

# Dark Peak News

## Summer 96





# EDITORIAL

## Comeback

As observant readers may have noticed, the editorial has been absent from the newsletter for sometime. Mercifully so, I hear some of you say. But for this issue I thought it could make a comeback. For not only is this the club's 20th anniversary, it is also the 7th anniversary of the first Pedley-produced newsletter. Another reason for the comeback is to fill the blank space left by the staggering lack of news. I suspect this is as much because of my lack of attendance on a Wednesday night rather than any outbreak of inactivity or dullness in Dark Peak circles.

## A different perspective

Living away from Sheffield, even if it is only 1h15m drive from the Sportsman, does give one a different perspective. But the absence has been enforced by two other factors; a temporary change of job which has me working shifts and a 6 months break from training. It's the longest break I've had since I started running seriously nearly 20 years ago and it has certainly made me appreciate being able to get out on the fells now I'm starting to train again. I won't bore you with the details of the injury but the return to some sort of basic fitness has been achieved with some interesting methods.

## Learning to run

How did you learn to run? With the exception maybe of a few like Mike Hayes who had to learn to use their muscles again after a very serious injury, most of us just do what comes naturally and put one foot in front of the other. It seems that I was following this instruction too literally and it was one of a number of factors giving me problems after those thousands of miles on the fells. As well as a number of more conventional exercises, I'm now learning how to run! More like modifying a natural style to help some muscles work better and reduce the prospect of injury. I now try to consciously change my running style during a run and actually feel like I'm running better than I would expect for my fitness. How much is physical and how much psychological I don't know but it's got me back to some sort of regular training and even into races again so who cares how it works!

## Membership has its benefits

Calderdale is now my "permanent" home, the house in Lodge Moor having been sold last year. But there's no danger of me changing fell running clubs. Dark Peak is a unique and very special club. A club which can combine runners of all standards and all ages. Many clubs specialise e.g. in ultra distance, racing etc. but there are few which can consistently produce top 10 FRA relay finishes, get seven at once round the BG and yet still be so naturally anarchic. I have many friends in Dark Peak and look forward to many more years of trying to beat them to the finish in club races and socialising in the Sportsman.

Enjoy the rest of our 21st year.

Mike Pedley

# COMING EVENTS

## DPFR CALENDAR: SUMMER 96

Club runs are on the fells throughout the summer. Runs leave prompt at the time shown. They usually last 1.5 to 2 hours with all abilities catered for (i.e. usually there will be some fast, slow, long and short alternatives). If you don't want to run the local races, there will usually be a few people venturing out from The Sportsman... and the landlord will always be pleased to see you afterwards.

The new format calendar seems to have proved popular so has been retained.

\* NOTE: LATE DATE CHANGE

### June

Wed 19	19:00	Club race	25th Crookstone Crashout, Rowlee Bridge	
Thu 20	19:30	Local race	Totley Moor, Cricket Inn.	5m/800'
21-23			BOB GRAHAM WEEKEND (details - Colin Henson)	
Sun 23	11:00	Local race	Holme Moss, Brown Hill res. Holmbridged	6m/4000'
Mon 24	18:45	Trunce	Trunce 5	
Wed 26	18:30	Club run	Sportsman	
Sun 30	11:00	Local race	Mount Famine, Hayfield Scout Hut.	5.5m/1600'

### July

Mon 1	19:00	Foxtrot	Foxtrot 5	
Tue 2	19:30	Local race	Hope, Hope Sports Field	4m/650'
* Wed 10	19:30	Local race	Baslow, Village Green.	4.5m/800'
Sun 7	11:00	Local race	Kinder T., Scout Hut, Hayfield	18m/3490'
Sun 7	11:30	Local race	Peaker's Str., Devonshire Arms, Peak Forest,	25m/4000'
WED 10 <del>Mon 8</del>	19:30	Local race	Hathersage, School Playing Field	4.5m/800'
Tue 9	19:30	Local race	Edale, Edale car park.	5m/1200'
* Wed 3	18:30	Club run	Sportsman	
Thu 11	19:30	Local race	Blackamoor, Cricket Inn, Totley.	6.5m/1400'
Mon 15	18:45	Trunce	Trunce 6	
Wed 17	19:30	Local race	Bamford, Bamford rec.	3.75m/600'
Sun 21	11:15	Local race	Peak Forest, Methodist Church	6m/650'
Mon 22	19:00	Foxtrot	Foxtrot 6 (to be confirmed)	
Wed 24	19:00	Club race	Cakes of Bread, Fairholmes.	
BATHOLON (HOWARD) Sat 27	14:00	Club race	Loxley Lunge, Chairman's residence	
			Time trial in association with the annual Holmes Garden Party, start anytime from 2pm-5pm	
Wed 31	19:00	Club run	Losehill Hall, Castleton [***Change of venue***]	

### August

Mon 5	18:45	Trunce	Trunce 7	
Wed 7	19:30	Local race	Bradwell, New Bath Hotel.	4.5m/600'

Wed 7	19:30	Local race	Up the Nab, Glossop rugby club.	4.5m/750'
9-11			THORNBRIDGE WEEKEND (see back cover)	
Mon 12	19:00	Foxtrot	Foxtrot 7 (to be confirmed)	
Wed 14	18:45	Club race	Alport, The (Birchin Clough) lay-by.	
Wed 21	18:30	Club run	Sportsman	
Mon 26	18:45	Trunce	Trunce 8 (date to be confirmed)	
Tue 27	18:30	Local race	Barrel Inn Race, Eyam	5.5m/900'
Wed 28	18:45	Club run	Longshaw	

September

Sun 1	10:30	Local race	Totley Terminator, Cricket Inn.	18.5m/3000'
Mon 2	19:00	Foxtrot	Foxtrot 8	
Wed 4	18:45	Club run	Cutthroat Bridge	
Sun 8	14:00	Local race	Shelf Moor, Shepley St. Old Glossop.	5.9m/1500'
Wed 11	18:30	Club run	Sportsman	
Mon 16	18:45	Trunce	Trunce 9	
Wed 18	18:30	Club run	Sportsman	
Sat 21	15:00	Local race	Little Hayfield (Sheepdog trials)	5m/1050'
Mon 23	19:00	Foxtrot	Foxtrot 9	
Wed 25	18:30	Club run	Sportsman	
Sat 28	11:00	Club race	Dungworth, Dungworth Playing Field	

Advanced Notice of Selected Races

October

Sun 6	10:00	Relay	Ian Hodgson Relay (contact Rob Davison)	
Sun 6	10:00	Local race	New Glossop, Old Glossop (GR041946)	21m/4500'
Sun 20		Relay	FRA RELAYS (contact Rob Davison)	

November

Sat 9	10:30	Club Race	CLUB CHAMPIONSHIPS (full details in next issue)	
Sat 9	19:30	Dinner	CLUB DINNER	
Sun 10	10:30	Local race	Roaches, Meerbrook near Leek	15m/3700'

December

Sun 8	08:00	Relay	Calderdale Way Relay (contact Mike Pedley)	
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**Trunce**

The Trunce continues through to mid September with races every three weeks. It starts from Waggon and Horses, Oxspring (near Penistone) for a little under 4 miles around the Upper Don valley. Points are awarded for top 20 finishers in each class and for improvements on your personal best time (which is carried over from year to year). A good atmosphere and a great way to test your fitness over the same course.

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DH mentioned the poor turnout at the FRA AGM and felt this was a sad reflection on the sport.

DH thanked Jeff Harrison for his impeccable organisation of the club dinner at the Maynard Arms. Thornbridge was again successful- will be extended to 3 days this year.

Thanked Howard for the new club merchandise and Mike for doing a superb job with the newsletter.

5 Secretary's report

Good year...etc...[Full report shown below]

6 Treasurer's report

Finances are good and no need for increase in subscription

7 Election of Officer's

No new nominations were received although some effort on the part of both the chairman and secretary to get volunteers failed. All current club officials were re-elected unopposed (although at one point it appeared that a nomination of a Bacon sandwich and chips for club chairman was received over the tannoy!).

Some discussion took place on the club captain role as Jacky Smith was not wanting to stand. After much discussion it was decided to elect Rob Davison as apprentice club captain with Jacky as his mentor. I think these roles were then classified as Principal club captain and Vice club captain but I'm not sure.

Pete Dyke was elected Cross Country Secretary and Tim Tett was thanked for his services in this role over the years.

8 Edale skyline report

FG gave a resume of the day and the events leading up to it. Race had been extremely successful and the new route was well received by most runners and thought Mr Gee should stuff his field in future. FG stood down as Co-ordinator and was given large vote of thanks for all he had done with the skyline over the last few years. Dick Pasley was appointed co-ordinator for next year and asked the club for support.

9 Proposals

A proposal was received from Pete Dyke that the club should introduce life membership at £50. This was seconded by Frank Galbraith. Much discussion took place on this matter and what the term 'life membership' really meant.

Mary Sant created an imaginary scenario with newsletters being sent to 90 year old fell runners in nursing homes and pointed out that this could be a drain on club funds. Andy Malkin said that if this proposal was adopted it would be

important to let the membership secretary know if you were dead. Dave Markham felt that there was a ritual involved in paying £3 a year and that life membership would destroy this.

This motion was voted on and defeated. It was followed by a quarter motion from Mike Browell who suggested that instead of life membership we should just pass a hat round during the AGM. This suggestion was not taken seriously and was ignored.

A proposal to hold the club championships over the original triple crossing of Kinder in 1996 Proposed Pete Dyke seconded Everybody else!. Passed unanimously.

A Proposal to change the format of the club dinner. Prop D Lockwood Sec F Galbraith.

A lively discussion took place regarding the presence or absence of a rock band at the club dinner. It was apparent that with a club of this size you are never going to please everyone. It was felt that perhaps returning to tradition and presenting the trophies at the dinner would be a good idea. Tim Tett pointed out that there was no fixed format and that anything goes. Roy Small said that if it was up to him we would never have a barn dance as he was highly offended by them. Mike Browell suggested that perhaps a 'bingo' night would be a good idea or even a virtual reality club dinner. As to the band well, in the words of Tim Tett 'I hate \*?%\$ing ceilidhs'. No decision could be reached on this but it was felt that any suggestions should be given to the committee for discussion. The motion was defeated.

A proposal that no motion be proposed at the 1996 AGM regarding a major change to a future DPF event by anyone who was not present at the event in the previous year. Prop Jim Fulton Sec Hugh Cotton. I think this was an attempt to defeat the previous proposal before it was even discussed. Due however to a secretarial cock-up it was placed in the wrong order and became somewhat pointless.

#### 10 Worsell Trophy

Chris Worsell presented the trophy to Andy Harmer for his services to Dark Peak and to Fell running in general.

#### 11 Any other business

Frank Galbraith suggested that the club should look at the possibility of maintenance of the club hut as it was in a serious state of disrepair. It was suggested that we appointed RB as club joiner to oversee repairs. Andy H made the point that as RB had been involved in previous repairs to the hut was there not a possibility of an insurance claim against the club joiner.

Mike Hayes proposed that we install ladies showers and invest money in the club

Phil Eastwood cafe proprietor was thanked for his hospitality

Meeting closed 10.07pm

Paul Sanderson  
Secretary

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### Reflections on the meeting

Attendance at this years AGM was far greater than in previous years. Unfortunately it became apparent from early in the evening that the club has outgrown the venue for the AGM. The Grindleford cafe may have been an excellent venue in the past, unfortunately with a club membership of around 280 it is now no longer big enough for all those wanting to attend. It was very difficult for everyone present to have a say or even hear what was going on. It was also particularly difficult for us at the front to run the meeting due to the noise being generated at the back of the room. It is distinctly possible that next year we will hold the AGM in another more suitable venue so as to allow for more people to contribute to the discussions taking place. If anybody has any suggestions as to a suitable venue then please let me know.

Paul Sanderson

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### DARK PEAK FELLRUNNERS Secretary's Report 1995/96

As a club we are now a month or so into our 21st year, having celebrated our 20th birthday some time in March. I would like to take this opportunity to thank the original founding members, who through the love of wanting to run and race on the fells formed Dark Peak Fellrunners way back in 1976. I hope that some (if not all!) of the original ideals of the club are still being maintained by the current club membership and that the club colours continue to be worn in fell races well into the future.

Over the past year we have seen some excellent athletic achievements by club members, the return of a long lost friend and a change in the route of to the premier club event the Edale Skyline. On the running front some fine performances included Barry Thackery and Colin Henson battling it out for honours in the Over 60's English championship. Rob Davison and Roger Woods continue to impress with a fine second place in the A class of the KIMM. A mention must also go to Pete Lewis, for taking the role of last minute substitute to new heights in the Watershed this year.

Relays seem to be fast becoming a club speciality with a club presence in a number of events. Not only did we get teams in the FRA Relay championships but we also had teams in the Ian Hodgson and the Calderdale Way relays. One of the highlights of the FRA Relay was the sight of Mike Jubb leading the whole field by at least a minute at the finish of the first leg. With this in mind I must thank both Jackie Smith as Club Captain and Mike Pedley for all the hard work they put in getting all the teams together. A special mention must also go to Will Mclewin who instigated an over 50's team in the Calderdale way relay.

The Bob Graham round this year was a tremendous achievement. All 7 contenders who set off on the Friday evening achieved their ambition on a fine day in June. It certainly made for some serious celebrations in the Salutation on the Saturday night, even if some of them seemed unable to stay awake!

A change of route for this years Skyline was forced upon us due to local difficulties in the Edale valley. A good deal of negotiation on the part of Frank Galbraith and the club committee resulted, on the day, in one of the most successful races the club has ever staged. My thanks go to all those who assisted in the organisation both before, during and after the race.

The club championships in 1995 couldn't be faulted. A great venue, thick clag over Bleaklow, excellent post race refreshments in the Bulls Head and a challenging route expertly set as always by Pete Dyke.

On the social front the club summer social at Thornbridge is fast becoming the event to be seen at. Even rain didn't manage to spoil the musical entertainment on the Saturday night (thanks to the Fulton Marquee).

The Pertex trophy has made its long awaited return to the club having turned up on the Chairman's doorstep on the Wednesday evening prior to the club dinner. I'm glad to see that it was returned in one piece and can continue to be awarded to worthy recipients! You couldn't say that the 'Three Amigos' didn't deserve it this year after their extensive search of the environs of Bleaklow for the Wain Stones during the club championship.

Enough of the past, what of the future. Lets hope for some great fell racing in the summer and I'm sure that there are a few members already training for the BG this year. A number of new club races are gradually being established so it is to be hoped that these will be repeated and possibly be added to in 1996. Numbers of runners on club nights are healthy and it is to be hoped that new runners continue to join Dark Peak thereby insuring that what was founded 20 years ago continues to develop long into the future.

Paul Sanderson

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After haggling over prices and bureaucracy all morning, we were driven up to the delightful village of Machame where neat houses were set in well kept gardens, each with an adjoining maize or banana plantation. The sun shone on the deep green of the vegetation and after the heat of the plain the air was cool and fresh here at about 1,600m. All afternoon we climbed steadily through forest on a muddy path. There wasn't quite the profuse fecundity of Mount Kenya here, though it was warm and humid under the trees and rather claustrophobic. We camped where the montane forest gave way to a drier forest of giant heather trees. Next day we continued up through the heather forest until it gave up at about 3,500m and once again we were among the giant lobelia plants. We stopped that afternoon at about 4000m and in the evening the clouds cleared to give us our first clear views up to the snows of Kibo Peak. We began to understand the scale of the mountain which actually has three main peaks; Kibo, the picture postcard glaciated cone is the main and central peak. North about 5 miles across a huge saddle stands Mawenzi, a much more serious 5000m complex and south across the Shira Plateau is the less impressive ridge culminating in Shira Peak. If the mountain was sliced off at its route it would comfortably fill the area between Penrith and Kendal, Shap and Ravenglass.

The next two days we contoured round Kibo keeping at about 4000m walking mostly in cloud but getting clear views in the evening and at dawn. At night thunder rumbled around and once we had quite a sharp snowstorm. Our fourth night found us camped at the vary bleak Barafu hut at 4600m. There was no water here and the last two hours were a long drag with a full water bag tied onto the rucsac. We were above the vegetation, too and were surrounded by just rock and rubble. From above a tongue of ice licked down towards us. The crater rim though seemed a long way up.

We left at 1:00am on a clear frosty night. William had forgotten the batteries for his torch and Paulette hadn't intended to come up so didn't have one, leaving me to light the way for the three of us from behind.

We climbed steadily up loose ash and scree. When we descended later in the light I was glad we hadn't been able to see what we were climbing on or how far we had to go. We soon overhauled a German pair with their guide who seemed to have got them lost. As we climbed it got colder and soon my feet began to freeze; the altitude took effect and we slowed. I felt nauseous, reality seemed to take a different form, like when you're unpleasantly drunk. I had a terrible fear that I was going to faint. Worse, while I was struggling, Paulette was strolling along as if she was at sea level.

At last the sky began to break into the first hint of dawn. It seemed to intensify the cold but it raised the spirits. We stopped to drink, though most of the water in the bottle had turned to ice. As the light grew we could make out the crater rim above but what was the scale of things? Then a figure crossed above, someone coming up from the Kibo hut on the tourist route. We were only about 60m or 70m below it but those few metres were like Great gable and Dale Head, Lliwed and Snowdon all rolled into one. Twice I had to stop and sit down but eventually I clawed my way onto the snowy rim and I knew I would reached the summit, the rest was just a formality. We

watched the sun rise and found the energy to admire Mawenzi and the wonderful architecture of glaciers below us in the crater itself and beside us spilling down outside of the cone.

To reach Uhuru Peak, the highest point on the rim (5895m) was an easy half hour walk along a well worn track through hard snow. The morning was brilliant and the sun quickly gathered warmth bringing relief to my frozen toes. Groups of people, oozing satisfaction, passed us on their way back. Probably 50 people reached the summit that day but their success took nothing from ours. The crowds were swallowed up by the immensity of the beauty and the satisfaction that results from effort. I felt a sense of achievement out of all proportion to the mountain and it was wonderful.

One thing had struck me, though, I was the only person on the mountain to have brought a rucksack and to be even moderately equipped for an accident. We had left Stephen, the German's guide, at the top of the route on the rim and when we got back to him collapsed in the snow, whimpering something about Pulmonary Oedema. I had just been reading up on the symptoms of the various altitude related illnesses so I had a listen to his chest and all seemed well. We decided to do was just to get him down so I gave him a ski stick and a shoulder and set off as briskly as possible. We fed him water and Dextrosol and as we went he suggested a string of ailments from Aids to Yellow Fever via influenza and malaria, none of which seemed to fit the bill. My diagnosis was what Tilman called Mountaineer's Leg, the inability to put one foot in front of the other. By the time we had lost 500m he was weary but otherwise as right as rain.

We reached the camp in a snow storm as the weather closed in again. It was midday and I was ready for bed. The snow had given us a water supply but the guides were adamant that we should continue down so we were forced to pack up and trudge on down for another three hours to camp on the edge of the forest once again. After 15 hours on the go we flopped into camp at 5pm, our weariness clouding satisfaction.

Next morning we had a further three hours slithering and sliding down a muddy path through the forest to the roadhead and a warm beer.

Rick Ansell

Ed. Next, Rick and Paulette actually go and do some work... but find time at weekends for some trips to the game reserves. A few highlights in the next part of their African adventure in the next issue.

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## THE HOME OF THE WORLD'S BEST MOUNTAIN RUNNERS?

### A climb of both main summits of Mt. Kenya

I was interested to read Rick Ansell's account of Mount Kenya. Some things never change!

I had always wanted to climb Kenya ever since reading about the epic attempt of two Italian POWs to climb Pt. Lenana in 1943 (No picnic on Mt. Kenya). When we retired in 1992 we flew to Nairobi in January (no rain-snow) and met Andy (climber), Sammy (cook and Kenyan limbo dance champion 1985) an old friend from Plas-y-Brenin and some porters. We were late so ended up driving round to the Chogoria route. Immediately, we were charged by a large bull elephant so rapidly retreated. We waited half an hour but were again charged and nearly upended going backwards. Having survived, the next morning we started the two day trek to Minto's camp and thence to the Firmian Hut. We passed through 20 ft. giant heather at 11,000 ft with groundsel also growing to 20 ft. and lobelia reaching 5 feet tall and sheltering iridescent scarlet malachite sunbirds.

Permanent camp was set at American Camp below Hut Tarn gaining stupendous views of the South West face of Mt. Kenya and the Diamond Glacier guarded on either side by the twin summits of Batian and Nelion. We met two runners at Makinders Camp who had run up from Naru Moro gate and were going back to Nan Yuki on the other side of the mountain having stayed overnight. I was impressed, both were in the National Squad. We walked round the mountain and up to Point Leanna the following day to acclimatise, Ann beating me to the top as usual.

The next morning Andy and I set off early to bivvy at the base of the S.E. face (Normal Route) for an early start in the morning. We awoke covered in three inches of snow and abandoned. Next day it all burnt off and we set off early again, teamed up with another pair, Ian and Tom, and arranged to meet on the summit. We passed two Americans going very slowly, one of whom seemed to have a very stiff leg. Up to makinders Chimney (IV+), tiptoed across the exposed verglassed rocks after the Rabbit Hole, then up to the four person bivvy on Nelion (Howell bivvy). Ian and Tom arrived 2 hours later and we all squeezed into the four man coffin. The Americans arrived a further 4 hours behind in the dark. One had an artificial leg! He had climbed just about everything apart from Everest and that was on the cards.

Forest fires burned in the darkness below.

Mt. Kenya is an ancient volcanic plug of syenite eroded into two peaks of 17,000ft. separated by the icy gash of the Gate of Mists. Early next morning we prepared ropes, ice axes and crampons for our climb down into the Gate and then up the ice to Batian summit. Superb views of our camp, a dozen or so shrinking glaciers, satellite aguilles and a view of over 100 miles with Kilimanjoro clearly visible. back to Nelion to team up with Ian for about six or seven exhilarating 140ft abseils to the base.

We returned via the Sirimon route where we saw leopard, eagles and antelope and were turned back by a buffalo. I found the skull of a rock hyrax which is similar to a marmot but has two small (1.5 inch) tusks which are curved like an elephant's. That's the good news. The bad news is that back in England Royal Mail lost 5 reels of 36 slides.

One final unlikely coincidence. This year we met two kenyan runners training in Bushy Park, Teddington (London). They were both from the same village (Nan Yuki) and one was the younger brother of one of the pair we met at Makinders... but I can't spell his name!

If anyone wants to borrow the maps and climbing guides give us a ring. Cost: a couple of slides of Mount Kenya.

Bill Kenyon

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### GREAT LITERARY DISASTERS The Oliver Mallis Story

Look at any genius and you will find only a small fraction of their published work is known to posterity. Behind every well-known poem, symphony or painting you will often find a mass of jottings, sketches and half-baked ideas. What is true for geniuses should also apply, but more so, to idiots. If they have got any sense, they should chuck 90% + of their work into the dustbin.

As a well-known idiot, I try to stick to this rule, but the other day came across some stuff that should have been thrown away in 1989 but had been accidentally preserved. It was the first, second, and third drafts of a novel about fell-running that I had started in collaboration with Bill Bentall. Both of us had written some pretty good short stories for fell-running magazines, so, (we thought) why not 'do a Jeffrey Archer' ? With our wit, we should be able to knock up a thrill-a-minute best-seller of heroism, intrigue, and romance. This is an extract of the 'encouraging' letters that passed between us during a burst of creative frenzy.....

Dear Mike,

I think we have now reached agreement on the main characters...Hero will be Oliver Mallis, townie, ignorant of country life, office-worker, previously overweight, unable to run for the bus, who gradually transforms himself into a passable fell-runner. Heroine, Tricia Openshaw, brought up by protective parents ambitious for her to be an Olympic track athlete. Breaks away from them and finds fell-running gives her inner satisfaction and expands social life. Hero and heroine finally join up at end after many misunderstandings, setbacks, false gurus, fraught liaisons in the social whirl that is fell-running. They first meet in a scene like this...

*"Her final fartlek session took her along a narrow twisting path when 'Bang', she bumped into a plumpish young man in a tracksuit 2 sizes too small. "I really am most terribly sorry" he croaked "but...." He didn't seem able to say any more but stepped aside with an old-fashioned bow. She observed his face, beaded with perspiration, and glancing downwards, noticed that .. " was wearing old tennis-shoes, loosely laced....."*

Dear Bill,

We have the knowledge and talent to write the definitive novel on fell-running, but there is a danger that we know too much. I know that I'm very prone to writing far too much on side- issues, red herrings and irrelevancies. Perhaps you have a slight tendency go into a bit too much detail which I hope you will allow me to modify. Would you be happy at my redrafting (below) of your 5 page explanation of tying a shoelace ?

*Tricia was standing, hand on hip, drinking orange juice out of a paper cup. She was covered in mud and steaming in every sense of the word. Don approached cautiously.*

*"Tricia ! What happened to you ? You were well clear at Ill Bell and looked strong. I couldn't believe it when Ann got here before you."*

*"My damned shoelace came undone." she replied, almost crying with rage. "Then I went into some boggy stuff and it came right off. It took ages to get it back on and laced up again."*

*"That's tough" said Don. "Look ! It's too late to worry now. Coming second in a field of this quality is still terrific. But after you've changed, why don't you come over and see me for a few minutes. I'll show you how to prevent that happening ever again." "Oh yes, Don. Your famous Booth Knot. Well, I don't know....." Don had seen another runner tearing in for what looked like a personal best and left Tricia to trot over and clap him in. "The offer stands", he called back to her.*

*Later, Don removed himself from the crowd to relax by the side of a babbling rill, idly clettering the mud from his Walshes. Tricia, chattering to her friends, caught sight of him and blushed slightly. She hated herself for frankly admitting to him her incompetence. She hated him more for what he knew about her. She could not bear to leave the matter unresolved. Quietly, she slipped away from her friends. Catching her breath, she approached Don and opened the conversation. "I've been stupid, you know," she said. "I really trained for this one and then threw it away, just because of a stupid lace. Go on. Show me the magic knot !"*

*"You're not the first and you won't be the last," said Don with a twinkle in his eye. She proffered her shoe and his dextrous fingers adjusted the laces. "Now allow me" he said softly as, tenderly holding her ankle, he snuggled the shoe onto her foot. Yielding, she gave Don her undivided attention....."*

Dear Mike,

I am glad you are still talking to me after our disagreements about the shoelace scene. Now we have had time to look at the matter objectively, it is clear to me that your suggested amendments could have been misinterpreted by anyone with a dirty mind. Also, we must find ways to put back my 5 pages of diagrams and instructions on how to tie the Booth knot. Without these pages, we would lose credibility in the eyes of fellrunners.

Dear Bill,

It's great to have settled our differences over a few pints of Theakstones. We needed to unwind a bit to stimulate the creative juices. Now, I can see a grand vision for the whole book.....from the moment that Mallis, slumped in his armchair, fag and pint in hand, has a Christ-like vision of Joss Naylor, to the spectacular climactic scenes years later when Mallis and Tricia enter the greatest ultra-endurance fell race of all time.....True love will not come to them easy and the outcome will be decided only on the very last page ! In between there will be riveting detail on heart-rate monitoring, stress-fractures, controlled calorie diets, flora and fauna of the fells, and the points-scoring system for the fellrunner of the Year Championship. I have already sketched out some of the scenarios (enclosed). Let's send them off to a publisher and start negotiating right away.

This is a mere summary of the many letters and meetings between Bill and myself from which emerged a rich, sensuous, inspiring script. I thought of sending it straight off to some publishers but first gave a draft to a few running friends and asked for their opinion. One copy was sent to my son Peter in America. His reply is reprinted below.

Dear Dad,

How about this as a start for the final chapter for your fellrunning novel ?

*Fat old Mr. Harris sat wheezing on the stile, drinking in the glorious red dawn that crescendoed around him from the echoing mountain slopes. Trans-fixed by the rustling of the green ferns as they sparkled in the dew, by the warm scent of the heather, and by the scurrying pitter-patter of the field-mice, he failed to notice the approaching stream of fell-runners.*

*"Gee-out-er t'road tha fat old booger" - Shove ! - Mr. Harris was overwhelmed by a stream of fell-runners leaping the stile like greyhounds. Mallis nodded with a grim satisfaction as he landed on Mr. Harris with his hedgehog-soled PBs. That would teach the tub-of-lard to get out of the way of fell-runners.*

*It was going to be an epic race.....self-supporting from Grasmere to the Paps of Jura and back again, taking in every peak over 2500 feet on the way. Aye, it was a race for men alright. Real men with hard stomachs. But not only men were running; raising his eyes to the mist-shrouded horizon, Mallis could just see a pair of shapely legs in pink socks surmounting the razor-sharp pinnacles of Thunacar Knott. Tricia was in the race too !*

*And there, running next to Mallis was wiry old Joss Naylor, leaping like a goat. In front of him, a lark rose from its nesting-site, but could barely utter a 'cheep' as Joss lunged, caught it between his teeth, and stuffed it deftly in his bumbag. Mallis couldn't help but admire his companion's agility and resourcefulness. Here was he, Mallis, with a bumbag full of mintcake whilst Joss.....*

*Suddenly, Mallis's train of thought was broken. There, in the path in front of him was a pink sock ! Mallis picked the sock up. Yes. It had a hole in the big toe. "Hey Joss !" shouted Mallis, "Look here ! What can have happened to Tricia ?"*

*"Reckon t'sheep will have got her" said Joss, uttering a taciturn snigger.*



# RACE REPORTS AND RESULTS

EDALE : 11 JULY 1995

This year the race went up the Nab and down off Grindslow Knoll, which was felt to be an improvement. Another difference; it rained.

Dick Pasley

1	M. Hayman	39:30	42	G. Clegg	48:10
2	A. Jenkins	39:45	48	A. Moore	48:25
4	P. Crowson	41:19	54	P. Sanderson	49:11
5	S. Bourne	41:24	63	K. Bryan-Jones	51:15
8	S. Oglethorpe	42:08	65	H. Cotton	51:17
16	A. Sealy	43:46	71	J. Herbert	53:08
19	B. Edwards	44:39	81	D. Pasley	54:59
20	R. Woods	44:57	83	J. Cave	55:17
40	J. Armistead	47:49	84	B. Moseley	55:48

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NOON STONE : 20 AUGUST 1995  
9m/2300'

I still don't know where the Noon Stone is supposed to be but I did enjoy the race. It was extremely hot and many runners suffered as a consequence. Parts of the course would be a challenge in clag. Starts and finishes close to Top Brink Inn, Lumbutts; some good beer to choose from.

Dick Pasley

1	P. Sheard (P&B)	1:23:32
80	J. Smith [3rd FV35]	1:29:10
97	P. Dyke	1:32:44
99	D. Pasley	1:33:03
106	B. Thackery [2nd V60]	1:35:38
127	Colin Henson [3rd V60]	1:42:27
141	Jeff Harrison	1:52:18

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TOTLEY TERMINATOR : 10 SEPTEMBER 1995

1	M. Hayman	2:19:52	81	C. Elliot	3:10:08
5	A. Sealy	2:28:36	82	C. Barber	3:10:08
14	G. Desforges	2:33:11	85	J. Cave[3rdF,2nd FV35]	3:11:13
18	G. Berry	2:36:02	91	B. Sprakes	3:13:59
21	B. Edwards	2:38:46	92	G. Bell	3:15:20

Totley Terminator (continued)

35	A. Yates	2:45:52	95	M. Poulter	3:17:52
40	R. Hakes	2:49:17	96	L. Bland	3:18:13
44	J. Armistead	2:51:54	99	M. Musson	3:18:47
45	J. Smith	2:52:27	105	S. Palfreyman	3:23:46
48	A. Moore	2:55:51	110	C. Henson [1st V60]	3:25:49
49	R. Davison	2:55:53	120	M. Browell	3:29:33
56	D. Pasley	2:58:36	121	A. Malkin	3:29:44
57	R. Small	2:59:42	128	J. Harrison	3:38:29
59	H. Cotton	3:01:33	152	J. Edwards	4:51:30
61	P. Dyke	3:02:15	161	started, 154 finished	
64	K. Jones	3:02:54			

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MARSDEN to EDALE (TANKY'S TROG) : 3 DECEMBER 1995

1	A. Trigg (Glossop.)	2h58m	81	D. Markham	4h01m
3	B. Toogood [1st V50]	3h12m	83	C. Lago	4h04m
4	R. Wood	3h12m	85	G. Myers	4h04m
8	P. Stapley	3h21m	86	J. Harrison	4h05m
13	G. Desforges	3h26m	88	D. Pasley	4h05m
15	R. Wilson	3h28m	92	K. Jones	4h07m
17	J. Lawrenson	3h32m	94	B. Needle	4h07m
18	R. Ansell	3h33m	97	P. Dyke	4h08m
19	B. Harney [3rd V50]	3h34m	104	L. Bland	4h09m
23	N. Goldsmith	3h34m	105	C. Henson	4h09m
25	A. Pryor	3h35m	120	J. Woodcock	4h19m
32	P. Wheatcroft	3h40m	123	R. Sanby	4h20m
36	A. Sealey	3h43m	125	G. Diprose	4h21m
39	P. Sanderson	3h46m	126	J. Fulton	4h22m
52	S. Oglethorpe	3h51m	131	M. Musson	4h31m
60	D. Lockwood	3h54m	132	M. Poulter	4h33m
64	A. Carrington (?) [1st F]	3h55m	136	F. Galbraith	4h43m
66	M. Hayes	3h56m	137	R. Freeman	4h45m
67	R. Baumeister	3h56m	139	J. Cave	4h47m
75	C. Last	3h58m	150	H. Musson	4h58m
77	R. Small	4h00m	157	P. Haynes	5h06m
79	J. Smith [1st FV35]	4h01m	160	E. Mitchell	5h07m
80	R. Hakes	4h01m	188	started, 177 finished	

Apologies for anyone missed off - no clubs are shown on the results. For a report see Dark Peak News Spring 96 page 26.

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## CROOKSTONE CRASHOUT : 17 DECEMBER 1995

**It never used to be like this.**

The umpteenth running of that great classic race, the Crookstone Crashout, and my nearly umpteenth participation therein. It's about 5 minutes after the start. I feel I am not going all that badly but the gap between me and everyone else is already significant and growing steadily. I begin to have dark thoughts about Dark Peak Fell Runners. There was a time when I could rely on some rubbish turning up that I could keep close to and overtake on the way back, but now there's no sense of social responsibility and no trace of youth policy which once briefly promised to fulfil the same role. These and similar churlish thoughts take me to the knoll where I see the familiar path is entirely free of human form. Secure in my private world I begin, cautiously, to experiment with running. Just a few paces at first and then, with the aid of a slight descent, a frenzied burst. Well, that's how I saw it.

After the first big rock I see, dimly through the mist, the next to last runner. Mist? Nobody said anything about mist. Press on. Now the leader, returning, comes flying towards me. Hi, Graham! Graham? When I had last looked up and seen the leaders disappearing over the knoll Andy had been well in front. Don't say Andy's got lost. Hilarious! He will be embarrassed. Up and down groughs, run a bit, walk a bit. Run damn you. Now I can see the trig and the second last person going round it. If I run well I've a chance of catching him. Something to go for anyway.

Round the trig at last. I peer into the mist. There is nobody in sight. Well, no matter, it's back along there. Run damn you. That's funny, the path has gone; there are no footprints; try veering left a bit; still no path; further left. Stop. I should be running into the wind. Turn round, face into the wind. So, the edge path overlooking the Snake must be on my left. Face half left and run. I meet a nice path and turn right along it. Run damn you. I lose height and the mist clears enough for a brief glimpse of fields and the Snake road. Now the path rises and away on my right I see a familiar rock. Best to stay on the path. I turn right and struggle up through deep heather. This bit is heath, actually, Erica ciliaris, now it's heather again. All tiring and tiresome. Here's the rock. Oh, I don't recognise it after all. There's a path though, roughly the right direction, but no footprints. Run damn you, must come to something.

Nothing comes. Niggling doubts grow to the size of severe hallucinations. I am sure I did go round the trig. Now the ground drops away and I see below there are two people looking at a map. As I start to run towards them they put their map away and start running, away from me. Run damn you. At last I get close to the nearest one. "Excuse me. Do you know where you are?" Well what would you say? "We think so but we are not sure". Typical! I run myself silly to catch them and they are lost as well. My dark thoughts about Dark Peak Fell Runners now expand to take in humanity at large. They get their map out for me to look at. Fools! As if I could read it without my glasses and my eyes watering like this. They have come from Win Hill. I look at where they are pointing. A path leads down to pleasant, mist free fields, the path from Jagger's Clough towards Win Hill.

So Crookstone Knoll is... an arm raised upwards; and the Snake road... We all raise an arm. Between us we define an inviting 45 degree segment. I thank them. I wish them an enjoyable run. I do not mention a race I was once taking part in. I aim at the centre of the segment, level tussocks contouring round to my left. Run damn you. After a while, a fence or two, I see Crookstone Knoll above me on my left and down to the right some cars and some runners still waiting. "Where have you been?", someone asks. If I knew that I would not have gone there.

Crookstone Crashout? Lost Lad more like!

Will McLewin

### Front Runners in the Mist

Stuart Oglethorpe led well to Crookstone Knoll before allowing himself to be caught in thick mist. At the trig Jon, Alan and myself sped off at a slightly new angle towards Coffin Rock. Whilst worth exploring, it needs greater precision and has no paths! It let in the old stayer Grham Berry who narrowly lost out to youngster Andy Jenkins, winner of the Cakes of Bread.

Nothing can ever be taken for granted in this classic.

Andy Harmer

1	Andy Jenkins	34:32	14	Cath Harvey [1st F]	38:38
2	Graham Berry	34:35	15	Phil Wheatcroft	39:40
3	Jon Cant	35:54	16	George Diprose	40:13
4	Andy Harmer	35:57	17	John Myers	40:50
5	Alan Sealey	36:02	18	Paul Haynes	41:00
6	Stuart Oglethorpe	36:27	19	Dave Moseley	41:19
7	Rob Davison	37:07	20	Jim Fulton	41:33
8	Ron Cave	37:28	21	Mel Cramer (Pen.)	41:50
9	Neil Goldsmith	38:06	22	Hugh Cotton	42:21
10	Alan Yates	38:18	23	Rob Mason (Totley)	42:22
11	Chris Barber	38:19	24	Maurice Musson	45:30
12	Dave Lockwood	38:27	25	Will McLewin	55:06
13	Roy Small	38:33			

### Records

Open 29:37 Malcolm Patterson

V40 29:40 Andy Harmer

Will these be threatened in the 25th running of the Crashout this mid-summer?

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## BURBAGE NUTS RACE : 20 JANUARY 1996

The route from the top of Porter Clough and back, was by the way of Houndkirk Hill, Higher Tor, Stanage Pole and Rud Hill. It was cold, some hail and thick clag - ideal conditions. A number of wisps ran along the road to avoid a bit of rough ground; please note that Sheephill Road will be out of bounds for next year's event. Also you will have your nuts checked at the finish. The electric fence on Rud Hill was working as several people discovered. Testing to see if electric fences are switched on was discussed afterwards; Pete Stapley advises touching the wires with a piece of grass, Alan Yates suggests licking the wire!

Dick Pasley

1	Rob Hutton	1:15:50		10	Dave Lockwood	1:40:00
2	Phil Crowson	1:15:58		11	Ted Mangion	1:41:46
3	Rob Davison	1:16:00		12	Jeff Harrison	1:41:48
3	Pete Stapley	1:16:00		13	Dick Pasley	1:42:00
3	Roger Woods	1:16:00		14	Colin Lago	1:43:28
6	Neville Bowler	1:16:10		15	Mike Browell	1:43:41
7	Andy Harmer	1:16:16		16	*Kevin Saville	2:14:26
8	Paul Sanderson	1:29:20		17	Kev Borman	2:14:43
9	*Alan Yates	1:29:35				

Ed. This was originally in the last issue but is reprinted here without all the typing errors. Apologies to Dick Pasley for messing up his original article. Next time I'll concentrate when using the spell checker!

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## MARGERY HILL : 3 FEBRUARY 1996

Since the race began in 1985 snow has forced cancellation on 2 occasions. Once in 1985 when a brave few faced arctic conditions only to be driven back before Lost Lad; and again in 1991 when four intrepid souls managed a version of the Riveline Skyline from the Post Office. This year the snow had fallen a good week before and, whilst conditions were exceptionally difficult going up Lost Lad and over Wetstones, they were reasonable, if slower than even last year's slow times. Mist on Margery Hill led to some walkabouts but not in the usual vein as many runners followed footprints in the snow. Young Eric lost them and overshot the Cut Gate path ending up well up the valley resulting in him missing Alport.

A good turnout of 9 o'clock starters swelled the field but many expected chasers were absent and only 3 set off last. However, the staggered start continued to work well with Gavin Clegg (9:15) and Dave Lockwood (09:00) first back. It is now 4 years since conditions were favourable. On that day in 1992 13 runners broke 2 hours and virtually the whole field of 40 were home in 2h25m.

Alan Sealey was fastest home, always looking a likely winner if he managed to get off Margery Hill OK. Quite a few runners have yet to develop the stream descent as a finish; this cost places and 1 or 2 minutes. There are fallen trees to negotiate and collision with them is not recommended as I can painfully bear witness.

Dick ran well as did Jan maintaining the women's presence. It's always a pleasure to see many of the stalwarts complete the tour. I had originally thought of changing the route e.g. Pike Low to Pike Low via Margery and Broomhead cabins but a time of 3 hours on Christmas Eve put me straight on that.

Andrew Harmer

1	Alan Sealey	2:00:31	15	Clive Last	2:33:59
2	Pete Stapley	2:03:45	16	Jeff Harrison	2:35:27
3	Andy Harmer [1st V40]	2:08:07	17	Hugh Cotton	2:38:03
4	Gavin Clegg	2:10:53	18	John Woodcock	2:38:29
5	Paul Sanderson	2:21:10	19	Roger Baumeister	2:38:54
6	Alan Yates [1st V50]	2:22:01	20	Colin Henson	2:39:39
7	Dave Lockwood	2:26:16	21	Andy malkin	2:42:29
8	Roy Small	2:26:40	22	Jan Cave [1st F]	2:43:11
9	Chris Barber	2:28:09	23	Colin Lago	2:45:05
10	John Myers	2:28:13	24	Jim Fulton	2:47:52
11	John Armistead	2:28:15	25	Ben Tye	2:48:22
12	Roger Freeman	2:28:49	26	John Herbert	2:49:00
13	Tom Westgate	2:30:32	27	Richard Bradbury	2:53:53
14	Dick Pasley	2:33:11			

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## "RACE FOR HEROS" : FEBRUARY 7 1996

### A Dark Peak Winter Handicap Race

#### Introduction

Starting and finishing at "The Sportsman" Lodge Moor, this race visited 3 other pubs in a 7 mile circuit involving just over 1000' of ascent and descent. Nothing unusual in that, for a race.

Where this race was different (perhaps unique), is that the prizes were directed towards heavier runners (and/or those who chose to carry a heavy load). Everyone was weighed before the start (with and without the load that they had decided to carry). Prizes were given to the fastest runs within certain weight-categories and also for the best load-carrying performances. You can see full details of these results on page 2 of this report. Page 3 meditates on how performance is affected by weight, what one should do about it, and hints that weight-related races would be a worthy addition to the running scene.

P.S. The full course was from "The Sportsman" to "The Norfolk Arms" Ringinglow to "The Rising Sun" Nether Green to "The Shiny Sheff" Hallam Head, then back to "The Sportsman". You could take any route you liked so long as you don't trespass on the farmland to the north and south of Brownhills Lane. The trickiest route-choice is between Ringinglow and Nether Green. It was made extra-tricky on the night by rutted ice and/or snowdrifts on some of the routes down to Porter Clough.

### General comments on the race

An outstanding night's sport. We scared off all the wets, weeds, wimps, and prankers, leaving the field to Greek Gods, packhorses, and men with a bit of fat on their bellies. Mick Poulter was a great advert for rugby-training; Andrew Moore ditto for triathlon-training; and we got Pete Stapley to push himself (rather than purring along like a Rolls-Royce) to show the real power of mountaineering ex-commandos. Bill Edwards, unloaded, but over 12 stone anyway, went for a scratch record and kindly acted as leading snowplough over the playing-fields; 47 minutes is a tough time for anyone to beat, even on a balmy summer evening rather than midwinter.

I owe an apology to Tim Atkin. When I gave out the prizes in the pub, I overlooked him. Cunningly, he opted for a category in which he was the only contender and quite rightly wins the Middleweight prize. Intelligence should always be given a chance to triumph over brute strength.

Also, there were great opportunities for masochists to win something. Prominent among these were Roy Small (closely followed by Tom Westgate) both of whom went for the big weights in successfully winning Sherpa awards. There were only 4 of these, most of us being foiled by Pete Stapley who carried the 4 heaviest load and recorded the 3rd fastest time. There is no arguing with that.

Finally, a word of appreciation to the few slimly-built competitors who joined in the fun. We only had 5 out of twenty people with a bodyweight under 11 stone, and the rules of the race made it specially hard for them to do well. That is the reverse of what happens in a normal race where the winners usually come from the 60% of men or the 90% + of women who are under 11 stone).

### Results: by weight-category and Dobbin-Quotient

Weights are in stones and pounds; Times are in minutes and seconds

			Body- weight*	Load carried**	Total weight	Time taken	Age + Load -Time
<b>Superheavyweights (Total weight of 16 stone+)</b>							
1	Mick Poulter	{age 44}	15-06	+ 0-08	= 16-00	56.01	- 4

		Body- weight*	Load carried**	Total weight	Time taken	Age+ Load -Time
<b>Heavyweights (Total weight, 15 - 16 stones)</b>						
1	<b>Pete Stapley</b>	{age 37}	13-06 + 1-10	= 15-02	54.37	+ 7
2	<b>Richard Hakes</b>	{age 38}	13-07 + 1-07	= 15-00	56.01	+ 3
3	<b>Hugh Cotton</b>	{age 47}	13-06 + 0-08	= 15-00	61.12	- 6
4	<b>Tom Westgate</b>	{age 36}	12-07 + 2-09	= 15-02	70.22	+ 3

<b>Middleweights (Total weight, 14 - 15 stones)</b>						
1	<b>Tim Atkin</b>	{age 38}	12-07	1-07	= 14-00	68.46 - 9

<b>Lightweights (Total weight, 13 - 14 stones)</b>						
1	<b>Andrew Moore</b>	{age 36}	13-03	0-05	= 13-08	53.04 - 12
2	<b>Jim Fulton</b>	{age 41}	12-04	0-10	= 13-00	60.55 - 9
3	<b>Alan Barnett</b>	{age 51}	12-08	1-02	= 13-10	71.20 - 4
4	<b>Dick Pasley</b>	{age 53}	11-07	1-08	= 13-01	71.55 + 4
5	<b>Roy Small</b>	{age 42}	10-07	2-12	= 13-05	79.42 + 3

<b>Gossamerweights (Total weight, 12 - 13 stones)</b>						
1	<b>Bill Edwards</b>	{age 28}	12-04	0-05	= 12-09	47.43 - 14
2	<b>Dave Holmes</b>	{age 39}	10-09	1-05	= 12-00	56.01 + 2
3	<b>Rog Freeman</b>	{age 34}	11-04	1-05	= 12-09	57.24 - 4
4	<b>Mike Hayes</b>	{age 57}	11-06	1-01	= 12-07	58.52 +14
5	<b>Gez Myers</b>	{age 36}	12-06	0-07	= 12-13	59.51 - 16
6	<b>Dave Markham</b>	{age 40}	10-09	1-05	= 12-00	63-08 - 4
7	<b>John Edwards</b>	{age 56}	12-01	0-05	= 12-06	92-00 - 31

<b>Fearless Ferrets (Total weight, 11 - 12 stones)</b>						
1	<b>Rich Bradbury</b>	{age 24}	9-07	1-09	= 11-02	64.18 - 17
2	<b>Nick Bowen</b>	{age 23}	9-10	1-12	= 11-08	67.18 - 18

### Sherpa awards

You had to carry a load of more than 1 stone to get one of these. Also, you only got a Sherpa-award if no-one who carried a heavier load went faster than you. So that left only 4 qualifiers.....

1	<b>Roy Small</b>	carried	40 lb	and took	79.42
2	<b>Tom Westgate</b>	"	37 lb	" "	70.22
3	<b>Nick Bowen</b>	"	26 lb	" "	67.18
4	<b>Pete Stapley</b>	"	24 lb	" "	54.37

### Knackers Yard Exemption Certificates

These were awarded to the 7 people who got positive Dobbin Quotients. Next year, the organiser might insist that the only competitors eligible for an award are those who

achieve a positive Dobbin Quotient. Unless he introduces a rule like this, he's never going to win his own race.

**How is your speed affected by your bodyweight or the load that you carry ?**

About a year ago I did some experiments on a treadmill to see how my running-speed on various slopes was affected by carrying loads of up to 40 lb. I also trained round the Winter Handicap course carrying various loads and recording my heart-rate and speed on a Polar monitor. For me, there is a usefully-simple formula which seems to apply for a hilly course such as the Winter Handicap.....

*"Add 2lbs to my load and my time increases by 1 minute per hour."*

If this formula works for other fell-runners, there are several relevant implications.....

1. *Look at the loads carried in the long rucsac marathons.* For example, look at the typically 12 hour time for the Fellsman, Karrimor, Saunders or High Peak Marathon races. If you play safe and increase your load by 2lb., you should expect to take 12 minutes longer. Conversely, if you cut out 2lbs., you can expect to be 12 minutes quicker (unless you die of hypothermia). The formula also applies to the 24-hour Bob Graham Round; marginal contenders should pass their bumbags, spare clothes etc to their pacers; solo contenders should allow an extra hour or so for the weight of the rucsac etc that they will have to carry. People falsely feel that "a pound or so more or less makes no difference". They are wrong.
2. *What about the more complicated relationship between bodyweight and performance ?* This is not so easy to disentangle. Improved performance depends partly on the reduction of surplus bodyfat but it also depends on many other physiological features that are enhanced by training (i.e. you are unlikely to run faster if you stop training and go on a starvation diet). However, you can use the "2lb to 1 minute" formula to work out what part of your improved performance arises because of a reduction in bodyfat. For example, suppose I have a hard training-run around the new Edale Skyline route in 4 hours. Thereafter, suppose that I continue to train hard (incidentally losing 4 lb in bodyweight) and run the actual race in 3 hours 25 minutes. I could use my formula to estimate what part of my improved performance was due to weight-loss (8 minutes) and what part was due to greater fitness and effort ( 27 minutes).
3. *The formula could be used to award handicap prizes in fell races.* For example, suppose that the winner of the Marsden - Edale takes 3 hours. Suppose that you weigh 30lb more than the winner and take 3 hours 30 minutes. Then, using the formula, you would subtract 45 minutes from your actual time and end up with a net handicap time of 2-45-00.

4 *No simple formula is going to apply to races over terrain of different steepness or severity. And the formula is too simplistic in treating alike changes in load and bodyweight. And there is great variety anyway in people's ability to handle loads. Unloaded, a gazelle would fly away from a carthorse; put a bit of weight on the gazelle, and it collapses.....and ditto for different people.*

These comments only scrape the surface of quite an important topic. With more detailed research, we could design and popularise some intriguing weight-related races.

#### **Future events of this sort**

The event was received very favourably. I hope it leads to other similar events being held elsewhere. It puts a new perspective on who is "superbly fit" and might encourage many heavier-built people to take up competitive athletics. Certainly, the Dark Peak Winter Handicap will be held over the same course next year. We'll try to pull in a few superstars from other sports to give it a go....but I would still bet on home-grown talent walking off with the prizes.

Mike Hayes

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DERWENT WATERSHED : 1-2 MARCH 1996

#### **The Call in the Night**

The secret police always wait until late in the night before making their move; so do those who wish to complete their Watershed team. For me, the call came late on Thursday evening. My prowess and reputation had been crudely spurned at the club run the day before but Rob was suitably grovelling. All I could do was to have another beer and retire to bed.

Bob drove his van at speed from Sheffield and delivered us in good time at Edale village. The reason soon became clear; he wanted to meet up with Sheffield Eagles Women's Rugby League team in the Ramblers. This seemed to be a somewhat unorthodox means of last minute preparation but I was prepared to accept that pints of Castle Eden were preferable to Oil of Wintergreen. However, the ladies had moved on so we resorted to contemplating the weather forecast at registration. This warned of showers on the coast by dawn. The organisers clearly had strong views on the navigational ability of the competitors.

The first section out to Moscar serves only to settle the nerves and permits the team to get to know its pace. For us, Roger quickly took charge of the route finding egged on by an ever-present Bob at his shoulder. As one of the three amigos, he wanted to be sure to be on hand if his advice was needed. Rob was my chaperon and pacer as I valiantly set the pace from the rear. Plenty of other, less experienced teams overtook us including a quartet singing in four part harmony up New Road.

Moscar was a mass of bobbing lights which must have bewildered any late night revellers returning home. Things soon thinned out as we climbed up onto Derwent Edge and into the patches of mist. Old hands say that the race does not really begin until you get to Cut Gate. Here the peat gets heavy and the bogs deep. This year, they were covered by a layer of ice which was not quite strong enough to support a man. Away to our right, we heard the voice of Roger Baumeister suddenly extinguished by cracking ice. He'll make the rest of his team suffer later on.

I used to get lifts home with the legendary Tom Foley who would frequently expound at great length upon the magical but ephemeral joys of dawn breaking over Bleaklow in early March. Silly old fool, I thought. Tonight, daylight appeared furtively and guiltily out of the mist. Yes, I was right - Silly old fool.

Actually the new day coincided with a general lifting of the spirits and I was confident enough to navigate from the Snake Road to the top of Mill Hill. By then we had become aware of the threat posed by the Dolly Mixtures; a formidable all-ladies team led by Helen Diamantedes. As most people know, Bob plans to retire when he is beaten by a woman let alone four all at once. Although they overtook us on Brown Knoll, we held on beat them by 3 minutes overall by virtue of our start time. We eventually got back to Edale Village Hall mid morning to be greeted by the rugby league team returning from their night out and the Ian Roberts Trophy was won!

Roger Woods

- |    |  |        |
|----|--|--------|
| 1  | Harry Hut Bouncers<br>(M. Hartell, M. Elsegood, D. Parker, A. Belton)            | 9h50m  |
| 3  | DPFR Bog Men<br>(R. Davison, P. Lewis, B. Toogood, R. Wood)                      | 10h43m |
| 4  | Dolly Mixtures<br>(H. Diamantedes, A. Mudge, M. Angharad, J. Higginbottom)       | 10h46m |
| 6  | Totley Terminators<br>(J. Lawrenson, D. Shepherd, M. Cochrane, J. Trezise)       | 11h10m |
| 9  | Dick with Three Heads<br>(R. Baumeister, T. Westgate, H. Mathieson, D. Pasley)   | 11h45m |
| 10 | Loxley Lozenge Restoration Society<br>(D. Markham, D. Holmes, R. Hake, D. Green) | 12h10m |
| 11 | All Night Burners<br>(D. Lockwood, J. Harrison, M. Hayes, H. Swindells)          | 12h30m |
| 12 | Hugh Janus<br>(H. Cotton, J. Cave, R. Small, J. Fulton)                          | 12h45m |

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## MANX MOUNTAIN MARATHON : 6 APRIL 1996

The Dark Peak team resembled the three legs of Man by the end of the race. Roy Small had slipped whilst trying to glissade down a snow patch just before Snafell and had to retire. Paul Sanderson put his foot down a rabbit hole 2 miles from the finish and hobbled in on one leg. That just left me in one piece. I didn't exactly burn the course up and long before the end had moved from T mode to zimmer frame mode but I somehow managed to time my finish to perfection to avoid the ignominy of a plus seven hour time.

Despite the problems we all agreed that this must be one of the best long distance races in the calendar with a superb line of 30.5 miles down the island over 12 summits from Ramsey to Port Errin. The race is followed by an awards evening in the Bradda Glen cafe at Port Errin where the race finishes. The best option is to stay in Port Errin where very passable lodgings, which were found to be to the liking of our support party, can be had at the Cherry Orchard Hotel (with excellent pool and jacuzzi where the aches, pains and injuries can be soothed after the race).

Hopefully we can encourage a few more Dark Peakers to make the trip to the Isle of Man for next year's event and make a stronger showing.

Hugh Cotton

### Elite

1 D. Blackhurst (ROS) 4:55:23  
19 finished

### Standard

1 S. Neill (DOSS) 5:28:30  
20 P. Sanderson 6:28:51  
42 H. Cotton 6:59:44  
ret. R. Small  
82 finished

The elite and standard classes are run over the same course with those in the elite capable of (or have finished previously) under 5h30m.

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## SHEFFIELD ASSOCIATION OF CLIMBING CLUBS FELL RACE :

The prestigious SACC fell race was dominated by DPFR runners this year. Superstars Rob, Ron and Roger set off up Green Drive at a blistering pace and managed to hold off the challenge from the field of class athletes. Roger took first and Ron second after a major navigational error by Rob left him with third. Meanwhile, in the ladies event, competition was equally fierce and I just managed to take first by about 5 minutes!

Lynn Bland

SACC results

- 1 Roger Woods
  - 2 Ron Caves
  - 3 Rob Davison
  - 11 Lynn Bland
- 26 finished

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**FOUR CABINS RACE : 13 APRIL 1996**

An instant classic. Ten entrants competed in snowy and at times misty weather. A variety of route choices were made. It is hoped to repeat the event.

**John Myers**

- 1 Bob Berzins 2:29:38
  - 2 Tom Westgate 2:46:20
  - 3 Andy Harmer 2:51:10
  - 4 Alan Yates 3:06:15
  - 5 Hugh Cotton 3:08:30
  - 6 John Myers 3:27:00
  - 7 Mike Browell 3:34:05
  - 8 Roger Baumeister 3:36:00
  - 8 Pete Lewis 3:36:00
- dnf Jeff Harrison

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**HEROD FARM : 24 APRIL 1996**

A vicious little race this. 3½ miles with 1,100 ft climb. Damp and breezy on the day, the race starts just off the A624/A6016 junction South of Glossop, climbing up through Herod Farm onto the top then down to Simmondley. So far so good. The route then goes past Hobroyd Farm, the sting in the tail being a final climb back onto the top of Whiteley Nab, returning back down past Herod Farm to the Finish. A short sharp race, getting more popular over the years.

**Gavin Clegg**

- 1 Andy Trigg (Glossopdale) 23:10
  - 3 Phil Bowler (Mercia) [1st V40] 24:14
  - 20 Gavin Clegg 27:00
  - 60 Ted Woodhouse 34:02
- 81 Started 80 finished

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SHINING TOR : 27 APRIL 1996

7 miles, 1900ft of climb. Lovely race this, with plenty of long climbs and sweeping descents. Conditions underfoot were near perfect, the whole way being dry and springy. A good Dark Peak turnout and a fine run by Mark Hayman.

Gavin Clegg

1	Mervyn Keys (Rossendale)	49:48
2	Dave Neill (Mercia) [1st V40]	50:47
5	Mark Hayman	53:59
21	Gavin Clegg	57:29
23	Rob Hutton	57:46
25	Roger Woods	58:13
31	Rob Davison	59:06
50	John Armistead [2nd V50]	61:21
70	Neville Bowler	63:17
102	Tom Westlake	66:19
119	Hugh Cotton	68:45
147	Simon Hampton	73:58
150	Jan Cave	74:12
155	Ted Woodhouse	75:06
174	Eric Mitchell [1st V70]	85:30
176	ran	

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BACK TOR AND BEYOND : 1 MAY 1996  
Cogman and Gravy

This was the second running of the extended version of this race. The intention is to change the course every year. Back Tor will always be a checkpoint but other checkpoints will change. This year's course avoided the rough moorland north of the main path, which had brought us into armed conflict with gamekeepers and landowners last year. The two checkpoints in addition to Back Tor were ruined cabins in Cogman and Gravy Clough, a pair of delightful unfrequented tributaries of the Abbey Brook. What idyllic spots to send a happy band of runners to on a balmy May evening!! It wasn't quite like that !! Drizzle at the start of the race became thick mist on Derwent edge and deteriorated into a cold, wet, windy evening in the gathering gloom ; good 'exposure' conditions.

It was amazing to see so many starters on such an evening. 41 of us disappeared into the mist and were soon straggled out along the path to the edge. Where everyone went at the crossroads was only revealed after the race. There was a pleasing parting of the ways , the choice being between a clockwise or anticlockwise circuit. It wasn't

necessary to go to Back Tor first, but I *think* I was the only one who *didn't* . I cut the corner to Lost Lad and did Back Tor trig on the way back.(I did touch the trig-honest!) The clockwise and anticlockwise groups met in Abbey Brook or Gravy Clough and exchanged pleasantries. It adds a little mental gymnastics to a race when you meet someone going the other way and try to work out whether you are ahead of them or not.

The race was won by Mark Hayman who 'burned off' Andy Poirette on the final path. I'm glad they didn't finish together because there weren't enough jars of jam for extra winners. Andy Harmer won the vets prize ( a tube of anti -ageing tablets.) Once again there was no-one to give the women's trophy to ! The competitor I was happiest to see finish was Jim Orrell, who rolled down the track just as it started to get dark.He deserved his jar of jam. He was out longest and obviously must have had more fun than everybody else.

Everybody seemed to enjoy their evening's sport . I was particularly pleased to find out that the Cogman and Gravy ruins were 2 new cabins for Kev Borman to tick off in his I SPY book of Peak District ruins. Thanks to Bob and Frank who provided encouragement at the checkpoints, and to Jack the lad for timekeeping. I'll aim to plan another different course next year, but maybe there should be a bad weather alternative as a standby.Conditions were pretty horrible , and there were moments when I kept asking myself... What if.....?

Howard Swindells

1	Mark Hayman	58.10	21	Ted Mangion	1:16.47
2	Andy Poirette	58.13	22	Gez Myers	1:16.58
3	Roger Woods	1:02.56	23	Jim Fulton	1:17.25
4	Rob Davison	1:03.06	24	Chas Hird	1:17.40
5	Mark Liptrott	1:03.18	25	Andrew Moore	1:17.55
6	Andy Harmer	1:03.35	26	Chris Barber	1:17.57
7	Pete Stapely	1:03.40	27	Kev Saville	1:18.27
8	Jon Cant	1:04.00	28	John Myers	1:18.29
9	Graham Berry	1:04.05	29	Kev Borman	1:18.40
10	Howard Swindells	1:05.50	30	Richard Hakes	1:18.41
11	Alan Yates	1:07.21	31	Daryl Bradbury	1:19.15
12	Roger Freeman	1:07.25	32	Clive Wilson	1:21.48
13	Willie Gibbons	1:09.02	33	Andy Malkin	1:22.36
14	Tom Westgate	1:10.46	34	Ben Tye	1:22.36
15	Dave Markham	1:12.15	35	Tom Shanahan	1:16.08
16	Dave Green	1:12.15	36	Tim Atkin	1:28.30
17	Martin Fox	1:13.10	37	Jim Orrell	1:33.46
18	Roger Wilson	1:13.41			
19	Hugh Cotton	1:14.59			
20	Mike Hayes	1:16.42			
				41 started, 37 finished	

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SOME YOU WINN - SOME YOU LOSE : 22 MAY 1996

Due to public demand (!), I restaged this event after last year's one off and was rewarded with a record turnout on a fairly inclement evening. Alan's excellent winning time was identical to the second to his time last year. Runners in road shoes gave the farmer at Twitchill Farm an interesting diversion from BSE as they descended his wet grassy slopes. The format was the same as last year with half going to winn hill and half to lose hill from the start enabling the better runners to offer words of encouragement like: "Try harder", "Lengthen your stride", or "Did you go up Lose Hill twice?" etc.

This race opened up the "James Fulton & Son 66 years in electrical contracting fell race series" which culminates in the Warts Revenge in November.

Prize list: a 13amp sponsors plug or light bulb to everyone. Long life lamp to 22nd as that was the date and jolly interesting video tape to 20th as that is how long Dark Peak have been on the bog.

Thanks to Dave Lockwood for computerised results and to Peter Eustace, landlord at the Cheshire Cheese for reserving us a room and providing some food on the house to everyone.

Jim Fulton

1 Alan Sealy	1:11:11	20 Peter Dyke	1:29:20
2 Pete Hague (?)	1:13:08	21 Clive Last	1:29:31
3 Andy Harmer [1st V40]	1:13:53	22 Kev Saville (?)	1:30:13
4 Darryl Bradbury	1:14:52	23 Pat Seyd	1:30:47
5 Graham Berry [1st V50]	1:15:40	24 Kev Borman	1:30:56
6 Gavin Clegg	1:15:49	25 John Woodcock	1:31:56
7 Chris Barber	1:16:18	26 Roy Small	1:32:16
8 Roger Freeman	1:19:05	27 Andy Malkin	1:32:46
9 Howard Swindells	1:20:26	28 Jan Cave [1st F]	1:33:04
10 Richard Hakes	1:21:10	29 Liz Burden	1:33:18
11 Alan Yates	1:22:34	30 Geoff Nichols	1:33:53
12 Tom Westgate	1:24:17	31 John Myers	1:35:40
13 Hugh Cotton	1:25:55	32 Tim Atkin	1:36:09
14 Jim Fulton	1:26:26	33 Mike Browell	1:37:45
15 Paul Sanderson	1:27:14	34 Mick Poulter	1:38:30
16 Dave Markham	1:27:25	35 Rod Douglas	1:39:35
17 Pete Lewis	1:28:21	36 Maurice Musson	1:41:01
18 Dave Moseley	1:28:42	37 Keith Wiley	1:41:50
19 Dick Pasley	1:28:47	37 finished	

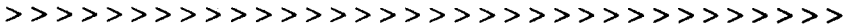
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ILAM FETE HILL RACE : 27 May 1996

When will I learn. In Dark Peak news it said "Beautiful course (according to Jon Cant)". I should have known that anything with Jon Cants name by it would be a bit suspicious. Yes its beautiful if you stop at the top of Bunster Hill to look at the view. But if you do that you will lose your bottle for the near vertical 1/2 mile descent to the finish. Having said that, this race has all the ingredients of a mini classic. Two horrendous climbs, a deep river crossing and the aforementioned descent. Started by the Town Crier, every finisher also gets 'rung in' by him as well. Plenty to do at the fete afterwards. Well worth an attendance next year.

Gavin Clegg

- 1 Andy Jenkins 33:45 (course record)
  - 4 Gavin Clegg [1st V40] 35:56
  - ? Barry Mosley 47:17
- about 20 ran.



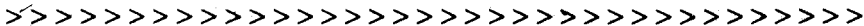
## ROAD AND COUNTRY

NOT THE NATIONAL : 9 MARCH 1996

Mike Pedley obligingly omitted our annual classic from "Forthcoming Events" in the Winter Newsletter. Alan Yates spotted the chance and gratefully took it with a purposeful and stately progression round the two lap Rivelin Valley course. He is therefore the proud bearer of the title, "DPFR Cross Country Champion" for the whole of the 20th anniversary year. Mike Hayes is a very worthy runner up having done his own solitary (and no doubt stately) run in the afternoon of the appointed day.

Alan Yates

- 1 Alan Yates 47:39
- 2 Mike Hayes 49:02







## DARK PEAK NEWS - AUTUMN 96

In the next issue of Dark Peak News:

Warts on the BG

+Hopefully lots of race reports and results...

Have you all gone very shy?

Does no-one get results any more?

Results in this issue were only obtained with much arm twisting. If you run a race please send me some results and maybe a short paragraph about it. Don't assume someone else will do it! A quick phone call or question in the pub can check if I've already got that race.

Contributions by: **4th September 1996**

Publication date: **25th September 1996**

Articles may be hand written, typed or submitted on a 3.5" IBM compatible disk. I can read most word processors but not all - so please include a text file and a print out as well. If using a disk please virus check it if you can. Although I virus check everything it is still a pain when one crops up.

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### RETURNING DISKS

I'm rapidly building up a stock of disks which I will try to return to their originators. However, it would make this a lot easier if you could put a label, or even your name, on a disk when submitting it.

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### FRONT COVER

A bit unseasonal I know, but I had hoped to have results and report from the 3 Peaks to go with the 5 Peaks on the cover. It's another fine drawing from the pen of Bill Bentall whose contribution to the last issue drew much praise (and chuckles).

If you have a suggestion for the next issue please send me it - it would be good to have four very distinctive "special edition" covers for our 20th year.

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Dark Peak News Summer 96 was produced with thanks to: Rick Ansell, Bill Bentall, Lynn Bland, Gavin Clegg, Hugh Cotton, Jim Fulton, Andy Harmer, Mike Hayes, Dave Holmes, Bill Kenyon, Will McLewin, John Myers, Dick Pasley, Paul Sanderson, Howard Swindells, Roger Woods, Alan Yates

**DARK PEAK FELLRUNNERS**  
**20TH ANNIVERSARY SUMMER SOCIAL**  
**THORNBRIDGE HALL 3 DAY EXTRAVAGANZA**  
**9TH -11TH AUGUST 1996**

**Events include:**

**FELL RUNNING:** Races on Friday night and Saturday morning; extensive prize list

**REAL ALE:** (some provided but probably won't last very long)

**BAR-B-QUE:** (bring your own food)

**FOLK SINGING:** bring your guiter, fiddle, bagpipes!, Voice

**FRISBEE FOOTBALL:** tournament

or just dossing about in the sunshine (hopefully)

**Also:**

Excellent countryside

Stately homes

Wildlife

Fun for all the family

**Facilities:**

kitchen, showers, toilets.

Just bring your camping gear

For any further information: contact Paul Sanderson



**20 YEARS**  
*Under a Brown Sky*

*7pm West Hall  
 10.45pm Threlkeld - Child Site  
 3.30pm Jureil  
 9.40 Wastdale  
 3.15 Honister  
 20 Moor Hall  
 Salutation*

