

Long Tour of Bradwell 8 August 2015

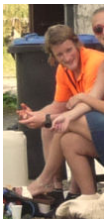


O/50 winner Martin Terry in 6:15

The morning was quickly warming up at over 16C as we set off from the playing field in Bradwell. We'd been given a simple briefing by the chief marshal and a reminder from Andy Robinson to collect your Runfurther Buff if you'd done 4 qualifying races. The field was up on last year, with 110 taking part in the Long Tour. Karen had chatted at the start that she had no hope (of a podium?) this year as Nicky, Kate and Mary were all taking part. I said in the heat you don't know what mind happen...

The gentle uphill for the first few miles meant we were soon warmed up and I slowly passed Karen, Andy and Nick from Runfurther. By the time we reached the second check point after jogging along the track in the open sun I was already thinking about survival. Nicky Spinks was just behind so I thought my pace was about right. I opted to open the gate rather than the high stone stile remembering that was where someone had bounced their head off the wall 2 years ago. Nicky followed through the gate and her farming instincts came out as she shouted to Mary behind her to close the gate.

I took some care descending Cave Dale along with Kate. Although everywhere was dry a little trickle of water covered some of the limestones in Cave Dale to make it interesting. CP 2 and drinks, fill up bottle, a few babies and then off to Hollins Cross. Kate had somehow managed to fall over along this flat road last year – not so this time. Dave Orbinson was enjoying the downhills and then starting to struggle on the ups. So we caught him at the top of Hollins, only for him to disappear over the edge and away into Edale. The next watering CP outside Edale church was most welcome, drinking, filling bottle, half a banana, some salted peanuts then off.



Dave Orbinson

Quite happy to jog along with Kate, much the same as last year. I was feeling OK and not being pushed by anyone behind or desperate to catch anyone ahead. We got the switch back right after Ringing Roger whereas the group ahead had to plough through the heather to get to the Druids Stone CP. A direct line took us onto the traverse done past the crags and the straight line shoot to the valley. As previously I'm glad the grass was dry for this descent. A "Hello" to Tracey Rushworth in the valley – out supporting Paul who was building up fitness ready for yet another BS in September.

I'd saved some fluid to drink during the climb up to Back Tor. This was supplemented when a chap game out of a house with a pale of water and large plastic beakers – most welcome. The hills were now collecting walkers, all thoroughly enjoying being out on a glorious day. At this point we merged with runners in the Short Tour Of Bradwell. Just about jogged with Kate up to the fence CP below Lose Hill. On past the Sports Sunday photographer – great

place for your portrait with Mam Tor and the valley behind. Then down for over a mile, grass then track and many gates, a sharp left and down to the next watering CP. On the way we passed Colin Earl taking a breather stretched over a fence. Later he overtook and was ahead. At the CP the routine was drink, fill bottle, peanuts, and this time the offer was a quarter of a banana.

Round the backroads to Aston, nip along the short cut, then trudge up to traverse Win Hill into the plantation and CP at the end of the track. Down the dry forest descent to the road, along the road passed the dam and about a mile to the next watering CP. This time the bananas were down to only a small chunk – good enough though. Through the fields, still with Kate, we caught a small bunch of three that included Paul Skuse. Care with the route to go up Fiddlers Lane. Mary Gillie overtook us here, putting in much effort to jog/walk. Kate was getting a little slower, and by the time we reached the rock cp she had started to drop a little. I continued on, using Mary as a target and we stayed together over the whole of Stanage Edge. At Upper Burbage Bridge CP there were whole bananas on offer – Mary and I took a small chunk each even though they said they had enough for a zoo of monkeys. She left the CP just before me and took the Western most



track down Fiddlers Elbow. Later she said she'd meant to take the middle route. Anyway my plan was always to take the Eastern most route which is longer but more runnable. I was interested to see which one of us would complete this section quickest, as that would be useful for next year (!). Maybe my route was slightly quicker or Mary slowed a little, anyway I ended up being ahead. I passed Michael Tonkins who had slowed a fair bit from being top 10 at Lose Hill.



The day trippers were out in force below Toad's Mouth, with picnickers, BBQs, splashing, all sorts. Our route took us up through the bracken and thankfully was well taped to the wall corner and down through Bolehill Wood to near the river. I re caught Colin Earl here and we stayed together for quite a way after this. I was pleased to get shade in the woods. Another welcome stop at the last watering CP at Hathersage. Mary caught us here and agitatedly got her water, some food and was out before us. Over the road Mary caught Nicky Spinks who seem to be coming down the road from the gliding club – not sure if a wrong turn had been made. Mary disappeared into the distance along the small ascending road, Colin and I walked most of the uphill before breaking into a jog and descending down the track and onto the grass along the valley.

Shade in the woods to Stoke Ford and then to Abney was most welcome. Michael Mills (?) came past going smoothly and pulled away out of Abney. I left Colin on the gradual road uphill, managing a continuous slow jog. At the quarry top Nicky had slowed and I caught up with her. She said she was suffering cramp and feeling light headed. I gave her some drink and after ascertaining she was OK to continue I jogged on. I wonder if Karen will overtake Nicky – she didn't. Michael Mills was jogging back towards me having overshot the turn off to the field – I didn't see him again until the finish.

The last steep descent – and Duncan Bell shot past, coming from a different direction having gone the wrong way. I followed him down and along the track through Bradwell village thronging with 'Well wishers' to the finish at the sports ground. I had a bit more to give along the last bit of road, but kept it back as I could feel my temperature rising to an overheat level. Someone in a car had shouted come on Nigel, not sure who as you don't expect shouts from cars – maybe Charlie Sharpe? Finishing is always great and I looked at my watch for the time only to be a little disappointed.

So plenty of time to relax – cups of water and juice were served by the volunteer ladies. I also partook of some tomato soup to raise my salt levels up. Time to change and then enjoy the presentations and listen to some route choices from Mary and others.

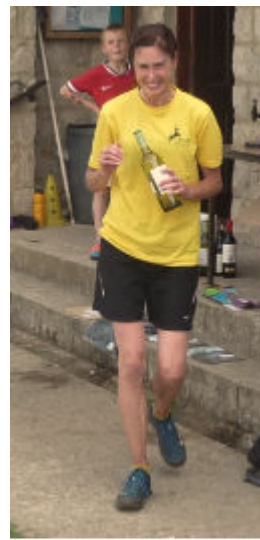
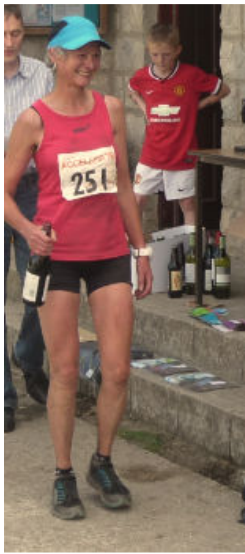
Overall the times were a bit slower than previous years – possibly because of the heat. There were also many first timers too, even near the top of the field.

Nigel Aston

Here's some of the prize winners ...



Ken Sutor, mens winner



Caitlin Rice – ladies winner