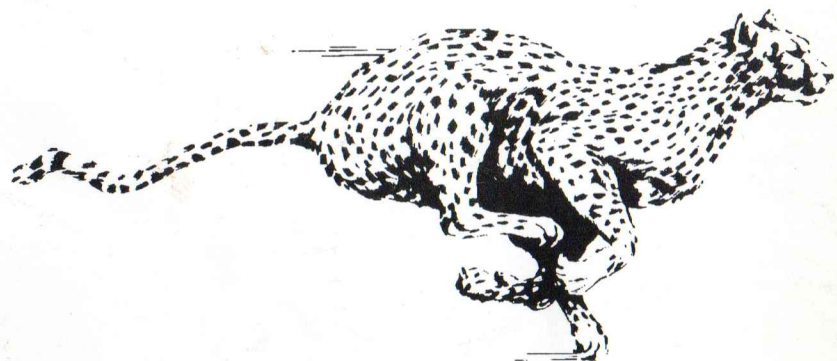




OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE SYDNEY STRIDERS ROAD RUNNERS CLUB

ISSUE NO. 49
SEPTEMBER – DECEMBER 1992

REGISTERED BY AUSTRALIA POST PUBLICATION NBQ 5422

Club Magazine of the
Sydney Striders Road Runners Club
P.O. Box N119, Grosvenor Street
Sydney, NSW 2000.

CIRCULATION 300

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE WELCOME FROM ALL STRIDERS.

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ADVERTISING RATES: \$30 PER FULL PAGE, \$90 PER ANNUM.

Published by the Sydney Striders Road Runners Club.

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PRESIDENT'S CORNER

Don was more than a friend, more like a brother. We were articled to the same firm of accountants, went to University together and shared many interests such as bridge, poker, horse racing, pool and snooker, good food and fine wines. He was a groomsman at my wedding. In later years we were partners in a small business.

Life with Don was always laced with fun and excitement. Whenever I return to South Africa I call Don and we will share a bottle or two, swap yarns about the "old times" and might go to the races.

Last December we spent Christmas in Durban and I called Don. Somehow we were never going to be at the same place at the same time and we didn't have our usual get-together. He complained that he had a pain in his back that he could not get rid of.

In February he went for more tests and a biopsy. Lung cancer was diagnosed. The cancer had spread to the bone and the pain in his back was the result of a rib being eroded. Two weeks later lumps in his mouth were also found to be malignant, but a different form of cancer.

A series of intensive treatments followed. In all, Don had 45 treatments but the disease continued to spread. In late September it reached his brain. Don died quietly and peacefully on 27th September. He was 52 years old.

Don was a heavy smoker and took little exercise. Perhaps his way of life contributed to him getting the disease. Perhaps not. What was brought home to me very vividly was the truth in the old saying that when we have good health we take it for granted and when we lose our health, money can't buy it back.

I like to think that my association with Sydney Striders has helped me to achieve a level of fitness which keeps me healthy. If I do contract some illness, I like to think that my fitness will assist in overcoming it quickly.

Don's death caused me to focus on the fact that our membership is 240 in a city with a population of some 4 million, a very tiny drop in the bucket. Is there not some way in which we can broaden the appeal of the club so that we can bring a healthier lifestyle to a larger proportion of our population?

Perhaps the question should be whether we want to change the nature of the club at all?

The fact that I can raise these philosophical issues at all is tribute to the way so many Striders have rallied to my call for everyone to do their bit to put a new spirit of fun and efficiency into the club. I am delighted with the way various support groups are operating. It has taken a while to get everything organised and for people to get used to doing their various tasks, but virtually every area is now running smoothly. I would like to take this opportunity of saying a very big "thank you" to the many, many Striders who have made contributions that have brought this about. I know that they have had fun doing so, forged new friendships and strengthened old ones.

We can now afford the luxury of sitting back and looking at our options for the future. We can start to think about the type of philosophical questions that I have posed above. In addition, we would like to know what you, the Striders' membership, want and expect from the club. Should the club remain as it is or should we develop in any particular direction?

With this in mind, we will be sending you a questionnaire/survey in the next month or two. The results of this survey will help the Committee to decide on the future development of the club. It is vital that you complete the survey and return it as soon as possible. It will be your opportunity to provide some input into where the club is heading and will help us to give you the club that you want.

Turning to other matters, the club marathon championship next year will be incorporated into the Canberra Marathon that is scheduled for 18th April 1993. It is our intention to arrange a package tour to Canberra for the weekend which will include bus transport and motel accommodation, all for less than \$100 per person. Great value and great fun.

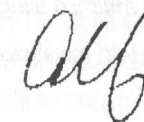
It has been tradition in the club that it is necessary to wear club uniform in order to be eligible for prizes in the club marathon championships. This is one of the club traditions that will not be changing! The only exception will be for those of our elite athletes who may be required to wear national, state or sponsor's uniforms during the event.

We now have adequate supplies of Striders uniforms, which may be obtained

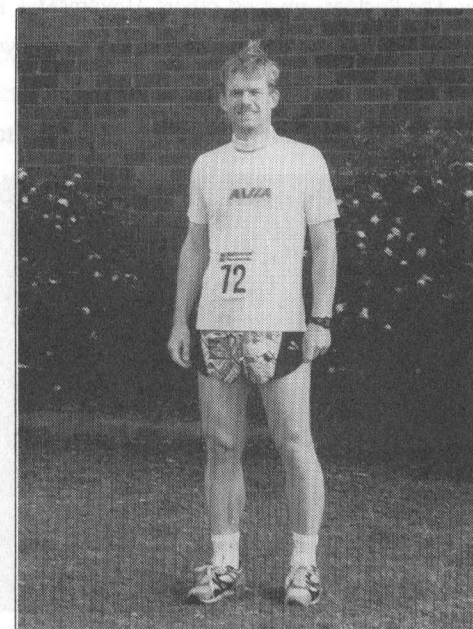
from Kevin Tiller. The new green incorporated in the uniform is particularly striking and Striders who have competed in recent races have been drawing admiring remarks from other athletes and clubs. The uniforms are not expensive. The shorts at \$22 each represents very good value. Other shorts of similar quality would cost you \$35 each in the stores. Singlets cost \$18, making it \$40 for a complete set, only slightly more expensive than a single pair of store bought shorts. So get some Striders gear and get noticed.

Finally it is my pleasure to wish all Striders and their families a very happy and holy Christmas. I hope that 1993 will be filled with fun and good running for everyone.

Cheers for now,



PRESIDENT ALF



BYE, BYE BENNY!

Longtime Strider Benny Hagberg always said he'd leave Australia when his wife fell pregnant. The baby is due late January and then he's off to Hong Kong. With mother and child of course!

Good luck, Benny!

A MOST EXCELLENT WAY TO SPEND YOUR HOLIDAYS: PART (2).

by John Turner

(In our last "Blister", John outlined the route of the 1992 Pacific-Atlantic Cycling (PAC) Tour across the American Continent, how it was organised and the features of a typical PAC Tour day. Now, in an account sensationalised specially for the "Blister", he tells the inside story of what is billed as "the toughest cycling holiday in the world").

*In the Untied States, there is more space where nobody is than where anybody is.
That is what makes America what it is.* Gertrude Stein.

In early May when a mate first told me about PAC Tour, my thought processes went like this:

Nearly five and a half thousand kilometres...in 24 days...on a pushbike. One third more than the distance from Perth to Sydney. Quite a challenge. Better yet, you'd cross some mountains on the way, The Rockies, amongst others. Hmmm! Still, it would be summer in America. And it didn't start till mid-June so there were five weeks left to do some training.

Why do it? I mean, in the past I've joked about the Mt. Everest Marathon; just to



"... a wilderness of eroded layers of volcanic ash and ancient sediments...."

get up to its start at 17,000 feet (5200 m) you have to walk for 18 days. Isn't this the same league? Well...not quite. Likely there would be some simple satisfactions - outback USA, its sights, smells and small towns; plus the company of other athletes similarly inclined. Beyond that, there might be the chance to compete - to match my fitness against others in all-day survival cycling. And yes, the dream element - to find one's endurance limits, physical and mental.

In any case, it could lift Tim's spirits. Tim is my 23 year old Perth-based nephew. Really good bloke. A strong sportsman. For the past 18 months, leukaemia has dampened his fire. Now his battle is becoming tougher. If I sent him news every day along the route, I could call it my "T.I.M. Tour", Terribly Idiotic Manoeuvre, and tickle his sense of humour.

Cycling coast-to-coast, just to say I've done it, that's not a priority and extended vacations don't grow on trees. Indeed, to get best value for time and money (it cost about \$US100 a day), 12 days should be enough, but add another four for luck. As it happens, Tour Day 16 ends you up near Chicago's ORD, a convenient airport for Sydney departures.

So that's how I came to choose a foreshortened tour - 3,900 km instead of the full 5,400 km. I began crash-training. Thanks to Sydney Striders, basic fitness is OK. But endurance bike riding is another world. So I bought a decent headlight and all the reflective gear, rode two and three hours every morning in wintry darkness before



Badlands National Park, South Dakota.

work, more at weekends, a couple of 200 km with my mate A.J., and a 250 km alone. Even arranged to do the recommended "14 hour double" (200 miler), but events overtook that plan.

On May 22nd, Tim died. We flew to Perth to be with my sister and her family. After that, the tour for Tim - now to honour his memory - seemed even more valid.

Let's deal with the journey in intervals, along with typical notes from my diary.

Day -1: Everett, nr Seattle, Washington, June 12th, 1992

"Oh well, are you married?"

A.J. and I arrived here two days ago. Steve, the bike whiz, picked us up at SEATAC and drove us the 50 miles (80 km) north to Everett. He handed over the Trek 2100 that A.J. ordered from him, and helped me fit new wheels and some lower gears to my old triathlon racer. Yesterday, we took it easy, did some sight-seeing, visited the Boeing aircraft assembly plant, the world's biggest building.

Tonight we attended the Pre-tour Banquet at an Italian restaurant near the local yachting marina. Met our fellow Tour members for the first time. Thirty one Americans, a Spaniard and us two Aussies. Ages range from 23 to 60, but most are in their 30's and 40's. Accents from all over the US. Three women, five if you count Jane's sister and Rob's wife, who're to accompany us part of the way by car (not a good thing, as their partners are later to discover).



Bison and friend, Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming,

Jane's a smiley blonde of indeterminate age. She happens to sit opposite me at the Banquet (all pasta and Perrier). She's effusive. I'm uncomfortable. She fixes me in her gaze, beams through lowered eyelids, and opens the bowling with a yorker: "I'm a born-again Christian. I'd love to go to Australia. Do you ride for Jesus too?" Terrified, I somehow scrape it out of the blockhole. Next ball's a bouncer, aimed right between the eyes: "Oh well, are you married?". This Tour is going to be even tougher than they said.

We have our Route Maps for tomorrow. Bikes tuned and oiled. A buzz of activity and anticipation at the motel. The weather's been superb - warm and dry - unusual for this notoriously damp north western seaboard. But will it stay that way?

Day 4: Missoula, Montana, June 16th.

"I've died and gone to Hell...!"

On arrival at the motel tonight, I limp to the ice machine, fill two trash buckets, and sit in agony on the end of my bed - one foot in each bucket, ice packs on both knees - utterly miserable.

I'm looking at my diary, scribbled terse notes, all I can manage before collapsing into fitful sleep each night. It records the progressive worsening of pain.

June 13: Feeling strong - maybe pushed a bit hard but few signs of wear.

June 14: Bum hurts - legs creaky too. When will I learn to start off slow?

June 15: Long, long day, very sore, especially. achilles.

June 16: Achilles/feet/knees very sore. Taking aspirin and cold pack.

My roommate is Jack, 51, from Nashville, once an All-American footballer. He's six feet four and 240 lbs (110 kg), an amiable giant with a bushy moustache, the sort of guy who answers the phone: "City Morgue - you stab 'em, we slab 'em!" An unlikely bikerider, he's no novice in endurance cycling. Last year, at a slower pace, he rode 5,000 miles (8,000 km) on a wandering transcontinental tour. Now he's suffering with the rest of us. Riding wearily together late today, he says to me in his Southern drawl: "John, I think I've died, an' gone to Hell - an' this is what I do all day".

By five o'clock on the first morning, four days ago, America's north west reverted to type - rain, chilling and relentless. Since then, it's been mixed, each day a little sunnier as we press eastwards, two days across Washington, half a day in northern

Idaho, and now our second day in Montana.

By the first lunchtime at 69 miles (110 km), we had climbed from sea level to 4,061 feet (1230 m) at Stephen's Pass, most of it in the last 10 miles (16 km). Desperately cold at the top. Snow level 1,500 feet (460 m). Crew ready with garbage bags for extra protection. Jane claims hypothermia and jumps into her sister's car - only rare sightings of Born-again Bird since. Scenery is huge, the Cascade Mountains.

Big downhill beside the Icicle River, boiling grey-green rapids only bikers get to see because we ride right next to the safety barrier. Steep misty peaks, clad in douglas fir and ponderosa pine.

Next day, the first of the 160 milers (260 km), all the way to Spokane, at first along the banks of the bottle green Priest River, then a big climb to rolling farm land of barley and wheat. Strange, no fences, but no animals either. Big country!

Much of it so far is beside the Burlington and Northern Railroad. Counted the freight wagons on one train to estimate its length - one and a half miles (2.4 km), four locos pulling. We wave to the driver. He returns the greeting - a long blast on the whoo-whoop whistle. Gives us all a charge.

The third day, nearly 14 hours of riding, 167 miles (270 km) to Thompson Falls. But distractingly beautiful scenery - Lake Pend Oreille (pron. "Ponderay" - there were French explorers hereabouts), and Clark Fork River, across northern Idaho, sharing rough narrow highways with killer logging trucks, into Montana.

Mid-afternoon, at Jack's suggestion, he, Marty and I take a little detour across the river to Noxon. Noxon consists of just one building, Toby's Tavern, a temple of Americana! Inset in its walls and bartop, 10,000 silver dollars. Tiffany leadlighting galore, and celebratory notices like: "Reality is an illusion created by those who don't drink." We defy reality for half an hour. Riding back over the river bridge, I note it forms a fish-spotting perch for two majestic osprey, one at each end.

Now today, a shorter ride, only 134 miles (216 km), but the pain seems cumulative. Huge rapids on the Clark Fork River. People white-water rafting almost keep pace with us for a while. Way to go! All they have to do is sit there and hold on.

Two more members of our tour dropped out today, crushed. Three riders nowgone, in total.

Day 7: Cody, Wyoming, June 19th.

"How come you had it so easy?"

Cody - now there's a name to conjure with. Wild West it may be, picturesque it ain't. Bleak, treeless and rubbish-strewn, even the Buffalo Bill Dam we pass on the way into town is half-empty. Such a contrast after three otherwise spectacular days.

On the slog through Montana, Days 5 and 6, we were buoyed by colourful geological formations, deserted 1860's mining areas and distant snow-capped peaks of the Rockies; then through towns with legendary names like Butte and Anaconda, Opportunity and Silverstar, over the Continental Divide at Pipestone Pass, and on to Yellowstone National Park for Day 7. Winding up through Yellowstone with its hot springs and placid lakes, bison and elk, eagles and redwing, we lunched at Sylvan Pass at 8,530 feet (2600 m), then down 50 fast miles (80 km) through fantastic Shoshone National Forest, all the way under towering dark monuments of wind-carved rock. Then Cody.

The motel at Cody matches the townscape. When we get to our room, I moan: "Jack, I feel like I've been beaten by a baseball bat, all over." Lowering his aching frame into a chair, he mutters: "Oh? How come you had it so easy?"

I scrawl in my diary: Very tired tonight, and leave it at that. I'm done, fed up and scratchy - mostly I reckon because of apprehension. They've warned us: tomorrow is the real challenge - climbing 6,000 feet (1800 m) at grades of 10 to 15% up Bighorn Mountain. No previous PAC Tour has met such an ascent.

Day 8: Sheridan, Wyoming, June 16th. Bighorn Mountain

Think I'll survive after all, is what I've just written in my diary. What a ride! Twenty four hours ago, in dreary Cody, I wasn't about to grapple with Death as the Editor says above, but I will admit to being a bit anxious about the big hill climb today. Now, as with all challenges faced and conquered, I'm feeling pretty good.

The first part of the day turns out to be a buzz - tail winds, mainly flat empty roads. Fifteen of us form a double paceline, zapping along at 25 mph (40 kph), everyone taking turns at "pulling". We cover 60 miles (100 km) in three hours, arriving at Bighorn's foothills by half past eight. The Crew sets up the sag stop beside a vast shallow lake whose reeds are heaving and swaying - thousands of carp in the frenzy

of spawning, their bellies flashing gold in the bright morning sun.

Then the climb - 16 miles (26 km), grades of 10%, nearly four hours, bottom gear all the way. Lunch at 8,400 feet (2560 m) from a viewpoint exposing vast sunlit plains 5,000 feet (1500 m) below, then another four miles (6 km) to the summit at 9,430 feet (2870 m).

Here, the weather changes. Thunderheads unleash their fury in lightning and hail and intense cold. One group persuades a passing RV to take them back to the lunch wagon for warmth and safety. I reason that, by pressing onwards and downwards, the cold should diminish at lower altitudes. What I don't take into account is the four inches (10 cm) of icy slush, along with violent shivering, which makes braking and steering a Buster Keaton adventure. Four riders give up and take the wagon. One later pulls out altogether.

Thirty miles (48 km) on and a hostelry emerges from the mists like an alpine oasis. We survivors warm up and dry out, then hurtle down the rest of Bighorn's eastern slopes in sparkling sunshine. What a day to remember!

Day 8 is special in other ways too. We passed 1,000 miles (1600 km) in distance and 40,000 feet (12,200 m) of total climb. We also passed the test of Bighorn. And the pains in my joints at last become subordinate to the pleasures of daily sights and smells and camaraderie.



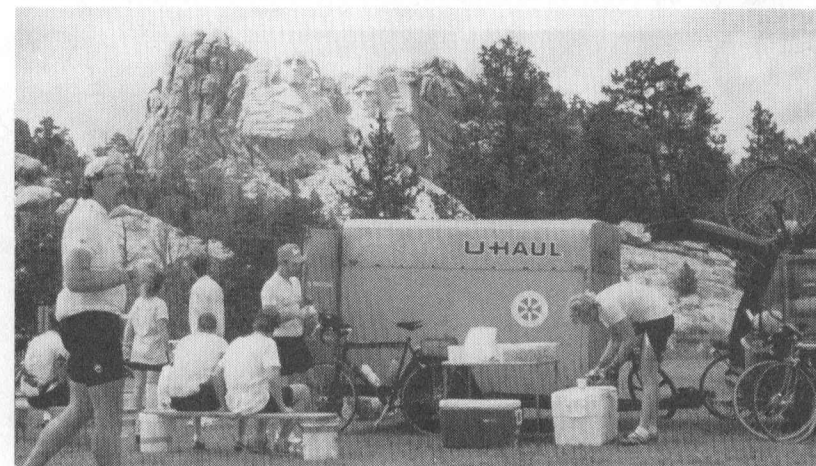
Getting support for the ride down thro' icy slush, Bighorn Mountain, Wyoming.

Day 12: Mitchell, South Dakota, June 24th.

"Cos y're ugly, that's why!"

Felt pretty good all day - clock shows 16 mph (26 kph) average, notes my diary. Around 6 am, just after we set out today, a violent thunderstorm swept over us. You could see it coming for miles, across the lush Dakota flatlands. Great bolts of lightning, some too close for comfort. I was picked up by Surfer John, and we pushed on fast together to the Missouri River at Chamberlain.

I should explain about Surfer John, or Hollywood, as we sometimes call him. Hails from California, son of an entrepreneur. Now 38, he tells me, he made a lot of money from property in the mid-80's but proceeded to lose it in ways he'd prefer to forget. Two years ago he saw the light, changed his habits and last year, came eighth overall in the Canadian Ironman and won himself a place at the big one in Hawaii. (He and I at least have that event in common). He's a caricature of a Californian. Tall, sinewy, coiffed blonde hair, gold earring, and riding the latest in triathlon bike set ups. He's also a very good cyclist and, one-on-one, pleasant company. The most considerate of riders, he always does more than his share of pulling in a paceline. He rides dead straight and is meticulous in warning you about road defects and passing traffic. But everyone still bags him. That's because every afternoon, when we pull into our motel's parking lot, there is Hollywood waiting for us - showered, dressed, elegant



Mt Rushmore Presidents' Monument, South Dakota.

and relaxed, as if he's been there for hours. Which he probably has, the s—t!

Scenic variety characterised the past four days, from the barren soils of East Wyoming to the "Dances with Wolves" prairies of South Dakota. In between, more icons of America. We discover, for example the reason those famous hills in Dakota are black is a dense cover of dark pine trees. Thirty miles (50 km) later, after passing through Custer and after 6,200 feet (1900 m) of total climb, we reach Mt. Rushmore where four ex-Presidents gaze out beyond us in stony silence.

Then the Badlands, a wilderness of eroded layers of volcanic ash and ancient sediments, and scene of the 1890 Wounded Knee massacre of Sioux Indians. Later, across vast horizons, distant grain silos take on shapes of mighty cathedrals. More ominously prominent are Minuteman missile sites, surrounded by high fences and transmission towers. You trust that fingers are well away from firing buttons as you glide by on a frontage road.

Variety in things natural too. No wonder I'm feeling great tonight! Prairie dogs, jackrabbits, mule deer and pronghorn antelope amongst blue lupin and bright yellow vetch, and in the air, ubiquitous redwing blackbirds. Also the gildee, a kestrel-like bird which flies just ahead of your bike, as if leading you away from its nest.

My riding companions are an interesting bunch. Occupations range from police-

man to micro-surgeon, capabilities from earnest amateur to professional racer. Most are clubriders but, for example, Muffy is a national cross-country skiing coach, Steve an international rowing champion, and Leroy Stonecypher (yes, really!) a 60 year old retiree who just enjoys steady cycling - forever.

The New York cops are tough. Got to be - they work in a Bronx precinct. They're in awe of the wide open plains. Joe is Italian, Steve half-Jewish. The banter between them is tight:

Someone: "Hold back. My chain's come off!"

Joe: "Whadd'e say?"

Steve (loudly): "He says slow down, dummy, his chain's off."

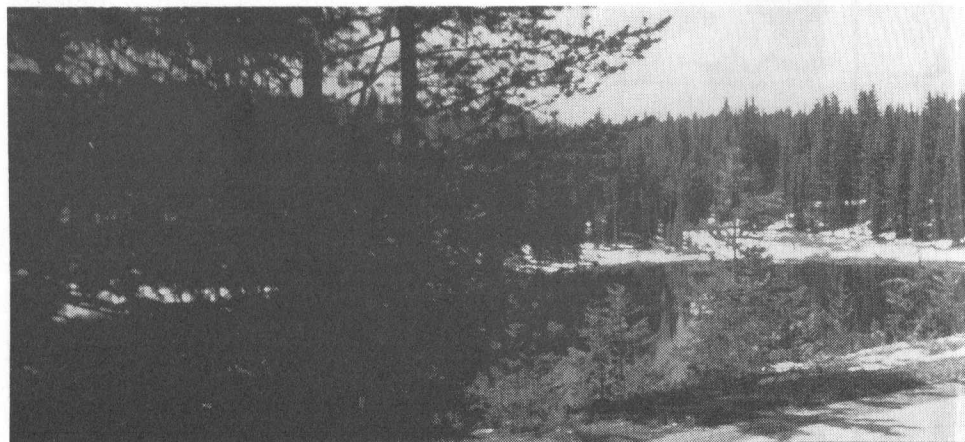
Joe: "Yeah, well I didn' do it. Whadya shout'n' at me for?"

Steve: "'Cos y're ugly, dat's why!"

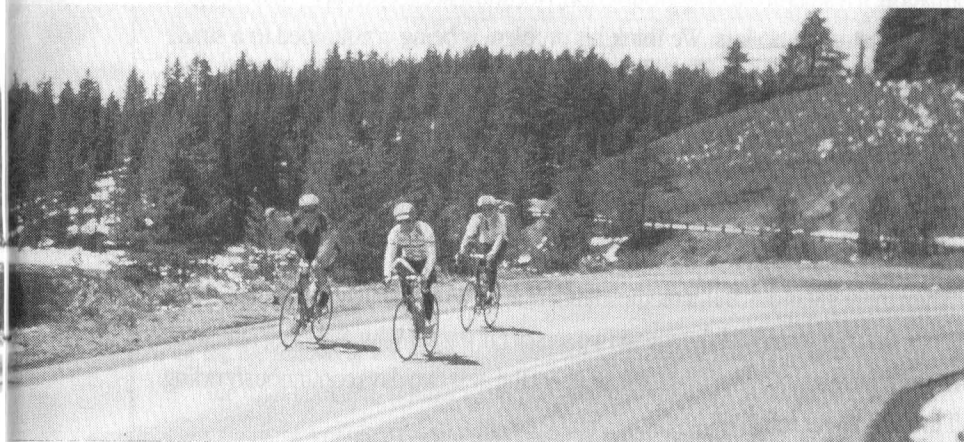
Day 16: Harvard, Illinois, June 28th

"Eat my underpants!"

The past four days, through Minnesota and Iowa, across the Mississippi into Wisconsin and now Illinois, have been mostly in lush farming country. Helps you understand the power of the US agricultural lobby. Patterns of crops in alternating contour lines - corn, soybeans and oats. Neat farmhouses, outbuildings with mansard roofs, smelly dairies and piggeries offset by freshly mown hay, corn silos



"Winding through Yellowstone with its hot springs and placid lakes, bison and elk, eagles..."



Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming.

with domed tops decorated in distinctive regional checker patterns. Road signs forbid steel tractor wheels - aimed at Menonites who, it seems, regard rubber tyres as an abomination. Road-kill now begins to include badger and raccoon. Fireflies glint in long grass at night.

Day 14 was my best. Starting out at 5:30 into a glorious red dawn, I was soon picked up by Hollywood and the Arkansas Express, the latter a speed duo with broad southern accents and top cycling skills. They invite me to join their paceline - an honour indeed. Together we cover the 87 miles (140 km) to lunch in just over three and a half hours - 25 mph (40 kph) average! That's fast.

At lunch, a nice surprise. A PAC Tour 'groupie' brings along a specially decorated carrot cake, bless her. It links perfectly to already buoyant moods on that sunny day. Mid-afternoon, while passing through Leroy's home town, the local Press is out to greet us, TV cameras and all. PAC Tour's arrival was the event of the year for many a proud community. Similarly at the Haldemans' home town in Illinois where six of us do a live-to-air interview on local radio ("Say something in Australian!").

Some of my fellow tourists deserve special mention. Take Rob. He suffered early because of inadequate training, he said. Part of his problem was the temptation of home comforts - his wife followed in a car for the first seven days so he took longer than others to acclimatise. But he also has trouble staying straight in paceline formation. It results in our only group crash. Not unusual except that Rob is a Topgun pilot, an instructor no less. We think his problem is being constrained to a single dimension.

Marty's another case. An excellent club rider, at 48 he's lean and deceptively strong. His delight is to get you riding comfortably in his wake, then ever so gradually increase the pressure. You don't notice until you're way above your limits - suckered into a game you can't sustain.

Then there's Standin' Bill, a medical student aged 23 from Michigan. Good cyclist - I once saw him jump his bike across two sets of rail tracks. Why 'Standing'? Because his knees were so sore after Day One, he spent the next two days continuously riding off the saddle for relief!

Big Jack brought relief of another kind for several of us - his sure-fire cure for

saddle sores, bag balm. (Saddle sores are different from bruises. From Day One to the end, I never did not have a bruised bum). Bag balm is a greasy ointment that makes you smell like a farmyard. Not surprising, really - it's normally use is on raw cow udders. I can see us now, Jack and me, standing half-dressed at our wash basin every morning, applying bag balm to our own udders, so to speak. Disgusting, but effective. The final word should go to Steve of the NYPD. From time to time, farm dogs would rush out to defend their properties against sinister cyclists. Steve has the solution:

"It's not what ya say. It's da tone of aut'ority dat matters. Watch dis", says he, as yet another rottweiler-pit bull-doberman hurtles out of a gateway.

"Essen zie meine unterhosen!" he bawls with that tone of authority only New York cops can muster. The dog freezes. "See dat?"

Yeah, but what's it mean, Steve? "I learned it at a rowing carnival in Germany. Means 'Eat m' underpants!' Pretty useful, uh?"

Unlike me, Jack had another eight days before he could call it quits. He always blamed his bike for getting him into PAC Tour.

"When we get through this crazy tour, I'm gonna cut you into wind-chimes!"
he would threaten, as he glared across the room at his big Cannondale. Our bikes shared our motel rooms, more for their security than any emotional attachment.

Jack bought me a farewell dinner tonight - not our usual "All-You-Can-Eat-for\$5.99". Half of me wants to go on, just for the party in eight day' time when the tour finally gets to Williamsburg. But A.J. reminds me of my original logic that 16 days should satisfy my objectives. I'm almost relieved. My tour for Tim is complete and tomorrow is that Special Morning when - *I won't have to get up at five o'clock and do it all over again.*

Of all the visions of the [American Indian forefathers] the greatest is this: To seek the high concord, a man looks not deeper within - he reaches farther out.

William Moon, "Blue Highways", (Random House).

TWO PORTS AND A BATH HOUSE

by Leroy T. Stonecypher

Why are people always suspicious when Nobby Young is waiting at a Finish Line? And even more when Tina Campbell's there too? Like on Sat. 24th October, 1992, at Bundeena Ferry Wharf - that's where the second run leg of the MMI 3 Ports Race ends.

"NOBBY'S BATH HOUSE" proclaimed a notice on the grubby little ferry shelter. "Private & Discreet - Ask about our Full Body Massage - Hot & Cold Everything" it promised. Murray Town eyed two green plastic hoses Nobby had Y-jointed to a single standpipe on an outside wall. Something didn't look right.

"Nobby, they're both cold", he accused.

"Not when we attach Tina to the nozzle before we wash you!" says Nobby, looking hurt.

Murray knew he should be more trusting, but there was something about the pained innocence of this pair that didn't compute. Heaven knows, he needed TLC. His shin splints were playing up and his run partner John Turner was hobbling like Quasimodo. Anyway, Tina looked less than enthusiastic, so he didn't ask about the full body massage, and it was late enough as it was.

Besides, Murray and the old bloke had already had a lot of excitement that day. Seeing Tina and Nobby at Bundeena was just the latest thrill. (They were there handing out drinks and advice, even if you didn't need any - between massages, of course).

At Taronga Zoo, where the first leg had started, another colourful combo, Merry Terry (McIver) and Winsome Wendy (Downes), created order out of chaos. And along the way, lots of other Strider marshals told people where to go and whether they looked OK or not. (We know who you are - Alan, Steve, Dick, Charles, John, etc!). Happier little Vegemites you never did see. Have you noticed what comedians Striders become when someone else is doing the running?

On that first hilly leg, John Sauer was so eager to get to his boat at Middle Harbour Yacht Club, he ran the 10 k in 36:07, 5th out of 104 starters. Godfrey Franz and Chris

McLean were also impatient (37:47 and 39:20), but Jo Cowan kept her cool and ran a modest 37th in 40:49, seven places behind even the miraculous Dr. Paul Russell (40:17). Remember two years ago? He was never going to run again according to his prognosis. Victoria Clark did a strong 48:24. Sadly, seasickness soon took its toll on her.

Leaping nimbly onto their boats (or in Turner's case, on all fours), they rushed out through the Heads into a 3 m swell (aargh!), raising spinnakers off The Gap. If you've not come across this race before, each yacht must spawn at least two runners to do every run leg. Thirty three boats had just two. The other 19 had three or more ('Witch Doctor' had six!) so their run pairs would be fresher. As you would expect, 12 of the 14 competing Striders ran all three legs.

Let's face it, runners are mostly ballast when it comes to ocean racing. So it was no surprise that the lightweight ladies, Jo C. and Jan Phillips on 'Sweet Caroline' were whisked down to Nobby's Bath House in just under four hours, even ahead of the quick catamaran 'Superoo' with Chris McL. and Gary Leahy aboard. But so strong was the nor'easter that no-one was far behind. Organiser/sailor/ultra-winner Downes was in ecstasy, doing cartwheels at the sight of her beloved fleet roaring into Port Hacking under full sail.

At Bundeena, in their anxiety to get back to Temptress Tina and Naughty Nobby, eight Striders cracked 60 minutes for the 14 k up (and up) the main road to the turnoff, down to Maianbar and back via Grottsville caravan park. Even ageing Alex Whitworth was pretty keen in 59:25, but Susan Roberts showed only marginal interest with 62:18. The Bath House prospect failed to excite Sauer who dropped to 10th place (52:11), closely followed by Chris McL. (53:16). Jo got the hots, rising to 30th in 56:55. Striders' most eligible bachelor, Steve Gill, wasn't being tempted with his 58:25, but Russell-the-Cripple (26th and 56:42) couldn't wait.

Mid-afternoon and back on board 'Moon Shadow', Ulysses Town bound himself to the mast until Tina's siren-song was lost in the wind and the waves. It was a helluva return trip up the coast, tacking back and forth, scrambling from rail to rail, wrapped against cold and spray. (Not for Gill and Sauer on 'Baguette' - their boat was so comfortable they sat and watched the bloody footy on TV. All right for some!)

At Sydney Heads, officials called the race short and allowed boats to motor the rest

of the trip. All this meant was you could now hit the waves head on so as to thump, bump, and plunge even more than before. Nobody talked much - just tried to focus on the lights of the Peninsular and the clarity of the starlit sky.

Around one o'clock in the morning, cruising at last into Broken Bay, some amazing phenomena. Remember those gimmicky lamps with gloopy bubbles? Well, in the darkness, the water broken by the yacht's bow glowed luminous green just like that. Eerie! And further out in the black water, flashes of bright phosphorescence all around. Even the sailors had never seen such a brilliant display.

At the Patonga starting line six hours later, those 3 Ports groupies Merry and Winsome, now rested and recovered unlike the runners, were once again organising their hearts out. The course? In a word, S&M - designed by Sadists for practising Masochists. If the start doesn't get you, the finish will. An immediate climb of 4 k is followed by 3 k of rough bush track before emerging into Central Coast suburbia. Then from about 17 k you're lulled by seascape beauty through Umina and Pearl Beach before a tough 4 k bush uphill and sharp downhill back to Patonga at 31 k.

Striders shine under such conditions. Most of them improved their positions, especially the three full-distance Strider women. Best performance of the day was clearly Jo Cowan's 1:58:54 for 10th place, right behind John Sauer. Nearly-new member Jan Phillips took 15th, the third Strider home in 2:05:31, while Sue Roberts was seventh Strider (28th in 2:10:04), behind Franz (17th), Whitworth (23rd), and Russell-the-Maimed (26th). (Placings relate to the 66 triple-leg runners).

Of the others, Gill and McLean battled injury for 2:21 and 2:27, while those Twinkle Twins, Leahy and Town, came home hand-in-hand as usual in 2:29. (Nope, I infer nothin'!) Double-leg runner Derek Smith was pleased with his 2:19. As for Turner's 2:55, the less said the better.

Reviewing total run results, Strider women creamed the field. Jo Cowan is almost boring - now four-times Queen of the Mountain - 13th overall, not far behind Sauer's 7th place. Then Jan Phillips and Sue Roberts, second and third females (17th and 34th overall). Also in the first half of the overall field were Franz (15th), Russell-the-Paraplegic (19th) and Whitworth (25th).

How much better they would have performed if Nobby had shifted his Bath House to *every* finish line is open to indecent speculation.

The sail back to MHYC under spinnaker - what a buzz! Gary said their cat. got to 16 knots. Under aggressive steering by a one-time 'Gretel' driver, 'Moon Shadow' flew like a train, or its nautical equivalent. The full results show 'Moon Shadow' could have won its division except for its bizarre choice of runners! 'Sweet Caroline', of course, flattened the fleet, but then it did have a bit of help from Jo and Jan.

One abiding memory? On the Sunday at five past six, you eased out of your bunk and opened your eyes to the dawn. At that instant, framed by the cabin's hatchway, the sun paused - a complete yellow disc perched on its horizon like a coin balanced on a tabletop - a perfect harmony of sea, sun and sky. Wouldn't be dead for quids, would you?

THE FINAL WEEK: WHAT TO DO IN THOSE SEVEN DAYS BEFORE A MARATHON.

By Robert de Castella. (From his book).

- * Six or 7 days before the marathon go for a long run of about 20 kilometres. This can be reduced if it is going to have a long-term draining effect on your ability to perform the next weekend. By this time, however, you should be handling these distances comfortably.
- * Five days before go for an average paced run for 30 to 60 minutes.
- * Four days before try an easy 30 minutes of relaxed jogging.
- * Three days before is the best time to do your fast leg speed work. This should follow a light warm-up which includes some gentle stretching to get the muscles moving before running a few stride-outs. These needn't be done on the track - a local grass oval or dirt forest path would be fine. Your stride-outs should be between 50 and 200 metres long, and not much faster than the pace at which you intend competing. In this session you should include some short striding to keep your legs moving at a quicker tempo without straining.
- * Two days before run for 20 to 30 minutes at a very relaxed and comfortable pace, remembering that over these last few days you should be trying to conserve your glycogen and energy for the race to come.
- * The day before can be a rest day, but if you prefer, jog easily for 20 minutes to loosen the muscles. This should be a very relaxing and refreshing run.

3,000 STARTERS FOR SUSSAN WOMENS 10K CLASSIC

Race report by Dale Thompson

In spite of much urging, I was only able to muster one Striders Women's team for the 10k in Melbourne in late April this year. The trip was great fun and the race proved to be the most enjoyable.

We drove to Bairnsdale, in East Gippsland where we stayed overnight. The next morning we walked through some of the majestic forests before heading on to Melbourne.

On the morning of the race the weather was mild with patches of sun. After parking near the finish at Olympic Park we walked toward the start in the Bourke Street Mall amidst growing crowds of women of all shapes and ages. On rounding the corner into the Mall we were confronted with a huge crowd of women warming up and preparing for the event. It was a fantastic feeling to be with so many like-minded women. As we were called to the start it was announced that Joan Kirner was going to complete the 10k with an injured Tani Ruckle. There was a strong feeling of camaraderie among us all (3000+ entrants) and it was great to see so many women who had been role models for my running over the years.

The elite runners were introduced and suddenly we were off in a mad crush. The course turns right into Swanson Street, over Princes Bridge into St. Kilda Road and then skirts the Botanical Gardens and the Tan. Tina disappeared ahead with Dawn while I struggled past Dot Browne pushing a young girl in a wheel chair. I smiled nonchalantly, trying to look in control, while hoping that I could hang together after starting far too fast. Along the way were many of the male athletes that I had cheered on in previous races and it was good to see the large crowds watching us.

At half way I knew this was not going to be a fast run but, unlike so many of those large mixed sex runs, I was not surrounded by fat, sweaty gargantuans offering me gratuitous advice on how to survive. At about 7k, a woman caught up to me and as I looked back I was thrilled to see Judy Pollock drawing up alongside me. I related to her how I had run against her in a 400 metre race in 1965 (coming last in 66s). It

had been inspirational for me to run against such a talented athlete and great to see her still running so well. Again she was able to pull away with ease.

The race finished with a lap of the Olympic Park Stadium. I had done just over 43m and so I was not too unhappy. I sat and watched waves of runners finishing after me and realised that, as a female runner my performances were quite good. This also puts a different perspective on the women runners in our club who, in the main, run with the 6am or 6.10 groups. Many of them are unrecognised as capable athletes as their performances are compared to dissimilar male runners and not to female athletes.

I met up with Tina and Dawn, who were both pleased with their performances and impressed with the run. We all received complimentary products from the sponsors but missed out on the generous lucky prizes. We decided to make it an annual event and hope to take a larger team down there next year. It would be good to see the club well represented in this event.

RACE RESULTS

1	Krishna Stanton	33.08
2	Jo Campbell-Smith	34.01
3	Sue Mahony	34.13
54	Dawn Tiller	40.10
58	Tina Campbell	40.42
119	Dale Thompson	43.08

COMMITMENT

"Nothing in this world can take the place of persistence. Talent will not; nothing is more common than the unsuccessful with talent. Genius will not; unrewarded genius is almost a proverb. Education will not; the world is full of educated derelicts.

Persistence and determination alone are omnipotent."

Calvin Couledge.

THIS IS HOW IT HAPPENED FOR WENDY DOWNES

Royal National Park Ultra – 17 October 1992.

You've all seen the T-shirt - Fun Run almost Won - well I Ran, had Fun and WON (all 50k's of it). I couldn't believe it - hills (cliffs actually), rain forest (it rained), cliff tops (rocky tracks), beaches (soft sand), BUT beautiful views masses of wildflowers, palms, ferns, birds, and of course jelly babies, bananas, great marshalling and camaraderie (and thanks Roger, for recommending Exceed).

Although I must add that running 50k was only chickenfeed to half the competitors who ran 80k - what stamina! - and then some of them fronting up the following weekend for the 3 Ports!

RESULTS:

MALE: 50k

1st	R. Mountstephens	4.02
2nd	S. Bouris	4.11
3rd	R. McRae	4.15

FEMALE: 50k

1st	Wendy Downes (18th overall)	5.19
2nd	J. Pecksis	5.54
3rd=	M. Kinchin	6.05
	Eisenhuth	

STRIDERS

18th	Wendy Dowes (1st Woman)	5.19
23rd	Mike Ward	5.29
27th	John Turner	5.41

MALE: 80k

20th	Terry Rose	9.33
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Picturesque course through bush, up and down, a few kilometres of road and then followed the coastline for last 20km - along beaches, up cliffs and over sand for last 3kms.

BRINDABELLA: A HORSE RACING CLASSIC

By one of 'the nags'.

It is believed that the Melbourne Cup is the highlight of the horse racing season. This is absolutely incorrect. All racegoers know that it is a curtain raiser for the prestigious Brindabella Classic, held this year on 8th November. The Melbourne Cup is for sprinters over a mere 3200 metres, whereas Brindabella covers that distance 16 1/2 times and is a steeplechase into the bargain.

This year saw the 6th running of the Classic and Striders were proud to have 11 horses in the field of 77 starters (excluding relay teams). The start was delayed 1 hour as the horse float took 2 1/2 hours to negotiate the twists and turns to the top of Mount Ginini. Once at the starting barriers all horses were chomping at the bit and were quick off the mark.

Down Mount Ginini, through Aggie's gap, up Mount Franklin, down Mount Franklin, up Bulls Head, over quad-tearing precipices to the tranquillity of Magic Forest. A canter alongside the river into the logged area, a wade across Vanity's crossing, up the aptly named "Mothers" into the home turn, past the Members Stand and over the finishing line.

First past the post, paying \$2.10 for the win and \$1.05 for the place, was Trevor Jacobs in an incredible time (and course record) of 3 hours 33 mins 33 secs. This is fractionally over a 4 min/km pace for 53 km. Stewards must take a swab and demand an enquiry.

Second place to

Mark Watson 4.06.18 \$1.45.

Third place

to Peter Clark 4.22.05 \$1.80.

MARES

1st	J. Kiss	5.13.48	(17th overall)
2nd	M. Busteed	5.22.29	(20th overall)
3rd	Sue Hill	5.38.56	(24th overall)

STRIDERS

5th WARWICK SELBY 4.29.18

Consistent top performer from the "Doctor" bloodline that has produced other notables such as Dr. Crippen, Dr. Frankenstein, Dr. Edelstein and Dr. Hewson. Pulled up lame in training (tennis) during the week but managed to overcome that hurdle and stomach cramps (alcohol deficiency) to come in a very commendable 5th. Threatens to run the relay next year, but don't be surprised to see him go the whole way. Definitely a place bet.

11th MIKE WARD 4.58.47

Lightweight from the Coopers-Fosters stable. Course knowledge invaluable in being first horse to complete 6 Classics. Omitted to tell the President how agonising a downhill race can be. Will probably front the line next year, but don't expect any improvement in time.

15th MALCOLM SATCHELL 5.11.26

Another top performer, this one from the Benowie Track stable. Found the going tough after running a marathon PB in Auckland the previous weekend. Took the wise option in admiring the scenery rather than seeing it flash by for a change. Will definitely recover after a rest and will soon be locking horns with Warwick Selby again.

18th GRAHAM MURPHY 5.14.05

A recent addition to the Striders corral. Bloodline unknown - suspected to be from



"...consistent top performer from the "Doctor" bloodline..."

the Northern hemisphere. First time over the distance and paced himself well to finish in under 5 1/4 hours. Will definitely have learnt a lot from the experience and could be a showing in his next appearance over this course. Sub 4.40 a possibility. Could do with a change of riding colours to the traditional green and white.

19th ALF FIELD 5.15.00

"The President" and therefore must be related to Messrs Clinton, Bush, Carter, Nixon and Marcos. Originally from South Africa but has adapted well to local conditions. Has extensive experience over this and longer distances. Learnt the meaning of "Australia's toughest downhill race" to-day. Another to benefit from the outing and will no doubt be back with a vengeance next year.

24rd SUE HILL 5.38.56 3rd FEMALE.

Delightful mare from the original Striders stable. Was known to run fast marathons when young and innocent. With more experience under the saddle has produced perfect pace consistency to record the same time for her second journey over the course. Congratulations in order for being 3rd mare home. Known to enjoy these mountain jaunts so why not share a nosebag with her on the 6 Foot Track next year.

25th JOHN CRAIG-SUTHERLAND 5.40.16

No horse race would be complete without an entrant from the land of the Long White Cloud. Solid trackwork up to the big event, but peaked too early with a 3.07 marathon at Auckland the prior weekend. Despite use of the whip by trainer, Amanda, John was unable to come storming home 2 weeks running. Full marks for a gutsy effort. Will no doubt be training with the dogs before the week is out.



"...perfect pace consistency to record the same time for her second journey over the course."

28th ROGER RIGBY 5.45.29

Another Strider to succumb to the temptation to run over 50km upon attaining the ripe young age of 50. Took meticulous care in his preparation, including checking altitude variations and the rate at which they changed. Handled the challenge confidently and cantered home without ill-effects. May like this type of event so look out for him in similar outings next year.

33rd BRIAN COLWELL 5.56.49

The most experienced ultra horse in the race. Able to trace his bloodline back to the Norman Conquest at Hastings in 1066. Has most recently trained from the GB stable in Broadway but following closure will have to find new feeding grounds. Despite light training Brian made it home sub-6 hours to be the second horse to complete 6 Classics. Will probably go out to graze and rehydrate before next season's ultras.

43rd GRAHAM BUTLER 6.11.33

Has had a stall in the Striders stable for many a year and latterly has turned to ultras. Bought enormous amounts of Exceed to put in his trough prior to the race. This may have slowed him down as was unable to match the galloping form of the prior year. Reliable and determined, this gee gee will be around for many a mile yet.

50th TONY ROBINSON 6.35.06

A late entrant to the event so had no time to check out the form. Full of enthusiasm Tony tackled the distance for the first time. Hooves had not been properly nailed on so suffered blisters. Will have learnt a lot and hope to see him next year.



[RRJ] "...succumbing to the temptation..." and [J C-S] "...full marks for a gutsy effort..."

I'M REALLY ONLY A CASUAL RUNNER...

Geoff Taylor

It's all John Snelson's fault! He was the ex Sydney Strider who convinced me in June 1988 to join the Striders and to start doing some serious running. He is responsible for changing me from what you would call a (very) casual runner into a serious (crazy?) runner.

Up until then marathon running had been something of an abstraction for me. It was one of those events you watched on television. It was something that other people did. And it was something that one would like to do if one wasn't so damn lazy.

With hindsight, I guess I am thankful to John for prompting me to do something which has given me a great deal of enjoyment and satisfaction over the last four years - to become a marathoner and a Strider.

It is probably worth noting that when I first joined the Striders, the longest distance I had every run was the City to Surf. Long distances were something which were way beyond my ability. So my first Striders event was one of the 10 kilometre series, at Banksmeadow. I can still remember how well I was greeted by the then President, Nobby Young. It was nice to feel welcome. The 10 km event was also a good way of getting involved with the club before tackling a STaR.

My First STaR

It wasn't long before I started turning up to the Sunday STaRs. Being rather ambitious and over optimistic, it was inevitable that when it came to long distance running I was going to learn a few things the hard way.

As it turned out, I accumulated a fair bit of knowledge on my very first STaR, the North Ryde Ramble. At that stage of running career I had no idea about pace, and to tell the truth, I didn't have much idea about direction either.

I ran the first 10 kilometres of the STaR with the 6:00 am group and can remember feeling pretty good. When the 6:10 group came charging through a little later on I decided to join them (Mistake No.1). They turned out to be much faster than I expected and I was soon left behind. After a few more kilometres I reached the

turning point - will it be the 23 or the 28 km option? I decided to press on with the 28 (Mistake No.2).

Having been comprehensively left behind I continued at my own pace, trying to read the map "on the go". I thought I was headed in the right direction until it came time to make a left turn and I found there was a creek in the road (Mistake No.3).

My only choice was to retrace my steps and pay more attention to the map. By this time I was feeling a little weary and yet I was still "on my way out", rather than heading for home. To my good fortune some of the members of the 6:00 am group caught up to me. They introduced themselves as Margaret (Robinson) and Kevin (O'Kane). They were friendly and whilst I was grateful to have someone to talk to, I was more pleased to be running with people who knew where they were going.

By the time we arrived at the 25 km mark I was fading fast. The downhill sections were fine, but the short uphill sections were hard to take. Eventually I had to walk for a while and had no choice but to watch my new found friends disappear off into the distance.

Half an hour later I completed the STaR with a short burst across the oval. It was good to be back! I had learnt a lot about pace, direction and what a friendly bunch of people the Striders are.

After a while I managed to get the hang of STaRs. I began to understand the importance of pacing yourself and I learnt to steer well clear of the 6:10 group (unless equipped with taxi money). You can't really turn up at 5:45 am every Sunday morning, rain, hail or shine, without starting to think about the possibility of running a marathon.

Marathon No. 1

Looking back at my training programme for the 1990 Canberra Marathon I can do little more than shake my head. How could I have thought that I would be able to complete a marathon after training a maximum of 60 kilometres per week?

In January I had established a "base" of about 40 kms per week and with some good 26 to 30 km STaRs under my belt I increased my level to 60 kms per week.

I knew it wasn't really enough but at the time it was about all my legs could handle. I resolved to run the race slowly and "just try to finish".

The day of the marathon was just about perfect. It was cold and still with reasonable cloud cover. The starters gun fired and we were on our way. Fortunately, after about 400 metres I met up with another Strider, Graham Butler, and a few hundred metres later Brian Tailford made it a threesome. It was the best thing that could have happened to me. We had a great conversation for the first 25 kms and maintained a steady 5 minute per km pace.

At about the 25 km mark Brian speeded up and Graham slowed down a little, so I was on my own. By the 30 km mark I was starting to feel weary but still managed to keep going. At about the 35 km mark I passed Brian and continued to make my way to the last turn-around point.

The last 7 kms took me quite a while to complete. It was a case of walk, run, walk and eventually I reached the final straight. With a surge of energy I raced down the final 400 metres to finish in a time of 3:39:39. It was nine minutes outside my target, but considering my lack of training, it wasn't a bad result.

Marathon No. 2

The 1991 season was quite a successful one, but due to work commitments I just didn't get around to running another marathon. I managed to lower my half marathon PB to 1:30:34, but I wasn't able to test myself over the ultimate distance.

By late 1991 I had already started to focus on the 1992 Canberra Marathon and decided that my training programme would be much more rigorous this time around. For most of 1991 I was running 50 to 60 kms per week - my new base. The plan was to ramp up to 100 kms per week and then taper just before the marathon.

A commitment to attend a wedding the night before the Canberra Marathon forced me to change my plans and aim for the Melbourne Marathon instead. I'd heard some horror stories about Melbourne, but with the new course I thought it might be a good event.

With a few weeks to go I became concerned about setting myself a target time. Given my improvement over the previous two years the Canberra time didn't seem relevant. I started to do some calculations. My half marathon PB multiplied by 2.2 gave me a realistic target of 3:20. But then I remembered what Alf Field and others had said about marathons - something will ALWAYS go wrong in a marathon. So I

decided to aim for 3:15 and then if I broke 3:20 I'd be very happy.

Based on the more optimistic time, I planned to run 44, 45, and 46 minutes for each of the first three then km sections (totalling 2:15). That would leave me a full hour to complete the last 12.195 km. From experience I expected to slow down quite significantly over that last section.

Finally the big day arrived. With a field of over 3,000 competitors the race began at 8:00 am. After a relatively slow start I began to concentrate on establishing a steady running pace.

The first 10 kms were quite pleasant, winding through the city and adjacent park lands. Feeling quite comfortable I went through the 10 km mark in 44:46. It was over my target, but considering the slow start I wasn't concerned.

My second 10 km split was 44:25. I had regained some lost ground and was almost right on target. Soon after, Alf Field passed me going in the opposite direction (he was well ahead) and as usual gave me a friendly wave. It was great to see a friendly face and exchange a few words of encouragement. The wind assisted section along Port Phillip Bay was quite pleasant. My third 10 km was completed in 45:22, with an elapsed time of 2:14:33. I guess I was a little surprised to be under my target and still feeling reasonably fresh.

But how quickly things can change in a marathon! The return leg along Port Philip Bay, this time into the wind, was quite arduous. Eventually I reached the turn at about the 35 km mark and was once again headed down wind. But the damage had been done. My legs were starting to feel heavy, some fellow runners were walking, and I was really starting to battle. I kept thinking to myself "Don't Stop" - it's just too hard to get going again.

Finally I passed the 38 km mark and turned into St Kilda Road. The crowd started to build increase as I reached the last few kilometres. At last I could see the finish line and began to put in a final burst. I crossed the line in 3:13:42 - more than a minute under my target and a twenty six minutes PB. It was almost too good to be true. All the training had paid off.

After a week of rest and light (painful) running I am already planning next marathon - Adelaide here we come!

PUSHING THE LIMITS: TWO

Recent ultra news searched out by DAVID SILL, compiled, with comment, by your Editor. Main source Ultra Mag, Aura Magazine.

Kar Wong, now there's a name, a most famous Strider! We thought he was still in Africa. Maybe he still is, but over the 30/31st of May 1992 he was in Perth Western Australia. Kar Wong came first in the Six Hour Event in the 6/12/24 Hi-Tec Classic. He ran 69.811 kms, was nearly 5km ahead of the next competitor, he also won the Ross Parker Trophy.

"What did he do for the marathon, on the way?" I hear some of you ask. The answer: 3.29.51. Puts it into perspective. Here's the race report. I love Joe Record's comment, almost a 'Tina Special', I mean 'Callous Comment':

'The early leader was Kar Wong in the 6 hour. He settled into a 12 kilometre per hour pace, which he kept up all the way. He was followed by Joe Record and Ross Parker. Joe said later that he would not have gone out so hard if he had realised KAR was only in the 6 Hour!'

Australian 100km record broken. This is another that caught our fancy from a newspaper reporting on the Australian 50 mile Track Championship, run in June.

'After completing the 50 miles, Trevor Jacobs was not happy with his time and felt he had enough energy left to break the Australian 100km record.

So he ran an extra 20km and broke the 100km record in a time of seven hours 16 minutes and 17 seconds.

First Woman, who finished sixth in the 50 miler, also broke the Australian Record, 6.44.40.

Striders feature prominently in a number of the Ultra Lists, with Kar Wong coming in Fifth in the all time 6 hour rankings and in the 6 day list we find running adventures Graham Firkin, the Legend, at 26; and retailing giant Brian Colwell, 29th place. Generally ultra running is not looking good in Australia with Membership numbers falling 'due in part to a general loss of interest and also in part to the demise of the Westfield Sydney to Melbourne Run. This year's Coburg 100km had only 7 starters and 'probably won't be put on again!'

In the meantime the International association of Ultrarunners is trying to get the 100km race included as a Commonwealth Games Event.

But get this: there are now 41 nations in the International association of Ultrarunning and now they've set their sights on the Olympics. Go for it guys.

If you want to run in next year's Australian 100km Track Championships they're in Queensland during the Easter weekend - April 10th 1993. They're in Ipswich and you should call or write the:

Race Director
Stephen Lewis
46 Chermiside Road
IPSWICH QLD 4305
Phone 07 281 9533

STOP PRESS STOP PRESS STOP PRESS

Just three days after the tamming has settled New Zealand will kick off the Inaugural Australian 100km Road Championships.

Campbell Park ('a world away') is invalued and they're aiming to build towards a proposed 100km 'World Cup' in 1994.

Seems they have fairly heavy sponsorship in the shape of Air New Zealand (air tickets), Nike (time clocks, product and course certification), and Leppin (Squeezies to you, and boy will they need them!).

ULTRA POST SCRIPT

A recent newsletter from the British Road Runners Club included a review of last year's feature events. It was only 12 paragraphs in length, and paragraph 6 made a casual reference to the performance of Ernie Warick in the IAU Europa Cup, a 24-hour event, staged at Birmingham. Ernie logged 103 miles 651 yards. Any athlete who can crack the 'ton' in less than one full day is worthy of the highest praise - and in Ernie's case, even more so. He happens to be 75 years of age.

FLINDERS HOLIDAY RUNS ON SQUEEZYS

John Ayliffe

Adelaide was a washout this year. Still a great marathon, impeccably organised, amazingly marshalled, but hundred kilometre an hour winds, and a rain squall that threw you into 'revolving door syndrome' did not exactly augur for good times. It seems minus 20 minutes off your finishing time was a 'real' result so Tina Campbell (3.18), Roger Rigby (3.31), and I (3.16) actually looked quite good, love to be able to claim it. But we're not here to talk about that we're here to talk about *our* holiday - after the rain stopped!

After the marathon the rain stopped. Isn't that how it always is! They copped floods, disease and huge seas in South Australia, for three weeks. And it all ended with the marathon, after the marathon. Two or three hours after the marathon! And two days before John Bannon resigned (3.09 this year and they were sure he'd be back under three, well now he won't have to make time to train anymore, will he!)

After the marathon, the day after the marathon we drove to Wilpena Pound. 484 kilometres and we weren't stiff a bit. Tina, Roger, John - we couldn't believe it. Nothing hurt.



Wilpena Pound, late afternoon, John Ayliffe and Tina Campbell absorb the view.

After the marathon we scrambled up mountains, hiked across plains, ate big dinners, drank good wine, no problem.

Squeezys that's what did it, *Squeezys*. They put back in what long hard running takes out, must, definitely must. Swear by Squeezys, thanks Alf for putting us onto them. But back to the holiday.

After the marathon we drove straight to Wilpena Pound and for three days, the three days we were there, we couldn't keep our eyes off it, Wilpena Pound is amazing, spectacular, a Natural Wonder of the World.

Imagine... a volcano, *[well, it wasn't a volcano, it was an anticline, but fact can spoil a good story line - sub-editor]* sticks straight up, out of the ground, enormous, a giant monolith, made by God and sung up by aborigines. Imagine a volcano with a crater 16 kilometres long, eight kilometres wide. Once it was a sheep station, natural fence mountains with a single gap through, one way in, one way out, for the road and the river until one of them won. Now it's a national park.

Here it was we had a wonderful few days and it was just to earn four hours at the Pheasant Farm Restaurant, Pheasant Farm Road Manaranga, Barossa Valley, current holder of the Grand Prix, best restaurant in Australia.

Try the smoked Kangaroo, Roast Pheasant with a glass of sparkling burgundy, who made this wine! And then you discover Rockford Black Shiraz...

Is this runners talk? After the marathon - how can this be?

Put it down to the Squeezys.

(Those of you who remember Geoff Taylor - see his own article elsewhere in this issue - will be pleased to know since moving to Adelaide he's been on a PB trail. In this year's marathon he ran 3.11 and wore Striders gear.)

Paul Russell to son Luke the night before the Picnic Relay:

"Eat as much junk food as you like tonight"

We think it had something to do with the fact that Luke wasn't in Paul's team.

BANNON THE LARRIKIN SET TO GET BACK TO HIS BEST

John Bannon's run all thirteen Adelaide marathon's and all but two or three under three hours. Here's the running side of the ex-premier by one of his mates. EDITOR.

We were in a cave 200m below the Nullarbor Plain. In the murky half dark I tried to scramble up a sheer rock face.

A coating of fine dust made the surface slippery and I began sliding back.

A firm hand grabbed my foot and halted the fall.

Below and invisible in the dark was John Bannon. He gave me time to get a handhold on the rock and climb to safety.

At the entrance to the cave was a 15m ladder running up a cliff to the plain above. Frozen with the fear of the climb I panicked. Again it was John Bannon who calmly escorted me to the top.

This is the hidden face of John Bannon, the John Bannon few people outside his small inner circle of friends get to know.

John Bannon is not always the predictable and dour figure portrayed on the television screen.

Buried deep is a nocturnal larrikin, suppressed by the discipline of politics.

Late one night in Japan, he sent a waiter to drag me from a rooftop bar. Mr Bannon was entertaining a regional mayor in a karaoke bar.

As I walked in he announced I was a famous Australian singer. I gave the worst rendition of Bye Bye Black Bird given in the northern hemisphere - much to Mr Bannon's tearful delight.

John Bannon and I actually ran marathons together, him near the front, me at the back. In Seoul, South Korea, we took an early morning jog with the Australian ambassador. Four kilometres from home Mr Bannon issued the challenge:

"Race you back."

He sprinted in 200m ahead. I pulled up with a sore knee and two weeks later the removal of a cartilage cut short a running career which had no future anyway.

John Bannon was almost as distressed about that blasted knee as I was.

We ran once in London. At 6am, snorting steam in the dawn cold, I waited at the front of the hotel. Mr Bannon appeared at the top of the street. He had already run 10km..

We ran another 10km at a pace totally outside my capacity, but once again John Bannon saw me through.

We have sung and drunk beer together in Stockholm, and sunk good red wines in Canberra.

And, quite properly, we have disagreed, argued and clashed. But John Bannon has always been fair and rarely complained.

He returns now to the backbench like so many premiers before him.

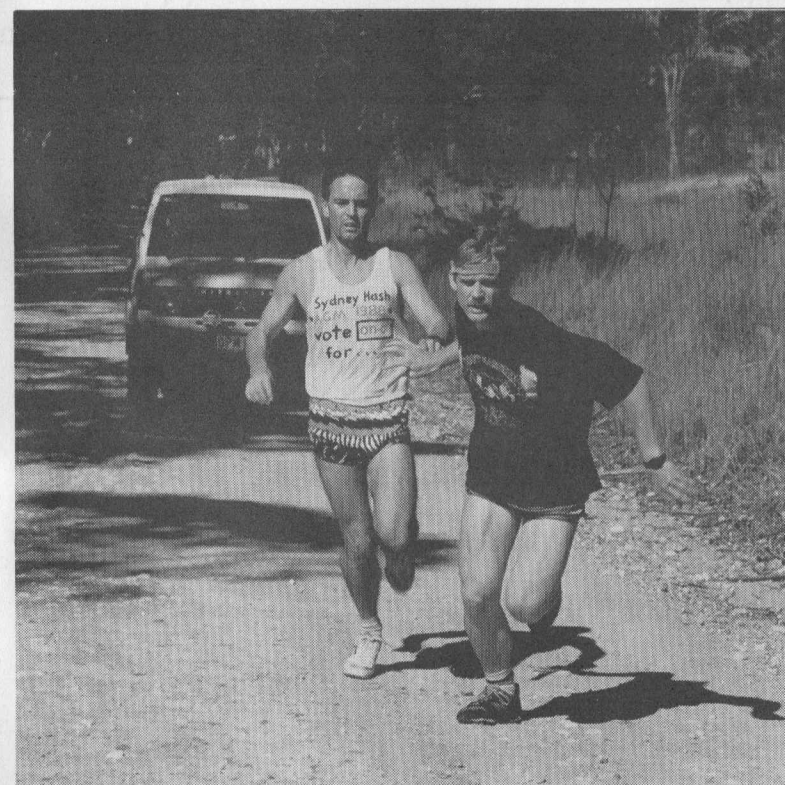
Perhaps, outside the glare of the cameras and microphones which have ridden shotgun with him for a decade, a little bit more of the Bannon larrikin will emerge. He deserves the chance.

(Reprinted from the Adelaide Advertiser: REX JODY.)

*"Did you hear about the Strider who has been
'doing' a few too many lunches lately?*

*Went into Talays for a pair of 'fast shorts' for the
City to Surf. Sorry sir but they don't make 'fast
shorts' in your size!!!! Its true they don't".*

Sydney Striders 2nd Annual Picnic Relay Day.



Dooralong/Watagan Mountains
11 October 1992.

"DON'T MISS NEXT YEAR'S DOORALONG PICNIC RELAY".

By Alf Field

Bret Nichols and Lynndy Bennett once again produced an organisational masterpiece for the Dooralong Picnic Relay and all 100 people who attended had a marvellous day. I forecast that this event will become one of the most popular on the Striders calendar.

The reasons are easy to find. The countryside is lovely and it is an area that very few people visit. The bird life is fantastic. There is one section of the course which has an incredible number of bellbirds all in full song. Their

symphony was enough to make Mozart turn in his grave.

The event causes runners of varying standards to be thrown together in teams, in many cases getting to know other Striders for the first time. The support amongst team members is infectious and team "tactics" gets everyone involved all the time. There is never a dull moment. One Strider (a member of the medical fraternity) brought a newspaper along to read when he was not running. He confessed that he never opened it.

If you did not participate, ask someone who did whether they enjoyed it. I'll bet that the reply will be that it was a magic day - which it was! My advice is: "Don't miss next year's Dooralong Picnic Relay."

RESULTS SYDNEY STRIDERS DOORALONG PICNIC DAY 11 October 1992

TEAMS			SUB-TOTALS		TOTALS	Half	0-1	1-2	2-3	3-4	4-5	Half	Half	5-6	6-7	7-8	8-9	9-0	Half
RED Warwick Selby	2nd	Clockwise	4.23.40				>25.25	>33.35	>28.10	>20.11	>23.11	>2.10.32		>31.21	>18.47	>25.09	>35.50	>22.01	>2.13.08
		Anticlockwise	4.29.16		8.52.56	2.18.25<	24.59<	34.43<	23.42<	20.30<	34.31<		2.10.51<	33.34<	18.47<	20.43<	36.52<	20.55<	
GREEN John Craig-Sutherland	7th	Clockwise	4.28.40				>24.12	>33.13	>30.05	>26.00	>27.44	>2.21.14		>32.15	>20.58	>26.46	>23.18	>24.09	>2.07.26
		Anticlockwise	4.59.45		9.28.25	2.27.14<	25.34<	39.40<	26.28<	22.15<	33.17<		2.32.31<	34.41<	37.38<	23.50<	34.44<	21.38<	
BLACK Malcolm Satchell	5th	Clockwise	4.36.25				>28.35	>31.48	>29.56	>22.40	>25.28	>2.18.27		>28.56	>19.31	>27.41	>38.39	>23.11	>2.17.58
		Anticlockwise	4.37.53		9.14.18	2.31.51<	21.10<	40.18<	28.33<	27.48<	34.02<		2.06.02<	27.57<	16.53<	28.11<	33.57<	19.04<	
WHITE Wayne Stanton	4th	Clockwise	4.27.51				>25.25	>31.20	>33.05	>21.21	>23.35	>2.14.46		>29.52	>16.23	>28.44	>36.09	>21.57	>2.13.05
		Anticlockwise	4.39.51		9.07.42	2.31.03<	41.57<	28.27<	29.16<	17.36<	33.47<		2.08.48<	27.51<	25.57<	21.25<	35.20<	18.15<	
LIME Graham Butler	3rd	Clockwise	4.34.37				>31.00	>35.25	>29.02	>19.58	>28.02	>2.23.27		>29.17	>17.00	>25.58	>37.00	>21.55	>2.11.10
		Anticlockwise	4.21.59		8.56.36	2.15.10<	22.52<	32.18<	25.48<	19.52<	34.20<		2.06.49<	30.42<	15.20<	25.09<	35.07<	20.31<	
PINK Steve Urwin	1st	Clockwise	4.19.32				>26.25	>30.21	>32.14	>18.54	>22.24	>2.10.18		>30.30	>17.10	>25.06	>35.16	>21.12	>2.09.14
		Anticlockwise	4.13.40		8.33.12	2.05.45<	20.25<	32.15<	23.37<	19.24<	30.04<		2.07.55<	29.24<	21.13<	19.33<	36.48<	20.57<	
BLUE John Whealey	8th	Clockwise	4.52.53				>25.30	>38.15	>25.46	>24.49	>26.09	>2.20.29		>34.52	>23.06	>33.25	>35.20	>25.41	>2.32.24
		Anticlockwise	4.45.36		9.37.29	2.22.34<	22.19<	33.59<	25.59<	29.16<	31.01<		2.23.02<	32.59<	22.46<	23.47<	33.32<	29.58<	
PURPLE Kevin O'Kane	6th	Clockwise	4.38.41				>27.37	>27.22	>31.53	>23.52	>23.39	>2.14.23		>35.10	>18.41	>27.42	>41.19	>21.26	>2.24.18
		Anticlockwise	4.41.26		9.20.07	2.15.22<	25.35<	28.52<	30.37<	20.55<	29.23<		2.26.04<	34.01<	26.24<	25.40<	37.24<	22.35<	
check totals			73.10.45	73.10.45	18.47.24							18.13.36	18.02.02						18.08.43

COMPETITORS LIST 2ND ANNUAL STRIDERS PICNIC RELAY

PINK Steve Urwin 8.33.12 Colin Dominish, Lynndy Bennett, Gary Leahey, Sue Hill, Dawn Tiller, Phillip Hugill, Paul Glare, Stephen Brooks.

RED Warwick Selby 8.54.27 John Hamilton, John Hodges, Brenda Hamill, Steve Hitchcock, Brian Colwell, Margaret Vaughan, David Ritchie.

LIME Graham Butler 8.56.36 Jeff Gissing, Alf Field, Luke Russell, Jonathon Trope, Roger Rigby, Ivan Freys, Tina Campbell.

BLACK Malcolm Satchell 9.03.18 Steve Gill, Terry McIver, Robi Russell, John Turner, Carolyn Fay, Joan Boltz, Chris Gunns, Graham Firkin, Jim Donovan.

WHITE Wayne Stanton 9.08.26 Paul Russell, Alan Tonge, Dick Bartlett, Susan Creighton, John Darcy, Paul Kotala, John Hill, Chris Downes.

PURPLE Kevin O'Kane 9.20.07 Kevin O'Kane, John Sauer, Sue Roberts, Bret Nichols, Sharon McGann, Terry Rose, Alex Hamill, Dennis Mitchell, Julian Foxall.

BLUE John Whealy 9.36.31 Derek Smith, Ian Whitfield, Wendy Downes, Jonathon Marsden, Dale Thompson, Phillip Joy, Ron Daly, Holly Inglis, David Gill.

GREEN John Sutherland 9.38.25 Victoria Clark, Peter Donnelley, Karl Satchell, Nicholas Whealy, Kevin Tiller, Merri Mack, Noel Vaughan.

Time Keepers

Clockwise: - Barbara Firkin, Trish Whealy, Leslie Clark.

Anti Clockwise: - Amanda Craig-Sutherland, Judy Satchell, Rosanne Field.

LIFE'S A PICNIC AWARDS

Sartorial Splendour Award (see photo): TERRY McIVER

Mapreading Diploma: JOHN CRAIG-SUTHERLAND'S TEAM

Rural Handicap Award: KEVIN O'KANE'S TEAM

Youngest Competitor: HOLLY INGLIS

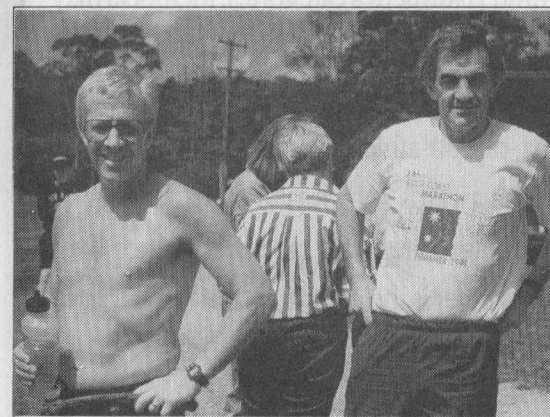
Fastest Compulsory Fluid Replacement: PAUL RUSSELL



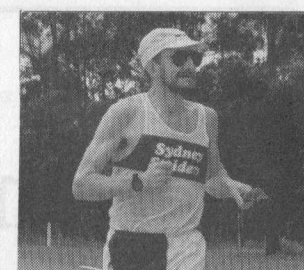
The wining team – Steve Urwin's pink.



Timekeepers Judy Satchell and Amanda Craig-Sutherland.



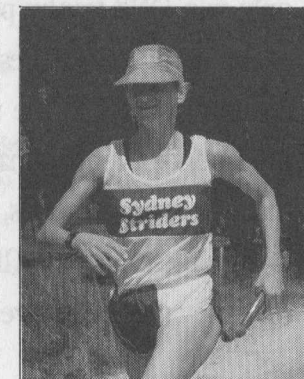
Alex ('Dog Lover') Hamill and Mr President.



Terry Rose (in the purple)



The sartorial Terry.



Sue Roberts

1992 Sydney Striders Annual Awards Presentation

Sunday 6th December 1992
Middle Harbour Yacht Club
Master of Ceremonies : Scott Crawford

Explanation of club policy on awards :

Must be a financial member at the time the race was run;

In marathon, half-marathon and 10km Series categories, members may only win ONE trophy per year. If the winner of a marathon, half-marathon or 10km Series category has already won a superior award, the trophy goes to the next placed athlete. Marathon awards take precedence over half-marathon awards, which take precedence over the 10km series awards. Open-age categories take precedence over limited age-categories. (If the winner is the only athlete in the category then they may be allowed to win more than one award).

Debut Marathon Award male and female

Note : This refers to the athlete's first ever marathon, NOT their first marathon as a Sydney Strider (if they've completed one before).

Male

1st	Paul Mandl	2:59:14	Melbourne
2nd	Wayne Meander	3:33:50	Melbourne
3rd	Peter Hammerschmidt	3:45:14	Cities

Female

No female debut marathoners this year.

Best sub 3-hour Marathon Improver Award. male and female

Note: This refers to the improved time, not the original and is calculated as a percentage.

Male

1st	Chris Dwyer	2:51:50	to 2:44:25	Canberra (4.3%)
2nd	Steve Gill	2:55:40	2:54:49	Gold Coast (0.484%)
3rd	Steve Urwin	2:55:17	2:54:27	N. Caledonia (0.48%)

Chris' achievements this year :

Sydney Morning Herald Half Marathon: 77:02

Female

1st	Joanne Cowan	2:46:18	to 2:42:31	Canberra (2.3%)
2nd	Marlies Laaper	2:57:05	2:55:55	Canberra (0.7%)

Best sub 4-hour Marathon Improver Award. male and female

Note: This refers to the improved time, not the original and is calculated as a percentage.

Male

1st	Geoff Taylor	3:39:38	to 3:13:41	Melb (11.8%).
2nd	Greg Overton	3:15:02	3:09:16	Gold Coast (3.0%).
3rd	Dave Ritchie	3:05:35	3:04:13	Gold Coast (0.7%).

Geoff's achievements this year :

6/92	25k Road Race	1:47:28	
7/92	Linear Park 30k	2:11:42	PB
5/92	SMH Half	1:30:08	PB
5/92	Greenbelt Half	1:31:17	

Female:

No female sub-4 hour improvers this year.

**Best Performance for A Marathon Award.
Open male and female**

Male

1st	Phil Garvin	2:33:47	Canberra
2nd	Chris McClean	2:39:38	Gold Coast
3rd	Bruce Inglis	2:42:23	Bathurst
Phil's achievements this year :			
4/92	Canberra Marathon	2:33:47	
5/92	Canberra Half Marathon	1:12:30	
5/92	SMH Half	1:12:23	(1st over 40)
6/92	ACT Vets Half	1:13:20	
7/92	Gold Coast Marathon	2:33:50	ACT team
8/92	NSW Vets Road 25k	1:27:23	1st outright

This is Phil's 7th consecutive win in this category.

Female

1st	Joanne Cowan	2:42:31	Canberra
2nd	Marlies Laaper	2:55:55	Canberra
3rd	Sue Roberts	3:13:03	Gold Coast
Joanne's achievements this year :			
4/92	Canberra Marathon	2:42:31	PB, 1st woman
5/92	Sydney Morning Herald Half	1:18:10	3rd female
6/92	Tokyo Half	1:16:18	PB, 8th female
7/92	Gold Coast Marathon	2:46:40	5th female, 1st o/35
7/92	Lake Macquarie Half	1:19:5th	female
8/92	City to Surf	50:26	PB, 7th fem, 8/92
	Vets State C'ships 5k track	17:35	1st, record
9/92	Striders Half	82.00	1st female
10/9	23 Ports Race		1st female

**Best Performance for A Marathon Award.
Veteran male and female**

Male

1st	Phil Garvin	2:33:47	Canberra
2nd	Chris McClean	2:39:38	Gold Coast

3rd	Malcolm Satchell	2:42:35	Gold Coast
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(Chris wins because Phil has won the Open Marathon Award).

Female

1st	Joanne Cowan	2:42:31	Canberra
2nd	Sue Roberts	3:13:03	Gold Coast

(Sue wins because Joanne has won the Open Marathon Award).

Sue's achievements this year :

Sydney Marathon Clinic Series		(1st female)	
2/92	30k	1.30.52	
3/92	30k	1.30.59	
4/92	Half	90.42	
5/92	5k	20.21	(PB, 1st F)
6/92	Shire of Sutherland Half	90.41	(4th F, 1st 30/39)
8/92	City to Surf 14k	58.57	
10/92	3 Ports Race		(3rd F)
11/92	3k track race	11.26	(PB)

**Best Performance for A Marathon Award.
Masters male and female**

Male

1st	Alex Whitworth	2:55:00	Melbourne
2nd	Alf Field	3:09:09	Gold Coast
3rd	John Turner	3:13:54	Canberra

Female

1st	Joan Boltz	3:22:36	Kempsey
Joan's achievements this year :			
1/92	Kosciosko Classic 10k	55:00	1st o/50 record
3/92	City to Cellars 12k	54:00	1st o/45
5/92	Mt Pritchard Half	98:46	3rd female
5/92	Woy Woy 11k	50:00	1st o/45
5/92	Canberra Half	96:44	1st o/50 record
6/92	Sutherland Half	95:19	1st o/50
7/92	Bay to Breakers 11k	47:36	1st o/50
6/92	Kempsey Marathon	3:22:46	1st female
7/92	Berowra Fun Run	52:30	1st o/45

7/92	Gold Coast Marathon	3:25:55	3rd o/50
8/92	Cities Marathon	3:25:25	1st o/50
10/92	Ulladulla Fun Run 5k	21:00	1st o/40
10/92	Rozelle Fun Run 8k	37:05	1st o/50

Ultra Runner of the Year Award David Sill.

Dave's achievements this year :

1/92	Cradle Mountain Run 80k	12.49.00	9th of 47
8/92	Griffith 12 Hour Race	104.4k	12.00.00 /
3rd			
10/92	Sri Chinmoy Aust 24 Hour	164.4k	8th

TRIathlete of The Year Award John Preston

John's achievements this year:

Australian Sprint Championships	8th
Australian Long Course	12th
Isle of Palms Olympic Distance	8th
Forster Ironman (10:22:00)	21st
NSW Duathlon Championships	6th
Bankstown Duathlon	3rd
Ritchie Walker Triathlon	3rd
Australian Duathlon Cup	3rd
(John Preston cont) - PBs	
Mosman 19k:	39:17
Sydney Morning Herald Half Marathon	84:50
Represented Australia at 1992 World Triathlon C'ships	
35-39 age category, in 1991/92 Aust. National Rankings	6th

The 10k Series Award (The Middle Harbour Yacht Club Perpetual Trophy)

10K Handicap Competition

1st	John Hodges	101	points
2nd	Warwick Selby	90	
3rd	Kevin O'Kane	83	

Male Outright Competition

1st	Mark Fiore	124	points
2nd	Steve Gill	121	
3rd	Warwick Selby	117	

Female Outright Competition

1st	Joan Boltz	84	points
2nd	Lesley Maher	78	
3rd	Marlies Laaper	64	

(Lesley wins because Joan has already won the Masters Marathon award).

Last Year's Perpetual Trophy Winner: Mark Robinson (Commemorative Trophy)

Best Performance for A Half-Marathon Award Open Male and Female

Male

1st	Phil Garvin	1:12:23	SMH
2nd	Mike Burton	1:14:16	SMH
3rd	Chris McClean	1:14:48	Lake Macquarie

(Mike wins because Phil has won the Open Marathon Award).

Female

1st	Joanne Cowan	1:16:18	Tokyo
2nd	Marlies Laaper	1:21:56	Canberra
3rd	Sharon Dobson	1:22:21	Lake Maquarie

(Marlies wins because Joanne has won the Open Marathon Award).

Best Performance for a Half-Marathon Award Veteran Male and Female

Male

1st	Phil Garvin	1:12:23	SMH
2nd	Chris McClean	1:14:48	Lake Macquarie
3rd	Chris Dwyer	1:16:50	Lake Macquarie

(Chris Dwyer wins because Phil has won the Open Marathon Award and Chris McClean won the Veterans Marathon Award).

Female

1st	Joanne Cowan	1:16:18	Tokyo
2nd	Sharon Dobson	1:22:21	Lake Maquarie
3rd	Sue Roberts	1:29:12	Internal Half

(Sharon wins because Joanne has won the Open Marathon Award).

Sharon's achievements this year :

7/92 Gold Coast Marathon 2:54:14 NSW team

**Best Performance for a Half-Marathon Award
Masters Male and Female**

Male

1st	Alex Whitworth	1:17:40	Lake Macquarie
2nd	Ray Doran	1:18:14	Internal Half
3rd	Alf Field	1:25:12	SMH

(Ray wins because Alex won the Masters Marathon Award).

Female

1st	Joan Boltz	1:35:19	Sutherland
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(Joan allowed to win this and Masters Marathon as she is the only athlete in this category).



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MY CITY TO SURF

by Owen Denmeade

I know you all appreciate knowing how I went in the 'City to surf' so here goes.... This is what happened.... (cheeky!) First the good news! I beat Graham Butler (pl.10109) and Roger Rigby (pl.4926). [*There is another one, can you believe it? - Ed*].

I was beaten by 'a' Graham Butler (2947) and 'a' Roger Rigby (2964).... but 'were these the right ones baby?.... who knows eh? I also beat Sarah Entwistle (4438) which was really sad as I would prefer to be beaten by Sarah Entwistle (reckon!) 'Non believers' will be pleased to hear I beat 9 "Parsons", 3 "Priests" (15873), 8 "Bishops", 6 "Monks" (12268), 2 "Cannons", and a heap of "Christians" who probably should not have been running on a Sunday!! I beat 1 Pope (9133) well, I guess there is only one Pope. Bernie, I beat more "CARRS" than you would find at Bathurst, "Fords", "Holdens", "Suzukis" and a single "Buick" (10279).

Also several "Bentleys" (15049) which did not stop, they simply failed to proceed! As usual I beat the Banks. Banks which Banks? (14406) doesn't matter, they are bastards!! I will not even bother about the "Potters" and the "Weavers" (15651) and the "Gardeners" and the "Butchers" and the "Greens". I beat too many of 'em! Same with the "Cooks" who probably suffered from the heat....if you cant stand the heat blokes....." also more Taylors than Fletcher Jones. In the retail category I beat Coles, (6873) Waltons, Franklins and David Jones (nobody beats David Jones!!)

I did not beat Jeremy Flick. I only mention this because in small close type Jeremy has a real problem. I did beat some Marshalls (should have heard 'em holler!) plus of course many Walkers (including Helen) I beat Patrick Whyte (16859) (Bryce will be pleased!) I beat Rick James! Quick Barnie (2760) and Nice Brian (2640) beat me (what can I say?) I was beaten again by (2535) Joan Boltz (she sure does!) I passed only one person on Rose Bay hill.....Merri Mack (its true).

Among the footballers I beat were, Stephen Roach and Michael O'Connor (14331) (kicked over his head!) plus Mark Jackson. OI! No Hooker beat me, and I beat at least one Romeo who probably ran with the Hookers. Which reminds me I beat numerous Gays (7416) and at least one Dyke oops! (if you know what I mean darlings!!)

Put down a whole family of Bassetts (13431) and Lord Mayor. Frank Sator (12555) also Old Christopher (5684) I beat a bunch of Crooks, Hoods and Rotters (9278) (serves the bounders right I say) plus of course a Turtle (9313) And George Patterson... George Patterson!!!!!! Would you believe and beat two Bristows...you would? Some one called Avis (6920) (try harder Brendon!) The Barbers who beat me cut it short I reckon. Barbers, cut it short, get it?? East Fans.... I beat Papworth B (7848) (probably broke his leg at the start!). Several 'Whites', including (8762) and more 'Blacks' than the South African Police could beat in a month of Sundays. This is getting boring and I am only up to 93 minutes. (looking! looking!)

Add Ayliffe, Phillips, Spencer, McCarthy and Hamill....don't show mates. I put you down as beaten!. What about Courtenay I hear you say?? You try running surrounded by journalists, film crews, publicists and a photographer worried about saving the planet, satellite technology, educating the 3rd world, 'divesting' yourself of possessions and signing copies of that days Herald. General opinion however was that 'Peekays' run revealed great style and courage. I mean if anyone handed me a card with 85 minutes 28 seconds on it, that card would somehow get 'misaid'.

My time?? look it up yourself...I'm outa here.

ANOTHER STAr TREK STORY

Tina Campbell.

Once upon a time during a 'St George Stroll' five stalwart Striders chanced upon a primeval festering, malodorous swamp, oozing pesticides (we shouldn't have, but thanks to TC's precision navigational skills.....). The only way to cross the mire was via a 5cm wide wobbly plank. It was either the plank or retrace our steps; but not us, there was no turning back.

Gary 'the brave' led the way, it was pure poetry in motion watching him fearlessly tippy toe the plank then come back halfway to help the helpless. The woman was next, with one mighty sweep of his powerful arm she was across; but then the plot sickened as the men lined up jostling and pushing each other eager to be in the hero's arms. After much hand holding and fondling they were all transported to safety and off they ran into the sunrise.

The O600 group also made the same silly navigational error and found themselves at the 'swamp'. Without our hero they didn't stand a chance of crossing and on the advice of

Ron 'the car from hell' Daly retraced their steps.

ROLAND'S ROLL'EX ROLLS ON...

This continent is traversed in many different ways. Our own NOBBY YOUNG is going to walk it continuously and expects to take eight months. ROLAND THOMARAT did it recently on roller skates - with the aid of a strange motorised uni-cycle called a ROLL'EX (boy did he have a time of it...) Here's his account of one crazy adventure that he did to benefit the Muscular Dystrophy Association.

Most people I met before departure told me that I was crazy to challenge this emptiness on rollerskates.

When I decided to cross Australia with Roll'Ex I had the experience of a 7,000km Roll'Ex trip across Europe (Norway to Gibraltar), which I shared with two friends in 1989.

Also, the European experience proved to me that the Roll'Ex is an excellent medium for travelling. Its original, attracts the interest of people and I thought that it could be good to use this quality to promote a charity organisation. I chose the Muscular Dystrophy Association because I was already aware of the disease having worked for three years with disabled people in France, as a swimming coach.

On the 14th April 1992 I started my journey outside the Muscular Dystrophy Office at the Showground, during the Royal Easter Show. I was travelling on rollerskates alone, but I was followed by a support vehicle, to provide assistance, take photographs and organise meetings with the media and other interested groups in each large town. I was lucky to have found in Steven Mellor, the right friend to keep this role.

My plan was to cross Australia from Sydney to Perth via Uluru (Ayers Rock) and Alice Springs. 7,000km on rollerskates including 4,000km in desert areas. Between Sydney and Melbourne we passed through different landscapes. Our route went up in altitude toward Canberra.

From Canberra we journeyed down the coast, via Cooma, until we reached Bega. We continued along the coast until Melbourne. We were lucky to get an interview with the Sun Herald just before we left Melbourne. Between Melbourne and

Adelaide we made a detour to see the Grampians National Park, taking a much needed break at Halls Gap.

In Adelaide organised a reception for us. After this friendly meeting, we set off towards Alice Springs. This part of the journey took on another dimension and required more than physical effort to cope with the seemingly endless outback. After Port Augusta, where we had a pleasant break, a flat and dry immensity awaited us. The trees progressively disappeared, giving way to scrub land and then to the unique red sand of Central Australia. After two weeks of travelling along this flat landscape, the appearance of Uluru in the distance seemed like a mirage.

This part of the trip also gave us the opportunity to meet some well known outback characters. At Coober Pedy, the Opal Town, we met 'Crocodile Harry', a friendly man with an adventurous past. Harry had organised his dugout like an art gallery and his paintings and sculptures are witness of his interest in the female sex! Other people we met on the road, reassured me of my mental state, by the way in which they had decided to cross Australia. Joe, an Australian - Croatian, was walking between Port Augusta and the Three Ways. He said "that anything he can't put into his backpack doesn't interest him". His house is on his shoulders. He told us he has already walked around Australia and also in 107 other countries.

Two Japanese guys were pulling a trailer between Darwin and Adelaide. One of them was on rollerblades. Next to their 'wheel-barrow', the Roll'Ex seemed like a Harley Davidson compared to the scooter. At Yulara we met a Belgian man who was travelling around the world with an amphibious car and also a Swiss couple who were cycling around the world!

Meeting these people who were travelling, realising their dreams, proved to us that Australia is a country of challenges, where any trip undertaken is a test of spirit and adventure, because of the distance between towns.

Between Port Augusta and Perth a long straight line was waiting for the Roll'Ex man. More than 2,000km of flat emptiness, and head wind. The first week on the Nullarbor Plain was very tiring. The weather was bad, the head wind slowed me, the rain made me uncomfortable, the rough bitumen hurt my ankles and the Roll'Ex didn't work well - I had to push it. On the fifth day I realised that the muffler was

blocked and so I took it off and finished the journey without enjoying the birds singing. The noise of the Roll'Ex didn't disturb the eagles, which continued to circle around the dead kangaroos, victims of the road trains, which cross the Nullarbor Plain in excess of 100km/h.

At Eucla, just over the border in Western Australia, we were impressed by the sand dunes which contrasted with the green of the land and the blue of the sea.

On July 5th we arrived in Perth after 6,800km - 69 stages, an average of 100km a day. Ten weeks of travel, two sets of rollerskates wheels, two tyres and three engines for the Roll'Ex and a lot of happy memories of our meetings with travellers and Australian people.

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THE 'PERIPATETIC SOMNAMBULIST'/HISTORY/AND GOD.

By John Ayliffe for Nobby Young.

They were the first REALLY/BIG words I ever heard and they fascinated me. They looked beautiful, written down, and I wrote them down a lot. Most of all I loved saying them..

As an eight year old wandering the school yard, aloof to the play noises, my reverie would be broken harshly by the demand to know: "What are you doing Ayliffe!" it was never a question, it was an attack on my person but I took pride in answering all the same : "oh just - somnambulating - peripateticly." Though they looked scomfully at me it did the trick, I think they wanted to hear the words as much as I did.

It was a form of meditating although in those days we referred to anyone wandering anywhere as being 'lost in thought' - in our world the world 'meditation' hadn't been discovered yet - and that applied to tramps and itinerants, bushwalkers and distance runners as much as it did to an eight year old peripatetic somnambulist, like me.

Of course these days all peripatetics experience meditation of some kind. Indeed, a certain priest and close friend of mine, who's been observing curiously my running habit for years, recently believed he'd finally 'got it' when he exclaimed : "I know what it is, running is your mantra".

Of course, of course! (I know, I know.)

It took the writer, Bruce Chatwin half a dozen wonderfully intriguing novels to explore fully his obsession with the nomadic cultures of the world; something Nobby Young will shortly experience in his eight months walk of Australia.

In Islam, and especially among the Sufi orders, siyahat or 'errance' - the action or rhythm of walking - was used as a technique for dissolving the attachments of the world and allowing men to lose themselves in God. The aim of a dervish was to become a dead man walking! One whose body stays alive on the earth yet whose soul is already in Heaven.

Christ's last word to his disciples were these : 'Walk on!' and listen to these from the Buddha : 'You cannot travel on the path before you have become the path itself.'

Meister Eckhart tells us of 'The wayless way, where the sons of God lose themselves and, at the same time, find themselves'.

We live in a Great Country, a truly Ancient Land, where above all things, these things are possible : 'to know the way ; to become at one with the source.'

'The way of the Law' of Australia's aboriginals holds the holy belief that 'By spending his whole life walking and singing his ancestor's songline a man eventually becomes the track, the ancestor and the song.'

Which is more important, the camp-fire or the pyramid? who is better off, those who have never known a city or the ones who live in it?

Bruce Chatwin's remarkable Australian novel 'The Songlines' has its dramatic conclusion in the scene of three dying men.

They lay on hospital beds with no mesh springs and no mattresses, in a clearing in the middle of nowhere. They were almost skeletons.

"Aren't they wonderful?" Marian whispered.

Yes. They were all right. They knew where they were going, smiling at death in the shade of a ghost-gum.'

But this is the stuff of history and God. Perhaps these are the things we grow into, walk into, run into. They were far from the thoughts of an eight year old schoolboy wandering about his playground half asleep.

'The Songlines' by Bruce Chatwin from which much of this treatise was taken is a Picador paperback on current release.

PLEASE WRITE FOR 'THE BLISTER'

Pop your stories in the 'Blister Box', it's at every STaR. We accept: Material typed, double spaced please. APPLE or PC DOS Diskettes also accepted. Photographs, cartoons, drawings, poems, - they all help make a good Blister.

WHY DO WE DO IT?

Alan Phillips

Why do we do it? Surely I'm not the only one who sits at a Saturday night dinner party or restaurant furtively glancing at their watch after about 10.30 pm. "Why don't you just lay in tomorrow morning instead?" There's always someone who says that, right? And at that time of night with the warm glow of a fine Margaret River Pinot subtly undermining your will, it is not an easy proposition to resist.

Now I know that I am not widely known for my dedication to the cause of hard training, staying power and 'ticker', but somehow I still seem to doggedly show up at the starting point. Of course, what I do after that is an entirely different matter, as we all know.

Getting back to the question though, Why do we do it?

It really is a complex question. For me, the answer lies in a matrix of fine memories which, after I have put aside the sore legs, and that totally buggered feeling which destroys my Sunday and tears at the fabric of my marriage, seem to get the upper hand and compel me to line up yet again.

I'll give you a few grabs from on-the-run talk to illustrate what I'm talking about.

"This is Browns Water Hole". Graham Butler's words uttered on passing the same rancid mud-hole for the fourth time in 5 hrs.

"Which University?". The reply from an elderly couple exercising their dog in response to Ayliffe's apparently straightforward question.

"I know a short cut". Harvey Blue leading the 15k group on a two hour run.

"You're really quick on the flat". Roger Rigby just before running away from me up a hill in Mona Vale.

"Just going to the loo tell them to wait". Graham Butler just before being cruelly abandoned in Bondi Surf Club.

"Even my hair is tired". Owen Denmeade.

"Who's got the sports pages?". Alex Hamill reading the Sunday paper halfway through the club's internal half marathon.

"Oh what a mess!". Sue Hill after being hit by a shower of rotten eggs thrown by a van load of louts in Ultimo.

"I spit on you". Dave Ritchie uttering his usual friendly greeting.

"Should we wait for him?". Me asking a rhetorical question in relation to a new member. (We didn't).

I could continue, but I think you have the drift.

I like the insults, I like the lies everyone tells, I like the big belly laughs and I somehow take great comfort from being in the company of other crazies - those kindred souls who have a seemingly inexhaustible will to get up early every Sunday, pay their two bucks and flagellate themselves.

That's why I do it, how about you?

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AT 47 HE RECKONS HE CAN RUN THE PANTS OFF MOST TWENTY ONE YEAR OLDS."

John Ayliffe on ALAN PHILLIPS.

I love ALAN PHILLIPS, he's my mate. I particularly love ALAN PHILLIPS when he says things like he runs around ripping the knickers off twenty one year old girls.

He said that to the SUN-HERALD. Actually he didn't exactly say that to the SUN-HERALD. He actually used the phrase 'most 21 year olds', but I've changed it a bit to protect him, we don't want to start casting doubts as to his sexuality do we, he's my mate, could reflect on me.

I love ALAN PHILLIPS when he says he enjoys running with me when I'm between marathons and back on the piss and I'm back to his speed, boosts my ego.

I did hate ALAN PHILLIPS that time he caught me up at 25k's in the London Marathon. Looked sideways at me, cunning as Brer Fox and said quietly,



"One of only two times we saw Phil Garvin during the 1988 London Marathon...."

generously, for him: "you look stuffed mate!"

Now he was pretty far gone too, but to this day I know I looked worse than him, he said it first didn't he! The fact that he caught me up was a minor blot on our relationship.

Yes, I love him, and he is at his (best?) in that interview in the Sun-Herald September 13th, 1992, his 'rip yer knickers off' story, I keep re-reading it. Fancy this bit: "I was not very fit when I was young." Fit for what? I love that. Explains why a 47 year old is chasing young women around the streets in this day and at his age: did you know ALAN PHILLIPS was deprived when he was young, can this be true? OH YES it's such a short step from deprived to depraved. Isn't it?

What's your vision of ALAN PHILLIPS? Take a minute to visualise this middle-aged nympho, come on, improvise, use your imagination. Got him, framed in the mind's eye? Good. Now caption your picture with these immortal words (of his) from the SUN-HERALD 13th September, 1992: "I felt absolutely rooted!"

That's the mate I love.

'If you can run a bit, it doesn't matter what you wear - and if you can't, the best shoes in the world aren't going to be much help!'

At every world's masters games, the sprints are dominated by Australian Reg Austin who records incredible times for a man in his fifties. His performances are merely an extension of his many triumphs on the professional circuit during the 1950s, when he won 43 Gifts and was widely acknowledged as Australia's top pro.

Reg is a thoroughly likeable character who takes all of these successes in his stride. In 1985, at Rome's Olympic Stadium, he once again blitzed the opposition, and after leaving the track, was sitting down taking off his spikes. Team mate and fellow sprinter Ted Eden extended his congratulations.

'Thanks, mate,' replied Reg, where upon Ted said, 'I hope you don't mind a comment, but those shoes look pretty scruffy for a speedster of your class.'

Reg agreed. 'Yes I suppose they are. But I look at it this way, Ted. If you can run a bit, it doesn't matter much what you wear - and if you can't, the best shoes in the world aren't going to be much help!'

RUNNERS' MOUNTAIN RETREAT A WINNER.

(or, whatever happened to Steve and Margaret?).

Blaxland Road traverses the western ridge around Wentworth Falls, snow line of the Blue Mountains. Its a long neat road, straight mostly and with two sweeping curves. Great for running, alone and lost in thought; but equally great to share with a friend: feet following feet rhythmically as a few kilometres drift by.

Little mountain houses sit square to the road. Multifariously bastardised by successive tasteless owners these are now being reclaimed, returned to their former glory with tenderness, money and care.

First, rip off the ugly panels that closed in verandahs, supposedly for warmth, tawdry sleepouts that were always cold. Second, fix the roof with new iron. A new bullnose will greet the street, in colourbond this one will last. Next burn paint, layer after layer - a hideous nightmare, technicolour yawn - with acid, caustic, stripper, burn! Even burn with fire, put the blowtorch to desecration. And see (reveal): handmade tiles - in Paddington they cost twenty dollars a piece; an iron fireplace, they don't make them like that any more. There's leadlight in the windows, brass handles on the doors.



It all belongs to STEVE NORDISH and MARGARET ROBINSON. Ain't any chickens in sight yet but the sheep are doing well. And they're working on how to get to the occasional StAR.

WITH SUCH FRIENDS 'WHO' NEEDS ENEMIES.

Tina Campbell

Following in an excerpt from an article on Drug abuse and the Olympic games, taken from an Asian newspaper from one of our globe trotting/junketer Striders (John 'snorter' Preston) HIC HIC.

He went up the slopes, during the St. Louis (1904) marathon, competing with con-men, hustlers, stuntmen, card-sharps and one or two weight lifters in the "maddest, merriest" of Summer Games in Olympic History. He was an American, Thomas Hicks by the handle, and he had worked up a half-mile lead by the half-way stage. So he wanted to rest for awhile. His supporters would have none of it and force-fed him an oral dose of strychnine sulphate mixed with raw egg white and ordered him to get cracking. A few miles further, he felt he was running out of gas.

His supporters had a solution: Strychnine laced with brandy. Hicks didn't like it, so he lumped it. His legs now refused to cooperate; he could barely walk. Harangued by his 'friends', the supporters, he legged it up the steep hill two miles from the stadium. Would he make it to the stadium? His handlers were a bit doubtful. More strychnine, please.....Hicks eventually won by a clear six minutes and said "I'd rather have won this race than be the president of the United States". So befogged he was he didn't quite know he'd won; he had lost 10 pounds in body weight that mad mad afternoon. With such friends 'who' needs enemies.

The incident is worth recounting because Hicks is widely regarded as the first non-volunteer who was drugged to glory at the Olympic Games.

If you are not a 'head-banger' and have wondered what it is like to be a 'head-banger', this quote might give you some insight:

(To Alex Whitworth, as he passed the 6.10 group on the 10 Bridges STaR):

"How did you go in Canberra, Alex?"

"2.55".

"That sounds pretty good, were you happy with that?"

Oh, it was a bit of a plod".

NEW CALEDONIA MARATHON 26TH JULY 1992.

Steve Urwin.

One hundred and seventy competitors took part but as reflected in previous race reports from small races, the locals definitely make up for the lack of numbers with their organisation, enthusiasm and friendliness. For your \$15 entry fee you get not only the race organisation and bottled water throughout the run, but also a T-shirt and all you can eat and drink at the prize-giving party the following night.

The course, altered from previous years, was absolutely flat. To achieve this an out and back 10km course was covered 4 times but surprisingly it did not get monotonous and at least meant that you saw more runners than on a single circuit course and could also follow the progress of the leaders. A 10km fun run starting 20 minutes after the marathon attracted 600 entrants.

Every kilometre was marked and water stations were at 5km intervals with sponges half way between water stops. The water was in plastic bottles which are ideal to drink from on the move in comparison to plastic cups. There was a good turn out of locals to cheer you on and they were particularly vociferous each time through the start/finish area.

My race was textbook stuff (Tim Noake's excellent 'Lore of Running' to be precise). He suggested mentally breaking the race into segments and finds that two 16km bits and a 10km finishing "sprint" works best for him. He also advocates taking the first 16km section slightly slower than the second. Despite my training plan in the two months before the race being decimated by illness and injury leaving me with a 9 week average of only 67km per week.

I was feeling quite good on the day. My plan was to run the first 16km at 4:10 pace, the next 16km at 4:07 and the last 10km at 4:05 (2:54:10 overall). My first kilometre was covered in 4:08 and whilst never really falling into step with anyone else I managed to keep a very consistent pace of 4:09 for the first 16km. When we turned at the 5km mark I was in 39th position.

The next 16km were slightly more erratic and a bit faster than planned at an average of 4:04 per kilometre, halfway being reached in 87:27. Meanwhile at the

head of the field three runners were fighting out first place, a French Moroccan from Paris, a Japanese runner and Frank Shevlin from Ballarat. The Frenchman eventually broke clear, finishing in 2:20 from Shevlin in 2:21. The first and second ladies, both Japanese, finished in 2:43 and 2:51.

The last 10km were certainly taken one at a time for me but by focussing on hitting the target time for each km they seemed to go quicker. The 4:05 pace was proving too tough a target but after two consecutive 4:12's I was able to knuckle-down and ended with a 4:09 average for the last 10.2km.

A lot of runners were starting to feel the effects of the heat in the later stages of the race and the temperature was 23 degrees by the finish. Fortunately, the humidity level was not bad. My 2:54:27 gave me 17th place overall and a very satisfying 50 second PB achieved with negative splits.

The prize giving "party" was at the Town Hall the following evening. The trophy table was unbelievable with the category winners walking off with at least 3 trophies plus local wooden carvings and a share of the \$15,000 prize money! I was one of the only 4 Australians - a point that was not lost on our friendly hosts who took every opportunity to remind us to "spread the word" for next year.

Despite it being 2,000km from Australia and 20,000km from France, New Caledonia imports virtually all products from the mother country, from cars to wine to bottled water. Even the system of drainage, which leaves a lot to be desired, is reminiscent of France! the main island was much larger than we expected (400km long and 50km wide) and has a population of about 175,000. Noumea is the largest town and it is there that the marathon is held.

Getting around Noumea is easy using the bus service which operates on all routes every 15 minutes but unfortunately shuts down at 6.30pm. Our trip was organised by Sportswell Tours and provided six days accommodation as well as airfares and transfers for less than \$700.

We arrived on Saturday evening, with the marathon the next day which allowed us the rest of the week to relax and I would recommend the trip to anyone thinking of doing an overseas marathon in 1993.

LETTERS

Dear Sir,

I refer to a recent heartless article in the last edition of "The Blister" where I was found out for my inability to spell "my" name or know "my" age when I ran in the place of Steve Urwin in the "King of the Mountain" race. In my defence I make the following points.

1. Before registering I had driven from Sydney to Nowra for 3 hours with Mike Ward jabbering in my left ear. If you want to know anything about the birth of his son, his growth rate, illnesses he has suffered or could suffer and or his future education plan ask me, I know. I was mentally exhausted before the gun went off.
2. I always believed that Steve Urwin was born in England. Everyone knows that the English spelling of "Urwin" is "Irwin". How was I to know that Steve's father's father came from Latvia where the spelling of "Irwin" is "Urwin"?
3. On approaching the registrar's bench, I noticed that the young female official had the palest blue eyes I have ever seen (other than my wife's of course). Trying not to focus my thoughts on this important race, mentally exhausted, not knowing whether Steve was English or Latvian and then seeing those palest of pale blue eyes, I admit I got a little confused.
4. Finally the wrong age category! How many face lifts, backside/tummy tucks and hair transplants has this Latvian migrant had? So I thought he was nearer my age than Gary Leahey's. Again an understandable minor error.

In summary it won't happen again. I found the extra pressure of running under a slower runner's name and trying to get him a PB was all too much.

Yours truthfully,

David Ritchie.

KELLEY'S LAST BOSTON

Reprinted from Joe Henderson's 'Running Commentary',
Fun Runner Aug/Sept 1992.

Sixty one Boston Marathons in his 85 years. Johnny Kelley knew it was time to go. Past time, in fact. He admitted in his biography, *Young at Heart*, that he no longer really ran the Boston Marathon. It took twice as long to finish as it once did.

'My running in the marathon is now a fast walk,' he told biographers Frederick Lewis and Dick Johnson. 'That's really what it is - just my own diddley-daddley pace.'

Kelley feared being viewed as a 'curiosity' instead of an athlete. He considered stopping with his 60th Boston last year, but added a 'victory lap' this spring to celebrate the book's release. That's finished - and so is he as a marathoner whose never-to-be-matched career began in 1928. The temptation at a time like this is to speak worshipfully of him. I'll resist by letting Johnny speak for himself from the book about the running practices that served him so well for so long.

On why he runs: 'People ask me about my philosophy of life all the time. I just put one foot in front of the other and keep going. Running is a way of life for me - just like brushing my teeth. If I don't run for a few days I feel as if something's been stolen from me.'

On being coached: 'Clarence De Mar (seven times Boston winner) used to say, 'Self-directed work is play,' and that's true. That's why I've always coached myself.'

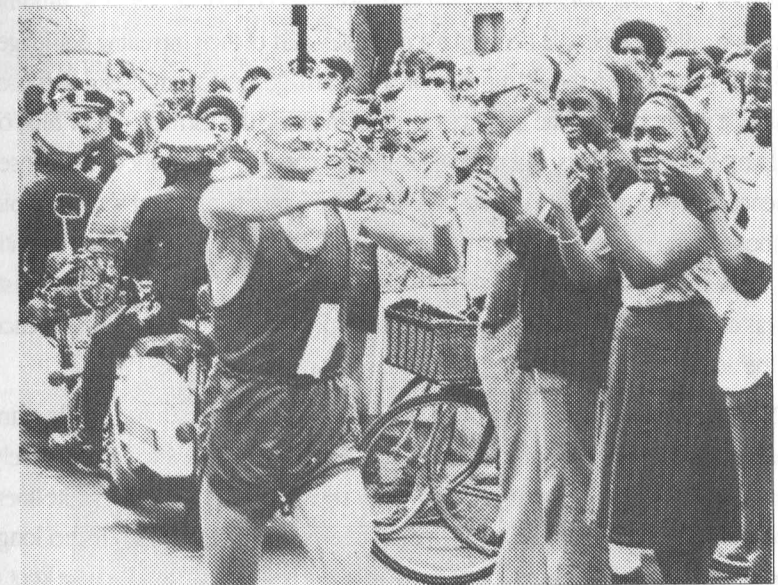
On training in his prime: 'Years ago, we just ran anything. There was no set program, no schedule. We just ran to enjoy it. I average 35 or 40 miles (56-64km) a week. I don't think I ever ran over 60 miles (96km) a week in my life.'

On running by time: 'I ran on the watch, never on miles. If you said to go out and run 15 or 20 miles (24-32km), it would scare me. But two hours or an hour - I've always trained that way.'

On his training now: 'Train sane that's my motto. All these runners that do 120 miles (192km) a week, they eventually run every day. I believe that if you're tired, you should take a day off.'

On warming up: 'In 1947, two Finns came over to run Boston. I trained with them and they told me, 'Before you begin your workout, walk at a fast pace for 300 or 400 yards (275-365m), then jog at an easy pace and build up into the fast part of your workout.' I've been following that pattern ever since.'

On his pre-marathon diet: 'I have my steak the night before now, not the morning, I have scrambled eggs, half a grapefruit, some toast and coffee. I can't be bothered with that stuff. I'm too old to worry about all that.'



FROM 'THE BOSTON MARATHON' BY JOE FALLS

The BOSTON MARATHON was first run in 1897. Johnny Kelley had been at it since 1928. In 1935 he WON. In 1945 he WON again. He was runner-up SEVEN TIMES.

Johnny Kelley was a bird of a man, sparse as a sparrow. It was a true happening every time he ran in the race. People cheered. People shouted. They threw kisses. Some of them cried. Kelley represented raw determination the refusal to quit - and he represented it through 61 BOSTON MARATHONS, to age 85. Johnny Kelley ran in THE BERLIN MARATHON - in 1936. "I remember seeing Hitler sitting up there with that fat guy, Goering. They looked like burglars, even then." Kelley was the only American to finish the Berlin Marathon. He was second American in London, he came in twenty first - in 1948, thirteen years after he won his first Boston. He was forty-two!

"THE GREAT BOAST OF THE 'RUNNING FOOTMAN' WAS THAT ON A GOOD DAY, HE COULD 'BEAT A HORSE'".

An interesting slant on running from The Book of Days.

Down to the time of our grandfathers, while there was less convenience in the world than now, there was much more state. The nobility lived in a very dignified way, and amongst the particulars of their grandeur was the custom of keeping running footmen. All great people deemed it a necessary part of their travelling equipage, that one or more men should run in front of the carriage, not for any useful purpose, unless it might be in some instances to assist in lifting the carriage out of ruts, or helping it through rivers, but principally and professedly as a mark of the consequence of the traveller. Roads being generally bad, coach travelling was not rapid in those days; seldom above five miles an hour. The strain required to keep up with his master's coach was accordingly not very severe on one of these officials; at least, it was not so till towards the end of the eighteenth century, when as a consequence of the acceleration of travelling, the custom began to be given up.

Nevertheless, the running footman was required to be a healthy and agile man, and both in his dress and his diet a regard was had to the long and comparatively rapid journeys which he had to perform. A light black cap, a jockey coat, white linen trousers, or a mere linen shirt coming to the knees, with a pole six or seven feet long, constituted his outfit. On the top of the pole was a hollow ball, in which he kept a hard-boiled egg, or a little white wine, to serve as a refreshment in his journey; and this ball-topped pole seems to be the original of the long silver-headed cane which is still borne by footmen at the backs of the carriages of nobility. A clever runner in his best days would undertake to do as much as seven miles an hour, when necessary, and go three-score miles a day; but, of course, it was not possible for any man to last long who tasked himself in this manner.

'Clothed in white, and bearing a staff.' It is believed that the Duke of Queensberry who died in 1910 kept up the practice of running footmen longer than any other of the London grandees: there is an amusing anecdote of a man who came to be hired

for the duty by that ancient but far from venerable peer. His grace was in the habit of trying their paces by seeing how they could run up and down Piccadilly, he watching and timing then from his balcony. They put on a livery before the trial. On one occasion, a candidate presented himself, dressed, and ran. At the conclusion of his performance he stood before the balcony. 'You will do very well for me,' said the duke. 'And your livery will do very well for me,' replied the man, and gave the duke last proof of his ability as a runner by then running away with it. Running footmen were employed by the Australian nobility down to the close of the last century. Mrs St George, describing her visit to Vienna at that time, expresses her dislike of the custom, as cruel and unnecessary. 'These unhappy people,' she says,



'always precede the carriage of their masters in town, and sometimes even to the suburbs. They seldom live above three or four years, and generally die of consumption. Fatigue and disease are painted in their pallid and drawn features; but, like victims, they are crowned with flowers, and adorned with tinsel.'

The running footman was occasionally employed upon simple errands when unusual dispatch was required. In the neighbourhood of various great houses in Scotland, the country people still tell stories illustrated of the singular speed which these men attained. For example: the Earl of Home, residing at Hume Castle in Berwickshire, had occasion to send his footman to Edinburgh one evening on important business. Descending to the hall in the morning, he found the man asleep on a bench, and, thinking he had neglected his duty, prepared to chastise him, but found, to his surprise, that the man had been to Edinburgh (thirty-five miles) and back, with his business sped, since the past evening. As another instance: the Duke of Lauderdale, in the reign of Charles II., being to give a large dinner-party at his castle of Thirlstane, near Lauder, it was discovered, at the laying of the cloth, that some additional plate would be required from the Duke's other seat of Lethington near Haddington, fully fifteen miles distant across the Lammernuir Hills. The running footman instantly darted off, and was back with the required articles in time for dinner!

The great boast for the running footman was that, on a long journey, he could beat a horse. 'A traditional anecdote is related of one of these fleet messengers (rather half-witted), who was sent from Glasgow to Edinburgh for two doctors to come to see his sick master. He was interrupted on the road with an inquiry as to how his master was now. "He's no dead yet," was the reply; "but he'll soon be, for I'm fast on the way for two Edinburgh doctors to come and visit him"'

Another 'errand of mercy' involves one Langham an Irishman, who served Henry Lord Berkeley in Elizabeth's time, who, this noble wife being frail, set out to a physician in London and returned immediately, a journey of 148 miles performed by him in less than forty-two hours, notwithstanding his stay of one night at the physician's and apothecary's houses, which no one horse could have so well and safely performed; for which the Lady shall after give him a new suit of clothes.'

AT LAST - ONDIEKI CLAIMS GREATNESS

Reprinted from the Sydney Morning Herald 3.11.92.

NEW YORK, Monday: Forget the \$US20,000 (\$A28,900) first prize, the shiny new Mercedes Benz and the \$US30,000 bonus for breaking the course record. For Australian-born Lisa Ondieki, the real reward for her runaway victory in the New York City Marathon yesterday is something far more valuable.

"It means," she said through clenched teeth, "that I'll never again have to pick up a magazine and read, 'Oh, she's good, but greatness has always eluded her'."

For all the greatness promised by her wins in the 1986 and 1990 Commonwealth Games and at Osaka, Japan, in 1988, its elusiveness had become an annoying refrain for the 32 year-old.

Greatness eluded her when she finished 13 seconds behind Rosa Mota of Portugal in the 1988 Olympics, and it eluded her repeatedly in New York - in 1985 and 1986 when she finished second to Grete Waitz and last year when she was third, behind Liz McColgan and Olga Markova.

And it most decidedly eluded her in Barcelona, Spain, in July when she dropped out in pain midway through the Olympic marathon. But it did not elude her yesterday, when she won in 2h24m40s (the previous mark of 2h25m29d was set by Allison Roe of New Zealand in 1981), although Ondieki admitted that she had had her doubts.

"I'd begun to think I might never win here," she said. "It seems that every time I'd enter there'd be a Grete or a Liz McColgan or an Olga."

Indeed, what made Sunday's triumph especially significant, she said, was that the victory came over Markova, the Russian who finished ahead of her here last year, who ran this year's fastest women's marathon, in Boston last April, and who had been virtually ceded victory before Sunday's race. The difference, according to Ondieki, was her memory of the stultifying Barcelona race and the intense six weeks of training that followed in the 1,800m altitude of Flagstaff, Arizona, under the demanding eye of her husband, the middle-distance runner Yobes Ondieki, who put her through an unrelenting training regimen, running her 240km a week.

Ondieki gave him full credit for her victory.

"He's a Kenyan," she said, "and Kenyans are tough."

So tough, she suggested, that they sometimes don't realise that others aren't so tough, that they need emotional support and sympathy as much as demands for yet another sprint and more miles, always more miles.

"It wasn't just the miles," she said, "it was the pace. I'd be on the track every day."

Ondieki, noting that in the past she had run a 16km test once a week or so, recalled the anguish of falling exhausted into bed at night knowing that the schedule called for a 16km test the next morning - "and another one in the afternoon".

"There were several times that I almost cracked," she said.

But perhaps because her mother was there to take care of the Ondiekis' two-year-old daughter, Emma - and of her own daughter - Ondieki didn't crack, although she did break into sobs yesterday afternoon as she recalled the pain of the unrelenting training. Then someone reminded her of what it led to, and she smiled.

The turning point in the race, she said, came when the leaders passed the first mile mark and she noticed that the elapsed time was 6m10s, a two-hour-30-minute marathon pace.

Ondieki remembered the slow, torpid pace of the Barcelona marathon and the feeling of claustrophobia that came from running in a pack of 50 women.

"I just wanted to get rid of them," she said.

The thought of another such race made her angry. "I didn't come here to waste my time running a 2:30 marathon."

So at the one-mile mark Ondieki did something she said could never have done had it not been for her husband's training. She turned on the speed and never looked back.

"I decided that I would run their legs off," she said.

Although Ondieki said she never knew or even cared whether Markova was far in the rear or only 10 metres behind, she quickly opened up a two-minute lead and held it. Now that greatness is hers, Ondieki will make her first visit to Kenya, where she has learned, they grow them tough.

IT'S LONELY UP HERE IN THE ARCTIC.

From an article by Bruce Fordyce, legendary winner of the Comrades Ultramarathon.

I missed the Comrades this year, but have been training for the Nanisivik Midnight Sun Ultramarathon.

The Nanisivik race is a race held every year in July in Nanisivik, Baffin Island. It is an 84km race from Nanisivik mining village to the Eskimo village of Arctic Bay and back again. The problem is that Nanisivik is 800km inside the Arctic circle and so even in July (which is mid-summer) it is freezing. Hence the cold weather training that I have been doing.

The Baffin Island race was first held about 10 years ago and is run in memory of Terry Fox. Fox was a young man who, having lost a leg to cancer, set out to try and run across Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, on one leg. He ran to prove that cancer can be beaten, and to raise money for cancer research. In the end he Fox died before completing his journey, but his efforts raised millions of dollars and inspired a nation.

The highest pass on the Nanisivik route is named after Terry Fox, and it is a pass that all the runners are happy to reach because it signals the end of the worst part of the race. The course itself is incredibly hilly. For 84km competitors do only two things; run up, or run down - all of it very steeply. The last 5.5km are all uphill at a similar gradient to Polly Shorts. No one in the history of the race has yet managed to run the whole way up that last hill, affectionately known as "The Crunch."

Thousands of years ago glaciers chewed up the Arctic circle and spat out the soft crushed gravel that covers most of the course. However, there are also drifts of snow and ice to negotiate. Part of the course takes runners across the solid frozen sea. All the while the runners are battered by freezing winds from the ice-locked fjords. The landscape is a white and grey lunar scene dotted with patches of snow and thumbnail-sized flowers.

There is no seconding. But the day before the event runners give the race organisers their special mixtures and drinks and these are dumped out on the course

at 5km intervals. The drinks are placed in the box, take out his or her drink, and then seal the box. If the box is left open all the other runners drinks freeze solid (not a bad way to win the race!).

The biggest problem is not the hills, or the competition. It is the cold, and what to do about it. Being midsummer the sun never sets, and the Arctic experiences an eerie 24 hour day - the temperature "only" gets as low as minus 15 deg C, although the wind chill factor can make it far worse.

Runners usually start out wearing every possible piece of spare clothing. When the gun goes they waddle off into the distance looking like Michelin Men. But as the race progresses they warm up and start discarding clothing. When I took part in this race in 1987 I ran the last 50km wearing only a pair of shorts - and an extra pair of underpants! In the Arctic one realises how much heat the running body generates.

(This was Bruce Fordyce's second Midnight Sun Ultra. He broke the record in 1989 running an incredible 6 hours 24 minutes).

BLISTER SAVES CAR - (AND WIFE).

We always knew it wasn't a bad publication but when KEVIN O'KANE recently put an entire edition to such good use we were overjoyed.

It was a Spring morning that was going to start out like any other.

Still winds in a pale blue sky, the warming after winter, birds shrilling in brand new nests, rebirth. Kevin off to work, briefcase, box of Blisters.

Always forgets something, places box of Blisters on top of brick wall beside carport.

Wife will be first to leave house now, running late. Starts car, moves off, accelerator stuck, wrong gear, hits brick wall. Bricks tumble, fall, stantion groans, carport roof collapses, we have a disaster here, Kevin!

HOW DID THIS HAPPEN, who knows!

OK? You? Car? BLISTERS!

Car: Scratch, dent, could have been worse....if it hadn't been for box of Blisters neatly jammed between car and collapsed carport, new use for club magazine, saved car and, probably wife.

WHAT WILL THEY STOP FOR?

Nobby Young

A few days ago I walked over a 50 cent piece and did not go back to pick it up, something that probably would not have happened a few years back. There was three reasons for this non-retrieval, the first being that it takes a lot more effort to regain an erect position after stooping than it used to.

The second reason was that the 50 cent is not good value when the weight is taken into consideration, weight that must be toted for the rest of the trip. A two dollar coin is a different matter, and the folding stuff is a different story all together. The final reason is that some poor soul worse off than myself might come along behind me and finding 50 cents could really make his/her day. Notice how I avoided being sexist just then to avoid being threatened by Dale? Now, this incident was not a major highlight in my year, but it did make me consider just what would delay fellow club members during their journeys around the streets.

Bernie King would stop for any amount of currency, and immediately calculate what it will be worth invested for 25 years at the special staff interest rate at Westpac. An interruption to his training would have little effect on his performances as he is the only shit I know who can still run marathons at the same pace as ten years ago. He should do the same as the rest of us, grow older and slower at the same time!

Harvey Blue, without his glasses, is blind. So blind in fact that he once asked Bruce Murray for a Braille STaR map. As he never wears his glasses while running, for reasons of vanity, his vision is limited to about a metre in front of his leading foot. For this reason Harvey has never been known to stop to pick up anything of during his forty-odd years of running. It is true that he did have to stop in Centennial Park early one morning when he lodged his cranium up the arse end of Harry M Miller's horse.

Fortunately John Turner, an avid trainer who normally would not stop for anything, extracted Harvey and convinced the horse that it was not some kind of new internal examination. The incident gave Harry an idea for a new stage show but Harvey was not keen on the idea. It is understood that the horse wanted no part in

it, and to this day avoids Harvey when he is in the park. It has been reliably reported that a fellow Strider asked John Turner's long suffering wife Tina how demanding on her is John's incredible training schedule Tina replied with a grin that he was much more demanding before the training wore him down a bit.

Roger (Rambo) Rigby would be very reluctant to stop for anything as, like a ship at sea, it would take him a while to get up a head of steam again. He once asked me what he would need to do to get a sub three hour marathon and I told him to borrow Sue Hills' legs, to cover the extra distance. It amused me to mentally picture Roger on Sue's legs, but when I thought of Sue on Roger's legs I totally lost control of my bladder. It would not have been so bad if the three of us were not in the front row at church at the time.

One could be forgiven for thinking that Sue Hill is slower now than she was in the days when she collected masses of trophies but she still bounds along at the same rate. The difference is that Sue will always dally to admire the flora and fauna. If it wasn't for the wattle and the fantails we could still get a 2.50 marathon out of the old girl!!

Jim Donovan. What can I say, Jim would stop and pick up anything. Never let it be said that Jim would go past an aluminium can, last Wednesdays Herald or a rusty D-shackle. He once returned home with a tyre with a bit of wear left on the retread, and also got himself into trouble with the local charities when he tried to refurbish his wardrobe from the throw-offs at the start line of the City-to Surf.

I have yarns like this on every member of Striders. It is just a matter of time and you will have every reason to feel offended by what I write so don't let your membership lapse. Wouldn't it be a bugger to have something to be upset about and not know about it?

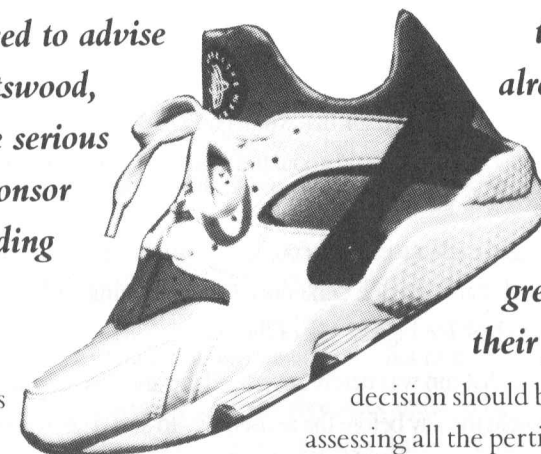
In future issues you will be told how "Blood and Guts" Selby would not stop if Paul Russell went down (he usually needs a bike to do that, and then it is easy). Robi Russell also would not stop to pick Paul up, she did that once before and has not been able to get rid of him since. President Alf would not even interrupt his training if Bronwyn Bishop was involved in an altercation with three german shepherd dogs. The bloody dogs would just have to try and survive as best they could!!!!

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So come on in and introduce yourself to Tim, Ken or Lisa — we're genuinely looking forward to meeting more Striders over the coming season.



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1992 BODY AND SOLE 10K SERIES

Jonathon Trope

The eight race series of 10k events has now concluded – do I hear at last from the wings? I hope not, as I'd like to think that we've had a fairly successful season. There are a few things that need to be said about the races and just in case someone else says them, I'm going to get my bit in first.

We only managed eight races for a couple of reasons which are pretty boring, though it was a real shame that the Centennial Park Trust summarily cut short Steve Urwin's attempt to host the biggest 10k of the year.

As it happened, that run was madly advertised in various magazines and it was scheduled to be held the day before the revised City to Surf date. Hence the blame for our decision to cancel was easily placed at the door of "The Authorities". Suffice it to say that only a few people turned up and they were relieved to hear it was off so they made a swift retreat back to bed in the East.

And so to a few stats for those interested:

VENUE	OUTRIGHT	WINNER	TIME	H'CAP WINNER
	MALE	FEMALE		
DOMAIN	CHRIS McLEAN	JO COWAN	34.39	PAUL GLARE
SHELLEY	STEVE GILL	JO COWAN	35.37	LESLEY MAHER
MOSMAN	JOCK DAVIS	SHARON DOBSON	34.18	JOHN SUTHERLAND
MARSFIELD	ANDREW PENFOLD	LESLEY MAHER	36.03	GARY LEAHEY
LANE COVE	CHRIS DWYER	JOANNE BOLTZ	35.44	KEVIN McBREARTY
DOMAIN	GODFREY FRANZ	MARLIES LAARPEF	35.10	PAUL KOTALA
SHELLEY	GODFREY FRANZ		34.52	PAUL GLARE
MOSMAN	STEVE HUNT		37.52	PAUL GLARE

Interestingly enough, the best time was done on what is arguably the toughest course. The fact that it was the only event in which Jock Davis competed shouldn't be overlooked though.

The Handicap Winner was John Hodges by a margin of 11 points and John led the series at the halfway stage as well. Lesley Maher was well placed at that time (winning the Ladies prize for the first half) and in spite of the fact that she did not run the last four events, she still finished 9th overall.

John really thought he'd blown it when he ran well off handicap at the second Domain and Shelley Beach runs of the year, but he kept his cool and completed a well judged last race to grab the glory ahead of Warwick Selby (90 points) and Kevin O'Kane (83).

In the Individual stakes, Mark Fiore was a study in consistency – mainly because he only missed one event. I have to admit that Steve Gill was a bit unlucky as a result of my decision not to award double points for the last race.

Had I done so, Steve would have overtaken Mark and won by 3 points. But those are the breaks and in the end Mark had 124 points, 3 ahead of Steve and 7 ahead of Warwick Selby. Joanne Boltz won the Ladies crown with a total of 84, ahead of Lesley Maher (78) and Marlies Laaper (64).

Next year's series will hopefully be better attended – we went from a high of 84 at the second race (Shelly Beach) to a low of 36 at the first Mosman run. The average number of runners was 54 and in general non-members made up half of the field.

We have embarked on our course certification exercise (Mosman has now been re-measured) and we will continue to try to make the series interesting, challenging and rewarding.

Particular thanks go to:

Body and Sole for their sponsorship;

the 10k hosts for their input;

Terry McIver for course measurement;

To Scott Crawford and Lynndy Bennett for their assistance at just about every event and especially to all of you that ran one or more races – without your support the 10K Series would become yet another statistic.

Please join us again next year!

BODY AND SOLE 10k SERIES RESULTS: OUTRIGHT.

NAME	OUTRIGHT POINTS PER RACE								POINTS DISCARD	POINTS TOTAL
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8		
FIGORE, MARK	20	20		19	18	15	17	15	0	124
GILL, STEVE	19	22		0	20	19	20	21	0	121
SELBY, WARWICK		21	20	21	0	17	19	19	0	117
HODGES, JOHN		14	15	16	16	6	13	14	0	94
BOLTZ, JOAN	20			21	22	21	0	0	0	84
MAHER, LESLEY	19	18	19	22	0	0	0	0	0	78
FIELD, ALF		15	16	17	6	0	9	9	0	72
HAMILTON, JOHN				18	0	16	16	16	0	66
LAAPER, MARLIES	21		21	0	0	22	0	0	0	64
MCLEAN, CHRIS	22		21	0	0	21	0	0	0	64
MCIVER, TERRY				8	9	13	15	18	0	63
PRESTON, MARK	12	13		10	0	9	6	11	0	61
RITCHIE, DAVE	15	16		0	7	8	7	8	0	61
STANTON, WAYNE				21	0	18	21	0	0	60
CORNELIUS, STEVE	16	17		0	11	0	10	0	0	54
ROSE, TERRY		10	13	7	0	5	0	12	0	47
COWAN, JOANNE	22	22		0	0	0	0	0	0	44
FRANZ, GODFREY					0	22	22	0	0	44
WARD, MIKE		12		14	0	11	0	5	0	42
CAMPBELL, TINA			20	0	0	20	0	0	0	40
GAGGIN, KARIN		20	18	0	0	0	0	0	0	38
MILLIKEN, JOHN				11	4	10	0	10	0	35
GISSING, JEFF	18			0	0	0	14	0	0	32
MANDL, PAUL			18	0	12	0	0	0	0	30
ROBINSON, MARK				15	15	0	0	0	0	30
URWIN, STEVE			17	0	10	0	0	0	0	27
AYLIFFE, JOHN				13	13	0	0	0	0	26
MCBREARTY, KEVIN				4	8	3	8	0	0	23
DAVIS, JOCK			22	0	0	0	0	0	0	22
DOBSON, SHARON			22	0	0	0	0	0	0	22
DWYER, CHRIS				0	22	0	0	0	0	22
GAGGIN, GRAEME		9	11	2	0	0	0	0	0	22
HUNT, STEVE					0	0	0	22	0	22
PENFOLD, ANDREW				22	0	0	0	0	0	22
WHEALY, JOHN		11		6	5	0	0	0	0	22
GLARE, PAUL	9			2	0	0	4	6	0	21
SMITH, ANDREW					21	0	0	0	0	21

NAME	OUTRIGHT POINTS PER RACE								POINTS DISCARD	POINTS TOTAL
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8		
SUTHERLAND, JOHN			14	0	0	7	0	0	0	21
TILLER, DAWN		21		0	0	0	0	0	0	21
NORRIS, TOM					0	20	0	0	0	20
O'KANE, KEVIN		8		3	2	2	2	3	0	20
SCHWEBEL, RON					0	0	0	20	0	20
OSBORNE, CAMERON			19	0	0	0	0	0	0	19
PHELAN, JIM				2	17	0	0	0	0	19
SATCHELL, MALCOLM					19	0	0	0	0	19
THOMPSON, DALE		19		0	0	0	0	0	0	19
TILLER, KEVIN		19		0	0	0	0	0	0	19
BROOKS, STEPHEN					0	0	18	0	0	18
BLECHA, BILL			7	2	2	2	2	2	0	17
CAMPBELL, LIZ			17	0	0	0	0	0	0	17
RUSSELL, PAUL					0	0	0	17	0	17
HAWKINS, JOHN				5	0	4	0	7	0	16
JONES, BARRY	6	6		0	0	2	2	0	0	16
FAHEY, DAVID	7		8	0	0	0	0	0	0	15
COVILLE, CHARLES					14	0	0	0	0	14
HUMPHRIES, DAVID					0	14	0	0	0	14
PLUMMER, JOHN	8			2	2	0	0	2	0	14
SAUER, JOHN	14			0	0	0	0	0	0	14
HAGBERG, BENNY			9	0	0	0	0	4	0	13
HITCHCOCK, STEVE				0	0	0	13	0	0	13
BUTLER, GRAHAM				0	0	12	0	0	0	12
DONNELLY, PETER			12	0	0	0	0	0	0	12
FOXALL, JULIAN			10	0	0	0	2	0	0	12
PETERSON, DAVE				12	0	0	0	0	0	12
HOWARD, STUART					0	0	11	0	0	11
KOL, ADRIAN		5		0	0	2	2	0	0	9
LEAHEY, GARY				9	0	0	0	0	0	9
KOTALA, PAUL				2	0	2	3	0	0	7
WHITFIELD, IAN		7		0	0	0	0	0	0	7
BARTLETT, DICK					0	0	5	0	0	5
PALMER, STUART					3	0	0	0	0	3
HILL, ALAN					0	0	2	0	0	2
MURRAY, BRUCE					2	0	0	0	0	2
READ, TIM				2	0	0	0	0	0	2

BODY AND SOLE 10k SERIES RESULTS: HANDICAP

NAME	HANDICAP POINTS PER RACE								POINTS DISCARD	POINTS TOTAL
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8		
HODGES, JOHN		12	16	20	20	2	10	21	0	101
SELBY, WARWICK		10	18	16	0	14	16	16	0	90
O'KANE, KEVIN		15		21	17	18	2	10	0	83
FIGORE, MARK	15	8		18	9	7	12	13	0	82
GLARE, PAUL	22			15	0	0	22	22	0	81
GILL, STEVE	10	14		0	11	11	13	15	0	74
PRESTON, MARK	17	21		10	0	9	3	14	0	74
BLECHA, BILL			14	13	18	2	17	7	0	71
MAHER, LESLEY	8	22	17	19	0	0	0	0	0	66
CORNELIUS, STEVE	20	20		0	14	0	5	0	0	59
FIELD, ALF		6	15	17	4	0	7	6	0	55
RITCHIE, DAVE	14	19		0	7	2	4	8	0	54
WARD, MIKE		16		14	0	16	0	4	0	50
MCIVER, TERRY				2	2	3	18	20	0	45
MCBREARTY, KEVIN				0	22	2	20	0	0	44
MCLEAN, CHRIS	18		20	0	0	6	0	0	0	44
KOTALA, PAUL				0	0	22	21	0	0	43
STANTON, WAYNE				12	0	12	19	0	0	43
BOLTZ, JOAN	11			9	10	10	0	0	0	40
MILLIKEN, JOHN				0	8	20	0	12	0	40
HAWKINS, JOHN				0	0	21	0	18	0	39
JONES, BARRY	13	7		0	0	2	15	0	0	37
SUTHERLAND, JOHN			22	0	0	15	0	0	0	37
HAMILTON, JOHN				7	0	5	9	11	0	32
LAAPER, MARLIES	18		8	0	0	4	0	0	0	30
WHEALY, JOHN		10		6	13	0	0	0	0	29
ROSE, TERRY		3	11	3	0	2	0	9	0	28
GISSING, JEFF	16				0	0	11	0	0	27
COWAN, JOANNE	21	5		0	0	0	0	0	0	26
HAGBERG, BENNY			6	0	0	0	0	17	0	23
FRANZ, GODFREY					0	8	14	0	0	22
GAGGIN, KARIN		17	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	22
LEAHEY, GARY				22	0	0	0	0	0	22
DOBSON, SHARON			21	0	0	0	0	0	0	21
DWYER, CHRIS					21	0	0	0	0	21
KOL, ADRIAN		0		0	0	13	8	0	0	21
URWIN, STEVE			19		2	0	0	0	0	21

NAME	HANDICAP POINTS PER RACE								POINTS DISCARD	POINTS TOTAL
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8		
ROBINSON, MARK				8	12	0	0	0	0	20
NORRIS, TOM					0	19	0	0	0	19
PALMER, STUART					19	0	0	0	0	19
RUSSELL, PAUL					0	0	0	19	0	19
PHELAN, JIM				2	16	0	0	0	0	18
TILLER, DAWN		18		0	0	0	0	0	0	18
HUMPHRIES, DAVID					0	17	0	0	0	17
GAGGIN, GRAEME		2	10	4	0	0	0	0	0	16
FOXALL, JULIAN			9	0	0	0	6	0	0	15
MANDL, PAUL			0	0	15	0	0	0	0	15
PLUMMER, JOHN	6			2	2	0	0	5	0	15
CAMPBELL, TINA			12	0	0	2	0	0	0	14
DAVIS, JOCK			13	0	0	0	0	0	0	13
TILLER, KEVIN		13		0	0	0	0	0	0	13
READ, TIM				11	0	0	0	0	0	11
THOMPSON, DALE		11		0	0	0	0	0	0	11
AYLIFFE, JOHN				5	5	0	0	0	0	10
FAHEY, DAVID	6		3	0	0	0	0	0	0	9
OSBORNE, CAMERON			7	0	0	0	0	0	0	7
SATCHELL, MALCOLM					6	0	0	0	0	6
CAMPBELL, LIZ			4	0	0	0	0	0	0	4
SAUER, JOHN	4			0	0	0	0	0	0	4
WHITFIELD, IAN		4		0	0	0	0	0	0	4
COVILLE, CHARLES					3	0	0	0	0	3
BARTLETT, DICK					0	0	2	0	0	2
MURRAY, BRUCE					2	0	0	0	0	2
BROOKS, STEPHEN					0	0	0	0	0	0
BUTLER, GRAHAM					0	0	0	0	0	0
DONNELLY, PETER			0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
HILL, ALAN					0	0	0	0	0	0
HITCHCOCK, STEVE					0	0	0	0	0	0
HOWARD, STUART					0	0	0	0	0	0
HUNT, STEVE					0	0	0	0	0	0
PENFOLD, ANDREW				0	0	0	0	0	0	0
PETERSON, DAVE				0	0	0	0	0	0	0
SCHWEBEL, RON					0	0	0	0	0	0
SMITH, ANDREW					0	0	0	0	0	0

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 1991; the second symbol denotes age at which personal best was achieved.

Please advise Ian McArthur (427 6040) of any omissions or errors

At 9 August 1992	Age	<---- Best as a Strider ---->			<-- Best before Joining -->			
NAME	Sex Cat	Time	Time	Race	Age	Time	Race	Date
PHIL GARVIN	V	2.21.56	BATHURST	0786	P			
GODFREY FRANZ	P	2.29.38	JO'BURG	1083	O	2.21.36	BUFFALO	0382
JOHN SAUER	O	2.36.11	ANZAC	0489	O			
DON PRICE	V	2.37.31	ANZAC	0488	V			
BRUCE INGLISS	P	2.38.11	NEWCASTLE	0788	P			
JEFF GISSING	O	2.38.17	ANZAC	0488	O			
RON FEENEY	O	2.38.32	LONDON	0485	O			
WAYNE STANTON	P	2.38.51	AUSTRALIAN	0686	O			
ANTHONY SCOTT	O	2.39.56	MELBOURNE	1087	O	2.39.06	ANZAC	0486
WARWICK SELBY	V	2.41.19	ANZAC	0490	V			
ALEX WHITWORTH	M	2.41.49	WORLD VETS	1287	V			
TERRY MCIVER	V	2.42.24	WORLD VETS	1287	V			
MALCOLM SATCHELL	V	2.42.31	CITIES	0890	P	0.42.33	CITIES	0890
CHRIS MCLEAN	V	2.42.59	ANZAC	0489	V	2.27.31	AUSTRALIAN	'83
CHARLES COVILLE	V	2.45.13	WINSTONE, NZ	1083	P			
JOANNE COWAN	F V	2.46.18	CANBERRA	0491	V			
IVAN FREYS	V	2.46.54	CANBERRA	0484	P			
PETER DONNELLEY	V	2.47.42	AUSTRALIAN	0684	V			
PAUL RUSSELL	V	2.47.53	CANBERRA	0484	P			
RAY DORAN	M	2.48.23	AUSTRALIAN	0687	V			
ALISTAIR MACKIE	V	2.49.22	MELBOURNE	1084	P			
WILLIAM THOMPSON	V	2.49.38	ANZAC	0488	V			
PETER COBLEY	V	2.50.01	AUSTRALIAN	0683	P			
HARVEY BLUE	M	2.50.17	AUSTRALIAN	0683	V			

At 9 August 1992	Age	<---- Best as a Strider ---->			<-- Best before Joining -->			
NAME	Sex Cat	Time	Time	Race	Age	Time	Race	Date
JONATHAN MARSDEN	O	2.50.17	AUSTRALIAN	0687	O			
DAVID TOOGOOD	O	2.51.21	GOLD COAST	0790	O	3.10.47	MELBOURNE	1089
BRIAN GATFIELD	V	2.51.23	GOLD COAST	0889	V			
CHRISTOPHER DWYER	V	2.51.50	CANBERRA	0487	P			
JAMES MCDONNELL	V	2.51.57	GOLD COAST	0889	V			
JONATHAN TROPE	V	2.52.28	COMBINATION	0791	V	2.54.20	VAAL	0388
DAVID SILL	V	2.52.54	HAMILTON NZ	1087	V			
GAVIN MORISSET	V	2.54.22	GOLD COAST	0889	V			
JOHN HAMILTON	P	2.54.44	ANZAC	0488	P	3.01.30	WANG	0683
STEPHEN GILL	V	2.54.49	GOLD COAST	0792	V	2.55.40	ANZAC	0489
STEPHEN URWIN	P	2.55.17	CANBERRA	0491	P	3.04.00	BASINGSTOKE	0686
STEVE CORNELIUS	V	2.55.31	NSW STATE	0682	P			
RAYMOND SKINNER	V	2.55.57	ANZAC	0488	V	3.12.56	MELBOURNE	86
GEOFF COX	O	2.55.58	HONOLULU	1291	O			
BRET NICHOLS	V	2.56.14	ANZAC	0490	P			
NOBBY YOUNG	V	2.56.33	NSW STATE	0584	P			
KEVIN TILLER	O	2.56.37	NEWCASTLE	0991	O	3.22.08	LONDON	0486
MARLIES LAAPER	F O	2.57.05	CANBERRA	0491	O	3.27.00	ANZAC	0489
SHARON DOBSON	F V	2.57.40	GOLD COAST	0791	O	2.53.00		1182
MIKE WARD	P	2.57.41	AUSTRALIAN	0686	P			
ALF FIELD	M	2.57.43	STH MELB	1190	M	3.05.52	CANBERRA	'86
MARK FIORE	O	2.58.33	COMBINATION	0791	O	2.58.08	HUY, BELGIUM	0690
DICK BARTLETT	V	2.58.34	MELBOURNE	1085	P	2.59.32	MELBOURNE V	0784
JOHN TURNER	M	2.58.47	AUSTRALIAN	0685	V			
GEORGE LISSON	P	2.58.54	CITIES	0890	P	3.04.51	ANZAC	0487
PAUL MANDL	P	2.59.14	MELBOURNE	0592	P			
SUE HILL	F M	2.59.15	AUSTRALIAN	0684	V	2.52.01	AVON, W GERA	'79
SCOTT CRAWFORD	V	2.59.21	ANZAC	0490	V			
JEFF LEE	V	2.59.46	LONDON	0587	V	3.00.57	MELBOURNE	1085
TINA CAMPBELL	F M	3.00.32	WORLD VETS	1287	V			
BRIAN COLWELL	V	3.01.47	MELBOURNE	1082	P			
PETER CORTE	V	3.02.00	COMBINATION	0791	V			
JOHN AYLIFFE	V	3.02.12	ADELAIDE	0890	V			

At 9 August 1992	Age	<---- Best as a Strider ---->			<-- Best before Joining -->			
NAME	Sex Cat	Time	Time	Race	Age	Time	Race	Date
DAVE BLACKHALL	V	3.02.24	NSW STATE	0680	P			
BRENT WATERS	V	3.03.01	MELBOURNE	1082	P			
DAVID RITCHIE	V	3.04.13	GOLD COAST	0792	V	3.07.41	AUSTRALIAN	'88
ALEX HAMILL	V	3.05.15	GILLAWARNA	0884	V			
MURRAY TOWN	V	3.05.55	BLACKTOWN	0891	V	3.00.51	VIENNA	0488
GRAHAM FIRKIN	M	3.07.11	CITIES	0885	V			
MARK ROBINSON	O	3.07.14	GOLD COAST	0791	O			
HUGH SPENCER	M	3.09.02	AUSTRALIAN	0685	V			
JOHN HODGES	V	3.09.07	MELBOURNE	1084	P	3.41.39	MELBOURNE	1083
GARY LEAHEY	P	3.09.55	CITIES	0890	P	3.20.48	ANZAC	0488
LEO LEADER	V	3.10.00	CANBERRA	0484	P	3.05.00	PENINSULA, R	'80
DONALD RODGERS	V	3.10.00	CANBERRA	0491	P			
TERRY ROSE	V	3.10.23	CITIES	0889	P	3.07.12	CHRISTCHURC	0687
STEVE NORDISH	V	3.11.11	KEMPSEY	0688	P			
STEPHEN ROACH	P	3.11.16	AUSTRALIAN	0686	P			
DALE THOMPSON	F V	3.11.40	CANBERRA	0489	P	3.36.06	STH MELBOUR	'78
SUSAN ROBERTS	F V	3.11.45	GOLD COAST	0791	O			
WENDY DOWNES	F M	3.11.56	ANZAC	0487	V			
KEITH JACKSON	V	3.12.27	COMBINATION	0787	P			
JOHN WHEALY	V	3.12.51	CITIES	0888	V			
JACK WOODWARD	M	3.12.54	ANZAC	0488	V			
TONY CROSBY	V	3.13.02	WORLD VETS	1287	V			
JOHN HILL	V	3.13.19	AUSTRALIAN	0685	P			
BRYCE COURTENAY	M	3.13.58	CANBERRA	0483	V			
ALAN PHILLIPS	V	3.14.02	AUSTRALIAN	0687	V			
BRIAN TAILFORD	V	3.14.03	CAMTOWN	0785	P			
KEVIN O'KANE	V	3.14.38	AUSTRALIAN	0685	P			
BRUCE MURRAY	M	3.14.49	CAMTOWN	0784	M			
ROD GARRICK	S	3.18.10	GOLD COAST	0889	M	4.09.00	HARBORD DIGI	'80
KARIN GAGGIN	F O	3.19.07	KEMPSIE	0691	O			
RICHARD BAMANN	M	3.19.34	AUSTRALIAN	0685	V			
JOAN BOLTZ	F M	3.20.35	CITIES	0891	M	3.07.46	GOLD COAST	0787
JOHN B HAMILTON	M	3.20.38	KEMPSEY	0691	M	3.31.58	AUSTRALIAN	0687

At 9 August 1992	Age	<---- Best as a Strider ---->			<-- Best before Joining -->			
NAME	Sex Cat	Time	Time	Race	Age	Time	Race	Date
PAUL LUNSMANN	M	3.20.54	ANZAC	0489	V			
ROGER RIGBY	V	3.21.25	WORLD VETS	1287	V			
IAN WHITFIELD	V	3.22.15	CANBERRA	0487	P	3.13.06	AUSTRALIAN	'83
BARRY JONES	S	3.23.18	VETERANS	0781	M			
DEREK WHITE	S	3.23.26	CAMTOWN	0784	M	3.26.34	NIKE CANBERF	0481
ROSS BETTS	M	3.23.28	CITIES	0888	V			
BRENDA HAMILL	F M	3.23.38	SYDNEY	0983	P			
MARG ROBINSON	F M	3.23.53	KEMPSEY	'90	V			
ROD BROWN	P	3.27.32	MELBOURNE	1089	P	3.18.05	CANBERRA	0489
RAY REID	V	3.27.57	AUSTRALIAN	0686	P			
MARK PRESTON	P	3.28.20	CANBERRA	0491	P	3.28.35	GOLD COAST	0789
FRANK GALLAGHER	M	3.28.36	AUSTRALIAN	0686		3.24.51	AUSTRALIAN	'84
RON DALY	S	3.28.46	ANZAC	0490	S			
JOHN FENNELL	V	3.30.06	ANZAC	0489	P			
TIMOTHY READ	M	3.31.11	CANBERRA	0491	M			
NOEL WORTHINGTON	M	3.31.17	AUSTRALIAN	0686	M			
GRAEME GAGGIN	P	3.32.27	KEMPSEY	0691	P			
WAYNE MEANDER	P	3.33.50	MELBOURNE	0592	P			
JOHN AMOS	M	3.34.54	CANBERRA	0491	M			
WAYNE MCCARTHY	M	3.34.54	WORLD VETS	1287	V			
NICK REED	O	3.38.43	CANBERRA	0484	P			
GEOFFREY TAYLOR	O	3.39.38	CANBERRA	0490	O			
JOHN TIMBS	V	3.40.00	AUSTRALIAN	0687	V	3.23.08	AUSTRALIAN	'84
MICHAEL BURTON	O	3.40.31	6 FOOT TRACK	0391	O	2.28.47	EDINBURGH	0984
ALAN WHITE	V	3.41.00	ANZAC	0490	V			
OWEN DENMEADE	M	3.42.51	AUSTRALIAN	0684	V	3.36.00	SYDNEY	'83
EDWINA MACARTHUR	F V	3.44.47	CANBERRA	0486	P			
KEVIN FITZGERALD	M	3.45.22	COMBINATION	0791	M	3.16.39	BUDGET	1086
ROBI RUSSELL	F V	3.49.00	WORLD VETS	1287	P			
MAVIS GARRICK	F M	3.49.10	WORLD VETS	1287	V	4.26.19	H'BD DIGGERS	'80
DAWN SHAW	F M	3.49.47	ANZAC	0487	V			
PETER JOHNSON	M	3.50.22	CANBERRA	0491	M	3.44.01	CANBERRA	0488
DAVID BARWICK	V	3.50.58	CITIES	0890	V	3.56.59	SYDNEY	0987

At 9 August 1992	Age	<---- Best as a Strider ---->			<-- Best before Joining -->			
NAME	Sex Cat	Time	Time	Race	Age	Time	Race	Date
WILLIAM BLECHA	V	3.58.40	BATHURST	0789	V			
JIM DONOVAN	V	4.06.57	CANBERRA	0483	P			
LESLEY MAHER	F V	4.08.00	AUSTRALIAN	0684	P			
ALAN TONGE	M	5.07.02	ADELAIDE	0889	M	4.46.49	ADELAIDE F/C1	'85

**THE EDITOR THANKS
THE FOLLOWING CONTRIBUTORS
TO 'BLISTER' NO. 49:**

Dave Ritchie, John Turner, Dale Thompson, Mike Ward,
Bret Nichols, Lynndy Bennett, Alf Field, John Ayliffe,
Owen Denmeade, Ivan Freys, Jonathon Trope, John Searle,
Alan Phillips, Tina Campbell, Rex Jody, David Sill.

The Striders also acknowledge:

Bruce Fordyce, Robert de Castella.