Issue 33

CALDER VALLEY FELL RUNNERS

RAMPAGE

Winter 1995/6



C A L D E R V A L L E Y F E L L R U N N E R S

RAMPAGE

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SHEEP SHEET MAGAZINE.....	THIRZA HYDE.....	01422 343736	
RAMPAGE EDITOR.....	ALLAN GREENWOOD..	01274 731195	

EDITOR'S RAMBLINGS

Welcome to the Christmas 1995 edition of RAMPAGE. This edition is really a summary of the year's events,as the results and social events have been well catered for with the monthly news letter Sheep - Sheet. I think you will agree that Thirza has been doing a good job of keeping us up to date throughout the season with a well balanced diet of news, humour and results.

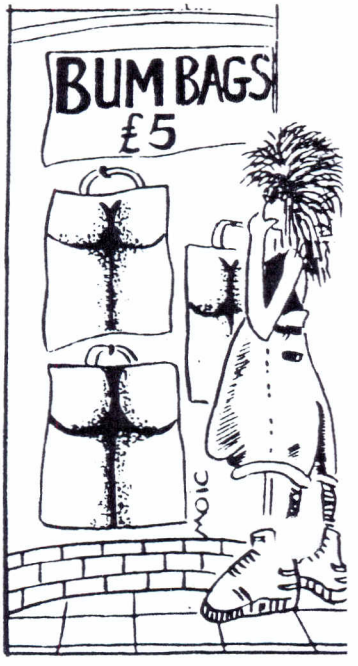
A new year lies ahead of us, with new challenges, a new Club championship with renewed rivalries and, I feel, most important of all, it is Calder Valley Fellrunners' 10th anniversary. What a cause to celebrate!! Please help out with the Grand prix races if you can and lets make it another successful year for the club.

Great to see Duncan taking over the helm again. I know that the last time Duncan was Captain he did a good job of lifting team spirit and moral. Please help him out by putting your name down early for relay events and do your best to support his championship races when they are decided.

Finally, this will be my last issue of Rampage as I have too many other commitments to keep it going. Thankyou to everyone who has supported the magazine and sent their good wishes. It has been a pleasure. Anyone fancy taking the job on..? Or have we enough with the little sister paper Sheep Sheet?

May I wish you all the best for Chistmas and good running for the forthcoming season.

Allan Greenwood.



Cover photograph: Andy Thompson & Pete Regan out racing on the fells sometime, somewhere. Photo; Allan Greenwood.



CAPTAIN'S COLUMN



Photo; Gerry Symes

Well, here I am back in the hot-seat after being pushed/ bribed/ forced/ begged/ volunteered/ blackmailed into taking on the job of Club captain again.

Seriously though, this is a job I do enjoy and I hope to be able to provide some stimulation, and competition among Club members in 1996.

I have got some plans in mind for the forthcoming year for both the Club Championship and social events. The social events will mainly involve some form of run/ race, followed by a visit to the nearest hostelry. I bet Denis is already drooling at the prospect of crossing a few more pubs off his list of those not yet visited !!

The FIRST TUESDAY OF EACH MONTH will be a run from an alternative venue. If any of you have any ideas in this direction, please let me know as soon as possible so that I can incorporate them.

I hope to publish a calendar as part of Sheep Sheet early in the New Year with the details of all the Club Championship events and the social events.

Keep your eyes peeled - no excuses next year !!

See you on Tuesdays,

Duncan.

Captain Dunk.

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LETTER from the Dales

T'Owd Man's lead landscape legacy



Former Dales-man editor W R Mitchell takes the trail of the hobblers and wincers

From Keld youth hostel, I strode down t'lonnin (lane), ower t'brigg, by t'watterfall and up t'brant (steep) hillside to the path back o'Kisdon Hill. I was realising an old ambition — to walk through Swaledale from Dalehead to Richmond.

Keld is an old Norse word, meaning spring. I was in an area of singing waters. Becks went white with fury as they followed rock staircases from the high fells to join the Swale.

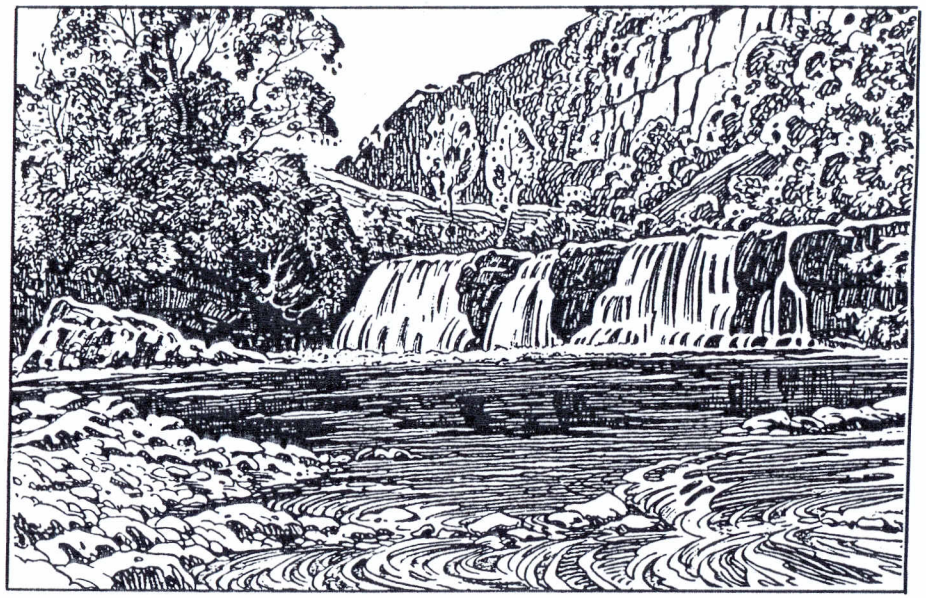
The island-hill of Kisdon, thatched with heather and having its own little colony of red grouse, was viewable from the high path and, especially, from near the old farmhouse of Crackpot, a name meaning "a hole frequented by crows".

I was in lead-mine country, looking at tufts of spring sandwort, a lead-tolerant plant which tries to enliven the waste places with its tiny white blossoms. The lead-miners of Swaledale devoted their lives to following fickle seams. Rarely, they came to blows. Under Crackpot, two groups of miners, one group being interlopers, met and fought.

Swinnergill was entered to the piping of ring-ouzels, the scrappy calls of cock wheatears and the operatic-style arias of wrens, which had so much vocal power they must have been heard in the next dale.

A rainbow-arch of stone carries the walker over a beck which emerges from a mossy and tree-packed gorge. Water enters the gorge as an attractive waterfall. Nearby is a cave, Swinnergill Kirk, said to be a secret place of worship for Nonconformists at a time of religious intolerance.

I crossed the moors to Gunnerside Gill, with extensive views (including Nine Standards Rigg). The landscape is, in part, a sporting preserve for grouse and elsewhere has been sterilised by lead-mining.



WAINWATH FALLS: *A lovely view the lead mining hasn't spoiled*

The miners of yesteryear are collectively known as T'Owd Man. They worked by the light of candles, smoked clay pipes and breathed in so much dust the majority of them died quite young of "gruver's complaint" (silicosis).

On the moortop, beyond the Gill, stood a rusty crusher, made in Victorian Leeds. It was like a piece of modern sculpture in a wilderness of mine-slag. This is nothing like our concept of a Yorkshire moor. During my descent to Old Gang, I saw a landscape ripped apart in the quest for lead.

I recalled a visit to these upland with Matthew Cherry, who comes from a long line of Swaledale gamekeepers and bears one of the best-known surnames in the area. We saw an ornithological rarity — a woodcock, taking flight almost at our feet — with one of its chicks clasped between its thighs.

There was time to clamber up from Old Gang to where, in the early years of smelting, a store was built for peat which was to be used as fuel. Enough remains to give us an idea of what that store looked like.

It was a long structure, with a roof supported on stone pillars. The pitch of the gable ends clearly indicates what type of roof was in place — thatch, presumably of heather.

One of the most dramatic remaining lead-mining structures has recently been "fettled up" and should survive for many years.

At Surrender Mill, where my stomach reached the rumbling stage, I walked towards an ice cream van, which proved to be a mirage. On the moor beyond, a cock grouse allowed me to get so close I could have sprinkled some salt on its tail.

Reeth provided me with overnight accommodation. Next day, during a riverside walk, I was entertained by sand martins, grey wagtails and a dipper. Marrick Priory rose just beyond a workaday farm, owned by the Bainbridge brothers.

Marrick was, in mediaeval times, a nunnery. When visiting the hilltop village of Marrick, nuns followed a path through an enchanting wood — and this was my route. A rambler who was in a hurry called it a "stairway to heaven".

Now I passed through a succession of little, cow-haunted fields, flanked by bits of wall and bits of hedge, with a large number of redundant railway wagons (the covered variety, minus the wheels) bought by bargain-spotting Dales farmers for as little as £45 each to serve as stores for feeding stuffs.

It was a long descent to Marske. An elderly lady was providing cups of tea for visitors (proceeds for the church roof appeal) and two multi-blistered Coast-to-Coasters were hobbling towards a taxi they had summoned.

After crossing big open fields, I strode along a high ledge near Applegarth Scar, passing gnarled yews which looked half as old as time, and beheld well-wooded Swaledale. There were yet more woods — old woodland, with a Dales mix of trees rather than rows of upstart conifers.

My route through Swaledale is familiar to a host of Coast-to-Coasters, disciples of Alfred Wainwright — bless 'em all! The hobblers and wincers, trudging almost 200 miles from St Bees to Robin Hood's Bay, have a humour of their own.

One of them noted in a visitors' book: "Exploding shin; not looking good." Another observed: "And on the eighth day, we called for a pint." A third entry had a medical flavour: "My feet were sore; now they are dead."

My whistling changed from the Big Country theme to Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill as the massive keep of a Norman castle came into view. The Lass stirred many a heart in Richmond town. My Swaledale walk was over.

My Favourite Run No. 5 by Allan Greenwood

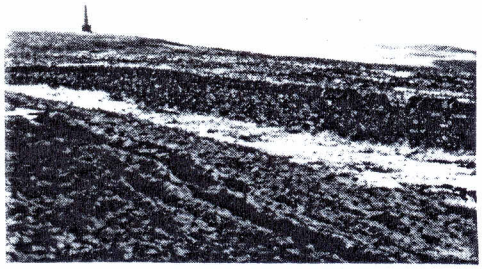
Using South Pennines map - O/S 1:25000 Sheet 21
Start at Mytholmroyd Community Centre (G.R.011 260)
Equipment required;Cagoule,whistle (even on a good day) as minimum kit.
Distance; Approx 8 miles.

I thought it was about time I let you into my own favourite training run for this edition of the 'MFR' column. The run starts at the Calder Valley fellrunners' headquarters and in part, follows the route of what is in my opinion one of the best races Calder Valley members have ever put on,"The Coiners Seven" It is also the route which I utilised for my Autumn Leaves handicap race in November 1994 , reviewed by Charlotte Roberts in Rampage issue 32 (page 17) and for the first Founders Day Run, also last November.

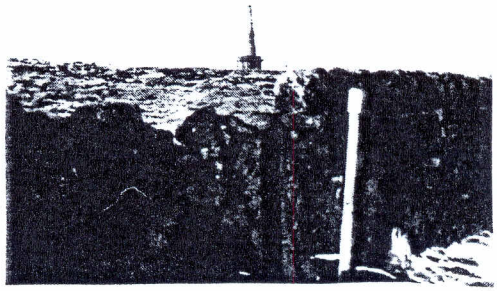
The first mile and a half follow the Christmas handicap route, over Stubbs fields and up to the stile at the top of the climb from Park Fold, (998 257). Over the stile and instead of going straight up, as in the handicap race, go through the wall to the right and head for the farm house, there picking up the track down towards Great Jumps. Keep on past the houses and not far after the 2nd metal gate, a faint-at-first trod shoots off up the banking to the left, eventually bringing you to a wooden stile/ gate. Keep on this lane now for a good, while negotiating a couple of rickety gates on the way and jumping from side to side on the squelchy ground.

Eventually you will come to a gate just at a crossroads of lanes, and here you turn left and begin to climb on a rough track to Rake Head. The lane is walled on both sides and soon levels out to reveal our first view of Stoodley Pike. Keep on to the end of the lane which is sealed up with a low wire fence. Climb this and turn right, keeping the wall over on your right. It is a little difficult in mist on this section so a bearing should be taken towards the quarry on the map, then bear slightly to the left (due South) to the end of Dick's Lane. Those familiar with this spot will remember the ruin which stood at the wall junction by the signpost. It was used as a checkpoint in the first Calder Valley fell race which started at the Withens Inn, near Warley Moor res. on the 22nd March 1987 and was won in a shade under 2 hrs by Shaun Livesey, of Rossendale. My mate Bob Horne marshalled at the ruin with his then 12 year old son James, now a runner, County level rugger player and University scholar.

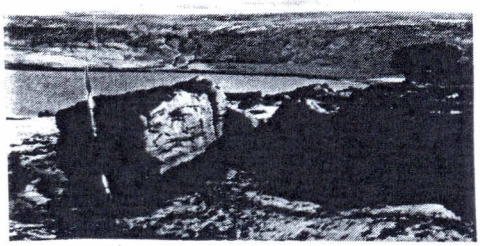
At this point we turn right and run between the walls of Dick's Lane, now back on the Handicaps route, turning right at the end and heading towards Stoodley Pike. Through the gap stile in the wall and the climbing resumes. The drag up to the monument into a biting wind is a real test of stamina and those who can run all the way to the Pike can feel well pleased with themselves.



Go round the Pike and admire the view, over Lumbutts and Mankinholes towards Todmorden & Burnley. Stay on the ridge, heading along the Pennine Way in the direction of Withens Gate, but after less than half a mile from the Pike there is a small pile of stones on the LEFT of the track which marks the start of an extremely faint-at-first trod shooting off towards the wall over on your left. In poor visibility, if you cannot locate the trod, take a bearing slightly South of East and travel over the rough ground until you find the wall, then go along the wall to find the squeeze gap. I like to call this gap 'Fat Man's Agony' but I remember someone who ran in my handicap race telling me a tale of how he caught his minute-man at this point, who was in a right old jam, wriggling backwards and forwards trying to free himself !! Therefore we re-named it 'Regan's Squeeze!' In the photograph on the right we have managed to squeeze through and we are taking our last look at the monument before



we head towards the shelter of Cragg Vale at Withens Moor reservoir. At first the way is a little indistinct but some marker posts will help to guide us to the rocks on Higher Moor (photograph left). Go through the centre of the rocks and you will be sure to pick up the track down to the water-side track. Turn left at the Res. and proceed down towards the carpark, then just after the gate, take the rough track up to the left, so leaving the Calderdale Way and heading for High Green.Tracks lead of to both the right (Swan Bank) and left (Stony Royd) but ignore these, keeping on the lane and passing through metal gates. By the farm, head round to the left and aim for Keelham, passing a house with a yapping dog on the right. Where the track goes down to the right (Bell House) keep straight on, and you will soon find yourself on an ancient pack horse track which leads across some very marshy ground on Erringden Moor. Keeping the steep banking down to the right, follow the path round to a stile and eventually you will find yourself at the top of Daisy Bank.



Down the Bank we go to the 2 stiles half way down. Over both stiles and off to the left , at first a little cautiously round the remains of an old building, then on the green path to the stile at Park Fold. Now we retrace our steps over Stubbs Fields and back to the MCC. After drying off and a quick change of clothes we can retire to the Shoulder of Mutton for a well earned drink.

I hope you enjoy this route as much as I do. Give me a ring anytime you fancy going round... at a steady clip of course ! - Allan G.

(A special 'thanks' to Thirza Hyde who re-produced my photo's used here)

RAMPAGE PHOTO REQUEST

This month's photo challenge nearly had us beaten, so almost claiming the £25 on offer. A Mr Hollocks of Lancashire asked us, "can you find a picture of our new Club Captain Duncan Tompson, in striped boxer shorts, struggling to find his bearings on the moors?". A tough one Mr Hollocks but after a painstaking search we found one....



Have you a photo request for a CVFR member in an unusual or uncompromising position? Remember we pay £25 for each challenge we fail to meet. Send to "Photo request challenge" at the usual address.

PRE-RAMPAGE INFORMATION SHEET (late 1986).

Club Handicap Race: ' It was proposed by Jeff that three non-club runners be allowed to run. Discussion followed and it was agreed that, while Dave Smith should certainly be allowed to run, other Halifax runners should not.'

RAMPAGE NUMBER 1.

'What a Wally! Six weeks of headbanging on the roads in December and January led to a stress fracture of the shin bone for Rod Sutcliffe and he has been unable to run since. He was determined to win something in 1987 and he is now a strong contender for Wally of the Year.'

RAMPAGE NUMBER 2.

There was a young Calder Ram
Who ran a lot faster than Cram.
The crowd was amazed
When past them he blazed
With his bracers caught up on a tram.

Bram Horsley.

'NEW TACTICS ON THE FELLS' At the Blackstone Edge Fell Race on the evening of 20 May [1987] I witnessed the most extraordinary race tactics. I was standing some three rows back from the start. As the gun fired, I noticed Brent Brindle disappear to the floor. Not to be outdone and always willing to try new tactics, Jeff Winder joined him. They both curled up in a ball and set off rolloing down the hill, being chased by some two to three hundred other runners. I was about to join them when I found I was travelling faster on two feet. I overtook Jeff who was now playing leapfrog, much to the surprise of the onlookers. The next time I saw him he resembled a large Walsh sole running up the hill.

I have followed many of Jeff's tips and tactics but will be giving this one the boot.

Trevor Redmond.

RAMPAGE NUMBER 3.

'After Christmas I will be going into an eight week endurance phase...90 miles a week will be my aim for this stage, with long runs on Tuesday, Saturday and Sunday.'

'...six weeks of hill work, starting also to introduce steady speed work [***steady*** speed work?]. We hill-bound uphill, fast stride down, sprint along the bottom and repeat, spending one hour actually on the hill.'

Jeff Winder.

Here is a letter which I found amusing in a recent running journal. At the risk of getting thumped... it's not you is it Denis ??

CHEERS!

As a moderately able 28-year-old, I'm involved in a constant battle to keep my weight down. A major cause of weight gain is my intake of beer and food in the evening. My dilemma is how to combine my two favourite pastimes – running and drinking.

However, I've found a way of combating this problem which I'd like to share with your readers. Since January, I have kept a diary in which I record the number of miles run and the number of units of alcohol consumed (a pint of beer equals two units) each day. At the end of the week, I add up each column and compare the number of miles run to the number of units of alcohol drunk. My aim is to keep the mileage greater than the alcohol consumption. Since January, I have managed to do this in all but three weeks. In an average week, I run 30 miles and put away 24 units of beer.

I find this is an incentive to run, as the more miles I put in, the more liquid reward I have earned for myself! I have cut my half-marathon time from 1:54 to 1:32 in only three months using this method, and I feel much healthier.

Ian Squire
St Anne's, Lancs

And here is the following months letter in reply....

EARN IT!

I am a cyclist and my wife is a runner, so I frequently read her issue of RUNNER'S WORLD for cross-training tips. It was with particular interest therefore that I read Ian Squire's letter (RW July) describing his aim of balancing miles run against alcohol units – my style of training at last, I thought!

To keep things simple, I decided that the best plan would be to drink the equivalent of a sixth of my weekly mileage per day and have Sundays off.

When I started the programme, Monday was absolutely great. Tuesday I found a little difficult, however, and on Wednesday I couldn't even get out of bed.

Am I doing something wrong here? Should I be doing intervals to increase my stamina – alternating pints of export lager with shandies, for example? Once a week, I intend to put in a session of intensive training – five or six treble brandies in quick succession, and then a lie-down until the dizziness has passed.

Do you think this will help? My average weekly training mileage was around 200 before I started, but at the moment I can't even find where my bicycle is kept.

Michael Bradley
Ashtead, Surrey

Manchester gets the games!

The ITU World Triathlon Championships are coming to Britain. The British Triathlon Association has stepped into the void left by Nuremberg, which pulled out in January, and will host the championships in Manchester on August 22.

It will be the first time the event has been held in Europe in the last four years and should give top home competitors, Simon Lessing, the current British champion, and Spencer Smith, the World and European Junior Champion, a greater chance of success.

Rivington Pike has been earmarked for the swim section, with the bikes passing through Bolton and Manchester. The run will be a two-lap 5K route finishing in the city centre.

The event will be run under the direct control of the British Triathlon Association which is looking for volunteers to host incoming international teams and to help out before and on the day. Anyone interested should contact BTA ☎ 0304 214840.



Triathlon's leading exponents will be coming to Manchester later this year

Have you ever run the Easter Saturday race up & down Rivington Pike near Bolton ? Even after this year's drought, by the sound of this clipping you need flippers, not fell studs !!

Get in shape
for the new season ahead



JONESY`S BOB GRAHAM

Would I? Wouldn`t I? That was the feeling I was having a couple of months leading up to my attempt. I started training around October 1994. Training seemed to be going well when I developed an achilles injury, however it did clear up and there I was on 21st July at 2300 hours ready to go. My previous attempt date was to be 16th June but due to the injury I put off the attempt for another month. Feeling very aprehensive I set off from Keswick with Brian Horsley, John Riley and Keith Munton. As we crossed the Bridge in Keswick we took a wrong turning. Great! - not even out of Keswick and we`d made our first mistake. As we made the first climb to Skidaw before the car park Bod suggested we put in an extra climb to the right of the footpath. This we did. Realising another wrong turn we dropped back down on to the footpath. Bod said I needed the extra training. We made a steady climb to the top of Skidaw but came off just a little too soon to the right. This required a scramble across a slippery boulder field where Bod carried out a smart triple salco for approximately 10 yards down. 9.8 was awarded for difficulty. Extra marks were gained for darkness. Well done Bod! Dropping down towards Calva, Brian decided to go for a swim up to his nuts in a peat bog. He soon changed his mind and got out more quickly than he got in. At this point I decided to climb Little Calva. Thanks to Brian we came across the cart road that takes you directly to the Bridge where a smart left turn took us to the top of Calva.
Following the new fence, we quickly descended with Keith in front who also disappeared up to his waist. Thanks for being in front Keith! The long pull to the top of Blencathra is where we took a couple of beatings from the rain. On the way up, Bod`s light went out. Keith, being the gentlemen, offered Bod his light to navigate. As we reached the top of Halls Fell Ridge to start the descent the obvious became evident. How the heck was Keith to descent without a light? Brian suggested putting Keith between himself and Bod. I realised it was going to be a slow descent so I decided to shoot down on my own. I arrived at the first changeover some minutes before Brian, Bod and Keith.

A quick change, bite to eat and I set off on the second leg with Geoff Winder, Jeff Coulson, Simon Towler and Andy Thompson. Richard Crossland who should have been pacing on the second leg really did look like Dick the Sh__. He apologised for not running - he was ill. A short climb to the top of Clough Head is where the second leg was picked off fairly quickly. Dropping down to Steel Fell is where Andy Thompson started to moan, all because he had to carry his food and water, my food and water, maps, the schedule cards and, oh, I nearly forgot a video camcorder. By the way, the only section we shot on video was the climb up Steel Fell. The rest didn`t turn out because Andy forgot to pull out the viewfinder which automatically adjusts the focus. Hence the moans and groans from Andy about the the focus being fuzzy whilst he was filming. Seriously Andy, I would recommend you as a Butler any time. Backers were telling me how brave I was having both Geoff Winder and Jeff Coulson on both the second and third leg. I found out why. Geoff Winder said, "Allan Come this way". Jeff Coulson said,"No, Allan, Come This way." Ifelt at times I`d travelled twice the distance trying to cover both routes at the same time. The two Geoffs are a must for anyone attempting the Bob Graham. Their route finding and navigation skills were second to none. Thanks must go to Simon Towler who also looked after me on the second leg like a mother hen, "Allan, have a drink", "Allan, have some food", "Allan, put this Kag on", "Allan, have a sh__". Many Thanks Simon.

Greg Houghton was a pleasant surprise at the start of leg three - he joined in and kept my mind occupied around all of leg three, by explaining the races and race routes he and his brother Steve had completed. Greg would make a fine Lakeland guide by the way, I can certainly recommend the rocket fuel you gave me at Bow Fell. It worked wonders - Cheers! Droppig down into Wasdale I was welcomed by Pete and Jackie White. At this point I was a little disappointed as Jackie had promised to tender my needs, those being the bathing and dressing of blisters on my feet, Unfortunately I didn`t have any - Thanks for the offer Jackie.

To set off on the fourth leg up Yewbarrow with such an experienced team was a great boost to my confidence. The team consisted of Pete White, the old soldier of the Bob Graham round, Steve Houghton, the quiet man of the fells, who always gives you a boost when you need it and last but not least, Jamie Smith. I am still not sure which was the most painuful, climbing Yewbarrow or listening to the verbal abuse from Jamie - nice one - you took my mind off the climb, although you could have stopped when we reached the top! Thanks Anyway. What can I say about Pete White? - what a star! - it`s obvious he`s completed the Bob Graham three times. Pete, you

saved me valuable time with your knowledge of the Bob Graham. P.S. Thanks for the painkillers. A sight for sore eyes at the top of Green Gable was Paul and Ben Frachett. Tagging along also was Steve Houghton. Running across Brandreth we came across Geoff and Val Bell. Running across to Grey Knotts and descending to Honister was like a social run on a Sunday Morning with Calder Valley - what a boost to the finish of the fourth leg. At this point food was far from my thoughts - all I wanted to do was to mog on and finish.

A quick change of socks, slurp of tea and off we went on the homeward leg. Leg five now consisted of Brian Horsley, John Riley, Geoff and Val Bell, Paul and Ben Frachett. After making a good climb up Dale Head, after receiving the usual verbal wit and humour from Paul , he and his son Ben dropped back into Honister to pick up their car. They were to meet us at the finish. After climbing Hind Scarth, and dropping down towards Robinson I remember Geoff telling me to slow down. "You have plenty of time to spare", he stated. I should have listened. By the time we had completed the climb to Robinson I could feel myself going. Realising I had a food shortage I quickly digested rice pudding, fruitina, a mars bar, a banana and two chocolate biscuits all at the same time - Thanks Val. I quickly came round and enjoyed the run back into Keswick with a reasonable amount of time to spare on my schedule - that was a good feeling. Running through Keswick, Brian suggested to Bod, he run into the finish and take a couple of photographs. Pete and Jackie were standing in the pub enjoying a pint when Pete noticed Bod running down the main street. Both Pete and Jackie ran out of the pub. Paul and Ben Frachett shouted to my son, David, "They`re here". Everyone then descended to the Moot Hall at the same time. What a finale! Everyone stood around clapping - it was worth every mile to enjoy that finish at 2141 hrs.

At this point I must apologise to my wife Denise, Mum-in-law, Emily and Brother in Law, Graham who had travelled from Halifax to Keswick to watch the finish. I told them to be at Moot Hall for approx 2215hrs. My schedule was to arrive in Keswick for 2230hrs - they were all sitting in the cafe drinking tea. As they strolled around the corner at 2200hrs it was all over. I had changed and was ready to go for a pint. Never mind Denise - maybe next time! (I don`t think!!).

Two very important assistants I have saved until last but by no means least, David, my son and a friend and colleague from work, Ian Sharp. They supplied me with food, clothing and drinks all the way round. I applaud them both for doing a brilliant job.

It`s now I must pay my respects to the man who really inspired me to have a go at the Bob Graham round, Brian Horsley. When Brian first mentioned having a go I thought he was taking the Mick, but as he pushed harder on each training run I realised he was serious. It then turned from a dream to a possibility. Thanks "Hose pipe" .

Two people I must also say thanks to are Dave Hide who not only assisted me through my injury but also supplied the rope and ran a part of the third leg - Thanks Dave. Also, my wife Denise who put up with everything from lonely weekends at home whilst I was training in the Lakes to the moans and groans whilst I was injured - Thanks for that.

Not forgetting all those who assisted not just on the day but with training and planning of the event. There are too many to mention over the last 9 months - don`t be offended if I haven`t mentioned you by name. Thanks to you all.

P.S. Calder Valley has a wealth of experience in the Bob Graham - Iwould urge any future candidates to seek the experience and knowledge and benefit from it in the way I did.

I do hope you haven`t fallen asleep reading this epic but I did have 9 hours to spare on the way to America the following morning.

JONESY

ONE MAN AND HIS BOB 1 JULY 1995

We arrive at the Moot Hall at 12:45 am, Gerry Symes and Richard Kellett are the pacers for the first leg, Val and Emmie are on roadside support and Jess Palmer and Jonnie just to see me off. The weather is mild and dry, perfect conditions although there is no moon.
We wait for 1:00 and it takes forever, I kiss the Moot Hall, Val and Emmie, then off we go. We need the head torches in Fitz Park. Just over the Keswick bypass my new halogen bulb falls out of the Petzl and I waste a minute screwing it back in.
Halfway up Jenkin Hill we catch a lone walker doing the four three thousands. He must be crazy!
Below Little Man the wind has come up and the cloud is down, it's time for the cagoule. This is not easy in the dark and I find myself with it on inside out. This does not worry me except the inside pocket is now on the outside and the wind blows it over my eyes at critical points. Nevermind, I knew it was not going to be easy.
Over the summit of Skiddaw, touch the trig point and down the far side. I find the fence, set a bearing and off into the dark. I have no luck finding the sheeptracks so it's the direct route through the heather to Great Calva. Dawn breaks just as we arrive on top so it's easy navigation to Blencathra and the dreaded descent of Hall's Fell Ridge . I have decided on my tactics; don't think, don't look, just keep close behind Symesie and go as fast as I dare.
The tactics work, on the descent we pull back 7 minutes on schedule leaving me 13 minutes behind for the leg. That's good going for the night section.
Cornflakes, a jam butty and tea for breakfast. Martyn Craggs, Jess Palmer and Mick Walden are my new companions and away up Clough Head we climb, back into the cloud and against a cold headwind. Not much to see on this section but Martyn is finding the route well.
I feel the start of a hunger bonk on Helvellyn so ask for malt loaf. By Nethermost Pike Mick has still not found any, so he offers a chocolate biscuit instead. My patience is finally rewarded by Dollywagon Pike and the malt loaf belatedly appears after the rucsac has been emptied for the third time, that's better.
John Simpson is waiting at Grisedale Tarn and joins us for the the climb of Fairfield.
A further 4 minutes are lost on schedule. Rice pudding and peaches and a change into shorts and teeshirt. Mike Wardle, Andy Thompson, Allan Jones and Graham Barrie are looking after me now. Mike shows us a nice rock scramble up Pike O'Stickle. He says "better than the grassy path". Now we have a 5 minute break for malt loaf and Fruesli bars. After the long pull up Bowfell we have another break. Graham offers more malt loaf and Fruesli bars. The attraction is starting to wane so I eat Allan's Mars bar instead.
On the rocks of Great End I notice I am losing the co-ordination between my brain and my feet . I have to concentrate stepping from boulder to boulder. Broad Stand is the part I have been looking forward to. There is Dave Hyde waiting above with the rope. I squeeze through Fat Man's Agony and Mike ties me on. He leads me along the ledge, shows me the hand holds and tells me to go for it. I'm there. Was that it?
Descending Scafell "I know a nice scree run that's much quicker than the grassy path" says Mike. Disaster strikes halfway down, my left calf locks in cramp and I can't unlock it. Andy springs to my rescue manipulating my foot. I can now walk again although my leg feels as if it's been kicked by a donkey.
More rice pudding and a change of shorts and tee shirt in Wasdale. Duncan makes me change socks. Val's not looking happy and she's not saying how far I am behind schedule. She makes me take the full 20 minutes rest.
Duncan Thompson and Keith Monkton now take charge, Mike and Graham are coming along as well. Yewbarrow is immense. Keith follows me to stop me falling backwards. I have to dig in to make the top. Red pike is even worse. Duncan takes us up a grassy path away from the rocks and I crawl to the summit cairn.
Steeple and Pillar take forever, It is now 36 hours since I last slept and I would give anything to lie down on the rocks and close my eyes. The climb up Joss's gully on Kirkfell is grim. I must now be 2 hours down on schedule. When I look at my watch, it's in 24 hour mode and I can't quite understand what it says. Surely everyone at Honister must have gone home by now. What will Val say to me? Keeping her waiting so long.

At the cairn I suggest an easier line. Moses Trod perhaps, or preferrably a bus route. There can be no point prolonging the agony other than as a punishment. Duncan and Mike apparently think I am speaking Swedish and ignore my idea. They still don't tell me how far off schedule I am.
I can't believe Duncan still makes me climb Great Gable, especially when he tells me we're climbing a grassy path. I suppose I had better humour him and just try to carry on to Honister as best I can before I retire gracefully.
Coming down to Windy Gap the surroundings are now more friendly and familiar. I can see real grass, not Duncan's type of grass. I now try to run a few steps. Not too many, I don't want to overdo it.
Approaching Grey Knotts, Russ Thomas is there to meet me. He seems excited and says everyone is waiting for me. "Is he stupid?" I think to myself. "Does he not know how late I am and how bad I feel?"
They all run off to Honister leaving me no choice but to chase as I'm not capable of finding the way myself.
At the car park Russ proves correct. There must be over 20 people clapping me in . How embarrassing, they must be expecting me to continue. Emmie gives me tea and rice pudding. Val tells me I'm an hour down but can still do it if I stop messing around. Are my ears deceiving me?
My pacers are ready; Val , Julian Lusardi and Dave Parke. Dave Parke From Scarborough? I didn't expect to see him .
Up by the side of the fence we go, Val leading the way. She seems to be going fast, I try to keep up. Julian and Dave encourage me, we soon reach the summit. 9 minutes up on schedule! I am now running on the flat and gain another 8 minutes to Hindscarth. The light is now failing as Robinson is reached, another 11 minutes up. Val finds a perfect descent line and we're now off the fell and it's on with the torches. My new halogen bulb falls out again so I run alongside Dave to Littletown .
The Volvo is waiting, someone sits me down, puts me clean socks and road shoes on. What a relief to take the Walshes off.
The Petzl is now repaired, although it won't switch off, and away we go. Russ and Jeanette are running to the finish with us. We take the road option, walking the inclines but running the flat. Soon we are in Portinscale and over the bridge. Near the Pencil factory a taxi stops. "Is he doing the Bob Graham?" the driver asks . "Yes!"
Now we can see the Moot Hall and it turns into a sprint.
The balloons and party poppers are out. I kiss the wall and receive congratulations all round.
It's 12:18 ; 42 minutes to spare. It's all over, I can stop running.
But wait a minute there's something missing. Where is the driver?
Symesie has DNF'd again.

Footnote
Gerry Symes was the navigator on leg 1 and then acted as driver of the support car for the rest of the day. After a thorough search he was eventually discovered in the early hours of Sunday morning wandering the streets of Keswick with a blank expression on his face.
He was diagnosed of suffering from shock and exposure to Lakeland fell running. He underwent emergency treatment at the Coledale Inn, being intraveneously fed 6 pints of Yates Bitter and a Cumberland sausage, and has now made a complete recovery.

It has been my ambition for many a year to attempt the Bob Graham Round which I have always regarded as the ultimate test of fellrunning folly. As a non running friend once said " You might be a good runner but you don't have much between your ears".
The fact that I completed the Round in under 24 hours is due entirely to all my friends, old and new, who drove long distances and gave their time to support me. The navigators found the ideal line, pacers were always ready to supply food, drink and moral support when the going got tough . At the roadside crossings the many people who just turned up to wish me well were an inspiration.
I must also mention Val, who for the past year has sacrificed her own running , to eat, drink and sleep the Bob Graham. Her job on the day, organising everything and everybody, feeding and clothing me as well as navigating the last leg was much harder than mine.
I thank everyone who was there. It was a great day on the fells.
You have made a happy man very old.

Geoff Bell

72 MILES, 42 PEAKS AND 257 CUPS OF TEA

It seemed a good omen when I managed to get Friday off work. This meant we could arrive at Keswick early and hopefully get plenty of rest before the big event we had been working towards for so long. In reality, arriving early was not such a good idea as it seemed an eternity to the 1:00 a.m. start, and the possiblity of relaxing was inconceivable, especially when Symesie decided to pick a fight with the caravan site manager about where he was going to park his Volvo - thus causing a problem for all subsequent pacers / supporters and their cars.

I seemed to spend all day making umpteen cups of tea as various people arrived. The next unscheduled problem was Symesie returning to say his Volvo was now parked in Threlkeld but in the "wrong" place. Can't he do anything right?

At 12:45 a.m. we set off from the camper van to the Moot Hall and we were very pleased to meet Jess, who had turned up to wish Geoff good luck. Emmie and Jonathan were parked right next to the Moot Hall and had been observing all the Friday night drunks. They had also seen a group from Rochdale set off for the BG at midnight.

We took photos and said farewells - the atmosphere was very tense now - Geoff desperately wanted to start running - 1 a.m. and the big BG starts.

I felt a great relief that the event was eventually under way and knew Geoff would be happy now. I went with Emmie to Threlkeld and Jess followed. We all tried to sleep - Emmie and Jonnie were successfull but I was too keyed up and it never really seemed to get dark. I had set my alarm for 3.30 a.m. to make sure I was ready - but there was no need - I checked my watch every 10 minutes. 3:30 a.m. arrived and I got up and proceeded to get everything out in preparation for Geoff's arrival - but first priority was a cup of tea for Jess and myself. I knew this was the leg that Geoff was least looking forward to and would be glad when he arrived. The group who set off at midnight arrived and confirmed the conditions on the fells were good.

We spotted Geoff on the descent of Hall's Fell Ridge using binoculars, all seemed to be going well - not far off schedule! He arrived 13 mins late but exhilarated by the descent which took only 25 minutes. Symesie came good when it mattered most. There seemed to be chaos at the checkpoint - I ensured that Geoff had all he needed - then everyone else wanted a cup of tea.

We returned to Keswick to deliver Richard to his car and then to Dunmail - leaving Symesie sleeping in the Volvo - while I sat with Jonnie and Emmie in her car- and we talked, quietly marvelling at the early morning sights and sounds. One by one we all started to doze until someone did an almighty snore and callously woke everyone up. Just as well because we then spent 5 minutes laughing at the antics of the frolicking sheep and lambs who were totally oblivious of their appreciative audience. Magic moments like this are precious! I dropped off to sleep again but woke in plenty of time to set up my tea stall.

Pacers started to arrive and ask "Any tea going?" Geoff arrived a further 4 minutes behind schedule but in very good spirits and looking strong. Simmo had found them on Fairfield. Utter chaos ensued with everyone talking at once and when Geoff departed it was cups of tea all round.
We returned to Keswick, I needed to replenish stocks of tea bags, milk, water and check I had all my gear for running the last leg. I said goodbye to Emmie until Honister and set off for Wasdale in the Volvo with Symesie.

We managed to concentrate to Ennerdale Bridge but then our eyes started to close and we had just decided we needed to stop and sleep when suddenly the road opened out into interesting open moorland and we were alert again - the drive from Gosforth to Wasdale was beautiful - especially on such a lovely day. Symesie marvelled at the view. He'd never been to Wasdale before and was eager to see Yewbarrow.

We were parked up by 1.30 p.m. - perhaps we could now snatch half an hours kip? We needed a cup of tea first and some food and were about to settle down when Duncan and Keith arrived - no time to sleep now, too busy talking and making cups of tea. We kept looking to the fells and then we saw our crew but they seemed to be taking an interminable time to come down. They appeared to stop for a long time - was there a crisis?

I felt there must a real problem and Geoff would not be going on - but they all finally arrived and nobody was saying anything so I assumed we were carrying on. Geoff looked disorientated and unable to make decisions - so I made them for him. I made sure he ate, had a full change of clothes and he was off again. Everybody else wanted a cup of tea too! We watched Geoff ascend Yewbarrow as we cleared away the gear and replenished the water supply, I was surprised how quickly he went out of sight. When we calculated the times we realised we were less than half an hour behind schedule and still in with a chance. It all depended on how Geoff fared on this critical leg.

The drive to Honister on a such a glorious summer evening was amazing - but we would have enjoyed it much more if we had not been so tired. On the moor between Gosforth and Ennerdale Bridge we were forced to park up because we simply could not keep awake. We conked out for a good 30 minutes and woke up feeling much better.

We arrived at Honister at 7.00 p.m. to the realisation that we were ravenous. Cups of tea and grub were required, then hopefully some sleep. Before we finished eating, friends started to arrive - Julian and Russ - the Simmos and then Emmie - I explained the position and pointed out everything was going to hinge on the last leg and it was likely to be in the dark and I was navigating. I worked myself into a frenzy without too much difficulty! There seemed to be friends everywhere all asking questions and looking up the fell for Geoff. Dave and Denise, our friends from Scarborough, suddenly appeared. They've come to support Geoff and Dave wants to run the last leg. It's all become a bit much for me - I've lost control. Then Keith arrived with advance warning that Geoff was struggling - he needed rice pudding, peaches and tea - Mike Wardle says I had to push him to keep going and he thought he would just make it - but not, I thought, if the navigator makes a stupid mistake!

When Geoff arrived he looked in a far better state than I imagined and when I explained to him what he had to do he seemed pleased - the sooner we set off the better.

I need not have worried at all - the last leg went like a dream and I enjoyed every second of it. It was wonderful to be running on the fells after driving round all day! I will always remember the amazing sense of tranquility when we reached the summit of Dalehead and the fantastic views of Buttermere at dusk from Robinson. It was obvious that Geoff was still strong and our goal was attainable.

The descent from Robinson went without any hitches and we just reached the wooded valley before dark. When we joined the road at Littletown there was a yelp of delight from the support team at the time we had made up.

We had an hour and a half to reach the Moot Hall and this was ample - I actually started to relax. Running these last few miles in the dark with Geoff and our various friends was a sheer delight. When we reached the Moot Hall I felt as if I could have run forever - if I could just have had a cup of tea first.

Val Bell

BELLY'S BOB GRAHAM 1 JULY 1995

LEG 1

Pacers : Richard Kellett
Gerry Symes

		Actual	Schedule
Start		01:00	01:00
1	Skiddaw	02:18	02:16
2	Great Calva	03:20	03:00
3	Blencathra	04:27	04:07
arr.	Threlkeld	04:53	04:40

3:40

LEG 2

Pacers : Martyn Craggs
Jess Palmer
Mick Walden

dep.	Threlkeld	05:03	04:50
4	Clough Head	05:56	05:37
5	Great Dod	06:24	06:07
6	Watson's Dod	06:32	06:17
7	Stybarrow Dod	06:42	06:25
8	Raise	06:57	06:39
9	White Side	07:05	06:47
10	Lower Man	07:25	07:07
11	Helvellyn	07:32	07:14
12	Nethermost Pike	07:41	07:24
13	Dollywagon Pike	07:48	07:34
14	Fairfield	08:24	08:10
15	Seat Sandal	08:48	08:35
arr.	Dunmail	09:07	08:50

4:00

LEG 3

Pacers : Mike Wardle
Andy Thompson
Graham Barrie
Allan Jones
Dave Hyde (Broad Stand)

dep.	Dunmail	09:21	09:05
16	Steel Fell	09:45	09:30
17	Calf Crag	10:03	09:52
18	High Raise	10:38	10:24
19	Sergeant Man	10:44	10:34
20	Thunacar Knot	10:58	10:50
21	Harrison Stickle	11:05	11:00
22	Pike O'Stickle	11:20	11:18

23	Rossett Pike	12:15	11:56	
24	Bowfell	12:45	12:36	
25	Esk Pike	13:10	12:55	
26	Great End	13:35	13:15	
27	Ill Crag	13:51	13:32	6:04
28	Broad Crag	14:02	13:44	
29	Scafell Pike	14:17	13:57	
30	Scafell	14:52	14:39	
arr.	Wasdale	15:35	15:09	

LEG 4

Pacers : Duncan Thompson
Keith Monkton
Mike Wardle
Graham Barrie

dep.	Wasdale	15:57	15:29	
31	Yewbarrow	16:44	16:13	
32	Red Pike	17:33	17:05	
33	Steeple	18:01	17:22	
34	Pillar	18:41	17:52	
35	Kirkfell	19:42	18:43	5:00
36	Great Gable	20:27	19:30	
37	Green Gable	20:45	19:48	
38	Brandreth	21:00	20:06	
39	Grey Knotts	21:09	20:13	
arr.	Honister	21:21	20:29	

LEG 5

Pacers : Val Bell
Julian Lusardi
Dave Parke

dep.	Honister	21:27	20:38	
40	Dale Head	21:58	21:18	3:26
41	Hindscarth	22:16	21:44	
42	Robinson	22:40	22:19	
arr.	Keswick	00:18	00:04	

22:10

ROADSIDE SUPPORT

Val Bell
Gerry Symes *Volvo Estate*
Emmie Bell

FELL RACE 2000

What will it be like running a fell race in the next millennium? Let's take a look and see.

It costs £100 to join the F.R.A, however, that covers your wrist tag and all race entries you wish to run. Mainly because of pressure from insurance companies only F.R.A members can compete in races.

Racing is much 'safer' now than it used to be, on the day of the race you run your bar code (which is on your wrist tag), over the electronic sensor at race control. This gives the race organiser access to all your personal medical information and your level of experience should you have an accident. At checkpoints on the race you pass your bar code over the checkpoint sensor, a red light on the sensor flashes, which indicates you have been logged up on the race control computer.

The race organiser can quickly check if any runners have not gone through the check points. Those that have missed after a time delay will flash up on the screen and race control can then evaluate from the runners personal information if there is cause for concern.

Should a runner get into difficulties, lost, injured or exhausted, he or she can activate the tiny homing device built in the wrist tag. This alerts the race computer, allowing the race organiser to get a 'fix' on the runner's position and send in rescue services.

It became necessary for race organisers to use this technology following a number of court cases when organisers were held responsible for accidents after failing to ensure adequate safety measures. Fell running is of course a dangerous activity, people may get injured, or lose their wrist tag!

Dave Pilkington.



INAUGURAL STOODLEY-CRAGG BIATHLON

13.6.95

15 people lined up at the start for this low key event. It was a clear, cool evening, with only a slight breeze on the tops. Dennis Gilda powered his way across Eringdon Moor to open nearly a two minute lead at the change over. The race was won however by A.Sheriffs who was the only person to complete the bike section in under an hour.

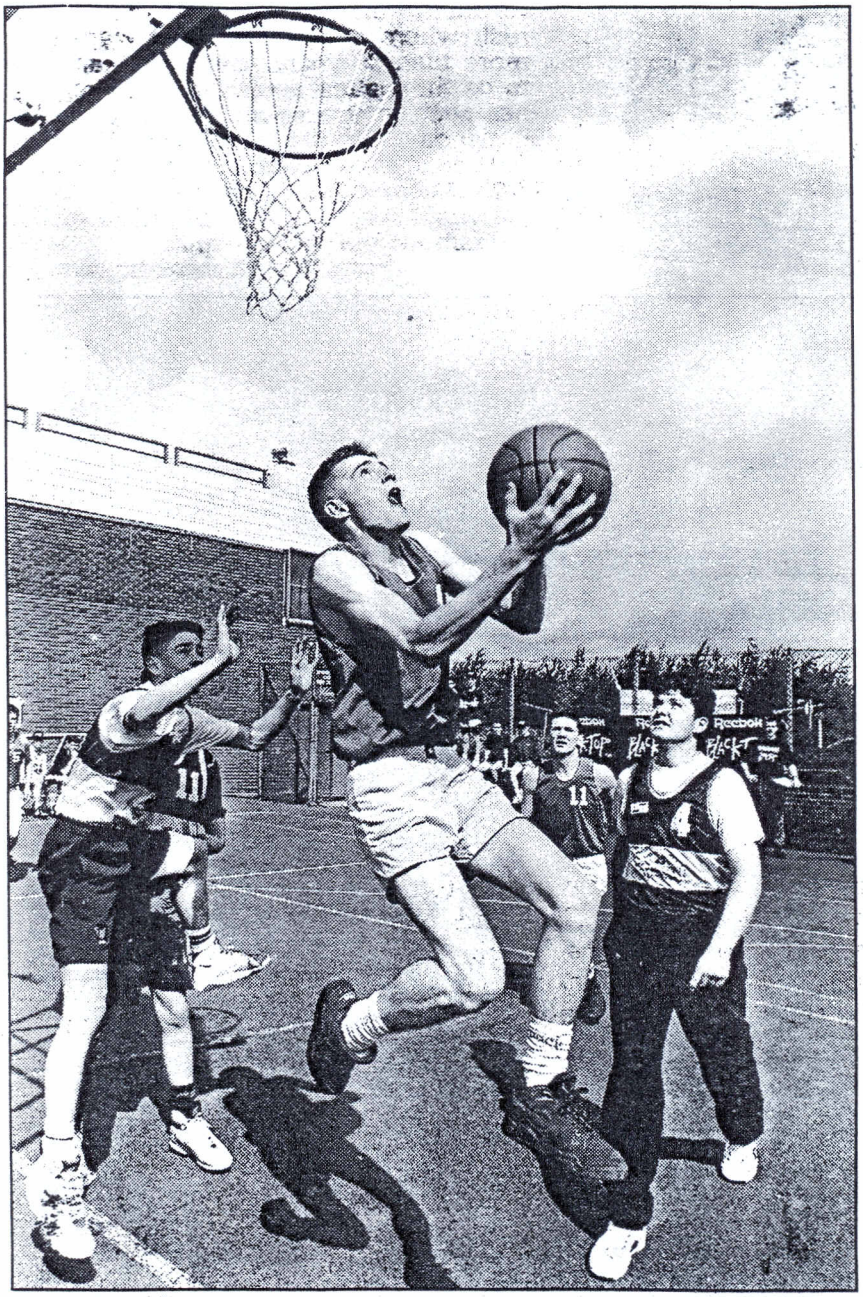
In the women's race Thirza led all the way, while Charlotte decided to add a little bit on at Littleborough just to keep us guessing.

Generally the evening was a great success, for a fun event. And thanks go to all those who helped and participated, particularly Jess and - - Ian Strachan from Calder Valley Moorland Rescue who covered both parts of the race. Finally thanks to Steven Lilley who organised the time keeping.

Mainly because of issues like insurance and marshals the event could not be advertised for a wider participation. However, in many ways having round about 15-20 people gives the event a nice feel.

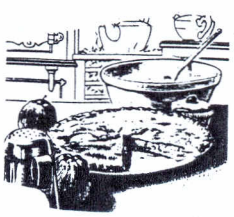
For the future there are two more obvious biathlon routes from M.C.C, there is Crow Hill and the Sowerby loop and High Brown Knoll and the Wainstalls/Cock Hill loop. Perhaps we could try these on a summer evening in the future, then at a later date put them altogether as a race! You've heard of a triple by pass, well.....

NAME	NUMBER	RUN	BIKE	TOTAL
A.Sheriffs	1	43-41	58-21	1hr 42m 2s
D.Hurton	2	43-25	1hr 1m 29s	1hr 44m 54s
D.Thompson	3	44-05	1hr 2m 56s	1hr 47m 1s
D.Gildea	4	42-11	1hr 8m 44s	1hr 50m 55s
P.Whittaker	5	50-46	1hr 8m 02s	1hr 58m 48s
P.White	6	48-48	1hr 10m 2s	1hr 58m 50s
A.Thompson	7	49-46	1hr 11m 6s	2hr 0m 52s
S.Cavell	8	50-40	1hr 11m 34s	2hr 2m 14s
D.Gilyeat	9	54-11	1hr 10m 3s	2hr 4m 14s
J.Crummett	10	47-58	1hr 21m 14s	2hr 9m 12s
G.Spencer	11	49-01	1hr 21m 53s	2hr 10m 54s
T.Hyde	12	50-36	1hr 22m 16s	2hr 12m 52s-F
J.Sheard	13	60-59	1hr 13m 48s	2hr 14m 47s
I.Neville	14	55-34	1hr 32m 50s	2hr 28m 24s-F
C.Roberts	15	51-19	1hr 43m 31s	2hr 34m 50s-F



Jez Wilkinson displays his other sporting talent, whilst competing for Scunthorpe Slamdunkers in the Reebok Blacktop 3 a side Basketball tournament. Photo: Len Scapp.

RAMPAGE RECIPES.



Cherry Merry-go-Round

4oz self-raising flour; 4oz margarine; 2 eggs; 2 level teaspoons cinnamon; 4oz castor sugar; 1 tablespoon milk. Filling and topping: black cherry jam or bramble jelly; fresh cherries; whipped fresh cream or butter cream.

Sift flour with cinnamon. Cream fat and sugar together till light and fluffy, then add the eggs, one at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition. Fold in half the quantity of flour, add milk then fold in the rest of flour. Turn mixture into a 7-inch round cake tin, well greased, and lined with greaseproof paper. Bake in the centre of a medium oven 40-45 minutes. Turn out on to a wire tray. When cool cut cake into one or two layers and sandwich together liberally with black cherry jam or bramble jelly. Spread cream thickly over the top and decorate with rings of stoned cherries.

Where are they now ??

No. 17 Andy Wimpenny



Former hard man of the fells, Fellsman Hiker, Old County Topper and Bob Graham Round night section navigator par excellence, Andy was spotted recently making a comeback to the running scene, Seen far left (no. 432) during the Stainland 3 mile fun run. Andy's sponsor/ trainer/ spouse shouts encouragement from the sidelines. Photo; Evening Courier.(Sorry Duncan, I've had this in my file now since you gave it me last Christmas.)

A D V E R T I S M E N T

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