

Spring 97

Dark Peak News



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+ news, views, reports and results

NEWS

New venue for the AGM...

As those who attended last year will probably realise, Dark Peak has outgrown the Grindleford Cafe for it's AGM. With many having to stand throughout and others sit in another room, it has been decided to move the AGM a few hundred yards down the road to the Maynard Arms. The hotel, where the club now holds it's club dinner, has made it's upstairs function room available to us.

Beer and bar meals will be available and the room can seat far more than we could ever squeeze into the cafe. Phil at the cafe admitted himself that the numbers were getting too much to cope with. However, he would love to see us back for other events (see below!).

So make a date in your diary; Wednesday 23rd April, 8:15pm prompt start with a club run before hand from Grindleford Station at 6:30pm. All motions and nominations to Paul Sanderson by letter, fax, phone or e-mail (pauls@btor.demon.co.uk).

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...and Grindleford Cafe gets a new event

Grindleford Cafe has a special place in Dark Peak history so to make up for moving the AGM a new event is being planned for late summer. Full details are still being worked out but it is likely to take the form of a long score event (with the emphasis on route choice rather than detailed navigation). Look out for the date and full details in the next newsletter.

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Triple Triumph in South Yorks League

Dark Peak runners carried off both the men's and women's titles in this winter's South Yorkshire League. Brett Stocks won the men's title in a close contest, only taking the lead after the final of the four races. This is a tremendous achievement by Brett in his first year of racing and augers well as he heads off for the first of this year's European biathlon events.

Jo Smith steadily improved throughout the winter, taking the women's league title and then supplementing it with a team prize as she was a member of the winning Yorkshire team in the inter-counties cross country championships.

Not content with those successes, Ann Watmore made it a triple celebration after the final South Yorks League race as she carried off the women veteran's title.

March

Wed 26 18:30 Club run Sportsman.

April

Wed 2 18:30 Club run Sportsman - back on the fells.
Mon 7 18:45 XC race Trunce 1, Waggon and Horses, Oxspring
Wed 9 18:30 Club run Sportsman
Wed 16 18:30 Club run Sportsman
Sun 20 11:30 Local race Kinder Downfall, Hayfield Village. 10ml/2500'
£3 before 13/4/97 to Wayne Harrison,
24 Spinnerbottom, Birch Vale, High Peak, SK22 1BL.
Wed 23 18:30 Club run From Grindleford station followed by...
20:15 AGM Maynard Arms, Grindleford
Sat 26 13:00 Local race Shining Tor, 7ml/1900'
Mon 28 18:45 XC race Trunce 2, Waggon and Horses, Oxspring
Wed 30 18:45 Club race Back Tor and Back, Foulstone Delf, Strines.

May

Sat 3 13:00 British C Stuc a Chroin, Strathyre, Perthshire 15ml/5000'
Wed 7 18:30 Club run Sportsman
Wed 7 19:00 Road race Tigers 10, Tigers rugby club, Dore Moor
3rd race in Totley Tigers series
Wed 14 18:45 Club run Cuthroat Bridge
Mon 19 18:45 XC race Trunce 3, Waggon and Horses, Oxspring
Wed 21 18:45 Club run Longshaw
Wed 21 19:30 Local race Burbage, Fox House Inn (A625) 6ml/1000'
Mon 26 11:00 Local race Ilam Fete, Ilam village. 4ml/1100'
"Beautiful course with descent to rival Crookstone!"
Wed 28 18:30 Club run Sportsman
Sat 31 MM Lowe Alpine Mountain Marathon, Jura.
Note new date

June

Wed 4 18:45 Club race Kinder Springs. Snake layby
Thur 5 19:30 Local race Totley Moor, Cricket Inn, Totley 5ml/800'
Sat 7 15:00 Brit/Eng. C Pen y Ghent, Horton in Ribblesdale 5.5ml/1650'
Mon 9 18:45 XC race Trunce 4, Waggon and Horses, Oxspring
Wed 11 18:45 Club run Langsett, Langsett Barn Car Park, A616.
Fri 13 19:00 Club event BG weekend (to be confirmed).
Wed 18 18:30 Club run Sportsman
Thur 19 19:30 Local race Grindleford 4ml/550'
Fri 20 19:30 Local race Castleton 6ml/1500'
Sat 21 13:30 British C Carneddau, Bethesda, *date to be confirmed* 10ml/3500'
Sun 22 11:00 Local race Holme Moss, Brown Hill res., Holmbridge 16ml/4000'
Mon 23 19:30 Local race Edale 5ml/1200'
Wed 25 19:00 Club race Crookstone Crashout
Thur 26 19:30 Local race Blackamoor 6.5ml/1400'
4th race (of 6) in Totley Tigers series
Sun 29 11:00 Local race Mount Famine, Hayfield scout hut. 5ml/1700'
Mon 30 18:45 XC race Trunce 5, Waggon and Horses, Oxspring

THOUGHTS ON THE DANGERS ATTACHED TO LIVING

Every day in many different circumstances we make choices that affect the health and lives of ourselves and others. The decision to run in the hills, whether competitively or otherwise, is just one of these. I realise some of the legal problems attached to races but apart from putting the onus of responsibility for their own safety on the competitor I can see no other solution to the problem. On the day of the championships any person (as a non-competitor) could have made the decision to run in whatever attire they wished and quite rightly so.

It is impossible to legislate for the judgement of others, or rather it is possible but I think undesirable in the area of fell running. If people make reckless (or even completely rational) decisions that result in difficulty, injury or even death then that is part of the beauty attached to the freedom of the fells.

I can think of many less attractive ways of dying than on Bleaklow or Kinder and whilst not advocating the practice of voluntary euthanasia as a necessary adjunct of fell racing, I do not think any level of legislation would or should remove the dangers attached to any such pastime.

I would go further to say that if large, officially organised, fell races have to be attended by more and more bureaucracy, they should be replaced by many more anarchic low key occasions as represented by many of the offerings in the "Coming Events" section of Dark Peak News. As such I intend to take part in a series of happenings starting from September. They will also pay eloquent testimony to the Alan Yates maxim, "It's a poor man who can't win his own race", since by definition any winner will have won his own race.

I understand the dates, times and place for the first four of these are follows, hopefully all very anarchic and low key and a small way of showing gratitude to all those organisers of similar offerings from which I have taken so much pleasure in the past.

Sat 13 Sep Feet in the Water, Burbage Bridge, 7am

A three hour time limit to visit as many man made tracts of water in the Peak as possible, one foot in each a necessity.

Sat 11 Oct Four trigs, Grindleford Cafe, 7am

Sir William Hill, White Edge, Great Hucklow, Stange in any order.

Sat 15 Nov Beat the Train. Dore and Totley Station, 6:30am

Train to Edale, back to Dore and Totley including any 5 trigs before the same train gets back from Manchester.

FEATURES

RWENZORI : Time out in Africa - Part 4

Ptolomy guessed them and called them the Mountains of the Moon; neither Speke, Burton nor Stanley found them; the Duke of Abruzzi mapped them and Shipton and Tilman climbed them. To the locals they are the Rain Mountains, the Rwenzori. They stand in Western Uganda on the border with Zaire, not far from the horrors of Rwanda. The waters from them do indeed feed the Nile system as the Ancients guessed.

From Nairobi it took two days of busses with a night in sadly dilapidated Kampala to reach Kasese at the foot of the range. Even here, though, on the floor of the Rift Valley, all that can be seen is a ridge of high forested hills. The main peaks with their ice caps lie at the head of long, narrow, valleys, cloaked with forests of strange plants. In the park entrance register someone had written under "reason for visit": "To learn how to walk on water". The bogs and swamps make Kinder look like Death Valley.

There are six main peaks. The highest, and therefore the most popular, is Margherita Peak on Mount Stanley (5109m). The usual tour is a circuit up the Bujuka Valley to the foot of Mount Stanley and then to cross a pass and return down the Mbuku Valley. From this circuit all the main peaks are accessible though, apart from Stanley and Speke, visits are infrequent. The range is notorious for it's mist and rain and luck rather than mountaineering competence is needed to get up anything. We were at the beginning of the rainy season so left our plans very open but I had my ice axe and crampons and hoped we may be able to climb something and do the circuit.

As on Kill you are obliged to take a guide, who needs a porter to carry his stuff and they need someone to carry the charcoal and cook their food. The number of tourists visiting the area is relatively small but with each visitor having to take two or three locals with them the number on the hill is high. The system provides local employment but the numbers tramping the wet paths is doing serious damage to the boglands and ultimately destroying what brings people there in the first place.

Arriving at Kasese on a Sunday evening we were able to get the organising done. So we could leave on Monday, being driven a few miles up a valley in a pickup to a roadhead at a small village of wattle and mud huts. There we found our guide.

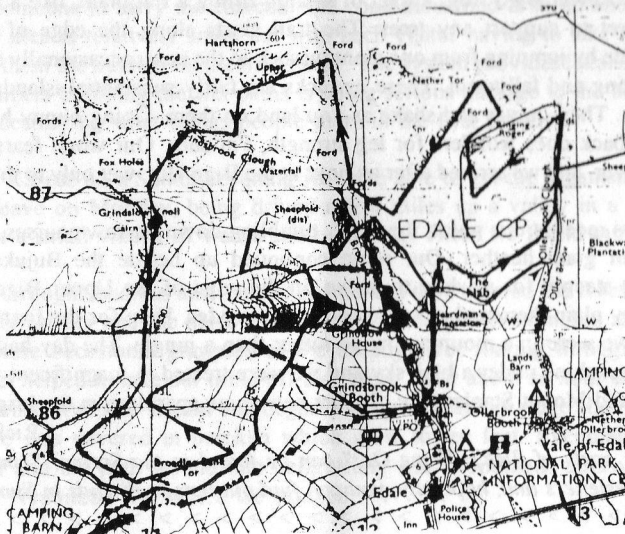
We set off through shambas and banana groves and then entered the forest. It was hot and mightily sweaty and the narrow path was overhung with branches and creepers; but there were occasional glimpses of the muddy river roaring through the valley beside us tat helped to take our mind off the effort. After about an hour and a half we crossed a substantial side stream and began a steep haul onto a ridge above the valley. The hillside was covered in bracken which grew to ten feet. Eventually the ridge levelled off and the path wound into delightfully cool woodlands until we suddenly came upon Nyabitaba Hut where we camped.

GRINDSLOW ELIMINATE
The Highs and Lows of Grindslow : 10 miles/4000ft

A short version of a run produced in Dark Peak News Spring 96 that was to long for me so we tried to get as much climbing into one an a half hours but must have been done before by countless Dark Peakers in the past. It is a fine run with some good terrain for those winter days when the tops are chest deep in snow or mud. The trick is not to leg push on any of the hills gaining maximum pain and lactic acid build up!

1. Starting at Edale go up to the Nab and drop down to Ollerbrook clough and ascend.
2. At the top go down to the base of Ringing Roger and ascend Ringing Roger gaining maximum height, go around to Golden clough to descend.
3. From the foot of Golden clough up the valley to unnamed clough and ascend unnamed clough moving left towards the top to gain a short path drop down below Upper tor to the fallen tors and a path down through the heather to the tourist path.
4. Up the path to the second wall on left ascend the path to the top of Grindslow knoll
5. Descend Grindslow on the Upper booth path past the two lakes go to the base of bridle bank tor, keep on the top path to a sign stating stiles 100 m left or right, go diagonally left and up on a fine path (best in Edale) to the wall at the very top of bridle bank again.
6. Diagonally right over the moor to Grindsbrook bank steepest point descend on foot if dry or backside if wet down to Edale

Rob Hutton and Neville Boler



GOING THE DISTANCE

TWIN PEAK EPICS Act 1: Derwent Watershed

After you've ticked your way through Hard Rock and Extreme Rock and found the gaps increasingly hard to tick, its time to find other tick lists. Big Walks fills that gap, and for fell runners gives a worthy challenge.

Renowned as one of the classic Big Walks of Britain, the Derwent Watershed is a big walk in anyone's eyes. Yet there is a breed of fell runner who revels in mega events and a winter crossing of the 40 mile Derwent Watershed is a normal part of their annual repertoire. As a winter run it takes on epic proportions and yet still attracts many four man teams to start at midnight from Edale in March each year.

It never ceases to amaze me that one of the most scenic and elegant Peak District circuits is traditionally run at dead of night in winter conditions! Perverse to the edge of insanity, Watershed addicts pile misery upon misery by inflicting this torture on teams of four, thereby guaranteeing that at least three of them will be uncomfortable for the entire round.

How four people can perform to the standards of the slowest has always puzzled me. Surely they all get frustrated with each other? The quickest must grind his teeth and resent the delay while the slowest must feel the pressure to speed up while tottering on the point of collapse.

I take my phone off the hook about two weeks before the event and polish up my perennial list of excuses. With good reason because the teams of four are destined to collapse into fragments as one after another contracts flu, injuries or winter depression. Around that time the press-gang coercion of reluctant victims begins with soft kind words of flattery, sounding as though they had always intended you for their team and were relieved when so-and-so dropped out, enabling them to offer the place to such an able candidate..... It seems absurd that the organisers require prior commitment from four man teams when two would be safe enough. But that is one of the more charming vagaries of this manic event.

For me it's one to miss.

Because the best time to appreciate this excellent and pure line is in late spring, as the peat dries out, when the curlews sing and the sun is high, when days start early and the morning mists clear hazily. And when the best team is a team of one.

Having studiously avoided the winter epic I have long intended to enjoy the Derwent Watershed in perfect spring conditions. Mark Vallance shared similar aspirations so two one man teams combined to form two one man teams almost together.

**Act 2: Peak Traverse
(The double whammie version)
Marsden to Thorpe**

For those not yet jaded by concept runs, this is a trip concept, the north to south crossing of the Peak District National Park. It combines the best of two good epics, the Marsden to Edale and the Castleton to Thorpe.

Marsden to Edale is a classic 20 mile gritstone moorland bog-trot, now immortalised in the fell-running calendar as Tanky's Trog and always run in seasonally dire conditions on the first Sunday in December. Mark Vallance assures me that he ran the first race in his green flash tennis shoes - and kept them clean all the way - he must have been flying in those days!

Castleton to Thorpe takes the best of the White Peak with a brilliant sequence of the best limestone dales, culminating in Dovedale and a snippet of the Dovedale Dash. As a Marsden to Thorpe combination they offer an obvious double whammie challenge but one rarely done. It is carefully avoided by those who find Tanky's Trog just long enough for a decent day out.

Mark Vallance insisted that we use the training value of the Derwent Watershed to complete his long held aspiration to do a complete north-south crossing of the Peak Park.

The starting point is the National Park boundary at Marsden's Wessenden valley and the finish is at Coldwall Bridge where the Dove leaves the Peak Park. It aims for the most logical and purest possible north to south route and so goes via Snake Summit and Kinder Downfall to cross Rushup Edge on the way to Peak Forest.

We made a very leisurely and unsupported crossing of the 45 mile route on a very hot day in June. Using our persuasive powers we were lucky to be dropped at Marsden at 5.00am and collected from Thorpe some 13 hours later.

Little needs to be said of the route except that it gives the total Peak District experience in a continuous sequence. From wide open wild gritstone moorland to tight limestone dales, from the patterned mosaic of burnt heather moor to tidy green drystone walled fields.

Mike F Browell

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Overleaf an even longer version from John Fyne. Why not make a weekend of it? Who will be the first to take on the full Peak Traverse combining John and Mike's routes: Meerbrook to Marsden and return (or vice-versa)?! - Ed.

A DAY OUT IN THE PEAK

A Peak Traverse (the 24 hour version)

Ever since completing the Bob Graham in 1992, I had toyed with the idea of a similar course in my "native" Peak District. The problems of planning a course were apparent. Firstly and most obvious, the topography of the Peak is unlike that of the Lakes: there are few definitive "peaks" as such, and to exacerbate this problem, the hills are considerably smaller. Secondly the geography of the Peak meant that a 24 hour round would be virtually impossible. There are long distance challenges in the Peak - Dark Peak F.R.'s 15 trigs, and of course the oldest of all the classic challenges, the Derwent Watershed, which upon scrutiny, is the only feasible round in the Peak. So the problem remained, how to devise a route which bagged the highest peaks/summits/tops in one possible 24 hour challenge.

After taking the above factors into consideration, I planned a route which traversed the Peak District National Park from the South-West to the North-East taking in the highest ground along the way. In order to achieve this, the criteria was:

- 1 All tops must be 500 metres or more and to include as many of these as possible
- 2 The route must include all the major tops i.e. highest tops

After this problem, the next major problem was actually running it. June and July proved to be so wet that any plans to do it were constantly thwarted. Having just returned from the Alps in late August feeling decidedly fit, I decided that this was the time. The next obstacle to clear was organisation and logistics, this proved to be the biggest hurdle. Being car-less I was totally reliant on friends for support. However everybody seemed to be either away or working that week-end. The forecast for the bank holiday week-end was good and I decided that it was now or never - time was running out, the time of the year wasn't ideal, any later would only make the task more difficult. So alternative plans were arranged which entailed driving round a rain sodden Peak the previous Wednesday, hiding plastic bags containing liquid and food at strategic road crossings. This was not easy - twice we were spotted by eagle eyed motorists parked nearby who watched our activities with mounting curiosity - we were expecting to be arrested at any moment for tipping. These provisions covered me until Derwent, where a friend would meet me and provide support for the last few stages.

All was now set. Saturday August 28 arrived along with the promised blue skies. Most of the day was spent continuing the previous night's activities - the ritual and obligatory gorging of copious quantities of carbohydrate and liquid which always precedes events such as these. Eventually the X23 was boarded, which transported me to the other side of the Peak where I was dropped at Blackshaw Moor. I headed down the road to Tittesworth reservoir and Meerbrook, to my right the jagged teeth of Ramshaw Rocks and the Roaches were sharply silhouetted against an evening sky. I was hoping to make some use of the now fast fading light to guide me through the fields at the start of the route. It was to no avail, by the time I had arrived at Meerbrook so had dusk and darkness descended over the landscape. I sat outside the Lazy Trout and had a last drink (water!), then it was time for the "off".

SATURDAY Aug 28 1993 START 9.30 P.M. I set off into the black beyond. Navigating through farmland in the dark is no mean feat and several times I was delayed trying to find elusive stiles, I entered one field to hear a thundering of hooves STAMPEDE farmhouse lights were turned on, dogs were let loose into the night SPEED I led the charge (rapidly) uphill to the sanctuary of the road SCRAMBLE I headed through the woods before emerging on the path that led to the Roaches trig where I discovered that my watch strap had broken in the melee below - I was timeless STRAY a wrong turn cost me time and energy before I regained the right path SLEEP I fell into the inky black of Forest Wood - a nightmare. Unbelievably I emerged from the void fairly unscathed.

After Gradbach it was plain SAILING moonlight aided visibility en route to Shutlingsloe. After Three Shires Head it was a journey into the unknown - I had no knowledge of this section SENT OFF I took an early bath on the trackless moorland heading for Axe Edge trig which is peculiarly situated atop a pile of boulders SEARCH in vain for the footpath continuation.

Eventually arrived at Burbage then it was down to Goyts Moss STOP food and drink were greedily consumed - things were looking up - not for long STUNG a search for my compass stored safely in my map case revealed nothing except a hole ripped in the bottom - I had lost my watch, my compass - what else could I lose? Yes that's right - my way SHOT I made the mistake of staying on the shooter's track which peters out and leaves you amidst knee high heather - the wise decision would have been to retrace my steps but possessing (like all mountain folk) an acute phobia to losing height already gained I foolishly pressed on STRUGGLE war was declared which proved to be rather protracted SHINING TOR I finally arrived - henceforth things went more smoothly SAFE up the road to Long Hill STOP here I picked up another bag with drinks before heading for the rim of Coombs Moss STICKY I stuck to the needle thin path better than wallpaper paste though in places it was so vague I lost it before regaining it several yards further on. The trig became visible, stark against an ever brightening eastern sky, by the time I had arrived so had dawn SUNRISE off with the headtorch and down to Dove Holes, more lovely liquid and off over Barmoor to SPARROWPIT and Rushup.

A pleasant jog down a deserted A625 brought me to Mam Nick car park and my hidden grub SCOFFED My milk drink and chocolate had been eaten by animals though luckily (?) my drinks were still intact SICK after drinking a well known isotonic drink I threw up (I put this down to the Sodium which is 20 times higher than a rival brand) After drinking some coke and resting a few minutes I felt better and able to continue STUNNING views off Mam Tor consisted of a cloud submerged Hope valley and Kinder to the North basking under blue skies STEADY the trudge to Brown Knoll was less painful than anticipated, my arrival sooner than expected SLOW after leaving Kinder Low, thrust once more into the boggy mire of the plateau, the pace inevitably slackened STAKE I arrived at the summit and headed towards Grindslow Knoll, its distance deceptively increased by the morning haze SUPERB it was a pleasure to be out in such idyllic conditions and not a SOUL in sight.

At Golden Clough I left the edge and headed over to Blackden trig, the moor a blanket of vibrant mauve SLUDGE I left on the tiny path where hostilities resumed again with a maze of peat groughs. I was soon jogging down to the SNAKE pass where I picked up my last drink secure in the knowledge that luxuries galore lay on the other side of the hill. I walked up to Hagg farm and descended to Fairholmes arriving at 10.25 STOP here I met my support, a friend, Maureen Thomson who had caught the bus out from Sheffield earlier that morning SUBSTANTIAL all manner of gastronomical delights were now available and heavily indulged SHARES the next hour was spent donating large sums of money to the nearby kiosk. After a change of footwear and the provision of a watch and compass it was time to go SOLO I set off past the dam while Maureen caught the bus to King's Tree. From the open moor it was straight up to Dovestones Tor, the small path, however, had vanished under a carpet of heather, bilberry and bracken STUMPED the heat was becoming a problem - on went the cricket hat. I followed the yellow brick road and the hordes along Derwent edge to Back Tor STEP THIS WAY on leaving Back Tor I found myself, like Mr. Ben, suddenly in another world and the crowds as if by magic had disappeared STEAK a stiff climb (not to mention legs) up Gravy clough led to High Stones and along the edge to Margery Hill where I first noticed a thin line of grey on the horizon, posing a threat.

The sky turned milky and a breeze arrived from the West. SOAP back in the bath I fought my way up to Outer Edge where I turned West to face the encroaching weather STONE THE CROWS a hideous descent down Crowstones Edge over vertical (well nearly!) boulder strewn heather covered ground brought me rather quickly to Oaken Bank, the agreed rendezvous, 20 minutes over the slightly ambitious 2 hours. We set off together I now had SUPPORT for the rest of the way STONE CIRCLE Round Hill was next followed by Barrow Stones and Grinah Stones. By the time we had arrived here the weather had suddenly worsened - drizzle accompanied our departure to Bleaklow Stones, visible in the distance SLUSH AND SLASH this was the last we were to see of them, we arrived in thick mist and pouring rain STONED AGAIN cutting the corner off was now out of the question, delicate and tortuous navigating from Bleaklow Head via Hern clough eventually brought us to the trig point at Higher Shelf Stones. From here it was back to the summit stake near Wain stones and over to the cairn which only became visible when we were a matter of yards from it. We descended to Crowden, via Rollick Stones, as fast as possible desperate to escape the gloom.

The mist cleared to reveal a wet and miserable Longendale SOAKED but dry - we drank the last of the liquid knowing the next drink would be at the end. Over the reservoir and back into the clag on the last major ascent, Westend Moss the objective SURREAL mist and the lack of visibility gives the impression that distance travelled is further than reality, frequent compass checks dispelled any doubts despite familiarity of the route SIGNPOST increasing bog and peat signalled the approach of the summit SWAMP we were now amidst the unparalleled and awesome quagmire of Black Hill. The trig appeared out of the gloom and doom but getting to it was another matter, Maureen, not needing to go to it wisely skirted this area SURVIVAL I plunged in and

after initial success it became obvious this was mortal combat - it was the bog or me SANCTUARY I hauled myself onto the trig point - once there I was reluctant to leave SWIM the crawl proved to be more effective this time and, like all land lubbers, I was grateful to reach terra firma SLAUGHTER we left along the Pennine Way wondering how many walker's attempts (and walkers) had ended at Black Hill.

We crossed the A635 and headed off down the minor road signposted "Meltham" SIGHTED the end was nigh, this incentive kept us moving at a fairly good pace. Maureen continued down the road while I turned off to the Rocking Stone only a few hundred yards away though completely obscured by the mist. I arrived directly at the trig on the small rocky SUMMIT - the last one- West Nab. This was comparable to Robinson on the B.G. but better - only 2 miles to go and all downhill. This was no place to linger and I headed off down over ankle- breaking tussocks to regain the road where we turned off down Royd Edge SATURATED the rain was still falling as we entered Meltham, we continued to the town centre to finish outside the Rose and Crown absolutely SOAKED, SHAGGED, but ever so SLIGHTLY relieved!

STOP 8.09 p.m. Sunday Total time: 22 hours 39 minutes. The return journey to Sheffield was as tortuous and long as the organisation of this run - 3 buses and 1 train, arriving home at midnight - luckily I was asleep most of the time!

John Fyne

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24 Hour Peak Traverse : Route Details

START: The Lazy Trout MEERBROOK Staffs.
FINISH: Rose and Crown MELTHAM W. Yorks
DISTANCE: 78 miles (minimum)
ASCENT: 14 600 feet (minimum)

The Tops

ROACHES 505m trig	DOVESTONE TOR 505m
SHUTLINGSLOE 506m trig	BACK TOR 505m trig
AXE EDGE 551m trig	HIGH STONES 548m cairn
BURBAGE EDGE 500m trig	MARGERY HILL 546m trig
SHINING TOR 559m trig	OUTER EDGE 541m trig
CATS TOR 519m	ROUND HILL 550m
COOMBS MOSS (Black Edge) 507m trig	BARROW STONES 591m
MAM TOR 517m trig	GRINAH STONES 580m
LORDS SEAT 540m	BLEAKLOW STONES 620m
BROWN KNOLL 569m trig	BLEAKLOW HILL 630m stake
KINDER LOW 633m trig	HR. SHELF STONES 621m trig
KINDER SCOUT 636m summit stake	BLEAKLOW HEAD 633m stake
GRINDSLOW KNOLL 601m cairn	WHITE LOW 530m
UPPER TOR 590m	BLACK HILL 582m trig
BLACKDEN (Edale Moor) 590m trig	WEST NAB 500m trig

Having had my arm twisted to try a mountain marathon instead of attending Phil and Jane's wedding I eventually agreed to put my name on the entry form alongside Kevin's for the above event. Not having had a good relationship with a map and compass in the past I agreed to try the D (shortest) course, at least then we might have a chance of getting to the overnight campsite before dusk! As the event drew near I received the final instructions. It said that the Friday night camp was some distance away from the car parking area and in effect a set of equipment was needed for the Friday night camp and a second set for the Saturday. Not having done this type of event before I did not have a lot of equipment and so some borrowing was necessary.

Selection of suitable equipment I appreciated was important and having packed my rucksack with the essentials on the list I filled any remaining gaps with spare food and extra clothing. At the time I was happy about being able to pack the sack so well. We travelled up to the race with Dick Pasley and Roger Baumeister who had competed in these types of events many times and obviously had a lot of experience in this field. On arriving at the ski slope car park at Fort William we learnt that the Friday camp was to be at the top of the chairlift in a marshy area. This was a good ten/fifteen minutes ride up the mountain. We erected our tent on something that was like sponge and inserted the pegs into a material that made you feel that the slightest breeze would blow it away, and then went to the bar/cafe at the top of the chairlift to ensure that we had consumed enough liquid so as not to be thirsty the following day! We set off at 9.03 on the Saturday morning and within minutes were up in the fog - even though the forecast for the whole of the country was for brilliant weather. Kevin kept trying to convince me that it would soon clear - something I was to learn he would still be saying at the end of day!

The first two checkpoints were easily found and in good time. The route to the third one had me wondering if everyone else had gone the wrong way - a feeling I've had in the past on several club runs, only, it always ends up being me who has gone wrong! Our route turned out to be O.K. At the third checkpoint we met Lynn Bland who appeared surprised that we hadn't got lost. We later learnt that she left that checkpoint in the wrong direction! We eventually got to the remaining checkpoints and finished the first day in five hours which put us in 19th position out of 62. I was quite pleased with this result although the legs were beginning to ache and I was a little worried about how well I would recover for the next day. This feeling soon went though when I thought about Roger and Dick who had run for ten hours on the first day in the A category.

At the overnight camp we listened to Rob and Roger who had come in an impressive 3rd in the Elite category give tips on reducing the weight of their rucksacks. These included removing the zip from the sleeping bag and sewing it up, using foil dishes to cook in rather than pans, cutting the tentpegs in half, and making new poles for the tent. This gave them a sac of about 11 pounds in weight, on weighing mine at the end it was 19 pounds - so much for packing it well!

Up at 6.00 a.m. Sunday morning we made our breakfast of Ready Brek (we had nearly enough to feed the whole campsite) and at 7.00 a.m. we received details of the checkpoints for the day. A careful study of the map showed two options -

1. to follow the valley bottom, climb up to 730 m. and contour round or
2. to go the direct route and climb to 950 m. over the scree, drop down to 420 m. and then climb back up to 750 m. After hearing how other teams had gained some time the previous day by taking the longer, flatter route we decided to go for the first option. Mike and Helen Pedley who were camping alongside us and were doing the same D course came over for a chat. When they saw our route choice Helen gave a wry smile - Did this mean they knew something we didn't or was it to be their route choice also? We decided to keep our options open and decide later.

At 8.00 a.m. we set off in a mass start, each course heading in a different direction from the start. We made good progress and saw that the leaders were taking the direct route over the top and so this was to be our route too. Four hours later we reached the finish after a good run in down a long track. - This was the only place we were able to really get going on the whole weekend. We finished in seventh place in the D category, moving us up to fourteenth overall. Mike and Helen came in about 20 minutes later having taken the route we were originally going to take. Would we have been any quicker if we had taken it?

Altogether a very enjoyable weekend, with legs that ached and refused to go down stairs the following morning. I had expected there to be more running involved rather than fast walking but the terrain had not permitted this. I also learnt a lot about what kit to carry and what not to carry.

When's the next one?

Darrel Bradbury

This is the original report which I mislaid having persuaded Darrel to write it - 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 - no Dark Peakers

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

DARK PEAK : CALDERDALE WAY RELAY RESULTS 1996

Thanks to everyone who ran. Hope you all had a good day and got home without crunching your car on the track. I'll put on a more relaxed social event in the summer when the weather is a bit more conducive to exploring and maybe camping outside in the "back garden"! As for the results: our best ever overall (4th), vets (5th) and womens (4th) positions. Individual highlights were the last leg runs of Brett + Mike and Jo + Chana but everyone contributed to a team success. Please come again next year!

MP

1	Bingley	5:34:16 rec.
2	P. & Bramley	5:42:33
3	Clayton	5:50:35
4	DPFR A	6:08:29
5	Rochdale	6:10:01
6	Horwich	6:10:47
7 V1	Rossendale Vets	6:13:36
8	Bolton	6:16:41
9 V2	Clayton Vets	6:18:11
10	Preston	6:19:11
17 V3	Kendal Vets	6:30:20
21 V4	Horwich Vets	6:40:03
25 V5	DPFR VETS	6:43:45
49 F1	Leeds Ladies	7:21:52
58	DPFR B	7:38:56
60 F2	P&B Ladies [2nd F]	7:39:25
64	DPFR X	7:42:50
72 F3	Clayton Ladies	8:00:45
78 F4	DPFR Ladies	8:06:46
83 F5	Bingley Ladies	8:13:45

102 teams finished, including 14 vets and 11 ladies teams

Team	Leg 1	Leg 2	Leg 3	Leg 4	Leg 5	Leg 6
DPFR A	1:16:09 (13)	2:16:12 (9)	2:57:09 (11)	4:09:20 (9)	5:04:02 (9)	6:08:29
	1:16:09 (13)	1:00:03 (7)	0:40:57 (22)	1:12:11 (15)	0:54:42 (8)	1:04:27(2)
	N Conway	D Peel	J Howell	M Nolan	S Bourne	M Jubb
	M Hayman	S Patton	R Hutton	P Crowson	D Farquar	B Stocks
DPFR Vets	1:21:01 (25)	2:27:05 (26)	3:08:51 (26)	4:29:15 (29)	5:27:50 (27)	6:43:45
	1:21:01 (25)	1:06:04 (34)	0:41:46 (28)	1:20:24 (37)	0:58:35 (25)	1:15:55 (28)
	G Berry (5)	N.G'smith(5)	C Hird (5)	C Barber(5)	N Boler(5)	D Fothergill (5)
	G Clegg (5)	D.Tait (7)	B.Wilson(5)	J.Lawrenson(7)	J Soady(5)	M Wynn (5)
DPFR B	1:38:46 (72)	2:56:02 (71)	3:39:04 (63)	4:59:55 (54)	6:12:40 (59)	7:38:56
	1:38:46 (72)	1:17:16 (72)	0:43:02 (39)	1:20:51 (39)	1:12:45 (69)	1:26:16 (65)
	P. Dyke	K Saville	J.Herbert	R Davison	W McLewin	J.Harrison
	D. Pasley	R Woods	M.Fox	G.Williams	B.Thackery	H.Mathieson

BURBAGE BAFFLER : 11 JANUARY 1997

Pos	Teams	Total time	
		Laps 1&2	Laps 3&4
1	Sunshine Tours		1:32:47
	Andy Moore + Hugh Cotton	0:24:10	0:23:59
	Karen Dalton + Brett Stocks	0:22:02	0:22:36
2	The Spares		1:36:05
	Pete Hague + Phil Crowson	0:26:09	0:24:17
	Mark Harvey + Martin Spence	0:22:56	0:22:43
3	Almost a Shower		1:37:55
	Hilary Lawrenson + Gavin Williams	0:25:38	0:25:07
	Jim Lawrenson + Howard Swindells	0:23:15	0:23:55
4	Loxley Senicots		1:40:20
	Jill Marsh + Dave Green	0:27:35	0:27:03
	Dave Markham + Tom Westgate	0:22:42	0:23:00
5	Carringtons Crackers		1:40:40
	Annie Carrington + Richard Hopkins	0:26:10	0:27:50
	Peter Lancaster + Mike Wynne	0:23:11	0:23:29
6	Swimming Pool Noodles		1:42:42
	Dave Holmes + Karen Green	0:24:50	0:26:57
	Richard Hakes + Rod Douglas	0:25:02	0:25:53
7	Down Your Nek		1:42:55
	Clare Fulton + Roger Defaye	0:26:10	0:27:50
	Ken Jones + Paul Addison	0:23:11	0:23:29
8	Forbidden Fruits		1:48:50
	Hilary Musson + Jan Cave	0:27:50	0:26:21
	Lyn Bland + Jane Godfrey	0:26:36	0:28:03
9	Lockwoods Lovelies		1:52:08
	Louise + Chris Barber	0:25:55	0:34:48
	Jeff Harrison + Alan Yates	0:25:43	0:25:42

Other awards

Most Together Pair	Ken Jones + Paul Addison
Most Untogether Pair	Richard Hakes + Rod Douglas
Most Knackered	Louise
Best Baton	Spongy Strawberry from the Forbidden Fruits team
Overall record: 1:19:46 (1987)	

STOP PRESS - IN PRESS



Painful reality: The moment Camel Trophy Mongolia '97 hopeful Simon Patton, from Sheffield, broke his collar bone during trials in Spain, resulting in his brother Ben, being called in to take his place in the British team.

The slip by adventurer Simon that meant a big break for brother Ben



Brian Dooks

IT WAS a case of comparing sharply contrasting fortunes when two Yorkshire brothers met up at Heathrow yesterday.

Simon Patton, 29, a research scientist from Sheffield, was returning home to have emergency surgery on his shoulder after a fall on the first day of training for a 2,400-kilometre endurance event across Mongolia combining 4x4 driving with mountain biking, kayaking and orienteering.

The accident at an international selection camp in Seville meant he had to give up his place on the

trip after coming through tough competition to be one of the 5,000 competitors chosen.

But his loss was his brother's gain; Benjamin, 25, of Ripley, near Harrogate, an engineer with a plastics company, was chosen to take his place in the Camel Trophy Mongolia '97 competition.

Before leaving to join the other three members of the UK team in Seville Ben, who failed to gain a place at the initial selection, said: "I was devastated to hear Simon's news, but I'm over the moon to be given a second chance."

Simon said simply: "I really can't believe it."

