

Autumn 95

Dark Peak News



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+ news, views, reports and results

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COMING EVENTS

CLUB RUNS

Wednesday night training sessions continue throughout the winter from the Sportsman, Lodge Moor. There's the usual choice:

Road (+ fell before the clocks change)

80-90 minutes fell+road (before the clocks change) and road running later in the autumn and winter with plenty of hills. Suitable for a wide range of abilities (pauses to let people catch up and usually some long/short/fast/slow alternatives).

Fell

On the moors with the 'warts for around two hours of fell running including many of the usual summer routes. Throughout the winter some of the 'warts runs will be from "away" venues:

Oct	11	Ladybower Inn
Nov	1	Kings Tree
	22	Snake Inn
Dec	13	Edale: "Winders'96 - Half Skyline(!)"
Jan	3	Grouse Inn
	24	Snake Inn
Feb	14	Hope, Old Hall: Valentines Day Event
	28	Dungworth, Royal Hotel
Mar	13	Dar Dyke

All "away" runs start at 6:45pm. For any further information or directions contact Dave Holmes or any other regular warts.

All other runs from The Sportsman at 6:30pm prompt.

Special events from the Sportsman

Dec	20	CAROLS AT THE HEADSTONE Celebrate Christmas with Dark Peak; can we exceed the 50 people of last year? Everyone welcome, don't forget your torch!
Jan	17	Warts Night Race Race details available nearer the time.

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RACES

Dark Peak club races

Sat 30 Sep Dungworth, Dungworth playing fields, 11:00am

Sat 11 Nov Club Championships, see below for details

Sun 26 Nov Warts Revenge, Ringinglow Road, 10:30am

Sun 17 Dec Crookstone Crashout, Rowlee Bridge, 10:30am

Sat 6 Jan 96 Burbage Baffler, Burbage Bridge, Ringinglow Road. 10:00am

Sat 13 Jan Bigstone Baffler, More details in next issue or from Neil Goldsmith.

Local Races

Sat 23 Sep Lantern Pike, Little Hayfield, 3:00pm 5m/1050'

Sun 8 Oct New Glossop, Old Glossop (!), 10:00am 21m/4500'

Sun 12 Nov Roaches, Meerbrook (SJ987608), 10:30 15m/3700'

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Long/Ultra Distance Events

The Northern Triangle Series

The Darlington Dash: a 40 mile trail race along footpaths and byways around Darlington on Sunday 12th November is the first in a series of three ultra distance trail races comprising the Northern Triangle Series.

Sun 12 Nov 95	40 miles	Darlington Dash
Sun 16 Dec 95	50 miles	Round Rotherham
Sun 25 Feb 96	40 miles	Doncaster Double

Individual and team prizes are worked out on an accumulated points system over the three races. Individual and team prizes (3 to count) on each individual race.

"Wainwright-style" handwritten map sheets used for routes.

The Darlington race route is not known before the day but the other two are established routes. It is hoped that Dark Peak can run a team to compete with last years winners Rotherham harriers which included Brian harney and Mick masters. So that we can coordinate the team effort please contact Roger Baumeister for entry forms. N.B. Darlington entries close on 30th October 1995.

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FEATURES

THE FINE ART OF ROUTE NAMING

Give me a dream to fulfil, an ambition to aspire to! A run with such a beautiful name that it cries out to be accomplished. The name of a route should be an artistic creation, inspirational, compelling and memorable. But tragically, fell running is still in the Dark Ages.

Route names manage to describe where they go but most are sterile and cold, curiously lacking in literary merit.

In other mountain sports there is a strong tradition of naming routes which goes back centuries. This tradition is prolific amongst climbers but moribund amongst runners. Mountaineering route names have evolved over the past century through a recognisable sequence and it seems unimaginative of fell running not to have progressed beyond the obvious.

Can it be that running quells the creative spirit?

Climbing certainly stimulates literary creativity! Not just in route naming but in libraries full of titles and at festivals to celebrate the writers art. Fell running has spawned so little literature that the concept of a literary festival would be laughable!

Climbing route names have been prolific in their quantity and prosaic in their quality. Climbs can in fact be dated simply by application of generic formula to their name. Take for example the early pioneering days of climbing when Central Buttress, West Gully and Right-Hand Buttress were de rigour. Then personalities began to make their mark and we found Elliots Unconquerable, Pigott's Climb and Moyer's Buttress. Soon came the Brown era with names which meant something; the wide crack of Vember named after a girl at the cafe, Cenotaph Corner and Cemetery Gates after bus stops. Came the sixties pop generation with Heart of the Sun, Exploding Galaxy, Twilight of Imperialism and Mousetrap. Titles from books and films and theatre were used to conjure up emotive images for routes.

Then the seventies and Void, Equus, Censor and Positron appeared, short snappy and memorable. Occasionally something more traditional announced an understated return to old values but at new standards, Right Wall, Cave Route and Master's Wall.

By the eighties and nineties all avenues had seemingly been explored but route-naming had become a high art form and it's collective imagination knows no bounds. So we have Dangerous Liaisons, Make it Snappy and Four Door Dostoevsky.

Fell running lags woefully behind.

We started, and we continue with the pioneer terminology of the Derwent Watershed, Edale Skyline, Marsden to Edale. More of the same are found in the Lakes: Wasdale, Ennerdale, Sailbeck Horseshoe. And the Burnsall Classic, Tour of Pendle and the Three Peaks. Yawn. Not exactly riveting stuff and not what dreams are made of.

Some slight progress has been seen in the naming of routes after personalities: The Bob Graham, Paddy Buckley and Fellsman. Real innovation is rare. Our Crookstone Crashout is a refreshing breath in a sea of stale air.

Occasionally there are pitiful cries for help as numbed imaginations strive to create dreadful route names like Andrex Toilet Duck Challenge and Bunny Run 3. Not the stuff of dreams!

The time has come to apply flair and panache to the naming of routes. From these humble beginnings it can be left to the creative talents within DPFR to develop:

- Heart of Darkness** Castleton to Grinah Stones & back on grid lines 13 and 14.
18 miles

- Heart of Light** Bradwell to Longstone Moor on grid lines 18 and 19.
13 miles

- Touching the Void** All Kinder high points from Edale.
15 miles

- Fool on the Hill** Foolow Skyline - five trigs.
17 miles

- Never Ending Journey** Kinder Rim
15 miles

- Lightening on the Edge of Town - Dawn Edges**
Moscar to Beeley
16 miles

- Down Some Lazy River** Dovedale from Axe Edge to Thorpe
18 miles

- Coming Through** Marsden to Edale
21 miles

- Elusive Summits** Snake to Cut-throat Bridge
18 miles

Mike F Browell



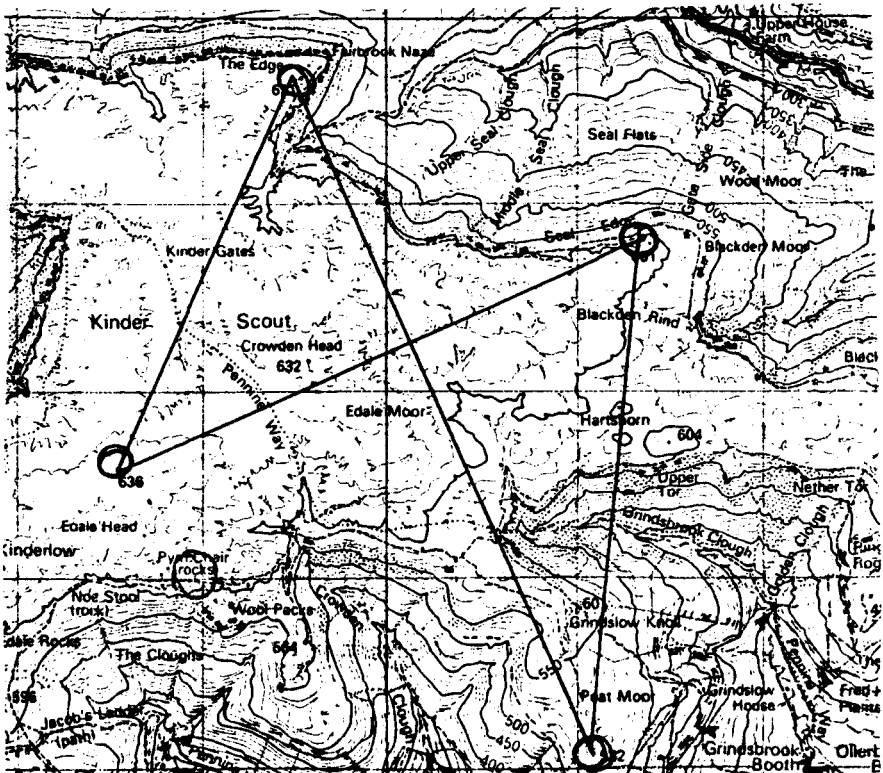
SCRAPING THE BARREL "The Run with No Names"

Another traditional run in the best concepts. Start at any one of the four unmanned spot heights 601, 532, 636, 621 on (more or less) the Kinder plateau and make a cross on the plateau (known as the Long Crossing). The two diagonals have a special significance for inner space - they are "loo lines". Their intersection is an auspicious place for bowel movements. This point is traversed twice on this run (even if you miss it!). The first time at this point traditionalists and confident navigators leave their bum bag to collect it the second time.

A journey time of 40 minutes is possible depending where you live and which point you start at. After that the run starts. Remember...the bog is deepest in February. In the middle of the bog no-one can hear you fart. You'll be up to your cheeks in it.

Afterwards when asked where you have been you will be able to say, "Nowhere, but I lost my bum bag".

Wilma Clewin



A YEAR IN THE HIGHLANDS

Dark Peak must share at least some of the responsibility for our move to Kerracher. There seems to be an inevitable logic in the progress from a little tentative jogging to counteract the sloth of middle age, through extending our running up on to the moors, finding others doing likewise and being encouraged to visit the Sportsman on a Wednesday evening and so on, to joining Dark Peak. Fell races, High Peak marathons and mountain marathons followed so that we were well prepared to seriously consider moving to Kerracher when it came on the market in July 1993. Furthermore it was through a B&B advert on "The Fellrunner" that we first came here in May 1992.

Kerracher is an isolated croft house on the shores of a sea loch and more than a mile from the nearest road. The intervening terrain is typical of Assynt, rough and usually very wet (though not this summer!) with numerous knolls and lochans and backed by the shapely bulk of our local mountain. Quinag, although only 2653' is a big mountain with a wide variety of features and is the perfect demonstration of what can be missed in Scotland by those who become obsessed by Munro-bagging.



Kerracher with Quinag in the background

The isolation of the house presents far fewer problems than most people seem to imagine. After years wallowing in the peat groughs of Bleaklow and the bottomless quagmires of Mill Hill, the shallow sloppy peat of Assynt is relatively easy to cross. Even in winter the walk out rarely takes us more than 25 minutes and that can fall to 20 minutes in summer (and less on the rare occasions when there is nothing to be carried out and one can run).

Going out tends to mean getting dressed up as though for a run on the fells (except that fell shoes are usually replaced by wellies). Memories of years of struggling out of wet running kit in The Sportsman car park before Dark Peak got access to the hut was just one of the factors that led us to swap our car for a transit van before we moved here. The van gives us a dry changing room as well as being somewhere to sleep if we don't fancy tacking the walk in a whiteout or late at night. We have used it in this way after a meal out and after a party. It also means that we don't need to go to Inverness (90 miles away) for a major shopping expedition too often. Normal weekly food shopping can be done in Lochinver, Ullapool or Scourie and comes in on our backs but anything larger or heavier comes in by boat.

This usually involves a seven mile round trip to the slipway at Kylesku. Peter takes the boat whilst Trish walks out to the transit and drives it round and back. Our boat is a 16ft Orkney Longliner with a 20hp Yamaha outboard. It is a simple open boat which is ideal for loading and unloading on our shingle beach but it does mean the boat man has to dress up like the skipper sardine man especially in winter. A "buffalo" jacket underneath oilskins has proved the best way of keeping warm and dry. We are fortunate in that we can make our boat trips when the weather and tides are most favourable but even so the loch can get quite choppy and it can be a cold wet business. As compensation though, we have had some wonderful summertime trips on days when the Highlands have looked and felt rather like Greek islands and the loch has been a sheet of blue glass.

With so much wonderful country at our back door and being technically "retired", it is strange how little time we have spent so far in getting out into the hills. Partly it is because there is so much work to do getting the croft into shape, partly because spending so much time out of doors in wild beautiful surroundings there is no need to escape to the hills. Gradually, though, we have started to explore the area and try to recover our lost fitness. Behind the immediate area of lochans and cnochs (rocky knolls), and inland from Quinag, there is a region which the guide to the Corbetts describes as "an amazing chaos of bare rock, deep glens and a proliferation of lochs and bogs; it is a magnificent wilderness". Even in summer it is a rare event to meet anyone else in this area and it is difficult terrain to cross. Yet, amazingly, there is a network of stalkers paths which extend almost throughout this "wilderness". These paths have been carefully constructed and must represent thousands of man-hours of hard labour miles from the nearest road or habitation. They allow relatively rapid access into the heart of this area and are much the best places for running locally apart from the wonderfully short turf of the Stoer peninsular.

THE WESTERN AND NORTHERN ISLES

Part 1 - The Inner Hebrides

I think the thing I really love about Britain is it's variety. Perhaps all countries have it but you only become aware of it of the subtleties in your own country for it is only there that you have such a deep understanding. But we seem in the cosy confines of our island to be able to pack a diversity that equates with some of the huge South American countries that encompass jungles and ice fields.

From my house in the dormitory belt around London I can, in an evening's drive, reach a small fisherman's pub on the Cornish coast; or a camp site on a Welsh sheep farmer's hillside where I won't even understand the language or, more usually, a rain washed Lakeland village of stone houses, cowering under steep rocky hillsides. Despite people's supposed mobility and the motorway network we are still a very divided and parochial island, or group of islands. A Cornish fisherman would find anything in common with the Welsh farmer and the urbanite clubber would be out of depth with a Lakeland dry stone waller.

Every region looks in on itself or looks back on its own past for its culture. You go almost anywhere off your own patch and you are as much abroad as if you had crossed the Channel.

One May we spent six weeks abroad... cycling through the Western Isles and then up to Orkney and Shetland. We were well into Spring when we left: the lilac tree was coming into flower, the may trees were out and the foliage on the hedge at the end of the garden was too thick for me to see the field. As we crossed the border and the train began the long climb up to Beattock we left the Spring. The Southern Uplands are pretty bleak at the best of times but the sky was leaden and winter dull; there was not a tree with a leaf.

We crossed Arran and camped in Glen Rosa on the site where the Karrimor started all those years ago. I was a last minute substitute on the "C" class and it was my first ever fell race. I still treasure the little rucksack we won. The Kintyre peninsula was circumnavigated in a mixture of rain and showers. It was not proving a good introduction to cycling for Paulette. I had promised her that, as we were always going to be following coastal roads, there wouldn't be any hills! By the bottom of the fourth 1:6 we were a case for the Marriage Guidance Council. The mist really did roll in from the sea but the skirl of the pipes was drowned by the sound of the rain hammering against my hood.

Islay seemed to be my idea of a Hebridean island. We arrived at Port Ellen with its perfect semi-circle of white washed terraced houses round the harbour. The houses were Victorian but glancing through the windows you could see they were furnished in Sunday supplement style, neat curtains, modern pine tables and chairs. Away from the villages smart new tractors roared in farm yards and newly fenced grazing land all bore notices saying "Built with agricultural subsidies from the European Union".

The Highlands and Islands Development Board have clearly been very successful. All the islands seemed prosperous. Gone are the days of crofting described by Lillian Beckwith. I supposed it has kept people of the islands but I felt a little cheated. However, there is tremendous history. People came here from Ireland and in many ways the people here look to Ireland rather than mainland Scotland. The heart of Islay is the Kildalton Cross, a beautifully carved celtic cross standing in a quiet old churchyard, protected by a stand of august pines.

A rare burst of sunshine brought out the flowering gorse, the only strong colour in an otherwise subdued landscape. Seals bobbed about the rocks off the coast and in the mature gardens of the distillery owners houses were palm trees, cactus and bromeliads. This is Gulf Stream country.

Time became a different concept. There was always time. You felt people were able to live in the present rather than rushing headlong into the future. As we toiled up some long incline on the narrow, single track roads, drivers would automatically pull into passing places 300m in front and cheerfully wait for us to struggle past. Stopping at a shop we were chaining the bikes up outside when a local looked at us, "You don't have to do that, we're not that sort of people round here." Whenever we did lock the bikes I felt churlish after that, as though I was casting a slur on people's character.

I was off running with tendonitis but I did manage to hobble up Beinn Bheigir, 491m high and the highest point on the island. I had a fleeting early morning glimpse across to Jura before the cloud drifted in. Not long after, we had crossed to Jura, an altogether wilder island. The weather was so bad that I didn't go onto the hills at all. The only recce I managed was the road section. It seemed a long way, even on a bike. I rode to the lonely north end of the island and sat in the boat shed in the rain to eat my lunch. Seeing an otter fishing out in the bay was my reward for a long battle against the wind. Paulette remained in the hotel in Craighouse with tea and scones!

With a rather complex series of ferry connections we got to from Jura to Mull. Mull was familiar Scotland; tourist shops and coaches waiting to whisk grockles to Iona. The distinct character of the island was rather swallowed up by its popularity, though the Western coasts still kept an aura of remoteness.

The weather was so bad on the first day that we had to pitch the tent beside the road to get warm. We were both soaked, shivering and on the way to hypothermia. The storm cleared in the evening, though, and we had a delightful ride round the flanks of ben More in the warm evening sun. The sun gradually drove the cloud up the side of the mountain and picked out gleaming patches of snow. It was the first real sunshine we had seen in a week and the colours on the hillside seemed all the brighter for it. Tobomorary was a picture postcard village but there were more English accents than Scottish. I found myself resenting English intrusion here in my private adventure in the way one resents American tourists overrunning an archaeological site in some far flung exotic country that you've struggled for days to reach.

(...to be continued in the next issue)

Rick Ansell

GOING THE DISTANCE

COASTING

Starting was one of the most difficult things I've ever done.

The classic Coast to Coast as conceived by Wainwright is a West to East traverse from St Bees to Robin Hoods Bay. It crosses three of the most beautiful tracts of landscape in Britain, providing contrast in plenty but nothing in excess. The sequence of the three National Parks of Lake District, Yorkshire Dales and North York Moors cannot be beaten for sheer variety of topography, vegetation and views.

But Wainwright had it wrong in one respect for he believed that it was in human nature to go from west to east. He was poorly advised, for 'westering' has always been the driving spirit of adventuring. The power of the setting sun has been gnawing deep at the heart of man since the beginning of creative thought. What lies beyond that horizon? This was true when nomadic tribes followed the herds and later when pioneering exploration was being carried out in the Americas and Australia. This most natural human desire to head into the setting sun has driven man for millennia.

And so I elected to wester the C to C.

Solitude continues to be my constant companion in such ventures. But it was not in solitude that I lay awake the night before starting, listening to the wind and lashing rain pounding down on the tent.

Starting was so terribly difficult. Had I been alone, common sense might have decreed postponement. But John Myers had come to ensure that I set off! It was with some reluctance that I stepped out into the dawn drizzle and ran down to perform the ritual toe-dip before disappearing into the chilling clag. The tide was out, increasing the journey by an unnecessary extra distance!

The next five days passed and I arrived at St Bees slightly ahead of schedule. Four days of June spent wrapped in full windproofs, and a singularly glorious final day!

So what of the journey? What is there to tell? The Lyke Wake Walk bit was typically long and monotonous, preceded by some unnecessary Wainwrightian procrastinations which I did my best to straighten out. Just as the scenery began to get interesting at Clay Bank Top, the icy north-east winds brought blankets of cloud to enshroud the tops!

Then there was the flat and boring bit which everybody must find flat and boring. Thigh high crops of soaking grain, footpaths thorough ploughland and around three sides of fields where one would have been more sensible. And all the time a thin drizzle driven by those chill northerlies.

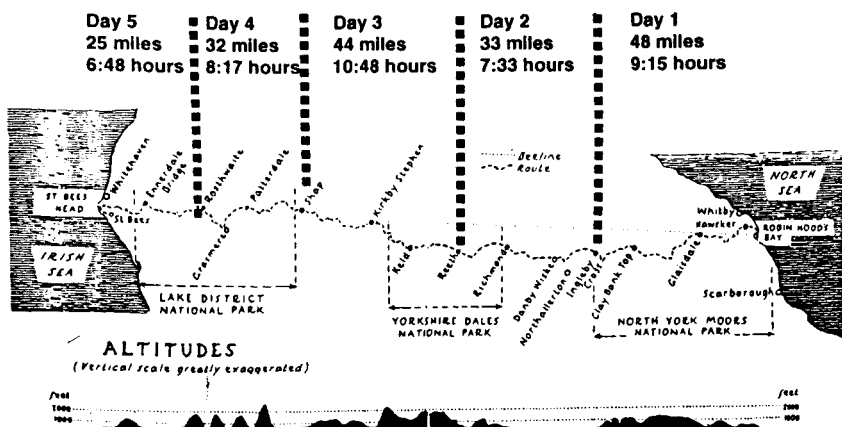
To follow came the Dales and some new scenery and that was certainly welcome. The wastelands of lead mining contrasted with limestone plateau, ancient settlements and finally the most amazing Shap erratic fields.

But the familiar finale of the Lakes on days four and five provided the high point, physically and metaphysically. There was much joy to be had in straightening the route, and some pleasure in following the studded tracks of those other trekkies: not the Coasties but the BG trekkies traipsing over Steel Fell.

Of the running? Diminishing returns applied. Day One was 60% running but thereafter the decline set in. Two hundred miles is a long way and by the fifth day even the flats were proving difficult. The proportion had fallen to 30% shuffling!

The awful statistics are given in an admission that it can hardly be called a Coast to Coast run, more Coasting.

	Miles	Time
Robin Hoods Bay to Ingleby Cross Most of the Lyke Wake Walk	48	9:15
Ingleby Cross to Reeth Generally flat with a few uppy bits at the end	33	7:33
Reeth to Shap Initially scenic, derelict and agricultural with relics	44	10:48
Shap to Borrowdale Big ups and downs	32	8:17
Borrowdale to St Bees More downs than up but with scenery	25	6:48
Total	182	42:41 hours



Mike F Browell

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PHALLIK

(Pasley, Harrison, Alan, Lago, Lively in Kinder)

A day doing the 15 trigs

Messers Yates (7 circuits), Harrison (3 circuits), Pasley and Lago (no previous circuits) set out at 06:37 on 13th May from the Sportsman to embark on a run of the 15 trigs (No, they hadn't been supping all night!).

The morning boded well though somewhat fresh necessitating pertex undies, gloves and hats. As the day progressed the weather stayed cool but with clear visibility and occasional flurries of snow.

Taking an anti-clockwise direction, a relaxed pace took us comfortably to Rud Hill and onwards via Ughill and the odd field and path, up to Emlin and across to Back Tor.

Breakfast was taken sitting down (luxury!) on the path after Back Tor and determined forward movement carried the team through Margery Hill and Outer Edge to Lord Howards Spring.

At this point the road running team (Harrison and Lago) split from the fell running team (Pasley and Yates) and burnt the tarmac round the Derwent before climbing up to Alport Trig. The fell runners, meanwhile, went via Lower Small Clough, enjoyed a snack in the cabin, continued under Grinah Stones and arrived at Alport some twenty minutes later than the roadies.

Besieged by a snow flurry at the same time as the reunion the ribald comments of both teams were subdued to monosyllabic utterances as cags and yet more gloves were donned for the contour path to Grains in the Water. A detour up Hern Clough ensured new water supplies and somewhat refreshed, Shelf Stones was reached via the crashed Flying Fortress (wreck of).

Will McLewin materialised somewhere on the way to Cock Hill and lead us through to this cunningly trig point before exposing us to electric shock treatment doing a commando roll under an electric fence and up and over to Glossop.

Lunch was taken at the Hut of Harry Hut fame and Will eventually peeled off at Mill Hill having now in one morning tripled his season's training mileage (12!). We were grateful for his company.

The next three trigs fell at a great rate (or it seemed so at the time), then the gallant four traversed west to east on Kinder in three distinct lines, Dick having much the faster run on the Kinder East trig.

Alan, diving rod in hand, ran straight onto Crookstone Spring for yet more natural champagne before the long slog to Win Hill. Fortunately we found time to set up a field hospital where consultant physician, Dr. Alan, conducted major transplant surgery on Dick's little toe. Long before the anaesthetic had worn off we had topped Win Hill, bottomed at Yorkshire Bridge and began to wonder if we would ever surface again!

By now a certain lack of spring affected our gait. A run (stagger) across the shooting butts, round the conduit and down the road saw us in the bar at the Sportsman after some fourteen and a half hours.

"A good day out with your mates" as Dave and Bob have been heard to say (of another fairly long day out). The team chaplin's excellently and diligently recorded memoirs of the schedule are reprinted below with full copyright permission from his estate.

Colin Lago

Saturday 13th May 1995

	<u>Actual</u>	<u>Elapsed</u>	<u>Leg</u>
Sportsman	06:35		
Rod Moor	07:12	0:37	0:37
Emlin	08:14	1:39	1:02
Back Tor	09:07	2:32	0:53
Margery Hill	10:07	3:32	1:00
Outer Edge	10:23	3:48	0:16
Alport	12:09	5:34	1:46
Shelf Stones	13:09	6:34	1:00
Cock Hill	13:46	7:11	0:37
harry Hut	15:08	8:33	1:22
Kinder West	15:52	9:17	0:44
Kinder Low	16:21	9:44	0:29
Brown Knoll	16:39	10:04	0:18
Kinder E. (Blackden)	18:00	11:25	1:11
Win Hill	19:08	12:33	1:08
High Neb	20:10	13:35	1:02
Sportsman	21:07	14:32	0:57

Final Score:	Revd Yates	8 circuits
	Geoff Harrison	4 circuits
	Dick Pasley	1 circuit
	Colin Lago	1 circuit

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RACE REPORTS AND RESULTS

MARGERY HILL : 4 FEBRUARY 1995

The Margery Hill was devised in 1984 but not run until 1985. Since then it has never ceased to spring surprises. Twice deep snow has cancelled the race. On the other occasions frozen ground, gales, thick mist and even warm weather have all graced the hills. This year several foolhardy runners donned shorts and, with the temperature over 50.F in town, all was set for a brisk run.

Rising out of Abbey Brook, a fierce North Westerly battered the runners and by the time one made High Stones a real epic was underway, made even more interesting by emerging clag. Several chose to go walkabout as usual on or after Margery Hill including the President himself! Alan Sealy, looked set for a good run himself but parted company from Roger Woods at the trig and failed to finish. Certainly, the wind was the strongest experienced in the race and another battering was had on Alport.

Surprisingly, except for myself, all last year's runners improved their times. Perhaps because last year they wandered on Margery for some long while. One has to go back to 1992 for quick times when 13 beat 2 hours. The winning time was by far the slowest ever. Perhaps the best run of the day was by Howard Swindells but many people looked pleased after tackling a longish effort in poor conditions as an early season "warm up".

Andy Harmer

1	Jon Cant [1st V40]	1:53:38	14	Paul Haynes	2:19:54
1	Rob Davison	1:53:38	15	Pete Dyke	2:23:08
3	Roger Woods	1:58:57	16	Clive Wilson	2:23:11
4	Graham Berry [1st V50]	2:00:03	17	Andy Malkin	2:26:01
5	Howard Swindells	2:01:58	18	Jim Fulton	2:27:32
6	Gavin Clegg	2:03:32	19	Roy Small	2:27:43
7	Andy harmer	2:03:32	20	Jeff Harrison	2:35:25
8	Alan Yates	2:06:32	21	Jan Cave	2:35:55
9	John Armistead	2:11:13	22	Pete Lewis	2:39:23
10	Paul Sanderson	2:11:24	23	Maggie Gallagher	2:40:34
11	Clare Crofts	2:12:15	24	R. Pether	2:45:27
12	Hugh Cotton	2:14:50	25	Colin Henson	
13	Tony Trowbridge	2:16:59	30	started, 25 finished	

Did not finish: Alan Sealey, Eric Mitchell, Colin Lago, Alistair ?, M. Lago.

Records:	Tim Tett	1:36:57	Overall (1992)
	Andy Harmer	1:40:49	Male Veteran 40 (1989)
	Clare Crofts	1:58:10	Female (1989)
	Graham Berry	2:00:03	Male Veteran 50 (1995)

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THORNBRIDGE 20 : 25 March 1995

A dry and mild day for one of the friendliest races around. Normally, I would consider 20 miles beyond me but it sounded a good route and I worked out if I ran the descents I could walk the rest and beat the cut off times! Of course it never quite works out like that and towards the end of the event found the competitive instinct taking over as usual.

Great fun, an "old style" long distance fell race and all for a good cause (Thornbridge Hall).

M.P.

1	G. Desforges [+1st V40]	2h12m	17	G. Bell	2h46m
7	D. Lockwood [2nd V40]	2h33m	18	J. Harrison	2h46m
8	P. Lewis [3rd V40]	2h33m	27	D. Markham	2h52m
9	M. Hayes [1st V50]	2h34m	33	J. Myers	3h11m
10	B. Berzins	2h35m	36	M. Pedley	3h16m
11	P. Sanderson	2h37m	50	J. Gittins	3h37m
13	R. Small	2h44m	67	M. MacKenzie	4h59m
14	R. Baumeister [3rd V50]	2h45m	137	finished	
16	D. Pasley	2h45m			

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CONSIDON : 29 APRIL 1994

1	D. Troman (Keswick)	1:13:04	143	B. Thackery	1:45:54
22	R. Davison	1:19:51	149	M. Cox	1:46:40
44	A. Harmer	1:24:19	161	J. Cave	1:48:07
80	J. Armistead	1:30:39	167	E. Mitchell	1:55:46
112	H. Cotton	1:36:09	183	finished	
128	G. Diprose	1:39:15			

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BUTTERMERE SAILBECK : 14 MAY 1995

1	I. Holmes (Bingley)	1:27:32
102	B. Thackery	2:09:58
125	J. Cave	2:15:35
129	M. Musson	2:17:10
154	finished	

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BURBAGE : 17 MAY 1995

In a summer of drought, this race was held on one of the wettest spring days I can remember. The main decision before the event was whether to wear gloves and thermals! Burbage Brook almost goes unnoticed in the melee of the first half mile but this year had runners tottering on the edge of the torrent until the unstoppable wave of bodies pushed them into the thigh deep water. Swollen rivers and deep bogs made for slow times but didn't stop some good packing with new recruit Stuart Oglethorpe being first Dark Peaker and several other new members featuring in the top 20. Behind him there were a number of good battles as the results show.

The race is hard and fast with four climbs rather than the more typical single up then down. Add to that a fast finish and you have a formula for some very tired runners as well as some good sprints for the line.

M.P.

1	D. Neill (Mercia)	38:02	89	C. Nixon	50:23
5	S. Oglethorpe	41:19	93	C. Wilson	50:36
9	R. Davison	42:48	94	R. Small	50:37
10	R. Hutton	42:59	96	H. Cotton	50:39
12	B. Edwards	43:08	100	P. Haynes	50:45
14	D. McQueen	43:15	101	R. Marlow	50:51
17	M. Pedley	44:09	107	J. Smith [2nd FV40]	51:25
18	A. Sealy	44:10	109	H. Mathieson	51:43
20	R. Strube	44:29	114	J. Fulton	52:09
21	A. Harmer [2nd V40]	44:32	116	M. Musson	52:23
22	G. Williams	44:41	117	G. Myers	52:24
27	G. Desforges	45:29	123	G. Diprose	52:48
28	J. Armistead [3rd V40]	45:38	125	K. Borman	53:12
31	D. Holmes	45:47	126	B. Needle	53:30
33	C. Barber	45:57	127	G. Nichols	53:34
37	B. Berzins	46:21	129	P. Dyke	53:58
53	H. Swindells	47:58	131	K. Wiley	54:15
55	N. Goldsmith	48:06	140	C. Elliot	54:47
58	P. Sanderson	48:18	144	B. Mosely	55:25
62	A. Moore	48:29	150	D. ni Challanain	55:41
63	R. Buxton	48:32	161	R. Lyons	56:56
65	S. Palfreyman	48:49	166	J. Deakin	58:31
78	K. Jones	49:45	169	M. Browell	59:14
80	R. Horsfield	49:58	201	finished	
84	D. Lockwood	50:14			

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SOME YOU WINN - SOME YOU LOSE : 24 MAY 1995

I had often thought that Winn Hill would make a good summit for a fell race but as nobody seemed to have noticed, I decided to arrange my own.

James Fulton & Son was established in 1930 so I thought I would do a few things to celebrate 65 years. This race was to be the High point of the celebrations with the whole year's advertising budget thrown at the prize list.

Start was from the railway bridge over the road on the way to Twitchill Farm. At start minus 30 seconds the 35 starters were given simple instructions that they were expected to find the distance of Tideswell Moor as displayed on the top of Lose Hill, one of the numbers on the trig point at Winn Hill and the number of road signs on the gate at Yorkshire Bridge. Oh, and by the way, you have your race number on the back of your hand: if its is odd you are going to Lose Hill first, if it is even you are going to Winn Hill first. OK?

Everyone seemed to enjoy it. Most people went to see each point as instructed and lots went over or nearly over Winn Hill twice. Some map readers and orienteers went round Winn Hill on the road which I had not expected from fell runners but it didn't matter because everyone was in with a chance of a Spot Prize. The race was planned as a one-off but I would be happy to restage it due to public demand!

Prize List: 13 amp 'sponsors plug' to everyone. Electric kettle to Gavin, remaining spot prizes comprised audio tapes, video tapes and long life lamp.

Jim Fulton

1	Gavin Clegg[+1st V40]	1:09:05	19	Devid Beresford (club?)	1:20:37
2	Alan Sealy	1:11:11	20	Graham Bell	1:21:05
3	Simon Arbon (club?)	1:12:05	21	Paul Haynes	1:21:50
4	Roger Wilson	1:12:15	22	Keith Wiley	1:21:57
5	Chris Manthorpe (Hall.)	1:12:16	23	John Woodcock	1:24:50
6	John Cant	1:13:00	24	Maurice Musson	1:24:54
7	Andy Harmer	1:14:30	25	Don Longley	1:26:45
8	Mike Hayes [1st V50]	1:15:40	26	Jim Fulton	1:27:28
9	Roland Strube	1:16:45	27	Bob Berzins	1:29:00
10	Jacky Smith [1st F]	1:17:15	28	Andy Porter	1:31:25
11	Dave Holmes	1:17:17	29	Andy Malkin	1:32:00
12	Dick Pasley	1:17:45	30	Andrew Moore	1:35:00
13	Darrell Bradbury	1:18:15	31	Jan Cave	1:35:00
14	Alan Yates	1:18:17	32	Frank Galbraith	1:35:16
15	Peter Dyke	1:18:20	33	Mike Browell	1:37:00
16	Ken Jones	1:18:20	34	Geoff Nellis (club?)	1:38:00
17	Chris Barber	1:18:30	35	Eric Mitchell	YB only
18	Paul Sanderson	1:18:55			

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GRINDLEFORD : 16 JUNE 1995

The usual elbows-out sprint at the start and fast climb to avoid the queues at the stile into Longshaw... only to find it had been replaced with a gate and, therefore, no rest in the queue! Dave Markham and Rob Davison both ran only 5 days after completing the Bob Graham. Rob even managed a top 30 position and a sprint finish.

M.P.

1	G. Cudahy (Stockport)	29:35	95	R. Hakes	36:50
5	T. Tett	29:53	98	R. Small	37:01
7	S. Oglethorpe	30:11	101	M. Hayes	37:11
11	B. Edwards	30:51	107	R. Caves	37:23
12	M. Hayman	30:55	108	J. Fulton	37:24
13	A. Sealey	31:18	117	P. Farrell	37:50
14	S. Bourne	31:27	125	P. Griffiths	38:06
15	J. Cant	31:35	132	B. Sprakes	38:24
17	G. Clegg	31:47	134	J. Woodcock	38:28
18	D. McQueen	32:22	150	D. ni Challanain	40:04
25	R. Davison	33:05	153	P. Dyke	40:19
26	M. Pedley	33:06	163	M. Poulter	40:32
29	G. Williams	33:21	168	C. Elliott	40:40
37	D. Bradbury	33:42	182	D. Pasley	41:08
50	M. Marney	34:20	185	K. Borman	41:14
58	C. Barber	35:02	186	D. Markham	41:15
60	A. Moore	35:11	198	G. Nicholls	41:36
63	K. Jones	35:25	209	J. Myers	42:12
71	P. Sanderson	35:37	248	J. Deakin	44:12
74	S. Palfreyman	35:49	258	L. Outwin	45:13
82	R. Baumeister	36:10	291	S. Basire	48:19
91	D. Lockwood	36:27	328	finished	

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(23RD) CROOKSTONE CRASHOUT : 21 JUNE 1995

What a superb race this was. talk was of handy Poirette being in great form and maybe ready to go under 30 minutes and test malcolm's long standing record. Andy shot up the hill in the sort of pace needed for the record and by the Knoll had a very substantial lead on the chasing group of Tim, Jonathan and myself.

Tim and Jon pulled away from me on the way to the trig but Andy seemed well clear. However, on the return, Tim pulled out all the stops and with a great descent overhauled Andy to take the race. Andy held of Jon but could obviously do with talking another Andy, a Mr Styan, about how to throw your body down a hill.

Further back a good battle was had with downhill racers Berzins and Davison doing battle but just being held off by Roger. Roger, Rob, Dave Markham and Hugh Cotton had all done the Bob Graham just 10 days before. Kirsty ran a spirited race to keep the ladies flag flying but also suffered from a cautious descent after a fast run to the trig.

Fortunately the race was held just 2 days before the Peak Park/National Trust ban on access came into force. A good turnout for what is possibly the classic fell race on the club's local circuit.

Andy Harmer

1	Tim Tett	31:05	16	Hugh Cotton	37:38
2	Andy Poirette	31:21	17	Kirsty Bryan-Jones	38:13
3	Jon Cant	31:37	18	R. Powell (?)	38:23
4	Andy Harmer	32:23	19	M. Hayes	38:49
5	Gavin Williams	33:49	20	Richard Baxter	38:58
6	Roger Woods	34:00	21	Dave Markham	39:26
7	Rob Davison	34:02	22	Jim Fulton	39:46
8	Bob Berzins	24:05	23	Kev Borman	40:07
9	Dave Holmes	35:14	24	Dave Moseley	40:22
10	Alan Yates	36:14	25	John Myers	40:56
11	Chris Barber	36:25	26	Paul Haynes	41:33
12	I. Wainwright (?)	36:32	27	Andy Malkin	41:33
13	Darrell Bradbury	36:40	28	George Diprose	41:45
14	Roy Small	36:50	29	John Myers	43:30
15	Mike Pedley	37:35	30	Will McLewin	44:44

Records:

Malcolm Patterson	29:37	Overall
Andy Harmer	29:40	Male veteran 40

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TIDESWELL : 28 JUNE 1995

The race started in the National Trust car park just below the village. The race went down the valley to Litton Mill, up a hill with cows on it, round some fields and back to Litton. The final mile was uphill with each runner looking as though they were wearing a black busby made of flies.

I left 50p for results but they never turned up. 63 ran with many of the usual local race DPFRC competitors.

Jim Fulton

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WINSTER : 29 JUNE 1995

Last year, there were about a dozen Dark Peakers at the Winster Race but this year not that many. The offer of a shower and a drink after the race at Winster Hall made it a 'cert' for my race calendar and I would recommend it to anyone for next year.

Jim Fulton

1	J. Duckworth (DVO)	25:18
34	J. Fulton	bit later
82	A. lastman	lot later

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KINDER TROG : 2 JULY 1995

The Peak District was closed due to fire risk for this event. Fortunately, someone had realised that fell runners spontaneously combust so the route was altered to avoid Brown Knoll by going to the bottom of William Clough first to get up Kinder and after Edale Cross, instead of contouring round. The route took to the bottom of South Head and climbed up to rejoin the traditional route. These changes added a couple of miles and about 750ft of climb. I enjoyed the race being 79th at the Downfall and finishing 67th. Maurice's race plan and language as I passed him was memorable.

Jim Fulton

1	A. Jones (Glossop.)	2:08:58
28	C. Barber	2:36:45
63	P. Farrell	2:56:47
67	J. Fulton	2:59:46
71	J. Cave	3:04:02
92	M. Musson	3:15:17

119 finished

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HOPE WAKES : 4 JULY 1995

On yet another warm sunny summer evening with dry conditions underfoot Andy Wilton can be said to have run away with this race. He finished almost two minutes ahead of Des Gibbons with Keith Davis taking third and first veteran. A tighter race might have seen Andy get close to Mike Bishop's 1985 record which still stands at 23:46. Cecelia Greasley completed a noteworthy hat-trick of victories and became the second fastest woman over the course. Only Carol Haigh (now Greenwood) has run faster with her 1982 record of 28:12.

Hope Wakes results:

1	A. Wilton (Mercia)	24:09	73	P. Dyke	32:13
6	R. Hutton	27:01	77	P. Seyd	33:15
7	J. Cant	27:35	90	C. Wilson	34:10
12	D. Bradbury	28:29	95	C. Elliot	34:33
25	G. Clegg	29:42	98	K. Borman	34:42
35	C. Barber	30:18	103	M. Arundale	35:05
42	K. Jones	30:44	110	C. Henson	35:53
52	R. Marlow	31:11	111	J. Gittins	36:05
53	R. Caves	31:18	121	L. Outwin	37:18
63	M. Hayes	32:13	131	M. Browell	38:50
69	P. Farrell	32:45	147	J. Roberts	42:45
			151	finished	

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BASLOW : 5 JULY 1995

1	P. Boler (unatt!)	30:03	62	P. Haynes	38:36
3	S. Oglethorpe	30:36	64	M. Poulter	38:44
4	A. Jenkins	30:51	67	J. Smith [1st F&FV35]	38:52
5	M. Wilson	31:00	68	D. Markham	38:52
7	J. Cant [1st V40]	31:13	70	D. ni Challanain [2nd F]	38:55
8	T. Tett	32:16	71	J. Woodcock	38:59
10	R. Hutton	32:28	72	G. Bell	39:01
11	R. Woods	33:12	78	M. Musson	39:18
12	A. Sealy	33:16	80	D. Moseley	39:33
15	M. Harvey	33:36	81	H. White	39:42
20	A. Moore	34:40	84	D. Pasley	39:52
24	B. Wilson [1st V50]	35:11	86	G. Seaman	39:56
28	P. Sanderson	35:36	90	K. Borman	40:13
29	D. Lockwood	35:41	97	J. Harrison	40:50
30	A. Yates [2nd V50]	35:46	98	J. Fulton	41:01
37	R. Hakes	36:23	99	A. Malkin	41:07
40	R. Caves	36:34	101	P. Jones	41:15
43	H. Swindells	36:45	109	W. McLewin	42:56
47	C. Wilson	37:22	119	J. Deakin	44:11
48	M. Browell	37:30	124	J. Armistead	45:09
49	R. Small	37:32	126	H. Bell	45:21
50	J. Lawrenson	37:34	127	F. Galbraith	45:40
52	H. Cotton	37:39	149	J. Edwards	57:34
53	P. Tarrett	37:44	150	finished	

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BLACKAMOOR : 13 JULY 1995

Not much to say other than it was hot!

Kev Borman

1	P. Gebbett (Notts AC)	40:25	95	R. Small	51:35
4	R. Hutton	42:43	118	D. Markham	52:52
15	A. Sealy	44:17	119	P. Farrell	52:54
24	R. Woods	45:37	125	P. Seyd	53:23
27	D. Bradbury	46:02	128	D. Pasley	53:35
30	G. Band	46:39	129	P. Dyke	53:47
37	G. Williams	47:21	133	H. Cotton	54:07
42	C. Barber	47:46	138	M. Poulter	54:46
48	A. Harmer	48:09	143	K. Borman	55:05
63	S. Palfreyman	49:25	145	P. Haynes	55:07
64	K. Jones	49:28	160	M. Musson	56:45
66	A. Moore	49:40	161	M. Arundale	56:42
67	J. Lawrenson	49:43	164	A. Malkin	57:08
71	R. Hakes	49:50	180	W. McLewin	58:33
86	O. Wright	50:54	195	H. Bell	1:00:33
87	J. Smith [1st V35]	50:56	196	J. Myers	1:00:47
90	S. Cross	51:11	200	M. Browell	1:01:54
91	D. Lockwood	51:16	213	L. Outwin	1:04:14
			230	finished	

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SNOWDON : 22 JULY 1995

These are the sort of races to enter if you want to be the first Dark Peaker home! The conditions on the day were superb, with breathtaking views all along the route up and down. Andy and I arrived in Wales in good time, enjoying breakfast in Capel Curig and a leisurely walk round Llanberis prior to the race itself. I missed my personal target by a couple of minutes, but managed to beat a few international - even if they were Slovenian ladies!

Steve Palfreyman

		Summit	Finish
1	M. Kinch (Eng.)	0:41:30	1:02:58
194	S. Palfreyman	1:00:34	1:32:37
289	M. Cox	1:06:02	1:43:27
301	A. Porter	1:08:36	1:44:56
389	finished		

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ROAD, COUNTRY...

NOT THE NATIONAL : Dark Peak Cross Country Championships

At least two competing local attractions made for a disappointing turnout and some people with the Watershed still in their legs made for a few surprises in the results. Despite the numbers there was intense competition at the front. Roger Woods early lead soon evaporated and a pack of four shared the front spot until well into the second lap. The master stroke was stopping to tie my shoelaces. The combination of having to run faster to catch up and the psychological affect on the other runners was decisive. I caught Roger, Andy and Howard at the bottom of the long climb through the fields and by the top was 50m clear. Hugh Cotton also made a bid for the front but his tactics of avoiding the steep climb of Den Bank (and about half a mile of the route) earned the displeasure of the officials and a promising 5th place in the early stages was not rewarded.

M.P.

1	Mike Pedley	41:57	6	John Myers	51:15
2	Howard Swindells	42:08	7	Will McLewin	52:42
3	Andy Harmer	43:17	8	Alan Yates	52:47
4	Roger Woods	44:03	9	Mike Browell	54:50
5	John Herbert	48:10	DQ	Hugh Cotton	

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DARK PEAK BIATHLON

This event was arranged hastily and therefore was not advertised in the newsletter. It was really a revival, in a slightly modified form, of an event grandly called 'The Peatman triathlon'. This 'triathlon' had been organised by Kay Whittle about a decade ago. The three disciplines were running, cycling and drinking. In those days, as long time club members will testify, the beer at the Sportsman was not really up to much and competitors were quite prepared to down a pint, only to bring it rapidly back up again, as part of a good competition. These days the beer is much more to be enjoyed, and so the drinking was taken out of the competitive part of the event, although it did make a significant contribution to the post-race atmosphere.

13 participants turned up on a warm Saturday morning with a variety of bikes, some well tuned for racing, others having been dug out from the back of garages needing cobweb removal. However the competition was serious, not a saddle bag or bicycle clip in sight. It seemed that the 'Miss Marple award' was not to be contested this year. Most of the participants warmed up briefly on their bikes, rather than their legs and then there was the usual pre-race banter, which was less about injuries than usual. Colin Henson recalled his bygone wheeling days to an admiring audience. Dick Pasley

DARK PEAK NEWS - WINTER 95/96

In the next issue of Dark Peak News:

The story of an epic Pennine Way relay run

Club Championships report

Full details of the Lowe (and maybe the Karrimor and Saunders too?)

Up the Ben (and down again)

Last Winter's Crookstone Crashout results!

...and hopefully lots more.

All contribution welcome. PLEASE SEND RESULTS, preferably with a paragraph or two about the race. Articles can be handwritten, typed or (if possible) on a 3.5" disk. If on disk, the ideal format is WordPerfect 5.1/5.2 but I can convert from most other packages including MS Works (though this particular format is still a bit of a pain). If in doubt try ASCII text. When sending a disk please put a print out with it if possible - it helps in case I screw up the conversion (and lets me know what to expect). Sorry no Internet yet ...you'll just have to wait a bit longer for a Dark Peak site on the Web!

Contributions by:

29 November 1995

Publication date:

20 December 1995

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FRONT COVER

"...anything larger or heavier comes in by boat"

Another glimpse of a crofters life as Captain Kohn heads for home.

Photographs or even complete re-designs for the front cover are welcome. Please get photographs to me as early as possible, preferably a month before the last date for articles to give me a chance to arrange for them to be scanned.

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Dark Peak News Autumn 1995 was produced with thanks to:

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