

worry you. Of course, if you are fairly well up to a man, and can gallop past him, well, do so and go ahead; but if he tries the sprinting game wilily, don't have any.

This is a long drawn-out agony, remember, and you have to be on hand at the finish, and have a whole field of tacticians to cut down.

So just keep pegging away, at a faster pace than usual, until you have given most of them the "go by." Say you do the first mile in 4 min. 52 secs., and the first two in 9 min. 45 secs., and can hang on and put three behind you in 14 min. 30 secs. or thereabouts, you must be aware that you are running close on record time, and a good deal better than anyone has who has laid himself out to cut the ten-mile record.

You will have to pay for this later on, of course, and will reel your last mile off pretty slowly in consequence; but you can ease your mind by reflecting that if the other fellows are keeping their leads that they are also baking themselves proportionately, and records are not the things which are worrying you just now. All that you are troubled about is those fellows in front, and you don't want to have to overhaul the whole crowd of them in the last quarter-mile.

Some of them may be still ahead then, but keep along cutting your best times until you have reduced their number to as few as you conveniently can, and then lay yourself to a gradual edging up to within such distance as you can conveniently cover in your final gallop.

For this is, or should be, one of your strongest points. I forgot to mention it in my training chapter, but in all those practice spins of yours you ought to so manage them that you finish up the last 100 yards—and sometimes 200 or 300 yards even—at a tremendous pace. If you make a regular habit of doing this you will find that you automatically save up the energy for this. It is a sort of extra