

DARK PEAK

NEWS

APRIL 89



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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.

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.

EDITORIAL

This editorial is certified as safe family reading for Ed Hutt's mother (see letters).

Having had my wrists slapped about editorials mentioning the word i...y, the reason for which I do not understand, I shall start by saying that I haven't got any, of them, anymore. My optimistic outlook of the last editorial has paid off and I am now almost back to where I left off in January 1988, in fitness terms, that is.

My first attempt at a race in 1989 was the 4 Trigs Race on Cannock Chase, billed as a fell race, but more of a long cross country race with some route choice, it is more for road runners trying their hand at fell running and getting totally the wrong impression, than for seasoned fell runners. I wouldn't rate it as a category 'C' race. After a quarter of the race I had decided that I wasn't yet fit and would have to treat it as an expensive training run. Undeterred, I ran in the Northern X-C Champs in Graves Park the following week with no more success, but much more enjoyment, and the Yorkshire Team X-C Champs the week following that, where I ran reasonably well and Dark Peak finished a team!

"Isn't it about time that Dark Peak relinquished its claim to having any interest in road running and you both joined us?" asked a certain Sheffield AC member of Malcolm and myself this evening. This was far from the first time that this question had been asked. As usual we replied that our interests are predominately off-roads/track and the fact that we are always leaving SAC members in our wake on a Tuesday evening SAC fartlek, or on the roads on occasion, is due to the fact that fell running is as good a form of training as anything else, if not better. It wasn't so long ago that Dark Peak beat Sheffield AC in the Graves Park Chase X-C relays and in the York Half Marathon, AND they had reasonable teams present at both. You only have to look at the likes of Dave Cannon, Ricky Wilde and Kenny Stuart, to name but a few who have made a very successful transition from the fells to the roads, and in Kenny's case a financially rewarding move, to see that road running is not such an unnatural pursuit for a long-time fell runner.

Where is all this leading you may be thinking. Well I'm not going to discuss the difference in training between the Colin Donnelllys and Charlie Speddings of this world - its been done before - but I hope a few of you may think one more time about venturing off of the fells and onto the roads in future and maybe the Dark Peak name will mean more to the average runner than just a desolate area of the Peak District. You may even surprise yourself, I certainly did. However, if 'road' is such a blasphemous word then cross country must at least be worth considering. If the Dark Peak Ladies can be South Yorkshire X-C Team Champions and the men would have been too if they had had one more runner in the top 20, (sorry, I was orienteering) then who knows what else is possible if some of the untapped potential in our membership was to show itself. Watch the Road and Cross Country sections for details of future local races.

SUMMER EVENING PROGRAMME 1989

This years wednesday evening programme is outlined below. It will also be posted on the door of the Club Hut and on the Notice Board inside. Any members not wishing to attend one of the local races falling on a wednesday night can meet and run from the Sportsman at 6.30.

12.4 Longshaw (6.45)
19.4 Cutthroat (6.30)
26.4 Grindleford Station Cafe (6.30), AGM at 8.30.

3.5 Back Tor Race (6.45), Strines.
*10.5 Cutthroat (6.45)
17.5 Springs Race (6.45), Kinder.
*24.5 Sportsman (6.30)
31.5 Fairholmes (6.45)

7.6 Longshaw (6.45)
14.6 Sportsman (6.30)
21.6 Crookstone Crashout (7.00), Rowlee Bridge.
28.6 Yorkshire Bridge (6.45)

5.7 Longshaw (6.45)
12.7 Sportsman (6.30)
19.7 Bamford Race (7.30)
26.7 Cakes of Bread Race (7.00), Fairholmes.

*2.8 Sportsman (6.30)
9.8 Bradwell Race (7.30)
*16.8 Sportsman (6.30) OR Up the Nab Race (7.30)
*23.8 Cutthroat (6.45)
30.8 Longshaw (6.45)

6.9 Sportsman (6.30)
13.9 Cutthroat (6.45)
20.9 Longshaw (6.30)
27.9 Sportsman (6.30)

Further details of races can be obtained from any club official.

FRA MEMBERSHIP

All enquiries/renewals should be sent to Pete Bland Sports, 34a Kirkland, Kendal, Cumbria. The membership fee is still f4 (I think).

* DP NEWS * DP NEWS * DP NEWS *

AGM

This will be held on April 26th at Grindleford Station Cafe and will follow the format of previous years - a run at 6.30 followed by the AGM at 8.30.

Bob Graham 89

Next years official club attempt will be on the weekend of June 17th/18th. Any interested member, whether it be to help or run, should contact Terry Sayles (0742 580019) - I think he is either organising it or is in contact with whoever is.

Fell Running : Training Navigation and Safety

The date for this course is Friday 12th May - Sunday 14th May. The proposed agenda for the weekend is on display in the club hut or is available from Chez DeMengel (address inside front cover) or Roger Baumeister, 51 Shepperson Rd, Sheffield S6 4FG, Tel 347203. Anyone who is either interested in attending or can offer some help should contact Chez or Roger as soon as possible.

'10 Years of DPF'

Copies are still available of this anecdotal account of the first 10 years of Dark Peak Fell Runners. Available from Graham Berry, 28 Montrose Rd, Sheffield S7 2EE. (585388) for a mere £5 + 60p p&p.

'10 Years on the Bog' T-Shirts

Howard Swindells has a very small number left. Cost £4 short sleeve, £5 long sleeve. Tel 0742 302891.

New Summer Singlets

The new Dark Peak summer vest is now available from Howard Swindells. It is white mesh with purple, yellow and brown hoops and should be much cooler than the heavy cotton vests which have been the 'norm' for the last 12 years. Get yours now while stocks last.

COMING EVENTS

- 15.6 Grindleford (7.30)
- 27.6 Hope (7.30)
- 3.7 Hathersage (7.30)

- 12.11 Club Champs (10.30), Edale.
- 24.12 Crookstone Crashout (10.30)

MEMBERSHIP AMMENDMENTS

NEW MEMBERS

Graham Arditto. 17 Church Lane, Warmsworth,
Doncaster DN4 9NS. Tel 0302 851786

Malcolm Barass. 92 Stapleton Rd, Warmsworth,
Doncaster DN4 9LN. Tel 0302 857425

John Fox. 13 Tower Drive, Norfolk Park,
Sheffield S2 3RE. Tel 700529.

Tony Keddie. 26 Robertson Drive, Walkley,
Sheffield S6 5DY. Tel 338383.

Murdo Mackenzie 64 Crawshaw Grove, Beauchief,
Sheffield S8 7EB. Tel 745345.

Barry Needle. 82 Fox Glen Rd, Deepcar,
Sheffield S30 5PX. Tel 882227.

Stephen Palfreyman. 16 Bishopdale Rise, Ridgeway Heights,
Sheffield S19 5PE. Tel 475155.

Peter Price. 69 Vauxhall Rd, Wincobank,
Sheffield S9 1LE. Tel 444124.

Brian Wardle. Ardwyn, Bradford Lane, Youlgreave,
Bakewell, Derbys DE4 1WG. Tel 0629 636262.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Rick Ansell. c/o Owls House, Potten End, Berkhamstead,
Herts HP4 2QQ. Tel 0442 862929.

John Armistead. Tel 0629 584947

John Blair-Fish. Tel 031 664 8425.

John Cant. Tel 0629 636491.

John Feist. Tel 061 449 8336.

Jim Hayward. 4 Yew Tree Cottages, Brinsea Rd,
Congresbury, Bristol BS19 5JH.
Tel 0934 876140.

Alan Ireland. 16 Sycamore Cres, Macclesfield,
Cheshire SK11 8LL. Tel 0625 23863.

Dave Livesey. Clock Tower Cottage, Bryn Coed,
Llanbedr Hall Estate, Ruthin, Clwyd LL15 1YA.
Tel 082 422246.

Mike Meysner. 27 Miller Hill, Denby Dale,
Huddersfield HD8 8YP. Tel 0484 863140.

Tim Norris. Dairy Cottage, Highcliffe, Eyam,
Sheffield S30 10T. Tel 0433 31891.
Tel 0905 58053.

Geoff Smith. 84 Carsick Hill Rd,
Sheffield S10. Tel 303382.

Pete Sw-Escott. 72 Blenheim Cres, Albrighton,
Wolverhampton WV7 3NQ. Tel 0907 222324.

Philip Weller. 7 Silverdale Close, Sheffield S11 9JN.
Tel 368532.

Clive Wilson. 115 High Mount St, Hednesford, Cannock,
Staffs Ws12 4BN. Tel 054 385510.

Alison Wright.

LETTERS

Dear Mr Torr,

thank you for your continuing and valuable support to 'Dark Peak News'. However, could you tone down the editorials a bit please? All this talk of injury is making your column sound like that Blair Peach fella who edits 'The Fell Runner' - I always thought DPN was a family paper and swimming in Rivelin Dams is certainly not something you can show your mother. Perhaps you could suggest to your readers the valuable statistical survey that DPN provides. If everbody who ran in a race in Dark Peak colours sent you a copy of the results, the postman would have to make two trips to your home. More to the point, all members would no longer have to retain old results in a brown cardboard box in their lofts - all race data would be in DPN. I know of one fella in the club who always sends results in for this reason.

You could also use your column to advertise the fact that certain 'younger' members of the club have been training regularly on the track at Woodburn Road so that they can produce a sprint finish from Lords Seat on the Watershed at 4.30 pace, albeit after a jog recovery from Snake summit. All this speed training has been paying off because one of them can now beat the other (surely you should both improve? - Ed). The boys would welcome some company down at the track because although it only takes two to tango, one of them (but not the one who can beat the other) goes to do the Highland Fling on certain evenings, thus restricting training nights. On second thoughts though, you'd be better advertising this in DPN rather than in the editorial because DPN is a family paper and I certainly don't intend showing my mother your column (I didn't realise that your mother was a potential track star! - Ed)

Yours in sport

Mr Madd (who's mad??)

Editor and Chairman, Dark Peak Fell Runners.

Dear Tim and Tony,

I have been a member of Dark Peak for a number of years now, and although I rarely train with the club, I get a great deal of pleasure from running in the many events organised by the club, and by other fell running clubs. One of the most enjoyable aspects of fell running is the solitude to be found on the many moorlands found close to Sheffield. Despite the campaigns fought by walkers and climbers in the 1930's, access to many moors is still denied to the public, often for reasons that I either do not understand or that I disagree with. Inevitably much of my running (either alone or with one other person), involves running, or trespassing as some people would label it, on these areas, the major landowners of which appear to be the Water Authority.

Recent proposals put before parliament involve putting these water authorities under private ownership, and much of what I read suggests that access may be limited even further as

land is sold off to individual private owners. Can I urge you to consider buying on behalf of the club the minimum number of shares on offer when the sales occur. I would also suggest that as many individuals members of the club as possible buy shares. In this way we could ensure that our interests are represented at any shareholders meetings. At least we could make nuisances of ourselves, at most we might be able to spearhead a campaign to improve access to many areas currently closed to the public. Further, it might make an interesting test case as to whether a shareholder is capable of trespassing on land owned by a company in which s/he owns shares.

I know that some members of the club believe trespassing should be discouraged, and that others will find my proposals of shareholding politically unacceptable. However, I would be happy if this letter sparks off a lively debate on these issues. If the leanings towards anarchy that seem basic to fell running are to continue, we need to think hard about how we adapt to changing circumstances.

Yours sincerely

Martin Desforges.

P.S. I don't intend to resign from the club on this issue!

A DARK PEAKER'S NIGHTMARE

Three years ago I applied to get a place on the London Marathon but received the normal reject letter in December. Oh well, not to worry. A couple of weeks later I received my Dark Peak newsletter which had an article giving 'rejects' a second chance with the Club's allocation of places. I wrote off by return to be put into the draw but received a reply some three weeks after saying the draw had already taken place before my letter had arrived. There's always next year, trying to uplift my disappointment.

Unfortunately, next year I was rejected again but before waiting to receive the newsletter I wrote to the Road Running Secretary to be put into the draw for a place. The reply came back saying the Club (like many others) had been too late to apply for their allotted allocation of places. Oh well, next year perhaps?

Third time lucky for this year's race but it was not to be. Again I wrote off and received the reply "On holiday for a month and nobody bothered".

I felt disappointed and hope the Committee can get things organised for the 1990 Marathon. I expect I'll get drawn this time!!

Martyn Greaves

The Road Running Secretary and Chairman reply :- after much deliberation (about 30 seconds) it was agreed to accept Martyn as the volunteer for a new post of London Marathon club entry co-ordinator. Congratulations Martyn.

TRIAL RUN

The parcel arrived from Kendal, the magic tools for the job, long desired. Various commitments delay the initial test run but finally the duties of Christmas are past and a late December afternoon sees me driving alongside Derwent reservoir heading for Slippery Stones. The day is rather sombre but occasionally a shaft of sunlight serves to raise the spirits and increase the urge to be 'on the top' in the wind.

The car is locked up at King's Tree; a quick check of shoe laces and bum bag and away we go up Slippery Stones bridge and along the path beside the reservoir heading for the seclusion of Abbey Brook. The climb up Abbey Brook is quite reasonable with post-Christmas heart, lungs and legs clicking along quite nicely and of course the feet gripping well! I push on up and crest the top of the moor, heading into the wind for Margery Hill. In general the going here is pretty good, really runnable with wonderful wide views in all directions. Away towards the north-west, snow covered Bleaklow glowers under a flint grey sky but the sun is glancing in from the west giving that lovely, low sharp light of the deep winter. Two walkers descend from Margery as I puff past en-route for the Cut-Gate path. The temptation to take the easy route back to the car is resisted (just) and we push on now into some pretty soft going along the 'Watershed' to Outer Edge. A halt at the trig for some raisin fudge, then it's on into the wilderness and the rough crossing to the delightful Rocking Stones. It's a hell of a viewpoint this, Bleaklow today looks like something out of the Arctic Tundra whilst the familiar plateaux all around are dominated by the vastness of the sky, in that particular way of the high Pennines. Time is pressing now though, as a watch checks my contemplation and it's off along the moor edge past the Horse Stone and down the little clough to the infant River Derwent - the very heart of the Peak this. As I splash across the stream and commence the gradual climb up towards Grinah, it starts to sleet quite hard, stinging in with surprising force. Out comes the windproof jacket and the balaclava before pushing up the hill and skipping across to the Grinah Stones to an increasingly desolate scene as the sky darkens menacingly. The original plan of making for Bleaklow Stones is shelved as there's no time to delay with not a sign of a living soul in sight. It's hard to comprehend that Sheffield is only about twelve miles away! A rapid descent from Grinah, ankles moaning about the tussocky ground, then onto a compass bearing in the sleet heading for the cabins by Lower Small Clough. It's not too bad underfoot now, but the legs are feeling the abuse of Christmas and I'm glad it's virtually downhill into the relative shelter of Lynch Clough, the rough ground easing to a track back to Slippery Stones and the car. There's no sunshine now, the weather has an edge of venom about it and I'm glad of a flask of tea as I sit behind the wheel and notice that all the other cars have gone. A quick change of trousers and footwear precedes the lonely drive alongside the reservoirs to the A57 and the lights of Sheffield. The new gear has been safely stowed away - they'll do the business O.K. and be good mates for plenty of runs on the hill. The ignition clicks the car into life and I head for home. My first run in a pair of Walsh fell shoes! Christmas can still bring out the child in any of us. Thanks Norman, you're a genius!

Anon

21st AT THE END OF DAY 1 ON THE A

Although I think the Capricorn is the best two day event of the year (you don't have to carry all that equipment), I still look forward to the Karrimor with some eagerness, even though there are always bits that I want to forget. The 21st Karrimor looked good from the start, especially when we discovered that we were first off. The thought of all those pairs setting off at minute intervals intent on catching us enhanced my nervousness and ensured that we started like frightened rabbits.

After the mist and rain of the previous week, the Saturday morning, with just a bit of mist on the tops, didn't seem too bad. The first leg gave a good long run through Kidland Forest, across the Beamish valley and we reached the control without being caught. The second leg gave a good route choice between contouring around the tops after crossing College valley, versus the more direct route involving more climb. We chose the direct route, and as visibility improved throughout the morning it became clear that two pairs taking the alternative route were overtaking us. By the run to control 3, beneath White Law we were into our usual mode of arguing fiercely about where the control was, never mind which route to take. A clever long cut via Tom Tallon's Crag lost us 5-10 minutes. The next leg was a straight run with no difficulties or choice, however, the run to the penultimate control seemed the crucial choice, and so it proved to be as a pair caught us up and opted for the track run before climbing the flank of Cold Law and crossing the valley up to the summit of Blackseat Hill. We took the harder but shorter route and gained over 15 minutes. We were the third pair to arrive at the overnight camp with enough time to sit in the sun watching the finish, stuffing as much food as possible into ourselves and discussing how we could have done better.

The video team arrived to interview the superstar elite camping close by, but insisted on filming us when they caught us burning heather twigs on a solid fuel stove, unlike all the high-tech lightweight gas cookers around us. The evenings entertainment was provided by a Swede and Finn, whose common language was English, and both needed high volume to ensure they were adequately understood by their partner. When the conversation got around to their superman sexual exploits the gathering silence from the surrounding tents was eerie. The spell was finally broken at the end of an improbable tale that caused loud laughter from the surrounding tents, leaving the pair to silence, no doubt embarrassed by the audience - they were certainly the last up the next day and seemed intent on avoiding eye contact.

When the results were pinned up in the late evening we tried our best to devise a foolproof plan to keep our 21st place and so qualify for a prize. We set off hard the next day, but disaster struck when I disappeared up to my waist in a peat bog and had to be dragged out with much difficulty. Further problems between 1 and 2 when the mist came down and after 5 minutes I discovered we were running about 180 degrees off course. The only consolation was taking about six other pairs with us. The rest of the day was a long hard slog, made worse by the heavy rain and the mist on the summits. The final result showed us to have lost 9 places on day 2, finishing 30th overall. The only sight of any other Dark Peak pairs was Andy Harmer and Bob

Benjins struggling up wo Wether Cairn towards the end of day 2. Andy still grinning happily with Bob looking as knackered as I felt. Now next year we won't make any errors and make the top 10.....

Martin and Ged Desforges

THE TWO CAFES RUN

Feeling in need of a boosted self esteem? Fancy a race without too many superstars? Ever think that given the wrong handicap you might beat the form book and get a prize? What you need is an entry to a Wainwright Christmas run.

The first event this year was the inaugural running of the Two Cafes. It starts and finishes at the cafe in the parade of shops at Lodge Moor and involves running to the cafe on the A57 above the Norfolk Arms by any legal route. You must pass Lodge Moor hospital gates once and only once, and the front of the Norfolk Arms once and only once. Entry to this select event was by special invite only, with starts in groups of four at three minute intervals. There were some interesting route choices requiring lunchtime previews, with the possibility of misleading other entrants about fastest routes.

The excitement of winning a prize as fastest vet has clouded my memory of fastest times and other winners, although I think Malcolm Patterson won with Rob Pearson second. Sneaky run of the day was by Mike Hayes who didn't run around the Dams but instead ran up the road and around the back of the Norfolk Arms. Good prizes as well, a camera and film, courtesy of Midland Bank, for all categories.

Martin Desforges

LAST GASP

The Last Gasp has been run for some years now as a handicap event and is always a good lung burner after the Christmas bout of eating. It starts at Ash House below the Dore Moor Inn, down the main road, up through Limb Valley and finishes with the downhill stretch of Long Line. This years race was won by the unknown Pete Grayson who must surely get a more realistic handicap next year after his stunning victory this year. By finishing third I got the first vet prize, but more importantly beat my brother for the first and last time in 1988. Nothing like a bit of success to motivate people to write an article for the DPN. I am thinking of organising a race for left handed vets living in Millhouses with a birthday in February. I might at last be an outright winner. Meanwhile thanks to Ian Wainwright for organising two good races over the Christmas period.

Martin Desforges

THE WINTER TRIGS!

Sitting having tea with Alan Yates after the Tanky's Trog I commented on the excellence of the crumpets we were eating, the butter from which was melting deliciously down my fingers. Alan pointed out that they were in fact pretty average crumpets and our heightened enjoyment of them was probably due to our just having run twenty-odd miles across the Peak. That one choice remark answered a much asked question in my mind. Why do I do it? Why, when most people spend a peaceful day washing the car, pottering in the garden or putting up bathroom shelves, do I and a couple of hundred others go out in the beating rain and run across the wettest tract of land in the area. The answer is simply that the quality of my crumpets, and later my beer, is greatly improved by it. My bed becomes infinitely more comfortable that night and the following day my humdrum life is seen in a different light. From exactly the same stimulus I can derive infinitely more pleasure if I have recently run 20 miles across hills. I suppose of course one must ask whether the discomfort of the running is sufficiently off-set by the increased pleasure of life experienced afterwards.

What all this is leading to is an attempt to justify to myself travelling 300 miles in order to spend 15 hours running around 15 triggs in the middle of winter - not that the winter up until now has been worthy of the name. There wasn't the faintest trace of snow or a hint of frost as I changed outside the club hut (not having a key to get in with) in the pre-dawn darkness of the second day of the year.

I left the sportsman at 6am with the world still asleep and the sky so low that it reflected little light with which to find my way. Rod Moor came and went and I picked my way along tracks and through farmyards towards Emlin. At one farm as I tiptoed through I disturbed a pack of dogs locked up in a horse box. I could see their eyes gleaming back down the torch beam at me from between the slats as they hurled themselves at the sides trying to get at me. Hurrying on before the farmer came out I missed the track and ploughed knee deep through fresh silage. This must have left me smelling 'dog-friendly' as I had no more alarms with them.

It was growing light as I stumbled up Emlin through the heather. My aim for the day was simply to get round within 15 hours. To do this I reckoned I would need to keep up a steady pace all day and hoped to have a little in hand for the hours of darkness which would inevitably slow me down. I opted out of the direct route to Back Tor and cut through the forest to the Bradfield Path. I watched the day grow as I made my way up the easy hillside revelling in my freshness and solitude of the great moorland tracts and feeling very much in union with it.

A sandwich started at the bottom lasted me to well beyond Back Tor. Grouse squawked away, indignant of being disturbed so early and a hare in a pure white winter coat huddled in a grouggl glaringly conspicuous against the peat but willing me to agree to his pretence of a snowy surrounding.

I found myself following fresh PB prints and wondered who had been up here the day before. As I followed it occurred that there might be someone in front of me also on a triggs round - the prints seemed to be on top of all the boot marks.

A good path led me to Margery Hill, something new since I

last came this way six years ago. Daydreaming, I overshot Margery a little, but was soon on Outer Edge, the most northerly point. Lord Edward Howard's spring refreshed me and I descended to Slippery Stones where I met the days first walkers, it now being about 10.30.

Armed with a sandwich I plodded down the road beginning to feel a little jaded. A sit down and some fruit on Alport revived me and I struggled on up Alport Dale to perhaps the driest part of Blaeklow - The Swamp! Shelf Stones came easily and then there was a pleasant run down to Cock Hill and eventually Glossop. I was still following PB prints and wondering more and more whether there was arace on for the first winter round. Going up to Harry Hut I thought I saw someone in front, but it might have been a walker. There was no sign of them when I reached the trig.

By the time I got onto Kinder if flet as if it was almost dark, but in reality it was only 2.30. In my plans I had been expecting to bbbe benighted somewhere around Edale Cross but I was now hoping to make Crookstone Barn, from where the route is easy. As it was the colours faded as I crossed Grindsbrook.

The cold, which I noticed as soon as I stopped anywhere, crept up on me as I grew tired and I had to pull on a jersey and feed myself with fudge. Kinder East trig was surrounded by bog. Standing knee deep in it I stretched to touch it, another step and my leg would have been unretrievable. In the torch light I was pleased to see Dark Peak colours still painted on the pillar.

I stumbled down to Crookstone Barn and Hope Cross, my torch barely picking out the stones on the path, I managed a jog up to Win Hill but time was slipping by - 2.40 from Brown Knoll marked a big slowing. I had a Mars Bar among the dark rocks of the summit while the night wind quickly chilled me. As I set off down a torch flashed up from below and Mick's voice came through the black offering coffee and company for the last few miles. The coffee was reluctantly refused to avoid infringement of the 'no support' rule and we picked our way down through the forest to Yorkshire Bridge.

Bamford was definately not an option so we jogged up the road along the traditional Watershed route reaching High Neb at 7.10pm. Mick had seen torches up here earlier adding to my thoughts of someone on a round just in front of me.

We dropped down to the conduit and then got the worst possible line to Wyming Brook through knee high heather and rushes which towered above our heads. We had 50 minutes to break 14 hours on the run in from High Neb but it took us 65 after this unexpected delay and jog down the road to the pub finishing in 14 hours and 15 minutes. The beer was the best I have ever tasted and the bus back to Crookes could have been a Rolls Royce.

Rick Ansell

THE 15 TRIGS ROUND - UPDATE

First, for the benefit of new members or the amnesic, a summary of what's involved and the 'rules' :- to visit on foot, in less than 15 hours and without support en route, all the 15 trig pillars marked on the original Harvey (KIMM 1984) Peak District Map, beginning and ending at either The Sportsman at Redmires or The Royal at Hayfield. The stretch of road between Emlin Dike and Strines Dike is out of bounds, otherwise you can go as you please.

The 'Ten Years on the Bog' book reported on 16 successful attempts between May 1985 and August 1986, culminating in Bob Berzins impressive 10h,58m, over two hours quicker than any other previous efforts. Between submission of that report and the books appearance an even more superhuman feat was recorded. On May 16th, 1987 Andy Harmer completed the round, anticlockwise from the Sportsman in 10h,4m. Our evergreen secretary running with Bob B's schedule in his hand, was out to stamp his name on a challenge for whose original conception he was partly responsible. He has left us with the intriguing question of whether anyone will have the strength and character to break 10 hours, something which is much more likely to be achieved, if ever, from The Sportsman than from the other side. Conditions will also be a key factor. (There is a lobby in existence that is working on Andt Trigg of Glossop to provide a most appropriate piece of eponymy.)

The latter two mind-blowing performances, together with a general decline in the moral fibre of the club, probably contributed to a collective neglect of the 15 Trigs in the Summers of 1987 and 1988. The course was duly inspected and controls installed, by A.Yates and P.Jones (third time lucky!) on May 9th 1987, and by A.Yates, M.Hayes and J.Harrison on May 8th 1988, but the challenge was ignored. Was this the demise of the unique local classic? There was muttered talk of possible attempts; there were some unpublicised reverses (John Armistead was psyched out by an abortive detour for a shandy at The Haychatters, Bradfield in August 1988 (that must count as support -Ed); Terry Sayles puts his two 15h+ experiences down to BG training.) Certain iron men of the Redmires Road night shift grunted darkly about saving themselves for a winter attempt, that being the only thing worth doing...

In the event it was left to two 'foreigners' to take the initiative on this. Rick Ansell came up from the decadence of Cheltenham to celebrate the New Year with a circuit from The Sportsman in 14h,15m on January 2nd 1989. This was claimed as the first successful winter round, although Rick himself had an eerie feeling that there was somebody else out on the course just in front of him. Could this sensation have been caused by the ectoplasm lingering still in the PE tracks of that living legend Peter Simpson, the Merseyside mystery-man? Quite possibly, since a month after Rick's certificate had been sent off to him in Toledo, the 'Committee' received a report from Peter on his own outing undertaken on December 27th, 1988. His was a round with a difference; he started in Edale and made a purposeful diversion from Stanage to The Sportsman in order to 'qualify', little suspecting the tussle with the Rod Moor electric fencing that awaited him... and little knowing the rigidity of the 'rules' which had disqualified a Alan Ireland and Ian Roberts for a Mam Nick start in 1986. The Sportsman

detour has to be given full credit though. A dilemma for the Committee; does Peter's endeavour count as the 19th of the standard rounds (and first winter one), or is it the inauguration of a different challenge? Watch this space... Either way, both he and Rick are to be commended for their enterprise and guts, and for setting an example to us 'locals'.

Two footnotes:-

There are a further 11 trig points on the southern continuation of the Harvey Map, the edition taht is now the one commercially available. A Yates and P.Jones linked these 11 up in a circuit from Tunstead Farm, Hayfield on August 26th, 1988. The route, which took 12h,53m is not as magically satisfying as the 15 trigs, but it does offer variety and some challenges of navigation, an alternative out. It also provoked speculation between us as to whether it would be possible to visit all the 26 trig points of the complete map, unsupported and inside 24 hours, starting at say Edale?. Some say it could be done, others say not. Perhaps someone will give it a try in 1989?

Brief comment is called for on the strange sitings and sightings, involving trig points in the Peak, variously reported during the summer of 1988. The sculptor Dick Whall has written of the Trig Point ('in relation to the hermeneutics surrounding pre-history megaliths..') as 'an aid to the conceptualisation of landscape, and a device capable of facilitating perceptual levitation'. The derivations of this, both abstract and, as it were, concrete, have to be seen, however, in the light of Jean Baudrillard's meditations on Simulcra and Simulations; 'first the image reflected reality, then it masked reality, then it masked the absence of reality, and now, in its final phase, the image bears no relation to any reality but has become its own simulacrum... Copy and original, the fake and the authentic dress up in each other'S clothes. Everything is a simulacrum of something else...' Where all this ultimately leads is, possibly, towards a concrete reproduction - brown with gold and purple hoops, imaging the surrounding landscape - of a pure white fibre-glass simulacrum, itself replicating other residuaries - prehistoric and contempory megaliths - within the 'cultural sedimentary process'. Keep your eyes open in 1989.

Alan Yates

DARK PEAK LOCAL RACE LEAGUE 1987-88

Obviously, Graham Berry didn't want a blank space on his wall. Running 22 local races (only the best 16 were counted in the league) he returned a string of creditable performances. Credit too to Pete Dyke who not only ran over 16 races again this year but made it into the 'top 10', and to Ann Watmore the first lady.

In general favourable comments have so far been received over the format and informal nature of this little competition. I hope it remains this way though I note some peoples concerns that too many races are included and suggestions that they should be named in advance. The problem is that everyone has their own favourite races, just because a race is poorly attended doesn't mean it should not be included, and some races aren't run one year (eg Headstone Headache, Alport) whilst other new ones appear. However, next years list will probably be very close to last years except; there could be two Cutthroat relays, no Headstone and as has been suggested the Penistone and Thurlstone races may not be included.

Any further comments welcomed. Keep the flag flying in 1988-89.

Mike Pedley

Ed: How about including all races which run within the Peak District National Park or pass through its boundaries (sorry, no Eccles Pike)? Also to encourage people to attend our own informal promotions there will be 50 points available for the winner, 49 for 2nd etc, (assuming less than 50 people run) for these races, (eg, Crookstone(2), Cakes of Bread, Margery, Back Tor, 4 Springs, Alport and any others that may materialise during the year. The Cutthroat shouldn't count as it is a relay unlike ALL the other races). Perhaps we should insist that of the 16 best races to count, if that is the best number, that at least 1 should be a long race and at least 1 should be a medium race.

1987-88 RACES (DPFR runners in brackets)

Tanky's Trog(36), Headstone(44), Winter Crookstone(19), Tigers Higger Tor(21), Edale Skyline(17), Kinder Downfall(20), Penistone(13), Hallam Chase(9), Kinder Trog(24), Back Tor(33), Grindleford(35), Mt Famine(5), Summer Crookstone(24), Hope(32), Hathersage(20), Baslow(12), Thurlstone(4), Peak Forest(7), Cakes of Bread(20), Stoney Middleton(5), Bamford(28), Glossop(10), Bradwell(24), Dungworth(10), Shelf Moor(12), Lantern Pike(14), Blacka Moor(4), Club Champs(66).

		Pts	Races		Pts	Races	
1	G.Berry.	528	22	67	H.White.	70	4
2	A.Harmer.	428	12	68	A.Wright.	66	5
3	M.Pedley.	380	14	69	A.Bell.	64	2
4	T.Farnell.	370	10	70	K.Tonkin.	64	1
5	M.Meysner.	296	10	71	K.Lowry.	60	3
6	B.Berzins.	292	8	72	A.Jones.	60	2
7	A.Yates.	279	11	73	K.Hagley.	59	1
8	P.Dyke.	274	18	74	R.Ansell.	57	1
9	E.Hutt.	272	11	75	J.Soper.	57	3
10	K.Borman.	268	14	76	C.Last.	54	4

11	T. Tett.	257	7	77	W. Lightfoot.	53	2
12	H. Swindells.	244	10	78	R. Grimes.	52	3
13	J. Fulton.	231	12	79	J. Feist.	50	3
14	G. Band.	230	7	80	Ph. Jones.	48	4
15	B. Wilson.	230	7	81	G. Goldsmith.	47	3
16	J. Armistead.	219	8	82	T. Bancroft.	47	2
17	R. Amor.	216	7	83	R. Haworth.	46	3
18	M. Harvey.	214	6	84	R. Sanby.	44	2
19	B. Thackery.	213	8	85	S. Wood.	44	2
20	T. Rhodes.	211	7	86	M. Arundale.	43	3
21	J. Firth.	205	8	87	A. Bond.	43	2
22	J. Cant.	200	7	88	Pt. Jones.	42	1
23	M. Patterson.	189	4	89	L. Johnson.	41	2
24	K. Lilley.	183	5	90	T. Kohn.	41	4
25	C. Hughes.	180	6	91	C. L. Jones.	41	2
26	G. Desforges.	176	6	92	T. Woodhouse.	41	2
27	D. Lockwood.	173	9	93	I. Wainwright.	39	2
28	D. Holmes.	173	6	94	D. Sant.	39	2
29	T. Norris.	172	7	95	A. Sanderson.	38	3
30	C. Adams.	169	5	96	M. Simms.	36	1
31	J. Herbert.	167	8	97	P. Harris.	35	2
32	A. Watmore.	161	8	98	P. Richardson.	31	1
33	A. Forsyth.	160	4	99	H. Mathieson.	30	2
34	T. Trowbridge.	158	5	100	D. Shapiro.	29	1
35	P. Kohn.	158	9	101	J. Roberts.	29	3
36	C. Wilson.	155	6	102	M. Poulter.	28	1
37	J. Harrison.	142	8	103	K. DeMengel.	27	1
38	P. Gorvett.	141	5	104	J. Gittens.	24	2
39	B. Toogood.	140	4	105	P. Lewis.	23	1
40	P. Murray.	139	4	106	I. Kinniburgh.	23	2
41	R. Marsden.	134	6	107	P. Hayes.	23	1
42	G. Jackson.	133	6	108	M. Davidson.	23	1
43	P. Brunt.	133	7	109	C. Windell.	23	1
44	C. Henson.	127	10	110	I. Pyrah.	22	1
45	G. Bell.	127	9	111	A. Ireland.	22	1
46	N. Goldsmith.	127	5	112	P. Griffies.	20	1
47	C. Crofts.	124	4	113	B. Hodges.	19	2
48	M. Hayes.	119	5	114	C. Stamp.	19	1
49	T. Mackey.	116	5	115	A. Gomm.	18	1
50	K. Martin.	113	7	116	C. Worsell.	17	1
51	G. Sellens.	106	4	117	P. Tomlinson.	17	1
52	F. Galbraith.	104	7	118	P. Rodgers.	17	1
53	J. Smith.	103	4	119	J. Valentine.	16	1
54	P. Sanderson.	103	6	120	B. Kenyon.	16	1
55	J. Fisher.	102	3	121	J. Simpson.	15	1
56	A. Pryor.	192	3	122	T. Lyons.	14	1
57	G. Hulley.	99	3	123	T. Foley.	14	2
58	A. Moffatt.	99	3	124	E. Mitchell.	14	1
59	R. Baumeister.	98	7	125	M. Sant.	12	1
60	J. Harvey.	86	7	126	K. Foster.	9	1
61	W. McLewin.	85	5	127	M. Spence.	8	1
62	T. Sayles.	83	6	128	G. Harworth.	8	1
63	A. Hoyland.	79	4	129	C. Hailey.	7	1
64	M. Desforges.	78	4	130	C. Fielding.	6	1
65	R. Gregory.	72	2	131	E. Steward.	6	1
66	S. Boler.	72	3				

SWISS KARRIMOR 1986

In view of the recent interest in this event in "The Fell Runner" and also "Running Magazine", here's an article I wrote but forgot to post to Tim in 1986. As you can see Dark Peak have been there, seen it all, and done it before the running press yet again.

"This summer, 2 Dark Peak teams took part in the Swiss Karrimor in Bivio, in the Italian part of Switzerland. The event was run in hot Alpine conditions in August, amid cow bells, Heidi and the "Sound of Music" scenery.

The teams were:-

A class (50km/15,000ft ascent)

Ed Hutt & Graham Ambrose

Trim (a lot less)

Arun Sahni & Cathy

The only other Brits were Rex Strickland of Karrimor and the Rosens, also in the A class and two budgies from the North East (Alf Tupper and all that).

Graham and I took the event on as part of separate holidays in Europe and just met up for the event. Arun, I believe, hitched up for the event specially as did the two budgies from Tyneside. The Rosens, I believe, always attend.

The first problem arose in getting to the start. Bivio is a village high above the Septimer Pass and is served from the railhead at St Moritz by an irregular and expensive bus service. However, eventually we landed in the village.

Problem 2 arose. The Swiss Karrimor is not like the British event with facilities and campsite and etc. You arrive (or are supposed to) on the Saturday a.m., register, clear off and run. Return on Sunday and go home. No facilities are provided for Friday; for spare equipment if you do not have a car to shove it in, or for camp followers.

Unfortunately we were there a la English KIMM on Friday, with excess baggage and camp followers.

Some lengthy parlying with the organiser and the Mayor (a right little godfather complete with stetson and cigar) eventually saw us camped in a field outside the village, with a concession that we could park the spare tent and bodies there for the weekend.

Saturday morning dawned, fine, clear and HOT. We registered and got the map (singular - extra maps were 15f from the Mayor's shop). There was a shoe inspection and luckily the Swiss had not heard of Wildrunner 1 at this stage! If the shoes were not good - no start! Then it was off to the start in a high Alpine pasture. The field was really very small (a few less than one would find at Edale) so there was a mass start with Elite, A, B...G and all the "trim" classes dashing off together.

Off we went into the heat haze and high mountains. The legs on the A were as long as the longest on a British A course, but all the legs were long because of the amount of space available. There was thus no requirement to "turn" courses by using a short leg in a figure of eight pattern. The ground was very rough and involved a lot of scrambling. Gradually the sun rose higher, we climbed higher into the mountains.

The finale today reminded me of the end of my first Saunders LMM many years ago. It was very hot indeed and we were

high up on an Alpine pass near a small farm. The views down into the valley were spectacular from this height and we were both suffering from mild heat stroke. My head was pounding, fit to burst, and all of me was aching.

The mid-way camp was in a high valley (like a mega version of Changustrathe?) and we put the peapod up and went into cooking mode. Graham had obtained a large amount of Arctic Rations so we ate and brewed until it got dark.

At night it got very dark and reveille in the morning was announced with a thunderflash blast at 5.30 a.m. We ate our rolled oats and stuffed as much food and drink down as possible, then binned the cooker, spare foil and the tin foil pans.

We went off in a mass start at 8.00 a.m. and navigated our way into the mountains again.

After control 1, we climbed higher and higher into the mountains again. Crossing a scree slope high above the valley, I saw the tail fins of mortar rounds lying on the rocks. Then Graham, who knows about ordnance matters, found a live one - worrying to say the least. The Swiss use mortars in winter to alleviate avalanche hazard.

We then reached the stage of scrambling and eventually reached impasse at a point where ropes would have been more appropriate. We then had to retreat via a waterfall and some hairy rock climbing back to valley level. We were timed out of Control 2 and retired via the finish. Several others had been cut at the same point by the terrain. The Rosens had gone from 1 to 2 by retracing their steps to the mid-way camp from 1 and then by the valley around the mountains instead of over. An advantage of having run the event many times. Newcomers beware as the terrain is cruel and the maps only 1:50,000 scale so major epics like ours do not show up.

After the finish we retreated back to St Moritz by a bit of judicious hitching down the Septimer Pass with a mad dago who was showing off his mad driving in his mercedes. We did the distance in record time and were very glad to get out of the car alive. Running in the Alps may be tough but the logistics of getting in and out can be much harder.

Ed Hutt

ONE FOR THE RECORD....

HALLAM CHASE : 27.5.88

1	K.Lilley.	27.52	9	T.Trowbridge.	30.10
2	E.Hutt.	28.05	33	J.Fulton.	32.46
5	M.Wilson.	29.43	41	C.Windle.	35.38

Times include the handicap.

RACE REPORTS

TOUR OF PENDLE FELL RACE : 17.10.88

Below are the results of this years Tour of Pendle Fell Race. As can be seen from the split positions at checkpoints 3, 7 and 9, I was off like a bat out of hell whilst Barry ran a very consistent race and is to be congratulated on being the first U50 home.

It was a very hot day and once again I forgot my drinks and food and just about everything else. Barry caught me at the control in the marsh below the Big End (just like he did last year!) and proceeded to burn me off to the tune of 55 places. I was totally zapped by this point and had to walk down the road to the finish so bad did I feel! (Amazing what a little mars bar can do but there was no Neil Goldsmith to oblige this time).

Incidentally, where was the Vets trophy? Answers on a postcard please to D.Southern in Barnoldswick!

Ed Hutt.

RESULTS

	C3	C7	C9	
1 D.Cartridge	2	1	1	2.14.02
37 B.Thackery.	37	42	42	2.48.01
96 E.Hutt.	25	32	41	3.05.14

WARTS REVENGE : 26.11.88

A Frog's Leg View

This is essentially a two part race; one to the top of Callow Bank and the other with your ebbing strength, your patience and your maker. It was a super day as the enthusiastic handful (yes, 5) left the overworked official Colin Hughes. The frozen ground didn't prove as fearful as expected though the slippery rocks under Burbage Bridge added interest. The thawing ground was slippery down Burbage Brook and up the climb to Higger Tor, but having rid oneself of the initial bogs the legs were still zippy! Down Mitchell Field a nice crunchy frost added to the changing colours and varied landscape. In the far distance Colin could be seen atop Callow Bank which was scaled in a warming sun. Almost enjoyable; a lovely way to take a Sunday morning stroll.

Shortly after that I peeped at the watch as I took off for the Pole direct from the Edge, only 40 minutes gone; could be on for the hour yet! Gradually the realisation dawned as the tussocks bit your face on the tumble to earth, that the race had begun - to stay the course. Nearing the Pole, I could swear the thing was being moved but it finally was reached in a desperate lunge. Far away I could see Red Hill but not wanting to be daunted I put my head down and sped down the old Burbage track for a few hundred yards then took a frogs leg route for the sheep fold. I say frogs leg for the obvious reason that running soon resembles a sort of lunge as thighs are picked up high whilst the calves shoot out sideways. It's a great technique

until, exhausted, one trips and, like the frog, makes contact with the water below. On nearing White Stones I became eager to see the top, only to find Red Hill another kilo on. I can't recall ever getting so frustrated in a race before; true, there was none of the big climbs of the lakes with hidden tops etc. but running quite fast there is only so much one can take of such land. I went faster in anger but inevitably the gaps in the tussocks expire and like a children's game one ends up spreadeagled. This time, the time taken to rise had grown longer, not quite 10 seconds but you are definitely 'on the ropes' in this last stretch.

Afterwards one reflected on this absurd little gathering; two juveniles who perhaps didn't know better, one Bogman who might have been there had no-one else arrived and two veterans who clearly have never grown up. Meanwhile at Hillsborough Park other 'saner' Dark Peakers, now reinstated into the respectable world of the AAA, ran round little flags in a procession until one man threw a tape over a line in the mud and said "Stop".

Later I felt absolutely shattered but there was no question where the Spirit of Fell Running had been that day. It's doubtful if one climbs much over 900' in total in the limits of this race so how would one classify it? In thick mist it would be an exceptional test of ability to keep one's composure, whilst under severe running conditions...? Rumours of the 1989 Club Champs being held on this course are, as yet, unfounded.

Andy Harmer

CUT-THROAT RELAY : 25.10.88

Anxious Trog runners abandoned this sprint in favour of finding where the P.W. was, most of us imagine it to be on Laddow Rocks saving them the need. Jayne Spence was so confident, as 1984 course record holder, that she sped round without thinking and ignored flags and memory (that's what becomes of cross-country runners!) and only turned back when Ladybower reservoir and the Salt Cellar could be seen as opposed to the finish at Cut-Throat Bridge. Fortunately Pete Kohn had already nominated someone for the Pertex Trophy or he would have found Jayne the first person to have won that trophy twice. Others took the event none too seriously, Ed Hutt inspired by Alan Yates putting him in a winning position flew round to take the scalps of Graham and Mark and finishing 3rd fastest on the day, taking 2.5 minutes off last year's run. John Firth, fresh from his club champs victory took over a minute off last year's time but Mike Pedley gamely held him off to hold second place. With only 17 runners; teams of 3 replaced the usual 4 and fortunately a goodly little outing was had by all. Nice to see Thomas Berry out in his first fell race and doing the same time as seasoned campaigner, Ben Hodges. The Vets record was narrowly beaten but the other times remained safe. Hopefully the 1989 running will revert to the pre Karrimor weekend when more runners may show up. (Amazingly, in this race that follows paths, we were warned by an Archdale lacky to stay off the moors - the next few years could result in a real war of attrition between the club and landred/water authorities - especially after privatization).

Andy Harmer

1	R. Amor.	19.29	2	B. Toogood.	18.12
	A. Yates.	20.08		P. Sanderson.	21.36
	E. Hutt.	18.30		M. Pedley.	21.01
		=====			=====
		59.07			60.49
3	M. Spence.	22.54	4	P. Kohn.	22.07
	A. Harmer.	17.39		D. Sant.	20.59
	J. Firth.	20.26		M. Harvey.	18.36
		=====			=====
		60.59			61.42
5	G. Berry.	18.34			
	T. Berry &				
	E. Hodges.	23.43			
	Gary?	24.35			
		=====			
		66.30			

CROOKSTONE CRASHOUT : 18.12.88

The expected challenge of Kevin Lilley didn't quite materialise; Mike Meysner made some of the early running but it was left to the old men to show the way. Young Tony had run over from Hope and joined in 50 yards up the hill. Whether his warm up was advantageous or not he looked in good shape and only lost out from Madwoman Stones on. Clare put up a good time and position and young Will McLewin lost valuable time 'escorting' an exiled John Edwards off the bog. In very breezy conditions the times were respectable, if not fast.

Andy Harmer

RESULTS

1	A. Harmer.	33.05	14	J. Armistead.	38.52
2	T. Farnell.	33.46	15	M. Hayes.	39.20
3	K. Lilley.	34.31	16	T. Trowbridge.	40.00
4	M. Meysner.	35.41	17	J. Fulton.	40.56
5	J. Cant.	36.25	18	N. Lightfoot.	41.28
6	G. Berry.	36.32	19	F. Lowe.	41.41
7	D. Longley.	37.42	20	P. Kohn.	41.43
8	E. Hutt.	37.54	21	D. Lockwood.	42.00
9	C. Crofts.	37.59	22	A. Watmore.	42.25
10	R. Amor.	38.12	23	J. Stothard.	43.43
11	M. Pedley.	38.21	24	W. McLewin.	58.54
12	J. Firth.	38.43	25	J. Edwards.	63.16
13	H. Swindells.	38.47			

BURBAGE BAFFLER : 7.1.89

RESULTS

1	G.Berry + M.Pedley. T.Trowbridge + C.Crofts.	19.46 21.56	20.43 22.50	85.15
2	M.Patterson + J.Smith. A.Yates + J.Herbert.	20.32 22.58	21.32 23.43	88.45
3	M.Harvey + T.Kohn. P.Kohn + H.Swindells.	23.45 22.38	25.12 23.40	95.15
4	L.Desforges + M.Desforges. H.desforges + G.Desforges.	23.36 24.31	23.11 25.14	96.32
5	B.Hodges + T.Sayles. D.Sant + A.Sanderson.	25.04 24.04	25.44 25.03	99.55
6	A.Sahni + S.Rochford. J.Deakin + C.Adams.	24.52 26.23	24.55 25.10	101.20
7	A.Hoyland + A.Fletcher. J.Bainbridge + K.Lowry.	30.05 23.29	28.26 23.45	105.45
8	J.Birch + D.Birch. J.Haggerty + K.Smith.	29.50 27.22	27.38 29.36	114.26
9	R.Davey + C.Hughes. J.Norman + P.Hannon.	26.04 33.03	29.08 29.55	117.10

Previous winning times:- 1985 (83.46); 1986 (92.20); 1987 (79.46); 1988 (83.24); 1989 (85.15)

Fastest Lap: Tony Trowbridge & Graham Berry (19.25), 1987

1989 Prizes

Fastest Team : Graham Berry, Clare Crofts,
Mike Pedley & Tony Trowbridge.
Fastest Pair : Graham Berry & Mike Pedley (19.46).
Best baton : Unopened(!) Smarties (team 8).
Consistent pair: Arun Sahni & Stuart Rochford.
Most knackered : Prof. John Norman.
Family prize : The Desforges.

Margery Hill Race : 11.2.89

Malcolm Patterson broke the record by over 3 minutes; Clare the ladies by 5 minutes and Andy the Vets by 4 minutes; a reflection of the fastish times only impeded by the strong wind. Ed and Howard were first back and Graham last, with all runners in by 11.22am. The times of all were exact bar some of the 9am starters, those results courtesy of Tim Mackey's watch which seemed fair to me. The only complaint seemed to come from Alan Yates who was most disbelieving of the top echelon of the 9am starters. The Laissez-Faire timekeeping has often been a character of these races and the first man in did seem to find the results board under the back wheel of my car! Perhaps as all

the runners are getting faster a 15 minute differential may be in order next year; although the 30 minute time lapse has proved helpful to ensure everyone was 'swept' off Margery as in 1988 when the conditions were pretty poor on Wilfred Edge.

The race does involve trespass at the beginning otherwise the legitimate route involves nearly a mile of track alongside the Reservoir. As for the finish, one or two 'lost souls' tried to follow Malcolm and got 'forest bound' whilst others played safe and came down the track from Lockerbrook farm. In future all I would say is after coming down the last field and reaching the Lockerbrook track any route to the car park is permissible.

Thanks everyone for coming and well don to Murdo on completing his first 'rough' race and Tim Mackey for what appeared an impressive run. Well done to Graham who had an excellent run but was never able to pass anyone and ran on his own all the way.

Andy Harmer

RESULTS

1	M.Patterson.	1.38.03	13	J.Firth.	2.03.15
2	A.Harmer.	1.40.49	14	B.Marsden.	2.05
3	T.Farnell.	1.41.11	15	D.Lockwood.	2.06
4	G.Berry.	1.52.20	16	A.Yates.	2.06.10
5	M.Harvey.	1.55.59	17	M.Pedley.	2.09
6	C.Hughes.	1.55.59	18	J.Herbert.	2.11.04
7	C.Crofts.	1.58.10	19	M.Simms.	2.12.57
8	E.Hutt.	1.59.40	20	J.Harrison.	2.13.22
9	H.Swindells.	1.59.45	21	J.Smith.	2.14.30
10	T.Mackey.	2.01.00	22	P.Kohn.	2.15.29
11	M.Hayes.	2.02.15	23	C.Henson.	2.16.49
12	T.Trowbridge.	2.03.03	24	M.McKenzie.	2.19.15
			25	W.McLewin.	2.30

BOXING DAY TROT

More spectators than runners for the Jacob's ladder sprint this year. Peter Gosnell, our American connection, showed commendable hill-climbing strength and just beat Micah, who started last and ran through almost the entire field. His time of 1.47 for the 500 metres must be the all-time record. Andy Harmer handicapped himself out of contention in the backwards race by carrying Polly on his back and it was left to Mike Gallivan to demonstrate exquisite style as he descended much quicker than anyone else with an action that looked just like normal forward running and gave spectators the sensation that they were watching a video run backwards. It was great to see Squire Edwards back in his old haunts and competing in all the Christmas races. We look forward to having the Squire and Margaret back with us permanently in 18 months time.

Pete Kohn

CROSS COUNTRY

SCUNTHORPE HARRIERS OPEN XC RACES
 QUIBELL PARK : 4.12.88

A fine open cross country course comprising three anticlockwise laps of the fields and woodland of Quibell Park on the edge of Scunthorpe. The woods lie on a steep escarpment and thus appealed to a fell runner more than a track runner. The cakes in the clubhouse afterwards were well worth going for too.

Ed Hutt

RESULTS

1	J.Pavis.(Rown)	34.33
22	E.Hutt.	38.30

NORTHERN CHAMPS, GRAVES PARK : 14.1.89

This was the best cross country course I've ever run, even I wasn't very fit and didn't do justice to myself - it was worth it just for the sheer enjoyment of a bloody good course. Someone in Steel City Striders has got the right idea about cross country and with next years National due to be staged here it's sure to be well worth running.

Malcolm ran well, as expected on this hilly course, and finished 44th with four other Dark Peakers following far in his wake. Other notable Sheffield performances included ex-University student Sam Carey 6th, ex-Poly student Vince Garner 7th, Chris Maddocks (SAC) 33rd and John Beeden (HH) 35th.

YORKSHIRE TEAMS, BRAMLEY : 21.1.89

Another good course saw DP finish a team at last, even if we did have to twist the arm, or should that be leg, of the club Chairman to make up the team. Lets see some more of you running next year, its not always like running around Hillsborough Park, some courses are rough, muddy and hilly - anyway, it must be good practice for the short fell races.

1	C.Moore.(Bing)	37.56	135	A.Bell.	44.57
19	M.Patterson.	40.45	175	T.Trowbridge.	46.34
53	T.Tett.	42.05	256	J.Firth.	49.44
79	P.Murray.	42.59			

B.Y. CHAMPS, ROTHERHAM 1 26.2.89

MEN

1	C.Thackery.(HH)	32.25	14	M.Gallivan.(HH)	36.48
2	M.Patterson.	34.15	18	A.Bell.	38.01
6	P.Murray.	36.00	31	T.Trowbridge.	40.09
11	B.Toogood.(HH)	36.42			

LADIES

1	A.Joiner.(HH)	24.33	5	J.Smith.	25.17
2	C.Crofts.	24.45	11	A.Watmore.(Tot)	27.54
3	W.Lightfoot.	24.57			

DP LADIES WON THE TEAM PRIZE!

If the men had had one more runner in the top 20 we would have won the mens team prize also or if it were three to count we would have been joint 1st. We dont do badly for a bunch of fell runners, Eh.

SNIPPETS

Overheard at the finishing line of the British Vets 10km Champs, Barnsley:- "Ee, they look reet young when they're running, but when they stop y' can tell they're really quite old".

Jaded! Looking for a new running sensation? Try the long grass on the south-facing hillside just before Abbey Brook meets Howden Dam for thigh-high massage. Best sampled in late Autumn/early winter, but do make sure that you are not wearing leg covering.

Jim Fulton swears that he recently saw a badger on the little green track that provides an alternative route up Roper Hill. And Pete and Trish Kohn met a weasel where the Headstone - Ocean View path crosses the conduit. Surprisingly, given the number of Dark Peakers that pass that way, it still must have found fell runners a source of interest or amusement since from a mere 6 feet away it stood up on its back legs and stared at them for a few minutes before going about its business. The things runners will get up to for a breather!

CLUB SONG

OFFICIAL VERSION

Hooray! Hooray!
Hooray for the brown, purple and yellow!
Hooray! Hooray!
Eric Mitchells a very fine fellow
Other clubs have presidents too
But ours is rather more mellow
Hooray! Hooray!
Hooray for the brown, purple and yellow!

CLIMBING QUICKLY VERSION

Horugh! Horugh!
Cha! Hoo! Christ!
Horugh! Hh...
Eric.. Cor! Schless!
Subber crubs ha... ang on, Phew!
But.. Argh! Shit! Wait!
Hoo..ay! Grough!
Hoo.. for the brown, purple and yellow

Whilst walking for a bit..

"Who wrote thisdy song anyway
I bet Bentalls singing away at the back"

TO ALL DARK PEAKERS
especially

TIM TETT

-this is the year of the great
COMEBACK!

Bill Bentall.

-who should be ripe around May to June.....



MARATHON FINISH



"It was a false start!"



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