



FIRST STREET NEWS. APRIL 1992.  
NUMBER 22.

BURNHAM JOGGERS MOVE TO THE CHERRY ORCHARDS. OFFICIALLY OPENED ON 18TH. OF APRIL BY KILROY SILK. BANK HOLIDAY MONDAY SAW THE FIRST EASTER FUN RUN AT THE NEW HEADQUARTERS. DOCTOR BOB GREEN MASTERMINDED THE SPORTING EVENTS FOR BOTH OCCASIONS. PAUL AND DOREEN WALSH WERE THE SPECIAL GUESTS.



HUGO BERGSTROM, EX  
CHAIRMAN OF BURNHAM  
JOGGERS AND ONE OF THE  
ORIGINAL INSTIGATORS OF  
THE SPORTS COMPLEX,  
GIVES IT SOME  
CELEBRATORY WELLIE AT  
THE FUN RUN.



1

COOMBE GIBBET TO OVERTON. 16 MILES CROSS COUNTRY.

Assembling at the coldest Cross country start line ever, twenty four B.J's were wishing they had never heard of Coombe Gibbet, as they were almost frozen to death by the gale force winds or soaked by the incessant heavy rain that had fallen for the past two hours. Some of us wimped out and put on tracksters or rainproof tops, even both.

The first half of the course is undulating and very wet and muddy on the day. Those with good gripping shoes had a distinct advantage. On reaching the halfway mark, at the A34, we took the underpass to cross the road and soon ran up the only really testing hill on the course.

The second half of the course was noticeably drier as we crossed the fields, shingle tracks and tarmac roads. The finish is a downhill run into Overton.

Exceptionally good runs were had by Tony Wigmore and Ken Mcord. They both did P.B'S and broke the difficult two hour barrier. Others did not fare so well. A very pale looking Pete Slade was one. Linda Walsh was very wobbly but she seemed to enjoy the attentions of the male B.J's who were propping her up and holding her head straight. She resisted their offers to help her get changed. I was not involved but I took their names in case Steve wants them. She was eventually rescued by Elaine. Dave Rodwell also suffered but he obviously new he was going to take all day because he wore enough for three of us.

I wonder how many of the twenty four will return next year? We'll see.

Bob Hardman.

Coombe Gibbet to Overton C.C. 29th. March

1st. Damien Rodwell	1. 36 53
25th. Nick Lipscombe	1. 55 27
32nd. Tont Wigmore (PB)	1. 56 43
33rd. Dave Sutton	1. 56 58
36th. Ken McCord (PB)	1. 57 44
43rd. Bob Hardman	1. 58 51
53rd. Pete Riley	2. 03 24



55th. Tom Rylance	2. 03 59
56th. Clive Sanchez	2. 04 01
67th. Bruce Cooke	2. 07 28
74th. Chris Cameron	2. 09 44
75th. Mike Brown	2. 09 55
78th. Elaine Wallace	2. 11 48
79th. Don Nicholson	2. 11 50
80th. Dave Thomas	2. 12 51
96th. Bob Legge.	2. 18 51
112th. Jane Housego	2. 24 22
122nd. Linda Walsh	2. 28 40
125th. Bob Engell	2. 29 53
126th. Pete Slade	2. 29 59
127th. John Ross	2. 30 09
130th. Dave Hopkins	2. 31 56
144th. Roderic Miles	2. 42 26
150th. Mary Robertson	2. 49 29
159th. Dave Rodwell	2. 01 07

164 FINISHED

Bob Hardman.

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Mr R Lewer  
 The Burnham Joggers  
 94 Stanhope Road  
 SLOUGH  
 SL1 6JS

8th April 1992

Dear Bob,

Many thanks to you and the Burnham Joggers for their kind donation to the National Trust of £1,000.00. This is very much appreciated as well as your interest in Cliveden.

Our best wishes to you.

Yours sincerely,

Bob Kennedy  
 Administrator

## THIS AND THAT

I got used to being lapped at the Ash Vale Half Marathon - Never really took it too much to heart as it was a three lap race. Malcolm Moody would always go by at more or less the same place just before the end of my second lap - Him being a mate of mine I never took offence and as I said, being a three lap race it was not too unreasonable. This was of course some time ago - 1985 or thereabouts.

However I view a two lap half marathon as an altogether different bag of whatever. As I was coming to the end of the first lap at fleet the many supporters were clearly not helping me along but looking back beyond me to some international nonentity - It was like a disinterested host welcoming you to a cocktail party whilst looking over your shoulder to the door hoping to see the real guest arriving. In this case the crowd were watching the race leader finishing. I had nearly another 6 miles to go and felt suddenly very irritable about the unfairness of it all - It was no consolation at that moment that I was getting twice as much running for my entry fee as he did or that he looked like a 9 stone weakling who never kicked sand at anyone. These rebellious thoughts kept the adrenalin level up for awhile but eventually and inevitably hitting the wind on the last two miles I had to select 'Autoplod' in order to reach the finish. Mary Robertson did a brilliant 1hr. 50.

Recovering from his lapse, I saw that Russell managed to remember the March staggered Jog which was won in great style, for too few points by Ann Wiacek with almost an 8% improvement. She is clearly one of the many strong B.J. Ladies since she did a warm up of 20 miles on Saturday before the race. So much for resting prior to race day. Deidre Knight is leading the competition so far this year and the president has averaged just under 30 points for his best three runs to date. Mike Brown who won the enva 10 at his staggered jog pace is a good bet despite his fourth place overall last year. (Its difficult to keep on getting the plus signs after a good year). Also looking very ominous are Colin Bennett, Richard Legge and Graham Wilson - It is also worth

remembering that Maurice Sampson beat 40 minutes in lighter days and as for Sammy Green in 68 minutes the mind boggles.

On Thursday 2nd April 1992 we had our first run from cherrytrees and reintroduced the social mile - A gentle jog tout ensemble around the ground - A nice evening leaving me with the feeling that at last the joggers have a home.

Finally the fisheries run. Although last year was billed as the last I was delighted that Pat and Tony Munn allowed an encore - The deserving charity this year was the Handicapped Children Playground at Taplow on the A4. Pat and Tony have raised many thousands for charities in the last ten years and runs have always been good fun. This year fewer competitors than normal and a slightly longer course.

A fraction under 10 miles the route going from Maidenhead to Boveney Lock. Then back along the river. The results are elsewhere, Bob H. improved from 6th last year to 1st Tom ran in looking very fresh. There is no truth in the rumour that he nipped home instead of going via the pineapple. Jim, Doreen and Trevor took the event seriously, in walking boots -

'The day we went to Boveney.'

Mike.

Dear Bob and Sheila,

(Extract)

PK 64. GUZELYURT,  
KIBRIS, MERSIN 10,  
TURKEY.  
6th April 1992.

The Hash House Harriers running group is going well, now that the weather is warmer we are hoping for a larger turn out especially from the UN. It is enabling Tony and me to explore much of the Island and we have discovered some fascinating old ruins, beautiful picnic spots and a variety of wild flowers as well as getting lots of exercise. Right now the wild orchids are in bloom and we have become experts in identifying the different species. The North Cyprus Half-Marathon is to be run on October 11th this year. Please spread the word around the Joggers, perhaps some may be interested in doing an international run. The prizes are medals for all plus winners goodies, always worth having. If anyone is interested then please ask them to get in touch with us and we will supply all details. We have been asked to help with the organisation of this and would appreciate if you could ask Margo for the notes at the funnel. No need to post them as I will be seeing you when I come to England at the end of April. I shall be arriving on April 30th for three weeks, my best friend is getting married, it will be good to see my family and all my friends. Tony will have to stay to look after the farm!

I hope you are both keeping well. I will 'phone you as soon as I get to England.

With love,

Mo



## BURNHAM JOGGERS

## STAGGERED JOG

Sunday, 29th March 92

10K

A.C.S.			M.P.M.	P.B.	% Imp.
19	Ann Wiacek	51m 32s	8.25	8.96	+7.92
18	Alan Watson	49m 22s	7.90	7.99	+1.13
17	Grahame Wilson	38m 35s	6.17	6.19	+ .32
16	Maurice Sampson	59m 45s	9.56	9.57	+ .10
15	Mike Payne	50s 6s	8.02	8.00	- .25
14	Sheila Lewer	54m 58s	8.79	8.76	- .34
13	John McKerracher	41m 39s	6.66	6.62	- .60
12	Bob Green	39m 34s	6.33	6.29	- .64
11	Paul Bursnall	44m 1s	7.04	6.86	-2.62
10	Deidre Knight	52m 45s	8.44	8.14	-3.69
9	Mike Morgan	49m 3s	7.85	7.47	-3.75
8	Alan Yeadon	41m 3s	6.57	6.29	-4.45
7	Tony Linturn	34m 59s	5.60	5.17	-8.32
6	Keith Scudamore	38m 41s	6.19	5.66	-9.36
5	Enio Morassi	43m 30s	6.96	6.16	-12.99
4	Ian Wild	46m 4s	7.37	6.38	-15.52
1	Clare Symons	58m 15s	9.32	No 12 months comparison	
1	Kim Knight	65m 16s	10.44	" " " "	
1	John Davies	41m 9s	6.58	" " " "	

Congratulations to Ann Wiacek for the best personal improvement this month for which she wins the Staggered Jog Trophy. Congratulations also to Grahame Wilson for a personal best performance.

Welcome to Kim Knight. Nice to see Clare Symons and John Davies again. Many thanks to Eddie Davey and Anne Clarke for help with timekeeping and results calculations.

Next Staggered Jog - Sunday 26th April. Registration for numbers from 10.15 am. Please register early and well before 11.00 am.

#### HISTORY OF THE EASTER FUN RUNS.

Burnham's first Fun Run took place March 21st 1978 and covered some 2 miles around Burnham Park and the school field of the now Burnham Upper. The Joggers were formed in October of that year and the first Easter Monday Fun Run took place in 1980. Watford Joggers won the relay and did so for four successive years until the venue moved to Haymill. B.J.'s own Sutton's Seeds took the shield in 85 when for the first time we picked our best 2 ladies 2 vets and 2 others. Previous teams had been mixed ability and the Joggers regularly mustered in excess of a dozen. In 83 and 84 nearly 40 teams contested the event.

At Haymill in 86 Down's Fitness Fanatics from Bristol and of Sunday Times Fun Run fame decimated the Jogger's Acorns winning in 29.29 the first and only time the half hour has been beaten. Their first leg runner led in 27 teams in under 5 minutes and that was one of their 2 ladies! She is now Melissa Watson. The Joggers were back in front the next year but in 88 the year of the French, Chiltern ran out winners as they did this year. Chris Webb's Vets and Virgins then won in successive years with his ringers from Aldershot and WSE, the event having moved back to Burnham Park. Last year was the first time the shield had been won by an athletic club in the form of Belgrave in the second best running 31.12.

In 1981 the Jogger's first attempts to organise a 10K resulted in a course of nearly 7 miles Tony Linturn winning in 37 minutes, there were no ladies in the field of 83. Jim Mouat won in 82 (33.20), Esme Thompson of Handy Cross was first lady in 40.20 with a field of 164.

Mouat won again in 83 (31.13) the race now called the Tugwood, Sheila Carey was first lady in 39.08. the field having nearly doubled to 316. In 84 Peter Burns (where is he now?) won in a record time of 30.43 from J. Broe Shaftesbury, and Julian Critchlow. Sheila Carey improved her time to 37.35. with a record 388 finishers. Chris Hall, Woking won in 85 (31.54) from Julian C., Vanessa Tilbury was first lady (37.39) London Olympiades and then emigrated to Botswana. She turned up at the Edinburgh Commonwealth Games running for the African country in the marathon. 372 runners that year.

In 86 Paul Daly won at Haymill (32.19), Jane Harrop (38.31) beating Sheila Carey with 300 runners. Julian Critchlow was victor in 87 (31.47) twin brother Mark was third and they were separated by Watford Harrier and regular Fun Runner Mick Bradley, he always leads in the pushchairs in the Martin Duff. Linda Pyle (40.04) Serpentine led home the ladies with a field of 215. In 88 Doug Compton WSE (31.23) took 17secs out of Julian C., Jane Harrop again first lady (37.59) with 259 finishers. Also from WSE the following year Steve Cackett (32.13) outran B.J.'s team, Van Lockven and Harper respectively. Jane Harrop again lady victor in 37.30. in a field of 201 back at Burnham Park. Andy Bailey from Aldershot won in 90 (32.08), Celia Duncan was the first lady (36.55) with a record time and 292 runners.

Ian Van Lock was again bridesmaid last year, second this time to Critchlow twin Mark (32.17). Tania Ball was first lady in 38.46 and a field of 300. And so to this year at the Cherry Orchard, a fine new venue but Critchlow's name again on the Tugwood Trophy with Julian's second success in 32.10. It really is time a B.J. won again, Ian or Peter or Leigh or Terry! Pauline Leavy from Herne Hill first lady in 42.09 and a field of 279. Lots of other memories abound apart from the winners e.g. the Jones family from Denham and JAWS. Long live the Fun Run!.



PROCEEDS FROM THE MORNING TO-

THE LISA LEAR CANCER FUND

For research into blood cancer at Mount Vernon Hospital.

**Acknowledgements:**

Burnham Joggers offer thanks to—

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10p.



Acknowledgements:

BURNHAM JOGGERS THANK:-

Dave See - public address  
Burnham Police -  
Sports Council (Southern Region)  
Health Education Council  
Slough Observer - Certificates  
Geest Food Industries & F.A. Barker (Taplow)  
for prizes  
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Burnham Working Mens Club  
Sheila Parker - raffles  
Bass Charrington - Whitbreads (Marlow)

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During the morning Miss Burnham will present the prizes to the lucky winner of Name the Community Newspaper Competition and to the lucky Programme Winner

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NO:



and

**Bruce Tulloh**

invite you to join them for a morning's 'gentle' exercise  
at Burnham Park on Sunday, 9th. September - in aid of

BURNHAM WEEK CHARITIES (17)

- 10.30 a.m. Family Fun Run  
11.00 a.m. Jog against the Clock  
and  
Chase the Lady  
11.30 a.m. Charity Football

Welcome to Bruce Tulloh and family.  
The 'barefooted botanist' will be remembered as a 4 Minute  
Miler and Olympic athlete of the 60s. In recent years he  
has spent much of his time advocating and encouraging  
"jogging" both by example and in writing.

His books include "The Complete Jogger" and 'Natural Fitness'  
10 years ago he ran the 3,000 miles between Los Angeles and  
New York in a record time.

Jog into BURNHAM WEEK with BRUCE TULLOH.

# Kate Monday Relay, 1992

1. Chilton, Chalfont A.C	32.55
2. Rainbow Warriors (B.T.)	33.38
3. West 4	34.24
4. Chilton, Chalfont	34.41
5. Woodarts (B.T.)	34.54
6. Gold Tops (B.T.)	36.22
7. Supersonic (B.T.)	37.18
8. Chilton, Chalfont	38.03
9. Chilton, Chalfont	38.39
10. Stragglers	38.45
11. Matros	39.04
12. Watford Zephyr	40.23
13. Stragglers	40.42
14. Cherry B. (B.T.)	40.50
15. Naxos (B.T.)	40.55
16. 2 Nicks (B.T.)	41.13
17. Matros	43.18
18. Bob's Busters (B.T.)	44.47
19. Matros	45.49
20. Berry's Busters (B.T.)	47.05



B. J. Best Guy.

Open

Ian Ian Lockman	4.44	fastest of the day
Pete Smith	4.55.	
Patrick Mount	5.02	
Nicky Lippincott	5.06	
Alie Green	5.13	

had in

Stephanie Wilman	6.11.
Elaine Wallace	6.17
Silvan Keyes	6.50
Zane Honey.	6.51
Linda Walsh	6.58

John.

Tim Mount	5.14
Steve Barrow	5.26
Steve Walsh	5.29
Jane Sutton	5.30
Keith Sunders	5.37
Don Nicholson	5.39.

## London or Bust

"Did you do the London?"

"Yes," I replied.

My reply was factual, I certainly had run in the 1992 London Marathon and I had finished. The problems met en route were of no consequence to the enquirer, or so I thought. Only when people began to ask how long it had taken did I feel the need for an explanation. After all, four hours twenty-five minutes is a long time, much longer than I had taken on previous occasions.

The day began inauspiciously for Joy and myself when the alarm awoke us at five o'clock. A hurried breakfast, a final check of running gear, and it was time to leave for Burnham Park. The coach was almost full when we arrived at about six-thirty-five but didn't set off until about five-to-seven. Everybody seemed cheerful, eagerly anticipating the day. Trying to keep their hydration levels high, and judging from the many visits to the back of the coach, the runners appeared to have consumed an excess of water. It took a brave man to use the toilet facilities (an inability to detect smells was also an advantage); moreover, the door was prone to flying open at the most inopportune moment; and you had to be accurate and able to hang on with one hand.

It began to rain as we approached the city, a penetrating drizzle, but it had stopped when we arrived at Blackheath. After we had disembarked the Finish Funnel marshals, just east of Westminster Bridge, the coach continued along the embankment and turned north at Waterloo Bridge, towards King Cross. Believing that the driver knew where he was going, this wasn't immediately noticed; at least, not until we had travelled some miles in the wrong direction. Someone, I think it was John, then informed the driver that we should be travelling south and on the other side of the river.

Eventually, after much speculation as to the ability of the driver to find the start, we reached Blackheath and queued in a line of traffic up Shooters Hill.

"I'm getting off here," said John, "otherwise I shall have to walk back to the Red Start."

The coach followed him up the hill before stopping and allowing us to join him at the roadside. There we divided to regroup at the Red and Blue start points. A piercingly cold wind scavenged every uncovered nook and cranny of our bodies, but the rain held off, making us thankful for small mercies.

The race began on time at 09.30. From the start, I ran with Barry and we meticulously clocked up nine-minute miles; well, at least for the first five or six miles. As the race progressed we speeded up, getting ever closer to eight-and-half minute mile mark. Everything seemed in our favour, it was going to be a piece of cake. All we had to do was keep on running to arrive at the finish in well under four hours. As always with the best laid schemes, for me it wasn't to be! Between seventeen and eighteen miles, I developed a stomach cramp. It was just an annoyance to begin with but it became more and more painful. I also felt my leg muscles tightening and I was assailed by a total lack of energy. I convinced Barry he should continue at the pace we had set and, although concerned at my predicament, he went off showing no signs of fatigue. [Barry finished in just under four hours, not bad for a first marathon.]

My troubles increased as the chill factor of the wind took its toll. It was a struggle to continue and I alternated between walking and jogging until I met Dave who, although a spectator, badgered me to keep running. For a few miles he kept on appearing at the roadside, needling me to keep running. I began to hate his every appearance. In the last two miles, I thought I had lost him. I had run through the



Blackfriars underpass at about 23 miles, and had cheered myself with the thought that I would walk a little when I reached the end but, as I cleared the exit, Dave's head appeared over the parapet.

*"Come on Peter. You don't want to get cold. Keep a steady pace going."*

*'Why can't he leave me alone,' I thought.*

I jogged on until I felt Dave could no longer be around and slowed to a walk. I was wrong! The next thing I heard was Dave's voice nagging me to start running again. I did just that. I even found the energy to accelerate along Birdcage Walk and discover a final burst of exuberance as I topped the rise of Westminster Bridge. It was over and I was relieved to see Mick Wood in the finish funnel.

*"Are you all right, Peter?"*

*"No."* My answer was brief and to the point, if a little discourteous.

It was chaotic from then on until I collected my gear. At the rear of County Hall it was a bit like a cattle auction, everybody shouting out race numbers to retrieve their kitbag. The congestion was far worse than I had experienced on other occasions. I suppose the only benefit was that the runners' gear was secure since only runners were allowed access to that area. Very slowly, because of the congestion, I hobbled along to Jubilee Gardens through a vast throng of exhausted runners. There I was met by Joy and Doreen. It was a great relief to give myself over to their tender loving care.

Within half an hour, having eaten a couple of apple turn-overs from Doreen and drunk copious amounts of Joy's hot coffee, I was almost human again.

The people who spectated did a marvellous job; all along the route they shouted and screamed encouragement when they recognised us. Malcolm and Anne seemed to be everywhere. I have nothing but gratitude for the way the watching BJs responded to our passage and was truly grateful for Dave insisting that I 'keep on running'; at the time I did hope he might fall down a drain hole! Although the number of spectating BJs was small, they contrived to be all over the route; I thank them all from the bottom of my heart and I'm certain all the other runners appreciated their presence too.

You might think that was it, but you would be wrong. After a deliciously warming pot of tea bought by my wife in the Festival Hall and a chat with some of the 'faster' (ha! ha!) runners (Mike Brown, Bob Hardman and other brilliant BJs of that ilk), Joy and I in the company of our Treasurer Mike and Trevor's friend Bill, set off to find the coach.

*"I shall park in York Road, outside the Old Vic."*

This was the last statement I'd heard the driver make as I left the coach at Blackheath. At the time, it didn't strike me that the theatre was in Waterloo Road and the York Road was some distance away. Still, thinking that it would be parked in the usual spot, on the road opposite the theatre, we wandered over expecting to be able to sit down in the comfort of the coach. This was at about three-forty. The coach wasn't to be seen but a small group of BJs were waiting opposite the entrance to the Old Vic so we joined them. Half an hour later, there being no sign of the coach, Mike and I set off to discover where everyone else was waiting. At the rendezvous tree close by the Waterloo railway bridge, we joined the majority of the BJ party. From there, led by our pathfinder (Mick Wood) we all trooped back to the Old Vic and waited - and waited! Sensing something was amiss, Mick set off yet again to find the coach. He returned some minutes later to say he had found it parked near the registration tent alongside Jubilee Gardens. On the walk back through the squalor

and smell of cardboard city, we met up with another group of questing BJs. At nearly five o'clock, with great relief, a tired group of BJs boarded the coach.

The journey home was spent discussing what might have been. Bob, having won the Fisheries Run only a week before, had no explanation for the slowness of his marathon.

"I must have peaked too early," was all he could say.

Mike Brown's reply was succinct and to the point - but unprintable. Bob is getting older, of course.

Everyone relaxed in their exhaustion, the marshals were as tired as the runners, and the spectators were glad to sit down; it had been a long day for all of us.

Will I try next year? My wife says not and I don't feel any immediate need to make the struggle again. On the day of the race I felt as fit as I had been for a long time. I'm convinced that the chill factor of the wind was a feature of my failure to run all the way but it certainly wasn't the whole reason. Perhaps I'd not done enough LSD. Perhaps it was a bridge too far and I had come close to the wall. And yet I had run twenty miles only two Sundays before the race without feeling bad. In the run up I had packed in a high level of efforts and quality running. Perhaps I just wasn't good enough on the day or maybe people born in 1931 should take life easier. When next I am asked "*Did you do the London?*" I shall merely say yes, and leave it at that.

Peter Hayes  
13 April 1992