



CFR members with Joss Naylor at Scafell Race 14<sup>th</sup> September .

# CUMBERLAND FELL RUNNERS

## NEWSLETTER- OCTOBER 2019

### INCLUDING BG RELAYS SPECIAL



[www.c-f-r.org.uk](http://www.c-f-r.org.uk) , Facebook CFR (members, public and juniors) - Instagram #cumberlandfellrunners.

**Editors note** This is to be my last Newsletter as life commitments take over and it's probably time for a fresh approach to informing our members what has and is going on. You will all have received the special edition covering the CFR Bob Graham Relay in July and since then there have been more championship races; check out the latest results on the CFR Website. Also the annual relays and many other personal challenges including Frog Grahams, Rosie's Run, Ryans longer runs and the full account of Darren Parker's Wainwrights Book in a day. All these articles contain a valuable insight for anyone contemplating such an event.

Thank you to everyone who has helped make this job relatively easy. Contributors and technical support (Mario)

**And as always a special thank you to all who have contributed to this edition.**

Dot Patton

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# CLUB NEWS

## Committee

Chair- Paul Jennings  
Vice Chair- Ryan Crellin  
Treasurer- Ann Cummings  
Secretary- Jennie Chatterley  
Membership Secretary- Rob Stein  
Statistician- Darren Parker  
Press Officer- Andy Bradley and Charlotte Akam  
Newsletter- Dot Patton  
Junior Chair- Chris Draper (TBC formally at the AGM)



## NEW MEMBER'S WELCOME PACK

### Welcome to new members –James Conlon and Zac Anderson

New club members now are given a 'CFR Club welcome pack'!

This includes information as well as freebies –buff, water bottle, car sticker, race card etc.

If you are a new member and haven't got yours yet contact Jane Mottram on [janemottram@outlook.com](mailto:janemottram@outlook.com)

### Any new (or old) members wanting kit contact

Ryan Crellin (vests& T shirts) [ryancrellin@gmail.com](mailto:ryancrellin@gmail.com)

or Jennie Chatterley (hoodies, fleeces) [jennie.chatterley@gmail.com](mailto:jennie.chatterley@gmail.com)

## Latest Club meeting summary by Jennie Chatterley.

Presentation night at Ennerdale Brewery booked for 7pm, 23rd November. An email will be sent to members.

AGM will be at Shepherds Arms after Crag Fell race, 1pm, Dec 7th. Lunch for those attending. Again, details will be emailed.

There has been discussion about our own club rules for competition. We are in a good position to have a wide variety of members, some with multiple club memberships. There is a need to clarify how points are given at our selected championship races and for our club members to know who they are running against at these races. With a variety of views regarding this, the committee will put forward 2 proposals for discussion at the AGM...

Club championship points given only to those who run/enter for CFR at a championship race.

Club championship points given to all members, even if entered/running for another club at a championship race.

The CFR winter league series will continue as it has, awarding points to those who enter as CFR on the race form.

## CLUB PRESENTATION NIGHT



The club presentation night / social will take place on Saturday the 23rd of November at the Ennerdale Brewery ( which is in Rowrah ) again this year. It will start at 7pm.

This end of season celebration will have a hot buffet, including Gluten free, vegetarian and vegan options. It costs £15 per person. It will be followed by the presentation of trophies, awards and prizes from this year's club championships.

There will then be plenty of time for socialising, chatting and I suspect purchasing and drinking some of the products that the venue makes. The event is open to all, whether you took part in the championships or not, it is a good opportunity to meet people outside of a damp field and see people in non running kit. People also often bring non running partners.

For information on how to book your tickets see your Sientries Club e mail or contact [jennie.chatterley@googlemail.com](mailto:jennie.chatterley@googlemail.com)



# TRAINING

CFR now offer 3 training sessions a week! Each one is different and guaranteed to improve your running! You also get to meet and socialize with other club members

## Club Runs-Tuesday Evening 6.30 various venues.

Tuesday Evening Club runs continue to be very well supported - usually over 20 members attending. All abilities welcome and catered for. Meet at Mitchells Auction at 17.50 to car share if you wish. Bring head torch and appropriate kit for winter mountain running. See website for venues. [www.c-f-r.org.uk](http://www.c-f-r.org.uk) (Photos by Ian Grimshaw)



## STT- Serious Stuff Thursdays-

Serious training is posted on the website and facebook by **Mario Yeomans** .Thursday evenings usually at Sale Fell.- 6.30 This is now self led and involves intensive running up and down hills! Great for speed and stamina.

A gruelling session of hill reps and speed work where everyone works at their own level which improves technique, speed and stamina.



## **CONDITIONING FOR RUNNERS**



**Barry Johnson's** winter fitness classes are on at Cockermouth School Sports Hall on Mondays 1930hrs to 2030 November 4,11,18, 25 and December 2, and £5 per session. Worth it for Barry's jokes alone. [Barry Johnson](#) generously gives his time freely. It's been very sociable for the past 2 years since this started.

Barry led a great training session last winter in Eaglesfield Hall called 'Conditioning for runners' which many members attended and found hugely beneficial. He followed this with outdoor sessions including running and swimming in and around Crummock Water.



That's winter fitness sorted. Hope to see you all there.

## **CFR JUNIORS**



*Juniors at their 1st training session back.*

Junior Training started back on Saturday morning's after the school holidays.

Many of the Juniors have had a great year of racing - well done to all of them, and we hope they continue their good form into the next year.

Watch out for the final championship table which should be available soon. By Chris Draper

## **DATES AND EVENTS**

16/11/2019 [Kong Winter Series - 2 Riggs](#)

23/11/2019 [Sale Fell](#)

07/12/2019 [Crag Fell](#)

14/12/2019 [Kong Winter Series - S.O.B.](#)

22/12/2019 [Christmas Pudding Race](#)

05/01/2020 [YHA King of the Castle](#)

23/11/2019 - [1 x Whinlatter Park Run](#)  
08/02/2020 Email best time to  
[janemottram@outlook.com](mailto:janemottram@outlook.com)

## The Winter League

### 2 Riggs –Kong Series Saturday 16<sup>th</sup>

**Nov 11am**

**Sale Fell – Saturday  
Presentation Day**



**23<sup>rd</sup> Nov 11 am –**

**WANTED !**

**New Club Secretary !**



An essential job carried out expertly by Jennie Chatterley for the last few years who is standing down at the next AGM ( Dec 7<sup>th</sup> )

Get involved with your club and offer your services to the sport of fell running.

This role involves taking minutes at meetings and publishing them, organising venues for club events , sharing information and communication between committee members .Dealing with other correspondence and general club secretary jobs

**New Newsletter Editor !**

This is a relatively easy job which involves collecting articles written by members and putting them into some form to share electronically (e mail at the moment). This can continue but the committee are also open to suggestions and would consider alternative ideas such as turning it more into a Website blog.

Generally instant news is shared via the website, facebook (members and open pages) and instagram so the Newsletter has taken on a magazine type role which members seem to enjoy and there is still a need to share and store members reports in some way for posterity.



Any thoughts? Please let a committee member know. The job is now open!

**Cumberland Fell Runners AGM**

**The Annual General Meeting of our club is to be held on December 7<sup>th</sup> at The Shepherds Arms at 1pm after the Crag Hill Fell race.**

**With a free lunch!**

**Please attend if you can to support your club and offer your services for the above roles if possible.**

**Important issues are discussed and the race committee to choose next year's championship races chosen.**

**'You need to be in it to win it!' So if you want a voice go and put your hand up!**



## Message from Chairperson Paul Jennings – London Marathon 2020

I have just applied for our 2020 London Marathon place, which we should be eligible for. Assuming we get the place it will be offered to any member who meets the following three criteria, if more than one member wishes to apply & they meet all three criteria there will be a ballot at the AGM (note I have already had one interested party who does meet all three criteria)

1. Has a rejection letter from applying to next year's London Marathon.
2. Has been a member of CFR for at least six months.
3. Has run or marshalled at one of the CFR races this year.

If you are interested please email or message Paul Jennings

[jennings.carrhouse@gmail.com](mailto:jennings.carrhouse@gmail.com)



## The New Story Run: Climate activism – on foot! Started 17th August 2019. Rosie's Run

Don't you just love a challenge? Your fastest, best placed Coledale, first time trying the Ennerdale, Abraham Tea Round, Bob Graham, or just knocking seconds off your Park Run PB. Daunting maybe, but hey, let's give it a go!

Ah, but what about those other challenges, like our climate crisis? What will happen to the places, and people, we love? Daunting! And what if you were brought up in the beautiful Ennerdale valley and have a deep love for our natural world. And if you've trained in sustainability and worked with people trying to implement this, in a system that has brought this crisis about. Well, as many of you will know, Rosie Watson's response was to set out to find people who are campaigning for and actively making changes, writing new stories if you like, of how we can live in a sustainable way. And you're a runner, so why wouldn't you do that on foot, and heading for the mountains to get a good dose of adventure along the way? And why not make Mongolia your destination?

Well, probably best to visit <https://newstoryrun.wordpress.com/> to answer some of those questions. Rosie has had amazing support from all quarters. She set off reliant on her own savings from the last year and only set up her Go Fund Me page when people started offering to help her. She's had introductions to the very active Mayor of Newcastle, the campaign leader in Nijmegen, Netherlands Green City of Europe 2018, and to the Senior Director for Policy and Programme Coordination at the United Nations in Bonn. She's been welcomed in and looked after by Extinction Rebellion activists in Newcastle, a student community in the Netherlands, activists living in tree houses in Hambacher Forest in Germany, and by many people who have heard about her journey.

As I write this Rosie has reached Freiburg at the south end of the Black Forest, staying with some friends of friends. Rest and recover, followed by interviewing (a big centre for solar apparently), writing and then setting off for Zurich, then East into the mountains along the Maximiliansweg towards Salzburg. We had a video call with her and she was full of joy, from the adventure and from the people both at home and along the way supporting her, which I think you can pick up on in her last blog post - ['8 weeks, 1200km - 5 things I've learnt'](#).







Route planning is an ongoing task to take in suggested projects to visit and to consider the weather and the seasons. At the moment she thinks she'll be heading down towards the Croatia coast by February or March, but who knows?

Apart from the blog on her website which is occasional depending on opportunity to interview, write, charge batteries, etc you can follow Rosie on instagram, twitter and facebook using @rosiewats or #newstoryrun

There's also a great interview on Adventure Uncovered which gives more insight on how the New Story Run came about.

<https://adventureuncovered.com/2019/08/17/climate-activism-on-foot/>

Google tells me Ulaanbaatar, the capital of Mongolia is 7,923 miles via the Black and Caspian Seas, and takes 2371 hours walking, but I don't think Ms Google sleeps or likes to go over mountains if she can so I suspect it will take longer. Of course Rosie might not get there at all, just as we all might not adequately tackle the climate crisis - "But what if it's too late? What if it's too hard to change, or we don't adapt quick enough? Is it even possible? As with tackling the climate crisis, I don't know for sure how far I'll get, or if I'll make it all the way to Mongolia – but I am prepared to try. Where there is determination, there is hope! This is the message I will try to hold onto, both in my

own adventure, and the climate crisis!"

**Go Rosie!**

By Graham Watson

## 19th WORLD MASTERS MOUNTAIN RUNNING CHAMPIONSHIPS



*27th-28th-29th September - At Gagliano Del Capo,  
Puglia, ITALY*

### *Celebrating Jane's Birthday*

Four CFR Ladies travelled to Puglia to run for Great Britain and Northern Ireland in the world mountain masters championships. They thought they would enjoy a sunny relaxing holiday with a gentle run thrown in but actually faced a tough steep technical course in extremely hot conditions- 30 degrees plus!

Jennie, Lindsay, Jane and Dot wore their GB vests with pride and certainly tried their best to represent their country and club with amazing results! 3 GB team medals were awarded !

Jennie- Bronze V45 Team GB, Lindsay- V55 Silver Team GB and Jane –V65 Silver Team BG. Of course the Italians did run away with most of the medals being very well represented



The venue was amazing, unusual for a mountain event as it consisted of laps of a steep rugged cliff side. The views were stunning, blue sea, white cliffs and tropical vegetation. However the rough terrain meant sightseeing was impossible, ( except on the recce and for spectators of course.) The intense heat and running laps made it quite a mental challenge too. Organisation was brilliant as always at these Masters events, plenty of water, (including hose pipes on route) and refreshments including 2 pasta meals, goody bag, T shirt and a lovely local apple pie!



Actually we did have a wonderful holiday too. Flights meant we had to go for a week and Jim Fairey found us an amazing hotel with swimming pool within walking distance of the harbour and beach of Santa Maria di Leuca . When not training around the harbour boardwalk , promenade and steep monastery steps we enjoyed exploring the area, sea swimming, tasting the local wines and food. The company was great, so nice to be with other club members and their partners(Jim, Jim, Tom and Mike) and chat and laugh by the pool at G&T time.

Next year the course is a traditional alpine uphill only one in Austria –on September 5th and 6<sup>th</sup> . Put it in your diary if you fancy a different running experience (and are over 35 of course!)

## **Frog Graham Round Report – Chris Draper**

**Just over 40 Lakeland miles and around 3.5km of swimming across four lakes, which I completed on the 6<sup>th</sup> July 2019 in 17 hours 38 mins.**

I'd been preparing for this all year, and the 6<sup>th</sup> July was the day I had pencilled in to do it. So at the beginning of the week I was psyched, but then after 3 months of behaving itself, the plantar fasciitis in my foot started flaring up..... bugger. The next opportunity I would have in our busy calendar might not be until we get back off holiday in August, and a week of eating Cornish pasties and drinking cider would not be the best preparation. So, I began a week long campaign against the PF of sitting at work without my shoe and sock on, rolling my foot on a frozen bottle under my desk, and lathering it in Ibuprofen gel. By Thursday night it was still painful and felt worse after a gentle jog round the block, but I made the decision to start anyway and see how it went.



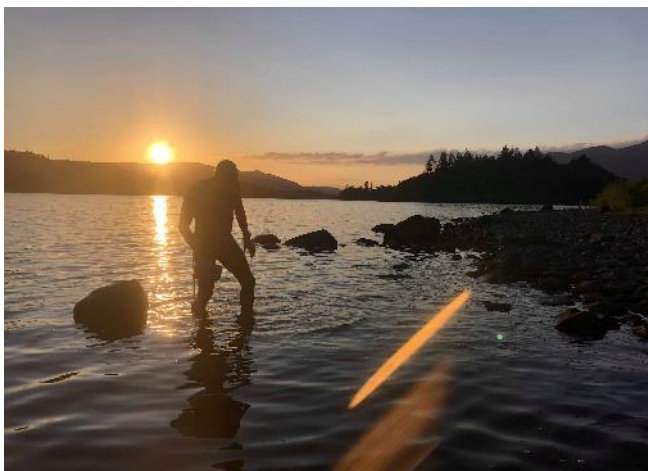
My intention was to do what I called a 'technically unsupported' round with my wife observing my swims to ensure I was in and out the lakes safely, and maybe a couple of mates running along on the odd leg for company. In the end however a couple bits of help I had were vital, which I'll go on to highlight later. I'm happy though that I completed the round in the spirit of the challenge.

So, I set off for Keswick at around 3:30am in the morning with my wife Becca and father-in-law, and on route we stashed my 2<sup>nd</sup> wetsuit at Beck Wythop that I was switching to after the Bassenthwaite swim to avoid the cross contamination of invasive algae species into the pristine lakes of Crummock and Buttermere.



I set off from Moot Hall at 4am and having had ½ can of Deep Freeze deployed, once I got going my foot amazingly felt fine. Becca kept it that way for the rest of day with more Deep Freeze, Ibuprofen gel and paracetamol at various transitions (vital help #1).

I'd set myself an aspirational schedule of 16 hrs. I took leg 1 steady. The cloud base was low and there was some wind (as always) over Skiddaw, which made it a bit cold and wet, but I was at Church Bay, Bassenthwaite with 5 or 10 mins to spare.



Becca was waiting to maintain my foot and squeeze me into my full length wetsuit, along with Paul Arts, who'd showed up to accompany me on his paddle board. The swim went well but there was still a stiff wind and my GPS trace shows an inadvertent arc rather than the straight line I was trying to swim in. Before I knew it though we were at Beck Wythop. So far so good, but as I sat on the beach and tried to pull my wetsuit off, both my calves instantly cramped, really severely. Paul initially looked shocked as I lay on my back writhing in agony asking him to push my feet back, but he jumped into action and helped sort me out (vital help #2). Now, I had only asked Paul to accompany me on the Derwent swim, because there is no line of site across the whole swim from either side due to the length and islands in the middle, but during the week he had said he would meet me for the other swims too. Had he not been there I might possibly still be lying on that beach with my wetsuit round my ankles unable to move with my blood curdling screams drowned out by the cars on the A66 above. I've suffered from bad cramps in the past and wouldn't have been surprised if it had happened later in the day, but why it occurred so early on fresh legs after an easy start, is a mystery to me.



It took a good 10 mins or more to even get stood up, during which I thought it was game over before I'd even started leg 2. However, Paul convinced me I had plenty of time and told me to crack on and take it steady and it'd all be OK. I was far from convinced, and I set off with my 10 minute lead turned into 10 minutes behind, big knots in my calves and moving slowly, with the thought of cramping up in the middle of a lake worrying me. I decided from there on in I would use a pull buoy (one of the bits of kit I had in the support bag that I wasn't intending to use), not kick on the swims and rest my

legs. I accepted my 16 hour schedule was out the window and doubted I'd even get round.

As I settled into leg 2 which has great long runnable sections, my calves eased up, the cloud parted, the sun came out and my spirits lifted. As I descended Whiteless Pike, Mark Hopkins appeared to join me and we dropped down over Rannerdale Knots to meet Becca and Paul at a lovely sunny Crummock. Mark continued with me on the swim as Paul paddled beside us taking some great photos.

My spirits were soon again to be subdued however, as leg 3 starts with a brutal and relentlessly steep ascent from the lake to the summit of Melbreak, made harder by waist high bracken that wasn't an issue on my previous recce's weeks earlier. Leg 3 is certainly the psychological crux – the shortest, but with steep, rough and little runnable ground. But, when you finally get down to Buttermere you are blessed with a short swim across the pristine beautiful lake. The sun was still shining and I knew that I only had one major climb left.

As I climbed out of Buttermere, Becca was sat in the sunshine waiting with my friend Richard, who as promised had driven all the way from Ashbourne in Derbyshire to have a run with me. Shooting the breeze made the steep ascent up Robinson seem easier than I thought it would be, and from there on in it's a long way but really runnable and all downhill (almost).



I arrived at Hawes End with Becca and Paul waiting again. I was really tired by now but set off with Paul for a glorious sunny evening swim across Derwent to be greeted at Calfclose Bay by my soon to be 10 year old daughter Louisa (delivered by my in-laws), who couldn't wait to run back into Keswick with me in her Cumberland Fell Runners vest.

We arrived back at Moot Hall to cheers from my small crowd of helpers, and also by pure coincidence Martyn Price, the secretary of the Frog Graham Club who was out supporting a BG attempt.

I set off at 4am and got back at 9:38pm -17 hours and 38 mins. What a fantastic day.

#### Other Support Details -

My hydration strategy was to simply refill my bladder at natural water sources. I was however advised to drink ½ a bottle of flat Coke after each swim to kill any bugs I might swallow in the lake water, as apparently numerous people had been sick during the Lakesman event a few weeks earlier. I didn't want to add another kilo of weight to my pack at the start of the day, but as I only considered this necessary for health reasons, I believed it to be within the spirit to leave the Coke in my support bag. I also have to admit to taking a drink of water from a bottle Paul was carrying when I stopped at Rampsholme Island during the long Derwent swim as my water was in packed up in my sack that I was towing.

I carried all my food from the start but left the rubbish and whatever I hadn't got through on each leg with my support.





# The Frog by Hannah Bradley

## A silly, silly idea

It's early March and my bank account is lighter to the tune of 1 wetsuit. I am now committed to the niggling idea in the back of my mind to attempt the frog graham round. I have swam in the lakes my whole life but over the next few months I discover that the never ending blue, or worse, murk is mildly frightening. Provoking thoughts such as "I wonder if pike attack from below like sharks" and "I wonder if the lakes suddenly have pods of Orca in them".

It was because of this I decided that I should probably have people on the swim legs, even though the ethos of the frog is to do as much as you can unsupported whilst remaining safe.



## Today's the day

Because I work shifts I had to pick a Saturday and stick to it, and so began a lot of nervous weather watching. The drive over to the lakes on the Friday was nerve inducing, torrential rain and wind. Luckily the forecast was set to be okay for the most part so I found myself stood at that famous green door at 4 am with my loyal support crew (Nic Barber) and I was off! I ran the first leg solo heading up Skiddaw, all was going well until I was running round the back of Little Man. Here I found

the worst weather I have ever known! Sideways rain, blowing a hooley and dark. Reasoned with myself that down to Mirehouse was just as far as Keswick and Nic and the car would be there, not

to  
just

By

Kellet,

Dad

The



Keswick, so I had to continue. Was very pleased have been caught up by another fellow frogger after the summit which made me feel a lot safer.

some minor miracle Bassenthwaite was flat as a pancake and myself and childhood friend, Michela

set off on the first swim of the day.

and daughter

first lake went swimmingly (pun very much

intended) and I found I felt very comfortable in the water. For the second leg I ran with my Dad, good chat (mainly verbal incontinence for myself) to distract myself from the heavy weight of a sodden wetsuit in my pack. I definitely found the carrying of the pack and the slow change overs the hardest bits of the route. The wind picked up as we went up Grisedale Pike making the next bit of running a bit tougher. However, it was absolutely fantastic to be supported by my Dad on such a challenge on my favourite hills.



## Beautiful Buttermere

We descended the slippery steps of Rannerdale to Crummock where I was pleasantly surprised to see Rosie, detouring her run to Mongolia to spur me on. Into a very choppy Crummock where another pal Max Wainwright was a godsend in spotting for me over the waves. I found the swims were almost a break and completely refreshed me for the dreaded climb up Melbreak! For the 3<sup>rd</sup> leg I was joined by Miriam Leonard and Paul Jennings, the climb up Melbreak was a breeze, I felt great! The same could not be said for Red Pike, I was getting bored of battling the wind now.

### A sketchy swim

After hauling myself out of my wetsuit after the Buttermere swim I was joined for the slog up Robinson by Keswick's Tom Partington and Rachel Findlay-Robinson who plied me with coke as I was no longer feeling like the avocado wraps I'd been munching on the rest of the way. By this point my



toes and knees were feeling it and coming down off Dale Head was not very fun, and Cat Bells even worse, but was cheered on by surprise visits from Nic, Les and Vic Haworth. One last swim to go! I got down to Derwent for my last swim and suddenly gained some perspective on what I thought had already been rough swims. Derwent looked like the sea! Huge waves! If it wasn't so close to the finish I would never have swam in conditions like that. Felt very glad to be joined by Alice Fellbaum and Jennie Chatterly who guided me safely through the 3

islands and out the other side. Where I found Nic had lost my dry sports bra, resulting in tears (Nic says: it was in the bag but well hidden. It's the thought that counts right?...) Luckily Alice kindly lent me hers for the last few kms back to the Old Moot Hall in 15 hours and 30 minutes.



I am very proud of my body for carrying myself and all my kit over mountains and lakes. It was such a heart-warming experience spent with all the support I received.

On to the next adventure!

## 2019 Long Runs and Fun –By Ryan Crellin

I was planning on doing reports after each of these selected runs, firstly as general run reports but secondly as a way of highlighting the range of Fell Running activities outside of the racing and club champs scene. Despite not completing the required 6 races this year for the club champs, I've been very busy running this year (I'm sure Rebecca will agree). This was a deliberate choice as I've done the club champs for the last 3 years, and I just fancied concentrating on a few other things.

These are my 4 favourite things I did this year:



## Old County Tops (OCT)

Not sure who's idea this was originally (I think the seed had been sown during Leg 4 of Bill's Winter BG last December), but Jim messaged me when entries opened asking if I'd pair up with him. I was a bit worried as Jim is a significantly better Fell Runner than I am, but he seemed cool with just getting round. For me getting round was the aim which roughly means a 12hr time limit to beat the cut-offs. For those that don't know OCT covers 37 miles and involves around 10,000 feet of ascent. The exact distance and amount of ascent are dependent on the route you choose! The Race starts in Great Langdale and takes in the tops of Helvellyn, Scafell Pike and Conistone Old Man before returning to Great Langdale.

The race set off at a fast pace, both myself and Jim wondered what the hell was going on, not a chance I could run that pace for 37 miles!!! We understood once we hit a bottle neck traversing round Silver How above Chapel Stile, I took this chance to have a breather, Jim took the opportunity to talk about trees. I started to feel more comfortable with the pace as we were running through Grasmere. Another team overheard Jim talking about trees being conscious, so that set off another conversation about trees until we got to bottom of the climb up to Grizedale Tarn. Tree talk was banned after this point.....

Big climb up to Helvellyn, where we employed the "if in doubt, straight line it" technique which worked great. We gained some places over people who choose to traverse to save some climbing. The straight line technique was employed again on the descent down to Wythburn, which is the first of 2 feed stations. The feed stations are great at this race, you get really well fed. We didn't waste time by stopping so we picked up a couple of sandwiches, a cup of tea and carried on moving. I forced myself to eat whereas Jim can eat double stacked egg sandwiches in 2 mouthfuls. It really is an amazing sight!!!

Then the climb to Angle Tarn through "The Bog", I had my lowest moment. Not sure why as we were only 4-5 hrs in, which is comparatively early. Anyway I just kept going and started to feel better on the climb up to Scafell Pike. After dodging the tourists on the top we took the very non-tourist descent down the Pens. We had reced this unsuccessfully earlier in the year, we knew we hadn't taken the best line down, as the best route still had a good covering of snow in April so we had missed it completely. However on race day we took the right line all the way down, crossed Great Moss and Mosedale with no great problems. Gaining a few more places.

We then stopped for the first time and had a good feed, bottle fill and multiple cups of tea at Cockley Beck. After this I can't remember too much except that the climb up to the col between Grey Friar and Swirl How took ages (although a very kind lady was giving out Cola and Ice Lolly's here), Conistone Old Man is further away than you expect and knowing the Three Shires descent to Three Shires Stone is useful. All that was then required was a floppy run down the road to Blea Tarn, and then Jim disconcertingly muttering to me about not letting any of the bastards behind catch-up. I've never finished a race so quickly!!!! I was fairly happy with our time of 10hrs18mins, but of course I now want to go back and finish under 10hrs!!!

The great bonus of finishing the race is the t-shirt which you can wear with pride, and getting knowing nods at races and pubs. Those that know, know.

Genuinely one of the best races I have done, I would suggest that with a bit of longer distance training this is in the capability of most club members.



### Paul Tierney's 214 Wainwrights Run - Legs 4 and 22

Many of our members have been involved in various supporting duties on runners challenges (including this one and the previous 214 Wainwrights records by Steve Birkinshaw ), Bob Graham Rounds, Joss Naylor Challenge supporting amongst many other things. Supporting other Fell Runners personal challenges (record breaking or not) is one of the great joys of fell running and the part of the culture that makes our sport/hobby pretty special.

I won't go into details on this one one as I don't want to spoil the film.....

<http://dmtwo.media/paul-tierney-running-the-wainwrights>

When you see members doing challenges asking for support, get involved. There's no etiquette, don't be shy and usually all help is appreciated. Whether that's running sections with them, going on recces in preparation, doing road support or just being out cheering them on and offering some jelly babies. It's great fun and a great way to get to know other members better, in a way you don't get through racing.



### Lake District Mountain Trial (LDMT)

The Lake District Mountain Trial is described on the website as "a severe test of fellrunners' mountaineering ability and stamina in the safe and fast traverse of difficult and often dangerous terrain where navigational skills and route



choice are as important as speed.” It is also one of the oldest events of this type with the first one being held in 1952. I chose to do the Classic distance (middle and short are available) which is advertised as 29km/2300m as the crow flies, distances can be up to 50% longer.

This year's event started at Stool End Farm at Langdale, and the checkpoints took me over Crinkle Crag, round Esk Pike, Allen Crag, round Scafell Pike, down to Upper Eskdale, up to Cold Pike and finally round Pike O'Blisco. A long day out which I really enjoyed. I was particularly slow on the first 1/3 of the course which was very rough underfoot, as my ankle was still dodgy after going over on it a few months earlier. The second 2/3 was easier and Andy Bradley had caught me up at the bottom of Scafell, so we ran round together which helps pass the time.

It took me 8hrs26 and I ended up running 36km with 2400m of climb.

This is a very simple and pure fell running event, steeped in history. Definitely one for people to complete at least once.

### **Abraham's Tea Round (ATR)**

Another run with Jim, we'd talked about it a few times but once we found a free weekend and the incentive of free socks we went for it. The round is currently sponsored by smartwool.

The 30-mile route with 12,000+ feet of ascent that starts and finishes at the doors of George Fisher in Keswick. The tops you need to 'touch' are Catbells, Robinson, High Stile, Grisedale Pike, Hopegill Head (AKA Hobcarton), Eel Crag, Sail, Causey Pike, Rowling End and Barrow.



Nice steady day out, completed it in around 10.5hrs in a clockwise direction. Planning on doing it again but anti-clockwise, which I think is the better way around. As it avoids descending down the Red Pike path to Buttermere, and means you get to descend Whiteless to Buttermere instead.

## **Memorable Races –2019 (so far) by Lindsay Buck**

Some of the most memorable events are those that challenge or don't go as carefully planned...

### **C.F.R. Series**

The Trio of Carrock, Blencathera and Crab Fair were runnable so harder for me than Sailbeck and (If I'd been around!) Scafell Pike. It's good to be taken out of our comfort zones, well done to everyone who competed in the series however it turned out.

### **BOFRA Championship. (British Open Fellrunning Association –the ex professionals)**

BOFRA has short sharp races which include Alva, Coniston Gullies and Kirkfell which suit me but also Farleton Knott and Kirby Gala both in Cumbria and runnable (and therefore less so) .Do try them sometime. These race always include junior races. CFR youngsters run with inspirational enthusiasm and talent, they also support us seniors out on the fell to a degree which is amazing. Brian Thompson after years of coaching is 3<sup>rd</sup> V 50 in the BOFRA Champs 2019- sometime after being FRA 1992 English Champion. Well deserved for a talented man.

### **Uphill events**

My favourite discipline by far. Snowdon Twilight-the easier evening event with the same climb as the classic event but with no descending at speed.

Snowdon VKM an interesting trip up the Watkin path/south ridge. 6km.---1.08hr to top(quiet until the summit)

Glen Coe SkylineVKM, time trial up a Monroe and the easiest option this weekend –Sublime views, sunshine, only 5km.

### **Wet Days**

So many to choose from!

Muker in the Yorkshire Dales saw the crossing of the River Swale avoided (Mountain Rescue advice) . Jim Cheerfully soggily marshalled all day, the band played 'Mr Blue Sky', the produce tent (dry) was never so popular, the prize giving took place in a tent so full nobody walked to collect their prize just squeezed a hand across the overcrowded space!

### **Three days of consecutive races**

Nothing to do with the epic long distance efforts of many of CFR (Darren, Dot & Jane and anyone running the longs) . Short efforts can be surprisingly hard !

August bank holiday

Saturday - Park Run, Arnison Horseshoe from Patterdale dog day.

Sunday –Grassmere sports, great fun, steep climb (enjoyable) horrible plummet down .

Monday – Keswick sho, a CFR show series good day out (quads disagreed)



### **Misty**

Short Duddon, after many years of longand easy versions still unable to findthe best way to Caw summit, at least it amuses the Black Combe contingent!

### **Quirky**



Muncaster, starts outside and finishes inside castle walls after an interesting after an interesting adventure in Eskdale , last check point is a Folly, Elenar Davis won the impressive Ladies Trophy (heron feeding too).

### Foreign

Puglia, Italy and a coastal World Masters (old runners) , rocky, rough circuits with more ascent than descent. Dot, Jane and Jennie. Jane GB team silver ladies O65 , Dot had a great race. Celebrating with Prosecco (fizzy H2O for my boring self) as Jennie and I ran the following day . Jennie had a cracking race to win a GB team bronze and I enjoyed the amazing atmosphere, scenery and support-a terrific trip away with CFR and the chance to meet so many new friends.



### On returning home

The pleasures of The Screes, Kirkfell, Park runs, The Kong Series etc awaits.

Well done CFR members for some amazing efforts this year (Darren's solitary book runs high on the list)

Time to plan for next year's adventures...

## RELAYS



### The British FRA relay venue Derwent Dam

'Hip hip hooray to Andy Bradley CFR logistics manager for organising 3 finishing teams today.'

Master mind in organisation Andy did it again in getting CFR teams to both the Ian Hodgson and BFRA relays this year. All seem to have had fantastic days out running.

CFR sent 3 teams to the FRA relays all seem to have great runs and enjoyed their day –results to be seen on FRA website <https://britishfellrelays2019.org.uk/2019/02/04/hello-world/>





## IAN HODGSON RELAYS

More information and results can be found on their website . - <http://hbm.org.uk/>



Again a great day for CFR in Patterdale  
Some last minute call ups to complete the teams but it happened thanks to Andy Bradley.



## **Wedding Congratulations !**

**To Rachael and  
Jerome**



**And**

**Sophie and Mark**



Wonderful photographs by  
Stephen Wilson  
(of Grand Day Out Photography)

## A Wainwright Book in a Day --- By Darren Parker

### Central Fells (2 Jan 2019)

I was inspired at the Club's annual get together last year by those members who'd completed all the Wainwrights in a book in a single outing and spent several of the following days planning routes for all seven books, greatly helped by Steve Birkenshaw's 'continuous' route. At the turn of the year I decided to make a start with the easiest – the Central Fells. I parked in Dale Bottom just outside Keswick along the A591 and caught the bus down to White Moss car park. Sixteen and a half hours later I arrived back at my car. I'd predicted twelve hours so that was way off the mark! This was partly due to spending nearly eight hours in the dark rather than the three and a half I'd anticipated. The weather was perfect with occasional sunshine, cold, no wind, bogs often frozen and I wore only a thermal top for much of the day. The ground north of Ullscarf was particularly heavy going, more so in the dark. Whilst ascending High Rigg I petered out of energy completely forcing me to stop and make up an energy drink arriving at the summit eventually; then it was a mile back to my car, arriving at 12:30am. At the end I could still walk quite briskly but running had become a shuffle that was no quicker. The car showed the temperature was 1 °C. Interestingly, whenever I ran, the slight increase in wind chill was enough to make my ears cold – good job it hadn't been a windy day! I was pleased I managed to keep going for so long with no major body part failure, especially as I hadn't done anything longer than three hours since the OMM two months before. I found running in the dark much trickier than I remembered – the pool of light burning out any chance of seeing the shape of the land and judging distance and scale was almost impossible.

(70km, 3343m of ascent. Time taken – 16:33; stationary 0:29; 7:49 in the dark.)





# Northern Fells – First Attempt (1 Feb 2019)

After the Central Fells the next easiest book is the Northern Fells and on the 1<sup>st</sup> February I made an attempt. The hills were covered in snow and the temperature low. Difficulties began as my wife drove us up to Latrigg car park. Fortunately for us a sunrise photographer was first up the road and unfortunately for him his car had slid backwards, turned 180 degrees and slid into the fence. His car blocked the road and prevented us from suffering the same fate.



Skiddaw summit

After I'd gingerly reversed the car back down to bare tarmac, I said goodbye to my wife and set off. The snow covering the ground was in the form of calf-deep soft powder, some grippier patches and some of the dreaded soft snow topped with a weak crust. The writing was on the wall on the ascent of Lonscale Fell – it was simply too exhausting, not helped by a 5.5kg rucksack containing spare clothes, lots of food, ice axe and spikes. Ten metres from the cairn on Jenkin Hill, I hit knee-deep snow and it took me two minutes to travel what should have taken ten seconds; what should have been an easy 8 minute jog down to Bakestall was a 16 minute struggle through deep snow – not a good ratio. I decided to call it a day while ascending the flank of Little Calva – I was never going to complete the round and if I'd continued I would have moved further away from my car and required rescuing later on. The 5 miles back to my car were not without incident – at one point my foot broke through a crust of snow spanning a small gill and my whole leg disappeared – I thought I was falling into a crevasse!



The beautiful Skiddaw range

## Northern Fells – Second Attempt (14 Feb 2019)

I decided to have another attempt at the Northern Fells two weeks later, circumventing the problems of doing the route in winter by waiting for spring to arrive. This time I would follow my circular route – an extra 9km of distance and 400m of ascent. I got up at 3:45am – I hate mornings, even 9 o'clock ones, so this was purgatory, but at least my wife wouldn't have to suffer. I parked below Binsey and set off into the darkness at 5:05am, only 5 minutes later than my target. It was windier than I'd expected but I was warm enough in my usual base layer top and thinleggings with shorts over. I made fast progress although my trainers felt rather loose. Strava told me I'd run more than 500km in them and recently I'd worn them with waterproof socks. When new they were too tight, they'd stretched enough to become comfortable, now they'd gone too far and were becoming loose. The path was boggy and although the temperature of the air had risen the temperature of the water in the bogs had not. My big toe immediately went numb, sensation never having completely returned after doing the Central Fells. I purposefully stepped in a foot-sized patch of snow – although it was my nemesis two weeks previously, I was sad to see it go. Snow adds an elegant form to the mountains and adds interest to features where in summer there's none.

Out the gloom appeared Lingy Hut, a small bothy which I had no recollection of seeing before. I've been on these hills many times but often use them for navigation practice picking off sheepfolds, stream junctions, and so on, along their flanks. I peeped inside the bothy – it looked cosy and a shovel had thoughtfully been provided for number twos. Could I make use of it? Not yet. I was pleased to be able to turn my torch off, but in the dim light the hills looked a long way off. This seemed to be the case all day, whether it was quality of the air or my brain, I don't know. The path firmed up and I was covering ground quickly. On the downside my usual niggles had started, my right Achilles tendon and knee were hurting, and a new one had started – the inner thigh muscle of my left leg. The former hurt going downhill and the latter uphill so I was rarely pain free.

My first stop was at the River Caldew in Mosedale. The river was quite high and fast flowing and there was no easy way across. I pulled my leggings up as high as they would go and stepped in. As the cold hit, every ounce of my being wanted to sprint across, but the slippery rocks could've resulted in total immersion or worse a twisted ankle. The slope up Bowscale was good and I took the opportunity to eat. Going uphill seems the right time but I always struggle to eat and breathe at the same time. It was fast to Bannerdale Crag and along Souther Fell. My plan was working – I wanted to get to the other side of the range as fast as possible to limit my ability to bail out! From Souther Fell I retraced my steps (it is the scourge of the Wainwright books, but there's not too much retracing of steps on this route) and passed the first person I'd seen since starting four and a half hours previously. Ascending Scales Fell the wind increased substantially and I entered cloud. I stubbornly refused to put my windproof on. "I'll be descending soon," is my usual refrain. I get obsessed with not stopping, not to take my rucksack off; I have everything to hand in the side pockets. I don't know why, I'm not trying to break any records. At Mungrisdale Common it was the last obvious place to bail and head for the car. I quickly turned left – the Rubicon was crossed, the die cast, I'm not stopping this time. On the valley track I attempted to eat a chocolate bar – my forearms were so cold I hardly had enough grip strength to open the wrapper – I really should've put that windproof on.

It was a very pleasant, sunny, ascent of Latrigg. I passed a guy and said "Hello." Nothing. Don't you just hate that? I always mumble, "Miserable ba\*tard." I'm not after a big conversation, a single word would suffice. One big climb down, two to go – the downside of knowing the route so well is it's hard to stop my mind galloping ahead! I've now just got to do what I did two weeks before. The snowless ascent of Lonscale was much easier; another world. I passed a large group of elderly folk wrapped up as if in the Arctic. I descended to Dodd and parked myself on the bench overlooking Keswick and removed my trainers and socks. I felt sorry for the young couple already on the bench enjoying their Valentine's Day walk. I'd been pretending it wasn't happening but I had to face that fact that my trainers were rubbing and prospects weren't good if I continued. I was surprised to discover that I already had a blister on one of my heels. I carried a cut-down first aid kit and unfortunately had no pin with which to burst the blister. Fortunately,



Where's the snow gone?



the bench was surrounded by small flakes of slate, so I found one with a sharp corner and used that. I took the opportunity to ring my wife to update her on progress. I was ahead of schedule, despite being stationary for 20 minutes (agh!). I began the difficult pull up Long Side. I caught up and overtook some elderly folk out for a walk. The racer in me always makes me feel inappropriately smug. Running towards Ullock Pike I passed a man flying a drone to one side of the ridge, his partner having left him behind as he played with his new toy. I'm in two minds about these devices – their noise is deeply irritating and out of place but the geek and photographer in me would really like one! On reaching the windy summit of Skiddaw I knew I'd cracked it. Descending Bakestall I could wait no longer and had to have a chat with the bears in the wood. Now where's that shovel? I was annoyed with being stationary yet again. I tried to run along the track towards Skiddaw House but my leg muscle made it painful. I took the BG line up Great Calva which was much more distinct than the last time I ascended it ten years ago and has become a boggy mess for the bottom two-thirds. I forced myself to eat – Mini Cheddars (something savoury rather than chocolate) but they just sucked the water out of my mouth. The ascent is not steep but as a consequence goes on for a long time and I stubbornly looked down all the way, not wanting to see how far there was to go. Descending the path from Great Calva I started singing a song I often do near the end of a long day: "You Gave Me a Mountain" by Elvis Presley (yeah, I was really cool kid at school). Then something unusual happened – I started crying, well it was more like uncontrollable sobbing. Now it's a sad song (as many of Elvis' later songs are) but it doesn't usually have that effect on me. Obviously, as I was ascending Great Calva my mental state was descending. I continued sobbing through a few more songs including "Cool Water" by Marty Robbins a song about two cowboys crossing a parched desert – always good for when I'm dehydrated. Perhaps it was because I knew I was going to finish and it was an emotional release from the effort or maybe because I'd been running with painful legs for so long. Fortunately, it didn't seem to slow me down and the feelings passed. The torch had to come back out at Trusmadoor and then it was across the fields and roads to the foot of Binsey. I passed my car, studiously ignoring thoughts of the bottle of coke that was waiting inside. I thought I'd be on my own in the darkness on my ascent of Binsey and was surprised by three torches ahead of me. I caught up and passed the three elderly gentlemen attached to them – inappropriate smug face. A quick photo at the top, no time to dawdle, it's a circular route. As I ran past the elderly gentlemen on the way down, one asked what I'd been doing. "I've done forty five miles," I said, but by his reply I realised he'd misheard and thought I'd said, "Four to five miles." I didn't bother stopping to correct the forty mile discrepancy. I thought I wouldn't be back till midnight but I was home in time for a bath, a curry and Death in Paradise at 9pm.

The following day whilst shopping in Morrison's I was saddened to see an elderly lady obviously in pain while struggling to take a few steps with a walker. It will come to us all one day, so although it might hurt a little, let's get out there while we can.

(78km, 4125m of ascent. Time taken – 14:31; stationary 0:35; 3:19 in the dark.)

## North Western Fells (25 Feb 2019)

A short résumé of this one. The North Western fells are my local fells and there was only a small fraction of this route that I hadn't travelled before. Despite still being winter, the day was sunny and warm. I got badly dehydrated for 3 hours during the hottest part of the day and, by the end, I couldn't eat and felt sick ascending Castle Crag. (I didn't realise at the time that this was the harbinger of things to come.) I was in pain when descending which slowed me down. Despite these difficulties, I had an enjoyable day.

(71km, 4392m of ascent. Time taken – 14:19; stationary 0:21; 2:31 in the dark.)



Sunrise from Barf



Mist in the valleys from Grisedale Pike



## Western Fells (30 Apr 2019)

The Western Fells route has always appealed to me – circular, very little there and back, the longest mountain leg of any book (road to road) at 64km, and including many of my local hills. I'd love to be able to say I had a great time but I didn't. I'd pre-emptively put Compeed on my usual rubbing points on my feet and then taped over them, and I was also using new insoles. I was surprised that my toes starting to immediately feel sore and after three hours I stopped to put on more Compeed and tape. There was no improvement and it eventually dawned on me that it was pressure caused by having increased my foot volume, not rubbing. I removed my insoles and the pressure reduced but the damage was done and subsequent steep descents were agony. Despite this I made reasonable progress, a little longer than expected because I hadn't taken into account the rougher underfoot conditions. I had a break after Middle Fell (almost 10 hours in) but a new problem was rearing its head – feeling sick. Half a butty helped to settle my stomach a little but the problem became increasingly worse. Ascending Lank Rigg I managed about 4 pieces of popcorn (I was going for variety on this trip!) but that was it. I never ate or drank anything substantial for the final eleven hours – not great for energy or hydration. I couldn't even tolerate sips of water. Things came to a head on the flanks of Banna Fell when I lay down and retched – nothing emerged, no liquid, no carrots, my stomach was completely empty. If I could have gotten a phone signal I would have called my wife for rescue; if I walked back down to the road I'd probably still not get a signal. So I continued but a few minutes later I retched several times, but this fortunately made me feel a little better. Ascending Gavel Fell (now in the dark) I lay down and almost fell asleep, not good as light rain had started. I felt good ascending Blake Fell, my local fell, but the nausea and retching kept returning every 40 minutes or so. I'd texted my wife to say I was struggling and she offered to pick me up – it was so tempting, just a short hop from Loweswater to my car at the Kirkstile Inn, but I didn't want to be beaten by the nausea, especially as my legs felt good and I could keep up a brisk walking pace upwards and jog down shallower descents. The rain became heavier ascending Fellbarrow and I was forced to I put on my waterproof – I wasn't in a fit state to cope with getting wet and cold, although the prospect of getting hot and sweaty didn't appeal either. I finally allowed the thought that I was going to complete the round, and after an agonising descent of Low Fell I reached my car, 21 hours and 31 minutes after setting off. It's the longest single outing I've ever done and I stand in awe of those people who get up the next day and do it all over again.

(93km, 5685m of ascent. Time taken – 21:31; stationary 0:55; 4:09 in the dark.)



Sunrise from Great Borne



Ennerdale Water

# Eastern Fells (2Jul 2019)

Well that took a long time! I started off slowly and got slower. The beginning was exciting; I'd gone 200m along the road and was looking down, suddenly there was a whoosh that ruffled my hair accompanied by a screech – I quickly turned to see a buzzard rising into the air. I could hear chicks squawking in the nest nearby. The adult was now perched on a branch and as soon as I began running down it came again! I managed to get a few pictures and a little video of it swooping but it wasn't quite as brave if I was looking at it.

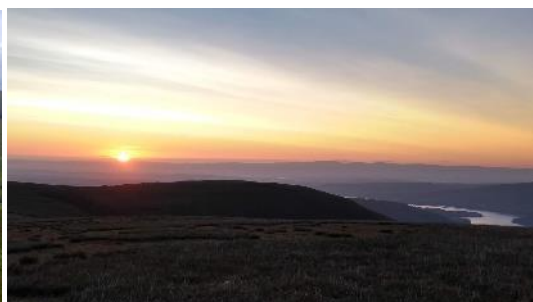
For this run, I decided that rather than setting off at ridiculous o'clock in the morning, I would have a normal night's sleep and set off at 9am. This meant I'd end up in the dark, but looked forward to the coolness, after suffering in the heat on my previous attempt of this book. I pondered the success of this plan as I sat shivering in the wind shelter on the summit of Helvellyn, wearing all the clothes I had. I couldn't rest any longer, I had to get going; I stepped out into the strong wind and it wasn't long before my chin became numb. I was colder than on my winter round, in freezing temperatures, of the Central Fells.

Helvellyn – so good I climbed it twice! There are a number of options for the route taking in Helvellyn, Catstye Cam and Birkhouse Moor. I looked forward to the prospect of ascending Striding Edge as a more interesting way to regain the high tops, even though on paper it's not the quickest route. So I passed over the summit of Helvellyn, descended Swirral Edge to Catstye Cam, down and out to Birkhouse Moor before ascending Striding Edge (all by head torch). I only followed the apex of Striding Edge a short distance, mostly taking the easy path. I was concerned that my balance was a little bit compromised after 17 hours out on the hill and it was a little harder judging stepping down onto small ledges by head torch. I wondered what the MRT report would say! I knew I'd cracked the route when I regained the high tops; the ascents along the Dodd's ridge are small and at a gentle angle, but it was still 13.5km to Clough Head and a further 6km to my car.

I took similar food to that of my round of the Western Fells and the result was the same – I couldn't eat or drink and eventually began retching. Why did I think the result would be any different? I started with 1.35kg of food and returned with 0.85kg of dead weight. For that I could take a stove and some freeze-dried food and eat a 'proper' meal and have a brew.

I'm not sure I'll be able to do the two remaining books (Far Eastern and Southern) in the same manner, i.e. solo and unsupported. I spent a lot of time on this trip considering where I might bail out. I tell myself to concentrate only on the next climb, but as a consequence of knowing the route so well, I was constantly thinking, "I've got this climb to do, followed by that climb, then that one; I'll never manage it." I could also train better for such events, but I'm more interested in doing the books than training for them!

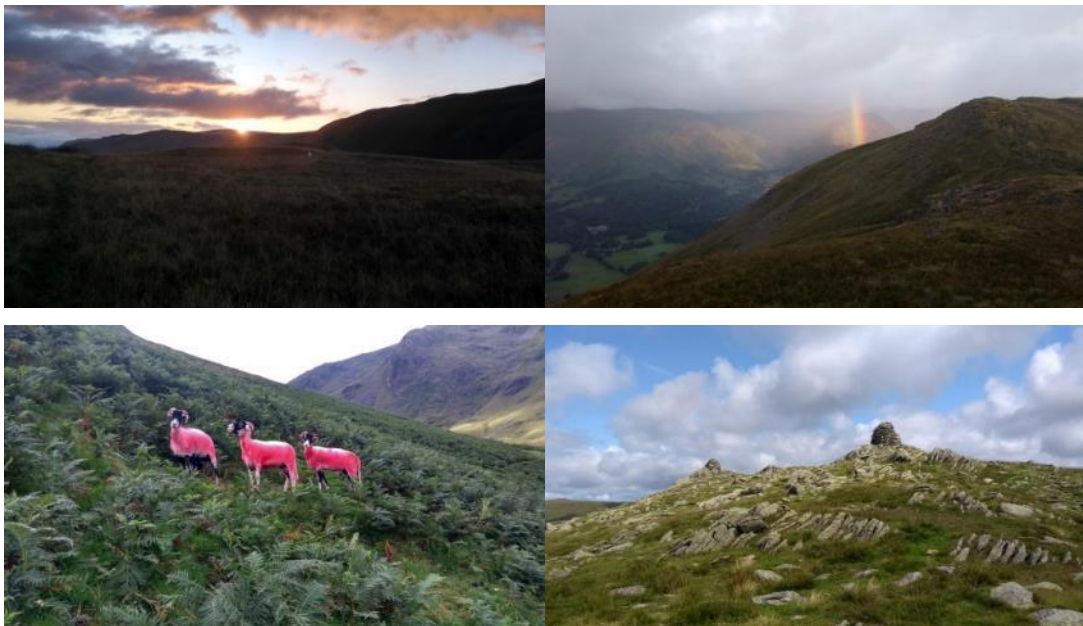
(95km, 5308m of ascent. Time taken – 22:26; stationary 1:17; 3:43 in the dark.)



## Far Eastern Fells – First Attempt (8 Aug 2019)

Failed! After a few hours I dropped my map. I navigate using maps on my phone and I carry a paper map as a backup. I considered retracing my steps, it may not have been far, but I didn't, I'd never needed a paper map during the previous 5 books. The day was rather sunnier than expected and I found running a struggle in the afternoon. I was glad when the weather turned and cloud rolled in down to around 700m. The wind increased and I was cold for the first time. I wanted it to be cooler but was worried it might go too far! Darkness came and the torchlight scattered rather than penetrated. I'd noticed earlier that my phone battery seemed to be behaving differently – it had drained a little quicker than expected and my power bank didn't get its charge as high as expected. I began to wonder if it was going to last, so began to switch the phone off when I could. After 17 hours, near the summit of High Street, disaster struck – I turned it off at 30% and when I turned it back on it was 3%! At such a low percentage it's not usually long before the phone dies completely. It was dark, the cloud was down, the wind speed increasing, and the forecast was for rain later. I did consider following the High Street ridge by compass alone but decided that it was too risky being up there in such conditions without a map. So before the phone died completely, I worked out a route to the car – northwards and I'd be funnelled into Ramps Gill and, after by 2km of boggy hell, I'd reach a track. The valley was a boggy morass, as I thought it would be, and it's interesting how aches and pains are worse when the reason for motion has been removed. During the descent I switched my phone off and on several times and it never did die completely, so perhaps I could have completed the route after all!

Of course, I now just wanted to get home as quickly as possible, but I was so tired it felt like my eyeballs were rolling in their sockets and I couldn't focus properly on the road ahead. So I pulled over and immediately fell asleep. I awoke after half an hour and set off again only to realise that I still couldn't drive properly. I pulled over again and slept for another 15 minutes before completing a rather frightening journey home.





## Far Eastern Fells– Second Attempt (15 Aug 2019)

Success and the usual refrain – “That took longer than expected!” The only way to stop me dwelling on my aborted attempt a week ago was to finish the job. Thursday’s forecast looked the best, although it had worsened during the week. There would now be rain for the first few hours but it would then brighten. Another set of fronts would bring rain starting at around 3am Friday morning. Hopefully, I would be finished by then. So as I pranced around the car park opposite the church above Howtown, ostensibly to warm up, I chuckled at the twists of fate that had led me to standing in the same spot I’d been in a week ago and succeeded for a minute or two in avoiding taking the first step, delaying the effort that would be required once I had. It was dry initially but soon a shower started. The wind was gusting strongly, maybe 20-30 mph; I hadn’t taken note of that in the forecast. I kept telling myself I just had to endure the rain a few hours then it would be it would be a pleasant day. The rain did stop and the weather brightened, but the wind remained making it chilly at times. With the amount of rain we had over the past month it was not surprising that the ground was sodden, with much standing water; my feet were wet all day.

I’d started a new food regime on my first attempt last week. I’d discovered that whilst after 7-8 hours I struggled to eat or drink on the move, if I stopped then I could do both. Hopefully, it would also reduce the sick feeling and retching that’s plagued the latter stages of my very long runs. So I’d bought a very light gas burner and experimented with freeze dried food. My first stop was after just over 7 hours and was very pleasant in the sunshine and out of the wind. My second was 6 hours later. I had to put on my warm clothes because, despite sheltering behind a wall, the wind was getting through and making me cold. When I set off uphill I overheated and began to feel sick. Oh no! On my previous attempt I had felt good after my second stop. Fortunately, the sick feeling was mild compared to what I suffered on previous runs and whether stopping to eat is a solution or not, having cooking equipment certainly gives me something to look forward to.

Around this time I charged my phone (which I use to navigate) using a power bank and everything worked as it should, returning the phone to full charge. It dawned on me that on my first attempt it may have been my power bank that was faulty in failing to get my phone back up to full charge. I could have finished the route last week if only I’d taken my larger power bank. For the sake of an additional 56g, it would have saved the time spent in preparation and the time and mental and physical effort of doing over three-quarters of the route again. I almost cried at the realisation.

I started using my head torch Branstree. The rain, which had been forecast to begin after 3am, began just after midnight and, together with low cloud at times, slowed me to a snail’s pace. I’d planned the route to finish along the route of High Street because, in my mind’s eye, the ridge would be a nice run – gently descending on easy paths. The reality was very different. Whilst the route does descend overall, it’s over such a long distance that most of the time it’s more like it’s level and the paths were waterlogged and rutted. In the darkness, it was difficult to distinguish between water and peat, hard ground and soft. At one point, I was almost pitched into a peat grough, just managing to stop myself. It was remarkably easy to lose the path in the dark, especially when avoiding boggy ground to the left or right. I doubt I could have navigated successfully using map and compass.

It was still dark when I began the ascent of Steel knots and I failed to locate the path through the bracken. Pushing through on sheep ‘paths’, I eventually popped out on the proper path. Surprisingly, the rain had stopped and shortly after leaving the summit it had brightened enough to stop using my head torch. Hallin Fell was a nice hill upon which to finish – not too much ascent, not too steep and slipper-friendly grass for an easy descent. I finished in twenty-four and a half – maybe I’ll have to change my title to ‘Wainwright Book in a Day (and a bit)’!

(96km, 5378m of ascent. Time taken – 24:31; stationary 1:39; 7:34 in the dark.)





## Southern Fells (7-8 September 2019)

The region covered by the Southern Fells contains many of the hills many people would consider to be in the heart of the Lake District and pushes a surprisingly long way north towards Derwent Water. The Scafells, the triplet of Esk Pike, Bowfell and Crinkle Crag and the Conistone fells are all included. Fortunately, Wainwright halted at Green Crag rather than continuing to Black Combe! Motivation for doing this book should be easy to muster for it was the final one. It was only a few kilometres longer than the route over the Far Eastern Fells, but with about a 1000m more ascent. I'd managed the Far Eastern Fells reasonably well so thought I'd complete the Southern Fells in the same manner, at least until nearing the end, but I found them much harder.

The rucksack had been packed and ready to go for a week whilst I waited for a 24 hour window without rain. It was indicative of the poor weather recently that one took so long to arrive. Since it was going to take me at least 24 hours I could start anytime of day, I didn't have to get up at some hideous time to maximise daylight hours. So I aimed to start at 9am but this slipped to 9:45am. I parked in the pleasantly situated Trough House Bridge car park in Eskdale – free, of course. After 300m I passed a war memorial and I paused for a moment to spare a thought for those poor chaps who didn't get the chance to spend all day doing daft things in the hills.



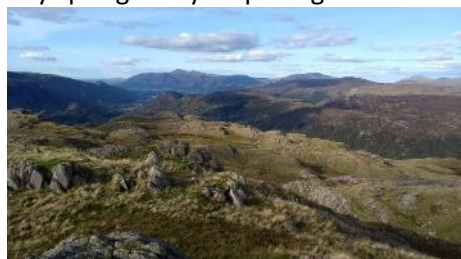
I got off to a stuttering start crossing boggy ground past the picturesque Blea Tarn, then up bracken and gorse on the lower slopes of Whin Rigg. By the time I reached its summit I was already a quarter of an hour down on my schedule. From the summit of Scafell I descended Deep Gill, for the third time in as many months. At the base of Lord's Rake the crowds began – this was something I hadn't experienced when doing the other books. As it was the first sunny



day for a while and a Saturday it wasn't surprising. After Lingmell, I girded my loins and braved the crowds, and the annoying clickety-clack of walking poles, on the ascent of Scafell Pike. On the one hand I like that people are enjoying the hills as I do but on the other it destroys the quiet solitude. The summit of Scafell Pike was overflowing with people. Atop the summit cairn, a family asked me to take their photograph, I pondered for a second, "Don't they know what I'm doing?" Of course they didn't and I decided it would be rather churlish to refuse. I met two friends I hadn't seen for a while on the

Great End plateau and for them I could spare the time. They too were enjoying doing the Wainwrights, in their own way. At the NW cairn two ladies, who were hesitating at the sight of The Band, asked about the route down and if there was another option when doing the Joss Naylor challenge. I might have seemed a little curt, but I didn't have the time or mental capacity to contemplate options for their route. After Great End the hills were much quieter.

After circling the head of Ruddy Gill it was 5km to Bessyboot – it's a long way round to avoid loss of height. I took the Borrowdale fell race trod but it was remarkable tricky to follow in reverse. I suspect when doing the race I'm far enough down the field that the trod has become more obvious! Along the way I disturbed a pair of dragonflies in a loving embrace. They are wonderful looking insects but not the easiest to photograph. That I could easily do so showed they are quite vulnerable to predators when mating. I'd intended to reach Eskdale Hause before stopping to eat, but since I'd gone slower than expected and it was such a glorious view towards Skiddaw from Bessyboot, I decided to stop there and get my stove out. There was only the slightest of breezes but it was enough to make me put on more clothes and a balaclava; eventually I had to move behind the cairn. Descending from Ore Gap to Rossett Pike I followed a route devised by what I call a "Google Earth recce". It was perfectly manageable, but I should have realised the rocks covering the ramp line would slow me down. I was considerably behind schedule – my sack weighed more than 3kg, dampening any spring in my step I might have been able to muster; it also affected my balance, so I had to be more careful when



crossing rocky ground (and there was an awful lot of that across the Scafells and beyond). Rossett Pike was the last time I bothered checking my schedule.



I ascended the Bob Graham line up Bowfell. The night sky was clear, and despite a half-moon I could just make out the Milky Way; reluctantly, I had to start using my head torch. The temperature was dropping fast. I'd not been looking forward to the descent from Pike o' Blisco – it's normally a quagfest and with so much rain recently I'd imagined I'd be wallowing in mud, but in fact it was no worse than usual. The descent from the fence to the wood before Blea Tarn is on treacherous mud and rock through bracken. During the Three Shires Race I usually descend this in a quite reckless manner taking only 4 minutes. This time it took me 14 minutes – my feet were sore, my legs weren't strong enough, my reaction time not fast enough, sack heavy and it was dark. I'd been going for 14 hours and I was beginning to struggle. The temperature had now dropped so much I was shivering and couldn't move fast enough to keep warm. Stopping to put on more clothes would make me even colder, so I kept putting it off, and the temperature dropped some more. Eventually, I had to bite the bullet and stopped on the descent of Lingmoor Fell. I sat on a rock on the path and put on every item of clothing I had bar waterproof leggings and gloves. After setting off again, I warmed up to just the cool side of comfortable which was good enough. There was still 4 hours to go till sunrise and the promise of warmth.

I reached Black Fell, a milestone because it was the furthest point east on the route and of significance to me because it was the final fell on my first completion of the Wainwrights in 2017. The path down from Black Fell was good and became a track. The route to reach the A593 from the track was a bit vague and when I got to the point I'd planned to turn off there was a high wall topped with a fence. Over the other side were widely spaced trees with dense bracken between. I had to rethink the route. I walked along the track a little more and the wall became a fence and there was no bracken on the other side. I took the chance to cross the rusty and rickety fence and immediately discovered why there was no bracken – it was a watery swamp. Once I'd crossed this the bracken returned. I tried to push through but it was over 2m tall, densely packed and a heavy dew was soaking my leggings and shorts. I tried another direction but couldn't get more than 10m. It was an, "What on earth am I doing here moment?" – in the dark, at nearly 4am, and surrounded by gargantuan bracken! Bracken rarely defeats me but I had to abort, re-crossing the watery swamp and rusty fence. Sometimes real recces are a good idea! The whole episode only lasted 10 minutes but it felt much longer! Fortunately, there's always part of me that's amused by the predicaments I end up in, even at 4 in the morning. A little further on, there was a gate into the next field, and, whilst not straightforward, I was able to reach the road. I only ran down the road for 500m and despite the early hour I was passed by two vehicles. The first came as a bit of a surprise as I was running down the central white line at the time!

For a few hours I'd been considering eating again, but it was so cold I couldn't bear the thought of stopping. This did enable me to reach the point where I'd planned to stop – Low Tilberthwaite. The Conistون range was beyond and I knew that once I'd ascended Wetherlam there was nothing large enough to prevent me finishing the route, so it was a good place to refuel. I stopped in a small copse, perched on my mat like a pixie. I heated some water, added some to my freeze-dried food pouch and with the remainder of the water made up a hot chocolate. I had to wait for 10 minutes for the food to rehydrate and hit upon the idea of putting it inside my jacket against my stomach as a hot water bottle – bliss! Whilst I was eating the day began to dawn and I could put my torch away – I'd been in the dark for over eight hours.



I realised I could ascend Wetherlam directly which would be slightly shorter than the route I'd planned. The only drawback was it was steeper. I soon had to strip off to base layers – what a contrast to only an hour before when I was sat shivering in the woods. I found a nice, but rather damp, ramp line through the crags and on to the summit. With the Prison Band completed I had the Conistون fells cracked. I met the first person of the day on Swirl How. The wind was quite strong and bitterly cold, but



out of the wind and in the sun it was warm, so the fleece and windproof were taken on and off several times during the rest of the day. The Old Man, Dow Crag, Great Carrs, Grey Friars and the long descent to Cockley Beck all successfully completed.

During the trip I'd been trying not to think about the ascent of Hardknott Fell, which of course meant I'd thought about it quite a lot! I couldn't find a particular nice way up using GE but fortunately boulder-filled gills provided a useful way to cut through the bracken. Once through, it was an easy, damp plod directly to the summit. Bog followed on the long ascent of Harter Fell, reversing the Duddon Fell race route. A very friendly dog greeted me on the summit tor of Harter Fell, but it was so large I was a little worried it might push me off. Watery bog began the ascent of the final hill – Green Crag. From its summit I could see much of my route – a panorama from Whin Rigg to Dow Crag. I'd simply drawn a straight line from Green Crag back to my car. It crossed Foxfield Moss, an almost level watery hell. Don't ever follow my track – you'll be cursing me all the way! I jogged the last 300m to the car and it was done. It had taken a little under 31 hours.



Since this was the final book it seemed an appropriate time to consider the whole adventure of doing the Wainwright books, so here are some random thoughts. I'd completed all the hills on the lists of Wainwright, Birkett and Synge in 2017. I enjoyed devising long days linking many hills together from the three lists and it



had taken me to parts of the Lakes that I may not have visited otherwise. Afterwards, I became a little devoid of inspiration – I love being out in the hills but do struggle with getting off my back side and out the door. So when certificates were handed out at the CFR Presentation Evening in November 2018 to those who'd completed all the fells in a Wainwright book in a single outing, I went home and began planning! Soon all routes were planned and it was simply a matter of getting out that door! I was in the fortunate position of being able to choose the day of my attempts so could wait for the right weather conditions. I completed the first few books solo and unsupported and whilst doing the whole of a Wainwright book in one go isn't a new idea I thought perhaps doing them in this manner might be. Sometimes when doing subsequent books I did think I'd made a rod for my own back!

Having done 21 KIMMS/OMMS I knew I was quite good at suffering and am happy crossing wet, tussocky and pathless terrain, but one question initially was would my body fall apart in some catastrophic manner when doing such long outings. Fortunately it didn't – although it doesn't work quite as well after several hours! Feeling sick was an unexpected problem. It had occasionally occurred at the end of the second day of the OMM but I hadn't thought it was a general problem. Stopping to eat a meal prevented the worst of the nausea, but it didn't eliminate it completely. Despite a stomach empty of food, 10ml of water would result in a burp and few hiccup-like spasms. Since acid is mainly water, how could the addition of such a small volume of water result in such a reaction? Another interesting effect was on taste. After going 20 hours or so I popped an extra strong mint in my mouth and it took a fair while before the faintest of mint flavours came through. Clearly my taste buds were numbed, which probably explains why I often like a strong tasting meal, such as chilli, when I get home. The first three books were completed in winter and these together with training for and competing in the Marmot Dark Mountains MM at the end of January has resulted in me losing some sensation in my big toes. Who needs to go to the Himalayas to get frost-bite!

What did I think about for all those hours? Not much really! Occasionally, I'd think about things that have happened in my life, sometimes I'd sing a song and I would also 'write' this report, but mostly I thought where I was heading and my next foot placement. A large amount of mental energy was expended on simply keeping going. Interestingly, I found thinking about writing this report made me step (just a little) outside my current situation and view it more objectively, which helped.

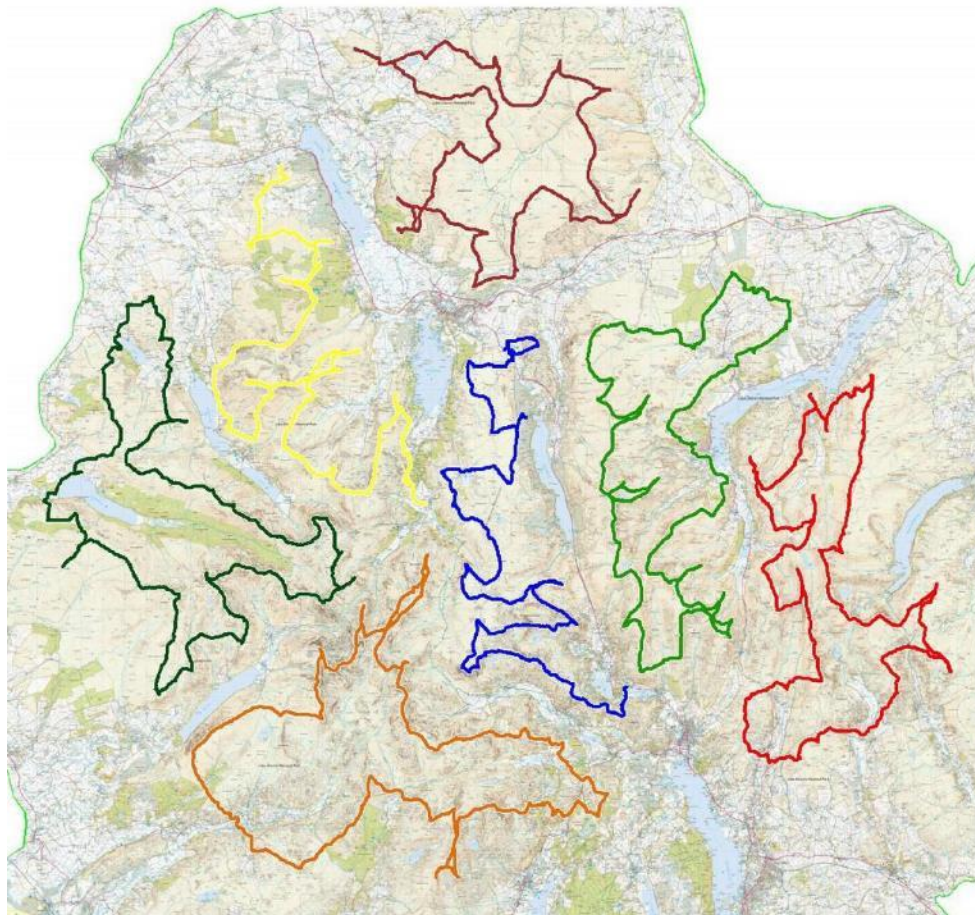
Nature provided several memorable moments – being mobbed by a buzzard, being able to observe and photograph a field vole out in the open, and seeing two dragonflies mating. Sunrise is a magical time; I dislike getting up early so much, I rarely see them for much of the year. My lowest points were feeling sick whilst doing the Western Fells and when my phone died whilst attempting the Far Eastern Fells (after having earlier dropped my map) meaning I would need to repeat 70km.

I've always found peace in the hills and pleasure in movement. There's nothing quite like the feeling of being surrounded by mountains, for their beauty and for giving scale to one's own life and existence. The Lake District fells have a special appeal – they are steep but climbable, remote yet accessible, rugged yet inviting, natural though man-made. The gentle curves of the hills, the green and brown colour palette, the rock and water. There's nothing that can't be outflanked. I'm sure many mountain ranges have more but the Lakes has them all in just the right proportions. It's the Goldilocks landscape! People of all ages and abilities can succeed in their own adventures; but not so easily that they lack challenge or interest.

My first completion of the Wainwrights took 34 years; my second completion 250 days (with a total time on the hill of 6 days and 40 minutes). I wonder what the next project will be...? I'm constantly amazed by the feats of endurance and the colossal amounts of ascent many people achieve; perhaps I'll try to emulate some of these. I'm sure many could complete what I've done, after all, it's just putting one foot in front of the other, but you've got to want to do it; ultimately the only person to whom it really matters is yourself.

“Past the first hill on the desert  
Is another hill I can't see  
And the hill that keeps hiding  
Is the hill that keeps calling to me.”

The Bend in the River, Marty Robbins



And finally ...A blast from the past – photos on display at Wasdale show – posted by Nick Moore .





Paddy O'Neill - Gosforth



Cathy Walley (Thorpe)  
Wasdale Head Campsite



Harry Jarrett - Bigrigg



Richard Eastman - Drigg

A certificate with a sketch of Whin Rigg by Alfred Wainwright was awarded to all runners who finished the race.



*Club members celebrate at the finish of the CFR Bob Graham relay.*

## **THE CUMBERLAND FELL RUNNERS**

### **BOB GRAHAM RELAY July 2019**



On Saturday 20<sup>th</sup> July 2019 three teams of CFR runners set out to run the Bob Graham Round as a relay event. The idea, inspired by CFR adventures from 1986, was really simple – for each team, comprising of 5 paired runners with each pair running a specific BG ‘leg’, to complete the BG route as quickly and enjoyably as possible with the aim of finishing in Keswick at around the same time. In the style of the earlier adventures this relay too went anti-clockwise. This had the advantage of opening up new perspectives for those who are used to the current norm of a clockwise round and avoided peak times with other BG rounds at the main meeting points of Dunmail and Wasdale.





The day itself was a great success with many stories and adventures to be told. The weather was typically Cumbrian with heavy overnight rain and mist lingering well into the morning then turning brighter in the afternoon and evening. Despite this weather all teams completed the round and we were all able to spend a sociable few hours together in 'The Round' waiting for the teams to finish and enjoying the BG atmosphere outside the Moot Hall.

Compared to the earlier efforts from 1986 we were able to take advantage of using tracking devices and, the growing popularity of the BG, meant we could use the established trods to use. However, as you will read, these trods can look very different when you are going the 'other way round' and aren't always as useful or obvious as one may think! The tracking devices enabled those at home to monitor progress and ensured the next runners were ready and waiting at the changeover points.

What follows is a personal perspective of each leg written by the runners. Can I please thank all those who contributed to this report and to all

those who played a part in the day itself. This event would not have been possible without the support and enthusiasm of all the runners and supporters. I would like to give particular thanks to the following: Mike Harrison, Daryl Tacon and Charlotte Akam for taking on the role of team captains; Barry Johnson for his initial inspiration and support and guidance throughout; Lisa Spratling for her logistical support on the day; and all those behind the scenes who ferried runners between checkpoints and provided general moral support.

I hope this provides an interesting and enjoyable read and provides many memories of a grand day out. Who knows – perhaps this will inspire a future generation of CFR runners to have a go!

### Ladies



*Tracey Park, Kate Beaty, Jenny Jennings, Charlotte Akam, Dot Patton and Jane Mottram.  
(Also Ann Cummings and Amanda Graham)*

## Introduction

Things, of course, don't always go to plan. In the planning stages it became apparent that it would be more appropriate for the Ladies team to run each leg as a paired run but not as a relay event; this meant each pair could be flexible when they started. Given the poor weather in the early stages this was a sensible choice!

**Leg 2 Honister to Wasdale, 08:50, Charlotte Akam and Jenny Jennings.**



At 8.50 Honister was gearing up for their Honisterfest, we however had something a bit grander in mind. The leg continued with lots of rain which hindered any views. Those that favour GPS would have been in their element as we took endless bearings to stay on the correct line. Kirk fell appeared after a long plod and Joss' gulley made both me and Jenny look like extras out of a horror movie with the red mud. The trig point on Pillar was a welcome discovery after believing that for the previous 5 minutes the sight was potentially a hallucination. Steeple was bleak as the wind had picked up but a proud moment to have touched the top (this was the "sketchy"/nervous part). The cloud lifted for Yewbarrow and the sun shone for our entrance/slide down the mud and scree to Wasdale.

CFR is a quirky family that doesn't leave anybody behind and supports each other. Well done everybody!

**CharlotteAkam**



### Leg 3 Wasdale to Dunmail, 08:00, Ann Cummings and Amanda Graham



Amanda and I set off shortly after 8am from Wasdsale choosing to head south first and then to loop round to the Eskdale Elevation path to get to Sca Fell. We then took the route via Foxes Tarn. There was a lot of water gushing down the stream and off the overhanging rocks, so it was quite an exciting but fun descent. It probably took as long to get down as it would to have climbed up! Then off we went to Mickledore and arrived at a deserted Scafell Pike just after 10:30. Progress was slower than we might have hoped; the rocks were very slippery, and we seemed to find boulder field after boulder field. The poor visibility did not help, but we slowly ticked off the peaks. As we summited Bow Fell it was good to see the flash of blue and white as Mario and Phil reached the summit at the same time as us. A quick exchange of 'hellos' and 'well done', and they disappeared out of sight. Getting off Bow Fell proved to be the most challenging part of the run as we headed off on what we thought was the route to Hanging Knotts. The wind was cold, so we put on our warm clothing, had a bite to eat and chose to go back the safe way around Angle Tarn. It was quite a detour, but we were both much happier especially as we dropped out of the cloud and could see where we needed to go. We got to Rossett Pike about 2pm and the rest was easy going (relatively speaking) and we did get some running in! The farmer, yelling and whistling at his dogs at the top of Harrison Stickle, provided some entertainment. We could hear him from Pike of Stickle and, as we reached Thunacar Knott, we saw the dogs were gathering some sheep – impressive.

The final ascent to Steel Crag seemed to keep on stretching away from us, but we finally got there and what a welcome sight it was to see Mike, Dot and Jane down at the bottom. Another steep but OK descent and we finished at shortly after 5pm – some 2.5/3 hours later than we had predicted. Thank you Mike, Dot and Jane for waiting.

**Ann Cummings**

### Leg 4 Dunmail to Threlkeld, 09:15, Dot Patton and Jane Mottram



At 9.15 am Seatallen and the Helvellyn Ridge looked grim! but it had stopped raining so we set off into the clag with a 'well, it was nice to have known you' reassuring comment from Jim !

Coming off Seatallen the day brightened and it was a pleasant slog up Fairfield ,the rundown was solid as the rain had firmed up the ground. Then we headed up toward Helvellyn and the mist crept in again closely followed by rain and wind! We spent the next few hours in the clag. Nevertheless, the fells were quite busy with other BG and Joss Naylor attempts, 2 wild campers, bikers and tourists disappointed with the view (or lack off) on Helvellyn. With tiring legs we plodded on in the mist chuffed that our navigation was good (mostly). After slipping and sliding over Raise we headed for The Dodds. The running now improved onto grassy tracks as we picked off Stybarrow, Watson and finally Great Dodd on the way to Clough Head. We did a little tour of Clough Head to find the right descent but were very pleased to come out of the mist and reach the cricket club - mission accomplished! 5.15 hours we were happy if shattered! Mike was waiting patiently to meet us and we then relocated to Dunmail to await Ann and Amanda on leg 3.

It was great to see Ann and Amanda running down Steel Fell after their epic round and they were still smiling ! We were really pleased with our leg given the weather conditions We would have struggled if we hadn't reccied it earlier. Very proud of all our CFR ladies and men who ran. What a great club we are!!

**Jane Mottram & Dot Patton**

#### **Leg 5 Threlkeld to Keswick, 15.00, Kate Beaty and Tracey Park**



We eventually decided to start at 3pm after my original idea of 5 which I thought might mean we would meet up with the men at some point. It was a good decision as we managed to get our burgers and drinks before the others arrived. Tracy scared me a bit by saying she was relying on my navigation, never a good idea!

We had a great run - it was a bit slippery on Halls fFell but good conditions for the rest and the sun appeared a couple of times although a cool breeze meant tops and jackets were on and off a few times. We met a few walkers (2 guys walking the Bob Graham route) and marshalls from the old crown round as well as some BG runners just setting off up Skiddaw. We talked non-stop and the tops came quickly and, amazingly, my navigation was spot on.

I was really excited about running in to Keswick and touching the Moot Hall and it didn't disappoint.

Thanks for a great run, Tracy, let's do it again next year!

**Kate Beaty**



## Team A

### Leg 1 Keswick to Honister, 05:30 – 07: 27 Paul Johnson and Ben Opie



Alarm at 4.15am to get to Keswick

for 5.15am ready for 5.30am start. All good and fine. Ben Opie arrives at the Moot Hall at 5.25am looking athletic and keen. Heavy overnight rain leaves a heavy drizzle in the air. The forecast is uncertain but, for now, the air is fresh and cool. Things feel nice and calm in the early morning Keswick street. Keswick itself is quiet with just a small bustle of market traders beginning to set up their stalls. The pairings of myself and Ben Opie was, in many ways, the worst of all pairings. Ben excels at road races comfortably winning many local 5km and 10km races (he is a 5 min mile road guru); I dislike running on road and, although not overly shoddy at being a 7 min mile plodder, is not in the same league as Ben. Conversely, I adore the fells and enjoy the rough and tumble of the downhill and the rocky sections. Last time I raced Ben was at Lingmell Dash 2018 with Ben struggling on the steep climb and descents. So, with this history and knowledge, I wasn't too sure how this leg was going to pan out. As it was, it was me chasing Ben for the entire two hours.

We set off at Opie cruise pace with the first mile done in around 6min 40 secs – but this didn't last. I got slower....

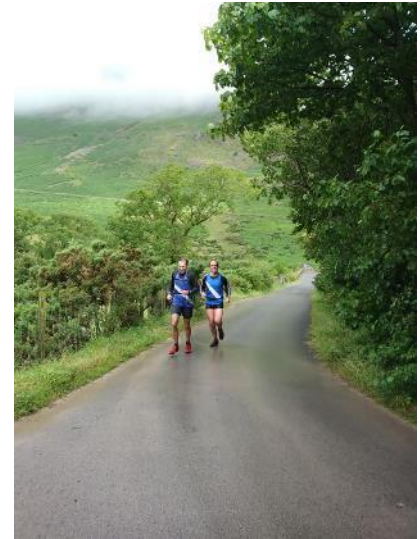
Second mile 7.37.....and slower.....third, 7. 42; fourth 8. 31, fifth, 9.33. Ben was treating this as a jog out taking pictures, stopping for a change of shoes, and chatting away whilst I was running as if carrying a sack of coal. But things were looking better – we were on the sixth mile – we hit Robinson – phew!! Time for me to knuckle down and get on with what I enjoy doing best. But, oh no, Ben is off again – and so it went for the remainder of the leg – Ben ahead, me trying to keep up, hanging in, tongue hanging out like a rabid dog sweating buckets in the muggy, overcast drizzle. The only consolation was when Ben went walkabout off Dale Head and took a tumble enabling me to make up a bit of ground.

The route itself was easy enough with no dramas – up Robinson, down and across to Hindscarth, over to Dale Head and down to Honister. All done in drizzle, wind of around 20mph, and overcast skies. We completed the leg in 1hr 57 mins. It was slightly disappointing I wasn't faster – 1hr 50 would have been nice if only to have beaten at least one of the 1986's times! We met a soggy looking Mike and Jim at Honister, took a quick photo then wished them well for the next leg.

Me and Ben then trotted down Honister and Borrowdale, Ben popped to the Youth Hostel for breakfast, I continued to Keswick for porridge and coffee.

**Paul Johnson**

**Leg 2 Honister to Wasdale,  
07:30 - 10:50. Mike Harrison and  
Jim Masters**



As team captain, I got both first choice of leg and partner, and so it was that me and Jim (Masters) waited in a small car at Honister for Tarmac and Hooch coming over the hill bright and early to take the A Team over leg 2 to Wasdale. In fact, given the promise of 6 minute road miles, we were in position an hour early! However, Paul and Ben had assumed that the schedule was the target and taken it easy arriving bang on 07:30. So, off we went... and it immediately started raining. Up into the clag on Grey Knotts, then all the way round to coming off Yewbarrow. Perfectly matched (even down to having identical BGR times) we took up a decent pace, and familiarity with the route (plus a couple of recent reccy's) meant it was no alarms and no surprises. Didn't need to use GPS, map or compass! Steady away. Didn't quite match the scheduled 3 hours, being 20 mins late for Lisa (our lift home), Phil and Mario waiting for us. But I knew that Mario would have his serious race head on and would easily make up that lost 20 mins! So, it was at 10:50 am we put in a final sprint to the NT car park and handed the tracker over.

**Mike Harrison**

**Leg 3 Wasdale to Honister, 10:50 – 14:50 Mario Yeomans and Phil Archer**



Because there's no signal in Wasdale, we didn't have much idea where leg 2 were up to, so it was quite nail biting waiting for Mike and Jim to descend out of the cloud off Yewbarrow.

Lisa arrived from the Wasdale Head Inn's Wi-Fi signal, and informed us they were about 15 minutes over schedule. Phil and I used the time to go for a short jog to check out the start and were surprised at how energy-sappingly hot and muggy it was.

We decided to climb out of Wasdale on a grassy line (west of the normal clockwise BG scree descent) that's outrageously steep, needing all fours

to make progress towards the top; pretty tough start! We were both keen to work hard and test ourselves, given both our recent injuries. We climbed strongly all the way to Scafell summit and were grateful for the cooling effect of the cloud at around 400m, when the valley disappeared. We'd summited quickly, making good gains on our target schedule.

We'd previously looked at all the ways off Scafell in detail; in the event, there was so much water down from Foxes Tarn, we decided the safest way off was the relatively grassy descent to the right, though it added a good few minutes to our route. Ideally we'd have taken the Climber's Traverse or Broad Stand, but both had potentially significant disadvantages.



Phil had been right about the wet; though it wasn't raining, running the greasy moon-scape from Scafell to Bowfell was hard work on the lower legs; every slippery step a potential ankle breaker. Phil looked comfortable, skipping over the terrain confidently as well as doing all the navigation.

Nav in the thick cloud was tough at times, particularly around Bowfell. It was frustrating to not find the exact descent trod off Bowfell, especially as, looking back at the trace, we were only a few metres off it! We lost a few minutes picking our way down the crags.

Rossett Pike back to Dunmail we started to feel the tiredness in our legs from the battering we'd taken on the slippery, rocky first half terrain, but we surprised ourselves by not losing any more time - it just felt hard. Both of us tweaked our ankles between Pike O' Stickle and Sergeant Man and, with my fragile ankle, I turned the air blue most of the tussocky descent off High Raise. Sorry Phil (and walkers!).

As the welcome sight of support and Leg 4 runners came into view at Dunmail, we suddenly remembered we needed to pass on the tracker, so I legged the last bit ahead of Phil so as not to lose any time at the handover...then took an age trying to find the damn thing at the bottom of my pack, with Sam waiting patiently, hand out to receive it - sorry chaps!

Tough leg but brilliant CFR day out - many thanks to Phil for his reccies and nav, Phil's dad for the lift to Wasdale and his wife for the lift back from Dunmail; very much appreciated!

**Mario Yeomans**

#### **Leg 4 Dunmail to Threlkeld, 14:50 – 17:54, Sam Holding and Tim Irlam**



As team B depart at Dunmail jokingly say to RyanCrellin "see you on Helvellyn", not really believing that it will happen. Though I don't realise just how much ground Phil and Mario are making up on leg 3 meaning we depart only 27(ish?) mins after the team B boys. 14:50 we set off.

I've been nervous all day about damaging a very recently healed left leg but we agree to take it very steady for the best part of the leg and dial it up a bit later on, all being well. We climb Seat Sandal at conversation pace, but pretty efficiently, and that remains the theme for the leg, nice and steady. We cross paths with team B on Fairfield, us ascending, them descending. Tim was confident of dropping off and going round to the east of Grisedale tarn. Always

willing to be led in navigation, I agreed. We passed the B boys as we were both approaching the summit of Dollywagon, having taken parallel routes around the tarn. That's the best part of the climbing over with, time for the very enjoyable undulations of Leg 4 (A/C), that make it one of my favourite routes in either direction.

Light clagg on Helvellyn. Plenty of people on the summit, but no sign of Joss who I thought we might pass at some point. Joss, aged 84, was out completing his 1964 Mountain Trial. Striding out nicely down to Lower Man and then onto the Dodds. Between Watson's and Great Dodd, we're around 7 mins up on the '86 team but have surprisingly little time left to reach Threlkeld before their time of 2hrs 57mins. We later found out that there was a typo in the splits and we were more like a couple of minutes down at this point. I'm really suffering on the climbs here and I'm glad to reach Clough Head, our final summit. Tim takes a confident lead on navagain and sees us onto a good line down. Quick nip up the road, handing over to a very eager Andy and Peter, who dart straight across the A66, traffic be damned.

3hrs 04mins (ish). 7 mins down on Irvin and Colin (we'll see them off next year..). A great day out in good company whether standing about, running or later, eating and drinking.

**Sam Holding**

#### **Leg 5 Threlkeld to Keswick, 17:54 – 20:47, Andy Beaty and Peter Crompton**



After a day trying to do nothing (easy for me) Pete and me set off on leg 5 for Blencathra. The weather played ball and the sun came out. The pace was brisk and it was enjoyable scrambling up the rock on Halls Fell to the top. After a good run down to the dip before Great Calva we encountered the heather for a bit before the steep climb up the fence line (never ending). Pete stretched the pace and I struggled on behind but we topped out and took in some great views all round. Coming down to cross the Cumbria way path I recovered and got a bit of a lead knowing Pete would reel me back in up Skiddaw. The climb was tough but knowing that it's the last one helps. After a good run down to Latrigg it was great to get encouragement from Les the film cameramen/director and a steady run back to Keswick was on the cards however cramp struck both of my legs in the park which required a good talking to. Thankfully they submitted and we enjoyed the great CFR reception at the Moot Hall making it all worthwhile. It was a great idea to do this and a pleasure to take part. Well done to all concerned especially the ones who got the early and poor weather shifts. I am now officially knackered.

**Andy Beaty**

**Team B**





*Ryan Crellin, Steven Breeze, Daryl Tycon, Paul Jennings, Chris Draper and Darren Parker*

*(Also - Rob Oliver, Mark Blackwell, Paul Johnston, Andrew Graham and John Skelton)*

#### **Leg 1 Keswick to Honister,**

##### **02:00 Rob Oliver and Mark Blackwell.**

Having been awake since 0530 Friday morning until standing in the pouring rain with the drunks outside Moot Hall at 0200 on the Saturday morning - it did not bode well.

With no one to see us off 😊 we headed out into the night, ignoring the lure of last orders. Mark knew a quicker route after studying Ben Opie's Strava recce, which he proceeded to forget within the first mile and after uttering a few expletives we doubled back to the route we knew, now mentally and physically trying to recover the time - not clever, and making me cook in my waterproofs. In the pitch black, the route we had recced became unfamiliar and daunting, with me becoming a lead weight as my lack of energy was becoming very evident. 3.5 miles in and with more uncertainty about direction, I looked out towards Robinson in the tunnel of my headtorch and beating rain, nothing but blackness ahead and thought, I will be a liability up there, puffing like a train and stumbling in the dark - mission aborted.

We headed back to Keswick and only looking back at Strava can you see we even took a wrong turn heading back - right decision made, what would we have been like on the tops - too many friends in Cockermouth mountain rescue to ever live that one down. We drove back round to Honistor to meet the second leg team, 0345 and the weather was brutal, even for German engineering. Leg 2 team turned up at 0400 - absolute legends carrying the precious tracker out into the early dawn - a CFR adventure to remember, but a personal experience to forget!

**Rob Oliver**

##### **Leg 2 Honister to Wasdale, 04:00 – 07:57, Paul Jennings, Andrew Graham, John Skelton**



With the tracker being delivered by car about 20 minutes earlier than planned we weren't sure when to leave – if we left early, would “team A” claim we had cheated if we beat them back to Keswick? I reckoned that Rob & Blackie would have done 2 hours, so the fellowship of the tracker set off at 4:02, with tracker bearer John leading the way. More Salmon than Salomon running we swam up the river previously known as the path to Grey Knotts, grateful of the fence to

follow in the dark & mist. Onto the many tops of Brandreth well out of practice in this night time running. The first hour & a half actually went smoothly with talk of the weather, climbing, training, the weather again. A slight lapse of concentration nearly saw us descend into Ennerdale from Beck Head just catching ourselves in time before losing unnecessary height as we saw a torrential river looming up ahead which surely wasn't the Kirk fell path (2 minutes lost)

The only major error came from my bearing off Kirkfell to Joss's gully – it hasn't let me down before, even in the mist, but this time we missed the path and found ourselves back on the fence line – the sensible thing to do at this point was to carry on down the fence, but no, as a group we decided that all we needed to do was head East and surely we would come across the path – well we did cross the path without spotting it and carried on, and carried on a bit more, until there was a collective decision that it surely wasn't this far and that we should cut our losses and head back to the fence line & down that. So on the way back we stumbled across the path to Joss's gully and so went down that anyway (6 minutes lost)

The rest of the run was fairly uneventful, with a few cautious lines whenever we weren't totally sure of the route (there must be a better way off of Yewbarrow) which brought us down in 3:57 – on an estimate of 3:45 – not bad with a few minutes lost en-route.

**Paul Jennings**

**Leg 3 Wasdale to Dunmail. 08.00 – 14.21 – Darren Parker and Daryl Tacon.**





Leg 3 with Alfred (sorry I mean Darren). I'd just returned from a week away in Scotland with the prospect of the relays looming. Fortunately my friend Rich had offered to drive us down to Wasdale for a 7.55 start. We arrived slightly early and met some of the ladies and it wasn't too long before Paul, Andy and John arrived in the car park. Considering the conditions I was glad I'd packed my paramo Quito as it was 100% more damp than when Darren and I had reccied the Scafell climb from Wasdale 2 weeks previously. Anyway we set off and made good speed up Scafell and proceeded to the Pike. Between the Scafells we descended the west wall traverse onto Lords Rake. The sticky nature of water seemed to help here as it was more stable than it usually is.

We continued at a steady pace somewhat slower than we'd hoped due to the clag and greasy rocks taking in Broad Crag, Ill Crag and Great End. I'd purposefully paired myself with Darren as I thought he'd be good company and he didn't disappoint with craic during the whole Leg with tales of OMMS's and KMM's and his Wainwrights adventures. With that in mind Darren decided to visit all the summits on Great End whilst I just visited the BGR one. At around about this point I started to ponder three things: how completely alien leg 3 seems anti-clock (and this is my favourite leg), when would the weather break and how fast would Mario and Phil be going ! Could they possibly catch us.

Anyway on we trotted summiting Esk Pike, and Bowfell without problems and finding the trod off Bowfell with no issues. As we came off Rossett Pike we had a little experiment with route finding. Darren went left and I stayed high and I think Darren's was the better route choice as he moved a lot quicker here and this then lead us into familiar Langdale territory as we started the ascent of Martcrag moor. After all the rocky stuff we picked up pace through the Langdales knocking them off at a good pace then the clag descended again as we approached Thunacar knott and high raise.

My thoughts then returned to Mario and Phil as we headed for Sergeant Man. The leg had seemed less strange from Martcrag as I'd run this anti-clock before in my BGR training and the familiarity was reassuring. But where were they ?

We now only had Calf Crag and Steel fell to go we were moving well and were about 30mins down on our predicted time for the leg. Which considering conditions at the start of the leg I thought was reasonable. As we descended Steel fell I could see the little cut that marked the path down to the A591. We skipped down there quite merrily and met the Leg 4 runners and ushered them on. And that was it mission accomplished for Darren & I. A cracking day out and a great adventure. Phil and Mario arrived about half an hour later having smashed out an amazing pace.

#### **Leg 4 Dunmail to Threlkeld, 14.25 – 18.29, Ryan Crellin, Paul Johnston**



After sitting watching the weather all morning and quietly feeling smug for not picking an early Leg, I meet with Paul at Threlkeld and drive down to Dunmail. Shortly after we arrive Sam and Tim turn up. This is a bad sign, as it means Mario and Phil are having a storming Leg and gaining time. This means we are likely going to be the team that gets "overtaken".

No worries it'll all be good craic when they pass us. We spot Darren and Daryl coming over the top and start their descent of Steel Fell. Once they arrive a quick change over of the tracker and we're off. On the climb up Seat Sandal we discuss at what point Sam and Tim will overtake us. I bet that it would be Dollywaggon if we climb well. The weather was great on the climb up, but once we get to the top of Fairfield the wind picks up and it's bizarrely cold for this time of year. This continues all the way along the ridge until we drop off Clough Head.

We cross paths with A team on the way down Fairfield. We traverse round the tarn and head up Dollywaggon, we keep looking back thinking they can't be far behind us. But we can't see them. Just as we reach the top they pop up to our right, having taken a different line up. That's the last we would see of them as they speed off.

Me and Paul then uneventfully, but very enjoyably run the rest of the leg. Running up to the changeover point we can see and hear our awaiting crowd as they cheer us in. Pass over the tracker to Chris and Steve and then it's done. Time to get changed and meet everyone in Keswick for Beer and Burgers!

Our estimate for the leg was 4hrs and we finished a few minutes over that. Great day out!

**Ryan Crellin**

### **Leg 5 Threlkeld Keswick, 18.29 – 22.11, Steven Breeze and Chris Draper**



Given the weather earlier in the day and the previous night that the first teams had to endure, we considered ourselves lucky... "The sun shines on the righteous" I said, as I applied my sun cream at Threlkeld after watching the A-Team set off ahead of us. That should have meant there was no pressure on Steve and I, and that we could have a nice enjoyable run back to Keswick. However, it was now just after 6pm, and the chippy closed at 10pm. We had estimated our time at 3 hours 45mins, but 4 hours had made it into the schedule – some one thought we were over confident. A burger at The Round was now long gone, so we had to prove the nay sayers wrong. The race was on and the Shire Horses would not go hungry. Off we set up Halls Fell Ridge and we were on our way, shooting the breeze (not literally) and enjoying ourselves. There's not much to say about the run, other than what a glorious evening it was. Pleasantries were exchanged with about 5 BGR's going in the other direction and the pull up onto Skiddaw was framed by a glorious sun setting low over the Solway.

We charged on, cheered on at various parts of the final stages by Les using some sort of black magic to keep appearing in front of us to film.

We came into Keswick in 3 hours 42 minutes, beating our original estimated time and leaving enough of a gap before the chippy closed to receive our Frog Graham certificates in person from the Secretary of the club, having both completed rounds successfully in the previous two weeks. We were now formally elevated to Steve's self proclaimed status of Shire Frogs.

**Chris Draper**

***Enjoying a drink and the stories after in The Round, Keswick.***





|                  |  |   |
|------------------|--|---|
|                  | A Team                                     | B Team  |
| <b>Leg 1</b>     | <b>Paul Johnson</b><br><b>Ben Opie</b>     | <b>Rob Oliver</b><br><b>Mark Blackwell</b>                          |
|                  |  |   |
| Keswick          | 05:30                                      |   |
| Robinson         | 06:50                                      |   |
| Hindscarth       | 07:05                                      |   |
| Dale Head        | 07:16                                      |   |
| Honister         | 07:27                                      | 04:00   |
|                  |  |   |
| <b>Leg 2</b>     | <b>Mike Harrison</b><br><b>Jim Masters</b> | <b>Paul Jennings</b><br><b>Andrew Graham</b><br><b>John Skelton</b> |
| Grey Knott       | 07:50                                      | 04:30   |
| Brandreth        | 07:55                                      | 04:37   |
| Green Gable      | 08:07                                      | 04:55   |
| Great Gable      | 08:17                                      | 05:07   |
| Kirk Fell        | 08:43                                      | 05:37   |
| Pillar           | 09:22                                      | 06:30   |
| Steeple          | 09:44                                      | 06:51   |
| Red Pike         | 09:58                                      | 07:09   |
| Yewbarrow        | 10:25                                      | 07:38   |
| Wasdale          | 10:47                                      | 07:59   |
| <b>Leg 3</b>     | <b>Mario Yeomans</b><br><b>Phil Archer</b> | <b>Daryl Tacon</b><br><b>Darren Parker</b>                          |
| Scafell          | 11:32                                      | 09:05   |
| Scafell Pike     | 11:57                                      | 09:39   |
| Broad Crag       | 12:04                                      | 09:52   |
| Ill Crag         | 12:12                                      | 10:05   |
| Great End        | 12:22                                      | 10:23   |
| Esk Pike         | 12:34                                      | 10:44   |
| Bowfell          | 12:50                                      | 11:06   |
| Rossett Pike     | 13:08                                      | 11:10   |
| Pike O' Stickle  | 13:40                                      | 12:24   |
| Harrison Stickle | 13:51                                      | 12:40   |
| Thunacar Knott   | 13:56                                      | 12:52   |
| High Raise       | 14:12                                      | 13:09   |
| Sergeant Man     | 14:06                                      | 13:16   |

## 2019 Statistics



|                 |  |   |
|-----------------|--|---|
| Calf Crag       | 14:28                                  | 13:48                                       |
| Steel Fell      | 14:42                                  | 14:10                                       |
| Dunmail         | 14:50                                  | 14:21                                       |
| <b>Leg 4</b>    | <b>Sam Holding</b><br><b>Tim Irlam</b> | <b>Ryan Crellin</b><br><b>Paul Johnston</b> |
| Seat Sandal     | 15:17                                  | 14:58                                       |
| Fairfield       | 15:38                                  | 15:28                                       |
| Dollywagon Pike | 16:08                                  | 16:11                                       |
| Nethermost Pike | 16:20                                  | 16:24                                       |
| Helvellyn       | 16:27                                  | 16:35                                       |
| Lower Man       | 16:31                                  | 16:41                                       |
| Whiteside       | 16:40                                  | 16:51                                       |

Barry and Val Johnson who inspired the 1986 CFR BG came to celebrate the 2019 teams

|              |  |   |
|--------------|--|---|
| Watson Dodd  | 17:05                                      | 17:27                                       |
| Great Dodd   | 17:15                                      | 17:39                                       |
| Clough Head  | 17:35                                      | 18:03                                       |
| Threlkeld    | 17:53                                      | 18:29                                       |
| <b>Leg 5</b> | <b>Andy Beaty</b><br><b>Peter Crompton</b> | <b>Chris Draper</b><br><b>Steven Breeze</b> |
| Blencathra   | 18:33                                      | 19:23                                       |
| Great Calva  | 19:18                                      | 20:20                                       |
| Skiddaw      | 20:04                                      | 21:15                                       |
| Keswick      | 20:47                                      | 22:11                                       |

The Ladies Team of 1986.

report and statistics for the 1986 CFR Bob  
by event by Barry Johnson .

# Cumbria Fell Runners — Bob Graham Relays

Last October I organised a sports holiday in Majorca and it was in a bus crossing the island that Gilbert Scott proposed the idea of a long distance relay run by the club. From an initial plan to the Cumbria Way with one team, we eventually found ourselves with four teams (A, B, Vets and Ladies) preparing for a relay attempt on the more interesting, convenient and charismatic Bob Graham round on May 14th.

This date was chosen with some difficulty even back in February because the season was already crowded with fell races, individual Bob Graham attempts and multi-discipline events. The weeks following the meeting where the date was chosen proved unfavourable to those who needed to reconnoitre the route or time themselves over various sections: there was a lot of rain and mist and the Scafell section was difficult to time because of late snow.

The idea was that we would have two runners on each of the five sections, so ten runners in each team. We would do the course anti-clockwise, and stagger the start times of the four teams so that we could expect each team to finish in Keswick between 9.00 and 10.00 on the Saturday night. This obviously involved the collection of accurate times for each section and this was done at a meeting shortly before the event. We arranged a telephone contact, my mother-in-law who could wait by the phone all day to receive news of schedule changes, retirements and so on and pass this information on to anyone who called for it. We also took the precaution of asking a climbing friend to have a rope for us at Broad Stand.

In spite of careful preparation there were still apprehensions. Which section would Harry J actually run in the end? Would we give Jos a partner who could keep up with him on the rough sections? Would the ladies team actually manage to field ten runners? Was it a wise decision to put two good lady runners on the first section when it became clear that the ladies would have to do that section in the dark?

The day itself was a complete success. We were blessed with perfect weather and amazingly, in spite of weak knees, ankles, stomachs etc, all 40 nominated runners completed their sections — evidence of the powerful motivating force of a team effort. (Gilbert himself unfortunately had succumbed to a long term injury some months earlier.) Everyone enjoyed it, many took slides which we showed at a social event a couple of weeks later, and there was a carnival atmosphere at the Moot Hall on Saturday Night. It was a good day's running, great for club spirit — and as far as I know there was only one navigational error, but I'll keep quiet about that — except to say it wasn't the Vets, Ladies or B team.

Exceptionally good weather helped to make for a record breaking day. All four teams of ten runners each completed the Bob Graham round of 72 miles, 62 peaks and 2,700 feet of ascent in relay order.

Very special thanks to all those who helped in any way to make this day a success, particular thanks to Anne Hayes for manning the telephone, Andy and Shaun Prickett for the rope on Broad Stand, Marilyn Prickett for recording the overall finishing time of each team and to the many friends who assisted with road support.

BARRY JOHNSON, CFR

## CFR BOB GRAHAM RELAY — MAY 14th

|                  | A Team                         | B Team                          | Vets Team                       | Ladies Team                        |
|------------------|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|------------------------------------|
|                  | Garry Bryers<br>Keith Mingim   | Steve Martin<br>John Kennedy    | Bernard Hillan<br>Barry Johnson | Linda Scott<br>Sharon Johnson      |
| Keswick          | 08.45                          | 05.00                           | 06.00                           | 00.30                              |
| Robinson         | 09.44                          | 06.11                           | 07.17                           | 02.11                              |
| Hindscarth       | 09.53                          | 06.28                           | 07.32                           | 02.37                              |
| Dale Head        | 10.10                          | 06.41                           | 07.44                           | 02.55                              |
| Honister         | 10.17                          | 06.52                           | 07.54                           | 03.20                              |
|                  | Geoff Chucas<br>Stuart Young   | Richard Eastman<br>John James   | Hohn Stont<br>Ray Phillips      | Jeanette Norman<br>Janet Sutcliffe |
| Grey Knotts      | 10.33                          | 07.15                           | 08.13                           | 03.48                              |
| Brandreth        | 10.38                          | 07.21                           | 08.19                           | 03.55                              |
| Green Gable      | 10.49                          | 07.35                           | 08.32                           | 04.13                              |
| Great Gable      | 10.59                          | 07.46                           | 08.42                           | 04.28                              |
| Kirkfell         | 11.18                          | 08.15                           | 09.04                           | 05.02                              |
| Pillar           | 11.49                          | 08.55                           | 09.41                           | 05.52                              |
| Steeple          | 12.05                          | 09.18                           | 10.01                           | 06.22                              |
| Red Pike         | 12.16                          | 09.35                           | 10.15                           | 06.39                              |
| Yewbarrow        | 12.40                          | 10.13                           | 10.39                           | 07.13                              |
| Wadale           | 12.50                          | 10.24                           | 10.53                           | 07.40                              |
|                  | Harry Jarrett<br>Alan Bowness  | Tim Houghton<br>John Harrison   | Mike Wood<br>Joss Naylor        | Janet Aldred<br>Shirley Daley      |
| Scafell          | 13.35                          | 11.18                           | 11.39                           | 08.45                              |
| Scafell Pike     | 13.56                          | 11.45                           | 11.59                           | 09.09                              |
| Broad Crag       | 14.02                          | 11.53                           | 12.07                           | 09.18                              |
| Ill Crag         | 14.08                          | 12.03                           | 12.16                           | 09.23                              |
| Great End        | 14.17                          | 12.12                           | 12.24                           | 09.40                              |
| Esk Pike         | 14.31                          | 12.29                           | 12.37                           | 10.02                              |
| Bowfell          | 14.44                          | 12.47                           | 12.43                           | 10.22                              |
| Rossett Pike     | 14.59                          | 13.05                           | 12.56                           | 10.44                              |
| Pike O'Stickle   | 15.31                          | 13.52                           | 13.20                           | 11.41                              |
| Harrison Stickle | 15.43                          | 14.00                           | 13.33                           | 11.52                              |
| Thunacar Knott   | 15.49                          | 14.10                           | 13.44                           | 12.00                              |
| Sergrat Man      | 16.00                          | 14.21                           | 13.55                           | 12.14                              |
| High Raine       | 16.05                          | 14.28                           | 14.00                           | 12.45                              |
| Calif Crag       | 16.24                          | 14.47                           | 14.19                           | 13.07                              |
| Steel Fell       | 16.38                          | 15.06                           | 14.30                           | 13.07                              |
| Dunmail          | 16.48                          | 15.17                           | 14.43                           | 13.17                              |
|                  | Colin Webb<br>Irving Block     | David Donald<br>Peter Todhunter | Ian Heys<br>Grant Edmondson     | Chris Ross<br>Sue Mackay           |
| Seat Sandal      | 17.15                          | 15.46                           | 15.11                           | 13.52                              |
| Fairfield        | 17.36                          | 16.08                           | 15.32                           | 14.19                              |
| Dollywagon       | 18.04                          | 16.36                           | 16.00                           | 15.01                              |
| Netherlost       | 18.15                          | 16.46                           | 16.08                           | 15.11                              |
| Helvellyn        | 18.23                          | 16.55                           | 16.10                           | 15.25                              |
| Lowerman         | 18.27                          | 16.59                           | 16.23                           | 15.28                              |
| Whiteside        | 18.36                          | 17.07                           | 16.32                           | 15.30?                             |
| Raise            | 18.42                          | 17.14                           | 16.39                           | 15.44                              |
| Styharrow Dodd   | 18.56                          | 17.27                           | 16.53                           | 16.04                              |
| Watson Dodd      | 19.01                          | 17.32                           | 16.58                           | 16.13                              |
| Great Dodd       | 19.19                          | 17.43                           | 17.09                           | 16.25                              |
| Clough Head      | 19.27                          | 18.02                           | 17.30                           | 16.47                              |
| Threikeld        | 19.45                          | 18.25                           | 17.55                           | 17.14                              |
|                  | Fred Anderson<br>Richard Unwin | Rob Scott<br>John Morgan        | Don Rigg<br>Ken Hargreaves      | Val Johnson<br>Penny Kingston      |
| Blencathra       | 20.19                          | 19.01                           | 18.29                           | 18.02                              |
| Great Calva      | 20.54                          | 19.39                           | 19.08                           | 18.59                              |
| Skiddaw          | 21.33                          | 20.22                           | 20.25                           | 19.59                              |
| Keswick          | 22.06                          | 20.58                           | 20.25                           | 20.54                              |
| Total            | 13.21                          | 15.58                           | 14.25                           | 20.24                              |



