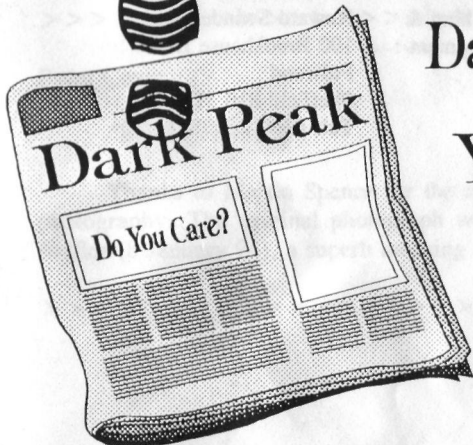


Dark Peak News



Dark Peak Fellrunners
Your Newsletter
Spring 1994

DARK PEAK NEWS - SPRING 94

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NEWS AND COMING EVENTS

CLUB RUNS

During the Spring and Summer Wednesday night runs visit a number of locations around the Peak District as well as the club's base at The Sportsman, Lodge Moor. Distances vary but usually last 1.5 to 2 hours. Shorter options are often available and a wide variety of abilities catered for. As usual there are lots of midweek races. However, if you don't want to race, meet at the race venue at 6:45 for an alternative training run.

Spring/Summer Wednesdays:

Apr 6	6:30	Sportsman
13	6:30	Sportsman
20	6:30	Cutthroat Bridge (SK216874)
27	6:30	Grindleford Cafe - followed by AGM at 8:30
May 4		DPFR RACE: Back Tor and Back
11	6:30	Sportsman
18		RACE: Burbage
25	6:45	Mam Nick (** Dark Peak West please note !! **)
Jun 1	6:30	Sportsman
8		DPFR RACE: Kinder Springs
15	6:45	Bar Dyke (SK246945)
22		DPFR RACE: Crookstone Crashout
29	6:30	Sportsman
Jul 6		RACE: Baslow
13		RACE: Edale

Subsequent Programme to be confirmed (see Summer DPNews):

Jul 20		RACE: Bamford
27		DPFR RACE: Cakes of Bread
Aug 3		RACE: Bradwell
10	6:30	Sportsman
17		DPFR RACE: Alport
24	6:45	Longshaw
31	6:30	Sportsman
Sep 7	6:45	Cutthroat Bridge
14	6:30	Sportsman

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RACES

Dark Peak club races

- Sat 12 Mar Bigstone Baffler,
A Dark Peak West version of the successful Burbage event. See below
for further details.
- Sun 27 Mar Edale Skyline, Edale, 10:30. 21m/4500'
Entries in advance to Dick Pasley. N.B. This is Dark Peak's big
organisational event of the year and helpers are always required: if
you're going to run think "Did I help last year?!"
- Wed 4 May Back Tor and Back, Foulstone Delf (near Strines, SK221909), 6:45.
3.5m/800'
- Wed 8 Jun Kinder Springs, Snake (Birchin Clough) Lay-by (SK109913), 6:45.
Who knows what format this years event will take except that it will
involve finding springs!
- Wed 22 Jun Crookstone Crashout, Rowlee Bridge (SK150890), 7:00.
- Wed 27 Jul Cakes of Bread, Fairholmes Car Park (172893), 7:00.
- Wed 17 Aug Alport, Snake lay-by, 6:45

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BIGSTONE BAFFLER **Saturday 12th March. 10.30am**

REGISTRATION/START : Peep-O-Day summit just off the A624 : GR 047850.

ROUTE: The route will be flagged/obvious. The race course is a loop starting at Hills House going through Phoside, up Foxholes Clough to join the bridle way (033855) to the finger post and then along the bridle way to the path junction (032844: spot height 416m) follow the path to the top of Bigstone (037842) . From Bigstone the track is followed to Peep-O-Day. Total distance is 3 miles.

RULES: Each team consists of 4 runners:

- 1 Superstar
- 1 Vet
- 1 Woman
- 1 Wart

Teams not including runners in the woman and vet categories may run, but cannot win. The definitions of superstars and warts are open to interpretation. Teams must provide their own baton: a spot prize will be awarded for the most entertaining baton.

The race is run in pairs. The first pair of a team set off in opposite directions around the loop. One runner heads towards Bigstone, carrying the baton, and the other member of the pair heads towards Phoside. At some point, approximately half way around, they should meet. The baton is passed, and both runners reverse their route back to the start, i.e., the first runner returns via Bigstone, and the second returns via Phoside (with the baton). The second pair then set off in the same manner.

When the second pair return the first pair again set off, this time on the opposite loop. That is the runner who went via Bigstone now runs via Phoside, and the runner who first went via Phoside goes via Bigstone. When they return, the second pair set off on the opposite leg to their previous run.

Each runner runs twice. The baton makes 4 circuits.

Pairs **cannot** set off until **both** runners in their team from the preceding leg have returned. The baton should always go clockwise.

Runners should keep going until they meet their partner, you do not need to stand and wait. This should result in both runners returning at about the same time.

PRIZE GIVING

Crown and Mitre, New Smithy. 1.0pm onwards.

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Local (ish) Races

Sun 20 Mar	Ollerset Moor, Hayfield Scout Hut, 12:15pm,	6.5m/830'
Sun 17 Apr	Kinder Downfall, Hayfield Scout Hut, 11:30pm, Entries £3 by 11/4/94 to W. Harrison, 24 Spinnerbottom, Birch Vale, SK12 5BL.	10m/2150'
Sat 23 Apr	Shining Tor, Errwood Sailing Club, Goyt Valley, 2pm,	6.5m/1900'
Mon 2 May	Penistone Hill Race, Penistone rec., 3pm	6.5m/1055'
Wed 18 May	Burbage, Fox House, 7pm	6m/1000'
Thu 16 June	Grindleford, Grindleford Playing Field, 7:30pm	4m/550'
Sun 19 Jun	Holme Moss, Brown Hil res., Holmbridge, 11am	16m/4000'
Thu 23 Jun	Totley Moor, Cricket Inn, Totley, 7:30pm	5m/800'
Fri 24 Jun	Castleton, Castleton Playing Fields, 7:30pm	6m/1500'
Sun 26 Jun	Kinder Trog, Hayfield Scout Hut, 11am	18m/3490'

Sun 26 Jun	Mount Famine, Hayfield Scout Hut, 11am	5m/1700'
	[No this isn't a misprint. The two Hayfield Championship races are at the same time from the same place. Surely one of them will change?! So maybe check with the organisers first.]	
Tue 28 Jun	Hope, Hope Sports Field, 7:30pm	4m/650'
Mon 4 Jul	Hathersage, School Field, Hathersage, 7:30pm	4.5m/800'
Wed 6 Jul	Baslow, ** Date to be confirmed **	
Wed 13 Jul	Edale, Edale car park, 7:30pm	5m/1200'
Thu 14 Jul	Blackamoor, Cricket Inn, Totley, 7:30pm	6.5m/1400'
Sun 17 Jul	Peak Forest, Peak Forest Methodist Church, 11:15am	6m/650'
Wed 20 Jul	Bamford, Bamford rec., 7:30pm	3.75m/600'

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RELAYS

Our escapades in the FRA Relay and Calderdale Way Relay last year proved a number of things:

- 1 Relays are fun!
- 2 Relays need lots of preparation and commitment!
- 3 Dark Peak can be very competitive in all categories (not just the women)!

Hence details of the races over 6 months in advance so that those who want to run can keep the dates free in their diaries, let co-ordinators know that they are interested and, in the case of the Calderdale Way, recce the route! Entry to all races will be subject to demand but they are not just elitist events; everyone who wants to run will get a run as long as there are enough people to make up complete, or nearly complete, teams. Whilst the FRA Relay has in some past years has operated entry quotas every effort will be made to accommodate those who want to run. N.B. Closing dates are often well in advance and early entries are encouraged to beat any quota.

Sun 16 Oct FRA Relay, Howgills
 4 legs, teams of six, two individual and two pairs legs. Legs usually vary from 4 to 10 miles but exact distances vary from year to year. Navigation skills are required on the longer legs but teams can usually be arranged to put a good navigator on each of those legs.
 Contact: Jacky Smith(or whoever is club captain next year) by July 31st

LETTERS

Dear Royston and James,

About your 40th birthday party. At first I thought it a little premature but then, with friendly concern, I began to notice how the inexorable ageing process has begun wreaking its ways upon your physical forms. The gradual decline towards senility (which some of us withstand with some success) has, I fear, done lasting harm and the slow downhill to generiatria has certainly moved towards a sprint finish. But take heart, old friends, because there is life beyond forty. Virtually the whole membership of Dark Peak Fell Runners bears testament to it!

I know that you belong to a select group of well pickled grey bearded athletes known collectively as Dark Peak Warts. It has been said that their membership knows the secret of eternal youth...

I think you will be familiar with the musings of one Dylan Thomas? I believe he knew about the Dark Peak when he wrote these words as guidance:

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rage at close of day,
Rage rage against the dying of the light.

Clearly penned with Dark Peak stalwarts in mind, Dylan Thomas had the foresight to anticipate your nocturnal moorland ramblings. His reference to the dying of the light might be the post-forty droop which you have complained about, or more obviously the fading of the Petzl headtorch as the Duracell runs down. Clearly too, he knows the local moors where there is certainly no going gently into any good night!

It will not have escaped your notice that there is much current interest in ancient beasts and nowhere more so than in Jurassic Park. Did Stephen Spielberg have the Warts Revenge in mind when he created the monsters in the marsh for those terrifying night scenes. Had he already spent a night on Burbage Moor, trapped in a car while wild beasts raged and roared around him? Did Jim Fulton wire up the faulty electric fence? I think we should be told!

It occurs to me that you may have in fact stumbled upon the secret of eternal youth somewhere on the moors above Burbage, or perhaps imbibing the waters passed by the management of the Grindleford Cafe? I hope that when you are both in your cups you might rather be more free with your secrets than your sewn up wallets would otherwise testify.

Yours sincerely,

Mike F Browell

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FEATURES

WARTS LIVE

The Warts radio Sheffield Interview.

Cast in order of appearance:

DH	Dave Holmes
RS	Radio Sheffield reporter.
JF	Jim Fulton
CL	Clive Last
PS	Paul Sanderson

DH "It's a traditional run of this club to run over the moors to a village quite close to here... A while ago someone said as we stood in the churchyard at this unnamed village, why don't we try getting into the stream... through a tunnel just down the road. So we tried it and we're sort of addicted"

RS "So, just gone 6:30, they've all disappeared into the mists of Sheffield on this rather damp dull Wednesday night. The fog's is coming in, I can barely see a thing. But I'm not that stupid because I've got in the car and will rendezvous with them at a secret location and see how they get on. Here we go."

[car noises... quiet... distant church bells]

RS "You can probably just hear in the distance the church bells ringing. Just over an hour since I last met them and , well apparently this is the churchyard where I'm supposed to meet them but as yet I can't see hide nor hair of them... So If they don't turn up soon I might just head back in the car. Anyway we'll give it five minutes shall we?"

[Splash, splash, splash]

RS "Oh dearie me... Oh my god!..."

Well shortly after, they did arrive and there was no escape and I found myself knee deep in water. But I was relieved to hear from Jim Fulton that they don't do this kind of thing everyday.

[Continues background splashing]

JF "We do serious ones as well. We don't just do this which is rather a lighthearted one"

RS "Lighthearted, you can say that again, there's barely enough room to move."

- JF "There's a nicely done up building over here, used to be a mill and has now been done up for townies to come and live in the countryside and work in Sheffield."
- RS "So you see all the sights from this route then?"
- JF "On a score of 1 to 10 this is probably an 11"
- RS "Through some trees and bushes... good grief"
- JF "This is marvellous, you can see its a good two hundred years old here"
- DH "One of the interesting things about this run is that you can see where people used to go the toilet in medieval times. As you can see there's a special chute here so that it keeps a steady angle straight into the stream. Either that or the coal man had an unusual way of delivering."
- RS "Just hope it's not in use today."
- DH "You're not keeping up much of a pace, though."
- [Background splashing gets faster]
- RS "Running underground is bad enough, but when you're running underground with a tape machine and without any light at half past seven on a Wednesday night is a bit difficult."
- DH "Can you see what you're doing?"
- RS "This is really stupid!"
- Well 10 minutes through a stream passing through peoples back yards and 4 foot tunnels was enough for me.
- RS "I've done some bizarre things in my time but that takes the biscuit."
- DH "Why do you find it odd?"
- RS "Well it's not my idea of spending Wednesday night crawling through an underground waterway"
- CL "Keeps you off the street though, doesn't it?"
- JF "I don't want you to get the wrong impression, we do more sensible runs as well. We might go running round on Kinder or down to Leadmill bridge... We did a nice run on the railway lines..."

DH "...until a train came

JF "We're a good group, varied ages, abilities and jobs. Average age is 40 but most of us are less than that. Dave here you know well because you work with him, John's in pastoral care as a teacher, Clive works for Manpower services, Maurice will do you a nice line in fitted kitchens, Paul analyses people's bits in the pathology lab... Are you coming back with us?"

RS "How far is it?"

PS "About six miles from here"

RS "All uphill?"

PS "Until the downhill bits."

JF "We'll go over Callow Bank, and across Stanage to the Pole and back down by the dams. We might go over Ocean View because it's a clear night."

[much laughter]

RS "I don't know, when I came over in the car it was a bit foggy up there so I might get a bit lost, bearing in mind I've not got a light"

JF "We're using Maurice for navigation tonight with his glow in the dark trousers."

RS "You're the experts, do you reckon I'm up for the job?"

PS "Oh I think so"

DH "You've got a nice low centre of gravity which helps but you might sink a bit in the middle"

RS "I've taken the right choice and left them to run up some mountain side in the middle of nowhere on a Wednesday night. My feet are freezing and I'm soaked up to the waist. These people are complete nutters, they really are... these boys are completely off their trolley. I'll catch up with them later but, can you hear this, [squelch, squelch] my feet are freezing"

[Squelch, squelch, squelch... to fade]

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FOUR JACKS CABIN REVISITED

We who were present at the Club Championships were all upset that Alan Yates managed to discover the ruined 'Four Jacks' cabin near the top of Grindsbrook whilst attempting to navigate from Crowden to Kinder Downfall. The discovery is even more remarkable when you learn that he's never succeeded in finding the ruin when he has actually been looking for it. Equally remarkable is the fact that another competitor followed him with the apparent assumption that he knew what he was doing. Such blind faith rendered her continued participation in the race utterly pointless.

Naturally, I hesitate to increase Alan's discomfort by reminding everyone of his unfortunate mistake but I feel I need to justify me recently-gained reputation as a 'fossicker' (see Mike Hayes' pamphlet 15) and pass on the information which I have about the 'Four Jacks'.

The cabin was rebuilt on the site of a previous cabin, probably in the early thirties at the instigation of the Champion family (nice irony there!) who still own the property and shooting rights in the area. The four men who rebuilt it were all called Jack. Their surnames were Burdekin, Belfitt, Rowbotham and Tym.

I knew Jack Burdekin and Jack Belfitt well. They had been farm labourer and farm bailiff respectively at Grindslow House. They both lived into their 90's and died within the last five years in Edale. Jack Burdekin lived at the White Cottage next to the road near the church. He told me that the cottage had once been a pub called The Church and had also doubled as the doctor's surgery.

Jack Rowbotham was a local builder. He employed Jack Tym. There have been Tyms in Edale for many centuries and there were a lot of them at the beginning of the 1900s. There have been at least two Jack Tyms and this one was called Sailor Jack Tym because he had been in the navy until 1919. His daughter lives in Edale and is a wonderful source of local history.

But if you really want to impress folks don't call it the "Four Jacks Cabin", but "Mike's Church". This is what it was known before it was rebuilt. Only the very old farmers would know this name and I've only just found out the origin of it. At the turn of the century there was a local Methodist preacher called Micah Tym (I told you there were a lot of them about!). On at least one occasion he went to the cabin to preach a temperance sermon to the chaps who were beating for the grouse shooters. It was the beaters who began to call it Mike's Church.

Now it is in ruins again. Perhaps if it ever gets rebuilt it will be known as Alan's Folly.

Dave Moseley

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ENGLANDS LAST WILDERNESS

It's 3am and I'm kipping in the car in a lay-by just outside Alston, my legs still aching from the Skyline. My semi-consciousness is disturbed by the headlights of a van that pulls in beside me. Music thumps from it. Someone gets out, dumps something behind a wall and drives away. Puzzled, I doze on until morning, the car rocking in the strong wind. As I stuff my sleeping bag away, an elderly couple stop; the man goes to collect a bundle of today's newspapers from a dustbin carefully hidden behind the wall.

Down in Alston only the co-op is open. I'm still in Cumbria here, just 20 miles from Penrith but the accents are Geordie. Not surprising, I suppose, as this is Tynedale and separated from the Lakes by the wall of the Pennines. I get a bus up the road a bit. The driver is friendly but barely comprehensible. The other passenger is a strange character; he tells me he broke his skull and backbone six weeks ago in a road accident. He turns out to be a train spotter and when we get out at Halton Lea Gate he tells me that the disused railway line I'm about to set out along was originally built for Stevenson's Rocket.

I trudge off up a track and out onto a sweep of hillside, two golf ball like blisters chaffing against my boots. I'm tired after the race and the heather makes for hard going. As I get higher the strong wind begins to nag at me. I settle down in the heather for a rest. The landscape is on a far more expansive scale than the Lakes, huge and wild, the valleys are too wide to offer much protection from the sweeping wind; the little farms are just pinpricks of white in the dull greys and greens of the pre-spring moorland.

I look at the map: scores of little blue tendrils reach up to the broad ridges, draining what can only be endlessly wet lands. The names show a mixture of cultures at some time in the past: "burns" from the North, "fells" from the West and "cloughs" from the South. Many names seem to relate to water: Mea, Moss, Black Hags, White Well, Arngill Head Brocks, Blackbeck Grains, Hagworm Hill and my favourite, Bink Moss. There is something sinister too: Dead Stones, Dead Friars. There are names familiar from the FRA calendar: Burnhope Seat, Chapel Fell Top and, of course, the map is full of Pennine Way flashes. It reminds me of how, as a teenager, I hitched to Edale and plodded doggedly up to Kirk Yetholm, counting the miles before I could step into the pub and ask for: "A pint on Wainwright, Please".

I finally reached the top of Cold Fell and huddle behind the huge cairn as the wind roars at the Lichen covered stones. I'm demoralised by the backbone of England rolling south into the gale and grey haze. Old fence posts give me a line but the terrain is unforgiving. After an hour and a half I drop down to a sheltered col where a little stream tinkles over the stones, sadly drained by the dry spring. The volume of the wind is turned down and I can hear the clattering of the grouse. It is too fine a spot not to camp.

It rains in the night and in the morning tattered grey cloud is being driven across the sky by a gale. The moor is as rough as you could wish and I curse at it as, beaten by the wind, I stumble about in the peat and trip on the tussocks. I continue south, against the wind, seeming to travel in slow motion, over Grey Nag and Black Fell. The restaurant at the top of Hartside is closed but a line of sales reps in sales reps cars eat their sandwiches. I smile at the postman who grumbles at his wasted journey: there is nobody in to take delivery of his parcel. Cross Fell looms to the south and after Melmerby Fell I swing East across its northern slopes. A Roman road crosses here and the hillside is littered with cairns and old mine workings. I camp beside a little bothy, sheltering by one of the many Black Burns in the area.

In the night the wind drops and the sky clears. I am finding a rhythm now. It's no longer a struggle to tramp over the hills. The pleasure comes flooding in as I dip and rise over tussocky moorland tops; dull names, dull hills but all around is wide open emptiness. On the adverts they call the North Pennines "England's Last Wilderness": I had been sceptical. The rough moors with no paths do not encourage the dilliantanta or tempt the determined Pennine Wayer to stray. I start to look at the vegetation and see it as a blessing not a curse. What rare species are there nestling among the tussocks? Some little seen moss perhaps?

I cross the River Tees dryshod and spend my third night camped near Cow Green Reservoir. A line from a Neil Young song echoes round my head:

"As days fly past will we lose our gasp,
Or fuse it in the sun?"

I have never quite known what it meant but it often comes ringing round my brain in the hills.

Next day gives me a fine tramp across the desolate Dufton Fell, eventually dropping down into High Cup Nick. The orientation of the map seems a few degrees out, or is it my compass work? My blisters are crippling me and I am tempted to camp here and spend the afternoon contemplating the geology but the grey is clearing from the sky turning silhouetted monochrome to colour and I push on over Murton Fell. I descend through crags and mine workings not marked on the map. On the opposite hillside a shepherd is out returning ewes and lambs to the fellside. I slip into a valley which has a Lost World feel to it and I realise why: the hillside is littered with shells. I presume they are blanks as they are unexploded (!). I camp regardless, the warm evening seems to hold no threat of target practice.

South of here the high ground is breached by the trunk of the A66 so I turn east crossing Little Fell, Mickle Fell and the wonderful Bink Moss. It's a tee shirt day: spring. Smoke patches from burning heather dot the sky. Late afternoon brings me onto the Pennine Way and down into Middleton. I pass the time of day with a farmer and realise that he is the first person that I have spoken to since the grumbling postman. Steak, chips and beer makes a pleasant change from rice, sardines and tea.

It is too early in the year for spring to really drive out winter; next day there

RACE REPORTS AND RESULTS

A SUMMER DIARY

by Rick Ansell

DUDDON : 5 JUNE 1993

I am Friday night and I can't find the campsite at Seathwaite so I drive up onto Ulpha Fell and pitch up a farm track. When I switch off the headlights I realise that the night sky is full of light.

Morning, and when I looked out of the tent I felt an almost physical touch on the stomach, I took a quick involuntary breath: the beauty was extraordinary. The cool freshness of the air, the early morning clarity holding the promise of a hot afternoon and the empty sweep of hills all around.

Down in the Duddon Valley people were already preparing for the race. A new event for me; on the map it looked like a good route and a relief to be away from the usual summits around Gable: the majestic Harter Fell followed by Hard Knott, Little Stand and the Three Shires Stone. Then south along the fine ridge above Coniston to The Caw: unusual summits and interesting route choices.

It was too fine a day to race and I was tired from work and lacking competitiveness and aggression. I tried to hang onto Joss but he out climbed me on Hard Knott. There was nothing little about Little Stand. It was my first Lakeland race of the year: no strength on the climbs and no confidence on the descents. I got a bad line off Little Stand, clambering down through the crags and Ruth Pickvance got past and was out of sight by Three Shires Stone. The sun was burning now but once up onto Swirl How the air was cooler and I revelled in the good running over Dow Crag and White Pike to The Caw. As I poured orange down my throat at the finish Barry Thackery came in; "Can't have been a bad run if I've beaten Barry", I thought. In conversation Barry mentioned he was coming up to his 60th birthday which puts things in perspective.

1	G. Bland (Borrowdale)	2:57:43	47	B. Thackery	4:03:48
2	S. Booth (Borrowdale)	2:57:45	58	J. Myers	4:20:36
3	J. Bland (Borrowdale)	2:59:36	73	M. Browell	4:52:56
4	B. Bland (Borrowdale)	3:02:36	76	P. Griffies	5:12:12
33	R. Ansell	3:49:19			

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MUNCASTER LUCK : 6 JUNE 1993

Summer Diary - Part 2

It's one thing doing Latrigg after Borrowdale but Muncaster is 10 miles. It was another scorching day and the resultant sunburn left me in agony. It is a fine 'B' race with a bit of everything including a thigh deep river crossing. It went well for the first 50 minutes but by thye third summit the previous day began to tell and it became a huge affort to run through the tussocks and fight through the bracken. The end invloves a mile across the valley floor then a vertical climb up to Muncaster Castle with all the day trippers there to see you. It was a fine low key event and the prizes included potted plants from the beautiful gardens of the castle.

- 1 G. Byers (CFR) 1:22:22
 - 14 R. Ansell 1:43:48
- 36 finished

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COLEDALE HORSESHOE : 9 JUNE 1993

Summer Diary - Part 3

Thirty miles of racing in two days had left me feeling leaden and lethargic; bareley able to walk up the Walna Scar Track but the fresh air of the summits was invigorating and we had a pleasant amble across Walna Scar and onto The Caw. Each Lakeland valley has its unique atmosphere but Duddon is a bit special because it has no lake and is narrow and secretive. It doesn't attract tourists as the others do and on Monday evening we had the camp site... and the midges..., to ourselves.

On the Wednesday evening, as the humidity started to build up, we went over to Braithwaite for the Coledale Horseshoe. An absolute classic line and a favourite walk of mine; a grinding climb that is, astonishingly, just runnable, followed by a long swooping descent with some rock steps thrown in. It's spoilt only by a bottleneck at some narrow steps early on. With Ennerdale still to come at the end of the week I was just out for a training run really, trying to develop some 'Lakeland Legs'. Matt Simms turned up from Hexham so we almost had a team.

- 1 S. Booth (Borrowdale)1:10:36
 - 52 R. Ansell 1:30:15
 - 64 M. Simms 1:33:03
- 145 started, 141 finished

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ENNERDALE : 12 JUNE 1993

Summer Diary - Part 4

I found I had come to accept the change in the Lakes. I was happy to be there for the beauty and did not miss the solitude in the hills. June proved to be a good month; the days almost endlessly long. There was light in the sky after 11pm and the dawn chorus started just after 3:30am.

The big day arrived and I couldn't find the start of the Ennerdale! We finally arrived just 20 minutes before the start, adrenalin pumping. It was only my second Ennerdale and I couldn't even remember where it went: I was definitely short on preparation. By the time we had got over Great Borne and were traversing Starling Dodd I began to relax. I saw Joss and Ruth just in front. Joss was running slower than me but every time I passed him he came trotting by again a little below or above me, always finding a faster line. As we came to High Crag I was all set to follow the path but Joss set off on a line to the South. About 20 people peeled off to the right behind him and he led us all a merry dance across near vertical boulder fields.

From Blackbeck Tarn I got settled into a good rhythm and went well on the long traverse and climb to Green Gable, passing Joss (again) and finally catching Ruth (who shot past on the descent). I fell heavily on Kirk Fell and lost contact with the group. Coming off Pillar I was suddenly on my own and the mist was down. I fished in my pocket for my map. Panic, it wasn't there, nor the compass I must have lost them in the fall. I would just have to do it from memory.

I knew I had to skirt round Scoat Fell so cut off in about the right place and kept the high ground on my right. After a bit I found the high ground was on my left and in a clearing in the mist I noticed an attractive tarn below to the right. A bit further on, the ridge I was on ran out. Somebody had followed me and we consulted his map and compass. The attractive tarn was Scoat Tarn, we were at the Southern end of Red Pike. All the effort, all the hard running earlier; all the hopes of 4.5 hours sank out through the bottom of my stomach.

Wearily we turned and traversed back to Scoat Fell. As I rejoined the correct line I met Barry and Mike jogging cheerily along. The impetus and incentive were lost I just wanted to get the race over and done with and go home. On Crag Fell I looked at my watch: with a bit of effort I might break five hours, I thought. But I didn't.

Mike came in a few minutes later, well inside his target time of 5h20m but I think a little disappointed to have got so close to five hours without breaking it but what an achievement in his first long Lakeland race after his accident.

Ennerdale results

1	G. Bland (Borrowdale)	3:30:13	105	P. Smith	4:56:24
50	P. Crowson	4:20:58	114	R. Ansell	5:01:38
79	R. Sanby	4:37:03	119	M. Hayes	5:03:38
93	J. Smith	4:49:03	132	B. Thackery	5:09:36
			191	finished	

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CHEVY CHASE : 19 JUNE 1993

Summer Diary - Part 5

I felt drained by the Lakes and needed something less steep, different angles, wide and expansive: The Dales. The Dales were lovely; hay fields ready for cutting and awash with wild flowers. What a difference from the sterile herbicided fields of the eighties. Birds seemed to be celebrating the return of the flowers. Larks sang above the meadows and higher up we found flocks of curlews and plovers.

By Friday night we had moved North to Wooler. The sky had that extra clarity I associate with Northumberland. One lungfull of air and you noticed it. The winds come sweeping across the empty hills and carry the clean scent of peat.

The Chevy Chase is a slightly esoteric race. Like the Manx, it provides competition for walkers, joggers and runners. People come from all sorts of clubs that rarely feature in Lakeland races and the competition is generally not too fierce. Our illustrious editor once finished third in the event. It provides a good antidote to the Ennerdale, being long but providing plenty of good fast running. It splits into three sections: five miles of cross country followed by a long boggy climb up Cheviot, a steep down and up to Hedghope and finally about ten miles of mostly downhill paths. There is some argument about which is the fastest line but basically you just need to know where the sheep tracks are.

Rick Ansell

1	A. Haynes (Eryri)	2:52:56
11	R. Ansell	3:11:49
18	M. Simms	3:21:40
88	finished	

[Ed. At around 3500 words, excluding results, Rick's 'Summer Diary' is one of the the longest single articles I've received. I thoroughly enjoyed reading it but flagged a bit typing it and have extracted the race details together with a flavour of the other days. I hope it encourages more people to venture back to the Northern hills for races. There are some excellent early summer events]

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TEGGS NOSE : 14 AUGUST 1993

1	D. Neil (Mercia)	48:37	158	W. Smallwood	1:25:09
86	P. Griffies	1:06:02	160	H. Bloor	1:25:10
116	J. Fulton	1:10:14	168	finished	

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13th Annual TIOGA PASS RACE, CALIFORNIA : 12 SEPTEMBER 1993

Whilst on holiday in California in September this year I happened to discover a race which may appeal to members of Dark Peak. An apt description of the Tioga Pass run is an uphill half marathon, although with a difference! Starting at 6,600 feet in Lee Vinning on the Eastern side of the Sierra it runs up the main highway to finish at the Tioga Pass entrance of Yosemite National Park. at an altitude of just under 10,000 feet and passing through some spectacular scenery on the way. Having been up to the summit of Mount Whitney at 14,500 feet earlier in the week I decided that I was suitably acclimatised to uphold Dark Peak honour and enter. I soon discovered that I was in some serious company with most of the other runners living and training well above 5,000 feet.

As I had never run at this altitude before, I decided to take things fairly easy early on, after all I was on holiday! The race started and a group of nine runners soon established a good lead on the rest of the field. I managed to hold 10th place until three quarter distance when I was caught by another runner. Within the last half mile I knew that someone else was catching me but I thought I had saved enough energy in my legs to outsprint him. Unfortunately, sprinting at 10,000ft. is not easy, my legs felt as though they were made of concrete, and I was just beaten to the line.

Organisation of the race was excellent with drinks stations every 3 miles and loads of refreshments afterwards. Being an 'international' competitor I was made to feel very welcome, the organiser even sent me a copy of the results! Explaining what fell running was, however, did prove difficult.

Paul Sanderson

1	B. Pressnall (USA)	1:35:13
12	P. Sanderson	2:02:36
45 entered		

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car up the hill through the snow and at one point stopped. The car behind also had to stop, but lacked Chris' skills in hill starts in snow. Whilst waiting for our team a Keighley team came in with no-one to change over to. They were in the car behind, now stuck on the hill!

Two figures appeared out of the mist yelling "*Dark Peak, Dark Peak*", selling or buying? we asked. I had not recognised Rick Ansell as he had a balaclava over his ginger afro. [ed. The other reason Neil didn't recognise Rick was that it was actually Gavin Williams he was taking over from] We set off in to the gloom in the very position we did not wish to be in: no-one to follow in front, and no-one close behind. The good thing about snow is that PB prints are easy to follow, unless it snows so hard they get obliterated. After about half a mile I was attacked by a rotweiler: "that's not funny" said John from behind a wall, admonishing the walkers with the dog. "It's not our dog" they said. "It's still not funny", said John.

"Are you checking the map", John asked, "no" I said. Just then two teams caught us up. "Have you been following me" I asked, NO, they replied with certainty. Good, I thought that means they know the way. We followed them, racing furiously through the back alleys of Heptonstall, like some scene out of a crime chase movie. We would have taken ages to find our way through without this assistance. Unfortunately, we lost contact with them, a real disadvantage as I now had no idea where we were. We emerged on to a road. I consulted the map. A spectator popped his head out of a car window: "along the road second left, on to the moor", he said. Off we went.

Soon, another team passed us. We followed but again lost contact. We ran on, worried as we seemed to be following fewer PB prints, and those that we were following took one or two odd deviations. We arrived at a sign to Jerusalem, Wailing Wall would have described us nicely. We followed a path and quickly realised it was wrong. Just as we were about to consult the map again, some more teams came through. We followed. We got to the changeover to find that we were about 12th, having started off about 12th and having been passed by at least 5 teams! The Armistead-Goldsmith effect strikes again.

The weather had seriously deteriorated and we were informed by Killian and Andy that the team was abandoning since it was impossible to get cars to the changeovers. John and I then followed Killian and Andy on what seemed like another 10 mile leg, to meet our lift back to Mike's.

The event was really enjoyable owing to the efforts of Mike Pedley and Jacky Smith. Mike put in a massive amount of effort sorting things out in the day and probably had the mother of all jobs cleaning his house after we had all left, eating him out of house and home and cleaning him out of tea, coffee etc. Jacky also did a great job coaxing and cajoling people to run, a difficult task to find three teams of 12 runners, and in providing tons of flapjack.

The decision to abort was the right one. The running was not a risk, but damage to cars and motoring accidents was a serious risk, and running another 4 or 5 miles after a relay leg to get to somewhere warm is risky. It was a pity that the weather meant we were all in a hurry to depart. I think we would all have enjoyed a drink and a talk afterwards. Well done everyone, and many thanks to Mike and Jacky.

Neil Goldsmith

A quick view of leg 2

Back in the days when men were men and I was a student, the Calderdale was an individual race. It was memorable for me in that when I did it I spent more time getting lost than found.

The day before this year's relay I had waded round the Yorkshire Cross Country Champs almost hand in hand with Robert Davison but I always had the feeling that he was just being polite and keeping me company. I was more than happy, therefore, to hand over the map to him for our leg in the hopes that I might keep him in sight if he had to navigate.

The way he set off I was glad I had. Once out of sight of the crowd, however, we got back together and had a satisfying if tedious plod up the road to Withens Reservoir: satisfying in that we pulled past two other teams. Then we were out onto the moor trying to remember Mike's directions for a short cut to the Pennine Way from Withens gate. We had an exhilarating run up to Stoodley Pike, feeling light and free and running fast.

The dusting of snow was not so welcome on the steep descent from the obelisk but we were soon hacking along the farm tracks, Robert always a few paces in front as he navigated us efficiently through the intricate network of field paths and roads and down to Todmorden.

We had been running hard for 45 minutes but I enjoyed the steep grind out of the valley. We were leap frogging with another team, the four of us urging each other on and they were even friendly enough to call us back when we went wrong. I did my best to block Robert on the steep descent path but he slipped past and was away into the woods in seconds. He must have pulled 200m out of me in the last kilometre and had to wait at the bottom, no doubt in frustration, as the other two escaped in front to the changeover.

Rick Ansell

1	Bingley	5:57:17	
2	Clayton Le Moors	5:57:59	
3	Pudsey and Bramley	6:05:00	
5	Clayton Le Moors Vets	6:30:21	
35	Pudsey and Bramley L.	8:44:01	
36	Rossendale Ladies	9:00:37	Originally declared as 1st ladies (corrected 2 months later!).

LAST GASP : 27 DECEMBER 1993

After a year's absence, this traditional race was revived thanks to the efforts of Peter Dyke and attracted a good turnout. All entry fees (£43) went to Sheffield Children's Hospital. The race is a chasing start beginning and ending at Ringinglow with a descent of Long Line and climb of Limb Valley in between. As so often happens in handicaps an unknown, claiming not to be a runner, won off a generous start. However, Tim Tett claimed fastest time by just 7 seconds.

M.P.

H'cap pos		Fastest
1	D. Capwell (?)	30:24
4	C. Henson	25:29
6	D. Pasley	24:46
7	F. Galbraith	28:21
8	T. Tett	20:03
12	A. Malkin	27:02
13	A. Yates	22:35
18	J. Harrison	24:54
20	J. Edwards	32:18
25	M. Pedley	25:27
26	D. Sant	26:16
32	finished	

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10th BURBAGE BAFFLER : 8 JANUARY 1994

A superb morning for views; sub-zero temperatures and Stanage Edge visible above a thin layer of early morning mist. The temperatures made running conditions exciting in places with hard ice, particularly on Green Drive. Despite stiff competition the Baffler Trophy was retained by last year's winners strengthened by a switch of Armisteads (Jo replacing Ann). In an unusually close competition, three different teams held the lead and the eventual winners only took the lead on the last leg. All three were only 2 minutes apart at the end and all would have done faster times had not they followed each other the wrong way off Higger Tor on the second leg.

Thanks again to Martin and Jayne for organising this 10th anniversary edition. There was talk of special certificates (or was that just a bribe?!). Anyway, winning is(n't) everything so Squeaky Carrots III will be back next year trying for the hat-trick.

MP

Pos	Teams	Lap Times		Running Totals
		Lap 1 Lap 2	Lap 3 Lap 4	
				Lap 1 Lap 2 Lap 3 Lap 4
1	Jo Armistead + Mike Pedley John Armistead+Howard Swindells	0:23:29 0:23:13	0:23:10 0:21:15	0:23:29 0:46:42 1:09:52 1:31:07
2	Ian Bennett + Kath Harvey Phillip Wheatcroft+Neil Goldsmith	0:22:48 0:24:07	0:22:39 0:22:09	0:22:48 0:46:55 1:09:34 1:31:43
3	Ken Jones + Peter Lancaster Jane Spence + Mark Harvey	0:23:11 0:23:25	0:23:27 0:22:59	0:23:11 0:46:36 1:10:03 1:33:02
4	Andrew Moore+Roger Beaumeister Peter Dyke	0:22:56 0:25:06	0:23:30 0:24:47	0:22:56 0:48:02 1:11:32 1:36:19
5	Paul Sanderson+ Maggie Gallagher Jeff Harrison + Dave Lockwood	0:24:07 0:24:18	0:25:07 0:24:06	0:24:07 0:48:25 1:13:32 1:37:38
6	Dave Birch + Amanda Bird Alan Yates + Chris Manthorpe	0:29:45 0:21:55	0:23:09 0:25:25	0:29:45 0:51:40 1:14:49 1:40:14
7	Hugh Matheson + Roger Lyons Mary Sant + Hugh Cotton	0:23:46 0:27:11	0:24:19 0:28:06	0:23:46 0:50:57 1:15:16 1:43:22
8	John McCall + Mel Cranmer Gerry Goldsmith+Wayne Harrison	0:26:22 0:26:20	0:27:21 0:26:37	0:26:22 0:52:42 1:20:03 1:46:40

