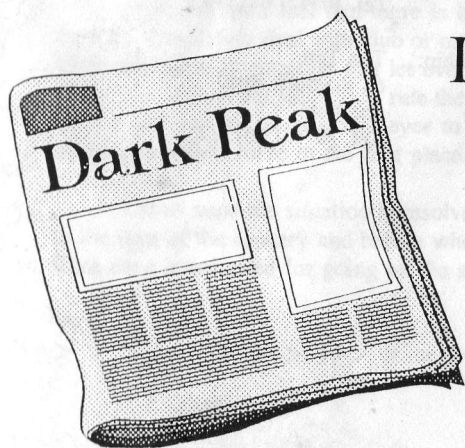
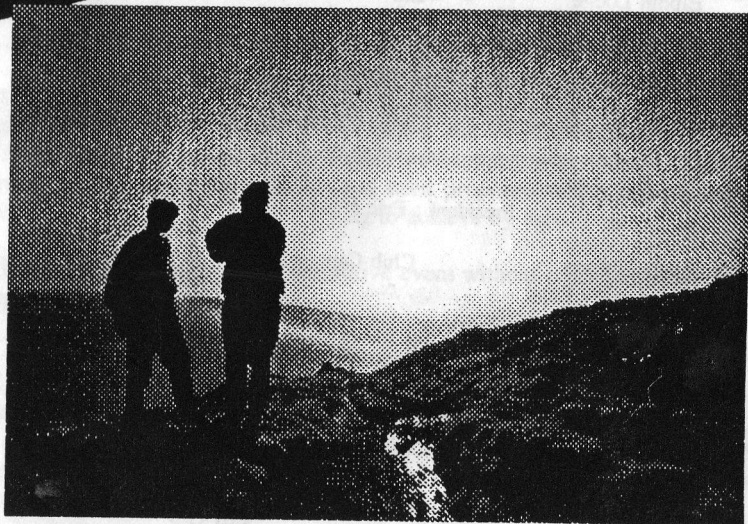


Dark Peak News



Dark Peak Fellrunners
Your Newsletter

SUMMER 94

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.

Summer Wednesdays:

Jun 22		DPFR RACE: Crookstone Crashout
29	6:30	Sportsman
Jul 6		RACE: Baslow
13		RACE: Edale
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

From 14 September onwards at the Sportsman.

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RACES

Dark Peak club races

Wed 22 Jun Crookstone Crashout, Rowlee Bridge (SK150890), 7:00.

Wed 27 Jul Cakes of Bread, Fairholmes Car Park (172893), 7:00.

Sat/Sun 13/14 Aug ****Dark Peak Social Weekend**** - see back page

Wed 17 Aug Alport, Snake lay-by, 6:45

Sat 12 Nov Club Championships, venue to be confirmed.

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Local (ish) Races

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'
Tue 28 Jun	Hope, Hope Sports Field, 7:30pm	4m/650'
Sun 3 Jul	Peakers Stroll, Devonshire Arms, Peak Forest, 11:30am	25m/4000'
Mon 4 Jul	Hathersage, School Field, Hathersage, 7:30pm	4.5m/800'
Wed 6 Jul	Baslow, Baslow village, 7:30pm	
Wed 6 Jul	Mount Famine, Hayfield, 7:30pm **New date** Instead of clashing with one of the least enjoyable races in the calendar, the organisers have moved the date to clash with one of the best. However, entry is FREE.	
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'
Thu 28 July	Fernilee, Shady Oak, Fernilee, nr. Whaley Bridge, 7:00pm	7m/530'
Wed 3 Aug	Bradwell, New Bath Hotel, Bradwell, 7:30pm	4.5m/600'
Sat 20 Aug	Teggs Nose, Sutton, nr Macclesfield, 2:30pm	6.5m/1100'
Sun 11 Sep	Totley Terminator, Cricket Inn, Totley, 10:30am	18.5m/3000'
Sun 11 Sep	Shelf Moor, Shepley St., Old Glossop, 2:00pm	5.9m/1500'
Sat 17 Sep	Lantern Pike, Little Hayfield, 3:00pm	5m/1050'
Sun 9 Oct	New Glossop, Old Glossop, 10:00am	20m/4500'
Sun 30 Oct	Roaches, Meerbrook near Leek, 11:00 ** New date**	15m/3700'

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Mountain Marathons

- 25-26 Jun Phoenix, Alwinton, Northumberland.
2 day mountain orienteering, start and finish at the same place each day and carry only essential kit (whistle, waterproofs, spare food).
- 23-24 Jul Capricorn, Howgills.
Familiar mountain orienteering format, start and finish at the same point each day. E,A,B,C,D classes from 50km - 25km over 2 days.
Entires: B. Pilling, 4 Peel Place, Barrowford, Nelson, BB9 6BE.
- 3-4 Sep Galloway Hills Rogaine
A 24 hour event but beyond that I have no idea.
For further details contact: Marilyn Park, Crooks House, Crooks, Mabie, Dumfries, DG2 8EY
- 17-18 Sep Mourne Mountain Marathon, Northern Ireland.
A 'Karrimor' style event for pairs: A - 65km, B - 50km, C - 40km.
Entry: Robin Bryson, 12 Edenderry Village, Belfast, BT8 8LG

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Relays

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

- Relays are fun!
- Relays need lots of preparation and commitment!
- Dark Peak can be very competitive in all categories (not just the women) and do even better this year!

Hence details of the races well 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 where possible (though see FRA Relay below), everyone who wants to run will get a run as long as there are enough people to make up complete, or nearly complete, teams.

- Sun 2 Oct Ian Hodgson Mountain Relay, Sykeside camp site, Brotherswater. 10am
25 miles and 8500' split into 4 stages for pairs (3 medium, 1 short).
Entries £24 per team on entry form by 16 July 1994 to: Mrs S Hodgson,
197 Hall Lane, Horsforth, Leeds. LS18 5EG.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Minutes of the (18th?) Annual General Meeting - Somewhat abridged!

Grindleford Cafe, Wednesday 27 April, 8:30pm, 48 members attended.

1. Minutes - Approved, no matters arising.

2. Reports

Chairman: Things are going well, some good some bad, still a little anarchic just a shame we can't get more teams to the Lakes races. Feared that the present contribution of the chairman was not what it could be but happy to continue if the membership wished it.

Secretary: Roger resigned and was thanked for his 2 years service.

Treasurer: The reserves actually went down a bit last year but we still have a healthy balance in the accounts. Newsletter costs, in particular, have risen over the past year but were in line with the budget estimates given by Mike last year. It was decided not to increase the subscriptions to a proposed £6. However, Mike Hayes expressed concern over the club's standing in the city if something was not done about subscriptions so proposed that they be £6 every two years... The current £3 will remain for 1995.

Since views were divided about last year's annual dinner, and are usually divided wherever we go and whatever we do, it was decided to stay at the Marquis of Granby but to have a change of music and approach the "ZZ-Top look alike" rock band that graced Jim and Roy's recent party!

Captain: Of three roles identified for a club captain after last year's meeting, two (relays and recruitment of new members) have been successful during the past year. The third, club training weekends, did not prove possible to arrange on any suitable date. It is hoped to find a new design for a club T shirt with, possibly a competition to encourage suggestions... Jim Fulton's suggestion was that it should be a wet T shirt competition.

Women's secretary: The chairman had unfortunately mislaid the written report submitted by Ann, saying he had probably confused it with the local election publicity material. However, it was rumoured to have stated that there was probably no need at present for a separate women's secretary now that there was a post of club captain.

3. Elections

Club officials for 1994/5 remain unchanged with the exception of:

Secretary	- Paul Sanderson
Women's secretary	- post abolished
FRA rep nomination	- not filled (possibly Pete Dyke)

In addition it was noted that Jacky will be away scaling unclimbed Himalayan peaks in the Autumn during which time Pete Dyke will stand in as Club Captain to help organise the autumn relay events.

4. Edale Skyline

It took place and, as usual, someone won it and lots of others didn't. Organisation was successful and will continue coordinated by Frank Galbraith.

Jim Fulton proposed the race be run in reverse; an amendment suggested that it be run in both directions and competitors given the choice but both proposals were rejected. It was also proposed that the car park fee be included in the entry fee. However, some members felt this would give the entry fee an inflated appearance and would also penalise those who utilise public transport or cycle to the event.

5. Club Championships

Andy Harmer proposed the club championships be moved to an alternative venue though retaining a similar format to last year. The proposal was accepted by a large majority.

6. Rivelin Valley Race

A proposal was made to formalise the Rivelin valley race making it an open competition. However, the route will need some consideration so that a certain person who owns a certain moor, on which is a certain trig point (1 of 15), and an electric fence does not say something roughly translated as "Excuse me please, you are in my garden." whilst expressing his interest in sex and travel.

7. Any Other Business

Advertising: Should the newsletter carry limited advertising in the newsletter both to act as an incentive for discounts from local shops and perhaps supplement club income? Jim Fulton felt that selective advertising would be a good idea (particularly if it included a certain Sheffield electrical contractors). However, the majority felt that the newsletter should remain advert free.

Club kit: Mike Pedley proposed that a register should be compiled of shops where discounts can be obtained by club members. Jim Fulton volunteered to approach local shops and compile a list which will be published in DP News.

Road Affiliation: Tim Tett proposed that Dark Peak do not affiliate to the Road section of the BAF. This would permit DP runners to compete for other teams e.g. Sheffield AC on the road. Paul Sanderson to investigate further.

7. Worsell Trophy

The Worsell Trophy for all round contribution to the club, donated by Phil (proprietor of the cafe), was awarded to Pete Dyke.

TREASURERS REPORT ON FINANCES OF DARK PEAK FELL RUNNERS
PERIOD 1. 5. 93 TO 30. 4. 94

CURRENT ACCOUNT

DEPOSIT ACCOUNT

Opening Balance	2188.27	Opening Balance	1041.45
Income	2939.06	Interest	<u>4.82</u>
Expenditure	<u>3258.70 (319.64)</u>	Closing Balance	<u>1046.27</u>
Closing Balance	<u>1868.63</u>		

ANALYSIS OF CURRENT ACCOUNT

	<u>INCOME</u>	<u>EXPENDITURE</u>
Subscriptions	627.00	
Equipment *	323.28	500.63
Newsletter	8.44	444.00
Edale Skyline	990.34	903.62
		17.08 (93.)
Annual Dinner	978.00	1120.25
Race Fees		117.00
NEAA (BAF) Subs.		110.00
Bank Commission		37.62
Sundries	12.00	8.50
	<u>£2939.06</u>	<u>£3258.70</u>

* PLUS

Equipment stocks of value approx. £600.00

Jeff. Harrison

Treasurer



FEATURES

MYERS' LADDER TO THE STARS

From the edge of darkness to the most remote place in the Dark Peak

Start where the limestone meets the gritstone at the car park below Winnats - at the edge of darkness.

Climb up the north ridge heading to lucky gridline 13, then follow it as faithfully as possible. take in the Iron Age fort on Mam Tor, down into Edale, up to Druid's Stone and the trig point on Kinder.

Tumble into the Upper Ashop and attack the hill leading to Cowms Rocks. A discreet trespass is in order but there are legitimate paths only a few metres to the east for the nervous.

Skirt the head of Swift Clough and descend into Upper Alport Dale, then straight up to Alport trig. Now into upper Westend and, approaching journey's end, up to Grinah Stones, a mystic and remote place at the very heart of Dark Peak.

Enjoying your isolation, take one grid kilometre jump east to grid line 14 and Round Hill. Only one grid square removed but a totally different world awaits you!

Descend into Westend and climb up over Black Clough, missing the forestry. Now South and along the ridge to the magnificent landslip of Alport Castles, drop into Alport dale and down to the A57.

Head straight up to Madwoman Stones - what a fine name. Then down Black Brook and up over Hollins cross via Back Tor farm. Rest yourself, if you wish, at coffin rest, then return to your start passing over Mam Tor.

- * 15 miles, 2250 metres/7500 feet ascent and descent. If that isn't enough, punish yourself with Mam Tor repetitions.
- * A line of exceptional purity.
- * Out and back, navigationally simple but with scenic diversity.
- * At the heart of the club's territory; the very essence of Dark Peak terrain.
- * Clear of the madding crowds after the first hill.

Mike F Browell

[Ed. Mike's route was produced in response to a competition devised by John Myers to find the toughest 'pure line' 15 mile route in the Peak - has anyone set a time for it?]

GRINAH STONES

HEART OF DARK PEAK

ALPORT TRIG

ALPORT CASTLE

KUDR TRIG

MADONNA'S STONES

DOLLY'S CROSS

MANTON

EDGE OF

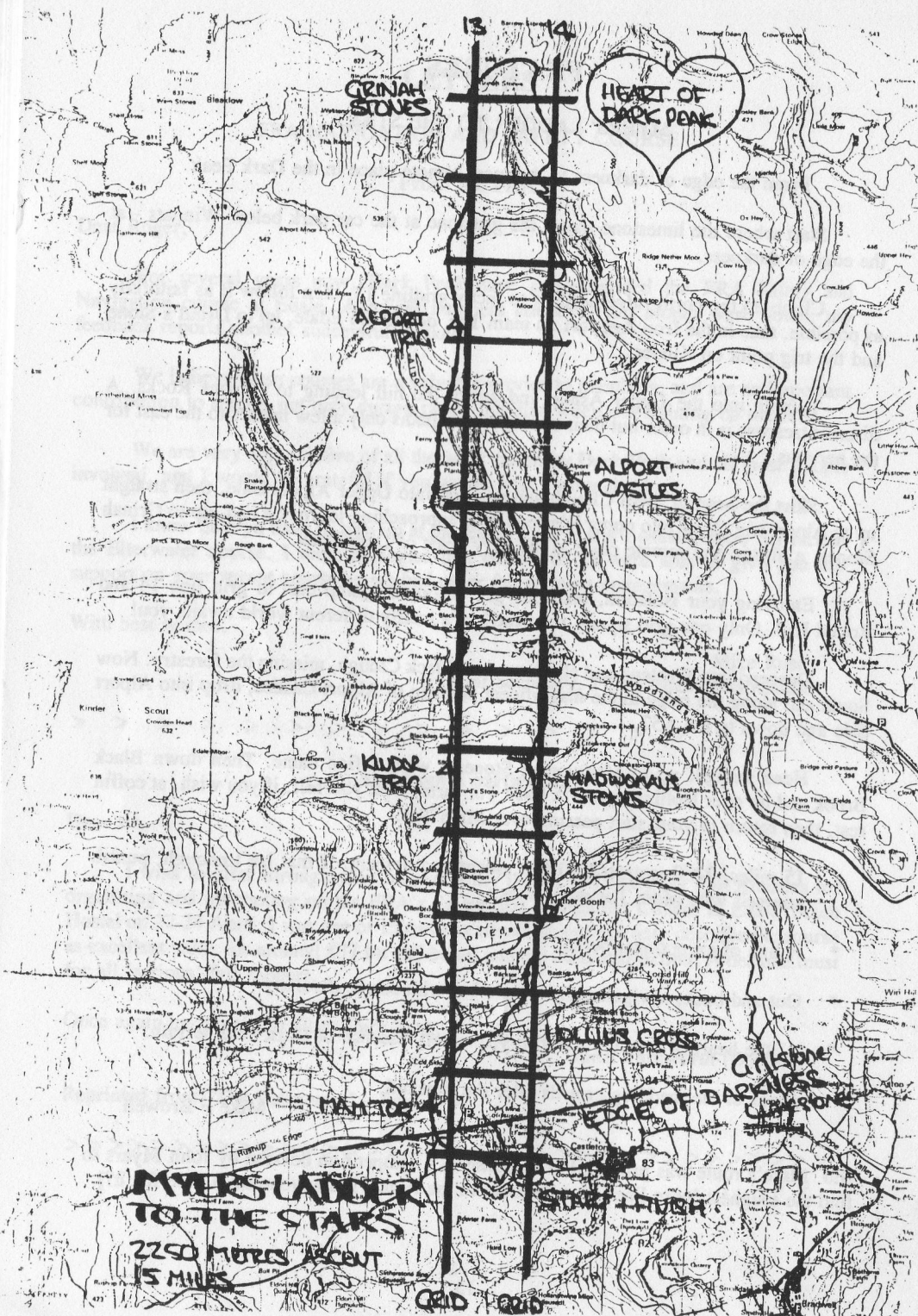
**CRAGS
BARKNESS
UPPER**

**MYERS LADDER
TO THE STARS**

**2250 METERS ABOUT
15 MILES**

STAIR + RUSH

GRID GRID



SAFETY SPRING

Humour from long ago...

Many runners use cycles, even when injured, quite useful they are. how about one of these?

Cycles! Cycles!! Cycles!!!

Something absolutely new: the handlebar spring.

No more accidents! No more stolen cycles! All our cycles are fitted with a little handlebar spring which, when pressed, causes the cycle to fall into 114 pieces. Anyone can press the spring but it takes an expert three months to rebuild it, thus trebling the life of the bicycle.

We are offering this marvellous invention at the absurd price of either 50 guineas cash down or 98 weekly instalments of 1 guinea. Special reductions to companies and people with large families. We cannot afford to sell it for less since once you have bought one you will never want another.

Advice to Purchasers

Don't lose your head when your machine runs away downhill, simply press the spring. Don't wait for your rich uncle to expire, just send him one of our cycles. Don't lock up your cycle at night merely press the spring. Don't be misled by other firms who say that their machines will also fall to pieces, they are only trying to sell you their cycles. We append two of our million testimonials, the other 999998 are expected every post.

Dear Sirs

July 1906

I bought one of your cycles on May 1895 and it is still as good as when i received it. I attribute this solely to the little handlebar spring which I pressed as soon as i received the machine.

P.S. What do you charge for rebuilding the machine?

Dear Sirs,

Last month I started to ride to Barnet on one of your cycles. When descending Muswell Hill I lost control of the machine but I simply pressed the spring and now I feel that I cannot say enough about your bike. I shall never ride any other again.

E. Mitchell

(from an old Awheel mag. - before my time (only just!))

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THE INFLUENCE OF CYCLING HISTORY UPON CONTEMPORARY RUNNING PRACTICE

After an outstanding cycle racing career spanning many seasons (mainly in the imagination) the author transferred his considerable penchant (potential, plagiarism, pedals - delete those words which are inapplicable) to the somewhat different (dirty dashing, - delete again) sport of fell running. In order to effect greater research comparability between the two quite disparate (desperate, dislocating, dollywagon) areas of human endeavour, a glossary of terms derived from the first sport have been eloquently and artistically (both words not to be deleted) ascribed to the second sport with something like the third force of psychology providing the insights (impetus, ink, inclination). It is hoped that the following modest contribution to the professional literature will aid other researchers, theoreticians, academics and other persons in the field (bushes, streams, tent, bed) in providing a sound linguistic base for their differential activities.

A glossary of terms

Bit and bit	Eating trail-mix on uphill runs
The bonk	Running downhill fast or, less aesthetically, running out of steam fast.
Domestic competition	When you dare not accept selection for internationals (Offas Dyke, Paps of Jura) because a significant someone has other ideas. This competition is based on the accumulation of points which can hopefully be traded in for specific international events.
International competition	What you cannot do often and when you can you lose domestic competition points.
International selector	Anyone who wants to share petrol money and starts by buying you a drink on a Wednesday saying, "Oh are you able..."
Time trial	Left knackered and breathless by the rest of the bunch on a Wednesday night.
Road race	What the others are doing when you are time trialling.
Team time trial	When two or three others are also having a bad time and drop back with you.
Two up time trial	An advanced series of hand signals to those still up in the road race.
Motor paced	When you are forced to follow someone because you will never get past in a thousand years.

Team tactics	Strategies that have already happened up the road.
Domestique	Helping out the team by staying at home.
Spoke	What you once remembered doing whilst running downhill.
Eyeballs out	Vernacular expression inferring speed but meaning pain.
Double clanger	Missing two checkpoints in succession.
Triple clanger	Similar to the above but more of them.
Handlebar gear change	Moving your headlamp, map, gloves from hand to hand in order to eat, drink, wipe away sweat and adjust your dress whilst running the night section of the Watershed.
Flashing lights	An interesting medical-optical experience that happens about halfway through races like mam Tor (the up section).
The pave	What you should be doing in the garden instead of engaging in international selection.
Hitting the wall	Not advised - similar to "the bonk".
Grimpeurs	French fell runners cramp.
Descendeurs	Dislodged stones (or runners) on steep scree runs.
Twiddelling	Normally performed after dinking.
Echelon	"Echelon way to Cut Gate when you are only at Moscar"
Taking the best line	Negotiating your way through the domestic competition.
Prime	Something the author is probably long past.
Col Inlago	An Italian sounding mountain pass with little vegetation on top never used in the Tour de France and only occasionally on Burbage Moor.

A Long Coil
Deep Path Flea Research

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AVOIDING THE CROWDS

August Bank Holiday Monday 1993

Blue skies, warm sun and not a soul in sight. After an afternoon on the empty beaches of Vatersay, (not quite an island anymore) playing football and plopping stones with clear skies stretching away to Mingulay, I was in need of a run.

By 6pm the air was warm and pleasant as I dug out the shoes and set off on the 'Barra Round'. Starting west of Castlebay I opted out of Ben Tangaval, all of 333m; the 1000' climb from sea level looks deceptively easy but having ascended it from Loch Tangusdale the previous day I was in no mood for a rough descent so early in the run so headed up the road to meet the roar of the Atlantic as it hits the super beach at Tangasdale. Past the highland cattle browsing on the rich turf by the sea and on to the first climb Beinn Mhatainn. On a dry warm day the rocks were sure and easy to scramble/bounce upon and ahead the terrain was more akin to the Back o' Skidda' (good practice for the OS).

Despite the boggy and tussocky grass the top of Grianan was reached and what a view. To the north lay Skye, Rhum and the whole chain of Uists, Harris and Lewis. East to Knoydart and Ardnamurchan, South to Coll, Tiree and a myriad of little islands south of Barra. The hills looked close and jagged and the warm sun and views made it a superb evening, not a soul in sight.

The descent and the climb to Hataval was magical; the climb up a carpet of moss with buzzards soaring high above - a place to soak up the spirit of the place. After a series of little knolls Heaval, 383m the last climb and the highest point on Barra, was reached.

Though supper was ready, it was difficult to go down as the sun was waning; here must have been one of the few places to gain peace on the busiest day of the year. The descent was satisfying, soft ground allowing the body to fall easily with thighs doing little more than steer and brake. The full round would have taken in Tangaval but should you find yourself in the Outer Hebrides these hills, especially in clear weather, are well worth a dabble.

The next day the sun shone hot all day and despite the cool sea, swimming was in order by the beaches of Eoligarry. On the east side Loganair land from Glasgow daily on a mixture of cockles and sand but I didn't see Moseley calling in for a noggin or a run. On the west side of Eoligarry the beach stretches for 1.5 miles and as we left the cows were coming down to nibble the seaweed. The course record (barefeet): 8:56 north and 8:54 south; the club could hire Moseley's airline and hold the club championships here: Day 1 - the Barra Round, Day 2 - 3 mile beach race.

On the north tip of Barra are wonderful corn stooks. The locals were out cutting the corn by hand, alas no corncrakes were to be seen or heard. last year's 40+ had not turned up; however there are plenty of birds in the Minch if you are up to the 6 hour boat trip.

A grand way to beat the bank holiday crowds. Mind you, after the Isle of Muck days earlier barra was quite bustling.

Andy Harmer

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OUT THERE

There is a line: invisible, not marked on a map, variable at times, running parallel to a contour line. You always know when you've crossed it. On the way up the hill it is the time when the air becomes sharper, crisper, clearer, colder, when the wind starts to bite or the drizzle of the valley becomes a steady insistent rain. It's the moment too, on a run of exaltation when you escape onto the hills and of trepidation as you adjust your mind from the soft warmth and safety of the valley to the cold austere rigours of the hill. Returning at the end of a run as you cross this transition line, the wind ceases to roar in you ear and is replaced by the homely noises of the farm, or the intrusive cry of the motorbike. Suddenly the kag is too warm, sleeves are pulled up and your cheeks glow as the blood warms the chilled skin.

Up on the high places your angle on life alters. There are no complexities. All that matters is the shelter, warmth and food. You're almost back to the caves. You hardly think twice as, scrambling up a steep hillside your hand gets stuck in sheep shit and then fishes in your pocket for some mint cake or you go knee deep in a peat bog. You become a part of the mountain and take on the "wilderness" of the place.

I remember hearing about someone, it might have been John Merrill, who, during a walk round the coast of Britain, spent so long "out there" as he followed the intricacies of the north west coast of Scotland that when he finally came on a town he was completely at a loss and had to be led through the streets by hand to "rehabilitate him. It sounded a little far fetched to me. I certainly had no difficulty in going into town during my, albeit shorter, trip through Scotland [all the mainland Munro's in one walk]. And Himalayan heroes seem to slip back into society quite smoothly after epics in their vertical worlds of ice and snow.

But there is no doubt that some adaptation is necessary. A few hours on the hill leave you with no more than a glow and some muddy socks. A week or two though and that wilderness lingers about you. I find myself trying to develop this return to the wilderness even during short trips snatched in the hills; avoiding time in villages to maintain the mountain spell.

I had a week in the Eryri mountains; Paddy Buckley territory. The main hills I know well but I was chasing obscure 2000' tops. It's not a very good area for finding wildness or wilderness. The mountain groups are small and divided by deep valleys which hold arterial roads the noise from which will drift up and disturb the tranquillity of the heights. The hills have been eaten away by quarries and the ghosts of old buildings and machines stand bleakly by.

But I had a happy time. The days were misty and hazy and so the wider views were cut off, leaving me able to concentrate on the area at hand and ignore the intrusions of the valleys. It was the week after the Karrimor. Perhaps the most depressing time of the year. The clocks have changed, the afternoons curtailed; the summer evenings a thing of the past. The fell running season is dying before you stretch the cold raw gloomy days of grey skies and cutting winds and hardly any daylight. Escaping to the hills rather than returning to the grind of work seemed a good way of avoiding the post Karrimor blues.

I set off from Penmaenmawr and spent the first day criss-crossing the spine of the Carnedd, visiting minor protuberances like Pen y Castell, Llwytmor and Drosgl. I paused for shelter in the Foel Grach hut. One November about ten years ago I spent 18 hours stuck in the old hut here in a white out. Now the wind roared across the rocks but there was no snow and the hut is rather more commodious. I was heading for Pen y Helg Du and Pen Llithirig y Wrach but the light began to fail as I descended from Carnedd Llewellyn so I dropped down to the Ffynnon Llugwy Reservoir. It was a popular spot. Lights and laughter flashed out across the water and as I settled down to supper a string of torches filed past my tent. I presumed it was a Mountain Leadership course from Plas Brenin.

The rest of the Carnedd peaks were rounded up and then I had to run the gauntlet of the A5 valley. The fences, farms and dogs always make a valley crossing something of an ordeal. I've made more navigation mistakes trying to get on or off the hills than I ever have while on the tops.

On top of the Glyders it was dusk. I suddenly popped above the sea of cloud. Wraiths of mist drifted eerily among the weird rock formations on the summits and then the setting sun broke clear of the cloud. There I was reflected on the mist, my shadow surrounded by a double halo of rainbows. What a privilege.

[Ed. A "brocken spectre" is a rare and wonderful sight - one with a double rainbow is something many people will never see - did you take a photograph?]

Next afternoon, after successfully navigating the Dinorwig Quarries and stoking my energy reserves at Pete's Eats, I had a perfect afternoon's stroll around Moel Elio and Moel Cynghorion. Tourists lounged on the grassy summits in trainers and jeans and I felt ridiculously overprepared with a huge rucksack, boots and gaiters. Just four hours earlier I had been zipped up in four layers of clothing and waterproofs, struggling in zero visibility not to be blown off the side of Y Garn by the gale.

GOING THE DISTANCE

CROWDEN/EDALE TO ILAM - YHA run/walk marathon : 9 APRIL 1994

50m or 35m

Steady snowfall at home made me wonder if Crowden could be reached in time for a 6am start. The plan was to walk to Edale and then try jogging to Ilam. Sensibly Roger, Jeff, Alan and Dick would stay in bed at Crowden until the 8am runners start. Even more sensibly, Frank would start with the Edale runners at 11am.

John Cant, who had revived this race took us across the road at Crowden in a flurry of Christmas card snowflakes and set us on our way with a blast on an Alpine horn. There was an advised route for the Crowden to Edale section which took us on the Pennine Way. Wind driven snow came from behind and although six inches were lying the going was quite pleasant. The snow gradually turned to ten minute flurries, there was a patch of blue and the brightly clad legs of the "first lady" took her bubbling and chatting up Torside Clough.

Afraid of missing Hern Clough in the mists which came with the snow, I watched from behind the progress of the winding Klondike file. Later that day I think we all found gold. Bleaklow was mid-winter; footprints quickly erased and ice thick enough to bear weight, icicles and deep drifts. The path to Alport became defined and the sky opened to give intense sunshine, dazzling and sparkling on the fir trees below. The river crossings were... refreshing... as we approached Alport Barn, the first checkpoint.

One interesting sight was a chap in green wellies, "Quite good over the hills, better than fell shoes in the river and cost seven quid. But the tread's gone now so I'll dump 'em later and put on me road shoes"!

The kag acted like a sail up the Hope cross track; snow picked up by the wind pleasantly cooled in a dazzling sun and the view from Crookstone turning for edale was magnificent. What a way to go!

At Edale YH hot sweet tea and a glance at the watch; 4 h 05m , so what?... Time for a jog but only as far as the Hollins Cross path. Castleton YH and another quick drink. Up Cave dale and a photographer who had us printed in colour by the time Ilam was reached! On to the old rakes and swirling snow again and from behind a rustling, a soft treading and the rhythmic sound of... runners! Brian Harney and Nicholas Sercombe swept past like wolves on a hot trail, the first of the 8:00am runners from Crowden and eventual joint winners. I couldn't help comparing my footfall with theirs. Their shoes touched the ground then sprang; mine slapped the ground, sank and dragged... I obviously need better shoes.

At Peak Forest Alan Yates, who had lazed in bed until 8am, woke me up, "Are you coming then?"

"I'll catch you up", I replied. Being a gent he didn't laugh.

Topping a high stile near Wheston I saw spring arrive. Snowfields behind; this year's new grass and lambs in front. Ravenstor YH and another hot sweet tea. Local knowledge was helping me now. Years ago I'd fought the natives out here before it was settled and at White Lodge checkpoint a pleasant sight; Mr and Mrs Henson dispensing coffee, the first lady and Alan Yates. What the latter two had been doing to lose so much time (together) I don't know. I think Colin wished he was with us but with the London Marathon approaching he had a busy schedule.

At the top of Deep Dale I never even glanced at the road shoes concealed the previous week as a precaution. The ETAs were keeping my feet under sedation. So to Monyash and warm sunshine with rooks circling the church spire as the clock struck 3pm. Road and (t') rail to Hartington YH for more tea, friendliness and sandwiches. I departed, ungallantly, as the first lady arrived and descended to the delights of the Dove - the most glorious dale in the Peak... in England?... in the World. Sunlit and quiet, just birdsong, beauty and quiet... and that old beast stiffness. I kept looking behind, delighted that there was noone chasing.

Last checkpoint, Milldale, coming up fast but so are three runners, one woman and two men. All in and out of Milldale in a rush but I'm left for dead at the slight rise by Dove Holes. One last local card comes into play and it's an ace. An almost vertical climb (somehow quite restful, a stunning view, steep road descent and I'm home in 12 hours and 17 minutes just as the first lady is crossing the park by Ilam Church.

A challenge rather than a race, this was a most enjoyable event. The user friendly organisation coped adequately with safety, support and accommodation. Jon cant, who guaranteed sunshine in writing, is to be thanked and congratulated.

Sleet fell in the evening so we stayed in with good wit, stories and a YW alcoholic beverage. As a novice fell runner, the only observation I felt able to make was that I had last stayed in Ilam Hall in 1944.

Pat Prior

From Crowden

1=	Brian Harney (Rotherham)	08:12
1=	Nicholas Sercombe (Rolls Royce)	08:12
	Alan Yates	09:22
	Dick Pasley	11:45
	Roger Baumeister	11:45
	Pat Prior	12:17
	J. Bird (Cambridge) [1st L]	12:20

From Edale

	Frank Galbraith	07:49
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1995 event: Saturday 8 April: entry forms available in November.

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MINI CHALLENGER 1994

The real Challenger is a mega-competition between companies who enter teams of four in a multi-day, multi-event test. Character forming stuff! Also bags of dosh are involved; thousands of pounds to enter and more for kit. It's taken very seriously and some companies train all year and are very careful with their team selection.

ICL take it Very Very seriously and with good effect having won for the past few years. To show how seriously, John Britton and pals from ICL organise a mini-Challenger a few weeks before the real thing. Just a warm up! Rather than teams of four, pairs on day one and solo on day two.

Someone thought it would be just right for me so I got an invitation this year. Details were a bit casual and I think I grossly underestimated the effort that was going to be required.

Arriving at Parsley Hay at 8:30 am on a wild snowy morning in April (!) I was a bit over-awed to see minibuses of matching jump-suited corporate teams arriving. Corporate logos and sponsorship were everywhere. My preparations of a bottle of staminade and a powerbar seemed inadequate when I saw carefully prepared and labelled boxes of food, glucose drinks and all nicely co-ordinated kit. Bikes began to spill out of bike lorries and a feeling of inadequacy swept over me. Fortunately it was snowing too hard for anyone to notice my discomfort.

The form for the day was a two hour cycle ride, a two hour navigation run and a two hour night orienteering stage. And a pistol shoot. That's putting it simply. To elaborate just a bit, all the stages were timed from the moment description sheets were issued. All map marking and planning had to be rapid and accurate, 1:25000 maps don't tolerate errors kindly. Then there were the puzzles and clues to unravel. Then there was the option of selling back unwanted time for bonus points, or buying the answers to some puzzles for penalty points. With it so far? Well sometimes you had to stick together as a team and sometimes you could split up. Simple really.

Steep learning curves negotiated and we got stuck in. The cycle stage would have been tame had it not been for the fresh unbroken snow, blinding blizzard and chilling headwind. We managed to unravel the word puzzle and arrived back with all the letters for "Challengers Trophy" Pity really because the organisers had decided not to score the stage because of the severity of the conditions.

Next were thirty six map references with questions at each, like a treasure hunt. But four special controls gave the numerical answers which fitted into an equation. When solved (no mean cerebral feat after an hours running) the resulting map reference gave the location of a high scoring control. When I finally calculated the answer it proved to be on the far side of the map resulting in a long run and some time penalties. But we did OK compared to most.

Passing over the ignominious pistol shoot (score 0) came the night orienteering. That was desperate! Continuous rain, sleet, wind and a thunderstorm for good measure. Navigating in pitch black across ploughed fields, slurry ponds, deep mud, washed away footbridges. I'm certain that at least half the teams must have retired or failed to find some of the controls. We were among the first back at the ICL Sports Club bar and well on the way to being rehydrated before the tailenders returned.

The bar was like a battlefield with bodies scattered everywhere, some in a fair degree of exhaustion.

Day Two by contrast was glorious. Well it wasn't raining but a savage wind from the north west kept the chill factor high. The day centred on Gradbach, behind the Roaches. First event was a three hour navigation run with the usual clues and one stinker of a logic puzzle! Following in any order were a cycle sprint and a three kilometre fell run.

Being a solo day gave an opportunity to deploy cunning and it paid off, 4th out of 50. tactics were just like a KIMM Score, pick off the big ones and then sweep up as many as possible on the way home. The sprints were not really my bag but by that time fatigue was well advanced in other competitors and I certainly wasn't last.

Possibly the best weekend Sports entertainment since the Karrimor and one to put in the diary for next year.

Mike F Browell

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A WART'S WINTER

As all club members know, the 'warts are a shy and retiring breed and prefer to head away from the crowds and onto the moors on a Wednesday evening. Yet suddenly they are splashed across the centre pages of the Independent magazine (a rather artistic and posy photo to boot!). Subsequently we get Radio Sheffield reporters 'volunteering' (or was it volunteered) to come on one of our classic runs, or at least part of it, and record and experience the delights of Hathersage Stream in the depths of winter. I'm sure he thought it was a wind-up especially as Dave said we'd meet him in the Churchyard.

This year also saw a change in the usual programme of standard runs. Unfortunately due to an injury sustained in the Rivelin Skyline Jim Fulton was unable to run with us throughout part of the year. This, however, did not stop him turning up at the Sportsman in his van and driving us out to a variety of locations from where we ran back to the pub. This caused confusion on at least one occasion when we were unable to find our way out of Ladybower pub car park.

THREE STONES : 1 JUNE 1994

The return of Chris Worsell's informal race to it's traditional spring date.

1	Tim Tett	1:13:12	8	Hugh Cotton	1:36:00
2	Andy Harmer	1:18:00	9	Keith Wiley	1:43:10
3	Ged Desforges	1:20:38	10	Andrew Moore	1:43:11
4	Rob Davison	1:21:28	11	Ted Mangion	1:44:40
5	Mike Hayes	1:32:10	12	Mike Browell	1:56:30
6	Gavin Williams	1:32:33	13	?	1:56:30
7	Bob Marsden	1:35:50	dnf	Roger Freeman	

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Open Events

STANBURY SPALSH : 29 JANUARY 1994

7m/1200'

This "little" Saturday morning race on a cold day in January attracted an amazing 299 runners with a results sheet that reads more like a championship race. The course is sort of out and back with a loop over the moor at the far end featuring and hands and knees ascent followed by a gradual and very fast descent. The sting in the tail comes when you descend into the quarry where the start was held only to find the race finishes in the field above the back of the quarry reached by a steep path up the head wall!

Several Dark Peakers made the 1.5 hours journey North with Bob Toogood taking a creditable 33rd and 1st over 50 nearly 5 minutes ahead of his nearest rival.

1	C. Donnelly (Eryri)	46:27	94	A. Priestley (Horsforth) [1st L]	57:14
33	B. Toogood [1st V50]	51:49	102	H. Swindells	57:45
57	P. Smith	54:22	188	G. Diprose	1:03:34
93	M. Pedley	57:08	299	finished	

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THORNBRIDGE 20 : 26 MARCH 1994

1	G. Desforges	2h 12m	14	D Lockwood	2h 42m
6	P. Snaderson	2h 33m	15	B. Marsden	2h 46m
8	J. Smith	2h 34m	23	P. Pryor	2h 57m
9	M. Desforges	2h 34m	26	C. Lago	3h 02m
10	D. Pasley	2h 39m	28	K. Borman	3h 07m
11	P. Dyke	2h 40m	32	F. Galbraith	3h 20m

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DON MORRISON MEMORIAL EDALE SKYLINE : 27 MARCH 1994

Once again the "dream machine", otherwise known as the Skyline sub-committee got into its stride (actually crept into a corner of the Sportsman) in October. By March, despite efforts of non-members in interrupting meetings with offers of pints (a few) and chats about "next Sunday" (more numerous), all systems were GO.

Only the treasurer looked apprehensive since the number of entrants was inexplicably down and when presented for an invoice for £52.38 for race numbers and posh waterproof checkpoint lists muttered, "That's all it used to cost for the whole race a few years ago". It is true that costs have escalated as we have sought to improve the organisation and be more generous with our donations to other bodies such as the Mountain Rescue, St John's Ambulance to say nothing of "Friends of Edale School". In 1993 it cost almost £900 to stage (at the time of writing the figures for 1994 are not finalised). Since the number of entrants was down to 211 it does appear that we may have made a loss which will offset the profit made last year.

The day of the race was cold and blustery and yet there were still some runners who did not believe that leg cover was essential - let us hope that no-one learns that lesson the hard way. The results could have been predicted very easily with Colin Donnelly winning again and the Borrowdale team of Bland, Bland and Schofield following. The first Dark Peak runner was Phil Crowson in a very creditable 15th place.

Colin Donnelly left his prize behind again but only after dropping it, causing the treasurer to mutter, "More expense".

This year the support from the club in volunteering to marshal was better than ever and Roy Small didn't have to use the big stick. The marshals had a perishing cold time and should be duly proud of their efforts. Dick Pasley handled entries very efficiently but needs some help in counting over 150. Lots of cheerful voluntary help was offered in the kitchen, checking numbers, car parking and many other jobs. So many helpers that I cannot list them all but special mention should go to John Myers who acted as car park marshal, ran the race and then stayed behind to wield the mop.

The race was supported by Outside of Hathersage with prizes presented by Dick Turnbull, managing director and founder of the Foundry, Britain's best indoor climbing facility. Wards brewery again supported us handsomely. Mike Browell seems to have a magic touch when dealing with sponsors.

An excellent effort by Dark Peak in mounting a major race. Thanks to all who helped.

Frank Galbraith

1	C. Donnelly (Eryri)	2:40:38	72	C. Last	3:38:37
15	P. Crowson	3:12:16	75	J. Searle [3rd L]	3:39:02
18	R. Ansell	3:14:23	97	R. Freeman	3:54:50
39	C. Hird	3:28:05	101	P. Farrell	3:58:38

46	P. Gorvett	3:31:13	107	R. Baumeister	4:03:07
47	G. Williams	3:31:15	121	J. Cave [3rd LV35]	4:09:15
50	P. Griffies	3:31:47	127	M. Musson	4:13:20
58	K. Harvey (Alt'm) [1st L]	3:34:50	132	M. Browell	4:19:31
59	J. Myers	3:35:02	133	M. Gallagher	4:21:57
60	B. Thackery [2nd V50]	3:35:28	152	finished	

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BURBAGE : 18 MAY 1994

Difficult to believe this was mid May. I gratefully accepted the offer of some gloves shortly before I started. The start was delayed 30 minutes but noone seemed sure why (the original 7:00pm start wasn't a misprint in the last newsletter). Victories for Alistair, it's rarely that Andy Trigg gets beaten by over a minute in a six mile race, and Jenny, 2.5 minutes ahead of Jacky in second. Always popular with Dark Peakers, 56 turned up this time, almost as many as ran the club championships!

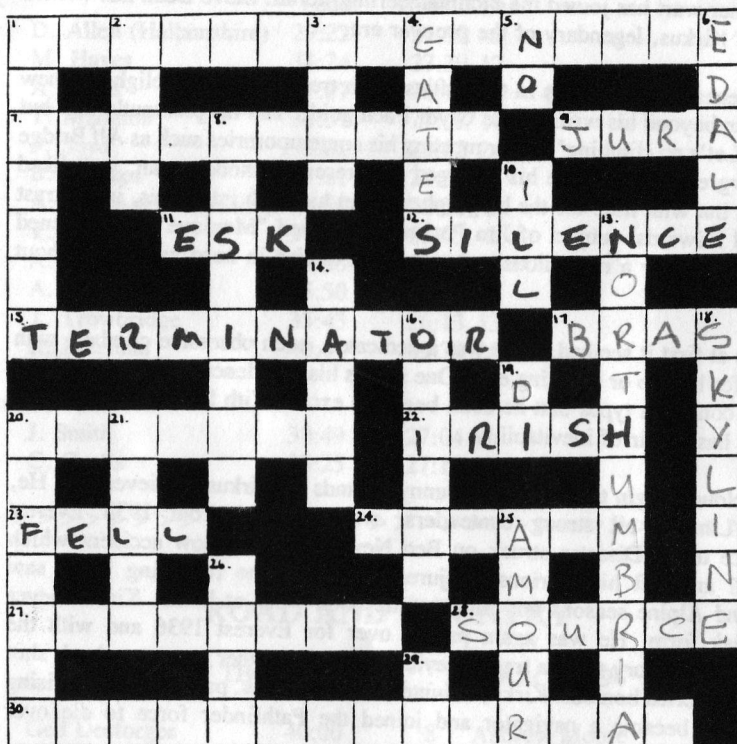
					M.P.
1	A. Landells	37:21	113	R. Marsden	51:12
10	C. Adams	41:28	114	G. Smith	51:15
12	M. Hayman	41:42	115	P. Seyd	51:18
15	A. Harmer [2nd V40]	41:55	117	C. Nixon	51:21
20	J. Cant	42:58	121	G. Seaman	51:40
22	R. Hutton	43:09	123	R. Small	51:43
27	R. Davison	43:58	126	T. Mangion	51:52
28	G. Clegg	44:01	128	C. Lago	52:03
29	R. Woods	44:05	129	K. Borman	52:09
32	M. Pedley	45:22	131	P. Dyke	52:14
35	J. James [1st L]	45:30	135	B. Needle	52:22
37	J. Armistead	45:35	139	T. Mackey	52:42
45	C. Hird	46:17	140	R. Freeman	53:00
47	B. Wilson	46:40	143	A. Malkin	53:12
48	P. Sanderson	46:42	145	J. Fulton	53:15
60	N. Goldsmith	47:35	152	M. Poulter	54:06
62	K. Jones	47:50	167	H. Bell	55:21
68	J. Smith[1st LV & 2nd L]	48:09	171	J. Orrell	55:41
75	J. Lawrenson	49:09	173	J. Cave	55:46
78	A. Moore	49:15	177	Jo Armistead	56:25
84	G. Diprose	49:31	178	R. Lyons	56:40
94	P. Haynes	49:47	182	A. Wright	57:04
95	M. Hayes	49:52	199	C. Henson	58:22
96	P. Farrell	49:57	201	J. Gittens	58:36
97	J. Herbert	50:01	206	H. Bloor	59:12
98	R. Marlow	50:02	210	J. Deakin	59:30
103	H. Cotton	50:25	211	J. Harvey	59:33
108	A. Watmore [3rd LV40]	50:50	220	J. Roberts	1:03:59
			238	finished	

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COMPETITIONS PAGE

DARK PEAK CROSSWORD NUMBER 2.

Did anyone do number 1.?



ACROSS

1. This hill is a transporter of a child's toy ahead of a fish.(11,4)
7. Beautiful flower endless before a Yorkshire village.It's in Borrowdale.(10)
9. A fine whisky. You can race on it.(4)
11. A beautiful dale in the middle of blue sky.(3)
12. A rarity at Dark Peak A.G.Ms, but lambs have it in the movie.(7)
13. A killer in Totley.(10)
17. We support lady runners.(4)
20. (and 20 down) This race is an oriental puzzler after what sounds like a sticky seed pod and a sack.(7,7)
22. The fir is hot. These people are in the middle of it.(5)
23. This sort of runner toppled.(4)
24. Take away the gun .It's Mrs. Worsell's limb.(6)
27. A tax among the returning wicked gets you moving.(8)
28. You hear H.P. at the start of the river.(6)
30. It sounds like a circular town makes a race.(5,9)

Dark Peak Fell Runners

presents

A Summer Social

Saturday 13 August

to

Sunday 14 August

(date to be finalised)

ALL WELCOME

Runners, partners, kids of all ages

- Venue:** Thornbridge Hall
Ashford in the Water (near Bakewell)
Derbyshire
- Cost:** To be confirmed - hopefully a nominal charge only
- Facilities:** Dormitory accomodation available
Camping space
Cooking facilities
- Attractions:** Running (training, racing, treasure hunt?),
Barbeque (Saturday night)
Drinking & Eating
Fun & games for all the family
Lots of White Peak countryside
Nearby stately homes and gardens (and pubs)
& lots more

Arrive when you want leave when you want, some activities will be arranged including a Sunday morning event for runners and non-runners. Everything optional, just come and have a good time.

Bring drink, food for a Saturday barbeque (we'll provide the cooking facilities, bread buns and condiments) and for Sunday breakfast/lunch and don't forget your running kit, maybe bikes or anything else you think might come in handy.

Please contact **Paul Sanderson** or **Mike Pedley** to confirm the details and let us know numbers. Full details will be provided shortly for all those who are interested.