

AUTUMN 93

DARK PEAK NEWS

Sectional Data for the Bob Graham Round

MOOT HALL, KESWICK 8.00.00 a.m.
[1715 metres, +475', -300', along undulating country lanes]

Two contenders (Hugh Mathieson and Mike Hayes) set out from Keswick and stayed together for the whole Round helped by a 7-strong back-up team. The specific logistical support given by this team was vital to success and is described later.

Chapel Bridge, Newlands 8.42.27

[2475 metres, +550' up a farm track] then
[425 metres, +425' zigzagging on scree and grass].

We left the track too early and lost 1 minute by going over Blea Crag ridge.

Blea Crag, S. Col 9.11.45

[200 metres, + 200' clambering over rock-steps], then
[1375 metres, +800' along a comfortable uphill path].

There was a shroud of mist on Robinson other wise ideal conditions (not too hot, cold, or windy).

ROBINSON 9.34.01

[1175 metres, -525' on a path down easy ground]

We left Keswick at the same time as another 2 contenders (supported by a Cornish team).

Littledale Col 9.40.39

[1075 metres, +475' along easy sheep-tracks]

We took a slightly different route from them up Robinson but arrived at the summit at the same time. Throughout the Round each party kept to its own independent pace and route but we kept on criss-crossing each other. This was a useful benchmark on progress.

HINDSCARTH 9.51.48

[875 metres, -225' along an easy path]

Hindscarth Edge (W. Col) 9.56.10

[950 metres, +325' along a safe simple ridge]

Our team serviced us here like a motor-racing pit-stop....a quick snack and we were away.

DALE HEAD 10.05.48

[2000 metres, -1325' down a good slightly muddy path]

HONISTER (arrive) 10.17.20

HONISTER (depart) 10.25.08

[1425 metres, +1100' up an eroded but safe path]

The weather was still ideal (overcast but not too windy, hot, or cold). We could see that the higher mountains such as Great Gable and Pillar had their summits in cloud.

GREY KNOTTS 10.49.03

[825 metres, +100' over slightly wettish ground]

BRANDRETH 10.56.24

[500 metres, -200' over mild rockfields]

Gillercombe Col 11.00.29

[900 metres, +450' up a firm easy track]

GREEN GABLE 11.11.09

[300 metres, -150' down a zigzag stony path]

Windy Gap 11.13.15

[625 metres, +500' up loose awkward stonefields]

GREAT GABLE 11.23.52

[975 metres, -900' ; a rough rock scramble + loose zigzags]

Foggy, so took care navigating from summit

Beck Head (E.End) 11.37.27

[125 metres over easy flat ground]

Beck Head (W.End) 11.38.19

[450 metres, +475' up stable scree and outcrops]

Rib Top 11.46.00*

[800 metres, -100', +200' over grass and a few easy rocks]

In the fog on Rib Top, I took a bearing for Kirk Fell Tarns, passed just below them without realising, then panicked when they did not turn up. Martin Spence, pacing just behind, soon sorted it out. We lost 3 minutes

KIRK FELL 11.57.04

[700 metres, -375' down a gentle grassy slope]

This tricky section was navigated O.K.

Hudson Gully (Top)

[575 metres, -450' down a nasty rough gully and scree]

So that we would not dislodge stones on each other we spaced ourselves out and lost 1 minute on anyone going down solo.

Black Sail Pass	12.07.27 p.m.
[800 metres, +200' along an easy path]	
Looking Stead Col	12.16.25
[375 metres, +325' up rocky zigzags], then [1400 metres, +600' along an easy path]	
PILLAR	12.39.00
[575 metres, -450' ; stony track to awkward rockfield]	
Wind Gap	12.46.13
[450 metres, +250' ; stony track to awkward rockfield]	
Black Crag	12.51.48
[725 metres, -100', +125' , easy path + a few big rocks]	
Scot Fell	12.58.32
[425 metres, -125', exposed but safe path]	
Steeple Col	01.02.15
[75 metres, +75' on a twisting but easy path]	
STEEPLE	01.03.26
[75 metres, -75' back on a dog-leg]	
Steeple Col	01.04.18
[300 metres, +125' on easy ground]	
Scot Wall	01.07.50
[675 metres, -250' over pathless grass and a few rocks]	
Red Pike Col	01.13.21
[625 metres, +200' over easy grass]	
RED PIKE	01.20.41
[1775 metres, -1175' , fast grass then slower outcrops]	
Dore Head	01.34.30
[875 metres, -50', +400', using a tiny path which twinkles through boulderfields then climbs up bilberry slopes]	
Stirrup-Yewbarrow Col	01.50.02
[450 metres, +175' along an easy airy ridge-path]	
YEWBARROW	01.53.57
[500 metres, -300' on easy grass]	
[950 metres, -1525' down steep scree and brackenfields]	
[250 metres along a near-flat road]	
WASDALE (arrive)	02.16.24
WASDALE (depart)	02.37.31
[375 metres, +100' along the riverside track]	
[3075 metres, +2850' up the open fell then through rocks]	
SCAFELL	03.45.55
[350 metres, -75' over mild rocks]	
Deep Ghyll Top	03.51.00*
[300 metres, -575' down a dangerous gully, across the narrow but safe West Wall Traverse and down unstable scree on Lord's Rake]	
Lord's Rake Bottom	04.01.15
[200 metres, +125' on a rocky, narrow, but safe path]	
Mickledore (S.W. end)	04.05.40
[725 metres, +550' , moderate boulder-scrambling]	
SCAFELL PIKE (arrive)	04.20.17

Hugh, in the lead, powered up the inclines sending my heart rate close to 150 ; so our time on this section might be a bit fast.

We had sent Martin to lay out a picnic at the wrong spot whilst we did the Steeple dogleg. So we lost 2 minutes whilst he caught us up.

Contouring round the false summit.

The grass is faster than the main path.

We lost 2 minutes at Dore Head when some of the party started contouring too high.

We lost 3 minutes when I cut down too soon and we had to traverse some rock fields to reach the top scree-run.

Another superb pitstop service meant that we were ready to leave after 15 minutes. But a heavy squall delayed us by 6 minutes. When it did not stop, we set off anyway.

What with the good line we found up Scafell and my heart rate mostly in the 140s, the time for this section might be just a bit fast.

Broad Stand was ruled out beforehand. (We had no rope and it was too wet anyway).

Slow work in slippery conditions. Even when dry, it is not worth rushing this section. We lost 2 minutes over a single person as we spaced ourselves out for safety reasons.

There was fog above 2500' all afternoon.

Scafell Pike (depart) [400 metres, -300' down eroded stony zigzags]	04.23.00*
Broad Crag S.W. Col [275 metres, +150' ; a nasty scramble over big boulders]	04.29.43
BROAD CRAG [250 metres, -200', more scrambling over jagged rocks]	04.35.44
Broad Crag E.Col [375 metres, +200' ; rock-scrambling, but not so bad]	04.44.00*
ILL CRAG [900 metres, -200' ; half joggable, half a scramble]	04.49.41
Calf Cove Col [375 metres, +150' along a reasonable stony path]	05.02.09
Great End (N.W. cairn) [150 metres over a flat easy stony plateau]	05.07.46
GREAT END [375 metres, -275' through an awkward boulderfield] [575 metres, -250' using easy paths and grass]	05.10.20
Esk Hause [800 metres, +425' on a path winding through outcrops]	05.18.35
ESK PIKE (arrive)	05.31.06
Esk Pike (depart) [625 metres, -325' on a path winding through outcrops]	05.32.44
Ore Gap [1050 metres, +375' ; stony path ending in a scramble]	05.38.24
BOWFELL (arrive)	05.52.32
Bowfell (depart) [375 metres, -175' ; a scramble then a stony plateau]	05.53.35*
Billy Bland's Rake (top) [1175 metres, -800' ; nasty siant down through rockfields]	06.09.00*
Rossett Gill (top) [275 metres, +125' on an easy path]	06.23.07
ROSSETT PIKE [1500 metres, -700' on a stony but runnable dinky path]	06.27.27
Stake Beck [1850 metres, +850' slogging over boggy moorland]	06.45.34
Pike of Stickle (N. foot) [50 metres, +75' ; mild rock-climbing]	07.12.58
PIKE OF STICKLE [50 metres, -75' ; mild rock-descending]	07.16.07
Pike of Stickle (N. foot) [550 metres, -200' down a muddy path]	07.17.52
Dungeon Ghyll (arrive)	07.21.12
Dungeon Ghyll (depart) [400 metres, +350' ; a steep safe climb over clean rock]	07.22.56
HARRISON STICKLE [200 metres, -175' ; an easy rock and path descent]	07.30.48
Harrison Stickle (N.foot) [625 metres, +125' along an easy undulating path]	07.32.28

We lost 2 minutes because I was too lazy to take a bearing from the summit.

All the times hereabouts are reasonable for traversing wet rocks but not for dry rocks.

We lost 2 minutes when I again failed to use a compass to find the best way off.

In fog, I navigated this O.K.

Ditto

We lost 2 minutes blindly following some others to the N.W. cairn (slightly off-route).

Leaving Bowfell, not bothering with a compass, I led the party on a 180 degree U-turn and started to descend towards Eskdale. Howard Swindells pulled out his compass, read the Riot Act and put us right. I lost us 12 minutes here, the worst mistake of the Round.

You can't avoid the awkward bits.

Hugh was driving us hard here and others might find that this section-time is tight. I got the bonk just before Stickle foot but got revived with chocolate raisins + a drink.

A quick drink + a bite to eat as we walked up hill.

From here to Dunmail we were jogging everything flat, downhill, or even uphill inclines if they were slight.

THUNACAR KNOTT (S. cairn) 07.38.27
 [850 metres, -125'; path over easy soft muddy ground]
Top of Bright Beck Col 07.42.45
 [1000 metres, +275', along an easy path]
HIGH RAISE 07.53.27
 [950 metres, -150', +50', along a boggy path]
SERGEANT MAN 08.00.57
 [1800 metres, -825'; easy jog down grassy soft ground]
Easedale-top Col 08.17.03
 [700 metres, +200' on an easy path over soft ground]

We covered this section a bit fast (by about a minute) as we were gaining rapidly on another Bob Graham party in front.

CALF CRAG 08.24.51
 [1900 metres, -250', +100'; boggy and undulating path]

We caught and passed 2 Bob Graham parties so we were going about 2 minutes faster than was necessary over this section.

Fence corner, Steel Fell W. base 08.38.24
 [575 metres, +200' along an easy path]

STEEL FELL 08.44.55
 [550 metres, -200' on an easy grassy path]

Gully top
 [650 metres, -875' down a steep slippery grass slope]
DUNMAIL (arrive) 08.56.00
DUNMAIL (depart) 09.17.28
 [2000 metres, +1675'; easy path up steep bit then grass]

Hugh set a hard but fair pace for this section.

SEAT SANDAL 09.56.48
 [675 metres, -475'; easy grass then steep loose earth]

We lost 1 minute following the wall too close.

Grisedale Hause 10.03.49
 [1175 metres, +925'; earth + small scree zigzags]

FAIRFIELD 10.29.14
 [1250 metres, -1100' (via Cofa Col); a dinky path neatly zips down the steep rough terrain]

We lost 1 minute double-checking the route off Fairfield in the dusk, (a wise precaution). At this point we started using torches a bit.

Grisedale Tarn Outlet 10.47.27
 [1350 metres, +925'; a zigzagging loose-earth path]

By now it was pitch black.

Just S. of Dollywagon (arrive) 11.13.10
Just S. of Dollywagon (depart) 11.16.38
 [200 metres, +125'; easy grass]

We lost 3 minutes because I got the bonk.

DOLLYWAGON PIKE 11.20.48
 [550 metres, -150'; little rockfields then a path]

Bonk removed by a drink of Isostar + banana. Put on 2 thick Hellis + Buffalo windshirt for the cold night section to Clough Head

NETHERMOST PIKE 11.41.43
 [400 metres, -75' on easy grass and paths]

4 minutes lost taking a roundabout route.

HELVELLYN 11.53.42
 [775 metres, -125', +25', on a very easy track]

HELVELLYN LOWER MAN 12.01.57 a.m.
 [775 metres, -400'; following a good path]

There was no moon or stars and it was foggy until we got off Clough Head, so our pacer, Pete Gorvett, navigated carefully all the way.

Whiteside S. Col 12.09.33
 [500 metres, +200'; an easy path]

WHITESIDE (arrive) 12.16.36
Whiteside (depart) 12.19.25
 [775 metres, -125'; earth path through scattered rocks]

Another quick drink of Isostar + banana

Whiteside, N.E. Col 12.23.18
 [775 metres, +200'; earth path ending in a few rocks]

RAISE 12.31.24
 [950 metres, -450'; indistinct path through boggy ground]

Sticks Pass	12.41.21
[550 metres, +300'; a simple easy path]	
Stybarrow Dod (S.W. Cairn)	12.50.00*
[425 metres over an easy featureless grass plateau]	
STYBARROW DOD (N.E. Cairn)	12.55.26
[1200 metres, -200', +25' using indistinct, easy paths]	
WATSON DOD	01.09.01
[500 metres, +50', along an easy slightly muddy path]	
Great Dod (Foot of S. Shoulder)	01.18.00*
[325 metres, +150'; an easy path]	
Great Dod (Shelter)	01.23.31
[150 metres, +25'; featureless short grass, no path]	
GREAT DOD	01.25.31
[1500 metres, -675'; easy grass + an elusive path]	
Calfhow fence	01.43.56
[1500 metres, -50', +325'; some mud, but an easy path]	
CLOUGH HEAD	02.03.13
[625 metres, -300'; mostly an easy path + a few rocks]	
White Pike Col	
[925 metres, -925'; awkward to balance on slippery ground]	
Coach Road Bend	
[1300 metres, -550'; paths through reeds, bog, and mud]	
Newsham Farm	
[750 metres, -200' down a farm road to Mill Bridge]	
[875 metres, +100' along roads]	
THREKELD, N.E. (arrive)	02.52.22
THREKELD, N.E. (depart)	03.03.00*
[650 metres, +250' on a good footpath]	
[1350 metres, +1200'; zigzags up a good earth path]	
[800 metres, +825' rock scrambling on a razor-type ridge]	
Beneath Hallsfell Top (arrive)	04.01.00*
Beneath Hallsfell Top (depart)	04.03.00*
[50 metres, +50' clamber up a steep path]	
BLENCATHRA	04.04.05
[3900 metres, -1625'; pathless grass + mild tussocks]	
Caldew Junction (arrive)	04.34.33
Caldew Junction (depart)	04.37.38
[750 metres, +50'; a reedy path along Wiley Gill]	
Fence Foot	04.46.00*
[1050 metres, +1050' on a good slightly muddy path]	
GREAT CALVA (arrive)	05.09.36
Great Calva (depart)	05.11.15
[1450 metres, -700'; a bit of heather then a muddy path]	
Dead Beck Track-Bridge	05.24.35
[800 metres, -50', +75'; small path through marshes]	
[1850 metres, +1100'; pathless longish grass to fence]	
[825 metres, +350'; a good path over firm earth + slates]	
SKIDDAW	06.19.00*
[600 metres; a good flat slightly slaty tourist path]	
Skiddaw's S. Shoulder	
[525 metres, -350'; a safe descent on a good earth path]	

2 minutes lost by over-cautious walking

2 minutes lost by straying a bit too much E.

The route from shelter to cairn is not obvious

We took this section very cautiously (on purpose) because this is a common disaster point for many contenders. Pete Gorvett (Ace Orienteer) got the line dead right by taking us at a careful walk in the thick fog. We lost 7 minutes over a time on a clear night.

We lost 12 minutes on what could be achieved from Clough Head to Threkeld, most of it in the vicinity of White Pike where I had led the party then lost confidence in what to do next. But we still descended much faster than all other parties just behind us. Another lightning-efficient refuelling-pitstop.

There was just enough light to dispense with torches halfway up Blencathra. We lost 2 minutes having fun rock-climbing. A quick drink + adding a layer of clothes.

Mike Pedley took us on a superb route and not many will match our section time here.

A quick stop for fruit juice and flapjack

Feeling wobbly and took Isostar to revive.

Another subtle route by Mike Pedley

Towards the top, Hugh was stronger than me and pulled away by a couple of minutes. Here, the Heart Rate Monitor ran out of memory.

Hugh had got to the summit 2 minutes before me and stopped to get stones out of his shoes.

Skiddaw's High S. Stile

[2250 metres, -675' ; gentle downhill slope on good path]

A quick stop for coffee, brought up by Howard.

Jenkin Hill-top Bend

[1100 metres, -975' ; steep, earthy, obstacle-free path]

A girl who started half an hour before us zooms past elegantly to ensure she beats 24 hours.

Dip at Jenkin Hill Bottom

[825 metres, +25', -125' ; undulating path, good surface]

Latrigg Car Park

[2375 metres, -700', +25' ; well-graded easy track + road]

[825 metres, +25', -25' ; parkland and Keswick streets]

A steady hard jog all the way on this section. I thought our pacers were a bit cruel here.

MOOT HALL, KESWICK 07.22.00*

The Role of the Back-Up Team in our Bob Graham Attempt

Nearly all successful Bob Graham Rounds depend upon good teamwork. We had 7 pacers who shared between them the task of guiding us over the 5 sections. We also had a minibus, driven by Roger Lyons which had the 24 hour job of servicing us at every road crossing point and picking up or dropping off pacers. This involved travelling 135 miles over roads that were often narrow and hilly. At the crossing points, preparing food for the contestants poses special problems. They will want something instantly available, often cooked, but you won't know when they are going to arrive. Also a variety of food has to be available because endurance activity has strange effects on people's digestion (often saliva dries up, or people get an aversion to certain sweet foods, or sometimes have a craving that leads to overeating and sickness). For this reason Roger always had a wide variety of foods on instant offer.

On the hills, there is also an art in being a good pacer dependent on the terrain, the weather, and the physical and mental condition of the contestant(s). This is how it worked in our case.

Keswick to Honister, paced by Howard Swindells.

More teams fail because they start too quickly than too slowly. Howard ensured that we had an extended gentle warm-up, also that we conserved nervous energy.

Honister to Wasdale paced by Ray Rogers and Martin Spence

Ray and Martin regarded us as rather frisky sheepdogs. They let Hugh and I set the pace but were on the alert to intervene as soon as we did anything silly whilst letting us have our way if things went well.

Wasdale to Dunmail paced by Hugh Cotton and Howard Swindells

This was the longest leg (6 hours 20 mins.) over the highest mountains with the severest terrain. So Hugh and Howard carried extra food and clothing for emergencies, letting us set the pace and do the navigation for the first half of this section but taking control when our mental and physical energy started to flag a bit.

Dunmail to Threkeid paced by Pete Gorvett

Pete let us set the pace (Hugh uphill, me downhill) but took complete control of the navigation. This made sense as we were getting tired, it was dark and foggy...and Pete is the best navigator anyway.

Threkeid to Keswick paced by Roger Lyons and Mike Pedley

Mike did all the navigation just in front of us. Roger stuck like a leech, providing instant support to whichever contender he thought was suffering most. This was a most effective pacing strategy here.

Conclusion

These notes have been written up whilst everything is fresh in our mind. We hope that they will provide an interesting foundation for research into long distance endurance events and also provide assistance to anyone thinking of tackling the Bob Graham Round. Having had our moments as Prima Donnas, we look forward to supporting our pacers at some future date.

Mike Hayes
Hugh Mathieson

CAPRICORN MOUNTAIN ORIENTEERING : 26-27 JULY 1993

Until May of this year I had never visited the South Wales valleys. On that occasion they struck me as incredibly green and peaceful under a clear blue sky. Two months later I was quickly reassessing my views as I stared at grey mist covered forests. Within the first mile I had crawled on hands and knees for 100m, scrambled up a small crag and plodded through knee high tussocks; all before the first control.

Navigation was dependent upon a special OS 1:25,000 map composed of two original sheets. The catch was that one was 10 years older than the other. To compensate the planners had marked the significant new paths in red but it was still a little confusing in places. The courses also featured several traverses of local towns. Suggested routes or corridors were marked on the map and in my case ignoring these proved to be worth 10 minutes over other competitors! With courses already on the long side and the clag down, the towns proved a welcome relief for many. Several recounted how they had finished only after a visit to shops or cafes of Treorchy and Treherbert. Others were seen hunting for buses and at least 4 arrived at the finish in a taxi!

The Capricorn differs from other mountain marathons in that it is based around a weekend campsite with no need to carry tents. As such it offers injury prone runners a chance to sample the experience without the extra burdens of the Karrimor or Rock and Run. However, if you think that makes it a soft option then look at the retirement rates. I arrived thinking I'd made a mistake and should have entered the B instead of the C but I never would have made it round day 1 of the B.

As for the elite, only 10 runners finished under the predicted maximum day 1 time of 7.5 hours. The courses and finish were kept open for another 1.5 hours beyond the original 8pm close. Rick came in at 8:30pm and still had four finishers behind him. Indeed the last finishers were glimpsed after 9:30pm clambering their way down in semi-darkness through the bracken covered boulders.

Day 2 couldn't have been more of a contrast, an almost perfect morning. Blue skies and clear visibility. With a chasing start and a 10 minute lead over Guy Cory-Wright (Alistair's brother), plus an unusually long first control which took me to the far side of the next valley, it was a delightful experience. As I reached the edge of the moor having crossed Rhondda-Fach there was miles of hill country around me and only one other person (including non-runners) visible.

OK, so you can always say the winner should have run the next class up but somebody's got to win and it took my best run of the year to achieve it. A very satisfying weekend - even if I am still feeling the effects!

Mike Pedley

MANX MOUNTAIN MARATHON : 10 APRIL 1993

Out in the middle of the Irish Sea the captain came on the P.A. to tell us that it was raining hard in Douglas Bay and visibility was poor. When we arrived the rain had eased to a steady drizzle and the fog had lifted to 50' to just clear the roofs of the houses around the Promenade. The Victorian elegance seemed a little more faded than when I last visited the island.

200' above the bay visibility was 10m. We spent 20 minutes walking round Nobles Park trying to find the campsite. It was closed but we pitched the tent all the same. I took the compass with me when I went to get water and left instructions for Paulette to start blowing the whistle if I hadn't returned in half an hour.

In the evening we tramped the cold, wet, empty streets of Douglas in search of a meal. The rain returned and pattered all night on our tent. In the morning it was still pattering. We looked out and discovered several other tents which had been invisible in the clag. From each one miserable faces poked out, except one which had collapsed and been abandoned in the night.

We drank tea, made breakfast and had more tea, read our books, exchanged them and finished each others. Still it rained. Eventually sheer boredom drove us out. Down in Douglas people still seemed to be converging. Soaked to the skin we followed and found ourselves at the Isle of Man museum. It turned out to be a real Mary Poppins bag: it just went on and on. I wondered how there could be so much to know about such a small island but we came out four hours later, minds reeling with Vikings, geology, art folklore and wildlife. And the rain had stopped. In the evening, before we went to bed we looked down on the lights of the harbour, visible for the first time, and was that a star up there?

In the morning the island had been transformed. An early sun lit a brilliant blue sky, the grey/green sea had turned an inviting aqua marine and the hills, all now visible shone in their coats of heather and grass. As the bus wound its way up the coast to Ramsey, the last trail of mist drifted off the day's first objective - North Barrule.

The Manx Mountain Marathon is the longest category A race in the calendar at 30 miles and follows the hilly spine of the island starting from the sleepy town of Ramsey in the north east and finishing at Port Erin on the south west tip. The hills are gentle and rolling but rough underfoot. Apart from Snaefell the route never rises above 2000' but for all that the hills can be bleak and wild in bad weather. We were set off from the sea front and climbed through woodlands to the heathery slopes of North Barrule.

One of the idiosyncracies of the race is that there are three classes : one for walkers, one for standard and one for elite runners. In the past the standard and elite runners have started at different times but now they run together, the only difference being eligibility for prizes; the classes might be more appropriately labelled runners and pot hunters. Another

idiosyncrasy is that in addition to 14 checkpoints there are counter checkpoints at some road crossings. If all these are marked on your map you are faced with a hugely confusing matrix. Worst of all the control card is a huge cardboard disc that flaps about on your vest. John Blair Fish was once famously disqualified for losing his temper with his disc and destroying it.

Up on North Barrule, with the early exuberance tempered by the climb we become aware of how privileged we were. The sun shone gently from a fresh sky, the rolling hills of the island stretched out before us and to east and west lay the blue of the sea. The day filled me with lightness and I almost floated along the ridge. By Snaefell I'd been running for over an hour and felt thoroughly warmed up. I started to think about my position and think about the race. The real competition doesn't start until South Barrule which stood hugely visible still two hours to the south.

Chasing two people down to Injerbeck I tripped; hands out I went into a graceful swallow dive. I heard a bone in my hand snap as I landed. There was no real pain and by keeping my fist lightly clenched I could stop the finger from wobbling.

From Injebeck there was a long climb up to Colden, through thick heather, then a rough run round to Greeba Mountain. The elasticity began to go from my limbs and the first signs of tiredness set in. The course here has changed since I last did the race and for the worse. Now there is a two mile slog along a disused railway that stretches out into eternity and the sand and mud make every footfall an effort. Most people seemed to suffer here were thankful to reach the drinks and checkpoint at St Johns.

There was some poor flagging on the next stretch and twice I missed the way and had to negotiate barbed wire which I found awkward with my hand. All the time South Barrule grew. I felt good as I approached it and felt I could run it but the calf deep heather soon brought me to a walk. It's a long and gentle hill but after 3 1/2 hours it demands a lot of the legs.

Once you're up that you've cracked the race and you start looking over your shoulder or setting your sights on the man in front. Now you are racing. Wet, but pleasant moorland paths take you over the next hilltop and then there's good running all the way to the steep descent down to the sea at Fleshwick Bay, a fabulous hidden cove surrounded by steep bracken covered slopes.

The final climb rears up now 230m. It feels more like 2,000. When you finally top out on Bradda Hill you can see the tower which is the final checkpoint. The early afternoon sun threw shadows behind the walls and fence posts as I hurried down the cliff top paths. The yellow vest that had been gaining inexorably on me on the climb seemed to give up the chase leaving me time to choose the best path down to the finish at the cafe.

Runners sat around relishing the ache of tired limbs and a very special day of fell running. Nobody could quite decide why the times had been so slow on such a fine day but I think we had all been enjoying ourselves too much to really race hard.

Rick Ansell

Tim Mackey and I set out to run together and made steady time to Dent. For Tim it was a brave decision even to start as he was just on the way back after prolonged trouble with sciatica. As Jeff Harrison says, when you get to Dent it's like having done the Three Peaks and with the Watershed still to do. The weather, confounding the forecast, stayed dry and we trundled on.

40 miles gone and Tim was feeling the effect of a lack of recent long days out. Locked into my own battle against the wind, I only realised that things were getting serious when, faced with a six foot dry stone wall, Tim fixed the problem with a glazed and generally vacant expression and stood swaying slightly but apparently bolted to the ground.

Sensibly at Fleet Moss, after 10 hours out, Tim called it a day. At Cray I found myself grouped with Peter Barker, a dark Peak member of long standing whose acquaintance I had only made the night before over the Tim Taylors. Peter must have had his brain out long ago as this was his twentieth Fellsman.

Our group lost time with some random navigation in hill fog on Great Whernside. The wind was still howling into our faces and by now it was bloody cold. Like all good things, this splendid run out had to end and did so with us pounding down the two mile road finish in Yarnbury in full waterproofs. Steam was generated. The hot shower and the kip were splendid and on Sunday morning, with the 61 miles now behind us we cast all notions of a healthy diet to the wind and consumed another full heart attack breakfast.

Kev Borman

Both the route and the start have changed in recent years. Traditionally it started at midday but now it starts at pam and the challenge is to finish in the light and avoid getting grouped up into fours at dusk.

There were a fine mixture of people in the startfield from the fit and famous to quiet couples in big boots and woolly socks. The event is still firmly entrenched in its walking traditions but Walshes are still acceptable footwear.

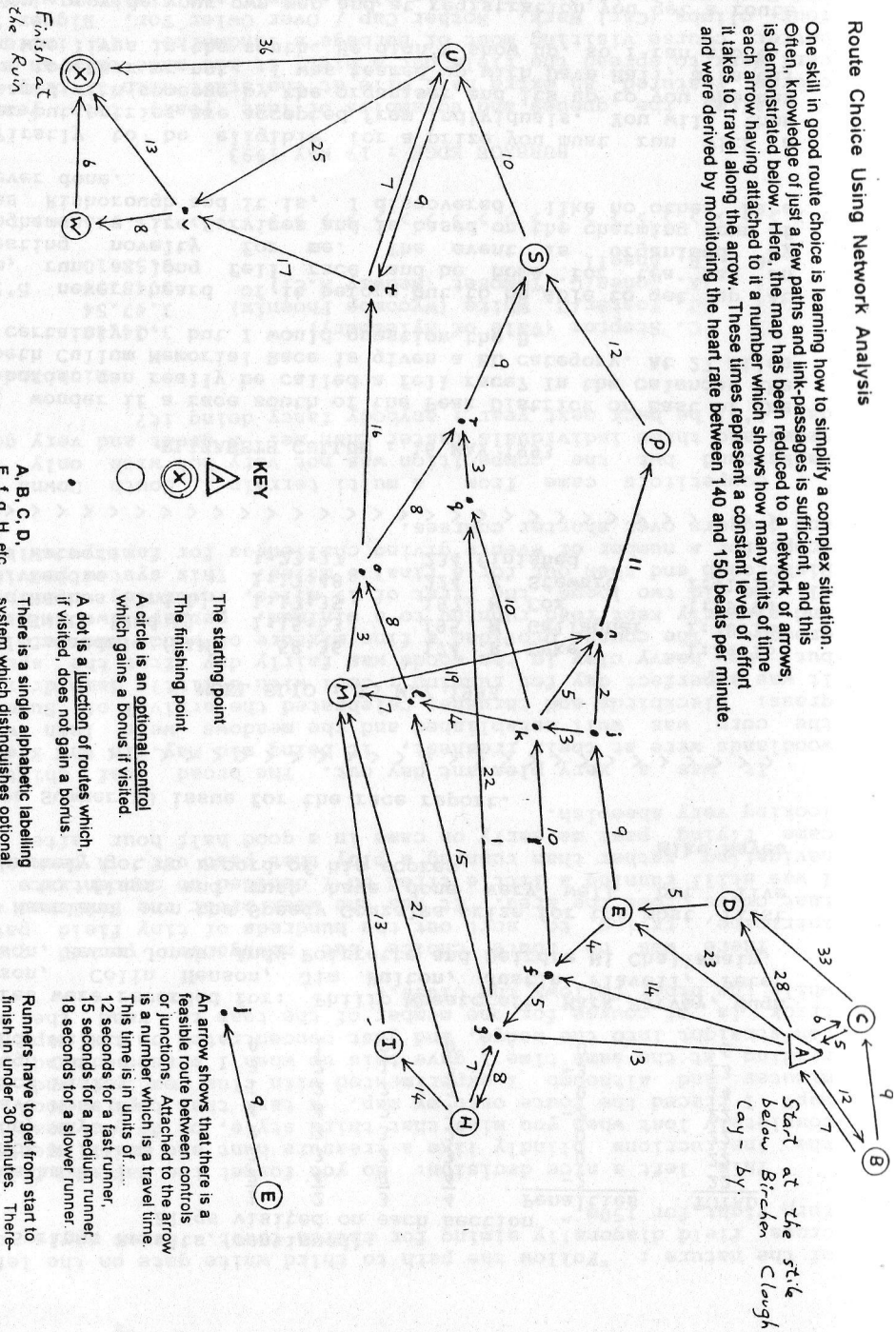
Off Ingleborough you retrace the Three Peaks route to Whernside. The early adrenalin had been burnt off but tiredness had not set in so the mood was relaxed and people chatted on their way to the summit. I passed Jeff on the way up and met Roger on his way backdown from the summit, seemingly ignoring his own advice of starting steadily.

Gragareth is the third big climb, a hill I'd not been on and here was Roger having an early lunch. I carried on over Great Coum and past the pubs in the valley (an awful temptation). Dent is a major landmark and I celebrated with a sit down and a rest.

Great Knoutberry is a fine big hill and ushers in a great long stretch of wild rough moorland. This is the crux of the route and can drain the last ounces of energy leaving nothing for the last 15 miles. The field had spread out, I was running alone and was heartily thankful to find a little enclave of humanity at the checkpoint above Buckden.

Route Choice Using Network Analysis

One skill in good route choice is learning how to simplify a complex situation. Often, knowledge of just a few paths and link-passages is sufficient, and this is demonstrated below. Here, the map has been reduced to a network of arrows, each arrow having attached to it a number which shows how many units of time it takes to travel along the arrow. These times represent a constant level of effort and were derived by monitoring the heart rate between 140 and 150 beats per minute.



Start at the stile below Birchen Clough lay-by.

ROAD AND COUNTRY

NOT THE GRAND NATIONALS : 7 APRIL 1993

Within days of the glorious debacle of Aintree, DPFRR thoroughbreds were lined up in the Rivelin allotment pony paddock. Colours were sported and finally discarded into the start line tree. The starter took some time to gain control of the runners, not helped by the late arrival of a long odds outsider who trotted in from the finish post.

Andy Harmer, wearing the Queens colours, announced the starting prices and pronounced the going "good enough". With starting pistol and silencer tucked into his bumbag (the Rivelin Allotments are a bit rough) the race was started. Cries of false start were unheard by the leading group as they left the tail enders in chaos, being savaged by The Hound of the Fultons.

The race followed the usual course and the notorious hazards of the river crossing and Den Bank brought many a hopeful to his knees. We must be thankful that there were no fatal injuries this year and no-one had to be put out of their misery but it can't be long before public opinion forces this barbaric race to be closed down!

Crowds thronged the arrival at the top of Den Bank and loud cheering greeted the leading runners at the dash through the allotments.

On the second leg there was some ill-founded concern that the tail enders were going to be lapped. This was merely a scurrilous rumour put about by the media hoping for a Dramatic Scene. The only lapping was done by The Hound of the Fultons and this same foul beast set a trap of a heather log at the top of Den Bank, causing a stumble of your reporter but fortunately without serious injury.

Tension was high as the final furlong was reached by the leading pair. As they approached the final straight the noise of betting slips being torn up was deafening as Tim Tett slowed to a canter and allowed Andy Poirette to win by a few lengths. Poirette was seen to be using the whip on the final run in and it is understood that John Manthorpe on behalf of the judges made an official protest under his breath.

Dope testing was demanded by the betting syndicate but it quickly transpired that all runners were dopes to a certain degree, especially those who had left their clothing on the tree! When the leading runners returned to the saddling enclosure a dastardly plot emerged. The colours left festooned on the Starter's tree had been bagged by a trophy seeker and were nowhere to be found.

Great consternation gripped the assembled masses and a lynch party went on the rampage. Fortunately Mike Hayes showed his insight into the workings of the amateur criminal mind and discovered a cache of jackets complete with keys etc. heaped up behind a wall.

Mike F Browell

 LOCAL RACE TROPHY

1992 RESULTS

The 1992 Local League Trophy was awarded at the club dinner in November (92) to Jon Cant. This was a well deserved victory, particularly after he missed out to Graham Berry by just 1.5 points (in 527) in 1990. Graham Berry himself had made an early bid to win the trophy for a fifth time but was halted by his mishap in the summer Crookstone Crashout which caused him to miss much of the summer season.

For those unfamiliar with this competition; it is an informal attempt to encourage Dark Peak runners to participate in the local events and to recognise the efforts of those who do "fly the flag" (or should that be "wear the vest"?). Most local (Peak District) fell races including all the Dark Peak club fell races are eligible and the best 16 count. 30 points are awarded to the first DPFR runner, 29 to the second etc. If there are more than 30 runners these points increase by 10 for every 10 (or part of 10) runners i.e. If there are 46 DPFR runners the first will get 50 points. The aim has always been to keep the event as simple as possible though suggestions are always welcome. Most people seem to like the present format, the only consistent suggestion for change is that there should be a minimum number of medium or long events within the 16 to count (any views).

At first sight numbers appear down on previous years but this is, in part, due to a lack of results for some races. Don't just assume someone else will give me the results! This may help to explain my strong showing in second place! As for the races to be included, the organiser's decision is final... but is influenced by availability of results! The likely list for 1993 is shown below.

Mike Pedley

Pos	Name	P'ts	Races	Pos	Name	P'ts	Races
1	J Cant	479	14	2	M Pedley	358	13
3	J Fulton	295	15	4	T Tett	280	8
5	A Yates	279	10	6	D Holmes	265	9
7	P Gorvett	248	8	8	G Berry	241	7
9	R Marlow	240	9	10	R Small	233	12
11	P Sanderson	232	8	12	C Adams	229	10
13	T Mackey	216	9	14	H Swindells	216	8
15	J Herbert	203	9	16	H Cotton	199	10
17	P Crowson	196	6	18	D Lockwood	191	8
19	A Poirette	190	5	20	A Harmer	181	5
21	J Smith	174	7	22	K Borman	166	8
23	J Harrison	161	8	24	K Jones	161	6
25	R Beaumeister	158	10	26	R Marsden	156	7
27	P Jones	150	7	28	B Wilson	144	6
29	B Needle	143	6	30	A Cory-Wright	142	4
31	R Wilson	135	6	32	C Wilson	130	6
33	M Browell	129	10	34	G Diprose	128	10
35	M Hayes	127	9	36	B Berzins	125	4
37	J Myers	119	9	38	R Barker	118	5
39	C Henson	117	9	40	K Wiley	116	6

DARK PEAK NEWS