

Just thought someone may be interested in this cup up above White Coppice. I usually drop a few coins in it , in respect.

I found this comment some time ago:-

It was a nice sunny morning. I'd just been over Great Hill and was returning to White Coppice when I stopped to look at the Joe's Cup memorial plaque near Drinkwater's ruins. I'd often wondered who Joe was and an earlier telephone call from my mate Charlie in darkest Northamptonshire asking the same question prompted me to do something about it. An internet search found a reference on the website of Wigan Phoenix Running Club. An email to their Paul Carroll revealed the following information.

Joe Whitter was a real and very funny Wiganer and a brewery delivery man. He was an endurance ultra-runner of the highest standard and often ran or cycled up past Drinkwater's ruins very early.

Joe developed a brain tumour in 1990 and died after a few months at the age of 52. The 'Joe's Cup' memorial plaque was placed there a few month's after his death and is where each year they remember Joe and previous members who have passed away and hopefully doing personal bests in a better place.

At their memorial run in Dec 2007 Alex Turnbull read out his poem especially written for the day.

and the Poem:-

Climbing, climbing this scenic spot,
Our fellowship means such a lot.
Reaching, reaching this wondrous place;
Effort worth more than any race.

Joe's Cup, Joe's Cup: we love Joe's Cup,
Brimful of water which we sup;
Breathing, breathing this enriched air;
A special moment all can share.

Running, Running our common link:
A treasured Time to stop and think.
Memories, memories come flooding back:
So much into our lives we pack.

Stillness, stillness, countryside sound,
Enjoying the peace all around.
Standing, standing close to the mast
Remembering runners of the past.

The man, the man whose name the Cup,
A lively spirit always up.
Training, training often this way,
Joe thrived in these fells on display.

Great Hill, Great Hill ahead she stands
Part of the wide world in our hands.
Return, return, our strength renewed
This hill time for the greater good.
Written I believe by Alex Turnbull