

calder valley fell runners

SHEEP SHEET

NEARLY NATIONAL SUCCESS FOR WRINKLIES

If calculations are confirmed we came second MV50 team just behind Clayton-Le-Moors in the first English Championship race, the Half Tour of Pendle, through Jeff Winder, Dave Beels and Rod Sutcliffe. This shows that we have a real chance to win the whole competition, which is best four out of six races. So it is really important that everybody who qualifies gets out in these races. Please put the dates in your diary/head/underpants. We also came fifth in the MV40 team category, with the help of Paul Frechette, which is a really good showing. But we're all over fifty, so why don't you 40-

odds get out there as well and beat us? A top five result should be within our grasp.

Jeff Winder, who, after 20 years has finally been heard to admit that he is fit, has had two storming runs and came second MV50 in the individual competitions at the Half Tour, and also in the first British Championships race, Criffel in Southwest Scotland. If he maintains this form he could win both Championships. Let's support him by getting out to these races with him, and maybe get a team result as well.

The remaining Championship races are listed below. **SOME OF THESE RACES ARE PRE ENTRY AS DETAILED BELOW.**

ENGLISH	BRITISH
Coniston - May 4 pre entry by 20th April Saddleworth - May 19 pre entry by 13th May Duddon Valley - Jun 1 £4 on the day only Sedburgh Hills - Aug 18 £3 on the day only Thieveley Pike - Sept 28 £2 on the day only	Spelga Skyline - Apr 13 too late Coniston - May 4 pre entry by 20th April Duddon Valley - Jun 1 £4 on the day only Eildon Two Hills - Jun 22 £5 on the day only Y Garn - Aug 4 £4 on the day only

CLUB RACE CHANGE

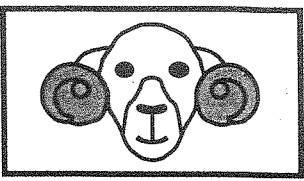
On your membership cards you will see that we had Pen Y Ghent on as a club championship race but they've changed the date of this race and it now clashes with the Mid Summer Madness Races. Tony has decide to change Pen Y Ghent and it will be **WHITE WELLS FELL RACE** instead on Saturday 25th May. See your FRA books for more details.

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

TUESDAY 25th JUNE
 **BIATHLON**

TUESDAY 16th JULY 
SUMMER HANDICAP RACE

ANY ARTICLES FOR NEWSLETTER PLEASE
 email:- thirza.dave@virgin.net or tel 01422 343736
 ANY COMMENTS OF INFO FOR WEBSITE
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April
 2002

RESULTS ... Results ...



Rombalds Stride - 2nd February 25mils

1.	Andrew Robertshaw	??	2hr 57m
2.	Andy Hauser	P & B	2hr 59m
6.	Andre Priestley	Ilkley	3hr 05m
19.	Geoff Bell	CVFR	3hr 30m
32.	Jon Wilkinson	CVFR	3hr 40m
45.	Jez Wilkinson	CVFR	3hr 51m

This is a great 25 mile course. The ground was veyr, very, very muddy, strong winds and showery rain but it was fairly mild. The start is at Guiseley and you set off downhill at a ridiculous pace, through Esholt Woods and head across to Baildon Moor. You then do a circuit of Ilkley Moor before passing through back lanes in Menston to end up at the bottom of a massive climb up Otley Chevin. It used to be a big club event but this year only 3 members took part (Some of us were racing at Ogden that day). Another good thing about the event was that at most of the checkpoints they had biscuits or best of all light sponge fairy cakes which were really easy to eat while running. Jez

(Jez, What is this you waxing lyrical about fairy cakes - have you lost it or is this what happens to you when you do alot of long distance events!!!!!! Oxygen Debt . Ed)

Danby Beacon - 10th February 8mils/1000'

1.	George Ehrhardt	Tod	63.46
7.	Jeff Winder	/CVFR	66.54
		(1st vet 50)	
14.	Helen Johnson	Bing	69.48
		(1st Female)	
21.	Geoff Bell	CVFR	74.41
54.	Val Bell	CVFR	104.00
		(1st Female V50)	

This race is one of the more challenging of the Cleveland series and was made more so this year by strong winds, deep bog, tall heather and short legs. There were only 55 finishers so the field was well spread out (wherewere you Greg and Steve - we missed you!). It was good to see Jeff Winder racing again who despite his claim to being unfit managed to come 7th overall.

Val Bell

Wadsworth Trog - 16th February 20mils/4000'

1.	Andrew Orr	Clayton	3.10.20
2.	Ian Greenwood	Clayton	3.10.59
3.	Andy Clarke	CVFR	3.16.48
6.	Bill Johnson	CVFR	3.22.04
50.	Paul Frechette	CVFR	3.55.34
76.	Richard Allen	CVFR	4.38.05

88 ran

I had been apprehensive about running this race because I hadn't run more than about 13 miles since my Bob Graham in August 2000. I'd offered my services to Jon as a marshall, but a couple of weeks before the race he said that he had enough helpers so I was free to run if I liked. As much as I pleaded with him, he wouldn't change his mind. Drat! I didn't fancy the half-trog - struggling over the worst part of the moor without the satisfaction of doing the full race.

In the end I decided to treat the Trog as a training run, with the sole aim of finishing it. So I started the race literally on the back row. As we descended towards Hebden and then back up to Old Town, I only overtook the desperately slow and resisted the

temptation to try to go at a faster pace. I was determined to set a pace that I could keep up for 20 miles. After seeing Anne, Adam and Gemma at the Old Town road crossing, I got into the swing of things and started to pick up a few places, but still kept at a steady pace. Paul Frechette pulled me along onto the moor, before I callously abandoned him!

Climbing out from the reservoirs, we started to pass the tail-enders from the Half-Trog. One or two of them were sat down recovering and looking at the view behind us. I had a look and must admit it was stunning, with the sun beginning to emerge, filling the moor with colour and glinting off the water. But enough of that - I'm not here to admire the view! A steady queue of half-trog back-markers led to Cock Hill and made navigation easier. With a couple of checks of the compass, it seemed that they were all heading in the right direction so I followed the line of people, and sure enough the research station eventually came into view. I stopped for a pee and one of the other runners asked whether the moor wasn't wet enough for me already!

So we crossed the road and dropped down the path beside the clough and then over a lethally slippery stile. Not wishing to fight though the marsh and tussocks in the next field, I kept a high route before angling down.

Then it was the climb up to the Top of Stairs - cue for the consumption of a bar of food. I trudged up there alongside a Clayton runner I remembered from the Wasdale race of a couple of years ago - we had blundered around in dense clag on the top of Scafell I recall. This time we heard rapid footsteps behind and a Holmfirth runner sped past us, saying that he had been in second place from High Brown Knoll, but he and the leader had got lost going to Cock Hill. Following him, to my surprise, was Andy Clarke. Andy had got lost as well. I felt better about my navigation now! Andy and the Holmfirth runner ran off and I pulled away from the Clayton chap. I found myself on my own in the clag on the route to Top Withins. I like races where you can be running in isolation. Trouble is that sometimes occurs because I am running on a different hillside to everyone else, going in some completely spurious direction.

But I got to Top Withins okay. On the descent to Walshaw Dean reservoir, we came out of the mist and I could see a group of about a dozen runners strung out a little way ahead of me. If I caught and passed them, I could gain a lot of places. My competitive nature had re-asserted itself, as inevitably it does when you're in a race. I had no idea how I was doing in terms of race position, but guessed I was about the middle of the field. I caught up with the back of the pack while we descended and I overtook one runner, but the others pulled away, out of sight, as we climbed onto Wadsworth Moor. By now my legs were starting to complain and the distance was taking its toll. I thought about the struggle back across to High Brown Knoll that waited for me, and I reminded myself that my main aim was to finish. I needed to reserve some energy to make it. "Still," (the other half of me said), "if I could finish in the top 20 that would be great".

Descending to Walshaw I caught the pack again, and gained a couple more places, then surprisingly gained a few more places going back up out of Walshaw. On Shackleton Knoll I slipped and fell on my face, the result of tired legs. It was not the last time I would fall over before the end of the race. I especially like the descent to Lumb Falls and I overtook all but one of the pack of runners there. We maintained our positions from there back up to Cock Hill. I was surprised that my legs continued to run up the path to the Research Station. They were just working on the memory of how to run rather than any direct instructions from my brain, which had decided to switch off in protest at this insanity and leave the rest of me on my own a while ago.

To my amazement, someone at Cock Hill announced that I was in 15th position - I had no idea I was so well up. One of the other runners around me said that he would follow me

RESULTS continued ...

to High Brown Knoll since I was wearing a Calder Valley vest, so obviously knew where I was going. This was in Robbo's earshot as he was marshalling, and he shouted out "I wouldn't if I was you! He obviously doesn't know you, Bill!"

Still the chap didn't heed the warning and I had about 4 people trailing immediately behind me as I followed a compass bearing to the Whinny Stones and then HBK. Their faith was rewarded when the stones emerged out of the thick mist, but on the way to HBK I fell over again and this time both my legs cramped up. I couldn't move for several minutes. The others with me asked if I was OK, but then looked at each other aghast and said "Bloody hell! What are we going to do now?" They stood around for a short while then reluctantly brought out maps and compasses and set off.

My legs recovered and I set off, the other runners slowing up and trailing me again. They obviously don't know my reputation! We saw runners going in all directions across the moor, some of them running in a 90 degree different direction to us. Most disconcerting!

We emerged on a path that I didn't recognise or expect, but after turning right and following it for a short while I realised that it was the path from High Brown Knoll to Keighley Road - I'd gone too far right. So I turned round and headed back along it towards the top of the hill.

The route from there to Sheepstones was fine. This time I didn't end up at Ferney Lee farm! One runner overtook me, but the rest of the group kept trailing me. This was the section that was the most painful. Crossing to High Brown Knoll had required too much concentration and navigation to acknowledge the pain in my legs. Now I felt that I was just moving on will power. I expected the group behind me to overtake me in the marked section after Sheepstones, but it didn't really bother me - I just wanted to finish. Then at Sheepstones, Dave Hyde told me I was in 6th place! That meant that I had to race the final section. Oh no! But the morale boost was just what I needed. I sped down the descent and reached the Wood End bridge with no pursuers in sight. I soon heard someone behind me on the painful climb back to the finish, which meant that I had to keep on, no chance to walk. If the climb back up to Old Town is sadistic, the lap of the cricket pitch is worse. Just when you want to struggle straight to the finish line, you have to do a parade lap of agony. But eventually it was over and I flopped over the line, still in 6th place. I couldn't believe it! **For once, my navigation hadn't let me down.**

Bill Johnson

going over to Cock Hill with me arriving about 2 and half minutes in front of her. It was my navigation that let me down this time Bill and cost me first place. I must have gone too far off to the left towards Whinny Stones and never picked up the little track until nearly High Brown Knoll by which time Linda had made a bit of ground and proceeded to overtake me going down the field after Sheepstones. I hung on in and pulled back slightly on the climb back to road but as soon as she hit the track along to the cricket club she was off sensing victory. She had a hit man running with her and if I had managed to get close enough he was going to trip me up anyway. He's now joined the club so look out Andy Wardman - you're a marked man. Well done to everyone who helped to marshal or organise and thanks for my prize. Hope the mantle piece at home is too small for the trophy Linda. I'm not bitter and twisted!!!!

Thirza

The Trog had a baby and they called it soup and roll.

The Wadsworth Trog is a 20 mile fell race from Wadsworth Old Town, first organised in 1991 by locals Bernard and Kay Pierce. The race involves 4400 feet of climb and covers some of the best fellrunning Calderdale has to offer on the Eastern side of the Calder Valley. There is a fair amount of bog and 'rough stuff' early on, before the road crossing at Cock Hill, then the running is pretty good on decent tracks and paths, visiting the famous Top Withens ruin above Haworth.

What makes the race so different from other moorland slogs is the *weather*. The race is always run in mid February, and although we have been lucky for the past few years, it can be very Wintry, and can catch one or two runners out.

Numbers had been declining a bit in the annual Trog, and after the eleventh race in 2001 the committee decided that we maybe ought to do something to try and encourage a few more entries. The first suggestion was to 'drop' the nickname "The Beast" as this might be putting people off. Then, after a lot of careful consideration, no sorry, after a load of ale, I offered to organise another race, on the same day, a shorter route on the initial loop, using the first three and last three checkpoints.

The others thought it was a good idea in principle, as the extra organisation would be minimal, with checkpoint marshals already there for the big race, the same flagged sections would be used for both races, and we would have Raynet radio men and Moorland Rescue already on duty.

It would be less than half distance and would not really be a Trog, so we decided to call it the "Half Trog!"

On the day we had over a hundred pre-entries for the full Trog, similar to the previous year, and 66 in the Half Trog, not bad we thought for the first one. As I left the house on Saturday morning the sun shone and I thought it was going to be a lovely day. However, as I drove down into Elland I hit thick fog, which slowly crept up the Calder Valley and up onto the moors. Needless to say, it was a pea souper and on a navigation race, where the idea is to simply follow everybody else, everybody else was simply chasing his bum around.

Both races started together, at ten o'clock, though when the Full race went round the initial mile loop down into the valley before climbing up to the village and away

Wadsworth Half Trog - 16th February 9mils/1500'

1,	James Wadsworth	Wharfedale	1.23.41
2.	Stefan Macina	P & B	1.24.00
3.	Paul Targett	Clayton	1.24.12
5.	Dave Beels	CVFR	1.24.25
9.	Jeff Winder	CVFR	1.32.02
24.	Andy Wardman	U/A	1.47.52
	(he's now a member)		
25.	Linda Crabtree	Halifax	1.47.52
27.	Thirza Hyde	CVFR	1.48.17
52.	Adam Baker	CVFR	2.59.25

55 ran

Although it was a foggy day the weather was marvellous compared to what we had endured over the few weekends leading up to the Trogs and it wasn't raining but the going was still fairly heavy. I sat in behind Linda for the first part of the race but we parted company

and more Results ...

up Waingate, the Half runners were given a head start, going straight up Wainsgate, in order to ease congestion for marshals at the early checkpoints.

The leading group in the Half reached their furthest out checkpoint at Cock Hill and turned back across the moor to find High Brown Knoll. Just then, some leading Full Trog runners appeared out of the gloom and joined them, thinking they would get an easy ride to Cock Hill! "Don't follow us", someone shouted, "You're chasing the wrong bums".

The leading group of four "Half" men then bashed on through the fog, eventually finding the High Brown Knoll checkpoint where it had been all along. (The marshals at this checkpoint later commented that runners approached them from all four directions!) This quartet stayed as tightly packed as a full bum-bag, approaching the final moorland check at Sheepstones Edge by following the descent flags in reverse direction. Then they turned, flying back down off the moor the way they had come, each man knowing that the rest of the route was flagged and the fastest runner would win the race.

James Wadsworth of Wharfedale Harriers was (fittingly with that surname) the fastest man in the bunch, clocking the inaugural record time of 1 hour 23 mins. I reckon on a good day, with dry conditions and the right man, that time will come down very close to, or under, the hour. I will have a word with God, and with Ian Holmes, (one and the same, I believe).

Meanwhile, back at Cock Hill, our local heroine Thirza Hyde had a very healthy lead of 2 and half minutes in the women's section over Linda Crabtree of Halifax Harriers, both of whom I had been recc'ing the route with over the previous weeks.

Both had a slightly different opinion of the best way back to Sheepstones via High Brown Knoll and now would be the time to test their route choices to the full.

My workmate, and now a new recruit at the club Andy Wardman, in his first fell race, had stuck to Linda like glue for the whole way. With thick pea soup fog swirling all around and no-one else in sight he was getting worried. The mist lifted and he said, "Hey look, they're all going that way", to which Linda replied, "It's alright, I know what I'm doing", glancing at her compass again.

By Sheepstones, however, Linda was amazed to have Thirza in her sights and turning to Andy, said "Right, I'm going to have to go for it now".

As they passed, Thirza gave a cheery hello and waved them through with a smile, though the fiery Scot in her then came to the surface and she hung on like a Terrier with a rag.

Linda managed to hold Thirza off by a short distance, though she later admitted, "I know I've been in a race today. All credit to Thirza on a run like that, I thought at Cock Hill she had me well beaten".

The specially made trophies, stone sculptures by International fell runner Shane Green of Pudsey and Bramley, were well received, and prizes of fleece jackets were given out to all category winners.

After the prizegiving, at one o'clock, we all walked outside and cheered the winning Full Trog

runners home. A perfect end to a successful day. Well done and thanks to everybody.

p.s. I have had a lot of positive feedback from both the runners and the club, and believe the race will be a regular fixture in the club's promotional calendar from now on.

Allan Greenwood

Ilkley Moor - 24th February 4.5mils/1150'

1.	Rob Hope.....	P & B	37.39
2.	Simon Bailey	Staff	38.18
3.	Gary Divine	P & B	39.41
52.	Pauline Munro.....	Bingley	49.49
59.	Carl Greenwood.....	CVFR	50.27
62.	Richard Allen	CVFR	50.44
64.	Mike Wardle	CVFR	50.55
80.	Rod Sutcliffe	CVFR	51.47
82.	Andy Wardman	CVFR	51.59
87.	Dennis Gildea	CVFR	53.03
99.	Allan Greenwood	CVFR	54.19
109.	Phil Swaine	CVFR	55.27
111.	Gerry Symes	CVFR	55.41
112.	Simon Yearsley	CVFR	55.51
119.	Jez Wilkinson	CVFR	56.24
128.	Linda Crabtree	CVFR	58.19
154.	Thirza Hyde	CVFR	60.32
166.	Helen Wilkinson	CVFR	62.54

202 ran

A tough 4 and half miles Ha Ha. It's never just 4 and half miles - it must be nearer six. Anybody turning up to do this race expecting a fairly steady time was in for a shock. It just seemed to go on for ever, up and down that bloody moor from every angle. The going was hard work and I saw lots of people falling over on the slippery rocks and a few twisted ankles. All I could think about was the picnic back in Allan's car. An excellent turn out for the club with Carl Greenwood drawing first blood for the club championships. Good to see members old and new. Keep it up. Thirza

Noon Stone - 2nd March 9mils/2300'

1.	Brendan Bolland	Horwich	71.20
2.	Steve Oldfield	Brad Airedle	71.27
3.	Mark Horrocks	Clayton	74.33
14.	Karl Grey	CVFR	80.02
17.	Jeff Winder	CVFR	80.23
25.	Anthony Mayer.....	CVFR	83.36
27.	Bill Johnson	CVFR	84.46
44.	Rod Sutcliffe	CVFR	88.35
45.	Mike Wardle	CVFR	88.46
57.	Carl Greenwood.....	CVFR	92.01
62.	Jon Underwood.....	CVFR	93.22
67.	Robert Acheson	CVFR	94.12
70.	John Murray	CVFR	94.36
72.	Alison Rees.....	Tod	94.47
73.	Phil Swain	CVFR	95.20
87.	Allan Greenwood	CVFR	98.14
101.	Linda Crabtree	CVFR	102.06
126.	Adam Baker	CVFR	123.21

130 starters, 130 finishers on an overcast, cold and misty day with snow and ice on the fells.

I'd forgotten just how tough this race was and once registered I was given a map of the route to which I studied to try to remember what it was like. What I should have done is look

back in my old diary to March 2000, which said 3 very steep climbs, a long stretch over rough moorland with a "sting" in the tail at the end.



Too late now I have already got my number and we are on the start line. Off we go on the first long climb up the track and everyone seems to have set off very fast. We then have a long decent back down and on to London road where my friend Carole is shouting me on. A bit of a breather along this track before turning right for the long climb up to Stoodley Pike monument. My brother Michael is half way up the path with my dog to cheer me on. I suggested that I take my dog so that she can pull me up the climb but a chap in some very fancy tights just behind me told me to get a move on. (and no it wasn't Tony Bradley – I did say fancy tights not the hideous ones that Tony wears!!!) So I let him pass so that I could follow his behind up the hill.

Once on the top it was much cooler so no hanging about as we made our way down the other side over some rough marsh land to the reservoir crossing a stream and a climb up the other side. From here on it's a long trek across rough moorland with only footprints in the snow to follow. I was glad when I reached checkpoint 3 as I couldn't remember this part of the route from last time and then to be sent down another very steep decent by my friends Ted and Irene to the very bottom and then to be told to climb up another hillside I was by now feeling that I couldn't take much more and why on earth could I not remember this route - it was only two years ago since I last did it. I reached the cairn on the top and must have had a second wind as I flew off the top and charged down the track with the finish in sight.

I didn't hang about as it was cold but did manage to clean my shoes in the stone trough overflowing with spring water. At least that's a job less to do at home.

Back at the pub having quickly changed and handed in my number in exchange for the legendary and universally renowned "Top Brink Chip Butty" smothered in tomato ketchup I realised that's what I'd really come for and it was great. Back at my car having a pot of tea with my butty I heard a shout from Dave Woodhead to get into the pub as my name had been called out to collect a prize. In I went to hear Keith Parkinson on the tannoy to say I was 4th lady overall and 1st Vet 40. Came away with a box of 32 packets of Walkers crisps. Great stuff.

Linda Crabtree

TINA HORNE MEMORIAL MULTI-TERRAIN 10K - 9th March

1,	Darren Brame	Keighley	39.21
2.	John Mason	Woodkirk	39.41
3.	Phil Taylor	Rosendale	40.23
5.	Andy Clarke	CVFR	41.11
12.	Andy Wardman	CVFR	45.42
13.	Andy Carnochan	CVFR	46.04
19	Robert Acheson	CVFR	47.03
48	David Culpán	CVFR	58.44

64 ran

This race raised over £200 for Trinity Support Association at nearby Trinity School. Sorry about the rain but it helps to fill Ogden Res. This will be an annual event. Well done to CVFR lads "The Three Andys" who picked up the team prize. Thanks again

Linda Crabtree

Half Tour of Pendle - 9th March 9mils/2200'

1,	Ian Holmes	Bingley	63.55
2.	Rob Jebb	Bingley	64.08
3.	Robert Hope	P & B	64.17
88.	Adrea Priestley	Ilkley	76.40
89.	Jeff Winder	CVFR	76.43
134.	Anthony Mayer	CVFR	79.56
157.	Dave Beels	CVFR	81.37
204.	Mike Wardle	CVFR	86.08
232.	Rod Sutcliffe	CVFR	88.26
291	Paul Frechette	CVFR	93.30
303.	Gerry symes	CVFR	94.02
333.	Chris Robbo	CVFR	96.57
425	Adam Baker	CVFR	117.25

4 hundred and something ran

Quite a good turnout for this Club and English Championship race. Although snow was forecast most people ran in shorts. We did get a flurry and a hailstorm, and I was glad to have my darned, red, colour- coordinated Club tights on. The race is fast with a long run from the start up the track to the reservoir, a climb up to the Big End, then a long, long run down to the Nick o' Pendle. By this time my bright red tights were hanging down out of the bottom of my shorts - elastic gone and not very elegant, I think. Holding my tights up with one hand and stuffing jelly babies in my mouth with the other, (*Watch and don't get the hands mixed up or goodness knows where the jelly babies might end up Ed*) I set off after Chris Robbo and Mike W who had disappeared in the mist up the first climb. Robbo was found reckoning to be cramping up at a stile (should've worn Club tights). Not having my medical bag, I carried straight on past. I fancied my chances against Mike W, because I was almost on a roll (beat him sneakily last week on the last descent in the Noonstone). But the next time I saw him he was relaxing at the finish, looking as if he'd been back for some time. The run in to the finish is a good one - through fields with lush green grass. Problem is, in March the lush green grass is growing on thick soft mud and you're ankle deep for hundreds of yards - great!

Rod

Black Combe - Sun 17th March 9mils/3800'

1.	Simon Booth	Borrowdale	72-00
23.	Karl Gray	CVFR	85-06
48.	Sharon Taylor,	Bingley,	91-18
54.	Rod Sutcliffe	CVFR	93-34
55.	Mike Wardle	CVFR	94.34
62.	Carl Greenwood	CVFR	96.58
108.	Simon Yearsley	CVFR	119-55

Starters 123

A great race this - well worth the two-hour drive up to the south-west lakes. Although mild, cloud was forecast down to 1000 feet and a quick glance upwards confirmed this. It felt like a day to be bold, so, off came the red Club winter tights and on went the sexy red long Lycra spring shorts. Smooth and body-hugging, these are certainly worth a few half-seconds on a fast decent. The first climb up to Black Combe reminds me of the start of the Sedburgh Hills race, starting steep and gradually easing off, but ascending 1900 feet. Mist on the top and all alone, so I followed my nose along the edge round towards White Combe, and finally identified vague shadows ahead which I could chase. Then a hell-for-leather descent becoming very steep into the valley, and there were Carl

and Mike just ahead of me starting the climb. The Lycra shorts were certainly a good decision today.

The next climb, back up Black Combe again, is quite a toughie - very steep and 1300 feet. For some reason I was climbing well, though, and soon passed Carl. Perhaps the lack of droopy tights round my ankles helped. The Beard was climbing well too, and every time I thought I was catching him he broke into a jog and got away. There was only one thing to do - half a Bounty bar, straight down. Unfortunately it was milk chocolate rather than plain, and Mike promptly disappeared up into the mist. Tricky, this - I might have to get out my renowned navigation skills. Keeping in a straight line I came out on top and there was a man who can - Mike with a map in his hand. I must say he was looking a bit lost, but was saved by a shout from the checkpoint marshals, who had seen us through the mist. Then I was off like a flappit, never looking back in case Mike got the notion I was feeling tired, and raced down the last mile and a half to the finish.

Well done, Karl, 23rd place in his first race in the Lakes.
Rod

Criffel Hill, Dumfries - Sun 24th March 7mIs/2000'

1.	Ian Holmes Bingley	49.11
2.	Simon Booth Borrowdale	49.55
3.	Rob Hope P & B	50.07
73	Jeff Winder CVFR	59.31
158	Jon Underwood CVFR	70.37
226	Thirza Hyde CVFR	84.49

258 ran

This was another tough race with Mud, Mud, Mud. It was an out and back course through a wooded area and rough moorland so after all these runners have gone up and come back the same way the mud was incredible. It was a shame tht we didn't have more runners out as it isn't a hard place to get to, certainly no longer than getting to some of the races in the lakes or Wales. Jeff Winder had another fab run placing 2nd vet 50 with his rival only beating him by 8 SECONDS. Never mind you'll have him next time Jeff. You'll have to do some more hill reps up the sand dunes!!
Thirza

THE RETURN OF ZORRO

After studying the form of the past handicap winners. I realised that with two notable exceptions it was won by at best a medium runner with a thumping good handicap. **(STATISTICIAN TAKE NOTE)**

A cunning plan was duly devised for me to win the said cup. With a slight increase in performance backed up with a massive dose of lying and deception.

I can only say that my pre race preparation was rewarded, isn't it good when a plan comes together. However I was ill prepared for the subsequent hostility, malice and references to luck, luck had nothing to do with it.

It was whilst on the crest of my victory that I decided to enter the Trog (the full one not the fun run). I must have been mentally deranged at the time and under the self delusion that I could run after all. I can only say that this impression was shattered within a half of a mile of the start and the rest is now seen through a shadowy haze of pain and wanting to be somewhere else.

It was whilst recovering, that I was approached on the pavilion steps by a Super Vets Team with a vacancy and would I like to join them on the High Peak Marathon. In mitigation I can only think that temporary euphoria had set in, largely due to the fact that I had finished the damn run and my sugar level was all over the place. Anyway I must have agreed for names and telephone numbers were exchanged and I was committed (or should have been) for the following Friday 1st March.

Weather during the that week prior to the race was appalling. However on the particular night the skies were clear with nearly a full moon.

For those unfamiliar with the race, it starts at Edale and is run over 40 miles, mostly bleak Peakland moor in teams of four. The race commences at 22.00hrs on the Friday night and staggered with 2 minutes between teams.

As befits the time of year the temperature was well below freezing, particularly around Outer Edge at 4.00 in the morning. It had been some ten years since I had been in the race but total recall soon set in. There are parts of the route which have now been paved, this is largely around Bleaklow (as dawn set in) and Mill Hill. The rest was mostly as I remembered, misery and snow for two hours in the morning.

Well we got round ! did I ever doubt it , well yes. I feel we could have gone a bit faster at times but this would no doubt have cost us in the long run.

We finished 16th out of 40 overall and 2nd in the veteran results. Taking 2 minutes longer than the Rucksac Club who had John Crummet (lately of CVFR) and Mike Cudahy (the Pennine way record holder). They also had 30 minutes of aggregate time due to age so they trounced us anyway.

The overall winners were The Rolling Stones, in 8hrs 39 min. Following this excursion I had a brief interlude on the Half Tour of Pendle (I almost enjoyed this). Following this on the next Saturday by the New Howarth Hobble, 31 miles. This is teams of two starting from Penistone Hill out via a loop to Stoodley Pike and back again. More directly via Hardcastle Craggs and Top of the Stairs.

It was a mild day and if I wasn't running or shambling I would almost have enjoyed it. We found our position amongst a number of teams who hadn't a clue where they were going. This is remarkably refreshing for me as it is normally me that's lost. However after having entered this event at least ten times even I know the way. The teams around us seem to charge off and come back behind us some 30 minutes later.

Fortunately, Colin my fellow team member was having a bad day. This made things easier for me and I could afford to be amenable and condescending as the mood took me. I knew wouldn't last however and by the time Colin came good I started to have waking nightmares over the last mile. This was largely due to low sugar aggravated by my dropping my Twix bar in the mud at Mankinholes. At that point I left the chocolate where it lay. However if I had the chance over Top of the Stairs, I would have picked it up and ate it.

When all else fails give up, I started to breakdown in front of an all women team that had caught us up. One of them said something like, "I wouldn't leave a dog looking like that" and gave me some jelly babies. I pounced on the offerings and my body instantly responded by going slower. Well anyway I was past caring. The stew at the end was very good though.

PAUL FRECHETTE

TONY NEEDS HELP

...

(well we all

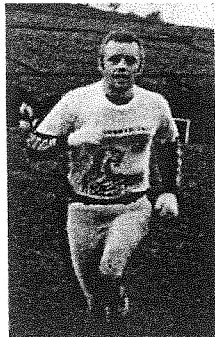
know that!!!!)

at

Erringden Moor Fell

race on

Saturday April 13th.



CALDER VALLEY FELL RUNNERS CHAMPIONSHIPS AND COMPETITIONS



CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP

- Based on a set of 21 races
- 7 long, 7 medium, 7 short
- You must complete in at least ten races to gain as many points as possible.
- Your best 3 short, 3 medium, 3 long, plus your next best race will count for points.
- **Open:** first Calder Valley runner in each race scores 30 points, second scores 29 and so on. Maximum possible overall is 300.
- **Vets:** first Calder Valley runner in each race scores 20 points, second scores 19 and so on. Maximum possible overall is 200.
- **Ladies:** first Calder Valley runner in each race scores 10 points, second scores 9 and so on. Maximum possible overall is 100.

HANDICAP CHAMPIONSHIP

- Based on the same races as the Club Championship
- Your best 3 short, 3 medium, 3 long, plus your next best race will count for points.
- We should all start the season with an equal chance of winning since the handicap equalises everybody's racing speed.
- The runner who improves the most during the season should be the Handicap Champion.
- Your handicap is the ratio of your race times compared with the winner's times on average in the previous year. For

instance, if the winner's time is 100 minutes, and you would normally take about 140 minutes, your handicap should be about 1.4.

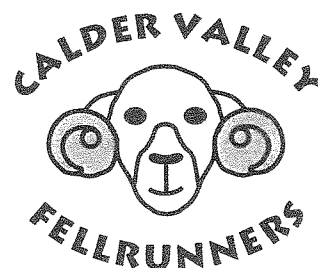
- For each race your actual time is divided by your handicap. This should give you a handicap time near to the winner's time (better, if you've done well).
- The Calder Valley runner with the shortest handicap time in each race scores 30 points, the next scores 29, and so on. Maximum possible overall is 300.

GRAND PRIX AND WINTER LEAGUE

- The Grand Prix consists of eight local short races in the spring and summer.
- The Winter League is eight short/medium races in the autumn and winter.
- They are decided on the same points system as the Championship (30, 29, etc.)
- The best six out of eight results count for each competition.

NEXT RACES ARE

Wednesday 1st May	Flower Scar	GP
Saturday 4th May	Coniston	CV/B/E
Wednesday 8th May	Blackstone Edge	GP
Sunday 19th May	Saddleworth	CV/E
Saturday 25th May	White Wells	CV



CALDERDALE WAY IN A DAY

THE EVENT : A 50 mile individual challenge event along the Calderdale Way which will take place on Sunday 26th. May 2002 starting and finishing at Jack Bridge 963 282
The start time will be 7.00 a.m. and the course is to be completed in daylight hours (approximately 14 hours)

THE COURSE : will follow the official route of the Calderdale Way (with no necessity to visit Stoodley Pike) there will be manned control points at the following locations :

Wainstalls	039 287	
Shelf	122 284	
West Vale	040 198	
Cragg Vale	000 233	
Centre Vale	929 249	cut off time 8.00 p.m.

KIT : Participants are strongly advised to carry the following items :
South Pennines map (O S outdoor leisure sheet 21)
Compass
Whistle
Head torch
Full body cover including a cagoule
Emergency food

REFRESHMENTS : drinks and light snacks will be provided at all control points and drinks and sandwiches will be available at the finish

REGISTRATION : Jack Bridge 963 282

CAR PARKING : Cars should be parked along New Shaw Road between the chappel at Blackshaw Head and the New Delight (please do not park in the pub car park unless you have obtained prior permission)

APPLICATIONS: Complete and detach the slip below then send, along with £5 entrance fee, to:
Irene & Ted Long, 2 Moor House View, Badger Lane, Blackshaw Head, HX7 7EL Tele: 01132 844871

NAME:

AGE:

ADDRESS:

TELE:

CLUB:

I agree to accept full responsibility for my own health and safety whilst participating in this event and will attach no blame to the organisers nor will I hold them responsible for any loss, illness or injury I might suffer during the event or later as a consequence of participating in the event

SIGNED:

DATE:

CLOSING DATE FOR ENTRIES 10TH. MAY 2002