

Black Combe Runners

Newsie





Captain Pete's 2011 Round Up

The club has gone from strength to strength over the last year. We've been having more new members join us than people leave over the last 2-3 years and the club has benefited from increased participation and some great performances in 2011. A new wave of people have started taking on new and longer runs, generating new ideas and have been getting involved in organising club events.

We now have about 70 members, up from the 50-55 we were hovering at 3 or 4 years ago. Of those we had a grand total of 29 running at Dunnerdale (with another 4 either injured or away) - that's a fantastic proportion of the club in one race. A total of 41 runners ran at least one of the club championship races.

With the increased numbers has come some great performances - we entered 3 teams in the UK Fell Relay in Yorkshire so had 18 participants (with 3 on the sidelines ready to join in). We've come a long way since our first attempt 3 years ago - 71st then and up to 40th here with good

runs by the V40 and Ladies teams as well. Penny worked wonders by running 10 marathons in 10 days. We had two more successful Bob Graham rounds by Jamie and Dave SM. Rich and Jamie in particular have run some very good race times and Mike Mcl looks poised to challenge them in 2012. Rumour has it that we may have a new star lady runner as well.

We've had some good fun along the way as well; celebrations two days running for Peter/Dave/Phil's final Munros (sorry I wasn't there), Will and Sue's splendid wedding, a celebration of men in women's clothes at what is becoming an annual run/drink down Caw to mark Will's birthday and some very happy customers at our 4 races (thanks to all the organisers and helpers).

Roll on 2012, I've got even higher expectations of what we can all do next year.

Pete Tayler, 31 December 2011

Fay's First Year of Fell Running

My first year of fell running was great...there were a few ups and downs though like the time when I was helping Hazel at the finish line of the Long Duddon fell race, I was pointing to the last dibbing point when three Horwich Harriers came racing to the finish line, and then...one of them knocked me over! It hurt, but I was ok. Before that though, me and dad went up to see the start of the Long Duddon fell race it was fun going across the stream in the wood because we got to go across the stepping stones instead of the boring old bridge upstream!

There were exciting parts of the year to, like my fist fell race I did at the Tover show, I was a sight wearing my shorts, a random vest and my normal flat trainers but the good news is that I was the first girl back so I go a first place trophy and a T-shirt!

I've done a bit of helping out as well; I've helped with the registration of all the runners in the village hall at Silecroft and then when everyone was ready I set them all off, I helped Hazel at the finish by collecting all the dibbers and then handing out all the prizes back at the hall.

One of my favourite shows was the Rusland show where there was the tug of war at the end. When the Black Combe runners went up for the last time I went up too, just to have a go...it was really fun even up against a load of tough guys, but I had heel type boots on, jackpot, unfortunately we lost and I got rope burn under my armpit!

Thanks to all the Black Combe runners for making my first year of fell running so special and thanks to everyone who has looked after me while my dad has been running.

Fay Baron



The Black Combe 'lightweight' tug of war team, shortly before they were whipped onto their chins by Lowick's Young Farmers
Fay is second from left, just about to feel the burn...

Pyrenees SkyCrawl

I had my first go at a skyrace in the Pyrenees last summer in the Marathon du Montcalm, an event that was in the French championships and a qualifier for the World Series. We were stopping at Pyrenees Haven with Debbie and Gary Devine (www.pyrenees-haven.com), a great place - they helped with entries etc. I also ran a warm up race the week before, a cooldown race the week after and we had two multi-day trips out into the mountains in between. A brilliantly restful holiday.

The marathon (www.pays-du-montcalm.com/challenge/index.htm), which climbs du Montcalm and Pic d'Estats (both 3000m mountains) was a game of 4 halves.

The first involved racing from 7am, just as it was getting light and already pretty warm. A couple of miles on the road were followed by a steep climb up to an aqueduct and then a level run round the valley walls for a few more miles. Too early and feeling bad all the way of course.

Then the fun started. 6500 feet steeply upwards sort of fun, while dodging continental walking poles that had been sprung from nowhere. Firstly through forest and then on the open mountain, I covered 5 miles in about 2 ½ hours – probably the slowest running in the world. Thankfully we were rewarded by some cracking hazy morning views from the ridge and were extremely well looked after with about 20 food & drink stations over the 26 miles.

It got slightly better in the third half, 6500 feet up means running 6500 feet down back into the furnace – I don't know which was more painful.

And the punch line; the fourth half was 10 km back on the valley floor, with the temperature in the mid thirties. I think I'd run out of sweat by then. Given the speed of my run out that way in the early morning,

Captain Pete's been out receiving some other races for the Champs...

I'd thought a 75 min 10km was on the cards. Halfway back though I'd covered 5km in 24 minutes and had a further 27 minutes if I wanted to beat 6 ½ hours – why not, I thought. The route then diverted off the road, up and down a rough track. Ha ha ha. I found out I could sweat again. I managed to overtake 12 people (those johnny-foreigners can't take the heat) and got to the final km with 4 ½ minutes left. Cue my 10 inch stride sprint and a certain barging manoeuvre when blocked by a runner, his small child, his wife and a pushchair in the finishing funnel; I got there just under the 6 ½ hours, for 67th place out of about 300 starters.

I was initially pretty dizzy, but within 10 minutes, it had been a great experience and one I'd do again (already booked for 2012). The French style of race aftermath helps, beer on the rehydration table, a small Ricard with ice as a post-race stomach-settler and then a 3 course meal in the sunshine. They have a certain style out there.

Pete Tayler





283 Munros

In September, Peter Grayson, Phil Newton and Dave Par-minter finished all the Munros. Here Peter writes about his experience...

In many people's minds the term 'Munro bagger' or just 'The Munros' is associated with people who have one aim in life, to visit the 283 summits whilst ignoring everything else in Scotland. I'm sure there are a few like that, but I have found Munro baggers to be a very varied bunch, some more focussed and determined than others, who simply see the Munros as an interesting way of exploring a very special place. That has certainly been my experience. From earliest times I have been a peak bagger, keeping a list of every mountain or hill I've climbed, and the number of times I've visited each summit. Munro bagging has ridden on the back of this, and evolved slowly over the years.

It all began in 1969 when I was on a golfing holiday with my father. Being in Fort William I couldn't miss the opportunity to climb Britain's highest mountain. It was a cool damp day, and I just followed the crowds to the summit, with my lunch in a carrier bag and a nylon pac-a-mac to protect me from the weather. I was very satisfied to have this peak to add to my list.

It was another 9 years before I returned to the Highlands and spent most of a fortnight in the Glen Coe area and the Cairngorms. By the 1980s I was making regular visits to Scotland, always with the aim of adding more peaks to the list. I was aware that mountains over 3000 ft were called 'Munros', but it was not until 1984 that I obtained a copy of Munro's Tables. Naturally, I used my list of peaks to identify which Munros I'd done, but it didn't make a big difference to the way I planned holidays in Scotland, which was to consult the weather forecast, go to an area I wanted to explore, do a series of walks, and add the peaks to the list. If some of them were Munros they were ticked off in the Tables, but no problem if they weren't. I didn't think I would ever do all the Munros, partly because I couldn't see myself climbing the In Pin.

Things changed a bit in July 1996, when I was on the way back from the highlands and made a detour to do a bit of walking in the Galloway hills. In the evening I got out Munro's Tables and counted up how many I'd done, and was surprised to find it was 101. I think it was then that I began to think about doing them all. However, it didn't greatly change the way I planned holidays. Still the aim was to bag peaks, whatever their height, but with a more conscious effort to include Munros.

Things changed a bit more in 2002, when I moved back to Millom and started making regular trips to Scotland with Black Combe Runners. Finding myself immersed in a culture of Munro bagging I began to



be more methodical in working towards completion, visiting areas principally because there were Munros to be done, and being careful not to miss any, including the 'Tops', but never forgetting that there were other peaks to be bagged at the same time.

There was, of course, still the problem of Skye. Until that was done I couldn't be sure I'd be able to complete the Munros. Our visit there with a guide in 2007 had been badly curtailed by the weather, and I feared the In Pin and a couple of other tops would seriously hinder completion. So, when I was in the highlands in 2009, and saw that a period of prolonged settled weather was forecast for the western isles, I headed straight for Skye. After 2 days on my own and one with a guide I had completed all the Munros on the island, including the tops. Now it was just a matter of time before I completed the rest and, as many of you already know, that happened in September when I climbed Fionn Bheinn, with Dave & Phil completing them the next day. It was great to have so many of you with us that weekend.

It has certainly been a very varied experience. The Munros themselves differ greatly from one another; I've been out in all kinds of weather, walked on my own and with various companions, used all kinds of accommodation, met a wide variety of people, and enjoyed exploring the huge diversity that the Highlands offer. I hope that more of you will be inspired to complete the Munros, in your own way, and so have an enjoyable experience that will be unique to you.

Peter Grayson, December 2011





The first rule of **CAW** is that there are no rules. The second rule of **CAW**, is that you have not finished until you have drunk a pint. The the third rule of **CAW** is that no-one must die. Mike McI ruined his handicap the week before by running too fast on a Tuesday and then by opening his gullet on request to swallow a pint of Strongbow whole. This resulted in a late relegation to the back of the field. However, despite beating everyone in a reckless 8:15 descent, he then struggled to get his pint down (and keep it down) resulting in a disappointing 7th place. Jamie underperformed spectacularly on both run and pint having gone out the night before only to wake up somewhere on the side of Caw dressed like a Latino dancing girl. Mike Hartley was hampered by his enormous escaping breasts, and then the loss of one shoe, to finish down the field.



Mike McIver took 8m 15s to reach the table

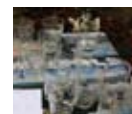


Position at the Table

1. Mike McI
2. Pete T
3. Mike V
4. Rich
5. Sue
6. Mike H
7. Pat
8. Jo F-N
9. Will
10. Hazel
11. Claire
12. Helen W
13. Val
14. Jamie

Final Position, post pint

1. Pete T
2. Rich
3. Pat
4. Mike V
5. Sue
6. Mike H
7. Mike McI
8. Jo F-N
9. Will
10. Helen W
11. Hazel
12. Claire
13. Val
14. Jamie



in actual fact, no-one timed and no-one is quite sure what happened, especially Jamie.

The race starts at the top of Caw, and finishes at the Newfield where competitors must drink a pint to finish. The race is handicapped by Sue based on known drinking and running abilities. The handicaps this time were:

- Scratch: Hazel
 +0:30 Jo, Val, Helen W
 +0:45 Claire
 +1:15 Mike H
 +2.00 Sue
 +4.00 Pete T
 +4.15 Will, Jamie
 +4.30 Pat, Mike V
 +4.45 Rich
 +5.00 Mike McI





Will and Mac
Vets Team Leg 2
Sprint Finish

The UK Fell and Hill Relays

The 2011 Fell and Hill Championship was hosted by Bingley in Kettlewell, Yorkshire. This was the fourth year Black Combe have competed in this event, the first time we have entered more than one team, and the first time we have ever entered a ladies team in anything...

The format is always a four part relay run involving six runners - two solos and two pairs and always involving one navigationally challenging leg. The rest of the routes are usually well flagged and can sometimes feel more like trail runs than fell runs. Bingley did exceptionally well this time with some nice proper fell running, and a great spectating finish field, as demonstrated here by Will and Mac. The weather was uncharacteristically warm for October, resulting in an all round grand day out.

The Men's Open team did fantastically well coming 40th overall from 182 finishing teams. The Vets Team came 107th, and the Ladies Team were not last! Overall the competition was stiff with many road and university teams taking part.

Chris Fellows, solo on Leg 1 of the vets team, gives us his account of the day

Kettlewell provided us with a real treat at the UK fell running relays this year - the weather and the scenery were breathtaking - which is a great word when it comes to describing my fell running efforts, or should it be breathlessness....

I had managed to bribe my way into doing the shortest first section which had the advantage that it required a minimal amount of stamina and no navigational skills (at its best navigation involves running fast enough to keep the runner in front of you in sight, an alternative technique being to slow down so that you are over-taken and then you have a brand new sub-optimal effort navigator with the added bonus that you dont have to run as hard - at its worst navigation appears to involve using something called a compass - I know I have one somewhere, otherwise they wont let you race - for detailed instructions on use of this instrument see Mike Vogler)

The start of the race was crowded with runners all wanting to get to the finish really quickly, rather than wanting to soak up the scenery and fine weather. This quickly led to the pack stringing out in the familiar way, as you find yourself gasping and groaning to and fro past the same people who overtook you just a few minutes ago in a never ending cycle. I noticed a new technique practised by some on the ascent- it involved walking up at a leisurely pace (to be overtaken by me) and then an actual run uphill at quite a pace (overtaking me) - it must work as it seemed that just near the top they did the overtaking bit and I never saw them again.

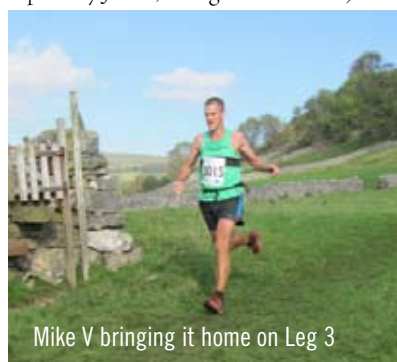
My run was short but hard - with a great descent down to the town, and then the sickener of a small climb up and around a field before the final descent to the show ground, where I was met by the obligatory photo of me collapsing on the ground pretending to have made a real effort for the whole race.

Needless to say Mike McKeever was back a considerable time before me, and had the bad manners to look as if he had been back several



Some runners try harder than other runners

hours before me. The first of the ladies team - Jo - was not far behind, which meant that we could all enjoy a thoroughly memorable day watching our team mates come and go. As far as I am aware, all the teams performed well without a hitch, the youngsters (anybody under 40) putting on a particularly good show. The event was very well organised, with excellent facilities. There were some truly awful jokes told over the loudspeaker (we had consensus on this) and some truly awful gruel served up to eat (no consensus - some runners, especially Jamie, thought it was food).



Mike V bringing it home on Leg 3

Open team

leg 1 Mike Mcl
leg 2 Rich W/Steve Kelly
leg 3 Mike Vogler/Jamie
leg 4 Carl Edmonds
40th out of 182 clocking
4:10.52 for the 4 legs

0/40 team

Leg 1 Chris Fellows
Leg 2 Will/Mac
Leg 3 Pat/Mike J
Leg 4 Pete T
107th overall clocking
4:48.56

Women's team

Leg 1 Jo F-N
Leg 2 Helen G/Jane H
Leg 3 Claire W/Nicola V
Leg 4 Sue
180th clocking 6:33.26
(not last!),

Jo Francis Nichol gives her account of Leg 1

Being one to shy away from competitive running, when Sue first sent me a note asking if I was interested in being part of the ladies team for the UK Hill and Fell Relay I had a good excuse to decline the offer. I had just a few days earlier sustained a very nasty ankle sprain whilst descending Great Stickle.



However, a few weeks later and just 36hrs before the event I had been cajoled (bullied), persuaded (intimidated), and encouraged (bribed) by a nameless short, blond, talkative, elf-like 'friend' from Broughton-in-Furness (and you know who you are) to take her place due to her having a sore knee and not wanting to run. So, having very little recent running in my legs I was "frog-marched" to Kettlewell!

It was decided that I would do the solo shorter 1st leg as I hadn't been able to do any distance running lately. However, it was very apparent to me as the 190 runners set off that it really wasn't going to go well for me that morning. My legs were heavy and were screaming at me "You don't wanna be doing this". There was no way I was going to be able to keep up with the pace of the other runners.

BUT, all was not lost, I could hear another runner behind me so at least I was not last (or so I thought).

We continued on for probably a mile before the route took a left uphill on a steep grassy ascent. Still, although at the back, all was not lost, there was

still a runner behind me (or so I thought).

Struggling with lack of current fitness the slog uphill became even more arduous for me and - OH NO there was someone now alongside me. Not to worry, my descending is much better than my ascending so hopefully I could claw back my dignity after we had reached the top (or so I thought).

We passed a few pleasantries such as "lovely day" and "great views".

The "runner" eventually was just in front of me and I noticed he had sticks in his hands with flags attached and was removing another one in the ground just in front of me.

Well, that really took the biscuit, I was actually holding up the race sweeper collecting the flagged route markers. OH NO!!!

Seriously though, he was a really nice guy and we chatted away and at one point as I was moaning and groaning he was trying to console me by saying what a beautiful day it was and at least I was out doing something and then suggested I stopped and looked behind at the fantastic views.

STOP, STOP - for sight seeing purposes - Whatever next. I was supposed to be running - was it not a race after-all !! It was OK for him just breezing round collecting flags.

Anyway, he followed me in to the finish and despite being on really poor form (with good reason) I really enjoyed the whole day. It was a great event and one that I was pleased to have taken part in.



Steve Kelly rants about his first and last fell race - Leg 2 of the open team with Rich

Having already suffered the inexorable agony of running nine miles, whilst vainly trying to keep up with a far superior runner, I now find my misery further compounded by having to do 'homework' and record my thoughts on my first and, probably last, fell race - the British Fell Relays held this year at Kettlewell in the Yorkshire Dales. To this effect, I am going to focus on two key aspects of the day which helped, in their own small way, make the event a truly memorable experience - one which for me, ranks alongside circumcision (imagined and not yet experienced) and seeing Lonnie Donegan live (it was in a tent near Milnthorpe and, I can confirm, that Lonnie's chewing gum did lose its flavour on the bed post over night!) - in the pantheon of life changing events.

Aspect 1: Pete Bland's Mister Wippy Van

Pete Bland's shop in Kendal is a Mecca for runners the country over. A wide range of the finest running shoes are available alongside 'expert advice' (what this really means is that you pay over the odds for lurid luminous products, whilst listening to tedious anecdotes from an earnest shop assistant about how well the over-priced kit performed on his recent trip to Jura). However, petty grumbles aside, I was truly impressed by the retailer's innovative use of the favoured sales arm of the ice cream industry. Lurid, over-priced kit, brought to your door step..... in a van! Entrepreneurial inspiration, the like of which would leave Duncan Bannatyne in a lather.

In fact, such was the evil genius of this retail trap, I found myself £60 lighter, having been forced to buy a bum-bag, waterproof trousers and an implement to remove stones from horses' hooves, just to avoid instant disqualification by the Health and Safety Nazis at the start. Such is the sheer uselessness of the items I purchased, I'm open to even the most derisory offers (the bum bag is particularly worth a look at, and, when paired with seersucker shorts, socks and sandals I found I did a passable impression of an American in Venice). For any interested parties I'll even throw in a free Thinsulate beanie (outdoor manufacturer of choice for both the mountaineering cognoscenti and Barrow crack-heads alike) to help sweeten the deal.



Aspect 2: Fell running Health and Safety

It goes without saying that health and safety is a force for the good, waging war as it does, against trailing cables, badly stacked shelving and compass-less nitwits everywhere. Not since Jesus marched into the jaws of hell, whistling Onward Christian Soldiers, has anything done as much to fight death's merciless onslaught - health and safety, I applaud you!



Being such a fan, I was therefore beside myself with joy to find 'sensible' Health and Safety regulations in full operation at the British Fell Relays. Rigorous checks were in place to ensure no one entered the competition arena without the full complement of survival essentials. These were clearly most necessary to navigate the remote, danger-strewn bridleways on which my leg was run (note to self: must send proposal to Channel 5 for a series entitled 'Ross Kemp's Most Dangerous Bridleways'). To those of you who feel that I am being far too dismissive, I can assure you I have seen the Railway Children (bit where posh public school boy breaks leg on paper chase in railway tunnel) and am only too aware of the dangers posed by running in the Yorkshire Dales.



Footnote "there is something vaguely erotic about a green nylon vest"

Ok, in all honesty, I really quite enjoyed my day. The sun shone, the Dales were beautiful, the company was good and there is something vaguely erotic about a green nylon vest (terry towelling would have been even better). However, before this descends into some kind of sentimental- 'Fell running saved me!'- Walton's Mountain schlock, I do need to end on a sour note. In my opinion the performance of all Black Combe runners was severely compromised by the absence of a corporate tent, emblazoned with the club logo and an accompanying flag/windsurf sail. Next year the club needs to invest heavily in order to improve upon the chaotic pile of rucksacks, bored dogs and single, discarded peach can which constituted Black Combe 'territory' this year. I would propose a Gaga-esque Winnebago, external decking and a hot tub - now that would send a message out to Dark Peak!

Leg 3 navigator Claire Watson tells us how it is (or was) in BCRs first Ladies Team

On a crisp morning with sunshine, blue sky and frost in the hollows we arrived at Kettlewell.

This Viking village was full of people in tights, down jackets and fell shoes. We gathered at the tented village but having no tent danced round a mound of kit bags and flasks of coffee.



Jo was off first. It was difficult to spot her diminutive frame in the m le of pale legs and colourful vests but the twin pigtails were a good clue. She wasn't happy with her time, but we were glad she was there.

Helen and Jane the tall blond and the er shorter blond set off on the long leg. A girls team, even though they'd never met!

Nicola and I waited in the pen. Now I know how those sheep feel at the trials before the dog arrives. Then we were off. Lungs bursting legs heavy, trying not to stop running, but not run too hard, it's a long way to go! We scampered off up the track along a narrow valley to pick up our map. The figure of eight on the map didn't look far. The first control came easy, but being last off we were followed by an annoying little Yorkshireman tailing us. Climb, climb, climb, followed by a flatter section of bog, bog, bog.

A descent to the third control and chance to catch the breath, before a long contour over peat hags, the sort that suck off your shoes and challenge the cartilage in you knees. A narrow sheep trod gave some relief and at last a real run on soft grass. Then another knee crunching descent. Every down has its up and up and up. Who said the Dales aren't as steep as the Lakes. Was the club captain trying to lull us into a false sense of security?.

"Forget that thought, keep climbing, check the map, keep climbing, check the map. Nicola's found a second wind, God, I can't keep up. That couple across to the south, their going a long way round aren't they? We're passing them. Look they're falling back. Come on Nik hurry up. At least we've lost that annoying little Yorkshireman."



On our next climb we passed two more people (ok they were plump and older than us, and I'm not the competitive kind, but it did feel good).

At last the high point reached we hurtled as fast as our little legs could carry us down the boggy well worn path in the bracken, past the waiting marshals, past the path we had come up, down to the short cropped grass of the sheep fields, down past the photographer, down to the place you could hear the commentator in the field, down to the gravelly track that's just before the finishing field. Then that excruciating hill climb when you're so tired. You can't stop, you can't stop now....., people can see you! People are calling your name, you have to sprint, you can't breath, but you have to sprint. It'll be over soon. Don't cry just sprint. Where's your hand Nik?. Sprint over the line. Hurray!!! Big hug. Well done. Breathe. Water. Water. Another hug. That figure of eight was a bloody long way!

Sue, with usual aplomb, made the final run in greeted by all the club members there. The supporters. The reserves. The photographers and well wishers.

The girls had done good. We weren't last. Infact we gained places Not that we expected anything But you always hope to do your best. Oh, and I think the boys did quite well too!

Ian Hodgson Mountain Relay

Rich Watson gives a true and fair statement of events...

On Sunday 2nd October we gathered in Patterdale for the annual Ian Hodgson Mountain Relay, a roughly 25 mile mountain relay split into 4 legs, with pairs running each leg. This was my first year taking part in the event but I believe it is the same course each year although the start/finish sometimes vary and the route can be run in clockwise / anti-clockwise directions. This year the course was run clockwise.

On Leg 1 for Black Combe were Dave Parminster and James Goffe who began in the mass start from Patterdale with about 70 other teams. The first leg would take them up past [Angle Tarn] and then to the changeover for Leg 2 at Hartsop after covering 4.5 miles with 1000ft of ascent. Dave and James came in 50th position with a time of 49:20. It is worthy to note that Borrowdale, who eventually went on to win the relay, completed the first leg in a very impressive 32 minutes!

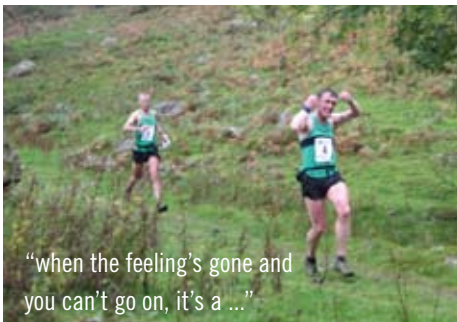
The second leg (7.5 mile 2600ft) was run by me and Mike Vogler and this is where things went

“If only our navigation was as good as our cake eating ...”

slightly wrong! Following a decent start and long climb to the top of High Street things were going well and Mike took us to the first checkpoint with pin point accuracy in what were very claggy conditions.

A few of the other teams around us clearly went the wrong way here and we were, at this point, feeling fairly pleased with ourselves! Unfortunately, we fared a little less well with checkpoint 2 and for whatever reason (thick mist; Jamie’s colouring in skills covering a vital wall on the map; that team in green and red hoops; or human error) we ended up missing the second checkpoint and finishing with a no score. We can only but offer an apology to our team mates here and those who came to watch, however, when searching for the results on the internet I came across this description in another club’s report which provided a little comfort:

“The next checkpoint [checkpoint 2 on Leg 2] is notorious for pairs struggling to find it and losing time, and with the cloud coming down, reducing visibility to around 10 feet, it makes navigation a little tough”.



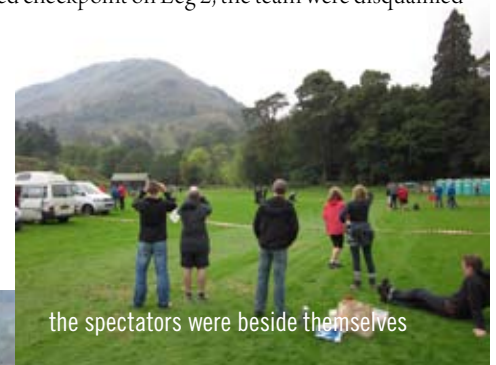
“when the feeling’s gone and you can’t go on, it’s a ...”

Leg 3 (4.5 miles 2000ft) was run by Will Ross and Pat McIver from Kirkstone Pass to Sykeside Campsite near [Brotherwater] and they were the 26th fastest pair in a time of 1:06:20. There were quite a few of us gathered to see Will and Pat finish their leg and Will demonstrated his ability to descend rapidly and take off his dibber at the same time to the amusement of the crowd.

The final leg (7.5 mile 2800ft) was run by Pete Tayler and Jamie Baron and I believe they had a really good tussle with a strong Ambleside ladies final pair but they managed to hold them off and finished in 37th position in a time of 1:29:36.

Unfortunately, due to the aforementioned missed checkpoint on Leg 2, the team were disqualified but we all enjoyed a really good spread of cakes at the finishing area and we were the envy of a lot of other runners!

They always say that you learn from your mistakes and I think we can all take it from this that, where possible, we should try and recce our legs beforehand and unless in the case of injury or natural disaster don’t come back without all the checkpoints visited! On a more positive note, our excellent team performance at the UK Fell relays two weekends after showed some real promise for future years and hopefully next year’s performance at the Ian Hodgson will follow a similar vein.



the spectators were beside themselves



Pete had enough energy for a a golf wave

2012 Champs

Road

Shorts:

- Dalton 10k - 4 May
- Hawkshead 10k - 27 June
- Ulverston 10k - 15 Aug
- Ulverston 5k - 2 Sept

Mediums:

- Gosforth 10m - 13 June
- South Lakes 1/2 (Allithwaite) - 23 Jun
- Great Cumbria (Carlisle) 1/2- 7 Oct
- Derwent 10m - 4 Nov

Longs:

- Dent 14 - 10 Mar
- Coniston - 31 Mar
- Windermere Marathon - 20 May
- Great Langdale Marathon - 22 Sept

Fell Races

Shorts:

- Causey Pike 31 Mar
- Arnison Crag - 25 Aug
- Scafell Pike - 22 Sept
- Kirkfell - 13 Oct

Mediums:

- Coledale - 14 Apr
- Coniston - 5 May
- Grisedale - 1 Sept
- Really Wild Boar (Wildboardclough) - 3 Nov

Longs:

- Ennerdale - 2 June
- Wasdale - 14 Jul
- Howtown - 11 Aug
- 3 Shires - 15 Sept

2011 Trophies



Fell Handicap Trophy
Pete Tayler



Fell Runner Of the Year

Jamie Baron



Womens Road Champion

Penny Moreton



Mens Road Champion

Karl Fursey



Mens Winter League

Mike McIver



Womens Winter League

Gill O'Connell

Kev White Trophy for Dunnerdale

Rich Watson



Jackie Casey

Kev White Trophy for Dunnerdale

BC Summer race



Mike McIver

BC Summer Race



Sue Ross

Most improved badger



Helen Gee





The Winter League

(it's so much fun)

	Po House	Appletreeworth	Birkkrigg	Overall		Po House	Appletreeworth	Birkkrigg	Overall
Pete Tayler	16	4	2	22	Brian Guest	19	23	5	47
Mike Mclver	1	1	21	23	Dave Hobbins	4	23	21	48
Mike Vogler	19	3	4	26	Will Ross	17	23	10	50
Rich Watson	5	2	21	28	Chris Fellows	19	23	8	50
Phil Newton	2	5	21	28	James Goffe	7	23	21	51
Colin Benn	2	17	9	28	Richard Evans	19	23	12	54
Dave Parminter	9	9	11	29	Mike Hartley	10	23	21	54
Karl Fursey	6	23	6	35	Pat Mclver	19	14	21	54
Jo Francis-Nichols	8	12	16	36	Rob McKeever	19	17	19	55
Mac Knowles	19	11	7	37	Hazel Tayler	19	15	21	55
Sue Ross	19	8	13	40	Nicola Vogler	19	17	21	57
Ken Lindley	12	7	21	40	Peter Kay	19	17	21	57
Val Gill	11	16	15	42	Jamie Baron	19	17	21	57
Amanda Seago	19	23	1	43	Darren Foote	14	23	21	58
Richard Beard	13	10	21	44	Keith Nixon	19	23	17	59
Paul Kingsnorth	19	23	3	45	Penny Moreton	15	23	21	59
Claire Watson	19	13	14	46	Tim Faudemer	19	23	18	60
Lizzie Adams	19	6	21	46					

Winterleague results so far organised and compiled by Mike Mclver.





Black Combe Agony Aunts **(emphasis on agony here)**

Helen Walker gives us her first impressions...

As a beginner, I have been overwhelmed both by the welcome I have received from members of the club and also by the amount of advice which the more experienced are keen to share. I am grateful for both, but struggling to make sense of much of the latter...

Kit

I thought that running would be a cheap hobby. However, following lots of consultation with many BCR veterans, I invested in fell-shoes, jacket, leggings, a selection of socks, gloves and buffs, head-torch, a shiny red bum-bag and the obligatory copy of 'Feet in the Clouds'.

Having now read 'Feet in the Clouds' (and watching Naylor's Run) I realise that all of the above was a waste of money, and all I really need is a backbone of steel, Cumbrian grit, and some old trainers stuffed with Herdwick wool.

Although you should never go around Ennerdale in a Featherlite, even if it is May (Sue).

Sustenance

Sustenance – before, during and after running – is the focus of much of the advice I have received. Porridge before a morning run seems to be favoured, although drinking Black Sheep 'til 4am and then stumbling to the start-line for 10.30 doesn't seem to have much of a negative impact on the performance of the average fell-runner. Sue helpfully provided the following tips for eating on the go:

- If you don't eat, you die
- You can't eat gel all day, it will make you mental
- you can't eat Mars bars all day, it will make you mental
- If you get hungry enough (by only having gels and Mars bars with you all day) you may consider murdering your friend for their Hoola Hoops

With regard to what to eat after a run/race, the general consensus appears to be anything, as long as it's washed down with a pint of bitter. According to Mike Vogler, beer is full of minerals and is the ultimate recovery drink.

As for drinking on the go, water in a little jogger's handheld bottle is to be ridiculed. Although recognising the need for effective hydration on longer races, Mrs Ross remains sceptical about mixing rehydration powder with stream water whilst on the trot: "There were a few things I disliked about this advice. Firstly, after attempting to drink 4 litres of self-mixed Lucozade Sport on the 2007 Ennerdale race, I could no longer even sniff rehydration drinks, let alone think about drinking one; secondly, streams are dirty; thirdly, surely you cannot drink from a plastic bag?; and fourthly, how are you then meant to take it with you? I did try this once on the Long Duddon, and found I was right. You can't drink from a sandwich bag (or at least I can't). Most of it went down my front (making me as attractive as a bug-zapper and as sticky as fly paper), and the bits that went in were mostly inhaled. Then I was stuck with this bag of cloudy liquid on the ascent up Swirl How and couldn't put my hands on my knees. It was like fell running holding a goldfish. That was the end of that. I do drink from streams though. Right handy they are."

Mr Ross introduced me to whiskey tea – just the ticket on a claggy Kirkby Moor, especially just before that glorious downhill.

Injuries - prevention and cure

I have my first injury – a gammy ankle. Advice about what to do about it has been extensive. To my cost, I ignored the most important piece of wisdom: 'rest it'. However, I should apply heat and ice; ibuprofen gel is recommended as is an ultrasound device; a wobble board to strengthen my ankles/knees is apparently a good investment, as is Kinesiology tape.

Mike V and Pete Tayler would disagree. Pain is, apparently, weakness leaving the body (Mike V). I should, according to Pete, stop whinging and concentrate my energies on running.

With regard to prevention of injuries – don't fell-run.

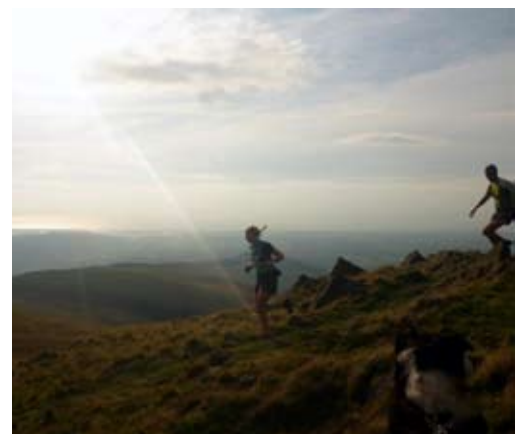
With regard to prevention of chaffs/blisters - Vaseline. Everywhere. And then apply a second-coat.

Navigation

Most of the members of the Club have advised me that I will get lost, as everybody gets lost. The recent Appletreeworth Winter League Race demonstrated that, with over a quarter of the field experiencing navigational melt-down.

Having learned about getting lost the hard way, Sue's advice is as follows:

- If you get cold enough you can't think properly
- Your compass is never wrong, no, not even if you suspect iron deposits in the peat bog. A



good theory, but no, the compass is right, you are wrong

- If the above two combine in thick clag and high winds, death is possible, even likely
- Those green lines on maps don't always translate to a path on the ground (some valleys in the lakes are completely undiscovered by man)
- It is possible to turn round and retrace your steps when retreating from bad weather, and find yourself 10 miles from your car in a different valley

Running uphill

When going uphill, 'la'al steps and go like buggery'. (Joss Naylor, via Penny, via Hazel)

It would be a lot easier and quicker if you could run uphill like Rob Jebb. (Hazel)

Race advice

First is first and second is chicken shit. (Pete)

Don't get behind men's bums in shorts going uphill. (Hazel)

Do get behind women's bums going uphill. (Pete)

Sharp elbows in the pack are always helpful. (Pete, Hazel, Sue)

Don't forget to put on your lippy just before you reach the finish field. (Hazel)

Don't get behind Pee/Bonnie on the downhill. (Mike M and Rich W)

General advice

Sue's perennial advice to me is that I am likely to die while fell-running. I think I'm willing to risk it.



1981 - When Black Combe were, well, Black Combe

The Hoad Hill Relays, by John Nixon

After taking part in a team effort to locate the Hoad Hill Relays at Ulverston, I feel compelled to submit this "race" report for the information (and no doubt vindictive delight) of other club members.

The day began with flawless weather conditions and with the team captain, J Clemens, directing operations from his bedroom on Horn Hill via his wife. We started by attempting to assemble the team!

The Expected Team - Messrs Barnard, Naylor, Porter and Roberts with myself as transport exec

The first and second members of the team were picked up as arranged, John Porter decided to make his own way and then came the first adventure. We eventually tracked down the (suspected) fourth member, John Roberts, heavily disguised as a spectator at a rugby match. He explained that Rob Sanders was the man we sought. We found that another lap of Millom was not only necessary but imminent, another slight hitch became apparent as nobody knew the exact location of Rob's house. This prompted another visit to Mr Clemens, another visit to Mr Porter, and yet another lap of Millom.

The Expected Venue

Having at last found out that Rob was making his own way there we set off with no time to spare, and cries of "ash well, it's not worth going now", and "wot a cockup" from the less faithful of our number. After a drive, which put 10 years on my age, and has left me with a permanent nervous tic, we arrived in Ulverston with 17 minutes to spare.

The only guide we had as to the venue was an off-hand remark made by club mate Graham Huddleston (he had more sense than to become a team-mate), that the start was "at a school". I found what I suspected was the school in question and also the prodigal Rob and an empty field.

John Porter joined the convoy as we made a tour of Ulverston's Schools.

The (by now) expected conclusion

After arriving nowhere by the starting time, we arrived at the decision that they could start without us, and began our dejected trek home.

The ever-buoyant Mrs Barnard saved the day by discovering a meat pie (circa ?) in the depths of her bag, which she selflessly distributed among those assembled. The remainder of the homeward journey was spent singing songs to keep our spirits up, and lapsing into bouts of fervent prayer that, "That rat Clemens has set off for Ulverston before we can stop him and save him bloody well right!"

In conclusion and after careful consideration, and in the knowledge that the race was cancelled anyway... Aaaagh!!!

John Nixon, November 1981



Rob 'Rocket' Sanders, Ben Squibb and John Peel on Ben's BG Round in 1992



After writing about Ben Squibb the last Newsie, his brother Jason got in touch unexpectedly to obtain a vest for his dad's Christmas present and then Frank Squibb wrote a nice note...

To: susan_x_hodkinson@hotmail.com From: frankthesquibb Date: Sat, 31 Dec 2011 15:38:31

Hi Sue!

The BCR vest was a very unexpected Christmas present. I'd asked Jason for a running vest and said I'd leave the design to his imagination. It was very welcome, and the great thing is - being 400 miles away - when I'm wearing it I won't bring the Club into disrepute by my incredibly slow running pace nowadays (although Ben did refer to the slowness of my pace in his article when he said I'd lost him 15 minutes going up Scafell!).

Coincidentally I'd recently emailed Mike Berry: I'd read on your website that John Peel had passed away and I sent him a pic of John with Ben and 'Rocket' Rob Sanders leaving Dunmail on Ben's BG attempt. I'm attaching it to this one in case Mike didn't get the one I sent him.

I very much enjoyed reading the Newsie: the last ones I read were in the days when Kev White was doing the cartoon illustrations. I still have my copy from August '83 when Kev did the cover to 'commemorate' the BG attempt the previous month by Stuart Barnard, Rob Sanders and myself. All three of us packed it in somewhere during the Dunmail - Threlkeld night section, tho' I came back a couple of years later and completed it together with Phil Bateson. Again we had plenty of BCR support. I've scanned and attached the cover - don't know how legible it will be.

Ben says he'll write a bit for the Newsie, but as he's now got four children and consequently a very busy household I wouldn't hold your breath!

I very much enjoyed my years of association with BCR. A very Happy New Year and successful Po House Run to you and the Club members.

Best wishes

Frank Squibb

