



SheepSheet

May 2013



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BARBARA LONSDALE AT BOULSWORTH HILL

RETURN OF THE SHEEPSHEET...

Hello everybody and welcome to the latest Club magazine. It is with great delight that I present you with this latest edition. May I firstly say a massive thank you to **Thirza** who has done a brilliant and largely unheralded job for many years in bringing you the Rampage/SheepSheet. I'm sure we all say a big thank you for all her efforts in keeping the thing afloat over the years.

May I personally thank you for all your messages of good will in recent weeks, your ideas, comments and suggestions too. It has been fascinating to see the sense of pride in the club, how much it means to you all, and the wealth of information, opinions and anecdotes that are lurking out there. Too many of them are simmering just below the surface – we are a very modest and unassuming club on the whole - so my job in the coming months is to get them out into the public domain so we can all enjoy and share them.

New Initiatives

We'll be introducing several new initiatives and ideas, such as the following:

Cover Star

You may have noticed we a cover star, the one and only Barbara Lonsdale!

Though we may wait all our lives to be plucked from obscurity and make the cover of Fell Runner Magazine, being CVFR cover star is slightly more straightforward. Here's how: the most improved runner, measured by virtue of club wizard Bill Johnson's **Magic Improvement Formula®**, will be featured loud and proud on the cover.

So take a bow Barbara, your results in the first quarter of 2013 were a brilliant **+ 11%** overall – a fantastic achievement.

So come on folks, you don't have to be Karl or Helen or Shaun or Jo or any of the top guys and gals to get the cover shot, you just have to **improve** – a worthy goal for us all - Bill's magic formula does the rest.

Who is that?

Many times I've read fascinating stuff in Sheepsheets *passim* and thought, "Great article, but who the hell is so and so?!" Wouldn't it be nice at the next race or club run to put a face to the name and go "Ahhhh, so you're whodyamicallit! I loved your article etc etc" Well, worry no more. Anyone who writes something will be framed, in every respect!

Meet Your Team Mate

Other objectives are to get the club talking more, and each month we'll be featuring not one, but two, count em, **TWO** 'Meet Your Team Mate' questionnaires. This is a very popular feature and will help us all to get to know each other that bit better. Getting us underway this month are **Kate Mansell** and **Dave Culpan**.

Content

In picking up the reins of the Sheepsheet, my main intention is to make the mag as good as it can be; and that depends on content. The goal is to elevate the Sheepsheet to a publication of repute, one we all want to keep and archive, and one we relish receiving every few months. I hope it's of interest to non CVFR members too, basically anybody with a love of fell running and a passion for the sport. With the help of you the members, I hope to make the content as interesting and relevant as possible to all of us, at whatever level within the club. It may not quite have the polish of The **Fell Runner Magazine** (FRM) but I'm sure we can make the content as

good. If we can get anywhere near that, I will be a happy man. Please feel free to forward me any content you may have, however short or long for consideration.

So, here we go; let's start our engines...what's in store in this edition?

The Dragons of Calder Valley



When it was announced, The Dragon's Back Race across the spine of Wales seemed liked one of those events that was the preserve of Salomon-clad mountain prodigies, the type raised by wolves in the Chamonix Valley from the age of 2, bearded and wiry with a sado-masochistic streak more akin to extreme members of Opus Dei.

Well, you don't have to go to the Chamonix Valley to find such specimens, Calder Valley will do just fine. I think we should all take immense pride that among our flock we have not one but two participants in this self-proclaimed 'toughest race in the world', and who better to be opening the batting for us in this new issue than Rod Sutcliffe and Ian Symington. Both Rod and Ian have been kind enough to share their thoughts with us on this brute of a 'race' that is beyond the comprehension of us normal folk.

First off is Rod:

Dragon's Back Race 2012 by Rod Sutcliffe



ROD SUTCLIFFE

The Dragon's Back - WOW!

Many races claim to be the hardest of all and the Dragon's Back justifiably ranks amongst them. It was unfinished business for me since 1992, when I wanted to do it but could not get time away from work. When I saw it was on again I just had to enter, forgetting I was 20 years older. There followed six months of denial and then one month of acute depression when the reality of it began to hit me.

It is difficult to describe this event without using words like amazing and awesome, and I would call it at least mildly interesting. Looking back in the cold and pale light of October, now that the memory of the pain, effort and extraordinarily long days is fading, I remember it as a really fantastic experience (did it really happen or was it actually a fantasy?). Five days of jogging, walking, bog and tussock trotting, and dragging one foot in front of

the other. Great weather, magnificent mountains, beautiful views, Olympic-style friendly and helpful volunteer support, and wonderful camaraderie amongst the competitors. After five days of getting up, eating, tramping, eating and camping out in teepees it was like a huge travelling family. There were always food and smiles, but usually nowhere to wash.

The distance of the optimal route for the whole race was calculated as 186 miles (300km) with 50000ft (17900m) of ascent and descent, giving an average of 37 miles and 10000ft per day, assuming you did not deviate from the optimal route.

Day one, basically the Welsh 3000s (the Carneddau, Glyders and Snowdon area), starting from Conwy Castle, was impossibly long for most of us, and only 37 of the 80+ starters completed the day. I was badly dehydrated due to having no water on a long ridge section, and suffered cramp for most of the day. I met "Ainfrominkeridgelaisker" which I finally translated as "Anne from Anchorage, Alaska". She was good company for most of the week, as eventually were the ten Spaniards. On finding the British mountain bog and navigation a bit over the top they opted to do half the route each day, leading to Shane Ohly, the organiser, christening this option the "Spanish Dragon".

As evening came on there was no further attempt to jog, and we walked along the road towards the final three summits of the day, Crib Goch, Carnedd Ugain and Snowden. We were stopped by a marshal who instructed us to miss out the first two and head straight up to Snowden because otherwise the marshal on Snowden would be there all night. We were still within the cut off time but had to acquiesce (with, I must admit, a tinge of relief). This last 3000+ foot climb was never ending but we got there to be welcomed at 8.45pm by exquisitely beautiful views of silhouetted mountains, a pink horizon, pink moon and cloud inversion in the valley. We descended with a third recruit, Carl, in darkness to the final check point of day and then down to the campsite near Beddgelert. Starting at 7.00am and finishing at 11.23pm, we had been going for nearly 16 1/2 hours. The catering staff were still there to welcome us with a smile and plenty of food.

The later you finished, the earlier you had to start the next morning and we were supposed to be off at 6am - no way! I made it at 7.25, but that made it tight for the cut off times unless we moved well, which we didn't. I was still not recovered from the exertions and dehydration of day 1. Having taken the enforced short cut the night before we were already in a position of not completing the full course, which was a bit demotivating. We were due to go over the Moelwyns and the Rhinogs. When we passed a pub at lunchtime we decided to do a Spanish and get a taxi to the campsite. In retrospect this proved to be a sensible decision, otherwise I would have been ground down further day by day. This is what happened to Wendy Dodds, although by pure stubborn determination and willpower she eventually worked her way to completion in the dark late on the final evening.

On day 3 I was able to run better and felt confident of completing the day, from Dolgellau to a campsite east of Aberystwyth via Cadair Idris and Punlumon Fawr. Though it took me 14 1/2 hours I finished in 28th place for the day, my best day yet, although helped by a relative rest on day 2.

Day 4 took us through to The Elan Valley and south almost to Llandovery. Although I was getting physically stronger I was still struggling mentally with the immensity of the challenge. I decided to join the route at the resupply point just over one third of the way, because I wanted to be sure to complete the final day. The terrain was more runnable, and I arrived at the camp after 6 hours feeling relatively fresh and more confident...

On day 5 we got into the Black Mountains. I kept running where I could and did much of the day on my own, reaching the finish at Carreg Cennan Castle north of Swansea in 25th place for the day in just under 11 hours. I relaxed for the first time in five days! There was a big crowd to cheer in Wendy Dodds, the last finisher at 10.45pm.

Synopsis:

Twenty nine people completed the whole course out of 80 starters, and this was in good weather throughout. It could have been much worse! To do this race you don't need to go fast but you do need to keep going, hour after

hour, all day, and again the next day, and the next, etc. Of course if you get a move on you might complete the whole thing in 43 hours of running like Steve Birkenshaw, but if you want a leisurely carry on like me it will take you 64 hours, even missing out two half days. Ian Symington unfortunately suffered dehydration on day 1 like me, but from day 3 was really flying and is definitely in the Birkenshaw category.

I went into it ill-prepared mentally and physically, lacking confidence, and this complicated my dehydration problem on the first couple of days. I got stronger through the week - the race just wasn't long enough for me!!! It's on again in 2015, so I think I'll have to get my act together and have one last go at it.

It's not for the sane or sensible, but it is an exhilarating, wonderful event. Crazy.

Next up is Ian, perhaps the greatest summer signing since Robin Van Persie....

Dragons Back Race 2012 by Ian Symington



This is what the Dragons Back looks like at 1:40000 scale and there is still some on the back! – Anyone need a map of the hilly bits of Wales I'm your man

Day1 – The hardest day's running I have ever done

Back home I put my GPS trace in Anquet and I've clocked the route at 41miles with 5750m of ascent!! The pure stats don't do this justice, apart from the first few hills out of Conwy the route was extremely technical. I couldn't believe it when I found out that there was going to be a CP on Crib Goch (there is a reason why this peak isn't included on the Paddy Buckley Round).

By the time I had hit the col between Grib Goch and Garnedd Ugain my legs had gone. I had been out of food for about an hour having badly underestimated how long this day would be. I was sick of scrambling have badly cocked up the nav and climbed Bristly Ridge instead of the nice path to the left. I can't find any photos of me on Crib Goch and I can only assume that photos of someone crawling along a ridge on all fours are not that impressive. I had run really badly all day and was getting tonked by people I can normally hang with. I've thought of plenty of reasons and excuses but ultimate it was just one of those days. By the time I was climbing the tourist track to Snowdon I was completely broken. I made it into camp and tried to eat but only succeeded in being sick as I headed off to bed. I went to bed hugging a maltloaf as I tried to get some calories back into me.



Broken

Day1 – The aftermath

I think Shane the RO had massively underestimated the challenge that he had set of Day1. Shane is a class runner but I'm not convinced that he ever ran all of Day1. Steve Birkinshaw was first back but I think he was a couple of hours longer than the estimated finishing time. A lot of people were pissed off and a few just checked out and went home.

Only a handful of people had officially completed Day1 as the majority had been timed out at Crib Goch. This was with good weather, if the weather had been bad you could have counted the number of people completing this day on one hand.

Looking back on this day I'm gutted that I didn't run better. The weather was amazing and I wish I could rewind time, go back and do this again. The photos taken on this section are amazing and capture the essence of fell running.



This is Fell Running...



...and so is this

Day2

Woke up with malt loaf stuck to my face and what felt like a massive hangover. I started off but anything slightly uphill was reducing me to pretty much walking pace. I made it to the top of the first CP (Cnicht) but people were passing me like I was standing still. After the first CP I just turned around and walked back to the film crew who were stationed just below the summit.

Me – *“Can I have a lift to the finish”*

Camera Man – *“Sure, no problem; do you mind if we do a quick interview”*

Me – *“OK, I guess”*

Camera Man – “So what is it like to fail, do you think you underestimated the race?”

Hmmm – thanks guys.

I was pretty embarrassed about quitting but at the time it seemed like the only thing I could do. A lot of other runners packed it in after Day2, some of them quite highly placed. It always amazes me how there is always an excuse, “My toe is infected”, “The doctor told me to quit”, “my ankle is twisted”. Everyone has a reason for giving up but in this sort of race these are not a good enough reasons to stop. The real reason that I gave up is that I wasn't tough enough and I couldn't face another 3 days of moving at a snail's pace over the mountains. The truth is that everybody hurts; by the end of Day 5 people were falling apart, everyone had an injury that a doctor would tell them to stop running with, this is what it this sort of running is all about. To win this race you have to be reasonably fast, a good navigator, good on bad terrain and most importantly hard. It was the last aspect that let me down.

Camp that night was horrible, I was embarrassed about quitting and just wanted to get out of there. I called Florence my wife to tell her I was coming home. Instead of agreeing she told me to “Man Up and don't come home until I had finished the remaining 3 days.”

Day 3-5

I started day3 with no expectations and set off with the peleton that had gathered round the famous Helene. Climbing the first peak (Cadair Idris) I felt for the first time like I had some power in my legs. Helene took a strange line taking the rest of the peleton with her and by the time I reached the summit there was no one else around and I just decided to nail it. I spent the remaining 3 days running on my own over amazing hills that were completely new to me. I would start each morning with a small group and by midday I would be on my own. Steve Birkinshaw and Rob Baker decided to start quite late each day and so I never knew how good my time was until after they had reached camp. The last three days was some of the best running that I put in all year and I managed to post the 3rd, 2nd and eventually the fastest time on the final day.

People were really nice to me and I would get lots of comments about it being such a shame that I had a bad Day2. This ended up getting really annoying and Jim Mann's constant banter that “I didn't deserve to be in the race” and that “I would never get my hands on one of those little bronze dragons” was the best medicine.

Camp each night was now great, lots of banter. We had settled into a nice rhythm, get into camp, drink tea, eat chips, get clean, drink tea, eat chips, drink tea, eat dinner, drink tea, bed. The people who were pissed off at the difficulty of the race had left. Lots of people who had left were only doing half days, this was great as you got a massive buzz of support each afternoon as you ran through this group.

The Finish

I was on my own for pretty much the whole of the last day and was determined to put in a decent time. When I crossed the finish line I felt massively deflated. All the energy that had been keeping me going for the last three days was gone. I was so disappointed that after putting in so much effort and training that being weak on day2 had rendered it all a bit meaningless. I think the picture taken as I crossed the line says it all. The photographer made me come back 5 minutes later when I was feeling a bit more composed.



At the finish and 5 minutes later after the photographer told me that my Mum wouldn't like the first one

Miscellaneous

This sort of running is not good for you. I was crocked for about 4 months with Shin Splints, Rob Baker now has some weird heart issue.

Helene Whitaker and Wendy Dodds are probably the two hardest people I have ever met.

The race will next be run in 2015 and I will definitely be entering. Word is he is sending Kilian Jornet (Salomon runner) a video to try and tempt him into entering.

Shane had a desire to put on one of the toughest races out there; he certainly succeeded. If anything Day1 was an over-achievement that broke many competitors. He has to be commended in the current climate of health and safety for not giving a ****. He told us it was going to be tough and it was our fault for not taking him at his word.

In prepping the content for this new issue, I felt it wise to go back through some old Rampages and Sheepsheets for inspiration and continuity. For let's face it, we are merely custodians of the present and our role is to ensure the founding ethics and spirit of the club are protected, fed and nourished for the next generation of red and white.

Among some of the curious gems in earlier editions was the eponymous 'Calder Valley Fell Race'. Intrigued as to what this was, I put a few feelers out to the club and hoped for the odd reply. I didn't have to wait long. An avalanche of nostalgic responses came in and two words came up time and time again: Jeff and Winder.

*So who better than Jeff Winder himself, Calder Valley Fell Race founder and CVFR Club Member number **001** to tell us more?*

Calder Valley Fell Race

by Jeff Winder



THE START (TOP) AND JEFF WINDER 'MOGGING ON'
CALDER VALLEY FELL RACE 1987

Back in the early 80's the long 'A' fell race was deemed to be essential in any respectable fell runner's calendar. The Famous Lakeland races, Wasdale – Ennerdale – Borrowdale – Langdale etc. were the highlight of the season for many fell runners. I have fond memories of these races, the reccies, getting lost, the 'got it right on the day' days and most of all the just great to be alive feeling we had as we pushed ourselves each year to bring our times down.

When we formed Calder Valley I wanted our club to have a Long A Category Race and for it to be as hard as possible, in terms of terrain and climbs using both side of the valley. Thus the Calder Valley Race was formed. In **March 1987** after lots of discussion with the various land owners a route was decided upon and a date allocated. Distance and climb in those days was always tongue in cheek – the rule being it was usually harder than advertised. Likewise, this was my approach.

Frank Schofield is worthy of a mention here. Frank, who owns Castle Carr and most of Midgley Moor was very helpful and allowed us to pick a route taking us directly past Castle Carr. In return and by way of thank you, I invited him and his wife to our club dinners by way of a thank you (we paid of

course). Frank and his son Bow were always supportive of the Club.

The first race was planned to start from the Top Withins Hotel; and distance wise it was around **12 Miles with 3300 Ft of climb** - *around* being the key word. The entry fee was £1.50 on the day with butties and soup provided.

The first race (and all races thereafter) was a success due to the dedicated support from the Calder Valley Members – registration team – marshalls – course markers – flag collectors – Mountain Rescue - Radio Raynet etc- there are too many to mention just to say that it was always a team effort.

The first route went from the Withins pub (as was) down the road past Fly Flats Sailing Club, then cut down through Castle Carr Grounds, down past Castle Carr to the gate at the Bottom Lodge. (Mytholmroyd Fell Race's last climb) it then climbed up inside the Castle Carr grounds to the top of moor, following path upwards, then cutting left to the main path to Sheep Stone Edge Trig Point.

We then dropped down picking up the Mytholmroyd Race in reverse, i.e. down through farm field, Redacre woods, and toward the zebra crossing in Mytholmroyd. The route then went past the doctor's surgery right before railway bridge, through Stubbings Field, then climbed steeply towards Stoodley Pike via London Road, then up the 'front' of Stoodley Pike . From Stoodley you retraced your steps right back to Bottom Lodge in

Castle Carr Ground. Here, instead of turning left back to Castle Carr you went straight up to the Top Lodge the over the moor back to Top Withins Hotel.

The first Race was a success with Good Runs from Shaun Liversey, Jon Taylor & Carol Haigh. The weather was cold with a layer of snow across the Moor.

In 1988 The Top Withins Hotel closed and thus we had no start venue, I think it was **Bod** who knew people at the Fly Flats Sailing Club, we had a meeting and arranged to use the facilities in the Sailing club to start/finish and register there. The route was about the same and the race was again another success.

In 1989 the race again started from the sailing Club, leading up to the race we had had snow and frost with very cold weather conditions for a few weeks prior to the race. Race day dawned to sunny but cold and windy conditions. However the weather got worse towards the end of the race. I remember being really concerned since a few runners were missing and one suffered badly crossing the moor to the sailing club. Eventually all of the lost runners were found some had magical mystery tours to take home with them one had hyperthermia to take home. A frozen smile close to tears springs to mind. The warning was there: a high level finish to a long race, with an exposed route was not ideal in bad weather.

Thus in 1990 the race was moved to the Mytholmroyd Burnley Road School for registration, with us starting the race from the Mytholmroyd Gala Field taking in the Castle Carr loop first. The first loop went as follows: Sheep Stone Edge trig >down to bottom Lodge >top lodge > over moor to road > down road past sailing club > down through Castle Carr to



**CALDER VALLEY FELL RACE LISTINGS
(COURTESY OF JOHN RILEY)**

Calder Valley (14 miles, 3700') 22.3.87

1	B Livesey	1:59.20
4	J Winder	2:01.28
12	S Parsons	2:10.32
20	T Daniel	2:13.05
24	S Skelton	2:16.10
40	A Thompson	2:23.18
45	A Rowden	2:26.25
55	B Kellett	2:30.00
65	G Woodward	2:41.30
77	P Regan	2:47.25
90	P Hound	2:56.50
92	J Sheard	2:59.33

CALDER VALLEY FELL RACE 12/3/89

1.	Gary Devine (F&B)	1:58.47
2.	Imo Holmes (Singley)	2:02.48
3.	Allan Whalley (F&B)	2:06.01
11.	Duncan Thomson	2:11.02
20.	Steve Skelton	2:16.35
35.	Koith Hunter	2:21.15
42.	Andy Thompson	2:25.08
50.	Pete Regan	2:31.25
52.	Ceri Greenwood	2:32.59
65.	Richard Kellett	2:33.31
81.	Steve Kirshide	2:39.30
116.	Simon Towler	2:50.56
125.	Finay Sheard	3:13.56

CALDER VALLEY FELL RACE 14th/3/88

1.	G Devine	F&B	2:04.29
10.	R Greenwood	CVF	2:15.20
12.	S Skelton	"	2:15.59
23.	R Sutcliffe	"	2:21.04
26.	R Clare	"	2:21.18
45.	R Kellett	"	2:32.41
48.	R Benn	"	2:33.11
68.	J Riley	"	2:42.11
70.	P Regan	"	2:43.32
91.	J Sheard	"	2:54.02
96.	D Longwood	"	2:56.44
99.	J Thistlethwaite	"	2:57.34
100.	T Gonnlett	"	2:58.26
105.	S Cwll	"	3:00.54
106.	B Horley	"	3:01.51
108.	H Fleetwood	"	3:02.28
109.	R Arundale	"	3:02.55
117.	T Redmond	"	3:11.59

CALDER VALLEY FELL RACE 11.3.90

1st.	G. Devine	F&B	1:56.23
18th.	R. Rowlands	G.V.F.R.	2:12.17
50th.	B. Horley	G.V.F.R.	2:23.40
50th.	K. Hunter	G.V.F.R.	2:25.37
103rd.	J. Walkinson	G.V.F.R.	2:40.06
115th.	John Wilkinson	G.V.F.R.	2:42.46
142nd.	G. Fry	G.V.F.R.	2:51.46

Bottom Lodge > Climb to Moor Top> Trig Point >down to Mytholmroyd – Second Loop same as previous Years. In 1990 I introduced junior races and this proved to be a success at future races , **Mike Bowden** was at that time training the juniors he deserve a mention since help out significantly with the junior races at that time. In 1991 the venue and race was the same and was now an established race on the Calendar. I used to like to go as far down the field as possible to

VARIOUS RESULTS AND SOME WELL-KNOWN NAMES! (COURTESY OF JOHN RILEY)

give prizes – sometime just a pair of socks from 15 down to top 30, but everyone felt this was a good approach

to prizes. You will have seen the Stoodley Pike Wooden Trophy – I had this made from a Cabinet Makers in Todmorden and for the first race this was the winner's trophy. It did disappear for a few years but was found in Gary Devine's loft and was returned by Brian Stevens. Gary was a little embarrassed and asked Brian to return the trophy.

In 1992 due to a combination of difficulties securing a date at the Burnley Road School, I moved the race venue to the Mytholmroyd Community Centre. We stayed here for the next three years.

In 1993 – I was asked by Dave Woodhead if we would use the Calder Valley Race as the Yorkshire Championship Race – I obviously agreed. This consolidated my thinking to introduce a few more changes to make the race a little harder in terms of distance and climb – I had sneaked a few more climbs in over the years. (Ed: I hope Steve Grimley isn't reading this!) Thus the 16.5 Mile 4400 Ft climb race was introduced, it was also decided to change the sequence of the loop taking in Stoodley first . This was due to a concern with the larger field expected that the style into the field at the top of Red Acre wood would create bad congestion, thus we went up Stoodley first.



JEFF AT WADSWORTH TROG
2013 – STILL MOGGING!

This was due to a concern with the larger field expected that the style into the field at the top of Red Acre wood would create bad congestion, thus we went up Stoodley first.

The additional distance and climb was introduced in the Stoodley Loop. This was as follows: > Normal route to Dick Lane >Just before the end of Dick Road dropped down to bottom Bridleway > Followed down to first Wall Corner then climbed to Stoodley no path just up >(This was a hill rep climb I used at that time) from Stoodley followed Pennine Way dropping down slabs path to wall Corner> (From here the route was the first climb that the Noonstone raced utilised later when Tod Harriers started Noonstone) Up the nose to Boulders at the top of climb. > Left from Boulders on top to pick up Pennine way for a short spell > Then head over to the right to path to pick up wall gate(Calderdale Way Relay)>following wall all way back to Dick Lane > Dick Lane back to Finish in the Stubbings Football Field.

The race was a success with Ian Ferguson of Bingley setting the record of 2 Hrs. 42 Mins. This was to remain the record for the final route. Those who remember Ian will recognise this as a very good record for the course. Ian set the record at the Three Peaks around this time demonstrates how good he was.

The last race was held I think in 1995 over this route – I moved to Scarborough and no one wanted to take the race on.

Notes:

The issue with the Burnley Road Crossing was partly resolved in the last races – I arranged with the management of Moderna Mills that we could run via their ground and pick up the canal bank and then go under Burnley Road down the canal bank picking up the loop up Red Acre Wood. It was a bit novel since we ran through one of the sheds to get to the path up to the canal bank!

I believe the Calder Valley Race was good race and one I have always felt I would with the clubs blessing try to re-introduce if I returned home again. If

anyone wants a run round the course or want to know any more about the race please ask.

It may be an idea if the full race is not seen to be viable due to the Burnley Road to hold a Half CV Race taking in the Stoodley Route start and finish at the Stubbing's Field this maybe the right time to look at since the Noon Stone has now finished...?



MARTIN WHITEHEAD

Perhaps **the** biggest plus point of resurrecting the Sheepsheet is that the following article by Martin Whitehead gets to see the light of day. As the Sheepsheet lay dormant, it was at risk of languishing unpublished in Thirza's in-tray, invisible to the outside world, which would have been a tragedy of near Greek proportion. It's a superb piece of writing on our beloved sport, and encapsulates what clearly for Martin was a memorable year, drenched in achievement. I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I did...

Wasdale and Peris Horseshoe 2012 by Martin Whitehead.

As I approach the late summer of my fell running career, *cough*, I set myself a goal of at least attempting the toughest of fell races. Popular opinion (FRA Forums) suggested that **Jura, Wasdale and Peris** were the three hardest, and there was a nice symmetry to them being in England, Scotland and Wales. In 2011 I went up to Jura and did the race there with Dave Culpan, and a memorable few days it was. Wasdale then weighed heavily in my mind, but Peris could wait. But when the club races for 2012 were announced, and Wasdale and Peris were both included, my mind was made up. It was now or never.

And so on July 14th I found myself in a field in Wasdale, waiting with a not-so-large number of tough, wiry looking runners for the start of the race. The previous day we (that is, my wife Stella and I), had driven our motorhome across the bottom of the Lake District, up the Cumbrian west coast, and into Wasdale on some skinny, winding tarmac tracks, and took our pre-booked pitch at the Wasdale National Trust camp site.

I asked at reception if they knew where the race started, and found that we were pitched some 200 yards from the registration field. So in the morning, it was the smallest of journeys to the start, and I had ample time to drink tea, register, go back for more tea, visit the toilet block, tea, toilet block, toilet block, and then head to the start field. For what was supposed to be the most classic of classic races, it was a particularly underwhelming set-up. Not that there was anything wrong with the organization, it was just that it was like the start of any small, local race. I was worried that most of the field may have considered it to be just that. Looking around for fellow club members, I could see only one other, and I didn't know him (turned out to be Ian Symington (Ed: him again!) joined this year. Finished hours in front of me).

Ten minutes before the start everyone started to move out onto a nearby footpath and set off toward the fells, so I followed. A five minute jog took us to the start field, from where I could see the track climbing not too steeply (I can't use the term 'gently' for Wasdale!) up towards Illgill Head, above the Wastwater Screes. Everyone had their kit checked prior to the start, which made the start some 10 minutes late, and then we were off.

I started deliberately near the back to stop me rushing off, and found the pace very comfortable, which is how it should be with 6 or 7 hours to go. It was also seasonably warm, and energy conservation was uppermost in my mind. My race plan was simple – get inside the cut-off times. A finish was all that was necessary. I had walked in the valley some years previously, but most of the first half of the route was unknown to me, so it was also important to follow the right person. Illgill and Whin Rigg passed without incident on obvious paths, followed by a pleasant and then steep descent back into the valley. I was careful to keep things in perspective mentally, knowing that the route thus far constituted a fell race in itself, but was merely a warm-up for the rigours to come. The route across the valley bottom was convoluted, trail-like, and picturesque, no more so than at what I suddenly realized was Greendale Bridge, where **Joss Naylor** and his wife provided drinks.

From here to the foot of Seatallan continued relatively flat, so I took the opportunity to consume a gel and some Lucozade Sport whilst not under duress. I should point out here that I find it difficult to eat during long races, and I have tried everything – energy bars, dried apricots, boiled potatoes, jam sandwiches et al., but I always ended up feeling sick and hence didn't take enough nutrition, leading to some ugly finish photos. Today I was using the promising Torq gels, the latest in a long line of experiments. Anyway, it seemed to do me some good, and I began to overtake some people on the climb up Seatallan, a rare occurrence in the Lakes.

Although the climb went on for days, I eventually arrived at the top feeling OK, helped by the donation of a banana from a spectator(!) on the way up. Visibility was clear, and from the summit I could see the snake of competitors weaving across toward Scoat Tarn. I held back a little, conscious that although feeling good, I was probably getting tired, and so it proved, as the climb up to Scoat Fell reduced me to a walk even though it wasn't as steep as earlier ground. I took another gel. Here I made the only route error. I followed a well-worn path over the rocks of Scoat Fell, the runners in front had just gone out of sight. When I emerged into windy gap, the runners 'just out of sight' were half way up Pillar, and I saw a stud-marked trod coming in from my right. Never mind. As a result I had to find my own way on and off Pillar. On was easy enough, following the walkers path steeply up through the rocks. Coming off, I began following the walkers path, but noticed down to my right a narrow, darker strip in the grass.

I went down to investigate and found stud marks, which I followed to Black Sail pass. On the way I passed a runner who I could hear groaning loudly in pain as I approached, but on enquiry it was cramp, so no sympathy was required. I could hear him for some time after as well, and to his credit he made it to the finish. I arrived alone at Black Sail and stood for a moment to find my bearings. A woman to my left waved and pointed out the route across the back of Kirk Fell, so off I went. I had got through the cut-off time at Pillar with 20 minutes to spare, and I again held back across Kirk Fell – the Torq gels were working! This almost proved to be a mistake as the climb up Great Gable was an absolute beast. Route finding was not difficult but the climb was steep and rocky, it was hot, and I was moving steadily but slowly. As I arrived at the summit the marshal said 'blimey, you're cutting it fine – only five minutes to the cut-off'. 'Suits me!' I replied, almost relieved that I had made it – it was now just a matter of keeping going, no more cut-offs.

I was caught at the summit by a runner behind, and we chatted as we weaved down Great Gable, choosing the grass rather than steps wherever possible. He had made the cut-off by less than a minute the previous year! Sty Head brought a pleasant surprise as Stella had walked up with a bottle of water, so I drank most of it, gave her a hug, and set off again in the company of two others who had taken refreshment. After a while we caught up with another couple of runners and the five of us stayed together through Eskdale Hause and up to the boulder fields of Scafell. My only concern now was the route off Scafell, and as the field was by now pretty thin (there can't have been many more through the cut-off behind me) I felt I had to keep up with the group. I struggled to maintain sight of the leader of the group, and then realised that we had dropped the other three, so I had to keep up with him.

Scafell summit came and went and he was gradually moving away from me. Again visibility was good and on the descent toward Lingmell I could see him on the narrow trod curving around to Lingmell Nose and the final checkpoint. This part was lovely running. I was by now very tired, and my legs were turning to wood, but I maintained some sort of rhythm, and even in this state I could enjoy the soft grassy path heading down at a comfortable angle. Then it became steep, and I realized my quads were fed-up with running, so my gait became laughable as I waddled down to the stile and the checkpoint.

The pain continued for a short while until the path levelled out a bit, and I could coast in to the finish. I was surprised by the arrival seconds later of one of the group I had run with earlier, he had just failed to catch me on the final part of the descent. Not that I cared. I had finished at the first attempt. I know of others, strong runners, who had suffered from the time-outs in the past. I know I was aided here and there by good visibility, but what had loomed as unconquerable was now conquered and didn't require as much suffering as I thought. After a brief rest in the warm grass at the finish (in the registration field), I took advantage of the refreshments that were left (I arrived at the finish in the middle of prize giving – and no applause!), and headed off the 200

yards back to the motorvan. Other than 15 minutes concern that Stella wasn't there, (she had her own adventures coming back from Sty Head), the rest of the day was a warm hazy glow of satisfaction.

Reflecting after the race, Wasdale deserves its reputation. It IS tough. If it finished after Great Gable it would be a match for the other Lakeland classics, but what marks it out is the climb onto Scafell before descending. I'm not the best at walking steep hills, and I was concerned about finishing after earlier experiences in the Lakes, so it's not natural ability that got me round. It's not that Wasdale is tougher than other Lakes races, it's just that it's tough for longer. And that's all you need to be to get round it.

Peris Horseshoe

And so on September 15th I found myself in a car park in Llanberis, waiting with a small group of tough, wiry-looking runners for the start of the Peris Horseshoe. I had intended getting ready in time for the early start, as much to get home half an hour earlier as in concern for the cut-off times, but confusion about car parking and registration venue led to me being only just in time for the official start time. I looked around for fellow club members, and saw none. Dan Taylor from Tod Harriers chatted briefly and Nick Harris offered route advice.

As with Wasdale, the first half of the route was unknown to me, and I had walked most of the second half some years earlier, albeit in the reverse direction. Not feeling fully prepared mentally, again everyone had their kit checked, and once again the race started late. Off we went, up through the slate mines, heading for Elidir. This was interesting, zig-zagging through the mines on generally runnable tracks past industrial relics.

As we neared the grassy 'fell' at the top we crossed a surprising tarmac road, which must have gone from nowhere to nowhere. Nick had advised me to keep left approaching the rocky summit of Elidir, and initially I did. I then wandered back toward the rocky ridge, then back below again, generally following the route of most resistance. As a result, the group I had chosen to follow had disappeared down the grassy trod which curved around a long loop towards Y Garn.

At one point the route dropped steeply to a col, and I couldn't see any runners ahead, but I carried on regardless in the absence of any other obvious path. I needn't have worried, a short time later I could see a number of competitors strung out around the loop. This was an inspiring view though, parts of Wales I had never seen before. I gradually caught back up with the group of runners in front, eventually making proper contact in the summit rocks of Y Garn. Torq gels were on the menu again, following them up another rocky ascent to Glyder Fawr. From here it was 'keep left of the main path' down to Pen-Y-Pass. Yeah, right. It was actually a serpentine trod that faded in and out, punctuated by 'it's that slab down there', and 'no it goes up there and then round there', and other locally knowledgeable sounding observations. Anyway, Nick, who was leading this group, led us to the little gate opposite Pen-Y-Pass car park on a route he later described as 'spot-on'.

We passed through with no mention of cut-off times. One of the group had commented '18 minutes to beat the cut-off' as we descended, but I'm not sure he had factored in the late start since nobody else seemed concerned. "The race starts after Pen-Y-Pass" is a common refrain, and is of course rubbish since the race started at the beginning. The race finishes at Pen-Y-Pass for the half-Peris, but we're not concerned with that in this tale. What does start after Pen-Y-Pass is the hardest bits. After a comfortable climb along the miners track to the tarn, and more gels and Lucozade, the race turns left and begins the climb of Lliwedd.

The weather up to now had been cool and breezy with good visibility, but now took on a demeanour to match the seriousness of the ascent. Cloud closed in and the wind increased to near gale force. I was one of the first of the group to don waterproofs, but we were soon all wearing them. An innocuous start was followed by much scrambling on damp rocks, the cloud increasing the feeling of exposure by creating seemingly bottomless drops from the ridge. We picked up a runner whose nerve was beginning to fail, who had waited for the comfort of company before continuing. It was in reality quite straightforward stuff, but no place for running, and eerily awe-inspiring in the cloud.

Nick took over the route-finding again after the first top of Lliwedd, and the group split and then regrouped over the second top and the checkpoint. The route we were following continued a little above the Watkins path, which would have been the safe way had I been alone. Approaching the slopes of Snowdon, a quick confer with an Eryri runner, "it's a bit further on", and then we branched right to take a steep, scrambling direct route to the summit of Snowdon. We suddenly breasted the summit ridge going from isolated party to confused masses in a matter of seconds.

There were people milling about all over in the strong winds and cloud, I shouted my number at someone who looked like a marshal, and then headed down the railway track. I picked out a couple of our group from the throng of walkers and chased after them, worried about spotting the turn onto the ranger's path. Note for next time,*cough*, get onto the other side of the tracks early, it's easier running and no walkers to avoid. The ranger's path is marked by a standing stone, which is obvious when you get there, and we then descended joyfully down the path, keeping to the right further down, on a grassy short cut.

Across a col we started the final ascent, Moel Cynghorion, and the joyfulness went. It's a steep sting in the tail, but it's not Scafell, and we soon reached the top. At the checkpoint I gave my number and the marshals seemed relieved, a brief discussion revealing that I had been reported missing at a previous checkpoint. Snowdon summit, I guessed. I must have shouted my number at a passing walker! I giggled briefly at what they must have thought.

It was all downhill from here, in more ways than one. As I began down the steep grassy slope back toward Llanberis, my knees rebelled by being sore, and once again I adopted the Wasdale waddle. A shame, as I had been planning a sprint finish to lead the group in, but instead they all ran off and left me. Nonetheless, the finish along a track and then through fields and woods was pleasant, and the warm glow of Wasdale resurfaced as I approached the end.

I passed a couple of runners whose legs really had turned to wood, and reached the low key finish at the side of the main road satisfied that I had now done the three toughest fell races in Britain. Or at least the three that I picked to be the toughest, to deflect the clamour of dissenters who have their own list of the toughest. I walked back to the car park, too tired and too late in the day to walk even further to the refreshments in the Heights Hotel where we had registered. It had been a long but satisfying day by the time I arrived home 2 and a half hours later.

So which was the toughest of the three?

Jura had remoteness and majesty, but also three miles of road. Wasdale was more familiar territory, and was unrelenting and long. Peris had atmosphere and the most challenging terrain, but I think Wasdale wins for me, because it has the most gravitas, the history and sheer size. But there's not much in it, and I can't think of three more challenging and varied routes. Each of the three left me with a feeling of fulfillment, and doing all three has left me feeling that I can do any race if I put my mind to it.

I don't know if I'll do any of them again, they are a significant undertaking for a runner of my standard, but if I can get round them, anybody can, and **any fell running career is incomplete if you don't just give one a go**. They are not classics without reason. And it helps if you get lots of championship points too.

Many of you might not know that there are 13 runnable trigs in the Calder Valley. Unlucky for some maybe, but not ultra-distance fiend Simon Bourne...

Upper Calder 13 Trigs by Simon Bourne



SIMON BOURNE

I've long thought that the Calder Valley was lacking its' own classic long distance challenge, so was really excited when this year's update to the excellent Go Far website added two of them. These were the South Pennine 39 Trigs, which looks to be a very serious undertaking at 105 miles, and also the Upper Calder 13 Trigs. This seemed far more enticing at 45 miles, so was duly added to the list of "things I must try and do in 2012".

The 13 Trigs is a clockwise route from MCC; starting with Crow Hill, heading south to White Hill (just the other side of M62 junction 22), then with Trough Edge End (above Walsden) as its' western point, and Nab Hill by the Ogden wind farm as the northern extremity. It looked to be a great mixture of some very familiar local trigs, plus five that I'd never yet got round to visiting.

Come the beginning of July I was ready to go, having recovered from the Fellsman a couple of months previously and having checked out several of the sections that were new to me. The day before was spent worrying away, as is always the case before a ultra run – would my legs feel less tired on the day, would the weather turn out to be better than the forecast wind and rain? However after a day of prevarication I finally decided to commit and spent the evening dropping off drinks bottles at some carefully selected road crossings.

Just after 7am the next morning I parked up at MCC, started my watch and headed up towards Crow Hill (#1). The Go Far web site had given a 12 hour schedule, so I'd applied a two-thirds factor to create an 8 hour target schedule which felt like it should be suitably challenging! Thirty minutes later I touched my first trig point of the day bang on schedule, pleasantly surprised that the legs felt pretty decent, it wasn't raining and the wind wasn't quite as strong as forecast. Game on!

The wind was in my face heading south via Manshead End (#2) and Dog Hill (#3) over to White Hill (#4), so I was pleased to only drop a couple of minutes against schedule. It was nice to be running across unfamiliar landscapes despite being only 10 miles or so from home. Dog legging into White Hill the snack cabin at the layby on the A672 looked tempting, but I decided it would take too long to buy a cup of tea, so pressed on towards Blackstone Edge (#5) with the wind behind me. It was a relief when the trig point appeared out of the clouds from the moonscape of boulders that covers the top.

Crossing the A58 for the second time I was relieved that my drinks bottle was still where I'd left it the night before, and enjoyed the easy running along the long flat track past the reservoirs towards Little Holder Stones (#6). Someone once described ultra-running as an eating & drinking competition on the run, and I've learnt to my cost on many occasions how right this is. However this year I seem to have finally hit upon a formula that prevents me retching non-stop as has often been the case previously. Yoghurt tubes seem to be the magic

ingredient for me, maybe as they counter-balance the sweetness of gels and Shot Bloks, which are my staple diet every 20 minutes on the run. This is all finished off with an occasional cocktail of salt tablets, ibuprofen and indigestion tablets, washed down with Nuun electrolyte drink (don't try this at home kids!)

The middle section of the run went well, including running through the centre of Todmorden on the way from Trough Edge End (#7) up to Bride Stones (#8), where I bumped into Jon Wright from Tod and briefly stopped to tell him what I was up to. By the time I reached trig number 9 (Hoof Stones Height) I was exactly on schedule (seven seconds down after five and a quarter hours) and still feeling good.

I was now in my back yard with no need of a map which gave me a real boost. However dropping east into Noah Dale towards Standing Stone Hill (#10) I rapidly became depressed by how waterlogged the ground was, not surprising after the wettest June on record, but as bad as I could ever remember. As a consequence of having to splash through the never ending puddles the minutes started to slip away, and I was getting a bad feeling that it would take a miracle to break 8 hours. The long slog up from the Blue Pig to High Brown Knoll (#11) is hard work at the best of times, and even more entertaining with over six hours in the legs. However once I'd got there I knew it was all pretty much flat to the finish, although I was now seven minutes down on my schedule.

Nab Hill was the 12th trig and one I was looking forward to since I'd never been there before. I was slightly nervous as to how easy it would be to find in the labyrinth of quarry workings, but once I got into the quarries it was all pretty obvious. Heading towards Sheep Stones I'd decided to dog leg back along the drain I'd just come along, rather than subject my legs to the more direct route which involved the steep climb back up the steps from Bottom Lodge. It was back into a headwind for the first time since White Hill, and the forecast heavy rain finally made an appearance.

Getting to the 13th and final trig point of the day was a fantastic feeling of satisfaction on a job well done, and then it was just a case of sliding down the Wicken Hill route back to MCC and trying to stay upright on the muddy path. It was school pick-up time so I side-stepped all the parents and kids and finally made it home in 8 hours 11 minutes.

It had been a fantastic day out in the South Pennines with the constantly changing view across different sets of hills and valleys being a real highlight. I'd wholeheartedly recommend the 13 Trigs to all the CVFR long distance enthusiasts as a great day out in our local hills. I'm sure several of you reading this could get round under the 8 hours if you set your mind to it (you know who you are), so there's a challenge for you - I might just have another go myself if we ever have a dry spell again!

Crow Hill	0h 30	Bride Stones	4h 51
Manshead End	0h 56	Hoof Stones Height	5h 16
Dog Hill	1h 24	Standing Stone Hill	5h 47
White Hill	1h 59	High Brown Hill	6h 46
Blackstone Edge	2h 24	Nab Hill	7h 15
Little Holder Stones	3h 02	Sheep Stones	7h 58
Trough Edge End	3h 54	MCC	8h 11

It's not often we get a real-life international runner at the club, but step forward Ian Symington once more. Not only is the following article highly amusing, it also contains a quite fantastic (and possibly unique) Strava log...

And Now for Something Completely Different.....

by Ian Symington

It started at the back end of last year when the Thorpedo and I found ourselves in the Grizedale trail marathon. My excuse was that I was in the lakes on holiday, the Thorpedo on the other hand had come up from deepest Yorkshire on a pothunting mission.

For any fell running newbies 'pothunting' is the pursuit of races with low quality fields and good prizes. Prime territory for pothunting are commercial races (good prizes, pretty slim fields plus a guaranteed photo of yourself in 'trail' magazine). Alternatively try and find a race that clashes with a champs race. Pothunting is **NOT** cool but those montane jackets looked great didn't they Thorpey.

Limbering up on the start line we had the usual banter about who was in the race.

Me: *"I don't recognise anyone one apart from the ginger haired fellow, I think he is called Marcus"*

Thorpedo: *"Is he any good"*

Me: *"I think he runs the 100km for England"*

A few minutes later I casually ask Marcus if he was running well. "Not bad" was the reply, "I've just set my marathon PB at 2:33". I would love to be able to run a 2:33 marathon not because it is a pretty amazing time but solely to use this extremely powerful de motivational tactic on my rivals. Unsurprisingly we got a sound thrashing, but when I got home I wondered just how good Marcus and the rest of guys running for England were, if they did the Haworth Hobble would they destroy the field? I've long suspected that ultra races are soft targets as most decent runners are ruled out of these races by the fact that they just can't be bothered.

After a bit of research it turns out that if you want to have a bash at 100km it is pretty simple. There is only one 100km road race in the UK each year and it changes venue each year. As it is the only event it also forms the UK champs and the national champs for England, Scotland and Wales. The race is called the Anglo-Celtic plate and is spiced up by making it a team battle between the English, Irish, Scottish and Welsh.

After a sneaky peak at the Scottish Athletics Website I thought with a bit of luck I might be able to run the time required to get selected for the Scottish team (<8hours). What I lack in road running experience luckily I make up for in arrogance and so I emailed the Scottish selector with a list of fell and trail results.

I'm not sure if he ever tried to equate a time for the Ennerdale fell race to 100km on the road but somehow I got picked for the team. Being of a pretty modest athletic ability I never thought I would ever run for Scotland, but, the lesson is that if you look hard enough for a very very niche sport there is always a chance (*modern pentathlon anyone?*)



OK so it's not Gordon Strachan's number 7 shirt but come on it still says Scotland on it, what do you mean you can't see Scotland, it is right there in 5mm high lettering...BUT WHY IS IT WHITE?!

The selector called to check that I was actually Scottish (*luckily I had been talking to Thirza the night before and so I had been reminded what a real Scottish accent sounded like*). He was a really nice chap and wanted to know what my training regime was, what road races I had planned to allow me to transition to road and also what my marathon time was. I'm not sure if "Well I just sort of run, err none and 3:03 but it was a long time ago" were satisfactory replies but he didn't cut me from the team.

Pre-race talk the night before consisted of two topics:

- 1) Why are our vests White?
- 2) The ridiculously strong England team. They had 3 sub 2:20 marathon runners in the team. These three whippets were backed up by the aforementioned Marcus and Craig Holgate winner for the Thames 100. The Scots didn't have anyone with that sort of speed so we just had to be sensible and hope they all blew up.

The race itself consists of 42 laps of the North Inch Park in Perth with a cumulative ascent of 1metre. The plan was pretty simple, run at 3hour marathon pace for as long as possible and then try and hold on. I had been warned that running 100km on the road was extremely painful but I had no idea. (*I hate long ultra-reports that describe in great depth how the person feels at every stage of the race so I'll keep it brief*).

0-15m	This is a bit fast but I reckon I can run with these guys
15-26m	Why is everyone else slowing, f**k this I'm going to keep going
26m	Well at least I've broken 3hours for a marathon
30m	My quads hurt and I can feel twinges of cramp absolutely everywhere
36 – 40m	I think I've ballsed this up, my legs seems to be doing weird things and that 1m climb is starting to become worryingly noticeable
40-50m	I know I'm slowing massively, I've fallen off the cliff edge, I can't stretch my legs because of cramp. 2 team mates have just passed me at what seemed like twice the pace I'm going at. This is going to be very painful
50-59m	Feels like someone is kicking my quad with every stride. What is that cheering, bugger someone has finished. I am seriously giving up running for

at least a year. Who are those Skinny English Guys who are just bimbaling round the track.....you mean they are the fast English lads!

59m

Race announcer "Here is Ian Symington with just 2 laps to go"

Support crew "Don't listen to him you have 3 laps"

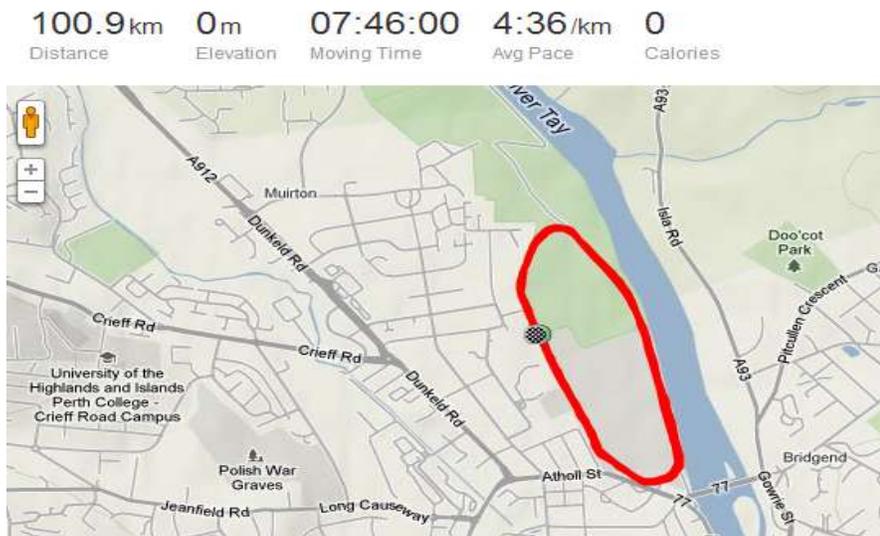
Finish

7:46, 9th place, 4th Scot - Given a Scottish flag, lots of people smiling and clapping and cheering. Feel a bit embarrassed, didn't really run that very sensibly, just glad it is over.

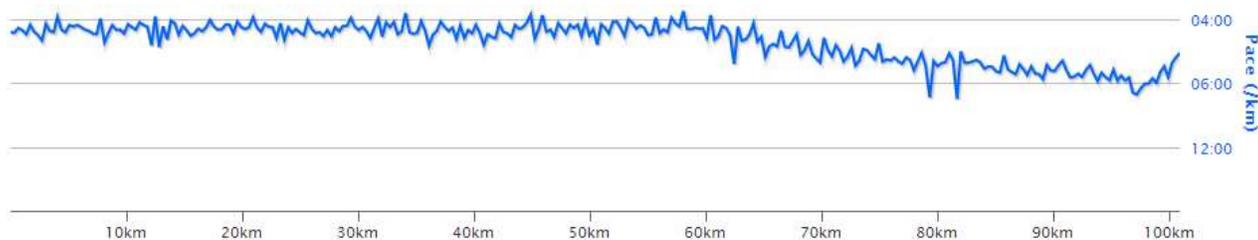
Finish +30minutes You know I reckon I could do < 7:30.

Scotland had won the plate for only the 2nd time in the 18 years that the competition has been going for and only the second time that England had not lost it. The fast English runners had all blown up, 2 of them quite spectacularly. The Scotland team had 3 hill runners in it who put in great (Donny) to pretty average (Me) times and so to answer my original question how good are us fell and trail runners who like the long stuff, I think I'm going to have to revise my original opinion.

I'm not going to lie this was pretty low down my list of top runs but it was a great experience, I met lots of people I read about but don't meet in the races I do and the whole Scotland thing was great. Ultra running is brilliant because athletic ability is very much of secondary importance to just putting the miles in.



The most boring Strava track log ever



Errr...Not quite sure that this is the best way to pace an Ultra



The End – With Florence who amazingly agreed to let me run and come up and support me 2 weeks before she is due to give birth



Scottish team, all just glad it is over, Me, Dave Gardiner, Donnie, Paul and Marco

Recent weeks have seen two especially good performances by Kevin Houl. Firstly he took a fantastic third place in the long distance classic, The Howarth Hobble, then followed this up with a super win at the even longer Calderdale Hike race; thus confirming his arrival into the upper echelons of the Ultra Distance running scene. With 2013 being the first year of the *CVFR Ultra Distance Championship*, Kevin couldn't have picked a better time to hit top gear and demonstrate his prowess. Here he tells us how he did it at The Hobble...

I May Be Some Time... by Kevin Houl

I have run to some degree since the age of 10 when my maths teacher at the time introduced me to orienteering and then encouraged me to keep at this for the next five years going so far as including me as part of his family holidays! I then lapsed from any competitive running until my wife talked me into the Great North Run 12 years ago and signed me up to my local road running club, Stadium Runners, as a birthday gift.

It was a natural progression from there back to the hills from my youth and thanks to Martin Huddleston I ended up at Calder Valley three years ago.



KEVIN HOULT

Realising I had no speed on the uphill, too much walking, and no skill on the downhill, too cautious, I just decided to keep running further and finally found myself in the friendly community of the "ultra" runners.

Competing in the national Run Further series last year presented a good challenge and after a steady improvement in places ended the season with a third place at Round Rotherham 50.

The inclusion of Ultra runs to the Calder Valley championships was a great idea and would be a good focus for me and Martin as we prepare for the Lakeland 100 in July. The Haworth Hobble was to be the inaugural race of the CVFR Ultra championship and I was keen to do well.

My first taste of the Hobble was in 2012 when running this as a pair with Martin we completed in 5hrs 12m. The race covers trails, tracks and road from Haworth, past Todmorden, up to Stoodley Pike and then down to Hebden Bridge before the race really starts up to Heptonstall and over Top O't Stairs before the final push back to Haworth. 32 miles and 4,400ft of climb.

The problem with a lot of the Ultra runs is that as so much of the routes are usually on good runnable surfaces it is very easy to go out too fast and pay for this later. This is made worse on the Hobble by the toughest of the climbs being kept for the second half of the race as I had found to my cost in 2012.

The 2013 run started as usual with registration at the Haworth Primary School and a chance to catch up with regular ultra-runners many of who I had not seen since the final race of the 2012 series. A short walk up to the cobbles of the Haworth main street and then a little later than planned we were finally sent on our way at 8.05.

After struggling with a torn calf since the Hebden 22 I had decided not to be dragged out too quick and enjoyed a chat with Simon Bourne and Simon Deakin who was trying to convince me that clown shoes (Hoka) were the future for ultras. I had chosen a light pair of trail shoes that don't like mud but are great for the road sections.

We headed on to Top Withens and I gradually increased my pace as we went along the Pennine Way and on to Widdop Reservoir and the first refreshment station, a quick drink and a couple of biscuits and I was on my way again. I had managed to pass a few runners on the road section and was gaining on the top ten.

I was surprised to find myself running alongside Duncan Harris, a multiple winner on the Run Further series races, along the tracks to Hurstwood Reservoir and stayed with Duncan for the next few miles. We caught and passed a few more runners over the next stretch to the Long Causeway car park and I arrived there in 7th place. A couple more biscuits and then off up the road catching up with Toby Evans and making a group of three.

The Ultra runs generally require you to navigate yourself round the route, some races set a specific route you must follow and some just provide checkpoints and leave the route choice up to you, very few are marked. If you have the time and the memory then a recce of the route will help you out on race day otherwise keeping your map in your hand is a good idea.

The Hobble is a set route but you still have to figure out where you are supposed to go something the four runners now in front of our group of three started to have problems with.

The first runner missed the turn off from the Causeway and disappeared down the road too far in front for us to call him back. After another half a mile we could see the front three runners who looked to be struggling with their maps. A couple of shouts from Duncan put them on the right route but they looked happy to slow and join the group until the next checkpoint at Stoney Lane.

The Stoney Lane checkpoint is usually an important refuelling stop as you get chance to digest on the long steady downhill before the hard climb to Stoodley and all that follows. However, I was thrown by arriving at the checkpoint to find all on offer at this point was cold hotdogs (no bread in sight). Seeing the rest of the group heading straight through the only thing I swallowed was my disappointment and followed.

The original three leaders were once again happy with the route and set off at a fast pace hoping to put some distance between us, Duncan seemed happy to keep a steady pace at this point so he dropped off the back from Toby and me.

As we headed along Scrapes Lane the track comes to a junction with a road, a helpful passer by kindly informed us we needed to head down the road as that's where the others went. In my eagerness I almost set off after them but thankfully Toby called me back and pointed out he didn't fancy going through Todmorden today.

We found out at the finish that the three had managed to run an extra three miles touring Todmorden trying to get back on the route!

I stuck with Toby on the slow climb up to Mankinholes where again the only food ready was biscuits (or whiskey!) a couple more of these, a top up on the drinks bottle and then back on our way with the climb up to Stoodley Pike.

I could feel myself starting to tire at this point with Toby still managing a jog up to the top while I had to do my usual fast walk up hill to keep up - I find it more efficient with long legs to walk than jog up these hills. It took some effort to stick with Toby but I didn't want to be dropped just yet.

The weather at the top was as per usual, windy, cold and cloudy, and I was only too glad to set the pace getting off there as quickly as possible. I kept this pace going all the way down to Hebden with an encouraging "well done" from Jo Waites halfway down to keep the pace up.

I arrived at Hebden with a couple of hundred metres lead on Toby and planned to lose all of this on the climb to Heptonstall while trying to refuel and eat what I could find in my bag.

Eating and drinking on Ultra runs is critical, if you get it wrong you can either "bonk" from a lack of energy or have your stomach revolt from the wrong food. Too little hydration and you'll also feel yourself grinding to a halt.

My fuelling had not gone well so far in the race and I knew I was about to suffer for it. I kept with Toby to the refreshments at Horse Bridge picked up the biscuits on offer and set off up the bridleway going slower all the time. I told Toby I was done in and watched as he carried on relentlessly up the hill.

It's a long way back to Haworth from here and it was now a matter of keeping moving and hoping the final energy gel I had would kick in before I got passed by the whole field. A sequence of walk, jog, walk, jog finally got me to the top of the hill and then I managed to run the downhill to the final checkpoint at Crimsworth Dene. A look back up the hill and I could see the steady pace of Duncan on his way, but no one else.

The long hard climb up to Top O't Stairs was now ahead and I knew Duncan would be passing me in no time but reminded myself that everyone else will be suffering and to just keep moving.

The weather had been mixed during the day with some glorious moments in between the overcast and windy conditions. However the worst part of the weather was about to hit with a howling head wind creating almost blizzard conditions on the hill before the track dropped down to Leeshaw Reservoir.

Glad to finally be out of the cold wind, and with no feeling at all in my hands, I ran the flats and shuffled on the road up to Penistone Hill. I had one last look over my shoulder to check no one was sprinting after me and then used the last of my energy for the final mile along the Bronte Way to the finish at Haworth Primary School.

Duncan had managed to catch Toby in the last 100 metres with a perfectly paced run to win yet another series race. I had managed to hold on to my third place knocking 45 minutes off the 2012 time in the process. I was well and truly wiped out but the effort was worth it.

A warm meal, lots of tea and a few cakes helped to get some energy back as we then swapped tales from the day and chatted about future challenges - next up the Calderdale Hike on the 13 April - might take it a bit slower though!

Many of you will have read the excellent "101 Fell Races" by Darren Fishwick in the latest Fell Runner magazine, an amazing achievement that must have tested his fitness, his marbles and surely his marriage to the limit. Hot on his tails is our very own Robert Paradise, AKA 'Paz Legend'. Paz has made quite an impact since joining the club last year with his boundless enthusiasm, straight talking and astonishing appetite for fell races. Ironically, Paz and Darren are of very similar ability to boot. With a nod to Darren's article, I asked Paz to pen something similar to mark the 56 (fifty six) fell races he did last year – a fantastic tally and one he is looking to better this year. Here's his race diary penned in his own inimitable style. For you more sensitive readers out there, he assures me that he did them all fully clothed and in a club vest...



ROBERT PARADISE (AND
DARREN FISHWICK)

My First Year in Fell Running by Robert Paradise

After years of boxing, cycling and running just for fun, I was tricked into this lunacy by CVFR's Chris Godridge whilst out running up Ogden one day. So here it is, Paz's first year of fell racing:

1/1/12-GIANTS TOOTH-tricked into this madness by Chris Godridge, still a bit woosy from a long night (New Year's eve) working on the doors. I remember thinking "who are these nutters?" 33rd place-hooked.

7/1/12-OVENDEN- Another hangover, blew it all on the first climb, tasted my own blood for the next 7 miles, loved it 57th.

15/1/12-WHITEHOLME CIRCULAR- Too flat for me, good hangover cure, ace views, beat Chris Smale out for a jog with his dog-getting fitter-25th.

11/2/12-WADSWORTH TROG- My fourth race ever, mind and body crumbled on the last climb, went from 30th to 70th in the last mile, think I almost died, had to work on the doors all night afterwards, legs were a bit stiff, loads of fighting, what a beast-70th.

3/3/12-BLACK COMBE-Hail storm, tough race, still scarred 2

months later,BRUTAL-93rd,1 place behind Wendy Dodds, another long night on the doors.

10/3/12-WINDMILL WHIZZ- Too flat-too fast-too drunk night before, good fun-29th.

23/3/12-RIVOCK EDGE- Red hot day, still a tad under the weather from night before, very fast route, cracking little "easy" race, horrible bit of canal involved-29th getting fitter.

3/6/12-WADSWORTH JUBILEE-very wet and windy, felt good,7th place, Holly Page is the next scalp to aim for.

16/3/12-BUCKDEN PIKE-my kind of race, fast short and very steep, cracking descent-21st.

22/6/12-WICKEN HILL WHIZZ- Pissing it down, ace race, good battle with Tod's Ben Crowther, FLOODS after, air raid sirens flood alerts on the descent 18th.

23/6/12- RESOVOUR BOGS, followed Tod's Ben Crowther who reckoned he knew the way, then ran away from him in last 2 miles. 6th (*Ed: v naughty that Paz*).

24/6/12- TOM TITIMAN- good short fast blast, 12th first proper man-man battle with Chorley's Darren Fishwick, many more to come, 7th overall in Midsummer Madness.

14/7/12- OXENHOPE- nice short local race, was leading for first mile, got lost for a few secs almost 3rd place- 5th.

15/7/12- OLDFIELD- totally flat, good fun 6th.

21/7/12- TURN SLACK- Bloody hard, very bloody hard, first ever prizes, CVFR team prize, Ellis and Godsman did all the hard work, I nearly died 27th.

24/7/12- CVFR SUMMER HANDICAP flies/steps/red hot evening.

4/8/12- HELLIFIELD GALA, Cracking fast race, ace final descent 16th.

7/8/12- BROWNLEE GOLD RUN. Tuesday am madness, noticed skinny looking bloke called Smithies, thought to myself, gonna beat that guy- 12th.

11/8/12 ARNCLIFFE GALA, My kind of race, straight up and down 1.5 mile lung busting mayhem, beat an out of form Smithies .

18/8/12 GARGRAVE SHOW, Another cracker, super fast up and down short blast, hooked on the BOFRA races.

25/8/12 BURNSALL CLASSIC FELL RACE- without doubt my fave race, a must do for anyone, short sharp full on classic battle with Steve Smithies, Holly Page and BEST FIGHT IVE EVER HAD, more to come.

26/8/12 HALTON GILL- Another short sharp little beauty, good race with Holly and Pierre or whatever he's called .

27/8/12 HEBDEN SPORTS- another ace battle with Holly Page all the way round, pissing it down .

28/8/12 KILNSEY SHOW-4 race in 4 days, the fight of my life with Smithies, neck and neck with a cracking sprint finish, he beat me again, a race I'll never forget, if you have not done it you must try it, the hardest, scariest mile of your life.

1/9/12-BLACKSHAW HEAD- Bit of a battle with Holly and Roms again, ran out of steam near the end though, good fun-12th.

2/9/12-BRADLEY SPORTS DAY-another short bofra race, good village gala too, good little race.

9/9/12-BURNSALL BOFRA-back for more pain in the bofra version of the best race on the calendar, I'd do it every week if I could, good battle with Smithies again, finished one second apart.

22/9/12-WERNSIDE-good 12mile in perfect weather, nice to get a long one in after all the short ones, felt great all the way round, strangely effortless, could of gone a lot quicker ,26th .

29/9/12-KIELDER BLAST-English champs race, dear me what was I thinking? too flat, too fast, too "runnable", horrible race.

7/10/12-IAN HODGSON RELAY-cracking "proper fell race" in the lakes sadly marred by the death of Darren Hodgson, personally could not think of a better way to go though.

14/10/12-UKA BRITISH RELAYS-excellent day for cvfr, good atmosphere, paired with Smithies, he murdered me, parts of me are still up there in them Shropshire Hills, bloody tough route, possibly hardest race yet.

20/10/12-SUMMIT INN FELL RACE-good local short blast, got a few boxers to come have a taste of fell racing, good bit of crack 10th.

21/10/12-WITHINS SKYLINE-another belting race, good battle,34th.

27/10/12 GREAT WERNSIDE-cracking race, up and down, almost beat smithies,1 sec behind him, right battle, waited at summit for him for a good battle on way down, ace day out 21st .

3/11/12-SHEPERDS SKYLINE-must of been drunk, still can't remember it 31st.

11/11/12-HALF TROG-had a flyer, got a bit lost or could of done better 4th.



THE ROAD TO PARADISE...

17/11/12-FULL TOUR OF PENDLE-one bloody hard day out, went blind on the last climb, almost started crying, realised Jelly Babies actually work! 50th.

25/11/12-DAVID STAFF MEMORIAL, very fast "trail" race, one of them that leaves ya calves aching a bit, its for charity though.

9/12/12-MYTHOLMROYD another cracking local race over my local moors, good battle with Joe Washington and smithies,6th-team prize of Stella too-happy days.

16/12/12-THE STOOP Woodentops madness, good snowball fight with fellow lurcher lover and machine that is Helen Fines, good descent battle, beat Smithies and Fishwick in the snow due to my size 12 snow ploughs, can I beat Helen this year, I doubt it but I'll give it a bloody good go .

I've missed a few races out because I can't remember em all, think I did 56 races in 2012, aiming to do at least 70 in 2013.

Mourne Mountains by Ben Mounsey



BEN MOUNSEY

The course was revised due to snow and ice on the top of some of the peaks, it was a sensible idea as some of the tops were quite treacherous in parts. The races in the Mourne's are always a tough challenge because the terrain is so dangerous and the mountains extremely steep.

On the day the weather itself was fairly good at the start of the race although once you climbed a few hundred metres we quickly descended into mist and fog and it proved quite a navigational challenge.

The first climb up Slieve Binnian was extremely long and steep. Karl, Gav Mulholland, Shaun Godsman, Tim Ellis, James Logue and myself were all in the top 20 at this stage at climbing quite well- especially Karl, Gav and Shaun.

At the top and before the descent to Ben Crum reservoir- a number of us took the wrong line to the dam as we followed advice from a group of walkers who sent us the wrong way! Despite losing some time we managed to get back in the race and start to make up lost ground. At this point Karl was well ahead with the leading group and we were all in the 3rd group behind.

Unfortunately Gav pulled out at the dam through injury and we pressed on up the steep ascent of Doan. It was a fast descent from here and then a fast run in on the track before the last climb. Tim and me started to make

good time and got ourselves back onto the back of the chasing group. James and Shaun weren't far behind. The last climb proved a test and Tim managed a final sprint on the fast run in to claim 13th and I was about 30 secs behind in 17th, James behind me in 18th and then Shaun in top 30.

Karl was a magnificent 4th overall and showed just what a class act he is, especially in the long, tough races. Even better, Ladies' Captain Helen Fines won! Amazing!!! What more can you say, she really is on fire at the moment. And Jo Waites also had a cracker in 6th place overall.



HELEN FINES, WINNER AT MOURNE MOUNTAINS, CURRENTLY PUTTING ALLCOMERS IN THE SHADE.

The weather rapidly deteriorated as we finished and the runners behind us also had to content with driving rain and sleet.

The high point of the weekend was the infamous night out in O'Hare's pub. We got the party started as usual when the band came on and basically destroyed the dance floor- see attached pic ;-)



DECENT FIELD THIS.....



BEN AND THE LADS WINDING DOWN AFTER THE RACE

Meet Your Team Mate



Name: David Culpan

Age:51

From originally? Halifax

Lives now? Halifax

Home life: Single,1 daughter and 2 grandsons

Occupation: Purchasing Manager

Why did you join Calder Valley and when? Joined the club after initially running on roads, thought off road was much more interesting with a lot of local races in and around Halifax.

Joined the club in: 2002.

How did you get into fell running? Read all the press reports about the races in the paper.

Highlights of your fell running career so far? Running the entire Calderdale Way in 11 hours and completing the Jura race.

Favourite race(s) and why? Midgley Moor,its got a bit of everything. Weasdale, its all runnable, Sedbergh, for the great views all on grassy slopes!

Least favourite race and why? Langdale, its a walk over too many rocks, hate it, although I might have to go back for it this year.!

Preferred sort of distance and why? 10 to 12 miles, as I don't get going until mile 6 and I'm knackered after 12!

Breakfast & routine on race-mornings? Porridge, blueberries, honey and nuts every morning along with an espresso

What fell shoe(s) do you wear and why? I always wear Inov-8's and have done since the company was founded back in 2002.

I like the 245 trailrocs for training and for racing if its not too muddy, if it is the 212 X-talons come out, just bought the 265 mudclaws, big improvement on the old 330's,lower profile and lighter for deep muddy descents.

Fave piece of kit and why? Anything with an Inov-8 badge on, is that sad? Oh and my Omm kamleika waterproof jacket.

Apart from FRA essentials, what do you carry in your bum bag? Phone and camera for taking landscape shots or anything I see interesting, and of course all safety kit for races, including survival bag which I think should be made essential!

Most feared/ respected opponent? Martin Whitehead, can't seem to beat him anymore!

Do you have any tips for anyone setting out into Fell Running? Just enjoy it, respect the countryside, leave nothing behind apart from footprints.

Who do you most admire in fell running? Ian Holmes, watching him descend is something else!

Things do you like most about fell running? Spending time in our beautiful countryside with like minded people, good banter before and after in the pub.

When not fell running, what do you like to do? Training in the gym, spending time with my grandsons, eating out, gardening and photography.

Goals for next 12 months:No real goals apart from getting a bit of consistency back into my running.

I would just like to take this opportunity to thank everybody in the club who has offered their kind words and support over the last couple of months, in what has been a very traumatic time for me with the passing of my son, fell running has definitely helped me get through it. Dave.



Meet Your Team Mate

Name: Kate Mansell

Age: 42

From originally? I was born and grew up on the Isle of Wight until I was 18 when I moved to London to go to University. I stayed in London for 14 years before being dragged north by Graeme!

Lives now? Heptonstall

Home life: Live with partner (& CVFR member) – Graeme Brown

Occupation: Town Planner

Why did you join Calder Valley and when? Graeme and I were ‘Thirzad’ about a year ago...we met Thirza on a Heptonstall Fell Race recee soon after we moved to Heptonstall and she persuaded us of the

benefits of joining CVFR...

How did you get into fell running? Before we moved here, Graeme and I used to come over to Hebden most weekends to go mountain biking. We happened to bump into Steve Grimley on one ride and got chatting and mentioned that we were soon moving to Heptonstall – on finding out that we did some running too, he recruited us into the ‘Heptonstall Hurriers’ village team to run one of the relays – we never looked back.

Highlights of your fell running career so far? Completing the Tour of Pendle in 2011 felt like an achievement as it was the longest fell race that I had ever done and crawling up that last climb on your hands and knees – what’s not to like!

What is your history with Calder valley? Short!

Favourite race(s) and why? The Woodentops series of races from Stanbury are definitely up there – always a really good atmosphere starting down in the quarry and they make Autumn/Winter something to look forward to.

Least favourite race and why? Half-Trog! My first proper fell race in the wrong shoes...I was all over the place!

Preferred sort of distance and why? Definitely the medium to longer distance races – takes me a while to warm up!

Breakfast & routine on race-mornings? Normally trying to get Graeme out of the house on time...as our friends will testify!



What fell shoe(s) do you wear and why? Inov8 X-Talons – feel so light!

Fave piece of kit and why? I am not sure I have a favourite bit of kit – change of clothes at the end of the race always feels good – particularly dry socks!

Apart from FRA essentials, what do you carry in your bum bag? ZipVit energy bars

Favourite local fell race boozer and why? I prefer a cup of tea over a beer straight after a race (??). Save the beer for later – The Cross in Heptonstall or The Hinchcliffe Arms are favourites..

Most feared/ respected opponent? Louise Marix Evans is to be feared at the end of Leg 3 of the Calderdale Way Relay as she often likes to vomit at the top of Davey Lane at the handover...

Clubmate you most admire? It really is hard to pick one out as you really have to admire all that get out and race...

Do you have any tips for anyone setting out into Fell Running? Just have a go –having said that..I gave that advice to some friends of mine from Sheffield who came over to spend New Year with Graeme and I last year. They had a go at Auld Lang Syne – she is Polish and had some proper expletives for both us and her partner at the end of the race! It was so bad that rather than stay with us to celebrate New Year they had to drive back home to Sheffield to lie down!! Amazingly, we are still friends and are going to their wedding in Krakow this year!

Who do you most admire in fell running? Dave and Eileen Woodhead for the amount of kids that they get involved in their races and for always putting on a good do in the pub after their races!

Things do you like most about fell running? The simplicity of it and the physical challenge of fell running...

One thing would you change? Race photographers – some people manage to look cool in race photos – I am not one of them!

When not fell running, what do you like to do? I still love cycling – road cycling and mountain biking. There are often a few of us that head out on the bikes from Heptonstall. Graeme and I also get away most years to the Alps to cycle and watch the Tour de France.

Tell us something(s) of interest about you? I don't like this question! I am a fell runner?? I have completed La Marmotte in the Alps a couple of times, I am studying with the Open University for a degree in Psychology in the hope of escaping my current job, I once sold hats on Camden Market!

Goals for next 12 months?: Three Peaks Fell Race – a few of the fell races in the Lakes. A month away somewhere mountainous!

Ed: Kate was quite particular about which photo she wanted me to use (the top one), but the only problem is you can't see your face Kate! Hope you don't mind me using the second one too so people know who you are!

Announcements

If you've got any good news you want to share with us then let us know...



New member Nathan Kennaugh and his wife Lisa are expecting their first child November. Knowing Nathan he will be keen for the child to be kitted out correctly in Inov-8 bootees from day 1. Well done you two!



The club also welcomes Richard Ingram to the fold. AKA 'Bert', many of you may know Richard from his footballing achievements, him being the kingpin of the very successful Red Star side of the last 15 years. This also saw him take up residency on the back page of the Hebden Bridge Times for nearly as long. Having retired from football he's now taken up the red and white and also found time to get engaged to Jo, with the wedding being at St Mary's in Luddenden in September. Here he is pictured doing his famous Tommy Cooper impression at the foot of Pendle Hill.



Another local lad tying the knot, and another brand new member is Mark O'Connor who walks down the aisle this summer. Mark, who runs local firm Microsearch in Mytholmroyd likes nothing better than a good lunchtime run and beasting everyone's records on Strava. If you're on Strava and have got some local records, then watch out. Mark will be gunning for you!

Congratulations also to Ian Symington and wife Florence on the arrival of their baby daughter Ishbel Alice was born on the 12th April weighing a healthy 8st 12oz. Again, very well done you two! *(Ed: sorry Ian, there's enough pictures of you in the edition already!)*

Next month....

3 Peaks, Kit Corner, Bob Graham Round, Walsh v Inov8s, Helly v Merino, more Meet Your Team Mates plus much more.....

Friends of CVFR

May I also take this chance to plug a local business to which I'm sure we could all point our trade to. Alpine Outdoors in Hebden Bridge stocks a wide range of fell shoes and outdoor gear, especially Inov8s. I know many members used to buy gear from the SportsShoes store in Bradford and now go online there. Prices are keen on line as we all know, plus a little bird tells me that people are going into the store, trying shoes on, then buying on line, which must be very frustrating for any shopkeeper.

So in speaking with the owner Amy, she is more than happy to offer any CVFR members 10% off any Inov8s to bring the prices in line. PLUS don't forget you're not paying postage either, you can try them on for size, and feel good about yourself that you're helping a local, flood affected business in these austere times we live in.

Other shops are available of course, but here is a good option to help a local businesswoman trying to get on.

www.alpineoutdoors.co.uk

Into cycling? Then why not join us on **Calder Vélo Cycling Club**. 'Friend' me on Facebook and I'll add you to the group.

Any members who want a quick plug for their business or venture I'm happy to put small piece of publicity in with a web address.

And finally....

A big thank you to everybody who has contributed to this new edition. Without you guys there can be no mag. Special thanks go to those excellent writers featured above, Jon Riley, Allan Greenwood, Hannah Dobson, Bill Johnson for his statistical brilliance and encyclopaedic knowledge of all things CVFR, Dave at Woodentops for the plunder of his superb photos and to Thirza again for all her help and guidance. Apologies if I've forgotten anybody and any mistakes or typos are all mine.

Space prevents us in the Sheepsheet, but remember **ALL** race reports are up on the CVFR web site. These are the full unabridged versions, not the butchered ones that appear in the Halifax Courier and Hebden Bridge Times. Please take time to read these as they are brilliantly written and people take a lot of time to put them together.

In time, it would be good to return to a fully printed version, but one step at a time. Perhaps some sponsorship from somewhere could help fund this....???

And for those of you who don't know me, my electronic door is always open at jameshmosley@outlook.com and here's my boat race so you can track me down in the pub next time.

Keep on Running....

