

Black Combe Runners  
**Newsie**



Summer 2011: the Bob issue

# Captain Pete's Ramblings

It's great to see so many new faces at the club. We hovered around 50 members for years but last year went over 60 and in 2011 we should have well over 70 runners.

Some of those who joined us last year have instantly become core active members of the club – Jamie could only wait 15 months before completing his Bob Graham Round and Helen went straight into the fell and road races. Jackie rejoined the club last year and achieved a placing in the English Championships, and is in line for another top 10 this year.

Of this year's new members, Richard Watson has put in some great races (he was 4th at Carnforth 20 barriers) and Tim Faudemer turned up on his first Tuesday night run to be met on Slight Side by Mike Vogler in tuxedo serving him some bubbly. Mike has also instigated a regular summer hill session on Hoad Hill each Monday night.

Given our growing number of active runners, we've entered 3 teams for the UK Fell Relay, to be held by Bingley AC in Yorkshire in October: open, V40 and ladies teams. We've only been competing in this event for 3 years so it'll be a great step forward if we can fill three teams and even better if our open team does as well as I think it can do.

Welcome to our new members in 2011: **Richard Watson, Steven Kelly, Tom & Lydia Hobbins, Mike & Nicola Vogler, Tim Faudemer, Barry Dunn, Ross Howard** and most recently **Carl Edmonds**, a young orienteer who looks like being very fast indeed on the fell.

Apologies if I have missed someone! Soon (I am often told) there will be a list of members on the website, and this will save me from having to remember.

So here's to a great season of fast running

[Pete Tayler](#)

## A word from the new Ed

So I tied Will to the chair and set about doing a Newsie. I mean, how hard can it be? I have the stories and I have the pictures, I'll just knock out a quick Newsie. First I have to learn how to use a Mac and a new program, but that should present me with no problems at all.

Two hours later...

Why won't the s%dding pictures do in the bl%%g boxes. Why isn't it the right size and why can't I change %%ing the font. Why is everything GREEN!

In addition to the technical hitches, I am also contending with a bad case of Broughton Mills Show danger-water-slide whiplash, and Rusland tug-o-war back strain.

You will notice that this summer's Newsie is not quite the usual standard - I hope it will do.

[Sue, guest editor for the first and last time](#)

Cover Shot: Dave Scott Maxwell on Fairfield during his BG round. Photo by Sue



A Tuesday night social on Bethcar Moor.  
picture: Dave Watson

# The DSM guide to the BG round

Dave Scott Maxwell completed the Bob Graham Round on 1st & 2nd of July in a knuckle biting, seat gripping 23hrs, 59minutes and 55 seconds. Here, he tells us the secrets of his success...

I have the dubious honour of recently completing one of the *slowest ever* 24hr Bob Graham Rounds. So you might think I'd be the last person to write a BG round guide. But think about it. My BG round was completed in exactly the right amount of time. No more. No less. So it clearly involved the *least possible* total effort. Like, *ever*.

So if you aspire to complete a BG round with the *least possible effort* then this guide is for you.

OK so a 5 second safety margin might be seen by some to be a touch on the tight side. But there's another other way of looking at it. Its called *Perfect Timing*..

So, for your *least possible effort* BG Round all you need to do is follow my 6 golden rules:

1. Do the absolute minimum of research. You'll have to find out where the bloody thing goes of course but read no books on the BG, study no websites, seek no advice. This is more or less what I did and the result was that I did not really know what I was in for.

**Motto:** *No knowledge = No fear!* Come to think of it if you're going to follow these rules then you must read no more of this guide. In fact destroy it right now. You didn't pay for the Newsie so there's nothing to lose! Destroy. *Now*.

But I see that you're still reading. So we're not even at the end of the first golden rule & you've broken it already! Oh dear oh dear oh dear. I'm afraid that you will **not succeed** in completing a minimal effort ultraslow BG round. You will undoubtedly be too fast & I am wasting my time with you.

2. Do *some* training – this is pretty much unavoidable for mortals – but do it on your own, at silly times of the day/night, in duff weather if possible. And do it sporadically with big layoffs between runs at random intervals. Oh and avoid fell races at all costs, these are the work of the Devil. This sort of solitary torture will be lonely & grim but when you come to attempt the BG round the company of friends will be a glorious revelation.

**Motto:** *shaky training = nice slow BG round.*

3. Do not under any circumstances set yourself a *time schedule*. If you really must, *under no circumstances tell anyone*. This is really, really important. A time schedule – a list of the times you plan to arrive at each summit – could fall into the hands of your support team. And this will enable them to set your pace so that you finish in *plenty of time*. Exactly what we are trying to avoid.

**Motto:** *No time schedule = confused pacers.* Simple but beautiful!

4. Supporters. Pretty straightforward this. You're going to need a bunch of folk who will deeply enjoy your inevitable suffering and who will seek to prolong it by whatever means possible on the premise that it is for *your benefit*. Ha! They will need to tell you bare faced lies about how well you're doing while simultaneously



force feeding you food & drink that you cannot stomach, all the time egging you on when all you want to do is stop. The ideal supporter – on the fell or by the road – is a cross between Lawrence Olivier's evil Nazi dentist in *Marathon Man* and the Japanese prison camp commandant in *Bridge On the River Kwai*. A professional sadomasochist with an armoury of torture instruments *critically* including *Pineapple Chunks & Red Bull* (vital these). Luckily, there are plenty such folk in the Black Combe running club. I name no names. You know who you are. God bless you all!

5. Food. On the day it is tempting to eat food. Do not do this. It will make you run fast. I probably only managed to take on about 3000 calories in the 24hrs and this was a major contributor to my nice slow time.

**Motto:** *food = energy = speed.* Speed is the enemy of a nice slow BG round. Remember!

6. Last but not least. And maybe the most important of all. Don't take the whole BG thing too seriously - including of course these rules. Actually this is the only serious of the 6 Golden Rules. Or is it? Discuss, [10points].

Of course if you really want to beat my BG record for slowness there is another way. Run a proper fast BG round but *don't quite finish*. Go to the pub until the 24hrs is very nearly up then nip to the Moot Hall & the record is yours. I dare you...

## Footnote

I don't want to get banished from the BCR for being too silly so here's a summary of the actual training I did. This, together with the most amazing support team [cue Jeremy Clarkson voice] *In The World* saw me through the BG round. Just...

10 months training, 65 runs in total: 200 hours, 620 miles, 210,000ft ascent. So roughly a BG every month. Almost all on the fells with just 2 races (Dunnerdale + Three Shires). Longest run 13hrs/38miles but only about 6 runs in the ~20mile+ / 10,000ft ascent range. That's it.

Dave Scott Maxwell, August 2011

# Nice day for a long walk

## Leg 1

(Keswick to Threlkeld) Will Ross and Ian Smith-Ward, Pea and Bonnie

We arrived on Keswick high street a bit early for my 12.30am set-off time. The night air felt a little cool standing around waiting but we knew that we would soon warm-up once we got going. We looked slightly incongruous amongst the usual Friday night crowd. Three lycra-clad, middle aged blokes wearing head torches doing stretching exercises with two dogs straining at the leash tied to the railings of the Moot Hall. It wasn't long before we were approached by a bunch of drunken blokes wandering across the high street. I prepared myself for some abuse but it seems that the Bob Graham is now a well known well known event in the town. The guys were from Sale Harriers and on a stag night. They were very interested, firing questions at us in quick fashion. However, it wasn't too long before the next pint was obviously calling and they all took it in turn to shake hands and wish me good luck, and offer me a pint on successful completion at about the same time tomorrow night!

We set-off and soon warmed-up after the standing about. It was a clear night without a breath of wind and the small square of street lights that describe Keswick grew smaller and smaller as we climbed the height of Skiddaw. We saw shooting stars bursting across the sky above. Pee Wee stayed close-by her master in the dark but Bonnie ventured off into the night to find dead things to roll in. The peak seemed to be reached quickly as we chatted on the way. We then made our descent and across the boggy valley between Skiddaw and Great Calva. It was along this boggy stretch that my head torch decided to go on the blink, Will swapped his for mine and managed to get mine working again after a little while. We then climbed the second peak on the round, Great Calva without incident and descended again to cross Wiley Gill and the Cumbria Way to start on the long, initially very wet trudge up Long Brow and across Mungrisedale Common. On the climb up the back of Blencathra the second of our head torches failed and we were left with an interesting descent down Hall's Fell Ridge in the darkness just before dawn with one head-torch between three.

Later we were told by the Leg 2 guys that they had spotted the bright single beam of Ian's head-torch at the Blencathra trig-point from the car at St John's in the Vale 3 miles away and 2800ft below as they drove to the start of leg 2, an indication of just how clear the air was going to be for the coming day.

## Leg 2

(Threlkeld to Dunmail Raise) Chris Fellows, Simon Rodger, Mike McIver.

A large red sun creeps over the horizon and dawn breaks on a beautiful clear day as we yomp across Threlkeld Common towards Clough Head. We start to pass some Lakeland 100'ers. One guy is very grumpy as he complains about some other participants up ahead 'cutting the corner'. "They do it every f\*cking year" he rants angrily above the noise



of his ipod. Chris was quick to point out that we were only doing a Bob Graham and we bade him good morning as we slightly quickened our step towards the ridge to the left of Red Screes and the climb up to Clough Head leaving us to wonder just how angry he had been before he had absorbed the tranquillity of the fells for several hours.

Once we had ascended almost 2400ft to the top of Clough Head the views from the northern end of the Helvellyn range were amazing. Thirlmere, Derwentwater and the tarns below are blanketed by cloud inversions. There is virtually no wind at all and it feels as though once the sun climbs a little it is going to be a hot day. We enjoy the route along the top of the Dodds in the fresh morning air skipping quickly down the gentle grassy downhill and striding the uphill. Ascent and descent of the nine peaks to Dollywaggon Pike including the iconic Helvellyn along the range is no more than a few hundred feet at a time and at this rate the Bob Graham Round will surely be in the bag without too much bother? After-all I've almost done a third by now and I'm feeling pretty good!

We drop down the steep slope of Dollywaggon Pike and drop down into the head of the Grisedale valley to contour along the path around Grisedale tarn. The guys leave their bags at Hause Gap ready to be picked-up on the return from Fairfield. During the long climb up the wall line of the western face of Fairfield we are shaded from the rising sun. We descend carefully back down the same route this time choosing the screes to descend (I take some care on this descent bearing in-mind the little accident I had while supporting Will on his round last year when I cracked my head open). The heat of the sun becomes apparent on the climb up to Seat Sandal and I am sweating cobs in my long sleeves and leggings. The gallop down the fell-side and descent down to Dunmail Raise through the thick bracken is over quickly, in about 15 minutes. It is good to see the road support for the first time and Hazel has my breakfast ready for me. I slip into something a bit more comfortable and we set-off for the long leg 3. I have in-mind the advice from other BG club members that this is where the real work begins (the last 8 hrs should be considered as a warm-up!)

## Leg 3

(Dunmail Raise to Wasdale) Pete Tayler, Mike Jewell, Tim Faudemer – ropes at Broad Stand (well almost).

Pete set a nice pace up Steel fell and we settled into the long leg 3 nicely by keeping to the 23 hour schedule pretty much for the first half. The long arduous climb up Bowfell was hot and sapping but we managed to pick-up several minutes on this leg. From Bowfell we started the traverse of the central lakeland's highest peaks. On such a beautiful day in the early afternoon we were expecting Scafell Pike to be busy. We were not disappointed! There were hundreds of people crowding the cairn, which I quickly touched and then ran off down the track to Mickledore col and Broad Stand.

We scanned the crag for Tim on the way down to Mickledore but couldn't see him. I was a little nervous at the thought of having to climb the awkward section of the route up Broad Stand since I was feeling a little tired by now after about 13 hours on the go and not being a good climber. Fortunately, there was a team there to support another BG attempt that had set-off half an hour behind me and they had set-up two ropes with hand loops in. We were very grateful and hauled ourselves up. I had a little scare here as during my exertion to pull myself up I pulled a muscle in my buttock! On the plus side, this and the adrenaline injected by the climb took my mind off my tiredness and it was also so nice to be in the cool shade of Broad Stand for 15 or so minutes. It was very nice here too to receive encouragement from some walkers sat at the bottom of Broad Stand who recognised us as BG'ers and get a slap on the back from a pair of climbers on their way down Broad Stand.

From the top of the much less busy Scafell we started to make our descent to Wasdale, at first down the scree path and then onto the steep grassy western slope of Green How. At this point we passed a bloke hiking up the path who looked remarkably like Tim. Hold-on that is Tim! We stopped and he told us about his nightmare journey which caused him to be late. He about turned and joined us on our descent. We decided to partake in the fun of the fantastically surfable screes in the gully to the right of Rakehead Crag and then down to the meadows above the Wasdale Head campsite. Having recently arrived in Cumbria



The Wasdale circus



Robinson at sunset, just as the legs went

from Jersey via Southampton Uni, Tim treated scree running with some slight suspicion and nervousness due to a dodgy ankle. Ten minutes later Pete and I rounded the corner along the campsite track to find the team sat ahead of us in deck chairs their necks craned to the top of the fells looking out for something... us! They suddenly bolted from their chairs to make double quick preparations for our arrival. Hazel somehow managed to get a pan of water on the boil in less than two minutes (I think she has recently become a member of the Magic Circle?!) and my lunch was ready before Pete & Pete (the foot specialists) had managed to get my shoes and socks off!

I ate a good meal of gnocchi and tomato sauce. Up to this point I had been eating consistently well during the legs and at the road-crossings so was pleased with that as many people had told me that this was a crucial element to completing a BG round successfully. I was also nearly an hour up on my 23hr schedule so everything was looking rosy... or so I thought.

## Leg 4

(Wasdale to Honister) Sue Hodgkinson, Peter Kay

I was ably assisted on leg 4 by Morecambe & Wise err, Sue & Pete (and Pee Wee and Bonnie, take 2). The notoriously gruelling climb up Yewbarrow was a hot one and with hindsight I probably took this a little too fast despite cautionary words from Sue. I reached the top a further 6 minutes ahead of my 23hr schedule. From this point onwards I found it difficult to entertain the thought of eating any food and without the assistance of some water to swill it down, practically nigh-on impossible. I also started to fall behind my pacers and they had to start waiting for me on a regular basis.

It was also from about the same point that the going seemed to get physically tough too. No need to worry though I thought, only another 7hrs running to go!!! From Yew barrow I scanned the route and double-checked with Sue which peaks were which. Kirk Fell and Great Gable looked impossibly far away and enormous even at such a distance, Great Gable displaying what seemed to be near vertical sides. Sue did try to assure me that this was just an optical illusion caused by the haze. However, I have now known Sue for a little while now.

The climb up Red Pike, on to Steeple and across the ridge towards Pillar seemed to be mainly a matter of trying to take-on water and food as best



I could and the next hour passed fairly quickly without much to note as I got my head down and just concentrated on making progress in the best possible fashion without looking too much like a 90 yr old who'd had his Zimmer nicked. I am sure this would be a beautiful run on any other day than doing a BG.

I was roused to take note of my surrounds again as we arrived at the crossing point to the pinnacle of Pillar. The adrenaline coursed a little quicker on the precipitous path across to the cairn and it seemed criminal on such a day not to take a minute to marvel at my first view down the valley to Ennerdale Water and beyond to the west.

From Pillar we started the long rocky descent to Black Sail-pass. At this point we had drunk the 6 litres of water that Sue and Peter were carrying between them and so we split-up while Sue descended to replenish water supplies in Sail Beck and then contour to the north of Kirk Fell below Boat How Craggs for the second half of the leg while Peter and I scrambled up a gully onto the relatively flat top of Kirk Fell. A trudge of around 2/3 mile and we eventually reached the cairn, by this time at a fairly slow pace. We then began the rocky descent to meet Sue at Beck Head, the col between Kirk Fell and Great Gable. We found her about an hour after leaving her sunbathing against a rock, having bathed her tired feet in a cool mountain pool. I would have re-mortgaged my house to be able to bath my feet at that point as by now they were starting to get pretty hot and sore.

At least Sue had been telling the truth earlier. The sides of Grate Gable weren't vertical they were only about 75°! Any climb by now was feeling much easier than the downhills as my quads were aching and heels and balls (of my feet) were hurting a lot. Following the descent from Great Gable I'd somehow convinced myself that we were within minutes and an easy descent into Honister but we still had the best part of an hour to go with the shortish ascent of Green Gable and then the long run down and over to Brandreth and Grey Knotts. Only then was it the final 10 minute grassy descent into Honister.

Will was waiting for us part way up the slope ready to give the alarm to the road crew below in order to avoid the Keystone cops scenario witnessed at Wasdale. I arrived at Honister very much to my surprise bang-on my 23 hr schedule for this leg. More time is obviously allowed for the latter legs on the round as the incumbent runner starts to flag. It seems that I had started flagging at about the same rate as most others during leg 4.

I enjoyed a hearty meal of ravioli pasta bolognese and tinned pears and decided to take an extra 5 mins rest here as I was now 1hr 45mins up on the overall 24hr schedule.

## Leg 5

(Honister to Keswick) Pat McIver, Helen Gee, Peter Grayson

At the start of leg 5 I set off in optimistic mood that I could complete in under 22 hrs and I still thought this having fairly marched up Dale Head as Pat fed me energy gels. From here things started to go downhill, or rather more didn't go downhill!

I was reduced to pretty-much a shuffle on the run down from Dale Head and a slow walk up to Hindscarth and similarly to Robinson. The sunset down the valley from the cairn of Robinson was lovely and being the last peak of the round I stopped at the cairn for a few seconds to take in the view and absorb the fact that I had almost cracked the challenge.

The steep rocky and then grassy descent from Robinson was a slow and very uncomfortable affair and by the time I got to the road I fairly slumped into the chair as my fell-shoes were whipped off and road shoes and dry socks magically appeared on my feet, laces tied and ready to be run in. Only thing was, I wasn't ready to run in them! At this point I was press-ganged into taking some drugs.

And so I set-off down the road in the style of Douglas Bader/Arthur Askey/Tin-Man (take your pick – whichever least offends!) Eventually the drugs kicked-in and after what seemed like eons and a mixture of walking and shuffling I arrived at Portinscale to be met by the welcome sight of Pete T, Peter Kay and Will and by then I knew it was all over. My step seemed to quicken slightly although making my way across the short distance of the park in the darkness the lights of Keswick seemed to never get any closer for a long time. Eventually I made it to the main road, turned right and jogged the few hundred metres up the road as Pat stopped the traffic at the round-a-bout (thank you Pat). I was met, rather embarrassingly but at the same time making me feel rather proud, by rounds of applause from more BCR supporters as I approached the Moot Hall to touch the green doors at 10:51pm, 22hrs 39mins after I'd set-off.

Dave and Clare very kindly presented me with a bottle of champagne to celebrate with my friends, only problem was I couldn't work-out how to get the cork out (taking the foil off first and unscrewing the wire was too difficult for me to compute by now). I relished my couple of slugs of champagne before taking a seat whilst my 'foot crew' of Pete2 released my poor feet and slid them into the cool comfort of my flip-flops. Everyone looked at me for a while and then we went home.

Jamie Baron, August 2011



# Jane Hornsby - Bob and me

I would love to be writing this article in celebration of my success. However I have attempted the 'Bob' twice so far and not yet completed it within the 24h.



I am 50 years old and do not have a history of fell running victories – last is my usual position in a race, so why put myself through this?

I first heard of the BG as a child running around Great Langdale. I am a member of the Achille Ratti Climbing Club and have been all my life, Bishopscale our hut in Great Langdale was the base for most of my mountain adventures in the days when children were allowed to explore unsupervised. Other members of this club were higher achievers and folk such as Leo Pollard completed the BG in the 1970s. I have been aware of what it is possible to do but always thought that challenges such as the BG were outside my ability. So far I was right.

I competed in a variety of mountain marathons and long-O events over the years but when I moved to Cumbria and joined BCR I was lucky to meet inspirational women like Val, Cynthia, Pam and Una and many others. As more joined BCR I met many other men and women, too many to mention here, all of whom made me see that nothing is impossible and that events such as the 'Fred' and road marathons are all within our reach even as we get older.

When Alistair did his BG I trained with him and started to consider doing it myself just for the enjoyment of being out on the hills and having a target to meet. Eventually I got into gear and started training in Spring 2010. I attempted in August 2010 and completed the distance but it took me over 26 hours. Much encouraged and not too down hearted I thought that a bit of speed training over winter and more care over water and food intake would sort this and planned another attempt in May 2011. As you know the weather this late spring and summer has been awful particularly the wind conditions (even without Alistair) so I postponed 'till June. Tired of waiting I attempted in less than ideal



conditions and only got as far as Wasdale. This time I was not very happy with my performance at all and have considered whether to give it another go or not. I have many theories as to why I didn't complete this time as I don't think that the weather was the limiting factor. Current theories are;

1. The pressure is too much for me on the day
2. I ran out of salts
3. I will never be fast enough
4. I didn't train appropriately

All these are probably true to some extent however John Broxap said that the BG should be a great and enjoyable day out on the hills. So I am going to keep training over winter and only if I feel good will I give it another go next spring – if not then so be it; the training is enjoyable in its own right and will do me nothing but good to have a target for next year. If I do have a go it will be very low key and probably at short notice depending on the weather. I can now see how it can become an obsession, I have done the distance and completed the Fellsman without too much difficulty so I feel that it is in me to do it.

I would like to thank the massive support I have had from BCR in this especially to Mike Berry who has turned up religiously for both Alistair and I and who put up with me throwing up his offerings in front of him! Also to all who supported and encouraged me through the build up and on the day – all of it is much appreciated and I was sorry to disappoint you all. Maybe next time.....

*Jane Hornsby, August 2011*

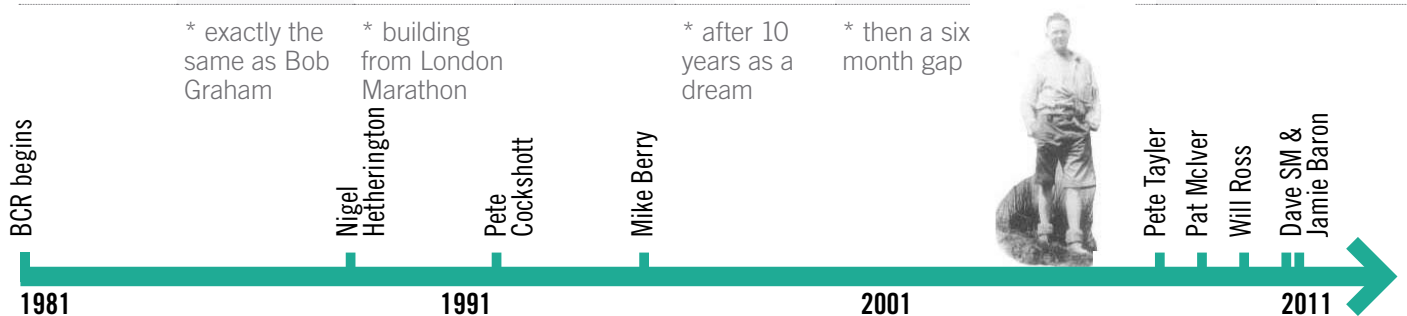
Jura taken by Pete T



# The Black Combe History of Bob

The Newsie interviewed as many Bob Grahamers as it could find, to see if there were any common threads between our completers and the task. This showed that our average BGer was 46, and that mostly it was great but it hurt.

	Pete Cockshott	Mike Berry	Chris Fellows	Peter Tayler	Pat McIver	Will Ross	DSM	Jamie Baron
<b>Date</b>	June 1992	June 1995	May 2007	May 2008	Sep 2009	July 2010	July 2011	July 2011
<b>Time</b>	23:39*	22.42	23.05	22.52	23:53	21:28	23:59	22:39
<b>Start and direction</b>	8:00, anticlock	8:00, anticlock	00:00 clockwise	00:00 clockwise	22:00 clockwise	00:30 clockwise	22:30 clockwise	00:30 clockwise
<b>Previous attempts</b>	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
<b>Age at time</b>	53	42	40	46	46	40	46	45
<b>Time from decision to attempt</b>	Couple of years	3-4 years	1 year	1 year*	15 years	9 months	10 months	3 months
<b>Preparation</b>	6 months	3 months*	6 months	5 months	5 months*	6 months	10 months	9 weeks
<b>Pacers and road support</b>	11	10 excellent BCRs	13	17+	12	17	20	12
<b>Lowest ebb of the day</b>	Cramp going up Scafell from Wasdale. Up the back o' Skiddaw was also bad.	Great Calva - on hands and knees	Hellvellyn when it snowed	No energy on Gable, scared of not getting off Robinson	Pillar descent was agony	On Sergeant Man it seemed impossible	At Honister knowing I was 30 mins short of the 'just make it' time	Descent of Robinson
<b>How old did you feel at the end?</b>	Pass	Elated/Near Death (not sure what age that is)	Elation, Pain, Exhaustion (we'll say about 70)	Like a spring chicken but legs 200 years old	21	65 and battered	Just numbness	25
<b>Foods you have not been able to stomach since?</b>	Staminade (remember that?)	Not really, had a variety of favourite foods	Cadbury's Brunch bars	Marmite with cranberries	Volterol	Cheap red wine from the co-op	I'm sure there would be if I'd managed to eat anything!	Red rehydration drink
<b>Advice to future attemptees</b>	Plenty of long training runs. Get to know the route thoroughly	Do lots of events - Fellsman, Jura, GL3Day	Try to enjoy pain and suffering. Join running club.	Have a go	Treat each leg as a separate day out	Stay relaxed and try to enjoy the running	If you really must attempt a BG, BCR supporters rock!	You won't feel like it two thirds in, but keep eating
<b>Summed up in three words</b>	Hmmm...	Painful, emotional, awesome	Elation, pain, exhaustion	Fantastic day	A bloody relief	Friends, luck, flying.	S&M 4 DSM	Proud of BCR



The timeline shows all the Bob completers since the club's inception in 1981. This provided some contentious debate at Corner House as to who should go in. Being the purist that I am, I disallowed anyone who was not a member of the club at the time of their BG. Graham Huddleston and John Clemens ran for CFR when they completed in 1981. Frank Squibb made an unsuccessful attempt (with Stuart Barnard and Rob Saunders) in 1983, but was no longer a member by the time of his successful round in 1985. Chris Fellows and Mike Vogler completed in 2007 before joining the club.

# Ben Squibb - Youngest ever Bob Graham Completer

Ben Squibb was the son of Frank Squibb, a BCR in the 80s who completed his Bob Graham in 1985. Seven years later, his son Ben was the youngest ever completer at age 13. Ben now lives in Cornwall and seems to run for Cornwall AC. The Newsie attempted to get in touch, although sadly he did not reply. Below is his account of the day. (Anticlockwise starting at 8am).



We set off at good pace along the path through the fields and caught some other runners on the way to Little town. Here I changed my shoes and drank from the stream. The day was already hot and we coved the first three peaks in good time, arriving at Honister just behind schedule.

On the next section my brother Jason, paced me, but I had to navigate as he had no knowledge of the section. I was incredibly dehydrated so we went down to Sail Beck for more water and to splash about in the beck. I still lost time going up Pillar and along to Steeple.

The rest of the section went okay but I hate the descent off Yewbarrow. At Wasdale I had soup and bread which always seemed to miss my mouth. It was very good to see Fred Rogerson at Wasdale.

On the Scafell climb my dad came with me and we lost fifteen minutes. Geoff helped me down Broad stands, then my dad took the rope back to Wasdale and I carried on with my fresh pacers. I caught up time because the pacers were excellent. I felt good on this section, but at one stage I imagined my family chomping through their fish and chips in Keswick, and I wanted to be off the fell and with them.

“I had a spooky feeling I was going to bump into trees”

At Dunmail I was enjoying a cup of tea when the chair collapsed drenching me in hot tea. Having changed into warmer clothes I set off with John and Rob. The first three peaks were covered in good time and there were many people waiting to see the sun rise on Helvellyn. It was now dark and the mist came down. I began to feel tired and depressed, and I had a spooky feeling I was going to bump into trees. There was quite a group of us because we were now with the group from Bingley. I was very tired as we approached Threlkeld.

At Threlkeld I had only 12 minutes rest because I was so far behind schedule. The climb up Blencathra was painful and it was still dark and misty. I found this section particularly difficult because of the thick heather and the new lease of life written about in the books was non-existent. We ran some of the way down Skiddaw, and it was great to see Fred Rogerson and **John Peel** at Gale Road. We belted down through the woods where Dave Carrivick held the gates open as I did on his and Anner's attempt last year.

I was greeted at the Moot Hall by a large crowd - Fred Rogerson, my family and supporters and the Bingley and Darkpeak teams.

We all then drove to the Little Chef at Penrith where we had breakfast before driving home to Cornwall.

Ben Squibb, 1992

## Black Combe Summer Race

The annual Black Combe Summer Race was held on the 28 June in glorious weather. There was a bumper turn out including a number of first time completers - Jamie, Mike McIver, Mike and Nicola Vogler and Helen Gee. Mike Mc won in fine style despite a detour through a nice old lady's garden. Thanks to Jamie for the organising and to Keith for the flagging (I thought it was very well flagged).

1st Mike McIver 1:12:58

I no longer accept “left at the obvious rock” as an adequate route description

2nd Jamie Baron 1:16:17

Once Pete was so kind to let me pass him I ran for most of my worth. Surprised to come-in second!

3rd Mike Vogler 1:18:15

Great route, but markers need to be clearly placed at left turn through buildings. Smashing event

4th Pete Tayler 1:19:37

I'm getting too old to race hard twice in 3 days

5th Adam (guest) 1:22:12

6th Dave P. 1:27:14

7th Sue H. 1:27:17

Started late. If I had seen Parmy, I would have beaten him

8th Ken Linley 1:41:37

9th Phil Newton 1:48:22

10th Helen Gee 1:54:22

I really enjoyed the race and loved that I didn't come last and didn't get lost, thanks to Phil

11th Nicola Vogler 1:56:21

12th Karl 1:56:21

13th Andy G. 2:05:30

Not a good race for me but at least the starters at the pub were good - sorry you all missed it!

# Brathay 10 in 10 by Penny

262 miles - Who'd have thought it?

Five years ago last May I sat on a wall just outside Ambleside and watched as seven men at different times ran past me to complete an outstanding feat of human endurance – the running of 10 road marathons around Lake Windermere on 10 consecutive days. I was waiting for my club mates to pass by me on their single circumnavigation in the Brathay Windermere Marathon. The next two years saw me take part in the annual race, both times after a mere 3 weeks after running in the London Marathon – I found the course; relentless in its undulations but extremely beautiful for all it's challenge, as I mixed running and walking the bigger hills to complete an exquisite race. Those two years also had the 10 marathon challenge as its main focus. In 2009 I vowed I would run in that ultra event the following May, only to be thwarted by an accident in the Dublin marathon, which had necessitated knee surgery the following February and threatened my most rewarding past time – marathon running.

As I contemplated going under the knife, already my mind was made up – I was going to run the Brathay Windermere 10 marathon challenge in 2011; despite its entry fee of £600 and obligation to raise £2250 for the Brathay Trust. I took my rehabilitation most seriously, and even started to run totally from scratch as regards fitness because I had not run for over 5 months prior to the operation. 2038 training miles through all weathers, over fell and roads were run in preparation. A training weekend at Brathay in January gave me the opportunity to meet up with 10 of the other 18 athletes; aspects of fundraising, health and safety on the course, physio exercises from Body Rehab were explained (these were for injury prevention due to the repetitive problems with road camber) and a new energy drink was introduced to facilitate optimum hydration and recovery levels. We were also being very fortunate that ASICS would sponsor all our clothing needs; from jacket, t shirts, vests, trousers, socks and even a pair of Gel Nimbus shoes.

May 12th, came round very quickly in the end, as we assembled and settled in before the start the next day -Friday 13th May. Our original number of 18 had dwindled to 13, due to injuries to the other competitors. We refused the '13' number to be unlucky – and we were determined from the outset that we would attempt to be the first year, out of the five year history, to all complete the course. We made up our drinks for the next day – as daily we were responsible for making up our bottles/food for 12 separate crates to go out on the course. I went to bed



very nervous and excited for lay ahead of me – would I be successful? Would I get injured?

May 13th, and we all gathered for breakfast, it was very exciting and nerve racking – porridge, honey, banana and yoghurt consumed, soon enough 10.00am came and we had a press photo shoot – in the pouring rain – so got very nicely soaked! 10.30am and down the driveway, penned in a little enclosure away from the traffic until clearance from the health & safety guys; onto the road and we were off!!!!!!

Over the 10 days I tried very hard to keep totally focussed on my job in hand – the body had become so fit and the tapering weeks meant I felt like a caged tiger on the start line. The temptation was to run much faster than the game plan. I had planned on a sensible sustainable pace for the entire 10 days, rather than run as I felt and risk 'blowing up' later in the challenge. So a 5 hour marathon each day was the plan 'steady, sensible and secure' – even though I reckon I could have achieved 4.30 – 4.45, certainly in the early days. Day 1 I did feel frisky and was on for 4.35 pace to Newby Bridge, before I reined my self back to my target.

Consistency was paramount, as the 10 days progressed, I was really glad I had been so thorough in my preparations – lists of what to do each day- sounds unnecessary, but by about day 5, my brain was scrambled. Remembering what went in each refuelling bottle, remembering to change my shoes each day, sounds simple – but fatigue plays very funny tricks.

So my routine was very much 6.30am up/750ml carbo loader energy drink, breakfast eaten by 7.45am, physio at 8, onto website blog to update 'the world outside the Brathay bubble' all how things were progressing, checking the Just giving web page, 9.30 500ml hypotonic drink/banana, 10.00am assemble in the meeting room with my fellow competitors; clear sportident dibber, 10.30 – 3.30pm run a marathon around lake Windermere – refuelling every 2 miles, approx 3.30pm eat/drink recovery foods within 30 minutes of finishing, assisted static stretching with one of the physio team, ice bath for 10 minutes, warm shower and downtime before evening meal, hours post run physio, make up drinks/food for next day's crates, update website blog, chill out in the bar – pint of Murphy's hitting the mark, video diary and bed



are these people held together with tape?



5.01.22 – hopefully before 10pm. Invariably after 10.30pm on most nights with very tired muscles – sleep did not come easily!

5.00.51

5.00.46 The following days went well, despite the appalling weather most of the time, the support from everyone was phenomenal; most days folk were out either in cars, on bikes or on foot to see or be part of the experience. I am very grateful for everyone who popped out with the Jaffa cakes and jelly babies, only to have me refuse them most of the time! Days 6 – 8 were my crunch days when my fitness levels were at a premium, the mind drifted into very personal spaces and I am glad the mind did that. Demons were exercised and that was important and part of the process for me. Day 7 was the hardest, when I could let no one into my world, not even those closest to the emotions. I came through though, and I feel a much stronger, better person for having visited those recesses. By day 9, I was buzzing again, my legs were tired for sure but they were still uninjured so I knew I was going to achieve this amazing run, achieving my 4th quickest run. Day 10 was the icing on the cake – I felt totally amazing and it was almost like Christmas at breakfast time, because everyone was just so excited and we all knew we were all going to be successful. I flew around the course, it felt an absolute breeze, as the endorphins surged through my veins, I broke my course record by over a minute as well.

Crossing the line after 262 miles was quite a surreal awesome feeling – the utter joy of a totally mad goal achieved – I can't quite describe it

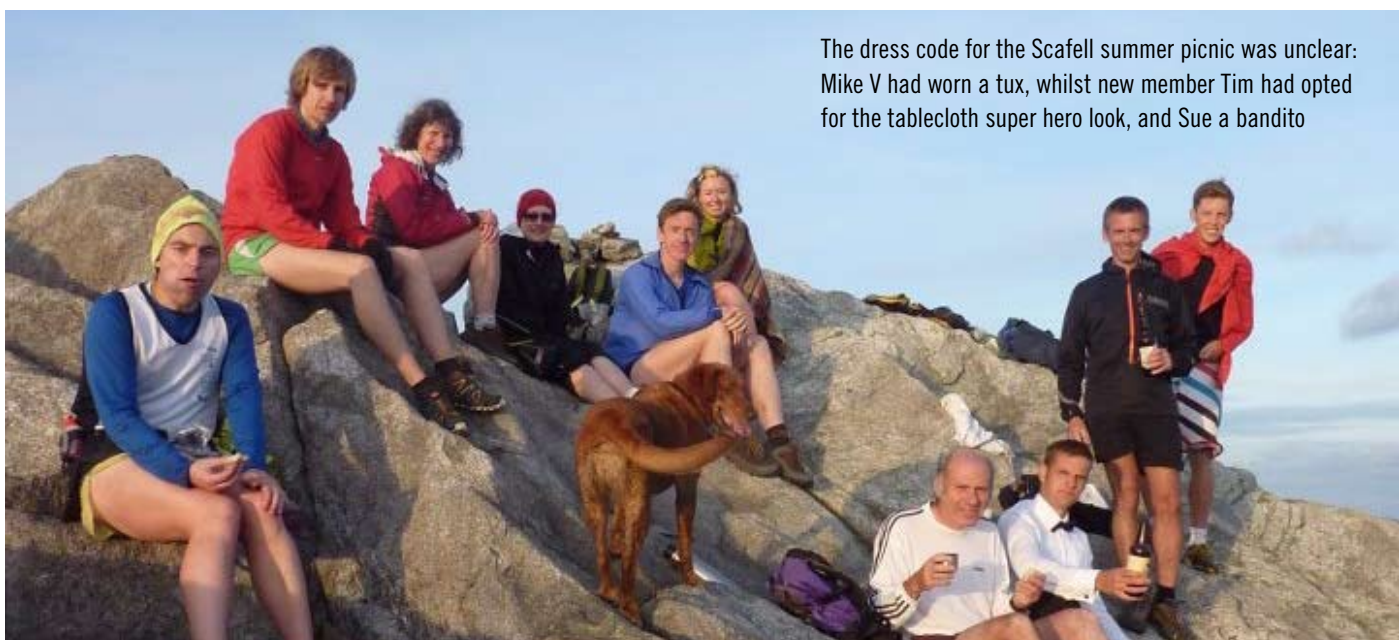
properly – but somehow I felt I could fly – I could do anything, anything at all!! One and half litres of champagne were consumed in very quick fashion after an initial 'Lewis Hamilton' spraying display – that's some recovery drink! Thank you to all of you who were there to witness a mad loopy happy ultra athlete, I had just run 262 miles; in one of the quickest times for a vet 50 woman – that was just a bonus. I shall also treasure those words spoken to me by the legend of all time Joss Naylor. Thanks need to be extended also to all the people in the background who kept me on the road during the training period – you know who you are – your contributions undoubtedly contributed in to this challenge being a total success. Thank you also to all who have contributed to the fantastic total of nearly £6000 raised; over £2000 in the last 5 days of the run. That money will change so many lives of youngsters who have lost their way and I look forward to meeting some of them in the future. Would I do it again? Well, no, actually I wouldn't because those memories are priceless -but I have a lifetime of Windermere Marathons to come by virtue of completing the Brathay Windermere 10 in 10 challenge – one of only 12 women, so the club now has two members of a very exclusive club – me and Alyson Knowles; who did a fantastic job of organising the 2011 event.

For the record: 5.01.22 / 5.00.51 / 5.00.46 / 5.07.06 / 5.10.13 / 5.09.34 / 5.25.52 / 5.18.20 / 5.04.24 / 4.52.52 = 51.11.20 Average time – 5.07.08, not bad for a back runner!

So just remember “HARD THINGS TAKE TIME TO DO – IMPOSSIBLE THINGS TAKE A LITTLE LONGER” Cerutty.

Penny Moreton, June 2011

The dress code for the Scafell summer picnic was unclear: Mike V had worn a tux, whilst new member Tim had opted for the tablecloth super hero look, and Sue a bandito



# From the archive - 1981/2

Black Combe Runners began its life as a Millom based road running club in 1981. In those days, the runners were fast, and hard. In 1982, six Combies ran under an hour for 10 miles and eight ran sub 3.15 marathons. Graham Huddleston ran twice per day, 120 miles per week and warmed up for races with "an easy 5 mile run, a hot bath and a substantial breakfast". In the 1982 "Ulverston 6" (which I presume was a 6 mile race and not a band of mis-convicted terrorists from the peninsula), Graham won in a time of 26.44, with the slowest BCR (Kath Barnard) coming in at 40.40.

In this extract from the second Newsie, the club captain of the day John Clemens, discusses fell running for the first time.

## FELL RUNNING NOTES... by John Clemens

Newsie Edition 2 Nov/Dec 1981

Our initial fell training run took place recently over the Duddon Junior Course, unfortunately numbers were rather limited due to a mysterious crop of injuries and urgent appointments all over Cumbria.

Hopefully we will manage some more runs during the winter, and possibly a training race or two.

One or two members have expressed an interest in attempts on the "Bob Graham" and other long distance challenges, if anyone fancies taking part or helping with these, they should contact me after 6.12.81.

I am sure we can arrange a programme for next year for their benefit and provide an added interest for the club as a whole.

## FORTHCOMING EVENTS

note the deflation - 2011 - £1 !

- 14.11.81 BLISCO DASH ... 5 m (miles) ... 2000' (feet of ascent) ... from Langdale at 11.00 .. entries £1.20 on day.
- 22.11.81 RUMBOLDS MOOR FELL RACE .. 5m .. 800' .. from Close House Farm, Ilkely Road, Skipton at 11.30. Entries 50p by Nov 20, 75p on day.
- 27.12.81 WANSFELL RACE ... 3m ... 1300' ... from Kelswick School, Ambleside at 1200 ... entries £1 on day.

Editors Note ... for anyone thinking about taking up Fell Running, let me say that I have found fell running to be every bit as rewarding as road running. You may think that it is harder than road running, it isn't, but it is different. From the racing aspect, fell races usually have a smaller number of entries; they do not have the glamour of marathoning but they involve far less distance in travelling to and from races.

Graham Huddleston has successfully combined both fell and road racing, having recorded 4th place in the 21 mile Duddon Fell Race, he has since managed 7th in the Manchester marathon.

Dear Ed,

With ref. to last month's letter to the editor, supposedly from me, offering to swap my wife.

I wish it to be known to everyone that I would not dream of swapping my lovely wife for a Datsun gearbox. Datsun gearboxes just don't go wrong. Now if anyone were to happen to have a bike to swap we could talk business, I would throw in a vacuum cleaner for a good one.

Yours hopefully

Ken Lindley

A transcription from Newsie No.26 in 1983 (I haven't made this up, honestly)

## Fell Running Notes by John Clemens

### Long Distance Challenges

Ultra distance running on roads and track has seen a resurgence in recent years, and fell runners have discovered their own form of protracted purgatory, so why should we (BCR) be left out when there is some real pain to be had.

Long distance fell runs are usually well known walking challenges, such as the Lakes' Three Thousands, which have, gradually, been accomplished in faster and faster times; and other quite obscure compilations such as all the peaks in a volume of Wainwright (guide books) in a continuous run.

The ultimate long distance fell run is probably the 'Penine Way' which has been completed in just over three days.

Living in Cumbria we have several much shorter but worthwhile long distance routes close to land. 'The Cumbria Way' 66 miles from Ulverston to Carlisle.

'Shap to Ravenglass, High Level Route' 'The Bob Graham Round' These are just three examples.

Graham Huddleston and I did the 'Bob Graham' last May and the Ed has asked me to write a brief account of this for next month's newsletter. I hope that this will give anyone interested an idea of what this form of running is all about.

Planning is the essence of long distance running, and I am, at present, planning the 'Shap to Ravenglass' for late April, and Wainwright's Southern Fells for July; anyone who fancies either of these, or would like to help as support to racers, please get in touch.

The club is planning to promote an open fell race over a course based on Black Combe, the date has been fixed for March 20th 1982. The provisional course is about 10 miles long with 3500 feet of ascent. This will be finalised when we have found a place in Whitehaven Valley which is suitable to use as a start and finish point and which can provide parking space for about 100 cars.

The race will be quite a venture for us, anyone who is prepared to help on the day please let me know.

We shall be trying to obtain sponsorship to provide prizes, trophies etc; any ideas?

### Race Entries

Benson Knott fell race...Sunday 7th February...2.30p.m.

5 miles...500 feet of ascent...50p...entries close

Friday 22nd January...(18-1-82...65p)

Parbold Hill Race...Saturday 20th February...3p.m....

6½ miles....75p...entries close 16th February...(9-2-82  
...90p).



# The Fred OF DREAD!

**After my knee op on January 21st I decided I needed a goal to get me up and going again. I chose to do the Fred Whitton Challenge on May 8th. After all I had done it before so I knew what to expect, or so I thought.**

I didn't get my act together until the beginning of March! That left me with only 8 weeks to get the necessary training in. My first training ride was in the forest around Glenmore Lodge where I managed to fall off. The next day we went to Wolftrax in Laggan where Gill O'Connell and I managed to frighten ourselves on the red route trails. The following day Gill and I set off for a long 35 mile bike ride, with less than a mile into the ride Gill went over the handlebars on her bike leaving her with very sore ribs for a very long time. She is tough and managed to carry on for the other 34 miles. It was the thought of lunch at Cath Sibbald's home that spurred her on!

On return from Scotland the road bike came out of the shed, it had not seen the light of day since the Fred of Dread in 2010. The faded memories came flooding back of those hard slogs over the Lakeland passes. I quickly put the memories to the back of my mind and remembered all the good memories of all the tea shops I could visit on training rides to eat cake and drink tea Yum! Yum! After all my favourite pass time is tea shopping.

As the weeks went by the mileage increased on my road bike. I managed a few trips out on my mountain bike and remembered the fun side of biking. All too quickly the 8th of May arrived. The forecast was dire, rain, rain and more rain.

The night before the FOD I looked for my mudguards and surprise, surprise they had been thrown out. (Chris doesn't like his shed cluttered up).

Sunday dawned, we left the house at 5.15 am and set off on the ride at 6.00 am prompt. As soon as I passed the start line my backside was wet due to the missing mudguards. The rain got progressively heavier as the miles went on. We reached the top of the first climb Kirkstone Pass, the descent was horrendous, wind blown rain flooding across the road, my glasses were splattered so I tried looking over the top of the lens the rain was hitting my eyes so hard it was back on with the glasses and I went cycling blindly down Kirkstone Pass. I passed a rider being carefully put into a van, his mangled bike was in the side of the road after hitting a dry stone wall, scary!

It continued to rain sometimes heavy sometimes very heavy! There was a bit of respite but the memory can't remember where the rain was lighter.

At the checkpoint in Buttermere the rain wasn't too bad; it must have been the cuppa tea and cake lulling me into a false sense of optimism. As we set off to ascend Newlands Pass the rain and hail came down luckily it eased to normal bearable rain by the time we cleared the top and descended into the valley. Up and over Whinlatter with some protection off the trees we had a good descent to Lorton. Then once again the rain got heavier and the wind stronger. As we pedalled along I tucked in behind Chris who sheltered me from the worst of the weather. This was my low point, I thought to myself I will pack in but who would pick me up? Cynthia, Dorothy, Tracey and Gill were out on the course marshalling, the in laws were away so nobody to pick me up. Next thoughts were I will get to Calderbridge retire then scrounge a lift to the finish.

As we approached Cold Fell it stopped raining and the sun came out Hallelujah. My spirits were lifted. Surprisingly I felt strong going over cold fell, the descent to Calderbridge even better; it must have been the thought of tea and more cakes that spurred me on.

Yeeha! I was on route for my favourite pastime. After I stuffed myself with tea and cakes I now had to ride the calories off so I carried on, after all I was well over half way now.

Hardknot was hard, the descent good, up and over Wrynose, a brilliant descent into Little Langdale passing the 3 Shires Pub and not calling in for another tea stop! By this time the waterproof Jacket was off and tied around my waist. I was on a roll, nearly back. As we approached Coniston the skies were darkening, by the time we got to Yewdale thunder rumbled, lightening flashed across the skies and once again started to spot with rain. I pedalled as fast as my tired legs could to cross the finishing line before the heavens opened once again with heavy relentless rain.

My words on crossing the line were NEVER, NEVER, EVER, AGAIN!!

Thanks to my long suffering husband who rode with me all the way. (only because none of his mates were doing the Fred)

Please don't let my account of the Fred of Dread put you off. This year was the worst weather for the Fred in its entire history. And yes, I did get fit and back into regular exercise by training and doing the Fred of Dread. I'm now enjoying my mountain bike riding and a wee bit of fell running.

Val Gill, August 2011

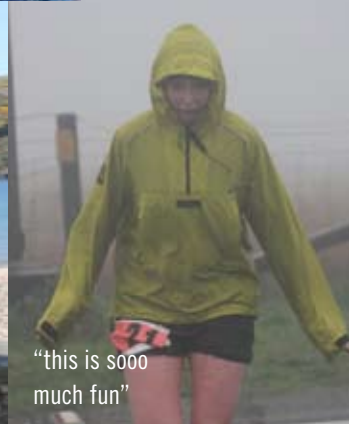
# Photos!



Claire and Liz take a wrong turn in the Coniston Trail Marathon



Port Erin: the happy end of the Manx MM



"this is sooo much fun"



Will demonstrates good fence technique on the Manx marathon



The sommelier of Slight Side



and then Jamie has a go...



Dent



Descending Slight Side after the Tuesday mid-summer picnic

# Will's championships update

It looks like another lively end to the road championships. Karl and Penny have got their five in already but Pete, James and Helen can all qualify and any of them who does has a very good chance of winning the series.

Road	Best 5		Keswick to Buttermere		Dent		Coniston 17		Dalton 10k		Windermere Marathon		Gosforth 10m		Hawkshead 10k		Carnforth 20 Barriers		Ulverston 10k		Langdale half	Derwent	Brampton
			L	L	M	M	L	L	S	S	L	L	M	M	S	S	S	S	M	M	M	M	M
Karl Fursey	305	305	56	56	59	59	65	65	63	63	57	57	60	60					58	58			
Helen Gee							57	66					55	64	59	69							
Andrew Gittins															67	73	69	76					
James Goffe							70	78											71	79			
Peter Grayson					70	82							68	81									
Sue Hodgkinson																	74	83					
Peter Kay					72	72							74	74									
Mike McIver									88	88							85	85	86	86			
Penny Moreton	276	343	49	63	50	64	58	74	61	77	52	66	55	62									
Phil Newton															65	76							
Will Ross																	75	77					
Rob Sanders					68	80																	
Dave SM													87	93									
Pete Tayler			72	78	79	86											77	84					
Dave Thomas					68	73																	
Dave Watson							57	65															
Richard Watson																	95	95					



Kath and Peter K timing the Black Combe race. Photo by Phil Green.

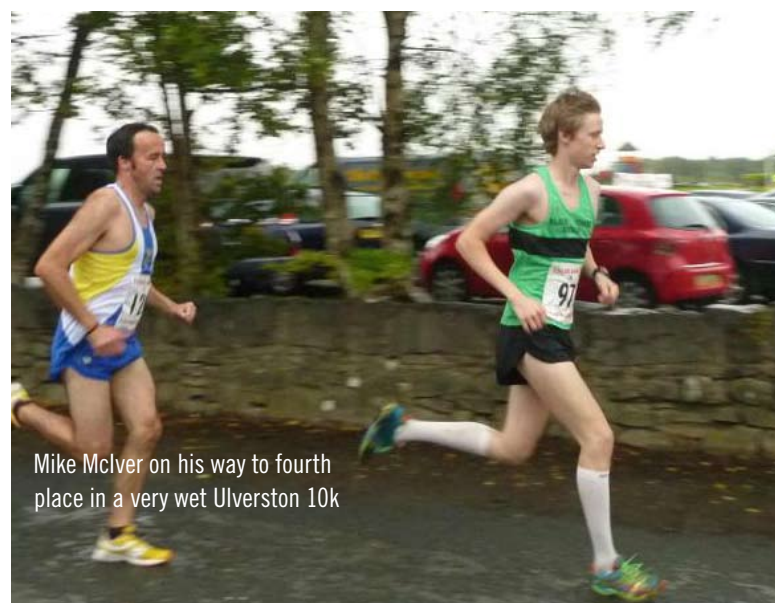
On the fells Pete has made a rare tactical error by going on holiday instead of entering the Broughton Mills race but his third place at Middle Fell will help to hold the rest of us off. Sue, James and Rob can still qualify. Carl notches up the first 100 ever to appear in this table but still Jackie is the quicker runner on handicap. See you all at Dunnerdale!

Fell	Best 5		Middle Fell		Coledale		Buttermere		Great Lakes		Loughrigg SH		Blisco		Borrowdale		Broughton Mills		Mountain Trial		Three Shires		Screes		Dunnerdale	
			M	M	M	M	M	M	L	L	M	M	S	S	L	L	S	S	L	L	S	S	S	S	S	S
Jamie Baron			82	86	76	81											89	95								
Jackie Casey																	80	104								
Carl Edmonds																	100	100								
James Goffe			74	83													76	85								
Sue Hodgkinson			72	82	63	72	64	72			61	69	69	78			74	84								
Mike Jewell			73	82													86	98								
Peter Kay									50	50																
Mac Knowles											61	70														
Mike McIver									65	65					71	71	99	99								
Pat McIver	369	400	77	83	69	74	73	79							65	70	86	94								
Will Ross	377	385	81	83	75	76	74	75	65	66	61	62					83	84								
Rob Sanders					63	74																				
Dave SM													71	75												
Rob Smithurst			61	70			51	58																		
Pete Taylor	386	424	87	95			70	77	73	81	73	80	83	91	68	75										
Dave Thomas					63	67																				
Dave Watson							57	65																		

## How the scoring works

Your best five races count: ie you must do at least 5 races to qualify, including at least one in each distance category. The black figures show scratch scores relative to the race winner's time: if you went at 68% of the winner's speed, you score 68 points. Handicap scores are in green: women get a 13% allowance and all runners between 40 and 60 get a 1% per year allowance to allow for age: eg a 40 yr old's scratch score is multiplied by 1.01 and a 48 yr old's by 1.09. In your 60s a 2% per year allowance is made, in your early 70s 3% per year, late 70s 4% per year etc.

Mike Berry



Mike McIver on his way to fourth place in a very wet Ulverston 10k

