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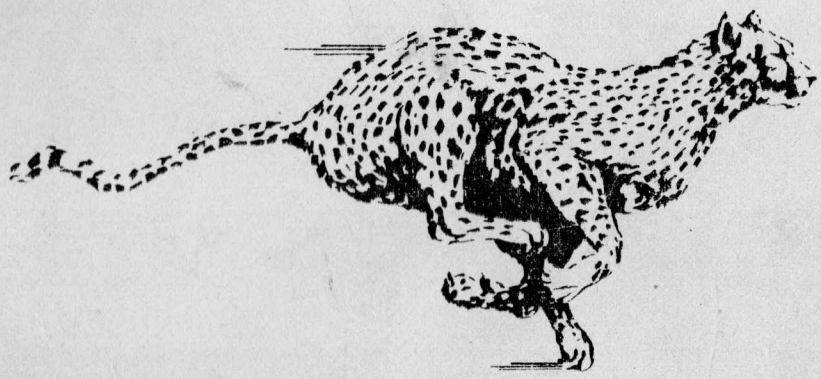
Sydney Striders

MARATHON & ROAD RUNNERS CLUB



The Blister

NO 11

Publication Details

THE BLISTER - Bi monthly publication of

Sydney Striders Marathon & Road Runners Club
P.O. Box N119, Grosvenor Street, Sydney, N.S.W. 2000

EDITOR: CHARLES COVILLE 476-6440 (H) 20572 x 474 (B)
ROVING REPORTER: JOHN EVENNETT 9827493 (H) 700400 (B)

JULY/AUGUST EDITION

CIRCULATION: 125 (and growing)

ADVERTISING RATES:

$ 30 per page per edition
$150 per page per annum (6 editions)

DEADLINE DATES FOR BLISTER NO. 12 - SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER

UNTYPED ARTICLES - Sunday 24th October
TYPED ARTICLES - Sunday 31st October

RELEASE DATE - Sunday 7th November

(Typed articles: Smallest available black type, single spacing, A4, 1cm margin)

PROVISIONAL RELEASE DATE

BLISTER NO. 13 (November/December) 18th December

TYPING

The club acknowledges, with thanks, the voluntary typing of Coral McAllan and Steve Cornelius.

ASSISTANCE

The assistance of Sam Daher in the production of this edition of The Blister is greatly appreciated.

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Editorial

MEMBERSHIP

739 days after formation Sydney Striders achieved the big one hundred. Tony Sauermann became the recipient of a free club T-shirt by helping us to achieve 100 members. For the mathematically minded that is an average of a new member each week.

On the 30th of June, 1980, 9 interested runners met in my unit in Artarmon to launch the "novel" concept of a specialist marathon and road runners club organising regular Sunday Training Runs (STARS) from varying locations. (amongst other ideas)

Today 4 founder members survive. Dave Blackhall, Bernie Liebmann and Charles Coville are familiar faces while Chris Burke is on the comeback trail.

Perhaps we have squashed the myth of the Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner.

THE QUIET ACHIEVERS

Having passed the magical "ton" in membership, it is appropriate to reminisce on those "first past the post" Striders.

The individual first placegetters have achieved success rather quietly in a complete cross section of events.

It took us just over 2 years to notch up our first marathon success.

April 1981 King of the mountains, Mt. Crackenback

1st Bruce Robertson 21.00

July 1981 Harbord Diggers 14k

1st Mick Halmy 46.28

July 1981 Woodford to Glenbrook 25K

1st Mens Team: Bruce Robertson, Sam Daher, Dave Cox, Charles Coville

June 1982 NSW State Marathon

1st Mens Open (Unregistered Clubs): Neil Plevey, Bruce Usher, Charles Coville

July 1982 Woodford to Glenbrook 25K

1st Mick Halmy 1.20.33

1st Mens Team: Mick Halmy, Robert Harrison, Charles Coville, Dave Cox

1st Veterans Team: Keith Canard, Ray Doran, Richard Cleland, Bryce Courtenay

July 1982 7K Iron Cove Bay Run

1st Neil Plevey 21.55

July 1982 Maryborough Marathon

1st Tony McCall 2.39.30

MARATHON MEASUREMENTS AND SPLITS

23 Striders endured the disappointment of incorrect time splits and the nightmare thoughts of a short course during the 1982 State Marathon.

While we reluctantly can accept short courses or incorrect times for non-marathon events, there is just no excuse for errors in the 42.2km event. "Human error" does not convince me.

Marathon organisers have a responsibility to marathoners for a 100% success in the areas of course measurement and time splits. Back up support in critical areas on race day must overcome any problems. If marathon organisers do not have back up support then they should stick to fun run organising.

Harsh words perhaps, but then consider the sacrifices and dedication made by marathoners in their pursuit of running a marathon.

The marathon is a unique event requiring unique organisation. Bill Rogers maintains that we (including himself) all are humbled by the marathon at some stage (or stages)in our marathon careers. What he meant was negotiating the distance, not the organisation!

THE SYDNEY MARATHON

The Sydney Marathon was short in 1981. I warned members about the course before the event. Once again, I issue a word of warning - the organisation of the event does not instil me with confidence. Hope I'm proved wrong. I personally would not consider running the "Arduous Agostini Fun Run" until he has succeeded in properly organising a 42.2km event.

OUR IMAGE - ON T.V.

It was impressive to view so many Striders in uniform on T.V. on Tuesday 24th August on Channel 0/28 World of Sport.

I readily identified 10 Striders competing in the 1982 N.S.W. State Marathon.

One further advantage to wearing club colours - it's easier to identify oneself (and other Striders) on T.V!

MEMBER CONTRIBUTIONS

The Blister No. 11 has achieved a record number of 20 member contributions. Thanks to all contributories for ensuring that The Blister grows and does not pop!

NEW LETTERHEAD

Having exhausted supplies of our original letterhead, a reprint was necessary. Thanks to Bruce Usher for designing the new letterhead.

Sunday Training Runs and Races Analysis

DATE	VENUE	EVENT	ATTENDANCE
27.6	NSW STATE MARATHON	MAR	23 *
4.7	DIGGERS SCENIC RUN	RACE	24
11.7	WILLOUGHBY WANDER	STAR	29
18.7	WOODFORD TO GLENBROOK	RACE	24
25.7	RANDWICK RUGBY CLUB 22 KM	RACE	34
1.8	ARTARMON AMBLE	STAR	32
8.8	CITY TO SURF	RACE	N/K
15.8	BOBBIN HEAD HUNTER	STAR	30

* This is the number who completed the full marathon. Several club members also ran an "unofficial" half marathon.

* * * * * * *

Only three STARs during this period, but four races plus one marathon which have brought some excellent results for the club. Results of these are detailed elsewhere, but a number of our runners have every right to feel happy with some outstanding performances.

With the Summer Season approaching, our training runs seem to be becoming more and more leisurely, with virtually no one now appearing for the "fast" group. For that reason, the former fast and medium groups will henceforth be starting at the same time, while the 6 min km group will maintain an earlier start - full details on the new itinerary. Also - don't forget the changeover to daylight saving which will mean an adjustment to the alarm clock for the Sunday morning STAR start - but whatever time you get out of bed - Keep On Striding!

... On a Lighter Note ...

EXTRACT FROM THE FESTIVAL CITY RUNNER (NOVEMBER 1980)
JOURNAL OF THE DISTANCE RUNNERS CLUB OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA INC.)

POSITION VACANT
Aid Station Co-ordinator

OK, so you ran the Festival City Marathon. Big deal! Why not next year instead of running, put all that training to good use by volunteering to be the Aid Station Co-ordinator. It's easy. You start along with 5 helpers at midnight on Saturday and you place trestle tables every 3 km all the way to Gawler. When you get to Gawler, you turn around and head back to Adelaide placing water, fruit juice, sponges etc. on the trestle tables. When you arrive in Adelaide, you turn around and go back to Gawler to start picking up the rubbish. Meanwhile, as Co-ordinator, you scream up and down the entire length of the course in a rent-a-truck making sure everything is going smoothly. You get a hell of a shock when you finish at 4.00 pm Sunday afternoon to realise that you have covered such a distance and could have been driving constantly from Adelaide to Melbourne.

The Marathon - it's easy! Brenton Hancock

Wanted

RACE RESULTS

THE BLISTER
NEEDS YOUR
RACE RESULTS!

It is becoming increasingly more difficult to report times and placings of Striders in races.

To research the Pictorial News with its 3369 finishes for Striders results in the Sutherland to Surf was a near impossibility.

Races Sheduled on the Bi-monthly Itinerary

These races are invariably well supported by Striders. Some races do publish full results listing; others do not. Often published results listings are subject to delay (Giant Jog) and therefore are postponed until the following Blister.

Action required

After each race register your time and position (if available) with either Charles Coville (editor), John Evennett (roving reporter) or Brian Colwell. It is not too difficult to find the gathering of the greens even if our banner is not displayed.

Races not Scheduled on the Bi-monthly Itinerary

It is impossible to know who is running in non-scheduled events. Results listings are rarely published.

Action required

Please act as a volunteer reporter. Record any other Strider's results and forward them to the Blister. Relevant additional information required is: Winners (male and female) and times and size of field.

Actually a race report would be most welcome too.

So it's over to you - a little help goes a long way.

Membership

As at 22nd August our Membership stood at 107.

An injury free welcome to our new members who have joined since the last Blister.

NINA BLACKWELL
FRANCIS CHAN
BRYCE COURTENAY
RON FEENEY
CECIL FORD
NELL GERRAGHTY
BRIAN HAYDON
JOHN PLUMMER
TREVOR ROBERTS
ANTHONY SAUERMANN
TOM SMITH
DENIS WEBB
IAN WEBB

Would members please advise the secretary of any changes of address/telephone numbers since the last Blister.

Membership names and addresses are stored in a word processor compliments of Sigma Data. Our thanks to Narelle Behn for regularly updating the masterlist and labels.

Race Review

THE MANLY DAILY GIANT JOG
30 Km PALM BEACH TO MANLY
SUNDAY 13th JUNE

1	Alex Watson	1.42.15
2	Harry Gambrill	1.44.23
	STRIDERS	
3	Neil Plevey	1.46.35
6	Bruce Usher	1.47.34
9	Bill Flanagan	1.49.56
20	Charles Coville	1.56.11
27	Nigel Hadgskiss	1.58.13
31	Steve Cornelius	1.59.09
36	Chris Staples	1.59.57
41	Bernard Cooley	2.01.11
49	Dave Ingham	2.02.25
52	John Evennett	2.03.03
60	Peter Foulsham	2.04.32
66	Ray Doran	2.05.37
69	Trevor Roberts	2.06.00
82	Dave Peterson	2.08.09
89	Laurie King	2.08.47
91	Sue Hill	2.09.01
98	Brian Lynch	2.10.04
105	Max Henderson	2.10.48
107	Winston Marsden	2.10.52
127	Dennis Cooley	2.15.03
128	Leo Leader	2.15.15
135	Bryce Courtenay	2.16.22
153	Gavin Carr	2.18.45
161	Neil Collum	2.19.26
263	Malcolm McDonald	2.45.41
273	Pam Hazlewood	2.53.07
289	Jim Donovan	3.10.00
293	TOTAL NO. OF FINISHERS	

171 TERRY McIVER 2-26-33

APOLOGIES, BRI(NK)MAN!

The writer who, in the last edition of the Blister, accused Brian Lynch of living his whole life on the time-honoured principle of Just Scraping In, wishes to apologise unconditionally and totally. After the writer Just Scraped In at Manly (with less than a minute to go to the 2-hour mark) in the Palm-Beach-to-Manly "Giant Jog", he felt that he could reasonably be accused of calling the kettle black, and took back everything he said about Brian. Well, <u>almost</u> everything.

THE GIANT JOG — Malcolm McDonald

"When I can't do these strange things I'll be ready to die".

These comments were made by a fellow member as we drove to my first club run almost three months ago at Centennial Park. Similar words were again heard early one Sunday morning as we departed from Manly Wharf on a government bus bound for Palm Beach. This time the meaning was quite clear. What could be more different than sitting on a packed bus at 5.45 a.m. on a Sunday morning in the middle of winter? I suppose the fifteen runners that weren't allowed to board would have some suggestions.

For those of us still awake during the journey the main conversation centred on what time the sun was going to rise! Organisation at the start was somewhat chaotic. In future years I'll certainly arrive earlier for registration. The demand for the toilets, however was even more chaotic. The queue extended onto the grass outside with only a few minutes until race time.

<u>Solution:</u> On a cold morning I'm sure community ethics could allow gents to use the Ladies toilet. I did and observed only one lady. She just smiled and sympathised with my problem.

So, with relief I lined up for my longest run with the idea of taking it easy and completing the course. The first few kilometres were marred by impatient drivers around the Palm Beach curves. I was unsure whether to overtake them or run on the leeward side of the carbon monoxide polluting from their exhaust systems.

Running up the hill from Avalon really set the body into motion. At this point there seemed to be a surge of runners from behind. I could only assume they were on the end of the queue back at the gents.

The scenery, particularly during the first 15 kilometres, was beautiful. In fact I was enjoying it so much my mind wasn't really on how I was running. As I anticipated the last 6 kilometres proved to be the most arduous. Fortunately there were others in the same predicament and this helped to keep me going. The drink spots at the 24 kilometre and 27 kilometre marks were greatly appreciated. Why the large sponges? I didn't need a shower!

The final run along the Corso seemed like 30 kilometres. I estimated 600 metres to the finish and started counting. This proved most valuable to convince the legs not to quit. Even though I was still 100 metres short after counting to 600 I crossed the line and achieved my aim.

Preparation for this run was spasmodic. My Sunday mornings with the club and shorter runs during the week served as a build up. A "run" up and around Ayers Rock was also included in the programme. Actually the hill at Dee Why somewhat reminded me of Ayers Rock. I expected to see chains at any time!

Thanks to the Sydney Striders for giving me the opportunity to participate in these "strange" activities. I only hope that more people would share in these events: the anticipation at the start, comradeship during the run and the sense of achievement at the end.

PALM BEACH TO MANLY "GIANT JOG" - NEIL PLEVEY

I was up at 4.30 a.m. and spent 10 minutes under a hot shower to help me relax. As I dressed, I reviewed my race plan.

Warm-up for the first two Kms and gradually put the foot right to the floor. The time of 1 hour 50 mins was my aim but I would not be disappointed if I ran slower.

First problem - the car had a flat battery. A quick push, a clutch start and I was away.

After arriving at Palm Beach and completing my entry, I encountered my second problem. To toilet paper in the Loo. I looked up to see that someone had kindly stuck the the centre page spread from Playboy magazine to the back of the door. Second problem resolved.

From the race start, I stuck to my plan. By Avalon, I had already passed runners and my pacing was good.

At Newport, I tucked in behind Bill Flanagan and another runner who was courageously sticking to him. Bill and I ran in tandem style for quite some time with Bill in front doing the hard stuff.

At Narrabeen, we had moved into sixth and seventh placing respectively. I moved passed Bill in pursuit of the fifth placed runner.

Approaching Dee Why hill I couldn't believe my eyes. There were three runners about 100m ahead. Bruce Usher was part of the trio.

I caught Bruce first at the last "Drink Station" and kept just out of hearing of the other two for about a Km. With 2Km to go, I kicked hard past them to open up a big a break as possible.

The run down the Manly promenade was very fast and I felt good at the finish.

My time was very pleasing but I'm determined not to get carried away. One good 30Km run does not necessarily make a good Marathon.

Thanks to Bill Flanagan for pulling me through a flat spot and some very helpful training hints.

Congratulations to Steve Cornelius on his great performance.

Social Activities

FILM NIGHT

The film night was held on June 23rd prior to the State Marathon. The original idea was to provide the opportunity to meet socially and perhaps 'psyche-up' before the Sunday run!

The evening was well attended (approx. 64) and seemed to be enjoyed by all present, especially those who recognised themselves in the masses in the City To Surf documentary from 1981. I believe one or two present also saw themselves in either the '80 or '81 Honolulu Marathon. The Montreal Olympics Marathon documentary was also screened.

The highlight of the evening was the entertaining and very interesting 'question and answers' session conducted by our special guest, Laurie Whitty. Laurie handled the questions with ease and answered with humour, catering for all grades of runners. I would like to take this opportunity to thank Laurie for giving us the benefit of meeting with him and I'm sure I can speak on behalf of all Striders in wishing Laurie a very successful running career.

From the response seen to the session conducted by Laurie, similar session and the opportunity to meet our top athletes should be a regular inclusion in our running calendar.

My thanks to all who attended and made the evening the success I believe it was, and, special thanks to Bill Flanagan for the videos, Peter Pigott for taking care of refreshments and Sydney Hospital for providing the venue.

Lynne Evans

Marathon Review

COMMODORE COMPUTERS N.S.W. MARATHON CHAMPIONSHIP
HOLSWORTHY ARMY CAMP - SUNDAY 27th JUNE 1982

1	Ingyou Nam	2.17.15	Korea
2	Ian Graves	2.23.54	Sutherland
3	Steve Montague	2.23.55	-
122	Patricia Marshall	2.54.10	Sydney Marathon Clinic

STRIDERS

27	Neil Plevey	2.37.24	P.B. by 19.22
30	Bruce Usher	2.38.53	
68	Charles Coville	2.46.56	P.B. by 1.57
122	Ray Doran	2.54.10	P.B. by 5.13
137	Steve Cornelius	2.55.31	P.B. by 7.29
138	Dave Ingham	2.55.32	P.B. by 2.47
145	Nigel Hadgkiss	2.56.17	
163	Max Henderson	2.58.22	Novice
178	Sue Hill	3.00.08	
194	Brian Lynch	3.02.01	
195	Winston Marsden	3.02.08	Novice
196	Richard Cleland	3.02.16	Novice
212	Dave Peterson	3.04.53	P.B. by 14.07
242	Ivan Freys	3.09.20	
246	Gavin Carr	3.09.36	
263	Russell Hammond	3.12.19	P.B. by 1.34
344	Robert Blackwell	3.25.56	Novice
348	Lynne Evans	3.26.06	P.B. by 0.25
385	Richard Bevan	3.33.13	
400	Laurie King	3.37.03	
402	Craig Welch	3.37.30	Novice
435	Bernard Cooley	3.47.28	
450	Pam Hazlewood	3.57.01	Novice

489 TOTAL NO. OF FINISHERS

NON-REGISTERED CLUBS (OPEN)

1st Sydney Striders (Neil Plevey, Bruce Usher, Charles Coville)

30 - 39 FEMALES

2nd Sue Hill

N.S.W. STATE TEAM - FEMALE RESERVE

Lynne Evans

STATE MARATHON - June 27, 1982.

Pamela Hazlewood

I was delighted to be asked by Charles to write an article for the Blister on my first marathon experience but on the other hand I felt rather humble as to what I could possibly contribute with a time that far exceeded most other Striders. With encouragement from Dot and other members of our "slow" group who had not yet attempted a marathon, I felt maybe I had something to offer.

BACKGROUND

I started running 15 months ago when I decided to run in the 1981 City to Surf. After completing the necessary training which I thoroughly enjoyed I felt I wanted to continue running with a little more effort and distance. The next event was the Striders Half Marathon which I trained for approximately 2 months, averaged approximately 50km per week and finished in 115 minutes.

After receiving all the informative literature from Striders I decided to join and attempt a marathon with their guidance.

TRAINING

I began training 8 weeks prior to the marathon averaging 82km per week. My aim was 100km but I just did not seem to be able to have sufficient time. My training consisted of a Star run on Sunday and another long run mid-week, then the rest of the week consisted of 10-20km runs. I attempted the 30km Palm Beach to Manly Giant Jog and finished in 2 hours and 57 minutes, not such a great time but I was pleased at the condition in which I finished which gave me a little encouragement for the marathon.

THE RUN

With the help of Striders I had my splits worked out to finish in 3 hours and 59 minutes which I aimed to achieve.

At 8 am I felt numb probably because it was 7 degrees although I really wonder whether I was feeling anything except wondering what on earth I was doing there. After the first mile I realised I was running much too fast and slowed down to my comfortable 5 minute pace. I then met 2 other runners who were trying to achieve the same time so we paced and encouraged each other and felt extremely comfortable up to 32 kms. At this time I was on my own and began to feel pain gradually surge up into my legs (something which I had never experienced before). I kept on running trying to ignore this but instead it gradually got worse until I was totally unaware of time, distance and splits. The only thing that was paramount in my mind was to finish, no matter what. As I turned the last corner and vaguely saw the finish, I put every effort I had into finishing not really knowing whether I would achieve my goal. Much to my delight I heard Dot call out 3 hours and 56 minutes- keep going you will make 4 hours. My time was 3 hours and 57 minutes.

CONCLUSION

Within a day I was analysing the run and how I could improve my time. My training should have started 12 weeks prior to the marathon and my average weekly distance should have been closer to 100km. To improve my time I need some fast short runs as all my running has been at the same pace.
Many thanks to all fellow Striders who encouraged me throughout the run and especially Dot and Bob whose company I look forward to each Sunday.

THE 1982 N.S.W. STATE MARATHON by Neil Plevey

GOALS First, to prepare myself to a level where I would run 26 "strong" miles. Second, to improve my State Marathon time later on at Wagga.

TRAINING Thanks to some ankle advice from Bill Hunter and the company of Keith Leggett, I managed to complete the Nike Marathon. That provided the base on which to build. The next three weeks were spent on holidays. Training was regular but on a casual basis; mostly beach jogging, waterslides, with some daily repetitions between the balcony chair and the fridge.

With holidays over, I consulted my calendar. I had eight weeks, or nine Sunday runs, to knock myself into shape. As the weeks went by, the mileage increased. Training pace was rarely under 4½ minutes per km, the exception being my only "speed" workouts, the 3000m and 5000m runs at the Vets each Thursday night. I always ran these flat out, with the emphasis on even pacing.

To avoid becoming stale, I added variation each week. Nothing too drastic, some hill--work, running courses the opposite way, occasional double sessions, adding to and subtracting from courses etc. All of this was aimed at achieving consistency.

My two most important sessions were my "longer" runs. The first was a 35 km "Mini--STAR" run with the Inner-West Sub-Branch of the Striders, i.e. Messrs. Garrett, Blackwell, Welch and a fellow named Henry. The second was a 37 km run by myself. Both runs provided stamina and self-discipline and were done 4 and 5 weeks before the marathon. At the end of the programme, I had averaged 70 miles per week.

PRE-RACE PLAN The Palm-Beach-to-Manly run indicated a 2:35 was possible. But every--thing would need to go as perfectly as it did that day. I studied my diary and decided anything around 2:40 would be OK. I was more intent on running both halves at the same pace.

THE RACE The first kilometre came up in 3:40. At the 5 km mark, the pace was still 3:40 and I was settling into a smooth rhythm. At the first turn-around, my legs started to develop stiffness in the calves region. This stiffness stayed with me during the remainder of the run and I could only put it down to the cold weather. The cold also played havoc with my bladder. Around 20 km, I followed Alan Bachelor into the bushes for a pit-stop. We exchanged pleasantries and resumed the race.

Passing the start/finish mark, I heard John Jeston call out "This isn't halfway!". My watch read 73 minutes. "The little bugger's right", I thought. No need to worry. They'll fix it up somehow. Halfway or not, the race was just beginning for me. I began to push a bit harder.

Approaching the modified turnaround for the last time, I saw Bruce Usher about ½ km ahead. Also, I noticed that a lot of the other Striders didn't seem all that far behind. Maybe I wasn't going to break 2:40 after all. The best course of action was to pull my finger out and find a faster pace. Pam Hazelwood managed a smile once again as I passed her on the way home. What a great effort, I thought.

With that long straight out of the way for the last time, I relaxed and felt quite good. I passed Bruce with 2 km to go and headed for home. Into the finishing straight, a steady surge and across in 2:37:24.

Thanks to Stuart Greaves for pushing me up the last hill. Also thanks to Robert Harrison for his unselfish act. Coming down the final straight, he was encouraging me to beat his own time. Both were examples of true club spirit.

Congratulations to all other Striders for their performances, and thanks for your encouragement during the run. No, I really can't sign off without mentioning those P.B.'s by "Cabbie Cornelius, Drinker Doran and Chuck Coville" — all great runs.

STATE MARATHON 1982 - by Ray (Deadlegs) Doran

The State Marathon was to be my second and hopefully my best this year, as I didn't want to do any long mileage in the summer heat to prepare for the "Nike" in Canberra.

My first marathon this year was at Campbelltown, where I had the same trouble with cramps over the last three or four miles as I had in my first marathon last year at Gillawarra.

Preparation for the State was made easier by a temporary transfer of employment close to Centennial Park which enabled me to do some extra mileage during my lunch hours. Maximum mileage reached 78 miles three weeks prior to the Marathon followed by 68 miles the next week and very few miles in the last week which concluded with a very easy six miles on Wednesday. I had planned a short run on Thursday, but following the film night at Sydney Hospital, which included an informative talk by the guest of honour Laurie Whitty, I decided the rest would be of more benefit, also his advice of no beer within 48 hours and to hydrate with extra water was painfully adhered to. An extra thought was to suck glucose sweets before and during the run which kept my mouth and throat from becoming uncomfortably dry as on my two previous Marathons, also I thought the glucose before and during the race would delay fatigue or at least speed recovery after the run and maybe eliminate cramps in those last few miles.

The morning on the big day was, after a very cold start, perfect weather for the task in hand. The start, for me, was a very leisurely one and continued in this fashion for the first few miles. This was a change of tactics for me. The halfway mark (I think) was passed still at a comfortable pace, but with calf muscles tight and sore, and this kept the thought of cramps very prominent.

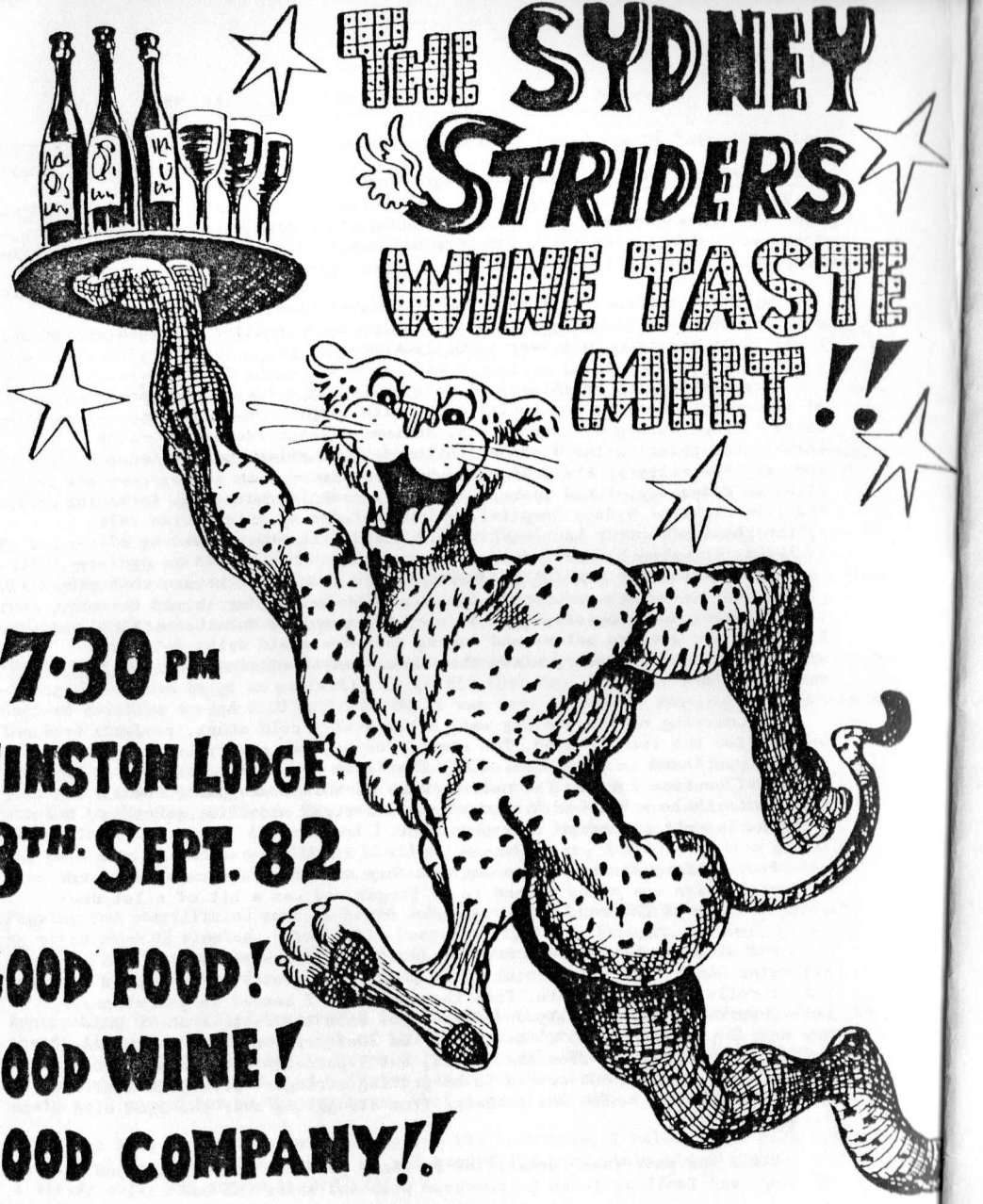
From halfway to the ¾ turn was run very steadily, although the extra kilometer which was added seemed to be longer and was a bit of a let down at that stage of the run.

The distance between the turnaround and the drink station at 35 kilometer was a real drag mentally and physically, but after a cup of flat coke I collected my thoughts. From that point on I seemed to get stronger both physically and mentally and really got into the race. I don't know how many I passed from 35 kilometer to the last drink station which was about 3 or 4 kilometer from the finish, but I passed 9 other competitors in that last section and seemed to be getting stronger from 35 kilometer to the finish line which was a change from struggling over the line with cramped muscles.

After the post race formalities it was a pleasure to have a bunch of happy and familiar faces to converse with and share the odd can.

Congratulations to Neil Plevey, Bruce Asher and Charles Coville for their great effort in winning the teams trophy. There are many more of these in store for Sydney Striders which should keep the competition among our top runners very keen.

To sum up I think the reason for my improved run was mainly due to slower but much longer mileage on training runs. Next year I hope to get that mileage up to 100 miles at peak and perhaps reduce that 2.54 to a sub 2.50.



R.S.V.P., A.S.A.P.

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N.S.W. STATE MARATHON

IVAN FREYS

It is now 2 years since my first and only Marathon and I thought I had again blown my chances of running so I decided I would settle on a half marathon.

I had the flu for 5 weeks (certificate to prove it) and only a moderate time leading up to the run. During the week prior to the marathon I attended the film night which was a resounding success (did anyone take notes?) and even won a 5 mile handicap on Friday, only to be disqualified.

With no anxiety I slept beautifully on Saturday night, in fact I slept in, 8 minutes to seven. Hell! the marathon starts at eight. So I jump out of bed, plead with my wife Genevieve to make breakfast for me whilst I shower ....etc, I leave home at 7.25 am and arrive at Holsworthy at 5 minutes to eight, thats OK, last year I had one minute to spare after my car caught fire passing through Liverpool.

As I join the line I run into some other Striders and supporters. I'm barely through announcing that I am only going halfway when the gun/cannon goes off. Luckily I quickly find two friends Geoff and Dick from Central Gardens to run with, the first mile goes past in 8.04.

At about the 10K mark after persistent bagging about only going halfway and having exhausted all excuses (I havn't trained properly, had time to put vaseline on etc...) I begin to think, well I do feel OK, maybe I could run the full distance if I ran slow enough and it would be great to own a T-shirt with marathon finisher on it.

More to the point, cheering on by Striders not running and supporters was so encouraging that I decided to run the full distance. My thanks to every one of them.

Halfway in 1hr 39.12 but then wait on another 1K later what is going on! Further into the marathon I find myself running with Geoff having left Dick behind but with about 17K to go Geoff is starting to feel the pinch so in the true spirit of the Marathon I decide to leave him for dead.

From now on I am continually passing people Lyn Evans complains of a stitch (I can't repeat what she said) Laurie King is reduced to a walk he can't run without pain, but with about 10K to go I realize I have left my run too late. I have no hope of breaking 3 hours (only 29 minutes to go) so I stop to a walk and decide to a have a long drink.

Rejuvinated I commence running again and find to my complete surprise that I am not only running very strongly but also running about 38 minutes for the last 10K. In a big finishing spurt I passed Gavin from the Striders and swept past 5-6 other runners to finish in 3hrs 9mins 20 secs. I had no idea I would feel so fresh after 42.2 K.

Looking back at my run I calculated I had run the first half in 1hr 44 coming home the last half in 1hr 25. My training average of 26.5 miles per week leading up to the marathon gave no indication I would run so well. I can only speculate that my training with the Striders (STARS) had a large bearing on my run and having watched so many Striders improve out of sight following the Sunday "STARS" I am sure there is a lesson here.

As it turned out I never did receive that T-shirt, however just finishing that Marathon has raised my confidence so much I am really looking forward to my next, maybe the big M.

Max Henderson.

No doubt we all have different reasons for running a marathon and in my case I ran the event to see if I could personally discipline myself to a training programme. Notwithstanding this, I have also formed an interest in Sports Medicine in particular cardio vascular exercise and its effect on longevity - both my parents having died of heart disease at 56 and 63 years.

Over the past 6 years I have been running approximately 15-20km per week, by way of orienteering and social running. I believed I could probably run about 3 hrs 30 mins with about 6 weeks training having regard to friends performances who had attempted and finished other marathons. My introduction to the Striders came by the way of the Half Marathon in Lane Cove which I trained for 2 weeks and achieved a 99 minute time. I was impressed with the organisation of the run and the literature that accompanied the certificate crystalised my thoughts to attempt my first.

My running programme for the 7 weeks prior was as follows:-

W/Ending	15/5	22/5	29/5	5/6	12/6	19/6	26/6
Sunday (first)	25s	34s	32s	30s	34s	30s	25s
Monday	10s	8s	10s	10s	10s	4s	10s
Tuesday		10f	10s	15s	10f	13s	10s
Wednesday	12s	8s	18s	19s	11s	17s	
Thursday	10f	22s		9.4f	9.4f	9.4f	9.4f
Friday	11s	10f	11s	7f	4s		
Saturday	8s		14.4f	10s		14.4f	
Total	76km	92km	95.4km	100.4km	78.4km	83.8km	54.4km

A few statistics

Average Kilometres per week	88
Percentage of fast runs	10
Number of books read on running, aerobics, foods etc.	4
Ailments experienced during training period - everything all in the last week prior to the event.	
Weight loss during training	16lbs

Previous Longest Runs:-

City to Surf or 12km Orienteering
Half Marathon
30km Giant Jog
Star runs of 25-34km.

I had decided after discussion with Charles Colville and having consideration for my 30km Palm Beach time of 2.10 that I would attempt splits for a 3.09 finish with a half way of 1.32. In fact I passed the half way in 1.29 and was feeling great without any exertion, I even felt I had perhaps run a little too slowly.

The third quarter of the event was no doubt most exhilarating and the greatest pleasure I have ever had in running. I believe I found that natural high that is often spoken about and the feeling that I could run forever. During this time I passed possibly 40-50 runners including Sue Hill who told me that I was going well and would break 3 hours - the encouragement was fantastic and seemed to wetten my appetite to run a little faster. I held back believing the worst was yet to come. At about 32km on the extension of the new road I was beginning to feel muscle tiredness and some strain.

By 35km I realised I was into it and only guts and perseverance would carry me through. The last hill was complete agony and pain but the thrill and excitement of my first marathon being under 3 hours was before me and I was not going to lose that for the sake of a "busted" body. I pressed on and finished in 2.58.22 sec.

My thanks to Winston Marsden who paced me for the first 20km and held me back to enable me to complete.

NSW MARATHON - June 27, 1982 Craig Welch

It was a little difficult to imagine what I was doing standing here with 649 other freezing idiots at a time when on a Sunday morning, all sensible people were sitting in bed with a cup of tea and the morning newspaper. In fact, it was only a little over a year ago that I had decided that this was the year when I really would get to run in the City to Surf, and made a start by going for a gentle jog of about 2km every second day or so.

I made it to the City to Surf, and at about that time, having covered the enormous distance of 14km without actually injuring anything or collapsing with a heart attack, started to make (deliberately) non - specific plans for a marathon at some time in the distant future. Over the next few months I entered several fun runs of about 10km, and thought I was doing fairly well, although speed was not my forte. Then in March this year I heard about a half marathon being held in the Lane Cove River Park. That seemed like a good sort of event to begin the wind up to the full distance. I entered, and it was only a day or so before the event, when I tried to talk Dwight Nelson at work into entering, that I discovered that he could not do so, as he was a member of the club that was organizing it, the Striders.

I enjoyed the half marathon. I had never run that sort of distance before (previous maximum being the 14km of the City to Surf), my usual distance being the 7km around Iron Cove,, near home. My time was 99.55, and I figured that it was respectable enough to have a serious attempt at a marathon. The next week I joined the throngs in Centennial Park for a Striders run, and discovered 'group running'. Another personal distance record, as I did the 24km short option on the City Scramble. I joined the club shortly thereafter, and started to increase my mid-week distance at the same time.

At this time I was thinking mainly of the 2nd Sydney marathon, although there were bad reports from the 1st one, and the type of course was not appealing. The list in the Blister showed me the NSW marathon in June, and I thought that might be the one. Training prospects were improved when, sitting around Bill Hunter's pool after a Bobbin Head STAR, I started talking with Robert Blackwell and Peter Garrett, both of whom live nearby, and we agreed to meet at alternating homes on Wednesday nights for a run. This became a regular event, with runs of 20-25km, and Sunday morning runs when there was no STAR.

The distance was creeping up, although no-where near the weekly total that I should have liked for a marathon. In fact my highest week of about 130km was only 2 weeks prior to the event. Two weeks prior to that, I didn't think I would be entering the event at all. Near the end of a 30km Sunday run with Rob and Peter, I started to acquire some soreness in my right Achilles tendon. It did not go away, so I did not run for the next week. It seemed OK, so I had two short runs on the weekend, and it came back, but worse than before. I had

another week without running. The marathon was now only 3 weeks away, so I had completely written off any hopes of running. I ran 10km on Saturday, and the pain was still there, but did not get any worse while I ran. Throwing caution to the winds I ran with Robert and Peter on Sunday, and again it did not get any worse (or better). I did about 20km. Cheered up by the fact that I wasn't getting any worse (perverse runner's logic?) I then embarked on the 130km week mentioned before..... and my leg got better (moral in there?).

Then followed an easy week with a few quiet jogs, and plenty of carbo-hydrate loading (in other words I ate like I always do, only more).

Thence to the marathon. Robert Blackwell was running, and like me it was his first, with about a $3\frac{1}{2}$ hour target. Off we went to the roar of the cannon, and settled nicely into a 4:50 pace. The first section out went nicely, most of it spent peering into the lens of the Channel 0 camera which was travelling in a station wagon just ahead of us. We were a few seconds ahead of our planned rate for 15km, but feeling very comfortable, with no thoughts of slowing down until the 15km time call itself. At this point we found out that we had actually made up 5 whole minutes. Amazed at the sudden gift of speed which had been bestowed upon us, we were planning to slow down a little if only to give the other runners a chance. Then the realization dawned that the time check was at the wrong spot. (Reading this, it probably took you about a quarter of a second to work that out. At the time, suffering from a lack of oxygen, I think it took about 5 minutes to work out.)

We didn't get the whole story until we were back to half way, when an official told us that we had been turned at the wrong point at the far end of the course, and that the real half way point was another kilometre down the road. Groan. Just then we passed Bill Hunter, who called out that he had left his sick bed to run here. I replied that we were doing it the other way around. Out again to the far end of the course. We passed my wife Margaret and Robert's wife Nina who, stationed about half way out along the main section with their battery of cameras, drinks and concerned enquiries as to our welfare provided a psychological lift each time we passed. The turning point had of course been moved further down the road to make up for last time, and correct the total distance. Groan again. A little way before this Robert began to speed up. I was puzzled by this, especially as one of his knees had begun to hurt some distance before. It took me a little while to realize that he was in fact running at the same pace, and that I was slowing down. This figured, as I was now nearing the 30km mark, and I hadn't really had enough runs at that distance to help me tough it out. Robert went on despite a worsening knee to finish in 3:26. For me, the run was now starting to get very hard. No more thoughts about pace, just about finishing. I shuffled along, thinking only of the drink station, then of the next drink station, then of the finish. I got over the line in 3:37:30. Margaret was there to greet me, and she thought I was dis-orientated as I handed in my time and picked up my T-shirt. Five minutes later however, I was feeling pretty good. The next day I had minimal leg soreness, and a bit of abrasion between the legs.

Well, that was the first one. Do it again? Of course. Margaret thinks I'm a little crazy, and I don't think it would be fair to dis-illusion her at this stage by proving her wrong and giving away this running quirk.

... On a Lighter Note ...

"THE ENGLISHMAN'S CASTLE AND VULGAR ABUSE".

("The Australian Accountant", June 1982).

"In "The Times" of 19 March, 1982 there appears a report of the case of Snook v Mannion under the heading "Vulgarity — No Rebuttal of Licence to Enter". In short, Mr. Snook told two police officers to "f... off" when they came on to his land. The question for the decision was whether Mr. Snook wished the officers to leave his land, upon which they had an implied licence to enter determinable upon the request of Mr. Snook the owner.

The Court held that Mr. Snook was merely engaging in vulgar abuse and had not requested the police to leave his property.

Hence if you wish the police (whose rights in this regard are no greater than those of other citizens) to stay off your land, you must revoke their implied licence to come on to such land in order to conduct legitimate business or conver-sation with you as occupier. You can do this in advance by erecting a notice such as "All Citizens Keep Out" or (if you wish to be more selective) "Police Keep Out". If you have not done this then you can terminate the implied licence by a clear expression of intention. It is not one's aim here to analyse the meaning of the vernacular phrase used by Mr. Snook, but it would seem that it is not an uncommon expression which, on the face of it, does indicate a desire that the person addressed go away. The mere fact that it is expressed in strong language does not mean that it is merely abusive. It is strange to contemplate that while the words "go away" must necessarily be construed by the Courts as conveying an intention to police officers that they should leave the premises, the much stronger expression used by Mr. Snook was construed purely as "vulgar abuse". Apparently the more direct, the more colourful, and the more clear the language used, the less effective it is in law."

Editor's note:
The relevance of the article is that motorists indulging in colourful comment against runners may merely be requesting them to get out of the way, rather than keeping them off the roads.

Wanted

SWEATY PHOTOGRAPHS!

The Blister strives for improvement with each edition. Consequently, you are welcome to submit photographs for the next Blister (and future editions), sweaty or otherwise.

A 3-HOUR MARATHON, AND ABOUT TIME TOO!

THE 1982 N.S.W. STATE MARATHON — by Steve Cornelius

This article concerns itself more with the psychological approach to a marathon than with specifics on training, diet, exercises, stretching, carbo-loading etc. This is for two reasons: firstly, my approach to the six marathons I have run has usually been rather haphazard, with no definitely formulated training schedule to follow, no huge distances covered in the preceding weeks, and very little pasta the night before; and secondly, as this particular marathon came closer, the psychological implications of it began to seem more and more dominant, reducing mere physical considerations to a relatively unimportant level.

Briefly, my training usually consists of about 70 km a week, including the STAR run every Sunday with the Striders. I don't do fartlek, I don't do sprints, I don't do repetitions, I don't run madly up and down sand-dunes, I don't lift weights, I don't even do stretching exercises before or after running. I just run, period. The distance per week doesn't usually vary much, whether I'm preparing for a marathon or not. The only two things that do characterise my training are (1) I don't reduce my weekly distance in January and February just because it's hot; I don't care if it's 42°, I'm still going to get my daily run in; and (2) I don't run any slower just because the road happens to go uphill; in this respect, the area in which I live has served me well, because unless you want to choke on carbon monoxide along the Pacific Highway, it just isn't possible to take a flat training run from my front door.

70 km, I realise, isn't a hell of a lot to be running marathons on, but time has always been short, and although I've often tried to make time to run more, it has never seemed possible. Perhaps I'll hit optimum training distance the day I retire. As things stand, I have to compensate for lack of distance with psychological application to the task in hand. One of the most valuable techniques, I find, is regular breathing: an inward breath lasts 2 steps, the corresponding outward breath lasts 2 more steps, whether I'm speeding up towards the end of a race or just jogging at the start, whether it's 42° or freezing point, whether it's on the flat or a 1-in-2 gradient. As long as that rhythm isn't broken, there's a semi-trance-like state that can be achieved and maintained throughout a race. But I find that if the breathing becomes haphazard, the 4-step cycle is broken, and concentration starts to fall apart.

Psychologically, the 1982 State Marathon was the one that I HAD to do in under 3 hours. My first marathon had been an experiment, my second a slow consolidation-run, my third a bitter disappointment (the notorious inaugural Sydney Marathon, where I had run well enough to just beat 3 hours, only to find the course shortened by an indeterminate amount), my fourth a disaster in which I fell apart badly in the last 5 km, and my fifth (this year's Canberra Marathon) a personal best in 3:03:00 but leaving me a little disappointed not to beat the magic "3".

On this occasion there was no escape from it: I'd been trying to beat 3 hours, either positively or vaguely, for well over a year, and it had come to the stage where the psychological obstacle was beginning to dwarf everything else, to the detriment of my running performances and my enjoyment of the sport. It had to be got out of the way this time, so that I could start enjoying running for its own sake again. Perhaps the most encouraging run in the previous weeks was the Palm-Beach-to-Manly, which (although dismally organised) provided me with a great boost when I managed to break 2 hours (I "did a Lynch" in 1:59:09). I fronted up at Holsworthy a fortnight later with only one intention; there was no reason to be there, shivering at the

start-line, if I wasn't going to have a bash at 3 hours.

I remember reading once, in a book or runners' magazine, about the "tyranny of round numbers". We do allow them to get on top of us, whether in terms of training distances (if you've done 99 km in the week, the likelihood is you'll jog ½ a km down the road and back again, just to bring up the magic round 100) or race times (why does a mile in 4:01 sound so much inferior to the same mile in 3:59, when the effort put into both is almost equal?). Why should the 3-hour marathon mean anything special, when it just happens to be an accident of the way we designed our time-measurement scale? If the day were divided into 10 equal periods, instead of 24, the strategic time for the marathon would be what we now call 2:24, a time which at present, with hours being measured as they are, has no significance whatsoever. Nevertheless, that's the way it is; you can't get away from the dominating influence of these arbitrary round numbers, so you are left with the problem of devising the best psychological ploys to beat them.

At Canberra, I had run the first 32 km with Brinkman Lynch, cutting it very fine all the way in a half-hearted attempt at 3 hours. At every distance marker, we were only about 1 minute inside 3-hour pace (89 minutes at the half-way point, for example) with virtually no allowance for the inevitable fade, and as it turned out for me at least, it wasn't good enough. Brinkman infact ploughed on like a machine to break 3 hours by 5 seconds, but then he was blissfully unencumbered by a watch on that occasion, and couldn't make out why people were screaming at him to "sprint" down the final stretch ("silly buggers", was his considered comment, "I couldn't have sprinted to save my life"). Meanwhile, I had faded, not badly, but enough to destroy any thought of beating 3 hours. Clearly, different tactics would have to be employed in the State Marathon.

I set out to run the first half in 1:27 at the latest, starting with my usual 2 km jog, then settling into race-pace. Things went comfortably until 15 km, when the time-caller gave me "57 minutes", and I knew something was askew. It's amazing how many people will believe the time-calls and distance-markers implicitly, even when they are obviously and demonstrably wrong. I just don't run 5 km sections in 16½ minutes, so I began to rely more on my own watch and inner sense of pace than on the time-calls. The 20km point was also misplaced, and when I ran through the start-finish point in 1:21, I was on the brink of withdrawing from the race. As I said, there was only one reason I had even bothered to front up, and if it was going to be another "Sydney Marathon", I just wasn't interested in knocking myself about for another 20 km. Luckily, someone noticed that I was looking very puzzled, and yelled out that the second "half" was longer. And about 1 km down the track stood a bloke with a watch, claiming to be the halfway marker, whose position and time-call (1:26) tallied with his claim. If it hadn't been for these two people, I would definitely have dropped out.

As it was, I carried on at much the same pace, and at the 30 km mark (2:03) the distances seemed to have sorted themselves out. Passing the 35 km mark in 2:23½, I knew that it was becoming a question of just keeping running, at any pace as long as I didn't walk. There was plenty of room for a fade, and therefore the psychological burden of "cutting it fine" had been lifted from me. My mind was left free to concentrate on the complexities of the fade, and how to beat the pain which always sets in during the high 30's (kms, not years!), without being cluttered up with useless figures, calculations, splits, times, multiplications, swimming about in the brain-box. It was simple: it wasn't a case of "run at this pace or that pace", it reduced, as I said, to just "keep running".

Dot Flanagan was lurking around 39 km, and offered the opinion that I'd "probably

catch" another Strider who was just up ahead. In fact, I didn't feel as if I could have caught cold at that point, but I tried my best to believe her and soldiered on. Thanks, Dot. A few minutes later I knew I had succeeded: the 40 km mark, always a good mental boost, passed by in 2:45. Good grief, I could crawl the rest in less than a quarter of an hour.

Up the hill (oh, that hill!) and across the line in 2:55:31, totally stoked to have made it at last, arms whirling in a semblance of Swedish-drill, too excited to even get the right size tee-shirt! At last I could stop filling my head with ruddy figures every time I hit the road, and at last I could get back to just running.

Thanks are due to all the Striders who muttered an encouraging word or two as they passed, out there on the course (double-out-and-backs are great in that they enable you to see your clubmates every now and again), the injured Striders on the side-lines without whose friendly words it wouldn't have been possible. Thanks to Dot Flanagan, for the encouraging word where it mattered most, at 39 km, and to Jim Donovan, for capturing my delighted face on film in the finishing straight. Congratulations to other Striders for some stunning performances — if I had to pick out a couple it would be Messrs Plevey and Marsden, the former for beating his P.B. by an unbelievable 20 minutes, and the second for running 3:02, a very strong performance for his first marathon (I don't think he'll be taking a year and a half to crack three hours!).

MY FIRST MARATHON - THE 1982 STATE by Winston Marsden

Prior to joining Sydney Striders in 1981, I had run in City to Surf type races since 1972. I had never run more than 20km and considered 40 km per week a full training program. I had been instrumental in getting NEIL COLLUM into running, so he had returned the dare and suggested that I join SYDNEY STRIDERS and become a legitimate runner.

During the 1981 winter, I ran only the short star courses and found that 25km was my stamina limit. In previous years, I had never run at all through the summer sailing season but in 1981/82, I ran twice per week and thus maintained some condition and minimum weight gain. In March this year, I started training runs of 11km, 3 to 4 times per week. In April I rejoined the STRIDERS on Sundays and ran four medium star courses. In May I then ran my first star over 30km on the tough Bobbin Head course. At the end of this run, I was very weary but it gave me the first spark of confidence in being able to run the 42km distance. I then ran all the 30km star runs each Sunday right up to the State.

The Manly Great Jog and the City Scramble, the weekend before, both boosted my confidence as I finished both runs with something in reserve. My total weekly training runs for the 12 weeks prior to the State were 48km, 46, 50, 64, 71, 60, 70, 65, 54, 54, 101 and 28km (taper).

During June, I "teamed up" with Max Henderson at the stars and we found out we had a lot in common. We were both novices, the same age and ran about the same pace. The advantages of team running were further confirmed when we ran together at the Manly Giant Jog, so we decided to tackle our first marathon on the same basis.

My pre-race preparation consisted of three light runs, with the last on Thursday night. I indulged in a large feed of spaghetti on both Friday and Saturday nights. I had nothing to eat on Sunday morning which was my usual procedure before star runs.

My race warm-up consisted of staying wrapped up in track suit and blanket for as long as possible prior to the start.

The weather on race day was better than perfect - cold, fine and no wind.

I moved into the starting area with Max and chatted to some fellow striders. The canon erupted and we were off -- but where was Max? (The best laid plans of mice and men!) With very few runners behind me, I slowly moved through the ranks until I eventually caught up with Max at 1 km. From then on, we settled into a comfortable pace.

My objectives were clear. (1) Finish the race and (2) Run all the way. I considered that a 3.10 pace would be ideal. However, Max had other ideas. We went through the 1 mile call at just over 7 minutes but it became clear after 5km that we were running close to a 3.00 rate. We both agreed that we were comfortable at this pace so we trotted on to the chatter and wisecracks of the runners around us. We slowly overtook runners between 5km and 15km and along the way we picked up Brian Lynch who then made up a trio.

After 15km it was obvious that Max was keen to bolt and when he and Brian attacked the hill at 19k (?) I eased back and let them run clear. I had decided not to push at all in the first 30 k as I had no idea of how much I would fade (or flop). We passed the finish point (about 20km) in 1.25 plus so I knew I only had to keep going to run a fair time. Over the next 10km, I passed slowing runners. However, one young fellow tagged on to me and I appreciated his company for about 5 km. He had only trained sparingly and his longest run was 25 km. He complained of "nipple chafe" and I thought that before he went much further, that would be the least of his problems. He dropped off just before the "Congo line" through the housing estate at the extended turn around point. This section must have been despairing for many tired runners.

At about 33km my legs started to get sore but my energy level still felt OK. From then on my leg condition deteriorated. Just after the 35km watering hole I started to get nerve "explosions" in my calves which really startled me. Fortunately they soon dissipated but were replaced with increasing muscle pain. Luckily, I noticed Brian Lynch ahead who had also been burnt off by Max, so I slowly inched up to his side. From then on it was a case of hanging on and "biting the bullet". The last drink stand came up and the sponging was now a brief but thankful pause. I only took a few mouthfuls of water, which I had done at every other stop.

At the 39km mark, we were just nine minutes from the three hours. Runners around us, who were aiming at sub-threes, were now frantically talking of 4 minute kilometres (but realistically, in vain). The last hill came up where an official yelled: "1200 metres to go", and my son, who had waited patiently for me, jogged up the rise with me. Nearing the top, I started to get strong indications that my hamstrings would cramp at any moment. This feeling was soon overcome by the cheering of the crowd lining the finishing straight and the encouragement provided the stimulus for the last injection of adrenalin into my failing engine, so I managed a stiff legged sprint to the finish.

My immediate emotional reaction was a combination of joy and relief, and as I staggered towards the recording tent, I realised how exhausted and depleted I was by the numbness in my hands and stiffness of my legs. After 3 cans of coke, a Mars bar and some massage from the family, I started to feel resurrected, but I made the mistake of sitting down and then suffered severe cramping.

Reflecting on this first run, I can highlight a few factors which could be noted by future novices. The 30km plus star runs are the vital part of training. Teaming with another runner of similar experience and pace helps significantly in planning and running your race.

Some post-race advice in the Novices guide to minimise after effects would have been of benefit to me to help avoid cramping.

I was extremely pleased with my first effort and I would like to express my gratitude and thanks to the Striders who helped me to achieve this goal. I have participated in many sports but I have found the Striders to be true sportsmen.

N.S.W. State Marathon Championship BY DICK CLELAND

5 a.m. - The morning of my first marathon had finally arrived. Out of bed and a light breakfast of toast and tea, I awakened my band of captive supporters and at 6.30 we were on the road to Holsworthy. The sun rose to reveal a cold frosty Western Suburbs morning which proved to be ideal as the weather was to remain cool throughout the race.

As 8.00 a.m. approached, warm up gear was removed and some 500 runners stood shivering awaiting the starter's gun. Shortly after 8.00 a.m. I was on my way on my maiden

marathon, some 14 years after first contemplating the classic 26 miles and 385 yards (as it was then known). A stress fracture prevented me from running and then a period of inactivity followed whilst I explored the pleasures of wine, women and song with great singlemindedness.

Not being much of a singer, 1976 saw a return to an active and healthy life. Mindful of the injuries that befall long distance runners, cycling was first tried. An encounter with a truck laden with carrots lead me to reassess my attitude to the perils of running, I resumed running in 1978.

Since then my athletic fortunes have fluctuated and I was considering the marathon once again in 1979 when injury struck once more, this time in the form of archilles tendonitis.

My running had fallen to a subsistence level when I was approached by a work colleague (a Western Suburbs Jogger) some 8 weeks before this event, who suggested that I should enter just to complete the course! Not being one to let such a challenge pass, I sought out, in a back copy of Runners World, an article entitled, "Training for Your First Marathon", checked out week 5 of the 12 week programme, and found that my weekly mileage should be doubled from 20 miles to 40 miles. I decided to concentrate on two long training runs per week and leave the rest of my schedule unchanged, which by now included one weekly 6 mile race. Halfway through this 8 week period I joined The Striders and participated in 2 star runs plus the cross country prior to the marathon. These runs proved beneficial and helped lift my average mileage for the 8 weeks to 44 miles per week.

Returning to the race, I set off with my splits strapped to the band of my wrist watch. These would have brought me home in the ambitious time of 2hrs 57 mins. With my mind full of horror stories told of marathoners who went out too hard and mindful of the importance of finishing at the first attempt I decided to fall behind my schedule for the first 5 km and attemps to pick up the pace from that point onwards. I passed the one mile in 7.45, a full minute behind schedule and at 2 km I overtook my colleague (who's target was 3.30!). I passed the 5 km in 23 mins against my planned 21 per 5 km. At this point I was feeling very comfortable and I was determined to get onto my planned pace. But alas, I reached 10 km in 46 minutes - my pace had not picked up at all. At the 15 km mark, due to an error in the course, the turn on the first loop 0.5 km to soon (total difference 1 km), I thought I had picked up all of the lost time (which was in fact impossible) but as it turned out I was now at least running at my planned pace. As I approached the finish line, the first time round, in just under 1.30 I was shattered when told that there was still 1 km to half way. I passed the true half way in 1hr 34 mins and at this point decided to apply some pressure in an attempt to salvage a reasonable time. More confusion at the 20 km marker as again the distance was 1 km short and the time given resembled closely the planned split on my wrist watch. This sounded much better so I decided to believe it.

As I ran from the 25km marker to the 30 km marker, a distance that proved to be some 6 km, I was dismayed at the time taken, 26 minutes, - had I hit the wall! My legs were feeling tired but I felt good and felt thatI :was maintaining a reasonable pace. What of these other poor devils about me; for I was passing a constant stream of runners. As I approached the turn on the second loop things became clearer, for it had been moved out by what seemed an interminable distance.
At 35km I was pleasantly surprised to find I had lost no further time against schedule and in fact had gained a minute but now needed to run the last 7.2 km in 27 minutes, 47 seconds to break 3 hrs.

I managed to cover this final 7.2 km without suffering any of the cataclysmic disasters that are said to beset athletes "beyond 20 miles", completing the course in 3 hrs, 2mins, 16 secs, thus completing the second half in 1 hr, 28 mins, an improvement of 6 minutes on the 1st half.

As soon as I stopped running pain and stiffness set in rapidly. I was however elated by the experience and surprised to find that I was not disappointed at failing to break 3 hours by such a narrow margin. The out and back twice course, whilst very flat had not proved as boring as I had imagined, the opportunity to view the leaders as they came back past adding greatly to the interest.

The rest of the day was spent relaxing and partaking of an amber coloured electrolyte drink and other sustenance as necessary.

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Commonwealth Games

MARATHON CHOICE SHORT ON WISDOM

(Len Johnson - The Age 7 August, 1982)

The first thing that must be acknowledged about last week's decision by the AAU selectors to select only two athletes for the Commonwealth Games marathon is that it has produced an anomalous result.

As things stand, in one of our strongest international events, Australia will not be represented by the maximum three competitors.

Looked at from this end result, surely all parties involved - the AAU, selectors, coaches, athletes, and the public - would agree that this situation must be rectified, and not by the expedient (already publicly suggested by Phil May, chairman of selectors) of allowing a 10,000 metres runner to 'double'. Our international marathon running standard demands full representation.

In 1981, Australian runners won marathons in Fukuoka (de Castella), Vancouver (Brian Morgan) and finished third in the teams' trophy at the Montreal International Marathon. Already in 1982, Laurie Whitty has added to that reputation by winning the Seoul marathon in 2:14.33 (bettering the AAU selection standard) and an Australian team was second in the Montreal race.

Five runners - Rob de Castella, Dave Chettle, Rob Wallace, Laurie Whitty and Graeme Kennedy - bettered the AAU selection standard of 2 hours 16 minutes in 1981; another four - national championship winner Gary Bentley, Canberra's Garry Hand and New South Wales' Steve Poulton and John Stanley - were ranged from 18 to 82 seconds outside it. As well, runners like 1980 Olympian Chris Wardlaw, and 1980 Vancouver winner and Fukuoka fourth placegetter Garry Henry were keen to compete for a place for Brisbane.

In the actual qualification period, which began last September, only de Castella and Whitty reached the required time limit.

This is one point on which the selectors can be justly criticised. The qualification period, September 1981 to September 1982 (effectively, ending with the trial in July 1982) wiped out most of last year's performances and included the Australian summer. For those who could not get to Fukuoka or a similar race, this effectively reduced things to one trial.

In an event in which the top runners compete only two to three times a year this was unnecessarily restrictive.

This failure to treat long-distance endurance events as special (the 30-kilometre road walk gets similar treatment) has helped to paint the selectors into a corner. England, which set tough standards for all other events, had no qualifying time for Commonwealth or European championship marathon selection. New Zealand had a time (2:15), but selectors considered performances from April 1981 to April 1982, and had no separate trial race.

The other decision which limited the selectors' flexibility was in deciding to give Laurie Whitty an all-or-nothing ultimatum over his participation in the trial. Instead of being told "run, or miss out", he should have been told that his chances of selection would be greatly reduced by a refusal to run. If you do not run, you take your chances, in other words.

What about the claims for and by Whitty? Certainly, throughout 1981 and early 1982, he had established himself as the second best runner in Australia on times. But only the Seoul race had been a winning performance, Morgan had beaten him in Vancouver and, more significantly, in his major race in Australia. Whitty lost his national marathon title finishing fourth behind Gary Bentley, John Stanley and Norio Suzuki Yoshizo Morita of Japan. Clearly he had not established unquestioned superiority over his rivals in the manner of de Castella.

Whitty and his coach's other main claim was that the selection trial was too close to the Games to enable him to recover in time to do his best there. Many marathon runners would have sympathy with him.

Despite AAU claims, this and other misgivings were conveyed to the AAU, when the trial was announced, albeit informally.

However, from December 1980 to December 1981 inclusive, Whitty ran six marathons. To say the least, this hardly added to the credibility of his claims.

So the trial went ahead. Already de Castella and Whitty were absent and the non-appearance of Chettle (unwilling to travel from London), Wardlaw (ill) and Henry (poor marathon form), meant that the race was deprived of the top runners who could have taken it out at sub-qualifying pace without running the very real risk of destroying their own chances.

Consequently, no Australian was able to better the arbitrary standard and, faithful to their guidelines, the selectors only named trial winner, Victori's Rob Wallace, to accompany de Castella to Brisbane.

The chances of this decision being altered must be slim, as, among other things, the selectors will not wish to be seen to set the precedent before the selection of the full track and field team.

So we may well be placed in a position of having to explain to puzzled overseas teams in October that a country as strong as Australia has only two entrants in one of its strongest events in a Games staged on home ground. I don't think I could manage to do that. Neither, I suspect, could the AAU and the selectors. It is up to them to acknowledge that, and act to rectify the situation.

Marathon Ladder

(as at 15th AUGUST, 1982) (E. & O.E.)

The table below ranks only those marathon performances achieved by runners while they were members of Sydney Striders. Hence, results achieved prior to joining Striders are not taken into account.

However, where a member's best-ever, or only, marathon time was recorded prior to joining Striders, that result is shown in a separate column on the right-hand side of the table.

Please advise John Evennett of any incorrect details.

Age categories will hopefully be included in the next ladder

STRIDER	TIME	MARATHON AS A STRIDER	DATE	MARATHON PRIOR TO JOINING STRIDERS
1. KEITH CANARD	2.35.05	HARBORD DIGGERS	5/82	2.29.00 NSW STATE 1980
2. BILL FLANAGAN	2.36.47	NIKE	4/82	
3. NEIL PLEVEY	2.37.24	STATE	6/82	
4. ROBERT HARRISON	2.37.51	CAMPBELLTOWN	5/82	
5. TONY MCCALL	2.38.01	MARYBOROUGH	7/82	
6. BRUCE USHER	2.38.45	CAMPBELLTOWN	5/82	
7. BRUCE ROBERTSON	2.39.40	GOLD COAST	8/81	
8. CHARLES COVILLE	2.46.56	STATE	6/82	
9. BOB SHAW	2.48.15	NIKE	4/82	
10. SAM DAHER	2.48.24	NIKE	4/82	
11. DENNIS COOLEY	2.49.33	NIKE	4/82	
12. MIKE ANSCHUTZ	2.52.04	SOUTH AUST STATE	6/82	
13. DICK HARRIS	2.53.06	HARBORD DIGGERS	5/82	
14. BERNARD COOLEY	2.53.45	CAMPBELLTOWN	5/82	
15. RAY DORAN	2.54.10	STATE	6/82	
16. STUART GREAVES	2.54.26	CAMPBELLTOWN	5/82	
17. OSTEN HANSSON	2.55.08	GOLD COAST	8/81	
18. STEVE CORNELIUS	2.55.31	STATE	6/82	
19. DAVE INGHAM	2.55.32	STATE	6/82	
20. NIGEL HADGSKISS	2.55.57	CAMPBELLTOWN	5/82	2.52.21 BLACKTOWN 1981
21. BERNIE LIEBMANN	2.56.05	STATE	6/81	2.40.00 TRANSVAAL STATE(RSA) 1978
22. CHRIS STAPLES	2.56.24	CAMPBELLTOWN	5/82	
23. MAX HENDERSON	2.58.22	STATE	6/82	
24. JOHN JESTON	2.58.48	NIKE	4/82	
25. BILL HUNTER	2.59.25	VETERANS	7/81	
26. MIKE BINGHAM	2.59.33	STATE	6/81	
27. SUE HILL	2.59.46	AVON	5/81	2.52.01 AVON W.GERMANY 1979
28. BRIAN LYNCH	2.59.55	NIKE	4/82	
29. WYNNE HENDERSON	3.00.07	HARBORD DIGGERS	4/81	
30. PETER FOULSHAM	3.00.47	HARBORD DIGGERS	5/82	
31. WINSTON MARSDEN	3.02.08	STATE	6/82	
32. RICHARD CLELAND	3.02.16	STATE	6/82	
33. DAVE BLACKHALL	3.02.24	STATE	6/80	
34. DAVE MILL	3.03.00	HARBORD DIGGERS	4/82	
35. BRIAN COLWELL	3.03.07	GOLD COAST	8/81	
36. CRAIG JOHNSON	3.04.20	NIKE	4/82	
37. DAVID PETERSON	3.04.53	STATE	6/82	
38. MICK EDWARDS	3.06.53	NIKE	4/82	
39. PETER GARRETT	3.07.20	WAGGA WAGGA	8/82	
40. MARIA GEMENIS-C'SHANK	3.08.07	CAMPBELLTOWN	5/82	3.05.57 GILLAWARNA 1981
41. IVAN FREYS	3.09.20	STATE	6/82	3.07.00 HARBORD DIGGERS 1979
42. KEITH LEGGETT	3.09.27	NIKE	4/82	
43. GAVIN CARR	3.09.36	STATE	6/82	
44. MARK HANLON	3.09.47	NIKE	4/82	
45. STEVE KNIGHT	3.11.20	HARBORD DIGGERS	4/81	
46. JOHN SNELSON	3.11.25	NIKE	4/82	
47. RUSSELL HAMMOND	3.12.19	STATE	6/82	
48. NEIL COLLUM	3.12.21	GILLAWARNA	9/81	
49. LEO LEADER	3.15.14	NIKE	4/82	3.05.00 CAPE PENINSULA(RSA)1980
50. LAURIE KING	3.15.27	VETERANS	6/82	
51. GEOFF MURRAY	3.20.45	STATE	6/81	
52. BARRY JONES	3.23.18	VETERANS	7/81	
53. IAN NEWLANDS	3.24.54	NIKE	4/82	
54. IAN MILLAR	3.25.54	NIKE	4/82	
55. ROBERT BLACKWELL	3.25.56	STATE	6/82	
56. LYNNE EVANS	3.26.06	STATE	6/82	
57. GEOFF COX	3.27.26	HARBORD DIGGERS	4/81	
58. JOHN DAWES	3.27.34	NIKE	4/82	
59. CHRIS BURKE	3.29.53	GILLAWARNA	9/80	
60. NEIL GUY	3.29.56	GILLAWARNA	9/80	
61. CARMEN BINGHAM	3.30.50	STATE	6/81	
62. RICHARD BEVAN	3.32.13	STATE	6/82	3.30.32 GUILDFORD (UK) 1980
63. JOHN OLDROYD	3.35.00	STATE	6/81	
64. JOHN FLYNN	3.35.37	GILLAWARNA	9/80	
65. DWIGHT NELSON	3.37.26	HARBORD DIGGERS	4/81	
66. CRAIG WELCH	3.37.30	STATE	6/82	
67. PETER RYAN	3.41.02	HARBORD DIGGERS	5/82	
68. MIKE NATHANSON	3.43.58	NEW YORK	10/80	
69. KARL TOPFER	3.46.52	HARBORD DIGGERS	4/81	
70 JOHN GALE	3.49.27	ADELAIDE	8/81	
71. DEREK WHITE	3.50.46	NIKE	4/82	3.26.34 NIKE 1981
72. PAM HAZLEWOOD	3.57.01	STATE	6/82	
73. GLEN MCGREGOR	4.18.47	NIKE	4/82	
74. BOB PEIRSON	4.33.40	HARBORD DIGGERS	4/81	

ANTHONY SAUERMANN	2.43.39	CAPE PENINSULA (RSA)	1980
FRANCIS CHAN	2.49.39	NIKE	1982
HARRY KARLIKOFF	2.50.01	GILLAWARNA	1981
DENNIS WEBB	2.53.44	NIKE	1982
JOHN EVENNETT	2.58.08	HONOLULU	1981
BRIAN HAYDON	2.59.11	NIKE	1982
CECIL FORD	3.13.47	STATE	1982
JOHN EDWARDS	3.32.52	NIKE	1980
BRYCE COURTENAY	3.33.55	HARBORD DIGGERS	1982
ROBERT MANN	3.38.00	HARBORD DIGGERS	1982
KEITH SQUIRES	3.39.15	BLACKTOWN	1981
JANE FLANAGAN	3.42.00	BIG M	1980
BOB CHEETHAM	3.51.00	BIG M	1981

Race Review

HARBORD DIGGERS 14 KM SCENIC RUN

SUNDAY, JULY 4 - 10 A.M.

WEATHER: FINE, COOL (11°C), S.E. WIND APPROX. 15-20 K.P.H.

FINISHERS: 489

OVERALL

1.	J. KEARNS	44.53
2.	T. GIBBONS	47.21
3.	B. HANSARD	47.35

STRIDERS

4.	N. PLEVEY	47.56
9.	K. CANARD	49.17
10.	R. HARRISON	49.43
16.	B. USHER	50.40
29.	C.COLVILLE	52.26
34.	R. DORAN	52.55
38.	G. COX	53.38
51.	J. EDWARDS	54.29
eq. 53.	D. CLELAND	54.32
57.	C. STAPLES	54.58
63.	J. EVENNETT	55.21
eq. 83.	D. PETERSON	56.43
eq. 113.	K. TOPFER	58.15

TEAMS OF 3

1.	CLOSE 3	144.37
2.	DIGGERS NO.2	146.23
3.	STRIDERS	148.19

121.	B. FLANAGAN	58.30
131.	L. LEADER	58.44
137.	J. TRAVERS	58.57
eq. 179	B. COLWELL	60.59
289.	M. Mc.DONALD	67.10
304.	P. RYAN	68.22
324.	G. CARR	69.24
eq. 398.	B. PEIRSON	74.59
425.	SUE THOMPSON	75.40
409.	ANNE FLANAGAN	76.21
434.	DOT FLANAGAN	80.37

11TH ANNUAL 11 Km SUTHERLAND TO SURF

SUNDAY 11TH JULY

1	Andrew Lloyd	31.50
2	Jodie Kearns	33.15
3	Harry Ward	33.19

STRIDERS

20	Neil Plevey	35.33
86	Geoff Cox	38.12
285	Mick Edwards	41.37
311	Steve Knight	42.01
373	Bernard Cooley	42.46
637	Neil Guy	45.10

Other Striders results unknown

3369 TOTAL NO. OF FINISHERS

Medical Corner

THE RACE IS ON BUT WILL WOMEN EVER EQUAL MEN?

(The Johannesburg Star - 24 May, 1982)

Although women have only been running officially in marathons for less than a decade, their rate of improvement has been remarkable.

The women's world record has come down by more than half an hour since 1971 while the men's has changed by only 20 seconds. While it is true that women started very far behind the men and were bound to make fast progress once they began to train for this event, this rate of improvement has led to the expectation that women will in the near future equal men in this event.

In fact, because of considerable pressure from women themselves, a marathon for women has been included in the 1984 Olympics in Los Angeles. Previously the longest track race for women in the Olympic Games was 1 500 metres - anything longer was considered too strenuous.

Dr. Ken Dyer, a senior lecturer in social biology at the University of Adelaide, South Australia, has suggested that if the present rates of relative improvement are maintained, equality between the top 10 men and women will be reached during the next 100 years and even before the end of this decade in some events.

A British sports medicine specialist and athlete, Ms Elizabeth Ferris, maintains that women athlets do not have physiological differences that prevent them from equalling men.

"Women do not reach their true potential because they believe there are immutable personality and behavioural sex differences which prevent them from closing the gap in performances," she says.

Dr. Ivan Cohen, head of campus health services and the sports medicine clinic at the University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg disagrees with both theories.

"Women have only just recently started to compete in the marathon and obviously their rates of improvement will be tremendously rapid at first. Ultimately, their rate of improvement will slow down and they will reach a plateau in their performance."

He says that on the evidence available, women are not going to equal men in the next decade. "Their natural disadvantages are tremendous and they cannot even compensate for them by training because the disadvantages are hormonally derived."

He named four major disadvantages women experience:

- Their shorter stature:
- A greater fat/body weight ratio:
- Hormonal influences on water retention:
- Homonal influences on their psychological wellbeing.

A recent experiment demonstrated the effect a woman's shorter stature could have on her performance. While top male and female athlets ran on a treadmill, measurements were taken and compared.

It was found that women were shorter than men and had shorter limbs. This meant they covered less distance a stride and worked harder to sustain the same speed.

"The women were overstriding to compensate for their shorter stature," explains Dr Cohen.

"Their oxygen intake increased and the efficiency with which they exercised decreased."

"The shorter stature of women is a major disadvantage in sports where the body is moved vertically," says Dr. Cohen. "It would not matter in equestrian sports and gymnastics, for example."

The weight of an athlete is extremely important and half a kilo can make all the difference. The more fat an athlete has, the harder his or her lungs and heart have to work to allow the athlete to cover a certain distance.

An average woman will have almost double the amount of fat in her body than an average male because the female hormone, oestrogen, increases the amount of fat in the body.

A woman's weight may also go up during the premenstrual week because of a dramatic increase in the retention of water during that time.

"However, the body fat which is disadvantageous in marathon running - a hot sport - is advantageous in cold environments when the layer of subcutaneous fat works as an insulator," says Dr. Cohen. That is why women have shown themselves to be overwhelmingly superior to men in long distance sea swimming.

Menstruation may also have an effect on the psychological well-being of the woman athlete. "Many women are prone to premenstrual syndrome during which time the frequency of irritability, anxiety and depression, increases. This factor cannot be underestimated because motivation and psychological outlook is very important," says Dr. Cohen.

It seemed unlikely therefore that the level of female performance would equal that of males.

"The situation could change if the female hormones were manipulated from a very young age.

"This is not beyond the realms of possibility," says Dr Cohen, "and there is evidence of substantial hormonal manipulation in sport in certain communist countries. Women athletes could have their hormones surgically and pharmaceutically manipulated to improve their chances in long-distance events.

"It is a drastic and unethical measure because the normal development of the female athlete is retarded and she begins to develop masculine traits," said Dr Cohen.

Marathon Review

VETERANS MARATHON

SUNDAY 4th JULY

PAGEWOOD, SYDNEY

1ST BILL RAIMOND 2.28.08 (COURSE RECORD)

STARTERS 51

FINISHERS 32

STRIDERS

20TH LAURIE KING 3.15.21. (P.B. by 5.39)

30TH CECIL FORD 3.41.27

THE VETERAN'S MARATHON by LAURIE KING

There was probably the smallest field of any marathon I've been in,30 or 40 runner, but that doesn't mean it's to be ignored.The State marathon,a week before,had all the glamour and all the runners including myself.

I've never finished a marathon without stopping for various reasons such as hitting the wall or having to go to the toilet;I don't know what feels worse.In the State I hit the wall due to lack of training and going out to quick.I chased Brian Colwell and found out too late that he was only doing the half marathon.Some people can run through the wall but not me,I walked most of the way from 30 kms.

Anyway another marathon down the drain.I couldn't say I was satisfied.That 3 hour mark is a long way away.

I knew the Vets marathon was the following week and if I pulled up reasonably well I thought I'd have another go even though it would probably be just a training run. I ran the kinks out on monday,tuesday and wednesday and ran at Hensley field on thursday.I put my foot in it by telling Mick and Jimmy I was going to run.No backing out now.Saturday morning I ran the usual 8 miles with Sam,Jimmy and Clive.I find it does no harm for me to run the day before a long run.

Now you may ask why another marathon so soon.The boy's mad you say(underlined and in capital letters) but this marathon was too good to miss.How often do you get a marathon right in your own back yard.I only live 2 miles from Hensley field.I couldn't wait 12 months for such an opportunity AND it started at 10am.All that extra sleep;I didn't have to get up in the middle of the night.

Well after a good night's sleep I had breakfast,drove to Hensley field and I lined up with the other runners before the race.I'd heard of George McGrath before this but he rated a special mention as it was his 50th marathon in 8 years.I thought he'd be 40 or so but he looks to be in his sixties.I hope I'm not insulting him. I wish I could run as well

I wasn't the only Strider in the race.Dennis Cooley,Mick Edwards,Bill Hunter and a new member Richard Bevan couldn't resist the challenge.They're all local boys except Bill who lives at St.Ives.He ran in the State marathon as well.He's got to be as crazy as the rest of us.

Ten o'clock and off we went.As I could still feel the effects of the State I wasn't going to be drawn into going out too fast.I settled into a steady pace and let anyone who wanted to go by;nearly everyone did,but this time I didn't care.I wasn't trying for a fast time,I just wanted to finish the whole distance.

The race is four laps of the Botany area and I worked out,with a calculator of course,marathon runners aren't too smart,that I had to do 45 minutes a lap to do a 3 hour marathon.My first lap was 47 minutes so my pace was faster than I thought it would be but I felt alright so I kept at it.Bill Hunter came and went in a cloud of dust,too fast for me.I thought he was trying for another sub 3 hour marathon.

I reached half way in 1:34.Still a 47 minute pace.It was slower than the State but I felt a lot better and stronger.Dennis,Mick and Richard dropped out at the half way mark and were there to cheer me on.Into the third lap now.The wind in the back stretch was picking up or maybe I was tiring.I don't know which.I finished the third lap amidst cheers and "was I going on"?Of course I was.Wonder of wonders,I hadn't hit the wall.There was no wall at all.No feeling of my whole body begging me to stop.I felt tired but not that tired.

It was a long way round that fourth lap.The wind was even stronger.A few runners who passed me were now slowing to a walk.I knew if I stopped and walked that would be the end of me.I actually stopped for a few seconds with a little over a mile to go but this was my chance.Bernard Cooley,at the other drink stop,gave me my time as 2:52.Earlier in the race I did this section in 15 or 16 minutes so I had to keep going.My P.B. up to this time was 3:21 and it looked like I was going to do it. The course was mountainous at this stretch right near the end;undulating when I first started.

Finally it was over.The loneliness of the long distance runner,not a soul to race to the line.Anyway I'd done it,3:15:27 and a new P.B.A few glasses of Staminade and a rest and I was ready for the long walk to my car.I parked across the road.A P.B.,I felt terrific.It's remarkable how you can feel so good when your body's telling you you feel terrible.More good news,I was third in the pre-vets.Lightning does strike twice.

I learned a few things about myself from this race.I have to pace myself if I hope to finish.I've always gone out too hard and paid the price,especially after the 20 mile mark.My training was not enough,40 to 50 miles a week.I WAS lucky to finish. I'd been doing sprint training on tuesdays and thursdays which has given me the stamina as I'd only been running for 4 months after a lay off of over a year.

I'll be back next year.As long as it's held where I live I have no excuse to miss it. Maybe it'll be another P.B. and maybe 2nd in the pre-vets or even 1st,dare I hope. Anyway as the only Strider to finish somebody has to show the green and white,we do tend to stand out.

Interstate Report

QUEENSLAND REPORT NO 4 — TONY MC CALL

It seems as though Queensland has copped the lot this year as far as marathons are concerned. We've just had the National and Commonwealth Games marathon trials. The Games, of course, themselves are almost upon us. With all this local interest in the big events our distance runners have been dutifully applying themselves and performing better in minor races. Although the standard of winning times here is perhaps not as good as results from southern States,the talent is certainly about. I feel better competition is lacking. The runners definitely need more of the same.

The State title was held on the flat course at Caboolture on June 13. The date was certainly unlucky for some. Although I wasn't running it seems all the favourites blew out. Mike Pullinger, Rod Lyons, Rob Walker and Ron Inwin all came to grief in the middle or latter stages after sharing the lead. It was left to a local, Greg Young, to outfox everyone in a patient 2.30.25. Greg has been a promising runner for a few years and he is a popular figure. His second earlier this year in the Uni. of Qld. marathon under steamy conditions where he ran 2.32 was indicative of better things to come. Dick Sanders in 2.31.27 and the consistent Roger Carter in 2.32.07 filled the minor placings. A week before the State I finished second to Carter in a 32K race. The times in that event were slow and people were obviously saving themselves for the following weekend.

I'd been preparing for the Maryborough marathon on July 11 and the preceeding weekend saw the State 25K road championships being held. Funnily enough after all this time I realised it was the first State event I'd ever entered. Also, perhaps my last. The gripes registered athletes have with AAA events in NSW is well known. Believe me, nothing here is any different. The 25K event was held out of Brisbane at a place called Kervey. It's barely on the map. It was an hour and a half drive for me and that went with a 7.00 am start. Thanks. There was real confusion for people finding the starting area, too. Above all that, though (and think about this one) there were no showers or toilets! It was a bitterly cold, frosty morning, too. The mind boggles. Of course no drinks were to be seen anyway and the presentations after some fine performances by certain runners were haphazard to say the least. Oh, yes, the run. The course was difficult but very scenic and Laurie Adams' winning time of 1.20.40 was a magnificent effort. He narrowly defeated Mike Pullinger who also ran excellently to clock 1.20.48. Yours truly finished 19th in 1.31.52. A very lacklustre effort and certainly not one to inspire me with confidence for the 26 miler the coming weekend.

So, on to Maryborough and briefly, I won. Not so briefly, here's how. The third annual Hervey Bay to Maryborough got under way at 7.00 am on a warm, blustery Sunday morning. The course was point to point and the headwind we encountered on the way was to varying degrees with us the whole way. It was obvious that times would be slower than perhaps planned. A pity as I'd hoped to go under 2.35. Again. The course itself had quite a few hills, the first and one of the steepest being only 5K into the race. So, off we went and myself and Bob Young led the field out. I sat in behind him for the first few kilometres as the wind was very unsettling. Remembering my Bundaberg marathon experiment of not drinking I did the complete opposite this time and took a drink and a sponge at every station for the whole race. After 5K Bob fell back so it was all up to me from there. I decided just to keep plugging away at my pace. I never look over my shoulder in a race and when you're in front you can't help but wonder what's happening behind you.

I went through a bit of a bad patch at about the halfway mark but came good again after easing off slightly. Time calls and aid stations came at every 5K so I knew exactly how I was going. The traffic got a bit heavy as the morning wore on. Holiday makers heading for Hervey Bay with cars packed full of kids. I was glad to be going the other way. At about 35K a combi with a T.V. camera hanging out the back materialised a short way in front of me and kept pace with me. Tony smiled for the camera through gritted teeth. In my other marathons (I'd run 5 to there) I usually had begun to fade at about this point. In fact I hadn't finished one without having to walk at some stage. To my delight, this time, I was able to run through all the way. The race finished in the local athletics oval so through the gates and one lap of the oval and it was all over. I felt surprisingly good, physically. You will no doubt be gratified to know that I had my Striders uniform on, so score one marathon win for the Club. Ten minutes after crossing the line, fellow Nundar runner, Phil Hungerford followed me in. My time was 2.38.01. Another P.B. by a minute and a half. How I'd like to knock a big chunk off that. Like about 8 minutes.

Next marathon will definitely be on a flat course. I was thinking about the Gold Coast but that's too soon after Maryborough. Might have to wait until next year. I got a couple of nice big trophies for my trouble and the events (a 10K and 6K were also held) got good coverage on local T.V. stations. Video tapes can be hired from me for a small fee. It was a good feeling to win at last - in whatever time.

I recovered reasonably quickly and two weeks later finished 5th in a 7k fun run in 22.37, a minute behind winner, Geoff Durden. I was pleased with that run also. Since then I've come down with the flu so my daily runs are only short token appearances. I'll be getting back into the shorter fun runs now so my mileage might come down a bit for a while.

The Striders had a good win in the Woodford to Glenbrook event. By now the City to Surf will be over and I look forward to seeing how we fared with our team entries in that one. I look forward also to seeing at least someone up here for the Gold Coast Marathon - even if its only to the 7K fun run.

Until then, stay loose - and take a toilet roll with you!

Race Review

2ND ANNUAL WOODFORD TO GLENBROOK
25 K CHALLENGE, BLUE MOUNTAINS
SUNDAY 18TH JULY, 1982

STRIDERS

1	Mick Halmy	1.20.33
2	Keith Canard	1.24.21
5	Robert Harrison	1.27.59
7	Charles Coville	1.28.35
9	Dave Cox	1.29.36
10	Ray Doran	1.30.05
11	Bruce Usher	1.31.19
12	Robert Shaw	1.31.24
18	Steve Cornelius	1.36.58
19	Dick Cleland	1.37.29
22	Neil Collum	1.38.56
23	Brian Colwell	1.39.07
24	Bryce Courtenay	1.39.27
27	Ron Feeney	1.40.06
31	Brian Lynch	1.41.27
32	Cecil Ford	1.41.30
36	Mick Edwards	1.41.43
37	Dwight Nelson	1.42.00
39	Karl Topfer	1.42.41
63	Jim Travers	1.51.22
65	Glen McGregor	1.52.03
66	Peter Ryan	1.52.50

93 TOTAL NO. OF FINISHERS

MEN'S TEAMS

1st	Sydney Striders (Halmy, Harrison, Coville, Cox)	5.46.43
2nd	Sydney Striders (Usher, Shaw, Cornelius, Collum)	6.18.37

VETERANS' TEAMS

1st	Sydney Striders (Canard, Doran, Cleland, Courtenay)	6.11.42

Quote of the Month

At the Woodford to Glenbrook Team's Challenge in the Blue Mountains, the wives, girlfriends and family of participating Striders had congregated at the Eureka Clearing to await the arrival of their heroes.

A young lady, holding a young child, rushed up to a group of wives and enquired,

"Is this the meeting place for the parents without partners picnic?"

GEORGINA, A LADY AND A RUNNER BEYOND PRICE

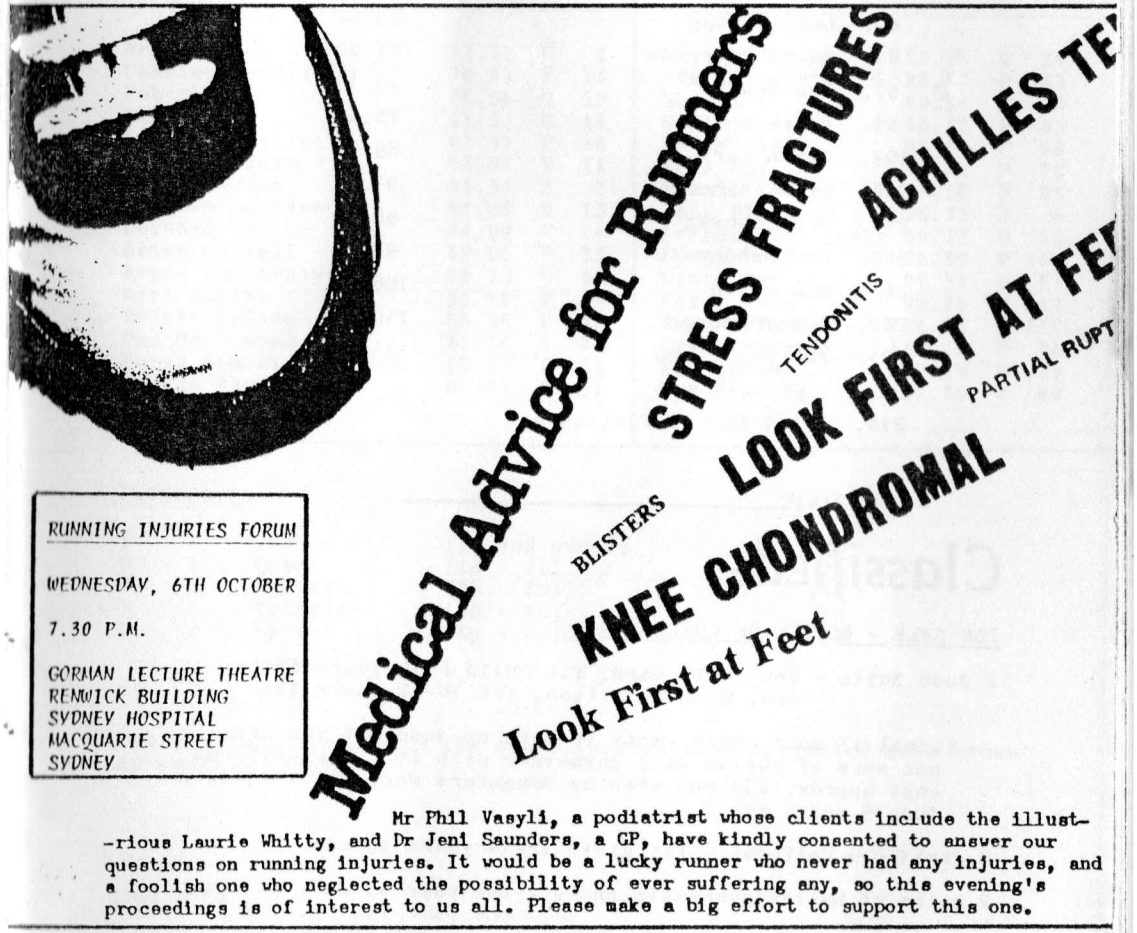
BRYCE COURTENAY

That's the trouble with the Poms.
First they let a whole heap of people come from the West Indies and Pakistan, then they let them take over the railway system in the U.K.
That means that all the real Pom station masters, fitters & turners, shunters, etc. had to migrate to Australia and take over the unions and the railways over here.
The station at Glenbrook is a typical example.
This little town dozing on the foothills of the Blue Mountains is so sleepy the dogs have forgotten how to bark.
Nothing ever happens at Glenbrook except for one day a year,
The Woodford to Glenbrook run.
A bush run that is rapidly gaining in popularity amongst the urban set.
Registration for the run takes place at the local railway station where everyone then catches the train to Woodford and from there runs back through the bush to Glenbrook.
On the surface it all looks tidy enough, hardly an opportunity for even the most rabid Pom Station Master to cause chaos and dissention. But, as we have learned to our cost over the past couple of centuries, put a cap with a badge on a Pom's head and it will inevitably lead to both.
I arrived at Glenbrook Station at 7.30 a.m., mainly because I'd never heard of Glenbrook and I imagined it would be at least three hours from home, which it wasn't.
At 7.30 a.m. on a Sunday morning nothing stirred in Glenbrook except the Station Master, who, when I approached him, was reading 'Whizzer & Chips'.
That's another thing about Poms, they never really grow up.
"G'day," I said. He looked up, plainly disturbed at having his morning read interrupted.
"You 'ere for the run then?" he asked. I replied that I was.
He fixed his eyes on the curry stain on my track-suit, no doubt thinking dark thoughts about the West Indians and Pakistanis who had caused his downfull at British Rail and subsequent migration to the Antipodes.
"Well it's not on then, is it?"
"Why not," I asked.
"Don't you listen to the bleeding news then?" he replied.
"No," I said.
"Been a derailment up the line, your lot can't get through."
"We could drive up if we can get some of the locals to drive our cars back?"
He found this genuinely funny.
"After Saturday night at the RSL, the locals only assume half-consciousness around 5 p.m. on a Sunday!"
It was obvious that he felt happily responsible for the derailment and that it pleased him mightily to have created mayhem among us with so simple a ploy as playing with his train set.
I decided that there was no point in carrying on the conversation, as far as he was concerned it was game and match for the Hornsby set.
"Where can I have a leak?" I asked.
He looked at me with distaste.
"The toilets are down the platform and don't throw the paper towels on the floor!"
I climbed up the steps out of the Station to find a lady in a track-suit setting up a table attached to which was a large handwritten sign which read "Race Registration".

"I thought it was off," I said.
"No," she smiled brightly. "you mean the derailment? We've got a bus coming."
Before the day was out I was to gain considerable respect for Ms. Georgina Price of the Blue Mountain Joggers.
The unflappable Georgina indicated that we could park in the National Park some three kilometres away and that a bus would take us up to Woodford.
She ticked me off the roll, took my money and directed me to see a guy with a truck, if I wanted a T-Shirt. ("Only five bucks and if we sell 30, we break even").
So I went over and bought a T-Shirt.
We had to wait for the park ranger to open the park, I don't know if he too was a Pom, but he was big and mean-looking with a great black beard, so there seemed no point in telling him that he was half an hour late.
We found ourselves parked in a delightful little valley white with frost and soon a whole calvacade of cars began to assemble, cutting rude tyre marks into the sugar frosted landscape.
As I had a non-running driver with me we decided to take the car up to Woodford rather than wait for the bus so that I can't report on the bus ride up. But I'm sure Georgina made it all look pretty effortless.
We drove up to Woodford Station, which was empty. No doubt the Station Master was an Australian and had heard about the plot to keep us from running and had decided to take a sickie so he didn't have to face Georgina.
Around 10.00 a.m. the runners were all assembled and there was Georgina, stripped down to her running gear, introducing us to the starter, a tweedy old gent who once ran in the Olympics.
Not only did Georgina have organising talent but she also had the panache to get us going with a bit of class.
However, Bill Courtney of the Western District Joggers lowered the tone immediately by admonishing his team to "Beat the Christ out of them Sydney Striders".
But the green and white seemed only faintly amused and the race got under way with the usual disappointing plop of the starter's gun.
What newcomers to the race hadn't been told about this bush run was that runners are strongly advised to have their running shoes re-soled with tractor tyres.
The last time this track saw a grader was when Georgina was in nappies.
The first 12 K's of this 25 K run cannot be imagined. But the best way to see it in the mind's eye, is in profile.
Imagine that the run is a Sales graph and that the company performance it shows has monthly peaks and valleys roughly at about the incline and decline of Mt. Everest.
Then consider that every jagged rock in the area worth it's cutting edge somehow managed to accumulate on this particular first 12 K's and you can see that those of us wearing racing flats were in the deepest proverbial.
Four letter words interjected with "Oooh's" and "Ouches" adequately explains why they call them the Blue Mountains.
Going up the inclines was hard work but nothing compared to going down the other side. Bodies soon piled up on either side of the road clutching ankles and kidneys with gravel rash to be seen by the metre as runners tumbled down the slopes on anything but their legs.
I settled in behind Brain Colwell, grateful to find at least one Strider that hadn't streaked ahead of the field. Michael Halmay, Keith Canard, Robert Harrison and Charles Coville had taken off as though this was a 5 K sprint and I began to pity the Western District Joggers, their humiliation was obviously about 80 minutes away.

The rest of the male Striders seemed to settle down to a more reasonable pace led by the ever determined Ray Doran and Dave Cox and followed by Bruce Usher, Robert Shaw, Steve Cornelius, Neil Collum, Richard Cleland and then Brian and myself with Ron Feeney also attached to us.
I can't tell you who was behind me, except to say that there weren't too many of them wearing the green and white.
I soon discovered that following in the footsteps of Brain Colwell has one great disadvantage. While Brian climbs the inclines at about average speed, he takes the declines like a Mac truck out of control.
On a downhill run Coe and Ovett wouldn't have Buckley's.
The race settled down to a pattern, which consisted of dodging the sharper stones and keeping one's eyes glued to the ground.
Taking in scenery for the first 10 K's would have been to have taken one's life in one's hands. If one were to add "rock avoidance" to the total distance of the race, then it's probably a 30 K race. But finally around the 12 K mark the road turned into a smoothish, ambling slow decline and eyes that had run rock avoidance for the first part of the race could now be raised to take in the passing scene.
What a lovely run it turned out to be. The air was clear as a polished goblet, the sun was warm, with just a sliver of ice, so that running conditions were just about perfect. The first of the wattle blossom was out and while I was taking all this tranquility in, that rotten Pommie Bastard, Colwell, heedless of the beauty of the scenery, had advanced another couple of hundred yards ahead of me.
So I concentrated on my duty and caught him up. You see, it was the first time I have ever been asked to be a member of a team and the responsibility weighted pretty heavily.
It was also my first race with the Striders which compounded my potential misery. What if my namesake, Bill Courtney, (note the difference in spelling at least) and his Western District Joggers should manage to beat the Sydney Striders Veteran team by just enough seconds for it to all be my fault?
So I glued myself to Brian. I figured that if I came in around the same time as the Club Secretary then they would have to string him up on a gum tree next to mine.
Now that there were no more precipices to run down, Brain turned out to be a hard but fair runner and I dogged after him almost to the finish where it turned out that the last 100 metres was a steep incline into the valley and the finishing line.
Brian turned around and said something rude to me and took off like a Jack Rabbit to win our personal contest by 20 seconds. (Typical under-handed Pommie trick).
I was followed in by Ron Feeney, Brian Lynch, Cecil Ford, Mick Edwards, Dwight Melson and Karl Topher, all in around 1.40 and by the time my breathing had returned from desperate to medium hard Jim Travers, Glen McGregor and Peter Ryan, the last of the Striders, but my no means the last of the field, were home.
It had been a lovely race and the first 12 K's was happily forgiven with the hospitality the Blue Mountain Joggers and their team helpers showered upon us. Tea came in great steaming cup-fuls, orange juice and bickies and sausage sandwiches followed and everyone smiled.
I recalled the Manly Giant jog a couple of weeks previously, the most underwhelming event of the season. They sure could use a session of mountain air and mountain people.
Finally, the prize giving came. And who do you think had to do that too?
Our Georgina.
She did the announcing and let the old gent have the glory of shaking paws and giving out the trophies. The Striders won the first and second male home (Michael Halmay and Keith Canard), then first and second in the open male teams.
I decided that it was time for me to disappear. What if the male veterans, my team, hadn't made it? I'd be to blame for sure. With Keith and Ray first and second veteran home and I already knew Richard Cleland had finished ahead of me by a clear two minutes, losing would be fault, wouldn't it?

I mean, you couldn't do much better than the other three did, could you?
And then Georgina, God Bless her, announced that the Striders Veteran Team had won by the massive and truly overwhelming margin of 45 seconds from the Western District Joggers, who had clearly limped into a dismal second place. How could there be a more perfect day or a more perfect race!
Finally, it was all topped off when Georgina blushingly announced that she had won the womens open and that her team had won the female team event.
Congratulations Georgina Price, you run a great event, we'll all be back with our mates next July.
You should have seen my youngest kid's face when I told him that I'd won a medal.
"Gee, Dad!" he said. "How far into the bush did you say this race was?"



Mr Phil Vasyli, a podiatrist whose clients include the illust--rious Laurie Whitty, and Dr Jeni Saunders, a GP, have kindly consented to answer our questions on running injuries. It would be a lucky runner who never had any injuries, and a foolish one who neglected the possibility of ever suffering any, so this evening's proceedings is of interest to us all. Please make a big effort to support this one.

Race Review

8th GREAT NOSH FOOTRACE
LINDFIELD TO SEAFORTH OVALS
18th JULY, 1982

1.	Peter Naylor	59.22
2.	Geoff Thorsen	59.38
3.	Peter Brooking	61.23
	STRIDERS	
28.	Francis Chan	69.15
32.	David Ingham	70.35
52.	John Evennett	74.02
60.	Laurie King	75.22
81.	David Peterson	77.00
95	Tony McIvor	77.46
97.	Leo Leader	78.13
99.	Derek White	78.17
203.	Gavin Carr	89.37
226.	Frank Assenza	93.05
245.	Jim Donovan	98.26
249.	Max Henderson	98.52
267.	Tom Smith	108.38
269.	Sue Thompson	110.24
271.	Pam Hazlewood	114.15
278.	Total No. of Finishers	

Classifieds

FOR SALE - RELICS OF CHILDHOOD

2 Judo Suits - one, well used, fit child 8-10 years $2;
one, good condition, fit 10-12 years $8.

(ideal if your child wants to take up judo but you are not sure if she/he will persevere with it. New uniforms cost approx. $30 ea. when my daughters were involved with judo 5 years ago.)

2 Girl Guide Uniforms - fit girls 12-14 years $8 ea.

2 pairs of ballet/gymnastic shoes - one pair size 2,) $3 a pair.
one pair size 3.)

Apply to Dorothy Flanagan Phone 661-4451 (H)
290-8357 (W)

Race Review

RANDWICK 22KM

SUNDAY 25TH JULY

1.	Harry Ward	69.36
2.	Bill Raimond	69.52
3.	R. Squirrel	70.42

Strider	Time	Cat.	Pos.	Strider	Time	Cat.	Pos.
Neil Plevey	72.37	O	2	Max Henderson	88.15	V	24
Charles Coville	78.43	P	14	Jim Travers	88.57	P	53
Bob Shaw	78.56	O	10	Sue Hill	89.56	P	60
Ron Feeney	81.33	O	18	Gavin Carr	90.27	P	63
Steve Cornelius	82.51	P	26	Ian Millar	91.19	P	68
Richard Cleland	83.04	V	11	Neil Guy	91.42	P	70
Mick Guiffre	83.33	J	2	Dennis Cooley	95.26	P	95
Winston Marsden	84.08	V	13	Jane Flanagan	95.33	J	6
Bernard Cooley	84.09	V	14	Anthony Sauermann	96.33	O	55
Brian Colwell	85.06	P	33	Lynne Evans	96.59	P	101
Bryce Courtenay	86.13	V	17	Lance Day	97.54	V	51
Karl Topfer	86.58	P	44	Peter Ryan	99.21	M	12
Dwight Nelson	86.58	P	44	Ian Newlands	104.04	P	119
Pam Hazlewood	87.30	P	49	Frank Assenza	110.46	V	71
Maria Gemenis-C'Shank	88.03	P	51	Tom Smith	122.19	V	79
Laurie King	88.03	P	51	Dot Flanagan	131.36	V	80

CATEGORIES

				FINISHERS
J	:	Junior	(17 and under)	16
O	:	Open	(18 - 29)	75
P	:	Prevet	(30 - 39)	142
V	:	Veteran	(40 - 49)	80
M	:	Master	(50 - 59)	21

(E. & O.E.)

The listings from which the above results were extracted were known to contain errors.

MY LONGEST COMPETION RUN

THE RANDWICK RUGBY HALF MARATHON 25.7.82

(NOTE: The times in this article are only to be read by the 6.30 a.m. STAR group).

After my now usual Sunday pre-dawn rising I pottered around home for a while waiting for the bodily functions to function and then set off for the Coogee Surf Lifesaving Club. On the way I wondered anew at what I was doing. On April 4th., I had entered my first Fun Run - Rotary Run at Glebe 10km - and had actually finished. I enjoyed it very much and decided as I shuffled my way around the streets of Cremorne end The Spit that I badly needed guidance. Dr. Sheehan's book told me I was 25 inches too short and 25 years too old to ever be a good runner, but I would like to be a reasonable fun runner.

John Jeston invited me to come along to the film night at Sydney Hospital to meet some of the striders and find out more about their club. I was a little overawed by this room full of slim, fit people who looked as if they could run like greyhounds but at the coffee break Dot Flanagan explained how the club catered for all capabilities. And so I joined up - my sister told a group of nuns that I had joined the "Sydney Strippers", so that will take some living down.

And so I arrived at Coogee. The friendliness of the club is heartening to a new member. Charles looking his usual serene self quitened my jitters with his matter-of-fact manner. Brian Colwell, with his ever present clip board got name, rank and serial number after a cheerful greeting. He seemed to have about 35 names on his board. Max gave me a potted version of his entry into running at the starting line to keep my spirits up. He was going to run part of the way with Gavin who decided to treat the race as a training run because he was suffering from "toxic sleep" (he felt very good when he went to bed at 5 a.m., but felt awful when he got up at 6 a.m. - so it must have been the sleep).

Feeding all my runs into the computer at Tech (where I work) came up with a prediction of 65 m for the first 11 km and 75 m for the return journey. Pam said she'd run with me for a while to give me the pace. The sprinkling of green shirts and singlets seemed to set off like on a 400 m sprint up the hill so I didn't see much of them until the socialising at the end. After about 4 km two strayers joined Pam and I in a small group but then I noticed Bob Talay with his video camera, so I realised why. Pam left me after about 40 minutes and soon disappeared from sight. Thanks to Pam's pacemaking I turned in 55 minutes. The old bones creaked a bit on the way back, so I finished in 122 minutes, with the cheery support of club members helping me across the finish line. Club members seemed reasonable happy with the organization of the race judging from their comments afterwards.

It was a very noisy and social event at the Rugby Clubhouse afterwards, with cheers for Jane and Dot Flanagan, Pam Hazelwood and other trophy winners. I feel a little more confident of one day competing in a marathon run, after completing my longest race in a much better time then I could have hoped for. Having since met Bob Pierson, who like me is prematurely grey and built like a front row forward, I feel a little more confortable at gatherings of club members, and look forward to other outings with them.

Technical Corner

TO ULTRA OR NOT TO ULTRA - Charles Coville

Adventurers climb mountains because "they are there." They had probably negotiated bush walks and hill climbs in the early days as well.

Runners I guess are no different. A jog around the block leads on to Fun Runs, City to Surf and ultimately the mystical marathon. Why? Amongst other reasons because "they are there."

Suddenly we are confronted with yet another challenge - ultra-marathoning - the 50 mile Sydney to Wollongong.

So now what?

CAUTION! There 7 golden rules that should be considered. If you can bare with me, I must indulge in some personal experiences so that you get the message from the body that took the battering.

The 90 k Comrades Marathon alternating between Durban and Pietermaritzburg is to South Africans what City to Surf is to Sydneysiders (as viewed by the layman). Ignoring the fun run element of the latter race, basically, you aren't a runner unless you run the race. So too of Comrades.

1982 saw the 57th running of the Comrades. Like many sporting events the race's popularity is enhanced by its history.

The 90 k distance is a challenge in itself, not to mention the difficult and torturous course.

In recent years, leading marathoners have entered the race which, up until the later 60's, was basically an 'Old mans race'. In any other country your Robert de Castella's and Laurie Whitty's would never consider the 90 k event. However, South Africa's expulsion from the Olympics and the difficulties encountered in touring overseas has seen many top sub 2.20 marathoners take a punt at the obscure event. There is more local glory in winning Comrades than there would be in winning an international marathon. Not unlike the City to Surf where the laymen will remember Steve Austin as the 1982 winner, not an Australian 5000 metres champion.

So, the whole road running scene in South Africa is, not surprisingly, geared towards the Comrades.

In the late 60's I attended the University of the Witwatersrand. The athletic/cross country club had produced many Springbok athletes and had won more University cross country titles than all the other universities combined.

Not being fast enough to join the elite ranks of the 1st team, (cross country) I was relegated to run marathons and walk (20 K events). Few prominent athletes ran the marathon as it was considered a race for the slower runner.

Marathons in my vocabularly, soon took on the definition of any event over 42.1 k. While my first marathon was a standard (3.19), I eventually found myself indulging in 30 milers and eventually the Comrades. ("..They were there"..... for indulging in). I had finally been absorbed unwittingly into the ultra scene. Before becoming totally engulfed in those long obscure distances, I had run a 2.55 in 1969 over the most difficult standard course I have ever run (giant hills, boring straights, lots of traffic

and traffic lights).

From 1968 until 1976 (shortly before I left South Africa for Europe) I ultra'd. I clocked up ultra after ultra, Comrades after Comrades. I even negotiated a 100 miler (SIC). LSD training was in vogue. Speedwork was something used only by track and cross country athletes. Running took up more and more of my time and I even recall clocking 152 miles one week in 1972. Not surprisingly my marital status in those days was single.

Ultimately 2 things happened. I got badly injured and I got stale. (A lateral ligament 100 miler injury plagued me for 2 years). By 1976 I was more involved in white water canoeing than running.

Arriving in Australia in late 1978 after an almost 2 years break from running I found a new lease of life for running. No longer did I have to pound the roads for hours on end in preparation for the Comrades. Running became more enjoyable as I trained faster over shorter distances.

A quick stock take of my standard marathon performances made me realise that I had completed 4 times as many ultras as I had standards and that surprisingly my 1969 P.B. of 2.56 still stood. I had been running 30 milers at the same pace as standards, but had never bothered improving on my 2.56. Having viewed the ultras scene from the outside, I finally got marathoning back into its proper perspective. So 10 years later I finally improved on my 1969 P.B. (2.50 at Gillawarna).

Since my arrival in Australia I have enjoyed my running more than at any other time in my running career, and I am actually performing better than ever before.

Which brings me back to the topic under discussion.

1. Marathoners will run ultras because they are there.

2. Marathoners must be aware that they will retain their speed well into their late 30's. Thereafter the inevitable ageing process will slow them down.

3. Marathoners must aim to standard marathon seriously into their late 30's striving for that next P.B.

4. Marathoners must view ultras as "one off" obscure distances that are indulged in, not at the expense of standards.

5. Marathoners must be aware that ultras make one more susceptible to serious injury. Because each ultra is an obscure distance run only once a year, there is more pressure not to fail as 365 days is a long wait until the next one.

6. Marathoners must be aware that ultras demands more training and hence a further readjustment to one's lifestyle.

7. Marathoners must be aware that ultras encourage L.S.D. training.

The 7 points represent the caution that I mentioned earlier. The decision to ultra must not be lighthearted, but should be considered seriously.

Race Review

HABERFIELD ROWING CLUB "BAY RUN", 1st August 1982 by Neil Plevey

After running this course so many times in training, I decided the night before that I should have a bash at racing it. On this bright, sunny morning I joined Winston Marsden and about 350 others at the start.

For those who have not seen this run before, it consists of a 7 km journey around Iron Cove Bay. The course is almost entirely flat and quite scenic.

The only team entries were for the inter-roving-club competition. If there had been family categories, Winston Marsden's crew would have won not only on performance but on numbers as well. I seemed to be surrounded by Marsdens at one stage. A fine bunch of kids to boot! All put in good performances, with Dad doing a P.B.

The writer managed to break his maiden status and got home in 21:55.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: i.e., Neil won!).

Medical Corner

WALKING DURING A MARATHON

(The Runner - May 1982)

Walking during a marathon will cause lactic acid to build up in your bloodstream, making you more tired. While you are running, your heart attempts to prevent the buildup of lactic acid by beating rapidly and strongly — pumping large amounts of oxygen-rich blood to your muscles. As soon as you slow down, your heart slows down, and lactic acid accumulates in your bloodstream at a faster rate.

Stopping during a marathon also tires you by causing blood to pool in your legs. During exercise your leg muscles act as a second heart. Every time you relax them, the veins fill up with blood. When you contract your leg muscles the veins pump the blood back toward the heart. When you stop contracting your leg muscles because you've suddenly stopped running, blood can pool in your legs, and your leg muscles will not get as much oxygen.

Of course, there are times in a marathon when walking can be helpful if, for example, you have muscle cramps. But if you are considering walking just because you are tired, remember that you won't be able to resume running as efficiently afterwards.

It Happened on the Run

THE HAZARDS OF LUNCH-TIME CITY RUNNING — SAM DAHER

FLASH OR FANTASY

After completing a Striders fartlek session Phil Caldwell, Charles Coville and myself were walking back to our respective shower facilities when we were approached by two enthusiastic photographers and a woman dressed in an overcoat. The woman was exitedly explaining that she wished to have a photograph taken of Aussie runners and could we jog towards the cameras some 20 yards away. Oblivious to everything around me vanity got hold and I started to wonder whether my hair was in place and hadn't noticed one important fact --- the woman was dressed ONLY in an overcoat. A quick glance confirmed all was not right as the woman had positioned herself between the photographers and ourselves with a grin on her face a mile wide. Charles was first to size up the situation and Phil agreed. A quick decision and three Striders (one reluctantly) were seen bolting in the opposite direction at 3 minute per Km pace. It's the last time I run with married men (I bet they don't even read Playboy).

CORPORATE CUP

On Wednesday 12 August 1982 I couldn't decide whether to go to the pub or go running - little realising that both my wishes were to be satisfied. Someone mentioned it was the last round of the present series of Corporate Cup runs (an inter-city business house competition) so I decided to go running. However, the best of good intentions can sometimes go astray.

The run of 4.1 miles began 12.30 and I completed the journey in 26 minutes. I then began to look for refreshments only to discover that 4 cases (48 bottles) of Bodega was put on. Considering that only about 30 runners were partaking of the fluid I felt it my duty to remain to assist in the process. As I opened another case I was heard to mumble "Im not here for my health".

All in all a very enjoyable day and just another sideline to the aspect of lunch-time running. For the record my run was ordinary but my drinking was a P.B. and I'm sure Phil Caldwell will vouch for that.

QUESTION — WHAT DO FLASHERS DO IN THE WINTERTIME????

ANSWER — JUST DESCRIBE THEMSELVES

1982 Half Marathon

FUN RUNNER
AUGUST/SEPTEMBER 1982

Sydney Striders Half Marathon - March 21 - By Frank McCaffrey

It was the day on which thousands of people walked across the Harbour Bridge to celebrate its 50th year. But earlier, at 7.10 am, hundreds (445 to be exact) turned up to West Pymble Public School and took off into the 'nature's wonderland' (if one could call it that) of Lane Cove River Park for a half-marathon which could only be described as tough. We seemed always to be on a hill, either up or down.

But the toughness of this run was offset by the best organisation one could ever imagine, both out on the course and back at base. Every kilometre was neatly marked, and there must have been a hundred people out there acting as marshalls or looking after the refreshments and sponge stations. Weatherwise it was perfect too - grey and a slight drizzle, with a downpour at one stage.

The way the course was planned we could see race progress as faster runners drifted by in the opposite direction. And there were no cars; just the silence of nature and the sound of heavy breathing.

The race over, we were overwhelmed with refreshments: Yomix yoghurt, Mr. Juicy orange juice, water, coffee, tea, biscuits. Earlier, before the start, we each received a kit containing a T-shirt and packets of Warm-Up and Rally, the new salt replacement drink. A free plug for these people, but they certainly deserve it. And Sydney Striders deserve five stars for this superbly put-together event.

Letters to the Editor:

Nothing but praise

Dear Fun Runner,

On behalf of my club, the Western Districts Joggers and Harriers, we would like through your magazine to congratulate the Sydney Striders on the running of their Half Marathon, which was run on Sunday March 21 through the Lane Cove River Park here in Sydney.

From the time you were shown to a parking spot by torch-carrying marshals in the darkness of the early morning to the time it was all over, there could be nothing but praise for the Striders. I'm sure every runner who competed would agree with us that it was one of the best runs we have competed in.

Derrick Titmus
Ashfield, N.S.W.

City to Surf

CITY TO SURF: 14 k SUNDAY 8th AUGUST

Recording all Striders who competed in the City to Surf would require numerous phone calls and/or hours of newspaper perusing. Listed below are those Striders who

i) Entered the teams events as Striders.

ii) Checked in their times at the Striders Kiosk after the event.

iii) Finished under the hour and were painstakingly scrutinised in the Sun by Brian Colwell (Apologies to runners over the hour) (E.&.O.E.)

A special vote of thanks to 'Coach' Daher for his effort in researching team categories and controlling and supervising entries. His efforts were well rewarded with success for 3 out of 4 teams.

SYDNEY STRIDERS INDIVIDUAL RESULTS

RACE POS'N	NAME	TIME
15	MICK HALMY	44.52
39	NEIL PLEVEY	46.15
100	ROB HARRISON	48.22
146	BOB SHAW	49.40
164	IVAN FREYS	50.00
191	KEITH LEGGETT	50.28
218	FRANCIS CHAN	50.45
231	DAVE COX	51.05
233	STUART GREAVES	51.06
238	DENNIS COOLEY	51.09
241	CHARLES COVILLE	51.12
249	BRUCE USHER	51.19
279	RUSS HAMMOND	51.49
300	BILL FLANAGAN	52.12
392	WINSTON MARSDEN	53.18
428	RAY DORAN	53.41
432	DAVE INGHAM	53.44
469	DICK CLELAND	54.05
530	MICK GIUFFRE	54.28
559	BERNARD COOLEY	54.41
655	DAVE BLACKHALL	55.19
684	MICK EDWARDS	55.26

RACE POS'N	NAME	TIME
702	PETER GARRETT	55.37
757	RON FEENEY	56.00
758	NEIL COLLUM	56.01
806	DWIGHT NELSON	56.16
809	BRIAN COLWELL	56.18
843	CECIL FORD	56.34
961	ROB BLACKWELL	57.10
998	BRYCE COURTENAY	57.23
1010	IAN WEBB	57.26
1017	MAX HENDERSON	57.28
1182	SUE HILL	58.12
1205	KARL TOPFER	58.17
1312	IAN MILLAR	58.46
1471	DEREK WHITE	59.26
	GLEN McGREGOR	62.08
3127	LYNNE EVANS	64.50
3968	JIM DONOVAN	67.01
	PETER RYAN	70.03
6024	NINA BLACKWELL	71.35
6228	NELL GERRAGHTY	72.00
7482	JIM TRAVERS	74.51
10487	CARMEN BINGHAM	82.03
10487	MIKE BINGHAM	82.03
17844	TOTAL NO. OF FINISHERS	

The response to join in a Sydney Striders team was somewhat disappointing with only 18 entries lodged via the club. However it is appreciated that many factors contributed to this - outside commitments; personal taste; uncertainty of running on the day and the feeling one may not be competitive enough. The latter in my opinion is not a good reason. The results this year have borne out the fact that many Striders who may have considered themselves not competitive enough could in fact have gained placings in the right categories. In any case I have found in the past to run for a team improves ones performance and adds a little more interest to the event and by entering may be helping out team mates.

I may be a little bias in my thoughts because I consider that whilst one basically runs for enjoyment the sense of achievement of any success that is gained along the way is a source of encouragement to continue.

Having said that mouthfull this years Sun City to Surf proved to be a very successful event for Sydney Striders. Of the 18 runners who were entered in 4 different teams categories the excellent result of 3 provisional placings was achieved and these are detailed below.

DIVISION 3

Men - Team of 3 Age under 30: Category AF
(only one registered athlete permitted to enter)

NAME	TIME	
N. PLEVEY	46.15	Provisionally placed 3rd
S. GREAVES	51.06	Protests pending on grounds that 1ST & 2ND teams appear to have broken the rules of Division 3 permitting only one registered athlete
R. HAMMOND	51.49	
AGGREGATE TIME	149.09	

Men - Team of 3 Age 30 & over: Category AG
(only one registered athlete permitted to enter)

NAME	TIME	
I. FREYS	50.00	Provisionally placed 2nd
C. COVILLE	51.12	Protest pending on 1ST team on same grounds as above
B. USHER	51.19	
AGGREGATE TIME	152.31	

DIVISION 4

Sporting teams of 3 - Category AU

NAME	TIME	
M. GIUFFRE	54.28	Provisionally placed 2ND
D. BLACKHALL	55.19	Michael & Brian were placed 3RD in this category last year and its good to see Dave who had to overcome difficulties on the day running such a good time and sharing in the spoils.
B. COLWELL	56.18	
	166.05	

It is regretable that the results in Division 3 are somewhat clouded by the need to protest on possible rule infringements (or computor error). However it is considered in the interest of all runners that this be done.

An interesting statistic comes out of this years results. Our newcomers Nina Blackwell and Nell Geraghty both ran very creditable times and were well under the average time required to take out a placing in the womens open division. However lack of entries prevented a Sydney Striders womens team this year but next year should see the Sydney Striders first City to Surf Womens team entry.

Congratulations to Dot Flanagan for her part in winning Category BM - Womens teams of 3 - aged 40 and over.

The Editor,
"Blister" magazine.

Dear Sir,

Congratulations to all those Striders who ran in the City-to-Surf (I was a non--combatant this year) and especially those team members who put the club's name into the teams trophy lists 3 times.

The club's performance is all the more praiseworthy when one remembers that it has been achieved by genuine members of a genuine amateur club. One "club" in particular, which ran off with a number of team prizes and featured in the prize-lists ahead of the Striders, is commercially sponsored by (and bears the name of) a well-known Eastern-suburbs runners' shop, and the teams which ran under its banner consisted largely of runners poached from genuine clubs.

I have written to the organisers of the City-to-Surf commenting on this denial of the spirit of the run, and lamenting the fact that some tradespeople see fit to draw free advertising and commercial gain from what is supposed to be a community fitness event. Let us hope that in the future, genuine teams like the Striders will not be pushed into 2nd or 3rd place by those who buy favours with free shoes and singlets.

Yours sincerely,

Steve Cornelius.

THE 4th STRIDER ? DENNIS COOLEY

Well! Another City to Surf is over and as I am doing the washing up, my wife having retired to bed early after running a 73 minute P.B. and going to great lengths to see that our guests for the apres race celebrations are properly looked after, I am reflecting upon this annual excersise in masochism.

Actually my wife has an interesting approach to running. She does not believe in training and that way she keeps herself fresh, as she runs her best races when fresh.

Anyway, reflecting upon the race, I am reasonably pleased with my effort considering the difficulties with the start. My wife, a friend, and I met my brother Bernard at Elizabeth Bay and jogged down to the Town Hall at about 7.45 a.m. We wanted a good start

On the way down, near the tunnel, someone was jogging up with his number in his hand. "Gee, how much start does he want?", my friend asks. We jog past the start and already runners are on the road. We go to the Town Hall and get our numbers and then back to the start. We assemble about 20 yards back from the lights - not bad, but not as good as last year - must be more runners. See Robert Harrison almost at the front, and we wave. I could not see too many people I knew - no Strider's uniforms - must be covered with garbage bags, for warmth, like us. We read the Sunday papers and eventually the starter lifts the pistol and we're away.

Hardly moved for about 10 seconds, and then only slowly. Not to worry, you will soon be striding out properly, I thought. Alas! The cheats had appeared and by the time I got to the bottom of the hill, the lead was 2/3 of the way up to the tunnell.

Why, oh why do I keep coming back for this treatment every year? This is my 9th and possibly my last, as a serious runner, because the children are wanting to run with dad next year, and I am getting tired of the cheats. See a few Strider singlets here and there. Eventually I am reasonably happy with my progress although there are runners everywhere, many of whom have obviously got to Double Bay by other means, other than on their merits.

Going along past Doyles I start to put the pressure on and move to the centre of the road, where there is no interference. Soon the hill. This doesn't worry me too much as I train on it at least three times a week, and we are old friends - just coast until it flattens out at Rose Bay Convent and then accellerate. See Brian Colwell and Mike Edwards in front and they are going well although looking a bit tired. Soon the hill is over and come to a large crowd at the corner where the cemetry is. There is much clapping and the adrenalin pumps a little more.

Soon pass Bill Flanagan who wishes me the best and now I am approaching the hill going down to Bondi. See another strider whom I don't know. Pass a spectator whom I thought said "4th Strider" Great! I thought. Tried to pass and shake off the unknown Strider but he was determined. Started to "dry retch" and have to slow down. The Strider passes me. Soon the problem dissipates and I am after him. Next thing I saw a Strider who was wearing my Wife's Silver Fox Fur - No, its only Charles Coville's hair, about 70 yards in front. Try a bit harder and soon start to bridge the gap when I see more Striders including Bruce Usher. Can't possibly be the 4th Strider, I thought, they're everywhere.

The pressure is really on now as we pass people along the barriers all cheering. Start to "dry retch" again and there's another Strider up front but can't catch him and so finish in 51.09.

Just then I see Robert Shaw and Ivan Freys talking. Boy, they really ran well. Congratulations Robert, all that hard training must be paying off. I thought he was taking it easy last week at the veterens, when he ran 10.03 to my 9.45 over 3000 metres, and now realise he was obviously saving himself for Sunday, whilst I did battle yet again, with Robert Harrison. Seem to remember Neil Plevey talking to me on Thursday night when he said he was going to take it easy on Sunday. Steve Austin must be glad he did.

Well thats it for another year. It certainly is a great race, but I think next year, if the kids say "what about us?" I might just say "okay, next year for sure", but then if I get there just a little earlier and get a better start I might just break 50 minutes. Oh No!, here we go again.

(Editor - Cheeky Strider! I had a good mind to edit the article.)

Clubrunner Championship

POINTS TALLY TO 1 AUGUST 1982 INCLUSIVE

ATTENDANCE POINTS FOR WOODFORD TO GLENBROOK CHALLENGE OF 18-7-82 YET TO BE ALLOCATED

Pos.	Name	Points	Pos.	Name	Points	Pos.	Name	Points
1	USHER B.	178	34	PIERSON B.	54	67	HENDERSON W.	18
2	DORAN R.	140		CLELAND D.			POWYS A.	
3	FLANAGAN B.	130	36	GREAVES S.	53	69	COURTENEY B.	16
4	COVILLE C.	128	37	HUNTER B.	52		WHITE D.	
5	CORNELIUS S.	118		EDWARDS M.		71	COX G.	15
6	COLWELL B.	110	39	HANLON M.	50	72	BLACKWELL N.(F)	12
7	HARRISON R.	100		MCGREGOR G.			PARKER D.	
8	MILLAR I.	98		HAMMOND R.			ROBERTS T.	
9	EVANS L. (F)	94	42	PETERSON	49		OLDROYD J.	
	HILL S. (F)		43	DAWES J	48		FEENEY R.	
11	PLEVEY N.	93		LEADER L.			CHEETHAM R.	
12	BLACKWELL R.	84		WELCH C.		78	GEMINIS M. (F)	10
13	SHAW R.	83	46	DONOVAN J.	44	79	GALE J.	8
14	FLANAGAN D. (F)	82		CARR G.			GERAGHTY N. (F)	
	JOHNSON C.		48	CANARD K.	41		KNIGHT S.	
16	LYNCH B.	80	49	KING L.	40		MURRAY G.	
17	INGHAM D.	76	50	BINGHAM M.	38		NELSON D.	
18	HARRIS R.	75	51	FREYS I.	36		HAYDEN B.	
19	BLACKHALL D.	73		GARRETT P.			HERSLEY P.	
	JESTON J.		53	FOULSHAM P.	33		SMITH T.	
21	MARSDEN W.	71		STAPLES C.			O'CONNOR G.	
22	HANSSON O.	66	55	EDWARDS J.	32	88	BURKE C.	4
23	NEWLANDS I.	64		TOPFER K.			FORD C.	
24	FLANAGAN J. (F)	62		BEVAN R.			KARLIKOFF H.	
25	TRAVERS J.	60	58	MCDONALD M.	28		NATHANSON M.	
26	COLLUM N.	58		PIGOTT P.			MORGAN D.	
	HADGKISS N.			SNELSON J.			DONNOLLY D.	
28	COOLEY B.	57		EVENNETT J.			THOMPSON S. (F)	
	HENDERSON M.		62	HALMY M.	26		FLANAGAN A. (F)	
30	COOLEY D.	56 1/2		MILL D.			ROBERTS P.	
31	CALDWELL P.	56	64	GIUFFRE M.	24		WEBB I.	
	HAZLEWOOD P.(F)			JONES B.				
33	LIEBMANN B.	55	66	RYAN P.	22			

CLUBRUNNER COMPETITION

SAM DAHER

It was proposed at the inception of the "Clubrunner" that a review of the scoring system would be carried out mid-season. This was thought to be required because the competition is in its initial year and only by trial and error can it be perfected to a stage where its aims can be realised.

The "Clubrunner" was designed as a low-key competition in recognition of an individual's club support (i.e. attendance), time improvement and performance. It also aims to allow all standards of runners an equal opportunity in the competition.

It is now evident that by allocating performance points for non-marathon events lessens the chances of the slower runners and it has therefore been agreed that on and from 18/7/82 performance points can only be scored in Marathon events. These events also allow for time-improvement points which levels out the scoring.

A survey will shortly be compiled and distributed for your hopefully thoughtful appraisal of this competition and suggestions for its improvement or replacement.

I say thoughtful because people can tend to answer some surveys the way they believe they may be obliged to and not give the matter serious individual thought. The club policy of having something to offer to everyone by diversification can only be maintained by feed-back or suggestions - so please speak your minds (but don't swear).

Stop Press

WAGGA WAGGA MARATHON

Sunday 22nd August

The unexpected heat took its toll.

48 finishers from 80 starters

1st John Bell 2.29.47

Striders:

12th	Peter Garrett	3.07.20	P.B. by 10.07 minutes
?	Ian Webb	3.27.00	
26th	Chris Burke	4.09.26	

At last ..... details of the 1982 Sydney marathon:

6 a.m. Sunday 12th September.

Entry Fee: $7.50 by 28th August
$13.50 by 11th September
$19.50 on 12th September
(Editor - An Agostini first!)

Extracts from the entry form:
"The course will be correctly certified in accordance with IAAF rules."
(Editor - Hopefully the distance!)
"The Sydney Marathon will be run on the stipulated date unless weather conditions are exceedingly adverse ..... and an alternate date announced later."
(Editor - Yet another Agostini first!)

What's Happening

Tuesdays 1.00 p.m.

Sam Daher's School of Lactic Acid (or All You Wanted to Know About Fartlek, But Were Afraid to Participate). Meet at the Western end of the Domain at the Corporate Cup start/finish area (The Hospital Road entrance to the gardens - Opposite the Library of NSW and Bent Street/Cahill Expressway). (Contact Sam Daher H: 662 4292 B: 270 9509)

Wednesday 8th September

Wine Tasting: This event will be hosted by Steve Knight, the manager of Len Evans Cellars. You will be able to taste, we are told, "three good whites and three good reds", presumably in that order, and for only $6 entry fee, with cheese and bikkies thrown in, it sounds like an offer you can't refuse. Additional bottles available at "less than retail". Remember to bring the cab-fare home!

Wednesday 6th October

Running Injuries Forum: Mr. Phil Vasyli, a podiatrist whose clients include the illustrious Laurie Whitty, and Dr. Jeni Saunders, a GP, have kindly consented to answer our questions on running injuries. It would be a lucky runner who never had any injuries, and a foolish one who neglected the possibility of ever suffering any, so this evening's proceedings is of interest to us all. Please make a big effort to support this one.

Saturday 6th November

Annual Price Giving. Details later.

Sunday 12th December

XMAS Familty Picnic Day. Details later, but probably Lane Cove River Park.

Marathon Calendar

September	12	Sydney Marathon
	18	Gillawarna Marathon
	19	Cities Marathon (Sydney - Blacktown)
		Fiji Marathon
October	8	Commonwealth Games Marathon, Brisbane
	17	Big M Marathon, Melbourne
	27	Mannings International Marathon N.Z.
		New York Marathon
November	23	Fuji Marathon, Japan
December	4	Do-it-Yourself Marathon A.C.T.
	5	Fukuoka Marathon
	12	Honolulu Marathon

Marathon Survey

MARATHON	Gillawarna	The "Cities" Marathon	Big M
MARATHON LOCATION	Lake Gillawarna, Sydney	Sydney to Blacktown	Frankston, Melbourne, Vic.
DATE: (i) OF RACE (ii) OF DEADLINE FOR ENTRIES	(i) 18 Sept. (ii) ± 8 Sept.	(i) 19 Sept. (ii) 31 August	(i) 17 Oct. (ii) 27 Sept.
COURSE DESCRIPTION	Out & back twice, very flat	Undulating and flat	Mostly flat, with some undulations, Frankston to Melbourne
COURSE RECORD	H. Wegner 2.28.04 1981	I. Graves 2.29.16 1981	A. Lloyd 2.17.37 1980
1981 SIZE OF FIELD (i) STARTERS (ii) FINISHERS	(i) 152 (ii) 105	(i) - (ii) 91	(i) 5807 Entrants (ii) 3769
1981 WINNERS (i) MALES (ii) FEMALES	(i) H. Wegner 2.28.04 (ii) M. Gemenis-Cruickshank 3.05.57	(i) Ian Graves 2.29.16 (ii) Sue Hill 3.00.07	(i) A. Lloyd 2.19.03 (ii) J. Turney 2.42.12
1981 NO. OF SUB 3 HOURS	28	12	362
ENTRANCE FEE	$3	$5	$5
CONTACT (B) BUSINESS (R) RESIDENCE	Bob McMurdo (R) 605-3401	Blacktown City Council 621-0011 (x 217) Sydney City Council 299-9078 AAA of NSW 241-3538	Ms. Win May, Big M. Marathon Olympic Park Admin. Bldg. Swan St. MELBOURNE 3002