



TORRIER

DECEMBER 08

CONGRATULATIONS TO OUR 2008 WINNERS



CLUB CHAMPION
PAUL BRANNIGAN

GRAND PRIX
CHAMPION &
LADY FELL CHAMPION
KATH BRIERLEY



ROAD CHAMPION
RICHARD BUTTERWICK



LADY ROAD CHAMPION
MEL BLACKHURST

FELL CHAMPION
CHRIS SMALE



MOST IMPROVED RUNNER, TOILET SEAT WINNER
& CLUBMAN OF THE YEAR TO BE ANNOUNCED AT THE DO

WHAT'S ON IN DECEMBER

XMAS DO & PRESENTATION

7.30PM FOR 8PM

Todmorden cricket Club

Buffet followed by "awesome" presentation,
awards ceremony, live band

If you haven't already booked your place

Send payment (cheques payable to Todmorden Harriers) **to**
Rachel Skinner, 5 Norfolk St, Hebden Bridge HX7 6HY (£15)

CALDERDALE WAY RELAY

Sunday Dec 14th

We have entered four teams in the Calderdale Way Relay.

If you do not get a run in this then you will be first on the list for the allstars team in the PBW relay. But you must VOLUNTEER, no-one will ring you up!!!

POST RACE DEBRIEF

All 48 runners and supporters are invited to the White Swan in Hebden Bridge to celebrate the day's achievements, swap tales and receive their slate coasters from Team Captains.

Starts at 7.30pm with food served at 8.00pm.

Get the word out because it will be just brilliant to fill the entire pub with Toddies!

Top race, top Club and now a top night out. JOHN PRESTON



HOT TODDY ROAD RACE SUNDAY 28TH DEC 11AM MARSHAL'S WANTED

IF AVAILABLE TO HELP PLEASE RING PETER ON 01706 813417

Pack Runs

**Wednesdays
7pm start**

**DEC— WHITE HART
TODMORDEN**

**PLEASE NOTE CHANGE OF
VENUE AS THE QUEEN HAS
CLOSED**

TOD HARRIERS Mini Mountain Marathon

THREE HOUR SCORE EVENT

**Either 2nd or 3rd Sunday in
January**

**Details later this month on
website & in next newsletter**

JINGLE BATS

Weds 17th December 08

Bring head torch , fancy dress compulsory , you can dress as anyone except Santa (that's Batman's prerogative).



Nominations

**Still being taken for
clubman of the year
pass to Derek or
Mandy**

GRAND PRIX 2008 – A summary

Congratulations to Kath Brierley - this year's 'Grand Prix Champion'. She becomes the fourth different winner in the past four years, showing how competitive and open the GP can be. And she had to score a (recent) record number of points to head the table.

The new GP format with an extra six races to choose from certainly encouraged participation – 20 Toddlies qualified this year (running at least 8 races, a minimum of 3 fell and 3 road must be included). This is double the number of qualifiers last year and the best for many seasons. It is encouraging to see that four new members, competing in the GP for the first time, made it into the top 20. And by my reckoning (which may be wrong as excessive drinking hampers the memory) seven runners will be receiving certificates for the first time – including Kath! All the more reason to get along to support them and all the others at our presentation do.

The total numbers of Toddlies who competed at least one GP race was 84 – an impressive turnout and again better than previous years. 70 of the 84 ran a fell race, whilst 48 ventured onto the roads. Whilst 20 managed to fulfil the GP criteria, 23 only ran one race and a further 9 only two. But over half of our active runners managed 4 races, halfway to the GP requirement. The average number of races run by a GP entrant was 5.39. Mel Blackhurst was 'Most Prolific Runner' with 17 races to her credit, followed by Kath Brierley and Claire Duffield on 15. So where were the Ultra men?

Moyra Parfitt, who was second in the GP, actually scored the highest average points per race and could well have won the GP if she had run at Oakworth. In fact everyone who was there scored their highest GP points at this race, (four runners gained over 100 points each) – a veritable haul. Excluding the aberration of Oakworth, all but three runners who qualified, many of whom would regard themselves as better on the fells, scored their best GP points in short road races. It's not just how good you are, it's the extra couple of points scored in these sorts of races that can decide your position. All the more reason to do as many as you can.

Plenty of local races ensured good turnouts – Midgley, Blackstone Edge, Whittle Pike and Mytholmroyd on the fells – as did the weekend away at Coniston where 32 was the highest overall turnout, though this proved to be the hardest race for gaining points. By far the favourite road races were Helen Windsor and Ron Hill's followed by the trail races at Guiseley and Norland. Long road races were left to the specialists, attracting only two runners who did not qualify for the Road Championship (one of whom was Paul Brannigan, for reasons that become clear below). Overall, there were 158 Tod entries in the 12 road events and 295 for the 18 fell races.

Finally our 'Club Champion' had only four contenders this year. Needing to run one road and one fell race in short, medium and long categories it was targeted by Paul Brannigan as his only chance of winning something this year. Four of his qualifying points came in the last possible race in their categories; his season effectively starting at the end of August! It would have been a close result at the top had Nick Barber run a long road race. Did he realise? Was this ultimately a tactical victory by Paul; an old head triumphing over a younger's lack of awareness?

Hopefully this has been of some interest, but more importantly of encouragement to get lots more Toddlies competing in and qualifying for next year's GP. Good luck and go for it.

Dave O'Neill

(Full results for this year's club championships can be found at the back of this edition of the Torrier)



Here are three accounts from intrepid Harriers who took part in this year's OMM. The 'media' did its best to look for disaster stories but failed miserably. All they got was a soaking and lots of smiling competitors.

For the official press release from the event organisers, and some interesting statistics, visit:

www.theomm.com/assets/files/PressRelease/OMM_PressRelease2008.pdf

Serendipity in the OMM

Most Toddies will now be aware, from an array of sources, that Dave and I received some remarkable press coverage of our exploits in the OMM last month.

This was entirely due to our being in the right place at the right time. It could be said that we were the only team that actually finished properly – by coming off the hills in the proper way at the proper time. The fact that we missed out the overnight camp was beside the point.

Our arrival coincided with that of the national press, who had finally managed to locate the Event Centre in Seathwaite, but failed to find any body bags, or maimed and bloodied survivors. So we had to do instead.

We were also in the right place at the right time the afternoon before, when our route to the day one finish took us to the door of Black Sail Youth Hostel. This came at a time when our points tally was moving into negative territory, and it had become obvious that there would be no chance of finding a camping spot in Buttermere where we could comfortably pass the night.

Whether it was our age or good looks that persuaded the Warden to offer us hospitality and a bed for the night we shall never know, but it certainly transformed the rest of the day and night, and gave us a good story to tell. Drinking beer and whisky in front of a hot stove definitely has the edge on wondering how long the tent will stay up, or where the first leak will appear.

On reflection, the pivotal point had occurred a couple of hours previously, when we arrived at the right place at the wrong time. The right place was a checkpoint, a boulder on a promontory high above Wasdale. We reached it after a long traverse across a very nasty, steep scree slope, and I was most chuffed to hit it spot-on in the mist. The joy was short-lived, as we had taken too long to reach it, and it was a long way from home. The direct route to the overnight camp was back down the slope and across some very inhospitable terrain, especially as the hills were alive with water, and the wind and rain showed no sign of abating. So we played safe and took a good track down to Wasdale Head, aware that we had blown any chance of getting back to the finish in our allotted six hours.

For over four hours of continuous wind and rain we had been totally committed to navigating and finding controls, gaining points; then suddenly this was no longer relevant, as these hard won points were all going to disappear. The focus of the day changed to choosing a sensible route to the finish, and enjoying (yes, really) the spectacle of the volume of water pouring off the hills, the streams becoming torrents, the scale of which I have never seen before in the Lakes. Not just a spectacle, you were part of it, totally involved in it. Congratulations to the OMM team for not taking the easy option, and cancelling the whole event.

Trevor Smith, Nov 2008.

AbOMMinable Borrowdale

Fame at last! You probably heard about us on the BBC. We were two of the 1700 lost souls, reported as missing in action on the wild Cumberland fells in the mountain marathon from hell. Our epic story began early that morning...

My underpants provided little bodily protection from the wind whipping down the valley. "Hold on tight" I shouted to Mandy and Sue as they attempted to sit on two corners of a flysheet with a life of its own. Don't ask how I ended up in a "threesome" with the top Toddies lady team...needless to say Mandy wouldn't let me sleep in the middle! It was 5.30am on a dark, cold and windy Saturday morning. The event hadn't even begun yet. We'd been rudely awoken by a loud flapping noise as the freshening wind prised a tent peg free. Clad only in crocs and jocks I'd gallantly dived out to sort it out. But, as I replaced one tent peg, two more would pop out at the other side. I was dashing backwards and forwards in the dark like an animated lighthouse, headtorch beam searching for pegs catapulted skywards by the caving canvas. Goose pimples were forgotten as I battled to regain control. The ripping noise signalled defeat. With flysheet in tatters all we could do was take turns at sitting on our belongings, heaped on the grass below the stars, while the others pulled on some clothing and packed sleeping bags and mats as best they could as unexpected objects whistled past us, sucked out from under the flysheets of other tents by the manic wind. "Have you seen the car key?" Mandy asked. "It was in the tent pocket" I replied, heart sinking. The inner tent had done a wild dance before finally collapsing around Mandy's ears and the car keys were no longer in the pocket. Having packed all our kit we now frantically unpacked it. Our running gear for the imminent OMM was in the car. Having scoured the grass surrounding our demolished tent the key finally turned up in my kitbag, scooped up when rescuing clothes in the melee. We headed for Wilf's and a well deserved bacon butty and brew.

Our pre-dawn tent crisis on the Saturday morning provided an insight into how events of the day might unfold. For the first few hours the wind and rain were intermittent and nothing like the torrential rain and 110mph blasts anticipated by the MWIS forecast. I was running with Oz Kershaw and we'd made good progress from the start at Seathwaite, over Allen Craggs to Esk Hause. The wind, funneling through Ore Gap, abated as we descended towards Eskdale. The boggy ground round Burnmoor Tarn was even soggy than usual and we were glad of the wooden footbridge over the raging river at Wasdale Head. Heads down we ploughed up to Beckhead. Just as I was about to say to Oz, "Don't know what happened to the high winds?" we turned onto Moses Trod and felt the full brunt of the impending gale, bearing down on us from the north. We battled to the next checkpoint, conveniently located in the middle of a stream junction. What would normally be two gentle streams now looked like grade 5 rapids with two white water cascades meeting in a violent maelstrom. Risking a likely terminal thrill ride we punched the checkpoint and escaped onto the hillside. Well, what should have been a hillside. It was now just a sheet of flowing water. Despite the relentless drenching rain, and a wind that was throwing us about like paper puppets, we were in high spirits. It's not often that you see waterfalls flowing up into the sky, testament to the brutish force of the storm. Bing Crosby sprang to mind as we splashed our way across the fells, although this was definitely not the place to put a brolly up!

The next checkpoint was yet another hard to find re-entrant. "I've spotted it", I shouted to Oz above the incessant noise. "Down there", I pointed. I could see two checkpoint kites, the red and white markings standing out from the green and brown heather. Oz got there first. "Check the letters before you punch" I called. "Make sure we've got the right one." Oz looked up, a grin on his face. "It's E W E" he laughed, "You need some glasses". The two sheep, with red brands on their backs, sauntered down the hill. We found the real checkpoint round a knoll. There was one more to go before we reached the mid-way camp. Unfortunately there was a river in our way which was attaining Mississippi-like proportions. "It looks shallow over there", I pointed. As we reached the edge we met Mandy and Sue weighing up the option of a quick drowning against a long walk upstream. "We'll get you across" we boasted. Linking arms, Oz went first. The water roared past as we edged out, knee deep...thigh deep...waist deep. Oz called a halt. "The current's too strong here". We tried again 50m further up river where it had formed a wide lagoon. The flow was stronger than it looked but at waist deep didn't seem too bad. Suddenly Oz ducked down. I thought he was having a joke but the look on his face as he submerged to neck level and headed downstream suggested otherwise. I lunged out, grabbed his arm and pulled him back. "There's a deep hole" he spluttered as we resigned ourselves to trekking upstream. Eventually, safely across where the river braided, we legged it down the path, itself now resembling a river, towards the finish. "Whooa there" the marshal flagged us down as he hammered down the track. "No need to run, the event's been cancelled." Somewhat deflated we perked up when we visualised a nice warm Ratti hut and a pint or three in the Old DG. If we leg it over Honister to the car we can be in Langdale for 7pm we mused. It was not to be. The warm hut became a draughty barn, with 400+ fellow residents, no bar and a BBC interview team. Without a can of beer between us all we were well and truly lost. But what an experience, I wouldn't have missed it for anything.

Phil Hodgson

My first OMM - 2008 Borrowdale 25th & 26th October

Long Score Day 1: 7hrs Day 2: 6hrs

22/10/08 Pre OMM

I shall try to summarize the main events that have led up to my current position. It all initially started whilst training for GNR06 that I had surprised myself by and like many others, catching the running bug. The next summer, after some common teething troubles and minor injuries, I was back in fitness and I can recollect what must have been August 07 lying in bed with my better half telling her I had made the decision that I planned to run a marathon. I had recently begun to tire of running up and down the canal and began to venture into Hardcastle Craggs, I was enjoying running the various trails, which I found more stimulating. It was soon after that, that I ran my first fell race (Blackshawhead). I knew that there was more exciting places to run than just the crags. It was when I first joined Tod Harriers that I became introduced to the different scope of challenges out there. Within a couple of months I was aware of this thing called the OMM.

I shall be running with OMM vet Ben Crowther – since volunteering. I have heard all sorts of tales from Ben and quite a few others regarding particular events that have featured in Ben's OMM escapades.

Training has involved weekend long runs, aiming for more than four hours; we recently had a good run on the Yorkshireman, which was good for my confidence – knowing I could cover the distance. Some runs involved carrying kit, and some have focused upon navigation. Up until this all began I hadn't really used a map and compass since I was in the cubs back in the 80's. After the long runs carrying gear I usually have a nice open blister about the size of a fifty pence on the back of my heel. I usually get back from these runs, eat two or three Sunday dinners, drink beer then fall asleep. This coming weekend there will be no such luxury. I can only look forward to some cous cous and other dehydrated foods. Followed, if lucky, by some sleep – the tent we shall be using for this epic adventure race cost £12 from Lidl.

My family has been supportive but I think that they to will be relieved when I'm home and we can have a full weekend together (maybe). I am currently off work with a cold or maybe its PMT (Pre Marathon Tension). The weather forecast is currently rain, rain, rain and gales. I'm apprehensive but I can comfort myself in knowing that after that first night its only six hours till I can eat, eat, eat.

My Baptism of water

I'm sure you have all heard a lot about the OMM via the recent media response and a variety of forums and what can I say. Crossing over mountains and through rivers, there were gusts up to 110MPH, these made me curl up in a ball and sent me off course as I tried to leap over some of the streams. The torrential rain felt like gravel being fired in your face and sounded like fireworks as it rattled off the hood of my jacket. There were moments when I was cold and uncomfortable, my fingers were numb and lacking dexterity, but these short moments of discomfort were completely offset by the absolute sheer beauty and magnificence. Streams and waterfalls poured down the sides of the mountains like the white sauce on a Christmas pudding. It was awesome. Ben's navigational and motivational skills were fantastic. Sadly when we reached the camp for the end of day one we were informed that day two was cancelled and that we should return to the start by crossing over Honister – this may have been the toughest part of the day. The torrent of water roared down the road and the wind was at points immobilizing. Down in Borrowdale, cars were up to there bonnets in water. We weren't gonna be going home tonight.

After hot food and getting in warm dry clothes four of us (Ben, John Wright and Andy Horsfall) spent a crammed night in the car. Warm, dry, well fed and in good spirits. By the 7 a.m. the water level had dropped and we were heading home for 10.

This event is designed to test the mountain skills and judgement of the competitors and hence is deliberately staged at this time of the year where the elements play a significant part. Bearing in mind the ethos of the event and necessary experience required of entrants, the decision to allow the event to go ahead was the right one.

This was my first and by all accounts conditions were harsh, but next year I hope to again participate and next year I want two days of it - whatever the conditions.

Nick Barber

Shepherd's Skyline Report

Thanks to all the helpers and Marshalls who helped make the Shepherds Skyline fell race happen - another great team effort by Tod Harriers race productions.

This was the biggest Shepherds Skyline race ever (by far!) with 92 juniors and 368 seniors competing. Apart from Andy GrenFell's unfortunate injury and problems with car parking (we ran out of road - may need to limit nos next year?) everything ran very smoothly. It must have been tough conditions as the runners polished off 1 cwt of hot pot!

Special thanks to the marshalls who assisted in Andy's rescue and to all the runners who stopped to offer help and kit (see kit list of gear at bottom of post to reclaim items lent). The rescue happened quickly and smoothly - testament to our comms and safety system and to the emergency services and local MRTs. We'll be sending our thanks together with a donation to the local MRT.

Just been round to see Andy and he's in good spirits despite not being able to move his leg yet. I'm sure you all join us in wishing him a speedy recovery.

Kit returned from Andy:

Stripy Hat, black gloves, black jacket-Emma G
Patagonia Gillet, Seal Skinz outer gloves - Colin D
Blue Windproof - Peter M
We'll get these back to you at Weds packrun

Also: light brown fleece ?
black Inov8 cap ?

Found at race control:

kiddies black and grey Quecha jacket
kiddies red and grey Gelert jacket
small brown beanie hat with stripes

Results of Lancaster Half-Marathon

9th September 2008

(1st 1.09.39; 2nd 1.12.37; 3rd 1.12.42)

pos			time			road pts	GP pts
46	Duncan Richie	M	1:	27:	22	82.0	82.0
62	Paul Brannigan	M40	1:	29:	11	80.3	85.1
146	Kevin Coughlan	M45	1:	38:	46	72.6	78.6
190	Bev Wright	F35	1:	43:	17	69.4	80.2
284	Mel Siddall	F45	1:	52:	20	63.8	78.4

The Full Yorkshireman 2008

It's probably best NOT to be eating whilst reading this....

The low heather brushed against the outside of my leg. I felt pleasure, pleasure for the first time in hours. Normally bracken, heather, small bushes, whatever, are too abrasive and to be avoided. Yet I was being drawn to them. It was actually quite sensual. I brushed my legs again....and again.

Even in my drowsy, lack of blood to the brain, confusion, it was easy to work it out. Simply the heather was brushing off the layers of farm yard silage and cowpats that had splashed onto my legs.

Every field seemed to be a quagmire, with cowpats everywhere. That cloud of fresh aroma that we all know, escaping like Billy Fartpants on Beans. The drier fields were no better as you avoid the fresh cowpats only to land in some well matured vintage ones. I'm still confused on whether this was better than the paths/gateways full of sloppy slurry.

Dried mud on legs niggles to start with, but then feels like you've got a fly on your leg. I've tried to train the mind to ignore such wrong signals, but eventually it feels like the fly is eating away ones leg. I'm pathetically weak in these circumstances.

I'd scratch my legs only to realise what I was scratching. I've got sh*t up to my knees, I've now got sh*t over my fingers. I'm staring at my mucky fingers telling myself off. It's so pungent I could smell it. Sadly I know that moments later I'll be using these same fingers to feed myself biscuits and jelly babies. Still it was okay as I hygienically wiped my fingers on my shorts.

The off road marathon is really quite good. It's been on my books for ages, and I'm pleased to have done it. Do it next year if only for the heather sensation, and if it's dry, do it because it's a great course, well organised and marshalled.

....and whilst we at the pub (yes we were surprisingly allowed in after the race) the sun came out, as it always does in Haworth apparently.

Pale Rider (NB I should be safe to approach since I've had a bath since running the race)

Yorkshireman or Scouser?

This was my first attempt at this event and I really enjoyed it. The organisation was excellent, and the course was varied and well marked. I made a very steady start, if anything a little too steady, but quickened the pace a little after three miles. At least the steady start meant that I felt fairly comfortable until the last 30 minutes or so of the race. Chris Preston was at the final food station and gave me some encouragement as well as a piece of cake.

As for the mud, yes there was a lot of it, mostly in combination with cow s***t. Pale Rider writes graphically about his dirty legs, clothes and hands, but he was lucky. Despite wiping my hands on my shorts I DID manage to get some muck into my mouth at some point. I know this because I spent most of the next 2 days being violently ill (I'll spare you the graphic details), and spent nearly a week surviving on dry toast and water. Of course I'll be back next year, but I must remember to take a bottle of Dettol with me.

Last year Colin used this race in an attempt to confirm his standing as a true Yorkshireman. My problem is that I really am an offcomer, and worse than that a Scouser! Even with 17yrs residence in this glorious county I don't think I have any chance. Perhaps I need some regression therapy to restore my Scouse accent and way of life? Just make sure after the next pack run you count the wheels on your car.

Strider

Toilet Seat 2008

It's been a while since I reported on your antics, but I have to say that, although thin on the ground, these are all exceptional tales of idiocy and drama and well worth the wait! I haven't been out and about too often of late so my thanks go to Mandy, our intrepid reporter, always ready to plumb the depths for the best dirt to dish on you all.

*Yours,
Uncle Barry*

She just gets worse... The Scene: 5 minutes prior to start of Bronte Way. Characters: Branny, Sue Roberts and Jim Smith. Branny: "Sue, your number appears to be blank". Sue: "Oops! I've pinned it on back to front" 5 points Sue **...and worse...** After an evening out, Mandy and Phil got a taxi home, and Sue kindly dropped Mandy's car off first thing Monday and decided to run home to Oxenhope with Sammy the dog. On reaching Heptonstall, Sammy disappeared into the distance (as he often does). Sadly, he went a different way to Sue and by the time she realised this he had retraced his steps and was running up and down the main street in Heptonstall. Sammy was then picked up by the people from Hebden Bridge pet shop: they phoned Martin and he drove over to pick him up. Sue retraced her steps to Louise's - still no Sammy. Sue phoned Martin (no answer: he had gone to pick Sammy up). Sue phoned Jane and Richard and they came over to help search for him. They all then spent the next two hours looking for Sammy - even enlisting help of the local postman and anyone else who was prepared to help. Sue had now phoned Martin on at least 10 occasions, leaving messages on their answer-phone. Meanwhile, Martin was wondering where Sue was - had she fallen and broken something? Martin eventually returned home - with Sammy, picked up numerous answer-phone messages before finally managing to contact Richard to call off the search!!! Another 5 points Sue!

How do they do it? Derek left his shoes behind his car after a pack run. Luckily they were picked up by Sean Godsmen the next day. 5 points Derek.

Easy Rider: Mark Anderton's bike fell to bits on the Three Peaks Cyclocross Challenge. Undeterred, Mark dug his fixed wheel bike out of the car and rode up Pen-y-ghent on that! I'd call that nothing short of miraculous! But he still collects 5 points for being daft enough to attempt it! (Full report October Torrier)

Drinker with a running problem? Stuart Boulton dropped out half way through the Lakeland 50 in Ambleside at the Lakes Runner checkpoint. Strange, how he then managed to summon up the energy to rush round to Threshers to buy 3 bottles of red wine isn't it? He proceeded to drink one in the shop whilst waiting for his lift, (well it was 3 for £10), and then shared the second with Janet and Mandy at race HQ. Hmmm. Collect 5 points Stuart.

Another drinker with a running problem? Hazel prepared a lovely dinner, set the table and then reached for the wine. On asking Uncle Barry where the half full bottle of wine from the previous night was, he denied ever having seen it...and then quietly disappeared into the garden. He returned triumphant, waving the missing bottle, and stating that it was especially chilled and ready to drink. It most certainly was: he'd "tidied up" earlier in the day with his usual gusto, not bothered to check the contents, and chucked the bottle into Branny's recycling bin! Here's a tidy 5 points for you Uncle Barry

Gate crasher Ray Poulter parked his motor on a client's drive and walked away. He returned two hours later for some gear, no probs, and walked away. On his return half an hour later, no motor. The motor had done a runner-- through the electric security gates and down the drive!!!! The result? 7K of damage to the gates, the motor a complete write off, and a 10 point award (for gates & motor) from Uncle Barry.

'Allo 'Allo! Suffering from dehydration and heat exhaustion during much of the Verdon Canyon Challenge, Phil eventually collapsed in the first aid tent at the finish, blacked out, suffered a couple of fits, and awoke minutes later to find he was on oxygen and being interrogated by a French medic..." Do you know who you are? Do you know *where* you are?". Collect 5 points for living dangerously Phil. (Read the full report in the September Torrier)

Don't try this at home: Ben Crowther nearly blew himself up on the Bonfire night Bat Run. He had a rocket in a piece of drainpipe and unfortunately it slipped down inside the pipe and then blew up. He said he was OK but his ears hurt a bit! 5 points for crass stupidity Ben.

And finally: Neil & Helen are going on a church trip to Scarbrough when the Tod Do is on! (Neils mum is very involved) . Worse - they've also talked Roger & Paula into going. I've never witnessed such an act of disloyalty to the Harriers before and so am awarding 5 points to each and every one of you (*Uncle Barry*)

League Table

Phil Hodgson	20
Sue Roberts	15
Jane Leonard	15
Martin Roberts	15
Paul Brannigan	10
Colin Duffield	10
Richard Leonard	10
Barry Chapman	10
Kath Brierley	5
Mark Harris	5
Derek Donohue	5
Rhys	5
Stuart Boulton	5
Mark Anderton	5
Ben Crowther	5
Neil Hodgkinson	5
Helen Hodgkinson	5
Roger Haworth	5
Paula Haworth	5

2008 ENGLISH CHAMPS FELL TABLE				Blackstone Edge	Duffon	Black Combe	Kentmere	Three Peaks	Borrowdale	Qualified?	TOTAL
1	Chris Smale	M40		96.3	100.2	97.5	100.6	95.1	79.8	Q	295.9
2	Alistair Rhodes Dawson	M		91.4			89.7		80.9	Q	262.0
3	Dave Collins	M50		84.1	85.6	86.9	85.8	83.5	76.6	Q	256.0
4	Martin Roberts	M50		81.9	80.7	84.7	80.1	73.3		Q	239.9
5	Phil Hodgson	M50			75.7	76.0		77.3	79.7	Q	231.4
6	Alison Richards	F			76.8	77.7	79.1	73.9		Q	229.8
7	Kath Brierley	F45			74.5	73.2	75.2	73.5		Q	223.2
8	Andrew Bibby	M50		77.1	75.9		74.3	69.6		Q	221.0
9	Christine Preston	F40			72.5	72.9		75.2	69.0	Q	220.6
10	Jane Leonard	F50		72.9	70.1	71.3		66.8	66.3	Q	211.0
11	Richard Leonard	M45			70.5	73.0		66.8		Q	210.3
12	Peter Ehrhardt	M60		62.1		63.0	64.7	58.1		Q	184.9
13	Mandy Goth	F45			59.3	61.3			54.6	Q	175.2
14	Andrew Horsfall	M40		87.5				80.8		X	168.3
15	Nick Barber	M		85.0			82.9			X	167.9
16	Andy McFie	M				86.5		79.4		X	165.9
17	Paul Brannigan	M40			80.3		79.7			X	160.0
18	Simon Galloway	M40		82.0			76.0			X	158.0
19	James Riley	M				78.2		72.4	67.3	X	150.6
20	Claire Duffield	F35		74.2	76.1	72.2	73.0			X	149.1
21	Jeremy Godden	M45		75.9	71.9	70.8	71.8			X	147.7
22	Rhys Watkins	M40				74.8		69.6		X	144.4
23	John Preston	M40				73.4			67.7	X	141.1
24	Mick Craven	M50					73.3		67.6	X	140.9
25	Melanie Blackhurst	F40				63.1	71.0	66.4		X	137.4
26	Sue Roberts	M45		63.9	62.4	65.0	63.9			X	128.9
27	Helen Hodgkinson	F35		63.5			62.1			X	125.6
28	Louise Abdy	F45		59.4					54.6	X	114.0
29	Andrew Wrench	M40				97.7				X	97.7
30	Jon Wright	M						95.0	91.5	X	95.0
31	Steve Brandwood	M50				85.9				X	85.9
32	Ben Crowther	M				75.4	80.2			X	80.2
33	Sarah Warburton	F		71.7						X	71.7
34	Mick Howard	M45						70.8		X	70.8
35	Geoff Read	M45		70.4						X	70.4
36	Derek Donohue	M45				70.0				X	70.0
37	Lee McCluskey	M50						68.0		X	68.0
38	Richard Blakeley	M65						65.2		X	65.2
39	Moyra Parfitt	F60		63.2						X	63.2
40	Dave O'Neill	M50		58.6						X	58.6
41	Stuart Bolton	M45						58.0		X	58.0
42	Derek Clutterbuck	M75			53.3					X	53.3

[illegible]

2008 ROAD TABLE				Huddersfield 10k	Guiseley Gallop 10k	Helen Windsor 10k	Ron Hill 5k	Lytham 10m	Robertstown 7m	Norland Moor 7m	Stainland 7m	Oldham 1/2m	Hendon Brook 13.5	langdale 1/2m	Lancasret 1/2m	Completed Races	total points	Qualified?	qualifying TOTAL
1	Richard Butterwick	M		76.6	79.7	88.3	73.1	75.3		82.3	85.0			82.3		8	642.6	Q	494.2
2	Duncan Ritchie	M				85.7	78.1		85.0	79.7			79.1		82.0	6	489.6	Q	489.6
3	Melanie Blackhurst	F40		71.8	80.2	76.5	69.1		76.6		77.0		78.8	78.0		8	608.0	Q	467.1
4	Richard O'Sullivan	M45		71.8	80.9			76.9			74.3	78.8	78.4			6	461.1	Q	461.1
5	Claire Duffield	F35			79.2	79.6	71.6			75.1	78.4		74.9			6	458.8	Q	458.8
6	Kevin Coughlan	M45		67.4		78.5	69.4		75.5	69.5	71.9		72.9	72.5	72.6	9	650.2	Q	443.9
7	Stephen Burnip	M50		67.1	70.2	72.5	65.2	70.4	70.2	63.4	66.2	69.5		65.9		10	680.6	Q	419.9
8	Mel Siddall	F45				68.6	69.2		73.7	65.1		72.3			63.8	6	412.7	Q	412.7
9	Peter Ehrhardt	M60			70.6	68.9	62.4			65.7		70.7	69.4			6	407.7	Q	407.7
10	Myra Wells	F50			62.5	62.6	59.2	61.3		58.2	59.1			59.5		7	422.4	Q	364.2
11	Ian Stansfield	M65			49.0	53.8	50.2		49.9	46.9	54.2			52.7		7	356.7	Q	309.8
12	Paul Brannigan	M40			90.3	86.8					85.2				80.3	4	342.6	X	342.6
13	Bev Wright	F35				74.5	66.9		72.3						69.4	4	283.1	X	283.1
14	Elise Milnes	F45		62.9	68.8	69.8					71.3					4	272.8	X	272.8
15	Moyra Parfitt	F60		60.9	67.7				68.5		64.4					4	261.5	X	261.5
16	Dave O'Neill	M50			68.2	65.9	58.6			56.7						4	249.4	X	249.4
17	Simon Galloway	M40			85.6	81.2	75.6									3	242.4	X	242.4
18	Mick Craven	M50			82.5			77.2			77.4					3	237.1	X	237.1
19	Andrew Bibby	M50		73.5		82.2					79.8					3	235.5	X	235.5
20	Kath Brierley	F45				79.1	72.8			77.2						3	229.1	X	229.1
21	Lucy Hobbs	F35		68.0		80.1		71.5								3	219.6	X	219.6
22	Jeremy Godden	M45					69.3			73.7	72.3					3	215.3	X	215.3
23	Nigel Hanson	M50		66.3				69.9	67.9							3	204.1	X	204.1
24	Michael Hennigan	M60		63.9	67.7				70.6							3	202.2	X	202.2
25	Helen Hodgkinson	F35				74.1	61.3			66.2						3	201.6	X	201.6
26	Graham Milnes	M50			62.9	64.1					62.1					3	189.1	X	189.1
27	Mandy Goth	F45		59.7			59.8			57.7						3	177.2	X	177.2
28	Nick Barber	M			88.7					86.2						2	174.9	X	174.9
29	Derek Clutterbuck	M75					54.5			54.4	59.5					3	168.4	X	168.4
30	Derek Donohue	M45				84.7										1	84.7	X	84.7
31	Deon Bamford	M40				84.3										1	84.3	X	84.3
32	Sarah Glyde	F				79.5										1	79.5	X	79.5
33	Kevin Booth	M40								78.4						1	78.4	X	78.4

34	Phil Hodgeon	M50							77.5							1	77.5	X	77.5
35	Lisa Parsons	F40				76.7										1	76.7	X	76.7
36	Lee McCluskey	M50		76.1												1	76.1	X	76.1
37	Jeff Anderson	M45						72.6								1	72.6	X	72.6
38	Rhys Watkins	M40					71.6									1	71.6	X	71.6
39	Eric Emerson	M55					71.3									1	71.3	X	71.3
40	Keith Parkinson	M55					70.9									1	70.9	X	70.9
41	Hazel Chapman	F55				60.4										1	60.4	X	60.4
42	Barry Chapman	M60				57.4										1	57.4	X	57.4
43	Carla Williamson	F35				54.5										1	54.5	X	54.5
44	Katy Moore	F35						54.5								1	54.5	X	54.5
45	Jenny Ehrhardt	F					52.1									1	52.1	X	52.1
46	Laurence Bristow	M						51.0								1	51.0	X	51.0
47	John Newby	M75					44.3									1	44.3	X	44.3
48	Jim Smith	M65				42.3										1	42.3	X	42.3