

Dark Peak **NEWS**

AUGUST 85



EDITORIAL

Browsing through the interminable rubbish and rotting running kit in the spare room I happened to notice a Dark Peak newsletter. "That's funny." I thought, "There's no date on it. I wonder how long ago it was when I produced this one?" A quick look confirmed my fears - May! Many apologies for the long delay. A combination of no word processor, no articles, and no me!, has led to this sorry state of affairs. Now that I'm back from my Scandinavian escapades my first priority is getting this newsletter going again. So here we go...

I'm sure you've all been enjoying this glorious summer weather - thanks for sending it on to Norway. If anyone wants to know what it's like living in the clouds, don't ask! - I'm still drying out. And this year I thought I'd book my holiday by the Sheffield Marathon - just goes to show nothings a sure thing.

Going back to May, it was quite a hectic month for me and Malcolm organising the 'Up, Down and Around' road races. We raised about £155 from the three races and quite a lot of publicity, not only for the British Orienteering Squad, but for Dark Peak also. Many thanks to all those who helped us out, and all of you Dark Peakers who ran, supplying us with almost half the income. We, Dark Peak, hope to run them again next year so if anyone has any suggestions as to where the profits (if any) might be directed, let us know.

The other great event in May was the AGM at the Grindleford Station Cafe where Bacon Butties and Chips abound. I must admit having difficulty peering over the mountain of chips in front of me trying to lip-read, as most others were scoffing also, the many gastronomer's faces as the speeches were made. The occasion will prove quite memorable, if not for that reason alone, but for the retirement(?) of our founder member and secretary for the past decade, Chris Worsell. Chris has done a magnificent job over the years and his position will be a hard one to fill. Luckily we have Andy Harmer to replace him, who must be one of the most dedicated fell runners in Dark Peak, and is sure to do a good job.

Once again Andy has provided us with some good summer evening races, and once again he's failed to win any himself! - there must be a lesson to be learnt somewhere. I hope to put on a race in the Alport area in late september time, subject to permission to cross some fields - I'll let you all know at Neil and Gerrys do. Andy also plans to hold the Cut-throat relays again just before the Karrimor- there may be a date somewhere else in this newsletter.

Dark Peakers abroad are dwindling, with only two at the Sierre-Zinal. Perhaps with this being such a good race and not too far away, we could organise a club trip over there next year. It could be quite cheap hiring a minibus or something, and there are other races on at the same time. If anyone is willing to organise something I'm sure it would be well supported.

I'm not sure how big this newsletter will be, but there are still a lot of results outstanding - even if you don't want to write an article at least try to send me some results, then I can approach someone else once I've got the names (that should

put the cat amongst the pigeons). This newsletter is covering a space of time that had two newsletters last year - where's all the enthusiasm gone, washed away with the rain probably. As usual I have to put in this plea for more copy, but what about non fell-running articles? Anything please. I can't go on relying on Alan Evans and Andy Harmer, without whose articles there wouldn't be enough pages to wipe your ... on! (This is not meant to be as serious as it sounds.)

Well that's it. I've run out of all inspiration - in fact I don't think I ever had any for this editorial, which is probably reflected in what you've all just read up till now. It's illness and injury you know.....

Edward Torrence.

P.S. The next newsletter is due out in October, previewing the Karrimor and the Club Champs, and hopefully winding up the rest of the summer races, subject to copy of course. I can also get photos printed properly now - so if anyone has some interesting ones....

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

24.8 * AS Burnsall, 1.5m,900' (12.8)
25.8 AS Wrekin, 5.5m,1700' (EOD)
31.8 - Cross Keys Road and Fell Relay,
2 X 3m + 2 X 2.5m,800' (EOD)
5.9 BS Hades Hill Race, 5m,1200' (EOD)
7.9 * AM Ben Nevis, 10m,4400' (2.8)
14.9 AL Brecon Beacons, 19m,4500' (EOD)
15.9 O O.S.Lakes Mountain Race, 20m,7000' (29.7)
BM Rossendale Fell Race, 12m, 2300' (EOD)
21.9 BS Lantern Pike, 5m,1050' (EOD)
AL Three Shires, 13m,4000' (16.9)
28.9 BS Eccles Pike, 3m,750' (EOD)
AS Thievely Pike, 3.5m,900' (EOD)
29.9 N Shelf Moor Race, 6m,1500' (EOD)
5.10 * AL Tour of Pendle, 17m,4200' (30.9)
12.10 CM Meltham Cop, 7m,900' (EOD)
BL Three Towers, 20m,2500' (14.10)
3.11 CS Black Lane Ends, 5m,1000' (EOD)
10.11 O Copeland Chase, 12m,3000' or 6m,2000' (8.11)
24.11 AM Winter Hill, 11m,2650' (19.11)
1.12? 'AL' TROG.

A New Decade - Looking ahead to '86

With the abdication of Chris at the A.G.M. a decade of Dark Peak has come to an end. Chris and the pioneers of the club, most of whom are still around, brought a spirit of carefree enjoyment on the tops. Typically trespassing, and doing your own thing, has symbolised the cavalier essence of the club. Hopefully this will go on, events like the impromptu

Cowbone-tumuli-relay, the Mitchell field (where do we go now) relay gave me a great deal of fun, long may they flourish. The club has absorbed such a diverse group of runners; orienteers, road runners, rock climbers and walkers let alone cross-country and even fell runners and only the loose conformity existing has kept the club together. Inevitably there have been differences of opinion and the infamous A.G.M., remembered for acrimony and tedious debate, hopefully will not augur ill for the club as we grow in numbers towards the 200 mark.

I accepted the Secretaryship on the basis of helping the club retain the love of the open fells, that the founders and all of us surely yearn after; with the minimum of organisation and rules. Despite my competitive side it will be the epic training runs I'll remember when the years out; of seeing the White Hares darting down gullies on Margery Hill, the Little Owl quartering Abbey Brook on a warm summer's morning or hearing the plaintive cry of the Golden Plover in early spring. Next year, however, some prioritization will be needed as we celebrate the club's 10th anniversary; will we attempt the Pennine Way record? Will the Watershed record in daylight go under 7 hours? Is the Karrimor Trigs run (15 of them) in a 2nd day sortie a good idea. Margaret Edwards has rightly indicated that the social side shouldn't go neglected and clearly any celebrations should be open to all members not just an elite few.

I am proposing to hold a committee meeting in early October when some consideration can be given to next years events. I would prefer a paragraph in writing by anyone proposing ideas. I know Graham Berry would like to compile a record of the last 10 years races, training runs and experiences under the title 'Dark Peak on Dark Peat' or something of that ilk and clearly there could be a lot of work involved. All of us however wish to remain free to race on the fells and not bogged down by bureaucracy (hence, the Cakes of Bread, Crookstone Crashout, Marjory Hill races remaining minimal organisation events).

There have been some sad times in the club over the last few months, the death of Jake (Tony's dog) will be a loss to many of us, not only the Cornishman, who trained in all weathers with the good tempered and game sheepdog. Jacky's terrifying accident shook many people in the club, typically she soon resumed training and was battling away at Hope with Neil Goldsmith within weeks. Lastly, only yesterday I heard of Will McLewin and his prized van being in a nasty car accident when some supercar tried to ram him and put him out of the Zinal race. The supercar was a write off, the DPFRC colours soldiered on to the Swiss race where a shaken Will philsoophically shrugged off the ambush and finished in 4 hours.

On a lighter note the Autumn brings some cracking runs; the O.S., Tour of Pendle, Langdale, and Karrimor are to come, with the finale of the Club Champs. In the middle however is the Cutthroat Relay, hopefully to be run again as a warm up for the Karrimor, on October 19th - 10:30 start (NO hail this year!).

Enjoy yourselves and keep the spirit of '76 alive

Cheers Andy

MEMBERSHIP AMMENDMENTS

C.Fielding. Huthwaite Snug, Huthwaite Lane, Thurgoland,
Sheffield S30 7AF, Tel 882927
T.Daniels. As for C.Hughes.
B.Thackery. 23 Harlech Drive, Hazel Grove, Stockport SK7 5NA
T.Tett. See inside front cover.
T.Dennish. 367 Old Bath Road, Cheltenham, Glos.
GL53 9AH, Tel 0242 512855

New members

Gerry Lax. 5 Delph House Rd, Crosspool,
Sheffield S10 5NR, Tel 664149

DARK PEAK FELL RUNNERS

PRESENT

on

SATURDAY 9th NOVEMBER

THE DARK PEAK CLUB CHAMPIONSHIPS
(Triple crossing of Kinder)

START : 10.30am prompt!

Start : On Pennine Way, Edale. (123862)
Checkpoint 1 : Snake Footbridge. (114902)
Checkpoint 2 : Kinder Downfall Shelter. (083889)
Finish : The Nags Head, Edale. (123859)

Scratch and Handicap Trophies (men and women)
Lunch and alcoholic beverages in The Jolly Rambler.

THE DARK PEAK ANNUAL CLUB DINNER
(Five course meal and disco)

7.30pm (for 8.00pm)

THE ANGLERS REST, BAMFORD

Price £7.50 inclusive.

Bookings with money to Tony Farnell, 65 Rangeley Road,
Walkley, Sheffield S6 5DW, Tel 338618. (Cheques payable to 'Dark
Peak Fell Runners')

1984 Minutes taken as read.

SECRETARY'S REPORT - Chris noted that the club was entering the second decade, and paid tribute to the outstanding achievements of the first 10 years.

TREASURER'S REPORT - Graham outlined the 1984 and 1985 balance sheets and gave the popular news that the present financial position was :

Current account : £859.29
Deposit account : £162.00

It was agreed that the level of the deposit account should be left to the discretion of the treasurer.

Subscriptions - It was agreed that these remain at £3 for 1986.

LADIES SECRETARY'S REPORT - Sara Bradley paid tribute to the achievements, but commented that it was difficult to complete teams due to many ladies being 'second claim'.

CROSS COUNTRY - Apologies received from Pete Lewis, who was willing to continue as cross country secretary.

No team was entered for the National due to other commitments. John Edwards is to ask the AAA to move the date of the National to avoid a clash with the Watershed.

NEWSLETTER - Tim Tett to remain Editor with the usual plea for articles, photos etc. (These minutes should pad out the current issue.)

ELECTION OF OFFICERS - The Chairman and Treasurer were willing to stand and were elected unopposed. Chris Worsell wished to retire as secretary. Grateful thanks were expressed by the Chairman for all the work done over the past 10 years by Chris, and was endorsed by all those present.

One proposal for new secretary was revealed from the floor - Andy Harmer. Following discussion the Chairman proposed that Andy be elected - agreed by acclaim.

"It will be a change to have a secretary that can run."

- Will McLewin.

"W.McLewin.... to be culled!" - J.B.E.

The committee members were willing to stand again, with the exception of Mick Eaton who wished to stand down. It was agreed that Chris Worsell should stay on the committee to help Andy.

YOUNG MEMBERS - Roger Baumeister asked if races for young members could be organised at the same time as senior races.

There was a lengthy discussion on the point raised by the Chairman that we should encourage youngsters, but he asked if we needed a formal organisation to cater for youngsters under 17. It was agreed that there should be no minimum age limit for membership, but that no formal arrangements for juniors would be made.

EQUIPMENT OFFICER - Pete Jones agreed to do this. (I think Howard Swindells has taken over since)

CLUB HUT - Howard Biggins volunteered to be Hut custodian. It was agreed that Roger Baumeister should submit Quotations for Club Hut improvements.

CLUB DINNER - This was voted a great success, and thanks expressed to Tony Farnell for organising it.

RACES - Thanks were expressed to all members who organised events during the year. It was agreed that the BENS OF JURA was an important venture, with the club appreciating the efforts of Don Booth in organising it.

EDALE SKYLINE - The annual question of club members running and/or assisting was raised. After heated discussion it was agreed that an annually elected Skyline committee would organise the race and would not run. They have the authority to decide whether there will be entries on the day. The 1986 committee is (so far) :

Chris Worsell, Gerry Goldsmith, Alan Evans and
Jeff Harrison.

BOB GRAHAM - It was noted that the club event clashed with the Kinder Trog, but that it was too late to alter the date.

HALLAM CHASE - Kay Whittle asked about the position of the club in 1985, since the application form now indicates that the race is only for men. The position of DPFR was made quite clear, in that we fully support the view that ladies should be allowed to compete in the race. The chairman agreed to discuss the situation with the race organisers.

NEW EVENTS - It is proposed that the club organises a special event in March 1986 to celebrate the 10th anniversary. This was not discussed in detail since it was 11.23pm and we wanted to go home.

The meeting was attended by approx. 30 members,

THE FIFTEEN TRIG POINTS ROUND

The original idea came from Andy Harmer (not he first time he's thought of something to tax DPFR members in body and spirit). The inagural round, at least to our knowledge, was completed by Pete Jones, Bob Segrove and Alan Yates on Sunday, July 7th, 1985. The objective is to visit, on foot, all the fifteen O.S. Trig pillars marked on the Peak District map produced by Harvey Map Services for the 1984 KIMM. The points, which can be taken in any order, are as follows alphabetically:

Alport Ridge	Kinder Low
Back Tor	Margery Hill
Brown Hill	Outer Edge
Cock Hill	Rod Moor

Emlin
Eastern Kinder
Harry Hut
High Neb

Shelf Stones
Western Kinder
Win Hill

Estimated distance : 52-55 miles.
Estimated ascent : 5,500 feet.

For reasons of symmetry and sentiment, we took as our starting point and finishing point The Sportsman at Redmires (just off the map) Starting and finishing at The Royal in Hayfield would, we estimate, produce an almost identically demanding challenge for those resident in the West.

We completed the circuit in a notional standard time of 15 hours (including a swim at Slippery Stones and a splash at Grains in the Water). No more secrets are to be divulged here, except to say that we began with Rod Moor, proceeding in a generally anti-clockwise direction, and to advise that a knowledge of the springs en route is invaluable.

We plan to produce appropriately decorated certificates to be presented, on submission of a detailed schedule report, to all DPFRR members who complete the round unsupported (either from The Royal or The Sportsman) within the standard time of 15 hours.

The concept of the round came to Andy when he was devising events to celebrate DPFRR's 10th birthday. It would be nice if we could award a good number of certificates during the anniversary year. We think that anyone completing the round within the standard time will have had a thoroughly rewarding experience. Anyone who can run it in under 12 hours will have achieved something extraordinary. Which leads us to ruminate about variations on the theme. The 15 trig point round as a two-day winter exercise - perfect KIMM training, with good overnight refreshment prospects, whether camping near Hayfield or near Redmires. Two days to visit all the controls on the overprinted competition map? Or the Reservoirs round?

The basic 15 trig points in 15 hours challenge though, seems to have just the right feel and appeal for DPFRR, and has many qualifications for achieving classic status. We look forward to hearing about your experiences, and to awarding certificates.

Alan Yates

ANOTHER BOB GRAHAM : 29/30th June 1985

Contenders : Allison Wright, Roger Moakes, Colin Henson, (all DPFRR) and Dave Ramsden (Clayton-le-Moors)

For us blokes it was our second attempt and for Allison the first. It was rather busy on the hills at times as there were 31 runners taking part in attempts during the day. We passed the Skyrac team when they made a navigational error and went the wrong way round a traffic island!

Our first problem was the descent of Lords Rake on Scafell. It was wet and slippery and we had a few non-climbers with us. Still, gravity helped. Dunmail was very busy with the various teams feeding themselves, and an invasion of midges!

Colin scrounged some apricots and was immediately sick - what a way to say thank you to your backing.

Allison experienced her first problem on the ascent of Dollywagon - she didn't have any toilet paper. Pete Rogers in blunt Dark Peak manner told her that it was dark and there was plenty of grass, so get on with it and catch us up.

My Hi-Tec Silver Shadows gave up on the descent of Clough Head and I had to wear my best 'going-out' trainers for the awful last 12 miles. Still who cares when you've come so far.

Colin unfortunately had to retire at Threlkeld. Pete relieved the tension during the latter stages by demonstrating a 'dry' river crossing and ended up sitting (he said he was having a wash) in the water.

We all finished at Keswick in 23 hours 19 minutes and Allison Wright became the youngest lady to complete the Bob Graham round.

Thanks to all my back-up team; Rob Sanby and Pete Rogers (Dark Peak), Robin Price (Clayton), Dave Gilbourne (U/A), and all the feeding station attendants (wives and mates).

Roger Moakes.

SHERIFFS WAY : 16.2 85

52 miles 700 yards around the outskirts of Nottingham may not be everyones cup of tea, but it certainly was our bottle of Staminade and mug of Complan (excuse the pun).

The course with 12 compulsory checkpoints and only 5 miles of road, needed close navigation through many villages of the county. The event attracted over 100 competitors, including two Dark Peakers - young Rob Sanby and the older Rog Moakes. Running together, we covered the first Marathon in 4 hours and the second in 5.5 hours to give us first place. This broke the old record by over 2 hours and with two other mates we won the team trophy - The Sheriffs Arrow, - he must have been a little bloke though as he only had a six inch one!

After three hours only the control computer could keep up with us and we'd run out of checkpoint marshalls. A special mobile marshall was allocated to follow us through the last few controls - and we even shook him off at one stage.

Scenically not as rewarding as some of Derbyshire (Rob says that he's never seen Derbys, whilst in a race anyway) but the marl (local 'mud') was often as tacky as the peat bogs. Good training though for the proper races on the hills. We thought we'd better let you know what the southern contingent is really up to.

Rob Sanby and Roger Moakes.

SEVEN SISTERS MARATHON : 23.2.85

The early morning mist had begun to clear off the sea; the frost had thawed on the surface leaving the mud greasy on a frozen base; and the brown vests were out yet again on the South coast as Dark Peak took to the chalk downs, hills, woods, tracks and mud, in what I regard as the best cross-country tour going.

Frank Thomas, he of the many 100's, was all eager to go; Jacky Smith was apprehensive with the watershed only a week away, and I was looking for snowdrops at West Dean.

For 20 miles the course twists across downs, through villages, along muddy tracks and river banks, with the odd pub situated at checkpoints. At 12 miles a Bagpiper was playing at a barn called 'Scotland', and if you were lucky a brass band popped up playing 'Sussex by the Sea'. Yes, it was one of those races!

The race starts at sea-level, literally, and begins with the many hillocks of which the race takes its name. Tired legs find the greasy tracks up the steep climbs hard going, and then the last long climb up Beachy Head is something of a struggle - not for nothing is this the infamous place for suicide. A short sprint through the gorse bushes and there's the finish with swimming pool and rice pudding, in whichever order takes your fancy.

For the third time I came 2nd, in 2.50, two minutes behind Derek Stevens a fair road marathon man. Ultra men Daykin and Pickard came in within 3 hours and in 9th spot was Frank in 3.02. Three Peaks bastion Harold Chadwick finished in 18th in 3.11 whilst in 30th Jacky Smith ran in with a time of 3.20, equivalent to a time under 3 hours on the road. An outstanding run and easily the first woman. A superb effort by the Dark Pak trio. A race to enjoy and well worth the trip.

Andy Harmer.

MANX MOUNTAIN MARATHON : 8.4.85

Conditions for this years MMM were certainly down on last years ideal weather, and this was generally reflected in the times, with most people up to 15 mins longer than 1984.

Having just missed the Elite qualifying time in 1984 by 8mins, I was again entered in the Standard race, and this year knowing the course and the 'crack', hoped to get in the first ten again; hopefully under 5.5 hours for an elite qualifying time.

A couple of days before the race, during a recce of parts of the course, Pete Irwin, who was acting as our driver, reported that he'd just seen Martin Hudson, his main rival in the Elite race, and Martin Stone who was amazingly only in the standard race, having failed to break 6 hours on his previous attempt at the race (6 hours was the old Elite qualifying time. And people who'd cracked it in the past are still allowed in the Elite race).

Martin immediately became the favourite for the standard race and our prospects of a team win for Dark Peak looked good. We just needed someone else to arrive! On the starting line John Faist turned up, so we had a team, but John doubted he'd make much impression on the race, even though his P.B. was faster than

Martin's.

The pace up North Barrule seemed quick this year, and I was content to arrive at the summit in about 12th place. A certain G.Oliver of JLRAC went off like a hare, a tactic he also employed the previous year. By Injebreck he was 5 mins clear, then exactly as in the previous years race he was 24mins down by the next checkpoint, eventually finishing 24th in just under 6.5 hours. What a strange way to run a race!

Martin was in second place for virtually all of the race, while further back in the field positions chopped and changed as people strayed off course in the thick mist which covered all the tops and ridges. This year I made no mistakes on the section down to Injebreck but then got lost on the next section to St.Johns, through following another runner instead of my compass. When will I learn?

I arrived in St.Johns 14 mins down on last year, but in exactly the same position, 6th, to be told that Martin was going well and had caught the leader. They were 15 mins ahead. I felt stronger the next section, than the previous year and on South Barrule passed another runner and almost caught I.Howard of Artists AC. Eventually the cramps started again and reduced me to a bit of a shuffle until I got through the bad patch. At this point my rival got away to finish just in front of me, a position he also occupied last year. Right at the finish some idiot started to catch me and we ended having to sprint over the last few hundred yards. I finally held him off by 27 seconds (must have been some sprint! - Ed) due to a better line. Not a pleasant way to finish a 30 mile race!

At the finish good news availed, somehow, despite being 14 mins down earlier, I'd improved my time by 3 mins to 5.35, missing the Elite time by just 5 mins. Eric Richardson of Rossendale ran in the wrong race, being entered in the Elite and running the Standard, so his time was transferred to the Elite. I thus moved up to fourth. Martin had suffered a bit on the final section but still managed to hang on to 2nd. We had to wait a while for John to finish to make 4th team.

The winner of the ladies was Judith Allegro (fine name for a runner that) who some of you may know (she trains with Eric Mitchell) in 6.30.55

Dark Peak were well represented in the Elite Race also, all though again the field was small this year, only 23 runners. Pete Irwin again proved his strength over the long races winning by 6 seconds in a sprint finish with Martin Hudson. The expected challenge from Derek Ratcliffe failed to materialize and he finished nearly 20 mins down in 4th place. Brian Harney finished 8th in a cracking time of 5.18 but suffered from my gain as Eric Richardson was transferred into 7th place.

RESULTS

Elite		Standard		
1	P.Irwin.(Ross)	4.37.53	1 N.Wilton.(AAC)	5.19.31
8	B.Harney.	5.16.18	2 M.Stone.	5.29.41
17	R.Baumeister.	6.02.15	4 A.Evans.	5.35.05
			42 J.Feist.	7.22.28

AN EASTER WEEKEND - ROTHERHAM HARRIERS STYLE

My wife Linda had her doubts about going to an Athletics Festival for a weekend with a party of runners, but the prospect of a first time trip to the Isle of Man was enough to get her interested. In the event her doubts were totally removed by the success of all the proceedings.

Openers consisted of a road race around Douglas, almost as you step off the ferry on Good Friday evening. We were very fortunate in that our hotel kept us a late meal until after the race, whilst some unlucky people had to run a fast hilly course with a heavy hotel meal inside. By the time we'd all eaten, it was closing time but a late night in the tiny hotel bar put us off to a good start.

Free buses to take runners and families across the island to Peel for the Saturday Hill race was a very nice touch and well appreciated. Most past and present runners had a go at the hill and the biggest cheer was for Pat Rowbotham (Roth). A party of masochists (guess who?) ran the twelve miles or so back to Douglas past wallowing groups of 'pints per mile per hour' runners getting their fluid intake. The Leeds crowd had got the farthest at St John's. Saturday night was recaptured youth for six middle aged couples as we found ourselves in a hotel with an empty dance floor and the band playing sixties rock and roll, so a bopping session was a good finish to an excellent day for some. Others rounded off with a trip to the Casino.

On Sunday the three MM men went recce-ing and missed the festival relays through the crashing waves on Douglas prom. We managed to go wrong in the low crowd and resolved not to make the same mistake on Monday. On Sunday evening the presentations and beer drinking contest was followed by a fantastic laser disco, complete with atmospheric robot dancing. The very poor presentation ceremony and watery beer was not enough to spoil another successful welly session.

The Marathon on Monday was again thick clag on all the tops through the first half. On the run up the Glen out of Ramsey I asked Dave Carrat where the map and compass that we'd given him earlier were. "I can't use them so I didn't bother", was the reply. That meant that slamese twins was the running order for me, but we had a good run despite being outside six hours. Brian and I told Dave that he must learn to use a map and compass for the Dales 100 as we weren't going to have the responsibility for him over such an arduous event. (I wish some Dark Peak runners would take a leaf out of Dave's book, because by the 100 he had become better than we were, quoting back bearings and all that fuss every verse end.) Altogether a Rotherham success story.

Roger Baumeister

RESULTS

Road Race, Douglas.

1	J. Lenehan. (Riocht)	24.59
44	R. Self. (Roth)	27.02
141	B. Harney.	29.26
194	D. Carrat. (Roth)	30.43
211	R. Baumeister.	31.13

Hill Race, Peel.

1	J. Lenehan.	20.20
29	R. Self.	22.13
127	B. Harney.	25.04
166	R. Baumeister.	26.17
194	D. Carrat.	26.54

Relays, Douglas.

1	Glasgow Univ.	59.05	53	Rotherham AC.	72.09
				(incl. B. Harney.)	

KENTMERE HORSESHOE : 14.4.85

A good spring day beheld the 300 souls who sprinted up the steep road towards Kentmere Pike, it was a bit wet underfoot but no 'white out' this year to decimate the field. Bob Berzins made 3rd scorer starting the season as he'd showed promise at Langdale in the Autumn; whilst Malcolm sought the company of the lower echelons. Up front Kenny dominated, whilst the following dozen all put down markers that were to remain all season. I had quite a good climb to the top, 6th, but the ginger-haired giant shot past me soon after, and as on most descents I was to come apart finishing 12th, but leaving me despairing of my caution.

Andy Harmer.

RESULTS

1	K.Stuart. (KES)	1.24.05	187	B.Thacker	1.51.17
2	J.Maitland. (AAC)	1.26.35	216	W.McLewin.	1.55.20
3	B.Bland. (KES)	1.26.50	232	J.Harrison.	1.57.43
12	A.Harmer.	1.29.32	263	W.Lightfoot.(L)	2.02.06
50	T.Farnell.	1.36.44	272	C.Worsell.	2.04.05
70	B.Berzins.	1.38.41	276	P.Dyke.	2.05.31
88	M.Stone.	1.41.25	289	K.Whittle. (L)	2.06.24
98	M.Patterson.	1.42.03	295	H.Biggin.	2.07.45
115	G.Berry.	1.43.03	322	J.Edwards.	2.19.38
137	N.Robinson.	1.45.43	325	T.Sayles.	3.25.09
174	P.Collingwood	1.50.12			

KINDER DOWNFALL : 21.4.85

It's a good job Andy Harmer runs for Dark Peak, we need someone who can run and find their way! I knew something was wrong when Rob Pearson appeared behind Keith Tonkin in the final tunnel! That's not to take anything away from Keith for a fine run in hard conditions.

Other notable upsets were Tony Farnell and Jonathan Cant only just beating Pete Kohn!

A typical winter's day on Kinder with low cloud, left many people wondering if Peak District races were so easy after all. For some time it looked like Kinder Mountain Rescue were going to earn their donation, with the last bedraggled runner (a local!) taking 128 mins.

Some quotes:

"At Edale Cross I thought I was about 6th until I realised there were no other tags in the bucket" - Steve Hale

"Runners were coming from all directions: Edale Rocks, Jacobs Ladder, Stoney Ford and Brown Knoll" - Chris Worsell (marshalling at Edale Cross with Di)

"Rob Pearson is magic with a compass, and a disaster without one" - several Dark Peakers

"Support Mountain Rescue: get lost" - Anon

Thanks to all Dark Peak people who helped, particularly Di and Chris Worsell who meticulously counted tags at Edale Cross and saved me a lot of worry.

Neil Goldsmith.

RESULTS

1	S.Hale.(Sh.Univ)	66.59	133	J.Cant.	84.31
3	A.Harmer.	67.52	134	P.Kohn.	84.35
26	D.Sant.	74.54	152	W.McLewin.	85.52
37	K.Tonkin.	75.36	158	T.Norris.	86.14
42	R.Pearson.	75.53	172	G.Desforges.	87.30
55	D.Holmes.	76.39	182	H.Biggin.	88.20
59	A.Evans.	76.53	183	T.Rogers.	88.34
64	T.Daniels.	77.12	195	D.Jones.	89.53
66	N.Robinson.	77.16	196	A.Yates.	89.54
73	P.Griffies.	78.18	202	J.Knight.	91.45
75	R.Sanby.	78.34	205	P.Dyke.	92.02
78	M.Hayes.	78.49	211	E.Mitchell.	93.06
88	P.Collingwood.	79.31	215	G.Goldsmith.	93.56
98	M.Desforges.	81.30	221	C.Henson.	95.38
102	R.Baumeister.	81.56	229	J.Edwards.	107.50
110	P.Jones.	82.39	245	T.Sayles.	112.42
118	A.Bond.	83.15	246	R.Howarth.	113.52
132	T.Farnell.	84.31			

THE THREE PEAKS : 28.4.85

The road to Ribbleshead is one of the pains of fell running; an endless agony, but the rest is still a classic despite some fast running. The race usually starts or ends, depending on your spirit and strength, at Chapel-le-Dale. I felt good this year and climbed well up the 'wall' and with my feet flying, tore through the bogs to Sulber Nick. I don't believe there is a better finish than the little brow at Horton, before the railway, and the sprint down the field. 6th place felt good (still improving at my 15th go!), but missing the Elite by 3 seconds was a bit off; mind you Hugh and Jack were well clear. Tony Farnell ran well again but without Ray we missed out on the team prize. Alan Jones and Andy Forsyth had excellent runs, whilst Jonathan Cant wobbled in realising that this race demands respect. A different state to Jacky Smith who was full of running, having pulled lots back over the last 8 miles.

Those who came in later; Jeff, Will, Pete, Colin etc, had other tales to tell as the snow came down. Well done to Chez battling through when in no fit state to hand off Stanedge Pole.

Andy Harmer.

RESULTS

1	H. Symonds.	2.49.13	182	J. Smith. (2nd L)	3.50.00
2	J. Maitland. (AAC)	2.50.16	221	C. Brad.	3.57.45
6	A. Harmer.	3.00.03	244	W. McLewin.	4.02.39
25	T. Farnell.	3.12.12	245	P. Kohn.	4.02.53
54	A. Jones.	3.23.26	255	P. Griffies.	4.05.06
60	A. Forsyth.	3.24.35	258	P. Harris.	4.05.21
62	B. Berzins.	3.25.10	265	R. Gregory.	4.07.47
91	J. Cant.	3.32.22	269	J. Harrison.	4.09.16
116	A. Yates.	3.38.40	274	D. Jones.	4.09.48
117	R. Baumeister.	3.39.00	275	P. Barker.	4.09.55
121	J. Clarke.	3.40.01	279	C. Henson.	4.10.31
124	K. Tonkin.	3.40.20	298	N. Piper.	4.15.52
131	R. Sanby.	3.41.50	304	P. Dyke.	4.18.07
144	D. Sant.	3.44.02	338	T. Daniels.	4.35.07
170	P. Jones.	3.47.30	342	K. De Mengel.	4.37.21

JACKY IS AT HER PEAK

WHILE most of us were watching the snooker on Sunday afternoon or sleeping off the roast beef, Jacky Smith of Hunters Bar went to get some fresh air.

It took her just under four hours up and down the hills of the Peak District in the fearsome Three Peaks Fell Race — and, in her first attempt at an event of this sort, she finished second.

Jacky, a probation officer working out of Rotherham, is clearly some lady. She took up running only 18 months ago, joined the Dark Peak and Hallamshire Harriers Clubs and has rapidly made a remarkable reputation for herself.

Before setting out on the 24 miles of the Three Peaks race, Jacky's only thought was to complete the course. But she was beaten by only one runner, Vanessa Brindle. Perhaps her success was not so surprising. She ran in a team of four girls in the High Peak 40-mile event and they were the first women's team ever to finish.

At the weekend she plodded through snow and mud with the sort of determination which brought her first place in the Chesterfield Marathon and second spot in the Sheffield race.

Not surprisingly, after 24 miles, Jacky didn't stop up to watch the end of the snooker.

DARWEN'S THEORY OF RELATIVELY MOOR-ISH RUNNING : 12.5.85

With conditions similar to last year, warm and reasonably dry under foot, it looked like a fast day for some, so no need for a speech at prizegiving. Looking around the start line, five brown vests were in evidence: Pete Simpson, Martin Stone, Paul Glover, Will McLewin and myself. Well, four actually, as Martin was masquerading as a Dark Peaker incognito! You'll have to buy a new vest Martin!

After the initial stampede out of the field, things began to sort themselves out as people started to die in the increasing heat. After the long drag over Great Hill, the outer reaches of Darwen Moors were tackled, and it was there that I nearly caught Martin, but to no avail. Pete, meanwhile, was well up the field, and Paul and Will were behind me, with Paul making rapid progress on my personage! Coming off Darwen Tower, I began to feel a bit Hot and lost a couple of places, but managed to pull them back before the return leg over Great Hill. I felt even 'otter on Great Hill and with Paul only 50 yards behind, it was a case of head down and keep going.

Martin, obviously anxious to be first at the bar to buy us all a pint, had disappeared into the distance. On the uphill road section to the finish, I passed four fading runners and ended up a minute faster than last year. Martin had finished a few minutes in front, with Pete a few more minutes in front of him. Paul was a few minutes behind me, but Will was nowhere to be seen. Could it be that he caught sight of a certain lady runner disrobing en route and suffered immediate debilitation of vital parts! We shall probably never know.

Somewhere at the pointed end, all the real athletes had been having a race and Ray Shorrocks had returned with a disgustingly fast time of around 72 minutes.

Comments overheard on the day -

Martin Stone - "I ran like a fairy."
 Paul Glover - "I don't like running that fast."
 Pete Simpson - "I don't like running."

Nigel Robinson.

FAIRFIELD HORSESHOE : 19.5.85

The Italians at last had arrived, and with the England tracksuits being donned, the International battle was on. The initial sprint was vicious round the tree, but soon eased off whilst the long climb up Nab Scar and Heron Pike was negotiated. The wind on top was considerable and with the mist down it made it most interesting. I was feeling good on top in 6th place (again!), but lost on the descent (again!). It felt good to put the Italian star, Bonzi, behind me, but disappointing that the England vests of Whitfield, Ashworth, Broxap and Symonds just held me off.

348 men finished with a large number of Dark Peakers covering the field. In the women's race a staggering 31 turned out with Jacky taking 3rd, ahead of Angela sporting the Welsh colours of Eryri, despite an injured foot which affected her descending.

Andy Harmer.

RESULTS

1	K.Stuart. (Kes)	71.54	(3)	J.Smith.	99.55
2	J.Maitland. (AAC)	74.55	218	N.Goldsmith.	100.03
3	P.Pezzoli.	75.14	238	W.McLewin.	101.58
11	A.Harmer.	78.05	263	I.Roberts.	105.00
46	A.Moffatt	85.14	287	P.Harris.	108.36
77	M.Stone.	88.09	300	C.Henson.	110.30
87	D.Sant.	88.54	310	P.Dyke.	113.02
136	P.Griffies.	93.04	322	J.Edwards.	117.11
146	P.Collingwood.	93.55	(16)	K.Whittle.	121.03
168	N.Robinson.	95.41	343	R.Haworth.	130.40
184	B.Thackery.	96.36	346	T.Sayles.	132.40

GOAT FELL, THREE ISLANDS RACE, BENS OF JURA
(How to get yourself certified in one easy lesson.)

Goat Fell 18th May.

For the second year I was surprised at how few Dark Peakers had taken up the Goat Fell/Jura double. After all, Jura is a bloody long way to go for a weekend, Goat Fell is a smashing race, Arran is a great island and its the easiest way to get to Jura. In fact this year I went to Arran intending to do Goat Fell and then head south for the Welsh 1000 metres race, but a wrong turn in Brodick somehow led us back to Jura and the classic double.

So Don Booth, the inventor of the double, and myself were the sole D.P. reps at Goatfell. It was a hot day, (Don commented that it was the first day all year that he'd run in shorts and vest.) Times were down all round and despite it being a record field and being won over a minute slower than last year, I still managed to be ten places higher. With one more Dark Peaker we may have won the team trophy. The results were -

1	A. Styan. (Holm)	1.20.12
16	D. Booth.	1.27.19
25	A. Evans.	1.31.14

The following afternoon, every year, after the Goat Fell race, entertainment is provided by the arrival of the Scottish Islands Yacht/Fell race, at the checkpoint on the beach by Brodick Castle. This is one of these races where they sail to various places, then a couple of seasick runners jump off and attempt to run up mountains fast enough to catch the appropriate tides.

As usual this race had a strong Pennine contingent and among the pairs of runners were Pete Irwin and Ken Taylor, Derek Ratcliffe and Dave Bleakley, and Ray Aucott and Peter Brooks, all in the first five boats to arrive.

The runners looked in a really bad way, having had an appallingly rough night. Irwin and Taylor, lying second, had an unfortunate accident on their arrival at the beach, when a freak wave overturned their dingy a few yards from shore. It was a cold day and with all their gear soaked to add to the misery of seasickness, they didn't seem able to share the mirth of the onlookers. Nonetheless, they still managed the fastest time of the leg, (as they had on the previous two islands).

The prescribed route from the beach is not the best one up Goat Fell, and the 5.5 miles of road to Glen Sannox before the ascent must be a cruel piece of running in that condition. Some of the teams were taking over 5 hours, and that is after running Ben More on Mull and the Paps of Jura the previous day!

Ray went through in about third position, and during the five minute mandatory stop and kit check, told us that he'd not eaten for 18 hours. How on earth can you run in a state like that? "This games not for me," I thought.

The next day the weather changed and a glorious day was spent on the superb Arran ridges with Kiernan Maguire of Rochdale, who was on his way to Jura. Scrambling along A'Chir in shorts and vest I finally decided I'd like to go to Jura again, instead of Wales. When we got back down I was delighted when Andrea suggested we do just that.

I didn't bother recce-ing the Jura race this time, confident that I would remember the best lines from the previous

year. I did confirm however, that the final descent to Three Arch Bridge was best taken by the deer fence and not the river path I took previously.

A strong Dark Peak contingent was in evidence around Craighouse, and as usual, members of the various Pennine clubs outnumbered the rest. At least half a dozen runners from the yacht race were here again. Fancy running the Paps of Jura twice in one week!

The Dark Peak team hopes seemed to be carried by Ray, Don and Dave Sant, who had thrashed me in every race since last years Bens of Jura. Sure enough, on the long slog up to the first checkpoint, (Dubh Bheinn) all three seemed well up in the first ten or so, with me back in the mid twenties. Carnethy also had three runners in front of me and it looked like they would be the main challengers for the team honours.

I was having a bit of a battle with Andy Howie, a mate of mine, when half way up the first Pap (B'einn a'Chaolais) I suddenly realised Dave was only about a hundred yards ahead, taking a flanking line to the left. Abandoning my battle, I followed Dave with visions of an unexpected place in the Dark Peak team if I could catch him. This was a bad idea. Andy went direct and ended up miles in front of us both. However, I decided to stick with Dave and giving it a lot of welly down the scree, caught him at the foot of the second Pap (Beinn an Oir) in almost exactly the same place as last year. Not expecting his 'bonk' to last long, I made hay while the sun shone and pushed on up the second incredibly steep Pap, almost catching Andy in the process. Here I suddenly realised that it was snowing, and the weather began to look threatening.

The effort required to make up the ground lost following Dave began to tell a bit on the third Pap (Beinn Shiantaidh) and Andy pulled away again. This mountain is the crux of the race and confidence in my memory ebbed when I surveyed the mass of loose boulders confronting me on the top of this incredible pile of stones. Andy somehow disappeared (He'd been up a few days earlier and reced the route off). Luckily I remembered his description of a superb new way off and attempted to follow it. I did get onto runnable ground, but found myself back on the coll between the 2nd and 3rd Paps (:?@*!), and had to run about half a mile back around Shiantaidh and up to the coll connecting it to Corra Bheinn, the next and final summit. I later discovered that Andy had used the route I'd suggested to him!

After the last checkpoint, the rest of the race to the road was an anti-climax. I was sure Dave must have passed me during the cock-up. My good line down the deer fence enabled me to catch a couple of runners who floundered about in the river valley to the right. They soon left me again on the road.

On arriving at Three Arch Bridge, the last checkpoint, Andrea was there with Mary Sant.

"How long ago did Dave come through?"

"He's not through yet."

The next three and a half miles were lonely, but tolerable by the thought that I was in the team once again, and that we had an outside chance of getting the team prize and a couple of bottles of Jura Malt!

At the finish I was 7 minutes slower than last year, but the lines I took were a lot worse, so I must have run faster. Dave came in next, only one place and 7 mins behind. Ray had won the race magnificently, beating Andy Styan on the road! Derek Ratcliffe, another 3 Islands man, was third, and Andy Curtis,

winner of the 3 Islands. was fourth. Most of the other Islands runners also had surprisingly good runs - which goes to show something, I'm not sure what.

At the prizegiving later in the afternoon, Ray won Yet another gallon of malt for finishing first, a gallon for being first vet, and yes, Dark Peak pipped Carnethy for first team, so Ray ended up with another half a gallon. Don and myself got two bottles each. Dark Peak still hadn't finished though, and although we didn't get a clean sweep of the trophies, we did cover the whole range. Terry Sayles was presented with a magnificent pair of hand knitted socks by the people of Jura, as last man home, earning as big a cheer as Ray for coming first.

The next day was taken up by a cricket match on the campsite, followed by the distillery trip. When everyone had gone home, the sun came out again and we had a glorious week on Jura. I even went back up Beinn Shiantaidh and checked the correct route off the summit. It's dead simple and can be done on one bearing once you know it's 1** degrees. (** - Buy me a pint and I'll tell you)

Al Evans.

RESULTS

1	R.Aucott.	3.18.36	52	W.McLewin.	5.07.36
9	D.Booth.	3.51.38	66	P.Dyke.	5.55.29
24	A.Evans.	4.18.50	67	B.Hodges.	5.55.53
25	D.Sant.	4.25.31	68	G.Goldsmith. (L)	5.56.29
34	N.Goldsmith.	4.40.34	74	J.Edwards.	6.17.43
40	M.Pedley.	4.53.06	78	T.Sayles.	7.24.43
43	A.Soper. (A.R.) (L)	4.55.16			

Team : 1 Dark Peak 11.29.04
 2 Carnethy 11.45.34

DARK PEAK GOES TO JURA

Half way up the first Pap, trying to persuade reluctant muscles to push legs up the remaining 1000ft or so, with every aching muscle protesting, I decided that this was not my sort of race.

It was all Mel's fault really; "I fancy doing the Bens of Jura. Seems a right good do." John fancied the idea of a ceiledh, and Andy thought it was a good idea. Some pints of Marstons later and Gerry and I were mellowing. That's how Hayfield went to Jura. Any resistance we had, evaporated at the Wednesday night run, when we discovered that a Dark Peak expedition was planned.

A wet, windy and winding journey found us at Kennacraig bivvying in the ticket office entrance. A bleary eyed Captain Yates and crew, piped us aboard the ferry having spent a disgustingly luxurious night as cabin class passengers.

The race started remarkably slowly, a fact which pleased me after too many the night before - it hard to get to sleep when it's still light, even if it is 11.30pm. By the summit of the first Pap, I had decided to treat the race as a worthwhile once off, never to be repeated, experiment. At least the views were enjoyable and there were likely to be another two similar leg.

lung and soul destroying climbs to go. "You've another two fell races to go yet." said a canny scot, in high speed shorts. Obviously kilts are not permitted to be worn for racing.

Choice of line in descent was all important and I managed to fare well; basic mountain sense and previous Scottish hill experience is a real asset in this race, as is previous experience or a good recce.

On the third Pap it began to snow. "I don't know who's more stupid, you for staying here or me for running this race." I admonished the marshall. "Nefty, nefty." he replied. I think that's gaelic for "Sod off sassnach." John and Mel took this marshall to their hearts and stopped for a chat, signed the book, took some photos and then ambled off.

Why is it that some races are ruined by roads. I died on the road; all 3.5 miles of it; stone in shoe, not daring to stop for fear of never restarting. But what a finish; all the locals standing in doorways cheering and clapping you in, with me feeling like death and thinking I ought to smile. Then being gently but firmly directed - "not the sheep dip," I groaned. (Most of us were covered in deer or sheep ticks.) I found myself arranged in front of a camera being presented with my certificate by Donald Mackinlay.

I couldn't help but wonder if he really was interested in how I found the race. I thought about President Johnson's technique at such times "Oh yes, murdered a few runners on the way and shot a few stropo marshalls." just to see if he was listening. Sense and the thought of the distillery trip prevailed. Later, both at the presentation and in talking to him, I realised that he really was interested; interested enough to have at least walked the route.

It is a marvellous weekend event, with a fine friendly spirit; how heartwarming it was to hear the loudest, longest cheers, mainly from the runners and families, for the two local runners.

I've come round to the idea that it may just have something going for it...

Neil Goldsmith.

P.S.

Not having been well for some time, I was advised that the Bens of Jura would be a 'kill or cure'. Fellow Dark Peakers persuaded me to at least start the race - I could always drop out part way.

I started slowly, feeling unfit and unsure whether I ought to be there. Most of the runners seemed to vanish into the distance even faster than normal, and looking back there were only a few behind me. Would I retire if they passed me and I was actually last? The next part of the race is a blank in my memory (senility, Neil says) but I remember seeing John Edwards and Terry at some stage and pulling away from them on a descent. With renewed determination, I walked up the first Pap quite quickly. Climbing up the large scree reminded me of mountaineering days (before this mad fell rinning lark!) and I started to enjoy the scenery and the walk. A runner nearby was trying to overtake on small scree and sliding backwards with each step.

Ascending another Pap (the second?) I passed Mel and John, who later caught up as I was attempting to descend the third Pap. Snow made the boulders really slippery and progress was slow. The route was not clear, and when Pete and Ben appeared I believed

them when they said they were on route - after all they had recced it the previous day! That descent took a long time. Tiredness set in, and it was good to have company to keep me going. A long trudge remind.....

Well I made it, and the tea in the village hall was great. It certainly didn't kill me, and it may have even cured me, as I was able to enjoy the rest of our holiday walking and climbing on Arran, with no ill effects. Thanks Dark Peakers who encouraged me, it was a memorable experience which I might even repeat...

Gerry Goldsmith.

WELSH 1000m : 25.5.85

Having completed the Welsh 3000-footers two years ago, walking/jogging the fourteen peaks, I expected the 1000m peaks race to be fairly straightforward, although I knew it would be long and physically demanding. This years race was, however, held in the worst imaginable weather conditions. The full extent of the very strong winds and at times horizontal rain, seemed to be centred exclusively in Snowdonia that day.

For those of you who don't know the race, the route stretches from the mud flats at Aber on the North Wales coast, over the Carneddau, over the shoulder of the Glyders to Pen-y-Pass and then finishing at Snowdon summit.

The bad weather resulted in a lot of retirements, with only 96 finishers from over 150 starters in the mens race. First finisher for Dark Peak was Martin Stone, who despite a slow steady start, gradually pulled through the field to finish 17th. In the ladies race which started at Ogwen, Pauline Hawarth pulled away from Angela Carson on the run up the Pyg Track to win by nearly two minutes. Kay Whittle finished third, 46 minutes behind Angela, but her time included a significant period wandering around the Glyders in the mist, trying (and failing) to find the checkpoint on the miners path. I was reasonably pleased with my own result and have certain memories from the race...

Leaving Aber Falls and seeing many runners going in all directions; climbing the Glyders from Ogwen through what appeared to be permanent paddy fields; finding the Glyders checkpoint looming out of the cloud and rain without having taken a compass bearing; the relief at seeing the Pyg track flatten out as you turn the corner by the start of the ridge up to Crib Goch; getting blown up Crib-y-dysgol; getting blown over on Crib-y-dysgol; and the long walk/jog back to Llanberis because the summit trains weren't working - it was too windy. My thanks to Martin Stone and Mike Hayes for providing me with refreshments at Snowdon summit - my clothes are still at the bottom of the mountain, including my money. Now if the weather had been like Sunday it may have been a different story....

Keith Tonkin.

RESULTS

1	B. Bland. (KES)	3.44	49	C. Hughes.	5.15
17	M. Stone.	4.17	59	P. Griffies.	5.32
32	K. Tonkin.	4.40	72	D. Livesey.	5.39
34	M. Hayes.	4.45			

Ladies

1	P. Hawarth. (KES)	1.54
2	A. Carson.	1.56
3	K. Whittle.	2.42

YORKSHIRE DALES 100 : 25-27.5.85

We set off in good spirits, looking forward to a good run, having recc'd up to 3/4 of the route in the previous few weeks and getting fitter than I have been for some years.

However, within one mile of the start, a collapsing feeling on my back indicated clinical death of my old 'Bambino' sec. Regular attention of the nappy pin variety over the next wet and blustery 14 miles to Horton ensured some life after death.

The delays caused me to drop behind my erstwhile training partners, Dave and Brian Carrat and the final conditions over Ingleboro and Pen-y-Ghent gave me plenty to think about anyway. I had suspected possible bag failure (later on than a mile) and put in my 'Stemar' bum bag as an emergency survival bag. A glorious change in the weather over Cam Fell and a good run round to Hawes, took me past Neil Piper, who had started with the early walkers 4 hours earlier. (He was one of the elite to do the Fellsman and the 100 on successive weekends.)

Coming into Hardraw the other two and Mike were just leaving. Imagine my surprise and 'chagrin' to find Ian Roberts and Alan Ireland sat in the barn retired. (We thought they had pulled a fast one by going in the early start.) Tee-Hee!

The next section (from 40 miles) was into the dark and I caught Brian at the halfway mark by the river Eden. Dave was to move up to 2nd here and had great hopes. I managed to stay with Brian over the worst of the night, over Wild Boar Fell and Rise Hill, but let him have his head when he got to the road run into Dent. However, I had a decent run in myself and the other two were still there at the big meal stop in the village hall. Brian and I left before Dave and I was struggling to keep up and finally let him go at Ribbleshead on the way back over Cam Fell. Brian had the bit and was going after Mike, I was happy to work on anybody that came within my talking/running range.

Dave caught me up at Buckden so I had to show the lad that I wasn't ready yet for the Rotherham H invasion of fell running so burnt him off over Firth Fell. A glorious morning and a nice run by Malham Tarn made sub-24 hours the objective. A last minute mistake through complacency put me six minutes out but still very satisfied. What a shame about the two Macc. lads.

Roger Baumeister.

RESULTS

1	M.Cudahay. (R-Sac)	21.45	5	D.Carrat. (Roth)	24.58
2	B.Harney.	23.13	9	M.Greaves.	25.50
3	P.Simpson.	23.58	33	J.Coulson.	30.45
4	R.Baumeister.	24.06	154	N.Piper.	41.02

236 finished inside the 48 hour limit.
461 starters.

RAVENSTONE BROW : 8.6.85

After a long lay off due to illness, the urge to run on the hills returned, and I found myself making the long drive from Derby to Greenfield for what I'd heard was a good little race.

The day was rather overcast and showery, but the event was well supported with over 200 runners, many of whom were doing the Saddleworth 3 day event. The course was altered (improved) last year and gives a good race over 10 miles and 1250 ft of climb, which is marked all the way. After the normal weather for the Chew Valley race, it was pleasant to visit the area and actually be able to see the hills. Following the climb up beside the Greenfield Brook reservoirs and Birchins clough, it is a grand run over to Chew reservoir and then back to Greenfield. A nice day out and a very friendly event.

Steve Dean.

RESULTS

1	D.Crookes. (ECH)	1.05.38	90	B.Thackery.	1.20.34
48	C.Hughes.	1.14.22	92	P.Brunst.	1.20.51
63	P.Guerrier.	1.16.54	127	S.Dean.	1.25.55
77	M.Meyser.	1.18.40	142	P.Collingwood.	1.27.15
80	P.Glover.	1.18.46	174	J.Edwards.	1.33.07

THE BIG ONES

ENNERDALE : 8.6.85

Snow covered the top of Helvellyn on the drive over to Keswick; Yes we go over the top! But by Loweswater the Grasmoor hills were superb. No better evening could be imagined on a clear summer's eve. The pub relented on the 9.30 stop as black puddings, cumberland sausage and beer were consumed to stock up for Kirkfell and Pillar. Putting the tent up on the roots of the sandy campsite, at 11.30 in the dark, seemed effortless as Graham, Tony and I bedded down, the other two eager for the 'morrow. The views from Great Borne and Red Pike were magnificent, especially to the Buttermere hills. Dry rocks, a cool wind, and sunshine made this the best outing of the year, and the watersplash at the end in bright sun was magical. John Fisher broke 4hrs in a brilliant run, closely followed by Bob; an unforgettable day. As for me, the secrets in the toothpaste or so

Graham and Tony reckoned. This was a breakthrough for me on the long Lakes ones, despite running out of steam from Iron Crag.

Andy Harmer.

RESULTS

1	K.Stuart. (KES)	3.20.57	31	B.Berzins.	4.03.19
2	J.Maitland. (AAC)	3.24.10	36	T.Farnell.	4.06.11
3	B.Bland. (KES)	3.27.11	60	G.Berry.	4.22.57
9	A.Harmer.	3.43.23	66	M.Hayes.	4.24.14
27	J.Fisher.	3.57.08			

WASDALE : 13.7.85

What a contrast! The clag was down, rain came out of every cloud and John Edwards deserved praise for battling on when the weather turned nasty! (Margaret deserves praise also for surviving the monsoon; such a loyalty deserves more than claret!) 97 finished! Only Billy broke 4hrs and Bob Berzins had a blinder finishing 17th, whilst the club secretary showed his ineptitude by losing 20 mins on his way to Pillar. It gave Dave Sant a chuckle as we met in the middle of a crag.

Andy Harmer.

RESULTS

1	B.Bland. (KES)	3.55.29	42	A.Carson.	5.00.51
2	A.Ligema.	4.01.58	47	T.Farnell.	5.10.15
3	J.Maitland. (AAC)	4.02.21	56	R.Baumeister.	5.21.23
15	A.Harmer.	4.36.09	57	G.Berry.	5.21.45
17	B.Berzins.	4.36.46	94	J.Edwards.	6.20.13
38	D.Sant.	4.56.26			

P.S. Angela, running for Eryri, was reportedly skipping over wet rocks and put up one of the best runs all season by any club member (Are you one of us still?) Roger and Graham went walkabout coming off Scafell; a difficult test, whilst Tony was so bonked he found Lingmell by survival instinct. Thighs were still sore 3 days later after the 3000' descent. Still, it was a campaign badge worth sporting a la Henry 5th "Gentlemen abed will think themselves accursed....." (I think I've read that right - Ed)

BLACKA MOOR CHASE : 14.7.85

This fell race, 5.25 miles with not too much climb, was held in conjunction with the annual Trolley fete, and attracted a fair sprinkling of Dark Peak vests.

The start, with 380 runners, was on the road and very fast indeed, with Graham Sellens, Andy Moffatt and myself in the top ten. However Hallamshire Harriers were up there in force, and with a big effort (and some poor marshalling) I was in equal third place at the top of the hill, with two red vests just in front.

With encouragement from Andy Harmer, Sam Carey and, later

on, Malcolm I decided to 'go for it' and moved into second place (the leader some 200 metres up by then) until the last half mile when a hill appeared, so I came third instead.

First in the ladies was Val French, from the University, which I was also representing. Now however, having graduated (into what, we shall never know) I shall be running exclusively for Dark Peak, especially in the X-C races. See you this autumn!

Phil Murray.

RESULTS

1	J.Tollerfield.(HH)	31.56	27	R.Barker.	36.40
3	P.Murray.	32.37	33	M.Desforges.	37.25
7	G.Sellens.	33.35	38	G.Lax.	37.50
16	D.Holmes.	35.20	42	H.Swindells.	38.15
25	G.Desforges.	36.00	91	P.Dyke.	42.15

SAUNDERS LAKELAND MM : 13-14.7.85

For those of you who weren't there at Askham for the Saunders Mountain Marathon, you're probably glad that you weren't! Out of the 23 entrants in the Scafell class and 115 in the Bowfell, only 8 and 40 finished respectively. It should be sufficient to say that the weather was miserable. Mist engulfed the Lakes from lunchtime on Saturday until lunchtime on Sunday - optimum running time! For most people that meant at least 7 hours of Saturday was spent wandering around the mountain tops, in drizzle at the best of times and driving rain at the worst. It would appear that the rest of the population of the UK and USA were wrapped snugly away from the elements and glued to the television watching 'Live Aid'.

As if mother nature wasn't enough of a deterrent, the organisers decided that they too should hinder the event. For the contenders of the Bowfell Class, life was made more difficult by a little game called 'hunt the control'. Their first control was missing and so was the third! Even the Scafell Class was affected on that occasion as the marshalls put the control in the wrong churchyard. As if that wasn't obvious enough, they even continued to put out a taped route from the wrong location! The final straw for most people was on Cofa Pike, just north of Fairfield summit, where the unlucky ones spent an hour or so searching around in a boulder field for the control, whilst the lucky ones met the marshalls on the path to be told "Don't try looking for that control; we're the marshalls for it, and we can't find it either!" As if that wasn't enough, Steve Clayton was poisoned by his partner with a 2-year-old Kendal Mintcake (that's his excuse anyway).

From Fairfield Gerry and I made our way southeast through Kirkstone Pass, Stoney Cove Pike and Mardale Ill Bell into Lonsleddale. On the run-in we were met by the sorry sight of Pete Jones who was having to retrace his steps, having left his tent somewhere on top of Adam Seat! After 10 hours and 18 minutes and 57 kilometres, Gerry and I staggered into the overnight campsite (Spacepacker Alley in the DPFR ghetto) to find it relatively empty. No rescue parties had been sent out to look for us, and at 8.30pm we weren't even latecomers! At that point we were inspired

to find that we were the leading female team out of the 4 teams to make the camp. DPFR was doing very well at the overnight stage - the Scafell Class was led by Keith Tonkin and Tim Daniels with a margin of 4 minutes over Steve Willis and Jeff Coulson. Meanwhile, in the Bowfell, Neil Goldsmith and Andy Howie were leading by 6 minutes, and Colin Hughes and Chris Jones were lying in sixth position. Unfortunately there were also several retirements, including Bob Toogood and Rory Gregory and the Scafell's only female team of Jackie Smith and Chez De Mengel.

Day two was comparatively easy. A mere 35km for the Scafell, and 25km for the Bowfell. Up from Haweswater, along High Street and eventually back to Askham via some nice bogs which made all Peak District runners feel quite at home! Unfortunately Keith and Tim lost their lead and finished 2nd by 6 minutes in a time of 13.42. Neil and Andy finished in 11.46 and maintained their 1st position, as did Gerry and myself who couldn't fail to win if they completed the course! In fact we managed to achieve 15.18 and 21st place, beating Yeti and Bob Seagrove who finished in 27th place - maybe learning to read a map might help their performance! Colin and Chris finished 11th overall in 13.46, losing a lot of time on Sunday as the 'B.G.' made its impact on Colin's knees. Not far behind were Paul Glover and Nigel Robinson who finished in 12th in 14.10, whilst Christine Fielding and Barry Needle were 22nd in 15.20.

And the good points to the 1985 Saunders? (There must be some!). Beautiful sunny weather; after all, we'd all finished and were driving home! Askhams open air pool did provide a very welcome apres-event swim - just to stimulate the appetite before an M&S salad! Just like the KIMM though - wait till next year and we'll be back for more punishment!

Kay Whittle.

CROOKSTONE CRASHOUT : 26.6.85

Malcolm said he didn't know there was a prize for a sub-10 climb to the knoll; even so his excellent climb made one disbelieve that. He even managed to break the record, set last year by Tim Tett, by 9 seconds. (I'll have it back next year - Ed) Andy Moffatt always does well on this course and snatched a well deserved second place. Excellent runs by Graham and Dave Holmes made a spirited outing. With a descent in well under 4 minutes it's a race to shake your thighs and rattle your teeth. No ladies turned up - perhaps they value their bodies. It hasn't the variety of the Cakes Of Bread but if your tired it really is purgatory. It was nice to see the trig point this time. Don't forget this twice yearly spectacular will grace the calendar on or around the 22nd December next.

Thanks to Gerry G. for timing on one of the few warm evenings of the year.

Andy Harmer.

RESULTS

1	M. Patterson.	29.45	13	P. Griffies.	35.31
2	A. Moffatt.	30.25	14	A. Holland.	35.36
3	A. Harmer.	30.29	15	B. Woodley.	37.16
4	T. Farnell.	32.46	16	N. Goldsmith.	37.17
5	G. Berry.	33.23	17	D. Prentice.	37.40
6	D. Sant.	33.47	18	B. Seagrove.	38.06
7	D. Holmes.	34.16	19	T. Norris.	39.52
8	P. Lewis.	34.38	20	J. Harrison.	40.47
9	M. Hayes.	34.47	21	G. Lax.	40.51
10	M. Meysner.	34.55	22	J. Edwards.	40.58
11	T. Trowbridge.	35.10	23	A. Sahni.	41.59
12	P. Collingwood.	35.12	24	T. Sayles.	46.19

CAKES OF BREAD : 24.7.85

This was the only one of Andy's races I missed last year so I was a little apprehensive at the start for two reasons; the first being that I didn't know the route at all after Lost Lad, and the second, I'd been and got myself injured a few days earlier and this was to be the first test.

A slight alteration in the route from last year meant a much better course - shorter for a start, and now blessed with a nice, although steep, grassy climb from the start - not unlike the Crockstone race. It was at the start of this climb that the knee began to hurt - "Oh well." I thought "I'll just take it easy to the top and stop there, to watch the race from a good vantage point on Pike Low." Halfway up the climb the pain disappeared and at the same time I sensed Malcolm and Andy slowing. I seized my chance and overtook them up the steep climb, much to my amazement and theirs I suspect. Not really wanting to lead, as I wasn't sure of the way, I wasn't worried when Malcolm caught me up just before Lost Lad. Following Malcolm off L.L. towards Cakes of Bread as the crow flies, I began to wonder if this was the best route. It turned out not to be, and Andy was hot on our tails at C.o.B. having taken the slightly longer path route.

This is one of the very few races, another being the Trog, where the leaders take different routes. Andy Malcolm and I fanned out on the way to Pike Low and coincidentally all crossed the brook at the foot of P.L. together - the race was really on!

The crawl up to Pike Low through thistles and bracken chest high and bogs ankle deep is surely something to be avoided if possible. Malcolm emerged at the top 50 metres up, having found a better line than me and Andy, but as we were to find out later not the best line. "Malcolms won" I said to Andy - no answer.

Not wishing to aggravate my injury further I let Andy go after Malcolm. The results speak for themselves. Dave Holmes managed to save some time by straying off the route and coming direct off Pike Low, whilst Tim Daniels and Mike(?) Meysner added a few minutes - will Tim ever get his navigation right?! John Fisher had another fine run to come in fourth beating Tony and Alan Yates must have been saving himself all year for this one. Only one lady though - where are you all?

Eddie Torr.

RESULTS

1	M. Patterson.	41.27	14	D. Sant.	57.15
2	A. Harmer.	41.46	15	J. Kewley.	57.35
3	T. Tett.	42.03	16	H. Biggins.	57.48
4	J. Fisher.	45.39	17	P. Brunt.	57.50
5	T. Farnell.	46.09	18	A. Sahni.	59.01
6	D. Holmes.	50.12	19	T. Norris.	59.26
7	T. Daniels.	50.32	20	C. Windle.	59.58
8	A. Yates.	50.50	21	J. Edwards.	60.03
9	M. Meyner.	50.54	22	C. Henson.	61.58
10	P. Griffies.	51.26	23	K. Whittle.	62.35
11	P. Collingwood.	51.35	24	C. Worsell.	63.18
12	J. Harrison.	51.53	25	T. Sayles.	69.25
13	A. Moffatt.	52.30	26	T. Foley.	69.59

FROM SIERRE-ZINAL to DUNGWORTH IN LESS THAN A WEEK

Like a lot of things in DPFR, it all started with Will McLewin. His account of the Sierre to Zinal race and the loan of the official handbook of the race tempted me to have a shot at this Swiss Alpine race. Not only me but Fi, Danny and Dave Pierce, a neighbour of ours, all encouraged by the photo of a one legged man finishing "If he can do it....". We all entered the race which is split into two main categories 'coureurs' (runners) and 'touristes' (walking runners). The 'touristes' are the really dedicated set who start the race at 5.00 a.m. whilst the 'coureurs' start at 8.30 a.m. On recommendation from Will, an essential part of the preparation for this race is the carbo loading at the Sierre station cafe. Needless to say, young Will was already there when the six of us arrived. However, there was bad news in that the official DPFR transport had been run into by a Frenchman, causing the DPFR van (with Will) to be pushed into a ditch. The Frenchman's car was a write-off, but it takes more than a Renault to stop the DPFR van and with a few minor alterations it was on the road again for Sierre.

After the carbo loading; the race. Fi, Danny and Dave set off at about 4.30a.m. in the dark. I slept on for a couple of hours and then made my way to the start with 1304 others. A heavy rope was used to bring the runners behind the start line and after a shaky start, we streamed up about half a mile of road (uphill) followed by two helicopters. Then the long, long climb through the forest began. There is a continuous climb of about 5000 feet through two 'postes de ravitaillement' where tea, water, orange and a salt/glucose drink, Isostar, are ready for everyone. Coming out from the forest into the hot sun gives some fantastic alpine views (if you have time to look) and this continued throughout the rest of the race. There are another four 'postes de ravitaillement' along the route before the finish. These are very welcome in the hot conditions. In the latter half of the race some of the touristes are caught and the army are in place with whistles to warn of oncoming coureurs. This is fine if you are a coureur but not so good if you are a touriste as you immediately have to jump off the path mountain goat style. Finally, the descent of 2,000 feet into Zinal, where even I could manage to overtake about 20-30 people (all Continentals) to finish in the glorious position of 232nd in a

time of 3 hours 32 minutes just as the garlanded winners. Jack Maitland and Veronique Marot, were making their lap of honour through the streets of Zinal. The other DPFR result was W.McLewin in 4 hours 1 minute (516th) but we need another DPFR man to make a team.

Other notable results :

Fi Berry	7.75 hours
Danny Berry	7 hours
Dave Pierce	6 hours

1	J.Maitland.	2.36	66	V.Marot. (L)	3.06
9	P.Makepiece.	2.41	79	A.Jeffries.	3.11
11	C.Mochrie.	2.44	162	N.Matthews.	3.23
13	J.Norman.	2.46	174	T.Bounds.	3.25
15	M.Short.	2.46	232	G.Berry. (DPFR)	3.32
25	R.Pallenter.	2.53	253	G.Brass.	3.34
26	T.Barnett.	2.53	320	P.Bland.	3.44
32	M.Woods.	2.55	384	S.Exam. (L)	3.50
35	T.Hulme.	2.57	516	W.McLewin. (DPFR)	4.01
39	J.Blair-Fish.	2.58	521	T.Horsewill.	4.02
48	B.Brindle.	3.02	541	R.Garner.	4.03
59	A.Lamb.	3.06	570	P.Blessel.	4.06

+ others.

The general verdict was a well organised race over a superb scenic route with no navigational difficulties(!). I strongly recommend it.

Within a week of the Sierre-Zinal I was standing at the start of the Dungworth Gala Fell Race, this time at the recommendation of another DPFR character, Gentleman John Edwards.

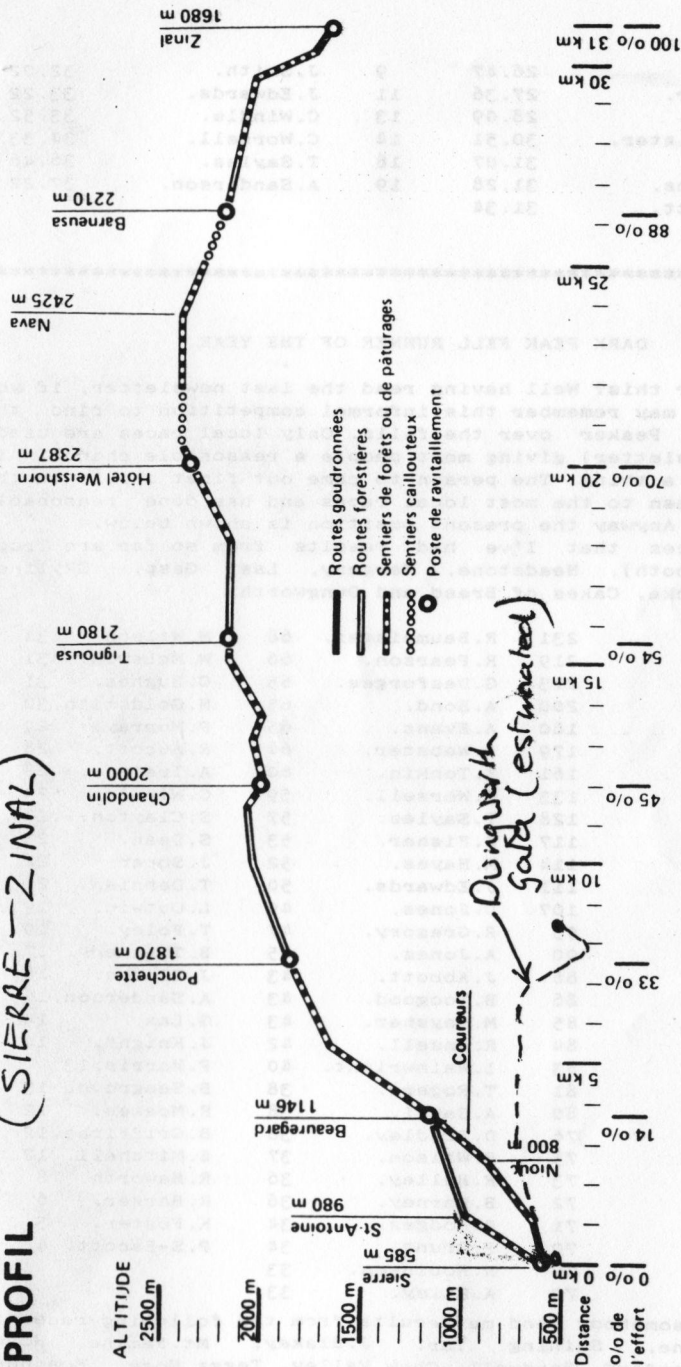
The views were not quite the same but the ambience of the event made up for that with a fine commentary from the full-time professional model of the club, Alan Yates. It was indeed flattering to be called an athlete, "...the athletes are lining up for the start..." and to be described as "...well trained" but I'm not sure about "...a well trained old man..."

However, between the appearance of massed junior Dungworth Bands and the dog obedience trials, the fell race started. A quick trot through the field and the village led us onto a fairly level stretch of road ending in a short climb up the road and through some fields. Like the Sierre-Zinal navigation was not a problem with red flags, black arrows and very chintzy curtain flags later on in the race. Just one field provided a slight navigational problem where some cows had chosen to eat or dispose of the red flags. By this time the lead had been taken by Tim Tett followed by Andy Harmer and myself, with Dave Cartwright and Roger Baumeister behind. The finish was in the Dungworth field, where, if you missed the finish funnel, you stood a good chance of being retrieved in the Dog Obedience Trials.

This fine fast race also gave me my second medal of the week, a Dungworth Gala medal, and for Roger B, who also received a medal, this was very timely because he had just finished making himself a medal board before the race. At this rate of medal winning, I might have to put in an order for a board myself.

My thanks go to the Edwards and the Foleys and Alan Yates and the Dungworth Gala Committee. For information here is a profile of both races (somewhere nearby - Ed)

PROFIL (SIERRE - ZINAL)



Les pourcentages indiqués sur ce graphique donnent une indication du temps qui vous sépare de l'arrivée. Exemple: à Chandolin — et bien que la distance parcourue ne soit que le 1/3 du trajet total — vous avez effectué le 45% de l'épreuve c'est-à-dire presque la moitié.

RESULTS

1	T. Tett.	26.47	9	J. Smith.	32.02
2	A. Harmer.	27.36	11	J. Edwards.	33.22
3	G. Berry.	28.09	13	C. Windle.	33.52
5	R. Baumeister.	30.51	14	C. Worsell.	34.33
6	A. Sahni.	31.07	18	T. Sayles.	36.46
7	H. Biggins.	31.28	19	A. Sanderson.	37.22
8	A. Moffatt.	31.34			

DARK PEAK FELL RUNNER OF THE YEAR

Remember this? Well having read the last newsletter, if you ever did, you may remember this informal competition to find the best(?) Dark Peaker over the fells. Only local races are used, (see last newsletter) giving most people a reasonable chance, if there's such a thing. The person to come out first should be the one who has been to the most local races and has done reasonably well in them. Anyway the present position is shown below.

The races that I've had results from so far are Trog, Crookstone (both), Headstone, Margery, Last Gasp, Skyline, Downfall, Blacka, Cakes of Bread and Dungworth.

A. Harmer.	231	R. Baumeister.	68	M. Wilson.	31
T. Tett.	219	R. Pearson.	66	W. McLewin.	31
D. Sant.	213	G. Desforges.	65	C. Hughes.	31
M. Patterson.	200	A. Bond.	65	N. Goldsmith.	30
T. Farnell.	180	A. Evans.	65	P. Murray.	29
G. Berry.	179	P. Webster.	64	R. Aucott.	28
D. Holmes.	161	K. Tonkin.	60	A. Ireland.	28
B. Berzins.	133	C. Worsell.	59	C. Windle.	24
T. Daniels.	128	T. Sayles.	57	S. Clayton.	24
A. Moffatt.	117	J. Fisher.	53	S. Dean.	23
G. Sellens.	114	M. Hayes.	52	J. Soper.	22
P. Griffies.	111	J. Edwards.	50	T. Dennish.	21
P. Lewis.	107	D. Jones.	49	L. Outwin.	19
A. Yates.	95	R. Gregory.	47	T. Foley.	19
C. Henson.	90	A. Jones.	45	B. Thackery.	17
R. Sanby.	86	J. Abbott.	43	J. Clarke.	16
A. Forsyth.	86	B. Toogood.	43	A. Sanderson.	16
P. Collingwood.	85	M. Meysner.	43	G. Lax.	14
J. Harrison.	84	R. Ansell.	42	J. Knight.	14
H. Biggins.	83	I. Wainwright.	40	P. Harris.	13
T. Norris.	81	T. Rogers.	38	B. Seagrove.	13
P. Kohn.	80	A. Sahni.	38	R. Moakes.	12
T. Trowbridge.	76	D. Bradley.	38	B. Griffiths.	12
P. Jones.	75	B. Wilson.	37	E. Mitchell.	12
M. Desforges.	73	R. Hulley.	36	R. Haworth.	8
M. Stone.	72	B. Harney.	36	R. Barker.	6
M. Spence.	71	B. Hodges.	34	K. Foster.	5
H. Swindells.	70	P. Brunt.	34	P. S-Escott.	4
P. Dyke.	70	N. Robinson.	33		
J. Cant.	70	A. Riley.	33		

Please somebody send me results from the following races :
 Penistone, Shining Tor, J. Blakey, Mt. Famine, Hope,
 Hathersage, Bamford, Bradwell, Chew Valley, Teggs Nose, Roaches,
 Kinder Trog, Glossop.