

WALK AND GROW RICH.

Billy Butlin himself was at John o'Groats for the start of the mass walk he has sponsored to Land's End. There were about 700 hopeful competitors, setting out to prove that what Dr. Barbara Moore can do they can do faster. Well, it soon turned out that, like a good many other people, they'd under-rated the Doctor. Also, the weather in the north of Scotland, which didn't pull any punches,

Mobile canteens came to the aid of competitors who hadn't properly gone into the food problem, but when the leaders reached Wick, several stragglers had the sense to realise they'd already had enough. They made no bones about taking the next train home. What's a thousand pounds, if your feet are killing you. Suppose there'd been a railway strike?

Light casualties were common even at this early stage. More than one had cramp. It seemed obvious that in this stage of cars we aren't breeding a race of walkers.

The survivors plugged on, drying their pants as they went along.

One girl who already knew the way was Wendy Lewis. She made the walk to Land's End soon after Dr. Barbara, and here she was, doing it again. But the hero early on was the bearded Beronian, David Robinson, positively eating up the miles.

We had to leave him there at Look Leven. Stick it, out David, another 800 miles and you're there.