



**THE
FELL
RUNNER**

T H E

F E L L R U N N E R

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

THIRD ISSUE

- NOVEMBER 1972

This issue actually published April 1973 because of unforeseen problems

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THE FELL RUNNERS' ASSOCIATION

was formed on 4th April 1970 to serve the interests of the sport of Fell and Mountain Running in the U.K.

- Chairman - A. Case Esq., 107 Chestnut Drive South,
Pennington, Leigh, Lancs.
- Hon. Secretary - Eddie Heal has found it impossible to continue
in office and has, with great regret, submitted
his resignation. The position is currently vacant.
- Hon. Treasurer/Registrar - J. Smith, Esq., 44 Kenmor Avenue, Bury, Lancs.
- Committee - F. Travis, G. Charnley, K. Smith, J. Haworth,
M. Davies, H. Thornton, S. Bradshaw, A. Heaton.
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NEW MEMBERS SINCE THE LAST ISSUE

- | | | |
|---------------------------|----------------------------|---------------------------|
| 181. David A. Bendy | 220. Dennis S. Williams | 259. John Fisher |
| 182. Ben Redfearn | 221. Martin E. Bates | 260. Charles W. Gains |
| 183. D.R. Halstead | 222. Dennis Eccles | 261. Peter M. Hartley |
| 184. George Dearlove | 223. Peter Jagan | 262. Philip Bryers |
| 185. Bill Yate | 224. Dennis Glass | 263. Ross Brewster |
| 186. Allan Walker | 225. Bill P. Bird | 264. Hamish M. Kohler |
| 187. Brian J. Timms | 226. Ian S. Macintosh | 265. Alan McGee |
| 188. Malcolm Winstanley | 227. Ian Milne | 266. Robert K. Hargreaves |
| 189. Maurice Dean | 228. Ronald Gibson | 267. Stan Greer |
| 190. D.W.M. Wade | 229. Chris. Brad | 268. Dennis Beresford |
| 191. A. Shephard | 230. P.R. DE W. Young | 269. R.I. Thew |
| 192. Ronald Black | 231. James Loxham | 270. Keith Lawril |
| 193. Ken Heaton | 232. Derek Walton | 271. John D. MacPherson |
| 194. Herman Eccles | 233. Peter Trainor | 272. Michael McGovern |
| 195. David Payne | 234. G.R. Stogdon | 273. Colin Bricher |
| 196. J. Armitage | 235. Dorothy Clarkson | 274. Pete Bland |
| 197. A. Chandler | 236. Richard H. Atkins | 275. Frank North |
| 198. Alan Heaton | 237. Thomas Walkington | 276. Graham Hulley |
| 199. Jack Haley | 238. John Skermer | 277. Roger Hulley |
| 200. Francis Wheeler | 239. Harry C. Manning | 278. James Bennett |
| 201. Richard Dufton | 240. Vincent F.P. Bateman | 279. Peter Beesley |
| 202. Malcolm H. Armstrong | 241. John M. Gibbison | 280. Daniel Deegan |
| 203. N.P. Parker | 242. George Broderick | 281. W.J. Sidebottom |
| 204. Robert Asquith | 243. Peter A. Madden | 282. I.G. Irving |
| 205. Mike Parsons | 244. Anthony Holt | 283. Thomas E. Beattie |
| 206. David Ellison | 245. G. Tallentyre | 284. Adrian J.C. Watson |
| 207. David G. Moulding | 246. J.K. Windle | 285. John Booth |
| 208. Danny Hughes | 247. Paul D. Spencer-Ellis | 286. Richard Wilde |
| 209. Peter Liddle | 248. Mel Edwards | 287. W.B. Millen |
| 210. David Locke | 249. Guy Goodair | 288. Ronald Campbell |
| 211. Geoff. Entwistle | 250. Dave Taylor | 289. Stephen Breckell |
| 212. John A. Wild | 251. Peter Wren | 290. Alan Chainey |
| 213. Eric Ainscough | 252. Tom A. Hutton | 291. Robert Shields |
| 214. Stuart Graham | 253. Duncan Davidson | 292. T. Deighton |
| 215. Tony Shaw | 254. Colin J. Ratcliffe | 293. Des. Oliver |
| 216. Paul Gaston | 255. Leo Pollard | 294. Tom Robertson |
| 217. John E. Irwin | 256. David H. Bennett | 295. Miss J. Hamer |
| 218. Paul A. Stringer | 257. John R. Beaumont | 296. R.D. Oliver |
| 219. David Meek | 258. George Young | 297. J.A. Blair-Fish |

'FELL RUNNER OF THE YEAR' COMPETITION

The 1972 competition included 31 events, of which two were subsequently cancelled. No results were received from Creag Dhubh (A), Mamore Hill (C), Worcester Beacon (C), Knockfarrel (C) or Cairngorm (B) so the table below is based on 24 events - 11 A, 7 B and 6 C. The missing results would certainly have no effect on Dave Cannon's position and he emerges a most convincing winner.

1	D.Cannon	Kendal	207 pts	11	P.Duffy	Aberdeen	61
2	H.Walker	Blackburn	166	12	J.Smith	Bury & R.	55
3	J.Norman	Altrin'm	141 $\frac{1}{2}$	13=	D.Halstead	Blackburn	54
4	D.Weir	Man. A.C.	118		R.Belk	Airedale	54
5	J.Naylor	Kendal	102	15	M.Seddon	Holmfirth	52
6	R.Harrison	Airedale	93	16	R.Rawlinson	Clayton	51
7	B.Finlayson	Lochaber	90	17	B.Johnson	Airedale	46
8	N.Carrington	Sale	74	18	A.Heaton	Clayton	44
9	M.Davies	Reading	65	19	P.Walkington	Bolton	41
10	J.Edwards	Airedale	62	20	E.Himsworth	Kendal	38

Dave's points were gained as follows: 1st Carnethy (B) 16, 3rd Chevy Chase (A) 18, 1st Fairfield (A) 22, 3rd Ennerdale (A) 18, 1st Harden Moss (C) 4, 1st Skiddaw (A) 22, 3rd Half Nevis (B) 12, 1st Burnsall (A) 22, 1st Pendleton (B) 16, 1st Ben Nevis (A) 22, 2nd Rossendale (B) 13, 1st Thieveley (A) 22.

Sorry it's not been possible to give more than the first 20 this time, but we will aim to give comprehensive details of the 1973 competition in the next issue. Now is the time for you to start collecting points, which are awarded as follows:

Category A - 1st 22 pts, 2nd 19 pts, 3rd 18 pts etc down to 20th 1 pt.
 Category B - 1st 16 pts, 2nd 13 pts, 3rd 12 pts etc down to 14th 1 pt.
 Category C - 1st 4 pts, 2nd 2 pts, 3rd 1 pt.

The races in each category for 1973 are:

A	A	B	C
Manx Marathon	Wasdale	Carnethy	Cannock
Three Peaks	Creag Dhubh	Pendle	Rivington
Chevy Chase	Latrigg	Whernside	Manx Hill
Fairfield	Burnsall	Lomonds	Harden Moss
Welsh 1000's	Ben Nevis	Eildon Hill	Eldwick
Ennerdale	Vaux Trial	Great Hill	Mamore Hill
Ben Lomond	Langdale	Cairngorm	Berwick Law
Skiddaw	Thieveley	Half Nevis	Barnoldswick
Bens of Jura		Glenurquhart	Knockfarrel
		Pendleton	Three Towers
		Rossendale	Gale Fell

Our statistician is John Haworth (39 Ightenhill Park Lane, Burnley, tel 22670) and although he sends a request for results and a reply envelope to event organisers, he does not always get the information. Points winners could help by reminding organisers or obtaining the necessary results for him.

PAID YOUR 1973 SUBSCRIPTION YET ?	ARTISTIC FELL RUNNERS NEEDED
Reminders are costly so please send it now if you haven't. Members 50p min, Patrons £1 min to J.Smith, 44 Kenmor Ave, Bury	One design for a possible FRA tie & badge has so far been received. Anybody else got any ideas on the subject ?

It was fine when we left home and Pendle stood there in the sunshine like a lion guarding the Ribble valley, but at Roughlee we had rain showers and a complete covering of cloud by the time they lined up in the narrow road outside the Bay Horse.

John Calvert led the pack along the road towards Whitehough and was still there after going over 'the hump' to Barley, closely followed by Harry Walker and Dave Cannon. The long snake crawled steadily up the fields, past the farm and onto the fellside. The binoculars picked out a green vest third, blue second and a light coloured one in front - Jeff's done well to get up with them, I thought. The leaders reach the top and the gap widens as they bound downhill, passing the last men just as they hit open fell.

The light vest still leads as they dip out of sight and then here he is - hey, it's Ray Rawlinson (should have realised, he was 4th through here going up). About 80 yards behind comes Harry, with Dave in close pursuit, and as we watch them pouring across the road the sky blackens, the hill disappears and the hail starts, catching many still out on the fell. Just around the corner, though, things are happening - Ray's legs aren't going as fast as they tackle the final climb over the fields and his winning position is lost. When they reach the road for the flat $\frac{3}{4}$ mile run-in it's Dave who has the speed and leads home the 160-odd hail-stung, soaking finishers.

R.S.

1	D.Cannon	Kendal	42.38	11	T.Proctor	Rochdale	46.20
2	H.Walker	Blackburn	42.50	12	A.Bird	Airedale	46.24
3	R.Rawlinson	Ross'dale	43.13	13	A.Hamer	Portsmouth	46.27
4	J.Norman	Altrin'm	44.16	14	B.Troughton	Bury & R.	46.34
5	A.Spence	Bingley	44.37	15	R.Morris	Winsford	46.42
6	J.Calvert	Blackburn	44.45	16	D.Weir	Sale	46.48
7	D.Spencer	Barrow	45.09	17	G.Rhodes	Stafford	46.51
8	D.Halstead	Blackburn	45.27	18	P.Webster	Clayton	46.59
9	P.Walkington	Bolton	45.57	19	P.Bland	Kendal	47.17
10	M.Davies	Reading	46.05	20	A.Morley	Bury & R.	47.34

Teams: 1 Blackburn 16 pts, 2 Kendal 54 pts, 3 Clayton le Moors 61 pts

COMMENT

For one reason or another I have been involved in the publication of this issue although the credit must go to our contributors, to Eddie Heal for collecting the material, to my work colleagues for their typing and duplicating efforts and to Jim Smith who, in addition to giving much advice and information, is going to put the pages together and arrange distribution. That just leaves me as the one to blame for the general editing and layout. It's been an interesting exercise but the trouble is that by the time I get my copy I've already read it!

This gives me the chance to mention something which has been bothering me a bit - the application of A.A.A. laws to Fell Running. Certainly anything which can be defined as a race within the athletics definition must either be organised by an affiliated club or be registered by the organisers if the competitors are to avoid risking their amateur status. Secondly the athletes taking part can only represent affiliated clubs or service organisations, although they can be 'unattached' for a period of one year, and the names of Orienteering Clubs which are seen on result sheets have no right to be there. There are, however, events which could neither be classed under Athletics or Orienteering, which we are likely to take a great interest in, and in which I suppose we could represent our local Pub if we wished to - it all depends on the rules which the organisers make.

This subject could become quite involved, but our first consideration must be to ensure that the rules in force are complied with. Their failings need to be tackled in a proper manner and perhaps the first thing is to get Fell Running formally accepted as a separate branch of Athletics. I hope that members, the Committee, and race promoters will give the matter some thought.

Roy Swinbank

(A shortened edited version of an account appearing in the Reading Athlete No. 9, December 1961)

After our record Land's End to John O'Groats run (April 1960) Bertie Robertson suggested that Reading enter a team for the "World's Toughest Race." He was keen to have another shot at this man-killer, after finishing fifteenth in a previous attempt. Alan Ross prodded us in April this year and so several of us agreed to enter, made pious resolutions to step up training for the event and then went our various ways through the track season.

The front page of the Berkshire Chronicle on 2nd June blared forth,
- "Reading Athletes to tackle Ben Nevis Mountain."
- Now it was definitely on!

Bertie Robertson, Alan Ross, Donald Stevens, Patrick Sale, Peter Haines and myself were listed as the clubs' likely entries. Such publicity jolted me into serious preparation for what would doubtless be a tough assignment.

Throughout July and August our training intensified and included some hillwork. My own schedule involved twice daily outings over golf courses on the South Downs. Repetition hill climbs of 300' on the steepest slopes available became my daily bill of fare. Then followed a walking holiday in Lapland with a fully loaded rucksack which helped to strengthen my legs. On my return I continued running twice a day up to eight miles an outing on the roads over the Downs.

Patrick Sale, Peter Carmichael (Morpeth) and myself spent the last week of August walking the hills of Glencoe. On Tuesday 28th August we linked up with Bertie Robertson in Fort William and agreed to reconnoitre the Ben, all 4406 feet of it. Bertie looked tremendously fit and had already run to the summit that morning, and twice daily for several days previously. He suggested we take a "gentle stroll" to the top. The first mile or so was fine; by 2000' we were finding the going tiring; at the summit, reached in 1 hour 20 minutes, we were flattened. Bertie literally breezed up, without the slightest effort and jogged down again happily - so much for his gentle stroll! Ben Nevis seemed a far tougher proposition than Pat or myself had imagined - the climb would be an exhausting, strength sapping scramble and the descent promised to be quite hair-raising, needing terrific concentration. We consoled ourselves that Bertie had shown us the best route and we now knew what to expect. We might finish inside $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours but Bertie was certain to do well and enjoy himself into the bargain. Rather disillusioned we returned to explore Glencoe, with a couple of training runs thrown in, and to wait for Saturday 2nd September.

On race day we found Fort William humming in anticipation. Programmes were on sale in the High Street and the shopping crowds included a sprinkling of active looking young men. We drifted towards the King George Vth Field and met up with Alan Ross and Brian Kitchener (Parachute Regt.). The Ben was shrouded in mist so Alan couldn't see what was in store for him. No-one else appeared so the quartet of Bertie, Alan, Patrick and myself were declared as the Reading team. All too soon we paraded onto the grass behind the Lochaber Pipe Band before a crowd of locals and tourists. There was a twenty-minute hold up whilst numbers were re-checked. An announcement came over the loud-speaker that conditions on the mountain were 'perfect'. Whatever my teammates were thinking - from the smile on Bertie's face it was obvious he was raring to go - I was quite apprehensive but resigned to the job in hand on this my first hill race. At last the officials were satisfied and all was ready.

Provost Grant took charge and sent 140 of us on our way. Immediately the experienced Barrow team in their blue singlets hit the front with a confident Rhodes (N. Staffs) making the pace. Brian Kitchener and Peter Carmichael are in the leading bunch of thirty runners. Patrick and myself trail a little: Bertie and Alan are in the rear. The initial fast pace is maintained as we sweep past the funfair, out into the roadway and head for the bridge over the Water of Nevis, and out past Cleggan along the Achintee Road. Some slower starters come by and after a mile the field is well strung out. Now some reckless starters begin to fall away and Patrick moves through. I follow, over-taking Peter and Brian, to reach Achintee 150 yards down on the leaders somewhere in the twenties.

The early fast pace has been a surprise but the way in which the field wilts as soon as we begin the ascent comes as a second jolt. Overtaking Patrick I make up six places in the first field. By vaulting the fence, instead of queuing at the stile, I gain a further four. Now follows the real climbing. One runs picking one's way round boulders and walking only where the path is particularly steep. Clawing my way up the rocks and grass at the first short cut I gain two places, and as the path swings into the Red Burn I move away from the main bunch. There are four runners about eighty yards ahead with Rhodes still leading.

The sweat pours out as I grind steadily past the fourth man, in Barrow's colours, at walking pace. We leave the path, splash through a stream and begin struggling up the soggy grass slope towards half-way. I come abreast of Spencer (Barrow) with Rhodes twenty yards higher up the slope and am taken aback to find myself up with the race leaders. It is too good to be true. At this stage one's hands are as useful as one's feet, as we squelch up up and still up into mist. Spencer veers off to the right and I move into second place feeling surprisingly fresh. I shadow Rhodes across the Red Burn and turn left to attack straight up the scree slope. He continues jogging the path. The light mist envelopes us leaving me on my own with Rhodes out of sight to my right and Spencer below me not far away.

Progress on the scree is slow and tiring I stumble about, slipping on wet boulders or loose gravel, even pausing to wonder if the zig-zag path wouldn't have been the better choice. But I am committed and the only course is to continue. After seven minutes scramble I spot Rhodes jogging towards me from the right. He reaches the turn in the path and swings away, disappearing up into the mist. "Anyway I've matched his progress so far!" Once more on my own I plod directly up the scree stooping at times to ease the strain or grabbing the corners of boulders for extra leverage. How weird to be completely on one's own shrouded in mist and yet to be competing against a hundred unseen athletes. It is almost uncanny. After an eternity a marshall scurries through the mist to hand me two Dextrosol tablets "Aren't they awful!" I push on stopping for the odd breather. At the next turn in the path, where our chosen routes meet, Rhodes is ahead of me but gives me the consolation of holding him to a twenty yard lead. As yet more stones and boulders appear out of the mist I almost despair of ever getting to the top of this grey desert and ending the lung-bursting agony.

Mercifully the mist cools us down but at about 3500 feet the first crashes of thunder roll overhead to herald the approaching storm - so much for the 'perfect conditions.' The sky darkens over - it seems like evening. The excellent marking of the path with yellow flags and paint makes navigation straight forward on the desert of boulders. Even so I have drifted too far to the right. As I breast the crest of the scree slope my adversary comes into sight again, jogging from the right up onto the summit plateau. He enjoys a fifty yard advantage at this our third meeting in the last twenty minutes. I muse "I'll be second to the summit anyway!" We're now locked in private tussle, rising in a series of steps towards the unseen goal. These short, sharp inclines take

their toll of Rhodes and the gap closes. He falters and on the final incline I edge past him. "I'll be first to the top now" is my immediate reaction.

We pass knots of onlookers: cairn succeeds cairn but still no sign of the observatory. Lightning rents the gloom, rain splatters the grey rock and the gloom deepens. Ben Nevis seems such a desolate murky place. I remark to a by-stander, "Lonely up here isn't it". Topping yet another rise we glimpse a distant huddle of figures in the twilight. A final effort carries me towards them to the accompaniment of flashlights and good wishes and a feeling of relief. A disc is slipped over my head. I wheel about to retrace my steps and there is Rhodes, a bare thirty yards behind me.

Inexperience is my undoing. It is one thing to scramble upward over angular boulders but an entirely different proposition to run down them. The stones jar thinly shod feet at every step. Keeping upright is a feat in itself. After an hour's uphill work, I can't adjust to running downhill. I am at sixes and sevens. Rhodes whips by me and is gone. Twice my eyes momentarily leave the path and twice I whirl off-track, crashing amongst the boulders. Needless to say, I steady up and proceed cautiously. Soon we meet following runners, at times barely avoiding bowling them over. To see Patrick & Bertie in twelfth place is a tonic. Indeed Pat's "Stay there Mike" steels my resolve to see the race through and make the expert fell runners work to catch up.

As we leave the summit plateau I am breathing down Rhodes' neck and moving better. He isn't enjoying the rough boulders. The heavy rainfall overnight has lubricated the small stones; they give easily underfoot; this suits me. Inching to the left I slip Rhodes and move ahead plunging down the scree. Five minutes of skipping, skidding and jumping follow. Twice I turn round completely and am lucky to stay on my feet. The sound of pursuit dies away. At 3000 feet I skid onto the red shale, accidentally find the cable and follow it down out of the mist, digging in with my heels on the slippery grass. I slither and stumble a little. The final jump onto the path causes my knees to buckle under me, such has been the strain of the rapid descent. Recovering I totter down the path, cross the Red Burn and plunge diagonally down the grass slope. This stretch is comparatively easy and I maintain speed. In a few minutes I splash through the stream and onto the Bridle path. A friend's voice rings out "You're a long way ahead". This is encouraging. Even if the worst of the journey is still to come there is a chance of winning. The awkward surface of the bridle path demands absolute concentration and care. Just passing some walkers I trip and fall, my head skimming a boulder. I've some grazes on my legs but get up and push on. Now a stone has found its way into my shoe. "Do I stop and get it out or bash on?" I keep going but am determined to go steadily and keep a little in hand for the road. I clear the wooden bridge without mishap but horror of horrors I can't locate the second short cut. I drop down from the path realise my error clamber back and continue along the path. Fifty yards on I find it. Jumping, sliding and bouncing down I land on the path below; continue along it, then take the lower short cut in similar fashion. Now the gradients slacken off enabling me to stride along behind a small boy who has taken up the running. Round a corner and there's Achintee ahead. Again my concentration goes and with it my foot into some mud. I fall flat on my face. Up again, I vault the fence and plunge on down across the final pasture taking another tumble en route.

Amidst the hubbub at Achintee I hear "You've ten minutes to the record". I'm more concerned with just reaching the haven of George Vth Field. The first few furlongs of road are shattering. My tiring legs take a little while to adjust to the even surface. Eventually they settle to a desperately slow rhythmical plod. I am vaguely worried about the proximity of the next man but dare'nt look round. I've taken the final 1500 feet of descent so steadily they must surely have pulled me back. A posse of young cyclists escort me yelling the diminishing minutes all the way. The undulating road seems never ending as we crawl past groups of people. Somehow I cope with the inclines and pick up speed again. Now we reach Claggan and the final little slope up onto the level. Only now does fresh strength and confidence

banish the worry of pursuit. Not only will I last the distance but I am going to win. As I turn left over Nevis Bridge I allow myself a look behind no pursuer in sight.

To one isolated runner the pavements packed with people and the run in across George Vth Field between large crowds is both unnerving and unforgettable. I am tired but undistressed, not surprisingly since my time of 1.47.56 is a full two minutes outside the record. David Spencer finishes a very tired second 2¼ minutes in arrears. He has come through well. George Rhodes gives way to Harry Clayton (Wakefield) and comes home fourth.

Colleague Bertie Robertson at 47 years of age finishes 17th to take the Veterans Cup in 1.58.20 after a steady uneventful run. Patrick makes up ground on the road to finish 37th in 2.08.51 and to our delight we place third in the team event behind Barrow and Lochaber, the experts.

In the evening the prizes are distributed by Provost Grant from the steps of the Alexandria Hotel in a fine drizzle. Reading A.C. make a good haul at their first club appearance at Fort William.

The first class organisation, with the well laid out finish, clear marking of the course, adequate stewarding and radio-control and the good changing facilities not to mention the high tea, was backed by tremendous local enthusiasm for and interest in the race. Such was evident during the race and at the prize giving. Fort William did us proud.

THE BURNSALL FELL RACE Researched by Bill Smith

(An extract from Halliwell Sutcliffe's book, THE STRIDING DALES, published in 1929 by Frederick Warne & Co. Ltd., London)

It is from the bridge here that Burnsall's yearly contest begins and finishes. She keeps the great tradition of the Fell Race alive, and as a classic it is second only to the Guides' Race. The Lakeland runners come to it, indeed, and none who watched the going in what is still remembered as "Dalzell's Year" can forget the breathless venture. The course is long and punishing. It goes up the pastures first, that seem steep till the further moor is reached - the moor that climbs clear to the sky-line over wiry heather, boulder-strewn.

As a spectacle, the scene has no equal. The bridge's parapet is thronged with eager watchers. So is the village green, and all the strip of roadway leading to the pastures. To the left of the wide amphitheatre sweep the Barden pine-woods and the high fells raking up to Simon's Seat. In front are the climbing figures, small against the moor's swart background. When the runners reach the turning-post at last, they are limned thin against a sky that seems to dwarf their epic combat.

A Fell Race, of all contests, is the most exacting. It asks for so many kinds of endurance, for judgement and the big heart to prevail - and for a full measure of good luck in the descent. To go at speed up testing slopes, and yet to nurse one's wind - to cross the bumpy, wind-swept tops that lead to the turning-post - to hurl one's self down-moor, all out for speed whatever happens in the way of hidden boulders or the snare of tricky marshes - these ask for a peculiar courage, a hardihood that few enjoy. Why, else, are there so few entrants for the Guide's Race, or for ours here at Burnsall? The prestige attaching to these two north-

country Marathons is worth any hale man's winning. If more had strength for the adventure, there would be a mob of entrants; but these two races remain, now as of old, a high test of endurance for stalwarts who are few.

Somehow one hopes that William Craven returned from the Further Lands to watch Dalzell run that magical race of his. It would have heartened Craven's self-same type of pluck to see him stride up the pastures to the moor - cross the skyline - come hurtling down with wind in his hefty feet. He was not running merely, or leaping, or sliding over treacherous ground. He was doing all three at once, in some astounding way, and his gait suggested the antelope's, slim, care-free swift as the footless wind. Another may come in our time to lower his amazing records; but he will need to be hefty and hard-bitten.

The Dalzell Record

(Reprinted from the August, 1965, issue of "The Dalesman" by kind permission of The Dalesman Publishing Company Ltd.)

The prince of Lakeland athletes provided a topic of recurring interest with a run at Burnsall in August, 1910.

Even in gracious Wharfedale it would be hard to find a lovelier spot than Burnsall on an August afternoon when, since Elizabethan times, the village sports have been held on the tiny green alongside the Wharfe. They are one of the oldest and most popular events in the Dales.

The sports are derived from a religious festival held in honour of St. Wilfred, the patron saint of the village. Once a whole week was given up to feasting. Now festivities are confined to the afternoon of the first Saturday after the first Sunday after "The Twelfth" - this year August 21st.

Farm labourers used to enter on the spot in hob-nailed boots and corduroys, but since 1932 the event has been under A.A.A. rules. It is the classic fell race, though, that lifts the proceedings out of the ordinary run of village sports.

About a century ago some locals who had gathered in the Red Lion, the village hostelry, bet one Thomas Young he could not run up the fell. He did it after closing time, and the fell race has been run ever since.

In 1910 a "special fell race" was held, not on sports day but in September, which has been a talking point in the dale ever since. There were seven entrants and the race was started by the Rev. W.J. Stavert, the Rector.

One competitor was E.H. Dalzell of Keswick, the prince of Lakeland athletes in his day, and then at the very pinnacle of his form. He won over 100 fell races, on several occasions gaining the coveted first prize in the Grasmere Guides' Race. He was killed in active service in the first world war.

Dalzell officially set up a record time of 12 minutes, 59.8 seconds, which has not since been equalled. It is on this fact that the doubt hinges, for the average time for ensuing races has been nearer 16 minutes. Those who think that the record is a mere legend have the backing of some but not all contemporary newspaper accounts.

The Bradford Observer reported that the time was 14 minutes; 10 minutes 17½ seconds on the ascent, and 3 minutes 42½ seconds in coming down. From the green to the cairn

on the Fell it is a climb of nearly 1,000 feet, through fern and moss-crop with their hidden rocks and snags, on to the heathery top. Athletes and non-athletes look up and many of them shake their heads. "It would be impossible to do it in 13 minutes", they say.

Those who believe the record to be concrete fact also have a considerable weight of supporting evidence. Wing-Commander Alec Knowles-Fitton, the present president and chairman of Burnsall Sports Committee, points out that in 1910 weather conditions were perfect in every respect, and the ling on the fell had been burned close. Moreover, the track was not diverted by 'Moorside', a house erected later.

Sir Percy M. Hope, of Keswick, an authority on fell racing, once said: "Dalzell was the best runner down a fell I ever knew. To see him take a flying leap over a stone wall and roll over in the bracken on to his feet on the other side was unforgettable". Locals, who saw the 1910 race, say "Dalzell was a superman, never equalled since, or likely to be. His descent was a breath-taking, astonishing sight".

Another factor is that in fell racing the shortest route between two points is not always the quickest. In 1953 a second "special race" was held in the hope of eclipsing the record. William Teasdale won in a time of 14 minutes 7 seconds, but many judges thought he would not have been far off Dalzell's time had he taken the same, though less direct route up the fell. Dalzell's descent was over a route that most of today's runners think would be madness to attempt.

The most interesting development in the last few races has been the way in which runners have come closer to the thirteen minute goal. In 1960 D. Hodgson achieved a time of 13 minutes 40 seconds and on another occasion he set up the best recorded time for the ascent - 9 minutes 27 seconds.

In the 1953 "special race" Teasdale took 3 minutes 59 seconds to come down. If a runner could match these two times in one race he would have gone up and down the fell in 13 minutes 26 seconds. This fact alone would seem to go a long way to refuting the claim that the record is a mere myth.

(Editorial Note: Dave Cannon won the 1970 Burnsall Fell Race in a time of 13 minutes, 29 seconds. The 1971 winner was Harry Walker in 13 minutes, 32 seconds, with Dave Cannon coming second in 13 minutes, 36 seconds).

CAN YOU WRITE ?

A successful magazine depends on contributors providing articles on topics of interest, reports on races and letters of comment or criticism. If YOU have anything to offer, please send it to the new editor:

Michael Davies, 14 Green Court Gardens, Croydon CRO 7LH

The next edition is planned for the autumn, but don't leave it until then - do it while it's fresh in your mind.

A brief glance at the history of this event - probably best described in "Mountain Lakeland" by A.H. (Harry) Griffin, shows that interest began before the turn of the century with a slow march forward (excuse the "pun") toward the system of climbing as many fells as possible in a day or 24 hours.

Dr. A.w. Wakefield was probably the first man to show an "athletic" approach to the walk - he wore his rugger shirt, shorts and gym shoes, in covering 23,500 feet of ups and downs which totalled about 70 miles. I can remember seeing Dr. Wakefield - who lived in Keswick, cycling on his rounds always in top gear of the three speeds on his bike, and into his sixties he had a swim in Derwentwater every day of the year.

The next walker of note was Eustace Thomas - he designed the well known mountain rescue stretcher - but he had the "mountaineer's" outlook about equipment in that he wore clinker nailed boots. Thomas was also the "Stan Bradshaw" of the 20's in that he was turned 50 when he covered 30,000 feet in 28 hours (his total for 24 hrs 25,500 feet, a new record) 1,000 feet higher than Mount Everest, which is what he was aiming for.

The record stood for 10 years (I have no knowledge of anyone making any attempts during that time) then along came Bob Graham of Keswick. Bob owned a guest house and used to take visitors for walks on the fells and I guess one thing led to another. He and a group of "elite" enthusiasts would regularly walk 50 miles over the fells in all directions and all weathers. As part of his "preparation" for his attempt at the fell record he walked over every fell he intended to include in his BARE FEET, (imagine walking over Scafell Pike in your bare feet). His reason for this was two fold: to toughen the skin (he suffered no blisters when he eventually broke the record), and to save wear and tear on footwear (gym shoes). His memories of the walk included "picking up Grouse chicks from the heather crossing Calva; meeting George Abraham for time and foot check on Dunmail Raise (a photo taken here shows Bob and his two 'pacers' wearing shorts which were pulled on especially for photographs. The Skiddaw/Helvellyn section was done without wearing the heavy khaki drill shorts only available in those days - no worries about meeting maddening crowds in 1932); being given some Nestles milk by the Quarrymen at Honister who lodged in the hut which is now the Youth Hostel."

Harry Griffin's book says they descended off Robinson to Newlands Hause whereas I'm sure Bob told me the descent was made via High Snab to reach the road to Keswick near Birkrigg. However, no matter - his relatives and friends waiting at the Moot Hall, had no idea where Bob and pacers were until they heard the patter of feet coming through the darkness up Keswick Main Street. Bob had climbed 42 fells, climbed up and down about 30,000 feet, all within 24 hours (23 hours, 49 mins). It's a pity he couldn't have made 43 fells - one for every year of his life. Bob's record remained unbroken for 28 years! Some locals wouldn't accept it - they said it wasn't possible to cover such a distance in 24 hours, and as time went by and the record stayed perhaps some doubts did arise in the minds of the "unwise".

Before we continue, here is the list of fells included in the 'Bob Graham 42'.
 (In order of accent) 1) Skiddaw 3053. 2) Great Calva 2265. 3) Saddleback 2847.
 4) Clough Head 2381. 5) Great Dod 2807. 6) Watson Dod 2584. 7) Stybarrow Dod 2756.
 8) Raise 2889. 9) Whiteside 2832. 10) Lower Man 3033. 11) Helvellyn 3118.
 12) Nethermost Pike 2920. 13) Dollywagon Pike 2810. 14) Fairfield 2863. 15) Seat Sandal 2415. 16) Calf Crag 1762. 17) High White Stones 2500. 18) Sergeant Man 2414.
 19) Thunacar Knott 2351. 20) Harrison Stickle 2403. 21) Pike-o-Stickle 2323.
 22) Rossett Pike 2106. 23) Bowfell 2960. 24) Esk Pike 2903. 25) Great End 2984.
 26) Ill Crag 3000. 27) Broad Crag 3054. 28) Scafell Pike 3210. 29) Scafell 3162.
 30) Yewbarrow 2058. 31) Red Pike (wasdale) 2629. 32) Steeple 2687. 33) Pillar 2927*
 34) Kirkfell 2630. 35) Great Gable 2949. 36) Green Gable. 37) Brandreth 2344.

38) Grey Knotts 2287. 39) Dale Head 2473. 40) Hindscarth 2385. 41) Robinson 2417 (There is some doubt whether fell 42 should be Scoat Fell/Steel Fell or Pavey Ark, but in actual fact a recent survey of an old print showing the route includes * Looking Stead 2058 a minor top between Pillar and Kirkfell). Bob Graham died in his 70's during the 1960's and I was able to attend his funeral in Rosthwaite Church, Borrowdale and lay a wreath on behalf of all participants in the Lakeland Fell record.

Many attempts were made on the record but those few who completed the "round" always took well over 24 hours and suffered great physical stress in the process. Truly it seems to get beyond the '42' one had to be a fell runner of a very high calibre and men of this class finally appeared on the scene in the early 60's.

First to equal the record was Stan Bradshaw (then 48 years old) but in a faster time. Then Ken and Alan Heaton (all these runners - for that's what they were, wore shorts, vests and cross country shoes) worked steadily at the record for a number of years - actually it was Alan who did most of the work, but Ken made a substantial breakthrough when he climbed 51 fells, starting and finishing in Langdale. This brought the up and down to 31,000 feet and around 82 miles, all done in 22 hours 13 minutes. Alan, after making a number of attempts, finally managed in 1962, to uplift the total to 54 fells and 33,000 feet in 23 hours, 48 minutes. starting and finishing at Keswick (accompanying Alan on part of the walk/run was someone who was destined to become a record holder himself - one Jos Naylor). Alan took a break but the record breakers didn't, for along came the legendary "Beardie" (Eric Beard mountain record breaker "superior" I feel is a suitable title). Eric appeared in Keswick in 1963 and at his first attempt lifted the record to the "Bizzy heights" of 56 summits and about 35,000 feet of climbing in 23 hours 35 minutes (time there for another top or two did someone say, well he had intended returning for an attempt to improve his record but tragically he was killed in a motor accident en route to run 100 miles around a track in aid of charity). However, it's as well to record here - his pacers couldn't "stand the pace" en route to Great Rigg Man and Beardie did that alone, his silhouette recorded by moonlight on the top. His favourite food was "jam butties". He was always full of chat, calling everyone "Pal". He seemed to go faster uphill than down. He couldn't walk properly afterwards because of enormous blisters.

We now return to Alan Heaton - who had assisted Beardie to break his record. After a number of frustrations with bad weather he lifted the record to the nice round figure of 60 on the 24th of July, 1965 but the ups and downs remained about the same due to a slight variation in choice of fells. (Fairfield and Great Rigg Man were "dropped" in preference of more easily accessible fells). The schedule is so tight now that participants must select the most "convenient" fells for inclusion. After this record total which was accomplished from Langdale Alan said "that's enough for me" and the scene was set for the 'King of the Lakeland Fells' to try his luck.

Jos Naylor of Wasdale made his attempt in 1971 and succeeded, adding one more fell to the total. He wasn't satisfied so in 1972 he tried again (in appalling weather of wind, rain and low mist) and increased his record to 63 fells, starting and finishing at Brackenclouse, near his home. The additional fells - added to the "Bob Graham 42", are 43) Scoat Fell. 44) Base Brown. 45) Aitkin Knott. 46) Scar Crag. 47) Causey Pike. 48) Sail. 49) Crag Hill. 50) Wanlope. 51) Whiteless Pike. 52) Grassmoor. 53) Sandhill. 54) Hobcarton Crag. 55) Grisedale Pike. 56) Skiddaw Littleman. 57) Steel Fell. 58) Pavey Ark. 59) Loft Crag. 60) Pike-o-Blisco. 61) Cold Pike. 62) Red How. 63) Crinkle Crag. 64) Shelter. 65) Allen Crag. 66) Lingmell. (The reader must be reminded to delete Fairfield/Great Rigg Man and Looking Stead of the Bob Graham/Beardie routes as they were not included). Jos covered 92 miles but the up and down remained about 35,000 feet. His time was 23 hours 25 minutes.

In 1971, the start-point of the Ben Nevis race was moved from the King George V Playing Field in Fort William to the New Town Park at Claggan, almost three-quarters of a mile nearer to Achintee where the climbing really begins. This brief article covers the years 1943 to 1970 when the Ben race started from the King George V Playing Field.

The first record for the distance was set by local man Duncan McIntyre, in a time of 2 hours 4 minutes 30 seconds. From 1945 to 1950 no race took place, but in 1951 another local, Brian Kearney, ran the course in nine minutes under the two hours and in 1954 reduced this by a further four minutes.

In 1956, Pat Moy, a Scottish cross-country international, lowered the record to 1-45-56. Six years later, Peter Hall of Barrow broke the course record by a few seconds. The following year he clipped a further four minutes off his own time and in 1964 recorded 1 hour 38 minutes 50 seconds, a time which still remained unbeaten at the end of 1970.

In the twenty races from 1951 to 1970 a total of 120 competitors have broken the two hour barrier. Of the 310 performances under two hours, Eddie Campbell's contribution is 19 ! (It would certainly have been 20 out of 20 but for a long distance taxi journey throughout the night preceding the 1969 race). Eddie's finishing positions reveal a remarkable consistency: 2nd, 1st, 1st, 2nd, 1st, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 13th, 6th, 15th, 23rd, 10th, 12th, 23rd, 24th, 10th, 23rd, 35th, 34th.

Another consistent competitor, Mike Davies, finished ten races, between 1961 and 1970, each in under 1 hour 50 minutes! (three wins, five seconds, a third and a fourth).

Dave Spencer, Bob Lewney, and Peter Duffy recorded eight performances under two hours; Bob Jackson recorded seven; Mike Vickers six; and Geoff. Garnett, Jimmy Conn, John Marstrand, Ian Donald, Jos. Naylor and Ian Harris, five each.

Since Dave Spencer became the first Sassenach to win the race in 1958, only two Scots have been successful - Bobby Shields of Clydesdale, who, in the grim conditions of 1967, proved himself to be one of the best climbers in the business, and Allan MacRae, the strong-limbed and strong-willed man from Lochinver.

Members of Clayton-le-Moors Harriers were competing in the race as early as 1956 (F.R.A. members A. and K. Heaton, S. Bradshaw and B. Lister). Vauxhall Motors sent up a team in 1958 and have been represented in the Nevis race every year since.

Several distinguished road and track runners have competed in the race. These include the King of the Road himself, Ron Hill of Accrington (8th in 1959, time 1-55-33), Mike Turner of Liverpool (6th in 1959 in 1-55-24), steeplechaser Gerry Stevens, Bruce Tulloh (D.N.F. 1957), London to Brighton winner, Joe Clare, and ultra distance men, Max Telford and Ron Bentley.

The 1963 race was dominated by Peter Hall and Barrow Athletic Club and the Ghurkhas! These mountain men were undaunted by Britain's toughest climb, finishing SIX runners in the first 24, and 10 in 57. Their first counter, Lalbahadur Pun, finished third in 1-45-36.

In 1957 there was a tragic event when one of the runners, John Rix, lost a shoe in the ravine formed by the Red Burn and took shelter under a rock. He was unconscious when found by a search party later that night but died from exhaustion as he was being taken down the mountain.

The fastest time recorded by a veteran is that of 1-53-27 by John Marstrand in 1968.

The women's record stands at 3 hours 2 minutes, set by Kathleen Connochie of Fort William in 1955. (The history of the Ben race dates back to 1895 and information on races and record attempts between 1895 and 1958 are contained in an excellent booklet written by Charles Steel and printed by Bennett and Thomson, 20-22 Church Street, Dumbarton).

SUMMARY OF RESULTS 1951-1970

1951	1. B. Kearney	Ft Will	1-51-18	1961	1. M. Davies	Reading	1-47-56
	2. E. Campbell	"	1-56-35		2. D. Spencer	Barrow	1-50-10
	3. T. Kearney	"	2-9-18		3. H. Clayton	Wakefld	1-52-24
	Team: No team race (21 ran)				Team: Barrow 40 (126 ran)		
1952	1. E. Campbell	Ft Will	1-53-46	1962	1. P. Hall	Barrow	1-45-44
	2. C. Petrie	"	1-55-45		2. M. Davies	Reading	1-46-44
	3. J. Conn	"	2-8-22		3. H. Clayton	Wakefld	1-47-54
	Team: Ben Nevis AC 11 (24 ran)						
1953	1. E. Campbell	Ft Will	1-53-18	1963	1. P. Hall	Barrow	1-41-45
	2. D. Dando	Glasgow	2-0-25		2. M. Davies	Reading	1-42-35
	3. A. Fleming	Glasgow	2-3-53		3. Lalbahadur Pun	Ghurkhas	1-45-36
	Team: Lochaber 15 (20 ran)						
1954	1. B. Kearney	Ft Will	1-47-4	1964	1. P. Hall	Barrow	1-38-50
	2. E. Campbell	Ft Will	1-49-9		2. M. Davies	Reading	1-41-46
	3. W. Gallacher	Clasgow	1-54-41		3. R. Lewney	Barrow	1-44-53
	Team: St. Mary's, F.W. 7 (24 ran)				Team: Barrow 9		
1955	1. E. Campbell	Ft Will	1-50-5	1965	1. P. Hall	Barrow	1-42-19
	2. J. Hand	Carlisle	2-1-59		2. M. Davies	Reading	1-42-57
	3. A. Hume	Fersit	2-3-4		3. M. Vickers	Barrow	1-44-36
	Team: Glasgow & D. 20 (27 ran)				Team: Barrow 9 (158 ran)		
1956	1. P. Moy	V.of Lev.	1-45-55	1966	1. A. MacRae	Lochaber	1-43-49
	2. S. Horn	Garscube	1-48-59		2. R. Shields	Clydesd'	1-45-0
	3. E. Campbell	Ft Will	1-49-0		3. I. Donald	Clydesd'	1-47-35
	Team: Lochaber 14 (53 ran)				Team: Reading 16 (117 fin.)		
1957	1. B. Kearney	Lochaber	1-46-4	1967	1. R. Shields	Clydesd'	1-41-11
	2. N. Addison	Unatt.	1-54-13		2. M. Davies	Reading	1-45-7
	3. D. Spencer	Barrow	1-54-37		3. R. Lewney	Barrow	1-49-42
	Team: Lochaber 11 (76 ran)				Team: Reading 32 (131 fin.)		
1958	1. D. Spencer	Barrow	1-46-8	1968	1. M. Davies	Reading	1-39-29
	2. F. Dawson	Salford	1-48-57		2. R. Lewney	Barrow	1-45-17
	3. P. Moy	V.of Lev.	1-50-53		3. G. Stevens	Reading	1-45-36
	Team: Lochaber 25 (82 ran)				Team: Reading 19 (139 fin.)		
1959	1. D. Spencer	Barrow	1-47-53	1969	1. M. Davies	Reading	1-43-25
	2. J. Linaker	Pitr'vie	1-51-33		2. P. Watson	Bramley	1-44-09
	3. F. Dawson	Salford	1-52-1		3. R. Tinlin	Newc.Un.	1-44-26
					Team: Lochaber 38 (145 fin.)		
1960	1. D. Spencer	Barrow	1-52-22	1970	1. J. Norman	Altrin'	1-40-45
	2. M. Vickers	Barrow	1-52-23		2. D. Cannon	Kendal	1-41-13
	3. J. Conn	Lochaber	1-54-8		3. M. Davies	Reading	1-43-57
	Team: Lochaber 16				Team: Kendal 32 (142 fin.)		

"Top 25" Competitors 1943-1970

1. P. Hall	Barrow	1-38-50(1964)	14. I. Macmillan	Invicta	1-45-40(1970)
2. M. Davies	Reading	1-39-29(1968)	15. D. Spencer	Barrow	1-45-51(1964)
3. J. Norman	Altrin'	1-40-45(1970)	16. D. Francis	Westbury	1-45-51(1968)
4. R. Shields	Clydesd'	1-41-11(1967)	17. P. Moy	V. of Lev.	1-45-55(1956)
5. D. Cannon	Kendal	1-41-13(1970)	18. B. Kearney	Ft Will	1-46-4 (1957)
6. A. Macrae	Lochaber	1-43-49(1966)	19. I. Donald	Clydesd'	1-46-24(1965)
7. P. Watson	Bramley	1-44-9 (1969)	20. B. Finlayson	Forth Valley	1-46-29(1970)
8. R. Tinlin	Morpeth	1-44-26(1969)	21. N. Carrington	Sale	1-46-45(1970)
9. M. Vickers	Barrow	1-44-36(1965)	22. T. Proctor	Rochdale	1-46-48(1970)
10. R. Lewney	Barrow	1-44-53(1964)	23. I. Harris	7th Paras.	1-47-11(1963)
11. D. Hodgson	Leeds	1-44-59(1964)	24. R. Jackson	Salford	1-47-18(1970)
12. Lalbahadur Pun		1-45-36(1963)	25. J. Brennan	Maryhill	1-47-53(1968)
13. G. Stevens	Reading	1-45-36(1968)			

Other F.R.A. members with sub-two hour performances include:-

J. Barlow 1-47-56, H. Walker 1-48-15, P. Duffy 1-51-1, H. Blenkinsop 1-51-41, M. Cranny 1-52-4, J. Smith 1-52-53, J. Craven 1-53-22, J. Marstrand 1-53-27, G. Rhodes 1-53-42, D. Wade 1-53-48, G. Garnett 1-54-2, A. Patten 1-54-12, K. Mayor 1-54-45, A. Heaton 1-55-18, A. Harmer 1-56-19, P. Vidler 1-57-38, R. Astles 1-57-55, P. Murray 1-58-12, A. Morgan 1-58-16, R. Heys 1-58-51, M. Sams 1-59-0, R. Castle 1-59-12, D. Pyatt 1-59-21, G. Phipps 1-59-59.

THE FIRST WASDALE FELL RACE - A Competitor's Viewpoint by Bill Smith

It's just on ten o'clock on a warm, sunny morning and we're lined up outside the Fell and Rock Club hut at Brackenclouse. Frank Travis has just finished explaining about the flagged part of the route between Whin Rigg and Seatallan and is wishing us a good day, gentlemen. Off we go now, in eager anticipation of the rugged course which lies ahead. Jos Naylor stands watching us, no doubt fervently wishing he was going along. An iron bar dropped on his foot last Tuesday and he's been receiving treatment daily, but to no avail as yet. Hard lines, Jos. Jim Strickland shouts a word of farewell to the gaunt, wiry figure, and then we're away up the track towards Illgill Head...

The pace seems ridiculously slow, even to a slowcoach like me, and I begin to stride out confidently, a marvellous sense of well-being rising within me... The gradient is easy, barely discernible... Funny no-one's passed me yet... What a novelty for me to be lying third in the field... There's Eric Roberts just ahead of me and a black-headed, bearded bloke in front of him: think his name's Riley...

Ah, just as I expected: runners surging past me now and I'm beginning to grunt and groan like a footballer doing more than two laps of the local sports stadium where I train... Those in front are beginning to split into two bunches now as we begin to climb in earnest: one bunch traversing along the fellside, the other continuing straight up... Which way is quickest?... There's Alan Heaton above, going straight up... I'll follow him: he should know the best route if anyone should.

No one running now: it's hands on knees, hunched forward, or hands on hips, supporting ramrod-straight back... Alan Barber draws alongside... "We seem to be making ground over those others", he says, referring to the bunch who took the lower route... Now here's that black-headed bloke who was leading early on: he ascended to the ridge long before anyone else but seems to have taken the long way around, for he's now well behind the leaders... Keith Windle and Jim Strickland are in front of me as we attain Illgill Head and break into a run... We drop to the saddle before Whin Rigg, noting the figures clustered around the checkpoint above... I'm enjoying the run now: good steady pace over short grass... Suits me fine... I overtake Jim Strickland and arrive at the checkpoint with Keith Windle... Andy Churchill is up here, not running today because of a knee injury... "How's the knee?" I ask, not having seen him since Ennerdale... "Still the same", he says: "Go on, keep moving!"

Here we go, down off the summit: three of us in a bunch, with me at the rear... Slanting down across the fellside to descend over steep grass alongside Greathall Gill... Here's Tommy Orr waiting at the bottom to direct us over the next part of the route, which is flagged as it crosses private land... "Haven't got a pint of beer handy, have you, Tom?" I joke, feeling great... We follow the flags through the cool shade of the woods... Very enjoyable running... At the second lane crossing, someone calls out our times as we pass... Then onto a rougher woodland track which we eventually leave to head for the open fellside... Seatallan rising before us now: not very impressive-looking from here: just a huge grassy hump in the hazy sunshine... I'm ahead of Keith and Cliff Firstbrook now, running steadily up the gently-rising path through the bracken... Then the path begins to climb and I change to a quick walking pace...

The path follows the course of a stream (unnamed on 1" map: Greendale Beck?) and I presently cross to its western bank... It's oppressively hot and the clear sparkling stream water, foaming grandly over its rocky bed, looks cool and inviting... I hurry on purposefully... Haven't been on Seatallan before, but I know the track (and the stream) lead to Greendale Tarn... I follow the western bank a short distance, then strike off to the left, north by northwest, beginning to climb... No need to take a bearing on this fine, sunny morning, having studied the map carefully beforehand... Two others taking the same general direction not far away... One left the track a good distance after I did, though the other left much earlier... The latter is following a bearing, compass in hand... We top a rise and I can see another small bunch far ahead, Alan Heaton among them... Then they disappear over the skyline... I'm walking still, but enjoying it... Overtake one lad, but the other, the one with the compass, draws ahead... A big gap opens between us: soon he'll be tagging on to the bunch in front...

Here's the summit plateau at last... I jog across to the checkpoint, then increase my pace as I follow the plateau rim northeastwards a short distance, before running down a pleasant grassy slope which opens out onto the wide col leading north to Haycock... There are tiny figures ahead moving steadily towards Scoat Fell: contouring around Haycock, as I'd planned to do when studying the map... Eastward, beyond Scoat Tarn, looms Wasdale Red Pike, with Great Gable's sugarloaf top (as viewed from here) rising in the hazy distance... Seems a hell of a long way off...

I can't see anyone ahead now to help regulate my pace, nor is there anyone in sight behind me whose threatening advance could serve the same purpose... I strike my first bad patch, my pace seeming to lag... The heat is terrific and I'm thinking fondly of a pint of ice-cold beer... Grass is tiresome at times like this and I eagerly make for every rocky section I can find: much more interesting, and you hardly notice you're climbing... At last I attain the ridge and contour slightly below the summit of Scoat Fell with renewed vigour... Steeple follows... Easy!... Now the rocky ascent of Pillar: not bad at all... The Ennerdale Horseshoe in reverse here, but fresh and interesting because of the change of direction... I glance behind as I approach Pillar's summit: there's someone coming off Steeple... Not to worry: I've got a good lead on him...

No runners in sight ahead as I leave the checkpoint: only fellwalkers in isolated pairs, out for a leisurely ramble...I'm running steadily but beginning to tire...If only there was someone in front to draw me on...Sun blazing down relentlessly...Reminds me of last year's Mountain Trial...A small group of people at Black Sail Pass: one of them turns out to be Ken Heaton, unable to compete through injury...He tells me that Alan has gone through and I'm second counter... Offers me a drink and I eagerly sup half-a-cup of orange juice...That's better... Off I go along the path traversing the northeastern slopes of Kirk Fell: running at first, but then slowing to a walk with occasional jogs...I'm bugged... Tommy Orr's now stationed at Beck Head, with Dennis Weir stretched out luxuriously beside him...I don't feel anywhere near as good as when I last saw Tommy below Whin Rigg...He gives me a cup of water, which I drain...I'm drinking too much...

Great Gable looms above me: the most intimidating ascent of the course...I set off wearily, keeping away from grass and scree where possible and scrambling feverishly over chunks of fractured rock...I try a Dextrosol tablet, but it fills my mouth like a handful of crushed chalk: same as on the tortuous climb from the headwaters of Grisedale Beck up to Striding Edge on the '71 Vaux...I spit it out in disgust and try a barley sugar sweet instead...That's better, but not quite the relief I'd expected: takes a hell of a long time to dissolve: almost to Scafell Pike, in fact...

Here I am on Gable summit at last...Quite a crowd gathered around the checkpoint... Someone offers me a drink of cider: I take a sip...Tastes wonderful...Better not have anymore...Heat haze has thickened across Sty Head Pass and Wasdale, and the Scafell range is just a ghostly towering purple wall...I set off on the long, rugged descent...Steep scree running is fine when you're fresh, but I'm now too tired to enjoy it...I curse as tiny stones find their way into my shoes...No time to stop and remove them: I can hear the steady crunch of running shoes on scree behind me...Here's Sty Head...And someone overtakes me, remarking on the roughness of the Gable descent as he passes...It's Mike Cudahy: going well...I tag on behind him as we begin the easy gradient up to Esk Hause...We're walking most of the way, with one or two short jogs over the more level sections...Sprinkling Tarn looks cool and inviting as we pass...

Near the path junction before Esk Hause, there's a runner seated on the ground, apparently having trouble with his shoes: it's Atwell of Altrincham...He rises and joins Cudahy and they continue up the right-hand fork together: I follow not too far behind...We check in at Esk Hause and then we're off on the final ascent of the course to England's highest peak...I stay fairly close behind Atwell and Cudahy: I'll keep this position and overtake them on the descent...I'm close enough to hear snatches of conversation: "Look out, Dave Bedford's behind you!" Someone shouted down there (toward Sty Head): "Bedford couldn't do this!" I shouted back... Makes me think of Bruce Tulloh failing to get around the 1969 Vaux course...

It's all rock now, but no chance of going astray even in mist, for the route is quite clearly scratched...At last, we're on the last part of the ascent up Scafell Pike...At the checkpoint, someone offers me a cup of water: my mind says no, but I find myself accepting...All right, just a sip: I empty the cup...You stupid bugger... Now get moving...Got to beat Atwell and Cudahy...We descend the rough path down to Lingmell Col, picking our way carefully: don't want to have a fall now...I'm still a fair distance behind them...Don't worry about that: I can take them on the descent of Brown Tongue...I'll fly down that steep grassy slope...I hope...

Here we go now: on grass at last...How soothing to my aching feet...Still can't make any ground on that pair in front...I now feel the effects of that last cup of water in my stomach...Never learn will you?...Cudahy has drawn ahead of Atwell... Can I still beat them in to the finish?...My stomach's feeling a little better now... At the junction of the headwaters of Lingmell Gill, we cross to the right (northwest) bank, where there is a good path... Cudahy is out of sight, but I'm gaining on Atwell

and beginning to feel good again...Not far to go now and I'm entirely revitalised: now let's move...There: I've passed him...Just keep going at this pace and he'll not overtake you...I'm running effortlessly now and leaping energetically over the rougher parts...Really enjoying it for the first time since Seatallan...Now over the bridge and onto the final stretch of footpath...No chance of catching Cudahy now... I take a flying leap over a break in the low wall...Applause from the spectators at the finish...Five hours, twenty-one minutes...

Someone takes my number and checkpoint card...Someone else hands me a cup of orange juice...Andy Churchill asks how I feel?... "All right - now", I tell him, recalling a similar comment made by Joe Hand to a reporter after an early Mountain Trial: "Ah feel better noo ah've stopped"...Another cup of orange juice, then into the hut and the luxury of a shower...I'm feeling great now and savouring the sense of accomplishment...This is the life...

* As quoted by Rusty Westmorland in his fine book, "Adventures in Climbing (Pelham Books, 1964), p.29.

DIARY OF A FELL RUNNING FANATIC (who lives in a city miles away from the hills)

MONDAY : Got up 11.30 a.m. Caught train to Wigan. Hard session on coal slag heaps - Wigan "Alps". Socks permanently discoloured. 7 p.m. Stepped on and off 22 inch chair 150 times in 5 minutes, followed by one hour slog on home-made Treadmill. Felt worn out. Staggered across road to pub. 6 pints of stout to steady nerves.

TUESDAY : Helped mate on window cleaning round. Ran up ladder for first two hours. Clocked off early - knees buckled. 7 p.m. (partly recovered) Went down to club. 8 miles road run with Terry, Dave and Herman. Burnt them off on easy gradient after half a mile.

WEDNESDAY : a.m. Ran up stairs of block of flats for 18 floors. Repeated exercise in adjacent block (steps $\frac{1}{2}$ inch higher). p.m. "All fours" night. Scrambled up and down railway embankment. Chased by dog. Gashed leg on barbed wire. Must remember to carry wire cutters next week.

THURSDAY : a.m. Visited departmental store. Ran up down-escalator 25 times. Irritated by shoppers, "Troggs", who would not move aside. p.m. Ran in hob-nailed boots for two hours in local park. Exhausted. 5 pints in local, followed by double pudding chips and peas. Must do some fast downhill work tomorrow.

FRIDAY : Got up. Felt lousy. Porridge and black puddings for breakfast. 3 yard burst down subway followed by steady 20 mile jog along canal bank. Involuntary stop after one mile. p.m. Went out on the ale with Bob and Trevor - Hit the gallon!

SATURDAY : Rest day. Drank 2 pints of salted stream water, drawn from the source of Hull Pot Beck (Bottled and tested by J. Edwards). Cut down beer consumption (5 pints) for tomorrow's race.

SUNDAY : Race day. Swallowed packet of glucose tablets 3 minutes before race. Felt sluggish at start. Passed by old Joe Bloggs on steep part. Sat down on rock. Walked slowly towards first checkpoint - timed out. Dashed back to changing rooms. Devoured free refreshments before winner arrived. Rushed back home - just made Opening Time.

TOTALS FOR WEEK : Steep uphill running 245 minutes; Height gained 14,500 feet (half Everest); Miles 52; Pints 35 at 12p = £4.20.

Jim Smith

REPORTS ON 1972 EVENTS

With thanks due to Bill Smith & Ben Redfearn

THE FELLSMAN HIKE

20/21 May 1972

(Ingleton to Threshfield. about 54 miles)

This year's event began in warm, hazy sunshine, tempered by a cool breeze which competitors found most welcome. Towards evening, however, the sky became overcast and there was rain and mist till dusk. when conditions eased somewhat, allowing the leading competitors to find the tricky Middle Tongue checkpoint without difficulty. The mist soon descended again, though, and there was further intermittent rain.

Alan Heaton must surely have been the unluckiest man ever to lose a race. Just before Fleet Moss checkpoint, he paused to tie a bootlace, allowing Phil Puckrin (Airienteers) to check in one minute ahead of him. It was then broad daylight, but apparently Fleet Moss is now regarded as the official dusk checkpoint, for the two rivals were detained here to await the arrival of John Richardson (Airienteers) and Ted Dance (I.C.I. Blackley) so that a group could be formed for the night hours. Alan was unable to regain this lost minute on the final run-in and thereby failed to notch up his sixth Fellsman win. Not that this is meant to detract from Puckrin's victory, for he was a worthy winner and did well to maintain the pace. He was quoted in the Bradford "Telegraph & Argus," May 22, as saying at the finish. "I got well in front of Alan a few times, but he just kept coming and catching me up."

The Service Trophy went to Clayton-le-Moors Harriers for the first time since 1965, though club members have since represented the prize-winning Pendle Forest Orienteers on three occasions. Alan was again representing P.F.O. this year and thus won nothing.

W.R.S.

1.	P. Puckrin	Airienteers	15.51	11.	A. Barber	Karabiner M.C.	17.37
2.	A. Heaton	Pendle F.O.	15.52	12.	E. Norrish	Bolton Coll.	17.46
3.	J. Richardson	Airienteers	16.19	13.	I. Clarkson	Gruntfuttock	17.56
4.	E. Dance	I.C.I. Blackley	16.34	14.	C. Lawton	Man. Ass. R.C.	18.00
5.	M.A.F. Meath	Clayton	16.39	15.	A.S. Shephard	Independent	18.00
6.	G. Taylor	Stretfd. Scouts	16.40	16.	M.B. Hutchinson	Norgas S.C.	18.00
7.	W.R. Smith	Clayton	16.53	17.	S. Bradshaw	Clayton	18.00
8.	A. Evans	Gruntfuttock	17.22	18.	J. Stephenson	Independent	18.00
9.	T. Colbourne	Prison Service	17.32	19.	N. Pomfret	Man. Ass. R.C.	18.00
10.	D. Eccles	Man. Ass. R.C.	17.36	20.	G. Tallentire	Clayton	18.00

390 Starters : 236 Finishers

ENNERDALE HORSESHOE FELL RACE

10 June, 1972

(25 miles : 5,300 feet of ascent)

Jos Naylor chalked up his fifth successive victory in this event and knocked five more minutes off his time. Dennis Weir once again finished in second place, with Dave Cannon taking third position at his first attempt. Eric Roberts of Kendal was the fastest veteran, beating his closest contender, Alan Heaton, by five minutes, while his young clubmate, Colin Wappett, won the 4-mile Crag Fell

race for juniors. The fastest teams were Kendal A (Jos Naylor, Dave Cannon, Danny Hughes), Kendal B (E. Himsworth, Eric Roberts, Alan Walker) and Sale Harriers (Carrington, Craven, Blenkinsop), followed by the Rucksack Club and Clayton-le-Moors A and B teams. 57 finished out of 61 starters in the Horseshoe race, while all 13 starters completed the Crag Fell course.

Checkpoints were at Great Bourne (2,019'), Red Pike (2,479'), Black Beck Tarn (1,600'), Green Gable (2,603'), Kirk Fell (2,630'), Pillar (2,927'), Haycock (2,618'), Iron Crag (2,100'), and Crag Fell (1,700'). The River Ehen was running high this year and could not be forded, so a further 100 yards were added by having competitors cross the bridge leading to the lakeside path. The sky was dull and overcast during the early stages of the race, with a chilly wind about, but the afternoon turned warm and sunny. This is a fine rugged course for most of the way, only growing a bit tedious beyond Haycock, where it follows the wall along the smooth grassy ridge.

W.R.S.

1. J. Naylor	Kendal	3.30.40	11. R. Jackson	Salford	4.13.03
2. D.G. Weir	Rucksack Club	3.51.10	12. N. Carrington	Sale	4.14.04
3. D.A. Cannon	Kendal	3.54.40	13. A. Heaton	Clayton	4.17.00
4. H.D. Walker	Blackburn	3.55.20	14. P. Bland	Lakeland O.C.	4.20.32
5. J. Edwards	Airdale	3.57.30	15. J. Smith	Bury & Rad.	4.22.38
6. J. Norman	Altrincham	4.05.59	16. C. Firstbrook	Salford	4.25.00
7. D. Hughes	Kendal	4.06.30	17. J. Craven	Sale	4.27.03
8. P. Walkington	Bolton	4.08.05	18. M.S. Cudahy	Unattached	4.29.28
9. E. Himsworth	Kendal	4.10.52	19. H. Blenkinsop	Sale	4.33.10
10. E.J. Roberts	Kendal	4.12.03	20. W.A. Walker	Kendal	4.34.12

CRAG FELL

1. C. Wappett	Kendal	36.25	4. T. Whitaker	Airdale	41.25
2. H. Jarrett	Barrow	36.45	5. C. Wood	Unattached	41.45
3. J.M. MacKenzie	Manchester	41.17	6. L. Woodend	Unattached	43.47

LAKE DISTRICT FOUR 3000 FT. PEAKS MARATHON WALK

17 June, 1972

(Approximately 43 miles)

At two o'clock on Saturday morning, June 17th nearly two hundred fellwalkers, with a fair sprinkling of fellrunners among them, set off from Keswick Rugby Union Club on the 43 mile traverse of Lakeland's highest peaks: Skiddaw, Scafell, Scafell Pike and Helvellyn, in order of ascent. Skiddaw was climbed by torchlight in darkness and mist, and in fact, all the fell sections of the course were shrouded in mist throughout the day, making navigation tricky in parts, such as in the High Raise area. There was also torrential rain during the latter part of the morning, which, combined with a strong icy wind on the tops, helped to make things a bit more interesting!

In addition to the summit checkpoints, there were others at Keswick (after Skiddaw), Seathwaite, Styhead Pass, "Esk Hause" Shelter, High Raise, Steel End and Stanah, refreshments being provided at Seathwaite and Steel End.

Of the (approx) 43 miles, 16 are on the road, which spoils it as a mountain course, but the alternatives would probably put it beyond the range of many for whom it is intended - it is designed for walkers although athletes should find it an excellent training course. The 'race' may be unofficial but there's plenty of competitive spirit.

Pete Walkington was first man home this year, 49 minutes faster than on his 1971 run with Jeff Norman but 44 minutes outside of Jos Naylor's record set in 1970.

W.R.S.

1.	P. Walkington	Bolton U.H.	9.08	11.	R. Dewhurst	Clayton	12.21
2.	J. Loxham	S. Ribble O.C.	10.42	12.	D.M. Murray	Lime House Sch.	12.23
3.	M.A.F. Meath	Clayton	10.42	13.	D.J.M. Rowe	Unattached	12.29
4.	K. Brooks	S. Ribble O.C.	11.22	14.	A. Hoare	Midland M'tn Mar.	12.29
5.	P. Dawes	Kendal A.C.	11.40	15.	W.R. Smith	Clayton	12.31
6.	D. Eccles	Man. Ass. R.C.	11.40	16.	J. Haworth	Clayton	12.56
7.	E.J. Roberts	Kendal A.C.	11.47	17.	P. Trainor	Workington R.C.	12.57
8.	A. Patten	Caper Montis M.C.	11.58	18.	K.J. Windle	Burnley	13.09
9.	G. Brass	Clayton	11.58	19.	G. Tallentire	Clayton	13.09
0.	A. Barber	Karabiner M.C.	12.17	20.	D. Hine	Man. Ass. R.C.	13.16

182 Starters : 110 Finishers

Details kindly supplied by Mrs. Edith Hillary of Seascale, Cumberland)

SKIDDAW FELL RACE

Sunday, 2 July, 1972.

(9 Miles : 2,700 feet of Ascent)

This, the seventh annual Skiddaw Race, was run on a warm sunny afternoon, with quite a large crowd of spectators in attendance. Dave Cannon's winning time was 1.35 outside Jeff Norman's 1971 record, while Jeff finished in second place, 48 seconds in front of Harry Walker. Cannon was first to arrive at the summit, incidentally, followed by Walker, Bob Harrison and Norman respectively. Eric Roberts (Kendal) was the fastest veteran in 76.33, and John Marstrand (Lochaber) second in 78.50. Airdale and Spen Valley (Harrison, Belk and Duckworth) won the team event, with Holmfirth (Crosland, Seddon & Ramsden) and Kendal (Cannon, Himsworth & Roberts) occupying second and third positions respectively. There were 93 starters, of whom 42 qualified for certificates by finishing inside 80 minutes.

The course, devised by Des Oliver, starts and finishes at Fitz Park, Keswick, follows the footpath along the western flank of Latrigg and ascends to the 3053' summit by the well-known tourist track, returning the same way. A very enjoyable run, but without doubt the least-interesting of the Lakeland events.

W.R.S.

1.	D. Cannon	Kendal	64.40	11.	D.G. Weir	Manchester	70.44
2.	J. Norman	Altrincham	65.51	12.	D. Halstead	Blackburn	70.50
3.	H. Walker	Blackburn	66.39	13.	N. Jerome	Nottingham	70.57
4.	R. Harrison	Airdale & Spen	67.23	14.	T. Ramsden	Holmfirth	71.12
5.	R. Belk	Airdale & Spen	67.49	15.	P. Watson	Pudsey & Bramley	71.57
6.	E. Crosland	Holmfirth	68.19	16.	H. Forrest	Nottingham Un.	72.19
7.	M. Seddon	Holmfirth	69.15	17.	J. Edwards	Airdale & Spen	72.30
8.	K. Duckworth	Airdale & Spen	69.28	18.	H. Blenkinsop	Sale	72.43
9.	K. Mayor	Bolton	70.16	19.	D. Cunningham	Aston Un.	72.54
0.	F. Duffy	Aberdeen	70.27	20.	B. Finlayson	Lochaber	73.37

THE WASDALE FELL RACE

Saturday, 15 July, 1972.

The first wasdale Fell Race was actually staged more in the nature of a trial run. Starting and finishing at the Fell and Rock Club hut, Brackenclose, the route circled the fells around Wasdale, with checkpoints on Whin Rigg, Seatallan, Pillar, Great Gable, Esk Hause and Scafell Pike, a total of 8,540 feet of ascent (and descent) over 21.7 miles with much of it over rock and scree.

Thirty-six runners set off, and of these, 14 retired at various points. Jos Naylor was unable to run due to a foot injury, so he agreed to present the prizes instead. Jeff Norman and Harry Walker were joint winners (they even arrived at every checkpoint together!), with Alan Heaton taking the veteran's prize and Clayton-le-Moors Harriers (Stan Bradshaw, Alan Heaton and Bill Smith) winning the team event.

This is without doubt one of the finest of all fell races and the C.F.R.A. is to be congratulated on producing such a demanding course.

W.R.S.

1.	J. Norman	Altrincham	4.25.10	12.	D. Atwell	Altrincham	5.22.50
2.	H.D. Walker	Blackburn	4.25.10	13.	A. Barber	Karabiner M.C.	5.31.09
3.	A. Heaton	Clayton	4.44.20	14.	T. Sykes	Rochdale	5.40.18
4.	D. Halstead	Blackburn	4.45.23	15.	C. Firstbrook	Salford	5.48.01
5.	R. Jackson	Salford	4.51.10	16.	H. Blenkinsop	Sale	5.53.42
6.	A. Watson	Sale	4.57.18	17.	T. Walkington	R.A.F.	5.55.00
7.	E.J. Roberts	Kendal	5.04.52	18.	N. Carrington	Sale	5.56.02
8.	M. Hyman	Orienteers	5.07.38	19.	S. Bradshaw	Clayton	6.04.55
9.	D. Hartley	Edinburgh	5.12.20	20.	M. Reynolds	Kendal	6.04.55
10.	M.S. Cudahy	Unattached	5.20.21	21.	P. Trainor	West Cumb.	6.30.31
11.	W.R. Smith	Clayton	5.21.55	22.	F. Williams	Man. Y.M.C.A.	6.43.05

BARNOLDSWICK WEETS FELL RACE (The Little Tough'un)

13 August, 1972.

The Weets Fell Race at Barnoldswick atop the Pennine Gap was one year old in 1972 and seems sure to be a lusty infant.

It starts from the Foster's Arms Hotel and proceeds through the streets of "Barlick" where the runners are surprised to see large numbers of spectators (especially outside the pubs). The going at this stage is easy and the field moves at speed led by the road running experts.

Through a new housing estate now and on to a rough lane with a lung-bursting hairpin bend, over a stile and steeply up a rough pasture: over another stile and onto the fell proper, at which stage many who have gone too fast "blow up".

Although the gradient is not severe, by now those who viewed the course through binoculars from the pub and pronounced it "easy" must be wondering why it has suddenly become more difficult: the field is well strung out and some of the weaker brethren are walking.

The "top" comes into view and to runners now leaden footed it seems a vast distance away but on reaching the cairn the true top is found to be seventy-five yards further on. In the 1971 race the two leaders were instructed by the checkers to "go round the Triangulation Point" and unfortunately chose different directions of rotation, meeting with a crash like two stags doing battle and then with a brief "sorry mate" carrying on.

A circuit is made round the fell top to prevent "traffic jams" and then the leaders are plunging back down, flying past back-markers almost on their knees (praying no doubt for merciful release), down the lane and onto the road. At this stage the 1971 winner "local boy" Peter Waddington said he felt like "packing it in" but spurred on by the crowd went on to a 400 yard victory over Derek Blakeley.

The 1972 race followed a similar pattern with 21 year old Bob Harrison streaking away as he left the summit and heading a star studded field by a substantial margin.

The day is quite a festive one in the town as in addition to the prizes for the serious contenders there are prizes for unattached local runners, the local veteran's prize having been won on both occasions by members of the local council. The last man to finish this year got a special prize for running in Karate kit and bare feet.

I am sure we all wish the race organiser, Harry Smith, many more successful Weets Fell races.

B.R.

1.	R. Harrison	Airdale	27.37	11.	P. Waddington	Liverpool	29.56
2.	K. Oliver	Liverpool	28.08	12.	B. Pickersgill	Wakefield	29.59
3.	J. Norman	Altrincham	28.11	13.	P. Watson	Pudsey & Bramley	30.16
4.	C. Robinson	Rochdale	28.16	14.	K. Mayor	Bolton	30.20
5.	D. Cannon	Kendal	28.21	15.	T. Procter	Rochdale	30.23
6.	F. McGuire	Blackpool	28.36	16.	B. Boxen	Manchester & D.	30.25
7.	H. Walker	Blackburn	28.51	17.	D. Smith	Unattached	30.31
8.	J. Calvert	Blackburn	29.08	18.	D. Halstead	Blackburn	30.39
9.	R. Bell	Airdale	29.15	19.	S. Brecknell	Blackburn	30.50
10.	K. Duckworth	Airdale	29.21	20.	P. Raidy	Clayton	30.58

BURNSALL FELL RACE

Saturday, 19 August, 1972

(1 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles : 872 feet of ascent)

There was perfect weather for this, the 32nd amateur event in the long Classic Fell Race series in pastoral mid-Wharfedale. Some of the 59 runners who took part had earlier competed in the 10-mile road race. Last year's winner, Harry Walker, who holds the record for the fastest ascent to the cairn at 1,345 feet on Burnsall Fell (8.58), was again first man to reach that point in 9.03. Dave Cannon took the lead on the descent, however, and finally beat Harry by 27 seconds, thereby setting up a new amateur record of 13.20,9 seconds faster than the record he established in 1970. He was presented with a nine gallon barrel of beer by Theakston's of Masham, and was last seen staggering over the moors in the direction of Great Whernside.

There were 58 competitors in the Dales Junior Fell Race (1 mile : 527 feet of ascent) to the gate in the wall at 1,000 feet. The winner's time was 36 seconds outside the record set up by Cannon in 1966.

W.R.S.

CLASSIC FELL RACE

1.	D. Cannon	Kendal	13.20	11.	K. Midgley	Halifax	15.20
2.	H.D. Walker	Blackburn	13.47	12.	E.M. Himsworth	Kendal	15.29
3.	R.V. Rawlinson	Clayton	14.26	13.	M. Seddon	Holmfirth	15.41
4.	P. Watson	Pudsey & Bramley	14.34	14.	V. Rutland	Altrincham	15.45
5.	B. Johnson	Airdale	14.41	15.	A. Buckley	Longwood	15.46
6.	M. Dell	Leeds City	14.52	16.	H. Forrest	Harrogate	15.48
7.	T. Ramsden	Holmfirth	14.58		T. Waterhouse	Pudsey	15.48
	J. Irwin	Bingley	14.58	18.	H. Aspinall	Rossendale	15.50
9.	G.R. Stoadon	Hercules W.	15.01	19.	D. Hodgson	Leeds	15.52
10.	A. Parkinson	Airdale	15.16	20.	J. Smith	Bury & Rad.	15.55

DALES JUNIOR FELL RACE

1. J. Ashton	Wakefield	7.31	6. K. Pearson	Ripon	8.01
2. A. Burlison	Bingley	7.42	7. P.A. Proctor	Bingley	8.05
3. D. Hall	Pudsey	7.46	8. J. Crowley	Bingley	8.12
4. A. Ulrick	Holmfirth	7.53	9. S. Dobson	Kendal	8.12
5. P. Rowbottom	Wakefield	7.57	10. J. Wimpenny	Holmfirth	8.14

(Results kindly supplied by D.B. Smith of Grassington)

PENDLETON FELL RACE

26 August, 1972

(3½ miles : 850 feet of ascent)

Dave Cannon won this race with ease, beating his closest rival Brian Johnson by 52 seconds, and was 11 seconds outside John Calvert's 1971 record. Dave's clubmate, Colin Wappett, was the fastest junior in 26.50, while Eddie Foley won the veteran's prize with a time of 26.23. The three fastest teams were Manchester & District, Clayton-le-Moors and Kendal.

This is, incidentally, one of the oldest of all amateur fell races and is organised by Clayton-le-Moors Harriers in conjunction with Pendleton Village Amateur Sports. Pendleton is a small farming hamlet situated on the southwestern flank of Pendle Hill, near Clitheroe. 54 runners set off this year on the initial lap of the sportsfield behind the village hall, before breaking away up the narrow country lane for a short distance. The route then begins to ascend up gently-sloping farm meadows, whence it crosses the steep, unfenced Nick O'Pendle road and climbs in earnest over rough moorland to the cairn on Apronful Hill, returning by the same route. This is one of the finest of the shorter events.

W.R.S.

1. D. Cannon	Kendal	22.24	11. B. Boxen	Manchester & D.	25.00
2. B. Johnson	Airedale	23.16	12. D.G. Weir	Manchester A.C.	25.03
3. W. Cooper	Manchester & D.	23.45	13. M. Nicholson	Kendal	25.06
4. B. Pickersgill	Wakefield	23.59	14. J.K. Windle	Clayton	25.07
5. I. Partington	Rossendale	24.02	15. P. Webster	Clayton	25.17
6. J. Irwin	Bingley	24.14	16. G. Entwistle	Manchester & D.	25.44
7. K. Mayor	Bolton	24.24	17. R. Rawlinson	Clayton	25.51
8. P. Livesey	Clayton	24.26	18. G. Goodair	Wakefield	25.59
9. B. Baistow	Clayton	24.38	19. T. Burch	Blackburn	26.17
10. R. Ashworth	Rossendale	24.48	20. E. Foley	Bolton	26.23

VAUX MOUNTAIN TRIAL

10 September, 1972

(About 16 miles : minimum of 6,500 feet of ascent)

For the second year running, Jos Naylor was the last man to start and the first to finish. It was, in fact, his fourth Mountain Trial victory and behind him were two other Lakeland men, international orienteer Brian Barden from Windermere and Alan Walker, while in fourth position was Harry Walker, having put up an excellent performance on his first Mountain Trial. Eric Roberts beat Alan Heaton to the first veteran's prize by just over three minutes and he also picked up a team prize along with Joss and Alan Walker. There were 123 finishers.

It was a dull day, though not misty, but cold enough to make most of the competitors don an extra vest, or an orienteering or tracksuit top. The course started and finished at the Woolpack Inn, Eskdale, and had checkpoints at Great How, Round How, Hell Gill, Stream below Stonesty Pike, and Green Crag. There was a choice of two main routes between most of the checkpoints. The majority of competitors seem to have reached Great How via Stony Tarn, though a few went by Eel Tarn. I heard of only two going over Scafell summit to reach Round How, everyone else having apparently contoured around the mountain above Wasdale Head. A short climb from Round How led up to the main Scafell Pike-Esk Hause "highway", and from the latter point competitors were faced with yet another decision. Many chose to contour around Esk Pike, Bowfell and Shelter Crags on the Langdale side in order to reach Hell Gill, while others followed the well-trodden ridge route before descending to the checkpoint. There followed the short, straightforward climb to the ridge and an almost immediate descent to the stream checkpoint below Stonesty Pike, above Moasdale. From here, most runners proceeded to the junction of the Wrynose-Hardknott-Dunnerdale roads, where the craggy pyramid of Harter Fell gave pause for thought: the best route to Green Crag seemed to be along the forestry track around the southwestern flank of the mountain from Birks Bridge in Dunnerdale, though some competitors did contour around the northwestern slopes of Harter. (A few descended from Stonesty Pike directly into Eskdale to reach Harter.) From Green Crag, the descent to the Woolpack went by Low Birker Pool, below Tarn Crag, and Low Birker Farm. A welcome pint of beer was available at the finish, followed by a hot snack inside the pub.

W.R.S.

1.	J. Naylor	Kendal	3.40.32	11.	P. Bland	Lakeland O.C.	4.17.54
2.	B. Barden	Lakeland O.C.	4.01.15	12.	R. Belk	Lakeland O.C.	4.20.25
3.	W.A. Walker	Kendal	4.05.35	13.	J. Colls	Edinburgh S.	4.21.28
4.	H.D. Walker	Blackburn	4.08.58	14.	M. Walford	Kendal	4.23.00
5.	D.A. Gillanders	Sheffield Un.	4.09.21	15.	R. Futrell	Leeds City	4.27.36
6.	W.A. Gauld	Edinburgh S.	4.11.53	16.	W. Mitchell	Lakeland O.C.	4.35.35
7.	E.J. Roberts	Kendal	4.12.00	17.	A. Evans	Lakeland O.C.	4.36.15
8.	J. Strickland	Kendal	4.13.42	18.	M. Hayes	Sheffield Un.	4.36.55
9.	A. Heaton	Clayton	4.15.14	19.	P. Bathgate	Lakeland O.C.	4.37.03
10.	D.G. Weir	Rucksack Club	4.15.30	20.	A.R.J. Duncan	Eskdale O.B.M.S.	4.37.30

ROSSENDALE FELLS RACE

17 September, 1972.

($8\frac{3}{4}$ miles : 2,165 feet of ascent)

A record field of 150 runners turned up for the Fourth Rossendale Fells Race and conditions were well nigh perfect. It was the ideal occasion for records to be broken, and sure enough, broken they were. Ricky Wilde, making his initial traverse of the course, stormed over Rawtenstall's "three peaks" of Cribden (1,317 feet), Cowpe Lowe (1,438 feet) and Seat Naze (1,010 feet) in 58.40, and both Dave Cannon and Bob Harrison also beat Colin Robinson's record of 61.26. Robinson could only manage to finish in fifth position with a time 26 seconds behind Jeff Norman.

Though only a "B" class fell race, this is a good fast course which provides very enjoyable running.

W.R.S.

1.	R. Wilde	Manchester & D.	58.40	11.	T. Procter	Rochdale	64.21
2.	D. Cannon	Kendal	59.38	12.	I. Wainwright	Sheffield	64.24
3.	R. Harrison	Airdale	59.50	13.	F. Himsworth	Kendal	64.25
4.	J. Norman	Altrincham	62.03	14.	J. Weeks	Bingley	64.52
5.	C. Robinson	Rochdale	62.29	15.	N. Carrington	Sale	64.55
6.	J. Temperton	Airdale	63.03	16.	T. Ramsden	Holmfirth	65.12
7.	D. Halstead	Blackburn	63.10	17.	B. Baistow	Clayton	65.22
8.	K. Duckworth	Airdale	63.23	18.	D. Addison	Bingley	65.30
9.	S. Breckell	Blackburn	63.28	19.	T. Farrell	Liverpool	65.42
10.	H. Walker	Blackburn	63.31	20.	K. Mayor	Bolton	65.43

THE 'KARRIMOR' TWO-DAY MOUNTAIN MARATHON

30 Sept./1 Oct. 1972.

This, the fifth Two-Day Mountain Marathon organised by Gerry Charnley, Lol Clarke and other members of the British Orienteering Federation, and now sponsored by "Karrimor" Weathertite Products Ltd. of Accrington, was set in the lonely hills of Ettrick Forest in the Southern Uplands of Scotland. The weather on both days was ideal for fell racing, being cool and sunny, with perfect visibility. However, these conditions may not have suited the pure orienteers among the competitors and, indeed, the organisers afterwards apologised because conditions were not what they had hoped for: mist on the hills to fully test route-finding skill, and a wet, windy night to test tents and equipment.

The venue was St. Mary's Loch Sailing Club, situated at the southern end of the Loch, near the Tibbie Shiels Inn, and the start was at the monument nearby, the Standard Class at 8.30 on Saturday morning, the Elite at 9.00. The Saturday night campsite for both classes was at a sheepfold high up the Kirkstead Burn, below Black Rig.

The 'Elite' first day involved around 8,000 feet of ascent over 25.2 miles and the second day had 6,000 feet of ascent over 20.8 miles.

It was won by the Norwegian team of Stig Berge and Carl Martin Larsen, both newcomers to this event. By the end of the first day, they had established a 48-minute lead over last year's winners, Joss Naylor and Alan Walker, and though the latter pair managed to make up some of this time on the second day, the Norwegians still beat them by 32 minutes, proving themselves worthy winners indeed.

The Standard event's first day consisted of 6,000 feet of ascent over 19.3 miles, the second of 5,000 feet over 16 miles.

Paul Murray and Neil Heaton of Bolton United Harriers were second to arrive at the first day campsite, 50 seconds behind the leaders, but they opened up a good lead on the second day and finally won by the wide margin of 25 minutes.

Designed to test both the route-finding skill and physical endurance of competitors (each team must carry camping, cooking and other equipment on their backs), the Two-Day Marathon is possibly the toughest event in the calendar. As at least one fell runner has remarked (I think it was Pete Walkington), this is "the Vaux Mountain Trial twice over" - with a loaded rucksack on your back into the bargain.

W.R.S.

ELITE CLASS

Stig Berge/Carl M. Larsen	12.10.10	6.	Derek Hartley/Eric Roberts	15.29.40
Jos Naylor/Alan Walker	12.42.15	7.	Peter Bathgate/Bob Mitchell,	15.55.30
Pete Walkington/Neil Shuttleworth	14.10.38	8.	Ken Brooks/Jim Loxham	16.19.32
John Richardson/Peter Bland	14.44.52	9.	Alan Evans/Colin Robinson	16.24.40
Ted Dance/Denis Weir	15.18.15	10.	Ted Norrish/Jim Beatty	16.36.35

STANDARD CLASS

1. Paul Murray/Neil Heaton	10.52.20	6. Bob Astles/Leo Pollard	12.35.43
2. Andy Churchill/Bill Smith	11.17.13	7. Colin Ratcliffe/Peter Hartley	13.13.35
3. Denis Eccles/Gilbert Taylor	11.41.50	8. Alistair Wood/M. Smithard	13.14.50
4. F. North/S.P. Hughes	11.42.10	9. William Grindley/John Osborn	13.27.02
5. Tony Meadows/Mike Baldwin	11.49.58	10. Harry Ball/Martin Smith	13.30.35

THE THREE TOWERS RACE

Sunday, 15 October, 1972

(18 miles : 2,500 feet of ascent)

It was a grand morning: clear, sunny, and a little on the warm side, but with a refreshing breeze about. During the afternoon, however, with the race only halfway over, the sky became overcast and the pleasant breeze became a bitter headwind. Jeff Norman was the first man to reach Darwen Tower (28.38), followed by Dave Farmer (28.39) and Colin Robinson (28.42). By the time the Children's Homes checkpoint at Edgworth was reached, however, Robinson had forged ahead and opened up a 2.32 lead over Norman and Alan Blinston. Colin's time here was 1.25.55. He managed to increase this lead slightly over the final section of open moorland and he has won this race every year since its inception in 1969, his record of 1.45.43 having been established last year. Sale won the team event and also had the fastest veteran (K. Hodgkinson : 2.8.58).

The Three Towers has been graded as a C-class fell race and probably rightly so, since approximately 7 of its 18 miles are on the road. It does, however, provide some extremely enjoyable running, especially the moorland tracks between Rivington Pike and Belmont, and between Pilgrim's Cross and Holcombe Tower, while much of the road-running is on quiet country lanes over the moors.

W.R.S.

1. C. Robinson	Rochdale	1.49.13	11. D. Cockburn	Sale	1.58.22
2. J. Norman	Altrincham	1.52.05	12. S. Brecknell	Blackburn	1.58.23
3. A. Blinston	Altrincham	1.53.48	13. D. Weir	Sale	1.59.24
4. I. Wainwright	Sheffield	1.53.54	14. P. Duffy	Aberdeen	1.59.50
5. G. Thompson	Notts.	1.54.32	15. A. Watson	Sale	2.00.29
6. D. Farmer	Sale	1.54.41	16. D. Blakeley	Manchester & D.	2.01.28
7. N. Carrington	Sale	1.55.04	17. T. Proctor	Rochdale	2.01.31
8. H. Walker	Blackburn	1.55.33	18. C. O'Carroll	Notts.	2.01.47
9. D. Davies	Sale	1.56.11	19. B. Boxen	Manchester & D.	2.02.07
10. J. Calvert	Blackburn	1.58.08	20. D. Makin	Bingley	2.02.54

GALE FELL RACE

Sunday, 29 October, 1972

(4½ miles : 725 feet of ascent)

It was a mild, dull morning for the last fell race of the season. There was a boy's race first, then the seniors set off at 11.30 a.m. from the Gale Inn to run up farm tracks, a short stretch of road, and some open fellside to the White House Inn near the summit of the A 58 moorland road over Blackstone Edge, returning to Gale by the same route. Jeff Norman, who had been racing the previous day, was in the lead at the start of the descent and finally beat last year's winner, Colin Robinson, by 3 seconds. The course record-holder, Andy Holden (23.52 in 1969), finished in third position. After the race, most of the

runners returned to the Gale Inn for an extremely enjoyable three hours of drinking, singing and socializing.

This event is organized by Tom Smyth of Rochdale Harriers, who lives at Barnes Meadows, just up the road from the Gale Inn, which is, incidentally, situated on A6033 road through the Summit Pass, connecting Littleborough and Todmorden. The sweeping contours of the green Pennine moorlands rise boldly on either side and the Lancashire-Yorkshire border is not far away. One evening a few years back, one of the regulars at the Gale Inn told Tommy about an old-time local athlete, Halliwell Clough, who ran from the Gale Inn to the White House and back again in 30 minutes. Tommy declared it could be done in less and a friendly argument ensued, the outcome of which was that the regulars offered to put up the prize money if anyone did break Clough's record. Thus began the Gale Fell Race in 1968 and it has since gone from strength to strength. All proceeds go to the Old Folks' Fund for Christmas gifts.

W.R.S.

1.	J. Norman	Altrincham	23.54	11.	P. Rawlinson	Unattached	26.28
2.	C. Robinson	Rochdale	23.57	12.	S. Breckell	Blackburn	26.41
3.	A. Holden	Preston	24.44	13.	R. Heys	Blackburn	26.45
4.	D. Griffiths	Hillingdon	24.55	14.	T. Proctor	Rochdale	27.17
5.	B. Johnson	Airdale	25.02	15.	P. Webster	Clayton	27.27
6.	R. Hill	Bolton	25.06	16.	J. Windle	Clayton	27.31
7.	J. Calvert	Blackburn	25.15	17.	G. Entwistle	M & D	27.35
8.	H. Walker	Blackburn	25.22	18.	J. Ward	Bolton	27.36
9.	P. Lynch	Blackburn	25.29	19.	D. Hoare	Wakefield	27.41
10.	I. Partington	Rossendale	26.02	20.	A. Hughes	Rochdale	27.50

Stop Press on 1973 Fixture List

HALF NEVIS RACE - Date now confirmed - Sat. July 28th - from Town Park, Claggan, Fort William - Start 2.30 p.m. - 6m/2000' - Entries 15P Ind., 45P Teams of 3 - close July 14th - to A.P. Maclean, 54 Carn Dearg, Claggan, Fort William, Inverness-shire. - Record 53 mins. 13 secs. (R. Harrison 1972) - Under S.AAA Laws.

CATEGORY "B" RACES : Include also Eildon Hill Race (June 23), Great Hill Race (June 23), The Lomonds of Fife (June 24).

CATEGORY "C" RACES : Include also Rivington Pike Race (April 21) and Berwick Law Race (August 8).

All the event categories will be reviewed at the end of the season. Comments welcomed from members.

A GENERAL MEETING

of members of the Fell Runners Association will be held after the

FAIRFIELD HORSESHOE RACE ON 20th MAY 1973

Every member is hereby invited to attend. You don't HAVE to run in the race first, but you might as well!

The meeting will be a good opportunity to air views on and assess the progress of the Association and to indicate members wishes for its future development and activities.