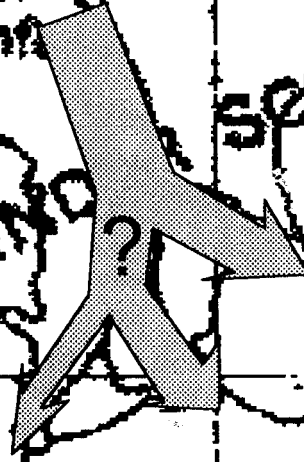


Winter 96/97

Dark Peak News

Waterfall
Kinder
Down?



Club Champs 96 -
Were you caught out on Kinder?

NEWS

RESCUE TEAM CALLED OUT ON CLUB CHAMPS

Deceptive weather conditions and inadequately prepared runners resulted in several walkabouts and missing runners. With one still unaccounted for by mid afternoon the decision was taken to call out the rescue team. Fortunately, before the team got on the hill, the missing runner was located having been helped off to Hayfield by a party of walkers. Inadequately equipped for navigation or for deteriorating weather he had become disorientated in the snow and symptoms of hypothermia were setting in.

Comments on a fascinating race and its rather more serious after-effects can be found elsewhere.

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TROG CANCELLED

The 1996 Marsden to Edale trog was cancelled by race organiser Tanky Stokes citing the experiences of the DPs club champs together with the unseasonal weather. At the time of writing (6am on the morning on which the trog would have been held) the weather is mild and damp, better than a number of recent years. However, maybe the events of the club champs have given the ultra cautious Tanky rather too much to think about.

It came as a great disappointment to many Dark Peakers who see this unique event as a highlight of their winter season. It remains to be seen whether the race will ever be seen again in its current format.

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DREAMS AND NIGHTMARES IN AUTUMN RELAYS

Ian Hodgson Relay - Nightmare on Red Screens

On a day when there was a field of a quality to match that of the FRA relay Dark Peak seemed to finally have got their relay act together. Having watched the last leg pair of Andy Jenkins and Brett Stocks set off in a solid looking 4th place your roving reporter set out to jog the last leg route and watch the chasing pack... only to find himself at the finish with a good 15 minutes in hand before a sheepish pair crept in in about 30th place. In the women's event we played safe and kept a pair of international orienteers for the last leg. maybe Karen Dalton and Kirsty Bryan Jones each thought the other was navigating as they suffered almost the same fate as Andy and Brett. Oh well, there's always next year!

COMING EVENTS

DPFR CALENDAR: WINTER-SPRING 97

Club runs include road runs and warts the runs on fells throughout the winter. Everyone on the fells once the clocks change. Road runs usually last about 1h20m, warts runs are inevitably slower and vary greatly with conditions. Typically they last around 2 hours. Venue for the warts training runs are only shown when different to the club road run from the Sportsman. If you are planning to go to a warts run away from the Sportsman please confirm the venue with one of the regulars (e.g. Andy Malkin, Dave Holmes) and for any of the fell runs please make sure you are adequately equipped. Runs leave *prompt* at the time shown with all abilities catered for (i.e. usually there will be some fast, slow, long and short alternatives).

Only local and championship FRA events are shown here. For full listings of FRA events throughout the country see the FRA calendar. All club members should consider joining the Fell Running Association. At a cost of £9 a year it includes 3 magazines plus the full calendar of over 300 fell races. For details contact the Membership Sec., Pete Bland Sports, 34a Kirkland, Kendal, Cumbria LA9 5AD.

January

Wed	8	18:30	Club run	Sportsman
		18:45	Warts run	Grouse Inn
Sat	11	10:00	Club race	Burbage Baffler, Burbage Bridge, Ringinglow Road 4x3ml relay. Teams of 4. Details: Martin Spence.
Wed	15	18:30	Club run	Sportsman
Wed	22	18:30	Club run	Sportsman (followed by Edale Sycline meeting)
Wed	29	18:30	Club race	Warts night fell race, Sportsman.

February

Sat	1	09:15	Club race	Margery Hill, Fairholmes car park. 15ml/3000' [early start for very slow runners at 09:00, late start for stars at 09:30.]
Sun	2	11:00	Local race	Mickleden Straddle, A616, Langsett 12.5m/1900' £3.50 in advance to David Maddox, 31 Stainborough Road, Dodworth, Barnsley, S75 3NF. Limit 200.
Wed	5	18:30	Club run	Sportsman
		18:45	Warts run	Snake Inn
Sun	9	11:00	Local race	Tigger Tor, Tigers rugby club, Dore Moor 9.5m/1700' £2.50 to Don Longley, 39 Gosforth Drive, Dronfield Woodhouse S18 5NG or £3 on day (limit 300). First counter in Totley Tigers race series (£2 to register).
Wed	12	18:30	Club run	Sportsman
Sun	16	09:00	Club race	Loxley Lollop, Loxley School. 24ml/3000'
Wed	19	18:30	Club run	Sportsman
		18:45	Warts run	Hope (Old Hall)
Wed	26	18:30	Club run	Sportsman

CLUB CHAMPIONSHIPS AND HANDICAP

A return to the classic "Triple Crossing" club championships route had been long awaited. Members living far afield turned up to make it a real reunion event. Tony Farnell had come all the way from Cornwall... and had to return straight after the race! Malcolm Patterson came from Glasgow to try and recapture the title he once held. The sky was blue. This was going to be a racers day not a navigators... or so everyone thought. In fact it was neither. Just stepping out of the car at Edale told a different story. It was COLD and the strong wind was changing the weather minute by minute. But we have been here before, haven't we?

On the start line for this in this slowest-first handicap event, tracksuits came off and bare legs were largely the order of the day. Indeed on the first crossing some earlier starters with thermal tops on were even wondering whether that was too much. Among the late starters the pace was hotting up but the weather wasn't. The first storm of hail and snow seemed to come from nowhere. Many middle starters were in the shelter of Fairbrook but those at the front nearing the Downfall and at the back on the "three-minute crossing" got the worst of it. The storm passed almost as quickly as it arrived.

In the handicap event Will Mclewin was reported to be going well but as the snow cleared, the only question seemed to be, in which direction? At the back most were keeping tabs on each other although Dave "Sam" Allen had dropped back a bit. After entering on the day [I thought we banned that?] he had had to put up with a scratch start. Just as everyone started to thaw the a second and more prolonged storm hit. Apart from the few handicap leaders almost everyone got hit by this. Some got the full westerly blast as they turned past Grindslow Knoll, others were still on the plateau.

Jeff Harrison strolled to victory in the handicap. Andy Poirrette looked set for a major victory in the overall race but an error let the navigators through and Richard Wren just pipped another new recruit Neil Conway for the title. Even more remarkably for Dark Peak, there were no veterans in the top 8. And when a veteran did come in it was one over 50, not just 40; Bob Toogood finishing 9th overall. Indeed 3 of the top 4 vets were over 50. In the women's event Jo Smith, who has only just made it out of the junior ranks, underlined her potential with a fine 22nd overall and it was also good to see Clare Crofts finishing second after her recent setbacks.

Gradually the stragglers came off the hill soaked to the skin (not difficult when some were only wearing vest/shirt and shorts)! Tony Trowbridge found his dog but only after back tracking to the Downfall. Two remained unaccounted for. Will was picked up heading for Edale along the valley but Sam was still missing. Given the weather, Pete Dyke consulted with others and decided to call for the mountain rescue team. Sam was actually also heading off the plateau, but by now very cold and unsure of his whereabouts. Some walkers saw his condition and helped him down to Hayfield from where a call was made to the pubs in Edale and the rescue team cancelled before it actually got out on the hill.

It was supposed to be a celebration... well it was certainly an event to remember.

			M.P.
1	Richard Wren	1:18:15	45 Jeff Harrison 1:41:00
2	Neil Conway	1:18:30	46 Phil Jones 1:41:05
3	Andy Poirette	1:19:49	47 Dick Pasley 1:41:55
4	Phil Crowson	1:19:50	48 Roy Small 1:42:05
5	Malcolm Patterson	1:19:55	49 Hugh Cotton 1:42:30
6	Simon Bourne	1:22:45	49 Dave Mosley 1:42:30
7	Alan Sealey	1:23:00	49 Andy Moore 1:42:30
8	Mark Hayman	1:23:10	52 Maurice Musson 1:43:15
9	Bob Toogood[1st V50]	1:23:25	53 Clive Last 1:44:05
10	Andy Harmer[2nd V40]	1:25:15	54 Martin Spence 1:44:15
11	Tony Farnell [2nd V50]	1:25:20	55 John Woodcock 1:44:30
12	Graham Berry [3rd V50]	1:26:30	56 Hilary Musson [3rd F] 1:44:45
13	Dave Tait	1:27:00	56 Martin Fox 1:44:45
14	Bob Berzins	1:27:25	56 Paul Sanderson 1:44:45
15	Rob Hutton	1:27:25	59 Ron Caves 1:45:30
16	Mike Pedley	1:28:15	60 Jan Cave [1st FV40] 1:46:25
17	Dave Green	1:29:15	61 Jim Fulton 1:46:40
18	Gavin Williams	1:29:20	62 Pete Lewis 1:47:50
19	Pete Haig	1:29:40	63 Jim Orrell 1:48:50
20	Mike Hayes	1:31:50	64 John Myers 1:48:50
21	Graham Band	1:31:50	65 Clive Wilson 1:49:20
22	Jo Smith [1st F]	1:32:15	66 Hugh Mathieson 1:49:40
23	Dave Holmes	1:32:27	67 Keith Wiley 1:49:50
24	Dave Lockwood	1:32:45	68 Jane Griffiths 1:50:00
25	Chris Barber	1:32:50	69 Richard Hakes 1:50:30
26	Neil Goldsmith	1:33:15	70 Lynn Bland 1:52:00
27	Mick Cochrane	1:34:00	71 Chris Stamp 1:52:05
28	Roy Marlow	1:34:10	72 Mike Browell 1:52:55
29	Ken Jones	1:34:40	73 Karen Green 1:52:55
30	Clare Crofts [2nd F]	1:34:57	74 Kev Saville 1:53:05
31	Jim Lawrenson	1:35:00	75 Andy Malkin 1:54:55
32	Alan Yates	1:35:05	75 Dave Sant 1:55:15
33	Mark Chapman	1:36:10	77 Dave Markham 1:55:50
34	Will Sullivan	1:37:15	78 Barry Thackery [1st V60] 1:56:55
35	Rob Davison	1:37:30	79 Mark Harvey 1:57:00
36	Chas Hird	1:38:15	79 Dave Smith 1:57:00
37	Bob Marsden	1:39:00	81 Paul Haynes 1:57:45
38	Gavin Clegg	1:39:00	82 Maggie Lewis 2:08:45
39	Howard Swindells	1:39:40	83 Harry Bell 2:09:15
40	Tim Mackey	1:40:05	84 Frank Galbraith 2:14:15
41	John Herbert	1:40:30	85 Tony Trowbridge 2:17:00
42	Neville Boler	1:40:30	ret Dave Allen, Will McLewin,
43	Mick Poulter	1:40:55	Dave Peel
44	Colin Lago	1:40:55	nr Howard Swindells 1:49:00

THE CLUB CHAMPS - ON REFLECTION

It is a sobering thought but if this year's club champs had been held at a time when walkers on Kinder are less common, Sam would almost certainly have died and Dark Peak would have been irreversibly changed. It is the sort of incident which has worried the club for years. Other events surrounding the race also give major cause for concern and highlight problems which may not have received adequate attention in the past. It is very worrying when club members with extensive fell racing experience mis-judge the conditions badly and were proved not to have been adequately equipped.

The case of Sam is one we have long recognised; payment of our somewhat derisory annual membership fee is no indication of any competency on the hills. I am sure Sam will learn from the incident but it is a very risky way of gaining experience. Sooner or later the result will be tragedy. In our 20 years of existence, the club has changed dramatically. Not only has membership itself expanded but so has the range of ages of our members (which now covers in excess of fifty years). Nature ages the human body in quite a subtle way; the level of performance diminishes of course but it is usually very slow. The biggest changes are in the amount of training one can sustain, the ability to recover and often motivation. These are well known but I wonder if we are fully aware of changes in the amount of gear we need to take with us as we grow older to maintain our safety?

Many races require a minimum of gear to be carried and I have always felt this to be of limited value for two reasons. Firstly, it is interpreted by many as the maximum needed and secondly, different people need to take different amounts of gear to be reasonably safe. For example, in my opinion, the absolute minimum that a competitor in the club championships should have taken was a cagoule and compass. Most of us would have also required full leg cover and a map and I know of at least one very experienced fell runner who felt it prudent to also carry balaclava, gloves and food. The point which has to be re-emphasised is that, despite what the law might say about the duty of organisers and officials, ultimately each one of us is responsible for his/her own safety. To that end, we all must examine what we need to take with us in relation to the prevailing conditions. There is a special responsibility for the more experienced of us to make the right decisions so as not to set bad examples to novices. Education and the gaining of experience on which to make these judgements are the key.

That said, are there any changes that the club needs to make? I have only one suggestion; the marshals should carry mobile phones. I fully realise that reception is not guaranteed but surely we can do better than rely on the scratch runner conveying the total number of starters to the officials on the hills! If things do go wrong, rapid identification of the runner in difficulties and his/her location is vital. Good communication is essential. I am sure modern technology can help. I feel strongly that we must not allow the story of this year's club champs to fade into the mists of time without learning lessons. I do not claim to have all of the answers but the issues raised must be addressed by the whole club. I hope this is a useful contribution to the debate.

Pete Lewis

FEATURES

TALES OF FRED THE DEAD

Life was grand where I went,
'Tween Dodd Fell and Pen-Y-Ghent.
Endless days with grass to fill,
And night's with ewes of Halton Gill.
Till I saw one day alas,
Beyond a wire fence lusher grass.
Struggled through to reach the pasture,
'This turf's the best' I bleat in rapture.
But so short was to be my glee,
For my head I could not free.
Day's in vain I fought to loose,
The fence which held me like a noose.
So here at last my life did cease,
And to the land my corpse did feast.
And here I lay my bones bleached white,
By the sun and all it's might.
Till my skull was lifted one day,
By a runner on the pennine way.
To Horton holding me in hand,
He did run with his merry band.
Then to the front of a van was tied,
And taken for a scenic ride.
On to a school in a great hall,
I was placed upon the wall.
For all to see and admire me,
And I was happy if not free.
Then to my horror I was taken,
To a dark shed and forsaken.
But a plan I have you see,
To set myself once again free.
To join Dark Peak I hope to do,
And enter races just like you.
With help from friend's in bum bag see,
I will complete next year's B.G.
So with my form three quid I've put,
And I will see you in the hut.

Fred Swaledale-Tup (deceased)
John Gunnee

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DARK PEAK, MY SECOND YEAR - MORE FOOTBALLER'S DRIVEL

I might have to prepare a large humble pie shortly, as my priorities have taken an alarming swing away from football. It may be that after a summer of wide open spaces in the Peak District, I get claustrophobic on a pitch that measures about 110 x 70 yards. It may be that after thrashing everyone last season, the euphoria of Premier Division football this year is not what I expected. Or, more likely, after 20 years of the sport often playing 2 or 3 times a week, I'm totally bored of it. Certainly 5 years ago it would have been unheard of, for yours truly to pass up the chance of a game, just so I could compete in Lantern Pike. But recently I did just that, and was really chuffed that I did. The two hours spent in the beer tent afterwards, had no bearing on my sentiments what so ever. If the transition is to be complete however, I am going to have to get a grip with navigation again, after a long absence since I left the Scouts.

In far too many races last year, the analogy between a hare and a tortoise has been present in the post race discussion. After my Jan 95 exploits following my own footprints up Higger Tor, this year started with a bout of wanderlust just across the valley whilst using the 'cairns' path to Houndkirk, in an attempt to get back to Ringinglow. When I eventually emerged from the fog and the snow, I stumbled across a building that wasn't there the week earlier. More like I had ended up at Parson House Farm. The club champs last year found me following Hugh Cotton, after my compass that I think I got from the heel of a pair of 'Wayfarer' shoes at infant school, let me down. Once again after a flying start, disaster in the mist (and again once I was out of it) beckoned, and I trudged home with Mike Browell. Not that I was the only one! Even my Dad had a good laugh when he read about Graham Berry's exploits. My Dad used to work with Graham in Sheffield, and his comment that "the daft b****rs factory is virtually on Bleaklow" made me feel a lot less humble. If the locals could get lost up there.... my cause was not beyond hope.

The Some you Winn Race was also a bit of a struggle, not enough marshals and red & white tape for my liking. After my second ascent of Winn Hill, upon seeing Loose Hill in the distance I went straight on, instead of bearing left back down past Twitchill Farm. When I did eventually reach the solitary Marshall on top of Loose Hill, I was last again, and the only words of encouragement were 'Where the (expletive) have you been?' "Half way to Edale wading through the Noe" being my reply. And no, the video I won in the Old Hall, did not make my result any easier to bare.

Back Tor and (way) Beyond was another race when I seemed to cover a lot more ground than anyone else. Richard Hakes and me were in the top 10 of the field upon reaching Back Tor. We had a really good fast run to the next checkpoint, only to find ourselves behind Jim and Maurice sauntering along seemingly on a training run. J & M were duly overtaken, and we were joined by Chris Barber but we went slightly wrong in the mist near Lost Lad. Once it had been found however, we enjoyed a near sprint back to the Car Park at the Delf only to find Jim and Maurice nearly changed!

GOING THE DISTANCE

RIM TO RIM - THE GRAND CANYON

When it comes to sheer magnificence of scenery, the American States of Utah and Arizona have more than a fair share. In the deserts which characterise the arid south-west of the USA are six National Parks, many National Monuments, State Parks and Forest Parks. Even the vast tracts between the designated scenery are impressive and under any other system would be preserved landscapes. In fact the missing ingredients are people, for this area was colonised late and thinly for good reason; it is inhospitable and savage in it's grandeur.

There are those who believe that there is a shortage of water in the desert. The reality is that there is exactly the right amount so as to ensure a generous spacing between rock and sand, plants and animals, homes and towns, which makes the arid landscape so unique. In a landscape with some of the biggest views in the world there is some disagreement on the awesomeness of two big views, both of the Colorado River. Some favour The View From Dead Horse Point, three hundred and twenty spin-around degrees of desert panorama with ninety degrees of teetering horizontal hold to assimilate. Others rate the view of eleven horizontal miles across the Grand Canyon, from Rim to Rim, for simple mind-boggling grandeur.

The Rim to Rim has it's special place but not in sheer awesomeness. In the transverse view it fails to convey it's true magnitude in a mere eleven mile horizon - because the real mind-numbing view is over 200 miles long, the linear chasm of the Grand Canyon which makes it truly Grand! The eleven miles are shorter than a half marathon, much shorter than the Channel Tunnel. But when you look across those eleven miles in daylight you can't see the South Rim Village, nor the people, buses or mule-trains which you know are there. At night you see the twinkling lights more clearly. But the eleven miles as the eagle flies stretch out to 22 miles as the feet run because the trail zigzags cruelly to take up the gradient of over a vertical mile of down and up. Even this is as nothing compared to the 210 miles by road which are necessary to connect the two rims, a drive of 4.5 hours of law-abiding mp driving through sad Navajo Reservations.

To make the Rim to Rim connection is compelling, one of the great journeys of the world. Naturally enough the protective cushion of the American National Parks system does it's best to deter anyone trying such a foolhardy trip. Whilst it is the unalienable right of every free born American to die in their National Parks, this remains a hard thing to do. Americans are constrained by the dire warning signs which continually nag at the nervous as they set off down the trail....have you got enough food and clothing?....are you carrying at least two quarts of water?....don't even think about returning on the same day!....beware of dehydration, of exhaustion and of ground squirrels!

The North Rim at 2500 metres is slightly higher than the South Rims 2000 metres and is climatically challenged, fortuitously resulting in it being considerably less tourist developed. When the winter snows come the road becomes impassable except to Nordic ski and snowmobile and the Lodge closes until spring. The North Rim Lodge is a beautiful structure perched above so much scenery, with just enough facilities to provide comfort to those who come to gaze, without providing Disney-style diversissements. The average stay is frighteningly short, just a few minutes to see the view and then a leap back into the car for a long drive home.

For our early October adventure there was a day of soaking up the altitude, atmosphere and ambience, and a three day wilderness acclimatisation hike deep into the canyon and out again. After that it was time for the Rim to Rim. Up at 5.00am on a clear starry night with a touch of frost, shivering in shorts until the first glow of dawn became visible towards six. The North Kaibab Trailhead starts a couple of miles from the North Rim lodge, the car park deserted in early dawn. Sub zero it may have been but the air and ground are so dry that there's nothing to freeze. Except the odd pool of mule-pee!.

The zigzags start straight away, deep down into Roaring Springs Canyon, down through the Ponderosa pine woods, cutting through horizontal bands of rock on a clinically-engineered trail, sometimes amazingly audacious and not unlike the cat-walk at Malham, with serious death potential drop-offs, sometimes avoiding steep descents with gently graded soft slopes for tired mules. The ground conditions in pre-dawn gloom are tolerable, making it just about possible to avoid treading in the legendary mule-train dung heaps which attracts the name 'Donkey-plop Trail'. All the serious descent is carefully compressed into the first five miles of the fourteen mile descent to the Colorado River; virtually one vertical mile in five linear. It goes effortlessly in a one hour gravity aided decline and culminates at a welcome tap offering clean water.

Despite the severe warnings of dehydration, the cool start and rapid descent make the effort of carting superfluous water down to this point unnecessary and within another couple of miles the Cottonwood Camp is reached, also with a water supply. Then a steady seven mile trail leads down Bright Angel Canyon culminating in an interminable meandering rock-wall lined chasm which goes on and on, stretching the pleasure of downhill to breaking point before spilling out onto the lush widening of the Phantom Ranch floodplain. Some ranch! Some floodplain! Towering overhead are the 2000 metre walls of the Grand Canyon! And in this most unlikely spot is a heavily developed tourist village with many huts and more civilisation than is justifiable for such a remote and inaccessible location. But the impact doesn't spoil the experience of running through at breakfast time, already 14 miles complete and down at the river in just over 2.5 hours.

The muddy red Colorado River is a vast 100 metre spread of horizontal muscle taming the 2000 metre vertical walls and making it lie flat; carting hundreds of tonnes of rock in silty water past the suspension bridge every day, still doing what it's been doing for millions of years, cutting down and down through millennia of geological time.

Beyond the river the Bright Angel Trail seeks the line of least resistance up unlikely rock walls, some nine miles long and one mile up to the South Rim. By now the trail trekkers are in transit, laden with frame packs and lumbering along in twos and upwards. They envy the unladen runner with shorts and bum-bag (fanny-pack) in these hot conditions. From a frosty start the temperature has risen to 28 degrees C and shade is welcome. Fortunately much of the trail is in the shadows and little water is needed.

Refreshments come at steady intervals of Rest Stations at 4.5 miles, 3 miles and 1.5 miles, necessitating little to be carried. And all the way up the trail are bright angels of every nationality, coming up and coming down. Mule trains are a less welcome sight, requiring great patience and stillness lest they be frightened and upend their remunerative cargo onto the dusty trail, or worse over the edge!

Finally at about 11 am the South Rim is crested in a little over five hours and the glory of the most magnificent scenery on earth lies behind for leisurely viewing while in front are the hassling jostling crowds of mayhem for this is not a fitting place to finish such a fine journey.

Postscript Spare a sobering thought for the ultimate 24 hour challenge, Rim to Rim to Rim to Rim to Rim! It's been done.

Mike F Browell

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THE FIVE INNS WALK

Well, it actually could be Six Inns but one that is passed on the way is really just an eating palace rather than a drinking man's pub. Most people will have heard of the Four Inns Challenge Walk, indeed some members have already completed it including Colin Henson. But Dark Peak, being Dark Peak members have, of course, to go one better hence the increase to Five Inns.

This daunder (a good descriptive Scottish word, being an amalgam of dawdle and wander) through the countryside was devised by messers Galbraith and Yates as a civilised way of reaching Thornbridge Hall in order to take part in the Dark Peak social weekend. Since the first daunder took place two years ago it is now a tradition. For the purposes of these two gentlemen, the walk starts at Grindleford Station Cafe.

The full Five Inns jaunt depends on a modestly early start if Thornbridge is to be reached at a comfortable pace for early evening when most of the party-goers are arriving, also careful timing is necessary if all inns are to be found open. All day opening is still not universal in the more remote districts. Most will have arrived in the fairly boring conventional manner by car often bringing their infantile troublesome tribe with them. Perhaps, one day, someone will come up with the brilliant idea of having an adults only social weekend. Remember, you read it here first!

[ed. Frank has obviously not been the same since his efforts to take on the cream of under-eleven Swingball players! Anyway; isn't an "adult-only-weekend" a normal Dark Peak trip to a fell race?]

However, back to the walk. The initial part of the route from the Station cafe, goes down to the river, ultimately arriving at Leadmill Bridge, where one should cross the road in order to head for Offerton Hall. In fact a small detour can be made in order to sample the wares at The Plough. This is a free house serving a range of beers. Presumably, they also serve lager which is laughingly called by some a drink.

After recrossing the road the first hint of an ascent is tackled after leaving the river bank. After a pleasant stroll through a small wood, Callow farm is reached, together with what must be one of the most delightfully situated holiday cottages in the North of England. At this point there is a fine view of Hathersage, Stanage and the milstone edges. Not far from here is Offerton hall of 17th century origin. many will recognise this farm as the turning point in the Bamford race and for the next mile or so one is traversing part of the course of the same event. At a gate where the race leaves the road the real open country is reached and it is time to enjoy further views, this time of Ladybower and Derwent Edge to say nothing of a view of the Bradwell race course on the ridge opposite.

Flagging interest may be revived here with the sight of the Barrel Inn at Bretton (yet another significant point in a race, staged in this case by Eyam). The only snag is that a steep descent and ascent into and out of Bretton Clough is needed. The barrel, in a area blessed with good pubs and excellent views, is a gem indeed. The ambience and service tends to be relaxed and walkers wearing boots are not made to feel like lepers. The sandwiches here are noted for their excellence.

Unfortunately, the next part of the route consists of walking along the road to Foolow. However, there are two small bonuses; a) the going is an easy downhill gradient and b) wild raspberries are to be found in abundance along the way; at this time of year they are at the peak of their fruitful ripeness.

The Bull's Head, our third hostelry, is a pleasant but fairly ordinary place with the usual range of bar and eating facilities. Although on the map the footpath from Foolow to Wardlow Mires is plain to see the actual start is shrouded in mystery and reminds the traveller of a line from a famous rugby club song, "O is for orifice all slyly concealed". To those who may follow this route the clue is, don't fall in the pond.

Now we have left the gritstone for limestone country where the stone stiles need careful attention in wet weather since becoming smooth with wear over the years the surface becomes like oil on glass with a bit of dampness and the shins and ankles tend to suffer. After a pleasant stroll across fields with many stiles and passing Silly Dale, about which one may ponder one's own situation, the pinnacle of the drinking man's experience is reached, viz The Three Stags Head at Wardlow Mires.

This is a small pub with an unusual clientele; the main exhibit being a mummified cat in the alcove by the fire. The atmosphere at any time, but particularly on a dark winter's day, has to be experienced personally. The actual bar counter is no more than 3 feet wide and contains four hand pumps all bearing labels of beers unknown to the average drinker reared on Stones, Bass or Tetley's. Even the ordinary bitter has an alcoholic content of 4% compared with tetley's "lads beer" of 3.4%. Brands like Skullcracker and Waggle Dance are quite likely to be found in this small but important establishment. On occasions the floor of the minute bar room is carpeted with dogs of various unknown breeds and seats may be difficult to obtain as they are occupied by more dogs. However, a letter from a representative of Uley brewery, Gloucestershire sums up his appreciation of the Three Stags Heads with a one line letter which simply states,

"Dear sir, What an excellent... pub. Yours sincerely,"

This seal of approval is pinned up by the bar. Definitely worth a call sometime.

Another section of road walking takes one past the previously mentioned eating house in Wardlow and from just outside the village a path may be found which leads to Longstone Moor and Edge and by pleasant fields on a path which ultimately comes out alongside the packhorse Inn in Little Longstone. Famous for its well kept Masters Pedigree Ale, good food is also served. There are two rooms; one which might be called "posh", which is very relaxing, and one which will suit the walker or runner in that the furniture is somewhat more basic. An altogether pleasant atmosphere pervades as befits this attractive hamlet, Beware though, the pub is not open all day.

From here it is a short walk to Thornbridge Hall reaching the railway track which forms part of the Monsal Trail. Here is the imposing edifice of the Hall and with some stretch of the imagination, one can imagine travellers arriving in sumptuous first class rail carriages to be met by staff who would transport the visitors to the main hall. Instead our dusty and perhaps weary walkers arrive to find their way to the campsite to pitch minute tents and hope like hell that accommodating friends have brought all the heavy kit.

At least it's a better way of arriving than by the aforementioned boring conventional transport.

I am told that the week-end was a great success too.

Frank Galbraith

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DPFR at the BG 1977-1997.... see page 39

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DIARY OF AN OLD WART

It was my intention to write a piece on the Yorkshire Dales 100 mile event and then I realised that it wasn't enough. The lack of immediate prospects for any running projects turned my mind backwards instead of forwards and took me to November 1995 to the start of a circle that didn't quite finish.

The Northern Triangle of events which I had hoped would draw a good response from the club started in November with me being the only representative of Dark Peak at Darlington. Because I had travelled up with the Rotherham stars, within two miles of the late starting group I was at the back of a considerable field. This, however, turned out to be a blessing since I was never tempted to exceed a sensible pace as I normally do when in amenable company.

My next outing was with Hugh Mathieson on the last leg once more in the Calderdale Way Relay. However, this year (1995) we were part of a newly formed over 50's Dark Peak team which I hope is a portent for a new classification for selected events. Despite my pulling a calf muscle we were still able to knock 8 minutes off our previous year's time. One of my greatest disappointments will be to miss this year's event as it is a classic, especially the fine tuning of Mike's organisation.

The second event of the Northern Triangle is our local mid-winter long distance epic of long standing the Round Rotherham which has always been for me more trail than tribulation and, to be truthful, is probably the reason why I submerged it amongst three events as an incentive to complete it once more. Needless to say, as expected, I had to hang on from a long way back and was well down the field.

February brought the last in the series and the 40 miles of the Doncaster Duddle. It came as a great surprise that although the course, which like the Darlington alters every year, was flat it was the most enjoyable for me of the three races, perhaps because I performed in it the best. As the only Dark Peaker to do the first and the last in the series I claim the prize (what prize?).

March and masochism go together with the Watershed. This year I excelled myself with my frequent attempts to find the "early bath" being indulged patiently by Tom, Dick and Hugh.

And now to May and the highlight for me with the Yorkshire dales annual 100 mile event put on by the LDWA. I had had a successful run 11 year previously round a very similar course and was looking forward to covering ground that was familiar and sufficiently challenging compared with some of the easier terrain on other years. I was not disappointed and was spurred to dig deep and pull back some of the years that had elapsed. Dark Peak had a good turn out and generally most people were very pleased with their achievement and again impressed with the high quality of food and support around the course from start to finish.

MOUNTAIN MARATHONS

CAPRICORN (2 DAY MOUNTAIN ORIENTEERING) : 13-14 JULY 1996

The Capricorn has all the challenges of a classic mountain marathon except you don't have to carry anything (apart the usual safety kit + food). It attracts a mix of orienteers and fell runners and those with allegiances to both types of clubs never seem sure who to enter under - not that it matters. And being in July this can make for some very pleasant days in the hills with the fell runners enjoying the long legs between controls and relative ease of navigation.

The reality was somewhat different as I ran round in circles dressed in helly, kag and tracksters unable to find the first control in the wind, rain and 20m visibility. Eventually I stumbled on it which gave me a good reminder to concentrate for the rest of the four hours I had available for the Score class. At least on a Score you can give it up as a bad job and find something else or, as Mike Browell did, go back later and have another go!

A usual range of mountain marathon courses are available from Elite to D plus a Score and a pairs (chiefly aimed at enabling under 18s to compete safely). On the elite Rick Ansell had a good run for 16th on day 1 but just outside the 1 hour chasing start for day 2. Good navigators dominated the results after day 1 though even they had problems. Guy Seaman was one of many to come back with stories of a good run blown apart by one control. The retiral rate was over 30% on some courses.

Day 2 dawned bright with good visibility and light cloud looking like it would provide near perfect conditions. Look at it was all I could do as a clambered out of the tent only to find I couldn't walk properly let alone run due to a very sore achilles. I had felt nothing the day before. Maybe the cold and wet had anaesthetized it. No chance to improve on 5th overnight.

Others were more fortunate. Rick had another good run on the elite. Mike Nolan, freed from the shackles of the mist, burnt up the ground in the A. Ron Caves and Mike Browell continued their battle in the Score with Ron collecting the full set of controls in just under the 3 hours allowed for day 2.

The event did however, reinforce one of my particular pet hates... altimeters. They take half the challenge out of navigation. On two occasions, once on a climb and the other on a long contour I was passed by people running flat out because they were just waiting until their altimeter told them to stop. My only consolation was that both seemed to be less proficient with their compass!

MP

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LOWE ALPINE MM (LOCHABER) : 17-18 AUGUST 1996

How do you follow getting 800 people into a wild area (in the case of last year's event, Mull) and leave their cars far behind? The answer is you do it again in a different area with different transport. So this time we found ourselves camped 2000ft up a Scottish mountain on the Friday night before the event with cars parked far below thanks to the Nevis Range gondola. None of this dreary trudge to the start, we were camped right next to it and still only had to walk 100m to get a cooked breakfast!

The Friday evening had quite an eerie quality as the cloud rose up from the valley to join us. Having done so, it decided to stay around for a day making parts of the first day quite entertaining when trying to navigate across the rough rocky rubble of the Grey Corries.

Our D course only had 5 controls each day but that made for some good route choice on the longest legs with options varying in length by several miles. Most courses were able to offer such legs although the A and elite were somewhat emasculated in their opening stages by out of bounds restrictions covering Anoch Mor.

The overnight campsite had it's usual friendly atmosphere, enhanced as always on the Lowe (ex - Rock and Run MM) by its small number of starters (244 teams year). That still seems a lot when it comes to the massed start the next morning. Yet amazingly, Helen and I found ourselves stomping off from the first control in a different direction to almost everyone else. With no-one in front and only two pairs following we had a peaceful hour to ourselves before rejoining the "pack" in the company of pairs who seemed considerably faster (i.e. they were running against our fast walk). However, the long-cut had put us in good stead and we were well pleased with 21st overall, only 38 minutes and 7 places behind Darrel and Kev.

Elsewhere, the weather and long tough courses had resulted in some late finishes on day 1. Roger Baumeister and Dick Pasley braved the A course and were rewarded with a value for money 10 hour run on day 1 to take in the view of mountains and mist. Pride of place on performance clearly went to Rob and Roger who claimed second on the elite, putting their latest evolution lightweight gear to good use.

How do the two Martins (Stone and Bagness) follow that? Keep 30/31 August 97 free in your diary and find out. Maybe next year we will get to parachute in to the competition area?

MP

Elite

1	Dan Parker and Mark Seddon	6:30:22	4:00:54	10:31:16
2	Roger Woods and Rob Davison	6:37:14	4:07:52	10:45:06

13 started, 12 finished

A

1	Andrew Patience and Gary McInness	6:17:49	4:00:38	10:18:27
23	Roger Baumeister and Dick Pasley	10:02:52	5:52:46	15:55:38

24 started and finished

B

1	Dean Field and John Mayo	5:32:57	3:14:33	8:47:30
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63 started, 57 finished

C

1	Brian Cook and Thomas Greig	4:11:04	3:58:09	8:09:13
36	Natasha Davison and Lynn Bland	5:37:43	4:36:50	10:14:33

81 started, 78 finished

D

1	Paul and Rosalind Murray	3:53:25	4:10:27	8:03:52
14	Kav Saville and Darrel Bradbury	5:00:00	4:12:53	9:12:53
21	Mike and Helen Pedley	5:19:58	4:30:59	9:50:57

63 started, 57 finished

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KIMM : 4-5 NOVEMBER 1996

Two days in a Bog

The omens foretold all! As we journeyed in the car, the fidgeting was there but the waves of euphoric giddiness never appeared. For me running is the overwhelming desire to suck as much pleasure out of the whole experience as you can - it is the feeding of the soul. We had already laid weak foundations for the weekend. I had been a bit wound up for a couple of weeks and my attitude appeared as a barren wasteland before my eyes; Rob had sprained his ankle. Our destination was Galloway.

As we ran to the start in the rain I realised we were cutting it a bit fine. We were off at 08:56 and arrived to hear the call for 08:58's to the start. We were ushered through the late column and set off just in time. However, we were all geared up to keep warm. There was no time to mark the map; my big brother was starting 4 minutes behind us - we had to put some distance in. We quickly stripped to shorts and thermals and legged it into the thick wet bog. I never saw my brother for another 8 hours.

Within the first hour the omens gave us a valuable sign. We lost several minutes taking a short cut through monster tussocks and wading thigh deep through a thin blue line. We discussed the merits of avoiding the thick blue lines on the map. We legged it again for a while then ground to a walk or shuffle at its best with the odd run.

We entered bog city. The weather started to bite. Having headed north for hours, we headed south only to end up going west. We were into the wind; head down battling; I was cold. I heard a screech like a pig, stopped running and turned to see Rob lying face down lower leg in the air. You could tell it hurt by the way he was sucking in vast quantities of air through clenched teeth, his face all screwed up... He then started head butting the ground. I stood still, not making a sound. I knew better than to ask if he was alright. A deep glow spread over my whole body as my mind, having been totally focused on running, suddenly asked the question, "Does this mean we can go home now?" Rob later admitted that if I had actually uttered the words he would have agreed. In his words, "I'm not enjoying myself".

After a short while we lumbered off slowly. Battling through the forest and out into another marshy area, another thin blue line confronted us. I quickly skated across, lightly touching the grass and sprigs of bog-murtele with my studs. Rob lumbered in up to his waist in seconds, cramp gripping one leg. I giggled on the outside and laughed on the inside; will he never learn? Always up to his loose change in bog whenever we do one of these races. The rest of the day ground on through the tussocks, getting slower. I bonked.

We arrived at the overnight camp, knackered after 7 hours. Neither of us had enjoyed it so far but Richard Hakes' big grin welcomed us.

With our newly designed lightweight kit I regretted my decision not to put plastic bags in for my feet - a cold mistake. We settled down to cook and I waited for my brother. He arrived an hour later. I think he had had as much fun as me. Nothing like a bit of sibling rivalry and banter to cheer me up. Dark Peak were there in force. The wind started to blow. As darkness came people snuggled into their tents. I was warm as toast but couldn't get to sleep; the wind was gusting, the noise of the rain and wind kept me awake. The question was, "Would the lightweight modifications to the tent last?". No! The pole bent in two, so we bivvied. We tucked the flysheet under a bit, put a peg through the hole where the pole end had been and I slept beautifully for the rest of the night. It was warm and quiet.

Morning came. We headed south - running. It made all the difference. I was enjoying myself; running was lifting my spirits. We headed south through the range of the Awful hand and the "Dungeon Hills" to the highlight of the day. The little river going into Lock Awe looked deep and black. The "C" course were leaping and wading it further up. We couldn't be bothered to go far upstream to cross it. I became giddy and laughed at the prospect of crossing. This was going to be fun and sure enough it was. I stepped in first, 20 yards upstream from Rob. It came up to my waist - glorious fun. Rob stepped in, having seen me up to my waist, and his feet never touched the bottom, his bag acting as a float as he started to do a bit of breaststroke. We both clambered out the other side laughing and whooping for joy.

The weather deteriorated after that. The wind was cold, it was raining hard and we were high in the Minnigaff Hills. I regretted not taking some gloves, as chief card

puncher I was having difficulty, it became a real effort to coordinate the whole clipping exercise. Our last real control was frequented by Rick Ansell, precariously perched on a knoll. We headed to the finish cold and wet. It was Rob's turn to bonk.

We didn't hang around long. Like most we soon headed off. We both agreed we had enjoyed the second day. Time has turned the first day into an experience I grin about. The weekend taught me a lot - but most of all confirmed yet again how fortunate I am to have such a superb friend.

Roger Woods

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KIMM 96

"Cutting a Long Shortie" - The Worst Journey in the World?

The human species is unique in the animal kingdom for undertaking unnecessary journeys, trips not essential for survival, sexual or feeding requirements. Most other animals have a healthy reluctance to travel without purpose, especially in adverse conditions. We still have a long way to go on the evolutionary ladder!

KIMM 96 returned to Galloway after having been washed out of the area in 1986: and the weather returned with a savage vengeance. In a lead-up week which had us basking in summer temperatures before plunging to autumnal cold as the weekend approached, it was as if the weather was playing 'trick or treat'. After a few malevolent practice showers the skies opened on the Friday evening, and pitching the overnight tent in an overcrowded campsite in pouring rain and gusting wind gave a foreboding of things to come. In the confusion and under cover of darkness the rain took the opportunity to sneak into the tent while we were fighting poles and flysheets. As the tent took shape we heard sinister gloopings as water sloshed around the swimming pool liner which doubles as a sewn in groundsheet. We were sodden by the time we crawled into the tent, to be met by a tidal wave of water trying to get out! Sleep was spoilt by the kettle drum effect of weather continuing to try to get into the tent: escaping into rain squalls in the early morning gloom did little to cheer drooping spirits. Trudging through the remains of a dead forest to reach the start wasn't a high point.

Togged up in seriously waterproof gear we felt ill-prepared for a day of running; so much so that we had little enthusiasm for running the last mile of road. Time dripped waterily away and we were not surprised to find ourselves late by some ten minutes at the start. Depression was setting in, climatically and cerebrally. The rain was now falling steadily as we did the first, and as it transpired, almost the last, run of the day, down to pick up control description sheets under dripping trees. The burn cascaded in torrents below the bridge, an apposite warning that stream crossings were not to be lightly undertaken. Marking the map became a race against the paper becoming sodden and the pen expiring. We failed to mark the last three controls and several others were horribly blurred!

Leaving the refuge of the trees and out into the proper weather, there was little sense of joy at being there, at the start of KIMM 96, and judging from the faces and comments around this appears to have been a low spot widely experienced. There is a school of thought which says that just when you think that things can't get worse...they usually do. It was one of those weekends. The scottish phenomena of gravity-defying bogs on steep hillsides was present with a vengeance and we didn't find two consecutive dry steps all day. We tackled the first deep stream crossing early on and thereafter we were soaked from the waist down. Runnable terrain was scarce and disappeared completely halfway through the day, as discovered at great cost to so many teams who misjudged the time needed to reach the finish. As we realised the truth about the terrain we settled into a boggy rut as part of a KIMM crocodile and squelched knee deep for seven kilometres.

The low point, quite literally, was reached at the stream crossing by Loch Dee. With the campsite in view we were faced with a leap over the swollen burn, followed by more bog. Depressing doesn't come into it. At the Day One finish we handed over our well punched card to the nice marshals who shook their heads sadly and sent it away into a dark corner to be seriously penalised. The White Laggan campsite provided challenging tent pitching opportunities in the expectation of very big weather promised overnight. We were fortunate, choosing a free-draining island in the old stream bed rather than the marshes.

As dusk approached on the longest night of the year, the weather was dry for a time, if threateningly overcast.. When the wind and rain returned in the wee hours they came with venom and intent to cause maximum distress. The latrine screens were an early victim! Later came and went several tents and their occupants were forced to effect a retreat down the track to retirement and shelter. Sleep came fitfully, interrupted by gusts and squalls, by the hammering of gale lashed rain, and by the normal difficulties of sleeping in a grossly undersized tent for longer than is necessary.

From a fourteen hour night we creaked back into the vertical world to be greeted by....gloom. Dawn saw no improvement and some unenthusiastic preparations for an unpromising day. Already burdened by penalties and in full knowledge that runnable terrain was unlikely, the portent for the day panned out as being so much bog and tussock stumbling and not a great deal of joy. As we struggled with the wind and driving rain and doubting our sanity, we took a straw poll of enthusiasm from those nearby. On a scale of happiness 1 - 10, scores were digitally challenged. And so it was, in the face of driving rain, wind, piteously low points and thorough misery, after clipping the first two controls, that we found ourselves on the only runnable track of the weekend! And there we were with 4.5 hours of the Long Score Day 2 to kill, on a track leading in 1.5 hours to the finish. So we cut a long shortie. It made a lot of sense! On the slow evolutionary ladder we felt that a step towards the age of reason had been taken.

Mike F Browell

RACE REPORTS AND RESULTS

BURBAGE BAFFLER : 6 JANUARY 1996

Pos	Teams	Laps 1&2	Total time Laps 3&4
1	Wooden Spooners		1:35:40
	Charles Hird + Brett Stocks	0:22:03	0:21:54
	Anne Watmore + Hugh Cotton	0:24:17	0:27:26
2	Wishful Thinkers		1:36:35
	Dave Lockwood + Jeff Harrison	0:24:25	0:24:50
	Lynn Bland + Ron Caves	0:23:33	0:23:37
3	Mike Hayes Balaclava Fan Club		1:38:15
	Richard Hakes + Dave Markham	0:23:42	0:26:00
	Karen Green + Dave Holmes	0:23:28	0:25:05
4	Squeaky Carrots 3		1:40:00
	Jo Armistead + Mike Pedley	0:25:20	0:27:00
	John Armistead + Howard Swindells	0:23:40	0:24:00
5	The Ann Summers Team		1:40:15
	Andrew Moore + Hilary Musson	0:24:56	0:25:39
	Jim Fulton + Roy Small	0:24:32	0:25:08
6	Number 10		1:45:35
	Mel Cramner + Paul Deaville	0:34:30	0:24:05
	Anthony Turner + Kath Harvey	0:24:05	0:23:50
7	Better late than never!		2:08:55
	Rod Douglas + Gerry Goldsmith	0:34:00	0:29:33
	Elaine + Brendan	0:26:00	0:39:22
8	Desperate Times		
	John Gunnie + Tim Atkin	0:31:20	0:25:14
	Gavin Clegg + Jackie Smith	0:23:20	
9	The Tango Team		
	John Myers + Jane Searle	0:25:20	1:01:55
	Helen Myers + Ged Myers	0:36:35	
10	Soul Brothers		
	Ken Jones + Pete Dyke	0:30:10	0:24:41
	Mike Hayes	0:23:20	

THE WREKIN : 13 APRIL 1996
English and British Championships counter

A snowy morning in Sheffield. A bright sunny afternoon in Shropshire.

Colin Henson

1	M. Kinch (?)	34:55		281	P. Dyke	52:07
82	S. Oglethorpe	40:33		299	C. Henson	53:35
270	D. Pasley	50:56		319	L. Bland	56:37
271	J. Smith	51:02		345	finished	

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KINDER DOWNFALL : 21 APRIL 1996

1	M. Kinch (u/a)	1:05:53		94	K. Bryan-Jones	1:25:24
4	S. Patton	1:10:17		100	T. Westgate	1:26:31
5	S. Oglethorpe	1:10:21		114	J. Smith [1st FV40]	1:28:06
8	M. Hayman	1:11:20		122	D. Pasley	1:30:12
20	R. Hutton	1:14:44		140	P. Dyke	1:33:12
28	D. Allen	1:17:02		142	C. Henson	1:33:18
42	J. Armistead [1st V50]	1:19:57		153	K. Saville	1:34:08
50	G. Burgin	1:20:44		171	J. Cave	1:40:58
52	C. Barber	1:20:52		198	E. Mitchell	1:51:04
56	N. Boler	1:21:30		211	finished	
69	H. Swindells	1:22:55				

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CONSITON : 5 MAY 1996

Warm sunny day. My first "real" fell race of 96.

Colin Henson

1	I. Holmes (Bingley)	1:03:29		301	P. Dyke	1:44:48
67	S. Oglethorpe	1:16:25		316	C. Henson	1:46:59
195	J. Armistead	1:31:27		332	J. Harrison	1:51:57
255	D. Lockwood	1:39:37		356	P. Lewis	1:59:19
270	J. Smith	1:41:10		364	M. Lewis	2:19:01
287	D. Pasley	1:43:22				

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FAIRFIELD : 19 MAY 1996

9ml/3000'

Dull, windy, ground dry.

Colin Henson

1	Ian Holmes (Bingley)	1:15:40	226	D. Pasley	1:53:34
26	M. Hayman	1:23:51	246	P. Dyke	1:56:13
42	S. Oglethorpe	1:26:57	249	C. Last	1:56:30
138	J. Armistead	1:41:19	263	J. Woodcock	1:57:53
146	C. Barber	1:43:37	274	J. Harrison	1:59:00
184	J. Smith	1:47:43	302	F. Galbraith	2:09:58
215	C. Henson [1st V60]	1:52:21	320	E. Mitchell	2:19:43
223	K. Saville	1:52:59			

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ENNERDALE : 8 JUNE 1996

23ml/7500'

Clear sunny day, perfect for fell running. Dark Peak make up over 10% of the entries.

Colin Henson

1	L. Thompson (?)	4:00:36	62	H. Cotton	5:46:01
14	B. Berzins	4:35:28	63	A. Jones	5:47:41
15	R. Davsion	4:36:55	68	D. Pasley	6:19:48
29	A. Yates	4:55:03	72	J. Cave	6:32:41
53	D. Lockwood	5:33:13	73	H. Musson	6:32:41
54	C. Henson [2nd V60]	5:33:37			

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BOARS HEAD RACE : 26 JUNE 1996

8ml/1200'

For those, like me, who have never heard of this one it lies in darkest Cheshire (or Greater Stockport if you prefer!).

1	G. Cudahay (Stockport)	46.53
17	G. Clegg	52.52
56	N. Goldsmith	59.17

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21st SNOWDON RACE 1996 - 21 ain RAS YR WRDDFA

Three races this year with the ladies European race slightly shorter than usual? The weather cooler this year which was slightly damp with a stiff wind at the summit perfect for running.

Name	Summit time	Decent time	Rob Hutton	Finish
1 Martin Roscoe	0:43:14	24:04		1:07:18
34 Robert Hutton	0:54:24	24:34		1:18:58
60 Stephen Palferyman	0:56:20	30:13		1:26:33
75 Neville Bower	0:59:44	28:49		1:28:33
91 Neil Goldsmith	1:00:10	29:46		1:29:56
101 Andrew Moore	0:59:10	31:43		1:30:53
109 Jacky Smith	1:01:36	31:00		1:32:08
150 Peter Dyke	1:04:21	33:02		1:37:23
274 Andrew Collinson	1:18:34	45:05		2:03:39

EUROPEAN TROPHY

1 J Dejesus-Mendes	0:41:10	22:06		1:03:16
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WOMANS EUROPEAN TROPHY

1 Isabelle Guillot	0:53:09			
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KENTMERE : 28 JULY 1996

1 M. Roberts (?)	1:24:13	146 M. Musson	2:04:02
35 J. Soady	1:41:43	154 C. Henson	2:07:14
91 J. Lawrenson	1:52:56	185 J. Myers	2:23:16
127 P. Dyke	1:59:42		

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EYAM : 27 AUGUST 1996

1 P. Gebbert (?)	40:17	71 M. Musson	51:04
5 S. Oglethorpe	41:24	77 D. Pasley	51:46
13 R. Hutton	42:59	81 P. Dyke	52:00
35 D. Lockwood	46:58	83 J. Fulton	52:16
38 A. Yates	47:22	84 C. Lago	52:19
41 R. Marlow	47:46	87 C. Henson	52:57
49 H. Swindells	48:23	91 H. Cotton	53:16
62 R. Small	50:06	114 F. Galbraith	58:01
67 J. Smith	50:39		

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UP THE NAB : ? AUGUST 1996

1	G. Hill (Stockport)	26.02	27	P. Wheatcroft	31.04
3	M. Hayman	26.14	55	T. Woodhouse	35.39
12	N. Goldsmith	29.52	67	G. Goldsmith	38.17

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SHIPMAN KNOTTS, KENTMERE : 25 AUGUST 1996

7.5ml/1815'

A low key race tagged onto the Kentmere sheepdog trials. The advertised exhibition of taxidermist skills thankfully did not materialise but there was a fine exhibition of sticks to admire whilst waiting for the start. The race had a there and back course to the first pimple of the Kentmere horseshoe race, with fast running over grassy fells. Whilst Paul and Gavin sported DPFR tricolour vests, Lynn modelled a new leopard skin top which would definitely won her the Perpetual Salver had she been competing in the sheep dog trial. Mr Brownrigg with Moss was in the lead when we adjourned to the cafe for a lengthy rehydration programme.

1	B. Bradsley (Borr.)	53min
30	G. Williams	65min
31	P. Sanderson	66min
50	L. Bland	85min

95 ran

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GREAT LONGSTONE : 3 SEPTEMBER 1996

1	P. Bowler	31:19	62	P. Dyke	38:13
5	G. Clegg	31:56	66	M. Musson	38:37
6	R. Hutton	32:05	69	J. Harrison	39:02
8	R. Davison	32:05	70	K. Green	39:13
16	D. Green	32:25	72	C. Henson [1st V60]	39:50
19	G. Williams	34:34	73	A. Hoyland	39:52
22	N. Boler	34:47	74	J. Fulton	39:56
24	A. Moore	34:58	78	T. Mackey	40:18
27	D. Tait	35:05	79	L. Bland	40:31
30	D. Lockwood	35:19	82	G. Diprose	40:39
37	P. Sanderson	35:25	83	M. Arundale	40:41
38	P. Wheatcroft	36:04	86	J. Gunnee	40:41
47	R. Small	37:10	91	F. Galbraith	42:46
53	J. Smith [1st FV40]	37:37			

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BEN NEVIS : 7 SEPTEMBER 1996

10ml/4400'

Glorious weather and not too hot!

Richard Horsfield

1	D. Rodgers (L'aber)	1:31:23	262	T. Trowbridge	2:34:52
84	N. Boler	2:05:41	344	T. Mackey	3:00:30
116	R. Horsfield	2:12:25	357	E. Mitchell	3:11:42
155	C. Crofts	2:17:58			

...and a fine performance by Eric, our club president, to round off his competitive fell running career.

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SHELF MOOR : 8 SEPTEMBER 1996

5.9ml/1500'

Drizzle with some mist on tops.

Colin Henson

1	G. Oldfield (?)	43:19	80	P. Dyke	58:39
19	B. Toogood	48:07	83	C. Henson	59:01
24	G. Berry	48:49	84	B. Thackery	59:10
26	N. Goldsmith	49:03	91	J. Cave	59:55
58	J. Lyon	54:47	96	P. Jones	1:02:06
62	J. Smith	55:16	106	H. Bloor	1:07:39
79	P. Harris	58:35			

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REEBOK MOUNTAIN TRIAL : 14 SEPTEMBER 1996

20ml/7000'

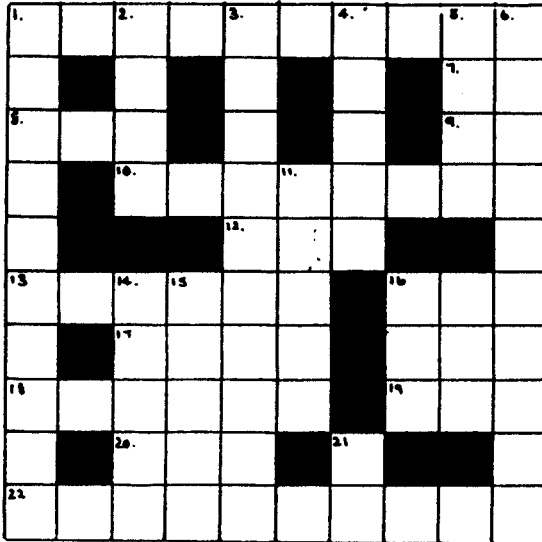
Perfect late summer long hard course. Plenty of route choice with a real sting in the tail.

Colin Henson

1	P. Clark (?)	4:28:20	76	D. Lockwood	6:42:58
19	B. Berzins	5:19:01	79	C. Barber	6:47:43
32	A. Harmer	5:37:18	87	H. Cotton	7:01:45
46	A. Yates	5:57:50	95	C. Henson	7:17:43
56	P. Sanderson	6:15:25	114	H. Mathieson	8:12:59

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DARK PEAK CROSSWORD 4



Most of these clues have some reference to our sport.....

ACROSS

1. Rene Fuller is one of us when he's together (10).
7. A river where you can buy a stamp. (2).
8. A record of an easy place to fall off (3).
9. Initially the organiser (2).
10. Sounds like a Boxing Day event by a stream makes a good Lakes race (8).
12. He's a rover, he's small, he's a mason (3).
13. Dinting and Ribblehead. They may fall (6).
16. It sounds like a local hill but not many of us will do it. (3)
17. A disorganised meal gets you limping (4).
18. Nobble Charles and the Queen. A runner is in pursuit (6).
19. Reverse the decay for a high point (3)
20. This climb is cut short (3).
22. Decipher toe print, i.e.do it again for training (10)

DOWN

1. Nureyev with studs (10).
2. Whether 2 or 11, they still get tired (4).
3. Is Eric Mitchell in this? (10)
4. Anywhere but here (5).
5. A real tough race in deep ice (4).
6. Dance and jog to the shop (4, 3, 3).

PRESS CUTS

From
Athletics
Weekly

9/10/96

Crofts refuses to acce

Bathing
back
Clare
Crofts



Picture: Peter Hurley

TWO-TIME British champion Clare Crofts is on her way back from a series of illnesses and setbacks that would have led many a lesser individual to call it a day, writes *Gareth Webb*.

Crofts – who claims the distinction of being the first woman to win the British and English titles in the same year (in 1988) and has represented England more than any other woman in the World Trophy (four times) – is recovering from a four-year nightmare which culminated in having a tumour removed.

That, in itself, barely tells the full story of the traumas and setbacks this brave 34-year-old has had to endure.

Her problems can all be traced back to 1992 when after returning from finishing third counter for England (in 16th place) at Susa, Italy, Crofts decided to take a

it defeat and vows to return

holiday, unaware of the problems she was shortly to face.

On her return from Crete, she was taken seriously ill and was diagnosed as suffering from Viral Encephalomyelitis – a debilitating condition (with similar symptoms to meningitis) causing inflammation to the lining of the brain and spinal cord, resulting in chronic headaches, loss of feeling in the lower limbs as well as a worryingly variable heart-rate and breathing.

Crofts was in a serious condition for seven months and, keen to regain her form on the fells, attempted a comeback. Her fitness allowed her to compete in the World Trophy trial in 1994 but she was unable to repeat her previous form.

The following year, Crofts

suffered severe menstrual problems and her haemoglobin levels dropped from readings of 14 to 15 – typical of a female endurance runner – to nine, which set off a chain of reactions.

After lengthy treatment, she finished third at the final English championship race at Dalehead, Cumbria.

But another check-up revealed a tumour “the size of a fist”, according to Crofts, which was removed in April this year.

After receiving a clean bill of health, Crofts is now setting her sights on reliving former glories and has already returned to racing, winning the Scafell Pike Race recently.

She ran the Ben Nevis Race at the beginning of

September and after reaching the top in the lead, suffered on the descent to be overhauled by eventual winner Angela Mudge and several others.

Her 13th place in the final British championship race proved that although she had lost much of her racing fitness and descending ability, the strength was still

**‘I feel healthy now
for the first time in
five or six years’**

there. And now with full health she can plot a course for what she hopes will be a rewarding return.

She says: “I feel healthy now for the first time in five or six years. It’s been difficult explaining why I’ve not been running well. I’m just very lucky I’ve no permanent problems as a result of my illnesses.

“If it hadn’t been for Tony

Trowbridge (coach to Keith Anderson and Mick Hawkins also) I’d have packed it all in. I’ve no doubt of that. Thankfully it’s all behind me now.”

As for the future, how far down the road is she prepared to look? “It’s difficult because I’ve not done anything, other than the ‘Ben’, to show what I’m capable of. So I can’t say. ‘Yes I’m going to be up there next season.’

“All I can say is I’ve always enjoyed running the British and English championships. And next year I’d like to have a go at those.”

Trowbridge is in no doubt about what the future can hold for the Dark Peak Fell Runner. “Watch out next year,” he says. “After going through what Clare has been through, I’m in no doubt she will be the one to watch.”

DARK PEAK NEWS - SPRING 97

In the next issue of Dark Peak News:

Whatever you send in!! There was rather a lot of "MP" in this issue. I know "practice makes perfect" but I think "Variety is the spice of life" outweighs this so please get scribbling and remember to send results and the odd comment or two from the races you run.... AND HAS ANYONE ANY GOOD IDEAS FOR 1997 FRONT COVERS?

Deadline for submission Wednesday 28 February
Publication date: Wednesday 26 March

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AND FINALLY... BOB GRAHAM ROUND 1977-1997

June 1997 will be 20 years since the first Dark Peak Bob Graham Round and efforts are being made to arrange a small reunion for the participants to be held in The Lakes.

The original seven were: Chris Worsell, Geoff (the monk) Bell, Andy Colliinson, myself, Roy Marlow, Eric Mitchell (oldest BG at the time) and Andy Lewsley (Youngest BG at the time and already a member). membership numbers 60-65. There were only four pacers: John Abbot, Howard Biggins (sadly departed) Dave Allen and Richard Lewsley.

We went anticlockwise and had no pacers to Honister (Andy Lewsley counted all round), John took us to Wasdale without mishap in single file. Dave Allen picked us up from there through to Dunmail, with Howard joining us at the "hoist". No problems until we were climbing Harrison Stickle when I bonked badly and panicked (I had no navigation skills in those days - not much better now!). Something sweet was shoved in the ever chattering gob and I was soon OK. The Lewsleys were spot on through the night to Threkeld. Roy was starting to suffer so Chris and I dropped back behind him and pretended to be in a worse state. Six left Threkeld with John, Dave joining us at the bridge up from Skiddaw House. Roy left it a bit late with Richard and Howard, digging in and coming to Keswick successfully not long after the main party. It was the first real long day in the Lakes for a few of us and is still very memorable.

Roger Baumeister

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Dark Peak News Winter 96/97 was produced with thanks to: Roger Baumeister, Geoff Bell, Mike Browell, Frank Galbraith, Neil Goldsmith, John Gunnee, Colin Henson, Rob Hutton, Pete Lewis, Dick Pasley, Howard Swindells, Gavin Williams, Roger Woods