

# DARK PEAK NEWS

*december 87*



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DARK PEAK CLOTHING

Cotton Singlets - Mens	£6.75
Shorts	£5.50
Woolen Hats	£2.50
Tracksters (Ron Hill)	£9.50
Cloth Badges (on order)	£0.80
Other gear which can be obtained to order:-	
Rugby Shirts (see list in hut)	£15.00
Trackster Tops (Ron Hill)	£13.25
Ron Hill shoes - e.g Rivington Pike	£33.00
Tracksters	£22.00

Note: There are no more T-shirts! All Ron Hill clothing/shoes can be obtained at approx 15% off RRP. All above prices are subject to alteration. Orders/enquiries to Howard Swindells.

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WEDNESDAY RUNS

These start from the Sportsman Pub, Lodge Moor, Sheffield at 6.30pm prompt! They continue throughout the year whatever the weather - rain, sleet, hail, snow and sometimes sunshine. Runs are over the local moorland in summer and on the roads in winter (for all but a few head-cases, who run on the moors at night) and we try to cater for all abilities. Limited changing facilities are available in the adjacent club hut.

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**EDITORIAL**  
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Another year come and gone, and again I said to myself "There's always next year". I used to compare myself with Rob and Malcolm and say "In a couple of years when I've got over all the troubles, done some decent training and become more attuned to racing..." but that was more than a couple of years ago and I've now run out of excuses. At least I had one very good year a few years back. How often do you start a race thinking "I'll run with so and so, I was beating him the other year..." and not long into the race your gasping for breath in a state of oxygen debt and rapidly going backwards. This has been the story of my cross-country seasons for the last two years, a result of a very good 1984/85 season. This year I've learnt to put the brakes on, or in some races they've been put on for me. It's not easy to ignore other runners in a race, especially those of equal calibre, and run your own race, but it is probably this self control which is a vital ingredient to the making of many a star in all types of competition. It is a question of getting to know your body, its strengths and weaknesses, and hence to "Know your limitations!" as every good coach puts it. This is as much a key to success as having the ability to succeed and the will to win.

This is where orienteering comes into play. In orienteering there is seldom head-to-head confrontation, it is almost always yourself against the clock, the terrain, the course that the planner has set, etc. This is an ideal environment to get to know your limits - you have no excuses, if you don't make any mistakes that is. (Some of you orienteers out there may disagree, but who am I to provoke discussion!) In this respect we orienteers have an advantage. We are constantly having to pace ourselves over varying distances and different terrain, constantly adapting to different situations - not remote from many fell races. How often do you find yourself 'going backwards' at some point in a race because you just ran the previous mile or so too fast, or vice versa?

"Where is all this leading?" you may ask yourself. Planning - a word which seems to be far from many a fell runner's vocabulary. For those of you who are not lucky(?) enough to enjoy all the wonders of orienteering maybe you should try to reap the benefits of 'solo racing' in some other way. Ask yourself these questions whilst the christmas pudding is digesting:- Do you plan your weekly training? Do you plan your training monthly, seasonally or yearly? How often do you race? How are your performances spread between good and bad? How many training paces do you have? How varied is the terrain you run over? and "What the bloody hell is this Eddie Torr chap on about?"...

I think this is the first remotely serious editorial I've written. Isn't this what editorials are supposed to be - controversial. (Thinks - I must be in a bad way) Enough of this serious stuff..

Merry Christmas, etc

E.T.

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MEMBERSHIP AMMENDMENTS

NEW MEMBERS

Mike Arundale 16 Dobbin Hill, Sheffield S11 7JB,  
Tel 680144.  
John Firth 31 Clifford Rd, Nether Edge,  
Sheffield S11 9AQ, Tel 500645.  
Alistair Fisher 35 Huddersfield Rd, Ingbirchworth, Penistone,  
Sheffield S30 6GF, Tel Barnsley 766867.  
Tim Jordan 15 Osborne Rd, Nether Edge, Sheffield S11 9AY  
Clive Last 15 Bingham Park Rd, Ecclesall,  
Sheffield S11 7BD, Tel 681300  
Hugh Mathieson 410 Ecclesall Rd South, Sheffield S11 9PY,  
Tel 350196.  
Mick Poulter 42 Conduit Rd, Crookes, Sheffield S10 1EW.  
Tel 680794.  
Jazz Wood 22/24 Liberty Rd, Stannington,  
Sheffield S6 5PT, Tel 346132.  
Fiona Wood as above.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Steve Clayton. 63 Aldbury Rise, Allesbury Park, Coventry,  
Tel 0203 76704.  
Liz Dunn 64 James Copse Rd, LoveDean, Hants PO8 9RP,  
Tel 0705 598002.  
John Herbert 62 Fulmer Rd, Hunters Bar, Sheffield S11 8UF  
Tel 683794  
Ed Hutt 20 Kenbourne Rd, Nether Edge, Sheffield S7 1NL,  
Neil Pereira 29 Taptonville Rd, Broomhill, Sheffield S10 5BQ  
Adrian Pickles Hill Top Cottage, Cooper Lane, Hoylandswaine,  
Sheffield S30 6JE. Tel 0226 790708.  
Alison Wright 13 Mill Close, Lisvane, Cardiff CF4 5XQ,  
Tel 0222 757687.

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FRA MEMBERSHIP

All enquiries/renewals should be sent to Pete Bland  
Sports, 34a Kirkland, Kendal, Cumbria. The membership fee is now  
£4.

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LETTERS  
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Dear Tim

In the September issue of DP news, a report of the Dungworth Race makes reference to Hamish and Trudi Hamilton and their having kindly assisted as timekeepers at this year's Hope race.

I am much less involved with DP affairs than I used to be so I haven't been in on what, I imagine, has been some good-hearted banter about the timekeeping at Hope which resulted in the finishing times being incomplete.

But I am anxious to make it clear that, as I understand it, Hamish and Trudi were free of any blame for this.

The problem arose because the keeper of the reserve stop watch, engaged just in case the million to one chance of something untoward happening to the main stop watch happened, which it did, chose to go on a walkabout or runabout, it being such a nice evening.

I am keeping my silence on the identity of the third man but needless to say it wasn't Harry Line!

This prompts me to mention a perennial problem I have as a race organiser. Getting help on race day.

I was initiated into Dark Peak when you helped with the Skyline one year and ran the next (in that order) and feel sure more can be done by members to lend a hand at local races.

No-one escapes injury and no-one chooses to run every race in the calendar, so at any one time there will always be runners available to help. But I know from experience that the help I get invariably comes not from runners but from their wives, fiances, sons, daughters, friends, relations or fans.

Can we not, from within our ranks appoint a kind of race-help supremo (not me because I have enough on as race organiser) but someone who is closely involved in club affairs and knows the membership, able to promise any local race organiser say just six people who can be relied on to turn up on any local race day. There are not all that many local races and not all race organisers will necessarily need all six helpers.

So, may I appeal to all you runners to just occasionally pitch in with some help and make a contribution to improving the races your colleagues expect to enjoy.

Derick Jewell  
(Hope Race Organiser)

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Suleymanby Sokagi 712  
Maltepe  
Ankara  
Sunday 16 November

Dear Tim

Thanks a lot for sending me out copies of Dark Peak News. It's great to be able to keep in touch with what's going on. I've been keeping the running going here against all the odds, though there are precious few races in Turkey. In the last year, however, I have managed to get to what races there are and in a dull moment I thought I'd write a piece for the newsletter. So here you are.

I'm planning to come back to Britain in the summer, at least for a few months, so hopefully I'll see you all on the fells in August and September. In the meantime I face the dismal prospect of another winter in Ankara.

I've managed to get to the mountains a bit especially during the summer and it is the thought of a few winter routes that keeps me going. I'm planning a couple of trips next summer if anybody is interested. There's also a spare bed in the unlikely event of anyone passing through Ankara.

All the best,

Rick Ansell.

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LETTER FROM YORKSHIRE WATER

Dear Mr Harmer,

REDMIRES RESERVOIRS

Thank you for your co-operation in staying to listen to Mr Briens at Redmires Lower Reservoir on the evening of Wednesday 19th August 1987.

I am writing to confirm that members of your running club should not use Yorkshire Water land to the south of Redmires Reservoirs. There is no public access or right of way over this land, which has been designated a nature reserve.

The fell running activities of your members are not compatible with the protection and development of wildlife in the area. I should be grateful if you would please confine yourselves to public footpaths or concessionary rights of way when crossing Yorkshire Water land on future occasions.

Yours sincerely

P.J.Briens.

for General Manager.

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TEN YEARS OF DARK PEAK FELL RUNNERS

Apologies. The book that is to commemorate ten years of DPFRR has now been typed and is about to go to the printers. However, before we get it printed we would like as many members as possible to give/lend photographs to be included in the book. They can be on any relevant subject, e.g. races, amusing incidents, characters, etc. All photos to either Graham Berry or Dave Sant.

GOSSIP

Congratulations to Martin and Jane Spence on the birth of Peter at the end of September and to Andy Harmer and Jenny on the birth of Polly in mid-October. Martin is also to be congratulated on being selected for the World Sailing Championships in Australia(?) next year in the 505 dinghy class. This is his reason for not running very much over the last couple of years - and I thought he was just plain lazy.

THE CHAMPIONSHIPS

On the fell running scene the year ended very well for Dark Peak. In the British Championship Malcolm finished 6th and Jacky was 1st, whilst in the English Championship Malcolm was 2nd, Clare 2nd, Chez 3rd, and Jacky 5th. Bob Toogood also placed well in the vets category (6th?). (All placings are as heard through the grapevine)

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EGM, September 1987

A first in the history of Dark Peak? As the meeting was held after a club run a good number of 33 turned out, almost as many as the AGM!

ACCESS : (see item 5 AGM 6.5.87 for history of present dispute).  
Hallam Moors : The secretary has had a meeting with Jeremy Archdale, who owns Hallam Moors (and, incidentally, Bamford Edge and Hurling Stones) in the presence of Neil Taylor, tenant farmer and protagonist in the shooting incident.

The 45 minute meeting covered much of the ground which members had raised at the AGM. Fundamentally, Archdale is concerned with grouse and Taylor with sheep. The former doesn't see why he should pay for the upkeep of the moors and raise chicks (grouse) for Dark Peak to disturb when the runners contribute nothing to the upkeep of the area. He felt that, because it wasn't 'open', his land was a better wild life sanctuary than open access land managed by the National Trust i.e. more Golden Plover, Merlin etc. He was concerned at our growth in numbers over the last few years resulting in 40/50 runners crossing his land in convoy. Arguments by both sides essentially didn't achieve much as he won't agree access and we won't go away.

RECOMMENDATION:- the Secretary said that we should avoid saturating the area as we had done in April 1987 and should not

cross the wall beyond the Headstone. In other words, to use the conduit and then go up the Shooting Butts to High Neb. This would largely be less obvious to anyone watching. There was some debate about strategy, attitudes about landowners like Archdale and effects on wildlife (other than grouse). Archdale was essentially unhappy at the use of the land between Spring and August (the rearing of chicks period), Taylor, a new tenant, seemed a very deferential and nervy man and was concerned at sheep and lambs being scared. He is likely to be watching for both his own and his 'master's' interest.

Redmires Reservoir : On August 19th, DP members were stopped by Mr Briens, Yorkshire Water (see letter 25/8/87) and members of Sheffield Bird Study group. The recent spate of swimming in the water was not the main issue. Y.W. with S.B.S.G. and the Council(?) are proposing to set up a reserve for birds. We are consequently trespassing and allegedly 'incompatible with wildlife'.

Over the last few years we had thought the trespass to be virtually legitimate once the farmer near Roper Hill made a style. We appear to be wrong. Members were pretty fed up, this antagonism coming on top of Hallam Moors virtually leaves us no country access to the Pole or High Neb. There was a discussion about rights, disturbance to wildlife (in the spirit of item 6 AGM agenda May 1987) and options.

RECOMMENDATION:- the letter to be displayed in the club magazine (see elsewhere). DPFR not to use the trespass as a group on Wednesday evening. The S.B.S.G. did say they would give members information on wildlife disturbance at Redmires and other sites. Club members to consider alternative runs for Spring 1988. (Since then the Secretary has heard informally from S.B.S.G. that Hallam Moors may be receiving some scientific status with Council involvement, this is being explored but may have further ramifications.

Members felt that we did need to be more imaginative about where we ran, especially with large turnouts. Some thought of meeting at Burbage Bridge, Cutthroat Bridge, Grindleford cafe as well as the Sportsman. This would need good publicity so members would know the proposed venue - perhaps with a slightly later start time of 6.45. Clearly a lot of thinking and further information is needed before Easter.

CLUB CHAMPS AS CHASING HANDICAP : The Secretary raised this as some members had shown interest in the summer. After some debate it was rejected and the traditional format would be retained. (Tony Trowbridge has since proposed a chasing handicap to meet the need/interest and possibly a route from Cutthroat Bridge - Pike how, Back Tor and back may materialize late Winter/early Spring).

FELL RUNNING CHAMPIONSHIP : The Secretary felt concerned about increasing acrimony in the FRA and organisation of the championship, epitomized by the cancellation of Burnall and Sedbergh as championship races. In reactionary or visionary mood, he argued that it was time to abolish the championship and that runners should run in whatever races they liked without points being the arbiter of appearance. To meet the need for recognition of a champion, he proposed the setting up of 2 or 3 championship races. The winner of the short/medium being a champion and the long one being a separate champion. International races could be accommodated by trials or

designated races. He was unhappy at the centralization of the FRA when the original formation was to achieve a calendar. Malcolm and others recognised the concerns but could not support the proposal; the championship over a season of varied races was seen as a worthy way to determine a champion. The club felt the FRA needed to be kept an eye on, especially with moves to the internationalization of the sport which may not reflect the total membership. Consequently, Frank Galbraith's offer to stand at the FRA (see item 12 of AGM) was endorsed. (Frank has subsequently been elected on.)

In view of the lack of support, Andy did not forward a motion to the FRA agenda and recognised some of the views expressed. He does, however, feel uneasy at the way the FRA organization is not reflecting the spirit of its members.

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#### DARK PEAK CLUB CHAMPS 1987

Records : Men 1.09.08 Rob Pearson 1983  
           : Men (Vet) 1.15.24 Tony Farnell 1987  
           : Women 1.25.14 Clare Crofts 1987

	Snake	D'fall	Finish	Handicap
1 M.Patterson.	24.31	46.30	1.09.27	1.09 -0.27
2 T.Tett.	25.13	49.12	1.14.39	1.12 -2.39
3 A.Harmer.	25.25	49.38	1.14.55	1.12 -2.55
4 T.Farnell.(V)	25.41	50.20	1.15.24	1.14 -1.24
5 B.Toogood.(V)	26.32	52.11	1.19.25	1.14 -5.25
6 M.Harvey.	28.01	54.22	1.19.34	1.20 +0.26
7 A.Bell.	28.08	54.24	1.19.42	1.18 -1.42
8 M.Hayes.(V)	27.59	54.17	1.19.47	1.27 +7.13
9 G.Berry.(V)	28.26	54.32	1.19.51	1.20 +0.09
10 K.Lilley.	28.57	54.26	1.19.59	1.30 +10.01
11 A.Riley.	28.06	54.13	1.20.22	1.28 +7.38
12 G.Sellens.	28.30	54.26	1.20.47	1.23 +2.13
13 D.Sant.	28.04	54.44	1.21.12	1.22 +0.48
14 K.Tonkin.	28.20	55.17	1.23.17	1.24 +0.43
15 J.Fisher.	29.00	56.12	1.23.27	1.24 +0.33
16 B.Berzins.	26.31	52.11	1.23.33	1.24 -8.33
17 M.Meysner.	28.17	55.28	1.23.52	1.29 +5.08
18 G.Band.	28.43	55.42	1.24.17	1.30 +5.39
19 T.Trowbridge.(V)	28.47	56.20	1.24.21	1.30 +5.39
20 C.Crofts.(L)	28.54	56.44	1.25.14	1.28 +2.46
21 R.Amor.	28.50	56.43	1.25.40	1.27 +1.20
22 D.Holmes.	29.47	57.20	1.25.56	1.25 -0.56
23 P.Simpson.	30.06	58.32	1.27.24	1.33 +5.36
24 B.Wilson.(V)	29.55	56.55	1.28.02	1.32 +3.58
25 M.Wilson.	29.56	56.56	1.28.03	1.11 -17.03
26 M.Stone.	31.43	59.17	1.28.27	1.23 -5.27
27 R.Sanby.	30.18	59.16	1.29.07	1.29 -0.07
28 N.Goldsmith.	30.35	59.24	1.29.28	1.36 +6.32
29 M.Pedley.	30.37	59.30	1.29.31	1.28 -1.31
30 E.Hutt.	30.54	1.00.22	1.29.31	1.36 +6.29
31 J.Fulton.	31.03	1.00.37	1.29.44	1.38 +8.16
32 J.Armistead.(V)	30.14	58.28	1.29.56	1.34 +4.04
33 K.De Mengel.(LV)	31.49	1.00.49	1.29.57	1.33 +3.03
34 B.Woodley.	32.19	1.00.50	1.30.09	1.36 +5.51

35	T.Norris.	31.10	1.00.35	1.30.11	1.36	+5.49
36	M.Gallivan.(V?)	32.14	1.00.21	1.30.19	1.29	-1.19
37	F.Thomas.(V)	32.10	1.00.43	1.30.32	1.29	-1.32
38	T.Daniels.	32.16	1.00.24	1.31.23	1.18	-13.23
39	C.Wilson.	32.26	1.01.00	1.33.17	1.34	+0.43
40	S.Rochford.	33.14	59.27	1.33.24	1.21	-12.24
41	A.Pryor.	32.01	1.02.17	1.33.37	-	-
42	J.Smith.(L)	33.56	1.04.27	1.33.39	1.35	+1.21
43	A.Hoyland.	33.48	1.04.23	1.33.53	1.41	+7.07
44	H.Diamantides.(L)	32.12	1.04.14	1.34.15	1.31	-3.15
45	B.Thackery.(SV)	33.43	1.04.24	1.34.25	1.40	+5.35
46	N.Robinson.	34.10	1.04.00	1.34.31	1.31	-3.31
47	M.Arundale.	33.51	1.04.26	1.34.53	-	-
48	A.Fisher.	33.33	1.04.22	1.35.17	-	-
49	P.Sweet-Escott.	33.30	1.04.19	1.35.57	1.36	+0.03
50	K.Lowry.	33.10	1.04.13	1.37.08	1.38	+0.52
51	P.Lewis.	33.17	1.04.02	1.38.15	1.30	-8.15
52	K.Borman.	34.56	1.05.56	1.38.20	1.40	+1.40
53	I.Roberts.(SV)	35.01	1.07.59	1.38.40	1.37	-1.40
54	D.Lockwood.	35.35	1.05.50	1.38.57	1.42	+3.03
55	T.Sayles.(V)	33.54	1.05.24	1.38.58	1.50	+11.02
56	G.Hulley.(V)	35.53	1.05.55	1.39.03	1.28	-11.03
57	P.Glover.	36.18	1.05.54	1.39.03	1.30	-9.03
58	J.Herbert.	33.37	1.04.25	1.39.11	1.38	-1.11
59	P.Rodgers.(V)	33.46	1.06.10	1.39.17	1.39	-0.17
60	J.Harrison.(V)	35.12	1.07.01	1.39.20	1.43	+3.40
61	A.Watmore.(L)	32.04	1.03.50	1.39.23	1.34	-5.23
62	F.Galbraith.(SV)	34.08	1.05.51	1.39.41	1.42	+2.19
63	J.Cant.	30.38	58.22	1.40.57	1.20	-20.57
64	K.Foster.	35.21	1.06.43	1.41.24	1.39	-2.24
65	L.Dunn.(L)	35.24	1.07.02	1.42.02	1.36	-6.02
66	P.Harris.	35.16	1.06.52	1.42.05	-	-
67	H.White.	35.14	1.08.32	1.42.22	1.41	-1.22
68	C.Henson.(SV)	35.05	1.11.55	1.46.13	1.45	-1.13
69	J.Firth.	34.31	1.08.57	1.46.55	1.43	-3.55
70	M.Spence.	35.30	1.08.55	1.46.56	1.35	-11.56
71	H.Mathieson.	36.24	1.08.31	1.47.03	-	-
72	G.Goldsmith.(LV)	37.29	1.11.21	1.47.05	1.43	-4.05
73	C.Fielding.(LV)	36.20	1.11.42	1.47.35	1.55	+7.25
74	A.Sanderson.(V)	36.16	1.09.25	1.47.39	1.45	-2.39
75	B.Hodges.(V)	36.26	1.09.27	1.48.18	1.39	-9.18
76	W.McLewin.(V)	35.44	1.11.40	1.49.58	1.41	-8.58
77	R.Baumeister.(V)	34.51	1.11.57	1.50.23	1.39	-11.23
78	J.Feist.(SV)	37.13	1.12.12	1.50.28	2.00	+9.32
79	P.Dyke.	35.09	1.14.50	1.50.35	1.48	-2.35
80	D.Hughes.	34.45	1.07.00	1.52.05	1.39	-13.05
81	A.Wright.(L)	37.33	1.14.46	1.52.16	1.36	-16.16
82	G.Bell.	36.22	1.19.00	1.55.07	1.44	-11.07
83	T.Kohn.(LV)	45.28	1.21.04	1.59.03	1.49	-10.03
84	P.Kohn.(V)	45.27	1.21.03	1.59.04	1.37	-22.04
85	E.Mitchell.(SV)	46.43	1.27.10	2.11.29	1.52	-19.29
86	C.Hailey.	36.14	1.19.10	2.36.00	1.50	-46.00

The bad weather returned at last, but unfortunately it was not to take its toll as in past years - I think the route is becoming too well known. Looking at the results it seems that only a few people had trouble - Bob Berzins, Johnathan Cant and Chris Hailey came off worst. Despite the weather, it was a year for new records. Tony Farnell took the vets record from Ray

Aucott (previous record 1.15.55); Clare Crofts took the ladies record from Sally Sahni (previous record 1.28.01); whilst Malcolm narrowly failed to take the overall record from Rob Pearson.

Malcolm again ran away from the rest of us up the first climb and left the battle for 2nd place, which again saw the familiar faces of your very own editor, the club secretary and Tony Farnell - I always get that feeling of deja vu... Malcolm was a minute up on Robs record run at the Snake, half a minute at the Downfall, but 20 seconds down at the finish. Looking back at some previous years results it looks like the final leg back from the Downfall was slower for most people. You should all go back to the traditional direct bog-trot route - I reckon its faster than the 'safe' route via Crowden Brook and much more fun!

Clare re-affirmed her good form this year in taking the ladies record, set in ideal conditions, by almost three minutes on a day which was not ideal and should now be a good position to have a crack at the British Champs next year.

The club champion this year is Terry Sayles (55th), who was favourite in my books, especially after his recent performances. Terry has improved tremendously over the past year, (I wish I knew his secret) but still had to run exceptionally well on the day to take the honours. There were many other notable performances on the day, too numerous to mention, and the handicap times reflect these.

A record 86 members completed the course this year with the ladies reaching double figures (10) for the first time. No doubt the good weather had something to do with it, but it probably reflects the steadily growing membership in the Sheffield area.

Once again thanks to all the marshalls and helpers, without whom we would not have such a comprehensive set of results, and I hope you'll all be back for more next year.

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## 87 BOB GRAHAM ROUND

It has become a dark Peak tradition to spend the mid-summer weekend supporting other club members, and occasionally friends, in an attempt at the Bob Graham round. My excuse for attempting the round was simply to save the fell loving community from the sight of teams of Dark Peak running around the Lake District carrying a blow-up doll of dubious origins. As it was, six novices and two graduates set off from the Moot Hall in Keswick.

I must say, and I am certain I speak for all the contenders, that we could not have had better support and organisation. Colin and Maureen Hughes did a truly magnificent job. At each stop hot food and drink were ready and waiting, our bags of clothes were set out ready, and the pacers were ready to go well stocked with food and drink. Howard even had a masseuse provided for him at each stop! We didn't succeed in disturbing the machine like efficiency of the organisation even when we arrived unexpectedly early at some ungodly hour of the morning.

We had ideal conditions, clear but cool, and dry under foot. The night was one of those clear, light, mid-summer nights where it never really turned dark. One where it was possible to

run without the aid of a torch. It was simply a great day out on the hills, superb views, superb support, and convivial company. What more can one ask for?

Unfortunately, Roy (a Rotherham Harrier friend of Brian Harney), and Jeff Harrison (attempting a repeat and acting as support) retired at Wasdale, leaving John Armistead, Neil Goldsmith, Dave Moseley, Howard Swindells, Keith Tonkin and Roger Baumeister (going for his umpteenth successful round whilst at the same time acting as support) to complete the round within the 24 hours.

Thanks for all the support and organisation.

Neil Goldsmith.

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### A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF KIMM '87

I think the nightmare began in earnest when my suspected glandular fever of earlier in the year decided to reappear the weekend before the Karrimor. The real factor, however, was Dave arriving home from work on Thursday night with flu.

Despite all common sense (it WAS Dave's 10th Karrimor) we set off to Wales. This was no trouble for Dave as he slept most of the way. Registration and Friday night passed by with no problems. Saturday morning dawned - misty, frosty and ominously cold. We drove round to Dolwyddelan, Andy Howie squashed in the back of the car with a less than normal Dave. Neil Goldsmith navigated with the aid of two, or was it three, overlarge KIMM maps.

The car parking had to be seen to be believed. Perhaps finding somewhere to park was part of the course? Spirits sank as the car bottomed on logs and wallowed in mud. Plaintive cries of "Keep it going for God's sake!" came from the back seat - not easy when up to the wheel arches in mud and pine needles!

At last - a sign. "30 minutes to the start". Was that walking, running or driving? Frustration and worry began to mount as our start times (8.10 and 8.20) loomed ever closer.

We eventually parked at 8.05, close to a sign reading "20 minutes to the start". Deep mutterings were heard as Andy and Neil grabbed their sacks and sped off. Dave and I must have run 4 minute miles to reach the start line. I remember elbowing my way through the massing crowds, catching a glimpse of a pensive Billy and Mavis Wilson on the way. Voices were shouting "The start is delayed by 10 minutes". The ominous voice over the tannoy called "8.11" - remember our time of 8.10! Elbows came in very useful again! A cheerful Pete Dyke was already in the starting box - his start time was the same as ours! So we arrived just as the whistle blew. No time for nerves at least - and there we were - gone!

I vaguely remember thinking that after that fiasco things could only improve. I should have known better! Vanessa Brindle and Tony Peacock jogged gently past us on the forestry track "Keep up with them" muttered Dave. "If I could do that, I'd be Fell Running Champion" I muttered in reply as their heels disappeared up the track.

Time and miles elapsed, we passed a bulbous lady in navy shorts and also caught up with 2 girls we met on the Saunders. We ran for a time with Christine Fielding and Barry Needle

"Shall we do the C next year?" Christine suggested. That seemed like a good idea. At this stage Dave was running quite strongly though turning through shades of pink to white.

We rounded Ffestiniog still with Christine and Barry, and Tara and Jane, and onto the long leg 5 - 6. Dave, when not sweating like a leaky sieve was, by now, turning a strange shade of grey, not unlike mouldy bread. "Shall we pack in?" I suggested tentatively, not too sure how I would get a corpse off the mountain. "We'll see" Dave murmured weakly, setting off up the hill in pursuit of Tara and Jane. Maybe following them kept him going, except that this was the worst route choice imaginable!

We met a still cheerful Pete Dyke on the top. "We've already got 260 points!" I can see the advantages now of doing the score event!

From here on route choice took an even more unimaginable turn for the worse. After being virtually crag bound we ended up in knee deep bog. "What are you doing in there?" called some bright spark trotting easily down the road.

We reached checkpoint 7 and met not only Al Wright and partner but also the bulbous lady in navy shorts! We also found a very dejected Tara and Jane. "We're stopping here, we don't feel too good". Compared with Dave, they both looked in the peak of health.

Checkpoint 8 passed, almost to Beddgelert. I climbed a slope and there was the pitiful figure of Dave slumped in the heather. "I can't go on". At this point I was beginning to feel a little 'jaded and fragile' (to be polite) so didn't argue too vigorously with him. "We'd better get down. It's nearer to the overnight camp than to go back". So off we went only to have to clamber through rhododendron bushes and into the back garden of an hotel. We chatted to the gardener and were out onto the main road, and there, coming in the opposite direction - the lady in navy shorts!

We were going through the motions of running by this stage, dejected and tired only to find (or not find) the next checkpoint in the wrong position. We wasted a good 20 or 30 minutes in that campsite, as if we hadn't wasted enough time already! And she - of the navy shorts - appeared again!

Off up the last big climb. "It's just like Win Hill", we shouted cheerfully to each other, neither Dave nor I adding "but three times as long". Believe it or not, the navy shorts were in front again, having found the last checkpoint before we did. Well, I didn't want to be beaten by them so set off with vengeance. "Contour this", we decided, only to find crags and rocks. We descended, actually scrambling down a little rock face adding a certain air of variety to the day's events.

Unbelievably the last control and tents loomed in the distance. The zombie like figure I'd been running with for the last couple of hours showed vague signs of life as we neared the camp. Relief! We'd actually made it! We received masses of encouragement from all Dark Peakers which was tremendous. Bob and Rory helped us put the tent up as Dave looked as he felt - marginally above death.

The overnight camp was very friendly and intimate - the atmosphere must be something akin to that of a group of survivors after a major disaster. Even the ladies loo was 'reasonable'.

After the horrors of Saturday, Sunday was relatively uneventful. Dave looked worse than awful most of the day, though

we did manage to make up some of the time lost on Saturday. Our only minor catastrophe was Dave (who else?) dropping his contact lens in his sleeping bag. After a prolonged search by torchlight we found the offender. Following this little highlight, we bogtrotted our way back to Dolwyddelan.

So that was it - over for another year. Or is it? The last thing I wanted to see on our car windscreen was a notice about a Marathon in March. "Hey", said Dave, enthusiastic at last, "that looks interesting. I could fancy that!"

In one immortal word, "STREWTH!"

Mary Sant

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### TURKS AND BRIDGES

The nearest the Turks get to fell running is chasing a bus over the broken streets and pavements of their towns. There is, however, a very rare breed of Turk to be seen: swathed in layers of tracksuits, jogging through the fog of pollution and dust on hot, summer evenings: he is a Turkish runner.

Very, very occasionally, these people come together for a race. The number of open races held each year in Turkey can be more or less counted on your fingers. Entering these races is usually more demanding than running them as I discovered when I tried to enter a race in Ankara last Christmas. I was directed to the huge but largely deserted sports centre in the city centre where I hoped I would be able to sign on the dotted line and get a number.

Nothing is ever that simple in Turkey and usually information is wrong. After trying various people who had never even heard of the race, we tracked down a very overweight character in an office filled with cigarette smoke. He was sitting at a desk clear of everything except empty tea glasses, under a picture of a starting line of runners in front of the Ataturk Mausoleum. He told us that there was a race on 27 December, that it was 12k and that I couldn't enter it until I had seen a doctor.

"But I run 12k every day. I'm not going to die on this"

"Sorry, but it's a formality. You have to have a doctor's certificate".

I would also need my passport and a letter from my employer.

I got the address of a doctor in the sports complex and returned a few days later. Much of the sports centre is taken up with large official looking buildings, one of which housed the doctor but which one I wasn't sure. The first place I tried seemed deserted. I walked down a corridor peering into empty, darkened offices until I at last found a group of people in the end room chatting and sipping the inevitable tea. They sent me off to another building where, after trying several locked doors, I found one that was open and sported a sign 'DOKTOR'. Inside there were various people moving furniture who ignored me. I asked for the Doctor.

"He'll be here soon. Is it serious?"

"No, I want a certificate so I can enter the race."

"Have you got a form?"

"What form?"

"You have to get it from the other office."

"Which other office?"

Back I went to the original place and found the fat smoker had been replaced by a younger, smarter man. He gave me two forms and asked for my photograph.

"My fame has gone before me," I thought, but no, I had to stick a photograph on my form for the doctor. Needless to say, I didn't have any photographs. I also learned that the race was only 10k and all downhill.

Back again next day with carefully filled out forms, large quantities of photographs, passport, birth certificate, employers contract and my degree certificate. The doctor was a pushover. She was female. She asked me to bare my chest, took one look at it and told me to cover it up, marked X on the form and sent me away.

In the office there were rows of baskets with numbers in them but strangely no queues of athletes collecting them.

"Sorry but the registration is tomorrow."

"Can't you just give me my number now?"

"We don't know which one to give you."

"Can I choose then?"

"No, you must come back tomorrow."

A deep breath, count to ten and I came back tomorrow. Fourth time lucky? Yes, I was asked to pay 10p and given number 12.

"What time does the race start?"

"3.30."

Well, it actually started at 3.00 but I had taken the precaution of getting there early.

I had vague ideas of pelting through the centre of Ankara amid cheering crowds, leading a field of joggers. The reality, however, was rather different. The field disappeared down the hill in a cloud of dust and I was left floundering in their wake. A few people remained in the city centre when I got there and they at least clapped politely. Hardly a successful debut to Turkish competition.

In the spring there was a spate of races; three in six weeks. The first one on 'Youth and Sport Day' started at Ataturks original Parliament building in the old city, passed his resting place and finished at the Modern Grand National Assembly Building, a distance of about 5k. The city was brought to a halt as the roads were closed. It was a true people's race with around 2,000 runners, mostly children. With ten minutes to go, I was stripping off my tracksuit at the back when a fit of democracy overcame the field and a majority decided that the race started then. I hurtled after them leaving a trail of clothes behind me, tripping over small children and cannoning off portly Muslims with Khomeni beards. We cut a corner and found ourselves confronted by a queue of stationary traffic and had to weave our way through. My support team, who just beat me to the finish in a taxi through the back streets, counted me in the 30's and second woman.

A week later was the Golden Horn Half Marathon. Perhaps one of the world's most scenically interesting road races. It was organised by the Borough Councils in the old city. They had invited various internationals including Welsh and Danish teams, a Scots girl and various East Europeans.

There were around 2,000 starters again but this time I was well prepared for the premature start. It was a very fast

course with the first 5k downhill following the old city walls and then it was completely flat as we followed the Bosphorous round below the great mosques of Istanbul and past the walls of Topkapi palace to the Golden Horn. We followed this all the way to the finish. I had a poor run and finished in a disappointing 1.20 though in 76th place which says little for the standard of distance running in Turkey. The Welshmen were well up in the top 15 and the Scots girl beat me comfortably to win the women's race.

Perhaps Turkey's greatest race though, is the Eurasia Marathon, billed as the world's only intercontinental race. Once it attracted a good class field but poor organisation has reduced the quality and this year a short race run in conjunction, syphoned off the vast bulk of the usual field.

There was complete confusion over the race and at the last moment it was postponed by a week to allow the Prime Minister to take advantage of the media coverage for his electioneering. Despite endless phone calls to the General Secretary of the Athletics Federation, I couldn't even find out where to register, let alone where the race started or finished.

In the end the postponement was just as well because I caught a cold just before the original date to round off an impressive list of injuries I'd collected in six weeks of Marathon training, including a severely twisted ankle, fractured wrist and a cracked rib.

Finally the TV confirmed the race would be held on the second Sunday of November and so I left Ankara on the sleeper on Friday evening in great hope of a run. Things were looking even more hopeful when I found a sports stadium on the Anatolian side of Istanbul that was taking entries. One rumour had it that this was the starting point of the race. The two ends of the bridge had also been mentioned as possible start lines. There was the inevitable medical check and I was given a number. The next day, on the start line I discovered that I'd been given a number for the 8k race and as we crossed the Bridge, officials frantically waved me down and tried to send me back for the 8k start.

The Marathon actually started at the Anatolian end of the Bosphorous Bridge, crossed it and after looping round back to the sea, followed the Bosphorous north to a turning point near Bebek and thence back to finish at the Dolmabache Palace.

There were 86 starters in the Marathon and about 5,000 in the People's race which started a little before the Bridge. The road was closed and the huge structure dwarfed us as we set off over the Bosphorous for Europe. It was hazy and we could barely see across. A big group disappeared off the end of the Bridge and I settled into a small group with a Sudanese runner whom I had met at the Golden Horn Half Marathon. There was a wonderful sense of power and elation as we crossed the Bridge; elation at having it to ourselves and power to be slowly released through the race and, if properly judged, completely spent at the end, like fuel in a Grand Prix car.

A Turkish runner with only one arm passed us and I followed him down the long hill to the sea. We ran together for about 15k, passing groups of bystanders who stared vacantly at us and groups of children who ran along with us. A children's band heralded us and gave us a fanfare as we passed. We kept a comfortable, relaxed pace and there was time to admire the old wooden houses and gaze at the expensive yachts moored by the road. People were fishing and someone nearly hooked me as he

prepared to cast. With no other runners in sight, the race was forgotten and it was like a training run. Occasionally there were water stations where we snatched a small bottle of mineral water, carrying it with us, drinking without changing rhythm. I had some mint cake stuffed in a pocket and we shared it.

Fast starters began to come back to us and we remembered the race again. My companion slowed and I ran on alone for a while passing through 20k in 1-18, well within my budget of 21 mins per 5k; soon after, the leaders passed me on their way back down to the finish, led by a press car. The first ones pounding along, determination glinting in their eyes. The later ones showed signs of tiredness. I turned at 1-31 and grabbed a sponge to wipe the stick of mint cake from fingers and face. The runners behind me were more friendly and I exchanged greetings with those I had met; my one armed companion, the Sudanese bloke and two guys working for Esso in Ankara who I had met on the start line.

I caught more runners as I kept my pace, passing through 25k and beginning to believe I could finish within three hours. 17k to go in 82 minutes. Somebody caught me and I kept with him as we ticked off the landmarks; a small hill at 30k, two big ships being repaired and then the new Bosphorous Bridge. It had taken 25 minutes to reach this from the old Bridge - would it be the same going back? The breeze was against us.

We reached 35k and my companion, assuring me we were on a 2-50 pace, changed gear and disappeared into the haze. It was 26 minutes back to the Bridge and from there I knew it couldn't be more than 15 minutes. Somebody else came past but I was racing only the clock. My legs were stiffened and felt a little unsteady. "Please don't let me get cramp".

I passed people clutching certificates, drifting up from the finish of the 8k race. "2 kilometres". A great crowd gathered under an avenue of trees, filling the road and singing. They parted as I reached them, leaving a corridor to run down; hands were held out to touch me as I passed. Two red vests seemed to be struggling in front. A hint of determination and I caught one but the finish came before I got the second. 2-49.

The winner was a Dane in 2-16 with a Pole second in 2-17 and a Turk third in 2-18. I was 36th.

Rick Ansell

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#### 26 MUNROS SOLO IN 24 HOURS - A RECORD

In 1978, Charlie Ramsay of Lochaber AC climbed 24 Munros in 24 hours starting and finishing at Glen Nevis Youth Hostel. The route took him along the Mamores, over the three peaks on the East side of Loch Treig then two on the west side, the Grey Corries ridge and finally the 4 Munros around Ben Nevis. Throughout the run he was accompanied by other members of Lochaber Mountain Rescue. His time for the round was 23 hours 58 mins during which he had run more than 60 miles and climbed 28,000 feet. It set a standard for ultra distance mountain running in Scotland which was only challenged once in the following 9 years. In 1981, Peter Simpson completed the round

solo in bad weather but it took him 24 hours 40 mins. He was met by his wife at one spot, Loch Treig.

On 25 June I set out from Glen Nevis attempting to extend Charlie's route by 10 miles, 2 Munros and 3,000 feet of ascent. The extension would take in Sgor Gaibhre and Carn Dearg on the south side of Loch Ossian. It required an extra 2 hrs 45 mins of effort which meant compressing the basic round into 21 hrs 15 mins. I decided to tackle it the opposite way to Charlie. Running on my own, I was carrying about 9lbs of kit, thermal bottoms, jersey, 2 torches, exposure bag, water bottle and 5 lbs of food - everything I'd need to sustain myself for 24 hours as there were no plans for support to be provided en route. For safety reasons I carried nine weather sealed cards describing the run which I intended to place at pre-arranged spots on summit cairns and in the valleys. The cards contained a return address and a request not to remove them until 5 July. By then I would either have finished or been found. If I didn't ring Helene within 30 hours, she would organise the mountain rescue to pick up the cards and use them to isolate me on a particular section of the route.

The weather for the attempt was perfect with a gentle breeze, high cloud and low humidity. Leaving the hostel at 10.40 a.m. I climbed Ben Nevis, Carn Mor Dearg, the Aonachs and Grey Corries reaching Stob Ban within 5 hours. Two hours and two Munros later I crossed the Treig dam. On the summit of the 13th Munro, Beinn Na Lap the decision to extend the round or just attempt the basic route was made. I left a card on the summit cairn at 8.30 p.m. with a note scribbled on it saying "I'm going to add the extra 2 south of Ossian". The climb onto Sgor Gaibhre from Loch Ossian was a 55 minute grind at the furthest point from home and I was now committed to the extra 2hr 45 mins loop.

Throughout the short mid-summer night it never became totally dark. Although there was no moon, the yellow glow of Northern Lights over the hills to the NE provided almost enough light to dispense with a torch. The night section was planned for the ten mile return route along valley tracks and over low cols. This took me from the west side of Loch Ossian, via Loch Treig to the east end of the Mamores. It was such a warm evening that I was able to run in shorts and tee shirt until midnight. In the early hours I was struggling with problems of drowsiness which I couldn't overcome. Unable to stay awake I stopped for 3 short kips while making the 2,000 feet climb up Sgurr Eilde Mor, the first Munro of the Mamores. I hoped that after a sleep and the onset of daylight I would get my drive back for the final tough section along the ridge. Although there was time in hand according to the schedule, this was being frittered away at an alarming rate. To succeed, I needed to be able to cover the scrambling sections on the ridge at a decent speed.

A beautiful cloudless morning, back into tee shirt and shorts by 4.30 a.m. and renewed enthusiasm with the end now literally in sight. The rock was bone dry and I covered the 11 Munros on the Mamores ridge in exactly 6 hours from summit to summit. By 9 a.m. it was hot but the slight breeze on the ridge was enough to make running almost pleasant. Sheltered forest tracks took me down the Nevis valley back to the hostel. I completed the round in 23 hours 24 mins having run 70 miles and ascended/descended 31000 feet. No-one had ever climbed so many Munros within 24 hours. During the run I met nobody between

Carn Mor Dearg and Glen Nevis, 22 hours later.

I ate on my own outside the hostel in the warm sunshine, relaxing and quietly enjoying a mix of emotions from elation to relief. I couldn't wait to ring Helene and tell her I was back safely. It had been a great adventure, one that I would remember for the rest of my life. Half an hour later some friends who'd been taking part in the Three Peaks yacht race arrived to collect me. Over the next few weeks, five of the nine cards placed on the summits were returned in the post by other Munroists - the other four are probably still out there.

So I'd completed a hat trick within 12 months - all solo, unsupported 24 hour runs. In July 1986 I broke the record for the 85 mile traverse of the Scottish 4000 foot peaks and on January 8th I completed the first solo winter round of the Bob Graham within 24 hours.

People ask me what comes next. The answer is "I'll have to consult the list". There's plenty more left on it!

Martin Stone

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## THE DPFR GUIDE TO TIBET

Tibet is the country God designed with the DPFR in mind. So perfectly suited to the traits and characteristics of this strange species, it is odd that this animal has not become native to the country. Like all good things...it will have to be introduced.

### Introduction - Or 10 aspects of compatibility

1. The washing facilities are evenly spaced - approx every 300/500 km apart (10 - 15 days walk or 1 or 2 days on the bus depending on the state of the roads). This would correspond closely with the normal habits of a DPFR.

2. Like the Lake District, Tibet is one large toilet facility, with just as many amenities.

3. Privacy is non-existent. Honeymooners may forget Tibet - communal toilets, bedding and eating facilities are perfect for the DPFR sociable nature. Even the Khampa will talk to you whilst squatting in an isolated field.

4. Most importantly, some prayer flags in Lhasa have the same colour scheme as the DP shorts.

5. Chong. Forget Theakstons, this is it folks! Straw coloured, milky, bitter and sour, not on draught; kettles and jerrycans are the common vessels for transporting this delicate liquor. Ideally suited to the discerning palate of the DPFR. When drunk all day it provides excellent fuel for crossing high passes if straight lines aren't essential.

6. The dress of the DPFR and the Khampa have much in common, particularly the means of disguising unwashed hair. Tassels, bells, ivory and silver could all contribute to the convivial atmosphere of a Karrimor and provide variety to the dirty headband. Think of the endless amusement stuck in a bog, playing with your bells.

7. Mapreading - this skill is totally unnecessary and invalid in Tibet. A Michelin guide to Switzerland would be helpful as Chinese maps are like their roads - rough, unmarked

and sometimes non-existent.

8. Language - fortunately for the DPFR one does not have to use excessive amounts of articulate speech. The frequent use of "Tache-de-le", a smile and plenty of acting (a natural talent of any fully fledged DPFR) suffices.

9. Dirt - road dust and sunblock result in distinct complexions of a smooth dust colour (similar to dried peat bog) until removed to reveal the blackheads and boils.

10. Law of conservation of energy - like the DPFR, Chinese and Tibetans share the philosophy of energy conservation. Don't run if you can walk, don't walk if you can ride, don't ride if you can sit still. Above all, avoid helping anyone by moving, especially if it involves moving the mouth.

The only problem with Tibet is food - or rather the lack of it. Provided one is prepared to walk 40 miles on half a tin of spam (if you're lucky) and dry staminade, Tibetan diet is wonderful. The locals live off rancid Yak butter, salt tea and tsampa, which you also have to live off if you wish to survive. Tsampa is barley flour mixed to a paste usually with more salt tea for variety. The nutritional value of tsampa is highly questionable due to its indigestibility - comparable to that of cement.

#### TO TIBET OR NOT?

##### How to get there?

1. Take out life insurance. If an accident on the road doesn't befall you, the stress of travelling will.

2. Start toilet training - Sheffield public loos or those to be found at the Saunders will suffice.

3. Eat three vindaloo curries per day for a month to prepare the bowels for tsampa.

4. Practice hitching Chinese style - try to hitch on a BR 125 mainline route.

5. Armed with 20 passport photographs and 2 pens, make sure you have at least 6 months to obtain visas - making sure you know your Great Aunt's brothers middle name or the Chinese authorities. This is vital!

6. Ignore warnings of death by landslide and cross border, running like hell when the porters do.

7. Remove Cruise Missile from rucksac and use this gentle persuasion to induce the Japanese bus to take you to Lhasa.

##### How to survive the natives.

Smile a lot. They are dead eyes with a sling shot and can get you at a distance of 200 metres. If in doubt as to their meaning, laugh and dance up and down on the spot - being slightly crazy will humour them. Beware of their dogs - they are real man (or woman) eaters. In order to drink the salt butter tea, take tiny sips to stop retching and keep your hand firmly over the top of the cup - this will stop it being refilled.

Beware the Chinese military. With their sex lives totally ruined by fixed gear bikes and dirt roads, these individuals take delight in making your life as miserable as theirs.

The 'Operational Staff' are Chinese-Tibetans running hotels and restaurants. They are vry friendly when they want money but can take two hours to replace a light bulb or change a room. Patience is the order of the day but give up if you want to hire a bike that works.

There are three types of tourists; the bore - usually lone

male travellers to be avoided at all costs. Chat-up lines include "Travelling long. I've been to.."; the hippy - constantly trying to find out where they are in a strange country and armed without a map. Conversation consists of "Drugs is my problem. Whats yours?"; and the idiot - usually American and plenty of them around. Gibberish includes "I'm running the Himalayas / cycling to KTM. What are you doing?"

Do's and Don'ts.

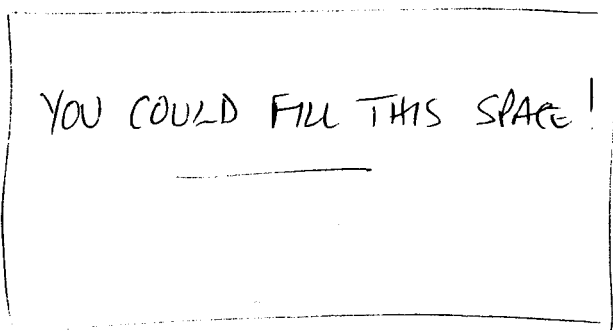
1. Don't ask for washing or toilet facilities as there wont be any and it might embarass the host.
2. Don't blow out the Yak butter lamps when sleeping in the family shrine.
3. Do point out you are a mega Dala-Lama fan.
4. Don't ever leave meals as your mug will be refilled and all the hard work drinking the salt tea will be wasted.
5. Do smile a lot, especially if in doubt as to peoples motives. Happy imbeciles are well treated.

STOP PRESS : Tibet has just been closed to tourists - a good excuse for not going.

Helene and Alison.

N.B. Extracts from Helene and Alisons diary will be in the next newsletter.

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**WHERE IN THE PEAK?**

No picture this issue but did you guess the last one - The vague hill in the distance was Pike Low (the one above Ewden not the one by Derwent Dam) and it was taken from a small pond on Harden Moss (GR 186976), just off the Margery Hill - Flouch path.

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**RACE REPORTS**  
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CONISTON

After the brilliant weather of April, the weekend of the Coniston race brought us harshly back to reality. The clag was down to 900ft and when it cleared temporarily it was obvious that the snow line was also 900ft. I was not feeling on the best of form (what runner ever is?), and I opted for a steady start. This was followed by an even steadier middle and a less than dynamic end.

Conditions in the valley at the start were warm, a fact that misled many. As the first false summit of Wetherlam was approached the conditions rapidly deteriorated, and by the main ridge the snow and hail were driving into our faces. I could not see well enough to run at any speed at all, and as we approached the Old Man it felt safest to ensure that you were running with someone else.

Times were all down. Most, like me, had opted for survival, finishing was all that mattered. The field was a more manageable 271, possibly the effects of the weather and may be the size of last years field put people off.

Gerry

MEN

1	W.Bland.(Kes)	1.16.05	122	T.Norris.	1.38.01
59	D.Sant.	1.30.34	135	N.Goldsmith.	1.40.07
60	K.Lilley.	1.30.38	238	E.Steward.	1.57.40
61	D.Booth.	1.30.47			

LADIES

1	V.Brindle.	1.35.16
2	A.Harris.	1.38.31
10	G.Goldsmith.	1.59.10

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BBQ FELL RACE 1 2.8.87

As in previous years the party-goers had to earn their food and drinks by dragging their bodies around the adjoining hills, over a course of 3.5 miles and 1100ft of climb. Some opted to take a more leisurely pace than others, whilst others, or to be precise Alan Evans, decided that starting with everyone else was not the aim of the exercise and started as the rest were disappearing over the hill.

Kevin Lilley broke Tim Daniels record in a good time but what sort of time could the likes of Malcolm Patterson or Micah Wilson record on this course.

Will McLewin thought the course would be better the other way around and wants to go the opposite way next year! Each to his own...

Neil and Gerry.

1	K.Lilley.	28.08	9	N.Goldsmith.	32.38
2	K.Tonkin.	28.40	13	W.McLewin.	34.58
3	M.Stone.	29.31	14	C.Lincoln-Jones.	35.20
4	D.Sant.	29.55	15	K.DeMengel.(L)	36.55
5	C.Hughes.	30.24	16	G.Goldsmith.(L)	37.40
6	A.Yates.	31.30	19	K.Whittle.(L)	43.13
8	A.Evans.	32.21			

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#### THE PEAK CHALLENGE : 5.9.87

A chance to see some of the Watershed route in the summer I thought when I saw this event advertised in the DP Newsletter. A nice change from running it in winter in the dark and usually in arctic conditions as with the Gritstone Girls on the High Peak Marathon. Besides, I hadn't been for a long run on the fells for some time due to injury (much to the disapproval of certain Dark Peakers I'd been dabbling in that other sport of ..Shhhh.. road running).

A new event, this was classified as a long distance walk but was open to runners - in fact the organisers appeared keen to include runners and there were some good prizes. Only 8 runners turned up, though there were plenty of walkers who had set off earlier.

The route (26 miles with about 5000ft of climb) started from Edale Youth Hostel and visited Hollins Cross, Lose Hill, Win Hill, LadyBower Dam, Back Tor, the Bradfield path, Howden Edge, Slippery Stones, Westend, Alport Moor, Hagg Farm, Jagers Clough and back to the Hostel.

The first three runners soon disappeared from sight, while another followed me (having established that I knew the route) grasping his sandwiches and sweltering in a thick tracksuit. "A bit different from running a road Marathon" he said, assuring me that he had a map and compass and could use them. Despite his road shoes he still overtook me going down Win Hill - I was guarding my knee, remembering that slippery path covered with snow and ice - and passed him on the road at the bottom.

The next checkpoint was on Ladybower Dam, complete with free drinks, and from there straight up onto Derwent Edge. Despite poor weather in the early morning, it was now fairly warm and sunny and I really enjoyed this part of the route. Back Tor and the Bradfield path checkpoint soon passed and I realised I'd rarely been over this part of the course in summer - my memories were of Gritstone Girls training runs in thick snow on some beautiful winter days.

On Howden Edge, a fierce hailstorm really hurt and I was glad to get down to Slippery Stones. Ascending up Westend and over Alport Moor I met another runner (we'd already overtaken the walkers). The next part of the route past Hagg Farm and up to Jagers Clough was unfamiliar and every time I stopped to read the map the runner, who turned out to be an orienteer, overtook me. I must learn to mapread on the run! However he was more tired than I was and I easily made it to the hostel several minutes ahead. Kevin Lilley was the first runner home and I was surprised to find that I was second. A very enjoyable day out - recommended for Dark Peakers.

Gerry Goldsmith.

HOLME MOSS : 6.9.87

A new fell race on a part of the Peak District we dont often visit. A very fast start over track and road led to an awkward descent and steep ascent, bringing us out near the Holme Moss radio transmitter. From there the route took you along the Westend ridge of Black Hill to Crowden. I thought that from this point the route was somewhat contrived, others disagree. It went up Bareholme Moss to a checkpoint and then to the top of Laddow Rocks. Black Hill summit was the next checkpoint and the route was then flagged back to the finish - though I still thought the road section wa confusing.

I felt that a potentially good race had been spoilt by the obviouc desire to create a category 'A' race. For me, the route would have been better going from Crowden to Laddow Rocks and it would still have been hard with the ensuing bog-trot up Black Hill. The winning time and the times of the better dark peakers seem to indicate that the race is either a very hard 16 miles or wrongly measured. Certainly many runners were caught out - I donated a cagoule and choc-bar to a Holmfirth runner suffering with the first stages of exhaustion hypothermia.

All in all, a well organised race with plenty of food for carnivores and lots of prizes. It was a pity thatthe weather turned so foul in the later stages of the race and ruined the prize giving.

Neil Goldsmith.

1	J.Taylor.(Holm)	2.20.35	60	P.Kohn.	3.11.30
22	D.Sant.	2.42.11	70	F.Galbraith.	3.20.00
45	A.Yates.	2.57.08	73	P.Dyke.	3.33.25
54	N.Goldsmith.	3.04.57	74	C.Henson.	3.33.25

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OTTER 40 : 26.9.87

Cloud-seas in the valleys as I drove over to Buxton for the second Otter 40 provided a fine early morning view and sharp temperatures at the 9am start which soon woke the system up as 232 starters gathered near Buxton market. Memories of the day are the large number of people apparently sprinting at the start; enjoying the glutinous goo in Shallcross Woods; refusing the enormous piles of jam butties at checkpoint 2; eating too many jam butties at checkpoint 3; managing to run (just) up Deep Dale 1; negotiating the vicious cleft (well, thats what it seemed like after 37 miles) of Deep Dale 2; ....

The route was varied and mostly enjoyable, though with perhaps a bit too much road. The organisation was excellent and the whole thing was very good value money. While Helen and Alison were preparing for great things in the Himalayas, I did my infinitely easier bit for Intermediate Technology too with over £120 sponsorship raised from this run.

210 finished; Ray Aucott broke the mens record, though Chez's ladies record of last year remained safely intact and Dark Peak A won the team trophy again, bettering last years time by 10 minutes.

Kevin Borman.

1	R.Aucott.	5.32.22	39	T.Sayles.	7.14.09
2	R.Gregory.	5.46.00	42	A.Sanderson.	7.20.31
8	K.Rowe.(DP??)	6.06.11	46	K.Borman.	7.24.40
13	M.Hayes.	6.27.05	50	B.Hodges.	7.32.16
25	J.Straker.(DP??)	6.47.05	85	A.Collinson.	8.35.46
34	C.Henson.	6.56.35	101	J.Feist.	9.12.43

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#### TOUR OF PENDLE : 3.10.87

Six good steep climbs, and six equally good descents, interspersed with some fast running, a bit of route choice and some tricky navigation when the mist is down. Add to this a traditional fell race atmosphere, efficient but unobtrusive organisation, and some tasty grub afterwards. Conveniently placed on the fell running calendar five weeks before the club championships, and only a pleasant ninety minutes drive from Sheffield.

I always find this race a joy to run in, and yet Dark Peak has only been sparsely represented the times that I have run. To those of you who have not run this race, you don't know what you are missing!

So what happened this year? Mist on the summit at the top of the first climb. The leading group getting lost in it! A classic tussle with Andy Harmer, with the lead changing hands five times. A free Mars Bar from the official at the penultimate checkpoint. Andy talking the race organiser into giving me a £3 voucher rather than a £6 voucher at the prize giving.

See you at Barley next year!

Tony Farnell.

1	D.Cartridge.(Bol)	2.18.44	74	E.Hutt.	3.02.16
10	T.Farnell.	2.30.55	85	P.Kohn.	3.06.00
11	A.Harmer.	2.31.31	96	R.Calvert.	3.08.34
65	B.Thackery.	3.00.00	129	T.Norris.	3.28.46

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#### CURBAR : 11.10.87

A clear fresh morning saw some 130 starters at Curbar Gap. Heavy rain over the previous days meant that conditions were very wet underfoot and the extremely varied (and almost never flat) route provided sustained interest over 8 miles and 1200ft. Gritstone edge, road, muddy track, pasture, woodland and scree spread the field with the following results.

Key Borman.

1	J.Chambers.(Chest)	54.55	40	K.Borman.	67.52
3	K.Lilley.	56.41	54	A.Wright.	70.50
6	G.Band.	58.04	105	F.Wood.(L)	81.26
21	M.Poulter.	63.25	106	J.Wood.	81.30

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CUT-THROAT RELAY : 17-10-87

A very pleasant autumn morning shed its light on Cut-throat Bridge as the 4th outing of this escapade began. Conditions were very sloppy behind the pub and were certainly slow going on the way out. Chez's run of 21-23 was exceptionally good and not far outside the record. Ann Watmore chased Chez home and it was nice to see newcomer Cathy Dewhurst, fresh to fell running do so well and enjoying it too, on a day when few women graced the race.

Pete Jones fresh from the high streets of Dulwich led home the first stage. On the second leg another newcomer from Australia, Frank Stewart, ran well but was overtaken by ex-New Zealander John Fisher leaving Cantalonias second claim runner, El Yettie, adrift.

That left the clash of the giants - Big Bob thundered round and closed slightly on a game Andy Bell; John Cant held onto Andy Harmer up the hill before giving ground on the ridge and descent, but fastest time of the day went to little Bob Toogood who celebrated his birthday by dipping under 18 minutes and pulling back a minute on Graham who still held the lead.

After that it was all over. Pete Dyke eased off to collect the flags! Dave Sant and Colin Hughes ran respectable times but zipping round in the third fastest time of the day was Mark Harvey, who seems to be coming on well this year, and was well clear at the finish. A goodly turnout enjoyed five views on Ladybower Tor, the only slight hitch was organising the teams - at first it seemed there was just five teams, then exactly 6, but when announced, organiser Harmer had omitted Ed Hutt and Pete Jones who he had brought with him in the car! Chris and Jeff ran round the first leg out of a team. With a few more ladies it would have gone down well. The date clashes with a few events but the traditional date of a week before the Karrimor will be retained irrespective of attempts by the Editor to sabotage the race! (Misprint! 'onest Guv. I need volunteer proof readers - Ed)

Andy Harmer.

1	P.Jones.	20.52	4	C.DeMengel	21.23
	F.Stewart.	20.58		P.Kohn.	21.33
	B.Toogood.	17.56		J.Cant.	18.56
	M.Harvey.	<u>18.32</u>		D.Sant.	<u>19.41</u>
		78.18			81.33
2	A.Sanderson.	23.22	5	C.Dewhurst.	23.03
	R.Amor.	19.43		A.Yates.	20.44
	A.Harmer.	18.04		A.Bell.	18.49
	C.Hughes.	<u>19.45</u>		N.Goldsmith.	<u>21.01</u>
		80.54			83.37
3	E.Hutt.	21.14	6	A.Watmore.	21.38
	J.Fisher.	19.28		F.Galbraith.	22.29
	G.Berry.	18.53		B.Berzins.	18.41
	J.Firth.	<u>21.49</u>		P.Dyke.	<u>23.55</u>
		81.24			86.43
	C.Worsell.	23.50			
	J.Harrison.	23.20			

## WARTS REVENGE : 18.10.87

According to Mike Hayes this race has the makings of a classic. The full route was conceived one cold dark wet and windy Wednesday night during a fell run in the winter of 85/86. The hardened stalwarts who keep the spirit of FELL running going on winter evenings felt that the softies who revert to road running once it gets dark, needed a shake up. At the time a few noble souls were pioneering a new route - a proper fell run over Rud Hill, Higger Tor, Callow Bank and Stanage, a route including some very harsh terrain, steep climbs and few footpaths.

The event was first staged in a somewhat abbreviated form one Wednesday evening in the summer of 86. The weather was fine, the route from the western corner of Lady Cannings plantation on Ringinglow road to the ruin on Rud Hill, thence to Burbage Bridge (either one), under the bridge and down the brook to below the summit of Higger, straight up onto Higger, over to Cowper Stone on Stanage and then directly back to Rud Hill and the finish back on the road.

### 86 RESULTS

1	M.Patterson.	27.12	8	G.Band.	32.34
2	A.Harmer.	27.53	9	T.Daniel.	33.24
3	A.Pickles.	28.27	10	A.Yates.	34.03
4	B.Berzins.	28.37	11	H.Swindells.	35.21
5	D.Holmes.	31.46	12	F.Galbraith.	39.40
6	N.Goldsmith.	31.52	13	J.Edwards.	44.47
7	A.Riley.	32.03			

Gerry Goldsmith retired at Burbage with the comment "God! 17m not going over that again, I came out for a run!" Most of the field complained at the uncompromising awkwardness of Hallam Bog and so the race was considered a success. Karrimor survival kits (toilet roll plus an opal fruit) were presented to all competitors. Thanks to all the marshalls who helped on the night.

This year it was decided to run the full race the day after the Cut-Throat relay, the week before the Karrimor. It was a bleak and blistering windswept morning. The word had obviously got around as to the challenging nature of the course because the field was comfortably small at nine competitors. The full route was as before to Higger Tor, then down to Mitchell Farm, along the track and up Callow Bank, directly over to Cowper Stone, then direct to Stanage Pole, then the home straight direct to Rud Hill and the finish on the road as before.

### 87 RESULTS

1	B.Berzins.	1.13.38	5	T.Rhodes.	1.18.19
2	M.Harvey.	1.15.47	6	P.Jones.	1.18.33
3	M.Hayes.	1.17.32	7	R.Amor.	1.19.36
4	C.Hughes.	1.17.38	8	D.Holmes.	1.29.54

Neil Goldsmith retired with a cold. Once more competitors were rewarded with a Karrimor survival kit (bog roll and muesli bar).

It is hoped that fell runners (and any other idiots) will be able to enjoy this event regularly as we hope to hold the race annually on the day following the Cut-Throat relay.

Anyone wishing to recce the route is welcome to bring

their head torch along any winter wednesday evening and join Dark Peak FELL Runners.

Colin Hughes and Pete Collingwood.

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#### TANKY'S TROG : 6-12-87

Having spent the previous evening typing in some more newsletter I'd missed the late night weather forecast and consequently had no idea what to expect as I arose, at what I regarded as the middle of the night, at 6.30 on Sunday morning. As the day dawned it was obvious that navigation was going to be easy again, a predominance of high cloud, and that the easterly winds were going to be much kinder than the gale force southerlys of the previous two years. Unlike previous years, I was physically prepared for the race having only run 40 miles so far that week, although mentally I'd not really given it a thought. As I warmed up along the cold blustery streets of Marsden my race plan unfolded - "run your own race, ignore the other runners, don't take it on like last year and pay the price!"

Starting to run at 9am in the morning is a shock to most people, but starting a 20 mile race requires a certain perverse love for the fells. Certain of us have it, others are just plain masochistic or stupid. The race started a few minutes late after the old white-bearded guru had had his say - a much more concise version of what a BBC weatherman does on an evening. Within yards Malcolm was off - "Have you heard the one about the man with premature ejaculation...." - whether there was some underlying link between the joke and the sprint to Wessenden one can only ask Mal. (NB The punch line has had to be omitted for fear of seizure by the contravening the obscene publications act).

As the stoney track brought my feet to life, with the rest of me soon following, and within a mile of Marsden, I found myself with a few yards lead and wondering if I was doing the right thing. I convinced myself that I was, as planned, running my own race at my optimum speed and if that meant setting the pace, then so be it. It wasn't long before a leading group of six or so detached itself from the main field, crossed the road at Wessenden and set off across the tussocks to the west of Black Hill and to Crowden Little Brook. This is, for me, without doubt the hardest part of the race and I could argue is where the race is won and lost. Here the leading group of myself, Malcolm, Andy Trigg and Mark Rigby began to pull away. In fact Andy and myself drew away from Mal and Mark as we descended into Crowden.

At Crowden I eagerly searched the crowds for my support and jam buttie - it transpired that he was drinking tea in a cafe in Holmfirth! A long walk up Rollick Stones enabled me to get a good breather, but also allowed the group of four to reassemble. At least I'd had the easiest climb, I thought. Bleaklow was free from its usual navigational problems as the cloud base was well above 2000ft and so plan two was put into action - run like hell from the cairn at Bleaklow Head and try to lose them in the groughs. This was not as successful as I had

hoped, so a breather between Hern Clough and the turn off point on the Pennine Way, was followed by a similar effort to the Snake road. Malcolm was the first to go - a victim of the previous nights exploits. Mark Rigby dropped back, eventually catching up again at the Snake checkpoint, but Andy Trigg was not so easily broken.

A strange sight appeared on the road, my support with a hot cup of tea. "Not bloody tea, water!" I cried. A few minutes later he sped past in the car. At this point a crafty thought occurred, in the same vein as those of Chris Worsell's - "I wonder if they know the way?" A quick stop for some water from my support gave Andy the lead, closely followed by Mark and he led both of them into the river whilst I crossed the footbridge and took the lead again. "All part of the game" I thought. Fate was to have its revenge as Andy ran past strongly leaving me and Mark to fight it out for second place.

I'll omit the excuses and just say that the best man was third! At least I was rewarded with a PB by 14 minutes. I shall be back next year for more of the same but will I ever run as many Trogs as Graham Berry, the only man to run all fifteen - I can't remember the seven I've already done.

TT

1	A.Trigg.(Glos)	2.38.01	88	J.Smith.(L)	3.30.23
2	M.Rigby.(Amb)	2.39.52	89	R.Sanby.	3.31.04
3	T.Tett.	2.40.54	94	K.Borman.	3.32.17
4	M.Patterson.	2.47.42	97	J.Harrison.	3.34.27
7	B.Berzins.	2.48.34	100	C.Henson.	3.35.20
9	B.Toogood.	2.49.42	106	D.Lockwood.	3.36.46
10	T.Farnell.	2.49.55	107	T.Norris.	3.38.12
15	J.Fisher.	2.53.44	112	M.Hayes.	3.41.19
16	A.Harmer.	2.54.20	113	H.Swindells.	3.42.27
19	A.Forsyth.	2.56.27	121	A.Sanderson.	3.47.27
21	R.Gregory.	2.57.48	126	D.Holmes.	3.49.06
23	A.Jones.	2.59.27	128	F.Galbraith.	3.49.32
41	B.Wilson.	3.12.02	135	P.Brunt.	3.56.48
48	G.Desforges.	3.14.49	138	P.Kohn.	3.58.19
49	D.Sant.	3.15.15	150	K.Foster.	4.07.21
50	K.DeMengel.(L)	3.15.25	152	P.Dyke.	4.10.05
68	M.Desforges.	3.22.58	157	T.Foley.	4.13.13
78	G.Berry.	3.26.40	169	C.Fielding.(L)	4.18.24
83	T.Bancroft.	3.27.48	172	G.Bell.	4.21.02

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HEADSTONE HEADACHE : 19.12.87

This years race was advertised as the "8th and Final" race. The landowner, the infamous Jeremy Archdale, has withdrawn his permission for the race to cross the moor around the Headstone, claiming that it was causing damage and erosion. What a load of \*\*%&! Has he seen how many people walk to the Headstone in the summer, and he doesn't mind us running out there on Wednesday evenings (so long as we don't cross the wall) - 50 at a time! I think he's just using his muscle after the episodes in the early summer. Enough of my grumblings, on with this years race..

At last Rob relaxed the rules and allowed th road to be

used. This year the headaches returned! You should have done this long ago Rob. The question was of course "Is it quicker on the road?".. and the answer was "Yes and No". The road route to Wyming Brook and across the moor to the Headstone was slower on the way out, but up to a minute faster for some people on the return run. The wind probably had a lot to do with it.

Just like last year, Malcolm was oblivious to the jinx which had plagued the yellow jersey for so many years, and knocked up his second consecutive win - not as easily as the last one though. After dodging the first descent, he eased past Andy Kitchen and myself to gain a 20 second lead at the Headstone. Some good downhill running by Andy saw him catch Malcolm by the forest road with myself a mere five metres adrift. Malcolm ascended to the edge as if there was no climb at all, Andy struggled and I crawled, thus extending the gaps to 30 seconds.

There was more fun over the minor placings with Andy Harmer and Mark Dyson opting to return on the road and pass Adrian Pickles and an irate Tony Farnell who was later heard to say "I never thought I was going to get beaten by Andy Harmer running on the road!" Tony had thought he was fighting for 4th place, not 6th.

Will we ever know which route is the fastest? Will the Headstone ever be revived? What will happen to the infamous Cake raffle? Who will eat all of Rob's mince pies? And what of the classic Headstone/Crookstone double? Watch this space for further details.

E.T.

1	M.Patterson.	28.20	51	M.Poulter.	36.31
2	A.Kitchen.	28.54	54	J.Firth.	36.44
3	T.Tett.	29.25	75	J.Smith.(L)	38.11
4	A.Harmer.	30.02	79	K.Borman.	38.26
5	A.Pickles.	30.10	82	J.Fulton.	38.30
7	T.Farnell.	30.45	83	P.Kohn.	38.35
10	B.Berzins.	31.14	89	I.Pyrah.	39.22
11	M.Meysner.	31.32	90	C.Hughes.	39.26
12	J.Fisher.	31.38	91	G.Bell.	39.28
16	M.Harvey.	32.00	92	C.Last.	39.41
20	G.Desforges.	33.01	93	L.Johnson.	39.44
23	R.Gregory.	33.22	96	I.Wainwright.	39.48
25	G.Berry.	33.34	100	J.Herbert.	40.36
26	T.Trowbridge.	33.47	102	P.Dyke.	40.40
27	M.Pedley.	34.12	108	H.Mathieson.	41.10
28	D.Holmes.	34.16	112	T.Sayles.	41.24
30	E.Hutt.	34.28	120	M.Sant.	42.34
34	P.Gorvett.	35.10	121	D.Sant.	42.37
39	A.Yates.	35.34	122	M.Desforges.	42.40
39	C.Crofts.(L)	35.35	127	T.Kohn.	42.53
41	T.Norris.	35.50	140	H.Swindells.	45.30
43	C.Wilson.	35.59	146	C.Hailey.	48.26
46	R.Amor.	36.05			

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CROOKSTONE CRASHOUT : 20.12.87

What more can you get for 10p? Lulled into false security by the Sheffield which was most pleasant, a nice day for a sleeveless outing across Kinder. By the time Moscar was reached it was evident that a bit of 'fun' was to be had. The wind blowing strongly from the west was fairly vicious; hence Pete Kohn hiding behind a rock on the Knoll taking photographs. Twenty-one souls ambled away from the start - Mike Meysner led up the right flank and Bob Berzins up the left until the old war-horses took over and by Madwomans Stones Tony and I had a fair lead. With the mist down, and driving head-on rain it was a hard slog. We kept on the path too long and by the time we reached swamp surrounding the trig point the lead was reduced. Tim, after a slow start and apparently a 'rest session' called sleep overnight, took the lead on the return leg to the Knoll, blown along at a crazy pace with Tony and I. Down we sped over one of the classic finishes of all time and a few yards separated the three of us at the line.

Behind, young Bob was well clear of Mike and Mark. Tony Trowbridge ran well but just could not take Kev Lilley and Graham Berry. Our token woman, Clare, took the ladies title but was well down on her record of 37.44. Most people ran between two and five minutes slower than the summer frolic. Dave Lockwood went walkabout on the way back and two retired, but the surprise of the day was Dave Sant having an ankle like an ostrich egg, apparently spectator Sant found the going too tough and had a nasty sprain on the Knoll.

I was so chilled after the race that a hot bath and a bowl of porridge were an essential ingredient of recovery. Probably both will be unnecessary when the June escapade takes place.

The farmer was a bit disgruntled at not being able to get his tractor past parked cars and if this event is to continue both the lane and the barn entrance must be clear.

Only three runners have won the race in eight outings, Malcolm, Tim and myself - where are the challengers?

Andy Harmer.

1	A.Harmer.	35.10	11	J.Cant.	39.41
2	T.Tett.	35.14	12	R.Amor.	43.10
3	T.Farnell.	35.19	13	J.Fulton.	43.28
4	B.Berzins.	36.14	14	A.Yates.	43.34
5	M.Meysner.	37.04	15	M.Pedley.	44.00
6	M.Harvey.	37.14	16	J.Firth.	44.40
7	J.Fisher.	38.04	17	C.Crofts.	44.55
8	G.Berry.	38.33	18	T.Sayles.	48.53
9	K.Lilley.	38.40	19	D.Lockwood.	57.30
10	T.Trowbridge.	38.48			

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**RACE RESULTS**  
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SHELF MOOR : 5.7.87

1	A.Trigg.(Glos)	43.28	63	P.Brunst.	60.08
15	G.Berry.	48.46	66	W.McLewin.	60.38
25	A.Harmer.	51.17	67	P.Dyke.	61.38
29	R.Amor.	51.45	83	J.Feist.	64.47
44	N.Goldsmith.	55.18	87	T.Sayles.	68.17
46	A.Bond.	55.40	92	J.Cant.	69.43
56	P.Harris.	58.21	98	P.Griffies.	78.34

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PEAK FOREST : 19.7.87

1	D.Cartridge.(Bol)	35.42	76	J.Feist.	49.24
41	N.Goldsmith.	44.41	77	G.Goldsmith.(L)	49.34
47	D.Holmes.	45.27	94	T.Sayles.	?
69	C.Henson.	48.36			

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BAMFORD : 22.7.87

1	R.Bailey.(Bing)	20.25	107	D.Moseley.	26.00
19	G.Berry.	22.44	131	M.White.	26.35
27	A.Forsyth.	23.14	136	J.Herbert.	26.42
30	G.desforges.	23.25	141	T.Sayles.	26.53
34	G.Sellens.	23.33	143	L.Desforges.	27.00
53	H.Swindells.	24.20	144	J.Fulton.	27.00
57	M.Desforges.	24.29	154	L.Johnson.	27.23
58	D.Holmes.	24.29	156	C.Henson.	27.28
69	A.Yates?	24.44	164	P.Dyke.	27.46
70	P.Gorvett.	24.48	169	G.Goldsmith.(L)	27.58
77	N.Goldsmith.	25.00	176	D.Conway.	28.33
78	T.Norris.	25.00	181	C.Worsell.	28.49
94	W.Lightfoot.(L)	25.34	187	B.Hodges.	29.28
95	A.Sahni.	25.34	194	J.Edwards.	30.57
100	P.Guerrier.	25.48			

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PENDLETON : 29.8.87

1	M.Patterson.	31.51	102	C.Crofts.(L)	41.15
2	D.Cartridge.(Bol)	32.02	119	J.Smith.(L)	41.46
3	G.Devine.(Pud)	32.28	135	B.Thackery.	42.37
17	B.Toogood.	35.17	159	P.Guerrier.	44.21
53	A.Harmer.	38.37	199	J.Soper.	46.31
96	T.Trowbridge.	41.03	213	J.Feist.	48.19

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O-S : 13.9.87

MEN

1	W.Bland.(Kes)	3.39.27	63	D.Sant.	4.53.08
2	D.Ratcliffe.(Ross)	3.42.21	65	A.Pickles.	4.55.00
3	M.Rigby.(Amb)	3.51.11	120	C.Hughes.	5.28.03
5	M.Patterson.	4.04.56	136	J.Armistead.	5.37.18
13	B.Berzins.	4.14.50	140	C.L-Jones.	5.41.13
30	M.Stone.	4.34.17	169	C.Brad.	6.08.00
33	A.Harmer.	4.37.37	187	E.Hutt.	6.27.09
34	A.Bell.	4.37.48	188	J.Simpson.	6.27.10
50	M.Hayes.	4.45.37	189	C.Henson.	6.27.24
55	K.Tonkin.	4.50.26			

LADIES

1	S.Parkin.(EPOC)	3.19.55
6	J.Smith.	4.02.53

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LANTERN PIKE : 19.9.87

1	P.Dugdale.(Hor)	30.50	93	M.Meysner.	39.38
2	M.Patterson.	31.15	110	B.Thackery.	40.46
17	B.Toogood.	34.11	125	N.Goldsmith.	41.46
18	T.Farnell.	34.15	152	A.Collinson.	45.00
30	G.Berry.	35.28	163	P.Harris.	45.40
49	T.Rhodes.	36.52	172	G.Bell.	46.00
50	R.Aucott.	36.54	178	J.Feist.	46.51
60	D.Holmes.	37.23	189	C.Windle.	48.02
71	M.Pedley.	38.26			

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SCAFELL : 26.9.87

1	B.Scanzi.(Italy)	51.05	73	C.Crofts.(L)	68.35
2	C.Donnelly.(Scot)	52.29	95	T.Trowbridge.	72.38
3	R.Pilbeam.(Eng)	52.42	96	J.Smith.(L)	72.57
4	M.Patterson.(Eng)	52.44	98	K.DeMengel.(L)	73.28
38	B.Berzins.	62.29	109	B.Thackery.	75.33
55	G.Berry.	66.07	149	J.Soper.	80.40

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LANGDALE : 10.10.87

1	B.Bland.(Kes)	2.00.4	106	T.Trowbridge.	2.39.54
2	B.Whitfield.(Bing)	2.01.13	130	A.Jones.	2.48.30
3	B.Ashworth.(Ross)	2.04.39	135	B.Thackery.	2.49.57
5	M.Patterson.	2.07.22	142	J.Smith.(L)	2.53.10
33	A.Harmer.	2.20.11	164	J.Soper.	2.57.45
41	A.Bell.	2.25.28	176	B.Wilson.	3.00.43
54	C.Crofts.(L)	2.29.58	181	T.Rodgers.	3.01.48
63	M.Meysner.	2.32.51	188	T.Norris.	3.03.05
64	G.Berry.	2.33.14	193	J.Clarke.	3.04.00
70	M.Stone.	2.33.55	198	F.Galbraith.	3.05.22
87	R.Sanby.	2.37.01	216	C.Henson.	3.10.24
89	R.Amor.	2.37.14	260	J.Feist.	3.29.46
91	D.Sant.	2.37.58	287	A.Sanderson.	3.56.13

THREE TOWERS : 18.10.87

MEN

1	D.Cartridge.(Bol)	2.01.01	116	E.Hutt.	2.42.07
81	A.Jones.	2.34.36	218	T.Sayles.	3.08.52

LADIES

1	C.Walkington.(Hor)	2.43.37	5	G.Goldsmith.	2.59.41
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DUDDON VALLEY

1	W.Bland.(Kes)	2.58.33
23	N.Goldsmith.	3.55.33
32	J.Armistead.	4.10.28

RIDGES OF BLENCATHRA

Main three ridges - Gategill, Hall's and Doddick, returning to the 'Horse and Feather' in Threlkeld after each ridge. (A real masochists race, if I ever heard of one - Ed).

1	C.Valentine.(Kes)	2.33
8	D.Sant.	3.04
9	R.Sanby.	3.06
17	P.Rodgers.	3.45

HAYFIELD CHAMPIONSHIPS 1987

1	M.Prady.(Glos)	4.25.05	26	B.Thackery.	5.29.35
2	R.Aucott.	4.29.53	36	G.Bell.	6.19.16
20	M.Pedley.	5.10.17	37	A.Collinson.	6.19.52

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BURBAGE BAFFLER

Saturday 9th January, 10am.

Burbage Bridge (GR 262830)

Details as last year, i.e. 4 members to a team (1 vet, 1 lady, 1 superstar and 1 'wart'); each team must provide a baton; each member runs twice.

If you feel like a brisk run to confuse your body and mind, get teams together ASAP!. The more the merrier.

A detailed course description is available from the club hut. Further details from Martin Spence on 01 624 3224.

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## SHEFFIELD TRIATHLON

On a blustery October day six steadfast Dark Peakers made their way to Rawlinson Spors Centre, goggles in one hand bicycle pump in the other. The event was the Sheffield Triathlon (Short Course) - a 400m swim, 13.2 mile bike ride and 3 mile run. I thought I may as well give it a whirl. Other DP'ers were Alan Yates, Howard Swindells, Mike Meysner, Mike Arundale, Ged and Luke Desforges.

I started at 8.33, whereupon I was to leap in the pool and start thrashing around in the water until I'd done 12 lengths. The task of organising clothes to wear, clothes to change in to and bike in the right place was mind boggling.

So, to the pool side, everything carefully planned to a tee. Dive in, nut the floor, lose bikini top, lose goggles, try to start stopwatch underwater - a fine start! I crawled (the swimming type) up and down for 4 lengths until I realised I was being overtaken by people doing breaststroke (I presume you had the good sense to retrieve your bikini top Chez - Ed). The plan was to dash into the changing rooms, whip off the wet bikini top, put on T-shirt and shoes and speed out on the bike. All well and good until I realised that I'd dashed into the mens changing room!

Howard was very popular in his lane as his fastest stroke is backstroke, which he did with majestic grace, poking many an unsuspecting crawler in the eye! Alan Yates also had a minor problem with the changing rooms because he couldn't find the one he'd left his clothes in! He was frantically rushing around, leaping over desks and counters looking for hi kit.

So to the Dronfield bypass, head down, just getting into it when disaster struck - a puncture! Now I know Nigel Mansell feels. So that was the end of that, all that remained was to hitch back with the bike, no easy task. Howards bike ride was also eventful when he came to get off, couldn't get his feet free from the straps and keeled over sideways onto the ground.

As for the results, Steve Moorhead won in just under the hour - who is this superman!? Nell Moorhead, who has occasionally come up to Dark Peak, was the first female in 1.14.

For anyone who fancies a go, its really good fun. I know I'll have to try another.

Chez.

1	S.Moohead.(STC)	59.10	87	A.Yates.	82.40
21	M.Meysner.	71.23	88	H.Swindells.	82.49
31	L.Desforges.	73.58	123	M.Arundale.	88.40
35	G.Desforges.	74.09		K.DeMengel.	KAPUT!

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**LADIES SECTION**  
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Well, quite a few more ladies have recently joined, or are about to join us. There's Michelle, Maureen, Rachel, Kathy, Fiona, Cathy Dewhurst and Ann Watmore. Some are relatively new to fell running - what delights await you! - others are already very active. Ann, who also runs for Trolley AC came 1st at Pen-y-Ghent and 2nd at Lantern Pike. Fiona and Rachel both ran in the Curbar Fell race for a starter, I'm not sure who else did.

Clare, of course, has had an outstanding season, going from strength to strength. She ended by winning the last two English Championship races, Scafell and Langdale, breaking the record of the later by approx. 4 minutes.

The outcome of the Championships are: Jacky 1st in the British Championship, Clare 2nd in the English and 3rd in the British and myself 3rd in the English Championship. A successful season for Dark Peak Ladies.

Another event which saw the 'veteran' section trundle out was the Womens Nike 10K at Rother Valley on a very windy day. Carol Wild won in 38.03 and Jenny Pearson came 2nd running for Sheffield AC. Gerry, Trish and myself were pleased and surprised to find we had 3rd team prize. Trish was also first 0/45.

We had two teams in Graves Park relay, coming 2nd in 31.07 and 3rd in 33.18 behind the winning Hallamshire team of Julie Trickett, Sarah King and Jane Alderton in 30.20. Gerry, Jacky and myself ran in team A and Fiona, Kathy and Cathy Dewhurst ran in team B. Jacky had the best time of 9.45 and Cathy next best with 10.08. Jacky went on to win the Chase in the afternoon.

Other bits of news are - Gerry completing the Flying Fox Marathon, Wendy doing well at orienteering, Jacky winning Rockingham 10k and Chesterfield marathon and Ann came 3rd in the Worksoop Half marathon in a very good time of 1.23.03. Various bodies had a marvellous weekend for the Karrimoor including Wendy, Helene and Alison, Mary and Dave Sant, Trish and Pete and, wait for it - Mavis and Billy Wilson!

Another marvellous piece of news is the birth of a baby - Peter - to Jane and Martin Spence. We hope to see you all soon.

Helene and Alison, as you may have seen in the news, achieved their objective and did a marvellous run to break the record from Everest base camp to Katmandu. What a record to hold! A brilliant run - Congratulations! They also will have raised a lot of money for I.T., the third world charity.

If anyone has any further news or results that would be of interest maybe you would let me know so I can write them up.

Chez

FIXTURES

17th Jan      Yorks Vets, Guisley.  
                   Open X-C, Stainforth, Doncaster.  
 13th Feb      Womens National, Leeds.  
 20th Feb      SY Champs.

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**CROSS COUNTRY**  
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FIXTURES

- 3.1 S.Y.League (10Km), Campsall (2.45pm).
- 28.2 S.Y.Champs (10km), somewhere in Sheffield.
- 9.1 Northerns, (7.5m), Chester-le-Street.
- 23.1 Yorkshire Teams, (7.5m), High Melton, Doncaster.
- 20.2 Nationals, (9m), Newark.

Due to lack of interest, i.e. nobody informing Rob that they wanted to run, there will be no Dark Peak teams in the Northern Champs and hence the Nationals. You were warned!

In absence of a report from Rob (who is probably a bit pissed off) I have compiled this brief resume of the season so far.

It seems like a large dose of apathy has struck the cross country fraternity of the club - no teams at the Cutlers, no team for the Northerns, no team for the nationals. Where are you all? There's still the Yorkshire teams to run in - if you contact Rob in time!

A quick round up of results so far:-

CHATSWORTH CHASE - Not so much cross country, but I did wear my spikes (where did all the road come from?). Mick Flint of Sheff AC won and was about a minute ahead of Tim Tett who finished 6th. Rob Pearson finished in the low teens and Phil Murray came home in 20th. Unfortunately there was no team prize.

GRAVES PARK CHASE - Dark Peak had two ladies teams in the relays finishing 2nd and 3rd, whilst the mens team of Phil Murray, Malcolm Patterson and Tim Tett went one better to win beating the favourites Sheffield AC. (We whopped 'em good and proper!). Two hours later Malcolm had a great run in the chase itself finishing 2nd and completeing a hat trick of races for the weekend. Rob Pearson also had a good run finishing 3rd or 4th. Tim Tett and Phil Murray dropped out knackered!

CUTLERS RELAY - Dark Peak were noticeably absent from this local relay with the only presence being a few members running for other 1st/2nd claim clubs.

S.Y.L. Graves Park : 25.10.87

MEN

1	M.Lavender.(BRR)	30.48	67	.Bird.	34.23
6	R.Pearson.	31.13	72	T.Trowbridge.	34.35
10	T.Tett.	31.37	140	E.Hutt.	37.10
22	A.Harmer.	32.28	153	L.Outwin.	37.49
54	P.Connelly.(DP??)	33.55	210	G.Bell.	41.49

LADIES

1	J.Carrier.(Roth)	24.44
4	C.Crofts.	25.20

13h  
**CLARE  
 CLIMBS  
 HEIGHTS**

**SHEFFIELD** runner Clare Crofts smashed the women's course record in the tough Langdale Fell race in the Lake District, writes *Granville Beckett*.

The 25-year-old research assistant at the Royal Hallamshire Hospital, a member of England's team in the World Cup races in Switzerland a few weeks ago, also became the first woman to dip under two-and-a-half hours for the searching 16-mile race which involves 4,000 feet of climbing.

Her time of 2hr 29min 58sec shaved more than four minutes off the old record held by the Welsh runner Angela Carson at 2-34.38, but it was not quite enough to give her this year's English women's fell racing title for the Dark Peak Club.

The Langdale race was the last one in this year's English championship programme and despite Clare's fine win she ended the season four points behind Vanessa Brindle, from Clayton-le-Moors Club at Accrington, whose 72 points gave her the title.

**Filled**

Two other Dark Peak clubmates of Clare's, Kathleen Demengel and international Jackie Smith, ended the season in fourth and fifth places behind Stockport's Annie Harris.

Malcolm Patterson, the librarian from Hunters Bar, filled 5th place in the men's race at Langdale where the honours were taken by vastly experienced local athlete Billy Bland, from Keswick.

Bland, former British champion but now a veteran turned 40, won in 2hr 4min. ★ Two Dark Peak Club members Alison Wright and Helen Diamantedes, past winner of the Sheffield Marathon among the women, reached new heights in the Himalayas with an epic run over 125 miles from Everest to Katmandu, at high altitude. After six weeks acclimatising to the conditions, they bettered the old record set by Sherpas from Nepal with their return of three days 10hr 8min for what must surely be a unique test of human endeavour against nature.

**WALKING**

Yorkshire Water welcomes careful visitors and walkers. The beauty of our waters and the countryside that surrounds them is for everyone to enjoy. That is why we provide landscaped picnic and car parking areas with fine views over many attractive reservoir and rivers sites. But not all land around reservoirs and rivers is owned by us, so please be careful to stick to well marked paths and respect private property.

**Goldsmith sued**

**VINCE WINS  
 THE CHASE**



But how many Dark Peakers are in the picture?

★ HUNDREDS of runners took the Graves Park Chase in their stride as they raised money for the British Deaf Association at the weekend. The winner of the event organised by the Steel City Striders was Sheffield Polytechnic student Vincent Garner, pictured third on the left.

S.V.L. Carlton : 8.11.87

MEN

1 S.Platts.(Chest)	34.45	78 I.Trombridge.	40.19
6 R.Pearson.	35.39	140 E.Hutt.	43.11
17 T.Tett.	37.25	149 L.Outwin.	43.30
27 C.Adams.	37.59	213 R.Baumeister.	48.28
47 P.Connelly.(DP??)	38.54		

LADIES

1 J.Shields.(SAC)	24.22
6 C.Crofts.	25.58

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ROAD REPORTS  
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Having been road secretary for a couple of years now (I bestowed this honour upon myself in an attempt to try to co-ordinate any member that needed co-ordinating in this direction) someone actually phoned me up and asked for some info. So I thought it about time that something appeared in the newsletter in an effort to encourage more members to contribute to this, not so minor as one may think, section of the club.

I'll kick off with the Barnsley 10k, where one of the best ever 10k fields in the country was assembled, all after the subventions I suppose. Anyway, the mens race was won in 28.54 by P-Klimes with Drak Peakers placing as follows:- 43 Micah Wilson 31.24; 45 Rob Pearson 31.35; 75 Tim Tett 32.43; 81 Phil Murray 32.52; 140 Dave Bird 33.59; 164 Andy Bell 34.25. Bob Toogood ran 32.46 and finished 21st in the veterans race with Billy Wilson 67th in 34.57 and Mike Gallivan 78th in 35.18.

Dave Bird and David Shepero ran the Humber Bridge marathon finishing 63rd in 2.55.47 and 66th in 2.55.51 respectively. Malcolm Patterson turned his fell running talents to the road to record 32.?? in the Rockingham 10k to finish 2nd.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* ADS \* ADS \* ADS \* ADS \* ADS \*  
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ALL BUDDING TRIATHLETES!

As we have no triathlon section yet, here are a few dates for anyone who is interested running off into the teeth of a blizzard clad only in trunks and droplets of water!

There are 8 mini (running and swimming only) events over the winter at Westfield Sports Centre, Mosborough, swimming 400m and running 4.5 miles. Some will be swim-run, some swim-run-swim and others run-swim-run, etc. A few entries may be possible on the day, otherwise a week before. Cost is £1.50 per event. Tel Westfield Sports Centre for more details - 510376.

The remaining dates are:- 9th or 23rd Jan, 13th Feb, 12th March, 2nd & 23rd April and 14th May.

Chez.

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## THE COMPLETE FELL RUNNER



1. Woolly Hat - useful for pulling over ones eyes when you don't want to be recognised by 'normal' people.
2. Sun Glasses - prevents snow blindness, especially in the Kentmere race.
3. Neck Tie - used to impersonate cubs/scouts to help old (and young!) ladies over stiles.
4. Forces regulation sweater - adds to the 'He-man' look.
5. Bumbag - contents include mint cake, money (rumour has it that some courses pass pubs and phone boxes), cagoule, over-trousers (to cover knees) and survival bag.
6. Compass - to lend to Tim Daniel if he's still on the course.
7. Shorts - self-lubricating with sewn in vaseline sachets and pin to burst them.
8. Football Socks - a good excuse when the going gets wet.
9. Reebok new 'sole-less' PB's for that extra light feeling and positive footing.
10. The refreshments - two plastic cups of your favourite beverage.