

Ambleside AC Newsletter

September 2018

In Brief

August, to be fair, was The Great Payback for the glorious summer which ended at the exact same moment the children finished for school holidays. Still, there's nothing like that joyous sound of rain hitting your hood as you cower behind a wall questioning your lifestyle choices whilst anyone with any sense cleared off to the Alps...and stayed there! Despite the dreadful conditions, both Tom Simpson and Ian Penney completed their BGR. Ian's Wasdale to Dunmail got the full four seasons in six hours with hail stones like marbles on the Scafells and Bowfell, easing to just the torrential rain by Steel Fell where Jim Tyson demonstrated what amazing sledges waterproof trousers make, performing an interesting elbow/bracken self-arrest inches before disappearing into a ravine! Tom's account is in September's Reet Good Reads. Those with BG dreams should read the lessons learned at the end of his article. Well done, also, to Jane Reedy and Wendy (not ours but kind of everybody's!) for completing a Frog Graham.

Congratulations to these boys taking 3rd team at Ben Nevis: a well-earned result after a spring and summer of hard effort.



And to these three for winning the team prize at the Lake District Mountain Trial, proving that AAC are fairly ok without any of this new tech wizardry that people are getting so excited about. Neill, Dan, Ben & Chris, I wish I had recorded the speech given by the RO at the start of the Grisedale Horseshoe; by far and away the best anti-GPS rant I've heard yet.



Happy running.

Ed



YOUR HELP NEEDED NOW

Please can all members check over the invoice at the back of the club newsletter before Roger signs it off. Any issues, do let us know. A bit of background for those of you who don't do Face-ache, which by the way is the only way it seems to get information out to the FRA membership! There have been some minor ripples regarding some new tech-stuff hitting the markets recently. Sadly our close friends along the A591 have been rather silent on the subject; not all of them I hasten to add!

Junior News

A Really Special Summer

We've enjoyed some fantastic, sunny evenings meeting at and running from different venues over the holidays. It's always a smaller group than in term time but loads of running up mountains, hijinks, amazing flapjack (thanks Libby!) and great memories made.

Photo: Niki Ryland



Downhill Madness!

Congratulations to several of our older juniors who joined the seniors on the Red Screes Downhill Dash... and gave them a really hard time!



Photos: Wayne Lees

The younger juniors then enjoyed their own downhill madness on a route that took them twisting and turning through the final descent fields of the Fairfield race. Fearless mountain goats with zero sense of self-preservation!



Photo: Eleanor Knowles

UKA Athletics Hill Running Relay 2018

Into the final few weeks of hard work and preparation for **THE BIGGEST FELL RACE EVER!** Ongoing well done and thanks to the team behind what will be our club's flagship event of the year. If you haven't yet volunteered to help in some way, contact Eleanor Knowles who is compiling the list of helpers.

Dates for the next meetings:

25/9/18 Travellers' Rest, Grasmere

9/10/18 Badger Bar, Rydal

16/10/18 Travellers' Rest, Grasmere

All welcome. Meetings start at 8.30pm. Cheers, Roger

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 Red Screes	
Nov tbc	Arnside Knott	

Any questions? Ask Jim:

jim_tyson@hotmail.com



RED SCREES DOWNHILL DASH 4.9.18

An amazing 39 of you assembled on the summit of Red Screes briefly before flinging yourselves bodily downhill, allowing gravity to have her way. All of that blood, sweat and tears, only to be upstaged by a dog! Most photogenic runner of the evening and pictured with all paws airborne. Check out his Strava segments. Chapeau Mr H!

RED SCREES DOWNHILL DASH RESULTS

Pos.	Name	Cat	Time
1	Ted F		15:55
2	John H	V40	16:13
3	Harry S		16:34
4	Adam C		16:49
5	Karl S		16:57
6	Hugo H		17:11
7	Tom S		17:31
8	Mark		17:58
9	Simon		18:13
10	James B		18:23
11	Harry B		18:28
12	Rob H	V40	18:40
13	Paul C	V50	18:51
14	Harry		19:39
15	Rowan A	Junior	19:55
16	Paul K	V40	20:10
17	Vince + Mr H	V40 + ???dog years	20:18
18	Jim T	V40	20:51
19	Stu S	V50	21:01
20	Chris H	V50	21:17
21	Steve F		22:11
22	Lou R	WV40	22:13
23	Dan G	V40	22:31
24	Sophie R	W Junior	22:36
25	Nicky R	WV40	23:12
26	Cat E	WV40	23:49
27	John G	V60	24:27
28	Cath M	WV50	24:40
29	Paul S	V50	24:58
30	Mike T	V60	25:10
31	Lucy D		25:17
32	Paula B	WV40	25:26
33	Matt R	V40	26:57
34	Ben A		28:59
35	Tom A	Junior	31:34
36	Steve A		31:35
37	Sel	V60	33:01
38	Jim E	V40	36:29 Sweep
39	Adam G		36:29 Sweep

September's Reet Good Reads

Glamaig Race 7/7/18 by Tom Simpson



I first heard about Glamaig on the Monday of the preceding week from non-Amblesider but otherwise all-round top feller David Cope. He's up in Stirling at the moment and he offered me a lift (via a mate of his, Ross Spalding) up to Skye on the Wednesday evening with the aim of scrambling the Cuillins and racing Glamaig. Apparently it had a reputation for being steep, rocky and wild - all good things, although claims I've learned to take with a pinch of salt after the 'steep, rocky and wild' Tal Y Mignedd!

I hopped on a train to Stirling and by Wednesday evening we had been eaten alive by midges while diving into some incredible pools in the river Etive (I'm learning not to breathe in while underwater) and were bedded down in Glen Coe, ready for a pretty crammed two-and-a-half days before the race. At risk of blurring the line between 'race report' and 'wot i did on my hollydays', I'll summarise: seven Munroes (my first!) including SgurrMhadaidh and SgurrGhreadaidh on Saturday morning, solo of the In-Pin (quite scary) and plenty of wild swimming. As we dropped down from the In-Pin I saw a group of people below and said to David and Ross, "that guy down there has hair just like Joe Mann. And he's wearing Joe Mann's hat." Lo and behold, it was Joe Mann on a day out with his reindeer crew.

We were pretty tired before the race, although I'd be lying if I said I wasn't feeling a little competitive; David had been pulling my legs off at every summit so if I could return the favour at the race, I would (disclaimer: he had a sore knee so any victory on my part is hollow!). It was funny going for a pre-race wander at a Scottish race. All the clubs were different, but the characters were the same: the front-line whippets, the suntanned veterans, the confused road runners in sillysocks. Glamaig was part of the Scottish Champs this year, and Finlay Wild turned up to defend his title. I didn't know much about him before the trip, but David and Ross recounted his various superhuman efforts. In particular I remember looking at the West face of the In-Pin wondering how anyone could possibly downclimb a V Diff at race pace.

As with any champs race, David and I were submersed in a sea of overzealous runners on the fast road section at the start. Ross had more sense (and better legs) and sprinted off to the front. David kindly paced me through the long rolling tussocks as we cruised through the field towards the foot of the climb. What a climb! The steep grass was like a wall, with Findlay and co high above us. I found my legs (last seen summiting BlaBeinn) and started to work my way past people. Even the likes of Chairman Ben might have struggled to run on a climb like this; the closest I came was a half-arsed attempt to move my hands slightly higher up my thighs and take a better look at the hill above. As we climbed higher we started to hit little patches of scree. Finding the breath to shout 'below' was a challenge, no matter how safety-conscious you may be.

Near the summit there's a slight relaxation in gradient - down to maybe 25%? - and as I attempted a token jog I saw Mr Wild tearing past in a volley of scree. My only hopes of catching that guy involved a Zorb, a helicopter and possibly a wingsuit. Round the summit marshals and then the scree run to end all scree runs. If you look at Glamaig from the Slagachan Inn you can see a number of straight parallel lines running nearly from the summit to the point where the scree ends a little way above the base of the hill. Hit one of these and you're basically matter transported to the bottom of the mountain, sort of like the Dr Who title sequence but with rocks instead of stars. The scree sits on a hard, dusty bed and each piece is about the size of your fist. Run on it for more than a few seconds and the whole conglomeration starts to come with you, and you're running on a moving conveyor belt - to the horror of anyone in front who's not capable of matching your now sky-high total velocity. Dismounting onto the grass at the end you're filled with overwhelming disappointment, like getting off a trampoline but worse.

To add to this sensation, you find that you still have 2km left to run, 3/4 of which involves ankle-swallowing bog and tussock. At the back of my mind was the fact that David said runners who finish in under 52 minutes "get their names written in a book" (I have no idea if this is true. [Edit: turns out it is](#)). I resisted looking at my watch until I hit the road: buggerrrr. I knew I'd started the timer early but I couldn't remember how early so I turned myself inside out just in case, spurred on by the support of Ambleside's very own Joe The Mann! Not quite quick enough in the end, but 52:47 was still enough for 7th so I



was pretty happy. Finlay Wild took the win in a new record of 44:22 (for context, this was 3:32 quicker than Ted Mason). All in all, although it may not be in Cumbria I couldn't recommend this race enough.

Scafell Sky Race, July 2018

So, what's the difference between a fell runner and a Skyrunner?

A massive bank balance and an Instagram account. Aye; hilarious. Not. Just tedious and lacking both intellect and imagination. The repetition of this "joke" with its variations on the above punchline was the reason I took great delight in removing myself from the FRA FB group: So many idiots, incapable of original thought but with far too much influence.

In the last few years, Skyrunning (already well established elsewhere) has really taken hold in the UK as course setters are increasingly inspired by the technical terrain found in The Lakes and Scotland. I've raced several Sky races in Europe and in 2016 I ran the Lakes Sky Ultra, did well, loved it and vowed to do some more. So I entered the slightly shorter but no less technical Scafell Sky Race, the date of which coincided with the zenith of the GPS FBfuror. Unfortunately, my Ambleside vest attracted the wrong kind of attention from a stupid, opinionated madam who ought to know better...

Her: "Well aren't we lucky. Didn't think your club did flagged races."

Me (inside voice): "f- off. I didn't ask for your approval to be here."

Me (outside voice): "Oh, aye. Interesting..."

Her: "Seems a bit elitist and it isn't really encouraging people to try fellrunning."

Me (inside voice): "I really wish I could just exterminate you like a Dalek." (I teach 8 year old boys!)

Me (outside voice accompanied by sweet smile): "Actually, our club is attracting new members each week, and they seem to like what they find. It's a great place to be just now. Have a good one." (Accompanied by imaginary extermination from my SI dibber)

With that, the 10 second countdown to off: German, French, Spanish, Dutch and American voices beneath the inflatable start line with some blaring Europop for good measure. There's worse ways to start a race at stupid o'clock on a Sunday morning☺

The thing with Skyrunning is that it's just fast, fast, fast all the way.

Two miles up Borrowdale on flat trails at warp speed delivered the pack to Sour Milk Ghyll, the bottom of the first KOM segment which finished on the summit of Green Gable (QOM for the #MeToo brigade - I was too knackered to simultaneously care and breathe so I went for breathing). Feeling pleased that I'd well and truly exterminated opinionated madam far behind me, I smiled and carried on.

The thing with Skyrunning is that it's just fast, fast, fast all the way.

No nice walky section where you consider which line; just the little red flags screaming,

"You're going this way and this way only so you'd better get a shifty on. Don't even think about walking, pretending to ponder route choice. RUN!"

So I did just that and ran. Fast. Fast enough to keep me in 5th position all the way to Scafell Pike via Moses Trod and the Corridor Route where, to my delight, a cheery Paul Aitken shouted words of encouragement (I think!) out of the mist and rain. On to a beautiful wee scramble over somewhere I've never been before on Broad Crag. Still running crazy fast, (it's quite liberating not stopping to think "Which way?"), I pressed on to Bow Fell. In the back of my mind was the fact that the top 5 lassies would gain automatic selection for the UK Skyrunning Team. But I also knew that what flew uphill to the roof plateau of England, at some point, had to come down...via the slabs on Bowfell to the climbers' traverse...and it was p***ing down...and I descend like Bambi at the best of times in the dry. Giving myself a stern talking to, I gave it my best. The rather lovely marshal did really well to hide his laughter. Unfortunately, two lassies came flying by me. Undefeated, I gave chase all the way down The Band and managed to get within sight again on the road to the Sticklebarn.

The second KOM segment went from the Sticklebarn up to the summit of Harrison Stickle - not as many takers this time but, keen to minimise my descending losses, I emptied the tanks up that climb only to have my two targets leave me for dead down the technical descent to Stickle Tarn. Ever the optimist, having stumbled and slithered down to the tarn, I yet again gave chase across BleaRigg trying to use my trail speed to close the gap; the lass in front of me always just over the next knoll. By this time, however, I knew I was in trouble and beginning to tire from undertraining, not enough miles in the bank and absolutely wrecking myself on the climbs to "balance" my appalling descending.

The thing with Skyrunning is that it's just fast, fast, fast all the way.

By Silver Howe, I was struggling to maintain any pace (several snails passed and waved) and the wee climb up the back of Loughrigg felt like the Eiger. At Lily Tarn, my spirits lifted as I could see the finish and kept telling myself, "It's just like the last five minutes of juniors to the park on a Thursday night. Easy." Except that I'd run nearly 26 miles over lots of mountains by this point, I was seriously dehydrated and my legs were shaking from the fast pace. Worse was to come. As I left the park and ran onto Stoney Lane with just the uphill to the finish at the college, two lassies came flying past me from seemingly nowhere and I had to settle for 7th on the line. Still, I was pretty happy with that result and I'd had a fantastic day out over an achingly beautiful and technical route, peeping into the shattered parts of the high mountains I don't often get to on routine runs.

Skyrunning is completely different. It's not fellrunning but it isn't meant to be. It tests you and wrecks you in completely different ways, most notably the long sections of scrambling, technical ridge running and the relentless fast pace. I'm a fell runner at heart (in my element in mountain marathons and Mountain Trials) and, for me, fell running exists in a world of its own, without peer. But there's definitely room for both in your life and if you haven't done one of the UK Sky Races, I can't recommend it too highly as a great day out. Just be prepared to abandon all your nav skills and run like the wind! Aye and take your SI dibber/exterminator too. Perhaps best to use your quiet inside voice for the sound effects!

So, what is the difference between a fellrunner and a Skyrunner? For me, it's not much. It's the same mountain heartbeat that drives both.

Michelle

Tom Simpson's Bob Graham Round

I touched the green door of the Moot Hall at 11:30pm on Friday 17th of August and again at 8:19pm on Saturday 18th of August, 42 tops, 20 hours and 49 minutes later.

I've known about Bob Graham's round for as long as I can remember. My dad completed his on the hottest day of 1999 and his framed certificate hangs on the wall next to a collage of pictures of him and his mate Rigby in various stages of dehydration. To be honest, I always assumed the pictures were from Jura but I did think Bob's trousers and woolly socks were cool. I was pretty impressed that he had had time to stop and pose for a photo as well.

So anyway, it was always something I knew I needed to do. Each summer for the past few years has come and gone without me setting on a date. However, this year after finishing my final exams I ramped the running up to ever more frantic levels and I knew the BG was on its way. Charlotte Milligan did hers early on and described it as "pretty easy, basically just a long walk". I took that with a pinch of salt in the knowledge that she's well hard, but it was encouraging all the same. By the time DazFishwick finished his, I was pretty much set. I chatted to him at Kentmere and he told me about how he couldn't walk the next day, but I pretended I hadn't heard. I wasn't around when Kilian ran his, but far away on Skye we followed his progress from the Cuillin ridge.

With the 17th-18th of August set, I proceeded to not really think about it. July had been great, August was bound to be even better. It would be easy. Even the font of all wisdom John Helme cautioned me to use a faster schedule than 23 so as not to mess my pacers around, and he's usually telling me to slow down and run less. Vic Haworth flew around hers and set a 15 minute PB at Turner Landscape the next week.

I had a bit of a shock when I tried and failed to race Turner. After a summer without really having any duff races this was quite worrying. Every time I tried to push, it just came over me that it was really unpleasant and I stopped. Jack and Ted had to wait for me to take multiple rests on the way up Caw the next day. The following week I played various placebo mind-games with myself, trying to work out how best to trick my immune system into fighting off the mystery illness and keeping very quiet to family and pacers about my increasingly ticklish nose. Making excuses to leave the room in order to sneeze is probably not great BG prep. It really dawned on me what I'd set myself up for when I spent £30 at Morrisons essentially solely on Mars bars and Coke; everyone knows they go off after a few days so there was no question of postponing now.

By Friday I'd stopped blowing my nose quite as often and I spent the morning moving clothes and food between various bags, ate some cake and then tried to go to sleep. I had a text from David Cope, coming all the way from Stirling to pace Leg 1, asking to borrow a head torch:

"You know what I've gone and done lad! I've forgot that it's dark at night!"

I think I saw the funny side a bit more than my dad, who went off to put some charge in his...

10:45pm, sitting in the car in Keswick with my mum, David, Dave Banks and Harry Shuell trying to kill time, we peered out of the misted-up windows at the gusts tearing through the swaying trees. In the end my time-wasting was so efficient that, after rushing back to the car for some Vaseline, we were in a bit of a hurry for the Moot Hall. 11:30pm came around and it sort of felt good to be off, but my legs were really sore! Tried and tested method: keep quiet and hope it goes away.

Through the park I knew I'd be in safe hands with ex-copper Banksy; many times I've heard the tale of how Jon Broxap got into a fight with a drunk bloke on my dad's BG and threw him into a hedge. Although funny now, I imagine it wasn't the most positive start for Paul and Rigby. We hit the breeze and cloud shortly after Latrigg, not to leave it until a brief spell at Steel Fell. The higher we climbed the worse the weather until, at the top of Skiddaw, we were bent double, stumbling in different directions and falling like skittles. People refer to 'the eye of the storm', but I'd be more inclined to use a different part of the storm's anatomy where there is considerably more wind. We were communicating with headbutts and shouts by this point, trying to find the trig:

"Deeviid, Haarreh, THIISS WEEEHY!"

I was having serious doubts about the wisdom of running for 24 hours in these conditions, but it didn't particularly matter because, by the top of Great Calva (weather report: windy), the shortest way back was over Blencathra anyway. We slid down Hall's Fell Ridge and into Threlkeld a couple of minutes down on the 22 hour schedule, but fortunately for me I decided it was worth overrunning slightly on my allotted 5 minutes' rest to swap my dad's race cag for my big mountaineering jacket. David and I had slid slightly faster so Harry hung back with Dave, but luckily they were in in time for a goodbye handshake before I left. Re-weatherproofed, Jacob Snochowski, Richard Holliday,

Jon Deegan and Jez Lefton carried me on to Leg 2. Unfortunately the timing card was caught by a gust (did I mention it was windy?) on Great Dodd, but when I mentioned to Jacob that I just wanted to stick to schedule on Leg 2 he said not to worry and that if anything I was going to make time. I clarified that I meant I wanted to slow down! Just like the first leg though, Leg 2 were the dream team. Nav was perfect, Jez sheltered me from the wind and Jacob even peeled an orange for me on the run! I was sorry that the Helvellyn sunrise wasn't quite as I'd promised: less golden rays, more increasing exposure on a black and white photograph.

Coming off Seat Sandal the grass and rocks were slick and, hearing a shout behind, we turned around to see Jez on the deck. After a moment's hesitation, assuming he'd turned his ankle, we split and Jacob and I ran on. I said to Jacob that I had an emergency shelter in my kit bag, and a moment later we realised that Jez had the bag... Jacob turned around and ran back.

By the time I'd swapped shoes at Dunmail, Jon arrived down with the bag to say that Jez had cut his knee quite badly but was on his way. Bugger. I couldn't help realising this was the second time out of two that I'd arrived without my full quota of pacers. Not great style really. Each leg is a new start though, and for 3 I was accompanied by gods and legends. Flying machine Josh Jardine, Jura winner Ted Ferguson, master navigator Matt Beresford and master chatter James Harris - I spent a fair bit of the leg feeling bad about asking them to come out for a run and making them go so slowly. They were expert though, and by Bowfell we'd made up another quarter of an hour on the schedule - at least in part thanks to Josh's magic High-Raise-first line. Ted only played the 'hold out a Mars bar and then run away faster and faster' trick once, which is probably a record, and James didn't fail on the chat. He kept thanking me for being invited, which I pointed out was supposed to be my job.

More exciting weather set in on Esk Pike with some driving rain added to the mix. This is as opposed to the drifting, showering and saturating rain experienced for the previous eleven hours. There were actually some people at the top of Scafell Pike, and on the way to the stretcher box I felt entitled to ignore various walkers asking if they were going the right way for the summit. Broad Stand had been discounted at Dunmail, so we took Lord's Rake. Ted disappeared into the mist on the short descent from the col, climbing back afterwards to admit that he'd hit a good bit of scree and didn't want to stop.

After another perfect line to the Wasdale scree run I was delivered to the changeover over half an hour up. Coke, socks and thermals while Jim Loudon discarded my waterlogged jacket saying it was far too heavy and that I could have his instead. James delivered his pacing punchline, producing a gold crown he'd carried all the way and announcing me 'king for the day'. Running a BG is a strange experience.

I had really set my heart on a bacon butty and, feeling deprived, I started rooting through the bags in the back of the van looking for bread to eat instead. Once again in the space of a minute Jim came to the rescue: a bacon butty, bought for him by my parents before they discovered he was vegetarian. It was duly doused in ketchup by my parents' endlessly enthusiastic friend Janet ("Yes you're welcome to come and visit, you don't mind helping with road support on my son's BG do you?") and I was happy in the knowledge that no-one had embarked on an ascent of Yewbarrow as content as I was. Granted, I couldn't tell anyone about my bliss because I was busy stuffing my face with butty and trying to breathe at the same time.

I had more pacers on Leg 4 than even my over-eager planning had bargained for. Joe Mann, Jim Loudon, Chris Wilkinson (previously known on my spreadsheet as "Joe's Reindeer Friend"), Janet's husband Robert and my friend from uni #WillWeatherill. Leg 4 alone was set to be Will's longest ever run, and he carried on to 5 as well!

I'd planned this leg to be the one I'd really try to make time on, but the distance started to catch up with me and my knees became quite sore. I'd also managed to forget about the climbs up to Red Pike and Kirk Fell, convincing myself that the leg was basically flat from Yewbarrow to Gable. Oops. When I discovered Chris had packed a bottle of Coke (although I don't think he had meant for me to drink it - sorry Chris) I was happy again. Joe and Jim knew the lines inside out and the last we saw of the attempt ahead was their backs dropping down off the West end of Yewbarrow as we continued to contour.

Finally, for the first time since Steel Fell, the clouds cleared at Grey Knotts to give us a view down to Honister and the changeover. The end was in sight! Sort of. It felt good to take the familiar descent and meet pacers who were wearing (only) T shirts! Chris gave my sore knee a squeeze and it felt a lot better, although he later admitted I was only his second ever non-reindeer patient. Despite hobbled descents, Leg 4 was dispatched with another half hour off the schedule.

It was great to set off up Dale Head with Jack Wright, Tom Partington and future ultra-runner Will. I was fairly frustrated at my sore knee so I tried to take it out on the hill. Rachel Findlay-Robinson had opted to go up ahead and was waiting at the top. We all agreed we were probably climbing faster than at Borrowdale and I can't disprove this since, during the race, I had sat on my watch and stopped the timer about five miles earlier.

Unfortunately, disaster struck on the way over to Hindscarth. It went something like this:

Right knee: "Stop it."

Me: "Stop what?"

RK: "Running. I don't like it."

M: "I don't want to."

RK: "Alright, well don't say I didn't warn you. This is going to hurt."

M: "Nnnnnngggghhaarghh."

There was only one solution. Trouser removal. My theory was that my 3/4s had been aggravating the tendons at the back of my knee (placebo is a valuable treatment). Down to shorts, I pushed hard up Robinson and then followed Rachel and Tom's secret line down to the track. I narrowly avoided a kicking from a surprised Herdwick, swapped into some too-small road shoes I found at the back of the cupboard and we (or rather I, the others were jogging alongside) gunned it down the road. The knee struck again a short way out of Keswick and I had to resort to the death shuffle until it loosened up.

However, all troubles were forgotten when who should appear around the corner but Selwyn! I have been paced on a Bob Graham by Selwyn Wright! Invigorated, we pushed into Keswick before a last-ditch, flat-out sprint through the Market Square to the green door of the Moot Hall and the end. Some timing confusion ensued due to the tracker being left in the trousers in Tom's rucksack, but Janet's phone video of the finish settled it: 8:19pm and an elapsed time of 20 hours and 49 minutes. Under 24 and that's what matters!

Despite having helped with BG attempts before, it was only being paced myself that really drove home how important pacers are. It was fantastic to have people willing to give up potentially enjoyable running conditions/sleep to plod along beside me telling jokes and giving encouragement. Now I've completed my round I'll look forward to watching many others suffer!

Having meandered through a whole load of waffle covering 21 hours in a fairly spaced-out sort of state, I realise I've not really mentioned much stuff which will be of any use to anyone planning their own Bob. I'll try to remedy that:

1. Don't eat Midget Gems. They're far too chewy. Tangy wine gums are better.
2. Don't mix salted nuts with tangy sweets. It makes the sweets taste weird. It also makes the nuts taste weird.
3. Snickers are better than Mars bars.
4. Anything is better than Snickers after you've eaten five Snickers.
5. Increase the amount of fruit and savoury food towards the end.
6. Nothing is better than flat Coke.
7. Separate all leg food into labelled bags for pacers.
8. Keep one bag with 'race kit' emergency stuff, to be passed on by pacers.
9. Have four changes of every item of clothing if it's wet - you can eat while getting changed.
10. Have all your shoes in the car to choose from so you have something to think about when you're descending to the road.
11. Put your leg time cards on waterproof paper. Tie/tape/glue them to a pacer.
12. If you can spare the £30 rental, a tracker is good for pacers - especially if you might go off schedule.
13. August is not a sunny month.
14. Do not fear a call of nature. Your insides aren't going anywhere when they've been packed with that much chocolate.

Sales<info@fence-sitting-apparatus.com>

To: Helm Hill c/o Ambleside AC

Jul 29 at 10:52 PM

Hello, Helm Hill

Thank you Ambleside AC for your order from the guys at Fence Sitting Apparatus Ltd. Sorry to hear that the shipping recipients have shown themselves fairly inept at showing support; hopefully this product will help! Once your package ships we will send an email with a link to track your order. You can check the status of your order by [logging into your account](#). If you did not create a login then you will receive an email once your order ships to confirm shipment. If you have any questions about your order please contact us at info@FSA.com or call us at 0844 414 5439 Monday - Friday, 9am - 6pm GMT.

Your order confirmation is below. Thank you again for your business.

Your Order #100115531 (placed on 29 July 2018 22:52:53 BST)

Billing Information:	Payment Method:
Ambleside AC AMBLESIDE, LA22 9RJ United Kingdom T: 078961534539	Credit/Debit Card/PayPal CC Type: CC Number: *****0000
Shipping Information:	Shipping Method:
Helm Hill The Small Mound in Kendal KENDAL, LA22 9RJ United Kingdom T: 078961345479 聽	Shipping Table Rates - Standard Delivery 聽

Item	SKU	Price	Qty	Subtotal
Big Cushions for men - suitable for sitting on even the prickliest of fences	5055148407575	£18.99	100	£1800.99
Smaller Cushions for ladies - suitable for sitting on all types of fences	5055148402136	£13.99	100	£1300.99
Audio Book: How and when to speak-up on big decisions by Walter Hardy	5055148402112	£11.49	1	£11.49

Ashwagandha 50mg: Herbal Drug believed to aid in the growing of testicles	5055148400729	£12.49	1	£12.49
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Earn Points	56 Points
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Subtotal	£3400.96
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Shipping & Handling	£0.00
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Grand Total (Excl. Tax)	£3400.96
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Tax	£9.50
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Grand Total (Incl. Tax)	£3409.96
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Thank you Ambleside AC.

One for the diary...

Kendal Mountain Festival 10k Trail Run, 17 November 2018

Entries are now open for the [Kendal Mountain Festival 10k Trail Run](#), on 17 November 2018, during the Festival weekend.

We wanted to let you know that members of Ambleside AC can get a £5 discount on the **online** entry fee, making it £10 instead of £15. (No discount is available for entry on the day).

If you could share the code **KMF8931** with your members that would be great!

Please note: this code is only valid for members of Ambleside AC.

We trust your club members not to abuse the offer by sharing with non-club members.

To enter please visit: <https://www.openadventure.com/kmf/>

If you have not taken part in the run before, it's a fantastic course: with a Kendal Town Centre start, the route heads straight up Beast Banks (the clue is in the name), before heading across country to the stunning wide ranging panoramas of Scout Scar. With a cobbled downhill finish and an enthusiastic welcome back - it's an all round feel good experience.

Here's a film from the 2016 run: <https://vimeo.com/168324147>

We hope to see lots of you at Kendal in November, any questions - just get in touch!

Many thanks,

Jenny

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

Please note the changes to the schedule to accommodate relay committee meetings. These changes are in red.

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 	Brotherswater

		Meet in car park on road bend	
24/4/18	From 6.30pm for 6.45pm start	Club Champs Relay Leg race up Seat Sandal. Start just down from the Travellers pub (towards Grasmere). Partially flagged and suitable for age 18+	Travellers
1/5/18	6.40pm	Coniston <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	Fairfield <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	Mortal Man Troutbeck <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Wansfell loop/Ill Bell ridge Committee Meeting at 8.15pm in Mortal Man – all welcome	Mortal Man
22/5/18	6.40pm	Leg 2 Relay “Race” Stone Arthur, Fairfield, Cofa, Gr Tarn Meet at pub car park/big lay by on left before pub	Travellers Rest , Grasmere
29/5/18	6.40pm	ODG, Langdale <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 6.15pm start for an relay mtg folk who want decent run!	Kirkstone Pass <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 Meet at main Kirkstone Pass car park Relay Committee mtg at Kirkstone Inn 8.30	Kirkstone Inn
12/6/18	6.40pm	One from the left field...Coledale Horseshoe <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Classic Coledale Horseshoe Loads of car sharing and meet Braithwaite Village (near Keswick!). Miserable buggers without wanderlust can sort something closer to home☺	The Royal Oak, Braithwaite
19/6/18	6.30pm	Cockley Beck Midsummer Scamper! <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 Meet Cockley Beck	3 Shires
26/6/18	6.40pm	Tilberthwaite <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 Meet at Tilberthwaite car park	tba
3/7/18	From 6.30pm	Stickle Barn for the UPHILL CLUB CHAMPS Meet at Stickle Barn NT car park	Stickle Barn
10/7/18	6.40pm 6.15pm earlier start available for those on relay committee	Ambleside <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Middle Grove/Wansfell – Red Screes - and then see! Fairfield Loughrigg – Sil Howe return Meet behind Salutation Hotel (start line of Wansfell race) Relay Committee mtg at Golden Rule 8.30	Golden Rule

	who want decent run		
17/7/18	6.40pm	<u>Kentmere</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Horseshoe race reccie Garburn – Sallows – Sour Howes Meet at Institute by church	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 Meet in main car park	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 Meet in pub car park	Drunken Duck
7/8/18	6.40pm 6.15pm earlier start available for those on relay committee who want decent run	<u>Grasmere</u> Meet in lay by S of pub Relay Committee meeting at 8.30pm	Travellers’ rest
14/8/18	6.40pm	<u>Torver</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Dow – Old Man Meet in pub car park	Church House Inn, Torver
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 Meet by Patterdale School	Brotherwater
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	7.00 start	<u>Red Screes Downhill Club Champs</u> Meet on Red Screes summit 6.40 – 7.00pm Relay Committee meeting at 8.30pm	Golden Rule, Ambleside
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> Another look around any relay legs Meet big lay by S of Travellers Relay Committee meeting at 8.30pm	Travellers’ Rest
2/10/18	6.00pm	<u>Staveley Mill Yard</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Brunt Knott - Potter Fell 	Eagle & Child

		Meet in mill yard	
9/10/18	6.00pm	<u>Badger Bar at Rydal</u> Meet on lane at Rydal Relay Committee meeting at 8.30pm	Badger Bar, Rydal
16/10/18	6.00pm	<u>Grasmere</u> More relay route checking Meet at big lay by S of Travellers Relay Committee meeting at 8.30pm	Travellers' Rest
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