

SPRING

93

DAIRY PEAK



Local Races ('Organised', advertised and cost money to enter)

Sun Apr 18	Kinder Downfall	Hayfield, 11:30	10ml/2150'
	Entry f3 by 13/4/93 to W. Harrison, 24 Spinnerbottom, Birch Vale, Stockport. SK12 5BL		
Sat Apr 24	Shining Tor	Errwood Sailing Club, 2.00	6.5ml/1900'
Mon May 3	Penistone	Penistone rec., 3:00	6.5ml/1055'
Wed May 19	Burbage	Fox House, 7:30	5.5ml/780'
Thu Jun 17	Grindleford	Grindleford, 7:30	4ml/550'
Fri Jun 18	Castleton	Hollowford Rd, Castleton, 7:30	6ml/1000'
	Also junior event (2.7ml/650') at 6:30 This is in conjunction with the revived Castleton Gala. The route includes Back Tor, Lose Hill, and Mam Tor. Further details from Derick Jewell.		
Sun Jun 20	Holme Moss	Brown Hill Res., 11:00	16ml/4000'
Thu Jun 24	Totley Moor	Cricket Inn, Totley, 7:30	5ml/800'
Tue Jun 29	Hope	Hope Sports Field, 7:30	4ml/650'
Sun Jul 4	Kinder Trog	Hayfield, 11:00	18ml/3490'
Sun Jul 4	Peakers Stroll	Peak Forest, 11:30	25ml
	Entry f2.50 by 26/6/93 to J. Hipwell, Hernstone Lea, Church Lane, Peak Forest, Buxton, SK17 8EL		
Mon Jul 5	Hathersage	School Field, Hathersage, 7:30	4.5ml/800'
Wed Jul 7	Baslow	(to be confirmed)	
Sun Jul 18	Peak Forest	Peak Forest Methodist, 11:15	6ml/650'
Wed Jul 21	Bamford	Bamford rec., 7:30	3.45ml/600'
Wed Jul 21	Blackamoor	Cricket Inn, Totley, 7:30	6.5ml/1400'
Wed Aug 4	Bradwell	Bradwell, 7:30	4.5ml/650'

Other Races (As above but involve more travelling!)

For a full list of fell races see the FRA fixture list which is distributed free at all FRA members.

Sun Oct 17 FRA Relay (advanced notice!), Lowther Hills, Scotland
Further details in later issues.

Mountain Marathons

May 29/30 Lowe Comeragh Mountain Challenge, Clonmel, SE Ireland.
Courses: Elite (60km), A (50km), B (40km). Teams of 2.
Details: Pat Healy, Cut Bush, Curragh, Co. Kildare.

FEATURES

STANAGE STONE BASINS

The Story So Far...

William Wilson owner of Stanage Shooting Lodge has told George Broomhead to give his stone masons something useful to do. They have now carved two stone troughs which Broomhead is trying to convince Wilson to use to make Bilberry Wine and is offering to carve more for 11/- each.

The Story Continues...

George Legrandes
Master Vitner
Le Vieux Vineyard
Bordeaux, France.
15 September 1907

Mon Cher Ami,

Here on our moorland vineyard near Sheffield we have an excellent variety of bilberry which produces very fine juice, similar in quality to your Cabernet Sauvignon. I am considering production of Chateau Stanage Wine. This will of course be many years off so please continue to send a dozen crates each year.

I have a small boat house which I am considering converting into a fermentation facility and have plenty of fresh water. Please let me know your views and a list of equipment that I would need.

Avec mes bon felicitations,
Squire Wilson.

15 September 1907
Charles Stone
Master Builder, Hayfield.

Dear Mr Stone,

I have a rather interesting business venture in mind and wish to invite your tender for the work. On the moors above my shooting lodge at Stanage is Spring Piece. Here you will find two prototype carved stone troughs made by my estate mason. I was thinking of having a further 107 made at various places around my estate. Please send your quotation at your earliest convenience.

W Wilson of Beauchief

22 September 1907

Dear Squire Wilson

At your request I have inspected the troughs and respectfully submit my tender of 11/3d each, total f60.3s.9d. I believe we could complete the job in nine months, weather permitting. Forgive my impertinence but what are they for?

Charles Stone, General Contractor.
Stone Troughs our Speciality!

25 September 1907

Dear Mr Stone,

I thank you for your prompt attention but am surprised by your inflated price. Have you not heard of quality discount? I hope to have the whole job done for 33 pounds. Please reconsider your price.

W Wilson

29 September 1907

Dear Squire Wilson,

I could make a reduction to 8/- with a few design modifications. I do not think that each trough needs your name and the letters "No" are unnecessary. Do you agree? I have taken the liberty of dispatching two of my best masons to Spring Piece and if you care to call by on Monday next you will find four samples numbered 3,4,5,6.

I still remain puzzled as to the purpose of these troughs?

Charles Stone.

10 October 1907

Cher Squire Wilson

Votre suggestion has given beaucoup d'amusement to moi et mes amis here at the vineyard. The absurd idea of Les Anglais quaffing bilberry wine in their smokey ale houses est tres drol! To be honest my friend, I do not think there is a commercial future in your suggestion.

I do, however have an idea for you to consider. I know that Les Anglais love to drink Gin and believe your estate to be very suitable for growing Juniper berries. One of my friends has 70,000 small juniper trees for sale and I have taken the liberty of asking him to dispatch them by train on a sale or return basis. The cost is only 1d each which is tres bon marche!

Georges Vintner

I felt beaten by the mountain before I had even started. There had been one day in the last three weeks when it had been calm enough to reach the summit. The winter winds continued into the summer, bringing an endless cycle of storms. Normally in December one can walk to the summit without setting foot in the snow. Everybody I had met on the walk in had the same story: snow and wind, tents destroyed, gear blown away, frozen fingers and toes. A Frenchman had been lost on the mountain for three days and was finally brought down, grinning like a baby with absolutely no idea of where he had been or what had happened to him.

Aconcagua at a touch under 7000m is the highest mountain in the world outside the Himalayan chain. I had thought it was my sort of mountain: technically easy - there's a footpath all the way to the top, but physically hard. For a week I had been playing at getting acclimatised, pottering about the shale foothills, practically expiring on a little knoll at 4000m and then walking up to the South Face Base Camp to gawp at the immensity of the hard way up the mountain.

I returned to the climbing hut at Puente del Inca where a magnificent natural arch spans the river and a sulphurous spring provides hot baths. From here one long day can see you at Plaza de Mulas, Base Camp for the via normale. Most people, though make the journey in two easy stages as the height gained is 1400m. The route follows a valley filled with stone, past a series of fine peaks of around 5200m. There was not a single trace of Spring or life in the utter desolation. The scale is so vast that you don't even attempt to guess the heights or distances.

Base Camp is one great latrine but at least the cold keeps the turds frozen. In January and February, when the big tour groups arrive there can be up to 100 tents in the area. Last year, apparently 30 people reached the summit on one day. So far this year only two people had made it.

I was keen to get onto the mountain and next morning set off for the long grind up the zig-zags, a sort of giant version of the Ben. For 800m I made steady progress feeling fit and strong, able to move without resting. When I did stop it was to enjoy the opening views, seeing almost eye to eye with the giant sentinels across the valley. When I reached the 5000m contour it suddenly felt as though a bag of cement had been added to my rucksack. Now I could only manage one zig-zag before stopping to rest. Then it was just a zig before I collapsed over my ski sticks, feeling like I'd just run up Yewbarrow. The early morning start had turned into mid-afternoon. The camp at 5400m that I was aiming for seemed impossibly far away.

Finally the great slope of shale I'd been toiling up all day levelled out onto a snowy plateau. There were tents pitched there built round with stones. A lone Austrian who had walked up behind me just for the acclimatisation sat down beside me, suffering similarly. The six Dutchmen toiled up later and flopped down into the snow. We looked at each other for signs of energy to lead on to 5400m. There were none to show so we variously started clearing patches among the stones to pitch tents.

On Boxing day the storm had passed. The sun was out and my headache had cleared. The slope was gentle but the new snow made it hard work. My feet were soon frozen and I decided that my new lightweight leather boots were, perhaps, not the most suitable footwear. I sat for a while trying unsuccessfully to rub some warmth back into them. I moved on, counting paces, trying to take 100 double steps before resting. Soon I was barely managing ten. Each little rock on the path became a landmark, each bend a cause for celebration and a full sit down rest. It took five hours to reach the little collection of shelters known as Berlin Camp at 5,800m.

I slept fitfully, waking from dreams of being suffocated, claustrophobic in my tightly closed sleeping bag. In the morning a Dutch party were going for the summit, a climb of 1200m from here and the day before a Japanese climber had reached the top in six hours from here. Even without my rucsac I felt 1200m was not a possibility and planned another camp at 6400m by a ruined hut.

It was a lonely night up there at 6400m, my tent held up only by rocks. The ground was too frozen for any pegs. Second lesson of the trip: a Saunders Spacepacker is not much good for real mountaineering, even with the addition of a valence. I awoke in a panic. I couldn't remember how to breathe. My nose was blocked and I was convinced if I went to sleep I would close my mouth and suffocate.

In the morning I lay in my tent hoping someone would come up from Berlin, I couldn't face the roaring, mist covered mountain alone. At 10:30 a French group arrived along with Gerhart my Austrian companion. I pulled on my boots and set off behind them into the buffeting wind, dragging myself half heartedly up the slope. My feet no longer hurt in the flimsy boots though there was a dull ache. My finger tips were hard and numb where the ends of my mitts had worn away.

The path crosses the ridge and then traverses for a distance before reaching Canaleta, a 250m couloir angled at 45 degrees. Even if I got to the bottom of this I knew I'd never get up it. Some of the French group turned back and they set a precedent for me. It was too cold and windy; things seemed to change colour: yellow, green then blue hazes passed my eyes. Another night's acclimatisation and I'd be fit.

During the afternoon the wind strengthened and another storm came in, tugging at the tent and pulling it out from under the rocks. Then suddenly it was free, collapsing around me, the fabric beating at my head. I grabbed at things as they began to blow away, sitting on them and trying to stuff them into the rucsac with numb fingers.

I felt weak and groggy as I made my way down the mountain to Berlin Camp, sheltered in a cove of the mountain. It was difficult to stand still, my legs went in every direction as though I was drunk. The wind had drifted the snow and although route finding was easy I floundered about exhausted. I re-pitched the tent but during the night the storm found its way into the shelter here. By dawn I was trying to retrieve bits as it all came down again; the Karrimat went sailing off over a cliff towards Chile.

Weather: 3 hours rain in early morning, rest of the day fine. Cold north west wind in exposed places. Saw sun rise, sun set, full moon set and rise but moon obscured for much of the time by cloud. Going hard in many places due to record rainfall for 50 years in November.

Incidents en route: Rain ceased at day-break, clouds dispersed in the south east to enable us to see the sun rise; looking back to the north heavy and wild looking black clouds. Villages very quiet at this time of day. Farms lit up, milking time and foddering beasts. River Derwent in full spate looked good to join the Trent River. I thought for a moment where it all starts, such places as Westend Head, Alport Head, Hern Clough, Grains in the Water, Deep Grain, Grinah Grain, Howden Clough - magic country. Nearing Matlock I saw a notice, "No Canoeing", can't understand why, they cause no noise, no pollution and are pleasant to watch.

Matlock town seemed busy after the quiet of the countryside, cafe stop on my insistence. John, my friend, Bailey seems to have an aversion to cafes and pubs but I think he enjoys his mug of tea. Cold North West wind over Matlock Moor, donned an extra wool. Holymoorside came into view, also Chesterfield beyond. "Holy what", he said. It's a remark I sometimes make to myself.

From Beeley Moor the views were panoramic on a late afternoon. Chatsworth Garden Centre next, once again John tried to steer me away via Swiss and Emperor Lakes but to no avail. I claiming it would cut a corner out and reduce our milage. Cafe busy, I'm sure he enjoyed his mug of tea this time; slipped a Bakewell tart in my pack for later; changed socks under the table. Walked through the park, the amber floodlights lit Chatsworth House and the fountain was on full power. Very pleasant as it was now going dark. Left the park on the path to Baslow, ankle deep in water, no way round, so much for dry socks.

The climb back up Deep rake was just right; the reason - it was now pitch black so you can't see it. I remarked to John that our route is via Bleaklow but he didn't bat an eyelid, stout man. I explained it was Bleaklow Farm we were looking for. The rakes and open cast mines can be quite confusing in the dark (excuses for poor navigation). Checked with the compass. To my surprise we were heading North West towards Wardlow; alteration brought us into quarry workings and mine entrance. Scattered lights were on, earth moving vehicles and dumpers, office brightly lit; knocked on the door to enquire our position on the map. No answer, eerie.

Retraced to Longstone Edge and down to Longstone village and a pub with a broom to clean off muddy shoes. The temptation was this time too great for John; following me in he bought me a pint - such luxuries. The landlord was doing a crossword and not looking too happy. He never spoke a word until we were ready to go and then said, "Good evening, gentlemen." I had my bakewell tart outside the pub, real lovely, tasted good I mean, full of calories. You've got to be careful what you say around these parts you know, double meanings and all that.

DAILY CLOTHING

cost was his his 'and was good a 2.11'
05.8

1 10:00
2 1:07
3 10:14
4 11:11
5 11:11
6 11:11
7 11:11
8 11:11
9 11:11
10 11:11
11 11:11
12 11:11
13 11:11
14 11:11
15 11:11
16 11:11
17 11:11
18 11:11
19 11:11
20 11:11
21 11:11
22 11:11
23 11:11
24 11:11
25 11:11
26 11:11
27 11:11
28 11:11
29 11:11
30 11:11

DAILY CLOTHING

DAILY CLOTHING

PREPARK