



A MATTER OF TIME

The closed eyes, the open mouth, the action, the final effort . . . all are similar as Derek Ibbotson (left) wins an international mile in London and Dereck Fearnee, 17, wins the English schools' intermediate title in Southampton. Only one thing is vastly different: the time. Ibbotson the famous clocks 3 mins. 57.2 secs.; Fearnee the unknown returns 4:27.0. But in the world of athletics, time does not march on; it races on. Ibbotson's record, and those that succeed it, are there to be broken; the fleet-footed star of today is a slow-coach tomorrow. Britain has a reputation for producing ace milers, so maybe the boy Fearnee is destined to emulate the man Ibbotson, not only in effort but in fame. Perhaps he will, in the fullness of time, take his brief place of supremacy in mile-record history, while Ibbotson sinks back to join Nurmi, Ladoumegue, Lovelock, Cunningham, Wooderson, Hagg, Andersson and their latter-day successors on the track of fading memory

It was less than 24 hours after Ibbotson's world mile record at the White City, London, that . . .

. . . Dereck Fearnee, the Putney schoolboy, finished his 4:27 title race on the track in Southampton



FERNEE COMES SECOND —DESPITE CRAMP

By CHARLES ELLIOTT

DEREK FERNEE, of Hammersmith, Polytechnic Harriers' 18-year-old junior track and cross-country captain who, two weeks ago, stole the headlines after his very impressive win in the club's five-mile cross-country championship, gave one of his most outstanding performances when, under extremely difficult conditions, he took second placing in the junior 'North of the Thames' championship at Chigwell Row, Essex, last Saturday.

With a field of over 100 enthusiastic starters well-awake in his wake, this powerfully-built athlete, who now includes weight-lifting in each of his daily training sessions, ran side by side with the eventual winner, Woodford Green Athletic Club's star Brian Hill-Cottingham, for the first one-and-a-half miles, until an attack of leg-cramp forced him to drop five valuable places in the space of a few hundred yards.

This bout of cramp was evidently caused on such a cold day by his not 'warming-up' before the race—having arrived at the changing rooms barely ten minutes ahead of the starting time! But by the three-and-a-half mile stage he had shaken it off.

Spectators on the last mile-and-a-half stretch of this very treacherous five miles course, saw over 30 competitors drop out of the field—beaten by the mixed conditions of thick black surface-mud, large stretches of ice patches and a cold blast of air seemingly blowing continuously into the faces of the runners.

This is the first time since the inauguration of this event that such a large percentage of the field has failed to finish.

Over this last section of the race, meanwhile, Fernee was steadily narrowing the large gap opened by the Woodford Green man, who had managed to hold on to his leading position throughout the race, and closed up from more than a quarter-of-a-mile to just under 100 yards — thirty seconds — at the finishing post.



DEREK FERNEE

tion in this top-class field was another local athlete, 18-year-old Brian Sutton (Thames Valley Harriers) who the previous week had surprisingly captured his Club's five-mile junior title at Cranford.

Thames Valley's much-improved junior team were eventually placed second, 12 points behind Shaffersbury Harriers who totalled 33 points.

Man taking third pos-

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FERNEE FIGHTS CRAMP TO HOLD ON

Athletics

POLYTECHNIC HARRIERS, champions of London after winning the title at Hurlingham Park the week before, cracked all opposition when winning their own road-relay trophy at Chiswick on Saturday, over an eight lap three miles course under near-hurricane conditions.

Brian Fernee, small, lightly-built demon of the roads, came back into his old form to clock 13 minutes 22 seconds when bringing the Poly team home in second position at the end of the first lap—only forty-five yards behind power-runner Bob Roath (Walton A.C.) holder of the lap record last year.

Dereck Fernee, 21-year-old muscle-man and younger brother of Brian, took over the baton, gallantly fought off a severe attack of stomach cramp and held on to sixth place.

Welsh six miles champion and record-holder **David Richards**, tall and suntanned after his recent Continental holiday smashed his best time for the course as he passed the post, having carried Poly back into the lead.

Ralph "Shiney" Dunkley, Poly's ex-co-world record holder for the 4 x mile relay, battling back to his place in the first team, ran the fifth leg in fine style giving a superb example of tactical running to the 300 or so athletes present and proving that his experience of nearly a quarter of a century in the sport still makes him a force to be reckoned with.

Poly mile champion, "Dandy" Bruce Reekie retained the home club's lead of forty seconds on the sixth leg. At last Bruce has returned to the form which three years ago earned him the title of "the most relaxed man in athletics".

Iron man Roy Profitt, so-called because of his tremendous mental and physical control over his racing and training, increased the lead to 69 seconds, clocking 13 minutes 19 seconds—another personal best time for the course.

Jim Hogan, fabulous middle-distance 'find' of the club, self-trained from nothing to the top-ten six-milers in Great Britain this season in the space of one year—hammered relentlessly into the strong head-wind, reaching a speeding crescendo over the last mile to become the star of the day, recording the fastest time ever for the three miles 120 yards circuit, a fantastic, near-impossible 12 minutes 47 seconds.

Poly, the winners, led Belgrave into second place and a weakened Thames Valley Harriers into third.

Sixteen-stone 26-year-old Roy Banks, warned before the race not to attempt the killer course, was rushed off in an ambulance after running a lap in the club's 'D' team, but later recovered from extreme exhaustion in time to cheer his captain as the trophy was presented.

This game lad, who has suffered many setbacks during his shortlived athletic career, smiled afterwards and said: "What else could I do but finish. My team-mates expected it of me, and I didn't want to let them down."

