

## ROEBURNDALE ROUND

I had decided that Dig the Peat needed another round. There had been no substantial additions for some time. The run around the skyline of Roeburndale had crossed my mind a few times but I had never really mapped it out. Also Andy Verden had told me that Goodber Common looked very tussocky and contained traps. Not really an enticement. However I do profess to be a 'Bowlandologist' so I decided to have a go. The only way to start and finish was to use the lanes that run in and out of Wray but once up above the intakes there should be some good running.

I set off at from the bridge by 'The Bridge Tea Rooms' at Wray Bridge and headed up for Caton Moor. It was a lovely sunny morning and I was soon onto the access land above Middlewood Farm. I tried to follow a trod next to the wall, which kept vanishing, but eventually a more substantial quad track came in from the left and I was soon at the deserted trig. The breeze was added to by the turbines.



Caton Moor Wind Turbines wreck your hair!

From here I cut across the moor to intercept the bridleway track coming from the windmills. Ahead I could see a more direct route past Swaintley Hill leading to Gallows Hill. It was a big trespass and I had decided to stay mostly legal today. Well until near the end!

The route down to Deep Clough farm involved more road but with a grassy verge and a right turn in the farmyard took me past a cauldron of caged dogs. Then down to the brook and a meeting with the bull. He was a Hereford but there were cows and calves about and I ran through and straight up the steep slope ahead. He didn't look like he had hill reps in him! By doing so I probably missed the access signs and just carried on up on initially a good

quad track east of Ragill Beck. It didn't last and by the access land boundary it had disappeared. I headed left towards Haylot Fell and into the rocks. There was less tussock and sedge here and parts were runnable. Finally on the ridge a good trod appeared and it was an easy climb to Gallows Hill and St. Stephen's Head. I stayed with the fence and wall here as the watershed was along it, but surprisingly it had no trod and it was slower than I expected.



Gallows Hill

Once at the fence it was good to get a move on and an easy run down to cross the Tarnbrook track passing some gamekeepers on their balloon tyred quad. And then to Wolfhole. This was now classic Bowland and a lovely day. As you might expect there was no one about and I saw my first Hen Harrier of the summer on Wolfhole Crag.



Wolfhole Crag

The run off down to the Salter track now seemed best on the right of the fence. You just need to avoid the leg eating bogs at the bottom before you climb up to the track! Here I checked my water drop and headed up for the next unknown section. At first it was the usual tussock and heather wasteland but at the next fence junction it all changed. A new fence had been put in and a beautiful (well it looked it at the time!) quad track ran along it.

This was the 'Promised Land' and it was a lovely run down and up to Hawkshead.



The descent from Hawkshead

At the meeting of the fences here I made sure I had the right one and descended off this lovely rocky outcrop. From now on it was an alternation of quad, sedge, no path then quad again all the way to the large erratic boulder at Grey Stone.



Grey Stone and matching hair!

I was nearing the end now and cut across before Jacks Nook to pick up the old wall and the trig on White Moss.



White Moss Trig

This was a lonely Bowland outpost sits under and an intimidating view. The imposing giants of the Dales stretch out ahead. But they don't offer the solitude and wilderness of Bowland, if you like that sort of thing!

I could see the road ahead so I cut over the fence and a quick sprint and over and onto the lane the only brief trespass of the day. Ian had warned me that the local farmer at Over Houses was a nutter so this was the last section would all be on the road. Not that this quiet abandoned lane really qualified as an arterial highway. A lot of it was on grassy verge as a post van kept leapfrogging me. What a lovely job delivering to obscure farms in remotest Bowland – and probably with a lot of map fondling. I ran down the lane into a still somnolent Wray after 4 hours and 40 minutes of a lovely compact round with a variety of all that Bowland has to offer. A Grand Morning out!

4 hours 40 minutes

20 miles and 3260 feet of ascent