

DUMLER

To pay



FEET STREET NEWS

ISSUE NO. 73 - OCTOBER 1989

JUNIOR JOGGERS

THURSDAY 6-7 PM



TO: BURNHAM JOGGERS
A CHALLENGING ODE

When we invented JAWS
You were a running club of fame
- so we never thought that you
would come along and steal our name!

Well, maybe not our name
but JABS is very much like JAWS
and cycling and jogging
is our concern - not yours!

And so we make a challenge
to find out who's supreme
a JABS v JAWS spectacular
around East Burnham Green.

The Fifteenth of October
at 9 upon the clock
with our bikes and with our plimsolls
We'll race you round the block.

The circuit is a mile
but the cyclists do two,
the joggers only go round once
it's the most that ours can do.

So teams of four you must elect
and each team must contain
2 cyclists and 2 joggers
to uphold Burnham's name.

The baton is a cycle pump
with which you run and ride
and the captain can determine
the order of his side.

We hope you'll include ladies
and kids can join in too
we think a tandem's cheating
but we're not sure - are you?

And when the racing's over
and the last wheel has gone round
we'll have another JAWS tradition
breakfast - for a pound.

The Common Folk of Farnham
may not be very fast
but we get a lot of pleasure
even though we're often last.

We don't mind if you beat us
as long as we have fun
and we're certain to come second
- that's the best we've ever done.

Uniquely yours,

JAWS.

GEORDIE JOGGERS

Visiting my parents for the weekend, Elaine made the long trip to Sunderland with me to sample the delights of Northern hospitality for the first time.

Determined that running would not take a back seat for the weekend, I'd entered us for the Jarrow and Hebburn Sunbrite 10K Classic. Additionally we'd arranged to meet up with Andy and Jane Harrop for the race too.

The race meeting itself was reminiscent of a cross-country venue; with juniors, males, females and vets all participating in separate races.

Elaine and Jane were running first in a 3½ miler. Andy, my parents and myself duly took up our places en route to shout encouragement. About to enter the final straight, the race commentator announced "The leading woman is now in sight, I don't recognize her or her club colours". "Jane Harrop, Burnham Joggers", I screamed up to him in reply in his commentary box, ecstatic that Jane was about to win her first race in the North East.

Finishing in a splended time of 20.01, she was over half a minute clear of her nearest rival. Determined not to be outdone, Elaine finished a fine 4th in 21.03.

Glancing through the race programme, it became apparent that there was no chance of Andy or myself emulating the success of the girls. The programme read like a who's who of Northern Athletics included in the list of participants: a Mr. S. Cram? Mr. M. McLeod? David Sharpe and Paul Cuskin.

Though on the starting line itself, Mike McLeod was the only face I recognized, along with Kelly Newton - one of Sunderland Harriers' top runners.

The race commenced and I found myself running in a lead pack of no less than 15 runners, being carried along as it were amidst them. Here I was busting my guts just to keep up, when Newton and McLeod struck up a conversation.

"My, yer lookin smart t'day, Mike".

"Aye, got me new kit off New Balance, no holes in these socks".

Approaching the final lap of the two lap course, I was feeling good, though aware that the pace was fast. Suddenly, to my horror, Newton injected a tremendous surge which everyone seemed to meet. To my immense relief I'd forgotten that there was a prize for the half-way point leader. Soon we resumed a more sedate 5 minute miling pace!!!

At 3½ miles, however, McLeod decided he had a race to win and literally took off. I was lying in 10th position at this point and decided that if I wanted a strong finish then I'd have to maintain my pace rather than attempt to keep up with the others.

This plan proved to be a success. Gradually I moved up to 9th

place but I was tiring, 8th place seemed beyond me. Until, that was, I heard Elaine shouting encouragement at the 5 1/2 mile mark. A quick glance at my watch at 6 miles revealed 29.59. It was then that I realized my aim for the season was within my grasp. If I could run the last point two miles in under a minute, then I'd break 31 minutes for 10K.

Summoning up any energy I had left, I pushed on, gradually closing the gap on the runner ahead. With about 100 metres to go I drew level with him. Looking ahead at the clock, could I break 31? Digging even deeper, to my great delight my legs responded and I crossed the finish line in a new PB 30.57. Finally to round off a great afternoon, Andy finished with a season's PB to add to the day's success. The furthest travelled team of the day, "Burnham Joggers", had taken on the best the North East had to offer and fared admirably.

Anyone fancy braving the N.E. wind next year? I'd be only too happy to take any interested joggers up with me.

CLIFF COOK

RESULTS

Some results the local press may have missed....At the Banana Leisure five miler - all four Burnham entrants - Messrs. Cook, Lipscombe and Coates plus Elaine Wallace - finished in under thirty minutes, Cliff Cook finishing first.....Nick and Cliff featured again in the second placed Burnham team at the Windsor Mile Relays. Leigh Zone, Dave Sutton, Ian Van Lockven and Ross Muir completing the team that finished a close second to W.S.E. (who?).....At the River Relays the Acorns again finished second with a Beechnuts team coming home tenth.....Ross is in danger of becoming an international star. After finishing in 3rd place in his age group at the Biggleswade Triathlon, he moved onto East Grinstead where he finished sixth before flying off to Florida where he ran the Tampa Bay 5K in ninety degree heat. A lakeside course including 'Beware Alligator' signs didn't deter our intrepid youngster who again managed an age category third.

MINUTES OF THE BURNHAM JOGGERS BUSINESS MEETING HELD ON THE 21ST SEPTEMBER 1989 AT THE HAYMILL CENTRE

Members Present:- Bob & Sammy Green, Bill Corbishley, Peter Bunker, Keith Scudamore, Denise Howse, Bob Lewer, Mick Wood, Bob Hardman, Margaret & Ken Clilverd, Carol & Eric Meller, Chris Spurr, Hugh Bergström, Alan Yeadon, Eric Abbott, Eddie Davey, Dave Sutton, Suzanne Lear.

1. Feet Street News: Peter and Denise reported that we would require a regular supply of toner for the photocopier. This would prove expensive and this and other expenses such as paper, typist would increase the cost of each FSN to 52p per copy. Hence it was not a self-financing project at the moment.

2. Half Marathon: Bill reported that the event had been a success although some problems had arisen on the day which were chiefly due to the increased number of entries received. We should bear these problems in mind for next year. Eric reported that he had had problems with the electricity supply and these had prevented the computer from calculating the results. The back up data had been used but this had its problems also, e.g. some numbers on the tags did not tally with the main numbers. Eric had now produced a full list of results and these were in the process of being distributed to runners. Ken suggested recording the finish on video. Hugh suggested that a colour coded system for category identification would be useful.

Keith raised the question of limiting the entries to an agreed number so that the number of medals and programmes could be accurately planned. These latter items were in short supply on the day because of the heavy entry. Bill reported that we were 7 medals short on the day but all these runners had now received their medals.

Ken raised the problems of the lack of phone links from Caldicott as well as poor public transport from Burnham Station. Keith suggested that the entry fee on the day should be raised to £6. Hugh had received minor criticisms from a few runners but not all of the comments would lead to improvements for all runners. We had 1200 entries and about 860 finishers. An upper limit of 1500 was suggested for next year when the event would be held on Sunday 19th August 1990.

Alan asked for information on non-registered runners and Margaret replied that we had 133 such runners. Hence, we had to send £151.50 to the AAA. Ken reported that the car-parking arrangements had gone well but he had been short of bibs for the marshals and also some marshals had been directed early to points on the course. Suzanne reported that they had sold out of refreshments and in general had a busy but enjoyable day. Unfortunately, Suzanne and Peter would not be catering for the event next year. Since they had put in a tremendous effort over ten years and had supplied all the goody-bags, Bill proposed a vote of thanks to Peter and Suzanne and the meeting unanimously supported this motion.

The Secretary was asked to send letters to the Scouts and Lynda Davies for their help on the day. Bill reported that the presence of Burnham Courier Vans had proved to be very useful but we still required more help on the day. Suzanne reported that the disposal of rubbish on the day had proved a problem. Ken suggested that we hire a rubbish skip.

Carol Meller proposed a vote of thanks to Joan Corbishley who had worked hard at prize presentation although she was handicapped by a broken bone in her foot. Finally, the Race Director, Hugh Bergström, thanked all helpers for mounting a successful event.

Half Marathon Finance: Income from runners amounted to £4,977 and revenue from advertising would boost the figure to £6,362. Expenses incurred include 50p levies to AAA, 151.50, printers £646, Clock Hire £50, St. Johns Ambulance £50, Caldicott School £250, Scouts £50, Gifts to medical officer, school Bursar and Groundsman £30, Lynda Davies £5, Burnham Police £50, Stamps £50. After some discussion it was decided to present the following charities with the following:- Lisa Lear Fund £2,000; Slough Observer Breast Scanner Appeal £1,000; Thames Valley Hospice £1,000. Recipients would be asked to a presentation at the Social on Thursday 28th September.

3. Subscriptions: Bill informed the meeting that several members had shown concern about the implementation of subscriptions. He set the background pointing out that a sub-committee had reported their ideas and these had been accepted by the main committee in August. Hence, the meeting should express their views regarding omissions, anomalies etc. In addition, two articles will appear in FSN so that details do not appear in these minutes. Hugh Bergström initiated the discussion. He had drawn up a list of 9 points. After much heated discussion involving nearly all of the members present, it was evident that the interpretation of the term 'family membership' was in dispute. Mick Wood, who had chaired the sub-committee, stated that he had not regarded family membership as compulsory. This view was supported by Alan, who also pointed out that much of the current discussion had been covered at previous committee meetings. Chris Spurr made a proposal which was not voted on as the temperature of the meeting rose as personal confrontations were publicly aired.

At this point the Hon. Sec. makes a subjective observation:- The acrimonious arguments, which were in marked contrast to the genial and positive nature of the first half, would have continued had it not been for the appearance of the Caretaker. We took the hint and left about 10.30 p.m. To be continued....!

MEMBERSHIP FOR EVERYBODY

- 1) A membership list to be drawn up to include everybody who wishes to be a member of Burnham Joggers.
- 2) An annual membership card to be issued.
- 3) £15 for all those that use the facilities of the club and those that enter races in the name of Burnham Joggers.
- 4) £25 family membership. This would also include children at home who were not earning money in full-time employment
- 5) People that never race for the club and/or never use the facilities of the club, but who voluntarily give of their time for the benefit of the club, should be issued with the same membership card. All the people in this category would have the option of an annual donation.
- 6) People that have been asked to run for the club (and therefore promote our image) but due to geographical location, may never use our facilities go into category 5.
- 7) People who have served the club in the past and have left should also be issued with a membership card and come into category 5.
- 8) Any other person who thinks he or she is a special case and who feels they do not fit into any of the above categories would be at liberty to discuss their case in confidence at Presidential level.
- 9) I strongly believe that membership on these lines is the only way that Burnham Joggers will maintain their unity and their unique position of being a really happy and special type of club, and the committee of the day must always be aware that they serve the whole club and not rule over it.
- 10) The Committee alone should never decide who is and who isn't a member of the Club.

Yours in running,

HUGH BERGSTRÖM

BURNHAM JOGGERS

STAGGERED JOG, SUNDAY 27th AUGUST 1989

6.25 MILES

Annual Comp.	Name	Time	M.P.M.	12 Mos. Personal Best	Per Cent Comparison
33	Les Farrant	43m. 59s.	7.04	7.71	8.69
32	Barbara Dixon	57m. 09s.	9.14	9.94	8.05
31	Yvette Dumler	46m. 52s.	7.50	7.60	1.32
30	Henry Dumler	43m. 15s.	6.92	6.96	.57
29	Malcolm Moody	38m. 26s.	6.15	6.16	.16
26	Keith Scudamore	35m. 06s.	5.62	5.62	Evens
26	Mike Alderton	39m. 19s.	6.29	6.29	Evens
26	Ralph Hatch	48m. 50s.	7.81	7.81	Evens
25	Alan Watson	45m. 44s.	7.32	7.25	- .97
24	Elaine Wallace	39m. 12s.	6.27	6.18	- 1.46
23	Dave Hopkins	43m. 10s.	6.91	6.81	- 1.47
22	Bob Engel	42m. 22s.	6.78	6.67	- 1.65
21	Dave Clark	36m. 39s.	5.87	5.77	- 1.73
20	Ken McCord	39m. 12s.	6.27	6.15	- 1.95
19	Chris Watson	62m. 15s.	9.96	9.73	- 2.36
18	Steve Flatman	37m. 49s.	6.05	5.90	- 2.54
17	Peter Humberstone	48m. 32s.	7.77	7.52	- 3.32
16	John Irwin	38m. 27s.	6.15	5.95	- 3.36
15	Hugh Bergström	43m. 32s.	6.97	6.71	- 3.87
14	Kevin Fallon	37m. 15s.	5.96	5.72	- 4.20
13	Ian Wild	41m. 36s.	6.66	6.35	- 4.88
12	Mike Morgan	46m. 00s.	7.36	7.00	- 5.14
11	Rob McDermott	47m. 36s.	7.62	7.23	- 5.39
10	Tom Rylance	39m. 43s.	6.35	6.01	- 5.66
9	Ross Muir	40m. 10s.	6.43	6.07	- 5.93
8	Bob Hardman	41m. 43s.	6.67	6.27	- 6.38
7	Enio Morassi	41m. 35s.	6.65	6.16	- 7.95
6	Sheila Lewer	54m. 18s.	8.69	7.89	-10.14
5	Bill Corbishley	47m. 05s.	7.53	6.45	-16.74
1	Rupinder Sagar	45m. 21s.	7.26	No 12 Mos.	Comparison
1	Keith Biddle	51m. 29s.	8.24	No 12 Mos.	Comparison
1	Cary Clarke	51m. 48s.	8.29	No 12 Mos.	Comparison
1	Alan Irwin	44m. 32s.	7.13	No 12 Mos.	Comparison

Congratulations to Les Farrant and Barbara Dixon for the best personal improvement in the 6.25 mile run this month. By agreement Barbara Dixon wins the Madeleine Brown Memorial trophy.

Many thanks to Joan Corbishley, Jackie Davey and Eric Abbott for time keeping, and to Pat Hatch for baby minding. Also thanks to Ralph Hatch and Eric Abbott for results calculation.

Next Staggered Jog Sunday 29th October. Registration from 10.15 a.m. Please register before 11.00 a.m.

KATHY HEATHERINGTON

INDIANA GREEN

and the

CHERRY ORCHARD

PART II

The goats were small fry. My forty-eight round fully automatic hyperdermic repeater, soon saw them off much to Bergie's dismay. "Are they all dead?" he asked, surrounded by lifeless Billies.

"No," I assured him, "Just enough Valium to keep them under for a few hours." He reminded me of my preference for exercise rather than tranquillisers. Considering the exercise the goats had in mind this hardly seemed a relevant observation.

We pushed on into the darkness. Some hundred metres or so from the main caravan we encountered a huge monolith. "What is it?" Bergie croaked from behind his slipping balaclava.

"I'm not sure. It feels like a tunic of some kind and it's - yes, it's making breathing movements. It's a man - a giant!"

"So it's true," said Bergie, "This is the sleeping policeman of the old legend. We'll have to climb over it somehow."

"No problem," I said and broke open the rock climbing equipment that most modern GP's carry in their bags. I succeeded in hooking a grappling-iron into the uniform and up we went. Atop the sleeping giant we were appalled at the awful snoring sounds that shook the air making is difficult to keep our feet. I took the opportunity to shine my torch over the supine figure.

"Do you snore like this?" asked Bergie.

"No - but I know a man who does. This isn't a police uniform, it's an AA Repairman's!" Before the full horror of this could sink in another thundering snort split the air and we were thrown off the giant's belly and into the blackness. I tensed my well-tuned body for the shock and called out to Bergie to do the same. But there was no ground to break our fall. Instead, we found ourselves floating through a bottomless pit before coming gently to rest in a deeper, more mysterious section of the treacherous Orchard where mists crawled at ground level illuminated by a full moon. As our eyes accustomed to the dark, we saw a path set before us. "This way," I said. "Be careful, could be a trap."

We made our tentative way along the path. As the mists swirled and parted we began to make out the shapes of disused cars decorated with beautiful, long-haired sirens all sporting the latest figure-hugging lycra gear. It was like some macabre version of the Motor Show. "Fancy a few miles round the park?" asked Bergie of one blonde bombshell.

"Keep away, Bergie," I cried as he advanced towards her, shaping up for a few warm-up exercises. "It's an illusion, a trap." As he hesitated the nymph held her arms out in a beckoning gesture - and then disappeared! As we looked at one another in amazement, the darkness echoed to the sound of ghostly laughter. Before us stood a phantom, a figure cloaked in grey from head to foot. I felt my spine tingle, my pulse race. And I had no beta blockers with me.

"I am Woden," the figure spoke in a piercing, eerie voice. "I am Woden, Master of the Moat, Kin of Valhalla and Herne the Hunter and part-time used car salesman."

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THE TRIATHLON EXPERIENCE

Aerobars, oakley spectacles, a fluorescent strip and a 'Dave Russell' set of wheels, and you are in business. Heel tapping in the pool to indicate a passing swimmer, no draughting on the bike else you risk disqualification, your number written on two arms and two legs with black magic marker for competitor identification. An approved standard helmet on the bike, a coloured swim cap in the pool for the officials to verify your distance. This is the world of triathlon. A new experience; a new challenge; new barriers; a new test of fitness.

We chose to tackle a triathlon at Arborfield Garrison hosted by the Thames Valley Triathletes on 3rd September 1989. Ross, the more experienced, Ken and myself, the already initiated and Duncan the virgin triathlete. Blessed with sunshine and an ideal temperature, the triathletes registered and prepared equipment and machine for the all important swift transitions from swim to bike and run. Duncan would appear in the second wave of swimmers and was soon to be set on his way, the rest to feature in the fourth wave, a mean looking bunch. This was the beginning of an extraordinary endurance test which for all but the experienced established triathlete would last for at least, if not more than, two hours. The distances to cover, 600 metres in water, 25 miles on wheels and 5 miles on foot, enough to keep anyone occupied for 2 hours. It's a long, lonely road, you are on your own. It is you and the clock throughout your three disciplines. You experience an awareness of the other competitors in the same wave but you are powerless to do anything but your best with nothing else in mind but to complete as quickly as possible. Yes, at the end of the day, you do find yourself assessing your performances against those of others, but regardless of your overall time and position, you experience a great sense of achievement on completion. Naturally, you will excel if you possess strength in depth in all three disciplines. It was interesting to see that the fastest swimmer clocked on the day finished over a third of the way down the field.

We all completed successfully, having been encouraged all the way by Jenny and Sheelagh and Ross's family, Gina, Rodger and Luke (the Iron Kid).

CLASSIFICATION AND ACHIEVEMENT

Position	600M Swim	25 Mile Cycle	5 Mile Run	Total Time
Ross 14th	9.52	1.11.25	33.51	1.55.08
Nick 15th	11.26	1.13.38	30.59	1.56.03
Ken 52nd	13.27	1.19.20	40.09	2.12.56
Duncan 63rd	14.04	1.18.44	44.41	2.17.29

75 completed

Winner: 1.44

NICK LIPSCOMBE

SOOTY AND THE SHIELD

The high drama of relay running is universally acknowledged, but take a peek behind the scenes and you'll often uncover the real action. In this case the stage was set beneath the trees of Windsor Great Park starting point for the annual River Relays.

Burnham Joggers have often triumphed down in the woods in this 6 stage event following the towpath which leads to the bar of the London Welsh Rugby Club at Old Deer Park. It's a specialist event with no marshalls, runners are issued with little maps and require a keen sense of direction and a good sense of smell. The winning team receives a magnificent shield and £600 for their chosen charity.

Selection this year was a hit-and-miss affair with a number of our more orientated performers choosing to run the Slough Marathon and ½ Marathon. However, Dave Sutton, that master of diplomacy with more experience of reshuffling than Maggie Thatcher, took on the job of organising B.J.'s entry. Three days before the event he had the makings of 1½ teams. This may appear to be running close to the wind but then Bob Green kept producing 30 mins. 10K runners like rabbits out of a top hat.

Final selection became difficult to say the least and there was much discussion as to whether or not Cliff Cook (B.J. for 1 yr. 6 mths. 2 days) should have priority over Lee Zone (B.J. every 3rd Sunday), or Peter Burns (B.J. 1hr. twice a year), Nicky Lipscombe (1st claim Burnham Cycles) or Jim Mouat and Són (French section members).

Dave soon shuffled the pack and gave out final instructions to meet at 9 a.m. Bob Green again interfered, pointing out that as each runner was expected to carry a baton, it might not be possible to pin on numbers and remove tracksuits whilst running. The meeting time was duly adjusted to allow the less adept runners to do these things before the 9 o'clock start.

On Saturday morning, Bob Green still felt uneasy - had Dave remembered that we must return the winning shield from last year? After 3 hours of fruitless phone calls, Telecom was asked to check out Dave's line and subsequently declared it out of order. By this time Bob was convinced that the shield was still in the cabinet at Haymill. Frantic calls to key-carrying Lever and Corbishley only served to establish their absence.

Now when it comes to lost trophies, rule no. 1 is ring Elaine. After an eternity she answered, apologising profusely, having been wallowing in the bath. I always did suspect Don supplied her with enough champagne to bathe in - our ensuing conversation confirmed the fact. "Dave would never overlook such an important thing as returning the shield. He's very good about those sort of things".

Somewhat placated, we retired to bed at 10.30 only to be disturbed by dynamic Dave. He could vaguely remember a shield and was duly contrite that he had indeed forgotten it. "Never mind, Dave", said Bob, "at least we've a strong team and as long as they're equipped with route maps, we should be okay, because no matter

what, we need to retain that shield".

"Maps, oh yes", said Dave. "I would have provided maps, but I've no duplicator".

"Oh Sooty (things were looking very black), the Joggers have their own duplicator. Peter Bunker keeps it and he's a milkman and up very early. You could have gone round one morning and used it. He will be in bed now".

"Sorry", said Sooty.

"Goodnight", said Bob.

Seconds later, the phone rang. "Bob", said Dave. "Give me Peter Bunker's number and I'll go straight round in the morning". Well, not everyone realises milkmen don't deliver on Sundays.

Sunday at 8.30 a.m. and two complete teams of B.J.'s were hiding under trees trying to avoid contact with organiser Paul Houghton who might just be on the lookout for a likely shield. Albert was doubly worried; he'd been entered as a vet and was only 39 years. He was, however, aging rapidly under extreme pressure, having volunteered to cook the Sunday lunch and promising to be home by 10 a.m. Selected to run the 4th leg, he seemed destined to dine alone on humble pie.

Elaine appeared to be missing, but we eventually found her at Bishop's gate, convinced that in the other 6 years in which she'd taken part, that was the venue for the start. Obviously she'd drunk most of her bath water the previous night, and further embarrassed us by asking the gatekeeper for the toilets, and did they do cream teas!

At this point, Cliff Cook took off into the bushes to throw up most of the Aspro Nicholas annual dinner dance he'd enjoyed the previous evening.

Waiting for the 1st leg runners to appear, Patrick and Jim Mouat were running round with backpacks, apparently ready for a night in the woods should they get lost without Dave's map. That was until Jim spotted erstwhile International Pete Standing leading in for Cranleigh, only 120 seconds ahead of Nick Lipscombe. He immediately dropped his pack and shot off like Batman, leaving us to wait for Albert on whom I'd taken pity and swapped legs. With 40 teams competing, Albert did well to finish 38th, especially with such a weight of responsibility waiting for him at home.

At the end of leg 2, Patrick had picked off 20 runners for the B team and father romped home with a 2 min. lead. Lee Zone was suffering with a stomach complaint but denied attending Aspro's dance.

Leg 3 finished Lee off but the lead was still ours. All eyes then fell on Peter Burns who'd run 5 min. miles for the B team, bringing us in in 3rd position. Elaine took over from Lee and I tried to retain Peter's amazing position - at least for 10 yds. Alas, not even with the help of an ailing Pauline Shore running by my side could I stem the tide as half the field tore past.

Hearing we were lying 2nd at the end of the 4th leg, I decided the

best way to avoid Paul Houghton was to keep my head down and run on. I ran the last 2 legs reciting "I don't know Dave Sutton". Pauline Shore must have felt equally ashamed of her association with B.J.'s because she was meanwhile leading Bob on a merry car chase, intent on patronising the Dysart Arms, thereby ensuring Bob would miss his 6th leg at Dysart Avenue 5 miles away and the humiliation of defeat. As it turned out, the bewildered Chris Riley's 5th leg was not in vain - the B team finishing 10th. Chris, however, was more concerned about the whereabouts of his car, last seen at the start of leg 2.

In the unlikely event of failing to retain the shield, we had all agreed to avoid the bar at London Welsh and drown our sorrows and Dave at the nearest pub.

Unfortunately, I was still lost along Richmond tow path when the final hour of judgement fell, but the story goes-----On finishing 2nd to Chessington and Bookham (bolstered by 3 Belgrave Harriers who were probably only family members), Dave decided to brazen it out. Prodded and pushed by the few remaining B.J.'s, he came face to face with Paul preparing for the presentation ceremony. Muttering something about the duplicating milkman, Telecom and the High Wycombe Trophy being Elaine's fault, Paul was quick to put him out of his misery.

"Shield, Dave. Oh yes, sorry we didn't get round to returning it to you after we took it for engraving last year".

Dave is currently receiving treatment from a local cardiologist. Bob had agreed to mind his own business and tend to the sick. Duncan and Jenny said it was the best spectator event ever and next year they'll bring a picnic and some raffle tickets. First prize Dave Sutton, 2nd prize Bob Green, 3rd prize the key to the Trophy cabinet, booby prize, a place in the River Relays A team (membership qualifying time 30 secs.).

SAMMY GREEN

QUICK CROSSWORD (2) (FROM AUGUST'S FT. ST. NEWS)

The first persons to correctly solve this puzzle were Graham Norcott and Anne Clarke, with the prize being awarded to Anne. Well done!

ANSWERS

Across 1. WYCOMBE. 5. IDEAS. 8. TIMED. 9. TRAFFIC.
10. RUN A LOT. 12. HYENA. 14. BRANCH. 16. METROS.
18. ERROR. 19. FARTLEK. 22. HOSPICE. 24. METRE.
26. SUGAR. 27. TRAVELS.

Down 1. WATER. 2. CAM. 3. MEDAL. 4. ESTATE.
5. IVANHOE. 6. ELF. 7. SOCIALS. 11. NO AIR.
13. ENROL. 14. BEECHES. 15. CARRIER. 17. EFFECT.
20. RUMBA. 21. KNEES. 23. SAG. 25. TOE.

RALPH HATCH



MAIDENHEAD ATHLETIC CLUB

Dr R W Green
Burnham Joggers
c/o Burnham Health Centre
Minnicroft Road
BURNHAM
Bucks

Please reply to: Hon. Secretary

B. M. DEMBO
52 LABURNHAM ROAD
MAIDENHEAD
BERKS. SL6 4DE
Tel: (0628) 27442

22nd August 1989

Dear Bob,

This is in response to your note in the programme for the recent Burnham Beeches Half Marathon, but first I want to congratulate you and the Joggers on your habitual splendid organisation that had everything except the wet bulb temperature under firm control. No doubt you had your problems and crises, but it did not show through to the customers, so thank you all for your hard work.

Yes, it would be an excellent idea to have an informal Thames Valley Association of Running Clubs to exchange information and coordinate our fixtures. Club officials do change frequently, and for instance I do not know who is or how to get in touch with your own secretary, and we do not get details even of your events except by picking them up by handouts at meetings. Some clubs have been able to find me through reference books and presumably AAA associations etc, but I have never, for example, as far as I remember (which is not much!) had any information about the Runnymede event you mention.

I look forward to hearing from you when you have had a response from other clubs in the area.

Yours sincerely,

Bernard Dembo

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

In the early part of 1989 an advertisement appeared in Athletics Weekly stating that the AAA Road Running Committee had decreed that ALL races in the STAR-RANK scheme of HOT 100 races MUST have the distance certified by an AAA course measurer. Failure to do so could result in the race ceasing to be included in the STAR-RANK scheme. In addition, from 1st January 1990, Area Permit secretaries would be authorised to refuse a permit to any race which advertises a specific distance when that distance has not been certified by the AAA. Once a course is certified a certificate is issued and this is valid for one year, but it can be renewed if the course organiser guarantees that no changes have been made.

Hence if we want our Half Marathon to remain as a HOT 100 race, we had no choice but to conform with the above recommendations and so I contacted Richard Whybrow who is a qualified AAA measurer, lives in Woodley and incidentally is secretary of Reading A.C. Our Course was measured officially on the 2nd July 1989 and it took from 9.00 a.m. until 4.30 p.m. to complete the task. The day began at about 7.30 a.m. for Richard who calibrated his bicycle - they don't use a surveyor's wheel - three times over an accurately measured course at Winnersh. By this means he calibrated his bicycle, with him on it, of course, wearing exactly the clothes he would wear during the measurement. This enabled him to convert the numbers on his Jones counter into miles.

We then travelled to Caldicott school to meet Race Director Hugh Bergström. Richard wanted to see the course to get a general view and so the first circuit involved a gentle tour by car. Then we started with the hard stuff! An exact starting point has to be agreed on and with that settled we set off on bicycles (Hugh ran, of course), much to the consternation of some of the senior boys at school who stopped what appeared to be intruders on bikes riding round their playing fields. At each mile position we slowed down and pinpointed it accurately, marked it and then set off again searching for the next one. One interesting point was noted and it is that Richard followed the shortest line possible so that he was tucked into edge on curves and even crossed from one side to the other in places. This means that only runners with a clear track, e.g. the first few ...or the last few will have the room to manoeuvre and hence the MINIMUM course distance is 13 miles 192.5 yards. Most runners will do slightly more. Also, you can't check the course by car since their milometers are inaccurate and you can't follow the line that Richard took! The slope in Caldicott did present some problems since it is difficult to ride up it on a bike, but Richard did ride down it slowly and carefully. By the way, he took the air temperature from time to time and his calculations allowed for a slight change in temperature during the measurement. Unfortunately, we had not reached the 13 mile mark even after going down the slope and so we had to re-introduce the 'home' lap of the field.

The next step involved going round the course again and this time making notes about the position of each mile marker by relating it to permanent features. Also the half-way position was found.

The third trip round the course involved painting a yellow strip

at each mile position and driving a stud into the road at that position. I suppose this is done last because the whole course has to be surveyed and agreed on by all parties before permanent marks can be placed. Yes ... we do have permission to put the small studs in the Beeches. Is that the finish - not quite. The temperature was read again and the bike taken to Winnersch again for a re-check of the calibration and this was repeated.

By this time I was knackered and had a very sore bum since I had not ridden for 20 years. Richard departed for Bracknell AC to referee an athletics match.

After a couple of weeks we received the official report and course validation which includes an accurate description of all mile positions as well as the start and finishing points. I have a copy and so does Hugh Bergstrom, Bill Corbishley and Bob Green. If you want to see it, ask me. One consolation for me was that I appeared to be one of the few runners in the Helpers' Half Marathon who knew the route of the course!

Alan Yeadon

- o o o -

Indiana Green and The Cherry Orchard /continued from Page 9 . . .

"D'ya need any sewing machines overhauled?" asked Bergie, always on the lookout for trade.

"Silence!" The figure roared. "What I want, what I demand, is recompense for your trespass on this ancient ground."

"Name your price, pal," said Bergie.

"I demand the soul of he who writes the funny bits, he who desecrates Hardicannutes Kingdom in size eleven Nike Air Spans."

"He means Bunkpiece," I said.

"Done!" said Bergie.

"Wait up Bergie," I said. Something was wrong here. The Phantom was wearing a pair of New Balance 420's. Combining intense concentration and cat-like speed I delivered a Karate Kick to the ghoul's ghostly groin that knocked him soppy. In a flash Bergie trussed him up in sewing ribbon and tore off his hood. "Ah!" he exclaimed.

"Just as I thought - Bob Hardman. Nobody else would keep a pair of running shoes that long," I said.

"But how did he set all this lot up?" asked my Sancho Panza.

"Gas-fired Son et Lumiere: Hardman perfected it during his time at Slough Tech."

"Brilliant. But, hey, I didn't know you were into Karate."

"Oh, it was just a trick I picked up whilst I was a junior houseman at Gotham City General," I told him.

.

What further obstacles will our heroes confront in their search for the Holy Running Shoe? Will the goats wake up early? Will the Keeper of the Caravan negotiate with a Shotgun? Will the photocopier run out of toner again? Does anybody care?

Descente de La Lesse 27th August 1989
A Personal Glimpse

I dragged my weary body from my bed at 4 am in the morning for a rendez-vous with my travelling companions at 5.30 am bound for an 8.15 ferry from Dover. 'It's the early bird that catches the worm' a line which kept reverberating in my ears. Bryon and Lyndsey Heywood were our pilot and co-pilot, Cliff and myself the passengers. We were en route for Dinant in Belgium situated at a point where La Lesse flows to La Meuse. Their annual 21km would be re-run with that true international flavour. Also there for BJ were Jane and Andy Harrap with baby Phillip, Dave Sutton, Jim and Patrick. Is Steve Barrow counted?

Descente conjures up visions of humungous mountains and mountain path descents, steep downs and no ups rather more suited to the Klammers amongst us than the Ngugis. Not so, read on for a brief insight into the terrain.

The Fesse monastery/brevery surrounded by dense trees next to a mountain stream was home for Cliff, Dave, Jane, Phillip and Andy and myself. I say brevery because the monks brewed their own beer which soon became apparent by the empty crates stacked high outside the back door which appealed to my sense of humour. Accommodation was an interesting experience though quite adequate especially as it was gratis. Stand up washes in the en suite hand basins were a tight squeeze but there was hot water. I could get one foot in the basin but my head didn't fit and the floor would flood.

With race day came rain clouds and drizzle, just perfect for cross-country. Bryon recommended a fast pick up from the start to establish a good position on a narrow tow path later on, which in view of the numbers could easily have restricted ones stride. One's footing was a little tricky early on, the infamous hill steep and rocky but reasonably short lived. It seemed very dark under the trees as we made our way with La Lesse on our left cheered on by Lyndsey, Bobby and Andy to the 5km point and then downhill onto the flat muddy tracks where we had to negotiate bridges and pontoons. The pontoons demanded concentration with fancy footwork and balance to avoid a trip to the water, where I had blurred visions of crocodiles anxiously awaiting a mistake. On two of the bridges, the local club had painted in yellow the names of some of the guest runners including Jim and Cliff which I thought was a nice personal touch and great encouragement for them and the rest of us. The closing stages were on roads we passed a famous chateau and eventually we ran with the Meuse under a fly-over high above to the finish outside the Casino in the centre of Dinant. A testing road come cross-country race but great fun. The presentation at which there was live music led by a saxophonist, and the evening celebrations ensued where a meal had been laid on. The vegetarians slipped away for an hour to indulge in a delightful pizza across the road.

Ten o'clock, the evening in full swing, an empty stage, a microphone going begging, an audience. With BJs around it was inevitable. "Who would be the first?" went through my mind. Steve Barrow looked to be firm favourite, he had already been entertaining us at the table with his juggling act. He had a mouth organ in his hand! You guessed, who? Yes Steve urged on by his wife Jane, but what was he going to sing? He led in with the mouth organ, he started to sing. Quite unmistakably it was Wild Rover, what a voice. Then Jane and myself joined in with him, the Belgians wouldn't be outdone nor Jim Mouat. He delivered thanks on our behalf in the national tongue, soon to be joined by our marrer Cliff. Why aye man, they sang this Geordie song (excuse the spelling).....

Chorus

"Whst had yer gobs lads I garn to tell a story
Whst had yet gobs lads I'll tal yer boot the warm"

Another weekend over, more great memories. A trip which we will reflect on as one where I recall we spent some time waiting for a fellow compatriot not a BJ to do whatever he had to, to return from wherever he had been. At least we managed to catch the ferry! That is another story.

- Thanks to:
1. Bryon and Lyndsey for getting us there and back.
 2. Steve Barrow, "The Entertainer".
 3. Everyone for making it such a great weekend.
- Apologies to
1. Jane Harrap for doubting her driving skills on the right.
 2. Dave Sutton and Jim Mouat for taking their scalps again.
- Congratulations to:
1. Cliff with his 9th place.
 2. Jane and her 2nd place.
 3. Bryon and his 3rd place in the Vets.

Results

Jane Harrap	2nd	1.28
Cliff Cook	9th	1.13
Bryon Heywood		1.19
Steve Barrow		1.19
Nick Lipscombe		1.20
Dave Sutton		1.22
Jim Mouat		1.23
Patrick Mouat		?

DIARY DATES

Chiltern League Cross Country

Division 2

14th October	Kingsbury
28th October	Wycombe
6th January	Leighton Buzzard
20th January	Luton (Vauxhall)
3rd March	Mob Match (Northwood)

to UK Bob and all the The Joggers
I am better now

KATIES NEWS.

My teacher Mrs Harvey has let me use the school computer so I decided to write all my news. The operation on my Cheast went very well I wanted to come home very soon but the doctors decided that i had to stay for a whole week!! I kept walking round round the hospital gardens because I got fed up on the ward When I came home i went out to play with my friends. I am going to school in september just for mornings Alex is going to nursery. I will be in class three and my teacher is Mr Scragg. I will be able to go to brownies soon because i am 7 now. My class is going to camp soon and i am going to visit every day but i will sit with Zoe on the coach.

Dr Stevens said that we can go to Disney land in October so we are going to arrange it soon Love Katie

SUBSCRIPTIONS - THE AGONISING OF DOCTOR JOG

To begin, a little background to the financial affairs of B.J.'s. The Joggers were formed in October 1978 and met Tuesdays and Thursdays at Burnham Park. We were fortunate to have the use of the Advice Centre as a meeting room, free of charge, courtesy of Burnham Community Action (BCA) and we paid a pittance for the use of changing rooms and showers from the Parish Council. In consequence we had little need of club funds and our expenses were easily covered from the 20Ps collected in the 'pots' left on the door of each changing room.

The move to Haymill did not please everybody but our numbers were burgeoning and most evenings at 7.00 p.m. the Advice Centre was full to overflowing. In addition we had worn out our welcome with BCA; they had made very public their feelings that profits from the Half-Marathon should have gone to their village charities rather than the Lisa Lear Fund. There were complaints from other Park Hall users about Joggers filling all the parking spaces and making so much noise in the showers that guest speakers at flower arranging classes in the main hall were being shouted down. Allan Hardy (Super Jock) was probably the main protagonist for the Haymill Centre, and was soon serving on the Users Committee and organising the bar. It's also thanks to Allan's efforts that our meeting room is in a good state of decoration. However, I think even the tireless Hardy was eventually worn down by bureaucracy and his plans for a great B.J.'s social club and track were thwarted. With the move we did burden ourselves with the extra expense of Haymill's facilities and until recently the option of subscribing or 20P in the 'pot' had sufficed. In committee over the years the majority have argued the case against formal subscriptions; the basic ethos of B.J.'s has been "Let the people run, if you want to call yourself a B.J., we feel honoured".

As President and a founder member, the welfare of the Joggers is closer to my heart than most things. I have reluctantly accepted the present committee's view that subscriptions are necessary for a number of reasons.

1. The option of 20P or subscribing is not meeting our expenses. Haymill charge around £2,000 per annum for meeting room, changing/showers, gym for the Juniors and group membership for using the Centre (reduced bar prices!).
2. Collecting the 20Ps is a chore. Joggers may forget or arrive too late. Some members who use Haymill neither subscribe or put 20P in the 'pot' which undermines the morale of the club.
3. Joggers who rarely, if ever, use the Haymill facilities may not subscribe and yet enter races as affiliated B.J.'s, saving themselves 50P a time.
4. There are other expenses or subsidies, e.g. this year, the photocopier for Feet Street News and the Rock 'n Roll night which was memorable but poorly attended.

I have had the opportunity to read Hugo's document, also published in this edition of FSN. The sub-committee on subscriptions issued their recommendations which were accepted. Hugo draws attention to some categories of Jogger that may have been overlooked. I very much hope that his views are going to be given serious consideration in committee. At the same time I would like the Joggers to know that the present committee have the President's full support; the Chairman Bill and Treasurer Margaret are proving exceptional servants to the club. There must be something about the name Margaret; not long ago Mrs. Smith was keeping us on our toes, now it's Mrs. Clilverd. Mrs. Thatcher should be proud of both. Some of us may feel at times that there's a bit too much of the Iron Lady in our new Treasurer but I can assure all that she acts in the best financial interests of B.J.'s.

BOB GREEN

STAGGERED JOG, 1988/9

(After 10 races, best 6 score)

Position	Name	Points	Runs
1	Alan Watson	174	8
2	Peter Riley	161	9
3	(John Monaghan (Bob Engel	149	7
5	Dave Hopkins	144	8
6	Ennio Morassi	131	8
7	Hugh Bergstrom	130	6
8	Bob Hardman	130	10
9	Peter Humberstone	122	7
10	Keith Scudamore	120	10

Keith Scudamore

DIARY DATES

Today's Runner Cross Country League

19th November
17th December
21st January
18th February
18th March
8th April

Datchet Dashers
Metros
Reading Road Runners
Burnham
Finch Coasters
Final - Venue to be arranged

- 21 -

Haymill

youth and community

Centre

KB/SLR

22nd September, 1989

Mr. A. Yeadon,
The Secretary,
Burnham Joggers,
18 Paddock Heights,
Twyford, Reading,
Berks. RG10 0AR.

Dear Mr. Yeadon,

It has been noticed and brought to our attention that on several occasions you have over-run on your pre-booked hours.

Last evening (21/9, room 48) was one such occasion and as we have overlooked other times, when this has occurred, we are today adding an extra over-run charge to your Sept. Invoice.

Yours sincerely,



KEVIN BROPHY
Youth and Community Worker

112 Burnham Lane
SLOUGH SL1 6LZ
telephone Burnham 4760

D I A R Y

Sorry about the missed month. September was to have been my sixth anniversary, but complications with the photocopier stymied the official birthday. Thanks to all this month's contributors: any articles which don't appear should see the light of day in a month's time. In the confusion of the past few weeks I've mislaid some of the results. Please forgive me and keep them coming.

.....

Wrote a stropmy letter to the Editor of "Today's Runner" admonishing him for having the audacity to use the words "Feet St" in his tacky publication. The matter is now in the hands of the Club's solicitors, Messrs Fartlek, Fartlek & Midsole so you'll doubtless be hearing more of this saga. Or maybe TR will chuck it in the bin along with my unreturned manuscripts.

.....

A couple of issues back I wrote an article deriding shoe surveys. Hypocrite that I am I omitted to say I'd used the survey which prompted the article to win a pair of running shoes in a competition. Still, I got my come uppance. The shoes have never arrived though I recently received a letter from the Company concerned apologising for the delay. If and when they do turn up, I've no doubt they'll be at least two sizes too small. Why is it that some folk get away with blue murder whilst God watches some of us like a hawk?

On the subject of mags, did you see that an injunction was granted to Dave Bedford against "Running"? Something to do with a "joke in bad taste" (aimed at Mr Bedford I shouldn't wonder: he doesn't look like one of nature's most joyous bundles). It's a funny business this bad taste thing. If I ask whether, in the light of recent events, the Wedding Day 7K is to be re-named the Legal Separation 7K, is this bad taste or satire or black humour? I confess I can't really distinguish between these categories. What I do know is that what I've posed above isn't funny and there's the rub. We all know what amuses us and what doesn't. I must say, though, that if we were all granted injunctions for bad taste the courts would be clogged to a standstill. Half the daily newspapers would go to the wall for a kick-off. The one that carried the front page picture of Fergie's Knickers being exposed as the wind blew her skirt up would surely be the first in the queue.

.....

Glimpsed on the drive back from Sunday Times: "Car Supermarket - Hundreds of Cars Inside." Do you have wheel out your purchase on a trolley, I wonder? And how would you get, say, a Cavalier through the checkout? It's bad enough getting stuck behind a cheque-writer in Sainsbury's, just imagine queueing behind a punter signing up a Porsche on easy terms. "I've only got a Mini, can I go through? I've got the right money."

"Shut up and wait your turn."

.....

Whilst not wishing to use "Feet Street" as an overflow for the Business Meeting, I do have to take up some of the points raised by the two articles about subscriptions. I do so, not on behalf of the Committee, but as one who has attended all the meetings this year concerning the dreaded subject.

Bob says that Hugo "draws attention to some categories of jogger the Committee may have overlooked." This clearly isn't the case. The Committee looked into all the categories mentioned, but came to conclusions the President and Vice-President didn't like - hence the attempt to undermine decisions they were party to. Twenty pence per night or £12.50 per annum was subscriptions by any other name and it's nonsense to pretend otherwise. What the Committee have tried to do is to eradicate the absurdity whereby those who are prepared to pay subsidise those who won't (stress won't - not can't).

I must say I find the three Margaret's jibe unfortunate and inappropriate. Margarets Smith and Chilverd have found themselves in hot water for having had the temerity, rightly or wrongly, to cross swords with the Club's establishment and the Club's often clumsy way of operating. The other woman is the embodiment of establishments everywhere - right down to her acquired accent. If the new Treasurer has made mistakes then we point them out to her. Constructive criticism and support are what she needs, not comparison with the "Iron Lady" who, of course, never makes any mistakes.

Since the September Business Meeting I've fallen to wondering just what all the hoo-ha has been about. I think a lot of it has to do with the Club growing and evolving. Anyone coming to this newsletter for the first time could well be forgiven for thinking that "The Committee" is some alien force which crosses space periodically to impose its iron will upon a passive membership. The truth is that the Committee is comprised of - or to be more precise, the Business Meetings are regularly attended by - people who are committed to the Club to a greater-than-average degree. Nothing more, nothing less. The price they exact for the time and energy they devote is involvement in the decision-making process. Nobody is trying to set up immutable laws or make decisions without taking account of all shades of opinion. Clearly, it would be foolish to do so. It is my belief that Burnham Joggers can only benefit from this process. If you don't believe me, if you think we're going about matters in the wrong way - come along and see for yourself.

Peter Bunker