

26/27 TRIGS ATTEMPT BY PETER SIMPSON JAN 12/13 1991

I first read about the 26 Trigs shortly after I had unwittingly jeopardised my chance of claiming the first Winter 15 Trigs 2 years ago, by starting in Edale. Possibly because of this I was immediately attracted to it as a Winter round. Some serious recce work took place last Winter, but the weather was never right.

A little surprised that it was not done over the summer, I checked with the club guru that there were no established rules, did another recce, felt confident (more fool me) of an attempt on 24 hours, or at least an acceptable 26, recruited Frank Yates as road support, then sat back to await the termination of flu and the start of some reasonable weather.

The forecast for the weekend showed a slow moving High, so if it was set, so was I. Leaving Glossop at 9.30. Cock Hill and Shelf stones were reached in snow flurries (indeed I found the wreck before the trig), but after that visibility was superb, and the going very firm. After Alport I dropped to Ladybower, rose to Watershed country, and descended to the Strines road in the wake of two nameless Dark Peakers on a Back Tor Training run. Emlin, Rod Moor and Stanage followed quickly and at Fox House Inn, as dark began, I felt confident.

After years of this sort of thing, I really ought to know that it is precisely at such times that fate pounces on the unwary. I set off up what I innocently thought was White Edge, descending on the correct bearing to find myself in a state of total confusion on a road that was patently several times larger and many times busier than the one above Curbar that I oughter (to?) have arrived at. Instant panic, heightened by the awful awareness that I was no longer on the Harvey map, led me to a brief and fruitless attempt to flag down a passing motorist to ask the eternal embarrassing question "Where am I" I stumbled before long on the junction I should have been at $\frac{3}{4}$ hr. earlier. I had in fact turned off at the first instead of the second road after Fox House, and proceeded along an easterly instead of a southerly track, to arrive as anticipated at a Trig without even realising it was the wrong trig. Such mega cock ups should hardly be recorded in the annals of a respectable fell running mag for fear of eternal ridicule, but there is worse to relate if only for the amusement of those who have never been similarly, although unadmittedly stupefied by the level of their own ineptitude. I had reced this mistake, but only from the road and back, so not realising where my error had led!

Some time was spent in recovering from my numbed confusion, and I proceeded to fumble my way up White Edge, and stumble down below the Edge (unnecessarily) with a faded torch (it was only supposed to be needed for half an hour) to find a surprised, but now much relieved, Frank,

I have to admit that, having wasted 1½ hrs., brief mention was made of pubs being the better part of valour, but I still felt strong (physically) and 26 hours was certainly still on, IF nothing else went wrong.

The route now took maximum advantage of roads, which is what I train on so I got a fair shift on over the next 5 trigs with road support every half hour. Unfortunately I projected myself into a position of mental torture, as 24 hours once again became a very real possibility. Computations of times and distances, ascents and terrains started to obsess my thoughts, and Frank caught me talking to myself as I came off Mam Tor. After that I resolved to suffer in silence. I had actually quite enjoyed jogging along quiet roads through the night, and the return to the fells was hard work. On Win Hill and Blackden I began to feel the time sliding inexorably away. As I left Edale I thought I might be 10 to 15 minutes over target at the end. But Dawn and very firm (too hard in places) ground and rising spirits as the end came in sight improved the pace. On Kinder I knew I was in time, the sun started to shine brilliantly, and I ran easily over Mill Hill and Harry Hut, meeting the

first of the days walkers and fell runners on their Sunday jaunts, and finished at a good pace on the final road to record a time of 23hrs. 49 mins.

It felt good to have completed the first round, the first vets round, in winter, solo (although the frequency of road support makes that qualification questionable). It will be a matter for others whether to do 26 or 27 Trigs! Clearly there is 1½ hrs to come off the 26 trigs time, and for a sub 12 hour 15 trigs person, probably 3 hours, on a good day with support. Any one for the first 20 hour circuit?

The 26/27 TRIGS. ATTEMPT BY PETER SIMPSOM 12/15 JAN 1991 - SCHEDULE

Start Hoyal Oak GLOSSOP 09.30

1	Cock Hil	09.57
2	Shelf Stones	10.29
3	Alport	11.07

Ladybower

4	Outer Edge	12.19
5	Margery Hil	12.30
6	Back Tor	13.19

Strines Road

7	Emlin	14.20
8	Rod Moor	15.08
9	High Neb	16.03
10	457 Nr Cowper Stone	16.34
11	Flask Edge	17.28
12	White Edge	18.30

Curbar

13	High Rake	20.08
14	Wardlow Hay Cop	20.34
15	Sir William Hill	21.30
16	Durham Edge	22.06
17	381 Nr Edgerake Mine	23.07
18	Bale Hill	23.43
19	365 Nr. Daisymere Farm	00.21
20	473 Cop Mine	01.43
21	Mam Tor	02.21

Castleton . Hope.

22	Win Hill	04.00
23	Blackden	05.25

Edale

24	Brown Knoll	07.12
25	Kinder Low	07.35
26	Kinder	08.07
27	Harry Hut	08.45

Finish Royal Oak Glossop 09.19

Total Time 23 hrs. 49 mins