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THE PRESIDENT'S REPORT

This page has always posed a problem for me, as finding something of general interest each time is not easy. Last issue I cheated by using a true story written by Jeannette Caldwell, a would-be runner and a distant relation of mine. This idea must have had merit as the tale has been run in three other publications in Australia, and has been forwarded to magazines overseas. This time I have a series of drawings, penned by Tony Wyatt, the Postal Manager at Gladesville Post Office, as my contribution to The Blister. If I had Tony's talent as an artist, I would have very little interest in hawking stamps!! I thank him for his contribution to my "report".

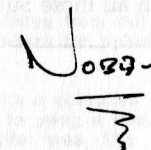
Tina Campbell mentioned in her Callous Comments last issue that someone lacerated their backside while shaving. To give credence to the story I can tell you how he did it. He has a habit of shaving in the shower, by using a hand held mirror. and facing away from the nozzle. To clear the razor, he holds the blade behind his back to allow the water to run over it. It was while the razor was returning to the face that lacerated the rear quarters.

Scott Crawford applied for a "preferred start" in this years "City-to-Surf", and forwarded to the Race Director several pages of credentials, some dating back to Primary School days. He clinched his spot with the information that he beat Ian Macarthur in the Sydney Striders IOK Handicap series. (Scott also ran very well).

All the talk after the City-to-Surf was about how Harvey Blue managed to start from the front row. It didn't surprise me at all. What did get me is when I watched a recording of the event on my return home. Harvey and Steve Moneghetti were bowling along in front and one of the commentators asked "who is the runner with Harvey Blue?".

Paul Russell, a noted Sydney medic, has always had trouble with club members asking for medical advice at STaR runs. He told Kevin O'Kane, a noted Sydney legal eagle, about it and was advised to send accounts to the people involved. Paul received an account from Kevin a couple of days later.

After 23 years living in Australia, I'm about to become an Australian. It has always been my intention to do so, but somehow it always seemed to get deferred. I was asked how I will celebrate the occasion, and replied that I would do it in the usual Australian way. I will take a sickie!



NOBBY YOUNG
President.

11th Budlight Ironman Triathlon World Championships - Kona, Hawaii. 14th October 1989.

Continuously changing weather conditions during the week leading up to the race made race day hard to predict. One thing you could always be sure of, it would be hot and humid.

All the top triathlon athletes from all over the world crammed themselves on Kona. Thirty-eight nations were represented, one of which was Russia who sent a contestant for the first time and who recorded the overall fastest bike time. Only Scott Golina and Erin Baker had to withdraw one week prior to the race due to injuries.

An exciting race could be expected between seven-times winner Dave Scott and Mark Allan, who, while never having won this race, was undefeated throughout the season. Hot favourite in the womens' division was Paula Newby-Frazer.

Race day came and the weather didn't let us down. Ocean calm, blue skies, continuously changing wind direction.

1285 competitors (260 women) lined up at the Kona Pier to tackle this challenge. At 7am the gun went off.

Leading out of the water, all the way on the bike and even up to nearly 10k into the run, was "German Ghost" Wolfgang Dietrich, who then got caught by Dave Scott and Mark Allan, who had been racing shoulder to shoulder all the way. Coming back into town and 3k to go, Mark Allan put on a little sprint and beat Dave Scott by 57 seconds, crossing the line in 8h 9m 15s. As a very pleasant surprise for Australia, Greg Welch from Sydney crossed the line third in 8h 32m.

The womens' division was a clear thing for Paula Newby-Frazer winning in a new record time of 9h 0m 56s, followed by Sylviane Puntous in 9h 22m and Christen Hanssen coming third. Best Australian female was Jane Wanklyn in sixth place (sub ten hours).

I couldn't match the top guns efforts, but I can honestly say that I had a brilliant race, my best ever and I enjoyed every minute of it. Faster than Forster by 21 minutes, thank to everyone who ran all those Sunday morning STaRs with me.

For the Statistician.

Mark Allan ran the Marathon in 2h 40m 39s after 3.8k swim and cycling 180k.

The highest rate of finishers for the race was recorded as 97%.

To come 10th you would have to do a sub 8h 39m

To come 20th you would have to do a sub 8h 49m.

Results.

<u>Male:</u>	1. Mark Allan (USA) - 8h 9m 15s
	2. Dave Scott (USA) - 8h 10m 13.2s
	3. Greg Welch (Aust) 8h 32m 16s
<u>Female:</u>	34. P.Newby-Frazer(Zimb) 9h ??m 56s
	?? Sylviane Puntous (Can) 9h 22m
	126. Ingrid Martin (Aust) 12h 7m 09s (85th F)

ONCE UPON A TIME...

It only seems like yesterday that we were running down Broughton Road Artarmon on our first STaR. Sure there have been changes over the years but somehow the original comradeship and chemistry has survived

I don't attend many STaRs these days. Family commitments, work responsibilities, changed priorities and a mellowing after 20 years of marathon and ultra marathon racing has seen me adapt a low key approach to the club. This has, however, not diminished my deep feelings and affinity to the club that dominated my life during the late 70's and early 80's.

After 3 years at the helm as President, Editor, part time Treasurer and Race Director of the club (positions often held simultaneously) I felt that I needed to "walk away" from the organisational structure to allow new blood (and blisters) to lead without the Coville factor haunting progress.

So I have remained in the background. I still run every Lane Cove Internal Half, assist at the Open Half and follow the fortunes of the club (and read the Bliester) with the self-satisfaction that the Club has endured.

I congratulate the past committees from not deviating too dramatically from the original concepts and members for upholding the true spirit of what the club is all about.

So if you see a "new" face, with a seasoned body, a strange accent and grey hair, pause to say hi. I'd like to swap a few experiences, reminisce over old times and discuss what life was like before Nobby Young, Steve Cornelius, 10k races and black jelly beans.

Charles Coville

CONGRATULATIONS STRIDERS ON 400 STaRs

1989 CLUB HALF MARATHON

By Kevin O'Kane

The 1989 Club Championship was held in beautiful Centennial Park in the usual clear, crisp and sunny conditions organised by the Internal Events Director. As is the norm these days, there were not quite enough marshalls to go around, so that Striders were called on to display their navigation and map reading skills, with predictable results [see list of finishers etc. for the failures]. The Editor of this publication is to be congratulated on a 30 minute PB, with the novel touch of finishing from a different direction to the rest of the field.

The men's field looked like a good race in the making, with Phil. Garvin, after his first internal events win in a long time, and John Sauer, with great form in the last year including wins in the 10 km Bicentennial Blast, and the Club Marathon Championship in April, as well as first Strider home in the City to Surf, ahead of Phil Garvin. Phil was too good on the day, winning in 71.04 ahead of John (72.12). After taking an early lead, Phil. gradually increased it to the finish. John showed his character in hanging on very well after looking exhausted when he passed the start at about 8 km. Evan Millar finished well for a clear-cut third.

Joanne Cowan ran well for a 14 minute win in a fast 84.46, 12th overall. Wendy Downes was 2nd and Ros. Wong 3rd. Tina Campbell, after being well placed, unfortunately followed the abovementioned Editor.

As might be expected from the high number of veteran competitors, their results were excellent in overall terms. Both Ray Doran (77.03) and Margaret Robinson (103.44) were not far off the 3rd placegetters in their respective divisions.

The statistics make interesting reading. Including two guest runners, there were 57 starters, the best in an Internal Event for quite a while. Of these, only 16 had started in 1988. The breakup of the field is also interesting, as an indication of the current active membership of the club. There were 46 male and 11 female starters, and the ages of the starters were, excluding guests:

Under	20 Nil
20-29	2 male, 1 female
30-39	17 male, 4 female (9 of these between 37 and 39)
40-49	21 male, 4 female
50-59	2 male
60-69	4 male

1989 CLUB HALF MARATHON

1. Phil. Garvin	71.04	30. Terry Bailey	94.54
2. John Sauer	72.12	31. Jim Verco	95.03
3. Evan Miller	75.59	32. Graham Firkin	97.18
4. Bruce Inglis	76.41	33. Stephen Roach	98.51
5. Ray Doran	77.03	34. Wendy Downes	98.54
6. Alex. Whitworth	78.30	35. Geoff. Taylor	99.25
7. Don Price	78.56	36. John Plummer	99.28
8. Gerard Frahill	82.44	37. Ron Daly	100.39
9. Brett Nichols	82.50	38. Ros. Wong	100.44
10. Jon. Marsden	84.11	39. Ken Alchin	103.03
11. George. Lisson	84.13	40. Ingrid Martin	103.19
12. Joanne Cowan	84.46	41. Margaret Robinson	103.44
13. Alf Field	85.31	42. David Sill	106.06
14. Peter Copley	85.36	43. Alan Hicks	113.37
15. Martin Hope	85.40	44. Dave Barwick	114.07
16. Dick Bartlett	85.48	45. Nerissa Johnson	114.25
17. Mike Ward	86.13	46. Peter Johnson	116.12
18. Mike Foster	86.19	*. Maria Clelio (Guest)	116.44
19. Nobby Young	86.35	47. Adrian Kol	116.48
20. Chris Menzies	86.45	*. Diana Neubacher (Guest)	116.56
21. Ray Skinner	87.38	48. Robi Russell	118.45
22. Terry Rose	87.51	DNF James McDonnell	
23. Bob Wales	89.54	DNF Roger Rigby	
24. Keith Jackson	89.55	DNF Dale Thompson	
25. Paul Lunsman	90.13	DNF Wayne Stanton	
26. Alan White	93.03	DNF Stephen Lloyd	
27. Dave Peterson	93.26	DNF Tina Campbell	
28. Ian Macarthur	94.05	DNF David Ritchie	
29. Derek White	94.42		

MALE

1st - P. Garvin	71.04
2nd - J. Sauer	72.12
3rd - E. Miller	75.59
1st Vet. - R. Doran	77.03

FEMALE

1st - J. Cowan	84.46
2nd - W. Downes	98.54
3rd - R. Wong	100.44
1st Vet. - M. Robinson	103.44

NEVER EVER SAY "NEVER AGAIN".

Brian Colwell

I think I must have always had this peculiar penchant for jumping in at the deep end. After all, I started running seriously by training for a marathon, then a few years later decided that that if I was going to tackle an 'ultra', I might as well do a man-sized one and have a crack at the 1987 Striders 24-Hour. My comments on that (the printable ones) were fairly well documented in Blister No. 32, under the heading of 'Never, Ever, Ever Again!'.

If I recall, it took something less than two weeks for that heart-felt comment to be forgotten and in the ensuing two years, I think that most people became aware that I developed into something of a committed ultra nut - or should that read: "An ultra nut who ought to be committed".

Anyway, after a varied diet of Six Foot Tracks, Brindabella Classics, Parramatta 50k's, Bathurst 50 Milers, Sydney to Wollongong's and a Sri Chinmoy 100k, here I was toeing the line of the 1989 Striders' 24 Hour. Older and wiser - well, maybe not wiser, but at least with a far better idea of what I was letting myself in for! Hopefully I was better prepared too, having done a good deal of training (in addition to quite a few Strider runs) with friends from my two other clubs, Western Districts and the BRAT (Bondi Run and Tri Club), both of which had good representation in this race.

After some suitably inspiring (?) comments from Charlie Lynn - which went something along the lines of "No matter how much training you do for one of these races, they are still going to bloody hurt!", 11am was upon us and off we shuffled. Well most of us shuffled, though a few bolted off as if their lives depended upon it. Funnily enough, most of them didn't last. In fact the tortoise and the hare have nothing on the following race statistics:

1. Out of the first 6 at the end of hour one, the highest placed finisher was Cliff Young in 13th position.
2. Out of the first 12 at the end of the first hour, only 2 featured in the first 12 at the end of the race.

Yours truly also copped some flak when, sticking to my initial race plan of running 2.5 laps then walking half a lap, I was the first person to start walking - after less than six minutes. Still, I had the last laugh, the 'slow but sure' strategy paid dividends and despite one bad patch between the nine and eleven hour mark, (when I thought the stomach virus which had taken four kilo's in weight off me a week previously, was going to make an unwelcome return)

I managed to keep to my aim of never covering less than 6km in an hour. Most hours saw me doing between 7.2k and 10k and the nett result was a slow crawl up the leader board, from 29th place at noon Saturday to 9th place at the finish, 11am Sunday, and a very satisfying total of 183.5km. What was particularly pleasing was that it was a 32k PB and about 10k more than I had anticipated that I would do if everything went well.

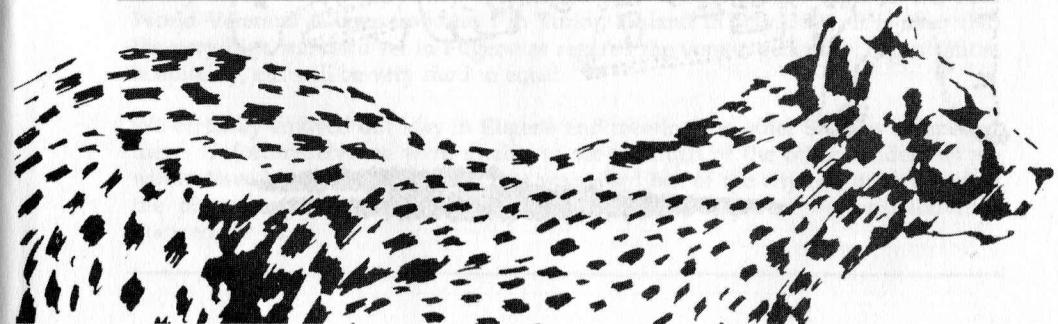
Thanks must go to a lot of people, without whom none of it would have been possible. The organisers of course (Charlie was right - it did bloody hurt!), but especially to the support

crew, most particularly Chris and Linda, good friends and triathletes who think that all ultra runners are absolutely crazy. That didn't stop them from working their backsides off non-stop for the full 24 hours looking after all the BRAT club runners. I think that we runners had the easy job- all we had to do was keep moving! Also thanks to Mike Ward, on whose friendship I have imposed several times for 'seconding' duties; you know, I'm not looking forward to the day when people start calling in all those favours I owe them!

One thing I must say is that ultra runners in general are a very special bunch of people. I don't think that I have ever been involved in any branch of any sport where everyone is incredibly supportive of everyone else. That, on its own, gives a tremendous feeling and makes for some great friendships. To anyone who might be thinking of trying their hand at the longer distances I would say "Give it a go". If an ultra is approached sensibly, I am sure you will find it rewarding and, strangely enough, a lot easier to recover from than a marathon. Also, it is always nice to see some new faces in these runs - I can usually predict fairly accurately about 60% of the field before I even turn up to any race of 50k or longer. The usual bunch of crazies always seem to manage to escape from the asylum!

So what is next? Well, 200k seems a nice round number to aim toward - one of these days. I won't however, be taking up the offer to run next year's Sydney to Melbourne. Though if I did happen to find myself with a spare \$8,000 I might have to do some hard thinking and, after all, I am not exactly renowned for keeping to my word when I say I am definitely **not** going to do some thing.....

PS: I'd love to know who penned that little article in the last Blister. I mean, the last thing I felt like at 3.30am, after going round in circles for umpteen hours was a Greek warrior or one of nature's stoics. Though I do recall being told afterward that the lap scorers found it quite amusing when I commented, in a rather puzzled tone of voice: "You know, I'm actually enjoying this". Maybe the endorphins were working overtime or something.....





STRIDERS AT THE 1989 WORLD VETERANS' GAMES.

Bruce Murray

Eugene, Oregon was a magnificent venue for the 1989 World Veterans' Games. Nestled in amongst the pine forests and with a beautiful river running through it, Eugene is a lovely small city and, with the local people caught up in the spirit and excitement of the Games, it was an excellent choice for the Games.

The difficulty of obtaining any information on Eugene in Sydney prior to our departure on 2nd August, was somewhat disconcerting. On arrival in Eugene we (my wife Pat and I) found that our American friends, whom we were to stay with, had sent us a package of information about a month previously. Thanks to the efforts of Australia Post (or the American postal authorities), we did not receive the package until several weeks after we had arrived back in Sydney, ie. until mid-October. (Perhaps Nobby is being kept too busy on Strider activities).

Obviously the enthusiasm engendered among Australian veterans by the holding of the previous Games in Melbourne has remained strong, since Australia had the second highest number of competitors at the Eugene Games after America. Again, there were tremendous performances from athletes such as Reg Austin, John Gilmour and Peter Crombie.

There were five Striders who competed in the Games. Terry Bailey did very well by finishing 4th in the 3,000 metres Steeple-chase in his age group. Dot Siepmann gained 4th places in the 10k Walk and 20k Walk and Barry Jones 4th and 5th respectively in the same events. Dot and Barry also performed creditably in other events. Alf Field, Dot Seipmann and I completed the Marathon, with much of the course being along the river through Eugene.

In the days leading up to the Marathon, weather conditions followed a pattern of being cool in the morning and hot in the afternoon, but on the morning of the Marathon the day started off warm. In the latter stages of the Marathon (at least for those taking more than three hours) the temperature was around 80 degrees F. This made it difficult for Sydney runners who had come from winter, but Alf Field, as always, took it in his stride and finished in 3h 14m. Dot Seipmann and I battled in with times of 3h 45m and 3h 39m respectively.

It was a great experience to run this marathon in the company of runners from many other countries. the crowd support along the route was fantastic, especially in my case wearing a Sydney Striders singlet. Thoughts now turn to the next World Veterans' Games to be held in Turku, Finland in July, 1991. It is clear that the very high standard set in Eugene as regards the venue, generally, organisation, hospitality, etc. will be very hard to equal.

We certainly enjoyed our stay in Eugene and meeting the other Striders competing there. Unfortunately, we were unable to see as much of the other Striders as we would have liked, due to the fact that we stayed out of the city (virtually amongst the pine forests) with our American friends and they had various activities planned for us.

IMPRESSIONS OF A FIRST "CITIES".

Derek White

My twentieth, twenty-first and twenty-second marathons (at Bathurst) had been so comfortable that I decided to try the Sydney to Blacktown jaunt as the second of the year 1989. I had not exceeded one 42.195 per annum since 1983.

With all the expert advice available, it is an indication either of the complexity of the marathon distance or my stupidity, or both, - that it took twenty runs to achieve two in complete comfort! I finally discovered that it is necessary for me to consume about six bananas in the last two days, take a quinine sulphate tablet just before starting and another at 30km and drink a sip of water at every drink station. Above all, not to set myself hard-to-achieve "splits" but to run as the body dictates. Plenty of "Warm-up" liniment on legs and lumbar region and lots of stretching. I had always suffered from leg cramps - often severe; in fact I developed them at half-way in my first marathon. I seem to produce lactic acid far too readily.

Another thing I came to realise was that it was not essential to trot a wearisome 30-40km beforehand. Due to the location of my workplace, I achieve a weekly average of around 100km without ever exceeding 20 in one go.

Once I appeared to have the cramps beaten and my lumbar discs subdued this year at Bathurst, I felt ready to go ahead. I originally planned to run most of the way with a friend who, being twenty years younger and with a P.B. fifteen minutes faster, I hoped would drag me along a bit. However, a few weeks before, he developed an injury and did not enter.

From the supply of entry forms, through to the presentation, the organisation by Blacktown Council was of a high standard, even fussy; their mailing costs must be phenomenal! I have yet to receive the THIRD mail containing certificate and lapel pin!

On the morning of 20th. August at Town Hall, a surprisingly big field got away promptly in the chilly dark. Conditions were close to perfect as we strung out along Broadway. I half expected the grubby Parramatta Road to seem interminable but in fact found it quite pleasant, especially when I was greeted by a smiling and encouraging George McGrath in Lidcombe. The hills at Parramatta and beyond were a welcome change after the almost flat terrain between Ashfield and Church Street.

As the highest point on the course was approached in misty conditions, I started to pass strugglers; one from Dubbo said he wasn't used to the hills. Church Lane became Blacktown Road and now the strugglers were in groups. At the last corner I came up with Graham Firkin who needless to say, was certainly not struggling but taking things easy before the 24 hour track race. It was a privilege to run in with such an ultra-man. As we entered Francis Park and commenced the circuit of the grass oval, each name was announced, followed by one's home suburb or town, initiating a generous round of applause from the big crowd.

I was immediately presented with a finisher's medal and, praise be, a singlet (tired of too many torrid t-shirts!) and found I was to receive another medal for third place in the over 61s. The sun was out, my wife and youngest daughter were there and, contrary to the oft quoted "Never again" feeling, I can't wait to return in 1990. They had called it "The Tough One" but apart from some dirty stretches of Parramatta Road and the sloping road edges in parts of Blacktown Road, I had found the course quite reasonable and not, in my terms, very hilly. Above all, one knew throughout the journey that it was simply 'A to B', - "I shall not have to pass this way again".

THE LONGEST 10.6K RACE IN THE WORLD

Results of the Rugby Runners 1989 Spring Handicap. John Ayliffe.

He didn't win it this year. Up till then he always did, but this time there were cries of disbelief. You see, no-one can judge PACE the way Bryce Courtenay can judge pace.

It's hard just to finish the Longest 10.6k Race in the world, but believe me, it is much, much harder to guess your time. Particularly when all that's got to happen BEFORE you RUN, when you throw away your watch (it's an expensive run to enter, this little horror, \$5 winner takes all).

Over past runs, Bryce has been 5 seconds off, 6 seconds off, 3 seconds off and his minus 2 seconds feat was thought to be unbeatable, the Most Perfect 10.6k of Them All.

Bryce didn't run this year, but he saw the Start.

He saw the Finish too, when Vince Engel won in 40.0 dead.

And what did Vince guess? You guessed it: 40.0 dead. And who clicked the stopwatch?

Bryce Courtenay clicked the stopwatch. Doesn't fate move in extraordinary ways!

For the record, the first four placegetters nearest their times were Striders. Ivan Freys filled second (+0.09) and second outright (42.29). Hugh Spencer and Owen Denmeade deadheaded for third (+.15).

Alan Phillips reckoned he'd got into the places but Bryce, who saw the incident, thought Alan's tactic of stopping to a crawl 5 yards from the line, whilst 1.48 seconds in arrears was just a little bit suspect.

So there you are: life's tough. But nothing's tougher than the Longest 10.6k in the world.

OVERSEAS RAMBLINGS

Geoff Cox

Here are some ramblings from another O.S. Strider, Geoff Cox. Having read Matthew Kaley's article in the last 'Blister', I decided that it was time to put pen to paper myself.

I am currently sitting on a P&O ferry crossing from Dover to Ostend in Belgium. It is the beginning of a ten week Top Deck Tour to Kathmandu. We travel via Western Europe, the Middle East, Iran, Pakistan and India. I don't know how much running I will get done, apparently the Iranians don't take kindly to guys wearing running shorts.

I set out from Australia in early February with my girl-friend, Dianne. We traveled via the Maldives to Switzerland. We landed in Zurich to experience Switzerland in February. Having lived in Bathurst for the last four years I came prepared for, winter running. A cap, gloves, long johns and a thermal top were all I needed for a comfortable run by the shores of Lake Zurich.

We traveled around Switzerland, Austria and Germany for about two weeks before heading to England, where fellow Strider Ron Feeney had us to stay.

After spending a few weeks seeing the sights of London (yes, Nelson is still on his column and the Queen still resides in that big palace at the end of the Mall) we flew to Portugal for twelve days of running and relaxing at Club Acoteias in the Algarve. The trip was organised by a friend of Ron's, Mike Green. We went with about a dozen Brits, all members of the Old Gaytonians Athletics Club.

Club Acoteias is a resort set up for athletes. It has its own track and cross country course. Runners from all parts of Europe come and train in the warmth of the Portuguese sun.

Of course you can't run all day (unless you are Graham Firkin) so there are plenty of good restaurants and bars and the beach is only a short walk away.

You can't help but leave Club Acoteias reasonably fit. I got back to Britain in April to run some races. While traveling around the British countryside I came across a sign for a six mile fun-run in Bovey Tracey, a small town in Devon. I decided to have a run.

I didn't know what the opposition would be like, but I figured that I should do reasonably well. I couldn't imagine a Coe, Cram or Ovett showing up. I was right, the early pace was quite comfortable. I settled into the leading group. After a couple of miles there were only three of us together. At three miles it was just myself and one other. We were striding along nicely when all of a sudden, sign-posting seemed to cease. We came to an intersection, the runner with me suggested the probable way to turn and the route back. The third runner followed. To cut a long

story short, we arrived at the finish and crossed the line first, only to be disqualified for running the wrong way. What hurt most was that we had actually run further than the declared winner.

Two weeks later, I was back in London, hoping for a good run in the Harrow 10k. The field was slightly stronger than at Bovey Tracey. I ran a PB of 33.31 to finish 70th.

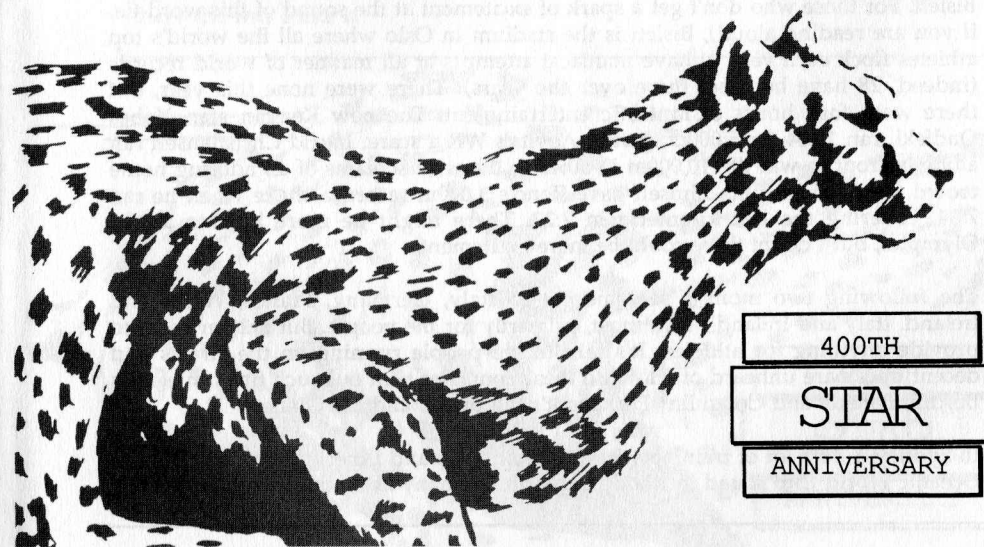
This time luck was running with me. As the fourth runner from Old Gaytonians to finish I was entitled to a team prize. We placed third in a very strong competition. My team included the race winner Phil O'Brien (6th 1986 Commonwealth Games Marathon) and the first Vet Mike Green (2nd Vet. 1988 City to Surf, 45 minutes).

I think perhaps that is enough rambling for one issue of the 'Blister'.

Since April we have been traveling in Scandinavia, Switzerland, Italy, Egypt and Israel. Not much running I'm afraid but plenty of good times and interesting stories to tell. We return home in early November. I'll be just in time for the summer and the triathlon season.

(Ron Feeney also ran the Harrow 10k in a time of just over 34 minutes. He has since been concentrating on 800m. with a best of around 1:56. He is showing that even marathoners can run fast).

The editor apologises to Geoff Cox for not getting this letter into the last issue of the 'Blister'. The Editor is also glad to note that other Striders are capable of running the wrong way in a race!



First things first. Graham Firkin, you're amazing. You have my sincerest congratulations and humblest respect for what you achieved. I'm only sorry that it took me so long to find out (the carrier pigeons really are a bit unreliable) So how on earth is anyone going to top that one?

More congratulations. I was browsing in a bookshop in Cardiff when I spotted a novel by our very own Bryce Courtney. I'd seen a few of his newspaper articles, but a novel is a different matter altogether. Best of luck with it Bryce.

I have traveled a great deal since I wrote for the last 'Blister' in May and I have made a point of trying to see some Athletics during my travels. Seeing that some of these meetings have been brilliant and that my own running has not, I will tell you some of my impressions of Athletics in Europe and keep it brief about my own exploits.

After returning from Jersey, I met up with a Welsh friend. Liz Francis, and some of her friends from Cardiff, we headed to Newcastle for the U.K. Championships. Most of the top Brits were there, the star run probably being that of Steve Cram beating Eamon Martin in the 5,000m. Strange though, the meet was held on a little six-lane track at Jarrow, while the super stadium at Gateshead ten miles away remained unused. AAA politics, I was told. This is reassuring, isn't it, to see that athletics administration is inept all over the world.

I headed to Europe in mid-June and traveled extensively by train. This almost inevitably leads to bad eating, sporadic sleep and poor quality training, sadly, (for me) resulting in a steady decline in performances. On the other hand, though, I did get to see Bislett.

Bislett. For those who don't get a spark of excitement at the sound of this word (ie, if you are reading aloud), Bislett is the stadium in Oslo where all the world's top athletes flock each year to have maniacal attempts at all manner of world records (indeed, 28 have been set there over the years). There were none this year, but there were four hours of fantastic entertainment. The new Kenyan star, Yobes Ondieki, ran 13:04 for 5,000m, giving Aovita's WR a scare. Ingrid Christiansen ran alone in front to win the 10,000m in 30:43 to the wild screams of an adoring home crowd. And Said Aovita himself gave Rono's 3,000m record a shake when he ran 7:34, covering the last kilometre in 2:23. There might be more honour at the Olympics, but I doubt there could be more excitement.

The following two months saw me get to Italy, Germany, France, Wales and Ireland. Italy and Ireland I love most, primarily for the people. But neither seem to provide anything for athletes. It's rare to see people running on the streets and decent tracks are unheard of. How do these countries turn out such fine athletes as Bordin, Panetta and Coughlin? Perhaps it's the pizzas and the Guinness!

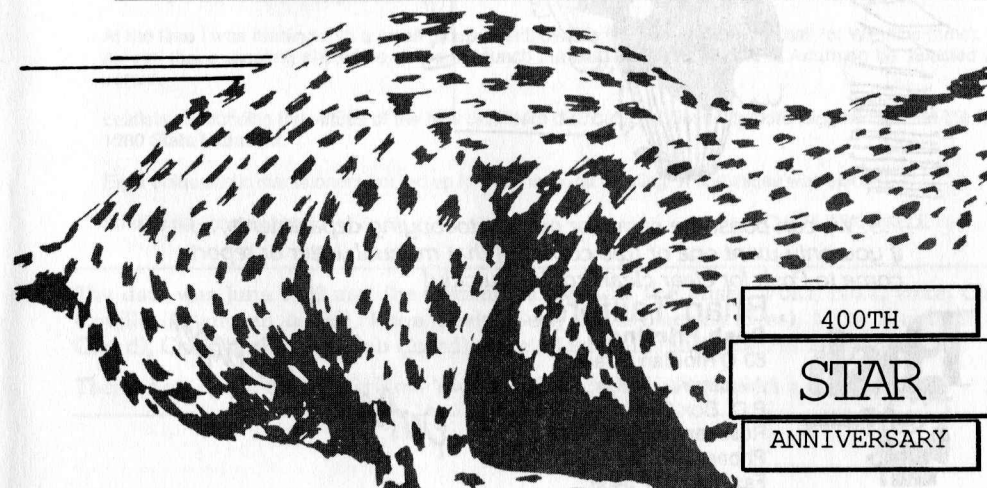
In Sydney, I do a lot of training with Elizabeth Rose and I met up with her and the Oceanic World Cup squad in Rhode in North Germany in the middle of August.

They have excellent facilities at their disposal, but it always amazes me the number of people that tag along as 'officials' and then proceed to do nothing except get in the way. They could send more athletes instead, who are more worthy of the airfare.

From Rhode it is only a short journey to Koln (Cologne) and I too the opportunity to see the Weltklasse Meeting there. And Said Aovita stole the show. He said that he would take Rono's 3,000m record and after many near misses, this time he did it. Running early with Ondieki, he needed a 58 second last lap to do it. He kicked and came home in 7:29. The noise the 40,000 strong crowd managed to make was incredible, but even above that, the chanting of the Moroccan supporters could be clearly distinguished. Athletics in Europe is popular and the spectators all had a good knowledge of what he had just done. An incredible atmosphere. (To put it in perspective - have you ever tried to run a 400m lap in 60 seconds? Try seven and a half of them in a row!). Or another perspective - remember the fabled four minute mile? Well, he went through the mile in 3:59 and kept going for another three and a half laps at the same pace.

Three days later I saw the meet in Koblenz. The highlight there was a world record by the Santa Monica Track Team (Carl Lewis and co.) in the 4x400m. They ran 1:19, which translates to less than 20 seconds for each 200m. Koblenz was also an important meet for the Oceanic Squad. Particularly good runs came from Dave Paulin (3:38 in the 1,500m) and Simon Doyle (3:39 for the 1,500m).

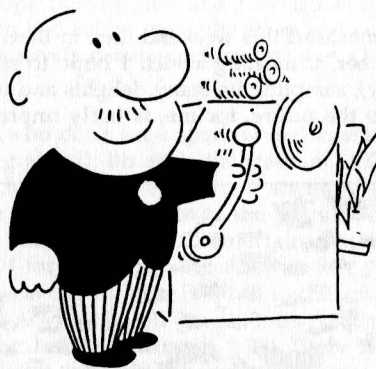
The squad are running in Gateshead this weekend then in Barcelona for the world cup on the 8th-10th September, a meeting which I hope to see. At the moment though, I am in Verona (Italy), sampling its many delights and it will be with great regret that I will leave it. So the future, for me, is fairly unpredictable. But then, that's the way I like it.



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Perfection on paper

THE 'FOUR HUNDREDTH STaR' ISSUE OF THE 'BLISTER'.

The Editor

In putting together this issue of the 'Blister', I had a chance to borrow a full set of 'Blisters' from Nobby, going right back to Number 1. While I couldn't say that I read every single article, I did read more than about fifty percent.

To read back 'Blisters' is to get the flavour of the founding of the 'Striders' and how hard a lot of past (and very many current 'golden oldies') have worked in order to keep the Club in good shape. An enormous amount of energy is hidden between the lines of early 'Blisters' and there is no doubt that this energy remains, to a considerable extent, the mortar which keeps the 'Striders' in such good shape today.

The 200th STaR edition of 'The Blister' was 80 pages and appeared on the streets in April 1985. The Editor was Bill Flanagan, the Club President was Carol Ludington and the Vice (appropriately enough) was Nobby Young. The circulation was 280, a sign of the running boom, or alternatively, the absence of a circulation audit!

The 200th STaR Blister is also interesting for the article written by Charles Coville about the formation of the Sydney Striders and following is the an extract of the most relevant part of that article:

STRIDERS - THE BEGINNING.

I was brought up on the concept that the only way one could train for a marathon was to run long on the weekend in the company of fellow runners.

So when I arrived in Australia back in 1978, I sought a club that would offer me the appropriate training and comradeship.

Since no such club existed in and around the Artarmon area I was confronted with 2 options - I could either infiltrate an existing club in another area and exert the necessary influence or I could start a club from scratch.

I didn't believe that an existing club would take too kindly to some Jaapie ultra-marathoner telling them how they ought to be training for marathons. The easier way out was to establish a new club.

How to put the concept into practice?

At the time I was running with a small group of enthusiasts including Dave Blackhall (of Westline fame). It was agreed that a meeting should be called to launch the club and that our unit in Artarmon be selected as the venue.

Leaflets expounding the virtues of the new club were distributed at Nosh, Harbord Diggers 14k and the famous 1980 State Marathon.

Eight enthusiastic marathoners fronted up for the inaugural meeting. A committee was elected

Striders had come of age.

CHARLES COVILLE

The date was June 1980 and the Committee listed in The Blister Vol.1, No.1, were: Charles Coville (Chairman & Ed), Rhon Levin (Sec), Dave Blackall (Tres), Mike Bingham STaR Coord), Chris Burke (East Sub Coord), Bernie Liebmann(Ent), Sue Hill.(Fem rep).

There is no doubt that all Striders 'owe' Charles and his co-founders a great debt.

Dateline 10 October 1982: Hector Road, Willoughby, the Sue Hill abode, six-thirty in the morning. The rest of this Sunday morning is a little difficult to remember, because, (1) it was seven years ago, and (2) I wouldn't mind forgetting it. This was the first time in my life that I had run with a group of people in anything but a race.

In those days there was only one Start-time, unless you wanted to run with the "Informal slow group" (the Dot Flanagan Brigade). There I was, out there at the front, going like a train. The first 10k was a load of fun, talking my head off, making a heap of new friends, running through parts of Sydney I never knew existed.

I can remember running the first 15k like it was a race, then gradually slowing down. By 20k a lot of walking was taking place - by me, but not by many others of the group. By 25k most of the others had passed me by with a few words of encouragement, and I was closely scrutinising my map for the shortest way back to Sue's house. There are vague memories of making it through the bush section around Middle Head. There I met a few Japanese soldiers who had been living rough in there since 1945, but they declined my invitation to return to civilisation - one glance at my condition convinced them they were better off where they were.

Emerged near Spit Junction, and by this time it was me and me alone. Didn't mind at all, because each time a Strider had come past I had felt obliged to run, and boy did it hurt.

Mightily relieved to get back to Sue's, with only one thought in my head - to get home, have a Radox bath, and collapse into the land of nod. But these people were clearly not interested in that sort of activity - they were all standing around, drinking, eating, talking, for all the world as if they hadn't run at all. Managed to put a brave front on it for half an hour then snuck out and crawled home. Quick shower and into bed - didn't wake up until 8pm, quick snack then straight back to bed.

My diary entry for 10 October 1982 (yes, my diary goes even further back than that!) reads as follows: "Very tired, very sore, ran too fast, great bunch of people." Don't know why I went back the following week for Jim Donovan's Lindfield Lope Mark II - glutton for punishment I suppose, and in those days we only got half a SAO biscuit, a plastic cup of water, and shared a map between 20 runners - IF we were lucky. Glad I did go back though, must have been the company. Having learned from bitter experience, I managed this one much better, staying near the back of the group and remaining inconspicuous.

How times have changed! In those days, all STaRs began at the host's house, everybody creeping about so as not to wake the neighbours (except at Jim Donovan's, where the host claimed his neighbours "deserved all they got"). If 25 or 30 people turned up we thought it was the City-to-Surf. Seven years on, I still haven't learnt my lesson. (*What a pro, written to exact length!* - ED).

I read about the Striders in Tom Cantwell's column in the Daily Mirror. I was not a Mirror reader but an old school friend, a sometime runner, sent me a photocopy of the article. Copyright laws were of no concern.

Arrangements to attend my first Striders Run (which is a STaR - peculiar non-English word of unknown origins) were concluded with a work colleague.

The STaR was that now extinct beast "The Vaucluse Gallop" from 108 Hopetoun Avenue Vaucluse. I learned on the morning of the run that Hopetoun was a quiet residential neighbourhood in one of Sydney's better suburbs.

I say "quiet" for I am sure that usually was the case, but from 5.45 am onwards that Sunday morning in 1985, the street came alive with cars, runners talking, stretching and applying Vaseline. The various groups assembled and maps were distributed by the host, Bryce Courtenay. Who was Bryce Courtenay? I didn't know as -

- (i) it was probably too dark to see;
- (ii) I don't remember; and
- (iii) I only wanted to see if I could run about 25 kms (32.5 was too far).

Before the run I was told that a swim afterwards was the go, and this was an important fact in encouraging me to travel over the Bridge for the run. So far to go at such an ungodly hour. I was relatively new to running in 1985.

We set off at the appointed hour, map in hand, but soon my colleague was left behind and I was on my own with these recently met Striders. Some, me included, turned off at O'Sullivan Road, Rose Bay and headed for Bronte for what became the most spectacular clifftop run (now part of Harvey Blue's Bondi Lifesaver).

Passing along Bondi Beach I thought that a swim would be most welcome (pre known pollution), but I ran on, up Military Road to Dover Heights and on via Watsons Bay to the finish at 108 Hopetoun Avenue. I retrieved my car key from its hiding place behind the rear bumper and proceeded to stretch and dry off prior to donning a track suit. Now for that swim I had been promised.

I waited some time for my colleague to return but there was no sign of him, nor of other runners, so I assumed they had gone for their swim - but where? I remembered Bondi so that's where I headed - no Striders, but there was a tap for a much needed drink.

I trudged over the sand on tired legs and swam in a small surf, dried off and headed back across the Bridge and home.

Monday morning and my lost colleague appeared, asking what had become of me, which was explained, and then I learned that he had pulled out early in the run

and returned to the start where breakfast was laid out and an inviting swimming pool available. The mysterious swimming location had been revealed. But this talk of breakfast was all new.

I was reminded of this first STaR recently when I found the original map (no course directions) with holes, tears, print missing and obviously a little worse for wear from perspiration. Why I kept it I know not but it brought back memories of that first STaR, no breakfast and a lone swim. I have since discovered that Striders are a much more friendly lot than that first run indicated.



My first STaR run was in September 1983 when I was introduced to Sydney Striders via the publicity information for Phillip Caldwell's infamous 1983 Honolulu tour; a description of the trip would be unfit for publication in a family magazine! Let me just say that Phillip Caldwell fully deserved the alias of "Black Magic" he gained after one notorious night of cruising the Waikiki strip.

Oh yes, my first STaR run. Mistake number 1 was the choice of Bryce Courtenay's "Gap Gallop" as my introduction to the Striders. More like "Ga ga at the bloody Gap" if you ask me!

Having risen at the amazing hour of 5am on a Sunday, mistake number 2 (or should that be 3?) was actually taking part in the run and aiming for the full 30k option. This seemed bold yet reasonable as I'd already run my first Marathon by that time. I use the term "run" in its loosest possible sense. My agonised shuffle and walk through the final miles of the 1983 Wang Australian Marathon produced a disappointing 4.02 which in hindsight was about what I deserved, given the handful of times I'd run even 20 kilometres before race day.

Six years after the event, I really can't remember too much about actually running the September '83 Gap Gallop, but my memory of the people who ran that day is clear.

Nobby Young was there making a continuous noise and nuisance of himself. Brian Colwell loudly ordered everyone to break step when we crossed the Parsley Bay suspension bridge, but nobody took a bit of notice.

Mavis Garrick and Dorothy Flanagan kept the slow group together for the first few kilometres until a couple of speedsters, who shouldn't have been in the group anyway, picked up the pace and split everyone up. Bill Flanagan ran incredibly well for a man with a hangover who had only had two hours sleep.

That other little pest, Dave Williams, took a sneaky short-cut round Watson's Bay, got back to Bryce's place early and ate all the black jelly beans. Bernie King was about as fat as he is today. Bruce Murray endangered passing traffic with his elbows. Harvey Blue looked marvellous for his age.

I can recall being in reasonable shape by the cliff-top section around Tamarama, but the climb from Bondi Beach to Dover Heights really sorted me out. I can reasonably claim that I was knackered by The Gap.

Dot Siepmann, who I think ran her first STaR that day too and was also knackered, dragged me around Watson's Bay and back up the hill to the finish at Hopetoun Avenue, Vaucluse. After several minutes spent regaining some ability to stand, Bryce's dear old dog gave me a pitying look as I collapsed into the spa pool.

I met Carol and Herb Ludington. That was in the days before Herb was left speechless, terminally shocked and morally outraged when Silicon Tits performed an unmentionable act in his presence one Sunday in the Royal National Park.

After the spa, Dot Flanagan signed me up as a club member.

'PICKING IT UP A LITTLE'

Tony Crosby

With three months to go before the 1987 World Vets Marathon in Melbourne, I decided to join the Striders. I figured that running in a group would make my weekend long runs more enjoyable.

I pulled out an old Lane Cove Half Marathon form and found Bill Flanagan's phone number. Bill suggested that I turn up between 6 and 6.30 am on Sunday at Mackay Oval in Centennial Park.

Well, this would not be too bad I was thinking to myself, as I drove into the Park. After all, I had been in a marathon the year before and I was running 50 - 60kms per week. I arrived at the start at 6:15 to find about twelve blokes waiting and all looking as if they needed a good feed. One had a funny little towelling hat on.

Just before we start, I am handed a map. "Well, this looks like the lot", somebody said. "Let's go". No doubt they gave me a map because they thought that I would run away from the mob and, being new, I would need to be able to find my way around the course. Halfway round the park Ray Skinner introduces himself.

A little further on, a male and a female join the group (Tina & John). This will be a piece of cake.

Up the rise at the top of the park and up the stairs and I suddenly notice that there has been no drop off in pace.

"What pace do you run at", I ask Ray.

You will be alright - just keep it steady", replied Ray.

By the time we stopped for water at Edgecliff I was thinking: "This could be a little problem". By the time we got up the hill and over the Kings Cross tunnel, I knew I had more than a little problem. Anyway, they probably felt the same as me.

Down through the city, up past the observatory and over the Bridge, through Milsons Point, down to Blues Point. Stop for water - 'thank God' I am still with them but only just. We have passed quite a few others by this time.

Back up the hill out of Blues Point, over the Bridge once again and the mob are talking about *picking it up a little*. I hang on through Circular Quay.

I am at the back now.

Ray, who has been very kind to me, has taken off with Tina.

I stagger into the water stop at the Opera House. The bloke with the funny hat is going through the gates into Farm Cove as I go past the front of the Opera House.

Nobody from my group is left.

I latch onto a couple of other Striders and we help ourselves past the Boy Charlton Pool through Woolloomooloo up to Pott's Point.

"Want a girl, love?" asks one of the locals. (You would have to be joking!). I just want to get back to the park.

In Paddington I catch up to a "bronze Pommy" but his face is grey. He is also having a bad day. He tells me his name, Allan Phillips. "How far to go, mate?" "Not far now, just follow me."

I should have known better than to follow a Pom in Australia. Phillips has taken the wrong turn and we have gone up the biggest hill in Paddington. "Sorry, Tony, but I'm sure it goes along here somewhere.

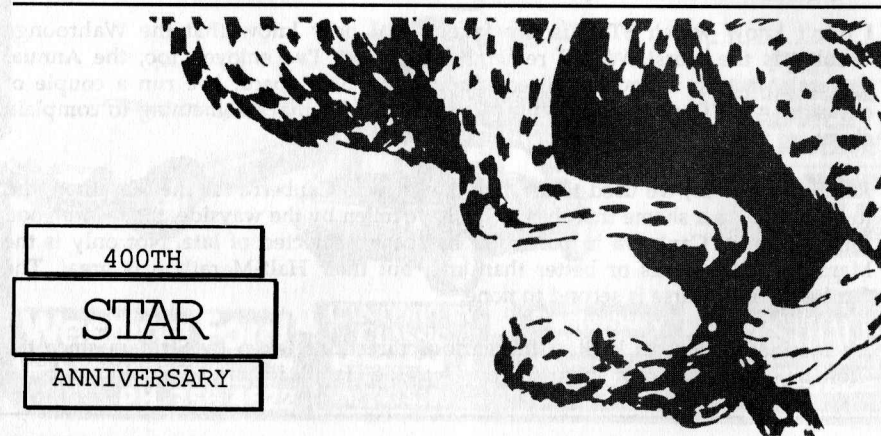
"Thanks a lot, Alan", I reply.

Then, there it is: The SCG and the Park?????Ray, Tina and the bloke in the hat (Ray Doran) have been in for ages.

As I drank the regulation Strider Coke and ate the regulation Strider Mars Bar, I thought to myself: Next week I will be back again, but I will start a bit earlier and run with the blokes who look like me - not the skinny ones.

By the way, the date - Sunday, 13th September -it should have been a Friday.

(For the benefit of new members, there are clues to the message hidden in this contribution. They are: 'Ray Skinner', 'Ray Doran', 'Tina & Jon', '6.15', '12 blokes', 'picking it up a little'. If this all seems a little deep, just think of the Strider Group you would rather not run with on your First STaR). Tony, this was an act of considerable, if foolhardy, bravery. ED.



THE CLONTARF CLAPP.

Bernie King.

I think it had a more athletic name, but that's how it felt after 30kms.

Scott Crawford phoned me the other day, I didn't quite remember him, but he reminded me of the days when I ran Sunday STaRs with the Sydney Striders. I did remember, but all that athletic stuff must have been when I was much younger. Perhaps I should take up bowls!

The idea behind all this is hopefully, an historical article on my first STaR. It should also have been my last. Why would anyone want to run 30 k in the first place? If I didn't have a need to run 30k I wouldn't have a need to join Striders. No marathons and I could have taken up bowls while my body was still up to it.

In 1982, I ran three marathons - 3.40, 3.25, and 3.26. They were just like fun runs for grown-ups. About this time, I had come across John Everett through the Hash House Harriers and the Lane Cove River Runners. John was an active Strider and convinced me that I should run 30k on Sundays as the basis of my marathon training.

My first STaR was therefore an effort starting and finishing in Clontarf Park. John Everett was the host. I finished with wobbly legs and headed for home with a piece of paper (telling you where to go the next week) and a green and white uniform. Sunday STaRs became almost a ritual, a mixture of strange people with obviously nothing better to do on a Sunday.

I met Alastair Mackie about this time and called him a Bastard; Alastair thought this was a term of endearment. Sam Daher used to run then, he was the world's fastest Lebanese. I don't think Sam runs any more but if he did, he would still be the world's fastest Lebanese. Brian Colwell used to shout 'Keep off the centre of the road'. No one ever got hit, I think Brian is just a noisy type. I still can't understand Terry McIver, he's really like Kar Wong, only with red hair. Kevin O'Kane's pies are always a highlight, but compared to what. The people involved through Striders are obviously more memorable than some of the runs.

I don't know which STaR is my favourite. I only know that the Wahroonga Wobble is the worst. We all remember our first. I've enjoyed too, the Annual General Meeting where we all complain about STaR pace. I've run a couple of occasions with Canberra's Stromlo Connection; now that's something to complain about.

Rambling further, we used to arrange bus trips to Canberra for the Marathon and to Bathurst. It's a shame that these trips have fallen by the wayside, they were good for club spirit. Canberra in particular has been neglected of late. Not only is the Marathon as good as or better than any, but their Half-Marathon is great. The Canberra Half course is second to none.

It's fascinating too, to look at the various directions taken by Striders since the Clontarf Clapp. The first splinter group was the Hamill inspired Triathlon mob.

Triathletes are very easy to identify, they wear tasteless gear, wear funny glasses and become very concerned about their age. I thought of turning triathlete but I can't swim, can't afford a bike and my hormones get out of balance when I shave my legs.

Nobby Young currently holds a World Record for running around in ever decreasing circles. He did this at Gladesville school and consequently invented Ultra Running. This is a strange evolution of distance running, they actually stop running and seem bent on going to Melbourne. Graham Firkin seemed to turn this Melbourne business into an art form.

Yet a further evolution from Striders' ranks has been that of people running Track. We've returned to our roots. Track runners are like 24-Hour runners who don't like the dark. Scott Lawrance was about the first to start running in spikes. Bill Flanagan makes a fair fist of it all whereas Mat Kaley has tried everything. As yet, no Strider has tried Javelin, Discus, Hammer or Shot Putt.

Back to the Clontarf Clapp. Striding tends to allow its members to drift off at tangents; Ultra Running, TRis and Track, but the basis of all of this remains the long Sunday run. I actually thought I'd try bowls until I found out spikes are cheaper. So much for the Clontarf Clapp and so much for an historical record of my first STaR! Sorry Scott.

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BEFORE MY FIRST STaR

Roger Rigby

My long and entirely mediocre running career has been marked by chance encounters with Striders.....

"You probably still think that you can still run like schoolboy....", said the physician, as he prodded and poked at the thirty-seven year old flab and residue of too many lunches, beers, Christmas parties and sheer wear and tear of having spent the previous eighteen years on the merry-go-round of printing production. Boy, those were the days ...and nights.

"Yep...", I said.

"Run a mile tonight and ring me tomorrow and give me a description of what happened...", he said.

It wasn't good.

"Alternate lamp-posts, at best...", I said in my sheepiest tone.

"You're not immortal, you know...", said he.

Running along Fox Valley Road one Sunday morning with local 'joggers' (hadn't graduated to 'running' yet) and we are passed by a large group going at a great rate.

"They're the Striders...", said my mate, George Parsons.

"Who are they?, I said.

"The Sydney Striders, they're a marathon club, one of my neighbours, Bernie King, runs with them..." he said.

"You ought to give them a go, they are very organised and run 30k every Sunday...", said George.

"Do you belong to the Striders?"

"Nope, they're too hard for me, the time I went, Bernie ran with what they call the fast group and I ran with the slow group. Didn't see Bernie until the next day going to work".

It all sounded pretty fierce.

Reading an industry magazine (I won't say what industry, it only upsets Nobby), and there's this picture of runners outside the North Sydney R.U.Club.

"Anyone in the industry (I won't mention what industry, it only upsets Nobby) are welcome to run at lunchtime and race on Friday's.....", said the caption under the photo.

There are vaguely familiar faces from the distant past (the 'those were the daysand nights' past).

I recognised some of them as fellas who I had worked with at some stage of the game. (I could mention their names, but that would only identify the industry and that would only upset Nobby).

This is a bit amazing. I make enquiries amongst my industry spies.

"You wouldn't know and ,they are running marathons now and belong to some club called the Striders", said the spy. "You're a runner", he said, "and you're the same age as them, why don't you run a marathon?"

"I'm not immortal you know", I said.

A big work project coming up and I've got to get really fit for this. The trouble is, 15k seems like the edge of man's known physiological world. George says that the barrier to break is 20k, then you are on your way.

So we start to go 20k every Sunday or so.

"You've got to learn to run without stopping and to go without water for long periods", said George.

"Yeah, I know, it's in the Derek Clayton book".

I could never understand how anyone could drink water while they run anyway, I thought to myself.

We got in a lot of sleep on the weekends as a result of the new program. Up at six, run until 8.30 (doesn't seem too bad, two and a half hours for 20k, we say to ourselves). Home to breakfast and then to bed until 3pm. There is no point in staying up, as it is too exhausting to talk and, anyway, all I want to do when I am awake, is to drink water.

I meet one of my oldest mates, David Donnelley, one day and we get onto the subject of running. (God, has this boy got guts and stamina).

"YOU DON'T DRINK WATER....?", he yelled.

"YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR TINY MIND. YOU'LL WRECK YOUR KIDNEYS AND GOD KNOWS WHAT ELSE!", he yelled again.

"THE ONLY WAY YOU WILL GET TO RUN A MARATHON IS TO JOIN THE STRIDERS", he yelled for the third time. (Dave is not normally demonstrative, so he must have meant what he said).

"Not that lot, you're all mad", I said, as reeled from the mention of 'that' club again.

The big work project comes and goes and I decide that I had better get my act together if I am going to run my first marathon. Once you start talking about it you eventually have to deliver.

Besides, at the age of 44, you really know that you are not immortal.

I decide that the best training is solo. After all, a marathon is an intensely personal event and you need to practice for this. Other people only distract you from running and, in the worst cases, are likely to stop for a drink or even walk the hills. In any case, George and my regular running mates have dropped off and I need a new approach and circuit.

My wife, Sandi, was a demon runner at this time, but, luckily, she got a bad knee, so there was no risk of her running a marathon first. This was a stroke of luck as the program couldn't have coped with a major threat like that. However, I owe her the compliment of being the catalyst in my search for a new Sunday run.

She took up swimming.

Now, because everyone in Wahroonga is filthy rich, there are no heated public pools within a bull's roar of our place. Everyone has their own private, heated, indoor pool and boy, are they mean about opening their doors to a stranger who wants to do three hundred laps on a Sunday afternoon.

We scout around and settle on the Aquatic Centre at Allambie Heights, mainly so that I could run there and get a lift back with Sandi. She was lucky that the pool is heated as she would have had a rough time that winter, I can tell you.

One way at first. Wahroonga to Alambie is about 14-15k, perhaps a bit more. Out through St Ives, down into Davidson Park, through Bungaroo, up the Cascades Track, along Blackbutts Road, down the Forest Way, along Wakehurst Parkway, over the concrete foot-ridge and a last sprint to amaze the locals.

Was I ever impressed with myself. I ran it in 86 minutes. Without stopping. Without a drink of water. And did it ever beat running around in circles. This time I went from a point A to a point B and there were no other runners around to slow me down, or to distract me from my pursuit of excellence.

After a few weeks I improved. This I deduced from the fact that I only had to go to bed for two hours instead of four hours.

Then came the really macho bit. I read Derek Clayton's book again. Mega-mileage is the road to medals.

Right, there and back this weekend. No distractions. No eating before the start. No water. No stopping. No variation of pace. Remember Percy and the sand-hills. Attack all hills. Take no prisoners.

One hundred and sixty-eight minutes. there and back without so much as a pause. At least 30k and probably 33k. Who knows. The things I remember most are extraordinary weight loss, extremely dry skin with the feel of salt, the almost total elimination of the ability to speak and a urinary colouration equivalent to seriously overdosing on Myadec multi-vitamin capsules. Great. Now I knew what it felt like to be a semi-marathon runner. I was on my way.

This I did no less than twelve or fifteen times that year. Possibly four hundred k without a drink of water (I exaggerate here, as I did start to take a drink from the bubbler at Blackbutt Oval, that is, until the local council in it's wisdom, dumped about twenty tons of top dressing on it, which effectively cut of my water so to speak).

Any improvement? No doubt about it. When I got home, I could stay up and have lunch before going to bed and the stiffness went by Wednesday instead of Thursday.

I'm standing outside the lifts in our brand new building and the doors open.

A MAN WITH A BIKE GETS OUT!

This is unreal, but not nearly as unreal as the gear he has got on. Anything can happen in the industry (can't mention the name as it will only upset Nobby). Clothes are statements. These particular clothes stated thatSydney Pty Ltd had suddenly employed a Tour de France factory rider. Definitely not a 'domestique'.

Had I but known it, at that very split second, my running career took a dramatic turn for the better.

Later on: "You run a bit?"

"Yes, doing a marathon soon....",

"Great. Why don't we have a run one lunch-time?"

"Have you done one?"

"Yes, but I prefer tri's".

"How many marathons have you done?"

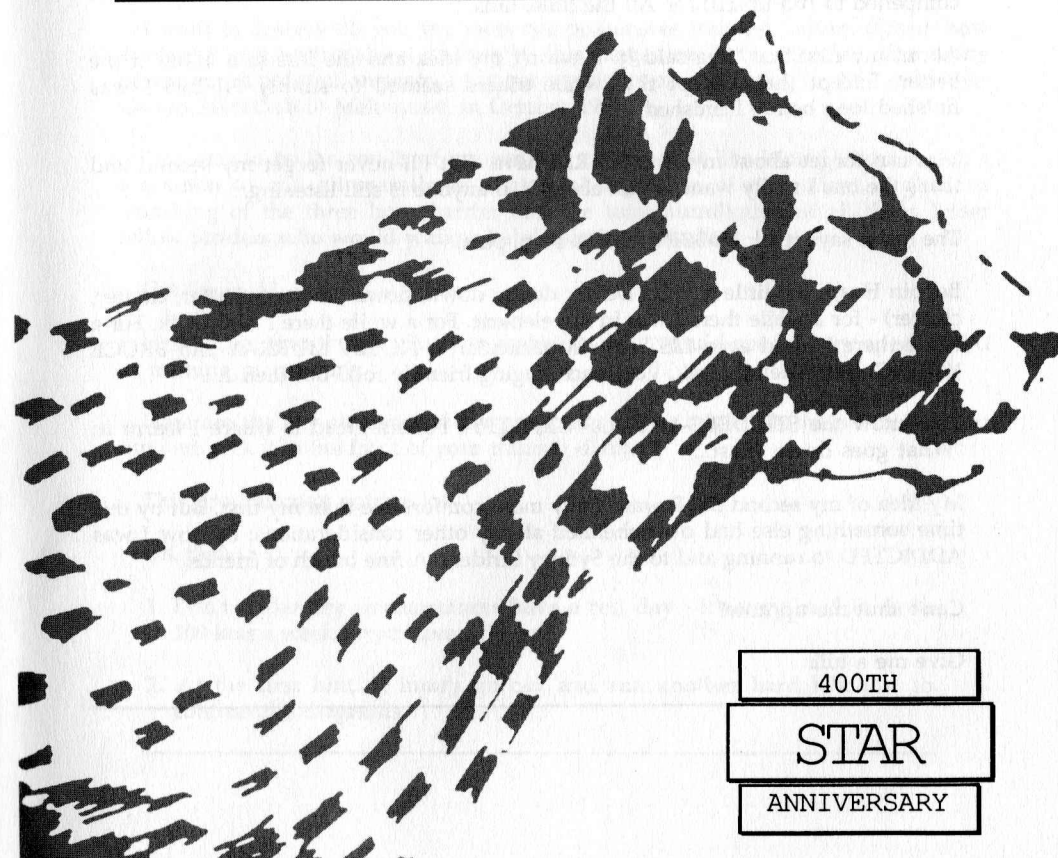
"About sixteen or so".

(God, I think, the Tour de France *and* sixteen 'or so').

".....plenty of water..... there's no disgrace in stopping.....no one trains at race pace, not even Deek..... no need to run seven days a weekThe Striders..... next Sunday..... Drummoyne.....you'll already know some of them.....".

"G'day, my name's Nobby and I'm the President. It'll cost you 30 bucks to join but you get a bit off because it's half way through the year".

Thanks PK.



400TH

STAR

ANNIVERSARY

A FINE BUNCH OF FRIENDS

(John Ayliffe's account of his First Star.
Only the names have been changed to protect the guilty).

My idea of my first STaR wasn't anything like what it turned out to be. I was told I'd be running with friends. "People, just like you and me," said my friend Bryce Hamill as I was struggling back from Mosman Rovers one Friday (I had, of course, in a past life, before I was a runner and living in Mosman, struggled back from The Rovers on many an occasion. But with Bryce, Alex Courtenay, Spencer McCarthy and company, the phrase took on new meaning, and I didn't know which was worse).

"Friends," he'd said. What kind of a 'friend' would encourage you to form an addiction that was to drag you out of bed before dawn on the day you used to sleep in!

My idea of my first STaR isn't worth discussing here because I wasn't able to do what comes natural to me, which is, TALK.

I love to talk. But how can anyone THINK let alone CHATTER when you're compelled to run up HILLS. All the time, hills.

About my first Star, I've said it: it wasn't my idea and the less said about it the better. Except that...except that while others seemed to simply FINISH I was finished long before I finished.

You can forget about my first STaR. I have. But I'll never forget my second and that's the one I really want to talk about it, if anyone is still listening.

The name says it all: BOBBIN HEAD. Pain, pain.

Bobbin Head, the little tricker. Down, down, down, down (chatter, chatter, chatter, chatter) - for a while there I was in my element. For a while there I could talk. For a while there I could even LISTEN - in particular to NOBBY MURRAY and BRUCE YOUNG. Very friendly folk. Very encouraging friendly folk. But then . . .

You know the STRIDERS LAW OF GRAVITY? Bobbin Head is where I learnt it: "What goes down must..."

My idea of my second STaR wasn't any more comfortable than my first. But by this time something else had overwhelmed all my other considerations: by now I was ADDICTED to running and to the Sydney Striders. A fine bunch of friends.

Can't shut me up now?

Give me a hill.

DARTH VADER DISRUPTS 1987 WORLD VETS GAMES

by Alan Phillips

A bit late to be writing about the 1987 Vets, I hear you say.

Give me a break! There I was minding my own business, struggling through a series of 800 reps on Mosman Oval with Ayliffe when out of the blue he says, "We need an article for the next Blister by Friday." Bugger you, I replied. "Mate, mate," he says, "I'm serious, I sat up all last night trying to edit a 7,000 page article from Alf Field about how he and Firko lashed each other all the way to Melbourne on a diet of stewed grass clippings and tank water. I got it down to 20 pages by knocking out most of the references to pain, but by the time I'd finished I thought what we need in the Blister is a bit more of what the average Sydney Strider can identify with. You know the sort of thingmaybe a page or two along the lines of "Training for Failure" or "Close Encounters with Injury".

"What about it Al, you're a bloody expert at that sort of thing."

With that kind of flattery, how could I possibly refuse?

I want to share with you my most comprehensive training failure. (funny how everyone else writes about success in this magazine, isn't it?) Well, like many others in the order of ancients, I had set my sights on competing in the World Vets Games Marathon in Melbourne, in October 1987.

This was to be the zenith of my running career; a bit like World War I really; a marathon to end all marathons, that final explosion of raw talent, a glorious smashing of the three hour barrier and the total humiliation of all those lesser fellow Striders who would wallow helplessly in my wake.

Get the idea?

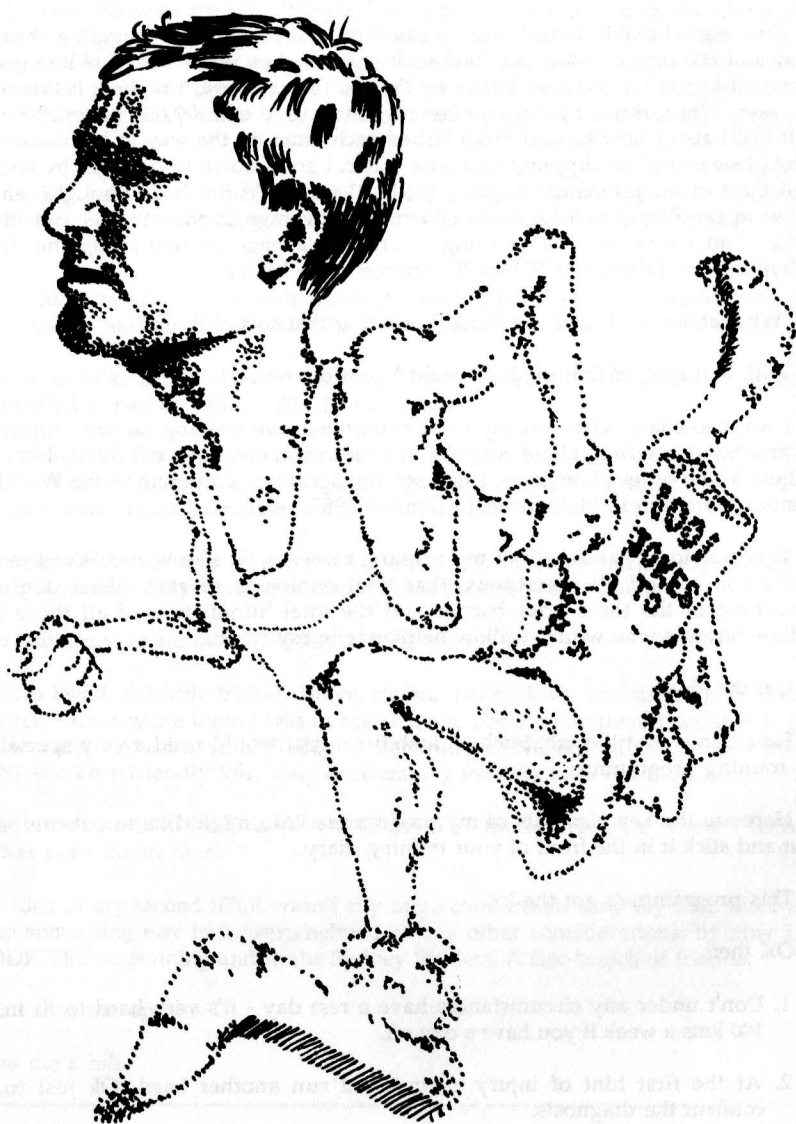
First things first though. Such an ambitious goal would need a very special kind of training programme.

Here are the key elements of my programme. You might like to cut this section out and stick it in the front of your training diary.

This programme's got the lot.

OK then.

1. Don't under any circumstances have a rest day - it's very hard to fit in 100 kms a week if you have a day off.
2. At the first hint of injury go out and run another hard 10k just to confirm the diagnosis.



3. Start your running week on Sunday with the STaR. Run it hard, don't stay with your group, tear off like it's a race and make sure you run it faster every week. I can't over-emphasise this point, its most important to get out of bed on Monday stiff and sore and hardly able to walk.
4. If you have followed point 3 carefully, you are now ready for the Monday recovery run. (you can't do a satisfactory recovery run unless you give yourself something really worthwhile to recover from.) Choose a really tough course - I used the North Sydney Runners 10.6k lunchtime run. The secret to success here is to go for a PB each Monday.
5. We are up to Tuesday now. If you have followed the plan, your quads, hamstrings and achilles are all sore and tender. Ignore them. Your run today will be somewhat slow, mainly because you will be incapable of any better and anyway you are going to have it out with Darth Vader tomorrow.
6. Wednesdays run must be 18 - 20 kms, have as many steep hills as possible. Don't muck about with this one, give it everything. Run like hell. You must try to knock a minute off this run each week. The course I use for this has come to be known as Darth Vader. I have a very special kind of relationship with DV - we hate each other. Some have said that I am obsessed with DV, I've heard them whispering behind my back in the change room.
7. Thursday and Friday's runs should be on your favourite 10 km course again and should be as close to flat out as possible (don't worry about that aggravated plantar fascia, I can show you a way to tape that so you can keep running on it).
8. Saturdays, run must be done slowly - don't forget you've got that bloody STaR again tomorrow. Taking this run easy should be no trouble as you will barely be able to walk by now if you've followed the programme closely.

Some precautions. You may set the odd virus or two along the way with Alan's schedule. Don't worry, you can cope with most of them with a combination of a temporary increase in mileage to say 110 kms a week and perhaps a slight increase in pace. Stabbing pains across the shoulder and chest are similarly dealt with - the worst that can happen here is a coronary and even then I am told you get enough warning to hit the stop button on your watch so you don't lose the time before you black out.

Let us now make an objective assessment of the success of my finely honed programme. I would have to say that by following my schedule religiously for 16 weeks, I reached the highest level of physical fitness of my running career. My

peak condition was achieved only a day or two before I experienced the greatest medical breakdown I have ever had. It went something like this. Wednesday arrived; the day of the lunchtime attack on Darth Vader; my painful protagonist. A wacking great PB was on the agenda. Ignore the steamy 35 degree heat and don't bother to stop for a drink - only sissies do that. Yes, I got stuck right in to it. I did get a PB (by 5 secs) after having lost nearly 5 minutes in the last 5 kms.

At the end I was a retching, incontinent mess. With five weeks to go before the Vets, I experienced three separate viral attacks including an especially nasty little number that nibbles your gonads, putting you to bed for a week.

As well, I enjoyed a fine evening in the cardiac emergency unit at RNS Hospital, but that's another story.

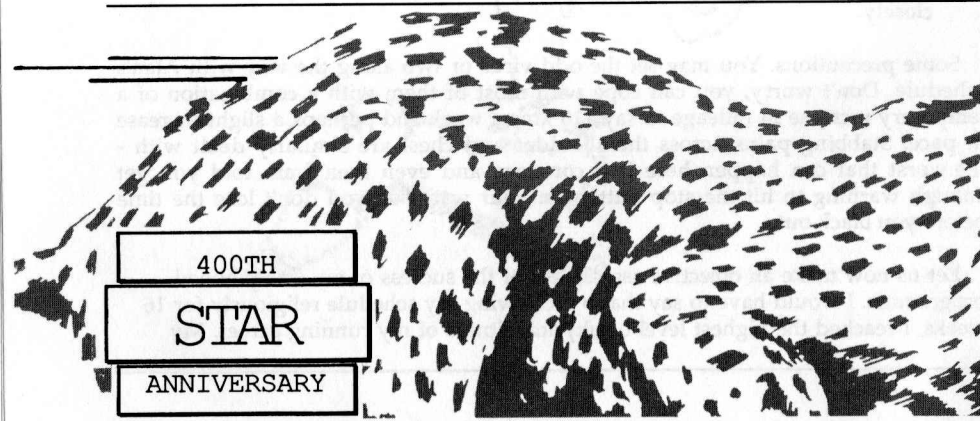
I didn't make it to the Vets. The closest I got was a phone call to the restaurant in which you lot were enjoying yourselves afterwards.

What's to be learned from this experience?

Easy! You see, I've had plenty of time to analyse it now. The 'programme' was basically a 20 week training schedule. With the benefit of hindsight it is obvious where I went wrong. I should have made it a 24 week programme to allow for injuries, hospitalisation, etc.

You will all be pleased to learn that two years later I am giving my revised version of the programme a try. I don't want to give away too many of the details at this stage but I can say that it has the additional key feature of a very rapid build-up of distance in the initial 4 weeks - from 30kms a week to 95kms a week.

So far, so good. I was discussing the new plan with my physio the other day (while she was working on my injured knee) and she thought it was a fantastic plan.....



WILL SOMEBODY PLEASE TELL ME HOW I GET ROOTED?

By Alf Field

I grew up in a very sheltered society. It was only after my first marathon, as the runner next to me staggered across the finish line and sank to the ground with a sigh which was a mixture of anguish and satisfaction, that I first heard the words: "I'm rooted."

Runner after runner, with the same sigh, muttered "I'm rooted." I was puzzled and wondered what on earth they meant, but did not want to reveal my ignorance by asking someone.

I decided to do some research. First I looked up the words "root" and "rooted" in my tattered copy of the Oxford English dictionary, but they didn't appear there. Then I checked to see whether they derived from Latin or Greek roots, to no avail. Nowhere could I discover what those runners meant when they said "I'm rooted".

The first clue I got was after the City to Surf Run, when I heard some runners saying that they felt "almost rooted after running 14k. Now I knew, at least, one is **actually rooted** somewhere beyond that.

I got my second clue during my next marathon, which was in Canberra. I had just picked up some water at the 32k drinks table and was having a quiet walk while I decided whether I was "going for a time" or "just going to finish", when Dale Thompson ran past me.

"How're you going Dale?" I yelled.

"Pretty good," she replied, "if I can keep going I should do a PB, but I'm starting to feel rooted."

There were those words again. Now, here was an opportunity to find out what they meant. I put on a spurt and caught up to her.

"I'll see you to the Finish", I offered.

Which is what I did. I ran with Dale for the last 10k but, apart from some heavy breathing, by her, I didn't notice anything unusual.

We finished together in 3 hours 11 minutes something, a 10 minute PB for Dale. She threw her arms around me and hugged me.

"Thanks for helping me", she said, "I'm rooted."

I couldn't believe it. I had been right there, right with her, but I had missed it. The happening (the 'rooting').

Dale was ecstatic. I didn't know whether this was because she had done a PB or because she had been rooted.

All was not lost. I had at least learnt one new thing. I had isolated the phenomenon some more. Getting rooted was obviously something that happened somewhere after 32k.

I still didn't want to reveal my ignorance by asking somebody what this expression meant. I decided that the only way I could discover what it was, was to keep running marathons, taking careful note of what happened between 32k and 42k.

I ran 5 marathons in 4 months. Each time I got to 32k I slowed down, sometimes even to walking pace. With ears pricked and all senses alert, I would cover the final 10k's. Nothing ever happened.

I have finally given up. I admit my ignorance. Will somebody please tell me how I get rooted in the last 10k of a marathon?

THOUGHTS ABOUT THE "PALM BEACH - MANLY" AND COMEBACKS

Alan Phillips

So my fifth come-back of 1989 is under way. Yes the fifth! Admittedly, the last four were fizzers, a couple of half-hearted attempts at a STaR followed by another long lay-off and endless excuses and broken undertakings to those that would see my return to oops! attempt at greatness.

I know it's November and it seems hardly worth a comeback so late in the year but now I've got two inspirational forces at work on me that may just tip the balance.

The first is the looming spectre of the Palm Beach to Manly horror. That's right. It's not long now is it? Around the first week in January I think. Hardly any time at all really.

Now, I bet I'm not the only one lined up in the dark at Palm Beach SLSC at 5am, still full of Christmas pudding; almost no training under the belt and no taxi-money down the sock, wondering what the devil they are doing there, and how to end up in Manly still on their feet.

It all came flooding back to me a couple of weeks ago when I was doing my comeback ice-breaker on the Barrenjoey Bash.

For those who haven't tried it the BJB is a carefully crafted, torture chamber. It's the only out and back run in the world that's uphill all the way - unless you do the abseiling section that is.

This little pearler was designed by Alf Field and John Ayliffe who I used to regard as friends.

I musn't digress. There I was then with the six o'clock group which, incidentally, included that other multiple comebackee, Graham Butler who is seemingly trying to exceed me in the unsuccessful comeback stakes of 1989, when I found myself at, where else but the Palm Beach SLSC. A wave of weakness swept over me as I realised that I was miles further on than the 15km cut-off that I was planning to take and that I was now hopelessly committed to at least 26 kms - 10 kms further than my longest run for months.

By then the advance guard of a faster group, whose faces I barely remembered, had just snuck through and the male members were hanging out in the gents loo attending to their ablutions.

I think it was the smell that rammed home those memories. That charged blend of heatrubb, flatulence and steaming piss that reminded me of the soon-to-come PBM race. Same scene, different occasion.

That one experience filled me with fear, but stiffened my resolve to somehow get into real shape for that awful race.

I mentioned two inspirational forces didn't I?

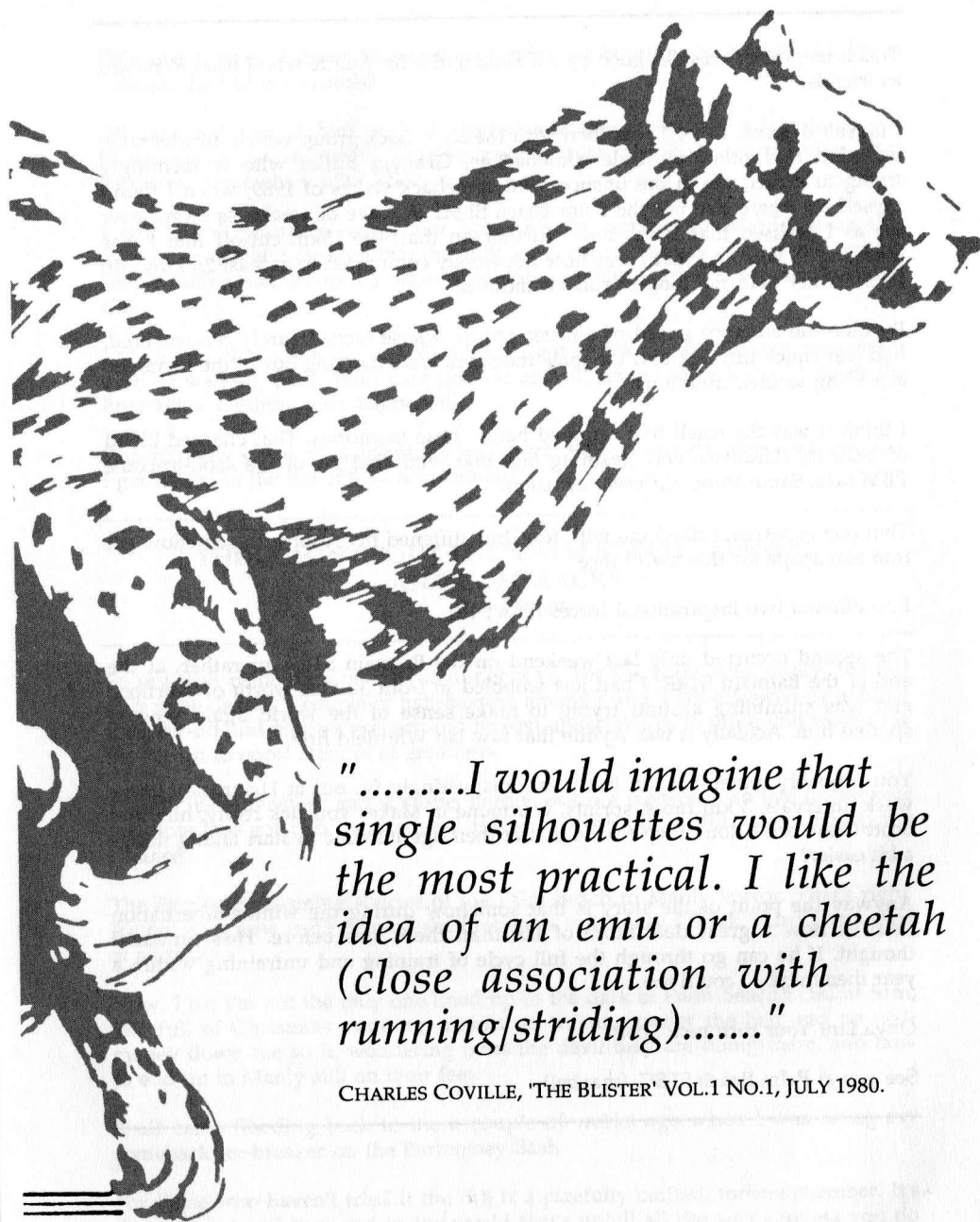
The second occurred only last weekend on the Balmain STaR, or rather, at the end of the Balmain STaR. I had just wobbled in from 30 kms worth of exertions and was stumbling around trying to make sense of the world again when I spotted him. Actually it was Ayliffe that saw Ian Whitfield first.

You probably remember Ian last year - disgustingly fit, out at Hemmsley every week, intervals, 3 km races, sprints, you name it. Makes you sick really, him and Scott Crawford - don't they realise that at their age it's time to start taking things a bit easier?

Anyway the point of the story is that somehow during the winter hibernation there is now a great deal more of Ian than there was before. He's human I thought. If he can go through the full cycle of training and untraining within a year then maybe I could too.

Onya Ian! Your turn next Scott!

See you at Palm Beach SLSC. (maybe!)



".....I would imagine that single silhouettes would be the most practical. I like the idea of an emu or a cheetah (close association with running/striding)....."

CHARLES COVILLE, 'THE BLISTER' VOL.1 NO.1, JULY 1980.

THE CHEETAH

Tina Campbell

The cheetah (our club symbol, as if you didn't know) is on the endangered species list - we hope this is not indicative of the club! In our small way we hope to help prevent this animal's demise by sponsorship of the cheetah at Dubbo's Western Plains Zoo. The committee has therefore donated \$250 for a one year sponsorship. Apart from helping with the cheetah's board and breakfast at WPZ (no cheetah at Taronga) the Club will receive 10 passes which can be used at either zoo. These passes will be allocated via a ballot draw from the club membership list at a later date.

A plaque with our club name will be on show at the 'Hallstrom Square' in Taronga Zoo under the cheetah sign showing we have sponsored this animal. The following is an article on the cheetah prepared for us by the Animal sponsorship department at Taronga Zoo.

The Cheetah is a highly endangered member of the cat family. This cat is unusual in that it has many of the characteristics of a dog. It has non-retractable claws, which give it extra grip and thus enhance its speed potential. Over short distances the cheetah is the fastest land animal. capable of reaching 100 km/h.

Like dogs, its long legs and muscular conformation equip it to chase rather than to creep up on its prey; in fact, the victim is just as likely to drop from exhaustion as from the actual attack. Although when this is not the case the cheetah is adept in tripping a tiring animal and then coming in for the kill (Ed's note: note the resemblance to the club's figurehead).

Even in the wild cheetah do not breed easily. (Ed's note: again note the similarity with the club's figurehead) It is believed that at some time in the past some disease almost eradicated Africa's cheetah population so that a genetic bottleneck was created. Because they are all distantly related, cheetah have a history of infertility and high infant mortality. Zoos all over the world are co-operating to try and breed this superb animal back from near total extinction.

The birth of three cheetah cubs at WPZ in June 1987 was an important step forward in this worldwide breeding programme, all males, Tsavo, Mikumi and Kibo were the first cheetah cubs successfully bred in Australia. Two of this litter have gone to New Zealand to help in another breeding programme. The other male cub, 'Tsav', has remained in the WPZ breeding programme.

In October 1988 a second litter of two cubs was born, Ovambo and Nakuru. The success of the WPZ breeding programme has been largely due to the dedication of zoo staff and to the design of the facilities which have enabled the zoo to replicate not only the habitat but their normal social behaviour.

For all their ferocity as hunters, cheetah are capable of being trained. They were used by Indian and Persian princes for hunting small game such as antelope and blackbuck.

TWO MISERABLE SECONDS.

Owen Denmeade

This is what happened.

We had not been looking forward to August 13. The last few months had been all slow, struggling and short cuts! Seventy minutes plus was staring us in the face. But you've got to go in haven't you....a person cannot 'cop out' and rest on some ancient 'PB'....well, some can.

We agreed to run together ... a bloke from the office who thought he'd run 80 minutes asked if he could join us, "I'll hang on as long as I can", he said. We taught him jumping in off the wall First kilometre in six minutes twenty-six seconds. Not good! Worse to come at Double Bay my little mate ran away from me. Negative vibes took over....everything hurt....my hair started to hurt.

I ran the hills badly (not like me). Only over the section past home did I improve (you know how it is!). Ten kilometres in 52 minutes plus! A disaster! One kilometre of really serious motivational self-talk and then.... a miracle! Less than fifty metres ahead a rainbow bike cap.... my prayers had been answered, the little bastard had slowed down he's tired! Oh what a feeling!

Suddenly I felt powerful, almost 'Deekish'. I bridged the gap.... not too close though. I'm fairly well known along this part and my biggest problem (apart from smiling myself out of it!) was someone calling my name.

He must not know I'm here (well, what would you have done?), I've never beaten the bastard.

Now you have got to believe this. At any time down through Dover Heights to Bondi, I could have taken him....up on the footpath, through a few front gardens and gone....but I didn't! No! Much better to sit on him, do nothing until the last two hundred metres then jump him, a pat on his little bum and away....I am faster than he is, everyone knows it, he knows it! My face is starting to hurt from smiling so much.

Along the back of the beach I have to check myself, don't get too close. We have run hundreds of k's together and he may sense my effortless power-packed stride. I am feeling decidedly Seb Coe.

Twenty metres from that last sharp left-hander he starts to lug out....a serious error of judgement, he has cracked! More tired than I figured....delirious even. Not my problem, I get yellow paint on my left shoulder from the barricades.

Another miracle! The clock says sixty something and I 'Carl Lewis' it along the beach front, snatch my card and wait for him to come through....he doesn't! I begin to worry (I shouldn't have).

No one at Striders base camp has seen him....it is over an hour before I find him. "What happened to you?", he asks....genuinely concerned....I am filled with shame.

I tell him my time. He tells me his. TWO seconds....TWO miserable bloody seconds! He has beaten me by miserable bloody seconds!

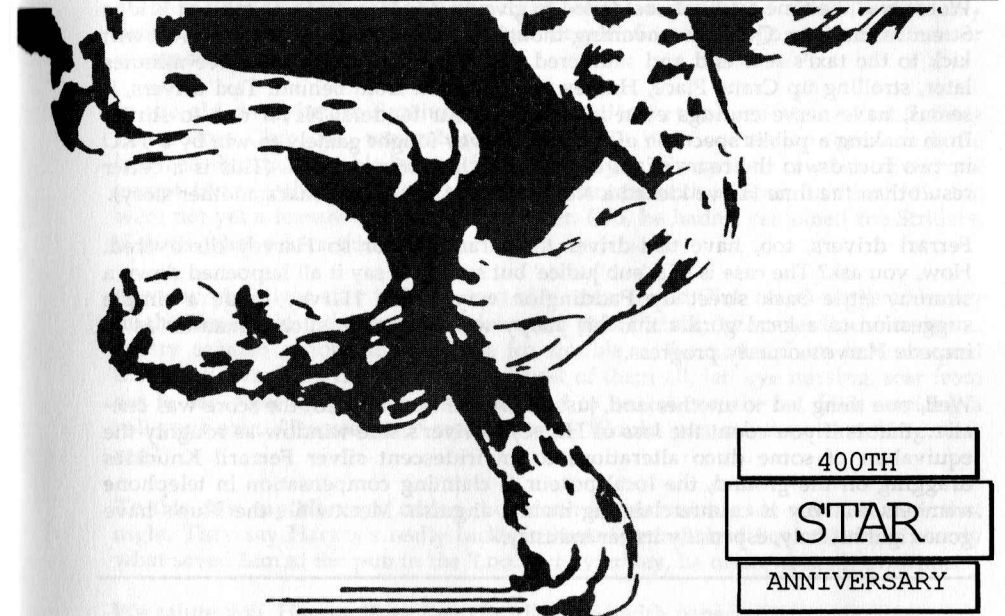
We begin to laugh. It is right that he should beat me I deserve it. The black mamba and the crystal cave of Africa have protected the 'tadpole angel' as they always have, and always will do. Along the beachfront, the enormous crowd, silent until now, begin to chant 'onoshobi ingelos! onoshobi ingelos!'

A week later.

Sitting in the backyard sun, with the results, I discover I have been beaten by Paul Hogan, two John Elliotts, Stephen Roach, Peter Thompson, David Hill, two Walkers, three Bishops, two Carpenters, two Squires, one Duke, four Fords, Gay Bob, Gay Bradley, Cliff Young and Paul Keating. Plus of course, the bloke from the office who was going to 'hang on as long as he could'.

The good news is that I beat the local fruit shop kid, four Kings, twenty-three Banks (which banks?), a Glazier, Roger Miller, Paul McCartney, Richard Hunt, Bryan Henderson (good one Hendo!), John Singleton, too many Cooks, at least two Singers (including Peter Allen), two Farmers, Robert Lightfoot (not light enough, eh, Robert?), Little Peter, numerous Suzukis, several Nunns and a heap of Bishops, Priests, Parsons, Hoods and Crooks. Also a Moses (a bit old, I reckon!).

I know the feeling.



HARVEY BLUE - MODEL STRIDER?

Anon

HARVEY BLUE AND SYDNEY STRIDERS CLUB are synonymous and inseparably linked in the ups and downs of Life's cruel destiny - sharing Fate through thick and thin - one and the same - know what I mean?

What I'm getting at is this. To be a Strider is to know Harvey Blue. The very word "STaR" celebrates Harvey Blue. Whose fighting spirit typifies the Club as it is today? Who, behind the scenes, most upholds our proud traditions? Whose debonair, devil-may-care disposition so gladdens the eyes of our Strider ladies?

Who's the archetypal Strider? Is it - Harvey Blue?

What lies behind this paragon of Striding virtue? What makes him tick? Is there a chink in that armour of pristine Blue innocence? Is he over the top, or is he really a pussy with big shoulders and a straggly beard? You'll make up your own mind, but the following anecdotes may help to lift the veil a trifle.

On the Road.

It has to be said. On the road, Harvey attracts Trouble (the capital T is intentional). Almost never his fault, mind. It just happens to Harvey. Like last week when his new 4WD suffered its third dingle in as many months. A Torana barely under the control of a pretty young thing ran smack into Harvey's parked Suzuki. A spider, she explained, leapt onto her dashboard. In Woollahra. Harvey, gentleman that he is, looked into her eyes and believed every word of it. Such...soul!

Worse was the time a taxi almost failed to give way to Harvey as he crossed Bridge Street in the City. Quickly converting thought to action, Harvey delivered a swift kick to the taxi's rear end and sauntered off, somewhat mollified. Three minutes later, strolling up Crane Place, Harvey was set upon from behind. Taxi drivers, it seems, have nerve endings even in their left rear fenders! Never one to shrink from making a public spectacle of himself, Harvey fought gamely to win by a TKO in two rounds, to the roars of an appreciative lunchtime crowd. (This is a better result than the time Harve kicked a No. 389 bus at Bondi. But that's another story).

Ferrari drivers, too, have taxi-driver temperaments, or so Harvey discovered. How, you ask? The case is still 'sub judice' but suffice to say it all happened down a slummy little back street up Paddington way, when Harvey made a simple suggestion to a local gorilla that his jalopy was parked in such a manner as to impede Harve's orderly progress.

Well, one thing led to another and, just before the fuzz arrived, the score was one-all ... that is if you count the loss of Harvey's driver's side window as roughly the equivalent of some duco alterations to an iridescent silver Ferrari! Knuckles dragging on the ground, the local poseur is claiming compensation in telephone numbers. Harvey is counterclaiming mental anguish. Meanwhile the Blue's have gone right off Italy, especially its car industry!

At the Snow.

Harvey's ski trips mirror his approach to Life. So remorselessly does he drive himself, he even deprives Perisher Valley pubs and bars of his patronage night after night, preferring instead to hone his ski edges until bedtime. And as for the snow bunnies, forget it! Totally dedicated, single minded ... the quintessential Sydney Strider, you will agree.

But it's on the slopes that Harvey really distinguishes himself. Top to bottom, flat out, and all day - that's his go. Exhausted mates limp weakly in his wake ... except ... except on those gratifying trips when he breaks or dislocates something! On average, that's every other year. The trick is to pray for it to happen early in the week, while there's still time for the rest of us to enjoy the resulting slightly slower pace.

Oh yes, injury never separates Harvey from the slopes for long. Take 1987. His perfectly executed, involuntary right-hand body-surfing 'corner' down the face of a biggish mogul, brought the full panoply of Perisher's medical rescue services rushing to repair Harvey's severely dislocated shoulder. Did it stop him? The hell it did! That same afternoon, right arm colourfully slung, he was at it again - this time preying on the sympathies of those near the head of lift queues who tended to let him in "for being so brave" and skiing with one stock!

In the Pub.

Harvey Blue strongly upholds the rights of the individual ... he will staunchly defend his right to tell you what's good for you. Sometimes however, this fervour causes a bit of a problem.

In the old days, before Pontius was a Pilate, Harvey trained at the East Sydney Police Boys Club. You remember how it was in Woolloomoolloo then ... a knife between the shoulder blades quick as look at you. Everyone knew this. Everyone except Harvey, that is, whose spirited encounters with various forms of low life were not yet a feature of his running career. (No, he hadn't yet joined the Striders, if that's what you're thinking).

Anyway, one night after training, two of his new-found Club mates suggest Harvey might like to join them for an ale down the pub. Picture the scene. Dockside bar ... crusty seamen ashore and looking for trouble ... the atmosphere is mean and menacing. Propping the bar is the meanest of them all, left eye missing, scar from ear to ear, steel claw where his hand used to be, tattoos, the lot. He's smoking a roll-your-own. "Excuse me," says Harvey. "Would you mind not smoking near me?"

To this day, say Harvey's mates, they don't know which gods were on duty that night. They say Harvey's really lucky to have Supernatural Powers...that's clearly what saved him at the pub in the 'Loo...but by crikey, he often works it overtime!

We salute you, Harvey Blue. Keep Striding On...with panache!



"I offered to sign some copies of my book for a bookshop in Perth, but the proprietor threw her hands up in horror. "No please don't, if they don't sell, the publisher wouldn't take them backed if they're marked'".

(BRYCE COURTENAY THE AUTHOR).

CALLOUS COMMENTS

Callous Campbell

"These 800k really tire you out!"

(Elizabeth Seidl after completing an 800m race at the HCF Corp Games).

"We didn't go that way because we thought that the arrows were a trick..."

(Peter Johnson on Scott's STaR)

"You know Jon, flies have eyes like your sunglasses..."

(Nobby running a tight committee meeting after Scott's STaR),

There's a rumour going around that a certain club figurehead is applying for Australian citizenship - 'If you can't beat them, join them'. His only problem is that neither country really wants him!

(In no man's land).

"I haven't run for a month. The physiotherapist is great though, I hope I don't get any better..."

(Harvey Blue).

"I don't run much, I'm really just an associate Strider..."

(Alan Phillips).

At the Woodstock Run, the first two runners in the random draw were Kevin O'Kane and Cedric Sidebottom, both Striders. Both had shot through. The prize was a grog supply!

(Bernie King).

Ross Betts should have had his camera there when I asked Tina Campbell, a prolific winner of age category prizes at fun runs, if she had to show her pension card to qualify.

(Nobby Young).

Harvey Blue took a tumble on a STaR a while back. Claimed he tripped over a 'speed hump'. Tell us another one.

(Nobby Young).

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MAJOR EVENTS ON THE DISTANCE CALENDAR INCLUDING:

THE ANZAC HALF-MARATHON, THE GREAT NOSH, CITY-TO-SURF,
CITIES MARATHON AND THE MOSMAN 10K.

AND

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THE 1989 SPORTSCENE/SYDNEY STRIDERS
10K HANDICAP SERIES.

Contact Gerald Baylis on 477 5611
and support your fellow Strider and race sponsor.
(We offer a 15% discount to Sydney Striders).

THE 1989 SPORTSCENE/STRIDERS 10K HANDICAP RACE SERIES.

POINTS POSITION AFTER RACE 9.

Handicap Series

1	Phil Garvin	126
2	Scott Crawford	111
3	Chris McLean	102
4	John Fennell	98
5	Michael Grimm	91
6	Roger Rigby	91
7	Warwick Selby	91
8	James McDonnell	90
9	John Hamilton	79
10	Gerard Frahill	63
11	Geoff Taylor	62
12	Alf Field	60
13	John Sauer	57
14	Ian MacArthur	49
15	Gavin Morrisett	45

Overall Positions

1	Phil Garvin	172
2	Warwick Selby	143
3	Chris McLean	142
4	Steve Gill	131
5	Michael Grimm	121
6	Steve Crawford	111
7	James Macdonnell	104
8	John Sauer	100
9	Bill Flanagan	98
10	John Hamilton	82

**THE 1989 SPORTSCENE/STRIDERS
10K HANDICAP RACE SERIES.**

Race 9/Centennial Park 18th November 1989

POS	NAME	TIME	TARGET	VARIENCE	H'CAP POS	POINTS
1	John Sauer	32.04	33.13	-1.09	4	19
2	Phil Garvin	32.14	33.13	-0.59	5	18
3	Andrew Jackson	33.41		new		
4	Anthony Scott	33.59	33.44	+0.15	11	12
5	Chris McLean	34.54	34.37	+0.17	12	11
6	Steve Gill	35.02	35.43	-0.41	6	17
7	Gerard Frahill	35.02	36.17	-1.15	3	20
8	John Galvin	35.26		new		
9	Warwick Selby	36.06	36.24	-0.18	7	16
10	Michael Grimm	36.10	36.02	+0.08	10	13
11	Scott Crawford	36.48	37.00	-0.12	9	14
12	John Hamilton	37.59	37.39	+0.20	13	10
13	Chris Barker	38.24	40.26	-2.02	1	22
14	Chris Gunns	39.14		new		
15	Nobby Young	39.17	38.33	+0.44	15	8
16	Stephen Erwin	39.31		new		
17	Dan Gray	39.33	38.04	+1.29	19	4
18	John Turner	39.40	39.54	-0.14	8	15
19	Terry Rose	40.31	39.04	+1.27	18	5
20	Alf Field	40.55	38.41	+2.14	21	2
21	Robert Inglis	40.58		new		
22	Wayne Barford	41.39	41.04	+0.35	14	9
23	Geoff Cox	42.42	35.51	+6.51	22	2
24	Terry McIver	42.42	35.22	+7.22	23	2
25	Mike Elder	42.51	41.35	+1.16	16	7
26	Les O'Conner	43.07		new		
27	Geoff Taylor	45.20	46.48	-1.28	2	21
28	John Fennell	47.00	45.40	+1.20	17	6
29	Jenny Nesbitt	49.57		new		
30	Bill Blecha	49.53	47.49	+2.04	20	3

Race 8/Marsfield, 21st October 1989.

1	Phil Garvin	33.09	33.13	-0.04	4	19
2	John Sauer	34.35	33.04	+1.31	16	7
3	Gerard Frahill	35.58	37.33	-1.35	1	22
4	Michael Grimm	36.17	36.00	+0.17	5	18
5	Steve Gill	36.29	35.38	+0.51	12	11
6	Warwick Selby	37.09	36.19	+0.50	11	12
7	John Hamilton	37.35	37.53	0.18	3	20
8	James McDonnell	37.39	37.04	+0.35	8	15
9	Scott Crawford	37.40	36.55	+1.45	10	13
10	Paul Russell	38.22	34.42	+3.40	22	2

POS	NAME	TIME	TARGET	VARIENCE	H'CAP POS	POINTS
11	Bill Flanagan	38.30	35.54	+2.36	20	3
12	Peter Cobley	38.31	39.42	-1.11	2	21
13	Ivan Freys	38.33	--	--	--	--
14	Alf Field	39.00	38.39	+0.21	7	16
15	Steve Irwin	39.43	39.23	+0.20	6	17
16	Nobby Young	39.54	38.24	+1.30	15	8
17	Dan Gray	39.54	37.51	+2.08	18	5
18	Tina Campbell	40.42	40.04	+0.38	9	14
19	John Turner	41.06	39.46	+1.20	14	9
20	Martin Hope	41.31	40.23	+1.08	13	10
21	Chris O'Neill	42.22	--	--	--	--
22	Terry Bailey	42.23	40.28	+1.55	18	5
23	Ian MacArthur	48.37	45.39	+2.58	21	6
24	John Fennell	48.00	45.25	+2.35	19	4
25	Edwina MacArthur	48.37	45.39	+2.58	21	2
26	Frank Dearn	57.31	--	--	--	--

Race 7 / Lane Cove 23rd September, 1989

1	Phil Garvin	33.11	33.21	-0.10	7	16
2	Chris McLean	34.44	34.36	+0.08	10	13
3	Steve Gill	36.05	35.35	+0.30	13	10
4	Bill Flanagan	36.32	35.50	+0.42	16	7
5	James MacDonnell	37.01	37.15	-0.14	5	18
6	Gerard Frahill	37.08	39.14	-2.07	2	21
7	Ian Sutherland	37.14		new		
8	Hugh	37.14		new		
9	Warwick Selby	37.44	36.19	+1.25	21	2
10	John Hamilton	37.58	37.53	+0.05	9	14
11	Chris Menzies	38.17	37.41	+0.36	14	9
12	Dick Bartlett	38.37	40.24	-1.47	3	20
13	David Worrard	39.03		new		
14	Alf Field	39.03	38.36	+0.27	12	11
15	Scott Crawford	39.37	35.47	+3.50	29	2
16	Malcolm Satchell	39.37	35.47	+3.50	29	2
17	Nobby Young	39.47	38.15	+1.32	23	2
18	Mike Ward	40.04	38.33	+1.31	22	2
19	Martin Hope	40.20	40.33	-0.13	6	17
20	David Ritchie	40.24	39.31	+0.53	17	16
21	Steve Lloyd	40.44	40.27	+0.17	11	12
22	John Whealy	41.18	39.22	+1.56	25	2
23	Terry Rose	41.28	38.49	+2.39	26	2
24	Ewen Thompson	41.28	37.39	+3.49	28	2
25	Roger Rigby	42.17	42.15	+0.02	8	15
26	Kevin O'Kane	42.33	41.37	+0.56	18	5
27	Ian McArthur	43.01	41.43	+1.18	20	3

POS	NAME	TIME	TARGET	VARIANCE	H'CAP POS	POINTS
28	George Lisson	43.54	37.50	+6.04	31	2
29	Dale Thompson	45.16	43.42	+1.34	24	2
30	Louise Fitzsimmons	45.21	new			
31	Michael Chew	45.31	52.20	-6.49	1	22
32	John Fennell	46.02	45.21	+0.41	15	8
33	Roz Wong	46.04	44.47	+1.17	19	4
34	Geoff Taylor	46.41	47.18	-0.37	4	19
35	Stuart Cheetham	47.11	new			
36	John Hill	47.31	new			
37	Edwina McArthur	50.15	45.24	+4.51	30	2
38	Donella Killip	56.50	new			

Race 6 / Banksmeadow 19th August, 1989

1	Phil Garvin	33.11	34.01	-0.50	3	20
2	Chris McLean	34.39	34.36	+0.03	6	17
3	Michael Grimm	36.01	36.00	+0.01	4	19
4	Brett Nichols	36.09	37.18	-1.90	2	21
5	Scott Crawford	36.44	36.40	+0.04	7	16
6	Warwick Selby	36.56	36.15	+0.41	11	12
7	Bill Flanagan	37.29	35.39	+1.50	14	9
8	James McDonnell	37.33	37.13	+0.20	9	14
9	Steve Erwin	39.00	new			
10	Jon Marsden	39.05	37.26	+1.39	13	10
11	Nobby Young	39.16	38.08	+1.08	12	11
12	Dave Ritchie	39.33	39.31	+0.02	5	18
13	Tina Campbell	39.58	38.48	+0.10	8	15
14	George Lisson	40.04	37.35	+2.29	15	8
15	Terry Bailey	41.00	40.24	+0.36	10	13
16	John Hamilton	41.00	37.38	+3.22	16	7
17	Kevin O'Kane	44.44	41.22	+3.22	16	7
18	John Fennell	45.04	47.18	-2.14	1	22
19	Ian McArthur	46.40	41.43	+4.57	18	5

Race 5 / Mosman 29th July, 1989

1	John Sauer	33.06	33.04	+0.02	2	21
2	Phil Garvin	34.02	34.01	+0.01	1	22
3	Chris McLean	35.07	34.30	+0.57	8	15
4	Chris Werinsla	35.44	new			
5	Steve Giff	36.49	35.27	+1.22	12	11

6	Alex Whitworth	37.21	new			
7	Michael Grimm	37.30	35.50	+1.40	17	6
8	Warwick Selby	37.35	36.06	+1.29	14	9
9	James McDonnell	37.45	37.09	+0.36	5	18
10	Scott Crawford	37.58	36.31	+1.27	13	10
11	Brett Nicholls	37.58	37.14	+0.44	6	17
12	Chris Menzies	38.31	37.35	+0.56	7	16
13	Gavin Morrisett	39.11	39.01	+0.10	3	20
14	Terry Rose	39.20	38.45	+0.35	4	19
15	Bill Flanagan	39.34	35.24	+4.10	19	4
16	Alf Field	40.04	38.26	+1.38	16	7
17	Alan Gray	40.32	37.36	+2.56	17	6
18	Wayne Barford	40.40	new			
19	Nobby Young	41.22	37.53	+3.29	20	3
20	Martin Hope	41.35	40.25	+1.10	11	12
21	John Hamilton	42.10	37.23	+4.48	22	2
22	John Marsden	42.31	37.11	+5.20	23	2
23	Mike Elder	43.30	41.33	+1.57	18	5
24	Marty Rogers	43.31	new			
25	Roger Rigby	43.40	42.05	+1.35	15	8
26	Tina Campbell	44.16	39.33	+4.43	21	2
27	Kevin O'Kane	46.43	41.07	+5.36	24	2
28	John Fennell	48.18	47.11	+1.07	10	13
29	Bill Blecha	48.45	47.43	+1.02	9	14
30	Margaret Robinson	49.42	45.18	+4.24	20	3
31	Gerald Baylis	50.03	new			
32	Jeff Taylor	50.18	47.03	+3.15	19	4
33	Michael Chew	51.48	new			
34	Russell Young	53.39	47.36	+6.03	25	235
35	John Galvin	63.20	new			
36	Wendy Thompson	63.22	new			

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Plus 7.5 km Fun Run
NEW DATE
SEPTEMBER 9, 1990



Danny Boltz

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- Veterans Challenge**
for men 0/40 + women 0/35

EIGHT YEARS OF CHAMPIONS

MALE

1982	Bill Raimond	NSW - 1.12.03
1983	Andrew Lloyd	NSW - 1.05.58
1984	Garry Henry	SA - 1.04.42
1985	Wolfgang Krueger	FRG - 1.04.17
1986	Derek Froude	NZL - 1.05.27
1987	Danny Boltz	ACT - 1.03.58
1988	Danny Boltz	ACT - 1.05.22
1989	Steve Poulton	NSW - 1.06.06

FEMALE

1982	Jenny Walker	NSW - 1.23.45
1983	Mora Main	NSW - 1.19.43
1984	Mora Main	NSW - 1.17.14
1985	Raewyn O'Donnell	NZL - 1.18.00
1986	Tani Ruckle	NSW - 1.16.35
1987	Tani Ruckle	NSW - 1.16.21
1988	Elizabeth Rose	NSW - 1.18.04
1989	Tani Ruckle	NSW - 1.15.47

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START SPREADING THE NEWS...WE'VE MOVED!

Bill Flanagan, Race Director

The Sydney Striders - Canterbury Mazda Half Marathon has a new date. Put it in your diary now and tell everyone: SEPTEMBER 9TH 1990 - keep it free.

We have also planned a modified course which eliminates the rough section of Pittwater Road.

Next year will also see the staging of a 7.5k run to be held in conjunction with the 'Half'.

The new course is basically as follows: Start - outside school down Wicks Road, left Waterloo Road, left Lane Cove Road, left Eping Road, left Wicks Road (ie, one lap around school block), left Waterloo, right through industrial estate and into Park as usual down, down and across the weir to turn-around point then back over weir and up to the ranger's house, turn-around the roundabout, then back to the Plessey Road gate next to caravan park and finally to the finish as usual.

The course should prove to be flatter, faster and safer. During the stages within the park the runners will keep to the right.

The fun-run course will start outside the school, left at Waterloo, through the industrial estate into park to Plessey Road gate and back to the school.

A tentative program for the day's events is:

7.00am	HALF MARATHON START
7.20	FUN RUN START
7.42 - 8.20	FUN RUN FINISH
8.05	LEADERS OF HALF FINISH
9.00	FUN RUN PRESENTATION
9.30	HALF MARATHON PRESENTATION

While the event may still be nine months away, it is nevertheless vital that all members spread the word about our date change amongst their running colleagues..

We are again fortunate to have the support of the Westline Automotive Group through their franchises:

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We thank their Managing Director and Foundation Sydney Strider, Dave Blackall, for his continuing support.

REASONS FOR THE DATE CHANGE.

The number of entrants we have been attracting to the Half has fallen drastically (see table) over the past four years, so it was time that we had a look at the reasons for this trend.

The March date severely affected our promotion opportunities as there are virtually no runs in the three months preceding the Half at which we could spread the word.

The Anzac Day Half has the jump on us in the March/April period because of their greater advertising opportunities through the Sun-Herald and their exclusive use of the City-to-Surf mailing list.

'Too early' is often the cry from runners who aren't quite for a quick trip over such a long journey so early in the year.

As usual, Striders are expected to provide the man-power on race day and assist the committee in their aim to produce a high quality road race which does the club proud.

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THE PAIN, THE SUFFERING, THE CHEERS.

'MILTON-ULLADULLA HALF MARATHON' 1st October 1989

MALE		FEMALE:	
David Pomery	73:40	Maryann Busted	99:21
Gregory Hoare	74:16	Tina Campbell	102:53
Geoff Moore	79:41	Sandy Redshaw	106:56

This years race director was Roger Croft ex Strider who now lives in Milton. If you are looking for a challenging half marathon to run next year then look no further than this one, it has everything - country roads, bush track, hills, hills and more hills. It is very well organised although they didn't turn on very good weather conditions - 30+.

JOG INTO SPRING 10.5K: WAHROONGA, 10th October 1989.

Striders in race:

Anthony Scott	36m 40s	2nd
Dave Sill	38m 9s	7th
Cameron Osborne	38m 45s	8th
Tina Campbell	42m 5s	2nd (F)
Richard Baaman	46m 50s	
Elizabeth Seidl	52m 00s	

WOODSTOCK 10km 29th October 1989

MALE:		FEMALE:	
J. Harrison	29:18	K. Duncanson	33:41
M. Iverach	31:27	Annette Dwyer	35:29
R. Peters	31:40	M. Dovey	35:34

Striders results -			
John Sauer	32:37	Linda Thompson	33:11
Bill Flanagan	35:30	Tina Campbell	39:13
Bernie King	35:35	Kevin O'Kane	44:25
Gerard Frahill	35:43	Terry Rose	39:05
Lucette King	45:51		

It pays to hang around at the end of fun run's for the lucky draw - KO Kane missed out on a bottle of OUZO.....

DEREK WHITE

June 4 Blacktown Advocate 10km
41m 40s, 3rd male 56+

17 Bathurst Marathon
3h 50m 00s, 1st 50+,
third year running.

25 Sutherland Shire
Half Marathon
97m 39s.

July 16 NSW Vets 12km Cross
Country Championships
54m 17s, 1st 60+.

23 Sutherland to Surf
44m 50s, 1st 60+,
second year running.

Aug 6 Lane Cove Lions 10km
42m 10s

13 City to Surf
59m 40s, 3rd 60-69,
1st Team of 3 vets 60+
(with 2 non-Striders).

20 Cities Marathon
3h 52m 41s
3rd man 61+

27 NSW Vets 25km Road
Race Championships
1h 55m 40s, 1st M60.

GARDEN ISLAND DOCKYARD RUN 22nd November 1989

Striders in race:

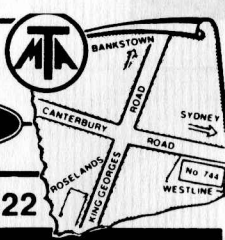
Anthony Scott	15m 52s	3rd
Cameron Osborne	16m 52s	13th
Tina Campbell	18m 40s	47th (1stF)

The above 'Striders' competed as part of the 'Bigfoot Orienteers' team which took out the team event.

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Mark Your Calendar

Don't miss the ACT Cross Country Club's special events in Autumn 1990

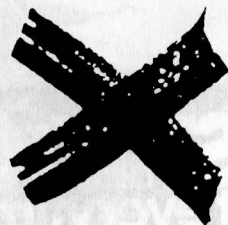
SUNDAY 1 APRIL · THE CANBERRA TIMES WOMEN'S 6km FUN RUN

SATURDAY 7 APRIL · MARATHON EVE 10K

SUNDAY 8 APRIL · CANBERRA MARATHON
Incorporating Australian Veterans and the ACT Marathon Championships

SUNDAY 20 MAY · AIS-DRUG OFFENSIVE HALF MARATHON

For entry and complete details send stamped self-addressed business envelope to: ACT Cross Country Club, GPO Box 252 Canberra ACT 2601
Entry forms mailed to all 1989 special events entrants



CALENDAR OF MAJOR FIXTURES 1990: SYDNEY, CANBERRA, NOWRA, BRISBANE, HOBART

Courtesy of the ACT Cross Country Club.

APRIL	8	SUNDAY	CANBERRA MARATHON
APRIL	25	WEDNESDAY	ANZAC DAY MARATHON/1/2 MARATHON
MAY	5	SATURDAY	NOVICE CROSS COUNTRY-SCARBOROUGH PARK
MAY	12	SATURDAY	SUTHERLAND 1/2 MARATHON- ROYAL NATIONAL PARK
MAY	20	SUNDAY	NSW SCHOOLS CROSS COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIPS MACQUARIE UNIVERSITY
JUNE	2	SATURDAY	NSW 5K/10K/15K ROAD CHAMPIONSHIPS :
		OR	
	3	SUNDAY	HENSLEY FIELD - PAGEWOOD
JUNE	16	SATURDAY	PARRAMATTA 10 MILE - PARRAMATTA PARK
JUNE	24	SUNDAY	AUSTRALIAN 15K ROAD CHAMPIONSHIPS
JULY	1	SUNDAY	AUSTRALIAN ALL SCHOOLS CROSS COUNTRY CANBERRA
JULY	14	SATURDAY	NSW 8K/6K AND LITTLE ATHLETICS CROSS COUNTRY. CAMBEWARRA, NOWRA
JULY	22	SUNDAY	AUSTRALIAN MARATHON - QUEENSLAND
JULY	28	SATURDAY	NSW 12K etc CROSS COUNTRY, CREST OF BANKSTOWN
AUGUST	12	SUNDAY	CITY TO SURF
AUGUST	25	SATURDAY	NSW ROAD RELAYS, TAREN POINT
SEPTEMBER	1	SATURDAY	AUSTRALIAN CROSS COUNTRY - HOBART
SEPTEMBER	9	SUNDAY	SYDNEY STRIDERS-CANTERBURY MAZDA HALF MARATHON

OVERSEAS MARATHONS IN 1990.

With thanks to Frank McCaffery.

Jan	14	Morocco	Marrakesh Grand Atlas Marathon
	28	Japan	Osaka Ladies Marathon
	28	Bermuda	Bermuda Marathon
Feb	04	Spain	Marathon Popular de Valencia
	04	Japan	Beppu-Oita Mainichi Marathon
	06	New Zealand	Hamilton Ten Mile Road Race
	11	Japan	Tokyo Mens' Marathon
	11	Phillipines	Philipinas Marathon Manila
	25	Spain	Marathon Ciudad de Sevilla
Mar	04	U.S.A.	City of Los Angeles Marathon
	11	Tanzania	Mount Meru Marathon
	11	Hong Kong	China Coast Marathon Hong Kong
	15	Israel	Tel Aviv Marathon
	18	Spain	Marathon Catalunya Barcelona
Apr	07	Switzerland	10 Miles of Berne
	08	France	Marathon de Paris
	16	U.S.A.	Boston Marathon
	22	England	London Marathon
	22	Holland	Rotterdam Marathon
	22	Austria	Spring Marathon Vienna
	29	Spain	Marathon Popular de Madrid
	29	France	Marathon de U.C.L.A.
May	01	Italy	Romaratona
	06	U.S.A.	Long Beach Marathon
	06	U.S.A.	Pittsburg Marathon
	06	W. Germany	Berlin 25k Race
	06	W. Germany	Olympic City Marathon Munich
	12	Sweden	Gothenburg Half-Marathon
	13	Holland	Spa Marathon Amsterdam
	13	Hungary	Ibusz Marathon Budapest
	13	Turkey	Golden Horn Half-Marathon
	20	W. Germany	Hanse-Marathon, Hamburg
June	02	Sweden	Stockholm Marathon
	10	Australia	Sunny Queen Marathon Queensland
	24	Brazil	City of Rio de Janeiro Marathon
	30	W. Germany	Marathon-Night of Nurnberg
July	08	Argentina	Buenos Aires Half-Marathon
	22	Phillipines	Magnolia 20k Road Race
	23	Australia	Gold Coast Marathon
	29	Brazil	Blumenau Marathon

Aug	05	Indonesia	Jakarta Marathon
	11	Finland	Helsinki City Marathon
	12	Australia	Adelaide Festival City Marathon
	12	Australia	Sydney City-to-Surf Road Race
	19	Argentina	Rosario Half-Marathon
	25	Brazil	Maratona Do Rio.
	26	Iceland	Reykjavik Marathon
Sept	30	Scotland	Great Scottish Run (25k)
	30	W. Germany	Berlin Marathon
	30	U.S.A.	Portland (Oregon) Marathon.
	30	Belgium	Brussels Marathon
Oct	07	Italy	Venice Marathon
	07	Argentina	Adidas Marathon Buenos Aires
	07	Malaysia	MAS Marathon Penang.
	14	Australia	Budget Marathon Melbourne
	14	China	Beijing Marathon.
	21	Yugoslavia	Split Marathon
	28	U.S.A.	Old-Style Chicago Marathon
Nov	04	U.S.A.	New York City Marathon
	04	Portugal	Marathona de Lisboa
	18	Italy	Maratona di Romacapitale
	25	Japan	Lake Kawaguchi Marathon
	25	Thailand	Bangkok Marathon
Dec	02	Japan	Fukuoka Marathon
	09	U.S.A.	Honolulu Marathon
	31	Brazil	Sao Paulo Silvestre Road Race

This is not an exhaustive list: Dublin (Rep. of Ire) is usually held late October, Vardinoyannis Marathon on the Isle of Crete (Greece) in November and several others.

For further information, contact Frank McCaffery.

The Sydney Striders acknowledge and thank Frank McCaffery for the use of this list.

HALF-MARATHON LADDER ...continued:

129F	LESLIE LEAR	75:51	1985	133	DEREK TITMUS	91:44	1989
130	FRANK ASSENZA	80:43	1983	134	DON PRICE	92:17	1987
131	WAYNE McCARTHY	82:10	1985	135	MALCOLM SATCHELL	99:32	1989
132	IAN MACARTHUR	83:11	1989	136F	BARBARA FIRKIN	142:22	1987

CITY TO SURF LADDER: 1982 - 1989

Scott Crawford

It has been decided to produce a City-to-Surf Ladder, as the City-to-Surf is an event in which many Striders compete; 80 for the 1989 event.

It is hoped that this will encourage more Striders to compete in Sydney's largest running event, especially in 1990, which will be the 20th Anniversary of the founding of the Race.

The Ladder of financial members has been compiled from the Club's records as published in the Blister and consequently may not be exhaustive. Please therefore advise the details of any omissions or errors to:

SCOTT CRAWFORD
Phone 416 8117 (Home) or 261 5066 (work),
or mail to: C/- The Club, P.O. Box N119, Grosvenor St. Sydney 2000
or give to Scott at any STaR.

1	PHIL GARVIN	44:34	1986	25	CHARLES COLVILLE	51:12	1982
2	JOHN SAUER	45:22	1989	26	ALISTAIR MACKIE	51:20	1988
3	SCOTT LAWRENCE	45:44	1987	27	BRUCE INGLIS	51:28	1986
4	DAVID WINCH	45:49	1987	28	MICHAEL GRIMM	51:34	1989
5	GEOFF COX	47:40	1988	29	WARWICK SELBY	51:40	1989
5 =	EVAN MILLAR	47:54	1988	30 =	SCOTT CRAWFORD	51:52	1989
6 =	ANTHONY SCOTT	47:54	1989	30 =	PAUL RUSSELL	51:52	1988
8	CHRIS Mc LEAN	48:05	1989	32	BILL FLANAGAN	52:12	1982
9	CARL BARKER	48:09	1989	33	PHIL DALY	52:18	1989
10	ROBERT ELSTONE	48:10	1989	34	JON MARSDEN	52:21	1987
11	RAY DORAN	48:12	1987	35	JAMES MCDONNELL	52:24	1989
12	JEFF GISSING	48:56	1988	36	HARVEY BLUE	52:26	1986
13	MATTHEW KALEY	49:10	1987	37	CHRIS DWYER	52:35	1987
14	JOHN HODGES	49:26	1987	38F	LINDA THOMPSON	53:10	1989
15	DAVID SILL	49:36	1987	39F	JOANNE COWAN	53:15	1989
16	BERNIE KING	49:49	1987	40	IAN SUTHERLAND	53:16	1989
17	IVAN FREYS	50:00	1982	41	EWAN THOMPSON	53:33	1988
18	WAYNE STANTON	50:11	1986	42	STEVE BURKE	53:36	1988
19	ALEX WHITWORTH	50:30	1989	43	MARTIN THOMPSON	53:31	1989
20	TERRY Mc IVER	50:48	1988	44	CAVIN MORRISET	54:01	1989
21	BRETT NICHOLS	50:59	1984	45	JOHN EVENNETT	55:01	1983
22 =	PETER DONNELLEY	51:06	1985	46	ROBERT INGLIS	55:06	1989
22 =	STUART GREAVES	51:06	1982	47	JOHN TURNER	55:07	1988
24	STEVE GILL	51:11	1989	48	DAVE BLACKHALL	55:19	1982

49	NOBBY YOUNG	55:32	1988	89	PETER KEEBLE	60:36	1984
50	ALEX HAMILL	55:36	1984	90	GRAHAM FIRKIN	60:37	1989
51	JOHN AYLIFFE	55:42	1987	91	JOE LOEWY	60:58	1985
52	ALF FIELD	55:49	1987	92	BILL WHITE	61:08	1981
53	BRIAN GATFIELD	55:54	1985	93	CHRIS BARKER	61:21	1989
54	MIKE WARD	55:55	1985	94	OWEN DENMEADE	62:45	1985
55	RON FEENEY	56:00	1982	95	JOHN PETTIT	63:09	1987
56	MIKE ELDER	56:06	1989	96	GRAHAM BUTLER	63:11	1984
57 =	BRIAN COLWELL	56:18	1982	97	GREG JERRET	63:52	1987
57 =	MICHAEL MINEHAN	56:18	1986	98	BARRY RUTHERFORD	63:53	1989
57 =	CAMERON OSBORNE	56:18	1989	99	STAN FLECK	64:21	1985
60	TERRY ROSE	56:39	1989	100	JIM VERO	64:52	1989
61	DAVE TOOGOOD	56:42	1989	101	DAN GRAY	64:56	1985
62	JEFF LEE	56:55	1987	102	MARTY RODGERS	65:01	1989
63	BRYCE COURTENAY	57:23	1982	103	ROSS BETTS	65:31	1989
64	KEVIN O'KANE	57:25	1987	104F	DALE THOMPSON	65:48	1983
65	STEVE NORDISH	57:47	1987	105	ROGER RIGBY	65:48	1988
66	STEVE URWIN	57:50	1989	106	NOEL WORTHINGTON	65:56	1985
67F	TINA CAMPBELL	57:56	1987	107	LEO LEADER	66:55	1987
68	RUSSELL BLACK	58:08	1985	108	JIM DONOVAN	67:01	1984
69	RAY SKINNER	58:09	1987	109F	ROSALIND WONG	67:42	1989
70 F	SUE HILL	58:12	1982	110F	ELIZABETH SEIDL	68:10	1989
71	DAVE WILLIAMS	58:18	1989	111F	MARGARET ROBINSON	68:27	1988
72	BRUCE MURRAY	58:30	1985	112	BILL BELCHA	68:36	1989
73	PAUL LUNSMANN	58:31	1989	113	JOHN FENNELL	69:14	1989
74	CHARLIE LYNN	58:36	1988	114F	EDWINA MACARTHUR	70:12	1987
75	JOHN HILL	58:41	1989	115F	MAVIS GARRICK	70:56	1983
76	IAN MILLAR	58:46	1982	116	PHIL CALDWELL	71:00	1987
77	MALCOLM MCDONALD	58:50	1985	117	RUSSELL YOUNG	71:30	1983
78	DEREK WHITE	58:53	1983	118	RON DALY	71:58	1989
79	STEVE ROACH	59:02	1985	119	BARRY JONES	72:12	1983
80	IAN WHITFIELD	59:12	1988	120	IRWIN LIGHT	72:16	1987
81	JEFF BURGESS	59:23	1986	121	ADRIAN KOL	73:12	1985
82	ROD GARRICK	59:26	1989	122	TERRY BAILEY	73:37	1989
83	FDOT SIEPMANN	59:27	1985	123	JOHN ROSS	73:45	1985
84	STEVE LLOYD	59:28	1989	124	STEVE CORNELIUS	73:46	1989
85 F	LOUISE FITZSIMMONS	59:44	1986	125	OLEG SZLICHTA	74:19	1985
86 F	WENDY DOWNES	60:02	1986	126	LES GIESLER	74:29	1989
87 F	BRENDA HAMILL	60:30	1984	127	NICK WHEALY	75:19	1989
88	BRENT WATERS	60:32	1984	128F	ROBI RUSSELL	75:43	1989

MARATHON LADDER

Age categories: J = Junior (under 20), O = Open (20-29), P = Pre-Veteran (30-39), V = Veteran (40-49), M = Master (50-59), S = Senior (Over 60). In each case, the first symbol denotes age at 4 Feb 1989, the second denotes age at which personal best was achieved. Please advise Ian McArthur (427 6040) of any omissions or errors.

<-----BEST AS A STRIDER----->---BEFORE JOINING --->

NAME	FEM	CUR AGE	PB AGE	TIME	RAC	DATE
PHIL GARVIN		P	P	2.21.56	BATHURST	0786
DAVID WINCH		P	O	2.30.59	CITIES	0888
JOHN SAUER		P	O	2.36.11	ANZAC	0489
BILL FLANAGAN		P	O	2.36.47	CANBERRA	0482
MARTIN THOMPSON		V	V	2.37.23	TRARALGON	0688 2.28.07 POLTECH/UK '77
DON PRICE		V	V	2.37.31	ANZAC	0488
BRUCE INGLIS		P	P	2.38.11	NEWCASTLE	0788
JEFF GISSING		O	O	2.38.17	ANZAC	0488
RON FEENEY		O	O	2.38.32	LONDON	0485
WAYNE STANTON		P	O	2.38.51	AUSTRALIAN	0686
EVAN MILLAR		P	P	2.39.34	CANBERRA	0488
ANTHONY SCOTT		O	O	2.39.56	MELBOURNE	1087 2.39.06 ANZAC '86
ALEX WHITWORTH		V	V	2.41.49	WORLD VETS	1287
TERRY MCIVER		V	V	2.42.24	WORLD VETS	1287
CHRIS MCLEAN		V	V	2.42.59	ANZAC	0489
MATHEW KALEY		O	J	2.43.51	MELBOURNE	1087
MALCOLM SATCHELL		P	P	2.44.41	MELBOURNE	1088
CHARLES COVILLE		P	P	2.45.13	WINSTONE, NZ	1083
WARWICK SELBY		P	P	2.45.48	ANZAC	0489
IVAN FREYS		P	P	2.46.54	CANBERRA	0484
BERNIE KING		V	V	2.47.23	WORLD VETS	1287
PETER DONNELLEY		V	V	2.47.42	AUSTRALIAN	0684
NOEL BARTON		V	P	2.47.48	ANZAC	0487
PAUL RUSSELL		P	P	2.47.53	CANBERRA	0484
RAY DORAN		V	V	2.48.23	AUSTRALIAN	0687
ALISTAIR MACKIE		P	P	2.49.22	MELBOURNE	1084
LINDA THOMPSON	F	P	P	2.49.34	STH MELBOURNE	1188 2.49.32 MELB '86
WILLIAM THOMPSON		V	V	2.49.38	ANZAC	0488
PETER COBLEY		P	P	2.50.01	AUSTRALIAN	0683

HARVEY BLUE	M	V	2.50.17	AUSTRALIAN	0683
JONATHON MARSDEN	P	O	2.50.17	AUSTRALIAN	0687
CHRISTOPHER DWYER	P	P	2.51.50	CANBERRA	0487
JAMES MCDONNELL	V		2.51.54	GOLD COAST	0889
DAVID SILL	V	V	2.52.25	HAMILTON NZ	1087
DAVID ROBINSON	V	V	2.52.32	AUSTRALIAN	0686 2.36.06 KENYA '63
CEDRIC SIDEBOTTOM	V	V	2.53.59	AUSTRALIAN	0685
GAVIN MORISSET	V	V	2.54.22	GOLD COAST	0889
BRIAN GATFIELD	V	V	2.54.25	AUSTRALIAN	0687
JOHN HAMILTON	V	P	2.54.44	ANZAC	0488
MIKE FOSTER	V	V	2.55.12	HASTINGS NZ	0885
STEVE CORNELIUS	V	P	2.55.31	NSW STATE	0682
RUSSELL BLACK	P	P	2.55.51	CITIES	0883 2.50.38 SYDNEY '82
RAYMOND SKINNER	V	V	2.55.57	ANZAC	0488
SCOTT LAWRENCE	O	O	2.56.19	AUSTRALIAN	0684
NOBBY YOUNG	V	P	2.56.33	NSW STATE	0584
BRIAN LYNCH	V	P	2.56.59	AUSTRALIAN	0683
MICHAEL MINEHAN	P	P	2.57.13	AUSTRALIAN	0685
PETER MCGRAW	P	P	2.57.23	MELBOURNE	1086
MIKE WARD	P	P	2.57.41	AUSTRALIAN	0686
DICR BARTLETT	V	P	2.58.34	MELBOURNE	1085
JOHN TURNER	M	V	2.58.47	AUSTRALIAN	0685
SUE HILL	F	V	2.59.15	AUSTRALIAN	0684 2.52.01 AVON, WG, 77
JEFF LEE	V	V	2.59.54	LONDON	0587
TINA CAMPBELL	F	V	3.00.32	WORLD VETS	1287
SCOTT CRAWFORD	V	V	3.01.20	WORLD VETS	1287
NICK READ			3.01.24	CANBERRA	0489
BRIAN COLWELL	P	P	3.01.47	MELBOURNE	1082
DAVE BLACKHALL	V	P	3.02.24	NSW STATE	0680
BRENT WATERS	V	P	3.03.01	MELBOURNE	1082
GEORGE LISSON	P	P	3.04.05	ANZAC	0489
JOANNE COWAN	F	O	3.04.35	ANZAC	0489
ALEX HAMILL	V	V	3.05.15	GILLAWARNA	0884
ALF FIELD	V	V	3.06.48	ANZAC	0488 3.05.52 CANB '86
GRAHAM FIRKIN	M	V	3.07.11	CITIES	0885
JOHN AYLIFFE	V	V	3.07.18	ANZAC	0487
DAN GRAY	V	V	3.07.21	GOLD COAST	0787
DAVID WILLIAMS	V	P	3.08.15	CANBERRA	0483

TERRY BAILEY	P	P	3.08.49	CANBERRA	0488	
HUGH SPENCER	V	V	3.09.02	AUSTRALIAN	0685	
JOHN HODGES	P	P	3.09.07	MELBOURNE	1084	
SIDON YEUNG	P	P	3.09.15	CANBERRA	0489	
LEO LEADER	V	P	3.10.00	CANBERRA	0484	3.05.00 S. AFRICA '80
MICHAEL TOPLEY	V	V	3.10.10	MELBOURNE	1086	
GRAHAM BUTLER	V	P	3.10.13	AUSTRALIAN	0686	
BOB MANN	V	V	3.10.27	AUSTRALIAN	0683	
STEVE NORDISH	P	P	3.11.11	KEMPSEY	0688	
STEPHEN ROACH	P	P	3.11.16	AUSTRALIAN	0686	
DALE THOMPSON	F	V	P	3.11.40	CANBERRA	0489
PETER KEEBLE		M	M	3.11.49	F/CITY ADELAIDE	0984
WENDY DOWNES	F	V	V	3.11.56	ANZAC	0487
KEITH JACKSON		P	P	3.12.27	COMBINATION	0787
IRWIN LIGHT			3.12.31	AUSTRALIAN	0684	3.10.38 BLWFF, USA '77
JOHN WHEALY	V	V	3.12.51	CITIES	0888	
JACK WOODWARD	V	V	3.12.54	ANZAC	0488	
TONY CROSBY	V	V	3.13.02	WORLD VETS	1287	
JOHN HILL	V	P	3.13.19	AUSTRALIAN	0685	
BRYCE COURTENAY	M	V	3.13.58	CANBERRA	0483	
DAVID RITCHIE	V	V	3.14.00	GOLD COAST	0889	
ALAN PHILLIPS	V	V	3.14.02	AUSTRALIAN	0687	
BRIAN TAILFORD	V	P	3.14.03	CAMPBELLTOWN	0785	
KEVIN O'KANE	P	P	3.14.38	AUSTRALIAN	0685	
BRUCE MURRAY	M	M	3.14.49	CAMPBELLTOWN	0784	
PETER JOSEPH	V	V	3.15.16	AUSTRALIAN	0648	3.07.54 MELB '83
IAN MILLAR	V	P	3.16.03	AUSTRALIAN	0683	
ROSS WALL	V	V	3.16.20	WORLD VETS	1287	
ROD GARRICK	M	M	3.18.10	GOLD COAST	0889	
JOE LOEWY	V	P	3.18.43	ANZAC	0487	
PAUL LUNSMANN	V	V	3.20.54	ANZAC	0489	
ROGER RIGBY	V	V	3.21.25	WORLD VETS	1287	
IAN WHITFIELD	V	P	3.22.15	CANBERRA	0487	3.13.06 AUST '83
BARRY JONES	S	M	3.23.18	VETERANS	0781	
DEREK WHITE	S	M	3.23.26	CAMPBELLTOWN	0784	
ROSS BETTS	V	V	3.23.28	CITIES	0888	
BRENDA HAMILL	F	V	P	3.23.38	SYDNEY	0983
BILL WHITE	V	V	3.25.09	MELBOURNE	1085	

GREG PROWSE	V	P	3.26.15	AUSTRALIAN	0685	
GEOFF COX	O	O	3.27.26	HARBORD DIGS.	0481	
RAY REID	V	P	3.27.57	AUSTRALIAN	0686	
FRANK GALLAGHER	V	V	3.28.36	AUSTRALIAN	0686	3.24.51 AUST '84
JOHN PETTETT	V	V	3.29.11	WORLD VETS	1287	
STAN FLECK	M	M	3.29.34	AUSTRALIAN	0684	3.18.20 CANB '83
NOEL WORTHINGTON	M	M	3.31.17	AUSTRALIAN	0686	
GRAHAME DEACON	P	P	3.31.21	SYDNEY	0984	3.23.43 SYDNEY '83
WAYNE MCCARTHY	V	V	3.34.54	WORLD VETS	1287	
SUSAN GRIFFITH	F	O	O	3.37.47	MELBOURNE	1088
CECILY WILLIAMS	F	P	P	3.38.36	AUSTRALIAN	0686
NICK REED	P	P	3.38.43	CANBERRA	0484	
JEFF BURGESS	P	P	3.39.05	CANBERRA	0486	
JOHN TIMBS	V	V	3.40.00	AUSTRALIAN	0687	3.23.08 AUST '84
MARTIN HOPE	V	V	3.41.01	ANZAC	0489	
MARGARET ROBINSON	F	V	V	3.41.46	ANZAC	0489
OWEN DENMEADE	M	V	3.42.51	AUSTRALIAN	0684	3.36.00 ...SYDNEY...'83
EDWINA MACARTHUR	F	P	P	3.44.47	CANBERRA	0486
STEPHEN BURRE	O	O	3.45.00	HONOLULU	1288	2.54.08 CANBERRA '87
OLEG SZLICHTA	P	P	3.46.15	AUSTRALIAN	0684	
STEPHEN WINNER	O	O	3.46.29	CITIES	0888	
DERRICK TITMUS	V	V	3.47.09	AUSTRALIAN	0683	
ROBI RUSSELL	F	P	P	3.49.00	WORLD VETS	1287
MAVIS GARRICK	F	V	V	3.49.10	WORLD VETS	1287
DAWN WOODWARD	F	V	V	3.49.47	ANZAC	0487
VIC COLLINS	V	V	3.50.56	MELBOURNE	1086	
PHILIP CALDWELL	P	P	3.52.32	AUSTRALIAN	0683	
QUEENIE TOPLEY	F	P	P	3.52.52	MELBOURNE	1086
MICHAEL BLACKWELL	M	M	3.53.47	WORLD VETS	1287	
JIM DONOVAN	V	P	4.06.57	CANBERRA	0483	
LESLEY LEAR	F	P	P	4.08.00	AUSTRALIAN	0684
JOHN ROSS	V	V	4.08.16	WORLD VETS	1287	4.05.00 AUST '83
RODNEY PHILLIPS	P	P	4.12.42	AUSTRALIAN	0685	
KEITH WEARNE	V	V	4.16.58	AUSTRALIAN	0685	
BILL MCCARTHY	V	V	4.26.23	MELBOURNE	1085	
ALAN TONGE	M	M	5.11.53	KEMPSEY	0789	4.46.49 ADEL '85

A LETTER FROM DEREK.
Derek White, letter dated 4th September 1989.

Dear Roger,

As discussed in our telephone conversation, herewith the promised article which I hope will be satisfactory. In 'Blister' issue No.39, I particularly enjoyed Alf Field's article about The Comrades Marathon and Mathew Kaley's letter from the U.K. Incidentally, I first met Mathew when Kar Wong, Mathew and I were the only three Striders at a Sydney Marathon Clinic event and I came in ahead of the other two! - No such result these days!

Also as promised I up date my 1989 results with apologies for any repetition which I am sure you'll weed out as necessary.

With thanks for all you are doing for the 'green-and-whites'.

Sincerely,

DEREK

See 'The Pain, The Suffering.....' for Derek's results - that's if most of you under 60's want to feel inadequate, that is! - ED.

BACK TO BASICS'

Just read through the latest 'Blister'. Good God! Has it been that long? Melbourne 10/86, 3:50:56 - must be time to 'review the situation'.

Well I am still running. City-to-Surf is still a great thrill. My category is now Master but somehow I feel like a Veteran. A tri here and a bi there, Fun Runs galore and now 20lbs above my best weight. weak effort to assist at the Lane Cove Half and now the 400th Star is coming up and I haven't been for ages.

What has happened? May be the running boom is over and nobody told me. I am still wearing flared jeans, nobody told me then either. I am actually enjoying red wine again. What about Firko. Fantastic effort! Well I can tell you he didn't do it living in the past and drinking red wine.

It must be time to get back to basics. STaRs for me next Sunday, where it all began.

Vic Collins
10th October 1989

"He's signed so many already the only ones likely to become valuable are the ones he didn't."

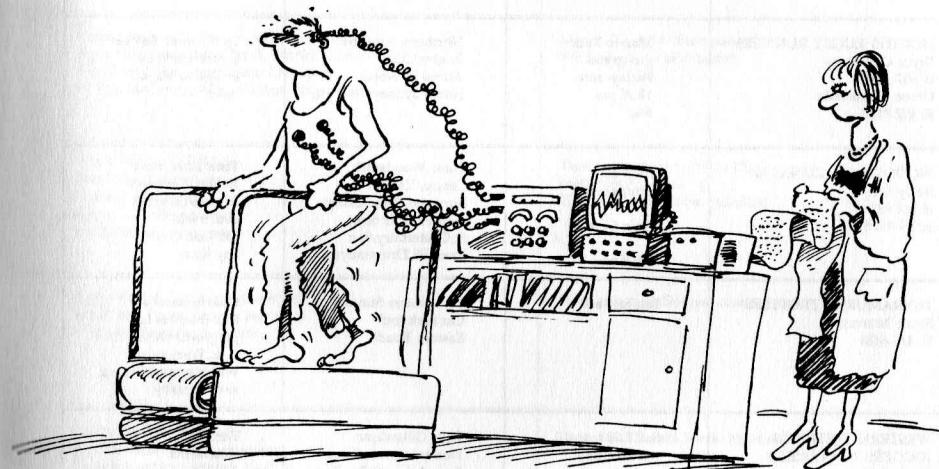
(Owen Denmeade, about Bryce Courtenay the author).

"I haven't run for a month. The physiotherapist is great though, I hope I don't get any better..."

(Harvey Blue).

John Turner (Master Strider) wheeling down the road feeling 'hot' after a good swim leg in the Shoalhaven Triathalon. Feeling hot and looking good and with all the tri gear on, only to be brought back to earth with a thud by a spectator yelling: "Good on ya, 'pop'!"

Anon - (true! It arrived in an anonymous envelope).



"I'm not saying you're out of condition, but the machine appears to be laughing!"

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: 416-1076 B: 878-2149 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: 416-1706 B: 878-2149	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 Owen Denmeade B: 957-7100	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, Drummoine	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), Park Georges Hall	Through Gillawarna
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)
BUFFALO SPRINTS Nobby Young H: 816-2017 W: 817-2199	Weds. 5pm	Buffalo Park off Pittwater Rd opposite Field of Mars Nature Reserve.	Around Track

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 and 4.5-5.5 min/km.	16k at competitive pace, with 8k option. 2 groups: 4-4.5 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 John Sauer, John Whealy, Linndy Bennett, Scott Crawford, George Lisson, Malcolm Satchell Jenny Higgins, Duncan Richards, Louise Richards, Louise Fitzsimmons, Sally Crawford, John Hodges.	Tues: Race Pace. Friday: Medium STaR Pace. 10k.
Barry Jones, George Lisson, Dot Siepmann Ced Sidebottom, Ian Whitfield, Scott Crawford Bill Thompson, Revin O'Kane, Mike Ward Terry McIver, Terry Bailey	Alternating weeks: 1st week: 1 mile track then 3000 metres track. 2nd week: 800 metres track then 5000 metres track.
Owen Denmeade, Peter Keeble, John Ayliffe Bryce Courtenay, John Pettit, Derrick Titmus Alex Hamill, Joe Loewy, Scott Crawford, Wayne McCarthy, Allan Phillips, Roger Rigby.	Mon to Thur: Medium pace 10.6k. Fri: Race over same course.
Derek White, Bill White Dan Gray, Lesley Lear Dorothy Siepmann relays. All times recorded. Sat: 7k at very easy pace.	Tues: various pace groups 10k, beginners run/walk 5k. Thur: 3k down to 100m including
Bruce Murray, Vic Verco, David Sill at 6.50 am. Faster runners leaving at 1 minute intervals thereafter.	Handicap race. Slowest runners start
Bill White, Dot Siepmann race 1st Saturday of each month. Earliest handicap starters 7 am.	Measured 10k each week. Handicap
Paul Russell, Warwick Selby, John Hodges Dick Bartlett, John Ayliffe	3-minute intervals-with approx. 2 minutes rest in between.
Nobby Young, Ian McArthur, Edwina McArthur, Terry McIver, Tina Campbell, Ian Whitfield.	2k warm up and down, 1k intervals with 1 lap slow in between.