

WINTER

92/93

PEAK



BURBAGE BAFFLER

Attention all Dark Peak members

Saturday 9th January 1993 @ 10.00 am

**Venue: Burbage Bridge on Ringinglow-Hathersage road.
G.R. 262830.**

**Teams: 4 members: 1 Vet, 1 Lady, 1 superstar, 1 "wart".
Youth and Junior members welcome!**

Entry requirements: 1 "Baton" to be provided by each team.

Course: Circuit of Burbage Brook, starting at bridge on the road following paths to bridge at G.R. 264814 and summit of Higger Tor and back to bridge G.R. 262830.

2 members of each team starting in opposite directions on circuit, 1 member carrying baton in clockwise direction until they meet the 2nd member of team. 2nd member takes baton and then both members retrace route taken back to start. The baton continues in a clockwise direction. When and ONLY when both members have returned to the start do the 2nd pair in the team set off in opposite directions as before. This completes 1 circuit. On completion of 2nd circuit, the 1st pair then start the 3rd circuit but in the opposite direction originally run, as with 2nd pair on the 4th circuit.

Winners: 1st baton to complete 4 circuits in clockwise direction

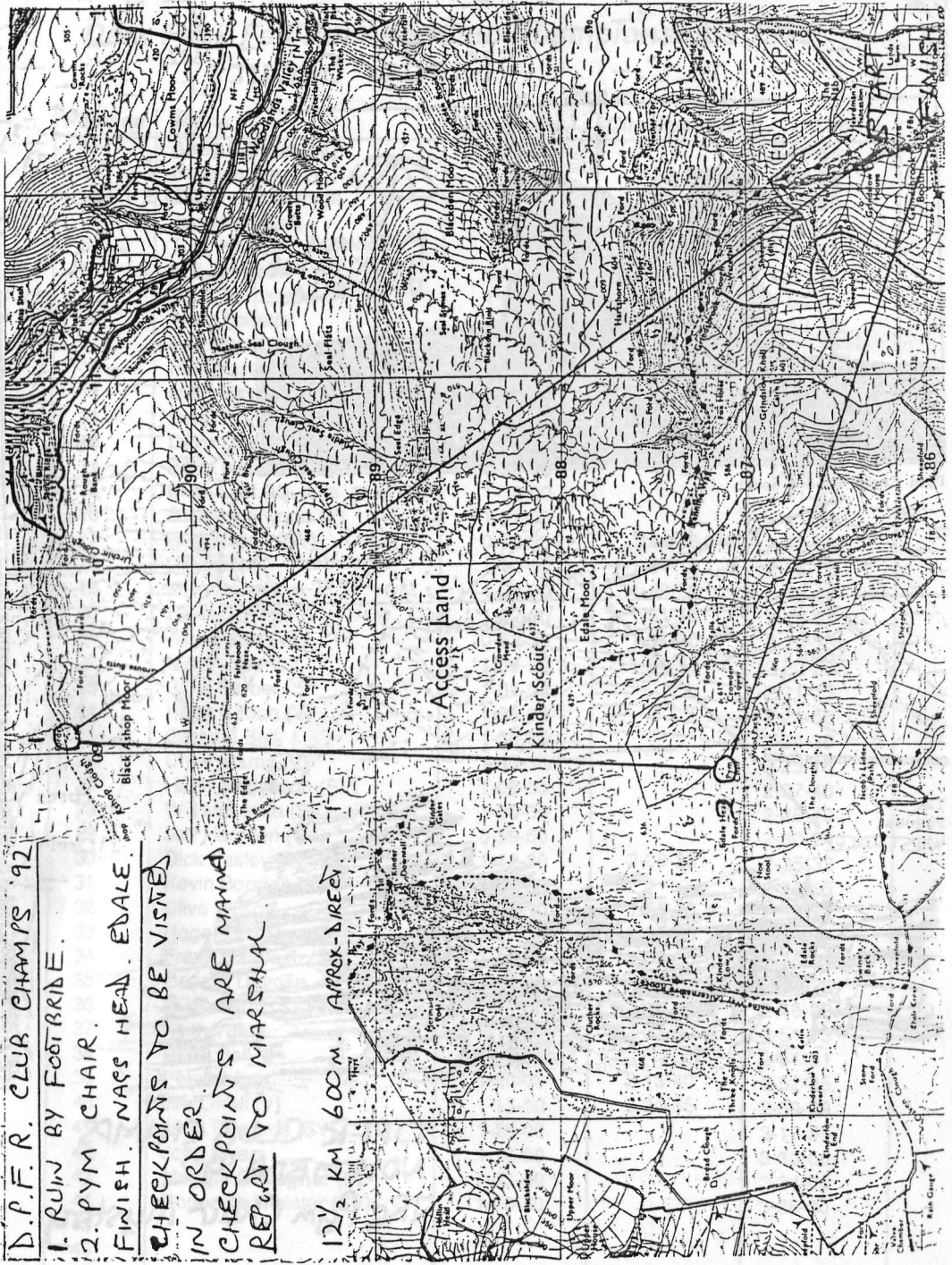
If you feel like a brisk run to confuse your body and mind after the Christmas and New Year festivities, get your team organised. The more the merrier!

Any queries contact Martin Spence on 668435.

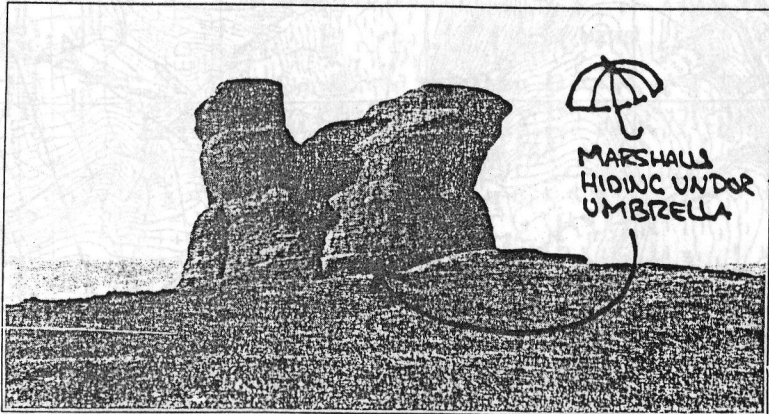
D.P.F. R. CLUB CHAMPS '92

1. RUIN BY FOOTBRIDE.
 2. PYM CHAIR.
 - FINISH. NASS HEAD. EDALE.
- CHECKPOINTS TO BE VISITED
IN ORDER.
CHECKPOINTS ARE MARKED
REPORT TO MARSHAL.

12 1/2 KM 600 M. APPROX-DIRECT



Kinder Scout 632



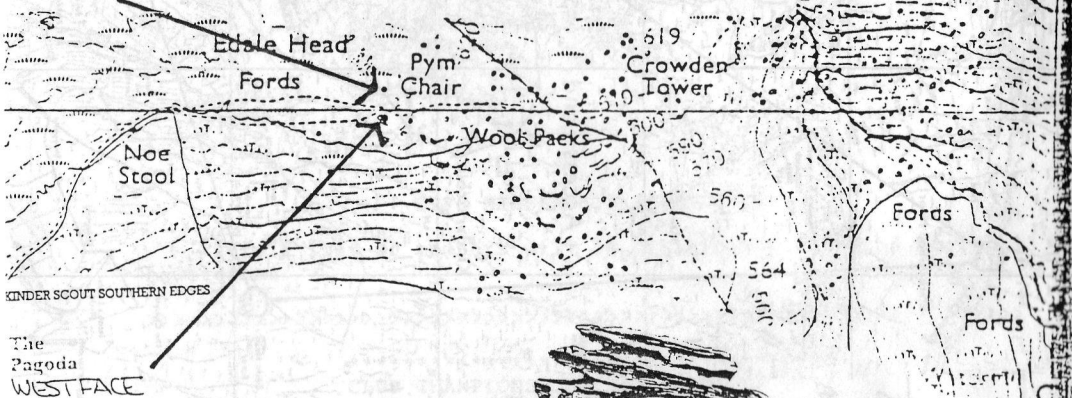
MARSHALL
HIDING UNDER
UMBRELLA

Edale Moor

Fords

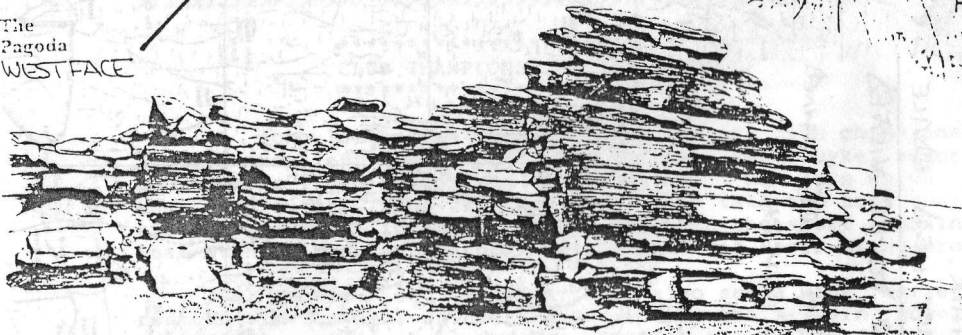
Pym Chair, Kinder Scout.

Photo by W. E. Spencer.



The
Pagoda
WEST FACE

KINDER SCOUT SOUTHERN EDGES

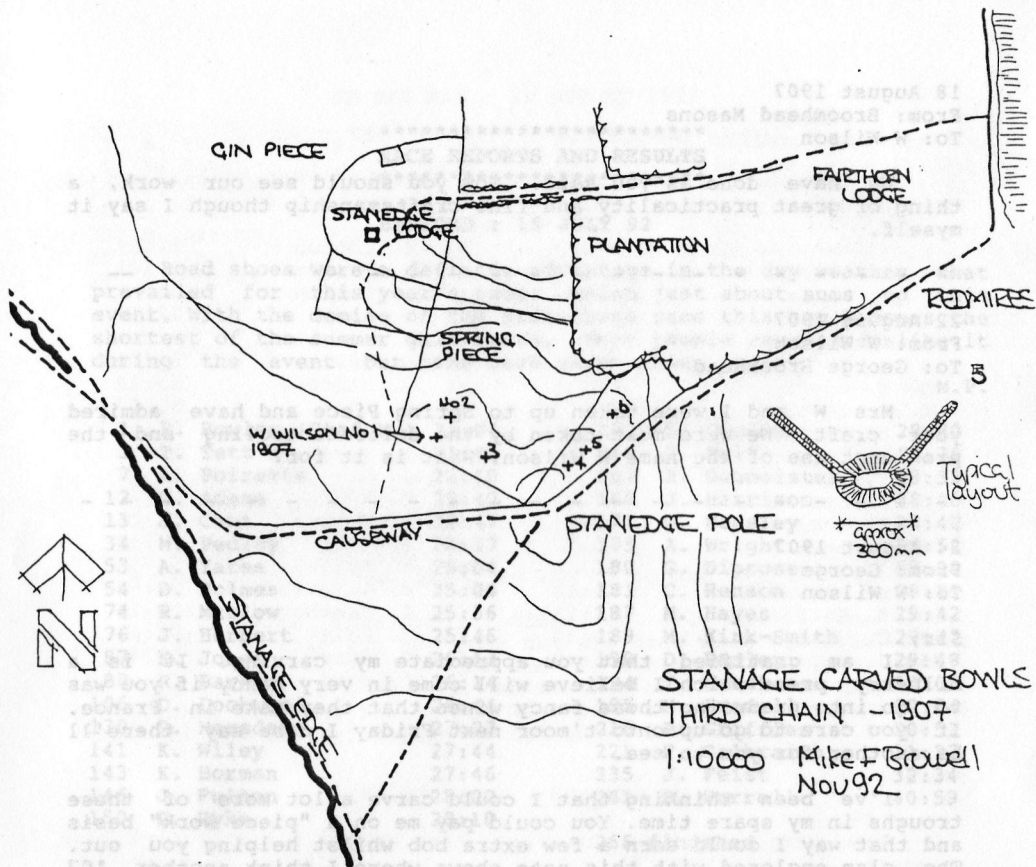


DPRR CLUB CHAMPS
NOVEMBER 92
The Pym Chair Mystery

Dark Peak Fell Runners Club Championships 1992

Time at

Position	Name	Checkpoint 1	Checkpoint 2	Finish
1	Andy Harmer (V)	0-45-00		1-46-56
2	Graham Berry (V)	0-49-00	1-28-40	1-48-36
3	Alister Cory-Wright	0-44-30	1-31-45	1-53-59
4	Jonathan Cant	0-50-00		1-55-52
5	Tony Keddie (V)	0-57-00	1-37-30	1-56-52
6	Phil Crowson	0-54-30		1-58-47
7	Paul Sanderson	1-01-00		1-59-25
8	Andy Poirette	0-54-00		1-59-38
9	Tim Mackey	0-57-30	1-36-20	2-01-22
10	Rick Ansell	0-57-00	1-35-50	2-03-05
11	Mike Hayes (SV) Handicap	0-58-00	1-40-30	2-03-32
11	Peter Gorvett (V)	0-58-00	1-38-50	2-03-32
13	Dave Moseley (V)	0-56-30	1-42-00	2-07-36
14	Barry Needle (SV)	0-59-00	1-45-30	2-10-23
15	Clive Last (V)	1-04-00		2-11-37
16	Dave Lockwood (V)	1-01-00		2-11-55
17	Billy Wilson (SV)	0-52-30	1-40-33	2-12-01
18	Jim Fulton	1-10-30	1-54-10	2-16-16
19	Mike Browell	1-03-00	1-49-30	2-18-46
20	Howard White (V)	1-02-00	1-51-10	2-19-01
21	Alan Yates (V)	0-52-30	1-51-30	2-20-33
22	Martin Spence	1-03-30	1-54-50	2-20-57
23	Chris Barber	1-01-00		2-21-25
24	Hugh Cotton (V)	1-05-30		2-21-56
25	Graham Bell	1-08-00		2-24-36
26	Chris Stamp (V)	1-05-30		2-25-18
27	Hugh Mathieson (SV)	1-08-00		2-27-40
28	Will McLewin (SV)	1-00-30		2-28-40
29	Jeff Harrison (SV)	0-59-00		2-30-24
30	Dick Pasley (V)	1-12-30	2-08-30	2-35-32
31	Kevin Borman (V)	1-05-30		2-36-25
32	Clive Wilson	1-06-30	1-55-30	2-36-52
33	Roger Wilson	1-10-30	2-20-30	2-44-52
34	Frank Galbraith (SV)	1-10-00	2-08-35	2-45-07
35	George Diprose	1-12-00		2-46-26
36	Bill Kenyon (SV)	1-11-00		2-48-02
37	Keith Wiley	1-14-00	2-07-30	2-51-13
38	Harry Bell	1-09-00		2-51-31
39	Peter Price	1-20-00	2-13-40	2-52-35
40	Jim Orrell (V)	1-15-00	2-24-35	2-59-09
41	John Edwards (SV)	1-25-00		3-17-50
42	John Myers	1-16-00		3-30-00
43	Maggie Gallagher (L)	1-36-00		3-34-00
44	Roger Baumeister (SV)	1-30-30		3-36-30
45				
46				
47				



STANEDGE CARVED BOWLS
THIRD CHAIN - 1907

1:10000 Mike F Brownell
Nov 92

In the search for William Wilson's Stone Troughs certain correspondence was uncovered and it is now possible to clear up the mystery once and for all. Some writing was indistinct and spelling somewhat obscure so it has been necessary to fill in a few gaps (!)

12 August 1907
From: W Wilson
To: Broomhead Masons

Mrs Wilson and I are being driven quite mad by your apprentice's infernal chipping and chiselling. As if it isn't enough with the start of the shooting season! I'm certain that his carving away on the walls of Lord's Seat has done untold damage and I wouldn't wonder if it were to fall down on a windy night! Does Mr Wingfield know what he's about.

Send a mason up onto the moor above Spring Piece and see if they can't carve something useful.

The 1992 Karrimor was an epic of magnificent proportions with the weather playing the dominant part. Snow up to 6" deep with mist on the Saturday and a heavy fall in the night made Sunday too much for large numbers. For Jeff and me, luck was on our side despite mistakes on both days in marking up the map which should have been enough to finish both of us off.

There were moments on both days when the views were of breathtaking beauty with snow above 500' and brilliant colours in the sunlit valleys making the effort seem well justified. Unfortunately, an error towards the end of Saturday cost us about half an hour on the teams we had vied with all day.

The first climb on Sunday was very demanding with visibility poor, wind, cold and steep and very slippery such that a fair number retired without even reaching the top. If they had persevered they would have found that once over to the far end of the High Street ridge things eased considerably. Our route choice from Patterdale on Sunday was not shared by many but derisory comments by Ted Parkinson were turned on himself when he found that his route was 37 minutes longer!

Alan Yates and myself plus a fair few others have found the event has left a legacy of mild frost-bite. Quite surprising when I consider some of the Arctic conditions that we've turned out in without damage!

Roger Baumeister

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SORE FEET AND A BIG HEAD

After a good result in the Saunders this summer, I was happy to partner Pete Gorvett in the Long Score Class in this year's Karrimor, but as we waited on the start line, I pondered whether this was going to be the haphazard trot round the hills that this event usually provides for me. "That's Pete Gorvett", some orienteering buff commented admiringly to his partner "he'll be looking to win this." "I don't think so, he's got me to drag around with him", I said, somewhat apprehensive.

After 4 pints in the Salutation waiting for a registration rendezvous with my partner on the Friday night, I had slept well, and was ready to go. Peter marked his map and I called out the grid references (one of my more significant contributions to the mapwork over the weekend). I then put my map away to keep it dry and off we went up Halls Fell. "No one's going this way, so we'll try up here" Pete said. I had experienced this individualistic tendency in the Saunders so was not surprised. We headed up into the snow and during the next 7 hours went up and down and around Blencathra and Skiddaw in all directions. I had a rough idea where we were. Peter, fortunately, had a rather clearer idea; despite not noticing one control in the south west corner of the map (marking controls in a wood with a fading green pen is the sort of orienteering technique worthy of me!)

We went hard at it all day, ticking off lots of controls and piling up the points. As we passed the 250 mark I suggested that we could go home now, but Peter had other plans. We reached our final control of the day, on a hill above the camp with a few minutes left of our 7 hours and slithered and swore our way down to the finish 6 minutes late to give us a Day 1 total of 408 points, which was more than I'd ever got in 2 days in previous Karrimors.

After a few minutes of chat we put up the tent, collected water and crawled into our pits for a fairly typical Karrimor evening of eating awful food, dozing, eating more awful food, more dozing, etc., etc. At one point in the evening Pete went for more water and returned with the news that we were "only in the lead by 8 points". "Bloody hell" was my first thought, closely followed by "that means we've got to try tomorrow". My feet were freezing cold for 4 hours. Shoes full of wet snow and icy river crossings had taken their toll and I had foolishly forgotten to pack my dry socks. Eventually when the awful food was all eaten, sleep became the main concern. I slept in everything; including cag, gloves, and balaclava. Peter slept in shorts and T-shirt.

A fitful night's sleep was finally ended by that strange disembodied voice wishing everyone 'Good morning, its 6 o'clock, the first start is in one hour.' We ate more awful food, visited the even more awful latrine and packed up. The weather was even worse than the Saturday. Although there was no snow on the ground in the campsite, it was sleeting heavily and the wind was icy. We marked the controls and set off for another tour of Blencathra and Skiddaw. We were the first team to get to some of the early controls. They were really pleased to see us. 'We thought they'd called it off', one guy said, as he emerged from his snow covered tent beside a beck high on Blencathra.

It was epic on the high fells again with very poor visibility and deep snow. Peter's compass saw us right again and we'd clocked up a fair pile of points by Skiddaw House. We headed up Skiddaw with 2 hours to go, chasing some big point controls; but we misjudged the time needed to get to the last control and back to the finish. Over the last few miles I floundered along in scree and heather and then bumbled along through bracken and brook. I was really struggling now, particularly on anything which involved going up. On the last climb to one of the compulsory controls, I could have sat down and cried. I ate a packet of glucose tablets in one go.

We were late, very late, and the long 2 mile run in took forever. We were 41 minutes late and lost 82 points. I was really beyond caring but felt that we'd lost any chance of a good position. The mile walk back to the carpark from the finish was a cruel postscript. Long-faced and not saying much except 'thank God that's over', we collected our miserable Karrimor grub and met up with various clubmates with different tales of success and failure. We kept looking at the results and found that we were still keeping the lead. The other teams who'd been close overnight must have played it safe on the 2nd day, and when the teams were all in, we found we'd won by 6 points, with a total of 666 points after the penalties.

City mountain men

SHEFFIELDERS Peter Corvett and Howard Swindells won the Long Score Class of the Karrimor International Mountain Marathon.

in race win

The event lived up to its reputation as the world's toughest mountain marathon.

This year, in a break from recent tradition, the venue moved south of the border from Scotland into the Lake District.

But more than 1,000 teams, that congregated in Threlkeld Quarry below the bleak north slopes of Blencathra for the start of the 25th

KIMM, were greeted by atrocious weather, including sleet and snow.

Worsened

This year, to minimise any environmental impact, the six event classes were spread over three areas of northern Lakeland, which many competitors felt added a great deal to the sense of isolation.

As the first day wore on conditions worsened on the tops, with drifting snow and driving winds making conditions trying.

Despite competing on shortened courses, due to the weather, it was relatively late in the day when the first runners were seen dropping below the cloud base and snow line to the finish above Threlkeld.

LOCAL



Marathon men . . . Peter Corvett and Howard Swindells who won the Long Score Class of the Karrimor International Mountain Marathon

PARADE