

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

16th April, 1987

This month's report comes from Korea. For those of you not quite sure where this is, I'm sure V. P. Botley will be prepared to arrange a visit (for a small[?] fee). From what we see you would be well advised to book early. Having reviewed at some length (2.27.36) the marathon course for next year's Games, I can vouch that a fast time is a possibility — but only once they have put in some windproofing which is sadly lacking at present. In the circumstances I was reasonably happy with my run (103rd) and am sure I passed about 40 people in the last 10 miles!

All the best to the track and field team for the approaching season.

Yours Heathenly,
Tim Soutar

Dear Mr Roberts,
Perhaps you have heard of me and my nationwide campaign. Each year for the past fifteen years I have made a tour of jogging clubs in England and delivered a series of lectures upon the evils of jogging and drinking. On these tours I have been accompanied by my assistant Arnold Fortesque.

Arnold was a pathetic case; a young man of good family and excellent background whose life was ruined because of excessive indulgence in jogging and the consumption of strong drinks. Arnold would appear with me at my lectures and sit on the platform drooling at the mouth and staring at the audience with bleary and bloodshot eyes, whilst I would point him out as an example of what drinking and jogging would do. Unfortunately, last winter, poor Arnold died.

A mutual friend has given me your name and I wonder if you would care to accompany me on my next tour and take poor Arnold's place.

Yours very sincerely,
Rev. Balityne McHaigh, CTC. B.Sc.

(Why me? - Ed.)

Dear Ed,

Over the past couple of years I have noticed that we do not get the turnout expected for mob matches from a club our size without persistent prompting from "Botters" and cohorts.

Could I then suggest that along with the sessions at County Hall at least one mob match is run to ensure participation in the London Marathon?

Yours 'heathenly,
Peter Rissen

Dear Ed,

Extract from Handicap detail recently provided by Don Hopgood;

"The weighting is so severe that for Baldwin (aged 45) to have had a chance he would have to have been nearly 58. Alternatively a 50 year old would have had to have run faster than 33.01 for the 10km to have won."

The Problems of handicapping!

M. Cronin

— Roger Michell has been selected for a full international in September in the Roubaix 28 hours race. GB are sending two competitors to race in this international against competitors from France, Holland, Italy, Germany, Belgium and Switzerland. He read with great interest the results of the club in the National League because he was a competitor when the club was on the downward trend having competed in every division downwards. He wishes the team continued success.

— News has just reached us that R. M. Wood has been awarded the M.V.O. (Member of the Victorian Order).

— We were interested to read in our contemporary *The Sun Alliance Group Gazette* that Phoenix Pensioner Mr. Archie Peachey and his wife Kim celebrated their Diamond Wedding in April. We join his colleagues in congratulating them and wishing them well. Peachey has been a member of BH for much longer than 60 years — nearly 68 years in fact — so it was particularly regrettable that he had not yet received his 50 years of membership pot. Happily this has now been remedied as PPs Thompson and Walker went down to Southampton in August to make the presentation. Peachey is a Vice-President of the Hampshire County Cricket Club having been on their Committee for many years so the meeting took place at the County Ground where many BH reminiscences flowed in the bar and over lunch. Peachey intends to display the new pot beside the Novices Pewter he won in the early 1920s, from which countless pints have been drunk!

— L. E. Trafford, another old member living in Hampshire, in the New Forest, did not have to wait so long for his pot. PP Thompson visiting those parts with some friends from USA called to present it within a few weeks of his qualifying! Leo then gave them a very interesting guided tour of some parts of the New Forest other tourists do not reach. We were pleased that he came to support the Club at the Southern League Fixture at Southampton in July.

— Rev. C. O. Davies (1934) made one of his periodic visits from his home in Johannesburg to the UK last Autumn and we were glad that he was able to look in once or twice at Hayes for a run and a Members Night. In a recent letter he sends good wishes to George Brooks, Cyril Kidd and other old friends and acquaintances.



KENTISH TIMES, FRIDAY, APRIL 4, 1947

Athletics — Blackheath Harriers

The closing run of the season on Saturday was a five mile yacht handicap, with 63 starters. Before the race a club photograph was taken, over 100 members being present. The winner of the handicap was K. W. Parrott (10.30 handicap), 2 G. R. Russell (5 mins), 3 V. G. Parrott (9 mins). A. J. Brent (1.5) did the fastest time of the day.

The president (Syd Wooderson) presented the awards and also to the winner of the points cup (J. P. Clarke). The team of nine who were third in the Southern were also presented with medals.

Following the race, a smoking concert took place, before which A. D. Thwaites paid a tribute to the president for the manner in which he had assisted the club to have the most successful season since it was founded in 1869.

**THE WAY FORWARD —
QUESTIONNAIRE RESULT**

The results of the questionnaire on admitting lady members to Blackheath Harriers were as follows:

1. Should your committee consider admitting ladies to the membership of Blackheath Harriers?

	Yes	No	Don't Know	Response Rate
All members	61%	37.5%	1.1%	36.8%
Past Presidents	47.4%	52.6%	—	73.1%
Vice Presidents	50.0%	47.1%	2.9%	54.8%
Development				
Sub-Committee	75.0%	25.0%	—	50%

2. Should your committee explore the possibility of a merger with Bromley Ladies AC?

	Yes	No	Don't Know
All members	56.2%	43.4%	0.4%
Past Presidents	57.9%	42.1%	—
Vice Presidents	52.9%	44.1%	2.9%
Development			
Sub-Committee	75.0%	25.0%	—

3. Should the name Blackheath Harriers remain unaltered?

	Yes	No	Don't Know
All members	81.3%	13.6%	5.1%
Past Presidents	84.2%	5.3%	10.5%
Vice Presidents	79.4%	17.7%	2.9%
Development			
Sub-Committee	75.0%	25.0%	—

4. Alternative acceptable names:

Blackheath and Bromley A.C.	27.7%
Blackheath and Bromley Harriers	24.2%
Bromley and Blackheath Harriers	7.2%
Bromley and Blackheath A.C.	2.4%
Blackheath and Bromley Ladies A.C.	10.8%
Miscellaneous	27.7%

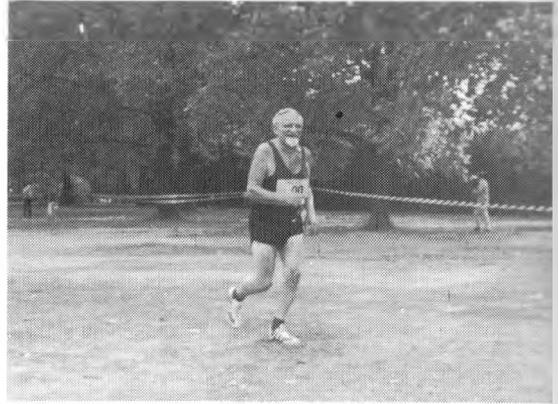
The general committee has now appointed a sub-committee to investigate the practical implications of these results.

Rear cover photo shows Bill Wheeler demonstrating to a typical female jogger what it takes to be a Blackheath Harrier — she looks impressed.

“CULINARY ZEST”

At the recent “Special Members” night (not, it must be emphasised, restricted to “seniors”) it was nice to see exuberant Bernard Parrott giving instructions to “Johnnie” Walker on the correct deployment of recalcitrant legs, and, it was suspected, inveighing him into a three-legged race. Brother Jack, the aquatic athlete will continue to concentrate on the Fun Run and Maryon Wilson events. Another “hollow legs” man, Cyril Kidd was observed doing his best to fill them and seemed quite sanguine after his recent “op”. Visitors from the deep south in the persons of Bill Norton, Don Gillate, “Rambo” Purves, and a rare visitor in Gavin Gardner gave a leavening to the proceedings. Ken Johnson was suitably benign with almost the whole of the Trail Layers present including Jack Clear (who found his way to the club unaided) and Ken was observed casting his eye over possible new recruits.

The President gave a welcome to the guests, a succinct review of recent club events, and presented the 50 year mug to Bernard Parrott which was duly acknowledged by him with a typically positive speech and a few glimpses into club history.



Aquatic Jack concentrating.

Brian Stone and Peter Hannell were there to ensure a very fine meal preceded by soup; great restraint was exercised by one member present who said it reminded him of a story — but didn't tell it. He said that telling it these days gave him painful shins. Some 24 people enjoyed the jovial evening and more members should be aware of the opportunity of a quiet evening after the hurly-burly of the 200 Club Socials.



JOHNSON BOWL WALK

Hayes

28th March, 1987

Seven Blackheath Harriers challenged the might of Surrey Walking Club on a day of near-continuous heavy showers which miraculously held off for the exact duration of the race. The seven miles plus course was a short sprint for people such as Peter Hannell, the winner for Blackheath in a P.B. for the course of 57.25. S.W.C. managed to claim the next 9 places within 10 minutes, but the next man after Peter was over 3 minutes behind him.

The runners-come-walkers felt the strain of walking with pains developing, so some had to “peel” off but no names will be given Mike.

There were several races between individuals such as Dave Dunn who passed Alan Pickering and Colin Brand at 2 miles but was overtaken by the experienced Alan and Colin on the fourth mile. Likewise a fight between Peter Crane and Nolan Simmons of SWC ended with a one second victory for Nolan. These individual contests increased the interest of the event, much as in our many mob matches. Dickie Green finished second (in 69.30) of the Blackheath Harriers with the younger David Johnson next, nearly 6 minutes later.

Surrey won 20 pts to B.H. 35.

Pos.	No.	Name	Club	Time
1.	85	P. Hannell	B.H.	57.25
2.	59	S. Lightman	S.W.C.	60.35
3.	67	S. Brown	S.W.C.	60.43
4.	62	M. Fullager	S.W.C.	61.06
5.	70	N. Simmons	S.W.C.	64.52
6.	63	P. Crane	S.W.C.	64.53
7.	61	R. Fullager	S.W.C.	64.59
8.	69	W. King	S.W.C.	66.40
9.	60	T. Sloworski	S.W.C.	67.04
10.	66	R. Brown	S.W.C.	67.05
11.	86	R. Green	B.H.	69.30
12.	80	D. Johnson	B.H.	75.25
13.	82	A. Pickering	B.H.	75.34
14.	83	C. Brand	B.H.	75.34
15.	84	D. Dunn	B.H.	77.27
16.	64	F. Butler	S.W.C.	80.37
17.	81	M. Peel	B.H.	D.N.F.

excepted. Not a lot of people know this but according to the Swiss Agricultural Information Service the average cow relieves itself 10-12 times daily and each pat weighs 250 grams, about the weight of a fairly robust pair of running shoes. The daily dump covers approx. 1 square metre, think about it. Now you may also think that I am writing a load of bullshit and you would be absolutely right. However the point of this digression is this, that the 825,000 Swiss cows could cover the country more than 7 times per year so I suppose that we can consider ourselves lucky that most of our course consists of tractor tracks and hills, ploughed fields and hills, woodland paths and hills and only the odd cow field.

Back to the race, it was won by John Campbell, a New Zealand international marathon runner who stayed on in the U.K. after the Commonwealth Games to get better competition. Unfortunately I couldn't catch him to query this theory about marathon runners even though I have access to a magnifying glass. He won in a time of 33m 26 secs, 26 secs ahead of another marathon man, Mike Gratton. Now theres a thought. However Ian Smith's computer ignored this and missed the first two places off the results list (what a spilling wheeze). I was just thinking, if it missed the first 84 then Nick Wahla would have won but better still, if the first 122 were ignored then I would have been victorious.

Although Blackheath managed to field 5 teams and 28 Harriers closed in, I consider the turn out to be disappointing. It was a home fixture and like it or not we now have a reputation to live up to as Southern Cross Country Champions. Ian F. Smith as league secretary and a Past President of Blackheath deserves more support from his own Club. Invicta East Kent always seem to set a good example. I realise that there were road races the next day but that did not stop Pat Calnan, Adrian Musson and many more from other clubs competing over 2 days. The Kent League dates were arranged so there would be no clash with any other important fixtures. There are, after all, only 3 fixtures during the season, and whilst we cannot make any more demands of our 'elite', although some of them turn out unsolicited, I maintain that more of you should be prepared to represent the Club in meaningful competition. We need the practice for the mob matches. If I cannot persuade you to compete then come along and offer your services to the trail layers and officials, at least once a season. Give something back to the Club. I don't apologise for ending on a serious note.

B.G.

Results

1. J. Campbell	Guest	33.26	113. A. Nana	BH	41.15
2. M. Gratton	Inv	33.52	119 D. White	BH	41.32
3. J. Wigley	Inv	34.12	123 B. Grant	BH	41.51
15. P. Calnan	BH	35.49	129 J. Kelly	BH	42.11
25. R. Coles	BH	36.35	136 S. Capey	BH	42.38
27. L. Wright	BH	36.36	137. R. Ebbutt	BH	42.39
35. M. Laws	BH	37.30	141. W. Wheeler	BH	42.44
48. A. Tilley	BH	38.15	155. R. Morris	BH	43.26
49. P. Ward	BH	38.16	160 M. Richards	BH	43.51
57. M. Cronin	BH	38.41	161 I Wilson	BH	43.53
65. J. Phelan	BH	39.07	163. P. Rissen	BH	43.55
76. S. Ridgewell	BH	39.51	164 S. Parsons	BH	43.55
77. I. Young	BH	39.53	174 Yates	BH	45.09
85. N. Wahla	BH	40.10	184 A. Musson	BH	45.53
89. M. Athawes	BH	40.24	202. D. Farrelly	BH	49.11
91. J. Kemp	BH	40.26	205 B. Todd	BH	49.33
98. J. Bailey	BH	40.34	216. Johnson	BH	52.50

Team Result:

1. Invicta; 2. GEC Avionics; 3. Tonbridge; 4. Dartford; 5. Blackheath 'A'; 13. Blackheath 'B'; 21. Blackheath 'E'; 25. Blackheath 'C'; 26. Blackheath 'D'.

Hoo

8th November, 1986

Colts

1. A. Draper	BH	17.16
2. A. Glock	Sev	17.45
3. H. Cossell	Inv	17.48

7. M. Pearson	BH	18.16
9. J. Murray	BH	18.33
10. D. Stickle	BH	18.34
14. N. McDonald	BH	18.53
23. N. Morgan	BH	19.47
33. S. Algeo	BH	20.32
45. A. Wheeler	BH	21.39

Team Result:

1. Blackheath Harriers; 2. GEC Avionics; 3. Sevenoaks; 13. Blackheath Harriers "B".

Boys

1. P. Sayburn	Cam	16.17
2. R. Bearington	GEC	16.35
3. V. Chambers	GEC	16.55
17. G. Riggs	BH	18.08
28. A. Algeo	BH	19.00
34. B. Andrew	BH	19.36
35. A. Rose	BH	19.39
47. A. McEwan	BH	20.42

Youths

1. L. Chambers	GEC	15.27
2. N. Renney	Inv	15.30
3. A. Juby	GEC	15.41
13. K. Wheeler	BH	17.04
18. M. Lawton	BH	17.34
31. P. Radlett	BH	18.59
40. P. Banfield	BH	22.26

Seniors

1. J. Campbell	Dart	27.45
2. J. Barton	BH	28.18
3. B. Reynolds	Ton	28.33
8. R. Coles	BH	29.25
28. M. Colpus	BH	31.01
40. P. Ward	BH	31.32
45. K. Daniel	BH	32.00
85. P. Barlow	BH	33.37
108. B. Grant	BH	34.44
132. S. Capey	BH	35.50
158. W. Clapham	BH	36.56
169. R. Ebbutt	BH	37.36
181. M. Russell	BH	38.20
211. D. Hopgood	BH	41.38

Team Result:

1. Tonbridge; 2. GEC; 3. Dartford; 4. Blackheath Harriers 'A'; 31. Blackheath Harriers 'B'.

Canterbury

21st December, 1986

Colts

1. A. Draper	BH	14.11
2. J. Murray	BH	14.26
3. A. Glock	Sev	14.31
4. D. Stickle	BH	14.51
9. J. Morgan	BH	15.16
17. K. Reynolds	BH	15.59
29. S. Algeo	BH	16.38
32. P. Loney	BH	16.46
43. P. Lenaghan	BH	18.15
45. J. Jackson	BH	18.57

Team Result

1. Blackheath Harriers; 2. Sevenoaks; 3. GEC Avionics; 11. Blackheath Harriers 'B'.

Boys

1. R. Gray	GEC	16.10
2. S. Barden	GEC	16.20
3. A. Whiteman	GEC	16.29
7. G. Riggs	BH	16.55
41. A. McEwan	BH	19.42



"Sage Colts" Anthony Draper and Jonathan Murray who made a clean sweep of both Kent and H.H.H. Leagues.

117.	G. Patterson	BH	38.11
123.	J. Bailey	BH	38.28
127.	P. Shepherd	BH	38.50
130.	J. Kelly	BH	38.54
146.	S. Capey	BH	39.41
151.	R. Ebbutt	BH	39.48
155.	R. Neal	BH	40.01
158.	B. Wilson	BH	40.08
161.	M. Field	BH	40.13
171.	M. Clapham	BH	40.41
172.	M. Crisp	BH	40.42
178.	W. Wheeler	BH	41.05
182.	C. Rowe	BH	41.34
198.	M. Russell	BH	42.55
203.	T. Dovey	BH	43.58
209.	A. Pontifex	BH	44.58
221.	D. Hopgood	BH	47.23
227.	D. Johnson	BH	50.59

Team Result

1. Dartford
2. Invicta E.K.
3. Tonbridge
5. Blackheath A
17. Blackheath B
28. Blackheath E
29. Blackheath C
35. Blackheath F
37. Blackheath D



YOUNG ATHLETES LEAGUE

Brockwell Park

25th October, 1986

Colts

1.	J. Murray	BH	14.10
2.	D. Beaumont	Mitcham	14.23
3.	K. Vann	GEC	14.29
9.	N. McDonald	BH	15.01
11.	M. Pearson	BH	15.10
16.	D. Stickles	BH	15.24
24.	N. Morgan	BH	15.42
29.	K. Reynolds	BH	15.53
37.	T. Young	BH	16.17
40.	R. Weatherstone	BH	16.25
44.	S. Algeo	BH	16.42
65.	A. Thomas	BH	17.45

Team Result: 1. GEC Avionics; 2. Blackheath 'A'; 3. Dartford; 7. Blackheath 'B'.

Boys

1.	P. Sayburn	Camb	18.30
2.	A. Whiteman	GEC	18.45
3.	N. Green	Mitcham	18.50
20.	A. Algeo	BH	20.02
45.	A. McEwan	BH	21.19

Team Result: 1. GEC Avionics; 2. Mitcham; 3. Medway; 14. Blackheath.

Youths

1.	S. Margotta	GEC	24.32
2.	A. Juby	GEC	24.32
3.	J. Fairbrother	Mitcham	24.40
5.	M. Lawton	BH	25.37
29.	K. Wheeler	BH	29.07
40.	P. Radelet	BH	32.07

Team Result: 1. GEC Avionics; 2. Mitcham; 3. Dartford; 6. Blackheath.

Youths

1.	J. Turner	Invicta	14.54
4.	S. Margiotta	GEC	14.59
12.	J. Barton	GEC	15.04
14.	K. Wheeler	BH	16.29
18.	T. Cross	BH	16.44

Redhill Place Park

7th February, 1987

1.	J. Campbell	Dart.	31.02
2.	J. Wigley	Inv.	31.29
3.	G. Wightman	Dart.	31.44
15.	R. Cole	BH	33.22
25.	P. Ward	BH	34.21
28.	R. Pike	BH	34.28
42.	M. Colpas	BH	34.55
43.	J. Bea	BH	35.01
46.	A. Silby	BH	35.10
48.	K. Daniel	BH	35.30
72.	G. White	BH	36.15
78.	S. Thompson	BH	36.20
79.	S. Ridgwell	BH	36.31
87.	P. Barrington-King	BH	36.32
91.	N. Watts	BH	36.46
93.	J. Nelson	BH	36.50
95.	B. Grant	BH	37.13
98.	S. Fremantle	BH	37.32
100.	P. Black	BH	37.46
104.	M. Adams	BH	38.03

Colts

1. A. Draper	BH	14.19
2. J. Murray	BH	14.38
7. D. Stickles	BH	15.09
17. N. Morgan	BH	15.41
31. N. McDonald	BH	16.11
35. M. Field	BH	16.35
38. A. Wheeler	BH	16.54
53. J. Jackson	BH	17.26
57. S. Wheeler	BH	17.35
59. S. Algeo	BH	17.48
61. P. Lenagham	BH	17.57

Team Result: 1. Blackheath 'A'; 2. GEC Avionics; 3. Medway; 7. Blackheath 'B'; 17. Blackheath 'C'.

Boys

1. P. Sayburn	Camb	18.47
2. N. Green	Mitcham	19.07
3. D. George	GEC	19.24
8. R. Nunn	BH	19.42
35. S. Field	BH	21.30
39. A. Rose	BH	22.03
61. W. Clark	BH	30.10

Team Result: 1. GEC Avionics; 2. Mitcham; 3. Dartford; 8. Blackheath.

Youths

1. A. Juby	GEC	24.46
2. L. Chambers	GEC	25.10
3. N. Martin	Camb	25.40
9. G. Ponte	BH	26.38
24. A. Wright	BH	29.04
31. K. Wheeler	BH	33.45

Team Result: 1. GEC Avionics; 2. Dartford; 3. Mitcham; 6. Blackheath.

Brockwell Park

28th February, 1987

Colts

1. A. Draper	BH	14.16
2. J. Murray	BH	14.37
3. R. Weatherstone	BH	14.59
16. K. Reynolds	BH	15.55
19. N. McDonald	BH	16.11
27. P. Loney	BH	16.34
41. A. Wheeler	BH	17.10
47. T. Ford	BH	17.49
56. S. Algeo	BH	18.19
57. S. Wheeler	BH	18.22
63. J. Jackson	BH	19.28

Team Result: 1. Medway, 2. Blackheath, 3. GEC, 9. Blackheath 'B'.

Boys

1. A. Riddle	G.E.C.	19.47
2. R. Hough	Medway	19.47
3. A. Morris	G.E.C.	19.51
28. M. Green	BH	22.08

Team Result: 1. G.E.C., 2. Medway, 3. Mitcham, 15. Blackheath.

Youths

1. L. Chambers	G.E.C.	26.12
2. N. Martin	Cam.	26.33
3. P. Watts	Cam.	27.02
11. K. Wheeler	BH	28.39
24. P. Bantfield	BH	34.21

Team Result: 1. Cambridge, 2. G.E.C., 3. Mitcham, 8. Blackheath.



Damon Williams. Performed well when it mattered in the Southern and National Youths.

Brockwell Park

21st March, 1987

Colts

1. A. Draper	BH	13.47
2. J. Murray	BH	14.12
3. R. Shaw	GEC	14.32
5. R. Weatherstone	BH	14.37
12. R. Sedgewick	BH	15.13
16. N. McDonald	BH	15.21
18. D. Stickles	BH	15.29
19. M. Pearson	BH	15.31
30. M. Field	BH	16.08
36. P. Lowey	BH	16.31

Team Result: 1. GEC; 2. Blackheath; 3. Medway; 5. Blackheath 'B'.

Final League Table

1. Blackheath
2. GEC
3. Medway
7. Blackheath 'B'

Individual Colts Championship: 1. J. Murray (BH); 2. D. Beaumont (Medway); 3. M. Gibbons (GEC).

Boys

1. P. Sayburn	Cambridge	18.46
2. A. Riddle	GEC	19.03
3. A. Morris	GEC	19.11
9. G. Riggs	BH	19.50

Team Result: 1. GEC; 2. Mitcham; 3. Medway; 8. Blackheath.

Youths

1. L. Chambers	GEC	25.21
2. R. Goodfellow	Cambridge	25.38
3. R. Ketts	Dartford	25.55
14. K. Wheeler	BH	27.49

Team Result: 1. Dartford; 2. Cambridge; 3. Mitcham; 10. Blackheath.

MOB MATCH v SOUTH LONDON HARRIERS

27th MIKE SULLY CROSS COUNTRY RACES

Coulsdon 25th October, 1986

Bristol 2nd November, 1986

In muddy conditions on the usual Coulsdon course (favouring runners with one leg longer than the other) Blackheath triumphed in the 77th mob match — but only just.

When the result was announced after the race, one of two of those present must have been in danger of choking on their welcome tea and sticky buns. A win by nearly 2,000 points seemed almost too good to be true. It was. By Wednesday night Blackheath's winning margin had dwindled to a meagre 425. Were SLH still streaming over the finishing line on Sunday morning and still scoring? No, alas there had been a bit of a slip-up in the final points calculations.

Blackheath had fielded 96 to SLH's 76 and the result was probably settled by a few brave souls who made a late decision to run. The close shave once again emphasises the importance of as many people as possible turning up for the mob matches. SLH definitely took the honours at the sharp end of the race and a few more of our faster runners would be particularly welcome.

Don't forget, the first Heathen home in the Ted Pepper 7 who has competed in all three major mob matches will win the Chief Whip's Trophy (see p.18).

Congratulations to Bill O'Donnell who won the club 7½ mile championship at Coulsdon. He finished in sixth place overall.

1. A. S. North	43.20	91. R. Foreman	54.57
2. A. J. Evans	43.28	92. J. McGee	55.03
3. P. J. Timblich	43.36	93. M. Rawlins	55.05
6. W. O'Donnell	45.01	94. S. Robinson	55.06
7. L. Wright	45.17	95. W. Wheeler	55.08
8. R. Coles	45.25	96. R. Chambers	55.12
11. K. Pike	46.18	97. G. Plank	55.14
15. J. Beck	47.11	99. C. Rowe	55.55
21. M. Cronin	47.46	100. A. Grace	56.07
23. B. O'Garman	47.54	101. D. Appleton	56.10
24. A. Tilley	48.08	102. W. Clapham	56.13
25. P. Betts	48.15	103. D. Carton	56.21
27. J. Tossell	48.29	104. B. Saxton	56.29
28. K. Daniel	48.30	108. J. Tateson	57.03
30. G. Spencer	48.41	110. P. Davies	57.14
31. N. Wahla	48.42	111. S. Parsons	57.15
32. S. Ridgewell	48.52	113. J. Hines	57.31
34. J. Taylor	49.01	114. A. Musson	57.33
35. I. Young	49.02	116. P. Metcalfe	57.39
36. P. Black	49.08	118. M. B. Allen	57.55
39. J. Phelan	49.42	119. J. Braughton	58.10
44. M. Athawes	50.07	120. M. Gasson	58.20
46. J. Eltham	50.18	121. B. Hartley	58.31
47. S. Cluney	50.41	122. R. Day	58.36
48. D. Ellison	50.42	126. D. A. Brooks	59.08
51. B. Mellish	50.56	128. B. Kearney	59.15
53. P. Shephard	51.06	129. P. Churcher	59.20
55. D. White	51.11	131. I. Collins	59.37
56. S. Thompson	51.15	135. A. Legg	60.34
58. J. Bailey	51.33	136. I. Gold	60.36
59. B. Grant	51.43	139. R. Green	61.10
61. R. Savery	51.57	140. D. Hopgood	61.22
65. J. Kemp	52.16	143. B. Todd	62.18
66. M. Field	52.24	144. M. Manley	62.35
68. J. Robinson	52.29	146. M. Russell	62.58
70. M. Peel	52.45	147. J. Ashton	63.19
71. S. Michell	52.46	150. H. Hill	64.06
72. M. Ellison	52.51	151. B. O'Flynn	64.07
73. B. R. Fisher	52.54	153. D. Larcombe	64.47
74. D. Croll	53.10	155. A. Chapman	66.07
75. P. Rissen	53.13	157. E. Smith	66.22
76. R. Tompkins	53.23	158. D. Wilcox	66.23
79. J. Kelly	53.42	159. P. Lovell	66.23
83. M. Crisp	54.02	160. P. Forbes	66.28
84. S. Capey	54.03	161. J. Cross	67.22
85. B. Wilson	54.20	164. J. Bennett	70.24
87. C. Woodcock	54.32	166. D. Johnson	74.25
88. R. Ebbutt	54.38	169. G. Butlin	76.38
89. R. Broderick	54.44	Result: Scoring 73. BH 5238; SLH 5663.	
90. D. Dunn	54.46		

1. D. McNeilly	Bristol	24.09
2. J. Richards	Cornwall	24.22
3. D. Buzza	Cornwall	24.26
10. J. Barton	Blackheath	24.54
23. T. Nash	Blackheath	25.25
27. W. O'Donnell	Blackheath	25.40
44. R. Coles	Blackheath	26.17

Team Result:
1. Bristol; 2. Westbury; 3. Oxford University; 4. Blackheath.

SOUTH OF THAMES CROSS COUNTRY — JUNIOR RACE

West Wickham 8th November, 1986

1. C. Payne	AFD	24.52
2. J. Wright	Belgrave	24.55
3. A. Iszatt	SLH	24.58
13. G. Arthey	BH	25.33
49. L. Wright	BH	26.43
66. A. Tilley	BH	27.04
75. J. Beck	BH	27.14
102. K. Daniel	BH	27.40
126. N. Colvin	BH	28.05
147. J. Phelan	BH	28.27
174. P. Barlow	BH	29.10
206. R. Cliff	BH	29.52
222. D. White	BH	30.10
231. M. Field	BH	30.27
241. B. Fisher	BH	30.50
243. W. Wheeler	BH	31.01
261. P. Rissen	BH	31.46
268. M. Gasson	BH	32.08
272. A. Nana	BH	32.45
281. A. Musson	BH	33.39

Team Result: 1. A F & D; 2. Belgrave; 3. Brighton; 8. Blackheath 'A'; 33. Blackheath 'B'; 44. Blackheath 'C'.

5 MILE CROSS COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIP

Hayes 15th November, 1986

It was a month later than usual but unseasonally fine weather so all-in-all it didn't make a lot of difference. The standard of the race up front was different though; a depth of quality not seen for many years. Tim Nash was eager to repeat his performance in the 'Closing 5', Gary Arthey was raring to demonstrate that he was at last on the way out of the traumas that have beset him for the last year, Bill O'Donnell wanted revenge for his defeat by Richard Coles last year and Richard himself wanted to show that he is far from out of the limelight yet. With first teamers Pat Calnan, Bill Foster and young Les Roberts also on the line a real old argey-bargey was in prospect. And so it was.

Tim, Gary, Les and Bill led off like a dose of salts through the farm and into Boundary Wood by a new route. As they slipped and slithered up the wood Tim and Gary pulled away from Les and Bill who had now been joined by Richard Coles. Up Fox Hill Tim managed to shake off Gary whilst Bill had left Richard and Les. This is how they finished, despite the added confusion of another race in the vicinity which at various times ran with and against the 5 miles.

Other particularly noteworthy runs were produced by new acquisition from Barnsley, Pete Ward, Neil Colvin, Paul Barrington-King who very nearly got the best of the

evergreen Ken Daniel and perhaps especially Stan Ridgewell up in 13th place. In view of the highly competitive race that unfolded the times were modest. It is obvious therefore that the new route into Boundary Wood plus a full circuit of the field behind the college takes the course over 5 miles — by a good 2 minutes was the generally held estimate.

1. T. Nash	28.43	53. M. Peel	36.33
2. G. Arthey	28.55	54. R. Pitcairn-Knowles	36.37
3. W. O'Donnell	29.05	55. C. Daley	36.40
4. R. Coles	29.21	56. P. Rissen	36.46
5. L. Roberts	29.38	57. R. Chambers	36.47
6. P. Calnan	29.46	58. E. Sullivan	36.48
7. W. Foster	30.09	59. M. Clissold	36.50
8. P. Ward	30.52	60. R. Saif	36.52
9. A. Tilley	31.15	61. R. Foreman	37.00
10. N. Colvin	31.34	62. J. Tateson	37.02
11. K. Daniel	31.48	63. R. Farish	37.12
12. P. Barrington-King	31.53	64. A. Grace	37.18
13. S. Ridgewell	31.58	65. K. McGregor (guest)	37.20
14. S. Thompson	32.14	66. A. Algeo	37.30
15. J. Taylor	32.22	67. S. Davis	37.33
16. J. Phelan	32.27	68. G. Plank	37.34
17. I. Wilson	32.35	69. J. Mulvaney (guest)	37.38
18. J. Kemp	32.43	70. A. Musson	38.03
19. P. Barlow	32.49	71. R. Day	38.08
20. B. Mellish	32.53	72. P. Davies	38.08
21. J. McGee	32.54	73. N. Wheeler	38.34
22. S. Cluney	32.58	74. T. McGeough	38.47
23. R. Tompkins	33.02	75. R. Graf	38.52
24. M. Athawes	33.03	76. P. Smith	39.16
25. S. Freemantle	33.24	77. B. Hartley	39.18
26. A. Bounds	33.39	78. M. Martineau	39.23
27. P. Austridge	33.52	79. A. Legg	39.33
28. M. Ellison	33.56	80. M. Russell	39.34
29. R. Savery	34.05	81. D. Sticklees	39.39
30. M. Ludwig	34.06	82. A. Weekes-Pearson	40.00
31. B. Fisher	34.09	83. D. Brooks	40.07
32. M. Crisp	34.14	84. A. Michell	40.21
33. B. Wilson	34.26	85. D. Hoppgood	40.24
34. P. Shephard	34.28	86. D. McLeod	40.38
35. B. Leahy	34.36	87. J. Braughton	40.46
36. S. Michell	34.42	88. L. Clissold	41.04
37. S. Capey	34.44	89. D. Johnson	41.22
38. J. Bailey	34.47	90. B. Todd	41.39
39. A. Kilgour	34.54	91. D. Larcombe	42.07
40. W. Wheeler	34.55	92. P. Lovell	42.09
41. J. Robinson	35.00	93. G. Forbes	42.09
42. M. Reynolds	35.15	94. A. Chapman	42.28
43. R. Morriss	35.19	95. K. Proctor	42.36
44. B. Grant	35.40	96. J. Cross	42.46
45. R. Ebbutt	36.01	97. D. Wilcox	42.51
46. B. Saxton	36.06	98. J. Cruikshank	43.02
47. C. Rowe	36.13	99. N. Goddard	43.11
48. P. Lester	36.19	100. G. Geere	43.18
49. W. Clapham	36.21	101. I. Smith	44.10
50. S. Parsons	36.22	102. J. Bennett	44.35
51. P. Metcalf	36.24	103. C. Brand	44.44
52. J. Nash	36.28	104. D. Tingey	45.54
		105. P. Long	46.08

BANK OF ENGLAND v BLACKHEATH

Richmond Park

22nd November, 1986

I cannot understand why we do not attract more Heathens to Roehampton, like moths around a light. It is obviously a well kept secret that the facilities are superb, the course scenic and après race we are cosseted like the prodigal son. Just imagine they even provide little sachets of shampoo and there is a plunge bath where we can all become good friends, although, I haven't made it up with Stan Ridgewell yet, for torpedoing my rubber duck with his submarine.

Talking of the prodigal son, Jim Phelan manages to bury his principles each year and there have been many (years and principles) — Good God, the cad does not admit to having a guilty conscience after living off the fat of the Bank of England for a few hours. Mind you he does blend in nicely with the surroundings. Later in the evening he was to be found in the snooker room with his green velvet smoking jacket, Henry Winterman and a glass of old port in his



Ken Daniel wearing part of his new spring collection chases Mike Cronin up North Pole Lane.

manicured hand protesting that it was, after all, a working class game. I always thought that it came from the Indian Raj. Despite appearances you could tell that he hadn't played before when he started picking his nose with the cue (the handle end) and he thought that the spider rest was either a piece of exotic sexual apparatus, a long toasting fork or a temporary refuge for exhausted black widows. He went too far when he used the chalk to write the scores on the wall.

You may be thinking that this article should be about the race but that is usually the last thing in the pecking order when it comes to the Bank fixture. Even the bloody deer take precedence over the runners. The park authorities may cut down the number of events held in Richmond Park because of the stress caused to these sensitive animals. Try approaching a rampant stag during rutting season, and I don't mean Gordon Hickey, and see how shy they are. I guarantee that you will do a p.b.

However when I saw Mark Colpus's socks and Tim Foulger's headgear, I was convinced that they would have caused stress to Lord Longford. It's a good job that Mark won the race because any other runner wearing a shocking pink sock on one foot and a lurid green on the other would have looked like a right pratt, with apologies to John Turner, you know the one who looks like he could walk on water but who fell arse over tit on the frozen kind during one of last year's mob matches.

Tim Foulger looked as though he had joined the S.A.S. (Small Athletic Supports) as only the whites of his eyes could be seen under an all facial embracing ballaclava which he had pulled down to his groin. A good job he moved because he would have been transported back to the British Museum as a missing mummy. All I can say is that if he had been spotted near Princess Alexandra's Lodge he would have been shot by the Royal Diplomatic Protection Group or at the very least been in for the high jump.

You have got to excuse him as it was his first ever cross country race and he probably felt that it would be pretty nippy (he was only ninth) at the top of a hill, not used to the rarified atmosphere of altitude. He kept saying vertigo, vertigo and I was getting a bit cheesed off telling him to follow the flags, only $4\frac{3}{4}$ miles.

Gary Spencer was, get this, 'testing himself out' as he was running in a B.R. race the following week at Ashford, the scene of last year's Kent Champs. He was anxious to get away as he was leaving that very night by train for the race and he did not wish to miss the start.

It was good to see Paul Betts as I believe his sorties over the country will be few and far between this season. Paul still finished second and he said that he lost interest when he could not quite catch Mark. God what a line, he gets 10 out of 10 for that one. What a repertoire I'm building up after only a couple of seasons.

We won both the A and B races. Of course the Bank of England guys said that their best men were elsewhere — a run on the pound or something. Our good fortune continued in the restaurant area. Just imagine Stan, tablecloths, smiling polite hostesses providing tea, bread and jam, malt loaf and chocolate rice crispy cakes. Empty cups and plates stayed put on the well layed tables, long enough to be refilled. No snap, crackle or pop from the Bank of England steward. Oh how peace, harmony and tranquility reigned.

After supper we retired to the bar to be treated to plastic watering cans filled with ale. How quaint the B. of E. chappies are. I told Neil Colvin to take the sprinkler cap off first but he wouldn't listen — tried to fill 6 glasses at once. Ended up with a 6 inch growth, wait for it, on the carpet pile. It must have been full of maxicrop and not best bitter. After drinkie-pooos we sneaked in to the room with the green baise tables and this is where I came in snookered. See you at Roehampton next year Jim.

B.G.

1. Colpus (BH)	25.51	19. Cranston (BE)	28.04
2. Betts (BH)	26.13	20. Bounds (BH)	28.09
3. Tilley (BH)	26.17	21. Grant (BH)	28.25
4. Colvin (BH)	26.20	22. Fisher (BH)	28.30
5. Kemp (BE)	26.24	23. Wheeler (BH)	28.56
6. Camp (BE)	26.30	24. Capey (BH)	29.10
7. Daniel (BH)	26.34	25. Crosbie (BE)	29.48
8. Lewis (BE)	26.35	26. Baksh (BE)	30.02
9. Foulger (BH)	26.58	27. Webb (BE)	30.17
10. Phelan (BH)	27.04	28. Roodhouse (BE)	30.17
11. Spencer (BH)	27.14	29. Harris (BE)	30.22
12. Oates (BE)	27.17	30. Poultney (BE)	31.13
13. Jarrett (BE)	27.20	31. Thomson (BE)	31.25
14. Barden (BE)	27.22	32. Daly (BH)	31.32
15. Barlow (BH)	27.23	33. Russell (BH)	31.36
16. Levy (BE)	27.37	34. Musson (BH)	32.05
17. Ridgewell (BH)	27.48	35. Kelly (BE)	32.46
18. Gould (BE)	28.00	36. Francis (BE)	33.26
		37. Sagar (BE)	34.29

MOB MATCH

BLACKHEATH HARRIERS v ORION HARRIERS

Hayes

6th December, 1986

1. J. Wallis (OH)	46.21	32. M. Ellison (BH)	51.46
2. P. Betts (BH)	48.51	33. K. Selby (OH)	51.50
3. P. Filler (OH)	48.56	34. M. Bryant (OH)	51.52
4. J. Kemp (BH)	48.58	35. T. Phillips (OH)	51.57
5. M. Cronin (BH)	49.00	36. R. Savery (BH)	52.01
6. D. Leahy (OH)	49.05	37. R. Foxley (OH)	52.09
7. B. O'Gorman (BH)	49.06	38. R. Connolly (OH)	52.09
8. S. Ridgewell (BH)	49.18	39. P. Shephard (BH)	52.38
9. R. Britton (OH)	49.27	40. S. Cluney (BH)	52.48
10. G. Baker (OH)	49.29	41. D. White (BH)	52.51
11. K. Daniel (BH)	49.31	42. B. Grant (BH)	53.10
12. R. Warner (OH)	49.32	43. S. Wheelton (OH)	53.20
13. N. Wahla (BH)	49.35	44. D. Moy (OH)	53.22
14. A. Bounds (BH)	49.43	45. R. Cliff (BH)	53.26
15. N. May (BH)	49.45	46. R. Ebbutt (BH)	53.34
16. D. Ellison (BH)	49.48	47. M. Peel (BH)	53.41
17. P. Addison (OH)	49.52	48. S. Capey (BH)	53.52
18. P. Barlow (BH)	50.00	49. R. Morris (BH)	54.05
19. J. Taylor (BH)	50.12	50. B. Wilson (BH)	54.08
20. P. Calnan (BH)	50.33	51. P. Rissen (BH)	54.17
21. N. Colvin (BH)	50.33	52. W. Wheeler (BH)	54.37
22. D. Cressy (OH)	50.40	53. W. Clapham (BH)	54.49
23. J. Phelan (BH)	50.51	54. B. Saxton (BH)	54.52
24. B. Mellish (BH)	50.53	55. R. Neal (BH)	54.55
25. J. Wilson (BH)	50.54	56. R. Singerton (BH)	54.56
26. S. Freemantle (BH)	51.02	57. T. McAuliffe (OH)	55.00
27. D. Warner (OH)	51.12	58. A. Lewis (OH)	55.05
28. B. Fisher (BH)	51.15	59. C. Rowe (BH)	55.06
29. S. Michell (BH)	51.16	60. R. Farish Snr. (BH)	55.27
30. P. Austridge (BH)	51.17	61. R. Chambers (BH)	55.30
31. S. Hutson (BH)	51.19	62. A. Dickin (OH)	55.33

63. B. Hicks (OH)	55.39	105. D. Smith (BH)	60.36
64. A. Edwards (BH)	55.55	106. R. Day (BH)	60.38
65. P. Metcalfe (BH)	55.55	107. J. Routledge (BH)	60.39
66. A. Grace (BH)	56.09	108. N. Corper (OH)	60.46
67. C. Daly (BH)	56.17	109. R. Graf (BH)	61.00
68. M. Clissold (BH)	56.19	110. M. Dooley (OH)	61.01
69. R. Curtis (OH)	56.27	111. A. Mitchell (BH)	61.06
70. B. Fincham (BH)	56.31	112. M. Allen (BH)	61.19
71. R. Pitcairn-Knowles (BH)	56.41	113. D. Crake (BH)	61.38
72. J. Tateson (BH)	56.47	114. T. McGeough (BH)	61.57
73. R. Foreman (BH)	56.54	115. S. Nairn (BH)	62.30
74. J. Bailey (BH)	56.58	116. M. Wade (BH)	62.52
75. J. Turner (BH)	57.00	117. A. Legg (BH)	63.17
76. S. Parsons (BH)	57.02	118. R. Defoe (OH)	64.39
77. B. Smart (OH)	57.04	119. B. O'Flynn (BH)	64.50
78. J. McGee (BH)	57.19	120. G. Hart (OH)	64.57
79. B. Chapman (OH)	57.30	121. D. Wilcox (BH)	65.00
80. M. Tomlins (OH)	57.43	122. H. Hill (BH)	65.04
81. D. Sharp (OH)	57.48	123. J. Ashton (BH)	65.07
82. I. Thompson (OH)	57.58	124. A. Alvin (BH)	65.39
83. N. Umney (BH)	58.14	125. K. Proctor (BH)	65.44
84. N. Wheeler (BH)	58.27	126. J. Cross (BH)	65.57
85. J. Hall (BH)	58.35	127. R. Deane (OH)	66.00
86. M. Russell (BH)	58.37	128. B. Todd (BH)	66.13
87. A. Musson (BH)	58.41	129. L. Dalmon (BH)	67.02
88. E. Sullivan (BH)	58.42	130. K. Walker (OH)	67.26
89. R. Hilton (BH)	58.51	131. D. Larcombe (BH)	67.54
90. J. Raine (BH)	59.01	132. P. Lovell (BH)	68.26
91. J. Gains (OH)	59.07	133. N. Hughes (OH)	69.14
92. D. Carton (BH)	59.08	134. B. Johnson (BH)	69.41
93. D. Ford (OH)	59.11	135. J. Bennett (BH)	70.12
94. N. May (OH)	59.14	136. R. Abbott (OH)	70.24
95. G. North (OH)	59.18	137. F. Taylor (OH)	71.46
96. R. Squires (OH)	59.21	138. D. B. Robinson (BH)	71.48
97. J. Hoy (OH)	59.31	139. C. Brand (BH)	72.13
98. P. Davies (BH)	59.32	140. D. Tingey (BH)	72.51
99. P. Lester (BH)	59.50		
100. M. Martineau (BH)	59.59		
101. B. Kearney (BH)	60.21		
102. D. Haines (BH)	60.23		
103. B. Hartley (BH)	60.26		
104. J. Sharp (BH)	60.30		

Match Result — 38 to score

1. Orion	41
2. Blackheath	101

SOUTHERN COUNTIES CROSS COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

Parliament Hill Fields (9 miles)

10th January 1987

Remember the big freeze when Mrs T. conceded to cold weather payments? Well, on the day preceding it an Arctic gale made the Parliament Hill Lido even more inhospitable than usual. The wind chill factor brought temperatures down to -15°C that day and our 5 youths set off on the 4 mile course "scouting" the terrain for their elders. All performed creditably on this tough course and closed a team in this age group for the first time in many years.

Gary Arthey was our sole representative in the junior race over 6 miles and pushed it all the way, varying from 15th to 9th, finally coming in 12th. A good run on only 3 weeks training!

Virtually a full strength squad of 12 set off up the hill in the senior race with the going hard rather than the usual deep mud. Jerry Barton had a good start, being 12th after one mile, but the rest of the team gave the course more respect. Bill O'Donnell and Tim Nash were in the 90's, then Richard Coles and Bill Foster in the 150's. Four more appeared in the early 200's, followed by the two Jims in the mid-300's. The Heathens' good pace judgement saw the five behind Jerry (who had to ease back through asthma trouble) all make good progress over the next 4 miles. Jerry recovered well on the last lap to hold onto 21st position while Bill O'Donnell had picked them off steadily, despite taking a late fall, and had a fine run for 30th place. He was chased home by Tim Nash in 36th place, not bad for someone who hates 9 miles! Les seemed to get stronger as the race went on and overtook 70 runners or so, finishing 70th despite not considering himself to be race fit.

SOUTH OF THAMES SENIOR CROSS COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

Wimbledon Common

24th January, 1987

Contrary to its title this race is not confined to the elderly as young Gary Arthey was soon to prove. He teamed up with one of our seniors, many of whom were representing Blackheath for the first time in a championship race as our scoring 6 in last years winning Southern team were barred for life from this race — something even Tim Hutchings has failed to achieve! Spirits were high in the convivial surroundings of Lauriston Cottage.

The start was fast, aided by the hard ground underfoot and the high pace was maintained throughout, except for one Belgrave runner who ran into a 3 foot post in the early crush. Gary was soon to the fore, just 10 metres or so behind the leading pair. He got stuck in as the race developed and he did well to hold off a pack of 4 behind him to provide the shock of the day with his 3rd position — a run of the highest class, especially on only 5 weeks training. He even attracted the attention of Martin Duff who interviewed him — lucky boy. This race was first run in 1888 when it was won by W. Jones of Reindeer Harriers. Gary becomes only the sixth Heath to win a medal in it, John Baldwin being our only winner in 1966.

Ken Pike was next home, a solid run after a long injury, followed by young Alan Tilley and the evergreen Ken Daniel (more scope to wind up those behind him), Tony Bounds and Jim Phelan, both representing Blackheath for the first time, ran well and were "over the moon" to be in the scoring 5. The team finished 13th out of 30 teams.

Bill Foster struggled on with stomach trouble but still managed a late surge in the last mile to make up 30 positions to cross the line 83rd. The scoring six was completed by an ailing Richard Coles hanging on gamely for 115th.

Pete Ward showed promise in his first representative race for Blackheath and now knows that places other than Barnsley have hills. Alan Tilley and Mark Colpus gained good experience of racing in large fields coming home in the early 200's followed by a very unwell Pat Calnan who was determined at least to finish. The 2 Jims battled it out for last place — word has it they knew the last man would get the Camden Cup!

A creditable day with all 12 in the top half of the record field of 700 runners and the Camden Cup retained for the first Kent team to close 12 in — your venerable correspondent has since discovered that we were also first Southern team to close 12.

Our scoring 6 placed us 5th team out of over 50 clubs, only 82 points away from 3rd spot. The amount of illness we were carrying must surely have cost us a top 3 place so medals are on the cards for next year — ask Graham Botley!

Results		K.P.
Boys		
1. K. Cullen	Chelmsford	17.40
124. A. Rose	Blackheath	21.00
(251 finished)		
1. Shaftesbury		
Youths		
1. J. Dennis	Camberley	23.41
99. M. Lawton	Blackheath	27.34
102. G. Ponte	Blackheath	27.43
104. D. Williams	Blackheath	27.46
191. K. Wheeler	Blackheath	30.44
206. T. Cress	Blackheath	32.16
(218 finished)		
1. G.E.C.		37
29. Blackheath		496
(36 teams closed in)		
Juniors		
1. P. Hennessy	Windsor	32.17
12. G. Arthey	Blackheath	33.38
1. Tonbridge		
Seniors		
1. R. Partridge	A.F. & D.	46.51
21. J. Barton	Blackheath	49.23
30. W. O'Donnell	Blackheath	49.53
36. T. Nash	Blackheath	50.04
70. L. Roberts	Blackheath	50.59
83. W. Foster	Blackheath	51.16
115. R. Coles	Blackheath	52.03
186. P. Ward	Blackheath	53.45
209. A. Tilley	Blackheath	54.16
217. M. Colpus	Blackheath	54.21
269. P. Calnan	Blackheath	55.25
331. J. McGee	Blackheath	56.32
351. J. Phelan	Blackheath	56.53
(686 finished)		
1. A.F. & D.		159
2. Shaftesbury		238
3. Basildon		273
4. Haringay		321
5. Blackheath		355

HFC INTERNATIONAL CROSS COUNTRY

Cardiff

21st December, 1986

1. T. Hutchings	England/South	25.05
2. D. Taylor	Ireland	25.16
3. C. Thackery	England/North	25.29
4. D. Clarke	England/South	25.32
32. A. Guilder	South/Blackheath	26.33
38. J. Barton	South/Blackheath	26.43

Results

1. C. Hensby	Working	40.53
2. N. Gemmell	Southampton	41.00
3. G. Arthey	Blackheath	41.36
85. K. Pike	Blackheath	45.20
101. A. Tilley	Blackheath	45.52
116. K. Daniel	Blackheath	46.16
127. A. Bounds	Blackheath	46.37
136. J. Phelan	Blackheath	46.54
148. P. Betts	Blackheath	47.25
157. J. Kemp	Blackheath	48.02
168. S. Ridgwell	Blackheath	48.29
229 runners closed in.		

Team Result

1. Working	103
13. Blackheath	568
30 teams closed in.	



C.A.U. INTER COUNTIES CROSS COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

Derby *7th February, 1987*

Seniors

1. C. Thackery	Yorks	38.50
2. A. Taylor	Cumbria	38.56
3. M. McLoughlin	Lancs	38.57
39. A. Guilder	Kent	40.36
111. T. Nash	Kent	42.07

(311 finished — Kent team 6th)

Shrewsbury *31st January, 1987*

Colts

1. W. Styan	Kent	13.13
2. A. Draper	Kent	13.19
3. C. Padgett	Notts	13.20
27. J. Murray	Kent	

(221 finished — Kent team 2nd)

INTER CLUB CROSS COUNTRY

Lloyd Park *14th February, 1987*

1. G. Hans.n	Cro.	28.27
2. M. Gregory	E+E	29.02
3. A. Dolton	Cro.	29.05
12. G. White	BH	30.28
15. S. Ridgwell	BH	30.51
18. B. Grant	BH	31.02
31. G. Patterson	BH	31.44
33. S. Freemantle	BH	31.47
39. P. Barlow	BH	32.22
40. J. Bailey	BH	32.22
41. A. Kilgower	BH	32.31
52. W. Wheeler	BH	33.26
69. R. Chambers	BH	36.07
73. T. Dovey	BH	37.05
74. P. Daniel	BH	37.14
78. P. Lovell	BH	38.10
81. A. Musson	BH	38.48
83. A. Alvin	BH	39.32

Team Result — 6 to score

1. Croydon Harriers	37
2. Blackheath Harriers	148
3. Crawley	155

87 runners closed in and 9 teams competed.

NATIONAL CROSS COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

Stopsley Park, Luton *21st February, 1987*

Despite being brought forward from its traditional March date, the National proved to be as popular as ever amongst the country's club runners. There could be few complaints about conditions at Luton. The ground was firm underfoot with one or two slightly sticky patches on top, and the half a mile of ploughed field on each lap was not as bad as it might have been.

Our youths performed well with Damon Williams in 102nd leading the team home, closely followed by Matt Lawton in 143rd. With our other runners in the top two thirds of the field the team finished in a creditable 26th position, out of 78 teams. Hopefully we will soon be seeing these youngsters moving through the ranks to form a vital part of the Junior and Senior teams.

We always seem to have problems with the Juniors and this year proved no exception as we failed to put out a team. However, if we didn't have the quantity we certainly had the quality, as Gary Arthey toed the line with a realistic chance of making the England team for the World Championships. A good start left him tucked in nicely in the leading pack and he comfortably remained in the top half dozen for the first of the two lap course. It was lap two where the fireworks started as Richard Findlow (Airedale and Spen Valley) made a decisive burst which split the field completely, and Gary could not quite cope with this injection of pace. Nevertheless, he battled hard over the last two miles to finish an excellent 17th in a top class field, only a tantalising fifteen seconds behind former youths champion Darren Mead. Unfortunately 17th was not quite enough to make the England team, but was easily the best Blackheath performance in this race for many years.

Gary's performance got the adrenalin going for our senior runners, not least of all Les Roberts who, having left his spikes at home, was waiting at the junior finish to grab Gary's shoes, put them on and dash the 600m to the senior start. With a record entry, Jerry Barton completed a fine winter season by leading us home in 34th place, a mere two places and six seconds behind marathon ace Charlie Spedding (4th scorer for Gateshead!) Bill Foster had another good National finishing 70th and feeling that with a couple of more races beforehand he would have been higher still.

While our other runners did not disgrace themselves there were perhaps two which stood out. After suffering with glandular fever last winter and summer, Mark Colpus returned with vengeance to the first team finishing in 363rd. Our other notable...the ever young, Les Roberts who danced around the course in the top 200 for most of the race before winding up the pace on hearing that fellow vet Alan Rushmer (Tipton) was only a few places ahead. With just time to put his arm around "Rushie" and give some friendly encouragement, our hero burst off into the sunset to show a clean pair of heels to a string of young upstarts and finish 165th, first vet and only just behind Bournemouth's international John Boyes.

It was a successful day all round for the club. The seniors finished 24th, slightly lower than last year but with a better points score. A reflection of the standard of this, the 100th Senior National, was the fact that Birchfield closed six runners in 77 but still only came fourth. However, fired with enthusiasm and some alcohol our gallant Captain Graham Botley declared later in the evening that our target for next year is top ten in both the National Cross Country and 12 stage Road Relay. We have the capability.

Seniors (9 miles)

1. Dave Clarke (Hercules Wimbledon)		
2. Steve Binns (Bingley)		
3. Roger Hackney		
(Aldershot Farnham and District)		
34. Jerry Barton (BH)	619. Pete Ward (BH)	
70. Bill Foster (BH)	674. Ken Pike (BH)	
165. Les Roberts (BH)	763. Pat Calnan (BH)	
250. Richard Coles (BH)	821. Alan Tilley (BH)	
363. Mark Colpus (BH)		

Team Result

1. Gateshead (6, 9, 13, 32, 33, 78)	171 pts
2. Bingley (2, 17, 27, 48, 79, 96)	269 pts
3. Tipton (18, 37, 56, 64, 67, 84)	326 pts
24. Blackheath (34, 70, 165, 250, 363, 619)	1501 pts

(8th Southern team)

Juniors

1. Richard Findlow (A.S.V.A.C.)	
2. Simon Mugglestone (Westbury)	
3. Nick O'Brien (Stretford)	
17. Gary Arthey (Blackheath)	

Gary Arthey pictured here taking the honours in an International Junior Race in Hannut, Belgium.



Jerry Barton our No. 1 over the country this year, making light of the 'plough' in the National.

Team Result

1. Newham and Essex Beagles (11, 57, 60, 102)	230 pts
2. Westbury Harriers (2, 65, 78, 110)	255 pts
3. Wolverhampton and Bilston (27, 48, 55, 146)	276 pts
No Blackheath team.	

Youths

1. Jonathan Dennis (Camberley)	21.55
2. Steve Brooks (Bingley)	21.56
3. Andrew Juby (G.E.C. Avionics)	21.59
102. Damon Williams (Blackheath)	23.39
143. Matthew Lawton (Blackheath)	23.55
220. George Punte (Blackheath)	24.48
305. Keith Wheeler (Blackheath)	25.14
342. Trelawney Cross (Blackheath)	25.30

Team Result

1. G.E.C. Avionics (3, 15, 27, 37)	82 pts
2. Stretford (10, 17, 35, 58)	120 pts
3. Leicester Corinthians (13, 18, 63, 108)	202 pts
26. Blackheath (102, 143, 220, 305)	770 pts
(8th Southern team)	

**BLACKHEATH HARRIERS v BANK OF ENGLAND v
KENT v HERCULES WIMBLEDON v
CROYDON HARRIERS**

Hayes

28th February, 1987

1. D. Taylor (Guest)	35.46	51. S. Parsons (BH)	43.27
2. N. Fairbrass (Kent)	37.24	56. R. Ebbutt (BH)	43.43
3. R. Pike (BH)	37.31	57. M. Reynolds (BH)	43.54
8. P. Betts (BH)	38.33	58. R. Morris (BH)	44.01
9. S. Ridgewell (BH)	38.35	59. P. Rissen (BH)	44.21
13. G. White (BH)	38.59	62. S. Capey (BH)	44.56
14. P. Barrington-King (BH)	39.02	63. J. Turner (BH)	45.11
20. B. Grant (BH)	39.29	70. A. Sweeney (Kent)	47.25
21. K. Daniel (BH)	39.34	73. R. Chambers (BH)	47.44
24. R. Coe (BH)	41.21	74. T. Dovey (BH)	47.52
26. J. Glage (BH)	41.25	77. B. Hartley (BH)	49.04
35. M. Athawes (BH)	41.43	81. D. Crake (BH)	52.23
48. M. Crisp (BH)	43.09	82. P. Lovell (BH)	53.19
49. B. Wilson (BH)	43.10	83. R. Green (BH)	54.08
		88. C. Brand (BH)	61.51

Team Positions

	Scoring 4	Position	Scoring 10	Position
Blackheath Harriers A.	34 pts	1	176 pts	1
Kent A.C.	44 pts	2	278 pts	3
Bank of England	53 pts	3	206 pts	2
Met. Police A.C.	119 pts	4	426 pts	4
Hercules Wimbledon A.C.	132 pts	5		
Blackheath Harriers B.	183 pts	6	603 pts	5
Croydon Harriers	200 pts	7		
Dartford Harriers	Did not close in.			

10 MILE CROSS COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIP

Hayes

7th March, 1987

Pos'n	No.	Name	Time m s	H/cap m s	Net Time Pos'n	H/cap
1.	29	A. Tilley	61.32	1.20	60.12	6
2.	39	S. Ridgewell	62.14	4.30	57.44	3
3.	31	P. Calnan	63.24	0.00	63.24	20
4.	47	P. Barrington-King	63.55	3.20	60.35	9
5.	38	B. Grant	64.07	8.30	55.37	1
6.	57	S. Hutson	64.11	4.10	60.01	5
7.	26	J. Phelan	65.20	4.50	60.30	8
8.	54	M. Laws	66.42	1.30	65.12	23
9.	12	M. Peel	68.39	8.15	60.24	67
10.	46	S. Capey	69.25	6.25	63.00	18
11.	37	B. Nilson	69.46	8.15	61.31	12
12.	44	M. Reynolds	70.27	7.30	62.57	17
13.	42	R. Savery	70.41	7.10	63.31	21
14.	36	B. Saxton	70.58	9.15	61.43	14
15.	32	J. Bailey	71.17	3.10	68.07	25
16.	48	C. Rowe	73.08	11.30	61.38	13
17.	43	E. Sullivan	73.41	11.45	61.56	15
18.	56	P. Metcalfe	75.14	12.35	62.39	16
19.	45	S. Michel	77.06	6.15	70.51	28
20.	41	M. Gasson	07	16.25	60.42	10
21.	33	W. Wheeler	80.35	10.15	70.20	27
22.	28	M. Martineau	82.05	12.10	69.55	26
23.	16	D. Hoggood	82.36	19.30	63.06	19
24.	52	D. Wilcox	88.35	25.00	63.35	22
25.	15	B. Todd	88.52	22.20	66.32	24
26.	35	P. Doyle	90.17			
27.	34	M. Cowling	90.21		Guests	
28.	55	D. Tingey	91.05	33.35	57.30	2
29.	53	J. Bennett	91.11	31.40	59.31	4
30.	40	D. Johnson	94.35	33.30	61.05	11

CLOSING 'S'

14th March, 1987

Hayes

1.	D. Johnson	23.11	24.	W. Clapham	26.30
2.	A. Rose	23.40	25.	D. Farrelly	26.34
3.	P. Lester	24.04	26.	S. Parsons	26.38
4.	R. Chambers	24.09	27.	M. Crisp	26.48
5.	I. Smith	24.33	28.	M. Gasson	26.53
6.	P. Wilcox	24.37	29.	D. Hoggood	27.05
7.	A. Alvin	24.38	30.	B. Mellish	27.25
8.	J. Braughton	24.39	31.	S. Ridgewell	27.28
9.	P. Metcalf	24.42	32.	J. Phelan	27.29
10.	D. Crake	24.45	33.	B. Todd	27.34
11.	J. Kelly	24.49	34.	C. Brand	27.39
12.	J. Sullivan	25.12	35.	S. Freemantle	27.46
13.	B. Hartley	25.19	36.	K. Daniel	27.48
14.	C. Rowe	25.24	37.	D. Taylor	27.49
15.	D. Larcombe	25.28	38.	M. Cronin	27.56
16.	D. Capey	25.29	39.	D. Tingey	28.06
17.	M. Martineau	25.37	40.	J. Taylor	28.30
18.	J. Bennett	25.51	41.	W. Wheeler	28.44
19.	J. Robinson	25.57	42.	D. White	28.52
20.	T. Dovey	26.07	43.	M. Laws	29.59
21.	B. Wilson	26.13	44.	S. Michell	30.23
22.	R. Morris	26.14	45.	G. Spencer	30.50
23.	M. Reynolds	26.20	46.	S. Bradshaw	31.20
			47.	M. Field	31.54

RESULTS OF BENNETT CUP 1986/87

Name	SLH	Five	Orion	Ten	C5	Points
1. Saxton B.	29	40	37	27	—	133
2. Rowe C.	8	33	34	28	27	130
3. Johnson D.	15	30	1	30	40	116
4. Clapham W.	38	24	36	—	17	115
5. Metcalfe P.	1	39	17	25	32	114
6. Savery R.	31	20	38	20	—	109
7. Ridgewell S.	9	13	33	38	10	103
8. Phelan J.	18	22	19	33	9	101
9. Wilson B.	1	35	14	29	20	99
10. Wilcox D.	1	1	40	19	35	96

Note: Mob Match v. Ranelagh cancelled.

Handicap Placings:

	SLH	Five	Orion	Ten	Closing Five
1.	R. Day	B. Saxton	D. Wilcox	B. Grant	D. Johnson
2.	A. Grace	P. Metcalfe	M. Russell	D. Tingey	A. Rose
3.	W. Clapham	J. Kemp	R. Savery	S. Ridgewell	P. Lester

I. DAVIS

TELEPHONE: 01-691 4388

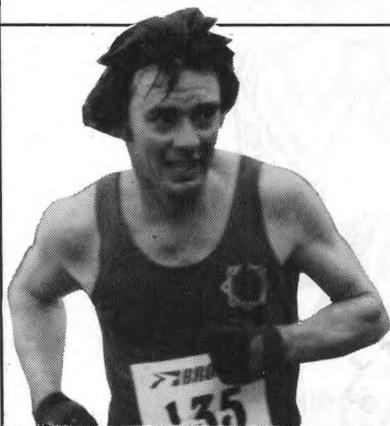
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On June 19th 1987 he returned the magnificent time of 3:51.47 in the Meltham Maniac Mile. Well done Jim!

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Alan Stevens, travelling with the New Zealand national team, met up with Don Hoggood, Graham Botley and Brian Saxton at the World Cross Country Championships in Warsaw.

VETS RESULTS

CLUB VETERANS' C.C. CHAMPIONSHIP
PLUS SELF-HANDICAP

Hayes (10km)

22nd November, 1986

*No comfortable feel in any member,
....no leaves, no birds, November.*

And no watches either. Our vets say they don't need them. They're so experienced they run to time better than Hitler's trains. Actually, with their glasses off they can't see the time anyway.

A fine afternoon at the end of a very wet week brought out 38 of them, to be joined in the Self-Handicap by visitors from Cambridge H, Kent A.C., Ranelagh, Sevenoaks and S.L.H., though in insufficient numbers to make an inter-club race this year. Nevertheless a field of 58 was assembled. Nearly half were new to this event and, with the prospect of heavy ground and a course diversion, the self-doubt was terrible to behold.

After a circuit of the church field a small vanguard had already formed. From this developed a tussle between Cambridge Harrier Russell Williams and Peter Anderson, who won in a close finish. Mike Cronin, recovering from being jumped on by a large goalkeeper, hung on for third with John Taylor also well ahead of the pack, who by now were calculating pace for the final stretch through the woods to the café, just reached by sunset.

Presentation by the President saw the Browning Tankard retained by Peter with Mike and John taking the place medals.

Again we express our thanks to Frank Dyter for arranging, from retirement in Yorkshire, liquid prizes for the Self-Handicap, which were much appreciated. Here S.L.H. proved their sagacity, with awards to J. Hazzard and Jack Miles. Phil Metcalf, who had outwitted the Handicapper in the Club 5 the week before, proved himself at the self-inflicted variant, while others close to their mark were Brian Todd, Ron Chambers, Ron Foreman and Colin Brand. The 'silly season' prize went to R.P.K. after deliberations subject to the Official Secrets Act which caused our Hon. Secretary to hope he'd never be a Vet; but we know his birthday and we've got him on our list!

B.C.

1. P. Anderson (BH)	38.18
2. R. Williams (CH)	38.21
3. M. Cronin (BH)	38.45
4. J. Taylor (BH)	40.24

Other Blackheath results:

5. M. Field	41.06	35. D. Haines	47.53
6. R. Savery	41.21	37. B. Hartley	49.15
7. J. Robinson	41.25	38. D. Hoggood	49.19
10. M. Peel	41.45	39. R. Green	50.01
12. B. Wilson	42.36	41. B. Todd	50.11
13. P. Shepheard	43.06	42. P. Churcher	50.13
15. R. Farish	43.24	43. B. O'Flynn	50.28
16. B. Saxton	43.32	44. D. Johnson	50.30
17. R. Saiz	43.35	46. L. Dalmon	51.38
19. R. Foreman	43.42	47. A. Chapman	51.55
20. R. Chambers	43.44	50. J. Cross	52.32
23. C. Rowe	44.05	51. P. Lovell	52.34
25. J. Tateson	44.25	52. A. Alvin	52.42
27. P. Metcalf	44.52	54. I. Smith	54.26
28. J. Nash	45.04	56. C. Brand	54.55
30. A. Grace	45.45	57. J. Bennett	55.44
32. R. Martineau	47.10	58. D. Tingey	56.34
34. A. Michell	47.51		

INTER-CLUB VETERANS MOB MATCH

Richmond Park (7½ m)

1st November, 1986

22 black figures, abroad in wind and rain the day after Halloween, were enough to drive the locals straight into the Dysart Arms; but no, it was only us contesting the Peter Driver Cup.

There was, as usual for the Ranelagh Course, a fast start, but the conditions exacted their toll later with changes of position on the second lap. Mike Cronin, our first vet home in the Club 7½ the week before to take the Ponsford Tankard, confirmed his form and was ably supported by our long-distance commuter Peter Anderson and by Dave White. New V50 Roy Savery (no you wouldn't would you) and new vet Mike Field (oh yes he is) completed the first half of our scoring team.

After a close contest by the middle-order runners we were placed second to our hosts by a single-figure margin.

Welcome supporters included our President and of course George Brooks; who else would just happen to have that extra number card about him when we needed it.

B.C.

Results			
1. W. Harvey (RAN)	43.17		
Results			
1. W. Harvey (RAN)	43.17	36. M. Richards	50.49
2. D. Parkinson (SLH)	44.47	37. B. Clapham	50.58
3. M. Cronin	45.12	39. C. Rowe	51.32
5. P. Anderson	45.41	44. B. Saxton	52.05
10. D. White	46.58	49. B. Kearney	53.51
12. R. Savery	47.14	53. J. Sharp	54.14
14. M. Field	47.23	58. D. Hopgood	55.48
18. P. Shepherd	47.47	61. B. Todd	56.35
22. M. Peel	48.31	70. J. Cross	59.30
23. C. Woodcock	48.38	72. A. Alvin	59.35
25. J. Robinson	49.17	78. D. Tingey	64.37
27. M. Reynolds	49.30	79. J. Bennett	64.51

Result (10-to-score):—

Ranelagh	150
Blackheath	159
Orion	250
SLH	393

VETS' C.C. v CAMBRIDGE H.

Avery Hill Park

25th January, 1987

Most January visitors to Avery Hill Park wisely spend the afternoon in the tropical glasshouse, leaving the melting snow and grass to cross-country vets.

The invitation from our hosts to combine an Inter-Club with their Vets' Championship brought a good response of 14 'Heathens, in fact nearly half the field.

The flattish five mile course was in remarkably good condition, rather more so than the runners, who were glad to get a race after the recent frustrations of deep snow. Trevor Collins (C.H.) and John Baldwin, well clear of the rest, stayed close until the last field where Trevor pulled away to win the Championship.

The Inter-Club was closely contested with good runs by our stalwarts including a return to form for John Robinson. Eventually the 6-to-score was won by C.H. by the closest possible margin, while at 11-to-score the positions were reversed.

A neat outflanking move from our rearguard was analysed over tea at the Co-op. Nice one Jack!

B.C.

Results	
1. T. Collins (C.H.)	30.46
2. J. Baldwin	30.51
3. M. Cronin	32.04

Other Blackheath Results:

7. D. White	33.30
10. R. Savery (3rd 50)	34.04
11. J. Robinson	34.11
12. R. Farish	34.26
13. M. Field	34.46
16. B. Clapham	35.34
18. C. Rowe	36.08
19. B. Saxton	36.19
23. J. Braughton	36.54
26. D. Hopgood	38.16
28. B. Todd	39.06
G. Crowder (not recorded)	

Team Result:

6. To Score: Cambridge	44
Blackheath	45
11. To Score: Blackheath	134
Cambridge	151

VETS' A.C. INVITATION CROSS-COUNTRY

Wimbledon Common (5m)

14th February, 1987

There's a malicious rumour that 55 BC marks the advancing age of your Vets' vice-captain. Not so; the Romans came and, rather less certainly, set up Caesar's Camp.

It was nearby that we assembled with our friendly hosts for a good run on a cold afternoon.

The downhill start of the two-lap course was fast, causing some of us to struggle later on the muddy horse tracks, football pitch and hill.

Mike Cronin, the early leader, suffered in this way and was overhauled, but recovered well to hang on to second position behind Tom Ryan.

Dave White was well placed and there were solid performances from Mike Field and Colin Rowe and a promising debut by Peter Hore.

St. Valentine's Day Massacre? Only the buns.

B.C.

Results:

1. T. Ryan	26.52
2. M. Cronin (BH)	27.15
3. J. McGilvray	27.25

Other Blackheath Results:—

6. D. White	28.45
11. M. Field	29.24
14. C. Rowe	30.41
22. B. Clapham	31.28
33. P. Hore	33.17
40. D. Hopgood	36.00
42. G. Crowder	36.48

54 Finishers

KENT VETS' CHAMPIONSHIP

Beckenham Place Park (10km or thereabouts)

3rd January, 1987

On a cold, sunny afternoon it was to be grass, woodland track, mud and a steep bank. If the ingredients were certain the menu was not and this allowed Les Roberts, leading from the start, to decide which way round we should all go on the first circuit. Next time, however, he was overruled by democracy and left to catch up. This he did with something to spare.

Lesser fry, already bemused by these happenings at the front, were further beguiled by our President into sprint-finishing a mile too soon.

Club teams were six-to-run, three-to-score and we were well represented by 4 teams and 24 finishers in a field of 21 and 108. Faced with a formidable array of Cambridge Harriers, the outstanding win by Les showed again what an asset he is to our Vets' cross-country and, with Peter Anderson (7th) and Ian Wilson (9th), secured second team place.



Kent Champ Les Roberts obviously enjoyed his magical mystery tour. Vest by Brooks, hair by P.B-K.

Further down the field the Festive Season left an aftermath of erratic form, but with notable runs by Chris Woodcock, Roy Savery (2nd V50) and Richard Farrish. Geoff Crowder, long plagued by injury, made a welcome return to complete the course in spite of a fall.

Back we went to enjoy the good facilities at Sedgheill School, where lists of first-form cross-country results brought a nostalgic tear to veteran eyes, soon consoled by tea and cake.

B.C.

SOUTHERN COUNTIES VETS' C.C. CHAMPS.

Bournemouth

1st March, 1987

Bournanza '87

After two years precipitating ourselves down 'that hill' at Basildon we welcomed a change of venue, though Costa Geriatrica was not mentioned to Our Vets, who are very sensitive.

The longer journey this year for many clubs reduced entries, even though combined with the S.W. Vets' Champs.

Appropriately enough for a trip to the British seaside, we set out to face the M25 in mist and rain. This we left behind and found King's Park remarkably firm. Although consisting mainly of flat grass, the organisers had utilised such sticky patches, rough ground and undulations as there were to produce a more testing course than at first appeared. The four circuits were over-distance but ensured voluble support all the way round. The V50s went first with the anticipated fast downhill start. Only Ron Foreman was brave enough to go with this, giving the rest of us the encouragement to push on. After the disappointment of 1986 it was good to have five finishers, including Jack Braughton in the medals and another welcome evergreen, Jim Bennett.

In the V40-49 race, Barry O'Gorman, now approaching the upper end of this age group, ran a fine race to earn our second medal of the day. A supporting run by Mike Cronin and good packing in the middle order added up to a solid performance by our eight finishers. Though with limited fire-power at the front, overall this was a good team effort in both races which enabled us to close in respectably in all categories.

Presentations, including those to Jack and Barry, were made by P.P. Jim Day.

B.C.

Results:

		V40-49	
1.	S. Cowles	Oxford	34.33
2.	T. Davies	A.F.D.	34.58
3.	S. Warzee	Guildford	34.59
8.	B. O'Gorman	Blackheath Harriers	36.10 — 3rd V45+
19.	M. Cronn	Blackheath Harriers	37.36
30.	J. Taylor	Blackheath Harriers	38.58
31.	D. White	Blackheath Harriers	39.06
32.	M. Field	Blackheath Harriers	39.15
45.	J. Robinson	Blackheath Harriers	41.08
48.	R. Farish	Blackheath Harriers	41.31
53.	C. Rowe	Blackheath Harriers	43.11

Teams:

3-to-score 4th Blackheath
6-to-score 2nd Blackheath

		V50+	
1.	G. North	Portsmouth	36.25
2.	R. Gomez	V. of A.	37.22
3.	J. Wood	Barn	38.02
23.	B. Clapham	Blackheath Harriers	42.01
24.	R. Foreman	Blackheath Harriers	42.09
45.	J. Braughton	Blackheath Harriers	46.17 — 2nd V65+
53.	G. Crowder	Blackheath Harriers	48.49
61.	J. Bennett	Blackheath Harriers	53.14

Teams:

3-to-score 5th Blackheath

NATIONAL VETS' C.C. CHAMPS.

Cockfosters

8th March, 1987

A participant (walking) in the women's race was heard to remark that she didn't like mud. It was not a good day to find this out, for Trent Park consisted of little else, expertly churned by the moles and described in the programme as 'undulating grassland'. Most of us were glad to see the finishing line, though any thoughts of a sprint were soon dashed in more of the same.

In the V50+ race Ron Foreman and Bill Clapham were together for the first two miles before Ron forged ahead for a good run in these conditions. Geoff Crowder completed our team.

John Robinson and Richard Farrish had been our only representatives last season in the 40-49 race but this year found them as part of an 'eight'.

As in the Southern, Barry O'Gorman was again well placed in a good class field. We were fortunate to have Peter Anderson make the trip from Hereford and he was joined in sound middle-order performances by Dave White, John Taylor and Mike Field. Bernard Wilson must be admired for running this course the day after the Club 10.

Although weakened by unavoidable withdrawals, this was another determined team effort, the culmination of a season which has brought good Vet support for the club.

B.C.

Results:

		V40-49	
1.	A. Roper	Swansea	33.29
2.	D. Evans	Cardiff	33.54
3.	M. Critchley	Bolton	34.17
25.	B. O'Gorman	Blackheath Harriers	36.12
98.	P. Anderson	Blackheath Harriers	39.08
101.	J. Taylor	Blackheath Harriers	39.17
104.	D. White	Blackheath Harriers	39.29
113.	M. Field	Blackheath Harriers	39.47

137. J. Robinson	Blackheath Harriers	40.40
150. R. Farish	Blackheath Harriers	41.50
156. B. Wilson	Blackheath Harriers	42.27

Teams (4-to-score)

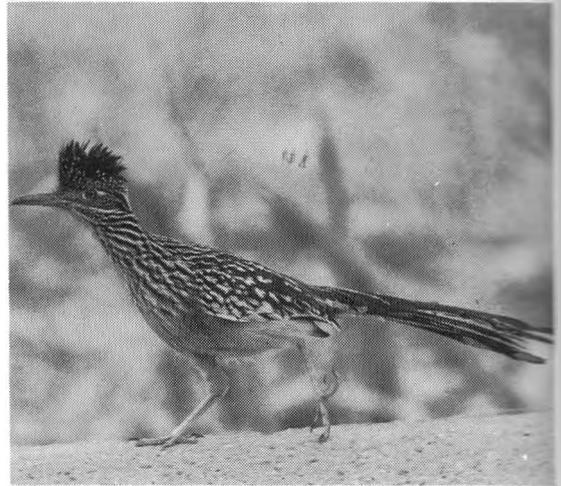
1. Altrincham
2. A.F.D.
3. Swans. H.
14. Blackheath Harriers

V50+

1. G. North	Portsmouth	36.09
2. R. Gomez	V. of Avl.	36.51
3. A. Griffiths	Notts.	37.21
38. R. Foreman	Blackheath Harriers	41.47
47. B. Clapham	Blackheath Harriers	42.12
112. G. Crowder	Blackheath Harriers	48.37

Teams (3-to-score)

1. V. of Ayl.
2. Ealing
3. Cambridge Harriers
12. Blackheath Harriers



A real road runner....



**BLACKHEATH HARRIERS
SCHOOLS CROSS COUNTRY RACE**

Sparrows Den

11th March, 1987

This race was first organised in 1925 between Whitgift School, Bromley County School and Blackheath Harriers.

The Parrish Cup is awarded to the first team to finish 4 runners totalling the lowest score. The R.A.G.S. trophy (first presented in 1964) is won by the next team of 4 runners to finish which is based within a 10 mile radius of Blackheath HQ.

The day was cold but bright and the going was firm underfoot with some muddy patches. (*Sounds familiar - Ed.*) After half a mile the field had sorted itself out and on entering the woods S. Waterman (Judd), who was second last year, was in the lead from B. Gildea (John Fisher) close behind. By the end of the wooded section Waterman had established a clear lead over Gildea with Millot and Butler of Trinity holding third and fourth. So they remained to the finish but the team race was on with Judd, Trinity, Purley and Skinners all packing well. In the end it was Judd who took the honours with 36 points, Trinity second with 41, Purley High third with 46, Skinners fourth with 54 and Dulwich fifth with 81.

Parrish Cup winners — Judd.

R.A.G.S. Trophy winners — Trinity.

J.P.



CHIEF WHIPS TROPHY

A new award has been presented to the club by Bill Wheeler and is devised to encourage consistency and loyalty. The shield is awarded to the member who finishes highest in the Ted Pepper '7' and has completed all the previous Winters mob matches.

The winner in its inaugural year was Barry Mellish — Barry finished the Ted Pepper race in 41st position with a time of 38.34 and thereby sets the standard for the future.



★★★★★ **ON THE**

FORBANKS 10

Beckenham

12th October, 1986

With five major hills, this course is not one for fast times. However, on a crisp Sunday morning around 130 competitors toed the line in Foxgrove Road for the first of the three laps.

The start was a cavalry charge. Paul Barrington-King and Tony Nana stormed off at breakneck pace leaving many more notable runners in their wake. Some suspected that our heroes had perhaps received word that a photographer from Running Review was hidden in the bushes up Foxgrove, but the only person to emerge was a lanky Scotsman shouting 'Come on the Castanettos'. Our honorable cross country secretary gets everywhere.

Bill Snelgrove (Lensbury) had now been able to extricate himself from the pack, where he was in severe danger of treading on Barrington-King, and was starting to grind down all opposition. By the end of lap one he was well clear of Barry Attwell (G.L.C.) and a pack of three, including two vets — Brian Buonvino (Dartford), Roger Maxwell (Forbanks) and our own Pat Calnan.

The field was now well strung out and with Barrington-King, Neil Colvin and Steve Fitzcosta also in the top twenty a team victory looked likely. This proved the case, despite Colvin losing four places when he 'blew up' after a premature sprint finish. While our first four all ran well, the best run came from our fifth man home, Pete Barlow, who equalled his p.b. on a course everyone would admit was tough. A successful outing for all concerned and proof that with minimal organisation we can be a force in local road racing.

1st Bill Snelgrove (Lensbury)	51.57
4th P. Calnan	54.08
10th N. Colvin	55.24
11th P. Barrington-King	56.00
14th S. Fitz Costa	57.34
P. Barlow	59.19
1st team Blackheath	



Members of the Blackheath Ornithological Society take a keen interest.

ROAD



CROYDON 10kms

Oaks Road

19th October, 1986

Race Director Don Faircloth started a field of some 1800 racers and fun runners. The course through quiet Addiscombe and Croydon roads was almost traffic free.

The finish in the John Ruskin School produced:

1. G. Hansen, Croydon Harriers	31.26	
19. R. Tompkins	34.32	
24. M. Cronin	34.46	2nd Vet
37. J. Taylor	35.14	
52. D. White	35.55	
109. M. Richards	38.11	
114. D. Croll	38.22	
127. J. Tateson	38.43	
139. G. Plank	39.01	
171. J. Routledge	39.52	
175. B. Kearney	40.04	

M.C.

POTTERIES 20k CLASSIC

Stoke on Trent

26th October, 1986

On the weekend when 90-odd Heathens took part in and won the SLH mob match and some elite runners took part in a French half marathon, one lone Harrier journeyed up the M1 for a weeks holiday in the Peak District (my apologies to Bruce Grant for missing the mob match — we still won Bruce!)

This race was set in the lovely grounds of Trentham Gardens, Stoke on Trent. With a minor route deviation which made the race 13 miles of hard cross country I was very pleased to finish 74th in a field of over 500 in a time of 1.17.01 and to win a spot prize in the process.

The course was tough but the organisation of the event was superb. An event well worth visiting, just once though and never on a mob match weekend. Bruce gets very angry!

Steve Freemantle

The Boulogne weekend is always demanding. Not that the race is too taxing against modest French opposition and a course you could describe as fair to mountainous, advertised as 20 kms but where the finish is 200 yards after the 19 km marker. It is all the food and wine which makes it demanding. You understand that we had to start drinking sooner this year to overcome our concern of sailing exactly one week after the tragedy of The Herald of Free Enterprise.

Two coachloads left North Kent with an assortment of Blackheath H, Cambridge H, Dartford H and Gravesend Road Runners and at Dover met up with the Maidstone Mafia of Spaniard John Kavanagh and friends. The overcrowded coaches twice left Calais, the first time without Gary White and Ruth who wisely had joined another group. On to Boulogne and the Champion Supermarket named after Dartford's Rosemary Champion who was a big hit on a previous visit. Our organiser Jim Colwell thinks of everything and the supermarket even had connecting doors to our hotel the Ibis. Despite that, later that afternoon an embarrassed Jenny Lovell was to be seen pushing her overloaded trolley around the roof of the supermarket car park.

After shopping and picnicing on bread, cheese and wine in the hotel room it was into the coaches and off around the French countryside to our highlight of the weekend... the sit down meal. You notice that being athletes the race was not the highlight! To the Auberge de Goulet where 150 French and English sat down to a set meal and 'parrot juice'. The set meal was different to last year and superb value, but the house white was the same lethal liquid as before with the picture of a budgerigar on the label. The dancing troupe was also the same as before. I won't say any more, you can all go next year. Each of the Kent clubs independently thought of a suitable gift for the French organiser and duly presented him with three sweat shirts. Last year it was three tankards. Some time after midnight a well merry crew arrived back at the hotel. Reminded me of 200 Club evenings.

The next day arrived grey and early with a rough throat and a heavy head. The race started at 10 a.m. outside the cinema in the centre of the town. The runners poured out of Boulogne and along the estuary. Up front Paul Betts comfortably sat in the leading group. Further back I found myself ambling along in the social part of the race with the Wednesday night group of Mike Peel, Roy Savery, Brian Saxton and John Kavanagh. Then came the hills and things began to happen. First to my stomach, then to my legs. Roy and Mike began their petit surge in rival pursuit of the vets prize. Up front Paul and a Shaftesbury Harrier battled for the lead. By the approach to La Capelle Paul had the race won but then had to walk while his stomach did what it always does after a night of the parrot juice's red cousin and brandies. When his rival went past, Paul gave chase and as they ran down the main street of La Capelle he realised that the other Englishman did not know where the finish was. So without a 'pardon monsieur' he sprinted around the corner and through the tape.

This was Paul's fifth attempt at the race. And, of course, it was the first time in four years that he had not gone off course. Should he have a lead car every time he races? Gary White was the second Harrier to finish after also suffering stomach problems from eating too much meat. After the race is the worst part of the weekend. The results take hours now that they are computerised. Not that it improves the accuracy, especially when an official takes the numbers off the spike and keys them into the computer in reverse order. As a result Mike Peel saw the Vet's prize go to a Frenchman who finished many places behind him.

At the presentation our host Jean Claude Danel announced: 'le vainqueur est Bett Paul'. A jubilant Paul Betts took the stage and paraded the trophy to the rapturous applause of the few Blackheath members who had not already given up on the interminable proceedings and bribed the coach driver to get them back to Boulogne for an early lunch. Not only did we have first in the race, but the over 50 vainqueur est Savery Roy. To raucous laughter from those who thought it was an item from a Chinese restaurant menu, the sly old fox leapt onto the stage in a way that suggested that he would not win the club steeplechase championship. And first lady was Janida Darby from our ladies section!

Blackheath also won the immense Café des Arts trophy for something or other. It was explained to me as being for the English club which had made the greatest contribution to the race. I guess that the race organisers totalled up the race entry fees. This valuable trophy now holds pride of place in one of the trophy cabinets.

Paul is the second Harrier to win this race in its seven year history. Les Roberts has had a first and second. Gary Huckwell, then of Dartford Harriers, is the third Englishman to have won. The remaining four races have all been won by the same Frenchman Roland Clement, who did not race this year.

M.W.

CHICAGO BLUES VOL. I

October 26 1986 was not one of my most successful days. Yes, I can safely say that. Ever since the end of May when I was shot down from high altitude by a calf muscle tear which grounded me for 9 weeks, I had been struggling to get back the zip I'd become accustomed to in recent years. I increased mileage and minimised racing but it gradually began to dawn on me that this change of formula was not suiting me. I then stepped into a hole and turned my ankle on Hayes Common and that definitely didn't suit me — for a further 4 weeks.

Despite these set backs, I clung onto the hope that all would be 'alright on the night'. I had always proved before that I was a 'big day' performer irrespective of how things appeared during build up. Those close to me also reassured me that when I tapered down, a freshness would return.

Due to extreme tiredness my tapering was more enforced than controlled. The weekend before the Marathon I ran only a couple of miles and on arriving in Chicago the weather turned so wet and chilly I really couldn't be bothered with squelching up and down the shores of Lake Michigan. So, effectively, I did no running for ten days leading up to the start line. By then, the rain had stopped so the day felt perfect as a nearby neon sign indicated 56°F. However, I was somewhat puzzled to sense cold water trickling down the inside of my arms and the sides of my torso. Nobody around seemed to be acting anti-socially in any way so I investigated myself further and found I was sweating profusely even though in every way I felt cool. I wasn't nervous either. We set off and the pace I decided to go for — 5m 20s miling — seemed okay. The ten day break from running seemed to have perked me up. Ten miles came round in 53 minutes and bits and the halfway mark in 71 — still okay for 2 hrs 22 mins as Chicago, unlike Boston, is an even split course. By now, however, I was feeling excessively sweaty, unusual for me, and in constant need of drinks. To actually feel thirsty in a marathon is of course a precursor to real trouble and, by jingo, I found it at 16 miles where I ran into the biggest pile of masonry of my running career. I shook it off a bit between 19 and 23 but then hit it again full square. While I didn't disintegrate into a Jim Peters, I did a very passable Steve Jones in the European Champs and paddled home for a disappointing and embarrassing 2 hrs 33 mins. It was one thing being outkicked by Kristiansen at Boston but being passed by 4 women including our own supervet Priscilla Welch, was a humbling experience.

Marathons, like volcanoes, tidal waves and hurricanes, will decide to remind you from time to time that nature is not to be taken for granted. This event tapped quite a few well known people on the shoulder. Ingrid Kristiansen was held to 2 hrs 28 mins and Mike Hurd, who the previous week had set a new world masters record for 10k on the road with 29.39 and who was going for 2 hrs 12 mins, blew out at the same 16 mile marker and only just scraped inside 2 hrs 20 mins. Guenter Mielke, the German world masters 10k track champion and my long standing track rival also felt the hammer at the cursed 16 mile point and collapsed from a sub 2 hr 20 min schedule to a finish time of 2 hrs 38 mins.

After the race it was revealed that despite the reasonable temperature, the day had had a 93% humidity reading — hence the strange cold sweating experienced at the start and the trap door at 16 miles for those unaccustomed to this sort of weather (or fit enough to combat it!) If I had gone for a more modest 2 hrs 25 min from the start I would have collected the \$3000 second masters prize; but who would have believed beforehand that such a time would place so high these days in such a major event? As I say, the marathon seems determined not to let runners forget the respect it is still due.

The Chicago marathon itself? I found it 100% commercial and lacking in atmosphere. The course is for the most part uninteresting although flat and fast but I certainly wouldn't recommend it in preference to New York or Boston for an all round enjoyable experience, despite their hills.

The day after the race I strolled into Chicago Central railroad station and boarded the Californian Zephyr for San Francisco. I travelled for 2½ days across the incredible and ever changing landscape of the North American continent and totally forgot about the marathon. But that's a whole different story.

L.R.

BATH HALF MARATHON

15th March, 1987

In search of a good race and a fast time I was persuaded by the director of C A T to make the journey and race the half marathon at Bath.

The journey began at Bromley South station where I was surprised to hear that A. Tilley had decided to race. This suggested to me that he was taking the Spring season seriously, as his weekly mileage must surely now move into double figures. C A T mode of transport shortly arrived and once on board we found it a little cramped. There is not much room in a Suzuki Jeep, particularly when Pat Calnan brings along three Sainsbury carrier bags full of biscuits, crisps, mars bars, buns, you name it, Pat brought it. The driver on this tour was none other than Tony Cooper who helped to keep us in high spirits with a running commentary of his "Advanced Driving" techniques.

After a pit stop at the Happy Eater, where I began banana loading, we found it extremely difficult to drag Alan away, or was it off, one of the waitresses. Well we didn't want him blowing up too early on.

The evening in Bristol, the four of us Heathens, plus Neil Millar, our host Westbury Harrier, went out on a little training run. My log reads: Saturday 14 March 1987 Neils — Clifton — High Street — Italian — Greek — Steak — Chinese — Greasy Spoon. 2½ mile Fartlek. Nice easy pace — recovery, reading/pricing menus.

It took us a while to find somewhere to eat that evening, but I wasn't too worried as this meant that I didn't drink too much and I did have 14 bananas to get through by 11 am the following morning (I was taking my preparation very seriously).

The day of the race arrived. Calnan, well stocked with about 2 loaves inside him, hadn't stopped eating since we set

off from Bromley. I was overloaded with bananas and full of wind. Tilley was rather tired after much agitation in his sleeping bag that evening and Cooper was two stones lighter through spending the night cuddled up to a very hot radiator. So, off we went to Bath.

On the first mile of the course I warmed up with Tony and Alan. Well it was more of an orienteering exercise as we tried to locate and sprint between the many public conveniences dotted around Bath city centre. Meanwhile, Pat's preparation was completed by allowing himself to be "chatted up" by some of the local talent. 11.00 am was upon us and after meeting Les Roberts and Paul Barrington-King on the start line, we were off.

I'd asked Pat before-hand how quickly he intended to go off, as I would have liked to have been paced by him for the first 5, but he wasn't letting on, so at the risk of regretting things later I decided to blast off with the crazy gang near the front.

I rushed through 2 miles in 9:45, adrenalin preventing me from recognising the hurt and at 3 miles began to wonder when this particular group would begin to slow down. They didn't, and as I fell off the back Pat came alongside, "Keep it moving Pete", he said, and I mentally clipped my 1/2 metre tow line to the back of his vest.

Four miles, 20:46. It really was hurting now, my tow rope broken, I was drifting in a sea of runners, "Bloody Hell, there's 9 more miles to go!"

Moving up the slight rise to the 5 mile point at the far end of the valley another Blackheath vest came by. I didn't recognise him, and therefore couldn't judge how well I was running so I tried to latch on to him but that didn't last long.

From this point, up to the 10 mile marker, I stuck in behind another runner and moved on oblivious to the shouts from Neil Colvin and Tony Nana around the course. Just wishing the miles away.

10 miles 54:43. This equalled my P.B. and my aching calves and hamstrings had begun to ease slightly. It was beginning to feel easier and I now knew that I would finish.

11 1/2 miles. I began to hear clapping behind me. At first about 20 metres behind me and gradually getting closer. I knew what this meant and expected Veronique Marot to move past at any minute. Sure enough she came alongside and I tried to up my pace ever so slightly to keep with her. This I managed for the next quarter of a mile until eventually she wound it up for the finish and I was on my own again.

12 1/2 miles. The speakers at the finish over to my left were blaring out names and times then suddenly I spotted a Blackheath vest ahead. Without my glasses at that distance I couldn't quite work out who it was. He was coming back quickly and this spurred me on to a last final effort. On recent form, I expected it to be Pat, but upon nearing it was plain to see that this was the unknown Blackheath runner who had moved past me at about 5 miles.

The finish. There just wasn't enough distance left to wind in my target and at the end whilst desperately trying to find a drink I introduced myself to Dave Hassall and gasped "Does Graham Botley know about you".

C A T running contingent complete we headed for the presentation and more importantly the beer. The first of the result sheets was out, and the best of the reading was 57. P. Calnan 69:56. CALNAN WAS BACK!

The other results read: 25. L. Roberts; 57. P. Calnan; 97. D. Hassall; 100. P. Ward.

We watched Les collect his prizes for 25th place and 3rd vet, and then had a few beers. Suddenly, obviously influenced by his return to form, and perhaps the beer, Pat decided to assist the organisers in clearing up the rubbish from the presentation hall and it was all we could do to drag him away to the car so that we might make our return journey.

Conclusion. The race itself, very well organised and one to run for a fast time and as an indication as to how the winter

training has been progressing. The weekend, most enjoyable and very good value for money. I shall certainly be travelling with *Calnan Athletic Tours* again.

A.P.W.

Results:

1. J. Wheway	Tipton	63.02
2. M. McCarthy	Oxford	63.18
3. M. Cowman	Westbury	63.30
6. M. Hurd	Bridlington	63.36 (V)
25. L. Roberts	Blackheath Harriers	66.35 (V)
57. P. Calnan	Blackheath Harriers	69.55
97. D. Hassall	Blackheath Harriers	72.06
100. A. Ward	Blackheath Harriers	72.15

'SOUTHERN 12 STAGE'

Wimbledon Common

4th April, 1987

For the uninitiated, and, sadly there are quite a few who are only interested in their own running and not in the club's, you are missing some event. The race is exciting, full of drama, top quality and there are a couple of public houses situated at a strategic part of the route.

The current event is a road relay run over 12 stages, commencing with a long leg of 5 1/4 miles and alternating with a short leg of 3 1/2 miles, starting and finishing at Southside, Wimbledon Common. It is a hybrid of the London to Brighton Road Relay, which was once one of the social occasions of the club calendar, drawing massive support, but which unfortunately disappeared in the mid 60s. The present race is organised by Belgrave Harriers, incorporating the S.C.A.A.A. championship and is the qualifying event for the National 12 Stage held annually at Sutton Coldfield, the top ten clubs being invited.

This year saw the 22nd race at Wimbledon Common with a record entry of 50 clubs, 48 of which made it to the start line but not all on time as it transpired. Shaftesbury, winners in 1986, arrived late and their 1st leg runner started over 3 minutes behind the pack which ended their chances of a repeat victory. Incidentally Blackheath have never won this event. We finished a respectable 12th last year. When the team was entered some weeks beforehand, all our proven top men, who were eligible to compete, were available for selection. The Winter Captain, G. Botley M.B.E. (member of Blackheath's elderly) N.C.C.V.D. (look it up) was confident of a top ten position. But its who you get out on the day that counts and to our chagrin 3 of our fastest men were missing — Bill Foster and Bill O'Donnell were sidelined with injury and Jerry Barton failed to make it on time as he was stuck in Switzerland because of a flight delay.

However a small taste of glory was to come. Tim Nash opened our 87 campaign and immediately tucked in the leading group as they left the Common. He re-appeared some 21 minutes later tracking Nick Brawn of Invicta, they were clear of the rest. Tim cruised into the lead with some 800 metres to go but fell, arse over tit as he entered the finishing straight which was a muddy path. He lost a few yards but remounted and regained the lead. Tim came home in first place in a time of 24 mins. 57 secs. Actually the truth of the matter was that he fainted at the shock of being in front. On the way down he saw me coming to give him the kiss of life, recovered before our lips met and I don't blame him. Shot off like the Blackheath Bullet (remember him?) to win. He needn't have worried I was wearing a condom at the time. Paul Betts, on the second leg, was taken by surprise but managed to stub it out on time, quickly drained his hip flask, which he claimed contained electrolytes. Can you believe it, the only electrolytes he knows are the ones he switches on at night. He found himself on a tough short stage, Bernie Ford et al and came home in 8th place in a time of 16 mins. 44 secs.

Mark Colpus took up the cudgel on the long leg. Admittedly he was wearing a club vest and shorts but his socks have got to be seen to be believed. Is he colour blind? One lurid, pukey green and the other shocking pink. God what taste. Mind you given the bloody awful conditions he was guaranteed to be seen by the traffic. The Zircon spy satellite even picked him up travelling at mach 6 and caused the U.S.A.F. Mildenhall to scramble. Mark had Billy Dee and Mike Gratton to contend with and was disappointed to slip to 21st position in 27 mins. 14 secs.

Mark Jackson, Seb Coe and John Gladwin battled it out on the 4th short stage. Mark had been 'hiding his light under a bushel' all winter, opening his campaign the week before at the Thames Valley Road Relays. I could see Coe and Gladwin glancing nervously at him at the start, and wondering 'who is this guy?' In fact we all were. The pressure was on.

Mark's famous namesake, 'Stonewall' was shot accidentally by his own men, in Mark's case if he had not produced the goods, it would have been no accident. He kept us in contention producing a creditable 17 mins. 38 secs. to come home in 22nd place.

Mark handed over to our venerable editor, the pipe cleaner with the fast twitch fibres who blasted off on stage 5. Mind you with his spiky haircut and moustache he looks more like a lavatory brush on castors. Catch me if you can Les, preferably the day after Boston. Needless to say that Mr. Roberts, sir, pulled back several places, finishing in 19th position in a glorious time of 26 mins. 4 secs. Young Lochinvar lined up on stage 6, looking fit, fast and fresh, God how I hate him! O.K. so he's got a tiny bit of talent, so what! I bet I can beat his dad. Not a hair out of place, razor sharp creases in his shorts, star flashes coming from his teeth, breezed out of his blocks and ran the fastest short leg for the Heath, the second fastest of the 6th stage. I reluctantly concede it was fairly good — 16 mins. could've been better, I thought, but it'll do. Young Arthey, (I find it difficult to say his name without bringing something up. Is jealousy always this painful!), handed over to Richard 'Old King' Coles on stage 7. Now I thought Richard would have been a hardened and experienced racer after all these years but when I saw him prancing and dancing around before the start of the Tonbridge 10 you would have thought he had just been 'snipped'. Things hadn't changed on this occasion. I use the word 'old' from now on with caution as far as Richard is concerned because I saw his wife after his long leg and said that her 'old man' had just run 26 mins. 21 secs. to finish in 12th position. She didn't take kindly to my description of hubby and came at me like Marlies Gohr. I did my Allan Wells impression. She couldn't catch me but she was carrying her son at the time and fear can do extraordinary things.

Anyway Mr. Coles Jr. handed over to the better known of the Coe brothers on the short stage 8. Now Richard is getting fed up with endless comparisons and mistaken identity. Richard claims there is a likeness but that he is probably just shaded by the speed of the other Coe. I don't think that they look alike — Peter wears glasses and if anything is a bit younger. Despite having injury problems for some months Mr. Coe stormed round in a magnificent 17 mins. 7 secs. and maintained 12th position. Mind you he's had plenty of time to practice during the last few terms hasn't he! If Richard had been fully fit then Steve Harris who ran an astonishing 15 mins. 12 secs., the fastest time of the day, might have been a little more pressed.

Professor Coe touched on to son of Sydney. If you see Sid tell him that his offspring can at last touch his toes and that's stretching a point. Yes Pat 'Sydney Wooderson' Calnan, the only living man to suffer from rigor mortis before he started going to the Monday night sessions at the clubhouse bounded off on stage 9, a long leg, and came home in a time of 26 mins. 38 secs. again maintaining 12th position. Incidentally John Sherban of Shaftesbury ran a brilliant 23

mins. 52 secs., the fastest long leg of the day, and he carried his toes with his elbows.

On stage 10 we had Ken 'Frank Sinatra' Daniel. Not because they are both racketeers and are in the business of burying people in their own brand of concrete slabs, because Ken has had as many comebacks as Sinatra. He dragged kicking and screaming to Wimbledon Common the last minute saying that he was too old, too slow and too it.

I admire a man with perception, don't you? Ken went off in his own inimitable hi-tec style and its fair to say the quality of the opposition was fierce. He got round in a time of 17 mins. 52 secs. but dropped to 17th place.

Meanwhile Ken Pike was waiting with his sextant, compass, map, guide dog, N.U.T.S. manual and so on. I don't know why he still needs all this stuff after 21 years of running the event since 1921 although it only came to the Common in 1965 and I suppose he has, as yet, not managed to master the route.

While we were hanging about for 'Ole Blue Eyes' to finish, Pikey told me about every finisher, their times, their respective clubs, the direction of the prevailing winds and pollen counts since the race began in 1921. I was really sorry when Ken had to go but we have all to make sacrifices for the sake of the Club from time to time. He came back in a time of 27 mins. 19 secs. but travelling in the opposite direction to everyone else but he managed to pull us back to last place. His guide dog returned the right way. The Organiser, Corinthian Casual Steve Thompson, dragged reluctantly from study, brain still being poached, lined up on the final stage. Steve, the Lord Burghley of Blackheath, everything comes easy, does little training but keeps fairly fit. I reckon he could go round with a G and T in his hand, smoking a cigar and wearing a bloody monacle and still produce the goods. He's a throwback to the yesteryears of pedestrianism. I'm sure I saw him in a group photograph which was on the back cover of a recent issue of the Gazette. He trotted off and trotted back in 17 mins. 35 secs. to finish in 16th overall position. Not good enough for the Nationals this year but next year — maybe, I'm informed that all our stats are available next year. I know it's a dream but just imagine it the day:— McGeorge, Gregory, Barton, Dunn, Foster, Botley, Nash, Lake, O'Donnell, Hickey, Arthey. So God, my mouth waters at the thought.

Blackheath Times and Positions

Long Stage			Short Stage		
1. Tim Nash	1st 24.57	2. Paul Betts	1st 11.14	2. Ken Daniel	1st 17.52
3. Mark Colpus	21st 27.14	4. Mark Jackson	22nd 11.14	3. Seb Coe	2nd 15.07
5. Les Roberts	19th 26.04	6. Garry Arthey	15th 12.07	4. John Gladwin	3rd 15.07
7. Richard Coles	12th 26.21	8. Richard Coe	12th 11.14	5. Steve Thompson	4th 15.07
9. Pat Calnan	12th 26.38	10. Ken Daniel	17th 11.14	6. John Sherban	5th 15.07
11. Ken Pike	16th 27.19	12. Steve Thompson	16th 11.14	7. Steve Harris	6th 15.07

Fastest Times

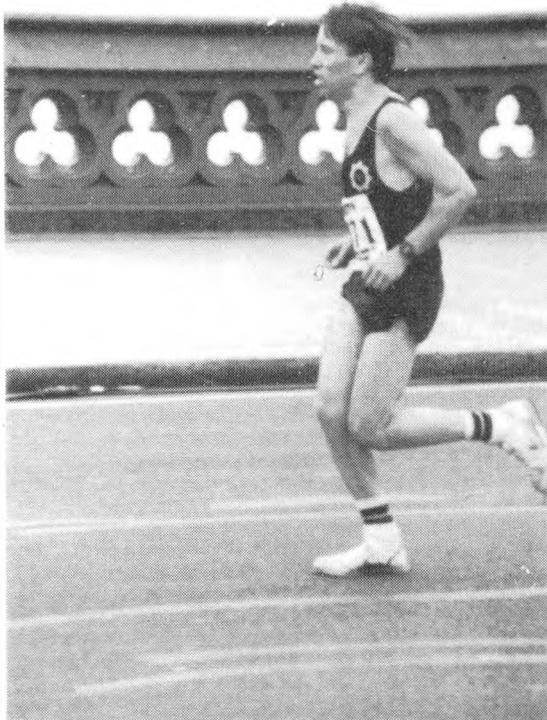
Long Stage		Short Stage		
J. Sherban	Shaftesbury	23.52	B. Ford	Aldershot
W. Dee	Luton	24.38	S. Coe	Haringey
S. Lamb	Basildon	24.30	J. Gladwin	Belgrave
G. Payne	Basildon	24.39	S. Harris	Haringey

Final Positions

	Hours	Minutes	Seconds
1. Luton	4	11	02
2. Exeter	4	11	11
3. Haringey	4	11	11
4. Aldershot	4	11	11
5. Basildon	4	12	48
6. Invicta	4	12	44
7. Belgrave	4	15	38
8. Shaftesbury	4	17	24
15. Tonbridge	4	20	11
16. Blackheath	4	21	08
20. S.I.H.	4	24	00
21. Dartford	4	24	00
22. G.E.C.	4	24	00
28. Cambridge	4	27	36
30. Ranelagh	4	29	52

Langley Park

4th May 1987



26 miles 370 yds done, 15 yds to do and still looking frisky. John Routledge (above) and Andrew Grace stride home in the London.



Despite the strong gusting winds it was probably the two lightest men who triumphed in this traditional bank holiday fixture. After 2 miles a bunch of twenty runners broke clear but by 3½, after a stretch into the teeth of the wind, this had whittled down to just 7. Peter Jones of Cambridge Harriers led from team mate Keith Penny, the Boxhill duo of Barry Attwell and Gary Ribbons, Andy Catton of Ilford, Keith Blackstone of Bristol A.C. and our own super-vet Les Roberts.

This group stayed together until the shoot out started half a mile from the line. Penny, looking for his fourth win in the event, to the initiative followed by Catton, Blackstone and Roberts who had looked very composed all day. With 600m to go Roberts went past Catton and Blackstone in pursuit of Penny. Catton then retaliated and regained second place but with just 100m left Roberts found another gear which resembled an afterburner and by the line had even closed down on Penny. Penny's winning time of 34.05 was well off the record 33.10 set by Bernie Ford in 1982 but John Baldwin's vets record went by 56 seconds.

1. Penny, K.	Cambridge Harriers	M	0.34.05
2. Roberts, L.	Blackheath Harriers	MV40	0.34.08
3. Blackstone, K.	Bristol AC	M	0.34.08
4. Catton, A.	Ilford AC	M	0.34.09
5. Attwell, B.	Boxhill Racers	M	0.34.15
6. Jones, P.	Cambridge Harriers	M	0.34.17
7. Ribbons, G.	Boxhill Racers	M	0.34.17
8. Taylor, D.	Blackheath Harriers	M	0.34.54
9. Calnan, P.	Blackheath Harriers	M	0.35.10
10. Morris, D.	Boxhill Racers	M	0.35.11

Further Blackheath Harriers:

20. Baldwin, J.		MV50	0.36.24
26. Hassall, D.			0.37.07
37. Fitz-Costa, S.			0.38.29
38. Woodcock, C.		MV40	0.38.39
41. Mellish, B.			0.38.54
59. Partleton, B.			0.41.03
61. Rissen, P.			0.41.16
63. Capey, S.			0.41.23
67. Wilson, B.			0.41.51
70. Turner, J.			0.42.07
72. Crowdsom, D.			0.43.20
73. Shephard, P.		MV40	0.42.36
77. Michell, S.			0.43.05
78. Sullivan, E.		MV45	0.43.07
79. Edwards, A.			0.43.16
82. Wheeler, B.			0.43.19
88. Metcalfe, P.		MV40	0.43.37
90. Wheeler, N.			0.44.13
92. Tateson, J.		MV40	0.44.20
93. Rowe, C.		MV40	0.44.26
98. Crake, D.		MV40	0.44.40
105. Hartley, B.		MV40	0.45.56
107. Lovell, P.		MV45	0.46.06
108. Carlton, D.			0.46.07
109. Crowder, G.		MV50	0.46.11
112. Allen, M.			0.46.23
118. Wright, P.			0.47.11
119. Wood, R.			0.47.12
122. Pontifex, A.		MV40	0.47.30
127. St-Aubyn, C.			0.48.05
132. Gold, I.			0.48.45
136. Goddard, M.		MV40	0.48.55
138. Dalmon, L.		MV50	0.49.26
144. Fullor, R.			0.50.41
145. O'Flynn, B.		MV40	0.50.59
146. Johnson, D.		MV55	0.51.00
162. Long, P.		MV55	0.57.17
169. Pepper, J.			1.04.20

Teams: 1. Boxhill Racers; 2. Cambridge Harriers; 3. Blackheath Harriers.



So much for racing...

THIS IS HOW IT WAS...

It was well-known in 1942 that Tidworth Camp had been created soon after the Almighty had completed the Sahara Desert. Escaping from it was therefore recognised as understandable (even laudable) especially if the escape was illegitimate.

So I dropped in to see Rilleman "Forger" Ferguson about a phoney railway warrant for Hayes and a 12-hour pass for the following day, wishing that today had not been Friday 13th.

"How much?" I gambited.

"Four-and-six."

"Half-a-crown."

"Three-and-a-half."

"Done." I was. The going rate really was two and sixpence but I supposed he was entitled to commission for a short order and anyway it guaranteed me on my way to Tidworth station at 07.30 the following morning.

Southern Railway in wartime, for readers who knew it not, was on average only slightly better than Network Southeast; and what with unexploded bombs on the line at Weybridge and so forth I was still not at the Club in time for the race.

Walking into the changing room just after ten past three, I found dear old Bill Spray, his smoking, yellow pipe miraculously held prisoner by his two or three vestigial molars, stoking the boiler and fanning it with the News Chronicle. "Hallo, sir," he lisped as he straightened up, "they've all gone." "Yes, Bill, I was afraid they might. I got held up, you see. Have many turned out?" "Forty or fifty, I suppose," he said. "What...fifty Blackheath or fifty altogether?" I asked. "Altogether...all four clubs. About half were Blackheathens." Fifty, I thought, would have been an indifferent turn-out from one club before the War, let alone four. Eheu!

I looked round the changing room. Bill had made up the fire at the far end and a large log was glowing and winking at me. A slight fog had cleared and the weak but warmish sunlight caught the shiny buttons of empty uniforms of khaki and two shades of blue hanging among the suits and sports jackets. The sudden exeunt of their occupants twenty minutes earlier had imposed an eerie silence and the vivacity of the room remained only as a spirituous pungency of wintergreen and warm bodies. Along the walls under the windows the blackout boards stood ready among the heaps of emergency blankets and bedding on hand for local refugee air-raid victims. Thank God, no one had had to sleep here much lately, now that the Luftwaffe had found more urgent trade on its Eastern Front.

As Bill coughed his way towards the ablutions to turn up the gaslight and get the hip-baths ready, I wondered whether or not to change for a run and decided against. Having missed the race I felt it an humiliating anti-climax. Better just to spectate and concentrate on meeting old friends, and who these might be was always an exciting conjecture. Laurie Hammill, of course, and George Brooks; pretty certainly Murray French and possibly Ken Johnson. John Taylor? Jack Clear? Len King? Dick Cockburn? I must go and see.

Rebuttoning my battledress jacket I walked out into the yard and up the lane across the road towards the Common. As usual, the race would finish just opposite the lane's top end and as I approached the surprised knot of 30-odd officials, family and friends their calls of welcome were emotionally choking. This was the Class of 1914, President Arthur Thwaites, Nobby Clarke, H. A. Wilkinson and Sid Wickham, soon to be joined by Syd Taylor, Ted Lymbery and Fred Stringer fresh from trail-laying, Blackheath Eternals all, you "knew about these things". At once I was the embarrassed centre of a circle of smiling faces, bright expectant eyes and endless questions. Was Jack Kitton in my battalion? How long had I had the stripe? Wasn't A. T. King in the Rifle Brigade? Where was I stationed now...or

shouldn't she ask? Did I get much running in? (I forbode the comment that our regiment marched at the run).

Then came the items of news I was dreading. It was confirmed that we had had 11 fatal casualties, all but three in the RAF. They included Gregory Lygo, the d'Artagnan of the four "Three" Musketeers who always finished races more or less in a line of friendly rivalry. He was only the first of the other three to be lost, all in the RAF. The other two were little Len Webber and the affable Dick Stephens of the wide moustache and the charming Tiger Tim smile.

Others posted missing or killed included Brian Lymbery whose brother John, formerly at school with me, was already fuming his heart out in a German POW camp. It was confirmed that Ross James DFC was killed.

Meanwhile the list of Serving Members (excluding those in Civil Defence and other equally hazardous work) had risen to 239, among whom the latest and (to me at least, most unexpected) was the clutching to its bosom by the Queens Royal Regiment of Medium Pack Leader Will Vercoe. (Go on, someone...ask me what a Pack Leader is).

I was still silently brooding on the bad news when the bubble arose that the leaders were across the Croydon Road and thumping towards us. Soon, sure enough, there was Laurie Hammill breaking cover from the gorse of the Warren footpath and sprinting down among us to gratified applause. Then came young Jimmie Arnot 37 seconds later but it took a full 3 minutes in all for the first ten to get home, the tent being the evergreen Stubbs of SLH. Round about number 40, just ahead of Keith Wilcockson was a shortish, mournful-looking figure a little older than me whom I did not know but who announced himself to Nobby Clarke as "37... Walker". It sounded prophetically like a telephone number.

On the way back to the Clubhouse the catechismal exchanges I had had with the officials and families were repeated with friends among the competitors, Peter Bond, Dick and Jim Cockburn, Cecil Pollard et al. They continued in the changing room whenever practicable above the endless screams of members from their tin baths, their loins flooded with buckets of boiling water hurled by the ruthless Bill Spray in his earnest zeal to ensure that everyone had a HOT bath.

Upstairs in the tea bar a second log fire was roaring its way up the capacious chimney, Nobby Clarke was already dispensing justice with the sugar ration, ("One lump only, please", said the notice) and the room was alive with chatter about who looked over whose shoulder on hearing a rival pounding behind him up the Fox. Wistfully neglected was the beer-sodden piano in the far corner, desperately missing Eric Reed who, pouring his soul into that of Jiminy Cricket, was probably even now playing "When You Wish Upon a Star" to some Middle Eastern Officer's Mess rather than to us.

It was easy to forget in this glow of bonhomie that Tidworth Camp even existed, let alone the dirt, danger and indignity of the War beyond.

The gas lit, the blackouts in place, a tap on the table and a "Shoosh" and "Chair" or two brought silence for the President, Arthur Thwaites with the day's results. The other clubs were welcomed; we were overjoyed to see so many service members from all four; as Blackheath had turned out 25 of the 47 runners to this token Mob Match it had seemed only fair for them to take on The Rest and this they had done. Individual winner, Hammill (BH) in 46.13; Arnot, 2nd; Rawson (Orion) 3rd in...etc. Stanley Wooderson 4th.. George Brooks 7th., Murray French 9th...etc. But we had turned up for the run, not for the winning and "...the fact," he added somewhat predictably but nonetheless truly, "that The Rest had won by 352 points to 391 was neither here nor there."

It certainly was; but I was here and Tidworth was there and all I had to do now was to reach it by 23.59 hrs if I was going to get my full moneysworth from "Forger Ferguson's black market masterpiece."

MERTHYR MAWR

South Wales

April, 1987

Not the hot sun and warm sandy beaches of Portugal for my training group. Being tough hardy middle distance men I decided to head for the cold wind and rain of Wales for our training holiday. I had read of Merthyr Mawr a noted training centre on the south coast of Wales.

Merthyr Mawr is an area of sand dunes, hills and fine sandy beaches ideal for that strength training needed in spring. Merthyr Mawr also contains the Big Dipper, reputedly one of the biggest sand dunes in Europe at 50m high!

Simon 'Adolf' Parsons (coach), John 'stalwart' Kemp and Bill 'early riser' Partleton were the members of the small party that motored through the blinding rain to the Happy Valley Caravan Site on that early April morning. Here is our training diary.

Saturday

Arrive at Happy Valley in pouring rain. Book into caravan then head for shops to get essential provisions. One trolley between three only just enough. Then decide that rain or no rain we came here to train so off we go. 'Just twenty minutes to find our way around' I said. We eventually find the Big Dipper after 30 minutes of steady running up hills and over beaches. It's huge. We look first at each other then back at that dune in awe. But we've been brought up on the 'Fox' and no sand hill is going to beat a 'Heathen, so up we go. Just manage to reach the top by running on all fours. We get lost and finally get back to base after an hour and a half.



'Adolf' on the Big Dipper.

Sunday

6.00 a.m. alarm bells go off. John and I swear at Bill who has forgotten to mention that he gets up at six! We go back to sleep until the more respectful 8.15. Mile run down to the beach then back for breakfast. The weather is fantastic, warm and sunny. We pack our bags and head for the Big Dipper. After photo session in an old ruined castle we start our first real session. Bare feet, high knee lift and strong arm drive says the text book. We get up there any way we can. Bill goes up 4 times I manage 5, but the real star is John with 8 climbs. Each climb requires 5 minutes recovery. In the afternoon we go down to the beach for a speed session over 90 metres. The day is wrapped up with a 3 mile road run.

Monday

Woken up by Bill turning T.V. on at 6.00 a.m. to find out the time as I've unplugged his alarm clock. Raining again. 2 miles on the roads to warm up then breakfast. One hour of fartlek over dunes and beaches before lunch. They have this stretch of sand that almost stops you moving — frighteningly tough. Five miles on the roads in the evening. I get the cold shower.

Tuesday

Dodging the rain we run three miles over to the Dipper for our second session on the swine. I lose three pints by betting that no one could climb twice with only a jog down recovery. Even I managed it! Good psychology but very hard on the wallet! John 10 climbs, Bill 8 and me six. In the afternoon I force us out in gale force winds for a 1000m rep session on the beach, they don't call me 'Adolf' for nothing. Honest Bill — that is a sprints drill and not the goosetep. Three mile warm down. We were feeling strangely tired by now and falling asleep where we stood. Cold showers revive us as water heater fails. Bill swears at the Welsh for at least ten minutes.

Wednesday

Miracle. Bill stays in bed until 8.00 a.m.! Somehow we manage four sessions in between showers. 2 miles before breakfast then another killer fartlek session. A short sharp shuttle session on the beach helps keep speed in the legs before a three mile warm down. Water heater fixed. Bill thinks the Welsh are truly wonderful.

Thursday

Last day. Final run over to the Dipper for short session. Bill and I are beginning to tire but John just keeps going with another 10 assaults on the monster. We drag John away from the Dipper and walk back to the caravan. After a frantic cleaning up session we head for home.

Eighteen sessions over some really gruelling terrain, now that's what I call training! All for less than £70 including travel, accommodation, food and entertainment. It was tough but we also had fun. Next year I would like to take a larger party and really explore the limits of human endurance (only joking?).

S.P.

'LA VIE CLAIRE'

Clubhouse

3rd January, 1987

The winter social programme always includes an item known as Punchbowl Night but until this year I had no idea what this was. Its this.

For a small amount of money not worth mentioning this is an evening for members which basically consists of a meal, and gallons of hot, strong punch which, for some reason, becomes more drinkable by the glass. After the meal you are then bombarded with an array of speeches full of wit and genius — not the boring old renditions you will hear elsewhere.

The Chairman this year was Les Roberts — need I say more. To keep a long story short, Les ended up in a yellow jersey conducting each speech like a stage in the Tour de France. His team consisted of Paul Barrington-King, David Hickman, Don Gillate, Bruce Grant and Alan Pickering whilst the audience were encouraged to wave flags, cheer, shout 'Hinault! Hinault!' and ride their chairs as if ascending a Grade 1 climb in the Pyrenees! Now you see where the glasses of punch come in handy.

A good night was had but it has to be said that the turnout was slightly disappointing. I feel this is because the night was too near to New Year but perhaps, with a little more publicity, we can attract more members next year.

N.D.



The boys in sixties mood. Mike Peel and Bill Parleton chewing the fat with Sergeant Pepper at the St. Valentine's "do".

HEATHENS IN HEAVEN

Step 1: *Keep smiling* as you are directed to the wrong departure lounge at Gatwick, as you fight past less serious sunseekers (the ones with the screaming babies and designer 'leisure wear') on the moving walkway, as you chew your way through Dan Air's Low Performance Food and as you fend off Time Share Reps at Faro Airport.

Step 2: *Do not worry* when there are no signposts to your destination, when the roads resemble a Ron Hill vest and when they tell you your room is not yet ready.

Step 3: *Put on your running kit* and discover the hidden delights of Aldeia das Acoteias...

Acoteias, or Heaven as we like to call it, is situated 7 miles (just enough!) from the resort Albufeira on the Algarve. Over the Easter period it was blessed with the presence of six Heathens, Tim Nash, Bill Foster, Dave Heath, Tony Linford, Chris McGeorge and Jerry Barton. The trip was a valuable boost to pre-season training, as well as to pre-season tanning.

The Seven Stages to Nirvana

1. 8.30 a.m. easy jog around a purpose built 2km grass circuit. Remember to avoid the water sprinklers — unless you want to freshen up after a late night at Stage 6. Chris spent the first two days thinking this jog was at 7.30, thinking it was 8.30, poor chap...
2. Introduce the body to the refreshing coolness of the centre's pool, where injured Dave spent more time than originally planned... or was he resting up for the Loughboro' v. Southern Counties match?
3. Try your hardest to resist tempting drinks or ice-creams as you worship the sun, catching up on the latest A.W. or discussing the day's training or simply sampling the latest Funk, provided by Ernie Obeng & Co.
4. Join up with the Gandy Lounge Lizards (Loughboro' athletes) and push either Hamish McInnes in the 800/1500 sessions or Jack Buckner and Craig Mochrie in the 5000 session. This is where it hurts... be it 6 x 2'30" with 30" recovery; 2 x 400, 4 x 200, 8 x 100 or 15 x 150 with 10" recovery!
5. Enjoy an afternoon out; hire a bike or Mini-Moke buggy and explore the less tourist-developed parts — the orange groves, the castles and... the time-share plots.
6. New York, New York! This is a difficult stair, where

many fall down (see State 1). The aim is to gyrate in a very small space under extreme conditions of heat and humidity, to some indiscernibly amplified sound. This group session can easily be disrupted by fifty Tunisian rugby players, unless you have your 800m elbows at the ready. For some the distractions are more individual; for a time it looked as though Tim was to sink to his knees for the sake of a certain spikey brunette, but it was not to be; for Tony the refusal to take off a non-ventilated designer pullover restricted the energy of his movement. This stage was of course only for the serious, threesessionsadayboys.

7. The height of the ladder to perfection, Nirvana, comes at that timeless moment when you share the same restaurant as Steve Ovett, Jack Buckner, Jane Shields, Tom McKean and Lorraine Baker. But you know it's all going to be shattered when the Loughborough Lads and Lassies stand on the tables and begin to sing to Guru Gandy. It's time to go home.

J.B.

GOODBYE TO CROSS COUNTRY

Hang up your running shoes, old Buddy!
No more for you the heavy, clay-caked plough,
The stile lightly turned on left hand leaning,
The taut stretched windy sprint down leaf strewn paths,
The breathless, spattered lurching through the mud.

Those were the afternoons when casting off the week,
In running shoes and shorts and singlet dressed,
You left the huddle of the changing room,
Winced at the cold, and counting down the minutes,
Shambled uncertainly towards the start.

Then hush! The line-up for the "off", the single sign,
Which broke the future from the past, the down-waved cloth.
The shout, the pounding turmoil of the feet,
The melee lengthening to a column,
The leaders peeping like a serpent's head, already out in front.

Keep going! cried the inner voice, as two and three abreast.
You strained around the opening lap, and out
Through the gateway to the open fields,
Faint feeling but with gathering strength, the face
Half turned to meet the battering gusts of rain.

Shoulder to shoulder with the next man striving,
You struggled till the thread between you broke,
And you alone and fighting on would flog up hill and down.
Through woodland, meadow, over plough, now breaking
Onto wide smooth road, now darting into narrow paths.

Now plodding dogged over wind-swept plain,
Now weaving, dashing through the trees,
Till finally you crawled the last long hill,
Knees lifting, hands dragging limp, and then
With one last mind-benumbing sprint you cleared the line.

A world of sight and sound burst in
As bending, panting, retching, down you slumped
Amongst the scattered gear, sprawled with your mates.
The cold invading you would jog back home,
Together, joining the press of bodies in the shower.

And after that the tea, the fellowship
With those who went the way with you,
Each in his loneliness, each sharing something.
"Perfer et Obdura" the motto on the shield
Commands. Amen to that! Let's raise our cups.

All that is over now; no tears, old Sod!
No bull about undying memories!
(You bet they are.) No misty-eyed recall
Of sprinting light as air down sun-lit groves!
You came, you ran, you finished; that is all.

FINIS

P.C.

OBITUARIES

J. C. STEVENS

We are sorry to have to record the death on 16 June of V. P. J. C. Stevens at the age of 86 years.

Jack joined the Blackheath Harriers on 29 March 1919 and during the early years of his membership had represented the club in the Southern Counties Cross Country Championships. Athletically, however, his interests were directed more to rowing. He was a past president of Curlew Rowing Club of which he had been a member for over 50 years and more recently he was also a member of the Aurid Rowing Club. On several occasions he rowed for Blackheath Harriers in the annual race for the St. John Matthews and Frankeiss cups.

Among his several interests Jack Stevens was a "Kent Crawler", an association of walkers with which the club has had connections over the years.

During the war, Jack already a member of the RNVR was commissioned and served with the Royal Navy both at home and in the Middle East.

A keen participant in the club's social life, Jack Stevens will be sadly missed by all who knew him. Our sympathy is extended to all members of his family.

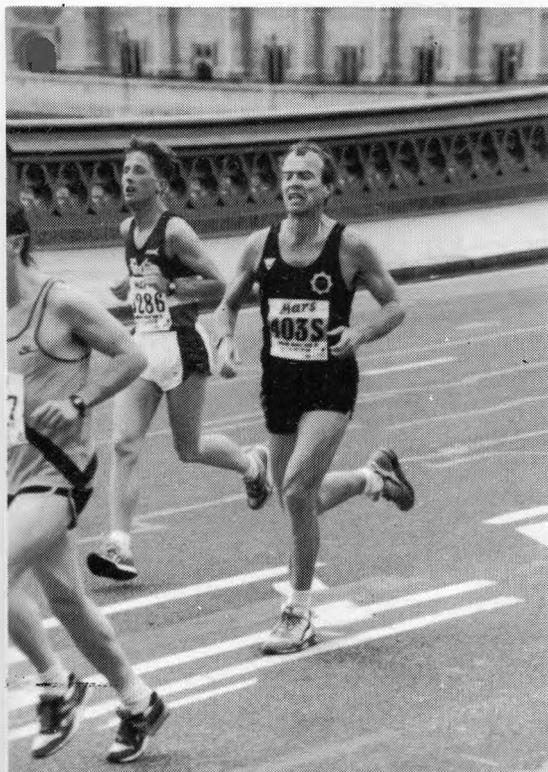
— It is with regret that we announce the death in July of VP P. Francis.

S. A. FIELD, CBE

Past President Stanley Field who died in January of last year after a long illness was a man of wide interests in athletic activities and in physical fitness in general and one of high standing in the City of London as a business man (he was chairman of several large companies); as a Justice of the Peace; and as an Alderman. Indeed but for a period of ill health he might well have become Lord Mayor.

He joined the Club in 1932. His administrative gifts were soon recognised and he served as Cross Country Secretary from 1934-1938. In the summer he competed mainly in field events and won the Club Shot Championship in 1935 and 1937. He was also a capable walker winning the Johnson Bowl in 1935 and competing with success in longer events such as the Stock Exchange 25 and their London to Brighton Walk. Another interest was in swimming and he won the Maryon Wilson Cup in 1937 and 1938. After the interruption of the war years in which he served with distinction, rising to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in the Royal Artillery, he became Hon. Treasurer in 1948 and President in 1952. In later years although pressure of other affairs prevented frequent contacts with Club activities his interest remained and he was present at the Past Presidents' Dinner only three months before he died.

We mourn the loss of a very distinguished Blackheath Harrier and extend our sympathies to his family.



Mike Lodwig (above) and Richard Farish finishing the London Marathon in style.

