

## Forthcoming fell races (contributed by Colin Duffield)

Tues 11<sup>th</sup> July Stoodley Pike Fell Race BS 3.5 miles/750 feet, 7:30pm, Top Brink, Lumbutts  
*Another Tod Harriers production, marshalls, parking operatives etc will be needed. See Rachel S.*

Sun 16<sup>th</sup> July Oldfield Fell Race CS 5.5 miles/550 feet. 11:30am, The Grouse Inn, Oldfield near Oakworth, Keighley. *Same day as Holme Moss (GP)*

Weds 19<sup>th</sup> July Widdop Fell Race BM 7 miles/1200 feet. 7:15pm, The Packhorse (Ridge) Inn, Widdop  
*Roy Hattersley was there last year. Would that make you want to do it?*

Tues 1<sup>st</sup> August. Crow Hill Race BS 5 miles/1000 feet. 7:30pm, Mytholmroyd Community Centre  
*The best 5 miles/1000 feet race from Mytholmroyd.*  
*Ted Hughes wrote 'The wind on Crow Hill was her darling.....that bit her breast'. Cheeky.*

The trustees of the Ted Hughes estate have read your contribution to the magazine known as the Torrier with interest, but wish to refer you to the recent walking guide by a Mr Andrew Bibby where he suggests that the poem by Mr Hughes entitled Crow Hill describes Crow Hill near Boulsworth Hill and not Crow Hill near Mytholmroyd. You are invited to present your sources or immediately withdraw this calumny on the reputation of one of Britain's greatest writers (and of course Mr Hughes as well).

We remain, Sir, etc

Dear Sir,

Regarding your recent correspondence.

I firmly believe that Mr Hughes was referring not only to Crow Hill, Wadsworth, but also to the actual Crow Hill Fell Race.

If you take the trouble to consult with the archive of 'Beard and Bunion' fell running magazine (now sadly defunct, as is Mr Hughes), it is plainly recorded that the third placed man (and first V40) in the race ran in 1949 was a Edward Hughes of Mytholmroyd Strict Baptist Boys AC. The first two positions were taken by a Mr A Tupper 'Tough of the Track' and a Joss Naylor (who incidentally, the local paper described as 'in form Borrowdale Shepherd').

I hope this resolves the matter.

## On being a member of The Team

The team - what a concept to conjure with. Stanley Matthews, Cyril Washbrook. Vistas of twisted metatarsals. Of course, I never got picked for the team - any team. Something to do with not knowing one end of a ball from the other. Or being ridiculed rushing across the outfield to get away from the ball - throwing it back tended to be a challenge too. And now - after all these years - me - a member of a team. And not just any team - The Team.

Right. Best get the travel arrangements sorted. So Dave put it on the egroup - Tod Station at 07 30. Not that he would to be there - he was going up to the North York Moors the afternoon before, to savour the atmosphere. Nor did I actually turn up at the station, either. Chose to drive up on my own, sure I'd rung everybody who might possibly want to travel together. But Derek read the message. And turned up. And scouted around for a while until he finally found the one other person who was travelling up. A man, however, not eligible for the team, so I won't mention his name.

The disparate travel arrangements meant we had no chance to discuss tactics on the way up. But we functioned, nonetheless. Dave in the van, sorting out an ideal route for the two of us to follow. Myself a bit behind, able to benefit from Dave's route finding skills, and hopefully making the sections easier to follow. And, a little way behind, Derek, bringing up the honour of the team, and bringing us all home safely

WE DID IT! Yes - the Tod MV50 team was in the top ten at Lordstones Wainstones. But we won't let it go to our heads.

-Peter Ehrhardt