

# DARK PEAK NEWS

AUTUMN 89







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NEWS AND COMING EVENTS  
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CLUB RUNS

Summer club runs have been a delight to many in the cool clear evenings after the hot sunny days, the 'alternative' venues proving successful again. Yet despite the wonderful summer there was at least one epic. It was midsummer and the National Park had just held a meeting to consider closing the moors. Up went the fire warning signs...down came the rains to drench a hardy bunch who ventured forth from Yorkshire Bridge.

With the onset of Autumn, club runs return to the Sportsman. Wednesday runs leave at 6:30 prompt, usually with road and fell alternatives:

On the roads...

Last Winter it got quite hairy with at least one member receiving a glancing blow from a fast moving car. PLEASE wear something light, perhaps the summer vests will have a winter use too, worn over a Helly. Similar distance runs to summer evenings but they are usually over a little quicker (e.g. 1h 20m).

While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks...

...By night, a small group of fell runners strapped torches to their heads and did their best to outwit them. Ducking and weaving past barbed wire, impolite notices, carelessly placed turkey farms (!) and the occasional electric fence, they proved that the National Farmers Union is no match for a well read map and a stout heart.

Next time you're sprinting up Long Line, pause for a moment. Analyse your integrity...fell runner or luminous poseur. Instead of battering hell out of your 'Nike Airsoles' you could be battering around the Peak District with the 'Night Arseholes'!

Seriously folks, the attractions are legion. Too many to list comprehensively here but they include:

- bull-nosed headers (!?),
- badgers, owls and foxes,
- impromptu electric shocks (helps you to keep warm),
- stone circles that don't exist,
- hip flasks (surcharge for meths drinkers),
- 2000 year old trees (Twaddle with a Twat to the Mesolithic Era - guided tours to archaeological sites - personal tours arranged, contact Colin Hughes),







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FEATURES  
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BODGER CASHES IN AT DOLLAR HILL

After a reasonable absence, Bodger has once more been active on the fells, returning with a vengeance at Dollar Hill (near Stirling). Those of you with long memories may recall his glorious exploits at Pendle and Blisco, but this one surpasses them all. As Bodger himself commented "this was my finest hour".

The theme of time ran central to his performance. After a classic preparation of an 80 mph car chase across the Forth Road Bridge and through the back-roads of Fife, he arrived at the race venue with, in his own words, "loadsatime". 15 minutes later he was away up the hill for a look at the course. He passed a couple of young marshals, looking bored. Not surprising, he thought, as the race doesn't start for another half an hour. A little higher up he turned round to admire the view. In the assembly area below he could hear the announcer's voice over the loudspeaker, the gala was in full flow and the welly wanging was about to begin. "The competitors are under starter's orders", he heard the voice say. Funny words for a welly wanging match, Bodger thought, but this is Scotland, and he set off up the hill once more. "And they're off...as the hill race gets under way the runners will be...", the rest of the announcer's words were lost on Bodger on whom the truth had suddenly dawned...

The rest of Saturday was lost apart from an appropriate visit to the nearby Castle Gloume and the Burn of Sorrow. Sunday at least presented a chance for Bodger to redeem himself but it wasn't to be that easy.

A desperate search through the Scottish Hill Race Calendar had turned up the Lomonds of Fife race, scheduled, as Bodger checked and rechecked, for 2:15pm. Not wanting to be caught out this time, he arrived with over an hour to spare. The race starts, as he soon discovered, from a tent in a field in the middle of nowhere. At 2:00pm about 40 others had also turned up in said field and looked vaguely like they fancied a bit of a run sometime that afternoon. Bodger had already completed his warm-up and was in his shorts and vest loitering near the start line in case one of the assembled throng turned out to be the starter. Mind you, no one was yet entered but stranger things have happened. He wasn't going to take any chances...

At about 2:05 a car drove up. By common consensus it was agreed that the man in it was the organiser, though for several minutes after he emerged from the car there was no confirmation of this. Bodger shadowed him, watching for any sudden rush to start the race. At 2:10 there was a sudden rush, but only to enter. Bodger was trampled in the rush despite his preparation. He received no. 13, "nae problem for a Sassenach" was a rough translation of the organisers cheery comment. Hastily the number was pinned on and Bodger resumed his vigil by the start line.



the body are completely depleted during this competition and there will be varying degrees of muscle damage. If sufficient time is allowed for recovery, all will be well. The short and medium races individually do not produce the 'Plods' but they do produce cellular damage, especially in the thigh muscles during descending. Again adequate time for recovery is required if cumulative chronic fatigue is to be kept at bay.

#### Table of symptoms associated with chronic fatigue.

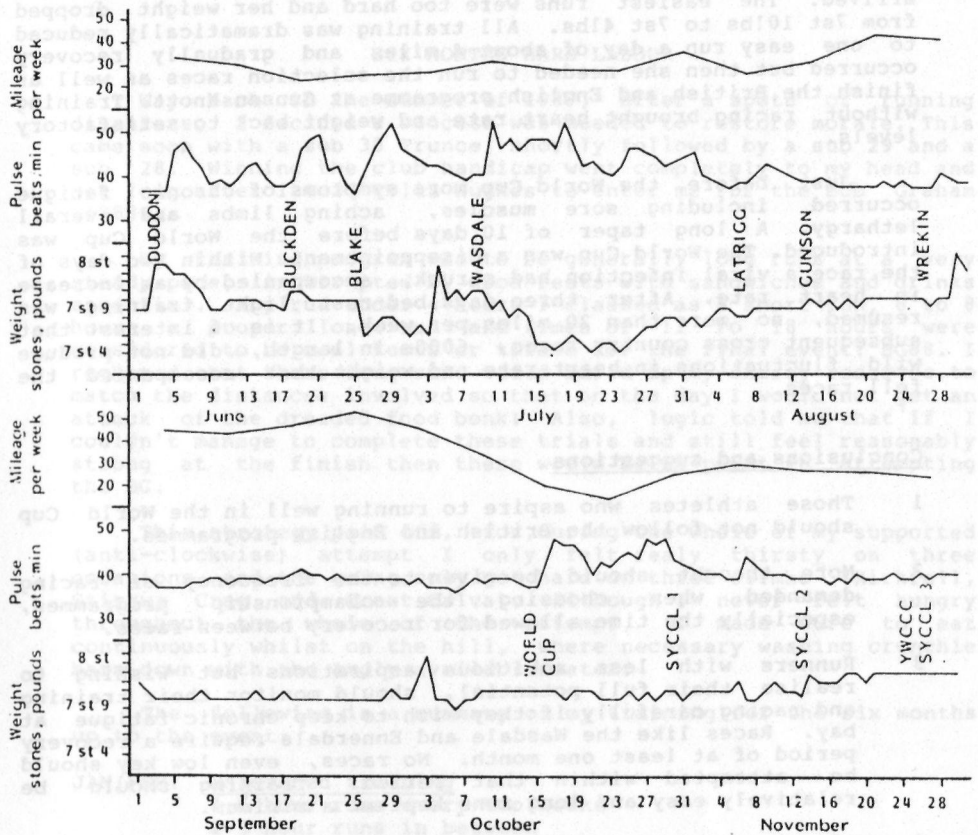
Emotional/behavioural changes	Physical changes
Loss of enthusiasm, especially for running.	Impaired physical performance, difficulty in completing training sessions.
Loss of the desire to compete.	Gradual weight loss.
Tiredness and lethargy.	Drawn expression.
Irritability, depression, ill-humour.	Increase in early morning heart rate of > 5 beats/ minute.
Inability to concentrate on academic work.	Heavy leggedness.
Excessive sleep, but not awaking refreshed.	Muscle and joint pains with persistent soreness.
Increased fluid intake at night, unquenchable thirst.	Increased susceptibility to facial spots and sores.
	Minor scratches heal slowly.
	Loss of menstruation (amenorrhoea)

(Source: Tim Noakes: 'Lore of Running')

#### A simple monitoring procedure

Aware of the problems associated with over racing, Clare Crofts and I decided to use two of the indicators given in the table to monitor her progress as she tried to win both the English and British fell running championships in 1988. The races which decide these championships consist of long, medium and short races, but little thought seems to be given to the time needed for recovery when they are chosen. In addition, for those athletes with international aspirations, selection races provide another problem.

Resting heart rate, taken immediately on waking, and early morning weight, after bowel and bladder evacuation, were used after the indicators (see figure below). Calorific intake was kept constant at about 2000 calories per day, except when carbohydrate loading for the long races. At the start of the monitoring period, Clare had run three races, Chapelgill, Rivington Pike and Pendle, breaking the record in two of them.



The first race shown is Duddoon. Weight increased before the race due to carbohydrate loading and the concomitant take on of water. The resting heart rate was 37 beats/minute. The race was won in a record time of 3 hours 24 minutes. Resting heart rate increased dramatically the day after the race and it took some days to recover. However, before complete recovery she was forced to run the Buckden Pike. This was also won in a record time but, again, there was an increase in resting heart rate after the race. Before recovery was complete again she had to race in the Blake. By now performance was beginning to suffer, nevertheless, she managed 2nd behind Carol Haigh. Again the characteristic leap in resting heart rate was observed, but the demands of the British Championship demanded participation in the Wasdale, the toughest race in the calendar. Clare won this in a very respectable time of 4 hours 45 minutes. She was thoroughly exhausted.

Resting heart rate was now well over 50, an increase of about 15 beats per minute compared with her early season level and nearly all the symptoms present in the table were present. By following the demanding racing schedule enforced by the championships she was chronically fatigued. The 'Super Plods' had



## SIX MONTHS HARD LABOUR

Way back in the summer of 1987, after a spate of running disasters, I decided a success was needed to restore morale. This came soon with a sub 30 Trunce, shortly followed by a sub 29 and a sub 28. Winning the club handicap went completely to my head and not long after I told Colin Hughes to enter me for the Bob Graham (1988).

My training program was to be generally long runs at a very steady pace, interrupted by good rests with sandwiches and drinks essential. Any run under 4 hours I classed as a short run, 6 to 8 hours a proper long run and times of 12 to 18 hours were considered to be real tests or trials for the final event: BG88. I reckoned that these long runs would build up my energy reserves to match the distances involved so that on the day I would not get an attack of the dreaded food bonk! Also, logic told me that if I couldn't manage to complete these trials and still feel reasonably strong at the finish then there would be no point in attempting the BG.

This strategy paid off, for during the whole of my supported (anti-clockwise) attempt I only felt really thirsty on three occasions and the going only got hard on three climbs (Kirkfell, Stirrup Crag and Great Calva). Although I never felt hungry throughout the whole of the attempt, I made sure to eat continuously whilst on the hill, where necessary washing crunchie bars down with the amply available water.

The following is a summary of my training for the six months up to the event:

JAN/FEB: Watershed training  
4-6 hour runs every two weeks  
2-3 hour runs in between  
Wed. club runs

### MARCH

Watershed - 11hrs 45mins  
Stannington 10 mile road race - approx 70mins  
Rest period

APRIL: Fellsman training  
Run 1. Peak 7 hours  
Run 2. Peak 4 hours  
Run 3. Dales 13 hours  
Run 4. Peak 5 hours  
Club runs & Trunce

### MAY

Run 1. 15 Trigs failed (11 trigs) 13 hours  
Run 2. 15 Trigs failed 16 hours  
Run 3. Lakes 10 hours  
Run 4. Lakes 6 hours  
Run 5. Fellsman Hike - 17 hours 54 mins  
Run 6. Peak 4 hours  
Run 7. Peak 4 hours  
Club runs & Trunce



Not a single cloud could be seen in the sky and the ominous warmth could be felt as 8am approached. Seven hopefuls gathered around the Moot Hall for the photo session sporting a wide variety of sun repelling hats and scarves for a hot day on the fells. Kevin Borman, Ged Desforges, Ed Hutt, Tim Mackey, Barry Needle, Roy Varo and myself trotted out of the shade in that usual happy, chatty Dark Peak fashion. Indeed most of the road section was spent catching up with news, chatting to pacers and getting to know fellow companions on the day's outing. During this stage we were overtaken by several serious, sweating, quiet running types who headed up strange paths, never to be seen again. One notable exception was Christine Porrit, our gallant shadow for the day.

The climb up Robinson reminded us of what lay ahead and the grassy trot over Hindscarth to Robinson was spent drinking and trying not to sweat..."No sweating on the first section", Terry had instructed. Fearfully, we slowed our pace to comply and arrived at Honister fresh and bang on schedule. Already I'd realised just how important the roadside support is both physically and mentally. The efficient hustle, encouragement, orders, force feeding and drinking are vital to stop you sitting and enjoying the rest.

Up and over Grey Knott and more welcome company as a party of maybe twenty Dark Peakers trotted towards Great Gable where the hard work really begins. By Kirk Fell, Pillar and Steeple the mid-day sun was becoming a nuisance. The group stretched out and we tucked in behind Mary, Dave and Keith...heads down, keeping going. It was a bit disappointing that there weren't any good views over the Solway to Criffel. The distant Border and Galloway hills were hidden in a heat haze, thoughts turned to rest and lunch.

Red Pike and Yewbarrow passed and the welcome sight of Wasdale lifted spirits, only to have them dashed by a tortuous scree descent. The heat had taken its toll in the latter part of that section and it was a tired and sickly crew that sat in the shade of some bushes being fussed over, coaxed and cajoled to eat. This is where being a born glutton helps. The ice cream got me eating and the old habits helped me down everything offered by the young Swindells who were excellent waiters. Eating, however repugnant, was vital, nutrients and electrolytes had to be replaced and stored for the next, and longest, section.

Others were not as lucky, Kev struggled in behind us; exhausted with the heat he retired at Wasdale. Tim was unable to eat and left after the remaining five. A now famous tale tells how Tim carried a stick of celery and a tomato up Scafell and never ate them. He bravely carried on to Esk Hause before retiring. Eating on the Bob Graham is sometimes harder than running.

The climb up Scafell in the baking afternoon sun was strength sapping but we were falling behind schedule so Neil Goldsmith and John Armistead had to force us on. Ray now dropped behind with John, whilst Neil saw us safely to the foot of Broad Stand where Kay was a welcome addition to the party. From here (at 4pm ish) it was another 5 hours to our next stop and we were none too happy

climbing over hot rocks and touching summits. For me, as we shuffled along, this was now becoming the hardest section. We were tiring, the schedule slipping, the sun taking its toll among the rubble of Bow Fell, Ill Crag etc. We longed for shady grassy slopes. Off the rocks and towards the Langdales I was getting a bit worried. The dreaded woozy headedness and sicklyness was creeping on. Barry and Ged seemed OK ahead, Ed and I trotted 100m behind shepherded by Kay at the rear and Neil leading.

The day continued to be enlightened by crossing paths with Christine Porrit, doggedly battling on with her two pacers. As the day wore on we ran together for part of the way.

At this, our lowest point, we met a small, amiable, party picnicking by the Hoist. Tom and Enid Foley and Bill and Ann Kenyon were very kind and shared their coffee, tea and malt loaf with us. Bill had electrolyte and this saved the day, certainly for me. The effect of this stop was dramatic, by the top of Thunnacar Knott we were on a physical and mental high. This was surely due to having our body chemistry restored to something like normal. The grassy slopes dropping down from Calf Crag to Steel End were positively fun, we were in great spirits. Bob Marsden dropped in from nowhere and at last the sun began to ease. We descended for tea (with our mate Christine) to cheers from a crowded Dunmail.

Reaching Dunmail is another vital point. 13 hours on our feet, yet eleven still to go. A daunting prospect but at least I knew what lay ahead as last year I had paced Dunmail to Keswick. That helped a lot, we just had to keep going, a steady, cool, trot with the sunset on Seat Sandal to look forward to. However, the old food problem had hit Ed at Dunmail, feeling dizzy and sick as soon as sitting down he was unable to leave with Barry and myself. He set off 5 minutes behind but it must have been soul destroying trying to catch that small gap. Ed eventually dropped out at Threlkeld, agonisingly close to finishing. Afterwards he was quoted as saying, "39 out of 42 isn't bad, I'll be back in 10 years!"

The sunset didn't let us down; if ever asked, "why do you do it?", the sun setting over the distant range of hills from where you have just come on your own two feet is a very good reason.

The night section was spent following closely behind Colin Henson who seems to know instinctively where he is, where he is going and how long it will take to get there. Cheerful Mick Eaton kept us awake and Paul Sanderson joined us for his second supporting stretch. Coffee was served at Sticks Pass at 1:30am and despite Barry having a bad patch we arrived at Threlkeld half an hour up on schedule (and, rumour has it, on Terry). Di Worsell's sausage, beans, egg and bacon were worth running 20 hours for.

Feet up for a rest, then a steady plod up Blencathra with a feeling that, barring accidents, we were going to do it. Barry was strong again and led the last three climbs (Blencathra, Great Calver and Skiddaw). We chatted to Ben, Alan (Sanderson) and Colin ( ) before meeting Kay and Keith, who had bivied on Skiddaw, and Howard who also joined us in the descent. The view from the final descent is spectacular; Derwent Water, Keswick and all the





## DERWENT WATERSHED WITH DRY FEET

It was Saturday, nearly midnight, and we were relaxing with the Swindells after watching a video of the afternoon's athletics and sharing a little liquid refreshment. I was nearly asleep and certainly not alert enough when Trish threw me the challenge.

"You'll never get drier conditions, the weather is breaking up and its going to be cooler tomorrow. Why don't you do a solo Watershed?"

Why not? Because I need to psyche myself up for it! Because my training mileage over the past month is pathetic, and I haven't run more than ten miles since I don't know when. Because I was looking forward to a lie-in tomorrow morning! Because...

6:30am and I am trotting through a deserted Hope village. Already the sun is strong. Under the railway bridge and I meet a lone walker coming off Whin Hill - I am not the only early riser. Above Twitchill Farm my worn PBs are skidding on the short parched turf and I am sweating profusely. A drink from the stream in Parkin Clough is the only one I will get "from nature": the remaining 6 litres are provided by Trish. By High Neb I have woken up and am beginning to enjoy myself. Someone has drawn a smiling face on an old millstone which seems like a good omen. I reach Moscar in exactly the 90 minutes anticipated. Although the sun is strong, so is the breeze and I feel comfortable but very thirsty.

After a break for a jam sandwich (no butter) and a lot of water, I am heading up to Derwent Edge surrounded by wildlife. Rabbits, curlews, lapwings, hares and golden plovers are my companions. A pair of grouse put on an amazing display of shamming broken wings to lead me away from their family. At Back Tor two walkers studiously look away, not wishing to be associated with the panting blob that is disturbing their solitude. I am pleased to reach the Bradfield path in an hour from Moscar but for the umpteenth time fail to find the direct route to Margery Hill and end up on High Stones.

Beyond Outer Edge I turn into the breeze and running becomes much harder but the deep sloppy groughs of winter have turned to a dry powder and rarely do I need to break my stride. At the Mushroom Stone Trish is waiting with more water and sandwiches but the mayonnaise on the tomatoes is a mistake and I can't stomach them. Suddenly my legs are tired and it takes a full half hour from Swainshead to Bleaklow Stones. By now there are a few other people around but not too many. Another 20 minutes to the Wain Stones and a further 15 to the Snake road. HOW long did we take in March?

Another huge attack on the water supply before heading off towards Mill Hill. I chose the wide left sweep across Featherbed Moss but when I rejoin the path on Glead Hill I wonder whether I was wise. Memories of the wide detours around endless squeichy groughs are hard to reconcile with the smooth fast path which now confronts me. By now it is Midday as I pick my way slowly across Kinder. I must look less zonked than I feel as I am repeatedly asked for directions by groups of walkers.





HOLME MOSS : 18 JUNE 89

(Yorkshire Fell Race Championship)

"The Peak District equivalent of the Wasdale" claimed one runner after finishing the 1989 Holme Moss race. I'm not sure I'd go as far as this, since Andy Harmer's LONG Margery Hill race should take this title. Nevertheless, the Holme Moss race is tough.

The start from Brown Hill reservoir is, I must admit, a bit uninspiring with gently rising tracks and road(!). This soon changes and, after a stretch of woodland, there is a plunging descent into Ramsden Clough. This is followed by an equally steep climb out, a long contour around to Holme Moss and another sharp descent and ascent to Todleyshaw Moss (could be difficult in bad weather). After the previous terrain, the run into Crowden is relaxing though the main problem this year was the intense heat (the last time I took my vest off was Sierre Zinal in 1986!). By Crowden I'd caught Don Booth and felt quite encouraged.

I was soon discouraged as Don pulled away on the next climb to Boreholme Moss. Even in good weather the details of the descent from here are not obvious and runners disperse in various directions to take one of three or four routes up to the next checkpoint on Laddow Rocks. I glimpsed Don going up Crowden Great Brook with Martin Sedden (Holmfirth) and a couple of other yellow vested runners, a well recc'ed Holmfirth route, I thought. By the time I was underneath Laddow Rocks and scrambling up the crags, I realised my line wasn't right. This was confirmed by Don, Martin and, later, by Bill Buckley (Glossopdale) who rushed by on the Laddow path above me after being a good few places behind me. Apparently, the better route is to double back from Boreholme and join the main track to Laddow rather than taking the direct(ish) route.

The next section up to Black Hill was a once in a Preston Guild experience. I crossed Black Hill summit without getting my feet wet! By this time, Don had disappeared and Bill had also pulled away. On the long drag from Black Hill to Holme Moss I did manage to catch Bill and the four of us raced (it felt like that to me!) down the steep valley side though route finding was a bit loose. Bill's significant lead disappeared when he took a wrong turning and had to double back giving me another chance. After a mile of track and field we finally came to the reservoir and a short desperate little climb to the finish.

It's a good race though possibly slightly artificial but very much in the league of hard and long Peak District fell races.

Graham Berry









Let us tackle the thorny problem of payments first (we must grasp the nettle and nip it in the bud before thyme runs out). The start list included two people, one being Tim Tett, who had not paid their entrance fees. Was this an inducement for Tim to turn out or did he not have enough money? Should the AAA be informed? Is disqualification a sufficiently harsh penalty? The race director and officials obviously thought not. Alan Yates, Alan Sanderson (direct from marshalling Sanderson's bottom), timekeepers Joe Berry, Hamish and Nick Hamilton, fell running groupies Fi Berry, Trudi Hamilton, Christine Tett and roving marshals Jackie Smith, Mick Eaton and Bob Seagrove collectively made the decision (which could rock the fell running community) not to disqualify. At times the spectator (Malcolm Patterson) fresh from his World Cup preparations (bloodletting and appendectomy at the Hallamshire [Harriers or hospital?]) was caught up in the machinations of this intrigue. The decision, however, stood and Tim Tett lifted the trophy again after racing round in 30 minutes 13 seconds on a lengthened course.

After the race, in an exclusive interview, Tim Tett (almost in tears) admitted disappointment that the apres race enticements of hot Bovril, chicken legs and meat pies had disappeared and he was reduced to a hot shower. But this was not the whole story behind his emotion. Tim was believed to have had a disturbing semi-religious experience during the race. Looking back to see the next runner, he saw the high bracken in the Limpopo Valley section parting mysteriously like the Red Sea. Closer inspection revealed the second man, Little Bob Toogood, fighting his way through or under the bracken.

Behind Bob and The Parting, drama and incompetence had broken out when, despite clear markings, Jonathon Cant and Graham Berry missed the famous right turn having survived Jones' (the absent) Corner. This diversion caused Graham, allegedly, to shout "Dung" (or a word to that effect) on discovering the mistake. The duo were now nicely placed in about 10th place. Nevertheless, Jonathan's continuous monologue, punctuated by Graham's gasps, is thought to have disheartened Matt Simms, Chris Stamp, Alan Yates, Don Longley and finally John Firth who all, generously, allowed them to pass and regain their former positions.

Meanwhile, first lady, first local lady, first local lady organiser and first lady veteran, first lady local veteran and first lady local veteran organiser, Chez de Mengel beat one of the two invited international runners, Pete Griffies of Glossop and Cockermouth. However, she failed to catch the other international who, as ever, was immaculately turned out. This of course was Will McLewin fresh from altitude resting in Yugoslavia. Mick Poulter had the pleasure of splitting the two internationals but Pete Dyke, full time fell runner, is believed to have led Will around.

To add to the developing scandal, some runners had the temerity to miss the main event of the afternoon. The rounders match passed off eventfully with changing rules, walkouts, moving bases, googly bowling and bat throwing. Fortunately all was resolved with all afternoon opening to the Royal. Next year will be different and there will be the usual prizes.

A. Nonny Mouse















