

# NEWSTRACK

## AUGUST 1999

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[http:// www.skimber.demon.co.uk/orient/dvo/newstrac/ newstrac.html](http://www.skimber.demon.co.uk/orient/dvo/newstrac/newstrac.html)

## Thoughts from the Chair

Highland 99 saw many of the Club stalwarts descend on the Inverness area for their bi-annual battle with Scottish forests and the beastly midges. The usual mixture of challenging orienteering, some rough terrain but excellent organisation provided a worthwhile trip for most of us and a bit of a shock for those who had not been before. My own performances are perhaps best kept to myself but hopefully others will feel the urge to relate their own escapades in this or the next edition of Newstrack. Steve Buckley commented at one stage that we should spend more time doing terrain training in Bottom Moor. Certainly the underfoot conditions were similar at times. However, for those who use vegetation boundaries or paths to help them navigate, these forests required an ability to ignore everything else at times and just read the contours. It meant you went a bit slower but maintaining contact with the map saved considerable time having to relocate later.

Which leads me on to ...using the privileged position of this column (and no doubt drawing an editorial comment) I must nominate Graham Johnson as Sports Personality of the Month. Graham stopped Janice Allan on Highland 99 to ask where he was and received a lesson in relocation skills from one of our newest orienteers! Well that's the story a little birdie told me! Talking of whom, congratulations to James Allan on being selected for the British Police Orienteering Team to take part in a competition in Norway in September. Scotland should have proved useful training for him!

Running in parallel with Highland 99 was the World Orienteering Championships. Kim Buckley did her old club proud by her 21<sup>st</sup> position in the Classic Race and her fine first leg in the women's relay. The highlight of the event, and the cause of many a tear in the corner of the staunchest eye, came when Yvette Baker (née Hague) won the Short race from an Austrian and German - not a Scandinavian in the first three and Britain's first gold medal in a World Championship.

My particular thanks also to Steve Buckley for organising the finish arena team on behalf of DVO for the Short Race final day and to the many DVO members who lent a hand over the two days.

With the Summer Evening Events now at an end and the summer runs coming to an end, we will soon be back into the new season of orienteering. My thanks to all organisers and planners for making these highly successful programmes. Mike Godfree has put together a couple of teams for the Harvester Relay meaning that we will need all the help we can get on 12 September for the Try-O event at Shipley Park. Please give Tony Seaston a 'phone call if you can help but also turn up on the day to help those who may never have orienteered before.

Congratulations also to David and Gillian Godfree on their marriage. We wish them all the best for the future.

And finally - another reminder about the Annual General Meeting on Wednesday 29 September at Belper Sports Centre beginning promptly at 20.15 hours - runners please note! This is your opportunity to see how healthy the club is at the moment, elect officers and make suggestions for future developments.

Ronald Macdonald, Chair, Derwent Valley Orienteers

## **Rambling In The Lake District With Sal Chaffey**

### **What is the Bob Graham Round?**

The route was first done in 1932 by (yes, you've guessed it, Bob Graham) and involves 42 Lake District peaks, 72 miles and 26,000 feet of ascent in under 24 hours. If you think about it, this means an average speed of just over three miles an hour, so you tend to walk the uphill and run the downs and the flats. It wasn't repeated until 1960, but since then over a thousand people have done it.

### **Preparation**

Over the previous year I had built up to running/walking 45 miles (i.e. being on my feet for 10-15 hours) and had recced all of the route at least twice, using my Dad's house in Windermere as a base - and calling on his babysitting abilities while Dave ferried me to distant start points and accompanied me on runs (or more often went gear shopping in Keswick!).

### **Organisation**

The route is divided into five sections where it crosses roads (Honister Pass, Wasdale Head, Dunmail Raise and Threlkeld) and at each of these points a different pair of 'pacers' take over to carry your food, fine tune the navigation and record your time on each summit. I'm lucky that my brother - who has done the BG in both summer and winter (fool) - could organise much of this, although John Duckworth and some other Derbyshire folks accompanied me on my first attempt and Dave Clough saw me briefly (!) on the second one.

You can run either clockwise or anticlockwise and it's best to set your start time so that you do the grassy Helvellyn ridge in the dark - this means a morning start going anticlockwise or an evening one if going clockwise, although having that, a lot of people start at midnight and do Skiddaw in the dark.

### **Attempt 1: Clockwise, May 28th**

I shouldn't really have started this as the weather was so foul and, sure enough, we lost a lot of time at night to atrocious visibility. I didn't have the energy to start running again once the dawn broke, but I carried on a bit, hoping for a second wind. It never came, so we packed in at Rossett Pike, about half way round, and

took the low route on to Wasdale. I don't know if I'd have got round then, even in good weather, as I was recovering from a cold, had only trained to 30 miles, and felt pretty bad for missing a night's sleep so early on in the run ... a new strategy was required – an anticlockwise attempt.

#### **Attempt 2: Anticlockwise, July 10th**

A walking holiday in Ireland plus doing the Saunders with Dave got me in good shape for this. You have to do a write up for your run to count officially, so here it is.

#### **Bob Graham, anticlockwise round, 10<sup>th</sup>–11<sup>th</sup> July 1999: Sal Chaffey**

I opened the curtains on Saturday morning gutted to see mist of the consistency that had thwarted my previous BG attempt six weeks ago, and even considered postponing things on the drive to Keswick. Good thing husband/road manager Dave talked me out of it! Joined pacers Tony Walker and George Robertson and set off at 7.30 through the mizzle to Low High Snab, reaching the summit of Robinson in 90 mins. The mist was thinner on the tops, so navigation wasn't a problem (yet!). One of the main roles for pacers on this section is to slow you down, but I'm glad Tony and George didn't do this.

At Honister, Mark Flemming and dog Maggie took over. After Mark's canny route off Great Gable, where I was thoroughly disoriented, we were on schedule to Pillar but started looking for Steeple too early – before hitting the wall on Scoat Fell – so lost 15 mins, but apart from that, Maggie had a pretty good nose for the path when she wasn't too busy chasing her tail! Was cheered to see Hilda on her clockwise BG at Steeple and still on schedule. Good scree run off Yewbarrow – better than stumbling through bracken covered boulder fields, as on my previous recce.

At Wasdale I was met by Dave Clough who'd walked over from Honister, having just missed me. Had some of Kate's chicken stew and a Dioralyte to rehydrate, plus mandatory tea and Isostar. Seeing Fred Rogerson there made the BG attempt somehow seem more real.

Then new pacers Brian and Susan Clough for the Big Bad Central Section. On the way up Sca Fell took an impromptu decision to descend via Lord's Rake rather than Fox's Tarn and this saved a lot of time as it was only 31 mins summit-to-summit. Saw some of the Wasdale racers on Sca Fell Pike – great atmosphere up there; the pacers seem to know everyone we pass, like it's their local high street. Brian and Susan had some canny routes and a seemingly endless supply of jelly babies, which saw me through my only bad patch. I remember saying to Brian when we were descending Bowfell that Rossett looked like the Eiger, but we were there in a jiffy, having coffee and Battenburg with Munro Bagging chums Sue, John and Martin. They said they'd seen me looking worse, but only after a

night in the pub! The mist had cleared now and John Cann joined us to Dunmail, where he arrived in his white T-shirt, looking more like a Persil advert than a fell runner!

The crowd put on a great welcome and I had some more stew and Dioralyte by the dual carriageway. The last three sections had taken 12 hours 50 mins, exactly to schedule.

It was a good feeling setting off up Raise Beck with BG guru Eric Draper and husband Dave, knowing that I had 11 hours to get back to Keswick and plenty of daylight to get off Fairfield. Eric found the gully down and we were soon zigzagging up Dollywaggon. Helvellyn was reached, 30 minutes up on the schedule. The wind was starting to pick up now but there was no mist and the grassy whalebacks of the Dodds were soon traversed. However, the 30 minutes were soon lost in the farmland at the bottom of Clough Head where we plodded through endless tussock of reeds with a few stone walls for good measure. Boy, was I relieved when I heard Eric say he was on the road.

Met brother and BG veteran John Brockbank at Threlkeld where I scoffed some egg butties and set off up Halls Fell Ridge, Eric continuing on this section too. Torches off at the top and jogged down Mungrisdale Common to a technicolour dawn (which, having caught on camera, John proceeded to fall into a bog and submerge said camera), and ice-cold Caldew and that endless fence up Calva. I was slowing on this last section, and it was a good job it wasn't any longer or I wouldn't have made it. On the top of Skiddaw we met Dave in an icy wind and jogged down to crystal clear views of the whole of the Lake District rippling out in front of us. Met Caroline and Kate (Eric and John's partners) on the way into Keswick and arrived – incredibly happy – at the Moot Hall at 7.03 where there were hugs and Bucks Fizz.

Thanks go to all the pacers for their excellent company (and those that paced six weeks previously); to training partners in Derbyshire and the Lakes; to John for inspiring me, showing me the routes and rallying the support for both attempts; to Dave for believing that I could do it, not letting me give up when winter training was getting me down (this tended to involve taking me to the pub) and miles of driving over Lakeland passes; and to my Dad and Dave's family who spent many a weekend looking after Zoe while "Mummy ran up the mountains".

Sal Chaffey

**(Sore)Footnote:** Dave Chaffey reports that Sal's diet included 7 bars of Turkish Delight, 4 pkts of Dioralyte, jelly babies, battenburg cake, apricots, Isostar, Red Bull, peanut butter and jam, salmon, egg, and sardine sandwiches, Cup-a-soup, chicken stew and, of course, tea to wash down the 8 Nurofens. Is it any wonder that Sal's first action on finishing was to throw up!

## **Scottish Six Days 1999 – One Man and his Bog.**

### **Day One – Docharn and Deishar**

The week got off to the best possible start with superb weather and a forest to match, but, as the week wore on I was forced to reflect: why? Why was this area not included in the World Champs schedule? Why was it so superior to anything we ran on during the rest of the week? Why were my runs on the remaining days so abysmal compared with the one I had today?

The answer to the first two questions are probably connected with the fact that this was already a tried and tested area, having been used for Days 1 and 6 in '95 for example. Even so, if you were starting with a clean sheet of paper, and had to choose four or five areas on which to plan World Champs events anywhere in Scotland, I don't think many would come up with some of the ones used this week. Sorry to start out on a negative note but, knowing Dacharn well enough from two previous visits, I approached this year's Scottish with the not unreasonable supposition that if Docharn was not even within WOC 99, the alternatives must be truly superlative – but in my humble opinion only Day 4 even approached this standard.

The reason I come to Scotland at regular two year intervals is the guarantee that anything I run on here will be better than anything I run on for 90% of the time anywhere else, and in that sense I was not disappointed throughout the week. However enjoyment of Scottish forests is often tempered by the sheer physicality of them; no prisoners are taken. Docharn is one of the few areas where this does not apply; it is a sheer, unalloyed joy to run on.

If my Six-Days could have ended after the first I would have been happy. I had reached the giddy heights of 57<sup>th</sup> in M40L and, even more important, was Numero Uno in the unofficial top DVO M40 competition. Sadly this was literally as good as it got. I had to pay a heavy price for having the temerity to upset even temporarily the established order of things, my punishment being to orienteer like a constipated wombat for the rest of the week, finishing with depressing regularity at the bottom of the heap. Ho hum.

### **Day Two – Craig Leach**

You know when it's just not your day when:

- You run off the map - on the way to Number One;
- You fall over and bust your watch;
- You emerge from the forest to find yourself in the middle of a multitude of controls on the Trail O course. You're having enough trouble finding one control, so what hope do you have with half a dozen to choose from?
- You have to ask your sixteen year old daughter where you are, not once but twice.

Ranald has rather blown the gaffe on my orienteering technique in these situations. Anyone within hailing distance who showed the slightest indication of knowing where they might be found themselves importuned by me, wearing my most pathetic and forlorn look – not difficult to achieve in the circumstances. After a couple of days, the organisers felt it necessary to put a message in the daily newsletter, warning against the repeated practice of asking the way when lost. That was me!

### **Day Three – West Guisachan**

By now I had decided that just to be sure that I would not, even by accident, achieve a mediocre run, I would further hamper my chances by smashing up two toes, ironically not orienteering, but playing beach football on the so-called rest day. (Mental note for the future, do not tackle Ian Whitehead unless wearing hob-nailed, steel toe-capped boots).

The chief abiding memory of this day will be the damned midges, from which I still bear the scars, both mental and physical. This was the farthest event from DVO HQ, and, of course, the earliest start. No sooner did we poke our heads out the car than we were ambushed by hordes of the hungry devils intent on an early breakfast. As someone enquired, what do midges eat when there are no orienteers around? The problem with midges is that they sting on landing, and go on stinging even when you've had the mild satisfaction of squishing them so you're never sure which stings are new arrivals and which are half an hour old. The only solution is to ritually scratch and rub the affected areas, becoming progressively hotter and more bothered, sweating heavier, getting redder and redder – which just attracts more of the blasted vermin. Aaaargh!

It was no comfort to be told that the plague would disappear around 10.30 – only two hours of being eaten alive to go then. It was no joke; adult orienteers, hardened by years of Scottish Six Days, could just about survive with their sanity intact, but you had to feel for young kids who couldn't understand what they'd done to deserve this.

The worst news is that the Scottish 6 Days 2001 is to be in Fort William – the Midge Capital of the World. At least we only had to put up with one day of them this time – the thought of six days' worth is unbearable. In the week following the Scottish, we moved west and in the evenings were reduced to a mass strategic withdrawal to the car, watching the kamikazi tactics of crazed midges lunging against the windscreen, lusting for the blood awaiting inside. One woman we met had stayed in Fort William and was eventually driven to abandon her tent and stay bed and breakfast. But don't let me put you off – just remember to invest heavily in mosquito net shares before you go.



## FIXTURES

*The list below shows the more local events plus a few major events. For a more comprehensive list see EMEWS or BOF listing. If you are uncertain about an event, check with the organiser stated. The writer cannot accept responsibility for wasted journeys!*

### September

- |       |    |  |
|-------|----|--|
| 5th   | EM | LEI Colour Coded Event & Try-O, <b>Western Park</b> , 2 miles West of Leicester  |
| Sun   | C4 | Map Ref 140/560043. White to Purple. String Course<br>Organiser:- Alison Mills 01455-273026  |
| 5th   | WM | HOC Colour Coded Event, <b>Cotwall End, Sedgley</b> , 12 miles NW Birmingham   |
| Sun   |    | SO 914929. Organiser: John Pearson 01527-67499   |
| 5th   | EM | <b>DVO Barbeque</b> . At the Hoppers, 44 South Avenue, Chellaston, Derby.  |
| Sun   |    | Please ring 01332-703830 if you are coming. <b>Starts at 3.00pm</b>  |
| 12th  | EM | <b>DVO Try-O Event, Shipley Park</b> , 1 mile South of Heanor Derbyshire   |
| Sun   | C5 | SK 431453. Follow Brown Tourist signs from A608 south of Heanor.<br>White, Yellow, Orange, Red and Score Event. String course.<br>Please share transport. Organiser: Tony Seaston 01332-514000   |
| 12th  | EM | <b>NOC Try-O Colwick Park</b> , Nottingham. SK 602392. White to Green.   |
| Sun   | C5 | Off Racecourse Road. Organisers: Mick & Angela Lucking 0115-922 5578   |
| 18/19 | SW | <b>WIM/WSX Caddihoe Chase Weekend</b> , 15 miles West of Bournemouth   |
| Sat   | C2 | <b>NATIONAL EVENT, Bovington, Wareham</b> SY 843906  |
| Sun   | O3 | <b>Chasing Start Event, Bovington, Wareham</b> SY 843906<br>Entries: Cris Tween, Blackthorn Cottage, Fiddleford, Sturminster Newton,<br>Dorset DT10 2BX. 01258-861804. CD: 31/8. Chq: Caddihoe 99<br>18th- £7.50/3.00, 19th- £4.50/2.00. Organiser: Trevor Bridle 01202-388561 |
| 25th  | EM | <b>DVO Three Dales Run</b> . Organiser: Ranald Macdonald 01629-734307  |
| 26th  | EM | <b>DVO Colour Coded Event, Cromford Moor</b> , 4 miles South of Matlock  |
| Sun   | C4 | SK 316552. Signed from A6. Organiser: Roger Keeling 01773-852991   |
| 29th  | EM | <b>DVO AGM. 8.15pm at Belper Sports Centre</b>   |
| Wed   |    | All DVO members are invited to attend.   |

### October

- |     |    |   |
|-----|----|---|
| 2nd | EM | <b>NOC Night Event, Bestwood?</b> (EM Night League). To be confirmed  |
| Sat | N5 | Details:- Ray Barnes 0115-974-6044 or <a href="http://www.engtech.co.uk/NOC/">http://www.engtech.co.uk/NOC/</a> |
| 3rd | EM | <b>NOC Colour Coded Event, Bestwood?</b> To be confirmed  |
| Sun | C4 | Details:- Ray Barnes 0115-974-6044 or <a href="http://www.engtech.co.uk/NOC/">http://www.engtech.co.uk/NOC/</a> |



## FIXTURES

### October

- 3rd WM OD Colour Coded Event, **Coombe Park**, 5 miles East of Coventry  
Sun C4 SP 403796. White to Blue. Organiser: Tony Feltbower 01926-864465
- 10th EM LEI Score Cup and Long O, **Aylestone Meadows**, 3 miles SW of Leicester  
Sun S4/C4 SK 573015 Organiser: M. Cowley 01162 864847
- 10th WM HOC Colour Coded Event, **Hawkbatch**, Bewdley, 5 miles W of Kidderminster  
Sun C4 SO 754784. Organiser: Ron Barker 0121-449-8626
- 17th EM DVO Colour Coded Event, **Longshaw**, 8 miles SW of Sheffield  
Sun C4 Signed from A625 Fox House Inn (SK 267803). **East Midlands Galoppen**  
Organiser: - Andy Mackervoy 01332-557892
- 24th NE NATO NATIONAL EVENT, **Kyloe**, Alnwick, Northumberland NU 045384  
Sun C2 Entries: - Margaret Crosby, 35 Alanville, Camperdown, Newcastleupon Tyne  
NE12 0XS. 0191-268-5449. CD: 10/10. £8.00/£4.00 Lim EOD. Chq: NATO  
Organiser: John Crosby 0191-268-5449
- 30th EM LEI Night Event, **Outwoods**, 3 miles South West of Loughborough  
Sat N5 Organiser: D.Hall 01509-880506. **EM Night League**
- 31st EM LEI Colour Coded Event, **Outwoods**, 3 miles SW of Loughborough  
Sun C4 Organiser: L.Stanton 01162-358873. **EM Galoppen Event**

### November

- 7th SC SOC National Event November Classic, **Hampton Ridge**, Fordingbridge  
Sun C2 SU 247136 8 miles West of Southampton. Entries: - Simon Cane, NC '99,  
6 Conifer Close, Winchester, Hants, SO22 6SH. 01952-856817. CD: 18/10.  
£8.00/3.00 (Late entries + £2). No EOD. Chq: Southampton OC, 1500 limit  
Organiser: Jenny Thompson 01725-510254. No Colour Coded.
- 14th WM WCH Badge Event, **Brocton/Milford**, Cannock Chase, Stafford (SJ 974210)  
Sun C3 Entries: - David Schofield, 6 Elm Avenue, Walton-on-the-Hill, Stafford  
ST17 0NA (01785-604472). CD: 24/10. £6.00/2.50, family £14.00. **No EOD**  
Chq: Walton Chasers. Organiser: - Chris Horwill 01889-270529.
- 21st EM DVO Badge Event, **Eyam Moor**, 6 miles North of Bakewell, Derbyshire  
Sun C3 Signed from A623 at Foolow (SK 195762 from East, SK 193759 from West)  
Entries: - SEF to Mike Gardner, 3 Gatcombe Close, Oakwood, Derby  
DE21 2BZ. (01332-665671). CD: 1/11. £7.50/2.50, Family £17.50.  
Chqs to "DVO". EOD surcharge. Organiser: John Malley 01335-350467

This was also the day when many an orienteer had reason to curse Our Boys in Khaki when they used a refreshment point as a location from which to attack the next control – only to find the Army had set it up in the wrong place. Makes you realise how easy it would be for them to invade the wrong country by mistake.

#### Day Four – Plodda

This area was on the opposite side of the valley to Day 3 but a later start time meant we avoided the worse ravages of Scottish wildlife. We were also running on the World Champs Classic Race area used for the Finals the previous day. From what little I saw of this area, it would have been a worthy challenge to the world's elite, and it would have been a privilege to meet its challenge myself. Unfortunately I have to use the past conditional tense (I think), because it was on my way to Control 5 that I felt a draught in the general region of my left O-shoe. Looking downwards I saw my left foot sticking out of the gaping hole where the side of my shoe used to be. It had managed to withstand everything that orienteering south of the border could throw at it since JK98 but collapsed like an English Test side in the face of four days of Caledonian forest. I tried to make it round two further controls but it was impossible. I slipped off the rocks like Torvill and Dean in wellies. How appropriate that, having orienteered like a clown for the previous two days, I should end up looking like one.

#### Day Five - Rogie

Despite forty-four years on this planet, I am continually surprised at life's propensity, when you are down, to kick you in the Trossachs just to make sure you don't get up. Just when you think life can't get any worse, it does. This was my *dies horribilis*, a two and a half hour disaster of Chernobylikesque proportions, including, just to prove it was no fluke the last time, my second run off the map. How I cursed the planner as I dived with death, hauling myself up some of the sheerest crags this side of 'Cliffhanger', only, having reached the top, to gaze upon my control several hundred metres below where I thought it was. This was the day that I was only too glad to bump into Janice Allen, to find that I was actually closer to Control 15 than I was to 13, the one I was supposed to be looking for.

Being late in leaving the area did at least give us the opportunity to witness a truly spectacular helicopter rescue of yet another unfortunate victim of the unforgiving terrain. As the week passed, there was a noticeable increase in the number of competitors who had to extend their repertoire of O gear to include a leg cast and pair of crutches.

## **Day Six – Dallaschyle**

By now I'd had enough. To my bruised right toes, I had now added a blistered and shortly to become septic left toe. Plus, after two previous days' runs of two hours and two and a half, I was physically exhausted. If this was not enough Dallaschyle is the sort of forest I absolutely detest. The terrain was of two types. The first was a network of fallen timber of a density bettered only by Arnold Laver. The second was a carpet of green obscuring a bed of rocks, boulders and branches such that to proceed at more than the pace of a Virgin locomotive was to invite a broken ankle.

One thing we pride ourselves on in the East Midlands is that not only do we (well, Nottinghamshire actually) produce some of the most unexceptional orienteering terrain in the country, we can also boast equally unedifying vegetation of a type which renders orienteering an experience akin to listening to a Geri Halliwell record. Well, we are but Hartlepool United to the Juventus of Dallaschyle.

I'd not had this much fun since my last visit to the dentist. I know when I'm beaten. I accepted the ignominy of retreat rather than prolong the agony. But as my commemorative coaster was thrust into my hand, I realised, with not a little pride, that I had at least survived – just about – another Scottish Six Days. And nearly a whole two years to enjoy before the next one comes around!

## **The Several Dales, A Few Fields and A Moor Run - A** **Family Day Out!** **or** **'The Chair's Revenge!'**

Following several years of the 3 Trigs run, I have been asked to organise a different location. The run will take place on **Saturday 25 September**, starting and finishing at the Grouse and Claret pub at Rowsley, north of Matlock on the A6.

John Miley, the manager of the Grouse and Claret, has kindly agreed to let us park, use the showers attached to the campsite at his pub and then have the family bar on the agreement that some people will have lunch there. The pub also has a children's' playground and is next door to the new Peak Village Shopping and Leisure Centre - which may or may not be an attraction!

Starts will be as follows:

The 'talkers' group - i.e. those who like to take their time and talk about things as they saunter along.

A slower runners group.

The main group of runners.

The aim is to finish between 12.00 and 12.30, have a shower and then lunch.

As in previous years we would like some volunteers to provide two or three drink stops along the way. If anyone is willing to do this and turn up on the correct weekend to do it (ask the Chaffey's if you don't understand this!), please give me a 'phone call before the 25<sup>th</sup>.

I have not managed to check the whole route though know most of it quite well. To give you the opportunity to look at the course on the White Peak map, the suggested route is as follows, though there are a number of alternatives that could shorten or lengthen it:

Start at the Grouse and Claret at Rowsley, G/R 257659

Turn right out of the pub and right at the Peacock Hotel. Follow road until it turns into a track. Past Bowling Green farm, down the zigzag track and onto the A6 at 232664

Take care crossing the A6 and follow path up hill in SW direction to 217653, turn right to road leading down to Conksbury Bridge (suggested drinks point)

- 1 Down the road and right into Lathkill Dale. Follow dale to footbridge at 174655 into Cales Dale. Up the dale for 200m and then left onto the Limestone Way across fields to picnic site at 194645 (suggested drinks point)
- 2 Follow Limestone Way past Lomerdale Hall and into Bradford Dale below Youlgreave to 213640. Continue on Limestone Way across Bleakley Dike, Round Wood, Harthill Moor Farm and Robin Hood's Stride to the B5056 at 228618 (suggested final drinks point).
- 3 Follow paths through Birchover, Barn Farm and onto Stanton Moor at 246625. Take lower black dotted path following the NT boundary and pick up right of way at 253636 near Endcliffe Quarry. Straightforward path from there past Stanton Woodhouse Farm to Rowsley and right at the A6 to the Grouse and Claret.

The full distance is roughly 28 km or about 17 miles. I hope to be there to see the run off but have to go to BOF Council later that day. However, Viv will have photocopied maps on the day if not beforehand at the AGM.

Why not make this a family day out, taking shorter option for those who want it or even going for a local walk before returning to the pub at lunchtime. And there is always the children's' playground, Chatsworth House or the Peak Village!

**Ranald Macdonald**

(I think that in previous years the start times for the three groups have been 0800 0830 and 0900. Ring me or Ranald in the week before if in any doubt as to which group is stating when – Graham).

## **1999 SUMMER SERIES – FINAL RESULTS**

### **MEN**

Name	Total Score
1. Steve Kimberley	345
2. Rob Shooter	335
3. John Hurley	302
4. Derek Gale	301
5. Graham Johnson	295
6. Mike Gardner	269
7. John Hopper	261
8. Steve Buckley	254
9. Andy Sykes	229
10. Terry Peach	225
11. Brian Denness	222
12. Mike Godfree	204
13. Ian Hodson	197
14. Dave Bennett	185
15. Paul Wright	184
16. Andy Mackervoy	183
17. Brian Gibbs	128
18. Mark Thompson	120
19. Dean Robinson	119
20. Tony Seaston	104
21. John Duckworth	77
22. Dave Chaffey	74
23. Ted Smith	70
24. Alastair Buckley	69
25. James Allen	68

26. Dave Walker	60
27. Roger Keeling	59
28. M. Duncan	58
29. Nick Sibley	57
30. Simon Starkey	56
31. J. Middler	55
32. Rob McPherson	39

### **WOMEN**

Name	Total Score
1=Sue Russell	306
1=Michelle Mackervoy	306
3. Claire Gale	214
4. Jen Gale	207
5. Liz Godfree	207
6. Jayne Malley.	157
7. Val Johnson	155
8. Christina Wright	151
9. Margaret Keeling	114
10. Judy Buckley	101
11. Sal Chaffey	61
12=Jenny Ewels	58
12=Helen Finlayson	58
12=Liz Tryner	58
15. Julie Reeve	57
16. Jo McPherson	45

## YELLOW

Name	Total Score
1. Daniel Kimberley	304
2. Amy Kimberley	251
3. Jessica Gale	248
4. Freya Boyes	210
5. Stuart Thompson	164
6. Simon Wright	153
7. Thomas Wright	152
8. Amelia Shooter	105
9= Erin Malley	58
9= John Blatherwick	58
9= Laura Blatherwick	58
9= Graham Walker	58
12. Spice Girls	56
13. Madisons	55
14. Boons Boys	54

## LIGHT GREEN

Name	Total Score
1. Roger Keeling	156
2. Jen Gale	154

3. Ruth Johnson	126
4. Hilary Johnson	125
5. Viv Macdonald	118
6. Adrian Boyes	113
6= Tony Seaston	113
8. Rebecca Robinson	112
9. Margaret Keeling	101
10. Ranaid Macdonald	69
11. Dave Walker	66
11= John Northall	66
13. Neil Forrest	64
14. Anne Kimberley	64
15. Dean Robinson	63
16. Sarah Thornton	62
17. Margaret Gibbs	61
18. Ralph Bedrock	60
19. Sue Bedrock	59
20. Erin Malley	56
21. Liz Smith	55
21= Matthew Cooper	55
23. Liz Tryner	54
24. Freya Boyes	53
25. J Brown	50
26. Claire Gale	47
27. Joy Hopper	46

## Letter to the Editor

A knoll writes from Catton Park:

Dear Newstrack Editor,

I have to protest that I am not just a pile of firewood. If you had taken the time to look you would have seen what your mapper saw, which is, that under all that wood there is a knoll. Moreover, the wood has survived at least one Guy Fawkes night already. I may not be as obvious as my big brother Rocky but in the local terrain I am equally significant.

Yours sincerely,

Humble Knoll

(Thanks for your valuable contribution to the 'knolls masquerading as bonfires' debate, Humble.)

## **Odds and Sods**

### **Sports Personality of the Month**

Whatever Ranald has to say on the subject (about the only privilege of being Newstrack Ed is ensuring that you can never ever again get a SPOTM award), this month's Order of the Soggy Bramble Basher goes to **Steve Kimberley** - who also, in an impressive coup, wins the occasional **Injury of the Month Award**. At the Cromford Summer Series event, Steve was sporting a nasty gash to the front of his leg. Anxious enquiries as to how he came by the injury were met with the somewhat shamefaced admission that he'd sustained it whilst executing a bit of over-enthusiastic leg-shaving. Steve has asked me to point out that this is a tried and tested method of improving your speed in mountain bike events and does not necessarily relate to any other spare time activity which he might indulge in.

As if to confirm his entitlement to this award, Steve also confessed to making a 180 degree error during the Scottish 6 days, a mistake which he attributed to navigating off the wrong end of his compass needle. How many years have you been doing this sport, Steve?

An Honourable Mention goes to **Andrea Simms** who was extremely concerned to see, as she pulled into a car park before one of the summer training runs, that she'd been followed by a police car. Fearing that the worst excesses of her driving had finally caught up with her, she was relieved when the officer who climbed out was James Allen, giving Dave Bennett a lift.

Talking of which:

### **Dave Bennett's Guide to Derbyshire's Integrated Transport System**

The brief tale of how I got to the training run at High Peak Junction:

1. Catch bus from Derby to the High Peak Junction stop on the A6.
2. Wander aimlessly, looking (unsuccessfully) for the car park.
3. Wander back to the A6.
4. Passing police car pulls up alongside me (do I really look that lost?).
5. James Allan asks what I'm doing: "The car park is on the other side of the river - I'll give you a lift round"
6. Arrive at training run in police car..... Thank you James.

**Summer Training Runs.** Wednesday night training will revert to the usual formula on 8<sup>th</sup> September (i.e. the Buckleys', 253 Duffield Road, Allestree) following a run from Bullbridge, off the A610 Ambergate-Ripley road) at 7.00 pm on 1<sup>st</sup> September.



### **Royal Flush**

On the last day of the Scottish, DVO had the job of organising the World Champs Relays and acquitted itself admirably; the smoothness of the car parking in particular was a wonder to behold. As at Carsington, we had to contend with innocent passers-by, usually joining the queue in the belief that it led to Cawdor Castle, but otherwise caught up in the sheer joy of the experience.

Toward the end of the morning I spotted a four-wheeled vehicle being driven by someone who was obviously more at home with a silver spoon than a Silva compass. He was dressed as if for a grouse hunt and wore a flat hat the width of a pizza. I dutifully explained the quickest route out, but was interrupted by a voice delivered in tones as clipped as a French poodle, explaining that 'Actually, I represent the Estate'.

The sovereign dropped. I stepped back, suppressing the urge to tug a forelock. I pointed him in the direction of the nearest parking space but then quickly realised my error. Here I was dealing with a member of the aristocracy and I had allowed him to mix with the proletariat! My hopes of a knighthood were hanging by a thread.

I dashed forward, visibly cringing. In my most sycophantic voice, I cravenly apologised and offered obsequiously to escort His Nibs to the VIP tent. I assured him that, if I only hadn't been so obtuse, he could have parked with the officials. Looking down his nose at me with all the contempt that only hundreds of years of inbreeding can engender, his lordship informed me that, really, he could park where he damn well pleased. And I had to agree.

DON'T FORGET.

## **BARBEQUE**

**Sunday 5th September  
3pm onwards**

**at The  
Hoppers  
44, South Ave,  
Chellaston,  
Derby.  
01332 703830**



**Bring your own  
meat and a  
salad / pudding  
to share.  
Please ring if  
you're coming.**

(It's all right. Joy has read the last Newstrack and knows all about this now)