

TALKING POINT

By Neil Wood

Jon Brown's recent success in the European Cross Country Championship has a wider significance than the welcome sight of a British runner seeing off sundry, well fancied foreigners. Even though it is 20 years since we last had a winner at this level, Brown's result does not necessarily herald a resurgence of British competitiveness either, notwithstanding his being well supported by his fellow team members. No, the important thing to me was the state of the course; it was seriously muddy.

It was not that long ago that television first started to take notice of cross country; Brendan Foster probably had something to do with having the races at Alnwick, in Northumberland televised and things developed from there. Of course, for the sport to be suitable for television it had to be accessible for all the paraphernalia that captures, processes and transmits the action: races that involved steep hills, deep mud, roots, narrow tracks, woodland and water to anything greater than ankle-depth were found to be unsuitable as box-fodder.

You might reasonably ask what could possibly be left when all the ingredients of a decent race were ruled out: the answer would be the multi-lap park course. Current Milos will recognise this creation - it is by British Airways out of Croydon!

The necessity for smooth surfaces on which those little camera buggies could operate close to the course, gradients dictated by the buggy's performance rather than that of the athletes and multi-lap races to enhance spectator value had an unforeseen side-effect, it attracted track athletes for whom the cross country races provided out-of-season playgrounds, not to mention paydays. All right; so Jon Brown moves in track circles and ran well if unspectacularly in the Olympic 10,000m: there is a long tradition of the heavier-weight British middle distance runners - Eammon Martin and Rob Denmark come to mind - spending winter in the country in the days before they could afford to spend it in the States. But Brown is a real cross country runner, tough, stocky and adaptable and the other Brit athletes provided competition but were never good enough to alter the nature of the sport. However, the likes of the Africans who became attracted to televised cross country definitely were going to bring changes because they arrived with agents, sponsors and promoters who had the financial fire power to demand that things were run their way.

So, it looked as if cross country at the international level was going to cease to be the peak of a natural progression that stretched unbroken from the muddy plodders in the clubs - like us. The top of the sport was going to feature parks and playing fields where highly-trained and highly expensive athletes could get some fresh air under closely controlled conditions that were guaranteed free from risk: no roots, rocks, streams and styles for them. To make doubly sure that nothing untoward would happen to them, the athletes started advising on course design too. At the European Championship round, held near Brussels and won by Jon Brown, the advisor on course design was Thierry Rousseau, a track and road runner to whom a kerb is a significant obstacle. But, if Brown won, something untoward must have happened; it did, it rained and the course was muddy: Brown ran away with it and Rousseau and the like disappeared without trace.

It was even muddier at Alnwick, a few weeks later and what was more, the hills were steeper and longer: to be honest, it was still not a proper course, but it was treacherous enough to inhibit the free-flowing style of the track runner and favour the strength, rhythm and tactical knowledge of the mud man. Brown won again, and downed an up and coming Kenyan and a South African in the process. What on earth were they doing in a European Championship race?

I would not be so naive as to claim that 2 muddy races will deliver international cross country back into the care of the mud-lovers and that television and track athletes will disappear back to Crystal Palace, where they belong. Just last weekend a squad of Kenyans was sprinting all over a bit of Portuguese countryside, as if to the manana-born (sorry, I couldn't resist that one), having done the same in France only a week or two before. But this was sun running: where the mud is I think, things have changed for the better.

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RESULTS ROUND UP

It seems quite a while since I last did an update on our performances; that only took us up to the fourth race of the season and we have done quite a lot of racing since then.

Orion, 23rd November 1996. I reckon nobody can call themselves a serious cross country runner until they have run the Orion course several times. The challenge did not have too wide an appeal on a rather damp, dank day and only 7 of us formed up for generous helping of mud, hills and horse manure. There was a good, 130-strong field and it gave Ian Jebson a fine opportunity to show how well he is running this season. He was first Milo, in 33rd position and his time of 44:34 was nearly 3 minutes quicker than his previous visit, in 1993. Ted Leath challenged Ian for much of the race and was a strong 44th in 45:17, but, sadly, the rest of us could not give our leading 2 quite the support they deserved. Nevertheless, the Cross Country Secretary was 54th, Keith Henderson, Adrian Dance and Nick Barton packed well in 75,77 and 83 and Mike Wilson sadly suffered a calf injury, but struggled in bravely, at the tail. Being understrength, we were lumped in with "The Composites" and consequently came second in the team match!

Position	Name	Time	Club Points	Teams
Winner	M Cates	38:28	--	1. Orion
33rd	Ian Jebson	44:34	20	2. Compsites
44th	Ted Leath	45:17	19	3. East London Triathletes
54th	Neil wood	45:59	18	4. Bank of England
75th	Keith Henderson	48:31	17	5. Eaton Manor
77th	Adrian Dance	48:41	16	6. Lea Valley
83rd	Nick Barton	49:28	15	7. Milocarian AC
129th	Mike Wilson	DNF	5	There were 129 finishers.

Kingston & Poly, 7th November 1996. We were not falling over ourselves to take part in this one either, however, the race did see Ian Greenhalgh running well to come 3rd in 41:25 ahead of Wood Junior who was 5th in 42:13. The Cross Country Secretary was quite chuffed to be 7th and less than 4 minutes behind his son and Adrian Dance learnt a lot about pacing himself in finishing 10th in 48:55, ahead of Keith Henderson in 11th and Bert Shears in 14th. The lack of facilities at Kingston & Poly are something of a disincentive, but the courses, whether 5, 7 or 9 miles are magic carpets to run on and although they may lack challenge, they provide uninhibited running pleasure: try them next year and you will see what I mean.

Position	Name	Time	Club Points	Teams
Winner	?	38:45	--	1. Kingston & Poly
3rd	Ian Greenhalgh	41:25	20	2. Milocarian AC
5th	Nick Wood	42:13	19	
7th	Neil wood	46:02	18	
10th	Adrian Dance	48:55	17	
11th	Keith Henderson	50:10	16	
14th	Bert Shears	60:02	15	There were 14 finishers.

The Ellis Trophy, 7th December 1996. Suddenly everything and everybody came together; we raised 20 runners and a group of loyal if perished supporters, led by the General and had a tremendous day. The Ellis Trophy has grown in numbers and stature over the last year or two and 10 teams and 200 runners, many of them very handy, took to the start. A measure of the raising of the race's standard is that the winning time of 28:39 was 40 seconds quicker than last year's and Tim Jones' time for 3rd of 29:07 would have made him last year's winner by a good margin. Similarly, Clive Wintrip ran a full minute faster than he had 3 years before but was 20th, rather than 16th of '93. After Clive there was a bit of a gap that would probably have been filled to good effect by Ian Greenhalgh who was going very well until halted by an injury: Nick Wood, Howard Long and Ted Hamilton packed well in 40th, 42nd and 44th, and our 10 to score were completed by Nick Amy, Mark Westbrooke, Keith Spacie, Ian Jebson and Ted Leath in 51st, 54th, 68th, 77th and 85th respectively. This was good enough to make us 3rd out of 10 and we would have had a second team scoring too, had the Cross Country Secretary not sold his services to the Bank of England for an undisclosed fee and left the remainder of the team 1 short to qualify. Anyway, it was good to see Tudor Fox, Simon Appleton and Ray Couchman back, in 124th, 127th and 173rd, not good at all to see the back of Adrian Dance who beat me in 98th, to welcome new runners Mick Pinkney and Sandy Barton in 131st and 154th and to see regulars like Nick Barton, the Treasurer and Bert Shears doing their bit in 133rd, 143rd and 181st. In coming in behind Serpentine and Hercules Wimbledon we showed good form in fast company, so well done everybody.

Position	Name	Time	Club Points	Teams
Winner	I. Campbell	28:39	--	1. Serpentine
3rd	Tim Jones	29:07	20	2. Hercules Wimbledon
20th	Clive Wintrip	31:36	19	3. Milocarian AC
40th	Nick Wood	33:31	18	4. (No other information)
42nd	Howard Long	33:40	17	
44th	Ted Hamilton	33:42	16	
51st	? Amy	33:50	Guest	
54th	Mark Westbrooke	33:59	15	
68th	Keith Spacie	34:30	14	
77th	Ian Jebson	35:05	13	

continued....

Position	Name	Time	Club Points	Teams
85th	Ted Leath	35:25	12	
98th	Adrian Dance	36:22	11	
100th	Neil Wood	36:25	5 (any objections?)	
124th	Tudor Fox	37:46	10	
127th	Simon Appleton	38:02	9	
131st	Mick Pinkney	38:25	Guest	
133rd	Nick Barton	38:37	8	
143rd	John McCarthy	39:45	7	
154th	Sandy Barton	41:02	Guest	
173rd	Ray Couchman	44:08	6	
181st	Bert Shears	47:03	5	
DNF	Ian Greenhalgh	NT	5	

There were 191 finishers.

Chiltern League Race 3 - Wing, 21st December 1997. No narrative!

Position	Name	Time	Club Points	Teams
Winner	?	31:19	--	No information except:
21st	Clive Wintrip	34:10	20	Milocarrian AC
23rd	Howard Long	34:29	19	were 5th out of 17
40th	? Booth	35:53	Guest	and are 8th out of 17 after 3 races
59th	? Simmonds	36:54	Guest	
78th	Ted Leath	37:56	18	
81st	Ian Jebson	38:02	17	
97th	Brendan Cradden	39:11	16	
107th	Neil Wood	39:44	15	
116th	Keith Henderson	40:41	14	
141st	John McCarthy	43:00	13	
150th	Mike Wilson	45:31	12	

There were 158 finishers.

Chiltern League Race 4 - Berkhamsted, 4th January 1997. Well, '97 started very much as '96 had left off - cold and windy; nevertheless, we turned out another full side for a league race. We had improved our performance in each successive league fixture and there was no doubt that we were going to continue this trend at Berkhamsted, because virtually the "dream team" appeared. Steve Finch, in his first league race of the season, retook his rightful place among the leaders, in 13th followed by Clive, a model of competitive consistency, in 19th (his previous 3 placings were 18, 16 and 21!); platinum points were also scored by Wood junior in 20th and Howard Long in 29th. There was then a bit of a gap before a useful group of Mark Westbrook, the Cross Country Secretary and Ted Leath in 72nd, 74th and 81st. The Cross Country Secretary is still waiting for the results of his random test for Sanatogen abuse. Brendan Cradden, Paul Brown and John McCarthy completed our scoring in 106th, 111th and 141st to give us 914 points, 5th on the day again, but a boost to 6th in the league standings - chuffed to bits!!!

Position	Name	Time	Club Points	Teams
Winner	?	27:14	--	No information except:
13th	Steve Finch	29:56	20	Milocarrian AC
19th	Clive Wintrip	30:24	19	were 5th out of 17
20th	Nick Wood	30:27	18	and are 6th out of 17 after 4 races
29th	Howard Long	31:45	17	Vets were 6th out of 17
72nd	Mark Westbrooke	34:14	16	and are 6th out of 17 after 4 races
74th	Neil Wood	34:20	15	
81st	Ted Leath	34:43	14	
106th	Brendan Cradden	36:04	13	
111st	Paul Brown	36:17	12	
141st	John McCarthy	39:00	11	

There were 157 finishers.

Thames Hare & Hounds, 11th January 1997. We produced a pretty good team at Thames too and got in among them a bit. After all the retreat-from-Moscow conditions of the previous couple of races it was nice to run in mild, dry weather, albeit on a course that had a few treacherous patches lurking under trees and in shadows. Steve Finch maintained his recent form and kept in touch with the leaders throughout to finish 3rd in 28:30; then the stop-watch went wonky and all we know is that Wood junior was 6th, Ian Greenhalgh, returning after injury at Ranelagh and showing that he had made a good recovery, 9th and Ian Jebson running strongly for 14th. The Cross Country Secretary in 17th led a useful pack of 6 runners filling the middle order: Ted Leath was 20th and then a strong Sandhurst contingent of Adrian Dance, Nick Barton, Stephen Kilpatrick and Mick Pinkney took 21st, 22nd, 23rd and 27th. Ray Couchman, making a welcome reappearance and Bert Shears completed our contribution in 42nd and 45th places to leave us 2nd behind Thames, but well ahead of the Bank.

Position	Name	Time	Club Points	Teams
Winner	?	28:15	--	1. Thames H&H
3rd	Steve Finch	28:30	20	2. Milocarrian AC
6th	Nick Wood	NT	19	3. Bank of England
9th	Ian Greenhalgh	NT	18	

continued...

Position	Name	Time	Club Points	Teams
14th	Ian Jebson	NT	17	
17th	Neil Wood	NT	16	
20th	Ted Leath	NT	15	
21st	Adrian Dance	NT	14	
22nd	Nick Barton	NT	13	
23rd	Stephen Kilpatrick	NT	12	
27th	Mick Pinkney	NT	11	
42nd	Ray Couchman	NT	10	
45th	Bert Shears	NT	9	

There were 46 finishers.

Bank of England, 18th January 1997. I reckon it is just better all round, south of the Thames: grass is greener, birds sing sweeter, the girls prettier and the weather is DEFINITELY warmer. You wince at Wing, brave the elements at Berkhamstead, but get a tan at Thames and busk at the Bank. Perhaps I exaggerate; nevertheless, it was quite a decent dry day when we formed up in the park, at the invitation of the Bank of England, to take on them, Harrow School and the Met Police. The schoolboy racing snakes all bounced around like goose-pimpled Zebidees before the start and then were put firmly in their places by Steve Finch, who won by 5 seconds, pursued by a policeman. Harrow packed well from 5th to 9th, which gave them the team event, however, Mark Westbrook, the Padre (Ian Greenhalgh), Howard Long and Keith Spacie battled into the next 10 places to make us second team. The Cross Country Secretary and Ted Leath colonised the 20's, Stephen Kilpatrick took a stirring 31st, considering he had already done endurance training with his cadets that morning and Keith Henderson, John McCarthy, Mike Wilson, Ray Couchman and Bert Shears filled the forties - the gasping forties that is, not the roaring....

December and January were quite busy months, but produced very encouraging results and good turn outs of new faces, regulars and occasional campaigners: no matter which category you fall into, it is always a pleasure to see you and to sense that the club's pulse is still beating strongly. Well done everybody!

Position	Name	Time	Club Points	Teams
Winner	Steve Finch	31:57	20	1. Harrow School A
10th	Mark Westbrooke	35:17	19	2. Milcarian AC A
12th	Ian Greenhalgh	35:33	18	3. Met Police
16th	Howard Long	36:47	17	4. Harrow School B
18th	Keith Spacie	37:05	16	5. Bank of England A
23rd	Neil Wood	37:53	15	6. Harrow School C
26th	Ted Leath	38:05	14	7. Milcarian AC B
31st	Stephen Kilpatrick	39:03	13	8. Bank of England B
41st	Keith Henderson	43:16	12	
43rd	John McCarthy	44:40	11	
44th	Mike Wilson	44:41	10	
45th	Ray Couchman	45:58	9	
47th	Bert Shears	55:08	8	

There were 47 finishers.

Courses of Action STOWE

Was Capability Brown the first cross country course setter? I only ask because I was running at Stowe, the other day, in one of the gardens on which Brown exercised his capabilities. Well, if that is the way they used to go about their running in the 18th century they certainly did it in style.

These days functionalism reigns supreme; a bit of red and white hazard tape, a few white posts and a misappropriated traffic cone or two are staple tools of the modern track marker. However, "The past is foreign country, they do things differently there." (A free club tie to the first correct attribution of the quote: author, book and what the author had for breakfast on the day he wrote the line.)

Where was I? That's right, Stowe. The course is set in the grounds of Stowe School. Stowe School is set in what was the palace of the Lords Cobham. It is loosely said to be in Buckinghamshire, but the house is so huge that I am sure the far end of it is in Kent, or somewhere. The frontage is something of a sandstone Sandhurst; an enormous cliff of brown masonry with a central portico that looks like the largest Rolls Royce radiator you ever saw. Apart from having a lake where the parade ground ought to be, Stowe is Sandhurst gone rustic, until you come to the cross country course, that is. There Sandhurst does not measure up at all. It is probably all down to defence cuts, but marking the course with cadets in combat kit can hardly bear comparison with the obelisks, temples, summer houses and the palladian bridge by which you steer at Stowe.

I will not describe the course in detail, but you can get the flavour from a start by a summer house the size of the sort of place we all would be happy to live in the year round. From there you run along gravel paths between the big house and the lake, turn by the small greek temple and again by the large, colonnaded dairy. Out in the country proper, head for the Norman keep, stay to the right of the rotunda and then turn back into the grounds by the gateman's lodge which compares very unfavourably to the dairy. The route returns to the start via yet another summer house which has a rather gothic appearance and seems incomplete without a few bats flapping around it.

No following the pylon line or looking out for cones and bits of tape and the Stowe course did not even take in the Cleopatra's Needle, the monument topped with a monkey, not to mention the Temple of British Worthies, which is bigger than you might think.

Mount Everest Marathon 1995

By Bruce Moore

At more than 14,000 feet, in the Himalayas, under the moon shadow of Ama Dablam, that beautiful, stark, pointed peak, under frost covered canvas, a runner's mind is whirling out of control. After thousands of miles of training and three weeks of trekking, up and down and around, over rocks, through streams, across suspension and cantilever bridges, fighting the anxiety of vertigo on narrow mountain tracks, hugging the rock wall as heavily laden yaks pass by, greeting thousands of Nepalese people with "Namastre", it's finally arrived - the night before the race.

Am I asleep or awake? Am I dreaming or is this for real? What am I doing here? Did you see that drop? It's hard to breathe! Are my legs up to this? Is my heart? OK, I'll walk the ups and run the downs. Is that the answer? That suspension bridge is missing a few planks! What if I meet a yak train? Am I going to finish? Have I done enough training? What should I wear? Hiking boots or running shoes? On and on! I'm supposed to be asleep!!

Unseasonal storms have dumped record snowfalls at high altitude, causing avalanches, mudslides and the worst trekking and climbing disasters in Nepal's history. It never snows at this time of year! - but it did, and with a vengeance. To those taking part in the 1995 Mount Everest Marathon it meant that Base Camp at 17,000 feet was a no-go area: so the whole course was moved down, to start at around 15,000 feet. There are disappointed runners amongst us, but the safety of the whole expedition - runners, doctors, porters, cooks and Sherpas (we are more than one hundred strong) - is paramount. The snow above is over 6 feet deep and the trail is narrow and icy. If you have to step aside to pass, you sink up to the waist in snow. There is nowhere to set up camp. There's just no way of going higher.

At last! The night and the dreams are over. 6 am. A tent zipper screams. A Sherpa shouts "*Morning--Tea*". A mug of hot camp tea is thrust through the tent flap. Slurp. Now the familiar routine cuts in. Out of the sleeping bag, and into your race gear. On with the down jacket (It's -16 C). Stuff the sleeping bag into its sack. Deflate and roll your mattress. Pack everything into your "sausage bag". In goes the down jacket. Lock the bag. Brrrrr. Head for the mess tent. More tea. Hot porridge with trekking honey. Chapatis and peanut butter. Hot milk with chocolate powder and spoons of sugar. Mmmm-good. New taste sensations. Great pre-race meal! The camp is folded up and the porters head off for the finish. We have to hang around for a while yet. Start is 9.00 am sharp.

The friends we've made over the last three weeks of hard trekking and camp life search each other out, checking on each other's condition, checking race packs (we must carry certain kit or be disqualified), offering encouragement, watching the clock. Then, the move is on. We head for the start line. It's a 500 metre walk. Past a Mani prayer wall (careful; go to the left, you don't want to offend) and there it is. The start. We gather, taking last minute pictures, shaking hands, joking, shivering (it's still -10 C) and then comes the "numbering off". "Just like the army", someone mutters. We shout our race numbers out in order and in different languages and are checked off. It takes a while as there are over 70 of us. And then....

GO!

A surge, the ground is icy, the mud frozen - patches of ice and snow. Trees to dodge, rocks to avoid. Watch the Mani wall! A few miles of "easy" running, eyes firmly down, conscious of the slippery ground and the danger of twisting an ankle. A checkpoint, and the climb begins. The pack strings out. Now it's just the runner and his feet against the trail. Up, up, up - I've never panted like this in a race! A mile and a half to the Thyangboche Monastery and another checkpoint. There's actually a crown of monks and curious trekkers applauding and cheering! What a rush! Shout your number, grab a drink. Now it's through a Holy gateway, another mile or so and the descent begins.

It's a zig zag trail over rocks and dirt and mud and dung. Almost straight down in some places. A lot of the stones are loose. Perfect place to twist your ankle, stumble and go over the edge. "Don't look down!" Shouts my Canadian running partner, Robb. He's just ahead of me and is a fellow vertigo victim. We plunge on down. Like running down a very long staircase covered in rocks and small stones, with some trees thrown in for good measure. 2,500 feet to go and the river! Oh NO!! - the Bells! A yak train! I work my way past, on the inside, wary of the horns. The yak driver points in the other direction and shouts "short cut!". Robb takes it - I'm too late. It's even steeper and narrower, but he ends up ahead of me. I can't believe it! We stay together and work the hill. It's like skiing moguls! Decisions. Decisions. Go left, go right, slow down, jump. All the things you

want to have to do in a marathon!

It's getting warmer. The sun is well up. We're losing altitude and we're on the south side of the ridge. At last we sweat into the next checkpoint. Water, shout your number, take off some clothes and store them in your pack. You have to have them at the finish line. Check with Robb. "OK?" "Yes" "Right then, On!".

Now it's across the river on the suspension bridge. No time to worry about those missing boards, it's a race! We're across - phew!. Now we begin a 2,000 foot climb back up from the river. It's walk time. Can't run. Out of breath. Heart coming out of chest. Head swimming. Sweat dripping. Should have taken more off. Still in tights. Will this never end? Why am I doing this? Maybe I can pass that runner just ahead. Yes! Go, go, go! Up, up, up!

Finally it begins to level off. Contour lines around blind corners. Everyone we meet applauds. No yak bells. Whenever it levels a bit, we run. When it's up, we walk. This is really a different kind of race! Puff, sweat, pant, up, up, up. At last! Another checkpoint! We drink, we shout our numbers, we check our packs. Right, On!

Still moving upward, we enter a rhododendron forest. The trail is wet. In fact it's muddy. Wham! Robb must have lost concentration there - fell in a very slippery stretch of mud, snow and yak dung. "You alright?" I shout. Fine, fine" he says, struggling up, pride wounded, covered in "stuff". "On, On!" He shouts. Now he's ahead. We press on, the long drop to the river on our left, hugging the mountain side. No trees here, Just rocks, the narrow path, trekkers and... Oh no... Yak train! Hug the side. Let them by. Phew!

And then... "Hey, there's Namche." CRASH! He looked up when he should have looked down at his feet! Flat on his face and close to the edge - a 3,000 feet drop! "Don't look down!" I shout. No great damage, so on to the next checkpoint at Chorkung, above Namche Bazaar.

Water, shout your number, a quick check by the doctor, then it's "On, On!" and we're away, running around the rim of the natural amphitheatre that contains Namche Bazaar. Six miles out and back to go. We can hear the shouts from the finish line way below. As we round a huge boulder, leaving Namche behind, we meet the leaders. They've been out to Thamo on the loop and are a mile or so from the finish. If only.....!

We continue the strategy of survival - "walk the ups, run the downs" - that has got us this far. To our surprise we pass some runners on this section. There are parts through forest, parts that cling to the edge of precipitous drops, and parts that cross streams and several small bridges. We pass through a settlement and the children are sitting on benches in the school yard, singing in Nepali. "Namaste", we shout. Some of them risk the wrath of the teacher and return the greeting. The people are incredibly friendly.

The TURN! At last, we're at Thamo. Water, shout your number, tell the doctor you've never felt better. He can pull you out, and you don't want that at this stage! Robb is slowing down and urges me to go ahead. He assures me he'll survive. Inter-Service rivalry takes over. The only Army runner is ahead on the return leg to Namche. He looked as though he was tiring. New strategy - run the lot. Stride the downs, push on the ups. All a blur. He's stopped - mutters "dehydration" as I go past. On! On! Watch the feet. Past three more who're are slowing down. No mistakes now. Has Namche moved? I remember this bit. No I don't! Photographer ahead - is that a smile or a grimace? Don't look up! Suddenly, I round the corner and there it is - Namche! It could be heaven. A thousand feet below and I can see the finish, crowds milling around it. Don't fall. Out of control going down over the loose rocks, then winding through the narrow streets. It's a town out of the Middle Ages. The only wheels - prayer wheels. The people stare and smile, the children run beside me. Round the corner, stumble over some rocks, down into the potato field and through the finish with one last burst of energy. Someone hands me water, another shakes my hand, Nuri, the Head Sherpa, places a medal round my neck.

It's done.

Editor's Note: Bruce competed in the Mount Everest marathon in December 1995 and as mentioned, due to adverse weather conditions, the race started some 2000ft below Everest Base Camp - to the disappointment of many competitors. Bruce is thinking of taking part this year (1997) and offers details to any interested MILO! Contact Bruce on 01730-300100.

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