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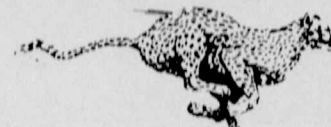
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Road Runners Club

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Committee meetings are held monthly and all club members are welcome to attend. Details of meetings and copies of minutes are available from the secretary.

THE PRESIDENT'S REPORT

At odd times in the past I have been known to exercise literary liscence between the spotted cat on the front cover and the Westline message on the rear cover of the Blister. In other words, I have distorted the facts in order to improve the story, and even invented the the facts in the first place. I might have distorted the facts that I invented, but that would only be when I was short of material on Steve Cornelius. On the other hand, the following story is all FACT and such a classic that it must be shared around.

FROM NOBBY'S MALIGNED COUSIN

Is there anyone in this world who has not seen a school report which reads something like ".....so and so is working to a satisfactory level at present, but has not reached their full potential." This probably sums up my running career. Some people manage to go from strenght to strenght, I stumble from injury to physical disability. The worst two physical disabilities of my running career were dogs named "Ben" and "Scruffy".

"Ben" was a Benji type of dog, full of energy and "Scruffy" was a black heinz panther-like dog who fancied himself as part greyhound, I think.

The tale begins when I was training for a marathon in 1985 and the owners of Ben and Scruffy thought it would be a great idea if the dogs joined me on my training runs. This sounds ideal in theory, but in practice well, things went wrong. These friends (well, ex friends) firstly didn't tell me that the dogs weren't leash trained! So, the first 3km were hell because Ben and Scruffy wrenched my shoulder joints from their sockets as they bounded in different directions, sometimes they even bounded straight ahead!! The next 5km were also hell because I physcally had to drag the dogs around the streets and then back to their home. They were so unfit that they virtually collapsed when I delivered them home. Then I would actually go for a real training run for myself. I suffered this for a few nights.

Tactfully I tried to explain to my friends that this running business wasn't working out for the dogs or myself and that I wasn't getting much training done for myself with the two dogs. Problem solved they said - the next night I could take one dog 8km then drop him home, pick up the other dog and go for another 8km. Once again this sounded great in theory, but somewhat less than that in practice, but who am I to upset my good friends?

Ben met me the next night, straining on the leash, ready to drag me as far as he could, which he most certainly did. Then he started to tire. For a kilometre or so he managed to stick with me, then he started to fall behind. He looked tired so I stopped and gave him a drink from someone's front garden tap. He sparked up a bit and kept with me, but, bit by bit he began to slow until I literally had to drag this dog to keep him moving.

This had me a little worried, and, upon closer inspection, I found that my dragging was the only thing that was keeping him moving. Yes, he had died! Well, what a quandry I was in. My friends insisted on me bringing out this dog, and now, it lay dead in the gutter!

How was I going to explain it to them? "Sorry I ran your dog to death!" No, I couldn't do it. I also knew I couldn't carry a dead dog 2 or 3 km either. What else was there to do but tie it up to the nearest fence, run back to their house and tell them "its not very well". Yes, thats what I'd do....I had to appear humane though, so I pulled the dog out of the gutter, up onto the footpath, near a tap in a front garden. Of course I turned the tap on, just in case this very unwell dog got thirsty. Ben all set, I headed for his home, ready to face the family.

They met me at the front door with Scruffy. I explained to them that Ben was very unwell and tied to someone's fence and that I'd go with them to pick him up. They wouldn't have any part of it, no, my training was too important. With that they thrust Scruffy's lead into my hand and got into their car and after hasty directions, set off to pick up Ben.

Scruffy set off at a "bat-out-of-hell" pace, dragging me behind. As soon as I could take control, and Scruffy would follow, I aimed us back towards my friends house.

I was ready for the abuse and yelling and upset. As Scruffy and I aproached the front door, we were met by the family, stoney faced and sombre. They had tissues at hand and gently thanked me for my valient efforts to help Ben, who they found dead when they got to him. They tried to console me and continued to thank me for helping him to die with dignity. (I felt lower than a snake's belly).

Next day I rang to once again express my sorrow at the passing of Ben. The news was bad, yes. Scruffy had died during the night.

Perhaps this is wehat led me to a p.b. time of 3hrs 16min.

Anyone want their dogs taken for a walk?

Nobby

NOBBY YOUNG

STRIDERS STORM SURFERS

By James McDonnell

Sydney Striders were well represented at the 1989 Gold Coast International Marathon on July 23.

With former Gold Coast resident Gavin Morisset in charge of the social program, the Striders contribution to the local economy almost matched their performance on the track.

A fairly staid race eve dinner of pasta and mineral water, with everyone suitably modest about their expectations for the following day, was followed by a considerably more expansive post-race lunch at one of the new outdoor restaurants on the water just north of Surfers.

On race day, the flat course, overcast conditions, enthusiastic support and comprehensive water and sponge stations, provided the potential for fast times.

Brian Gatfield, Gavin Morisset, Rod Garrick and your correspondent all turned in PB's and Alf Field turned in his usual consistent and strong performance. Other finishers were Roger Rigby, Mavis Garrick and Dave Barwick. Apart from we mere mortals, Phil Garvin set the pace with a 2h 25m performance to finish 12th outright.

One of the great sights was to see Brad Camp at about the half-way mark charging past doing 20 kilometres per hour on the way to a world class time of 2h 10m.

As there were three turnaround points during the race, it was possible to shout a few encouraging words to fellow Striders as we passed each other. This was particularly helpful in the challenging last ten kilometres when doubt sets in about whether you are going too fast/slow, whether you are going to finish at all, what did the book say about treatment of cramps, will this be your last marathon/you last anything, why are the kilometre markers spaced further apart in the last 10k than they are for the first 10k etc.

As the sun sank slowly over Surfers and the post-race stories had all been digested along with the leisurely Sunday lunch, thoughts turned to what sacrifices would be necessary to wrench another minutes' improvement out of the aching body before the next marathon. Perhaps those \$200 colour co-ordinated Nikes I saw in the shop with the twin exhaust pipes extending from the heel of the shoe.....?

RESULTS:

Phil Garvin:	2.24.56	Rod Garrick :	3.18.10 (PB)
James McDonnell :	2.51.56 (PB)	Roger Rigby :	3.48.??
Gavin Morisset :	2.54.22(PB)	Mavis Garrick :	4.16.??
Alf Field :	3.09.??	Dave Barwick :	4.00.00
David Ritchie :	3.14.00		

A RECORD OF AN EPIC 1989 SYDNEY TO MELBOURNE ULTRAMARATHON

By Alf Field

"One Man's slippers are another man's Reeboks".

ROSEMARY SCHAFFLER

The Race: From Sydney to Melbourne commencing on Thursday, 18th May 1989.

The Distance: 1,011 Kilometers

The Runner: Graham Firkin, one of 35 starters.

The Crew: Brian Colwell, Alf Field, Barbara Firkin, Toots Gray, Ken Gray, Barry Jones, Jack Nordish, Steve Nordish.

The Result: Completed the distance in 8 days, 16 hours and 25 minutes, finishing in 20th place. Fifteen competitors did not complete the course.

Condition of the Runner at the Finish: Excellent. No blisters on his feet; no muscular or other injuries; sore legs; claimed to be "very tired" but partied on until sunrise on arrival in Melbourne.

Condition of the Crew at the Finish: Totally knackered.

"Give a big welcome to competitor number 8, Graham Firkin."

"Graham is aged 51, is a blacksmith and competed in the 1988 event covering 292 kilometers before a leg injury forced him to withdraw."

We would soon be on our way, the long year of planning and preparation was nearly over. Not that I had done anything much in the way of preparation. Barbara Firkin was the one who wrote all the letters begging for sponsorship; she was the one who listed the multitude of items that would be needed and saw that they were purchased, planned the menus, bought the food, rented the vehicles, got the money in!

(It is also fair to say that the project would not have got to first base without Graham's sponsors).

I felt a bit of a heel. I hadn't been able to help with the myriad of final preparations and packing of the vans. I need not have worried. Firko had a little surprise in store for me.

"Alf, I want you to take charge. You do all the

calculations, make the decisions and get us to Melbourne. What you say the crew and I will do."

His crew selection had likewise been mulled over and mulled over. He had bought the top of the range Nike Stab-airs and eventually wore only one pair all the way to Melbourne, arriving there without a single blister. Quite incredible. When I think of how often he changed shoes last year . . .

The red and white garbed runners burst forward like a tidal wave, smiling and waving to friends, oblivious to the trials, tribulations and pain which lay in store for them over the next week.

We were on our way and I think that each of us was wondering what dramas the next week had in store for us. Was Firko really capable of getting all the way to Melbourne? Did I have the knowledge and ability to keep him together both physically and mentally for such a long time? All the problems we experienced last year were suddenly very fresh in my mind.

Mashed vegies all ways!

The first day was used to establish the routines which were to become ingrained over the next week. Firko was to eat regularly in small quantities, about every hour. His diet consisted of mashed vegetables for his main course and canned fruit in jelly for dessert.

We had discovered last year that Firko was able to absorb mashed vegetables without any ill effect and they provided quick energy as well as all the minerals and trace elements that his body required. The only problem was the monotony of the diet, which I tried to counter by allowing him to choose whatever he wanted to eat at his major rest stops. This gave him something to look forward to every 12 to 14 hours. I also allowed him a low alcohol beer on these occasions.

I had spent the best part of the past year accumulating supplies of a carbohydrate polymer powder called Endurolode, a south African product.

When mixed with water, Endurolode is a drink which provides the body with a quick glycogen boost, which is used first by the body, thus allowing the body's natural reserves of glycogen to remain intact.

Another product was "Squeezy", Endurolode in a viscous liquid form rather like condensed milk, and packed in plastic sachets. It provides an even quicker burst of energy and I felt they would be useful during the nights when Firko would not require quite so much liquid.

Day One - 164 kms and 847 to go!

The first cutoff point was Goulburn, 164kms from Sydney and the time allowed was 25 hours. Firko had covered more than 200kms in a 24 hour race, it was decided to give him a couple of hours rest at Mittagong, some 77kms from Sydney.

He was following a sequence of 10 minutes running, 5 minutes walking, with stops about every hour for a stretch and Mittagong was reached without major difficulty at about 8.40 p.m.

A shit of a hill!

The only incident of note that night took place at a point which Firko subsequently named Shit Hill.

It was here that Firko received his first urge to use his foldup toilet seat, which promptly collapsed, depositing Firko in his recent deposit.

Our first dawn found us less than 30kms from Goulburn and we soon passed the cutoff point with almost two hours to spare. Not bad at all.

I ruled a two hour rest period and at exactly 1.00 p.m. we were on the road again. The next cutoff point was 92 kms away in Canberra at 4.00 a.m. next morning. This gave us 15 hours to cover the distance and I calculated that we would make it with 2 hours to spare.

'Nemesis' passed.

This was the crucial leg. It was midway through this section last year that Graham collapsed, totally exhausted. Also, by the time we reached Canberra he would have been on the road for around 39 hours with only 4 hours rest.

As it turned out, he wasn't even aware of passing the point of last year's trauma.

Steve Nordish and I spent long periods out on the road with Firko, especially in the hours after midnight and during the latter stages of a leg and we were both with him as he arrived at the Canberra cutoff at 2.00 am. Once again exactly 2 hours ahead of the cutoff.

I calculated we could afford a 3 hour rest. We examined Firko's feet. They looked as if he had hardly walked around the block let alone run 255 kms. It was the first time on the trip that I had the feeling that God must be with this man.

Disaster very nearly struck us in Canberra, and from a most unexpected source. I set my alarm for 5.00 a.m. and slept in. Firko was ready to go and shouting for his crew.

It was 6.20 a.m. before we got back on the road, nearly an hour later than I had planned. The next leg to Cooma was going to be a tough one with lots of severe climbs, particularly during the latter stages as we passed through the foothills of the Snowy Mountains.

The distance to Cooma is 115kms from Canberra and we needed to get there by 1.00 a.m. next morning, only a bit more than 18 hours away. It was going to be tight, but I kept my concerns to myself. Stick to the routine and see how we go.

Around 9.00 a.m. we had cause for a small celebration as we passed the spot where Firko was forced to withdraw in agony last year.

This year a quick photograph and a celebratory beer. What a contrast!

Last but not least.

Our delayed start from Canberra had left us last in the field, at least of those who were still in the run. Firko was progressing so well that we soon began to see the flashing amber lights atop other competitors vehicles. Gradually we pulled up to them. First we passed the irrepressible Cliff Young. Later in the afternoon Firko sailed past the Japanese competitor, Wada.

Cooma was still 45kms away and it was going to be dreadfully close. For a whole host of reasons (!) we just had to get there.

"Are we going to make it?" Firko asked. "Sure", I said.

"How much by?"

"By five minutes" I lied.

"Shit, we had better get moving then," and he immediately turned and started running.

I warned Steve that we were both going to need to be out on the road for the next 6 hours.

Still passing the others.

We continued to pass other runners and I pitied them for I knew that if we were barely going to make the cut off, then they could have no chance of doing so. Their race was over.

I will never forget the last 20kms into Cooma. It was a bitterly cold, crystal clear night and we were wearing all our warm gear, including gloves and beanies. Every 5kms I recalculated our position relative to the cut off and found that we still had a steady 30 minutes in hand for emergencies.

Firko had been on the road 16 hours since Canberra and the last 10kms were covered on grit, determination and Squeezies every half an hour. It was amazing how he responded to the Squeezies. They were a real find.

Another thing which helped considerably was the speaker mounted on the front of the first van through which tapes could be played. It was on this section that I first became aware of the lift that Firko got from listening to a tape of hymns and spiritual songs by Burl Ives. This was the second time on the trip that I felt that God was looking after Firko.

Our log book shows that we passed the cutoff point with 29 minutes to spare.

90kms in 22 hours.

The next leg to Bombala is about 90kms and we were allowed 22 hours to get there. Graham could have a slightly longer rest - 4 hours. That would leave 18 hours to cover 90kms or 5kms per hour, virtually walking pace. Should be a doddle I thought as I wafted into dreamland.

At 5.00 a.m. it was still bitterly cold and a fog had settled down to ground level. Visibility was reduced to about 50 metres. Firko was wearing his black balaclava and looked for all the world like Ned Kelly re-incarnated.

Suddenly we picked up conversations on the CB radio. It was Terry Cox's crew. From what they were saying it was quite clear that Terry was very much in the race. Yet he was one of the seven runners behind us going into Cooma. We knew that he could not possibly have made the cutoff in time. He had been running with his son, Terry Cox Junior, and the youngster had been in a lot of trouble when we passed them.

The road to Bombala became a long hard slog over extremely undulating terrain.

Fortunately, after nightfall Firko picked up noticeably and we reached Bombala around 9.30 p.m., about an hour and a half before the cutoff time. All the cutoff times had in fact been extended by an hour following the change to the Cooma cutoff time but Firko, in a fit of pique, said that he wanted to stick to the old cutoff times.

6 hours sleep!

Firko and the crew were in desperate need of rest so I decided on a gamble. If I gave him a long rest he might recover his energy levels much better than from a short break and be able to make up the ground by moving faster the next day. I rostered 6 hours sleep for

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everyone, which meant that the full break was about 7 hours. It was blissful and did the trick.

The next day, Monday, was by far the easiest and nicest day we experienced. The dawn was perhaps the most magnificent I have ever seen. The colours and cloud formations were stunning and seemed to cover the entire firmament. It set the tone for the day.

After a couple of hours we moved off the edge of the escarpment and started down the scenic Cann River valley, through dense forests and occasionally along the banks of the Cann River itself.

A change in plans.

We called them up on the CB to ask what had happened. It transpired that the Race Director had belatedly changed the cutoff time by an hour which enabled the laggards to get into Cooma without disqualification. The Race Director had stated that he had set far too tough a cutoff time for Cooma.

I was stunned. We had needlessly put Firko through the wringer to get him to Cooma in time and, almost as bad, we had needlessly used up half our meagre stock of Squeezies. I knew that Firko would take the news badly and yet I had to tell him.

We were naturally pleased for the other runners that they could continue. They had all spent many thousands of dollars renting their vans and equipment. Their crews had all taken leave and volunteered their services.

It would have been a major bonus if we had known about the extra hour 10 or 15kms out. I put it to Firko that the race organizers now owed us a favour and that we might just need one before we got to Melbourne. This was to prove prophetic.

Firko was happy and running comfortably. The crew were relaxed and Brian and Jack took the opportunity to go for runs up ahead through the forest. Even a brief rain shower could not dampen our spirits.

Winning the trifecta.

Several notable events occurred on this section. In quick order we passed the 500km mark, the halfway mark and the Victorian State border. The latter seemed to give Firko a special lift.

We also received the first of the newsletters which contained many messages of encouragement for Firko, all of which were greatly appreciated.

Firko covered 90kms that day. The next cutoff point

was still some 77kms away at a town called Orbost. He had a 3 hour sleep in Cann River.

There is a long 40km climb out of Cann River. It seemed to take forever. The wind was howling but fortunately we were sheltered by the dense forests that we were travelling through.

I insisted that Firko walk up all the hills to conserve his energy, which meant long periods of walking when Steve and I took turns at keeping him company. Burl Ives and Rocky were the main musical fare. Steve said that he counted 26 separate renditions of the Burl Ives tape on that leg!

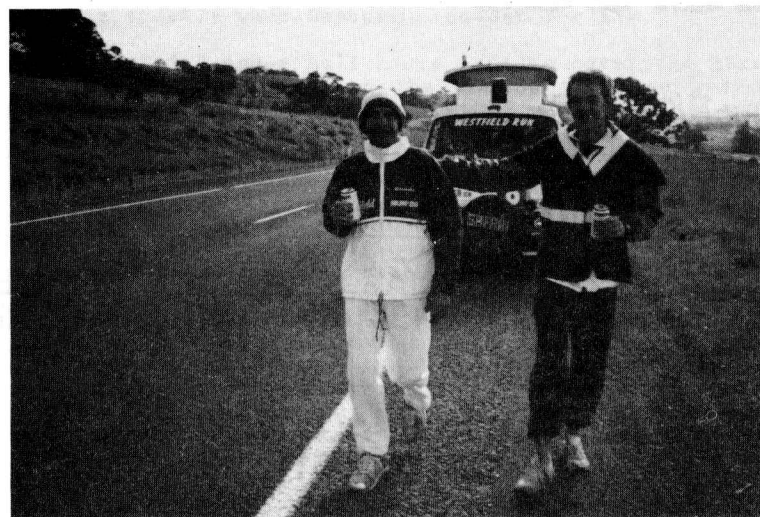
The trip into Orbost was relatively uneventful. Once we cleared the mountains Firko got back into his easy rhythm, alternating 5 minutes running with 5 minutes walking. He was running comfortably and showing no signs of stiffness or pain anywhere.

A shock for Firko.

One incident about 10kms outside of Orbost is worth recording. We had gradually caught up with Terry Cox. From the slow pace at which he was travelling we deduced that he must be in some sort of trouble.

I was out on the road with Firko at the time and as we started to get close to Terry, he fell forward flat on his face and didn't move. His crew rushed to his assistance and by the time we drew level with him they had him on his feet on the side of the road. He was bent over retching and looked all in.

Firko was clearly shocked at Terry's condition.



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"I don't want my wife, kids or family to ever see me in that condition" he said quietly. I vowed we wouldn't let him go that far. Fortunately we understood each other.

Ultra-marathoners have their own form of insanity and Terry got going again, didn't stop for a rest as we did in Orbost, and he remained ahead of us all the way to Melbourne!

At Orbost, Firko had been out on the road for exactly 5 days and had covered 629kms, an average of nearly 126kms per day. It was hard to believe that the leaders were some 350kms ahead of us and were approaching the finish at that time. One certainly gets a greater respect for the enormity of these performances when one is out there day after day, living the whole experience (and maybe covering 50 or more kilometres per day oneself!)

After allowing Firko 4 hours sleep we were left with 19 hours to cover the 97 kms to the Bairnsdale cutoff. It should be a doddle, I thought, but once again events were going to prove me wrong.

At Orbost Firko rebelled. In the nicest way, of course.

"Alf, do you mind if I walk and run as I feel up to it?" he asked plaintively.

At last a decent feed.

I had promised Firko half an hour's break in Lakes Entrance where he could have a change of clothes, let Steve massage his feet and have a proper meal. Firko had asked for steak and kidney pie and to my amazement, that is exactly what Barbara produced for him.

He still had 8 and a half hours left to cover the 37kms to Bairnsdale, working on the old cutoff time and an extra hour if we used the revised cutoff time. It looked pretty comfortable and my idea was to get to Bairnsdale with two or more hours in hand so that Firko could have a good rest there.

There is a long climb out of Lakes Entrance. Not nearly as bad as the climb out of Cann River, but still quite a tough slog. We took it fairly slowly, taking nearly an hour and a quarter to complete the 6km hill.

Once on the level Firko started his walk-run-walk routine. He had been doing this for about 15 minutes when suddenly he veered across the road, staggering into me. I could see that something was seriously wrong and sat him down on his haunches.

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"What's the matter, mate?"

"Dizzy. Just dizzy" he mumbled, "Can't stand"

"Right, you are going straight to bed," I ordered. He just nodded his assent.

He had clearly been overcome by exhaustion. What concerned me was that I was right next to him and I had not been able to pick up any signs of imminent collapse.

Some of the crew stretched out for a sleep, others mulled around outside. I sat in the cab to do a bit of figuring and thinking. It was exactly the situation I had dreaded. I kept thinking of the column in the daily newsletter which gave the reasons for those runners who had withdrawn. Half of them simply withdrawn from "exhaustion".

A mountain for Barbara.

We still had 29kms to go to Bairnsdale. If I let Firko sleep for an hour, we would have either 6 or 7 hours to get him to the cutoff, depending on which cutoff was used. Maximum speed would be 5kms per hour, so a full 6 hours would be needed.

I went to look for Barbara to tell her the news. I found her on her own down a side road, quietly sobbing.

"It means so much to him," she said, wiping the tears away. "He is desperate to make it to Melbourne."

"If there is any way of getting him there without half killing him, we'll find it," I promised her.

What had looked like a doddle had become a desperate race to make the cutoff.

Nothing for it now but to institute Operation Resurrection. Lots of vegies and lots of slow walking. And once again it worked. After some two hours Firko was looking as bright and chipper as he had been at any stage in the run. Better still, he had suffered no further bouts of dizziness.

In fact, he was looking so good that when we came to a gradual decline, I suggested that we trot down the easy half kilometre or so. When we got to the bottom of the hill I was shocked at the change in his condition. He had lost all his chirpiness, his face was drawn and grey and he looked as if he was going to be ill.

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Running was immediately banned and within 30 minutes he had recovered to the point where he was smiling and cracking jokes again. After another 30 minutes I decided to try another trot down a gentle decline, but the result was identical to what had happened an hour earlier. The smile faded to be replaced by the drawn, grey look.

The long march.

My heart sank as I diagnosed that what was happening was that when he started running, the pain was causing his body to go into shock. We were going to have to walk all the way into Bairnsdale. Worse still, we were probably going to have to walk the remaining 300kms to Melbourne.

I tried to explain to Firko what was happening to him but I'm not sure that he understood fully. "Walk to Bairnsdale and we'll worry about it from there," I said.

Firko looked dejected. "I'm sorry to be holding you up" he mumbled.

The long walk into Bairnsdale was highlighted by the arrival of Firko's son Shane, who was stationed at the Air Force Base at Sale. It was a welcome moment for Firko and helped to break the monotony.

From cutoff time in Bairnsdale to cutoff time in Traralgon - 120kms - was 24 hours, with an extra hour if we used the revised time.

Walking at about 5.5km per hour, he was going to need 22 hours.

Firko took a 90 minute break in Bairnsdale.

It took 7 hours for Firko to walk those first 40kms, an average of 5.7km per hour. This was slightly better than the 5.5km per hour that I had budgeted on, so we had a small buffer. After an hour's sleep, a change off clothes and another foot massage, Firko was walking again. We were into our seventh night on the road.

Crunch time.

Firko had lost a considerable amount of weight and his buttocks had almost disappeared. His face was haggard and drawn, and his pace was gradually slowing. As midnight approached, Firko was approaching total exhaustion.

"How much further is it to my next rest?"

"About 21kms."

"Alf, do you think I could have half an hour now and reduce the next rest by half an hour?"

He had to have a decent rest and after that there was no way that he could make the cutoff in time. It was crunch time.

"No mate, you can't have half an hour. You are going to have a full hour, maybe more."

About 75 minutes after he had gone down to sleep, I was shaking him awake and turning the lights on to get enough bodies up to get the show on the road.

I gave Firko one of our last remaining Squeezies while I explained the position to him. There was something over 10 hours to go to the revised cutoff time in Traralgon and 59kms to be covered. With no further rests and by doing a little bit of running from time to time, it was possible to just make it.

"They said he'd never make it . . ."

Barbara walked the first few hundred metres with him. Suddenly I saw him hug and kiss her, then he was running. Barbara jumped into the van, tears streaming down her face.

"He says that he is going to do it," she sobbed.

We reached Traralgon with 30 minutes to spare - I now felt certain that God with Firko on this run and that nothing could stop us now!

To fully appreciate the enormity of this performance, it needs to be seen in perspective. It had taken 5 days to get to Orbost. In the 48 hours since Orbost, Firko had had the following sleeps: 90 minutes outside Lakes Entrance; an hour in Bairnsdale and two one hour sleeps on the road to Traralgon. A total of four and a half hours sleep in 2 days, and that after he had already covered 625kms during the first 5 days. A truly miraculous effort.

But Firko's troubles were far from over. We were still 168kms from Melbourne and, of more immediate concern, still 65kms from the final cutoff point at Warragul. Firko needed sleep badly.

We gave him 3 hours. We would have no emergency buffer. We had 11 hours to cover 65kms. It was going to be a nailbiting finish.

I knew that Firko was in trouble again when we came to a long, but not particularly steep hill. It seemed to take forever to reach the crest. When we reached it, Firko said that he needed a 5 minute rest. He had no reserves left.

The walk down the other side gave him some respite but when we got back to level ground, it was obvious that he was keeping going on willpower only. The vegies and Endurolode drink did not seem to be helping. By this stage all the Squeezies had been used up, so there was nothing available to give him a boost.

I called a halt and put him to bed. Even if we kept going, we were not going to make the cutoff.

A favour recalled.

It was time to call in the debt that I believed the Race Organisers owed us for the cock up at Cooma, which now seemed years ago. The official dealing with our section of the field was Firko's friend "Mountain Man". I knew that he would be along shortly as he always arrived at dinner time.

Sure enough, ten minutes later Mountain Man pitched up. I explained the situation to him and asked if I could use his car telephone to talk to Charlie Lynn, the Race Director and the man with the final authority.

I explained to Charlie how we had been prejudiced by the events at Cooma and why I felt that the Race Organisation owed Firko a favour. I asked for official permission for a late arrival at the cutoff point for Firko.

Fortunately Charlie was very friendly and accepted what I said about Cooma. He agreed to allow Firko to reach Warragul after the official cutoff time and to continue on to Melbourne as an official runner. He said that he would issue instructions accordingly.

We set out for Warragul. It was tough going as Firko still did not seem to have anything in reserve and the Endurolode was not perking him up. The Race Doctor had given us a can of "Maximum" to try. This is an Australian made product similar to Endurolode, but I had refrained from using it because I didn't want to change a winning formula. I decided that it was time to give Maximum a go and it produced an immediate positive effect. Firko was saturated with Endurolode.

**"Were you there when they crucified my Lord.
Sometimes it causes me to tremble . . .
trreembblllee."**

The gravelly tones of Burl Ives' voice filled the night sky for the umpteenth time. I was out on the road again with Firko.

Ever so slowly the hours and the kilometres ticked by as Firko and I strode up the long, straight, dark road. I was too concerned about his weakened state to leave his side.

Midnight came and went. Finally at 2 a.m., the original cutoff time at Warragul, we were still some 7kms from the town. I felt exceedingly grateful that we had had a debt to call up and that it had been honoured.

"Come home, come home, Ye who are weary come home,"
"Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling."

"You've got to be kidding!"

It was 3 a.m. Another 2 kilometres into Warragul and then bed.

An official Westfield Run car pulled up and the Race Marshall got out. He trotted up, smiling and waving to the bleary-eyed crew. I thought that it was jolly nice of him to come out at 3 a.m. in the morning to give Firko a helping hand into Warragul.

"Graham, this is something which is very hard for me to do," said the Race Marshall, "but rules are rules and the Warragul cutoff time has already passed."

I am a very easy-going person and used to be able to count the number of times that I have blown my cool on the fingers of one hand. I was about to start on my other hand.

Suddenly I was poking my forefinger in the Race Marshall's face and yelling at him.

"Who the effing hell do you think you are coming here to withdraw this man?" I think that the words were probably somewhat stronger. "You better get on your effing phone and check your effing facts with your effing Race Director before you do anything that you might regret. We have official permission to be late at this cutoff."

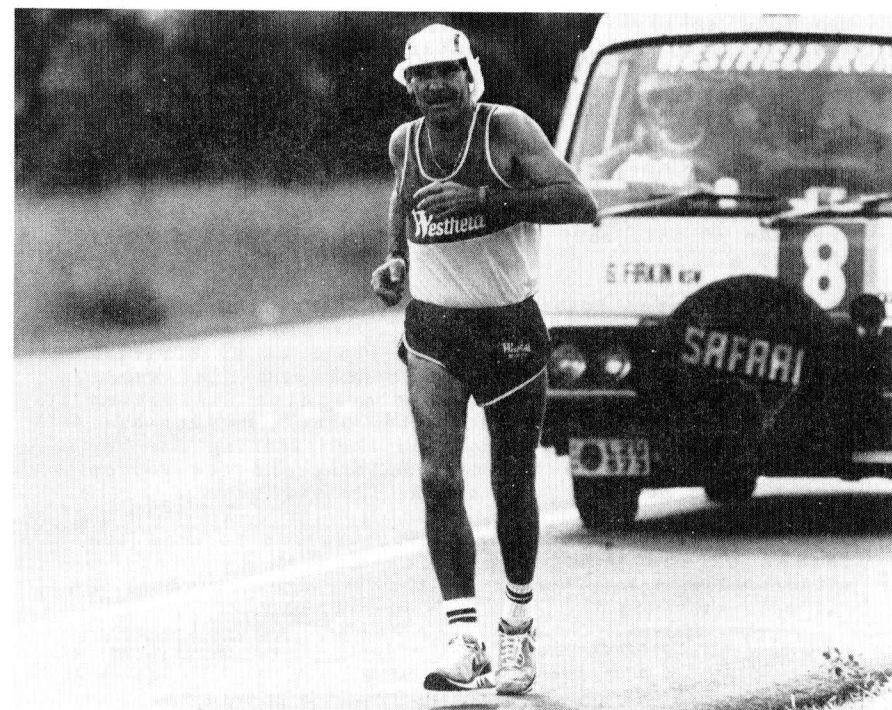


The Race Marshall scurried off with his tail between his legs to check what I had said. A few minutes later he returned to say that everything was as I had said and that we were to continue. He left muttering under his breath about not having been informed and that Charlie should not shoot from the hip like that.

Firko still had 103kms to cover to the finish line in Melbourne. He was to have two hours sleep.

I knew how close Firko had been to collapse the previous day. It was a question of crossing fingers and keeping going. I was determined that we would get him there, even if we had to carry him the last 50kms.

A roster was prepared so that everyone could have a turn out on the road with him.



And now for a real shock!

Firko had covered 25kms and was about halfway through the second 25km leg when a television crew drew alongside.

The interviewer immediately launched into questioning him about why he was continuing after he had been officially withdrawn. The interviewer said that the information came from an AAP-Reuters wire report.

My heart sank. Such a report had to be official. All I could do was say that we had not had any such notification from the race authorities and as far as we were concerned, Firko was still an official runner.

Earlier, my wife had arrived with the radio report. I had kept it from Firko because I believed it to be false. Now I had to tell him.

Firko's brother Ron and his son Shane had arrived to cheer him home. As they needed to go into Melbourne to make some motel bookings and Rosanne needed to pick up our motel key, I suggested that they drive to Melbourne, track down Charlie Lynn and find out exactly what was going on.

Shortly after Firko's second sleep we had our first good news. We had a visit from a couple of policemen who told us that they were there to estimate Firko's speed so that they could estimate his final arrival time. They told us that Charlie Lynn had requested a police escort into Melbourne for Firko, something reserved usually for the leading runner only.

I was quite amused when they figured that he would arrive at 8.30 p.m. I told them that it would be closer to 3.00 a.m. and that I had had a week's practise at this sort of thing. We eventually arrived at 3.25 a.m.

It was dusk when Rosanne, Ron and Shane returned from Melbourne. The news was good. Charlie had said to ignore the media reports. Firko would be an official finisher. He would get his medal and Finisher's Certificate. They would keep the Finish facilities open until Firko arrived, no matter what time that was. There would be hot food and cold beer waiting for us. The TV cameras would be there waiting and the Police escort would see him right to the finish.

Clearly Charlie was bending over backwards to undo the damage of the erroneous media report of Firko's withdrawal and was honouring the arrangements that I had made with him.

It was a great relief.

Home the hero.

We had become quite a cavalcade as we wound our way through the outskirts of Melbourne. Two Police cars with flashing blue lights up ahead, then Firko followed by the first van with its flashing amber lights, then Ron's car, the second van and finally the night security ute with its flashing amber light and huge sign "Runner Ahead" on its rear.

Firko kept on putting one foot in front of the other.

SPECIAL INSERT!

1989 CITY TO SURF STRIDER TEAM AND INDIVIDUAL RESULTS

TEAM

WOMEN 40-49

SYDNEY STRIDERS

TINA CAMPBELL 60-14
MARGARET ROBINSON 68-27
ROBI RUSSELL 75-43

2ND

204-24

(1st 201-24)

MEN 21-29

SYDNEY STRIDERS

BILL FLANAGAN 56-05
CHRIS BARKER 61-21
MARTY RODGERS 65-01

182-27

(3rd 167-35)

MEN 30 AND OVER

STRIDERS THIRTIES

JOHN SAUER 45-22
CARL BARKER 48-09
EVAN MILLER 48-53

2nd

142-24

(1st 140-49)

MIKE WARD (RESERVE)

57-53

SYDNEY STRIDERS

JON MARSDEN 58-11
BARRY RUTHERFORD 63-53
JOHN FENNELL 69-14

191-18

MEN 40-49

STRIDERS FORTIES

CHRIS MCLEAN 48-05
RAY DORAN 49-16
ALEX WHITWORTH 50-30

3RD

147-51

(2nd 147-16)

DAVID SILL (RESERVE)

53-07

SYDNEY STRIDERS

JAMES MCDONNELL 52-24
GAVIN MORRISSET 54-01
NOBBY YOUNG 56-08

162-33

SYDNEY STRIDERS 40'S

ROSS BETTS 65-31
BILL BELCHA 68-36
LES GIESLER 74-29

208-36

MENS 50-59

STRIDERS FIFTIES

JOHN COGLEY (HON.) 56-04
JOHN TURNER 56-09
HARVEY BLUE 56-36

168-49

(3rd 167-55)

HEALTH PROFESSION

1st

STRIDERS MEDICOS (QUACKS)

DR. MICHAEL GRIMM 51-34
DR. WARWICK SELBY 51-40
DR. PAUL RUSSELL 58-16

161-30

DID NOT START

TERRY MC IVER (WIMP)

LUCETTE KING (BERNIE DID NOT WANT TO BE BEATEN BY HIS PROGENY)

INDIVIDUAL

PLACE	NAME	TIME	PLACE	NAME	TIME
34	JOHN SAUER	45-22PB	1863	TINA CAMPBELL	60-14
63	PHIL GARVIN	46-41	1983	GRAHAM FIRKIN	60-37
105	ANTHONY SCOTT	47-54	2198	CHRIS BARKER	61-21
115	CHRIS MCLEAN	48-05	2858	BRIAN COLDWELL	63-22
116	CARL BARKER	48-09PB	3059	BARRY RUTHERFORD	63-53
118	ROBERT ELSTONE	48-10	3476	JOHN VERCO	64-52
170	EVAN MILLER	48-53	3536	MARTY RODGERS	65-01
189	JEFF GISSING	49-11	3722	ROSS BETTS	65-31
192	RAY DORAN	49-16	3919	IAN WHITFIELD	65-57
259	ALEX WHITWORTH	50-30	4032	ROGER RIGBY	66-11
320	BERNIE KING	51-10	4471	WENDY DOWNES	67-11
322	STEVE GILL	51-11	4697	ROSALIND WONG	67-42
332	BRETT NICHOLS	51-18	4948	ELIZABETH SEIDL	68-10
354	MICHAEL GRIMM	51-34PB	5401	MARGARET ROBINSON	68-27
371	WARWICK SELBY	51-40PB	5167	KEVIN O'KANE	68-35
380	SCOTT CRAWFORD	51-52PB	****	BRYCE COURTENAY	68-35
385	SCOTT LAWRENCE	51-54	5170	BILL BELCHA	68-36
418	PHIL DALY	52-18	5177	OWEN DENMEADE	68-37
429	JAMES MCDONNELL	52-24PB	5482	JOHN FENNEL	69-14
507	DAVID SILL	53-07	6331	MAVIS GARRICK	70-56
520	JOANNE COWAN	53-15PB	6433	GRAHAM BUTLER	71-10
524	IAN SUTHERLAND	53-16PB	****	CHARLIE LYNN	71-19
527	LINDA THOMPSON	53-17	6828	RON DALY	71-58
548	MARTIN THOMPSON	53-31	7713	TERRY BAILEY	73-37
600	GAVIN MORRISET	54-01	7785	STEVE CORNELIUS	73-46
680	CHRIS DWYER	54-42	8137	LES GIESLER	74-29
732	ROBERT INGLIS	55-06	8782	ROBI HANCOCK RUSSELL	75-43
741	PETER DONNELLY	55-10			
875	JOHN COGLEY (HON.STRIDER)	56-04	****	ERWIN LIGHT	77-30
877	BILL FLANAGAN	56-05	10085	JIM DONOVAN	78-23
880	MIKE ELDER	56-06	11333	ADRIAN KOL	80-53
884	NOBBY YOUNG	56-08	12249	IAN MCARTHUR	83-11
885	JOHN TURNER	56-09	15195	DEREK TITMUS	91-44
912	CAMERON OSBORNE	56-18	15326	EDWINA MCARTHUR	92-15
959	HARVEY BLUE	56-36	17125	MALCOLM SATCHELL	99-32PW
965	TERRY ROSE	56-39			
976	DAVE TOOGOOD	56-42			
1068	EWAN THOMPSON	57-15			
1191	STEVE URWIN	57-50	1	TANI RUCKLE	49-02
1208	MIKE WARD	57-53	2	JAMIE PARK	49-38
1292	JON MARSDEN	58-11	3	MANDY DOVEY	50-01
1312	PAUL RUSSELL	58-16	4	VIRGINIA JOHNSON	51-42
1320	DAVE WILLIAMS	58-18	5	CAROL HORN	52-52
1381	PAUL LUNSMANN	58-31	6	MOYRA MAIN	53-04
1428	JOHN HILL	58-41	7	LINDA THOMPSON	53-10
1623	ROD GARRICK	59-26		1st STRIDER	
1694	DEREK WHITE	59-40	8	JOANNE COWAN	53-15
				2nd STRIDER	

THE OFFICIAL TIME FOR LINDA THOMPSON WAS 53-17 BUT THIS WAS INCORRECT

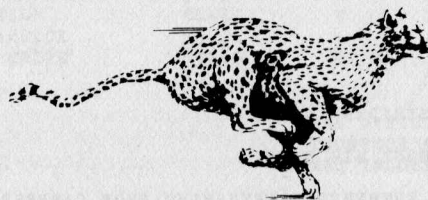
APOLOGIES TO ANY STRIDERS WHO HAVE BEEN OMITTED. PLEASE LET SCOTT CRAWFORD KNOW YOUR TIME IF NOT INCLUDED ABOVE.

THERE WERE MANY OTHER PB'S BUT THESE WERE NOT NOTIFIED.

HIGHLIGHTS!

- * JOHN SAUER PLACED 34TH OUTRIGHT IN 45-22
- * LINDA THOMPSON PLACED 7TH WOMEN IN 53-10) Despite what the official
- * JOANNE COWAN PLACED 8TH WOMEN IN 53-15) results stated
- * THE CLOSE BATTLES BETWEEN :
 - BERNIE KING AND STEVE GILL 51-10 AND 51-11
 - HARVEY BLUE AND TERRY ROSE 56-36 AND 56-39
 - KEVIN O'KANE, BRYCE COURTENAY) 68-35 - 68-37
 - BILL BELCHA AND OWEN DENMEADE)
- BILL FLANAGAN 56-05 MIKE ELDER 56-06
- NOBBY YOUNG (BALDING CUSTODIAN OF THE QUEEN'S MAIL) 56-08
- JOHN TURNER (STRIDERS FIFTIES) 56-09
- * NOBBY YOUNG RAN BEHIND JOHN TURNER ALL THE WAY LETTING JOHN DO ALL THE HARD PACING WORK AND THEN RAN PAST HIM IN THE LAST 50M. (MAYBE THIS IS A LOW LIGHT).
- * DAVE DOGGETT, BETTER KNOWN AS DAVE SILL, THE WAHROONGA WOBBLE HOST, GETTING A PREFERRED START BASED ON NO TRAINING AND NO FORM AND RUNNING 53-07 AFTER 8 WEEKS AWAY FROM RUNNING.
- * MIKE WARD GETTING A PREFERRED START JUST BECAUSE HE WAS IN THE STRIDERS THIRTIES TEAM (SILVER MEDAL) WITH THOSE WELL KNOWN HEAD BANGERS JOHN SAUER (45-22), CARL BARKER (48-09) AND EVAN MILLER (48-53).
- * ANOTHER WELL KNOWN HEAD BANGER MALCOLM SATCHELL (99-32) GAVE UP HIS CHANCE OF A PB TO RUN WITH HIS SON CARL AGED 7 (AND THE FLU !)
- * DAVE BARWICK WHO HAD HIS SHOE TORN FROM HIS FOOT AT THE START AND REFUSED TO COMPETE THE 14KM IN ONE SOCKED FOOT - HE NOW HAS A NEW PAIR OF SHOES WITH DAY GLOW RED TAPE ON THE HEELS. ANY ONE WITH A SPARE NIKE AIR STAB SIZE 9 LEFT OR IN NEED OF A RIGHT SHOE CONTACT DAVE.
- * OWEN DENMEADE LETTING BRYCE COURTENAY BEAT HIM BY 2 SECS. (UNCONFIRMED REPORT).
- * ALEX HAMILL FAILING TO TAKE UP HIS USUAL BLACK MARKET PREFERRED START BECAUSE CLEMENGERS WERE FAVOURED TO BEAT GEORGE PATTERSONS.
- * BILL FLANAGAN ENQUIRING WHETHER HE HAD MADE A TEAM, HOPING THAT HE HADN'T AS HE DIDN'T WANT TO RUN TOO HARD.
- * HARVEY BLUE'S START.
- * JIM DONOVAN RUNNING.
- * JIM DONOVAN RUNNING IN STRIDERS GEAR.
- * NICK REED COMPETING WITHOUT HIS BIKE.
- * EWAN THOMPSON AND BARRY RUTHERFORD RETURNING FROM CANBERRA TO RUN.
- * DEREK WHITE (59-40) CLEANING UP THE 60'S AND OVER AWARDS. 3RD IN INDIVIDUAL CATEGORY AND GOLD MEDAL IN TEAMS WITH WOODSTOCK GREYS.

- * **TERRY MCIVER'S** FAILURE TO RUN 48 HOURS AFTER HAVING HIS LEFT KNEE RECONSTRUCTED. (TWO OF THE STRIDER'S MEDICOS SAID HE COULD).
 - * **BRUCE MURRAY'S** FAILURE TO RUN FORCING THE ORGANISER TO RING-IN ANOTHER 50 YEAR OLD AS AN HONORARY STRIDER.
 - * **RAY DORAN** REACHING THE RIPE OLD AGE OF 49. **HARVEY BLUE** AND **JOHN TURNER** CAN'T WAIT TILL NEXT YEAR'S CITY TO SURF TO ENHANCE THEIR MEDAL PROSPECTS IN THE 50-59'S TEAM.
 - * **STEVE CORNELIUS** ATTENDING THE POST RACE FESTIVITIES CLAIMING HE HAD RUN.
 - * DID **JOHN HILL** (58-41) RETURN TO RUN OR WAS IT HIS NAMESAKE ?
 - * ANOTHER LOW LIGHT - **PHIL GARVIN** RUNNING IN A RABBLE TEAM CALLED "M.B. WONDERS" AND DENYING THE STRIDERS A GOLD MEDAL IN THE 30-39 MENS TEAM - ONE WONDERS ! NEXT YEAR PHIL OR YOUR SHOE LACES WILL BE TIED TOGETHER.
 - * **PAUL RUSSELL** RUNNING WITH A TORN HAMSTRING SO AS NOT TO LET THE OTHER STRIDERS MEDICOS DOWN AND THEN WINNING A GOLD MEDAL. (THE NO PAIN NO GAIN AWARD).
 - * **PHIL GARVIN** BEING 3RD MAN AGED 35-39.
 - * HAD MORE STRIDERS PUT THEIR ENTRIES IN THROUGH **SCOTT CRAWFORD** MEDALS COULD HAVE BEEN WON IN THE FOLLOWING CATEGORIES.
- | | |
|----------------------------|----------|
| (a) WOMEN AGED 30 AND OVER | |
| 1st | 200 - 53 |
| 2nd | 215 - 11 |
| 3rd | 220 - 50 |
| (b) MIXED (MEN AND WOMEN) | |
| 1st | 158 - 40 |
| 2nd | 173 - 39 |
| 3rd | 174 - 06 |
- * COULD WE HAVE PUT TOGETHER A 60 AND OVER TEAM ? COME ON YOU YOUNGSTERS.
 - * THE CATERING AFTER THE RUN AND THE NUMBER OF STRIDERS AND THEIR FAMILIES WHO ATTENDED. SPECIAL THANKS TO THE CATERERS - **JACK NORDISH**, **MARGARET ROBINSON**, **STEVE NORDISH** AND **BOBBY YOUNG**.



My greatest fear was for him to collapse with only a few kilometres to go. I seemed to be the only one so concerned. The rest of the crew, other than the drivers, had donned their shirts with "Firko's Crew" emblazoned on the front and were walking in a group around Firko. I remained steadfastly at his right shoulder.

Suddenly Firko veered off to the left and ran off the road. "What the hell is going on?" I wondered as I chased after him. I caught up with him in front of a flower seller's stand that he had spied.

"Alf, can you lend me \$5 to buy Barbara some flowers?"

I can't think of another runner who might have done anything similar, but then Firko is one of Nature's gentlemen. He might even repay the \$5 sometime.

With ten kilometres to go we were joined by Charlie Lynn who walked to the finish with Firko. I thought that this was a very touching gesture as Charlie had had virtually no sleep during the past 48 hours and this was beyond the call of duty. But then Charlie is also a Sydney Strider!

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The final few kilometres seemed an eternity, as they always do, no matter how long the race. After eight days and sixteen hours they seemed to stretch on forever.

Finally there was the Westfield Doncaster shopping centre. The final 50 metre straight to the tape. The bright arclights to enable the TV cameras to catch the moment. Firko kissing Barbara. Firko hugging his mother, who had made a special journey to Melbourne to witness the finish. Handshakes, Backslaps. Pandemonium.

Charlie hanging the most enormous gold medal around Firko's neck. Ken dashing hither and thither with his video camera.

Suddenly we were inside a warm tent. Charlie had honoured his promise. There was warm pizza and cold beer.

I was all choked up. It was a combination of tiredness, release from the emotional pressure of continually monitoring Firko's condition and the sheer ecstasy of the moment. I could feel the tears welling up. All I could do was to pat Firko on the back as I pulled the tag on a can of beer.

The joy was that Firko had conquered his own personal Everest and I was proud to be part of his team, a team which had supported him to the hilt, to the extreme limits of their own endurance. It was a magnificent effort, Firko, and it was a privilege to witness it.

As I sat there sipping my beer the words from the Burl Ives tape kept ringing through my head.

**"And the joy we share as we tarry there,
None other has ever known;
Come home, come home, it's supertime;
The shadows deepen fast,
We are going home at last."**



RUNNER'S DIARY

Intermittent jottings from an obsessional bioped

- May 7 Balmain STAR. Comeback after Anzac and right leg hits wall again (32k in marathon - 12k Bstar)

- May 28 Rushcutters - supposed to be getting back to it. Ate like a pig, drank like a fish, smell like world's greatest insect repeller. 3 Striders in similar condition. Always run with your peers! 17k give this man another drink.

- June 4 'Monsoon' season still with us. Too early for Members Cross Country (phew!) - scurried into LR Park with breakaway unit - 18k - moving up!

- June 6 AP going O.S. for Special Training Sessions, involves diet or lack of. 10k send off a struggle . . .

- June 7 6k with dog who sprints/waits, sprints/waits (never did that before - embarrassing).

- June 8 6k with dog again - 5a.m. (ran in dark so no-one could see us).

- June 22 15k - last k in 4.13 (my God!). Off outback for 3 weeks Special Training.

- June 23 Seppelts Coonawarra Hermitage 1982 - start of S.T.

- June 24 Penfolds Coonawarra 128 1983 - not all that bad.



June 27-29 Broken Hill. Why aren't I fit so I can really enjoy these natural masterpieces? Like a still photo wherever I look. Running through eerie beauty of Lake Menindie - trees like ghosts in late afternoon pastels of water and sky. The Silverton runs over rich, loamy, red soil - racing emus who run faster than Phil Garvin. The Mildara Hermitage 1986 was a bit young.

July 1 - 5 Amazing artworks of Warrumbungles - 6k jog across paddock full of 'roos - wine and port and companionship of strangers around enormous campfire.

From Day 2 on, I'm down to WALKING - by choice not necessity I promise - with family and friends - up and down mountains all day -

July 7 -10 O'Reilly's in rainforest high above Surfers - God's home in mountains - NOTE FOR STRIDERS - 'running high' grand - many tracks from 5k to 20k (across to BinnaBurra - they'll even bring you back by bus will leave this one for another year).

July 18 Note for Runner's Log - 'get healthy, get fit, get going'.

WELCOME TO NEW STRIDERS.

The following new members have taken on the 'green and white' over the last few months. We look forward to running with you and hope you all enjoy the special feeling which goes with being involved with 'The Striders':

Stuart Greaves
Frank Dean
Robert Allan
Terry Rose
Stephen Gill
Gerard Frahill
Mike Elder
R.Daly
D.Beins

Alan White
Rod Brown
John Newcombe
Ian Sutherland
Mark Craven
Geoffrey McCrae
Suzanne McCrae
Susan Blood
T Kramer

*Apologies to those new members whose christian names are not shown.

GOOD STRIDING!

July 19 18k! Darth Vader! Red faced buggered on return to running - run with Phillips - Phillips is fat (no PB's O.S.)

July 30 - RAN EVERY DAY.
August 11

August 6 Bondi star - gee Harvey's run is great, particularly on a good day - even made 20k! With Scott!

WORDS from Tina:

'it takes the same length of time to get UNFIT as it does to get FIT'

August 9 15k in wind like razor blades WITH DOG BESIDE ME.

Here's something that reminds me of a 30k I once did:

*To the memory of John Courteney Boot,
in Evelyn Waugh's Scoop,
who spent 'some harrowing months
among the Patagonian Indians'
and wrote a book called Waste of Time.*

Here's something better:

Today is the first day of the rest of my life.

Newton's Eighth Rule of Running: Train the Mind.

"When you begin training you will find that the longest and most strenuous mental and physical exertions all come at the start; if you can stick it out for a few months, things will become altogether easier, because by that time your active mind will have handed over to the sub-conscious a whole series of details in the form of habits; and what formally necessitated a continual effort will then become more or less automatic.

It seems to me that stamina is just as much a mental attribute as a physical one".

'LORE OF RUNNING"
Tim Noakes

PRITIKIN SCHMITIKEN!

John Ayliffe runs for his life from a cholesterol check.

SCENE ONE

About March every year I have The Test. The one and a half hours 'Executive Special', of probing and peering and listening and questioning . . . and "now I'd like you to ride my bike." (Only 'now - because I don't think you're going to die in the near future - not here in my surgery anyway!')

But that year was different. "Well how am I going Doc? Can I run another marathon? Can I run . . . at all!"

"Everything's fine. I reckon you could run to Melbourne."

He went on. "It's not compulsory. But you could. Your heart would make it."

My doctor threw his arms wide.

"Of course, whether your bones would stand up to it is another matter. Your bones. And your liver, your kidneys, your achilles, hamstrings, quads; your ankles and your knees - oh yes, your knees."

He looked at me intently. His face softened, like my father's always did when he was really feeling for me. My doctor almost said 'son': "then there's your nerve. Your (I knew he was thinking: 'dare I say it?') . . . your - guts."

It was love, it had to be love that made him say that; only love can hurt that much.

"Hey," I said quietly, "I'm not going to run to Melbourne. I thought I'd try Anzac again."

He fell back. At that he was relieved; boy, was he relieved! He smiled. "Oh a marathon ('that all?'). You can run any number of marathons. Go for it."

Any number? They're that easy! There's got to be something wrong with me. Now I was really disillusioned.

He prescribed seriously, "long distance running is very good for your heart."

Slam! That was the second time he'd said it: 'heart'. I needed no more convincing.

"There is something wrong with me. Isn't there?" I said it out loud (well, softly, beseechingly, but out loud).

"You're as strong as an ox. Your heart is."

"But there is . . ."

He eyed me with compassion.

"Son," he said, "I mean, John, it's your family history. Remember?"

"Oh." I voiced my assent slowly, dawningly slowly. Then my mind raced: 'yourfatherhadhisfirstat52 (but he didn't die till 73; heart attack); hismotherstroke at54 (died at 67); hisfatherdiedat55; brother heart, died at 59; hissisterthreeheartattacks, died at 63 . . . her cholesterol 10.6.

Out of the wilderness I heard a familiar voice: "... test your cholesterol . . . see me tomorrow. . ."

SCENE TWO:

"Your reading is 6.4. The current safe level, suggested by the National Heart Foundation, is 5.5. Now that's not bad. But -"

"- it's not good eh Doc?"

He nodded. "But not bad."

I laughed. "I could still run Sydney to Melbourne?"

"I believe your heart would make it."

I flinched. I looked straight at him, as steadily as I could. "But I've got to get it down, right?"

IMPRESSIONS OF THE 24 HOUR RACE

Hensley Field is a wind swept and somewhat spartan place most of the year. What better place then, to hold what is probably most heroic track event of them all.

The 'Twenty-Four Hour' is a pretty low key event and it takes the real oficianados of distance running to become a spectator let alone a competitor.

To be there in the still watches of the night watching the endless rotation of runners is an extraordinary experience. At that stage of the event, the runners have eighteen or nineteen hours on the track behind them and their emotional battle seems to seep into the collective minds of the spectators. If you could, you would will them forward to the finish. How do they do it you say to yourself over and over again. More importantly, what sort of ambitions or internal conflicts does the event satisfy?

You watch Keith Jackson. Smiling. Relaxed. Seemingly full of good humour toward the onlookers and the other competitors. He could just be on a Star, for all that seems to show. Keith is one of nature's stoics. "I think I'll give the 24-hour a go again". And he did.

You watch Brian Colwell. Not smiling. Taciturn. Concentrating, just like he does on a Star. You remember that you've only seen Brian in the middle of his Sunday runs this year. The middle thirty k. Brian is a fair way ahead of Keith and he is not enjoying it as much. Or perhaps he is pretending not to. He's built like a Greek warrior and tonight, has all the same heroic qualities. Brian is also a stoic.

Driving home you realise that you have been watching mighty men. You wonder, could I do a 24-hour?
Anon

BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS TEN YEARS OF MARATHONING IN RETROSPECT

By Phil Garvin

"We should try."

'We'? I'm not alone in this thing! Hope brought with it, optimism.

"I'll go on Pritikin," I ventured.

He nodded negatively. "These days we're not wild about Pritikin."

'We're'! There's even more of us now. And we're all working for me!

"Not unless we're desperate."

He caught my anxious look. "We'll try Questran. You take it twice a day. Works like bran. Removes fat. They've been using it in America for twenty years. There are no side effects."

"What about diet?"

"We'll eliminate dairy foods. No cheese except ricotta and low fat cottage. Drink 'Shape' milk only. But I want you to relax. And keep up the running," he reminded.

SCENE THREE

Three months of Questran and a fairly modified diet and my reading was 6.2.

The Doc's verdict: "Thank goodness you're a runner."

SCENE FOUR

Another three months and I was back to 6.4.

"Keep running. And let's get off the Questran."

SCENE FIVE

This year's medical and with or without Questran it seems I'm 6.4 or thereabouts. Will I go on Pritikin?

I reckon I'll just keep on running. My heart's really in it, after all.

Pritikin Schmitiken!

December 1 1978 could be regarded as rather a significant day in my life although at the time I did not realise it. I had just returned from an extensive trip overseas during which I over indulged in the gastronomic delights of Europe and thus was complaining that I was overweight when a colleague of mine, Mike Kennedy, casually remarked that a marathon was to be held in Canberra the following April and that by training for it may be a good way of solving my problem! Little did either of us appreciate the impact this remark was to have on my life !

I must admit that possibly one of the attractions to the particular event in question, the Nike International, was the date on which it was scheduled, 1 April 1979. I considered that April Fool's Day was an appropriate day to launch and most likely abandon a career in marathons. I announced to my family my intentions, which were met with a mixture of concern and scepticism and commenced my training program.

At that time popular marathoning was very much in its infancy as the majority of such races were only entered by elite athletes with championship and Olympic or Commonwealth Games aspirations. Thus my training program was somewhat of a venture into the unknown. As my aim was to finish the marathon, if possible, rather than race it I considered the best preparation would be to concentrate on building up the time I was on training runs. My body would then be prepared for four hours or more on the road.

Finally raceday arrived and to the relief of all competitors it dawned to beat of steady rain. At least the chances of hyperthermia would be minimised. Even while standing on the start line I was not convinced that I would be capable of completing the marathon as images of elite athletes such as Dolandro Pietrie and Jim Peters came before me. However I set myself a goal of going as far as possible before hitting the dreaded wall and made up my mind that if I achieved a time of three and a half hours I would be more than satisfied. To my elation I managed to finish in two hours forty-nine minutes and thus was completely hooked with marathoning.

As circumstances transpired my next marathon was to be the 1980 Nike. In an effort to improve my time I revised my training program to concentrate on distance rather than just time. Thankfully the strategy worked as I managed to record a ten minute PB and qualify for the Australian Championships.

The real highlight of the year was to lie on roads far away for I was fortuitously given the chance to run the New York City Marathon. This experience could only be described as unbelievable - sixteen thousand runners and two million spectators providing a kaleidoscope of colours and a cacophany of sound. Inspired by this atmosphere I was able to lower my PB by six minutes and had the experience of for the first time ever receiving a medal for sport when a finishers medal was placed around my neck.

1981 was in contrast somewhat quieter although for the first time I made the epic trek from Frankston to Melbourne during October.

By 1982 the travel bug had again bitten me and I headed once more to the US, this time to challenge Boston's Heartbreak Hill while in October, inspired by Deek's epic run in the Commonwealth Games, I achieved another PB in the Big M.

1983 saw me overseas yet again, this time to the streets of London with the number of participants and spectators similar to those of New York. By the time I had returned home the first Sydney to Melbourne Classic had been run and the new folk hero was Cliff Young. Meanwhile plans were well underway for the first Wang Marathon which was to incorporate the Australian Marathon Championship - at last it seemed possible that Sydney would be staging a marathon that had the potential to attract world class runners and mass participation.

1984 - Olympic Year and due mainly to the superb efforts of Rob De Castella over the past few years the marathon boom in Australia was at its peak. In April all eyes were turned to Canberra for the Olympic Trial. Despite the magnificent organisational efforts of Dave Cundy and his team the weather did not co-operate with a howling gale frustrating the aspirations of many hopefuls. Despite this the race for me was a personal triumph with a PB of two hours twenty-six minutes earning for me selection in the ACT Team for the Australian Championships. The latter part of the year saw me once again in New York, this time combating unseasonal heat and humidity, before using the Honolulu Marathon as a "warm down".

By 1985 the running boom had started to wane. In most events the number of entrants was down from previous years as, for many, new challenges such as tri-athlons presented themselves. My personal highlight came in October when in the Big M I broke the two hours twenty-five barrier for the first time.

In any career there has to be a vintage year and for me 1986 has been it. In January of that year little did I contemplate that by December I would have had the good fortune to win the ACT Marathon Championship, be a member of the gold medal winning ACT team in the Australian Championship, set a PB of two hours twenty-one at Bathurst and achieve the ultimate of selection to represent Australia in an overseas marathon at Penang, Malaysia where, in oppressive conditions, I placed fourth overall in two hours thirty minutes.

After the heights of 1986, 1987 was more subdued although personally I managed my highest placing, third, in the Nike Canberra Marathon and to win for the second time the Mid-West Credit Union Marathon in Bathurst. An interesting highlight was a personal "battle" between Paul Rake and myself. On a number of occasions we had been training partners and during the year both competed in four marathons. In three of these we were placed in consecutive positions, Paul having the two:one advantage, while in our respective fourth events we both won. A disappointment of the year was the continuing decline in interest in marathoning leading to the abandonment of the

staging of the Australian Championship in Sydney.

To mark the Bicentennial Year I once again headed to London and followed this up by the Gold Coast Marathon, which incorporated the relocated Australian Marathon Championship, and later the Budget Melbourne Marathon. An interesting feature of these races was that in London and Melbourne I ran exactly the same time - two hours thirty minutes thirty seconds.

And so ten years of my marathoning career have passed. During this time it has been a case of blood, sweat and tears - certainly a lot of sweat, a bit of blood and even a few tears - although from the positive side the ecstasies have far outweighed the agonies. As I said in the beginning, little did either Michael Kennedy or myself realise the profound effect his chance remark on that December day in 1978 was to have on me.

In reviewing these ten years it would be remiss of me not to pay tribute to the enormous encouragement and support I have received. This has come from numerous sources but in particular my family, members of the ACT running fraternity, especially ACT Veterans' Athletic Club and Canberra City Harriers, and Sydney Striders. Without such support very little would have been possible.

SPEND MORE TIME IN BED AND STILL 'WOBBLE'

The Wahroonga Wobble has been re-routed.

One of the amazing features of this spectacular run is that the course passes the starting point at the 8.6k mark.

If you want to run 21.4k, you can start about 40 minutes later than your group then run the rest of the course with those running the full 30k. You will also enjoy 3-4k of beautiful bush running.

If you need more beauty sleep (think of the Striders notice board), this is the one. So, wobble early, wobble late, just make sure you wobble!



Wobble Star Host

2 Barnado Close, Wahroonga Wobble 2076.
Phone (H) 489 6463, (W) 220 7295).

THE 1989 PARIS MARATHON

By Noel Barton

Striders with good memories will recall the visit of Michel Waldschmidt during 1988. Michel, a keen marathoner with a best time of around 2 hours 40 minutes, visited Australia for about 6 weeks and ran on 3 occasions with the Striders. During a recent trip to Europe, I had occasion to visit Michel and his family, and to run in the Paris Marathon, and I would like to tell fellow Striders a little bit about this remarkable race.

Perhaps readers may know France, more likely not however. My family and I had never previously visited France and so the opportunity to visit Paris and to run in the Paris Marathon was irresistible. My preparation for the race was not quite optimal: scatty running in Australia in the 8 months preceding the race, then 2 weeks skiing, and 4 weeks hard training immediately before the day. Training itself was interesting: I was based in a little town in south west Germany, and it was hard work to dress up (full track suit plus warm underwear) on a daily basis to train. Fortunately, I had superb country in which to run: rolling hills, soft forest paths, and a good cinder track for speed work. One week before the marathon, it was snowing in Germany, and my last long hit out was a nightmare: bitterly cold, sleet and strong winds. On the other hand, my last training run before the marathon was a delight: it was a gentle jog around the gardens of the Palace of Versailles.

Race day was ideal: mild weather, a light breeze and weak sun. The course started at Place de la Concorde, then up the Champs Elysses, around the Arc de Triomphe, in circles through the Bois de Boulogne, along the banks of the Seine, into Bois de St Vincennes, and finishing at a hippodrome (which contrary to expectations was a trotting track and not a raceway for hippopotamuses).

Never have I been so entranced before a run: what style, what flair, what chic! A suave Parisian at the microphone really warmed up the runners with gusto. My french is not good, but he seemed to thank the sponsors at least a dozen times, then praised the courage of the participants, inveigled us all into cheering the wheelies on their way, introduced local dignitaries, groped a sweet looking mademoiselle, and in general oozed a certain frenchiness. He handed the microphone over to another guy with rather better language skills, and the English, American, Italian and Dutch runners were welcomed in their own languages. Unfortunately, his german was worse than mine, and nowhere was there an especial welcome for the runner from Australia.

So, it started to get tense: 10 minutes to go. I took off my space age blanket which had kept me warm, and started to stretch a bit. My fellow runners also made their preparations in their own style. The first indication I had was a warm splashing around my ankles. Somewhat in indignation, I turned to catch a glimpse of a magisterial uncircumcised penis, and a swarthy athlete spraying the crowd. Well, it was on for young and old! The street quickly became awash, and fortunately sensitive souls such as me were able to perch on the higher cobblestones to avoid drowning. On close observation, it became clear that urination was divided on national lines: the French considered it their duty to relieve themselves, the Italians joined in if they felt like it, whilst the English maintained a stiff upper lip and the Germans refrained because public urination posed a threat to their orderly existence. The Australian refrained because the need was not pressing, but resolved that a short stop in the bushes in Bois de Boulogne might not be out of the question.

Eventually the deluge stopped, and we were off. Now this was the highlight of my running life ... a dash up the Champs Elysses, over the cobblestones, with thousands of Frenchmen cheering us on. My Striders singlet was a major talking point: at least 15 times in the first 15 km I talked to runners, and rejoiced in the conversation: "my sister married a guy in Adelaide; it's a long way to come for a marathon; g'day mate; und guten tag liebe Australier". I really enjoyed the first half marathon, with all the old continental jokes running through my head, an appreciative crowd, and everywhere something new to see. (Perhaps I can share a joke: heaven is where the Italians are the lovers, the English the police, the Germans organize things and the French are the cooks. Hell is where the English are the cooks, the Italians organize things, the French are the police and the Germans are the lovers.)

But, you know how marathons are! First of all, a little weariness and difficulty maintaining the pace. Then, depending on the time at which the feeling occurs, the suspicion - soon to become a certainty - that it's going to be a long day, and then complete exhaustion, desperation, and, generally, delirious enjoyment that it's all over, coupled with feelings of self-recrimination because the result was unsatisfactory. For me, the realisation started at about half way, and it became a question of survival shortly after 30 km. Also shortly after 30 km, the matter of relieving myself became a necessity. I accomplished the task against the splendid gleaming facade of a building, just like a Parisian. But, again, my activities were accompanied by snatches of old continental jokes. This time it was the approach of a gendarme, who says, "Defense de pisser". Quick as a flash comes my reply. "Je ne piss pas, je m'abuse". "Ahh" says the gendarme, "Vive le sport". Oh, if only that were true! But, in fact, my weariness was total, I walked/trotted the rest of the run, and never have the colours of the Striders been so poorly represented.

Well, I know this is a family magazine, so I won't dwell any more on the smutty jokes of my early adulthood.

Let me say the Paris marathon is a fantastic experience, easily the most memorable marathon of the 20 I have run. The warmth of the French people, their spontaneity, and their own Parisian charm are memories I'll hold for ever, together with the scenery and the magnificent buildings of Paris. My time was not a good one, in fact a personal worst by 6 minutes, aber was fuer eine schoene erfahrung! And the notions of French inhospitality and rudeness have been for me forever dispelled, particularly in view of the overwhelming hospitality showered on us by Michel and his family.

Some concluding observations: (1) if you intend to run the Paris marathon, make sure you visit the Eiffel Tower before the run. Climbing the 600 stairs up the Eiffel Tower the next day might be tolerable, but climbing down again is a nightmare. (2) The Paris marathon will delight you. Run it as soon as you can! (3) Never try to race a marathon with patently inadequate preparation, particularly if you are the only one in a field of 10,000 wearing the Striders' colours - it's not a good way to represent your club.

MARATHON LADDER

As at 4th February 1989

Members who have not paid their 1989 subscriptions still appear in this ladder because (a) the Computer Manager was in a good mood, and (b) the Blister Editor was desperate for copy. But they will be RUTHLESSLY SLASHED from the ladder in the next edition!

Age categories: J=Junior (Under 20), O=Open (20-29), P=Preveteran (30-39), V=Veteran (40-49), M=Master (50-59), S=Senior (Over 60). In each case, the first symbol denotes age at 04 Feb 1989, the second denotes age at which personal best was achieved. Please advise Steve Cornelius on 427-3604 of any omissions or errors, and keep the race results flowing in to the 2 hotlines.

NAME	CAT	<-----BEST AS A STRIDER----->	<-BEST BEFORE JOINING->
PHIL GARVIN	PP	2.21.56 BATHURST	07/86
DAVID WINCH	PO	2.30.59 CITIES	08/88
RICHARD BROMLEY	PO	2.36.17 ANZAC	04/88 2.32.16 GOLD COAST '84
BILL FLANAGAN	OO	2.36.47 CANBERRA	04/82
MARTIN THOMPSON	VV	2.37.23 TRARALGON	06/88 2.28.07 POLYTECHNIC UK '77
DON PRICE	VV	2.37.31 ANZAC	04/88
BRUCE INGLIS	PP	2.38.11 NEWCASTLE	07/88
TONY HEALY	OO	2.38.11 AUSTRALIAN	06/84
JEFF GISSING	OO	2.38.17 ANZAC	04/88
RON FEENEY	OO	2.38.32 LONDON	04/85
WAYNE STANTON	PO	2.38.51 AUSTRALIAN	06/86
EVAN MILLAR	PP	2.39.34 CANBERRA	04/88
ANTHONY SCOTT	OO	2.39.56 MELBOURNE	10/87 2.39.06 ANZAC DAY '86
JOHN FAZIO	PP	2.40.11 AUSTRALIAN	06/84
ALEX WHITWORTH	VV	2.41.49 WORLD VETERANS	12/87
TERRY MCIVER	VV	2.42.24 WORLD VETERANS	12/87
JOHN SAUER	PO	2.43.18 ANZAC	04/88
MATHEW KALEY	OJ	2.43.51 MELBOURNE	10/87
MALCOLM SATCHELL	PP	2.44.41 MELBOURNE	10/88
CHARLES COVILLE	PP	2.45.13 WINSTONE, NZ	10/83
IVAN FREYS	PP	2.46.54 CANBERRA	04/84
BERNIE KING	VV	2.47.23 WORLD VETERANS	12/87
PETER DONNELLEY	VV	2.47.42 AUSTRALIAN	06/84
NOEL BARTON	VP	2.47.48 ANZAC DAY	04/87
PAUL RUSSELL	PP	2.47.53 CANBERRA	04/84
WARWICK SELBY	PP	2.47.57 MELBOURNE	10/88
RAY DORAN	VV	2.48.23 AUSTRALIAN	06/87
ALISTAIR MACKIE	PP	2.49.22 MELBOURNE	10/84
LINDA THOMPSON	PPF	2.49.34 SOUTH MELBOURNE	11/88 2.49.32 MELBOURNE '86
WILLIAM THOMPSON	VV	2.49.38 ANZAC DAY	04/88
PETER COBLEY	PP	2.50.01 AUSTRALIAN	06/83
HARVEY BLUE	MV	2.50.17 AUSTRALIAN	06/83
JONATHON MARSDEN	PO	2.50.17 AUSTRALIAN	06/87
LAURIE KING	VP	2.50.37 GILLAWARNA	08/83
CHRISTOPHER DWYER	PP	2.51.50 CANBERRA	04/87
DAVID ROBINSON	VV	2.52.32 AUSTRALIAN	06/86 2.36.06 KENYA '63
DAVID SILL	VV	2.52.54 HAMILTON NZ	10/87
KAR WONG	PP	2.53.20 CAPE TOWN, RSA	09/86
CEDRIC SIDEBOTTOM	VV	2.53.59 AUSTRALIAN	06/85
ROD MCLEAN	PP	2.54.22 AUSTRALIAN	06/84

427.6040

NAME	CAT	<-----BEST AS A STRIDER----->	<-BEST BEFORE JOINING->
BRIAN GATFIELD	VV	2.54.25 AUSTRALIAN	06/87
JOHN HAMILTON	PP	2.54.44 ANZAC	04/88
MIKE FOSTER	VV	2.55.12 HASTINGS NZ	08/85
STEVE CORNELIUS	VP	2.55.31 NSW STATE	06/82
RUSSELL BLACK	PP	2.55.51 CITIES	08/83 2.50.38 SYDNEY '82
RAYMOND SKINNER	VV	2.55.57 ANZAC	04/88
SCOTT LAWRENCE	OO	2.56.19 AUSTRALIAN	06/84
NOBBY YOUNG	VP	2.56.33 NSW STATE	05/84
BRIAN LYNCH	VP	2.56.59 AUSTRALIAN	06/83
MICHAEL MINEHAN	PP	2.57.13 AUSTRALIAN	06/85
PETER MCGRAW	PP	2.57.23 MELBOURNE	10/86
MIKE WARD	PP	2.57.41 AUSTRALIAN	06/86
RON BURKE	PP	2.57.57 MELBOURNE	10/86
DICK BARTLETT	VP	2.58.34 MELBOURNE	10/85
JOHN TURNER	MV	2.58.47 AUSTRALIAN	06/85
SUE HILL	VVF	2.59.15 AUSTRALIAN	06/84 2.52.01 AVON, W.GERMANY '79
TONY VIPOND	PP	2.59.50 AUSTRALIAN	06/85
JEFF LEE	VV	2.59.54 LONDON	05/87
TINA CAMPBELL	VVF	3.00.32 WORLD VETERANS	12/87
SCOTT CRAWFORD	VV	3.01.20 WORLD VETERANS	12/87
BRIAN COLWELL	PP	3.01.47 MELBOURNE	10/82
DAVE BLACKHALL	VP	3.02.24 NSW STATE	06/80
BRENT WATERS	VP	3.03.01 MELBOURNE	10/82
JOANNE TIBBITTS	PPF	3.04.00 ANZAC DAY	04/87
MICK EDWARDS	VP	3.04.52 AUSTRALIAN	06/83
GAVIN MORISSET	VV	3.04.54 CANBERRA	04/87
TERRY MCMAHON	VV	3.05.11 AUSTRALIAN	06/85
ALEX HAMILL	VV	3.05.15 GILLAWARNA	08/84
ALF FIELD	VV	3.06.48 ANZAC	04/88 3.05.52 CANBERRA '86
GRAHAM FIRKIN	MV	3.07.11 CITIES	08/85
JOHN AYLIFFE	VV	3.07.18 ANZAC DAY	04/87
DAN GRAY	VV	3.07.21 GOLD COAST	07/87
ROY HOWARD	MV	3.07.28 AUSTRALIAN	06/84
DAVID WILLIAMS	VP	3.08.15 CANBERRA	04/83
TERRY BAILEY	PP	3.08.49 CANBERRA	04/88
HUGH SPENCER	VV	3.09.02 AUSTRALIAN	06/85
JOHN HODGES	PP	3.09.07 MELBOURNE	10/84
LEO LEADER	VP	3.10.00 CANBERRA	04/84 3.05.00 PENINSULA, RSA '80
MICHAEL TOPLEY	VV	3.10.10 MELBOURNE	10/86
GRAHAM BUTLER	VP	3.10.13 AUSTRALIAN	06/86
GEORGE LISSON	PP	3.10.21 COMBINATION	07/88 3.04.51 ANZAC DAY '87
BOB MANN	VV	3.10.27 AUSTRALIAN	06/83
HARRY TURNER	VV	3.10.53 AUSTRALIAN	06/84
STEVE NORDISH	PP	3.11.11 KEMPSEY	06/88
STEPHEN ROACH	PP	3.11.16 AUSTRALIAN	06/86
PETER KEEBLE	MM	3.11.49 F/CITY ADELAIDE	09/84
WENDY DOWNES	VVF	3.11.56 ANZAC DAY	04/87
IAN NEWLANDS	VV	3.12.20 CANBERRA	04/84
KEITH JACKSON	PP	3.12.27 COMBINATION	07/87
IRWIN LIGHT		3.12.31 AUSTRALIAN	06/84 3.10.38 BLUFF, RSA '77
JOHN WHEALY	VV	3.12.51 CITIES	08/88
JACK WOODWARD	VV	3.12.54 ANZAC	04/88
TONY CROSBY	VV	3.13.02 WORLD VETERANS	12/87
JOHN HILL	VP	3.13.19 AUSTRALIAN	06/85
BRYCE COURTENAY	MV	3.13.58 CANBERRA	04/83

NAME	CAT	<-----BEST AS A STRIDER----->	<-BEST BEFORE JOINING >
ALAN PHILLIPS	VV	3.14.02 AUSTRALIAN	06/87
BRIAN TAILFORD	VP	3.14.03 CAMPBELLTOWN	07/85
MERRI MACK	VPF	3.14.06 AUSTRALIAN	06/83 3.09.16 CANBERRA '83
KEVIN O'KANE	PP	3.14.38 AUSTRALIAN	06/85
BRUCE MURRAY	MM	3.14.49 CAMPBELLTOWN	07/84
PETER JOSEPH	VV	3.15.16 AUSTRALIAN	06/84 3.07.54 MELBOURNE '83
IAN MILLAR	VP	3.16.03 AUSTRALIAN	06/83
ROSS WALL	VV	3.16.20 WORLD VETERANS	12/87
DOROTHY SIEPMANN	VVF	3.16.53 MELBOURNE	10/84
MURRAY BOYTE	VP	3.18.00 DUBLIN	00/87
JOSEPH LOEWY	VP	3.18.43 ANZAC DAY	04/87
DALE THOMPSON	PPF	3.21.08 SOUTH MELBOURNE	11/88
ROGER RIGBY	VV	3.21.25 WORLD VETERANS	12/87
IAN WHITFIELD	VP	3.22.15 CANBERRA	04/87 3.13.06 AUSTRALIAN '83
IAN SINGER	PP	3.22.24 AUSTRALIAN	06/87
BARRY JONES	SM	3.23.18 VETERANS	07/81
DEREK WHITE	SM	3.23.26 CAMPBELLTOWN	07/84
ROSS BETTS	VV	3.23.28 CITIES	08/88
BRENDA HAMILL	VPF	3.23.38 SYDNEY	09/83
DAVID DUNSTALL	VV	3.24.00 CANBERRA	04/87
BILL WHITE	VV	3.25.09 MELBOURNE	10/85
GREG PROWSE	VP	3.26.15 AUSTRALIAN	06/85
GEOFF COX	OO	3.27.26 HARBORD DIGGERS	04/81
RAY REID	VP	3.27.57 AUSTRALIAN	06/86
FRANK GALLAGHER	VV	3.28.36 AUSTRALIAN	06/86 3.24.51 AUSTRALIAN '84
JOHN PETTETT	VV	3.29.11 WORLD VETERANS	12/87
STAN FLECK	MM	3.29.34 AUSTRALIAN	06/84 3.18.20 CANBERRA '83
HEINER HUNING	PP	3.29.58 AUSTRALIAN	06/87 3.13.36 SINGAPORE '84
KAREN TUCK	PPF	3.30.00 NEW YORK	00/86
PAUL LUNSMANN	VV	3.30.17 ANZAC	04/88
NOEL WORTHINGTON	MM	3.31.17 AUSTRALIAN	06/86
GRAHAME DEACON	PP	3.31.21 SYDNEY	09/84 3.23.43 SYDNEY '83
GEOFF PEARL	MV	3.32.28 AUSTRALIAN	06/83
ROD GARRICK	MM	3.32.59 HOLDSWORTHY	07/88
MALCOLM MCDONALD	VP	3.33.04 AUSTRALIAN	06/83
WAYNE MCCARTHY	VV	3.34.54 WORLD VETERANS	12/87
SUSAN GRIFFITH	OOF	3.37.47 MELBOURNE	10/88
CECILY WILLIAMS	PPF	3.38.36 AUSTRALIAN	06/86
NICK REED	PO	3.38.43 CANBERRA	04/84
JEFF BURGESS	PP	3.39.05 CANBERRA	04/86
JOHN TIMBS	VV	3.40.00 AUSTRALIAN	06/87 3.23.08 AUSTRALIAN '84
VIRGINIA CLARK	VVF	3.42.39 CANBERRA	04/88
OWEN DENMEADE	MV	3.42.51 AUSTRALIAN	06/84 3.36.00 SYDNEY '83
EDWINA MACARTHUR	PPF	3.44.47 CANBERRA	04/86
STEPHEN BURKE	OO	3.45.00 HONOLULU	12/88 2.54.08 CANBERRA '87
OLEG SZLICHTA	PP	3.46.15 AUSTRALIAN	06/84
STEPHEN WINNER	OO	3.46.29 CITIES	08/88
DERRICK TITMUS	VV	3.47.09 AUSTRALIAN	06/83
ROBI RUSSELL	PPF	3.49.00 WORLD VETERANS	12/87
MAVIS GARRICK	VVF	3.49.10 WORLD VETERANS	12/87
DAWN WOODWARD	VVF	3.49.47 ANZAC DAY	04/87
VIC COLLINS	VV	3.50.56 MELBOURNE	10/86
PHILIP CALDWELL	PP	3.52.32 AUSTRALIAN	06/83
QUEENIE TOPLEY	PPF	3.52.52 MELBOURNE	10/86
JOSEPH BAILLIE	MM	3.53.16 AUSTRALIAN	06/85

NAME	CAT	<-----BEST AS A STRIDER----->	<-BEST BEFORE JOINING >
MICHAEL BLACKWELL	MM	3.53.47 WORLD VETERANS	12/87
PATTI BURKE	VPF	3.54.01 CANBERRA	04/84
ALAN ROSS	VP	3.55.39 HONOLULU	12/86 3.40.08 GILLAWARNA '81
RICHARD MACK	VP	4.01.00 HONOLULU	12/85
JIM DONOVAN	VP	4.06.57 CANBERRA	04/83
LESLEY LEAR	PPF	4.08.00 AUSTRALIAN	06/84
JOHN ROSS	VV	4.08.16 WORLD VETERANS	12/87 4.05.00 AUSTRALIAN '83
RODNEY PHILLIPS	PP	4.12.42 AUSTRALIAN	06/85
KEITH WEARNE	VV	4.16.58 AUSTRALIAN	06/85
BILL MCCARTHY	VV	4.26.23 MELBOURNE	10/85
ROBYN MURPHY	POF	4.48.07 MELBOURNE	10/84
ALAN TONGE	MM	5.23.16 KEMPSEY	06/88 4.46.49 ADELAIDE F/CITY '85

MEMBERS WHO HAVE NOT RUN A MARATHON SINCE JOINING STRIDERS

NAME	CAT	TIME	PLACE/YEAR
GEOFFREY NICHOLSON	PO	2.20.30	PT COOK VIC '76
FRED HOWE	MP	2.22.18	MELBOURNE '65
CARL BARKER	OO	2.31.55	CITIES '88
ROD EASDOWN	PO	2.41.43	W.A. CHAMP'SHIP '79
NORM WILKINS	VP	2.43.44	CANBERRA '83
ALLEN HISSEY	PP	2.48.44	CANBERRA '81
SCOTT MCKENNA	OO	2.50.00	SCOTLAND '85
MICHAEL BILLINGHURST	OO	2.50.50	LONDON '82
CHARLIE LYNN	VV	2.51.06	AUSTRALIAN '85
JOHN TURTON	VP	3.01.08	UMFOLOZI RSA '77
ROGER CROFT	VV	3.02.54	AUSTRALIAN '86
BRET NICHOLS	PP	3.05.30	AUSTRALIAN '83
JOHN CULLITY	VV	3.07.02	ANZAC '88
MICHAEL OAKLEY	PP	3.08.05	ANZAC DAY '87
ALAN OAKES	MV	3.09.00	SPRINGS, R.S.A. '72
PHILIP MORGAN	PP	3.09.36	AUSTRALIAN '84
ROBERT DONALDSON	PP	3.11.11	CITIES '88
KEVIN ELEY	PP	3.19.00	HARBORD DIGGERS '80
ASHLEY JACKSON	OO	3.19.52	HARBORD DIGGERS '83
RICHARD FARRELL	PO	3.23.00	CANBERRA '84
EWEN THOMPSON	PO	3.28.28	LIVERPOOL '81
BRYAN HOLLIDAY	VP	3.42.50	AUSTRALIAN '84
VAN DAVY	VV	3.45.00	AUSTRALIAN '87
VAL MORRISON	PPF	3.47.50	MELBOURNE '83
DAVID BARWICK	VV	3.56.00	SYDNEY '87
GRAEME DONALD	OO	3.57.00	ROTORUA NZ '85
BENNY HAGBERG	PO	3.59.34	SINGAPORE '84
GREG JERRETT	VP	3.59.35	HONOLULU '83
VICTORIA DONALD	POF	4.00.00	ROTORUA N.Z. '85
FRED FALZON	VP	4.03.20	AUSTRALIAN '87
ADRIAN KOL	SM	4.20.00	CANBERRA '84
JILL MCLEAN	POF	4.22.00	SINGAPORE '85
PHYLLIS SOMMERVILLE	VPF	4.32.54	MELBOURNE '85

FROM THE 'BLISTER' EDITORS

Unless you were to read the fine print inside the cover of 'The Blister', you would probably not realise that this periodical now has not one editor, but three. To be sure, there is a fine grading of rank as evidenced by the term 'assistant', but let me tell you, this is also the finest of distinctions. Lord Beaverbrook never had a sub-editor half as fierce as Sub-Editor Ayliffe. He is an assistant to no-one.

Then there is the renowned social historian, Denmeade. The only reason that you don't see his by-line in serious publications, is that he far too busy collecting and giving a wide range of oral histories. Anyone who has ever accompanied him on Harvey's Star through Watson Bay and the Eastern suburbs would agree. There are no secrets from Owen on his own patch and probably on your patch as well. If you did it, he'll know about it. As they say, watch this space.

Moving on to the upper reaches of the 'Blister' management structure, it is as well to be aware of the actual source of editorial policy. Now we all have a mental picture of a typical media baron or powerful publisher, tough, eccentric, fair, autocratic, single-minded and fierce in competition. And all-powerful. Well, we have one of these in the vast conglomerate which makes up the 'Blister' Group.

If you are on the editorial staff of the 'Blister' and, in the frosty pre-dawn of a winter Star, you see a small but perfectly formed apparition heading determinedly your way, you absolutely know that you are about to receive non-negotiable editorial instructions. "We've got to get more humour into the 'Blister'", he growls out of the corner of his mouth, as he swoops past to greet yet another influential race official, positioned twenty metres past your left shoulder, with a warm smile and his most obsequious double-handed hand shake.

We hacks put up with a lot.

Now to the editorial point. The few 'Blisters' which I have, only go back to No. 31. (Still being a relatively new member I have yet to learn all the secret Strider hand shakes let alone have a large collection of 'Blisters'). However, an analysis of these issues reveals that there has been forty contributors to 'The Blister' over the last two years, as well as several 'anon' which were, no doubt, Graham Butler or Steve Cornelius.

Of the forty, there were seven who contributed the bulk of the articles and who probably should have received awards for journalism for their efforts. These seven were: **Steve Cornelius, Nobby Young, Graham Butler, Bill Flanagan, Mathew Kaley, Terry McIver** and **Alf Field**. And there were several other contributors in the remaining thirty-three who could well have belonged to this list. (There was even one issue which could have easily justified a rename to "The Cornelius Courier"). Too much obviously depends on too few.

The Striders are conspicuous for their well informed, interesting, experienced and, even at six am, humorous members. There are a lot of words out there just waiting to leap onto paper. We need a lot of contributors during the next eight weeks. The Christmas issue will be a bumper one. *Who are going to forge their journalistic talents in our magazine from now on?*
(Roger Rigby).

CALLOUS COMMENTS

By Callous Campbell



Heard any good one-liner's lately while out on the run? Do you have any funny anecdotes you would like to share with your fellow club members? Perhaps you may be bearing a grudge against someone running too fast for their own good? Why not make up for your athletic deficiency and get your own back with some witty libellous remarks! Send them in for insertion in 'Callous Comments'.

This column will start with the next edition of the Blister and is designed for you to have your say, share a joke, or dob someone in. [Especially the President - ED]. Inclusions may be made anonymously to avoid a defamation suit, but will be scrutinized by the Editor (late on Friday night after the consumption of the prescribed quantity of medicinal alcohol). All we ask is to keep your item brief and, if it is hand-written, please have it's readability checked by Paul Russell.

** It is not unusual for someone to cut themselves shaving, but I am sure that there aren't many in the world who could lacerate their backside in the manner that a certain club figurehead did recently.*

** "An article on the marathon? Sure, writing about them beats doing them..."*
Anon.

** "Harv, remember when we used to think marathons were easy?"* - John Turner.

** "Do you think that if I got a towelling hat like Ray Doran's it would make a difference to my times?"*. Anon.

** Did anyone see The President during the new Drumoyne Star recently? Did anyone notice the neat little red leotard and what appeared to be a short red skirt (some say a long t-shirt)? There was no point Nobby, all the girls from Gladesville High are at home on the weekend.* Anon.

** We all think that Harvey Blue is a pretty regular chap. This is obviously official Club policy, as there is now a framed picture of him which sits on the top of the notice board at the Stars every Sunday. One could not say that he looks as if he is radiating his normal air of benevolence to his fellow man though, more like an intense study of a blade of grass three feet in front of him, as he crosses the finish line of the Anzac Marathon.* Anon.

Please send items for inclusion to :

'Callous Comments'
c/o Tina Campbell
560 Mowbray Road
Lane Cove NSW 2066

NSW STATE 24 HOUR ULTRA TRACK CHAMPIONSHIP

Charlie Lynn

Sydney Cities marathon winner Carl Barker (**Sydney Strider**) set a cracking pace in the early stages of the race at Hensley Athletic Field on 26th and 27th August. Barker was on world record time but the effort in winning the Cities Marathon a week earlier took its toll and he was forced to retire early at 81.2km.

Anyce Kip-Melham from Panania took over the lead from Barker and withstood a valiant challenge from Bob Fickel of Ashcroft, Maurice Taylor of Campsie and Chilla Nasmyth of Campbelltown. Only 7 Kilometres separated these four runners in a sensational finish.

Sentimental favourite Cliff Young finished 13th out of a field of 37 starters, with a distance of 167km. First woman home was Helen Stanger of Loftus with a distance of 186km.

Two **Sydney Striders** were competitors in the race held between 11am Saturday and 11am Sunday and gave very fine performances to complete the 24 hour period :

Brian Colwell	183.5km	(9th)
Keith Jackson	168.7km	(12th)

CONTRIBUTIONS TO 'THE BLISTER' WANTED

We are coming up to our 400th Star (December) and to help mark the event, a special issue of 'The Blister' is undergoing preparation.

Charles Coville will let us into the secret of how and when the 'Striders' were formed (I bet there have been times when each of us wished that this event hadn't occurred!). There is also a rumour that our own Famous Author will contribute and his 'Little Mate' (or one of them) has already done so. One of his other 'Little Mates' got started but dictated his life's story to the wrong magazine. He might come good yet though.

A great attraction of this new issue will be that The President has agreed to limit his contribution to a single page which, if this gets around, will cause a serious circulation war with just about every other running magazine in the Western world. We also hope to persuade The Great Cornelius out of retirement to write the Droll Article to End all Droll Articles.

Then there are the other 170 - odd (an apt word for runners) members out there who have yet to appear in 'Strider' print. Contributions can range from those 'one-liners' which have such appeal at 6 am to that heavy philosophical article which we all have lurking deep in our spiritual centre, entitled 'What is the Meaning of (Running) Life?' And anything in between. Contributions to:

Roger Rigby 8 Dennis Avenue Wahroonga NSW 2076.

or bring your manuscript to Stars. Deadline November 5.

THE PAIN, THE SUFFERING, THE CHEERS.

THE GREAT NOSH

Brent Waters:	66.35
Warwick Selby:	67.39

MINI MOSMARATHON

Geoff Gissing:	35.01
Steve Gill:	35.17
Alex Whitworth:	35.50
Warwick Selby:	36.03
Jon Marsden:	39.56
Danny Gray:	40.16
Tina Campbell:	41.20
Roz Wong:	44.??

BANKSTOWN 50 MILE

TRACK RACE

Carl Barker:	5h 51m (1st)
Brian Colwell:	dnf.

ANZAC MARATHON

(Late detail)

Erwin Light:	3.51.34
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SUTHERLAND

HALF MARATHON

Dave Williams:	92.20
Kevin O'Kane:	98.44

BATHURST

HALF MARATHON

Ian Whitfield:	92.57
Kevin O'Kane:	99.36

TELECOM BATHURST

MARATHON

Charles Coville:	2.56.22
Brian Colwell:	3.44.01
Derek White:	3.51.00
Bill Blecha:	3.58.45

Apologies to **Derek White** for leaving the following results out of the June 'Blister':

'DAHLIA DASH'

MITTAGONG, 7.6K

Derek White:	31.39 min. (1st over 60).
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NSW VETERANS

T&F CHAMPIONS AND

EAST COAST MASTERS,

10th, 11th, 12th, March.

2,000m Steeplechase M60:

Derek White, 9m 33.2s (1st).

5,000 Track M60:

Derek White, 3 21m 21s (3rd).

10,000 Track M60:

Derek White, 44m52s (3rd).



STRIDERS IN TRAINING

TITLE & CONTACT	DAY/TIME	START/VENUE	COURSE
PAIN IN THE DOMAIN Harvey Blue 32-2476	Tues. 12.45 pm	Entrance to Domain opposite Mitchell Library	Botanic Gardens and Domain
RANDWICK RUNNERS' SHOP Fred Howe B: 399-3893	Wed. 6.15 pm	The Runners' Shop 38 Frenchmans Rd Randwick	Randwick-Clovelly then either: 1) Left to Bronte, Tamarama, Bondi or 2) Right to Coogee and Maroubra
CORPORATE CUP Michael O'Mara B: 228-8225 Tina Campbell B: 233-9973	Every second Wed. between 12.05 pm & 1.15 pm	Domain, South of Art Gallery	Domain, along water front in Botanic Gardens to steps opposite Opera House and return
L/COVE RIVER RUNNERS Terry McIver H: 46-1706 B: 88-2149 Ewen Thompson H: 427-3834	Tues. 5.30 pm and Fri. 5.30 pm	Lane Cove River Park. Fullers Bridge Entrance	South of River. Fullers Bridge to Ryde Rd & return
VETERANS TIME TRIALS Terry McIver H: 46-1706 B: 88-2149	Thurs. 5.45 pm	Hensley Field, Corish Circle & Wentworth Ave, Pagewood	Track followed by additional track or road. Matra- ville & Botany.
NORTHS RUGBY RUNNERS Bryce Courtenay B: 957-7100 H: 32-1960	Mon to Thur: group run. Friday: race. 12.15 pm 10k.	Northern Suburbs Rugby Club, Alfred St. North, North Sydney	To Mosman Bay or across Harbour Bridge to Millers Point.
WOODSTOCK RUNNERS Kerry Bray H: 744-9835 B: 569-9428	Tues: all groups 6 pm. Thur: 6 pm. Sat: 8 am.	Tues: Woodstock Centre, Church St, Burwood. Thur: Camp- bell Fld, Princess St, Canterbury. Sat: Brett Pk, Drummyne	Tues: Road runs. Thurs: Intervals & races on grass oval track. Sat: Iron Cove Bay Run.
TURRAMURRA TROTTERS Bruce Murray H: 476-6484	Sat. 6.50 am	Turramurra Station Car Park (off Eastern Road)	Course starts at 6.5k & builds up progressively to 15.1k. Turramurra, Wahroonga, Waitara, and Hornsby.
WESTERN DISTRICTS JOGGERS & HARRIERS Keith Gillies: H: 77-8674.	Sat. 7.30 am (1st Saturday each month start 7.00am)	Lake Gillawarna, Henry Lawson Drive (opp. Ashcroft St), Georges Hall	Through Gillawarna Park
MOSMAN INTERVALS Paul Russell H: 929-8168 Warwick Selby H: 81-4869	Tues & Fri 6 pm	Entrance to Mosman Oval, Myahgah Rd, Mosman	Around oval (375 metres, grass)

PARTICIPATING STRIDERS	DISTANCE & OTHER NOTES
Charles Coville, Dan Gray, John Hamilton Tina Campbell, John Turner, Bret Nichols Harvey Blue	Intervals at sprinting pace
Harvey Blue, Tony Vipond, Mathew Kaley Brian Colwell, Kevin O'Kane, Mike Ward	16k at competitive pace, with 8k option. 2 groups: 4-4.5 mins/km, and 4.5-5.5 mins/km.
Tina Campbell, Dave Winch, John Hamilton Cameron Osborne, Alex Whitworth, Dan Gray	6.6k race. Runners leave every minute between 12.05 pm & 1.15pm. Mainly teams event, individuals also welcome. Not operating in December and January.
Terry McIver, Sue Hill, Joanne Cowan, Kevin O'Kane Bernie King, Philip Caldwell, Warwick Selby Ewen Thompson, John Sauer, John Whealy Scott Crawford, George Lisson, Malcolm Satchell Nobby Young, Russell Young, Jenny Higgins Louise Fitzsimmons, Merri Mack, Sally Crawford	Tues: Race Pace. Friday: Medium STAR Pace. 10k.
Barry Jones, Mick Edwards, George Lisson Ced Sidebottom, Ian Whitfield, Scott Crawford Bill Thompson, Kevin O'Kane, Carl Barker Terry McIver, Joanne Cowan, Terry Bailey Ewen Thompson, Jenny Higgins, Dot Siepmann Ron Burke, Mike Ward	Alternating weeks: 1st week: 1 mile track then either 3000 metres track or 4 miles road. 2nd week: 800 metres track then either 5000 metres track or 6 miles road.
Owen Denmeade, Peter Keeble, John Ayliffe Bryce Courtenay, John Pettit, Derrick Titmus Alex Hamill, Joe Loewy	Mon to Thur: Medium pace 10.6k. Fri: Race over same course.
Derek White, Bill White Dan Gray, Lesley Lear Dorothy Siepmann	Tues: various pace groups 10k, beginners run/walk 5k. Thur: 3k down to 100m including relays. All times recorded. Sat: 7k at very easy pace.
Bruce Murray, Vic Verco, David Sill	Handicap race. Slowest runners start at 6.50 am. Faster runners leaving at 1 minute intervals thereafter.
Bill White, Dot Siepmann	Measured 10k each week. Handicap race 1st Saturday of each month. Earliest handicap starters 7 am.
Paul Russell, Warwick Selby, John Hodges Dick Bartlett, John Ayliffe	3-minute intervals with approx. 2 minutes rest in between.