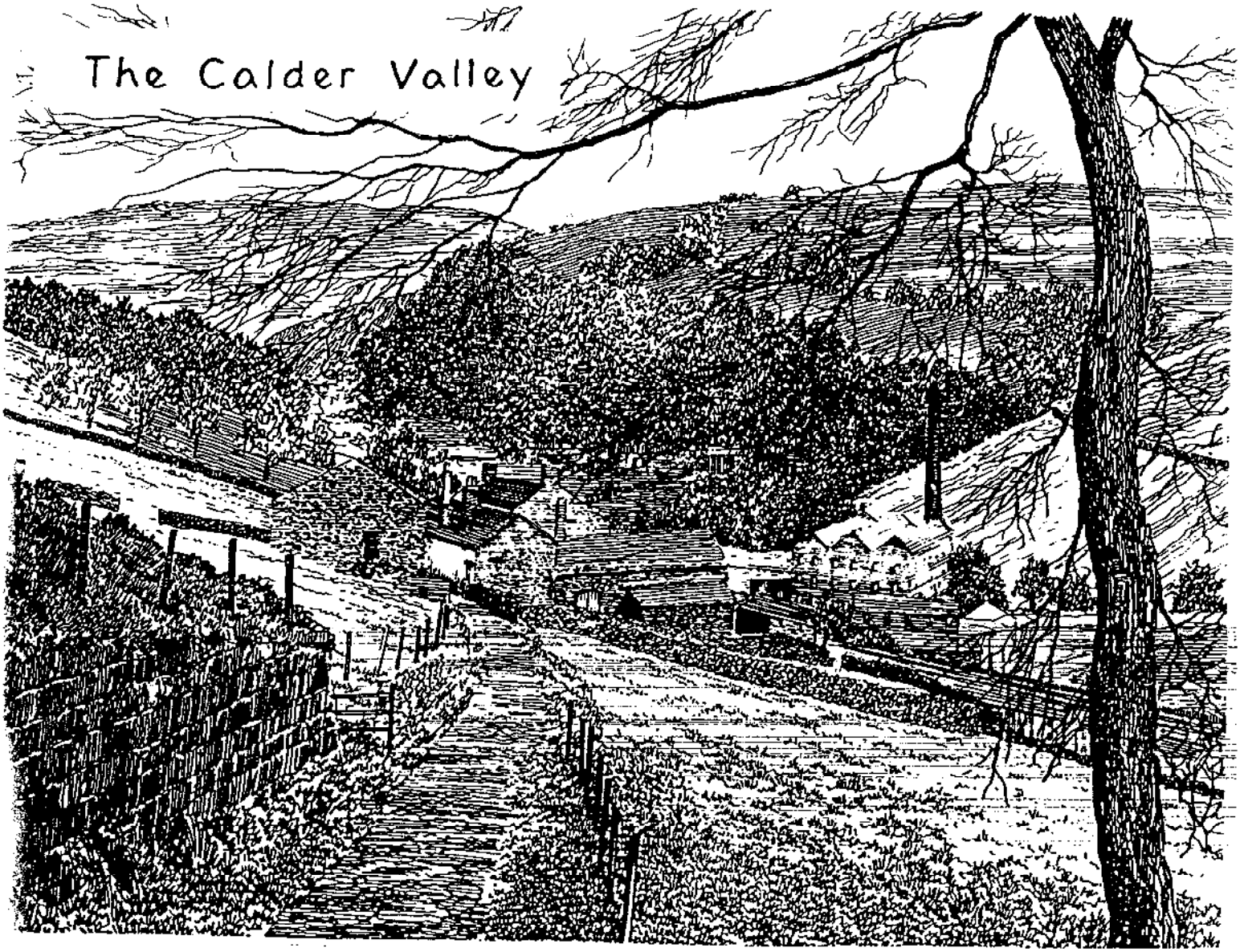
Issue 21 April 1991.

RAMPAGE

CALDER VALLEY FELL RUNNERS



Road, railway, river and canal jostle for space along the narrow floor of the Calder Valley between Todmorden and Hebden Bridge, and mills and cottages add to the congestion, there being little left to please the eye. Before industry took over, however, the valley was green and threaded only by a clear river and a country lane, and the view of it from the high ground adjoining must have been quite lovely. It is still possible, from vantage points on either side, to imagine the rural scene that has since been destroyed.

AW



CALDER VALLEY FELL RUNNERS

1987 Season:

Club Champion:	Jeff Winder
Fell Runners Fell Runner of the Year:	Jeff Winder
Handicap Race Winner:	Richard Rowlands
Wally of the Year:	Russell Arrendale
Navigational"cock up"of the Year:	Jimmy Sheard

1988 Season:

Club Champion:	Duncan Thompson
Fell Runners Fell Runner of the Year:	Jimmy Sheard
Handicap Race Winner:	Martin Davis
Wally of the Year:	Graeme Woodward
Navigational"cock up"of the Year:	Dick Crossland

1989 Season:

Club Champion:	Gary Webb
Ladies Champion:	Jill Thistlethwaite
Fell Runners Fell Runner of the Year:	Russell Arrendale
Handicap Race Winner:	Ian Powell
Wally of the Year:	George Ridgeway
Navigational"cock up"of the Year:	Andy Thompson Mark Bramall-Pimlott
Club Handicap Champion:	Pete Horne

1990 Season:

Club Champion:	Duncan Thompson
Ladies Champion:	Linda Hayles
Fell Runners Fell Runner of the Year:	Rod Sutcliffe
Handicap Race Winner:	Robin Skelton
Wally of the Year:	Rod Sutcliffe
Navigational"cock up"of the Year:	Mark Bramall-Pimlott
Club Handicap Champion:	Ian Hartman Linda Hayles

1991 Season:

Club Champion:	
Ladies Champion:	
Runner Up:	
Third Place:	
1st Vet:	
Fell Runners Fell Runner of the Year:	
Handicap Race Winner:	Jill Thistlethwaite
Handicap Race 1st Vet:	Graham Fry
Wally of the Year:	
Navigational"cock up"of the Year:	
Club Handicap Champion:	

EDITORIAL

Again, thanks to those who have let me have articles for Rampage. There's several more articles that have been promised but not yet delivered to me, I require pieces by early June at the latest for the next issue so if you start writing today at the rate of two or three words per day it should be ready in time.

Again again I'm a few weeks later than planned with this issue, same old excuse, the photocopier still has'nt materialised, dont ask me about it, I don't know whats happened to it. I must thank Steve Houghton and Jeff for copying this edition for me.

If any of the details in the membership list published with this issue are wrong please let me know so that we can keep the list up to date therefore ensuring that you get your very own copy of RAMPAGE.

See you on the fells (or in the pub),

Pete

COMMITTEE NEWS

At a meeting in January the committee decided not to take over the running of The Blue Pig Fell Race because of the following reasons:-

a) Difficulty in marshalling the course,
b) Date of the race (clashing with Boulsworth),
c) Race organiser,difficulty in getting a volunteer.
d) Legal responsibilty for the race course (crossing of main roads at hazardous locations).
e) The committee feels that the club already makes a generous contribution to the Fell Racing calender,given the size of the club.

However the committee stressed that although it did not want to take over the running of the race it would offer its assistance to Dave Yates for any future races.

At a recent meeting we decided that any member who wishes to run in a club championship race and gain points in the championship and the handicap competition,must register as a Calder Valley runner.
Members are also reminded that club colours (ie Vest or T-shirt) must be worn for all club championship races.Any one who wishes to purchase a club vest can obtain one from Alistaire (if they can find him)!!!

We have also decided to extend the list of prizes in the club championship.This season prizes will be given to the champion,runner up,third place,first lady and first vet.We hope this will encourage members to enter races and who knows,possibly win a prize.It may even result in Jeff,Gary and Duncan running in the same race!!!

Chairperson	Jill Thistlethwaite	Hx 884756
Secretary	Andy Thompson	Bfd 676133
Treasurer	Alistair Sowden	Hx 883744
Club Captain	Gary Webb	Hx 842713
Membership Secretary	Richard Kellett	Hx 202923
Social Secretary	Pete Regan	Hx 355243
Publicity Officer	Duncan Thompson	NL 63559
Junior Officer	Jeff Winder	Hx 883600
Club Statistician	Ian Hartman	Bfd 546549
Auditor	Russell Arrendale	Hx 883510
Rampage Editor	Pete Horne	Hx 205547

CAPTAINS PAGE by FARTY (ast) (rse) (eady) (s) (odel)

.. 4th of June, Stoodley Pike Hill Reps Relay, organised by Richard Rowlands. Steady run out at 7.00 pm from the Community Centre - fun event with fair teams.

2. 11th June, School minibus booked for evening over at Pendle. Meet 6 pm at C.C. Need to set off running at 7.00 pm from Newchurch. Cost £1.50 - £2.00 approx. Duncan to sort out shortish and medium runs.

3. A minibus has been booked for the 4th of May 'Stuc A Chorin' British Championship race in Scotland. There are still some places available, if interested contact Graeme on 889185. It will be a fun weekend!

. To help bring juniors back to the fold Webb/Yates intend to run a juniors only race on a Wednesday in June. We will invite other clubs along and hope that some members will volunteer to help on the night. The race(s) will start from Brearley Fields, Mytholmroyd. More details to follow.

5. Speed/hill sessions are now on Wednesday's at 6.30 pm from C.C. (from 17th April)

6. From 30th April Tuesday training will be at 7.00pm. Untill then it will be at 6.30

7. Anyone interested in a possible record attempt on the Pennine Way, who is good over long distances (20 to 30 miles) should make themselves available for June 1992 and see Gary as soon as possible. I want to make this a long term project because I know we can get the record !

SAFETY ON THE FELLS

Following the death of a fell runner in Wales recently, it was suggested that I write a short article on safety on the fells. I know that members of the club have their own views on this subject, so please take from it what you will and ignore what you don't feel is applicable. To those people who have only recently joined the club, the following will hopefully be of some use.

1. Look to improve your ability to navigate using a map and compass.
2. Try to get round the race route, if it is a medium or a long, in training, prior to the event. Take compass bearings and have a good look around.
3. Sellotape your compass bearings onto the back of your compass in case of inclement weather on race day.
4. If you do need to use your compass, TRUST THE BEARING!
5. Wear footwear that will protect you on the variable terrain you will encounter on the fells. I would recommend Walsh PBs and Raids and certain Reebok shoes. Do not use trainers with a high midsole because you are likely to turn an ankle.
6. If you do get lost on a run:

a) SLOW DOWN
b) PUT MORE CLOTHES ON
c) LOOK AROUND for distinguishing features and compare with the map (walls, streams, tarn, re-entrant etc)
d) LOSE HEIGHT AND STAY OUT OF THE WIND
e) EAT A LITTLE FOOD TO KEEP STRENGTH UP
f) As a last resort when you have done all you can with no success, BLOW YOUR WHISTLE.

7. EQUIPMENT SAVE LIVES! On medium races when the weather is poor or looks changeable, always carry the following items:

a) MAP OF AREA - not Upper Wharfedale!
b) COMPASS - not like Brian's!
c) WHISTLE - orange orienteering kind is best
d) FOOD - mint cake, raisins, jelly babies, wine gums etc.
e) CAGOULE - full body cover!
f) HAT & GLOVES

On long races, always carry the above whatever the weather is like because you will be out for much longer and, as we all know, things can change in a matter of seconds in the hills. On long races, more attention should be given to choice of food. Whatever food suits you should be eaten little and often, especially on the major climbs. Carry a small water bottle and fill up at streams. Drinking regularly is vital on a long tough race.

These are only a few ideas but, following the tragedy in Wales, I feel certain that equipment checks will become more frequent and pressure will be exerted on race organisers to be more vigilant in this area. Remember the old adage, "Better safe than sorry."

If you do get lost:

S – SLOW DOWN
M – MORE CLOTHES ON
E – EAT SOMETHING
L – LOSE HEIGHT
L – LOOK AROUND & ON MAP
Y – YELL AND WHISTLE

Webbo

WELSH WATER'S RESERVOIR RELAY

Tragedy marred the Welsh Water's Reservoir Relay when Carol Matthews, a 41 year old mother of two from Penarth & Dinas Powis Runners, died after getting lost in thick mist and then falling. Mountain rescue teams only found her after a search of more than 18 hours.

Conditions worsened during the race and, over the mountain stages (particularly 3,4 and 6), were horrendous with gale-force winds, driving rain and visibility reduced to a few yards.

In retrospect, it is easy to be critical of the organisation of this relay; it was advertised as requiring no local knowledge and as being well marked and marshalled, thereby attracting road running and jogging clubs with little experience of mountain conditions; no minimum kit requirements were laid down or warnings given of possible adverse weather. However, how often have we as regular fell runners been complacent and ignored minimum kit requirements set by race organisers? This unfortunate tragedy should serve as a warning to all of us, whether experienced fell runners, novices and as race organisers or marshalls, to think carefully before we venture out onto the fells and is bound to have repercussions for the organisation of future events. For this edition of Rampage, Gary has produced a list of safety tips which I hope that all members of Calder Valley will read carefully to ensure that none of us are involved in a similar accident in the future.

As far as the race was concerned, 20 teams started. The winners were M.D.C. "A" who had a lead of over 5 minutes over 3rd R.R.W. (Royal Regiment of Wales) "A" at the finish. These were the only two teams not to be timed out on any stage; all remaining runners set off 30 minutes after the leader if their team had not finished the stage. The only mixed team to finish were the M.D.C. mixed team. Because of the problems experienced after the third leg, no other final placings are yet available.

On the first leg, Andy Darby of M.D.C. running for Newport Harriers opened up a one minute lead over Nigel Webb of Newport Harriers running for 3rd R.R.W. Chris Peart-Binns ran well for Calder Valley, handing over in 7th position about 10 minutes down. Ian Hartman retained 7th position on the 2nd leg, while on the third leg over Corn Ddu (2,860 feet), Carl Greenwood pulled up to 4th place with a tremendous run, taking advantage of other runners going off course, notably from Newport Harriers. Chris Godridge got badly lost on the fourth leg, ending up near the summit of Pen y Fan (2,907 feet) but used his common sense and managed to finish the stage, albeit about an hour and a half late. On the fifth leg, Richard Kellett had a good run but Robin Skelton lost time on the next leg by going off course. On the last leg, Keith Munton had strong opposition, including Welsh Cross Country international, Paul Wheeler, but nevertheless managed to finish about seventh.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A FELL RUNNER WALKER

My first mistake on Saturday 16th March was to get out of bed! I had made an earlier mistake of entering a race over ten miles further than I had ever attempted before and was to make other mistakes before the day was out.

During and after the race, I swore never to attempt the Hobble or any similar distance again and even thought about giving up running. However, the pain is soon expunged from one's memory. Now I'm looking for a partner for next year's race; any offers?

Ian Hartman

CALDER VALLEY FELL RUNNERS 1991 CHAMPIONSHIP

Pos.	Name	Time	Champ pts	Handicap	Adjusted Time	H'cap pts
	RACE 1: FIENDSDALE FELL RACE (AM 9m/2,600ft) - SATURDAY 23RD MARCH					
1.	Malcolm Patterson	1.16.36				
4.	Gary Webb	1.17.22	30	4.30	1.12.52	29
6.	Duncan Thompson	1.19.40	29	5.51	1.13.49	27
13.	Richard Rowlands	1.20.43	28	6.36	1.14.07	26
20.	Steve Houghton	1.23.29	27	10.30	1.12.59	28
34.	Andy Wimpenny	1.25.44	26	13.12	1.12.32	30
42.	Rod Sutcliffe	1.28.58	25	11.33	1.17.25	21
55.	Graeme Woodward	1.32.07	24	15.00	1.17.07	24
57.	Richard Kellett	1.32.16	23	14.24	1.17.52	20
59.	Ian Hartman	1.32.52	22	15.36	1.17.16	22
61.	Andy Thompson	1.33.02	21	15.54	1.17.08	23
74.	Steve Kirkbride	1.34.11	20	19.39	1.14.32	25
101.	Dennis Gildea	1.42.18	19	19.30	1.22.48	19
116.	John Riley	1.46.11	18	21.54	1.24.17	17
128.	Graham Fry	1.53.02	17	28.48	1.24.14	18
143.	Linda Hayles	1.59.30	16	34.03	1.25.27	16
144.	Michael Burns	2.00.10	15	26.42	1.33.28	15
150.	Irene Neville	2.11.56	14	36.00	1.35.56	14
	RACE 2: KENTMERE HORSESHOE FELL RACE (AM 12m/3,300ft) - SUNDAY 7TH APRIL					
	Results not yet available					
	RACE 3: WARDLE SKYLINE FELL RACE (CM 7m/1,000ft) - SATURDAY 13TH APRIL					
1.	Malcolm Patterson	41.24				
9.	Gary Webb	42.56	30	3.30	39.26	20
24.	Richard Rowlands	44.55	29	5.08	39.47	19
37.	Steve Houghton	46.51	28	8.10	38.41	23
51.	Andy Wimpenny	47.58	27	10.16	37.42	26
54.	Jeff Winder	48.02	26	5.01	43.01	16
57.	Robin Skelton	48.19	25	11.40	36.39	28
62.	Pete Round	48.41	24	8.45	39.56	18
70.	Chris Peart-Binns	49.18	23	12.15	37.03	27
82.	Ian Hartman	49.56	22	12.08	37.48	25
88.	Chris Godridge	50.16	21	15.10	35.06	29
92.	Richard Kellett	50.27	20	11.12	39.15	22
95.	Michael Banks	50.35	19	11.19	39.16	21
105.	Peter Horne	51.16	18	12.50	38.26	24
129.	Andy Thompson	52.45	17	12.22	40.23	17
165.	Graham Fry	55.09	16	22.24	32.45	30
216.	Dave Yates	58.02	15	-	-	15

CHAMPIONSHIP POSITIONS AFTER TWO RACES

NAME	RACE 1 (M)	RACE 2 (M)	RACE 3 (M)	TOTAL POINTS
Gary Webb	30		30	60
Richard Rowlands	28		29	57
Steve Houghton	27		28	55
Andy Wimpenny	26		27	53
Ian Hartman	22		22	44
Richard Kellett	23		20	43
Andy Thompson	21		17	38
Graham Fry	17		16	33
Duncan Thompson	29			29
Jeff Winder			26	26
Robin Skelton			25	25
Rod Sutcliffe	25			25
Graeme Woodward	24			24
Pete Round			24	24
Chris Peart-Binns			23	23
Chris Godridge			21	21
Steve Kirkbride	20			20
Dennis Gildea	19			19
Michael Banks			19	19
John Riley	18			18
Peter Horne			18	18
Linda Hayles	16			16
Dave Yates			15	15
Michael Burns	15			15
Irene Neville	14			14

HANDICAP POSITIONS AFTER TWO RACES

NAME	RACE 1 (M)	RACE 2 (M)	RACE 3 (M)	TOTAL POINTS
Andy Wimpenny	30		26	56
Steve Houghton	28		23	51
Gary Webb	29		20	49
Graham Fry	18		30	48
Ian Hartman	22		25	47
Richard Rowlands	26		19	45
Richard Kellett	20		22	42
Andy Thompson	23		17	40
Chris Godridge			29	29
Robin Skelton			28	28
Chris Peart-Binns			27	27
Duncan Thompson	27			27
Steve Kirkbride	25			25
Graeme Woodward	24			24
Peter Horne			24	24
Michael Banks			21	21
Rod Sutcliffe	21			21
Dennis Gildea	19			19
Pete Round			18	18
John Riley	17			17
Jeff Winder			16	16
Linda Hayles	16			16
Dave Yates			15	15
Michael Burns	15			15
Irene Neville	14			14

Please note that the handicaps for Greg and Steve Houghton were transposed in the previous edition of Rampage. The correct figures should have been:

	Sh	Med	Lng		Sh	Med	Lng
Greg Houghton	110	120	125	Steve Houghton	66	70	90

ROSSENDALE WAY RELAY 17/2/91 45m 36 teams finished

1st Rossendale A

LEG 1	LEG 2	LEG 3	LEG 4	LEG 5	LEG 6
49.42 (1)	1.44.19 (1)	2.33.10 (1)	3.14.47 (1)	4.08.16 (1)	5.01.59 (1)
49.42 (1)	54.37 (3)	48.51 (2)	41.37 (1)	53.29 (1)	53.43 (2)
S.Livesey	K.Taylor	J.Eaton	D.Caldwell	M.Aspinall	M.Keys
B.Ashworth	P.Irwin	D.Callan	D.Schofield	P.Livesey	A.Heap

7th Calder Valley Fell Runners

52.55 (5)	1.54.10 (6)	2.47.43 (6)	3.35.53 (9)	4.31.38 (6)	5.28.58 (7)
52.55 (5)	1.01.15 (10)	53.33 (14)	47.50 (18)	56.05 (3)	57.20 (11)
S.Houghton	A.Wimpenny	K.Munton	J.Burnard	D.Thompson	P.Round
G.Webb	R.Sutcliffe	S.Parsons	G.Houghton	R.Rowlands	R.Kellett

Race report - by Richard Kellett

Andy Thompson will do anything to get out of good hard training run. I had suggested to Andy on the weekend of the Rossendale Relay that we get in some training for the Hobble. He quickly got on the phone suggesting to Duncan Thompson that Richard Kellett was clearly keen and fit, the ideal man to fill in the vacancy on the last leg!

However it worked out well, I got a long steady run on Saturday out and back on my leg courtesy of Duncan, and enjoyed my leg the next day.

Steve and Gary gave us an excellent start finishing their leg in 5th place. Andy, Rod, Kieth and Steve kept us well up in 6th place on legs two and three. Steve Parsons may not be known to many of our more recent members but he was a regular a few years ago, before business committments forced him to take a sabatical from regular running, the rest has clearly done him no harm. Jurgen and Greg only lost a couple of places which Duncan and Richard pulled back to 6th place again.

Now for me and Pete on the last leg, I started steady as usual !! But found Pete 50 yards behind after a couple of miles, in this period we lost one place to Clayton. However by half way I allowed Pete to get his second wind and he proceeded to run me into the ground. We started to pull back both Clayton and Bingley (thoughts of glory etc.) when I made a wrong turn which cost us a couple of minutes.

Still we eventually finished 7th, a good performance considering a couple of our runners were late replacements and an improvement on last years run.

Thanks again Andy Thompson !

Richard.


FELL RUNNING

Winder passes tough test

JEFF Winder headed the local challenge in the gruelling Calder Valley Fell Race.

He finished in tenth out of 174 finishers in 2 hours, 7 minutes 32 seconds over a 14 mile course taking in Wainstalls, Stoodley Pike and Mytholmroyd. The race was won by Glossopdales Andy Trigg in 1-59-19.

Other Calder placings: 14th, D. Thompson 2-09-58; 16th, R. Rowlands 2-11-42; 17th, S. Houghton 2-12-23; 46th, K. Munton 2-23-48; 56th, C. Godridge 2-27-01; 72nd, A. Thompson 2-29-08; 92nd, J. Wilkinson 2-38-38; 97th, S. Gardner 2-40-38; 98th, P. [illegible] 2-40-57; 115th, [illegible] 2-49-34.

CLUB TIME TRIAL HANDICAP RACE.

It is proposed to organize an event for club members only, which would be approx 6½ miles long and take in 6 orienteering type check points.

Competotors will set off at 30 second intervals. To deter people from catching and then following somebody who is a better navigator than themselves there will be a handicapping system employed. This will be kept secret with each competitors total time being adjusted by their handicap.

This event will take place from the Pack Horse Inn, Widdop, on Tuesday 21st May.

An award will be made to the person who has the fastest time after adjustment and also the to the person who does the fastest actual time.

Entry fee is 50p to cover any expenses. Any surplus will be donated to a charity of the winners choice.

Anyone wishing to take part give your name to Duncan Thompson or Ian Hartman, or put your name on the list on the list on the notice board at the Community Centre

ROSSENDALE WAY RELAY - TRANSPORT ARRANGEMENTS

by Duncan Thompson.

Reproduced below is Duncans plan for transport for our competitors in the Rossendale Way Relay. I'm considering submitting it to the Plain English Society as an example of Lancastrian gobbledegook.

Jeffs car left at end leg 1. He can then leave or follow on depending on commitments. Garys car left at Waterfoot, Richard R. and Jurgan wait here to be picked up by Duncan and Kieth. Rod and Andy to use own cars, 1 at each end. Duncan drives to end leg 1 with R.K. and J. and Picks up Gary. Jeff to Follow?. R.&J. know where changeover is from dropping Jeff's car. Steve Parsons to make own way (or travel with Rod & Andy & wait in car) to end leg 2. Duncan R.K. & G. drive from end leg 1 to end leg 2. Drop Kieth off. Steve Houghton to drive to Marl Pits for approx 10.00 & wait, unless he want to go straight to start of leg 4. Duncan R.J.& G. drive from end leg 2 to Waterfoot. Gary collects his car and follows Duncan via Marl Pits (pick up Steve Houghton), to end leg 3. Jurgen and Steve dropped off here. Pick up Kieth and Steve Parsons. Duncan and Richard pick up Kieth, Gary picks up Steve Parsons. Both cars travel to end leg 4 where Duncan & Richard are dropped. Kieth then drives Duncans car complete with Jurgen and Steve H. to end of leg 5 following Gary. Steve Skelton and Richard Crossland make their own way to end leg 5 & give key to car to Gary. Duncan to drive this car with Richard R. back to finish, via Marl Pits to pick up Steve H. car. If Steve Parsons car is left at end leg 2 this can be collected on way home.

Simple as that !!

FOR SALE

Pair of TREZETA plastic mountaineering boots. Hardly used. £30.00

Ring Nick 0422-832594

RESULTS.....RESULTS.....RESULTS.....RESULTS.....RESULTS.....RESULTS.

STANBURY FELL RACE 26/1/91 7m/1200'

1st	Colin Donnelly	ERYRI	43.09
58	Duncan Thompson	C.V.F.R.	49.35
64	Richard Crossland	"	51.21
69	Steve Skelton	"	51.32
110	Kieth Hunton	"	53.39
147	Jon Wilkinson	"	55.34
172	Jez Wilkinson	"	57.27
191	Carol Greenwood	"	58.24
196	Tim Wilkinson	"	58.38
237	Howard Holmes	"	61.33
250	Mike Fleetwood	"	62.01
253	John Riley	"	62.07
295	Alan Greenwood	"	64.29

395 started

Duncan, Kieth and Bod obviously had'nt had enough fun for one day so they came over to Mytholmroyd and ran the Calder Valley Handicap.

MICKLEDEN STRADDLE 3/2/91 8m/1150'

1st	Peter Webster	Saddleworth	52.02	
54	Carol Greenwood	C.V.F.R.	62.00	1st lady

WADSWORTH TROG 23/2/91 20m/4500'

1st	Ian Ferguson	Bingley	2.56.00
7th	Duncan Thompson	C.V.F.R.	3.11.17
17	Dave Goldie	"	3.24.11
25	Rod Sutcliffe	"	3.33.52
28	Pete Horne	"	3.37.55
30	Mick Banks	"	3.38.35
33	Kieth Hunton	"	3.41.13
43	Mark Bramhall-Pimlott	"	3.48.04
44	Dennis Gildea	"	3.51.33
49	Richard Kellett	"	3.53.00
60	Chris Godridge	"	4.04.47
61	Steve Kirkbride	"	4.05.14
63	Pete Regan	"	4.05.39
85	Steve Cavell	"	4.23.33
95	John Riley	"	4.31.52
104	Michael Burns	"	4.40.11
113	Roger Nuttall	"	4.57.50
124	Irene Neville	"	
64	Jon Wilkinson	"	4.07.17

187 entered
143 started
127 finished

A very good turn out by the Calder Valley on a wet and windy day. We also had a few more who started but failed to finish, I've accepted a small bribe not to mention their names.
Dave Goldie had an excellent run in his first long race, being up with Duncan for most of the race but weakening after Cock Hill on the way back.
His next door neighbour, Mark B-P did well to finish after having fallen on the Pennine Way stretch leading down to Walshaw Dean, cutting his chin and busting his nose. I passed him shortly after his fall to see his face covered in blood, anyway the rain cleaned him up a bit for the finish.

.....RESULTS.....RESULTS.....RESULTS.....RESULTS.....RESULTS.....RESULTS.....

HAWORTH HOBBLE	16/3/91	33m/4400'
1st	Pete Irwin/Colin Valentine	3hr 51min
8th	Jeff Winder/Jeff Coulson	4h 22m
9th	Duncan Thompson/Steve Houghton	4h 22m
11th	Rod Sutcliffe/Andy Nimpenny	4h 26m
44th	Greg Houghton/Pete Horne	4h 55m
50th	Mark B-P/Dave Goldie	5h 00m
87th	Steve Kirkbride/Pete Regan	5h 17m
112	Richard Kellett/Andy Thompson	5h 25m
115	Chris P-B/Carl Greenwood	5h 27m
	Trevor Redmond/Brian Horsley	5h 39m
	Pete White/Rhys Kift	5h 40m
147	Steve Cavell/Graham Spencer	5h 41m
	Jon Wilkinson/Jez Wilkinson	5h 45m
	Jim Sheard/Jill Thistlethwaite	6h 03m
	Mike Fleetwood/Howard Holmes	6h 19m
	Roger Nuttall/Michael Burns	7h 04m
	Irene Neville/Linda Hayles	6h 12m
	Ian Hartman/Mick Banks	timed out

There were 541 teams listed on the start sheet plus other teams who entered too late to be included; a very large entry the majority appearing to be runners. As you can see to the left Calder Valley were well represented both in quantity and quality. I understand that the two Jeff's were assisted by a dog in their effort to out sprint Duncan and Steve, a bit unfair perhaps but there is nothing in the rules that state you can't be chased by a dog through Haworth.
Good conditions resulted in 3 teams beating the old course record and allthough most CVFR's set PB's there was no shortage of disaster stories which are inevitable over such a long distance. My partner and I managed to miss the start having been delayed whilst Greg powdered his nose. We then ran very well together untill Gibson Mill from where Greg proceeded to hammer me all the way up that miserable climb to Walshaw, stopping every hundred yards to wait for me, asking if I was all right then setting off and leaving me again. Then a strange thing happened as we were leaving the Walshaw check, without giving any prior warning Greg suddenly stopped, "What's up?" said I, "I can't go any further, my legs have gone!" replied Greg. "You f..... can." I retorted wherupon he sat down saying, "I'm cold." "Put some b..... clothes on then." I advised. "I had'nt thought of that, I think it's done something to my brain," said Greg. Anyway I met adversity like a man and started to cry, pleading with him to ignore sense and push himself further; he did. Steadily we approached Haworth, myself still sobbing as teams we had'nt seen for hours hobbled past us. What if Mark catches us, I'll never hear the last of it. We got to the last checkpoint from home and encouraged by the thought that we could still qualify for a sub 5hr 'elite' time upped the pace and began to jog. Greg appeared to be recovering and we were catching a few teams, that is untill we got to Haworth main street where, in front of the day-trippers and lunchtime boozers he collapsed onto all fours and emptied the minimal contents of his stomach onto the picturesque cobbles. "Come on, get up, we've only got two hundred b..... yards to go." "Leave him alone, can't you see he's poorly," protest onlookers. "I can't b..... leave him, it's a b..... team b..... race, and we've got to finish to b..... gether," I snap back. Anyway we make it to the finish and after a couple of pints we're friends again, Greg even thanking me for my mild encouragement over the last seven miles, strange how total abject misery can be fogotten so quickly.

.RESULTS.....RESULTS.....RESULTS.....RESULTS.....RESULTS.....RESULTS.

FIENDSDALE FELL RACE 23/3/91 9m/2600'

1st	Malcolm Patterson	Dark Peak	1.16.36
4th	Gary Webb	C.V.F.R.	1.17.22
6th	Duncan Thompson	"	1.19.40
13	Richard Rowlands	"	1.20.43
20	Steve Houghton	"	1.23.29
34	Andy Wimpenny	"	1.25.44
43	Rod Sutcliffe	"	1.28.58
55	Graeme Woodward	"	1.32.07
57	Richard Kellett	"	1.32.16
59	Ian Hartman	"	1.32.52
61	Andy Thompson	"	1.33.02
74	Steve Kirkbride	"	1.34.11
101	Dennis Gildea	"	1.42.18
116	John Riley	"	1.46.11
128	Graham Fry	"	1.53.02
143	Linda Hayles	"	1.59.30
144	Michael Burns	"	2.00.10
150	Irene Neville	"	2.11.56

RACE REPORT.....by Duncan

The plan was that I would meet up with the rest of the club just outside Whalley at 9.45 on the day of the race. A small group of us had been round the race route the week before but the others wer'nt sure if they could find their way to the start again. Local knowledge/navigational skills essential I arrived promptly, five minutes late. Four car loads of us travelled through Whalley and Chipping to Fell Foot, the race venue. Our numbers were swelled by Bod, Mike and Graham who had made their own ways there.

This is usually a low key event with only 80 or 90 entrants. Word must be getting round what a good race it is (the best in Lancashire in my opinion) because 162 people started this year, of which 17 were from the Calder Valley The organizer has since told me that he will ensure that it clashes with the Hobble in future to prevent a repetitio

On a perfect day (for those who were relying on following others) we set off up the initial steep climb round the side of Parlick Pike. On the long heathery descent from CP2 towards CP3 it became obvious that the leaders were not going to make any major mistakes today, unlike previous years when they have been wandering around all over the place.

By the climb up Fiendsdale Head I had caught Rolly up and we went through CP4 in 7th and 8th positions. As we climbed out from CP4 it looked as though the leading three, Patterson Gaunt and Irwin, were going to climb straight over Fairsnape Fell instead of contouring it. If Gary gets this right he should win this. Yes he's going the right way. Damn, they have spotted him and have stopped climbing and started contouring instead.

Next along are Pete Ward and Ray Owen. Ward and a few other Preston Harriers have spent all winter convincing themselves that its quicker to go over than round. Well we'll soon see.

A good fast run round the contour and back up onto Parlick saw me through into 6th positior Nobody in front, nobody behind, no mistakes down the final steep descent and I'm back nearly two minutes up on my previous best for the course.

The highlight of the day for me though was that Calder Valley won the team prize, being the only team with an agregate time under 4 hours. A few more results like this and people will start to take notice of us as a club.

What happened to Pete Ward? He dropped back to 7th position and spent most of the run in, trying to convince himself that he was catching Gary but realizing he had actually dropped a place to me. Boy was he sick.

D.T.

HALIFAX ATTEMPT ON PENNINE WAY 8 MAN RELAY

Perfect weather conditions saw Geoff Winder leaving Edale at 04.00 hrs. on Saturday morning, June 28th, 1986 on the section to the A58. He tapped Garry Webb on the shoulder and then proceeded to collapse into a heap in the heather. Geoff had the company, for part of his section, of the Holmfirth Harriers, attempting the shortest time for the route of approx. 29 hrs. Geoff's time for his section was some 31 mins. faster than Clayton, so a new record had been set.

Garry had a fine run but suffered from the heat through Cowling. He recovered to make a storming run over Pinhaw Beacon and finished at the Gargrave Bridge changeover point in 4 hrs. 53 mins., just 6 mins. slower than Clayton's time for the section, the heat was beginning to tell!!

Paul Daley and Keith Midgley, wearing hats and kerchiefs as protection from the sun, set off at a brisk pace, with the temperature climbing into the 80's as they climbed over Malham Moor, Fountains Fell and Pen-y-Ghent and arrived at Horton-in-Ribblesdale suffering from the heat and dehydration justly slightly behind schedule. A quick dousing in water, liquid refreshment and they were on their way again, over Cam End to Kidhow Gate just below Dodd Fell, where Dave and Ann Cleminson were waiting with liquid refreshments. The temperature was now over 90 deg. this. They rallied strongly over the last 6 miles to Hardrow and arrived at the 'Green Dragon' at 7.20 p.m. with the excellent time of 5 hrs. 42 mins.

Paul Frechette and Richard Dyson were the next pair away and they disappeared into the cooling evening, ready to climb Great Shunner Fell - the highest peak on the Pennine Way so far. Their route took them through Thwaite, and past the famous Tan Hill Inn.

A navigation problem some two miles from Middleton-in-Teesdale in the dark lost them a lot of time and they finally arrived at the changeover point at 2.05 a.m. in a time of 6 hrs. 28 mins.

Peter White and Rhus Kift set off along the River Tees in perfect temperatures passing the famous High Force Waterfall just as it was beginning daylight. By Langdon torches and made good time along the banks of the river. They were treated to the spectacle of Cauldron Snout - a narrow cataract of water sweeping over jagged rocks. On over the moors and High Cup Nick giving a dramatic view of the Lake District Mounns in the distance.

The run to Dufton was followed by the long climb up to Cross Fell, at 2,930 ft, the highest point on the Pennine Way. The pleasant easterly breeze helped keep the runners cool and they were treated to magnificent views on their ascent. The old miners' track from Cross Fell seemed never-ending, but finally they arrived at Garrigill, 7 hrs 32 mins after leaving Middleton.

Peter Lynch and Nigel Quickley disappeared and in mounting temperatures found the going difficult on their hot valley run. They were met at Hadrian's Wall by Keith and Paul, who ran with them to the changeover point at Peel Road, where they arrived at 3.00 p.m. in the afternoon, covering the section in 5 hrs 23 mins.

Dave Cleminson attired in club colours, charged off along the top of Hadrian's Wall and was met after some 24 miles along the route by Gary Webb, who made him work hard over the last 6 miles to Bryness, where he arrived

Cooling temperatures saw Rod Sutcliffe disappear up through the woods, with a fixed glazed stare on his face.

Two hours into the run, he was met on the Cheviot Border by Keith, who ran with him all the way to the finish at Kirk Yetholm. A marvellous finish was assured when Rod and Keith charged out of the growing darkness onto the village green at 11.48 p.m. Rod broke the record for this section in a time of 4 hrs 21 mins, 8 mins better than the Clayton best.

Overall, the Harriers' time was just not good enough to beat the record of 41 hrs 29 mins. Our aggregate time was 43 hrs 48 mins.

The weekend was a great success and maybe next year we can do just that little bit better!!

Peter White

N.B. Three individual records were broken:

Stage 1: G. Winder
5 hrs. 02 mins. (Edale to A58);
Stage 5: P. White/R. Kift
? hrs. 32 mins. (Middleton to Garrisgill);
Stage 8: R. Sutcliffe
4 hrs. 21 mins. (Bryness to

The above article was copied from an old Fell Runner magazine. If anyone has any old pieces that would be interesting to present members please let me have a copy for future publication.



Vegans and vegetarians will be glad to know of some excellent new alternatives to wearing leather and wool on your feet. Omnivores too will find these boots and socks good value for money.

'Vegan Adige' walking boots are light-weight boots with cordura and krostell uppers. Cordura is a woven nylon fabric that has been hot rolled to make it impervious to water, while krostell is a non-porous synthetic suede. Moisture from the feet is soaked up by a comfortable cambrelle lining. There is a rubber rand and a rubber-cleated sole. They are available at £40 (including postage and packing) for sizes 36-46 or £34 for sizes 34 and 35, from: Designer Wares, Y Gorlan, Tynygongl, Anglesey LL74 8QE (0248 852019).

'Viking Off-Road' laced ankle boots are made of 100% natural rubber. They are waterproof and easy to clean. They have a high padded bellows tongue and a padded collar to support the ankle. A rand protects against scuffing, while there are sturdy double hooks for lacing up. They are available in sizes 36 to 46 at £39.95 (inc. p&p) from Cader Idris Outdoor Gear, Eldon Square, Dolgellau, Gwynedd (0341 422195).

'Thor Lo Padds' hiking socks are easily the best pair of walking socks I have worn since becoming a vegan in 1977. They are made of Turbo Hi-Bulk Orlon, which has a wicking action to carry perspiration away from the foot. High density pads give extra protection at the impact zones of the heel and the ball. These socks are wonderfully dry and comfortable. They are available in shoe sizes 4 to 11½, in ankle length (violet, lavender or grey/black) for £6.95 (inc. p&p) or knee length (red, navy or olive) for £8.95 from Cader Idris Outdoor Gear, address as above.

I have tested the boots in Snowdonia while wearing the Thor Lo Padd hiking socks. The Vegan Adige boots are ideal for the summer, while the Viking Off Road boots are good all year round.

CALDER VALLEY NIGHTSHIFT
MOG
DERWENT WATERSHED
(High Peak Marathon 1st/2nd.March 1991)

"They came, They saw, They used tremendously bad language"
a local observer

Ever since December when Pete talked us into doing this race none of us have met anybody with anything good to say about it. Indeed, it was clearly a topic of fell running horror stories. Armed with other peoples prejudices we assembled chattering innanely with each other and dithering with nervous expectation: Watershed virgins about to be stuffed by the event perhaps? We posed for team photos before rather than after. I mean, who wants a dirty photograph anyway? At last we spot wise counsel walking over the car park in the shape of Jeff Winder.

"If you feel like you're running slow down."
"Just mog on!"

11-09 Our start time. The night shift clocked on and launched themselves into oblivion. A nice easy climb to Hollins Cross only warranted mild expletive and such genteel reflective questions of the like, "do you think we should have done a bloody recce?" This gentle banter followed us through Hope and across Win Hill Pike. From Win Hill we had the most amazing sight of a snake of headlamps wriggling their way down from Lose Hill summit. A wonderful sight! East off Win Hill to Yorkshire Bridge. Could we find the bridge? Could we hell! P.C. Horne was duly despached to detect the case. Felony was quickly discounted and a need to update the Harvey's map identified. We enjoyed a picnic on the road and track to High Nab and joked along the ridge to Moscar and the first feeding station. Why do they hate the Watershed?It is reasonably easy so far.

After Moscar we found out! Even the gentle climb from Strines Road to Derwent Edge then on up to Dovestone Tor grinds you down in the small hours. At Dovestone we encounter Jeff and Rod.
"Mog on lads! It6s a bloody long mog."is Jeff's advice.
Rod asks if everyone is alright. Just as he is about to hear more complaint than in a week in the surgery the good doctor disappears into the night. Is this the streamlined N.H.S.?
From hereon in we cursed through sludge. Some moments waste deep in stinking mud other moments howling as ice cracked the shins. Couple these luxuries with Mark taking control of navigation and you have the picture. Suddenly, as if to confirm that the dream is not all bad a white Mountain Hare tripped ghost like in front of our beams. The spirits lifted again.

Even Dante would have had a problem describing the section between Cut Gate and Bleaklow. Ralph & Ruth were called for but they never turned up. We stumbled on like Saturday night drunks from gough to hag; Stopping occasionally for Mick to empty his guts on the hillside. Pete spoke passionately of warm beds, Dave turned pale and Mark kept us mogging on. We even passed teams in this state. Imagine what it must have done for their morale to have been passed by a staggering, spuing mob with Mark navigating

Dawn over Bleaklow is an experience which defies words. The shape and colour of the landscape altered kaleidoscopically for a full half hour. Our bodies changed with it. Despite being on the go the inner self still changes from sleep mode to wake and we mogged on merrily to the feed station at Snake Summit.

"How far to go now?" asked Mark to the checkpoint official.
"F.... off Mark!" replied the other three of us. The answer was always going to be too big to ponder.
Setting off from Snake our mood lifted. Without speaking to each other it was as if we knew that this was it. We will conquer the Watershed. Mill Hill came and went, Kinder climbed and traversed, Brown Knoll frozen and runnable. The crocodile of teams catching us at Snake were dropped again and with a war cry of "MOG ON" we annhialated Rushup Edge, contoured Mam Tor and descended from Hollins Cross as if on fresh legs. Our arrival at Edale village had taken us a creditable 11 hours 17 minutes and brought us home in 12th place.

We were well chuffed and used bad language to celebrate!

Now we know the magic of the Watershed. It is an emotional puzzle that takes you from hell to heaven, laughter to tears, misery to wonder and sickness to health. To add to the puzzle Mark navigated to perfection.

Here's looking forward to another bloody nightshift!

It woul only be fitting to conclude by taking the opportunity to congratulate Jeff and Rod for their team's performance in finishing second. Well Done!

The Nightshift are:- Pete Horne, Mick Banks, Dave Goldie, Mark Bramall-Pimlott.

UPS AND DOWNS.

Why are some people better at fell running than cross-country or road running you may ask? This question could be answered with another question: how does fell running differ from road and cross-country ?

The contrast is in the competition surfice - the terrain and its inclination Road races are held on relatiely level tarmaced roads; cross-country races may be held at international level on a race course or at local level in a town park. The fell racers terrain is continuously steep and may be inhospitable. We are all aware that fell races are grouped into three types Category A (Classic Fell Race), Category B (Standard FellRace) and Category C (Mild Fell Race)

Natives of the worlds mountain areas tend to be small and stocky; the ideal distance runner though small is also light in build. Successful fell runners, however, encompass a much wider range of phisical types (somatype). Stuart Bland, for instance, is bigger and more muscly than his brother Billy, who is short and light like John Wild. Kenny Stuart is even shorter whilst Mike Short is smaller and lighter than Harry Walker whose powerful legs drive him on especially in muddy conditions.

Climbing ability during a fell race is dependent on one's lung capacity ('VO2') and one's ability to use it to the full (VO2 max). Attaining one's maximal oxigen uptake is a key phase in the training programmes developed by Arthur Lydiart, the New Zealand. Thus hill running up a steep incline (1 in 3) was said to provide not only the necessary strenth and suppleness but also 'forces the legs to work harder than any other type of training our athlete does' (from 'Run to the Top'). Thus such is the effort involved in climbing by some top flight fell runners that tney may feel dizzy or light headed during a strenuous ascent, as their oxygen transport systems are taxed to the limit.

Others to realise the importance of cardio-vascular capacity included antipodean authority, Percy Cerutty, who introduced sand-dune running. Emil Zatopek who, even while confined by the Czech authorities to his house, trained this aspect by running up and down stairs - with his wife on his shoulders. Incidently Zatopek's name was suggested to the 1953 British Everest Committee, 'his exeptional lung capacity better able to cope with the lack of oxigen at altitude'. Training devices have been available to simulate the effects of altitude - an American 'PO2 Exerciser' and a Black & Decker 'Pacer'. The latter is like having a portable hill in ones living room. But how the cardiovascular capacity is attained doesn't really matter. Some cyclists for instance have been satisfactory fell runners with little training.

So now with your good pair of lungs and a good pair of legs you can climb quickly to the summit - body inclined, weight forward, head down, hands on knees pushing legs if the slope is very steep or pushing on ones toes like a sprinter if less so. Examine photographs of leading runners and this is the style they'll adopt.

Climbing is only one aspect of fell running though, and a good climber may not as of right be a good decender. Harry Walker, superb though he is, is nominally a 'poor' descender. Does he build up an unassailable lead that won't be challenged on the descent ? Stuart Bland on the other hand is a relatively poor climber. In his first ever fell race, the Borrowdale, he was 12th as he reached Scafell Pike summit from Esk Hause. He then came down the Corridor Route 'in his ordinary manner', overtaking amongst others Mike Nicholson (then an excellent descender and a former holder of the fastest Bob Graham circuit), to place third going up Great Gable. Being Borrowdale born and bred, Stuart reckons the tecknique comes naturally, a second nature to him when out on the hill gathering sheep. All a question of co-ordination, eye and nerve.

An interesting aside is that these factors may be related to ones potential in other sports. Those who do have the necessary ability, be it inate or learned, would also succeed as alpine skiers, hang gliders or Tour de France mountain cycling descenders. Joss Naylor, who held the record for the descent for the Pikes Peak Marathon which drops 7000 feet in 13 miles descended Halls Fell ridge (Blencathra) and Lingmell each 2400 feet on his 24 hour record run each in 18 minutes. The rate of descent was in excess of 130 feet/minute. It is possible that John Wild's descent of Ben Lomond is worthy of a record since Naylor was on a multi-peak run spreading his effort over 24 hours. Each of these are events where it is possible to descend at a pace where all is in control. Rock hopping is not a limiting factor like the Ben Nevis or on Scafell Pike.

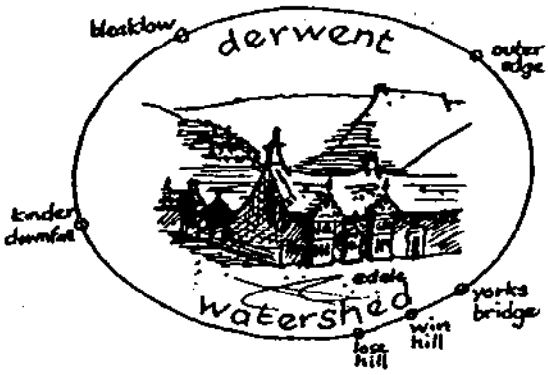
It is in descending where one is most prone to injury, and many consider they would do fell races more often were thire ankles stronger. After the ankle the weak link in the line is tne back to which the force of a heavy or bad landing may be transmitted. Ones thighs are the shock absorbers - thats why they feel the strain so much after a hard race.

Finally to provide some food for thought, here is Joss Naylors advice on descending: 'Don't hold back and strain....relax....you have to be sharp and have good reflexes....you have to nave got through miles in your legs'

This first appeared in COMPASS SPORT.

High Peak Marathon

1st/2nd March 1991



RESULTS.....49 teams started.....40 teams finished.....

1st	East Hull Harriers	Jonathan Whitehead Gerry Orchard	Jim Rogers Ian Jones	9hrs 29mins
2nd	Famous Five	Rod Sutcliffe Jeff Winder	Jeff Coulson Pete Simpson	9hrs 40mins
12th	Calder Valley Night Shift	Pete Horne Dave Goldie	Mick Banks Mark Bramhall-Pimlott	11hrs 17mins

Mick Banks has written a report about this event which should be somewhere in this issue. Below is an extract from the Rucksack Club Journal, 1990, written by Mike Cudahy.

WARPED BY THE WATERSHEDS

Prologue (For the uninitiated)

The Derwent Watersheds is a 40 mile bog-trot devised by the late Eustace Thomas, one of the Clubs most celebrated grough-hounds. Eustace, an engineer by profession, applied rather precise scientific methods of preparation to his feats of endurance. The High Peak Marathon is a race organised round Thomas's route. I took part in the first thirteen of these events including the 6 won by the Rucksack Club. Exact team composition changed but the nucleus mained the same. None of us will ever forget our nights on the Watersheds - try as we will. With one exeption all the incidents which follow derive from fact. But memory is a funny thing.....

.....

In front of me the dog for once mistimed his jump and landed plop ! in the black porridge. 'Takes more than brute strength, you mutt', I murmured. 'Skill, which is derived from years of experiance, is what it takes'. With the ease born of long practice I sprang with micrometric precision onto my take off tussock and lept in a graceful arc across the oozing grough. I hit my landing pad with nonchalant accuracy and, as the dog turned with a wolfish grin, sank to the very vitals. He then very wisely discovered something interesting several groughs away while, cursing, I peered round to make sure no-one had witnessed this dinting of my 'street-cred' as I believe it is known. Of course no-one had because, well into a grey February afternoon, no one else was daft enough to be slopping around in a mire at Swain's Head.

Yes I was deep in Derbyshire Watersheds country, In fact at the very point of 'no return' as the pundit had described this area seventeen years ago when some idiots had decided to organise an 'event' round Eustice Thomas's brainchild. The 'High Peak Marathon' they'd called it, for teams of four, at night, in winter. 'Point of no return'. Can you imagine turning, defeated, in your tracks to plod twenty miles back to the start when in half an

hour you could be down in the valley? 'Should be in the control of a senior mountaineer of Alpine Club status' decreed the worthy, who assured readers of the Sheffield Argus he had 'in his day' climbed forty peaks and passes in the Alps (Did he mean within twenty-four hours I wonder?)'We'll be there to pull them out' promised a Park Ranger. Oh no they weren't. When poor old Eric non-swimmer Mitchell departed from Hern Bend en route for Grains-in-the-Water, completely submerged in the swollen torrents of Hern Clough, he was eventually trawled by members of his own team. Over many competitions I witnessed and partook of a goodly number of complete and partial immersions and sinkings in the mire out never once did I see the hand of a Ranger extend to pull anyone out of anything.

As I plodded on the shouts and cries, gaspings and cursings of the many Watersheds races began to invade my mind with soundless clamour. The keening threnody reached a pitch as desolate as the empty moor around me. Looming through the sobbing mist I thought I could discern the small haven of Bleaklow Stones. Then, to my horror, wings of darkness fanned around me. The wings swept, folded, engulfed. I could not see. Stumbling blindly I stepped into space from the top of a peat hag and felt myself spinning endlessly down into the black grough.....

When I came to my senses I was not at all surprised to hear a crisp voice saying 'Right 23.20 hours, team 24: Rucksack Elite. Off you go lads. Good luck!' Steering an unerring line through Edale car park and pumped full of adrenalin I led the team out in the direction of Hollins Cross. Must get a good start, early demoralization of the team behind, blast past the team in front. The lads are gasping a trifle, good! That will cut down on distracti chatter and badinage. Now, up the hill full bore. THUNK!! 'Ow!' Hello, what was that? Ah, I see. Richardson's very carelessly steamed head first into an erosion control barrier. I do hope he's not gone and incapacitated himself. 'Let's have a good look at you. Yes, youre perfectly all right, only your nose. Mop up the blood and try to be a bit more careful glance up occasionally.' Hmm, his eyes had a funny sort of glaze when I shone my torch into them. What a wonderful beam has my torch, my secret weapon. No more fiddling with wonky switches, poor connections and fading batteries. I have wired a massive lantern battery to a large chromium-plated head torch. The battery is carried snugly in my rucksack with a long cable taped securely to the strap and connected to the torch via a sturdy two-pin household plug. All water vulnerable points are sealed with tape - foolproof! I leap over the first stile after Hollins Cross and, lassooing a post with a loop of cable, rip every connection asunder. Well, pernaps not yet quite foolproof.

Darkly then to Lose Hill tobogganning down the slimey slopes in a worn out pair of Walsh boots, courtesy of Geoff and demanded by the rules. 'Boots must be worn or carried.' Figures come careering out of the night, arms windmill whirling, backsides smacking into the greasy clay. With the adrenalin still pumping its fierce and fiery course I lead the assault on Win Hill. We become entangled with another team. Gruntfutock Ferklers or some such. I'll give them a ferkle to make their futocks grunt! Feed in the upnill power, now a little more. Ha! the swine's still with me. Ring the engine rooms for full steam. I'll make your pips squeak my audacious Ferkle. He's falling astern but still he clings to my heels with gasping tenacity. But now the slope steepens and its onto the toes, springing. How do you like that you upstart? A strangled cry. 'For Gods sake slow down Mike, you're killing me! ' Puzzlement.
'Is that you John?'
'Of course it is you idiot. What did you think?'

Crossing the moor beneath Moscar Edge a message is relayed from the rear of the team. 'Tell Mike that...' 'Tell Mike that...' 'Mike Geoff says that he's just got to stop for a crap.' 'A what?!!! We've only been going two hours. Ask him why he did'nt go before we started'. 'Why did'nt he go...' 'Why did'nt he go...' 'I did!' 'Says he did.' Now Geoff, while a rapid walker, is notoriously slow in certain other matters. We could have a serious proble here. My directions are precise, 'We will walk slowly on, make sure you catch us by the third millstone, or else!' Amazingly he's back with us in minutes and I congratulate myself; a little firmness is all one needs.

Swoop into Moscar Lodge control. Having forbidden anyone to sample the tea (it takes time to drink hot tea) we choke down half a pint of freezing, sickly orange. Out at the double

head swivelling to note with satisfaction that the Gruntferkle Bogwappers are struggling in disarray a good five minutes back into the inky moor. But more lights are closing and, before us, the ascent of Derwent Edge is pinpricked with blips of light. Onwards then, ye Rucksack stalwarts, onwards, ye leather-lunged grough-hounds. Cry 'Eustace Thomas for Rucksack, England and Barratt's Nostril Expanders!'
'Er Mike?'
'Now what?'
Geoff's got a problem.'
'Oh has he? Hard luck.' (Run, run, stagger, gasp, squelsh)
'Er, Mike?'
'What is it this time?'
'Geoff says he's got an urgent proolem.'
'We've all got a blankety problem. It's called the blankety Derwent blankety Watersheds problem and we're trying to race round the blankety thing! Ask him what's wrong.' (Run, run, stagger, squelsh) Then: run, snigger, stagger, chuckle; gasp, giggle; squelsh, guffaw.
'Mike, Geoff say's he needs another crap.' A tremendous oath ends all merriment.
'He's only just had one and he's not having another without a full explanation from his mother - preferably after the event. Tell him that!'

Run, mutter, stagger, mutter; gasp, fading mutter. 'He says you made him nervous last time and he had to hurry and he did'nt finish and he's going to stop anyway.' Another foul oath.
'Well tell him to do it properly this time and not to go looking for a quiet place and admiring the view like he normally does.'
'O.K. Mike, Geoff's back with us again.'
'How delightful. Perhaps we may continue the race now. And watch the boggy bits, they're really sticky tonight.' No answer. Where the devil are they? Go back fifty yards to three figures peering vaguely into a black quagmire. Denis Weir muttering 'Hubble, bubble, toil and trouble...' They give a guilty start as I snap 'What's going on here?' (A rhetorical question this, as even in my adrenalin pooped, tunnel vision race mode I can manage the obvious). Possibly motivated by the ominous tome of my voice Geoff imitates the action of the Bleaklow Bald-Heron and plunges mudwards to emerge triumphant with one dripping shoe.
'We shall wait, Geoff. Catch us up as soon as possible.'

Five minutes later, still no sign of Geoff. Conscious of the rules forbidding teams splitting, I order a halt. As the moments tick by I am to be observed hopping from foot to foot, stamping the ground and occasionally kicking clods into the air. (Not John and Denis, I should add. Not yet anyway). A noise of a runaway steam engine and Geoff explains that to forestall mishaps he had double knotted his laces at the start then his shoe came off and then his knot. you see...For once words fail me.

But now, as the wind begins to scream over the edges we are joined in battle by an old adversary, Dark Peak Contempibles. It's cut and thrust, lunge and parry, around the tors, among the boulders, and through the swelling bog. Suddenly, Richardson whose low cunning, lack of sportsmanship and flair for taking unfair advantage are perhaps his most endearing features, murmurs to me that one of the Contemptables is off the back'. While the other three are intent on staying with us, a quick glance in the rear view mirror reveals a dwindling flicker some way behind. As the three DPC torches disapear on the blind side of an outcrop John and I whisper to our team mates 'Keep up the pressure. Three of them have just gone the wrong side of that tor and the other one is off the back and suffering.' A far away squawk confirms the diagnosis. Geoff, honest fellow that he is, compensates for any lack of subtlety by a surfeit of vocal power. 'What's that?' he bellows 'ONE OF THEM OFF THE BACK?' The three torches reappear on our line. 'What did you say?' they ask suspiciously.
'Geoff's just complaining about his bad back' I smoothly interject.
'I hav'nt got a bad aagh...!!
'You will have very shortly' I hiss through the head lock.
A good ten minutes later, their team leader, possibly literate but certainly not numerate, makes the calculation that two times four should equal eight and not seven. 'Hey, anyone seen Alan?' he asks. With gleeful nonchalance we inform him that we last saw Alan disappearing in the mist in the approximate direction of Sheffield and making funny noises. The team leader becomes temporarily inarticulate and changes colour. We tut-tut sympathetically before waving a fond farewell. Well serve him right! Team leaders should be a caring sort of chap like what I am.

With DPC in confusion and other following torches at the point of break of contact, I turn the screws even harder. 'Death (gasp), or glory (gasp)' I gasp. Black Tor bulges out of the mist. If we drop down the other side quickly, we'll be out of sight for a long time and with a bit if luck Darkgruntock Ferwarblers will enjoy the scenic diversion to the apt named 'Lost Lad'. As I move precisley right to tread the secret trod, Richardson casually remarks 'I feel a bit peckish, this seems like a good place for a bite'. As he reaches for his laced napkin my steely claw grabs him warmly by the throat and through clenched teeth I chide him gently. 'You may have forgotten but we're in a blankety race and I've just screwed my blankety wotsits off to get in front of that lot and now you want to stop for a blankety picnic so they can catch up again. What do you think this is, some kind of blankety game!?' Acknowledging the elegent logic and interlectual thrust of my argument he shamefacedly crams the napkins out of sight and slinks after me. 'Here' I say in kindlier tones, 'you can have this piece of three year old mintcake I've been carrying in my pocket for emergencies. Stuff it in your gob and mind you don't choke on the fluff.'

Deeply draws the night around our little band. Mist shrouds weave wet embraces. Ted Dance seems to have joined us and like a guiding angel flows ahead marrying instinct and science in immaculate navigation. But at Cut Gate control a scene of high drama is enacted. Straining figures brace against the bending poles of a slabsided tent. Another figure hurls itself onto flaps of cracking canvas as the tent, possessed by wind demons, seeks flight in the storm wracked night. Hunched over a fitfully roaring primus a furtive figure stirs a mess of pottage. 'You can't come in here,' screeches a crone over a stove, 'competitors tent is next door.' We look to see a flattened handkerchief of wet nylon. John utters a single out course expletive and begins to strip off his wet garments. The crone peers up in sudden intrest, cackles and drops a frog's leg into her broth.
'Come to order Richardson'I bark.
'Only getting into my hand-crocheted liberty bodice' comes the surly response. (So thats how he passes his winter months). Meanwhile, Geoff and Ted recline at their ease sipping the crones evil brew from hand carved plastic cups and nibbling raspberry-de-foie-gras cutties. Detecting early signs of deterioration in morale, with a deft flick of the left foot and a harder swing with the right, I manage to simultaneously scatter the brew and eject the team from this hell's parlour of pleasure.

Outer Edge, Swains Head, on into the very womb of Bleaklow. As I look behind I see no lights beyond those of my trusty team and, as I gaze, in some ghastly fashion their intermingled spirits fuse into one entity. I am left alone with a spectre whose essence radiates with the alter ego of all: Bell, Dance, Weir, Talbot, Richardson. Shuddering, I try to move faster, endeavouring not to look benind but horribly aware of the flickering luminescence licking at my heels.

Swains Head control: a black unlit pyramid from which snores tremble forth. 'Wake up you idle layabouts.' (Authoritatively and stentoriously). 'Rucksack Elite here. When did Clayton-le-Moors Swivell Hoppers go through?'
'They hav'nt, only Dark Peak International Crumple Tights ahead of you'.
'Splendid! Now douse those lights and go back to sleep while we drag your tent behind that comfortable peat hag over there. And do try to keep the snores down.'
Meanwhile, unknown to the rest of the world, Clayton-le-Moors Swivel Hoppers are hopping down one of the Black Cloughs looking for a point on their map where four years ago this control was sited. Two hours of swivel hopping stimulates the onset of dawn and the re-engagement of their brains. Their leader, quite rightly, performs hara-kiri.)

The faintest of steely glims begins to infuse the eiderdowns of dark mist, and as I rise briskly from gulping a swift drink the team corporate have once more particularized. They are individually sprawled in the grough bottom and are scrabbling in their nose bags for tasty morsels. I glare at them but they just stare sullenly back. I sense rebellion in the air and decide to let this one ride, but I shan't forget.....

Bleaklow Stones rise like tombs before us. Are those carrion crows sitting atop them and regarding us with rapacious curiosity? 'Avaunt! Thou black servants of death!' I brandish my Silva compass aloft and two grouse fly off cackling. A drear spot this but it marks the turning for home. Only Bleaklow Ridge, Featherbed Moss, Kinder and Brown Knoll to traverse, yet still a team in front and one pressing from behind.

On grey race dawns Bleaklow Hill is a desolate wilderness. Gliding, stealthily secretive, a ground mist licks black peat hillocks which float to gentle invisibility. My solitary mu ngs are invaded by a sense of contact which has no phisical dimension. I turn to behold a figure half enveloped in the dark miasma yet faintly haloed with a glowing radiance. The figure is little over medium height but appears taller. He os carrying an old canvas rucksack wearing neel laces on his pumps and sporting a fine pair of nostril expanders which he slips into his pocket as he approaches. His face is gaunt. His eyes have peered through a thousand sleepless nights yet they possess an unquenchable fire. Trembling, I step forwards towards him. 'Is that you Ted?' How tired but indomitable he looks, my old friend, spent in the pursuit of glory for the Club. I take another step forwards, then stop. Imperceptibly the figure is changing - but to what and whom? A portrait of an old journal springs to mind. It can't be! Impossible! But it is.

I kneel reverently, head bowed, before the figure. His hand resting gently on my head, he blesses me with these words: 'Take strides precisely 33.78 inches in length at the rate of 95.5 to the minute. At the next stop lie prone at an angle of exactly 13 degrees for 2.55 minutes and have your feet lightly bastinadoed and each toe individually wrapped in oiled silk. Consume 6ozs of raw eggs in milk. These measures will adequatly renovate the corporeal functions and victory will be yours. But especially,' he paused,'show no mercy to anyone, least of all your own team. And, by the way, you might like to have these.' So saying he thrusts his very own nostril expanders into my pocket. 'St.Eustace,' I breath, 'g le thou my footsteps.' I raise my head slowly but the figure is gone.

What you doing down there, Mike, lost your contact lenses?' Richardsons rude voice shatters the profound moment of vision. 'Never you mind, twazzock features!' I snap. 'Just get your finger out and follow me.'

The voyage along Bleaklow Ridge is not easy. Somewhere inside me, however, I can feel the thrill of inspiration. Leading by peerless example I throw myself into the fray and, quite frequently, the bog. 'Remember chaps',I cry, 'when the going gets tough, the tough get going! And also,' I added, sensing the deep impression I was making, 'through suffering shall thy spirit be released.' An even greater hush descends and somewhere, out beyond Kinder Edge, I can hear the sonorous swell of a mighty choir. The holy silence is now complete and, a tear in either eye, I turn to embrace my team, my boys, my brethren..... there's not a bugger in sight! I stop, gobsmacked. I wait; one minute, two ... then, grimly I begin to retrace my studmarks.

The mist parts from behind a large peat hag and three figures shuffle forwards. 'Well' I thunder, 'What the black enamelled blue blazes have you lot been up to?' They continue to shuffle their feet studying the ground very carfully. Then Richardson is elbowed forward. 'Er, um, well, Denis wanted to stop for the toilet and so we both thought we might as well have one at the same time, er, sorry.' While Denis hides a snigger, Geoff hides behind Denis. 'The, the toilet!!! I start to roar but indignation overmasters my vocabulary.

Approaching the Snake control, key to the closing sections of the race, I outline my battle plan: 'We know the Crumple Tights are just in front of us and I estimate that Clayton Tussock Trotters are just behind. When we get to the control tent I will punch the card and you may grab a jam buttie as you gallop past the refreshment tent. Keep in close order and try to give the impression we are in tip-top form and going like the clappers. Above all, there must be no collapsing into deck-chairs or attempting cups of scalding tea. Got that?'

'Things in a boat for holding oars.' an unidentifiable voice abbreviated. 'When I get to control,' said Ted Dance rather truculently, 'I am going to have a nice sit down, two cups of tea, a jam sandwich and, very possibly a bun.' I finger the knuckle-duster I've been keeping in my sack. But it's too late, we are allready in view of the control team. O.K. then, ploy number two, the laid back approach. 'Certainly chaps, time for a leasurely bite and a chat here, don't wish to embarrass the opposition too much, what?' Oh, hello Crumple Tights! Splendid morning, what? 'Crotch rub' replied Crumple Tights. 'I beg your pardon.' I bristled, taking a step forwards. 'No, no!' he wimpered, 'I've got it, crotch rub that is. Forgot the Vaseline and these tights went all wet and crumply under my ...' 'Yes, yes' I hurriedly interupted a more precise anatomical description of his plight.

'What a dreadful shame, how jolly painful, what a pity you can't go on.' (Wimp I thought. A dab of 'Fiery Jack' in the appropriate place, point you in the right direction and you'd probably break the world land speed record to Edale!) My condolences were interrupted by a cry of 'Looks like the Clayton Tussock Trotters coming into view' from the control tent. In one flowing movement I kick Ted's chair from under him, stamp on his bun and elbow Geoffs scalding tea all over John's feet. Which is why, as the Tussock Trotters limp in, they are dismayed to see the Rucksack Elite go flying out, myself at the front hotly pursued by my three high stepping team mates. 'Cor!' says Jim Loxham to Alan Heaton, 'Did'nt know Rucksack had a battle cry. Sounds fierce, does'nt it?'

At the farthest end of Kinder North Edge a mighty dawn thunders into the unwilling sky. Tongues of orange light leap from out the east licking swollen grey underbellies of cloud and picking out a diabolical 'danse macabre' across Featherbed Moss. By the Rushup Edge control I hold a five minute advantage on my team mates. Apparantly, they have paused in their chase to celebrate the traditional Richardson early morning honking ritual. 'Fancy a drink?' offers the marshall.
'Thanks, thats very kind. I'm spitting feathers.'
'Do you think your friends would like to stop for a drink too?' asks the sweet youth.
'Of course they would, you cretin!' I snarl,'So just you keep that flask out of sight!'

I was still chuckling nastily as I reached out to accept the weighty millstone trophy at Edale village hall. I was, however, rather surprised when the presenting officer also presented two wet kisses on my cheeks. 'Here gerroff!' I cried. Instead, taking advantage of my hands being filled with the large millstone, he pursued me into a corner of the room and began planting more smackers on my blushing cheeks. 'Buggeroff, you silly swine!' I screech. But his big brown eyes were moist with affection and his cold black nose nuzzled my earhole...cold black nose?? I opened my eyes to find a dog slobbering all over me. 'Jasper,'I gasped,'I've had the wierdest experience. I wonder what the devil happened?' I was in no way astonished when he replied 'Well, actually, master, you appear to have tripped and fallen right into a Bleaklow time-warp grough, a somewhat rare but by no means entirely unknown phenomenon, I gather.'

'Get off you daft bugger, and stop licking me.' I snapped aiming a ferocious back-hander at his chops, which, being perfectly anticipated, he adroitly avoided.

Later that evening, I sat soaking my feet in front of a large fire. All that lying around in groughs, I was sure I had a cold developing. I mused distractedly over the days events. Too many damn Watersheds, must be getting soft in the head, and yet, and yet....Suddenly, I felt a sneeze coming on. I snatched for my handkerchief and as I did so something rolled tinnily onto the floor. Stooping stiffly over my bucket of water I retrieved a small wire and brass object, highly polished. It looked familier. It could'nt possibly be...could it: Very gently I eased the appliance onto my nose and felt the delicately tensioned spring lift and flare the nostril flaps. With a feeling of astonished joy I braced my newly burgeoned nostrils and inhaled a mighty draft of air . The answering resonance was imperative and catastrophic. From subterranean alveolar depths the sneeze recruited it's forces; it flew along the bronchials, united at the larynx and exploded out of my nose like a minature hurricane. Ping! the nostril expanders flew off my nose and embedded themselves in the depths of the fire. Aghast, I watched as they turned cherry red, then white and, before I could say'fire tongs', melted into oblivion.

Stunned with grief I collapsed into my chair. Now, I fear, I can never tell my story, for no one will ever believe me!

FELL FIXTURES

OD - Entries accepted on day
PE - Pre-entry required

MAY

4	Sat	Coniston Fell Race	PE	AM	11.15am	9m/3500'
4	Sat	Ravenstones Fell Race	OD	BM	2pm	10m/1250'
6	Mon	Penrith Beacon Hill Race	OD	CS	2.30pm	4m/500'
6	Mon	Penistone Hill Race	OD	BS	3pm	6½m/1055'
6	Mon	Wray Caton Moor Fell Race	OD	BS	2.45pm	6m/1000'
11	Sat	Belmont Winter Hill Race	OD	BS	1pm	4½m/1000'
12	Sun	* Buttermere Sailbeck Horseshoe	PE	AM	1pm	9.4m/4250'
12	Sun	Darwen Moors Hill Race	OD	BM	11am	11m/1800'
15	Wed	Blackstone Edge Fell Race	OD	AS	7.30pm	3½m/1200'
16	Sat	* Simons Seat Fell Race	PE	AS	3pm	3½m/1350'
18	Sat	Clougha Pike Race	OD	BM	3pm	7m/1400'
19	Sun	Fairfield Horseshoe	OD	AM	1pm	9m/3000'
21	Tues	Two Lads Race	OD	BS	7.30pm	4m/800'
25	Sat	Bens of Jura	PE	AL	10.30am	16m/7500'
25	Sat	Hutton Roof Crags Race	OD	BM	2.30pm	7m/1300'
26	Sun	Great Hameldon Hill Race	OD	BS	11.30am	6m/1100'
26	Sun	Wharmton Dash	OD	AS	3pm	2m/600'
27	Mon	Bentham Gala 10 Hill Race	OD	CM	2.30pm	10m/800'
28	Tues	Coniston Water Festival Fell Race	OD	N	7pm	8m/3000'
29	Wed	Saddleworth Fell Race	OD	AS	7.30pm	3m/950'
30	Thurs	Clitheroe Fell Race	OD	BM	7pm	6m/1350'

JUNE

1	Sat	* Duddon Valley Fell Race	OD	AL	11.30am	20m/6000'
1	Sat	Langdale Gala Fell Race	OD	AS	3pm	1¼/650'
1	Sat	Pen-y-Gnent Race	OD	AM	3pm	5½/1500'
2	Sun	Edenfield Fell Race	OD	BM	12.30pm	7½m/1600'
2	Sun	Mallerstang and 9 Standards Yomp	PE	CL	8-9am	23m/1817'
4	Tues	Blencathra Fell Race	OD	AM	7.15pm	8m/2700'
4	Tues	Paddy's Pole Fell Race	OD	AS	7.15pm	4½m/1100'
8	Sat	Ennerdale Horseshoe	PE	AL	11am	23m/7500'
9	Sun	Calf Fell Race (Men only)	OD	AM	2pm	8m/2000'
9	Sun	Muncaster Luck Fell Race	OD	BM	2pm	10m/1800'
9	Sun	Arant Haw- Ladies & Junior men	OD	AS	noon J	4m/1510'
		World Cup Selection Races			1pm W	
12	Wed	Coledale Horseshoe	OD	AM	7pm	8m/3000'
12	Wed	Five Cloughs	OD	AM	7pm	8¾m/2250'
15	Sat	* Buckden Pike	OD	AS	2.30pm	4m/1500'
15	Sat	Royal Dockray Fell Race	OD	BL	11.30am	17m/4500'
16	Sun	Cowpe Fair Fell Race	OD	N	11.30am	3m/1000'
16	Sun	Holme Moss Fell Race	OD	AL	11am	16m/4000'
19	Wed	Coiners Seven	OD	BM	7.30pm	7½m/1100'
22	Sat	The Chevy Chase	OD	AL	11.30am	20m/4000'
22	Sat	James Blakeley Fell Race	OD	CS	3pm	3m/?
22	Sat	Riber Run	OD	N	3pm	5m/500'
22	Sat	Y Garn	OD	AS	1pm	3m/1500'
23	Sun	Mell Fell Dash	OD	n	2.30pm	2m/?
23	Sun	Mount Famine Fell Race	PE	AM	11am	5m/1700'
25	Tues	Horwich RMI Composite Relay	OD		7pm	
26	Wed	Boar's Head Hill Race	OD	BM	7.30pm	8m/1200'
26	Wed	Danefield Fell Race	OD	BS	7.30pm	4½m/800'
29	Sat	Eldwick & Gilstead Gala	OD	CS	3pm	3m/500'

Cont.....

JUNE fixtures continued.....

29	Sat	Old County Tops Race	PE	AL	8am	35m/9000'
29	Sat	Ras Berwyn	OD	AM	noon	6m/2000'
29	Sat	World Trail Running Championship	PE	BL	9am	80m/9000'
30	Sun	Bradda Fell Race	OD	AL	1.30pm	15m/4100'
30	Sun	World Cup Selection Races				

JULY

2	Tues	Hope Wakes Fell Race	OD	BS	7.30pm	4m/650'
3	Wed	* Stoodley Pike Fell Race	OD	BS	7.30pm	3½m/700'
6/7	Sat/Sun	Saunders Lakeland L.M.	Entries closed			
6	Sat	West Highland Way	PE		3am	95m/8200'
7	Sun	Blackamoor Chase	OD	BS	3.15pm	5¼m/700'
7	Sun	Peakers Stroll	PE	BL	11.30am	25m/4000'
7	Sun	Skiddaw Fell Race	OD	AM	2.30pm	9m/2700'
9	Tues	Heathcliffe & Cathy Canter	OD	CS	7.15pm	6½m/800'
10	Wed	Fellside Fellrace	OD	AM	7.15pm	6½m/1900'
13	Sat	Thurlstone Chase	OD	CS	3.15pm	4¼m/800'
13	Sat	* Wasdale Fell Race	PE	AL	11am	21m/9000'

* indicates club championship race.

Non F.R.A. races of intrest.....

Sun 5th May	Todmorden Boundary Walk	PE			22m
Sat 11th May	Spring in Lakeland	PE	runners	9.30am	28m
Sat/Sun 11/12	Fellsman Hike	PE		9.00am	60m
Sun 12th May	Jamboree Walk (Holmfirth)	PE			26m
Sun 19th May	Two Dales Challenge (N.Yorks)	PE		8.30am	28m
Sat/Mon 25/27	Lancastrian 100	PE			100m
Sat 1st June	Ulfkil Stride	PE		9.00am	33m
Sat 8th June	Leek Moors Marathon	PE	runners	9.00am	30m
Sat 8th June	Jubilee Walk (Lakes)	PE			19m
Sat 15 June	Lakes four 3000 Peaks Trail	PE			46m
Sat 22 June	Peakland Heritage	PE			36m
Sun 23 June	Rombalds Stride	PE			34m
Sat 29 June	Walden Round (Kettlewell)	PE			26m
Sat 6th July	Great Snunner Shuffle	PE			29m
Sun 7th July	Pennine Heritage Walk	PE	runners	10am	26m
Sat/Sun 13/14	North York Moors Crosses Walk	PE			53¾m

STOP PRESS.....STOP PRESS.....STOP PRESS.....STOP PRESS.....STOP PRESS.....

Just in... Wardle Skyline result.....13/4/91.....7m/1000'.....

1st	Malcolm Patterson	41.24	70	Chris Peart-Binns	49.18
9	Cary Webb	42.56	82	Ian Hartman	49.56
24	Richard Rowlands	44.55	88	Chris Godridge	50.16
37	Steve Houghton	46.51	92	Richard Kellett	50.27
51	Andy Wimpenny	47.58	95	Mick Banks	50.35
54	Jeff Winder	48.02	105	Pete Horne	51.16
57	Robin Skelton	48.19	129	Andy Thompson	52.45
62	Pete Round	48.41	165	Graham Fry	55.19
			216	Dave Yates	58.02

307 ran.

This race must rank along side Skiddaw and Great Hameldon as being one o the most un-classic fell races in the calender. But perhaps thats just sour grapes cos I didn't score many points towards the championship.

NAME	ADDRESS	TELEPHONE
Anderton Mark	8 Hepton Drive,Heptonstall	Hx 843443
Arrandale Russell	25 Carrfield drive,Luddenden	Hx 883510
Ashcroft Tony	5 Dry Soil,Blackshawhead,Hebden Bridge	Hx 844032
Auton Andy	18 North Parade,Burley in Wharfedale	By 864480
Ayling David	1 High Court,Heptonstall	Hx 842973
Bailey Graham	2 Sandy Gate,Hebden Bridge	Hx 842359
Banks Michael	49 Hollingwood Court,Bradford	Bd 579283
Bernard Jurgen		Hx 842664
Benn Richard	860 Gt Horton Road,Bradford	Bd 507037
Brooks Ben	Ewood Cottage,Mytholmroyd	Hx 882713
Bowden Mike	Moor End Farm,Sowerby Bridge	Hx 831249
Bowden Alex	" " "	Hx "
Bowden Kieran	" " "	Hx "
Bramall Pimlott	2 Wilcroft Road,Pecket Well,Hebden Bridge	Hx 843574
Britton Chris	17 Edge Hey Green,Colden,Hebden Bridge	Hx 844457
Burns Michael	38 Dean Lane,Sowerby,Sowerby Bridge	
Cavell Steve	292 Poplar Grove,Gt Horton, Bradford	Bd 574003
Clare Bob	91 Halifax Road,Denholmegate,Bradford	Bd 834171
Comissar Dennis	Slack House Farm,Hebden Bridge	Hx 842970
Coward Avril	Height Farm,Thorney Lane,Midgley	Hx 882625
Crossland Richard	20 WELLANDS GREEN, CLECKHEATON BD19 6AW	CL. 861673
Daly Paul	9 Grandsmere Place,Manor Drive,Halifax	Hx 367812
Daly Linda	" " "	"
Fleetwood Mike	10 Shaw Lane,Oxenhope,Keighley	Haw 42348
Fry Graham	Eelmires Garth,Wetherby	0937 65888
Gardener Stewart	16 Sowood Green,Sowood,Halifax	Hx 374317
Gauntlett Tim	27 Bridge End,Mill Bank,Sowerby Bridge	Hx 822073
Gill Roger	Nab End Barn,Cragg Vale,Mytholmroyd	Hx 882828
Gildea Denis	3 Denfield Ave,Ovenden,Halifax	
Goldie David	4 Wilcroft Terr,Pecket Well,Hebden Bridge	Hx 844278
Godridge Chris	134 Ovenden Way,Ovenden,Halifax	Hx 366235
Greenwood Carol	71 Smiddles Lane,West Bowling,Bradford	Bd 393101
Greenwood Allan	" " "	"
Greenwood Carl	17 Hill Crest,Hebden Bridge	Hx 844101
Hartman Ian	3 Woodland Grove,Bradford	Bd 546549
Hayles Linda	30 Haughshaw Road,Halifax	Hx 342808
Holmes Howard	Brierfield,Marsh Lane,Oxenhope,	0535 45296
Houghton Greg	4 Valley Ave,Lightcliffe,Halifax	Hx
Houghton Steve	4 Nunlea Road,Lightcliffe,Halifax	Hx 203704
Horne Bob	8 Bramley View,Lightcliffe,Halifax	Hx 201269
Horne Pete	67 The Grove,Hipperholme,Halifax	Hx 205547
Horsley Brian	2 Netherlands Ave,Bradford	Bd 600651
Jones Chris	29 Banksfield Cres,Mytholmroyd	
Kellett Richard	16 Hope Street,Shelf	Hx 202923
Kift Rhys	Clunters,Cragg Vale,Mytholmroyd	Hx 883634
Kirkbride Steve	16 Mountfields,Lightcliffe,Halifax	Hx 203338
Mason Peter	Hillcrest,Buckley Lane,Moorend Road	Hx 356252
Marshall John	25 Lee View,Lee Mill Road,Hebden Bridge	Hx 844589
Munton Keith	30 Birtwhistle Ave,Colne,Lancs	
Neville Irene	Lyndene,Browfootgate Lane,Trimmingham,Hx	Hx 368955
Nuttall Roger	19 Chapel Ave,Hebden Bridge	Hx 844266
Nuttall Chris	" " "	"
Nuttall Steve	" " "	"
Peart Binns Chris	2 Neptune,Hebden End,Hebden Bridge	Hx 842589
Pierce Bernard	7 Old Town Cottages,Hebden Bridge	Hx 842455
Pierce Kay	" " "	"

Name	Address	Telephone
Powell Ian	16 Rose Grove,Hebden Bridge	Hx 8424!
Powell Mark	" " "	"
Pownall Mike	Rosslyn,Sowerby New Road,Sowerby	Hx 839023
Redmond Trevor	126 Ravenstone Drive,Greetland,Halifax	Hx 372848
Regan Pete	11 Church Lane,Mount Pellon,Halifax	Hx 355243
Ridgeway George	Trough Farm,Stocks Lane,Luddenden	Hx 884756
Riley John	13 Hawthorn Terr,Kings Cross,Halifax	Hx 367222
Round Pete	34 Manor Drive,Dodnaze,Hebden Bridge	
Rowlands Richard	1 Under Cragg,Charlestown,Hebden Bridge	Hx 843038
Sheard Jimmy	54 Kershaw Crescent,Luddenden	Hx 884764
Skelton Steve	9 East View,New Road,Luddenden	Hx 885485
Skelton Robin	1 Crimsworth Terrace,Hebden Bridge	Hx 844856
Smith Jon	Tranquility,Heptenstall,Hebden Bridge	Hx 843983
Sowden Alistair	19 Royd View,Mytholmroyd (work 0484 846963)	Hx 883744
Spencer Graham	26 Ascot Ave,Horton Bank Top,Bradford	Bd 57079
Sutcliffe Rod	3 High Court,Heptonstall,Hebdon Bridge	Hx 845438
Thistlewaite Jill	Trough Farm,Stocks Lane,Luddenden	Hx 884756
Thompson Andy	40 Caldene Ave,Low Moor,Bradford	Bd 676133
Thompson Duncan	27 Glenfield Road,Nelson,Lancs	Nl 63559
Towler Simon	125 Moore Avenue,Wibsey,Bradford	Bd 5019
Vaughn Chris	1 Harrow Street,Gibbet Street,Halifax	Hx 367930
Walker John	25 Overton Drive,Bradford	Bd 502072
Webb Gary	3 Crimsworth Terrace,Hebden Bridge	Hx 842713
Welham Edward	Brearley Old Hall,Brearley,Luddenden Foot	Hx 882301
White Peter	12 Coiners Fold,Mytholmroyd	Hx 885728
Wilkinson Jeremy	6 Carwood Road,Fallowfield,Manchester	
Wilkinson Jonathan	4 Delph Lane,Woodhouse,Leeds	0532 752405
Wilkinson Tim	Flat 7,22 Moorland Road,Leeds	0532 432576
Wimpenny Andy	11 Cross Hill,Greetland,Halifax	Hx 379542
Winder Jeff	6 Finkle Street,Sowerby Bridge,Halifax	Hx 883600
Woodward Graham	9 Holme Terrace,Mytholmroyd	Hx 885185
Yates Dave	79 Knowle Road,Mirfield	