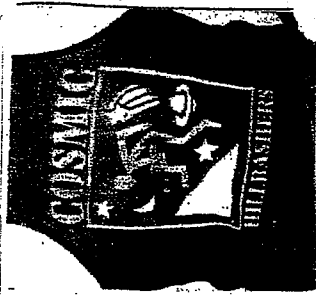


Late Summer Tuesdays

Meet at Hazlehead at 6-15pm or venue for 6-45pm approx.(depending on distance from Aberdeen). For Krunces go straight to venue (GR-NJ851055 – remember number and £1)

5 th July	KRUNCE 4	GR-NJ851055	Roo's Leap
12 th July	KERLOCH	GR -NO768924	Old Mill Inn
19 th July	FORVIE SANDS	GR-NK003270	Barbecue at Hackley Bay
26 th July	CAIRN WILLIAM	NJ683152	Grant Arms
2 nd August	KRUNCE 5	Remember your £1 and number	Roo's Leap
9 th August	DURRIS	GR-N0762916	Old Mill Inn
16 th August	SCOLTY	GR-NO691949	Barbecue?
23 rd August	MILLSTONE	GR-NJ672190	Grant Arms
30 th August	KERLOCH	GR-NO768924	Old Mill Inn
6 th Sept.	KRUNCE 6	Remember your £1 and number	
		Presentation - Roo's Leap	
13 th Sept.	NE KIRKHILL	GR-NJ845116	Bucksburn Manor
20 th Sept.	COUNTESSWELLS	from Riding Stables	Kingswells
27 th Sept.	RIVERSIDE	Run from Duthie Park	Winter Gardens CP



COSMIC BULLSHEET

The Bulletin News-Sheet
of Cosmic Hillbashers

ISSUE No 43
QUARTER 3 - 2005

Editorial

Phill Thompson

No space for a proper editorial this time, which will please Bruce B, who accuses me of writing the same thing each time! Naw, its just a re-occurring nightmare I have of running up a never ending hill that I keep writing about.

My input into all things Cosmic has been negligible in the last three months anyway, as I pursue other things. And as ever I seem to be cobbling the Bullsheet together in a rush at the last minute. (Never missed a deadline yet!) So after 8 ½ years I've decided that I really should pass on the Editorship to someone with more time and enthusiasm. I see the Bullsheet as my sole worthwhile contribution to Cosmics these days, which is fine to a certain extent but its not a good reason to be editor when someone could come in with fresh ideas. So, if WE can find a replacement the next edition will be my last.

Cheers

Phill

Clachnaben Hill race 2005.

The Clachnaben hill race was run in conditions which can only be described as dretch. Despite the weather, we had a good turn out with 76 runners. The numbers were bolstered by an impressive raid by 10 Carnegie Harriers.

After a fast start by Kyle Greig along the forest track, Brian Marshall (HELP), Esmond Tresidder (Carnethy) and Mark Rigby (Cosmics) led the men's race. The three ran together up Mount Shade and Clachnaben. Brian

and Mark pulled away during the deep heather descent of Clachnaben only to be caught again by Esmond on the second ascent of Mount Shade. On the final descent Brian Marshall once again pulled ahead to win the race in 1.21.26. Esmond gained second place during the final two miles of forest track back to the finish in 1.23.03, 19 seconds in front of Mark. Mark was also the first male veteran, 5 minutes ahead of Alan Smith (Deeside).

In the women's race, Ruth Mackenzie (Deeside) won in 1.55.00, 26 seconds ahead of Carnegie runner, Sarah Legge. The two were well-matched with Ruth stronger on the technical descents and Sarah powering up the hills and the lead switched between them a number of times. Unfortunately, a friendly Cosmic (who will remain nameless - keep the payments coming doc) led both ladies off the race route at the foot of Mount Shade. With visibility down to a few feet, running together now, it took them about 3 minutes to rediscover the route. Once back on track, Ruth resumed her lead to win the race. Another Carnegie Harrier, Fabienne Thomson, took third place, in 1.59.24. In fine fitness, training for the Transalp Mountain Bike race in July, Katy Boocock was first veteran lady in 2.01.32.

The senior veteran prizes were taken by Paul Duley (Grampian Orienteers) and Alison West (Carnegie). The men's team prize went to Carnethy and the women's team prize to Carnegie Harriers. A special congratulations should go to Liz Chellingsworth who ran the second half of the race with only one shoe - the other disintegrated on Clachnaben.

The conditions were slow, very wet underfoot - some spectacularly muddy runners crossed the finishing line, the heather was very long in places and navigation was potentially tricky in the thick mist. As a result the times were a little slower than usual, especially further down the field. However, all the hardship was forgotten as the runners tucked into an impressive selection of 'foncie pieces'. The best cake display we've ever seen at the race!

A big thank you to all the marshal's, flag setters, flag collectors, time keepers, the catering manager(!), car park attendants and other helpers (especially Ruth and Bridie), the sponsor (The Running Shop) and Fasque Estate for permission.

Shelley and Ian

RACES and Saturday runs

I've avoided organising a run over the school holidays if there is a local race and indicated known local races.

Sat. 2nd July Bannachie from Rowan Tree - Hazlehead 9-15am or 9-45am NJ691224

Sat. 9th July GREEN HILL - Hazlehead 9-15 or 9-45 NJ654132

Sat. 16th July Glamaig HR (not local but usual trip)

Sat. 23rd July KERLOCH - Duthie Park 9-15am or 9-45 NO699917

Sat. 30th July Ben Rinnes 5 Tops - Dufftown - Noon

Sat. 6th Aug. Aboyne HG Hill Race 4pm

Thur. 11th Aug. Ballater HG Hill Race - 3pm.

Sat. 13th Aug. Forest of Birse - details from Elaine.

Sat. 20th Aug. Tap O'Noth Hill Race 2pm

Sat. 27th Aug. Lonach HG Hill Race 3pm or CARN MON EARN - NO768924

Sat. 3rd Sept. Braemar HR (or Ben Nevis Hill Race)

Sat. 10th Sept. KERLOCH - Duthie Park 9-15am or 9-45 NO699917

Sat. 17th Sept. Cairn William HR - 3pm

Sat. 24th Sept. - Morven Hill Race - 1pm

Sun. 2nd Oct. Bannachie HR - 2pm.

REMEMBER * REMEMBER * REMEMBER * REMEMBER * REMEMBER

Saturday 10th Sept. - World Vets at Keswick - Five year age groups for W35+ and M40+. Open entry. *I sense a Club Trip coming on!*

Sunday 16th October - FRA Relays at Alva (Stirling) - We'll be there!

enjoyable sessions with a couple of steep climbs that tested my mettle but long stretches of good runnable path to compensate.

The Helvellyn ridge was ferociously windy and cold in places and there was some boggy, heathery slogging at the base of Great Calva but my legs kept ticking along and my humour stayed intact. The compulsion to reach every summit cairn had gone; I gave them a friendly nod from the path and moved on. There was an impromptu comedy club performance of Gary Gutteridge impressions on the Blencathra summit ridge and a nasty incident on top of Helvellyn when Peter Larkin nearly became the love slave of a gang of Geordie grandmothers. I finished the last day on a high, knowing that I'd put in a good effort and all I had left to endure was an evening's socialising followed by a strenuous morning reading the papers.

As you may have guessed, the experience that will stay with me from this trip was the end of Day One, the couple of hours when it all went wrong, when I blew up, reached the end of my rope, whatever you want to call it. Could I have pushed myself harder? At least part of the collapse was mental, a wave of self-pity and defeatism, but at the end of the day I came off the hills safe and whole and, I hope, a little wiser. I don't think I'll ever run the 'real' Bob Graham round, but I'm perversely proud that I went and had a go at even a 'fat ladies' version. It gave me a crash course in the Lakeland landscape and whetted my appetite for the hills; I'll be back to explore them now that I've realised the pain and glory that's available two hours up the road.

Cosmic Social Events – Quarter 3 Year 2005 Social Secretary's – Elaine Stewart & Peter Larkin

Social Retrospective

See articles on the sailing trip by Peter Larkin and the events of the Bob Graham by Jon Crowe.

Forthcoming Features

July: Saturday 16th July

Cosmic Jolly Weekend Away for the Glamaig Hill Race on Skye.

The Sligachan bunkhouse has been booked for 10 places for the nights of Friday 15th/Saturday 16th July. The cost is £10pppn, take your own sleeping bag, there are showers and cooking facilities.

The race starts at 3:00pm, it's 4.5 miles, 2400ft and costs £3 to enter, of which you also get a free meal and drink of your choice.

I will confirm nearer the time with those who have already requested accommodation.

Tuesday 19th July

BBQ at Hackley Bay.

Take food and drink along in a rucksack to be left at Hackley Bay while you go for a run. BBQ will be ready by the time you get back.

August

Saturday 6th August

Cycle Ride to Montrose with night out.

This is a road cycle trip leaving Aberdeen early on Saturday morning going to Montrose via the Carn a Mount. Once in Montrose a visit to some suitable accommodation followed by a meal at Roo's, then following Derek for a tour of the pubs in Montrose. We stay overnight then do the return cycle journey on the Sunday.

Saturday 27th August

Meal at the Creel Inn, Catterline.

Situated in the historic fishing village of Catterline, perched on cliffs overlooking the bay and harbour, *The Creel Inn* is set among some of North East Scotland's most beautiful coast line, yet only 25 minutes drive from Aberdeen (4 miles from Stonehaven).

We offer "Seafood specialities & much... much... more", in both restaurant and lounge, prepared to the highest standard from the freshest local produce (our lobster and crab are caught in Catterline Bay),

complemented by our friendly team and welcoming ambience, designed to guarantee you a dining experience never to be forgotten and savoured time and time again.

Vegetarians are also catered for on our specials board and starters can also be increased in size to provide alternative vegetarian main courses.

Check out www.thetreeinn.co.uk

Let me know if you want to come, as I will need to book a table well in advance.

September : Saturday 3rd Ben Nevis Hill Race

I have booked accommodation for the Saturday night in a hostel in the centre of Fort William at £12.50 pppn, for those who have already specified an interest in going, let me know if others want to be included. If you plan to do the race get your entry in soon, the closing date is 29th July, limited to 500 entries. www.bennevisrace.co.uk. The race starts from the New Town Park at 2:00pm, its 10 miles, 4400ft and costs £8 to enter.

Saturday 10th September

WMRA Masters World Open Mountain Running Championships. Keswick, Lake District.

www.mountainrunningkeswick.ork.uk, www.wmra.info

This is a veteran's hill race, for woman 35 and over, men 40 and over. There are two courses the short which is 9.5km with 476 mtr ascent, long course is 11.6km with 684 mtr ascent.

Let me know if anybody is interested in doing this race and I will arrange some accommodation.

Thursday 15th September

Night out at Carmine's for Pizza/Pasta, remember and bring your own drink. Table will be booked for 6:30, book with me asap.

Saturday 24th September

Two Breweries Hill Race - Traquair to Broughton.

Can you let me know whose interested in doing this race and I will book the Tweedsmuir Outdoor Centre for accommodation. The race starts at 12:00, its 18 miles, 4900ft entry fee is £10, closing date 17th September.

www.twobreweries.org.uk

DON'T FORGET..... TUESDAY NIGHT IS PUB NIGHT

and minutes away from their cars, bed-and-breakfast rooms, pubs. I hated them. I wished them dead. I was evil, baleful misery on two aching feet. I smiled, returned their cheerful hellos and plodded on. The path steepened, the cloud claimed us again. Inside my head a voice started up, a voice saying I'd had enough, that I couldn't do any more, that my strength was gone, that my training had been a joke, that I was a stone overweight, that I'd overpacked, that no-one had told me there wouldn't be any decent paths, that Skiddaw hadn't been like this, that I'd stopped my friends completing the route, that I'd get giardia from the stream I'd just drunk from.

Almost unnoticed, the path levelled off beneath my feet. I almost bumped into the huddle of people conferring on what to do next. The cars were at Honister slate mine, the direct line took us on a three-hundred meter climb up Green Gable and down the ridge, rejoining the BG route. I looked at the climb, another damp, misty hillside disappearing upwards into cloudy obscurity. I considered the heap of rubble that was my morale and the sagging bags of wet cardboard that were my muscles. Three hundred, three thousand, three million metres of climb; it was all the same, I didn't have it in me. Fortunately there was an escape route, following five kilometres of path down to the road at Seatoller and awaiting pickup by the hardier souls who were heading for Honister. It wasn't a difficult choice. Margaret, Keith and I took the low road, Roman, Elaine, Chris and Colin took the high. An hour later, twelve hours after we'd set off, it was over. I sat outside the Yew Tree Inn in Seatoller, clutching a cup of hot, sweet tea and feeling the beast release its jaws.

There were two more days to go; the Helvellyn ridge (minus Fairfield) and then Blencathra, Great Calva and Skiddaw. They were both solid,

ascent to the chill of the higher slopes. I lagged, found myself with Margaret (who, unlike me, had the excuse of a dodgy knee) with Colin, Chris, Keith, Peter and Elaine up ahead and Roman leading in his fluorescent yellow jacket. Stickle Tarn came quickly enough and I brought the camera out for a snap or two, but no time to waste because we needed to get up the first peak, Harrison Stickle, before trotting over to Pike of Stickle. Two hours had gone quickly; too quickly. The day's course snaked ahead of us on the maps, a snake whose tail we'd barely begun to grapple with. The group of us strung out, then bunched up for map checks. Suddenly we were scrambling up a rock-filled gully. I hadn't trained for scrambling...how could I, marooned in the flatlands of Merseyside? I climbed out at the top, flopping and gasping like a landed fish. We made a there-and-back detour to take in Bow Fell. The path faded away from under me, replaced with rocks, big, broken, lichen-spattered rocks like trolls teeth waiting to munch on my feet. Cloud started to skim the ground around us.

After Bow Fell, another climb, a rocky summit where we stopped for a minute or two to eat. I broke out my secret weapon, a Cornish pastie. Not the greatest when cold, but still savoury, filling and moist enough to cram down in big chunks. We set off again. I started to lose track of where we were on the route; no time to check my own map, other folk gave vague or contradictory answers. I started to feel like the child in the back of the car, but we weren't 'nearly there yet', not by any means. Broad crag? Ill Crag? More climbing, more-unforgiving rock. The ridge spread out into a rocky plateau, the cloud thickened and people faded away alarmingly quickly beyond thirty feet or so. Scafell Pike, or one of the unexplored moons of Saturn? A round, pill-box cairn loomed out of the cloud...yes, Scafell Pike. First time I'd encountered the highest English peak and I

can't say it was a joyful moment. We paused while some of the group talked to a female Carmethy runner they'd found propping up the cairn.

Descent, and a truly venomous stretch of rocks to cross. Hikers started popping out of the mist, some in jeans and trainers, casting incurious glances at the grim-faced gaggle hopping and lunging past them. A blocky crag of rock confronted us at the end of a sharp arête; Broad End barring our access to Scafell. We plunged off the ridge down a gully to our right, indistinct crags towered above us to the left. Briefly, amazingly, a window opened in the cloud and there was a crystal clear view down to the baize-green valley below us. Minutes later we stood at the bottom of another gully, Lords Rake, the gateway to Scafell's summit. Broken red-and-white National Trust signs littered the ground, warning of a recent rockslide and a hanging boulder at the top of the gully. While I suffered a moment's futile worry, the rest of the group were away like rats up a drainpipe. Looking up through the cloud, I could dimly make out an ominous dark shape propped across the top of the gully. Rocks and gravel skittered past me from the folk up ahead. I started to climb.

One bleak, cloud-shrouded summit later and we were descending into Wasdale, a steep rock-strewn slope that merged into a plunging grassy hillside just as tricky to negotiate. I started sliding, whooping for the fun of it until I received an unseen rock in the fundament that turned the whoop into an eye-watering yelp. The descent went on. And on. My legs were starting to wobble. More descent. Below me, Roman's jacket was a tiny yellow dot as he reached the bottom of the hill. By the time I joined him and the others by Lingmell Beck I felt battered, tired and stiff. Mentally, I realised I'd also just thrown away all the height I'd laboured to gain in the last few hours. We took a few moments to take bearings, drink and chat, then clambered over a dry-stone wall to begin the climb

up Yewbarrow, a mirror image of the slope we'd just careered down so casually.

Ten minutes later, as the others disappeared above me, I realised that I was running out of resources. My progress up the steep, steep slope was painfully slow, hindered by patches of scree, springy clumps of heather and the lack of any discernable route. I clambered, paused, shuffled, paused, tried to string together a few strong movements then had to stop as my legs burned with the effort. Below, I could see Margaret having an even worse time of it than me; we waved at each other once or twice in a despondent kind of way. By the time we'd caught up with the rest of the group, chilly and bored at the top, it was clear that we'd hit a decision point. All the peaks from Red Pike to Great Gable to Honister to do, only three or four hours of light remaining and very little prospect that Margaret or I could complete the route at all, given our waning strength. It was time for an exit strategy.

If I thought the day's efforts were over, then I was shortly to be disillusioned. First we had to lose the height we'd just gained and dip back into Wasdale. Roman led us to the top of a scree-filled gully by Stirrup Crag and then casually dived down it. The rest of us staggered and slid amidst clattering showers of gravel, soil and fist-sized rocks. Shouts of 'Below!' and 'Rock!' pealed out above and below me as I picked, hopped and skidded downwards. Every move seemed like the wrong choice. I greeted the grass at the bottom like a drowning man reaching land, shoes full of gravel, hands sore from grasping at splintered rocks. There followed a brief, calm interlude as we jogged across Wasdale Head, north of our first crossing, and found the well-trodden path up to the pass at Sty Head.

A couple of families were coming the other way down the path, smug-looking adults and perky-looking kids back from an afternoon's walking

'Totally Yewbarrowed': Cosmic Bob Graham Challenge 2005.

Jon Crowe

I should have known better. Failing that, I should have looked at the maps and counted a few contour lines. Obviously (and in good Cosmic tradition) I did neither, and blithely signed up to the 2005 Cosmic challenge of running the Bob Graham Round route over three days. I happily ignored the fact that, since moving away from Aberdeen, I'd been doing little more than casual hour-long runs once or twice a week and got black spots in front of my eyes if I walked upstairs too fast. The temptation to meet up with the old crowd and get to know the Lake District a bit better was too strong, and my common sense too weak.

First, I'd have to get some training in. With a month to go, I made sure I was running at least an hour every other day, and tried to build in some speed sessions. A week before the event, Mandy and I went up to Keswick for a week's holiday and I managed a few longer runs of three to four hours, including a trip up Skiddaw. I topped this off with the Grisedale Grind hill race (third from last!) and finally convinced myself that I was in reasonable shape to take on the challenge. I'd also convinced myself that George Bush was leading the world to a brighter tomorrow and that the nice Nigerian gentleman really was going to give me fifty thousand pounds if I emailed him my bank account details.

Friday the sixth of May. New Dungeon Ghyll. Confusion in the car park. No change for the ticket machine. Cosmics milling about, bickering and dithering. Finally we were off up the path next to a lively stream with rain and sun coming and going from minute to minute. My thermostat was badly confused - warm car to cold car park to the heat of exertion on an