

SPORT

loses pool title

suffered a 6, 6-4 defeat by **arren Cahill** in **Francisco** **ment final** **temper with**

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ARCHES will **ck of the** **able for the** **merican Football** **week player** **ng Orlando.** **igh-Durham** **new first choice** **osed to be** **ed fairly to the** **ams.**

Whatever happened to



GORDON PIRIE, the former bank clerk from Leeds who became one of Britain's greatest post-war athletes, was 59 yesterday. After 20 years based in New Zealand he now lives quietly on the edge of the New Forest in Hampshire, keeps the silver medal he won at the Melbourne Olympic Games in 1956 in a Sainsbury's carrier bag under his bed and works as a lumberjack. He still runs, does some coaching and treats injury-prone sportsmen—his patients include Ian Woosnam—in his spare time. But he has not got much to celebrate this year, as he told GRAHAM BRIDGESTOCK. After a recent bile-duct operation doctors told Pirie the biopsy had revealed cancerous cells. . .

P EOPLE in athletics have been terrific. Chris Chataway and Chris Brashear both sent get-well cards. So did many others when they heard I'd been in hospital though I don't think they know the latest diagnosis yet (says 6ft 1in Gordon, now half a stone lighter than his usual 10st 8lbs, who represented Britain at three Olympics, smashed five world records and estimates he has clocked more than 280,000 miles in his size 9E Adidas trainers in the last 50 years). Naturally I told my ex-wife (former international sprinter Shirley Hampton) and my daughters (Sara, 26, and Joanne, 20) the full story and they are all cheering me on. Shirley and I are friends again now. In fact, when I'm in New Zealand I stay with Shirley and Paul who lives with her these days. He's an athlete I used to coach, 20 years younger than her and they're very happy. There's no bitterness, no hard feelings.

What I'm really trying to do at present is to lift the spirits of everyone around me who's upset.

When they cut me open the pills up his T-shirt to reveal the tell-tale scars as he tucks into a pub lunch of vegetarian chilli they took out cysts the size of your thumb.

Now the doctors want to insert a little piece of radioactive metal which would hopefully kill off the cells affected.

I haven't had much to do with doctors in the past because I suspect they gave me steroids for medicinal purposes in the 1970s though I didn't realise what they were at the time and I believe they may be the cause of what I have now.

This is probably the longest lay-off I've had. But I feel all right, no pain or discomfort.

Actually I feel much the same as I did when I was 30 though inevitably I can't run fast. But I take it for granted I'll run again.

In the meantime, I just live life as it comes, a day at a time.

The biggest enemy in my view is pollutants. When I worked for Lloyds Bank in London we had these massive pea-souper fogs and when I went home I'd spit in the basin and it was solid black soot.

For some time now I've purified all the water I put into my body. I also sent away samples of my hair for



Gordon Pirie writes his reply to the many well wishers from his New Forest home

One race I shall fight to the finish

analysis to find out what minerals and vitamins I'm short of and adjust my diet accordingly.

The people I follow are into cleansing the body of toxins by raw food—sprouted seeds and grains and so on—and colonic irrigation. I've tried that, too, and felt the better for it.

Some days I'd run for three hours and you can quite easily do 20 miles in that time.

Instead of the radioactive treatment I plan to undergo a month's wheat/glucose therapy at the Hippocrates Institute in San Diego.

According to documented case histories that has cured all sorts of things including cancer. So who knows?

England a couple of years ago to establish myself as a specialist in injury diagnosis and treatment I invested all the money I had in it but haven't had anything back yet.

And now that I can't work in the forest and I've lost that source of income for the time being anyway I'm in a financial corner, nearly bankrupt, although friends are supporting me. So I'm going to blow what I have left on this trip to America.

Of course you have to be pretty strong to be a lumberjack. Sometimes I'd stack between 30 or 40 tons of timber a day which is like doing three Olympic training stints in one day.

A lot of the distance runners today are cissies, take part in the London

Marathon, then can't run for two months because they haven't recovered. What incenses me, too, is that any inferior Tom, Dick or Harry can pick up a knighthood or some such thing now, yet I received nothing, not even an MBE.

Someone said to me once: 'You should go on the Wagon Show.' So I rang the BBC. 'Gordon Pirie?' said the girl who took the call. 'Who are you?'

I explained that I'd run more miles than any other human being in the world. 'Well, have you been INVITED on the programme?' she said.

Unfortunately there are some situations where you just can't win, only hope this cancer isn't one of them.