calder valley fell runners

SHEEP SHEET

CLUB HANDICAP AND DINNER

RESULTS

1. Paul Frechette 50.48
2. Thirza Hyde 55.24
3. Carl Greenwood 46.58
4. Andy Clarke 42.02
5. Richard Kellett 49.20
6. Simon Yearsley 54.29
7. Graeme Woodward 49.06
8 Karl Gray 44.15
9 Jon Underwood 50.24
10 Phil Swaine 53.39
11 Gerry Symes 53.52
12 Steve Cavell 62.43
13 Steve Hoyle 58.05
14 Mike Bell 72.40



On a pretty dreary day 18 runners turned out to run the club handicap. With the usual abuse being given to Phil Swaine (Stats) for all their crappy handicaps the happy bunch set off from the playing fields at their alotted times. The going was really, really heavy with the field before Dick Lane being an absolute mud bath. It was pretty hard work all the way to Stoodley Pike with the wind in your face. Mike Wardle was there to make sure everyone went round the Pike. Paul Frechette's nephew Paul, who unfortunately, is not a member of the club was the first one back with his Uncle Paul nipping at his heals to take the club handicap. Paul being an honest type of fellow had been working at winning this for some considerable time. I wondered why he was so keen to keep me company on the Tuesday night runs. I thought it was my stimulating conversation but now I know. IT GOES SOMETHING LIKE THIS *"Oh yes now Paul he's been running with Thirza on a Tuesday, better watch his handicap as he doesn't seem to be running very well."* Well hell what a joke. I've dumped him now. He's been upgraded to the fast group and hopefully that'll wipe the smile off his face. Everyone enjoyed it in a savage sort of a way. We had 5 guests 2 of whom have now paid up their subs. We told them that it didn't get much tougher than that. We forgot about running the Ben or in the Lakes. Never mind it seems that it's been porky pies all round. We went back to the Shoulder where we had hot grub and a pint to wash it down then it was glad rags on for the night do at the Woolmerchants. We had an excellent night with good food, a small presentation, abit of dancing, and a few beers. A good day had by all. Thirza

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February 2002

RESULTS ... Results ...



The Stoop fell race - 16th December 2001 5mls/800'

1	Rob Hope	P & Br	27-56
2	Ian Holmes	Bingley	28-07
19	Andy Clarke	CVFR	32-20
??	Mary Wilkinson	Skipton	36-21
101	Babs Bukonola	CVFR	38-14
106	Carl Greenwood	CVFR	38-21
109	Greame Woodward	CVFR	38-27
139	Pete Round	CVFR	40-20
146	Allan Greenwood	CVFR	40-43
159	Jez Wilkinson	CVFR	41-44
162	Rod Sutcliffe	CVFR	42-06
182	Linda Crabtree	Halifax	42-32

It was a fine sunny morning as I picked Linda up from Queensbury and we drove over to Haworth. The low sun was blinding as we got to Denholme, though a thick mist hung around the moor, obscuring the windfarm above Ogden. On reaching Penistone Hill Country Park, at around 10 am we found the place already absolutely heaving with runners' cars, and I knew there was going to be a lot of congestion on the route. We got our numbers, Linda hesitant at first because she had had a hard run at the Halifax and District cross country on Saturday, the previous day, but I waved £2-50 at her and she gave in and got a number. Saw Jez on his way in to register and knew I wouldn't be first Calder Valley back. Saw Andy Clarke and knew neither me or Jez would. I went for a warm up, which consisted of a jog down to the bogs on Marsh Lane, which were shut so I settled for a wee behind the toilet block, though don't tell Dave Woodhead or he will notify the piddle plod. Back to the car and I found Linda who's warm-up had entailed visiting the toilet tent, walking her dog Lucy around the moor and no doubt a load of nattering. Before long we were getting ready to join the crowds down in the quarry. Five minutes to go and I saw Rod arriving in his usual quiet unrushed and calm manner. I thought about pointing him towards the bogs on Marsh Lane and telling him there would be no queue. Time to go, so windproofs off and down to the start we went. First we had to listen to Dave Woodhead shouting and bawling and telling us to get back. Then we had to sing Happy Birthday to Jo Anne Prowse, the Keighley veteran who was 48 years old that day. (She finished 4th lady, in a time of 39-22.) 11-30 came and we were off. A fast dash out of the quarry, except that you had to keep checking back because the crowds in front were slowing to avoid the burned out cars and litter, then out onto the moor and again, for me, across to the bogs on Marsh Lane. Across the road and up a bridleway and soon we were heading towards where the low sunlight was coming from. It was blinding. As we got on the narrow trod down the moor, I was really scared of doing an ankle again. By now the crowds had thinned into a long snake of runners, one right in front so you couldn't see where you were putting your feet, another banging into you behind everytime you faltered, no way for anyone to get past. We start to descend to the stream crossing and a Calder vest flies past. Don't recognise him, though he has shortish cropped hair. Is it Steve Coey I wonder, or perhaps Pete Horne. No, he's not tall enough for Steve or stockily enough built for Pete. Must press on and catch him. Just at the stream, a runner makes a desperate bid for glory, barging through on the inside where there is no room for two pairs of shoes. He collides with me, then, almost turning right round, apologises in a very quiet and sincere way, before falling heavily onto the stream bank and sliding backwards into the water. It is Rod. I hear a bit of a chuckle behind and glance to see Jez right there with me. Two Calder men on my tail. Time to get stuck in. The climb up the Stoop comes next. It is just unbelievably marshy, our legs sinking to the knees in places which has a very tiring effect. I want to run but I sink again. The man in front sinks and so I avoid that bit of ground. The path is wide now, as we have the whole fellside to go at so I make a bid to get round him but find myself in deep shit again. Now I see Linda in front. "She got off to a flyer", I think, and I try to catch her and eventually pass her on the muddy ledge. I tell her she got a good start and she asks me for a kiss. "Kiss? My arse!" Jim Royal's voice says in my head. As it narrows down everyone in front begins to walk. Our feet are slipping back with each step, the deep peaty mud gives no purchase. I try to jog past one or two runners by keeping in the bracken at the side but it's hard going and I have to cut back in like an impatient motorist who hops in and out of traffic. Again I try but again I am doomed and my brake lights glow as I carve some bugger up. Soon we are out of the narrow peaty ledge and the moor opens up wide again. We have the whole fellside to go at but it turns out to be the setting for Creature from the Black Lagoon. It is now a Yomp. My back is screaming with pain. Hands on knees, trudging through marsh, my feet are freezing and the wind is getting really cold on the face. There can be no finer place to be than this, can there? There can be no finer situation. What I wouldn't give for a pot of tea. Yes a pot of steaming tea, sitting by the hearthside as I read the Sunday supplement with my zipup slippers on. Another piece of chocolate swiss roll on a plate, balanced on the chair arm. Come on, dig in now, banish those stupid thoughts, there are more bogs to run through, more freezing marsh to take the life out of the toes, a long way to the top yet and a bloody long way back. Soon it levels out, a good bit of ground beside a wall and we can see the top. The field is stringing right out to the standing stone and turning back down the fellside way over to our right. Round the trig point and away we go. The way is clear, with no-one in the way, no marsh, bog or hill to climb. Now we can really fly. But my legs are dead. Down we go, the man in front is pulling away and I know I am going to be swallowed up by the chasing crowds. Suddenly, the man sinks up to his thighs in the swamp and I have just enough time to cut left, avoiding it. This gives me confidence, as I have taken a place. One - nil to me. I reach the muddy ledge and there is nothing to grip on, the peat gives way and I slide sideways. Recovering I hurtle down the fell, past a tree towards the stream, I am flying at full speed and nobody will pass me now. Just then, a Calder Valley vest comes past as if I am standing still. It the man with the haircut again, though I had no idea I had passed him on the climb. Now I must keep with him. He is up the far bank and away along the track. I see a mate watching who gives me a shout and this spurs me on. I am on a steepish climb now and He is out of sight. Damn, where is he? At the top of the climb I see the Calder man is about four places ahead. He has put in a tremendous surge and will now be so tired I will catch him with ease. "Come on, deep breaths, I tell myself. "Run this piece of ground faster than he did and then the next stretch, and the next until you have drawn level". But I am treading water. Again I surge, digging deep, but find nothing. I am running out of energy. The only thing that keeps me going now is the thought of holding onto my Winter league points, and by that I don't mean my nipples. It is a long drag up to the tearoom before the final track to the road and I don't let anyone else come past. Now I am holding my own, and by that I don't mean... oh, never mind. Now we are at the road crossing by the closed toilet block and the Calder man is well out of sight. Behind the bogs we go and up the wallside, which feels like the final pull at Boulsworth Hill. Over the top of a quarry spoil heap and I can see the finish on the cricket field. Don't look back now. A final sprint and we are there, and across the finish line, where a young girl thrusts a Cadbury's chocolate bar into my hand. I walk over to the tea urn and find Carl Greenwood snaffling biscuits. He says Woodie has beaten me and so I believe he must be the phantom haircut, though I later discover that it was none other than the great ghost of Christmas past, Pete Round !! Well done Pete. Good to see you fit again. I trundle out of the cricket field to get my camera from the car so I can snap Rod and Jez, but they are much too quick for me, and have already reached the quarry top, I watch Linda coming in just behind Jean Rawlinson and Jane Smith of Todmorden and know she's had a good run, though she's black with mud after her apparent wrestle with those two. Andy Clarke was first Calder man back, with a superb top 20 run, then Babs Bukonola who I haven't seen for years in 101st. Well done to all the Calder lads.

Allan Greenwood.

MORE RESULTS ...



Guisborough Woods - 27th Dec. 2001 Northern Runner Winter Series - 6mls/1000'

1	Charles Stead	NFR	38.53
2	Gary Webb	Calder V	39.26
19	Steve Houghton	Calder V	45.58
27	Greg Houghton	Calder V	47.48

Another milestone comes round as we all get a little older. This was the 20th running of this event. A superb turnout saw 76 athletes contend for this years race. Charles Stead looking fitter and stronger than at the start of the season never looked in any danger as he led from start to finish. *Race Organiser's report*

Gary is getting back to some form placing an excellent 2nd in this race not far behind the leader at all. Well done lads. Thirza

Wansfell - 27th December 2001 2.5mls/1400'

1	Rob Hope	P & B	19.34
34	Chris Robbo	CVFR	26.31
47	Sharon Taylor	Bingley	28.10
67.	Thirza Hyde	CVFR	32.04

(75 ran)

What a race. Straight up and straight down some of it on your bum. As we were staying in Ambleside for the Xmas break we thought we might as well have a crack at the race. Blow away the cob webs and all the alcohol. I wasn't thinking this as we set off up the road as I was lying nearly last but then as soon as we got on the fell and I got my second wind I overtook people on the way up some of which overtook me again on the way down. It's a steep climb gaining alot of height in a short distance. Then it's eyeballs out down steep grass, mud you know the usual and then some lovely tarmac to finish. I picked up 2nd Lady Vet 40 and got a fiver. Enough for Chris and I to get a pint in to celebrate.Thirza

Coley Canter - 27th December 2001

1	George Ehrhardt	Todmorden	46-16	
2	Richard Crossland	Bradford Airedale	47-06	
3	R Griffiths	Holmfirth	47-53	
10	Bob Davies	CVFR	51-40	
11	Andrea Dennison	Bradford Airedale	51-26	(1st lady)
16	Mike Wardle	CVFR	53-05	
24	Rod Sutcliffe	CVFR	54-56	
28	Tony Bradley	CVFR	57-29	
29	Linda Crabtree	Halifax Harr	57-58	(3rd lady)
31	Andy Carnochan	CVFR	59-24	
44	Steve Cavell	CVFR	69-30	
49	Allan Jones	CVFR	75-30	

This was the third race of the day that CVFR were involved in. Everyone must have been feeling guilty after eating all those mince pies and turkey over Xmas or were they trying to sneak Winter League points in on this one while Andy Clarke was on holiday. Good to see so many people at different running venues representing the club. Well done.

Auld Lang Syne - 31st December2001 6mls/900'

1	Ian Holmes	Bingley	34-48
30	Andy Clarke	CVFR	41-07
60	Lucy Whittaker	Saddleworth	43-16
73	Bill Johnson	CVFR	44-37
78	Dave Beels	CVFR	44-57
136	Chris Robinson	CVFR	47-50
174	John Murray	CVFR	49-31
219	Tony Bradley	CVFR	52-05
346	Eddie Proctor	CVFR	62-57

It was another cold, chilly day up at Penistone Hill with over 390 runners taking part it was like a scrap coming out of the quarry. Andy Clarke had an excellent run gaining himself valueable points for the Winter League Trophy.

Captain Cooks - 1st January 2002 Northern Runner Winter Series 5.5mls/750'

1.	C.McBurney	Morpeth H	31.51
2.	P.Lowe	Mandale	33.20
3.	C.Stead	NFR	33.42
41.	Steve Houghton	CVFR	39.54
57.	Greg Houghton	CVFR	41.19
69.	Geoff Bell	CVFR	42.54
158.	Val Bell	CVFR	56.23

It was an excellent start to the new year. The course was run on an anti-clockwise route again. Conditions were two inches to two feet of snow plus drifting in places. A quality field of 166 runners was headed by Craig McBurney of Morpeth being pursued by Paul Lowe of Mandale and Charles Stead of Northumberland Fell Runners. Eventually Craig was able to ease away from Paul to win by over a minute, who also eventually managed to create a gap of thirty seconds on Charles. *Race Organisers Report.*

Giant's Tooth - 1st January 2002 3mls/400'

1	George Ehrhardt	Tod	18.39
2.	Andy Shaw	Holmfirth	18.44
3.	Andy Clarke	CVFR	19.06
11.	Sally Newman	Glossop	21.02
21	Chris Robbo	CVFR	22.27
23	Carl Greenwood	CVFR	22.37
24	Mike Wardle	CVFR	22.42
27	Richard Kellett	CVFR	23.05
32	Graeme Woodward	CVFR	24.02
35	Tony Bradley	CVFR	24.10
48.	Thirza Hyde	CVFR	26.34

(71 ran)

What a splendid day, with fresh compacted snow on the ground and bright warm sunshine, a perfect day for running. Many thanks to all helpers and marshals on the day and well done to all the winners, (that's all of us in fellrunning) Allan Greenwood

This is a harsh way to get rid of the hangover but it was a perfect day for a run over this little lung burster. I never even knew that there was a standing stone up at Ogden until we did a little recce run over the course during the summer. Smashing route. Thirza

AND RESULTS ... Results ...

Tor Outdoor Ovenden Fell Race - 5th January 2002 - 8mls1200'

1	George Ehrhardt	Todmorden	56.10
2	Steve Oldfield	Brad/Airdle	56.47
3.	Brendan Bolland	Horwich	57.22
21	Bill Johnson	CVFR	65.55
25	Steve Houghton	CVFR	67.01
31	Denis Gildea	CVFR	68.14
33	Mike Wardle	CVFR	68.48
44	Rod Sutcliffe	CVFR	71.03
54	Elizabeth Tomes	K & C	72.53
64	Tony Bradley	CVFR	74.20
74	Thirza Hyde	CVFR	78.00
96	Adam Baker	CVFR	92.58

108 ran

The ice made this a very interesting run. When running up the main track at Ogden at the start it was like bambies on ice. The track was just iced over so the only good running was at the sides on the grassy verges but it was cosy with everyone running for the same bit of grass. Its a good race with abit of everything, good running, steep climbs and plenty of mud. The puddles on the moors were cheating as you step into them you didn't sink because that bloody ice thing was there just under the surface and you made a fast recovery or you were on your arse. Now then Bill did a little bird tell me you got lost again. Surely not. You'll be getting a reputation. Thirza

Boulsworth Hill fell race - 19th January 2002 - 6mls/1200'

1	Ian Holmes	Bingley H	48-52
2	George Ehrhardt	Todmorden	49-56
45	Helen Johnson	Bingley Harriers	60-01
69	Carl Greenwood	CVFR	63-32
82	Graeme Woodward	CVFR	65-26
88	Allan Greenwood	CVFR	66-06
122	Linda Crabtree	Halifax Harriers	69-57
167	Helen Wilkinson	CVFR	77-32

Only a few were presented due to the foot and mouth problem with no real championships going ahead.

PRIZES PRESENTED AT THE DINNER

WINTER LEAGUE
Andy Clarke

CLUB HANDICAP & WALLY OF THE YEAR
Paul Frechette

NAVIGATIONAL COCK UP OF THE YEAR
Bill Johnson

Ogden Moors fell race - February 2nd 2002 - 6mls/700'

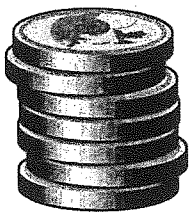
1	Steve Oldfield	Brad/Airedale	36.35
2	T Werrett	Mercia	36-57
3	N Leigh	Altrincham	37-09
14	Andy Clarke	CVFR	39-33
30	Bill Johnson	CVFR	41-37
36	Helen Johnson	Bingley H	42-06
	1st lady in new record time		
64	Jon Underwood	CVFR	46-41
88	Phil Swaine	CVFR	49-07
123	Steve Cavell	CVFR	54-33
129	Adam Baker	CVFR	56-17

150 ran



An excellent turn out on this wet, blustery day with Steve Oldfield taking first. Helen Johnson had a brilliant run to break the record in anything but good conditions. Well done to Andy to take a credible 14th place and to Bill for not getting lost. Well done everyone.

PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE LET ALLAN GREENWOOD KNOW YOUR RESULTS FROM ANY RACES THAT YOU'VE DONE AS THE PUBLICITY IS REALLY TAKING OFF AND WE ARE GETTING SOME NEW MEMBERS THROUGH THIS. I ALSO NEED THE RESULTS WITH A COUPLE OF LINES ABOUT THE RACE, CONDITIONS ETC. ***I NEED THIS INFO OR THERE IS NO NEWSLETTER. I'M HAVING TO CHASE FOR RESULTS***



WE NEED

YOUR CLUB SUBS

NOW....YES

NOW NOT IN

ANOTHER MONTH

FORWARD THEM TO DAVE HYDE.

If you've decided not to renew your membership can you also let us know. We've some paperwork for the NEAA to do. Your cooperation in this matter is very much appreciated. TA

MEMBERSHIP CARDS AVAILABLE NOW WHEN YOU'VE PAID YOUR SUBS WITH ALL THE CLUB CHAMPIONSHIPS ON