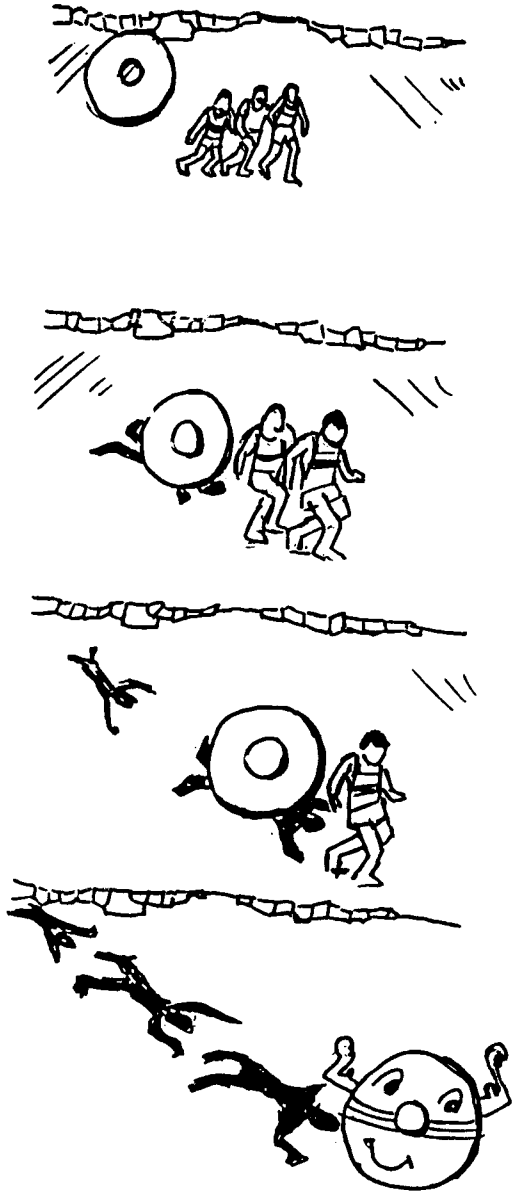


dark
peak
news

WINTER
90 - 91



NEWS AND COMING EVENTS

OBITUARY - IAN ROBERTS

I remember at one of the early Dark Peak Club Dinners, listening to Eric Mitchell talk about his feelings for our new sport of fell running. Eric didn't dwell on winning, losing, personal bests, training etc., he told us about fellowship on the hills and friendship which is the real root of our sport.

On the 7th September Ian Roberts died after a courageous fight against illness. Ian was a true friend to many of us in the Dark Peak, both east and west of the Pennines, and personified the real spirit of fellowship on the hills.

Ian joined the club in the early years and in particular encouraged those of us west of the Pennines to meet up regularly as Dark Peak members. I know that Eric Mitchell, Alan Ireland and I all feel privileged to have been part of Ian's group. Ian also had strong links with club members in Sheffield and I know that his friends, Roger Baumeister and Brian Harney, who covered many miles with Ian, will miss him.

Ian was an excellent long distance fell runner. His natural modesty prevented him from talking about his personal achievements. I am sure that it is not well known that Ian won the Welsh 100, the first Kinder Trog and completed the Bob Graham Round in one summer.

Ian's illness was a great shock to us all but the great love and devotion of Ian's wife, Joyce, and their three sons, ensured the continued real quality of Ian's last years. Ian was very proud of his family and rightly so.

I have lost a great friend but I have been enormously privileged to have known Ian.

Alan Bond

CLUB RUNS

Winter training runs continue, 6:30pm from The Sportsman, with the usual two alternatives:

On the roads for a 1h 20m exploration of either Stannington, Dore, Loxley or other equally hilly part of Sheffield. Please wear something light, preferably reflective.

CLUB CHAMPIONSHIPS AND HANDICAP 1990

SOCIABLE FELL RUNNING

Twenty seconds to go; a thin xeroxed map in a polybag is thrust into my hand. Ah-ha! First checkpoint the Jubilee Hut, the second checkpoint Seal Stones. What a fluke; a week ago I had visited these checkpoints on a training run.

Go! Decisions, decisions; which is the best route around Ringing Roger? Run to the stile and then to the first of the zig-zags, straight on and bear right across the heather (bad line?) to the west of Ringing Roger. Andy Bell has pulled away and disappears over Kinder Edge. I reach the edge, big Bob has caught up the one minute advantage that I had. Straight over the moor, too many groughs, to Madwoman's Stones and then for the burnt heather, nice sheep track here, to the Northern promontory; Bob's going off left. Good, there's the wall and the hut chimney - go for it.

"Hello Roger"; big Bob thunders in. "Come on Bob" - no reply - he's taking it seriously! "Hi Kevin"; he says that he's made a major mistake by following Jim Fulton into Jagers Clough. I push on to the edge path around Blackden, big Bob has taken a lower line on the right. "Come on John Ed"; he talks to me and I fall over! As always, John is profusely apologetic. Bob is now on my left. I finally get to the edge path and run with Bob. Catch a glimpse of Andy Harmer rushing to Jubilee Hut; I bet he takes the 'mans' route via Blackden Stream and up to Seal Stones. "Come on Frank (Galbraith)..., come on Andy (Malkin)"; Where did you get those white tights. Reach the head of Blackden, looks crowded, Chris Stamp and lots of others.

Better check the route to the sheepfold. Down into Crowden? No, wait, there seems to be a lot of contours, better go to the head of Crowden and down the nose. There's Tim Tett cruising along. Head with Big Bob over the moor to Grindsbrook - this is surprisingly free of groughs. "Go on Graham, you can get him", shouts Will. No I'm struggling to keep up. Ah, Grindsbrook, Bob is going left. Bang - fallen down again. Push on, wander left and meet Bob again. There's a nice path under Crowden Tower; looks like Keith (Tonkin), Dave (Holmes), Colin (Hughes) and Jonathon (Cant) are on this path. Good, we've caught the other four. Over the wall - is this right? No, but Bob's off down the hill. The other four peel off left; lovely, there's the sheepfold. "Hi Malcolm, number eighty".

Down to Crowden, must get some new P.B's, fallen over again. Next checkpoint, between two ponds; but not according to the map; "What do you think Colin?". Yes, best go to the map checkpoint. Colin right behind, others climb up the brook that runs from Grindslow knoll into Crowden. I'll go up the right hand side. Fall into the stream! I'll hedge my bets and go between the knoll and the ponds. Can see the ponds, nobody there, head for the crowds. Ah, there's Enid and Tom. "Enid, the control description is wrong". I run off. "Number Please!"... "Eighty, eighty, eighty".

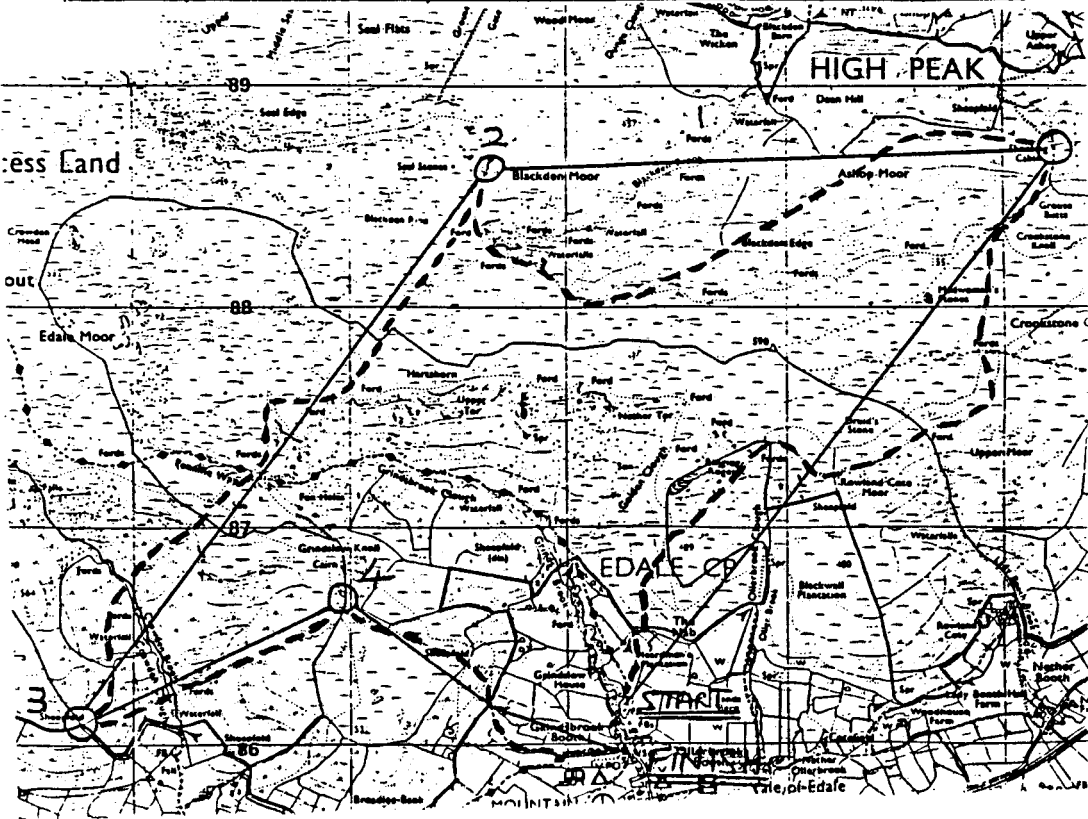
Dark Peak Fell Runners Club Championships 1990

Position	Name	Time at			
		Checkpoint 1	Checkpoint 2	Checkpoint 3	Finish
1	Tim Tett	22-20	44-25	1-04-00	1-25-04
2	Graham Berry (V)		49-20	1-11-00	1-34-20
3	Bob Berzins	24-30	48-20	1-15-00	1-35-36
4	Phil Crowson	Handicap winner	49-35	1-14-00	1-36-03
5	Graham Band		49-25	1-15-00	1-37-08
6	Keith Tonkin		50-00	1-14-30	1-39-24
7	Andy Forsyth		51-50	1-17-30	1-40-03
8	Dave Holmes		51-30	1-16-00	1-40-25
9	Andy Bell		46-30	1-20-00	1-40-58
10	Colin Hughes			1-17-30	1-41-04
11	Andy Harmer (V)	27-00	54-20	1-19-00	1-42-54
12	Jonathan Cant		52-15	1-19-00	1-43-10
13	John Armistead (V)		54-00	1-19-00	1-43-58
14	Rob Sanby		54-50	1-20-30	1-45-16
15	Chris Stamp		55-15	1-22-00	1-45-23
16	George Jackson (SV)		56-00	1-20-30	1-45-28
17	Mike Pedley		54-05	1-21-00	1-46-16
18	Nigel Robinson		55-45	1-22-00	1-47-17
19	Bob Marsden (V)		55-55	1-21-30	1-48-26
20	Andy Gomm		57-00	1-24-00	1-48-32
21	Alan Yates (V)		56-00	1-25-00	1-48-38
22	Alex Pryor		53-50	1-23-30	1-49-36
23	Tom Cochrane (V)	28-00	54-05	1-24-00	1-49-39
24	Paul Sanderson		57-15	1-27-00	1-49-45
25	Frank Thomas (V)		56-45	1-27-00	1-50-49
26	Neil Goldsmith (V)		57-20	1-25-30	1-51-21
27	Matt Simms		57-15	1-25-30	1-52-02
28	Ray Aucott (V)		1-03-30	1-31-30	1-54-41
29	Barry Needle (V)		57-30	1-30-00	1-54-51
30	Howard White (V)	35-00	1-03-30	1-30-00	1-58-18
31	Hugh Cotton (V)		58-35	1-31-30	1-58-20
32	Jackie Smith (L)		59-30	1-34-00	1-59-45
33	Bill Kenyon (SV)		1-00-00	1-33-00	2-01-44
34	Chez Demengel (L)		1-06-40	1-34-00	2-02-04
35	Gerry Goldsmith (LV)		1-08-45	1-41-00	2-08-39
36	Colin Henson (SV)		1-07-40	1-38-30	2-08-40
37	Dave Pearce (V)		1-00-35	1-34-30	2-11-37
38	Ann Whatmore (L)		1-02-45	1-41-30	2-11-55
39	Will McClewin (SV)		1-12-35	1-44-30	2-14-11
40	Martin Spence		1-06-35	1-38-30	2-14-42
41	Jim Orrell (V)		1-14-10	1-42-00	2-16-23
42	Jim Fulton		1-21-25	1-49-00	2-17-26
43	Kevin Borman (V)		1-15-40	1-48-00	2-18-35
44	Tim Mackey		59-10	1-37-00	2-18-57
45	Clive Last	51-00	1-20-55	1-48-00	2-22-02
46	Róy Small		1-03-00	1-39-30	2-22-25
47	Frank Galbraith (SV)		1-16-05	1-52-00	2-24-15

Dark Peak Fell Runners Club Championships 1990

Time at

Position	Name	Checkpoint 1	Checkpoint 2	Checkpoint 3	Finish
48	Paul Haines		1-11-10	1-47-00	2-31-25
49	Harry Bell		1-11-50	1-55-30	2-36-47
50	Keith Foster (SV+)		1-14-30	1-51-30	2-37-01
51	Peter Koin (SV)		1-21-55	1-52-30	2-37-47
52	Andy Malkin (V)		1-13-05	2-02-00	2-42-04
53	John Edwards (SV)		1-27-25		3-01-35
54	Chris Hailey		1-27-10	2-34-00	3-20-20
55	Peter Price		1-13-10	2-05-00	3-40-00
	Trish Koin (LV)	40-00	1-14-20	Retired	
	Dave Lockwood (V)		Retired		
	Graham Bell		Retired		
	Ed Hutt		53-00	Retired	



A PERFECT (PERTEX?) WEEKEND

It began well enough. I got to Edale for the Club Championships early enough and on the correct day. Under the new arrangements, I was denied my familiar number and, along with other unfortunates, found I had been assigned a kamikazee role. In spite of these portents I set off optimistically enough and soon passed the John Edwards reincarnation. The new version had a 'Why wasn't my start time on Friday afternoon?' expression and a death-rattle breathing style even more pronounced than that of the previous version.

After Ringing Roger (I think) I cunningly allowed Colin Henson to get within hailing distance and enquired whether he had seen Madwoman's Stones recently. He pointed ahead left. My supplementary question of whether he was sure produced an admission of uncertainty, and perhaps they were those back right. Thinking that I knew where Crookstone Knoll was (and it IS on some maps!) I forged ahead and was soon climbing up to the first control. Soon enough to greet all sorts of people (well it's that sort of club) most of whom I'd hoped not to see until after the finish.

A similarly exotic route choice, though much less lonely, saw me at the second control along with the superstars and eventually I was given remission at Edale and told that I had suffered enough.

The nightmarish quality of the morning's events was maintained at the Jolly Roger Inn by the price of the beer. In Greater Manchester the best beer in the World, Holts Bitter, is 76p per pint!

In the evening I thought that I was only about ten minutes late arriving at the Rising Sun for the Club Dinner. In fact I was about a year and ten minutes late. All the people I might have 'phoned to ask where it was I should have been were already there.

At home I reflected that worse things have happened, to Jeff Harrison at least. My philosophical reverie was interrupted by a 'phone call from Alan Yates with a totally unexpected piece of news. He was aware that his announcement to the assembled throng had met with some dissent and he was clearly delighted with this immediate justification of his choice of Pertex Award winner.

In fact, had the Club Dinner not been in the wrong place, I would have joined in the dissent. I agree that on the Mont Blanc expedition the assembled party was hopelessly incompatible; that the training route was substantially more fraught than the ascent of Mont Blanc itself; that under my guidance Alan did slide down an ice slope and narrowly miss ending up at the bottom of a crevasse; that having administered the last rites for Graham Berry and left him for dead at the Vallot Hut, when we returned from the summit he was prancing about so that I had to climb to the summit again with him. So, OK, the arrangements were not perfect. None of this was incompetence, just minor ripples on an otherwise tranquil and well ordered voyage. The only incompetence I will admit to is not making a better job of the crevasse incident and thereby ridding us of this turbulent beast!

The Sunday after the Championships/Dinner I decided to redeem my reputation at the Cantly Park cross country event. After two and a half hours driving, including a traffic jam just outside Doncaster, I arrived at the entrance to the park in time to see the senior men halfway round the first lap!

At this rate, would-be contenders for 1991 are going to have to kill themselves to stand a chance; mere incompetence will not be enough!

Will McLewin

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DARK PEAK FELL RUNNERS TROPHIES : 1990

This year, some trophies were awarded at the Jolly Rambler, Edale, after the club championships. The remainder were presented at the (very successful) club dinner at the Marquis of Granby.

Club Champion

- 1st Tim Tett
- 2nd Graham Berry
- 3rd Bob Berzins

Veteran's Trophy

- 1st Graham Berry

Frank Galbraith Old Beggars Trophy (1st Over 50)

- 1st George Jackson

Ladies Plate

- 1st Jackie Smith

Lady Veterans Trophy

- 1st Gerry Goldsmith

Eric Mitchell Club Handicap Trophy

- 1st Phil Crowson
- 2nd Graham Band
- 3rd Mike Pedley

Pertex Award (Incompetence on the fells)

- 1st Will McLewin

The Tortoise and the Pragmatist,
Were running map in hand,
They wept like anything and cried,
"Controls need not be manned,
If I could find the SLMM Planner,
I would not shake his hand".

"If SLMM with KIMM and R&R,
Collaborated this year,
Do you suppose", the Tortoise asked,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it", said the pragmatist,
"They'd not get even near".

"SLMM planners come talk with us",
The tortoise turned his face,
"A little chat, some good advice,
Of cut out times and pace,
You might find that this common sense,
Would make a better race"!

The old SLMM Planner stared at him,
Quite clearly seeing red,
The new SLMM Planner rolled his eyes,
And shook his weary head,
Meaning to say he'd made the race,
A competitor's dread.

Two young SLMM runners scurried up,
All keen for good advice,
Their maps were marked, control sites clear,
Their course choice fair and right,
And this was odd because,
They'd done the KIMM run twice.

Four more competitors ran up,
And yet another four,
And thick and fast they thundered in,
And more and more and more,
All streaming off the claggy fells,
And dashing to SLMM's door.

The Tortoise and the Pragmatist,
Ran on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock,
Conveniently low,
While the SLMM organisers stood,
And panted in a row.

"The time has come", the Tortoise gasped,
"To complain of many things,
Of SLMM and KIMM and Rock & Run,
And whether pigs have wings",
"I doubt it", said the Pragmatist,
"It wouldn't change a thing".

"But just a mo", the Planners said,
"Before we have our chat,
For most of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat",
"Don't worry", said the Pragmatist,
"We'll soon take care of that".

"We'd like the A course hard and long,
B courses just less tough,
But keep the C course moderate,
For those of modest puff,
Only elites should be squeezed dry,
They're made of sterner stuff".

"Make route choice count, make controls clear,
Not concealed in a rut,
We've had our fill of closed controls,
And marshals giving up,
Don't drop us from dizzy heights,
And make us slog back up".

"We also need fair cut out times,
To help us to complete,
That which we set out to achieve,
Without our winged feet,
It isn't really fair you know,
To favour just the fleet".

"A decent meal", the Tortoise said,
"Is what we lastly need,
Veggies and carnivores alike,
All need a decent feed,
Just make provision, Planner dear,
Simplicity indeed".

"And why must those who last it out,
To reach the overnight camp,
Be forced to pitch their little green tent,
On some enormous swamp?
Even the masochistic don't,
Like sleeping in the damp".

"It would be wise if orange juice,
Were waiting at the end,
Instead of fighting through the queue,
Of sandwiches and friends,
A pint or two would surely do,
To put us on the mend".

"It was so kind of you to come,
And hear us give advice",
The Pragmatist said nothing but,
"Please remedy your vice,
We wish you were not quite so deaf,
We've had to say it twice".

TO KINLOCH RANNOCH (not spelt with a K)
WHICH IS NOT TOO FAR FROM THE SILVERY TAY

Oh all were most surprised to hear the news that day
The Karrimor was to be held close to the Silvery Tay
Which was alas a very very long way
Yes the fair glen of Rannoch was to be the scene that day
of a joyous assembly of tents brown and green
and some of hues which were somewhere in between

Now as the television was heard to say
The weather forecast it was dire and grey
saying that storms and tempests were heading that way
and that a great depression would soon be lay
across the mountains north of wild Glen Lyon
a place where we our hardest would be tryin'

But nonetheless we journeyed up the motorway
to the village of Kinloch Rannoch(not spelt with a K
despite what the official sweatshirt did say)
and at night upon the boggy ground we lay
listening to the rain falling all around
it made a most depressing and a dreary sound

As morning came we up and rushed away
through wood and mountain, bog and bracken gay
we crossed dour moor much of which I cannot say
except it had many tussocks which got in our way
we waded rivers drinking our Isostar
which kept us going when we had gone quite far

My stout companion, Fergus Galbraith to me did say
"I think I've had enough of this today
I'm glad the campsite's no'so far away
and I'm bloody glad we're no'doing the A"
so down the hill on weary legs we tramped
and having handed in our cards we camped

The night was braw as in our wee tents we lay
eating a meal which tasted a bit like hay
and thought of wet places we had been that day
and the even wetter ones on our homeward way
but after many yarns we at last got bored
conversation ceased, we fell asleep, some snored

The morning came and we set off on our way
avoiding the disgusting latrines I'm pleased to say
that would have made a nasty start to the day
(someone fell in the trench last year they say)
but with an early start we left behind the crowds
climbed the hill and vanished into the clouds

Several hours later after midday
we came back down to Kinloch Rannoch(not spelt with a K
despite what the official sweatshirt did say)
and we crossed the finish line to a loud "hurray"
well at least young Paul was there to give us a clap
he really was a most encouraging chap

Ed. At least one woman has attempted the course and, I think, finished. However, for confirmation of this we'll have to wait until Sarah and John Herbert come back next November from their 'round the World' trip.

1	Andy Harmer	37:22	6	Alan Yates	43:22
2	Graham Berry	39:50	7	Howard Swindells	44:44
3	Bob Berzins	40:30	8	Clive Bellis	45:45
4	Mike Hayes	42:30	9	Roger Woods	46:30
5	John Herbert	43:00	10	Will McLewin	48:30

Record : Andy Harmer 36:59 (1988)

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13th CROOKSTONE CRASHOUT : 20 JUNE 1990

After a coolish June, conditions on top were ultra fast and a breeze faced the runners on the way out. Dave Cartwright of Penistone made a solid effort on the first (and only!) climb as Mike Meysner was away on holiday! After that I had a reasonable, if not big, lead over Tim at the trig; coming back I went well and was pleased to dip under 30. Mike Wainwright, making a guest appearance, did well and Richard Horsefield is showing well alongside many seasoned campaigners. Will McLewin showed a suggestion of what he could be capable of when not painting trigs or leading tourists up the White Mountain.

Andy Harmer

1	Andy Harmer	29:59	14	Tim Mackey	36:35
2	Tim Tett	30:53	15	Mike Pedley	38:27
3	Mark Harvey	32:02	16	Jim Fulton	38:29
4	Dave Cartwright (Pen)	32:45	17	Dave Moseley	38:54
5	Bob Berzins	32:57	18	Kevin Borman	39:05
6	Colin Hughes	33:33	19	Will McLewin	39:14
7	Mike Wainwright (Hal)	33:48	20	Clive Last	39:31
8	Pete Gorvett	33:52	21	Paul Haines	39:53
9	Dave Holmes	33:56	22	Dave Lockwood	40:22
10	Ian Wainwright (Hal)	35:30	23	Terry Sayles	40:42
11	Richard Horsefield	36:24	24	S. Oak	46:04
12	Alan Yates	36:30	25	Hugh Cotton	46:26
13	George Jackson	36:32			

Records: Malcolm Patterson 29:37 (course) 1986
 Andy Harmer 29:40 (vets.) 1989
 Jacky Smith 35:36 (lady) 1989

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UP THE NAB : 15 AUGUST 1990

1	J. Cookson (ECH)	25:13
5	M. Harvey	27:19
12	P. Crowson	28:00
21	M. Simms	29:27
36	J. Herbert	30:35
61	R. Small	32:41
62	J. Fulton	32:44
88	T. Woodhouse	35:23
101	B. Wardle	38:42

113 finished

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ALPORT CASTLE WADDLE : 22 AUGUST 1990

Walkabouts galore on a rare misty summer evening in the Peak. Dave Holmes tried three times to get completely lost but failed each time after valiant attempts and reached the finish.

1	Tim Tett	1:01:32	12	Dave Holmes	1:24:24
2	Bob Berzins	1:08:23	13	Paul Sanderson	1:24:30
3	Mark Harvey	1:08:30	14	Mike Browell	1:25:44
4	Phil Crowson	1:08:42	15	Mike Pedley	1:25:46
5	Malcolm Patterson	1:17:10	16	Howard Swindells	1:26:25
6	Alan Yates	1:17:10	17	Roy Small	1:26:55
7	Bob Marsden	1:22:40	18	Peter Kohn	1:32:31
8	Hugh Cotton	1:22:42	19	Graham Bell	1:42:00
9	George Jackson	1:23:36	20	Frank Galbraith	1:42:00
10	Philip Weetcroft	1:23:47	21	Pete Dyke	1:42:00
11	Tim Mackey	1:23:52	22	Colin Henson	1:42:00

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HEROD FARM : 22 AUGUST 1990

A lovely little race that starts and finishes at a Boddies pub, a definite bonus. I saw Will at the start and again at the finish, where he was waiting to hurl abuse, but nowhere in between. Will collected four cans of beer, for being 1st vet. 0/50, which he promptly shared with me.

1	A. Trigg (Glossopdale)
28	W. McLewin
35	T. Woodhouse

41 finished

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BRECON BEACONS FELL RACE : 25 AUGUST 1990

1	A. Trigg (Glossopdale)	2:35:56
4	K. Hagley	2:42:22
7	F. Thomas	2:53:53
25	R. Sanby	3:22:26

54 finished

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EYAM FELL RACE : 28 AUGUST 1990

Longer than the average local evening race and more road but the fell runners get their own back in the last mile which features a steep woodland descent.

1	T. Parr (?)	36:17	53	R. Small	47:03
5	P. Crowson	39:02	57	P. Dyke	47:33
11	P. Gorvett	41:51	70	F. Galbraith	49:22
18	R. Horsfield	42:16	71	M. Browell	49:54
27	M. Pedley	43:19	77	T. Woodhouse	50:51
28	J. Herbert	43:21	81	T. Norris	51:24
35	T. Mackey	44:30	92	B. Wardle	55:35
47	D. Lockwood	45:36			

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PEAK CHALLENGE : 1 SEPTEMBER 1990

A good sunny day saw the usual small collection of Dark Peakers enhancing their Karrimor training by muscling in on what is primarily a walker's event. Chris Stamp came very close to glory in the long event whilst Kenny Rowe of Hallamshire ought seriously to be considered for the Pertex Award. Leading off Whin Hill he turned right at the end of the Alport (?) viaduct and reached Cutthroat Bridge before realising that he had gone wrong. At Back Tor he switched to the short course and passed us just before Lost Lad Hillend. He was still within earshot at the site of Bamford House (the point at which one cuts down to Derwent Reservoir) and we managed to persuade him not to go onto Abbey Brook. However, at the Hagg Farm/Lockerbrook crossing he again went wrong and ended up at Rowlee Bridge instead of Haggwater Bridge. In the end, the first runner on the Long Course almost ended up last runner on the Short Course.

<u>Long</u>		<u>Short</u>		Peter Kohn
1	J. Whitehead (?)	4h 20m	7	T. Kohn
2	C. Stamp	4h 21m	8	P. Kohn
5	P. Gorvett	4h 40m		
6	D. Lockwood	4h 46m	130	finished
18	T. Sayles	6h 18m		

129 finished

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KINDER DOWNFALL : 22 APRIL 1990

1	M. Prady (Glossop)	1:07:44	166	J. Smith	1:25:58
7	M. Patterson	1:09:07	169	T. Mackey	1:26:12
10	K. Hagley	1:10:48	174	B. Needle	1:26:43
25	B. Toogood	1:12:53	176	D. Sant	1:26:56
29	J. Cant	1:13:40	195	H. Swindells	1:28:43
33	M. Harvey	1:14:41	206	J. Fulton	1:30:21
42	G. Berry	1:15:38	213	K. Borman	1:31:11
45	G. Band	1:15:47	221	C. Last	1:32:50
79	J. Armistead	1:20:03	224	W. McLewin	1:33:27
86	A. Pryor	1:20:30	230	J. Harvey	1:33:59
109	B. Sprakes	1:22:07	239	N. Soper	1:35:09
110	B. Thackery	1:22:09	252	C. DeMengel	1:36:27
120	R. Horsefield	1:23:12	253	M. Cox	1:36:29
121	A. Yates	1:23:12	256	T. Woodhouse	1:36:36
138	R. Sanby	1:24:46	270	T. Rogers	1:38:36
139	R. Woods	1:24:47	281	E. Mitchell	1:39:28
164	J. Herbert	1:25:55	328	B. Wardle	1:54:46

341 finished

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KINDER TROG : 17 JUNE 1990

1	M. Whyatt (Gloss.)	1:50:12	119	J. Fulton	2:38:30
2	M. Jubb	1:50:39	121	J. Harvey	2:39:38
19	G. Band	2:05:31	160	B. Wardle	3:08:18
100	C. Last	2:29:40	161	T. Woodhouse	3:08:19
104	A. Bond	2:31:34	174	P. Griffies	3:47:01

177 started

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MOUNT FAMINE : 24 JUNE 1990

1	G. Bland (Keswick)	42:03	146	W. McLewin	59:51
2	M. Jubb	42:14	158	J. Harvey	1:01:50
39	G. Band	50:08	173	T. Woodhouse	1:06:37
125	J. Fulton	57:51	193	J. Cant	1:12:41

199 finished

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LANTERN PIKE : 15 SEPTEMBER 1990

1	D. Crooks (ECH)	31:18	134	J. Fulton	43:22
19	G. Berry [3rd Vet.]	34:55	141	A. Bond	43:43
20	P. Crowson	35:08	163	J. Harvey	45:54
21	G. Band	35:21	164	T. Woodhouse	45:55
99	P. Guerrier	40:08	188	B. Wardle	49:00

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CUTLERS RELAY : GRAVES PARK : 7 OCTOBER

Men 5 x 2 miles. Ladies 3 x 2 miles.

The opening gambit for the cross country squad 1990. Two full teams finished for the men and one for the ladies. Original team placings were rather tight (there were vacancies in all the second teams.) Last minute substitutions took place and the 1st team came in eighth overall, beaten by fast teams with an average age of 20 years. Only Andy Bell could come close to this. In the end only two minutes adrift on the winners - a fine performance.

The second team was depleted to fill the first, hence David Shapiro and I ran twice. David and Pete Gorvett ran as the only members of the third team, both recording times faster than members of other "specialist" cross country clubs. Chez ran as sole representative of the ladies second team (we are short of ladies - Roger Beaumeister take note!)

The ladies first team came third, beaten by two very strong teams from Birmingham University (as usual). They were therefore the best of the local clubs.

Thanks to all runners for agreeing to suffer on the day, and to the supporters who came to shout words of encouragement "Gerrup that hill" etc. Captain's gold star to David Shapiro for running two legs at almost exactly the same pace (Ed. If one leg does not run at almost exactly the same pace as the other, he'd fall over!) then going off for a "steady 20".

Commiserations to Phil Murray, leaving Dark Peak to run in better quality team events and being beaten into 16th place by the Dark Peak A Team. The B Team was only 2 minutes behind!

Mens Teams

1	Birmingham University A	46:55
2	Sheffield AC	47:03
8	Dark Peak A	49:13
21	Dark Peak B	54:31

27 finished

Dark Peak A	Tim Tett	9:22
	Bob Toogood	9:54
	Pete Morris	9:53
	Andy Bell	9:43
	Graham Berry	10:21
Dark Peak B	Ed Hutt	10:40
	John Armistead	10:35
	Chris Stamp	10:53
	Ed Hutt	10:47
	David Shapiro	11:36
Dark Peak C	David Shapiro	11:39
	Peter Gorvett	11:55

