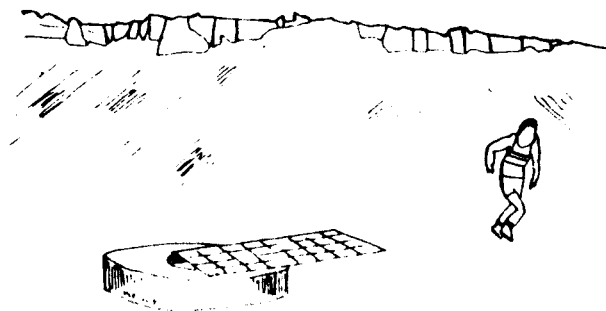
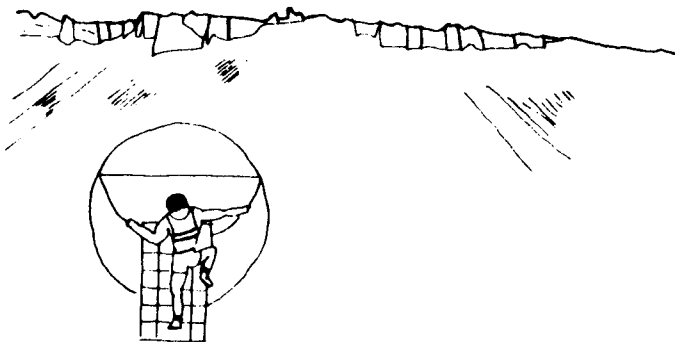
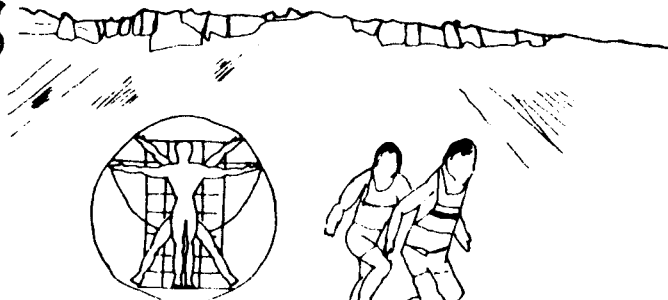
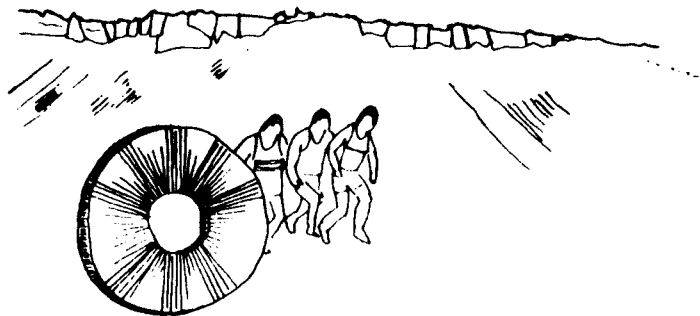


# dark peak news

**SUMMER  
90**





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FORWARD... ..STRAIGHT INTO A RHODODENDRON BUSH!

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If you ask me, anyone daft enough to follow a known deviant (in a navigational sense) into a clump of uncharted rhododendrons deserves everything they get. In any case, I thought it was well known that I have great difficulty finding my way around in broad daylight... it's most unnatural. Not that it was such a disastrous run anyway. It was nothing if not interesting and provided challenging new perspectives on Hathersage railway station. Think of it as an adventure, a foretaste of greater innovation. If the tradition of club officials picking the route continues (and why should it not!), then this run will appear tame when set against the Dungworth turkey farm, the Hathersage underground trout stream and a certain barbed wire fence which Jim Fulton once encountered.

The editor asked for a few words from the new chairman. In a way I'm not sure that it's necessary. I think Dark Peak is a club bonded by a deeply-shared spirit and sense of purpose which makes the views of club officials no more or less relevant than those of the rest of the members. I see the role of the officials as being to co-ordinate, to enable, and to strive to preserve this special spirit which most of us hold so dear. But in saying this, I would like to pay tribute to the officials who made Dark Peak what it is. There was a time when Dark Peak was no more than an idea. That it can now be said to embrace the spirit of fell running is testimony to the huge achievements of its founding and guiding officials. In the last few years, I've seen Chris Worsell, Andy Harmer, Tony Trowbridge and others feel able to pass the club onto new custodians. I'll do my best to preserve what they've created.

That said, can I just mention the vexed issue of trespass. Partly because of certain vile emissions from Scotland, I feel this is becoming an issue which threatens to divide the club. I also feel that myself and the other night-runners have been branded unfairly as irresponsible. For what it's worth, my view is that trespass per-se is not a moral issue. If it was, it would be governed by the criminal law. Instead, it is a civil matter and the civil law is essentially concerned with regulating economic interests. I think it would become a moral issue if we were said to be wilfully or recklessly damaging the economic interests of the landowner. So long as we strive to avoid that (for example by breaking walls or fences, worrying animals or causing pollution), then I think we should continue to trespass responsibly and to press for greater access to areas like Bamford Moor, where prohibition is unforgivable.

Just one other thing. I'm writing this during One World Week, and it occurs to me that the club might do a little more to preserve the environment which makes our sport possible. We all do our bit as individuals, but how about helping occasionally as a group? We might find that local conservationists would welcome it if we offered to help transport materials on foot to some of their less accessible sites. I'll look into it and report back.

And it's about time a few more of you learned the skill of running in snow drifts at night without a compass...

David Holmes









## Items 1&2 : Minutes of the last meeting and matters arising

AH: I think the item on summer runs needs stressing. It is important that we maintain the variety of summer runs to reduce the environmental impact and to be aware that it is a club run for all abilities.

TT: I think we also need a report from Malcolm's race committee.

Jim Fulton: The race is in hand and a proposal will be presented next year.

TT: The race is obviously evolving slowly. What happened about water board shares?

Dave Holmes: I made my report to the secretary during a club run. Basically, we decided not to bother and anyway we're too late now!

The minutes were taken as a true and accurate record of the meeting!!

## Item 3 : Secretary's report

AH: It's been a good year... noone has been shot. We seem to have been taking a more responsible attitude. The season started well, Clare and Malcolm showing good early form. Both should be congratulated on their efforts on reaching the World Cup team. Another highlight was Bob Berzin's performance in the OS. Dark Peak also got brownie points from the FRA for organising the navigation course and congratulations are in order there.

I am proud that during my five years as secretary we have had only eight resignations, mostly due to the influences of road and track. However, having warned already of the perils of road running I must also draw attention to 'Wolffs' [that's what he said] in sheep's closing. Alan Yates was spotted leading runners up Shirecliffe Hill and recently some 'right bastions' of the club have been seen prancing about on a ski slope. Therefore, guard against the perils of the roads and ski slope.

## Item 4: Treasurer's report

Jeff Harrison: As you can see we are in a very strong position. Until I sat down I didn't know how good it was. Mike and Tim must be congratulated on producing the newsletter so cheaply. Although, if we had to pay the full price in the future we could get into difficulties. We are also still about f400 into the red on the Ten Year book.

Frank Galbraith: How about new members pay f7 and get a free book?

Mike Pedley: I propose that subs should be raised to f5 per year. Mainly this would cover ourselves against possible increases in the cost of producing the newsletter. This increase would have effect from January 1991.

A long and often excited discussion then ensued. Suggestions were made for changing the dates on which subs are collected which got more and more complicated as each one was argued against. It was pointed out that we were fixing our budget to the end of 1991 but also that we already had plenty in reserve in case the newsletter costs rose. Others wanted money to improve the club hut but this was unpopular as we don't own the hut ourselves.

In the midst of it all a firm proposal to raise subs was defeated by 'getting on for two thirds' to 'a few more than several'. Finally the chairman struggled to bring some order back to the proceedings and work out what on Earth everyone had been talking about...

TT: Things are getting a bit out of hand, can we have a definite proposal about what we should do?

Matt Simms: I propose things should stay as they are.

This was passed unanimously as everyone decided they wanted to argue about something else instead.

Tim Tett: Jeff, why do we pay bank charges and why can't we put more money into the building society account? How about changing banks?

JF: How about a bottle bank?

The treasurer was taking a bit of flak but vowed to investigate further. A vote of confidence in the treasurer was proposed and was passed unanimously.

#### Item 5: Club Championships

Pete Dyke rises to his feet

Alan Yates: Stand up Pete.

PD: I propose that the club champs should be run as a mountain trial with a chasing start and that the course would not be disclosed until the day.

Neil Goldsmith: The National Trust would certainly be in favour of that approach. They are keen to stop new paths appearing across open access land.

DH: Who is going to plan the course?

T Tett : How about the race committee?

TT: Perhaps not on the evidence of their success so far.

AY: And I'd like to propose that we bid for start times with

pints of beer!

A vote was taken and passed by a majority of everyone to noone. Scenes of jubilation ensued...

Item 6: Club Dinner

JH: I'd like to suggest a change of format.

JF: A buffet with a chasing start and no sitting down allowed.

Graham Berry proposed a less formal dinner. This was passed unanimously.

TTe: What about entertainment?

JF: Paper folding... women with snakes?

Anon: Jeff could do a strip?

Mark Harvey: Mudwrestling?

JH: I was thinking of a disco?

No agreement was reached and Jeff undertook to investigate the possibilities.

Item 7: Election of officers

Tony Trowbridge stands down as chairman.

AH: I would like to thank Tony for his efforts as chairman.

[Loud applause]

and I have received a nomination for Dave Holmes.

[The full text of the nomination letter is printed in the 'letters' section.]

Dave was elected unopposed... loud cheers and party poppers. Dave then takes immediate 'control' of the meeting.

DH: Andy Harmer has offered his resignation as secretary.

JF: They don't half resign quick now you've taken over!

Bob Berzins proposed Tim Tett as secretary and Tim was elected unopposed. The posts of secretary and membership secretary are to be combined.

The remaining officers were elected or re-elected as follows:

Treasurer	- Jeff Harrison
Women's sec.	- Jacky Smith
Cross Country	- Ed Hutt
Roads	- David Shapiro







Good Friday presented itself as a suitable day. Three weeks before a Bob Graham attempt, it would provide a long run at just the right interval. Starting at the Sportsman much earlier than before (07:40), again using Dave's times, I set off to make the fell traverse. It was a very different day to last time, cold and clear. Following now very familiar ground to White Edge I bagged the first trig and crossed the Derwent into the White Peak. Crossing Longstone Moor, Wardlow trig could be seen at a distance of 2 miles which allowed some economy of effort as a slightly quicker line was taken.

From Wheston to Peak Forest the route is uninteresting at best and boring at worst but the run over Oxlow to Mam Tor is an improvement. Mam Tor was in a holiday mood with the hordes walking up and down the stairs to the summit. I slipped by and continued onwards to Bradwell. As the previous stopping point, this was a major watershed but I felt good and continued to Abney Moor. Hang Gliders wheeled in the sky as I passed across the moor and by the gliding club. A fast run up the road to Sir William Hill and I was ahead of schedule. I passed one acquaintance who enquired, "Where have you been?". "Buxton", I replied, declining to mention that I'd run there first!

I slapped the final trig at Stanage Low and sprinted for the tape passing Martin Spence on his way up to the edge. The Sportsman was closed as is now the tradition on 11 trig rounds.

	<u>Actual</u>	<u>Elapsed</u>	
Sportsman	07:40	0:00	
Big Moor	08:53	1:13	
Longstone	09:46	2:06	
Wardlow	10:10	2:30	
Wheston	10:57	3:17	
Bole Hill	11:31	3:51	
Buxton	12:06	4:26	
Oxlow	13:25	5:45	
Mam Tor	13:55	6:15	
Abney	15:30	7:50	
Sir William Hill	16:22	8:42	
Stanage Low	17:24	9:44	
Sportsman	18:04	10:24	Schedule of 10:48

The BG attempt got kicked into touch because the driver couldn't go. Faced with the prospect of getting my own tea as well, I resolved to run the 15 trigs! Consequently, 15 days after finishing the 11 trigs, I lined up with Murdo McKenzie (my Howarth Hobble partner).

We set off in cool clear conditions again and picked our way up to Rod Moor via the h.t. fence. This time I used the times of Ged DesForges as a schedule for 13.5 hours. Murdo had a similar schedule (for closer to 14.5 hours) from his attempt with Jeff, Frank and Co in the snow at Easter. We were 15 minutes up at Rod Moor, where did Ged get to, held onto the margin at Emlin and lost a few minutes to Back Tor. By Outer Edge our feet were cold from the icy water in the peat, but we were warming up fast.



## A YEAR ON THE BOG

Over the last few years I've run a lot with a young lad (of about 35) called Tim Mackey who recently became insistent that I put pen to paper for reasons which will become apparent.

Among other exploits, Tim and myself were both contenders for the BG in 1989. It was a weekend that I feel enormously privileged to have been involved in, in a way that I suspect only past BG participants, whatever the outcome of their attempts can appreciate. Until now, I haven't written about it simply because saying thanks to all the people involved in supporting our efforts doesn't seem enough especially when, for me, Wasdale was the end of the affair after a mere 20 miles and 8000'.

I felt then like a fowl that had been basted in an oven for six hours and I knew I'd had it. 80F was just too much. The others were already ahead, Tim among them, manfully ascending Scafell clutching a tomato and a stick of celery. For my part, sinking into a deep freezing pool at Wasdale Head was wonderful. I fully expected it to turn to steam!

Next morning as we trotted to the Moot Hall with Barry and John I felt very envious and immensely impressed by their achievement. But what can you say when you've performed like a handbrake in a canoe? Thanks everyone, I'll be there this year, still scarred by the memory supporting the 1990 hopefuls.

Scene 2. In January we were shocked, stunned and absolutely under the moon to have our entry for Derwent Watershed returned. The event was already full, we were not happy. We mulled over the options and decided to forget it for this year but as some kind of replacement Tim and I put in an entry for the Howarth Hobble in mid-March.

Then, in late February, Frank Galbraith rang me. With his Watershed team down to 50% strength he was on the look out for two people who had had their brains out but whose legs could keep moving for a long time. He'd realised that I matched his specification but Tim, by that time, had other commitments for the Watershed weekend.

Our team, The Grinders (very apposite), consisting of Frank Galbraith, Russ Clare, Jeff Kiveal (Saddleworth) and myself, only met at Edale Hall an hour before the off but we gave an acceptable account of ourselves in just under 13 hours. Strings of lights descending Win Hill and Lose Hill were a striking memory. Conditions were dry (I only went in up to my thighs once on Margery Hill) and Bleaklow was actually a pleasure with consolidated snow and a pastel sunrise. In addition, new friendships were forged and we took a few Dark Peak scalps.

As we trundled over one of several Featherbed Mosses discussing our motives for doing long fell events, Frank admitted that he wished someone could tell him what he got out of this sort of thing because he couldn't put it into words. He did vouchsafe that he wasn't into dramatic mountains and that his favourite area is between Lost Lad and Margery Hill. He's the second person who





Eventually, a group dressed in nothing short of equipment best suited for a whole Winter in the Antarctic and carrying 5 foot long staves are let out into the darkness amidst applause of the sort reserved for those who are about the set off into space to explore the furthest parts of the universe. Perhaps they will do just that and never return again or, perhaps, those who applaud realise that those who participate will explore the furthest parts of their own reserves of stamina, fitness and mental resilience. So it was that I found myself about to be launched into the darkness dressed not for an Antarctic winter but for the average British summer.

"We climbed the first summit and felt tired" and remained tired until Edale Village Hall became a reality once more and one's dreams of warmth and succour were completed. In the meantime, an intervening thirteen hours, we experienced the sight of the lights of Hope Valley, Sheffield and even Barnsley. Slithering through a mixture of snow, mud, glutinous peat and snow melt we experienced that overwhelming numbness of feet that turns to exquisite pain as warmth returns. Then there was that feeling of joy on overtaking teams thought to be 'untouchable'; a joy kept secret just in case it is short-lived and disaster befalls oneself. The line of lights coming down Lose Hill made a fascinating sight from half way up Win Hill. There was also that feeling of bewilderment tinged with slight panic that other teams are taking a different line to reach the same place.

One should offer a heartfelt prayer of thanks for the dedication of the marshals who spend the night in uncomfortable and cold surroundings often dispensing hot drinks and goodies. The greatest experience is the relief of finishing and the sense of gratitude to one's teammates for the support and help throughout the event, especially in the last few miles.

Frank Galbraith

	Mos- -car	Cut Gate	Swain Head	Bleak Head	Snake	FINISH
1 Sub 9	02:00	04:08	05:29	06:48	07:18	10:15
4 Old Indefatigables	02:29	05:28	06:48	08:04	08:40	12:01
6* Dark Peak West	02:11	05:01	06:36	07:58	08:39	12:06
12 Beegees	02:33	05:27	07:05	08:21	09:01	12:47
13 The Grinders	02:43	05:39	07:20	08:43	09:21	12:57
16 All Night Burners	02:37	05:41	07:24	08:59	09:45	13:26
19 Gritstone Girls	02:50	05:55	07:17	09:16	10:00	14:15
DNF Rude Boys Reformed	02:29	05:45				

Old Indefatigables: G.Desforges M.Desforges M.Hayes J.Brian  
 Dark Peak West : A.Ireland B.Harney J.Amies P.Blagborough  
 Beegees : H.Swindells J.Armistead K.Tonkin N.Goldsmith  
 The Grinders : F.Galbraith K.Borman R.Clare J.Kiveal  
 All Night Burners : J.Harrison D.Lockwood C.Henson B.Marsden  
 Gritstone Girls : G.Goldsmith M.Greenwood A.Wright C.Turner  
 Rude Boys Reformed: P.Sanderson D.Sant A.Yates R.Beaumeister

\* Dark Peak West: 1st Veteran's team (handicapped by joint ages)  
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This was to be a nostalgic and long awaited return to that lovely land of Ellan Vannin; part of the British Isles but still proudly holding to its ancient independence. I first went over to the Isle of Man in the 1970s and made several return trips at Easter for the Mountain Marathon, the longest of all (1 day) fell races.

When I discovered that my old friends from Keswick, Simon and Mo Cox, were living permanently on the island I was easily persuaded to enter this year's event and combined it with a special trip for Cheltenham Harriers. They all decided to be part of the Easter Athletics Festival and looked upon me as some kind of 'ultra' freak. I was coaxed into running the Good Friday 5.8 mile road race at Douglas and then disappeared to my friends' house at Ballasalla to rest for the big one on Saturday.

The only other Dark Peaker competing was that honorary Manxman John Feist, whom I had already greeted from the window of a steam train trundling its way round to Port Erin, but Mike, our editor, was also there giving welcome moral support along the way. I wanted to at least equal my previous time of 4:50 in 1981 and equipped myself for a fast crossing, gambling on keeping warm under my lifas, secure in the knowledge that my bumbag was stuffed with a protective raintop.

Not far out of Elfin Glen (1 mile) spots of heavy rain splashed onto the road as we crossed and by the time we reached North Barrule the conditions were horrendous with a severe gale blowing sleet and stabbing hail into our faces. I was feeling shivery as early as Black Hut (5 mile) but forced myself onto Snaefell in the belief that it could only get better. At the top I was so disorientated that I lost the path and spiralled off the mountain following the railroad.

At Bungalow I told Mo that I was retiring to save myself for the London Marathon but just then Simon appeared full of confidence so I found myself reluctantly heading for Injbreck having grabbed an extra sweat top. On the way my speech slurred to such an extent that I practised talking to myself to monitor my condition, wondering whether I would succumb to exposure.

Fortunately, the worst was over and the weather brightened as I climbed Colden (11 miles). I was way behind schedule but warming up in the increasingly sunny weather and, above all, it was the pleasure of being on the Manx hills that kept me going.

The 'new' route to St. Johns (used since 1987) seemed an improvement on the old one even though it added nearly a mile to the distance. A quick wave from Stephanie Quirk, marshalling on Cronk-ny-Arry-Laa saw me in a good mood for the lovely descent to Sloc. The final climb from Fleshwick (28 miles) to Bradda Head was hot work and it was strange to think how awful the weather had been earlier on. My strong finish convinced me that the decision at Bungalow to continue was not so foolhardy after all!









## DPFR TRACK SESSION

No, this is not a leg-pull, or a misprint. A small but growing number of Dark Peak members find it worthwhile to spend time every week running round and round a flat, 400 metre oval at Attercliffe, and invite others to give it a try. Crazy? Misguided? Maybe...but, be warned that it can be strangely addictive!

The simple principle of interval training is that, by running faster than race pace for short distances, you acquire the ability to run faster over the distance of a race. (Tony Trowbridge could give a much more precise physiological account of this, but that's the basic idea.) The benefit applies equally to fell running as to road or cross-country.

The advantage of a track over road or country for interval sessions is that the distances covered and times taken for efforts and recoveries are much more precisely controlled, which is essential for maximum benefit. Anyone seeking to improve their performance in any form of running event needs regular interval training. If you have found that your running has stopped improving from year to year over your favourite fell races, despite a weekly mileage of 35 or more, then a weekly track session is for you. However, the required motivation and discipline are much enhanced by working with a group of clubmates.

A typical session begins with a gentle warm-up of at least a mile's jogging, either on the track itself or by way of getting there. Then we do a series of easy drills to complete the warm-up and prepare for fast running by taking legs and arms through the necessary range of movement. The efforts themselves might consist of 8 runs of 600 metres separated by 90-second recoveries, 6 of 800 or 1000 metres with 2-minute recoveries, or 6 sets of 3, 200-metre efforts with short and decreasing recoveries between the efforts within each set, but a constant 2-minute recovery between sets. Another variation is a 'pyramid' in which the efforts start at 100 or 200 metres, get progressively longer until (say) 1500 is reached, before decreasing again. Finally, a warm-down jog of a mile or so is desirable. The whole session takes no more than an hour.

We cater for runners of differing abilities by matching the time taken for each effort rather than the actual distance, so that slower people will actually run slightly less far than the faster ones each time. Do not be intimidated by the non-DPFR elite runners zooming around the track -- remind yourself that you'd beat them all over a long fell race, and that you're there to enjoy yourself and improve your own race times, not to compete with track specialists.

Track rules, for safety and courtesy: run anti-clockwise; avoid the grass centre on account of lethal missiles; only use the inner lanes for efforts and jog in outer lanes, use (and heed!) the call 'track!' which warns people to get out of the way of someone running fast.





