

# The Pennine Way

## Issue Six

*Pauline Charters' stunning photo of Dave Ward at the TWA. Photo by kind permission.*

# Pennine Fell Runners.

## Committee Members.

Secretary: Dave Bowen.

Club Captain & Senior Men's Coordinator: Noel Curtis replaces Dave Ward.

Ladies' Coordinator: Claire Aspinnall.

Men's V40 Coordinator: Mark Burton replaces Stefan Bramwell

Men's V50 Coordinator: Rick Houghton.

Treasurer: Patrick Barry replaces Mike Munnally

Membership Secretary: Phil Barnes.

Communications: Geoff Briggs.

Web Editor: Alison Brentnall.

Long Distance Coordinator: Barney Crawshaw.

Training Coordinator: Andy McMurdo replaces Katherine Harvey.

Journal Editor: Mark Fermer.

[www.penninefellrunners.co.uk](http://www.penninefellrunners.co.uk)

[www.facebook.com/groups/PennineFellRunners](https://www.facebook.com/groups/PennineFellRunners)

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*Club Secretary, Dave Bowen. Photo Grand Day Out.*

# Captain's Report 2016.

By Dave Ward.



*Dave, right, part of Jasmin Paris's stunning Bob Graham. Photo Over yonder.*

I'd like to open this year's report by thanking everyone that has been on the committee and helped to run the club over the last 5 years. I'd especially like to thank Alan and Dave Bowen for their hard work as secretary; Geoff's weekly comms and ever-present enthusiasm of a Thursday night and Dave Jones' clipboard which gets some hammer with the multitude of intra-club events and races he organises throughout the year.

The new Facebook page has been great for organisation, lift shares, photos and the odd bit of oddball banter. On that front, could I urge anyone with stories to tell/photos to share, to send them to Mark Fermer for the journal. He does a grand job but it is up to us to give him the content to work with, otherwise I'm sure he'll happily regale us with pictures of the Man City team and song lyrics from his youth!

I'll try not to repeat what you'll have already read in the various Captain's reports about our performances on the racing front. However, a few standouts that I would be remiss not to mention are:

☑ Jane Mellor winning the British FV50 Championship. I hope Jane won't mind me mentioning that she has come back from debilitating illness and injury. To be racing again at such a high level is a testament to what can be achieved by combining natural talent with sheer hard work and determination.

☑ Nic Barber's win at the Trigger and repeating his 2nd place at the OMM elite. Nic also narrowly missed a famous victory at the Kinder Downfall race, being outsprinted on Valley Road after leading for much of the race (and probably guiding the eventual winner round the course too).

☑ Rick leading the V50 team from the front again with an individual bronze medal in the English champs and 5th in the British. Not to mention retaining his Edale Skyline trophy the day after running at Black Combe.

In the juniors we've had Lucas Parker win the senior race at Charlesworth and Daniel Soles beating all the Pennine men including the aforementioned Nic Barber at Up the Nab. It's looking bright for the future of the club, stick with it lads and lasses.

What has Dave Bowen done you may ask? What hasn't he done! As well as being club secretary, he has been a ubiquitous presence at races this year. Anyone done every PFR champs race and handicap in one season before?! It doesn't seem long ago that he was nursing a crocked ankle for many weeks. He's certainly made up for lost time after getting back to fitness again!

The relays were both great weekends away once again, with a second place in the Hodgson Brothers relay for the mixed team and a brace of 3rd places for the v40 and v50 teams at the British relays in Scotland.

Particular commendation goes to those who took on the relays for the first time, some with babies in tow which were handed over between legs, or were commandeered to take part at the very last minute. Tim Oliver popped his Lakes running cherry partnering mad Doc Muir Morton for some Kamikaze descending which was either brave or foolishly naive.

Aside from all this success in elite competition, we've had some great social gatherings both on weekends away and club night events and I'd again like to thank Geoff, the 2 Daves and everyone else who makes these things happen. Thanks again to Amanda Holloway for supporting the Daz H memorial Buttermere Horseshoe race and this year a great social event afterwards, hopefully to be repeated.

Without blowing Dave Jones' trumpet too much (or should that be strumming his guitar?) I'd also like to commend him on devising and organising the new Eskdale Elevation race this year. I heard gushing praise afterwards from Rhys FR, the now British Champion; Wendy Dodds (who takes no prisoners and leaves no cake); a certain Adam Perry (once of these parts and runs a bit in the Lakes) and a couple of Ellenborough locals who all know a thing or two about these things. The consensus was 'That's what a real fell race should be'. I hope the Elevation continues and prospers in the years to come.

OK enough rambling, I'll close by wishing the incoming Club Captain the best of luck and success.

*Dave Ward.*

# Men's V40 Report 2016.

By Stefan Bramwell.



*V40 Bronze medalists, Dave Ward, Mark Burton, Stefan Bramwell, Matt Hulley. Not shown Noel Curtis and Muir Morton. Photo Zoe Procter.*

This is my last report of my v40 coordinators tenure before fresh blood takes over and I'm pleased to be able to tell you I'm handing over the team in good health and full of promise.

While my own season was curtailed by injury, the rest of the team flew the Pennine flag proudly.

## Relays

As always, the relays took pride and place as the highlight of the season. We started with the Hodgson Brother Mountain Relay and it was another fantastic day. The weather was perfect and the Langton centre provided a great base for Pennine exploits. The vets team (largely comprising of v40's with a smattering of v50's) came away with 18th overall (out of 70), fourth in category and the first Pennine team home. Maybe not a medal placing but a strong showing in a class field.

However, for a second year running, we saved our best for the British Fell Relays. This year we were in Luss in Scotland and Pennine were out in force. The weather proved a challenge with the cloud base somewhere around the knees. However, this played into our hands. After solid first (Mark Burton) and second legs (Matt Hulley and myself), the crack team of Dave Ward and Muir Morton once again beat the Pennine open team on the Nav leg to set up Noel Curtis to come in third v40 and second consecutive British Athletics medal.

## **English and British Championships**

In the team championships, the v40 team came away with 5th place in both the British and English. I do think we are better than this and, again, it comes down to getting numbers to the champs races. I believe we can medal in both championships if we get a strong team out so there's real potential to move this forward in 2017.

In terms of individual performances, the leading v40 turned out to be Rick Houghton so, as well as being a leading light in the v50s, he's getting us points in the v40 category as well! As I've said, we have untapped potential in the championships so 2017 will be about getting numbers out to the champs races.

## **Pennine Championships.**

Closer to home, v40s continue to be a force to be reckoned with in the two Pennine championships. Our new recruit, Matt Hulley, has been prolific, missing just one race so far and leading the Grand Slam going into the last race of the season.

In the overall championship, v40s lie 2nd, 4th and 6th in the table (Matt H, Dave Ward and Mark Burton respectively)

## **Sign Off**

And so I sign off, having spent three really enjoyable years coordinating the v40 team. The time has come for someone with a little more spare time on their hands to take the reins (it's got to be a gardener!) I hope I can continue to help the team to greater successes in 2017 and beyond.

*Stefan Bramwell.*



*Bronze medal. Photo Mark Burton.*

# **Ladies Coordinator's Report 2016.**

**By Claire Aspinall.**



*Pennine Ladies, Alison Brentnall, Jane Mellor, Holly Martin, Claire Aspinall, Zoe Proctor and Sue Richmond. Photo Dave Bowen*

Firstly, thank you for all your support this year. It's been great to be out running again with the club after having taken a bit of a break last year. It's also been good to see Anna Wildman and Emma Gerrard making strong comebacks after doing their bit to nurture the next generation of Pennine fell Runners. Emma Gerrard had an excellent run at the Hodgson Brothers Mountain Relay in October helping the Pennine mixed team to secure second place in this very competitive event.

In terms of results, a massive congratulation must go to Jane Mellor who came 1st in the British Women's V50 Championships. The Ladies performed well during the English Championships and finished a respectable 7th in the Women's Open Team category. Alison Brentnall finished an impressive 3rd in the V65 category and Zoe Proctor finished 29th in the Open Championship after a courageous run at Pendle where she came 10th overall. Last but by no means least, Sue Richmond has had an excellent season. Her strong and steady approach have made her a very worthy winner of the Pennine Ladies Championship and she has astounded us all with her orienteering achievements. There have been numerous other successes both in the UK and further afield.

Helen Pritchard continues to impress us all with her stamina. She came a very impressive third lady in the Le grand trail des chateaux et lacs in Belgium which was 105 km long and involved over 2900m of ascent. She also performed well in the Lakeland Trail (115km and 3800m ascent) and the Tour de Grand Casse in France (65km and 4000m ascent). In addition to her stamina, she is also an excellent osteopath and great running companion. I experienced this personally when she provided much needed support, encouragement and treatment during my crazy challenge to complete an off-road marathon in each of the UK National Parks during 28 days in September. Not only did she teach me to use my poles properly but she also gave me a much-needed massage on the top of ringing roger and even carried 4 litres of water up there for us.

Christine Bowen has had an excellent season, winning the women's long championship and pushing herself out of her comfort zone along the way. She ran the demanding Eskdale Elevation and made friends with a girl from Helm Hill on route. After running together in demanding conditions, she was relieved to see Helen and Richard at the next checkpoint. She then knew that the excellent teamwork and new found friendship had paid off. Another highlight for Christine was Holme Moss where after hearing about the cut offs and that the route was 18 rather than the advertised 15 miles, she felt sick with anxiety. However, she ended up having a good run and winning the V55 prize. To top the season off, Christine ended up having to wait for Dave as she ventured her way around the challenging Bullock Smithy.

Finally, I would like to say a big thank you to all the people who do so much work and give so much time to keep Pennine such a strong and friendly club.

*Claire Aspinall*



# Men's V50 Captain's Report 2016.

## By Rick Houghton.



*Men's V50s celebrating their bronze medal place. Darran Hawkins, Ian Warhurst, Dave Soles, Jim Trueman, Rick Houghton and John Doyle. Photo Zoe Procter.*

The theme of the report is P.R.O.G.R.E.S.S: a convenient acronym for Pennine Rather Old Gentlemanly Running Elite Super Stars...which pretty much sums us up – a squad of happy, older fellrunners who can occasionally do rather well.

2016 has been a year of progress, often admittedly of the reverse variety, but as we all know sometimes it is necessary to go backwards in order to go forwards – the tactic of “taking a run at it”, in other words. This ploy quite often confused our opposition. I suspect we had the Cheshire Hillbillies worried at pretty much every race. In fact our approach worked out remarkably well at the final reckoning as the “Billies” squad is now so depleted by injuries from being obliged to attempt a full turnout for all races that, despite 90% of their membership being V50 or over, they could only muster a

measly “Open” team in the last event of the calendar: the British Relays. The same applied to the usually dominant Dark Peak Machine as it too ran out of steam, finishing the British Relays a pitiful 16 places behind us!

The Pennine V50 plan at the start of the year focused mainly on various members of the squad trying to recover from injuries and/or to avoid further injuries. This plan then pretty much continued in the same vein. We tended to get lots of entries registered, and then not really bother to turn up, thus surprising many a rival team. As a result of this plan we actually did surprisingly well. The main achievements can be summarised:

3rd (Bronze Medal) Team Prize in the V50 British Championships – one place down on last year, but still arguably a great outcome considering we were without the services of Steve “Flipper’s Gang” Watts, who has been beset by somewhat frustrating injuries this year. In summary the 2016 medallists are Dave Soles, Ian Warhurst and Rick Houghton. A gallant (V60) team effort by Simon Entwistle, Alan Brentnall, and Frank Fielding at the first race in Ireland also scored good race points but sadly not enough for them to get a share of the team medals.

3rd (no national medals this time) Team Prize at the British Fell Relay Championships at Luss, Loch Lomond. The team (John Doyle, Darran Hawkins, Dave Soles, Jim Trueman, Ian Warhurst and Rick Houghton) ran strongly and consistently. We finished overall only 6% slower than Carnethy V50 (the winners), and 3% slower than 2nd place Clayton Le Moors. The navigation leg of the event was particularly long and nasty. Jim and Ian put in a really solid performance here to set me up for a fun Leg4 blast home in 41st place overall. Special thanks to Simon Entwistle who ventured north of Hadrian’s wall as substitute, only to be thwarted by the awesome fitness (well able to run anyway!) of the full Pennine squad and not get a run on the day : Paddy Powers had him at 2:1 odds on for at least a Leg1 start! On the Long Distance running front 2016 has been relatively quiet – possibly because there hasn’t been a regular foray to Pooley Bridge by our very own Mr Briggs for one of his regular Joss bashes. That box was well and truly ticked long before the bridge washed away by Storm Desmond a year ago, and despite his now permanent ankle / foot issues, Geoff continues long days on the fells – in fact he probably still does more hours out there than any of us!

Pennine V50s who did achieve notable finishes in the longer events include Colin Wilshaw in the Lakeland 100 (run with Hanno Torn), Pat Barry in both Old County Tops and Bullock Smithy, and Dave Harvey in the Fellsman.

There does seem to be some growing interest in possible Paddy Buckley and Joss Naylor attempts in 2017 – we shall see what develops. We can all dream.

*Rick Houghton.*

# Long Distance Summary.

By Barnaby Crawshaw.



*Barney, Triggering. Photo Mark Fermer.*

Long distance (Ultra) running remains a relatively esoteric pastime in Pennine, but those who have 'gone long' in the past 12 months have reported feelings of extreme euphoria and elation, along with fantastic post-race catering

Our club-mates have travelled to some fantastic places (and Pateley Bridge) during the course of their runs this year, notable runs have included:

Frostbite Ultra

Howarth Hobble

Fellsman

Old County Tops

Le Grand Trail: Les Lacs et Chateaux

Long Tour of Bradwell

Lakeland 50  
Lakeland 100  
Ultra Tour Monte Rosa  
Scottish Island Peaks Race  
Limestone Way

An honourable mention goes to Digby Harris, Paul Booth and Paul Swindles for toeing the line at the Petite Trotte à Léon. Unfortunately circumstances prevailed over all three of them, but this is one of the toughest races out there so no shame in not succeeding – this time!

Various other members have had fun 'off the grid', through long distance runs in Scotland and Wales, along the Pennine Way and multi-day Bob Graham attempts. It would be great to see a club relay on the Bob Graham, Pennine Way or other such route – any takers?

Thanks go to those responsible for selecting Championships Races for the continued inclusion of an Ultra in the calendar. Following on from the Haworth Hobble and the Fellsman in recent years, 2016 saw a good level of participation in the Bullock Smithy Hike and some great individual performances despite some unseasonably 'character-building' weather. Nominations for 2017 races, anyone?

*Barry Crawshaw*

# Championship Races 2017.



*Steph Curtis at Pennine's penultimate championship race, Dunnerdale. Photo Lis Bloor.*

## **2017 English championship races.**

Sat 25th March – Long Mynd Valleys. Medium.

Sat 27th May – Barnoldswick Weets. Short.

Sat 17th June – Tebay. Medium.

Sat 08th July – Wasdale. Long.

Sun 03rd September – Castle Carr. Long.

Sat 23rd September – Great Whernside. Short.

## **British championship races.**

Sat 08th April – Donard Challenge. Short.

Sat 06th May – Stuc a Chroin. Long.

Sat 17th June – Tebay. Medium.

Sat 12th August – Maesgwm Muddle. Medium.

The Intercounties Race date and venue TBA.

The 2017 BA F&H Relay Championship Llanberis (3rd weekend in October)

## Pennine Championship Races 2017.

21st Jan	Kinder Trial	O
18th Feb	Flower Scar	M
11th Mar	Haworth Hobble	L
25th Mar	Longmynd (ENGLISH CHAMP)	M
19th Apr	Herod Farm	S
22nd Apr	Teenager With Altitude	L
17th May	Shining Tor	S
27th May	Barnoldswick (ENGLISH CH)	S
07th Jun	Boars Head	M
17th Jun	Tebay (ENGLISH + BRIT)	M
25th Jun	Kinder Trog	L
01st Jul	Warslow	S
08th Jul	Wasdale (ENGLISH CHAMPS)	L
02nd Aug	Cracken Edge	M
20th Aug	Crowden	M
03rd Sep	Castle Carr(ENGLISH CHAMP)	L
23rd Sep	Great Whernside (ENGLISH)	S
11th Nov	Dunnerdale	S

# Hayfield Fell Races 2017.



*Waiting for the Kinder Downfallers at Kinder Low cairn. Photo Mark Fermer.*

The Hayfield Championship is based around fell races held near Hayfield. There are no specific compulsory races but you must complete at least four of the nine races and complete at least one race in each length category (short, medium and long).

Lamb's Longer Leg	Sun 15th January	(Short)
Kinder Trial	Sat 21st January	(Long)
Kinder Downfall	Sun 23rd April	(Medium)
May Queen	Fri 19th May	(Short)
Mount Famine	Sat 20th May	(Short)
Lantern Pike Dash	Sun 21st May	(Short)
Kinder Trog	Sun 25th Jun	(Long)
Cracken Edge	Wed 2nd Aug	(Medium)
Lantern Pike	Sat 16th Sept	(Short)

# Pennine Pilfer Pyrenean Prizes!

By kind permission of Dave Jones.

( 2001.)

This summer a variable but fairly large party, peaking at twenty, of Pennine members, partners and offspring headed from the Foot And Mouth and rain-ridden British Isles into the sunshine and the clear skies of the Pyrenees. Some of them arrived there without trouble; others, old enough to know better, had to divert to London for a couple of days after being refused exit from Britain on the utterly justifiable grounds of a passport two years out of date!! Eventually, however, all were assembled at the Bious- Oumette campsite by the Pic du Midi d'Ossau the senior citizens in the luxury of their air-conditioned Volkswagens with awnings, double beds and fridges stuffed with refreshment, while the younger generation(s) pigged it out under canvas in le camping Brittanique further up the site although Martin Mavin's splendid edifice, complete with South-east and South-west wings and a servants' annex, did raise the overall tone somewhat, despite the air of decadence which accompanied the arrival of the Topliss's "Gangstermobile", resplendent with gold alloy wheels, a ground clearance of 2", blacked out windows and a gaping hole in the bonnet for the air inlet to BOTH the turbo-chargers!!

Deeds were done, walks were walked, rocks were climbed, runs were run, the Pic du Midi was climbed by two parties, a lot of wine and bière blonde was drunk and one of the Volkswagens managed to turn itself into a sort of mobile creche.

At the end of a most satisfying week and a half the party decamped two valleys to the east to the more child-friendly facilities of the Lac d'Estaing where the holiday continued in much the same vein, with the addition of trips to the swimming pool and the establishment of a somewhat competitive regular training run from the campsite up the 2700' to the Lac du Barbet, a run which started up through near-vertical woodland from the first step out of the tent (or van). Notable on the mist-enfolded descent section of one of these runs was the sudden and unexpected appearance through the mist of a stark naked French girl being given a shower by her mate by the side of a cabane - it was fortunate that this stunning apparition was granted to the senior member of the party, who knows what might have transpired if it had occurred to one of the younger and more impressionable gentlemen!!

Regular meal preparation having begun to pall, the whole party eschewed the pleasures of tent (van) cookery and on two extremely pleasant occasions sampled en masse (as the French say) the delights of the local restaurants.

For those that didn't have the misfortune to have set off early to be back at work the expedition concluded with five of Pennine running in one of the French Championship races, the Crête du Val d'Azun, from nearby Arrens-Marsous - the weather was Britishly cool and slightly overcast for the first part of the race, the Brits had had two weeks' acclimatisation and the result was that four out of the five



came away with trophies, legs of ham, cheeses, free meals in restaurants weekend's ski-ing vouchers (bit tricky to take this one up!!) and bottles of wine. Mary Edgerton was third FV40; Alison Brentnall was first FV50; Margaret Chippendale was second FV50 and Alan Brentnall (introduced at the prizegiving as "a representative of her Britannic Majesty") was third V50. The prize giving was amazing!! Stage, podium, thousand decibel commentary ("le record a tombé non, c'est pulverisé!"), local dignitaries (including the chairman of the French selectors, conspicuous in his Walsh sweatshirt and baseball cap!), laurel wreaths, flowers kisses all round, speeches, speeches and more speeches, every prize being allocated its donor - we think Alan was awarded "the Hairdressing Federation of Arrens-Marsous cup!!" - followed by a substantial buffet and wine.

All that, plus a t-shirt, for £5 - it would be nice to know how they do it. And, with all the field bar the Brits in road shoes, the first two extremely quick runners wore Walsh Raids, Walsh t-shirts and, for the prize giving, joined the Chairman of selectors in Walsh sweatshirts and Walsh baseball caps - perchance a touch of sponsorship in search of foreign markets?? It seemed abundantly clear that as far as the French are concerned a race is just an excuse for the main business of the day, namely the prizegiving, but Pennine weren't complaining - it was a good end to a good holiday!!



*Ian Warhurst finishes the Crête du Val D'Azuns. Photo John Chippendale.*

## Claire Aspinall's Trigger 2016.



My recent quest for adventure had led me to enter the Trigger race which ran from Marsden to Edale on the 10th January. I was aiming to come in the top five ladies but my success was in no way guaranteed. Long runs were not my forte and with difficult conditions underfoot and some tricky navigation over Bleaklow, I was feeling a little apprehensive.

When my alarm went off at 5:30am on the morning of the race I savoured a couple more minutes before my drive to run was overriding my desire to sleep. I had been training hard for this 24 mile race and I did not want sleep to rob me of this opportunity. An hour later, I was on a minibus on the way to Marsden with 16 other members of the Pennine Fell running club. Snow started falling heavily as we drove the final couple of miles to Marsden. The early start and big breakfast was taking its toll and I was feeling a little sick now. I put this down to usual pre-race nerves. By 8:30am the Sun had risen, the snow had stopped falling and my spirits had lifted. With so many friends stood alongside me on the start line and plenty of banter to keep us all amused, I was looking forward to the adventure ahead.



Claire Feeling Positive



The Damaged Shoe

A few minutes later and we were off. I tried my best not to race like this was a 10km road race and reined myself in when I saw the formidable Nicky Spinks just ahead of me. She was the pacing queen and my plan was to try and stay with her. I carried on past the Wessenden Reservoirs and out onto the moors on the pull up to Black Hill.

As I slowed for the climb, a fellow runner behind me pulled alongside and muttered some fateful words into my ear. "You probably don't want me to tell you this but the sole is coming off your shoe. You don't want that coming off on Bleaklow." I looked down to see the sole of my right shoe flapping around like a flipper. Concerned but determined to carry on, I let a mixture of thoughts drift around in my head. What if it does come off half way across Bleaklow? What if I'm worrying about nothing? It wasn't long before my 'what if's' became 'what now!?' as shortly after reaching the summit of Black Hill my sole came completely off my shoe. I pulled to the side of the track that had sucked my foot down and sabotaged my chances of a good placing. Runners and friends streamed passed and promised to send word of my predicament to the marshals a few miles ahead. Physically I was fine but I knew that I could not stand around exposed to sub-zero temperatures for long in the clothing I was in. I was now regretting not having packed my Craghopper Compresslite jacket in my rucksack now. Super light and easily compressible, it would have been perfect attire to throw on whilst I tried to fix my shoe.

A decision had to be made and quickly. I could stagger the half mile back to the marshals on the summit of Black Hill or attempt to run the 3 miles down to Crowden. I decided to go for the second option as I was more likely to get a lift back round to Edale from there if fixing my shoe proved not to be an option. As I aqua planed my way down to Crowden, I must have stumbled and fallen over 20 times. Eventually rocks pierced through the thin strip of material on my right shoe which was my only defence against them. My foot was physically hurting from the impact of the hard ground on it and my hip was starting to hurt after throwing it down hard to try and get some form of traction underfoot. I saw no option but to pull out at Crowden.

I stumbled down the final grassy slope and saw Jasmin Paris stood by the gate. Jasmin is a very talented runner who should have been running that day. If she had, she would have easily won in the Ladies category and would have been placed in the top 10 overall. However, a cycling injury had prevented her from running and she was watching instead.

She called out to me and asked if I was alright. I showed her the state of my foot and explained that I was going to pull out. Her response was quick and left me with no excuses. "What size are you? You could wear my shoe." I paused. I desperately wanted to continue the race but couldn't take Jasmin's shoe and leave her standing there with one bare foot....or could I? Decision made, within minutes I had her size 7 shoe on and her sock on for extra padding. I was a size 5 myself and felt like one of the ugly sisters in Cinderella trying to convince myself that the shoe was a perfect fit. A fellow runner passed as I got to my feet and joked that with Jasmin's shoe on my right foot would be going faster than my left.

After agreeing to swap shoes back at Edale, I got back to my feet and started running again. I slowly felt the pain in my right foot starting to subside and my mood began to lift. I was convinced that I had lost over 30 minutes and was probably near the back of the field. However, I still had plenty of strength left in my legs and quickly found myself catching up with the group in front. As I started the scramble up and onto Bleaklow I was careful not to knock any rocks down on the folk below. It would have been far too dangerous for me to have done this with only one fully functioning shoe as the ground was very rough and the consequences of a fall serious. I carried on up and eventually popped out on the plateau above. Running proved difficult as the peat bogs sucked at my ankles. However, I was determined to make the 1pm cut-off at the Snake Pass road crossing and mumbled positive mantras to myself to keep myself going.



Mountain Rescue at Snake Summit

An hour and a half later, I reached the road crossing. Supporters rang cow bells and big smiles from members of the Woodhead Mountain Rescue Team were a welcome sight. I was finally past the last cut-off and on my home turf of Kinder. I felt a wave of relief pass through me. This was short lived as moments after this my leg disappeared beneath me as I fell between two flagstones and lost my footing. The runner behind me helped me to my feet and checked how I was before leaving me to dust myself off. My shin was now hurting after breaking open the skin and the flag stones up to Mill Hill seemed to go on for an eternity. As I drew closer more and more familiar faces appeared with sweets, water and kind words of support. It was not long before I finally reached Kinder Low. It was all downhill from here to Edale and even though everything was hurting, I enjoyed the feeling of letting my legs roll beneath me as I started the long descent down.

I finally crossed the line at 1:55pm. The race had taken me 5 hours and 19 minutes to complete and I ended up 9th lady. I reflected on the race as I cleaned myself up and wrapped myself in my Compresslite jacket. If I'd come in 30 minutes earlier, I would have come in as third lady. However, ironic as it may sound, I would never have traded that placing with the experience I had had that day. If my sole hadn't come off, my adventure would have been much less exciting. I would never have had the opportunity to test my reserves of resilience or to experience Jasmin's kindness. Those are life's riches which no money or prize can buy.

If you fancy, having a go at fell running visit the Peak Discoverers website at <https://www.peakdiscoverers.co.uk> or contact Claire Aspinall at [claire.aspinall@peakdiscoverers.co.uk](mailto:claire.aspinall@peakdiscoverers.co.uk)

*Claire Aspinall*

# SYD THE PLASTERER.

**By Ron Rees.**

It started on the day before this year's 2016 Langdale Horseshoe. I'd booked into the busy Langdale National Trust campsite in my VWT5. No hook-up space, only a gravel pull-in under some tree canopies which suited me fine. From that spot I could see a portly middle aged guy cooking his meal on a small lightweight bbq burning twigs as a starter followed by branches as a prelude to creating his own charcoal. His tent was miniscule with the minimum of stuff, no car or bike.

I was intrigued by his solo resolve and ended up having many a fascinating chat with him. He was Syd the Plasterer from Bootle. A larger than life character with a girth to match as he simultaneously smoked roll your owns and drank his tinnies whilst gently probing and tending his fire. After explaining my reason for being there he explained his. His want was to get away from the thousands of terraced houses in Bootle with their chimney pot forest views in preference of a clear view of Crinkle Crag. The Lake District landmark was uttered in pure Bootle Scouse with the hard emphasis on the C's, r's, k's and g's. Dya no whar I mean ?

He explained that he'd learnt his survival techniques in the Army whilst serving in Germany during the Cold War period. He waxed lyrically about those times but did not wish to return to a situation where the average life expectancy of a British Squaddie on the front line was 12 minutes had there been a Russian invasion.

Instead, he now travelled extensively around the UK using public transport coupled with the occasional friendly lift, or very occasionally a push bike combination with buses and trains, staying in cheap b & b's, campsites if they were in the right locations, otherwise wild camping. I envied his freedom of mind and his disdain of money, after all he didn't have to tax or MOT a VWT5. He'd given me a load of anecdotes and I wanted to return the favour but with what ?..For the man who seemed to have a lot of non material wisdom I decided to make him a material gift.

I gave him my Luminaide (not to be drunk with tinnies). For those who don't know what this is, it's a piece of kit no solo minimalist traveller should be without. It's a high quality inflatable plastic pouch with a small solar panel which when charged delivers a brilliant soft light. Designed for yachters, walkers, light campers or even overnight orienteers. It certainly does the bizzo with minimal weight and mass and no batteries. He was overjoyed despite being initially perplexed at how to operate it. He was also reluctant to accept such a seemingly magical gift. Eventually he accepted. The following morning he had a smile as broad as the light from the Luminaide was bright. "Eh" he said along with a few Bootolian oaths..."I could see Crinkle Crag all night thanks to that light."

We departed on Sunday morning with me giving him a lift to Chapel Stile to pick up some supplies. From there he'd wander and meander to another scenic spot not knowing where or when he'd get there. I wished him all the best of luck (not that he needed it), and he said if ever I was in Bootle I was to ask around for Syd the Plasterer and someone would find him pretty quickly.

Thanks for the chat Syd. Maybe see you later in life.

*Ron Rees*

# British Champion!



*Photo Steve Mozzienet Frith.*

Well done to Jane Mellor in becoming the British FV 50 Fell Running champion for 2016. Previous winners have included Gill Myers and Wendy Dodds, so Jane is keeping good company. Here she is pictured at Crowden Horseshoe.

Here is the final table.

Pos	Name	Club	Sedbergh Sports	Donard-Commedagh Horseshoe	Merrick	Pedol Cwm Pennant	Total
1	Jane Mellor	Pennine Fell Runners	2	8	4	12	24
2	Wendy Dodds	Clayton le Moors Harriers	0	9	5	5	19
3=	Kathleen Brierley	Todmorden Harriers	1	4	2	9	15
3=	Sue Howarth	Mercia Fell Runners		5	6	4	15

Meanwhile in the English Championships, congratulations must also go to Rick Houghton 3rd MV 50 and Alison Brentnall 3rd FV 65. Well done to all.



# Run Baby Run.

(Pitch to the BBC for a pilot)

By Simon Entwisle.

High above the beautiful mountains of Asturia, a camera slowly zooms down on the hillside. It's a glorious sunny day. You pick out a winding road, then see a car slaloming through the bends. A soundtrack kicks in: Frank Wilson, Do I love You (Indeed I do). The driver is revealed through the open sunroof smiling and singing. The titles roll as you follow the car downward towards the coast.

As the titles fade, so does the image of the car. You start to hear the sounds of night in a warm country. The familiar chirruping of cicadas. Just as it seems like all is peaceful, the camera pans left and you see flashes of light in the middle distance. The sound of an open air concert fades in. A DJ is kicking out euro beats from a mega sound system. The young crowd are having fun, but as we cut to a shot of a body trying to sleep in a nearby holiday apartment, you can see that he's not.

He gets up, walks past rooms containing his sleeping family and grumpily switches on the telly. It's Mo Farah's second big night of the Rio Olympics. Maybe this can kick start him. He has a two hour drive to a race that starts at 9:00am and hasn't slept much on account of the Spanish holiday celebrations. Even Mo's win can't get him enthusiastic as flops back into bed.

But this man's not one to give up. Not when he's paid 20 euros to enter. So he gets out of bed a couple of hours later has a bowl of cereal, prepares a mug of strong, sweet black coffee for the journey and sets off. The streets of this tiny coastal resort throng with revellers even at 6am. The camera shows these walking dead being nudged aside by his car as they grunt and stagger about. Slowly, he frees himself and, as he gets on the slip-road to join the deserted motorway, we see the car accelerating away into the still dark morning to the sound of Deep Purple's Highway Star (live in Japan version).

As the track continues, we see cameos of the drive. The speedo nudges 200kph and the sun rises to show various background set pieces. From views of the Atlantic coast through the grubby highly industrialised outskirts of Oviedo and, in full sunshine, the car leaves the motorway and starts winding up to the little mountain ski resort of Pajares, 1,500 meters above sea level. Richie Blackmore fades out and we cut to an aerial shot showing the mountains and then zooming in on the headquarters of the 7th running of the Pajares mountain race, the day's destination.

Here, the organisers are setting up. Putting up the start/finish line, sorting out the early arrivals. There's a bar serving coffee and other drinks. The camera shows cars arriving and runners getting out. There's a sound system playing Missy Elliot: Get yer freak on. We see our hero parking. It's sunny, but this side of the mountain is in shade, we see frost on the ground and the temperature on the dashboard says -1 degrees C.

He looks nervous as he gets out of the car, opens the boot and begins rummaging around for whatever it is runners are always looking for. You can almost hear him mumbling to himself as he realises that he's forgotten half his kit, then get even more annoyed as he finds it. Finally, he's ready to go and register and the camera tracks him walking, hunched against the cold, to the cafeteria.

Inside, it's warm. His specs steam up and the self consciousness brought on by him being the only non-Spaniard in the place turns to downright embarrassment. Everyone else looks so cool, he looks like the typical Englishman abroad. He realises that he isn't going to be able to get by with English. This is not Benidorm. You see him rehearse asking for the pre-registered number. It goes well. He is then asked a question that eventually ends up in him receiving a pair of pink socks in bemusement. He manages to buy a coffee and a can of tonic water (to ward off cramp) and then goes back to his car via the lav.

Cut to the start. The race sets off downhill. Our man is determined not to get carried away as they loop back through the point where they started and carry on up the first big climb. Up what would be nursery ski slopes in the winter and then on to rough, heathery hillside.

As the runners crest the top, the camera tracks the transition from ascent to descent. The gorse borders of the narrow path make overtaking tricky, but as the hillside opens out we see our Englishman beginning to take a few places, which he then loses on the next climb. It's sunny and getting very warm as the runners hit the feed station.

An aerial shot takes in the full majesty of the vista. We slowly zoom down until the camera has a well stocked feed table in the foreground. The backdrop is trickle of runners topping the climb and jogging towards the camera. Our focus is on the well kitted out cool looking athletes stowing their poles, carefully selecting high energy fruits from the table and pulling gels from their packs.

This stylish image is retained as the camera blurs out the foreground and concentrates on the arriving runners. Our man's head comes into shot as he crests the hill. You can't quite put your finger on why, but he somehow looks a tiny bit out of place. As his deeply uncool Pennine vest and ancient flapping shorts are revealed you realise why. Your suspicion that this is someone from a different culture to the rest of the runners is confirmed as he shuffles towards the food.

The camera cuts to a closeup that shows his facial contortions. At first it's a mixture of pain and "why do I do this". Then he spots the food. You see a fleeting glimpse of pleasure before greed takes over and he falls onto the table like a starving hog. He devours sweets, marshmallows and a strange sponge like substance which he swills down with full fat coca cola. Other runners look on disdainfully. Image fades.

A drone mounted camera takes advantage of the fact that the next stage of the run is along an undulating ridge with fantastic views to either side. Its heathery terrain, similar to the Peak district and his beloved Tintwistle moors. We see our guy take a few places here. If we could read his mind, we'd see someone feeling good as he starts the next descent. He looks down at the number pinned to his chest as the ground begins to rise again.

Under the number is a handy outline of the route profile. We see his grubby finger alight on where he thinks he is: just beginning the final climb. A clever graphic, superimposed on a fixed shot of him slowly climbing away, shows the profile. A little dot tracks the progress so far showing he's not on the last climb at all, he's got two more to go after this one. Cut to his face in full screen and the expression changes as he slowly realises the true situation.

The dot moves forward over the profile and the camera fast forwards over the actual terrain covered. It stops about 150 metres from the top the real final climb. The camera turns and points down the hill. Its extremely quiet. You are looking down a steep, rocky dry stream bed. The brightness of the sun dazzles the image. A lizard scuttles for the shade. The camera focuses on heat shimmering up from a boulder for a moment before a figure emerges. It's immediately obvious that this is someone in distress. They are creeping up the steep slope, swaying from side to side, dripping with sweat. You can see the salt stains on the saturated yellow, red and black vest. He stumbles. His minimal momentum halted, he almost goes backwards before he summons the energy to carry on.

The camera turns to look up hill as he inches past. The hillside is open and you can see spectators on the final, near vertical, bank to the top. There is now much noise. Cowbells and general encouragement. As he gets close enough for them to see how bad he looks, the crowd go quiet. There's confusion and stunned silence at the fact that this ashen faced old tramp is still going. Gradually, they begin to shout again and he breaks a wan smile as he tops out the hill and sees he's back at the feed station.

We cut to a camera with the table in foreground again and our lad staggering towards it. But the food stash contains slim pickings. It's clear there were others with a sweet tooth in the field and all that's left are a few manky looking marshmallows. He scoffs them and drinks some indeterminate lukewarm liquid. Leaning on the table, he catches his breath and turns to begin the final descent. He's limping and you can see he's in pain. Another runner catches him up as the gradient gets steeper and the camera reveals the view down to the finish line 300 meters below.

A close up shows the wince turn to full blown agony as the other runner draws level. He's clearly trying to show the person about to overtake him that he'd be flying down were he not so heinously incapacitated. But cutting between the two runners shows our barely alive friend realise that the other guy is carrying poles. It's obvious that being beaten by someone who use poles to descend is absolutely beyond the pale and he picks up the pace stays in front all the way down.

Cut to the camera on the finish line pointing up hill as he comes into view running down the final grassy meadow to the finish. He's clearly well ahead of the pole toting usurper and the spectators cheer as he finishes, peels off his blood soaked trainers and socks to reveal heel sized blisters. His attempts to impress others will come to nothing. No-one speaks English and they're all pretty wrecked themselves. He jumps into a cooling paddling pool, screams in agony as his blisters hit the water and then gets cramp.

Cut to 10 minutes later as he hauls his shattered body out of the water and walks past the camera which shows a beaming smile on his face. Life is obviously very good. The camera tracks his back as he gingerly walks away towards his parked car and The Newbeats: Run baby Run fades in over the closing titles. Mission accomplished.

Results link: [http://traildevalgrande.es/wp-content/uploads/2016/08/VII\\_Trail\\_21KM\\_Gen.pdf](http://traildevalgrande.es/wp-content/uploads/2016/08/VII_Trail_21KM_Gen.pdf)



*Evidence of a race run at blistering pace.*

# Adventures Of A Swig Bottle, Harry Bloor.



When my mum first suggested we should cycle across the Inner Hebrides to Jura, I knew there was no way I could wangle my way out of this one. When it comes to a couple of hour long rides? Sure. But this was something else, a few days riding between ferries and islands hauling our kit on our backs, this was a real ride.



The plan was to take the van as far as Ardrossan, sleep overnight and catch the early morning ferry to Arran. From there we would cycle the rest of the way up to Jura, certainly a seemingly pleasant alternative to our typical 14 hour haul to traverse the various lochs.



I knew it wasn't going to be a smooth trip when, as I was boarding the ferry, my bike tackled me and pinned me to the floor, or, in other words, I fell over. Having never been on a bike with dropped handlebars, it was certainly a steep learning curve. I love the ferry for two reasons: the breakfast and the view.... But mainly the breakfast. Ferry breakfast is the best on Earth; if you've never tried it, I highly recommend it.

Having never been to Arran, I wasn't quite sure what I expected, but certainly not a small mountain range. As we approached, I assumed we would traverse it but no, we couldn't go under it, we couldn't go over it, so we had to go through it. We cycled straight off the ferry and straight into the Co-op to buy some chocolate milk to put on my bottle cage, (glamorous, I know). We set out, me leading the way, towards the ominous peaks that lay ahead of us.



When the hill came, it was surprisingly gentle... At first. It didn't take long for the road to curve into a steep climb. As we reached the top, it flattened out and I realised I had left the rest of the group behind. We descended towards the ferry terminal, coasting down the sweeping hill that delivered us straight to the sea front. Personally, I rolled all the way to outside the cafe so I could be first in line to get a coffee. Sitting on a sea front swing, coffee in hand, the sunset painting the canvas of the sky, waiting for a ferry to take me on yet another adventure, it was an idealistic image.





# Pennine People.

## Stevie Knowles.



*Stevie at the Stan Bradshaw Pendle Round. Photo Woodentops.*

**Q1 Which race have you always wanted to do but never managed to get round to doing?**

Without doubt Jura ! Hopefully one day.

**Q2 What is your favourite mountain or viewpoint?**

That's a tough one , I'd say Snowdon has something about it for me ,and looking at the Snowdonia range from Anglesey is always pretty special.

**Q3 Your best result or performance you are most proud of?**

I reckon the Trigger 2013 , 4th and 1st vet , I felt like I was floating haha.

#### **Q4 Your favourite piece of kit or equipment that you could not do without?**

It's not really kit , but jelly Babies, I always take with me.

#### **Q5 Your favourite pre / post race nutrition?**

Pre -porridge with banana & honey.

Post race -a lovely pint of ale or a pie.

#### **Q6 What is Pennine Fell Runners unique selling point?**

Friendly, sociable, a unique club with a special bunch of people.

#### **Q7 Your childhood or current sporting hero?**

Being a Man City fan, Shaun Goater, and what a gentleman he was too and Steve Ovett I really admired as a runner.

#### **Q8 And finally do you have any pastimes away from running?**

Love a good hike, and blast on the mountain bike with the family.

## Côte-to-Côte: Cycling from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean

By Alan Brentnall.

**Sunday 05 June.** It's three o'clock in morning, June 5th 2016, French time, and we're somewhere south of Paris and north of Orléans, having been diverted off the Autoroute onto the ordinary roads because of the flooding that's causing havoc in the area. Our steward, Jason, has his head buried in a book of maps and keeps shouting instructions in geordie to Pete, the driver. This is the Bike Bus.



The Bike Bus, for the uninitiated, is a brilliant scheme which allows cyclists aiming to tour part of Europe to hop on at various stops between Newcastle and Dover, and then hop off at various locations down through France. None of the stress that's usually involved when taking your bike on an aircraft or a train, and you don't need to worry about where to leave your car when you pedal away on your chosen route. And the bikes are all stored on bike racks in a purpose built trailer.

We'd "hopped on" at Sheffield, and we intended to leave the bus at Bayonne in preparation for a trip down the Pyrenean chain from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean. There were other fell runners-cum-cyclists on the bus with us. Ex-Pennine star Malcolm Fowler and his mate Paul were starting in Bayonne too, aiming to cycle down through Spain to meet their partners for a slightly more conventional holiday, before flying home.



The organised chaos at Dover and the flooded roads in France had combined to make us some four hours late, and so it was almost mid-day by the time we arrived in Bayonne. The plan was to take the coastal cycle route (Route Atlantique) through Biarritz to St.Jean de Luz, and then head east over the little Col de St. Ignace to a campsite at St. Jean de Pied de Port, and it all started rather well, with some great little paths to follow, but then, in what seems to be the tradition with most national cycle networks, it all got a bit messy, and we found it simpler to stick on the roads.

The campsite turned out to be very quiet and, as we got there quite late, there was no opportunity to shop, so we simply pitched the tent, got stuck into one of our two emergency couscous meals and, after the previous night, were out like lights in no time. [Distance: 91.5Km, Ascent: 991m, Av.Speed: 17.1kph]

**Monday 06 June.** The following day we headed further towards the mountains, crossing the Col de Osquich before descending to Oloron. Here we found that the campsite we had planned to use was closed (for good by the look of it) and, as there was a huge thunderstorm about to hit the town, we quickly found a cheap hotel and took shelter there. [Distance: 75.8Km, Ascent: 1122m, Av.Speed: 17.1kph, Max Speed: 56.2kph]

**Tuesday 07 June.** The morning after, we woke to sunshine and, after breakfast, loaded the bikes and cycled south towards the huge Aspe valley, taking the back road along the west bank as far as Escot. Here we turned left, up hill, and got our first taste of a proper French col - the Col de Marie Blanche. When you're confronted by Winnats Pass, or Honister, you tend to grit your teeth and simply get on with it, and after a while, with your heart pounding and your lungs just about keeping pace, you reach the top and start the descent. Not so *en France*. Here the roads are built at a much more reasonable gradient; not because the French cyclists are softies, but because the hills are so much bigger, and the uphill bit is so much longer. The Col de Marie Blanche was no Galibier by any means, but it was long enough to wipe any smug "this is nowhere near as 'ard as the Peak District" thoughts from our minds. When we got to the top, we stopped and discussed how we could lighten our loads, and whether some of our planned routes might be, shall we say, a little over-ambitious?

However, the run down to Laruns was a good cool-down after our exertions, and we found a nice campsite there, with shady trees. But thoughts of tomorrow's Col d'Aubisque still kept us wondering whether we might have bitten off more than we could chew. [Distance: 43.75Km, Ascent: 998m, Av.Speed: 13.3kph, Max Speed: 50.5kph]

**Wednesday 08 June.** But, happily, yesterday's petit col de Marie had actually taught us a useful lesson, and we started out nice and early, before the sun got too hot. I took off my helmet, and strapped it onto my panniers and we both took it very steadily. The hard bit, which we managed with ease, was traversing the little town of Eaux-Bonnes on the first part of the ascent. After that, it was a case of steady as you go, and, before long, we were approaching the ski village of Gourette, with the rocky spire



of the Pic de Ger behind, a reminder of a Pennine holiday some time ago when we climbed this



imposter, and, along with other Pennini, took many prizes at a French National Championship Race. (Those were the days!)

Eventually, we reached the summit of the Col d'Aubisque, with its huge bicycles and statue of Andre Bach, cyclist and hero of two wars. We stopped for a coffee and talked to a french woman who plied Alison with questions about our route, her panniers ... and her age!

After the Col d'Aubisque, there was a very pleasant ride which traversed the mountains without descending too much, leading to a short climb to the summit of the Col de Soulor. After a brief stop here, we descended towards Argelès-Gazost, where we camped. When ITV4 showed this leg of the Tour de France a month later, we were disappointed to find that the filming didn't start until after the Col d'Aubisque. [Distance: 49.5Km, Ascent: 1453m, Av.Speed: 13.3kph, Max Speed: 53.3kph]

**Thursday 09 June.** Although the previous day had given us a bit of confidence in our col-climbing skills, the following morning still had us worried because today it was the *Big One*, the Tourmalet, the col which caused Octave Lapize to accuse the Tour de France officials of being murderers when it was introduced in 1910. Well, as they say, the way to eat an elephant is ... a bit at a time!



And so we joined quite a procession of cyclists slowly working their way up the switchbacks, beyond Luz-Saint-Sauveur, ever upwards, no respite until the summit with its inevitable photographers. Crowds of cyclists, many on supported Raid Pyrenees holidays, jostled in front of the huge statue of Octave Lapize where, oddly, there were llamas stalking the hills in the background.

After a coffee stop, we headed down the other side towards the ski resort of Mongie, where the weather turned cloudy and cold, and we stopped to get more clothes on and some food inside us. As we descended, the cold diminished, but the cloud persisted, and, just beyond the village of Sainte-Marie-de-Campan, where we stopped to shop for food, we found our campsite at Le Séoube. [Distance: 54.2Km, Ascent: 2042m, Av.Speed: 12.2kph, Max Speed: 50.7kph]

And a fairly deserted campsite it was too, with a solo cycle tourer sharing our stretch of grass, a group of Dutch Raid Pyrenees cyclists and very few others. So a quiet night, and we did have some rain, but it had stopped by the morning, although the cloud and the cold persisted.

**Friday 10 June.** Today's plan said that we would cross the Col d'Aspin and drop down to Arreau before crossing the Col de Peyresourde to get to Bagnères-de-Luchon. The climb to the summit of Aspin was pleasant and wooded, and, at the summit, we met up with a jovial bunch of Irishmen who were touring the Pyrenees supported. It was cold at the summit, and we were now in the cloud, and needed to use our lights, so we didn't hang about, and were soon descending towards Arreau. However, the persistent cold meant that, when we arrived at Arreau, we were so cold that we opted to cut the day short and camp there. Not a bad choice though, as Arreau is a very interesting place to visit. [Distance: 23.3Km, Ascent: 562m, Av.Speed: 14.7kph, Max Speed: 54.4kph]

**Saturday 11 June.** Having warmed ourselves overnight, we headed upwards to the Col de Peyresourde, which was quite a long climb, but not very steep. The weather was a repeat of yesterday, with cold and



fog over the top, and a very long cold ride down the other side. This is the descent where Chris Froome famously lay along his cross bar, with his feet pedalling vertically, and surprised all the opposition with a 60 mph descent to win the stage, and take (and keep) yellow on the 2016 Tour de France. Well, on our descent, we certainly weren't doing 60 mph, but it felt very fast, and, very cold, and, when we arrived at our campsite in Bagnères, we were shivering so much that the warden suggested we took a hot shower, tout suite! [Distance: 35.4Km, Ascent: 890m, Av.Speed: 13.8kph, Max Speed: 46.3kph]

**Sunday 12 June.** The next day was a bit warmer, thankfully, and we had some beautiful gorges and valleys to weave our way through with a couple of cols thrown in for good measure. The first climb, the Col des Ares, was quite pleasant and was followed by more wooded valleys towards the Col de Portet. Here we stopped for a feed, before taking the pleasant descent down the Bouigane Valley to where it meets Le Lez, which we followed to St Giron. The campsite that evening was upstream on Le Salat from St. Giron in the grounds of an hotel at the Parc de Paletes, where they made us some very nice pizzas for tea. [Distance: 84Km, Ascent: 1176m, Av.Speed: 17.4kph, Max Speed: 53.4kph]



**Monday 13 June.** Cycled through Massat and up the Col de Port, before descending to Tarascon-sur-Ariège. It was not a very nice day, with some very heavy rain showers, and the only campsite we could find looked a bit too much like a fun fair, so we opted for a cheap hotel and, once the rain had eased off, we walked around the older parts of the town and visited the tower and other sites. [Distance: 57.8Km, Ascent: 909m, Av.Speed: 15.2kph, Max Speed: 41.4kph]

**Tuesday 14 June.** An easier day, with better weather took us past some nice hills and rocks to the town of Quillan, where a bit of searching brought us up a hill to the pleasant Camping la Sapinette. Warm weather, a shady tree and a bottle of French beer was ideal for planning our route for the following day. [Distance: 66.4Km, Ascent: 653m, Av.Speed: 19.8kph, Max Speed: 48.2kph]



**Wednesday 15 June.** A hillier day in good weather saw us cycling to Ille-sur-Têt via Axat and the Gorge d'Agly. We also passed the fantastic Orgues d'Ille, some incredible geological structures which need to be seen to be believed. The campsite in Ille-sur-Têt was a bit grotty, but it was good enough for what we wanted, and, after such a great cycling day, it was good to just find somewhere to relax. [Distance: 76.7Km, Ascent: 764m, Av.Speed: 17.8kph, Max Speed: 58.3kph]

**Thursday 16 June.** A shortish day, easier than the previous days, took us to Le Boulou skirting Thuir, and then over the hills. The campsite was quite pleasant, and it was a short cycle into Le Boulou itself. [Distance: 43.0Km, Ascent: 425m, Av.Speed: 18.4kph, Max Speed: 42.1kph]

**Friday 17 June.** Now this was a long day, but very good weather. From Le Boulou, we took a dedicated cycle path most of the way to Argelès-sur-Mer. I say "most of the way" because, like many cycle routes, it worked quite well through the rural bits, but, once in the conurbation of Argelès, it kind of assumes you know where you are going, and dumps you on a busy road. But we did manage to find our way through the town, and, eventually, stopped by the beach on the edge of the sparkling blue Mediterranean at Argelès Plage. This was the end of our super cycle route, and the beginning of our journey home ... which meant finding our way to Argelès railway station, and the train for Toulouse. [Distance: 22.1Km]



The first leg of the journey went fairly well; French trains cater for bikes in a way which British trains haven't quite understood since the '50s! After changing at Narbonne, however, we found ourselves on the train to Toulouse, which started OK but stopped at Carcassonne, and remained stationary in that station for ages until it was filled beyond capacity with many more passengers, as various trains arrived from other parts of France.

This was because of an incident on the line between Narbonne and Toulouse, and we just had to sit it out while the train filled to overflowing. Suddenly we realised that quite a few of our fellow passengers were speaking English (with an Irish accent) and some were even speaking Welsh! Asking where they were going, we were told "Toulouse - to see the football", and all became clear. Not being a footy fanatic, I may have been aware of the European Cup (slightly) but I never expected that anything to do

with it would impact upon anything I did. And yet, when we finally arrived at our campsite near Toulouse, we found that, yes, we could camp there, but the price had trebled because of the football, and that we were surrounded by alcoholic Welshmen desperately keen to see just how far their team could get in the competition. In reality, they were all very nice people, just having a good holiday, as we were, but it was so totally different to our experiences on the road over the past two weeks that it brought us down to earth with a bit of a bang.

So, we spent a couple of nights there, with a good cycle around the countryside on the Saturday, and picked up the Bike Bus back to Blighty the following Sunday, chatting to other cyclists about their adventures.

**A few details.** This was obviously a cycle touring *holiday*, rather than the ten day epic Raid Pyrénéen you see advertised in the cycle magazines, and this enabled us to be totally self contained, carrying all our kit and able to change our plans if and when the need arose. To give us flexibility, we had a couple of rest days built into the schedule which we ended up using to shorten days when the weather was particularly bad.

Our bikes aren't purpose-built touring bikes. Mine is an alloy-framed Ribble winter audax bike with a pannier rack added. Since the Pyrenean trip, I have swapped the drop bars for a butterfly bar (BBB Multibar) with Tiagra MTB-style levers, which are kinder to my arthritic thumbs on long descents. Alison has a Giant Dash, again with alloy frame and pannier rack. Each bike weighs around 11kg, and, before food and water was added, our loads would have been around 10kg (5kg per pannier).

We used an MSR Hubba Hubba tent which we found great for this sort of trip; nice and light, but very roomy, with good storage space under the fly. We own two Hubba Hubba tents, a light one, and a very light one, but we chose the former for this trip, as we thought we may need the extra warmth at nights, and I believe that this was the correct decision.

All in all, it was an excellent trip which just made us want to dream up more trips like it which will hopefully take us to different places. Maybe in 2017 we'll do something in and around the Alps? You never know ....





# Herod Farm 2016.



*Nat Winfield. Photo Mark Fermer.*



*Andy McMurdo. Photo Mark Fermer.*

# Journey across the Jotunheim.

By Christine Bowen.



Dave and I decided to have a change from hut to hut walking the Alps this year. We only had a limited number of days when a) there were no fell races that we wanted (or needed!) to do and b) free dog care was available via our daughter and her boyfriend. After considering where we could go that has relatively quick access from Manchester, good infrastructure in terms of public transport and accommodation, we decided on Norway.

Dave had done some ski tours in Norway previously and had stayed in the DNT (Den Norske Turistforening) and other privately-owned huts which are run on the same lines, so he understood how they worked. These huts are in most mountain areas in Norway, with about 5 or 6 hours walking or skiing between them. They are usually very remote and the only place to stay in the area so they do not turn people away no matter how full they are. You might only get a mattress on the floor, or dormitory accommodation but you can be lucky and get a room to yourselves. They provide excellent three course evening meals and breakfast, at which you can make yourselves sandwiches for lunch. Of course Norway is expensive so the huts are not cheap but they are dependable. Most are staffed in the summer months. Some have basic facilities such as earth toilets and only candles for lighting but others are more like hotels. All have their own character and are often delightful.

We took a direct flight from Manchester to Oslo then a train to Otta followed by bus to Gjendesheim for our first night before setting off on our trek. We had a basic plan for our tour but varied this as we found we could put two days together at the beginning of the week when we were going strongly and also varied our plan because of the weather (which was good for Norway in the summer according to the Norwegians) but was damp and claggy most of the time. We knew we had to reach a road in seven days' time to catch a bus and then the train back to Oslo but otherwise our plans were fairly flexible.

We already had the two maps which covered the area from Dave's ski touring expeditions and these helpfully give walking times between the huts. As it turned out some of the routes had changed significantly due to rockfall but the routes are waymarked with red T's painted on rocks and trees and usually you can see the next marker. In fact, it is essential in places to make sure you spot the next one before leaving the one you are at as once you lose the route you can get onto very difficult terrain.



We carried minimal kit – you only need a sheet liner sleeping bag in the huts as bedding is provided . We wore fell shoes on our feet, accepting wet feet all day long instead of boots - Sealskin socks would have been useful but they are quite heavy to carry. Gloves and hats were essential and full waterproofs were used most days to keep warm enough even when it wasn't raining. Fortunately, all the huts have good drying facilities!

The first morning we set off early as we were tackling the famous Bessegen ridge and we knew this to be a popular Norwegian holiday walk/scramble. Unbeknown to us we tackled it the wrong way round meaning that we had to descend the trickier rocky bits. We arrived at the end around lunchtime so decided to carry on along the next ridge. This was much quieter and after about another two hours walking we began the descent. This turned out to be a nightmare with slippery rocks and vegetation and it was raining. There were chains in places but not necessarily where you needed them most. It turned out that most people go up this way rather than down! I was very pleased to reach the bottom and a short walk along the lake shore to the next hut at Gjendebu at the far end of the very long Gjende lake from where we had started.

We had basically walked along the length of the lake but high up above it so the next morning we took a ferry back half way along the lake and began walking in a northwards direction. The route climbed uphill and then followed another lake shore with very bouldery terrain and rivers to cross. At this point we saw a sign saying "bru". This is a vital Norwegian word to learn when walking in Norway as it means bridge – we soon realised that if they had bothered to signpost it, it would be needed! The Norwegians do not build bridges unless they really need to - presumably because they get washed away every winter. Later on this day we saw a sign saying "ny bru" - this means new bridge - the old bridge was impassable and a raging glacial torrent is between us and the next hut! The trek was supposed to take seven hours but with the detour to the new bridge which we initially missed took longer. In the Alps we normally take about two thirds of guidebook time. This was not the case in Norway. We needed at least the time stated on the map if not longer and day two turned out to be very hard indeed with lots of difficult terrain to cross before reaching the hut at Glitterheim.

On day three we were high enough up to reach areas of snow remaining from the winter. We did not carry crampons or microspikes and fortunately the snow was soft. However, we ended up losing the path on a steep snowfield, followed some footsteps which turned out not to be going in the right direction and we had great problems getting back down safely. Once at the next hut though we stopped for a coffee to recuperate and then decided that we had lots of spare time and went on further. The second half of the day was much easier and very enjoyable although we had been walking for 10 hours and we were very tired when we arrived at Leirvassbu.

The feature of the fourth day was river crossings without bridges! In fact, we became very proficient at wading fast flowing rivers that I would never attempt in the UK – it was scary at times. And there were more snowfields to cross – we soon realised that anything north-facing was likely to have banked up snow on it. Again more detours were needed to avoid the snow and to reach a new bridge. We again joined two days together ending up at Fondsbu. The food at this hut was particularly good serving a type of Norwegian meatball which they said were made of ox! We ate whatever was on offer in spite of being vegetarian at home. The hut warden was dressed in national costume and entertained us with singing in French which was a bit odd.

Much of the landscape for the whole trip was very rocky or boggy with not much by the way of made paths. There was very little wildlife – we did see groups of reindeer but that was about it apart from ptarmigan and snow buntings as there is very little vegetation other than lichens and moss at the height we were at for most of the walk. There are a few flowers high up, in particular a species of Glacial Crowfoot which is very beautiful and Norway's national flower. Lower down above the dense forested areas there were lots of different flowers including a very deep blue Wolfsbane and on the occasions we were in the valleys, these were lovely.



Insects were not often a problem as I thought they would be. Once or twice there were periods of time with a lot of horrid flies. They didn't seem to bite but were very annoying. As soon as you came to a patch of snow or a breeze though they disappeared and we did not need insect repellent. I had decided to carry one of those midge nets that you need in Scotland to go over my head in case of mosquitoes but didn't need it. However, it came in very handy to scrub the mud and peat from my legs as I hadn't taken a flannel!

We planned to stay at the highest hut in Norway towards the end of the tour but this hut is usually in cloud and quite difficult to reach at the best of times. When we were there the weather was bad and we knew it would have fresh snow over rocks so we didn't attempt to go up. Instead we spent the night at a hut in a beautiful remote valley - Skogadalsboen. This was my favourite hut although the gradual descent to get there went on and on and on through hanging valley after hanging valley. It was lovely to reach it and to buy ourselves a beer – which is a big treat at Norwegian prices!

The final day we walked along a beautiful valley and steeply up the side of a gorge through remote summer farmsteads to reach the final hut at Sognefjellshytta situated on a road. We arrived at early and spent an afternoon relaxing for the first time in a week. I bought myself some Norwegian wool socks – these were bliss as my three pairs of Running Bear socks were in a very disgusting state by now!

The final morning we had a leisurely breakfast and catch the bus to Lom. It was strange to be back in a town and to eat pizza for lunch. We had a few hours there and looked around the old town - there is an old Stave Church which is lovely. A second bus journey and train took us back to Oslo and the flight home. The transport systems are integrated and the buses run to the nearest minute.

It was a very tough few days walking but coming as it did at the end of a very busy term at school it was mentally, if not physically, relaxing in a strange kind of way. It also turned out to be very good training for the Bullock Smithy Hike – long days on your feet are great preparation for ultras! On the other hand Dave said it was awful preparation for the Borrowdale fell race, which he did three days after we returned home!



# Darren Holloway Memorial Race 2016



*Jasmin Paris, Jo Bowen, Kim, Paul Booth, Andy McMurdo, Digby Harris, Stefan Bramwell and Barbara Hills. Photo Digby Harris.*



*Tom Bush, Paul Hills, John Williams, Dave Bowen, Ian Warhurst, Sue Richmond, Geoff Briggs and Rick Houghton. Many apologies to the 2 people I don't recognise. Photo Digby Harris.*

# Pennine People.

## Paul Hills.



*Paul having a great run at Daz's race. Photo Grand Day Out.*

### **Q1 Which race have you always wanted to do but never managed to get round to doing?**

I can't say there are any but High Cup Nick is on my to do list.

### **Q2 What is your favourite mountain or viewpoint?**

I don't think you can beat standing on the side of Kinder on a Spring evening as the sun sets, watching & listening to the curlews.

### **Q3 Your best result or performance you are most proud of?**

We sometimes underestimate what an extraordinary thing it is to run a fell race, I am proud of every race I have run. Having said that they are always sweeter if I beat Phil Barnes (that hasn't happened too often this year).



## **Q4 Your favourite piece of kit or equipment that you could not do without?**

I am a bit of a minimalist at heart, I understand the sensible kit requirements but you can't beat belting around the fells in what is effectively vest & pants. I suppose I'd single out the silva compass as a functional design classic & it is always a thrill to take a bearing on the hoof & then find yourself in the vague vicinity of your target.

## **Q5 Your favourite pre / post race nutrition?**

Porridge before & beer after (I only put porridge in there so I didn't look like a lush).

## **Q6 What is Pennine Fell Runners unique selling point?**

I haven't been a member of any other club so I am not sure it is unique but Thursday nights are precious from standing around in the car park hoping no one suggests we go too far to the very sociable finish in the bar.

## **Q7 Your childhood or current sporting hero?**

As a kid: Jimmy Greaves & Derek Underwood, as an adult: Jonny Wilkinson.

## **Q8 And finally do you have any pastimes away from running?**

Plenty & like my running they are all firmly based on a foundation of denial & self delusion.

# The wisdom of the many.

## By Paul Hills.

I have come to embrace the car trip to & from races as part of the experience, a shared car ride is rarely allowed to fall into silence in the company of fellow Penniners, the conversation can wander over many topics, here are a few of the things I have learned up on some of those journeys.

1. Zoe doesn't buy her own socks, she wins more than enough as prizes. As someone who has never won a race prize I believe I have paid for those socks with my race fees and have played a part in keeping Wardy supplied with bottled beer and cheap wine.
2. Ian Wolfendale has had the same piece of emergency food in his bag for at least 2 years, it is green, covered in clingfilm & may once have been banana cake.
3. No matter where you are on the journey at least one person in the car knows a good chip shop nearby.
4. Everybody moans about every race beforehand. Nobody means it.
5. Pennine runners are philosophers, Ron Rees has his own colourful philosophy, Alan argues a convincing case for the "Zen" of fell running & don't get me started on the existential angst inherent in orienteering.
6. Wardy owns an unfeasibly large number of running shoes.
7. We all encourage each other and give plenty of mutual support but that becomes a thin veneer to the cutthroat rivalry in those of us competing away from the sharp end of the race.
8. Porridge, flapjacks, gels, banana cake (green or otherwise) are all very well but fell runners are fuelled (or at least refuelled) by beer & chip butties.
9. JoBo is delightful company unless England have just beaten Wales in the 6 nations.....
10. ....or Wales have just beaten England in the world cup
11. If you are going to spend 9 hours in a car going to & from the Lake District & being too late for the race thanks to a jam on the M6, you could do so in far worse company than Ian Warhurst & Alan Kirk.
12. The word "runnable" means many things to many people, I think it ought to mean that most of the route for a race can be run although I am not sure I have found anyone for whom that is true. It certainly means that I'll have to add guilt that I am not running a "runnable" section to the various displeasures experienced whilst turning my lungs inside out grinding out a climb.
13. Penniners are remarkably well educated, am I the only one who didn't get a university education?
14. Grammar matters to most Penniners, there appears a strong streak of grammar Nazism within our ranks, the misused apostrophe may be a cliché but there are a number of members who turn apoplectic at "would of" & "could of" and baulk at the tautology of saying the same thing twice in different ways (sic).

# Mountain Marathons

**By Geoff Briggs.**

“You’ve never done a multi-day Mountain Marathon, Geoff? That’s incredible”. Well, that’s the normal response I’ve had over the years when I’ve told people that, despite all the other stuff I’d done including a Bob Graham Round, High Peak Marathon, Old Counties Tops, Lake District Mountain Trial, I’d never got around to doing a multi-day event.

So, if you cast your mind back to last year’s Pennine Way you’ll no doubt remember that I wrote a lengthy piece about my new-found love affair with orienteering style score events. What, you don’t remember? You didn’t even read it? Shocking!!

2015 had been a brilliant year for me, doing several 3, 4 and 5 hour score events, so I decided that 2016 was the year when I was going to break my multi-day MM duck!

## **GL3D**

It seemed sensible to ease my way in gently and the Great Lakeland 3 Day event looked like a good option. All your gear is transported to the two overnight camps and the navigation isn’t particularly challenging. Another thing is that it takes place over the Bank Holiday weekend at the start of May when the weather is traditionally pretty good. Looking at the website there was a choice of four courses – Elite, ‘A’, ‘B’ and ‘C’. The ‘C’ class is aimed at long distance walkers and it specifically stated that the ‘B’ class was definitely for runners and it was not possible for walkers to complete this course within the cut-off times. Well, that was like a red rag to a bull. Of course we opted for the ‘B’ class.



The weather was amazing on day 1. There’d been some fresh snow but it was mostly clear and sunny.

We started at Bassenthwaite and made our way via Skiddaw House and Threlkeld on to Clough Head. From here we traversed the Dodds to Grizedale Hause before dropping down to Grasmere and the first overnight camp.

We were quite happy to have finished comfortably inside the top half of the ‘B’ course competitors, and we’d had a superb day’s walking.

The weather was still good for the overnight camp, but we were aware that the forecast for the rest of the weekend was less than clement!

That morning we were due to leave Grasmere and head up over Greenup Edge to Esk Hause before going via Brandreth, Red Pike and Melbreak to the next overnight at Loweswater. As we were climbing up towards Esk Hause the weather was really closing in so we decided to stop and put more clothes on. Somewhat ironically, as we were doing this we got really cold. We could see the conditions were only going to get worse, so a quick look at the map revealed that we could quite easily drop down Langstrath and actually complete the 'C' course for the day.



A half hour stop in the café in Stonethwaite revived us somewhat and we were ready to go again. Over Honister Pass and Fleetwith Pike, we were soon down in the valley, walking around the shores of Buttermere and Crummock Water, arriving at Loweswater very wet, but equally happy to have survived a tough day.

Another luxury with the GL3D is that boiling water is available at the overnight camps, making a hot meal particularly quick and easy to prepare. This soon warmed us up.

Sunday night at the overnight camp, the storm really hit. Lying in the tent you could hear gust after gust of wind whipping across the camping field. For most of the night there seemed to be people moving around outside with head-torches. It was only in the morning that the story revealed itself. The people with head-torches had been trying to salvage wind-battered tents; Shane Ohly and his team of volunteers had been rescuing one of the event marquees and a portaloos had been blown over. Hopefully with no-one inside! Fortunately my trusty Terra Nova had survived the night.

At 6am Shane had made his way through the camp-site telling everyone that we would be using the bad-weather route for Day 3. Unfortunately this still meant that the 'B' course had to visit the summit of Grisedale Pike and its associated exposed ridges. At this point I didn't make myself popular as I informed my walking partner, Sue Richmond, that there was no way I was allowing her to go over Grisedale Pike. If a portaloos could be sent tumbling across a sheltered valley field, what chance did a 40kg walker stand on an exposed mountain ridge? Fortunately, about 15 minutes before we were due to set off, Shane had another re-think on the courses, and decided to remove Grisedale Pike from our course.

The rest of the day was pretty uneventful as we made our way via low-level paths to Whinlatter and over Lord's Seat back to Bassenthwaite as the weather gradually improved.

The whole event had been a superb introduction to multi-day mountain marathons and I now felt I was ready to tackle a 'real' event. The Saunders Lakeland Mountain Marathon!

## **SLMM**

Having survived the GL3D me and Sue decided to give the Saunders Lakeland Mountain Marathon a try. This is a much more conventional event, where you have to carry all your kit to the overnight camp. The first question was "Which class?" We opted for the Carrock Fell class, which is about in the middle, length and difficulty-wise.

It was the first weekend in July, so pretty much guaranteed perfect weather again. Well, maybe not! At the start of the day on the Saunders you are given a map and a list of controls for your course. You then spend about 15 minutes very carefully transcribing the control locations onto your map. Having done this we swapped maps to make sure we'd not made any errors. Then we were off.

The event started from the northern end of Ullswater, not far from Pooley Bridge, and we made our way south via several controls, none of which were particularly difficult to locate. The weather was fine. So far, so good! As we approached Kidsty Pike the cloud started to roll in and the wind got up. When the rain came we quickly made the decision to don our waterproof trousers. This was a good plan, because by the time we went over High Street it felt more like February than July!

We seemed to have timed the weather quite badly, because by the time we got down to the overnight camp, near Hartsop, it was quite a pleasant late afternoon.



The tent was soon up, food was eaten and other friends were located. Stories of the day's events were swapped and it was all rather jolly. Except for Muir. They should have been in third place in their class, but his partner had somehow forgotten to 'dib' at one of the controls, so they were a dnf.

However, the mood dropped a little when a Mountain Rescue helicopter appeared just across the valley from the camp. We discovered that two

competitors were being rescued after nasty falls at the same place in totally unrelated incidents.

As the evening went on the weather started to close in again, so everyone retired to their tents.

In the morning we were given a new set of control locations for the day, and the map was marked up again. This was a slightly shorter route that took us over Place Fell then a more westerly line over Arthur's Pike and back to the event centre. Again, we had no real difficulty locating the controls, although if we'd had thick mist I'm sure things would have been a little different. The main challenge with this event is choosing



your route in between the controls. Straight line or contour round? Slightly further, but on a good path? Something else you have to consider is that you shouldn't get distracted by other competitors. We bumped into Chris and Dave Bowen at one of the controls, but they were doing a different class to us, so we just had to exchange pleasantries and then disappear in different directions.

The weather was much better on day 2 and when we returned to the event centre everyone was sat around drinking tea and relaxing. Lee Langdon was waiting at the finish line with a big smile on his face – he'd just won the Pillar class by about an hour and a half. A tremendous result.

It turned out that we were 22<sup>nd</sup> out of almost 100 teams, so we were absolutely delighted with that.

## **RAB**

Ok, so I might have implied that the Saunders was a full-on MM with no soft touches. That's not exactly true, because you can order milk, beer and cider to be picked up at the overnight camp. With the RAB you are fully self-sufficient.

Because of our experience of doing three and four hour score events it made sense to enter the Long Score class for the RAB. This means that you have seven hours on Day 1 and six hours on Day 2 to fit in as many controls as possible.

The 2016 event was based in the newly extended part of the Yorkshire Dales National Park, in the area around Wild Boar Fell and Mallerstang Edge.

Me and Sue arrived at the event centre early on the Friday evening to register, where we were told we needed some photo ID, which neither of us had with us (I don't normally take my passport to Yorkshire). Race director Shane Ohly insisted this had been clearly stated in the 'Final details' email he'd send out to all competitors. Sue was equally adamant that there had been no mention. To cut a long story short, Shane was so confident that he bet Sue a free entry to one of his events that the information had been there. They shook on it and then a couple of minutes later someone produced a mobile phone with a copy of Shane's email. Guess what? No mention of photo ID! Sue now has a free entry to the 2017 RAB MM!

We decided to make an early start on Saturday morning, so at about 7:30am we set off to walk the 2½ km to the start and were one of the first teams to begin. Ten minutes were spent carefully marking the live control points on our maps, a rough route was quickly planned and off we went over towards Mallerstang Edge. This was brilliant – three hours without seeing a soul! Eventually, as we dropped down to the valley, to cross over to the Wild Boar Fell side, the first pair of runners was met.



It would appear that most runners had concentrated on this western side, as things soon started to get busier. However, I was quite surprised by people's attitude to check-point location. There always seemed to be people milling around the check-points, working out where to go next. In fact at one check-point, in Rawthey Gill, there must have been over a dozen people sat around effectively having a tea party! I thought the whole idea was to locate a check-point and disappear as quickly as possible, not act as a beacon to everyone else.

At this point there was the option to take a relatively steady route back to the overnight camp, or push on and bag an extra couple of controls.

That was 40 points – come on, let's go for it! It was

a good plan as we finished with five minutes to spare. What was even more satisfying, because we'd started early, was seeing ourselves at the top of the leader-board as the day's results came in. Obviously there were plenty of teams still to arrive, but we were still amazed to discover at the end of the day that we were 16<sup>th</sup> out 100+ teams. Not bad for a bit of brisk walking!

Once again, the overnight camp provided a good opportunity to catch up with friends and swap a few stories about the day's events and various route choices. I managed to locate my old running buddy, Lee Langdon, with his MM partner Jules Barrett in their tent early on Sunday morning. I couldn't believe it – two fully grown men sharing the tiniest one-man tent with a piece of tin foil for a sleeping mat! So that's how these top guys keep their weight down. Lee and Jules were to finish 4<sup>th</sup> in the A-Class – very impressive.

Start time arrived and we collected our control list for the day and then started the now-familiar process of marking up our maps. Most of yesterday's live controls were again live today, but with different score values. We quickly made a plan for the next 6 hours walking, which allowed flexibility in case we ended going either slower or faster than



anticipated. It turned out to be almost a reverse of the previous day, but somewhat shorter. By the early afternoon we started to re-visit some of Saturday's early controls around Mallerstang Edge. The difference was incredible. Where yesterday we were walking through unpathed grassy areas, today there were great elephant tracks through them.

With about an hour to go we were sticking to our original plan pretty well, when Sue made her usual mistake – “Geoff, do you think we've got time to go to that extra control?” Well, of course, I'm always one for a challenge, so I had to say “Yes”! It was interesting, as we approached the control from above, we could see quite a few people below us, sort of milling around. But we couldn't be influenced by them, as they might be looking for a totally different control. We stuck to our compass bearing and nailed it. It was then time for a very brisk walk back to the finish, passing Roger Ashby on the way, with a quick “Sorry Roger, can't stop, see you later”. It turned out we still had a good 15 minutes to spare at the finish. Could we have bagged another control somewhere? Maybe... Not to worry, we were still 16<sup>th</sup> overall (17<sup>th</sup> on the day) and absolutely over the moon with that result.

What a fantastic weekend. Again!

So, it just goes to show that you can be a walker with a reasonable set of navigation skills and still be pretty competitive in Mountain Marathon events.

I've really caught the bug now and just can't wait for 2017 and many, many more of these big events.





*Anna Wildman at the Crowden Horseshoe. Photo Mossienet.*



*Tim Horrocks and Paul Rowland at Holme Moss. Photo Mossienet.*

# Early Mountain Marathon Disasters.

**By Alison Brentnall.**

In 1972, probably just before I met him, Alan got roped in by Mike Rose to help on the 2 day Mountain Marathon in Tibbie Shiels. Alan had no idea what a mountain marathon was so went along with his accordion and played that in the tent at the checkpoint they were manning!

The following year he suggested that we enter one, which in 1973 was at Plas Gwynant in Snowdonia and organised by Chris Brasher. We weren't runners but spent almost every weekend in Langdale walking on the fells, occasionally breaking into a run if we wanted to catch afternoon closing time on a Sunday before all our friends, the Langdale Festerers, went home. We also didn't have any gear. I made a couple of rucksacks and we waterproofed our cags and we set off in boots. I really can't remember what we took for a tent but we didn't get to use it as one of the rucksacks fell apart on the first day and we had to retire.

In 1974 we decided that we would offer to help instead. This one was in the Cheviots, in College Valley. Gerry Charnley had taken over the organisation. In 1975 we helped again, this time in Ennerdale. In 1976 we decided to enter again. By this time we had bought some Walsh shoes, the leather ones with the chevron soles. This was the first year it was officially known as the 'KIMM' although Karrimor had sponsored it before then. 1976 was Galloway. By this time we had a small one man tent which we bought using the principle that tents always hold more people than they say. This one didn't but it didn't matter as the weather was horrendous and we did so many river crossings that by the time we got to the overnight camp all our gear was soaked. Once again we decided to retire. We were lucky though as we'd just set off to walk back to the start when a BBC film crew passed us in their range rover and gave us a lift. We were feeling a bit fed up that we'd given up again but when we went into the pub there were lots of retired competitors. Apparently only 30% of people finished it that year.

We went to live in Ireland for a couple of years but were back in the UK in 1980 and decided to have a go at the Saunders as it was at a better time of year. The start was in Wasdale but we missed the actual start as we bumped into Mike Rose and were having a chat when he pointed out that we had a bit of a walk to the start. It meant we didn't have to queue up, just went along, picked up our maps and got going. This time we had a 2 man tent which we bought for £10 from the Ultimate factory in Halifax, with a flysheet for another £10 as they said we might need it. We'd used it for a hike through the Dolomites that summer so what could go wrong. The overnight camp was near the High Moss hut and I have this recollection that we took chilli with us for our meal. Not the dried variety but one which I'd prepared earlier! We were really pleased as we did the whole course. When the results came out we found out that we, and a lot of other people, had been disqualified as we'd punched the wrong punch at one of

the checkpoints. I think 2 of the routes went to the same checkpoint and had different punches. I don't think they do that now.

So our third failure. We started a family after that so the next time we did a mountain marathon together was 21 years later when we did the LAMM in 2001.



*Heather and Elaine Rose-Fleuriot at the Barrel Inn Fell Race. Photo Alan Billington.*

# Coniston Fudge.

By Ron Rees.

Progress had been good with my recovery from the cartilage condition that came upon me on the eve of the Black Combe race in March 2016. I actually fantasised that I might be able to achieve a reasonable time at the Langdale Horseshoe in October. The first half of the race went reasonably well until I approached the short steep scramble to the summit of Bowfell where I came across a fallen runner.

Before I say anymore, for the sake of a veneer of decorum and anonymity I wish to confirm that the following events are all true and the characters that participated were real but that the individuals concerned will remain nameless unless specifically mentioned by name.

The fallen runner was from Cheshire Hill Racers (a Hillbilly) who'd not only fallen on hard times but on a sharp, hard rock, cracked his head and cut his arm quite deeply. A small group of runners were already mulling over his destiny when I arrived. Very soon we were joined by a second Hillbilly as the first fallen Hillbilly lay there dazed and floundering with his map. I detected a primary kind of herding instinct between the two which I think provided some comfort.

The greatest comfort however was provided by a female Mercian runner who took charge of the situation by standing above the fallen runner exclaiming that there was no need to worry as she was a Vet and that we should all stand clear. She certainly did so by taking his pulse, bandaged his arm wound, tourniqueted his upper arm, and got him to count the fingers on her hand. Blimey I thought...she must be used to treating some very clever dogs let alone a prostrate Cheshire cat.

She then asked him if he knew her profession. He said "n.. noo.." She said "Vet". He said "..ohh...". She asked "do you know what we do with animals in your condition?" He said "n.. noo.." She said "we put them down". After a few silent seconds he responded with clarity and urgency "I...I think I'm all right now". She said "OK" as she strode on to regain a meaningful position in the race and entrusted his welfare to the second Hillbilly and myself.

The gathered throng then dissipated and other runners overtook us as we three agreed a plan to get to the Marshalls on Bowfell summit. This was slow tricky going with rests and encouragement all round to prevent any further misfortune to our charge as we gradually ascended the few hundred feet of loose big scree towards the peak. We headed up towards an intermediate level of flatish grass below the summit when we spied a high-viz jacket a few hundred feet ahead on a grassy plateau just beyond and below the summit. We got there only to be told by the high-viz jacket that he wasn't a Marshall and that we should detour back to the summit to engage with the real Marshalls. "..Umph.." I uttered !

Of course, this took more time and effort and for what? Still, rules are rules and they do make sense,

and so eventually we got to the top. Having got there, there were two high-viz jackets, both Marshalls. The circumstances were explained and the fallen runner seemed somewhat strengthened and emboldened suggesting he wanted to continue the race. At this point I left the fallen one and the second Hillbilly to their discourse with the Marshalls. I had decided to cash in my chips and have a go at the race I had intended to do as well as I possibly could during my preparatory months.

Subsequent to the finish of the race I learnt that the fallen runner has lost his dibber during his fall but that the Marshalls had given him a new one to finish off the race. Unbeknown to me that I was being tailed by this duo I found it difficult to gain momentum and apply myself competitively in an animalistic way. I ploughed on enjoying the route, teaming up with various groups whom I occasionally passed but more frequently was overtaken by. By the finish I was well happy having had an invigorating run with a story in the middle.

After the finish there was a free pint of ale and a pastie for all runners at the Old Dungeon Ghyll which I was thoroughly enjoying with a gang of Hillbillies including the fallen one who had been patched up at the first aid tent and told to attend Wilmslow A&E...pronto. The pair of Hillbillies had finished together some 45 minutes after me so hail to both of them on their commitment. Unfortunately such socializing comes with a price and the price was not to get the random spot prize of a new pair of Innovates when my name and number were called from an adjoining, but wall partitioned portion of the beer garden.

'Twas Dave Ward who alerted me to this unfortunate twist of fate, suggesting I should have word with the organiser in case there was a spare pair somewhere. So I did. I was told there were no more shoes but that I could have the pick of the remaining prizes particularly since he was aware of my involvement in the episode of the fallen Hillbilly. Choices ranged from a 4 pack of beer, white ,red or fizzy wine, or a mammoth hamper of Coniston Fudge and tasty accessories.

The Coniston Fudge won.

# OMM 2016.

## By Duncan Irving.



*Nic Barber and Jim Mann. Photo OMM.*

The 49th OMM returned to the Galloway Hills to run across the same challenging rock-and-bog-covered uplands that it last visited in 2006. It still attracts a diverse array of fell runners, adventure racers, military folk from the UK and beyond, walkers who want a challenge and complete novices. Conditions were good, mist down to 1000' with outbreaks of drizzle but that meant it wasn't too cold or too wet on the overnight camp.

On the Elite course, Nic Barber and his partner, Jim Mann, gave Shane Ohly and Duncan Archer a run for their money and finished a close second in the Elite Class. With a two day total time of 11 hrs 18 mins, they were only 27 mins behind Shane and Duncan. They beat the Swedish Team Haglofs captain, Bjorn Rydvall, and his partner, Sebastian Ljungdahl, by six minutes overall, after an extremely tight second day of running with only six minutes separating the top 3 teams' day 2 times.

This is no mean feat – the Haglofs team were moving with unbelievable pace when they came steaming past us across some peat bogs 10 miles into the first day – it was only their poor navigation that meant we saw the Swedish pair on three further occasions that morning! There was also a strong showing from

other sponsored, semi-pro and military teams in what turned out to be a very competitive and international field. Nic tells me that his most time consuming checkpoint hunt in the mist was a mere ten minutes which means that it came down to route choice and fitness. Well done, Nic and Jim – running the Kinder Dozen with a sac for training really does pay off!



*Richard Scottney and Roger Ashby heading to the start. Photo OMM.*

In the Medium Score class, Roger Ashby and Richard Scottney played super-orienteeing with a sac-on-yer-back for the weekend. On the Saturday they managed to amass a decent haul of points well within the six hour cut-off to finish 116th/148, and then only drifted a few minutes over Sunday's allotted five hours to finish 101st out of 146 finishing pairs. Score classes are a hard game to play over two days – you really need to know your strengths and weaknesses as the days unfold.

Duncan Irving and partner, Simon Coles, enjoyed  $\frac{3}{4}$  of Day 1 of the Elite class retiring with long standing head-colds and lurgies getting the better of their decision-making, route-finding and breathing abilities.

I saw a few folk from other local clubs and am pleased to report that Nicky Spinks beat the Elite course into submission with Jean Brown to end another good year for her.

# Marmot 24.

**By Geoff Briggs.**

A regular weekend mountain marathon has a pretty standard format. You start from point 'A' on Saturday morning, spend 6 or 7 hours locating controls as you make your way to point 'B', where there is an overnight camp. Having carried your tent, stove, food etc. with you, you're all set up for a relatively comfortable night. Next morning you're well rested and ready to go again, back to point 'A' and the end of the event.

A few years ago Shane Ohly came up with the idea of changing this format slightly. It would still be a weekend event, but with a bit of a catch. Everyone would start at midday on the Saturday, go off and find as many controls as possible and finish at midday on the Sunday. Ok, if you want to you can come back to the event centre and have a few hours' kip in the tent you've left there. Alternatively you can carry a lightweight tent (or bivvy bag) with you, pitch it at any time and place you like, rest for a few hours and continue. But of course the hardy ones will just keep going for the whole 24 hours. A bit like an unsupported Bob Graham Round, but you don't know where you're going until you get there.

This sounded like a brilliant event to have a go at, so when Sue Richmond suggested early in 2016 that we enter it as a pair I really didn't take much persuading. In all honesty all the other events in the first 7 months of the year were basically training for this one monster weekend. Neither of us had any idea how our bodies and minds would respond to this sort of punishment, but we were prepared to find out. Our plan all along was that we would be some of the hardy ones to keep going for 24 hours non-stop. However, because of our inexperience we made the decision to carry a tent with us anyway, to give the option of a few hours' rest in the middle of the night.



My close friend, Lee Langdon, was also intrigued by this event but none of his usual mountain marathon partners were either available or fit enough to join him, so he'd have to go solo. Fortunately, there is also a 12 hour option for this event, where you finish at midnight on Saturday. Partly because Lee was nursing an Achilles injury and partly because he couldn't face being out in the hills for 24 hours with no-one to talk to, Lee opted for the shorter event.

This year's event centre was in the village of Yarrow, in the Scottish Borders between Selkirk and Moffat. This is quite a long drive, so it made sense to travel up on the Friday afternoon and be fresh for Saturday's start. Also, the maps were issued at 9am, giving us three hours to start planning the next 24 hours of adventure!



The first plan was to leave Friday night's tent up at the event centre and carry the lighter tent in case of an emergency tiredness situation!!

The weather on Saturday morning was absolutely perfect, but the forecast was for very strong winds and heavy rain overnight. Because of this it seemed like a good idea to avoid the high exposed ground when the weather was due to be at its worst. There were some controls in a large area of forestry that appeared to have good tracks and rides passing through it, so we thought it made sense to aim to be in here when the storm hit, as we'd have a reasonable amount of shelter and the going would be pretty easy. That's what we thought, anyway.

There was a mass start at 12 noon, but very quickly the crowd dispersed in all directions as everyone appeared to have made different plans. We set off straight for some high ground, following some good looking ridges and we'd soon picked up a few controls. We continued with the plan to keep going on the higher ground whilst the weather was good; in fact we made very good time and arrived at the forest at about 9pm, whilst the weather was still fine. Surprisingly for the Scottish hills, there'd been very limited supplies of fresh water so far. Having set off with about a litre each, we were starting to run a bit low. Just before the forest there was a muddy looking loch, but it was the best we'd seen for hours, so we filled water bottles and added sterilising tablets. It would have to do.



#### Lost Control

As expected, we followed good forest tracks for about 3km until approaching the next control, which appeared to be about 250m off the track, into the forest. We followed a stream for a short while, and when we felt we'd gone far enough into the forest we started looking for the control, just as it was starting to go dark. To be fair, we'd been lulled into a false sense of security, because all the controls we'd visited so far had been pretty easy to locate. Not this one though! We went further into the forest, not there. We came back, no luck. Backwards and forwards, this way and that. Ok, you can see the complete mess we made of it on the GPS track. Not our finest hour. And yes, it was at least an hour.

We decided that we'd wasted enough time and we weren't going to find it. No problem, though, all we had to do now was follow the big forest tracks and get back out onto the hill. Except the big forest tracks were no longer big forest tracks. There were some difficult to follow rides and trees. Lots of trees. We made our way to a building by a stream, so we knew exactly where we were on the map – only about 500m away from the forest exit, where the next control was. I made up some 'Rego' (other energy drinks are available!) from the stream as this was the best water we'd come across since the muddy loch. All we had to do now was find the ride that was clearly marked on the map. Of course that would have been far too easy. Any semblance of a ride was completely obscured by windblow – large trees that had been blown down and made passage almost impossible. We spent the best part of an hour climbing horizontal trees. At one point, whilst clambering over a fallen tree, Sue slipped and her waterproof trousers became impaled on a conifer branch. She literally couldn't move. I had to physically lift her up and off the branch. Thank goodness it was only her trousers and not her leg. I've absolutely no idea what we'd have done if either of us had suffered a serious injury in there. It was so exhausting, and

all the time we could hear the storm raging outside – that was the only consolation really; we weren't being blown off an exposed hillside. Eventually we made our way through to a proper track. Never in my life had I been more pleased to find a forest track! As we approached the edge of the forest the howling wind got louder, but this was a good sign as it meant our nightmare was almost over and we soon came to open ground and the next control. It was approaching midnight now. We'd been in that forest for three hours and covered what should have been about 6km.



It's impossible to describe properly here, but a

huge amount of energy had been expended battling our way through the fallen trees and we realised that lost energy needed replenishing as quickly as possible. Something that we felt we'd prepared for very well was our food supply for the 24 hours. We'd brought with us a wide variety of food types, to make sure that we always had something with us that appealed, no matter what the time of day or night. Right now salted peanuts seemed absolutely perfect. Fortunately I had two large bags with me! We stuffed our faces and soon felt much better for it.

The worst of the rain appeared to have passed, but it was still very windy. However, it was now time to head for some higher ground. The sky was clearing, stars were starting to appear and there was absolutely no artificial light anywhere, apart from our head torches. It's at times like this that you really appreciate just how lucky we are to be able to spend time in our wonderful hills in spectacular conditions. We switched off our head torches to take in the night sky and were treated to the most amazing view of the Milky Way; an amazing band of light stretching across the sky.



We had a big steep climb now, to get us back onto the proper higher ground, and 15 hours of walking were starting to tell with me, but Sue was still going strongly, so I just had to keep up! It was here that we had our 2<sup>nd</sup> (and final) navigational difficulty. We took a bearing from a fence on a ridge line down to the control, but couldn't see any sign of it. So we ended up having a bit of a wander before realising that we'd dropped too low. As we headed back up the hill we could see what looked like a light shining ahead of us. Then we

remembered that all the check-point flags had reflective strips on them, and this was what we could see. The reason we'd not seen it from above was that it was in a bit of a hollow. Looking at the GPS track afterwards we were no more than 25m away from it on the first attempt.

The next few controls were relatively close together, so this provided a bit of a psychological boost as we started to build up our points score again. An added bonus was watching the sun come up as we rounded a small hill. With about 5 hours still to go we realised that we were well ahead of our tentative schedule and we wondered whether we could add in a few more controls on top of the planned final few. I have to confess that I was feeling more than a little tired at this point and to bag those two or three extra controls would have required a lot of extra walking. I was happy to stick to the original plan and head back to the finish.

In fact we got back to the finish with about 2 hours to spare, but there were no regrets about finishing early. It had been a fantastic experience, walking through the night in completely unfamiliar territory. The only possible regret was the choice of going through the forest. But it meant that we were protected from the worst of the weather, so I suppose it's a bit of a swings and roundabouts thing.

Of course by this time Lee had been finished for hours, eaten some food, gone to bed (in his camper van!), got up and eaten some more food, so he was full of beans by the time we returned. He'd had a brilliant 12 hours though, and had won that competition by some considerable amount.



**Lee on his way to victory in the 12 hour event**

I'd expected to need a few hours' sleep before having to drive home, but even after having a meal and chatting to people for a

few hours, I dare say the adrenaline was still flowing so I decided to set off driving

and just stop whenever I felt the need. Not surprisingly after about half an hour in the car I could feel my eyes going. I pulled over and set the alarm on my watch for 15 minutes. It probably only took 30 seconds to nod off, but the 15 minute power-nap was just what I needed. We set off again and stopped at the first café for a large mug of coffee. The rest of the journey home probably included another 3 or 4 coffee stops, which successfully staved off the tiredness.

Undoubtedly this event had been the highlight of a fantastic year of mountain marathons.

Unfortunately, Shane Ohly has had to make the difficult decision not to run the event again. This was its third year, and each event has lost money, because of the lack of competitor numbers. This was a real shame, as we felt we'd learnt a huge amount (not least the fact that I needed to do more training for it and to avoid forests in the middle of the night!) and we'd already entered for the 2017 event.

What surprised me over the following few days was that I never seemed to require any extra sleep to make up for the missed night on Saturday. I went to bed at the normal time, got up for work at the normal time, fell asleep at my desk as usual – nothing seemed to change!

## British Athletics Fell and Hill Relay Championships

By Alan Brentnall.



Relays are arguably the most exciting form of fell running available, giving a great experience for competitors and spectators alike. There's nothing quite like the pressure involved in a team event, and a relay is really a remarkable example of a team event, and the fact two particular relays (the Hodgson Brothers Mountain Relay, and the British Athletics Fell and Hill Relay Championship) attract the cream of fell running from all corners of the country makes the pressure, the excitement and the atmosphere of these competitions something which is best experienced live, rather than described in retrospect.

National relay championships for Fell Running were first suggested in the 1980s, but, initially, the idea wasn't thought to be in keeping with the traditional ethos of the sport as it was perceived in those days. However, in 1986, when Ian Hodgson was tragically killed in a cycling accident the day after he and his partner won the Karrimor Mountain Marathon score class, the Hodgson family decided to hold a relay based upon Brotherswater in his memory.

Despite the FRA's earlier predictions, the Ian Hodgson Mountain Relay was a very successful event, and became more popular year by year until, in 1989, the FRA created



its own national relay championship, the FRA Relay, and used the Ian Hodgson Mountain Relay as the first ever event. Since then both relays have continued very successfully, and are held two-weeks apart in October each year.

Whereas the Hodgson event always stays on the Brotherswater skyline route, the BA Mountain Relay Championship moves around the country, so that it is different every year. Moreover, it has four different legs involving either one or two runners, and one navigational leg (although navigational skills may be required in any or all of the legs).

I must also point out that, in 2015, Michael Hodgson, Ian's elder brother, sadly died of a heart attack while cycling in the Lake District, and the event is now known as the Hodgson Brothers Mountain Relay. Pennine have a long tradition of competing and assisting at the Hodgson events.

The annual FRA Relay eventually became the British Athletics Fell and Hill Relay Championship, and there have been 28 such relays since the earliest in 1989:-

1989	Brotherswater	The Hodgson Family
1990	Edale	Pennine FR
1991	Kettlewell	Bingley Harriers
1992	Threlkeld	Keswick AC
1993	Wanlockhead (Moffat)	Carnethy/Livingston/HBT
1994	Hebden Bridge	Calder Valley FR
1995	Llanberis	Eryri Harriers
1996	Sedbergh	Kendal AAC/Howgill Harriers
1997	Pendle	Clayton-le-Moors Harriers
1998	Braithwaite	Cumberland FR
1999	Alva	Carnethy RC/Ochil HRC
2000	Edale	Dark Peak FR
2001	Llanberis	Eryri Harriers
2002	Great Langdale	Ambleside AC
2003	Church Stretton	Mercia FR
2004	Hayfield	Pennine FR
2005	Llanberis	Eryri Harriers
2006	Luddenden Dean	Calder Valley FR
2007	Chipping	Bowland FR
2008	Clwydian Hills	Clwydian Range Runners
2009	Ennerdale	Cumberland FR
2010	Lomonds of Fife	Fife AC
2011	Kettlewell	Bingley Harriers
2012	Church Stretton	Mercia FR
2013	Llanberis	Eryri Harriers
2014	Middleton	Howgill Harriers/Dallam Runners
2015	Pendle	Clayton-le-Moors Harriers
2016	Luss	Westerlands

And you will notice that Pennine Fell Runners have twice organised this event: once in 1990, and again in 2004, both based on Kinder Scout.

I first took part in the Hodgson Relay in 1995, running with Rob Taylor's brother John on the Angletarn Pikes leg which that year was the third leg as the race was being run anticlockwise. In the same year, I partnered Mario Foschi at the FRA Relay in Llanberis, another great experience. Since then, I have run in many relays for Pennine, getting wet, getting lost and, very occasionally, making a bit of a difference; but always enjoying the event, and the occasion.



But my first experience of being part of the organisation of a national relay came in 2001, the year after the event had been held in Edale. The Edale event was organised by Dark Peak, and Pennine did very well in it, with Pennine's women's team winning silver. However, the navigation leg was quite a tough outing, resulting in only three teams getting to the change-over before the cut-off time when there would be a mass start for all the remaining teams. This was obviously not on, and it was decided that, from then onwards, all relay legs in the national championship would be vetted to

ensure that a very high percentage of teams entering the event would be able to complete four legs without a mass start.

I became part of this vetting process, travelling to the event area, usually in Spring, with the referee / controller and running a reasonable proportion of the three non-navigational legs to get some idea of the likely times, while the controller, originally Dave Jones and, latterly, Alan Barlow, looked at the top secret navigation leg. The idea of the navigational leg is to test basic map reading in a competitive atmosphere, but it shouldn't be a tough orienteering leg, more a question of route choice.

As well as vetting courses, I acted as joint controller with Alan Barlow at the 2009 relay in the hills of western Ennerdale, when I had the misfortune to have to disqualify the first three runners to finish leg 4 as they had all missed a punch. Despite the fact that all other runners managed to find this checkpoint, one of the three wrote to me afterwards demanding that I point out the rule where it says that runners



must visit all checkpoints - yours in sport etc!!!

The vetting by Alan and me went on for several years until some ugly events at the Middleton Relay put Alan off the job of referee. The original rules for the relay championship never foresaw that a veteran team might actually win the event, but that year vets took not only first place, but second too.

However, the way the rules were written, these winning teams could only get veteran prizes (as they had been entered as veteran teams - different classes being treated as separate races) and, as you might imagine, the lads involved were bitterly disappointed. However, there was no excuse for the inflammatory language which was used at the time. The targets of this vitriol were the poor old race organiser and, of course, the referee, Alan.

This has all been sorted out now, of course, and a vet team can indeed win both the overall championship and any veteran title it is also qualified for, but Alan's sad departure meant that the FRA was looking for a new controller, and, after discussions with Jonathan Broxap and Sarah Rowell (and a lot of advice from Alan Barlow), I agreed to do the job.

My first event was the Clayton-le-Moors Relay in 2015, and my second was this year's Scottish event at Luss on the bonny banks of Loch Lomond.

The Clayton relay, on Pendle, was quite odd in that I knew the ground very well, and even the navigation leg was nearly a copy of the one I had run in the 1997 relay with Alan Bocking. So having studied all the maps, I opted not to vet legs in person, and, right enough, there were no problems on the day - except, that is, for the poor placement of one of the nav leg controls, but a pre-event vetting run would never pick up a problem like that.



The Luss event was well organised, with plenty of local support and facilities. The area was little-known to all but the local runners, which I think helps to make it a good event, and Westerlands held the race on Saturday, instead of the usual Sunday, so that runners could make a weekend of it and let their hair down at the Saturday night ceilidh.



In the case of events in Scotland, we have always left the course vetting to Scottish Athletics Ltd as the athletics administrative body north of the border, and they have

usually done a good job. However, there are thoughts that the navigation leg may have been a bit too technical this year, and Sarah is adjusting the rules to make the objectives clearer.

On the day, as referee/controller, I had very little to do, although there was one team who missed a punch on leg 2, and there was a slight worry about a female runner who was injured on leg 4 and needed the help of Arrochar MRT and the RNLI helicopter.

And, of course, all four of the Pennine teams did the club proud at Luss, with some great individual efforts, good team positions all round, and a podium place for both of our veteran teams. We've a long tradition of successes in these events, and long may it be so, but the reality is that, win or lose, relay events are just great events in which to take part - as a runner, as a spectator or even as a helper.





# Hodgson Brothers Relay 2016.



*Tom Bush, Paul Rowley, Steph Curtis, Sue Richmond, Nic Barber and Simon Coldrick. Not shown Emma Gerrard and Holly Martin. Photo Geoff Briggs.*

Sunday 2nd of October was the Hodgson Brothers Mountain Relay in Patterdale, one of the highlights of the fell running year. Pennine entered three teams and, as usual, there were some great performances. The Mixed Team, pictured Tom Bush, Paul Rowley, Steph Curtis, Sue Richmond, Nic Barber, Simon Coldrick, Emma Gerrard (gone to feed the baby) and Holly Martin (gone to write her MA thesis) were 2<sup>nd</sup> in their class.

The Vets (Stefan Bramwell, Rick Houghton, Noel Curtis, Mark Burton, Muir Morton, Tim Oliver, Dave Ward and Steve Knowles) were 4<sup>th</sup> in their class and the Open Team (Simon Entwisle, Dave Bowen, Duncan Irving, Dave Harvey, Jim Trueman, Ian Warhurst, Will Griffith and Andy McMurdo) were 44<sup>th</sup> overall.

*Text, Geoff Briggs.*



*Simon Coldrick and Nic Barber on leg 4. Photo Rick Houghton.*

The following text is Alan Brentnall's account of the relay.

*In 2016 the Ian Hodgson Mountain Relay became the Hodgson Brothers Mountain Relay, following the sad death of Michael Hodgson in August 2015, and, once again, Alison and I were press-ganged into assisting with the admin side of the event. This year, the work involved organising the car parking at Patterdale registration and, later, at Sykeside Campsite, followed by assisting Andrew Hinde with the change-over at Hartsop Hall, between legs 3 and 4.*

*After the event, we cycled back to the finish at Patterdale to catch up with the Pennine runners who had obviously had a great day out in splendid weather, and the mixed team had even managed to make the podium!!*

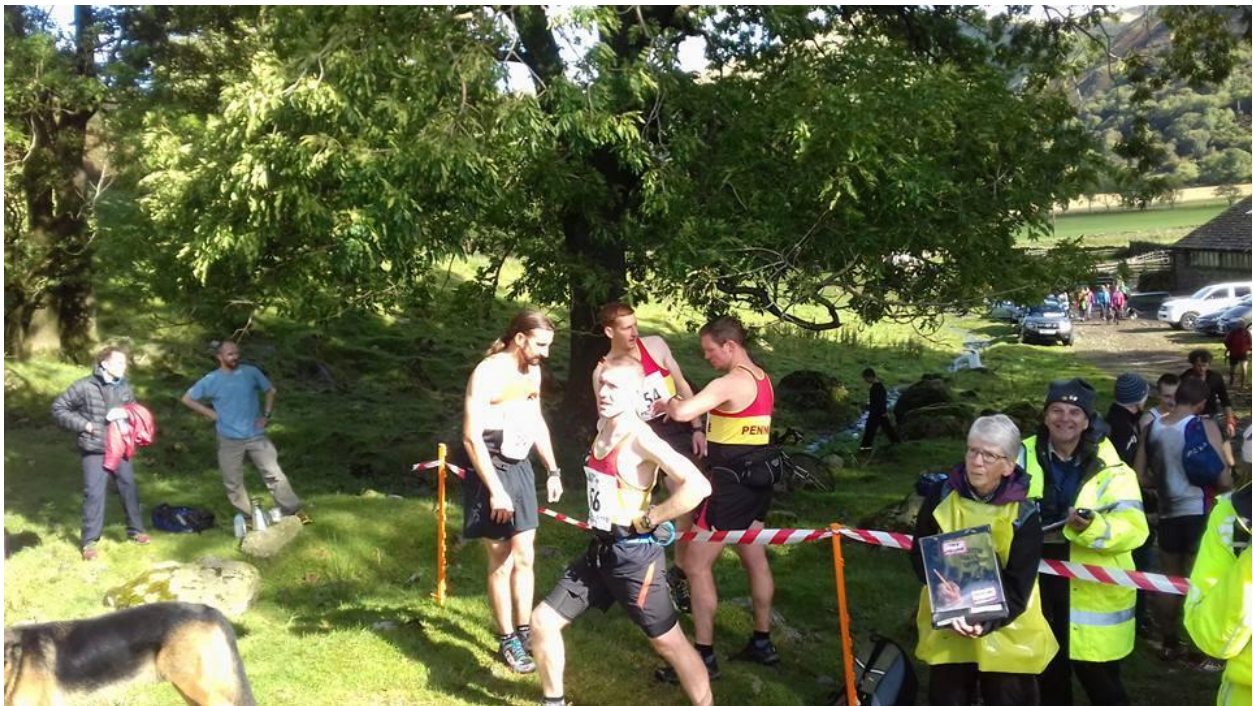
*At the prize giving, Alison and I were pleasantly surprised to be presented the Mike Rose Campervan Trophy, which is awarded annually to helpers at the event. In his speech, Jonathan Broxap also mentioned the great assistance that the relay has had over the years from Pennine as a club, and he was particularly grateful for the large contingent of Pennine members who stepped up to the plate this year, when their presence was greatly needed.*

*Consequently, it felt as though we were accepting the award on behalf of the club - and we were very pleased and honoured in doing so.*

*The HBMR is surely one of the most exciting and enjoyable events on the fell running calendar and we are proud to be part of a club which makes such a significant contribution to the ongoing existence of the relay.*

*After the prize giving, Shirley Hodgson chatted to us, and mentioned that she thought it was good that the recipients of the award actually knew who Mike Rose was. I first met Mike as a fellow "Langdale Festerer" way back in 1970, and I know that he made an enormous contribution to British fell running over the years.*

*But I do wonder whether Geoff is aware of the fact that Mike's usual job at the Hodgson Relay was to marshal that pile of stones up on the rim between Dove and Hart Craggs. If you ever catch the whiff of cigar smoke while you're waiting for the front runners, look behind you, Geoff!! You might just catch sight of a very friendly ghost.*



*Alison Brentnall taking names and numbers whilst Stevie, Dave, Will and Andy limber up.  
Photo Nicole Grobбен.*

# **Pennine People.**

## **Will Meredith.**



*Will at the Warslow Fell Race. Photo Martin Dearden.*

### **Q1 Which race have you always wanted to do but never managed to get round to doing?**

Quite a lot to choose from but I've wanted to do the Arrochar Alps for quite a while. I did a LAMM near there in 2010 and have wanted to go back to the area to try the Arrochar race ever since.

### **Q2 What is your favourite mountain or viewpoint?**

Sorry I can't make my mind up but if choosing locally - Crowden Tower on Kinder (we put my Dad's ashes there), or Grinah Stones near Bleaklow.

I love The Roaches as I grew up in Meerbrook near Leek, and used to play up there with my pals when we were little. We saw the wild wallabies a few times. I've got many great memories and it's still a very accessible place for young people to get a taste of scrambling and having fun outside. I like to see families going up the Roaches with their kids for a day playing outdoors amongst the rocks. I like the viewpoint from Doxey Pool back to Hen Cloud - but watch out the Mermaid doesn't get you! It's actually

linked via an underground cavern system to the Mermaid Pool on Morridge! (well that's what we used to say).

### **Q3 Your best result or performance you are most proud of?**

Probably my BG or Lakeland 100. I have never been remotely quick but still enjoy racing a lot.

### **Q4 Your favourite piece of kit or equipment that you could not do without?**

The old faithful Lowe Alpine bumbag, or my Rab pertex windproof - very light but handy.

### **Q5 Your favourite pre / post race nutrition?**

Pre - bagel with peanut/cashew nut butter, or granola. Post - a pint.

### **Q6 What is Pennine Fell Runners unique selling point?**

Pennine are a fantastically friendly club and I particularly like the lack of bureaucracy and general sense of enthusiasm for adventure - whether it's Penniners doing long runs, racing, or people just heading up Kinder in club runs (or alone at night). The fewer rules; the better.

PFR is very good at allowing people to take responsibility for themselves and there isn't an overly controlling hierarchy within the club generally. And of course we have lots of very good inspiring runners in all age categories. There are also lots of opportunities for car sharing and away days to the Lakes for races etc, and people put a lot into organising club events such as the Trans Pennine Relay, the baffler, and handicaps which are always good fun.

### **Q7 Your childhood or current sporting hero?**

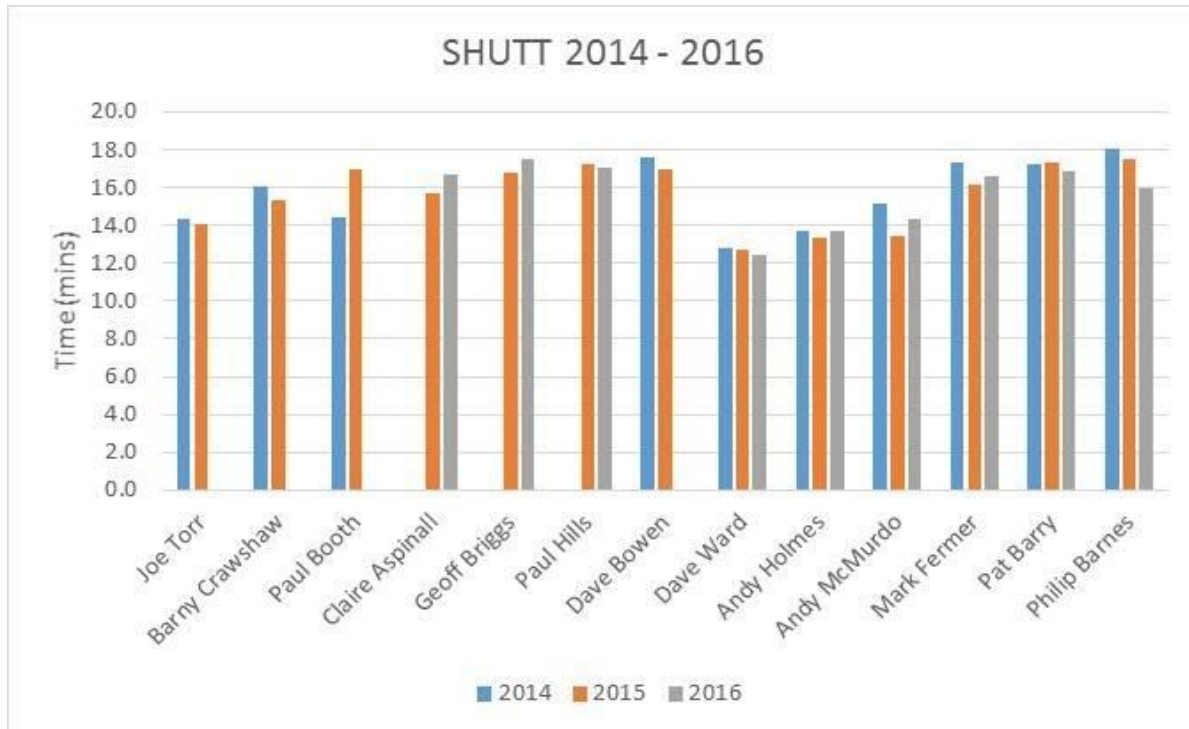
I've never really had any sporting heroes (does watching Jimmy White play snooker in my student years count?) so I would probably say my parents. My Dad was always very enthusiastic about long distance walking and the outdoors and he did a bit of fell running too (he walked the Pyrenees from coast to coast amongst many other long outings). He used to walk his age on his birthday every year and carried it on well into his late 60's - insisting on a 40lb rucksack and heavy boots too!

My Mum is very active and still does 10+ mile hilly walks each week at the age of 77 - so I'd say both my parents are my sporting heroes. There are lots of inspirational people in PFR but I won't embarrass anyone by naming them.

### **Q8 And finally do you have any pastimes away from running?**

Family time, I'm interested in mental health generally and work as a therapist, Music - I play the bass guitar when I have the time but don't seem to have as much time nowadays - and it wakes the little un up.

# Sandy Heys Uphill Time Trial 2016.



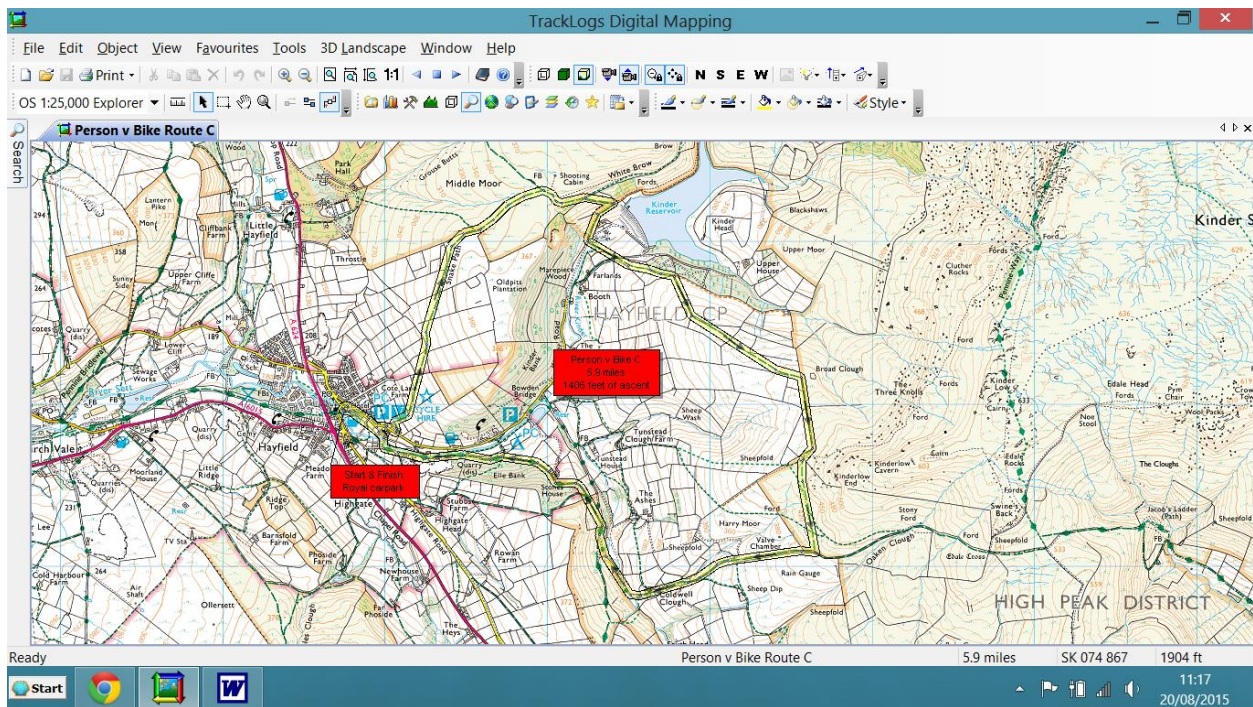
Graph by Barry Crawshaw.

Congratulations to Dave Ward, once again fastest on the night, and to Zoe, fastest woman again.

I should point out that there were a number of runners still with tired legs after running Borrowdale at the weekend, Eccles Pike on Wednesday or even covering 80km in the Marmot24. Well done to everyone and thanks to Dave Ward and Pat Barry for helping out with the timing (I had loads of offers of help there, so thanks to everyone.) *Geoff Briggs.*

Dave Ward	12:28	Philip Barnes	15:57
Stevie Knowles	12:40	Mark Fermer	16:38
Paul Rowley	12:51	Claire Aspinall	16:39
Mark Pursell	13:19	Ron Rees	16:43
Matt Hulley	13:38	Pat Barry	16:52
Andy Holmes	13:43	Paul Hills	17:05
Zoe Procter	13:57	Paul Rowland	17:09
Andy McMurdo	14:20	Geoff Briggs (walking!)	17:30
Matt Dumenill	14:33	Richard Scottney	17:32
James Benson	14:43	Paul Filby	17:32
Holly Martin	15:06	Katie Benson	18:41
Sue Richmond	15:06	John Williams	19:55
James Stubbs	15:15	Jo Bowen	21:27
Phil Roper	15:33		

## Person v Bike : Route C (clockwise) : 1<sup>st</sup> September 2016.



At last !! As ever, the Geoff Briggs handicapping machine solved the conundrum of what to do with this route and we got the required mixed category and close finishes we were after. There were of course some exceptions but generally these were caused by what could be termed "route choice aberrations", which included at least two attempts to go up William Clough and another two (possibly the same two ??!) brief diversions towards Edale.

A total of 32 people arrived for the evening's entertainment, seven bikers (well down on last time) and twenty-five runners (well up on last time).

Jim Topliss broke with a long-established family tradition in actually arriving before the event had set off and proceeded to put in a blistering ride to come home in first place covered in sweat and Continental riding gear.

Mark Burton and Andy Holmes took second and third, arriving virtually together five minutes behind Jim and the table below shows the rest of the story.

A good time was had by all, both on the route and in the Royal and now we've found out how to Handicap this route we can add it to the other two established ones for future occasions.

Thanks to all who turned up and a special thanks to Geoff once more for his usual sterling and faultless services on the night. *Dave Jones.*

<b>Pos.</b>	<b>Cat.</b>	<b>Name</b>	<b>Finish time</b>	<b>Time taken (mins)</b>
1	CB	Jim Topliss	7.58	40
2	CR	Mark Burton	8.03	45
3	CR	Andy Holmes	8.03	45
4	CR	Andy Mc Murdo	8.06	48
5	RR	Anna Wildman	8.06	58
6	RR	Adam Ash	8.06	58
7	CR	Bernie Cook	8.07	49
8	RR	Andy Butler	8.07	59
9	RR	Mark Fermer	8.08	60
10	CR	Holly Martin	8.09	51
11	RR	Paul Hills	8.10	62
12	RB	Rich Seipp	8.11	63
13	RB	Tom Seipp	8.11	63
14	RR	Mary Edgerton	8.12	64
15	RR	Becky Lomas	8.12	64
16	RR	Paul Filby	8.12	64
17	RR	Elaine Fleuriot	8.12	64
18	CC	Zoe Procter	8.16	58
19	CR	Sue Richmond	8.18	60
20	CR	Phil Roper	8.18	60
21	CR	Jim Wilson	8.19	61
22	RR	Lisa Bloor	8.26	78
23	FURR	Jo Dunn	8.26	86
24	RR	Jemma Cliff	8.28	80
25	RR	Kat Ferguson	8.28	80
26	CB	Ed Bartlett	8.29	71
27	CB	Nick Room	8.29	71
28	RR	John Peel	8.29	81
29	RR	Becky Eastment	8.30	82
30	RR	John Williams	8.30	82
31	RB	Andy Howie	8.31	83
32	URR	Roger Ashby	8.37	100



# Dunnerdale 2016.

By Mark Fermer.



*Alan Brentnall, Sue Richmond, Steph Curtis, Holly Martin, Matt Hulley and Tim Oliver.  
Photo Nicole Grobбен.*

Since joining Pennine I've learnt that we have a special affinity with two races in particular, Jura and Dunnerdale. The presence of the Rucksack Club's High Moss Hut in the Duddon valley makes the Dunnerdale race the focus of a weekend of outdoor malarky.

Checking the weather forecast during the week, a large band of heavy rain was due to pass over Cumbria on Saturday morning clearing in the afternoon. Driving on the M6 on the way up they weren't wrong. Headlights on and wipers on full speed. Fortunately the rain stopped and there was the superb sight of a thin band of cloud bisecting the sunlit hills. I tried to stop and take a photograph but couldn't park up anywhere on the narrow roads.

The road into Broughton Mills had a couple of flooded sections that required high revs and crossed fingers. The upper field that was earmarked for parking, was blocked by a car, half in, half out trying to reverse out of the mud. We had to push him out, a local farmer wasn't too impressed by the delay. Having got there quite early, I luckily found a space right outside the community centre and start line.



*Richard Scottney, Mary Edgerton and Andy Howie. Photo Nicole Grobben.*



*Robin Mitton and Dave Bowen. Photo Nicole Grobben.*

Broughton Mills is in the Duddon valley, the Southern end of The Lakes. The Dunnerdale race is an AS, 8km with 550 metres of ascent.

The large group of Pennine vests doing important cardiovascular warm-up exercises and stretches stood around chatting, prompted another club runner to ask “this wouldn’t happen to be a Pennine championship race by any chance would it?” There would have been even more Pennine runners but for various injuries and an unfortunate accident.

With blue skies and excellent visibility we set off. The first few km or so was a narrow lane before skirting High Banks Wood to ascend The Knott (282m). It doesn't sound a lot, but it is. I was astonished at how much of a gap the leading group had already pulled out. I passed Tim Horrocks at the foot of the climb and Paul Filby and I were just behind Phil Barnes and Alan Brentnall. As you can see from the photos above it's a fair old climb. There were quite a few spectators on the slope shouting encouragement and taking photos. A sharp descent then up to Raven Crag (361m). I lost Paul on the descent as Phil and Alan were steadily pulling away. Nicole gave us an encouraging shout on the ascent.

I really need to do some work on my descending. Within my natural position in a race, (I'm pleased to get slightly better than halfway, although my best placing was probably my 2012 Kinder Trog where I finished roughly in the top third) I hold my place or slightly gain on the climbs but lose so many places on the descents.

There is some fast running to be done between Raven Crag and Stickle Pike. By this time Alan had long gone and Phil was getting further and further away. I can't remember if it was here or between checkpoint 3 and 4 that Geoff and Emma gave a encouraging shout. The little streams were quite heavy from the overnight drenching. We crossed the road and passed Stickle Tarn on the approach to Stickle Pike (375m). Up and around the trig point. I messed up a bit here, I had to climb down a rocky section but had I gone a bit further on it would have avoided the rocks and I wouldn't have lost a few places.

Paul and Alan had warned me about the great bog before the final climb to the last checkpoint, Great Stickle (305m). Skirt or go around? I went around. I have to say that the descent off Great Stickle was extremely slippery, I fell over at least four times. Having shoes that are well past their best didn't help. Loose rock and hidden rocks covered by dead bracken are not a good combination.

At the bottom of the hill there is some fast running to be had as we head for the road, back to the finish. Just as I reach the lane for the run in, I heard a runner slipping and falling to the ground. After 1800 odd feet of up and tricky descents the guy, a runner from Helm Hill, who also had a large turnout, managed to fall on the tarmac! It was a proper face plant. I stopped and asked if he was ok, he told me everything was fine and to carry on. It must have looked worse than it actually was because he passed me just before the finishing field. The post race water dispensed by the Curtis Juniors was very welcome.

In the community centre afterwards scoffing the free pie, the fallen runner came over and we started chatting. Looking at the results it turned out he was called Sam Gibbs and was originally from Buxton and he knew some of our teammates. Actually he told quite a funny story. At Andy's Kinder Trial about 2 years ago, he ran it on his 40th birthday. At registration he was given his race number, 40, and looking at the results afterwards he found that he had finished in Fortieth place!

It was time to get warm and visit the pub, the Blacksmiths Arms, a great place, quite small and cosy, the main room has a large table which Pennine duly claimed. When you go to the bar and find they serve beer from The Pennine Brewing Co, well it would be rude not to try some. Very nice too. Pennine filled the room, with a few Macc Harriers squeezed in. This was a real pub, no sky sports and no jukebox blaring out, making conversation impossible. Re reading that last sentence makes me sound like a fully paid up old git. The front room of the pub had a large table which we all seemed to squeeze around. The Curtis clan and Tim and Nicole were playing a fantastic game called Pass the pig, I think. It involved throwing two rubber pigs onto the table and had a seeming highly complicated scoring system. It looked great fun. It only occurred to me on the way home that I'd spent longer in the pub than racing!



*Barbara, Paul, Lis, John, Paul, Richard, myself. Photo Tim Oliver.*

# Results.

Pos	Name	Category	Time
17	Noel Curtis	MV40	45:52
22	Mark Burton	MV40	46:37
34	Paul Swindles	M	48:16
37	Tom Bush	M	48:34
45	Matthew Hulley	MV40	50:39
52	Tim Oliver	MV40	51:44
57	Steph Curtis	FV40	53:20
66	Holly Martin	F	55:00
82	Robin Mitton	MV40	56:29
94	Dave Bowen	MV60	57:22
97	Sue Richmond	F	57:36
109	Alan Brentnall	MV60	59:38
122	Philip Barnes	MV50	1:02:05
127	Mark Fermer	MV50	1:03:46
130	Paul Filby	MV40	1:04:39
134	Paul Hills	MV50	1:05:27
137	Tim Horrocks	MV50	1:06:41
143	Mary Edgerton	FV50	1:08:01
144	Alison Brentnall	FV60	1:08:10
155	John Williams	MV60	1:09:43
160	Lucy Stephenson	F	1:11:07
162	Richard Scottney	MV60	1:11:42
169	Christine Bowen	FV50	1:16:35
170	Andy Howie	MV60	1:17:03
178	Roger Ashby	MV70	1:25:39

As you can see Noel and Steph claimed 100 points in the Pennine championship. The race was the penultimate club championship counter and the result means that Sue Richmond cannot now be caught, and is the new women's champion and Nic Barber is the men's champion.

At the time of writing Dave Bowen has completed 17/17 championship races with Matt Hulley having done 16/17 and Phil Barnes 15/17.



*Post/pre refuelling at High Moss. Peter, Emma, Tom, Geoff, Francesca, Paul, Digby, Christine and John amongst many others. Photo Lis Bloor. (A lot of group photos seem to include empty wine bottles and pint pots! Long may it continue!)*

# Famous Grouse 2016.



*Andy Butler, Elaine Fleuriot, Ian Wolfendale and Paul Hills. Photo Nicole Grobбен.*



*Rick, the cat in the hat, Houghton and Noel Curtis. Photo Nicole Grobбен.*

# The Baffler 2016.

Text By Dave Jones.



*Richard and Sue's winning baton. Photo Richard Scottney*

An erratically misty and breezy but not especially cold evening greeted the twenty-eight headtorches (counting me and Geoff) who gathered at Peep 'o Day to face the challenges of the night.

The initial Judging of the Batons uncovered some interesting things and there was considerable inventiveness from some – Will & Andy's giant yellow fluffy sheeptick and Pat & Matt's floaty, illuminated fibre-optic wand among them – but others had clearly forgotten the importance of this aspect of the evening. Phil Barnes made a spirited and almost convincing justification for his key ring but Stevie & John merely shuffled uncomfortably and produced a rather bedraggled banana.

The prize went to Richard and Sue's magnificent creation of a small deer antler wreathed in sparkly Christmas lights – this was felt to be positively metaphysical in its juxtaposition of the gaiety and triviality of the lights with the vicious savagery of the antler and contained so many parallels with the



human condition that Geoff and I were moved almost to tears by the profundity of the work. It had a practical value as well, in that it provided a means of defence during the event against possible bands of brigands, offset a little by its potential to slaughter its runner in the event of a stumble but, nevertheless it has been submitted for exhibition in the Tate Modern and Richard & Sue can be justifiably proud of adding an intellectual and artistic dimension to the evening.

The actual event produced its fair quota of interesting diversions from the route in the mist – Roger ended up doing twice as much as he should when Mark went walkabout but the gem of the evening occurred when guest newcomer Ella ran with perfect accuracy all the way round the second loop and never actually met Rob, who had preferred a tour of the Phoside area to the standard route – we have an award for this sort of thing !!

There was also more than the usual quota of accidents – Helen ended up with a dramatic line of blood down her cheek after a fight with a bramble and a number of people fell (literally) foul of the speed bump/drainage channel on the way down from Bigstone; there was ripped clothing and, in Roger's case, dramatic bloodstained knees as a memento.

However, everyone seemed to enjoy themselves; Tom and Paul basked in the glory of being first team back and in the resulting free pints; the Royal was pleasantly sociable afterwards and generally it was a good evening.

<b>1st</b>	Tom Bush - Paul Rowland
<b>2nd</b>	Andy McMurdo - Helen Allison
<b>3rd</b>	Paul Swindles - Paul Filby
<b>4th</b>	Andy Holmes - Will Meredith
<b>5th</b>	Noel Curtis - Philip Barnes
<b>6th</b>	Dave Ward - Jo Bowen
<b>7th</b>	Pat Barry - Matt Dumenil
<b>8th</b>	Holly Martin - Mark Fermer
<b>9th</b>	Sue Richmond - Richard Scottney
<b>10th</b>	Andrew Campbell - Becky Lomas
<b>11th</b>	Stevie Knowles - John Williams
<b>12th</b>	Mark Burton - Roger Ashby
<b>13th</b>	Rob Hawksley - Ella

# Pennine Peak Raid Results.

With thanks to John Williams and Geoff Briggs.



*Photo Mark Fermer.*

	Edale	Glossop	Grindleford	Crowden	
Sue Richmond	<b>0.993</b>	<b>1.126</b>	<b>1.008</b>	0.864	<b>3.127</b>
Jim Trueman	0.975	0.902	0.873	1.03	2.907
Geoff Briggs	<b>0.875</b>	<b>0.961</b>	0.819	<b>1.04</b>	<b>2.876</b>
Tom Bush	<b>0.892</b>	<b>0.934</b>		<b>0.725</b>	<b>2.551</b>
Roger Ashby	<b>0.868</b>	<b>0.736</b>	0.277	<b>0.851</b>	<b>2.455</b>
Richard Scotney	<b>0.773</b>	0.656	<b>0.657</b>	<b>0.764</b>	<b>2.194</b>
Paul Hills	<b>0.615</b>	<b>0.636</b>	0.492	<b>0.677</b>	<b>1.928</b>
John Williams	<b>0.571</b>	<b>0.74</b>	<b>0.601</b>	0.471	<b>1.912</b>
Paul Rowley	<b>0.881</b>			<b>0.86</b>	<b>1.741</b>
Paul Filby	<b>0.591</b>	0	<b>0.531</b>	<b>0.525</b>	<b>1.647</b>
Richard Dixson	<b>0.852</b>				<b>0.852</b>
Howard Whittaker			<b>0.78</b>		<b>0.78</b>
Bruce Owen (& David Evans)	<b>0.513</b>				<b>0.513</b>
Muir Morton		<b>0.472</b>			<b>0.472</b>
Philip Barnes	<b>0.191</b>	0			<b>0.191</b>

Best 3 scores to count

## Where do the age/sex class speed ratios come from?

They are based on the running speeds used for calculating course length ratios in the 2011 British Orienteering Rules and Guidelines.

The factors are -

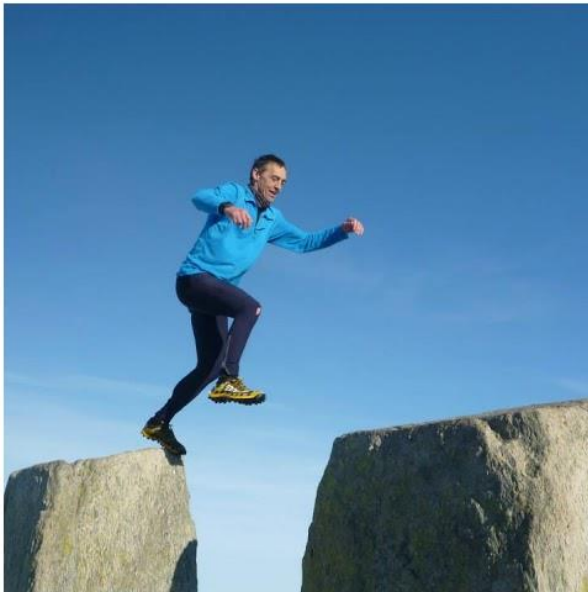
	12	14	16	18	20	21	35	40	45	50	55	60	65	70	75
<b>M</b>	70	80	84	90	92	100	92	89	86	82	77	70	64	57	50
<b>W</b>	62	65	67	70	71	82	71	69	67	63	58	53	48	42	35

## There is a light.....



*Karl Tiffany's great photo of the Thursday nighters at Big Stone.*

# Photo Competition 2017.



*Clockwise from top: Snaps from Lucy Stephenson, Will Meredith Joe Torr and Zoe Proctor.*

As a club we seem to have a lot of very good photographers. Nowadays mobile phones produce high quality images and are easy to have in your bumbag so you don't always have to have a state of the art camera. The collage above is just a small selection of some great images taken by our members.

The idea of a photo competition is something I've thought about for a while, so when another club member (Holly) suggested doing one, well why not try it?!

Never having organised anything like this before, I thought I'd keep it nice and simple. There will be two categories.

### **Action photo of the year 2017.**

The photos can be from a race, handicap or perhaps a Pennine night such as Man v Bike, Sandy Heys TT or The Baffler. They can be of high impact Fellrunner cover quality or a funny ones such as Will's picture of Noel.

### **Spirit of Pennine 2017.**

As the title suggests any photo that encapsulates the Pennine ethos, I'm sure we've got one somewhere. Thursday night/ Sunday morning runs, race reccies, BG's etc. Hopefully you know what I'm getting at.

Photos can be sent to me directly, you can nominate someone else's pic and I'll pick some from Facebook and the blog. A vote via email or our FB site at the end of the year, from a shortlist, will provide the winners. I have never done anything like this before but hopefully it shouldn't be too tricky.

I would like to announce that the prize for the best photograph will be a Canon EOS 5D MK IV Digital SLR Camera, 4K Ultra HD, with a full set of lenses!.....I really WOULD like to announce that the prize for the best photograph will be a Canon EOS 5D MK IV Digital SLR Camera, 4K Ultra HD, with a full set of lenses, but until I win the lottery it will probably be a bottle of wine or a photo frame. (If I do win the lottery I'm retiring to the Isle of Mull to start a Scottish branch of Pennine Fell Runners).

## **Thank you.**

Many thanks to all the contributors for this edition of The Pennine Way. From a single photograph to the excellent articles, they have all been of the highest quality. Thanks to Geoff Briggs for all his help and also to Alan and Alison Brentnall for their help and hard work in giving the journal a polished look. As always feel free to send contributions in at anytime of the year.

Regards Mark Fermer.

# **FIN.**