

Dark Peak News

Autumn 01



DARK PEAK NEWS

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- 3 News**
- 4 Coming Events**
- 6 More News**
- Freedom to Roam
- 7 Letters**
- 8 Features**
- Chairman's Report
- Warts and Whisky
- 13 Going the Distance**
- Coast to Coast, NZ
- Scottish 4000s
- 20 Reports and Results**
- 28 Fell Off**
- 31 In Gear**
- 32 The-bit-at-the-end**

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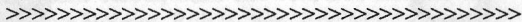
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News

Break In and Theft at Club Hut

The club hut has been broken into and the contents of the club kit box stolen. Fortunately the damage to the hut is not great as they took a panel off the wall at the back and not all the kit was in the hut. Nevertheless they got Dark Peak tracksters, the brown cotton running vests, most of the hats and a few fleeces. As well as hitting the club's finances this will force a rethink on the storage of kit. Clearly a padlocked trunk inside a padlocked building is not enough.

Meanwhile, there are some thieves in Sheffield looking to dispose of brown vests and hats! Keep your eyes open at car boot sales and markets!

Get lost!

The Pertex trophy should be awarded at the club dinner in November. Now we are back on the fells in some sort of way, it is every DPFR member's duty to inform the present holder of any display of incompetence so that they may be added to the list of contenders. Contact Jim Fulton: by telephone 0114 296 2001, write 39 Bents Drive, S11 9RN or e-mail pertex@dpfr.co.uk. Come on folks - "let's be careless out there!"

Full access (almost!)

All footpath legislation has been revoked by the government for all counties other than North Yorkshire and Northumberland. This will remove local authorities powers for widespread closure of footpaths. Finally some semblance of normality can return.

E-MAIL LIST available

We finally have a new e-mail list. It's available to club members on request to mike@frosthole.demon.co.uk The file is available in Word 97, text or .csv format (which allows easy export to Outlook address books). PLEASE SPECIFY WHICH FORMAT YOU REQUIRE. If you require another format please let me know.

Surprises and Success at LAMM 2001

The Lowe Alpine Mountain marathon went to Kinloch Laggan and Ben Alder. The usual surprises included the day 1 starts being at Corroul station on Rannoch Moor with competitors transported there by specially chartered steam train! In the event there were some excellent runs by a larger than usual DPFR turnout. Alan Ward and Simon Bourne were 3rd on the elite (2nd overnight), Phil Winskill and Tim Austin 4th on the A (5th overnight), Mike Pedley and Phil Young 5th on the C (11th overnight)..Other Dark Peakers in action included Dick Pasley + Colin Iago (C course), Ant Mayer (C course) Mike Browell + Jo Smith (B), Phil Cox + Peter Gorvett (A) , Mike Wynne + Richard Hopkinson (A) and Rob Davison + Duncan Woods (elite).

Coming Events

AUTUMN 2001

Club runs every Wednesday from the Sportsman at 6:30pm or at a "warts away" venue (start times vary – CHECK BELOW). It's back to the split personalities for winter: road or fell. On the roads please remember to wear something visible and on the fells come prepared i.e. torch, thermals and waterproofs (but brain optional).

Road runs usually last approximately 1h 20m often with a shorter alternative. Fell runs can vary enormously, usually 1.5 to 2 hours. Both runs have stops to regroup.

Sep						
Wed	26	18:30	Club run	Sportsman		
Oct						
Wed	3	18:30	Club run	Sportsman		
Wed	3	18:45	Warts run	Fishermans car park <i>Ian Hodgson Relay cancelled</i>		
Wed	10	18:30	Club run	Sportsman		
Wed	17	18:30	Club run	Sportsman		
Sun	21		Relay	FRA Championships		
Wed	24	18:30	Club run	Sportsman		
Wed	24	18:45	Warts run	Grouse Inn		
Wed	31	18:30	Club run	Sportsman		
Nov						
Wed	7	18:30	Club run	Sportsman		
Wed	7	18:45	Warts run	Snake Inn		
Wed	14	18:30	Club run	Sportsman		
Sat	17	10:30	DPFR race	CLUB CHAMPIONSHIPS, venue tba. Contact Andy Harmer for details or visit the web site.		
Sat	17	19:30	Club event	CLUB DINNER, Maynard Arms, Grindlford		
Sun	18	10:30	Local race	Roaches, Village Hall, Meerbrook	17ml / 3700'	
Wed	21	18:30	Club run	Sportsman		
Sun	25	10:30	DPFR race	Warts Revenge, Ringinglow Road (NW corner of Lady Canning Plantation). Details: Jim Fulton		
Wed	28	18:30	Club run	Sportsman		
Wed	28	18:45	Warts run	tba		
Dec						
Wed	5	18:30	Club run	Sportsman		
Sun	9	08:00	Relay	Calderdale Way Relay, 6 pairs in a team,	50ml	
Wed	12	18:30	Club run	Sportsman		
Wed	12	18:45	Warts run	Strines Inn		
Wed	19	18:30	Club run	Sportsman, Carols at the Headstone. Everyone on the fells - bring your torch!		
Wed	26	10:30	Club run	Boxing Day Trot		
Sat	29	06:00	DPFR race	Bradfield Boundary, Loxley School	48ml	

Freedom To Roam - One Chance To Have Your Say

Having achieved the freedom to roam responsibly over areas of mountain, moor, heath, downland, and registered common land when The Countryside and Rights of Way (CROW) Act was passed last year, you may have thought that was the end of it. WRONG! We generally aren't able to exercise these rights until special maps showing the areas are finalised - predicted to be in 2005. However, possibly the most important stage of the legislation:- agreeing what is open countryside and mapping it - is now underway, and one of the two lead areas is our own local stamping ground. We have one chance to influence where the access rights are drawn and this is during the public consultations on the draft maps. Once this has closed there will be no right to appeal by anyone who does not have a direct interest in the land. Now is the time to ensure any of your personal favourite routes are designated part of open areas and avoid future conflict with gamekeepers and the like.

Area 2 - Lower North West

The Countryside Agency has designated "Lower north west -area 2" to be - Lancashire, a small part of Cumbria south of the A65, part of N. Yorkshire including Bradford, Calderdale and Kirklees, Merseyside, Greater Manchester, Cheshire and areas of the Peak District National Park in Staffordshire, Derbyshire and West Yorkshire. The draft map is expected to be published in mid November and will be open to public view at local authority offices and libraries. There will also be a series of 15-20 roadshows held in the following three months, venues to be confirmed in mid October, but designed to be within 20 miles travel of anywhere in the affected area. The purpose of such a forum is to advise "as to the improvement of public access to land in that area for the purposes of open air recreation and the enjoyment of the area".

The Countryside Agency has an access mapping helpline 0845 100 3298 but as of mid-September they haven't finalised dates or venues for the roadshows. Details of their existing press releases and any subsequent information will be put on the web site. Alternatively you could don your anorak and visit www.countryside.gov.uk yourself. Members of the Ramblers Association are asked to feed comments through their local access officer. Further details and contacts can be obtained from the Rambler's national "freedom to roam team" on 020 7339 8528). Eric Mitchell has volunteered to help review the draft maps, being also a member of Ramblers. In particular he would like to ensure Coombes Moss, Burbage Edge (Buxton), and Axe Edge are all included as access land. There will be many similar areas across the Peak.

Other Areas

For those with an interest in South East England (area 1), and in 6 Welsh areas (round Berwyn, the Black Mountains, Pembrokeshire, Caerphilly and Merthyr), similar timescales are expected for their draft maps. NB Wales is tackling the task differently by using existing habitat surveys and could well be finished more quickly with the whole country preliminary mapped by Spring 2002. The remaining six English areas (including Sheffield and immediate environs in S. Yorkshire) will be mapped in stages over the coming months and years.

Helen Pedley; based on information from Eric Mitchell

MEMBERSHIP NEWS

E-MAIL LIST available

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Letters

Six Stones

One Wednesday night run from Kings Tree was so good I did it again on Sunday (I didn't do the full circuit on Wed, having carefully judged the weather - those who did will testify).

The Six Stones from the start at Kings Tree are: Slippery Stones, Bull Stones, Crow Stones, Horse Stone, Barrow Stones, Grinah Stones.

Better in reverse!

Kings Tree to Grinah Stones, Barrow Stones, Horse Stone, Crow Stones, Bull Stones, Slippery Stones.

And an obvious extension awaits, (avoiding Slippery Stones): High Stones, Wet Stones and down to Fairholmes

For those who have discovered the joy of the empty bus to Kings Tree, this is a must.

Mike Browell

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Features

DPFR Chairman's Report April 2001

A very busy, eventful and successful year. I don't think I can remember one quite like it. So much has been going on, with so many people involved, that it is difficult to know where to begin as I try to summarise the salient points. Let's begin with a few of the people who deserve the club's thanks, gratitude and a big round of applause:

- % **Dick Pasley** for organising the relays at Edale for the nation's top fell runners;
- % **The nation's top fell runners** for turning up in force, making the event such a success and telling us how much they enjoyed it;
- % **Dark Peak's teams** for winning the event, and showing that we are the nation's top fell runners when it comes to running across this type of terrain;
- % **Mike Pedley** for another year of stonking news letters, for putting up stoically with the bureaucratic nonsense that marred our victory in the Calderdale Relay, and for keeping the website up-to-date as a life support system through the foot and mouth crisis;
- % **Hugh and Roy** for seeing the club hut project through to completion, and for their brave attempt to put a damp-proof map on the wall;
- % **Andy Moore** for getting the excellent Burbage event back on and turning us into a two-race club;
- % **Bob** for taking over so smoothly from Paul as club secretary, for putting up with so much bureaucratic nonsense from the officials who "run" our sport, and for spotting things that needed attention before I missed them;
- % **Jeff** for being able to add up, and for keeping an eye on Richard's more outlandish kit ideas;
- % **Jacky** and her massage skills, which have kept a few of us old crocks on our feet for a few years more;
- % **Everyone else** who has helped in any way with any of the above. You know who you are!

I would like to keep this report short and readable, so I will deal briefly with the other things that I think need to be said. Bob has dealt at length in his report with the sorry saga of our disqualification from the Calderdale Way Relay. I think it is regrettable that this was raised and handled in the way it was, but that is now by-the-by. At the end of the day we did fall foul of the rule book, and I would underline Bob's view that we cannot afford to let this happen again. At a recent meeting of the club committee, we decided to issue clear and simple guidelines for all future participants in Dark Peak relay teams. If you are one of these people, please take time to read and absorb them – it may be a pain in the bum, but you do have a responsibility to provide club officials with clear and accurate information about your team status.

The foot and mouth crisis has stopped our sport and triggered a noticeable decline in attendances on club nights. The longer it goes on, the more trying it will become for us all. I think it is vital that we respect all restrictions on access to the countryside. It may be tempting to stray onto land where the restrictions seem to be serving no useful purpose, but to do so could antagonise the many country people whose goodwill and co-operation we will need in future. I think the better course is to continue to deploy wit, ingenuity and creativity in finding alternative events to tide us through. Thanks to Alan Yates (revived Urban Fell Race), Andy Harmer (Dunce), and Gavin Williams (interesting course-less event in south-west Sheffield) for setting the ball rolling. Watch the website for further details, and let's see if we can laugh our way through the crisis.

I did say at the last AGM that I would like to make this my last year as club chairman. I don't want to become a stale old fart, and I am finding it harder to free the time to do the job as I think it should be done. I talked this through with club committee members last week, and they suggested it would not be easy for a new person to take over in middle of the present crisis affecting our sport. They asked me to consider staying on for another year. I am happy to do that, but if someone else would like to start thinking about taking over the reins I would also be delighted to spend the year with them "shadowing" the job with a view to taking over at the next AGM. If you fancy a crack, please do not be shy about coming forward!

David Holmes

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Report of the DPFR Whisky Tasting Society , Winter 2000 – 01, Episode 1

After missing last year through a nasty bout of idleness, it has been decided to reinstate the keenly awaited annual reports of the hard-core fell runners and whisky drinking section of the Club. This year the away run calendar was even more packed with delicacies of one sort or another, although it was noted, with sadness, that many younger members of the club clearly don't know what they are missing out on by not attending these strenuous nights out. We have yet to see them on a regular basis (coming out on clear, cool nights does not qualify anybody as a true "wart"). The real test comes when the conditions are truly foul and the custard at its sloppiest! So, some edited highlights sadly curtailed by the infernal pox which afflicted the countryside later in the year!

Fisherman's car-park, 17th October 2000

An excellent start to this fun-packed season, unusually for this stage of the season, there was even a token woman present (Jo Smith), a token dog (Tansy), and a token pratt in shiny spotty tracksters (Jon Gunnee). Arguably one of the finest of all the warts routes, and certainly the one with most climb and the greatest variety of whiskies, is up to Hope Cross, down to the Edale road, up Lose Hill along to Back Tor, down to the road again and up to the rocks on Rowland Cote Moor (where there is a perfect mini-bar slot). Unfortunately the perfect night was ruined by some thoughtless individuals who detached themselves from the main "team" (I use the word loosely) on the top of

Kinder and apparently “got lost”! This was perhaps understandable given that there were at least a dozen route choices going on and the top of Kinder was dotted with torches and their accompanying bodies, proceeding in a variety of directions. A quick decision had to be made as pub time was fast approaching – by unanimous agreement it was decided to leave them to their fate as: a) one was a doctor and could cure her own broken limbs and b) the other was Andy Malkin and it would bloody well serve him right if he spent the night out there as he should know better. To everyone’s utter relief, they turned up some time later at the pub to cries of derision and knowing winks. A good night had by all!

Grouse Inn, 1st November 2000

Remarkable, Andy Moore turned up for only the second time in his warring career. The first being the same venue last year when he complained incessantly about the “rough” conditions underfoot and having to get his trainers dirty, not to mention the Highland Whisky (as opposed to the Highland Babycham, I think). Unfortunately, this must rank as the shortest warts run of all time (for him, I hasten to add). He was already having trouble with the technology in the car park and had to be given a crash course on “illuminating head-torches”. However within 30 seconds of the start and having mounted one stile, his torch failed as did Mr Moore and he reverted to his old, rather tawdry habits of running on the road whilst we heartier souls sped off into the woods. A pleasant, boggy route led us onto Gardom’s Edge where Mr Hakes showed us a convincing fake stone (plastic would you believe) and regaled us with tales of yore. Speculation about the meaning of the inscriptions was rife but the unanimous agreement was that it was an ancient privy and so it was put to use once more. The whisky stops are becoming ever more sophisticated. It used to be the blended stuff but now only the best malt, Glayva, Southern Comfort etc. is good enough for us connoisseurs. The natural evolution of this trend, I suppose, is that running will become a secondary issue and we’ll simply head off to the windiest, coldest spot in the Peaks and get pissed as farts. Getting old is no fun. On that high note:

Moz’s 50th Birthday “Run” – 3rd January 2001

The annual outing from Hugh Cotton’s hut at Stoney Middleton happened to coincide with the ancient one’s birthday, so expectations were suitably high for a good selection of whisky, and lately, rum following Hugh’s successful conquest of the Caribbean. We were not to be disappointed in this respect, the hip flasks flowed freely almost from the start. As to the run, this will go down in the “anals” as a great fiasco, worthy of the joint Pertex award. To be fair, the fog was very thick and we were running in the unknown territory of the White Peak.

The route went something like this: a tight meshed, hearty group set off up the dale and climbed the first hill and promptly went in the wrong direction (but who cares!). Encountering the track which we should have hit earlier we turned left when, in hindsight, everyone knows that we should have turned right. The reason for this bout of mass hysteria will never be fathomed, but I think it had something to do with the group taking on the “ovine” mentality and simply taking the line of least resistance, which in the pitch black and thick fog, which now engulfed us, seemed somewhere

leftish. At some stage, a kind of paranormal experience led the group to split into two and diverge at 90°, both apparently heading for Eyam. Sometime later, after having given up the other group for lost, we met up again but this time one group was on one side of the wall and the other, where else, on the other but heading in the opposite direction! After the usual argument (and unusually for Mr Harmer), a compromise was reached and we decided that we were both "half right" and so set off at right angles to both our paths. Normal service was resumed after this and, of course, in the true British way, the accepted compromise did indeed result in us finding the way home. The curtailed run led us to the pub where some three (four in some cases) hours later we went back to dormitory and a scene reminiscent of the baked bean scene in "Blazing Saddles" was re-enacted; the joys of beer and running. Happy Birthday, Maurice.

Chris Barber

P.S. Episode 2 will follow when I can recall anything about it.

Ed. If you fancy joining the warts, most of these locations will be revisited this year. See "Coming Events" on page 4.

Going the Distance

Coast To Coast, South Island New Zealand : February 2001

THE Mountain Race

That's what it said in the promo bullshit. THE Mountain Race!

So I had to do it.....but there was just one catch.....kayaking!

This is the ultimate Ironman for those who hate swimming, but there is a price to pay: obtaining a Grade 2 kayaking certificate. Now, I haven't been in a kayak since the seventies, so there was to be a steep learning curve.

Out there in New Zealand there is a whole calendar of multisport races, supported by a tiny population, just 3.6 million, and of these there seems to be a disproportionate supply of aspirant Ultimate Ironmen. So many of them are into outdoor sport, and an unbelievable number are into triathlon. And after triathlon, there is always...

THE MOUNTAIN RACE

So I had to go there....

Preamble

February is late summer in NZ. The sun is powerful, courtesy of a big hole in the ozone layer. But this is a MOUNTAIN RACE, so anything is possible, and just three days before the race, there was a good snow covering in the Southern Alps.

I travelled south through New Zealand from the humid heat of Auckland, all the way down North Island, converging on the ferry to South Island at Wellington to join a queue of big vans and all-terrain vehicles, all remarkably similar with kayaks on top, bikes at the rear, and fit looking people pacing and stretching. For the first few minutes in the ferry queue there was a ritual measuring-up; eyeing up the kayaks, bikes and checking out each other in a furtively competitive way. This overtly competitive atmosphere vapourised with the arrival of Pete and Dave, immediately everyones favourite Jafa (Just Another F***ing Aucklander) lunatic team, who proceeded to dial up the local take away pizza shop, giving their address as the ferry kiosk. The pizzas arrived in the nick of time, as the cars began to roll on board.....

Three hours later, we rolled off the ferry, still in Wellington! Seems the captain couldn't get the engines going.... So we changed ships and arrived in Picton early the next morning.

Highlights

That's the Preamble. For those who think this has all the makings of an epic, and want the highlights only:-

Day One
7:00 am mass start
2.7 km run from beach at Kumara, to bikes
57 km road cycle to transition (2:22 hours)
26 km mountain run up Mingha River, over Goat Pass and down Deception River to overnight camp (5:55 hours)
Day Two
7:30 am staggered start
15km road cycle to Mount White Bridge
67 km kayak down Waimak River to Gorge Bridge (6:06 hours)
70 km cycle to Christchurch and Sumner Beach (2:30 hours)

Overall 230/273 in solo category (there is also a Team Event)

Class 50/62 mens vets

A Great Big Adventure

Just in case you didn't know, New Zealand's South Island is world class scenery. The two days spent traversing the hard way from west to east gives a full scenic experience, well worth making the journey all the way across the world.

The morning of 10 February was warm, too warm for the black plastic sack as hundreds of us lined up on the beach, waiting for daybreak and the 7:00 am start. Behind us lay the Tasman Sea (liberally peed into by adrenaline charged competitors) and forming the horizon 60km ahead, the mountain chain which becomes the Southern Alps. In between, just 2.8 km along the highway, several hundred bikes were hanging from wires, in competitor number sequence, ready for a quick transition.

Alistair Cory Wright was very surprised to see me appear out of the early morning light, as he prepared himself for a big effort that was to place him third over the two days. Unlike me, he knew every step of the course, and spoke the local dialect.

For me, it was all a great big adventure.

Not surprisingly, soon after the starting gun I found myself towards the back, struggling up the sandy beach onto the track. From there it was a slow attrition as I hauled back a few places on the tarmac road, up to the bikes. Once on the bike it got much better, but lonely. I was soon whizzing past slower cyclists, temporarily slotting into a small pack, and after a few minutes of drafting I would be able to slingshot on to the next pack. And so it went, until I found an adequately tight and fast pack, and settled in for the long haul.



I wobbled precariously into the transition zone after 2:22 hours, into a chaotic melee of bodies and bikes. Pausing only for a banana and coke, into walshes, and seconds later I was plunging thigh deep into the icy water of the Mingha River, for the first of dozens of river crossings....

The organisers make a big deal out of competency at crossing rivers. Justifiably. These are big rivers, and capable of carrying torrential flows. The conditions were luckily quite benign, but a couple of days of rain would have changed things beyond recognition. Even so, each crossing was deep, strong and numbing. The gravel flanked riverbed rarely had properly tramped tracks, more usually shingle and rock, with stooped excursions into rooty bush tracks when the riverbed became too congested with house size bits of mountain on their way to the sea. I guess that further up the field there would have been a regular crocodile, but I was left alone to make my own decisions about where and when to cross the river. One especially memorable mile was passing through the climatic band of Rata trees (*Metrosideros robusta*) in full flower, and the rocks of the river bed were red with blossom. These trees are a mass of red, and at a critical height on the valley sides they form a bright red line in the green forest.

there is a strange magnetism at work and the kayak is hell-bent on a full frontal collision course..... At the last moment, it gets the message and nimbly flicks to the side.... Run that again. And again. But just beneath the surface are lots of brothers and sister boulders, all hoping to get a scrape of plastic as you rush over....

Then the gorge proper begins, another 25km of single channel river, with no escape. The valley walls have closed in, and there is no way out except on. It's a bit like Deliverance.... The water is moving with a bit more urgency, and sometimes going downhill with a sense of purpose. But the really wicked bits are the bluffs, where the river runs straight into a rock wall and turns sideways in a nasty sneer, swirling in an inevitable spiral which pulls you into the rock and tries to turn you over. And if you survive the spin action, and manage to avoid hitting upturned kayaks who haven't, there is more to come. At the end of each bluff is a boiling pool of swirling eddies, sometimes towering above general river height, and hell-bent on spinning kayaks around, and causing them lost buoyancy and serious grief in the aerated water.

Usually there is a jetboat or helpful rescue team on a nearby beach, waiting to haul hapless kayaks back ashore and help get them underway. After these moments of excitement, every so often there will be a kayak or paddle undergoing surgery on a beach, by having copious swathes of gaffer-tape applied to the crunched area.

It was getting hot, into the early thirties and whilst the river was numbingly cold, dehydration was taking a toll. My 2 litre backpack was taking a serious hit every ten minutes, and I was soon scooping up handfuls of river water to supplement it. I must have drunk over 4 litres. Eating was a bit trying, and I only managed one bar in 5 hours of paddling. The solution, for next time, is to have bananas taped to the front deck as the seasoned competitors had done. I soon found that there was a continuous stream of half-submerged banana skins deposited by previous kayakers, some moving almost as quickly as me!

The gorge was quite an experience, but with no big dramas, not even the ominously named Staircase which passed in a sequence of big waves, bouncing from one to the next. And after the 25km of gorge, a mere 17km of braids with a few lumpy bits....

And so, several hours later and with a seriously numb bum, the final 17km of braided river reached Gorge Bridge, where there appeared to be a beach party in full swing. Suddenly there were waving people in the way, wading out to help drag the kayak onto the beach and helping lift the paddler to the vertical. Not easy, and most, me included, need a bit of forward propulsion up the steep ramp to the bikes.

The temperature was now 34 degrees C, cool enough on the river but cooking up on the road. Bike tyres were exploding in the racks...

All that remained now was a 70km cycle sprint down the Old Coast Road to Christchurch. The problem was finding a pack....

Originally done as a long distance walk by members of the Rucksack club, the Scottish 4000's is one of the classic long distance fell running challenges. Martin Stone holds the record at 21:39 for a solo unsupported run. But I'm perhaps not the only one to be put off by getting on for 50 miles of flattish boggy terrain between Ben Nevis and the Cairngorms and of course the prospect of keeping moving for 24 hours.

But more recently, people have cut the time down drastically by turning the challenge into a duathlon and using a road bike to get between the two sets of mountains and two years ago Mark Hartell set the record of 12:35. A much more reasonable time to be out and for those of us not having the Bob Graham record holder's legs, a realistic chance of doing the event in daylight.

On the day of the race I fancied my chances and opted for a 6am start, an hour in front of the fast lads. Just one other person with the same idea, so Jamie and I set off up a wet misty Ben at a reasonable, chatting sort of pace. We stayed together for the first tricky descent, then even after missing months of fell running I found I could still hop across boulders at a decent pace, so I ran off into the mist.

I kept thinking about the amazing sunrise I'd seen on the Ramsey round, the North face of the Ben glowing green against shafts of pink light, but I just had to imagine it this time. Carn Mor Dearg up and down was tricky underfoot, but the Aonachs were more forgiving. I still managed to wander too far left on the descent of Aonach Beag and had to contour back to the path. And finally after checking in at Aonach Mor, I started the four thousand feet descent to the car park, blighted by ski tows. Martin had organised an adventurous descent from the gondola station - mountain biking down the newly opened route, using (hired) full suspension downhill bikes, full face helmet and pads. The record for the two thousand feet descent is 4:38, but during the race the fastest time was about 13 minutes - about the same time as I ran down. Be warned though, its a bit steeper than Porter Clough.

I sat under the porch at the car park and felt utterly battered by the weather. It was a real effort to change into dry gear, and try to eat and drink enough to set me up for the next section. For the first hour on the bike I was in a trance, head down into the rain, trying to get a rhythm on the deceptively uphill road to Laggan dam. To comply with the gear requirements I was carrying a bum bag, and over that a cycle shirt stuffed with flapjack, caramel shortbread and a spare water bottle. Over the next couple of hours I managed to chomp my way through it all without falling off. After Laggan, the rain stopped and the wind was behind us. The road was generally flatter, though still undulating and I managed to ride on the big ring most of the way, trying to keep a steady pace. We joined the route of the Corrieyairack challenge and the roadside was littered with dayglow signs - *Keep going, Only 10 miles to go, Tiredness is in the mind*. I looked at my watch, feeling that I'd been going all day, that evening was approaching, to find it was 12 noon. Another hour with some short, steep climbs and I was relieved to get to Glen Feshie. The bike ride was the one unknown for me and I knew I'd be so disappointed if I'd had a mechanical problem or even had to stop.

Jon Broxap, provided tea and scones, but most cruelly he got the camera out and expected me to run down the road, the best he got was a painful shuffle as despite the training I'd managed to wreck some muscles which were totally unused to what I'd done. It was overcast and cool and the tops were mainly clear, but Glen Feshie is about halfway through the race. So far I'd been close to Mark Hartell's times, but I knew it was all about running well over the fast terrain of the Cairngorms. So I let the food and drink go down as I walked up Carn Ban Mor, but over the top the legs wouldn't move, so I shuffled over the boggy ground towards Cairn Toul. Plover, Snipe and Sandpiper had made it their own, I was just passing through. I'd been on my own since Carn Mor Dearg, but now the first of the 7am starters came through and soon it felt like the whole field came together and I had chance to run with other people, who were just as heavy legged as me and we were all thinking about the climb out of the Lairig Ghru.

But first the tops of Cairn Toul, Angels Peak and a carpet of moss campion to Braeriach. I was running with Chris and Rigby from Kendal - keep right on the descent that's what I'd been told, but they ignored me, heading for the stalkers path marked on the map. I looked in horror as two ladies tip toed across a huge convex cornice which plunged steeper and steeper to the screes below. Thankfully they all went back and found a way round the edge of the snow field and I slid down the steep slope to the side. The Lairig Ghru was the only manned checkpoint and I had the luxury of a chat to the lads from Bowland and a sit down to take the stones out of my shoes. And then there was no excuse, handfuls of heather and bilberry all the way to Ben Macdui. But I was feeling better as the views opened out over the wilderness and a Snow Bunting's song greeted me at the summit. I stopped to look around and suck it all in, before striding down the well worn path to Cairngorm and the building site of the new railway. It was great to hear the cheers at the last checkpoint before a careful ride down the road to Glenmore.

Amazingly Jim Davies knocked an hour off the record in 11:35, I did 14:00 for 10th place and the last finisher did 16:23. Martin Stone wasn't sure how often the race would be held - probably not every year. But it's a brilliant day out and I'm sure a lot of Dark Peakers could manage it. If you organised your own attempt, you could avoid struggling through bad weather. As a duathlon, its 32 miles/13,400 ft ascent and 61 miles by bike. You don't need a brilliant bike - I did a decent time on a £200 bike and even on a mountain bike you could do it in about 4 hours. I've more information if anybody wants to have a go.

My Split times:	Me	Jim Davies	Joanna McClintock
Lochaber 4's	3:38	3:03	4:42
Rest	12	6	12
Cycle	3:15	3:12	3:16
Rest	11	5	13
Cairngorms	6:44	5:09	8:00
Total	14:00	11:35	16:23

Loxley Lollop : 18 February 2001

1 st	Tom	Westgate	1 st V40	3:33
2 nd	Mike	Robinson		3:34
3 rd	Chris	Ledger		3:44
4 th	Alan	Yates	1 st V50	3:52
=	Chris	Barber		3:52
6 th	John	Gunnee		4:00
7 th	Tony	Simpson		4:10
8 th	Tim	Hawley		4:17
9 th	Kev	Saville		5:40
10 th	Jim	Fulton	(short course)	4:17
11 th	Richard	Hakes	(4 days later)	4:59

Near perfect conditions for this the first race of the Loxley Rough Running series, and once again local knowledge proved invaluable as first Tom sneaked past Chris Ledger near Cliffe House Farm, then beat Mike Robinson to the finish after being a minute behind at Loxley trig. I also managed to beat Tony Simpson to the finish from behind at the trig after his round about route down.

The Loxley camper van was also a great success the hot tea at the finish was just perfect. Many thanks to its crew of Jill Gunnee and the kids for giving up their Sunday to support single handedly. Apologies must go to Kev Saville for abandoning him after he fell behind, we needed a second support car.

There will be a second chance to run this race next week as people who couldn't make today but actually still wish to be in with a chance of winning the Brugarolas trophy (yes there actually are some) can still log a time. However their race positions will follow on from today's official race.

Hope everyone enjoyed it; I am off to the pub now to celebrate what's left of my birthday.

John Gunnee

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Great Urban Fell Race : 24 March 2001

The Day of the Urban Virgins

The Great Urban Fell race is rather like one of those ageing rock bands. Despite several "final" events it keeps coming back for a reunion. The die-hard supporters drag their colours (road shoes) out of retirement for one last go and a host of new devotees appear. The result: a record turnout and more fans than ever!

The race is a classic. The format simple: from Noah's Ark visit Shirecliffe Hill, Wincobank Summit, Wardsend Cemetary Bridge, Bole Hill Park corner and back to Noah's Ark. Some ten years or so after the first event no-one can agree on the best route. Indeed, there probably is no "best route". It depends upon your strengths and weaknesses.

The virgins and the die-hards met in about equal measure outside the Noah's Ark in Crookes on a fine March morning. They immediately demonstrated the appeal of the event as the leading "group" of eleven split within half a mile of the start, took radically different routes to Shirecliffe Hill yet arrived 10 seconds apart.

Mark Chapman took the honours at this first checkpoint and maintained his slender (1 second!) advantage after something nearer to a pack run to Wincobank. Every time someone tried an alternative route it seemed to make no difference.

From the Roman Fort with its views of a more modern citadel (Meadowhall) everyone chose their own route with the best part of a mile separating the most northerly and southerly alternative. Yet on reaching the atmospheric setting of Wardsend Bridge 10 of the original 11 were back within one minute of each other.

From there onwards it's mainly down to brawn and the pack became a very long string as Phil Winskill powered his way up Crookes to claim the first prize, a string of Master Butcher Hayman of Crookes' finest sausages.

In the pub afterwards the sentiment was clearly that this shouldn't be a "final" event. I for one was apprehensive before the event but am firmly looking forward to next year. Maybe it could also be tried as a winter Wednesday night race?

Mike Pedley

<u>Pos</u>	<u>Name</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>Pos</u>	<u>Name</u>	<u>Time</u>
1	Phil Winskill	1:13:30	16	Chris Browell	1:24:40
2	Dave Harrison	1:13:38	17	Mick Cochrane	1:25:10
3	Dave Tait [1 st M40&M50]	1:13:46	18	George Yates (u/a)	1:29:29
4	Mike Sprott (Morpeth)	1:14:15	19	John Gunnee	1:35:37
5	Roger Woods	1:15:00	20	Jim Fulton	1:36:34
6	James Hargreaves(SHUOC)	1:15:20	21	Alexis Middleton (NZ)	1:36:48
7	Rob Davidson	1:15:45	22	Chris Barber	1:36:50
8	Bill Edwards	1:16:10	23	Dave Markham	1:37:26
9	Mike Pedley	1:16:55	24	Mick Poulter	1:37:56
10	Mark Chapman	1:17:50	25	Geoff Evans (HH)	1:48:17
11	Andy Middleditch	1:22:40	26	Stuart Laidlaw (HH)	1:48:19
12	Dave Holmes	1:22:45	27	Tim Atkin	1:50:56
13	Nick Morgan	1:23:28	28	Mike Browell	1:50:57
14	Richard Hakes	1:23:45	29	John Manthorpe	1:51:37
15	Alan Yates	1:24:30	30	John Myers	2:04:10

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35th Crookstone Crashout : 20 June 2001

Andy Jenkins rang to say the area around the Youth Hostel was sensitive following the national Foot and Mouth epidemic. Consequently a new route developed, and what a corker it proved! From the Trig, the next checkpoint was the bottom of Blackden, before a very long diagonal contour back to the Knoll. Rob Davison was well down at the Trig but then took six minutes out of me, to move through the field. Tim Tett was outstanding, winning by a large margin. Dave Holmes ran well, finishing ahead of Dave Tait. The return of Graham Berry was pleasing to see, whilst Tim Hawley showed increasing strength. Polly and David ran a rolled to the Trig and back, enjoying themselves.

					Andy Harmer
1	Tim Tett	49:43	14	Tim Hawley	1:01:40
2	Andy Jenkins	52:58	15	Richard Hakes	1:02:04
3	Rob Davison	53:16	16	Alan Yates	1:03:24
4	Al Sealey	53:38	17	Jim Fulton	1:08:07
5	Phil Crowson	55:00	18	Pete Farrell	1:08:07
6	John Soady	55:35	19	Hugh Cotton	1:09:40
7	Dave Holmes	55:38	20	Martin Lee	1:10:00
8	Paul Sanderson	56:07	21	Dick Pasley	1:11:15
9	Dave Tait	56:40	22	John Straker	1:12:17
10	G. Wilkinson	57:45	*	Graham Bell (old route!)	1:11:14
11	Dave Lockwood	57:49		Juniors (classic route)	
12	Graham Berry	59:06	J1	Polly Harmer (F13)	1:07:46
13	Andy Harmer	59:20	J2	David Hakes (M14)	1:08:42

Classic route = to trig and back.

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Blackamoor Chase : 21 June 2001

A different route all around the hills of Totley, but still long and steep enough to make a worthwhile course.

					Dave Tait
1	S.Penney (Chesterfield)	35:20	52	K.Jones	46:37
2	I.Smith	36:21	62	C.Pearson	48:12
5	B.Edwards	38:57	69	J.Armistead	49:02
8	J.Boyle	40:15	71	M.Dickinson	49:09
9	D.Allen	40:34	74	L.Atkinson	49:15
13	K.Holmes	41:25	75	J.Smith	49:16
17	J.Bacon	41:54	86	M.McCart	50:19
20	R.Hutton	42:12	98	R.Slater	52:13
23	P.Cox	42:33	101	A.Watmore	52:46
24	T.O'Neal	42:52	103	P.Tapping	53:02
26	K.McGrath	43:02	109	M.Arundale	54:07
28	A.Moore	43:25	116	G.Nicholls	54:58
30	D.Tait	43:37	125	D.Arundale	57:08
37	M.Cochrane	44:30	128	H.Elleker	61:00
41	A.Jackson	45:08	129	M.Browell	61:12
45	D.Bradbury	45:43	133	J.Norman	62:48
46	R.Hopkinson	45:56	143	ran.	

1	Tim Tett	19:01	8=	Richard Hakes	24:43
2	Paul Sanderson	21:02	10	Andy Harmer	25:04
3	Tom Westgate	21:48	11	Hilary Bloor	25:26
4	Dave Holmes	22:20	12	Jo Smith	25:56
5	Tim Hawley	22:55	13	John Gunnee	26:02
6	Mike Pedley	23:57	14	Bob Berzins	26:05
7	Pete Gorvett	24:19	15	Rod Douglas	28:49
8	Pete Farrell	24:43			

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Robin Hood Fell Race : 24 July 2001

1	S.Penney(Chesterfield)	32:56	51	B.Berzins	42:08
2	I.Smith	33:40	55	M.Smith	42:33
4	R.Patton	34:06	77	J.Griffiths	45:01
5	S.Patton	34:40	78	S.Pape	45:02
6	T.Tett (1 st V40)	34:57	83	K.Saville	45:42
10	J.Boyle	36:44	87	L.Bland	46:07
18	D.Gleadhill	37:50	96	P.Guerrier	46:56
19	M.Salkild	38:11	97	C.Wilson	47:12
22	K.Holmes	38:30	106	H.Musson	48:25
26	D.Tait	39:06	114	M.Arundale	49:25
27	A.Moore	39:34	115	C.Radcliffe	49:26
32	D.Bradbury	40:12	116	T.Mackey	49:36
36	G.Williams	40:22	119	M.Edwards	49:55
41	N.Boler	40:35	128	G.Nicholls	52:06
46	R.Hopkinson	41:13	140	M.Browell	56:38
49	A.Kitchen	42:00	149	ran.	

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Cakes of Bread : 25 July 2001

1	Tim Tett	45:37	21	Hugh Cotton	1:02:30
2	Rob Davison	46:05	22	Clive Last	1:02:38
3	Ian Smith	46:14	23	Tim Atkin	1:02:54
4	Al Sealey	47:00	24	Jo Smith	1:02:55
5	Iestyn Lewis	48:26	25	Tim Ray	1:03:46
6	Phil Crowson	50:15	26	Helen Hargreaves	1:03:54
7	Roger Woods	50:50	27	Hilary Bloor	1:03:58
8	Paul Sanderson	51:34	28	Kev Saville	1:04:42
9	Dave Tait	51:50	29	Lesley Atchinson	1:06:32
10	Phil Winskill	52:20	30	Martin Lee	1:06:33
11	Dave Lockwood	52:55	31	Pete Farrell	1:06:33
12	Mark Harvey	52:56	32	Maurice Musson	1:06:58
13	Tom Westgate	52:58	33	John Gunee	1:07:20
14	Roy Small	53:39	34	Dan Tett (M14)	1:07:57
15	Andy Harmer	53:55	35	Pete McFarlane	1:23:30
16	Richard Horsfield	55:07	36	Haimish Harmer (M12)	1:20:49
17	Dave Holmes	57:45	37	Luke Brennan (M12)	1:20:49
18	Chris Barber	57:58	38	David Hakes (M14)	1:30:20
19	Tim Hawley	58:07	39	Tom Holmes (M14)	1:30:20
20	Richard Hakes	58:23			

Five youngsters set off 15 minutes ahead of the main field, determined to do the full course, and did remarkably well. Dan Tett would have kept with many of the seniors - an excellent run, whilst his Dad maintained recent good form to keep a quality field at bay. The midges indeed showed up as usual, but many competitors were fighting the frogs to bath in the Dam overflow.

Andy Harmer

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Not-the-Alport : 15 August 2001

The lard in Team Lard read his mag, checked the web site on Tuesday morning, and turned up to perform in the annual Alport pigrimage on 15 August 2001. I set off a little early at 6.00pm to avoid the usual rush at the start and not to be caught in the congestion on the first ascent jostling for position with the leading twiglets.

I enjoyed a pedestrian approach to the round and even on the trig there was no sight of the following hordes. In fact there was no sight of anyone at all even on the final moor crossing with the lightning and thunder all too close. Bess was a little perturbed by the darkness, rain and nature's noises. I finished in the company of that fine Dark Peak stalwart Frank Galbraith. I appeared to be the only finisher! Later arrivals had gone wandering off on the Bleaklow Moors having pronounced conditions too dangerous.

I am therefore the winner of this prestigious race. The following week hundreds appeared in the empty quest for second place, I having comprehensively beaten them by a margin of nearly a week. However conditions on 22nd August were much nicer!

John Myers

Ed. The race was unfortunately postponed with less than 2 days notice.

Alport : 22 August 2001

1	Tim Tett	1:05:34	19	Tony Keddie	1:21:36
2	Alan Sealey	1:09:15	20	Thomas Routman(?)	1:22:41
3	Bill Edwards	1:11:53	21	Chris Pearson	1:24:57
4	Rob Davison	1:12:18	22	Alan Yates	1:25:07
5	Dave Tait	1:13:04	23	Tim Ray	1:26:19
6	Rob Hutton	1:13:49	24	Mike Pedley	1:27:02
7	Charlie Adams	1:15:40	25	Helen Hargreaves	1:27:12
8	Bob Berzins	1:16:03	26	Hugh Cotton	1:28:19
9	Graham Berry	1:17:05	27	Lesley Atchison	1:29:15
10	Andy Moore	1:17:40	28	Jim Fulton	1:29:23
11	Jenny James	1:18:44	29	Maurice Musson	1:31:28
12	Tom Westgate	1:18:54	30	Karen Dalton	1:34:15
13	Richard Hakes	1:19:25	31	Pete Farrell	1:35:28
14	Roy Small	1:19:46	32	Tim Atkin	1:39:40
15	Nev Boler	1:20:03	33	Pete Tapping	1:42:03
16	Phil Winskill	1:20:30	34	John Gunee	1:43:02
17	Andy Harmer	1:21:01	35	Mike Browell	1:53:00
18	Chris Barber	1:21:17	dnf	Stuart Gascoyne	

Conditions: Sunny, light S breeze, 14C; Ground: Good to soft, soft in places.

In Gear

Club Kit

The effects of the theft from the club hut are still being assessed so some items may not currently be available.

Vests

Cotton vests are £12.00 and the synthetic vests are £13.00.

Hats

Knitted, one size fits all and available in green, blue, black and red for £7.00. There are some new fleece hats in a variety of colours they are a little bit on the big size but only £5.00 both types of hat have the club badge.

Tracksters

The current tracksters are only in purple (at the moment) but I do have them in small, medium, large and extra large £18.00

Shorts

Shiny dark peak cycling type shorts with dark peak down the leg for £14.00 there are a few (very) old pairs of shorts that have been left since Howard's days for only £5.00

Fleece tops

I have both zipped for £20.00 and unzipped for £15.00 they are in various sizes and colours it is best to check I can get these ordered if there are any requests.

Polo shirts

There are only a few of these left they are all blue long sleeve £15.00 and short sleeve £11.00.

For any of the club kit please see me at a club night or race or even give me a ring on 0114 233 9912 or 0114 277 6309. I can post the smaller things out for 50p but the fleeces cost £2.50 as they are a bit bigger.

Richard Hakes

richard_hakes@yahoo.com

Shops and Discounts

Many local gear shops give discounts to club members (exact amount varies with shop and product) but the list is quite out of date. Please let Richard know of any shops where you get discount and level of discount you got.

Finally, Jim Fulton has ordered a limited edition of Club Ties. 20mm diagonal stripe for whole length in Brown Purple Gold. The first run has sold out but if you are interested in one from a future order please let Jim know.

The-bit-at-the-end

Dark Peak News Winter 2001/2002

In the Next Issue:

Who knows - depending on the impact of further Foot and Mouth restrictions.

If you run a race, a copy of the results and 1 paragraph to go with it can make a huge difference to the readability of the newsletter!

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	28 November 2001
Publication date:	Wednesday	19 December 2001

Thanks

PLEASE USE AN ELECTRONIC FORMAT IF YOU CAN (but scrappy bits of paper still accepted!) So if your results or article didn't make it, sorry, watch out next issue! As always, new articles and authors welcome.

Thanks for D.P.News Autumn 2001 to; Chris barber, Mike Browell, Bob Berzins, Jim Fulton, Richard Hakes, Andy Harmer, Dave Holmes, Rob Hutton, Eric Mitchell, Andy Moore, John Myers, Dick Pasley, Helen Pedley, Paul Sanderson, Jo Smith, Howard Swindells, Dave Tait, Alan Yates

Cover

Mike Browell during his two day epic in New Zealand.

And finally for those with anoraks... keep up-to-date with the latest DPFR news and results at: www.dpfr.co.uk or www.frosthole.demon.co.uk/dpfr