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EMPIRE GAMES: BANNISTER'S MIRACLE MILE.
JIM PETER'S - TRAGIC RUN.

A capacity crowd of 35,000 packs the Empire Games stadium in Vancouver on its final day. The Duke of Edinburgh sits with Earl Alexander high above the track where the marathon begins. England's Jim Peters, away on the far side, and Stan Cox are our best hopes in the race that takes them more than 26 miles out onto the country-roads around the city. The thermometer shows its in the middle seventies - a scorcher for a race like this. While the marathon continues, we stay in the stadium for the mile race, the classic duel between England's Roger Bannister and Australia's John Landy. New Zealander Bill Baillie, in black vest and shorts, dashes into the lead almost at once. In the early stages Landy is in fourth place, with Bannister close behind him.

Landy, number 346, an Oxford Blue, moves up to challenge Baillie for the lead, and yes, he's passing him! Landy is beginning to move up. His tactics are to set a pace even Bannister can't match. Landy's in the lead now, Bannister is in third place. Landy, who holds the world's mile record with a time of 3 minutes, 58 seconds, is drawing away! But they've still a long way to go, and Bannister's one of the wildest runners in the game.

It's still Landy, followed by Bannister, with the rest strung out behind. Bannister's been taking it calmly up till now, but he's beginning to close on the Aussie. This isn't his famous final burst yet - the finish is still a long way off.

Slowly, steadily - and very surely - Bannister's closing on Landy - only 400 yards to go.

And now Bannister begins his finishing burst. A hundred yards to the line, and he's passing Landy! This is the moment the crowd have waited for - just look at him go!!

Bannister falls almost senseless into waiting arms. That last fantastic burst sapped every ounce of energy from him. His time of 3 minutes, 58.8 seconds is his best ever, and only eight-tenths outside Landy's world record. Quickly recovered, Bannister runs over to his defeated rival who put up such a magnificent performance. "The Miracle Mile", "The Mile of the Century" - such was Bannister's sensational victory.

Back to the marathon, and the crowd is shocked into silence as Jim Peter's enters the stadium. Almost unconscious with the heat and with his effort, he stumbles towards the finish, groping blindly - a broken, bewildered figure. If anyone should help him, he would have to be disqualified instantly just as was Pietri Dorende, 46 years ago.

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A tragic, terrible sight, and yet, in its own way, an inspiring one - Peter's one of the greatest marathon runner of all time, still trying to win when he has given all that a man can give. And it is a cruel twist of fate that he falls, not on the line he thinks is the finish, but many yards from it.

And now Scotland's Jim McGee, fifteen minutes behind Peters, races towards the line.

His is the victory - and very fine victory - but to Jim Peters must go the honours. McGee has won and Peters has failed - but his failure was fit to rank alongside the shattering triumph of his countryman Roger Bannister.

