

Winter 95/96

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 leaving at 6:30pm prompt. There's the usual choice:

Road

80-90 minutes of road running 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. All "away" runs start at 6:45pm. For any further information or directions contact Dave Holmes or any other regular warts. Away venues as follows:

Jan	3	Grouse Inn
	24	Snake Inn
Feb	14	Hope, Old Hall: Valentines Day Event
	28	Dungworth, Royal Hotel
Mar	13	Dar Dyke

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 Meet at The Sportsman as usual. Race details available nearer the time.

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RACES

Dark Peak club events

Sun	17 Dec	Crookstone Crashout, Rowlee Bridge, 10:30am
Sun	31 Dec	Rivelin Skyline, The Rivelin, Tofts Lane. 10:30am Further details available from Tim Tett.
Sat	6 Jan 96	Burbage Baffler, Burbage Bridge, Ringinglow Road. 10:00am Usual format, one star, one woman, one wart and one vet. Prizes for first team, most together pair and many others.

DARK PEAK CLUB CHAMPIONSHIPS, HANDICAP... AND DINNER

THE NAVIGATION EXERCISE

Although competitive, the term "race" seems somehow inappropriate. And a glance at the finishing positions suggest that some established "stars" were not exactly racing. Well, if truth be told, they were racing... but not in the right direction. So a "navigation exercise" it was (just ask the Peak Park Ranger who attempted discuss the matter with the marshals at John Track Well as the first 20 runners came through...).

By then, the seeds of epic tales had already been sown, the damage done, and it would be the best part of an hour before Graham, Jon and Bob actually found Wain Stones. It was there that many came to grief. The stones ability to disappear in the mist as soon as anyone thought they had got close accounted for most of the 10 retirements and imposed considerable delays on many more.

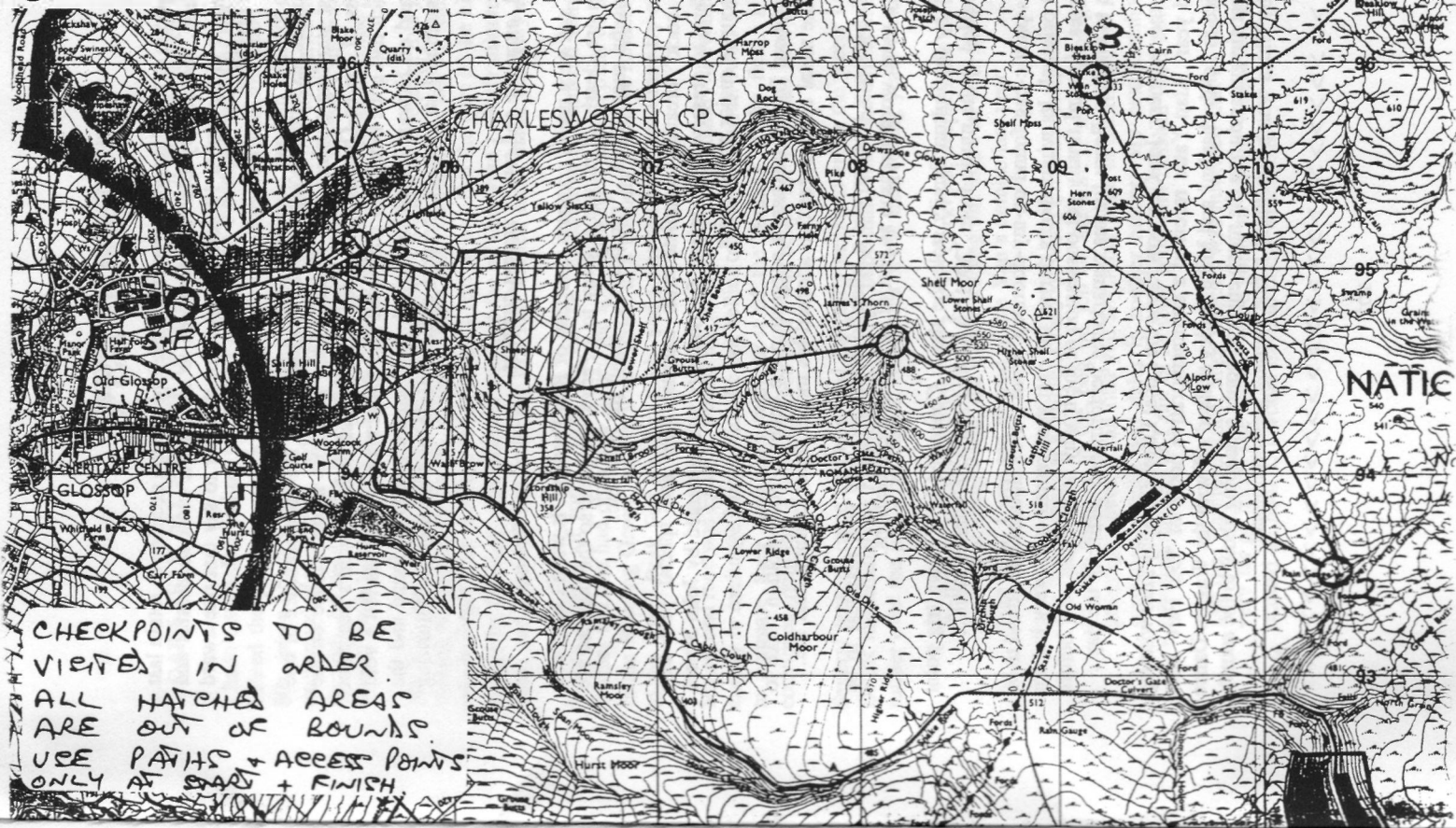
Out in front, though, Maurice Musson and his shadow Jim Fulton had little of such difficulties starting the final leg to the finish with a 2 minute lead in the handicap race. However, bearing down on them were a pack which included Rob Davison, Roger Woods and Bob Berzins. Thanks to the excellent handicapping by the race organisers, less than a 3 minutes covered the top 8 with local Glossop resident Mark Hayman not far behind to claim the fastest time of the day. From starts spread over 45 minutes with slowest first, most runners were expected within maybe 15 minutes of each other. Not today, the first and last finishers were separated by over an hour.

So where had they all gone? By the stories emerging at the dinner, a whole magazine could be compiled but most of it would just concern numerous circuits of; Bleaklow Head, Hern Stones, Bleaklow Stones, and almost every other stone on Bleaklow other than Wain Stones. Most will remain untold here to preserve the dignity of the those involved. However, one exception must be made, for it made a late and successful bid for the Pertex Trophy, Dark Peak's annual award for incompetence on the fells...

Jon Cant had his strategy sussed, he tagged onto Graham Berry from whose work place the race started and finished. Graham was on familiar ground, the scene of daily training runs. All went well until, as they descended into Upper North Grain they met Bob Toogood who was convinced the checkpoint lay above their current position. Bob is not known for his navigational abilities but Graham clearly seemed to put more trust in this than in his local knowledge. They eventually found the hut 30m below their meeting point and the navigation by committee met with similar success, or lack of it, in locating Wain Stones. As they descended out of the mist to start the final section they regained a little respectability by catching Jon Edwards to move out of last place in the handicap but the Pertex was already won and will site proudly on Graham's mantelpiece... another chapter of Dark Peak history written.

M.P.

1. STREAM JUNCTION
2. SHOOTING CABIN
3. WAIN STONES
4. JOHN TRACK WELL
5. STILE



CHECKPOINTS TO BE
 VISITED IN ORDER
 ALL HATCHED AREAS
 ARE OUT OF BOUNDS.
 USE PATHS + ACCESS POINTS
 ONLY AT START + FINISH

Dark Peak Club Championships Results

1	Mark Hayman	1:32:05	33	Jacky Smith [1st F]	2:20:25
2	Phil Crowson	1:38:14	34	Simon Patton	2:20:38
3	Rob Davison	1:39:58	35	Andy Poirette	2:21:15
4	Roger Woods	1:42:03	36	Chris Barber	2:21:27
5	Bob Berzins	1:43:34	37	Richard Hakes	2:23:33
6	Andy Harmer [1st V40]	1:46:21	38	Jan Cave [2nd F]	2:24:08
7	Graham Band [2nd V40]	1:46:26	39	John Woodcock	2:27:05
8	Ron Caves	1:47:11	40	Maggie Lewis [3rd F]	2:28:33
9	Dave Holmes	1:49:47	41	Chris Stamp	2:30:22
10	Chas Hird [3rd V40]	1:50:35	42	Jeff Harrison	2:31:31
11	Alan Yates [1st V50]	1:52:27	43	Andy Malkin	2:36:14
12	Paul Sanderson	1:53:53	44	Graham Bell	2:36:39
13	Maurice Musson	1:56:54	45	Kay Tonkin	2:40:09
14	Jim Fulton	1:56:57	46	Jon Cant	2:40:33
15	Dave Moseley	1:57:28	47	Bob Toogood	2:42:33
16	John Myers	1:59:15	48	Jon Herbert	2:43:11
17	Neil Goldsmith	2:00:13	49	Graham Berry	2:43:33
18	Mike Hayes [2nd V50]	2:00:46	50	Howard White	2:49:25
19	Jim Lawrenson	2:01:45	51	Jim Orrell	2:49:43
20	John Lyon	2:01:46	52	Frank Galbraith	3:09:49
21	Roy Small	2:04:21	53	John Edwards	3:38:42
22	Ted Mangion	2:05:21			
23	Clive Last	2:05:31	dnf	Rick Ansell	
24	Barry Needle [3rd V50]	2:05:40		Eric Mitchell	
25	Dave Lockwood	2:06:06		Will McLewin	
26	Dick Pasley	2:06:15		Brian Harney	
27	Paul Haynes	2:08:23		Kirsty Bryan-Jones	
28	Hugh Cotton	2:10:16		Gerry Goldsmith	
29	Colin Lago	2:11:58		Darrell Bradbury	
30	Andrew Moore	2:12:08		Colin Henson	
31	Roger Baumeister	2:12:27		Lynn Bland	
32	Mike Browell	2:15:08	62	started, 53 finished	

Handicap Results

1	Rob Davison	2:12:58	(33:00 conceded)
2	Roger Woods	2:13:03	(31:00)
3	Bob Berzins	2:13:34	(30:00)

Local League

The championships also represents the last race in the local race league. Full results in next issue, placings are follows:

1	Jon Cant	547 pts.
2	Rob Davison	460 pts.
3	Chris Barber	435 pts.

FEATURES

DARK PEAK, MY FIRST YEAR (AND A BIT) - A FOOTBALLER'S TALE

I hadn't seen Jim Fulton for several years when I bumped into him back in 1990. Indeed the previous occasion was probably in a Sheffield half marathon in the mid 80s, when I have a photo of him with a full head of hair. Send an SAE for copies. We exchanged pleasantries, and after I informed him I was still a footballer through and through, he suggested a fell race might help sharpen my fitness. I suppose I haven't looked back since; except to check which Dark Peaker is about to come past!

My first race was Bradwell, and as is customary for this race (except this year) it was coming down like stair rods. A vague finger was pointed at the hill we had to run up, which didn't look too bad. What I didn't realise was that the part of the hill that was hidden by the mist, was twice as much as the bit that wasn't. Forty minutes of agony later, and Bradwell was to be my first and last fell race, thank you very much Jim.

Ninety minutes of sprint, stop, jog on the flat pastures of Midland Bank Football Pitches at Dore had obviously turned me soft. However, several pints of Stones later in the Bowling Green, and an introduction to a friendly group of runners belonging to the 'Dark Peak Fell Runners Club' and I was thinking that I may try another.

My second race was Eyam... wonderful, more like a cross country. I even had enough energy to exchange banter with the pot bellies outside the Barrel. After I asked them to compare their physiques with most of the runners in the field, I may have convinced them that a fell race then beer, was better for you than beer then beer.

Several seasons came and went and I actually began to enjoy the races. I didn't join DPFR immediately as I clung to the distant hope that I may one day be the first U/A runner over the line - fat chance. Memories of the intervening years include:

A first (and only) sighting of a VW Caravette resplendent in Dark Peak colours at Dungworth, the owner leaping out in a vest with more holes in it than JF's. I was sad to read of the Van's demise last year.

My first attempt at a Winter Crashout when I finished last, after I lost a shoe for 10 minutes in the bog on top of the hill. I must apologise for my geography here, I can find you any footy pitch in Sheffield, but naming the surrounding hills and dales is another matter. My next Crashout was an amazing success as I ran in football boots and finished third last.

My first Bamford Race, after which I was informed that as the race wasn't very far or hard! The "boys" were going to run up Winn Hill, and unless I wanted an hour's, I would have to come with them.

In January 1994 I relented and joined. Seems strange that it only costs three quid to join when you get so many benefits. Couldn't we increase the charge and buy another Caravette?

Gleaming white vest, figure hugging green shorts, and a bobbleless bobble hat that seems to double in size every time you wear it, were purchased from Howard. If I was going to participate in this eccentric pastime, I may as well be proud of the fact.

I must have taken leave of my senses though when I entered the Warts Night Race in all that snow last February. I remember trudging across Houndkirk with Maurice Jim and Roy in the blizzard and looking back and seeing some other runners about a mile away. The thin line of headtorches threading its way across the moor looked like a scene from 'The Heroes of Telemark'. After the Burbage race I overheard one runner complaining that the descent down Higger Tor was a bit hairy! Try doing in a raging blizzard, with no torch, at 9pm at night with 18 inches of snow under your feet!

During June last year I'd overheard one member extolling the virtues of the Black Rocks Race so off I trooped looking forward to the normal DPFR camaraderie that exists at the races. But when I got there, not a DPFR vest in sight, but instead a BBC camera crew filming for BBC2's 'Great Days Out'. And they interviewed me! Yes, for about two minutes I was filmed warming up, thinking what a great advertisement for the club, to have their colours paraded on the Beeb. The race was awful, out and back down a canal bank and on an old cinder railway track, but I was on the telly so it didn't matter. I recorded Great Days Out every week for 5 weeks till the program was about Matlock and sat down with baited breath... One split second was all I got, as they showed the start of the race, and if DPFR shorts weren't so bright I would not have been seen at all. My interview was on the cutting room floor, much to the amusement of work colleagues and family.

One year and a bit into my membership, and I can honestly say being a member of the club has given me two of my most proud sporting achievements. At the time of writing I have just completed my second Terminator and to the disappointment of at least one member, 'that bloody footballer' did not 'bonk'.

I think I am getting there though, but I must admit to getting lost in the mist last Christmas. Whilst running from Mother Cap, I eventually twigged at the foot of Higger Tor that there wasn't another runner nearby wearing Sauconys but I was following my own footsteps! I must confess that Baslow will always be my favourite race. However I did enjoy the Great Longstone race and the appropriately named 'Fellrunner' bitter in the Crispin afterwards.

Thankfully the footy season has now started, which puts paid to too much Winter Running and hopefully I will never have the need to purchase one of those awful brown vests. I don't think Alan Yates will miss me however after I accidentally legged him up at Bradwell. Bad enough tripping anyone up, never mind a stalwart from your own club!

I will miss the intellectual conversations after races. One particular conversation springs to mind, when after a Summer Crashout, water absorption through ones backside was for some obscure reason discussed at great length in the Ladybower Inn. The expert opinion of one of our runners who is a Doctor (medicine) was sought, who confirmed the theory. After JF spotted a Police bollard, during the lap of the field at Totley the following night, he pointed out that this may be a useful article to assist in such an experiment. Most of the field could not work out why at least 15 Dark Peak runners fell about laughing.

One of the footy team had the nerve to state that he thought fell runners were 'all tall thin willowy types with facial hair and drank nothing but real ale'. Can't think what he means, maybe I'll ask Jim, Maurice or Roy. Wishing all you Brown Vesters good running during the Winter, see you in 1996.

Andrew Moore

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THE WESTERN AND NORTHERN ISLES

Part 2 - Outer Hebrides and Northern Isles

In the first part, Rick set out to explore the diverse character of the Scottish islands with a cycling journey through the Inner Hebrides. We left him on Mull with an overdose of "civilisation"...

The storm on Mull was our last bad weather and it settled into a pattern for the next four weeks; a light shower at 7am followed by a strengthening wind out of the North East that would blow all day withering all before it. It made cycling north an enormous struggle. The sun's warmth was powerless and day after day we rode wrapped in all our clothes, frozen cold, hopping from one tea room to the next. The evenings and nights were invariably calm.

We made the long ferry journey to the Outer Hebrides and Barra. The machair was full of tiny primulas but the farmers were complaining that the cold was holding back the grass and there was nothing for the sheep.

Camping was never a problem: you just put the tent up where you could find a good view. Each night we were sung to sleep by different rhythms of the sea; the deep powerful beat of the Atlantic beaches or a more gentle concerto of lapping water on the Minch side. Oyster catchers woke us up long before we wanted to be woken with their arrogant cries.

We followed the island chain north to South Uist. On a Monday morning with the rest of the World at work we camped below Beinn Mhor. People sometimes ask why I go fell running and my answer is the feeling of freedom it gives me. On Beinn Mhor the

sun shone, there was no pressure of time or competition. For four hours I pottered all alone over these fine mountains, travelling easily and stopping to absorb the views of the deeply indented East coast.

This was freedom. North the flat islands of Benbecula and North Uist stretched out; sparkling lochans and brown bog grass. It seemed like a good sized Atlantic roller could sweep across the whole lot.

The islands were grey and depressing in the constant freezing wind. They were littered with derelict cars, old lobster pots and discarded fishing paraphernalia. Everything was fenced with barbed wire which caught all the rubbish. Plastic bags rattled, streaming in the wind, making a kind of artificial hedge. Grey concrete bungalows, uniform cheap housing had replaced the old stone and turf crofts which could be seen quietly collapsing in the gardens of the new houses. There was no order and the randomness looked untidy rather than charming. Benbecula with its military bases was particularly dreary. The northern coast of North Uist was slightly relieved by some fine beaches but the water looked grey and cold.

Crossing back into Skye we moved into Spring, trees and hedges were coming into leaf. We realised that we had hardly seen a tree on the Uists. Skye, of course, is known, famous and commercial, the character and remoteness destroyed by the bus lines and tourist industries. But it is spectacular, if soulless, compared to the outer islands. It would have been a fine time for the ridge, clear and cool.

We moved back out to Harris and Lewis. Of all the islands, Harris was our favourite. We had a fabulous afternoon in hot sun riding a 40 mile circuit of the southern part of the island. The Atlantic coast is a series of Caribbean style beaches: vast expanses of sand and turquoise water with steep green hills forming winding inlets and headlands. The eastern coast, in contrast, is a strange remote land of bare rock and myriad tiny lochans. A tiny road wound in and out, up and down, through this difficult country. It would make a tremendous terrain for orienteering or mountain marathons; an intriguing place to explore.

Normally I would not choose to live on a small island, it would be too claustrophobic, but Harris seemed to hold plenty of opportunities. The north part has some fine Corbets dominated by Clisham. I had a run up onto Sgaoth Aird, at 559m high enough to give some fine views. The air out here has an almost Arctic clarity. Cleaned by the Atlantic and cooled by a north wind, there is no heat haze or pollution; the light is hard and bright. Any high point gives you huge views; St. Kilda, Cullin, Uists.

"Up here you don't make things happen, they happen to you", said the local paper, talking about the weather and the fatalism it induces. For the next two days the wind was so strong we could only cycle 15 miles north. We cowered in the tent for 24 hours but were eventually driven out by boredom. When we did move, we travelled barely at walking speed. If not fatalistic, we had to be resigned.

Lewis, although nominally a separate island, is firmly connected to Harris, but it is a very different land: flat and wind swept like the Uists. If the landscape is less interesting than Harris it is culturally much richer. For example, the mysterious Callanish Stones, a henge that was old and disused before the Picts came to live here. Compared to the Pyramids, though, it is pretty crude architecture.

The Picts themselves left their mark on Scotland in the form of brochs: doubled walled circular towers that acted as strongholds for communities during raids. At Calloway a fine broch stands, now ruined, but with enough preserved to show the tremendous strength.

We finally made it to the Butt of Lewis, the northern tip of the Hebridean chain where the cliffs are full of auks, cormorants, fulmars and gulls but we saw no puffins.

Stornoway was a shock, a faceless, urban, cultural wasteland. We caught the first ferry out and on a perfect still morning arrived in Ullapool.

It's a long time since I had been to the far north and I had forgotten the great power and vastness of the land. In awe we cycled past Suilven, Canisp and Ben More Assynt. These mountains seem to have a timeless strength; shrugging off the annual coat of snow and brooding through each summer.

We were heading for Orkney and the Northern Isles, leaving behind the Gaelic, Celtic cultures and repressive Calvinism that gave rise to the sign on Harris, "Strictly no golf on Sundays". In Orkney and Shetland people look to Denmark; their heritage is viking and very much kept alive, not just in a museum but in everyday life and vocabulary. Little or no gaelic is spoken but the English is peppered with Norse words that it can become largely unintelligible.

Apart from Stromness and Kirkwall, Orkney has no real villages. The green, fertile islands are dotted with farmsteads. It is almost totally treeless and so open and expansive with constant views of the sea. It is covered in archaeological sites: from the famous Skarra Brae to the pre Neolithic Stenness Stones and the Ring of Brogar; from the enormous and hollow tumulus of Maes Howe to the beautiful warmth of the red sandstone cathedral in Kirkwall.

We rode south to South Ronaldsay and over the Barriers built by Churchill to ensure the safety of Scarpa Flow. The Barriers form causeways connecting the string of little islands. The tide rips are so powerful that building the barriers became a huge engineering challenge. Blocks of concrete of three cubic feet were just washed away like dust.

Rick Ansell

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to me and Natasha. Crowds of runners complete with rucksacks and holdalls full of spare gear squeezed into the tiny carriages and we chugged back to the ferry.

Threats that we would have to hitch back to Sheffield resulted in us boarding the 3p.m ferry along with all the other gatecrashers with 4p.m tickets. Fortunately it didn't sink from overloading but I suspect it probably had to be fumigated after several hundred "Smelly Hellys" had been on board!

Everyone I've spoken to seemed to have a great weekend and despite all our doubts at the start the organisation seemed to go like clockwork. Get your entries in next year!!

Lynn Bland

Elite

1	Steve Sharp&John Rye (?)	5:50:35	3:42:30	9:33:05
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26started, 23 finished

A

1	Gavin Thomas&Rick Stuart (?)	5:37:13	3:36:07	9:13:20
4	Duncan Woods&Rob Davison	6:25:47	3:20:40	9:46:27
ret	Kirsty Bryan-Jones&Simon Patton	ret		

47 started, 37 finished

B

1	Dave Peel&Jenny James	4:29:46 (8)	3:28:56 (1)	7:58:42
16	Guy Seaman&Hugh Cotton [1st V]	5:03:13	4:03:20	9:06:33
64	Maurice & Hilary Musson	6:33:56	4:44:06	11:18:02

94 started, 89 started

C

1	Peter Eccles&Graham Shutt (?)	4:12:06	3:49:44	8:01:50
42	David Joynes&Kev Borman	5:13:44	4:31:54	9:45:38
56	Natasha Davison&Lynn Bland	5:53:34	4:52:40	10:46:14
81	Roy & Marilyn Small	6:20:03	5:31:26	11:51:29

122 started, 100 finished

D

1	Michael & Martin Garrett (?)	3:06:51	2:13:07	5:19:58
56	Mike & Helen Pedley	5:27:20	3:18:50	8:46:10

95 started, 86 finished

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ANDERSONS MOURNE MOUNTAIN MARATHON : 16/17 SEPTEMBER 1995

For ten successive years competing in the KIMM had been the high point of our running year and the major stimulus to keep training, especially for Trisha. Our move north in 1994 meant the first break in this sequence for a decade and we were determined that this year we would get fit again. In reality by the time the KIMM application forms for 1995 arrived we had scarcely run a step since getting here. A long journey to "Southern Britain" in November lacked appeal, especially since it was hard to see how we were going to get fit enough to get a certificate in the Score and instead we set ourselves the more achievable target of getting round the C course in the Mourne Mountain Marathon in mid-September. This was enough to get us out into the hills again even if the blazing summer meant that most trips were walks rather than runs. All we knew of the Mournes was that they "swept down to the sea" but they looked quite friendly on the OS map. It was therefore a bit of an eye-opener when we got our first glimpse of the Mournes to find that they were a good deal steeper and craggier than the map implied. Rather than "sweeping" down to the sea, plummeted seemed a more apt description.

In the Mourne, you register on the day and there are no Elite or Score classes, just A, B and C with the overwhelming majority of teams in the C. Moreover, most teams are local and the event has a real community feel to it with a wide range of abilities and lots of young teams. Courses are short. Our first day was just 14.8km. (Surely we could manage this even on the very restricted training we had managed to fit in?). Once we began to angle up the steep hillside to the first check point perspectives began to change. The hillside was not only steep, but it was entirely covered with huge granite boulders. These boulders are used to build field walls around the base of the Mournes and also to construct the massive "Mourne Wall" which entirely surrounds the catchment of the two reservoirs which lie in the heart of the area. The difficulty of the terrain, at least in the eastern Mournes, was part of the reason for the shortness of the first day. The other reason was the amount of climbing with check point four at the *top* of Sleive Donard, Northern Ireland's highest mountain. Over the two days we actually climbed more than all but one of our KIMMs so we felt quite satisfied to complete the course, especially as Trisha was suffering from a bad cold and had almost decided not to even start.

At the finish there were two very pleasant surprises: edible food and a free T-shirt (unlike the KIMM you have to *complete* the Mourne before you're entitled to wear the T-shirt). This is a great event in genuine rough country and well worth considering either as a preparation for the KIMM or as a competition in its own right.

Peter & Trish Kohn

A Course

1	B. Ervine & D. McNeilly (?)	4:32:41 (1)	3:48:45	8:21:26
9	R. Caves & R. Davison	5:50:32 (5)	5:27:04	11:17:36

32 started, 30 finished

ISLE OF JURA : 27 MAY 1995

Stories from this race will grow and grow. It will go down in the history of fell running as one of the Great Epics; a day which could have so easily ended in tragedy. We woke to wind and rain and it didn't take too much imagination to picture conditions on the tops. My heart sank, fearing we would be sent on a low level route. But the forecast promised an improvement and they let us tackle the full route, a decision I was grateful for after a 500 mile drive to get there.

The real cause for concern was not so much the runners as the marshals. Conditions were only really serious around the summits of the Paps and runners were only exposed to these for relatively short periods whilst the marshals had to sit up there for hours.

The fun began within 15 minutes of the start as pockets of runners spread out in a variety of directions on the relatively featureless moorland in 10m visibility. Gradually I tuned into the kind of map and compass day it was going to be. The first checkpoint was duly found, the second passed, though the marshals hadn't got there. The third was easy and then on the descent before the first big climb I was dropped by Rob and Roger, with whom I'd been running, and I made my own way up the boulders to the summit. From then on I travelled in my own little world of howling wind, grey clag and looming rocks, passing the odd stud mark which showed i was not the only person out there. Time passed unnoticed: "is that two and a half or three and a half hours now?" I made up places between each summit without seeing anyone, though on the second Pap I passed people climbing on my descent route. Somebody had to be wrong.

Four of us converged on the last summit and I was last down to the road but from somewhere I found some rhythm and pulled back two places to round off a very satisfying day in the hills. Roger and Rob came in a few minutes later, Rob suffered quite severely from two broken ribs, the result of a gardening accident...Behind them came the rescuer of the race, the great Don Booth.

Rick Ansell

1	D- Richardson (Jura)	4:26:04	17	D. Booth	5:08:25
9	R. Ansell	4:53:39	32	D. Dundas(Jura)[1stL]	5:29:05
14	R. Woods	4:58:22	78	H. White	7:00:13
16	Rob Davison	5:00:18	82	S. Cribb	7:46:44
234 started, 83 finished					

Teams

1	Bingley	13:53:50
3	Dark Peak FR	14:52:19

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WELSH 1000M PEAKS : 3 JUNE 1995

This was very much a repeat of Jura with wind, rain, clag and heavy conditions underfoot. One wondered how much worse conditions in June could get before they made us run the short course. Unlike Jura there is a long stretch in the Carneddau when you are high up and catching the worst weather... but they let us run the full whack much to my relief.

With all the big boys at the championship race at Duddon there was a chance for glory here. Colin Donnelly had opened a 50m lead by the time we crossed the start field. and was out of site by the time we turned up the valley to the Aber Falls but the rest of us had our own little race. I blew my chances trying to be clever cutting up early onto the Carneddau Ridge. I only discovered the extent of the damage when I met everyone on their way back from Carnedd Dafydd. I vented my anger on the long grind up up to the Glyder Ridge and got the right line to Pen y Pass, making up a few places in the process. I had been visualising the run up Snowdon all week, a good steady pull, almost all runnable with the new path, just the sort of climb I like. I had no idea of where I finished until they called me up for a prize in the evening in the pub.

Rick Ansell

1	C. Donnelly (Eryri)	4:19:25
4	R. Ansell	5:05:45
34	R. Small	5:57:24
35	D. Lodder	5:57:26
72 finished		

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CASTLETON : 9 JUNE 1995

1	S. Willis (Ambleside)	41:43	68	T. Trowbridge	52:58
2	M. Hayman	41:49	75	P. Farrell	53:37
5	A. Jenkins	43:33	84	J. Woodcock	54:38
7	R. Hutton	44:30	86	C. Wilson	54:39
10	M. Wilson	44:51	95	B. Thackery	55:35
14	J. Cant	46:05	100	G. Nichols	56:26
22	G. Clegg	47:27	101	J. Fulton	56:36
29	J. Armistead	48:22	117	J. Myers	1:01:10
42	C. Barber	49:53	122	J. Deakin	1:02:30
45	B. Wilson	50:26	128	M. Browell	1:14:19
65	C. Crofts [2nd F]	52:38	140 finished		
67	R. Marlow	52:54			

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ENNERDALE : 10 JUNE 1995

A fine dry day, though there was enough cloud on Scoat Fell to make me get my compass out after a disastorous mistake here two years ago. There was a cozy small field, though I know the organisers would like a few more. It seems everybody's more interested in soft routes in their own back yards these days than the traditional classics. Bob and Roger had good runs breaking the 4.5 hour barrier. I had a middling run and didn't, and it was good to see Neil Piper back in competition in the fells.

Rick Ansell

1	Jon Bland (Borr.)	3:42:55
13	B. Berzins	4:24:07
17	R. Wilson	4:27:31
27	R. Ansell	4:41:30
76	N. Piper	6:09:06

88 started, 84 finished

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BUCKDEN PIKE : 17 JUNE 1995

English championship counter

1	I. Holmes (Bingley)	30:59	129	C. Crofts [7th F]	43:38
49	J. Cant [5th V40]	36:43	152	B. Thackery	45:43
87	J. Armistead [5th V50]	40:09	159	P. Dyke	46:43
118	T. Trowbridge	42:53	185	C. Henson	49:40
			209	finished	

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MOUNT FAMINE : 25 JULY 1995

1	M.- Moorhouse (Salford)	37:11	51	J. Smith [1st FV40]	48:56
12	J. Cant [3rd V40]	40:43	52	P. Dyke	48:59
23	R. Davison	44:29	66	M. Musson	51:12
36	T. Trowbridge [2nd V50]	46:43	73	G. Nichols	53:36
41	R. Woods	46:57	100	finished	
50	C. Crofts [2nd F]	48:44			

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HATHERSAGE GALA : 3 JULY 1995

1	S. Oglethorpe	30:26	53	P. Dyke	38:48
4	A. Jenkins	31:42	62	D. ni Challanain	39:46
7	J. Cant	32:18	66	M. Poulter	40:11
12	G. Clegg	32:59	80	J. Myers	41:46
25	A. Moore	35:44	86	L. Outwin	42:59
40	J. Herbert	37:09	96	F. Galbraith	45:44
45	J. Smith [1st FV40]	37:45	122	finished	

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WASDALE : 8 JULY 1995

There was an even smaller field than for the Ennerdale for what is, in my view, the hardest solo race in the calendar. It was a warm, lazy sort of day and nobody seemed much interested in the competitive side of things with only Jon Bland finishing inside four hours. I turned the tables on Bob but Roger Wilson led us home to take third team place. Almost everyone seemed to win a can of Guinness or a pot plant. Mike Hayes and Chris Brad both fell over in the smooth grassy meadows at the west end of the lake and kept the St John's ambulance employed.

Rick Ansell

1	Jon Bland (Borr.)	3:51:15
14	R. Wilson	4:48:02
16	R. Ansell	4:53:59
23	B. Berzins	5:04:11
44	Chris Brad	6:16:15

58 started, 45 finished

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KINNISIDE : 15 JULY 1995 English Championship Counter

1	M. Kinch (Warr.)	1:05:48	126	B. Thackery [3rd V60]	1:35:07
25	S. Oglethorpe	1:14:48	153	C. Henson [4th V60]	1:42:48
38	J. Cant	1:16:38	180	finished	
71	G. Williams	1:23:59			

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BAMFORD : 19 JULY 1995

1	S. Holliday (Liv.Pem.)	21:35	96	T. Mangion	27:01
5	M. Hayman	22:15	100	J. Smith	27:08
7	S. Oglethorpe	22:22	112	M. Poulter	27:36
10	A. Sealey	23:06	115	P. Dyke	27:42
11	A. Jenkins	23:11	121	D. Pasley	27:57
13	J. Cant	23:19	126	G. Bell	28:12
21	R. Davison	23:51	134	C. Wilson	28:29
23	M. Ward	24:01	136	D. Moseley	28:35
27	R. Woods	24:21	145	J. Myers	29:12
46	G. Clegg	25:14	150	J. Fulton	29:29
51	C. Barber	25:22	153	C. Henson	29:35
61	T. Cochrane	25:41	155	C. Elliot	29:40
73	R. Hakes	26:07	157	L. Outwin	29:49
84	A. Moore	26:28	184	M. Browell	31:55
87	J. Herbert	26:34	185	H. Bell	32:05
89	R. Small	26:43	196	J. Armistead	32:54
91	P. Seyd	26:50	225	J. Roberts	36:53
95	P. Farrell	26:58	236	finished	

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CAKES OF BREAD : 26 JULY 1995

The National Trust ban on open access was lifted for a week enabling the race to go ahead without changes or embarrassment. The race was definitely for the young lads but they relied on Jonathon for early route finding. Without question, Andy Jenkins and mark hayman took the race beyond the chasing group. Alan Sealy seems to be running well on parenthood, keeping Rob at bay. This was a very well attended race especially as the school holidays had started. The thistles and nettles were not as horrendous as some years on the last climb and the midgies held off until the statutory hour mark when officials began to pack up.

Roy Small ran exceptionally well to move up by 5 minutes on last year but ironically dropped a place due to the quality of the field. Graham Berry made a rare appearance to prove his longstanding membership and, but for 4 long days out in the Welsh hills, would have gone much faster. The surprise of the day, at least for me, was to see Mark Harvey catching me at the stream crossing. Thinking he was on a training run I pulled away up the climb to Pike Low only for him to catch me again in the last wood. Only later I found out he had started a minute late! Well done Mark, nice to see you racing and in good trim... what about Colin Hughes now?

Andy Harmer

1	Andy Jenkins	44:39	19	Ken Jones	54:34
2	Mark Hayman	44:53	20	Dave Holmes	55:25
3	Simon Bourne	45:49	21	Pete Farrell	55:40
4	John Cant	46:05	22	Hugh Cotton	55:48
5	Alan Sealey	46:27	23	Dave Moseley	56:42
6	Rob Davison	46:49	24	Dave Berresford	56:58
7	Mark Harvey	49:14	25	Jim Fulton	57:38
8	Andy Harmer	49:26	26	Guy Seaman	58:08
9	John ?	50:03	27	Dick Pasley	59:05
10	Darrell Bradbury	50:06	28	John Myers	59:34
11	Graham Berry	50:29	29	Colin Lago	1:00:00
12	Chris Barber	51:01	30	Ted Mangion	1:02:20
13	Roy Small	51:22	31	Keith Wiley	1:02:20
14	Pete Gorvett	51:52	32	Mike Browell	1:03:10
15	Paul Sanderson	52:57	33	Clive Last	1:04:08
16	Howard Swindells	53:18	34	Maurice Musson	1:05:05
17	Dave Lockwood	53:19	35	Ron Caves	*58:34
18	Graham Burgin	54:34	36	Roger Baumeister	*1:00:30

* started late - net time shown.

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BRADWELL : 9 AUGUST 1995

1	D. Neill (Mercia)	25:05	71	R. Marlow	32:29
6	S. Oglethorpe	27:30	81	D. Holmes	32:53
8	A. Jenkins	27:43	88	J. Smith [1st F]	33:27
9	A. Sealy	27:49	99	J. Myers	34:09
11	J. Cant	28:09	100	T. Mangion	34:10
12	R. Hutton	28:14	102	D. Pasley	34:16
18	R. Woods	28:55	110	P. Dyke	34:38
19	R. Davison	28:55	120	J. Armistead	35:14
23	M. Pedley	29:22	122	J. Fulton	35:16
59	R. Caves	32:03	124	K. Wiley	35:19
60	R. Hakes	32:03	127	A. Watmore [3rd F]	35:32
62	R. Baumeister	32:07	141	J. Harrison	36:58
66	R. Small	32:16	147	C. Henson	36:53
68	A. Yates	32:23	168	M. Browell	39:15
69	J. Lawrenson	32:25	172	F. Galbraith	39:51
70	A. Moore	32:27	212	started	

Team Prize: Dark Peak (Oglethorpe, Jenkins and Sealy)

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10 TIMES UP THE NAB

It was on 20th August 1986 that Pete Griffies took me up to Glossop rugby club for the "Up the Nab" race, which was my introduction to fell racing. As I waited in the queue I heard the lady taking entries asking several runners if they were a "vet". Being a complete novice in these matters I came to the conclusion that they were expecting a team of veterinary surgeons. When my turn came I answered, in all honesty, "No, I'm a Clockmaker actually". The lady gave me a funny look and a number, and went onto the next person as quickly as she possibly could.

I ran a time of 39:41 and thoroughly enjoyed it. It was only whilst having a well earned pint and watching the presentation afterwards that I came to understand a fell runners definition of the word "vet". The following year I became a "Horse Doctor" myself.

I have done the race every year since then and it is still one of my favourites.

Ted Woodhouse

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ALPORT : 16 AUGUST 1995

1=	John Cant	1:06:02		16	Neil Goldsmith	1:19:54
1=	Alan Sealey	1:06:02		17	Richard Baxter	1:20:28
3	Roger Woods	1:08:55		18	George Diprose	1:21:32
4	Andy Harmer	1:09:30		19	Dave Moseley	1:22:14
5	John Soady	1:10:09		20	Dave Holmes	1:23:10
6	Mark Harvey	1:12:13		21	Phil Wheatcroft	1:23:40
7	Graham Berry	1:12:22		22	Alan Sanderson	1:23:59
8	Bob Berzins	1:13:07		23	Jim Fulton	1:24:50
9	Alan Yates	1:15:07		24	Maurice Musson	1:24:50
10	Ron Caves	1:15:38		25	Jacky Smith	1:28:18
11	Roger Wilson	1:16:11		26	Pete Dyke	1:28:37
12	Darrel Bradbury	1:16:26		27	Dick Pasley	1:28:37
13	Kath Harvey (Alt'ham)	1:16:35		28	Mike Browell	1:31:29
14	Hugh Cotton	1:17:26		29	Tim Westgate (?)	1:31:29
15	Roy Small	1:18:39		30	Dave Smith (?)	1:37:30

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EYAM : 29 AUGUST 1995

1	A. Trigg	38:45	67	J. Myers	50:17
5	M. Nolan	41:14	68	S. Palfreyman	50:50
8	D. Bradbury	41:28	72	C. Elliot	51:08
9	J. Cant	41:41	76	G. Diprose	51:21
10	R. Hutton	41:59	78	M. Musson	51:33
16	R. Davison	44:00	79	K. Bryan-Jones	51:35
17	B. Edwards	44:09	80	J. Nolan	51:40
27	C. Barber	45:30	87	R. Barker	52:53
46	R. Hakes	46:58	91	G. Nichols	53:04
47	J. Herbert	47:10	92	B. Thackery	53:08
50	A. Moore	47:32	96	J. Fulton	54:14
53	N. Goldsmith	47:40	97	M. Arundale	54:23
54	R. Marlow	47:52	104	J. Gittens	57:10
56	R. Small	48:07	110	F. Galbraith	58:43
59	R. Baumeister	48:30	113	S. Basire	1:01:03
61	D. Lockwood	49:10	125	J. Roberts	1:04:54
			127	finished	

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THE CENTENARY BEN NEVIS RACE : 2 SEPTEMBER 1995

"Good training for the Alps". This used to be my justification if ever I found myself sloggng up a hill with a heavy sack on my back. However, this summer in Breglia I was able to justify the plod to the base of Monte Disgrazia as, "Good training for the Ben". I had entered as a result of spending a glorious Easter climbing on the mountain and becoming well acquainted with the path down to Achintee. Disgrazia et. al. must have done some good as I managed to attain my personal goal of a sub two hour run/walk/ stagger (in that order!).

It's the only race for which I have been advised to have a medical, needless to say I didn't in case my GP decided that I was mentally disturbed! The race organisers insisted that everybody wore full body cover from the start of the race (due to a zero degrees temperature at the summit). Anarchy prevailed however, with many people stripping off as soon as we were out of the starting field. The anarchy continued when it came to cutting corners on the many zig-zags on the tourist path to the summit, whilst the descent passed as a blur of flying scree and slippery grass. It was the centenary of the first run up the Ben so there was a bit of hype surrounding the race. A glossy (coffee table!) book has been produced chronicling the race (looks good) and the crocodile was buzzed by a camera crew riding side saddle in a helicopter. The crew thought we were waving cheerfully at them (Hello Mum!) whereas in fact we were trying to get them to "buzz" off. It's hard enough scrambling up loose scree without a two ton hairdryer overhead.

The best part of the centenary celebrations was the commemorative miniature of whisky presented to each competitor. Any chance of a special edition can of Wards for the Skyline?

Gavin Williams

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HODDER VALLEY : 9 SEPTEMBER 1995

Warning: This race is NOT five miles... I pushed hard on the gradual 1000 ft climb across fields and onto the moors. But after nearly 40 minutes I was still getting beautiful views of the Hodder Valley, the distant village of Slaidburn and the finish. I bet Mark Croasdale has never failed to beat 8 minute miles on a category B race!

I think about 7.5 miles would be more accurate but the trip is still worth it for the views and an afternoon at Slaidburn's Hodder valley show... and if you don't win the race you could always try the tug of war, the design-a-dinosaur-out-of-vegetables contest or maybe show off your prize ram!

M.P.

1	M. Croasdale (Bingley)	43:34
50	M. Pedley	54:59
54	C. Crofts [2nd F]	55:38
62	T. Trowbridge	56:44

132 finished

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PERIS HORSESHOE : 23 SEPTEMBER

There was a good Dark Peak contingent for this. The Peris must have the slowest minute/mile ratio of all the long ratio of all the long races now that the Arrochar Alps race has been lost.

It was just a day of perfection, cool and sunny. The mist lifted off each hill just as we got to it so that the views just got better and better. Even scrabbling up the North Ridge of Snowdon on wobbling legs I couldn't think of anything else I'd rather be doing. Roger Woods had a strong run and the rest of us packed in behind him. It was just a shame we weren't all half an hour further up the field.

The most outstanding run of the day, however, was by Menna Anghaard, an Eryri runner, relatively new to the sport. She took 12 minutes off a very good lady's record and finished 7th overall. I can't see any ladies getting even close to her in the near future... and not too many men either.

Rick Ansell

1	A. Haynes (Eryri)	3:21:48	71	J. Fulton	4:42:32
7	M. Anghaard(Eryri)[1st F]	3:33:45	76	G. Diprose	4:46:02
17	R. Woods	3:50:34	77	H. Cotton	4:46:10
22	R. Wilson	3:55:12	83	M. Browell	4:49:46
25	R. Ansell	3:55:57	89	M. Musson	5:02:04
31	J. Lawrenson	4:06:01	111 started, 107 finished		
47	N. Goldsmith	4:18:09			

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DUNGWORTH : 30 SEPTEMBER 1995
 Amateur International "Gala" Celebrity Fell Race

Dave Lindop of Penistone seems to have sort of retired, thinking he was disqualified, while he did appear to have completed the whole course in a time that put him in the first ten. This fit of dementia ughilliensis placed him high in the running to receive Hiro's Fan for imaginative perambulation. The award was ultimately made jointly to him and to Dave Griffen who had done something similar but without being too conscious of it. The fan (also missing) was symbolically presented for this most meritorious team effort by the Penistone stars. The handsome moose-head went to Beverley Bean, fresh from beating Edwin in the Sheffield triathlon and very neatly tucked in under the hour. Chris Manthorpe walked off, not only with the coveted Granville Harper Memorial trophy but also with the , rather less coveted, grotesquely neo-facist Brugarolas cup for coming first in the Loxley valley rough running series. Well done Chris, Graham Berry and everyone else.

Lovely weather, ideal running conditions and the 11am start combined to bring out a record field for the eleventh running of this demure little event, discreetest pearl in the local fell-running repertoire.

1	Chris Manthorpe	34:40	20	Dick Pasley	42:02
2	Grham Berry	35:34	21	Mike Hayes	42:31
4	Andy Harmer	35:38	22	Lynn Bland	42:35
5	Alan Yates	36:38	23	Paul Sanderson	42:51
7	Ron Caves	38:07	25	Dave Markham	43:11
8	Richard Hakes	38:38	26	Simon Hampton	43:18
9	Dave Holmes	38:52	31	Dave Pierce	44:18
10	John Herbert	39:47	32	Tim Atkin	44:29
11	Jim Lawrenson	39:50	33	Jim Fulton	44:33
12	Dave Lockwood	39:50	34	Will McLewin	44:38
13	Roy Small	40:12	37	John Gunnee	46:00
15	Ted Mangion	40:29	38	Jeff Harrison	46:40
16	Hugh Cotton	40:29	41	Frank Galbraith	47:46
17	Paul Haynes	41:18	44	John B Edwards esq.	56:36
19	Pete Farrell	41:36	46 finished		

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IAN HODGSON MOUNTAIN RELAY : 1 OCTOBER 1995

First Dark Peak visit to this classic Lakeland relay for several years saw a strong Dark Peak team come up against some even stronger opposition. Nevertheless, after two solid opening legs, Stuart Oglethorpe and Rob Hutton, followed by Mike Jubb and Mark Hayman recorded 4th fastest on each of their respective legs to bring the team in 9th. A mixed "B" team also performed creditably in the poor weather to finish in the top half of the field.

1	Borrowdale				
	0:56:59 (1)	0:56:00 (1)	35:38 (1)	1:09:49 (2)	3:37:56
	A. Davies	M. Roberts	M. Fanning	J. Bland	
	J. Davies	S. Booth	A. Schofield	G. Bland	
9	Dark Peak				
	1:05:51 (13)	1:08:16 (23)	36:51 (4)	1:12:57 (4)	4:03:55
	A. Jenkins	R. Davison	S. Oglethorpe	M. Jubb	
	P. Stapley	R. Woods	R. Hutton	M. Hayman	
30	Dark Peak B				
	1:10:11 (21)	1:17:52 (37)	46:21 (33)	1:32:04 (35)	4:46:28
	R. Caves	J. Smith	P. Dyke	C. Barber	
	I. Smith	R. Baumeister	L. Bland	J. Lawrenson	

Fastest legs

Borrowdale	Borrowdale	Borrowdale	Bingley
(see above)			1:08:05
			I. Holmes
			A. Peace

61 teams started, 59 finished

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BLACK MOUNTAINS : 7 OCTOBER 1995

Rather basic organisation with strict verbal instructions to "Finish by yure - not in the hall - by yure" also that the path through the forest will be flagged. The weather was not up to much, it was wet and windy and clagged in for most of the race.

The flagged section wasn't flagged in the forest as the marshal hadn't turned up which encouraged much running round having a good time and crashing through the undergrowth like warthogs. Also after sitting on Crug Mawr for 3.5 hours, the marshals there decided they had had enough so they went home. Which was a shame for the last 15 runners who had been enjoying the forest bit earlier.

ROAD, COUNTRY...

THE GREAT URBAN FELL RACE : 21 AUGUST 1995

The 1995 edition of this sporadic classic was convened to mark the 50th birthday of John Pearson, landlord of the Noah's Ark in Crookes (reputed for its fine ales and wholesome food), where the urban fell race starts and finishes. A record field of 15 runners and 6 cyclists turned out on one of the sultriest evenings of the year to respond to the manifold challenges of the testing course (Shirecliffe Hill, Wincobank Hill, Wardsend cemetery, Bole Hills). and wonderful sport was enjoyed by all the participants. Overall winner, perhaps fittingly, was birthday boy on his bike (with an impressive time which will earn cyclists a weightier handicap next time). Bob Pringle, with outriders, retained his title for the foot section.

First DPFRR runner was A. (poor man who can't come first in his own race) Yates after an objection from R. Small about the true site of Wincobank trig point had been overruled by the Steward (A. Yates). The depth of quality and character in the field can be gauged from a glance at the full list of results.

Special mention is deserved by Hugh Cotton for his pioneering belly-flop descent of the Shirecliffe scree slope and thanks for the refreshments arranged at Herries Road by Richard Hakes. Timekeeping was coolly carried out by G. Yates esq. and Ms. K. Oates. The evening was crowned by a surprise party for JP with much excellent, varied food and ale. Thanks go to John and Tina for their generous hospitality.

					Alan Yates
1	B. Pringle (?)	1:18:33	9	Hugh Cotton	1:48:12
2	C. Manthorpe	1:18:33	10	Jeff Harrison	1:48:12
4	A. Yates	1:22:47	12	Dick Pasley	1:49:21
5	R. Hakes	1:24:12	13	Colin Henson	1:49:21
6	R. Small	1:30:09	14	Will McLewin	1:55:03
7	J. Myers	1:32:37	15	finished	
8	J. Fulton	1:44:28			

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GRANTHAM CANAL RUN : 27 AUGUST 1995

33 miles/48ft

An enjoyable family holiday narrowboating on the Kennet & Avon canal this summer made this race look like a good idea.

Excellent organisation provided a bus from the finish at Grantham to the start at Nottingham. Four miles into the race, eight disused locks and 48 feet of climb later we came to the section of the race known as the "20 mile pound" (the area of water between two locks). I think it was here that I realised that the problem was not going

DARK PEAK NEWS - SPRING 96

20th Aniversary Issue

In the next issue of Dark Peak News:

Full details of the 20th anniversary events

- Plus: The true(?) story of the Three Amigo's on the club champs
- Counselling for KIMM rejects
- A (Browell-inspired?) Kinder epic
- Time out in Kenya
- The great Dark Peak literary disaster

And: All the news, views and results from the winter's events.

This special issue will be published early to ensure everyone is aware of the forthcoming events. So please note the early copy dates.

Contributions by: **7 February 1995**
Publication date: **28 February 1995**

Articles may be hand written, typed or submitted on a 3.5" IBM compatible disk. Please virus check any disks. Although I check all those I receive I would rather not have the hassle of finding and getting rid of a virus as happened in the production of this issue. Sorry, I'm still in the dark ages as regards E-Mail. However...

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Dark Peak on the Web

A small but growing band of "surfers" are forgoing the ancient arts of Walsh marking and smoke signalling to lock themselves in darkened rooms with their computers. Not content with the joys of Electronic Mail they are now arranging for Dark Peak to join the ranks of other global organisations and have it's own Web page a few of the secrets of Peakers to a Worldwide audience. Who knows what we might see next.. the opening of the Indian branch of the Rob&Roger fan club? The one thing you won't see is race dates. For those of you desperate enough to want more information on this impending production contact Paul Sanderson at: pauls@btor.demon.co.uk

M.P.

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Dark Peak News Winter 95/96 was produced with thanks to: Rick Ansell, Lynn Bland, Jon Cant, Sparkley Darkley, Pete Dyke, Jim Fulton, Gerry Goldsmith, Neil Goldsmith, Andy Harmer, Dave Holmes, Andrew Moore, Howard Swindells, Gavin Williams, Ted Woodhouse.

KEEP OUT

RARE FROGS

The Whispering Frogs in this enclosure are specially protected under the Rare Species Act of 1995. No-one may handle, photograph or feed them unless prior permission has been obtained from the Habitat Warden at Friars Ridge. Please refrain from whispering to the frogs in this enclosure unless you have been specially trained to do so.

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WARNING

It is an offence to pick or eat mushrooms or any other fungi which are grown in this enclosure to provide the staple diet for the Stange Whispering Frog, an Endangered Species protected by the Rare Species Act of 1995. If you see any sheep trespassing in this enclosure, please inform the Habitat Warden on Friars Ridge immediately. Do not try to remove the sheep by yourself.

Sheep found inside this enclosure are likely to have eaten the special Frog-Fungus which causes them to lose their normal timidity. Do not wrestle with them or sing to them, even if they encourage you to do so.

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