

DARK PEAK NEWS

WINTER 89/90



EDITORIAL

Looking back to one heady Spring evening in the Grindleford cafe, brave words were spoken against the dangers from large tracts of moorland falling into private ownership. Ours were not the only voices, indeed many more powerful lobbies than ourselves campaigned for preservation of access rights to these areas. Questions were asked of politicians and of Water Authorities themselves. Under mounting pressure both government and some Water Authorities issued statements saying that public access would be safeguarded. Conservation groups hailed a great victory and everyone went away quietly.

But wait a minute. Weren't we, only last year, complaining about the LACK of access to Water Authority land? I don't remember the situation getting any better in the intervening months. All that really seems to have happened is the preservation of an already poor situation. There is still much to be achieved, large areas remain without any public access.

Threat to public access removed

YORKSHIRE Water, along with the other nine water and sewage businesses, has come under attack recently from conservationists and ramblers concerned about future public access to land and water.

Now the Board has given a firm guarantee that both groups will continue to enjoy existing rights of access.

Section seven of the Water Bill requires Yorkshire Water, among other things, to further conservation and to take into account the beauty and amenity of land; to have regard to public rights of access; and to secure, so far as is practicable and consistent with its duties as a water and sewage undertaker, that water and its associated land is made available for recreational purposes.

But many people, especially those with an interest in conservation issues, were concerned that the bill did not go far enough to protect rights of access.

Now Yorkshire Water has acted to calm their fears.

Board members confirmed at their meeting last week that they did not intend to change their policy regarding public access to land and water following privatisation.

Chairman Gordon Jones said they had been concerned about apparent misunderstandings about the environmental and recreational duties of the water public limited companies following floatation.

"It was felt that it was timely and right for the authority to make a statement of intent on that regard."

To conclude on a more positive note, Welsh Water PLC have placed 41,000 acres of land in the Elen Valley in the hands of a trust, similar to the National Trust. I applaud such actions which will, hopefully, make more of this beautiful area accessible to the public. Severn Trent Water and Yorkshire Water take note.

Bumper edition

Thanks to the many people who contributed articles to make this issue one of the largest ever. Are there now more people writing than running or perhaps they were exhausted after their summer's exertions? Whatever the reason, keep up the good work. Apologies if your article has been edited to fit or (in a few cases) held for the next issue but I hope you find the result an interesting (and controversial?) issue. Photographs are very welcome though need to be sent well in advance of publication. Hopefully, more may arrive for the next issue than did for this. Finally, our Dark Peak Front Cover Runner is getting on a bit and hopes to be pensioned off. A replacement is sought (page 36) to take Dark Peak News into the nineties.

Mike Pedley

NEWS AND COMING EVENTS

CLUB RUNS

On the roads (about 1h 20m) or on the fells (variable!) club runs from the Sportsman, Lodge Moor, every Wednesday at 6:30pm prompt. Please wear something light or reflective (trying to hide behind someone who is visible doesn't always work!).

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RACES

All the usual winter fell races plus a particularly unusual one: the Sheffield Urban Fell Race. An 'Alan Yates Promotion' from the man that gave you the Dungworth Dash, this race could be quite a sequel. For route and start details please contact Alan or watch for a notice in the club hut. Other dates are provisional pending confirmation of other FRA calendar dates.

As usual, the year kicks off with:

BURBAGE BAFFLER

Date: Saturday 6th January 1990 at 10:00am.

Venue: Burbage Bridge on Ringinglow - Hathersage road, GR 262830.

Teams: 4 members: 1 Vet., 1 lady, 1 superstar, 1 "wart".

Entry Requirements: 1 "baton" to be carried by each team.

Course: Circuit of Burbage Brook, starting at Burbage Bridge and following paths to the bridge at GR 264814, the summit of Higger Tor and back to Burbage Bridge.

Two members of each team run in opposite directions. The 1st carries the baton until they meet when the 2nd member takes it. Both then retrace their steps back to the start. The next pair set off only when BOTH the first pair have finished. On completion of the 2nd circuit, the 1st pair take over again but run in opposite directions to their opening leg.

Winners: The first baton to complete four clockwise circuits

D.P.F.R. club events

Sat. 13th Jan. Sheffield Urban Fell Race

Sat. 10th Feb. Margery Hill Fairholmes 09:00
Starts: 9:00, 9:15 & 9:30 (slow, medium & fast)

Sat. 24th Feb. Not the Nationals Long Lane, Rivelin 11:00

 CLUB CHAMPIONSHIPS, HANDICAP AND DINNER 1989

CHAMPIONSHIP RESULTS

	Crowden	Blackden	Finish	H'cap		
1	Malcolm Patterson	13:02	41:48	1:05:51	-1:51	
2	Tim Tett	13:10	43:15	1:06:15	5:45	8th
3	Andy Harmer	13:06	41:44	1:06:49	2:11	
4=	Mark Harvey	13:43	47:31	1:14:11	1:49	
4=	Jonathon Cant	14:06	47:39	1:14:11	2:49	
6	Graham Berry	14:28	47:39	1:14:29	1:31	
7	Mike Meysner	13:44	46:42	1:15:56	3:04	
8	Keith Tonkin	13:59	48:37	1:17:03	-0:03	
9	Dave Holmes	14:26	50:55	1:18:26	1:34	
10	Alex Pryor	15:	52:32	1:22:43	9:17	3rd
11	Pete Gorvett	15:21	53:35	1:23:30	4:30	
12	Fran Lowe			1:24:14		
13	Dave Sant	15:36	52:23	1:24:23	-1:23	
14	Mike Hayes	15:26	54:50	1:24:47	-5:47	
15	Chris Stamp	15:	55:16	1:25:08	0:52	
16	Barry Needle	16:	53:45	1:25:21	4:39	
17	Neil Goldsmith	15:	54:46	1:25:29	6:31	5th
18	Frank Thomas	15:	52:44	1:25:31	1:29	
19	Paul Sanderson	15:	53:44	1:25:38	6:22	6th
20	John Herbert	16:16	55:39	1:26:07	4:53	
21	Phil Crowson	16:	55:21	1:26:25		
22	Ed Hutt	15:30	53:45	1:26:31	-1:31	
23	Barry Thackery	16:09	55:26	1:26:33	2:27	
24	Alan Yates	15:	53:35	1:27:44	-3:44	
25	John Armistead	15:	54:50	1:27:56	-4:56	
26	Bob Marsden	16:28	53:20	1:28:11	4:49	
27	Matt Simms	16:	56:35	1:29:50	3:10	
28	Murdo McKenzie	17:	56:36	1:29:54	5:06	9th
29	Bill Kenyon	16:	56:38	1:29:58	11:02	1st
30	Dave Lockwood	16:50	56:35	1:31:00	1:00	
31	Steve Palfreyman	16:	58:13	1:31:31	2:29	
32	Jim Fulton	16:	56:19	1:31:39	-0:39	
33	Ray Aucott	15:53	57:40	1:32:00	-7:00	
34	Jacky Smith	17:24	58:13	1:32:10	-2:10	
35	Pete Kohn	16:23	59:06	1:33:22	1:48	
36	Jack Soper	17:	59:33	1:33:56	4:04	
37	Graham Hulley	16:33	56:38	1:34:00	-9:00	
38	Clive Last	17:	1:01:15	1:34:10	-3:10	
39	Pete Rodgers	17:	59:13	1:34:57	1:03	
40	Jeff Harrison	17:	58:53	1:35:13	5:47	7th
41	Ben Hodges	17:	57:33	1:36:10	7:50	4th
42	Frank Galbraith	17:03	1:01:15	1:36:44	3:16	
43	Howard White	17:	1:01:45	1:36:54	3:06	
44	Will McLewin	17:	1:04:43	1:38:42	-0:42	
45	Howard Swindells	16:	1:01:36	1:39:25	-9:25	
46	Dave Morrison	17:56	1:01:45	1:39:37	-1:23	
47	Eric Mitchell	18:	1:02:10	1:41:26	10:34	2nd
48	Alan Sanderson	19:27	1:07:23	1:45:13	3:47	
49	Terry Sayles	17:	1:07:02	1:46:09	-2:09	
50	Phil Harris	17:	1:12:03	1:46:34	-9:34	

LETTERS

PUBLIC APOLOGY !

Dear Mike,

After all the hassle of moving house I have finally got round to reading the summer issue of DP News. I am glad to see that you have maintained the high standard set by Tim. However, I see from the report of the AGM that I seconded a proposal from Dave Lockwood to form a race committee with Malcolm as chairman. As I was fell running with Andy Forsyth at the time of the meeting - or in the Fox House - I can only suggest that it must have been the elusive 'Wilson' who attended the AGM in my stead.

I would like to publicly apologise in DP News to Mike Hayes for doubting his ability to finish in the 'Watershed'. I feel that I must take the responsibility for the Wize Prankers retiring and I was pleased that Mike continued and finished in a good time, "Sorry for doubting you Mike". I think that we 'younger' hill runners have a great deal to learn from the old hands such as Mike, Worsell and Auld Herrick (Jnr). I will be joining another club up here in Scotland but only as second claim. I don't think it will be possible to find a club with the same kind of camaraderie that Dark Peak Fell Runners have, so I will continue as a member and wear OUR club vest with pride!

Reg Amor

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ACCURACY AND ORNITHOLOGY

The last DP News was a good read but for those who like to lace their reports with background information may I fire a friendly warning shot about accuracy.

Rick Ansell's compelling account of his running exploits in Spain (Autumn 89) had me, if not you, thinking about birds as much as running. He slipped in a bit about the wildlife of the Toledo area and he mentioned having seen grouse. Now it immediately clicked with me that you don't get grouse in Spain so I reached to the bookshelf. Sure enough, Red Grouse (which I suspect Rick thought he had seen) are not to be found in Europe other than the British Isles. If Rick was alluding to Willow Grouse he would have been in Scandinavia or the Soviet Union. To see Hazel Grouse he should have been no further West than the Italian-French border. He might have seen Black Grouse if he had stayed in the British Isles or gone to Eastern Europe.

None of these birds migrate, so either Rick's bird identification is a bit suspect or his navigational skill is to be seriously questioned!

However, to be fair to Rick, what he may have seen was probably a Red Legged Partridge which is a game-bird of similar size and shape to the Red Grouse. They are fairly abundant in

GOING THE DISTANCE

DERWENT WATERSHED : 19 JULY 89

As I drove out over Moscar the moon sank into a morning mist and glowed a faint red. Behind, to the East, the sun had yet to rise, the time was 4:45am. Normally, if there is such a thing in these matters, its usually nearer lam in the middle of winter. On both occasions I have attempted the Watershed it's been re-routed: firstly when temperatures of minus 11 had frozen the snow and we eventually slid down from Alport Castles and the following year when blizzard conditions on Margery Hill left us swimming to Cut Gate/Slippery Stones and survival.

This attempt was a solo in this hot summer and an early start was to be made. I wasn't over fit but with three days of strike action and not being near the Big Hills this year it was worth a trip. I left water bottles at Yorkshire Bridge and Moscar and carried the rest as there would be little on route. At 5:05am I left the railway bridge below Twitchill Farm and was off. I kept a fair pace up Whin Hill and was greeted by a super view of the Ladybower fingers shrouded in the mist leaving Crook Hills and Derwent Edge clear with the sun fresh up over Rod Hill. It started to get warm up to High Neb and by Moscar I was glad of the waiting water. The early morning lorries broke the tranquillity but once away from the A57 the peace returned. Curlews were in great form on and around Derwent Edge but I was surprised how long the drag up to the Edge took. The Cartledge Flats stretch wasn't as bad as I'd feared and a quick swill in a rather peaty tributary of Abbey Brook left me up on schedule at Cut Gate in 2:12. However I knew Pete Lewis' record was a good one and without knowing his times there was no time to be lost.

The trip round to Bleaklow Stones seemed to take ages and there was no darkness to shroud the distance. A short eared owl hunting gave me respite and an occasional glance over to Horse Stone and Rocking Stones broke the slog. Amazingly I hit a very fresh and free flowing stream coming off Bleaklow Stones and drank long and hard and three hours had gone as I made the stones.

Unfamiliar with the landscape, barring Karrimor 84, I had convinced myself that it would take ages to reach the Snake Road. Consequently, trogging through the groughs and mounds on the top and feeling tired, I became oblivious of the land to the South and couldn't be bothered to check my map. The signpost pointing down the Pennine Way and stakes was over to the left 50 yards as I trudged on to Higher Shelf Stones! I must have been hot, tired and weary to continue on to the Trig point when everyone knows there isn't a Trig point on Bleaklow! The panic woke me up and I sped off over to the Pennine Way, having lost a good ten minutes. 3h47m to Snake Pass; perhaps the mistake had been to estimate 4 hours and mentally get into a rut round the back end. Over Mill Hill I sat down for the first time and drank my flask. "Damn you Pete Lewis, this is feeling rough".

ANDERSON'S MOURNE MOUNTAIN MARATHON : SEPTEMBER 1989

A foul weathered Friday saw Kay and I fly to Belfast to compete in this years Mourne Mountain Marathon. Arriving in Newcastle (Co. Down) the skies were ominously black, a sure sign of a stormy night. However, Saturday dawned surprisingly bright with clear blue skies and a gentle breeze. We enjoyed a leisurely walk direct from our B&B to registration but, unknown to us, registration had moved further away overnight; the marquee had blown down. The walk was, therefore, immediately followed by a mad dash to the start. Five minutes to chat to acquaintances met the previous year and then we were off.

Day one was brilliant. Excellent running weather, good route choice and no crocodiles. If you've done the Karrimor you'll know what I mean. Kay and I started 30th on the B course; somehow, by the third control, after overtaking nobody on the route we chose, we found ourselves only the second team through. And so it continued for the next five controls, always second team through. But the gap was closing because we could see a team periodically in the distance. Four controls from the end they made a mistake and we were in front. However, since Kay was starting to tire fast at this point and was complaining of an aching knee, it was only 1km before they passed us. I was happy to follow them towards the penultimate control until they made a huge error, whereupon we left them heading off into the distance in the wrong direction. We arrived at the overnight camp to find it deserted; we were the first B team to finish and only the second team to arrive. All we had to do now was wait to see how many teams came in behind us with a faster time.

To our surprise no-one came near us. We ended up with a 32 minute lead which looked unassailable; all we had to do was follow the leading group around on day 2 and we would be assured of victory. That was providing Kay's knee stopped hurting.

The overnight camp is small compared to the Karrimor and we spent most of the time talking to our neighbours, eating, visiting tents of people we had met last year talking a whole lot more and eating! In fact we did lots of eating. Starter, two main courses, dessert, several drinks, chocolate bars etc.etc.. Replacing calories burnt or cutting down on weight for day two?

Day 2 and a mass start. Our following tactics were employed for two controls until we decided to take our own routes to avoid steep descents since this was causing Kay's knees a lot of pain. Kay tried valiantly to keep going but eventually the pain proved too much. About 5 or 6km from the finish, an estimated 15 minutes down on the teams in 2nd and 3rd overnight, we called it a day and walked to the finish. The leading teams should have taken half an hour more than us on the last climb and long descent to the finish. Imagine our surprise when someone told us that we were only 17 seconds down on the winners and were lying second with the third team only 51 seconds behind! If we had only jogged the run in! It only goes to show that you should keep trying if at all possible.

KARRY ON UP THE HOWGILLS : 28-29 OCTOBER 89

The first navigational error lost Dave Lockwood and I about fifteen minutes. We missed the turn off the M6 at Tebay. As a result we were not quite the first people to arrive at Ravenstonedale that afternoon. The Sants were there; Colin and Bob were looking settled in and Pete Bland was already selling. Anyway, we found a good site, put up the tent, ate some mush out of a tin and went in search of a proper meal.

Our second bad route choice had us standing outside of a pub which didn't open until 7pm so we lost another 20 minutes there. Back on the right line we found the other pub and settled in with a group who were drinking and eating steadily. Several pints and a chicken and chips later we headed back to the tent for a pot noodle and hot chocolate. On our way we passed Pete Bland who was starting to struggle. It was only 8:30pm but he'd been having trouble with his Access machine and was going through a bad patch.

The night was blissful, the evening's beer resulting in sound sleep. We woke to the sound of driving rain and the awful realisation that we had to start running for two days; but even more daunting was the prospect of either facing the pre-start latrines or tiptoeing through already well manured woodland. (Woods adjacent to Karrimor campsites must sprout several feet during the next growing season).

Wearing full waterproofs, we headed for the start. Pete Bland was doing stretching exercises; massaging his forearms and greasing his palms. Five minutes after starting we stopped...to take off our waterproofs. From then on the day was fairly uneventful. We ran a bit, walked a lot, I fell down many times. We got wet and the wind blew us dry. Dave nearly killed Pete Livesey with a rock he dislodged. "That would have made you quite famous", Mr. Livesey commented modestly. Towards the end of the day we were in a gully wading through something which resembled chocolate whip, having been warned by a marshal that anyone who stepped out of the gully would be shot by the farmer. This is the kind of co-operation with landowners that Karrimor are so proud of fostering. The farmer was there, but I didn't see his gun. Perhaps it was in his holster!

The chocolate whip reminded us that the delights of the overnight camp were awaiting. Even Raven meals sounded tempting at that stage of the day. After another checkpoint we slithered in to the finish (although not with the panache shown by Mr. Sant later that evening) and found a place to pitch. We spent quite a while looking for the ideal location, but one sloping soggy bit of ground is much like another. For one horrible moment Dave couldn't get the poles to untelescope, but the prospect of sleeping in an unerected tent gave power to his elbow and all was well. We ate all sorts of horrible stuff and drank gritty chocolate. It rained and blew. Many people going for water forgot to take a compass and couldn't find their tents on their return. Plaintive cries for their companions filled the air, becoming more desperate as the rain fell heavier and wind blew. One wit, snug in his sleeping bag, shouted, "He's in the little green tent".

COVERS AND COMPETITIONS

Dark Peak NEWS

June '87

Remember some of these old friends?

Well they're all nearing or past retirement age so, if you would like a change, get your pens out and design a front cover for 1990 and beyond.



DARK PEAK NEWS April '86



DARK PEAK
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