

THE FELL RUNNER

SPRING 1976



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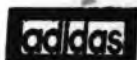
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THE FELL RUNNERS' ASSOCIATION

THE FELL RUNNER

The Magazine for Fell and Mountain Runners and all who are interested in the sport.

SEVENTH ISSUE - APRIL 1976

Editorial.

The 1976 Competitive Season is now well under way and every sign points to record race entries; 96 finishers in the Carnethy, 100 in the Lang Edale event, a new record of 197 finishers in the Pendle and applications returned for the 3 Peaks entry limited to 400.

Perhaps it would not go amiss for us to read again Frank Travis' 'Chairman's Notes' in the last issue, in particular his reference to our responsibilities to maintain good relations with Land Owners and Official Bodies who allow us access to the high ground.

Let us also not forget to convey our appreciation to all those dedicated, hard working, race organisers and all those on the fringe of the sport who give of their time to man check-points and other responsible and demanding tasks necessary for a successful event. A word of thanks is the least we owe them.

My thanks also to all those who have contributed to this issue. Because of your efforts and the support from our advertisers I have been able to assemble a more varied choice of dishes to tickle your palate than the previous issue which was race report dominated. Again I have more than I can publish in this issue and have had to hold back some articles with which to garnish the next issue.

This issue sees a much overdue for publication article by Bill Smith on the 'Bob Graham Round', a report on the 2 day mountain marathon by Pete Walkington, some humour from the pen of Guy Goodair and early season race reports. I am also pleased to be able to publish an interview with Mike Short (fell runner of the year 1975), by Ross Brewster.

COVER PHOTO: 1975 Fell Runner of the Year, Mike Short, in the 1974 Ennerdale Race. Photo by Tommy Orr.

I understand that Keswick A.C.'s Journal 'Pacemaker' is unable to continue. Their loss is our gain and I expect that Ross will write regularly for this magazine.

Having seen some of Frank Travis' fine collection of fell running photos, many of which I expect were taken by Tommy Orr, I decided to include a centre page spread of photos from the 1975 Vaux Mountain Trial. Unfortunately this turned out to be more expensive than imagined so this will not become a regular feature, unless more advertising revenue can be found in future.

Finally, not to make the same mistake twice, my address is appended below, so that you have no excuse for not sending in those results, articles, news items, adverts or criticisms.

Peter Knott

66, Edwinstowe Road, Lytham St. Annes, Lancashire.
Lytham 737871, (outside normal working hours).

EXTRACTS FROM THE A.G.M. HELD ON APRIL 3RD AND THE
COMMITTEE MEETING OF NOV. 23RD, 1975.

At the November Committee Meeting secretary, George Broderick, indicated his future difficulties in continuing as secretary, so it was no great surprise that the A.G.M. reluctantly accepted his resignation and thanked George for his efforts over the years. No doubt George will 'be around' if less frequently and all who visit the I.O.M. will see him in the role of event organiser.

As our new secretary we welcome Miss Ann Joynson 709 Atherton Road, Hindley Green, Nr. Wigan, Lancashire. It is rumoured that Ann is a close friend of Mike Short's!

Having served his statutory 3 years Chairman, Frank Travis, also stood down and was duly congratulated on the expert guidance he has given to the F.R.A. during this formative period. Constitution allowing, Frank would no doubt have been re-elected but in the circumstances the meeting opted for an active runner and John North, Clayton le Moors Harriers was elected.

The other Officers elected were:-

Treasurer:- Dave Payne, 53 Kershaw Street, Bury, Lancs.

Statistician:-John Blair-Fish.

Press Officer:-Bill Smith

Advertising Officer:- Gerry Charnley.

Magazine Editor:- Peter Knott
Committee:- Mike Short, Pete Walkington, Jeff Norman, Harry Walker, Frank Travis, Stan Bradshaw and Jim Smith.

Following a proposal made by Pete Walkington at the November Committee Meeting Peter Bland was co-opted onto the Committee in the capacity of Social Secretary with the specific task of organising an annual social function at which awards could be presented.

Prior to the start of the A.G.M., Mike Short was presented with the 'fell runner of the year' trophy. A new trophy presented by Dave Meek was handed over to Harry Walker for a year's safe keeping as runner-up to Mike.

In his Treasurer's Report Dave Payne paid tribute to the assistance he had received from the previous treasurer, Jim Smith, and announced that the membership had now risen to 608, of whom roughly 80 were not paid up. It was agreed that the next Magazine and the 1977 fixtures calendar would be issued together in January 1977. Members who were not paid up would henceforth cease to be sent any future publications. (Members are reminded that the annual subscription is now £1).

John Blair Fish made a plea to race organisers to send him results, in particular those outside Scotland. Peter Knott undertook to obtain the Lancashire and Yorkshire results and if necessary the Lakeland results could be channelled through him.

Under A.O.B. Dave Payne referred to B.B.C. Radio outside broadcast request to interview fell runners, organisers and spectators at some of the events. The 3 Peaks, Saddleworth and Harden Moss were mentioned. A fixture calendar has been sent.

Jim Smith brought to the attention of the meeting the donations made to the F.R.A. by Bill Smith from fees paid for articles written by Bill on fell running published in 'Climber and Rambler', 'The Dalesman' and 'Athletics Weekly'.

It was agreed to put the remaining Autumn '75 copies of 'The Fell Runner' on sale at a knock down price of 10p. and to put a 25p price tag on this issue for sale to non-members.

At the November Committee Meeting the race category classification was reviewed and a number of events were

raised from B to A category. This is reflected in the current fixtures calendar. It was also passed that the F.R.A. award would be based on the 10 best A category events. The A.G.M. endorsed this decision and extended it to apply also to the 1977 season at least.

Peter Knott.

<u>ADVERTISING RATES</u>		
(Distribution now exceeds 600)		
<u>NUMBER OF ISSUES</u>	<u>ONE COPY</u>	<u>TWO COPIES</u>
	<u>(Spring or Autumn)</u>	
Whole Page	£10	£16
Half Page	£ 6	£10
Quarter Page	£ 4	£ 7
Reduced rates for Fell Race Organisers		

CORRECTION:- Bill Smith writes:-

"In the Athletics Weekly review of the 1975 season (Feb. 21st and 28th issues) the photos of Mike Short and Mike Murphy with Pete Walkington were erroneously credited to me. They were actually the work of Gil Horsley of Harwood, near Bolton, who also supplied the fine illustrations for the 'Climber and Rambler' review (March issue)."

THE FELL RUNNERS' ULTIMATE

Some Further Notes on the Bob Graham Round

by Bill Smith.

The bulk of this article was written during the late autumn of 1973, at which time literature appertaining to the "Bob Graham Round" and Lakeland 24 Hour Fell Record existed mainly in the form of historical summaries or straightforward reports by authors who had not completed the Round themselves. Since then, of course, Fred Rogerson has published the first supplement to his monumental History and Records of Noteable Fell Walks 1864-1972 within the Lake District, which consists almost entirely of chronicles of achievements written by the runners themselves. In fact, part of this article was published in that supplement, but in view of the fact that many F.R.A. members probably haven't read Fred's book, I am allowing this section to stand as it is. On the other hand, the quite lengthy preamble to the

original narrative now seems rather superfluous, and I have therefore abridged it somewhat. The title, by the way, has been borrowed - with Fred Rogerson's permission - from an information sheet on the 24 Hour Club.

Runners attempting "Bob Graham's Round of the Fells", or one of its multi-peak variations, are of course supported by a party of helpers. A car is necessary to transport the helpers from one access point to another (there are four on the 42 Peaks course), and it can also possibly serve as shelter for the contender to relax in when the weather is bad, while he eats and drinks whatever he feels is necessary.

On the fells, the contender is usually accompanied by at least one pacer over each section, though two per section is probably the ideal number, especially at night. When there are more than two pacers, however, the occasion sometimes becomes more of a social affair, with a resultant loss of concentration on the part of the contender.

Runners assisting on the fells are required not only to act as pacers, but also to help with route-finding and time-checking, and of course to assist in the event of anyone being injured or overcome by sickness or exposure. They are also required to carry food, drink and items of spare clothing, such as a spare vest or cagoule, for the contender. I feel that such experience is essential for anyone who fancies having a go himself, though I must admit that I didn't reap the full benefit from it myself. (Somebody once described a fell runner as being "strong in the leg, but weak in the head", and that certainly applies to me). For some reason, I refused to view the course with the seriousness it warrants and stupidly regarded it as a piece of cake, comparing it to other - though shorter - long-distance routes I'd done, such as the "Lakeland Threes" and the Fellsman.

Anyway, there were four of us starting from Keswick at 10.00 a.m. on Saturday, August 4th, 1973 and we had plenty of assistance, both for the fells and access points. Our time schedule was based on the successful 1971 attempt by Mick Meath. We set off in clear, breezy weather, accompanied by pacers Ken Smith and Pete Walkington. I found the initial section of road leading to Newlands Church rather tedious.

Andy Churchill commented about part of it forming the final section of the Derwentwater "10" road race, in which we'd both competed the previous November, and I must admit that as road races go, this particular course must be one of the finest.

However, I felt much better when we started jogging up the farm track to High Snab, beyond which point we ascended the fellside to reach the path leading up the nose of the ridge to our first summit, Robinson. I quite enjoyed this ascent, incidentally, though when we reached the plateau, our spirits were somewhat dampened by the sight of dark clouds hovering menacingly above peaks to the south, over which our route lay. Our next two objectives, Hindscarth and Dale Head, were attained with similar ease and enjoyment, after which we made a quick descent down the path to Honister Hause. Fred Rogerson, with typical enthusiasm, was waiting near the foot of the path to take photographs.

It began to rain as we stood around the cars drinking hot, sweet tea and having a bite to eat: cake, biscuits or sandwiches. Fred Rogerson enquired if we wanted anything special preparing or laying out in readiness at Wasdale Head. I said no, nothing, apart from a cup of tea, feeling that a piece of cake or two from my holdall in Fred's car would be sufficient.

Keith Windle now replaced Ken Smith for the next section, though 24-Hour fanatic Pete Walkington stayed with us. We donned cagoules over our vests and shorts and set off into the rain to climb mist-shrouded Grey Knotts. The summit was attained without much effort, though we sweated in our cagoules, and we were then able to run all the way to Brandreth, and most of the way to Green Gable. The rain had now ceased, though mist still hung in patches over the fells. From Windy Gap, we climbed the rock stairway to Great Gable, then made a speedy descent to Beck Head. Next we topped Kirkfell, then began the long ascent from Black Sail up to Pillar and, beyond that, Steeple, which involved a short, interesting run from the main ridge to the summit and back again. I was enjoying all these climbs, but found my interest flagging slightly on the more level sections.

The rain started again as we left Steeple and we ran into the teeth of a hailstorm as we approached Red Pike. This soon passed, however, and the weather

brightened a little as we descended to Dore Head. Our spirits brightened also with the thought of only one more peak separating us from hot drinks and food at Wasdale Head. I found the initial rock scramble up onto Yewbarrow quite exhilarating, also the run along the undulating grassy ridge to the summit. The descent was anything but exhilarating, however, involving a long, careful negotiation of steep scree and bracken. But at last we were running up the track leading from the campsite to Brackenclose, and there was Fred Rogerson again waiting with his camera as we approached the refreshment point, well up on our schedule.

Though I was offered the comfort of a chair and shelter from the rain, which had again set in, I stupidly refused both and sat out in the open on the grass, with my back to a car wheel, while I swallowed two chunks of cake and gulped down Janet Travis' hot, sweet tea. I felt that I couldn't get any wetter than I already was, so bugger it. Ken Ledward remarked that I was working up my resistance for the next section. It never occurred to me to strip off, have a brisk rub-down with a towel and put on dry clothing. Had I done so, what followed could have been avoided.

After about fifteen minutes rest, Andy and I set off with Joss Naylor and Ken Ledward as pacers. We ran up the Lingmell Gill track, but slowed to a walk at the foot of Brown Tongue, though Joss and Ken continued to jog.

"Don't try to keep up with Joss", said Andy. "He'll only go faster". We soon left Brown Tongue to cross the beck and ascend the steep, grassy fellside to Scafell. As we attained the mist-shrouded summit, a strong, icy gale blowing from the southeast hit us. I don't know how Andy felt in his "waterproof" tracksuit top, but the wind penetrated through my cagoule with ease and my shoulders particularly felt numbed. Ken asked if either of us wanted to borrow his cagoule, but we both refused it.

I was glad when we descended into the sheltered ravine of Deep Ghyll in order to reach Mickledore by way of the West Wall Traverse and Lord's Rake. We had decided that Broad Stand would be too greasy and dangerous in these conditions. By the time we'd reached Scafell Pike, my shoulders were freezing, and for the first time in my life, the wind was really beginning to

bother me. My cagoule was now giving no protection at all, nor was the long-sleeved football jersey and sleeveless Clayton vest I had on underneath. I had lost my body heat.

We didn't meet a soul between Lingmell Gill and Langdale. There was nothing but **wet** grass and rock, and mist, rain and wind - especially wind. Ken kept cracking jokes and chatting away as though we were enjoying a pleasant stroll through the park on a warm, sunny afternoon, no doubt feeling that such light-hearted conversation would help to keep our spirits buoyant. And so it did - at first. Despite the wretched visibility, Joss led us unerringly from Broad Crag to Ill Crag to Great End. As we descended to Esk Hause, Andy finally agreed to borrow Ken's cagoule, for Ken was leaving us here to head back down to Wasdale by way of Sty Head Pass.

Still running, Joss led us to Esk Pike and on to Bowfell, whence we partly retraced our footsteps as far as Ore Gap in order to traverse the slippery grass slopes below Esk Pike and drop down to Angle Tarn. I stumbled and fell once between Esk Pike and Bowfell, and I occasionally found myself cursing and swearing out loud. Whether Andy or Joss could hear me, I don't know. Probably my words were drowned by the roar of the wind, the gurgle of rain-swollen becks, and the steady squelch of running shoes over boggy grass.

From Rossett Crag, we began to traverse along the fellside above the Stake Pass. We had been told that a refreshment tent would be set up at the summit of the pass, where we would be expected to cross to the Langdale Pikes. Suddenly, the mist cleared for a moment, revealing Pike O'Stickle looming high above the other side of the pass, and seeming only a stone's throw away. Then the grey curtain of mist descended again, blotting it out.

Joss remarked that the **quickest** way to reach that summit would be to descend into the valley and climb straight up the other side, rather than by contouring around by Langdale Combe to avoid losing height. Andy seemed to think that this was a good idea, too, so upon being asked for my opinion, I merely grunted **assent**. Someone (I forget who) mentioned the possibility of the support **party** not yet having arrived with the tent, as

we were so far in advance of our schedule. Alan Heaton afterwards remarked that this was a grave mistake on my part, in view of my deteriorating condition, adding that I would probably have been entirely revitalized by a hot drink and food, and some extra clothing at the tent.

Anyway, we hurried on through the evening gloom and the rain, with me continuing to curse out loud at the weather and everything else connected with the run. I was fully aware that this conduct, allied with my frozen shoulders and generally declining condition, were the warning signs of exposure. Yet I didn't feel tired at all - just cold and dispirited. Anyway, bugger it, I thought - if I can get across to High Raise, the worst will be over and I'll be able to look forward to refreshment and dry clothing at Dunmail. Then I'll be okay. The rest of the course is easy, once we get up on Dollywagon Pike.....

On Pike O'Stickle, however, I began to feel worse, due mainly to my frozen shoulders, it seemed to me. We had originally planned to include two extra summits, Loft Crag and Skidda' Little Man. I was therefore relieved when we bypassed Loft Crag without anyone so much as mentioning it. By the time we'd reached the top of Harrison Stickle, though, my shoulders were shivering uncontrollably, and Joss said decisively, "I'm sorry to tell you, Bill, but you're in no fit condition to continue". He and Andy pointed out the danger of me flaking out on them on the exposed section ahead, around Thunacar Knott or High Raise.

I therefore assented to Andy accompanying me down to the New Dungeon Ghyll Hotel, while Joss continued on over the tops to Dunmail Raise to send a car round for us. As we got down below Stickle Tarn, I began to feel better physically, but was disgusted with myself for having had to pack in: my first retirement in any event. At the same time, I realised the wisdom of Joss' and Andy's warning about my flaking out on the plateau.

It was almost dusk and the rain still pouring down when we reached the N.D.G. We stood in the doorway, clad in cagoules and running gear, looking like a couple of drowned rats. Pools of water formed on the floor about us. Andy took off Ken Ledward's cagoule and handed it to me. He wouldn't harbour my

protests, so I finally took his advice and put it on over my own. Gradually, some of the iciness began to thaw out of my shoulders.

We'd not been there long when Joss came running down. He'd gone astray in the mist and gathering gloom, and realising his error, had decided to continue on down to the N.D.G. to make sure we'd arrived safely. He then set off into the night, saying he'd hitch a lift.

Customers kept passing in and out of the bar, giving us funny looks but saying nothing. We must have looked a right pair of characters. After we'd been standing there for nearly two hours, one man asked us why we weren't inside, where it was warmer. We told our story and explained that, having no money on us and being clad as we were, we didn't like going into the bar. Without a word he turned and entered the bar, reappearing almost immediately with two glasses of rum. Then the manager came out and told us to go inside and warm ourselves. When we did so, he gave us each a cup of tea.

At closing time, Keith Windle and Ken Smith arrived in Keith's car. Joss hadn't been able to get a lift after all and had had to run through the darkness and rain all the way to the top of Dunmail Raise. We now learned that the other lads attempting the course with us had also packed in - one of them because he'd descended in error down the Wythburn Valley to Steel End - and we heard also that two other Lancashire fell runners doing the round independently had retired at Wasdale Head because one of them had been injured. At Dunmail, we were given hot drinks and plenty to eat.

"Never mind, lads," Fred Rogerson consoled us. "The mountains won't run away. They'll still be here next year".

Eric Roberts and Boyd Millen of Kendal A.C., who had been waiting to accompany us through the night over the Helvellyn range, were both staying with their families at a farm near Stanah - Eric in his caravan, Boyd under canvas. The former insisted I spend the night with him, to which I gratefully agreed, it seeming highly unlikely that I'd get accommodation elsewhere at that hour. So, after hot soup, tea and food, I settled down for a good night's sleep, while the wind howled and the rain poured down outside.

Next day, which was clear and sunny, half-a-dozen tough runners who had assisted in the various attempts on Saturday, competed in the Latrigger Fell Race: Alan Heaton, Boyd Millen, Joss Naylor, Eric Roberts, Pete Trainor and Pete Walkington. Meanwhile, I returned home somewhat disconsolately, resigned to waiting till next year before having another go at the Bob Graham Round. Nights were now getting longer and vegetation growing thicker, and there didn't seem to be any chance of further attempts this year, save for what turned out to be another unsuccessful attempt the following weekend by a Lakeland runner.

On this same weekend, I returned to the Lakes for a week's holiday, centred at Grasmere. I'd promised Eric I'd do some training with him during the week, and in fact we met on the fells above Grasmere on the first day of my holiday, late on Sunday afternoon. Eric was accompanied by Boyd Millen, Pete Trainor and Pete Walkington, the latter also being camped near Stanah. Eric said he was going home to Carlisle to do some work, but would be returning on Thursday night, so I told him I'd come down Friday for a training session. As it happened, though, a spell of fine weather set in, causing Eric to abandon the job he was doing at home and return to Stanah earlier in the week.

On Wednesday evening, while taking an after-dinner stroll around Grasmere, Eric's car passed me on the road and drew to a halt. Pete Walkington jumped out and crossed the road to me, while Eric drove on to find a parking place.

"What're you doing Friday?" Pete asked promptly.

"Training with Eric", I said.

He ignored my answer. "We've decided what you're doing", he told me. "What?"

"The 42 Peaks..."

It turned out that Boyd Millen wanted to take advantage of the good weather and have a go himself, so they'd all decided that I'd be willing to have another bash, too. Needless to say, I jumped at the chance.

At 7.30 a.m. on Friday morning, August 17th, Eric picked me up at Grasmere and drove me down to his caravan for breakfast. The previous day, though initially sunny, had grown hazy and dull, and there'd been rain during the night. The morning was now fresh and clear, however, with the sun coming up, though when

we topped Dunmail, we saw that both Skidda' and Blencathra summits were hidden in cloud. After breakfast, one of Eric's little girls said to me: "Bob Graham's up on the fells clearing the mist away for you". And this turned out to be an accurate prophecy, for apart from a thin veil of mist on Skidda', at the end of the course, all the fells were quite clear when we reached them.

The previous day, Pete Walkington had made a solo traverse of the "Lakeland Threes" in the remarkable time of 8 hours, 26 minutes, this being only two minutes outside of Joss' existing record. Since lowered by Joss to 7 hours 30 minutes in June, 1975. Boyd and I remarked that if it had been us, we'd still be in bed, but at 9.32 a.m. Pete set off from Keswick to accompany us over Robinson, Hindscarth and Dale Head to Honister, where Eric would take over. Pete would then drive Eric's car round to Wasdale Head to prepare refreshments for us, and would afterwards be ready to join us at Dunmail for the night section.

Eric had based our 23-hour schedule on his own, which in turn had been derived from the time schedule of the successful 1972 attempt by Ken Brooks and Jim Loxham. We were well up on schedule by the time we reached Honister and here we had tea, cake and jam butties laid on by Mavis Kenyon. On our way over from Keswick, we'd been pleased to notice that all the Lakeland fells were now quite clear and that we seemed to be in for a perfect day: calm and sunny, but not as warm as it had been earlier in the week. Conditions were, in fact, ideal.

We now began to reap the benefit of Eric's careful planning and experience. At Honister, he shouldered the rucksack containing our spare kit and food, etc., and led off up the fellside to Grey Knotts. Coming over from Keswick, feeling fresh, we'd run some of the uphill sections, but Eric, in his quiet, firm manner, now forbade this. He wouldn't even allow us to run short, moderate inclines. Similarly, he insisted on us taking it easy on the descents, especially the rough ones like Great Gable and Kirkfell, where we came down at little faster than a walk.

At one point between Grey Knotts and Brandreth, I remarked that the pace was too slow. "Don't worry", said Eric, "You're moving on a 22-hour schedule."

If anything, you're going too fast". On the other hand, when I lagged a bit leading the way up Great Gable, he said, "Here, let me get in front and set the pace". He constantly emphasised the need for concentration, and for making every movement count as a step towards Keswick. Once, when I stumbled on a piece of unsteady rock, he reprimanded me: "You're not concentrating!"

His route-finding was flawless: not once did he hesitate, nor refer to map or compass. (To be fair, the same must also be said for Pete Walkington). Broad Stand was the only area with which Eric was not intimately acquainted. In fact, his sole experience of this moderate rock climb had been on his own 42 peaks circuit, when Alan Heaton had led him down it. Nevertheless, he showed Boyd and I the way down with expert ease.

At Wasdale Head, Pete had everything laid out in preparation, with hot tea and soup ready for us as soon as we trotted in. Following Eric's advice we towelled ourselves down and donned new clothing in order to retain our body heat. Then we sat in the car and ate and drank all the good things Pete offered us. We took almost the full half-hour's rest scheduled for us before setting off at a walk up Lingmell Gill, Brown Tongue, and so onto Scafell summit. At Angle Tarn, we made our first stop of the day, apart from Honister and Wasdale, and rested for ten minutes, while refreshing ourselves with jam butties and orange juice.

I compared this enjoyable run in the calm evening sunlight with my last excursion over this area only a fortnight previously. The pace Eric had set for us was ideal: we were running easy and relaxed, yet seemed to be covering ground very quickly. At Dunmail, refreshments were provided by Pete, Mavis and Eric's wife, Gladys. Here we changed clothing once more and I borrowed two vests off Eric and a pair of tracksuit bottoms off Pete. The latter then led off up Seat Sandal, and we also had an additional pacer for this section in Mike Pearson of the West Cumberland Orienteering Club (now of Keswick A.C.).

It was fully dark when we reached the summit of Fairfield and we could see the lights of Carlisle and Penrith in the distance. On the way up Dollywagon Pike, the moon rose from behind the clouds, rendering our torches unnecessary, and in fact, we hardly used them at all throughout the night. A cold wind greeted us as

we approached Nethermost Pike and we donned our cagoules.

Just below the summit of Raise, where the hill crest sheltered us from the wind, we rested for about 10 minutes and had biscuits and orange juice. Boyd was feeling really fit now and was out in front for much of the time, though we were careful not to get too enthusiastic and stuck to Eric's rule about not running uphill. On Clough Head, we signalled with our torches to let Mavis and Eric, stationed at Threlkeld, know we were on our way down and they'd better have a brew ready or else

We rested and feasted for the full half hour again here, and Pete Trainor replaced Mike as our second pacer. In weather less kind than we were having, this would have been another point for a change of clothing. I think Boyd did, in fact, have a change, though I decided I'd be okay as I was. The fact was, I didn't have any more spare kit to change into and certainly didn't feel like scrounging any more from the lads. Boyd did offer me a pair of socks, but my own felt quite comfortable.

Off we went up Hall's Fell, or "Knee Wrecker Ridge", as fell runners refer to it when descending. A fine, narrow, rocky spine, like an inclined Striding Edge, which I always enjoy whether ascending or descending, in daylight or in moonlight, as now. Blencathra's summit was quite clear when we reached it, but mist descended upon it as we dropped down to cross the River Caldew. We were all feeling great now, knowing it was in the bag, and Pete Trainor, The Singing Fell Runner (ever heard him in the middle of a long distance race?), serenaded us awhile over this section, much to the consternation of the sheep, who scattered in terror.

The mist cleared from Great Calva as we approached its lower slopes, and while we were thankful for this, we heartily cursed its knee-deep heathered flanks, both on the ascent and descent. As previously mentioned, a veil of mist glazed Skidda's summit as we climbed to it. Boyd, who was in front, ran up the last section to the trig point with Pete Trainor.

"Hey!" I yelled, "I'll tell Eric!"

To Pete Walkington, I said: "I suppose I'd better do the same", and I began to jog.

"You bugger!" he groaned in mock dismay. "That means I'll have to do it, too".

At the summit, we met three walkers who seemed a bit disconcerted to find us there before them. (It was 05.23 a.m.). Probably they'd come up to watch the sunrise.

We also threw in Skidda' Little Man as Peak 43 for good measure, then set off at a fast pace along the grassy ridge and down the fellside. Sunlight flooded brilliantly across the fells, and spread out below us was the sight we'd looked forward to all the while since the previous morning. Boyd, who had been running and chatting with Pete Walkington, holder of the 43 Peaks record (20 hours, 43 minutes: 1971), drew level with me and said: "We've got twelve minutes to get down and beat the record!"

Well, that really made me put a spurt on and I think we raced down to Keswick faster than Dave Cannon does it in the Skidda' Race. (Or at least it seemed like it!). Eric was waiting at Moot Hall, delighted to see us turn the corner and come running up the street together, and overjoyed at our time of 20 hours, 38 minutes. Hot on our heels, the two Peters staged a mock sprint finish between themselves, then we all shook hands. Pete Walkington then solemnly suggested we all do a lap of honour.

Boyd admitted now that when he'd told me we had twelve minutes to get in and beat the record, we'd actually had seventeen, but he'd said twelve to make sure I moved myself. Pete Walkington's gesture in helping us to beat his own record was typical of the spirit of true sportsmanship which exists in amateur Fell Racing. (By the time this appears in print, the new record may well have been broken.....).

Incidentally, it may be of interest to mention that the noted athletics coach, Denis Watts, had been staying at the same campsite as Eric and Boyd, and had been agreeably surprised to discover the existence of the 24 hour tradition. He was, in fact, so greatly impressed that he wrote to the Athletics Weekly, saying how refreshing it was these days "to find that men are still prepared to stretch themselves to the limit of endurance, their only reward being the satisfaction of having done it and finding recognition amongst the small brotherhood of rugged runners who attempt these feats". (A.W, August 18, 1973, p.34).

Boyd and I had made tentative plans to attempt an ultra-long-distance course over the Pennines in 1975, but a back injury put paid to Boyd's hopes. I decided instead to try to improve on my 43 peaks round and chose as my primary target Alan Heaton's 54 Peaks circuit (1962), with a few extra summits if I could manage them. I spent the week prior to my attempt at Nook Farm, Rosthwaite, in Borrowdale, enjoying the hospitality of Mr. & Mrs. David Bland, David of course being a fell runner himself and a member of Keswick A.C. From Sunday till Wednesday I did long, easy runs over the fells, usually of around six or seven hours duration. I had a complete rest over Thursday and Friday, meanwhile eating like the proverbial horse. On Saturday morning, Mrs. Bland kindly gave me an early breakfast, and her father afterwards drove me into Keswick, on his way to work.

Jean Dawes and Diana Meek were to be chiefly responsible for the support cars, but assistance was also provided at the Threlkeld and Dunmail refreshment points by Ken Brooks' wife, Rita, and Pete Walkington's girlfriend, Carol Walker. Pete and Carol had just returned from an Alpine holiday and had offered their services at very short notice: on the Thursday afternoon before my attempt, in fact, when I had met them in Keswick. My other pacers were to be Allen Walker (Kendal), Ken Brooks (Layland Motors), Dave Meek (Keswick) and Pete Dawes (Kendal). Dave hadn't raced since 1974 due to a nagging knee injury, but he thought it would stand the gentle pace of the 24 Hour. Pete Dawes had achieved his new Pennine Way record only the previous weekend, but said he would do a couple of sections, anyway. He's a hard lad is Pete.

I set off from Lairthwaite Road End, on the outskirts of Keswick, at 08.30 hrs, accompanied by Pete Walkington, who was going over to Threlkeld with me. It was a right miserable morning of low cloud and pouring rain. The ever-enthusiastic Fred Rogerson was on hand to wish me luck, then we were away on the initial two miles of country lanes leading up to the hamlet of Applethwaite. From here we went straight up the fellside onto Skidda' Little Man, running up the easier gradients, but walking most of the way. Pete had suggested that I make Lonscale Fell my first summit, but I'd already decided against

this as I intended to add any extra peaks at the end of the course, if there was sufficient time left, in the Grasmoor-Coledale area. As it later turned out, I'd have done better to have heeded Pete's advice.

The rain had ceased by the time we reached the summit of Skidda', but the cloud showed no sign of lifting and I took a slightly wrong line on the descent, an error which we discovered only as we got below the cloud near the Skidda' House-Bassenthwaite track. It was rather warm, with very little wind about, and these conditions prevailed throughout my attempt. The gradual climb up Great Calva was the usual bloody hard slog through the heather, but I was able to come down fast as the heather had been burned off the mountain's southern slopes. We jogged and walked up Blencathra and descended by the rocky ridge of Halls Fell, which was very greasy and treacherous, demanding careful negotiations. However, it wasn't till we were bombing down the heather track below that I had a fall, which resulted in nothing more than a scratched thigh and muttered curses.

At Threlkeld, Ken Brooks took over from Pete and we made a steady ascent onto Clough Head and back into the clouds. The whole length of the Dods-Helvellyn range was cloud-draped, in fact, as was also Fairfield, but Ken's expert route-finding kept me on the right line and we reached Dunmail at 14.49 hrs., 36 minutes ahead of schedule. Ken had intended to go right through to Langdale with me, but a stomach upset - allied with the availability of Pete Dawes and Dave Meek - decided him to stop at Dunmail.

On Seat Sandal, incidentally, we had climbed out of the cloud into clear blue skies and sunshine, and these were the conditions in which I set off with Dave and Pete up the steep, grassy slopes of Steel Fell. We made good time going over to Langdale, the weather varying from clear sunlight to thick mist, and I added two extra summits, Pavey Ark and Loft Crag. Fred Rogerson was waiting with his camera at the start of the steep descent from Loft Crag to the Old Dungeon Ghyll. He was delighted that I was so far ahead of schedule - 1 hour 55 minutes on arrival at the O.D.G., in fact.

"Now all you've got to do is keep going!" He called as we went past.

I had a complete change of shoes and clothing in the car park, then rested on Pete's campbed while I ate the jam butties, cake and tea prepared by Jean and Diana. Meanwhile, Allen Walker arrived with his dog "Shep", having walked over the tops from Wasdale Head, where he'd left his car. We set off in the early evening sunlight up Redacre Gill to Pike O'Blisco, admiring the cloud formations above the Langdale Pikes on the way up.

Beyond the Red Tarn path, we climbed back into the mist, traversing the summits of Cold Pike, Crinkle Crag, Shelter Crag, Bowfell, Esk Pike, Allen Crag, Great End, Ill Crag, Broad Crag, Scafell Pike, Scafell and Lingmell, before dropping down to Wasdale Head as darkness closed in. Just beyond Bowfell, I was cheered by the sight of Dennis Beresford and his Clayton pacers coming from Esk Pike on the 42 Peaks run. I lost a little time by ascending Scafell by Lord's Rake and Deep Ghyll. Allen had suggested going up Broad Stand, but in my somewhat dilapidated condition I didn't feel too confident of tackling the greasy grey slabs, and finally opted for the easier, though longer route.

I was still 1 hour 52 minutes ahead of schedule on arrival at Wasdale Head at 22.23 hrs., but I was feeling pretty knackered by now. I had a tin of oxtail soup here and it played hell with my insides on the gruelling ascent of Yewbarrow in the darkness and mist. Several times I seemed to be on the verge of spewing my guts up, but it just wouldn't come. Allen was in front, climbing effortlessly over the steep rock and heather and up streambeds amidst miniature waterfalls, while I grimly hung on behind, panting and groaning as if in my death throes. This was certainly the toughest part of the course for me: my "moment of truth", as they say.

Between Wasdale and Honister we traversed the Bob Graham course, adding the easy summit of Scoat Fell. I was feeling much better beyond Dore Head and was drinking a lot from the streams. From Black Sail, we climbed out of the mist onto the moonlit summit of Kirkfell: a truly memorable experience. Visibility was greatly improved between here and Honister, but I was only 21 minutes ahead of schedule on arrival at the checkpoint at 04.26 hrs. Dave Meek had driven Allen Walker's car around from Wasdale Head to save Allen the

trouble of walking back over the tops. I must here pay tribute to the Whitehaven man's expert mountain craft and pace-setting.

I was that bugged, I had to be helped up from the camp-bed, but once on my feet, I felt okay and started off at a steady walk up Dale Head in the half-light of dawn, accompanied by Dave Meek. I felt okay, that is, except for stomach pains which I attributed to the oxtail soup, but later realised to be caused by cramp. I had never before used salt tablets and hadn't thought to take any on this attempt: a mistake I won't make next time. I could walk well enough going uphill but the pains slowed me down considerably when running on the ridges and descents. We were in cloud over Dale Head, Hindscarth and Robinson, and from the latter peak Dave suggested a direct line to Moss Ghyll Force instead of following the path - a suggestion which saved time.

Fred Rogerson was at the sunlit Newlands Hause checkpoint, but I only paused here for a sip of orange juice before heading off up Knott Rigg with Pete Dawes. In mist we traversed the long narrow ridge to my 52nd summit, Ard Crags (sometimes referred to on 24 Hour schedules as Aitken or Aikin Knott, which is actually the north-eastern point of the ridge), and then descended to the col dividing Sail and Rigg Becks. I was still suffering with stomach pains and finding it difficult to run, and had now to make my decision. I could go around the Coledale Horseshoe and so down to Braithwaite and on the road back to Keswick.

While I didn't doubt my ability to complete this course, I had very strong doubts, in view of my condition, that I could complete it by 08.30 hrs., and therefore decided to content myself with 55 Peaks (85 miles: 33,000 feet). In clear sunlight, we walked up to Sail, then doubled back to the Newlands-Coledale pass and continued along the ridge over Scar Crags and Causey Pike, dropping down to the road near Stair.

Dave Meek was waiting here and he and Pete ran slightly ahead of me, drawing me steadily onwards to Keswick. As we neared Lairthwaite Road End and realised that I'd be finishing with 40 minutes to spare, Pete slyly hinted that I had time to do Lonscale Fell, to which suggestion I made a suitable reply. We could see a group of figures gathered at the finish, so I

decided to make one final effort and finish strongly. "You've got to keep these Clayton lads on their toes", Dave grinned, and he and Pete drew slightly back and allowed me to run in ahead of them to a burst of applause from Jean Dawes, Diana Meek and several of my Clayton clubmates, some of whom had earlier acted as pacers for Dennis Beresford.

I sat on the ground, propped up against the wall, and drank tea. Presently, Fred Rogerson drove up from Braithwaite, where he'd waited in the highly optimistic belief that I'd come down off Grisedale Pike. Sorry about that, Fred..... Maybe next time

BOB GRAHAM'S 42 PEAKS

Anti-clockwise circuit by W. B. Millen and W. R. Smith.
Friday/Saturday, August 17th/18th, 1973.

Moot Hall, Keswick	Dep.09.32	
Honister Hause	Arr.11.24	Dep.11.34
Wasdale Head	Arr.14.54	Dep.15.22
Dunmail Raise	Arr.20.33	Dep.21.14
Threlkeld	Arr.01.45	Dep.02.15
Moot Hall, Keswick	Arr.06.10	

75 miles=27,000 feet. Time taken=20 hrs. 38 mins.

55 PEAKS

Clockwise circuit by W. R. Smith.
Saturday/Sunday, July 26th/27th, 1975.

Lairthwaite Road, Keswick	Dep.08.30	
Threlkeld	Arr.11.15	Dep.11.25
Dunmail Raise	Arr.14.49	Dep.15.09
Old Dungeon Ghyll, Langdale	Arr.17.05	Dep.17.30
Wasdale Head	Arr.22.23	Dep.22.54
Honister Hause	Arr.04.26	Dep.04.45
Newlands Hause	Arr.05.58	Dep.06.00
Lairthwaite Road, Keswick	Arr.07.50	

85 miles=33,000 feet. Time taken=23 hrs. 20 mins.

24 HOUR LAKELAND FELL RECORD

(Up to and including July, 1975)

<u>Date</u>		<u>Name</u>	<u>Age</u>	<u>Summits</u>	<u>Time</u>
June	13, 1932	Bob Graham	43	42	23.39
June	25, 1960	Alan Heaton	32	42	22.18
July	9, 1960	Stan Bradshaw	48	42	23.25
June	24, 1961	Ken Heaton	35	51	22.13
August	4, 1962	Alan Heaton	34	54	23.48
July	6, 1963	Eric Beard	31	56	23.35

<u>Date</u>	<u>Name</u>	<u>Age</u>	<u>Summits</u>	<u>Time</u>
July 24, 1965	Alan Heaton	37	60	23.34
June 26, 1971	Joss Naylor	35	61	23.37
July 10, 1971	Don Talbot	40	43	22.17
July 10, 1971	Pete Walkington	27	43	20.43
August 7, 1971	Mick Meath	24	42	22.44
June 24, 1972	Joss Naylor	36	63	23.35
July 1, 1972	Ken Brooks	41	42	23.43
July 1, 1972	Jim Loxham	26	42	23.43
July 28, 1973	Harry Blenkinsop	26	43	21.50
July 28, 1973	Eric Roberts	41	42	21.56
July 28, 1973	Dennis Weir	35	42	23.34
July 28, 1973	Pete Walkington	29	42	23.34
August 17, 1973	Boyd Millen	37	43	20.38
August 17, 1973	Bill Smith	37	43	20.38
June 1, 1974	Tom Sykes	42	42	23.06
June 1, 1974	Ian Clarkson	27	42	23.06
June 2, 1974	Roger Dewhurst	33	42	22.56
June 2, 1974	George Brass	41	42	22.59
June 15, 1974	Dave Scott	31	42	21.26
June 15, 1974	John Haworth	36	42	21.52
June 15, 1974	Alistair Patten	40	42	21.52
June 22, 1974	Peter Dawes	35	42	20.59
June 29, 1974	John Richardson	34	43	21.54
July 27, 1974	Alan Evans	34	42	23.43
July 27, 1974	Mike Kelly	38	42	23.43
August 3, 1974	Peter Dawes	35	52	23.50
August 4, 1974	Andy Churchill	25	43	22.23
August 4, 1974	Brian Covell	39	43	22.23
May 24, 1975	Dennis Eccles	28	42	22.58
May 24, 1975	Neil Heaton	32	42	22.58
May 31, 1975	Harry Ball	30	42	22.48
May 31, 1975	Eddie Hill	49	42	22.48
June 7, 1975	Alan Barber	38	42	23.21
June 7, 1975	Tony Simpkins	34	42	23.21
June 21, 1975	Bob Astles	38	42	23.06
June 21, 1975	Stephen Poulton	?	42	23.37
June 22, 1975	Joss Naylor	39	72	23.11
July 5, 1975	Dave Moulding	46	42	23.45
July 26, 1975	Derek Hartley	36	42	23.02
July 26, 1975	Mike Gilbert	27	42	23.02
July 26, 1975	Mike Pearson	30	42	23.02
July 26, 1975	Graham Pyatt	36	42	23.02
July 26, 1975	Dennis Beresford	30	42	23.04
July 26, 1975	Bill Smith	39	55	23.20

FELL RUNNER OF THE YEAR -

MIKE SHORT - An Interview by ROSS BREWSTER

Full name: Michael Allen Short Age: 27
Height : 5ft. 6in. Weight: 130 lbs.
Club : Horwich R.M.I. Harriers
Occupation: Quality engineer.

Q. First of all Mike, congratulations on your very fine success in the "Fell Runner of the Year" competition in 1975. I think the statement in the last issue of the "Fell Runner" that it was only your third season on the fells must have struck some people as pretty amazing. Tell us something about that, and what were you doing before you started fell running?

A. Thanks for your good wishes on my success, and for inviting me to take part in this interview. Prior to running in the 1973 Pendle Fell Race I have never heard of a "fell race", let alone run in one. All my racing experience (if that's the right phrase) had been limited to cross country running, at which I was only mediocre to say the least.

Q. What about the coming season? Are you geared in your preparation towards trying for a repeat of your Fell Runner of the Year award, or what other ambitions have you?

A. I have always believed in "running for fun" and therefore do not prepare myself as perhaps I ought. This doesn't mean I have not prepared myself for the forthcoming fell running season. My first fell race will be the Edale Skyline, in which I hope to prevent Harry Walker taking the trophy home. As for my ambitions I would obviously love to win the "Fell Runner of the Year" trophy this coming season. Race-wise I shall be aiming for improved times and positions in all the races I compete in. I would dearly love to race abroad in the Sierre-Zinal and Pikes Peak Races and ultimately to represent this country at the sport.

Q. According to the final statistics, you were the only runner last year to gain points in more than 12 events. This implies you set great store by racing regularly. Is it part of your running philosophy to compete as often as possible and how do you combat staleness?

A. As I've already said, I run for fun and the more regularly I race the more I seem to enjoy the sport. Variation of distances makes for greater interest and most certainly prevents one from becoming stale. I try to race every week-end in a fell race. If I have no fell race on the week-end ahead I usually enter a road race or track meeting during the week, just to keep in tune.

Q. Consistency would seem to be the key to your success. Not only did you win some top races last year, such as Borrowdale, Burnsall and Langdale, but you had a high proportion of second places. Just how tough was it to keep going during the season and how do you regard your main rivals? Who are the runners you respect most?

A. My form last year was one of consistency rather than brilliance. The fact that I had a high proportion of second places (9) and several 3rd and 4th spots was probably the very thing that made me more determined than ever to reach the tape first. I think having competed over the longer events previously is an obvious advantage and this helped me in the Langdale and Borrowdale events.

I have a lot of admiration for Joss Naylor, Jeff Norman and Harry Walker, but feel that people have a tendency to forget the "also rans". These people turn up regularly to race, with nothing more than completing the course with an improvement in times over previous years' runs in mind. One runner I feel is worthy of mention - Stan Bradshaw. I only hope I'm half as active as Stan is at his age.

During the season I have become very close to some of the runners. You really get to know the runners who are finishing around you. Therefore I have great respect for "Harry Naylor", "Jeff Walker", and Joss Norman!"

Q. You have talked about immediate ambitions, but how about looking even further ahead. How far can you go as a fell runner? Do you fancy following in the footsteps of someone like Jeff Norman and marathoning or do you see yourself concentrating on the ultra-distance runs like Joss Naylor?

A. Hopefully I will be competing for years to come in Fell races. I think I will probably give marathoning a try in the near future but my main ambition is to win most of the major fell races and ultimately to improve on some of the ultra-distance records.

Q. You ran a large proportion of races last year so must know plenty about the British hills by now. What would you say is the toughest race you have ever run and why?

A. Because I have run a large number of fell races doesn't mean I know the fells well. In fact quite the opposite because I could really have done with more free time at week-ends in which to familiarise myself with the countryside. I think my Vaux Mountain Trial results will substantiate that.

The toughest race I have run was probably the 1975 Karrimor Mountain Marathon Elite event. 50 miles plus in two days is tough in itself, but to carry supporting gear only four weeks after dislocating my shoulder presented me with a psychological problem; one of not knowing whether to risk a venture such as this having had only one proving race the week before in the Three Towers, when I failed miserably. Another factor was Jeff's fitness and attitude towards the race. Jeff had been troubled with an ankle injury which was not fully Al and he had agreed to race in Switzerland a few weeks later. Fortunately most things worked out on the week-end race; we had no major problems we could not handle and came through smiling.

Q. There has been much talk recently about fell running expanding on an international basis. Is this realistic and how do you view the future development of the sport?

A. For the sake of fell running in general I think the sport is bound to expand into an international series of races, with perhaps as had been previously suggested, three races in this country and a similar number in Europe counting towards an overall European Fell Racing Title. The key to the success of such a series would have to be from sponsorship and good promotion. The Swiss have shown us this is possible with their key international event being the Sierre-Zinal mountain race. What's probably needed is for the race organisers and F.R.A. to approach firms such as Coca Cola and Philips and to present the case.

Q. One of your last fell races in 1975 ended in a bit of disaster with that shoulder injury at Thieveley Pike. How is that injury now and what's your current state of fitness?

A. I consider myself to have been very fortunate in that my shoulder injury healed as quickly as it did. At the time of the accident I almost thought my fell season had come to an abrupt halt. Not being able to run or train for three weeks was quite a strain in itself. My state of fitness at present (January) is fairly low. Having recovered from a bout of flu at Christmas I ran a poor Lancs. cross country championships at Witton Park and finished approx. 42nd; and a fortnight later at Atherton in the East Lancs. C.C.C. ran an even poorer 53rd. Perhaps if I'd taken my map and compass I would have found the finishing line sooner!

Q. One of the things which mere mortals amongst the fell running fraternity will be interested in is-how does a champion train? I wonder if you could give examples of your winter and summer training schedules. Do you have a coach?

A. I don't have a coach - I usually travel by car.... I really have no idea how a champion trains. Joss has never divulged any of these secrets to me. My own training schedule during the winter months is definitely not recommended for anyone who wishes to improve his fitness. I only run when it is fine and usually only once a day, in the evening for approx. 45 minutes. The course is a circular one so that if rain threatens I can be home in 10 minutes from any one place. Saturday is club day. We usually have a cross country race somewhere with Sunday being a L.S.D. run over the moors for a couple of hours.

My summer schedule consists of a week-end race with Monday to Friday being L.S.D. runs of 1-1½ hours over the fields and moors of Rivington. I don't do enough speed work in training; I usually save that for the races. Joss once did give one of my fellow club runners a tip on fell racing. He said: "Tha wants get plenty ere guinness and cider down thi. Tha will run up yonder fells then lad". There's no doubt it works for Joss. It may work for you!

Q. Finally Mike, perhaps you could tell us what you consider your own best athletics performance so far. Also can your rivals take heart that last year was your best - or do you consider the peak of your powers may lie ahead?

A. It may seem a rather strange choice, but I consider my attempt at the the 1973 Ennerdale Race one of my best performances. I say this because it was my first ever long distance race. It was my first Lakeland race and the first time I had ever run for longer than 2½ hours, yet I managed to last the course to the finish recording 19th position and a time of 4 hrs.51 mins. I finished absolutely exhausted, but I'm sure I learnt a lot about my capabilities that day. As for the latter part of the question, I don't want to dishearten any of my rivals (I'd sooner call them friends) but last year was only the beginning, so to speak, and I certainly don't think that I've reached my peak.

THE KARRIMOR 2 DAY MOUNTAIN MARATHON 1975 -

by PETE WALKINGTON

Neither Joss nor myself were upset when we heard that the 1975 Karrimor two-day marathon was to be held in the Lake District. When we learnt the precise map area we were even happier. We even went for a run within the area to familiarise ourselves with the ground! The night before the event Carol and I stayed at Wasdale with Joss and family preparing ourselves for the weekend's outing. Joss had already marked a 1 - 25,000 map with a confusing array of grid numbers. I was determined to use a one inch version as the colours are that much prettier. We took them both and got lost on both! Like most other competitors we spent the evening deciding how much sugar would be needed for the Weetabix, what was best for pudding, and to what extent we could beat the organisers yet be comfortable and well fed. We decided against Mary's idea of taking a pressure cooker and accepted the fact that the food would take a long time to cook. Carol was particularly unhelpful when I mentioned carrying some extra rations that I promised she would not have to carry on day two. "But you're only doing the Standard B. Carol. What are you doing with that tent pole Carol?". We ended up with one 'rac' weighing 9 lbs. and the other 15 lbs. plus ski pouches, for day rations (boiled sweets and chocs.). Uneven sacs are not such a bad thing (I find). The idea is the smaller sac goes to whoever is going the weakest and even with evenly matched pairs, one or other of the partnership takes a packet at some stage. Saturday morning and not untypical weather for late October - persistently raining!! Well low cloud at least.

Obviously the organisers had had their prayer mats out that night. Three of us drove round to Ennerdale to join the back of a long queue of cars. We picked up our gear and walked down the road to the scout camp seeing all the familiar faces and exchanging platitudes about the weather, parentage of organisers and Joe Long's sex life. After our gear had been checked I downed another tin of fruit and we made for the start with the rest of the 49 pairs who started in the elite section. No Stig Berge this year but an impressive looking group of Scandinavians none the less, over here to prepare themselves for the 1976 World Orienteering Championships.

The flagged start led us away from the scout camp along familiar ground; as if for the start of the Ennerdale race. A start out of the blocks put Joss and myself into an early lead that I hoped we would be able to maintain. We picked up the description sheets for the course, headed up the hill into the mist and promptly got lost!! A misunderstanding of where we were heading. We put ourselves right and arrived at checkpoint one, the Spur, about 4th. On the way to number 2, the foot of a boulder field above Sour Milk Gill, we joined up with Mike Gilbert and Joe Sheriff, who had also chosen the route past Floutern Tarn and Crummock Water. A Scandinavian pair had decided to stay high but with faster running by ourselves and a slight error by them meant that the pair of us arrived at no. 2 before they (the Scandinavians) did. Down past the Fish at Buttermere (No. 3) and up the checkpoint 4, a wall end on the Eastern slopes of Whiteless Pike with Joss and myself still in the lead. By this time it was a beautiful day and we trotted up Sail Beck and over to Birkkrigg in Newlands Valley. We were on our way to a checkpoint on the Western slopes of Borrowdale, the longest leg of the day. For a short time we lost our lead to C. Fries and Lawhemmer. The four of us met together for a drink and a bite to eat before climbing up the hillside beneath Cat Bells. They thought the Lake District was a very picturesque place. At any other time I would have agreed but I was far too busy eating to be able to contribute much to the conversation. As we moved across the valley to checkpoint No. 6 on Grange Fell we seemed evenly matched. It was the short run from 6 to 7 across some marshy ground that saw us take a clear lead for the first time in the day. I knew

the ground that took us through Rossthwaite up Tongue Gill to Rigghead Quarries (the finish of the Borrowdale race) but that knowledge didn't help to prevent a severe attack of the bonk at the bottom of the climb. A bar of chocolate and two minutes rest for me while Joss bashed on to the checkpoint seemed to do the trick. I knew we hadn't far to go now and there was nobody in sight - not until we crossed the Honister Pass Road that is, when two fit looking lads appeared from nowhere!! The four of us searched in vain for checkpoint 9, a large depression. We must have spent about fifteen minutes wandering around the fellside above Seathwaite cursing the planners and when eventually we found it our original foreign opponents had caught us. Of the six of us who set off round Grey Knotts heading for Loft Beck and the overnight camp at the head of Ennerdale, I was by far the weakest and suffered another attack of hunger knock, cured only by Joss taking my sac and me cramming down a few mini milky ways. I recovered enough to carry my own sac into the camp site and even to put on a bit of a sprint finish. We were third, ten minutes down on the leaders.

The camp site was a busy place even when we arrived with many of the Standard A and B competitors having finished quite early. We pitched the tent on perfect ground only to be asked to move it to the South side of the river. After our meal of Beef Rissotto, instant whip, coffee and biscuits, we wandered round the camp site for the early part of the evening offering advice on how to thicken soup and looking for more brews of coffee. Above all else we had to keep Neil Shuttleworth, that one man disaster area, out of our tent and preferably into that of our nearest competitors!! Runners/walkers continued to arrive until late into the evening and eventually over 220 tents were pitched at the head of Ennerdale. A satisfying sight for the organisers.

We took the short cut to the top of Kirkfell the following morning, straight up the steep grass between the crags. We had heard that all the foreign opposition had gone home that night but we weren't sure. Through Windy Gap to checkpoint 2, on to the Eastern slopes of Grey Knotts to No. 3 and then round to near the summit of Haystacks for the 4th checkpoint. An error going in to 'Marsh N.E. Edge' (via Dubs Bottom) finding it in the mist and then leaving it (I was determined to lead Joss directly down

"FELL RUNNERS' GEAR"

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8 km 1200ft

19th JUNE 1976 at 7-30 p.m.

*Record: Jeff Norman (Altrincham)
31 mins 14 secs (1975)*

*Vet: K. Smith (Blackburn)
35 mins 4.3 secs (1975)*

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The 1975 Vaux Mountain Trial in pictures

The start – off to the master maps, with the eventual winner, number 100, IAN NAYLOR looking determined



PETE WALKINGTON (Blackburn) 2nd, and W. A. WALKER (Kendal) 3rd out on the course



At the finish

a happy

DENNIS WEIR ...

... and even happier, after the presentation, the second placed Clayton Harrier team of JOHN NORTH, ROLAND HALENKO and KEITH WINDLE



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HOLCOMBE TOWER RACE

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SATURDAY, 26th JUNE 1976
RACE TO START AT 2-30 p.m.
FROM NUTTALL PARK, RAMSBOTTOM

ENTRY FEE — 25p

Entries to Mr. K. PAYNE, 17 ST. PAUL'S STREET, BURY, LANCS.

to Black's Soul Hut) meant a loss of about fifteen minutes. That in an area well known to us from many Ennerdale races. Despite this there was no one else in sight and I felt we were going quite well. We engineered a good route round to Bleaberry Tarn; neither over High Stile nor by the side of Buttermere but contouring. There's always a route if you look for it and we found plenty of sheep tracks.

The sun broke through the mist as we climbed over the summit of Red Pike and as we ran down the path towards Sillerthwaite in Ennerdale we passed many tired 2 day marathoners from the Standard event. Up into the mist again to the col between Haycock and Scoat Crag and now cold enough to don our cags. No punch or checker at Scoat Tarn so after double and triple check of map reference and running to all inlets and outlets we leave a message under a stone and push off over the summit of Haycock for the long run to the head of Worm Gill. The last checkpoint is above Anglers Crag and during the push North by the side of Whoan I'm not feeling too frisky. No severe knocks as today I had taken precaution with lots of chocolate and boiled sweets. It was an out and out sprint down from Anglers to the finish - the only time during the whole of the 2 days I had given Joss a run for his money. Competitors from the other event had already finished when we arrived so there was plenty going on at the camp site. It was some time before Joe Sherriff and Mike Gilbert arrived followed by Mike Short and Jeff Norman who finished third, then Harry Walker and Martin Weeks fourth.

It had been a longer race than any previous Karrimor two-day I had competed in. Joss and I had been on the move for a total of thirteen hours and forty-five minutes. All those who completed any of the courses are quite justified in patting themselves on their backs for their accomplishment. Gerry Charnley and his team deserve all our congratulations. He'll have a bigger problem this year though. There'll be a hell of a lot more of us.

Some statistics extracted from the comprehensive results supplied by Gerry Charnley:-

<u>Elite Class</u>	1. J.Naylor and P. Walkington	13.45.10
	2. M.Gilbert and J.Sherriff	15.21.38
	3. M.Short and J.Norman	16.33.45

<u>Elite Class</u>	4. H.Walker and M.Weeks	16.49.35
	5. M.Pearson and W.B.Millen	16.59.44
	6. D.Rosen and A.Rosen	17.09.23

18 pairs completed the course, with 30 retirements. The course included 9 check-points on the first day, 8 on the second day, 49 miles by the optimum route and 15,900 feet of climbing.

Class A was won by	A. Phillipson and H. Forrest	11.27.17
	2nd R. Plumb and M. Hayes	11.46.05
	3rd W.C. Young and P. J. Healy	12.54.13

39 pairs finished with 47 retirements.

Class B had no less than 97 finishers and 70 retirements, and was won by the mixed pair of W. A. Gould and Miss (or Mrs.?) H. J. E. Smith in 9.36.57.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE

Twenty four years from now we shall be heralding the 21st Century and perhaps some extracts from "The Fell Runner" for the year 2000, will read like this:-

APRIL It will be remembered that last year's Three Peaks race was nearly a disaster with over 1900 entrants, and there were a lot of complaints that the changing accommodation in Ingleton was too far from the finish, especially as runners had to jog there from Chapel-le-Dale. However, with entries cut back to a more manageable 1000, Alf Case reported that this year's event went off without a hitch, but he would like to see the first class standard reduced from 2 hours 45 minutes down to a more realistic time. This year no less than 639 runners obtained a first class standard and once again Don Wilson of Clayton-le-Moors reduced the record - this time to 1 hour 43 minutes 7 seconds.

MAY The Spring Bank Holiday once again proved to be a suitable time to hold the bi-annual Pennine Way Race. Winner was Eddie Ward, who ran into Edale in 2 days, 8 hours, 7 minutes, a new record. This year 47 competitors finished within the 5 day time limit.

JUNE As usual, June was a popular month for would-be members of the Bob Graham 24 hour club and twenty three more runners achieved the distinction. Two claims for the Lakeland 24 hour Record were submitted and the Ray Cleveland's claim of *96 peaks within the stipulated time was finally recognised. The Committee regretted that

after careful consideration they could not accept Vic Grenfell's total of 98 Peaks as three of these (Calf Top, Crag Hill and Whernside) were not in the Lake District and to include these could establish a dangerous precedent.

* Details of Ray's 96 Peaks can be found in an appendix at the back of the magazine.

JULY Hopes that Father Time was at last catching up with Joss Naylor were dashed when the grey-haired "super-vet" once again outpaced his younger rivals to record his thirty second consecutive win in this year's Ennerdale event. But as his winning margin was only 56 seconds Joss was asked if this might be his last competition as it would appear his opponents are getting closer. His reply was that next year he will be 65 and retiring from work so that he will have more time to train and who knows he may even try to get the Lakeland 24 hour record back!

This year's European Fell Running Championship was held in Zermatt and was to the summit of the Matterhorn (14780') and back. The F.R.A. representative Colin Fellows finished third behind local runner, Anton Seiler and Russian, Oleg Jakovlev, (who apparently spent 3 months in the Caucasus Mountain training for this event). Colin reported that as the weather on the summit was perfect, he discarded the crampons he had been carrying on his back for two reasons, they were heavy and they were tearing holes in his vest. However, on the descent, he ran into heavy snow just above the Hornli Hut and fell on several occasions and it was here that both his rivals (complete with crampons) swept past him. However, with next year's venue already announced as Marmolata (11020') in the Dolomites, Colin is hoping to clinch the title as there should be little or no snow to contend with.

AUGUST This year's Burnsall event was a close fought race with Fred Doyle just beating Don Wilson for first spot in 13 mins. 01 secs. to 13 mins. 01.8 secs. Both competitors spent several days prior to the race taking down the walls, removing loose stones and cutting the grass on the lower slopes in an effort to ensure that the long standing record of Dalzell's of 12 mins. 59.8 secs. was finally broken. Alas, for them it remains inviolate as ever, but over a pint in the Red Lion

afterwards, Fred, was heard to mutter "Next year if we burnt off all the heather then perhaps?"

SEPTEMBER The 'grand old man' of Scottish fell running Eddie Campbell celebrated 50 years of competing in the Ben Nevis race by taking part in this year's event, complete in full Highland Dress. Eddie completed the course in 127th place with a time of 3 hours 14 minutes, but claimed that he could have gone faster but the sporran slowed him down!

DECEMBER Once again an excellent turnout for the Association Dinner at Dungeon Glynn on December 19th, which was the usual Christmas Fare. No less than seventy nine members turned out afterwards to run off the 'Christmas Pud' in the traditional moonlight fell race to the summit of Pavey Ark and back. Winner was a not very sober Tony Armstrong whose breath-taking (and breath reeking) descent had several spectators literally gasping.

Guy Goodair.

1975 RESULTS (not included in the Autumn Journal)

Carnethy Hill Race. Feb.22nd, 1975, Cat.B.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. A.Blamire (E.S.H.) 50.37(Rec) | 6. R.Belk (Ken) 52.48 |
| 2. H.Walker (B'burn) 51.41 | 7. B.Finlayson (Lock)52.55 |
| 3. J.Norman (Alt) 52.03 | 8. I.Elliot (E.S.H.)54.07 |
| 4. W.Day (Fal) 52.12 | 9. G.Skinner (Camb.) 54.17 |
| 5. N. Bailey (E.S.H.) 52.35 | 10. W.Sharp (Fal) 54.53 |

CLITHEROE FELL RACE. 8th June, 1975, Cat.C.

- | | |
|------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. H.Walker (B'burn) 50:16.8 | 4. A.Spence (Bing) 51.21 |
| 2. C.Robinson(Roch.) 50.36 | 5. R.T.Morris(Whin) 51.25 |
| 3. M.Short (Horwich)50.49 | <u>VET</u> .G.B.Spink (Bing) 57.47 |

Eildon 2 Hills Race, 21st June, 1975. Cat. B.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. A.Blamire (E.S.H.) 29.26 | 4. R.Bradley (Holm) 30.52 |
| 2. P.Dolan (Clyde) 29.34 | 5. W. Yate (Mary) |
| 3. I.Elliot (E.S.H.) 30.03 | |

Pendleton Fell Race, 30th August, 1975, Cat. C.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. J.Calvert (B'burn) 21.54 | 4. M. Weeks (Bing) 22.15 |
| 2. A. Spence (Bing) 22.07 | 5. R.Rawlinson 22.34 |
| 3. M. Short (Horwich)22.12 | <u>VET</u> K.Smith (B'burn)25.21 |

KNOCKFARREL HILL RACE. STRATHPEFFER

6½ ml. Cat.C. 27th September, 1975. By MEL EDWARDS

1. M. EDWARDS (Aberdeen) 36.14
2. I. JOHNSTON (Inverness) 36.21
3. D. McLEAN (Forres) 37.09
4. D. RITCHIE (Aberdeen) 38.45
5. D. BUCHAN (Aberdeen) 39.14
6. M. SCOTT (Forres) 39.27

This very enjoyable race is more a hard cross-country course than a fell race. The first 2 miles are mostly flat and very fast, whereupon one ascends to the summit of the Knockfarrel ridge which undulates prior to a final 2 miles sprint down a forestry path into Strathpeffer. About 10% only is on tarmac road.

After hanging onto the crippling early pace of Donny McLean and Ian Johnston, I managed to pull 100 yards clear of the latter by the summit and felt my avowed intent to win this race at the 4th attempt was about to come true. However Ian had different views on the matter and his presence within 10 yards of me at the start of the forestry path meant I couldn't have an easy passage. After pulling all the stops out I managed to hold onto my advantage although Ian McKenzie's 1972 record of 36.25 remained intact.

HIGH PEAK MARATHON

November 21st/22nd

42 Miles = 6,000 feet by BILL SMITH

There's pleasure in draggin'
Through peat bogs, and braggin'
Of all kinds of walks that you know.....
- "The Manchester Rambler"

This is a Winter's night event for four-man teams in which certain items must be worn and/or carried, including boots, trousers/breeches, pullover, cagoule, overtrousers, map and compass, torch and spare batteries, emergency rations, bivvy bag, plus one tent and sleeping bag between each team. The team must stay together throughout the race, and if one member retires, then the whole team must retire.

The Marathon course follows fairly closely the "Derwent Watershed" route, which was first traversed in 1918 by Eustace Thomas, Norman Begg, Alf Schaanning, William Walker and Bill Humphry of the Manchester-based

Rucksack Club. Thomas and Begg completed the course in a time of 11 hours, 39 minutes, the others taking 58 minutes longer. Eric Byne and Geoff Sutton, in their classic High Peak (Secker and Warburg, 1966), describe it as "one of the stiffest and most notable bogtrots in the Pennines".

The first three events were run in a clockwise direction from Yorkshire Bridge, which meant that competitors had to be transported both ways between this point and H.Q. at Edale. In 1975, however, the start/finish was at Edale and an anti-clockwise direction was taken, with the first and last checkpoints being situated at Hollins Cross on the Lose Hill-Mam Tor ridge. This added about two miles to the old course. There were also slight changes in the location of two of the other checkpoints, and the full rota was as follows: Hollins Cross, Lose Hill, Win Hill, below High Neb (Stanage), Moscar, Derwent Edge, Bradfield Path (206 934), Cut Gate (185 960), Swains Head, Bleaklow Stones, Wainstones, Snake Road Top, Mill Hill, Edale Cross, Rushup Edge (Lords Seat) and Hollins Cross.

The Rucksack Club had won the event each year since its inception in 1972 and on three of those occasions Clayton-le-Moors Harriers have finished runners-up. In 1973, there was a bit of controversy over the result as Clayton recorded a time of 11 hours, 58 minutes, having been re-routed from the Snake Road over an easier "bad weather alternative", whereas the Rucksack Club, who had had an earlier start (for teams are started at intervals between 22.00 hrs. and midnight), were allowed to continue over the Watershed route and clocked 13 hours, 36 minutes. The Rucksackers took one minute less than Clayton's "A" team to reach the Snake checkpoint, near the halfway mark, and so, in view of the fact that they had also completed the full course, they were awarded the winner's trophy. Clayton "B" finished 3rd that year, incidentally, with a time of 12 hours.

Last November, the Rucksackers were again away earlier than Clayton's two teams and the event soon developed into a fierce battle between them and Clayton "A". It was a clear, moonlit night, with the going as good as could ever be expected in the High Peak, for most of the boggy areas were frozen over. I don't know how other teams fared, but Clayton "A" at least ran into thick mist between Bleaklow Stones and Devil's Dyke (we lost

about 10 minutes trying to locate the Wainstones), and later, as we traversed Rushup Edge in clear sunlight, we could see a dark blanket of cloud over Kinder. The sunrise, however, witnessed from between Devil's Dyke and the Snake Road, was truly magnificent, with all the moors and ridges of the High Peak sharply outlined against a deep blue sky.

On two occasions, Clayton were close to catching the Rucksackers: the latter were only just leaving the refreshment checkpoints at both Cut Gate and the Snake Road as Clayton were arriving. However, the Rucksack Club finally won by a matter of 6 minutes with a time of 10 hours, 22 minutes: a new record, despite the extra two miles. Their usual team of Ted Dance, John Richardson, Mike Cudahy and Donald Talbot was disrupted on this occasion by Donald having to withdraw with a bout of flu, and his place was taken by another expert bogtrotter, John Jackson, who usually represents Barlick Bogtrotters. Clayton "A" comprised Alan Heaton, Roman Halenko, Jim Loxham and Bill Smith. In 3rd and 4th places were the Peak Walkers (Chris Worsell, Geoff Bell, J. Greenleaf and R. Marlow) and Clayton's "B" team, or "Clitheroe Clique" (George Brass, Eddie Hill, Harry Ball and Alastair Patten). 38 teams started and a record 24 finished.

1. Rucksack Club	10.22	10.22
2. Clayton-le-Moors "A"	10.28	
3. Peak Walkers	11.58	
4. Clayton-le-Moors "B"	13.22	
5. Bolton C.T.C.	13.47	
6. Harlequins Orienteering Club		14.05
7. Barlick Bogtrotters		14.28
8. Miscellaneous Mountain Marathoneers		14.38

MARSDEN-EDALE TROG

December 7th, 1975

25 Miles by BILL SMITH

The Marsden-Edale is another classic moorland route whose history is chronicled in Byne and Sutton's High Peak, also in a fine article by Geoff Wood in the April, 1974 issue of Climber & Rambler, and in a report of the 1974 race by Mike Hayes in the November, 1974 issue of The Fell Runner. The event is organised by Bryan "Tanky" Stokes, the Sheffield mountaineering equipment supplier. Unlike the 1973 and '74 races

however this one wasn't sponsored by Max Harper of Gourmet Chickens, Sheffield, and so there were no frozen chickens being handed out at the finish.

From the New Inn at Marsden, the course follows the reservoir track up the Wessenden Valley to the first checkpoint on Black Hill, then proceeds via further checkpoints at Crowden Youth Hostel and the Snake Inn, to the finish at Fieldhead, Edale. Despite thick mist over most parts of the course and the bogs being a little more yielding than in the High Peak Marathon, some really fast times were recorded, with nine runners finishing inside Mike Hayes' 1974 winning time of 3 hrs. 29 mins. Indeed, the fastest time of all was a remarkable 3 hrs. 02 mins., achieved by orienteer Richard Plumb, closely followed by Graham Berry in 3.03 and John North (2nd in 1974) in 3.05. Ted Dance beat Alan Heaton to the vet's prize by one minute (3 hrs. 30 mins.), the latter having gone slightly astray on the "short crossing" of Kinder. There were, in fact, several tales of route-finding errors to be heard afterwards, and the crux of the course (as of several other bogtrotting classics) is undoubtedly the crossing of Bleaklow. 29 finished out of 33 starters.

1.	R. Plumb	Combined Harvesters	3.02
2.	G. Berry	Unattached	3.03
3.	J. North	Clayton	3.05
4.	P. Murray	Bolton	3.12
5.	M. Hayes	Combined Harvesters	3.15
6.	I. Roberts	Holmfirth	3.22
7.	W. Lambert	Holmfirth	3.22
8.	C. Worsell	Cheshire Tally Ho	3.27
9.	J. Naylor	Kendal	3.27.5
10.	E. Dance	Rucksack Club	3.30
11.	A. Heaton	Clayton	3.31
12.	W. Smith	Clayton	3.36
13.	J. Richardson	Rucksack Club	3.48
14.	A. Barber	East Cheshire	3.48
15.	E. Mitchell	Buxton	3.49
16.	R. Baumeister	Hallamshire	3.49
17.	J. Knight	?	3.54
18.	S. Green	?	3.55
19.	P. Wren	?	3.55
20.	W. Bentall	Octavian Droobers	3.55.5

<u>Wansfell Race</u>	<u>27th December, 1975</u>	<u>Category A</u>
1.H.Walker (B'burn)	21.18	11.T.Robertshaw (Clay) 23.15
2.I.Roberts (Holm)	21.36	12.W.Bland (Kes) 23.20
3.P.Blakeney (Salf)	21.43	13.J.North (Clay) 23.24
4.M.Weeks (Bing)	22.00	14.R.Whitfield (Kes) 23.38
5.A.McGee (Kes)	22.33	15.M.Pearson (Kes) 23.55
6.B.Gemson (Lanc)	22.44	16.D.Bland (Kes) 24.06
7.G.Brooks (Bing)	22.47	17.W.Cooper (M&D) 24.07
8.S.Bullen (Sal)	22.59	18.J.Norman (Alt) 24.30
9.B.Troughton (Bury)	23.04	19.P.Knott (B'pool) 24.31
10.P.Walkington (B'burn)	23.09	20.D.Beresford (Clay) 24.34
<u>Teams:</u> 1. Keswick 32, 2. Salford 38, 3. Clayton 44.		

Under 17 B. Robinson (Kendal) 13.45

Under 15 A. Taylor (Kendal) 14.31

Half-way Courses.

A NOVEMBER WEEK-END IN LAKELAND, By Peter Knott.

On November 22nd a relatively new event organised by Dave Meek, the 'Blisco Dash', was held from Langdale. That evening saw the annual general meeting and social evening of the Cumberland F.R.A. held at the Boonwood Hotel, Gosforth. This was followed on Sunday morning by the C.F.R.A. organised Copeland Chase, an orienteering style event planned by Joe Long. In the afternoon the F.R.A. held a committee meeting.

Saturday morning was fine and cold with the top of the Pike O'Blisco just obscured by cloud. Although a good 5 miles of distance this was clearly a course for the 'once up and down' men and Ray Rawlinson was determined enough to keep Harry Walker at bay.

1.R.Rawlinson	40.23	6.W.Bland (Kes)	42.31
2.H.Walker	40.38	7.T.Robertshaw	44.25
3.A.McGee (Kes)	41.40	8.S.Breckell	44.33
4.D.Bland (Kes)	41.59	9.D.Beresford	44.43
5.J.North (Clayton)	42.04	10.B.Troughton (Bury)	45.15

Team:- Keswick 13 points

Veterans:- J. Betney (Clayton) 46.40

36 finished the course which is now rated Category A.

For me the notable features of the evening were the very well attended A.G.M. of the Cumberland F.R.A., a thriving organisation dedicated to the organisation of the Ennerdale and Wasdale events, Joss Naylor in a suit, and the very inspiring films of the Ennerdale and Wasdale events shown during the evening.

Joe Long very kindly accommodated us 'foreigners' at the Ennerdale Scout Camp that night, which gave us little excuse not to compete in the Copeland Chase from the Scout Camp the next morning. Having never competed in an orienteering event I was most nervous about this experience, and morale was lowered by having great difficulty in finding the Scout Camp that night!

Sunday morning was wet and windy with low cloud or mist. Add an inadequate breakfast and I was ill equipped to start! The outcome of this experience was that I started orienteering in January this year and now have confidence that goes with rudimentary ability with map and compass.

Referring to an article by Bill Smith written for the journal, not published and now a bit dated, it is apparent that the Copeland Chase was born out of fell runners poor showing in the 1973 Karrimor 2 day event, which led Joe Long to introduce a Fell Navigation Course in 1974 which culminated in the Copeland Chase, a 10 mile fell orienteering race with seven check-points.

The 1975 race still shows the orienteers out on top but the fell runners were not disgraced.

1. Mike Pearson (Kes) 1.43.38	6. Jeff Norman (Alt) 2.11.59
2. Tony Walker (Kes) 1.44.50	7. Joss Naylor (Kes) 2.20.24
3. Harry Walker (B'burn) 1.52.30	8. J. Moulding (Kes) 2.22.08
4. Alan McGee (Kes) 2.06.50	9. C. Bland (Kes) 2.24.12
5. Pete Dawes (Kes) 2.08.45	10. John North (Clay) 2.27.36

26 started, 16 finished and 10 retired or missed check-points. In the latter category was Jean Dawes who completed the course but missed the first check point. Pete Walkington also completed the course in 1.50.50 but declined to count, claiming to know the terrain too well.

Congratulations to Joe Long and Co. Long may the event continue!

Early on this year I was most pleasantly surprised to receive copy of this next article by novice James Rotherham, giving a refreshing view of the 'Blisco Dash' event. I must reveal that the 'old school chum' referred to is Steve Breckall.

THE 'BISCO DASH'!! By James Rotherham

I usually play snooker. Saturdays are spent in the healthy atmosphere of stale beer, vitriolic language and luxuriant Woodbine smoke; among men whose only effort at sprinting is when the bell goes for last orders.

Happily unhealthy and blissfully bulging at the belly I would leave at half-past-four to give my eyes time to focus on the football results. What better way could there be of spending Saturday afternoon?

To relate how my Saturday venue changed from the hazy comfort of "The Willow Mount Working Man's Club" to the hostile idiocy of a November fell, would leave little space in this excellent magazine for the advertising. Suffice to say that I began sharing a flat with an old school chum, to whom running was more of an exact science than a hobby. My resistance to extreme physical effort was eroded over a period of months and I think it was his ability to sprint between pubs that finally won me over. With visions of athletic glory beckoning me on I began an erratic and very intermittent training schedule.

If my flat mate had any sense of humour at all - it was warped! The first race he persuaded me to enter was the 'Burtonwood Road Relay' which is akin to running Dobbin in the Derby. (The only first I gained there, was in the free beer queue afterwards). When he started talking about 'The Bisco Dash' I should have been more suspicious. It was short, he said, and slow, just the sort of race I would excel in. What his motives were I cannot guess - he didn't even owe me any money. Whatever the reason I was duly entered and travelled to the Lake District with the blithe optimism of the totally ignorant.

Now, in the car-park of 'The Old Dungeon Ghyll', the bleak aspect of the Biscoe Fell rose sheer before me, dominating the valley floor - at least it would have dominated if the cloud had risen a few more thousand feet. Fortunately, I had arrived too late for the warm-up which, while toning everybody else up, leaves little left in me to run the actual race with. As the other competitors twitched nervously on the starting line, I was still frantically tearing at the buttons of my service-issue, all-purpose sports shirt. I reached the starting line in time to hear a bearded man shout, "Ready, Set," and forty-odd uncertified lunatics began the second annual running of the succinctly titled "Bisco Dash".

Whoever thought that title up deserves to be writing scripts for "Worker's Playtime". "Grand", I thought as we loped steadily along the

tarmac road toward the fell.

"Gordon Bennet!", I thought as I realised exactly what I was supposed to run up. It was the Eiger imported. A rock-strewn, marshy, turk's-head covered hillside that was as near vertical as made no difference. The path was straight, straight up, like a stone-age M6 for shepherds. From way down near the bottom my ill-trained, slightly over-weight, unmuscular frame groaned at every step. To make matters worse some bright spark had suggested putting olive oil on my legs to keep out the cold. Cold I was not - aching I was! Each time I tried to use my arms for support my hands would slide off my thighs like twin long distance ski jumpers. They hung uselessly at my side, swinging in time to the creaks from my aching back.

I was last. Now I had only one aim left and that was to finish at all costs. (I had to finish, there was beer at stake). By now I was bent double and the 'dash' was more of a crawl. The dew had frozen on the grass and the rocks were glazed with ice. Even going uphill it was hard to find purchase for the feet and I was using my hands to claw my way upwards. Fifty yards above me, two fellow stragglers would take it in turns to sit, chin on hand, like panting 'Thinkers', pondering me, the valley below and, no doubt, the folly of it all. Soon they too had disappeared over the brow of the hill.

I truly thought I had reached the top. The front runners were missing because they had run down the other side of the spur. Ten more yards and it would all be down hill. Ten more yards and utter disbelief hit me in the face like a slap with a wet fish. Five hundred yards away and still climbing, my two erstwhile companions were disappearing into a fog that would have cheered up Sherlock Holmes. I looked back to the doil's houses in the valley. It was two and a half miles to me - what the official distance was!

Running on the comparative flat, my legs did not feel too bad. They didn't really feel too anything! Even a fast walk was enough for them to lose co-ordination. As I stumbled toward the bottom of a series of mist-shrouded rock faces, Harry Walker bounded out of the cloud like a suicidal mountain goat. He, and many of the others that followed him, took the trouble to shout encouragement which did, in fact, work to some extent. At this point, however, I was travelling at a grope, through thick,

cold fog. As the last man passed me I asked him how far the check-point was and he told me just five minutes further. I should have asked him which way it was as well.

All the other runners had gone round to the left of the huge, rocky knoll that forms the top of the Biscoe Pike. I, without a second thought or hesitation, ran round to the right. Almost immediately I was transformed from fell 'runner' to rock-climber. Some of those rock walls were fourteen or fifteen foot high but there did not seem to be an alternative route upwards. My slow pace had rested me somewhat and I went up them like a Sherpa on piece-work until finally, lack of rope and crampons made me stop. I was beginning to get nervous. It was twenty minutes since I had seen anyone, and being lost on top of a fog-thick, frozen, rock-spotted mountain-top was not my idea of a week-end treat.

Running around in tiny circles, dressed in tiny shorts and shouting "Halloo", in a tiny-sounding voice makes you feel a trifle idiotic. The only answers to my shouts were from sheep who sounded even more worried than I did and I was beginning to suspect that the check-point people had gone back to the pub long since. (And who could blame them). My main worry at this point, was that someone would call out the mountain-rescue which would really have rubbed salt into my wounded pride. It was bad enough finishing hours behind the others; a procession to the pub I did not need.

Coming down was worse than going up. Visibility was down to a few feet and I had to search carefully for the rock-walls before I could climb down them. The path must have been well to my right and would not have been easily discernible - even on a clear day. Descending through the rough was a series of slips, slides, stumbles and hasty reversals of course. At the edge of the plateau I was still unsure of my position and almost ran merrily down into the wrong valley. Fortunately one particular spur stood out from my earlier, panoramic sweep and I made a bee-line for it. Halfway down that first painful hill I managed to regain the path; I felt pretty sure then that I would make it back.

The last half-hour or so of my 'race' had been spent searching for a way off the mountain that did not require a cable car. Consequently, when I ran back along

the tarmac road I was almost as fresh as when I started. (Perhaps GREEN would be a better word to use there). In the car park there wasn't a rescue helicopter in sight. Far from being the centre of operations it was more like gate-crashing an outdoor, working-class, cocktail party, with everyone chatting in small groups and drinking tea out of plastic cups. My time was one hour and fourteen minutes, which surprised me because I thought it had taken all day. It was, however, good to be back, to clean the mud of my feet under the cold tap and to get into something sensible - like clothes.

Through the pub window I looked back to the brooding, fog-bearded fell. If I had known the way I would have cracked it and there was a small satisfaction in that. It was vastly outweighed, however, by a back that took brute force to straighten it and a wall to keep it straight. My arms could only be kept at shoulder height by propping them on the bar and unless I held a barrel-glass of bitter my fingers would clench into cold arthritic fists. I was still in a stage of shock when my former flatmate came up behind me and cheerfully knocked my back muscles further out of place.

"Well done, Jim", he said, "Great effort. We'll certainly make a fell runner of you yet".

I stared at him glassily.

"There's another one at Ambleside in a month. It's only short", he said hurriedly, "Three miles, and after this one it will be easy for you". With a look of outstanding derision I turned, and limped painfully, hurriedly, in the direction of the 'Gents'.

PETER DAWES PENNINE WAY RECORD

(3 Days: 1 Hour: 48 Minutes)

by W. B. MILLEN.

Dedicated to Jean Dawes in the knowledge that without her energy and enthusiasm this attempt would not have been successful.

Peter's Pennine Way attempt began for me with a letter from Pete's wife Jean 'could I be in Kirk Yetholm for a 03.00 start Friday, 18th July' adding that Peter would be working to a 3 day schedule.

Arriving in Kirk Yetholm late Thursday evening I saw Pete jogging into the village to meet me. To put it mildly I was rather surprised to learn that I would be the only running companion for Peter on the Friday and

that there would only be the one vehicle until we got to Langdon Beck. This bothered me as it only needed a minor breakdown and the run would come to a halt. While Jean cooked supper we talked about what lay ahead and Peter's chances of taking the record. We were camped in the Halter Burn Valley and about 11.30 p.m. we turned in. I slept fitfully while Peter said he hadn't slept at all - not the best preparation for the long days ahead.

2.15 a.m. Jean shouted that breakfast was ready, so very bleary-eyed we ate cereals, scrambled egg and coffee, then a last minute rush to sort out what we would take over the first section, the 29½ miles of the Cheviots to Byrness. Jean drove us back to the Border Hotel, then it was out of the Land-Rover into the early morning darkness and the mist. Before long the road gave way to track and soon we were on the fellside heading for the Schil. Running nice and easy and by Lamb Hill we were over an hour up on schedule. It was just after Lamb Hill that we saw the first of the many P.W. walkers, it was also where we made our first route-finding error, both events were related, seeing the people, pride made us run up the hill, answering their questions with, 'that's right, Pennine Way Record attempt, hope to be in Edale in 3 days' we carried on along the Border fence then realised that we should have veered off left on a rough track, so sheepishly we cut across country back to the path, our ears burning and imagining the comments 'they'll never find Edale'. The weather was fine but misty so over this section we took a compass bearing and soon came to the Roman Road, Dere Street, and then to the Roman Camp, Chew Green. From there to Byrness its rather a nasty descent, so taking it very steady we arrived up on schedule with Peter still feeling good.

After a rest and something to eat, it was decided that Peter should do the next section through the forest on his own, away he went, a lonely figure, it wasn't right on a record attempt of this magnitude, one should always have company. When he came out of the forest at Rookengate I felt very embarrassed and thought if I can I'd stay with him for the rest of the day. We met Peter on the Gib Shiel road and for the first time he looked tired and was complaining about pains above his knee, so the pain-killing spray was brought into use and

stretch bandages put on before we set off for the next meeting with Jean at Eals Farm, a mile past Bellingham. We arrived there still up on schedule, 45 miles covered and almost halfway through the first day. Over the first section to Byrness everything had been light-hearted now we knew it was for real, but Peter's leg was hurting and at every stop it's the spray and a massage. I couldn't help thinking things looked rather bleak. On and on we go - through Wark Forest North, Ladyhill, Wark Forest Central and South, then out into the open to see in the distance Hadrian's Wall on top of the crags. After travelling along the Wall, we arrived at Peel Car Park, saw an Ice Cream Van and had a ice lolly each and it started to rain. While we were having something to eat Jean suggested I should miss out the next section to Greenhead - I didn't argue. At Greenhead I'm feeling better by the time Peter arrives - so away we go again. On the way to Slaggyford the route is very complex, but Peter doesn't put a foot wrong, his knowledge of the P.W. is fantastic.

1. Slaggyford to Langdale Beck.

From Slaggyford we plod on with the rain getting very heavy, until about a mile from Alston the heavens opened and before long even with "Waterproofs"! we were soon saturated and getting cold. As we trudged through the torrents of rain Peter was getting very despondent thinking that if this kept up or was like this Saturday or Sunday it wouldn't be right expecting people to turn up to help. We arrived in Alston very wet, very cold and depressed, sat in the Land Rover for nearly an hour drinking tea and willing the rain to stop, but to no avail, then reluctantly decided to at least get to our scheduled night stop a further 4½ miles on at Garragill. The first mile or so on leaving Alston was a trial, shivering and miserable, then the rain eased, we warmed up, life seemed better again, we could talk even make jokes about the state we were in.

On arrival at Garragill, Jean had the tents, hot water, change of clothes and a meal ready also the news that the expected helpers for the morning would not be able to make it.

Saturday and a beautiful morning, Jean decided that Peter should do the first section on his own so at 3.05 Peter sets off while we drive round to the Radar Station

on Great Dun Fell. Before long Peter arrives saying that he had gone wrong on Cross Fell as the mist had been down, a rub down a quick cuppa and he was on his way again this time with me for company. A slight climb to Knock Fell then the long steady descent to Dufton where we had some more breakfast. Then the long pull up onto High Cup, very impressive on we go Cauldren Snout then along the banks of the river Tees till at Widdybank Farm comes the big moment for me, seeing Ken Brooks, Jim Loxham and Alan Heaton. Ken and Jim in their running gear ready to take over and knowing that with them Peter had a fighting chance of taking the record. Jim Loxham accompanies Peter along the riverside path to Middleton and Peter worries that he isn't going fast enough. Liz Loxham joins Jean in the Land-Rover and helps with the 'brews', Jim and Alan do the next five miles to Wythes Hill Farm and there Ken takes over from Jim to the next stop on the busy A66. Peter now feeling very tired as they plod across Sleightholme Moor towards Tan Hill.

Waiting at Tan Hill was Dick Jackson, who was greeted by Pat, host of the Tan Hill, like a long lost brother. Dick's friendship with Pat served a very useful purpose as Pat gave us the use of a caravan where Peter could eat and change out of the cold wind. Pat brought in his visitor's book with a request that Peter should sign right across the page, Peter got quite embarrassed, especially when other patrons came requesting autographs.

By this time Peter wasn't feeling very well, due no doubt to trying to force food into an unwilling stomach, and not long after leaving Tan Hill, his stomach revolted, so considerably lighter and feeling a lot better he continued on his way accompanied by Dick and Jim. At Thwaite Alan joins them and they trot up the lane to Great Shunner Fell and down to Hardrow, where Tom and Ann Sykes are waiting. From Hardrow Tom, Ken and Dick carry on through Hawes, Gayle and over Cam Fell while the rest of the support party go for a pint in Horton. It was dark night and the descent into Horton down the lane was by torchlight finally arriving at the campsite at 23.35 p.m. Peter was not feeling too good and needing sleep badly and getting into his sleeping-bag decides to make a later start in the morning.

Sunday morning, started at 03.45 a.m. with 92 miles

to go, Alan accompanying Peter, not quite light and starting to drizzle as they plod over Pen-y-Ghent and onto Fountains Fell, by the time they reach Malham Tarn it's pouring, Peter only in cag. and shorts and his legs are getting cold. Rain continues through Malham, Airton, Gargrave to Thornton-in-Craven with still 65 miles to go.

Thornton, 10.30 a.m. arrival of Stan Bradshaw with 'have I time to get my shorts on?' Stan abandons his caravanette down a side road, and then throwing his rucksack in the back of the Land-Rover leads Peter off in the rain. Stan had slept the night in Horton car park after being unable to find Peter in the crowded campsite, but after phoning H.Q. (Peter's Mother at Ambleside) learnt that Peter was still running and caught him up at Thornton. Stan paced Peter over Pinhaw Beacon and on through Lothersdale, Ickornshaw, with Peter determined to keep up with Stan. Stan continually prophesying a fine day and by Dean Clough the weather breaks, after nearly nine hours of rain, fine and breezy - Stan's fine day has arrived.

Widdop. 14.43 Alan joins Stan and they head towards Hebden Bridge, Peter is feeling shattered, going through a bad spell thinks its due to shortage of food, but still determined to get to Edale as fast as possible. On the moor top before the A646 they meet Stan Winstanley and Marie sunning themselves. Peter stops to talk but is hurried on by Stan and Alan. Stan Winstanley follows them down in all his best Sunday afternoon gear leaving Marie on the top! More of the support party have arrived and wait at the A646 road, Mavis, Ida, Tim Burch and Alan Barber. Peter has some food and Tim joins Alan and they walk as quickly as possible up the steep drag to Stoodley Pike and on towards the White House. Stan takes a break - he's been running for eight hours - so puts his feet up on the camp-bed and finishes off the rest of the rice-pudding. From the White House Tom Sykes and Alan Barber pace Peter over the next section to Blackstone Edge after Peter's legs had been massaged to stop stiffening up. Jean is running out of tea-bags, Mavis dashes home for some more - must keep the 'brews' going.

At Standage while Peter has something to eat, there's a mild discussion as to who would pace Peter over the next section and who has to drive the spare support

car - Peter volunteers - but wasn't allowed, and with Stan and Tom jogs on to the A635.

23 miles to go from the A635 Peter continues with Stan and Alan Barber, soft uneven going and after Black Hill they hurry, trying to get down to Torside Res. before it gets dark, and Peter goes over on his ankle several times which causes some worry.

At Torside level crossing we wait in the dark, listening for voices, Tom Sykes, Jean and Stan Winstanley, who has now changed into his running gear having sent Marie home to Liverpool on the bus.

Torside to Edale

23.35 they arrive, Peter has a rest something to eat, then at 23.50 I join the long trek again and with Tom Sykes and Stan Winstanley leading the way, make our way up to Clough Edge on the way to Bleaklow, by now it's a black night and torches are needed Peter is in good spirits and can hardly find the words to express how he feels about all of the helpers. Careful navigation over Bleaklow, then we can see and aim for the lights of the support party at the Snake road.

Peter has another 15 minutes rest and with the same companions leaves at 2.05 for the last section. The slog to Mill Hill seems never ending, then the last climb up onto Kinder, some difficulty finding our way across the Plateau then Peter takes on a new lease of life, and its down Grindsbrook at near racing speed, to be met at Golden Clough by Stan Bradshaw and Alan Barber. We continued still at a very fast run and it's a very elated team who finally arrived in Edale. Peter having covered the distance in 3 days 1 hour, 48 minutes a new record, beating Joss Naylor's old time by 1 hour, 46 minutes.

We toast Peter and all the helpers in drinks which Jean had confidently brought along for the occasion.

All in all a great run and a great weekend.

More Details From Dave Meek

THE FIRST LAKE DISTRICT RIDGE TRAVERSE

BY DAVID MEEK - KESWICK A.A.C.

August 17th, 1975

START: Ennerdale Water (Filter Station) 085153

FINISH: Shap Village 562156

TOTAL DISTANCE: Approx. 50 Miles. Taking in 28 summits and crossing 6 passes.

FIRST SECTION

Pacer: Pete Dawes Kendal A.A.C. Sty Head Stop 10 mins.
Ennerdale Water Depart 6.30 a.m. 9.55-10.05
Crag Fell Arrive 6.53 Esk Hause Arrive 10.32
Iron Crag Arrive 7.20 High White Stones
Haycock, Scoat Fell, Pillar Arrive 11.20
Kirkfell, Great Gable Calf Crag Arrive 11.54
Steel Fell Arrive 12.14
Dunmail Raise
Arrive. 12.30

Started off in a mixture of heavy rain and sleet. Found a good, easy sheep track winding up the right hand side of the ghyll which comes down from Crag Fell. Hit the path which leads to the summit, half way up this.

By this time we had run into very thick mist. Once on the summit Pete's navigation brought us to the main wall which leads to Iron Crag. After leaving Iron Crag, Pete had to stop for a couple of minutes and through a misunderstanding I continued alone. By this time the weather had worsened and I found it too cold to stand around, so carried on, thinking Pete would soon catch up to me. The route was easy to find from now on, just follow the ridge.

For the next five summits I was alone suddenly dropping out of the cloud onto Sty Head Pass, to be met by Chris Bland with a welcoming up of tea and a jam sandwich. Gave myself a 10 minute break at this point.

Just getting ready to set off again when Pete appeared out of the mist. From this point onwards travelling in good weather apart from one light shower on High White Stones.

Route finding good, and running well considering carrying a sac. Weather improving all the time.

Arrived at Dunmail to find a good reception. Very hungry - had soup, tinned fruit, cake and tea.

SECOND SECTION

Pacers: Mike Pearson Keswick A.A.C.
Pete Bland Kendal A.A.C.

Dunmail Raise Depart 12.50
Seat Sandal Arrive 13.26 Dove Crag Arrive 14.15
Fairfield Arrive 13.53 Red Screes Arrive 14.53
Hart Crag Arrive 14.05 Kirkstone Pass Arrive 15.05

Mike and Pete chose good line up the left hand ridge, following sheep track. Conditions very warm. Good - going across Fairfield range. On Scandale Pass there was a light shower for a few minutes. Felt better as not hampered by sac on this and the next section.

Weather remained hot, dry and sunny for the rest of the day.

From the top of Red Screens found an excellent path leading down to the road where, once again, a good reception awaited. Unable to eat much at this stage but still felt reasonably fresh.

THIRD SECTION

Pacer: Pete Bland

Kirkstone Pass	Depart	15.20	Mardale Ill Bell	Arr.	16.54
St. Ravens Edge	Arrive	15.30	Harter Fell	Arr.	17.18
Pike Howe	"	15.43	Adam Seat	"	17.34
John Bell's Banner	"	15.53	Artle Crag	"	17.55
Stoney Cove Pike	"	16.00	Selside Pike	"	18.16
Thorntwaite Beacon	"	16.26	Selside End	"	18.24
High Street	"	16.43	Shap Village	"	19.45
			& Finish		

TOTAL TIME - 13 hrs. 15 mins. including refreshment stops.
(1.) 10 Mins. (2.) 20 mins. (3.) 15 mins. 45 mins
altogether.

Pete and I set off on the final section up the well marked path to St. Raven's Edge summit. Weather perfect over this section - route finding proved excellent.

From Harter Fell we could see Shap Village in the distance. At this point it appeared to be as far away as the distance I had just travelled. Wished I could step off and onto a bus! However with Pete's encouragement and humour and his telling me to just put one foot in front of the other and move towards Shap as quickly as possible, we were able to make headway.

This area appeared more remote than the other 2 sections, but even in mist the route should not be difficult to find as there are plenty of boundary fences to follow.

From the top of Selside End we followed the old Corpse Road down to the road in the valley bottom. We continued along the road - hard going on the legs, to Swindale Foot.

A path led us across the first field to Tailbert Head - very boggy - up to the knees making it extremely slow going for 300 yards.

After this on to Tailbert, pleasant going and no difficulty route finding as there are plenty of gates and stiles leading to the farmyard at Tailbert. Next, very arduous going on the road for 3 to 4 miles, finally round the corner into Shap Village. We finished in the lay-by, (next to a Telephone Box) by the sign pointing to Haweswater and Bampton.

SUMMARY

This route takes in the widest part of the National Trust Lake District Park Boundary from West of East. It starts in the 15th square and also finishes in the 15th square according to the Lake District 1" to 1 mile Ordnance Survey Map.

On each section the route follows a direct ridge line from (1.) Ennerdale to Dunmail, (2.) Dunmail summit to Kirkstone summit and (3.) Kirkstone Pass summit to the valley of Swindale.

This leaves only a distance of approx. 5 miles, which is covered partly on the road and partly through fields, at the end.

Over this latter part the route is obvious and should be easy to find.

The START of the route is the Filter Station of Ennerdale Water, adjacent to the Scout Camp.

The FINISH is the lay-by next to a Telephone Box by the sign pointing to Haweswater and Bampton at the northerly end of Shap Village.

My thanks are due to everyone who assisted on this run, runners and helpers at the refreshment points.

Pete Dawes - Kendal A.A.C. Chris Bland-Keswick A.A.C.
Mike Pearson - Keswick A.A.C. Fred & Margaret Rogerson
Pete Bland - Kendal A.A.C. Frank & Janet Travis
Penny Thompson
Diana Meek.

David Meek.

HOW I ALMOST BECAME A FELL RUNNER

OR

IF YOU CAN'T BEAT THEM JOIN THEM!!

by Janet B. Wilkie.

No doubt you have all been wondering what a

CPFSWC * does in winter. Well, if she has any sense, she takes a well earned rest and conserves her energy for the coming season. However, some of us are not that sensible (myself included) and, after having been spectators for a season decided to try some running themselves.

It all started in a roundabout way, with me going shopping with Bobby after having been at a road race which had left me feeling a little flat - the atmosphere is just not the same. Anyway, Bobby was wanting a new Tracksuit and, finding a cheap source, bought three! Whether it was the mood I was in or not, I don't know, but I also bought one. I suppose I thought it might be useful for camping or wearing at a race on a cold wet day, but I never dreamt that I'd ever wear it to run in! So the Tracksuit was duly put away to await its first day of usefulness, which came much sooner than either the Tracksuit or I thought.

Then during one of the first weekends down in the Lake District, Anne (CPFSWC to Pete Bland) told me she'd started training - to lose weight! That's a laugh! If she looked sideways at a drain she'd slip through! Mind you, there was one point in my life when I had used the same strategy to lose weight and had everyone thinking I was training for the Commonwealth Games! I mentioned this to Anne and the fact that I was the proud owner of a Genuine 100% Cotton, Made in Hong Kong, Tracksuit. At this, Anne enthusiastically suggested that we go for a jog together (have you ever wished that you'd kept your mouth shut about something?). Well I thought since I have plenty to lose I'll give it a whirl (that was until I'd seen her 'trail'). After having walked over it with Mathew in his trolley, I felt as if I'd climbed Everest. Talk about up hill and down dale! For want of a better expression I was fair "trachled and peched oot!" There and then I decided that some training would require to be done before the great day, otherwise I'd have a red face (in more ways than one!). But, before I could even get home to start my training, I was invited to join Anne and Joy Evans on a walk. Naturally, being someone who enjoys a challenge I

* (The initials CPFSWC stand for Clothes Pegs Food Suppliers and Water Carriers - see article "A Weekend in the Life of a CPFSWC" Autumn 1973 Magazine).

decided to go. (Pete is in the Mountain Rescue, so I felt quite safe). Surprisingly enough, Bobby was not too keen on me going and foolishly, I thought he was afraid I'd get lost or hurt myself but no, he felt I might keep the girls back!!! (That's what you call true love!).

After coming through Hartsop Village, we headed for the foot of Pasture Beck and that was almost as far as I got after being confronted by a herd of bullocks who didn't look too friendly. However, they decided we were harmless and let us pass but many's the time afterwards I wished they hadn't! When Joy pointed out where we were going and felt like turning back there and then but for the bullocks and the thought of Shh.. you know who saying 'I told you so'. So off I tottered, making an excellent job of finding every available bog and squelching through it - keeps the feet cool! By your standards, I imagine the section from Threshwaite Cove to the Beacon is comparatively easy. Not so for me, my legs felt like lead and the only way I reached the plateau was by setting myself a target with a promised rest (fictitious) on reaching it and so following this pattern until I reached the grassy plateau before the final ascent to the Beacon. Gratefully, I had a rest, while Anne and Joy consulted the map. It was just as well, because if the last section seemed bad the next one seemed almost vertical and covered in scree! However, I pressed on, looking more and more like Hiawatha every minute (red face and pigtails!). By now, it was getting quite cold and had started to rain. The rain literally froza as it fell, making lovely patterns like snowflakes but also making the going slippier. My legs felt as if they had lead weights attached to them and even trying to zig zag as Bobby had told me, did not help any. At last the Beacon was in sight and how I enjoyed walking down to it instead of up! Although we had maybe only covered a few miles I had a wonderful sense of achievement - I was still alive! We paused at the Beacon to consult the map and Joy kindly offered me some chocolate which I gratefully accepted and ate as if I hadn't seen food for months! Believe you me, that was what it felt like.

The next section was, literally, a quick stroll along High Street (very aptly named too - the only things missing were cars and shops!). What a wonderful panoramic view we got and as we walked along, we saw some lovely wee lochs, sorry tarns below us. Here, I was really going

well and keeping up the pace to the extent that I even managed to pass the other walkers! But soon I was brought back to reality when Joy informed me we still had to climb another 100 ft. or so up the Knot. My poor legs cried out in agony! I had hoped we might stop for lunch first but no, I was out with the Amazon women that day! Climbing the not (if you will pardon the pun) too steep incline of the Knot, my hands and arms started to feel as if they weren't there - if you know what I mean. Panic Stations! Had I caught some dreaded luggie of the hill walker or was I suffering from exposure? Apparently, it was neither but just slight lack of sugar - that Joy should have given me some more chocolate! However, soon after this scare, we stopped for lunch or perhaps I should say I stopped for lunch. Anne and Joy hardly ate anything, while I devoured everything in sight - well it made their packs lighter so I was really doing them a favour!

The descent was easy - more or less done at the trot, because I felt like a new woman (who said it might be an improvement!) after all that food. Next day, however, I felt more like an apology for Hopalong Cassidy but I couldn't have hopped along anywhere if I'd tried. It was a case of born in the saddle and you know the rest. I decided that since my muscles had been loosened, or should I say torn apart I'd try and keep them that way and so I decided to start my training schedule.

Not wanting to suffer the loneliness of the long distance runner, I invited my friend Frances to join me in a quick jog. (She had received her initiation into Fell running at Carnethy). Out came the Tracksuit and talk about baggy troosers - it nearly went straight back in again. We started off at 2 miles and increased it slightly each night until we reached 4 miles and our faces were just red and not scarlet. But at that point Frances saw the light and so I was left to slog it out on my own. My trail followed the main road from Balloch leading to Duck Bay Marine (the local local), where, I could, if necessary slip in for a quick refreshment (as per Jim Smith's training schedule). My first solo outing was met with stares - no doubt at the baggy troosers and red face. However, I stuck it out and by the end of the week people were getting quite friendly and waving and my time was down to 30 minutes for the 4 miles. (Mr. Shields had better watch out as I'd soon

be doing a 4 minute mile at this rate). But my dreams of running in Montreal were shattered because my running gear got lost in the general upheaval caused by rewiring etc. This break in training also caused a break in my enthusiasm. But that is not the end of the story. While searching for my running gear I came across my certificate for the Ben Lomond Race and this gave me new inspiration. Yes, they do allow ladies (no rude comments) to 'run'. So I have decided to try and beat my previous best time. No, I didn't win. As a matter of fact, I was last - last to start and last to finish! I came down - down with the Mountain rescue and met Bobby on his way back up to look for me! (That boy has no faith in my staying power!). Are you all wondering how long it took me? Well.....it was somewhere between four and five hours! I am sure they only gave me the certificate because they felt sorry for me! Anyone wanting to beat that (for slowness) can try!

Well, that's my tale, all that remains is to see if I can improve on my time - it surely can't get any worse but you never know! So if this inspires anyone else to greater things we may yet see a ladies section of the FRA but this could cause problems. Who will carry for the 'men' while we are running and vice versa?!?! One piece of advice. Don't buy a Tracksuit - you get more whistles in shorts - speaking from experience that is!!!

Keep your eyes open at Ben Lomond for me!

Apologies for not being able to publish this sooner.

Peter Knott.

FELL-CLIMBING by GUY GOODAIR

After several years of plodding away in fell races I have noticed that different runners use different ways of climbing the fells. Certain of these fall into well-defined types, some of which are elaborated on below.

'DIRETTISSIMO' The elite of the fell runners approach this way, like an express train, directly up, nothing barring their progress and their motto is "ANAIL A GHAI DHEIL, AIR A MHULLACH". 'The true Gael (Or Fell-Runner!) stops for breath only at the top!

'EX-BOY SCOUTS' This type usually runs until the lower slopes of the fell are reached, then in best scout tradition he decides to adopt the Scouts' Pace of 20 paces Walk/20 paces Run, as the most economical method of ascent.

However, as the gradient steepens so his resolve weakens slowly - 20 paces Walk/10 paces Run: 30 paces Walk/10 paces Run: 40 paces Walk/5 paces Run: until eventually with some muttered comment about "I'll bet Baden-Powell never used it going up anything as steep as this" he abandons his plan in favour of a steady plod to the summit.

'STOP-STARTER' Closely allied to the latter is the 'stop-starter' type, but he is more of a nuisance to us, his fellow athletes. As we laboriously work our way up the fell, we espy the 'stop-starter' in front of us, in the stop position, the thought of passing a rival encourages us to raise our tempo but as we try to pass the 'SS' galvanises into action and immediately we are five to ten yards down on him. This 'cat and mouse' game goes on and it always appears the 'SS' runs hard just when we are coming to a very narrow path, wall or stile thus making overtaking impossible.

'QUADRUPED' As soon as a gradient of even mild severity is encountered, the 'Quadruped' is down on all fours scrabbling for a convenient finger or toe-hold. From this rather ungainly position he pushes and pulls his way to the top. The more thoughtful members of this type have been known to argue the 'pros' and 'cons' of cutting their fingernails short or not - one school of thought being of the opinion that long fingernails help in obtaining a more secure grip - whilst others maintain that the advantage obtained this way is more than lost by the excess weight of finger nail being carried!

'HANDS' The runner in this category doesn't use his hands for scrabbling to get a hold of the grass or heather and help pull himself up the fell. The hands are more important to ease the pain which is racking his body. They could be held firmly on the thighs, forcing each leg another faltering step to the summit; or they could be pressed firmly into the small of the back to try and straighten the spine which threatens to be permanently bent with the effort. Certain runners of this type have been seen using their hands to massage the neck muscles which they maintain are stiff from constant straining in an upward direction in trying to glimpse a sight of the top.

'EXCUSES' This type is easily recognised by the frequent stops made on the ascent. If directly challenged they

never admit they are just plain 'shattered' like the rest of us, but instead think up an excuse. Some of the more popular ones are - 1. "Have you seen that magnificent view - too good to miss by just charging up?" 2. "I believe in constantly looking back to check for the best line of descent." 3. "Just looking back to see where my mates are". (They're usually miles ahead of him!).

'GRADIENT & TERRAIN' With eagle eye this type scans the fell looking for the easiest gradient and best footing. Seeing a gentler gradient than the one directly ahead of him, he will detour many extra yards to get to it. He does this throughout his ascent and is oblivious to the fact that he is probably covering half as much distance again as the "DIRECTISSIMO" types. He then wonders why the runners he was with at the foot of the fell went up by the latter method are now wringing their way towards the finish, many seconds in front of him.

Whilst this list does not exhaust the number of types seen climbing the fells, I suggest next time you're feeling 'all-in' when climbing - have a look round at your fellow competitors - see if you recognise some of the above types!

In the next issue, due to be published in January 1977, I hope to be able to include more book reviews by Bill Smith, results of most of the seasons events including reports by Bill Smith and by Mel Edwards on the Scottish scene. Ross Brewster will be doing another searching interview and Bill Smith has ideas which includes an article on the 'The three towers', and possibly articles on the runners who have competed both as professionals and amateurs, and the growing group of veteran fell runners.

A letter from Neil Shuttleworth enclosing a copy of a 1967 letter from the legendary late Eric Beard prompts the idea that this should become part of a larger article on this pioneer of long distance fell running.

Please let's have some more humour, fact or fiction and I would also be grateful for a good action 'photo', taken up on the fells, from one of this seasons events. The end of November will be my target deadline for material. I look forward also to hearing your views on the magazine and anything associated with our sport.

Peter Knott

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