteran of helping over a hundred Bob Graham attempts and knows exactly what you're going through. On top of this, he can talk for England, so it was sure to keep me quiet, as I wouldn't get a word in! Yewbarrow was quite a test. Having had only five minutes or so rest, after pushing myself harder than I really would have wished over the long leg into Wasdale, especially in this hot weather, I had to occasionally stop on the steep bracken sided hill and take a couple of deep breaths. Then away again. Every now and again, I would lose my footing on the dry dusty steps, cut out by many previous BG contenders (NO walkers would ever consider this ascent route of Yewbarrow). Pete said, "Try to get a good foothold every step so as not to waste energy". He had a really quiet, gentle manner. He was almost whispering and it was a comfort as he kept encouraging and passing me the water bottle every few hundred yards. I was sweating profusely, though apart from the sun burning my back through the shirt, I was not too uncomfortable. Just SO bloody weary!

It was hard work and I was breathing hard, but between gasps I asked Pete where he lived and what he did, expecting him to be another of Phil's mates from Macclesfield. "I'm a farmer in Wasdale, and when your neighbour is Joss Naylor you end up getting into fell running!" Apparently Joss was asked along but was committed to helping with a "Naylor Challenge" event or such like. Wayne was just the opposite of Pete. "Keep it going Al, you're looking good!" he kept calling out. What a great team I had. Chris, who knows the fells intimately, even in the foulest weather and could earn a small fortune as a mountain guide, leading the way on a perfect summer's day, and the two lads, with their contrasting characters, chalk and cheese you might say, keeping my spirits high. Yewbarrow summit was soon in sight and Pete said, "Right, touch the top and run to where Chris is". I did as I was told then 100 yards later Pete flew past and over to the left of the trod. "Down the way Joss showed us?", he asked Chris and soon we were traversing to Dore Head and away up to Red Pike. Now I felt strong. The path was an easy gradient compared with Yewbarrow and I began to push myself. Pete and Wayne kept the drinks and melted chocolate chewy bars coming which passed the time. As the hill levelled and we hit the grass, I surprised myself by running all the way to the summit, then away at a decent speed following Pete up to the start of the climb towards Scoat. Steeple came and went quickly and Pete really gave me some praise here as he past the water bottle again. He told me that we were eating into our schedule deficit and it gave me more confidence. I felt good. I felt so strong now and for the first time, I really believed I was going to succeed. Back to the wallside and I led the way with what felt like a good pace until Chris shot past and led over the rocks to our grassy traverse which would miss out Black Crag. Climbing Pillar Chris led the way as usual while Pete stuck right up close behind me with Wayne tagging along behind him. The sun was really beating down now and my neck was getting all the rays but I shrugged it off and dug in taking long drinks every few minutes. I felt strong and pushed hard up the rocky zigzags. Soon I touched the trigpoint and jogged over to the right, where the others were already heading for the descent route. I caught up and we fell back into line, Chris immediately shooting off to the right to take us down on grass. Kirk Fell and Gable were ahead but I kept my eyes on the track and concentrated hard. One stupid slip now and it could cost me dearly. Pete kept talking in his quiet, almost whispering tone, gently encouraging every time I put in a little burst to catch Chris or bounded down some rock steps. Black Sail came into view and Chris remarked on how Joss's Gully would be in shade. Now I would have to produce something special. I remembered Phil Cheek's request at this point on my previous attempt to 'raise my game'. Back then I'd been fully waterproofed up, wet and tired. Now it was a spectacularly beautiful evening and I was feeling strong. Pete joined Chris and I heard him say he'd see us at Beck Head, so I instinctively knew he was leaving us to refill the water bottles at the never failing stream round the back of Kirk Fell which flows into Sail Beck. The trudge began again as the path up Kirk Fell steepened. Loose gravel caused me to tense up to avoid slipping. Soon however, the rocks became larger and I could get a hand hold. The strides became longer, deeper and more powerful and I found that I was no longer tired. My body had responded, as if, by now - after all these weeks and months of slogging up steep sided lakeland mountains - it knew what I was trying to ask it to do. The gully was quickly climbed and the grass levelled off and Chris beckoned me on as he began to jog. I ran to the summit rocks and away as fast as I could, across and down mostly on grass to Beck Head. Just Gable to climb and then I knew I'd crack it. Down we went to the dry tarn below Gable where Pete waited on a patch of grass under a boulder. He had an array of goodies laid out beside him and told me to keep walking but choose my fave. I saw a Mars Bar, Fruit Pastilles and Snicker and the melted chocolate and toffee I chose went down dead easy along with Pete's coffee. He'd even brought a flask!! All this waiting on hand and foot and the lads didn't even hardly know me; how could I fail them?

Now we started up Great Gable and the steady trudge began again but I had it in mind to really flog myself up here before I was told to. Raise your game, I thought, raise your game. On we went, I was getting stronger now and soon, when we got to the really big rocks I pushed hard, crawling on all fours like a monkey. Two walkers were descending the tourist path to Beck Head and one called out in a Geordie accent, "You're off the path lads!" so I said quietly "It's alright, we know the quickest way". 'Head down now', I thought and up we went not wanting to glance up in case the top was farther than I reckoned. 'Just get the head down and push on'. Then it levelled out a bit and the big shelter and plaque came into my eyeline. I reached over to touch the pile of rocks on the highest point and then turned away quickly to where Chris had started walking. I'll show 'em how it's done now I thought. I felt so strong, so ready to run hard. We began to descend in the direction of Windy Gap but then Chris turned to the right, aiming for Sty Head Tarn. Down we went and as we dropped into the shade, for a micro-second I panicked. "Where the hell are we going?" I thought, but then I realised, switched my tired brain off and belted down the grass to catch then up. Of course, he was taking me down all on grass, a detour, but quicker. We soon swung left and into the bottom of the col to start up Green Gable. This is where I would impress Pete. Up Chris flew, almost sprinting on the loose gravel but I dug in hands on knees and soon made the top, where an old guy sat smoking his pipe watching the sun set. "You really want this don't you?" said Pete, and I knew I was making the right impression. I wasn't going to waste their time, no way. Now I reckoned it was, in Phil Cheek's words, "do-able". Off towards Brandreth and I was asking where Wayne was, though they assured me he was tagging on behind and recording the times. Now we were motoring. Brandreth was gained easily thanks to a perfect line by Chris, and then we speeded over to Grey Knotts. I looked across to Buttermere and Crummock Water to the left, massive silver disks as the sunlight reflected from them and it lifted me. I was enjoying it immensely now, even joking as Chris took us along the fence towards Grey Knotts and through a wet peaty area. We climbed the fence and began the descent and I sensed that down below at Honister pass there would be excitement and hurried activity as we appeared. Pete agreed to rush on ahead and ask for lots of tea and some kind of non-sugary food. It was such a relief for my sore feet, to be descending on grass and soon we came to the path into the carpark where I saw Linda dancing around excitedly as other people clapped and cheered. I later heard that Alec had set up a table and chair for me but Phil Cheek had promptly folded them and placed them back in Alec's Land Rover, telling them I wasn't going to be stopping. Into the car park and Phil was clearly in charge of things. He read me the riot act about being ten minutes behind my schedule as someone gave me a mug of tea and some food (ham sandwiches and salad!) and introduced me to Jenny Grindley who, he said I would be getting to know intimately over the next few hours!

## Leg 5 Honister to Keswick

As we climbed Dale Head, Phil's words, "It is definitely do-able!" ringing in my ears, my great mate Barry Shaw, who had caught a bus from Keswick then walked up the road to Honister Pass from Borrowdale, kept me going, chatting and carrying the water bottle. Chris stayed on for the final section and soon struck up a friendship with Barry. Unfortunately they got carried away and drifted ahead, Jenny staying alongside me and jogging each time I jogged. The sun was low now and casting long shadows across the fells. I glanced behind just once at the old mine workings and Fleetwith Pike, lit up bright orange. Each time the ground levelled out I jogged a little. In between I took a drink and tried to keep the pace high. The atmosphere was relaxed and the chat between my pacers cheerful so I put my head down and pushed hard. Dale Head summit was reached in 32 minutes. Now it was a quarter to eight and I had to finish in Keswick before 10pm. As we ran round to Hindscarth I constantly tried to work out whether I could do in. Last time out - eight weeks previously, when I got round the

route but just 23 minutes over the 24 hours allowed - I reached the final peak, Robinson at nine o'clock. Therefore, if I could reach Robinson before 8-37pm, I could do it. That meant that I now had around 45 minutes to reach the final summit top. On the diagonal track up Hindscarth I jogged as much as possible, walking at a fast pace in between. "Come on. Come on", I kept thinking. Barry passed me a dark chocolate and orange chewy bar, which tasted good but took me an age to chew and swallow but it helped to keep my mind occupied. The pile of stones on Hindscarth summit came into view so we jogged the rest of the way to the top. As I turned back I looked at the watch. It was three minutes to eight. Half an hour to Robinson and I knew it was in the bag so I ran like the wind across the col and towards the final grassy climb. Barry and Jenny hung on for dear life behind me and I knew I was making an impression as I raced after Chris across the short turf. "No more climbing after this one" said Barry and so I dug in hard again. Where on Earth was all this energy coming from? Now it levelled out and could see the pile of stones. Jogging across, I threw my hands onto the rock pile and shouted "Yes!". Chris said, "Well done! You are one minute up on your schedule." It was 8-19pm so we had an hour and 41 minutes to finish and it felt absolutely great. Can you just imagine how I felt? Tears began to well up inside me but I suppressed them but taking deep breaths and telling myself to get down the hill quickly and carefully. Relaxed now but watching out for every rock and man-trap in the grass I followed Chris down. We went almost all the way down to High Snab Farm on grass, then, as we hit the track, Phil Cheek and Wayne were waiting with Phil's car. "Chris was ecstatic. "Well done, well bloody done!" He cried. "No-one deserves this more than you matey!". Wayne joined us along the road and we trotted at a steady pace, Jenny again staying right at my side and passing the water bottle Barry offering jelly babies. We reached the little chapel and as we ran past Alec, waiting with his camera he called out excitedly, "You just need to pull out the rest of your Tripe now!" The head torches were on and Jenny put her red flashing bands on both arms to warn any motorists on the quiet lane. Stuart was waiting a little further on in his car and he called out more encouragement. Soon we got to the gate, leading to the track over the river bridge and alongside fields to the road. I could see the lights of Keswick ahead. The stone bridge crossed, I set off along the road at a faster pace. "Oh, here he goes" said Barry, who shot ahead to stop the traffic at the mini roundabout if needed. Sprinting now onto the paved market square and I could see the others, Phil and Alec up ahead by the Moot Hall clapping and cheering, shouting my name. "A loud Geordie voice shouted from the right "Oh, gan on Bonny Lad" and I punched the air with both hands and slapped them against the black wooden doors. Wayne Barry Chris and Jenny followed and congratulations rained from all around. I shook everybody's hand soon we had moved a bench in front of the Moot Hall for a team photo as the bemused revellers walked by giving us some funny looks. The Geordie couples, who I was amazed were actually there, came across and shook my hand, one of the women handing me the bottle as promised though it was Newcastle Brown Ale. "We tried everywhere in Keswick to get Guinness", she said, though I thanked them all and told them it would go down very nicely. Phil asked if we were going for a celebratory pint but I had to be honest and tell them all I just wanted to get to my tent, so we vowed to have a reunion later and Barry drove me in my car to the camp site. Once there, he persuaded me to go for a shower while he got a brew on and made me some jam butties! As the hot water hit me, suddenly my feet burned with pain. I hadn't realised I had a couple of blisters under my toes and now they stung a bit. Getting into dry clothes took an age as cramp shot up my thighs each time I lifted a leg, but gritted teeth and hurried movements got me sorted. Boy it felt good to get dry gear on and walk across that campsite. Barry's tea was the best ever, though as I sat in the camping chair and we chatted quietly, his voice began to drift off. "Oy, come on," he said, as I'd nodded off with the half drunk mug of tea on my knee. "Get yourself off to bed", which I duly did, and had the best night's sleep ever.

Allan Greenwood

Here's some helpful tips before the club score event on 27th November. If you need any help with your map reading etc please get in touch with James Williams on tel 01706 814018 or email: jamesrhyswilliams@hotmail.com.

Navigation: Some  Pointers  (in the right direction)

In preparation for Bill's navigation event on the 27<sup>th</sup> November, here are some simple hints to help demystify navigation.

There are many people who think navigation is complicated, but 'as long as you know where you are and where you are going you won't get lost' and you follow KISS (Keep It So Simple). I hope to point out that as long as you follow two rules you shouldn't find it too bad.

## Basics

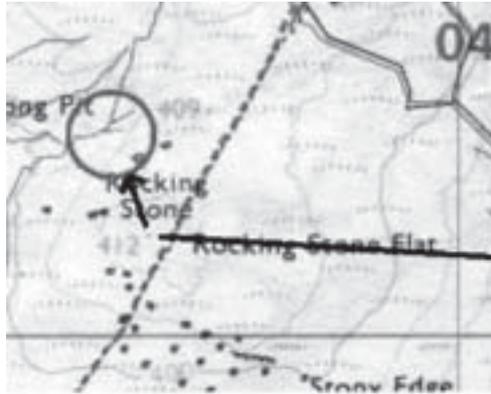
1. **Know your tools:** To compete in many FRA races these days you have to take a compass, whistle and map. One fell runner said to me, 'I could take a kiddies compass and a map of Ikea for all the good it would do me.'

**Map:** Know what you are looking for and the scale. If you have the chance, have a look at the map and get used to the scale and symbols. A good rule of thumb is, **brown** = earth features (contours); **blue** = water features (marshes, streams, etc); **black** = rock and man made features (cliffs, paths, etc); **green** = vegetation (forests). The scale, 1 grid square = 1 km or 1:25,000; 4cm = 1km, 1:50,000; 2cm = 1km.

**Compass:** The only tool that is reliable as it will always point north. Very handy if you need to do a safety bearing if you get lost.

2. **Set your map:** When every looking at you map, set your map so the north of the map is pointing the same direction as the north on your compass. Make sure you use the right grid lines otherwise you could end up doing a 90/180 degree error!
3. **Thumb your map:** It doesn't mean to make a thumb sized map, but to place your thumb on the map where you are (or where you last). Your thumb will direct your eyes to the part of the map you will want to look at.
4. **Fold your map:** A table-cloth or even dish cloth size map can be daunting to look at so fold you map up so it shows the check points you are running from and to. Not only does it make the map more manageable to hold, it will only show you parts you need.
5. **Attack Points:** Not the part of the planner's body you slash with a compass after the event. But an easy/large feature/point on the map as close as possible to the control you use to 'attack' or find the control from.

Using example 1, you are looking for a checkpoint, on a stream source, near the top of a hill; your 'attack point' would be the top of the hill. Once running to the top of the hill, you then navigate carefully to the stream point (if you miss the checkpoint, you can run back to the top of the hill and try again).



EXAMPLE 1



EXAMPLE 2

Or example 2, looking for a checkpoint on a boulder. Your attack point would be the track crossing to the west. On arriving track crossing you would carefully navigate to the boulder

Especially handy technique in low visibility.

6. **Break the route up:** If you are still struggling with a route. Break it up into small more manageable targets/check points.
7. **Plan first, run second:** Plan your route before leaving the checkpoint, remember 'as long as you know where you are and where you are going you won't get lost.' In the heat of the race you could go off chasing a competitor not on your course or going the wrong way!
8. **Lost:** If you get lost or think you are lost, STOP.
  - Set your map, can you identify any feature to place you where you are?
  - Think back, can you retrace your steps?
  - Is there a definite object I can run to, e.g. hill top, path, wall, which I relocate on?
  - The final option is to retrace your steps to your last known location.

If you are well and truly lost and in danger, set a compass bearing towards safety. E.g. the nearest road, finish, valley bottom, etc.

APOLOGIES FOR TAKING SO LONG TO GET THIS NEWSLETTER OUT BUT DUE TO UNFORESEEN CIRCUMSTANCES I KEPT HAVING TO HOLD THE NEWSLETTER BACK. IT'S A BUMPER ISSUE NOW THOUGH.

THIRZA