

Autumn
1998



**Dark
Peak
News**

DARK PEAK NEWS

Autumn 98

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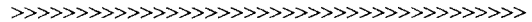
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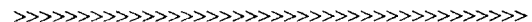
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Editorial

So you thought editorials were a thing of the past? Hard luck...

Trespass "fell race"

"What shall we do about the Trespass Fell Race?" is a question being asked by members in recent weeks. The "race" in question has been advertised on fliers at recent events and is rumoured to be heading onto one of the most fiercely defended parts of the so-called "private moorland" that makes up part of the huge Wentworth/Fitzwilliam estates.

At first glance it seems right up the street of your average freedom loving Dark Peaker but to run or not to run has been creating a few personal crises in the club. Running shows solidarity with those of like mind who believe in open access to the moors west of Sheffield or at least some more enlightened access agreements than currently exist.

However, we have to face up to the fact that most races are organised "open" events. Even if (when?) the long awaited freedom to roam legislation appears, organised events will still be at the discretion of the landowner. Open access gives us freedom to run but does not imply we have freedom to stage organised events. I'm not talking about an informal race on a Wednesday but advertised events which, round Sheffield, can attract over 200 runners and require car parking, loos etc. The FRA and others have expended considerable effort negotiating access for races. The possibility has even emerged of an official open race on the very moors in question. To officially support the race endangers existing races which often rely upon complicated negotiations with multiple landowners.

If you happen to find yourself on the some moor North of Sheffield in late September with several others going your way, I hope you enjoy your run... but given the choice I'd recommend the alternative attraction, that Dark Peak classic... Dungworth!

Jo - World Class

At the time of writing I'm hoping that Jo Smith is somewhere in the Indian Ocean! The French colony of Reunion to be precise as a reward for her great performance in winning the selection race. Jo has shown tremendous form this year. Her fell running speed has also got her into the British Orienteering squad but she'll be the first to admit that she often makes too many small errors to consistently show her ability in that arena. The concentration on fell running is a welcome one. It's to be hoped that recent injuries clear up to allow her to compete.

After a few years without representation on the World stage Dark Peak now has another potential World Class performer... and one that still comes out with us on Wednesday night! Well done Jo - and good luck.

Mike Pedley

News

Jo Smith : England International Fell Runner

Jo Smith superbly underlined her early season form by winning the selection race for the England team. The victory is an early pay off for her recent decision to resign from the British Orienteering Squad to concentrate on fell running. Jo now goes to altitude training in Switzerland and hopes to shake off a (groin?) injury before travelling to the World Cup race to be held in the French island colony of Reunion in the Indian Ocean.

Rob & Roger's Munros

They're back! Rob Davison and Roger Woods have returned to civilisation after their 3 months in the Scottish wilderness climbing all the Munros. The trip, reported more fully later in this issue, went well; apart from usual grumbles about Scottish weather they seem to have had few complaints or injuries. It remains to be seen what effect this will all have on their running. The Mourne Mountain Marathon in September should be the first real test of their fitness.

1998 subs: £4 voluntary levy

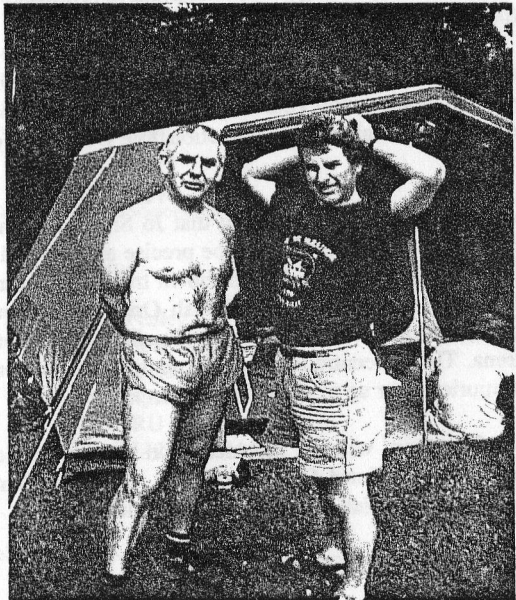
As reported in the last issue, it was decided at the AGM to ask members to pay a voluntary levy of £4 in addition to their subs for this year to boost the club's flagging finances. Having agreed subs needed to go up the treasurer would normally have to wait until January to see the benefit. This was a way of boosting our reserves a little quicker. Please consider paying this levy; £4 payable to Dark Peak Fell Runners... or why not add £4 to your next cheque for gear or for the dinner.

Thornbridge success.

Despite a smaller turn out than in previous years, the sun shone and the beer got drunk at the club's 5th summer social at Thornbridge Hall.

Hugh Cotton came up with the third variant on his Ashford fell race and despite having to omit the fearsome Fin Cop came up with a tough course. It was so good it even got run twice with several people who had missed Saturday morning staging a re-run on the Sunday.

Right: Jeff Harrison and Dave Holmes take in the morning air (photo by John Gunnee).



Pound for the Peak run Marsden to Thorpe Cloud

Anyone for a 60 mile run? At the AGM we had a short presentation from the Pound for the Peak charity and agreed to come up with a small fundraising effort this summer, perhaps as a precursor to something bigger next year. Several ideas were proposed but a club run from Marsden to Fenay Bently came out on top i.e. North to South across the Peak. Runners could run as little or as much as they liked

6 hardy souls set out from Marsden at 05:30 on 29/8/98 and many others joined in at various stages along the way. Alan Yates and Richard Hakes completed the whole route. The final total raised is expected to be about £800 thanks to sponsorship, donations on the day and a generous donation from Sugg Sports.

By "coincidence" the nearby pub at Fenay Bently was having a Blues festival and laid on camping (plus a free drink) for all the runners.

Baslow cancelled...

Sadly, more village politics (?) resulted in the cancellation of the Baslow race though this was made up for in part by a new race a couple of weeks later from the nearby Robin Hood pub.

...but Bamford improved.

By contrast to Baslow the Bamford organisers made a real triumph from a crisis. Their traditional race route was wiped out by police restrictions on crossing the main road. However, they responded by planning an excellent 4.5 mile course up Win Hill including negotiating access to cross grazing land near the top of Win Hill. The result was one of the best (and fastest) descents in the Peak.

International Orienteering Update

Round 5 of the orienteering World Cup was held in Sweden in July. A bit of a cheat calling it one round as it comprised 5 full events in 5 days but only counted as one race! Kim Buckley was the only Dark Peaker (I think) to make it through all 5 for an excellent 26th (second Britain).

Also an apology to Helen Hargreaves for failing to mention in the last issue that she also competed in the Britain and Ireland leg of the World Cup last May. Karen Dalton & Jenny James were also selected but both had to withdraw due to injury.

New Sportsman landlord moves in.

The Sportsman has a new landlord, Jill. Many years ago her family ran the Sportsman and now she has come back to take charge. She assures us that rumours of the club hut's demise are premature. However, she is interested in options to improve the facility either just in it's current role or maybe a new role, like a bunkhouse, which could still include a room which we could use to get changed... watch this space.

Coming Events

AUTUMN-WINTER 1998

Winter cometh and it's time to search out those hats, gloves, headtorches and that strange reflective gear that you wouldn't be seen dead in elsewhere.

Two options every Wednesday both 6:30pm from the Sportsman (unless stated below):

- on the roads for about 70-90 minutes, usually with a fast and slower pack.
- on the fells with the 'warts; similar routes to summer but at a slower pace.

Please dress appropriately! The roads can be a dangerous place to be so make sure you can be seen. The fells hold different dangers; take warm and windproof stuff with you (even if you don't think you need to wear it when you set out).

Warts runs from the Sportsman also start at 6:30pm. About every three weeks the 'warts meet "away from home" for a change of scenery. These start at 6:45pm.

If any warts want to start their runs from the Sportsman at 7pm (rather than 6:30pm) during the Winter, please contact Andy Malkin or Guy Seaman BEFOREHAND. Unlike this summer, do not assume that there will be anyone there at 7pm!

Sep

Wed	23	18:30	Club run	Sportsman
Sat	26	11:00	Club race	Dungworth, Dungworth Playing Field
Wed	30	18:30	Club run	Sportsman

Oct

Sun	4		MM	Open Country MM. A 5 hour score event in N. England. Details: Mark Seddon, 55 Prince Edward Avenue, Denton, Manchester. M34 6AS.
Sun	4		Relay	Ian Hodgeson Mountain Relay, Brotherswater. Very restricted entry – contact Rob Davison.
Wed	7	18:30	Club run	Sportsman
Wed	14	18:30	Club run	Sportsman
Sun	18		Relay	FRA Relay, Lake District Contact Rob Davison if interested.
Wed	21	18:30	Club run	Sportsman
	24/25		MM	Karrimor MM (entries closed)
Sun	25	11:00	XC	South Yorks League, Graves Park, Sheffield
Wed	28	18:30	Club run	Sportsman
Wed	28	18:45	Warts run	Grouse Inn, Froggat

Nov

Wed	4	18:30	Club run	Sportsman
Sun	8	11:00	XC	South Yorks League, Rotherham (venue to be decided)
Wed	11	18:30	Club run	Sportsman

Sun	15	10:30	Local race	Roaches, Village Hall, Meerbrook
Wed	18	18:30	Club run	Sportsman
Wed	18	18:45	Warts run	Snake Inn, A57
Sat	21	10:30	Club race	Club Championships, Old Glossop (see below)
Sat	21	19:30	Club event	Club Dinner, Maynard Arms, Grindleford (see below)
Sun	22	11:00	XC	South Yorks League, Campsall, Doncaster
Wed	25	18:30	Club run	Sportsman
Sun	29	10:30	Club race	Warts Revenge, Ringinglow Road

Details for this autumnal classic from Jim Fulton

Dec

Wed	2	18:30	Club run	Sportsman
Sun	6	08:00	Local race	Marsden-Edale "Tanky's Trog"
Wed	9	18:30	Club run	Sportsman
Wed	9	18:45	Warts run	Strines Inn (Derwent Edge run)
Sun	13	08:00	Relay	Calderdale Way Relay
Wed	16	18:30	Club run	Sportsman
Sun	17	11:00	Club race	Crookstone Crashout
Wed	23	18:30	Club run	Sportsman – Christmas Carols at the Headstone Everyone on the fells, BRING YOUR HEADTORCH!
Wed	30	18:30	Club run	Sportsman
Wed	30	18:45	Warts run	Yorkshire Bridge Inn, Ladybower

1998 (N.B. Club runs continue from the Sportsman every Wednesday at 18:30)

Jan

Sat	9		XC	Yorkshire Champs, Rotherhan
Sun	10		XC	Yorkshire Vets, Graves Park, Sheffield
Wed	13	18:30	Club run	Sportsman
Wed	13	18:45	Warts run	Edale (main car park)
Sun	17	10:30	Club race	Burbage Nuts Race, Porter Clough car park.
Sun	17		XC	South Yorkshire Champs, venue to be decided.
Wed	27	18:30	Club run	Sportsman (including Warts Night Race)
Sat	30		XC	Northern Championships, Graves Park, Sheffield

Feb

Wed	3	18:45	Warts run	Snake Inn, A57
Wed	24	18:45	Warts run	Kings Tree (End of the road, Upper Derwent Valley)

Mar

Sat	13		XC	National Championships, Newark
Wed	17	18:45	Warts run	Lower Bradfield (cricket field car park)

[XC=Cross Country, MM = Mountain marathon or Long mountain orienteering]

For full details of entry procedures for Cross Country please contact Pete Dyke

A full listing of all fell events is available to FRA members. All club members should consider joining the Fell Running Association. At a cost of £9 a year it includes 3 magazines as well as the full fixture list. For details contact the Membership Sec., Pete Bland Sports, 34a Kirkland, Kendal, Cumbria LA9 5AD.

RELAYS

It's Autumn so the big three Autumn Relays will be here soon. Relays are turning into something of a club speciality; great team events with lots of spectators and support from club colleagues. Some are quite restricted entry (particularly the Ian Hodgson) but they can often be worth watching as part of a day out on the hills. Far more people can get a run in the Calderdale where we will run at least one team for which selection will be "first come first served" as well as our more competitive teams.

Ian Hodgson Mountain Relay

Date: Sunday 4th October
 Time: 10:00
 Venue: Brotherswater campsite
 Format: 4 legs which are run in pairs; total distance 25 miles (8500').
 DP entries: 2 teams of 8 (mens and mixed)
 Numbers are very restricted and most clubs are only allowed two teams
 Please contact Rob Davison if you wish to be considered.

FRA Relay

Date: Sunday 18th October
 Time: 10:30
 Venue: Braithwaite near Keswick (Coaldale and Newland Fells)
 Format: Four legs; 2 run in pairs and 2 solo.
 Leg 1: Solo : 6ml/1600'
 Leg 2: Pairs: 8.25ml/3000'
 Leg 3: Pairs: 8.5ml/2600' navigation leg
 Leg 4: Solo: 5.5ml/1500'
 DP entries: If possible; mens, womens, mens veterans and mens "B" teams.
 Contact Rob Davison if you wish to be considered.

Calderdale Way Relay

Date: Sunday 13th December
 Time: 08:00 (for 1st leg but the subsequent legs start between 09:15 and 14:00)
 Format: 50 miles splits into 6 legs (from 5 to 10 miles) run in pairs.
 Venue: The race starts at West Vale near Halifax but DPFR base is at Mike & Helen Pedley's from where transport will be co-ordinated.
 Note: The Calderdale Way the biggest fell race in the country with 1200 runners (100 teams). This makes it a logistical as well as a physical challenge. Having a single base means we can make sure we get the right runners to the right venues at the right time. It also means everyone can get a shower and relax in comfort after their run. Experience has shown it is vital to have a pool of reserves so offers from people who don't mind whether they get a run and from those happy to help with transport are especially welcome.
 Entries: £3.50 to Mike Pedley (Rob D and others help with team selection but please send entries to Mike as teams and transport need co-ordinating).

Club Championships and Annual Dinner

A change to a slightly later date was brought on by our normal date being unavailable at the Maynard Arms for the club dinner. It also means the race has even more chance of experiencing some wintery weather. The early snow could be on the tops by then so COME PREPARED!

Club Championships

- Date:** Saturday 21st November 1998
- Venue:** Bleaklow
- Parking:** Firth Rixson, Shepley Street, Old Glossop, Grid ref. SK045948
Note: parking only here no facilities
- Format:** Handicapped chasing start (slowest first)
- Distance:** Course to be revealed on the day.
Aimed at a winning time of 60-70 minutes in good conditions.
- Entries:** To Pete Dyke by Wednesday 18th November. **NO entries on the day.**
- Cost:** £1
- Restrictions:** **Paid up club members only** (sorry, no guests).

Club Dinner

- Date:** Saturday 21st November
- Venue:** Maynard Arms, Grindleford
- Time:** 7:30pm for 8pm
- Format:** As last year; set menu, brief speeches & presentation, band/dancing.
- Cost:** Approx. £15 – contact Jeff Harrison to confirm cost.
- Entries:** To Jeff Harrison by Wednesday 11th November
Please advise Jeff if you require vegetarian food.
- Donation:** Why not take the opportunity to add the “voluntary donation” of £4 for club funds (see page 4) to your cheque for the club dinner?
-

Features

A WINTER'S WARTING

The Wart's Winter Series 1997 - 98 - some observations

Unfortunately I was struck down by a mild form of the bubonic plague after the Dungworth race at the beginning of the season so was unable to attend the first of the excursions, so some of the notes are Jim Fulton's.

Chris Barber

Wednesday 8th October 1997 - Yorkshire Bridge

An inauspicious start to the away day season began with just 5 Warts and a dog at Yorkshire Bridge. After a gentle ascent of Winn Hill in the clag then down to Twitchell Farm, during the traverse to Wooler Knoll the cloud cleared leaving Hope Valley shrouded in mist. At Wooler Knoll during hip-flask time, absentee Wart Barber was telephoned to enquire how his flu was going on - he was out at the pub! [What sort of yuppie takes a mobile phone with him on Warts runs, anyway? We'll have to nip that one in the bud - C.B.] Hope Cross was followed by a Harmer route through deep brambles for the benefit of the bare legged members on the descent to Ladybower. A gentle run back to Yorkshire Bridge along the edge of Ladybower then followed. A good, easy run - nice to see Phil Young back on the hills. JF

Wednesday 29th October - Lower Bradfield

A potentially easy run which turned into something of an "epic". Sparsely attended, Messrs. Holmes, Barber, Gunnee, Seaman, Malkin, Hakes (trialist wart), Westgate (trialist wart). An interesting early hill climb during which two members were heard to mutter that if this was a typical warts run then they would be back to the roads next week, up to Onesmoor trig. and the mini- Jodrell Bank which doesn't appear on the maps. Back down to High Bradfield and up to Bar Dyke (seen quite a few of these in central Sheffield), via Agden Rocher, which can be quite daunting in pitch black, one false move... There then followed a mile or two of "scrotum scratching" heather from Hurling Stones to Emlin trig. This was the highlight of the night in which no less than seven different whiskies plus Southern Comfort were passed round while we sat suffering from increasing levels of hypothermia in the aforementioned heather. From there, it was generally decided that we were all too pissed and cold to climb back to High Bradfield, so the low level route past Agden reservoir and back was chosen.

Wednesday 19th November - Snake Inn

A mass turn out, 16 people and a dog, including two "wimmen" (this is a rare event and worthy of note, it didn't, however, stem the flow of knob related jokes) plus a South African refugee, Andy Forsyth. The route was up, in fact there seemed to be an inordinate amount of "up" and very little down until the last few yards. As a bonus at the start, Andy Harmer insisted that we wade the river to get in the general mood for the night. Following this we squelched up to the demolished shooting cabin - a light appeared in the distance (what light through yonder etc. shines), whereupon Hugh

Cotton emerged to swell the numbers to an unmanageable 17. A typical Harmer route took us a long way down (Grindsbrook) in order that he could then take us a long way up to the ponds on the top. Here a moment of conviviality was shared as the many hip-flasks appeared, just what you need to increase the blood flow and the hypothermia. From here, the route was over the usual grouches to Hartshorn and then through a lot of blackness back to the pub (I'd lost interest by now and just wanted a drink). A good night had by all.

Wednesday 10th December - Strines

Andy Harmer's last run as a strapping lad - he will be 50 on Friday, so we look forward to less physically demanding routes from now on, unfortunately this was not one of these. A howling gale greeted us at Strines pub so we thought that a low level route would be the choice. Unfortunately birthday boy decided otherwise, so we ran on to Derwent Edge, Back Tor, Lost Lad and Abbey Brook struggling to keep adhered to the ground let alone run - this was almost Howard's summer run including the struggle up above Abbey Brook. Here, it is fair to say, we consumed a large amount of whisky in honour of our increasingly aged "leader". Back through the blackness over the forbidden moor and through the even more forbidden plantation to an empty pub with a large coal fire - worth the wait.

Wednesday 7th January 98 - King's Tree.

A cold and wet night with clouds skidding across the sky making the moon flash like a strobe. Much too cold and wet for Old Goats but not bad enough to deter the rest of the 'warts - Guy, Andy M, Dave H JF (complete with bad knee), Maurice & Hilary, Roy (complete with snot). But what a surprise to see Lynne Bland, Phil Crowson, Darryl Bradbury and Ron Caves - this was going to be a fast run.

We went from King's Tree to Slippery Stones then went up some valley to a sort of Nissen Hut bus stop then turned left up a clough looking for a hut. At one point it was thought sensible to take a bearing so one was taken on a bright star which subsequently turned out to be a 747 coming into Manchester. At the top we stopped to swap the contents of hip flasks and established that we might be at the top of the middle bit of Upper Lower Roy Small Clough. Maurice ran off and found the Hut then rejoined us about 1/2 mile further on 'cos Hilary was worrying about him.

By now the sleet was coming down sideways, so we set off for some valley leading back to King's Tree and decided that it was time to show Ron, Darryl and friends the reverse of what it is like to run with them in daylight, so we hoofed off and left them. Another good night's training for the Watershed.

First Class refreshment was then taken in the Yorkshire Bridge in preference to the Ladybower where poor ales are dispensed by a Landlord who makes you feel like he is doing you a favour by serving 10 pints in an otherwise empty pub. Another bonus at the Yorkshire Bridge is that you can watch Dave H clear the remains of someone's half eaten meal from their plate as the waitress tries to wrest it from his grasp! JF

Wednesday 4th February 1998 - Grouse Inn, Froggat

Wonderful, no Andy Harmer, an easy run and back to the pub for a long session! This dream was very soon shattered as the "substitute" Dave Holmes took us off on one of his long rambling runs across dark, flat, stone-circle ridden and frankly, very boring moorland. I'd love to relate to you where we went but all I can recall is finding Blackamoor trig point, getting freezing bollocks by falling waist deep into interminable bogs across Totley moor and then finding myself completely alone after the bastards had all gone off somewhere else. Meanwhile, I was busy trying to extract myself from barbed wire and offering free advice to others that this was not a good way to come - that's bloody gratitude for you! I did find Hugh Cotton and Richard Hakes wondering around in an aimless fashion somewhere on Totley moor, so we formed a jolly trio and wound our way back to the pub. A strange night but the pub was good!

Wednesday 18th February 1998 - Edale

That old w(£)art, Roger Baumeister appeared! A strange route, I thought but one which was in keeping with the true tradition of warring. The "Mike Hayes variant" of the Skyline in reverse, Ringing Roger, down into Grindsbrook (an annoying trait of Mr Holmes, gaining all that height only to immediately lose it again), up to Grindsbrook Knoll (whisky time already!) and towards Jacob's ladder. Most of us went down a not too perilous descent down a clough whose name escapes me but not Mr Baumeister who sauntered onwards a further 2 or three miles before realising that it had all gone quiet. Meanwhile at the bottom of the clough, the head count revealed his absence whereupon a search party set off over 100 yards up the hill to look for him. We agreed that he had already had a good life and that it would be kindest to leave him up there rather than risk another (younger) life. So we went to the pub in Edale. What a surprise - the aforementioned cad, Baumeister was already there, changed and supping pints. All that worry and anguish for nothing.

However, I can't leave this without mentioning a worthy attempt at gaining the "Pertex" trophy by Hugh Cotton - he who was meant to be at a £40 a head dinner dance whilst he was really out cavorting on the hills. Anguished phone messages had been left at the pub requiring his immediate presence. He was last seen running white-faced out of the pub with only one sock (having lost the other) not to mention smelling like a polecat after his exertions. What a divine image he must have been at the dinner dance!

Wednesday 25th March - The Sportsman

The last winter run of the season and a memorable one if only for the amount and variety of whiskies consumed. The night was a fitting end to the season, a large contingent including Gez Myers who disappeared somewhere very early on in the run, Richard Hakes who is rapidly becoming an addict of this sort of self abuse (amongst others) and the usual contingent. In true warts fashion we got lost on Burbage moor - as Clive took great (not to say tedious) pleasure in telling us "This is as black a night as any black night he had ever known" - a quote from the late Eric Olthwaite, I think. More to the point, it was foggy, cold, windy etc. And one or two of us ended up doing

a complete about face and ending up back at the Ox-stones which we had left only 20 minutes earlier. At this point a compass was produced and a search was made in bum-bags for instructions on how to use it. The Packhorse Bridge was eventually reached. Strangely, Roy Small had already arrived despite having a torch which took us all back to the good old days of candles and plague - we still haven't received a good explanation for this, an example of the supernatural, if ever I've seen one.

From here up to Higger Tor, the original itinerary of "Mother Cap" having been abandoned despite the fear of being accused of being a "big girl" by Mr Harmer (typically sexist). The mini-bar was opened on Stanage trig and the mysterious clanking noise from Guy Seaman's bum-bag was explained (I overheard someone saying he was a bit of a clanker, earlier on, I think) - a large hip-flask of Scotch, what a hero this fellow is.

The run back was noteworthy only for the fact that Andy Malkin threw himself unselfishly into a bog near the Pole and disappeared up to his testicles, sinking rapidly as these diminished in size in the cold shock. Advice such as "Breathe through your nose" was offered, which we assumed would give him a further 10 seconds of life expectancy. He took some prizing out and we were debating as to whether he should be left there to mummify as a final monument to the winter season - a very fitting end.

Chris Barber

THE FULL MONTY

A small but perfectly formed pilgrimage gathered at 6:30pm for a scenic cycle tour around the sites used in filming the apocryphal Sheffield success story. The generously proportioned perfect formation of six soon dwindled to a solid four. Mark Vallance showed classic senile confusion at 66 Pevenil Road (where Lomper and Lunchbox discover the delights of near naked frolicking), looking too diligently for the iceberg that sank the Titanic. He dropped quietly off the rear, never to be seen again, and then there were five.

Jim Fulton, who had the most hopeful makings of doing a full Monty, struggled gamely up Ecclesall Road to reach Whirlow Park Road, the suburban home of Gerald and his gnome infested garden. No gnomes were evident. Jim promptly declared the proceedings 'crap' and with a spirit of adventure which made homing pigeons famous, scampered off home as fast as his legs would pedal him. He later protested that what he had meant to say (but hadn't the breath) was 'I'm crapping out'

The remaining four, Howard Swindells, Rob Davidson, Roger Freeman and myself continued via Abbeydale School to the West Street Job Centre before taking an antisocial course through the most unwelcoming city centre imaginable. We were staggered, but undaunted, by the obstacles to cyclical progress, knitting our illegal way

via footpaths and tram routes to the bewildering bridges over the magic roundabout. An interesting but little known fact is that the square kilometre around Ponds Forge has twenty nine bridges crossing rail, road, canal and tram and so qualifies for the highest bridge density in Europe (until someone proves me wrong).

As we passed Hyde Park flats, Roger expressed the opinion that this would be an inauspicious place to get a puncture. With eyes skywards we hurried out of TV Death Alley to the training ground of Sky Edge playing fields, passing en route the City Road newsagent where Gerald bought a stack of papers featuring The Full Monty in an attempt to hush the media. The bleakness of the playing fields and the mandatory burnt out car may inspire generations of footballers to become long distance runners.

Bacon Lane canal bridge was quite civilised, with no floating car to trouble the anglers. The Old Roxy Cinema had seen better days and then across the no-mans land of Wincobank, another favourite site for torching motors, to the haven of Shire Green Working Men's Club. Not the sort of place I'd like to rip my clothes off, but it might be better on the inside....

Some suicidal biking across Shirecliffe took us to a near-suicidal side street by the Ski Village, where Lomper fails to gas himself from his exhaust pipe. From there it was only a hop and a cobbly bump to Burton Street School where Gaz collects Nathan. A swift wobble past the hazardous tram tracks to Langsett Road petrol station where Nathan tries to persuade Gaz not to strip.

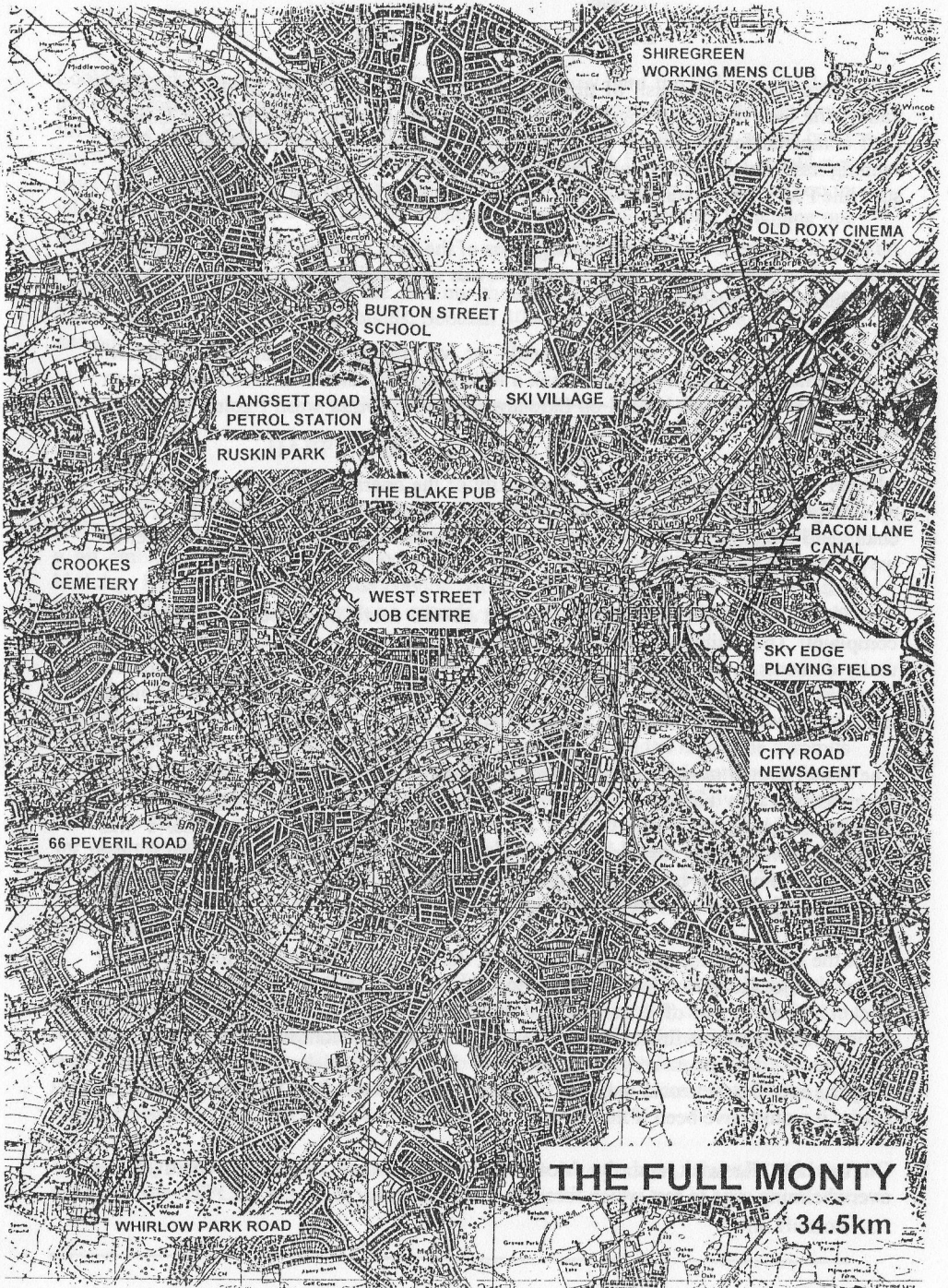
And now the finale. The eternal hill, passing The Blake pub where the boys discuss getting their kit off, Ruskin Park where a dejected Gerald is consoled after a failed job interview. And finally at the very top, the most scenic location in the whole film, Crookes Cemetery where a brilliant piece of rotating photography takes place, at the funeral of Lompers mum.

Still together, wobbly legged but upstanding as the sun went down on the finale were Rob, Howard Roger and myself.

But what of the film?

This is a depressing film, which despite its international acclaim, fails to raise my spirits. Funny for some perhaps but tragic for Sheffield. The ultimate low budget film, using derelict industrial sites, seedy working men's clubs, cemeteries, run down schools and sad corner shops in a city that hardly glitters with success. Dismal, despondent, the collapse of traditional society and the ridicule of lost dignity. As a film, it makes a better bike ride, taking in 35 kilometres of Sheffield sights, via places unvisited to places deserted, through great lows to great highs, with great views. But not a Full Monty to be seen... perhaps just as well.

Mike F Browell



THE FULL MONTY

34.5km

Going the Distance

BOB GRAHAM ROUND 1998

Five years ago at the finish of my first fell race, Shipman Knott in the Kentmere valley, the idea of completing the Bob Graham Round seemed like Premier League stuff compared to my Sunday League beginnings. Since then my experience of fell running has grown steadily and I felt this year that it was now or never. Even on the start line I was not too sure how I would react to twenty-four hours on the move.

As we pitched the tent at Setmabanning signs of the long promised heat wave began to show and by late afternoon the gathering crowds were lazing in warm sunshine. More importantly, the fells were clear.

The pace, and nerves, started to settle as we began the climb up Skiddaw. Unfortunately my digestive system took a little longer to settle and Walsh prints were not the only thing I left behind on Skiddaw. The spicy pizza wasn't going to give in without a fight!

I began to appreciate the size and complexity of the operation as we snaked our way up Clough Head away from the road stop at Threlkeld. Sandwiches, cups of tea, deck chairs and clothing had seemed to fly in all directions yet everything was in order as we progressed into the night.

The Dodds and Helvellyn came and went as did more evidence of my stomach complaint! The visibility was brilliant and our headtorches were saved for only the rocky descents. I was glad to reach the comforts of the Dunmail Roadshow after my usual dithering descent from Seat Sandal. Once again, I was left behind by the more confident downhillers.

The group started to separate as contenders found their own pace up Steel Fell. Our progress was only hindered by a brief period of thick mist on the Langdales which cleared to reveal the Scafell range bathes in glorious morning sunshine. I was definitely suffering on reaching Broad Stand and no doubt the climbers were a little alarmed by my lack of climbing prowess. "Don't pull on that one!" was quickly shouted as I grabbed at every rope in sight.

After the lung bursting climb up Yewbarrow, the leg from Wasdale to Honsiter passed without major incident; apart from prolonged periods of feeling rough, legs as stiff as cricket bats and a pair of shorts that had rubbed a painful raw patch in the "cod-piece" region! At Honister it finally dawned that I could actually complete the round. Apart from heavy downpour whilst dropping off Robinson which made progress very slippery over the wet rock, we had been lucky with the weather. I realised how much harder it would have been if the elements had turned.

On reaching Keswick and the Moot Hall my emotions seemed drowned by an overwhelming urge to rest which forced a shuffling retreat to the car.

Looking back, I suppose I have let myself forget just how hard the BG was. Without the help from the organisers, pacers and helpers I would never have started let alone finished. I know that contenders should not rely on others to get them round but I know that without the help, experience and encouragement from others I would not have succeeded. I am sure all the contenders will join me in saying a big thank you to all those involved in the Bob Graham weekend and are looking forward to helping out next year.

Having tasted the challenge of the BG my thoughts wander to next summer, The Paddy Buckley or Leo Pollard rounds, Scottish 4000s or British Three Peaks by foot and bike... any takers?

Will Sullivan

HAPPY 65th BIRTHDAY COLIN!

To mark my 65th birthday I decided to do a sponsored run for my favourite charity: the NSPCC. I was looking for something different – I'd done the B.G. and perhaps it was a bit ambitious now. The Joss Naylor Challenge? No, I'd done that for my 60th birthday. Reading through the Joss Naylor "Book a day book" gave me an idea – the Northern book looked about right: no crowds, probably the quietest hills in the North, and it didn't go to Esk Hause.

Saturday 30th May, the BIG day, my support arrived at Threlkeld and so did the clag! We had decided to start at Binsey Cottage at 5.30am. Dave Markham, John Armistead, Bob Marsden and myself climbed the stile and disappeared into the mist. The summits of Binsey, Great Cockup, Meal Fell, Brae Fell, Great Scafell and Knott were found using map and compass- it was steady progress. The climb to Great Calva brought us into more familiar country and our speed increased. A strong climb up Skiddaw and we were met by Dick Pasley, Graham Bell, Colin Lago and Roger Baumeister. Dave Markham who had done the first 5 ½ hours left us to make his way back to Threlkeld. We carried on via Little Man, Carlside and Ullock Pike and down through Forestry Commission land to the outlier hill Dodd.

As we reached the summits of Lattrigg, Lonscale and Mungrisedale the weather improved and Bob Marsden (who was going all the way round) and myself were moving very strongly. After Souther Fell the clag descended again and stayed all the way to the end. We made steady progress towards the last hill, Corcock. As we were stumbling over the rocks to the summit we were met by Alan Yates, Pete Dyke and John Armistead... and half an hour later it was all over.

A grand day out, with wonderful help. Many thanks to everyone. A total of £259 was raised for the NSPCC.

Colin Henson

ROUND SCOTLAND IN 84 DAYS

Though our plans were already afoot, Howard's 50 Munros at the age of 50 in one week helped lead us closer to our desire of climbing all 284 Munros in about three months at the tender ages of Rog 32, and Rob 29. That gave us a target of three per day or 25 per week, about half the speed of Howard which coincides with the fact that we are about half his age! Having travelled the areas of Howard's 50 we consider 50 in a week a fine effort!

On Saturday 9th May we headed north in a grey van- you could see where the South Yorkshire Supertram Ltd stickers had been peeled off. Over the next 84 days we climbed an approximate total height of 140,000m with the total approximate time spent cycling, walking or running of 420 hours. We had a total of six complete rest days and an enormous amount of enjoyment.

Our rough route took us north from Ben Lomond, up to the Isle of Skye and Affric, taking in all Munros eastwards as far as Loch Erich near Dalwinnie. We then headed to the Cairngorms, Lochnagar and those around Dalwinnie and Blair Athol. Then north once more, from Ben Wyvis through Torridon and up through Fisherfield to Ben Hope. We appeared to be following a set of PB prints to Affric. They materialised in front of us on many hills and were very fresh. With plenty of time to ponder we considered a Dark Peak conspiracy theory, with people planting a set of size 8 or 9 PB prints the day before we arrived. Anyway, we sold the git a dummy by going to the Cairngorms - we never did find out who the owner(s) was/were.

We haven't figured out whether some people take Munros too seriously, or just cannot pronounce the name. Some uttered comments such as that from a man in the thick mist on South Clunie ridge who informed us that he was "looking for number 5" and the question in the Fannichs was "are you doing all 9?" The strange fact being that we hadn't said anything and they assumed we knew what on earth they were talking about!

We didn't keep that up to date with current affairs, but a glimpse of a paper headline inspired Rob to make some Ginger Spice Memorial Flapjack (GSMF for short). This led to a rather interesting experiment in varying the flapjack ingredients, which was a large part of our large diet.

Many routes we took were off piste and this enabled us to enjoy and experience a huge array of wildlife. Sightings include loads of plants including a large amount of orchids and butterwort, herds of red deer, the odd roe deer, a fox, goats, hares, lizards and zillions of different words especially loads of Ptarmigan, though our most bizarre sighting was by the road at night : a lone albino roe deer (its location is secret to deter trophy hunters!) We were driving along when Rob exclaimed at seeing a white animal like a big dog. On exiting the van we saw a pure white deer looking at us. It then bounded off with great speed and grace clearly visible in the darkness. We felt sorry for the deer feeling that it was a "Billy-no-mates" and an obvious target for poachers.

We also feel we have stumbled onto a well kept secret. We believe that the frog population of Scotland (excluding islands) are preparing to simultaneously put a frog on the top of every Munro for the Millenium. We came across frogs on virtually every Munro with the highest sighting at 885m. We think that this was an advance bog camp producing offspring for the summit push next year. All frogs were being tight lipped and refused to be interviewed.

The wettest day we had was in Lochnagar, loads of massive drops of sleet and rain, we were drenched. The driest climb for our feet, in fact the only climb on which we didn't get our feet wet, was going up Mount Kean. The hardest terrain was a toss up between the rock on the Grey Corries and Loch Mullerdoch heather. The windiest day was some howling gusts on the Cairnwell. The softest terrain was probably the lovely moss and grass on Craig Meagaidh. The weather was pretty mixed and generally speaking May was warm and sunny, June was warm, dry and overcast, and July pissed it down. As time passed, and the midges made a serious but futile attempt to destroy our holiday the MDS (midge defence system) of the van improved. Netting was most effective then persistent intruders could not resist sticking to the oiled interior light.

Our high points were Ben More on Mull, Knoydart, Torridon and Skye. The hardest part was settling in for the first few weeks. Having run, walked and cycled so much, we were very lucky not to have any major injuries. Our only little burdens were a couple of falls, sore knees for a while, cracked feet, midges, and ticks - a small price to pay for three months in the beautiful surroundings of Scotland. Also my BT Chargecard ensured that the phone bill came to nearly £1 for every Munro.

The holiday was a fantastic experience and gave us both an excuse to eat the most enormous quantities of food.

Rob and Roger

Mountain Marathons

LOWE ALPINE MOUNTAIN MARATHON : 13/14 JUNE 1998

Ardgour

A mysterious event "somewhere within two hours drive of Edinburgh/Glasgow". We received the final details: still no idea of the location but with instructions to surf the net or phone after 6pm on the Thursday before the event. Neither of us was feeling fit; we um'd and er'd. At 6.01pm we still didn't know... "the event will be signed from Ballachulish". Glen Coe? Mamores? The weather forecast was so-so, we decided to go. Friday night driving gave us clear views of the Lakes, a fantastic sunset and took us as far as a B&B in Crianlarich by 10.45pm, leaving us about an hour's drive to cross Rannoch moor and meet our start time in the morning. So far it seemed a good decision.

CROOKSTONE CRASHOUT (no.28): 21 DECEMBER 1997

At last Al Sealey not only led up the hill but managed to find the right way on top; which is more than can be said of Phil Crowson who, challenging Alan at the trig, managed to veer left, somewhere near Madwoman's stones and missed the knoll on the return. This left Mark Hayman to take second place. Rob Davidson managed to pull a good bit back on the return as he thundered past the newly fledged super vet. who was clearly lost his bottle on the descent. Star of the show however, was Richard Horsfield who managed to get all his three little ones up the hill, and with Jenny taking Polly and Hamish to the knoll, there were almost as many spectators as runners.

Andy Harmer

1	Al Sealey	32:53	11	Roy Small	40:28
2	Mark Hayman	33:30	12	Chris Barber	40:33
3	Phil Crowson	34:24	13	Paul Sanderson	41:36
4	Rob Davison	34:41	14	Hugh Cotton	41:54
5	Andy Harmer	35:17	15	John Armistead	42:29
6	Dave Charles	37:00	16	Dave Markham	42:31
7	Graham Berry	37:37	17	John Gunnee	44:12
8	Dave Holmes	39:14	18	Roger Baumeister	46:13
9	Richard Hakes	40:01	dnf	Pete Farrell	
10	Dave Lockwood	40:15			

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MARGERY HILL : 31 JANUARY 1998

New course

The early morning mist hung over Derwent Edge and it promised to be murkier than it turned out. As it was, the compass stayed in the bumbag, not that there wasn't plenty of route choice once the course broke into new ground at Cranberry Clough. Descending into the new checkpoint, it was a grand sight to see about ten runners strewn across the hillside making for Long Edge. The early leaders however were well clear and it was Tony Keddie, Alan Yates and Paul Sanderson, who brought home the field of 20 starters.

Opinion was very favourable towards the change of course, from comments received afterwards. The choice from checkpoints 4 to 5, and on to Hancock Wood will provide discussion for many years before a recommended route emerges. The new youth policy is stuttering, and it was left to Bob and Paul to stop the old men taking all the front places. Incidentally, most people were within 2-3 minutes of last year's "original route" time, except Hugh and John Myers who were significantly faster. More than likely the new route will remain, the only debate is the route back from Cogman's cabin.

Andy Harmer

Crookstone Crashout (June 98) results

1	Tim Tett	55:03	*	Graham Berry	1:09:10
2	Phil Crowson	55:56	14	John Myers	1:11:40
3	Andy Harmer	56:50	15	Richard Hakes	1:12:45
4	Gavin Williams	58:13	16	Jim Fulton	1:13:47
5	Dave Holmes	1:03:26	17	Maurice Musson	1:14:50
6	Alan Yates	1:04:25	18	Dave Markham	1:15:00
7	Dave Tait	1:05:50	19	Darryl Bradbury	1:15:05
8	Ron Caves	1:06:18	20	Pete Farrell	1:15:55
9	Chris Barber	1:06:23	21	Carl Marshall	1:18:48
10	Mark Harvey	1:06:32	22	Ian Cooper	1:20:26
11	Roy Small	1:06:56	23	Mike Browell	1:20:26
12	Hugh Cotton	1:07:03	24	Gez Myers	1:24:40
13	Tom Westgate	1:07:53	25	Jim Orrell	1:24:46

* Graham set off late; finish time 1:20:33, actual time 1:09:10

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GRINDLEFORD : 18 JUNE 1998

Following the pattern of the summer (or was it an early winter) the weather on the day prior to the race was murky and wet. To add to the organiser's usual problems was the fact that heavy rain in the early part of the week had turned the River Derwent into a raging torrent instead of the usual placid progress to be found in June. A decision was made to re-route the race along the riverbank then across the road and back to the playing field. Apart from appearing highly dangerous, one of the reasons for re-routing was the lack of volunteers to catch the floating bodies as they were swept under the bridge. Needless to say, the decision not to cross the river was questioned by some of the more vociferous members of Dark Peak. A few runners commented afterwards that they felt it was a better route without the river crossing. The organiser however will keep the river crossing unless there is an obvious danger.

Despite the weather, there were 288 runners and Dark Peak scored in the ladies and super vet. (O/50) classes. At one stage it looked as though the vets. (O/40) winner would be from Dark Peak, but it turned out that Tim Tett, who finished a creditable 12th overall had been wrongly classified. Well he looks old enough doesn't he?

A further nightmare for the organiser was the cock-up over the ladies results, where for some reason "she" finished up wearing "his" number so that when number say 224 went flashing past the finish, "she" was recorded as having broken all women's records. This mix-up occurred twice so the stewards' enquiry went on for some time.

Grindleford Carnival committee is very grateful for the support given by Dark Peak, not only for the race, but in the generous purchase of raffle tickets. There is usually a winner from the club and this year was no exception with Jim Fulton being the lucky recipient of a camera.

Frank Galbraith

Edale (continued)

24	N. Boler	46:50	64	K. Saville	56:11
30	A. Moore	48:35	67	D. Smallwood	56:40
47	J. Myers	51:46	75	M. Browell	59:54
49	M. Musson	52:13	88	finished	

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BLACKAMOOR : 25 JUNE 1998

1	S. Bell	41:07	91	T. Cochrane	53:58
6	M. Wynne [2 nd M40]	44:02	94	H. Cotton	54:13
7	M. Nolan	44:47	107	D. Hay	55:11
9	G. Ellis	45:36	113	C. Radcliffe	55:49
15	C. Adams	46:35	114	G. Nichols	55:50
18	D. Beresford	46:48	115	P. Farrell	55:51
22	R. Marlow [2 nd M50]	47:15	119	T. Mackey	56:19
23	R. Freeman	47:44	122	D. Smith	56:51
30	M. Harvey	48:16	125	M. Arundale	57:09
31	N. Boler	48:44	126	K. Saville	57:10
35	R. Hakes	48:35	137	R. Bryan	58:31
37	C. Barber	48:44	139	D. Smallwood	58:36
44	A. Moore	49:05	142	K. Borman	59:02
45	R. Hopkinson	49:14	143	T. Atkin	59:07
54	M. Cochrane	50:16	156	M. Browell	1:01:19
59	J. Armistead	50:34	159	N. Palazon	1:01:34
77	R. Small	52:17	164	D. Hopkinson	1:02:47
81	H. Swindells	52:53	168	H. Elleker	1:04:55
85	D. Markham	53:17	178	finished	

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ROYAL DOCKRAY : 27 JUNE 1998
English Championship counter

A long race and a fitting companion to the other Lakeland events. Much easier to reach than some, being nearer the M6. From the start at the pub there are bogs and rough to a steep climb up Clough Head. Over the misted Dodds to Helvellyn; a swoop down Swirrel Edge to the mines with a long climb back over Hartside. Once again Mark Hayman delivered an excellent result when it counted in a championship race.

Dave Tait

1	S. Booth (Borr.) [rec.]	2:27:14	99	J. Smith	3:32:40
9	M. Hayman	2:34:35	114	C. Last	3:36:42
45	D. Tait [2 nd M50]	3:01:19	146	started, 144 finished	

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WASDALE : 11 JULY 1998

21ml/9000'

"The hardest and the best!" – Dave Tait

Conditions were most unsuited for the Wasdale and the organisers must have been considering cancelling, or at best extending the course. Thin, high cloud and a cool breeze made the day out a pleasure rather than the usual battle against gales and rain that one normally expects. There weren't many fresh legs among the Dark Peak contingent: Will was only three weeks after his Bob Graham, Dave was limping about the start field on trashed knees, I'd done the Saunders the week before, Pete mentioned his most recent epic, done the weekend before and Barry was still making his way back from injury. All hopes lay with Mark Hayman.

Mark set off well, shadowing the leading group as far as Seatallan but he lost them on the traverse to Pillar, and as nobody else caught him he found himself running on his own. Feeling lonely at Beck Head he dropped out. I tracked Will round as far as Pillar when Dave came past and so I followed him instead. Will continued to pull away until Esk Hause but we must have closed the gap on the climb to Scafell as we suddenly had him in our sights again on the final leg-jellifying descent. We did what we could, but couldn't catch him.

Also out on the race, fresh from breaking Stan Bradshaw's age record for the B.G. was Brian Leathley. Unfortunately Brian was timed out on Great Gable.

Rick Ansell

1	J. Davies (Borrowdale)	3:46:07
16	W. Sullivan	4:50:18
17	R. Ansell	4:51:40
18	D. Tait [1 st M50]	4:51:41
42	P. Simpson [3 rd V50]	5:39:51
61	B. Thackery [1 st M60]	6:30:31

81 started, 62 finished

[ed. It was watching this race as a school boy that inspired me to go fell running. Yet twenty years later I have still to make my first appearance... one day!]

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BAMFORD : 15 JULY 1998

When the organisers were forced to change the course by police restrictions on road crossings they came up with one of the best long descents of any short race. Over two miles of fast running from the top of Win Hill back to Bamford recreation field including a top section over fields not accessible via public footpaths. It took its toll though and several runners found they had picked up injuries including Dark Peak's star M50, Dave Tait.

PEAK FOREST RACE : 19 JULY 1998
Four wanderings and a stampede – Part 1

6ml/650'

Dawn broke on 19th July a typical summers day - cold, cloudy and drizzling. All thoughts of a repeat of last year's Peak Forest Race - running with no vest and a drinks station half way round, instantly disappeared. But this 'eyeballs out' 6 miler, with a mouth-watering selection of cakes in the Church Hall and good DPFR camaraderie in the Devonshire afterwards, has always been one of my favourites.

I don't know exactly where we went wrong, but two thirds of the way round when the grass got waist deep it was obvious we had, and the sight of Eton Hill on a bearing of about 180 degrees from where we normally approach it confirmed our fears. With about 30 athletes milling around in the field like lost sheep and the weather deteriorating, I took what at the time seemed the sensible option and led a pack of runners directly towards Eton Hill. Imagine my surprise at the top of the hill, when the marshal said I was 1st through. The scene was set, a 1 mile blast down the hill into the village passed an amazed Pete Dyke (who could not work out who in DPFR was equipped to be leading, and was even more amazed when it was me) and I was first across the line.

Subsequent arguments about who had gone most of the right way, and some appalling abuse (none by DPFR) directed at the likeable race organiser who had quite clearly been let down by his marshals, meant the results were apparently declared null and void. But by this time I was long gone, the pub beckoned. My only regret was that my two lads who since they have been old enough to speak, have religiously asked me if I have won a race, had sheltered in the car for 2 minutes too long and missed my moment of glory.

Andy Moore

Results (unofficial)

1 A. Moore

Results (official)

Null and void!

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BLACK ROCKS : 22 JULY 1998
Four wanderings and a stampede – Part 2

Black Rocks 22nd July, the pre-race banter was all about following me round the short cuts. Again about two thirds of the way round after a great descent with Phil Crowson we re-entered the woods and it was pitch black. After 4 miles of red and white tape and marshals, neither were present at a 'T' junction in the woods. 'Go right' screamed Phil, but after 50 yards we were rolling down a peat bank scrambling over rocks and fallen trees before miraculously re-joining the race about 200 yards in front of where we left it. After ignoring the advice of physical violence against a Matlock runner who called me a cheat, and allowing an amazed Roy Marlow to take his rightful place in front of me at the finish, I again retired to the Pub.

Andy Moore

STONEY MIDDLETON : 30 JULY 1998

Four wanderings and a stampede – Part 5 – The stampede(?)

The word had even spread to Barnsley! One of those runners who wear those disgusting luminous orange vests (which should be banned from the Peak District) was overheard commenting to about a dozen of his team mates 'don't follow him in the brown he's been lost in his last 4 races!'

But then the race came and went. Redeemed at last, only a slight detour when the organisers added an extra stile, which most racers missed and 10 days of pent up aggression were released. The reward - 5th place, ahead of several arch rivals. In the pub over a Guinness and Lamb burger, the banter was gone the p*** takers noticeably silent. 'Fell Cred' restored.

Andy Moore

It's a pity the final mile is down the Coombs Dale road; there is a concessionary path that links across to the finish from an alternative footpath descent. There are some steep steps though, perhaps they think it's too dangerous - an under-11 competed in the main race. Most wore flat shoes, but the gloopy mud on the track along Longstone Edge justified studs.

Peter Gorvett

1	J Chambers (club?)	32:21	19	M Blundell	38:54
5	A Moore	36:03	21	H Bloor [1st F]	39:30
18	P Gorvett	38:42	24	T Mackie	40:30

(No clubs given - sorry if anyone is missed) 73 finished

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CAKES OF BREAD : 29 JULY 98

With only four non vet. men in the race, Al Sealy managed to fly the flag for the young ones. Jon Cant, on a welcome return, sped away down the last hill, whilst Mark Harvey waiting to pounce, dived into the bilberry allowing the old goat to get away. As usual there were tales told of the many variations of route from the Cakes of Bread continuing to justify this classic route's survival. In view of school holidays and Borrowdale, the field was seriously depleted. The race will be a week earlier next year.

Andy Harmer

1	Al Sealy	47:15	10	Roy Small	56:04
2	Jon Cant	49:12	11	John Gunnee	56:08
3	Andy Harmer	49:16	12	Hugh Cotton	56:44
4	Mark Harvey	49:12	13	Pete Farrell	1:06:26
5	Chris Barber	49:30	14	Helen Hargreaves	1:08:15
6	Nat White	52:40	15	Ruth Hambleton	1:08:15
7	Dave Holmes	55:13	16	John Myers	1:13:00
8	Alan Yates	55:23	17	Val Wright	1:15:00
9	Dave Beresford	55:43			

In Gear

Club Kit

New style running vests are available in men's medium and ladies medium. I am still waiting for new supplies of the large and extra large and despite promises that the new these are on there way they haven't arrived as yet. These are the new lightweight synthetic vests in brown at £16.00.

There is still a few of the older white synthetic vest left at £10.00 but sizes are restricted to medium and large all the brown cotton vests have now been sold.

New dark peak "woolly" hats are available (they are the same at the 20th anniversary, logo only) and in black, green, red and blue one size fits all at £7.00

There are still a few pairs of green shorts at £5.00. I am hoping to get some new shorts soon. All the 20th anniversary tee shirts and 20th anniversary sweatshirts have now been sold.

I am still waiting for delivery of the Dark Peak tracksters, the initial order was quite small and has been mostly spoken for but if there is any other requests for the tracksters then more can be obtained.

Richard Hakes
0114 233 9912

Shops and Discounts

The following shops usually give discounts to club members (exact amount varies with shop and product. Let Richard know if you encounter problems or find any others who will give discounts.

Runnercare
Keep on Running
Rock and Run
YHA shop
Blacks
Hitch and Hike
DB Sports

Meanwhile, Leading Edge (in hayfield) don't offer discounts but have some of the lowest prices around. Unfortunately, their supply of Walshes is being restricted. However, they are considering producing their "own-brand" fell shoes. Watch this space!

The bit at the end

Dark Peak News Winter 98/99

In the Next Issue:

- Club Championships and Dinner
- The late summer races (including the Thornbridge weekend – with pictures!)
- Reports on the Autumn's relays
- Full story of the Pound-for-the-Peak charity run (Marsden to Thorpe Cloud)
- & much much more (I hope) – please start writing

Articles can be submitted handwritten, typed or in electronic format on disk or via e-mail. Please use the electronic option if you can – a diskette or via e-mail to:

mike@frosthole.demon.co.uk

MS Word format preferred at the moment but I can read/convert most formats. Despite the years of practice it still takes me a good 15 minutes to type a side of A4 – and that's without all the formatting!

Deadlines for submission:	Wednesday	25 November
Publication date:	Wednesday	16 December

Thanks

Autumn's newsletter is always the easiest to fill with all the summer races. Nevertheless, I'd like to thank everyone who has contributed. I felt that my standards had slipped a little in the last couple of issues; rather too many mistakes, omissions or things that just didn't look right in the finished newsletter. I hope the standards are back on the way up. However well it was produced though, the newsletter would be very boring (and short!) without all your contributions. Please keep them coming, particularly the results and maybe a paragraph (or even a sentence!) to go with each.

So thanks for D.P.News Autumn 98 to; Rick Ansell, Chris Barber, Hilary Bloor, Mike Browell, Jon Cant, Rob Davison, Peter Dyke, Jim Fulton, Frank Galbraith, Peter Gorvett, John Gunnee, Richard Hakes, Andy Harmer, Jeff Harrison, Colin Henson, Rob Hutton, Derick Jewell, Andy Malkin, Roy Marlow, Andrew Moore, Dick Pasley, Helen Pedley, Paul Sanderson, Will Sullivan, Dave Tait and Roger Woods.

Cover

Front: Another Roy/David Marlow creation featuring three of Loxley's finest.
Rear: More Thornbridge events; in true Dark Peak style (photos by John Gunnee).



Ashford with Sheldon Parish Council

NOTICE

Adults are not permitted to use this Children's Playing Field for any event or gathering except where prior permission has been granted by the Council.

By Order of the Council - 1996