LONG DISTANCE WALKERS ASSOCIATION

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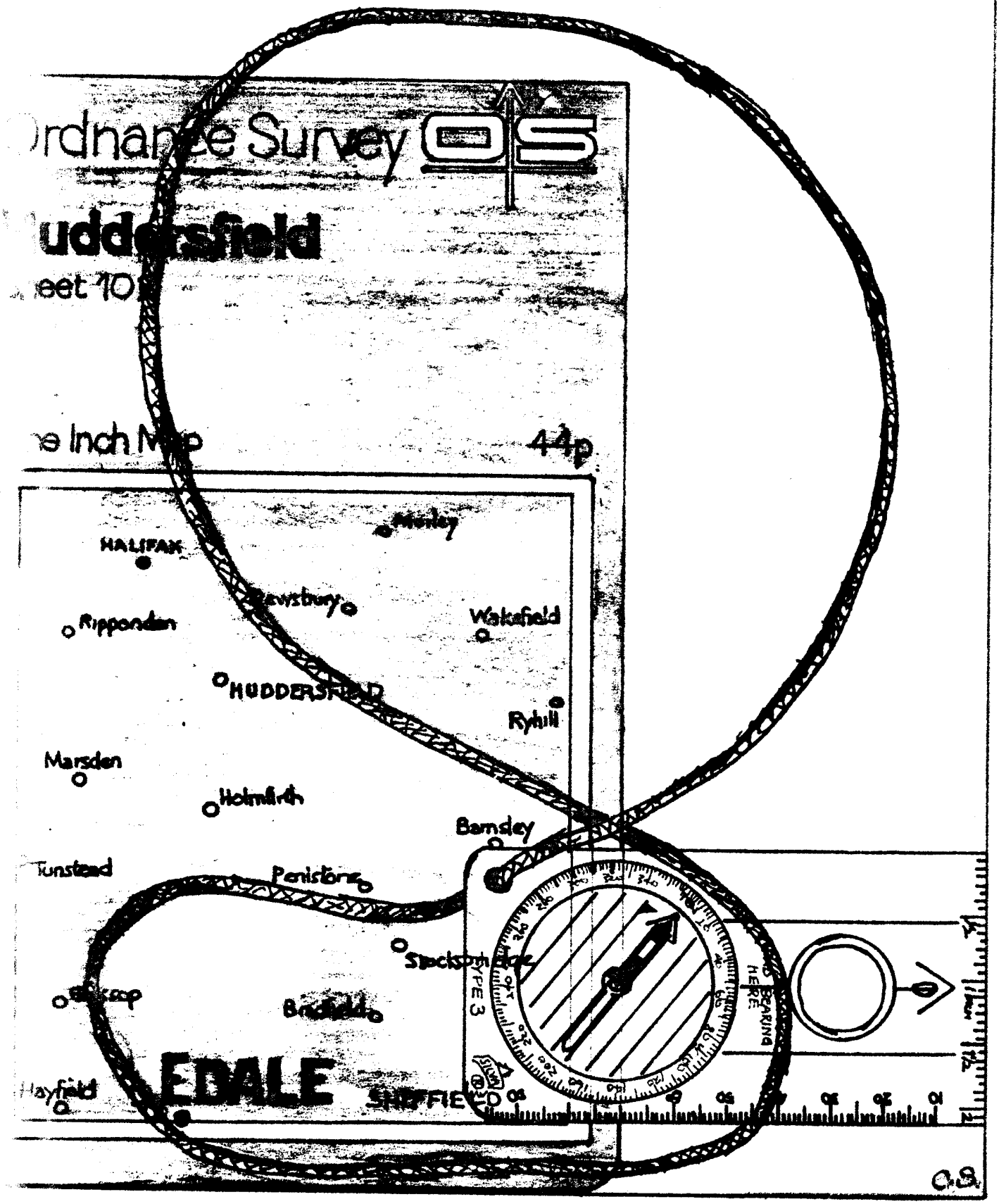
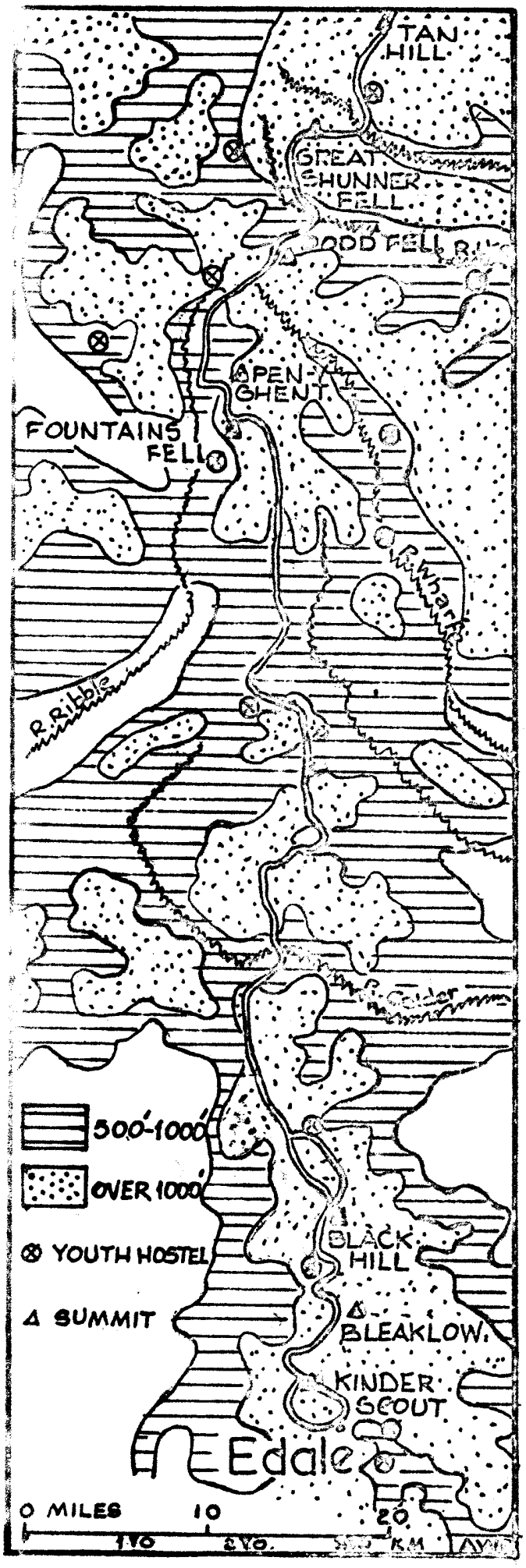
THE PENNINE WAY



"THE PENNINE WAY"

WHERE IT IS - WHAT IT IS AND HOW SOME PEOPLE TACKLE IT - BY MEMBERS OF THE LONG DISTANCE WALKERS ASSOCIATION.


TAN HILL
GREAT SHUNNER FELL
ROD FELL
APEN GHENT
FOUNTAINS FELL
R. Ribble
500'-1000'
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YOUTH HOSTEL
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Edale
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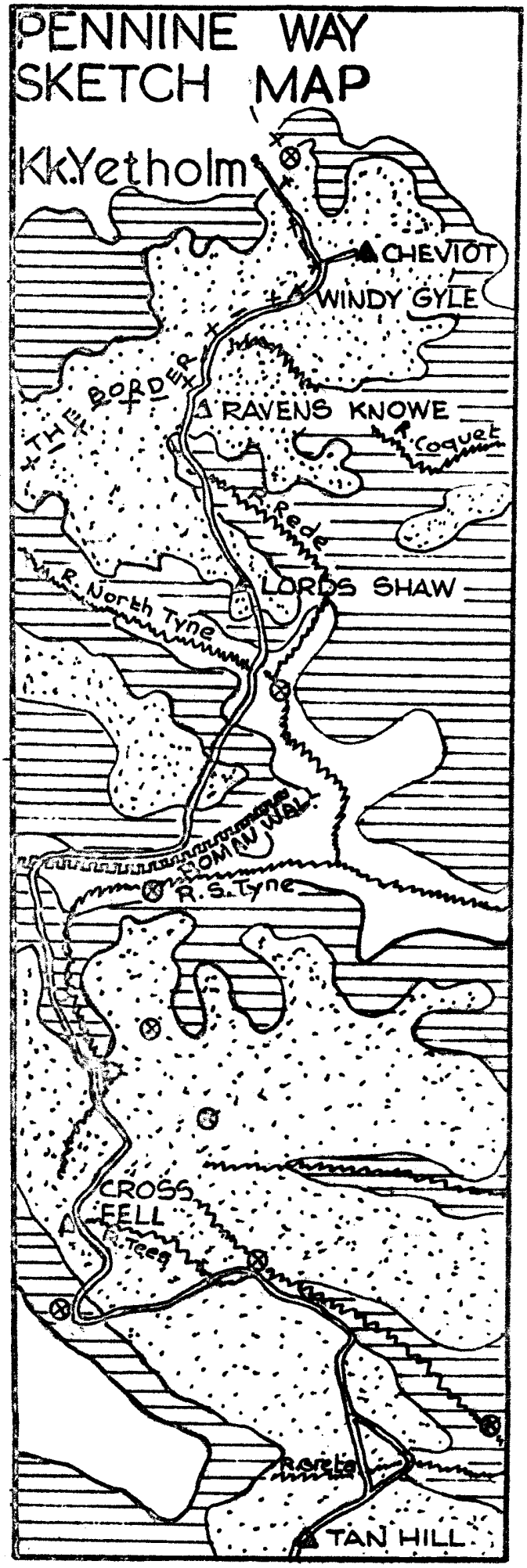
PENNINE WAY SKETCH MAP
Kk.Yetholm
CHEVIOT
WINDY GYLE
THE BORDER
RAVENS KNOWE
Coquet
Rede
R. North Tyne
LORDS SHAW
ROMAN WALL
R. S. Tyne
CROSS FELL
R. Teesg
R. Greta
TAN HILL

INTRODUCTION

It has always been possible to walk along the designated route of the Pennine Way - provided one trespassed unseen - but it is probably only within living memory that anyone wished to do so as a form of recreation or challenge. Almost everyone with an interest in walking will have heard of the Way, Britain's first long distance footpath, but few will appreciate the rugged terrain of high, flat, featureless moors, steep climbs to over the 2000' contour, and the depressing rain and mist that can be encountered for several days at a time.

Much of the credit for the creation of the Way must go to Tom Stephenson, secretary of the Ramblers Association for many years, who first suggested the scheme in the mid-thirties. Before 1940, members of the Y.H.A. and R.A. had surveyed a possible route of about 250 miles and this revealed that 70 miles of new rights of way would have to be created to ensure continuity. In 1951 the Way was officially approved at government level but it was not until 24th April 1965 that the opening ceremony took place at Malham Tarn.

Many books have been written about the Pennine Way and many hundreds of enthusiasts have walked, run and probably cycled it for reasons of their own. Those that are not acquainted with it should not get the idea that it is the walkers equivalent of the motorway: the route is seldom straight and in many places is quite undefined. Over some sections there are no traces of anyone having previously walked there, and no signpost or cairn to indicate the way. With the Way at times taking an easterly, westerly, and occasionally southerly direction when generally heading north some skill with map and compass is desirable, especially when benighted or caught by one of those mists that suddenly envelope everything. A great variety of old routes and newly created ways are linked together to form our longest continuous walking route: miners tracks, old Roman roads, pack horse trails and drove roads all contribute to our roughest, toughest walk.

To attempt to complete the route from end to end one will require some degree of walking fitness but how fit you have to be will depend largely upon how long you aim to take over the challenge. As mentioned in this edition both teenagers and a lady in her seventies have walked the Way in about two weeks. If one camps on the route this would average just under 20 miles a day, but if one has to leave the Way for accommodation the average will be considerably more. Unless you are to rely on one of the many books that include maps, you will need O/S maps Sheets 102,101,95,90,84,83,77,76,70 & 71 (if also ascending The Cheviot). Naturally the 2½" series will give more detail but the extra cost will hardly warrant their purchase. As it is, the 1" maps will cost over £4 and occupy valuable space (and about 2 lbs) so probably most Pennine Way walkers make do with a book.

Although the actual distance between the southern extremity of the Way at Edale in Derbyshire and the northern end at Kirk Yetholm, just over the Border in Roxburghshire, is only 150 miles, the meanderings off the route add another 100 miles to the journey. In addition to the two counties mentioned, seven others are passed through: Cheshire, Yorkshire (W. and N. Ridings.) Lancashire, County Durham, Westmorland, Cumberland and Northumberland. Many summits are climbed and one is Mickle Fell, the highest point in the Pennines. A glance at the map of the route reveals such intrigueing names as Jacobs Ladder, Snake Road, Red Ratcher, Soldiers Lump, New Delight, Old Bess, Birk Hat, High Force, Caldron Snout, High Cup Nick, Beefstand Hill, Black Hag etc. and many other references that crave attention.

To complete the Pennine Way is the dream of many a long distance walker and to those that have done it goes the satisfaction of a challenge well met.

The following pages have been assembled from the views and experiences of members who have completed the route, and are intended to assist with future ideas and plans. If they induce <u>you</u> to have a go, then they will have been worth while.

ALAN BLATCHFORD. (LDWA 2)

THE CHALLENGE

by WILLIAM R. SMITH -(LDWA 101)

The Pennine Way has become almost an institution among Britain's fell-walking fraternity. Each year since its official opening in April, 1965, the route has grown more and more popular - not only with seasoned fellsmen but also with people who are not regular hillgoers. Indeed, there has even been published a motorists's guide to the Pennine Way, recommending choice stretches within the capabilities of inexperienced walkers, and offering advice on roads and accommodation.*

What is it, then, about this 270-mile upland route from Derbyshire to to the Scottish border that attracts people from all walks of life? Obviously, it is a cheap, healthy holiday in wild and often beautiful surroundings. But the main factor is undoubtedly the formidable challenge of a long-distance tramp over hard, rugged land, calling for skill with map and compass and a stout heart in the face of such adversities as bad weather, sore feet and physical weariness.

The average fellwalker should be able to cover the route with ease inside a fortnight, though some may care to take longer in order to fully explore the many points of interest along the Way. "Tigers" will do it in ten days or less. Indeed, the present record for the complete 270-mile traverse is 4 days, 5 hours, 10 minutes, set up by Alan Heaton and Mick Meath of Clayton-le-Moors Harriers in July, 1972. Clayton also established a record for a relay traverse in 1970, but Ranelagh Harriers knocked almost an hour-and-a-quarter off it the following year, and the relay record now stands at 33 Hours, 41 minutes, 15 seconds. The late Eric Beard, famous mountaineer and fell-runner, regarded the complete traverse of the Pennine Way as Britain's "ultimate marathon race".

The man responsible for Britain's longest hill-walk is Tom Stephenson, rambler and mountaineer, former secretary and current president of the Ramblers' Association. The route was, in fact, mapped out some thirty years before its official opening, when Mr Stephenson was employed as a countryside correspondent by The Daily Herald. Two American girls had written to that paper requesting details of a long-distance route over the Pennines, and he had devised the one now known as the Pennine Way. However, it required thirty years of hard work by Tom Stephenson, first of all on behalf of his own Pennine Way Association and later as a member of the National Parks Commission, before his idea fully materialised.

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* Michael Marriott, The Shell Book of The Pennine Way (The Queen Anne Press Limited, 1968)

Bogtrotting in the High Peak.

The Pennine Way begins at the Derbyshire village of Edale, a largely unspoilt hamlet nestling beneath the towering rock-rimmed escarpment of Kinder Scout. It is conveniently served by a railway line connecting Manchester and Sheffield and probably attracts more fellwalkers than any other village in the Peak District. Here may be found the legendary Nag's Head Inn, with its long association with walkers and climbers, a former long-serving landlord being the equally-legendary Fred Heardman, alias "Bill The Bogtrotter". The Way commences at a log bridge spanning the rushing Grindsbrook in a deep, wooded hollow above the village, and proceeds through pleasant meadows and woodlands. A rough track then follows the brawling, rock-strewn course of Grindsbrook to its source on Kinder Scout (2,088 feet), a wilderness of peat, heather, crowberry, bilberry and snow-like cotton grass, where dwell the grouse, curlew and meadow-pipit. The edges of the plateau are crowned with gritstone outcrops in weirdly picturesque formations, while its undulating surface is criss-crossed by a maze of deep, crooked channels known as "groughs", caused by the action of water on the peat.

Striking northwesterly across the moor, the Way presently reaches the sandy bed of the Kinder River, a mere trickle in summertime, and this is followed to the Downfall, where in rainy seasons the river plunges over the rugged escarpment to form a splendid waterfall. The cliff provides good rock climbing and scrambling, and when frozen during winter, offers the awesome spectacle of a petrified waterfall. A short distance beyond this point, the Way descends from the Kinder plateau to make for the summit of the Snake Pass (1,680 feet) by way of Mill Hill and Featherbed Moss, the latter area being very boggy indeed. Ahead now lies the desolate expanse of Bleaklow Moor (2,060 feet), notorious for its deep, treacherous peat groughs. Early in 1964, three scouts perished here in a blizzard after retiring from the annual Four Inns Walk. The Way follows the course of Devil's Dike and is then marked for a considerable distance by widely-spaced boundary posts. These may prove hard to find in mist, however, and the crossing of the moor calls for accuracy with map and compass. In clear weather, the television mast on Holme Moss farther north provides a reliable guide. From Bleaklow Head, the Way runs north-westerly to Torside Clough and follows this stream down into Longdendale, where Crowden Youth Hostel provides meals and accommodation.

Above Crowden, the Way rises over rough moorland to the wild peaty summit of Black Hill (1,908 feet), passing en route the gritstone cliffs of Laddow Rocks, where rock climbers may be seen in action, and following thereafter the course of Crowden Great Brook. This is the present official route, but an alternative one farther east runs high above Crowden Little Brook, via Hey Moss, Westend Moss, Tooleyshaw Moss and Soldier's Lump. On fine days, Black Hill offers extensive views northward to the central Pennines along the Lancashire-Yorkshire border, including Blackstone Edge, Stoodley Pike, Winter Hill and the Rossendale Fells, with the misty outline of Old Pendle looming in the distance beyond Cliviger Gorge. The Way now descends across Wessenden Head Moor, with its infuriating network of stream beds feeding Holme Clough, and presently emerges onto the moorland road linking Saddleworth and Holmfirth. It then continues northwesterly across the vast solitudes of White Moss and Black Moss to Round Hill and the busy A 62 trunk road crossing Standedge from Oldham to Huddersfield. An alternative way from Black Hill to Standedge runs farther east by the Wessenden Reservoirs and rejoins the former route at Black Moss Reservoir.

Heather Tracks and Field Paths

Upon reaching Standedge, the walker has covered what is probably the roughest ground of the whole route, and the going is now easier as he follows the main Pennine watershed above the industrial areas of Lancashire and Yorkshire on either side. There are striking gritstone outcrops along Millstone Edge (1,450 feet) and Blackstone Edge (1,553 feet), beyond which point a good firm track leads straight ahead alongside the lonesome blue waters of three moorland reservoirs. From the northernmost one, which is Warland Reservoir, a cairned heather track veers northeasterly along the edge of the moors to the Stoodley Pike monument This 120-feet-high tower was originally built in 1815 to commemorate the Battle of Waterloo but has since collapsed and been rebuilt on two occasions.

There is now a gradual descent by farm lanes into the deep, narrow gorge of Calderdale, near Hebden Bridge. Although partly-industrialized, the valley is well-wooded and quite picturesque. Immediately, the Way begins to climb steeply to the moors again and crosses the rippling stream of Colden Water by a quaint old packhorse bridge. Above the moorland village of Colden, a cairned path leads over the heathered wilderness of Heptonstall Moor (1,284 feet) to the Lower Gorple Reservoir, and the Hebden Bridge-to-Colne road is crossed near the lonely Pack Horse Inn. Not far away are Widdop Rocks,

an impressive line of gritstone crags along the moorland scarp, well-known to northern climbers.

The Way here enters the bleak and desolate "Brontë Country", passing between the Walshaw Dean Reservoirs and rising over the moorland crest to the farmhouse ruins at Top Withins, the supposed site of Emily Brontë's Wuthering Heights. Brontë enthusiasts may here care to make a detour eastwards to the Brontë Parsonage and adjacent points of interest, including the forlorn hill village of Haworth. The Pennine Way slants down into Pondenvale, then strikes northward across Keighley Moor (1,455 feet) to Cowling village, with the sweeping blue contours of Boulsworth Hill and Pendle dominating the scenery to the west. Apart from brief stretches of moorland above Lothersdale and Gargrave, the Way now consists mainly of field paths until the head of Malhamdale is reached. Such areas can prove tedious if encountered late in the day, after descending from the moors, but are quite pleasant when traversed in the morning. The route up Malhamdale closely follows the banks of the infant Aire, offering some pastoral river scenery together with enchanting prospects of the Craven Highlands ahead.

Limestone Country

Walkers passing through Malham for the first time should make a point of visiting Gordale Scar, to the east of the village. It is a magnificent limestone gorge with precipitous craggy walls some 400 feet high, and Gordale Beck plunging down the centre in two fine waterfalls. South of Gordale Bridge, visitors may enjoy the quiet charm of Janet's Foss, a comparatively modest fall. The Way continues north from Malham village to the 240 feet high cliffs of Malham Cove. This vast limestone amphitheatre carved out of the fellside provides the finest rock climbing on Yorkshire limestone. Like its close neighbour, Gordale Scar, the Cove is one of the most impressive natural features of the whole Pennine range and both form part of a geological structure known as the Mid-Craven Fault.

Having ascended to the left of the Cove, the Way crosses the rugged pavement of limestone clints to reach the Dry Valley, then goes northward by Malham Lings and Prior Rakes to Malham Tarn, a smooth sheet of gleaming blue water. This is the official route, but a better way is to follow the Dry Valley, with its craggy canyon-like walls, for there is a fine rock scramble near its head, above which the main route can be rejoined. Malham Tarn Estate is a nature reserve and bird sanctuary. The Tarn is about half-a-mile wide and is the highest natural lake in the Pennines at 1,229 feet above sea level. (Some of the man-made reservoirs farther south are at a higher altitude.) The Way skirts the eastern edge of the lake, then penetrates the woods to the north, wherein lies Malham Tarn House, a Field Centre of the Council for Field Studies. It then crosses some rolling pastureland to emerge onto the moorland road from Malham to Arncliffe.

Above Tennant Gill Farm, a narrow cairned path begins the long diagonal climb to Fountains Fell (2,191 feet), so named because in monastic times the land was the property of Fountains Abbey. There is a tarn on Fountains Fell, but like those on other Pennine fells such as Whernside and Widdale, it is merely a small plain sheet of water and in no way comparable to Malham Tarn. The path descends the northwestern scarp to the Silverdale Road from Stainforth to Halton Gill, with mighty Pen-y-ghent "The Hill of the Winds" (2,273 feet), looming impressively beyond. Its bold shape often likened to that of a slumbering lion, Pen-y-ghent is one of the famed Three Peaks of North Craven, the trinity being completed by Whernside (2,419 feet) and Ingleborough (2,373 feet), farther west across North Ribblesdale. The gruelling Three Peaks Fell Race is held annually each April, starting and finishing at the Hill Inn, between Ingleton and Ribblehead.

From Dale Head Farm, a track rises gradually to the face of the mountain and there follows a steep rock scramble to the summit, an excellent vantage point in good weather, with views extending from Pendle in East Lancashire to Helvellyn in the Lake District. A broad track leads down to Horton-in-Ribblesdale, with Ingleborough's majestic peak crowning the wild limestone uplands beyond. This is all potholing country hereabouts and the Way passes close to three holes on the flanks of Pen-y-ghent; Churn Milk Hole on the Silverdale side and Hull Pot and Hunt Pot near Horton Scar Lane in Ribblesdale. The Way turns north once more from Horton village by a series of "green roads" winding over the fells, these being the packhorse routes of earlier times. Beyond Old Ing Farm, the track crosses the deep wooded ravine of Ling Gill, down which rush the cascading waters of Cam Beck, a tributary of the Ribble. At Cam End, the route links up with the Roman Road from Ingleton to Bainbridge for two and one-half miles, leaving it near Grove Head to traverse the western side of Dodd Fell.

Beyond Ten End, the track begins to dip gradually towards the market town of Hawes in Wensleydale, whence it continues northwesterly for one mile to the village of Hardrow, where the visitor can pay a small fee at the Green Dragon Inn to view the 100 feet-high waterfall, Hardrow Force. A green road ascends from the village to the southern flank of Great Shunner Fell (2,340') whence a clearly-defined path rises at an easy gradient to the wild and lonely summit. Looking north from here on a clear day, you can see the tiny white speck of Tan Hill Inn on the moors above Swaledale, with Cross Fell and the Teesdale hills looming in the distance beyond the high plains of Stainmore Forest.

The path descends from the trig point to the village of Thwaite, where the Kearton Guest House honours the name of its native sons, Cherry and Richard Kearton, the world famous naturalists. There follows a fellside traverse of Kisdon Hill (1.636 feet) high above the River Swale to Keld, another typical greystone Yorkshire Dales hamlet, where the cascading waters of Kisdon Force are pleasant to behold. Above Keld, a track leads along the western flank of East Stonesdale Moor to the isolated Tan Hill Inn, England's highest public house at 1,732 feet above sea level. The course of Frumming Beck is then followed northeasterly over Sleightholme Moor to near Sleightholme Farm, whence the route crosses Wytham Moor to God's Bridge, a natural limestone bridge spanning the River Greta. A short distance beyond lies the busy "Bowes Loop" highway, but the wild solitude of the moors is soon regained as the Way strikes north by northwest across the low, undulating hills of Bowes Moor, Cotherstone Moor and Mickleton Moor, passing the Lunesdale and Baldersdale reservoirs en route, before finally turning northeasterly over Harter Fell (1,577 feet) to Middleton-in-Teesdale.

Riverside Paths and Mountain Trails

Now begins one of the most rewarding stretches of the Pennine Way. From Middleton, the Yorkshire bank of the River Tees is followed as far as Cronkley Bridge. The route passes through pleasant farm pastures at first but follows the river more closely beyond Winch Bridge, and the walker here gets his first close-up glimpses of the Whin Sill, for the river bed is strewn with rocks and boulders of this type. One picturesque outcrop forms the modest but pleasing cascades of Low Force, but there is much better to come. The river grows increasingly more rugged and beautiful as the dark, rippling waters come rushing through a narrow gorge. And suddenly you come upon the tremendous High Force waterfall, where the brawling river comes plunging over a sheer jagged precipice. Thick brush obstructs the view as you approach, so that its mighty roar is heard before the awesome spectacle is actually witnessed.

At Cronkley, the Way crosses the Tees into Durham. There is a short, rather dull stretch at first, then the scenery becomes once more impressive beyond the forlorn empty buildings of Widdybank Farm. Here the shallow Tees comes meandering between the wild slopes of Cronkley Fell to the south and Widdybank Fell to the north. The walker soon finds himself picking his way over slippery wet boulders below the dark craggy wall of Falcon Clints. Then, turning a corner at the confluence of Maize Beck and the Tees, he is suddenly confronted by the foaming Cauldron Snout Waterfall, whose sheer rugged beauty equals that of High Force. Here in this wild, lonesome corner where the waters meet lies the boundary between Yorkshire, Durham and Westmorland, and southwesterly beyond Maize Beck looms Mickle Fell (2,591 feet), the highest peak in Yorkshire.

An easy scramble up the dark rock staircase leads to the top of the fall, where the eye instantly recoils from the discordant prospect of the Cow Green reservoir site. This is soon left behind, however, for the bridge crossing the Tees leads to a cart track winding deep into the Westmorland fells. The Way passes through the farmyard at lonely Birkdale and continues as a cairned path along the slopes of Dufton Fell, presently descending to ford Maize Beck. A bridge farther upstream can be used when the beck is running high, but the ford is most convenient when negotiable. The cairned path now rises gradually above the southern bank and leads to the brink of what is perhaps the most impressive feature of the whole Pennine range.

High Cup Nick is a vast precipitous chasm carved out of the western Pennine escarpment, with formidable towering crags and steep scree slopes, and the slender ribbon of High Cup Gill threading its way along the valley floor far below. A path traverses the northern rim and presently begins the long descent to the remote village of Dufton, affording en route panoramic views of the Lakeland mountains westward across the Eden Valley and of flat-topped Ingleborough and the Bowland fells to the south. From Dufton, the Way immediately scales the heights again, rising northeasterly to Knock Fell (2,604 feet), then veering northwesterly to the radar station on Great Dun Fell (2,780 feet), this bearing being maintained over Little Dun Fell (2,761 feet) to the col before Cross Fell (2,930 feet). Here lies the source of the River Tees and here, too, the Way passes into Cumberland. A short climb up the rockstrewn fellside brings the walker to the wide, level summit of Cross Fell, the highest mountain in the Pennines. To the northeast of this lonely windswept peak, the Way joins an old burial track crossing the moors from Kirkland-in- Eden via Longman Hill (2,160 feet) and Pikeman Hill (2,022 feet) to Garrigill-on-Tyne, whence the river leads the way northward to Alston.

Hadrian's Wall - and The Ballad Country

Beyond this old market town, which is the highest in England at around the 1,000 feet contour, the Pennine Way enters Northumberland, where there is much to interest the student of Roman Times in Britain. The route follows a long stretch of the Maiden Way, a Roman Road which connected Kirkby Thore in the Eden Valley with Carvoran at Hadrian's Wall near Greenhead, where it joined another road leading from Corbridge to Carlisle. The Wall itself is followed for a distance of nine miles, including the Nine Nicks of Thirlwall, of which only seven are now left, due to quarrying of the Whin Sill. The Wall rises and falls sharply as it takes the small craggy hills in its stride, attaining 1,230 feet at its highest point on Winshields Crag. The remains of the forts at Carvoran and Aesica are disappointing, but the student will be absorbed by Housesteads, which is the best-preserved of all the seventeen forts along the Wall. He will also find the various Milecastles of interest, these having been erected to house the Roman sentries.

At Rapishow Gap, the Way leaves the Wall to turn northward to the Land of Ballad and Legend, where little imagination is required to picture the

stirring times of the Border Wars, when mosstroopers raided and killed each other and drove off sheep and cattle. Much of this country between the Wall and the Cheviot Hills has received the attention of the Forestry Commission during the past fifty years and large areas of once-bare rolling moorland are now covered by dark, silent forests, mainly of spruce. After two hundred miles of open fell and moorland, the routes along the firebreaks dividing the sunless depths of these plantations make a pleasant change, and here may be seen the roe deer, red squirrel and, if you are lucky, the rare pine marten.

The Pennine Way passes between the lonely wilderness lakes of Greenlee Lough and Broomlee Lough and enters Wark Forest, presently emerging to cross the Warks Burn near Horneystead Farm, whence a series of field paths and farm roads leads to the low stretch of heathered moorland called Ealingham Rigg (789 feet). Below, across the North Tyne lies the old market town of Bellingham, with its famous legend of "The Long Pack". The route then meanders north by northwest over the fells, paralleling the course of the Hareshaw Burn and proceeding by Lough Shaw, Deer Play and Lord's Shaw on Troughend Common to the large cairn on Padon Hill (1,240 feet), shortly afterwards re-entering the forest. This is now Redesdale Forest and the clear stony track rises and falls with the contours of the fells, affording enchanting vistas of the wild Cheviots ahead. All this country between Bellingham and Byrness-in-Redesdale is steeped in local legend and is the setting of the ballad, "The Death of Parcy Reed" or "Parcy o'Troughend", of which there are at least three versions. Parcy Reed of Troughend Tower held the office of Keeper of the Rede and was slain by his enemies, the Crosiers (or Crosars(of Liddesdale, near the Batinghope Burn, which joins the Rede northwest of Byrness, near Carter Bar. Farther downdale to the southeast lies the site of a famous battle which is commemorated in two other well-known ballads, "Chevy Chase" and "The Battle of Otterburn". The former gives its name to the annual fell race from Wooler.

The Border Fence

The final twenty-seven miles of the Way traverse the bold, sweeping contours of the Cheviot Hills, climbing steeply through the forest above Byrness to emerge onto Byrness Hill (1,358 feet), whence it continues north along the ridge by Windy Crag, Ravens Knowe and Ogre Hill. It then descends to the Border Fence in the lonely hollow where rise the headwaters of the River Coquet and proceeds northeasterly to the Roman Camps at Chew Green. From here it continues north along Dere Street, Agricola's road from York to Scotland, but soon veers northeasterly at Black Halls to rejoin the Border Fence at Lamb Hill, a rounded grassy summit marked by a triangulation pillar at 1,677 feet. The route hereafter follows the wandering course of the Border Fence over the hills, keeping to the main ridge so that little height is lost. The Fence zig-zags northeasterly by Beefstand Hill (1,842 feet), Windy Gyle (2,036 feet) and King's Seat (1,743 feet) to Cairn Hill (2,545 ft) whence a northeasterly detour of one mile is usually made to the summit of Cheviot at 2,676 feet.

On rejoining the Fence, it is then followed northwesterly to Auchope Cairn (2,382 feet), whence it descends to the col preceding the final peak of the route, The Schil (1,985 feet). The Border Fence is at last forsaken as it begins to rise towards Black Hag (1,801 feet), for the Pennine Way now veers northwesterly along the fellside and presently descends to the Halterburn valley and so to Kirk Yetholm. The traverse of the Cheviots is undoubtedly the dryest part of the whole route, for no water is available along the high ridges beyond Chew Green. The free pint of beer awaiting the walker at the Border Hotel in Kirk Yetholm is therefore more than welcome and for this we are indebted to Mr Alfred Wainwright, author of the classic Pennine Way Companion (Westmorland Gazette, 1968) and other fellwalking guides,

for it is he who foots the bill.

And so the walker has finally reached this quiet Roxburghshire village at the foot of the hills. Yet he will probably find his sense of achievement tempered by a certain sadness in the knowledge that it now all over. He will probably console himself, however, with the thought that he will one day return along this rugged upland route over the "Backbone of England". For those who have trodden the Pennine Way fall inevitably under its spell and cannot for long resist the challenge of its wild, mysterious call.

A WOMAN'S WAY

by HILARY CLARK (LDWA 27)

How long would it take to walk the Pennine Way? Officially it is 250 miles, and if one walked fifty miles a day it would take five days; or, at 30 miles a day, eight and a bit days. I could spare a week and two weekends, and had hopes of completing the walk, carrying a minimum of equipment, and walking long hours each day. So the journey home from a week in Skye was via Kirk Yetholm, but I admit that I was a little reluctant to be left there to walk nearly all the way home.

The Pennine Way comprises several distinct sections. There are the Cheviots, Hadrian's Wall, the valleys of the Tyne, Tees and Aire, the big high fells - Cross Fell, Great Shunner Fell and Fountains Fell - Penyghent and the limestone country north of Malham, the Brontë country with its reservoirs, the Yorkshire and Derbyshire moors, and last but not least the extraordinary plateau of Kinder Scout.

Indeed the route includes some strange places, such as Caldron Snout, a big waterfall on the Tees, where one scrambles down the path above deep turbulent pools; High Cup Nick, a deep valley which is dramatic to walk above at seven o'clock on a misty morning; the huge monument on Stoodley Pike; the peat groughs on Kinder and Bleaklow, clefts perhaps ten feet deep in peat; Malham Cove, a famous limestone amphitheatre; and Great Dunn Fell, 2780 feet high and covered with radar masts and served by a tarmac road.

In the first half day I reached Lambs Hill on the Cheviot after 18 miles. The most satisfying way to do a long walk is to sleep out, with polythene bag and a small solid fuel stove. I could sleep where I fancied, or where daylight faded, and I had only to find a flat, fairly dry place, a space for the stove where it would not set the heather alight, and preferably water nearby - the water was usually a pious hope.

I talked with a number of people on the Way, but there were many people I passed whom I did not see, those in the tents that I came upon unexpectedly on remote grassy patches, in the evenings or early mornings. In places near roads there were tourists out for the day, but all along the route I met the real Pennine Way walkers. They were identified by the little blue book that we all carried. Wainwright's Pennine Way Companion was essential. So many sections are through farmland, where an intricate plan of the walls and stiles is needed to keep to the right of way. The book is a masterpiece; every detail is indicated on Wainwright's beautifully drawn maps, and the pages are filled with his personal comments, all in his handwriting - no printing in his guides.

The weather was hot on the second and third days I walked 31 miles and 26 miles, sleeping on the banks of streams in farmed country. The fourth day, very footsore, I reached Alston in the Tyne valley by mid-morning. Then it rained on Cross Fell and being on a real mountain probably helped me to recover. By bedtime that night I was safely installed in a barn at Dufton, on the other side of the fell and 24 miles since breakfast.

The next day started well, but I completed only thirty miles in sixteen hours. The Tees valley is wild at the top, but enervating and tedious below Langdon Beck. It looked as if a storm was brewing as I crossed the last moor that night; my feet were sore; there were 120 miles still to go, and I was sure that I could not manage thirty miles each day for four days more. When I lay down at dusk I wrote in my diary "will give up". I had lost heart.

So the first 130 miles took four and a half days. What next? I thought that if I started fresh - not after a climbing holiday - four days would be enough to walk the other 120 miles.

Two months later I had a lift north and left Pasture End on the A66 very early on a Thursday morning. Three long days - and a hundred miles - took me to peat hags and benightment on Featherbed Moss just off the A635. The previous nights had been spent on Penyghent, where I awoke in thick mist; and on the moors south of Cowling. It had been an interesting three days. I went round a little hill on a limestone shelf between Keld and Thwaite, over Great Shunner Fell - it is great in bulk, Wainwright says twenty square miles - along the grassy drove roads from Hawes to Penyghent, over moor and by dale to the Calder valley near Hebden Bridge. As I tramped the gravel roads by the Warland Reservoir and the moors near the M62 I was getting footsore again. It was unfortunate that I had to stop early that night, because I had lost the path in the peat hags; I had planned to walk part of the night under a full moon. It took until late afternoon on the fourth day to cross Black Hill, Bleaklow and Kinder Scout to Edale. Goodness knows how long this would have taken in mist. Indeed, only three real mountains, Fountains Fell, Cross Fell and Penyghent presented any lack of visibility on the whole route. Although it was too hot for both parts of the walk, the weather was so good that I missed the real problems and rigours of the Pennine Way. Only twice did I sink into bog above the boots, there was no rain, no gales, and the nights were warm.

How long did it take to walk the Pennine Way? Eight and a bit days doing it in two sections. The sore feet would decide how much longer it would take if it were done 'in one fell swoop'.

CHARACTER BUILDING

by ADRIAN KAY (LDWA 529) and KIT DUFFY

For seven and a half new pence anybody can find out what the Pennine Way is and where it goes. In this article we shall attempt to explain what, for us, made the 270 miles worth doing, the people we met and the pubs we visited!

Sitting outside The Nag's Head in Edale, talking to four army blokes, we were informed that 75% of people starting give up after one look at Kinder Plateau. These comments further increased the apprehension we had about the fortnight which lay ahead of us, but 8 a.m. next morning (Sunday, 18th August) saw us struggling off towards Crowden. At the end of the day we knew we were not amongst the 75%, but we had met those people who were. Leaving Crowden we walked for a time with a gent who had just finished Offa's Dyke,

168 miles in 8 days, who told us that we were the only walkers who had ever made him sweat to keep up (he finished the Way in 12 days, we took 14 - there must be a moral somewhere!). We missed our lunch as the transport cafe on the A62 had closed down but we made up for it that evening with a couple of pints, a good whisky, four Mars bars, and steak and chips.

Another day's walking and we arrived at the Withens, the reputed site of Emily Brontë's "Wuthering Heights". Here we met "father and son" - an intrepid team, also on the Way - who had spent the night before having radox baths at a three star hotel in Littleborough. On leaving next morning we noticed they looked tired and were told, in no uncertain terms, that we might have had a good night's sleep but they had been kept awake by the gentle murmuring of an innocent little burn. A pleasant morning's walk and a second breakfast at Ponden Hall brought us to Lothersdale and several pints in the local inn, presided over by a landlord whose enormous gut was to be seen sitting on the bar while the landlord himself was standing several feet behind it. The walk to East Marton where we were to spend the night was somewhat blurred. The Cross Keys public house was very nice; we fell over the stile and narrowly missed a repeat performance at the canal whilst trying to find the tent. It rained heavily that night ..... "should I shut the door?" ....."Yesh" ....."wot a good idea - where is it?"

Fortunately for our heads we only had ten miles to Malham the next day. We got to Malham in time to get wet once again from the inside and then spent the afternoon drying ourselves and our sleeping bags on the village green. So far we had been deliberately taking it easy, averaging on 15 miles a day, but now the real work was to start. Later than sunny afternoon one of Kit's blisters turned unsociably sceptic and his foot increased in size - dramatically. An unhelpful doctor advised us to go to Skipton Hospital. We left Malham on the first bus arriving at the hospital at 8.30 a.m. Kit oozed charm and a doctor was summoned - it was "an emergency". Luckily he was considerably more helpful than the doctor in Malham. Understanding our need to press on, he advised Kit to give up but admitted he thought he was wasting his breath. A rapid run around the chemists of Skipton by Adrian to collect the necessary mobile hospital, and we were on the bus for Malham at 9.30 a.m. We reached Widow Gate that night, 24 miles on, having crossed three peaks over 2,000 feet, peered down Hunt Pot and signed the official book in the cafe at Horton-in-Ribblesdale.

We camped between two dry stone walls seeking shelter from the wind at 1,800 feet. We were woken at 6 a.m. by the sound of guy chomping cows indignant at their route being blocked. We set off earlier than intended, reaching Hardrow by lunch time. Here we saw Hardrow Force (highest free falling waterfall in England). The sight of all that liquid led us once again to the local Ale House, (the Green Dragon). On top of Great Shunner Fell we met "Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee", two characters escaped from the nineteenth century, doing the Pennine Way with cine-cameras and tape recorder - making a film of their experience for Mummy. When one fell down and got slightly muddy the only utterance was "Oh Blow! and on my watch too". We could not restrain ourselves and headed downhill fast. We met them once again at Keld Youth Hostel, and yes they had dressed for dinner - suits and patent leather shoes!! - incredible.

The next day we walked with a bloke called Steve. We arrived at the Tan Hill Inn to find it SHUT - (well, it was 10 a.m. on Sunday). Steve's father drove up, shocked to find his son contemplating imbibing alcohol with "two scruffs" - US! Steve was at once despatched on a four mile route march to Sleightholme, knowing that if he did not arrive within the hour his soup was going to be allowed to get cold. We plodded on and got a cup of tea when we arrived at Sleightholme - consolation prize or conciliatory gesture? That evening as we pitched by a ruin near Middleton, feeling satisfied at having passed the half way point, we saw "father and son" plod by, no doubt looking for the nearest three star hotel in Middleton - all right for some!

In Middleton we carried out running repairs on Adrian's boots which had started to fall to pieces. It was a long hot day. Kit drank far too much cold water, for which he was to pay dearly later. A pint at Dufton and then on to a "three star" barn at Howsteads Farm. Kit was up all night with the loo roll having caught a stomach chill, as a result he was very weak in the morning. When he reached the top of Cross Fell next morning he looked much closer to heaven than he really was, and the inspiring view was wasted on the perspiring Kit! On the way down we had the first encounter of the day; over the hill came a character with socks to just below the knee and shorts ("only 15p a pair") to just above and between the two very, very knobbly knees. The Bash Street Kid had arrived. Standing six feet high and nine inches across the shoulders, he announced that he was in a hurry to cash a cheque in Garrigill, six miles away. The time was 3 p.m.! The second encounter was with a large party of French grouse shooters who took pity on us and gave us wine and soup, which we badly needed - the soup that is.

Having camped the night on the banks of the South Tyne, the midges by now turning their noses up at us, we headed for The Roman Wall, and were glad when we left it in the evening for the Twice Brewed Hostel where we had our first real meal since leaving Edale. This served to revive our spirits, which were suitably damped down again in the bar ..... seventeen miles to Bellingham by now seemed an easy target, which we walked the next day with three girls and a bloke. We were received somewhat apprehensively at the Youth Hostel by two young female wardens who politely told us we could sleep in the cycle shed. Down to the village for ..... a drink. "Bash Street" got canned.

A pint of lager for each of the wardens excused us duties in the morning. "Bash Street", who had been ill during the night!!, amused us with his futile efforts to create sticks out of a log with a chopper, nearly adding his legs to the pile. That night we camped in the Cheviots while the others stayed to consume the local ale in Byrness. The last day to Kirk Yetholm was walked with a boy called Dave, whom we met having his breakfast in the mist on top of Windy Gyle. Kit developed another septic blister and this combined with a lack of food from which we were both suffering, made it an even more arduous day.

We claimed our pint on Wainwright along with Steve, "Bash Street" and several other walkers whom we had walked with during the last four or five days. Cameras clicked, beer flowed and spirits were very high. The next morning Adrian's father arrived to take us back - a fortnight's walking undone in just six hours!

THE EPILOGUE

The things that helped us through, apart from fair weather and the thought of a free pint were the types we met on the Way: "Bash Street", "Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee", and the bloke we met on the last stretch walking north to south carrying an eighty pound pack, and many others provided us with welcome amusement. No disrespect is intended to any of these brave journiers who, no doubt, have as amusing, if not more so, memories of us as we have of them. To walk an average of twenty miles a day for a fortnight is not a difficult task, physically, for a fit walker; the main problem is the will to carry on. If people and events can be viewed in as light a vein as possible it helps tremendously!!!

P.S. Any similarity to persons and events is no mere coincidence.

RECORD TRY BY 16 YEAR OLDS

After approximately six months of careful planning and training walks on local pathways (including Wolds Way, Lyke Wake Walk), Alex Hammell, Nicholas Donald, Colin Hill (Youth Club Leader - over 16) and myself had arrived in high spirits, armed with heavy packs and Wainwright, at Grindsbrook Booth on Friday, the 13th July (unlucky for some?!). Leaving transport, we were on our own for three days. After 10 minutes of walking, it started to rain. We decided to change into shorts to keep our long trousers dry. This accomplished, we set off again, climbing the steep boulder scramble at the end of the valley in rain which started to soak everything.

Kinder was crossed on a compass bearing in pouring rain with visibility down to about 10 yards. We hit the Downfall 'spot on' on the main route and started to feel the strenuousness of the walk with the packs on, crossing Mill Hill towards the snake road. Making camp in haste about 400 yards off the road to the north, whilst another storm was brewing; having had our meal collapsing into our tents and going to bed in a high wind and driving rain.

It was here that we realised the absolute necessity for polythene bags, the rain literally seemed to get everywhere, and our packsacs were not entirely waterproof, they did a great job but some gear still got damp.

Saturday dawned and we were away by 8.30 a.m. We found the Wain Stones and did a short accidental navigational blunder in the cold driving rain. Back on route, we came to Torside, crossing the reservoirs and 'phoning home told the support party that we were O K. and that we were about 25 miles behind schedule due to the abnormal weather (Sheffield cut off and 6" of rain? "abnormal weather"!) and the fatigueing nature of the packs. Passing Laddow we camped about 800 yards further upstream on a fairly well used camp site. When the tents were up, meal half eaten and damp clothes attemp ting to dry in the breeze, we saw the sun for five minutes. As if by magic, the map dried on a line from its pulpy state into a map of sorts, and most of the wet gear dried. We went to sleep again, regrettably, in pouring rain.

Next morning, Sunday, we set off to get to Standedge to meet support at 3.0 p.m. Black Hill, really black and really dangerous (we won't go back there in a hurry) As we circumnavigated the triangulation station trying to reach it, it was eventually found and the remainder of the time on the way was spent trying to dodge the main bogs and trying to keep warm in soggy wet socks which stank of peat bogs, and damp clothes under a very leaky new "Peter Storm" cagoule.

We arrived at our meeting point - "Peter's Cafe" - note now a burnt out shack and CLOSED (so don't savour Wainwright's luxury meals). Arriving here an hour and a half before 3 o'clock, we found the pub. down the road. We changed in the doorway into nearly dry clothes and had a greatful bowl of hot soup and a couple of glasses. We here contemplated giving up and going home but one of the customers told us to stick at it and go on.

Our support party arrived at 3.0 p.m., after we had stood in the porch way for a n hour after closing time, and four soggy, wet half unpacked rucksacs and four slightly drier wet walkers, retreated with the support group to a bungalow for two days, until the weather abated. During the next two days we rested, dried gear and prepared for a birthday party of our leader.

Leaving Standedge, minus the packs, on the 18th July, we made good time supported, in fine weather, from Standedge to Ickornshaw with only the problem of higher level mist, but no rain to speak of. July 19th saw us to Malham where it started to rain at Airton making us fairly damp on arrival at Malham. On the 20th July we left camping kit at Horton, returned to Malham, said goodbye to support because the minibus had to return home. It started to rain on Fountains Fell and continued until we had got to bed. Nicholas'

Dad had come out that night and carried our kit to Keld where we camped the next evening, 21st July, and put up with another evening of rain. Shunner Fell was climbed in total mist, it was almost impossible to see 10 yards the visibility was that bad.

The next day, we passed the Tan Hill Inn (shut, of course!) and reached half way in approximately 60 hours (of total walking time). This was cheering news when we met our large support group at Middleton-in-Teesdale, when we had the luxury of our first dry camping night. No rain had fallen at all that day but, as Wainwright aptly describes Sleightholme Moor as oxtail soup at the best times, we must have caught the cook watering the soup down.

Dufton was our next campsite and the long 22 miles taken to reach it must be the best of the whole Way for scenic value alone. First the River Tees - unpolluted, then Cauldron Snout, then extreme isolation; Birkdale, then a fantastic glaciated valley which really needs some time to appreciate.

Alston was the next port of call and it was only on the first three miles of this section that we think, in due respect to A.W., that he has made a small mistake, leaving out approximately 300-400 yards of his route. We met two other walkers who thought the same. We eventually arrived at the town which looks very dead even at 9.0 a m. on Wednesday morning when we set off to make for the Roman Wall.

This section grew in features all the way; Thirlwall with its castle, then meeting the site of the wall, then walking beside it to Once Brewed Y.H.A. where a good cook and her assistants cooked up a meal of fish and chips.

A good nights sleep and then onwards to the Forestry Commission's largest tinder box - Wark Forest. Mile upon mile, hour by hour, time was spent trudging through conifers on hot dusty trails. We hadn't seen rain since Keld, in any great quantity at least. Bellingham reached - camping by the river after having an 'easier' day. The sun scorching - sleeping bags and clothing, which had just been washed, drying quickly. Everything looked so peaceful.

Then, during dinner, the crux of the walk came up. Do we spend three days to finish, Bellingham-Byrness-Gate-Yelholm, or two days, Bellingham-Gate-Yetholm. We decided to take two days, Bellingham-Gate-Yetholm, only 26½ miles but after nearly a fortnights hard walking it seemed endless, especially in the heat! (change from rain). We finished in thick mist coming over the few high peaks - Russells Cairn and Windy Gyle in particular were very misty. Land Rover transport down (some still have the bruises) to a fantastic camp site - showers, hot and cold and a fairly level site with caravans.

Saturday dawned bright and clear. We went to the Cheviot and passed a group by the mountain refuge hut doing it the other way. Pressing on, we met the support group just before Barnhead Farm. The remaining hours walk along the road was tiring but we made it. We were jubliant, the planning had paid off and with a free pint it seemed well worth it.

The support groups never really got a mention but they are worth their weight in gold. We enjoyed some moments more than others, but enjoyed every moment of it apart from having to put up with soggy wet socks for the first three days to keep some kit dry in case of emergency. We would recommend anyone to follow Wainwright in conjunction with the 1" maps but not on the overlap of Pages 59 and 61, and don't take the 1" O S. maps too literally, as new reservoirs, forests, etc. are not marked. Overall it took up 16 days, split up into 14 walking days - total walking time 105 hours 35 minutes (for Wainwright's main route of 270 miles), 2 days of no walking because of weather conditions.

by CHRISTOPHER WARD (LDWA 539)

CORRESPONDENCE

4th December, 1973.

Dear Editor,

I have just read the article in the 7th issue of the LDWA Newsletter concerning the "Pennine Way Age Record", where you ask if any young walker can quote a better time for the Pennine Way.

About 15 months ago, when I was 14 years old, I walked the Pennine Way from north to south in 8½ days. I did it, using mainly Youth Hostels, in late August and early September of 1972. As far south as Hawes I was walking with my father who then could not finish it because of foot trouble and shortage of time. I do not know my actual walking time, but I think I averaged about nine or ten hours a day. The stages in the walk are as follows:-

Day 1 10.0 a.m. (Dep.) Kirk Yetholm - Byrness (Y.H.)
" 2 Byrness - Once Brewed (Y.H.)
" 3 Once Brewed - Alston (B & B.)
" 4 Alston - Langdon Beck (Y.H.)
" 5 Langdon Beck - Hawes (Y.H.)
" 6 Hawes - Malham (Y H.)
" 7 Malham - Mankinholes (Y.H.)
" 8 Mankinholes - Crowden (Y H.)
" 9 Crowden - Edale, arrived 1.0 p.m.

The longest day was from Langdon Beck - Hawes (43 miles) and the shortest from Once Brewed to Alston (25 miles).

Yours faithfully,

PAUL FITTER (LDWA 277)

10th December, 1973.

Dear Sir,

I have read the latest Newsletter (No. 7) which I found very interesting. On page 28 there was an article on the "Pennine Way Age Record".

In the year of 1970 in the month of August, myself (17) and two other friends aged 17 and 16 respectively did the Pennine Way in true style from south to north by the hardest method (camping).

We did it in 14 days in all with one of the days as a rest day at Malham for a geographical survey.

Actual time walked was 101 hours for a distance of 275 miles as, on the last day we had to abandon the Cheviot due to bad weather and so add five miles for a bad weather route. We each carried an average throughout the walk of 35-40 lbs in equipment and food.

Yours faithfully,

TEDDY KLIMCZAK (LDWA 592)

To the Editor.

Dear Sir,

I was interested to read that three boys aged 16 walked the Pennine Way last summer.

I also walked the Pennine Way last July, and enjoyed every minute. It was a sponsored walk for me.

We left Edale on Sunday, July 8th about 10.30 a.m. and arrived in Kirk Yetholm on July 20th 8 p.m. - 13 days.

I was 72 years 4 months then.

Yours sincerely,

MARJORIE BURTON (LDWA 389)

No Address.

Dear Alan,

Special Edition Pennine Way

Are all long distance walkers potential journalists? On visiting a farm on the Way at Lothersdale, I was offered a choice of no less than four long and well written accounts of the journey sent by the authors to the host as a complimentary gesture.

It is a pity I did not have time to read them all and I feel I should not say more or I will be proving my own point of query as another long distance walker going into print.

Yours sincerely,

J. ROBINSON (LDWA)

4th January, 1974.

Dear Sir,

I am walking the Pennine Way long distance footpath in late May and would be pleased to hear from any like minded folks. I obtained your address from a Civil Service Magazine.

Yours sincerely,

T.L. RAMSBOTTOM

BIBLIOGRAPHY

"THE PENNINE WAY"	Tom Stephenson	H.M.S.O.	£1.50p	110 pages inc. maps
"THE PENNINE WAY"	Kenneth Oldham	Dalesman Books	50p	80 pages
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"THE PENNINE WAY"	Countryside Commission	Free Leaflet		
"THE PENNINE WAY"	Ramblers Association	Leaflet		8 pages
"THE PENNINE WAY COMPANION"	A. Wainwright	Westmoreland Gazette		£1.05
"THE PEAK and PENNINES"	W.A. Poucher	Constable		390 pages
"PENNINE WAY GUIDE"	Christopher Wright (LDWA 500)	Constable	£1.25 approx.	

RUNNING ALONG THE WAY.

Most people who attempt to "do" the Pennine Way will carry a rucksack and possibly a tent and they will expect to be out for anything between fourteen and thirty days. Many will take it leisurely, perhaps taking photographs and making notes each day, and finishing each stretch at comfortable accommodation. At the other end of the scale are those who see the Way as a long, tough, cross country running course. As yet there are, for obvious reasons, very few people who have set out with the intention of running the whole way - but there are a few, both individuals and teams.

For some reason most fast attempts seem to have been made from north to south. Maybe, when planning the assault, going south looks like going downhill! The route chosen is generally that suggested in Wainwright's book.

One of the first solo attempts recorded was that by Arthur Puckrin who completed the route in just over seven days when he was nineteen years old. He was unsupported, carried all his kit and slept at youth hostels.

In 1970 Clayton-le-Moors Harriers turned the Way into a relay run. The route was divided into over 60 sections and the 24 runners were paired off to run various stretches in rota. On this occasion the run began at the southern end. The supporting cast of officials and helpers were carried in two land rovers, one mini-bus, one dormobile, and no less than eight cars. As is usual with relays a baton was carried but of unconventional design: it was a stainless steel acorn on a lanyard. This hung from one of the operating runners necks so as to leave the hands free for torch, compass, stile climbing etc. The attempt to set an inaugural record began at 3.00 a.m. on Sat. 23rd May and the target was 39 hours. Things went well all the way and time was gradually knocked off the schedule so that, with a mere 2½ miles to go, it only needed 19 minutes to beat 35 hours. All 24 runners covered this section together. The official time was quoted as 34 hours, 54 mins, and 37 seconds, and the distance covered as 268½ miles.

Later, in 1970, D. Weir and E. Dance set off from the northern end to go south. They left Kirk Yetholm at 8.30 on August 4th and reached Bellingham Youth Hostel at 7.40 p.m. The next day they left at 6.10 a.m. and reached Knock Hostel at 10.25 p.m. The third day saw them leave at 8.30 and reach Keld Hostel at 8.00 P.m. On the fourth day they set off at 7.45 a.m. and reached Thornton-in-Craven at 10.30 p.m. They were then driven to Earby Hostel and returned there the next day to recommence at 6.20 a.m. It later became clear that to achieve their target of five days they would have to travel through the next night. The goal of The Nags Head at Edale was reached at 7.40 a.m. Their overall travelling time was 4 days, 23 hours and 20 minutes.

Next year saw a southern team, Ranalagh A.C. from London, tackle the relay record. Like Clayton, the Londoners started at Edale but their estimated distance seems to have dropped to 267½ miles. For this attempt the route was divided into over a hundred stages and sixteen drivers were used. The run started on May 29th and ended 33 hours, 41 mins and 15 seconds later to create a new record. It is said that the club will repeat the journey again in the year of their centenary - 1981 (I wonder how many of the original team will be there).

1971 was the year of another solo effort; this time by marathon runner Bill Bird from Surrey. Bill and another member of Ranalagh Harriers, Dave Locke, set off from Kirk Yetholm on July 19th supported by two members of Orion Harriers, a rival club. At about 140 miles Dave was forced to retire but Bill carried on alone and eventually reached Edale after 4 days, 8 hours and 6 mins to take the solo record.

More recently, Alan Heaton of Clay-le-Moors Harriers, has been reported to have surpassed this feat with a time of just over 4 days and 6 hours. Also, we understand that the well known fell runner Joss Naylor is planning an attempt on the record this year.

ALAN BLATCHFORD (LDWA 2)

Published by The Long Distance Walkers Association.
Editor: C. Steer
Ass. Editor: Alan Blatchford

PEAKS AND LANDMARKS ON THE PENNINE WAY