

**TEN YEARS OF
DARK PEAK FELL RUNNERS
(1976 – 1986)**

Edited by Graham Berry and Dave Sant





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TEN YEARS OF DPFR

INTRODUCTION

As a boy and youth, my involvement with running was in the field of sprinting; rewarding enough, but limiting in its surroundings which were, of course, mainly athletics tracks. My other interests were in hill walking and climbing and these prompted me to take up cross country running more seriously than I had. Although the horizons widened in cross country, it seemed to lack the greater challenge of the big hills so in trying to combine running with being in the hills, I began to experience the joy of fell running. However, this 'combination' sport was a fairly solitary experience so I started looking for competitions. This came in the form of the first (in recent times) Marsden to Edale Race held in 1973. This I 'ran' in heavy walking boots and although I finished well behind (in 10th place) the winner Chris Brad and runner up Mike Hayes, I learned a little about route finding, exhaustion, eating to survive and training. More importantly, I met other fell runners like Mike Hayes, Chris Worsell, Geoff Bell and others.

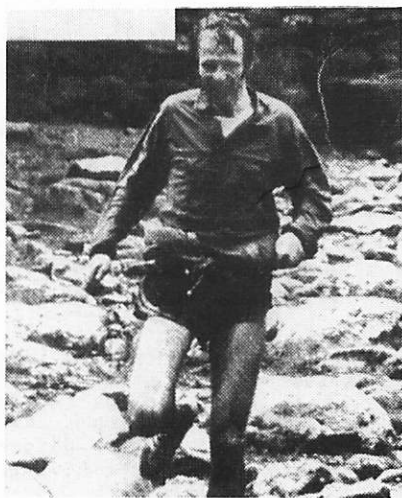
I was encouraged to compete in some other races (two more Marsden to Edales and a couple of Borrowdales) and it was then that Chris Worsell, Mike Hayes and Geoff Bell began to talk about the formation of a fell running club. Chris, fresh from his duties as secretary of the SYO, was a major driving force in forming the club assisted and encouraged by the other fell runners who were to become the first members of a club which was one of the first specifically aimed at fell running. The first chairman was Mike, secretary Chris, president Eric Mitchell, treasurer myself with other members Bill Bental, Geoff Bell, Geoff Pemberton.

Thus the club was formed; it had a name, Dark Peak Fell Runners, what else?; it had a constitution as demanded by the AAA but the club colours took a little more thought and Bill Bental describes their development in detail for those like Gerry Goldsmith (see later) who did not understand on joining the club that brown is for peat, green is for grass, gold is for sun and purple is for heather. The club also had a triple crossing of Kinder which incorporated peat, grass, heather and, very occasionally, sun.

With the formation of the club, efforts were made to involve itself in Dark Peak races with organisational or other types of support and currently the DPFR 'associated' races include the Edale Skyline, Marsden to Edale, Bens of Jura, Mount Famine, Kinder Downfall and Trog, Lantern Pike, Bamford, Hope, Dungworth Crookstone Crashout, Cakes of Bread, Margery Hill, Bradfield Beast, Burbage Baffler, Cutthroat Relay, Glossop and 15 Trigs.

Since the early days, the club has grown about tenfold to the present membership of 200 via some varied experiences described later. In that time club members have produced some remarkable performances including world records, individual race wins, a champion fell runner, long distance epic records, two international fell runners; these and other major achievements have been summarised by Dave Sant later in the book.

The achievements are only part of the DPFR story: the club has a rich source of character and experience which provides the base and structure for its achievements. Also, the club's many supporters have provided invaluable aid, sustenance, advice in out of the way places and, sometimes, in the most appalling weather. Some of the supporters' and runners' experiences are recounted in this publication which simply aims to give a flavour of the first ten years of DPFR through the eyes of DPFR members. Some of the accounts have been specifically written, others have been taken from various sources including DPFR News (for which many thanks to the editors Chris Worsell, Jeff Carlin and Tim Tett), the Fell Runner, individual publications by Martin Stone and Frank Thomas, the Star and the Morning Telegraph. All the authors, contributors, cartoonists and photographers are thanked for their many and varied articles, drawings pictures and results. Finally, have a good read and continue to enjoy fell running and may the club continue to flourish for another ten years.

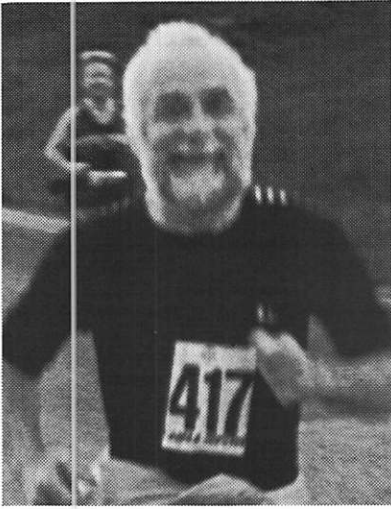


Mike Hayes

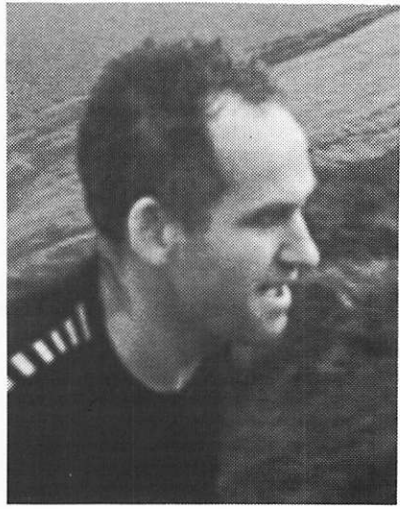


Tony Farnell

Some Founder Members



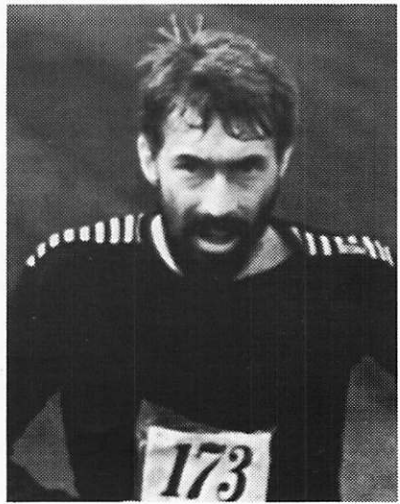
Eric Mitchell (President)



Tony Trowbridge (Chairman)



Chris Worsell (Secretary)



Graham Berry (Ex Treasurer)

SOME NOTABLE ACHIEVEMENTS

BRITISH FELL RUNNING CHAMPIONSHIPS

RAY AUCOTT VETERAN CHAMPION 1980, 1982, 1984

DEREK JEWELL 4th Veteran 1980, 1981

MALCOLM PATTERSON 5th Overall 1982

ANDY HARMER 9th Overall 1985

[Malcolm Patterson represented England in International 1984]

KARRIMOR MOUNTAIN MARATHON ELITE WINNERS - 1978 - Roger Baumeister/
Martin Hudson

PENNINE WAY RECORD - 1979 - Brian Harney

DOUBLE BOB GRAHAM ROUND IN 48 HOURS - 1979 - Roger Baumeister

SCOTTISH 4000' RECORD - 1980 - Chris Dodd

COAST TO COAST RECORD - 1980 - Frank Thomas/Pete Simpson

PENNINE WAY UNSUPPORTED RECORD - Geoff Bell

MAINLAND MUNROS RECORD - Rick Ansell

THREE PEAKS YACHT RACE WINNERS - 1984 - Pete Simpson/Martin Stone

HIGH PEAK MARATHON (- WINNERS - 1980	Martin Hudson/Pete Simpson
(1981	Andy Lewsley/Frank Thomas
(- FEMALE	Kath DeMengel/Jacky Smith
(WINNERS - 1985	Gerry Goldsmith/Kay Whittle

FROM LITTLE ACORNS LARGE OAKS DO GROW

TONY TROWBRIDGE (CLUB CHAIRMAN)

It is generally accepted that Dark Peak Fell Runners has grown into a sturdy club in its ten years of existence. Its branches have spread throughout the countryside with a strong trunk above roots sunk deep into the hills of the Derbyshire Peak district.

If one examines an acorn after it has been placed in fertile soil its initial action is to sink a strong root so that it may feed and grow. This is followed by a tender shoot which eventually shows above the surface so that all can see the plant flourishing.

Although I was not present when the Dark Peak acorn was carefully potted at Peterborough Road, I have had the privilege of seeing the first root and shoot and the growth to its present state.

My interest in fell running was aroused in the autumn of 1976 when I watched a film of the Three Peaks Race on the television. The objective challenge appealed to me. In December 1976, I was training at Edale, wearing my big walking boots, because that is what I thought fell runners used, when I became entangled in the latter stages of the third running of the Marsden to Edale. I saw a fellow in a well used yellow cagoule and black track suit bottoms finish in third position. He had a black beard flecked with white foam, almost as though he had experienced an epileptic fit. Little did I know at that time the future involvement I would have with this chap.

I made some inquiries and a man from Huddersfield recommended that I telephone somebody called Chris Worsell. This name reminded me of a scarecrow I once knew so that I found it easy to remember. After the introductory call I was invited to go for a short run up Porter Clough and back to Lodge Moor. In the early days the Secretary always took prospective club members on a run and then proceeded to 'burn them off' up some suitably chosen hill. This enabled him to establish his position of superiority before the new member joined Dark Peak. Fortunately my fitness level was high, through playing squash over-excessively, and I managed to stay with this gentleman who looked like a younger version of Santa Claus, all the way up Porter Clough. I was in.

I was unaware that another frustrated academic was contemplating joining Dark Peak in order to score virility points. After a decade of decadence John Brooke Edwards had decided that fat meant early senility and fell running meant mental liberation. We discussed our respective invitations to the first AGM of Dark Peak in early January 1977 over pie and chips at the University Goodwin Athletics Centre. In those days our 'Squire' Edwards had gently curving cheeks, in both appropriate regions of anatomy, and

reminded me of a cherubic choir boy, unlike the gaunt macho figure with diffusive growth of beard presented to the current club members. The AGM was to be held in the inner sanctum of 26 Peterborough Road whose high priestess was a goddess in human form called Diane.

I was one of the first club members to arrive. At first I thought I had picked the wrong house, because there was a tall man wearing a kepi, floral shirt, long blue shorts, and bramble bashers twirling Indian Clubs in the drive. However, I knocked on the door. Chris opened it, saw the gentleman on the drive and introduced me to the club chairman Mike Hayes.

Entering the shrine dedicated to fell runners I found seated in the corner Les Outwin, a quiet fellow who can now be found measuring hammer throws by enormous Russian ladies at international athletics meetings. By his side sat a chap who possessed a ghostly pallor and could not stop talking. He asked me if I knew how to use a map and compass and did I realise the responsibilities of joining a fell running club. This was Howard Biggins. Next to him sat Bill Bentall, one of the club vice-presidents. Bill dealt in very expensive scrap metal, which meant he could afford to drive a Jaguar and live by the side of the seventeenth hole at Lindrick Golf Club. Many of you will not know that Bill supported the club financially by interest free loans to buy equipment while our club was still a sapling. By his side, and always by his side, was Geoff Pemberton. He was Bill's training partner. Geoff was the first Dark Peak member to suffer frost bite on a training run on Kinder during a 'white-out' blizzard, when we went on the Club Championship course via Barker Booth to Edale. This was before penile dips in porridge were invented by the medical profession. (No, no; it was the medic's wife who discovered this cure; see Dave Moseley's article(!) - Ed.)

John Brooke Edwards arrived and took his place in the new boy's chair next to me. A knock on the door was followed by the entry of a pair straight out of Walt Disney. Our president, Eric Mitchell, and a Dark Peak stalwart of the past, Geoff Bell, had arrived. Eric reminded me of Happy in the seven dwarves. He had a perpetual smile on his face. Life is simple for Eric. He believes in self-sufficiency and the quietness of the hills to promote a totally relaxed attitude to our modern way of living. Geoff had the appearance of a monk, with head tonsured. Surprise, surprise I found out that was his nick-name. As far as I am aware he stills holds the record of 6 days for a self-supported run down the Pennine Way.

The next figure to enter was the same man I had seen on the Marsden to Edale. He had run from home, calculating that it would be cheaper to wear a little off his running shoes than pay the bus fare to Lodge Moor. He still had on his 'well worn' yellow cagoule and black track suit trousers and his beard was covered with phlegm, which he carefully removed with a sweep of his arm. Not

surprisingly this was the club treasurer, Graham Berry. The club finances have grown in the last ten years under his careful eye. He has always resisted substantial increases in club subscriptions, believing that the freedom to run should not be hampered by monetary constraints.

Suddenly I was startled by a face, with a grin from ear to ear, which appeared at the window. It was Roger Baumeister. He had a pair of blue overalls with bicycle clips round his ankles. On his back was an enormous pack. He informed us that he had come on his bicycle from Hillsborough via Buxton. He had not run over because his knee hurt a bit.

The first AGM of Dark Peak Fell Runners was under way. It is to these people that we should be grateful for nurturing that little acorn. For organising club runs in the Peak. For developing the Edale Sky Line Race. For inaugurating the triple crossing of Kinder as the Club Championship course. (Graham and I still like to feel we are the first people to do a triple crossing each year. We certainly were (by 10 o'clock, Jan 1st) in the club's tenth year, 1986.) For introducing Dark Peakers to the Truncheon, the Bob Graham Round and many other fell running epics.

In the days when fell running is starting to suffer the 'red tape' and 'elitism' that seems to descend on all sports after its embryonic development I hope Dark Peak members in the club's second decade will remain uncluttered and unpretentious people and allow the tree to blossom.

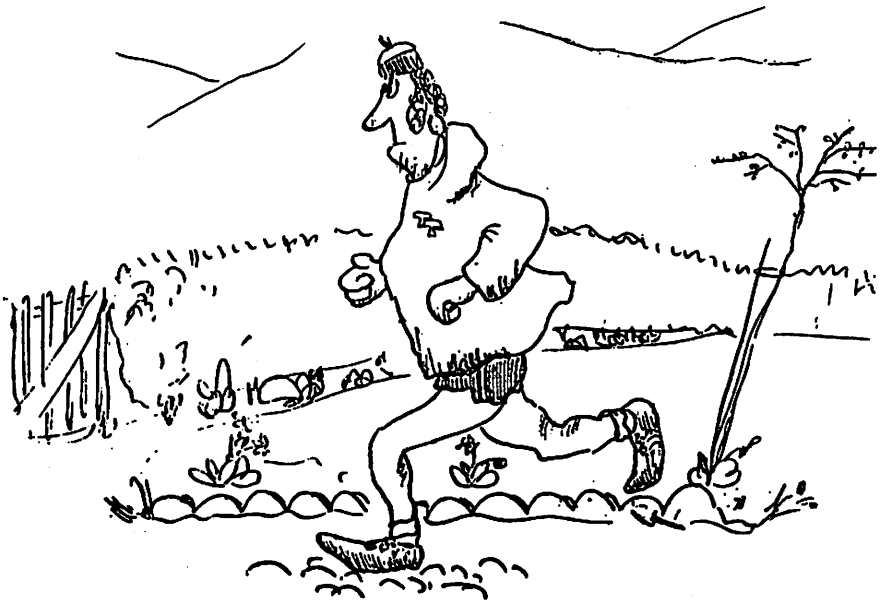
DARK PEAK
NEWS
'SUMMER'83

THE NEW
CHAIRMAN,
NOW TOTALLY
COMMITTED
(TO RUNNING)



'THE T.T. RACES'

How many chaps would be lost without their maps
In an English country gard - en?
I'll tell you now, of one that I know
And if he hears I beg his pard - en!
Looking hard for Fairbrook Nez
Rushing through the cabbagez
Back through the town with a most determined frown
Now he's out through the gate
And although he's very late
With some luck he'll meet the Ward -en



THE JOYS OF FELL RACING
(MEMORIES OF THE EIGHTIES)

MALCOLM 'BODGER' PATTERSON

One of my earliest (and still amongst my most memorable) fell races was the 1980 Marsden to Edale. I couldn't have wished for a more demanding challenge ... I had been on Kinder once, Bleaklow and Black Hill never; and the day itself dawned cold and misty! However, I went out into the unknown armed with my trusted map and compass, accompanied by two other orienteers, Chris Hirst and Bob Bloor, and with the added benefit of a stone by stone description of the recommended route from, if I remember correctly, Jim Knight. So it was that we three boldly blazed the trail, through the gloom, from Wessenden to Little Crowden Brook and then again from Rollick Stones to the Snake Pass. The satisfaction in achieving this, in unknown territory in such conditions, was immense. I suffered (as I always have done since) on the road and on the never-ending climb to Kinder, and staggered into Edale in sixth place, but this could not detract from my sense of achievement in completing one of the classic fell races.

1982 was my real initiation into fell-running, a year of great adventure and lasting memories. I have picked out three races which stand out in my mind.

The first is Ben Lomond, in May of that year. On a beautiful, crystal clear summer's day, my expectations were high as I rounded Loch Lomond and approached the race venue. I was riding high after winning both Pendle and Kinder Downfall in the previous month. I saw the snow on the tops yet basked in the sunshine on my pre-race recce. I can remember my cheerful, but cheeky wave to John Wild before we started and I could feel myself saying 'just wait and see what I can do, mate!'. Experience was to tell in the end.

After the off, I can remember sitting in behind the front-runners, feeling incredibly relaxed. Hugh Symonds pushed the pace and I was able to go with him. Suddenly came the startling realisation that I could get away from them and so it was that I found myself reaching the summit cairn alone, out in front. My euphoria was short lived. On the steep grassy descent my body was pounded like never before, the breath knocked out of me, my mind began to wander, and I knew I was in trouble. Sure enough, less than half way down Wild and Colin Donnelly flew past me, with apparent effortlessness. I felt like crying out 'you can't do this to me' as I fought a hopeless battle to stay in touch. My only consolation was that when I reached the road at the bottom of the mountain and turned the corner for that short but heartbreaking uphill to the finish, I saw Colin almost walking and was able to push past him for second place. What a day for the emotions! Controlled aggression, quiet confidence on the ascent, turning into over-confidence, then full circle to disbelief, anger and

dejection, but in the end exhilaration that I had come so close to winning.

Borrowdale was my first long Lakes race, in August that year. I had surveyed the race on a brilliant summer's day, taking well over four hours, so when the race was run throughout in mist, it proved to be a rather different experience. Climbing the sheer hillside toward the first checkpoint on Bessyboot, looking upwards into the mist, my lungs screaming and my brain already starved of oxygen, I had one thought in my mind on a day like this only Billy Bland will be sure of his route must stick with him, must stick with him!! I was right, but my legs couldn't keep up with my mind.

Consequently, I spent a frustrating fifteen minutes or more searching in the mist for the checkpoint, and anyone who has been to Bessyboot will know just how confusing the terrain is even on a clear day. It must have been an impressive sight to see countless fell-runners swarming over every knoll in the area! Eventually we gave up and carried on - it transpired that the would-be checkpoint marshalls hadn't found the elusive Bessyboot either.

Like a true orienteer I clutched my map and compass to my chest as I prepared to navigate through the intricate terrain of Glaramara. A golden rule of fell running seems to be follow anyone with a compass in their hand who actually looks as if they know how to use it. And so it was that, with head bowed, I religiously followed my compass, with the faithful following behind. After ten minutes in the gloom I came across another would-be Pied Piper, similarly following his compass and leading a pack. It was fellow orienteer Pete Haines, but the only trouble was - we were going in completely the opposite direction! Confident to the last we both carried on our chosen paths some while later I reached the checkpoint on Scafell Pike, but not before having run the gauntlet of those fell runners who had been less wayward on Bessyboot. I don't think Dave Sant's stopped reminding me of this fact! Having completely lost touch with the leaders I settled into a relaxed rhythm and decided to enjoy myself - which I certainly did. In the end I finished 17th but it was irrelevant, I'd had a great day out on the hills, with a few laughs on the way.

If you wish to experience all that is great about fell racing, then be in Burnsall for the annual classic, as I was in late August '82. As a race it seems to have everything; an inspiring setting with the typical dales village nestling in the shadow of the fell, a tremendous course, always a quality field of runners and a unique atmosphere created with the help of a crowd of spectators as knowledgeable about fell-racing as Bislett is about athletics. My memory of that late afternoon is vivid, as we lined up on the narrow main street, the atmosphere electric, England's best fell runners straining for the off, edging forward as the burly AAA official screamed at everyone to get back behind the line. When

eventually the gun went, there was a stampede along the road as we dashed for the narrow gateway (which runners have to negotiate after about 200 metres). Uppermost in my mind was the thought that there would be no room for tactical errors in a race which lasts only thirteen minutes - the Burnsall must be the fell-running equivalent of an Olympic 100 metres final! Safely through the gateway, the next obstacle was the wall which we had to cross to gain access to the fell. I'd decided on my route beforehand and stuck to it, although most of the field went the other way. As it turned out, both routes were comparable, and I rejoined the pack as we attacked the fell proper. As my lungs and legs reached bursting point, I looked despairingly skyward as, yet again I watched John Wild show everyone a clean pair of heels - even the recently-reinstated Kenny Stuart. I fought to keep my concentration - as you must in a race as short as Burnsall - and eventually reached the flag at the top. The real race starts now! No room for the fainthearted here, as you descend a narrow twisting stony path through deep heather, only to meet a solid eight feet high wall at the bottom. Real men like John Wild leap-frogged this obstacle; I clambered over it, wasting valuable seconds. Then it was back through the fields, my body struggling to recover its composure whilst it was now being called on to sprint for the line. Back, in no time at all, to that main street with the tremendous atmosphere and crowds cheering. Somehow they gave me the strength to keep my position on the road and collapse exhausted, but satisfied, over the finishing line

The 1984 Edale Skyline was a particularly memorable run for me, because I was privileged to be involved in a really tremendous battle for first place.

Another dull, snowy and misty day, and drama early on in the race as a sizeable number of runners, including those in Dark Peak who shall be nameless, decided they would head for the Snake on leaving Grindslow. A group of seven of us thought we'd press on with the traditional race and we arrived at Coffin Rock well in front. We were still more or less together as, some time later, we tackled the long haul from the Cheshire Cheese to Lose Hill, but by Mam Tor the group was starting to break up. By Lord's Seat it was Jack Maitland who was out in front. As Dark Peakers will know, the Skyline Race doesn't really start until this point, and in previous years the tussocks of Brown Knoll had been my downfall (sometimes literally). This year, in contrast, I felt strong and had the confidence to give chase. I'd caught Jack at Edale Cross but as we turned for home we were joined by Pete Irwin and by Rob Pearson. The race was really on. As we struggled through the snow-filled peat groughs on that long haul back to Grindslow it became a mental battle as much as a physical one. The lead changed several times, and it was not until the first man crossed the finishing line that the tension was broken. Jack just managed to hold off Pete on the descent to Edale, whilst Rob took nearly a minute out of myself and Mike Short over the same descent.

Different fell races stick in my mind for different reasons, and this article has tried to illustrate why I find fell running such a fascinating and satisfying sport. It is a complex mixture of the purely physical challenge, of seeing how far and how fast the body can go, and of the mental challenge of finding one's way, and of maintaining concentration under pressure. It is the excitement of the race, the thrill not necessarily of winning (though this is marvellous when it happens) but of being in with a chance, so long as you can do your best on the day. At this time, the chance of winning is a very important motivating factor in my fell-running, but in the long term I hope that all the other reasons why I enjoy it will maintain my enthusiasm.

As often as not, atmosphere and surroundings are as enjoyable as the race itself, and I can recall one such occasion in Summer, 1983 The venue was the village of Stoney Middleton, it was gala week and before the race I had wandered through the streets to see the colourful well-dressings, as well as the church with its strange octagonal construction, and the quiet rows of cottages along the back lanes. The race was run, and then afterwards we retired to the village pub, where they were having a sheep-roast as part of the celebrations. In the pub I was offered my prize in cash! But I'm an amateur, I declared on the other hand, you could buy us all a drink and so it was that on that Summer's evening we sat and talked, ate the food when it was finally roasted, and got slowly sozzled all thanks to a fell-race!



DARK PEAK BOB GRAHAM MEMBERS

Andy Lewsley	1976	Peter Hayes	1980 (Youngest Age 16)
Roger Baumeister	1977	Barry Thackeray	1981
Geoff Bell	1977	Graham Hulley	1981
Andy Collinson	1977	Alan Ireland	1981
Eric Mitchell	1977	Dave Livesey	1981
Chris Worsell	1977	Will McLewin	1981
Roy Marlow	1977	Dave Sant	1981
Chris Brad	1977	Ian Roberts	1982
Chris Dodd	1977	Mark Battersby	1982
Frank Thomas	1977	Rick Ansell	1982
Pete Simpson	1978	Jeff Harrison	1983
John Blair-Fish	1978	John Abbot	1983
Brian Harney	1978	Roger Hulley	1983
Mike Hayes	1978	Angela Carson	1984
Martin Hudson	1978	Ben Hodges	1984
Pete Lewis	1978	Colin Hughes	1985
Martin Stone	1978	Andy Forsyth	1985
Neil Piper	1979	Roger Noakes	1985
Pete Nolan	1980	Alison Wright	1985 (Youngest female Age 19)
Adrian Pickles	1980	Pete Collingwood	1986
Malcolm Sandals	1980	Nick Forwood	1986
Alan Yates	1980	Chris Lincoln-Jones	1986
Selwyn Wright	1980	Tim Daniels	1986

Members having done more than one round:-

Andy Lewsley	Roger Baumeister (Double Round in 48 hours)
John Blair-Fish	Martin Hudson (Unsupported - 16 hours)
Jeff Harrison	Peter Simpson (Unsupported - Winter)
Brian Harney	Dave Sant (50 peaks - unpaced)

TWO DAYS IN THE LIFE OF ROGER BAUMEISTER

OR

ROGER'S DOUBLE BOB GRAHAM RECORD

BY

MARTIN STONE
JOSS NAYLOR
MARTIN HUDSON
CHRIS DODD
FRANK THOMAS

COMPILED & EDITED

BY

MARTIN STONE

Introduction

At 22.34 on Sunday the 1st July 1979, Roger Baumeister, a member of Dark Peak Fell Runners, jogged up Keswick's main street to the Moot Hall and became the first man to achieve a consecutive clockwise and anti-clockwise traverse of the Bob Graham route within 48 hours. He had been running since midnight on the previous Friday and had covered some 144 miles, 54,000 feet of ascent and descent and 84 summits in the incredible time of 46 hrs. 34 mins. It was the culmination of an action-packed weekend for Roger and the small group of Dark Peak members who had paced and supported him.

Brief Background

As the Bob Graham and its many variations became ever more popular, an attempt to complete a Double Round within 48 hours seemed to be a natural progression. In 1977 Boyd Millen made the first such attempt and completed the Double in 52 hours. It was an amazing achievement but Boyd was bitterly disappointed to have missed the 48 hour target. He was convinced that with adequate planning, good physical and mental preparation, and a certain amount of good fortune, the Double could be completed within two days.

The day after the Dartmoor Hundred (on which Roger and Keith Arnold had come joint first in 20 hrs. 33 mins.) Brian Harney and Roger approached me with their plans to combine a Double Bob Graham attempt with Dark Peak Fell Runners annual single round on the weekend of June 30th. Roger had completed a single round in 1977 and Brian in 1978. For Brian the weekend was to be a 'dress rehearsal' for his Pennine Way attempt which had been postponed from mid-June until August because of a knee injury sustained on The Hundred. Chris Dodd and Frank Thomas (who were to play a very important role in the pacing) were also approached and readily

agreed to assist.

The Plan

Over the next few weeks plans were formulated and it became obvious that in order for Roger and Brian to both work on Friday afternoon and start work again on Monday morning it would be necessary for them to begin their run at some time during the Friday night. This unfortunately would mean the loss of three nights sleep. An event of this length and severity would be too harsh for the majority of ultra-distance runners starting fresh in the morning and so one wondered whether it was a sensible proposition at the end of a day's work.

Mike Hayes, the organiser of the Dark Peak Fell Runners attempt at the single round, had decided on a Saturday morning start at 09.00 in an anti-clockwise direction. In order to combine these two attempts so that Roger and Brian could stay with the main group for the majority of a single circuit, a fairly unconventional plan was adopted.

They would set off at midnight on Friday 29th in a clockwise direction covering the Skiddaw/Blencathra section first, followed by the Helvellyn range to Dunmail Raise and then the long section across the Langdales and Scafell area to Wasdale. It was hoped that they would reach Wasdale within 14 hours (a fairly modest target). The aim was for them to immediately ascend Yewbarrow, where if everything was progressing as planned they would meet Dark Peak Fell Runners coming from the other direction on the single attempt having already passed through Honister on their way to Yewbarrow. At this point the groups would join forces and Roger and Brian would retrace their steps down Yewbarrow into Wasdale, then run back over the long 6 hour section to Dunmail and via Threlkeld to Keswick. Hopefully, for the sake of those attempting the single round, Keswick would be reached by 09.00 on the Sunday morning where for them the ordeal would end.

Meanwhile, after a short break Roger and Brian would have to face another 15 hours of running and walking on the fells if they were to crack the 48 hour target. From Keswick they would travel anti-clockwise over Robinson, Hindscarth and Dale Head to Honister and then upwards over Gable and Pillar eventually reaching the summit cairn on Yewbarrow. At this point they would turn round and retrace their steps first to Honister and then on to the Moot Hall, Keswick to complete the Bob Graham in both directions.

Although this plan seemed to contain many uncertain variables there would be a few distinct advantages if things clicked:

- 1) Both night sections would be undertaken on the Helvellyn Range/Northern Fells, the safest areas to cover at night.
- 2) By climbing Yewbarrow on Saturday afternoon while still fresh and making the summit the turning point for the event they should gain a major morale boost the following day. If they

reached Keswick on Sunday morning in a fairly fit state then the mere thought of not having to descend into Wasdale and climb back out of the valley should alter their whole attitude to the remaining 15 hours of the event. On reaching Keswick they might even feel quite confident of success.

3) It was to be hoped that their second night on the fells would be spent in the company of many other members of Dark Peak and this should keep their spirits high.

The Pacers

The problem of securing enough pacers who could be available until midnight on the Sunday evening posed major difficulties. Many Dark Peak members were committed to helping those runners attempting the single round and we were eventually to rely on a very small nucleus of pacers and support.

Frank and Chris were asked to be available from 02.00 on Saturday morning until midday on Sunday. Roger arranged for Joss Naylor to pace from Keswick-Wasdale on Sunday morning and Mike Hayes kindly offered to stand in for Joss at the Skiddaw race to carry out his duties. There remained a large time-gap to be filled from Sunday afternoon onwards and a gap on the first section until Frank and Chris arrived hotfoot from London.

Roger had partnered Martin Hudson in The Saunders Mountain Marathon the weekend before the Double and hoped to persuade him to pace the first section on Friday night in addition to one of the final sections on the Sunday afternoon/evening. As Martin was already committed to pace at least two sections on the single attempt, he quite understandably wished to stay fresh for Saturday morning. He decided against pacing on Friday night but offered to pace them all the way back to Keswick from Wasdale on the Sunday afternoon/evening providing he was still fit. Roger then made a fairly loose agreement with Roman Halenko who said that he might be available to pace the first section from Keswick-Threlkeld and if so would meet us at the Moot Hall on Friday at midnight.

The Support

It was decided to use Brian's small Ford Escort Estate as the support vehicle for the Double. In addition to supporting Roger and Brian it was agreed that the vehicle would also be available to support those attempting the single round. I offered to look after Martyn Greaves and Howard Artiss throughout their attempt and also to keep an eye on two Irish friends of Martin Hudson, Jim Patterson and Denis Rankin.

Well so much for the theory, but how did things work out in practice?

Friday 29th June pm

Members of Dark Peak were arriving throughout the afternoon and early evening at the usual Dark Peak 'basecamp' for B.G. attempts, the campsite at Threlkeld. Rumours were rife that Roger would be unable to attempt the Double due to an attack of gastro-enteritis suffered during the week. At about 8.30 pm all doubts were dispelled as Roger and Brian rolled up, chauffeur driven from Sheffield by Pete Lewis and in very high spirits. Unfortunately, they had been too excited about the challenge ahead to snatch much sleep during the journey. It wasn't until all the contenders and pacers had arrived that we realised just how many people were attempting the single round. Nine members and friends of Dark Peak in addition to Roger and Brian were hoping for success. These included Jim Patterson, Denis Rankin, Howard Artiss (a member of Verlea) and Dark Peak members Neil Piper, Richard Lewsley, Malcolm Sandals, Howard Biggins, Alan Bond and Martyn Greaves.

The main party wished good fortune on Roger and Brian before settling down for an early night. The majority did not rate the duo's chances of success very highly. To even consider starting the event 9 hours before the main group, meeting and joining the group at Wasdale after 14 hours had elapsed and then to have to carry on for a further 15 hours after the main group had returned to Sheffield seemed to verge on the side of lunacy. A strange quietness had suddenly taken over the campsite and for a while we were left to contemplate the magnitude, complexity and isolation from the main group of the task that Roger and Brian were about to undertake.

In the semi-darkness we prepared the support vehicle, filling every available flask with hot soup, stew and drinks to be consumed in the early hours of the morning at Threlkeld. The weather had gradually deteriorated during the evening and now low cloud was scudding across the Northern Fells, obscuring almost the whole of Blencathra.

Originally, my role in the attempt was to be purely in support at each of the road crossings but as there seemed little likelihood of Roman turning up at the Moot Hall to pace I offered (as a last resort) to help them on the first section to Threlkeld. A member of Clayton-Le-Moors who happened to be staying at the campsite was very interested in the activities about to take place and invited us to his caravan for a pre-event coffee. We stayed for about an hour until 11.30 pm and persuaded him to drive us down to the Moot Hall in Brian's car and then to deposit it at the quarry car park above Threlkeld.

Keswick-Threlkeld (00.00-04.00 Saturday) by Martin Stone

As midnight struck we jogged down the main street making the usual mistake of almost missing the tunnel under the house which

leads off towards the gasworks. Keswick was quiet and the streets deserted. It was a very dark night and as we reached the Gale Road the visibility decreased and we became enveloped in low clouds being driven by a ferocious wind. Steady progress was made to the top of Skiddaw and was followed immediately by an error on my part. The visibility was by now virtually zero and instead of keeping to the ridge going north from the summit we managed to become cragbound too far to the left and found ourselves slithering down over very steep wet rocks. After a quick mid-course correction, a few frantic minutes and an apology to Roger and Brian the ridge was regained. We made a few unnecessary zig-zags on the descent to the track in the valley bottom but then reached Great Calva without further difficulty. By now it was raining heavily and following a brief stop to take bearings and extract some chocolate from the sac a hasty descent was made to the Caldew where we were able to escape the full force of the wind. In the darkness we were continually stumbling in deep heather and bog. The weather was foul all the way to Threlkeld and the long drag up Mungrisedale Common seemed interminable. We slithered down the rocky Halls Fell Ridge and reached Threlkeld in early morning gloom, the rain still tipping down, to be greeted by Frank and Chris who had arrived at about 02.30 and been briefed by our man from Clayton. I was very glad to hand over responsibility on the fells to the next pacer. Roger and Brian both took their first change of clothing (all brand new and originally purchased for the Pennine Way run) and after a short break for soup and butties were raring to go. Chris had decided to pace the section from Threlkeld-Dunmail and Frank agreed to take them on from Dunmail-Wasdale.

Threlkeld-Dunmail Raise (04.10-08.07) by Chris Dodd

Roger and Brian were in high spirits as we strode up Clough Head, while I was full of apprehension at the mist above. We ran off Clough Head on a compass bearing I had prepared. I was weaving about so much, Roger and Brian kept well behind and followed the middle of the various directions I was taking. Brian appeared not only to be attempting a Double Bob Graham, but also the record for watering the most peaks. After a nod at Calfhow Pike ('it's not on the list, you know') we were quickly over the Dodds and Sticks Pass, frustrated only by the bad visibility. Suddenly between Raise and White Side, a gap opened in the clouds and we caught a glimpse of Thirlmere on the right and High Street on the left as though through a blue filter. Our spirits lifted instantly, and after taking in the Helvellyns, we descended to Grisedale Tarn exchanging 'good news, bad news' jokes and shouting at imaginary crowds in pidgin Spanish, which seemed to be a speciality of Roger's! Fairfield and Seat Sandal felt easy, and after Brian had added significantly to the amount of water in the beck, we reached Dunmail.

MAJS

Soon after Roger, Brian and Chris left Threlkeld, Geoff Bell

walked past the quarry leading a group of walkers (Rucksack Club) who were attempting 'The Top 20', a route which takes in the highest twenty peaks in Lakeland. They looked very bedgraggled and despondent as they trudged past and a couple of them wanted to drop out. Frank, as charitable as ever, offered them a lift to Grasmere while I drove directly to Dunmail and Frank joined me there a few minutes later. The weather was improving fast and we were very pleased at the excellent time the trio had made across the Helvellyn section.

Dunmail Raise-Wasdale (08.21-15.9) by Frank Thomas

Dunmail was buzzing with feverish activity as the colour co-ordinated duo of Roger and Brian trotted down from Seat Sandal with Chris. Now it was my turn to steer them safely across the tortuous route to Wasdale and at 08.21, after their short rest and feedup we posed by the stile for a quick photo and then scurried up Steel Fell. Roger talked a lot as usual - (good for the morale!). Brian seemed hell bent on asking embarrassing questions like, 'Which one is Sergeant Man?' and 'Is that High Raise over there, or over there?'. I told Roger and Brian what I thought was a fairly amusing 'good news, bad news' joke only to be asked by Brian if that was the only bloody joke Chris and I knew (they had heard it already from Chris on the Helvellyn Ridge a few hours earlier).

Onwards to High Raise and going well, with the route fixed in my mind and the map firmly clutched in my hand. The Langdale Pikes were ticked off and we sped towards Rossett Pike. There was a mutual misunderstanding over the nomenclature of Rossett Pike which I insisted on referring to as Rossett Crag. We started to climb to Bowfell picking our way very cautiously through the confusion of sheep trods and ledges. Said hello to a Doctor Deall of Kendal AC who seemed to be going strongly on his anti-clockwise attempt, accompanied by an army of pacers. (We learned later that he started at 02.00 from Keswick and completed in 19 hrs. 51 mins.)

Now we were really motoring, knocking down the summits like ninepins but I felt that we could not afford to slacken the pace. At Esk Hause, quite by chance we met Selwyn Wright, a recent addition to DPFR who was out for a training run from Langdale. He decided to join us all the way to Wasdale. By now ramblers scattered as we forged our way over the roof of England and down to the foot of Broad Stand. Up and over in a personal best time and a short boulder hop to Scafell.

Roger and Selwyn took one route and Brian and I another on the descent to the campsite at Wasdale but in both cases we had to do battle with leg-resistant bracken which was very tedious. At the bridge by Brackenclose, Howard Forrest, John Wagstaff, Tim Godolphin and Mick Farmery passed us going anti-clockwise on their joint attempt.

I was about to hand in my resignation to Martin S. when it

became apparent that I had volunteered to lead the tireless pair up to the top of Yewbarrow and back. We were only allowed the time for a quick drink and given a butty each to munch on the way up before setting off. We were half way up the grim scree slope when I suddenly felt knackered and it dawned on me that Chris, who had joined us on the climb for good measure had now assumed the pacer's role. As I dropped behind, countless Dark Peakers and their pacers appeared from above, tumbling downwards soon to pass us on their own anti-clockwise attempt. The summit was reached and we all four returned to Wasdale where, after Roger and Brian had had their fill, I received much sustenance from the food-laden boot of Brian's car, under the watchful eye of Martin Stone, co-ordinator extraordinary!

MAJS

After the trio left Dunmail with Frank, Chris and I realised that we had just enough time to get back to Keswick for the 9 am start of the DPFR single attempt. The centre of Keswick was absolutely choc-a-bloc and not just because of the Saturday market. In addition to the nine on the DPFR attempt there were four in the J Wagstaff group, Bill and Ann-Marie Grindley attempting 58 summits A/C and Ros Coats attempting a fast A/C round of her own. They left the Moot Hall almost as one massive party.

Chris and I arranged to meet at Honister to see the Dark Peakers through at about 10.30 am. Chris visited the launderette with a pile of damp clothing used during the previous night while I purchased half the groceries in Keswick to feed diverse parties throughout the next 36 hours. It was soon after this that one of the major problems of the weekend became evident, petrol or lack of it! For the previous two weeks no petrol deliveries had been made to the Lakes due to a tanker drivers' strike. Petrol was scarce throughout the whole country but in Lakeland it was almost unobtainable. There was no petrol available in Keswick but I was able to pump up one of the rear tyres which had developed a slow puncture. I drove out to Threlkeld to pick up Howard Artiss' food and spare clothes from the campsite and eventually reached Honister at 10.40 am where Chris and I looked after Howard and Martyn during their brief stop. We calculated that the single rounders were exactly on target to meet up with Roger and Brian at Wasdale.

Just to pour oil on troubled water, Brian's large Butane gas cylinder ran out. Pete Barron, the hostel warden, advised us to look for petrol and gas at Egremont on our way to Wasdale. Pete Lewis, who had just paced the main group from Keswick, joined me for the trip to Wasdale and Chris followed in Frank's car. There was no sign of fuel or gas in Egremont but a helpful shopkeeper advised us to drive over to a caravan site at Beckermere near the coast. The detour took us miles off course but at least we succeeded in renewing the gas cylinder.

Every car in Wasdale seemed to be supporting the B.G. attempt.

We expected to see the trio descending from Scafell about five hours after leaving Dunmail but they did not come into view for another 40 minutes. At about the same time we saw a number of figures descending the scree on Yewbarrow. Fortunately it was Ros Coats' and J Wagstaff's groups. After a rather messy descent off Scafell, Roger and Brian arrived looking very strong and relaxed, keen to climb Yewbarrow immediately. They set off at a cracking pace, a butt in one hand and a drink in the other. It was an amazing sight as they met the main DPFR party about 300 feet below the summit. We felt confident that Roger and Brian would now be safe on their long return journey to Keswick. Martyn Greaves and Howard were serviced with food and drink, the main party staying at Wasdale for about 30 minutes. Roger and Brian arrived back from their short excursion just as the other Dark Peakers were about to leave for Scafell. I persuaded Selwyn to pace Roger and Brian back towards Dunmail and assumed that they would be able to catch the main group before Selwyn turned off to Langdale.

Wasdale-Dunmail Raise (15.35-21.45) by Roger Baumeister

We started the long climb up Scafell about 20 minutes after the main group, determined to catch them up. Brian and I were steaming away but Selwyn was unable to go fast enough for us to close the gap behind the others. However, we did pull back 8 minutes by the summit of Scafell Pike and at Great End we were only 10 minutes behind. Selwyn left us at Esk Hause almost 6 hours after meeting us there 'by accident' and we carried on alone towards Bowfell. The weather and conditions were near perfect and we first caught sight of the main group as we came off Bowfell. We dug in hard on the long drag up Martcrag Moor and made good progress to the Langdales, eventually catching the main group around Harrison Stickle.

Mike Eaton, one of their pacers, told us that Alan Bond was in a bad way and very annoyed that his group had gone too fast to Wasdale. I offered to look after him and try to buck him up. Brian wasn't too happy about this decision. After Thunacar Knott, Chris Worsell made the unfortunate decision to take the rucksack and meet us down below High Raise. I would have preferred him to lead us over that next section as the navigation wasn't too easy and I was having second thoughts about my offer of help. I made an error in my route choice off High Raise and we made an unscheduled visit to Greenup Edge on our way to Calf Crag. Alan Bond had by now lost heart and couldn't run any further so very slow progress was made from there to Steel Fell. The rest of the main group was out of sight and we didn't see Chris again until Dunmail. We reached Dunmail quite late (21.45), a little the worse for wear, having wasted a lot of time and were just in time to see the main party leave on the night section being paced by Mike Hayes. We were really fed up that we had allowed the main group to get so far ahead and were definitely not looking forward to a second night, alone on the fells.

MAJS

We watched the trio start their climb up the long slopes of Scafell and were confident that they would soon catch up and join the main party for the remainder of their round. Until now all our plans had worked perfectly and the only serious problem was the desperate shortage of petrol in the Lakes. Frank and Chris drove straight to Dunmail for a short kip while Pete Lewis and I visited Ambleside to look for petrol. Every garage was dry and so with the needle flickering on empty we drove up to Dunmail Raise where we witnessed an incredible scene.

Cars were parked nose to tail on both the Steel Fell and Seat Sandal sides of the carriageway and there were even a few cars parked rather untidily on the central reservation. It seemed that every car approaching Dunmail was destined to support a runner. Fred Rogerson was also present to witness probably the largest number of simultaneous attempts in the event's history. Pete and Chris decided to replace the duff tyres which had now almost deflated and after 20 minutes of chaos the job was done.

At about 7 pm the first group of runners appeared on the skyline having just visited Steel Fell. It was Ros Coats' group and she was obviously making very fast progress. Soon John Wagstaff and friends appeared followed shortly after by the Grindleys. Just after 9 pm Dark Peakers began to arrive in dribs and drabs but there was a certain amount of confusion regarding the whereabouts of Roger and Brian. They had definitely been seen in the Langdales but had dropped behind on the way to High Raise (they actually visited Sergeant Man before High Raise). The next 20 minutes were very hectic as we serviced Martyn Greaves, Howard Artiss and the two Irishmen who didn't seem to have anyone looking after them. As the time passed we became concerned about Roger and Brian who were well overdue. Roger hadn't arranged in advance for anyone to pace them over the Helvellyn as it was assumed that they would by then be integrated with the main group. Chris was very concerned that Mike Hayes was the only pacer for the next section and would be responsible for 6 runners (not including Roger and Brian). I took the view that Roger and Brian should carry on alone from Dunmail without a pacer but realise now in retrospect that due to their tiredness this would have been dangerous and would probably have caused the attempt to fail. Chris came gallantly to the rescue and offered to pace his earlier section, now in reverse.

Dunmail Raise-Threlkeld (22.02-03.55 Sunday) by Chris Dodd

We left Dunmail at about 10 pm in a forbidding light, Brian's appetite seeming undiminished by the banquet he had scoffed at the cars. Although we were only 19 minutes behind the main group, we saw no sign of lights ahead. We clambered up Dollywagon in a thickening mist, and during the next two hours the navigation became a personal nightmare, as Roger and Brian plodded faithfully behind. Roger was asleep on his feet much of the time, while Brian

and I 'sang' a medley of hymns and rugby songs to keep all our spirits up. After Sticks Pass the navigation became more relaxed, and so did Roger, to judge by his sleepwalking. At Clough Head he awoke a little and we made a good descent to Threlkeld. After some confusion over the venue of the checkpoint, Roger and Brian sank into the car for 40 minutes much needed sleep.

MAJS

By the time Roger and Brian left Dunmail for Seat Sandal the col was quiet once again; our cars were the last to leave. We would see the many supporters later on at Threlkeld. Frank and Martin Hudson drove into Keswick for an evening meal before returning to the campsite at Threlkeld for a much needed sleep. Their pacing services were required again on Sunday. Frank was to pace from Threlkeld to Keswick and we arranged to meet at the quarry car park above Threlkeld at 2 am. On my way to the quarry I picked up more water at the campsite and dumped mountainous quantities of scrap which had built up at the road stops. While trying to wake myself up with a cold wash it suddenly occurred to me that I had forgotten to phone Joss to tell him what time the lads were expected to reach Keswick. By the time I found a phone it was 11.30 pm. Joss was asleep but his wife passed the message on:- 'Keswick by 8 am Sunday'. I drove up to the quarry where I found a number of cars belonging to other attempts, their occupants fast asleep.

I fell fast asleep, my alarm clock set for 2 am. Disaster struck! I was woken at 3.50 am by Chris Worsell who was banging on the window. Chris shouted 'Roger's coming up the road. He's completely knacked. You'd better drive down and meet him.' The other DPF support vehicles were apparently parked down in the village and should have been parked in the normal place; with us on the quarry car park. I was bloody annoyed both with myself for sleeping through the alarm and with the other supporters for not waking us earlier.

Frank and I drove off down the road, still half asleep and met Chris Dodd half way up with Roger close behind. Chris said, 'For God's sake go back up to the quarry otherwise we'll never get them up there.' We returned to the car park, still in a complete daze. Roger arrived looking in an absolutely terrible state and collapsed into the car. His eyes were deep sunk, his face very strained and tired. Brian was apparently still eating further down the road at the lower checkpoint and he arrived some five minutes later looking only slightly fitter than Roger. I was horrified to learn that they intended to snatch half an hour's sleep before carrying on. Chris Dodd told me in no uncertain terms that sleep now was absolutely imperative for them and that unless they managed to renew their mental as well as physical attitudes to the event, the battle was as good as lost. Chris ordered me not to wake them for at least 40 minutes. I prepared some breakfast for them while they slept. Brian stiffened up badly during his sleep but Roger

certainly seemed to benefit from it.

The duo set off with Frank pacing after a stop of 1 hr. 10 mins. at about 5 am. Roger and Brian looked like a lost cause as they dragged their stiff bodies up the road to the foot of Halls Fell. When Frank returned to the car 5 minutes later to look for a toilet roll it was the final straw. The attempt seemed to have lost all its impetus and we firmly believed that at Keswick it would grind to a halt. Joss' trip over Styhead from Wasdale to pace would be a complete waste of time and I certainly wasn't looking forward to the criticism that would be levelled against us for organising such a 'lunatic' and dangerous venture.

Threlkeld-Keswick (05.05-09.38) by Frank Thomas

Up at the quarry the parked cars and supporters seemed numberless but there was an air of suspended activity. We could all take some well earned rest while the Dark Peakers and Roger and Brian's own attempt continued its non-stop circuit from Dunmail.

I snoozed off in my car parked near to Martin who was already asleep in Brian's car, but with an ETA of 3 am, I just had to be up and organised well in time Then, panic! - At 3.50 I was suddenly jerked into action by the arrival of Chris Worsell. No time to speculate on the disappearance of all the other cars and people (they had in fact passed through while we slept), but a mad dash down to the main road to find a weary Brian and a still more weary Roger plodding on up to the quarry. Chris Dodd had done a sterling job getting them over the Dodds and now made sure that they both got an hour's rest which they so badly needed. Standing there in the rain and mist I felt cold and apprehensive. Could I steer these two lads over what, at the best of times is tricky country, but in present conditions could be a disaster? Martin reassured me with confirmation of bearings and I took heart as we limped out from Threlkeld on that damp morning.

After reaching the bridge above Gategill I couldn't find the toilet roll for Roger. Ran back to collect it. It amazed me how they climbed Halls Fell without so much as a minute's pause. Their sleep was indeed a tonic for them.

On Blencathra summit the mist swirled round us and the route was completely out of view. I checked the bearing but somehow we steered too far to the east and the optimum route to Great Calva was lost. Tension mounted as I realised with increasing alarm (though I tried to keep it to myself) that I did not recognise any of the terrain. Roger and Brian kept a sense of proportion about the whole affair and we calmly worked out a new, though slightly longer route to Great Calva.

The north side of Skiddaw was as usual a terrible slog but Brian and Roger were treating it like a gentle slope. Once on top we ran into Keswick, separated from Brian at one point, but united

for the arrival at the Moot Hall at 9.38 am, marking the end of my ordeal but far from the end for Roger and Brian. It had been a fantastic experience to be a part of this epic test of human endurance.

I delivered the pacers sack to Joss Naylor who was raring to go. He was to take the lads up the Newlands Valley and over as far as the summit of Yewbarrow.

MAJS

By now Chris Dodd was worn out and desperate for sleep. We drove Frank and Brian's cars down to the square in Keswick. As there wasn't enough petrol in Brian's car to even get down the valley to Seathwaite and back, I commandeered Frank's car and drove off leaving Chris fast asleep in Brian's car. Half way down the valley near the Watendlath turn-off my dulled senses were suddenly awakened by something I caught sight of out of the corner of my eye. At some time (presumably during the night) a brand new Cortina had left the road and careered down the steep bouldery bank, its progress halted by a large tree near the lakeside. I screeched to a halt and ran back to examine the car for 'bodies'. The car was a complete write-off but as there was no-one around I drove on towards Seathwaite (with a great deal more concentration than before).

Having parked the car where Joss couldn't fail to see it I fell asleep to be woken by him 15 mins. later at 7.30 am. On the way back to Keswick we discussed the problems that had arisen during the night and the condition of Roger and Brian. The centre of Keswick was now filling up with cars in anticipation of the completion of numerous single rounds. Chris and Martin Hudson kerb-crawled round the town, scavenging for petrol, but, alas, Keswick was completely dry.

At about 8.15 am, the successful Dark Peakers started to arrive at the Moot Hall. First back was Jim Patterson, who looked very fresh, closely followed by Howard Artiss. A while later Ann-Marie and Bill Grindley completed their 58 summits and were soon followed by Denis Rankin, Martyn Greaves, Neil Piper and Richard Lewsley, all from the DPFRR group.

An hour passed before Frank came into sight, jogging up the High Street. Frank told us that Roger and Brian had recovered well and were in high spirits once again. Although by now we were terribly short of time, our pessimism and depression of the previous night at once evaporated. Roger and Brian had just over 14 hours left to get from Keswick-Honister-Yewbarrow summit-Honister-Keswick and thank God that didn't include a descent and climb from Wasdale. After I had discussed deadlines at Honister and Dore Head with Joss he led the dynamic duo off down the main street amid tumultuous applause and encouragement from the gathered mass of runners, supporters and Fred Rogerson. By now Roger and

Brian looked far more relaxed, confident and strong. The ordeal of the previous night was nothing more than a bad dream. Maybe Joss could now bring about a miracle and recover some time!

Keswick-Honister (09.51-12.10) by Joss Naylor

The alarm went off at 5 am, I got out of bed and straight into my running gear, grabbing a handful of Alpen on the way. Then I was off to help Roger and Brian on the Bob Graham Double Round. As I ran along the road to Wasdale Head the valley seemed deserted, the campers were all fast asleep in their tents. A nice run over Styhead, it's always magic at that time of day. Arrived at Seathwaite to the first signs that something was on. I found an exhausted runner asleep in a car. After banging on the roof he came to life and gave me a progress report on the way to Keswick.

Keswick was a hive of runners and I think everyone had done the Bob Graham Round apart from Fred Rogerson who was helping and encouraging everyone. It was not too long before Roger and Brian arrived. They ate a large amount of food and tea and then off we set.

Time soon passed and we arrived in Little Town, at the foot of Robinson. The test was now on. It's a slog at the best of times, but when you have been running for two days it's hell. They made the summit after a lot of effort. Roger was able to let his feet drop on the descent. The tension went out of his legs and he relaxed, he was away. Poor Brian's legs seized up. He'd made a tremendous effort but now he sat down in disgust and waved us on. As we reached Dale Head the mist arrived on Grey Knotts. It was a blessing in disguise. Roger seemed to be getting stronger all the way to Honister.

MAJS

After the exciting departure from Keswick we were left to ponder on our most immediate problem; how to get Brian's car over Honister to Buttermere where it was rumoured that unlimited supplies of petrol were available at the hotel. As a last resort I phoned a number of local hotels which I picked randomly from the telephone directory. Eventually I spoke to the owner of the petrol pump at Grange who after some gentle persuasion (and name-dropping) offered us five or six gallons.

It was time to say farewell to Frank and Chris who had given such valuable support. They had the long drive South to London ahead of them. Most of those involved on the single round were returning to Sheffield immediately and so we were on our own once more. Apart from Roger and Brian, only Joss, Martin Hudson and I were now involved.

At Grange there was a rather amusing misunderstanding. I thought we had been promised five or six gallons but it transpired

that there were no more than six gallons left in the whole pump. We were thankful to be able to scrounge just two.

We didn't have long to wait at Honister. At midday we spotted two figures descending Dale Head so rapidly that we supposed they must be locals out for a short training run. As they closed on the hostel we recognised Joss and Roger, but what had become of Brian. On arrival Joss muttered something about Brian having given up and wandered off Robinson in the direction of Buttermere.

After a 4 minute stop Joss and Roger shot off up Grey Knotts, Roger climbing as though he had just started fresh. Both Martin and I voiced our thoughts aloud. Roger was now looking so good that he must surely succeed.

Honister-Dore Head (via Yewbarrow) (12.23-15.50) by Joss Naylor

Roger took a quick drink and then on we went. It seemed like no time until we were on Gable where the mist was very thick but refreshing. It was just what Roger needed at this time of day as the sun would have been a killer. At this stage Roger was full of running and enjoying it. Over Kirk Fell, Pillar and on to Steeple where it was nearly as black as night. The mist always seems thickest around these big black crags.

At this stage Roger was going strongly and in great spirits. He knew it was in the bag and he was gaining time all the way. His support team were going to meet us on Dore Head but as we passed through, going to Yewbarrow, I could see no-one about. Through the little sheep track to the summit and back onto Dore Head. The support party had only just arrived. I'd had visions of taking Roger all the way back to Keswick. We wrapped Roger up and recharged his batteries. I congratulated him. I knew he was going to be the first man to do the Double Bob Graham in 48 hours. I left him in the capable hands of Martin Hudson.

MAJS

Where was Brian? It was now over 30 minutes since Joss and Roger left Honister. Martin and I were by now extremely concerned for his safety. He had been on the move for over 36 hours and although the weather was clear and mild he might well have sat down to rest and fallen asleep somewhere between Robinson and Dale Head. To make matters worse, Brian didn't have a map and he didn't know the ground. Time was running out fast. As the minutes passed, the possibility of Martin and I driving round to Wasdale, climbing up Dore Head, erecting a tent and cooking up before Joss and Roger arrived on their way to Yewbarrow became more remote. John Blair-Fish arrived at Honister and made a number of abortive trips for us down into Buttermere in search of our man. Terry Thorpe passed through on a road training run from Buttermere and voiced a number of criticisms about 'Double Bob Grahams' and the risks involved on such long runs.

Meanwhile, Martin Hudson was packing a massive daysack with food, spare clothing and a flask of hot drink. If Brian didn't appear by the time Joss and Roger had been gone for an hour, Martin would travel on foot to Dore Head where he would support Roger and then pace him back to Honister. In the meantime I would organise a search from Honister and remain there until Roger and Martin Hudson returned some 8 hours later en route for Keswick. Martin was about to set off when we spotted a lone figure in olive green descending very slowly from Dale Head. It was Brian. I ran up the hill to meet him and coaxed him down as quickly as possible while Martin got some hot food on the go.

Both Brian and I were mighty glad to see each other. I had visions of him fast asleep on some hidden slope, well off the main track, or worse! Apparently, after the others had disappeared towards Hindscarth, Brian wandered very slowly on towards Dale Head, taking the occasional rest. He had spotted Honister far below him and some walkers advised him on how to get down to the hostel. Brian wasn't keen to travel back to Keswick with John Blair-Fish but insisted on staying with us to the bitter end. We piled him into the back of the car with some food and took off for Wasdale Head, only calling briefly at Buttermere to pick up many gallons of that most precious fuel.

Dore Head-Keswick (16.10-22.34) by Martin Hudson

It was about a quarter to three on Sunday afternoon when Martin Stone and I drove into the Wasdale Head car park, with Brian Harney fast asleep in the back of his own car (having survived the hairy drive from Honister). From here, Martin and I left Brian in the car and flogged up the scree to Dore Head, in order to provide food for Roger coming along with Joss from Honister over the fells. By now the cool, clear weather of the weekend so far had turned to damp drizzle with the cloud level below 2,000 feet. We waited a short while, looking up Red Pike for signs of them descending. Suddenly, two figures loomed up in the mist - but coming the wrong way, having already gone through and turned at Yewbarrow! We didn't have time to get properly organised, a makeshift windbreak was quickly thrown up in order to heat up the inevitable rice. Roger put on full waterproofs to retain some body heat. As Joss left me he remarked, 'All that man needs is a manager' and jogged off down Overbeck to his farm.

It was 4.10 pm when Roger and I set off up Red Pike on the penultimate leg of the epic. Soon we warmed up, even though the pace was very steady, and the overtrousers came off. Red Pike came on schedule (I had the Dark Peak 1978 times at the back of my mind, knowing that if we kept to them we would reach Keswick within the magic 48 hours on aggregate). Trouble struck, however, soon after the top. Roger was finding even the slightest downhill jog very painful due to a stiff knee. A knee bandage was applied but improvement was negligible for a while. Time was being lost rather alarmingly on the Steeple stretch. The weather conditions

were not very inspiring either, with a cold, damp wind blowing. Roger began to feel very sleepy, had to have a few minutes sit down on the climb up Pillar, and developed a sudden fad for a walking stick. I was worried that he had blown it - I even began to wonder whether Joss had pushed him too hard earlier in the day.

Once up Pillar, I put it to Roger that we had lost too much time for comfort since Red Pike, and suggested he tried a jog to see what happened. Gradually, his stiff joints began to loosen, Roger himself declared that he was much happier, and we made good time on the big climbs of Kirk Fell and Great Gable, so much so that we were ahead of our 1978 times by now. From here it was plain sailing to Honister, with Roger getting more talkative again. Some time back I thought of an arrival at Honister at 8 pm. When we were the other side of Pillar this had seemed an impossible hope, but somehow we made it with two minutes to spare. Half-way down Grey Knotts I asked Roger what he wanted to eat and drink at Honister. Taking his order of stew and coffee I ran on to warn the support party. By now Martin Stone had been joined by John Blair-Fish and Howard Artiss, fresh(?) from his own Bob Graham round, completed that morning! Martin and Howard looked at each other in amazement. 'Coffee?' Apparently 44 hours of brewing tea had made Martin forget that coffee existed. But the magic wand was waved and a dive into the ever increasing jumble of gear in the car produced some, which disappeared down the hatch along with everything else.

The stop was cut to a bare minimum, and within 10 minutes Roger and I were off again on the long drag up Dale Head. Not quite up to Borrowdale race standards but a steady 32 minutes. Still misty, I was now very careful not to waste any time and energy with mistakes. Roger, sensing that the end wasn't very far away, made good climbs of Hindscarth and Robinson. A brief pause at the latter cairn, number 84 (accompanied by a prayer?), and we were jogging down the north ridge into Newlands. Out of the mist we kept to the ridge to avoid any steep grassy descents likely to upset Roger's knee. At about 9.50 pm we reached Newlands Church where Martin, Howard and Brian met us for a final liquid support.

Roger stripped down to the bare essentials for the road section back to Keswick. Unbelievably it seemed warmer now than at any time in the weekend. Martin Stone and I were with him at this stage, the pace was hot and suffice to say that I was hanging on for most of the way. Roger covered the last 4.5 miles from Newlands to Keswick in 37 minutes! At 10.34 pm Roger reached his goal, the Moot Hall, and it was all over. The crowds of the weekend had nearly all gone and the town centre was quiet. It was just left to the four of us (Brian, Howard, Martin and I) to witness this amazing feat of endurance. We celebrated Roger's great success with a few beers and photographs and then Roger, Brian and Martin set out on a desperate return journey to Sheffield. Both Roger and Brian were back at work by 8 am the next morning, just 9 hours after the completion of Roger's Double!

T H E B O B G R A H A M " 4 2 " C L U B

APPLICATION FOR THE RATIFICATION OF THE FIRST CONSECUTIVE CLOCKWISE AND ANTI-CLOCKWISE DOUBLE CIRCUIT WITHIN 48 HOURS.

BY:- E R BAUMEISTER AGE:- 37 CLUB:- DARK PEAK FELL RUNNERS

ADDRESS:- 51 SHEPPERSON ROAD, SHEFFIELD S6 4FG

DATE OF ATTEMPT:- JUNE 30th, JULY 1st 1979.

1st SECTION KESWICK - THRELKELD

Assisted by Martin Stone

KESWICK	DEP 00.00
1 SKIDDAW	ARR 01.16
2 GREAT CALVA	ARR 02.16
3 BLENCATHRA	ARR 03.30
<u>THRELKELD</u>	ARR 04.00
	4hrs

2nd SECTION THRELKELD - DUNMAIL

Assisted by CHRIS DODD

THRELKELD	DEP 04.10
4 CLOUGH HEAD	ARR 05.00
5 GREAT DODD	ARR 05.27
6 WATSON DODD	ARR 05.35
7 STYBARROW DODD	ARR 05.46
8 RAISE	ARR 06.00
9 WHITESIDE	ARR 06.08
10 HELVELLYN LOW MAN	ARR 06.21
11 HELVELLYN	ARR 06.27
12 NETHERMOST PIKE	ARR 06.39
13 DOLLYWAGON PIKE	ARR 06.48
14 FAIRFIELD	ARR 07.25
15 SEAT SANDAL	ARR 07.50
<u>DUNMAIL RAISE</u>	ARR 08.07
	3hrs 57mins

3rd SECTION DUNMAIL - WASDALE

(VIA YENBARROW)

Assisted by FRANK THOMAS

<u>DUNMAIL RAISE</u>	DEP 08.21
16 STEEL FELL	ARR 08.48
17 CALF CRAG	ARR 09.07
18 HIGH RAISE	ARR 09.23
19 SERGEANT MAN	ARR 09.40
20 THUNACAR KNOTT	ARR 10.10
21 HARRISON STICKLE	ARR 10.16
22 PIKE O' STICKLE	ARR 10.28

4th SECTION WASDALE - DUNMAIL

Assisted by SELWYN WRIGHT

WASDALE	DEP 15.35
32 SCAPELL	ARR 16.40
33 SCAPELL PIKE	ARR 17.14
34 BROAD CRAG	ARR 17.24
35 ILL CRAG	ARR 17.33
36 GREAT END	ARR 17.43
37 ESK PIKE	ARR 18.05
38 BOWFELL	ARR 18.24
39 ROSSETT PIKE	ARR 18.48
40 PIKE O' STICKLE	ARR 19.22
41 HARRISON STICKLE	ARR 19.42
42 THUNACAR KNOTT	ARR 19.55
43 SERGEANT MAN	ARR 20.10
44 HIGH RAISE	ARR 20.29
45 CALF CRAG	ARR 21.03
46 STEEL FELL	ARR 21.29
<u>DUNMAIL RAISE</u>	ARR 21.45
	6hrs 10mins

5th SECTION DUNMAIL - THRELKELD

Assisted by CHRIS DODD

<u>DUNMAIL RAISE</u>	DEP 22.02
47 SEAT SANDAL	ARR 22.40
48 FAIRFIELD	ARR 23.13
49 DOLLYWAGON PIKE	ARR 00.02
50 NETHERMOST PIKE	ARR 00.13
51 HELVELLYN	ARR 00.49
52 HELVELLYN LOW MAN	ARR 00.52
53 WHITE SIDE	ARR 01.12
54 RAISE	ARR 01.30
55 STYBARROW DODD	ARR 02.00
56 WATSON DODD	ARR 02.15
57 GREAT DODD	ARR 02.30
58 CLOUGH HEAD	ARR 03.10
<u>THRELKELD</u>	ARR 03.55
	5hrs 53mins

23	ROSSETT PIKE	ARR 11.16
24	BOWFELL	ARR 12.02
25	ESK PIKE	ARR 12.21
26	GREAT END	ARR 12.45
27	ILL CRAG	ARR 12.52
28	BROAD CRAG	ARR 13.07
29	SCAFELL PIKE	ARR 13.18
30	SCAFELL	ARR 13.48
	WASDALE	ARR 14.18
31	YEWBARROW	ARR 14.58
	WASDALE	ARR 15.19
		6hrs 58mins

6th SECTION THRELKELD - KESWICK
Assisted by FRANK THOMAS

	THRELKELD	DEP 05.05
59	BLENCATHRA	ARR 06.10
60	GREAT CALVA	ARR 07.35
61	SKIDDAW	ARR 08.41
	KESWICK	ARR 09.38
		4hrs 33mins

7th SECTION KESWICK - HONISTER
Assisted by JOSS NAYLOR

	KESWICK	DEP 09.51
62	ROBINSON	ARR 11.23
63	HINDSCARTH	ARR 11.46
64	DALE HEAD	ARR 11.58
	HONISTER	ARR 12.10
		2hrs 19mins

8th SECTION HONISTER - DORE HEAD
(VIA YEWBARROW)
Assisted by JOSS NAYLOR

	HONISTER	DEP 12.33
65	GREY KNOTTS	ARR 12.43
66	BRANDRETH	ARR 12.50
67	GREEN GABLE	ARR 13.05
68	GREAT GABLE	ARR 13.16
69	KIRK FELL	ARR 13.45
70	PILLAR	ARR 14.29
71	STEEPLE	ARR 14.51
72	RED PIKE	ARR 15.06
	DORE HEAD	ARR 15.20
73	YEWBARROW	ARR 15.37
	DORE HEAD	ARR 15.50
		3hrs 27mins

9th SECTION DORE HEAD - HONISTER
Assisted by MARTIN HUDSON

	DORE HEAD	DEP 16.10
74	RED PIKE	ARR 16.43
75	STEEPLE	ARR 17.07
76	PILLAR	ARR 17.44
77	KIRK FELL	ARR 18.30
78	GREAT GABLE	ARR 19.11
79	GREEN GABLE	ARR 19.24
80	BRANDRETH	ARR 19.38
81	GREY KNOTTS	ARR 19.44
	HONISTER	ARR 19.58
		3hrs 48mins

10th SECTION HONISTER - KESWICK
Assisted by MARTIN HUDSON

	HONISTER	DEP 20.09
82	DALE HEAD	ARR 20.41
83	HINDSCARTH	ARR 20.58
84	ROBINSON	ARR 21.18
	NEWLANDS CHURCH	ARR 21.52
	NEWLANDS CHURCH	DEP 21.57
	KESWICK	ARR 22.34
		2hrs 20mins

ASSISTED AT THE ROAD
ACCESS POINTS BY:-
MARTIN STONE

SUMMITS:-	84
REST TIME:-	03 hrs 09 mins
RUNNING TIME:-	43 hrs 25 mins
ELAPSED TIME:-	46 hrs 34 mins


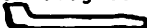
LANTERN PIKE FELL RACE 1982

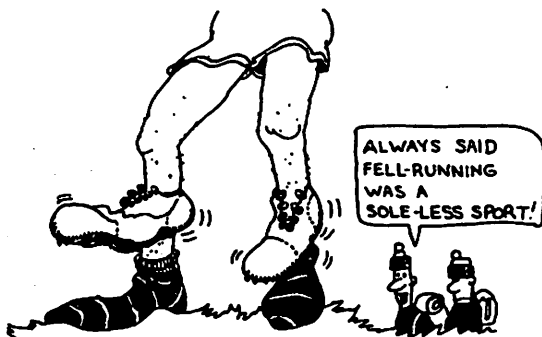
WILL MCLEWIN

Being an explanation of why my poor run was nearly due to Ian Roberts not getting round the Bob Graham in 1981 but was in fact due to the race being run in the afternoon instead of at night.

The day itself was superb: bright, sunny weather; hot, but not too hot for a 5 mile race. My plan was the usual one: steady ascent (ie slowly manage to stagger up to the top somehow) followed by a brisk, competitive descent picking up as many places as possible. (For the first part of this plan at least, I am not aware of any other available options.) However, I had a secret weapon which was going to transform my performance from 'entered in error' to at least 'first lady' and was going to ward off the red haze. (Note: this last is a physical phenomenon familiar to competitors who should be confined to deck-chairs and is not a revolutionary relation of you know who.) The transformation was to be the result of my wearing, for the first time, my Turnslack Fell Race Spot Prize SOCKS. These are very smart, white with blue stripes (I think one of my present socks was white once, I can't remember for sure) and with such authentic equipment my feet will hardly touch the ground. I thought.

All was well at first and the socks seemed to be doing their job because somebody started walking before I'd even had to begin fighting off the urge. But after a mile or so it was clear something was wrong. I ignored the signals as long as I could but they increased in intensity and I was forced to succumb and stop for a pee. I was as discreet as possible but still incurred the wrath of one competitor who stopped and shouted 'Bloody hell, now you've started me off!', but after a damp duet he'd calmed down and I felt better and we rejoined the race to try to pick up some of the places we'd piddled away. This didn't happen as we toiled upwards but I was unconcerned and anticipating my transformation. At the top of Lantern Pike, 'Don't rush it, just ease up faster, longer strides, now go!' But nothing happened. Try again. Same. Then someone came past, then another. 'Oh woe,' I thought, 'I've been Coe-ed, but no; quick inspection, glands still there. Then I realised, it must be the socks - they've given me a dud pair - no wonder they were given away as a spot prize! And then I thought back to Turnslack Fell Race - I hadn't finished too well there. My sprint finish was missing and so I had not quite caught the person just in front. If I had overtaken him, he'd have got these dud socks and I'd be having my usual kamikaze descent. Well, the day before Turnslack I'd been helping Ian Roberts get round the Bob Graham; but for that and the subsequent celebrations I'd have produced my usual finish, overtaken that one person and etc etc. If Ian had got round on his first attempt in 1981 I wouldn't have been helping at all. It just goes to show you can't always rely on your mates. Having reached this unhappy conclusion I began to think about the socks themselves. (There was still plenty of time

for thinking about it.) They were a new technological design, being shaped like this  instead of  which my feet are more used to. Perhaps they're really for people without ankles I thought, and suddenly I realised. They are night-time socks - specially designed without a heel so that you can put them on easily in the dark. It wasn't Ian's fault at all, the race had just been started too early.



DPFR SAYINGS

AGM 1983

John Edwards raised the problem of runners discrediting the name of the club by preparing badly for cross-country races. He cited Roger Baumeister who ran from Marsden to Edale and then drank 5 pints before racing in an event at Hillsborough.

Alan Yates took advantage of the editor's absence to make a courageous personal attack on him and suggested that someone with a silly voice read the report; this job fell to Alan by an overwhelming vote.

Graham Berry - "Ken Taylor came 2nd last year and only won a small bumbag."

Tony Trowbridge - "Ken has a small bum!"

1984

Chez (Kath) De Mengel - "There were other Dark Peak runners in the race - but I didn't know them, they were all old men!"

1986

Andy Harmer (prowling before the start of the Club Champs)
"I feel like an Old Gunslinger preparing for a showdown with some young pretenders."

"Puked up last night's intake of Theakstones at 14 miles, but then went from strength to strength."

Anon

1987

Chris Worsell - "Anyway the Romans caused heavy erosion in the Peak District."

P Lewis - "So in future we ban any Romans from entering the Skyline?"

AUD HERRICK OF THE MOSS

A COLLECTION OF NOTES MADE DURING INTERCOURSE (VERBAL)

WITH 'WILSON'S' GRANDAD

(RAY ANON AUCOTT)

'Aud Herri' appears to have been born? somewhere in the industrial north. Records have been lost or torn up, or may never have been written of this occurrence, momentous as it may or may not have been. So we are left with the memoirs of those who have long since forgotten and 'Aud Herri' himself, whose versatile memory is able to construct to suit the need of chronologists like myself.

We first met, 'Aud Her' and me whilst!, well, we just met, and it wasn't long before I realised that I was in the presence of a remarkable - No, different - No, remarkably different man.

An early question I put to him was "To what do you credit your exuberance and vitality at such years?" to which he replied "You what?" On rephrasing the question, he was able to respond with "Dockleaf wine and bran." Whether he drank it, smoked it or rubbed it on his legs, I was never able to discover.

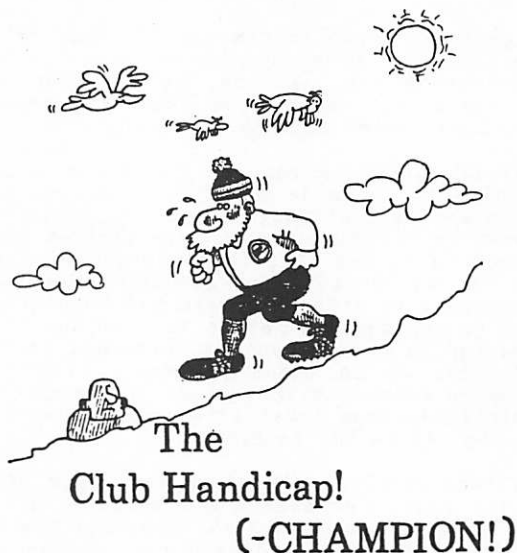
On several occasions he took me for a run around his 'Moss'. (The moor on which his home is built.) A man of high principles, he never runs in wellies, although a pair of Nokia Bogtrotters have recently appeared in his wardrobe, sorry, clothes box. On one such run, he explained to me his theories on economy of movement, or as he put it "How to run for 60 miles and still want more!" A simple theory which seemed very effective when put into practice - he did, however, manage to persuade me not to tell anyone else. On another excursion I chanced to remark upon his blanched facial apparel, the which, he informed, in an unguarded reply, had come about from repeated dipping in chamois milk yoghurt (undoubtedly a clue to his agility) and partially from frost bite acquired whilst running as a team leader in the 'Iditarod' race.

It seemed 'Aud Herrick' also rode the 'Tour de France' in the early days of the race. He didn't win because, he says, he lost a lot of time on several stages whilst 'bagging' the Alps 1500 metre peaks. In fact, at one stage, in atrocious weather conditions, the whole field missed the road and followed him up the west ridge and down the north face of Mont Blanc - a route not used since - probably because gears came into use shortly after, and braking was not as good as when using a fixed wheel.

A confirmed nature lover, 'Aud Haystack' can often be found on a summer's evening in his potato patch, putting the nightly ale

ration out for his slugs, or taking parties of mice on training runs to the bottom of his field, from where without the aid of a compass, they have to find their way back to his nice warm cellar where they live. A man dedicated to simplicity 'Haystacks' is soon to found a new event, 'The Karriless Moorland Hairython' - a winter event over moor and bog, in which the competitors may wear only one item of clothing and as much hair as he/she can grow over the preceding twelve months. The entry fee is likely to be a jar of honey or a compost grown 100% wholewheat loaf. Prizes will include a course of treatment with a psychiatrist.

(The character, 'Aud Herri', in this article may bear some resemblance to Eric Mitchell, the club honorary president. Any such likeness is totally intentional.)



HOW DARK PEAK PUT IT OVER KENDAL IN THE THREE TOWERS RACE

JOHN EDWARDS (DPFR NEWS NOV 1980)

For three runners in the queue for numbers and meal tickets at the changing rooms before the start the noise and banter died away. For three of the milling crowd shouting names and numbers and grovelling for safety pins this was to be no ordinary race. For John Edwards, Will McLewin and Alan Yates the grim realisation dawned - they were the Dark Peak team. In the changing rooms the appearance of the Dark Peak vests brought gasps from other competitors and as they put them on the three felt the cold, black responsibility of their situation - their vests were still wet and muddy from the club championships the previous day. Huddled together at the start in a sea of blue and orange stripes, a cunning stratagem was devised - to run the race from the back, so that other runners, not seeing the Dark Peak vests in front, as they are accustomed to, would become more and more neurotic and get lost in the mist and rain and howling wind.

Going slowly up to Rivington Tower there were no problems (apart from going up) and John, Will and Alan worked their way skilfully to the back of the field. By now the whole field was strung out in a line in front, perfectly placed to all follow the leaders when they took the wrong route. Then fate intervened.

The weather, which had been ominously threatening not to deteriorate, became superb, sunny, blue sky and a crisp breeze to help in the later stages. There were one or two runners still behind but they already clearly had problems enough, and were further demoralised by the sight of the Dark Peak team ahead doing a synchronised soft-shoe-shuffle past the tower in dazzling sunshine. These unfortunate competitors never recovered from this vision.

It must have been about this time that G Norman, J Wild and A McGee looked back from Great Hill, saw the menacing display of team running that threatened their supremacy and were spurred on to finish in under two hours.

The freak weather conditions forced a tactical readjustment. John and Alan settled for a leisurely and a stylish stroll round the course as befitted the gentlemen they are. Will, enchanted with the scene gently undulating before him put in a tremendous fifty-yard burst and caught up with Linda Lord and Wendy Dodds. But then, with staring eyes and weak at the knees, confusion set in. He was caught in two behinds. Rumour has it that he is still raving about the magnificent views but can't remember much about the rest of the course.

Bolton won the team prize, with positions 3, 6 and 12 for a total of 21 points. Further research is required to determine

whether the Dark Peak team's total of 550 points is a record for the Three Towers, and it is still to be confirmed that the towers are to be renamed in their honour. However, careful scrutiny of race statistics reveals that they were the second team (in the ladies race) and that their performance was superior to Kendal AC for whom only two runners finished.

PS John Edwards would formally like to acknowledge the coaching and pacing provided by the following club members which assisted in his achieving personal best performances in the events listed below during 1980.

Three Towers - Dr A Yates

Three Peaks - Dr & Mrs A Trowbridge

Rotherham Marathon - Mr C Worsell & Mr A Collinson (paced from behind)

All other advice received from other members too numerous and too various to mention is also gratefully hereby acknowledged.



Kay, Chez and Gentleman Friend

THE AVERAGE DARK PEAKER

J CARLIN, DPFR NEWS (ABOUT 1980)

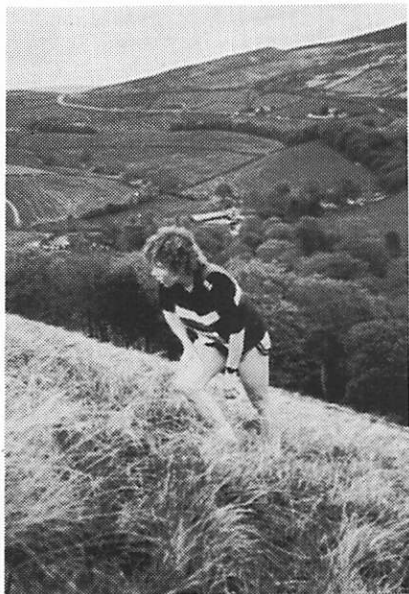
From about 40 replies to a rather faded questionnaire, I cannot form an opinion as to which is the favourite Dark Peak Race, though, from my knowledge of attendances, Skyline, Three Peaks, and Borrowdale would seem to rate highly and, of course, the Marsden/Edale Trogg.

The average age for a Dark Peaker came out at 34½ years, and the average runner appears to be running 48½ miles a week - one notable exception - Tony Wimbush - who says he does no running in training - he doesn't do badly when he races if this is so, regularly competing in the classic long distance races.

The average length of time that people have been 'runners' is 5 years, though many have been pursuing their sport for well over 20 years - I hope everyone can keep it going for as long.



Pete Dyke



Gerry Goldsmith

FIFTEEN BY THREE (15 TRIGS)

PER ORDURE AD ASTRA

BY PETER JONES, BOB SEGROVE, ALAN YATES

This exquisite little number, conceived in the abstract by Andrew Harmer and first performed by the undersigned on 7 July 1985, was associated from the outset with project's for DPFR's 10th birthday celebrations (see DARK PEAK NEWS, August 1985). Since then the '15 Trigs' has caught the imagination of local fell-runners and, as we anticipated, has entered the folk-lore as something of a classic. It therefore seemed appropriate to include an account of the first season's activities in the present publication.

The 'rules' are simple enough: to visit on foot, in less than 15 hours and without support en route, all the 15 trig pillars marked on the Harvey (KIMM 1984) Peak District map, beginning and ending at either The Sportsman at Redmires or The Royal at Hayfield. The stretch of road between Emlin Dike and Strines Dike is out of bounds: otherwise you can go as you please. The inaugural round fell beautifully into shape, and the minimal rules enshrine the improvisations of that memorable July day. Some explanation is offered here for posterity.

To begin with, we were several hours into our run before the 15/15 formula looked like a good day's agenda. We'd already done the Emlin-Back Tor slog (by the worst possible line, along the ridge through knee-gripping heather) and we felt, with sadistic hindsight, that others should be enticed that way. Resorting to the road here would make it too easy! The stipulation, irksome to some, should be looked upon as a small idiosyncrasy, capricious but now institutionalised, of the kind that bestows character on an original creation.

While The Sportsman is just off the map, no justification is needed surely, for incorporating Club HQ in the circuit. We were over by Harry Hut when, mindful as ever of our Western brethren, we were struck by the idea that a comparable round could be embarked on from Hayfield - whence The Royal as alternative start-finish. Only when we were later scrutinising the map, with a view to designing certificates, did we realise that the two pubs are on virtually the same latitude. This fearful symmetry confirmed the value of the original inspiration, and the handsome certificates consecrate for all time these official termini. Experience has shown in fact, that the route from Hayfield involves a couple of extra miles and a few hundred extra feet of climb: the consolation, as experience has also shown, is to be had from the ineffable pleasure of the dawn approach to Kinder via William Clough. A pub as part of the day's outing is very much part of the spirit of the undertaking, especially when the two in question are situated on the same ley-line! Mam Nick (off the map) or anywhere else as start would

not be attuned to the feel of the composition. You can do the Bob Graham Round from Dunmail Raise or Newlands Church, but you won't qualify for a certificate! (Another word to the soul-less: a swim at Slippery Stones was an integral part of the original round: be thankful that it's not stipulated as a standard requirement.)

The certificates themselves deserve particular mention. The idea of thus commemorating our own epic in conjunction with the Club's anniversary celebrations also rose spontaneously, somewhere between Kinder Low and Win Hill. Bob Segrove's inspired art-work brought to light the elemental harmony of the round. 15 trigs in 15 hours suggested quite naturally, in the closing stages of an autumn meeting of the Crookes Philosophical and Philharmonic Society, the notion of offering 15 illuminated and numbered certificates for documented completions during the anniversary season, subsequent successes to be recorded with simple black-and-white versions. The limited-edition stimulus seems to have had the right effect in promoting interest in the challenge and a degree of competition.

So much for the background to the 15 Trigs. What remains is to give some account of response to the challenge issued in the DP NEWS of August 1985. The bare facts can be tabulated as follows:-

<u>Cert No</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Performers</u>	<u>Clockwise/ Anti-Clockwise</u>	<u>Time</u>
1	3.5.86	Mike Hayes	A	13h 56m
2	10.5.86	(Roger Baumeister	A	14h 57m
3		(Jeff Harrison		
4	31.5.86	(Alan Ireland	C (Hayfield)	14h 37m
5		(Ian Roberts		
6	28.6.86	Pete Lewis	C	14h 08m
7	28.6.86	Alan Sanderson	C	14h 59m
8	5.7.86	(Peter Kohn	C	13h 34m
9		(Howard Swindells		
10	6.7.86	(Colin Henderson	C	14h 47m
11		(Ben Hodges		
12	19.7.86	Will McLewin	C (Hayfield)	14h 39m
13	27.7.86	Dave Moseley	A	13h 07m
14	24.8.86	(Gerry Goldsmith	C (Hayfield)	14h 45m
15		(Neil Goldsmith		
16	30.8.86	Bob Berzins	A	10h 58m

There is a certain delicious irony (which Bob Berzins will be the first to acknowledge) in the fact that the really outstanding achievement in the above list is Bob's sub-11 hours effort which won him the first, and so far only, non-illuminated certificate. We originally observed that 15 hours would represent a 'rewarding experience', while under 12 would be 'something extraordinary'. Bob has blown a hole in that, and thrown down the gauntlet to the Club's other superstars who have been a bit reticent about contending.

Alan Ireland and Ian Roberts claimed success with a Mam Nick start on May 4th: when informed of the 'rules' they came bouncing back, to their credit, with the inaugural completion, in vile conditions, from Hayfield. Several near misses have been reported: Colin Henson's on May 10th, after accompanying as far as High Neb the Baumeister/Harrison tandem (who had to sprint from Wyming Brook), inspired a six-week special training regime for the July 6th effort with Ben Hodges. Nick Forwood and Peter Dyke narrowly failed on the first under-water attempt. Pete Jones is the only man alive to have completed the round TWICE in OVER 15 hours. Gerry Goldsmith has set a pioneering example to the other wimmin.

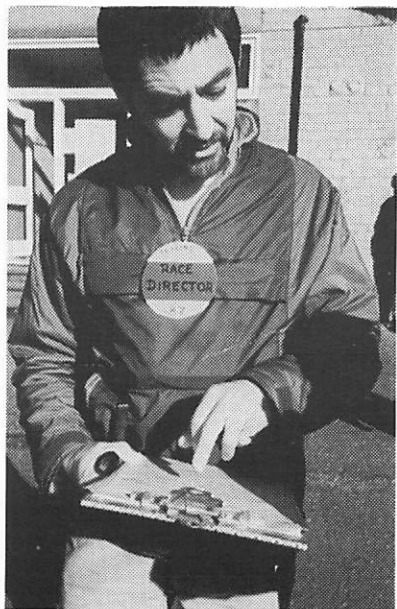
Alan Sanderson (14h 59m 45s!) concluded his report with the characteristically laconic observation that 15 hours is 'not an overgenerous allowance by any stretch of the imagination'. Most people (except Bob B) made a point of concurring with this (as is borne out by the recorded times) along the lines of Will McLewin's 'the time allowed is just about right - it needs a determined effort but there is a bit to spare'. Both Mike Hayes and Pete Lewis would have had time to ponder, as they trudged painfully to The Sportsman, on the unwisdom of the flying start. As well as pace-judgement, conditions are obviously a crucial factor (as Dyke and Forwood will confirm); Summer '86 has, in fact, been relatively favourable for fell epics, if not for much else. It's interesting that July 27th - the day of the Glossop Fell Race - saw Dave Moseley's 13.07 and a record Derwent Watershed by Pete Lewis in 6½ hours.

Will McLewin's report waxes lyrical about 'a truly wonderful day', considering the round to qualify as a candidate for 'the ultimate day out'. Not everyone was quite so enthusiastic. 'Never again!' snarled Ireland and Roberts, while Neil and Gerry appear to have missed the point altogether by declaring that 'a circuit leaving out Emlin and Rod Moor is a better day out, though not the same challenge'.

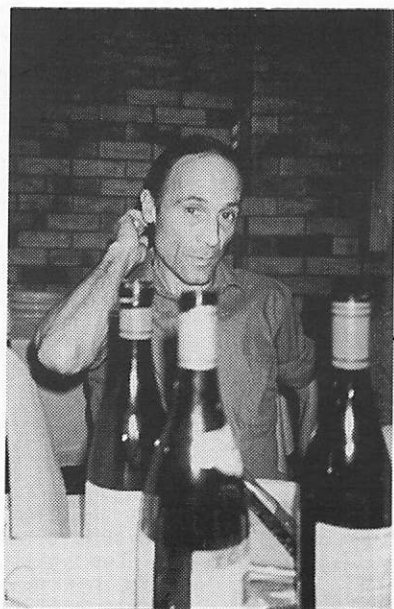
Some of their exasperation appears to have been born of the frustrated delusion that drinkable water is to be found at the top of Jagers Clough! Two points here: the first (as alluded to in DP NEWS, August '85) is the need for a knowledge of water-sources en route (or a bloody big bottle!); the delicious Harry Hut spring has been a life-saver and joyous discovery for many. The second is that Emlin ('the forgotten trig') is the crux of the round,

whichever way you go. We contend, again, that it's one of the principal features that give character and uniqueness to the 15 Trigs. Certainly, the Hayfield starters have a stiffer challenge, in increased distance and climb, and also probably in enjoying less familiarity with the intricacies between Emlin and Rivelin, but their reward, we repeat, is correspondingly greater.

As other people's experience is aggregated with our own, the 15 Trigs round grows in status and in charm. It is a nicely representative cross-section of Dark Peakers who have so far made their own contribution to the legend. We're sure that others will follow in their footsteps (or not, according to whether the clag is down over Bleaklow). We think it's proved to be a fitting way to celebrate '10 Years on the Bog', and we're gratified to have been involved in it.



Alan Yates in charge



Will McLewin in hard training

THE MARSDEN TO EDALE RACE OR

TANKY'S TROG OR

THE GOURMET GALLOP

A BRIEF PERSONAL RECOLLECTION OF 13 RACES

(1973 to 1985)

GRAHAM BERRY

The Marsden to Edale race of 1973 was the first fell race I had ever been in, so I have a special affection for it, having also managed to compete in all of them so far. Advice from Brian (Tanky) Stokes on footwear for this first race was a pair of Austrian walking boots which stretched halfway up my leg! So early one December Sunday morning found me in jackboots(!) in a Marsden car park surrounded by orienteers wearing studs - Mike Hayes, Jim Knight, Ricky Plumb and others. To my amazement I found myself in second position on Black Hill with Mike checking the route with me. Since this was my first visit to Black Hill I simply nodded and attempted to follow. Chris Brad, the eventual winner, was well ahead at this stage. I survived the first race because the weather was clear and there were footprints to follow in the snow. Every finisher of this race took home a frozen chicken from the sponsor Gourmet Chicken.

In one of the later races, Mike Hayes, Ricky Plumb and myself quietly tiptoed out of Hern Clough as we heard the voices of Joss Naylor and company heading for the lower reaches of Hern Clough. It was in this race that we discovered we were leading at the Snake Inn. The race really was on then, though Mike had a bonk and Ricky pulled away towards the top of Blackden. However, there was a sprint through Edale village which my mother happened to watch; she then insisted on asking Ricky why he didn't wait for me!

In another year John North attempted to cycle the route but I last saw John struggling with his bike at the top of Wildboar Clough in the face of a gale which eventually forced him to cycle on the road via Glossop to Edale.

Over the 12 years the course has changed slightly with the Black Hill checkpoint being removed, Crowden Youth Hostel checkpoint being changed to the reservoir wall, the railway line and the reservoir workings being made out of bounds and the finish changing from Fieldhead to the railway bridge and then to the Jolly Rambler.

Various routes between the checkpoints have been developed particularly over the Black Hill area where there are three main groups of routes including the Pennine Way (alternative), the 'road' route or the direct route to Black Hill each followed by Crowden Little Brook or by Westend Moss. Routes to Bleaklow

included a climb up the grassy, peaty slopes by Rollick Stones. Subsequently Bleaklow Head is reached now by a fairly well defined track before descending into Hern Clough and over the moor to the Snake Road. The final crossing of Kinder from the Snake Inn originally followed the shooting cabin path and the wall to Seal Stones hut. Seal Stones is now avoided by contouring round and below.

There have also been some interesting 'wanderings' from the route including trips down Alport valley from Hern Clough, excursions over Mill Hill, Holme Moss and even to Chew Valley and Glossop.

These navigational difficulties, the weather variations and the famous route all make the race a classic and the contribution made by Tanky Stokes in reintroducing the race and maintaining it for 13 years (and hopefully more) is certainly acknowledged and appreciated by me and, I hope, all other runners in the Marsden to Edale race.

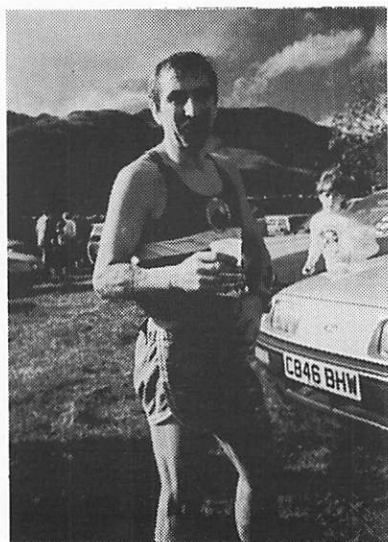


Start of Marsden-Edale

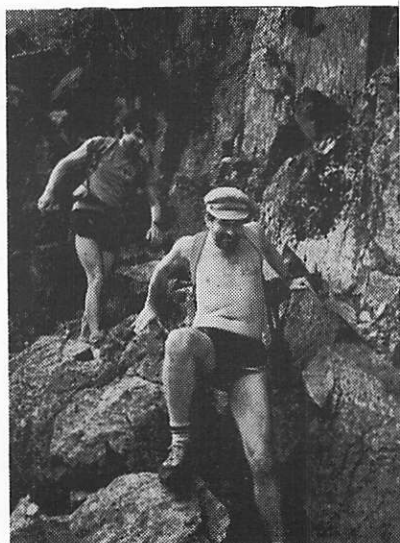
LANGDALE '85

WILL MCLEWIN

A memorable race in many ways; an enormous field with an exceptionally large number of ladies and a superb day. I am sure many competitors were inspired to heroic feats of speed and endurance. I produced one of my more spectacular personal worsts of 1985 and after an only moderately bad start I was overtaken by enough runners for a complete field in most races. So what was so outstanding about my performance? Well, in the January 1985 Fell Runner Angela Soper sought to persuade more ladies to compete by pointing out that life at the back of the field has its compensations. She suggested as an encouraging measure of performance comparison with a suitably decrepit male, and then bestowed the doubtful honour of choosing me as a prime example. Since then, on the fells, I have frequently been chased and beaten by ladies. At Langdale no less than 20 ladies were finished before I was and I had the pleasure of watching most of them go past. I suggest that few fell runners can say they have given satisfaction to twenty ladies in under three hours twenty minutes.



Billy Wilson - Langdale



Good technique! Arun Sahni
and John Edwards

Q WHAT HAVE I LEARNT FROM 10 YEARS OF FELL RUNNING?

MIKE HAYES

A A few bits and pieces from talking to other people and quite a lot from experimenting myself. First the bits and pieces from others.

- (i) With the right technique it is easier to run downhill fast than slow (John Disley).
- (ii) With the right technique it is faster and easier to walk up most hills rather than to run (Andy Styan).
- (iii) Train and race by drinking only pure spring water (Mike Nicholson).
- (iv) You get best results by equalising your effort over the whole race (Denis Weir).
- (v) Long winter walks are the best preparation for long summer fell races (Martin Hudson).
- (vi) Just because you are crippled, it does not mean your running days are over (Billy Wilson, Joss Naylor).
- (vii) It is the experiences of a race that count more than the result or ranking (common in fell; rarely met in other types of runners).

Now the things I have discovered.

- (a) Ankle protection. I took up running when I was 30 and in the first 4 years severely twisted my ankle 6 times. Then, from Norwegian orienteers I learnt how to strap up my ankles with thick wide strips of elastoplast which stops most twists. Elastoplast is expensive, so I use tent repair tape with equal effect. I also use footballers' ankle-guards to cushion jagged rocks and prevent small scree getting in shoes.
- (b) Body protection. There is much more to keeping warm than wearing lifas; eg consider the thicker Clough Sports cagoules (still lightweight), and whilst on cagoules, practice taking them on and off quickly and getting a system for tying them round the waist effectively; balaclavas and bath hats to keep head dry; socks or long sleeves rather than gloves to keep hands and sheepfat products (lanolin, baby-cream or dubbin) to put on the skin.
- (c) Cock-ups (avoidance of). Transpaseal stops your map or control card disintegrating in the wet. Nappy pins stop control cards and tallies getting lost, pin up shorts, and help open stuck zips and shoelaces.

- (d) Navigation. If you are with 10 fell runners in thick fog and the other 9 want to go the other way to you, ALWAYS go your way. The 'idiot who is always getting lost' is learning faster than the 'man who follows the pack'. Furthermore, look what the 'idiot' can do when he turns into a 'wise old man of the hills' like myself. Suppose you are running behind a group of runners going on quite the correct route when you feel tired. Hide behind a rock and shout 'Too far to the right, lads'. The chances are that they will stop to check their map and dive off wrongly to the left. If afterwards they accuse you of misleading them, counter with 'I warned you. I shouted - Too far. Right, lads.'



Winning ladies team, Edale Cross, High Peak Marathon.

SKYLARK, PLOVER AND HARE
(THE SPIRIT OF THE HILLS)

ANDY HARMER

As many of you know I'm particularly fond of the fells between Lost Lad and Marjory Hill, there's a super climb out of Abbey Brook and a great edge run before the Trig: and on a Day when the Westerly blows slightly from the North it's a wonderous battle along the ridge, always able to raise my spirits. But, running apart, it's a wild place with few walkers to be encountered and what a place for nature. The white hares make their homes on these slopes and it's a great sight between Wetstones and Cranberry Clough to see these true hill runners take on Dark Peak's best. Much as I love the Hares and find great affinity with them, it's not them that I find really evocative of these lonely places; it's the Golden Plover plaintively calling in early Spring. The Curlew's call is haunting and melancholic yet for me even that marvellous bird has to play second fiddle to this voice called from some lost soul. On a grey windy day with head bowed to fight the wind I have heard the cry and in the mist seen this largish bird not too shyly fly further away, sometimes black, sometimes yellow or golden in the changing light. It's a spiritually uplifting sight and call. But Abbey Brook isn't all mists and moods for on a bright warm May morning a little owl quartering the valley for voles can be seen and Dippers hugging the river cutting through the Valley, and in the lower woods the first cuckoo can be heard hopefully heralding warm days to be savoured on the tops.

One can never predict what one can see on the tops; I took my neighbour round the club champs for the first time in September as a birthday treat for him! Approaching Blackden Rind a Peregrine Falcon took off, slate grey gleaming in the sun, leaving a freshly killed grouse. Another time climbing unnamed Clough (screaming thighs gully) a lizard shot into the bracken and beyond a Ring Ousel darted into the Bracken. There are some songs that one can predict but still, nonetheless, are well received when heard. Rushup Edge can be a grim place on an early March day when a sortie for the Skyline is in progress but it's a grand place for skylarks and when they are in full song my spirit takes off again; it's worth a few minutes. In fact I remember doing the Roaches Race in 1983 and having waded the river felt a little jaded, but once the skylarks had set to work joined in by the bubbling excitement of the lapwings - rubber winged aerobatically, swooping over the rough ground, I was recharged and off again. Mind you, birds can be hazardous; I remember in mist crossing Great Bourne in the Ennerdale and being charged at by scores of grouse chicks!

Not that running is all about birdwatching; it's a great sight to see a fox at full chase and one hurtled down from Winhill one snowy day having been dislodged by Tony and Jake taking a higher path and Grindslow Knoll's a fine place for a sighting. Some birds

there can be strange bedfellows on the hills! Whilst taking the long Marjory with Tony and Graham one warm summer's morning, I disturbed a grouse and a hare in the same lay! The sandy area between between West End Bridge and Grinnah Stones is a great place for the only green butterfly; the green hairstreak, to see them dancing in the May sunlight is worth a sojourn that way. Sometimes the summer can seem uninspiring; running over the dusty peat of Bleaklow in July on a hot hazy day there seems little around but then the cloudberry's rough leaves appear with lovely white flowers and add a zest to the proceedings; no less exciting than the first coltsfoot on a February day or the marsh marigolds and wood anemones in the spring woods.

Of course, if one turns into a Dark Peak valley runner, for a change, as occasionally I've done with Graham or Jacky, there are other delights. The River Derwent between Hope and Curbar is a wondrous place for Heron, Dippers, Kingfisher, Pied Wagtail and Flycatchers and all the lowland birds and can afford better sightings of Redwing and Fieldfare shortly after their arrival from the North in December. As I write with growing expectancy I'm looking forward to the Spring arrivals when the Martins, Swallows and Swifts will grace the skies over the edges and the Snipe can go back to the dykes once filled with ice and snow.

Then again there is more to look for out of the area. Ravens croaking on Striding and Swirral Edge and in the leadmines of Coniston give a timeless feel to the fells and one really feels a temporary visitor when these lords of the sky hold court; perhaps shared with the mewing of the wide winged buzzards. Further afield the sight of Rare Red Kites over the mid Wales tops; a distant sight of an Eagle over Skye or Torridon, or a herd of deer high up on the fells makes it so much more of an experience than just a run. It's an exploration with every trip potentially holding a joy, new or old and perhaps holds one of my secrets of success and continuation, i.e. I'm uplifted by nature and come back exhilarated or, on the other hand, run so easily whilst absorbing these lovely sights that I'm fresh for racing!

Even Redmires on a Summer evening holds delights; Redshanks, Tufted ducks, and Oystercatchers can be seen. It all makes for an outing - mind you, with so many sprained ankles it's possible I'm in need of orientating my eyes to earth rather than to the heavens. Good sightings and go easy on the running.

EVERYTHING MUST CHANGE.....

SARA BRADLEY

The secret is out Fell Running is for fun!

"Women!?! Joining Dark Peak Fell Runners? Oh, you mean for the snack bar at the Edale Skyline race. No? You cannot be serious!"

April 1981:- Roger Baumeister is appointed Ladies Secretary of Dark Peak Fell Runners at the AGM you cannot be serious!

Edale Skyline 1982:- Will McLewin extols the virtues of being the DPFR male escort for the women runners descending in their race from Mam Nick. He declares it, "an onerous and sensitive duty," "Sue Parkin was such a bonny sight," "it was like a dream - I'd amble back up the track in a happy daze to meet yet another enchanting creature!"

April 1982 AGM:- the Ladies Secretary reports back; the Ladies section remains virtually non-existent, "I have done nothing because I wished to respond to, and not offer my services." Alan Yates 'pipes' up, "I think the facts speak for themselves." "The fact is," quips Rob Pearson, "you have not beaten Jenny once this last year!"

Eureka! November 1982:- 6 Women run the Club Championships. Sally Sahni wins in 100 minutes.

March 1983 AGM - it's not looking good, Roger is still Ladies Secretary (despite resigning the year before).

6 Ladies run and complete the Edale Skyline and then disappear back into the mists.

September 1983:- Jane Spence and Sara Bradley wish to announce their intentions. They are trying to get a Ladies section established. Alan Yates is seen to tweak the stem of his pipe. Roger looks very depressed "You cannot be serious!"

At last the women are serious, as their speed, strength and determination show in their notable performances. When the wounded male pride embodied in the "I've been beaten by a woman" brigade has taken on a new member, Tony Farnell, you can see what I mean.

..... The Dark Ladies of the Peak come out of the shadows to celebrate success after success on the fells, over cross-country and on the roads.

Club Championships 1983:- Sally knocks 12 minutes off last year's record and finishes in 88 minutes.

January 1984:- a carload travel to compete in the Women's Northern Cross-Country Championships.

March 1984:- Jane gets lost during the Edale Skyline race and makes the local press. This could set our cause back ten years!

An Enlightened Editor starts to include ladies results as part of each race report.

May 1984:- the Hallam Chase; Dark Peak Ladies make the headlines again. Refused a permit to run in the race with the men, the ladies conduct a protest training run at the same time as the race. Jane wins and restores faith in our cause once more.

June 1984:- Angela Carson completes the Bob Graham Round in a time of 23 hrs 45 mins.

Dark Peak ladies are now the norm at training sessions and fell races, male chauvinism has been shown the door. Encouragement and interest is flooding in from all directions.

October 1984:- a Ladies Dark Peak Relay team wins the Cutlers Relay in Graves Park.

1985 dawns and Dark Peak Ladies are the first women's team in the Watershed and discredit several fellow male counterparts.

Jacky Smith is 2nd lady in the Three Peaks Race.

Women start writing articles for the Newsletter!

..... Still only 5 women run the Club Champs but there is great success in road racing.

Alison Wright becomes the youngest lady to complete the Bob Graham Round.

..... Women's fell running has come a long way in ten years.

I have helped a couple of times in the snack bar at the Edale Skyline, it wouldn't be because I am a woman - would it?



Start of ladies Edale Skyline

THE ELEVENTH ENNERDALE HORSESHOE 10th JUNE 1978

(AN EMOTIONAL ACCOUNT BY J B EDWARDS)

Having publicly announced my intention after this year's Three Peaks Race never ever to run in a fell race again and after telling a group of rocks the same thing whilst in an even worse condition in the Fellsman a few weeks later, I nevertheless found myself hurtling north again with Tony for the Ennerdale. Such is the brain damage inflicted by fell running.

I had first been inspired to take part one year previously by the account of Joss Naylor's 1977 win in the Fell Runner and by the graphic description of Howard Biggins' attempt in that same year. This was my first sight of the sort of terrifying course over which these classic long distance races are run in the Lake District and the view through the binoculars the evening before together with the foul weather on the day of the race had been sufficient to convince me not to go. This year, however, the weather was fine with blue skies and only a bit of mist on the higher summits. Any excuse I might have dreamed up was in any case crushed by Andy Collinson's offer to run with me - a kind but unnerving sacrifice by Andy, he being a hard mountain man and Bob Graham rounder - not at all my normal company on these occasions. The prospect of being shown the route did, however, allow me to recklessly discard some of my weightier navigational aids this time including my nautical almanac, star charts, sextant and two copies of Wheelwright. Emergency food was likewise cut to the minimum in an attempt not to embarrass Andy, settling for merely a small pork pie, two paté-de-fois-gras sandwiches, one or two chocolate liqueurs and the smaller of my two brandy flasks. [Readers should take care not to confuse the foregoing kit check with that suggested by Andy Lewsley in an earlier newsletter.]

The Dark Peak team resplendent in their now familiar toning shades of gold, green, brown and purple - my own colour scheme enhanced by scarlet sweatshirt and blue ladder-resisting tights with dinky red seams - lined up with most of the field of 137 runners for the start although several were still sprinting over from the forest from last minute nature calls when the whistle blew.

The start is fast and exhilarating, Andy and I nearly demolishing the movie camera and tripod set up 400 yards down course to record this epic. Once away from the spectators the pace, as if by prior arrangement, slowed down to about half, at least in my part of the field, and conversation began. How beautiful the views should be, where to stop for lunch (and dinner) and how the leaders would soon exhaust themselves or get lost. Other commonly encountered statements were also to be heard such as "I'm only treating this as a training run today", "This is only my second run since my coronary" and, after about one mile, "Might as

well walk now 'cos they will all be walking in a minute anyway". This sort of thing I always find most encouraging and so continue something like my initial burst until the first real slopes bring me to a gasping and mouth-foaming halt. Not today though because the steep grassy slopes up the 2000 ft. Great Bourne are just the thing to switch Andy on and up he went as if balloon assisted. I followed desperately as if assisted by lead weights comparing with detached interest my own random zig-zag with his bee-line trajectory. As the spots before my eyes changed from pink to crimson I did, however, catch sight through my legs (such was the gradient) of a purple faced Bill Bentall not at all happy at a considerable distance below. This encouraged me because Bill is only 78 and, unlike me, yet to reach his peak and so with the fanatical energy of someone possessed I swept up to the summit and the first check point where the marshalls suggested I should retire. Nonsense! this was a good day for me and I raced recklessly on through heather at a speed requiring me to bank steeply as we contoured Starling Dodd.

Big Gordon, a friend of Andy's, joined us at the col and rudely enquired what Andy was doing at this position in the field. Whilst Andy was searching for an answer not to upset me he momentarily lost his path finding ability and we found ourselves crossing and re-crossing barbed wire which I don't enjoy and which should present an interesting challenge for the club's vaulter A Yates next year. I look forward to seeing his attempt at this particular obstacle - freedom shorts are all very well but personally I shall be wearing my German lederhosen next time.

This hold up gave Bill his big chance and he came past, apparently effortlessly, with a hearty but slightly contemptuous "Good morning chaps". He does this so often that I felt obliged to resist this time and attempted a vicious shoulder charge as he overtook. Bill in full training is so thin, however, that he proved too difficult to hit directly and I succeeded only in disarranging his shorts slightly as I fell instead into the heather. This effort must have spoiled his rhythm somewhat because I am delighted to record that he was eventually caught by Andy and in a fit of pique tried to have me disqualified from receiving the free cup of tea due to all runners completing the course by fair means or foul - all on the grounds of indecent assault.

Andy and I chased Bill hard over Red Pike and Chapel Craggs which seemed surprisingly runnable despite the appalling precipices to our left. Before dropping to Scarth Gap, though I momentarily broke my golden rule always to look at my feet and never the view, Buttermere, a superb sapphire blue, spun around the sun a couple of times before I landed shoulder first in a heap of granite. I was so shaken up by the fall that this virtually ended my serious running and any attempt to restart was promptly blocked by that mountain of loose boulders known amazingly as Haystacks.

Andy had gone out of sight and it seemed to take me an hour to

eventually clamber and crawl over this obstacle to the checkpoint at Black Back Tarn from which I drank prodigiously. When I looked up Andy was there asking if I was ready to continue and pointing towards Green Gable which, high as it is, seemed particularly soft and inviting after what we had just crossed. Running was difficult though and we made the ascent in 100 yard bursts of running interspersed with much walking and, in my case, eating - despite the fairly easy slopes. A competitor in boots and rucksack came by but I could not resist.

My spirits rose as we turned back westward towards Kirk Fell particularly as Andy said he knew where we could find water which I desperately needed. What few runners were still around were contouring frighteningly around the steep slopes of Great Gable but Andy led us instead down an even more fearsome chimney of what seemed like 5 to 600 feet eventually to a very doubtful looking spring which is the source of the river Liza. Out of politeness only I drank from this and then we continued more easily to Beck Head where I was introduced to the legendary Boyd Millen (not running for once) who kindly offered a much pleasanter drink and much encouragement.

Kirk Fell was no problem in climbing and we repassed several stragglers but going down the other side was even worse than Wheelwright describes - so steep and hazardous. How on earth do other runners' knees stand up to it? Those we had passed recovered ten or fifteen minutes in the course of the descent.

With great relief and after $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of brown ale from a group of basking hikers we began the long ascent of Pillar Ridge again passing the group who had overtaken us earlier. (One slight psychological setback though - DJM Rowe, the York University supervet came by and I remembered thinking how far back he seemed last year and how he had explained that he does not climb well because he gets no hill practice at home!)

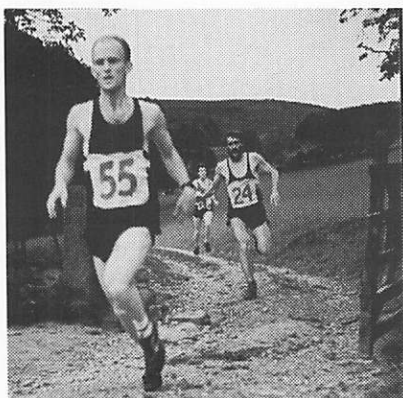
Nearly home at Pillar I thought - which a glance at the map reveals how delirious I was now becoming and after following the stalwart Andy so far I eventually lost contact for good as he contoured Scoat Fell and I blundered on 90° wrong towards the other Red Pike - above Wasdale. As the crags became more and more forbidding I realised all was not right and so took out my map, which I eventually found the right side of, my compass and a book on how to use it.

After a quick snifter from my flask I had things sorted out and was confident enough to call back the guy in boots who had also gone wrong with me - I was not going to die alone. Swaying, he traversed back towards me and was so far gone that I easily convinced him and he followed blindly to Haycock which I found with a considerable feeling of pride. My new companion was buoyed up as well and as we embarked on the grassy slopes towards Caw Fell and Iron Crag he seemed to be improving too much. I pointed out the

Isle of Man and this did the trick. Scanning the western horizon he stumbled and fell, not getting up for some time, whilst I carried on to pass the next man who told me that he had been running 20th until dislocating his hip on Kirk Fell. I persuaded him not to retire (so as to improve the look of the results sheet in my favour) and going better and better with these successes I ran on towards the final descent. I realised that 6-hours could be broken (and thereby immortality achieved) but after knacker myself in the attempt I finally managed 6-hours 10 seconds much to the amusement of Joe Long and colleagues who had been shaking the watch vigorously as I approached.

I was well pleased, however, for once being back in time for the prize giving which had just begun. The results I managed to record in my state of near oblivion were as follows.

1. Andy Einstein - Holmfirth (no relative)
 2. M Shorthouse - Horwich
 3. Mrs Roberts - who also served the tea
 4. Bully Blend
 15. M Hudson - 4th local
 16. D Booth - 1st Yokel
 30. A E Trowbridge - (later disqualified for complaining that this is not proper running)
 39. A Lewsley - (foreign)
 99. B Harney - Gentleman
 118. A Collinson - hurray
 119. W Bental - boo (later disqualified because of an incident involving the lady marshall on Iron Crag and interferences with the ladies' race)
- Also finished - J B Edwards - 2nd Gentleman.



John Fisher, Graham Berry
Hope Fell Race



Colin Henson

John Edwards' Boxing Day Trot



HOW I JOINED DARK PEAK

JACKY SMITH

My running was tentative and surreptitious - sneaking out alone and in the dark, when friends were safely ensconced in smoky atmospheres exercising only their right arms. I jogged around Endcliffe Park and Hunters Bar from October to Christmas (1983) - then other runners (they looked the part in close fitting trousers (tracksters I now know!) and thermal tops) - began saying Hello - I really must be progressing!! So I went further, up to Porter Clough then venturing over to Burbage and Stanedge edge; this was great - I thought I'd invented fell running! But a colleague at work told me about fell races and I confessed my attempts. "Why not enter a race? You should find this easy ...?" and I was proffered a form for the Edale Skyline. Why not? I thought, I have until March to change my mind. But March dawned and I had no excuse - so with trepidation I drove to Edale to find hundreds of well equipped and obviously(?) seasoned runners. I felt quite out of place - dressed in tracksuit bottoms that fell down, a baggy cotton top, and carrying a brand new bum bag (purchased the day before), with heavy weight walkers, cagoule and overtrousers stowed in it. Other women in the changing area gave me advice, and looked at me with obvious concern.

When the race started I went off like a shot, chasing after Bridgett Hogg, intent on not getting lost. At the top of Grindslow Knoll she left me - disappearing into the murk never to be seen again. Twice (or maybe three times) round the Knoll in the mist and I thankfully met other runners - and slowly my drained confidence returned. I knew where I was and stuck in - determined not to be last.

Later, I heard mention of Dark Peak. They race over the moors every week, often in the dark I was told. Oh no! I thought, I'd never keep up or cope with that. Fearful of making a fool of myself I drove home, and promptly continued my solitary park and fell running.

Then I met Chez and a friend who works with Andy Harmer asked his advice and passed on messages of encouragement about the friendliness and excitement of the Dark Peak club runs(!) I rose to the challenge and ventured up, arriving promptly at 6.15 pm (September 19th 1984 - the date indelibly stamped on my memory!) Not a soul. Was it the right 'Sportsman'? Then another car arrived and parked as far away as possible. The stealthy movements, gently rocking car and the occasional arm appearing over the dashboard indicated in-car changing (I presumed??) So that's what you did I changed and sat huddled and nervous wondering what happened next. Then at 6.25 pm the whole world arrived - the car park was suddenly full, and fit people in strange brown, purple and yellow vests were jogging up and down looking fit and fast. I ventured out, clutching my car

keys (I didn't know of wheel hub hides!) - and was just relaxing with the chorus of welcomes and you must be Jacky, I've heard all about you (from Andy Harmer) when it struck 6.30. Suddenly I was standing alone, everyone was off, rocketing down the road, then down a narrow boulder strewn footpath, overtaking on precipices - cutting corners - and all talking and laughing at the same time! It was all I could do to keep up, and keep hold of my car keys and talk, or at least breathlessly attempt answers! Eventually we hit an area where I was told - "this will make you into a real fell runner" - yes, it was the hummocks and holes en route to the Headstone and everyone was still running! No one seemed to sprain an ankle, or twist a knee, and miraculously I didn't either, so I eventually reached the 'Sportsman' again with such a feeling of elation (and my car keys); I had completed a real Dark Peak Club run, and it had been worth every bit of my anxiety! I felt I could conquer anything. Although I hadn't then heard of Rudd Hill, the Kinder Trog, or the Watershed! I had a long, long way to go.



Jackie Smith and Clare Crofts

HOW I JOINED DARK PEAK (AND THE RESCUE OF BILLY WILSON)

GERRY GOLDSMITH

It was all Andrea and Al Evans' fault really! I'd done a bit of running (mainly to get fit for the Alps) and had run one local race (the Lantern Pike). Andrea suggested that I join Dark Peak (as they had recently done) and enter the Chew Valley Skyline - I might even make a Dark Peak ladies team! It sounded interesting, but what was I letting myself in for?

Well, I was given the secretary's name (some relation of that scarecrow called Gummidge) whom I duly contacted. Then there was the question of getting a club vest for the Chew. That proved easier than expected as Sally Sahni worked just downstairs. Sally kindly acquired a vest for me and I entered the Chew race.

The question is - would I have joined if I'd seen the vest beforehand? What a colour combination! The yukky brown colour was obviously designed as camouflage for peaty moors and it didn't show the mud too much. But why the purple and yellow stripes? Presumably for locating a DP runner collapsed in the bog (peat that is). Or were these the only colours that Will could find when he painted his van?

Conditions at the Chew were pretty bad (normal, people said). I felt conspicuous in my new club vest, apprehensive about getting lost/injured or coming last in the race, wondering if they excommunicated members for such deeds. However, none of this happened and my career in Dark Peak had started.

The next race was the Edale Skyline, where amongst the more seasoned lady runners there was a newcomer who appeared most anxious about the race (her first real fell race). That year the ladies started before the men and the clag was down, so it was easy to get lost - as one Dark Peak lady proved. It was lonely running in the mist and snow and I was quite glad to meet Christine Fielding on the way round. At Jagger's Clough the newcomer appeared out of the mist and shot ahead, to finish second. It was Jackie Smith!

During that first year, the Dark Peak vest proved useful for recognising fellow club members (and it still does). It also brings encouragement (and sustenance) from supporters along the route. But one lesson I have learnt (to my cost) is:- DO NOT FOLLOW THE DP VEST; however confident its wearer may look, the chances are that they don't know where they are going either.

* * * * *

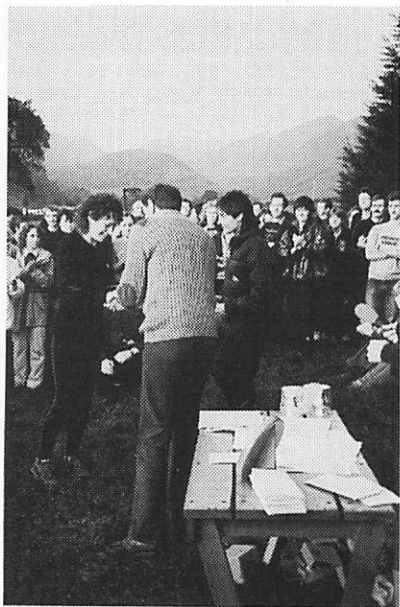
The above was not my first Dark Peak encounter. Some years previously Neil and I had been standby with the Kinder Rescue Team, watching those mad fools run round the Downfall in nought but

shorts and vest, when one of them fell and broke his kneecap.

Billy was evacuated by stretcher, having been suitably anaesthetised with pain killers, but not until the Doc had showed us all his unusual fracture. "You don't mind if they all have a look do you?" said the Doc pulling back the casualty bag, "a classical transverse fracture of the patella - you won't see one of these again for a long time." However, Billy's main concern was whether he would be fit to run in August. He was a VET, he said, to which Neil replied "Well you'll know what those drugs we gave you were then, won't you?" (In those days 'vet' to us meant veterinary surgeon.) Little did we know



Gerry and Chez finishing
Bens of Jura race



Karrimor 1985 Jackie and Chez
B Class Ladies Winners

DIARY OF THE CLUB CHAMPS

TONY FARNELL

An important date, Saturday, 6th November. The Dark Peak Club Champs. Started thinking about it at the back end of August. Second for the last two years. It would be nice to win.

Saturday, 4th September. Ran around course with Tony T. and Graham B. Mist on top. Promised to show me 'the quick way' between Kinder River and Grindslow Knoll. We got lost and ended up at Crowden Towers! A struggle to run up the hills I'd been bounding up last year.

Sunday, 12th September. Another try. This time with Graham B., Malcolm P. and Andy H. Learnt a new descent from Seal Stones from Graham. Felt a bit stronger on the hills. Also, Graham's direct descent from Grindslow Knoll seemed much faster than the track.

Saturday, 16th October. Patchy mist on top. This time with Chris W. Still couldn't find a decent route from Kinder River to Pennine Way. Tried Graham's descent from Grindslow Knoll, but Chris took another line and beat me to the gate! Back to the drawing board.

Thursday, 28th October. Final attempt. Beautiful morning. Clear blue sky. Still got bogged down after leaving Kinder River. Dave B. and Tim T. met a familiar fate. Feeling more confident up the hills. Still undecided about final descent.

At last! Saturday, 6th November. Cool and overcast at Edale, thick mist on the Kinder plateau. Could be interesting morning! Decide to go hard up the first climb, as usual, to kill off the faint-hearted, relax on the descent to Snake Footbridge, hard again up Fairbrook, then concentrate on navigation and let the running look after itself.

A large field assembled at the start. Good to see some lady members. Decide to run in just shorts and a life top, with no cagoule.

We're off at last. A brisk start as usual, across the fields and through the wood. First to the foot of Golden Clough. Start the slog up. Going to plan so far.

Rob P. surges past looking strong. Up we go into the mist. Just before the top he starts to pull away. Al B. charges after him.

Head out across the peat bogs towards Seal Stones. Catch occasional glimpses of Rob and Al through the mist. Contour below Seal Stones and drop down the steep escarpment out of the mist.

Rob and Al over to the left, going around the head of the stream. Stick to my own route.

Reach the path at the 'kink' and have suddenly caught Rob and am in front of Al. Good route! Thanks Graham! Down to the Snake Footbridge right behind Rob and pulling away from Al slightly. On the dog-leg, note that Dave B. and Andy H. are the only others in contention.

Start the long drag up Fairbrook. Al glides past and catches Rob. As the climb steepens they start to pull away. Not feeling as strong up here as last year. Into the mist again.

Can still see Rob and Al at the top. They turn right immediately. Too soon for me. Follow main stream a bit further and take second grough to the right. Longer, but easier running. Starting to feel tired in the legs. Very heavy. Slowing down. Stagger out onto Kinder River and turn right. A splash right behind me. Rob and Al pass us on the dog-leg. They've got 200 metres on us. The race isn't over yet.

Dave surges back up Kinder River. Hang on to him. Might be able to beat him on the final descent, like at the Lantern Pike. Splash up the river, through Kinder Gate, turn left at the cairn, straight up the grough, and climb out onto the peat. Still hanging on to Dave. Glance at the compass. He's drifting too far to the left. Keep contact though. Look at the compass again. He's veering more to the left. Let him go. Stick to South bearing. Ploughing through the peat, wallowing in it up to the thighs in places. This bit seems to be taking ages. Perhaps Dave was right. No! There's the collection of unusual rocks - bang on course! Out of the peat, over the tussocky grass, and onto the Pennine Way. Made it!

Try to push it along - slipping, sliding, stumbling along the Pennine Way. Feeling very heavy and worn out. Seem to be moving slowly. Fresh stride marks in the mud. Wonder who it is?

Grindslow Knoll looms out of the mist. Follow path to right. No sign of anyone. Decide to play safe. Descend on the track. Out of the mist. There's Fiona Berry. "You're the first one to pass here," she shouts. Must be mistaken. The others must have taken the direct descent.

Over the gate, across the fields. Look around. No sign of any pursuit. Relax to the finish. There's Adrian P. Ask him how I'm doing. What! First runner back. I've won! There's still life in 'the old man' yet.

THE COAST TO COAST RECORD ATTEMPT

FRANK THOMAS

"Frank, eat ... irish stew, creamed rice and fruit or marmite butties, you have three minutes. And what will you drink? Complian, tea, coffee or Rise and Shine? Pete, do you want the spray or the Deep Heat?" "Quick, someone, find me a dry teeshirt ... clean socks, please Brian. No, the white ones in my holdall - oh, they'll do. Ouch, I feel a blister coming on." "Chris, I must change back into my LDV's." "Give me your foot then." "No, it's easier if I do it, thanks all the same. Ah, that's better." "Ready then? Pacer's sack got everything?" ... "Yes" ... "Off we go. See you later."

Not untypical of the many exchanges between Peter, me, our remarkable team of pacers and our organiser, the indefatigable Chris Dodd. Only a matter of days earlier the undisputed Commander-in-Chief of epic recces, Martin Stone, had ingeniously planned a three day crossing of the route using Pete's famous blue van. He materialised at all the road access points, goading us on like a couple of prize cattle that had to be handled with care lest any mishap should befall them and frustrate the attempt. At times we were pessimistic about our progress, not always helped by Martin's bullying tactics; but he could see we needed pushing because time on that recce was at a premium. In the end we covered a full 120 miles almost on schedule and I was well pleased with the knowledge I had gained of the Wainwright route. There were frequent moments of acute frustration when we failed to comprehend AW's miniscule drawings and symbols. I annoyed Peter by my unswerving allegiance to AW through all the vicissitudes of the route and Peter occasionally responded by opening up alternative routes which never fitted the picture. Near Hartley Fell, for example, the language became particularly rich and later I demonstrated my solidarity by flinging away the Wainwright guide discus fashion with all the strength I could muster.

Much of our behaviour was unconsciously aimed at preserving a sense of proportion (if that still applies when you have set your mind on running 190 miles). The element of fun that goes with such a serious undertaking is always apparent in the way these matters are organised. We have been closely involved in many ventures in the past and know each other's strengths and weaknesses. This is so important, as mutual trust and compatibility go hand in hand.

Unlike Martin, Peter and I had little previous knowledge of the route, apart from our familiarity with the Lake District section and various bits of the intermediate moorland areas. The recce was, therefore, more than just a routine exercise. I discovered much beautiful scenery which was entirely new to me, and in so doing felt a wonderful uplifting of the spirit such as normally only happens when you are entirely alone.

The weather was wet in the early stages, but gradually improved until we were able to enjoy some pleasant warmth and sunshine on the North York Moors. I regard the recce as the key to the whole attempt ... and it is with a feeling of enormous satisfaction that I look back on those three days during which Peter, Martin and I worked so efficiently to achieve our aim. Without Martin's expert help none of this would have been possible.

Once home again and for me back to work, there commenced a furious campaign for the recruitment of pacers. Chris undertook this task almost single-handed and by 28 August had secured the help of no fewer than ten, many of whom were friends of long standing on the fell running scene. There was my brother Brian, Andy Lewsley, Doug Calder, Colin Dixon, Brian Harney, Dave Findell-Hawkins, Roger Canavan, Dave Baylis and the Kendal doctors, Dick Jackson and Dick Mitchell. On the day we had the good fortune to be helped by some 'unscheduled' runners, namely Gareth Evans, Selwyn Wright, Dave Hayward and perhaps most of all, the Millens. It was especially pertinent that Boyd should be present since I owe him so much for his encouragement and example back in my Bob Graham 'apprenticeship' days of 1977! Lillian's fitness is now such that she did the lion's share of the pacing. Her children, Sarah (15), Rachel (13), Samantha (12) and Charlotte (7) all played a large part in our success. Their enthusiasm was infectious and they are lovely kids - but that is not all: they are phenomenal runners. Between them they clocked up 147 miles - Sarah did 37, Rachel 31³/₄ and little Charlotte 4¹/₂, although she was capable of much more. Boyd had to pull her off the course when she hurt her toes! Perhaps the performance of the four sisters is not so surprising when one remembers that they are already veterans of the Lyke Wake, having completed it recently in just over 13 hours - a time of which many a seasoned walker would be proud!

The first I knew of Peter's intention of making the Coast to Coast attempt was from Chris who had been assigned his role only the night before Pete's holiday in France and Switzerland. Pete really has me to blame for 'inviting' myself onto what was envisaged as a 'solo', but we both knew by the end of the recce that the joint venture was destined to be a success in terms of compatibility, if nothing else. If it had not been for the Coast to Coast, I would have probably looked around for an epic of my own (but my Ancient Southern Ridgeways route at 300 miles was too far). Both of us paced during Chris's tremendous victory over the Scottish 4000's on 18th/19th July - on which Howard Artiss was forced out by injury - and I think after that we were, quite independently of each other, itching to get our teeth into an ultra distance route of our own.

As with so many of our forays to the north, the action was preceded by an exceedingly long journey by car. We used a hired Cortina Estate - by general consent the ideal support vehicle - emblazoned on the doors with the words 'Coast to Coast'. Chris, Brian and I drove to Lymm where we met Pete and Andy. All was not

well with Pete, as I will relate. I was astonished to see how much gear we had between us and speechless when I surveyed the crates of food. There were endless tins of Irish stew and creamed rice, loaves of bread, jars of marmite, honey and jam, bags of fruit, dextrose, and Complian, Accolade, milk, cakes of all sorts and dozens of bars of chocolate. Then I remembered that we had to feed the pacers as well as ourselves and the food situation looked more respectable!

We stopped in Keswick on the drive to St Bees to stack with pie and chips. The lateness of the hour (it was nearly midnight) and Pete's very real fear that his right knee, injured in a race the previous Sunday, might prevent him from even starting the run threw us all into a mood of despondency. It was no laughing matter at this juncture to have one's compatriots wincing with pain. The tents went up at St Bees in the cold and the wet of a Lake District August night. My sleep was not calm and the sound of rain and a stiffening wind began to undermine my resolve for the morrow.

At 7.30 I ventured outside. It looked grim: there was a strong wind carrying fast moving rain-laden clouds. After breakfast and changing into our running gear, Chris and Brian set about organising the car for its many hours of support, while Andy stood by to come in at Ennerdale Bridge.

We were photographed on the sea wall and at precisely 10 am began our overland journey of 190 miles by climbing to the cliff top along a well used path. We had $43\frac{3}{4}$ miles of good coastal scenery before dropping down to Sandwith - and this was to be our only unpaced section. I could hardly believe Pete's assurance after only a short distance, that his well bandaged knee was giving him no trouble! He could run on it and with no discomfort. It seemed like a miracle.

The landlord of the Lowther Arms looked on sceptically as we left with Chris for Ennerdale Bridge. This was to be his only opportunity to pace, except for the road section after Catterick; all the rest of the time he was in charge of the car, assisted by my brother Brian. On the way into Cleator I put an idea to Peter. We should do the route dressed in white shrouds, me starting one end and he the other, so giving birth to a variant, the Ghost to Ghost. This idea and my pretence that this was in reality the second recce, became two hallmarks of the attempt. As with several of my jokes, they became played out and overworked, but never abandoned!

Dent was marked by heavy rain and mist but I enjoyed the steep descent, now in my Compasrosen studs. Earlier I had been wearing my new LDV's but was not convinced of their suitability in the fells. I met a lost backpacker near Nannycatch Gate and directed him to Ennerdale with the confidence of a local.

We saw Brian and Andy at Ennerdale Bridge changed ready to

accompany us the 14½ miles to Rosthwaite, which was about the same distance as already covered. We had been going for 2 hrs 40 m and we both felt reasonably good, though I was experiencing some groin pain (which thankfully never worsened and, indeed, disappeared altogether in time).

One of the many progress reports to Martin Stone at the end of the hot line in his parents' house in Exeter was made from here. Chris made a point of assuring Martin of the excellence of the Irish stew as it was he who felt so strongly about our need for plenty of this well proven running fuel. The hot line functioned right through the period and must have saved many a crisis developing for it enabled the later pacers to monitor our progress and to be on standby without wasting any travelling time, except for Doug Calder, who had to rely on an over-optimistic ETA for Keld. After it was all over Martin confessed to me that never again would he suffer the frustration of being so near yet so far from the action 'on the hill'. Had it not been for some important studies that weekend Martin would doubtless have closely involved himself on the attempt, although his help had already been of a high order.

The path along Ennerdale Water, from Anglers Crag, was atrocious. Boulders, heather, mud and swamp. Driving rain and mist blotted out any hope of views but it was more sheltered through Ennerdale Forest. It was here, though, that I began to feel tired - not a good sign at such an early stage! Fortunately this, again, was a passing phase.

The section to Honister took us nearly to Grey Knotts via the Loft Beck path and we had a quick feed before continuing to Rosthwaite, still in the pelting rain. The familiar smell of wet Borrowdale pastures accompanied us. In some ways this favourite part of the Lakes is enjoyed most in such conditions.

Andy now continued with us, while Brian resumed his post with Chris. We had before us one of the tougher sections over to Mill Bridge, Grasmere via Greenup Edge. Lining Crag looked ominous and the rain swept summit of Calf Crag and onwards to Gibson Knott and Helm Crag was classic fell running country. It was, however, good to descend to the valley and meet the support at Mill Bridge. We were over 11¼ hours up on our 48 hour schedule, but that was no excuse for being over optimistic, with the first night now only hours away. I changed back into my Nike LDV's (which I was to continue wearing throughout) because the studs were beginning to work up a blister on the top of one foot.

I was introduced to Dave Baylis and Dick Jackson who paced us with great confidence to Patterdale aided by Gip, Dick's sleek black sheep dog. She must have run twice our distance on the section which followed the Grisedale Pass, and Ruthwaite Lodge route and then through Glemara Park before meeting the car at Patterdale village. Here we were joined by our DPFR clubmate

Selwyn Wright (recently returned to Wakefield from Edinburgh University where he acquired a strong liking for orienteering). Also on the scene, arriving that instant by car and in an awful hurry, was Dick Mitchell and Gareth Evans from Kendal. After a 16 minute feed and briefing, we were away again for the critical 11 mile stage to Burn Banks during which night would close in completely. With assorted torches in the pacers sacks, Selwyn continued with us as we soldiered on over the difficult terrain represented by Boardale Hause, Angletarn Pikes, the Knott and Kidsty Pike. Progress seemed much better than I had expected. Pete was still in good shape and I felt surprisingly good, but I was not looking forward to the 4½ mile route along the side of Haweswater, which on the recce did not go well even in the daylight.

Kidsty Pike, at 2560 feet the highest point reached on the Coast to Coast, was a notable landfall (although an insignificant summit in itself). It was tempting to descend at speed, but I thought about the risk of injury and checked myself. Apart from a few difficult moments on the rockier part of the Haweswater path, we arrived at Burn Banks in one piece at 22.50, now 1h 40m up on schedule. On the approach to the checkpoint a lone figure ran towards us. It was Lillian Millen. Before she could positively identify me in the blackness of the night, she was to hear one of our number murmur "you don't half meet some funny people ...". I was surprised and delighted to see Lillian at such an early stage in our run and as she tagged alongside, I introduced her to Peter because they had not met before. After a 10 minute rest and feed we ran to The King's Arms at Shap. The weather was desperate: was there no end to this ceaseless rain? My patience was beginning to wear thin and I think at times only the cheerful company of our pacers and my spasmodic puns kept our spirits buoyant!

"Where are we?" asked Gareth, "Shap Abbey is over there," I said. And we all took a look at the sombre outline of the ruin in its wooded seclusion. I have a strong feeling for places. I wonder if Wainwright would regard us as insensitive not to savour the beauties and the infinite variety of his route? But was I not relishing this rich kaleidoscope of Northern English scenery, amidst the fickleness of its climate? It could perhaps be compared with a speeded up film. On its next showing it deserves an action replay in slow motion.

Saturday morning and the rain washed A6 at Shap was almost deserted except for the support party, now joined by Dick Jackson and Lillian Millen. They got themselves ready and we left for the limestone plateau. We first had to cross the M6 over a footbridge and it was only then that one could really acknowledge the completion of one third of the route. Yes, we had covered nearly 64 miles and for me it was a cause celebre. There was some intricate route finding over the heather moors and past big stone wall enclosures to Crosby Ravensworth Fell. Lillian displayed an impressive 'race walking' style over the roughest ground, but we

found the going tiring, especially in the areas covered by limestone pavement. At a point where the route crosses the Orton-Appleyby road Dave Bayliss took over from Dick, and 'Gip' came along as well. It was fun to see how she navigated the rough stuff with such ease and still found time to stop and sniff, nearly tripping up Lillian once or twice!

I found the run to Sunbiggin Tarn (misheard by me on the recce as 'some blinking tarn') about as fatiguing as any section on the whole route and when we arrived at the car about 3.45 am I had to insist on a half hour sleep. Peter was anxious to keep going, but he kindly gave way to my demands and much to my surprise Chris records a total stopover of 60 minutes, including the feeding and sock-changing routine.

We were now 35 minutes down on schedule, but were not disappointed. I felt greatly refreshed by my short 25 minute sleep, while Peter experienced some stiffening up which meant a slow start with Dave and Dick Mitchell on the 8 mile section to Kirby Stephen. Nearly 2 hours later we arrived in the Market Square, after an enjoyable run over Ravenstonedale Moor and the fascinating complex of prehistoric settlements near Smardale Bridge. It was at this point that dawn was upon us and with it a revival of flagging spirits. Brother Brian was to accompany us to Keld, a $12\frac{3}{4}$ mile section over one of the bleaker parts of the route and noteworthy for its crossing of the main Pennine watershed on Nine Standards Rigg. After a long section to the intake, we started the gradual climb to the 2,170 foot summit, but as we approached the higher ground over black peat hags the weather worsened until we were in heavy mist and struggling to keep on the right bearing in the high wind and blinding rain. We touched the first of the giant cairns before turning out of the wind, straight across the main watershed of northern England, and on to White Mossy Hill. We did not stop running until the shooting hut, a mile beyond the pillar on Millstones. Reaching the hut before Peter and Brian, I assumed the role of a candy floss seller but (as with others of my jokes), Peter had prior warning and was not showing any signs of appreciation.

A mile or so before Keld we dropped down into lovely Swaledale, the scenery of which was to influence our route for many a mile to come. Here we encountered groups of weary Pennine Way walkers, but only briefly, as our ways parted after a hundred yards or so out of Keld. Lillian was back with us and we were joined by Doug Calder, who had been prepared for our arrival for 2 hours. Pete found his company particularly encouraging, while Lillian kept my spirits up. They both accompanied us to Reeth, a pacing distance of $11\frac{1}{4}$ miles.

From Crackpot Hall, we could admire the beautiful view down the river to Muker (a direction which Pete and I started to follow on the recce before we realised our mistake and then had to scramble through a gorge in Swinner Gill until we emerged hot and

very disenchanted at some old mine ruins). Now, however, we adhered to Wainwright as though our lives depended on it and were rewarded by finding ourselves on a well used and pretty track high above the gill eventually to reach those same mine ruins. Everywhere was evidence of a once productive industry with neglected buildings and huge deposits of spoil. Gunnerside is horribly disfigured, but fascinating all the same. We then reached Surrender Bridge, just past noon, where we were elated to see the friends who were to pace us over the rest of the route, including Boyd, the children, Colin Dixon and the others.

And still it rained. Hard. Rachel came along with us for the next 4 miles into Reeth, the capital of Upper Swaledale, where we arrived at 12.56. After a rest of only nine minutes we were off again accompanied by Colin Dixon, Dave Hayward and young Samantha. The route for the most part followed high up above the Swale amidst exceedingly beautiful scenery. At 14.10 we passed through Marske and had 10 minutes rest before continuing our journey to Richmond, that loveliest of Yorkshire market towns which we hurriedly abandoned after a paltry 8 minute break.

My attachment to these well loved places was strongly felt at moments like this, but the company of characters such as Brian Harney, with his ribald sense of humour, who now joined in the pacing with the inexhaustible Samantha, was enough to bring me back to reality - the reality that we had 117 miles behind us and 73 to go.

At Catterick Bridge we were surrounded by an army of pacers, including four of the Millen girls (Charlotte, Samantha, Rachel and Sarah, the first two of whom went as far as Ellerton Hill), Dave Findell-Hawkins, Boyd and Chris.

A mile or so beyond Catterick Bridge we at last left the Swale behind us and began the longest continuous stretch of road on the whole route - a distance of 8 miles. Peter and I were unsure how we would react to the tedium of the road, but such was the quality of the company and their enthusiasm for our effort that time slipped by almost unnoticed. I remember fancying Danby Wiske as a village that should be knee-deep in delicious desserts with whipped cream on the top. Instead I had to make do with an abortive attempt to buy a round of drinks at the White Swan. Our optimistic mood was reflected even in the behaviour of a herd of cows which paced us for 100 yards until their field ran out, leaving us and our retinue to continue on the tarmac trail. Dave Findell-Hawkins was often seen hundreds of yards ahead bellowing route directions and holding his arms outstretched like a signpost. At Oaktree Hill Lillian once again joined in the pacing, while the large party that had gathered at Catterick Bridge dispersed, except for Dave.

Night was now drawing in and I felt chilly and slightly apprehensive about the many miles of moorland that lay ahead. Ingleby Cross was to be the scene of a main pacing changeover, but

we were disheartened to arrive at the Blue Bell with no sign of support. Pete and I decided to take a cat nap on very uncomfortable pub benches, but 20 minutes later, at 10 pm, Chris arrived. There had apparently been one of those slight hitches which caused a minor panic among the control crew but which was really quite insignificant in the overall context of the run. As we set off with Roger Canavan and Brian Harney, we only then realised that Roger had been sleeping in his car parked in the Blue Bell car park unaware of our anxious moments! We were glad to have him with us now, for we knew we could rely on him to dispense sound common sense advice on our mental and physical condition, whenever called upon to do so!

The steep ascent through Arncliffe Wood was a sharp reminder that we were now leaving the vale behind for good. At 10 minutes past midnight we had reached Huthwaite Green in Lyke Wake country and were finding the going exceedingly muddy and heavy. Now began the real mental struggle to remain alert enough to follow the route intelligently. There were moments when I just wanted to lie down and sink into the sleep of oblivion, but our superb supporters made sure of our unrelenting progress towards the east coast. I remember little of the details in those 15 miles between Carlton Bank and White Cross. Just Colin's inexhaustible string of jokes, the interminable ribbon of the disused railroad and the strangeness of that wild and beautiful upland under cover of darkness. Ever since my first Lyke Wake crossing I have wanted to explore the deeper mysteries of these moors, for they exert a compelling fascination.

Dawn had arrived at last as we approached Fat Betty. My spirit took an upturn in the certain knowledge that the new day was with us and only 27 miles separated us from the sea. The atmosphere of success was much in evidence, and Peter and I responded by picking up our pace. From Egton Bridge Brian, Colin, Lillian, Sarah, Dave, Samantha and Roger were in our train and over the last stages we were hardly ever accompanied by less than seven runners - (the amazing Millen girls being always represented). At noon, Chris contrived to link us up to Martin in Exeter, just as we arrived at the village telephone kiosk at Hawsker. Martin thought we both sounded great!

The sheer excitement of the last four hours was sufficient to delay the effect of my inner fatigue and I was carried along in a state of euphoria, knowing how good it is to survive a test of endurance running such as we were experiencing. Yet, my pleasure was marred somewhat in the knowledge that it was not shared by Peter in the last 20 miles, during which he was tortured by a cruel knee injury which sometimes made him wince with pain.

The sweet smell of success was, however, shared in equal measure as we descended the steep cobbled street of Robin Hood's Bay to the delight of a small reception party who had been made aware by Colin of our imminent arrival.

There were photographs, ice creams, hand shakes, mutual exchanges of congratulations and thanks piled upon thanks to all the wonderful folk who had been part of the team. It was 1.10 pm and we had finished our long run in a new record time of 51hrs 10min.

I wandered off across the rock pools for some moments of quiet reflection.



Wasdale - Support for Roger's double Bob Graham round

THE DARK PEAK BADGE

BILL BENTALL

Even the most modest of us has a quiet liking for badges. The wearer is relieved of the problem of bragging about the achievement that entitled him to it. I remember well the joy of donning my Wolf Cub sweater when the Tenderpad badge had been lovingly sewn on over the heart by my Mum. And later on it was something special to be piercing two carefully positioned holes in a red Kangol beret and fixing the beautiful silver badge of the Parachute Regiment in it. Everyone will have his favourite badge and I hope for some it might be that of the Dark Peak Fell Runners.

At the time when Chris Worsell was forming this great club it came up in training conversation that we could do with some nice colours that would be away from the conventional. Don Booth (remember him?) was going on about watching a sunset behind a slope during a Peak District run when all the colours were particularly vivid and I began to see the badge in my mind. Already we had dreamed up a vest the colour of dry peat with stripes of gorse and heather and the badge should sit nicely upon it.

The time came to do the designs when I had some long waiting to do in a Moscow hotel room. On my return I rushed them up to show the late Bob Midwood in Barnsley. Bob did most of the badges for the British Army and I knew his product would be first class. The result exceeded my hopes. Don Booth's intersecting hill slopes with setting sun would now adorn the kit of some magnificent men. For the third time in my life I felt that surge of pride as it was sewn to my vest for the first time. Long may it give pleasure to the Members of what has become the finest Fell Running Club in Britain. Chris Worsell's DARK PEAK FELL RUNNERS.



Jack Soper



Phil Guerrier

THE ALTERNATIVE TO BROWN KNOLL

WILL MCLEWIN (DARK PEAK NEWS)

It is said that one can look back on one's life and identify those special moments, those particular decisions that are turning points; before which one has been stumbling about blindly, after which one has wisdom and insight and one's previous errors are clear and understood and not to be repeated. Take this running business - all those desperate epics staggering round feeling like ten men, nine dead and one dying, wondering if there will be any water at all, let alone warm water, left when I get in, wondering if everyone else will have packed up and gone home when I get in, wondering if I'll ever get in. No more - I've seen the light - cracked it.

Thursday evening before the Edale Skyline arrives, and it began with an innocent 'phone call to God or at least his right-hand man on earth, one C Worsell. I was a bit miserable - "I can't do the race," I said, "I've been ill, I'll only get timed out and probably do myself more harm than good." Then I heard this voice saying "Can I do anything to help out on the day?" What am I saying, is this me talking? Too late! Before I can put out a correction I become aware of deeper forces at work. I sensed at once the profound relief at the other end of the 'phone. I was not to know that Chris had been desperately trying to solve a most recalcitrant problem; that he had been scouring the Dark Peak membership list looking for chivalry and honour and delicacy and finding only dirty, sweaty renegades, who you certainly wouldn't want your daughter on the fells with. "Will," he said "You're the only person I can ask, I need someone to bring the ladies down from Mam Nick, make sure they don't get lost and generally provide them with the sort of service and attention which they don't get in lesser races." Thus it was that a new sort of running opened up before me. Thus was born the Dark Peak Fell Runners escort service for fast ladies.

And I had a lovely afternoon. Of course one cannot expect to fulfil such onerous and sensitive duties perfectly for the first time. One needs practice, and more practice, and more practice. On this occasion I made one or two, not mistakes, but slight errors of judgement perhaps. Maybe I was not in quite the peak condition such tasks demand.

On Mam Tor I watched the leading men go past with Malcolm Patterson and Ray Aucott putting on a brave show, and then Sue Parkin was such a bonny sight and came up the hill so fast I found myself gasping for breath and with my poor old knees all wobbly before I'd even started running down.

I foolishly pointed out that she could take 4 or 5 minutes off her record if she really pushed and so we tore down the hill with

yours truly alternating between genteel conversation and shouting families of tourists off the stiles. That was a bit too hectic really - I had to keep looking where I was going. Then down the track to the main road, round past the Welfare Hall and under the railway bridge before a final gasped admonition to keep it going and I turned about, pulled myself together as best I could, and staggered back up towards Mam Tor for a repeat performance.

There's no doubt about it, that's the way to spend a sunny afternoon - those ladies were a knockout. It was like a dream - I'd amble back up the track in a happy daze to meet yet another enchanting creature, and only the usual entry fee for all concerned.

I must confess that by Wendy Dodds in fifth place I wasn't getting all that far back up the hill and I thought I'd better get to the finish while I was still able, and would you believe it, a splendid chap at the end of the funnel for the men's race said "You look as if you've had a good run," and gave me a couple of cans of beer.



Jenny Pearson
Ladies Skyline Winner



Derek Jewell at Lord's Seat

THE FELL RUNNER'S WEEK

JEAN HULLEY (DARK PEAK NEWS)

'Twas on the Sunday morning
He leapt up out of bed
And had two Paracetamols
To soothe his 'lurgy' head
"If I'm like this on Saturday
There's not a chance" he said.

'Twas on the Monday morning
He tripped and banged his knee
Which swelled and made him limp about
And moan pathetically.
He massaged it with frozen peas
Whilst watching the TV.

'Twas on the Tuesday morning
A-training he did go
And came back with a blister
Underneath his second toe
He thought it best to pierce it
But he didn't really know.

'Twas on the Wednesday morning
His ankle gave him pain
Perhaps it was rheumatics
But it didn't look like rain
Or maybe it was something SERIOUS?
A peculiar kind of strain.

'Twas on the Thursday morning
The twinging hip began
It hurt when he was resting
And was worse still when he ran.
"What, run with this on Saturday
There's no way that I can".

'Twas on the Friday morning
It happened as he feared,
The instep pains he'd had before
Like magic, reappeared.
They seem to know he's due to run
It's really rather weird.

'Twas on the Saturday morning
He struggled to the start.
With knee support and ankle strap
He really looked the part!
To tell him that he'd not a chance
I couldn't find the heart!

'Twas at the finish of the race
 I stood in trepidation...
 He galloped in with beaming grin,
 All mud and perspiration...
 "There's a good race next week," he said,
 By way of conversation.

Racing Excuses summarized to the tune of
 'OH! DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?' by Bill Bentall



PENNINE WAY - THE HARD WAY

GEOFF BELL (MONK) DARK PEAK NEWS

Long ago in 1976 I set my sights on a sub 5 day solo self-sufficient Pennine Way.

My first effort at the end of March that year was doomed to failure. There simply was not enough light and I was not fit enough. I retired at Middleton on the fifth day.

July 1977, I was fitter, but not fit or hard enough and at Middleton coming South the effort turned into a solo self-indulgent one. Still, I finished in 6 - 16 - 52 after receiving a fillup over the last few miles when I met a bunch of Dark Peak on a evening training run near the Downfall.

I learned from each failure, and each time resolved to return.

1978 started well, being in the winning Rucksack team again for the High Peak Marathon, but soon afterwards a misplaced step in the Skyline badly sprained my ankle, so it was a not completely fit but very determined 'Monk' who set out in July from Edale. This time the solo self-sufficient criteria were adhered to apart from a night spent in Garrigill church after a physical and mental battering on Cross Fell. I found it impossible to stick to the schedule but managed to eke out my food and was well satisfied to finish in 5 - 16 - 14.

Later that same year Roger Baumeister had a serious attempt but was forced to retire on the fourth day with 75 miles to go because of Achilles tendon trouble and wet matches. To my knowledge no one else has had a go, which surprises me a little.

1979 and 1980 passed without a repeat self-sufficient Pennine Way, and I decided that since no-one else would take up the challenge, for challenge it was, I'd better have another go myself. I toyed with the idea of a sub 4 day schedule but this year the bogs haven't dried out and besides which I'm not really fit. So a 5 day schedule it was, as it had been on the 3 previous efforts. One of the advantages of going solo is that you can go anytime, but various commitments meant I had to go on July 16 - whatever the weather.

Kit had been pruned by the odd ounce here and there with the addition this year of a small torch. Total weight carried initially was 20 lbs 11 oz, 9 lbs 9 oz of which was food and drink powder.

The aim as in other years was for a roughly even pace, but this year I intended not to push myself early on and not to build up too much of a sleep deficit, so as to come through strong at the end. The following summary shows how I performed.

<u>Day</u>	<u>Start</u>	<u>Camp</u>	<u>Miles</u>	<u>Place</u>
1	4.30am	8.02pm	57½	Lumb Head Beck
2	4.40am	8.15pm	50½	Hardraw
3	4.55am	8.05pm	44½	Cauldron Snout
4	4.39am	9.50pm	47½	Thirlwall
5	4.04am	1.19pm	70	Kirk Yetholm

Briefly, the first 2 days were wet and horrible on the tops. Day 3 was glorious, especially Teesdale. Day 4 was b. hard and I could see the five days slipping away again. In desperation, I resolved to walk through the night - there should be no navigational problems along Hadrian's wall. However, my heart wasn't in it, my feet were hurting, I was tired, and I found the pace flagging badly. I then realised that if I could reach Thirlwall and get some sleep and rest my feet, it only left 70 miles which at 3½ mph would, with an early start, get me off the Cheviots, with the last of the light. Day 5, I tried to execute the plan. In spite of foul weather I managed to keep up until on the Cheviots with the going indescribably bad, I slipped back. Yes, I did go to the Cheviot. It was the only decision I could take, although not the safest, with the light fading fast, the mist down, a weeney torch, and crutch deep bogs.

My final time of 4 - 20 - 49 was quite satisfying considering the conditions.

Doing the Pennine Way the 'Hard Way' is a fairly safe way of pushing yourself to your physical and mental limits and perhaps extending them. I recommend it to you.



PENILE FROSTBITE EXPOSED

DAVE MOSELEY (WITH SOME
MODEST ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS TO AN ARTICLE
IN 'WORLD MEDICINE) (DARK PEAK NEWS)

"THERE'S A DIVINITY THAT SHAPES OUR ENDS" - HAMLET

During the cold spell in January I had several opportunities to study the effects of cold on the male genitalia. Not all these instances were during the pursuance of my profession either. This being a subject which is rarely far from the male fell runner's heart (and, never more than 65 cm despite wild claims to the contrary) I feel it is worthwhile publishing certain observations.

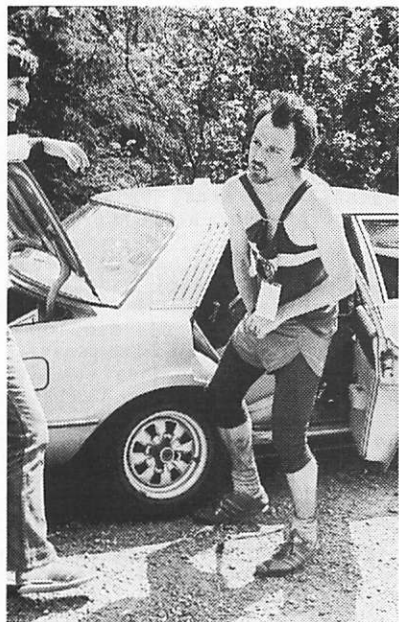
Never a fashionable injury, it has not had the press coverage of the boxer's battered face or the soccer player's broken leg. Commentators mention athletes limping off hurt, but never hurtling off limp. Who knows what ghastly sacrifices past champions have made? How did Lasse Viren acclimatise in Finland's freezing wastes? What safeguards did Kip Keino take, running at such high altitudes?

The great Juan Tarena of Cuba apparently got it right. I distinctly remember, as the 400 metre champion powered down the final straight, David Coleman yelled enthusiastically "and Juan Tarena opens his legs and really shows his class". And what about that chap who ran the New York Marathon backwards, he'd obviously thought it out very carefully. You can't be too careful!

My research drove me back to the textbooks. Gray's Anatomy revealed the basic design fault. Being a peripheral appendage, it receives all its blood from one direction, with no collateral circulation. This leaves its integrity (not to mention its integument) severely jeopardised. In the way of treatment, my sports medicine books are unusually reticent. One does suggest "a relatively limited series of procedures" and goes on to tentatively mention physiotherapy. What does it have in mind I wonder? Massage? Traction? It then added "some chronic conditions may ultimately require surgery". I stopped reading at that stage.

Perhaps prophylaxis would be more sensible. My own suggestion for the major fell races would be a series of Red Cross tents, draped over a sauna interior where red hot coals could maintain a high ambient temperature. The only entrances would be 2 inch diameter holes 3 feet from the ground, with a large sign hanging above them saying "STRICTLY MEMBERS ONLY".

I would finally mention the one occasion last winter, I staggered back from my early morning training. The three track suits and four pairs of thermal underpants had not performed perfectly. I crawled upstairs to wake my wife. "I need something to protect me from the harsh external environment," I gasped. "What had you in mind?" she asked dubiously. "I need to surround it in something warm and wet," I replied in all innocence. She made me a bowl of porridge.



Mick Eaton, Lyke Wake



Frank Thomas, Bens of Jura

AN APPRAISAL OF CHECKPOINTS

MIKE HAYES

The design of a fell-race adds greatly to a competitor's enjoyment of it. Here are my awards for the best placed checkpoints in long English races.

- (A) The hardest for the leading competitors to find in bad weather.
 - (1) Bessyboot (Borrowdale)
 - (2) Seatallan (Wasdale)
 - (3) Featherbed Moss (Chew Valley)
- (B) Checkpoints which have ease of access for spectators and interesting views of the runners arriving/leaving.
 - (1) Crowden (Marsden-Edale)
 - (2) Honister (Borrowdale)
 - (3) Three Shires (Duddon)
- (C) Checkpoints which it is hardest for competitors to leave correctly in bad weather.
 - (1) Hardknott (Duddon)
 - (2) Harter Fell (Duddon)
 - (3) Little Stand (Duddon)
(and this race could have 4th and 5th in Whiteless Pike and Caw)
- (D) Most 'interesting' route in bad weather for navigation/terrain.
 - (1) Bessyboot to Esk House (Borrowdale)
 - (2) Wessenden to Crowden (Marsden-Edale)
 - (3) Red Pike to Blackbeck Tarn (Ennerdale)
- (E) Races with the best overall set of checkpoints (based in terms of fewness, based on natural features and giving interesting legs).
 - (1) Marsden-Edale
 - (2) Wasdale
 - (3) Borrowdale

ALLEZ BOHNZI!

MALCOLM PATTERSON (DARK PEAK NEWS)

The streets reverberated to the cheers of the large crowd who had come to see their local Italian heroes. The small town of Zagna, nestling in the foothills of the Alps to the north-east of Milan, had caught fell running fever; and the Kings of the Mountains had come to show the rest of Europe what they were made of.

The English had brought their own 'King Kenny' of course, but having been soundly beaten by Bohnzi (the best of the Italians, and incidentally smaller than Kenny!) at Snowdon in the summer, he was dubious of his chances.

The course, about 9km in length, was soft by English standards. The ascent formed 7km of the course and was all on well made mountain paths, tracks and roads. After an initial stretch through the streets of the town, the course rose steeply through allotments, farmyards and meadows on a winding and very narrow, stoney track. Obvious tactics seemed to be, to blast it at the start, thereby assuring yourself of a good position on the ascent. Before all this we had been kept on the start line in the main square, waiting for the previous race to finish. After some heated argument amongst the Italian officials we gave this up as a bad job and set off, cutting out a 1km loop of the race immediately.

After 600m it was a solid Phalanx of red and white, as the English rushed to the front. We couldn't believe it when the Italians didn't sprint for the track. Perhaps this was to be their downfall. So it was that a certain sharp-elbowed runner found himself amongst the leading group as the field snaked up the hillside.

Passing a thousand "Allez Bohnzi" screaming Italians was quite fun, but I thought they could have slipped in an "Allez Bodger" too. Eventually and inevitably Bohnzi and his gang forced their way past, as I gasped for air. However, King Kenny had already disappeared into the distance, leaving the Italians with a lot to do. It proved very difficult to cope with the change in rhythm between steep mountain track and the fast road sections. The Italians are used to this sort of course (as a lot of alpine races are uphill only, often all on road!) and kept on coming. By the time the high point was reached, almost all the Italians (A and B team!) were ahead. However, they hadn't reckoned with the English super-descenders. On a steep and tortuous descent (1200ft in 2km) we recklessly cut corners, leapt walls, crashed into trees, bowled over irate officials and generally created a stir. Unfortunately, there was another kilometre through the back alleys and streets of Zagna before the finish in the main square, and most of the Italians managed to regain their positions lost on the descent!

However, a little over 38 minutes after the race began, the crowd on the streets were cheering not a local blue vest as they expected, but a delighted 'King Kenny' Stuart, who emerged from the fells half a minute clear of the chasing pack, to gain his revenge in style.

The prizegiving was a noisy colourful affair, in the shadow of the imposing Cathedral, the highlight of which was the presentation of the four feet high team trophy to the Italians. The British came home with correspondingly extravagant trophies of 3rd England and 4th Scotland, plus Kenny's individual trophy. Each competitor also received a goody bag with two bottles, at least, of local wine, and a bottle of the infamous 'Grappa' (or 'Graspa' as it said on the bottle) - the Italian answer to the space programme!

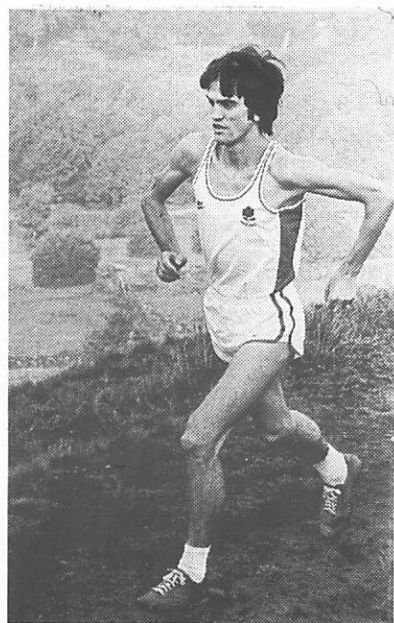
Evening activities included a visit to Mr Bohnzi's home, high in the mountains; a British outing to the 'Question Mark' club where they received full marks for star quality (after a certain Lancashire lad had revealed all) and no marks for furthering Anglo-Italian relations. The evening was rounded off with a selection of hunting songs, Stuart style!

All in all, an enjoyable and reasonably successful weekend, made all the better by generous Italian hospitality. Hopefully, progress will have been made towards the establishment of a World Cup in fell running, and the general development of international competition.

* * * * *

1. (25)	Stuart	Ken	Inghilterra		38'16"	1
2. (1)	Bohnzi	Fausto	Italia	A	38'58"	2
3. (2)	Galeazzi	Claudio	Italia	A	38'59"	3
4. (9)	Simi	Claudio	Italia	B	39'18"	4
5. (3)	Vallicella	Alfonso	Italia	A	39'56"	5
6. (4)	Pezzoli	Privato	Italia	A	40'38"	6
7. (6)	Scanzi	Battista	Italia	A	40'51"	7
8. (37)	Donnelly	Colin	Scozia		40'51"	8
9. (7)	Simonetti	Maurizio	Italia	B	48'57"	9
10. (18)	Giupponi	Andrea	Italia	B	48'59"	10
11. (11)	Cornolti	Vito	Italia	B	41'07"	11
12. (5)	Bortoluzzi	Luigi	Italia	A	41'11"	12
13. (38)	Patterson	MR	Inghilterra		41'28"	13
14. (8)	Amalfa	Antonio	Italia	B	41'37"	14
15. (27)	Symonds	H	Inghilterra		41'40"	15
16. (28)	Cartridge	DJ	Inghilterra		43'84"	16
17. (26)	Broxap	Jon	Inghilterra		43'13"	17
18. (32)	Griffiths	H	Galles		43'18"	18
19. (45)	Meisl	Rupert	Austria		43'22"	19
20. (35)	Derby	D	Galles		43'25"	20
21. (47)	Foidl	Hermann	Austria		43'26"	21

22. (29)	Brackel	SPD	Inghilterra	43'30"	22
23. (39)	Spenceley	Andrew	Scozia	43'32"	23
24. (12)	Ciaconi	Fabio	Italia	43'58"	24
25. (31)	Woodward	B	Galles	44'17"	25
26. (38)	Curtis	Andrew	Scozia	44'35"	26
27. (41)	Burton	Mike	Scozia	45'12"	27
28. (46)	Millinger	Wolfgang	Austria	45'19"	28
29. (48)	Lindsay	Mike	Scozia	45'36"	29
30. (33)	Jones	M	Galles	45'45"	30



Malcolm Patterson -
English International



Ray Aucott -
Veteran Fell Running Champion

LETTER TO DARK PEAK NEWS

C MARSDEN

My Dear Sir,

I recently joined the DPFR. I purchased the various garbs recommended by the Club and it is over this matter that I have a most painful complaint. The design of the vest is a series of hoops joined in horizontal strips. The position of these 'joins' has been incurred without recourse to the shape of the human torso. Even in the male of the species certain outstanding appendages interfere with the art of the seamstress and therein lies the rub. These male outgoings, though as useless as a Rolls Royce starting handle, can become chafed to the marrow. Indeed they can become as raw as a night in a tent in a Mountain Trial.

It is therefore my duty to complain sorely to the Secretary and advise him that any future Lady members should be delicately advised. I am only delighted and relieved that he did not design my strap.

Yours faithfully

COLIN MARSDEN

PS It does not look good on my panel note either.

REPLY

The above is the ramblings of a Dark Peak Veteran with an over developed chest, only a second claim member at that.

I wouldn't design his strap, but then who would?

Suggest you come off the steroids.

SCOTTISH 4000 FEET MUNROS: FIRST RUN IN UNDER 24 HOURS BY

CHRIS DODD - 19-20 JULY 1980

Some fell or long distance running routes capture the imagination more than others. When one thinks of the Bob Graham round or the Pennine Way, the heart beats a little faster. So it was when I read of the Scottish 4000 feet Munros having been grouped together as a long distance walk by the Rucksack Club in 1954, and later by Stan Bradshaw in 1967, and then heard that Alan Heaton of the Rucksack Club and Clayton le Moors Harriers intended to cover them as a long distance run.

The optimum route is approximately 85 miles long and accumulates 17,000 of ascent. Sir H T Moore gives eight mountains of over 3999 feet in list A of his tables (which is a list of separate mountains as opposed to individual tops) four of which are found in the Cairn Gorms and four in the Lochaber area. In list B of his tables, he lists a further five 'tops' of over 4000 feet, but they are only summits and do not count as separate mountains or 'Munros'. They are all in the Cairngorms.

I wanted to complete the 4000 feet Munros in under 24 hours if possible and much interest was shown in the plan by my friend and Verlea AC clubmate Howard Artiss. We therefore decided early in 1980 to mount the attempt as a joint effort and I was constantly glad in our training, planning and during the attempt itself that Howard and I were running together - particularly because of his sense of humour. We also secured the help long in advance of three pacers - Martin Stone, Peter Simpson, and Frank Thomas all of Dark Peak Fell Runners - and predictably their support on the day proved to be absolutely invaluable.

We were aware that in addition to the Rucksack Club and Stan Bradshaw, Alan Heaton had himself helped to champion the route as a walk in the 1960's and had attempted to complete the route as a run in 1979, and we were rather daunted when we heard that Alan was intending to try again on 14 June 1980. Luck was not on his side, because 14 June brought some of the worst summer gales we have known. Alan manfully completed the course in 26 hours 05 minutes, but it was not inside the 24 hour limit which we cherished.

After spending a week in Scotland at the end of June surveying the route and putting in some training (which in Howard's case was impeded by a cold and a foot injury) it only remained for us to choose a definitive route and adhere to it. Should we follow Alan's route completely or should we introduce novelties of our own? We decided to start at 11.00 am from the Norwegian Stone outside the Youth Hostel in Glen More and for the sake of completeness to finish at the Youth Hostel in Glen Nevis, rather than at the start/finish field of the Ben Nevis race. We also wanted to include (as Alan had done) Aonach Mor, a peak of 3999

feet in the Lochaber region, in case the Ordnance Survey later decided to upgrade its height and because the summit cairn is well over one foot high! Lastly, we considered that although four of the five 'tops' in list B of Munros tables did not merit attention even as 'tops', the fifth (Angels Peak in the Cairn Gorms) was a Munro in all but name and should be included, making nine peaks to be covered in all.

Thus decided, we set off for Scotland with our three redoubtable pacers, or the three-man comedy act as they should be known. Anyone who has been near Frank Thomas on the fells or off them will know how difficult it is not to collapse laughing when he is about.

We reached Glen More safely on Friday night, camped, and awoke four hours before our 11.00 am start to a cloudless sky. Four hours later the weather had returned to normal and we set off in overcast but dry conditions. Frank Thomas paced us to the bottom of the chair-lift up Cairn Gorm, and from there Martin Stone took us over Cairn Gorm, Ben Macdui, down in the Lairig Ghru for a snack, up Braeriach for a photograph, round to Angels Peak and Cairn Toul, and then along a good track to Glen Feshie, where Frank Thomas and Peter Simpson awaited us with a car-load of food. We had completed the first section well under schedule, despite occasional rain and after swallowing enormous quantities of complan, marmite, rice, fruit, butties and cake set off up the Glen, this time with Peter Simpson.

Rain began to fall after about one hour but Peter pushed us on undeterred and it soon stopped. We ran along a series of tracks for about 8 miles, stopped for about 5 minutes while Peter dispensed 'Rise and Shine' and cake, and then negotiated our first boggy section up to a loch. There we picked up a good track and ran into the halfway checkpoint in Dalwhinnie well up on schedule. Martin Stone had prepared a feast of stew, soup, butties and complan and after 25 minutes of solid eating we set off along the side of Loch Ericht with our pacer for the night section, Frank Thomas. The repartee began to flow and the miles passed by quickly. Shortly after it had become completely dark, we tried to ford a stream in which Howard found himself taking a swim. Somehow his torch continued to function even under water and after shaking himself like a dog on the far bank, we set off again. Further on we climbed over a misty col and started to follow a stream down the other side, where the path (such as it was) continually meandered off into the river. On more than one occasion Frank believed he was walking on water, without the blessing of Saint Peter.

At about this point the route began to take its toll of Howard's stamina, which was less than it might have been due to his training difficulties. Nevertheless, he soldiered on and never complained about the inner fatigue he was feeling, or about the bruise which was rising on his right ankle.

Eventually we reached the last checkpoint at the top of Glen Nevis

at about 05.45, with the last four peaks to climb. It was not certain whether Howard's foot would allow him to continue. In addition Martin Stone had spent an eventful night at Fort William police station trying to contact the local press and had asked Mr Anthony Macmillan, a regional news photographer and the son of the Chairman of Lochaber AC, if he and his father (who writes articles on local athletics) could be present at the finish, because 24 hours was a definite possibility. In view of the time factor, Howard and I reluctantly decided to separate, which was difficult after months of common effort, and I set off on the last section with Peter Simpson. Frank kindly agreed to continue a few minutes later with Howard. Peter and I covered the four peaks in good time, despite a gusting wind, and we reached the top of the Ben with 1 hour 37 minutes remaining to descend. No problem, I thought, until I stubbed my toe six times on the descent!

We reached the bottom of the path after 45 minutes, but my elation was marred when I saw Howard's face amongst the band of helpers near the Youth Hostel. Howard had sensibly decided not to risk greater injury by completing the last section, but we were both sorry, because the partnership which had been so invaluable had had to be broken at the last minute.

The finishing time was 23 hours 14 minutes. My immediate feelings were of immense pleasure and relief that the weather had been kind, of gratitude to the pacers, and also to the Macmillans for showing such interest, and above all, of a sense of team effort.



Start of Bens of Jura race 1986

TO SLEEP - - - PERCHANCE TO DREAM - - -

CHEZ DE MENGEL

I was jolted back to reality one morning, beads of sweat on my brow, legs a-tremble - no it wasn't the shock of Bob bringing me an early morning cuppa - I'd had the usual dream.

"I've just had a right bad nightmare," I said.

Bob rolled over, one eye open and said, "What, were you lost again? I couldn't get going either, my feet were trapped in a bog."

I wonder how many miles we run during our sleep. Maybe my weekly mileage is really double what I estimate!

Bob's most vivid dream was the Chew Valley dream - read on - .

Just imagine it - it's enough to bring beads of sweat to your brow. He arrives at the start, late, to see the tail enders leaving - he's just about to set off and he notices that he's wearing a thick, heavy woollen jumper! Having taken that off, he's just about to set off when he notices his bum bag is unfastened and everything is falling out! He zips it up, the tail enders are now rapidly disappearing over the hillside. He's just about to set off when he notices that he has odd shoes on! Perhaps it would be better not to do the Chew Valley.

Try this one - to arrive at Grindslow Knoll three times, at the beginning of the Edale Skyline race, in thick mist, having been well up in the field the first time and last in the entire race the third time! No - it wasn't a dream that time - it was real, ask Bob and Rory!

My dreams/nightmares revolve around the Marsden to Edale Trog and always involve my shoes in one way or another. The times I've missed the start due to those wretched shoes are innumerable. Usually, I'm still lacing them up when the race starts. Occasionally, I have the shoes on but the laces are in my hands. Once - I must have been having a bad time, everyone disappeared leaving me standing barefoot - shoes in one hand, laces in the other! I bet Zola Budd doesn't have dreams like that. But then again, I bet her feet would be sore after the Borrowdale race.

Let's hope they all stay as dreams.

A DECADE TO CROSS THE COUNTRY

PETE LEWIS

When I first started running with Dark Peak in the autumn of 1976, I don't think anyone had considered the possibility of running cross country races during the winter. The club was still very young and the general attitude was that competition had to be 'pure' fell even if training on roads in the dark winter nights was unavoidable. However, the complete lack of fell races from the Trog to the Milford 21 (a rather extended cross country race held on Cannock Chase in early March) did pose a problem. The initial, ill-advised timing of the club championships in mid-February was an attempt to reduce the length of the winter lay-off.

Chris Worsell's solution was to phone Chris Bent and arrange an inter-club fixture with the recently formed Buxton AC. So, on a mid-January Saturday in 1977, we braved the winter snow and drove over to Buxton. The course was planned in the Goyt valley and proved to be quite an epic. After changing in Buxton, we ran the 4 miles through snow drifts over non-existent tracks and footpaths to the start - not everybody made it! Wisely, the course was shortened to a simple out and back to the top of a nearby hill and the race consisted of everyone following in Dave Allen's footsteps.

In the following season, Dark Peak began to get its act together. This was in part due to two people; Tony Trowbridge who, after trying unsuccessfully to obtain county honours in virtually every sport from amateur tiddlywinks to Zen Buddhism, realised that he was sufficiently talented to achieve the ambition for Derbyshire at cross country if he approached the task with enthusiasm, and Ian Wainwright who Dark Peak signed up on a free transfer from Sheffield United. We became aware of the South Yorkshire Cross Country League and Dave Allen actually won a league race in Hillsborough Park the week before Xmas 1977.

Again Buxton invited us over for an inter-club race in mid-January and chastened by the near white out of the previous year, they chose a different course to the south of the town around Grinlow. Despite pretty strong representation from Salford AC, we still got four in the first ten (Tony 3rd, Ray Aucott 5th, Roger Baumeister 8th and Pete Lewis 10th).

It was also the first year that we contested the major championships. The Yorkshire area race was held in Bradford over a wet, muddy course during a snow storm. The only fast part of the afternoon was being stopped for speeding by the police on the M1! At the Northerns at Birkenhead, Roger showed a lack of understanding of how to prepare for these sort of races when he was forced to stop for a pee after only half a mile. Otherwise, he demonstrated great potential. We also competed in the Nationals for the first time at Roundhay Park, Leeds. John Edwards found

that, by strategically slowing down at the end of the second lap, it was possible to get a grandstand view of the leaders' final sprint.

By now Dark Peak was growing rapidly and taking cross country seriously.. This was confirmed at the AGM in December 1978. The meeting was somewhat of a watershed for the club and Mike Hayes and Bill Bental between them came close to disbanding it. However, before this minor administrative hiccup, a sub-committee was set up, headed by Tony, to select runners for the major championships. The South Yorkshire league races were to be pointers to form with the Yorkshire team race to decide who, from the selection process was a formality.

The match against Buxton was only held once more and again over the Grinlow course but in deep snow that year. The strength of Dark Peak was such that we filled the first five places headed by new member Paul Blakeney. Paul was a class runner from over the Pennines who had just moved to Sheffield and was rumoured to have a more lunatic training schedule than Dave Allen. At Grinlow, he was followed by Tony, Ray, Pete and Mike Hayes.

The Yorkshire team race was held in very deep snow at Huddersfield. Paul, not officially a full club member yet, continued to promote the name of Dark Peak in athletic circles. He ran without a number or entry but in a club vest and would have been fifth if he had not disappeared into the crowds just before the finishing straight leaving Tony to plead complete ignorance of his presence to the race officials.

A fortnight later, we organised a South Yorkshire league meeting. The venue we chose was Concord Park and we provided courses which took full advantage of the steep hills. The meeting seemed to be a great success although the league have never allowed us to organise anything else! We also closed teams in both the Northernns at Witton Park, Blackburn and the National at Luton. Tony was approaching his peak and was easily our best runner of the season being our first man home in the Yorkshires (an outstanding 15th), Northernns (81st) and Nationals (270th - Graham Berry was only a tantalising 6 places behind).

As we entered the eighties, enthusiasm was running high and all hopes were that Dark Peak would firmly establish themselves on the cross country scene. Our squad was strengthened by new talent acquired in the close season in the shape of Pat Connelly who followed Ian from Sheffield, Tony Farnell, a retired teacher and apprentice bricklayer and 'super-vet' Derek Jewell who insisted on wearing his father's shorts at all races. Interest was so high that nineteen members ran at the Yorkshire team championships at Beverley, all hoping for selection to the main races. Pat proved to be a definite asset by being first home in 17th place. He then went on to head all DPFR runners in one of the most muddy Northernns ever (68th at Durham) and a lifetime best of 149th in the Nationals

at Leicester. We had aspirations of winning the minor club trophy for being the first team to finish who had not been in the top thirty in the last three years. We actually went to the prizegiving but it was not presented. We learnt later that Bristol AC, headed by the winner Nick Rose, won it and our very creditable 39th place was not good enough.

In many ways, 1980 proved to be the peak for Dark Peak. Although we were joined by Rob Pearson (1981), Mal Patterson (1982) and Andy Harmer (1983), our team result in the Nationals has never matched the 1980 effort. We slipped to 56th in 1981, recovered to 40th in 1982 only to fall back to 59th in 1983 and 63rd in 1984. Malcolm's 118th place in the 1982 Nationals at Roundhay Park is the best result any Dark Peaker has achieved in the National. Amongst the mud of Milton Keynes in 1985, we had a sole representative in the shape of Steve Dean who floated to 1485th place.

However, this trend of gradual decline on the national scene does not portray the whole story. We have been able to field teams at all the Yorkshire Team and Northern championships (with the exception of this year's race) and several members, qualified for such an honour, have been running in the Vet's races. Furthermore, the South Yorkshire League has attracted reasonable support from the club and we have had a number of successes in the South Yorkshire Championships. There has also been the advent of lady members of Dark Peak running cross country over the last few years.

As to the future, it is difficult to foresee a return to the heady, unrealistic aspirations and ambitions of the late seventies and early eighties. This in part due to competition from the new winter fell races and the Derwent Watershed which always clashes with the National. However, I am confident that an interest in the sport will remain in the club, particularly among our faster runners, although the races will tend to become regarded as fast adjuncts to training schedules designed to produce peak performances in other events.

BOB GRAHAM ON A SHOESTRING: AN ACCOUNT OF A SOLO UNSUPPORTED

BOB GRAHAM ROUND - 7 JUNE 1980

M HUDSON

The idea of a solo unsupported BG round was something I had fancied for some time, since my original round in 1978 in fact. I decided to attempt the round clockwise (ie the traditional way, as Bob himself did it in 1932, although this direction seems for some reason to be out of favour these days) on 7 June. To be quite honest, I didn't fancy Blencathra, Great Calva and Skiddaw in succession at the end! I opted for a 2 am start, as working on a 21 hour schedule that was generous in the later stages meant that only the ascent of Skiddaw should be in darkness - and this proved to be the case. Equipment was given quite a bit of thought, having to cater for a number of possible situations; I didn't want to be a liability on the fells in case of any difficulty. There was also the good name of the Bob Graham Club to consider. On the day I set off with about 7 lbs in my rucksack, my gear including full waterproofs, a thickish pullover, torch, first-aid kit, survival bag, tracksuit bottoms, and as much variety of food as possible whilst trying to judge the quantity accurately. I sensed that liquid would be important, so planned my stops to drink and collect water, to be carried in two small water bottles (one kept as reserve to be used only if really desperate).

As a result, a rather unusual pattern emerged, with no stops at normal resting places apart from Wasdale. I managed on eight fairly well spaced stops, a maximum time of 8 mins each and only 52 mins overall. I reckon I saved over half an hour compared with a typical supported round on this basis. The problem could have been the lack of a hot drink had the conditions been less favourable. As it turned out, the weather was as near perfect as could be expected. There was some cloud but not enough to cause serious navigational problems. Light winds and some sunshine kept the conditions pleasant but cool.

Keswick was deserted as I set off at 2 am steadily jogging up the track alongside Latrigg. Even though it seemed a cool night I soon warmed up on Jenkin Hill. About half way up I met two walkers descending - I'm not sure who was the more surprised! I reached the top of Skiddaw at 3.15, exactly on schedule. By now the torch was unnecessary although I was well into the cloud, and a comfortable descent followed. I had felt a bit sick earlier but by now this had passed over and I was pleased to top Great Calva sooner than expected. The Caldew was much lower than usual. A quick drink of water, then the long slog up the back of Blencathra and back into the mist accompanied by the dawn chorus. Just short of 5 am at the top, then a careful descent of Halls Fell brought me to my first food stop by the beck above Gategill Farm.

Clough Head was slow - it seemed a hard climb last time too.

I couldn't help thinking that if I felt like this on the fourth peak after 4 hours, what would it be like on the 24th or 34th? At last the trig point appeared and a better spell, reaching Grisedale Tarn without further problems. The mist came and went; from Sticks Pass I remember admiring the early morning sun reflected off Ullswater. At the tarn I had breakfast, including Complian, and stripped down to shorts for the climb up Fairfield. So far, so good, but when descending Seat Sandal I felt my left shoe loose, tightened up the lace and thought no more about it. After a couple of minutes it still seemed loose; I looked down to see it had split, the sole and uppers having parted company down one side. Well, I thought, at least I'm near Dunmail - I can get back to Keswick easily enough from here. Then I remembered I was carrying a spare pair of laces so I wrapped one tightly round the shoe and decided to give it a try as far as Langdale. The title of this article suddenly became all too appropriate!

I crossed the A591 at about 9.15, 25 mins up on my schedule. Even so, due to worrying about my shoe, it was with less than 100% enthusiasm that I climbed up Steel Fell. Rain on the next stretch and mist making life a bit difficult going onto High Raise (the only time in the whole round I had to resort to my compass) didn't help. Once up High Raise, conditions and morale picked up as I discovered I could jog or even run almost as normal, and the weather was showing signs of improvement too. I reached the accepted halfway point, Pike o'Stickles, at 11.15, and dropped into Stake Beck for more food and drink including that good old standby, Accolade.

The sun picked out the Great Slab on Bowfell to good effect. Very satisfying climbs up both Rossett Pike and Bowfell itself followed, and I was back on form again. From here to Wasdale was going to be the real test for my shoe - however it was also (in my view) the most interesting section. Summits came and went - it's bound to be good for the morale when they are being ticked off with this regularity. By now the fells had become heavily populated; after all it was after half past one when I called at the summit cairn of Scafell Pike, the summit of England itself. I kept trying to tell myself that it was all downhill now to Keswick but in fact truthfully the climb up Yewbarrow had been looming larger in my mind with every minute that passed. A brief stop before Mickledore, then a more immediate matter pressed - which way up Scafell? Broad Stand looked to be streaming with water - silly to risk everything here for the sake of 10 minutes. My father had recommended Foxes Tarn rather than Lord's Rake due to easier terrain. A quick look down the Eskdale side, and it seemed too much height to lose. No time for procrastination, so I dived down to the foot of Lord's Rake and went up by way of West Wall Traverse/Deep Gill. Luckily there was no-one in front to hold me up, and I made a good climb. The use of my hands for a change brought some relief to my leg muscles. Two milestones were passed in this gully - 12 hours out from Keswick and 18000 feet ascended. My shoe must have been okay, for less than half an hour after

leaving Scafell I was downing large quantities of Accolade from the beck below Brackenclose. My time over the long middle section had been a very satisfying 5 hours 24 mins, stops included. I decided not to eat much at Wasdale, but to have a good stoke up at Black Sail instead. In 1978 I had a most uncomfortable climb up Yewbarrow on too full a stomach.

Even so, the slope looked intimidatingly steep. Perhaps this is why so many parties now go anti-clockwise? There must be something about this little hill, barely 2000 feet high, because I again developed stomach trouble which caused an enforced stop at one point. Just over half an hour ahead of schedule leaving Wasdale, I maintained the status quo on the climb despite the stop. It was now half past three. About here the sky was darkening towards the coast, this being accompanied by distant rumblings of thunder. On the way up Red Pike, the expected rain came on properly. The temperature dropped, on went my cagoule, then on the dog-leg to Steeple a sudden suggestion of bonk. A piece of my mum's fruit cake from the depths of my rucksack held it off over Pillar. On the next descent, however, I had a recurrence - not surprising really as it was over 5 hours since my last real feed (the other side of Bowfell!). In this area I saw Janet Sutcliffe out for a run from Ennerdale, and Terry Trueman having a look round prior to his own BG round next weekend. As we were all going in the same direction, we travelled roughly together for a while - although there was no question of support! At Black Sail the expected water was further off-route than I had imagined, and involving a significant loss of height, so for the first time I opted to use my spare bottle. I ate what I could comfortably get down. Eating was becoming increasingly difficult, a sure sign that the strain was beginning to tell. The combination of this bad patch, a drop in the temperature and more persistent rain brought home to me the seriousness of the expedition. My allocated time for this stop was over all too soon.

Kirkfell was not the easiest climb. At least the rain had stopped by the time I reached the summit. With my cagoule back in my rucksack and the Black Sail food beginning to take effect, I made a much better showing up Great Gable. Despite the bad spell, I had managed to hang on to my schedule from Wasdale. I could now look forward to a more generous schedule and generally easier going in the hope of some further gain before Keswick. The beauty of a clockwise round is that it ought to be easy from here onwards. It didn't seem far to Honister, just before which point I had my last real stop (lots of water, but I couldn't fancy any of the food I had left). My gain on schedule was now over 45 minutes and my strapped-up shoe had survived some of the roughest ground in England. My spirits were up again.

A steady 29 minutes up Dale Head was followed by mainly comfortable progress thence to Robinson, the exception being a minor hiccup necessitating a jam butty to help me onto this final summit. I stood for a minute, looking round at the other Lake

District fells - although many of the higher summits were by now in mist, I could trace the outline of today's route. The houses of Keswick were now in sight, only 7 or so miles left and virtually all of it downhill or level. The fells were once more deserted; they had been since Great Gable in fact. I drifted down the north ridge of Robinson, and stopped briefly by Newlands Church for a last drink. For the road section I stripped down to the minimum. I intended to do it as fast as possible in an attempt to break 20 hours (for which I had 65 minutes left). I managed a sort of run for most of it, having just two short walking sections to break it up.

After a conversation with a chap and his wife on a leisurely cycle ride, I cut through the fields after Portinscale. Within a few minutes I was running up the main street to the Moot Hall. I received some odd looks from the Saturday night crowds, but I didn't care. It was 9.42 pm when I sat down on the steps, 19 hours and 42 minutes after setting out.

All in all, it was a magnificent day out. I saw the fells in all conditions - early morning, daytime, late evening. I saw them busy with walkers, and deserted (particularly noticeable on the later stages). I went through rain, mist, sunshine, darkness, heard thunder, and even saw a patch of old snow in Deep Gill. Managing the round on my own confirmed a few theories of my own about the successful formula for its completion. I am convinced that no-one needs to be fast to get round inside 24 hours. Examination of times will not reveal any great speed on any section. No, the secret lies in being able to climb hills - and to be capable of doing it after 5, 10, 15 and even 20 hours. There is no substitute for experience and practice here. Hard walking with big boots and a rucksack rather than just athletic training is the key to it, though some of both is necessary. I now feel also that most parties waste too much time on rests at such places as Dunmail and Wasdale. I would think 15 mins is the maximum beneficial time per stop - any more is counter-productive. I accept I had my share of luck. The weather was good - even on a cloudy coolish day I craved for water once or twice. A few weeks earlier, with hot conditions and very little water in the becks, it would have been a different story. I even got away with major damage to one of my shoes - that must be lucky! Plastering up toes and other likely trouble spots before starting helped to prevent any sore feet despite starting with an injured toe (blistered).

Summary of times:	Total time	19 hours 42 minutes
	Rest time	52 minutes
	Running time	18 hours 50 minutes

A SAGA OF THE HIGH PEAK 1983

Friday 25th February. Along with another 200 or so impeccably dressed individuals the four of us, aptly named 'Must Improve' for not yet obvious reasons, crowded into Edale Village Hall. Everyone seemed to be straining at the leash, or was that just an illusion.

We hung around waiting to be called for our kit check and then the fun started. I hadn't seen the final instructions, being a late replacement for Alan Barber, so when I unveiled my KSB 2s I was told "You can't go in those". So followed much deliberation and appealing but no decision "Aha" I thought, a chance to escape the agony with honour, but it was not to be. The final decision was proclaimed and we were to be allowed to go, after promising not to win any of the prizes.

At last we were off into the mild, misty but surprisingly light, night. A nice steady pace to begin with, soon we were passed by the Rude Boys with comments to match mainly about my boots, but it seemed no time at all onto Lose Hill. Here I blew the first of my torch bulbs, due to using Duracell batteries. Up on to Win Hill, passed here by Dark Peak Wrecks + 1, I failed in my attempt to nobble Pete Nolan, more enquiries about the state of my, dare I say it, boots. On High Neb blew my second bulb, only one left now.

A short stop at Moscar followed by a slight diversion on Derwent Edge, but then good navigation by Tim Birch saw us safely across to Bradfield Path. Through deep snow now to Cut Gate, here I lost my last bulb just to make it more difficult. Lots of people about, including Martin Greaves, on the way across Outer Edge. At last the first glimmer of light as we approached Swains Head, and then the wallow in deep soft snow up to Bleaklow Stones.

From here we went quite well over Bleaklow but then couldn't find Wain Stones, everything looked alike in the snow and mist. So we retraced our steps to the PW cairn, took a bearing and found the checkpoint, thoughts now of food at Snake road spurred us on. Found when we arrived that we were lying 6th, hot dogs, good solid fruit cake and tea then off for Mill Hill. Good going, on frozen ground, over to Mill Hill found ourselves mixed up with Guy Collinson, Martin Greaves and Co again as we climbed up to the Downfall.

All stuck together most of the way to Edale Cross but we got there first due to a better line at the end. Good line, thanks to Bill and Tim, across to Rushup Edge, then a fair run in to the finish, just failing to beat 13 hours. Finished up in the

unenviable position of being sandwiched between the Nancy Boys and the Rude Boys in 6th place. Guy Collinson and Co came in 1 hr 20 mins later, having gone down to the Chinley end of Cowburn tunnel. As for the boots, they were superb almost like slippers, they didn't keep my feet dry but then neither do my Walsh's.

We did get a couple of hours rain that night, but it was the best weather I have ever done the Watershed in; must remember to take more bulbs next time.



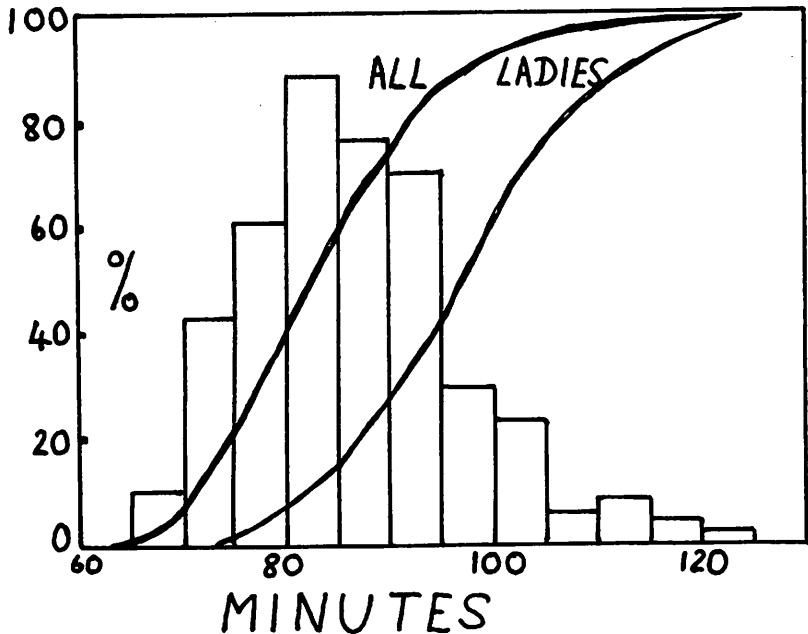
Chris Worsell, Edale Skyline

THE KINDER DOWNFALL 1986

(OR ANOTHER WAY OF PRESENTING RACE RESULTS)

G BERRY

When I was browsing through the 1986 Kinder Downfall Race results, I wondered about an alternative way of presenting the finishing times. So I tried old and well known techniques; a histogram showing the number of finishers in every 5 minutes (different intervals can be chosen to suit) and the percentage of runners finishing within any five minute period and in the previous five minute periods (cumulative frequency). The diagram includes all the results for both men and women and provides a means of quickly seeing whether your finishing time was better or worse than average and whether you finished in the first or last half of the field. If the results from other years are included then the changes shown may be due to effects such as the weather, conditions underfoot or general improvement in the runners, etc.



HOW BEAUTIFUL ARE THE FEET....?

JEAN HULLEY (DP NEWS)

Here's the starter to begin it,
Up he jogs at the last minute,
One day they will start that race
When you're in that convenient place!
"Why stand here just getting wet?
Don't panic, I've not missed it yet
I've just timed it to perfection!"
(Sweater thrown in my direction.)

Hope I can enjoy the run,
This 'lurgy' head is not much fun.
See you then in half an hour
By that big water tower."
Off he goes with map and cag,
Chopped up Mars in plastic bag,
Clutching drinking bottle tight,
Round the corner, out of sight.

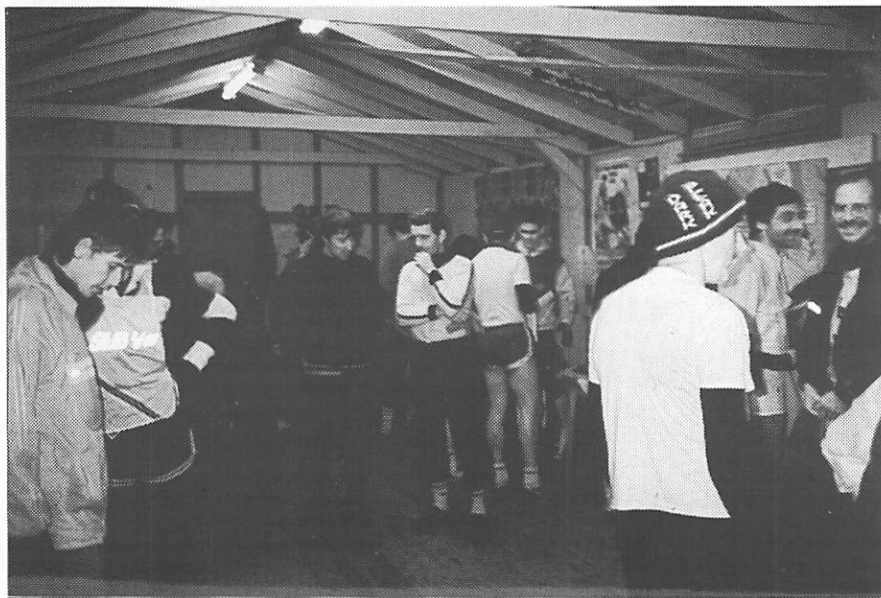
"Come on Graham, make it hurt!
Just in front are Fred and Bert,
Just behind are Les and Bill,
Come on, it's straight up that hill!
Want a drink? Coffee or tea?
Staminade? You'll have all three!!
Looks like it might start to rain,
Off now. See you soon again...."

"Here he comes...Who's winning? Fred.
Yes, he's clouting on ahead.
Keswick have got six in twenty....
Want some coffee - there's still plenty
You're fourth counter, not seen Paul
(Hope he hasn't 'hit the wall'),
How's the ankle? Knee OK?
(Come here kids, you're in the way.)
Got to go, long way to drive
Ten by car, while you've got five.
Want a jumper? Warm enough?
You're doing well, this course is tough."

Thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-THREE!
Having a blinder it seems to me.
What was that - it's very boggy?
(Though a few of them looked groggy.)
Feet feel squelchy, cold and wet.
Never mind - You'll make it yet!
Parked the car just round the bend,
See you later at the end.

Quick, they're coming..one..two..three..
(I wonder where your dad will be)
Eight..nine..ten..Bill's looking fit..
(I wish these runners wouldn't spit.)
Nineteen..twenty..twenty-one...
(Where's the chap with the red hat gone?)
Twenty-seven..t.w.e.n.t.y-eight...
(be here soon, not long to wait!)
Twenty-nine... He's number THIRTY!
(He must have slipped - his vest is dirty.)
Come on kids, shout for your dad,
(So what if folks think we're mad),
Come on Graham, what a run..
There's the finish..nearly done!

He must be pleased, his time was good,
Did better than he thought he would.
You're looking fine, how do you feel?
A twinge you say..in your left heel...?



Club Hut

IMPRESSIONS OF THE 1982 AGM

Those present were split into 4 groups:-

- (1) Normal members gathered around the chairman and secretary.
- (2) The Monday Club sitting at the back of the room obscured by cigarette smoke. (Spokesman A Yates)
- (3) The Gentlemen (who arrived late) standing by the bar. (Spokesman J Edwards)
- (4) T Trowbridge sat right in the middle of the room.

Mac Battersby suggested an organising Committee. Tony thundered, "Committees don't work, they only cause trouble. The white underbelly of Democracy is apathy."

Chairman - "Oh, can I have a volunteer?"
(Deathly hush)

LADIES

R Baumeister, the ladies secretary, said in his report "I have done nothing, because I wished to respond, not offer my services." There followed a period of disorder from which the voice of A Yates rang out, "I think the facts speak for themselves." "The fact is," said Rob Pearson, "you have not beaten Jenny once this last year."

ANNUAL DINNER

Tony Farnell said he had approached the Anglers Rest for a November 19th Club dinner.

Did the Club want a sit down dinner, a buffet, a dance?

He did not want to dance, he did not like dancing, he thought it was a waste of time, he wanted to sit down and talk.

Roger Baumeister said the members' wives did not want to sit and talk about running all evening. They wanted to dance, Tony conceded to this.

John Edwards said a Buffet was too much like camping and a Dinner/Dance was voted in - 22 votes in favour.

A COMPLETE RECORD OF THE DARK PEAK AGM, 8.00 FRIDAY 6 APRIL 1984

GRINDLEFORD STATION CAFE

[ABOUT 50 MEMBERS PRESENT]

MIKE HAYES

8.06 Chris Worsell "Order, order, can we get started then."
[Mass exodus to order sandwiches]

A few minutes later [Shh ... everyone says]

Chris Worsell "I've got one or two apologies to give out. From Malcolm Patterson, from Tony Farnell.

Tony Farnell "I'm h...." [Shh everyone says]

Chris Worsell (cont) "and from Pete Lewis who has written a long letter of apology [mixture of groans and cheers] in which he says that following everyone getting lost in the Skyline we should start the sport of track fell-running going round and round Grindslow Knoll of which no doubt club members might want to say more later when we discuss the Skyline disaster which to put all of you in the picture was this ... blah, blah, blah ... so I've had my say on this matter so I propose we vote Pete Lewis be Cross Country Secretary for another year so that is decided then."
[Chris momentarily sits down]

Tony Trowbridge "Thank you Chris. As Chairman, could I formally open the AGM and call on the Secretary to give his report."

Chris Worsell "Well, as I was saying and as I am sure all of you know so it is no point going over it again we all know the heartache we had over the Skyline this year and obviously we are going to have to look at the organisation because we can't let this sort of thing happen which is not to say that I'm blaming any of those who were working very hard on the day but we have 150 members in this club and ... blah ... blah ... blah one other race in particular this year the Glossop is a Championship race and we must make sure that every club member whatever he has got planned for that day must be prepared to help out so that we don't have a repetition of what happened in the Skyline. Really, there is nothing more for me to say on this matter so I think what I am saying is that we've got to get organised properly so, for instance, we don't have a repetition of the Skyline where ... blah ... blah ... blah
.....

Tony Trowbridge "Pardon me butting in Chris but can we move off that subject as it has painful memories of me getting lost on Fairbrook Naze so if anyone else wants to join me and Jane Spence in the exclusive Fairbrook Naze club you know what to do. Now the Treasurer's Report."

Graham Berry "Healthy position, £1000 bank balance, though £500 to go out on Skyline expenses, £372 subscriptions, £50 spent on newsletter, £12 on a trophy, I'll put some of our profits in a deposit account to get interest ... no need to increase subscriptions next year."
[Sits down to cheers from the floor]

Tony Trowbridge "First I would like to get the election of officers over. Any nominations?"

Howard Biggins(greasily) "Is there any possibility, sir, that you could stand again?"

Tony Trowbridge(coy embarrassed cough) ... not really active but I still get out jogging and walking my dog ... blah ... blah ...
blah yes alright then, and we know how willing and committed Chris is to continue and how Graham keeps us solvent so shall we three continue?
[Tumultuous acclamation]

Tony Trowbridge "Now what about the other committee members, all of whom must help in the Skyline?"

From the Floor "Who are the present committee?"

Answer, after a bit of head scratching "John Ed, Alan Yates, Ian Roberts and Roger Baumeister."

Chris Worsell "I think we should nominate a lady and many of you who are relative newcomers may not be aware that we have a properly run Ladies Section by Sarah Bradley, so I would like to suggest her and also, while I am at it, I would like to propose that the best people to represent us from the West of the Pennines would be John Feist and Alan Evans and on this side there are, of course, people who really ought to continue as committee members like John Edwards and Alan Yates and what about Graham Hulley going on. That would be a good idea and Mick Eaton and I know I am saying more than 4 names but we should really have people like Tom Foley and John Abbot who have been around a long time so that is what I propose we do."

Tony Trowbridge "Well, thank you Chris. Can we have some nominations from the floor?"

Howard Biggins "I nominate Tom Foley."

Tom Foley "I nominate Howard Biggins."

Andy Harmer "I nominate Mike Eaton."

Tony Farnell "I nominate Alan Yates."
[From a hubbub on the floor] "Alan Evans." "John Feist."

Chris Worsell "Order, order! Everyone hold on a minute. We can't nominate people willy-nilly. According to the constitution we can only have two on the committee which actually means four as it has been changed, so what we should really be doing is not to nominate people but to change the constitution which was set up when we started in 1976 when we didn't have such a large membership as today as we had only just started ..."

Mac Battersby "I propose Sarah Bradley as a person on the committee because it is sexist to have her as a lady member."

Tony Trowbridge "I don't think it matters if you have a willy or not."

Mac Battersby "It does to me."

John Feist "Have we decided on the new committee?"

Tony Trowbridge "Yes, we all know exactly who is on it now."

John Feist "Who?"

Tony Trowbridge "Er ... Mick Eaton? ... Howard Biggins? ... er ... Tom Foley, Alan Evans, John Feist ... er ... oh yes and ... er ... Alan Yates and ... er ... Sarah Bradley and John Edwards, I think, well will that do?"

Chris Worsell "I would like to thank you all for selflessly stepping on to this committee, the main purpose of which is to keep the Skyline going and to get our act together to avoid ... blah ... blah ... blah and to thank Tom Foley for taking on the terrible burden of being the principal organiser, what with having so many helpers under him, any of whom could cock things up so ... blah ... sterling job ... vote of thanks [CLAP .. CLAP]

8.45 Tony Trowbridge "Right. Let us have a quick 5 minute break to get drinks then we can move on to Any Other Business."
[Hubbub]

8.53 Tony Trowbridge "Could we collect ourselves?"

8.54 Tony Trowbridge "Are we ready?"
[More Hubbub]

8.55 Tony Trowbridge (stentoriously) "I think I would just like to point out to those of you who don't know him, this grand old gentleman Eric Mitchell who has just run 18 miles from Buxton to listen to us [respectful silence at last], so let us start the meeting again with Any Other Business. We have got to remember that Dark Peak was founded in 1976 by Chris Worsell and it has evolved from that, so what I would like to talk about first is ... blah ... blah ... blah Skyline ... blah ... blah ... blah problems sorted out."

Graham Berry "One point. The difficulty if a person gets lost and he phones the police. I suggest that a telephone number is put on the race number he wears."

Graham Hulley "What is wrong with 999?"

Mick Eaton "People who criticise the police make me sick."

Tom Foley "Well, to be fair Mick we did have a stroppy sergeant in the car park this year who went in for a bit of aggro with the mountain rescue teams but my beans and chips are on the counter."
[Vanishes next door to eat them]

Keith Tonkin "Instead of tags, couldn't we use control cards like in orienteering?"

Howard Biggins "Mr Chairman, I must protest most strongly about how people keep on talking about the Skyline at this AGM. This petty discussion is really a committee matter."

Tony Trowbridge "OK. Let us all agree with Howard that we won't discuss the Skyline any further this evening."

Dave Sant "I agree. I happened to be in the car park when I overheard that sergeant and the Mountain Rescue didn't know that Martin Spence was in the Hall when his wife was lost. Also, I was at a Lakeland race last week and was frankly embarrassed at what people were saying about the prizes. The presentation was a shambles."

Chris Worsell "I don't see why Dark Peak should take all those brickbats"

Howard Biggins "But in the past the Skyline was one of the better organised races."

Graham Hulley "But what was wrong in trying to find Jane rather than concentrating on the presentation?"

Graham Berry "I thought the tag system was a good idea."

Howard Biggins "Yes, I thought the tag system worked very smoothly."

Derek Jewell "Well, people were throwing those white tags all over the place at Jaggers Clough. I don't know if we found them all."

Someone "And Brian Harney said he only had 1 tag left at Brown Knoll which he was saving for later."

Mick Eaton "And half the bastards wouldn't give me tags at Grindslow Knoll."

Howard Biggins "Yes, I thought the tag system was an absolute shambles."

Alan Yates "But it works very well in the Lakes so I am sure we will get it working here."

Tony Trowbridge "So I think that sums up all the points about the Skyline."

Howard Biggins "Absolutely, and we have nothing to be ashamed for how we put safety before presentation ... blah ... blah ... blah"

Alan Yates "... blah ... blah ... blah one man bearing brunt on day ... blah ... blah ... dealing with crises"

Chris Worsell "And if you are not prepared to serve tea, you shouldn't be in Dark Peak."

Mick Eaton "What were other Dark Peakers doing at a half-marathon at York, the bastards?"

Derek Jewell "What has happened to the unwritten rule 'Run one year, assist the next year'? It is just not being applied."

Alan Yates "Why not admit entries from all except Dark Peak?"

Howard Biggins "How many Dark Peakers helped? Only 50 out of a membership of 150."

Mac Battersby "But if you help, you get all sorts of snide remarks from runners. Like I was on Mam Tor last year helping and all they could say as they went by was 'Why aren't you running, Mac?' ... blah ... blah ... blah ... and we all agree that Dave Sant has done his stint."

Sarah Bradley "Surely for just one race a year"

Someone "Or nominate someone if you want to run."

Mick Eaton "Lots of them came along completely unprepared and hadn't the foggiest ... blah ... I was the marshall on Grindslow Knoll ... blah ... coming and going in all directions disqualify people who haven't got a map."

Graham Berry "In the Lakes they have a random kit check."

Howard Biggins "At Lord's Seat only two in the first ten had got the right gear with them."

Andy Harmer "Were you supposed to have overtrousers?"

Tom Foley [Re-entering room, having finished his dinner]
"Mr Chairman, if I may be allowed to put in my two pennorth ...

blah ... I don't expect you've got round to talking about the tag system ... blah ... blah ... or putting safety before presentation ... blah ... blah ... or the unwritten rule 'Run one year, assist the next ... blah, sonorously blah ... blah ... tighten up equipment checks blah ... carry maps ... blah, blah, so now you know a bit more about what happened."

Andy Harmer "Haven't we talked enough about the Skyline? [Hear, Hear from Alan Yates] Let us pass on to the next item."

Mac Battersby I suggest we organise a lightweight mountain rescue team. I would help and I am sure that Griff, here with his experience of Mt. McKinley ..."

Alan Yates "And if such a team had radio links then they could radio back tag numbers for the Skyline ..."

Chris Worsell "But when we got down from Jaggers Clough no-one had worked out who was missing and the mountain rescue teams were just sitting about in the car park ..."

Someone "Being bollocked by the police"

Mick Eaton "Who said that?"

Tony Trowbridge "Let us draw the Skyline discussion to a close. I first joined Dark Peak in 1976. I was lucky enough to have Howard Biggins collar me early on and to tell me in no uncertain terms that the ability to use a map and compass was an absolute prerequisite for entering a fell race. So I was lucky in having an expert help me. But today a lot of people just know how to ..."

Mike Hayes "Which brings me, Mr Chairman, to this Spring Holiday's race I would like to hold in 2 or 3 weeks..."

Chris Worsell "You wait your turn Mike as I want to discuss how Dark Peak are going to help organise the Hope, the Bamford, the Lantern Pike, the Hathersage, the Downfall, the Glossop, the Bens of Jura"

Someone "That's not a Dark Peak race."

Chris Worsell "Yes, it is. Don Booth is a Dark Peak member."

Dave Sant "And it is a superb race, if you can get there with free tots of whisky for all finishers and people crying into their handkerchiefs as they waved goodbye." [Murmurs of Och Aye, Bonny Jura ... snatches of 'Will ye nae come back agin]

Chris Worsell "But let us get back to the main point of this evening's AGM which is how Dark Peak is going to manage the Glossop race which this year is a Championship race so we must put on a good show and what with Malcolm Sandals working in Scotland, we

have obviously all got to muck in and help so we need about 50 members to volunteer to help on the day and put aside their selfish desires to compete. So what I am saying is that compared to the Skyline we are obviously going to have to put a lot more effort into this one because if you are a member of this club and aren't willing to pull your weight then ... blah ..."

Tony Trowbridge "Thanks, Chris, so we all know where we stand on that one so what shall we discuss next?"

Andy Harmer "What about the Spring Handicap?"

Mike Hayes "Evening fell race from Snake ... blah ... blah ... no problems with access ... blah ... needs only one to organise it ... blah ... blah ... anyone can enter."

Tony Farnell "South Yorkshire Orienteers also run lots of evening training events for those worried about their navigation."

Andy Harmer "I've also got this great idea for a little evening fell race - Snake Road, Crookestone Knoll, Madwomen's Stones and back."

John Edwards "Is that what you were practising in the Skyline race?"

Mac Battersby "And we've just pioneered this great route from the Flouch Inn to Chatsworth along the gritstone edges ..."

Everyone in Unison "We've been doing that for years, Mac."

Tony Trowbridge "Anything else?"

Chris Worsell "Yes, we haven't mentioned the Bob Graham yet. Three years ago someone picked up Malcolm Sandals' certificate at the Reunion Dinner and hasn't passed it on. WHO HAS GOT IT? I think we need to launch a full scale investigation ... blah ... blah ..."

Tony Farnell "I will organise the dinner-dance on the same day as the club champs ..."

Chris Worsell "What about the Newsletter? Tim Tett's had to be in Southampton and he's off to Australia soon."

Mac Battersby "I propose Griff, as he gets it printed."

Griff "OK, if Tim agrees."

Chris Worsell "There is another item here, I've got to send £5 off so we can be eligible for the British Club Fell Running Championship."

Mike Hayes "Just a minute, Chris, I would like to speak strongly against this one ... Fell running getting into some bad habits as rest of athletics ranking making a simple sport complex ... too much organisation ... blah ... blah ..."

Chris Worsell "Well, we all know you have these barmy ideas, Mike."

Andy Harmer "Well, I agree with Mike. I was a founder member of the FRA nearly 20 years ago, the idea being to stimulate people to run up and down mountains, not to get championship points and team awards ..."

Tony Farnell "But it is only £5. I think we should let those people who like winning points to win them, though I personally am not bothered."

Tony Trowbridge "OK. Let's pay the £5. Anything else?"

Mick Eaton "What happened to the local running guide we were promised from Baumeister and Battersby?"

Mac Battersby "We are no longer on speaking terms."

John Edwards "Neither are most of the rest of us in this room."

9.51 Tony Trowbridge "Well, that seems a good moment to close the meeting."



Hello! First time?

KINDER - IS THAT SOMEWHERE NEAR HAYFIELD?

CHEZ DE MENGEL

If you have a poor memory, as a rock climber it can save you a lot of time and expense! You can go to the same crag, Stanage will do, do the same climb and think you've done a new route. No need to go to Scotland, Wales or the South of France.

As a fell runner, a poor memory is a definite handicap. You may as well sit by the fire, feet up, cuppa in hand, as recce a route for a race.

Here's a conversation I overheard -

Pete - "What's the Kinder Downfall race like?"

Bob T - "I think it's a really good race."

Pete - "You've done it before, haven't you?"

Bob T - "No, I don't think so. Have I, Chez?"

Pete - "Yes you have, you were 1st vet!"

Bob T - "Oh, I must have done it then."

Pete - "Where does it go?"

Bob T - "Well, it goes from Hayfield. It goes up and then comes back to Hayfield again."

Bob reckons that, during the period after the war, they put some chemical into the water in Sheffield that affected his power to memorize things! It's as novel an excuse as any.

PENDLE FELL RACE 3-4-82

(OR: HOW NOT TO PREPARE FOR THE BIG RACE)

MALCOLM PATTERSON

You'd have laughed your head off if you could have seen me fifteen (yes, fifteen, folks) minutes before the start. I was stuck on a road somewhere near Newchurch about three miles from the race start - with my long-suffering mother, holding my head in my hands, and wondering how I could be so stupid (I didn't put it quite so politely at the time) to drive so far and so fast and still miss the race. Somewhere in the intricate network of country lanes I'd missed the vital turn. Only a quick bit of orienteering (yes, I'm still capable, just!) got me to the car park with ten minutes to blast-off. "Could I have a very very late entry, please?" I panted at the bewildered official - with seven minutes to go. With barely enough time to pull on my vest and comb my hair (no mirror, mind you such are the sacrifices one has to make when late) and point myself in the right direction, the 1982 Pendle was under way.

Not a very inspiring start! As the field elbowed its way out of the village and onto the fell, I looked around for other Dark Peak vests, but in vain. Looks like I'll have to go it alone, I thought. We couldn't have wished for better conditions - it was firm and dry underfoot, and the air was warm, but not excessively so. On the way to the top, the hardest part proved not to be the final very steep scramble up the scarp face, but rather the more gradual climb through the uneven tussocky ground on the lower slopes. When it's wet it must be a killer!

Coming down, the going is fast and furious, for the gradient is kind enough to allow steady running, never getting steep enough to demand real dexterity and/or 'Death-wish mentality' - all-in-all just right for one like me who's a softie at heart. As always I found the good-humoured encouragement of onlookers a marvellous boost throughout the race, though I thought it was a bit much for three people to shout out "I'll pay yer bus fare, mister." (Sheffield people might not understand that one.)

Somehow my 'Let's-break-all-the-rules' preparation worked (and I was 1st in 29.51). Had I not stopped to teach 'Good old Rover - get down boy' a lesson, I might have come a bit closer to John Wild's course record. 2nd in the race was Jack Maitland (another orienteer) followed by a local lad, John Reade. Altogether, there were 338 finishers in the Mens Race. 20 in the Ladies - Sue Parkin (yet another orienteer) setting a new record of 36-56. There were two other Dark Peak finishers - P Calder 14th in the Ladies, and (husband?) D Calder 63rd in the Mens.

So, my advice is: get up late, eat your breakfast in three minutes, forget half your kit (preferably your shorts and shoes - no half measures!), drive like a maniac, lose your way at least three times, get your mother to pay your entry fee after the race has started, and you could go far!



Pendle Fell Race 1978(?)

ROGER BAUMEISTER

We set off from Scarborough at 6.00 pm with the temperature still scorching hot. Brian and I soon settled down into a pace that was much too fast to keep up but intended to give us a good lead. At Ravenscar we were 2 minutes up, so in our euphoria we did a good trick, losing possibly 15 minutes in one fell swoop by going down to the cliffs (wrongly) then having to come all the way back up (wrongly) finishing at Sandsend some 9 minutes or so behind Chris Brad and Frank Thomas. We had done 9 miles in 65 minutes. The four of us were grouped until Checkpoint 8 at Baysdale (50 miles) after 10 hours (4 am). The sunset along the North Yorkshire coastline and cliffs had been something to remember, so the night was at times something to forget, with miles churned out, but very hard work to get them in.

Morning was a revelation. Chris was away like a gazelle. Frank, a bit slower but clearly away, Brian and I 10 minutes later. Within 10 minutes, stop, send Frank on again. Brian starts burning me off (at 53 miles he's really shifting), we catch Frank up and go through without checking. I've got it now, 10 minutes later we catch Chris up and leave Frank with Chris. So what do I do, - I lose my check tally at the next checkpoint and spend 5 minutes before finding it. We leave as Chris and Frank arrive with me not rested, drunk or eaten properly. It's all a bit frantic trying to drop them, but it's a glorious morning and we do it, wondering for miles how far they are behind us. Fangdale Beck at 68 miles is a full meal of sausage and beans with muesli to start (added cornflakes makes it interesting). We reflect on the superb organisation, so efficient and friendly, with substantial and varied food and good comfortable rest facilities. We leave Fangdale unknowingly only 9 minutes up. Since our early mistake we have really concentrated on getting the route spot on especially with Chris and Frank breathing down our necks. So Roger decides to go wandering and lead us a tour of Duncombe Park before entering Helmsley - I've shot it for us - sorry Brian. But we needn't have worried, we were still 53 minutes up at CP 12 (88 miles). My thighs are stiffening up at each stop and tiredness is less important now than rigor mortis. We're pleased still to be running, but it's hard now and we have to dig in - Malton in sight, come on legs, put on a good show for the finish. We've done it - won, what have we won - no prizes but a hell of a lot of self respect and admiration for those great folk who put on such a great weekend for us. Well done LDWA.

ONE WET, WINDY NIGHT (WHAT DPFR MEANS TO ME)

DAVE BRADLEY

One wet, windy night, a young man rode his trusty motorbike towards Ladybower. His destination, the welcoming lights of 'The Yorkshire Bridge', a public house, within whose portals events were to take place which would change his life.

"What meeting?" was the landlord's reply to the young man's first question. "What is that?" was the landlord's question on seeing Mike Hayes and company enter his hostelry wearing tights and headtorches.

Proceedings started with a beer break and quickly progressed onto minutes ... and hours of discussion on the timing of the next beer break, the 'Skyline', the location of the bog, the location of the bar, re-election of officers, reports on the progress of the club's cross-country/road runner, the treasurer's report on how broke the club was, and his determination to keep it that way, the secretary's reaffirmation that DPFR was being run as a benevolent dictatorship and Mike Hayes speeding things on with a time and motion study, on the duration of each point discussed.

Then the real business of the evening began ... Any Other Business ...

(1) Safety on the hills - should part of the Marsden to Edale be taped to stop people getting lost? Spirits were high ... and also being downed and it was at this juncture that one John Edwards rose to speak. The room fell silent(ish) and above the noise the philosophy of DPFR was very forcefully brought home to the young man. "We all accept that if we get lost or have an accident, then that's it, you're dead." The vote came down heavily in favour of this philosophy and taped routes on the Trog was dismissed as against the spirit of the sport.

Fuelled by emotion and a beer break of four minutes and thirty-seven seconds (according to the Chairman) the discussion resumed.

(2) Women on the hills - should women be in the club! (the chauvinistic elements of the club thought this was all they were capable of) but one Roger Baumeister leapt to his feet and declared that 'he was all for women!' (many elements in the club agreed with his sympathies). Roger gallantly continued to say that if any women were interested, then he was willing (so were many others) to act on their behalf. After much argument and huffing and puffing of pipes, the principle of having a Ladies section was passed.

As the young man left the pub he heard the landlord ask, "Was that the meeting?" and as figures wearing tights and headtorches

staggered into the wet, windy darkness, he asked in a bewildered voice, "You're running where?" The young man's thoughts turned to the images of the evening as the trusty bike threaded its headlight beam into the blustery blackness ... "A benevolent dictatorship" ... "women in the club!" ... "If you get lost or have an accident then that's it, you're dead."

The headlight faded, the engine died, and the young man stood alone in the rain and wind at Moscar. It had been a funny sort of evening, but DPFR are a funny sort of club.



Bob, Graham, Andy and Andy at start of Crookstone Crashout

LETTER TO THE FELL RUNNER

24 Brookfield Crescent
Hampsthwaite
Harrogate
North Yorkshire HG3 2EE

Dear Hugh,

The wearing of fluorescent striped shorts by lady fell runners seems to be on the increase. I think it is about time the FRA recognised the serious health hazard this involves and did something about it.

A runner subjected to oscillating or gyrating motion of this type of material for any length of time can easily experience hallucinations, dizziness and general debilitation. Frequent observations may even cause blindness for all I know.

In a recent race I was just behind a notable exponent of this apparel and I might have suffered a severe migraine attack if I had not gone weak at the knees and been unable to keep up.

Perhaps race organisers should issue lady runners wearing shorts of this type with a health warning notice to be affixed in the appropriate place. You may of course say that the remedy lies in my own hands; but then I may misunderstand what you have in mind.

Yours sincerely

Will McLewin

COMPUTERISED RUNNING

(DPFR NEWS)

BILL BENTALL

Two men, James B Gardner and Dr J Gerry Purdy, the first a Spacecraft Systems Engineer and the second a Computer Scientist, joined up round about 1970 when Dr Purdy was working on his PhD from Stanford University in computer science and exercise physiology. Both were athletes and they gave themselves the task of applying the methods of systems engineering to systematising the training schedules of runners. From their studies the computerised system for training was developed.

I am surprised that we do not hear more about the potential use of the tables they produced in coaching and in measuring performance.

The tables offer many answers to many questions. They work on the principle that if you know a runner's best performance at one distance, you can predict his performance at other similar distances and even at distances outside his normal scope of activity. Based on his best performance the athlete is given a score which is his number. The numbers go up in tens. Once an athlete knows his score he can look at what he would have to perform in another event to get the same score, and if he would like to do better than this score indicates there is only one thing for him to do. Improve his score rating!

The tables can help again. We all know that our best training is done at training levels lower than our racing speeds (because racing breaks down whilst training builds up). We know that at times we should be doing our work at 80% of our capacity and at times 95% of our capacity according to the intensity in our training programme. But if we do not know what 100% of our capacity is in the particular training distance we are doing (which can be quite different from the event for which we are training) how can we know what percentage of our capacity we are training at? The tables provide these answers.

When I trained for the Rotherham marathon, for example, I had a rough idea that my own scoring was 540 and that I had a potential marathon time of 3 hours and 3 minutes. I was also persuaded by expert marathon coaches that some speedwork was an essential ingredient particularly in the last 8 weeks of training and that repetition half miles would be useful twice a week. In order to know how many repetitions to do and at what speed, I could turn to the pacing table for repetition running on the sheet for a 540 point scorer. Here I could see that I had the following options open to me depending on the total distance I wanted to run in my repetitions:-

8 or 9 repetitions at 80% pace with 2 to 3 minutes rest, each repetition in 2 minutes 53 seconds.

10 to 12 repetitions at 77.5% pace with 1 to 2 minutes rest, each half mile 2 minutes 59 seconds.

If I really wanted to do a lot of mileage I could have done 20 repetitions at 3 minutes 18 seconds with about 1 to 1½ minutes rest between each. This would have represented each half mile at 70% pace.

I had to bear in mind this would constitute the total work for one day. Therefore if I were doing other mileage I could perhaps lower these speeds a little, say to those of a 500 scorer level.

The tables also provide some straightforward mathematical columns showing you what any percentage of a given time per mile would be and also what time per mile a runner at any particular level would be running at during his best event, eg in my marathon if I were to score 540 my average race time would be 6 minutes 56 seconds per mile.

Clearly, I could not go out on Saturday practising marathons at 6 minutes 56 seconds per mile, so how could I get the feel of that time? From the percentage tables.

I found that 6 minutes 56 seconds was 90% of my predictable 100% pace for 7 miles. Therefore, if I did 7 mile runs at 90% pace I was running at my racing marathon speed. Thus during 7 mile runs I was able to get the feel of the pace I would have to keep up for 3 hours. It felt hard and I wondered if I would be able to achieve it but in the event it worked out.

In the event I beat the computer by about 2 to 2½ but this was probably due to two factors, a) I had never trained so seriously for any previous event and therefore I could have expected a higher score and b) the Rotherham marathon ends with a bonus of 2 miles slightly downhill and even though this was into the wind it must have helped a little.

In the marathon my score was 550.

Now to predictions. I was very interested to see some times quoted by Peter Lewis in the October newsletter, times for 3000 metres and 5000 metres on the track for 1 or 2 of our runners. I am going to stick my neck out and tell these runners, who are all considerably better athletes than I, what their potential is and what their score is.

I'll start by saying that if you want to crack 2½ hours in a marathon you have to score 810 or better. Based on the 3000 metre performances our only 810 scorer (that I know of) is Ian Wainwright who scored 810 to 820. He could do a marathon in 2 hours 29. Also he could run a single mile in 4 minutes 29 seconds.

Paul Midwood who runs for us second claim, once ran 5 miles in

25 minutes 30 seconds making him just under an 800 scorer which means that his best marathon would be a tantalising 2 hours 30 minutes and 30 seconds - unless he got a good tail wind in which case he might just crack it!

Peter Lewis is a 770 scorer giving him a marathon potential of 2 hours 33 minutes.

Based on the 3000 metre timings, Tony Trowbridge scored between 750 to 760 but his 5000 metre performance was better scoring him 780. He could do a marathon in 2 hours 33 minutes.

Graham Berry seems to be a 750 scorer. His best mile time would be 4 minutes 32 seconds and he could run a marathon in 2 hours 35½ minutes.

Incidentally, the gentleman who Peter Lewis refers to as having run the 3000 metres in 13 minutes 45 seconds is a 970 scorer and that is the kind of score you expect from international athletes (including our own fell running Geoff Norman - a 970 marathon scorer takes 2 hours 14 minutes for the marathon).

Now you 750 to 780 scorers. How are you going to pace yourself right for a 2 hours 35 minute or better marathon? The answer is you have to run every mile (Graham) at 5 minutes 53 seconds per mile and (Tony) at 5 minutes 48 seconds per mile and, furthermore, you should do the first third slightly quicker than this and the third third again slightly slower, but the body will take care of that for you. Do the first third quicker than the times given here and you won't make it. You are running outside your capacity.

If anyone would like to know his score based on his best performance and would like some predictions I would be happy to answer enquiries. I am not handing over my precious tables!

Finally, I must say that I pretend that I can predict fell running times too. On a day when Harry Walker does 2 hours 40 minutes, for example on the Skyline, Tony and Graham should do about 2 hours 50. I should do 3 hours 20. It's impossible. What a load of rubbish!

A CLOSE LOOK AT BRIAN HARNEY'S PENNINE WAY RECORD RUN

HOWARD ARTISS

On Sunday 12th August 1979 at 9.42 am Brian Harney, a 34 year old Rotherham Harrier and Dark Peak Fell Runner, ran into Edale, tired but still strong, to knock over an hour off Pete Dawes' Pennine Way Record.

Taking just 42 minutes over 3 days it was the fulfilment of a dream that had its roots about 3 years ago, and had been sustained through one unsuccessful attempt with Roger Baumeister and an ankle injury which had postponed the attempt from early June.

Brian had built up not only his physical state but also his course knowledge to such a degree that his pacers had little to worry about in the navigation department even during the night sections. His background in ultra-distance running is extensive including the London-Brighton race, Cleveland Hundred (he finished equal first with Roger here) and many varied road and fell races ... Apart from these he had about 5 weekends training over parts of the route including one long effort of 140 miles earlier in the year to test the back-up organisation which was the brainchild of Pete Allen, who did all the background work for the first attempt planned for June.

This June attempt was put back when Brian injured his ankle in the Dartmoor 100 two weeks before and had to drop out after 50 miles. The ankle recovered but again forced him out of the 'double Bob Graham round' after completing 62 of the 84 peaks leaving his partner Roger Baumeister to complete the 144 miles in 46½ hours. In this event Brian was still going strongly when the ankle went so he was confident of his chances in the Pennine Way attempt and a start was set for 0900, Thursday 9th August at Kirk Yetholm.

The tremendous cost of the whole operation was offset somewhat by some very generous help by various organisations. Websters Brewery donated money and promised beer if the run was successful, also tee shirts for the pacers bearing the slogan 'Drink the Pennine Way' - a more apt one would have been 'Sink the Pennine Way' so wet was the ground throughout!

Others to help were: Norman Walsh (shoes which Brian wore for the last two days), Pete Bland Sports (equipment), Hamish Hamilton (equipment), Richmond Road Service Station (Van hire), Canada Dry (soft drinks), Parkers Jewellers (alarm clock), Oates Electrical (radio) and Duncan Greenwood PR on the BBC TV 'Look North' team.

During the trial on the course early in the year three overnight HQ's were arranged and the co-operation we received in each of these was first class, taking in their stride wet and muddy runners appearing at all hours, and Radio Sheffield phoning up in

the early hours for progress reports. These were The Plough Hotel, Yetholm, The George and Dragon, Garrigill, and Mrs Scott of Laburnham House, Hawes, after this the mob descended on Hamish Hamilton's house in Sheffield for the last hectic stretch.

From the original set-up of pacers there was only one chance. When I volunteered myself in Keswick after the 'double Bob Graham' I intended just to help out for a few easy stretches and to help the party get rid of tea and jam butties. Getting nearer the date I realised that I was stepping into Frank Thomas' shoes (ugh! what a thought) as a serious pacer. The idea was to start with two sets of two pacers, each pair backed by a driver and a cook to look after Brian's needs at road crossings. Roger Baumeister and Pete Lewis were the 'A' team backed by Ralph Rowbottom and Quentin Tupper - Chris Brad and myself the 'B' squad with Arthur Oxley and June Beardsley in support.

We were fortunate that Martin Hudson and Alan Heaton (former holder of the record) would be joining us at Hawes after work on Friday evening, and the organisation (master-minded by Roger) was such that it was flexible enough to accommodate any changes in schedule that arose.

Everyone met up at The Plough, Town Yetholm, arriving all through the evening and night - Brian settled in early evening, while Roger and I got there at 1 am after picking up Pete Lewis from Newcastle on the way up. He had just returned from Norway, where he had finished 3rd in the Karrimor International Two Day Event with Andy Lewsley, and had been waiting at the Terminus for about 10 hours for us after getting off the ferry.

After a good breakfast we all walked a few hundred yards down the road to the start wondering whether the extra distance might be critical to Brian near the end!! Off he went with Chris Brad in attendance with the early morning mist giving way to fine sunny weather - the rough section across the Cheviot Hills in front of them.

Brian started very well, giving Chris a hard time, and we drove round to pick them up at the first road check. Due to a combination of circumstances the support team missed getting to them at Chew Green so they had to press on to Byrness (29 miles) without refreshment. I took over from Chris here after a mild panic (or not so mild) but things sorted themselves out and we met the Sherpa van in Bellingham (4½ miles) and devoured stew and rice with fruit.

Brian was going very well here in the warm sunshine, stripped down to just shorts, the only trouble being swarms of flies which seemed to thrive on our hot bodies. Brian did a few miles solo before I joined him again near Ladymill for the stretch along to Greenhead (70 miles) where the Way leaves Hadrian's Wall - we changed groups here, the 'A' team taking over for the next 12 hour

shift. Brian continued to press on well, each twist and turn being navigated well, all I had to do was hang on to him, get out the occasional drink from the sac which the pacer carried at all times. He was eating well at road stops but not taking much between them apart from drinks of Accolade and this seemed to be the pattern for the whole way.

It was a fine run with the sun sinking as we traversed the Wall. Looking down to a lake with a fisherman sitting in a boat on the still water, Brian related his reply to an interviewer which he gave in a programme before the start. Asked why he was doing it Brian had replied "well, it beats fishing!" Ask a stupid question....

Only a slight variation of course towards the end when we hit the road a bit too soon brought us to Greenhead where the support van met us at the top of the hill out. The light of their torches was a welcome sight, a local farmer and his family were also waiting there for us. He had very generously given us some of his own petrol as our own was rather low - getting petrol was quite a headache for a lot of the way, there being a great shortage in some areas.

The moon had come out and this remained a help until Cross Fell when it gave way to mist with Pete Lewis on this stretch. The 'B' group retired to Garrigill and we were asleep when Brian passed through with Roger Baumeister having covered 90 miles in 18 hours. Brian had set himself a tough schedule for the first couple of days leaving an easy(?) one to finish off. Pete took him over Cross Fell, Great Dun and Knock Fell, a long and rough ride of 16½ miles before reaching Dufton before another boggy section by Maize Deck.

This was a great piece of work by both, Brian completing about 113 miles in the 24 hours from Kirk Yetholm and going through without sleep. Paradoxically it was on the easier good going along the River Tees that he felt tired in the warm sun - it was to be a pattern that the first sections were found to be most boring.

Our group waited for the take-over outside Middleton and when Pete and Brian arrived they had a fish and chip lunch warmed-up ready for them. I started off with Brian but after a mile up the first climb he said he felt drowsy and lay down on the grass and went straight to sleep. I covered him up and decided to give him half an hour but he woke after 15 minutes and we started off immediately. He was better now and we zig-zagged across the fields to Baldersdale passing the half-way point around 2.30 in the afternoon (1 day 5½ hours).

The only problem here was that I only had one bottle of Accolade with me which soon disappeared as it was pretty hot and the beck water looked rather murky - it did not taste too bad though!

I passed over to Arthur Oxley at Pasture End and we drove round to Tan Hill to receive them and take a few photos at that famous pub dressed in our Websters tee shirts. Due to very bad timing we and Brian arrived between opening times so we passed briskly through - we'll return for a jar or two one of these days!

From Tan Hill Brian had two pacers, primarily because one or two of the others wanted to stretch their legs and later, from Great Shunner and the night following, for safety reasons. The weather deteriorated a bit now and drizzle greeted Brian, Chris and Arthur as they ran into Hawes - one of them with 163 miles in his legs - with the second night out awaiting him. We had hoped to persuade Brian to get a short sleep here as there was a bed ready and waiting, but he had hit a good patch and did not want to stop.

At this point the whole party were dug-in at Laburnham House, Hawes, and was boosted with the arrival of Martin Hudson and Alan Keaton, who were immediately pressed into service. Martin joining me for the long stretch (15 miles) to Horton.

Pete Lewis took over the organisation here leaving Roger to recover for the final push later on. Roger had done a tremendous amount beforehand but had shattered himself a bit through lack of sleep so Pete gave him a break for a spell.

We set off out of Hawes in darkness and soon a drizzle set in making conditions uncomfortable to say the least. Near Cam End Brian came over shaky so we bundled him into a sleeping bag and bivvy sac for a nap while Martin and I chatted and walked up and down to keep warm - luckily the drizzle had stopped. Brian woke after 45 minutes and had recovered enough for us to get down to Horton where the others were waiting for us. We all had a good breakfast supplied by Ralph and Quentin who were getting quite a reputation for their 5 star cooking. In the opposite group the stew and home-made cake that Arthur and June produced also went down without a murmur.

It was still miserable as Brian set off, after an hour's sleep, with Alan Heaton and Martin - thick mist making Penyghent forbidding. I drove back to Hawes to pick up some of the others before meeting the runners at Malham, where the sun had once more appeared.

The group came into sight just after 9 am, having left the mist behind him, Brian was going better and had made 81 miles during the second day. This meant that he had 194 miles behind him with 76 to complete. Everyone had confidence in him finishing but realised that it would be tough to crack the record taking into account the very boggy ground conditions.

Brian stopped at Malham for food and to change into clean socks. His feet were getting blistered and he had been bathing them at stops but from here onward I believe he pressed on without

taking his shoes off.

Some of us drove to Sheffield to set up the final HQ at Hamish Hamilton's home to await reports on Brian's progress and to try to get a few hours sleep. The party in the field all mucked in with the pacing, changing round frequently to keep Brian's spirits up as this was the critical phase before the last night push to Edale. Chris Brad and Pete Lewis took the long stretches here backed well by Arthur, Quentin, Ralph and June. The experience of Alan Heaton played no small part in keeping Brian going through the warm afternoon.

Pete worked out the schedule and quietly told Brian that he could not afford to stop if he wanted to be certain of the record. So, after a short nap at Stanedge (30 mins) he pressed on again. Martin and I took over just after dark (22.50) with about 26 miles remaining. We had more support here as Hamish had come with us and the day group all wanted to stay with us and see it through. Plenty of torch batteries were the order as the section in front of us was notoriously rough and mucky.

It was fairly clear and mild as we left, this quickly altered and mist came down with a slight drizzle later on Black Hill. Brian was going along quietly although occasional wincing noises showed that his legs must have been very stiff and sore - especially on the rough up and down sections. Soon we saw the car lights waiting for us the other side of White Moss but they seemed to take an age to reach as the ooze was really grim - we literally pulled each other out of this quagmire!

Further on Brian hit his last bad patch so we put all his spare clothes on him and hot coffee and jam butties did the rest. On we went, Martin's superb navigation bringing us bang on the trig point. It was decided to play safe in the mist and follow Crowden Brook down to the next check point although it is rough, awkward scrambling at the top. However, the tricky descent helped to wake Brian up and we reached the welcome lights with only minor stumbles.

Roger took over here with the grim Bleaklow stretch before them - Brian had been looking forward to the daylight on the previous part and it dawned just after Torside (misty and damp). He had about 14 miles left and 4½ hours of the 3 days remaining. Several others joined us around this time to add encouragement - Pete Allen, then Chris Worsell and Jeff Carlin at Snake Road.

It was drizzling again here and we sheltered in the cars preparing drinks and gear for the last demanding trudge across Kinder. At 07.05 Brian appeared with pacers and went straight through, drinking as he walked and jogged - just 8½ miles now! Featherbed Moss seemed like a billiard table compared to the last piece and Brian was moving with determination here. Chris Worsell and I stuck with him while Roger and Jeff ran on ahead sorting out

the drier patches, it was warmer now and we all shed water-proofs. Over Mill Hill and Kinder Downfall he went battling against time and fatigue, a last ditch effort as the going was quite good here.

Brian kept checking my watch, and judging that he would not make the 3 days, slowed as we hit the groughs leading to Grindsbrook. A few walkers coming up gave encouragement but the rocky descent seemed never ending. Brian wanted to take an hour off Pete Dawes' record to make it respectable and we eventually gained ground running lower down. The visibility cleared and Brian stripped to tee shirt and shorts for the run-in. Down the grass and over the bridge he jogged strongly as various friends met us for the finish.

Just past the steps up from the stream Brian displayed a final burst of humour - with a hundred yards to go he suddenly stopped and said "I've had enough, I can't make the last bit". Nobody believed him and he ran up to touch the wall of the Nags Head before being reunited with his family. The meeting at the end of such an epic was an emotional moment for all of us. The large group of BBC TV cameras was quite a surprise after hours of empty moorland but Brian deserved all the attention as he finished with a new record and the realisation of a cherished dream.

We had all started with one target - this was that Brian should have every opportunity to achieve his goal and all other considerations were to take second place. That we actually enjoyed the hard work and sleep-short days, as well as succeeding, was a tribute to every member of the party.

Sometimes the organisation was stretched to the limit but people involved rose to the occasion. No small factor was Brian himself who was the easiest of runners to support and his course knowledge and uncomplaining attitude cut our task by half. I will always feel proud that I was part of this fantastic endurance effort and period of shared friendship.

<u>Schedule</u>			<u>Approx mileage covered by pacers</u>	
	<u>arr</u>	<u>leave</u>		
Kirk Yetholm		09.00	9 Aug	
Byrness	... 14.20	14.30	"	Roger Baumeister ... 35
Bellingham	... 17.00	17.15	"	Pete Lewis ... 69
Nr. Ladyhill	... 19.00	19.10	"	Chris Brad ... 73
Peel Road	... 20.30	20.40	"	Howard Artiss ... 79
Nr. Greenhead	... 22.30	22.40	"	Martin Hudson ... 42
Garrigill	... 03.05	03.16	10 Aug	Alan Heaton ... 31
Duften	... 07.50	08.00	"	Alan's Friend ... 7
Middleton	... 12.20	12.40	"	Arthur Oxley ... 31
Pasture End	... 15.20	15.25	"	June Beardsley ... 15
Tan Hill Inn	... 17.00	17.10	"	Ralph Rowbottom ... 12
Thwaite	... 18.38	18.46	"	Quentin Tupper ... 12
Hawes	... 21.10	21.40	"	Chris Worsell ... 8
Horton	... 04.10	05.30	11 Aug	Jeff Carlin ... 8
Stainforth Road	... 07.00	07.05	"	
Malham	... 09.15	09.35	"	
Lothersdale	... 13.30		"	
Ickornshaw	... 14.10		"	
Colne-Haworth Road	...	15.05	"	<u>Brian Harney</u>
Widdop Road	...	16.40	"	Day One ... 113 miles
Calder Valley	...	18.05	"	Day Two ... 81 "
Stanedge	... 22.25	22.50	"	Day Three ... 74 "
Road A635	... 00.15	00.25	12 Aug	Day Four ... 2 "
Crowden	... 04.20		"	
Snake Road	... 07.05		"	
Edale (Nags Head)	... 09.42		"	

Note: There must be a few people who helped in some way that I have failed to mention, some details that I have got wrong, and, as this is a personal account, a lot of the route that I have had to skip over. All this I will apologise for in advance - you can jump on me later!

T.A.Y.E.
(OR TRAIN AS YOU EARN)

GRAHAM BERRY

There is now a growing band of aficionados who have carefully considered the economics of travelling to work and have decided to forget the car or bus, be independent and train to work! This article is dedicated to these brave people.

The first of the problems in running to work is to convince your family that you really do go to work even though you're scantily dressed and carrying a mysterious rucksack. No kissing on the doorstep and passing out the bowler and the brolly, it's an ignominious creeping out followed by paroxysms of coughing as you stagger through the early morning mists of last night's hangover.

Having left the door, more problems remain; which route? There is the diesel, petrol fume route (short), the estate route (cheeky) and the country route (tiring). All routes involve road crossings and the associated cars full of people who have apparently never seen hairy (shapely) legs before. These people can be divided into the following types:

- a) totally uninterested (very rare)
- b) slight amusement (rare)
- c) giggles (common)
- d) finger pointers (very common)
- e) obscene commentators (usually found on the back of lorries)

The same types are found amongst pedestrians, notably children who suffer from the "Get them knees up" syndrome, a ritual call designed to encourage! Few of the other remarks are worth repeating, at least in this journal, but one sticks in my mind. After struggling up a steep road with lungs bursting after a mammoth effort, an old man suggested "You'll do better next time". I just collapsed at the top. (A prize for the best remark of 1978).

Using the country or pretty route has its own particular dangers and these are the dogs, and their owners. It must be assumed that all owners have trained their dogs to chase anything moving faster than walking pace and furthermore they don't realise the runner's vulnerability (bare legs). As the drooling, hungry alsatian bounds towards you, there is a faint cry of "Don't worry, it won't hurt you". (This sounds like the sort of kindly, comforting words spoken to a man sitting in an electric chair.) On rare occasions, this adversity can be turned to advantage when the dog decides that running is, after all, fun and follows for the next mile or so. In the distance, a red faced owner, with steam issuing from his ears, staggers along. These are special moments

to be savoured carefully.

The next obstacle is arriving at work. My advice is to arrive early. Arriving with everyone else is a real gauntlet running exercise because of the number of comments. However, once established as a madman/pervert/health fanatic or even worse, a jogger, on the few occasions when arriving in civvies there are as many comments as before.

The next stage: washing and clothes. Although showers may be available they are never convenient. Ours are, perhaps appropriately, next to the fume cupboard; even worse they are cold only. Otherwise it's necessary to resort to the leg over technique; yes, the leg over the wash basin.

The logistics of planning where your clothes should be and carrying them there, require careful consideration. Be warned. There are occasions when shirt and trousers are separated by six miles of hard running. Even the best people suffer this problem. One B Foster claims to have accumulated three pairs of trousers and an odd pair of shoes at University whilst running between there and home during his 'blue period' at Brighton.

Despite all these difficulties, I would recommend running to and from work. It just about pays for itself (the cost of one pair of TRX's which last 3 months is equivalent to 3 months' bus fares), it provides an enforced training schedule and it is sometimes an advantage in times of bus strikes, snow storms etc. So I call upon all Dark Peakers to make 1979 the year of the T.A.Y.E.



Andy Forsyth, Bob Berzins and Alan Jones

ANON

W TROWBRIDGE

This contribution is submitted to the newsletter on behalf of the silent majority - the DPFRUSC - MWC (Dark Peak Fell Runners Unofficial Supporters Club - Mainly Women and Children).

We have remained silent for too long and so on behalf of the Supporters I felt the need to put pen to paper.

In case you are still in some doubt about the identity of the Association of fell-ow sufferers, let me help you to identify them further: We are the ones who suffer after racing and training - tending blisters, mending vests, sewing up crutches, sewing on badges, commiserating, encouraging. We are the ones who tolerate odd social hours, and put up with those smells emanating from the airing cupboard where thrice-worn gear is drying out, stiffening up again before the next tortuous training trog. We prepare special highly calorific menus which make runners fitter and faster and families fatter. We look after your pills and your piles. We FIND your favourite socks - but won't darn them. We suffer (SOMETIMES silently) when you acquire three essential new pairs of shoes - just to play in - and wonder how we could have spent the money on something essential.

We dutifully set our smiles as we prepare yet again for that holiday of a lifetime in the Lakes. So aptly named - so much water everywhere! We discard our bikinis and depend instead upon wellies and cags - it does you good, a change of air. There is nothing like the atmosphere in a tent surrounded by damp, muddy, stinking clothes - it does you good, a change of air.

We are the patient ones - really we are. We know there can't be long to wait when Short, Walker, Norman & Co have crossed the line. We are the ones who shout encouraging words at the wrong times. Just when your legs and lungs have finally given up we are the ones who cry "Only 10 miles to go!", "Can't you go any faster?", "Do you want a drink/sandwich/new socks/shoes/cag/glucose tablets/new pair of legs/fresh brain?" And believe me we have them ALL, faithfully stowed in the bulging rucksac.

We are mines of technical information and very knowledgeable about the jargon surrounding your hobby. Why not consult us? We can advise on whether it's fit for waffles, ripples, pimples, studs, spikes or mikes, and who better to decide if tights are necessary? We the supporters can offer services above and beyond those offered by fickle banner waving football fans. If we sometimes grumble mildly, please forgive us it's hard work keeping the average fell-runner mobile.

SILLY RHYME TIME

JOHN ABBOTT

Oh Karrimor, Karrimor, you tempted me so
and being so daft I just had to have a go
So a partner was sought with hope to obtain
a running twosome with both brawn and some brain.

On pondering the question of who it could be
it soon became obvious it was Howard for me,
I rang him that night to tell him of my plan
and it soon became clear he was the very man.

For no sooner had I mentioned it when he fully agreed
even to insisting on the 'A' grade seed.
So equipment was sought and items were bought
and runs had to be taken together,
In the hope that they may in some remote way
form a team that could run on forever.

And so to the day with Glucose packed away
we gathered there for all to see,
But who could fortell the forthcoming hell
that was awaiting poor Howard and me.

The very first mile took quite a while
although at this stage we weren't in a hurry,
It was the weight of our packs straining our backs
that were causing us our greatest worry.

Now well on our way through the first day
and the miles now started to tell,
So it was time for some aid from our old friend Accolade
to forestall the inevitable bad spell.

Tired and with little will he climbed over the last hill
and Oh! what a sight to see,
It was the overnight camp now but a short tramp
which looked a haven to both Howard and me.

Although very small and we're fairly tall
the tent felt just like a palace,
And with the stove all aglow, and a brew on the go
at last we felt no longer harrassed.

The night it seemed long for the wind was in song,
and the rain lashed down our valley.
So it wasn't too bad, which to you might seem mad
being woken by a 6 am reveille.

Once again on our way but now on the second day,
the going now seemed that little bit tougher,
With water so deep we couldn't see our feet
Surely it couldn't get any rougher?

But little did we know of the way we would go,
for we were soon to find how wrong we could be,
For during that day what they put in our way,
nearly killed poor Howard and me.

It was on this last leg with Howard all but dead,
I got into a bit of a dither,
For what do you say to someone feeling that way,
that you want to go that little bit quicker.

But what a fool was I to think this guy,
would falter and give up the ghost,
For in fact it was I who had to lift my legs high,
over the last hundred yards to the post.

Now absolutely shattered and with bodies much battered,
nothing mattered much to Howard and me,
For we had run a good race and were pleased with our place,
and now wanted nothing more than to drink tea.

END.



Yewbarrow summit, Bob Graham Round

THE THREE PEAKS YACHT RACE

To a runner a prolonged yacht race would seem to have little to offer except maybe days of excessive eating and drinking with the most energetic exercise coming from a winch handle. But the Three Peaks Yacht Race is something different. In sailing from Barmouth to Fort William it passes through some of Britain's most inhospitable waters and involves two crew members running to the top of the highest peaks in England, Scotland and Wales. The running calls for supreme fitness covering 74 miles in a minimum of 3 days, so how did two second rate orienteers get involved in a challenge of such epic qualities?

The first mention of the race came just two weeks before the start when friends of friends got in touch with Bruce. Major Kerr, the owner of the yacht, had lost his runners and was desperately seeking replacements. Bruce, always keen for any form of masochism, explained our pedigree over the telephone.

"Extensive experience on the Karrimor Mountain Marathon."

By this he meant he was out for a long time!

"I finished the 120 mile Westminster-Devizes canoe race."

He came last and little did he realise how valuable this experience would be with all the rowing that was to be involved. With my only experience of long distance running being near death on the 25 mile Marsden to Edale trog we were well and truly set up. For a week we went into intensive training before the pundits told us that nothing could be contributed a week before a marathon so we resorted to our usual training of beer and chips.

We joined the rest of the crew at Barmouth two days before the start. The yacht was a 32' Contessa called 'Assent' owned by Major Kerr, a 60 year old sheep farmer who commanded great respect. Guy Chilver-Stainer, retired Secretary of the Scottish ski federation and Loz Urmerond, a petroleum engineering expert working in Norway, completed the crew. After introductions we went out for an hour's sea trial in a steady force 3 and Bruce was duly seasick. Things were looking good for a week of sheer hell.

The start was very exciting. Being used to the ruthless tactics of small dinghy racing, I was surprised to find that Yacht racing was no different, but the prospect of being rammed by 4 tons of a large monohull was somewhat daunting and must have worried Assent's owner not to mention his bank manager. We got away well and started to tack towards Caernarfon. The race had started. With the prospect of a 24 mile run to the top of Snowdon and back the following day I was looking forward to a good night's sleep and turned in at 11 pm feeling very tired. But it was not to be. At 4 am I was woken for the first of a whole series of rowing epics! Fortunately the wind soon picked up and I was able to get some sleep.

We arrived at Caernarfon after a night of light winds at 1.30 pm and Bruce and I apprehensively started the run to the summit of Snowdon in boiling heat. We reached the summit two and a half hours later, raced down the hill and suffering from severe dehydration stopped at Pete's Eats in Llanberis for a brew, much to the amusement of the climbers. The last 8 miles were hell for me, suffering from cramp as the heat haze shimmered off the hot asphalt, but Bruce managed to slowly twitch his way with no bother, giving me much encouragement to reach the host in 4 hours 30 minutes, a time we were well pleased with.

At this point the sailors had a decision to make, either out to sea and good winds round Anglesey or a treacherous trip through the rocks of the Menai Straits. The tides dictated the latter and a heart stopping journey ensued. The fact that we didn't end up on the rocks owed much to the navigational skills of Loz and the Major, and the true dangers were brought home to us when the big catamaran 'Nalidi' crashed into the Telford bridge and had to motor to safety. To avoid the same disaster there turned out to be no peace for the wicked and using oars we steered the boat through some of the trickier sections. With the most dangerous bit over it then became a race against the tide to reach the open sea, and turned out to be a real spectacle - 12 boats within spitting distance of each other rowing like mad. Other yacht owners must have thought us all crazy not to use outboards but the rules don't allow this. Eventually we turned in, apprehensive about the following day's running.

Ravenglass is often considered to be the crux of the race. It is only possible to enter the harbour within 2/3 hours of high tide, it being totally dry at low tide. As a result of this a boat with two very good runners can get in and out on one tide and gain a significant advantage on the boats left stranded on the mud. However, to run the 32 miles to the top of Scafell Pike and back in five hours or less, just 18 hours after finishing the Snowdon Marathon is a considerable athletic performance.

Of the elite runners taking part, Mountain Marathon men Pete Irwin and Ken Taylor arrived late on the tide, but in breaking their own record still managed to leave Ravenglass 4 hours 32 minutes after arriving. The yacht 'Royal Insurance' attempting to leave at the same time was not so fortunate and got stuck on the sand until the next tide, illustrating the magnificence of Erwin and Taylor's run.

Arriving at high tide, our skipper gave us a deadline of 9 hours to complete the run, but nevertheless it was still a daunting task with legs not even starting to recover from the previous day's effort. Also, the weather turned foul and ranged from torrential downpour to mere heavy rain causing us to lose our way on the summit and descend via the technically illegal 'shortcut' of Mickledore. The cold forced us to jog to keep warm and for 7 hours we variously ran, jogged and walked and limped to the finish.

At Ravenglass we thankfully had a hot shower and, with an hour or so to spare, put our feet up in the pub and enjoyed a pint and a meal of fish and chips. Unfortunately, our legs then locked solid and we had to be helped back to the boat for the stomach turning trip out of Ravenglass harbour. With the wind at a strong Force 6 and the tides in the opposite direction the seas were at their worst. The fish and chips were soon returned to the sea and I spent a miserable and fitful night's sleep thinking about running up the Ben.

The next two days proved to be a godsend as far as sea sickness was concerned. The sun came out and the winds died to nothing giving our legs the much needed rest. However, this was not without cost, the crew harboured the ideal that physical exercise was for runners and for hours on end we rowed the boat through still waters, watching the sea birds as they skilfully winged their way across the waters. The irony was that the shipping forecast dogmatically predicted force 8 gales, much to our amusement. Bruce was in agreement, eager for action he kept saying "It will soon be blowing a hooligan". But not even the tiniest vandal appeared.

Eventually the winds picked up and a breathtaking spinnaker run took us towards Fort William. Just two hours before arriving we warmed up for our run by rowing the boat through the Corran Narrows just managing to beat the tide and saving hours of lost time. We had faced dehydration on Snowdon, exposure on Scafell and soon realised that The Ben was going to be no pushover as our navigational equipment gave an expected time of arrival of midnight. In normal circumstances the 17 mile run would be a challenging race, but with snowfields, mist and darkness we were set up for another adventure. In the event Bruce's hooligan appeared on the way up and at one point I was physically lifted off my feet by the wind. We soldiered on and eventually groped our way to the summit at 2 am, still battling against the elements but highly elated. After shouting our number to the Royal Corps, who understandably refused to leave the shelter of their tent, we raced off down the hill. At the bottom we spotted two rivals and Bruce immediately switched into overdrive. "We'll have these buggers," he whispered, but my knees didn't share his confidence and I tucked in closely behind him. His madness was infectious and as soon as we had passed the other runners the pace started to increase as we tried to grind each other into submission. Whereas the other runs has been about comradeship and survival the last 4 miles became a mental test as we both tried to psyche each other out.

"I'm feeling really strong."

"Still a long way to go."

Just listen to those lies. The last 100 yards turned into a sprint finish until we realised the error of our ways and jubilantly crossed the finishing line together.

The race had taken us just over 5 days and despite the fact that the winners had broken the course record to arrive in just

over 3 days 3 hours we were very proud. Our final position was 21st out of 35 starters, but the real achievement was in running 74 miles, climbing 11300 feet and sailing 385 miles.

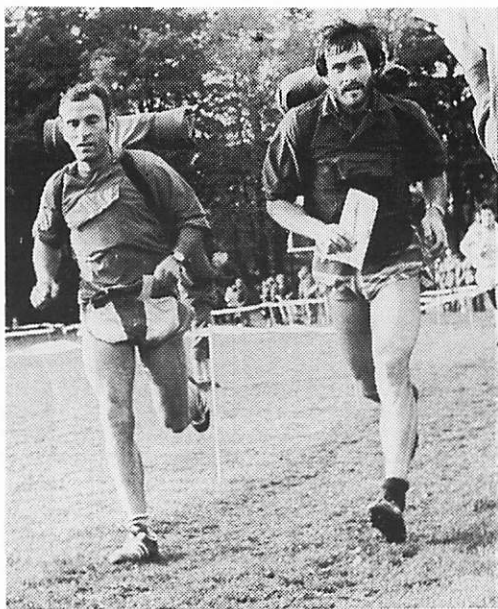
A few days later I got a phone call.

"Fancy doing the Glossop fell race next month?"

"How far?"

"22 miles."

Oh God, here we go again!!!



Roger Baumeister and Martin Hudson, Karrimor Elite Winners, 1978

THE CAUCUS-RACE, ANDY STYAN AND SISYPHUS AND HIS STONE

ANDY HARMER

Alice, having been crying then shrunk, is in great danger of being drowned in her own tears! However, surviving this she and a motley collection of animals are very wet and bedraggled and had to be dried out. At last the Dodo devises a way - a Caucus race. On a marked course(?) the gathering begin running, starting when they are ready and leaving when they feel like it until the Dodo declares the race ended. On great dispute as to who has won the race, the Dodo finally declares that all have won and all should have prizes - a box of comfits suffices!! Alice gets a thimble.

Alice found it absurd and in the true sense of the word it was. Fell running and training with Dark Peak seems to have parallels; we are found searching for tumuli on Bamford Edge, wells on Kinder, marshalls sitting in bogs with pouches (Ian 'back of nowhere' Roberts) and occasionally cairns and trig points on mountain tops. Some fools are even seen running up and downhill on Boxing Day and have done it for years. But why all this? One will hear talk, and read articles, of the joy of nature. Indeed there have over 20 years of fell running been many magical moments; the bracken spectre on Dollywaggon, the flying ants on warm rocks on an empty Ingleborough on a late August evening; Catsycam on a March morning deep in snow and warmed by a clear sun from a cloudless sky, Arran hills on a crystal clear day in the hot summer of '84 but

I started thinking around the time of the Burnsall, 20 years on from my first race there; I'd had a superb descent and lost out by only 2 seconds to the Flying Styan. I realised that Andy and I had had many battles over the years though his great wins in his championship year of '78 puts my accomplishments in the shade. Bill Smith's book of the fells reveals Andy to be born 12th December 1947: well, that is the day I also gasped air for the first time! So to the archives I went (some interesting stuff in them like inaugural Fairfields of 17 runners 1966 etc) and sure enough there we were in deadly earnest. Bill Smith's history talks of there being Junior races at the 3 Peaks from 1969. Not so in 1967 and 1968 there were races to the top of Ingleborough from the Hill Run. Elite runners like Andy Holden ran finishing 2nd both years, Dave Cannon managed 14th in '67 with John Calvert 11th, however, in 4th was Andy Styan 41.43, 5th Andy Harmer 41.44, 1 second!! The following year a young upstart called Walker - Harry by name took 4th leaving Andy 9 seconds ahead of me - despite the records showing me having 50 seconds advantage on top: nothing changes.

By the time the Dark Peak brown speckled butterfly had appeared from the Chris-w-alis in '76 Andy and I had been in and out of the scene. I had been in Portsmouth languishing for several

years except for the odd sortie north until a couple of years in York revitalised me and the Fell Runner No 8 talks of Andy's rise to fame in the Ennerdale since his debut in winning the '74 Burnsall(?). 1976 was a good year. Andy was 6th in the rankings and I was 16th; the best I could do until 1985. However, in the Wasdale and Borrowdale Dark Peak came alive; Mike 15th, Graham 17th in the former - Graham 10th, Mike 12th in the latter. For once that year I had to give best to the brown-shirts, in the Borrowdale though a split Reebok Ripple contouring Glaramara didn't help me as I came home in the 30's. (Eric Mitchell took the Over 50's prize in both races.)

So Andy Styan and I go on, or try to. It was good leaving him way behind in the Glossop, and for most of the year, but by Kentmere he was back and taking advantage of Jolly Jack's walkabout group he won. As one of the most feared descendents in the sport Andy's large frame stalks the scene as Billy Bland, Ken Taylor, Tony Richardson and myself edge closer towards 87/8 when the Veteran's stage should take some hammer - if we survive: for we are all vulnerable to life's vicissitudes.

The existentialist writer and novelist, Albert Camus, wrote much about the absurd; many of his novels like *The Plague*, *The Outsider*, *The Fall*, *Happy Death* are well known. However, one of his lesser known works is that of *'The Myth of Sisyphus'*(3); essentially a treatise on why one should not, given that life has no ultimate meaning, commit suicide. The story goes that the Gods had condemned Sisyphus to ceaselessly roll a rock to the top of a mountain, whence the stone would fall back of its own weight. This futile and hopeless labour was deemed a punishment. Why the Gods had deigned to do this I won't dwell on at this stage - Camus describes the ordeal -

"As for this myth, one sees merely the whole effort of a body straining to raise the huge stone, to roll it and push it up a slope a hundred times over: one sees the face screwed up, the cheek tight against the stone, the shoulder bracing the clay-covered mass, the foot wedging it, ..." Achieving the end Sisyphus watches the stone rush down in a few moments. His face Camus feels is "A face that toils so close to stones is already stone itself"! However, not in despair does Sisyphus return; as Camus believes him to be superior to his fate. The tragic absurd figure is conscious, his fate belongs to him.

Camus concludes, "The struggle itself towards the height is enough to fill a man's heart. One must imagine Sisyphus happy"!

In many years of fell running through wondrous conditions of uplifting joy, through success and despondency, Camus and Sisyphus drift to mind for beyond the sport is an expression of life, of being that has no need for explanation or purpose. It just is. Absurd, much would seem to be in our caucus-race existence: all I can say or offer to you all is to keep rolling the stone.

Crookstone hill seems about as typical a place for Sisyphus to exist: see you there.

References

- 1) Chapter 3, Alice in Wonderland, Lewis Carroll.
- 2) Issues 7/8, 1976, The Fell Runner.
- 3) The Myth of Sisyphus, Albert Camus, Penguin 1107-1111.



John Fisher and Andy Harmer at speed

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

COLIN HUGHES

Many of the contributions in this book will come from the 'established gentry' of the club. In the decades to come some of these redoubtable characters will have been replaced, eased into retirement, probably by people of the same mould. It is even conceivable that the club gentlemen of the future may come from the ranks of the present generation of younger 'stalwarts' (or warts).

Imagine two such club gentlemen of future reminiscing over their days as warts.

--Did you hear those new young buggers complaining at having to wait yet again?

--Well they'll just have to be patient and respect their elders, like wot we did.

--Don't worry - we'll Worsell 'em across the trespass.

--He's still around, I hear.

--Who, Worsell?

--Yeh, he's still running in the 'ultravet class' with the likes of Tom Foley and The Squire, good for a few beers at the club dinner and reminding us of what it's all about.

--There were certainly some characters around in the days when they were holding their own as vets.

--Like wotsisname - that skinny doctor who always got lost.

--I never could remember his name.

--Who knows what became of him?

--Maybe he got lost once too often.

--On the other hand there were some good runners around.

--I remember some women who could beat us on a good day, remember Angela?

--.....oh yes.

--and Jackie?

--.....eh?.....mmm.

--Everyone seemed to beat us in those days.

--All quite true, but I was more of a novice than you. Mind you, the first time I got lost was following you, after you had eaten the local mushrooms. That was the first time I'd been to Ashop Clough and we were looking for Fairbrook Naze.

--We all had our off days, remember the carry a bit more Karrimor?

--I'd rather forget - ta very much.

--Occasionally, our off days would coincide. Remember Pete Jones' 28th birthday run?

--What was it 28 miles, 28 pints, 28 hours?

--We almost made the mileage with Chris Windle's help, but the beer stopped us at fifteen pints.

--Anybody would say we only ran to drink.

--You did.

--Only as long as my youth permitted me to do both ... and as long as I could get over a hangover quicker than you!

--As long as we didn't take racing too seriously, we could afford

to try anything to get an edge on the opposition.
 --Unlike some people we only got serious once a year - at the club
 champs.
 --Some of us made an effort for the classics, like the Borrowdale,
 Wasdale, OS Trials, and Andy Harmer's specials.
 --You can go on for ever like that ... the Ben Nevis, the Welsh
 1000 ...
 --Remember the Borrowdale of '85, we arrived about midnight in the
 middle of a raging tempest, and had to tie the tent to the
 landrover to stop it blowing away.
 --With us in it.
 --And after that you whimped out of the race.
 --Yeh, but I only came to loosen up after the Bob Graham.
 --You certainly managed to loosen up enough to take a swim, and
 burn off TD in the woods.
 --That was his name, Tim Daniel, the guy who always got lost!
 --All I remember of that weekend was Mary Sant's wet tee-shirt, and
 eating raw trout.
 --That was the year I lost my shorts in the OS, and you bonked on
 the Wasdale.
 --That was only because I couldn't keep up with Angela Carson.
 --Who could?
 --Who could what ...?
 --..... Andy Harmer's races were always good events.
 --Yes, we were either bitten to death by midges or snow and iced
 into submission and always totally knackered after.
 --I always thought that the Ben Nevis was a long way to go for such
 a short race.
 --And they only ever gave prizes to locals!
 --Why on earth did we keep at it?
 --What, the Ben Nevis?
 --No, fell running in general.
 --I always preferred fell running to fell racing.
 --What about Wednesday nights?
 --That's different, I only used to race at weekends to be able to
 keep up on club runs.
 --Particularly in the summers, midweek club runs and Hope Valley
 Fell Races were like midweek weekends.
 --Especially the amount of beer you used to put back.
 --You didn't do so bad yourself.
 --Beer again.
 --Sorry.
 --Strange isn't it how we used to be able to drink and run, now
 it's one or the other.
 --Speak for yourself!
 --Have you been approached as a vet for a team in the Burbage
 Baffler?
 --Not yet, hopefully I'll be in a team which beats yours.
 --Quick! - they've carried on along the conduit! - over the fence
 through that bracken, along the reservoir, under the motorway,
 behind the nuclear waste dump and we'll beat 'em to the
 'Sportsperson'.
 --Your round.
 --Race you for it!

DARK PEAK 10 YEARS FURTHER ON ...

BEST READ IN A THICK SHEFFIELD ACCENT, SAT IN ARMCHAIRS

It were reet gradely in them days we 'ad some reet good fun. In early days before the club 'ut were thought of, before club run, yer used t' get changed in car park o' Sportsman in middle o' winter. Folks 'd get stripped bollock naked in snow t' show how tough they were. Some o' lads 'ad really 'ard training programmes, one lad, John summat or other, can't remember the name, used to run from Sheffield to Edale, drink six pints in Nags, run back 'ome, do a work out on weights - 'e could lift a few 'undred weight - run t' club, go on a 12 mile run, drink another six pints and go 'ome. We all thought as if there were ever a world championship marathon piggy back race John'd win it.

Course, club were started t' organise Edale Skyline race tha knows. In them days we 'ad t' Annual General Brawl in Grindleford cafe. It were great fun, owner used t' nail tables an' chairs t' floor so folk couldn't use 'em - it got so 'eated at times. Every year it were same: folk 'd stoke up on enormous chip butties an' pints o' Wards an' argue incoherently for hours through mouthfuls o' chips 'n beer, grabbin' each other friendly like by throat. At end o' evenin' we'd all roll 'ome pissed out on our 'eds not knowin' what 'appened 'cept that no bugger'd marshall at Grinslow Knoll. Nowadays they all eat vegeburgers an' drink staminade.

Club champs were best. Each year we'd 'ave the club champs, same route as now. Followin' that we'd 'ave us snap in Ramblers an' a few pints and then we'd all go on the annual Hunt the Daniels run. It were ten years before 'e got the route right.

In them days Tim Tett were a penniless student tryin t' eke out a livin' as a runner. We used t' feed 'im the odd chip or Mars bar (only when times were good) t' keep 'im goin'.

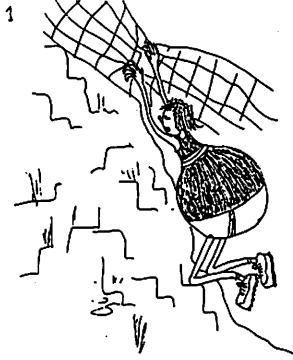
One lad when 'e 'eard that some Kenyan 'ad won t' world cross country champs decided that trainin' in 'eat were needed. So 'e sold 'is car, packed in 'is job, an' went t' join French Foreign Legion!

We were poor in them days too. One o' lads couldn't afford lightweight food for Karrimor an' t' save weight et studs off 'is runnin' shoes!

RACE QUIZ

Rather than write a tale of woe about my various epics and struggles in what seems every race I go in, I've decided to portray this artistically. Each cartoon is a very personal impression of how I felt at the time - maybe if you've felt the same sometime during these races it will ring a bell with you, and you'll be able to guess which race the cartoon shows!

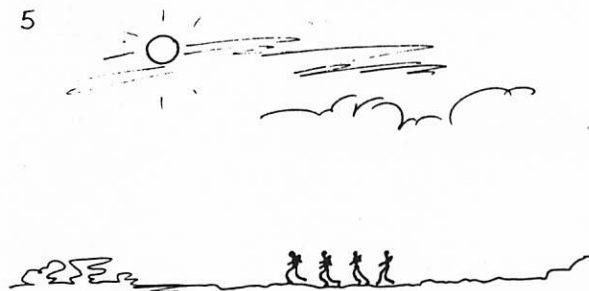
See how many you score out of 8.



4

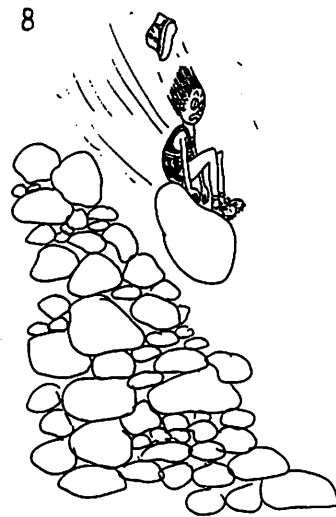


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6





1. Three Peaks. Ingleborough.
2. The descent from the Crookestone Crashout.
3. The Last Gasp - after much wine, food and revelry over Christmas.
4. The Sheffield Marathon - an ancient form of Greek torture.
5. Derwent Watershed of course.
6. Well, this could describe many races but it is actually the Club Champs.
7. Here's a clue - the beginning of August. Borrowdale 1985, wind, rain and sleet!
8. Borrowdale again, descent from Scafell, at speed!

Well, that's how they felt to me!

Chez



DPFR team at Sedbergh

CROOK HILLS

ANDY HARMER

There are two hills just up from Ladybower bridge called the Crook hills, pretty tame in comparison to Win Hill across the Valley; mere foothills on the way to Allport but they are the scene of epic finishes to runs. In the winter of 1982/3 Graham and I enjoyed/experienced/survived some classic runs. One of them was a trip to Allport Trig and back; the snow was, admittedly, blowing a shade but we were, as ever, game. We fought our way past the castles, unseen below in the driving snow, and managed to find the trig, having not spoken all the way there. I don't even think we said, "Let's get the hell out of here," we just turned, hoping for respite. None came - only hopes dashed. The blustery wind seemed everywhere as we fought our way down that endless ridge until the track to Lockerbrook was reached and the driving snow eased. Our taut bodies began to relax full of the expectancy of ease as we passed the wood and made our way to the little tops reminiscent of Dovedale. Then the assault came, only 10 minutes from the car it may be but it might have been on Blackhill for all it mattered as we were blasted by the raw edge of the arctic winter. Down at the car we sat stunned. We had barely spoken in the whole run and at times, yet only yards apart, we virtually disappeared from sight but it was a run to have shared and we had.

Another time in January of '85 I'd gone for a saunter over to Crookstone via the Crook hills and was coming back from Allport. I was very cold and tired but over the last few miles I was looking forward to the little hills but, hell no, the icy wind was ferocious as I climbed these two tops and when I finally made the car out of the easterly wind I was shaken. It took minutes before I could turn my fingers to open the car door. Once open I got in and sat there battered and shocked. It had been a ferocious run and it took more than a flask of tea and several hours to warm up my body, let alone my mind; but for once that was an experience to have, alone, alone.

As I've looked through my training diary I've noticed that not only do the Crook hills enjoy their share of epic runs but so does Mr Berry. Too many to mention, they will have to live in the part of the brain that represses, White Edge, Bleaklow, Blackhill in gale, mist, blizzard, but one was special. We'd run from Hope to Mam Nick then back along the Skyline route to Crookstone Barn when we'd had enough; the driving wind had left us tired and ready for tea. We came down the path normally run up in July in the Hope race to find walkers staring in disbelief; further investigation revealed frozen beards and face with even eyelashes frozen. What a sight! We'd been running in freezing mist for over an hour.

The same area was the scene of one of the all time flounderings when Tony, Jake and I tried to run up Loose Hill in

snow/ice with a gale blowing. We eventually made Hollins Cross but were so exhausted we crossed the valley and when eased physically took on Win Hill to finish at Yorkshire Bridge. It was so hard, however, that we took to the woods and sneaked down to the valley through the trees totally beaten. As John Ed likes to remind me, sometimes the hills win - assisted by the elements, of course.

Of course, though sometimes it just feels that way, hill running hasn't been all in adverse weather. In April/May of 1984 we had the joy of real trespass when Kinder was closed. Once or twice the runs on the tops, looking over Mike's 5 Springs run, were done on crumbling peat with dust storms; with not a soul on top that really was magical and all the better for going on forbidden land, having squelched through the beggar I think we needed that one; and we didn't set it alight with our speed. Kinder has, of course, been the scene of the frozen tundra. All of us make pilgrimages to see the Downfall when frozen but perhaps the time I look forward to is about October 21st (give or take a day). That is when the first frost crisps the top and with luck on an early morning run the whispering mist will lie in the autumnal valley whilst the tops are white yet bathed in sun.

After a while the whole experience begins to smack of a ritual loosely honoured: in summer we charge down the Bracken to Hathersage church; in winter the torchlight procession to High Neb through the Somme (the shattered stumps) can be savoured and a camaraderie of sharing comes through. The spirit of Dark Peak comes alive in some of the Wednesday evening impromptu events; the Mitchell field Relay is an unforgettable classic. I was so creased with laughter I found it hard to concentrate on running and the world record for sprinting round a tumuli holding a large cow bone is unlikely to be bettered in the next decade. Perhaps it is, after all, the sense of fun that underpins all the escapades; we are for a time transcending our lives, responsibilities and pressures and being. We are not escaping to, or from, but just being and the experiential torment or joy, the myriad emotions raised by experiencing the hills in vastly differing conditions provides the spirit of existence and even the tiny Crook hills have done that.

THE WELSH CLASSICAL ROUND

A SUB 24 HOUR RUN

MARTIN STONE

It's inevitable that comparisons are made between Paddy Buckley's Welsh Classical Round and the Bob Graham (BG). The Welsh round takes in 47 tops, is actually 2 miles longer and involves 2400 feet more climbing. It probably requires about an extra hour of effort which makes the magic time, 24 hours, a more elusive target for the average mountain runner to beat. The route is circular and although it was never intended to have a fixed start/finish point, Plas Y Brenin, the outward bound school at Capel Curig has taken on a role similar to the Moot Hall, Keswick. The route strays outside the Snowdonia National Park for just a couple of miles and divides naturally into five sections - the Moelwyns, a western ridge known as the Eifionydd, the Snowdon massif, the Glyders including Tryfan and the Carneddau. Unlike the Helvellyn ridge on the BG there is no obvious night section, as tricky navigation and bad ground are spread quite evenly through the round. There are also fewer well defined paths. A criticism often levelled against the route is the large number of 'cheap' summits, especially on the Moelwyn section and one or two rather obvious omissions. Like Calf Crag and Steel Fell on the BG, the reason for including these blips is merely to define a classic line between the major summits. Peaks such as Crib Goch and the three 3000 footers not included can always be covered later in extended rounds.

I first heard about the Welsh round in 1981 and over the next few years followed closely the successes and failures of the early contenders. Until last July there had only been 3 successful attempts, one of which broke 24 hours. In May 1982 Wendy Dodds completed the first round in 25.5 hours. The following June, Ian Fox, an instructor at Plas Y Brenin completed it in 23 hours and 36 minutes, and in 1984 Sue Walsh just broke 25 hours. Unsuccessful attempts were made in the early years by Paddy, Bob Roberts, Ken Turner, Wendy Dodds and more recently by Rob Collister and Sue Walsh. Unlike the BG, these rounds were undertaken with the minimum of support and virtually no pacing. This has become the pattern for attempts since then and obviously makes the round even more of a challenge.

On a blazing hot Saturday in July 1984 Angela Carson and I set off from near Capel Curig armed with a 23 hour schedule. We had organised good road support but decided against a full set of pacers. I ground to a halt with cramp and exhaustion after 10 hours and Angela carried on (paced by Kay Whittle) over the Snowdon range but stopped at Llanberis. Had I been fit we would both have probably completed the round.

A year later Bob Collister, Alan Evans and I set off from the Brenin on Monday, 28th July 1985. Rob is an instructor at the Brenin and had made an abortive attempt in 1983. Alan is a member of Kendal AC and like Rob has a formidable mountain background. I felt that even if we didn't succeed, we would spend a very enjoyable day in the hills. It was to be a low key venture with a minimum of pacing by Paddy and Sue Walsh over the most complicated ground and support at each road point.

We left the Brenin at 9.30 am and climbed the shoulder of Moel Siabod in perfect conditions, mild but breezy. The torrential rain of the previous 48 hours had left much surface water on the fells. We splashed contentedly across the bogs on the broad ridge running south from Y Cribau to Cerrig Cochion and chatted about subjects as diverse as climbing in the Alps and politics. It was a grand morning and the early summits fell easily. The pace was quick for the beginning of a long run and we pulled back the odd minute on almost every top. After about two hours we were rounding a knoll between Cerrig Cochion and Moel Meirch when who should appear but our guru Paddy Buckley. It was a pleasant surprise and more time was gained as Paddy showed us some cunning routes along a few minor blips which took us nearer to the two Moelwyns.

The first section takes about six hours and is the longest of the round. Because of this we had arranged to meet Joy, Alan's wife at the disused quarries above Blaenau Ffestiniog for a hot drink and snack. Descending the last few hundred feet to the quarry we could see the picnic laid out ready for us. A few minutes relaxation and then off to climb the last few tops before the Moelwyns. Paddy would meet us on our way back and show us the line round a tricky contour leading to the foot of Cnicht. The weather by now was deteriorating and the early promise of fine weather gave way to mist and light drizzle.

Moelwyns Bach and Mawr mark the most southerly points on the round and it was good for morale to turn north towards the final peak of the section, Cnicht. Paddy confidently took the lead and we contoured neatly round the head of Cwm Croesor finding good sheep tracks on the steep craggy slopes even though the visibility was poor. We had been running for 4.5 hours and Alan was beginning to suffer. At the foot of Cnicht he told Rob and I to carry on without him. Paddy stayed back with him until the end of the section where Alan changed roles from contender to supporter. The climb onto Cnicht is particularly savage and we clawed our way up steep heather for the last 400 feet. A fast run off the mountain and a mile of hilly minor road brought us to Nantmor, the end of section one.

The short rest was over all too quickly and the climb began form the Pass of Aberglaslyn onto Bryn Banog and then Moel Hebog. It went well and we reached the top of Hebog within the hour. By now it was late afternoon and the weather was clear again giving spectacular views across to the Snowdon range. Rob and I found

that our pace matched perfectly on all types of ground and we kept within yards of each other throughout the whole section. The western ridge doesn't attract many walkers. In places it is still devoid of tracks and local knowledge is required to find good lines off Moel Yr Ogof and Moel Lefn. We met no-one else on the ridge that afternoon and I enjoyed the run north to Y Garn and then down into Beddgelert Forest more than any other part of the route.

Alan and Paddy plied us with food and drink. We left Pont Caergors at 18.50 (40 minutes up on schedule) and hoped to be beyond Snowdon, somewhere between Moel Cynghorion and Eilio when darkness came. It's a long drag up Craig Wen and along the ridge to Yr Aran; each section on this round begins with a big climb. On Yr Aran we both admitted to feeling a bit jiggered and feared that the early pace was beginning to tell. Half way up the south ridge of Snowdon, Bwlch Main, we both felt queasy and were forced to take a short break - possibly bad water or maybe just plain tiredness. It was difficult to get any food down.

As we approached the summit of Snowdon the weather clamped down badly, thick swirling cloud and drizzle. We hit a vicious hail storm on Crib Y Ddysgl and I felt glad that we didn't have to visit Crib Goch. Rob was beginning to struggle and dropped behind as we sped down the Snowdon Ranger path trying to get shelter from the storm. He suggested that we split up if he became any slower but I wasn't keen, especially as neither of us had ever been over the next few peaks. Darkness fell while we were on Moel Cynghorion and disaster was averted when we noticed in time that we were descending the north rather than west ridge off Foel Goch. More care and concentration rewarded us with good lines onto Foel Gron and Moel Eilio. Descending north off Eilio towards Llanberis we emerged from the clouds. Below us, among the pinpoints of Llanberis lights we could see a torchlight which jumped around as its bearer climbed towards us. It was Paddy and we were both delighted and relieved to see him. The tension eased as he shepherded us down to Eilio and through the town to the support point near Dinorwic Power Station. Despite the weather, the way we felt and the route finding traumas we had clipped another 25 minutes off the scheduled time.

Sue Walsh and Paddy fed us as we prepared for an unpleasant night on the Glyders, 'safe' in the knowledge that we had gained a 2 hour cushion the previous day. I packed a daysack to carry just in case I had to complete part of the section alone. The ascent of Elidir Fawr through the disused quarries above Dinorwic began with a cramp-inducing climb over a 6 foot wall. The quarries are composed of many levels each connected by steep ramps or slate staircases which rise 1800 feet above the valley. Paddy and Sue guided us through this mysterious industrial landscape of old railway lines, passing slate engine sheds and workers' huts which loomed out of the darkness. Leaving the lights of the town far below we were once again swallowed up by low cloud and the visibility dropped to a few yards. As we climbed the final steps

onto each new level our guides would tell us which way to turn and for how many paces before looking for the next staircase. Progress was painfully slow and near the top of the 'heap' we were forced across piles of loose, slimy slate which wasted valuable time. Above the quarries, Paddy gave us a bearing for Elidir Fach, wished us luck and left us to carry on alone. Sue and he retraced their steps to Llanberis.

Rob and I climbed onto the flat top of Elidir Fach, and then diagonally up a scree slope onto Elidir Fawr but reached the ridge too early. Rob was moving very slowly along the ridge, especially across the greasy slabs as we approached the summit shelter. Descending off Fawr we became disorientated on a flat grassy area and completed a wide 360 degree turn before relocating the faint path. By Mynydd Perfedd we had lost 30 minutes in the space of two hours and I began to hope that Rob would suggest we split up. A while later he told me to carry on alone and after a short discussion we split up. It was sad that after such an enjoyable day together things should turn out like this but there was no alternative if one of us was to break 24 hours.

Coming off Foel Goch I made a bad error. By straying only 20 degrees off the bearing I was drawn down the south east rather than the south ridge. It seemed too steep and although the bearing showed me swinging to the left I was probably too tired to realise that there was a problem. Soon after, beginning to feel uneasy, I heard a sound to my right that stopped me dead in my tracks - running water. But there shouldn't be a stream near the ridge so where the hell was I? Frantic back bearings, close scrutiny of the map and then it finally dawned on me that I was 400 feet down the wrong ridge. I suddenly felt lonely and very foolish for not having stayed with Rob on such a bad night. Half an hour later I arrived on the next summit, Y Garn, to find Rob sitting by the summit cairn - the tortoise and hare syndrome! We exchanged greetings and I hurried on a bit embarrassed but quite convinced that I wouldn't make a similar mistake again.

On the boggy col above the Devil's Kitchen I made my way to the foot of Glyder Fawr, searching for Llyn Cwn which is a guidepost to the main path onto the Glyders. Jogging over a hump I tumbled head first into a pool. Standing up waist deep in water, I shone the torch around and broke into hysterical laughter, realising that my navigation was spot on and that I'd fallen into the lake. Crossing the Glyders the visibility was so poor that I ran with a permanent stoop to keep my torch just above the ground. It was impossible otherwise to pick out any sign of a path or cairns.

Descending Glyder Fach I lost 30 minutes near the top of Bristly Ridge looking for the scree chute to its right. Each gully I tried seemed too steep and although I knew the area well I couldn't identify the pile of rocks which marked the top of Bristly. I scrambled back and forth along the edge of the crags

four times, becoming more and more dejected. Just before 5 am (at first light) I recognised the top of the scree descent. How could I possibly have missed it?

A quick look at the schedule as I was climbing Tryfan confirmed my fears. Since leaving Llanberis I had squandered two precious hours and even if I kept to the schedule across the final section I would miss 24 hours by about 10 minutes. I dropped off Tryfan like a maniac, determined not to waste a second from now on. Sue Walsh had offered to pace on the last section and I was counting on her to regain those few precious minutes for me. At the A5 below Tryfan I was met by Rob's wife and became fairly agitated when told that I didn't have a pacer for the Carneddau section. After they left us, Paddy and Sue had been lost for hours while descending through the Dinorwic quarries but were now safely back at the Brenin resting.

Annoyed and frustrated, I stormed up Pen Yr Ole Wen in 50 minutes, knocking 14 minutes off the schedule. Although the mist was still thick, navigation was a doddle after the awful night on the Glyders. Gaining another 5 minutes to Carnedd Dafydd I realised that sub 24 hours was a possibility. The one remaining question was whether the schedule (as yet untried) was realistic for the last section. I crossed to Llewelyn, 4 more minutes in hand and felt stronger than at any time since leaving the Brenin.

At each summit I double checked my timings and became aware that I might yet break Ian Fox's record. By now I was running up the hills and at the start of the last climb, Pen Llithrig-Y-Wrach I let out a triumphant scream of abuse aimed at the final obstacle. To my amazement a voice answered me and to my right Sue Walsh appeared, having witnessed me losing my marbles! A quick stop for coffee on the top and a speedy descent to the A5 at Bron Heulog, meeting Paddy as we passed the outflow of Llyn Cowlydd. The last half mile of road were a sprint and we reached the Brenin just before 9 am in a time of 23 hours 26 minutes. By gaining 38 minutes while crossing the Carnedds I not only broke 24 hours but also beat Ian's record by 10 minutes.

My feeling on finishing was total elation. I had never before subjected myself to such pressures during a solo run at night or worked as hard for the last few hours of a long distance event. The pity of it is that I under-performed by 2 hours and left a soft record for others to aim at.

The Welsh round is likely to become popular as fell runners look for new challenges and a number of groups have already expressed their intention to try the round in 1986. Obvious extensions could include the remaining 3000 footers (Crib Goch and the peaks north of the Carnedds) and possibly Myndd Mawr. For anyone whose appetite has been whet, further details and schedules are available from either Paddy or myself.

MARTIN GRABS CLASSICAL ROUND RECORD

CLIMBER & RAMBLER, FEB '86

MARTIN STONE of Dark Peak Fell Runners has set a new record for the Welsh Classical Round - 23 hrs 26 mins.

The 'Welsh Classical' is Snowdonia's new answer to the Bob Graham Round in the Lake District. It starts and finishes at Plas y Brenin and takes in 47 tops in five main groups - the Moelwynion, Eifionydd (Western area), Snowdon, the Glyder and Carneddau. The map distance is 60.7 miles with more than 27,700 ft of ascent. And that's 1.8 miles farther and 2,400 ft higher than the Bob Graham. Originator of the Classical Round is Paddy Buckley who, happily, took part in Martin's record run.

Three runners actually set off from the Brenin - Martin, Brenin instructor Rob Collister and Alan Evans of Kendal Athletic Club. They were unpaced, but Paddy met them on Moel Meirch and guided them through the Moelwynion to Aberglaslyn, reached 20 minutes up on schedule in 5 hrs 36 mins. Alan dropped out here, the pace being too fast. Alan and Paddy then met the two contenders at the end of the next section with food and drink; this spot was reached 37 mins up on schedule.

Paddy met them again coming off Moel Eilio, the last peak of the third section, guiding them into Llanberis 63 mins up on schedule. Sue Walsh (the second and fastest woman to do the round) and Paddy then guided them through the quarries to Elidir Fach in bad conditions - zero visibility, thick cloud and drizzle. (Martin said afterwards that it was the worst night he'd spent on the round and Sue and Paddy had problems getting down to Llanberis.)

Near Y Garn Rob felt that he was holding Martin back and told him to go on alone; Rob had to be at work at 9 am and felt that he might not make it. Martin reached the MAM hut in the Ogwen Valley almost an hour down on schedule.

Rob dropped out at Ogwen but Martin, now furious with losing so much time, stormed over the Carneddau in 2 hrs 56 mins (the planned schedule was 3-35). Sue and Paddy met him at Bwlch Tri Marchog. Reaching the bridge at Cowlyd, they sprinted. "I've never seen anyone finish a 24-hour run as fast as Martin," says Paddy.

Details of the Classical Round are available from Paddy at 5 Lonsdale Avenue, Torrisholme, Lancaster. Peak-baggers should note that it omits Crib Goch and Mynydd Mawr.

PADDY BUCKLEY'S ROUND:- 47 WELSH TOPS, 27700 FT OF ASCENT, 61 MILES

A SUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT BY MARTIN STONE OF DPFR ON MONDAY, 29 JULY 1985

ETA ATA

SECTION 1: MOELWYNION 6hrs 06mins
22 miles, 7300 ft ascent

	PLAS Y BRENIN dept	09.30	09.30
1	MOEL SIABOD	10.21	10.15
2	CLOGWYN BWLCH Y MAEN	10.35	10.29
3	Y CRIBAU	10.46	10.38
4	CERRIG COCHION	11.20	11.08
5	MOEL MEIRCH	11.32	11.20
6	YSGAFELL WEN(664 488)	11.54	11.43
7	MYNYDD LLYNAU YR CWN*	11.57	11.47
8	'3 TOPS' (667 481)	12.03	11.53
9	MOEL DRUMAN (672 476)	12.10	12.00
10	ALLT FAWR	12.22	12.10
	BWLCH CWMORTHIN (4)	12.39	12.27
	BWLCH CWMORTHIN dept	12.43	12.37
11	FOEL DDU (669 461)	12.53	12.47
12	MOEL YR HYDD	13.03	12.55
13	MOELWYN BACH	13.28	13.17
14	CRAIG YSGAFN(660 445)	13.40	13.25
15	MOELWYN MAWR	13.52	13.38
16	CNIGHT	14.37	14.27
	ABERGLASLYN A498 JN	15.26	15.06
	Rest 10 mins		

SECTION 2: EIFIONYDD 3hrs 17mins
9 miles, 4700 ft ascent

	ABERGLASLYN dept	15.36	15.16
17	BRYN BANOG (576 457)	16.23	16.02
18	MOEL HEBOG	16.55	16.31
19	MOEL YR OGOF(556 478)	17.14	16.48
20	MOEL LEFN	17.23	17.00
21	Y GYRN (553 501)	17.52	17.23
22	MYNNYD Y DDWY ELOR*	18.04	17.33
23	TRUM Y DDYSGL	18.27	17.53
24	MYNYDD DRWS Y COED	18.34	18.00
25	Y GARN	18.45	18.11
	PONT CAE'RGORS	19.10	18.33
	Rest 18 mins		

SECTION 3: SNOWDON 4hrs 14mins
11 miles, 5900 ft ascent

PONT CAE'RGORS dept		
26	CRAIG WEN (597 508)	19.28 18.50
27	YR ARAN	20.24 19.25
28	CRIBAU TREGALAN*	21.08 20.22
29	SNOWDON	21.23 20.39
30	CRIB Y DDYSGL	21.34 20.53
31	MOEL CYNGHORION	22.17 21.33
32	FOEL GOCH	22.45 21.55
33	FOEL GRON	23.10 22.13
34	MOEL EILIO	23.23 22.27
	LLYN PADARN	24.07 23.04
	Rest 14 mins	

SECTION 4: GLYDERS 6hrs 25mins
10 miles, 6000 ft ascent

LLYN PADARN dept		
35	ELIDIR FACH	01.32 00.47
36	ELIDIR FAWR	01.52 01.16
37	MYNYDD PERFEDD	02.16 01.52
38	FOEL GOCH	02.34 02.22
39	Y GARN	03.01 02.52
40	GLYDER FAWR	03.36 03.40
41	GLYDER FACH	03.53 04.20
42	TRYFAN	04.28 05.20
	A5 MILESTONE	04.56 05.50
	Rest 7 mins	

SECTION 5: CARNEDDAU 2hrs 56mins
9 miles, 3800 ft ascent

A5 MILESTONE dept		
43	PEN YR OLE WEN	05.03 06.00
44	CARNEDD DAFYDD	06.06 06.50
45	CARNEDD LLEWELYN	06.30 07.08
46	PEN YR HELGI DU	07.06 07.40
47	PEN LLITHRIG Y WRACH	07.34 08.07
	PLAS Y BRENIN	08.02 08.28
		08.37 08.56

Paced by:	Paddy Buckley	Total Time: 23hrs 26mins
	Sue Walsh	
Accompanied		Road support by: Joy Evans
(part way by):	Rob Collister	Paddy Buckley
	Alan Evans	Sue Walsh
		Lettie Collister

Note: Grid references are given where summits
are not named by the Ordnance Survey

*: 7 MYNYDD LLYNAU YR CWN (664 485)

*: 22 MYNYDD Y DDWY ELOR (549 504) *: 28 CRIBAU TREGALAN (605 536)

Club Championships - coming and going



DARK PEAK CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP

(TRIPLE CROSSING OF KINDER)
EDALE - SNAKE BRIDGE - KINDER DOWNFALL - EDALE

1977

1.	M HAYES	1-29-30	20.	H CHARLES	2-34-00
2.	C BENT	1-30-00	21.	D JOHNSON	2-34-00
3.	N SPIERS	1-30-00			
4.	R BAUMEISTER	1-33-00			
5.	G BERRY	1-35-00			
6.	A TROWBRIDGE	1-35-30			
7.	B HARNEY	1-37-30			
8.	A LEWSLEY	1-39-30			
9.	G BELL	1-40-00			
10.	E MITCHELL	1-40-00			
11.	C MARSDEN	1-44-00			
12.	J KNIGHT	1-44-00			
13.	P LEWIS	1-46-30			
14.	B BENTALL	1-52-00			
15.	J ABBOTT	1-58-00			
16.	F WILLIAMS	1-58-00			
17.	H BIGGINS	2-05-30			
18.	G PEMBERTON	2-17-00			
19.	J EDWARDS	2-34-00			

HANDICAP

1. A TROWBRIDGE/G BELL
3. E MITCHELL



Dave Jones

1978

1.	G BERRY	1-38-20	10.	B HARNEY	2-12-10
2.	M HAYES	1-44-10	11.	B BENTALL	2-12-30
3.	R AUCOTT	1-44-55	12.	P LEWIS	2-14-15
4.	R MARLOW	2-00-45	13.	J EDWARDS	2-15-30
5.	E MITCHELL	2-02-00	14.	C MARSDEN	2-22-15
6.	A LEWSLEY	2-04-30	15.	G PEMBERTON	2-24-20
7.	M HUDSON	2-08-45	16.	A YATES	2-28-15
8.	G BELL	2-09-15	17.	F WILLIAMS	2-33-00
9.	R BAUMEISTER	2-10-10	18.	R HIRD	2-43-00
			19.	J HALL	2-43-00

HANDICAP 1. G BERRY 2. B BENTALL 3. E MITCHELL

1979

1.	G BERRY	1-17-54	13.	P GUERRIER	1-32-40
2.	A TROWBRIDGE	1-18-09	14.	P NOLAN	1-35-40
3.	M HAYES	1-21-36	15.	D SANT	1-37-30
4.	P LEWIS	1-22-57	16.	A YATES	1-38-31
5.	D BRADLEY	1-23-05	17.	N LINDSAY	1-40-51
6.	M HUDSON	1-23-14	18.	M BLAKWELL	1-44-02
7.	T FARNELL	1-25-01	19.	B SEGROVE	1-44-30
8.	A PICKLES	1-25-03	20.	E MITCHELL	1-46-15
9.	R MARLOW	1-25-31	21.	P O'GRADY	1-49-51
10.	C WORSSELL	1-26-08	22.	J EDWARDS	1-53-26
11.	D HILL	1-31-37	23.	P HAYES	2-09-28
12.	D JONES	1-32-39	24.	N PIPER	2-11-00
			25.	J LEIGH	2-40-00

HANDICAP 1. E MITCHELL 2. B SEGROVE
 3. R MARLOW

1980

1.	R PEARSON	1-18-08	17.	G BELL	1-33-24
2.	T FARNELL	1-19-40	18.	P HAYES	1-36-06
3.	G BERRY	1-20-10	19.	A YATES	1-37-01
4.	D BRADLEY	1-20-25	20.	B SEGROVE	1-37-14
5.	R AUCOTT	1-20-45	21.	I ROBERTS	1-37-26
6.	A TROWBRIDGE	1-20-45	22.	A COLLINSON	1-38-03
7.	D HILL	1-21-34	23.	M CAPPER	1-38-51
8.	M HAYES	1-21-37	24.	A IRELAND	1-39-34
9.	J CARLIN	1-24-38	25.	W McLEWIN	1-39-49
10.	R MARLOW	1-25-51	26.	R BAUMEISTER	1-39-54
11.	G HULLEY	1-25-58	27.	S WOOD	1-40-03
12.	B HARNEY	1-27-18	28.	P O'GRADY	1-42-00
13.	C WORSSELL	1-27-18	29.	J EDWARDS	1-55-24
14.	P NOLAN	1-28-28	30.	T PARKINSON	2-01-54
15.	D SANT	1-31-39			

HANDICAP

1. E MITCHELL 2. D SANT 3. P HAYES



Di Worsell encouraging Tim Tett

1982

1.	T FARNELL	1-17-58	32.	D JONES	1-48-18
2.	M HAYES	1-22-27	33.	W McLEWIN	1-48-37
3.	J CANT	1-22-34	34.	B HARRISON	1-50-08
4.	D BRADLEY	1-22-47	35.	J HARRISON	1-50-08
5.	A HARMER	1-23-04	36.	S SAHNI (L)	1-50-17
6.	D JEWELL	1-24-10	37.	J CLARKE	1-50-20
7.	A BRADLEY	1-25-49	38.	P HARRIS	1-51-39
8.	R PEARSON	1-25-50	39.	T DENNISH	1-51-47
9.	D HILL	1-25-55	40.	A SANDERSON	1-52-33
10.	D SANT	1-26-23	41.	A SAHNI	1-55-16
11.	T TETT	1-26-37	42.	J KNIGHT	1-55-16
12.	G BERRY	1-26-46	43.	J EDWARDS	1-59-16
13.	P LEWIS	1-32-23	44.	T FOLEY	1-59-25
14.	C WORSELL	1-32-27	45.	B GRIFFITHS	1-59-30
15.	W WILSON	1-32-35	46.	P O'GRADY	1-59-48
16.	J ABBOTT	1-36-23	47.	R BAUMEISTER	2-01-56
17.	K GORDON	1-41-17	48.	I ROBERTS	2-01-56
18.	G MORGAN	1-41-29	49.	J FEIST	2-02-13
19.	N FORWOOD	1-41-31	50.	N ROBINSON	2-04-07
20.	A RILEY	1-41-35	51.	W LIGHTFOOT (L)	2-04-08
21.	D MOSELEY	1-41-37	52.	E MITCHELL	2-07-18
22.	K FOSTER	1-43-20	53.	R HULLEY	2-07-18
23.	C DODD	1-45-26	54.	T SAYLES	2-09-46
24.	I STEPHENSON	1-45-27	55.	K HEBDEN (L)	2-09-57
25.	S MAYFIELD	1-45-31	56.	D HOWARTH	2-10-12
26.	P GLOVER	1-45-37	57.	A IRELAND	2-10-51
27.	G SMITH	1-46-29	58.	A CARSON (L)	2-20-10
28.	M RANDALL	1-46-47	59.	S BRADLEY (L)	2-29-37
29.	E PARKINSON	1-46-53	60.	K WHITTLE (L)	2-29-37
30.	A GARDNER	1-47-09	61.	B THACKERY	2-36-53
31.	T SMITH	1-47-09	62.	M EATON	?

HANDICAP 1. C WORSELL 2. D SANT 3. D JEWELL

1983

1.	R PEARSON	1-09-08	35.	M SPENCE	1-30-57
2.	A HARMER	1-11-29	36.	K TONKIN	1-31-36
3.	T FARNELL	1-13-25	37.	M DESFORGES	1-31-41
4.	J CANT	1-15-51	38.	H SWINDELLS	1-32-02
5.	A PICKLES	1-15-53	39.	W McLEWIN	1-32-18
6.	R AUCOTT	1-15-55	40.	N FORWOOD	1-32-55
7.	G BERRY	1-15-56	41.	J ABBOTT	1-33-18
8.	T TETT	1-18-49	42.	C DODD	1-33-31
9.	G HULLEY	1-20-15	43.	C HUGHES	1-33-40
10.	M HAYES	1-21-06	44.	A TROWBRIDGE	1-33-53
11.	F THOMAS	1-21-14	45.	K FOSTER	1-33-58
12.	E HARWOOD	1-21-53	46.	G DESFORGES	1-34-24
13.	P LEWIS	1-22-45	47.	T DENNISH	1-34-38
14.	W WILSON	1-22-51	48.	P O'GRADY	1-35-33
15.	D HOLMES	1-24-14	49.	M CAPPER	1-38-48
16.	A BRADLEY	1-24-39	50.	A IRELAND	1-39-19
17.	D MOSELEY	1-24-42	51.	H BIGGINS	1-41-03
18.	B THACKERAY	1-24-57	52.	P HARRIS	1-41-19
19.	A RILEY	1-25-03	53.	A SANDERSON	1-41-19
20.	P GUERRIER	1-25-08	54.	S CLAYTON	1-41-54
21.	P GRIFFIES	1-25-26	55.	A SAHNI	1-43-56
22.	D SANT	1-25-37	56.	P DYKE	1-43-56
23.	C WORSSELL	1-25-46	57.	J SPENCE (L)	1-44-14
24.	G MORGAN	1-26-04	58.	E STEWART	1-44-22
25.	M PEDLEY	1-26-04	59.	C FIELDING (L)	1-46-20
26.	M STONE	1-26-53	60.	T SAYLES	1-47-08
27.	P GLOVER	1-27-20	61.	H CHARLES	1-48-34
28.	I ROBERTS	1-27-43	62.	C HENSON	1-50-49
29.	R ANSELL	1-27-50	63.	J FEIST	1-50-53
30.	S SAHNI (L)	1-28-01	64.	R MOAKES	1-52-59
31.	D JONES	1-28-55	65.	T FOLEY	1-54-31
32.	W LIGHTFOOT (L)	1-29-31	66.	K WHITTLE (L)	1-55-41
33.	M SPENCE	1-30-57	67.	J EDWARDS	2-00-36
34.	P SIMPSON	1-30-31	68.	D HOWARTH	2-01-22

HANDICAP

1. H CHARLES
2. SALLY SAHNI
3. CHRISTINE FIELDING

1984

1.	M PATTERSON	1-12-31	41.	R HULLEY	1-32-25
2.	A HARMER	1-12-58	42.	J CLARKE	1-32-52
3.	R PEARSON	1-13-27	43.	P SWEET-ESCOTT	1-33-21
4.	A PICKLES	1-13-58	44.	D JONES	1-33-56
5.	T TETT	1-14-06	45.	M SPENCE	1-34-54
6.	T FARNELL	1-16-48	46.	S DEAN	1-35-29
7.	G BERRY	1-20-57	47.	J SOPER	1-35-36
8.	D SANT	1-22-00	48.	P RODGERS	1-36-16
9.	P MURRAY	1-23-47	49.	T HALL	1-36-52
10.	B TOOGOOD	1-23-56	50.	P KOHN	1-37-11
11.	R AUCOTT	1-24-09	51.	A IRELAND	1-37-15
12.	P LEWIS	1-26-27	52.	W McLEWIN	1-37-18
13.	W WILSON	1-26-30	53.	I ROBERTS	1-37-23
14.	R GREGORY	1-26-52	54.	A SAHNI	1-37-50
15.	D HOLMES	1-26-53	55.	J SPENCE (L)	1-37-55
16.	M STONE	1-27-02	56.	B SEGROVE	1-38-20
17.	B BERZINS	1-27-07	57.	T NORRIS	1-39-01
18.	R SANBY	1-27-10	58.	M CAPPER	1-39-08
19.	A YATES	1-27-27	59.	P HARRIS	1-39-21
20.	C HUGHES	1-27-36	60.	C HENSON	1-39-23
21.	F THOMAS	1-27-54	61.	N GOLDSMITH	1-39-46
22.	A TROWBRIDGE	1-28-03	62.	J SMITH (L)	1-39-54
23.	R BAUMEISTER	1-23-04	63.	G DESFORGES	1-43-08
24.	P GRIFFIES	1-28-32	64.	K DE MENGEL (L)	1-44-48
25.	K TONKIN	1-28-39	65.	P DYKE	1-47-40
26.	A RILEY	1-28-45	66.	G GOLDSMITH (L)	1-50-13
27.	H SWINDELLS	1-28-55	67.	T SAYLES	1-50-32
28.	T DANIEL	1-29-28	68.	R MOAKES	1-50-56
29.	R ANSELL	1-29-32	69.	A COLLINSON	1-51-18
30.	A FORSYTH	1-29-38	70.	J HARRISON	1-52-06
31.	J HOLMBOE	1-29-51	71.	T FOLEY	1-53-29
32.	P GLOVER	1-29-57	72.	K WHITTLE (L)	1-53-31
33.	M DESFORGES	1-30-56	73.	J FEIST	1-54-47
34.	A MOFFATT	1-31-08	74.	T KOHN (L)	1-56-08
35.	D HILL	1-31-18	75.	C WORSELL	1-58-25
36.	S CLAYTON	1-31-19	76.	D HOWARTH	2-00-00
37.	R MARLOW	1-31-43	77.	J EDWARDS	2-05-22
38.	C WILSON	1-32-01	78.	I WILSON	2-10-58
39.	N ROBINSON	1-32-08	79.	A EVANS	?
40.	P JONES	1-32-18			

HANDICAP

1. C HENSON 2. H SWINDELLS 3. R SANBY

1985

1.	M PATTERSON	1-13-26	36.	L DUNN (L)	1-36-26
2.	T TETT	1-14-56	37.	M PEDLEY	1-36-38
3.	A MOFFATT	1-15-08	38.	H SWINDELLS	1-36-49
4.	A HARMER	1-16-04	39.	C WORSELL	1-36-53
5.	M WILSON	1-18-02	40.	B WOODLEY	1-36-54
6.	T FARNELL	1-18-43	41.	P SWEET-ESCOTT	1-36-57
7.	D BRADLEY	1-22-20	42.	T MANGION	1-37-02
8.	B TOOGOOD	1-22-32	43.	J HARRISON	1-37-09
9.	K TONKIN	1-22-35	44.	W LIGHTFOOT (L)	1-37-16
10.	D SANT	1-22-54	45.	A BOND	1-37-29
11.	C HUGHES	1-23-19	46.	B HODGES	1-37-41
12.	M HARVEY	1-24-28	47.	P KOHN	1-38-12
13.	R GREGORY	1-25-14	48.	D CHIVERS	1-38-31
14.	A RILEY	1-25-47	49.	W McLEWIN	1-39-42
15.	M STONE	1-25-53	50.	J EDWARDS	1-40-07
16.	A FORSYTH	1-25-57	51.	D HUGHES	1-40-09
17.	F THOMAS	1-26-06	52.	J SOPER	1-40-17
18.	G MORGAN	1-26-11	53.	K WHITTLE (L)	1-40-40
19.	P COLLINGWOOD	1-26-21	54.	C WILSON	1-41-01
20.	G BERRY	1-26-41	55.	B THACKERAY	1-42-54
21.	P LEWIS	1-28-03	56.	D HOLMES	1-42-55
22.	W WILSON	1-28-38	57.	I ROBERTS	1-43-17
23.	A TROWBRIDGE	1-28-57	58.	C HENSON	1-44-13
24.	R SANBY	1-29-11	59.	R BAUMEISTER	1-45-21
25.	M MEYSNER	1-30-31	60.	T HALL	1-45-27
26.	M DESFORGES	1-32-37	61.	S WOOD	1-45-47
27.	M SPENCE	1-33-31	62.	K DE MENGEL (L)	1-46-12
28.	P GORVETT	1-34-36	63.	N FORWOOD	1-46-38
29.	N GOLDSMITH	1-35-14	64.	K LOWRY	1-46-38
30.	G DESFORGES	1-35-21	65.	J KNIGHT	1-51-02
31.	P GRIFFIES	1-35-34	66.	J FEIST	2-00-45
32.	D JONES	1-35-47	67.	P KOHN (L)	2-01-56
33.	A SAHNI	1-35-48	68.	D HOWARTH	2-09-36
34.	C WINDLE	1-36-09	69.	D MEAD (L)	2-11-05
35.	T NORRIS	1-36-18	70.	T DANIELS	3-10-00!

HANDICAP 1. J EDWARDS 2. P COLLINGWOOD/G DESFORGES

MARSDEN - EDALE 22 m1 (3200')

1976

1.	R PLUMB	3-02	15.	R BAUMEISTER	3-49
2.	G BERRY	3-03	20.	B BENTALL	3-55
5.	M HAYES	3-12	24.	G BELL	4-11
8.	C WORSELL	3-27			
15.	E MITCHELL	3-49			

1977

1.	I ROBERTS (HOLMFIRTH)	3-02-29			
2.	G BERRY	3-08-29	22.	A LEWSLEY	4-02-27
4.	B HARNEY	3-23-27	23.	R MARLOW	4-02-48
6.	A TROWBRIDGE	3-30-09	27.	A COLLINSON	4-08-57
17.	E MITCHELL	3-50-11	30.	R BAUMEISTER	4-12-15
18.	J ABBOTT	3-50-11	38.	J EDWARDS	4-32-45

1978

1.	A TROWBRIDGE	3-03-48	9.	B HARNEY	3-29-36
2.	R BAUMEISTER	3-06-49	11.	G BERRY	3-30-12
4.	M HUDSON	3-15-47	17.	C WORSELL	3-39-37
5.	P LEWIS	3-17-15	21.	A YATES	3-50-37
8.	A LEWSLEY	3-22-31	22.	S WRIGHT	3-50-52
	24.	E MITCHELL (vet)			3-51-16

1979

	1.	C HIRST (O squad)	2-59-07		
2.	M HUDSON	3-01-33	13.	T FARNELL	3-27-41
3.	R AUCOTT	3-09-55	14.	R MARLOW	3-28-26
5.	A LEWSLEY	3-11-13	16.	C WORSELL	3-30-43
6.	M PATTERSON	3-11-52	18.	A TROWBRIDGE	3-33-13
9.	G BERRY	3-17-26			
11.	P SIMPSON	3-25-54			
<u>VETS</u>	22.	E MITCHELL	3-51-15	32.	A COLLINSON 4-03-46

1980

1.	R PEARSON	2-39	13.	G BERRY	3-00
8.	D ALLEN	2-54	15.	P LEWSLEY	3-00
9.	T FARNELL	2-55	16.	D BOOTH	3-01
10.	J CARLIN	2-55	17.	A TROWBRIDGE	3-01
12.	M PATTERSON	2-59	18.	R AUCOTT (1st vet)	3-02
<u>VETS</u>	50.	I ROBERTS (vet)	3-30	52.	G BELL (vet) 3-30

1981

1.	R PEARSON	2-48-37	15.	T FARNELL	3-08
2.	M PATTERSON	2-49	18.	G BERRY	3-11
11.	D JEWELL (1st vet)	3-07	21.	R AUCOTT (vet)	3-13
12.	D BRADLEY	3-07	23.	J CARLIN	3-14
13.	T TETT	3-08	27.	R ANSELL	3-15

1982

1.	R PEARSON	2-40-33	15.	A LEWSLEY	3-05-57
4.	M PATTERSON	2-56-20	19.	D HILL	3-07-06
5.	T TETT	2-56-31	27.	D JEWEL (2nd vet)	3-07-35
7.	T FARNELL	2-57-06	27.	M HAYES (vet)	3-10-46
9.	G BERRY	3-01-47	31.	A HARMER	3-13-41

VET 61. J ROBERTS 3-30-34

LADIES 110. SALLY SAHNI 3-44-53 175. CHRISTINE FIELDING 4-22-43

1983

1.	M PATTERSON	2-38-48	13.	G BERRY	3-08-20
2.	R PEARSON	2-41-09	14.	A JONES	3-09-08
5.	T FARNELL	2-53-11	16.	F THOMAS (3rd vet)	3-09-40
11.	A HARMER	3-06-18	17.	M STONE	3-09-57
12.	T TETT	3-07-07	21.	D SANT	3-12-12

VETS 35. M HAYES 3-14-42 98. E MITCHELL 3-38-53

LADIES 166. CHRIS FIELDING 4-02-04 206. KAY WHITTLE 4-30-55



1984

1.	K TAYLOR (ROSSENDALE)	2-47-51		
4.	M PATTERSON	2-50-29	12.	A JONES 3-1-12
6.	T TETT	2-55-41	15.	B BERZINS 3-7-12
8.	T FARNELL	2-57-03	16.	B TOOGOOD (1st vet) 3-8-02
10.	J CANT	3-0-30	22.	R ANSELL 3-10-42
11.	M STONE	3-0-52	24.	A HARMER 3-11-41

VETS 78. C HENSON 3-33-07 83. A BOND 3-35-00

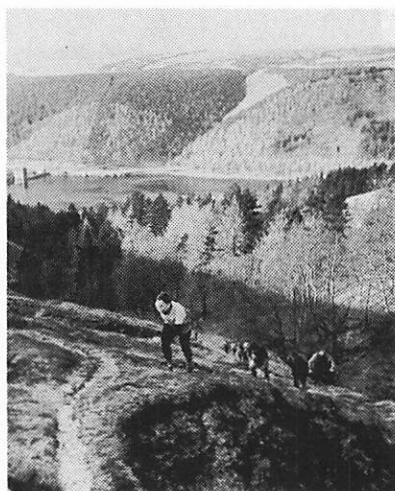
LADIES 164. GERRY GOLDSMITH 4-7-57 168. ALISON WRIGHT 4-8-52
176. KATH DE MENGEL 4-13-26 192. DIANE MEAD 4-27-26
207. CHRIS FIELDING 4-37-40

1985

1.	T TETT	3-05-35	30.	W WILSON (9th vet) 3-36-32
4.	T FARNELL	3-12-28	32.	M STONE 3-37-47
9.	R GREGORY	3-23-19	33.	M HARVEY 3-37-47
14.	D SANT	3-24-59	39.	T DANIEL 3-39-44
23.	R PEARSON	3-32-42	44.	A JONES (vet) 3-41-54

VETS 69. G BERRY 3-53-49

LADIES 98. JACKY SMITH 4-02-30 114. KATH DE MENGEL 4-10-38
197. CHRIS FIELDING 5-01-03 214. TRISH KOHN 5-33-10



KINDER DOWNFALL 10 m1 (2150')

1980

1.	A DARBY (SALE)	63-35		
6.	R AUCOTT (1st vet)	69-35	16.	R PLUMB 74-08
7.	T FARNELL	69-52	22.	R MARLOW 75-26
8.	R PEARSON	70-03	27.	G SMITH 76-45
12.	D BRADLEY	71-28	33.	P GUERRIER 77-33
13.	D JEWELL (2nd vet)	71-40	41.	L OUTWIN 79-22

1981

1.	K WEST (WOLVES and BILSTON)	65-42		
5.	R PEARSON	68-53	13.	D BRADLEY 70-40
6.	A PICKLES	69-15	17.	J CARLIN 71-45
9.	G BERRY	70-05	30.	R MARLOW 74-13
10.	A BRADLEY	70-08	31.	R PLUMB 74-36
11.	T FARNELL	70-12	35.	M HAYES(vet) 75-02

<u>VETS</u>	69.	L OUTWIN	82-46	80.	B THACKERAY	84-48
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1982

1.	M PATTERSON (DARK PEAK)	64-05		
18.	G BERRY	68-11	53.	P NOLAN 73-19
29.	D JEWELL (1st vet)	69-17	54.	R HIRD (vet) 73-24
34.	P LEWIS	70-18	70.	N LINDSEY 74-49
38.	A TROWBRIDGE	71-00	73.	R BAUMEISTER (vet) 75-14
45.	M HAYES (3rd vet)	72-05	75.	D SANT 75-44

1983

Not Held

1984

1.	A DARBY (MDC)	64-49		
4.	A HARMER	66-34	57.	A RILEY 74-10
14.	T FARNELL	67-56	60.	P GRIFFIES 74-21
19.	G BERRY	68-24	64.	P LEWIS 74-53
25.	B TOOGOOD (vet)	69-17	82.	A YATES 76-12
52.	D SANT	73-33	85.	M STONE 76-24

<u>VETS</u>	118.	A BOND	78-35	151.	I ROBERTS	81-37
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Team
1st

LADIES

2.	JANE SPENCE	83-14	3.	ANGELA CARSON	83-41
5.	GERRY GOLDSMITH	86-59	6.	SALLY SAHNI	89-58
8.	KATH DE MENGEL	92-39	10.	CHRIS FIELDING	93-48
15.	SARA BRADLEY	114-45			

1985

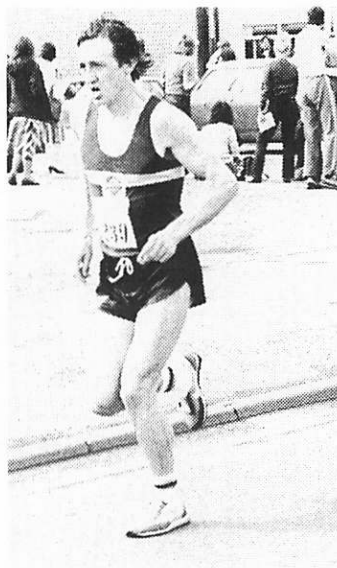
1.	S HALE (SHEFF. UNI.)	66-59	59.	A EVANS	76-53
3.	A HARMER	67-52	64.	T DANIEL	77-12
26.	D SANT	74-54	66.	N ROBINSON	77-16
37.	K TONKIN	75-36	73.	P GRIFFIES	78-18
41.	R PEARSON	75-53	75.	R SANBY	78-34
55.	D HOLMES	76-31			

<u>VETS</u>	78.	M HAYES (6th vet)	78-49	102.	R BAUMEISTER	81-56
	118.	A BOND	83-15			

<u>LADIES</u>	215.	GERRY GOLDSMITH	93-56
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Martin Stone, Record Breaker



Rob Pearson, Record Breaker

EDALE SKYLINE 22 m1 (4500')

1976

1.	H WALKER (BLACKBURN)	2-39-12		
12.	D BOOTH	2-56-19	64.	R BAUMEISTER 3-39-00
19.	G BERRY	3-03-10	76.	R CHARLESWORTH 3-47-36
26.	M HAYES	3-08-13	79.	B BENTALL 3-49-20
52.	G BELL	3-30-23	86.	E MITCHELL (vet) 3-56-55

1977

1.	H WALKER (BLACKBURN)	2-45-00		
21.	G BERRY	3-16-24	37.	N SPIERS 3-27-00
23.	D BOOTH	3-18-29	39.	B HARNEY 3-29-29
26.	P LEWIS	3-19-59	43.	D ALLEN 3-30-06
28.	M HAYES	3-20-52	45.	R BAUMEISTER 3-30-30
33.	P MIDWOOD	3-25-21	66.	J BEATTY 3-46-25

5th Team

1978

1.	H WALKER (BLACKBURN)	2-37-56		
9.	P BLAKENEY	2-53-31	45.	A TROWBRIDGE 3-15-47
20.	G BERRY	3-03-06	52.	N SPIERS 3-18-49
21.	P LEWIS	3-03-15	56.	R AUCOTT 3-22-14
37.	R BAUMEISTER	3-11-13	59.	C BRAD 3-22-50
42.	M HUDSON	3-12-03	62.	C BENT 3-25-05

3rd Team

1979

1.	A STYAN (HOLMFIRTH)	2-49-34		
12.	M HUDSON	3-11-02	45.	M HAYES (vet) 3-40-25
15.	A TROWBRIDGE	3-16-25	68.	D JONES 4-08-05
24.	R AUCOTT	3-26-32	74.	N PIPER 4-09-05
32.	F THOMAS	3-29-48	77.	G BELL (vet) 4-11-18
33.	A LEWSLEY	3-32-08	82.	A BOND 4-24-25

3rd Team

1980

1.	H WALKER (BLACKBURN)	2-45-03		
3.	R PEARSON	2-50-02	20.	C BENT 3-09-41
5.	T FARNELL	2-54-23	23.	F THOMAS 3-10-41
7.	G BERRY	2-56-47	28.	P LEWIS 3-18-59
10.	R AUCOTT (2nd vet)	2-59-53	29.	J CARLIN 3-19-04
18.	M HAYES (vet)	3-08-26	31.	P SIMPSON 3-21-57
VET	33. D JEWELL	3-24-37		

1st Team

1982

1.	A DARBY (NEWPORT)	2-38-48			
2.	P BLAKENEY	2-39-18	36.	D CALDER	3-06-39
10.	D BOOTH	2-51-58	37.	B HARNEY	3-06-48
12.	J BLAIR-FISH	2-53-17	38.	T FARNELL	3-06-55
19.	A TROWBRIDGE	2-55-20	50.	R MARLOW	3-14-58
28.	P SIMPSON	3-00-44	52.	A IRELAND (vet)	3-16-04

VETS 61. M HAYES 3-20-57 1st Team 78. E MITCHELL 3-28-53

LADIES RACE (14 ml) 8. PAULINE CALDER 3-26-00

1982

1.	J WILD (CUMBERLAND FELL RUNNERS)	2-35-16			
5.	M PATTERSON	2-41-15	51.	G HULLEY	3-08-16
11.	R AUCOTT (1st vet)	2-48-43	60.	A MOFFATT	3-12-40
14.	J BLAIR-FISH	2-51-41	66.	H ARTISS (vet)	3-14-27
21.	D JEWELL (vet)	2-56-52	68.	D CALDER	3-15-39
47.	M HAYES (vet)	3-06-24	77.	D MARSHALL	3-18-12
	4th Team				

4th Team

LADIES RACE (14 ml) 6. PAULINE CALDER 2-53-21
8. CHRIS FIELDING 3-06-05



Glossop Fell Race

1983

1.	R WHITFIELD (KENDAL)	2-37-50		
12.	J BLAIR-FISH	3-00-02	22.	G HULLEY 3-06-29
18.	D BOOTH	3-04-16	25.	T FARNELL 3-07-05
19.	G BERRY	3-04-32	31.	P SIMPSON 3-10-29
20.	M PATTERSON	3-04-35	38.	A MOFFATT 3-14-08
21.	D JEWELL (1st vet)	3-05-27	39.	P NOLAN 3-14-08

VETS 51. M HAYES 3-18-18 90. B HARRISON 3-41-26

LADIES RACE (14 ml) 3. KAY WHITTLE 2-47-57 5. SARA BRADLEY 2-58-04

1984

1.	J MAITLAND (LUCC)	2-54-58		
3.	R PEARSON	2-56-04	24.	R ANSELL 3-28-03
4.	M PATTERSON	2-56-42	36.	B HARNEY 3-32-11
9.	J BLAIR-FISH	3-19-55	42.	P GRIFFIES 3-34-18
17.	A HARMER	3-23-53	44.	M HAYES (vet) 3-34-39
23.	D HOLMES	3-27-47	48.	R SANBY 3-35-53

VETS 79. J SOPER 3-47-25 88. W McLEWIN 3-52-05

LADIES RACE (14 ml) 3. GERRY GOLDSMITH 2-50-54
5. CHRIS FIELDING 2-59-36

1985

1.	R ASHWORTH (ROSSENDALE)	2-43-45		
19.	M PATTERSON	2-57-01	34.	G SELLENS 3-04-15
20.	A HARMER	2-57-02	38.	R BERZINS 3-06-38
21.	R AUCOTT (1st vet)	2-57-05	48.	R GREGORY 3-13-45
28.	T FARNELL	2-59-04	63.	G BERRY (vet) 3-18-14
32.	M STONE	3-03-58	67.	A RILEY 3-19-05

VETS 90. B THACKERAY 3-31-14

LADIES RACE (Full course) 3. JACKY SMITH 3-42-40
8. ALISON WRIGHT 4-05-48 9. GERRY GOLDSMITH 4-10-10
10. KAY WHITTLE 4-29-30

GLOSSOP (18 ml) (4000')

1981

1.	R PEARSON	2-58	20.	A YATES	3-46	
4.	J CARLIN	3-12	26.	R BAUMEISTER	3-51	Team
6.	T FARNELL	3-15	28.	A JONES	3-53	<u>1st</u>
9.	D BRADLEY	3-22	29.	R MARLOW	3-54	
14.	M HAYES (vet)	3-31	30.	A IRELAND (vet)	3-55	

VETS 31. E MITCHELL 3-58

1982

1.	R PEARSON	3-01	34.	P GLOVER	3-46
7.	A HARMER	3-15	35.	R BAUMEISTER	3-46
11.	M HAYES (vet)	3-21	38.	C WORSELL	3-49
18.	G BERRY	3-26	43.	W McLEWIN (vet)	4-03
21.	P NOLAN	3-33	44.	A BOND	4-03

1983

1984

1.	H SYMONDS (KENDAL)	2-43-33			
7.	A HARMER	2-54-09	30.	E HARWOOD	3-12-37
10.	T FARNELL	2-55-10	39.	J CANT	3-16-47
22.	D BOOTH	3-04-52	43.	D LIVESEY	3-18-06
25.	B TOOGOOD (2nd vet)	3-07-48	51.	D SANT	3-19-02
27.	G BERRY	3-07-58	52.	B THACKERAY (vet)	3-19-07

VETS 93. E MITCHELL 3-55-33

LADIES RACE 2. GERRY GOLDSMITH 2-22-09 4. KATH DE MENGEL 2-29-04
(12 ml) 5. KAY WHITTLE 2-29-31 6. JANE SPENCE 2-32-16

1985

1.	A HARMER	2-54-49	28.	P BRUNT	4-01-40
6.	T FARNELL	3-10-03	30.	R SANBY	4-05-00
9.	G BERRY (1st vet)	3-21-18	31.	W McLEWIN (vet)	4-05-45
15.	J HARRISON (vet)	3-41-42	39.	H BIGGINS (vet)	4-20-01
19.	M MEYSNER	3-43-40			
24.	B SEGROVE (vet)	3-56-40			

LADIES 47. JACKIE SMITH (1st Tady) Team 1st 4-35-14

BAMFORD

1982

1.	M PATTERSON	20-47
3.	A HARMER	21-51
4.	G BERRY	21-56
6.	G HULLEY	22-07
7.	J CANT	22-17
9.	D BRADLEY	22-32
12.	P LEWIS	23-06
15.	D JEWELL (1st vet)	23-21
23.	C DODD	23-52
25.	D SANT	23-54
26.	R ANSELL	24-10

1983

1.	M PATTERSON	20-45
3.	R AUCOTT (1st vet)	21-45
4.	A FARNELL	21-45
5.	P LEWIS	21-47
9.	G HULLEY	22-05
20.	A RILEY	23-27
21.	C BENT	23-44
22.	D SANT	23-44
28.	R HULLEY	24-12
30.	P GUERRIER	24-23

1984

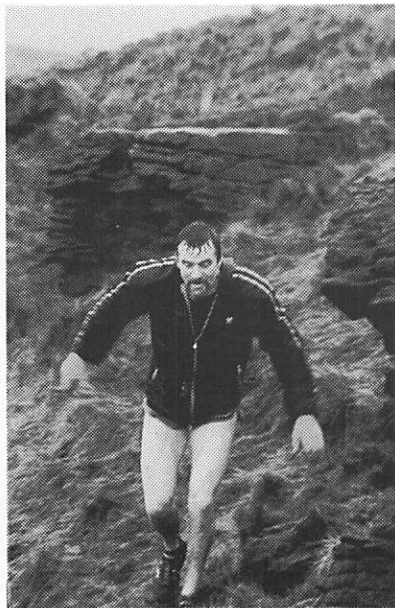
1.	M WILSON (Hallam)	20-22
2.	M PATTERSON	20-43
3.	R PEARSON	21-00
6.	A HARMER	21-31
10.	A FARNELL	21-52
12.	G SELLERS	21-54
13.	A MOFFATT	21-56
16.	P LEWIS	22-01
22.	G BERRY	22-20
23.	J CANT	22-27

1985

1.	M WILSON (Hallam)	20-25
6.	A HARMER	21-34
9.	A MOFFATT	21-47
20.	J FISHER	22-40
23.	R GREGORY	22-49
24.	A FARNELL	22-51
30.	G SELLENS	23-12
40.	A RILEY	23-42
44.	B BERZINS	23-55
50.	D SANT	
153.	K WHITTLE (2nd lady)	27-53



Mike Pedley



Ben Hodges

HATHERSAGE

1983

1.	HENDERSON (Hallam)	22-00
5.	P LEWIS	23-14
13.	D SANT	24-40
16.	G MORGAN	24-53
25.	C WORSELL	27-15
26.	E RYBINSKY	27-24
27.	T LANGHORNE	28-15
31.	H BIGGINS	28-15
37.	A SAHNI	29-15
45.	J EDWARDS	30-43

1984

1.	M PRAIDY (Glossop)	22-30
19.	M PEDLEY	25-02
20.	A FORSYTH	25-15
21.	G SELLENS	25-30
31.	S DEAN	26-50

1985

1.	M WILSON (Hallam)	21-30
3.	A HARMER	22-55
4.	A MOFFATT	23-06
8.	G SELLENS	23-45
9.	J FISHER	23-46
10.	G BERRY (2nd vet)	24-10
15.	B BERZINS	24-20
16.	R GREGORY	24-20
38.	T DANIEL	25-30
39.	P GLOVER	25-30
43.	P GRIFFIES	25-44

WASDALE 21 ml (9000')

1976

1.	J ROBERTS (HOLMFIRTH)	3-38-35		
15.	M HAYES	4-12-27	47.	G BELL 5-05-05
17.	G BERRY	4-13-29	54.	C WORSELL 5-12-04
32.	R BAUMEISTER	4-36-49	72.	E MITCHELL (vet) 5-31-30
4th Team				

1977

1.	M SHORT (HORWICH)	3-53-15		
10.	M HUDSON	4-17-22	60.	C BRAD 5-25-57
15.	G BERRY	4-24-27	62.	E MITCHELL (vet) 5-26-57
26.	R BAUMEISTER	4-44-57	65.	C WORSELL 5-30-31
39.	A TROWBRIDGE	5-00-48	78.	A COLLINSON 5-42-14
49.	R AUCOTT	5-15-30	96.	P LEWIS 6-06-57
6th Team				

1978

1.	A STYAN (HOLMFIRTH)	3-39-15		
8.	M HUDSON	3-56-02	69.	A TROWBRIDGE 5-07-48
20.	R BAUMEISTER	4-15-27	82.	A COLLINSON 5-29-11
36.	R AUCOTT	4-37-45	103.	J EDWARDS 6-19-20
62.	E MITCHELL (vet)	4-58-00		
5th Team				

1979

1.	A STYAN (HOLMFIRTH)	3-30-51		
10.	J BLAIR-FISH	3-52-59	95.	M STONE 5-12-16
12.	M HUDSON	3-55-57	121.	J EDWARDS 5-52-54
19.	G BERRY	4-07-24		
43.	F THOMAS	4-28-07		
2nd Team				

1980

1.	W BLAND (KESWICK)	3-37-51		
5.	J BLAIR-FISH	3-57-15	76.	D JEWELL 5-24-48
8.	R AUCOTT (1st vet)	3-58-00	86.	M EATON 5-35-19
10.	M HUDSON	4-01-00	90.	N LINDSEY 5-46-51
37.	M HAYES (vet)	4-34-23	102.	J ABBOTT 6-17-53
67.	C WORSELL	5-11-26		
2nd Team				

1981

1.	W BLAND (KESWICK)	3-35-10		
10.	R AUCOTT (vet)	4-16-28	33.	D JEWELL (vet) 4-40-07
13.	J BLAIR-FISH	4-18-41	36.	M STONE 4-46-56
17.	M HAYES (vet)	4-24-19	49.	C DODD 4-57-56
		2nd Team		

1982

1983

1.	W BLAND (KESWICK)	3-49-50		
3.	R AUCOTT (1st vet)	4-14-04	57.	B THACKERAY (vet) 5-38-43
30.	M STONE	4-54-50	68.	N PIPER 5-54-26
33.	J BLAIR-FISH	4-59-09		
53.	P SIMPSON	5-36-33		
		7th Team		

WASDALE

1984

1.	W BLAND (KESWICK)	3-42-27		
9.	R AUCOTT (1st vet)	4-01-10	56.	A EVANS 4-59-25
39.	A MOFFATT	4-39-51	61.	D LIVERSEY 5-01-30
40.	D SANT	4-39-52	76.	E MITCHELL (vet) 5-33-48
42.	F THOMAS (vet)	4-42-42	79.	W McLEWIN (vet) 5-37-57
46.	P GRIFFIES	4-57-53		

1985

1.	W BLAND (KESWICK)	3-55-29		
15.	A HARMER	4-36-09	56.	R BAUMEISTER (vet) 5-21-23
17.	B BERZINS	4-36-46	57.	G BERRY (vet) 5-21-45
38.	D SANT	4-56-26	94.	J EDWARDS (vet) 6-20-13
47.	T FARNELL	5-10-15		
		5th Team		

BORROWDALE 17 ml (6500')

1976

1. W BLAND (KESWICK) 2-53-30
10. G BERRY 3-16-23
12. M HAYES 3-22-13
37. R BAUMEISTER 3-49-43
42. C WORSELL 3-82-36
51. G BELL 3-58-23
75. E MITCHELL (vet) 4-18-17

1977

1. M SHORT (HORWICH) 2-49-03	
10. M HUDSON 3-06-22	67. C WORSELL 3-46-30
11. G BERRY 3-06-56	69. G BELL 3-48-04
37. A TROWBRIDGE 3-29-09	81. E MITCHELL (vet) 3-55-30
51. C BRAD 3-37-28	102. A COLLINSON 4-07-15
52. R BAUMEISTER 3-38-00	121. G PEMBERTON 4-27-14

5th Team

1978

1. M SHORT (HORWICH) 2-44-52	
3. P BLAKENEY 2-58-40	25. R BAUMEISTER 3-19-10
8. D BOOTH 3-05-50	34. G BERRY 3-25-26
10. M HUDSON 3-06-26	42. R AUCOTT 3-32-42
19. A TROWBRIDGE 3-11-50	64. B HARNEY 3-39-42
22. M HAYES 3-16-03	77. C BRAD 3-46-41

2nd Team

1979

1. W BLAND (KESWICK) 2-37-11	
7. M HUDSON 3-04-44	103. A BOND 4-00-19
10. G BERRY 3-07-43	105. C BRAD 4-00-37
21. D BOOTH 3-14-35	123. J CARLIN 4-13-24
31. A TROWBRIDGE 3-26-23	126. G BELL (vet) 4-16-45
35. H ARTISS 3-30-07	
41. F THOMAS 3-30-52	

VETS 153. J EDWARDS 4-36-21 172. T FOLEY 5-15-52

1980

1981

1.	W BLAND (KESWICK)	2-34-38		
25.	J CARLIN	3-05-12	64.	M STONE 3-22-59
41.	F THOMAS	3-11-33	71.	D JEWELL (vet) 3-25-50
43.	T FARNELL	3-12-17	75.	C DODD 3-26-53
46.	D MARSHALL	3-14-48	92.	G HULLEY 3-34-15
63.	G BERRY	3-21-59	101.	D SANT 3-36-40

<u>VETS</u>	129.	E MITCHELL	3-44-02	151.	B THACKERAY	3-59-33
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1982

1.	W BLAND (KESWICK)	2-43-38		
17.	M PATTERSON	3-29-24	87.	C WORSELL 3-59-57
37.	A PICKLES	3-39-29	114.	A YATES 4-14-28
46.	R ANSELL	3-44-59	125.	D BRADLEY 4-19-33
60.	G HULLEY	3-49-54	136.	E MITCHELL (vet) 4-29-30
62.	D SANT	3-50-22	162.	P ROGERS 5-06-05

<u>VETS</u>	170.	A COLLINSON	3-25-58	179.	W McLEWIN	5-48-41
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1983

1.	K STUART (KESWICK)	2-45-25		
8.	R AUCOTT (1st vet)	3-00-21	86.	D SANT 3-52-45
24.	D BOOTH	3-17-16	101.	A YATES 4-01-40
45.	M STONE	3-31-42	105.	R HULLEY 4-02-35
54.	A MOFFATT	3-40-35	110.	G HULLEY 4-03-29
70.	R ANSELL	3-48-34	113.	B THACKERAY (vet) 4-04-16

<u>VETS</u>	150.	P BARKER	4-14-52
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1984

1.	W BLAND (KESWICK)	2-37-45			
20.	R AUCOTT (2nd vet)	3-10-33	56.	G BERRY	3-30-16
36.	A HARMER	3-18-01	69.	D SANT	3-39-05
38.	T TETT	3-20-41	71.	D EVANS	3-39-54
41.	A MOFFATT	3-22-40	86.	T DENNISH	3-43-24
54.	R TOOGOOD (vet)	3-28-42	88.	P GRIFFIES	3-43-42

VETS 108. W WILSON 3-51-22

1985

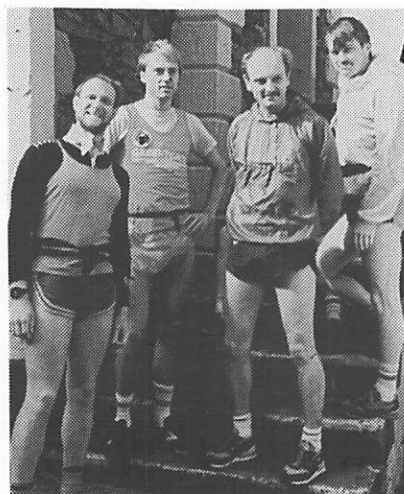
1.	W BLAND (KESWICK)	2-42-13			
14.	A HARMER	3-14-00	54.	R ANSELL	3-37-16
26.	A MOFFATT	3-19-59	55.	T DANIELS	3-37-38
33.	J FISHER	3-21-31	59.	J CANT	3-38-34
43.	D SANT	3-28-52	69.	R BAUMEISTER (vet)	3-41-29
48.	M HAYES (vet)	3-32-52	95.	A YATES (vet)	3-51-41

LADIES 167. JACKY SMITH 4-23-19
201. KAY WHITTLE 4-43-53

186. KATH DE MENGEL 4-36-50



Martin Stone, Andy Forsyth
Club Champs



Bob Graham contenders 1986

THREE PEAKS

1976

1.	J CALVERT (BLACKBURN)	2-43-59	
42.	G BERRY	3-04-42	
115.	M HAYES	3-21-13	13th Team
154.	C WORSSELL	3-30-15	
225.	R BAUMEISTER	3-47-44	

1977

1.	J CALVERT (BLACKBURN)	2-51-04	
45.	G BERRY	3-12-08	
75.	R BAUMEISTER	3-20-59	148. A TROWBRIDGE 3-36-14
100.	C BRAD	3-25-35	164. G BELL 3-38-40
115.	P LEWIS	3-29-02	203. C WORSSELL 3-47-14
122.	P MIDWOOD	3-30-17	214. C MARSDEN 3-50-05
			240. E MITCHELL 3-57-22

8th Team

1978

1.	H WALKER (BLACKBURN)	2-43-343	
28.	M HUDSON	3-14-30	135. D CALDER 3-42-54
49.	R BAUMEISTER	3-21-46	139. C BRAD 3-43-21
56.	G BERRY	3-23-35	214. E HARWOOD 3-57-27
63.	M HAYES	3-26-57	223. A BOND 3-59-08
71.	B HARNEY	3-29-43	232. J ABBOTT 4-00-45

7th Team

1979

1.	H WALKER (BLACKBURN)	2-53-11	
14.	M HUDSON	3-07-48	53. G BERRY 3-23-31
24.	R AUCOTT	3-13-33	87. F THOMAS 3-27-07
29.	A TROWBRIDGE	3-15-55	110. P LEWIS 3-40-34
41.	M HAYES	3-19-15	159. C BRAD 3-51-06
46.	R BAUMEISTER	3-21-45	191. C WORSSELL 3-57-34

4th Team

1980

1.	M SHORT (HORWICH)	2-43-32	
7.	R AUCOTT	2-58-06	79. C BRAD 3-24-38
14.	J BLAIR-FISH	3-00-15	109. P SIMPSON 3-31-31
16.	G BERRY	3-02-22	122. J BENNET 3-33-37
29.	M HAYES (vet)	3-10-18	125. J ABBOTT 3-34-24
65.	D JEWELL (vet)	3-22-12	150. C WORSSELL 3-38-36

2nd Team

1981

1.	H WALKER (BLACKBURN)	2-56-34		
5.	P BLAKENEY	3-07-43	72.	G BERRY 3-38-12
7.	R AUCOTT (1st vet)	3-10-52	113.	C BRAD 3-47-53
11.	J BLAIR-FISH	3-13-38	118.	C DODD 3-48-49
20.	P LEWIS	3-19-19	131.	A YATES 3-51-45
52.	D JEWELL (vet)	3-30-43		
64.	M HAYES (vet)	3-35-06		
		1st Team*		

1982

1.	J WILD (RAF)	2-37-30		
11.	R AUCOTT (1st vet)	2-57-25	155.	R BAUMEISTER (vet) 3-27-58
25.	F THOMAS	2-59-29	159.	P TASSIKER 3-28-45
26.	J BLAIR-FISH	3-00-32	207.	C BRAD 3-41-45
88.	P SIMPSON	3-16-29	216.	G BELL 3-43-53
93.	D MARSHALL	3-17-33	230.	S SANDBY 3-48-20

1983

1.	K STUART (KESWICK)	2-53-34		
9.	M PATTERSON	3-07-50	136.	D SANT 3-48-09
19.	A HARMER	3-14-58	138.	R BAUMEISTER (vet) 3-50-22
24.	J BLAIR-FISH	3-17-12	144.	A YATES 3-50-50
88.	G BERRY	3-37-00	146.	P SIMPSON 3-51-20
124.	D LIVESEY	3-45-58	183.	P GLOVER 3-57-58
VETS	243.	P ROGERS 4-14-52	244.	C WORSSELL 4-14-52
		5th Team		

THREE PEAKS

1984

1. H SYMONDS (KENDAL)	2-50-34		
10. A HARMER	3-02-41	74. R ANSELL	3-27-04
11. R AUCOTT (1st vet)	3-02-48	78. B THACKERAY (vet)	3-27-31
16. T FARNELL	3-07-20	85. R SANBY	3-28-35
39. G BERRY	3-17-24	123. D SANT	3-33-34
68. A JONES	3-26-19	139. P GRIFFIES	3-37-25

VET 203. C BRAD 3-47-26

LADIES 362. KATH DE MENGEL 4-46-19
4th Team

1985

1. H SYMONDS (KENDAL)	2-49-13		
6. A HARMER	3-00-03	91. J CANT	3-32-22
25. T FARNELL	3-12-12	116. A YATES (vet)	3-38-40
54. A JONES	3-23-26	117. R BAUMEISTER (vet)	3-39-00
60. A FORSYTH	3-24-35	121. J CLARKE	3-40-01
62. B BERZINS	3-25-10	124. K TONKIN	3-40-20

VETS 221. C BRAD 3-57-45

LADIES 182. JACKY SMITH (2nd Lady) 3-50-00
342. KATH DE MENGEL 4-37-21
6th Team



HOPE

1980

1.	A HULME (ALTR)	26-16
3.	J CARLIN	27-09
4.	D JEWELL	27-11
5.	P GUERRIER	28-16
8.	R MARLOW	28.58
11.	C WORSSELL	29-14
20.	S WOOD	32-05

1981

1.	A HUGHES (ALTR)	23-25
4.	R PEARSON	24-18
5.	D BRADLEY	24-26
7.	A FARNELL	24-37
9.	G BERRY	24-44
14.	D MARSHALL	25-45
17.	P GUERRIER	26-28
20.	M HAYES	26-36
23.	R BAUMEISTER	26-46
75.	S SAHNI (Lady)	32-55
83.	W TROWBRIDGE (Lady)	37-00

1982

1.	A ADAMS (ICL)	24-43
2.	M PATTERSON	24-55
9.	G MORGAN	26-40
10.	A HARMER	26-42
13.	G BERRY	26-57
21.	P LEWIS	27-42
34.	M HAYES (vet)	28-42
40.	D SANT	29-07
41.	I STEPHENSON	29-13
43.	R ANSELL	29-27

1983

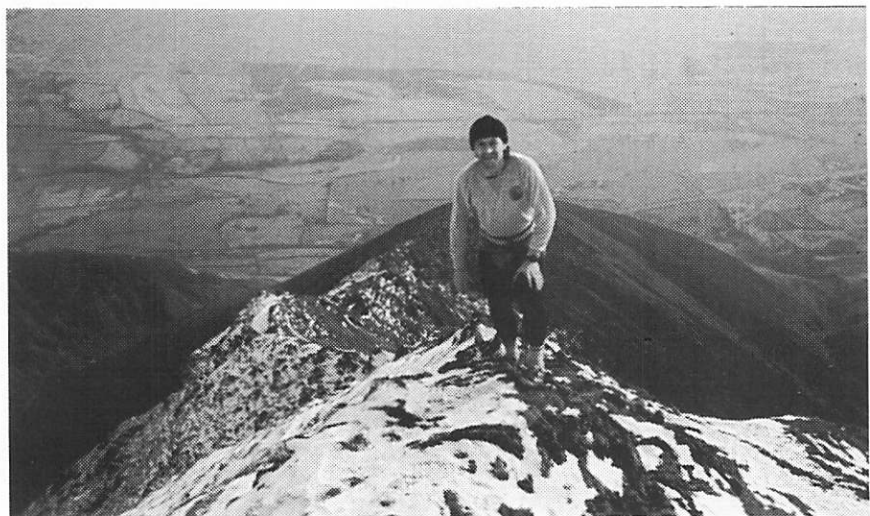
1.	B WILLIAMS (ICL)	24-53
2.	A HULME	25-25
7.	A FARNELL	25-57
8.	A HARMER	26-04
10.	P LEWIS	26-19
11.	G BERRY	26-24
12.	R AUCOTT (1st vet)	26-28
16.	G HULLEY	26-40
24.	G MORGAN	27-12
30.	D SANT	27-48
96.	S SAHNI (Lady)	31-45
141.	S BRADLEY (Lady)	37-08
151.	W TROWBRIDGE (Lady)	38-45

1984

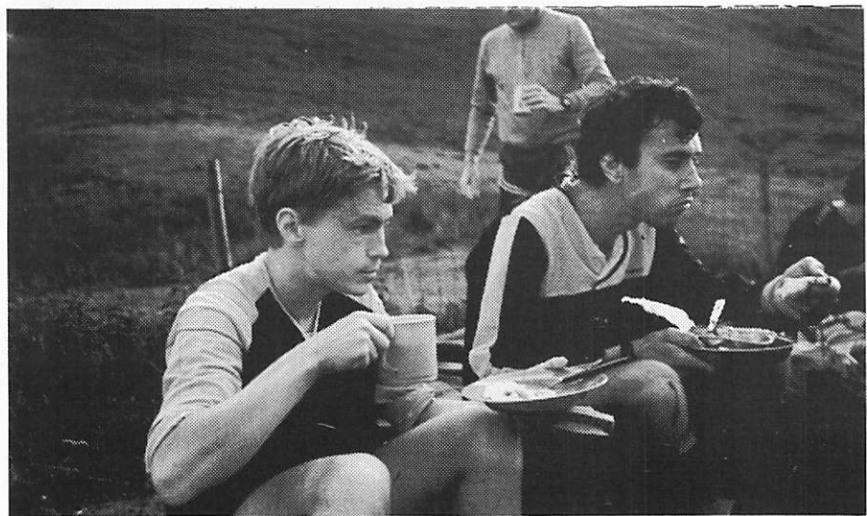
1.	R HAND	25-11
4.	R PEARSON	25-49
5.	G BERRY	25-52
8.	D BRADLEY	26-16
9.	A MOFFATT	26-22
11.	A HARMER	26-37
15.	R TOOGOOD	26-45
32.	D SANT	27-48
43.	P GRIFFIES	29-00
45.	A YATES	29-20
52.	J SPENCE (2nd lady)	29-49
67.	W LIGHTFOOT (3rd lady)	30-49

1985

1.	M BISHOP (STAFFS)	23-46
6.	A HARMER	25-58
9.	A MOFFATT	26-26
13.	J FISHER	26-45
14.	G BERRY (2nd vet)	26-48
16.	A FARNELL	27-01
19.	G SELLENS	27-04
26.	P LEWIS	27-47
28.	R GREGORY	28-01
36.	D SANT	28-23
81.	J SMITH (1st lady)	30-47



Dave Sant, Halls Fell, Blencathra



Keith Tonkin, Neil Goldsmith, Dunmail Bob Graham

