Bythytes Del Sinks

Olmsy, Buckinghamshire and it's five hundred year old
Shrevetide Race is on. The village church-bell warms the runners
to prepare their pancakes and here they are. Fourteen good cocks,
each carrying a pancake in a frying pam. The start is from the
pump in Market Square. Three flips of the pancake and there goes
the bell. They're eff! Across the square, into the street,
five hundred yards to go and finish at the church. It's a close
race, Mrs. Boswerth takes the lead. No - she's close-hauled by
Mrs. Barnes, but she spurts on the home stretch and she's got the
race in the pan. And the prise? A kiss from bellringer Mynard.
Well done, Mrs. Boswerth. Take the second prise, too.