

UP AND RUNNING...



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SYDNEY STRIDERS
MARATHON & ROAD RUNNERS CLUB

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typing of Coral McAllan.

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

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Editorial

Improved Publication

A big thanks to Bryce (Pommie Basher)
Courtenay for organising the new look Blister.

Under the old system, the layout was time
consuming and slow. Bryce has negotiated a profes-
sional job which is in keeping with our (hopefully)
professional image.

The new cover is a Courtenay contribution,
too.

Honolulu Marathon

Our largest ever export of Striders to a
marathon outside Australia. Of the nine members
competing on Oahu on 12th December, four will
be tackling the 42.2km for the first time.

Good striding to Bryce Courtenay, Anne
(novice), Jane, Bill and Dot (novice) Flanagan, Sue
(novice) and Adam (novice) Thomson, Eric and
Valerie Willcock, Alex and Brenda Hamill and
Gavin Carr.

The Marathon Muddle

The channels of communication between
marathon organisers is almost non-existent.

The Australian Marathon appeared from no-
where and the State Marathon changed its date
radically. Campbelltown Joggers only became aware
of an intrusion into their traditional time slot when
roving reporter (and marathon surveyor) John Ev-
ennett queried the 1983 date with Ken Saunders (of
the Campbelltown Joggers).

Suddenly it appeared it had happened again
— 3 marathons in 3 weeks. (Harbord Diggers —
1st May; State — 8th May; Campbelltown — 15th
May.)

While Harbord Diggers have yet to meet with
the State organisers to discuss dates, Campbelltown
sensibly (though no doubt reluctantly) moved their
event to 11th July.

Rumour has it that Avon, and even perhaps
the Veterans, will be incorporated into the State
Marathon.

Surely the time has come for an informal,
loose knit gathering of marathon organisers to
meet, say, every six months, to discuss dates and
other marathon matters of common interest.

A clash of dates helps no one — Runners,
organisers and sponsors all lose out.

The 1983 survey is provisional only.
1982 information has been inserted where 1983
details were not available.





The "Slower" Group

It took almost 2 years for the slow group to come of age. During that time recruiting the slower runner almost failed. But as always, perseverance won on the day, played in no small role by DOT FLANAGAN.

CARMEN BINGHAM, BOB PEIRSON and MIKE NATHANSON were the original pioneers of the slow group. For many months there were no additions to the group.

DOT FLANAGAN'S efforts kept the group alive. Slowly the recruitment blossomed.

Our 1982 Half Marathon was the turning point. Sixteen new members joined the club after the event, most of them the slower runner.

Today the slow group is alive and well and has already peaked at 12 runners. That is almost 30% of a STAR attendance.

CHARLES COVILLE



1982 Sydney Striders Annual Awards

BEST MARATHONER

Robert 2.33.48 BIG M 10/82

Harrison

BEST NOVICE

Bob Shaw 2.48.15 NIKE 4/82

MOST IMPROVED SUB. 3 PERFORMANCE

Bruce 2.38.45 CAMP TOWN 5/82

Usher 3.16.48 GILLAWARNA 9/81

19.3% IMPROVEMENT

MOST IMPROVED SUB. 4 PERFORMANCE

Peter Ryan 3.21.00 BIG M 10/82

3.49.23 STATE 6/81

12.4% IMPROVEMENT

OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT AWARD

CONGRATULATIONS TO: NEIL PLEVY OUR INAUGURAL WINNER OF THIS AWARD SELECTED FROM THE FOLLOWING NOMINEES:

BERNARD COOLEY

CONSISTENTLY STRONG PERFORMANCES DURING 1982.

RAY DORAN

1982 GILLAWARNA MARATHON PERFORMANCE IN 'HEATWAVE' CONDITIONS, WHEN SO MANY FAILED TO STAY THE DISTANCE.

DOT FLANAGAN

CONSISTENTLY ATTENDED STARS; SUPPORTED STRIDERS AT RACES AS A SPECTATOR; PERSEVERED IN PROMOTING THE SLOW GROUP WHEN NUMBERS WERE LOW.

ROBERT HARRISON

OUTSTANDING SUCCESS IN ADVERSE CONDITIONS AT 1982 WOLLONGONG HALF MARATHON (1st in 77.00) AND IN 1982 BIG M MARATHON (CLUB RECORD 2.33.48).

PAM HAZLEWOOD

IN 1982 STATE MARATHON RECORDED 3.57.01 WITH LITTLE LONG DISTANCE EXPERIENCE. ORIGINAL BUDGET WAS FOR A TIME WELL INTO THE 4 HOUR CATEGORY.

BILL HUNTER

SUB. 3 HOUR PERFORMANCE AT THE 1981 STATE MARATHON AS A MASTER; WON AGE CATEGORY AT 1982 CAMPBELLTOWN MARATHON.

NEIL PLEVY

AFTER AN ANKLE INJURY THAT SIDELINED NEIL FOR AN EARLY PART OF 1982, HE RETURNED TO SPARKLING FORM IN NU-

MEERUS RACES FROM 7km (WINNER IN BAY RUN IN 21.55) TO THE MARATHON (SLICED 19.22 OFF PREVIOUS MARATHON TIME TO RECORD 2.37.24 AT STATE MARATHON).

BRUCE USHER

GUTSY PERFORMANCE AT THE NIKE MARATHON WHERE HE PUSHED HIS BODY TO THE LIMIT AGAINST ALL ODDS FOR A 2.48.25; CONSISTENT TOP PERFORMANCES DURING THE YEAR.



Clubrunner Competition

Final positions on conclusion of the competition (17th October)

MEN

1st Ray Doran 188 POINTS

2nd Bruce Usher 186 POINTS

3rd Brian Colwell 167 POINTS

WOMEN

1st Sue Hill 126 POINTS

BEST NOVICE

1st Dot Flanagan 118 POINTS

On behalf of the club, The Blister acknowledges with appreciation the efforts of Sam Daher in his instigating, recording and awarding of prizes for the inaugural Clubrunner Competition.

Membership

As at Sunday, 24th October, our membership stood at 125 (22nd August — 107).

An injury free welcome to our new members who have joined since the last Blister (No. 11).

RUSSELL BLACK

MARIA MARTIN

FRANCIS CHAN

ALAN POWYS

DAVE CLARKSON

NICHOLAS REED

DAVID DOUGLAS

GORDON SARFATY

ALEX HAMILL

ADAM THOMSON

BRENDA HAMILL

BRENT WATERS

NIGEL KINGSMILL

DAVE WILLIAMS

IRWIN LIGHT

ERIC WILLCOCK

TERENCE McIVER

VALERIE WILLCOCK

Would members please advise the treasurer (JOHN EDWARDS) of any changes of address/telephone numbers or errors on labels.

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.

SUNDAY TRAINING RUNS AND RACE ANALYSIS

by Brian Colwell

DATE	VENUE	ATTENDANCE
22.8.82	Port Botany Panter	31
29.8.82	Harbourside Hike	34
5.9.82	Iron Cove Bay Run	26
12.9.82	Tourist Trot	37
18.9.82	Gillawarna Marathon and Half Marathon	22
26.9.82	North Head Trek	27
3.10.82	Gap Gallop	29
10.10.82	Willoughby Wander	29
17.10.82	Lindfield Lope	24
	Big M Marathon	10
24.10.82	Port Botany Panter	28

STARS

Another ten weeks past, with fresh STARS added to our list and new ground having been pounded by Striders' feet. Thanks to the Flanagans, Steve Cornelius and Sam Daher for having spent the time and trouble to create new (or revise old) STARS to further our knowledge of Sydney's scenic byways. Also, don't forget that new courses are always welcome — if you wish to design one, please contact Brian Colwell with details.

EVENTS

Gillawarna proved to be a hot day for all who participated with the weather definitely having a detrimental effect on performances. Some good results were posted by Striders, however, with Bill, Dot and Jane Flanagan and Dennis Cooley all winning their respective categories.

The Big 'M' proved much kinder weather-wise, that being reflected in the fact that all 10 Striders completing the marathon posted personal best times. Congratulations to all concerned in both events.

INFLATION

Yes, the economic ogre has reared its ugly head once again. As anyone who buys soft drinks will have noticed, cans of Coke have been creeping ever upward in price, so in order to ensure that our run hosts do not go out of pocket, charges for 'post-STAR drinks' will henceforth be:

CANS OF SOFT DRINK	50c
POWDERED DRINKS	20c

WANTED

HELP! in the form of a new STAR Coordinator. Steve Cornelius has been forced, due to personal commitments, to vacate the position and our thanks go to him for fulfilling this role so effectively for several months.



The duties primarily involve:

- (i) Drafting of the Club itinerary (requires liaison with STAR hosts for setting of training runs and club committee for inclusion of social events and club supported races).
- (ii) Vetting of any proposed new STAR courses and ensuring that required standards are met in preparation of map and directions.

Please contact Brian Colwell if you are interested or would like any further details, but even if you don't — KEEP ON STRIDING!



Bi-monthly Review

by Charles Coville

DICK CLELAND

An impressive 11.42 improvement to 2.50.34 at Gold Coast in only his second marathon, Dick moved from 32 to 14 on the ladder.

RON FEENEY

A mammoth slice of 40.40 off the previous P.B. (and only marathon) over the 'not so easy, but at least accurate' Sydney Marathon course. New P.B. 2.59.20.

SUE HILL

1st female in the Sydney marathon, 3.03.24 (Sunday, 12th September), 2nd female in the Cities marathon, 3.04.29 (Sunday, 19th September).

MARIA GEMENIS-CRUIKSHANK

First outing in green and white at Gold Coast saw a 3.03.31 followed 3 weeks later by a P.B. of 3.02.20 at Cities and a trip to New Zealand (1st female).

ROBERT HARRISON

A first at Wollongong in the tough local half marathon in 77.00 was the stepping stone for a new club record of 2.33.48 at Big M.

STUART GREAVES

A let up from injury and sickness saw Stuart do justice to his talents with a strong 2.41.20 to climb from 16 to 8 on the Striders ladder (13.06 improvement).

LYNNE EVANS

A disappointing season ended off on a high note for social organiser Lynne. At the Carnivale 8km Fun Run (give or take a km) Lynne not only beat many male Striders (whom she had never beaten before) but also took 2nd female placing.

CECIL FORD

Cecil finally achieved his sub 3 after 7 previous attempts with a 2.59.43 at Big M.

DENNIS COOLEY

A superb 77.56 half marathon at Gillawarna saw Dennis flash through the field on a hot day to finish only one second behind Bill Flanagan, a mere 17 years his junior.

PETER RYAN

The Harbord Diggers 3.41.02 was a P.B. for Peter. He slipped back to 3.45.43 at the Sydney Marathon; perhaps training for the Big M. His Big M was one of the most impressive performances for 1982: 3.21.00.



1983 Half Marathon Update

by Phil Caldwell

YOMIX TAKES UP MAJOR SPONSORSHIP

Following on from its product (yoghurt) and T-shirt (race officials) sponsorship in 1982, Yomix has taken up the major sponsorship for 1983, and with it naming rights.

Yomix's increased support will mean the injection of vitally needed funds for accommodating an expected doubling in the number of entrants without sacrificing those all important standards of excellence set in 1982. It will mean an improved start/finish and on-course facilities and equipment; bigger and better prizes and awards, particularly for the 'non-elites'; a more informative and expanded Entry Form and Results Book and will cover the increased costs this year of securing Lane Cove River Park. It has also enabled us to set aside a contingency fund to ensure that general Club funds are at no stage required to subsidise the event. Most importantly however, it does not mean any loss of control by Striders of any aspects of the event's organisation.

A second approach for Major sponsorship rights has recently been received which, while not being able to be entertained for 1983, augurs well for future years.

Still on sponsorship, a further four new sponsors have associated themselves with the Half Marathon — Hickory, Australian Runner, Toshiba Computers and Smith & Miles Typesetting. At the same time, those sponsors who supported us in 1982 are, in most cases, providing more substantial support in 1983.

1983 SPONSORS

- YOMIX (YOGHURT)
- AUSTRALIAN RUNNER (MAGAZINE)
- RALLY (MINERAL SALT REPLACEMENT GLUCOSE DRINK)
- TOSHIBA COMPUTERS
- HICKORY (LADIES UNDERWEAR)
- MEDIFIT FITNESS CLINIC
- WESTLINE FORD
- THE ATHLETES FOOT (SPORTS STORES)
- MR JUICY (FRUIT JUICES)
- WATKINS & MURPHY (PRINTING)
- COUNTRY COMFORT MOTELS
- SMITH & MILES TYPESETTING

This support owes much to the efforts of John Jeston, Charles Coville, Maria Gemenis-Cruikshank (in particular for Hickory's support) and Stuart Greaves (for Toshiba).

PROMOTION CAMPAIGN KICKS OFF DECEMBER 1st

With the release of our Entry Form less than a month away, advertising space has been secured with the local running journals. The accompanying advertisement will appear in the November/December issue of Fun Runner.

OTHER RECENT INITIATIVES

- Formal approval is now to hand for the use of Lane Cove River Park and North Ryde High School (Start/Finish venue).
- We have also secured the Skyline Drive-In, North Ryde (adjacent to the School), for competitor and spectator parking.
- A revised course features a loop bringing runners back to the start area at 7km, which will hopefully generate increased spectator enthusiasm. The 'heartbrake hill' and rubbish tip/bushtrack section of the 1982 course have been deleted. On behalf of Sue Hill and myself, much appreciation to those Striders who assisted with measuring the course; in particular to Scott Newlands. The course proper is now fully measured with all distance marks noted. The contingency course for 'water over the weir' conditions will be tackled in the New Year.
- Prizes and awards to the value of over \$8000 including free T-shirts to all entrants 72 Striders Medallion awards and 4 prizes (including 2 random draws) of travel and accommodation to compete in the Adelaide Greenbelt Half Marathon.
- Negotiations are still proceeding with the Traffic Authorities and Ryde Council for approval of the 1983 course, with approval in principle from the Police just to hand. Ryde Council, however, are objecting to our proposal to close part of Wicks Road. Success in this regard will give us a virtually traffic-free course; so, before we make our final submission, **if any members can oblige us with a contact on Council, please let me know A.S.A.P.**

ORGANISING TEAM TAKES SHAPE

Welcome to those of you who have joined the TEAM since the last update.

HALF MARATHON ORGANISING TEAM

PUBLIC RELATIONS: Charles Coville, Maria Gemenis-Cruikshank

SPONSORSHIP: John Jeston, Maria Gemenis-Cruikshank

COURSE MANAGER: Sue Hill

GROUND MANAGER: Tom Smith

RECORDING MANAGER: Bill Hunter

PHOTOGRAPHIC SERVICES: Bruce Usher

CREATIVE DESIGN SERVICES: Bryce Courtenay, Alex Hamill, Ian Newlands
RESULTS BOOK EDITORS: Max Henderson, Pam Hazlewood

OFFICIAL BODIES LIAISON: Brian Colwell

COMPUTER SERVICES: Stuart Greaves

CATERING SERVICES: Ray Doran

MASTER OF CEREMONIES: Dave Blackhall

DRINK STATION MANAGERS: Sam Daher (3 more Managers required)

... BUT WE STILL NEED YOUR ASSISTANCE

With Xmas/New Year almost upon us, and with the writer taking annual leave for 6 weeks from December 12th, it is essential that we fill the remaining positions on the Half Marathon team this month. So, please, give your careful consideration to the accompanying position advertisements and, if you can help out in some capacity, advise me A.S.A.P. (no later than November 30th) on 427 6350 (R) or 239 0600 (B) — working conditions are poor, fringe benefits negligible, but we can offer the ultimate in tax avoidance packages — no pay — and that indefinable sense of elation/satisfaction that will come your way on the 27th March (race day).

OPPORTUNITIES WITH THE 1983 HALF MARATHON TEAM

ASSISTANT RACE CO-ORDINATOR:

Working in with the writer on overall co-ordination. Suit someone working close to Australia Square or residing in the Lane Cove area.

ENTRIES MANAGER: Processing of completed entry forms; allocation of race numbers; preparation of runners handouts; ruling on entry disputes.

PRIZES/AWARDS MANAGER: Co-ordinate collation of prizes/awards winners on race day in order to ensure a timely and smooth prize giving ceremony.

EQUIPMENT MANAGER: Arrange the hiring/purchase of all race equipment.

ASSISTANT COURSE MANAGER (MARSHALLING); ASSISTANT COURSE MANAGER (SIGNS): Working with Sue Hill on these key aspects of course management.

MEDICAL SERVICES: Liaison with Medifit Fitness Clinic on the provision of medical services both on and off-course.

PARKING MANAGER: Controlling all parking arrangements.

START/FINISH VENUE ENTERTAINMENT: Someone with creative flair to formulate and implement, in liaison with the Grounds and Catering Managers, a program for ensuring a carnival or fair type atmosphere on race day.



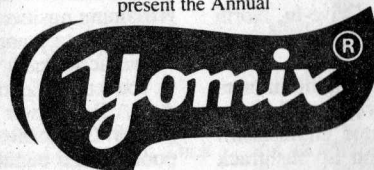
1983 DRINK STATION CHALLENGE

'It's gotta be the best ... definitely a five star.'

From the man who gave us the 'Sam Daher School of Fartlek', 'Carbo-loading the bananas way' (or 'With a chest like mine you've gotta eat bananas') and the Club Runner Competition comes another epic ... The 1983 Drink Station Challenge.

Sydney Striders

Marathon and Road Runners Club
present the Annual



Half Marathon

**After only one year
this is one of the top rated half marathons
on the national running calendar.**

Fun Runner gave last year's inaugural Yomix half marathon its "Five Star" rating. The reason was simple. This is an event designed, organised and conducted on the day by runners for runners.

Scenically it is a beautiful, though hard course, mostly away from traffic and through Lane Cove River Park.

The Yomix half marathon makes a perfect pre-event run to the Nike International Marathon in Canberra in April and is a must for serious road runners, while remaining a great run for anyone in love with running.

Distance: 21.1 kilometres. Date: Sunday, 27th March, 1983

Entries close 11th March, 1983.
16 Individual and 9 Team categories.
72 Striders Medallion Awards. Free
T-Shirt, all entries by 11th March.
Free post race breakfast all runners.
Entertainment for spectators.

Over \$8000 in awards and prizes.

1st Prize, Male and Female
winners. Plus two random draw prizes amongst competitors. Travel and
accommodation to run in the Adelaide Greenbelt half marathon.

Early entry prizes include travel and accommodation to compete in the Nike
International Marathon, Canberra.

Prizes for all placegetters and lots of random draw prizes of running gear and
other good things to win.

Sponsors: Yomix, The Athletes Foot, Mr Juicy, Westline Ford, Toshiba,
Hickory Underwear, Australian Runner, Country Comfort Motels, Rally Mineral Salt
Replacement, Watkins & Murphy, Medifit Fitness Clinic, Smith and Miles Typesetting.

There are 3 Drink Stations and one Sponge Station
in the offer. At stake is a magnum of champagne to
the winning team.

The Yomix Half Marathon takes place on
27th March. Members are however requested to
assist on the day with the organisation.



Typing — The Voluntary Type

by Charles Coville

Although many Blister contributories do have
their articles typed, there are still contributions that
require typing. Not to mention other odds and ends
that arise throughout the month.

We do have a small pool of voluntary typists
among whom we spread the typing.

However, our pool should be enlarged so that
our demands do not become unreasonable upon any
one typist.

Invariably typing is not required overnight;
rather within a "couple of days".

With our recent surge in female member-
ship, an appeal (tax deductible) is made for volun-
tary typists to volunteer their finger skills. (To
satisfy the equal rights lobby, the appeal also goes
out to any male typists, too.)

At present, the volume of typing does not
justify a 'permanent' part-time typist, but, I guess
in time Striders will employ its first part-time
typist.



The Olympic Way Marathon

June to Wagga, 22nd August, 1982

by Peter Garrett

The road from June to Wagga is called the
Olympic Way. But if you think the "Olympic Way"
has associations of lilywhite amateurism, then per-
haps you would think this race appropriately named.
I didn't actually see any runners in baggy cream
shorts and plimsolls, or notice any aristocratic
accents, but the atmosphere was ... nostalgic. Do
you yearn for the days when distance runners con-
centrated on catching a competitor barely in sight
on the horizon? Or would you rather avoid tripping
on the heels of countless Nikes and NBs?

Of course, there are disadvantages to the
Good Old Days. You've probably noticed that the
water cups at fun runs are inevitably plastered with
the sponsor's advertisements. Well, at Wagga they
don't want to jeopardise anyone's amateur status.
June, as you may know, is a railway town; so with
great resourcefulness, the organisers supplied drink
stations with those thimble-sized white cardboard
cups which come out of railway carriage dispens-
ers. Great idea. They must have been carefully
designed by a misanthropic railway bureaucrat to
collapse on contact with gingerly applied finger and
thumb. Still, we weren't tainted by commercialism.
This was the OLYMPIC way! Then, of course,

olympic rules forbid drinks until after ten kilo-
metres. You guessed: that was done "The Olympic
Way" as well.

There were a few other good old-fashioned
ideals adhered to. For instance, the course had
obviously been measured with great care. We were
asked to include a little diversion around a gerry-
can to "make up forty-five yards". (No new-fan-
gled metrics here. This was the genuine article —
all twenty-six miles and three hundred and eighty-
five yards of it!) The numbers had a nice old-world
economy about them, as well. They were hand
lettered on the backs of floral wallpaper. Do you
like finishing marathons to the strains of the theme
from **Rocky**? Bunting and banners? Cheers and
your name on the P.A. system? Nothing so gauche
and gaudy at Wagga. Polite applause and an official
with a clipboard. Even had to ask him politely
whether this was the finish.

Let's say it was ... low-key. I enjoyed the
weekend, improved by ten minutes and ran in a
very different kind of marathon. The locals were
friendly and helpful, and said that they hoped to
iron out a few of the problems for next year.
Luckily for me, I had friends to hand me prepared
drinks along the way, and a digital watch to check
my splits. With a bit more attention to detail next
year, this could be quite a good marathon. The
course isn't as hilly as I had expected from Dave
Cox's description in **The Blister**: in fact, except for
a gradual climb from 25 to 28 kilometres, it's pretty
straightforward. The time calls and drink stations
weren't too good, but if you are prepared this
doesn't affect you much. On the positive side, I
was surprised and delighted to receive a complete
listing of finishers and their times, including every-
one's 5km splits up to 35km. In the same envelope,
sent a few weeks after the race, were included two
photos.

STRIDERS RESULTS

Peter Garrett	3:07:20	(12th)
Ian Webb	3:27:44	(18th)
Chris Burke	4:09:24	(35th)





Wollongong Half Marathon

Sunday, 29th August
by Robert Harrison

After last year when I also competed in this event and was placed tenth I didn't think I had much chance of winning this year.

However, this year neither Laurie Whitty nor some of the other top notch runners were competing which certainly gave me an advantage.

We had a good drive down to Dapto, I was accompanied by a runner who most Striders would not know, a faster runner than myself on short distances, so I knew he would be a threat.

We arrived about 10.30a.m. — the race commencing at 12 noon. The first runners had just arrived and they were setting up the start/finish banners in the park, the setting was very country, good Aussie country. My accompanying runner, Bill, had already made me aware of the good Aussie weather, 27°C — a very dry heat — and there was still over an hour to go before the start.

I started to take in lots of water realising the weather conditions. I think it amused the people in the kiosk to see me drinking so much water. I still had not recognised any Striders in attendance until young Mick Edwards arrived, still as cheeky as ever.

The prizes had already been set out on a table and as I only recognised a couple of runners with any potential for providing strong competition I allowed myself the luxury of choosing a prize from those displayed — maybe the iron or the orange squeezer would be nice to win I thought. A Wollongong electronics firm had sponsored the run and also donated the prizes.

So at last the great moment arrives. The gun goes off!

Bill, my mate, tears into the lead with Jim Hennessy, a top veteran, sitting behind me in third place. We reach the first hill. I felt tired then and felt the effects of the midday sun zooming down on us. My main objective in this run was to test myself on times and also to use it as a preliminary warm-up for the Big M I was going to run which will be a 5 minute 40 second pace for me.

But the weather took its toll so I just sat on a steady 5/55 mile rate. At 8 miles I picked up runner number 1, we both gasped for water out of the tiny sponges, the heat was so great that the water got nowhere. Number 1 told me was "b.....d" so I moved on to find the bloke in the van videoing the run. Should I smile or stick my tongue out, I chose neither and kept going, passing Mick Edwards running the other way, hopeless, and giving his usual cheek.

Yes, I had won this race but to be fair the competition was not so great. The sponsors arranged a beautiful presentation later in the park. I was awarded a magnificent trophy and also received a digital alarm clock. I was going to ask them if I could change it for an orange squeezer but thought better of it.

So eat your hearts out Ovet and Coe!

ROBERT HARRISON, winner of the Wollongong Half Marathon, receives the Berkeley Sports & Social Club trophy.



Superfast Gold Coast International Marathon

Sunday, 29th August

1st	ALAIN LAZARE	2.19.21
2nd	PETER O'NEILL	2.30.52
3rd	STEVE BARTLEY	2.31.55
22nd	JILL COLWELL	2.43.35
	(1st female)	
STRIDERS		
44th	DICK CLELAND	2.50.34
		(P.B. by 11.42)
105th	MARIA GEMENIS-CRUICKSHANK	3.03.31
		(P.B. by 2.26)
190th	BRIAN COLWELL	3.21.25
426	FINISHERS	



*Superfast Marathon

Surfers Paradise, August 29th, 1982
*Superfast Film Laboratories Pty Ltd
by Maria Gemenis-Cruickshank

Having been unable to compete in the State Marathon in June, I set my sights on the Gold Coast, with a long sideways glance at Adelaide's Festival Marathon, staged also in August.

TRAINING:

My program doesn't vary much, as I don't really train for any specific event.

Almost every morning since 1976, I do my "constitutional": either a thirty minute jog or stationary run (to Clive Robertson's radio show. It's better for me to follow my aerobic program than to "dip out", by being caught up in the work rat-race. If I begin my day by satisfying my addiction, I'm easier to live and work with!)

Most lunch hours, I join the madding throng in the Botanical Gardens or lope out to Rose Bay (since 1979/80).

After work, I do stretching, etc., exercises at the gym, including a Hydra-gym circuit (since June, 1982).

Weekend running has been 1½ hours jog alone on both Saturdays and Sundays, around hilly Cronulla/Sutherland, with an occasional run with City Tattersalls Harriers around Centennial Park on Sunday.

THE RACE:

It had been hot and sunny for Saturday's Runners' Forum and Sunday dawned with promise of yet another hot, fine day.

Arriving at the registration desk at the Surfers Paradise Surf Club with 15 minutes to spare, I shakily pinned my number to my Striders singlet and said "hi" to the other female competitors queuing for the 'loo.

I was surprised to see we were beginning by heading north under the "Finish" banner; for some reason, it seemed more logical to head south...

Looking at the urging at the front, I eased in alongside some lady runners whom I recognised from Cronulla, they attempting their first marathon.

When the gun went off, lots of cheering and mutual well-wishing ensued and it seemed a slow start, everyone taking the whole thing as a giant fun run. No cut-throat runners here — a real carnival air prevailed.

This quiet, easy start was quite unlike other frantic surges I've encountered.

So we tootled north, slowly thinning out, towards the famous Sea World, turning south, past the "Finish" at Surfers, down past Broadbeach, turning back north to the "Finish", which was now the half marathon mark. And then to repeat the performance, in ever-dwindling company.

Drink stations north were fewer, or seemed to be! Time calls were usually audible but meaningless, without clear distance markers. (The worst instance was at the last turn-around, when the response to my question, "How far is it to go?", was "Don't ask me!")

I ran alone for most of the race, no one running my pace. I seemed besieged later in the race by males frantically sprinting ahead, only to be caught up and passed by me as they were vomiting, after which they'd sprint, vomit, sprint, vomit... Crazy...!

With 5km to go, I suddenly became introspective: I felt fantastic. Although all external cues suggested utter misery, distress and despair, I felt great, and so off I went, with heaps of energy to spare.

Entering the finishing chute, I was oblivious to the fact that my time was that which could be read on the overhead digital clock. No one knew my time, which was judged to be 3 hrs 5 mins to 3 hrs 7 mins. Terrific, but not a new P.B.

After the presentations, with the usual errors, I went to the Surf Club to see the photos of the finish. And there I was: 3 hrs 3 mins 32 secs. A new personal best! Elation doesn't describe the

height to which my happiness leapt. I didn't care a hoot about my placing — I'd improved; that meant more.

And I had had a ball.

I had set out to run my pace, to finish with a big smile and to look forward to the run tomorrow. For me, that is what running is all about.



Gold Coast Marathon

Sunday, 29th August
by Dick Cleland

Having successfully completed my first marathon (N.S.W. Championship, 27th June), the next task was to select a suitable marathon for my 2nd and hopefully a sub 3 hour marathon. The thought of an "out of town" marathon appealed to me — it would be nice in future to fit all holidays in with the marathon calendar.

Eight-twelve weeks between marathons is supposed to be a reasonable break and so I sat down one evening and read out the marathon calendar to my wife. Both the Festival City Marathon and Gold Coast Marathon were on 29th August or there were a couple of marathons in Sydney in September. I favoured the Festival City race (Adelaide is my home town) and my wife preferred Surfers' Paradise. That being decided we made plans to get rid of the children for the week and make a short holiday out of the trip.

We travelled north on the Thursday and Friday beforehand, making a comfortable trip out of it and avoiding travel the day before the race. This also allowed participation in the carbo-loading party Friday night and the marathon clinic on Saturday, at which Ron Clarke and Rob de Castella were among the speakers — all very inspiring stuff.

We had managed to acquire a motel unit on the beachfront, a mere 3 minutes walk from the start. Imagine the luxury of your own private loo in close proximity to the start to cope with pre-race nerves.

On the Friday evening I jogged about 9km along the course and then jogged another 9km on Saturday at 7.00a.m. to experience the weather conditions as they would apply during the race. It was bloody warm! Remembering the advice of Lawrie Whitty I drank considerable quantities of water on Saturday to ensure full hydration prior to the event. That evening, after a meal of pizza and a 1977 Rouge Homme Claret, I retired to bed at 9.30p.m. and managed to get off to sleep despite the roar of V8 engines dragging up and down the esplanade. I guess just thinking about a marathon makes you tired.

I had planned to rise at 4a.m. to allow time for a light breakfast of tea and toast, etc. I awoke



however, at 2.45a.m. so had my toast then and reset the alarm for 5a.m. Rising at 5a.m., the morning was fine and still, the sun had not yet risen but the air was warm and balmy. The sky was clear and the day was going to be hot. After taking full advantage of my private toilet facilities I made my way to the start about 10 minutes before the 6.30a.m. start.

My target was 2 hrs 55; 20 mins 30 per 5km works out at 2 hours 53 allowing a couple of minutes to spare. I started back in the pack and set out slowly; after 1km I caught up to Brian Colwell and we ran together for 2km or so exchanging pleasantries. I then left Brian and set out to pick up the pace. I saw George McGrath ahead and decided to tail him as I knew he would be running near my target pace (2 hrs 54.34). I reached the 5km mark 21 mins 45, a bit slow but understandable because of the slow start. George stopped to drink at the first drink station and as I drank on the run I passed him and remained ahead of him from that point. I was determined to pick up the pace between 5km and 10km as I had failed to do this in my first marathon. I reached the 10km mark in 42 mins 50. I was just outside the desired pace for the second 5km but was feeling the pace a little at this stage. After 10km the sun was beginning to make its presence felt, making it essential to take water at every drink station. I did not see the 15 or 20km markers so was unsure of my pace. I passed half way in 1 hr 26 mins which now put me ahead of my schedule. At this point I felt strong and began to force the pace, reaching 25km in 1hr 41.30, 1 min ahead of schedule, and 30km in 2 hrs, 3 mins ahead. The day, by now, was quite warm, better suited to surfing, and as I approached 35km my legs were starting to feel the effects. I again had trouble finding the distance marker on the second half of the loop and whilst looking out for the 35km marker I began to speculate on how much I must have slowed down. Reaching the final turn I realised that I had missed the 35km marker and had only about 6km to go. I reached the 40km mark (I found that one) in 2 hrs 41.30 and was very pleased to realise I had, in fact, maintained my pace — it just hurt more. With about 1km to go I was passed by 2 runners finishing strongly but I had no interest in a sprint finish.

After I let them go a terrible thought crossed my mind, "What if they break 2 hrs 50 and I just fail?" I was relieved when they just failed despite a frantic sprint over the last 100m.

The atmosphere was terrific as the runners crossed the line. A large crowd had gathered and the runners ran through a finishing gate with two bikini clad beauties standing one on either side, and an electronic clock above so that the finishing times appear in the photographs. I crossed in 2 hrs 50.34, a personal best by 11 mins 42 secs. Despite the pain in my thighs I felt terrific and I was fortunate to have a work colleague also compete so that I

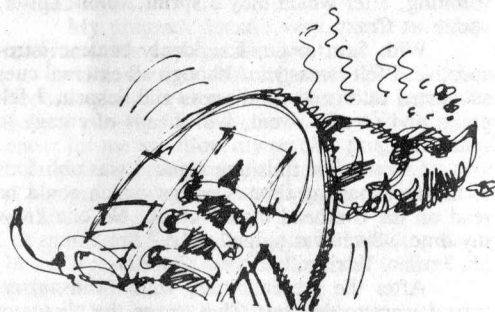
could spend the rest of the day gloating, eating steak and drinking beer and red wine.

Training

A recapitulation on my training leading up to this marathon shows that over a period of 17 weeks I averaged 45 miles a week. The first 8 weeks up to the N.S.W. State my average was 43 miles per week, and I must admit that it came as a surprise to me that during the 9 weeks between the State and the Gold Coast my average was only 47 miles per week.

My biggest weekly mileage was 57 miles. During the 3 weeks from the City to Surf to the Gold Coast my mileage was slightly restricted by an injured ligament in my right foot, although I averaged 40 miles these weeks it was run much easier than would otherwise have been the case. Despite my meagre mileage there was a good number of quality runs in my programme over the 17 weeks. In this period I completed 6 Stars (long course), 5 races of 14km or more, 1 marathon plus 11 6-mile races (Western Districts A.C. 6 at 6 on Tuesday nights).

These 6 mile runs provided a good measure of fitness as well as some faster work. My times improved by nearly 5 minutes and I ran 33 mins 54 secs just prior to the Gold Coast compared with 34 mins 29 secs prior to the N.S.W. State. During this winter season my weight loss amounted to 6kg (13lb) and I could well afford to lose a similar amount prior to the resumption of serious training next year.



BULLSEYE!



ON WINTER RUNNING

Brent Waters

Did you run on Christmas Day, 1981? I did, but it wasn't in balmy summer weather; it was minus 35°C (ambient), with icy zephyrs which dropped the mercury to -68°C when wind chill is taken into account. Running on any day like that would be notable but coupled with visions of post-run turkey, pudding and presents it makes an indelible memory.

I spent nine years in Ottawa, Canada. Located in the south-central part of the country, the national capital is a superb running venue for about seven months a year, and an exercise in masochism for a great deal of the remainder. More than 50 km of bicycle paths linked in loose network follow the Ottawa River, Rideau Canal and a parkland reserve which encircles the city. On the opposite side of the Ottawa River a further 15 km of pathway ascends the gentle slopes of the Gatineau Hills which in the fall are a blaze of colour.

But I started to tell you about the winter. Rather than being a sustained cold where freezing temperatures prevail and one can acclimatize easily, the conditions can change rapidly and dramatically. First there is the snow. At temperatures around 0°C, it is wet and sticky, piling up in the tread of shoes to a depth of 1-2cm and making your footfall unstable; great for weak knees and ankles! When the temperature drops to between -5 and -15, conditions can be ideal if the snow is ploughed and packed. Days like this are often cloudless, with brilliant sunshine. As the temperature drops further however, even the softest of shoes lose their bounce as the sole freezes solid. Foot impact injuries result as ungiving shoes strike rock-hard packed snow.

Periodically during the winter there are brief thaws. These bring little relief and more problems. The snow melts, the ice on footpaths cracks, and the whole lot is refrozen into rough ice resembling loosely packed ice-blocks. This surface has its own delightful combination of unevenness and poor grip. Worse awaits though if there is freezing rain — a diabolical precipitation which freezes immediately on contact with the ground to give the paths less grip than an ice-rink.

Finally, even the falling snow is a problem. Dry snow (temperature below -5°C) piles into deep drifts, covering paths and obstacles alike. Wading for 10-15 km through 30cm of this is worth 25 km under any other conditions, particularly if it is blowing and visibility is reduced to a few metres.

But the biggest problem with the winter is the cold, made worse by winds unobstructed by the bared trees. Prevention of heat loss and frostbite

require the most careful attention to dress. On very cold days I generally wore three layers all over, with the outer layer being plastic or wind resistant pants and a hooded jacket. I needed two pairs of gloves for my hands, and a balaclava with vaseline thickly applied to any remaining exposed areas to protect my face. Even then, I occasionally got small areas of early frostbite. When I first donned all this gear, I thought I would be immobilized but I was surprised that my times in the winter were often as good as in the summer.

All these clothes did more than keep me warm. In fact, it was probably essential to be overdressed and I perspired no less in the snow than in the summer. After a few minutes outside, salty icicles formed on my moustache and hairline; and when I undressed, frozen perspiration cascaded from between each layer of clothing. A curious hazard on extremely cold days which was due to perspiring was frozen elbows. Perspiration collected there by gravitation but elbows are unprotected from rapid heat loss, so freezing quickly took place. I had to wear a type of "elbow sock" to add an extra insulating layer.

With the spring thaw though, the ice and snow quickly melted and induced a remarkable spring fever. As soon as the temperature got much above 5°C, we were in our shorts again, stripped to the waist and prepared to tackle anything Mother Nature could throw at us.

GOSFORD TO TERRIGAL 11km SEPTEMBER

1st	WAYNE BRENNAN	33.47
2nd	HARRY WARD	34.28
3rd	HORST WEGNER	35.18

STRIDERS

6th	KEITH CANARD	36.19
25th	GEOFF COX	39.18
29th	DAVE COX	39.36
63rd	BRIAN COLWELL	41.47
76th	CECIL FORD	42.20
203rd	GAVIN CARR	46.24
902 FINISHERS		



Your great Grandpa cut his teeth on the Boston Marathon.



Sydney Marathon

Sunday, 12th September

1st	HARRY WARD	2.31.45
2nd	JOHN BOWERS	2.35.50
STRIDERS		
	KEITH CANARD	2.40.37
	FRANCIS CHAN	2.48.53 P.B. by 0.46
	RON FEENEY	2.59.20 P.B. by 42.40
	SUE HILL (1st female)	3.03.24
	RUSSELL HAMMOND	3.09.40 P.B. by 2.39
	JOHN EVENNETT	3.17.40
	PETER RYAN	3.45.43

Sydney Marathon 1982

by Ron Feeny

The Sydney Marathon was to be my second attempt at the distance, the first being in the 'Pony British Marathon' held in Bolton, England, in August, 1981. I had trained just enough to complete the course on that occasion, and did so in 3.42, not a fast time, but I was pleased that I had finished and that I had not had to walk at all in the race. That was, for the time being at least, the end of my running career in England, as I left the country in October. It was not until I arrived in Sydney in June this year that I started running again, and I made the Sydney Marathon on September 12th my target.

In the 13 weeks before the marathon I built up from almost nil to an average of about 50 or 60 miles per week for the last 8 weeks. In total I did about 580 miles. I joined the Striders early in July and as the weeks went by I found the 20 mile STAR runs becoming easier. Using this and my race times as some sort of indicator I decided I should be able to run a 3 hour marathon.

I ran very little in the week before the race, but on the Thursday night Paul Roberts and I ran the last 10km of the course. On Saturday afternoon, we went for a drive over the whole course, trying to take in as much as possible.

Sunday morning came and at 6.00a.m. we were off. I had borrowed a watch and knew what splits I should be running to get under 3 hours. The first mile came up in 6 mins 42 secs and we settled down into an easy pace. I was running with Paul and Ken whom I had met through Bryce Courtenay at a couple of STAR runs.

The leaders came back past us in the Rocks and I counted a Strider, Keith Canard, in 6th place and Sue Hill about 50th. The 10km mark came in

about 43 mins which was right on target for me.

Paul's parents and my girlfriend, Julia, were driving around and appeared at different points on the route to cheer us on. I saw them again, at 15km, which came up in 65 mins. By this time I was right into it and Ken and I carried on as Paul had a pit stop.

We spotted Sue Hill ahead and caught her up as we came through the mall at Bondi Junction.

This was the best part of the race for me and I did the 10km from 20 to 30 in about 41 mins. Ken dropped back and I was running on my own. As I came off Bondi Beach, Julia told me that there were only about 30 in front of me, which was a bit of a surprise, as the last time I had heard I had been counted at about sixty. As I was on my own I concentrated on trying to catch the man in front, thinking that that was the best way of not slowing down.

The 30km mark came up in 127 mins at Rose Bay. This put me a minute ahead of schedule and that plus a pat on the back and a bit of encouragement from Bryce, who had appeared at the aid station really gave me a boost.

Into Double Bay, 'Home Territory', I thought, as it was this section I had run with Paul. Then came Greenoaks Avenue. I only remember the name because it was the steepest hill on the course. That was hard work, but I was glad to find that it didn't take very long to get back to the rhythm I was trying to keep. The hill into the Cross was a hard one as well, but again I was urged on by our little band of supporters and again by a motley looking crowd of Striders coming in the opposite direction, on their 'Tourist Trot'. "Jimmy", the Scot, was at the front telling me I could go near 3 hours. I knew that, but my legs were not entirely convinced! I knew the last aid station was supposed to be at the 40km mark at Mrs Macquarie's Chair, but was pleased to find that it had been moved to the entrance of the Domain, so that we could have two lots! I was very tired as I came out of the Domain and looked at the watch, wondering how long it would take to run down Macquarie Street, knowing it was all downhill. Two hours 50 something it said, 56 or 57 I think. I tried to go a bit quicker. Paul's Dad was at the intersection with the expressway and started to run beside me. I kept looking at the watch, but couldn't remember the time. As I came towards the Opera House, I could hear the time keeper "2.59" and I ran a bit harder, I think, and passed under the finish in 2.59.20.

Naturally I was chuffed, especially as I had managed to stick to my splits almost exactly, which meant I had done it at a very even pace. Paul had a great run in 3.03, not a bad debut, and won himself a trip to New Zealand in the lucky draw. Sue Hill won the ladies in 3.03 (I think) and a trip to Melbourne.

The run was scenic, but not fast, as the

winning time of 2.31 would suggest. We were lucky with the weather and it stayed cool throughout. The organisation was pretty good, and an improvement on last year's if the reports I have heard are only half true. Anyway, I enjoyed the run, and am now looking forward to Canberra next year.



Lake Gillawarna Marathon and Half Marathon

September 18th

MARATHON

1st	G. POPE	2.42.03
2nd	R. WEBB	2.48.20
3rd	R. HEATHER	2.52.47

STRIDERS

	RAY DORAN	3.17.53
	MIKE BINGHAM	3.18.47

HALF MARATHON

1st	P. WHEATLEY	1.11.38
2nd	C. FALLON	1.12.50
3rd	J. GAMNIENYK	1.14.10

STRIDERS

		POSITION	CATEGORY
BILL FLANAGAN	1.17.55	2nd	M. UNDER 31 YRS
DENNIS COOLEY	1.17.57	1st	M. 36-40 YRS
BOB SHAW	1.18.23	3rd	M. UNDER 31 YRS
DAVE COX	1.22.27	8th	M. UNDER 31 YRS
GEOFF COX	1.24.34	12th	M. UNDER 31 YRS
BRIAN COLWELL	1.25.06	10th	M. 31-35 YRS
JOHN EVENNETT	1.26.08	8th	M. 36-40 YRS
BERNARD COOLEY	1.26.50	11th	M. 41-45 YRS
MICK EDWARDS	1.27.49	12th	M. 36-40 YRS
DAVID WILLIAMS	1.30.46	20th	M. 31-35 YRS
DICK CLELAND	1.31.08	19th	M. 36-40 YRS
TONY SAUERMAN	1.36.21	33rd	M. UNDER 31 YRS
BARRY JONES	1.39.32	4th	M. 50 YRS & OVER
ERIC WILLCOCK	1.40.22	5th	M. 50 YRS & OVER
JANE FLANAGAN	1.40.32	1st	F. UNDER 31 YRS
VALERIE WILLCOCK	1.52.53	1st	F. 50 YRS & OVER
PAM HAZLEWOOD	1.55.02	4th	F. 36-40 YRS
MALCOLM McDONALD	2.00.21	44th	M. 31-35 YRS
DOT FLANAGAN	2.01.32	1st	F. 46-50 YRS
ANNE FLANAGAN	2.15.52	14th	F. UNDER 31 YRS



Lake Gillawarna Half Marathon

Saturday, 18th September

by Dennis Cooley

I have been asked to write about the Lake Gillawarna Half Marathon. With some reluctance I have agreed having "upset" my Wife and the Editor on the last occasion I wrote, so this time I will not even give them a passing thought.

My brother telephoned me at 5.15a.m. to confirm that I was awake and that I would call for him on the way through. We eventually arrived and warmed up. I had made up my mind that I was

going to try to be the first Strider home.

At the Veterans' on the previous Thursday night, Bill Flanagan told me he was going to be there and would be running the half marathon hard. Well! I then knew I was going to have a race on my hands. However, Bill tends to be a little erratic in his races, (no offence Bill!). Sometimes he will run a blinder, like he did at Canberra or the State 25km and other times ... well, ask Bill. What was he going to do on Saturday? Only time would tell.

Robert Shaw was also there. Here was a dark horse, a runner on the improve. Strike!, last Thursday he had run a 3000 metre P.B. in 2.48, in windy conditions, against my 2.38 P.B. in perfect conditions, a few weeks before. Also he had beaten me comfortably in the City to Surf (49.40/51.09).

I knew some of the Strider heavies would not be there. "Hotshot" Harrison would be cutting hair and thereafter training nearby at Dee Why. A couple of the other heavies had apparently "blown out the door" at Wagga and had not recovered whilst others had lost form or were not going to be there.

Also saw Dave Cox, but as he seems to run marathons best, and I was only in the half marathon, I decided that the two "Thursday nighters" were the ones to beat.

Away we went and I soon settled in behind Bill Flanagan but after a while, decided to ease back and wait until we got on the road proper, before striding out. Soon Robert Shaw joined me and we ran near each other for a while until I decided to throw in a few surges, to test him out. Can't quite remember if he took up the challenge, but in any event, I pulled away by about 20 yards and thought I had him covered.

The race proceeded for another two miles with a group of us chopping and changing occasionally when the next thing, I heard this "heavy breathing" approaching and looked to my side and to my amazement Robert Shaw ran past me. What was I to do? Bill Flanagan was about 250 yards in front and Robert was now about 40 yards in front and going away.

However, I remembered the "heavy breathing" and decided to stay where I was, as the signs were there, that he would tire. As for Bill Flanagan, I knew, if he was going to run up to his best, then I wouldn't beat him in any event.

On the turn around, we all greeted each other. Saw most of the Striders on the way back and this gave me a chance to see if any Strider was too near me for comfort. First I saw Dave Cox, talking to an unknown Strider, (might even have been the unknown Strider in my last letter) and as Dave was talking, I knew he couldn't be serious and the others were some way back. Ray Doran and a few of the chaps doing the marathon ran past and I felt sorry for them, as the day was warming up. It was not marathon weather.



The time had come to release the brakes and try and catch Robert, who was now about 150 yards in front. He was starting to tire. I decided to pull in about 5 yards behind him and catch my breath before passing him. I did not want to pull up alongside him and give him the chance to go with me. The tactics were set — wait and kick and kick I did. He was tired, too tired to go with me and so after Bill Flanagan, about another 150 yards in front.

This was going to be difficult. Bill was a seasoned runner and very good. We have run together on many occasions over the last 5 years including pre-Strider days, with that very fine runner Fred Howe. What would be the tactics here? I was now getting tired and there was no way I would have the energy to kick past him, but he was coming back, slowly but surely.

The tactics decided upon were to run up to him and see what he did. He went with me — we were about three kilometres out. Indeed he pulled in front. We were then joined by another runner. I could not pass them as I had nothing left. All I could do was wait and see what happened.

The end was soon approaching. I decided to wait until I saw the finish line and sprint. We came to a large pole across the road, jumped it and then turned hard right, and were told the finish was sixty yards away — only sixty yards — too near. Bill was ten yards in front at the jump. Sprint I did, but to no avail. Bill had beaten me by two seconds.

Someone told me I had won a medal, but unfortunately we could not wait for the presentation. This article may be too long and rather self indulgent but I must say I was very pleased to read in the Sydney Morning Herald on the Monday that I had won my age group.



PERFORMANCES BY WOMEN STRIDERS

— Even better than you think!

Quick quiz time:

Q: Which is better, 2:30 by a woman, or 2:12 by a man?

A: The two performances are almost exactly equivalent.

Q: Considering all performances by Striders, including those achieved before joining the club, where on the marathon ladder should the top woman rank?

A: The fastest male marathoner is Keith Canard with a 2:29 recorded in 1980 before joining. Second on adjusted time is Sue Hill's 2:52 in West Germany 1979. This run is equivalent to a man running 2:31:35.

Have I raised any eyebrows with these confident but unsupported assertions? Well, O.K., I can't be quite so definite, but there is a rationale behind all this.

Premise 1:

Assume the current world's best marathon times by men and women to be equivalent in quality. (Admittedly, probably not perfectly true owing to the relatively recent blossoming of women's distance running.)

Premise 2:

Assume that for any runner's time, the equivalent time for a runner of the opposite sex is proportional to the ratio of the "records". That sounds confusing, so I'll try again in a quasi-mathematical form:

$$\frac{\text{man's time}}{\text{woman's time}} = \frac{\text{men's "record"}}{\text{women's "record"}} = \frac{2:08:13}{2:25:29} = 0.8813151$$

If 1 and 2 are accepted, then it follows that we can easily compute equivalent times in either direction by using the following conversion factors: man's time, to equivalent for a woman 1.1347 woman's time, to equivalent for a man 0.8813

Now we are in a position to deflate a few male egos. Pretty proud of your marathon time, boys?

TABLE 1:

YOUR TIME:

FROM A WOMAN'S
VIEWPOINT,
YOU REALLY RAN:

2:30	2:50
2:40	3:01
2:50	3:13
3:00	3:24
3:10	3:36
3:20	3:47
3:30	3:58
3:40	4:10
3:50	4:21
4:00	4:32

How do you feel? We haven't finished yet! For the clarification of what women are really achieving in "traditional" men's terms, we need another table:

TABLE 2:

WOMEN'S PERFORMANCES

YOUR TIME:

WHICH IS AS GOOD AS
A MAN RUNNING:

2:30	2:12
2:40	2:21
2:50	2:30
3:00	2:39
3:10	2:47
3:20	2:56
3:30	3:05
3:40	3:14
3:50	3:23
4:00	3:31
4:10	3:40

... and so on.

Now let's apply this tool to some actual Striders' performances, to bring everything into sharper focus. We've already seen that Sue's 2:52:01 is the equal of a man's 2:31:35. A few more:

Maria Gemenis-		
Cruickshank	3:05:57	equals 2:43:53
Lynne Evans	3:26:06	3:01:38
Carmen Bingham	3:30:50	3:05:48
Jane Flanagan	3:42:00	3:15:39
Pam Hazlewood	3:57:01	3:28:53

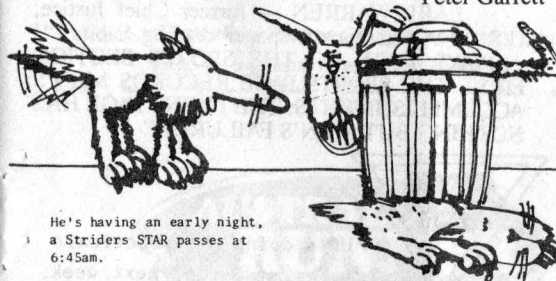
All six times effectively men's sub three-thirty! Turning to another and equally popular event, and applying the same proportional factors, we get an interesting view of the 1982 City to Surf.

Sue Hill	58:12	equals 51:17
Lynne Evans	64:50	57:08
Pam Hazlewood	71:13	62:46
Nina Blackwell	71:35	63:05
Nell Geraghty	72:00	63:27
Dot Flanagan	74:26	74:25

So we've got at least three here who are within striking distance of an equivalent to a man's "under the hour". In terms of good team performances, we're looking quite competitive for next year. With an extra woman member or two, we could even get two team placings in the women's category. And that's not taking into account possible improvements. I think we'll see several minutes come off some of these times.

A final thought for the men: next time your male chauvinist impulses tempt you to scramble past that woman just ahead of you in the final kilometres of a marathon, forget it. She's already beaten you by twenty or thirty minutes.

Peter Garrett



The "Cities" Marathon

SYDNEY TO BLACKTOWN

Sunday, 19th September

1st	STEVE MONTAGUE	2.26.59
2nd	IAN GRAVES	2.28.32
STRIDERS		
3rd	KEITH CANARD	2.39.53
15th	MARIA GEMENIS- CRUICKSHANK (1st female)	3.02.20 (P.B. by 1.11)
16th	SUE HILL (2nd female)	3.04.29
67 FINISHERS		



Cities Marathon

(Sydney-Blacktown), September 19th, 1982

Maria Gemenis-Cruickshank

At 1.00a.m., I am awakened by a strange sound: wind in the trees?

At 1.30a.m., there are no doubts this time: pouring rain and gurgling downpipes. Oh why hadn't I run good old sunny and hot Gillawarna yesterday...

Try to sleep till 4.00a.m.

Rise, etc., and struggle off in the dark and driving rain, to the Sydney Town Hall.

On the way, I agonise with my kind husband, John, that I'm scared I'll be run over by an unsuspecting car driver, as the meagre field of about 100 runners head westward with the vehicular traffic. A good feeling swells when I anticipate seeing my mates: Sue Hill, Joan Sutton and Merri Mack.

On arrival, only phenomenal Sue is there, but I'm too short of time for regrets. (The others went to Gillawarna.)

At 6.00a.m., we're off in the overcast, slightly drizzling dawn: I see only one other cloaked Strider, who zooms away from the very start. Laughing and chattering, we're already spread out by the time we're at the Haymarket!

I decide to try and stay with what could be loosely described as a group, for safety in numbers.

We keep going; still overcast and drizzling; good running weather, despite the high humidity and undulating hills.

This is my first A-to-B type run and I wonder how I'll enjoy it. Runners come and go and I'm out around Woodville Road, when a runner, Keith Swift, joins me on what is for him a return "private" run to Blacktown (he's in training for next weekend's 50-miler from Sydney to Wollongong). I worry that I'll be somehow disqualified for running in his company, but decide to worry about that aspect later. We chat from here almost to the finishing line, first time I've run in company in a marathon.

It's good when we turn up the hill on the Old Western Road, rural and quiet. Would that there were more of it.

For almost the last 10km, the quiet loop before Blacktown is manned at every crossroad by the naval ratings from H.M.A.S. Nirimba and duly signposted at every kilometre. As I had worried I'd get lost in these backwaters, their smiling faces and encouragement are reassuring. Reaching the park, I couldn't believe that this was the end: a lap around the oval and I'm home.

The run seemed so easy — thanks must go



to my companion, Keith. I'll have to try running in company again.

In organisation terms, the police did a good job, especially considering the enormity of safeguarding such a scattered field; drink stations were well-stocked, if the well-intentioned attendants didn't succeed in thwarting you totally from access, particularly to sponges; time calls were irregular, times being given at unspecified distances; course marshals were cheerful and suitably placed; the warm shower and free hot cuppa at the end were very welcome; presentations were on time and accurate.

That opening male Strider was not seen at the end; what happened? P.S. I'd never been to Blacktown before; it's too far to drive...



Carnivale '82 Trade Union Fun Run — September 19

by Phil Caldwell

Definitely one fun run to put on the running Calendar for next year. A scenic 8km out and back course from Farm Cove and over the Harbour Bridge, and the 'Blessing of the Fishing Fleet' festivities which follow, make this a unique event, particularly for members with families.

The day was capped by a fine run from Lynne Evans, being second female home ahead of Merri Mack and leaving the writer well in her wake.

Next year, weather permitting, we hope to arrange a Striders 'Brunch in the Gardens' afterwards.

My apologies, but all efforts to obtain the race results have proved fruitless — presumably they have disappeared with the Race Director following a protest over the Teams placings by the Painters and Dockers team.

STRIDERS' TIMES

Francis Chan	29.15	Lynne Evans	34.06
Bill Flanagan	29.23	Phil Caldwell	35.12
Sam Daher	30.32	Adam Thompson	37.57
Brian Colwell	30.44	Sue Thompson	44.44
Mick Edwards		Tom Smith	45.29
Lawrie King	32.22		

(Apologies to John Dawes, Mick Edwards and any others I've missed).

Is The AAA Really That Aloof?

"Good morning, my name is Charles Coville from Sydney Striders. Could I please speak to someone regarding the international age classifications. For example, what is the age range for veterans?"

Pause.

"Hold on."

Pause, mumbled conversation on the other end.

"If you contact Logan Irwin at the Vets he could give you the details."

"Actually, you don't understand" (perhaps it's my accent!). I then go into a detailed description of my requirements (Junior, Open, Prevets, Vets, etc.)

"Why do you want to know?"

Stunned I reply, "Oh, I did not know that it was confidential information! Anyway, I require it for race categories." (Imagine trying to explain the operation of The Striders marathon ladder — the reason for the enquiry.)

"Oh!"

Pause, mumbled conversation at the other end.

"It's in the AAA Handbook."

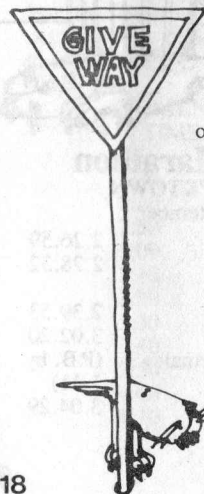
The phone cuts off.

Thank goodness I have one of those Handbooks, I can't take this "friendly, let's be of service to the running community" approach much longer.

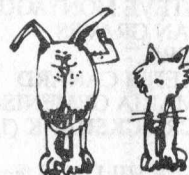
Is the AAA really that aloof?

Quotable Quotes

EARL WARREN — former Chief Justice, U.S. of A. on his newspaper reading habits: "I ALWAYS TURN TO THE SPORTS SECTION FIRST. THE SPORTS PAGE RECORDS MAN'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS; THE FRONT PAGE HAS NOTHING BUT MAN'S FAILURES."



He's doing his practicals on Street Biting next week.



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- hazards of running in the heat
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Striders In Training

TITLE	CONTACT	DAY/TIME	START/VENUE
Wednesday Westerners	Bob Blackwell Res. 569-2821	Wednesday 6.30 pm	Alternating participants homes in inner Western Suburbs
Turramurra Trotters	Alan Cole Res. 46-3731	Saturday 7.00 am	Turramurra Station Car Park (off Eastern Road)
Centennial Intervals	Brian Colwell Res. 524-0433	Saturday 7.00 am	Randwick Technical College entrance to Centennial Park.
Veterans Time Trials	Logan Irwin Res. 570-3529	Thursday 5.50 pm	Hensley Park, Pagewood.

Please advise John Evennett (982 7493 Res) of any new groups or updates to existing groups.

COURSE	PARTICIPATING STRIDERS	DISTANCE/PACE
Varying inner Western Suburbs, including Iron Cove Bay, Drummoyne, Pyrmont.	Rob & Nina Blackwell Peter Garrett Neil Gerraghty Neil Plevy Craig Welch	Between 15k and 20k at medium STAR pace.
Course starts at 6.5k and builds up progressively to 15.3k. Turramurra, Wahroonga, Waitara and Hornsby	Mike Bingham Dave Blackhall Francis Chan Charles Coville John Flynn Dave Ingham Pam Hazlewood Max Henderson Bill Hunter Bernie Liebmann John Snelson	Handicap race. Slowest runners start at 7.00 am. Faster runners leaving at 1 minute intervals thereafter. 6.5k Aug 21 - Jan 8 8.8k Jan 15 - Feb 19 10.4k Feb 26 - Apr 2 12.2k Apr 9 - May 14 14.4k May 21 - June 25 15.3k Jul 2 - Aug 6
Centennial Park	Brian Colwell Sam Daher Mick Edwards Laurie King Jim Travers	1 hour of varied speedwork.
Track followed by additional track or road - Matraville and Botany	Bernard & Dennis Cooley Brian Colwell Ray Doran Sam Daher Bill Flanagan Laurie King Neil Plevy Derek White	Varied speedwork; alternating weeks. 1st Week Track: 1 mile then Track: 3000 metres or Road: 4 miles 2nd Week Track: 800 metres then Track: 5000 metres or Road: 6 miles

Striders In Training

TITLE	CONTACT	DAY/TIME	START/VENUE
Birubi Track Training	Neil Plevy Res. 560-3474	Monday 5.00 pm and Wednesday 5.00 pm	No. 2 oval (grass) Sydney University
Sam Daher's School of Fartlek	Sam Daher Bus. 234-0390	Tuesday 12.45 pm; every second Wednesday 12.45 pm (When Corporate Cup is not on)	Entrance to Domain opposite Mitchell Library
Talays	Bob Talay Bus. 399-3893	Wednesday 6.15 pm	Talays Runners Shop 38 Frenchmans Road Randwick.
Corporate Cup	Bill Carlson Bus. 218-9515	Every second Wednesday between 12.00 am and 1.30 pm.	Domain, near public toilets, South of the Art Gallery.
Chatswood Intervals	Phil Caldwell Res. 427-6350	Thursday 6.10 am	Rotary Athletic Field, Cnr Mowbray and Epping Roads, Chatswood West.

Please advise John Evennett (982 7493 Res) of any new groups or updates to existing groups.

COURSE	PARTICIPATING STRIDERS	DISTANCE/PACE
No. 2 grass oval	Bernard & Dennis Cooley Robert Harrison Neil Plevy	Varied speed training. Note: Jack Pross is specifically coaching a group of athletes. He has no objection to outsiders joining the group, provided that they make no individual demands upon him.
Botanic Gardens and Domain	Phil Caldwell Charles Coville Sam Daher Dot Flanagan Maria Gemenis- Cruickshank Russell Hammond Laurie King Bruce Usher	Fartlek at sprinting pace
Randwick to Clovelly Either: 1) left to Bronte, Tamarama, Bondi or 2) right to Coogee and Maroubra	John Dawes Bill Flanagan Sue Hill Glen McGregor Jan Millar Jim Travers	2 courses of 5k, 8k and 16k run on alternate weeks. Competitive pace.
Botanic Gardens along water front to steps opposite Opera House and return.	Mike Bingham Phil Caldwell Charles Coville Sam Daher Maria Gemenis- Cruickshank	6.6k Race. Runners leave every minute between 12.00 am and 1.30 pm
Rotary Athletic Field	Phil Caldwell Dave Cox Neil Collum Nicholas Reed	Race pace. 200 metres to 800 metres intervals



"The Way Is Long To The Gong"

My Super-stagger — Derek White
Sunday, 26th September

Ever since the days of "Distance Running News", before my first marathon, I had regarded the annual "Fifty Miler" with a mixture of awe and disbelief. Friends and acquaintances had taken part and at least one had told me that it took him so long to recover, he was still recovering! I well recall watching Tom Gillis changing shoes before a Veterans' 25km in Centennial Park and gazing with deep respect at feet that seemed almost holy, — "Those are fifty-mile-feet" I said to myself.

In 1977 I started in my first marathon. I spent the first two miles or so in the pleasant company of George McGrath before — in his usual gentlemanly manner — he asked if I minded "if he joined that group just ahead?". Having counted it an honour to even run and converse with him, I replied in equally gracious manner, watched him forge effortlessly ahead and eventually finished about an hour behind him. I had suffered cramp in a calf muscle at three-quarter distance but still enjoyed myself especially when I reached home and a hot bath, a gin and tonic and a bottle of champagne. I had completed my first marathon at age forty-nine.

By this year I had finished another thirteen of which about three had been relatively comfortable and the rest various degrees of agony due almost entirely to the cramp bogey. I had tried everything I could find, — more training, salt and dextrose tablets, more fluids, massage, stretching, Tiger Balm. Finally our friend Brian Haydon suggested bananas and these distinctly improved things.

Last year I did a few solitary training jaunts of 35 to 40 miles and began to think again about the Fifty Miler. I had another problem apart from cramp — the rules say one must have a "Second". The only reliable person I felt I could ask was my neighbour, Brian, but he readily agreed. I had constructively criticised the rule, being unable to see why a few small groups of helpers could not move along the course at intervals, the last one following the last runner, "rolling up" the refreshment stations as they were passed and picking up any sick competitors. I was informed by my friend Fred Howe that for some strange reason, people who were perfectly willing to help an individual would not assist the whole field in a team effort. However, I had found my Second so I entered with the usual promise "If I don't feel a hundred per cent, I won't start".

From March to July I had intermittent pains centered anywhere from the left buttock to behind the left calf. Initially I put it down to muscle strain brought on by my one and only attempt at race walking. Eventually I realised it was sciatica — my old bogey I've suffered with since 1946. It came back quite painfully and almost continuously three weeks before the Fifty Miler. As the days counted down I began to realise that there was little hope of being fit. Then, about a week before, I had a day when the sciatica seemed to be gone. I took the plunge and collected \$158 sponsorship — now I had to start! "And for the sake of the Dr. Barnardos children" I said to myself, "I must also finish". A little voice inside said "Bull! — Don't be a hypocrite! — It's for your own personal satisfaction that you want to finish!" The truth was a bit of both I guess. As you can guess, the sciatica was back next day.

On the Wednesday evening before the race I obtained two bread cartons from a friendly grocer from which I made a tray. The ready-use items on my list went into this open tray and the rest in a soft bag. I did not intend to fail through lack of planning.

On the Friday I went into the City and bought a pair of "Sorbothane" inserts which I wore for a trial trot on Saturday morning. I decided to wear them for at least ten miles or until I felt any slight discomfort.

Brian attended a 21st birthday party on Saturday night. When I knocked him up at 0330 he had had about two-and-a-half hours' sleep but we reached Sydney Town Hall before almost everyone else. It proved to be the only time that day that I was in the lead! At around 0440 everybody suddenly seemed to be there outside Woolworths. There were thirty-three entries including such stalwarts as Kerry Heinecke, George McGrath, Robert Osborne, Walter McCrorie, Frank Pearson and The Kennedys.

At 0505 away we went. I deliberately started more slowly than I have ever done. I could feel the sciatica at intervals but enjoyed Gloria Kennedy's company all the way to the hill beyond Tom Ugly's Bridge. Then she went for a drink dispensed by her faithful second and I stopped at the top to examine my toes which seemed to be running a trifle hot. They looked fine so I put on a little tape as a precaution and carried on. Then I stopped again at the little brick "house" near Bates Drive and thereafter had to battle on alone.

The day was beautiful and at Heathcote I enjoyed a drink. Tom had come back to check on everybody already; I was now falling gradually behind everybody else but the slow start seemed to have paid off because I could no longer feel the sciatica.

At Waterfall, which is half way, I was about twenty minutes or so behind my schedule and not worried about it. Then I cramped a bit. It was not much that first time but it slowed and worried me. A little later I felt nausea-hunger but a stop for a sandwich and some banana soon cured that.

At about thirty-four miles I cramped badly. There were many more hills than I remembered on that old highway and it was getting warm. I passed a dead kangaroo by the roadside; I peered at the unfortunate creature — No, he didn't have a chest number — I was still last! I had more severe cramp at Stanwell Tops. I sat and massaged my calves while we watched the hang gliders circle lazily above the trees. The sight of Sublime Point was a great psychological boost until I realised a bit further on that we had to go all round by Mt. Ousley instead of via Bulli Pass. Maddens Plains were flatter but exposed. The sun beat down, the colours of the landscape were strange, unearthly orange trees and grey grass. I passed a golf course; people stared, some smiled. Tom appeared again, now with Bill Courtney, asking how I felt. I didn't feel too bad really; still intent on finishing.

At around forty miles or perhaps forty-one I began to feel really tired. The cramp attacks were more frequent, I had slight stitch and there were hills, hills, hills. I stopped once more for severe cramp and more refreshment and Brian asked me if I wanted to give up. I didn't answer at first because I was afraid of saying "yes". I peeled an apple and began to doze off as I did so. However, after eating, drinking and massaging my knotted calves out of spasm, I announced that I was ready to get on with it. So away I went up yet another hill, leaving behind a very large crowd who had been hanging about as if waiting to peck out my eyeballs when I dropped. I toiled up and around the interminable Mt. Ousley, walking most hills, trotting on the flats and easier slopes. One good thing I thought was that the air was better than it would have been down at Corramal.

We didn't go so badly until the beginning of the drop down at Balgownie where — at the first steep slope — I cramped so badly that had I not had a pole within reach I would have sat down or fallen over in the truck lane. My feet were as comfortable as they had been at Sutherland and my condition was still generally good but I knew that I dare not attempt to even jog slowly down hill, at least for a while. When the cramp eased I staggered off and was cheered by encouraging waves and calls from those already finished and on their way home by car. Further down there was a rest area; here Tom came back once again and gave me a piece of cake; "Good carbo for you!" he said. I managed to raise a little trot after that.

Eventually I reached the bottom where the faithful Brian was waiting. The little grove of trees straddling the road just ahead looked like the gates

of heaven — beyond lay Wollongong and the finish. I had another drink and pushed on, jogging again now. I had to cross the road in heavy traffic; I may have lengthened my stride too much. At the junction of Mt. Ousley Road and Princes Highway, just as Brian had left me to go ahead into Flinders Street, I had the worst attack of cramp I have ever experienced in my life. As both legs knotted up like old mooring ropes I sat down, than was forced to lie, on the broken concrete and ash surface of a closed service station. As the spasms grew worse I lay writhing on my back. I thrashed about as the endless traffic roared by as if taunting me. I remember thinking "This humiliation may be good for the soul but it's hell for the body!" I don't know how long I lay there — possibly half an hour. It was sunset. I found that swivelling my feet from side to side relieved things a bit. I swivelled until the colour was worn off the heel counters of my "Tigers". I was glad neither of my two seconds — I really seemed to have two now — Brian and Tom — had as yet not appeared. I was afraid they would insist upon my retirement so near the goal.

As it became dark the spasms subsided and I managed to regain my footing and stumble off towards town. Once more I had to cross the road in heavy traffic to where a worried Brian was waiting. Now it was getting cold and crossing was painful and hazardous. We reached the railway bridge and I saw yet another hill ahead. How much farther? Somehow with Brian's help I surmounted the bridge — a concrete Everest. In the dip between the bridge and that last hill a wonderful thing happened; we were suddenly joined by Bill Courtney and David Kennedy. Brian brought me my track suit jacket. Bill went on while David talked me up that last hill and through several sets of traffic lights, running and walking outside me to protect me from the cars.

A last left turn into Crown Street; it was downhill; I started to run with David and Brian. No cramp now. Ahead on a corner there was a group of people, clapping and shouting. It was **them!** They had waited for me, at least a dozen fantastic folk — Tom, the Courtneys, Gloria Kennedy, others I had only met at the start. I had lost a few kilos but felt so grateful to them I seemed as well now as I had been at Heathcote. Not one word of reproach was said about being kept waiting for me for so long. I apologised and explained about my cramps but all I received in reply was congratulations.

Now I have a medallion to prove I went from Sydney to Wollongong in one day on my two feet but the irony of it is that the real distance was not fifty miles but fifty-two! — As I lay writhing on the ground in North Wollongong, I had already completed fifty miles exactly!

13h 35m 40s. HAS ANYONE A CURE FOR LACTIC ACID?





Sydney to Wollongong 52 Miler

Sunday, 26th September

1st	R. Telfer	6h 16m
2nd	K. Swift	6h 19m
3rd	K. Heinecke	6h 48m

STRIDER

25th	D. White	13h 35m
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32 ENTRANTS

25 FINISHERS



London Letter

(South African Runner, August 1982)

by Bob Holmes

No less than four 24-hour races have been held recently along with a 48-hour event that all lead up to the second annual Charles Rowell Six-Day race at Nottingham in August. Both women and walkers have been among the new names competing but it's a familiar one that's on everyone's lips ... yet another Newton.

Mike, a 38-year-old South London security guard and no relation to the illustrious Arthur, won last year's Six-Day race with a mindboggling 505 miles and warmed up for this year's with 227 miles in the two-day event at Easter. He also set world best for 300km (35.28.51) and 200 miles (38.39.40).

Another name to note is Dave Dowdle of Gloucester, who recaptured the world 24-hour record for Britain on his local track (May 22/23) reaching 170 miles for the first time. He passed the 100 miles in 13.31.29. In the same race Lynn Fitzgerald, a 34-year-old yoga expert stretched the women's record to 133 miles 990 yards and picked up the 50 mile (6.41.58) 100km, (8.38.10) 150km, and 200km marks en route. Just behind her, Roz Paul, a 22-year-old teacher, clocked 129 miles and has become the first lady to enter the Six-Day race. Another interesting entry is that of Tom O'Reilly and the question is can this former London to Brighton winner be the first 'modern' man to reach 600?

Queensland Report No. 5

by Tony McCall

Have just received a postcard from one of our top runners on the Above-Three Ladder, Brian Colwell. He informs me that Rob Harrison ran 2.33.48 at the Big M and that his good self just missed out on that three hour mark.

After seeing his eating abilities I'm surprised he can even walk around the block, let alone run 26 miles!

Seriously, though, it was good to have Brian and his Mum stay with us for a week — kitchen life is now almost back to normal.

It was a good run by Rob and it won't be too many marathons when Brian finally gets his just desserts; pun intended.

So, to the local scene. I suppose the obvious place to start is the Commonwealth Games.

Undoubtedly, most of you saw some (or like me, all) of the events on TV.

Actually, I went out to the Q.E. II on a couple of days to see some track and field. As we're mainly concerned with running I'll limit this report to coverage of those events only.

It must be said, however, that I have never seen such a magnificently put together conglomeration of events.

I don't know what interstate media coverage was like but ours was total, extremely praiseworthy and justifiably proud. Eventually we all ran out of superlatives.

On the track some outstanding performances were displayed. Raelene Boyle's stirring win in the women's 400 metres final was something I think most Aussies wanted to see in particular.

Steve Cram of England won the 1500m final in a slowish 3.42.30 in what was a rather rough affair.

Michael Hillardt finished 5th and he was clearly outclassed on the day.

Peter Bourke ran very strongly to take out the 800m.

The 3000m for women was won by Ann Audain from New Zealand.

And so it went.

The three most exciting events were, to me, the 400m women's relay, Angie Taylor of Canada, just pipped Raelene Boyle at the business end. England had the misfortune of having a baton dropped which certainly cost them a medal.

Such is athletics.

The 10,000m provides us with a absorbing duel which really boiled down to the Tanzanians and the rest of the field. A cracking pace was set by Nada Meta who led for the first six laps before

fellow countrymen Gidamis Shahanga and Zacharia Brarie took over.

Victory narrowly went to Shahanga in the time of 28.10.20.

He was to figure in a rather longer race several days later.

Laurie Whitty finished 8th in 28.44. The margin sounds close but he was never really in the hunt.

One thing that puzzles me is why we fielded only one athlete in both the 10,000 and 5000m (John Andrews was in the 5km). Surely we have others capable of running qualifying times.

Anyway, to the big one.

I bet most of you saw it in its entirety. If you were like me then you must have been on the edge of your seat; or out of it.

Hollywood couldn't have scripted the Commonwealth Games marathon any better.

In fact apart from the rest of the Games itself, it may well have been the most enthralling and exciting coverage of any sporting event I've ever seen.

The morning was cool, without wind and fog patches here and there gave an eerie atmosphere to the scene.

I thought a 2.10 might win as some hills late in the run would slow the runners.

From the beginning it was clear that the time would be good with Juma Ikangaa and our old friend Shahanga making it look like an 8km fun run.

These two very gutsy runners pulled steadily away from the next bunch which included Rob de Castella.

I couldn't help but admire those guys; running at world record pace right from the word go. I thought if one of them would blow it, it would be Ikangaa as his high arm movement and shorter stature seemed less economical than his team mate.

Goes to show how wrong you can be.

With an amazingly large crowd lining the route and urging them on they really set up a very commanding break.

About halfway through the race it became apparent that Shahanga was having trouble maintaining contact with Ikangaa, having to surge often to catch him up.

The pace was however, relentless and entering the University grounds at St. Lucia, Ikangaa got away as he powered through the hills.

Further back it was all about to happen. De Castella who had dropped the others in his group must have sensed it was now or never and swung into top gear.

Trying to make up ground so far into a marathon by blazing away must be terribly difficult, but slowly the margin began to decrease.

Remember this, Ikangaa was still on record pace so de Castella might have a chance. The crowd

certainly thought so.

Ikangaa was gradually hauled in at about 38km and the look on his face when de Castella pulled alongside is one of the most vivid recollections of any event I have in the entire Games.

He looked numb. And so they duelled, passing each other a couple of times before de Castella finally got the upper hand. Into Stanley Street, up the long straight and with the masses going crazy an ecstatic, arm-waving Rob de Castella crossed the line in a brilliant 2.09.18.

The luckless Ikangaa followed twelve seconds later.

What an absorbing battle. Two men doing it their own way and doing it so well.

What a pity there was only one gold medal. Michael Gratton from England took the bronze in 2.12.06.

Seemingly ages later Shahanga came in on 2.14.25 for 6th place. Still an excellent time.

Little was seen of our other competitors, Rob Wallace in 2.15.24 came in 10th, a creditable performance and after all the trouble Laurie Whitty had getting into the event, he failed to finish.

And that was it, a really inspiring marathon and a great spectacle.

With the Games over I think Brisbanites can look back, give a Matilda-type wink and say, "We did just fine".

Getting back to more mundane things it's been hard to keep training at a level which is useful.

We've had a long succession of visitors and one does have to become sociable to a degree. I hate running through hangovers.

Anyway, I've competed twice since last report.

The Toowoomba half-marathon over a very tough course was won by Albert van Wyk in 1.12.37. Albert has a job which enables him to train virtually at any time of day — he's an agent for Bob Talay!

I ran poorly for a 9th in 1.19.01. For some reason I run distances of 20-25km not too well.

In fact here I was stopping after 5km for a walk!

Our local fun run was held while the Games were on and a couple of interstate hot-shots took out the first two places.

Ross Coyle won the 8km event in 24.22 with Ingyou-Nam (remember him?) close behind.

Yours truly ran quite well and just dipped out on a placing with a 25.50.

Oh well! Maybe next time.

Danny Ringuet, a very well performed fun runner from Sydney followed me closely home. Apparently he now lives here and is looking to join a club.

Unselfishly, I suggested the Nundah Athletics Club. He'll be a welcome asset, I think.

Finally, it's good to see so many Striders

performing so well in marathons and Fun Runs.

I can see the club being a real force in events next year, especially where teams events are run.

It's also obvious that a good many number of people are taking time and trouble to ensure the club grows in ideas as well as numbers.

Their efforts are commendable. Let's keep it going and growing.

EDITOR: *Our illustrious secretary (regardless of wisecracks) wishes to thank Tony and Alison for their superb hospitality and thoroughly recommends it to other Striders who may venture north to Bananaland.*



Commonwealth Games Marathon, Brisbane

Friday, 8th October

PLACE/NAME	COUNTRY	TIME
1 DE CASTELLA, ROBERT	AUSTRALIA	2:09:18.00
2 IKANGAA, JUMA	TANZANIA	2:09:30.00
3 GRATTON, MICHAEL	ENGLAND	2:12:06.00
4 GRAHAM, JOHN	SCOTLAND	2:13:04.00
5 RYAN, KEVIN	NEW ZEALAND	2:13:42.00
6 SHAHANGA, GIDAMIS	TANZANIA	2:14:25.00
7 LAING, GRAHAM	SCOTLAND	2:14:54.00
8 RAY, IAN	ENGLAND	2:15:11.00
9 DYON, MIKE	CANADA	2:15:22.00
10 WALLACE, ROBERT	AUSTRALIA	2:15:24.00
11 SMEDLEY, RAYMOND	ENGLAND	2:15:50.00
12 HLAWA, SAM	SWAZILAND	2:16:32.00
13 FOWLES, DENNIS	WALES	2:16:49.00
14 HANNON, GREGORY	NORTHERN IRELAND	2:17:32.00
15 BUTLER, PETER	CANADA	2:18:17.00
16 GAMEDZE, SIPHO	SWAZILAND	2:18:44.00
17 NDIMANDOI, EMANUEL	TANZANIA	2:19:16.00
18 KASIANIDES, MARIOS	CYPRUS	2:19:51.00
19 MOGERE, SAMMY	KENYA	2:21:44.00
20 THELESO, WILSON	BOTSWANA	2:23:10.00
21 ZWANE, ESAU	SWAZILAND	2:26:38.00
22 KGAOTSANG, MOTSEMME	BOTSWANA	2:27:39.00
23 PHIRI, MUSAOPPE	ZIMBABWE	2:28:27.00
24 MAWEU, JAMES	KENYA	2:29:15.00
25 MAGWAZA, ESAU	ZIMBABWE	2:30:05.00
26 KAMBALE, MATTHEWS	MALAWI	2:33:34.00
27 TALASASA, MCKAY	SOLOMON ISLANDS	2:36:16.00

DE CASTELLA'S TIME SPLITS

5km	14.45	2m 57s per km
10km	30.11	3m 03s per km
15km	45.24	3m 02s per km
20km	1:00.33	3m 03s per km
25km	1:15.44	3m 03s per km
30km	1:31.10	3m 05s per km
35km	1:46.58	3m 09s per km
40km	2:02.39	3m 08s per km
42km	2:09.18	3m 01s per km



Marathon Ladder

The marathon ladder is not merely a record of A being better than B.

Members can compare their performances with fellow members in their age category, or with whom they train on STARS, and then set their appropriate goals.

Novices and inexperienced marathoners thus have a benchmark from which to start.

For the more experienced 42.2k-er, the ladder can be a source of good, clean, healthy competition.

Bruce Robertson maintained that his knowledge of Tony McCall's time of 2.41 in 1981 at Campbelltown, inspired him to give that little bit extra in the Gold Coast in his 2.39 time which lifted him to the top of the ladder.

Only recently Stuart Greaves used the latter as a guideline for his budget for the Big M. In races around City to Surf time he was getting the better of the editor. The editor's time of 2.46.56 inspired Stuart to aim at a sub 2.45. On the day it all fell together and that 2.45 goal eventually became a 2.41.20 as the early 2.45 pace became the foundation for a well judged race.

The marathon ladder 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 ladder.

Please advise Charles Coville of any incorrect details.

Category legends

J = Junior	17 and under
O = Open	18 to 29
P = Prevet	30 to 39
V = Veteran	40 to 49
M = Master	50 to 59
S = Senior	60 and over



He's learning the correct way to heel.

MARATHON LADDER

STRIDER	CAT.	TIME	MARATHON AS A STRIDER	DATE	MARATHON PRIOR TO JOINING STRIDERS
1. Robert Harrison	O	2.33.48	Big M	10/82	
2. Keith Canard	V	2.35.05	Harbord Diggers	5/82	2.29.00 N.S.W. State 1980
3. Bill Flanagan	O	2.36.47	Nike	4/82	
4. Neil Plevey	O	2.37.24	State	6/82	
5. Tony McCall	O	2.38.01	Maryborough	7/82	
6. Bruce Usher	P	2.38.45	Campbelltown	5/82	
7. Bruce Robertson	O	2.39.40	Gold Coast	8/81	
8. Stuart Greaves	O	2.41.20	Big M	10/82	
9. Charles Coville	P	2.46.56	State	6/82	
10. Bob Shaw	O	2.48.15	Nike	4/82	
11. Sam Daher	P	2.48.24	Nike	4/82	
12. Francis Chan	O	2.48.53	Sydney	9/82	
13. Dennis Cooley	P	2.49.33	Nike	4/82	
14. Dick Cleland	V	2.50.34	Gold Coast	8/82	
15. Mike Anschutz	O	2.52.04	South Aust. State	6/82	
16. Dick Harris	V	2.53.06	Harbord Diggers	5/82	
17. Bernard Cooley	V	2.53.45	Campbelltown	5/82	
18. Ray Doran	V	2.54.10	State	6/82	
19. Osten Hansson	P	2.55.08	Gold Coast	8/81	
20. Steve Cornelius	P	2.55.31	State	6/82	
21. Dave Ingham	P	2.55.32	State	6/82	
22. Trevor Roberts	P	2.55.45	Big M	10/82	
23. Nigel Hadgkiss	P	2.55.57	Campbelltown	5/82	2.52.21 Blacktown 1981
24. Bernie Liebmann	P	2.56.05	State	6/81	2.40.00 Transvaal State (RSA) 1978
25. Chris Staples	P	2.56.24	Campbelltown	5/82	
26. Max Henderson	V	2.58.22	State	6/82	
27. John Jeston	P	2.58.48	Nike	4/82	
28. Ron Feeney	O	2.59.20	Sydney	9/82	
29. Bill Hunter	M	2.59.25	Veterans	7/81	
30. Mike Bingham	P	2.59.33	State	6/81	
31. Cecil Ford	P	2.59.43	Big M	10/82	
32. Sue Hill	P	2.59.46	Avon	5/81	2.52.01 Avon W. Germany 1981
33. Brian Lynch	P	2.59.55	Nike	4/82	
34. Wynne Henderson	O	3.00.07	Harbord Diggers	4/81	
35. Peter Foulsham	P	3.00.47	Harbord Diggers	5/82	
36. Brian Colwell	P	3.01.48	Big M	10/82	
37. Winston Marsden	V	3.02.08	State	6/82	
38. M. Gemenis-C'Shank	P	3.02.20	Cities	9/82	
39. Dave Blackhall	P	3.02.24	State	6/80	
40. Dave Mill	P	3.03.00	Harbord Diggers	4/82	
41. Brent Waters	P	3.03.01	Big M	10/82	
42. Ian Webb	P	3.03.07	Big M	10/82	
43. Craig Johnson	P	3.04.20	Nike	4/82	
44. David Peterson	V	3.04.53	State	6/82	
45. Mick Edwards	P	3.06.53	Nike	4/82	
46. Peter Garrett	P	3.07.20	Wagga Wagga	8/82	
47. Ivan Freys	P	3.09.20	State	6/82	3.07.00 Harbord Diggers 1979
48. Keith Leggett	J	3.09.27	Nike	4/82	
49. Gavin Carr	P	3.09.36	State	6/82	
50. Russell Hammond	O	3.09.40	Sydney	9/82	
51. Mark Hanlon	O	3.09.47	Nike	4/82	
52. Steve Night	P	3.11.20	Harbord Diggers	4/81	
53. John Snelson	P	3.11.25	Nike	4/82	
54. Neil Collum	P	3.12.21	Gillawarna	9/81	
55. Leo Leader	P	3.15.14	Nike	4/82	3.05.00 Cape Peninsula (RSA) 1980



56. Laurie King	P	3.15.27	Veterans	6/82		
57. John Evennett	P	3.17.40	Sydney	9/82	2.58.08 Honolulu	1981
58. Geoff Murray	P	3.20.45	State	6/81		
59. Dave Williams	P	3.17.55	Big M	10/82		
60. Peter Ryan	M	3.21.00	Big M	10/82		



MARATHON LADDER

STRIDER	CAT.	TIME	MARATHON AS A STRIDER	DATE	MARATHON PRIOR TO JOINING STRIDERS	
61. Richard Bevan	P	3.22.00	Big M	10/82		
62. Barry Jones	M	3.23.18	Veterans	7/81		
63. Ian Newlands	V	3.24.54	Nike	4/82		
64. Ian Millar	P	3.25.54	Nike	4/82		
65. Robert Blackwell	P	3.25.56	State	6/82		
66. Lynne Evans	PF	3.26.06	State	6/82		
67. Geoff Cox	O	3.27.26	Harbord Diggers	4/81		
68. John Dawes	P	3.27.34	Nike	4/82		
69. Chris Burke	O	3.29.53	Gillawarna	9/80		
70. Neil Guy	P	3.29.56	Gillawarna	9/80		
71. Carmen Pingham	P	3.30.50	State	6/81		
72. John Oldroyd	D	3.35.00	State	6/81		
73. John Flynn	P	3.35.37	Gillawarna	9/80		
74. Dwight Nelson	O	3.37.26	Harbord Diggers	4/81		
75. Craig Welch	P	3.37.30	State	6/82		
76. Mike Nathanson	V	3.43.58	New York	10/80		
77. Karl Topfer	P	3.46.52	Harbord Diggers	4/81		
78. John Gale	O	3.49.27	Adelaide	8/81		
79. Derek White	M	3.50.46	Nike	4/82	3.26.34 Nike	1981
80. Pam Hazlewood	PF	3.57.01	State	6/82		
81. Glen McGregor	O	4.18.47	Nike	4/82		
82. Bob Peirson	M	4.33.40	Harbord Diggers	4/81		
Anthony Sauermann	O				2.43.39 Cape Peninsula (RSA)	1980
Alan Powys	O				2.46.13 State	1982
Harry Karlikoff	O				2.50.01 Gillawarna	1981
Russell Black	P				2.50.38 Sydney	1982
Dennis Webb	P				2.53.44 Nike	1982
Brian Haydon	M				2.59.11 Nike	1982
Gordon Sarfaty	M				3.10.00 Tyab	1975
Irwin Light	P				3.10.38 Bluff (RSA)	1977
Alex Hamill	P				3.26.06 Nike	1982
Eric Willcock	M				3.28.48 Adelaide	1981
Nigel Kingsmill	V				3.31.00 Cities	1981
Brenda Hamill	PF				3.31.57 Nike	1982
John Edwards	P				3.32.52 Nike	1980
Bryce Courtenay	V				3.33.55 Diggers	1982
Terence McIver	P				3.36.18 Sydney	1982
Robert Mann	V				3.38.00 Diggers	1982
Keith Squires	M				3.39.15 Blacktown	1981
Jane Flanagan	JF				3.42.00 Big M	1980
Bob Cheetham	O				3.51.00 Big M	1981
Maria Martin	P				3.51.56 San Francisco	1982
Valerie Willcock	M				4.41.00 Avon	1981

82.4% of club members have completed a marathon.



Running Injuries Forum

Wednesday, 6th October

Just under 50 members attended the Running Injuries Forum at the Sydney Hospital. Podiatrist Phil Vasyli and Sports Injuries G.P. Jenny Saunders presented an informative evening on the foot and essential stretching. The good response to the 'open question time' after the talk and slide show indicated the interest that the forum had generated.

Both speakers were subsequently presented with the traditional Striders gift — a T-shirt. The club thanks both Phil and Jenny for their time and knowledge imparted. Thanks, too, to the Sydney Hospital.



Marathoning Kids

by Brent Waters

At about the 20km mark in the recent Big M, I was passed by an 11-year-old boy. He was only the height of an average 8-year-old but he was running his third marathon. When I finally caught him again at 35km, I wondered whether he should have been in the race at all. There is emerging good scientific evidence that there are hazards to distance training in pre-pubertal children.

Bones grow by spreading lengthwise from growth points (epiphyses) near their ends. These epiphyses are not as stable as mature adult bone, and are subject to physical injury. The pounding of training may induce such injury and affect the shape of bone growth, and the ultimate bone length (which translates into height). Furthermore, joints may also sustain minor injuries which can predispose to forms of arthritis in later life.

Heavy training may also affect the hormonal equilibrium in girls. Crucial steps in the manufacture of oestrone (an oestrogen) take place within fat cells. Thus lean female runners may not sustain adequate blood oestrone levels to maintain menstruation in women, or to initiate menstruation in girls. We do not understand all the consequences of preventing the onset of menstruation in girls, but they probably include abnormal physical and emotional development and maturation.

These dangers cannot be taken lightly. In my view, we should discourage children and young adolescents from extremely heavy training schedules until we understand better the long-term consequences of such regimes.

Big M Marathon

Frankston to Melbourne
Sunday 17th October

MALES

1st BILL RODGERS	2.11.08
(U.S.A.)	(Course record)
2nd GRENVILLE WOOD	2.12.50
3rd JEFF COOLE	2.13.57

FEMALES

1st SUE KING (U.S.A.)	2.37.57
2nd JILLIAN COLWELL	2.39.38 (Australian Women's record)
3rd JACKIE TURNEY	2.39.51

STRIDERS

ROBERT HARRISON	2.33.48 P.B. by 4.03 (Club record)
STUART GREAVES	2.41.20 P.B. by 13.06
TREVOR ROBERTS	2.55.45 Novice
CECIL FORD	2.59.43 P.B. by 14.04
BRIAN COLWELL	3.01.48 P.B. by 1.19
BRENT WATERS	3.03.01 P.B. by 12.04
IAN WEBB	3.03.07 P.B. by 23.53
DAVE WILLIAMS	3.17.55 P.B. by 9.05
PETER RYAN	3.21.00 P.B. by 20.02
RICHARD BEVAN	3.22.00 P.B. by 8.32



Big M

17th October

by Robert Harrison

Caught Big M train from Flinders Street to Frankston.

People shivering from cold or nerves.

No toilets on train.

Finally found a toilet at the start. Six cubicles and long queues meant a 50 minute wait.

To start 'blocks of thousands' (depending upon numbers) walked to the start.

Rain during the past 24 hours abated — only briefly.

Capt. Mark Philips fired the starting gun.

8km to 15km heavy rain.

30km to finish — sunshine.

Sea breezes all the way (either cross or tail).

Refreshment stations — atrocious.

Nearly missed the 5km refreshments.

At 10km sprinted to the station ahead of fellow runners.

Later into the race, less congestion for drinks.

Plenty of Big M milk at the finish.

Beautiful Big M birds handing out egg flips — Yech! (for the egg flips).

At the prizegiving I had my hand shaken by Deeks. He wasn't congratulating me, rather I was him.

Oh! Yes! 2.33.48.





Big M Marathon, Melbourne, 1982

by Stuart Greaves

After spending 18 fruitless months trying to lower my marathon P.B. of 2.54, finally success with 2.41.20 and a marathon performance which, for the time being anyway, I feel I no longer have to make excuses for.

Perhaps it is just as well that everything fell into place for my Big M, for I had committed myself as much as I could to a sub 2.45 performance. If conditions had not been quite so favourable, I might have been considerably more disturbed in trying to achieve this long sought goal.

I believe the secret to it was essentially simple. Do the long Sunday runs with the club every week (fit the fun runs in afterwards if you want) and stay motivated. The former give you strength to dispell the wall and the latter is essential to give you the mental power to fight if you do begin to struggle in the last 10km.

Last Sunday I was mentally prepared for a mental fight that never really eventuated. As much as the physical training so is the motivation and mental preparedness required. To an extent one has little control over one's keenness at any one instant, but you can 'force' motivation in the weeks before those selected special races; once or twice a year. Try blackmailing yourself.

My goal was 2.45. After convincing myself that I could lop 9 minutes off my P.B. in one hit, I then proceeded to tell everyone else, family and fellow runners, that this was what I would do. No excuses. No ifs or buts. I hoped this thought would stay with me at 20 miles or so. Perhaps irresponsible but I offer no apologies. On Sunday morning I did not entertain any thought of a DNF, nor even of a poor performance, although to my mind there is no shame in a DNF and heaven knows, I have had some very painful ones in my past. Probably some more lie ahead of me, too.

Back to motivation. After watching spell-bound the rhythm of Juma Attangaa and the strength of Rob de Castella I felt I too could cruise at 5 mins per mile pace and leap tall buildings if required. After chatting with Bill Rodgers (no, not the golfer) on Wednesday before the race, I was convinced I was faster than a speeding bullet and had X-ray vision to boot. Lots of sleep and lots of non-running in the last five days (3 miles per day) are also essential to maintaining motivation as well as physical strength. Further I promised myself a layoff afterwards, my first unenforced one in over two years... when I achieved my goal.

I won't take this opportunity to rave on at length about the benefits of vegetarianism, and to what extent it helped me to my P.B. However, I will say that I did not 'deplete' at all, ate lightly over the last five days — mainly honey, rye bread and fruit (lots of bananas) and drank litres of water on the Friday and Saturday. I had only one spaghetti dinner three days before the run. Ice cream and which bread? No thank you. By Sunday morning I was rested, 66 kilos, 6 foot tall as usual, motivated and had no excuse.

From previous years I knew the five kilometre split calls to be accurate right through to 40km. Unfortunately there is no time call before 5km. As usual I went out a bit too fast because of this. My cumulative 5km times were written in big black textra on my arm. The rule for the first half was that any faster than the written figure and I must slow down immediately. My splits show that I did have to follow this guideline early on, albeit reluctantly.

Don't let anyone tell you it's a bad course. It's a great course with a few mild inclines from about halfway onwards. Dead flat for the first 18km. Perfect for establishing the all-important rhythm. I think the Nike in Canberra is tougher, if greener. But how can I now be objective?

What can be disastrous, and is unfortunately always unpredictable, is the weather. In past years runners have been subjected to 30°C heat or buffeting headwinds that make slipstreaming an art worth mastering. This year the weather was ideal for running and assisted me to a better time than I deserved. The forecast was for fine and mild. With the gun the rain started and continued until over 20km had passed, and thereafter the mild sunshine dried us out. A welcome tailwind blew for most of the race. Once or twice it shifted around, and gusted strongly back on us.

I have not yet developed a lot of speed, and was not sure of maintaining sub 6 min miles for any duration, so I budgeted on an even cruising pace with no fade. I was confident that if I were able to restrain myself to 6.15 mile pace in the first half, I should be able to duplicate this in the second half. I am also very tired of running fast half-marathons, only to watch the disappearing silhouettes of Bob Shaw, Sam Daher and others in the closing miles of the marathon.

My five kilometre splits, with the pace in mins/mile in brackets were as follows: 17.50 (5.32), 37.25 (6.18), 56.45 (6.11), 1.16.00 (6.09), 1.35.40 (6.19), 1.55 (6.11), 2.14.40 (6.19), 2.33.30 (6.00) and finish in 2.41.20 (5.40). Overall 6.08 per mile.

The only time I was sorely tempted to break from the schedule was at 19km when I was passed by firstly a very wet commentator, Ron Clarke, riding shotgun with six technicians in an open camera car, then immediately by two women together surrounded by an enormous pack of male

runners. I too, was tempted to share in the limelight of live television coverage. At this stage I passed Geoff Thorsen who was wearing his 'El Presidente' Harbord Diggers colours; and was having a comparatively bad day. We chatted briefly.

At the halfway in 1.22 in 218th position I accepted a cap from my brother, who gamely ran briefly with me, and subsequently got a wet head. Second half was thus a 1.19 negative split.

At 30km I knew there would be no wall, and so stepped up the pace a wee bit. From this point I was able to accelerate gradually to the finish, passing about 100 people in the last 12 km. The ever-swelling crowd and ever-diminishing number of runners does much to swell the ego of a Strider and I was able to dip another 3 minutes ahead of schedule over this distance. The crowds over the last mile are better informed and more vocal than the City to Surf type voyeurs, if not quite so numerous. That last mile must be unequalled for excitement in regular Australian Marathoning, spoiled only by the moving trams and their often arrogant drivers you must share the finish with. In fact it's amazing the number of people early on watching the race in the rain, without umbrellas, some applauding. But in Melbourne Robert de Castella is almost as well known as Darryl and Ozzie.

After the finish no cramps, no exhaustion and no more irritability than usual. Andrew Lloyd didn't seem to be pleased with me when I asked him how he felt. I didn't know he'd bailed out as Rodgers put the squeeze on. Down the hatch with a Staminade, 2 Big M Egg Flips and a Tooheys and I felt great. Wouldn't you? Incidentally, I walked not a step, never broke rhythm and finally learned how to drink on the run. Each drink, taken at 15, 20, 25 and 35km, lasted perhaps half a kilometre before completely spilled. I took sponges every opportunity and was never dehydrated. My City to Surf struggle with our fearless leader was more difficult, and Charles was not on form then either.

Congratulations to Rob Harrison and to the first-time marathoning Striders who ran so well, and especially to Brian Colwell for his gutsy 3.01 P.B.

It's worth the trip if you're prepared to gamble on the weather, Striders. Hoping to see you there next year. In the meantime, wishing you lots of even-paced LSD Striding. Next goal, Nike.



Big M Marathon — October 17 DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR — OR WHAT NOT TO DO IN THE PURSUIT OF AN ORDINARY MARATHONER'S DREAM

by CECIL FORD

The seed of running was sown at the end of a fun run on New Year's Day in the northern town of Sawtell, about 10km from Coffs Harbour. The decision to participate was taken spontaneously in the convivial joviality that heralds each New Year, with no thought of any consequences that might follow in its wake. A late dinner followed by carouselling to the early hours of morning and liberal libations as to do Bacchus and his bards proud — such was the "opening ceremony" that marked my running career.

Still soporific and soused by the events of the night before, I took my place at the start of the race, whose distance I do not recall, but whose memory is indelibly etched by painful encounters of the running kind.

I thought I was at the peak of my life. Was it just an illusion? That run had spered me with the realization that in the pursuit of my vocation I had evolved into a physical degenerate.

Resolutions were made and my return to Sydney saw me running three, even four times a week, each of 3 to 4 miles in length. But resolutions are made only to be broken, and if life was not meant to be easy, is it sensible to further burden oneself? I gave up after six weeks.

But conscience continued to gnaw at the soul. If I am to continue running I need an objective and positive feedback to reinforce my commitment.

A 3 hour trip to Kangaroo Valley to run for 45 mins was the watershed that splurged out a series of fun runs, and when the prospects of the first Sydney Marathon loomed, I nurtured the delusion of grandeur of completing a Marathon.

Ignorant of pacing, devoid of the conception of distances, with no interval workouts or training runs longer than 60 mins, my maiden marathon was completed in 3 hrs 9 mins 51 secs. There were no split times to follow, no obsession with the watch, just the notion to regard the first 10km as a jaunt, and to pick up the pace thereon.

I negotiated the emotional spectrum of a long distance runner: the euphoria on the stretch to Bondi, the gasping agony at Edgecliff and the ecstasy at the line that divided Hell from Heaven.

To lose oneself in the warm glow of the aftermath is akin to losing one's virginity. An experience that has its own index of uniqueness. Such was the moment in my salad days of running. I was hooked.



This state of buoyancy was short-lived. Rumours of a shortened course aborted any lingering memories. I felt cheated and dejected, then angry at the powers that be, who so belittle my honest sweat and honest effort with a fraudulent event.

"Runners World, March 1981" had an article titled "Running your first sub. 3 hr Marathon", in which the author claimed that less than 10% of the average marathon field manages to cover the distance in under 3 hrs. I was to pit my will to that task in the subsequent 12 months of seven marathons.

Big M '81 was tackled in a similar way to the inaugural Sydney Marathon, as time splits and pacing were still foreign to me. Spurred on by the relative ease of my first attempt, I started off a little faster, just through perceived effort. I paid the price at 30km. Pain seared from the soles to the houlders.

The mind was playing havoc with reason. "Why this?" "Marathoning is not a prerequisite to normal living." "Never again!" Such feelings of abrogation were the only soul-mates in the last miles of the Marathon: a veritable gauntlet of pain that would purify any purgatorial soul en route to Heaven. Depleted, dejected and exhausted I limped home with a time of 3 hrs 19 mins 17 secs to give me 888th place.

The experience at Melbourne had plunged me into a nadir of despair, but I was soon out of that like a shot and submitted my application to the "Cities Marathon" to be held a fortnight later.

This was to be a slow training run, for by now I had a healthy respect for the distance of 26 miles. Big M had diluted some of my enthusiasm. I returned a time of 3 hrs 24 mins 10 secs.

The Honolulu Marathon in December 1981 beckoned invitingly, when I learnt that the American Medical Joggers Association was holding a Pan-Pacific Conference that very same week. By now the technical aspects of training and dietary accompaniments took on greater importance. From the stables of medical marathoners came names like Costill, Stanmore and Paffenbarger who have tinkered with the bodies of Ryan, Virgin, Shorter, Rodgers and Salazar. I could not resist the draw-card.

Over-raced, under-trained and over-heated, I ran a disappointing 3 hrs 34 mins 24 secs.

My times were retrogressive from "3 hrs 9 mins" to 3 hrs 19 mins to 3 hrs 24 mins to 3 hrs 34 mins. They require no elaboration beyond the homage of silence.

Despite these poor performances, I resolved another assault at a sub. 3 hr marathon at the Nike International, Canberra.

Speed sessions were added to the gradually increasing weekly mileage. I managed two consecutive weeks of 70 miles, only to incur the backlash of an Achilles tendonitis four weeks before the

race. My running stagnated to zero, while the mind stewed with brimming frustration. A ten mile run five days prior to the race gave the greenlight to chance the event.

The exciting surge of adrenalin made the first mile flash by in 6 mins 26 secs. The reins were sensibly held back. The split times were reeled off methodically with surprising ease till mile 18. There followed a grey zone of 4 miles of neither nonchalant ease nor wary discomfort, only to be waylaid by the beast of "the wall" at mile 22. I staggered in at 3 hrs 19 mins 33 secs.

My reading and experience convinced me of the necessity of long training runs. I ran in two of the Sydney Marathon Clinic's monthly 30km runs, and began my association with the Sydney Striders in the City Canter.

Holsworthy was to be different. I determined to start slowly, which I did, covering the first mile in 7 mins 10 secs. I was on schedule for the first 20km; the next 10km showed I was running faster than intended; disconcertment added to confusion when the turnaround point for the home stretch was placed further on than the first time around. I hobbled in at 3 hrs 13 mins 47 secs. A P.B. of 6 mins.

The Veterans' Marathon, the next weekend, was a four-circuit loop. I thought of running it on a "as you feel" basis. After one and a half laps, I decided that I would quit at the half way stage, but at that point, I saw two of my friends had dropped out. A sudden spirit of resolve wafted my being. Pain, fortitude, perseverance are the very stuff of a marathon. I pressed on to the end and staggered to a deserted finish where two faithful friends waited patiently to warmly acknowledge my effort. A lonely run and a lonelier end — gone were the victors, the crowd, the refreshments. Lesser mortals than I have done far greater things, but that morning, I wore the raw badge of courage. It was not a run for the body, but for the mind. Determination, dedication and a resolute spirit go to form the amalgam which must be steel in fires of training to withstand the fierce heat of competition. I ran third last with a time of 3 hrs 43 mins.

Melbourne '82 was 3½ months away. By now I became more conversant with the technical and medical aspects of long distance running. I read avidly and voraciously on the subject. My diet was longer daily runs, fortified by the Striders' "Stars", garnished by intervals and fartleks, and spiced by occasional attendance at Hensley Athletic Track.

My weekly mileage eleven weeks prior to Big M '82 was as follows:

week 1	: 50 miles
week 2	: 72 miles
week 3	: 63 miles
week 4	: 78 miles
week 5	: 100 miles

week 6	: 75 miles
week 7	: 100 miles
week 8	: 65 miles
week 9	: 85 miles
week 10	: 26 miles
week 11	: 15 miles

The 100 milers were milestones in my running career, and served as excellent filip to my ego. The spate of earlier injuries had led me to believe that such mileage was only possible to the elite. I had mounted another rung in my climb towards a goal.

Two weeks before Melbourne I felt I had overtrained. Gone was the burning zeal within: the zap in the limbs had disappeared. I was the living epitome of death warmed up. On lead-laden legs I plodded my weary ways — hence the dramatic tapering in the last two weeks. Four days before the race, a 4 mile stint at 6 mins 52 secs pace was made with too much conscious effort. Despair began to grow where I should have sprouted wings. I daren't chance a haircut even with the aid of oxygen!

I flew down to Melbourne on Friday, and attended the running seminar on Saturday to imbibe the community of spirit with the likes of Clarke, Lydiard, Rodgers, and Wallace. It is gratifying to know that this elite breed eats, feels and hurts like the rest of us.

The weather-gods smiled propitiously on race day. I run best in cool, overcast, drizzling skies. The start was a confusion. I could not locate my block of numbers where I was to assemble. Fear of disqualification does little to assuage the nervous tension contingent of a marathon start. I simply moved with the tide in the sea of runners.

After the bark of the starting gun, it took me 20 secs to walk to the starting banner and a little longer before I could break out into a jog. I had catered for a congested start and expected slower split-times at the initial time zones.

The first 10km was covered in drizzling rain and in the company of Striders. I was 1½ mins behind schedule. The pace then picked up — some Striders went ahead, others dropped back. We were subjected at times to sweeping rains, the wind fairly strong in the exposed parts of the course, its direction changing with the meandering road: now fore of us, now aft, now abeam. The craftier runners were artful dodgers on the run in their attempt to draft behind those ignorant enough to be bullocking their way in the teeth of a head wind.

The half point was reached in 90 mins 5 secs. Running was easy; I felt strong and relaxed and buoyed by the passing of runners who had started at an injudicious pace. By 35km I was 1½ mins ahead of schedule, and still felt good. Then rigor mortis enveloped me in a shroud at 38km. The mind cried for the 40km marker, whence I could reduce the remaining 2.2km to a more tangible and meaningful distance of five times around

my measured training oval.

I ran in a trance, aware only of tightening calves and burning thighs. Through tunnel vision I sought the tower of the Arts Festival Hall which marked the demise of this torture. At the 40km mark the time elapsed was 2 hrs 50 mins 5 secs. Not only had I lost the 1½ mins I had gained at the 35km point, but I was now 5 secs behind schedule. At Holsworthy, the final 2.2km took 13 mins to complete. Doubt began to seep through a cracking body.

A hard left turn brought music to a soul in dire need of rest; the band trumpeted the end. Despite my depleted state, I managed a squeeze of irritation at having to cross to the right side of the road to finish. These additional steps and oncoming trams seem an injustice after a saga of duress. Brinksmanship was breasted in 2 hrs 59 mins 43 secs.

What then are my thoughts on the year's pursuit of a dream? Enthusiasm must be tempered by patience. Mega-mileages in training are not necessarily the key to success. Miles are not to be consumed like vitamins: if two is good for you, then five is better, and ten not even enough. Rest plays a pivoted role. Running is not a sterile state of repertoire: there is an art to it.

Though we are disciples to the gurus of running, their particular method of training is infallible to him or to her alone. Their utterings are froths of thought: reflective rather than effective. Far better to take a page from the spirit of their training manual, than to follow their training regimen to the last mile with blind diligence. The zeal of Zatopek, the dedication of Clarke, the determination of Kuts. The road to success runs through the heat, the cold, the rain and the dark. Excuses and deferments are indictments upon our will power.

Finally, why do I do what I do? A universal question that has individual answers. Why this self-imposed flagellation of motion when inertia winks so seductively? Is running, as the uninitiated claim, an ennui of mindless miles?

I think not. Running is not a fetish of frustrated types. Runners are a self-select group of people; they are self-ordained to their avocation. They are not lonely people rather they are inclined to be introspective with a lonesome streak and a heightened sense of awareness.

Running suits my nature, it is so individual, so independent of extraneous factors. One can run anytime, anywhere, anyhow — alone. There's no need for interaction with partners. It satisfies the innate desire for perfection, to strive, to aspire, to dream, to hope. Whenever I race, I undergo a catharsis in the inner battle against myself, the clock and the insidious treason of flagging stamina and slackening strides.

I am blessed with a habitat that includes a measured oval at Macquarie University, and the



Lane Cove River Park.

My training runs, whether it be the endless rounds about a deserted oval, or the path snaking through the Park, with refreshing winds waving verdant foliage, through which stream the iridescent chimera of sunlight, provide me with the opportunities to forget harsh reality of the present, for the fond memories of the past and fantasy for the future. Strange how physical exhaustion can be such a marvellous laundry for the spirit. To sport in such fashion is surely better than to pursue unsavoury work with a plodding steadiness born of duty? Running is an anodyne for a soul in torment. It cures loneliness with solitude; only momentarily though, but therein lies the addiction of running — a "fix" in motion.

There's no end to running, the goal is a forever receding horizon. I do not know the athletic attributes of my genes, but this ignorance is the bait for deeper commitment. Thus, I shall continue to run, this pursuit of purity, to probe the very perimeter of my genetic potential. And the reward? The reward of doing anything, is to have it done well.

CURRICULUM VITAE

- | | | |
|---------------|---------------------|-----------|
| 1. Sept. 1981 | : Sydney Marathon | : 3-09-51 |
| 2. Oct. 1981 | : Melbourne, Big M | : 3-19-17 |
| 3. Nov. 1981 | : Cities Marathon | : 3-24-10 |
| 4. Dec. 1981 | : Honolulu Marathon | : 3-34-24 |
| 5. Apr. 1982 | : Nike/Canberra | : 3-19-33 |
| 6. June 1982 | : Holsworthy | : 3-13-47 |
| 7. July 1982 | : Veterans | : 3-43-? |
| 8. Oct. 1982 | : Melbourne, Big M | : 2-59-43 |



Drinking Fluids

On very hot days, drink a couple of cups of liquid just before the race starts and then try to drink as much as you can comfortably every 15 minutes. Don't wait to drink until you are thirsty. Although there are certain cells in your brain (osmoreceptors) that will signal you to drink as the concentration of salt in your blood increases (due to the evaporation of water as sweat) they do not send this message until you have already lost two to four pounds of water. There is no need to take in any extra minerals while racing for less than 3½ hours because you don't lose enough minerals in that time to affect you during the race. Of course once you finish racing you will have to replace lost minerals (and calories). Then is the time to eat and drink anything you want. But while you're racing, your best bet is to drink cold liquid because it causes your stomach to contract more than does warm fluid and so is more quickly pushed into your intestines where it is absorbed immediately.



Benowie Revisited

by Mike Bingham

I recently returned to the Benowie track, exactly one year after my first expedition in the august company of fellow Striders — Bob Peirson, John Blance, Jim Donovan and Peter Ryan.

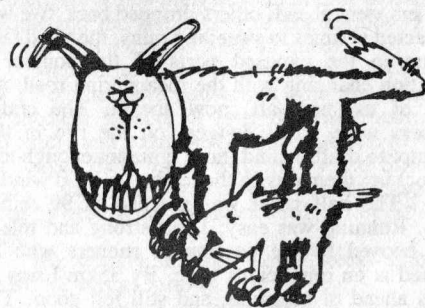
The Benowie track is a scenic walking track established by the Department of Lands in close association with the Hornsby Shire Council and the Eloura Bushland Natural Park Trust. It follows Berowra Creek and runs for approximately thirty kilometres from Berowra to Pennant Hills. There are six main access points:

1. Bellamy Street, Pennant Hills.
2. Rosemead Road, Hornsby.
3. Galston Gorge.
4. Crosslands Reserve.
5. Glenview Road, Mt. Kuring-gai.
6. Crowley Road, Berowra.

The track had only been open to the public for a few weeks prior to our first trip. However, on my return, I encountered a well-defined path, which, although suitable for about one quarter only of its length, let me assure members that walking/running such a distance over undulating and rough terrain is a good test of the body's stamina.

The whole trip from Berowra Station to Westleigh took me just on four hours, travelling at a very comfortable pace. I heartily recommend a day trip for those of you wishing a break from the normal routine for whatever reason. Indeed my subsequent performance and enthusiasm improved markedly. I therefore hope to see and hear of fellow Striders undertaking this trip.

Detailed maps are available gratis from the Department of Lands in Sydney or at the offices of the Hornsby Shire Council.



You kids don't know how good things are, in my day you were lucky if you saw one runner a week.

Marathon Survey

MARATHON	NIKE INTERNATIONAL	HARBORD DIGGERS	N.S.W. STATE	AUSTRALIAN MARATHON
MARATHON LOCATION	CANBERRA	MANLY/WARRINGAH, SYDNEY	HOLSWORTHY, SYDNEY	NORTH SYDNEY
DATE OF RACE ENTRY DEADLINE	APRIL 10 FEB 28	MAY 1 APRIL 22	MAY 8 APRIL 18	JUNE 12 ?
COURSE DESCRIPTION	FLAT, MILD UNDULATIONS	MOSTLY FLAT, SOME UNDULATIONS	MOSTLY FLAT, SOME UNDULATIONS	EXPECTED TO BE FAIRLY FLAT, SOME UNDULATIONS
COURSE DIRECTION	OUT & BACK TWICE	OUT & BACK	OUT & BACK TWICE	NORTH SYDNEY TO BOTANY
COURSE RECORD	G. KENNEDY 2.15.16 1981	J. ANDREWS 2.24.00 1980	S. POULTON 2.17.07 1981	NEW LISTING
1982 FIELD SIZE STARTERS FINISHERS	1134 810	620 398	610 487	NEW LISTING
1982 WINNERS MALE FEMALE	D. FROUDE 2.17.45 S. BARRETT 2.45.12	H. GAMBRILL 2.30.55 L. HOPPING 3.22.07	INGYOU NAM 2.17.15 P. MARSHALL 2.54.10	NEW LISTING
1982 No. OF SUB 3 HOURS	264 33%	47 12%	177 36%	NEW LISTING
1982 No. OF STRIDERS FINISHERS	31	8	23	NEW LISTING
ENTRANCE FEE	\$6.00	\$5.00	\$5.00	?
CONTACT (B) BUSINESS (R) RESIDENCE	DAVE CUNDY (B) 062 63-3538 (R) 062 31-8422	GEOFF THORSEN (B) 411-9258 (R) 939-1039	KEITH REYNOLDS (B) 645-4440 (R) 637-2984	ALEX HUTT (B) 525-2110



For out of Sydney marathons, please consult:

Neil Plevy (560-3474 Res) Transport and accommodation

John Evennett (982-7493 Res) Teams entries and recording of results

Marathons surveyed by John Evennett

MARATHON	VETERANS' MARATHON	CAMPBELL-TOWN JOGGERS	FAR NORTH COAST	CITIES
MARATHON LOCATION	PAGEWOOD, SYDNEY	CAMPBELL-TOWN, SYDNEY	WARDELL, N.S.W.	CITY CENTRE, SYDNEY
DATE OF RACE	JULY 3	JULY 11	JULY 31	AUGUST 28
ENTRY DEADLINE	JULY 3	JULY 1	JULY 31	AUGUST 21
COURSE DESCRIPTION	MOSTLY FLAT, SOME UNDULATIONS	GENTLY UNDULATING	FLATTEST IN N.S.W.	FLAT*AND UNDULATING
COURSE DIRECTION	4 LAPS	OUT & BACK	OUT & BACK THRICE	SYDNEY TO BLACKTOWN
COURSE RECORD	B. RAIMOND 2.28.08 1982	H. WEGNER 2.22.29 1981	B CLINGAN 2.32.57 1982	S. MONTAGUE 2.26.59 1982
1982 FIELD SIZE				
STARTERS	51	140	45	—
FINISHERS	32	126	32	67
1982 WINNERS				
MALE	B. RAIMOND 2.28.08	P. LOCKYER 2.30.13	B. CLINGAN 2.32.57	S. MONTAGUE 2.26.59
FEMALE	—	S. HILL 3.05.14	J. SUTTON 3.16.50	M. GEMENIS 3.02.20
1982 No. OF SUB 3 HOURS	11 34%	38 30%	15 47%	13 19%
1982 No. OF STRIDERS FINISHERS	2	15	NIL	3
ENTRANCE FEE	\$2.00	\$5.00	\$5.00	\$5.00
CONTACT				
(B) BUSINESS	LOGAN IRWIN (B) 666-8533	KEN SAUNDERS (B) 236-9309	BRIAN RICHARDS (B) 066 21-4422	IAN WINTON (B) 621-0011
(R) RESIDENCE	(R) 570-3529	(R) 046 25-2686	(R) 066 29-7278	—



Pulsar-Tiger Marathon

Sunday 17th October

1st JOHN STANLEY 2.22.17

2nd CARRICK SAND 2.24.50

3rd STEVE MONTAGUE 2.28.48

STRIDERS

MARIA GEMENIS- 3.07.59

CRUICKSHANK

120 FINISHERS

(1st female)

Pulsar-Tiger Marathon, October 17th, 1982

by Maria Gemenis-Cruickshank

With less than four weeks before the staging of the Tiger Marathon, I was one of four thousand runners to receive an unsolicited entry form to the event.

This form neglected to advise such pertinent information as the date it was to be held, course details, etc.

Other Striders consulted also being in the dark, I rang Margaret Ricardo, race calendar organiser for the Road Runners' Association, to no avail.

On ringing one of the stated organisers, Australian Sporting Sales, I was still unable to ascertain the race route or to confirm it as an accredited distance, etc.

With great hesitation, I entered, vowing not to run if the day were hot.

Sunday dawns sunny, but cool. After debate with my spouse whether or not to run, I decide to go, to "fly the flag" for the female runner. Arriving at E. S. Marks Field, I meet Patricia Marshall, who's running only twenty miles, as part of her training for a New Zealand marathon, to be held in five weeks' time.

Late as usual, I register and collect the singlet that must be worn by all valid competitors. I heatedly protest yet again about potential clothing abrasions, without success. Even their pre-race information sheet, handed out together with the singlet, advises "Avoid wearing new clothing . . ."

As we line up, there seems to be about three hundred runners, only three of whom are women, all duly outfitted in the regimental white-and-red new singlets.

The start is a lap and a half of the Field, before heading onto Anzac Parade, north towards South Dowling Street and the Southern Cross Drive.

As usual, the police are doing a terrific job ensuring our road safety, which is of considerable comfort.

Also assuring is the steadily decreasing good weather: it's cloudy, occasional spots of rain and a truly strong headwind.

By the time we reach Foreshore Road, the runners have strung-out quite considerably. Patricia joins me and we chat about our running and future plans. About the 15km mark, Pat charges ahead and remains ahead till she drops out at her predetermined distance. Oh no . . . The garlic-laced, pre-race Italian food begins to assert a certain pressure that I can no longer ignore. I notice another runner with similar problems dive into a service station, just as the urge to go fades. No sooner do I pass it, than I need to go more urgently. As we are now heading towards the loop at Long Bay Jail, I simply have to wait for the return journey.

I indulge myself the luxury of being able to dispose of the matter — to hell with time lost. After the second pit-stop, I know my spouse is thinking I'm nuts. (He doesn't run.)

Thus relieved, I hurtle back, with carefree abandon, by-passing runners by-passed previously. Now that headwind is so very strong that I can barely catch my breath. I'm literally gasping like a fish floundering, when an official tells me helpfully that the turnoff is soon and I shall be slightly sheltered from the buffeting.

Plodding virtually alone along Botany Road onto Wentworth Avenue, I catch sight of some slowing runners on Southern Cross Drive. From here, hope is given by way of three times being advised that I am at the 35km mark. If I'm told a fourth time, I'll say something rude . . .

As I make my way up the slight grade to Anzac Parade, I'm on my own, feeling good, knowing the end is fast approaching and I cannot stop savouring the thought of a hot cup of tea.

Down Anzac Parade, I see a runner reduced to walking. The 41km mark painted on the road is an indication that the distance of 42.195km will only be met by running more than one lap of the E. S. Marks Field and I feel sorry for the walker, if he thinks the gate is the finishing line.

Not knowing how much track-running is entailed, I hold back. On entering the field, it's a lap and a quarter to go — I'm off and it's over. My non-event for the day.

Dot Flanagan's happy face shines over the recorders' table; it's good to see a familiar face. No one knows what's going on, so I simply shower and leave, nursing an abraded underarm and still dying for that hot cuppa that has to wait till home.

In retrospect, I'm pleased with my time, 3hrs 7mins 49sec, considering unscheduled pit-stops and strong headwinds (why don't headwinds ever become tailwinds?). Had I wanted a new P.B., this would have to be a suitable course for me.

I had also achieved my aim to represent female runners, albeit without pressure to perform well.



The pre- and post-race organisation was very poor, that throughout the race better, with well-stocked drink stations and help from race marshals, police and some first aid attendants, though no medical help was evident at the finish, where a number of runners desperately needed it.

It saddened me to listen to a few first-time runners who were disappointed with the event. I remember the fantastic buzz I got after my first marathon and it is that feeling that makes me want to run. I hope they get that buzz next time, if there is a next time. I'm glad to have run the '82 Tiger Marathon, because I'll not need to record next year's run as "not to be missed".



'Little Big Smoke' — Newcastle News

by Mark Hanlon

Well, Blister No. 11, chocker block with good news and reports, and some tremendous performances. It's getting that way that you need go no further than Blister for your running literature, save some international content in other publications. No I'm not buttering up the Editor, I'll probably help push him into the pool at the Club award night (or was that supposed to be a secret, oops!), but I'm sure I speak for Tony McCall as well, that living out of Sydney the Blister's arrival is always well received and well read.

I went for a gallop (Melbourne Cup Fever) in the 9th annual Newcastle Herald/Coke Fun Run 10km on 26/9/82, last fun run for the season this neck of the woods. The 1st and 2nd placegetters; David Forbes, 21 years (30 mins 35 secs); and Mike Beisty, 23 years, fought out a colossal struggle being only metres apart for the entire race with the winning margin only 5 seconds. Both guys are trained by Mike's father and are members of the same club. I adopted a marathon strategy, tried not to burn myself out too early, but after spending the first 2km getting set and steady it dawned perhaps the breakaways might not breakdown given only 8km to go so I stepped up the pace and really enjoyed the outing. The first woman home was a trainee physical education teacher, Ms Trina McLean of Charlestown in 40 mins 45 secs with a mother of three, Mrs Anne Cole, coming in second.

An interesting lesson was learned at the start as confusion reigned supreme. A loudhailer asked everyone milling about to assemble at the start line. only trouble was there was no start line nor the officials on cue to form one and so a few people gradually walking off turning into half the crowd working up into a jog and need I say more, shades of 1977 City to Surf. Some people had run a km but eventually all were called back. What would the

N.S.W. Treasurer do with the starting gun without a start, except shoot a hole in our money pockets? The finish was excellent with eight lanes for finishers to sweep into. They used the metal scaffolding from a mobile trotting starter.

A bit before this race I went for a weekend training run, 11km, with a local running club, Myer Park. Very friendly mob with all ages well represented. What a course though, rugged, even if I was fit, very fit, I doubt I would have attempted it, but in my present out of shapeness, whew! It was a cross country course with no flat sections, only very steep inclines and very sharp declines with some treacherously loose surfaces. I thought it was a good occasion to mix in a bit of bushwalking with the running. These organized training runs ceased in late September and up here all the clubs swing into their summer athletic track programs.

Congratulations to all those who have run well this winter, and for those with disappointments and injuries may their time come soon. I see where Rob De Castella has a glass of beer to settle the nerves occasionally, well to each his own for I've found Hunter wines and pecan nuts (grown around Muswellbrook) do the trick but **after** a run, makes me slip away into dreamland too easily where I always do my best times, no bout a-doubt it.

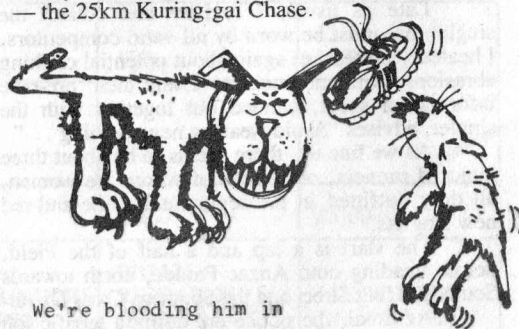


Club Constitution/ Annual General Meeting

Clause 12 of the Constitution states that "Notice of motion shall be required for any alteration of the Constitution and such notice shall be in the hands of the Secretary prior to 31st December".

A copy of the Constitution has been enclosed with The Blister No. 12.

The provisional date for the A.G.M. has been scheduled for Sunday, 13th February, immediately following the inaugural internal club race — the 25km Kuring-gai Chase.



We're blooding him in
the city to surf next week.



Off Season Advice — Restraint!

by Charles Coville

With the 1982 road running "season" almost over, it is time to consider a wind down during the off season and intense summer months.

Undoubtedly the Nike International Marathon is THE event that members will be training towards in early April 1983.

1982 saw the largest contingent ever trek inland to the capital, and already members have Canberra on their lips.

However, a bit of advice that should be taken seriously is 'Restraint'.

For many the past season has stretched from January through to September. A long season if the numerous races have been trained for and run seriously. Certainly a lot of dedication and sacrifice, too.

So now is the time to loaf, be slack and let that discipline and dedication abate. No, I am not suggesting complete retirement. What I am saying is that you have deserved a break, and the time is now ripe.

Lots of easy, relaxed running and perhaps 1 extra day off a week could be your temporary recipe through to the New Year. Once you've got over your Xmas celebrations, the start of your 1983 dedication begins. The 42.2km event over in the capital will require a 14 week training programme. So if you are reasonably fit, but relaxed and totally fresh, the 14 week programme will be perfect.

I echoed these comments last year. A few members ignored my advice and continued through November and December without easing back. Not surprisingly they were stale before Nike came around.

It is a long slog from January to April as unfortunately there are only 3 races within those 14 weeks. So, if you adjust your training now, you could be doing yourself a big favour for the first marathon in 1983.



The Nike International, Canberra

by Charles Coville

GENERAL

With the local marathon season over for 1982, a reflection on the various 42.2km events that were run during the past months leads us to

one conclusion — Nike is head and shoulders above the rest.

These are not just my thoughts, but also those of members who completed the April race.

The message has infiltrated STAR's and there hardly seems to be a club marathoner who has not set his sights on the Lake Burley Griffin event.

Why then, asks the novice, is the Nike so highly regarded?

Having experienced 14 years of marathon-ing, it is not difficult for me to isolate all the good features.

- The course is almost traffic free.
- The course is scenic. Lake Burley Griffin at times is only a stone's throw (or rather a paper cup throw) from the course.
- Each mile on the course is marked.
- Times are called at 1 mile, every 5km, halfway and the finish.
- Drink stations are plentiful, every 5km, adequately supplied and manned (and womanned) by a colourful array of helpers in fancy dress costumes. Sponge stations are located midway between all drink stations.
- A flattish (but not boringly so), fast course. There is a 'minor' hill going out at 7km and 27km and returning at 17km and 37km. I found that it offered a break in rhythm which suits my style of running. The course avoids the long unbroken straights that are a feature of the State Marathon.
- The out and back twice course has become surprisingly popular in N.S.W. The reason is that you do not get the feeling of being the lonely long distance runner; runners are going in different directions all the time.
- International athletes compete. You get to see them on 3 occasions, as well as all those other STAR runners (mostly decked in the hard-not-to-recognise emerald and white).
- Your name is called out at the finish; recognition for even the last man/woman. There is good spectator involvement at key points along the course.
- Start and finish facilities are adequate.
- The pre-race and results books are professionally prepared.
- The race is organised by runners. (Haven't I heard that somewhere else before?)
- Categories and prizes are adequate. Sam Daher even won a lucky draw.
- The average temperature at starting time on race day is a cool 10°C.

The one (and only) apparent 'drawback' to Nike is that it is the first marathon on the calendar coming at the end of summer.

This, however, does not seem to be a major obstacle. Thirty-one Striders competed in 1982; there were 21 P.B.s (including 7 novices). Fourteen of those P.B.s still stood at the end of the season!



From the club's point of view it is a great weekend. A package deal was organised this year, which included transport (bus) and accommodation (motel) and 2 meals. A great spirit was engendered on the bus trip and the close 'living' of members over 36 hours produced an 'intimate' camaraderie.

TRAINING FOR THE NIKE

If you adopt the 'Restraint' suggestions, the finale of Auld Lang Syne will trumpet the start of a 14 week training programme which will be sufficient to adequately prepare you for Nike.

Three races will be available to members leading up to Nike.

January 9th — 30km Palm Beach to Manly

February 13th

25km Kuring-gai Chase (Internal event)

March 13th

21.1km Striders Half Marathon (Internal event)

1983 ARRANGEMENTS

An all inclusive weekend (travel, food and accommodation) will again be organised by the club. Planning is already under way. It is necessary for you to state your intentions now. (See application form). A final commitment (payment in full) will be necessary one month before the event. The full price will be payable by Monday, March 14th. For further information contact NEIL PLEVEY 560 3474 (R) or 233 8447 (B).

THERE IS NO FINISH LINE...

for the Canberra race organisers

Run the 1983 Race and experience more innovations including a modified course to cater for an unlimited field!

Canberra International Marathon

Sunday 10th April 1983

Entry forms available 1 December 1982
Apply: Nike Canberra Marathon
PO Box 144 Kambah ACT 2902

Australian entrants please send stamped self-addressed 230x110 envelope.

ORGANISED BY THE A.C.T. CROSS COUNTRY CLUB INC.

New Arrivals

Sydney Striders welcome the arrival of new offspring to club members.

CHARLES COVILLE and family — a daughter, Natalie, on 6th September.

NIGEL HADGKISS and family — a son.

Justin, on 2nd October.

DAVE COX and family — a son, Nicholas, on 12th October.

IVAN FREYS and family — a son, on 18th October.

The Running Boom Hits Italy

(The Runner, June 1982)

By Cliff Temple

George Hirsch, publisher of 'The Runner', tasted the Italian running fever when he took part in the 11km road race, the Stracittadina, which began 15 minutes after the start of the Rome marathon.

Hirsch recounts the race: "There was no preferential numbering. Rod Dixon was given number 14,129 to pin on his vest! As for the start, it made the Bay to Breakers seem like the Olympic 1,500 final. Italian road races actually begin when the guy behind you is pushing so hard that you can do nothing except go forward. I didn't hear a gun, and neither did Rod. It was astonishing, but I don't think Rod was too worried by those runners in Converse Hi-tops trying to burn him off at the start. I'm used to seeing people stop in races with calf and hamstrings strains — but in the first 200 yards? In fact, of the 40,000, probably no more than 100 runners were going under a six-minute pace. At refreshment stations, Italian runners act like Italian drivers. They don't move in gradually to the inside. They just cut straight across."

Dixon won the race by several minutes, although he never learned his time nor knew where the actual finishing line was. Anyway, it was probably nearer to 12km than 11km.

The Cinque Mulini (or Five Mills) cross-country race is an event around old mills and through farmlands, on a four-lap course usually lined with thousands of spectators.

"You couldn't find anything like the Five Mills anywhere else in the world," says Robert de Castella, who has run the race four times. "Last year I was second to Kedir, after a typical Italian start. I was facing the wrong way! We had one false start and, as we walked back, the gun went. In Italian races you've got to be pretty alert and prepared to go anytime. It's a tremendous experience though. The course goes past what must be the foulest river in Italy. Nothing grows within 10 feet of it. The route is marked with shredded paper instead of flags, and you have to run at the crowd, because they close up around the course, and then open up like the Red Sea as you run through."

In 1981 it was won by de Castella, to the delight of the Italians who thought his name meant he had Italian blood ("actually it's Swiss, several generations back").

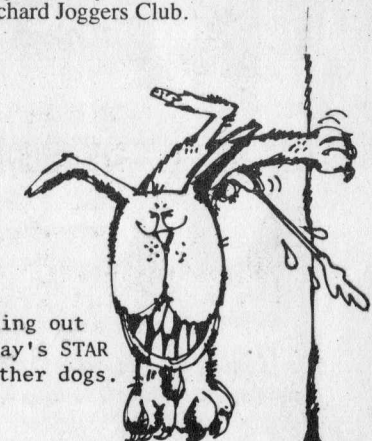
Mt Pritchard to Warragamba

by Mike Bingham

This article is primarily written to bring to the notice of the club a little known race which must rank close to the most demanding, yet enjoyable, sub marathon run in Sydney. The event is the annual Mt Pritchard to Warragamba Run, over 34 kilometres from the Mt Pritchard Community Club to the Warragamba Shopping Precinct; the route takes runners along the main, though lightly trafficked, roads in a westerly direction; the finish, for those readers not familiar with the area, comprises an arduous final 4 kilometres uphill from the village Woronora to Warragamba and it is the finish which separates this run from any other road race.

Many will be surprised to know that the race has been held for 13 consecutive years (one more than the City to Surf) and was initiated as a walking race in aid of handicapped children by the original Mt Pritchard Workers Club and the tradition of donating all profits to the handicapped children's charity has continued to this day by the current organisers, the Mt Pritchard Community Club Joggers Club. This Club like our own caters for all grades of runners and organises runs from the club each Sunday morning over varying distances. Current membership of 60 includes such well known personalities as Horst Wegner, Mark Hughes, Bob Krause, Geoff Cox and Harry Newman not to mention numerous 'up and coming' athletes.

The race record set in 1979 is held by Dennis Nel, 1 hr 51 mins. The race has a permanent fixture being the last Sunday in May each year. So Striders mark the date in your diary and I can assure you that you will participate in a most enjoyable run, superbly organised by John Fletcher and others of the Mt Pritchard Joggers Club.



Just marking out next Sunday's STAR for the other dogs.