

Ambleside AC Newsletter

May 2018

In Brief

"Fellrunning" hey? You'd be forgiven for thinking it was pretty self-explanatory: find yourself one, two or even several nice looking mountains and find your way up and down them with little else for company but your shorts and vest, windproof jacket, a best pal, shoes with decidedly too many miles in them and something sticky, furry but possibly edible in your bumbag...oh yeah... plus a map, compass and a mind full of routes and lines learned and earned the hard way...and the scars to go with them. The use of GPS and/or GPX files as a navigational tool in fellrunning races is not a particularly new issue. This runner remembers "back in the day" when officials at the KIMM and similar events watched you seal your mobile phone into a bag, to be accessed in case of emergency only. And that's just it isn't it? GPS assisted navigation in any fell race should be in an emergency only, and not the "Oh bother, I seem to be in danger of losing a few places because I can't use a map and compass" type of emergency. Technology advances for sure and becomes more readily available but with each progressive step, do we risk losing the unique essence of fellrunning; that visceral part of us that needs to run a little wild and off the radar? Some arguments in favour of GPS are most eloquently and passionately espoused by those who feel the playing field must be levelled in order to avoid favouring local runners with local knowledge. Call me "old skool", because I am. Don't get me wrong because I, too, love to sometimes go out, race fast and test my pure speed and stamina...it's called Skyrunning or trail racing. But I'm a romantic, purist fellrunner at heart. I've earned my "local knowledge" over the last 20 years on the heels of the true greats who patiently and generously shared their world with me: Phil Clark, Jon Broxap, Ken Dacre and Mike Walford to name but a few. And I've earned it alone too, deliberately seeking out the crap weather with trusty map and compass, finding lines, being lost and disorientated and then LEARNING FROM IT!

With many of the top places at the last British Champs race in Ireland decided by runners using GPS or GPX files to navigate, this is an issue upon which, as Ambleside AC race organisers, we need to take a strong stance to protect the unique traits which characterize both fellrunner and fell race.

As always, there's much to enjoy in this month's edition. It's also a wee bit chilly up on this high horse!

Happy running.

Ed



Junior News

Blacko - Juniors 2nd English champs

After our success at the first English Championship race at Todd Crag, hopes were high as we headed to Lancashire for the second round of the series at Blacko. We had a smaller turnout but some fine performances over very different terrain to our Lakeland fells. In place of technical trails and steep ascents we had fields of bog, numerous stiles and long courses to contend with. Mental stamina was the order of the day and we managed to gain enough total points to be in 2nd place overall, joint with Wharfedale. Back to our favourite terrain for the next race in Malham.

Chairman's Corner

Hmmm.... I never thought of having my own little soapbox corner in the newsletter before.

Firstly, a huge thank you to everyone who came down to help at the Loughrigg race in April. It's only a small race, but I reckon it needs around 16 marshals and helpers in order to make it run smoothly and safely. What was great was to only have to send out *one* message asking for help. I probably had enough offers to put on two events!

The next AAC race is a big one - Fairfield Horseshoe. Please offer your support to JP if you haven't already done so.

Which leads me to misquote JFK when I put it to my fellow Amblesiders: "Ask not what your Club can do for you, but what *you* can do for your Club."

I wouldn't want to belong to any other Club but Ambleside. I think as a whole we are a great Club and I am immensely proud not just to belong to it but be an active part of it.

We've got some top athletes, both men and women and both past, present and future prospects.

We've got a thriving juniors scene with some exciting talent as well as some enthusiastic youngsters. It's a fantastic sight to see them gathered together on a Thursday night chomping at the bit.

We've had, in very recent times, a very strong women's team who won everything going, and no reason why they couldn't see a return to form. And the mens team looks more promising than it has done for many years.

We've got a fantastic training schedule, for the mornings and evening runs. The winter schedule was a huge success down the track. I receive at least one enquiry a week asking if holiday-makers and visitors to the area could join in on a run, so I think I can add 'friendly' and 'welcoming' as strings to our bow.

We put on a number of great races throughout the fell-running calendar, from short mid-week blasts to long weekend classics.

We've got a super website, newsletter and facebook page that goes from strength to strength with new material being added all the time and new ideas being put forward to improve them.

But all this comes at a huge effort, and all from a small band of helpers. At the last count I think Ambleside AC has 170 members; I wonder if more than 20% of them are actively involved in regularly giving something back to the Club?

I would love to see more people offering themselves forward: helping at juniors training nights, attending committee meetings to see what jobs need doing, offering to help at races. It's not a huge ask.

If you aren't sure how to get involved, can I suggest you attend the next committee meeting which will be at 8.15pm at The Mortal Man, Troutbeck on Tuesday 15th May. This will be after the Club run from The Mortal Man which meets at 6.15pm. Everyone from the Club is welcome to attend the meeting (you can leave at any time!), and it'll be a good chance to get a snap-shot of what's currently going on at the Club.

Many thanks,
Ben

Club Champs 2018

2018 Club Champs are well underway with Jim T's selection of races proving really popular. Something for everyone so lace up ya shoes, get yesel there and pick up some champs points. Your best 4 to count.



Date	Race	Meeting Point
18/2/18	Loughrigg - Silver Howe Chase	cattle grid on Under L'rigg Rd
27/3/18	Heron Pike—Stone Arthur Round. 4m, 2000ft fully flagged	Traveller's Rest, 6.45pm
3/4/18	Loughrigg Orienteering. 1 hour score event, map provided	zig zags on Under L'rigg Rd, 6.00pm - 6.45pm
24/4/18	Seat Sandal Scamper. 4.5m, 2500ft, partially flagged	Traveller's Rest, 6.45pm
22/5/18	Fairfield, 7.5m, 3000ft, partially flagged	Traveller's Rest, 6.45pm
16/6/18	Great Lakes Race. AL 21k, 2130m	Stool End Farm, Gt Langdale
1/7/18	Skiddaw. AM, 15.4km. 960m	
July tbc	Uphill Race	
22/7/18	Coniston Country Fair, AS, 9.7km, 732m	
27/8/18	Black Combe Country Fair. AM, 12.5km, 625m	
6/9/18	Downhill Race tbc	
Nov tbc	Arnside Knott	

Any questions? Ask Jim:

jim_tyson@hotmail.com

Next Club Champs Events

Tuesday Evening Treat

Club Champs race and Leg 2 relay recce - Fairfield and Cofa Pike - Tuesday 22nd May 6.45pm

What a cracker this promises to be. This 'Queen Stage' of this years' FRA relay has a bit of everything. Hard from the off with a relentless climb up Great Rigg from Grasmere via the broad Stone Arthur ridge. This climb will see the fastest labouring for half an hour; mere mortals can scale up according to ability. Once you are up there, the fun begins, with a route that links together sections of Fairfield Horseshoe, Hodgson Brothers Relay, Grisedale Horseshoe and the Old Counties Tops.

After a swift run over Fairfield, the route is flagged over Cofa Pike down to the base of the St Sunday climb - a section as rough as Lakes running gets. At the bottom of Cofa, a hard left turn commences a hair-raising descent down the 'runners trod' descent that you climb up on the Grisedale Horseshoe race. Follow the flags on a good contour line above the tarn to hit Grisedale Hause and the final challenge of the unflagged Tongue Gill descent. Those with little imagination will follow the path down this section, but the faster lines are to either side. Either way, at the base of the valley you will be funnelled into the flagged run in along the 'high walled lane' back to the Travellers pub for a well earned pint and debrief.

As well as being a classic course to race around on a Tuesday evening, we hope to get some feedback about the proposed route for the relays. Other Lakes clubs have been informally invited to join us. The feedback for the organisers from the previous two trial events has been invaluable.

As previously, please note that runners will be totally responsible for themselves on the evening. This is not a 'proper' race (though it will certainly feel like one!), there will be no entry fee, numbers, prizes or marshals. There will be published times for all runners. You may be asked to carry FRA kit to keep things fair and safe, so come prepared. Add a head torch to your kit if you anticipate being out for a while!

Spread the word and hopefully see lots of Lakes runners there. OFFERS OF HELP for flagging, radio testing and gate holding will be welcomed as ever - contact Dan Dux

See you there!

Dan

MAP A Leg 2 (pairs): Stone Arthur – Great Rigg – Fairfield – Cofa Pike – Deepdale Hause – Grisedale Hause – Tongue Gill

- flagged with red flags – must follow
- flagged – follow if you want to (flags should follow fastest lines)
- not flagged – go where you like between checkpoints
- checkpoint – must be visited



MAP B Leg 2 (pairs): Stone Arthur – Great Rigg – Fairfield – Cofa Pike – Deepdale Hause – Grisedale Hause – Tongue Gill

- not flagged – go where you like between checkpoints
- flagged – follow if you want to (flags should follow fastest lines)
- checkpoint – must be visited



Any questions, ask Dan:
danmunro2014@gmail.com

Connections

From home, on Black Combe, there is a view across the Solway
To Merrick – sentry to Bruce's Stone.
And from there to Goat Fell on Arran.
The Paps of Jura then but a pebble thrown.

Memories have us planted on these hilltops;
Views take us on – and memories bring us back.
Three views connected from deep in Cumbria
A hundred and fifty miles edging out west and north.

Running Ben More's island ridge
Down out of mist I glimpse Jura's tops;
Unmistakeable in the gloom. The thrill so great
I have to show a passing hiker – just a view to her!

Not for me though.
I am connected suddenly,
Electrically almost – a volt-laden jolt.
Memories have us planted.

SW December 2017

*****WELL DONE LADS AND GREAT RUN*****

Leader board at Mon 23:01				
Position	Entrant number	Entrant name	Qualifying checkpoint	Total time
1	47	Neil Talbott	Threshfield	11:16:23
2	171	Stuart Walker	Threshfield	11:44:39
3	232	Lawrence Eccles	Threshfield	11:56:15
4	316	Tom Gibbs	Threshfield	12:13:50
5	244	Simon Bourne	Threshfield	12:22:38
6	396	Stewart Bellamy	Threshfield	12:22:40
7	221	Andrew Ward	Threshfield	12:28:33
8	347	David Chetta	Threshfield	12:32:58
9	323	Barney Nikolich	Threshfield	12:36:14
10	322	Mike Sellors	Threshfield	12:36:19
11	5	Nick Green	Threshfield	12:36:21
12	85	Philip Withnall	Threshfield	13:29:40
13	249	Ben Sheppard	Threshfield	13:29:43
14	49	Scott Smith	Threshfield	13:31:57
15	210	Hugh Watkin	Threshfield	13:32:04
16	197	Matt Neale	Threshfield	13:32:06
17	266	Joe Hobbs	Threshfield	14:08:40
18	75	Jessica Richardson	Threshfield	14:09:40
19	337	Allan McKeown	Threshfield	14:19:15
20	403	Robert Henderson	Threshfield	14:19:19
21	263	Bob Johnston	Threshfield	14:19:29
22	283	Carol Morgan	Threshfield	14:19:35
23	155	Glyn Collen	Threshfield	14:38:46
24	6	Simon Pass	Threshfield	14:38:50
25	336	Peter Chapman	Threshfield	14:38:59

A few words from Neil...

"The Fellsman was good thanks. Tom and I managed to bring home some bling: 1st, 1st novice and team prize for 'Ambleside AC' (plus one ringer). Results attached; there's an article below if you're interested (he collared me literally at the finish line so it's a good job I was still feeling ok or goodness knows what I'd have said!)."

Article

<https://www.grough.co.uk/magazine/2018/04/30/neil-talbott-wins-gruelling-60-mile-fellsman-race-at-first-attempt>

Race Organisers' Corner

Pleas for Help:

GREAT LAKES FELL RACE

Saturday June 16th

Please can I have some offers to help, either marshalling on one of the summits or helping at start/finish.

It's a very low-key affair, with a small field of entrants and a fantastic day out at the end of the possibly the most beautiful valley in the world...

It also happens to be a 2018 Ambleside AC Championship race and a 2019 British & English Championship counter!

Summits to be marshalled will most likely be Bowfell, Great End, Scafell Pike, Scafell, Slight Side and Pike O' Blisco.

Please email me for more details: Ben_Abdelnoor@yahoo.com

THIS HILL IS TOO STEEP!!

This hill is too steep

As a nimble young lad it was just a skip and a leap.

18 miles in and my Legs filled with lead

Curse that they're worse than the thoughts in my head.

Just then another speeds past

A knife to my heart! How can they be so fast?

But worse is to come as we clamber the Fell

All fours might help me through this draining hell.

Helpless as I watch more pass by

Last resort, dig deep and try!!!

Staying close to those ahead

The beads of sweat on path are shed.

For a minute or two I've held my own

And resolve has at last been shown.

A vet rival nods as he makes it clear

That it's a run for Home as we're 4 miles near.

Well If he's back here, I'm not so poor

Get on his train! Find some more!

By that next summit he has 1 minute gap

"I can close that if I don't flap!"

So I ignore the screaming legs and all

Eyes are down , worried for a fall.

The feet are hitting the right places

As I revisit some passing faces.

Vintage star is now in touch

I increase the pace but not by much

As I pass, we joke as he looks for a tow

But his legs are heavy and much too slow

I pretend that he's right on my tail

Curiously that helps me to prevail.

When I cross the line I feel very pleased

That I overcame the demons that teased.

That the focus returned

before hope almost burned.

Don't ever give up!

Is the lesson most learned.

Gary Thorpe

Race Reports

QUEEN ELEANOR CYCLE RIDE 2017

Thank you to all past and present sponsors



Figure 1 Departure from Harby

This is the Church at Harby near Lincoln, where we start. Queen Eleanor died in the manor house, which stood behind the churchyard, in 1290. The cycle ride takes a simple cross, whittled each year from local wood, to place on her tomb in Westminster Abbey 210 miles away. We follow the course that her funeral cortege took down the Great North Road, which was almost impassable in winter in those days, and we visit the sites of the Eleanor Crosses and places associated with her last journey. Sponsorship from the ride goes to the Connection at St Martin in the Field, which supports London's homeless.

The weekend is in many ways a pilgrimage. It is a long and searching journey whereby the hopeful travel is better than the arrival. For four days we leave behind many earthly things – not, of course, our 'phones, but our everyday concerns, and wake each morning with the sole purpose of getting out on the road, dealing with little problems on the way, and talking to people that we meet - and each other. In many respects it is like a skiing holiday – not a lot of “What shall we do today”.



Figure 2 Lincoln on Friday Afternoon



Figure 3 Sywell Aerodrome on Sunday Morning

In Lincoln there was a Steam Punk Festival and I took my first Kodak moment with an unfamiliar genre of dress which I will doubtless soon adopt.

There is a lovely Art Deco hotel at an aerodrome at Sywell, where we stop for coffee. There was a large Hindu wedding going on with beautiful traditional costumes, and lots of drumming, dancing and chanting. Again I took my Samsung moment and chatted with a very courteous old Indian gentleman in an immaculate suit who explained the wedding rituals for me. As we parted he said, with neither pride nor humility, that if ever I was at Tring Station I should re-introduce myself as he ran the coffee kiosk from 5.30 am to 10.00am.



The route is fairly flat and mainly on quiet roads and country lanes. This year we had beautiful weather with great progress and few punctures. Disaster struck me in Salcey Forest when I went into a pothole at speed, blew out both tyres and lost a mudguard. The value of cable ties in the saddle bag is not to be underestimated. And the support van was exemplary in its swift attendance and carriage to a safer spot for repairs.

Every 15 miles we took a break, usually at a village hall, where local hospitality provides an excess of sandwiches and cake as ballast for the journey. At night we slept in Church halls with mats and sleeping bags. The secret of a good night's sleep is to have a decent pillow and to choose your roommates with care. An evening meal was provided by local, good ladies with flowery names from the past.

At Little Haughton, outside Northampton the village was having some sort of a Bear Festival with an excellent Tableau Mort of Father Ted and his housemates.





Figure 4The Ford at Geddington on Saturday Evening

The Geddington ford has provided much amusement in the past and true to tradition we convinced newcomers that it had to be crossed in order to savour the full spirit of the ride. Not only does fording impart a strange sense of lateral instability, but wet shoes, which take several days to dry out. There is a vicious and well camouflaged, brick built speed bump at the Western end, more akin to a tank trap than anything that might be required for traffic calming, and it is always a joy to watch the new riders, faces alight with triumph as they get to the other side, crashing to the ground just when they think they're safe. We Army types have always confused induction with initiation.

Geddington has the best preserved Eleanor Cross and a volunteer fire service – motto “Go to Blazes”. Their fire engine meets us a few miles out and we ride in behind it confident that emissions were not a problem with older leaded fuel engines (yes, indeed, it is petrol). Keith, our organiser, poked his head out the hatch (I doubt they called it a sun roof) and took photographs and some delight in that we were shouting and cheering, although we were actually warning him of a low branch coming up behind him.



Figure 5 Love me Tender, Saturday Evening

Sunday is a long day, unless you're in bed, and this year was on the hot side. Getting past Milton Keynes, is a huge test of roundabout recognition skills and is then immediately followed by Bow Brick Hill, one of the few really challenging inclines on our route. But after that there is a lovely rural downhill stretch, marred only by a golf club and associated driving standards, before we arrived at Woburn Abbey where tea is enhanced by our private organ recital by Roger Lander. Frankly, I thought the Piece Heroique (the "h" is silent) was an excellent choice for those about to roller coaster over the hills to the delights of Dunstable. An added excitement was a change of venue for our showers. I'm a great opponent of change and this was almost too much for me at the end of 63 scorching miles (and years).



Figure 6 Woburn Abbey Organ

Monday is the home stretch – St Albans, Waltham Cross, Waltham Abbey, and then down the Lee Valley, many miles of towpath with hazards. There are steep cobbled bits, lone cyclists speeding the other way on narrow paths, happy family groups who don't like groups of cyclists much, and no shortage of gates and speed bumps. The penalty for failure, of course, is to go into the canal, and who knows how easy it is to unclip the pedal cleats under water? And so we finally arrived at Westminster Abbey and we laid the little wooden cross on Queen Eleanor's tomb and I wondered if the venerable old man from the Coffee Kiosk at Tring was a better model for a good life than this great abbey with all the pageantry, "Royal Connections" and memorials to great men. But that's what pilgrimage does for you.



Figure 7 Charing Cross Monday Evening "Closed"

Many thanks to all of you who donated in this year and past years. The total to date is just over £2000 with gift aid.

<https://mydonate.bt.com/fundraisers/simonrmcox>

Best wishes,

Simon

My 2018 Irish Trip! *By Gary Thorpe*

For the record, I really enjoyed my day!

The very tight travel arrangements worked perfectly and we didn't have to rely on backup plans arranged with the race organisers.

Jon Deegan, Paul Wright and myself flew to Belfast from Liverpool, hired a Vauxhall Astra down to Newcastle, arrived just 10 minutes before registration closed, did the race, then did the same travel home.

Most of the rest of the team did the proper mini-bus , ferry ,hostel, revelry and return. A proper stamina tester!!

In 2017 I shared the mini-bus wheel with Tom Gibbs and didn't arrive back home until about 10pm on the Sunday night. NEVER AGAIN!

It didn't help that driving had irritated a hip area injury during the Donard Challenge.

So I looked into flights, booked one for the 2018 and sold the idea to two wise old men in the club.

On arrival at Newcastle, we got ourselves registered in good time, despite my almost bursting bladder and illegal parking.

On bus G , those at the end of the alphabet met up, Thorpe, Tierney, Simpson, Wright J and Wright P on the back seats. The bus climbed into the eerie clag and dropped us by the almost invisible Spelga Dam. With no bags to be left on these Belfast buses, we dressed 'thinly' for the 'warm-up'.

The young Amblesiders had the right nervous expectation in their eyes, a good sign!

The usual frantic start over rough sloppy ground saw us take two distinct routes to Meelbeg, then it was Mourne Wall all the way to Commedagh (CP5).

Rough all the way "Duxbury will be loving this!" I thought.

My legs were dead from the start despite two days rest, I was feeling very lack lustre.

My head said "c'mon your here now, work through it!"

The legs were heavy and lower back became stiff with a dull ache .

"You'll get through it!"

By the first checkpoint Meelbeg, I'd settled for just completing the race, with no thoughts of positions, points or speed.

Rick Stuart of Helm Hill came past just after, which suggested that I wasn't doing that bad, he would finish 102nd. But I couldn't muster any energy to sustain any decent pace and settled for a plod around.

By the last hill I'd held the same position for quite some time.

As we approached Commedagh I knew it was important to get the compass out of the rucksack, but I was too idle.

It wasn't my trusted but misplaced compass, it was a Silva that had been at the bottom of my sports bag for years.

The Marshalls on Commedagh had helpfully laid out some markers to deter Runners straying off their intended route!

I knew that it was a North bearing initially, then about 78 degrees towards the tree line. Straightforward!

Don't break right!!! Into that steep stuff.

A runner in front of me went right, another to the left, compass time I thought. But I'd stayed on the North bearing for too long already.

Out it came, but I made the mistake of trying to take a bearing whilst descending a steep section, WHOOPS!

No damage but I slid for at least 60 metres at great speed, a combination of anxiety and exhilaration ensued.

When I came to rest two matters were pressing :-

1.the compass needle was hyperactive, swinging like a crazy pendulum and the poor thing was cracked and falling apart.

2.The hire car key in my shorts pocket was missing! At this point the race became secondary!!! I would not have discovered this if I'd not decided to shove the broken compass in there rather than the rucksack.

All the way around the course I'd kept checking that the key was secure but now a potential spanner in our travel works.

If I'd not been negative enough beforehand, this was the limit, so heavy legged, back up the hill I went. It was logical that during my bottom slide it may have come out and sure enough I found it quite easily! JOY!

I was so pleased that I almost forgot about the race.

Out came the map, but I was still wrapped in the swirling clag though.

I thought I'd slid to the right of the broad 'nose' so I needed to bear left to compensate, WRONG!

Because I'd already compensated.

What followed was a tired guess at where I was, the map cover blew away and my tissue paper map was deteriorating. On hearing water, the map suggested the Glen River but sadly it was a different significant beck. By now, I'd give up

" water goes downhill, that's where I want to be"

"Bugger the race!"

The tree line appeared but it was the wrong forest!

Tollymore Country Park might be quite pleasant for a family jolly but today I was less taken by its charms.

Another runner joined me, and some walkers commented that a few runners had been this way. I gained no comfort from this.

To get back, we were faced with climbing another bloody hill!!!

At this point I decided that if I have to suffer pain again, then I might as well get to the last checkpoint. The additional climbing might only have been 500 feet but it felt like 5000 feet.

I was absolutely in no rush being pleased that I'd completed the course having covered 13.96 miles. By the way the race was supposed to be 9 miles or so!

When I pressed my watch to complete my adventure it gleefully announced that I'd achieved my April Half Marathon 'badge'.

Whoopidoo!!!! I almost fainted with overwhelming satisfaction.

Paul Wright (being a good chap) waited by the finish line worried for his teammate, or more worried about his flight back.

Jon Deegan on the other hand was on his third pint with his teammates and all. All discussing their different fortunes.

Ben Abdelnoor had a cracker in 15th, Paul Tierney 24th, Tom Simpson 26th, Jack Wright 29th (schoolboy nav error denying him top 20 he says!), 32nd Joe Mann, Jack Millar 36th, Todd Oates 44th. Excellent packing and a great team performance. I predict it will only get better.

The vets were led by Dan Duxbury who committing a similar error to Jack lost about 20 places taking him to 62nd, Jon Deegan lost minutes (rather than my hour!!) dropping him to 85th when he'd been 3rd vet 50 dropped to 7th.(having followed the usually reliable Stephen Pyke of Dark Peak)

James Byrne 108th and Neil Ashcroft 127th (another detour!!) fought manfully for the team.

The girls had the best idea and something I should take on board, finishing 171st, 172nd and 173rd, Astrid Gibbs, Hazel Robinson and Jane Reedy appeared to have run attached to one another to avoid the curse of wandering off! Michelle (not a huge lover of rough descents) had a truly dreadful run - last seen in transfer talks with Grasmere Gazelles! Great tactics and First Vet Ladies Team -Brilliant!!!!

Some say that they appeared out of the mist in a kind of Red Arrow formation, full of steely intent with Paul Wright (186) being next up. Bringing up the rear in 273rd and remarkably not last, was me, there were 283 finishers.

In the jolly pub, Jon during his inebriation thought to fashion his copied map into an arrow, shoved it under the hire car wiper pointing to the pub, in the hope that I'd read his 'sign'.

I didn't!.

Just enough time in the Race HQ for tea and cake and see where I might've come before we headed back to Belfast with 5 minutes to spare.

Good spirits throughout the trip apart from the race but boy was I glad to get home for 9.20pm!

In many years of running, I've not had many nav cock ups, but this was a proper Red Flag belter!

I'm not disappointed just hopeful that it's several decades before I 'Wander' so spectacularly again.

What doesn't kill you will make you stronger!

Being Easter, there's a theme of one man's suffering for the benefit of others. With a potential black cloud of bad luck hanging over the team, I'd like to think that I'd dragged it

away for my own personal suffering, saving my teammates from disaster. But of course it was incompetence not bad luck!

I enjoyed the day, curiously . In fact, I did enjoy the rigours of the race too.

And pleased that the club did very well!.

Gary

Deegan's Ireland

I suspect Gary' s report , composed shortly after last weekend's Mourne Highline British Champs race, will be appearing in the next club newsletter. For balance (' it's only fair !') I shall add a few supplementary details.

Route Extensions and Misadventures with a tube of Voltorol .

5pm Friday 13th April:

'What colour would you prefer ?' asked the excellent Sports Therapist who had been working hard on my stubborn groin injury over the last 10 days. 'We have tan, plain black and 'Union Jack' patterned .'

I considered my options carefully .Remembering where I was planning to go the next day and not wanting to draw attention to myself ; something I always try to avoid; I asked her with a smile if the 3 strips of Kinesiology tape could please be black. After much ruminating I had finally made the decision to take up my place in the Mourne Highline fell race , County Down, Northern Ireland.

And so it was with great trepidation that I joined the company of Mssrs Gary Thorpe and Paul Wright at 5am the following morning as we departed Kendal for Liverpool Airport and the short flight to Belfast. Short the flight may well have been but the build up was not without incident.

As I had been completing my bag packing the night before (cabin luggage only to assist fast transition from plane to hire car in Belfast !) I had been stricken with the realisation that my wife had driven up to the start of her 3 day Coast to Coast ride with my passport and drivers licence enclosed safely within the glove compartment of my car which she had at the last minute decided to borrow, owing to it's generous boot space. Passport I could surely manage without -it being Northern Ireland- but the general consensus was that I would need my drivers license as a standard form of photograph ID. I did have alternative photo ID but Michela , feeling a little guilty, insisted on driving back with the above items just to play safe. At the gate I began to search in the top pocket of my rucksack for my ID but the hostess halted me in my fumbings to ask if I was Mr Deegan. 'Yes' I replied. 'On you go then,' was her reply as she took a cursory glance at my boarding card. I was the last but one to board the flight , the last being Gary Thorpe , who had been summoned over the intercom back to the cafe where we had minutes before enjoyed a rather too leisurely coffee and

where Gary had left his glasses case which not only contained his spectacles but also the bar coded card that would get us back out of our car park at the end of the day.

This was also the same cafe where I had decided to open a tube of Voltorol with my teeth.... I'll spare you no details in describing what happened next ; a jet of unpleasant tasting milky viscous fluid spurted forth into my mouth. Urging myself not to swallow I sprang up ran off to find the nearest bin where with some relief I spat out the vile contents of my mouth. It was an experience I intend never Ever to repeat ! Looking up I noticed that I had drawn a few stares from passers by. It was then that I decided that it was probably better to abort my plan of quickly finding a quite corner in which to discretely apply a layer of voltorol gel to my groin.. This was just so that I wouldn't draw any more attention to myself than was absolutely necessary . I would save that delicate operation until I was safely on the plane !

On the plane I waited until two good looking 20+ year old Northern Irish girls had moved seats in order to get a better aerial view of Belfast before completing my vital race preparations. I must emphasise right now that their decision to move was in no way connected to my own actions , which were over and done with in just a few seconds. Smiling with relief I looked up to have my gaze met by an also smiling male flight attendant. Widening my smile in the direction of the passing hostess I hurriedly buried my head in a newspaper. The remainder of the flight passed without incident and none, I hope, were recorded.

And so on to the race. For me the journey through the Mournes was memorable for the mist and the Mourne wall intermittently disappearing into the mist before reassuringly reappearing with a random selection of ragged looking runners. My strong navigational skills weren't really required until after the penultimate checkpoint , at which point they failed me. Not quite a 'Red Flagger ' though . 'Stand up Gary Thorpe !' our own Forrest Gump !

'Forest' being the operative word as Gary struggled to negotiate the network of forestry tracks which criss crossed ruthlessly above Newcastle County Down.

What dedication Gary demonstrated in sticking mercilessly to his Three Peaks mileage schedule ! What loyalty he showed towards his Strava sponsors in achieving yet another half marathon target for the week (even accurately managing to add on another .86 miles to the 13.1 half marathon distance) ! What presence of mind Gary displayed in checking his back pocket after a 30 meter bum slide only to find that the hire car key had unzipped itself ! What selflessness he showed towards his fellow travelling teammates by crawling back up the slope to retrieve the key only to return it to that same back pocket instead of safely zipping it inside his kag pocket within the zipped up protection of his bum bag ! What a F Whit !

(Editor , please note. Next ones a Red Card !)

Meanwhile, back at the race finish Duxbury (great run if it hadn't been for his own nav error!) , Ashy (" ") and I completed the course in time to share a team photo with the

successful *Young Guns* - Scorching performances lads !- before shivering our way to 'O' Hares (Ashy staying warm with his constantly moving jaw !)

An hour later as I sat in the pub , sipping away on my *Guinness* while Paul was doing laps of the car park fretting about *Gary* and our successful return home, I looked up into the eyes a frowning *Oliver Cromwell* . Blissfully unaware of *Gary's* unfolding dramas I began to reflect on how much *Mr Cromwell* would have approved had I been sporting my Union Jack patterned Kinesiology tape.

Club Veterans Captain Jon.

Eskdale Elevation by Edmond Jackson



A clash with 'Ireland' may explain why just three Amblesiders pitched up on 14 April for an excellent race in its third year of running; devised/organised by Pennine Fell Runners and worth noting for the future. Dates have varied from 6 May last year when John Helme established the course record, to 2 April in 2016 when Rhys Findlay-Robinson led home in driving rain with a rapidly

disintegrating OS map. This 13-mile/4771ft, potentially classic 'long', starts/finishes at Boot village with checkpoints at WhinRigg, Scafell and Eel Tarn – a wealth of route choices on proper mountain terrain than paths, and a long fast descent off Scafell once clear of summit boulders.

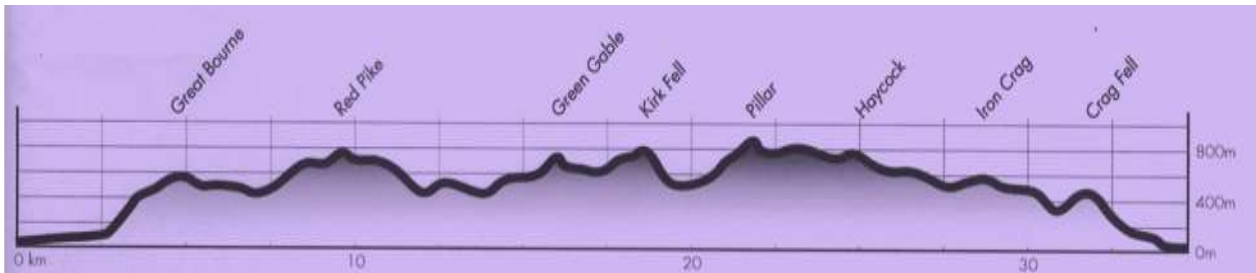
Climbing initially out of Boot, the route turns north-west past White Moss to Miterdale where choices kick in as to point of beck-crossing then weaving a way up through patches of gorse (ouch!) where Sam Watson of Wharfedale curiously appeared, working his way through the pack after forgetting gear on his journey, arriving quite a few minutes late but still ending up fourth!

After WhinRigg the route heads north-east initially on the Wasdale Horseshoe trod but avoiding ascent to Ilgill Head. Word from supposed 'wise veterans' beforehand was to contour around but a lad from Black Combe Runners just in front of me veered quite sharply right off the hill to rather skirt Burnmoor Tarn, ending up 100 yards or so ahead while I dallied on scrappy ground.

The Scafell ascent follows a trod initially left towards Wasdale Head then curving towards the summit joining a walkers' path up modest scree. Turning around at the summit the challenge is then to get clear of boulders soonest and pick a line in the direction of Eel Tarn. Really helps to have a clear day! Otherwise first-rate navigation skills and a thorough recce to probe clag in such an expanse. Then weaving between knolls to reach Eel Tarn where the check-point is on the north side, after which there's a final resort to pathway and short stretch of road descending into Boot. Ian Holmes won in 02:05:22 versus John Helme's gauntlet of 02.00.57. A highly satisfying event, and in the Brook House Inn afterwards!

May's "Reet Good Reads"

Four Minute Ennerdale *by Colin Dulson*



Someone has to put forward the proposition and set down the challenge for others to step up and beat.

People had been trying for years to break the four minute mile before Roger Bannister, supported by Chris's Brasher and Chataway, posted 3.59.4 in 1954. Within a year four other people had posted under 4 minutes, all because someone proved it possible.

So what was the Ennerdale proposition and who put it forward?

There are accounts going back to the early 20th century of scouting and rambling groups seeing it as "A challenge" to complete but no one was keeping time. In 1962 two people from the West Cumberland Ramblers "wrote up the route" including Great Gable, taking 14 hours and 2 minutes, but included "halts" for refreshment. In current times these "halts" along with Great Gable are omitted from the Horseshoe Race, unless exhaustion or poor map reading dictate otherwise.

When questioned, the two original ramblers said, "We except that a good fell racer could probably knock two hours off our time but think that the 14 hours is quite a good average time" and that they would "like to hear from anybody who can complete the same walk in less time".

The challenge had been set and later that year on October 7th Billy Stainton, "wasting no time over meals and breaks", completed the route in 8 hours and 52 minutes. Billy Stainton, known as Bill to us, has gone on to marshal on the first race, run in the second race in 1969 and has been a marshal ever since and to this day, mostly on Red Pike.

Forward to 1968 Joe Long and Frank Travis of the West Cumberland Orienteering Club proposed a route that is still the current route (give or take a few detours) and asked a fell runner known as Joss to test out the route. He suggested it would take about 6 hours but soled around it in around 5 hours. On June the 8th 1968 Joss Naylor won the first race in 4 hours and went on to win the first 9 races.

The Ennerdale times got quicker. Joss broke the 4 hour barrier in 1970 in 3.53.20. Chris Brasher comes back into this story at this point as he became a very strong supporter of Joss, and obviously influenced people to

break records to come in under 4 something? For men, the times peaked with Kenny Stuart in 1985 at 3.20.57, with Billy Bland having run 3.21.04 in 1980 and Simon Booth coming close in 2000 with 3.21.24. With slight variations being made to the route over that period it is difficult to split these amazing times. The female record set by Janet McIver in 2008 stands at 4.01.33.

So, it's now 50 years since this race was proposed and run officially . . . well 50 ish!

It depends if you count the one year cancelled for foot and mouth and the one year cancelled for lack of runners. So I've decided to take the mid ground and say 2018 is the 50th year. Ennerdale Brewery have also decided to support this view and produced a special 50th Anniversary ale to help celebrate, so if you turn up as spectator or runner you will be able to partake.

Thousands of runners have now climbed, scrambled, bog-trotted, dehydrated, cramped, got lost, spat, sworn, laughed and occasionally run around the 23 miles and 7500 ft that is the Ennerdale Horseshoe. But fell runners are a strange but glorious breed. This is exemplified by runners paying the £13.50 (current price), travelling to West Cumbria, "poleaxing" themselves for up to 7 hours and then as they cross the finish line covered in dried salt (weather depending) looking close to death saying "Thanks that was fantastic, best race I've ever done"

Despite the adjectives used above it is a beautiful route both visually and underfoot with some very "runnable" sections if you've left enough in your legs from the large climbs and the rocky sections. The most challenging section of the whole race is the small and non-descript stile at the foot of Crag Hill, and the subsequent 100ft of ascent to the final summit that pretends to only be 1500ft above sea level. It is rare that runners of all standards don't experience cramp of some intensity as they attempt to step over the stile.

The climbs and descents over, Green Gable, Kirk Fell and Pillar along with the faster paced ridge sections in the first and last 5 miles make the Ennerdale a Classic race. With the variable weather from dry and hot to arctic and "a wee bit breezy" it has genuinely been the scene of some epic runs at the front and the back of the field.

The current mile record 3.43.13 is constantly being challenged. The issue that fell racing may have, at least the longer races, is the lack of challenge to the best times. A good year for times was in 2000 when the first six runners came in under 3 hours 30 minutes. It was a championship year and the age profile of the top ten runners was much lower than tends to be the case now. Eighteen years since anybody got near the male record and ten years since anyone challenged the female record is too long. So come on fell running clubs, put the proposition to your younger runners to become a classic runner and chase some of the greats that have left their stud marks on the summit of the Ennerdale fells.

Race organisers:

Frank Travis 1968 - 1972 - WCOC & CFRA

Danny Hughes 1973 - 1993 - CFRA

Colin Dulson 1994 - current - CFRA

Who to send your information to

For the Newsletter

We need:

- Updates and pleas for help from race organisers
- Info about social events
- Captains' updates
- Minutes from committee meetings
- Juniors updates- so the old gits know who's snapping at their heels!
- Club Champs updates
- Relay 2018 updates
- Articles written by you!
- Race reports either from the Race Organiser or a runner
- Pictures to go with any of the above
- Items for sale (running related!)
- Cartoons...Jim T:-)
- Banter and general mickey taking that we're renowned for!

SEND YOUR INFO AS A WORD DOCUMENT TO:

mcrowley@ghyllside.cumbria.sch.uk

For the Website

Send your information to one of these people who regularly update that section of the website:

News section (including social stuff and trips away)- Neil Talbott neiltalbott4@hotmail.com

AAC Races pages - Dan Duxbury danmunro2014@gmail.com

Training pages - Michelle Foxwell mcrowley@ghyllside.cumbria.sch.uk

Club Champs pages - Jim Tyson jim_tyson@hotmail.com

Junior pages - Eleanor Knowles eleanorknowles333@btinternet.com

'Articles' for the 'blog' section - Neil Talbott neiltalbott4@hotmail.com

AMBLESIDE AC TUESDAY NIGHT TRAINING SCHEDULE 2018

DATE	TIME	VENUE & SUGGESTED ROUTES	DRINKS & POST-RUN CRAIC
20/3/18	6.40pm	<u>Ambleside Rugby Club:</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Steady group Trail/fell run 7/8/9/10 Hills of Ambleside 	The Golden Rule
27/3/18	From 6.30pm for 6.45pm start	<u>Club Champs Relay Leg race around Alcock Tarn, Heron Pike and Stone Arthur.</u> Start just down from the Travellers pub (towards Grasmere). Fully flagged and suitable for age 16+	Travellers
3/4/18	Start any time between 6.00pm and 7.00pm	<u>Loughrigg Orienteering Event</u> 1 hour score Meet at stile on zigzags up Loughrigg road	The Golden Rule
10/4/18	6.40pm	<u>Elterwater</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Lingmoor loop – Cumbria Way return Sil Howe – BleaRigg – Stickle Tarn – Cumbria Way return Meet top car park on the common	The Britannia, Elterwater
17/4/18	6.40pm	<u>Car park by bridge just N of Hartsop turning</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Dove Crag via Priest's Hole – Middle Dodd/Red Screes Angle Tarn loop Meet in car park on road bend	Brotherswater
24/4/18	From 6.30pm for 6.45pm start	<u>Club Champs Relay Leg race up Seat Sandal.</u> Start just down from the Travellers pub (towards Grasmere). Partially flagged and suitable for age 18+	Travellers
1/5/18	6.40pm	<u>Coniston</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Race reccie Levers Water loop Levers Water – Brim Fell – Old Man Meet on the road by The Sun	The Sun
8/5/18	6.40pm	<u>Fairfield</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Race reccie Loughrigg/Sil Howe Grasmere trails Meet on lane at Rydal	Badger Bar
15/5/18	6.15pm	<u>Mortal Man – committee mtg at 8.15pm</u>	Mortal Man
22/5/18	6.40pm	<u>Leg 2 Race reccie</u>	Travellers' Rest
29/5/18	6.40pm	<u>ODG, Langdale</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Race route to Stickle Tarn – Sgt Man – High Raise – Stake Pass – Mickleden Race route to Stickle Tarn – Harrison Stickle – Martcrag Moor – Black Crag – Rossett Pike – Bow Fell traverse – The Band Scafell Pike return Meet at ODG car park	ODG

5/6/18	6.40pm	<u>One from the left field...Coledale Horseshoe</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Classic Coledale Horseshoe <p>Loads of car sharing and meet Braithwaite Village (near Keswick!). Miserable buggers without wanderlust can sort something closer to home☺</p>	The Royal Oak, Braithwaite
12/6/18	6.40pm	<u>Kirkstone Pass</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Hartsop – Pasture Beck – Threshthwaite – Stony Cove – St Raven's Edge Red Screes- Middle Dodd – cross road – up mines path to Caudale Moor – St Raven's Edge <p>Meet at main Kirkstone Pass car park</p>	Kirkstone Inn
19/6/18	6.30pm	<u>Cockley Beck Midsummer Scamper!</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Straight to the roof of England...the pretty way! Little Stand – Cold Pike traverse – 3 Shires Stone – Wet Side Edge – Grey Friar – Cockley Beck <p>Meet Cockley Beck</p>	3 Shires
26/6/18	6.40pm	<u>Tilberthwaite</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Yewdale Common – Wetherlam – return or Steel Edge return Yewdale Common – Hole Rake – Red Dell path to Red Dell – Wetherlam – Tilberthwaite <p>Meet at Tilberthwaite car park</p>	tba
3/7/18		<u>Steel Fell</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Uphill Club Champs race? Jim? Steel Fell round <p>Meet at Travellers</p>	Travellers
10/7/18	6.40pm	<u>Torver</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Brown Pike – Dow – Old Man <p>Meet pub car park</p>	Church House Inn, Torver
17/7/18	6.40pm	<u>Kentmere</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Horseshoe race reccie Garburn – Sallows – Sour Howes <p>Meet at Institute by church</p>	Water Mill, Ings
24/7/18	6.40pm	<u>Glenridding</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Helvellyn via edges – classic! Helvellyn via Striding – Nethermost – Eagle Crag – valley trail – back up Derek Price route – Glenridding/Lanty's <p>Meet in main car park</p>	Travellers
31/7/18	6.40pm	<u>Drunken Duck</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Black Crag – Tarn Hows – Iron Keld return Stu Shutt's magical mystery Tour de Latterbarrow <p>Meet in pub car park</p>	Drunken Duck
7/8/18	6.40pm	<u>Sedbergh</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Sedbergh Hills race reccie Winder –Arant Haw - The Calf – Calders – return <p>Meet on lane by park</p>	The Dalesman
14/8/18	6.40pm	<u>Fairfield</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Rydal Round race reccie <p>Meet on lane at Rydal</p>	Badger Bar
21/8/18	6.40pm	<u>Patterdale</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Grisedale Tarn – St Sunday – Arnison Crag Ullswater shore path – Place Fell – BoredaleHause 	Brotherwater

		Meet by Patterdale School	
28/8/18	6.30pm	<u>Kentmere</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Sadgill -Longsleddale – Gatesgarth Pass – Harter – Kentmere Pike Meet at Institute by church	Eagle & Child, Staveley
4/9/18	6.15pm	<u>Troutbeck village</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Wansfell – Middle Grove – Red Screes – Kirkstone – Idle Hill – Wansfell Garburn – Sallows – Sour Howes Garburn – Thornthwaite – valley path to Limefitt Meet on lane by Mortal Man	Mortal Man
11/9/18	6.00pm	<u>3 Shires</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Part race reccie Greenburn Round Lingmoor – Blea Tarn – Under Wetherlam Meet on lane above 3 Shires pub	3 Shires
18/9/18	6.00pm	<u>Langdale</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Blisco Blisco – Blea Tarn loop Blisco – Lingmoor Stickle Tarn- Sgt Man –Tarn Crag Meet NT car park at New Dungeon Ghyll	Stickle Barn
25/9/18	6.00pm	<u>Grasmere</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Another look around any relay legs? Meet big lay by S of Travellers	tba
2/10/18	6.00pm	<u>Staveley Mill Yard</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Brunt Knott - Potter Fell Meet in mill yard	Eagle & Child
9/10/18	6.00pm	<u>Scout Scar</u> car park (Underbarrow Road), Kendal -Kendal passport required	The Rifleman's
16/10/18	6.00pm	<u>Ambleside Rugby Club:</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Steady group Trail/fell run 	The Golden Rule
23/10/18	6.00pm	<u>Ambleside Rugby Club:</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Steady group Trail/fell run 	The Golden Rule
30/10/18	6.40pm	<u>Ambleside Rugby Club:</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Steady group Trail/fell run 7/8/9/10 Hills of Ambleside 	The Golden Rule