

# DARK PEAK NEWS

A black and white photograph of two runners ascending a wooden staircase outdoors. The runner in the foreground is wearing a dark long-sleeved shirt with a light-colored horizontal stripe across the chest and dark shorts. The runner behind is wearing a light-colored vest over a dark long-sleeved shirt and dark shorts. The background shows a grassy hillside.

WINTER 2002/3

# DARK PEAK NEWS

## Winter 02/03

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**6 Coming Events**

**9 Club Championships**

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**14 Features**

- Not the Marsden-Edale
- Ace Races 2002

**15 Going the Distance**

- 24 Marilyns in 24 hrs
- Mourne MM
- Open Country MM

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**27 Reports and Results**

**35 In Gear**



**36 The-bit-at-the-end**

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# Editorial

## Long Time No See

It's a while since an editorial made an appearance. Sometimes it was the ramblings of an editor desperate to fill space. No such trouble this time. Just the ramblings of an editor who is missing being out on the fells... or even running of any sort.

No I haven't finally got fed up of the long journey to Sheffield (from Hebden Bridge) but it's a long way to go just for a pint! The reason probably lies in the mystery after effects of a virus contracted in May just as I was enjoying my best results for many years. Two months later I thought I was fully recovered and finally went out for a long run; a superb sunny Sunday run with other Dark Peakers on the Carnedds. But I ended up walking the last 15 minutes of just over two hours and almost every run afterwards felt a real effort. After a depressing attempt to run at the Thornbridge weekend. I decided on a complete break. Three months on and after lots of good advice from members who have been through similar things I'm tentatively taking a few steps out in my running shoes.

So if there is news you think people would like to hear about or results you want publicising PLEASE let me know. I may be absent but the web site and newsletter are business as usual.

## Classic Champs

One of the most frustrating things about not running was missing the club championships over the fantastic "Triple Crossing" course. I love running that course in competition and would happily still run it every year. It's depressing to think that with the rotation it will be another three years before it is run again as a club champs. It very nearly wasn't run this year after a fierce debate at the AGM but I believe the club would have lost something special if it had been dropped even if still run on another occasion. Just have a look at Frank Thomas's article later in this edition to get a feel for what it means to one of our exiles. I'm already looking forward to November 2005. Please don't change it!

## Proper Pertex Campaign

On a lighter but no less controversial subject. What do people think of the recent awardings of the Pertex Trophy? There have been some classic cases of "incompetence on the fells" but have these always been the ones which have won the award? In recent years it seems to have been used more as a personal statement or the punch line of a good joke rather than highlighting the year's outstanding blunder.

So get out there this year and make some classic mistakes which the judge (Mr Pasley) simply cannot ignore. Something so mind-bogglingly stupid and inadvertent that can be recognised by all as a classic in the true spirit of Dark Peak and the Pertex!

# News

## **KIMM 2002: Storms, airlifts and pulled muscles**

Some dramatic times awaited Dark Peaker's on this year's KIMM in the Cheviots. None more so than for Peter Gorvett who was airlifted to hospital with hypothermia on day 2. Fortunately he was released later that day with no ill effects other than providing Mike Browell with ammunition to immortalise the events in verse (page 12).

For all competitors the clear blue skies of Saturday morning were replaced by wild overnight storms with winds of 70mph and heavy rain into Sunday. Performance highlights included: Andy Middleditch winning the B (with partner Matt Crane); Al Ward and Simon Bourne 5th on elite; Mike Wynne and Richard Hopkinson 9th on the A and first vets again; Tom Westgate & Richard Hakes 13th in Long Score; Christopher & Mike Browell 56th on long score after an excellent day 2. Less fortunate were Phil Winskill and Tim Austin who pulled out very early on Day 1 elite after Phil sustained a torn calf muscle.

## **Watershed full Route Returns**

This years High Peak Marathon (Derwent Watershed) has permission for the FULL traditional route. Runners who have competed recently will have received a entry form in the post. Any entry forms /info required contact Rich Wilkes, this years co-ordinator on 0114 266 4908 or 0779 624 276. Also note there will be proper food and shelter at Moscar and Snake this year!

## **Car share initiative as "big" races return to popularity**

This year saw a resurgence of Dark Peak interest in the "big" races such as Championships and long "classics". With more people saying they are interested in travelling next year, Dave Tait is promoting the idea of car sharing. It makes the day more sociable, saves money and fossil fuel. To go with it Dave has launched a car share web page.

## **Mark retains title at Club Championships**

Mark Hayman retained his title in clear but heavy conditions over the classic Triple Crossing route with Phil Winskill second again. Tim Austin missed the start but ran a strong solo race to third place. Tim Tett was both first veteran and 4<sup>th</sup> overall for the second year running. First Vet50 was Andy Harmer only just beating Karen Dalton who finished as first lady.

In the evening's entertainment more of the traditional prizes were awarded. Dick Pasley took the Pertex award for trying to use his video controller as a safety device (i.e. taking it on the hill thinking it was a mobile phone). Andy Moore claimed the Local Race League title in a closely fought race over Dave Tait and Karen retained the women's Local League trophy.

## **Grumpy Bloke marries Happy Skippy girl**

Rob Davison and Karen Dalton got married on Saturday (2<sup>nd</sup> November) with many members of Dark Peak there to enjoy the festivities. The heavy rain, which fell throughout the afternoon and evening, didn't stop the fun that included an excellent firework display as well as the more usual wedding activities.

## **Get Well Soon**

Club men's captain Rob Davison has more reason to be grumpy after a nasty fall left him out of action for a while. Rob fell from a unprotected upstairs landing to hurt his already troubled back on the floor below. Fortunately it seems the damage may be limited but has still left him unable to move much let alone run in the first few days afterwards.

## **More stars transfer to Dark Peak**

Phil Winskill and Helen Hargreaves have resigned from Pennine and decided to join Dark Peak. Also transferring, this time from Sheffield AC, is Mark Chapman. When coupled with Andy Trigg's recent decision to join us as first claim from Glossopdale this significantly strengthens our teams for both relays and championship races. Among our front runners there is a desire to have a real go at the championship races next year following recent good performances in the Lakes.

## **BOFRA Champion**

Mark Salkild is this year's BOFRA V40 champion. Mark competed in 17 of the 20 "professional" championship races finishing 8th overall and first in the over 40s. He saved his best until the last (and longest) race with 5th at Wasdale Head.

## **FRA Relays: disqualification again!**

The men's team at the FRA relays were disqualified after it emerged the third pair of Mark Hayman and Alan Ward failed to punch the final control on the third leg. They visited it but were under the impression that the electronic control was not working. Further results available shortly.

## **"CROW" Access Maps**

The second drafts of these maps are now available online or at Sheffield Town Hall or online. Apparently they haven't changed much for the Peak District areas we are interested in. Almost all the regular "trespasses" will become open access including all the areas around Redmires. At this second stage of the process only those with a legal interest can appeal against a decision. All those who formally commented on the first draft should have received a written outcome by now.

# Coming Events

**Club runs:** every Wednesday from the Sportsman, Lodge Moor, Sheffield at 18:30 or at an "away" venue (usually at 18:45 but check below). In winter there is a **road and fell ("warts")** alternative. Most runs are normally 1.5 hours with shorter options often available. This winter the away venues include a **"Hogwarts"** ("fat-boys") option - inclusive runs aimed at slower members exploring quiet country lanes and a few paths. Further details from Mike Browell or John Myers. Where possible these will coincide with Warts venues or at least use the same pub afterwards. Abilities vary and there are usually a couple of regroupings during the run.

"Local races" are open events usually entry on the day with an entry fee (£2 ish) and a few prizes. "DPFR races" are informal events for Dark Peak club members, usually with no entry fee and no prizes.

Sun	22	10:30	DPFR race	Crookstone Crashout, Rowlee Bridge, A57
Thu	26	11:00	Club run	Boxing Day Bogtrot ; Ox Stones. A straight race with some sort of twist in the tail. All road surfaces are out of bounds. All competitors and friends are invited back to Roy and Marilyn's hovel for a post-race soirée at:- 33 Bents Drive, S119RN (turn right in front of the Hammer & Pincers Pub on the way back from the race). Phone Roy for more details 0114 236 7549 (P.S. there aren't any more details except bring a compass and warm clothes)

## 2003

### Jan

Wed	1	10:30	DPFR race	Eyam Moors. William Hill road (225780). Checkpoints in any order : Wet Withins Circle 225790, Stoke Ford 211795, Abney phone box, Stream crossing 202788. (William Hill Road to be out of Bounds). Further details from Dave Tait.
Sun	5		DPFR race	Rivelin Challenge. Further details from Tim Tett.
Wed	8	18:30	Club run	Sportsman
Sun	12	10:30	DPFR race	Burbage Nuts, Porter Clough car park. Details: Dick Pasley
Wed	8	18:30	Club run	Sportsman
Wed	15	18:30	Club run	Sportsman
Wed	15	18:45	Warts	Low Bradfield
Wed	15	18:45	Hogwarts	High Bradfield
Sun	19	10:30	Local race	Lambs Leg, Lamb Inn, Hayfield-Chinley Rd. 2.75ml <b>IMPORTANT:</b> No entry of runners travelling alone! Entry fees based on numbers in the car. Suggest parking in Hayfield and car sharing.
Wed	22	18:30	Club run	Sportsman
Wed	22	19:00	DPFR race	Warts Night race, Meet at Sportsman.
Wed	29	18:30	Club run	Sportsman
Wed	29	18:45	Hogwarts & Warts	Odin Mine, Castleton



### New Secretary Needed!

It might seem like the blink of an eye, but I've been club secretary for 3 years now. I've really enjoyed the job, but I think 3 years is long enough and I will definitely resign next April. If no one steps up to replace me it will be club secretary - post vacant. Secretary is a bit of a mythical job - there seems to be a common view that it involves a lot of work - it doesn't!

The only regular job I have to do is to organise the AGM and take minutes. However the secretary is the first point of contact whenever anything goes wrong, for me this has included complaints, resignations and disqualifications. As well as that I receive a lot of junk mail which goes straight in the recycling bin.

I offered to do the job because the club has done a lot for me and I thought it was only right that I should do something in return. It's your go now.

Bob Berzins

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### Stanage and North Lees Book Project

As part of Stanage forum and management plan, a grant has been found to produce a local history book, covering the area from the edge of Sheffield to Hathersage. They are looking for anecdotes rather than long essays. This club is part of the upsurge in leisure activities in this area, so how about putting pen to paper with some fell running tales. Or if you know about pack horse troughs, Roman roads etc. I'm sure the compilers of the book would like to know. There should be lots of local publicity in the next few weeks. The contact is: Jenny Edgar, Literature Development Officer, Derbyshire County Council. ph 01773 831394 or [jenny.edgar@derbyshire.gov.uk](mailto:jenny.edgar@derbyshire.gov.uk)

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### Members News

#### DPFR - Belgium gains it's third member!

Dierdre ni Challanain and family are to move to Belgium in the New Year. Dierdre's partner Jon has got a two year contract there. Jenny James and Dave Peel relocated to Belgium earlier this year.

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#### Changes of Address

Chris Barber, 6 Studfield Hill, Wisewood, Sheffield, S6 4SJ. Tel: 0114 221 8040

New e-mails Roger & Val Woods  
Dave Lockwood

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[dandsel@btopenworld.com](mailto:dandsel@btopenworld.com)





## GOING BACK TO KINDER

*Nature is always hinting at us.*  
*It hints over and over again.*  
*And suddenly we take the hint.*

Robert Frost

After an absence of no less than eleven years I felt it was time to be reminded of the masochistic nature of a Dark Peak championship. To forsake my gentle Cotswold limestone for the upland gritstone of Kinder was like a homecoming. Such is the attraction of the club of which I have been one of the longest serving expatriate members since those Bob Graham days of 1977! To my shame, though, I have yet to make it to The Sportsman on a Wednesday night despite my intricately planned running trail from Cheltenham to Sheffield in time for last orders.

We were blessed on the day with settled weather. Ever since I reverted to glasses after problems with contact lenses I've had a fear of navigational disasters in rain and mist. No such problems today though as I confidently headed over the top to the Snake check, nearly diving headlong into the gate and almost forgetting to turn round. With just one runner ahead (I now realised my time handicap could force me to take charge of my own navigation!) I marked the guy until the end of the climb and the sudden unfolding of the wild and desolate plateau.

One moment he was there, the next nowhere at all! My compass came out and I set it for the direction of the Downfall. Another runner appeared, then a few more. I shouted a wrong number to Frank Galbraith, then passing him the second time corrected my mistake before merging with the River Kinder. I'd forgotten how strange it feels to be splashing along the bed of a river without any prospect of seeing the distant route ahead. Maybe local knowledge includes recognising the actual shapes and positions of individual hags and groughs. Could that mean the difference between finishing and being nominated for the pertex award? My sighting of another runner at this point was therefore reassuring, despite my trusty compass.

I'm pretty sure that in 1991 I followed the path home round the outside of Grindslow Knoll, so it came as a shock to be hurtling down a vertical slope unable to control my speed until the fields near the end. By then I'd lost a couple of places, but that was a small price to pay for the privilege of being back again in this timeless, primeval and sombre landscape. I know it's not always like that but my romantic view of the High Peak is influenced by many wonderful expeditions and challenges, not least of which are a succession of memorable, often epic, Derwent Watersheds in the days when Dark Peak fielded not one but several teams.

I think the red grouse were telling me not to "go back, back, back, back" but to "come back, back, back, back". That's the hint they dropped to me, anyway.

**Frank Thomas**

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**THE BALLAD OF KIMM 2002**  
**A chilling tale of a huge chopper**

Many tales are told of runners bold  
 Who go out thinly clad  
 So here's the tale of Pete and Phil  
 Two cold Long Scoring lads  
*It's chilly on the Cheviot*  
*And fell running is slow*  
*So hypothermia's often close*  
*When crossing Scotsman's Knowe*

The forecast was quite nasty  
 With threats of gales and mist  
 But on Day One it shone so bright  
 That sunstroke was a risk

Under blue skies at close of day  
 In tents so safe and warm  
 And jolly were the Dark Peak teams  
 In the lull before the storm  
*It's chilly on the Cheviot*  
*And fell running is slow*  
*So hypothermia's often close*  
*When crossing Scotsman's Knowe*

Yet KIMM this year had something  
 else  
 In store for t'second day  
 Some really nasty weather  
 Was already on its way

It all began at overnight camp  
 When dreadful winds did moan  
 Rain swelled the streams to bursting  
 point  
 And laughter turned to groans  
*It's chilly on the Cheviot*  
*And fell running is slow*  
*So hypothermia's often close*  
*When crossing Scotsman's Knowe*

To chasing start at break of dawn  
 Our heroes rose un-dampened  
 Up into mist and driving rain  
 With wind-chill factor rampant

But several hours later  
 After tussock stream and mire  
 The wind-chill factor took it's toll  
 And Pete was feeling dire  
*It's chilly on the Cheviot*  
*And energy levels runlow*  
*So hypothermia quickly strikes*  
*When crossing Scotsman's Knowe*

So when our plucky Peter  
 Shivered down the peaty plod  
 Causing such bad congestion  
 He was trampled in the bog

He chose the worst constriction  
 To have his epic chill  
 And blocked the path to runners  
 Descending from the hill  
*It's chilly on the Cheviot*  
*And energy levels run low*  
*So hypothermia quickly strikes*  
*When crossing Scotsman's Knowe*

No end of willing helpers  
 Soon got him fully clad  
 Medics appeared from nowhere  
 Making us all feel glad

They had to phone a chopper  
 To fetch cold Peter down  
 He was surprisingly well kitted out  
 For one so minimally renowned  
*It's chilly on the Cheviot*  
*And energy levels run low*  
*So hypothermia quickly strikes*  
*When crossing Scotsman's Knowe*

He'd got so many pullys,  
 Six tents, twelve bags and food  
 In fact everyone gave something  
 To lighten up their load



# Features

## Not the Marsden to Edale.

I phoned up Tanky Stokes on the evening after the Roaches race.

'Can I enter the Marsden to Edale?'

'Entries should have been in this weekend, could you get over to my house?'

'What if I turn up anyway and chip in money for the costs?'

'That would be unfair on the others.'

'Not if I put in for the money, I know it costs a bit to hire the village hall, tea, sandwiches, etc.'

'Yea, they want us to pay for it all day this year; OK, give me your details and put a cheque in the post tomorrow.'

The next evening; phone call from Tanky.

'Cheque in the post?'

'Yea, went in today.' Apparently the oldest lie in the book, but in this case, true.

5.0 pm the day before the race I phone my support driver.

'Are you still OK for tomorrow then? Thought we'd leave at 7.15.'

'Just got to check, - Oh, the wife needs the car to get to work.'

'OK, I expect I'll manage to get a lift.'

Many phone calls later. Other members of Dark Peak are either: not doing it; in a car which is full; or not at home. Quite a few hopefuls are not in. Are they all partying before the big race? By now I have probably spent the equivalent of the race fee in phone calls.

The closest thing I can get to doing it is that my wife could drop me at Edale at 8.0am; slipping this in to the normal frantic weekend taxi service of ferrying children between sports and social events. This had its attractions. I could run towards Crowden for two hours and fifteen minutes, being half my anticipated time to do the whole thing the opposite way. I would then run back.

It would be much more sociable than the usual routine of seeing about three people after Black Hill. It would have the bonus that I would be in front of half the field for much of the time, seeing them as they worked their way past me. I would also have the psychological advantage of being in the lead, in terms of being nearer to Edale, for much of the race. I was also keen to take part in this age old institution, founded when the reliability of the new rail transport allowed long distance bog trotters from Manchester to plan large day walks between stations with the assurance that as long as they walked fast enough, they would catch the train home.

So, my lovely wife dropped me at Edale at 7.55. 'Turn right to Edale.....stop, you've just gone past it'. 'How many times have you been here.?' 'I'll still be late for Joe's hockey'. I stashed an old rucksack of expendable spare clothing under a picnic table in front of the Ramblers Inn, with a label on it that I would be back, having run to Bleaklow. Another advantage of starting from Edale was the large number of available toilets. Makes a change from the rhododendron bushes in the park at Marsden and the worst toilet in the world [all one of them]. I missed the camaraderie of the start in the desolate surrounds of Marsden, but it was good to be out.

I got to the top of Bleaklow; to the extent that anything that shape can be said to have a top; at 10.20. , in foul weather. Time to turn round. Back down to the Snake road. No other runners. I strode down the road purposefully, with brief anxious glances behind me, but I don't think many waiting cars were fooled that I was the leader. Back up towards Kinder and still no runners. As I approached the edge four guys appeared 400yards below me. I put on a bit of a spurt. I finally lost the 'lead' at the start of the crossing, being overtaken by the leading group of four. Then one more overtook me a bit further on, but that was it. I could see no other runners. The sun came out and I put on a bit more effort down the hill and into Edale, but I had mistimed it. The welcoming hordes were not there yet, so were not to be fooled.

I reported in to Tanky's tent at 12.20. I was unofficially 6th. My rucksack was in a corner.

'Thought the scouts who put the tent up had left it', said Tanky, retrieving an old spanner he had put in it which had something to do with a gas device.

'That's novel, might start a trend there. I'll put it in the write up. Man started wrong way!'

'Well, thought I'd best get my entrance fee's worth.'

'Yea, quite right, have 2 cups of tea and a couple of sandwiches.'

Walking by the station I noted the next train back to Sheffield was 12.50. Best get that one. Not much chance of hitching a lift for a while as nobody else has got in. But that just leaves me time to get changed. So foregoing my bonus tea and sarnies I made it back to the station.

The train was late: probably an occurrence the ancient Manchunian bog trotters would not have anticipated. I shall drink several teas and gorge myself on sarnies next year.

Geoff Nichols

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## Ace Races 2002

### Highs And Lows Of Adventure Racing

#### *Adventure – Challenge - Endurance*

The ultimate low came on Day Two of the second event, midway across Kielder Water, in a torrential downpour. I'd been paddling the inflatable canoe for an hour, this was the third crossing and I was cold, tired, and below all, wet. To the core. The human animal within me was unhappy. It was making low moaning noises. I felt like a drowning man going down for the third time. I could see the far shore and the finish through a grey mist, but I couldn't finish yet; another hour of paddling, and several more controls to find.

A few hours later, the ultimate high. Way up above the lake stood a forest observation tower. I'd been there twelve hours previously, at midnight, on the night navigation stage. Now I was back again, after a hard climb which delivered a brutal sting in the tail for those fatigued by two days of gruelling multisport racing. And now I was enjoying it! I knew the descent, soft going all the way through the woods, and I'd picked up quite a few places on the climb. Suddenly it was all going to be OK.

Adventure racing is like that, lows and highs. Mountain marathons are a good challenge, but no-one can deny that they are a bit samey. Repetitive. Multisport races have that special ingredient, diversity, and whilst it's no picnic following a three hour mountain run with a five hour mountain bike ride, it's certainly not dull.

The Ace Race Two Day Series had four events throughout 2002, Cannock Chase, Kielder Forest, Exmoor and Ullswater. Ace Races combine fell-running, mountain biking and kayaking over a two day race. Navigational skills are high on the list of essentials, followed by endurance. Each weekend adds up to around 13 hours of racing, in a number of timed stages. Upwards of 200 competitors take place, mostly in two and four person teams, but the elite category is for solo competitors. Age is dealt with by a handicap system, so there are no veteran categories. You get a few points for each year over 40, and after that it's head to head with the whippets.

#### *Cannock Ace Race*

As for all Ace events, it started with issue of Sportident dibbers and a briefing which outlined the format for the whole day. The thoroughness of the briefing some became apparent when the control description sheets were issued. Competitors vanished with their maps and control cards, and for an hour there was a kind of hush over Ace Base as map marking and tentative route planning took place.

The countdown to first start time quickly passed. Runners were released in minute intervals in small groups, sprinting to control value give-outs where they found which controls were dummies (ie did not exist – so much for the tentative route planning!),

what score values the remaining controls had, and vitally important, the location of the Activator control which had to be visited to get any score at all.

Four hours later...I was late back, having been too greedy, and suffered time penalties which wiped out the value of my last control. Being late is double grief, because it eats into the marking and preparation time for the mountain bike stage which follows immediately.

There was barely enough time to clean the map with nail varnish remover (cunning tip) to give a clear base for the new set of controls, get them plotted and then it's time to go.

Then the process repeats, with control scores given out after the start line.

Of course, making the transition from run to bike is never easy, and legs felt distinctly leaden and wobbly for the first hour.

After the bike stage there were a few hours to clean up a bit, feed properly and wait until nightfall for the next briefing.

The night navigation stage was split into two areas, with a health warning that those doubtful about their ability should stick to the close area. On the start line it was clear that there were two groups, the big light people and the little light people, and most of the big lights were heading for the distant area. For the next 1.5 hours the big lights roamed the forests, terrorising the little lights. You'd see them coming and the little light people would tremble like rabbits caught in the glare, avert their eyes and blink frantically to get used to the dark again as the big light wobbled away.

I tried to live up to the potential of my big light but fate played an unkind hand and I found myself tumbling down a slope, hugging a badly sprained ankle. Having only got one decent ankle at the best of times this was a major blow. I stood up, hopped and limped a bit, and decided it would get me home. After ten minutes I found that I could limp reasonably quickly and it seemed a shame to waste all that lovely big light to just retire. So I turned again, and hopped off into the big light area. An hour later I struggled into the finish, in agony and close to midnight.

Six hours later I woke up and learnt to walk again. It was not a happy sight, but with a couple of ankle strappings I found I could still limp convincingly. So I set out on the trail run. A veil should be pulled over the next few hours, during which I totally disregarded RICE.

The trail run was split into two sections, with kayaking in the middle. This would have been much better if it had not been for the portage stages between river and canal and back again, where two good ankles would have been a distinct advantage.

My final 22<sup>nd</sup> position was not too disappointing, putting me about halfway in the male solo class, and in the top 30% overall: quite respectable for a debut performance.

### *Keilder Ace Race*

The hills are bigger around Keilder, but shrouded in forestry that conceals their size. On the 3 hour run section it was soon apparent that there was only enough time to attack one hill.

Luckily most of the controls were scattered around it, and thick mist on the summit gave me an edge. The control description said 'fence corner by the Giant Golfballs'. Now, on a clear day this landmark is visible for 50 miles, and finding a fence corner is usually no effort at all. As it happened, when I found the fence I could just about make out the looming bulk of a Giant Golfball.

The next few controls were equally well concealed and it was amusing to see people appearing from unlikely directions.

The run section was followed by a one hour optional sauna, but the alternative was unthinkable. The midges were so bad that it was impossible to mark the map up anywhere except in the tent. So zipped into the tent, I dripped sweat onto the map while plotting the cycle controls. Then out for a 5 hour mountain bike session, mostly on good forest trails, but some gruelling climbs.

Day two's trail run was split into two, with the kayaking stage in the middle. The highs and lows of each have already featured, so enough to say that I pulled back a few places and finished 15<sup>th</sup> in class, 23% overall.

### *Exmoor*

Early August and it was scorching hot, with an idyllic lakeside campsite, but hardly any time to enjoy it.

Day 1 started with an 8 mile cycle to the start, just to warm up. Then straight off into a 3 hour run on forest tracks. This was such a tight area that it became apparent that I stood a chance of getting all the controls. That posed a dilemma. Under the scoring system the maximum score is 500 points, which includes age handicap. On top of that there are bonus points for early return with a full score. So I had to decide which controls not to visit, tricky maths when you've been running for three hours.....

Then a 5 hour mountain bike race, finishing at the campsite, in time for a feed and then a long wait until it became properly dark enough for night orienteering. Because I'd done quite well in the first run my reward was a late start time, guaranteeing I'd return tomorrow.

Once again the navigation was desperate, with thick mist and paths everywhere, few of them mapped.

Day 2 started with a dehydrating 2 hour paddle which was memorable because the sequence of controls was mandatory, requiring paddling back, forwards and back again down one stretch of the lake.. The more cunning competitors found that beaching the canoe and running a couple of hundred metres to and from the control saved valuable seconds.

As the day warmed up, a running circuit of the lake took in the high point of the previous night, and the lowest point on the map, before struggling back up the steepest hill to the finish.

I finished slightly better, in 12<sup>th</sup> position in male solo class and 14% overall.

### *Ullswater*

It began with the warm up cycle to the start. 'Its just 4 miles and mostly flat – except for the last bit...' Hairpins worthy of any Lake District yellow road!

Perfect weather was forecast but thick mist promised to make the run stage more interesting for navigators. Unluckily it vaporised early on and gave better runners an excellent circuit on the less frequented fells east of Ullswater. Controls were tricky, and actually finding the minimal wooden peg and Sportident box was a major effort, easier for midfield runners with plenty of people about, but a lonely experience for me, one of the last 5 competitors in a class of 67!

The mountain biking involved the option of an horrendous carry up to High Street for those with the nerve for it. The reward – 6 miles of switchback, mainly downhill, and loads of points. The path was littered with despondent bodies and lots of 'teamwork' to drag the weaker members to the summit.

Night orienteering was a pig, waist high bracken moorland with vestigial features, loads of unmarked paths and only the limited information carried on a 1:25000 map.

Due to a huge entry list the male solo and pairs were sent off to tire themselves out running while the teams and ladies inflated the canoes, then tested them. The run gave options of 12.5 or 17.5km; the gamble was knowing whether you could do the full course and still be back within one hour of the winners time. Beyond that, the penalties meant that the short but certain course was the safe bet.

I finished the final event in the series in 16<sup>th</sup> position out of 67 male solo, the biggest start list so far. This put me 14% overall, more than I could have hoped for.

### *Getting Higher*

Getting older and wiser, I have at last discovered something I am reasonably good at. A glance through past DPFNR newsletters at the Results section and you know that its best to start looking for my name near the bottom! But in multisport racing I have an edge.

As I got the hang of the tactics, my Ace Race skills improved consistently across the four events. From 22<sup>nd</sup> (47%) in male solo at Cannock I moved up to 16<sup>th</sup> (24%) at the final event. I found that I could excel in mountain biking (6<sup>th</sup>) and do quite well in the paddling (9<sup>th</sup>). Running? - well, lets just say that there is still scope to improve...



*At Cannock Chase*

I'm sure that I can do better with the night navigation when I learn to ignore the siren un-mapped paths.

The elusive Ford Challenger 4x4 which was the prize for the top performer in the Series remained elusive: I was 9 heartbeats away from it after 3 events, but those nine continued to perform at a level far beyond mine.

The format of Ace Races will appeal to those who thrive on endurance events, love navigational challenge and can cope with the three disciplines of run/bike/kayak. After that it's just down to score orienteering – can you choose the optimum route for the terrain and conditions? Oh yes, and teamwork, unless you, like me, believe that the best team is a Team of One.

Mike Browell

# Going the Distance

24 in 24

“ an attempt to climb 24 Marilyns in 24 hours”

A ‘Marilyn’ is the rather odd name given to the 1572 hills in Britain, of any height, which have a clear drop all around of 150 metres. i.e they are relatively high (listed in The Relative Hills of Britain by Alan Dawson – Cicerone)

March 2002: Newland’s Hause at 4.30am. Parking not a problem. Robinson’s summit in the moonlight at 5 am - time to slow down - going too fast on adrenalin – ahead lay an unsupported attempt to try and climb 24 Marilyns within 24 hours by foot and bike.

This was in fact the 4<sup>th</sup> time I had set of to see if “24 in 24” could be done. Each attempt has been on different clusters of hills ranging from Shropshire, Knoydart, and the Western Isles.. Each time trying to find the optimum combination of 24 hills that would fit into 24 hours, legs and lungs permitting, Each attempt so far had fizzled out between 6 and 9 hours due to all sorts of pathetic reasons. This time would be different, I was determined to stick it out for 24 hours to see how far I would get.

The gloriously hot spell just before Easter 02, combined with a full moon, gave an unexpected early season opportunity to dig out the mad plans of summer. The summit of Robinson holds special memories for me, being the first of the 42 peaks on the Bob Graham Round that I completed 10 years ago. Ten years later and here I am again at the start of another 24 hour voyage into the unknown – shouldn’t I have grown up by now and be going around garden centres for a hobby instead? Jogging along the cold frosty ridge towards Dale Head the fat moon made a torch unnecessary. I could see for miles across the black solid shapes of the Lakeland hills bathed in moonlight, and best of all – out there across the eastern sky – a growing band of daybreak and the forecast of a warm dry day ahead

Daylight arrived on the easy grass jog down to Honister, and a stream for mixing up the first of many sachets of complan – my secret weapon which proclaims on the packet “ideal for invalids and athletes”

After a stiff pull over Grey Knotts (is it quicker to go around ? ) enjoyable level running followed below the dramatic north facing cliffs of Great Gable. Jogging back across the summit plateau of Kirk Fell the morning light was dazzling on the frost covered moss, which contrasted sharply to the hundreds of separate black shadows cast by every rock. A great time to be out on the hills. Great Gable & Scafell Pike are not really runner’s peaks – being “nothing but rocks” and hard under foot. I followed the Corridor Route upwards, and then a direct way up the side of shifting scree to the slippery frost covered summit rocks of England.

I guess most hill runners have experienced being out (occasionally?) in totally inappropriate footwear and just praying that you don't have an accident because of all the tutting and bad press it would attract. This was such a moment, wearing walshes and trying to run (ha!) across the sharp, slippery, ice coated boulder field.

From Scafell Pike the next objective was lowly Hardknott Fell – looking lost down in the vastness of Upper Eskdale. Could I really get there in the scheduled 1hour 30 mins. Slowly down, via Mickledoor passing below another stunning cliff – The East Buttress of Scafell, and finally back onto grass – ah bliss

Down at the The Great Moss (aka Great Swamp) and time for another complan. Tee shirt and shorts now in the warm sunshine – tremendous for March. Some crafty weaving around and over little bumps minimised the height climb up Hardknott Fell reached pleasingly in the allocated / guessed 1.30 for this leg from Scafell Pike.

I reached the road at Hardknott Pass in 6 hours with 6 Marilyns done – bang on the demanding one an hour requirement. Here my hidden mountain bike and food, placed the day before, remained thankfully undiscovered. I just now had to remember the combination lock number!. ( I was to use two different bikes on this self-propelled attempt, having decided that an 'all on foot' attempt was not on for me) First though I nipped up and down Harter Fell eating as many bananas as possible. The top was an outstanding viewpoint for looking back at the Scafell range.

Back to the bike. First more food and drink and then a change into fresh clothing and dry shoes and socks - wonderful morale boost. I left a smelly, sweaty heap of unwanted kit spread out in the sun to be collected the next day.

Now for the novelty of a bike ride. A super fast, brake squealing descent of the 1 in 4 left me frozen in a tee shirt, but it was so nice to be sitting down, until the legs had to start doing strange round and round movements on the following uphill. Luckily the ascent of Wrynose Pass is sharp and short, most of which I pushed; dumped the bike and sack behind a rock and whizzed uncluttered, with only a water bottle, on a direct line up Pike o Blisco. I had been on top here at New Year to witness a cloud inversion over Langdale. Today, people were sunning themselves on top.

10 minute run back to the bike and another finger gripping, brake squealing zoom down and along to Lingmoor for a brutally steep 250 metre climb to the top through still dead bracken – an advantage of a March attempt.

The next bit of my master plan I liked – a link to little Holme Fell. Using a mountain bike allowed a short cut through the woods and slate quarries. A beautiful intricate place. Holme Fell is an easy ascent with minimum climb – I was hugely helped by having been up it before, as paths wander all over the place. This was the first "mountain" I had taken my 5 year old nephew up, with the bracken taller than him!

Loughrigg Fell looked a long way off, even with a bike. More rough tracks and an eye watering descent down to Skelwith Bridge, ignoring the temptation for an ice cream, and a step push / half ride to the top of Red Bank from where a laser direct path aims straight to the top. 11 Marilyns in 11 hours. So far so good.

Same routine now – run down – unlock the bike from fiddly combination lock and zoom down the hill, this time into Grasmere – where my support crew took the form of a quick café stop for a pot of tea, jacket potato and tuna to try and refuel the body ready for part 2, into the long night.

4.30 pm: the foot of Seat Sandal. 12 hours into the challenge and 11 Marilyns done. I had felt fine so far had had enjoyed the madness and delight of pushing myself, but I knew that this is where it would get hard, digging into my energy reserves as well as coping with the approaching long cold night.

Seat Sandal was a 600m climb or 2000 feet in old money. Easy grass at a steady angle – nothing untoward, just a long drag. I knew not to keep looking up – but could not help it. I could see a single sheep at the top, but it looked so small it might as well have been on the moon. The top was finally reached in 1 hr 15 mins which was not bad going, but I was now losing time. Sadly my hope for something to “kick in” on the dash out to St Sunday failed to materialise. I felt tired and weak. More complan kept me going but with little change to speed. A cold wind was getting up as the sun began to set at 7pm. I began to have doubts.

Mental calculations on options and timings followed. I knew this would be a low moment – tired form 14 hours on the go and the psychological hurdle of the night and cold approaching. It is so easy to convince yourself of all sorts of sensible alternatives – after all I wasn't carrying enough money for an impromptu B&B or taxi ride for nothing. I came up with a compromise plan – to reduce my attempt to 20 Marilyns within the 24 hours. ( I would miss out Red Screes, Baystones, Caudale Moor, High Street). That would be nice. I could now settle down into comfortable plod mode and the modified plan would be in the bag. Piece of cake. No problem?

Back into moonlight on St Sunday with a screaming wind developing as the temperature plummeted. I was dressed to the hilt including a down jacket I had been carrying since the start as a last minute thought. Cocooned in down, and feeling the pressure to push was off, I rather enjoyed walking easily down to Patterdale by moonlight, even enjoying chatting to two lads, looking in vain for somewhere to camp.

Somehow 3 whole hours passed between the summit of St Sunday and reaching the summit of Place Fell – hill 15. I know an hour passed on the final climb from Boredale Hause to the top, more than double the usual time. I needed to keep resting. I was weak with a combination of tiredness, the sapping effect of the cold and my decreasing energy reserves. I got into a routine of sit down – chocolate – swig of complan – continue. I just had to get over Place Fell then it was down to bike No 2 and easy small hills to finish.

From Place Fell I had a novel direct descent down steeply through the dead bracken (again only suitable in winter). This got me out of the cold wind and down to the dead end road at Boredale Head. A revival of spirits here as I collected my bike and more goodies from behind a wall. Unfortunately I discovered a worrying loose wheel nut which I could only get hand tight. With a lack of alternatives I reasoned that it would be OK if I cycled slowly at first and kept my eye on it? A very welcome sit down, and a glide down the moonlit road to Martindale. The wheel seemed fine. A short push up to dump bike and sack at St Peter's church on the col. I had just leant the bike against the graveyard wall when a loud screeching broke out – a fox slunk away.

The easiest of ascents followed up Hallin Fell on short well walked grass for a view at midnight of moonlight on the lake, then a stiff legged jog down. I now enjoyed some easy cycling on the long haul around Ullswater, with all sorts of noises going on in the hedges from night life that panicked away as my wheels swished past. The icy cold made me glad of my down jacket and mitts. I had a rest in Pooley Bridge where at 2am it was well below freezing as I sat on a bench starting to feel very sorry for myself – oh for a cup of hot tea rather than a chilled banana.

I pushed (literally) onwards uphill for ages to below Little Mell Fell. I was now “done in” and craved sleep and an end to this madness. This I knew were normal feelings for such outings.

At 3 a.m. as I cycled towards the black bulk of Great Mell Fell. This would be the 18<sup>th</sup> and final Marilyn that I would have time for within the 24 hours. Leaving the bike for the last time I drifted upwards through a Tolkein world of twisted tress and moon shadows I reached the top at 4.04. and was back at the bike at 4.30 after a slight navigational hic-cup in descent.

Time up. 24 hours gone since leaving Newlands Hause. 18 Marilyn's climbed. I had hoped to add the lowly hills of High Rigg & Swinside and cycle back to Newlands Hause but no chance, not tonight. No, I had had quite enough, thank you very much.

Unfortunately, with this being a solo self-supported outing I still had 13 miles to cycle back to my tent at Keswick. Thankfully the main road is smooth and a lot of it downhill, although . unbelievably I fell asleep for a nano-second whilst wizzing along. The subsequent fear and adrenalin surge as I opened my eyes kept me wide awake until the campsite. As I arrived back the sun was re-appearing to defrost the frozen earth once again. So it really was cold last night! . I was just crawling into my tent after a 27 hour outing when I was surprised by the early rising campsite owner, after his money, who greeted me with “Morning, you're up early. Are you off out for a big day?”

“Er- No”

Chris Pearson

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## Mourne Mountain Marathon : September 2002

When I asked Roy if he fancied doing the MMM it wasn't really the elite class that I had in mind but on the basis that you have to try these things once and at least it's in September so it gets dark fairly late and the weather should be reasonable etc, etc, I agreed. Two months later sitting in the pub in Newcastle I was beginning to feel a little apprehensive about the whole affair.

The weekend started well, flying from Liverpool with Easyjet is highly recommended and by 1pm we were on our way to explore Lough Neagh. We stopped at a random parking place by the water and happened to wake up Walter Scott, five minutes chatting and a piece of Di's fruit cake was enough to get us an invite on board. I wasn't totally convinced this grubby little craft would even get us to our destination but how wrong I was, soon we were flying across the water at 27 knots and had to wait 10 minutes for Tom at the other side to pick us up in the car.

We spent Friday night at Newcastle YH (also recommended) which was practically empty and spent a pleasant evening in the pub although I was a little disappointed the boys didn't take part in the karaoke.

I was relieved on Saturday morning that the weather looked as if it was going to stay settled and we set off in bright sunshine. Tom and Richard started 8 minutes behind me and Roy so it was just a matter of time before we saw them again. The first 2 controls went smoothly but then our bad route choice left us floundering around in waist deep brambles in the forest whilst Tom and Richard skirted round. We finally emerged some time later to see them cheerfully waving to us from half way up the next hill. Acres of knee deep heather later we finally made the next control. From here there was some scope for going over Slieve Donnard (highest point in the N Ireland) and Richard had expressed more than a passing interest in doing this on Monday if he didn't do it on the event. I convinced Roy that we didn't really want to do 300 metres of climbing that we didn't need to and we contoured round. Our spirits lifted as we approached the next control to see not only that we had caught Tom and Richard up but that they were actually heading in the wrong direction (they had also obviously been over Slieve Donnard which was a relief as it meant we wouldn't have to do it on Monday!). We passed behind them and legged it to the next control. Alas they soon caught us again and that was the last we saw of them until the overnight camp.

By control 6 I began to have some doubts about my ability to finish an elite MM as we were only half way round and I was already exhausted, a seemingly endless series of steep climbs and descents on really rough ground followed and we were getting seriously close to an after dark arrival. We finally made it to the camp for 7pm with just enough time to get sorted out before dark. I spent the next 3 hours feeling rather smug watching a stream of lights coming down the hillside (these people were obviously even slower than me and they had done a shorter course!) I was very relieved that I wasn't one of them.



Or was it just 14 minutes and a few seconds? Only the Sport-Ident download could tell.

Pete toddled off to return with a smile that the Cheshire cat would die for. 3 seconds seemed to be the margin.

Pete and Phil were the highest placed Dark Peak Team, although Simon Bourne (2<sup>nd</sup> claim) and John Hunt won the event outright with a ridiculously high score despite a heavy burden of penalties.

But also up there on the winners podium were Browell & Browell, comfortably winning the Adult and Junior class (well, they were the only entry!) but most surprisingly in 8th position overall.

Mike Browell

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# Reports and Results

## BOFRA Championships 2002

I have been absent from the Derbyshire fell racing scene these last few years so I could concentrate on the British Open Fell Running Association (BOFRA) championship. It's the "professional" wing of fell running and the forerunner to amateur racing. The races are mainly short, up and down, steep and there is no insurance cover for accidents.

The championship runs from late May to October and consists of your best 12 races from a possible 20. There are separate categories: men's 12s, 14s, 17s, seniors, V40, V45, and Ladies. The races take place in the lakes, Swaledale, Warfedale and Scotland.

I found myself winning the V40 title again with 8<sup>th</sup> overall.

There has been a lot of mileage on the van but well worth it. I have only seen one other Dark Peaker at a race so come on and give it a go!. Yes, you still get paid in pound coins (or notes) for your efforts.

Mark Salkild

### BOFRA Champs 2002

Seniors	1	Ted Mason	V40	Mark Salkild
	8	Mark Salkild	V45	Billy Proctor
			V50	David Fell
Ladies	1	Karen Salter		





**Alport Race: 21 August 2002**

A good turnout for another traditionally midge-ridden evening. A good race was had up front with the leading places changing frequently until the last surge for the finish from Oyster Clough finally separately the runners. The steep climbs and descents together with the, what feel like, sprints down Alport Ridge and into the finish combine to make this race one with more variety than most (the traditional Crookstone race also falls into this category). It's appeal seems to be rising with a gradual increase in numbers over recent years. Hope to see you all again next year.

Tim Tett

1	Phil Winstill	63.59	15	Tom Westgate	79.32
2	Tim Austin	64.15	16	Graham Berry (V50)	79.45
3	Andy Middleditch	64.59	17	James Hargreaves	80.25
4	Tim Tett (V40)	65.26	18	Tim Hawley (V40)	81.32
5	Mick Robinson	66.17	19	Chris Barber (V)	83.40
6	Mark Hayman	69.20	20	Kevin Saville	83.53
7	Iestyn Lewis	71.30	21	Paul Sanderson	85.15
8	Gavin Williams (V40)	72.04	22	Hugh Cotton (V50)	92.26
9	Andrew Hodges	73.05	23	Ruth Hambleton	94.44
10	Bob Berzins (V40)	73.38	24	Hilary Bloor	94.59
11	Andy Harmer (V50)	74.15	25	Tim Weigand	99.39
12	Roger Woods	76.50	26	Jeff Harrison	110.00
13	Roy Small (V50)	77.21	27	Mike Browell	115.00
14	Chris Ledger	77.31			

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**Totley Terminator: 8 September 2002**

1	A.Ward	2:24:31	57	R.Hakes	3:17:54
2	O.Johnson	2:26:07	58	S.Pape	3:19:18
4	A.Middleditch	2:34:45	65	M.Lea	3:25:40
6	S.Bell	2:36:28	66	J.Fulton	3:25:40
10	D.Allen	2:41:53	67	I.Lewis	3:26:05
11	G.Williams	2:42:21	69	T.Atkin	3:26:54
12	K.Holmes	2:42:59	70	L.Bland	3:27:15
14	D.Tait	2:46:01	75	R.Marsden	3:32:31
15	J.Boyle	2:46:27	76	R.Slater	3:33:01
16	A.Moore	2:47:38	90	C.Edwards	3:46:54
25	M.Cochrane	2:57:49	99	M.Poulter	3:50:12
26	R.Woods	2:59:32	101	M.Browell	3:51:03
29	C.Browell	3:00:31	114	G.Nicholls	3:58:36
36	P.Elliot	3:04:37	116	B.Thackery	4:01:05
39	R.Hopkinson	3:07:58	135	H.Elleker	4:25:33
51	H.Thorburn (1 <sup>st</sup> Lady)	3:15:59			
53	K.Jones	3:16:28	148	ran	

Another team prize in a long race, a reflection of what our club can do when we get our teams out. A real effort to get organised next year? The usual direction this year, but with a few changes. With no clip above Redmires, the road seems to have been fastest to Wyming Brook. Should the usual clip be reinstated? After Hathersage church there wasn't much to choose between the road or Toothill Farm. A long race, a fitting and to the series.

DT

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**Lake District Mountain Trial : 15 September 2002**

1	Brendan	Bolland	4:14:22	63	Robert	Marsden	7:10:55
		(Horwich)					
10	Tim	Austin	4:54:59	69	Chris	Barber	7:25:02
18	Andy	Bell	5:41:15	70	Maurice	Musson	7:26:54
33	Andrew	Harmer	6:10:10	78	Tim	Ray	8:06:04
60	Alan	Yates	6:59:23				

85 finished

Short

1	Simon	Patton	2:29:20	31	Colin	Henson	4:35:20
9	John	Armistead	3:48:04	34	Roger	Lyons	4:43:45
11	Dick	Pasley	3:59:44	35	Hugh	Mathieson	4:45:36
14	David	Lockwood	4:05:21	38	Michael	Poulter	5:04:20
17	Graham	Bell	4:09:32	40	Jeff	Harrison	5:16:39

45 finished

Women

1	Angela	Brand-Barker	Keswick	W40	3:50:19
6	Hilary	Bloor	DPFR	W40	4:18:57
11	Alison	Shepherd	DPFR	W40	4:52:45

15 finished

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**Masters Uphill Race : 21 September 2002**

Following on from the uphill selection race at Skiddaw, Billy Wilson and myself were at Innsbruck for this uphill only race. The V55's and older had to start at the first cablecar stop, avoiding the relatively gentle first 3km. The course was very, very hard, relentlessly uphill with no respite, no flat – a different effort from anything we're used to, and favouring the local countries. Never too steep and just about runnable. Finishing at 6400ft hardly helped. Racing back down again would have changed things. Next year's event is the same weekend – in the Black Forest, completely worth it for the England shirt, the occasion and the photographs. Any takers?

Dave finished 15th

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### Kinder (Autumn) Springs : 19 October 2002

An Autumn version of the classic Mike Hayes creation. The weather was cold and misty. Everyone seemed to enjoy the run and adjourned afterwards to the Snake for prizes with one exception, the race organiser! I was having a particularly bad hair day and having reached the second spring above Hayfield took a direct line to Kinder Trig. This poor route choice made a slow runner even slower. Unfortunately I failed to locate spring 3 so set off back as time was pressing visiting Kinder Gates en-route!

Whilst crossing the final section a wild wind swept figure appeared wearing his trademark knee length shorts. It could only be one person, Mike Hayes, who thought the race started at 11:00 not 9:00. In the spirit of friendship Mike abandoned his return and returned to the pub with me where he was awarded all the prizes.

John Myers

1	Tom Westgate	2h17m	
2	Tim Ray	2h18m	
3	Chris Browell	2h19m	[1 <sup>st</sup> Junior (U18)]
4	Andy Harmer	2h 24m	
5	Richard Hakes	2h 40m	
6	Jim Fulton	2h 45m	
7	Mike Browell	2h 45m	
8	Maurice Musson	2h 46m	[started 1 day late!]
9	John Myers	?h ?m	[2 Springs]

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### Loxley International Mountain Marathon Day 1 : 13 October 2002

1	Gavin	Williams	19	10	Tom	Holmes	14
2	John	Kewley	19	11	Neil	Palazon	14
3	Tim	Hawley	18	12	Gary	Westwood	14
4	Richard	Hakes	18	13	Maurice	Musson	14
5	Andy	Harmer	16	14	Alan	Yates	14
6	Polly	Harmer	16	15	Tom	Atkin	13
7	Hamish	Harmer	16	16	Dave	Hay	13
8	Mick	Poulter	15	17	Paul	Sanderson	9
9	Davis	Hakes	14				

### Loxley International Mountain Marathon Day 2 : 23 November 2002

Day 2 Results Total points

1	Tim	Hawley	587	6	Roy	Small	370
2	Chris	Browel	570	7	Marylin	Small	355
3	Mike	Browel	570	8	Neil	Palazon	354
4	Gavin	Williams	434	9	Gary	Westwood	354
5	Richard	Hakes	418	10	David	Hakes	274

The club caravan was the base if not the starting point for the day two cycling event. A few of us had arrived the night before and checked the local pub. The Cropton beer festival meant the the pub was full but not so full as we didn't get a seat. Fortunately the 11 am start in the morning was not too early for most. The weather began fine and with a little sun. Once the event had began it was quickly realised by most competitors that the resent rain had left many of the un surfaced tracks very difficult to negotiate.

The Browels made a good showing and the fact that they had set the course was nothing to do with their performance. Tim Hawley who claimed to have lost his map finished the event by following Mike and eventually won the event due to his slight advantage of additional points from day one. Gavin who was a hot favourite had chain problems which he claims as an excuse. The remainder of the field all had an enjoyable chase around what was a surprisingly good interesting course. The rain that came during the last hour did leave everyone quite wet and muddy.

After the event and plenty of tea and cake we returned to the Cropton beer festival to continue sampling the beers.

Richard Hakes

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**Ian Hodgson Relay : 6 October 2002**

The toughest of the Autumn relays over some classic Lakeland terrain. The men's team was close to full strength and was rewarded with a fine 3<sup>rd</sup> place.

- 1 Borrowdale 3:35:54
  - 2 Bingley 3:36:24
  - 3 DPFRR 3:45:27
  - 8 Horwich Vets 4:02:30 V1
  - 16 DPFRR Vets 4:20:26 V6
  - 35 Keswick ladies 4:49:11 F1
  - 50 DPFRR ladies 5:20:09 F5
- 60 finished

Leg:	1	2	3	4
Fastest	1:04:17	36:15	1:02:24	0:47:43
	Shap/Atkinson	Thorpe/Fleming	Hope/Sheard	Roberts/Bland
	(Ambleside)	(Ambleside)	(Pudsey)	(Borrowdale)
DPFRR A	1:10:35	37:24	1:04:40	0:52:48
	Trigg/Hayman	Robinson/M'ditch	Austin/A.Ward	Scotney/R.Patton
DPFRR Vets	1:21:58	42:57	1:12:53	1:02:37
	Soles/Harvey	Boler/Berzins	Tait/Williams	Allen/Hutton
DPFRR ladies	1:35:20	52:46	1:36:58	1:15:05
	L.Bland/K.Dalton	A.Watmore/ R.Hambleton	H.Thorburn/Jo Smith	C.Patton/D.ni Challanain

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### FRA Relay : Langdale: 19 October 2002

Another disqualification! This time strictly a running infringement rather than a membership one. Mark Hayman tells why...

Alan and I set off 5th in the relay. We managed to overtake 3 teams, including Ambleside and Pudsey, pull up to 2nd place and gain a good lead over 3rd. Unfortunately flush with effort and what we thought was a successful run we missed the last check-point. This was just beyond the mandatory road crossing near the finish and would only have cost us a few seconds had we gone to it. But due to the confusing nature of the manned road crossing and the fact that I had my head stuck up my arse we did not and so were disqualified.

Sorry!

I was grateful of Mike Jubb in saving my extreme embarrassment had we come in the top 3. He got terribly lost on Blisco (nearly killed himself by all accounts) and jogged in seventh.

Mark Hayman

#### Results:

The timings failed on last leg and so after 3h36m (just after first ladies team) there were no records of timings or finish positions!

#### Overall

1	Borrowdale	2.45.06
2	Ambleside	2.50.57
3	Pudsey and B	2.51.33
V1	Horwich	3.07.48
L1	Carnethy	3.34.18
95 teams finished		

#### Leg 1

1	Simon Bailey	Staffs	35.02
4	Tim Austin	DPFR A	36.12
28	Steve Bell	DPFR B	41.05
32(5)	Dave Allen	DPFR V	41.58
44(2)	Karen Dalton	DPFR L	44.26

#### Leg 2

1	Phil Daviies / Mark Roberts	Borrowdale	40.28
7	Marcus Scotney / Andy Trigg	DPFR A	45.02
11	Mick Robinson / John Boyle	DPFR B	46.12
20(4)	Dave Tait / Keith Holmes	DPFR V	48.30
67(6)	Lynn Bland / Lesley Atchison	DPFR L	60.04

#### Leg 3

1	Siggy Gould / Robin Lawrence	Bingley	47.00
15(2)	Gavin Williams / Dave Soles	DPFR V	52.23
28	Rob Davison / Chris Ledger	DPFR B	58.49
53(3)	Jo Smith / Laura Daniels	DPFR L	65.08
DSQ	Mark Hayman / Alan Ward	DPFR A	-----

#### Leg 4

1	Rob Hope	P&B	39.44
?	Mike Jubb	DPFR A	?
?	Andy Middleditch	DPFR B	?
?	Rob Hutton	DPFR V	?
?	Helen Thorburn	DPFR L	?

# In Gear

## Dark Peak Fell Runners Kit Price List

**vests**                    **£13.00**

all vests are now the same price, sizes are small, medium, large and extra large.

**shorts**                    **£14.00**

the shorts are the metallic green cycling type, sizes are medium and large.

**tracksters**              **£18.00**

purple one pair of each medium and large.

black are available in medium, large and extra large.

**hats**                      **£7.00**

just a few left in black, some knitted and some fleece.

**socks**                    **£2.50**

running bear wool socks.

**Fleeces**                    £15.00 pullover

£20.00 zipped

black one each of zip small and pullover small.

green one each of zip small and medium small.

richard hakes 0114 233 9912      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.

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### **Apology**

As many of you spotted, in Dark Peak News Autumn 2002 page 20 got printed in between pages 25 and 26 instead of the more usual position between 19 and 21. I haven't a clue how this happened but apologies to all those who got rather confused!

# The-bit-at-the-end

**Dark Peak News Spring 2003**

In the Next Issue:

- Calderdale relay results and news
- Local League full results
- + whatever you send in please

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:	<b>Wednesday</b>	<b>26 February 2002</b>
Publication date:	Wednesday	19 March 2003

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## 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 Winter 2002/03 to; Bob Berzins, John Blair-Fish, Lynn Bland, Mike Browell, Richard Hakes, Andy Harmer, Mark Hayman, Ken Jones, Roy Marlow, John Myers, Geoff Nicolls, Dick Pasley, Chris Pearson, Mark Salkild, Roy Small, Dave Tait, Tim Tett, Gavin Williams

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## Cover

Frank Thomas and Colin Henson in this year's Club Championships

Picture by Roy Marlow. Space precluded the use of more of Roy's photo's from the Champs but it is hoped to have a full photo spread in the next issue.

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