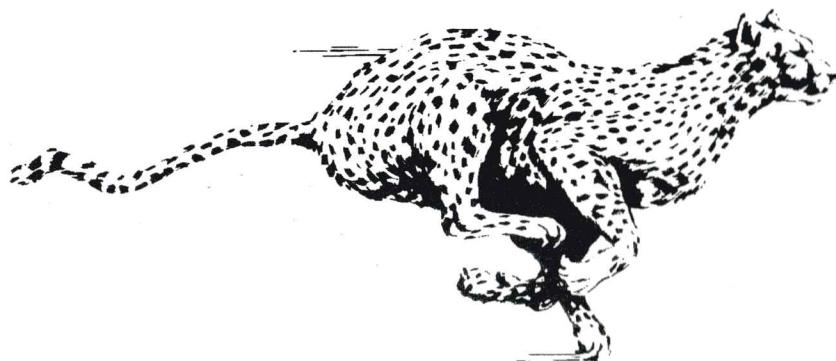




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PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Well, that's another year over.

I guess one of the highlights of the year must have been the success of the Striders Half Marathon. The way it was conducted by a bunch of "newys" (guess you cant call McIver a newy) was a credit to them. Everything went like clockwork and the support from the members on the day was fantastic. Add to that the superb weather which did wonders for the late entries department, the enthusiastic crowd and the wonderful atmosphere created on the microphone by "Big Bad Bernie" and what you ended up with was one of the big days of the New South Wales running calendar. Its fantastic what this club can do when it gets its head down.

Speaking of getting ones head down (possibly a little too low in this case) I must congratulate George Lisson on his special achievement of getting lost in 2 consecutive marathons in 1991. Surely unequalled and the obvious FUKAWI award winner for 1991. Apparently George is to attempt the BIG trifecta in 92 by unintentionally losing his way in the City To Surf.

Just a couple of timely reminders for the coming months;

- 1. The clubs financial year ends on December 31. annual Subs are due on or shortly after that time.*
- 2. The annual presentation awards night will be on again early in the new year at a date to be fixed. You will be there, won't you?*

I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate all those who attempted and achieved their personal goals in 91 and to wish all members, their families and friends a Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

Run & Enjoy

Steve

PRESIDENT

1991 HAWAIIAN IRONMAN - THE (PA)LAVA FIELDS

John Turner

"AN' WE PRAY to you, Lawrd Gard, to pertek these wunnerful atholeets this day...". It is 6:58 am on Saturday October 19, 1991. The Invocation, as American as apple pie, intoned by a phantom preacherman, maybe on the peak of Mauna Kea itself. Excited chatter from 1460 swim caps suddenly stilled. Reverential echoes subdue even the Japanese who understand not a word. At the back of the pack, we dog-paddlers stand waist-deep. The pros tread water 50 yards out under the start-line flags. You wonder fleetingly what's the correct attitude of prayer while treading water.

Ahead lies the Day of Reckoning. Sometimes you'd wished never to have begun this crusade to Hawaii. More recently, you just wanted it all over and done with. In the dawn of "the" Day, the tension is nearly tangible. Had you listened to the mystics, you would already have made your peace with Pele, the Spirit who inhabits the 14,000 ft mist-shrouded volcanoes.

No turning back now. The flood of supportive faxes from Oz. The earnest farewells from club mates, their hopes and good wishes still ringing in your ears. You pause for reflection...how the hell did all this start?

IT HAPPENS like this. Suppose for a moment you're an average citizen with a passing interest in marathons, maybe the odd triathlon, and a thirst for a bit of healthy competition. You mind your own business and you give a wide berth to Ultra-freaks who inflict on their bodies what Mother Nature never intended.

One day, in an unguarded moment, you find yourself vaguely wondering why, for example, a nice lady like Louise Fitzsimons did "Forster" and then "Hawaii"...and suddenly the genie pops out of the bottle. It gnaws at your judgement. You begin to question long-established facts about notorious Ironman finishers. Maybe Firko isn't a nutcase. Steve Nordish might not be in need of brain transplant after all. Perhaps Peter Keeble does have redeeming qualities, even though he's in Advertising. You misguidedly seek their opinions. You listen to their experiences with deepening awe.

From there, it gets worse. You find yourself negotiating with your family. To your cynical dependants over breakfast you go:

"Look, we can have this great long weekend at Forster in 6 months' time. All you have to do is ignore the fact that I'll be training every morning from 5 am, and our social life will become about as abundant as tobacco at a Striders STaR".

They decide to humour you by agreeing to that, so you go on:

"Then, when I qualify at Forster, it's only another 6 months of the same to Hawaii".

The hex of the Ironman Genie has got you cold. Your family bargains not only for inclusion in that trip to Hawaii but touchingly, for a life-sized photo to remind them of you who, from now on, will be always out on the track or in a pool somewhere, or working...or fast asleep.

"MONEY CAN'T buy you friends", said Spike Milligan, "but it can buy you a better class of enemy". This is as true for triathlons as it is for any other human endeavour. Really, how many times will you put up with that patronising hand-on-the-shoulder from people who pipped you at the post, but whose go-fast stripes and space-age water bottle clearly gave them the technological edge?

So you go out and spend, secure in the knowledge that 9.5 out of 10 Ironman winners wear fluoro Oakleys just like you now do. (Whether you can yet walk on water like a Scott Tinley remains to be tested). The triathlete's equation is: $$$$ = fb = v$. Put simply, it means the more you transfer from your wallet to Clarence Street Cyclery, the better you think you feel (fb), and the faster you think you go (v). It's axiomatic.

So, by throwing enough money at it, your finish at Forster is almost guaranteed. Two other small factors are helpful. One is 5,000 km of training. The other is the luck to avoid serious traffic dingles while you're doing that. You'll never know which is fundamental to success, so you go for all three.

Qualifying from Forster to Hawaii can be a problem...only 63 make the cut. Fortunately, help is at hand. By spending even more money, you could enter any one of 4 similar events around the world (NZ, Japan, Germany and Canada, plus quite a few in USA of course) and hope to qualify there.

A word of warning for when you do stumble piteously across a qualifying Ironman finish line: it's not exactly the best moment to recall that the reward for your success is an invitation to do it all over again, and far tougher, in Hawaii.

STRANGE TO RELATE, no-one has yet written a Bluffer's Manual for triathlons, so for the novice, humiliations abound. I mean, take your bicycle. There's an area of your bike up near the handlebars whose mysteries we ordinary mortals don't normally need to bother our pretty heads about. Trouble is you have to partially dismember that area before it's ready for for plane travel.

Seeking advice from a real triathlete, you go:

"But Alisdair, if I undo that bolt, won't all the ball bearings fall out or something?"

Alisdair Mackie rolls his eyes skywards and goes:

"Oh no, not another one from the Alex Hamill School of Bike Mechanics!"

Whatever can that mean? One feels so ignorant at times.

TALKING OF TRAVEL, here's where your native cunning's at a premium. Know, for example, that a small-print IATA regulation requires all airlines to carry your bike internationally without charge. But at Honolulu, the domestic airline will seek \$US20 to take it from there to Kona. When they go: "Is that a bike in that box?", you go: "Mmmm, just bike parts". Which, of course, is not untrue, but it confuses them so much they let you off.

Getting best value in Kona on the Big Island is serious fun. Local businesses rejoice because the Ironman heralds their only gravy train of the year. (No tourist of sound mind would otherwise visit such a grim place. Look what happened to our own Captain Cook!) But they'll trade deals with you if you shop around. You'll find that gear prices drop dramatically after the event, but naturally the colour/size you wanted disappears.

Hints: book your accommodation direct or leave it till you get there - Australian agents skin you alive; condominiums and kitchenette rooms are great for families; Kona Seaside is the only affordable hotel right where the action is; Malia Kai and similar condos are better value if you don't mind a bit of a walk into town.

NOW LET'S talk about two fascinating phases of the Ironman - *Before* and *After*.

(The bit in the middle, you ask? But isn't this a family show?)

You must arrive in Kona 10 days early to "acclimate", a strange American word you're never likely to get your tongue around. Roughly translated, this means doing the unthinkable - running 20 km between 1 pm and 3 pm in 40 degree heat and 90% humidity, riding as much of the course as your temperament can handle, and sleeping at night with the air conditioning turned off.

Another form of acclimating - Scott-spotting - is best achieved from one of the sidewalk eateries near the seawall. For devoted triathletes, three Scotts - Tinley, Molina and Dave - are very close to God. (Striders Crawford and Anthony still have to prove themselves).

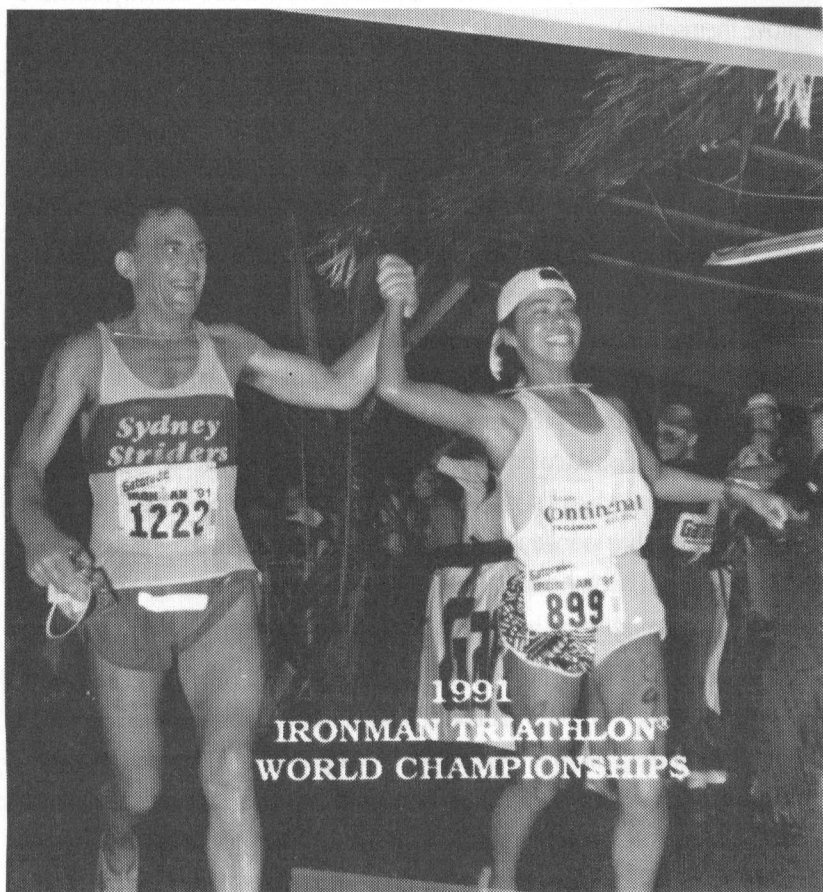
At the same time, you cast an eye over the passing parade of fellow competitors. Awesome. Thighs like tree trunks. The men's are big too. Inspiring are the geriatrics - 60 and 70 year olds - all lean, leathery and sun-dried. Everywhere waxed limbs and amazing Day-glo bikes. And can you imagine what brown PowerBar pieces look like, plastered to accessible bike surfaces for later consumption?

Out in the bay, a row of buoys ("boo-ees" the Americans say) is already in place, marking one half of the swim course. Don't look. 1.2 miles (nearly 2 km) stretches forever. Any time on these preceding days it's thick with pounding arms. Your first swim there is eerie. Fish so colorful you forget to breathe, and water so clear you can see the bottom even when it's 30 metres away. Tokyo competitors make the most of it - back home their pool training cost \$25 for half an hour. An Aussie teacher from Goulburn did his tethered to the end of a local motel pool.

You form the impression this is very serious stuff. You're not wrong. The loneliest people in town are the bartenders - no-one drinks! Take Pasta Night. Few are enjoying themselves. The Triathlon demi-gods get up to tell us what to expect. Paula Newby-Fraser rabbits on and on about her goals and Californian interpersonal relationships. She wants to win (she does). Erin Baker bubbles and giggles. You hope she wins (she gets second). Mark Allen, Scott Molina, Pauli Kiuru and Greg Welch tell it like it is and you want them all to win. (Mark does, Welchie's second).

Surprisingly, the mood doesn't change that much after the event. Tempered somewhat by the post-Ironman staggers, but for many it's business as usual. For example, next morning you have to recover your bike from the bike/run transition 10 miles out of town. Can you believe this? Several people actually ran out there to collect theirs! Seems there's a bit of a hard edge to world competitions for the elite.

Fortunately, you manage to collar a few Aussies, make a party at the local Sunday afternoon jazz jam-session, sink a lot of Millers and soon feel very little pain. Alisdair Mackie's there (10:40:38, 18/140 in 40-44 age group) having just about his first drink for 6 months, but Murray Town (11:42:36, 23/69 in 45-49 age



"Ms Tae-Kwan-do (right) prepares to demonstrate the Flying Pest Exterminator with Head Butt".

group) has already escaped to catch his plane.

At the Awards Night, held outdoors under the stars, you ask around. What now? "Return to being a proper father", says the Goulburn teacher. "Learn canoeing and do the NZ Cross Island race", Bill Baillie, aging NZ Olympian. "Take my wife for a long weekend to Noosa", says Alisdair, swearing to leave his bike at home this time. "Drink beer and go tarding", says a single bloke from Richmond.

At which point a very tall, very slinky apparition in dark glasses and bright red hat sashays past and disappears into the bushes beyond the lights. Now that's business as usual!

(Editor's note: John Turner, 12:44:56, 8/29 in 55-59 age group, was accompanied to Hawaii by his whole Fan Club in the shape of his wife, Tina. She's just beginning to remember what he looks like again). ♦

60 MINUTES

Acknowledgements to Runner's World, Sept 1991

I found it amazing that Arturo Barrios ran 10,000 meters in 28:19 followed by another one in 28:35 in his world-record 1-hour run ("Warmups," July). I suspect there are not many Americans who could run the latter time, let alone the former, in a single 10,000. What's the best performance among Americans in a 1-hour race?

Jerry Visco

Chicago, Illinois

The best U.S. mark for the 1-hour run dates back to 1977, when Bill Rodgers reached 12 miles, 1,351 yards.

HOW RUNNING LOOKED 108 YEARS AGO...

A quote from the Scientific American (1883).

"Running is an exercise can strengthen the limbs, develop the lungs, exercise the will and promote the circulation of the blood. The clothing should be light, the head bare and the neck uncovered. Care must be taken not to overdo. Running is well adapted to both young and middle-aged persons but not those who are fat. Sedentary persons may find great benefit in it after the day is ended, If they live in cities, a quiet spot in the park may be selected and short trials adapted to the strength entered into.

Girls can run as well as boys, and while they cannot go as fast, they can run much more gracefully."*

Acknowledgements to 'The Lore of Running', Tim Noakes.

*(This will be a total surprise to the slower STaR groups who see Joanne and Tina whistling past...).

A MOMENT IN "KONA"

by Alister D. Mackie

There are only two groups of people evident during the build up towards the "HAWAIIAN IRONMAN", competitors and supporters, both are committed to their chosen role. They work hard to help each other and share what will become a mutual moment in Kona.

The evidence of the competitors presence is immediately recognized during swim practice which seemed to start around 7.00am from the pier. With veins popping and muscles flexing in shaven legs as competitors warmed up or just enjoyed the camaraderie this incredible event develops. The spectators would be watching and photographing the general scene with particular emphasis on the better looking female competitors (those tiny swim costumes must make them faster) and the top seeds.

If there is posing before swim training, this fades into insignificance when it comes to the cycle equipment display. It would seem compulsory to cycle through town past the pier in race trim displaying the latest technology and discussing such things as HED, ZIP, CORIMA and AEROSPOKE; whatever happened to Campagnolo and conventionally spoked wheels. Carbon fibre, Kevlar, Titanium and Composite alloys, this is not describing "Spirit of Australia" but cycle frame material in all manner of aerodynamic configurations.

However when you are riding through the scenic beauty (!!) of the lava fields in a heat haze of shimmering riders, it is still your legs and heart which will take you through.

Race day dawned with a calm sea and light winds. (only 20 mph). As we make our way to race registration the sea wall is covered with spectators, some of whom have been there since 4.00am for the 7.00am start. I found a quiet spot to prepare for the race in what would be a changing room, I was the only person in it, when in walked Mark Allen who was also extremely focused (read tense). It was good to know even the top pro's are up tight.

As 7.00am approaches all 1429 competitors and some 4000 supporters are silent

for prayer, then the canon goes and all hell breaks loose in a sea of foam as some 5700 limbs thrash the water.

The toughest and greatest sporting event in my experience is under way, which becomes a test of mental stamina as much as physical. The bike is windy and hot, the run just hot and hotter.

As you approach town and the finish from the heat and solitude of the lava fields your feelings and thoughts of the day leave the heat and wind and think of the finish. The crowd starts to increase on the outskirts of town and you hear more encouragement and your name, or "come on Aussie". This really lifts you, unlike the guy who was really trying to support by saying "only 15 miles to go" I could have killed him. However, this is behind you as people say "two miles to go", "way to go", "looking good".

The crowd builds even more, several hundred and you smile a little, the pain fades and you run faster, you start to hear amplified commentary as you loop through town towards Alii Drive and the finish. The supporters now number thousands as you hear your name being announced as you approach Alii Drive and the final approach.

Then you are in the finishing 300 yards, there is just noise and lights which get louder and brighter as you approach the finishing line in a euphoric moment in time. You hear your name above what seems like the roar of thousands, blinded by flash bulbs as you cross the line totalling forgetting the challenge of the last 10 hours as you live your moment of finishing the Hawaiian Ironman Triathlon World Championships.

Much later a solitary walk home with a finishers shirt on your back. Complete strangers offer continuous congratulations and support. You reach home, two beers and bed, you lie awake for what seems like an eternity it is only "a moment in Kona". ♦

N.B.

My congratulations to fellow Striders,;

John Turner, and Murray Town.

MMI - 3 PORTS: 26 AND 27 OCTOBER 1991

Joanne Cowan

When I was first asked to write this, I thought, "no problem", I'll write it as we go. Having been in the event twice before, I basically knew what to expect and the sort of time I'd have on my hands.

Well, on the Friday before, as the rain poured down and the predictions of southerly winds looked like happening, I realised then that it could be a rough sail, therefore, no time to write. My predictions were true. It was the roughest sail I'd been on ever. I do sail reasonably regularly, but never in those types of seas. Yet, despite all that, I'll do it again next year!!

So, what happened ...

Well, the experience began as we lined up at Manly just outside the Manly pier. I don't think McDonald's toilets had ever been frequented so much!!

After we had numbers drawn on our arms and bar codes given to us, we were ready to go. A big "thanks" to all those Striders helping at Manly. Their encouragement was much appreciated.

Nobby rounded us all up, the Mayor shot the gun and off we went on our run to The Spit.

The run starts off quite lovely, along the waterfront, but as we left the water, the hills started and the climb to Clontarf began - the opposite way to our STaR run. It was a challenge and a half. I saw many Striders on the way. Some I passed, others passed me and the ones I passed tried to pass me again. This run was pretty uneventful, except towards the end. Bruce Inglis passed me again, sprinting off ahead. I kept within 2 metres of him and after finishing he said to me, "I thought you'd put on some speed and pass me again." No such luck Bruce, when I had the prospect of another 14km that afternoon - the win was all yours.

I finished 17th (33:45 - 1st woman, I think). We'd better get Wendy to put the results up at the end to keep me honest.

Marles finished 36: (2nd woman) and I don't know the name of the 3rd placegetter. My running partner, Moira Main (who was just getting over the flu) ran 37:11.

Now the mad scramble to boats began. Some runners had to get on tender boats - these are the roughest dingies you've ever sat in - not designed for runners bums that are lean - definitely for sailors who seem to be very well padded - they say they need it for the rigours of "off shore" sailing - after this weekend, I believe it.

Moira and I were on *Jensmintk* - a boat owned and skippered by the Middle Harbour Commodore - he's third in line for the head job - luckily he has contacts, so we were moored on the jetty. It was here that we met our crew - three of the nicest and most knowledgeable sailors. We also met Les, our third runner. He comes from Blacktown, he's not a Strider. Luckily we had lined Les up as it was to be an interesting sail to Bundeena.

We sailed away from Middle Harbour confident of a fairly quick sail to Bundeena. 9.30am departure, 1.15pm approximate arrival. To describe our trip down is easy. In three words ... rough, wet and uncomfortable.

Imagine this, the skipper and his mate are in the back of the boat, the other two crew, Les, Moira and myself are all sitting on the side, scrambling from side to side as we go about.

Nature decided I needed to visit the loo - fatal mistake. For those who don't sail, the galley is definitely off limits in rough seas. Two minutes down there and you're green. Well, as I bounced on and off the toilet, my stomach told me to get out quick - luckily my good constitution held together, but I couldn't face sitting on that rail again, so I stood for the next three hours - great after racing 10km.

Moira, by this time, had turned a pale shade of grey and headed for the back of the boat. Les held firm on the side - later we found out he was so cold he couldn't have moved anyway.

So, there we were, Moira being ill over the back, me standing and leaning on the hatch cover falling asleep, and Les frozen on the side. About every 2-3 minutes we'd hit a wave, get drenched by all the water - this, of course, kept waking me up. So ... we travelled this way until calmer waters.

I finally sat down and rested the legs - Moira stopped being sick and we prized Les from his frozen position. Here we were at Bundeena - 30 minutes to prepare and run.

We thought we felt bad until we got on the tender boat - "You mob look great", the guy told us, "you should have seen how green some of the other runners were."

Wendy told me that Phil Garvin was nearly taken to hospital and that Marles looked about as bad.

Well, we started the 14km - a slow, gradual climb to the top of the Royal National Park, a right hand turn and down hill gradually. What I remember most is the beautiful scenery of this run. You could see the city and, of course, the sea and all those yachts taking off for Patonga. I passed lots of runners and made excellent time. Wendy made two great changes to the course this year. We had more water and sponge stations (thank God!) and the last 500m of the run ran across hard sand, not soft sand like last year.

55:08 was my time, Les pulled a tendon in his foot and finished 1:04:55 - at least he finished. After first aid it was back to the boat and off to Patonga. I must add here that most of the runners finished the Bundeena run better than they started - they had colour in their faces and weren't dehydrated any more - what a way to recover, eh!

The sail to Patonga was very uneventful for us. With a southerly behind us, the cabin was a welcome refuge for all three of us. Sleep overtook us all and only the occasional jolt of the boat woke us.

Les's foot swelled up and began to throb - Aspirin didn't seem to work to help the pain - Les managed to throw them up again. We finally numbed the foot with ice and the three of us settled until we reached Patonga around 9.00pm.

The crew and Les departed for the steak sandwiches and chips on shore. Moira and I thought pasta with vego sauce sounded more enticing. After that we set in for shore via those lovely tender boats. The party was in full swing.

After realising at 11.00pm that it was actually 12.00pm due to daylight saving, we headed back to the boat for sleep. The boys staggered in around 1.00 - 1.30am - I didn't feel or hear a thing until my alarm went off at 5.00am. We decided another 45 minutes sleep would go down well, so with no food, we stepped on shore around 6.30am with a 7.00am start.

The stories kept coming about the bad sails and sea sickness. At least I'd been pretty comfortable - I really did feel sorry for everyone.

Steve Gill looked good - but his legs were stiff from sitting over the side of the boat. Chris McLean said his legs felt like lead. Karl Barker looked fresh, although I believe he'd been seasick most of the way. Dale Thompson wasn't running so she

looked happy. Alex and Evan looked decidedly uncomfortable, saying that it was alright for me as I trained for these things. Alex had done the first 3 Ports race so he had forgotten how much fun it can be!!

The Patonga run can be described as follows:-

A steep 2km climb up the road then into the national park for an up and down hill bush track which has some smaller challenging hills. We then visited the Patonga tip - a scenic spot not to be missed on your next trip up there. The best part is the downhill out of the tip!! The run after that is pretty flat, through residential streets, past the beach and across through a park. We then climb up the side of a cliff via the road then run around the edge of the cliff. The scenery is quite spectacular as you see Lion Island, etc, but you've got to be careful as it's a bit of a rough track.

By this time I've been passed by Bruce Inglis who is determined to do better than his 2 hours plus last year (actually he passed me at the tip!). Also, I nearly passed Phil Garven in Patonga, but he gained new strength and took off, despite his seasickness. I caught John Sauer who limped around the whole course due to a torn tendon in the arch of his foot. He shouldn't have been running.

We're now about 7kms from the end and Evan Miller passes me looking very strong. I also got passed by another runner (a triathlete) Mick - he's not a Strider, but just beat me in the Strider's Half Marathon.

Now, were approximately 6km from the end and I see Chris McLean. We start climbing the hills back into the national part - I pass Chris and he says "you're looking good" - my legs feel like lead - he look quite good so I said "so do you" - he was appearing to be slowing down and didn't look happy.

Now we're at the cruellest part of this run. The hills keep coming and then it levels out, then more hills, more levelling and more hills. I'm now picking up more and more runners. I passed Mick who has really slowed down, I also passed another runner who, I believe, is a Strider, but I can't remember his name. Now I'm catching Evin.

We finally get to the top of the hills and start sprinting down the road - 2kms all downhill ... great news. Evin tells me he's done his hamstring. I said I'm going for a PB so he joined me and together we sprinted downwards picking up more runners. Even makes a final burst and finished in front of me. I am really excited as

I ran 1:56:15 - a PB by 10 minutes.

The other runners all start to finish. Chris does 2:04, Bruce Inglis cleaned up 1:51 - great run Bruce, Steve Gill, not sure of his time, but he wasn't happy. Marles 2:06 - great run (2nd woman), Moria 2:11 (4th woman).

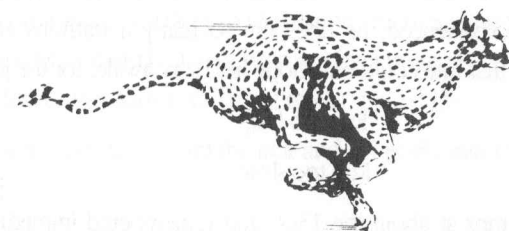
At this stage it was time to sail back. Another southerly, so it was the bunks below for a long, but reasonably comfortable sail - at least we were dry.

The sail back was quite eventful. The usual pounding and dumping of waves, a slight problem with another boat - we hit it! Our penalty 2 x 360 turns in the water - now that felt strange from below!

All three runners stayed below until we came through North Head. I have never felt so relieved to see Sydney. I was feeling tired by really happy. Three PB's for me, Queen of the Mountain and the woman's veteran title. A big thanks to all those who supported and helped during this race. It makes it so enjoyable for those who compete.

I must add that I admire one of the runners who did the 31km with a wooden leg - makes us all grateful to have two legs. He ran 2:35, by the way.

For those who can be put off by seasickness, the thought of high seas, etc, don't be deterred. This is one race that you must try. It combines two totally unlike sports groups together and it works extremely well. I'll try again in 1992 - why not join me!! ♦



ADELAIDE 1991, NOW THAT THE DUST HAS SETTLED.

By John Ayliffe

My dear friend, Alf Field, ran to his 10k handicap time a couple of times this year; but none would have been more memorable than his effort in Adelaide: when he was right on the knocker for the first 10ks in the Adelaide Marathon.

I was a couple of minutes behind determined yet again to maintain the pace that was going to get me a sub-3 marathon.

Run too fast,

Run too slow

Meanwhile, behind me Alan Phillips was on a mission of a different kind. Ever since London 1988, Alan Phillips had come to believe that the very idea of completing a marathon was behind him.

As running companion for this, the comeback marathon, my dear friend Alan had handpicked Graham Butler whose vast experience, he hoped, would rub off on him sufficiently to drag them both across the line. Time was to be of no consequence; our would-be Phiedippides would just pray that they wouldn't have to turn the lights on!

Sometime earlier, when we had been chattering away there in the 5 degrees dawn I had advised my one-time London marathons colleague that, though Graham is certainly experienced, he does run so many marathons and ultra-marathon these days, that one could only hope he'd stay awake for the journey.

Run too fast,

Run too slow

I got my usual cramps at about the 15ks (and remembered immediately the Quinine tablets I had left on a shelf in our bathroom cabinet back in Sydney). I was to struggle with this condition for some 8ks during which period I would fall some 10 minutes off the pace.

Run too fast

Run too slow

Meanwhile, considerably much further ahead by now, Alf was to go through the half in something like 35 seconds off his half marathon PB. He would tell us later he had felt great, at that stage, if a little disappointed that the event was only a marathon (it seems three successful Comrades are enough to make a pain in the A of anyone!)

Run too fast

Run too slow

At about 25Ks I was back on the pace, 4 minutes ks, and currently enjoying the phenomenon that everybody seemed to know my name. "Good on you John...go for it John... way to go John!" Echoes from the sidewalk that confused the mind yet fired the heart.

When, sometime later, I realised I'd been running with the South Australian Premier all I could say by way of recognition and pride was this: "handy to have the name John around here."

I was to beat John Bannon in 1991; no pride in that, his worst year as Premier was to snowball into his worst Adelaide marathon.

Run too fast

Run too slow

Meanwhile soon after 21k, Alan had ditched Graham for Dick Bartlett, who had been his on way from Sydney to Melbourne and thought he'd run Adelaide on the way. It seems Graham had only been out for a training run and Alan was growing in confidence, and stature, the more the ks slipped by.

Dick was quick to pick up the plot and fell easily into the all-conquering pace required.

Run too fast

Run too slow

From here on in things were to go pretty well for me. But not so for Alf our 10k

trailblazer was to hit the wall at 30ks. When I saw him way up ahead on a long stretch, at the top of the only hill to speak of in the Adelaide Marathon, I can honestly say I couldn't believe my eyes.

My emotions were to travel through many phases in the minutes it took to catch Alf up; and running beside him, caught in the mental tangle about whether to take him home, I was soon relieved to hear Alf tell me to "go on with it mate, I'm stuffed."

Run too fast

Run too slow

Twenty or so minutes behind emotions were taking a different turn. The way Dick put it, his running companion was to suddenly launch into an Alan Phillips tongue-wagging furore - at the realisation that marathon running was for him after all! In other words Alan Phillips at about 26ks came to know he would finish. Once he had died, now he was born again.

Run too fast

Run too slow

There was no way I was going to get back that 10 minutes I lost so, by 35ks I had settled in to just making a good fist of it. I saw Graham on a double-deck bit about



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there; he was still training away.

When the cramps came back 2ks from home I told God he was a prick and just pushed my way home.

Run too fast

Run too slow

Everyone finished beautifully in the Adelaide Marathon - can't help it - along that stretch of river behind the Festival Centre, soft green lawns, colourful tents and banners and friendly people. "Congratulations, you won!"

But none completed the 1991 Adelaide Marathon better than A Philips, Sydney Strider. Even Dick Bartlett knew that.

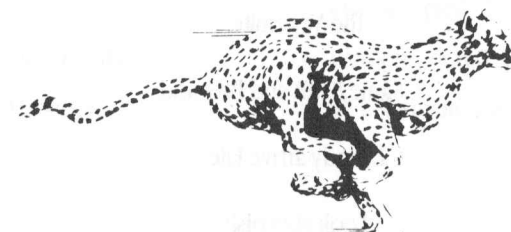
Graham came in like it was a Sunday STaR. Alf struggled in muttering about Melbourne late November - this year!

We were caught in the euphoria of it all, so it only seemed but a few minutes later that Alan Tonge walked in; he's amazing.

Run too fast

Run too slow

Made it.



START TIMES UPDATE

Anon

[Just had to get these in the book : Editor]

1. Veteran 6.10 starter struggling to find form,
apparently has decided even the 6 o'clock Group
is now too fast for him.

One Sunday recently he was waiting for the Host to arrive,

grabbed a map and took off:

A lone 5.50am Group.

Didn't seem to make any difference:

He staggered back in usual form.

More sleep,

Alan, less wine

and keep eating

the Vegemite.

2. Same STaR and Bret and

Lynndy arrive late.

Look sheepish.

I mean its 7.40, yes, seven forty.

And they ran, they ran.

WRITE FOR THE BLISTER

John Ayliffe.

For most of us running is at
the centre of our universe.

We love doing it.

we love reading about it.

We want to read about

your running.

Particularly when you've run
somewhere different.

Phil Garvin ran the Beijing
Marathon, did you know that?

John Searle won a 5,000m

Vets event in California USA,

did you know that?

Dale Thompson ran the

Bairnsdale Marathon.

One day I'm going to run
the Sea of Galilee Marathon,
and believe me I'll be telling
you about that.

It all should be in "The
Blister", a magazine about
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MY COMRADES STORY

By Cecil Webster

"It takes a lot more courage to suffer, than to die."

*[A Comrades Marathon Update from a South African newspaper by that name,
June issue 1991.*

We couldn't put it down – Editor].

It all started one morning in 1987, as I settled in front of the TV wrapped in a blanket from the cold and enough beer to feed my face later in the day and watched Bruce romp home to his seventh victory in the Comrades Marathon. I decided to run it too, although at that time I believed that runners suffered from some sort of anti-social dementia or were just plain crazy. That dream was like a star, bright but very, very far. I bought some running shoes and started run-walking on a 3km route, which played havoc with my smoking and drinking habits.

The months passed and my first two marathons were great, before I lapsed into a two year slump unable to command the discipline that running requires. In January 1991 I decided that this was my Comrades year, and I hit the road.

The Comrades creeps into everything you eat and do, and becomes part of your daily life - a goal, an awesome challenge. The months go by and subconscious tension builds up into something almost tangible the last week. Everything revolves around the big day, as you carboload on pasta and potatoes. On the last night, three alarm clocks are set for 3am, ticking away the last hours for the person tossing and turning in nervous thought.

The big day arrives and you're up before the alarms. A quick breakfast is gulped down and we're off to the starting point, where groups of people are coagulating, braving the darkness and freezing cold. By the time the gun starts the race, you are part of a huge mass of bodies slowly snaking forward, reaching for that dream. Voice fill the morning air as runners nervously joke and talk as they settle into their stride, voices which will die away as the miles pass and take their toll.

After an hour on the road, T-shirts that were worn for the cold, go flying towards

some guys carrying collection bags, who were there last year. Now we settle in for the long road ahead. After 30km, my body reminded me that I'd been on the road for some time. At Drummond I felt tired crossing the half way mark. I should have still been strong then, and knew I was going to have a hard day. Soon cramps threatened to knot my legs, as we climbed and descended. Someone should have warned me that the mountains were that high and so many. Usually mention was only made of Polly's, Botha's Hill and Field's Hill, the ones with snow-covered peaks!

The body's energies start to dwindle. My very tired legs scream for me to stop, as I discover muscles I never knew I had. On and on we go, walk-running up the hills, and plunging down the other on rubber legs. The crowds shout support "You're looking good" when you know you don't, "You are crazy but we love you!" and you know they're right.

My mind wanders to the words of Napoleon, "it takes more courage to suffer than to die," and they have a special clarity. The body says "Stop!," the signboard says "38KM TO GO". I notice that most of the runners around me have done the Comrades before. I wonder what makes them keep coming back year after year, while in my heart I know that part of it is the pain I'm going through.

Eventually the "KM TO GO" dwindles to single figures, which brings a cheer from exhausted runners around me. The crowds shout support or just look, as if mesmerised by this passing sea of sweat covered faces, painted in the agony of extreme fatigue, determination on the brow. The people lining the road pass by in a haze, and I know that the Comrades is not just a race, but something much bigger - bigger even than the sum of the elements that combine to make this day.

I want to walk as I have time in hand, but someone is waiting for me at the finish, someone who has supported me all these months. I owe it to her to do my best, so I continue with the most economical trot I can muster.

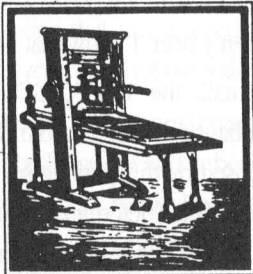
The stadium is reached after 9 hours forty nine minutes, and the little bump at the entrance is not as bad as they said on TV one year. In a dream you run on and over the finish line. A little boy says "Well done," and hands you your plastic bank bag with your medal, coveted and earned. I stagger through and tears well up in my eyes. Is it pain? Is it relief? Or is it just because of this indescribable feeling of being

part of something bigger than me - mankind's yearning to reach out - majesty in motion.

On the bus back Pietermaritzburg the chatter soon dies down and tired bodies slump in little heaps of dozing angles. The journey is a long one - did I really run all this way?

The day following the Comrades is one of excruciating agony when trying to be mobile on pulverised legs. Each movement takes will power and elicits an assortment of grunts and moans from contorted face.

Back home friends ask how it was. You try to answer but are at a loss for words - great? painful? extremely difficult? wonderful? Your efforts at explaining feel inadequate and feeble. They then ask the inevitable question "Will you do it again?" and you just smile as they shake their heads when you answer yes, as you have a knowledge revealed only to those who dared brave the Comrades marathon. ♦



FIRST IMPRESSIONS

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MY FIRST STaR

by Alan Phillips aged 46 years 8 months.

"You'll have to go and run with the Sydney Striders or someone" said my friend Tony after I'd rubbed him out on yet another 18km Sunday training run. It was true that if I wanted to realise my only half formed ambition to run a marathon, I would need to get involved with other people that had a similar perverted view of the world.

After a little enquiry (it was a bit like trying to find out about a secret society) I found that another friend, Ron Corden, was actually in the Striders. A brief conversation with Ron soon convinced me that before I could even think of running with Striders I would need to do some preparatory training - these people were serious 25k's minimum was the go, no wimpish 15's in those days or 'going short'.

So two months later, after I had pushed my distance out in stages to 25k's, I found myself standing around at dawn at Balmoral Beach contemplating a funny map along with Tony and a whole bunch of other skinny people. Ron hadn't shown.

As I live in Mosman the course seemed easy enough to remember so I quickly dispensed with the map. Tony, bowing to my local knowledge, dumped his too. Besides, there were all these other people who knew the way.

We decided to go with the ten past six group. With the course now well committed to memory, our group set off up Raglan Street, a steep kilometre long hill, designed to reveal any little heart problems at any early stage of the run while still in carrying distance of Mosman Hospital.

Not at this stage in my running career being familiar with the concept of Long Slow Distance, or such things as water stops or regrouping etc, I started to push the pace along Bradleys Head Road. The pace seemed to be a bit feeble to me. On into the bush at Clifton Gardens and we really got stuck into it - I love running bush tracks. Tony asked me whether we were wise to hold this pace and whether there was any point in running with a club at all when all we had actually done was start

at the same place. "No worries Tone, we'll just hang on like this for a while longer 'till we've passed that six o'clock bunch that left before us then we'll drop it back a bit. Should see us back in Balmoral ahead of the rest by a country mile". "But I'm sure it's not meant to be a race" said Tony. "Of course it's not, but it's important to make a good impression on my first STaR, it will let them see what I'm made of".

We passed the early group just after Mosman Rowers at around the same time as I first began to notice how tired I was feeling. I heard Tony asking someone in the other group how much further it was and remember being quite shaken to hear the 'another couple of hours should get us out of it.'

On into Kurraba Road then through Milsons Point. "Do you remember what happens from here Tony?" "You told me you had the bloody picture Phillips!" Maybe I should have kept the map. "I think we sort of head up around Balls Head somehow then kinda up through Cammeray".

Running up toward Balls Head we catch a glimpse of the group we left with . . . AHEAD OF US! "How could that happen?" I muttered to Tony (ever willing to set myself up . . .) His reply was, I thought, most unkind and hardly worth the effort of sanitising for this story. "Come on Tony, I reckon if we stick it in for a bit we can catch them and still get in ahead of them". Grim silence from Tony.

We didn't catch them. My enthusiasm for this STaR was ebbing rapidly.

The last of the six o'clock group passed me somewhere coming out of Tunks Park going up a steep hill which, incidentally, I eliminated from the course as soon as I became STaR host. Nice people though. They courteously introduced themselves one by one as they passed and welcomed me to the Striders.

They also wished me luck for the balance of the run, callously explaining about the treacherous Awaba Road yet to come, before waving me goodbye. One of them even passed me a soggy map.

It took me three hours and forty minutes to finish. I don't know what happened to Tony, in fact, I didn't see Tony again for three weeks and never again at a Striders run.

Great start to a great club. ♦

1991 BRINDABELLA CLASSIC

by Graham Butler.

I've always been a sucker for peer pressure as far as entering running events is concerned. Irrespective of weekly mileage or athletic ability, I'm only too willing to jump into a race if one of my club mates reckons that participation in this or that event would be a fun thing to do. So when Sue Hill made noises about the 50 km Brindabella Classic it was just a question of time before I mailed off my entry.

Anyone who has driven around Canberra will understand how easy it is to become progressively lost whilst driving in ever decreasing circles. This trip was to be no exception as a band of intrepid explorers namely Butler, Nordish, Sue Hill and Margaret Robinson sought to disprove the existence of the Black Mountain Caravan Park anywhere near the vicinity of Black Mountain at any rate.

At last we found it masquerading under a completely different name and we met up with veteran Brindabella loonies, Mike Ward and Brian Colwell who in turn had successfully done a peer pressure con job on the normally very sensible Benny Hagberg.

A very forgettable carbo loading dinner in downtown Canberra was made memorable by Brian Colwell whining about the ridiculously small portions of pasta which in his view wouldn't sustain a sedentary sea slug for more than about five seconds.

A chilly Canberra dawn greeted us when we arose at 5am. Steve Nordish got everyone properly awake minutes before the prearranged departure by locking himself out of the caravan with his running shoes and other worldly possessions still inside. After a brief drama a disgruntled caravan park manager was awoken from his slumber. A spare key was found and we were on our way.

We met the runners' bus at Cotter Dam which took most of the field of 60 to Mount Ginini about 90 minutes drive on often tortuous dirt roads. At 1,800 metres above sea level the temperature at Mount Ginini was fairly brisk for the time of year, but warmer than last year when it actually snowed!

Some quick speeches thanking the various organisers and "Mountain Man", the honorary starter, fired the gun.

The initial steep downhill section over very rough ground was indicative of what lay ahead. After a more gentle stretch we commenced a short climb to the Mt. Franklin trig point before plunging several hundred metres in less than a kilometre on a very loose, rough surface. By the 10 km drink station my legs were already "rubbery" after such a mega downhill.

The next 10kms or so were relatively plain sailing with gradual downhill running on 4 wheel drive trails. A lengthy upward climb soon changed this feeling to the discomfort of a long hard slog and by 23kms I was feeling much worse than I'd anticipated at less than halfway. I jogged and walked with Steve Nordish to the top of Bullhead which marks the 26km point. Feeling like death I consumed 4 cups of water, a full can of Pepsi, a "squeeze", a banana and a king size Mars Bar.

Not surprisingly perhaps, I felt fairly bilious as I set off on a steep uphill walk followed by a couple of the most horrific downhill plunges for which the Brindabella Classic is notorious. I found myself hanging onto tree branches and sliding down several metres as a time.

After about the 30km point the terrain became far easier and much to my surprise the little snack I'd consumed at Bullhead had revived me considerably. A long gradual downhill section saw me running strongly for the next hour and a half to a point where the eucalypts suddenly give way to cultivated pine forests. There is much evidence of logging in this area to a point where the landscape looks like newsreel footage of Hiroshima after the atomic bomb.

There were a couple of severely cramped runners languishing at the 43km aid station where I consumed another Mars Bar cocktail just in case.

I met up with Mike Ward and with 7 or 8kms to go we agreed to run/walk together until the finish. We got our feet wet in a couple of causeway creek crossings and eventually picked up Sue Hill who had run a fantastic race from the start. An agonising long, downhill section finally joined the main road at Cotter Reserve and we ran as a threesome across the 53km finish line in 5 hours 38 minutes.

All in all, the Brindabella Classic has to be one of the really great ultras; superb countryside, a true challenge and very ably organised by the ACT Cross Country Club. At this point I can't say whether I'll be back for another dose in 1992, but there again, peer pressure will probably get the better of me. ♦



Nobby had problem licked.

THE NEXT TIME YOU SEE that Australia Post commercial, believe them when they say "we deliver".

Lane Cove couple Joyce and Kevin Flanagan recently received a letter from Papua New Guinea for their son, Graham, who lives at North Ryde.

Graham returned from Papua New Guinea this year and works at Gladesville.

The only address on the letter was "G.Flanagan, Gladesville, NSW".

Those scant directions would test the resources of many a postal employee but not Gladesville delivery manager Nobby Young.

Mr Young searched for the name on the electoral roll, found a family of Flanagans living at Lane Cove which happened to be

within the same Federal boundary as Gladesville and wrote that address on the envelope.

Eight days after the letter was posted from New Guinea, it reached Mr and Mrs Flanagan, who passed the letter on to their son. Mrs Flanagan said it was a good reason to praise Australia Post.

Mr Young said most letters reached their destination.

"We get so much flak but 99.9 per cent of the time our staff get it to the right place", he said.

From North Shore Times September 14, 1991.

Nobby probably thought it was Billy - I like it where Nobby says: "Most letters reached their destination". Most?, Nobby, Most? - ED

DON'T 'FLU THE COOP

Good Advice from Alf Field, and how often do we need it!

I woke up with my throat on fire. It was Sunday night, exactly a week before the City to Surf. My heart sank as I realised that I had been zapped by the dreaded 'flu that was doing the rounds.

How often had I read the words; "Don't run if you have had a virus in the week before the race." For the first time I now had to confront the reality of this situation.

I desperately wanted to be fit for this year's City to Surf as I was running in the Strider's over 50 teams for the first time. With Ray Doran likely to produce a time of about 49 minutes and John Turner also sure to put in a good performance, we had a good chance for a medal if I could produce something close to my PB. I didn't want to let the other guys down.

I spent Monday and Tuesday in bed trying to shake off the bug. I didn't run at all that week and by Saturday felt well enough to make the decision to run. With hindsight I realised that the decision was made by the heart and not the head.

Five kilometres into the City to Surf I knew that I was in trouble. My mouth was dry, my throat scratchy and my legs felt like lead. It was more like the last 5kms of the Comrades rather than the first few kms of a 14km run.

There was no way I was going to DNF. I was going to finish in a decent time. I would not let Ray or John down.

I ignored the signals my body was sending to my brain. Just kept muttering to myself - "Got to do it for the boys. Got to do it for the boys."

I finished in 55.02, only 4 seconds off PB, satisfied that I had kept my end up. I rate it as my best and most difficult run. It was 120% effort and guts.

My relief at finishing in a reasonable time masked the way I was feeling. On the drive home my condition deteriorated. My legs and arms started quivering as if there were no bones in my limbs.

I barely made it to my bed before collapsing. I slept for 3 hours without stirring. Obviously I recovered, but was very weak and certainly did not run for another 10

days. My training schedule for the Adelaide Marathon was in a shambles.

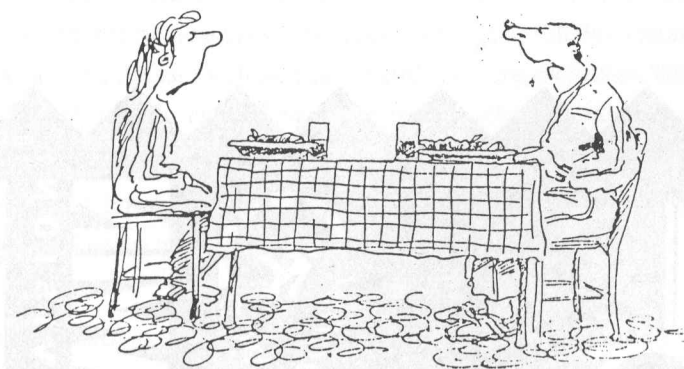
I was deeply shocked by how close I had come to disaster and tormented myself by wondering what would have happened if the race had been a kilometre longer. I now know why people die in the City to Surf and why the literature keeps admonishing runners not to compete if they have had a virus during the week before the race.

I can only concur. My advice is "Don't 'flu the coop". Don't run. It's not worth it and you may kill yourself.

Oh, did we win a medal? No! We didn't even make third place in the over 50's despite Ray and John performing to expectations. My gut wrenching effort had been to no avail!

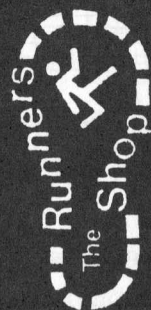
The final irony was that the Sydney Strider's over 30's team won their division and our time in the over 50's was faster than that achieved by the over 30's. How does one explain that!

(And how old was Lopez when he won the Olympic Marathon? - EDITOR (fifty nearly). ♦



"Carrots! Jogging! Carrots! Jogging! Do you think it's worth trying to prolong our lives?"

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HEAD TO HEAD - TOE TO TOE

By the interested Onlooker.

Throughout the history of sport there exists many examples of head to head contests that have caught the imagination of the sporting public. The very presence of the two combatants resulted in both performing at their best in a endeavour to win.

In cricket there was Bradman vs. Larwood and Lillie vs. Richards, in tennis Hoad vs. Gonzales and Borg vs. MacEnroe, in boxing Ali vs. Frazier, in Rugby League Mossop vs. Karalius and in athletics Landy vs. Bannister and Ovett vs. Coe.

Even within the Striders club examples exist of these contests that ebb and flow from year to year.

Who can forget the titanic struggles that took place between Kevin (my bill's in the mail) O'Kane and Ian (training director) Whitfield. The taste of victory that one savoured was sweet until the next contest.

What the interested onlooker has noted is that no matter where participants finish in the field, be they up the front or down the back the head to head contest flourishes.

Take the regular contest between Warwick (the x-ray looked OK to me!) Selby and Steve (I'm not running the six foot track every again) Gill. Each month they contest the clubs 10K race with the ultimate goal of beating each other. Who cares who ultimately wins the race as long as they beat the other bastard real bad.

Now down the back of the field, watch the contest between Mike (the whipping boy) Ward and Dave (are you sure this is the way?) Ritchie. The language between those two before the races is interesting as both seek to disturb the others intense concentration.

Verbal interaction seems to revolve around the theme of one being 'a born looser' and the other responding in 'y have got nuthin' comments.

The interested onlooker has noted that these head to head contests are not a total male domain. I suggest you watch the quiet but growing struggle between Joanne

(what do you mean Pears has got the market share!)Cowan and Marlies (do you really think I'm putting on weight?)Laaper. Yes I know you will say Joanne always somehow struggles across the line first, but that gap is narrowing and of course we all know Marlies does have time on her side. ♦

CREATIVITY

POWER SURGE

Have you ever gone for a noontime run when suddenly, at some point during the middle miles, your mind lights up with the solution to a problem you've been mulling over for days? If so, Joan Gondola wouldn't be surprised. An associate professor of physical education at Baruch College in New York City, Gondola has found that running may inspire surges in creativity that could make you a better problem solver, a better manager and even a better boss.

Gondola studied students enrolled in Baruch's health and physical education courses. Members of one class ran twice a week for 20 minutes while others simply sat through lectures for 16 weeks. On the first and last days of class, Gondola tested both groups for creativity. The runners came up big winners, posting much higher scores in originality and men-

tal flexibility by the end of the semester. A later study proved that even short bouts of exercise yield sudden spurts of creativity.

"Running helps clear confusion," says Gondola. "It can induce an alpha state, or a relaxed brain state. Your thoughts are thrown together randomly, and new ideas can emerge. You actually begin to process information differently, and it frees you up. By the time you finish your run, the answers seem to fall right into place."

If you're determined to improve your performance on the job or in the classroom, Gondola suggests hitting the streets and trails regularly to stimulate your body *and* your mind. "In academia and in industry, you need to work hard to advance," she says, "but it's always the most creative people who get to the top."

—Linda Miller

Acknowledgements to Runners World (September 1991).

ON THE ROAD TO PB's

John B Hamilton

Many members may wonder what running could be like when they reach fifty. Alf Field's effort in running a marathon in under three hours at that age makes inspirational reading (Blister Issue No 44).

I also turned fifty this year and affirm that top personal performances are possible. Although a 6.00am/6.10am starter in the STaRS, I achieved personal bests all through the year at my own level.

Well do I remember standing on the over-bridge at Kings Cross in 1984 awed at the sight of the mass of bouncing bodies coming toward me in the City to Surf. The next year I was puffing my way to the finish in 89 min. I have run every year since, with 68-54 in 1986, 61-19 in 1987, 62-28 in 1988, and 69-45 (while studying) in 1989. I became keen to break the hour but 1990 saw 61-23. The hour seemed a real barrier.

Meanwhile, James Macdonnell introduced me to Striders in early 1990. For the next year I built up stamina with the STaRS but the long slow distances didn't seem to be improving the speed.

A change of strategy was required. So the Hornsby Sportscene 10k series was tried this year. That seems to have made the difference. Also, other Striders assisted with advice: e.g. take longer, bouncy strides (Harvey Blue) and kick the heels on the downhill (Nobby Young). In June at Kempsey I bettered my best marathon time by some 11 minutes. Another spinoff was in leading on handicap points halfway through the 10k series.

In the leadup to the City to Surf, Saturday mornings saw me again doing the 15k with Turramurra Trotters. If I couldn't get to a STaR I would include running up Beacon Hill three times in quick succession. Eat your heart out Heartbreak Hill with a time of 59-15 in 1991!

Other comparative performances:

	<u>1990</u>
<u>1991</u>	
Strider's H'cap Half Marathon	96 min
93 min	
Six Foot Track Marathon	5-25-14
5-14-30	
Great Nosh (15km)	78-42
77-43	
Ports (31km)	2-20-..
2-13.15	

You can have the occasional day off training when at that level of fitness with no apparent loss of performance (see Blister Issue No 45, p33). What else? I take dolomite tablets as a leadup to avoid muscle cramp, and feel the sachets of carbohydrate polymers make me run more easily on big distances.

Good running. ♦

"Most of marathoning is just a matter of running around," he tells the kids. "I'm perhaps the most lightly trained marathoner of my caliber in the world." He points to his weekly training schedule, chalked on the blackboard. "Of my 200 kilometres, only 18 or so of them, about 10 per cent, are done hard. The rest is just putting time in on my feet at a conversational pace, as if I were at a hotel or a football game with my mates."

Steve Moneghetti.

Acknowledgements to Runners World.

VISIT FROM THE DOCTOR

Owen Denmeade

Jim Fix once said that in the whole world of running, there was no one quite like George Sheehan....Fix of course never met Irwin Light, or Nobby Young for that matter!

Bryce rang to say that George was in town and looking for a run. The legendary Red Bank cardiologist, philosopher, runner, father of twelve, eldest of fourteen, mile in 4:47 at age 54, running companion of Presidents, arrived at the small but perfectly formed 'Patts' change complex in board shorts and a pair of Tiger Montreal running shoes. [*He told us that they were the same shoes he wore in his legendary film about running, produced in 1978! – Ed*].

After the usual bullshit, Roger Rigby, Alan Phillips, Ivan Freys, Bryce, me and the 73 year-old-leprechaun-turned heart-specialist took off.

Immediately George began complaining: "I'm Irish, I feel pain early and often and I don't keep it a secret". On the bridge he refers to the incline as 'a hill'.

Bryce and George get on something terrific: "I'm not sure if I'm a writer who runs or a runner who writes", said George. "I do know that I cannot write without running and I'm not sure I would run if I couldn't write the idea of suffering is so natural to both runners and writers, it's a common bond".

George has written six books, four more than Courtenay.

On the Bridge, 'hunkering' along in that distinctive style, George looks exceedingly fragile next to Rigby. George of course, has been battling cancer for three years my personal opinion is that cancer will chuck in the towel.

We do the Opera House and The Rocks but George does not pay a lot of attention he 'streets' us down the grassy slope at Observatory Hill, using a technique he claims he learnt from 'Boston' Bill Rodgers.

"The first half hour of every run is for your body, the next half hour is for you soul.....", you get a lot of this stuff from George. He quotes Milton (not 'The Sterilizer!') and Dostoyevsky (not the weight-lifter!). George is into play: "The

spontaneous, joyful, unification of body and mind".

"Can day by day living provide personal excitement can day by day living become the Big Game?"

"Life's not a tragedy, it's a joke anybody with the slightest sense of humour can see that".

Back at 'Patts', George does not shower, he towels down; a prolonged and somewhat tasteless discussion (Alan Phillips!) on whether honest sweat smells, follows.



A pleasant lunch of juice, fruit and cheese in the dining room, courtesy of Alex, who is in London, Hong Kong or Paris or New York or who knows over lunch we watch some magical moments from George's film which put us all in the mood for a run! George takes off... he is going to Manly on a ferry.

Middle of the afternoon, Roger sends a delightful fax to say how much he enjoyed the run (the lunch was ruined for Roger.... no Diet Pepsi, baby!) and blames George for getting him into running. [The latter is partly true - ED].

Late afternoon.... Bryce was just down: "We may have seen George for the last time, I reckon, matey". Its possible, but George Sheehan will never be completely gone while ever his films encourage delight and inspire people to "Find your Play, go back to your body, become a good animal, satisfaction, you see, is such a minor thing; Joy is what you're after!". ♦

TRUE CROSS-TRAINING

(Joe Henderson's Journal), with acknowledgements to Runner's World,
September 1991.

Here we go again into another cross-country season. You know it's fall when I renew my crusade for more, bigger and better crosscountry races.

I've tried the nostalgic argument, calling on support from the many runners who can trace their roots to cross-country. "It was my first organised sport," says Bill Rodgers, speaking for many of us. "I haven't run a cross-country race since 1978, but I still hope to return to my first love." (He'll get the chance next March in Boston at the World Cross-Country Championships, which for the first time will include a masters-division race.)

I've tried the change-of-pace argument. Cross-country season provides a vacation from roads and tracks, a chance to put your feet back on real earth, to break away from concerns with splits and PRs.

This year, I'll try the all-round-toughness argument. Running away from the road and track for part of each year builds the world's strongest runners.

The toughness and tactical savvy gained from cross-country serve runners well in any arena. Grete Waitz, who broke the world marathon record four times, was a five-time World Cross-Country champion before she began her marathon career. Carlos Lopes, Olympic Marathon Gold Medallist and world record setter, won the third of his World Cross Country titles at the age of 38.

Five-time World Cross-Country champion Doris Brown Heritage made U.S. Olympic' track teams twice and holds the world masters mile record. Her successor, Joyce Smith of England, ran in an Olympic 1500 and was the first masters woman to run a sub 2:30 marathon.

Craig Virgin, the 1980 and '81 World Cross-Country champion, felt equally at home on grass, road and track. So does Lynn Jernnings, 1990 and '91 World Cross winner.

In Britain, cross-country is a hallowed tradition. The Brits favour true cross-

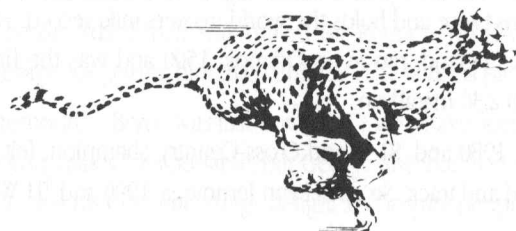
country – not manicured golf courses but muddy fields with fences to jump and streams. Britain exported its harrier tradition to Commonwealth countries such as New Zealand, which produced John Campbell, the world's fastest over-40 marathoner, Jack Foster the best over 50, and Derek Turnbull the over-60 leader.

Britain was also kind enough to send a couple of its exports, Ray Hatton and Clive Davies, to the United States. Drawing on their cross-country backgrounds, they became two of the finest masters runners in U.S. history. Hatton holds national over-50 track and road records in the 10k, and Davies remains this country's fastest over-60 marathoner.

Here in the United States, cross-country is largely a school sport. Careers are short, seldom extending past high school or college graduation. And that's a shame because the beauties and benefits of cross-country running are so great that the sport deserves to grow up here in America.

Cross-country is too good a sport – too valuable as true “cross-training” for road and track and too enjoyable an experience in its own right to be left out of the school systems. Outside the United States, cross-country isn't just for kids. It's a rough-and-tumble sport for adults who want to test themselves against a truer and more challenging world than that of tartan tracks, and smooth macadam roads.

In the United L States, cross – country could become the mature runner's field of dreams. Interest isn't lacking, but opportunity is. If event organisers will give us cross-country races, we'll come to them. . ♦



THE 1991 SYDNEY STRIDERS HALF MARATHON

John B Hamilton, Race Director.

The early hours of Sunday, 1st September 1991 (Fathers' Day) saw the rising of the nightwatch (Brian Taylor, John Amos, Andrew Wise, and Rod and Mavis Garrick plus dog) at the Peter Board High School. Soon the car parking attendants were in operation under Keith Jackson and the big day had begun. Not long after, Ray Doran and his team were preparing for the runners' breakfast.

Four drink stations under David Sill, John Hamilton, Wendy Downes, and Steve Gill were prepared. The five area marshalls, Geoff Gissing, Steve Cornelius, Sue Hill, Don Price and John Hodges had their teams busy putting out cones and signs while John Turner's team prepared to assist the police. This was to be the day that had taken the Race Committee over six months of planning and preparation.

The half marathon course was changed this year to provide more running in the Lane Cove Park. This improved course was selected by Course Director Terry McIver with Bill Flanagan and Steve Cornelius assisting. Terry's efforts resulted in an AA certified correct rating for the course under the rules of the Association of International Marathons and Road Races.

T-shirts under Secretary Alan White assisted by Paul Lunsmann proved popular. Tina Campbell had an idea which she put to John Ayliffe. John bounced the idea off friend and artist, Harvey Wachtel, resulting in a distinctive design for this year.

Entries and Results Director Liz Campbell probably wondered if the entry form would ever be ready as matters of policy, presentation and production were resolved. But entry forms were widely circulated in good time. Alan sent them over a wide geographical area including to runners and 65 running clubs, gyms and sports stores and scored something of a coup by arranging promotion through the City to Surf. The Committee handed them out at least to 14 other events. The first entries were received within days of despatch.

Gear and Grounds Director Ian Whitfield had equipment and food arranged and with John Fennell delivered. The school grounds were organised and the post race

breakfast would again be a feature.

The event was important to the Club in that it was the 10th such half marathon run by the Sydney Striders. In addition, the club was proud to share the event with Athletics NSW for their Half Marathon Championships.

It was not long before the runners started arriving to collect race numbers and register late entries, with Elizabeth Campbell and teams under Karin and Graham Gaggin seeing them through the processing. T-shirts were also collected and on sale. Harvey Blue and his team were preparing the chutes and timing. Matthew Kaley and his team were preparing to record results. Club President Steve Nordish cast a watchful eye over proceedings and did a stint at the information booth.

The Half Marathon started at 7.00am under a banner ingeniously hung off a ladder tied against Ron Daly's truck. Terry McIver was on the lead bike with Stan Fleck. At 7.10am the Fun Runners were off with Duncan Richardson lead bike, again under the watchful eye of Bill Flanagan and Paul Russell in the marquee was in touch with the other medics, Peter Corte, Leo Leader and Irwin Light at the drink stations, through communications provided with assistance by Scott Crawford and coordinated by Wayne McCarthy.

Sydney Striders had been keen to hold this "run for runners by runners" but being unable to attract a major sponsor and to make the event viable the entry fees had to be increased from \$10 in past years to \$15. This was one of the risks taken. It was therefore pleasing to have the splendid response by the runners in this recession. There were 694 half marathon entries and 582 runners. In the fun-run there were 217 entries and 194 runners. The number of half marathon entries was 4.5% down on last year but there was a 35% re-entry from last year's field.

Bernie King did a grand job of calling the race as news came in from Terry. Owen Denmeade reported in from halfway. However, for a little while we weren't sure he hadn't lost the main field of runners. What had happened was a big gap created by the leaders. *[Also, he was busy commenting on the good gear to the local crowd, you know: "Gee, what a great pair of shoes...., look at those shorts...., good onya Herb...., this is at least half way mate, with that shirt you're a moral, where'd ya*

get those laces....., goo'day Alex, where ya calling from ...Tokyo?.... etc, etc" – ED).

Outstanding performances in the half marathon were seen with Brian Morgan, first overall, in the astounding time of 67:05 and Lyn Clayton, first female, in 76:12 was seventh overall. With Jon Marsden chalking up the results and Alan and Bill keeping things moving, the Presentation was able to begin at 9.15am. John Atherton, President of Athletics NSW, made the presentations for the NSW Championships. Soon after, sponsor representatives presented the Half Marathon prizes and many random draws.

Although it had not been possible sponsors added interest and increased the value of prizes to near that of last year. A big "thank you" goes to the sponsors who generously added their support. "Exceed" were the official drink suppliers and together with Saucony assisted with prizes. Finishers were supplied with products supplied by Mars Australia and Dencorub. The random draw prizes were contributed by Exertest, The Runners Shop Randwick, Resort Macquarie and Easts Van Park. Such contributions are always appreciated and are a boost to those runners who may never gain a place but who run for their own satisfaction.

As well her Treasurer duties, which included dealing with things such as new Government regulations requiring signatories to appear with 100 points of identification, Julia Stenton completed the arduous task of entering the results on the computer and, with Ian Macarthur, arranged the results lists.

There were, of course, many Striders whose assistance to the Race Committee in its preparations and conduct of the event was much appreciated. Also, Striders are extremely grateful to the relatives and friends who added their support and without whom the event may not have been possible. On the day alone there were over 180 different jobs to be done. The efforts by the many are greatly appreciated.

At the time of going to press Liz was preparing for the results book which will be issued to finishers in both the half marathon and the fun run. Final figures are not available but the event was a financial success. A final report has yet to be made to the Club.

Positive feedback from the runners such as "The best organised half marathon I've run" was gratifying and I'm sure made the whole exercise worthwhile. ♦

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1991 HORNSBY SPORTS SCENE/SYDNEY STRIDER 10K SERIES

Handicap Points After Race 9

Place	Name	Points	Races
1	John B. Hamilton	130	9
2	Mark Fiore	96	7
3	Kevin Tiller	94	8
4	Warwick Selby	90	8
5	Mark Robinson	89	6
6	Bill Belcha	86	9

Outright Points (Male) After Race 9

=1	Warwick Selby	144	8
=1	Chris McLean	144	7
3	Steve Gill	136	8
4	John Hamilton	128	7
5	Bret Nicholls	109	8

Outright Points (Female) After Race 9

1	Josnne Cowan	88	4
2	Marlies Laaper	86	4
3	Dawn Williams	83	4
4	Karin Gaggin	80	4
5	Joan Boltz	79	4

POSSIBLE 10K RACE CHANGES - 1992

Dave Barwick, Series Director

I fell that the current race series is too long and that change is overdue.

My proposal is to have a 10 race series - starting in March and finishing in December. With the winner being determined from the best 8 races of the 10 race series, the last race being worth double points.

Members thoughts on this matter would be appreciated.

MARATHON LADDER

at November 1991

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 1991; the second symbol denotes age at which personal best was achieved. Please advise Ian McArthur (427 6040) of any omissions or errors.

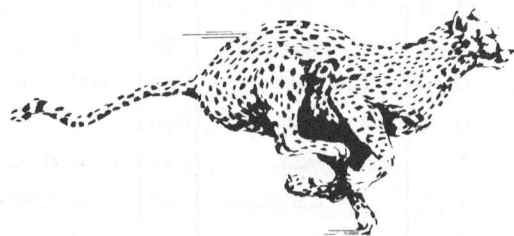
	AGE		<-- BEST AS A STRIDER -->			<--- BEST BEFORE JOINING --->			
NAME	SEX	CAT	AGE	TIME	RACE	DATE	TIME	RACE	DATE
PHIL GARVIN	V	P		2.21.56	BATHURST	0786			
CARL BARKER	O	O		2.30.51	CITIES	0889	2.31.55	CITIES	'88
JOHN SAUER	O	O		2.36.11	ANZAC	0489			
BILL FLANAGAN	O	O		2.36.47	CANBERRA	0482			
DON PRICE	V	V		2.37.31	ANZAC	0488			
BRUCE INGLISS	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	O	O		2.38.51	AUSTRALIAN	0686			
EVAN MILLAR	V	P		2.39.34	CANBERRA	0488			
ANTHONY SCOTT	O	O		2.39.56	MELBOURNE	1087	2.39.06	ANZAC	0486
WARWICK SELBY	V	V		2.41.19	ANZAC	0490			
ALEX WHITWORTH	V	V		2.41.49	WORLD VETS	1287			
TERRY MCIVER	V	V		2.42.24	WORLD VETS	1287			
MATHEW KALEY	O	J		2.43.51	MELBOURNE	1087			
CHARLES COVILLE	V	P		2.45.13	WINSTONE, NZ	1083			
JOANNE COWAN	F	V	V	2.46.18	CANBERRA	0491			
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			
PAUL RUSSELL	V	P		2.47.53	CANBERRA	0484			
RAY DORAN	M	V		2.48.23	AUSTRALIAN	0687			

ALISTAIR MACKIE	V	P	2.49.22	MELBOURNE	1084			
WILLIAM THOMPSON	V	V	2.49.38	ANZAC	0488			
PETER COBLEY	V	P	2.50.01	AUSTRALIAN	0683			
HARVEY BLUE	M	V	2.50.17	AUSTRALIAN	0683			
JONATHAN MARSDEN	O	O	2.50.17	AUSTRALIAN	0687			
DAVID TOOGOOD	O	O	2.51.21	GOLD COAST	0790	3.10.47	MELBOURNE	1089
BRIAN GATFIELD	V	V	2.51.23	GOLD COAST	0889			
CHRISTOPHER DWYER	V	P	2.51.50	CANBERRA	0487			
JAMES MCDONNELL	V	V	2.51.57	GOLD COAST	0889			
JONATHAN TROPE	V	V	2.52.28	COMBINATION	0791	2.54.20	VAAL	0388
DAVID SILL	V	V	2.52.54	HAMILTON NZ	1087			
GAVIN MORISSET	V	V	2.54.22	GOLD COAST	0889			
JOHN HAMILTON	P	P	2.54.44	ANZAC	0488	3.01.30	WANG	0683
MIKE FOSTER	V	V	2.55.12	HASTINGS NZ	0885			
STEPHEN URWIN	O	P	2.55.17	CANBERRA	0491	3.04.00	BASINGSTOKE	0686
STEVE CORNELIUS	V	P	2.55.31	NSW STATE	0682			
RUSSELL BLACK	V	P	2.55.51	CITIES	0883	2.50.38	SYDNEY	'82
RAYMOND SKINNER	V	V	2.55.57	ANZAC	0488	3.12.56	MELBOURNE	86
BRET NICHOLS	P	P	2.56.14	ANZAC	0490			
SCOTT LAWRENCE	O	O	2.56.19	AUSTRALIAN	0684			
NOBBY YOUNG	V	P	2.56.33	NSW STATE	0584			
MARLIES LAAPER	O	O	2.57.05	CANBERRA	0491	3.27.00	ANZAC	
SHARON DOBSON	F	V	O	2.57.40	GOLD COAST	0791	2.53.00	1182
MIKE WARD	P	P	2.57.41	AUSTRALIAN	0686			
ALF FIELD	M	M	2.57.43	SOUTH MELB	1190	3.05.52	CANBERRA	'86
MARK FIORE	O	O	2.58.33	COMBINATION	0791	2.58.08	HUY, BELGIUM	0690
DICK BARTLETT	V	P	2.58.34	MELBOURNE	1085	2.59.32	MELBOURNE VI	0784
KEVIN TILLER	O	O	2.58.37	CANBERRA	0491	3.22.08	LONDON	0486
JOHN TURNER	M	V	2.58.47	AUSTRALIAN	0685			
GEORGE LISSON	P	P	2.58.54	CITIES	0890	3.04.51	ANZAC	0487
SUE HILL	F	M	V	2.59.15	AUSTRALIAN	0684	2.52.01	AVON, W GERM '79
SCOTT CRAWFORD	V	V	2.59.21	ANZAC	0490			
JEFF LEE	V	V	2.59.46	LONDON	0587	3.00.57	MELBOURNE	1085

TINA CAMPBELL	F	V	V	3.00.32	WORLD VETS	1287		
BRIAN COLWELL		V	P	3.01.47	MELBOURNE	1082		
PETER CORTE		V	V	3.02.00	COMBINATION	0791		
JOHN AYLIFFE		V	V	3.02.16	ADELAIDE	0890		
DAVE BLACKHALL		V	P	3.02.24	NSW STATE	0680		
BRENT WATERS		V	P	3.03.01	MELBOURNE	1082		
ALEX HAMILL		V	V	3.05.15	GILLAWARNA	0884		
GRAHAM FIRKIN		M	V	3.07.11	CITIES	0885		
DAN GRAY		V	V	3.07.21	GOLD COAST	0787		
DAVID WILLIAMS		V	P	3.08.15	CANBERRA	0483		
TERRY BAILEY		V	P	3.08.49	CANBERRA	0488		
HUGH SPENCER		M	V	3.09.02	AUSTRALIAN	0685		
JOHN HODGES		V	P	3.09.07	MELBOURNE	1084	3.41.39	MELBOURNE 1083
GARY LEAHEY		P	P	3.09.55	CITIES	0890	3.20.48	ANZAC 0488
LEO LEADER		V	P	3.10.00	CANBERRA	0484	3.05.00	PENINSULA, RS '80
GRAHAM BUTLER		V	P	3.10.13	AUSTRALIAN	0686		
STEVE NORDISH		V	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	3.36.06	STH MELBOURNE '78
WENDY DOWNES	F	M	V	3.11.56	ANZAC	0487		
TERRY ROSE			?	3.12.09	GOLD COAST	0791		
KEITH JACKSON		V	P	3.12.27	COMBINATION	0787		
MURRAY TOWN		V	V	3.12.46	ANZAC	0490	3.00.51	VIENNA 0488
JOHN WHEALY		V	V	3.12.51	CITIES	0888		
JACK WOODWARD		M	V	3.12.54	ANZAC	0488		
BRYCE COURTENAY		M	V	3.13.58	CANBERRA	0483		
DAVID RITCHIE		V	V	3.14.00	GOLD COAST	0889	3.07.41	AUSTRALIAN '88
ALAN PHILLIPS		V	V	3.14.02	AUSTRALIAN	0687		
BRIAN TAILFORD		V	P	3.14.03	CAMPBELL TN	0785		
KEVIN O'KANE		P	P	3.14.38	AUSTRALIAN	0685		
BRUCE MURRAY		M	M	3.14.49	CAMPBELL TN	0784		
DOROTHY SIEPMANN	F	M	V	3.16.53	MELBOURNE	1084		
ROD GARRICK		M	M	3.18.10	GOLD COAST	0889	4.09.00	HARBORD DIGC '80

RICHARD BAMANN	M	V	3.19.34	AUSTRALIAN	0685		
PAUL LUNSMANN	M	V	3.20.54	ANZAC	0489		
STEPHEN BURKE	O	O	3.21.24	BATHURST	90	2.54.08	CANBERRA '87
ROGER RIGBY	V	V	3.21.25	WORLD VETS	1287		
IAN WHITFIELD	V	P	3.22.15	CANBERRA	0487	3.13.06	AUSTRALIAN '83
MICHAEL O'BRIEN	V	V	3.22.40	CANBERRA	0491		
JOAN BOLTZ	F	M	M	3.23.07	GOLD COAST	0791	3.07.46 GOLD COAST 0787
BARRY JONES	S	M	3.23.18	VETERANS	0781		
DEREK WHITE	S	M	3.23.26	CAMPBELL TN	0784	3.26.34	NIKE CANBERRA 0481
ROSS BETTS	M	V	3.23.28	CITIES	0888		
BRENDA HAMILL	F	M	P	3.23.38	SYDNEY	0983	
MARGARET ROBINSON	F	M	V	3.23.53	KEMPSEY	'90	
KARIN HOUSMANS	F	O	O	3.25.34	CANBERRA	0489	
GEOFF COX	O	O	3.27.26	HARBORD DIG'S	0481		
ROD BROWN	P	P	3.27.32	MELBOURNE	1089	3.18.05	CANBERRA 0489
RAY REID	V	P	3.27.57	AUSTRALIAN	0686		
KERYN LARGE	F	V	V	3.28.24	CANBERRA	0491	3.39.42 POTTERIES UK 0689
FRANK GALLAGHER	M		3.28.36	AUSTRALIAN	0686	3.24.51	AUSTRALIAN '84
RON DALY	S	S	3.28.46	ANZAC	0490		
JOHN FENNELL	V	P	3.30.06	ANZAC	0489		
ROBERT EYRE	V	V	3.30.36	COMBINATION	0791	3.16.40	FORD 0989
TIMOTHY READ	M	M	3.31.11	CANBERRA	0491		
NOEL WORTHINGTON	M	M	3.31.17	AUSTRALIAN	0686		
MARK PRESTON	P	P	3.32.08	GOLD COAST	0790	3.28.35	GOLD COAST 0789
JOHN AMOS	M	M	3.34.54	CANBERRA	0491		
WAYNE MCCARTHY	V	V	3.34.54	WORLD VETS	1287		
PETER ZAUNMAYR	O	O	3.38.05	HONOLULU	1290	3.48.00	ANZAC 0490
GEOFFREY TAYLOR	O	O	3.39.38	CANBERRA	0490		
JOHN PRESTON	P	P	3.39.39	ANZAC	0490	3.39.39	ANZAC 0489
JOHN TIMBS	V	V	3.40.00	AUSTRALIAN	0687	3.23.08	AUSTRALIAN '84
ALAN WHITE	V	V	3.41.00	ANZAC	0490		
OWEN DENMEADE	M	V	3.42.51	AUSTRALIAN	0684	3.36.00	SYDNEY '83
EDWINA MACARTHUR	F	V	P	3.44.47	CANBERRA	0486	

KEVIN FITZGERALD	M	M	3.45.22	COMBINATION	0791	3.16.39	BUDGET	1086
ROBI RUSSELL	F	V	P	3.49.00	WORLD VETS	1287		
MAVIS GARRICK	F	M	V	3.49.10	WORLD VETS	1287		
DAWN SHAW	F	M	V	3.49.47	ANZAC	0487		
PETER JOHNSON	M	M		3.50.22	CANBERRA	0491	3.44.01	CANBERRA 0488
DAVID BARWICK	V	V		3.50.58	CITIES	0890	3.56.59	SYDNEY 0987
MICHAEL BLACKWELL	M	M		3.53.47	WORLD VETS	1287		
GRAEME GAGGIN	P	P		3.56.02	CANBERRA	0489		
JOHN ROSS (064)	M	V		3.57.10	CANBERRA	0489	4.05.00	AUSTRALIAN '83
WILLIAM BLECHA	V	V		3.58.40	BATHURST	0789		
PHILIP FUNNELL	P	P		3.59.30	CITIES	0889		
JIM DONOVAN	V	P		4.06.57	CANBERRA	0483		
LESLEY MAHER	F	V	P	4.08.00	AUSTRALIAN	0684		
ANDY SIMPSON	O	O		4.08.23	RTEBURN NZ	1190		
ALAN HICKS	V	V		4.08.41	ANZAC	0490		
BILL MCCARTHY	M	V		4.26.23	MELBOURNE	1085		
MICHAEL BURTON	O	O		4.37.00	QUAD DIPSE	1190	2.28.47	EDINBURGH 0984
ALAN TONGE	M	M		5.07.02	ADELAIDE	0889	4.46.49	ADELAIDE F/CIT '85
JUSTINE MCCARTHY	F	O	O	5.09.15	NEW YORK	0490		



*“The first half
hour
of every run is for
your body,
the next half hour
is for
your soul..”*

Dr George Sheehan, November 1991.