

SPRING 91

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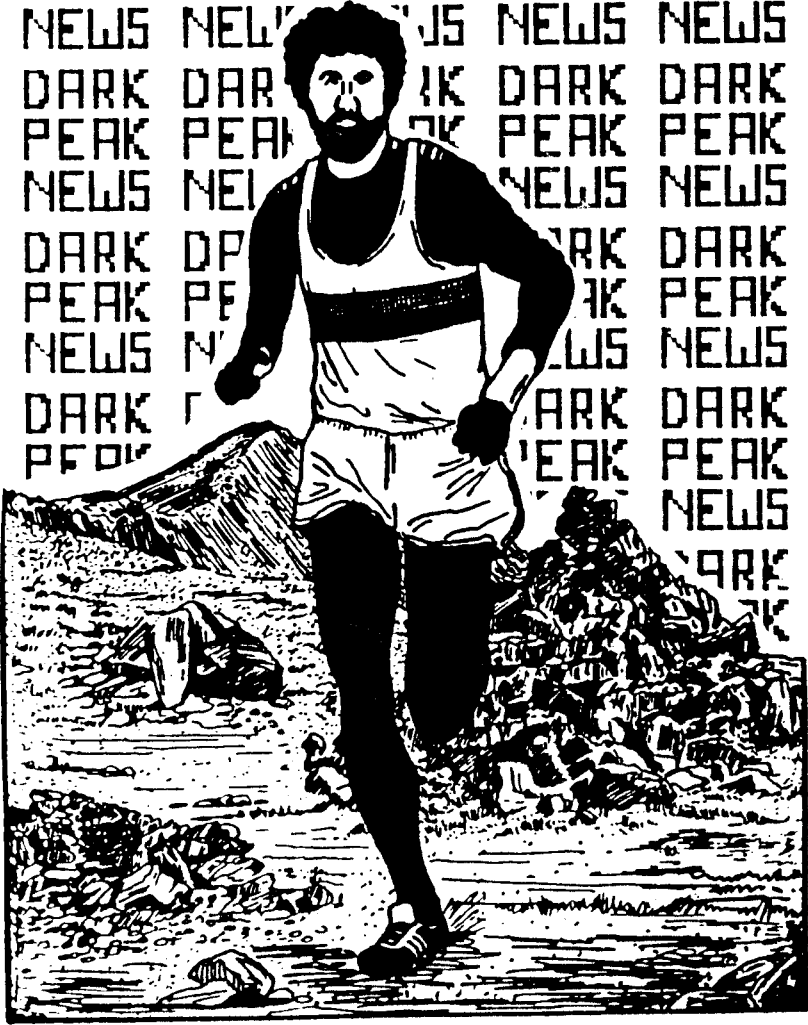
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 NEWS AND COMING EVENTS

CLUB RUNS

After two mild winters, the recent months have seen a return to some 'classic' weather for Wednesday night runs. The christmas run, on a frosty night, saw 40 Dark Peakers gather at the Headstone (a record?) for carols and mince pies. The heavy frosts of January and ensuing snow of February saw a few good routes and even the hint of an epic on the roads as they headed off down Limb valley one icy Wednesday and were out about 1h 45m. Even in the heaviest snows of February the (growing) band of fell runners were out on the moors. Despite the non-appearance of their spiritual leaders that night, a few hardy souls reached High Neb.

Summer Programme

With the summer on its way(!) training runs return to their 'out-of-town' locations. This summer the emphasis is on variety with a mixture of races and 'special events' plus some new venues to try. In particular, there will be a special occasion at the Sportsman on May 8th. Additionally, look out for the runs from Mam Tor car park and Snake lay-by to enable **Dark Peak West** members to train and socialise with the Eastern regulars. It is also intended to invite other local fell running clubs to one of our training evenings e.g. Totley and Denby Dale. Some suggested pubs are also shown for those who may miss the main training run!

<u>Date</u>	<u>Venue</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>Suggested pub</u>
Apr 3	Sportsman (SK282862)	6:30	Sportsman
10	Cutthroat Bridge (SK216875)	6:45	Ladybower
17	Longshaw (SK267800)	6:45	Fox House
24	Grindleford Cafe (SK251787)	6:30	Grindleford Cafe
May 1	RACE: Back Tor and Back	6:45	Strines
8	Sportsman: SPECIAL EVENT	6:30	Sportsman
15	Mam Nick (SK126832)	7:00	?, Castleton
22	RACE: Kinder Springs	7:00	Ladybower (?)
29	Fairholmes (SK173891)	7:00	Ladybower
Jun 5	Sportsman	6:30	Sportsman
12	RACE: Alport	7:00	Ladybower
19	Langsett (SE211005)	7:00	Wagon & Horses
26	RACE: Crookstone Crashout	7:00	Ladybower

Further provisional venues

Jul 3	Cutthroat Bridge	6:45
10	Mam Nick	7:00
17	RACE: Bamford	7:30
24	RACE: Cakes of Bread	7:00
31	Sportsman	6:30
Aug 7	RACE: Bradwell	7:30
14	Lower Bradfield	6:45
21	Sportsman	7:00
28	Snake Lay-by	7:00
Sep 4	Cutthroat Bridge	6:45
11	Longshaw	6:30
18	Sportsman	6:30

LETTERS

LETTERS FROM ANTARCTICA

As some of you will know, Ben Hodges has once again headed South to work in Antarctica and get away from the British Winter! He has kept in touch with a series of postcards (available for inspection in the Sportsman) the text from which is reproduced below (apologies to Ben for any misinterpretations of his hand writing!).

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17 NOVEMBER 1990

Approaching Bird Island, extreme tip of South Georgia. Home of Wandering Albatross, Geologists and Twitchers. Weather pretty rough and boat rolling all over the place. Quite cold and have broken out the Polar gear although it may only be pouring with rain.

Spending a few days in South Georgia waiting for the ice to break up in the Weddell Sea before moving South into Halley Bay. Unfortunately will get no chance to climb anything on South Georgia.

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27 NOVEMBER 1990

Approximately 69' South, 07' West in heavy pack ice. Crossed Antarctic Circle on 22nd. Pack ice now solid 360 degrees to the horizon, not a drop of water in sight!

P.S. (22 Dec.) Arrived 22 December after a rough time in heavy ice, leave 28 Jan. for repairs in Capetown.

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25 DECEMBER 1990

Fitness all gone to hell, a stone over-weight, lungs gasping in sub-zero air, frightened to death about the chances of doing a Shackleton in the Weddell Sea, knackered altogether already, homesick, seasick and why? Because its there! Regrets to all.

Wish you were here, and I was there,
It's hell below zero and I bet you don't care!

P.S. Runner-up in Antarctic conker championships.

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FEATURES

WADERS, DISTURBANCE AND ACCESS

When I'm not gasping along at 110% of my race pace trying to keep up with the Wednesday night pack, one of my interests is bird watching. Sometimes the two coincide, as when three short eared owls went quartering their territory one Wednesday in July as we followed the conduit towards Moscar. I'm not thinking here of red grouse which, after all, are just being raised to be blasted out of the skies, though I'll refer to them later in a different context. Among the species I've seen while out on our local moors are stonechat, merlin, ring ouzel, dipper, grey wagtail and peregrine.

I have some interest in the impact of our activities on moorland bird numbers and I'll now concentrate on the waders - golden plover, dunlin and curlew - which breed in significant numbers in the Peak District. Golden Plovers are found in areas dominated by cotton grass, crowberry and bilberry. The Peak held up to 400 pairs in the early 70's though perhaps fewer now. Dunlin, liking wet areas with peaty pools, amount to maybe 150 pairs. In 1989 Ringinglow Moor alone held 14 pairs of breeding Curlews as well as other species such as Twite.

The habitat favoured by birds is, as you will notice, precisely that preferred by fell runners. I've lost count the number of times I've heard the mournful calls of golden plover above Alport or among Kinder's desolate groughs. For me this adds an extra dimension to being on the hills.

While incubating, Golden Plovers sit tight on their eggs and are very tolerant of disturbance. Because of this they are unlikely to be noticed but once they have young, at about the end of May, they are easily disturbed, giving alarm calls and flying off. The 'alarming distance' for Golden Plovers averages about 200m but may be as much as 500m. For Dunlin this distance is about 40m but may be as little as 10m. Curlews are the most sensitive, being disturbed at 400m and occasionally as far away as 1km. Repeated disturbance may cause the birds to move, though this may not be an option depending upon constraints from birds in adjacent territories.

Whether these facts should affect where and when we run is a complex issue and the scale of fell running compared to hillwalking suggests that perhaps we do little damage, but it is well that we are aware of the facts. Limited evidence has shown that when the moors have been closed in April and May due to fire risk, nesting wader numbers have been significantly up. Ultimately it would be a pity if the continuing increase in recreational pressure meant that there was no haunting wader cry to herald the dawn on Bleaklow during Derwent Watersheds of distant future.

While we're at it, mountain hares are at the South-Eastern extremity of their range in the Peak District. How we impact on them is a story I know nothing about.

Very occasionally you see in the distance, tucked into a fold of the land, a clump of trees and as you draw nearer you see they are sheltering a solid white painted building with a red tin roof. A little sign beside the road points you down a dirt track to the estancia. More often it is only the sign you see. A little later you pass a kilometre post: the nearest town is 400km away.

Last summer this desert was a place to cross only, not a place to visit, on our way to the lower reaches of the Andes, to the two great Patagonian ranges: Torres del Paine and Fitzroy. We came, not to climb, but to walk and look and get battered by the wind.

On a wooded hillside a guard opened a gate across a track and we crossed from Argentina into Chile, coming down into Puerto Natales, a bright, windy town of tin lined wooden houses beside the Ultima Esperanza Sound. Black necked swans bobbed at the water's edge and cormorants brooded on the piers of an old jetty. We'd crossed the watershed and the country was wetter, the gardens a riot of flowers and the wind full of moisture and the smells of life.

During the summer a bus leaves every morning for the Torres del Paine Park, passing remote sheep stations where rheas stalked among the flocks. Crossing a low ridge the range was suddenly visible. The sight was like a physical blow. The great towers and glaciated peaks shimmered above the brown land against the pale blue of the early morning sky. We were let off at the park entrance with a rucksack full of food, a sketchy map and no definite plans. An easy path led us over a boggy ridge where guanacos posed for photographs against a backdrop of the mountains. We walked through fields as the ibis honked at us, but all the time the Towers hid themselves shyly behind the more immediate bulk of Cerro Almirante Nieto, just poking their heads over the ridge.

They lured us on all day as we toiled up a long valley above a ferocious river, and arrived at dusk on top of a moraine near the base of the Towers. We camped among the jumbled rocks and watched the light fade behind them until they stood as a vast silhouettes against the star filled sky.

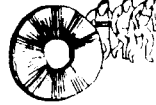
The morning sun was full upon them when we awoke, drawing out the colours of the rock. I can remember no finer campsite.

We returned to the valley of the Rio Paine and for a day followed it North through meadows of daisies where cattle grazed, to Lago Paine and then West into a bleak, boggy sweep of valley lined by cold, high, snow clad peaks. We camped beside Lago Dickson, looking towards the brilliant white of the Stokes Glacier.

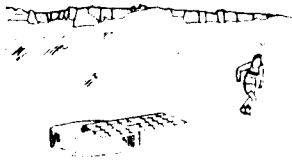
A trail leads up through a forest to a col at about 1500m from where you can descend to the west of the range and circle back to the starting point. The weather turned bad with snow down to 1000m. We camped on the snow line where a blue glacier tumbled out of the roaring clouds and hoped for better things. There was no improvement and with injury and inadequate clothing compounding the situation, we turned and trudged back the way we had come.

FRONT COVER 1990 : THE ANSWER

dark
peak
news



AUTUMN
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Once upon a time, a long time ago, there lived a Neandertal tribe of fell dwellers called the Deepee-effars. They lived in a variety of caves, huts and hovels on and around a particularly bleak tract of boggy moorland. It was a miserable existence, scrabbling around for bogworts and berries, but once a week they would meet up (at the Sportscaveman) to indulge in a ritual event, running in circles across the moor; often in the dark, rain or even snow. When they stopped this meaningless activity the rest of their dreary lives didn't seem quite so purposeless after all!

One night, three members of the tribe, Og, Ug and Ig were feeling so depressed that they went out on a particularly long run via Stange Edge. Whilst stumbling along in the dark, muttering about the futility of life, they were spotted by a passing Pangalactic Being on its way to an inter-galactic orienteering event on the planet O. The Being had four legs and arms, to enable it to run at the speed of light whilst leaping over brambles and brashings, could carry a map, compass and control card whilst operating six stop watches and signing autographs simultaneously and was called Tymtet.

GOING THE DISTANCE

THE RAMSEY ROUND

Spring Bank Holiday saw me on a crowded Glen Nevis campsite. After some fitful dozing I was away from the Youth Hostel and headed up towards my first Munro, Ben Nevis. Waiting on the campsite I'd been a bag of nerves so it was good to get going.

The Ramsey Round covers 24 Munroes: Ben Nevis and the Grey Corries, the Easains to the West of Loch Treig, the 3 tops to the East of Loch Treig and the Mamores. The only road access is at Loch Treig Dam. Apart from the climb up the Ben I was hoping to do the rest of the round in daylight.

As soon as I'd climbed out of the valley the sky lightened and I stopped to fill up my water bottle at the Red Burn. A few spots of rain soon passed and I turned off my headtorch on reaching the summit plateau at about 3am. I crunched across the snowfields in the blue light of dawn to be greeted by a pine-martin (or was it a Yeti?) foraging through the leftovers at the top.

A boulder slope led down to the Carn Mor Dearg arete, and the sky turned orange treating me to a spectacular view of the crags. A short climb led to Carn Mor Dearg before a quick descent to the col beneath the Aonachs. I cursed on finding a stream here, a waste of energy carrying that water from Red Burn. A path led up the broad grassy ridge and dogleg to Aonach Mor whilst Aonach Beag passed quickly a steep descent off Stob Coire Bhealaich.

Along the ridge towards the Grey Corries, Sgurr Choinnich Beag contoured easily before a steep pull up to Sgurr Choinnich Mor. The main ridge provides rocky but fast running before a long descent and a steep climb on scree up to Stob Ban. After a grassy descent down to Lairig Lencach I tried to drink the stream dry, in between eccles cakes. The following climb to Stob Coire Easain was with stomach ache and jellified legs! A quick down and up to Stob Coirie Mheadoin and I got going on the descent to Loch Treig. I lost the path near the bottom and blundered down to the lakeside track, the road head and a few fishermen.

Cross the dam wall, up onto the railway track, a deer fence to negotiate and its back on the hill. The streams marked on the 1:50000 map didn't exist and I became obsessed with getting a drink. Eventually I found enough of a trickle to fill up my water bottles and with no more excuses it was head down for another massive climb up Stob Coire Sgriodain. The weariness soon returned and I reached the top pretty well knackered so I couldn't make the most of the good running to Chno Dearg.

Steep grass and scree led down to the corrie below Meall Garbh and a further heathery descent to the Alt Feith Thuill. 1000ft of hands and knees led to a never ending grassy ridge. Beinn na Lap at last and my spirits lifted; definitely on the way home now. A grassy descent and a good track led to the South end of Loch Treig.

The long valley section to the Mamores was a nightmare. The situation was idyllic: warm sunshine, green meadows and a gently flowing river. I'd expected to fly along this section but instead it was run a bit, walk a bit, fight off the drowsiness and the temptation to bathe my feet in the river. I thought of quitting but luckily there wasn't an easy option, so I plodded on and told myself I'd feel better soon.

The climb up Sgurr Eilde Mor wasn't quite as bad as I expected; the brain was getting numb, an hour disappeared and I was on top. Float along a nice level ridge? No such luck; a big descent, fill up the water bottles and up to Binnean Beag. The ridge opposite Binnean Mor looked very steep so I opted for Garbh Coire to the left. A narrow ridge leads to Na Gruagaichean, then its over the twin peak before another long descent, a plod and a few sit downs to Stob Coire an Chairn. I swayed along the exposed ridge to An Gearanach and wondered how bad I'd have to feel before I gave up!

More food and a lump of snow finally revived me. The going felt easier over Am Bodach and Sgurr An Iubair and I knew that I would finish. I enjoyed the view (and the drop) along Devil's Ridge and the short climb to Sgurr a Mhaim. A return trip along Devil's Ridge and down to Lochan Coirean nam Measach for a very welcome drink. Only two to go but I filled up my water bottles; I didn't want to feel thirsty ever again!

Stob Ban arrived just before 22:00 but the ridge stretched endlessly ahead. I was treated to a fantastic sunset and at 22:38 reached the last top. I was halfway down to the forest before I needed the headtorch but as the path disappeared I made the mistake of plunging straight into the trees. Eventually I reached the road and plodded the last couple of miles to the Youth Hostel. A quick call home, a hot shower, then blissful unconsciousness. Suffered? No, not really, point me at the next one!

A few notes for anyone considering an unsupported round. I carried 5.5 pounds of food: Jelly babies, Bounty bars, Eccles Cakes and cereal bars. This amounted to 10,000 calories of which I managed to eat about two thirds. Plenty of staminade, head torch, spare battery, 3 life tops, tracksters, balaclava, gloves, caquole and overtrousers brought the sac up to 9 pounds. A litre of water added another couple of pounds.

So how about a club attempt next year? The vital statistics are about the same as the BG and with the same decent support I'm sure you'll have an easier time than I did.

Bob Berzins

Ed. I don't think the same type of support could be achieved as on the BG but a club attempt in 1992 would make an excellent long weekend.



OUT AND ABOUT AT THE FRA RELAY CHAMPIONSHIPS



Left: Big Bob and Little Bob!

Below: Neil Goldsmith and John Armistead (but what are they saying?).

Right (upper): All smiles; Wendy Lightfoot and Jacky Smith.

Right (lower): A well earned rest: Chez DeMengel and Ann Watmore.

Photos by: Gerry Goldsmith



SOUTH YORKSHIRE LEAGUE

RACE 2 - CANTLY PARK : 11 OCTOBER 1990

Ladies

1 C. Boyd (RHAC) 24:49
 4 J. Smith 25:18
 11 A. Whatmore 26:40
 20 C. DeMengel 27:54

49 finished

Men

1 J. Maycock (BDH) 37:20
 126 E. Hutt 45:00
 222 finished

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RACE 3 - CAMPSALL : 25 NOVEMBER 1990

Ladies

1 C. Boyd (RHAC) 25:30
 3 J. Smith 25:44
 6 A. Whatmore 26:34
 14 C. DeMengel 27:41

45 finished (4th team)

Men

1 M. Lavender (BDH) 31:07
 51 C. Adams 34:57
 73 E. Hutt 36:14

181 finished

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RACE 4 - GRAVES PARK

Ladies

1 C. Boyd (RHAC) 24:39
 2 J. Smith 24:42
 4 A. Whatmore 25:27
 12 C. DeMengel 27:25

34 finished (2nd team)

Men

1 M. Lavender (BDH) 33:54
 10 M. Patterson 35:12
 46 C. Adams 38:02
 78 E. Hutt 40:21
 100 D. Shapiro 42:18
 122 P. Kohn 44:48
 143 W. McLewin 50:14

Seniors - 7th team

Veterans - 9th team

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YORKSHIRE INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIPS : 15 DECEMBER 1990

1 M. Hawkins (Bingley) 37:21
 27 K. Lilley 41:38
 51 E. Hutt 47:00

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The second race for V40 and V45 was held over the same course and the DPF team consisted of Graham Band, Andy Harmer and Graham Berry. With 101 runners the start was fairly busy but within half lap or so Roy Bailey had strung out the field. Whilst the underfoot conditions would be described as firm to rock hard, spikes could still penetrate the permafrost and were useful on the steep descent where some thawing had occurred.

Andy had made a spirited effort to keep up with the leaders whilst the two Grahams fought it out at the first climb. However, Graham Berry slowly pulled through to catch Andy and record a surprising 7th overall and 1st V45. Andy and Graham Band were 16th and 28th to give the DPF team 5th position.

Graham Berry

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ROAD

LONDON MARATHON ENTRIES

The DPF club places for London went to Mike Browell, Derek Hewitt, and Tim Tett. Known individual entrants who will be running include Colin Henson, Hugh Cotton and Kevin Lilley. We wish all of them (and any unknown others) a good run, and will be reporting their results in the next DP News.

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CLOWNE HALF MARATHON : 25 NOVEMBER 1990

There are few road races to report from the darkest days of winter. However, we were very successful at the Clowne half marathon -- Kevin Lilley won the race and the vets' team prize went to the DPF team of Graham Band, David Shapiro and Tom Cochrane, after the organisers noticed that one of the Sutton vets' team had also scored in the winning senior team. Although this was something of a technical victory, we were pleased enough with the result. Two titles, then, to defend in 1991!

1	K Lilley	70:27
26	Graham Band	77:46
54	D Shapiro	82:39
55	T Cochrane	82:44
130	P Dyke	91:34
172	C Lago	97:18

292 finishers

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COALITE 10K (BOLSOVER) : 30 DECEMBER 1990

Run on a pleasant course just after Christmas, the 1990 race took place on a very windy Sunday.

1	R Bailey (Bingley H)	32:00
2	P Murray (SCS)	32:41
14	D Bird (OWLeicester)	34:12
46	R Marlow	38:05
55	D Shapiro	38:28

205 finishers

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ROAD FIXTURES

How about some ORGANISATION on the roads this year? A few Dark Peakers have run the South Yorkshire League races in previous years. This is a series of 4 Wednesday evening races over 5 miles. The races are as follows:

Maltby	6:45 pm, 10 April
Herringthorpe	7:00 pm, 8 May
Wombwell	7:00 pm, 29 May
Armthorpe	7:15 pm, 5 June

David Shapiro will have numbers -- it's organised just like the cross-country league. You can run in any number of races and count towards our overall score, but must run all to place anywhere worthwhile as an individual.

Let's get ourselves better organised than last year for the Damflask Relay on 26 June! 4 per team, each running a 3.5 mile leg in pleasant surroundings on a Wednesday evening, should be a pleasant outing. If you want to run, let David Shapiro know.

If you'd rather just pick the occasional road race from the extensive spring and summer programme, here are some forthcoming local events -- further information and entry forms from David Shapiro:

Sheffield Easter 10K	31 March
New Barnsley Marathon	7 April
Barnsley Half Marathon	28 April
Rother Valley 10K	4 May
Glossop Half Marathon	5 May
White Peak Marathon (on former railway tracks)	11 May
Tigers 10	14 May
Denby Dale Half	19 May
Wirksworth 4.25 miles	25 May
Barnsley 6 (6.35 miles)	16 June
Rotherham 10K	21 June
Sheffield Marathon and Half	30 June
Penine Marathon	7 July

It is proposed to retain the same format for 1991 as last year: 30 points to first DPER home, 29 to the next etc., with 40 points to the first home if there are more than 30 Dark Peakers in the race etc., best sixteen races to count. Some suggestions have been made that, say, six of the sixteen should be long or medium events. Whilst I feel that the league should remain as simple and informal as possible, I would be happy to implement this proposal if it has wide support. Any comments will be most welcome.

So who will be the 1991 winner? A rejuvenated Graham Berry, the near-missing Andy Harmer (8th 1990, 4th 1989, 2nd 1988, 2nd 1987) or another dark horse?

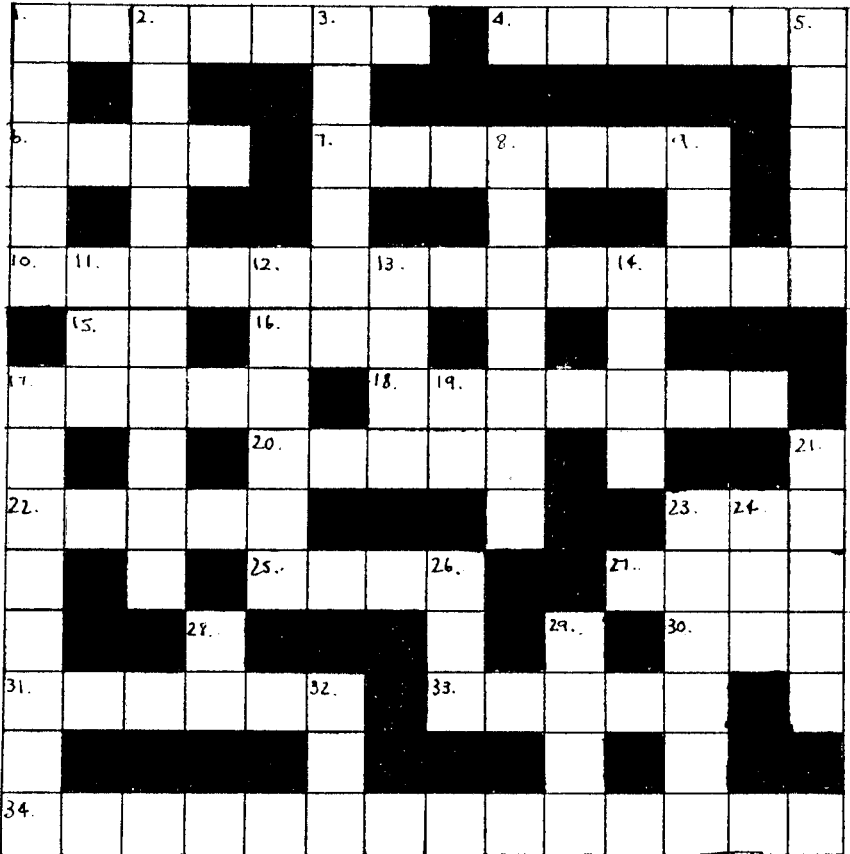
Mike Pedley

(The maximum number of points possible from 16 races was 580)

<u>Pos</u>	<u>(1989)</u>	<u>Name</u>	<u>Total</u>	<u>Races</u>
1	(87)	P Crowson	437	13
2	(39)	G Band	399	12
3	(5)	A Yates	382	14
4	(7)	J Fulton	362	23 (Best 16 to count)
5	(11)	J Armistead	354	11
6	(2)	J Cant	347	10
7	(1)	G Berry	336	10
8	(4)	A Harmer	310	9
9	(15)	M Harvey	310	10
10	(12)	P Gorvett	308	10
11	(6)	J Herbert	293	12
12	(24)	B Berzins	289	9
13	(38)	C Stamp	280	9
14	(75)	M Pedley	278	11
15	(23)	T Mackey	261	12
16	(37)	D Holmes	257	10
17	(9)	E Hutt	254	8
18	(30)	T Tett	251	7
19	(3)	P Sanderson	250	10
20	(10)	M Simms	230	10
21		D Lockwood	218	10
22		A Bell	215	5
23		P Dyke	214	13
24		W McLewin	208	12
25		K Borman	203	12
26		P Kohn	190	11
27		G Jackson	186	7
28		R Horsfield	183	7
29		J Harrison	164	8
30		R Marsden	164	7
31		M Jubb	160	
32		A Pryor	158	
33		H Swindells	146	
34		T Woodhouse	141	
35		R Beaumeiste	140	
36		F Galbraith	137	
37		C Adams	135	
38		C Henson	132	
39		M Poulter	131	
40		M Browell	126	

 PUZZLE PAGE

A DARK PEAK CROSSWORD



Across

1. Chris is not better with learners behind. (7)
4. German children on this boggy place. (6)
6. French one between the king and the south. We all enjoy these except when we get them. (4)
7. The wet nerd gets splashed about and makes for a soggy spot. (7)
10. These particular pints are hard to catch. A good place to cool off in summer. (8,6)
15. No comeback, it's not off (2)
16. A gap in the Lakes contains metal. (3)
17. This stalwart is Ringing. (5)

18. Initially it's not applicable in this stage, but it's a fine edge. (7)
20. Little child, diminutive Alan. It all adds up. (5)
22. Blimy! in the south-east there's an orienteering event. (5)
23. This big mouth goes backwards and there's something nasty to fall into. (3)
25. For most Dark Peakers this is the dirtiest kind of running. (4)
27. A reference to something you could break a leg in. (4)
30. A Dark Peak West runner initially makes beer. (3)
31. Many people think we are. (6)
33. Remove the tones from this Watershed landmark and you get the birds. (5)
34. It's the first checkpoint. Don't go quickly between the mill and the hill. (9,5)

Down

1. Take the straw up and get these stout fellows down. (5)
2. Phone, in the light of the fire. There's a pub there. (10)
3. Jacob's is near Edale. (6)
5. Eastern cars get mixed up. Who will win them? (5)
8. Looked up the valley for a long race. (7)
9. How many years on 23. (3)
11. Behold there is nothing. There's a toilet. (3)
12. This stream carries your bags away. (6)
13. We need it sometimes. The others too. (4)
14. Some talking between you or Albert. (4)
17. Moving the camp. Taking the exam again without some T. (8)
19. Thanks. It's like this up north. (2)
21. Egad! North to a Bradfield dam. (5)
23. Useful for shining the monkey's balls in winter. (6)
24. Nothing I learn provides lubrication. (3)
26. Moseley, Kohn, Trowbridge et al. (3)
28. A bit of a ___ can be fun. (2)
29. Run out of steam! It's an energetic activity. (4)
32. Help!!! (3)

