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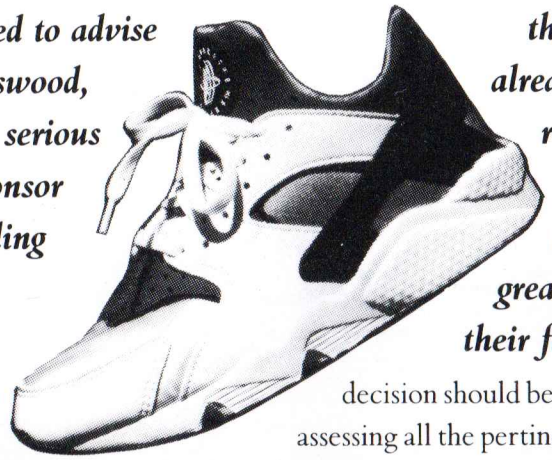

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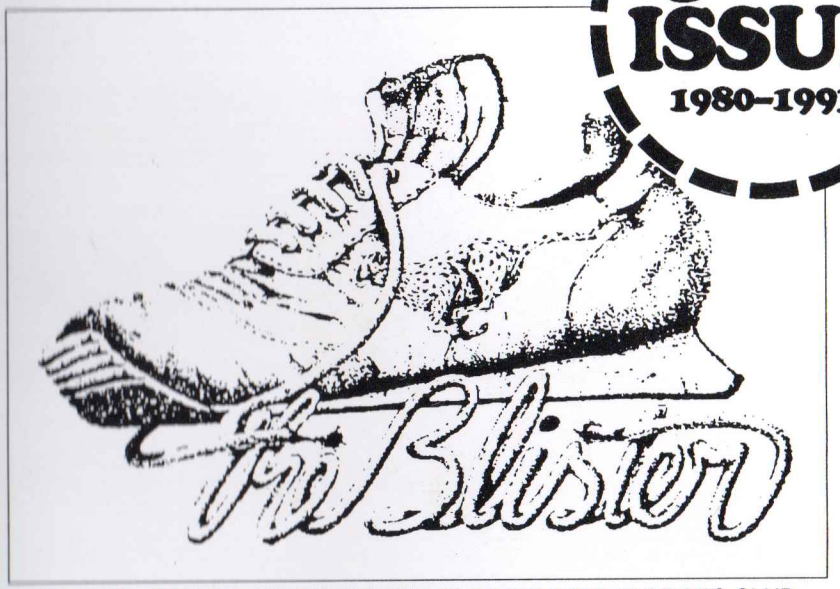

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE SYDNEY STRIDERS ROAD RUNNERS CLUB

ISSUE NO. 50
JANUARY – APRIL 1993

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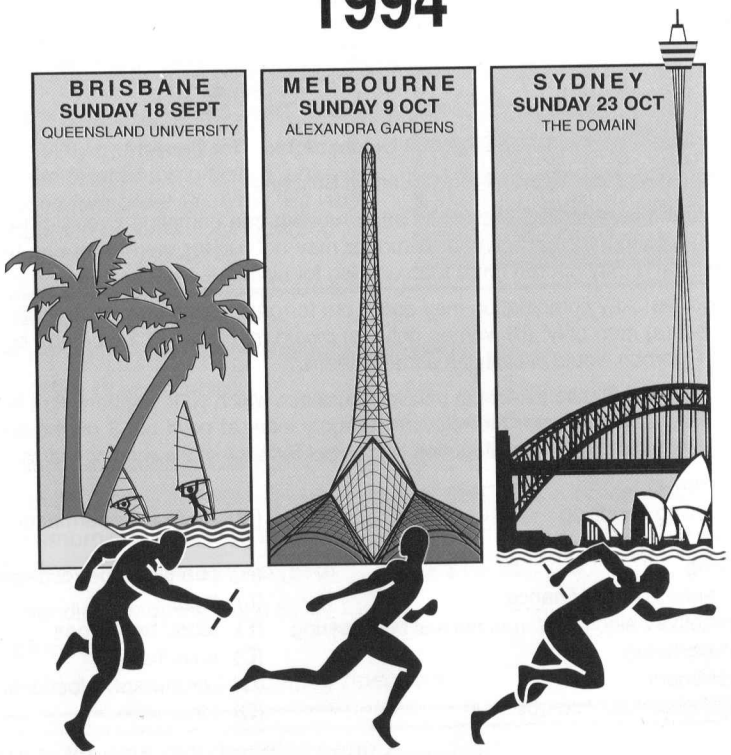

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(Elected at AGM, 2 May 1993)

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Sarah Entwistle: Stitch Editor (360 4516)
Alan Phillips: Public Relations Director (969 9420)
Roger Rigby: Blister Production Director (487 2302)

FROM YOUR PRESIDENT

This is a very special issue of "The Blister", being issue number 50. It is chock full of great articles, some of which I have read and others which I have been forbidden to read. I will be looking forward to receiving my copy of "The Blister" so that I can see what these mysterious articles are. What I am certain of is that this is another in the series of "Blisters" which just keep on getting better and better. John Ayliffe and Roger Rigby have been responsible for this improving trend and deserve a huge accolade.

On the running front, 1993 has kicked off as a really great year for Sydney Striders. Early in January Bruce Inglis won the Bogong to Mount Hotham 60k mountain run with Dawn Tiller being the first female home. Then in the Six Foot Track Marathon (which is said to be "not for wimps"), Strider's again completed the double. This time it was Malcolm Satchell who won in the great time of 3.54, a result which made up for some of his recent disappointments, while Dawn Tiller was again the first lady home in a creditable time of 4.31. Already 1993 is shaping up as a great year for Dawn.

I find it amazing that Dawn has not yet run a marathon, something which she plans to put right in Canberra. I suspect that Jo Cowan, Marlies Laaper and Sharon Dobson will be casting nervous glances over their shoulders on 18 April as I feel sure that Dawn will produce a scintillating time.

There was a large contingent of Striders at the Six Foot Track, I estimate in excess of 40 members. Apart from producing the winning male and female, there were a further 7 Striders in the first 20 finishers, giving us 9 of the top 20. Quite a fantastic achievement. The other item of note was that nearly all the Striders ran in the club uniform and looked great. I heard a number of envious remarks from members of other clubs, which made me feel good. The large number of Striders wearing their green and white tracksuits after the race was also encouraging. You certainly couldn't miss where the Striders were sitting. If you haven't yet acquired a uniform and/or tracksuit, telephone Kevin Tiller right away on 456 1959 and place an order.

Poor Nobby Young seems to have run foul of Murphy's Law. Some 88k from Coffs Harbour he did an ankle and his vehicle did a cylinder head. While he was digesting

this, he heard from the Guinness Book of Records that somebody had smashed the record he was targeting, raising the ante from some 12,000k to over 15,000k. Nothing daunted, our Noddy has set out to try to knock off the new 15,000k record. Unfortunately, as he had to spend 9 days recuperating and repairing his vehicle, he has had to start all over again. He will start counting from 88k south of Coffs Harbour (where he stopped previously when he injured himself) and will reduce his daily walk around 42 to 45k per day. Instead of arriving back in Sydney in November as previously planned, it will be 1994 before we see Nobby again. No "hoorays" please. Ex-President deserve some respect.

If your wish to berate Nobby and at the same time assist his chosen charity of Live Education Centres, buy a post card from Steve Cornelius at any STaR for $3, write a few caustic comments and Steve will ensure that it gets to Nobby somewhere along his great walk around Australia. Life Education Centres will receive $2.

In my address at the Outstanding Achievements Award dinner, I diagnosed that all our members suffer from "strideritis". The symptoms of this disease are quite obvious and easy to spot. They consist of continually trying to improve your time over a particular distance.

I pointed out that Nobby was the member most seriously afflicted by "strideritis" but I am starting to wonder if I was right. No less than 18 Striders have paid their US $60 to enter the gruelling 90k Comrades marathon in South Africa at the end of May! Suddenly people who were struggling to find the motivation to do 10k are getting up before dawn and grinding out 4 to 5 hour training stints. Good luck to the whole group and especially to our two ladies, Susan Griffith and Brenda Hamill, who I believe will be the first female Striders to run Comrades

Congratulations to the Half Marathon committee for putting on yet another superb event. The male winner was Paul Arthur while Tani Ruckle took out the ladies section. The quality of the field was extremely good and a rush of late entrants ensured that overall numbers were up on last year. Our grateful thanks to all our sponsors and especially to South African Airways, who donated two Business Class tickets to South Africa, which I am convinced were a strong drawcard. I can confirm that the tickets were won by a runner in the Half Marathon and did not go to any committee members! South African Airways have confirmed that they will be

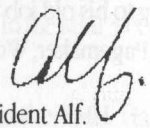
supporting next years event.

There is one aspect of the Half Marathon that does concern me. It require a tremendous amount of organisation to stage this event and the minimum number of helpers needed is around 120. It is a club tradition that every member helps out on the day. This is our way of putting something back into running. Yet despite repeated requests for helpers, including a phone-around, only some 70 members were forthcoming, which **is less than 30% of our membership.** Frankly this is just not good enough. It places an unfair burden on those who do volunteer to help and can lead to a reduction in the very high standards which we have always aimed at and price ourselves in achieving.

There has been a noticeable improvement in the spirit within the club as my theme of fun through friendship and camaraderie has achieved results. An essential part of the change in emphasis related to supporting each other and in fact our internal committees are now called "Support Groups". For the club to really flourish in spirit, it requires every member to show their support for those who do the organising by helping on the few occasions when they are asked to do so. Next year please don't leave it to someone else when it comes to the Half Marathon.

Finally, may I make a request for your attendance at the club's Annual General Meeting to be held on 2 May 1993 at the Bondi Surf Lifesaving Club immediately after the STaR on that day. It will not last long and will provide an opportunity for a bit of socialising and fun with your fellow members. We are looking for some new blood in a number of positions within the club and if you are interested in getting into the really fun part of the club, why not come to the AGM and put your hand up for one of these positions. All club positions full vacant at the AGM and are up for grabs. David Sill will be putting details of all club offices and the duties involved on the notice board shortly.

Go well, go Striders! See ya.



President Alf.

EDITORIAL

John Ayliffe.

Readers of cult magazine, Rolling Stone, recently would have been as surprised as we were to find talking pride of place amongst the high quality features on sex, drugs and rock'n roll, one of the best running articles they would ever come across.

Samples of the wonderful prose - from an essay by *Mark Seymour*, elite runner and lead singer of *Hunters and Collectors*, on *Steve Moneghetti* - feature throughout this issue of your club magazine. You'll find some interesting insights from the boy from Ballarat, which we took from the same article.

Significant Strider events in this Blister include our Outstanding Achievement Awards and what difficult choices they were.

On the subject of accolades the vast improvement in your own writing standards made our inaugural Blister Best Award pretty tough too.

We gave it to John Turner for his two-part story *"Bike Across America"*. Beautifully crafted this one, we got the feeling J.T. really loved that experience, made us feel we were there with him (not that we wanted to be).

This year Striders Comradeship is moving to Africa in a big way with the cheetah being transported back to his homeland for the Down Run.

Rarely does a Blister go by without mention of *Nobby Young*, and we just had to send him off (up) on his new nomadic life style.

Speaking of send-ups read Steve Cornelius waxing lyrical about his club mate and sometime mentor, Sue Hill.

This is my last Blister as editor but I'll be assisting the new editor (at least he has indicated that he will stand at the AGM) *Graham Butler*, as much as I can and as much as he wants me to. Work and a quite marathon involvement at my boys' school have just got in the way!

Graham is really returning to his old job which he'll find much changed, thanks to Roger Rigby and his Mac, (Pagemaker, Word, Wordperfect – it's another language isn't it?).

1992 AWARDS FOR OUTSTANDING STRIDERS

by Ace Reporter Leroy T. Stonecypher

On the eighth anniversary of an ordnance making it compulsory for Beijing restaurants to open at lunch time, **Joanne Cowan** was crowned winner of the 1992 Maria Gemenis-Cruikshank Outstanding Achievement Award.

The two events were not linked, except that both were probably inevitable. The presentation to Joanne took place at The Earth Exchange on 26th February, 1993, a glittering occasion unrivalled in the history of Sydney Striders Road Runners Club. Beijing's celebration was said to be trivial by comparison.

Many records were broken, not only by Joanne, but also in the manner of her election to Sydney Striders' highest annual honour. There were no fewer than *six* nominations for the Award - the most ever. Nearly one third of our membership was stimulated into casting votes - a victory for democracy, not to mention the enfranchisement of women.

Underlining the super quality of this field and the divergence of their truly outstanding attributes, each of the six nominees received lots of first and second preferences. Joanne's win weren't no walkover, no ma'am.

And so diverse were the voting patterns that *only one* member called the card correctly. Indeed, he or she was alone in getting even the first three right. (Voting is confidential, even Graham Butler's).

Here's why our own *Flo-Jo* topped the poll:

She is Sydney Striders' fastest female ever and 1992 was her best year in a long career of excellent running. It began in January. Invited to join the Australian team for the Tokyo International Women's Half Marathon, Jo finished eighth in 1:16:17, a PB. Next, she won the Canberra Marathon (also the Striders Club Championship) in 2:42:31, yet another PB, thereby taking out the Australian Female Vets category too. She won the NSW Vets 25K Road Championship (1:39:45) and the Sydney Striders Open Half Marathon (1:22:42). In the MMI 3 Ports Race, Jo was Queen of the Mountain for the fourth straight year.

Other significant successes were in the SMH Half Marathon - third Female

Jo Cowan.

1992 MARIA GEMENIS-CRUIKSHANK OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT AWARD.

(1:18:11), and her City to Surf - second 35-39 Female (50:26)

Jo won all the 1992 Striders 10K races she entered, often finishing within the top five overall. Only twelve men's names are ahead of hers on our Club Marathon ladder, and much the same for the Half. Jo trains hard, races track 1500 and 3000 most weekends, and still finds time to be a STaR host.

As Striders' Outstanding Achiever in 1990, she joins Graham Firkin as a the only

other two-time winner of this Award.

But what about the others?

Well, displaying characteristic New Age Sensitivity, we voted Strider women into all major places for the Award - **Joan Boltz** second, and **Sarah Entwistle** third:

Joan Boltz - as a Master, so to speak, and veteran of 49 marathons, she rewrote the female Striders' age-group record books in 1992. Three marathons, all inside 3_ hours, first place in two and third in the other, and the same in her three half marathons. Then a string of seven fun-runs and classics, first place in all seven!

Sarah Entwistle - competed in 12 triathlons or duathlons in 1992 and absolutely dominated her 40 to 44 age-group. Eleven of those races were in Australia; first in seven of them, and second in the other four. Her first place in the National Triathlon Series won her an invitation to join the Australian Team for the World Olympic Distance championship in Canada.

Then it was a blanket finish for the other placings. Inseparable in equal fourth were:

Wendy Downes - another late developer, still finding new distances and fresh personal mountains to conquer. Successes varied in distance from 15K to 50K, the Great Nosh at one end and the Royal National Park 50K at the other, where she not only won the Women's title but beat all other Striders. On her first attempt at the 6ft Track, she was fifth woman outright.

Phil Garvin - consistently our fastest distance runner over many years. He's the 1992 Striders marathon and half-marathon champion. He ran both of his marathons last year in 2:33, and all three of his halfs in around 72 minutes. He won the NSW Vets 25K, and ran City-to-Surf in 46:50. Phil has represented the ACT Team at the Australian Marathon Championships for nine years straight now - a record for a member of any State team.

David Sill - our best ultra-marathoner, even though he's fast approaching middle age. Three of his races last year took at least half a day to complete. He took out third place at the Griffith 12 hour race (104K), ninth place in the 80K Cradle Mountain Run, and eighth in the Sri Chinmoy 24 hour (164K). And he can still run quick shorter races, like 36 minutes for the Belrose 10K fun run.

Six remarkable athletes. Plus one more: **Kevin Tiller**, the first recipient of a new Club honour, the President's Special Award. This perpetual trophy is to be given each year to a Club member who fulfills criteria chosen by the President at the time.

President Alf Field's criteria were: That he or she should have performed well in athletic endeavour, have been active in running the Club, had otherwise received no acknowledgement (eg nomination for Outstanding Achievement Award), and generally displayed what he calls 'strideritis' - that special brand of guts, persistence, and psychiatric disorder given only to Striders!

Kevin Tiller was a natural choice. He started 1993 with a 2:12 Palm Beach to Manly; did the Canberra Marathon in a PB 2:55; ran four halfs within three weeks in May, each faster than the one before (86 down to 80 minutes); did City-to-Surf in 53:58; ran two more marathons in two weeks during September (3:01 and 2:58); and finished off the year by completing his first triathlon, the incredibly tough Triple M Ironman. And in his spare time (?) Kevin was the Club's very effective Uniforms Manager.

Has this Club got depth of talent? Is the Pope a Catholic? Can you get lunch in Beijing?

THEY SAID IT: 1

"Some people hate running, the very though repulses them. But for me, it's terminal. For me, there's nothing more sensational than the easy 12k run in the afternoon when your body floats for fifty minutes, your heart is locked into a kind of cruise control that makes you feel invulnerable. Damn the endorphines! This sense of power when you know you've got total control of your body is the best feeling there is."

MARK SEYMOUR, lead singer with Hunter and Collectors.

'THE TITLE OF THE BLISTER WAS DECIDED UPON BECAUSE I BELIEVED A BLISTER TO BE THE MOST COMMON PROBLEM AFFECTING RUNNERS...'.

[CHARLES COVILLE].

By Roger Rigby.

This is the 50th issue of the Blister.

As the Blister has been an important part of the Sydney Striders since the very beginnings of the Club, the Blister Committee felt that an article about the magazine itself would be a timely way to commemorate the long and occasionally arduous publishing history of our magazine.

Editorial direction has always been a very loose thing.

Issue no. 1 was published in July 1980, the same month in which our Club was founded by Charles Coville and Dave Blackall.

Perhaps another message could have been read into the above quote from Charles: With hindsight, anyone ever involved with Blister editorial and production, would probably conclude that there was also a subliminal warning from Charles that the same quote would exactly describe the coming trials and tribulations of the Blister, the contents being prominent amongst these.

The 'editorial direction', for want of a better phrase, has always been a very loose thing and variable from issue to issue. Nevertheless, the editors seem to have had influence, as the Coville Era, the Flanagan Era and the Butler Era cast more or less definitive shadows over their respective periods of ascendancy as editors.

History is yet to show if the more recent editors have left any of *their* shadows about, although, now that John Ayliffe has renounced the title, we should probably start to write cutting things about his seriousness of purpose, savage 'blue-pencilling', commitment to a better running world and an almighty ability to bestow at least a little credit on every contribution to the magazine.

The early days of Blister publishing saw a lot of serious thinking being put to paper. Running advice, times, deeply conscientious articles about Club matters and not an excess of humour. At one stage, there were even lists of injured Striders

together with cause and duration of injury, not to mention detailed clinical observations which would cause even the Club Doctors to reach for their books.

A later period saw the absolute heyday of humorous jousts and serious slanders which ran for months and years and inevitably revolved around Nobby Young, Steve Cornelius, Bill Flanagan and a number of other Strider worthies. It was probably about this period that the correct mix of introspection, crude humour, rigid record-keeping, serious advice, insults, breaches of confidence, 'I did it my way' and the inevitable 'meaning of life' editorial tone was finally achieved.

In 1990, the Blister Committee published a review of the 'best of the Blister articles' called 'Ten Blistering Years', as a contribution toward the celebration of the Club's Tenth Anniversary.

The index of that book provides a few vague clues to the diversity of the Blister , with articles bearing titles such as:

'Blood, Sweat and Tears', 'The Comrades Marathon, 'A day of big fades....', 'Knackered at the Diggers', Computerised Splits', On the road from Sydney to Wollongong', 'Kar Wong Fan Club bulletin', '....Do you think I always smell like that?', 'Someone wanted to get into my shorts', What I did on my holidays' and much, much more as the saying goes.

The Blister is never put to bed without the makings of 'a good read'.

Considering the ease with which any article is accepted for publication, one of the strangest characteristics of our Club, is the fact that relatively few members ever feel seized with the need to write a contribution. You might think that the intensely personal world of road running would lead to a serious lather of written introspection amongst Striders.

Far from it.

A crude survey of several issues of the Blister was carried out a few years ago; out of dozens of contributions, there were a handful of names which kept cropping up, something like nine or ten. A general reluctance amongst Striders to leap into print, probably *does* serve to enhance the efforts of those warriors of the pen who have ensured that the Blister is never put to bed without the makings of 'a good read'.

To make this point in another way:

In recent years, the ultimate contribution in terms of scale, was an article written by Alf Field which, in its *condensed* version, ran to 34 pages of copy; a possible rival to this title might be John Turner's massive and highly readable account of his 1992 trans-US bike ride which ran as a two-part series in Blisters 48 and 49 – both Alf and John wrote extensive articles which just goes to show that even very busy runners are able to make great contributions.

In another direction entirely and of special note, has been the wild journalistic gyrations of past president, Nobby Young and his peers of that time (to use the term loosely).

It will be a lot of years before we see such an avalanche of accurate, libellous, funny, hurtful and entirely muck-raking club journalism again.

Do you remember 'Nobby's maligned cousin', issue no.40? Or his fascination with pulling other runners shorts around their knees?

No one was safe from Nobby.

A survey in issue no. 44 revealed that, in a writing career which stretched back to issue no. 20, Nobby had taken 114 unsolicited pot-shots at 50 different Striders over 22 Blister articles. Strangely, 11 were aimed at himself, followed by 10 at Steve Cornelius, 9 at Bernie King (unaccountably low) and, apart from a few lesser targets who received an occasional splatter, a massive 84 at 'miscellaneous' targets, which only goes to show what sort of egalitarian pot-shotter Nobby really was.

Nobby got as good as he gave.

He once got a lot from Steve Cornelius in what was one of the all time great Blister contributions: An 'account' of Nobby's experiences in accompanying Graham Firkin on a Westfield run to Melbourne as an *Official.* I am sure that, to this day, half the club think that Nobby really wrote it – if the truth be known, Nobby has probably even come to think this himself.

There is a common thread to Blister humour.

Every issue has examples and if you are not prepared to be quoted, sent up, ridiculed or simply remarked upon, then the solution is probably to resign from the Club.

Then there are the serious articles and boy, can they get serious:

Nearer to god, further from god, I am god.

The meaning of life after my first STaR, pain, gain, revelations on mountain tops, it is all there and all sincerely felt and recorded, at least at the time.

'My first marathon' is probably the most enduring theme.

A Strider once said that the Blister had too many 'my first.....' articles. Maybe. However, a first marathon is the crossing of the Rubicon for every runner and to be able to put the experience onto paper, is probably one of the rewards and the Blister the proper vehicle.

It is a great indulgence to be able to bare your soul a bit after a 'first' and the Blister exists, in part, to provide the right audience for such occasions. Bear with it mate, we've all done them and felt like writing about them!

It would be hard to do full justice to the contributors which *have* helped to fill the pages of 50 Blisters without offending someone who might be left out; if you want to find out who they are, read your back copies and get a laugh.

More publishing problems than James Fairfax Jnr.

Then there are the faults inherent in the Blister, and, as any Strider who has been to a few AGMs knows, there are *plenty* of faults in the Blister.

Too many issues, too few issues, never out on time, un-balanced contributions, format too small, too many pages, too few pages, not enough results, too many results, inaccurate results (well, except in Steve Cornelius' day), not enough photographs, too expensive, too many spelling mistakes, not enough humour, sexist cartoons, articles too long – along with STaR starting times and group composition, the Blister probably causes the most enduring AGM debate we have.

To a new member, the Blister Committee must look like it has more publishing problems than James Fairfax Jnr once had.

Despite all this, the format and frequency has survived pretty well intact over 50 issues and the arrival of a stable-mate in the form of a more frequent and very readable 'Stitch', has possibly taken the heat out of the debate, at least temporarily.

Word processing for the masses.

Technically, the form of the Blister was set very early.

Blister no.1 was a few sheets of A4 stapled together. By issue no.3, the present format of an A5, saddle-stitched booklet was achieved and it took only up to issue no. 16 to reach a total of 70 pages, a size which the magazine has hovered around ever since.

Technology, or lack of it, has also played a part in Blister history.

In 1980, typewriters were the only cheap way to create copy for reproduction, without having to resort to paying for typesetting. Word processors existed, massive affairs dependent on proprietary systems run by specialist operators, who took a lot of training and which were the preserve of large companies and professional practices; way out of reach of any Strider member.

There was a golden moment which occurred with issue no. 12, when the Blister *was* set by a trade typesetter – the whole issue being reproduced in 8pt Times Roman, set justified to narrow columns, two per page. The effort must have been too much for the Blister Committee, or the typesetter, or both; from issue no. 13 on, typewritten text was again the road to meeting publication deadlines.

Looking at old Blisters, the typographical eye notices that someone had a love affair with Letraset, the poor man's headline-setting system which allowed heads to be assembled by hand in the privacy of the Strider Composing Room, which was really the kitchen, as once revealed by a previous editor. The type alignment was often suspect, but this was probably due to a temporary lowering of visual judgement caused by mind-altering influences, if you get the drift (another revelation by the same ex-editor).

Despite these mechanical restrictions, the Blister was always a pretty substantial magazine, as good a read then as it is now, possibly better according to some, as style was not allowed to interfere with the guts of the content!

Then came word processing for the masses.

Early copy had been supplied either hand-written or (preferably) typed according to the Blister rules, which were based on the wild hope that the actual copy could be used for reproduction as well. Gradually, some contributions were pro-

duced on word processors and output on dot-matrix printers.

By 1987: Real type, on a computer screen, on the same or similar kitchen table, by untrained, single-finger-key-stroking hands. Text which could be leaded, indented, justified, centred or ranged, started to shape the Blister. Copy on diskettes was preferred, as conversion and spell-checking was much more easily managed by the Blister Production Staff who held down busy jobs as well.

Finally, in about late 1988, the miraculous Apple Macintosh and Pagemaker arrived on the scene and provided the virtual automation of converting text and graphics to complete camera-ready art. What once took days of setting and assembly, now took *four hours to first proof.*

Not only that, the proofs contained all text, heads, sub-heads, graphics, picture windows and captions and were output on a laserprinter, imposed in two page pairs and with all cut, fold and centre marks in place – indistinguishable from the output of a full-scale page make-up system.

All from a single Mac.

So, by issue no.50, Blister production has moved a long way toward providing a professional standard of pre-press production; it won't be too long before we are scanning in photographs and reproducing them as either black & white or colour halftones, not to mention receiving contributions via electronic mail.

A gesture which underwrites one of the foundations of Club activity.

Not least in importance to Blister production, is the printer.

The Blister magazine is printed by First Impressions, of Rosebery, Sydney. However, how many current members of the Striders know that the owner of First Impressions is also a Strider, Brian Tailford?

The number of issues printed by Brian is not altogether clear, but they would certainly number in the dozens over the last six or seven years and, for this reason alone Brian should receive proper recognition for his long years of support for the Blister.

Another reason for public recognition, is that Brian only charges 'mates rates', late artwork and tight delivery deadlines notwithstanding. Without First Impressions, the current standard and size of the Blister would be quite a problem, perhaps impossible, to produce at the right price for a club of our size.

For Brian to continue this largesse in a very serious recession, is all the more remarkable and is of course a gesture which underwrites one of the foundations of Club activity. (This matter is now redressed, see page 20, this issue – Ed).

If Nobby can write an article, then anyone can.

So, every component of the Blister has now been roughly covered: Some history, past contributors, technology and the printer.

Not covered yet, are the contributors.

The Blister and the Striders need you:

The earlier contributors who have dropped out of the habit of writing for the Blister, you know the Club backwards and you know where the bodies are buried; reminisce a bit!

The members who have never written, we don't believe it: You *do* have the time, even if only once a year and you might be surprised at the latent talent which is revealed; if Nobby can write an article, then anyone can.

The new members, who are you? what got you as far as the Striders? Your first anything (within reason!).

We received a nice letter recently from a contributor which congratulated the editor on the quality of the Blister; it only gets to be that way if there is wide support by contributors and in recent times, support has been starting to grow again. New contributors will improve the magazine further and ensure that the Blister is truly representative of all Striders.

An ex-president (who gets his name in print far too often) used a great line once when trying to urge new contributors to try their hand at a Blister article:

"Once you learn to disregard the facts, the rest is easy...".

Roll on the next 50 Blisters.....

THE TAILFORD AWARD FOR 'BEST OF THE BLISTER'.

In recognition of the selfless contribution which Strider Brian Tailford has made toward the production and printing of the Blister over many years, the Strider Committee accepted the recommendation of the Blister Committee that an annual award named after Brian be made.

The new Award is called the *Tailford Award for the 'Best of the Blister'* and is made for the most outstanding contribution to the Blister during the previous twelve months.

The Tailford Award was made for the first time at the Annual Dinner held at the Earth Exchange on 26 February 1993. In future years, this Award will be made at the annual prize-giving in November.

The Winner of the 1992 Tailford Award for 'Best of the Blister', was:

JOHN TURNER

for his two part contribution entitled

"A Most Excellent Way to Spend Your Holidays". (Issues 48 & 49).

The Judges' comments:

".....for its clean and simple style its sense of the event, its appropriateness for the Blister. And for the fact that it is, above all a good read, full of amusing and interesting characters....".

BOGONG OR BUST

Leroy T Stonecypher (Ace Reporter)

We ace reporters bring you the facts. We ask the hard questions. We have no fear, seek no favour. We get the truth. Sometimes it hurts. That's life. That's lunch.

After the "Bogong-to-Hotham 60K Run" on 3rd January, 1993, this reporter grilled two Sydney Strider competitors. Both men are renowned for their forthright opinions. We threw the same set of tough, probing questions to each of them. We got... *two entirely different sets of answers!*

Their responses will disturb you. We make no apology. We want you to make up your own mind.

To help you remain objective, we've given them entirely fictitious names - Bruce and Alf.

Q. How did you find the start?

Bruce's answer: Nice and cool at 6:30 am, only 32 runners, it was a breeze. First 2K a pretty flat fire trail. No probs really.

Alf's answer: *What a stupid question! Somebody told my wife where the start was and she drove me there in the car, of course.*

Q. The next 6K goes up 4,500 ft. to the top of Mt. Bogong. What about the scenery?

Bruce: Too busy to admire the scenery. Kevin Tiller was ahead early. So was Peter Mitchell, a Victorian 2:15 marathoner coming back from injury. Managed to overtake them both. Ran where I could, or used a quick walking gait to maintain an even aerobic level. Got to the cairn at the top (8K) in 1hr 21min, a couple of minutes faster than last year.

Alf: *What scenery? By the time Turner and I had put on our high altitude gear and roped ourselves together for the climb, we had no time for sight-seeing. It took us about 1:40 to the top. We did pass Dale Thompson though, and about a hundred other competitors, give or take. We would have passed Bruce too but we didn't want to embarrass him.*

Q. The next 10K to Big River was a real easy 2,500 ft. downhill. What did you think about to pass the time?

Bruce: Sex mostly. That, and how easy it was to leap over tree trunks and boulders while running vertically down an undefined bush track at a million miles an hour. Took me just 58 minutes to do that 'real easy' 10K.

Alf: *I just thought about how I could risk bringing my left foot down to join my right, and vice versa. Turner and I were fogbound, you know. Couldn't see a thing. This big cloud just hung around us all the way. We tried abseiling down the really steep bits but our parachutes didn't open. Nobody saw our distress flares. Took us more than one and a half hours to do that 'real easy' 10K!*

Q. After that it was only 15K to the halfway point at Watchbed Creek, near Falls Creek Village. Why do you think they call 32K 'halfway' in a 60K race?

Bruce: Just for fun really. I mean it's all fun, isn't it? I got to the halfway in 4 hours, an hour inside the cut-off time. The 5K climb of 2,000 ft. out of Big River was a bit tough - took me 52 minutes - but then you reach the open country, the Bogong High Plains where it's 'Plains' sailing - get it? (**Bruce, just answer the questions.** *Editor*)

Alf: *Because all race organisers are bastards, that's why. They're all mental and they hate runners. Come to think of it, you're a bit sus too.* (Froths at the mouth and beats head on a snow pole). *That 5K out of Big River was like the north face of Everest. Crampons, ice picks, pitons - we used the lot. It took us a whole hour. And you know what? We passed bloody Dale Thompson AGAIN. I mean, she MUST have had a helicopter. Bloody cheat. Well, after that, on the Bogong High Plains, we just went for it. Three minute K's all the way. But the organisers had shifted the halfway point to about 50K by then. So that's how we missed the 5 hour cut-off by a mere 15 minutes.*

Q. How did you enjoy the next 28K - the second half of the race?

Bruce: It was an interesting way to spend nearly another 4 hours. I felt pretty tired for the first 14K because it's a bit hilly. Then I came across these characters on horseback, all wearing Drizabones' and bush hats. They said.. there was movement at the Station ..because the word had got around ..that the colt from Old Regret had

got away. I told them one of us was hallucinating. But my hooves ..struck firelight on the flintstones every stride.. just like in the ballad, as I ran the 4K down to Cobungra Gap. Then I just stood in the river and communed with Banjo Paterson for a bit. After that it was all uphill, 10K to the finish. Had to wait a while for the others to come in. Kevin and Dawn Tiller did well though, didn't they.

Alf: *Look, Leroy, why don't you just shove off! There was no second half. And anyway, I wouldn't have enjoyed it if there was. Do you want a knuckle sandwich?* (Begins to froth again).

(Ever sensitive to an atmosphere, your reporter tried a more subtle approach).

Q. Sydney Striders is the best running club and you're a superb Strider. What else helped you to win (or not win) this Bogong to Hotham race?

Bruce: Leroy, has anyone mentioned you're a wanker? But to answer your question, for one thing I try not to carry too much extra gear. Just the mandatory parka and a space blanket. I even didn't take a drink bottle past the 15K turnoff - left it there to mark the turn point for others. I like a Staminade/fructose mix in the early part, then water wherever I can get it. Another thing, I'm not big about food in a run like that - just barley sugar, and the jelly beans they hand out at drink stops. Lastly, I've walked and run this track before so I know what to expect.

Alf: *What a perceptive chap you are! Have a Squeezy. The only reason Turner and I didn't win this race was that everyone else cheated. For a start, none of them carried the right gear. Oxygen bottles weigh a ton, I can tell you. Then there's the kettle for morning smoko and the Weber to grill your steaks for lunch. See, the others must've eaten bush tucker and that's not fair. On top of that, they all knew where they were going. I mean whatever happened to adventure and discovery? On some of the sidetracks we took, Turner and I were the first white men, I guarantee.*

Q. Finally, can you tell me the scariest thing that happened to you today?

Bruce: When I got to the snow gums up Mt. Bogong, I heard this crashing behind me. Naturally, I thought it was..umm..Alf Field about to overtake me. (I only say that because Alf's the President of Sydney Striders and it pays to keep him onside). So I stopped to let him pass. Know what it was? A huge grey kangaroo! Dunno know who got the bigger surprise, him or me. I mean, he hadn't even entered the event!

Alf: *The scariest thing today? You are, Chucky, you are. You must be a race organiser. Push off before I get Turner to give you a fat lip.*

Editor's footnote: *Only 12 people finished the 1993 Bogong-to-Hotham 60K. Among them, three Striders - Bruce Inglis (1st in 7:44:50), Kevin Tiller (3rd in 8:55:55), Dawn Tiller (9th in 9:35:06, the only woman to finish and smashing the previous female record by more than one and a half hours!). Three other Striders started but didn't quite finish - Alf Field, John Turner and Dale Thompson. They.. uh.. conceded to the rules of the race at the halfway, ending up 21st, 21st (equal) and 26th to that point. And just to put the record straight, Race Organiser Geoff Hook and his intrepid team did a great job. Congratulations everyone.*

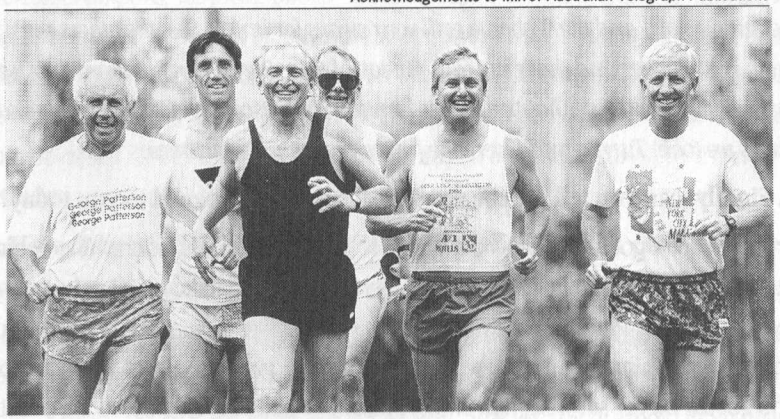
POWER OF SIX

Photographer Michael Perini cleverly captured a lense-full of members one weekday lunchtime. In case you missed it, the result appeared in the Sunday Telegraph.

The accompanying article described the group as "active members of that most elite and dedicated of running clubs, Sydney Striders". Let's hear it for us, eh!

An all-Strider affair, the entertaining text was penned by club stalwart and journalist, Bruce Loudon. Now that's the power of PR for you!

Acknowledgements to Mirror Australian Telegraph Publications



SIX REASONS TO RUN THE 6 FOOT TRACK

By Warwick Selby

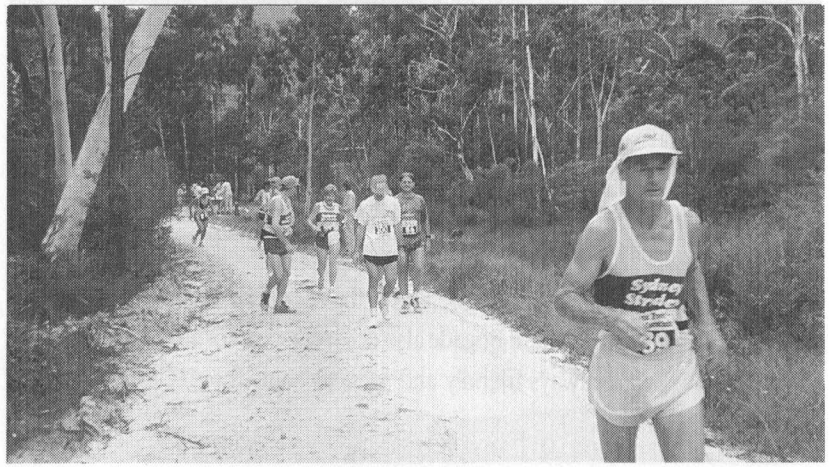
I've just run my sixth 6-foot track (is that a 36 foot-track?) and it made me sit back and think about why? There must be some reasons other than the usual ones, you know, insanity, masochism, head-banging, for someone to want to turn up to the explorer's tree in March and then slog UP and DOWN through the Megalong valley for 46.06km just to feel absolutely stuffed at the end. It seemed appropriate to list the SIX reasons that make me believe that this is one of the great runs, and to recommend it to anyone who thinks even remotely of doing it.

Reason 1.

PAUL RUSSELL. He told me it was a good idea, and it still is. I trusted him, of course - he is a doctor. He is also the medical officer for the run. I should point out that this is the same Paul Russell who told me there were "no more hills" when we were 10k from home on my first star, and then proceeded not only to find plenty but also to get lost and extend the run an extra 5k.

Reason 2.

THE SYDNEY STRIDERS. The 6-foot track has become one of the Striders' great participation events. This is illustrated no better than this years' event, with 37 tak-



Six Foot Track Marathon, Ron Daley strides out from a non-striding group of Striders...

ing part, Malcolm Satchell winning it, Dawn Tiller first woman and Striders having 4 of the first 10 finishers and 8 of the first 20. There is a tremendous club spirit on the day, with everyone getting together at the start for the traditional tea, damper and group photo and at the end for the even more traditional beers, etc, and post-mortems (in the figurative sense) at Caves House. If anyone wants evidence of Alf Field's 3 F's - Fun, Friendship, and Fellowship - then they should be there on the day. It makes me understand why I enjoy being a Strider.

Reason 3.

THE BLUE MOUNTAINS. Of all the places we run this is ideal, particularly if you enjoy getting into the bush. Those who have run there will understand, and those that haven't should!

It starts at the Explorers Marked Tree outside Katoomba and then drops immediately into beautiful Nellies Glen - 500 metres in 3km (1:6 gradient). Unless you're Kevin Tiller, you take it fairly carefully on this bit. It is worth a look around at the spectacular view, but it's very slippery.

Next comes 4.5km of gentle running across paddocks and fire trails to the Megalong Road, and then 7.5km of the best track on the run, down to the Cox's river. From there the hard work starts - 3km of very steep hill, with a 400m elevation (1:7.5), to the Saleyards; 1km straight up to the Mini-Mini saddle, where there are panoramic views back to the whole Blue Mountains Southern Escarpment and plenty of time to look at it since this is usually at walking pace.

3km down to little river and then 3km to the top of pluviometer (1:9). Just when you thought it was safe to think about the finish, there is another 20km to go - 9km undulating uphill fire trail to the Forestry Hut on Caves Road, 4km on the road, 4km on winding trail to the 3km "plunge" (the race organiser's words) to Caves House - the ultimate test of the quads.

All along the way the views, the bellbirds, the supporters all help to take your mind of the strain. The Bushfire Brigade also deserve praise for all the work they do on the day. They are always friendly and seem to enjoy the day as much as the runners.

Reason 4.

JENOLAN CAVES. Caves House at Jenolan Caves must be one of the greatest places to finish a run. The first sight of the limestone ridge when you're running down the hill is a tremendous boost, even if you're having trouble standing up because of cramp. It almost makes all those hills between the tree and the Caves worthwhile.

Carlotta's arch at the bottom of the hill is not only spectacular but a great relief - less than a kilometre from the end. Every person from first to last gets rousing applause from the throng gathered at the finish. Then a medal, a Coke, a shower, a beer (or two), and a well-deserved rest - even a massage.

Reason 5.

MIKE WARD. Seeing him crossing the Cox's river is a once-a-year event. It is the only bath he takes; that is, of course, unless the river is too high when he will do just

Malcolm Satchell (1st male) and Dawn Tiller (1st female).

about anything to avoid crossing. Anything, that is, except crossing the bridge - his fear of heights is even greater than his fear of water. Mike has just won his buckle for six 6-foots at well. If he does seven he gets free swimming lessons.

Reason 6.

MEDALS. I like medals. A minor point perhaps, but it's such a long way to go that everyone deserves a medal. A certificate doesn't look as good hanging around your neck and gets wet in the shower. Not only that, there is a buckle if you run six. Now I need to buy a belt to wear it with.

This is why I have kept coming back to the six foot track. I've done six and I've gone on record as saying that this year was my last. But that was what I said on the day. Now I've had a bit of time to reconsider? - I'll be there again, having tea and damper at 9.30am on an early Saturday in March, and I recommend to one and all that they come and join me.

PS: If you look carefully at the marathon ladder you'll find that Mike Burton's (the fast Mike Burton) marathon PB is 3.40.31. Which marathon? The Six-Foot Track Marathon, of course. Tough standards in the Striders!

Sydney Striders at the 1993 Six Foot Track start.

CRADLE MOUNTAIN - A BOGGER OF A RUN SUNDAY FEBRUARY 8TH 1993.

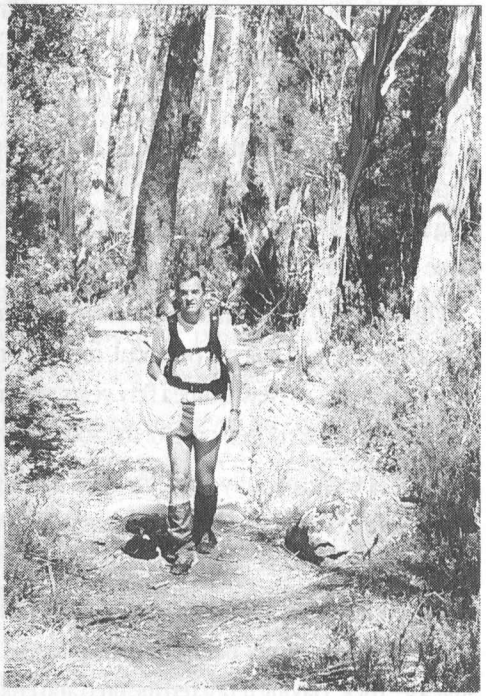
A modest Alf Field breaks a Striders best by 53 minutes.

The Cradle Mountain Run is a bogger of a run - but this year it was less of a bogger than for the last 7. For the first time in eight years, runners were blessed with a relatively dry track and the fearsome bogs were not as severe as in past years. This did not prevent one runner from losing both shoes in a bog. I sank up to the ankles in several but did not sink up to my thighs as I did last year. This year tree roots were more of a problem.

Runners took advantage of the conditions and records tumbled. The men's record was reduced by 23 minutes to 8.22, a remarkable time for one of the toughest runs in Australia. The women's record was smashed by 34 minutes in a time of 11.39. The first 6 runners produced times which would have comfortably won the 1992 event.

I had an incident free run in 11.56 for 15th place, a result which delighted me. Although this was 53 minutes faster than David Sill's 12.49 last year, the two runs cannot be compared due to the different track conditions.

Richard Pickup and his team should be congratulated on efficiently hosting an event which must be an organisational nightmare with over 80k of inaccessible wildness between start and finish.



President Alf, having an incident free run...

HONOLULU 1992: NOT REALLY RUNNING BUT NOT STANDING STILL EITHER.

By Peter Johnson.

Ahead through the heat haze I thought I glimpsed a limp banner. Maybe I would make it. Then, there it was, just visible over the bobbing heads and sweat soaked shoulders.

And that was just getting to the start line.

Had I studied the small print "waiver and release" statement for this the 20th running of the Honolulu Marathon, with a little more care, I might have been better prepared. Too late I realised I was about to take part in a "potentially hazardous activity" specifically "including but not limited to high heat and humidity".

I had exaggerated widely in claiming to be "physically fit". I even gave permission for "my voice to be broadcast" without payment. The latter wasn't such a sacrifice though with little call for heavy breathing on Hawaiian radio nowadays.

And here I was at the start with the temperature at 27c and the humidity a neat 200% - murder compared to the reasonableness of my last tilt at Honolulu in 1989.

Then I had only a hairline crack in the femur to contend with, compliments of a carpark speed hump accident suffered on the eve of the event, an occurrence I have long suspected to have been perpetrated by one of the many Japanese who started those three years ago.

With state-of-the-art data storage and retrieval technology, it would not have been difficult for them to link my potential, revealed in countless STaR outings, with my father's activities in New Guinea fifty years ago and deduce any Johnson presented a threat to at least a dozen or so of the 7000 of their countrymen involved that year.

In 1992 I was especially wary, for upon hearing of my starting no less than 18286 Japanese fired in entries all bent on revenge for 1989 when I had defied them, leaving most of their over 75 entrants in my wake.

Not long after touchdown in Hawaii they struck. I only just survived a sting aimed at depriving me of my beloved Striders singlet by means of the old "switch the suitcase" trick. Having rendered me tired and emotional on the flight, it was a simple

step to switch my bag with one labelled "E Krzyminc". By the time I had reclaimed my own it was almost dawn. I may have been exhausted but not enough to overlook the fact the name "Krzyminc" is Polish for "Yamamoto".

And yet most of the 12619 non Japanese appeared oblivious to the treat as, dripping with sweat, we waited for the 5.30am start. Such was the air of camaraderie I had all but dropped my guard when a guy wearing a Yokohama Actors Athletics singlet responded to my "Banazai" with: Break a leg!".

Terrified I raced through the field as we sped along the Ala Moana Boulevarde away from the famous shopping centre for which my wife has done so much to render viable in these troubled economic days.

By the time we had passed through Chinatown and done an "eyes right" at old King Kamehameha's Statue I was still in the top 20,000 and I reckoned holding.

But as my core temperature soared through Waikiki I could tell not only was a career pb or a race pb out of the question but survival had entered the equation.

The only sound from the field in the pre dawn was the eerie squelching of sweat sodden sneakers, except, that is, for moronic shouts: "looking good" from an obese myopic waiting to sample the breakfast delights of McDonalds.

A cretinous call really but it did send my spirits soaring for fully six or so strides. As we entered Kapiolani I couldn't resist a glance over the right where the, as yet, virginal finishing line lay in the gloom.

At that moment it hit me: "My god only 30kms to go!" "That's only a STaR". As this sunk in my spirits sailed southward as everyone possessed of but a passing acquaintance with my Sabbath strolls will readily appreciate.

As we topped Diamond Head, the only severe incline on the course, the first rays of light appeared accompanied by a slight breeze; fear of the former overwhelmed relief from the latter in seconds.

At one of the twenty or so superbly staffed drink stops, this outside the Kahala Mall, one bright young sponge jockey called to me: "Hey Sydney! What about de Castella?".

Unsure of whether she had confused me with the somewhat superior runner or

a Danish cheese, poorly pronounced, I could only smile and shuffle away.

Once out on to the Lunalilo Freeway I decided it was time to get serious and pulled my Striders sun visor on even tighter.

Whats more, I lifted my pace, although it is possible this acceleration might not have been apparent to observers lacking sensitive surveying equipment.

Lunalilo, which is Hawaiian for "you are a lunatic if your don't lie down", soon gave way to the long straight of the Kalanianole Highway. Kalanianole affords the slower runner the dubious pleasure of viewing his betters as they pass by, homeward bound. Kalanianole means: "My case rests, you are a looney!".

Though not actually hallucinating at this point my concentration was somewhat fluid. Pessimistically I recalled the inauspicious start to this marathon mission.

It seems our attempts to check in at the Mascot Terminal had been anticipated by every Greek, Taiwanese and Tasmanian emigrant of the last forty years all bent on returning home for Christmas. Intervention by the FAC Officer for the Terminally Bemused was required to get us on board prior to lift off.

Once safely on QF3 it took just the one champagne and again I was anybody's. This time thanks to a superhuman effort from my wife, I added a paltry three superfluous kilos to my barrier weight.

THEY SAID IT: 2

"Everyone asks me about the loneliness of the long distance runner, but I do most of my running with other people. If I run with a group I tend to open out and say things that I wouldn't say normally. Maybe it's the endorphin release, but my most intimate thoughts have been exposed when I'm running. There's something that happens when you're running that I never experience at any other time. If you can run with a group of people, it's very satisfying." STEVE MONEGHETTI

And now every one of those 90 sloppy kilos was beginning to make its presence felt. In desperation, I tried to convince myself the finish, like Christmas, wasn't all that far away.

Just as I'd locked in the Christmas image, I looked up and saw these three wise men coming from the East. They were smooth, gleaming, black and travelling faster than any camel I'd seen. Instinctively, I sought a star in the Eastern sky but all I got was the blinding Hawaiian sun.

Reality restored, I recognised these three leaders as Messrs Benson Masya, Cosmos Ndeti and David Tsebe. They didn't seem to be bearing gifts but I'm certain I caught a whiff of frankincense as they passed by, a mere 7kms to run.

By now the heat and humidity were well ahead on points, but I still felt a surge of adrenalin seeing these glistening champions float by apparently ambivalent to the appalling atmosphere. No others running in that direction were in sight.

With 2 hours 2 seconds showing at the half way I was ecstatic.I'd cut my average kilometre by half a second. Lots of water, I reasoned and I may beat 4 hours.

That was the last sensible discussion I had with my body or any other.

Against a background of walling paramedic wagons I demanded of my recalcitrant limbs: Why aren't you performing as well as your new Tinley shorts!: : Why can't you explain why you want to stop?".

I even trotted out the old macadamia nut of offering my body a rest if it would just run to the next traffic light. "Just a bit further", I pleaded. It was pathetic. I was pathetic.

Around 26kms, confused by the alternative mile and kilometre markers, I became disoriented - a condition I would have thought impossible with so many Japanese in the field.

As fast as I downed Gatoraid it exited through pores I never thought I had. As quickly as I poured iced water on my head it evaporated, steaming. Incidentally , pouring the Gatoraid on your skull is actually counter productive.

I had taken on so much water by the 28kms mark, several yellow tsunami (tidal wave) warning sirens started screaming as I slunk past.

And it proved pointless trying to pick up another runner as pacer. Everyone seemed to have legs as rebellious as mine.

At 30kms a probing study of just which part of me was suffering revealed nothing but recommended I walk anyway. Such reasoning can be persuasive when you're not sure if the approaching ambulance isn't for you.

At wits end I tried talking to a fellow traveller - a small chap in an orange athletic singlet styled "Kyoto Joggers" but by then all I could think of to say was "Sony". His smiling reply: "Wokman" left me even more confused. Was it now possible to whip up a stir fry on the run!.

Suddenly, as so often seems to happen in these masochistic meanderings, there was really truly not far to go. Only Kahala Road, Honolulu's heartbreak hill. Say 5kms to glory. I was, in turn, elated at the prospect then deflated as it seemed any hope of a pb in the event was fading. My daughter Melissa and I had clocked 4.26 in 1989.

At that very moment my saviour appeared in the form of a young guy who asked if I expected a place better than my number - 25984. This insouciant soul from Brisbane and I established an instant rapport which lasted all of ten minutes. So humming one of our many national anthems we Aussies broke into a jog to the top of Diamond Head where he chivalrously suggested I move ahead. Ungallantly I did.

Of the run through Kapiolani Park I recall little but near the finish I'm certain I heard a woman shout: Look at that Sydney guy go! That's staggering!".

My wife Suzanne standing nearby insists the actual words used were: "He's staggering!:. Unhappily she offers quite compelling photographic evidence in support of her contention.

Irrespective of the aesthetic aspects 4.21.48 pleased me and got me 4758th place. It also relieved my wife who felt certain my participation could hardly be construed as anything but suicidal by a competent insurance investigator.

It was disappointing neither Benson Masya, who won the event in 2.14, nor womens's champion Carla Beurskens, 2.32 had the stamina to wait around to see me finish. It didn't phase me though. Striders rarely notice my return at Stars and the wait then is seldom more than an hour.

Carla, who is 40 and should know better, made the ludicrous statement: "The

weather was good to me!" which is more than could have been said of the years. At 45 kgs this Dutch lass has clearly spent much time on the dyke.

Not to be outdone for audacity or arrogance young Benson claimed he won "on one leg". An Alabama red neck remarked this may have belonged to a fellow runner and been done medium rare.

As it was my understanding at least two legs had to be employed I did consider protesting but instead opted for another Maitai.

The last word on the event came from Honolulu Police lieutenant, Ralph Yamasaki, who next day said, very slowly: "I - am - not - aware - of - any - serious - injury".

The only explanation for this clear suspension of credibility can be that the good lieutenant confined his enquiries to the last finisher, Mayasayoshi Nakatomi. 87 years old Nakatomi broke the tape at 5.10pm, Honolulu time, by which time my liver was making a liar of Ralph and a relatively young man of Mayasayoshi.

ISOTONIC DRINK TESTING

Steve Connor, Science Correspondent, 'The Independent'.

Don MacLaren, a seniorlecturer at the Polytechnics Centre for Sport and Exercise Sciences, tested ISOTONIC drinks with groups of about seven volunteers who worked out on exercise bikes until exhausted, he concluded that the commercial drinks did little or nothing to improve performance.

In one trial, athletes were not given any drink; in a second, they were given a 5 per cent glucose solution; and in a third, a solution of *maltodextrin*, a carbohydrate that Dr MacLaren believes to be better than sugary solutions at giving energy to tired muscles. In a fourth trial they drank water.

He monitored how long it took each athlete to become exhausted. The average when they took the glucose was 99 minutes, compared with 95 for when they drank nothing, 115 minutes for water and *131 minutes for maltodextrin* an *improvement of nearly one third over the glucose drink.*

Dr MacLaren also monitored glucose levels in the blood, which indicate energy available to muscles after the exercises. There was no significant difference after the "dry" trial and glucose trial. But after the *maltodextrin* drink, *levels of blood glucose were 20 per cent higher.* He also tested mental performance during and after exercise and found significantly *fewer errors with the maltodextrin* drink compared with the glucose drink.

TWO OCEANS TODDLE.

This article was received as a fax from Alf Field in Durban, 13 April 1993.

This fax delayed due to fearful storm in Cape Town. 200k per hour winds and torrential rain took out airport radar facilities. With airport closed we drove 1,000k to Bloemfontein, got flight to Jo'burg and another to Durban.

If storm hit 12 hours earlier there would have been no Two Oceans Marathon. Serious rock falls on exposed mountain road and drink stations would have been blown away.

This run matched all the rave notices. It is one of the most scenic and the organisation rivals that of The Comrades. It is one to put into the mental calendar for some time in the future.

The first 45 minutes is run in darkness through Cape Town suburbs. Dawn finds one running along the shore of False Bay (Indian Ocean) with mountains on the opposite side of False Bay silhouetted by the sunrise. Quite magnificent. Course turns 90 degrees to the West over rolling hills leading to the first moderate climb up "Little Chapman's". The Atlantic Ocean comes into view beyond a very wide beach (at least 500 metres wide) of the whitest sand. Horses are being galloped along the edge of the translucent turquoise water.

The first serious climb up Chapman's Peak (about 4k) follows. Chapman's Peak is a virtually sheer cliff rising out of the ocean with the road carved out of the cliff face. One can peer over the edge of the road and see waves crashing onto the rocks below. Cresting Chapman's, the runner is rewarded with a birds eye view of scenic Hout Bay with The Sentinel rising sheer out of the water on the opposite bank.

From Hout Bay the course turns East into a verdant valley and one runs through an avenue of oaks with glimpses of the rocky mountainsides through the leaves. The toughest climb comes after the 42k marker, winding up to Constantia Neck. Once past the crest there are views across the Cape Flats with the shimmering blue Indian Ocean in the distance. The last 7k is gentle downhill through plush wooded residential suburbia.

I aimed at 11k per hour pace which gave me a 5 hour target. Finished in 5:02 in

good shape so was quite pleased. Jonathon Trope was hoping for a silver medal, ie sub 4 hours. This is sub 3 hour marathon pace for the entire 5k; a very demanding ask. Jonathon went through the marathon mark in 2:58 but sadly got severe cramps on the final downhill sections and finished in 4:13; a great time but not a silver.

There were 8,200 competitors and the winner was L.Tshabala in 3:13. International runners were treated like royalty. Must have had my hand shaken 100 times during the run. The welcome was very warm.

WHY BIKES ARE BETTER

For anyone who has ever wondered why their partner spends so much time, effort and money on their bike.

- Bikes don't care if you look at other bikes.
- Bikes don't have parents.
- Bikes don't complain unless something is really wrong.
- Bikes don't care how many other bikes you have.
- Bikes don't get headaches.
- Bikes aren't moody.
- You can share bikes with friends.
- If you're bike goes flat you can fix it.
- If your bike is too loose you can tighten it.
- If your bike is "misaligned" you don't have to discuss politics with it.
- You can have a black bike and bring it home to your parents.
- If you say bad things to your bike you don't have to apologise before you can ride it again.
- You can stop riding your bike as soon as you want and it won't get frustrated.
- Your mum won't stay in touch with your bike after you dump it.
- Bikes don't insult you if you're a bad rider.
- Bikes don't care if you are late.
- Bikes don't care if you don't take a shower before you ride them.
- If your bike doesn't look good, you can paint it .
- If your bike doesn't perform well, you can get better parts.
- The only protection you need when riding your bike is a good helmet.
- When in mixed company you can talk about what a great ride you had the last time.
- You can ride your bike the first time you meet it without having to tak e it to dinner, see a movie or meet its mother.

Compliments of Mornington Peninsula Triathlon Club

WIN-WIN-WIN-WIN-WIN-WIN-WIN-WIN-WIN

Nobby Young.

Nobby Young on what its really all about. Again.

These days we often hear about win-win situations, as when employers and employees get together and make arrangements for their mutual benefits. This is a very refreshing development, as usually when there is a "winner" it is at a losers expense.

A lottery winner wins at the expense of dud ticket holders, a footballer makes first grade when another player is dropped and a bloke wins a heart when other admirers are cut out of the scene. The "Great Australian Walk" will be a multiple win situation.

Personally, my ego will get well fed with a world record and a small amount of fame. I also have the satisfaction of gaining considerable favourable publicity for my major sponsor, Australia Post, and raising funds for a charity that I admire. Hopefully this venture will encourage fellow Australians, of all ages to aspire to challenges that might otherwise have been put aside through lack of enthusiasm.

Jim English, my Manager/Minder, will "win" by fulfilling the impossible job. He will cover solo at least 20 different roles, 24 hours a day, seven days a week for eight (long) months. This walk could not take place if Jim for any reason could not take part, as I know of no other who could do this job. It is my good fortune that Leila, Jim's wife, is such an understanding lady.

At a time when the public is very cynical about large institutions and government bodies, the sponsor will "win" almost daily publicity for over eight months for being involved in a world record and supporting a very popular national charity. Many prominent identities around Australia already support the Life Education centre and will probably become involved in the "Great Australian Walk", further promoting the major sponsor.

The Life Education Centre will gain a boost in publicity and funds. All money raised, every cent, will go to the Centre in the state or territory that it is raised in. There will not be any "expenses" deducted by anyone in this venture. The thousands of children we meet will "win" by the work of the Life Education Centre and hopefully by the encouragement we give them to follow their own dreams.

Finally Margaret, my wife and supporter for twenty years, will have long service leave from my presence for eight months. Many who know me will claim that Marg is the ultimate "winner". Her support is vital for this walk to take place, and I thank her for it. That only leaves my sixteen year old son Russell, who will be able to spend extra time with the girls during my absence.

WALK AROUND AUSTRALIA - FAREWELL TO NOBBY AND JIM

Partial text of the speech by Sydney Strider John Turner on 7th February, 1993, at the farewell party for Nobby Young and Jim English in Gladesville.

Friends of Nobby and Jim, it's my privilege today, on your behalf, to say farewell to Nobby and Jim. Actually, Alf Field, the President of Sydney Striders Road Runners Club, was supposed to give this address but he found an excuse - the Cradle Mountain Run in Tasmania this weekend.]

Alf asked a lot of other Striders if they would stand in for him. He said it'd be a golden opportunity to give Nobby a serve, because he wouldn't be back for a while. But all the other Striders were smarter than me. They worked out that giving Nobby a serve was one thing, but leaving him nine months to think up a way to 'get even' wasn't all that attractive.

What I'm going to say covers three parts. First I'm going to take you through the *background* to this odyssey; then we'll look at the people who are going to *benefit* from it; and finally there are some *special messages* to send this pair of adventurers properly on their way.

Background

According to the latest Guinness Book of Records, the record for *walking* around Australia was set 17 years ago. Starting on 1st March, 1975, Tom Hayllar of Sydney took nearly 11 months to cover 12,000 km. It doesn't say whether he walked continuously, ie no rest days, as Nobby intends to do.

While I'm at it, I can't resist telling you about some other amazing feats from the Guinness Book of Records. Take, for example, a Mr Plennie L. Wingo (I kid you not). He took 18 months to walk nearly 13,000 km from Los Angeles, starting in April 1931. Somewhat confusingly, he ended up in Istanbul in Turkey. It's easy to see why - he walked backwards all the way.

Then there's an Austrian who, in 1900, walked from Vienna to Paris in 55 days, 10 hours every day. He averaged only 2 km per hour. Why was he so slow? Because he walked on his hands.

But the record which most inspired Nobby is that of Ron Grant, the Tip Top baker. In 1983, Grant *ran* 13,400 km around Australia in just over 7 months. (Our Nobby intends to walk further than that - 15,000 km, and to do it in 9 months. He plans to start out on 28th February, 1993).

That was the same year Nobby joined Sydney Striders. (Neither Nobby nor the Club has ever been the same since). Nobby started running marathons, then ultra-marathons. He won many Club awards, including our Outstanding Achievement Award. But charity events have always been high on his list of running priorities, including one for the local Gladesville Public School where, they say, he set the world 24 hour record for running in ever diminishing circles.

Jim English also got caught up in the running boom of the early 80's. Indeed, that's when Jim first met Nobby - at an event in Gillawarna in 1983. They got on well together. Come the Bicentenary Year, 1988, Nobby and Jim were into various hyperactive exploits, including helping another famous Strider, Graham Firkin, to complete his Westfield Sydney-to-Melbourne Run. Nobby did the organising; Jim the massaging, first aid, and almost everything else.

In November, 1990, they hadn't seen each other for months. Jim and his wife, Leela, had taken their caravan up the Central Coast to Umina. It was a Sunday morning - 6:30 - they were asleep, along with the rest of the caravan park. "G'day," said a voice outside the van. "That you, Jim? Look, I've got this piece of paper here. I want to know if it's OK."

"That sounds like Nobby," says Jim to Lee. Sure enough there was the little postie, making a surprise delivery. He handed over a single sheet of paper. "You have a good look at that. I'm going for a walk down the beach," he said

The paper had a list of shorthand statements like '... around Australia 13,400 k ... walk to beat Ron Grant's running record 7 months ... pop-up campervan ... raise money for a good charity ... one other person.'

When Nobby had gone, Jim said to his wife: "He's stuffin' mad." Lee agreed. It was nothing to do with them. They would tell him so when he came back.

But, to this day, Jim doesn't know who was working his vocal cords when Nobby returned. "Eh!" he heard himself say. "I'm the other person, aren't I."

Walk Winners

Well, who are the *people* - the winners - involved in this circumambulation of Australia? First there's Nobby himself; he's 46, born in Marton, near Wanganui in New Zealand's north island; been in Oz more than half his life - came here when he was 20 and knocked around places like Cowra at first, doing fencing and stuff; played football, and no doubt took a few knocks on the head which helped to make him what he is today!

Nobby's partner, Jim English, is a Sydney-sider, born and bred. He will be 55 in May (in fact both of our boys will have birthdays a long way from home this year - Nobby's is in August). Jim learned his skills in the fight game. He's been a professional boxer. More importantly, he has trained, cajoled and nourished a lot of successful fighters. And Nobby, of course, is just that - a successful fighter.

Jim says of Nobby: "He's a top mate of mine." Well, he'd need to be. Just listen to this. All Jim has to do over the next nine months is to be nursemaid/driver/cook/secretary/manager/ masseur/medico/hypnotherapist/media consultant and traffic safety officer. His mate just does the walking. Come to think about it, I'd rather be Nobby!

The other big winner in this venture is the Life Education organisation. So far I've spoken only of the two men at the centre of things. Behind them are two very important people - Sheila Hammond and Fergus Hines from Life Education. The success of the venture to date has been due in no small part to their enormous energy.

And now it's time for the commercial - the sponsors, because they also will be

winners from the publicity Nobby and Jim will give them around the nation. Primary sponsor is, of course, Australia Post - who else, although it took more than a little of Nobby's gentle persuasion to get them to the altar. Then the other sponsors so far are: Endeavour Credit Union, Reliv the sports drink, Goodyear Tyres, Sanitarium Health Foods, Zurich Insurance, and Big Four Caravan Parks.

And not to forget another major winner from all this - Sydney Striders. Many Club members have been involved with Nobby for nearly a year now, helping him - but mostly urging him - to get on his way. Indeed, we became really anxious about this time last year when Nobby was in hospital for surgery. We mightn't get rid of him at all! Because Striders have mixed feelings about it. On the one hand, they'll have nobody to talk about when Nobby leaves Sydney. On the other, they'll likely have nine whole months of freedom from the sharp end of his tongue.

Special Messages

And now we are fortunate to have some special farewell telegrams from people who couldn't be here today. Some of them must have been sent in error to Steve Cornelius' house, but he kindly passed them on to me.

"Pleased to tell you Sydney Striders can afford an extra donation to your charity - Stop. We have cancelled our Club's order for ear plugs for the rest of 1993.

Signed Alf Field, President, Sydney Striders."

"Heard you were short of sponsorship - Stop. Have found a good lurk - Stop. Involves some tricky cycling but brings in at least sixty five thousand dollars - details from me at Parliament House.

Signed Leaping Leo McLeay, Canberra."

"Your daily target distance is raised from 50 km to 57.5 km - Stop. This is in line with our philosophy of adding 15 percent to everything.

Signed John Hewson, Canberra."

Nobby and Jim, after that there's not much left for me to say. I know I speak for all your friends when I say how much we admire the courage and the sacrifices, not only of you two but of your families who have supported your ideals and intentions thus far, and will continue to do so for the rest of 1993.

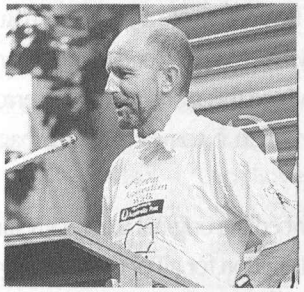
There's another hero of mine, Tim McCartney-Snape. In 1990, he walked from sea

level to the summit of Everest. When you both finally return to Sydney, we hope you can truthfully express yourselves in the same way he did when he got back to Base Camp:

"..I had an incomparable feeling of happiness and warmth; my mind felt..free of any need to go out and prove anything. I had dreamt of doing something I considered great and I had gone out and done it. I was fulfilled, and (just) being alive had never felt better."

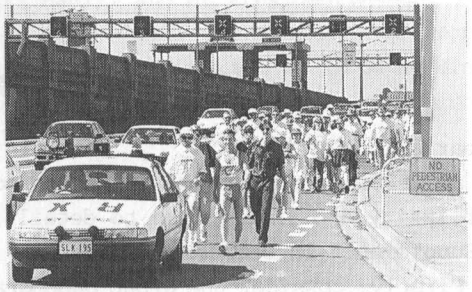
The Start: Nobby's and Jim's truck in Martin Place.

Hazel Hawke sends Nobby off...


Nobby replying to his send off...

26 Striders who gathered to make sure he goes...

The first paces and already talking to the media...



Nobby Young jams the Harbour Bridge.

STRIDERS, REJOICE, 'WINGEBAG' IS BACK!

Members of some years standing will wince when they see this name in print again and newer members will have to learn to, if they know what is good for them.

Who the hell is 'Wingebag' and why is he called thus?

Well, my gentle running mates, there is a member amongst us who has, over a very long period of time, found detailed fault with *every single member* of the Striders. Not just an ordinary vague sort of fault, but really accurate, penetrating and wounding fault.

Is this member *really* equipped to make judgements on the rest of us, I sense you wondering. (Well, I am only sensing this in advance, as you don't know what to wonder at until you read this, so there is no present tense in the matter – I am writing like this as you can't be too careful with 'Wingebag' about again and it pays to explain things *very* carefully).

Well, according to Striderlore (that will set him off, he hates anyone tampering with the English language and making up words), he once wrote a program (naturally he is well into computers) consisting of *millions* of lines of code which contained a *single* error. Personally, I have always doubted this story, as a single error in millions is well outside any law of probability when it comes to 'Wingebag'. Trillions, maybe, but not mere millions.

Read on. (Margaret, I sincerely hope you transcribed the original letter with surgical accuracy – there will be swift and detailed retribution for all of us if you have not – Editors).

Letter from "Whingebag"

Dear Editor,

I am writing to draw your attention to some appalling examples of laxity and inattention to detail in the nauseating yellow "Supplement" in Blister 49.

Firstly, consider the group photograph from Dooralong Picnic Relay, captioned. "The wining (sic) team", which appears on page 5. They certainly don't look anything like a wining team to me, as there is not a glass, nor a bottle, nor even a cask within coo-ees; beside, a glummer-looking bunch of bastards have yet to besmirch the pages of the Blister in its entire illustrious history since 1980. If this miserable crew were destined to indulge in any bacchanalian delights later in the day, they sure as hell hadn't made a start when the cameraperson did his or her stuff.

I assume that the captions should have read "The whining team", and I have to say I don't blame them if they had to pose for an interminable photo opportunity while the other teams were getting stuck into the grog.

Secondly, the same photograph also bears the mystifying subsidiary caption "Steve Urwin's pink". I have taken a straw poll among my friends, and they both agree with me that pink he may be, but that this assertion is not proven by the photograph, which shows absolutely no evidence of his being any colour apart from yellow.

Finally, at the foot of the same page is a photograph of two bedraggled, disreputable-looking characters, one a well-known and self-declared triathlete, the other an ultramarathoner who ought to know better than to associate with such types. This photograph is confusingly captioned:

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

Perhaps there is at least one person who regards Mr Hamill as a lover, but I suggest that your roving reporter actually intended the caption to read:

"Alex (dog, lover) Hamill and Mr President."

I feel sure you will agree this punctuation is more appropriate, in the circumstances. Perhaps you would be so kind as to pay closer attention to details such as these in future. If not, be assured I will be writing to you again.

Yours pedantically,

S.W. Bag

[Steve "Whingebag" Cornelius]

P.S. I know where you live.

WHOSE BLOODY IDEA WAS THIS ANYWAY

Alan Phillips

Alan Phillips sneaks off to Aspen to steal a march on Bryce's AFRICAN CAMPAIGN - and just lives to tell the tale.

Arrived LA mid-day Thursday 4th. Met friends arriving from Melbourne. Rented car, checked into beach front hotel at Santa Monica.

Out, bars, shops, restaurants, booze, late night, pissed, knackered, bed by mid-night Friday 4.30am. Alarm goes off, what the hell's that? Oh yes, it's Alf Fields special get-you-ready-for-the-COMRADES-run yourselves to death session. SHIT! I'm tired. My body feels like it's 12 o'clock tomorrow night. Refuse to do it. STUFF YOU ALF.

Friday 5am. Loaded down with Squeezys and a spare water tank I set off into the darkness of Santa Monica beach.

There's a bike path running for miles right on the beach so I get on it and head north towards Mabibu. Still dark and one hour has elapsed. Bike path runs out, beach runs out and I find myself, during a five minute walk leg, stumbling through the grounds of an exclusive beach club.

"Oi!" It was the night security man, heavily armed and ugly. I start to explain what I'm doing and ask for help when the timer alarm goes off. Like a trained rat I start to run. The security man doesn't understand. I continued my explanation over my shoulder as I jumped the fence onto the PCH (Pacific Coast Highway). Expect a bullet in the back any moment. Daylight by now I've turned around and (carefully avoiding the beach clubs) am heading south towards Marina Del Ray.

Arrived back at hotel at 9.30am. Actual run walk time 4hrs 10mins.

Did I feel really relaxed and fresh and like I could do it all again like Alf says your supposed to feel. NO I BLOODY WELL DID NOT! I felt rooted.

It did appear to have cured the jet lag though.

Spent the rest of the day WALKING around endless shopping centres, eating in restaurants and trying not to complain. In bed by 11.30pm. Up at 5am for the flight to Aspen. Skiing by 11.30am.

Sunday 14th Feb. Aspen altitude 8000 ft temperature -10C Time 9am.

Christ, a week goes by quickly when you've got to train doesn't it? Bugger you Alf!

All advice on the home front and from the experts at the Mountaineering centre is forget it.

9.30am. Embark on training odyssey. Torso pack on, three tanks of water loaded. Surface is packed snow. One hour and forty five minutes down and I have come out and back on the Rio Grande cross country trail. Now heading out of town towards Independence Pass. Climbing, climbing, climbing. High cloud obscures sun. Temperature plunges. Water in bottles starts to freeze. Can't get the nipple undone anyway cause they have frozen. Squeezys have gone all chewy. Pull parka out of torso pack. Shove water tank down the front of tights to thaw it. Must look like a cross between a male ballet dancer and an opening batsman. Water bottle has thawed. Balls now frozen though find a sign at the Pass which indicates I'm now at 9,500 ft. Wondered why it was such hard work and my breathing laboured. If I even see that bastard Field again HE's GONE, understand?

There seemed to be shades of "I'm going out, I may be some time". Back in Aspen. Elapsed time 4hrs 10mins. Didn't ski that day. Can't believe I did it.

Two down and one to go! Something wrong with this training program. Monday morning. Did I feel all sort of bouncy and fresh and able to do it all again like Alf says? Nope. I felt like I ought to be in intensive care - thats how I felt.

LEROY'S BELIEVE IT OR NOT

1. Which male age group has a current world marathon record of 2hr 41mins 57secs?
2. Who in 1992 set new age group records in every distance from 800 m to the marathon with the following times?

800 m	2:17.8	500 m	16:38.8
1500 m	4:39.8	10,000 m	34:42.8
Mile	4:56.4	Marathon	2:41:57
300 m	9:47.4		

3. Which of the above times exceed 100 percent of the nominal "ultimate" performance levels for that age group?

Answers on page 63

THREE STRIDERS...

John Hamilton

Three Striders, resplendent in emerald and white, are sitting on little puffs of cloud at the entrance to the Pearly Gates exchanging stories about their mortal PB's. Along comes St Peter. Silence descends, and with a serious look in his eyes, St Peter greets the trio of runners.

"This month we're closely examining the fidelity of those who have risen to pass through the Pearly Gates to ensure you're fit to reside in heaven."

St Peter looks at Strider A (name with-held to protect his reputation) and asks:

"Have you ever betrayed your wife?"

"Why no, St Peter. I have been faithful to my wife all my life. I have never had an affair, never looked at other women. Not even dreamt of another."

"Ah-ha", says St Peter, rubbing his chin and flicking through the pages of his great Log Book in the Sky until he comes to the story of the life and runs of Strider A. He carefully reads the entries then looks over his bi-focals:

"My son, you have indeed been most faithful to your spouse. For this you will always have the best running shoes prayer can bring and they will enable you to run tirelessly, and further than ever before."

St Peter rings his bell and out flutters a running angel (guess who?!?) with the best pair of Nikes you ever saw. Sliding them onto his now-immortal feet, Strider A bids his fellow Striders good luck and farewell, and trots off, ever so lightly, through the Pearly Gates.

St Peter then turns to Strider B and asks the same question.

"I cannot lie to you, St Peter," says Strider B. "I have had the occasional affair. But I've always stood by my wife and provided for her and loved her dearly all my mortal life."

St Peter casts a stern look at Strider B before flicking the pages of the big Log Book in the sky and reading about the events which went to make up Strider B's life.

"You have indeed been a naughty boy now and then, haven't you? Since you told the truth, I'll let you pass through the Pearly Gates. But your shoes shall be K-Mart Specials and they'll only be replaced every other year."

Strapping on his runners whilst thanking St Peter and the running angel profusely, Strider B turns and jogs through the Pearly Gates and beyond.

St Peter notices a wide grin on Strider C's face as he stands and says to St Peter "Oh what the heck, I played up all the time, St Peter. I had affairs on the run, after the run, and before the run. And I dreamt of all the ladies in the six o'clock group! St Peter, I have been a bad boy but I've thoroughly enjoyed my mortal life because my PB's haven't always been achieved on the road!"

Fully expecting to be shown the stairs down to the Other Place after St Peter consulted his big Log Book in the Sky, Strider C was surprised to be allowed to pass through the Pearly Gates. But St Peter chided him heavily and granted him a pair of Harvey Blue's cast-off, never to be replaced. But Strider C was still happy to be forgiven and allowed to run in heaven, even though only ever in such battered footwear.

Many weeks later Striders B and C are out on a STaR (yes, of course they have them up there!). Running into a (holy) water stop, they find Strider A sitting on a park cloud crying his eyes out.

"Why are the Hell are you crying? You have the best running shoes there could ever be! They're ten times superior to K-Mart Specials and a hundred times better than these smelly cast-off. You can run further and better than we can - what more could you want?"

Strider A turned and looked at his blemished brethren through a haze of tears and sobs:

"Sure, these shoes are the best I've ever worn. And true, I'm running better and further and faster than I ever did on Earth. But I just passed my wife - she's up here now - happy as Larry Lazarus. And you know what? She's running around in a pair of old thongs!"

Apologies to the original author of this story. Thanks to Warwick Selby for first telling this joke on a STaR - it's not his fault what's happened to it. You all know who Striders A, B and C are - and the running angel. You can apologise to them yourselves !!

MY FIRST (AND LAST) SUNDAY MORNING RUN

Phil Hugill will only take on another STAR if he doesn't have to run with Steve Urwin.

Having joined the club some time ago I had finally run out of excuses and imaginary ailments and had forced myself to appear at the crack of dawn well 6.00am ready to experience my first STAR run.

I picked the Willoughby run out of convenience, its close to where I live, plus Steve Urwin had promised me a bottle of champagne for my small part in his successful Picnic run team.

So here I was, nervous but anticipating the challenge, the start at Willoughby Park was easy enough to find- in my case very easy I got a taxi there. A two dollar collection was organised for breakfast afterwards, I now realise why the money was collected beforehand, no one expected to return. I shall return to this point.

We were led out at the start, an intrepid bunch, six or so, by Steve "according to the map its this way" Urwin. WE went along as per directed by Steven and his map, from Cammeray Rd we turned into HC Park and onto the walking track. It has to be said how anyone can walk never mind run on this track is a source of much amazement, still the Striders motto of 'to boldly go where no man has gone before' was surging us all, never mind the head high branches, the mountain climbs, the unsure footholds, we pressed on.

After approximately 20 minutes I should have realised today was not meant to be when we made three attempts to find the track. As on of our party commented as he hacked back the jungle Tarzan style, "I think this track's a bit rough Steve". Having failed to cross the river which I might add we weren't supposed to cross anyway, we did arrive in Harold Road Reserve and found the lookout point.

At this stage I suppose I was vaguely aware of the vacant faces and embarrassing silences when I asked routine question's like "where the hell are we". As you can tell I was beginning to lose sight of reality and being a typical wimpish pom was starting to worry about ever seeing civilisation again, well at least a road etc.

Never mind, onward and forward, or as in our case onward-backward-forward-uphill-downhill etc. So from Middle Cove it was round to Castlecrag, running on the road again, the road surface lasted until the Golf course at Northbridge. I can't remember much detail relating to this part of the run as our dwindling group now led by Jonathon "its only 3k to go" was setting a very brisk pace.

We caught up with the 6.10 group around this point, something we would do several times from here to the finish, as we went way off course repeatedly, having to backtrack, funny the way we always got lost after going up hill, we never seemed to lose our way on the flat.

Anyway onto the Golf course and left at the 5th tee, which I remember was actually a right turn, I can only thank God or more correctly thank the person who sprayed the white marker arrows on the ground, whoever he/she is thank you, or we would still be on the bloody course today.

Having left the Golf course and climbed some major hills, I felt we were at last approaching the end! I was wrong, around this time we rejoined the 6.10 group again. As we approached the junction of Cammeray Road and Miller Road, Jonathon tripped and fell. Hoping he would take a five minute rest-recovery spell, I offered words of advice (ie) "Just take your time, walk for a while", to no avail. With the immortal words, "I wouldn't have fallen if I wasn't tired" he was off.

Deciding to swallow my ego I pursued Jonathon from a distance and whenever I thought I was within earshot shouted out "we are getting very strung out, its getting very warm etc." finally gaining some compassion and slowing of the pace with "I'm knackered, when can I stop!".

For once luck was on my side, Jonathon eased back, muttered something about 3k to go and I was able to blindly hang on. As it happens we turned a corner entered the park and could see the finish, my first easy - social Sunday morning run with the Striders was over, we finished at 9.00am and distance covered ranged in discussion from 28k to 32k, personally I was too tired to care.

So in conclusion, thank you to my fellow runners. It was interesting, also the efforts of those who prepared breakfast, you saved my life, a $2.00 well spent and my wife would like to thank Steve for driving me home (by this point I couldn't walk), most of all I think this run confirmed to me what a crazy interest running is and I loved every minute of it, so thanks to everyone I met on the day.

POST-RACE RECOVERY

Acknowledgments to Rob de Castella

A lot of people don't know how to recover from an intense race and very few understand the importance of the recovery in improving your overall fitness. If you recover property you will benefit immensely. But if you don't allow yourself adequate recovery you can be destroyed by the effort.

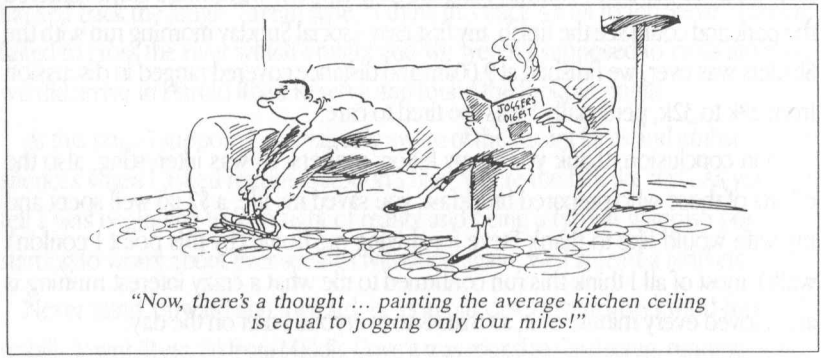
Some top runners have been put out for a season after running the marathon, not because of the marathon itself, but because of poor recovery. This is usually brought about by training too intensely too soon in the post-race period.

The first couple of weeks after racing take your training very, very quietly.

Run only a few kilometres a day at a very slow, relaxed pace. Slow, easy running actually stimulates race recovery. It gets your blood circulating, and muscles contracting, removing the lactic acid build-up from your body. Hot baths and light massages are excellent during this period, and sometimes Robert substitutes a swim or a cycle for a run.

He avoids racing, even in shorter events, for at least 4 weeks after a marathon. The respect and care which he takes during this period has enabled him to bounce back after each of his marathons, allowing him to be in form for the next one, without the risk of being tired or overtrained.

It takes me between 6 and 8 weeks to recover fully, although after a few weeks I feel about 90 per cent right. That's the time to be careful not to overtrain. Make sure you are 100 percent recovered.



"Now, there's a thought ... painting the average kitchen ceiling is equal to jogging only four miles!"

LIMITED EDITION STING ON A FOOT WELL-HEELED.

By Tony Podpera, reprinted from 'The Sydney Morning Herald'.

They were beautiful. Just magnificent. I expected sports shoes to have improved since I'd bought my last pair 18 months ago, but these were amazing.

They were a brilliant white with a sky and royal blue trim. A thick, resilient sole with an interior that looked so plush I thought my feet would go to sleep as soon as I put them on. And they had that wonderful smell of fresh leather upholstery.

The sports shop wall was full of shoes like this, but the ones I was looking at also had Cross Fibre Kevlar Heel Shift Inserts. I didn't know what Cross Fibre Kevlar Heel Shifts Inserts were, exactly, but they sounded like just what I needed. I asked the assistant if I could try them on in a nine and a half..

"Certainly , sir, I'll just get them." She was a very polite assistant called Annette.

As she was just about to disappear into the stock room, she turned, looked at me, and walked back.

"You know , sir, you look like quite an athletic guy to me." (Polite, and perceptive!) "I don't know if these will be quite strong enough for a man like you." Well, I could tell this woman knew what she was talking about, so I listened.

"Why not try these ...," she suggested, pulling from the wall a very smart white and mauve number. "These are reinforced with a special Swedish rubber compound - exactly the same stuff they use in Volvo bumper bars. And of course they have Super Gel Reverse Camber Edge Technology."

I titled my head trying to look thoughtful but I was really trying to read the price-tag on these beauties. "Well ... I do need my camber edged," I lied, trying hard to sound as though I knew what I was talking about. "And they're probably a lot safer with the Volvo rubber in them," I added.

"Do they still have the Kevlar Heel Inserts?" I asked.

"Oh yes, sir. They come standard with this model."

Annette suggested the Air Pump variety for snug fit and I agreed. Sure, they were a little dearer, but an aerobics animal like me needs a snug fit, you know. Well, that's

what Annette said anyway. I was admiring them in the mirror and enjoying the feel of them on my feet when I mentioned that they were my first purchase for 18 months.

"The guys at aerobic will get a shock when I bounce in on these," I said, "The instructor will too ... Helen's always on at me to get better shoes."

"Helen is your instructor?"

"Yes."

"Helen from the health spa?"

"Yes"

Annette stopped attending to my laces, slumped back on the floor and looked up at me. "You know," she said, rubbing her chin, shaking her head slightly and looking very concerned, "It would be a shame not to get the most out of Helen's classes."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, these are good shoes, but I think you ought to have a look at the Scorpions."

"What are the Scorpions?" I asked, suspecting she would probably say they were the finest aerobics shoes ever made and just what I needed. "The Scorpions are quite simply the finest aerobics shoes ever made and I think you're just what you need," she said, (I knew it!).

She quickly returned from the back room with a large shoe box, sat next to me and began to open it. She removed the purple velvet lining of the box and, like a father lifting a baby from a cot, gently cradled one of them in both hands and raised it towards me.

Everyone in the store fell silent as the assistant held up the shoe. All eyes were fixed upon it in awe. In what looked to me like a scale-model of the Starship *Enterprise*, complete with the flashing lights and little windows, I could barely distinguish the outline of a sports shoe.

Annette announced with proud reverence: "This .. is the Limited Edition Scorpion 1000."

"Double cured Canadian Bullhide, Duck Down Gortex Inflatable Reversible Waterproof Deodorised Interior, Heat Resistant Double Layered Volvo Sole with Built-in Mega-Jel Rebound Capsules, Hand Formed Platinum Lined Heel Counter with Removable Norwegian Slip Braces, Reinforced Side Panels with Solar Powered Water Dispenser and Cup Receptacle, Toe-cap with Towel Compartment, Gold Reinforced Automatically Threading Stretch Laces with Adjustable Tension Dial, Lightweight Safety Roll Bar, Precision Japanese Instrumentation and Elevation Control. And of course the Kevlar Heel Inserts and the Reverse Camber Edge Technology."

Well, I did want to get the most out of my classes. And after all, Annette did say I was too athletic for the regular shoes.

So I bought the Scorpion. And I bought the special Scorpion socks, I had to use with them. And the spare laces, replacement battery, cleaning fluid, storage frame and carrying case that she recommended. And the T-shirt.

Not only did I have to sell my video to be able to pay for all this stuff. I had to get rid of my TV, too. That doesn't really matter, though, because I can't afford electricity now either.

But at least I have my aerobic shoes. They really are beautiful. I have them locked up in my cupboard, just waiting for the day when I can once again afford my gym membership. I reckon that'll be about November. Next year.

THEY SAID IT: 3

"These days the great running spectacles are taking place on the road. Through the intimacy of the mobile camera - the bird's eye view from a moving helicopter or on a car directly in front of the lead group - anguish and pain have invaded the comfort zone of the suburban living room. But this embarrassing display holds an irresistible fascination. There is something positively biblical about the City-to-Surf. The tide of souls power forth from the city behind the winner who emerges a truly popular hero".

MARK SEYMOUR

DON'T LOOK BACK

by Trev

Over the years many articles have appeared in the Blister about Harvey Blue and John Turner, sadly they have become like Dave Richie's PB's, practically non-existent. Which is a shame really because reports of their antics (usually whilst out cycling together) always got a good laugh.

As the universe moves inexorably into the age of Aquarius time has come to refocus our attention to another couple of 'lycra clad bods', slightly younger (only just) but with great potential (and legs) ..... Gary Leahey & John Preston.

Picture if you will, a Tomahawk cruise missile silently cutting the cool morning air marginally under the speed of light ... or ... The Road Runner with 'wheels of fire' streaking through some desert cartoon scape with the coyote in full pursuit (but miles behind) and the scene is set. Take it away guy's!.

Saturday 19/12/92 during a 140K training ride:

> *".....Like a cruise missile Gary zoomed past John leaving him eating his rubber (second thoughts better make that dirt!!). Oho! That momentary lack of concentration on Gary's part as he looked over his shoulder to see just how far back he had left John & "SPLAT" all over the highway. How embarrassing lying there moaning in agony with blood pouring from his extremities and the expensive fluro's shredded. Eventually John caught up to his mate, dismounted, and leant his bike against a rock. After scraping Gary up from the bitumen and licking his wounds, he remounted his bike but to his horror, he noticed that the bloody rock had put a scratch on the "Cannondale"...".*

The day ended on a good note; No permanent damage to the Cannondale (or Gary), a little scratched but what the hell it was probably all worth it!!.

(Fortunately, for most of us, Sydney Striders is a ***running*** *club; and, after that, you wouldn't get me on a bike for quids - I mean, dollars! I understand you need BIG DOLLARS.[Ed.]*

IT'S FIFTY FOR SUE

Veteran scribbler Steve Cornelius marks the occasion with a bit of his POETRY and some doggerel PROSE.

"I swear every word is true"

One of the club's longest members, Sue Hill, recently passed the significant milestone of her 50th birthday, and I took the opportunity to scrawl a ludicrous bit of doggerel to mark the occasion. It was read out to a small gathering of her friends on October 31, much to her embarrassment.

It tells the remarkable (but true) story of how Sue once turned out in the NSW 50-mile running championship with absolutely no intention of finishing, but how because of the non appearance of her lift at half-way she continued to the finish and became probably the first Australian woman ever to complete a 50-miler. Being

The Ballad of Half a Ton

Please attend to my humble verse, if you will
Of a physiotherapist, name of Sue Hill
Who runs everywhere and rarely stands still
although she was recently 50.

Young Sue went out for a jog one day
And said, in her own unassuming way
"I think I'll run 26 mile today"
She little dreamed she would run 50.

In the State 50-mile running championship
The second half Sue was intending to skip
"At the marathon mark", she said, "home I will slip,
There's no way that I can run 50".

She didn't quite want to be running all day
So she asked a good friend to collect her half-way
But he ran out of petrol or slept in, I'd say
So it looked like she'd have to run 50.

modest unassuming old Sue Hill, of course, she would hardly have mentioned this to anyone, and to this day doesn't really rate it as much of an achievement. For those reasons, among others, I feel it's a story worth telling. I swear that every word is true, apart from a little poetic licence which all editors must permit to the writers of doggerel. We're not crash-hot at getting rhymes right unless we're allowed a bit of licence. The substance is true, anyway, and a large part of the detail.

In the late 1970's (the era described in the poem) before the Sydney Wollongong 50-miler came into existence (and later died because of the ridiculously unattainable marshalling requirements of the NSW Plod Force), the State 50-mile Championship involved running around Centennial Park until you were dizzy, then hiking out to Sutherland, then back to Centennial Park and round and round a few more times. So here it is, the story of one of Sydney Striders' pioneer ultramarathoners, the remarkable Sue Hill.

Poor old Sue must have really got quite a rude shock
To be stuck out at Sutherland like a shag on a rock
With a blood-blistered foot and three holes in her sock
And then finding she'd have to run 50.

But such is the Susan Hill philosophy
With a shrug of her shoulders, she said "C'est la vie
And hummed "Che sera, what will be, will be,
I guess I'll just have to run 50".

So she soldiered right on 'til the day turned to dark
When she said to herself, "Bugger" this for lark,
I've still to run twice round Centennial Park
Before I've completed the 50".

At the finishing line, they said "Don't be aggrieved,
If anything you should be mighty relieved,
Because here is the measure of what you've achieved:
You're the first girl who ever ran 50".

They said "Sue, this assures you your place in the sun,
You're the only girl crazy enough to have run,
So it looks like we'll have to declare that you've won,
Though you didn't intend to run 50".

Well now she's reached 50 in a different way
And the running's still doing her good, you must say
She's not putting on too much fat, anyway
Despite having crashed through her 50.

Here's the moral, young women, keep one step ahead
Don't take lifts from men, even if they're well bred
Just do like Sue Hill, bloody run home instead
And be sure that you'll make it to 50.

In conclusion, one thing that Sue's learned through the years
Just never go running with orienteers
Only 10 k with them will confirm all your fears
You'll feel like you've damn well run 50.

That's the end of my verse, because all things must pass
Although Sue shows no signs of being put out to grass
So I'll ask you to join me in raising your glass
To the youngest old lady of 50!

Sue Hill is an inspiration, physically and mentally, and on my arrival at my own half-century in five years from now, her condition will be one of the benchmarks against which I shall measure my own degeneration.

THEY SAID IT: 4

"When the urge to run rises from deep within a national community of joggers and club runners, no amount of hype will ever touch the truth of this tradition as any distance runner will tell you: It's not just a sport, it's a way of life". MARK SEYMOUR

SAFETY IN ACTION: AN INJURY PREVENTION PROGRAM

by Janine Sloan, courtesy 'Canberra Runner'.

The Golden Rule in all injury is "PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN CURE". With approximately 70% of the population involved in some form of physical activity ranging from organised sport, social sport or individual fitness programs the importance of injury Prevention cannot be underestimated. The following are some key points that will assist you in preventing injuries in your sport.

1. WARM UP

Warm up is a vital part of any competition or exercise session. A warm up will increase flexibility as well as prepare the mind, heart, muscles and joints for participation, thus reducing the likelihood of injury. A good indication of a sound warm up is a light sweat.

2. STRETCHING

Stretching is also a valid factor in competition and training. Without stretching, muscles lose their flexibility and may fail to respond when being used, and injury could be the result. Below are seven rules that should be followed when stretching:

1. Warm up prior to stretching
2. Stretch before and after exercise
3. Stretch alternative muscle groups
4. Stretch gently and slowly
5. Never bounce when stretching
6. Stretch to the point of tension not pain
7. Do not hold your breath, breathing should be normal

3. WARM DOWN

Warm/cool down is also important because it prevents pooling of the blood in the limbs which could lead to fainting or dizziness, it improves the recovery of the heart muscles another tissues after exercise. An effective warm down consists of a gradual reduction in activity levels for 5-10 minutes followed by stretching.

The above are just some of the preventative methods to reduce the chance of injury. The ACT Academy of Sport through the Safety in Action slogan aims to increase the awareness and general knowledge of the principles and techniques of injury prevention in the community and maximise the enjoyment and value of activity while minimising the risk of injury.

As part of the Safety in Action program ACT Academy of Sport is working with a number of local sporting groups. Also, in association with the Australian Sports Medicine Federation, the Academy is running Sports Medicine Awareness Courses.

(If you have any questions or would like some more information please contact Janice Slogan, ACT Academy of Sport, on 201 2216)

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MARATHON TACTICS

(Acknowledgements to 'Marathon Running', by De Castella).

Race tactics should be considered with two distinctly separate goals in mind: those tactics which are used to produce a fast time: tactics used to win.

In elite competition, such as Olympic Games and the World Championships, the victory of course is the most important factor, although the competition itself is also of great importance. But for most of the participants in people's marathons, winning is not a possibility so time is the main consideration.

The best advice I can give, and the most simple, is to run evenly. Determine what time you are aiming to achieve, compare this with the pace you think you can maintain, and then stick to it.

Most marathon courses give 5 kilometre times, and it is a good idea to familiarise yourself with these splits. It is very easy to go out too fast early on in the race, especially when you are feeling fresh and eager to take up the challenge of competing the marathon or improving on your previous best effort.

During the first 15 kilometres consciously hold yourself back and don't run faster than your allocated race pace. It is easier to come home strongly, than it is to be struggling because of too fast a pace early on. It amazes me how much time you can lose over the last 10 kilometres if you have started out too quickly. Just ask Juma Ikaanga after the Brisbane Games. You will lose not just seconds but minutes, and in some cases tens of minutes, and this can happen to even the most talented of marathon runners. Running evenly and conservatively are the best race tactics a runner going for time can use.

At the same time, watches should be used only as indicators of your pace. Don't rapidly speed up if your time shows you are running a little slowly. It is important to feel comfortable.

CORONARY ARTERY DISEASE AND COMRADES: A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

By Brian Stewart, Pietermarizburg

Being a victim of coronary artery disease does not necessarily mean the end of the world. Life does not have to change radically. Here, triple by-pass patient, Brian Stewart shares his post-operative experiences with us. (Including the fact that, because of his basic fitness he will run Comrades again).

Coronary artery disease...It's a chilling thought isn't it...So chilling, in fact that even given the choice, most of you would prefer not to even think about it. Yet in this country, coronary artery disease is almost a fact of life, because one out of every four South African males will ultimately fall victim to it.

But of course, you need not worry because you know you are safe in the knowledge that such misfortune only happens to the fellow next door. But you must never forget that the fellow next door...also has a fellow next door...YOU.

I'm not a medical man, so I am not qualified to comment on the medical aspects of the disease. So I won't bore you with details of the causes, the symptoms, the risks factors, the treatment...

So what then, am I doing writing about coronary artery disease? Well, on the 7th November 1988, just six months after earning my green number, I became the fellow next door...I was diagnosed as having advanced coronary disease...and two days later I underwent a triple bypass. What I want to do here is share a few personal experiences with you. For instance, what does life holds for someone who has the disease? What effect does it have on one's family? How have I benefited from a life

ANSWERS TO LEROY'S BELIEVE IT OR NOT

1 65 to 69 age group

2 New Zealand sheep farmer Derek Turnbull. He is 65

3 Turnbull's four records from Mile to 10,000 m are each around 101 percent of the World Athletes Vets Association's "ultimate" performance standards. The other three records are merely 99 percent!

(Leroy says: *Get your fingers out, you old blokes!*)

of relatively strenuous exercise, both before and after the operation?

With the benefit of hindsight, and without trying to sound blase, the operation itself is really no big deal. During the immediate post operative period. I certainly felt extremely sorry for myself...That my whole world had come crashing down. But that soon passed, I am as fit and as well as I have ever been...And in a few days I hope to complete my 13th Comrades; my third since undergoing surgery.

What about the effect it has on one's family?... Again very little. I have an elevated cholesterol level, and as a result I have to follow a fairly strict diet, so the only person affected to any degree is my wife. She no longer has the luxury of the easy, convenient meal...the hotdogs and hamburgers. She now has to give thought to the preparation of slightly more elaborate meals, to avoid those foods which now fall into my 'poison' category. But for every burden there is a benefit...and our benefit is that the whole family now eats more healthily.

What about exercise? I believe exercise is the finest medicine ever discovered. It cures everything... from broken hearts to ingrown toe nails. The medical fraternity might not entirely agree with me, but how often do you see committed endurance sportsmen - runners, cyclists, canoeists, swimmers - how often do you find them sick? Very seldom, the cardiologist who treats me is adamant that if it wasn't for my running, my problem would probably have struck nine or ten years earlier. My fitness was also the reason for getting back into running so soon after the operation I started running again within 7 weeks, and after another 4 weeks I had completed a half marathon, albeit in 2 1/2 hours. He insists that I exercise at least 4 times a week for up to an hour.

Now finally, to what extent are you at risk?

The real tragedy is the first symptoms only manifest themselves when the disease is already 70 to 90% advanced, and for this reason we do not undergo regular medical checks until it is too late.

But the *real* reason for not submitting to examination is because you are afraid to find out that you have a heart problem. You would rather not know. Correct? But believe me it is better to know than not to know. I had never in my life visited a doctor for medical reasons. I mean why should I? ... I had run ten Comrades...and hundreds

of other races...I was too fit...too strong...and too stupid. Yet help is available if only you are aware of the problem.

I want you to imagine that you are standing up. Now, if you are a female...sit down. If you are under 25...sit down. If you have had a full medical assessment, including an ECG and blood test in the last 18 months...sit down. If you are still standing you owe it to yourself and your family to do something about it. But do it today, because without realising it you may be in dire trouble tomorrow.

Fortunately I read the signs correctly. I couldn't understand why I was getting desperately tired on very little effort. I would be reduced to walking after jogging for 200 metres. That simply wasn't on in view of the training I had been doing. I was convinced that I had picked up a bug; nothing that a few pills wouldn't put right. So I paid a visit to my family doctor, certain that he would have me back on the road in two days. The same day he referred me to a specialist physician who in turn sent me to see a cardiologist the next day.

Believe me, those were the two worst days of my life. Everything that I lived for seemed to have dissipated within a few hours. I just could not come to terms with the thought that I would never run again. A life without Comrades was inconceivable.

So instead of being back on the road in two days, I lay on the slab in the operating theatre at St Augustine's Hospital Durban, awaiting open heart surgery.

But at least I believe I did the right thing. I sought medical advice. The result is that green number 709 can again be seen on the R103 on the 31st May each year.

About 7 years ago I attended an address by Professor Marius Bernard during which he said without exception, every single South African over the age of 15, regardless of race or sex, has already developed the early stage of atherosclerosis, or hardening of the arteries, a prime cause of coronary artery disease.

That means that every single one of us are possible victims. We have already laid the foundations. But fortunately, the disease 'attacks' different individuals at varying speeds. So if you are one of the lucky ones who will be attacked in slow motion, you will probably die before it kills you. But if you are one of the unfortunates like me, it is likely to kill you before you die.

As a runner, I don't regard fellow runners as stupid. But I implore you...don't be stupid as I was. Get yourself examined and defer the fateful day.

As is said earlier, I earned my green number just six months before undergoing heart surgery. My ambition now is to earn another green number - my double green - subsequent to the by-pass operation. I still have eight to go, but it is a challenge I cannot resist. But above all, if you are struck down by the disease, have faith in yourself, re-define your objectives, and then set out to achieve them.

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MARATHON HAS A HISTORY OF CHEATS AND SCOUNDRELS.

Acknowledgements to the Australian Financial Review.

How to succeed in the Olympic marathon without really trying - hitch a ride with a horse and carriage.

In the colourful history of the Olympics, the marathon must rank as one of the most spectacular races for cheats.

Greece went crazy with delight in 1896, making Spiridon Louis a national hero and a rich man after his triumph in the first modern-day marathon.

The celebrations for Greek bronze medallist Spiridon Belokas were short-lived.

After protests from other runners, he admitted hitching a ride in a horse-drawn carriage. Stripped of his medal and his running shirt, the disgrace was total.

At the 1904 St Louis Games, cheats got more sophisticated,

New Yorker Fred Lorz was greeted with great acclaim in the stadium and photographed with President Roosevelt's daughter.

He was about to be awarded the gold medal when officials found out he stopped running after nine miles (14.5km), hitched a ride in a car for 21 miles and then finished off fresh as a daisy. He was banned for life after admitting his practical joke.

In 1972, a hoaxer burst onto the track and ran two laps before being hustled off by the Munich security guards. He was still being booed by the crowd when bemused winner Frank Shorter appeared.

Even the romantic legend that inspired the marathon may not be true.

Pheidippides reportedly carried the news of the Greek victory over the Persians at the Battle of Marathon in 490 BC and, arriving in Athens, he cried "Be joyful, we win" and dropped dead of exhaustion.

But most Olympic historians pour scorn on the veracity of the story.

In these days of multi-million dollar commercialism, the US based Dream Team stays in luxury hotels and its stars have mammoth bank balances. In 1906, Canadian railway brakeman Billy Sherring was desperately short of funds.

He couldn't afford the trip to the "unofficial" Olympics in Athens. So he asked a bartender friend to put $US75 ($A101) on a horse called Cicily. It romped in at 6-1 and he was on his way to gold.

He won a statue of Athens and a young lamb, but missed out on the big time. Greek merchants offered any Greek winner of the glamour event free bread, coffee, lunch and a shave for a year.

Today drug testing is a sophisticated science. Many past competitors would have been in for a nasty shock.

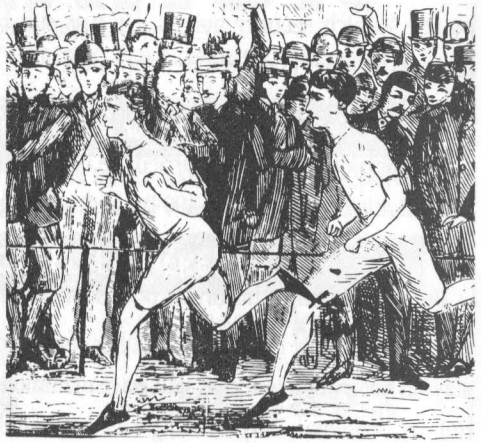
Thomas Hicks took several doses of strychnine and brandy to revive him in the 1904 race which he finished in a stupor.

Runners have quaffed champagne, one retired with stomach cramps after stopping for a snack in an orchard, another was delayed when chased off into a field by barking dogs.

The marathon required runners to dig deep into their reserves of courage and has produced a string of tragic tales.

Dual marathon winner Abebe Bekila of Ethiopia broke his neck and spine and was paralysed for life in a car crash. he later died of a brain haemorrhage aged just 41.

Japan's Kokichi Tsuburaya, in hospital for three months, raced against time to be fit for the 1968 marathon but failed. Slitting his throat, he left a note saying: "Cannot run anymore."



Many athletes say the media put unbearable pressure on them.

Tell that to Haitian Dieudonne Lamothe. He revealed that Haitian officials had threatened to kill him if he failed to finish in the 1984 marathon. He came in 78th and last.

Unlike Pheidippides, he lived to tell the tale.

CALLOUS COMMENTS

by 'No Names Mentioned'

Somebody said the reason Dale doesn't do Triathlons is because she can't talk whilst swimming, but the reply to that was Dale could still hurl abuse with her head under the water and a mouth full of marbles.....

The Xmas Run:

'Nobby arrived with a BANG' too bad about the mudguard on the flashest SAAB in the club.

Bret was seen trying to tie his Xmas bell onto his right nipple.

Here's one from the 'land of the great unwashed'! (from The UK Sunday Telegraph)

The case of the short sighted man who went to his bathroom in search of haemorrhoids cream but instead superglued his buttocks together. The incident was the lead story on page three of the Sun newspaper on Nov 18 and appeared under the headline Our John's Gone Potty & Glued Up His Botty. It reported that the glue was in the bathroom because his wife was using it to mend a shoe.

This man went into his bathroom without his glasses on and picked up the superglue instead of some kind of cream and glued his buttocks together. (maybe this is where the expression 'tight arse' comes from)?

Striders this column is your chance to say something about someone/something without the fear of retribution. Look above, no names mentioned (except the 'picked jupon's).

We will print almost anything. Give your contributions to Tina, or place in the 'Blister box' at a STaR.

'God Bless America'

Succulents 1; Gun toting Lunatics 0:

Twenty seven year old David Grundman meets an untimely demise in the desert near Phoenix when a 23 foot-tall section of the saguaro cactus he has been using for target practice breaks off and crushes him.

I Think I shall never see a stump as lovely as an RV:

To make room for the 5,000 recreational vehicles expected to gather in south eastern Michigan for the 1990 "Campvention" of the National Campers & Hikers Association the Michigan Department of Natural Resources cuts down 30,000 trees.

Best gear in a supporting role:

A Carmel, California company call Loved Ones, introduces a new line of out door wear featuring goosedown-filled brassieres and jockstraps.

Not only Yanks, but Indians & Iraqi's:

Land Ho.

Intent on a solo journey to his hometown of Calcutta, Praasanta Mukherjee sets out from Southampton, England, aboard a leaky 25-foot sailboat. A mile offshore, he flags down another boat to ask directions. Fifty miles out, he sends up a distress signal, and the British Coast Guard rescues him, 7,500 miles from the Indian subcontinent.

The mother of all Heartburn:

After Iraq's invasion of Kuwait in the summer of 1990, the World Society for the Protection of Animals claimed the Iraqi soldiers had eaten 70 percent of the edible animals in the Kuwait Zoo.

Kevin's dog 'Alex'.

Heard at the October 10K race at Shelley Beach, the weekend after the Picnic Relay:

A mad herd of runners charges down the esplanade after the gun smokes. M^{c}Iver and Hamilton size each other up and decide to let the rest of the pack lead the way. A mystery figure shoots past. familiar but unrecognizable. From behind, a voice says:

"G'day Kevin O'Kane. It's so quiet near you I didn't recognise you."

"Yeah, left the dog at home this morning!!!"

(To understand the significance of this, consult members of Kevin O'Kane's Picnic Relay Team who were 'trapped' in their Range Rover with Kevin's dog for the whole race. The bloody dog barked at everything - sheep, cows, horses, cars, dust, runners, ... isn't that right Alex ?)

Striders legendary ability to read maps strikes again....

A well known female Strider (no names) displayed the Striders legendary ability to read maps the morning of the last Chatswood Chase STaR. On fronting up to the STaR host, the Strider took the map and examined it before coming out with this little gem:

"Okay, where do we start from ?"

(Alright I agree, it's difficult to read maps through bleary eyes at 6:30 in the morning but where the STaR host is, that's the start, is it not !!!)

A SCENE FROM THE STRIDERS ANNUAL DINNER AT THE EARTH EXCHANGE.

Sarah Entwhistle posing as a fantastic triathlete on her day off; **John Ayliffe** in his best editor's pose; **Bret Nichols** senses that he is close to gold – does he find a way into the cabinet?

What will he do with the money, organise a Trans-Amazon Striders Picnic Relay?

Does Lynndy know about Bret's Nugget?

Is there more to this story?

We'll get back to you!

CANBERRA MARATHON APRIL 18TH 1993.

John Sutherland–Smith

For the second consecutive year the Striders have incorporated the Canberra Marathon into its championships.

Anyone running the Sunday morning Stars will be only too aware that over the last few weeks most conversation soon drifts around to the inevitable marathon or Comrades. From the level of excitement it sounded like a consider number were participating. As it turned out 31 Striders participated.

Not to be disappointed the conspicuous green and white Strider's track suits around the start finish area prior to the Saturday afternoon 10km and Sunday's marathon undeniably gave the Striders the most dominating presence of all the associated groups. Certainly snippets of conversation heard indicated a "they seem to be everywhere" syndrome.

After a fitful nights sleep not helped by the Serbian church adjacent to the motel sounding its joy to the sleeping world with the feverish ringing of bells and religious chanting with so much gusto that I'm sure the police forgave us our ignorance at what could easily be misconstrued as Canberra's own Serb/Muslim conflict. All this I'm sure you'll appreciate, happened at precisely midnight. It's also worth remembering that midnight on the 18th April is a special time of religious worship (what type of celebration, I've yet to find out). So don't make our mistake and stay next to a Serbian church if a restful night's sleep is intended.

The day dawned cold and misty but through the drifting haze glimpses of a bright blue sky flashed by. The beautiful hues of a Canberra autumn hidden by morning mists served only to accentuate the prestart jitters. With great anticipation an exhilarating feeling came over me (I'm sure the previous night's religious experience had made an impact) that today all excuses aside, a PB was my destiny. The endorphins were already at to work and yet the start was still 30mins away. Just love those little fellows when they begin to work.

Along with 700 other starters including 26 wheelchair and 59 female entrants stacked to the gunnels with carbohydrates and nervous stomachs filled with liquid concoctions we lined up for the 7:00am start.

As expected Chris McLean (2:37) went off with the lead bunch followed by Joanne (2:41PB), Wayne Stanton (2:46), Chris Dwyer (2:41) and Alex Whitworth (2:52). Close on the heels of this group went Malcolm Satchell (2:43), John Hamilton (2:47 PB) and Warwick Selby (2:43). At a slightly more sedate trot followed myself (2:52PB), Phillip Hugill (2:55PB) and Jeff Gissing (2:52). Somewhere behind I could also hear Kevin Tiller (2:59) probably talking about his training schedule for Canberra, which included the Three Peaks race (135km over three days) just seven days earlier. However the real reason Kevin ran was to beat Dawn (3:09) who threatened to make life miserable for Kevin in the 6:30 pack if she did. Lucky day Kevin.

I normally prefer to run my own race, unless one stoops to unethical tactics declaring all sorts of foul untruths about running time (which of course running with the 6:20 or 6:30 group becomes quite routine), then prepare to hammer bludgers who hope to draft or sit on my shoulder while expecting muggins to forge a path through any head wind. Fortunately conditions for this year's marathon could not have been better and the bludgers were few. Most people seemed to be running alone or like John Turner, Roger Rigby, Dick Bartlett, Hugh Spencer, Alf Field, Alex and Brenda Hamill, Wayne McCarthy and Peter Keeble are training for Comrades, as a group and enjoying it to boot.

The hills. No-one told me about any hills. I'd always wondered why the Striders take on hills so well, now the truth dawns. It's to prepare the uninitiated, for the "slight" rises like Parliament hill and the road to Weston Park. Don't ever let anyone tell you Canberra is a flat run. In the handout received with race numbers the course is described as "not flat" "with a few undulations to help vary stride patterns". However, I should be the last to complain after running 15 minutes faster than the Auckland Marathon last October and a PB. In fact on deeper reflection despite the hills, Canberra is a delightful Autumn course with it's morning fog, still lake, cheering spectators and colourful trees. From a spectators viewpoint, standing on the Telopea Park corner not 1km from the start seeing all the competitors go past four times makes it very convenient and a pleasure while enjoying the morning sun. Carl Satchell, Malcolm's son seem to take delight in calling out my position everytime I

came passed, which is much more encouraging than "looking good".

With approximately 5kms to go people in front begin to slow. Ahead I see Jeff Gissing (an old hero) and ahead of Jeff, Alex Whitworth (an even older hero) with 2km to go I began to have thoughts, "I believe I'm going to pass these 2." But the cat was let out of the bag when one of the marshals forewarned Jeff with my proximity and so he finds it within himself to lift his pace. Pass Alex with 100m meanwhile with all hope of moving up two notches out the window, I finish 4secs later.

Strider's Placing	Place			
1	18	Chris McLean	2:37.47	
2	25	Chris Dwyer	2:41.28	
3	26	Jo Cowan	2:42.00	1st Female
4	34	Malcolm Satchell	2:43.56	
5	35	Warwick Selby	2:44.12	
6	42	Wayne Stanton	2:46.17	
7	45	John Hamilton	2:47.22	
8	55	Jeff Gissing	2:52.40	
9	56	Alex Whitworth	2:52.43	
10	57	John Sutherland	2:52.47	
11	65	Phillip Hugill	2:55.37	
12	76	Kevin Tiller	2:59.19	
13	84	Simon Fretton	3:01.42	
14	105	Mark Robinson	3:08.26	
15	114	Dawn Tiller	3:09.13	6th Female
16	115	Geoff Taylor	3:09.26	
17	161	Bernie King	3:19.29	
18	188	Peter Hammerschmidt	3:24.29	
19	193	Paul Glare	3:25.21	
20	212	David Sill	3:29.51	
21	227	Cathy Verry	3:33.26	13th Female
22	231	Victoria Clark	3:34.07	14th Female
23	252	Sharon McGann	3:39.54	18th Female
24	303	Peter Johnson	3:59.24	
25 =	312	Roger Rigby	4:02.18	
	313	Peter Keeble	4:02.18	
	314	Dick Bartlett	4:02.18	
26 =	315	Wayne McCarthy	4:02.20	
	316	Hugh Spencer	4:02.20	
	317	Alf Field	4:02.20	
	318	Brenda Hamill	4:02.20	25th Female
	319	Alex Hamill	4:02.20	

Please advise John Sutherland of any errors or omissions.

LATE NEWS

1993 Schweppes Sports Plus
Ironman Australian Triathlon, Forster.

John Preston 10:23:00

Gary Leahey 10:51:00

Sarah Entwhistle 11:31:00

Brian Colwell 11:47:00

Murray Town DNF (injured)

1993 Brisbane Waters Bush Bash (47k).

This interesting new near-ultra event was held on Saturday 24 April. The demanding course attracted 21 Striders (looking fantastic in Strider green at the dawn start), which represented twenty-five percent of the field of 80 odd.

The course was tough, consisting of some roads, fire-trails, bush tracks, unrunnable trails up ridges, fantastic panoramic views of Broken Bay and Brisbane Waters, long descents and a couple of hills which would satisfy even the most hardened Strider hill specialist.

The Organiser was Greg Love and, together with local runners as hosts (amongst them were the local Hash) he conducted an outstanding event with plenty of drink stops, a lot of encouragement, efficient race control at the start and finish and excellent lunch organisation after the event.

Notable Club results were Striders Steve Urwin 1st male outright and Wendy ('I'm not a grandmother yet') Downes, 3rd woman.

A great event, which could easily become a cult run in the Brindabella mould.

MALE

1st	Steve Urwin		SS	3.54.25
2nd	Kevin Marshall			4.02.21
3rd	Phil Hugill		SS	4.05.09

FEMALE

1st	Kami Semick (USA)	10th overall		4.26.55
2nd	Jennifer Kiss	14th overall		4.32.56
3rd	Wendy Downes	17th overall	SS	4.43.57

SYDNEY STRIDERS

1	Steve Urwin (Not Dave Ritchie)	3.54.25
3	Phil Hugill	4.05.09
4	Mike Ward	4.13.53
5	Brian Colwell	4.15.02
15	Dave Sill	4.40.56
17	Wendy Downes	4.43.57
25	Steve Nordish	5.02.35
34	Peter Hammerschmidt	5.23.19
37	George Toskas	5.27.26
38=	Sue Hill	5.27.33
	Margaret Robinson	
40=	John Turner	5.31.17
	Roger Rigby	
44=	Susan Griffith	5.46.20
	Tony Crosby	
	Alex Hamill	
	Wayne McCarthy	
56=	Brenda Hamill	6.06.07
	Bryce Courtenay	

".....the following year, (1923) Newton lined up for his second Comrades Marathon. This time he had covered a staggering 6,610 miles (10,642k) in training, 5,096 (8,205k) running, 1,524 miles (2,454k) walking. His training methods began to evolve: he aimed to run 100 miles (161k) in six days' training a week. He would rise early, in the summer as early as 3am if he were running 30 or more miles, and start running immediately after a breakfast of porridge, eggs and bacon, toast and marmalade and 'probably two cups of tea'.

[From the *Lore of Running'*, Noakes – on the history of the legendary Comrades runner, Arthur Newton].

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

		AGE	<----- Best as a Strider ----->			<-- Best before joining -->			
NAME		CAT	Time	Race	Date	Cat	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
CHRIS MCLEAN		V	2.35.55	CANBERRA	0492	V	2.27.31	AUST.	'83
JOHN SAUER		O	2.36.11	ANZAC	0489	O			
MARTIN THOMPSON		V	2.37.23	TRARALGON	0688		2.28.07	P'TECH, UK	'77
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	2.42.29	AUCKLAND	1192	P	2.42.33	CITIES	0890
JOANNE COWAN	F	V	2.42.31	CANBERRA	0492	V			
CHRIS DWYER		V	2.44.25	CANBERRA	0492	V			
CHARLES COVILLE		V	2.45.13	WINSTONE, NZ	1083	P			
IVAN FREYS		V	2.46.54	CANBERRA	0484	P			
STEPHEN JACKSON		O	2.47.04	H'SWORTHY	0992	O			
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			
LINDA THOMPSON	F		2.49.34	S. MELB	1084		2.49.32	MELB	86
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				
JON MARSDEN		P	2.50.17	AUSTRALIAN	0687	O				
GRAHAME MURPHY		P	2.51.20	H'SWORTHY	0992	P	2.43.09	CITIES	0889	
DAVID TOOGOOD		O	2.51.21	GOLD COAST	0790	O	3.10.47	MELB.	1089	
BRIAN GATFIELD		V	2.51.23	GOLD COAST	0889	V				
JONATHAN TROPE		V	2.51.47	CANBERRA	0492	V	2.54.20	VAAL	0388	
JAMES MCDONNELL		V	2.51.57	GOLD COAST	0889	V				
DAVID SILL		V	2.52.54	HAMILTON NZ	1087	V				
SHARON DOBSON	F	V	2.54.14	GOLD COAST	0791	O	2.53.00		1182	
GAVIN MORISSET		V	2.54.22	GOLD COAST	0889	V				
STEPHEN URWIN		P	2.54.27	N. CALEDONIA	0792	P	3.04.00	B'STOKE UK	0686	
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	
STEVE CORNELIUS		V	2.55.31	NSW STATE	0682	P				
MARLIES LAAPER	F	O	2.55.55	CANBERRA	0492	O	3.27.00	ANZAC	0489	
RAYMOND SKINNER		V	2.55.57	ANZAC	0488	V	3.12.56	MELB.	86	
GEOFF COX		O	2.55.58	HONOLULU	1291	O				
BRET NICHOLS		V	2.56.14	ANZAC	0490	P	. .			
KEVIN TILLER		O	2.56.32	CANBERRA	0492	O	3.22.08	LONDON	0486	
NOBBY YOUNG		V	2.56.33	NSW STATE	0584	P				
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, BELG.	0690	
DICK BARTLETT		V	2.58.34	MELBOURNE	1085	P	2.59.32	MELB.	0784	
JOHN TURNER		M	2.58.46	AUSTRALIAN	0685	V				
GEORGE LISSON		V	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	W GER.	'79	
SCOTT CRAWFORD		V	2.59.21	ANZAC	0490	V				
JEFF LEE		V	2.59.46	LONDON	0587	V	3.00.57	MELB.	1085	
PHILIP HUGILL		O	3.00.24	CITIES	0892	P	2.57.00	DUBLIN	1091	
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				
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	AUST.	'88	
ALEX HAMILL		V	3.05.15	GILLAWARNA	0884	V				

MURRAY TOWN		V	3.05.47	CANBERRA	0492	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				
DAN GRAY		V	3.07.21	GOLD COAST	0787	V				
JOHN C–SUTHERLAND		P	3.07.53	AUCKLAND	1192		2.57.00	HASTINGS NZ	888	
HUGH SPENCER		M	3.09.02	AUSTRALIAN	0685	V				
JOHN HODGES		V	3.09.07	MELBOURNE	1084	P	3.41.39	MELB.	1083	
GREG OVERTON		P	3.09.16	GOLD COAST	0792	P	3.15.02	C'BERRA	0491	
GARY LEAHEY		V	3.09.55	CITIES	0890	P	3.20.48	ANZAC	0488	
LEO LEADER		V	3.10.00	CANBERRA	0484	P	3.05.00	P'SULA, RSA	'80	
DONALD RODGERS		V	3.10.00	CANBERRA	0491	P				
GRAHAM BUTLER		V	3.10.13	AUSTRALIAN	0686	P				
TERRY ROSE		V	3.10.23	CITIES	0889	P	3.07.12	CH'CHURCH	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 MELB.	'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				
IRWIN LIGHT		V	3.12.31	AUSTRALIAN	0684		3.10.38	BLUFF, USA	'77	
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	1987	V				
JOHN HILL		V	3.13.19	AUSTRALIAN	0685	P				
GEOFFREY TAYLOR		O	3.13.41	MELBOURNE	0592	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	C'TOWN	0785	P				
KEVIN O'KANE		V	3.14.38	AUSTRALIAN	0685	P				
BRUCE MURRAY		M	3.14.49	C'TOWN	0784	M				
ROD GARRICK		S	3.18.10	GOLD COAST	0889	M	4.09.00	HARBORD DIG	'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	
PAUL LUNSMANN		M	3.20.54	ANZAC	0489	V				
ROGER RIGBY		M	3.21.25	WORLD VETS	1287	V				
IAN WHITFIELD		V	3.22.15	CANBERRA	0487	P	3.13.06	AUSTRALIAN	'83	
GRAEME HANSEN		V	3.22.52	LONDON	0492		3.10.45	AUCKLAND	0286	

BARRY JONES		S	3.23.18	VETERANS	0781	M				
DEREK WHITE		S	3.23.26	C'TOWN	0784	M	3.26.34	NIKE CANBERI	0481
ROSS BETTS		M	3.23.28	CITIES	0888	V				
BRENDA HAMILL	F	M	3.23.38	SYDNEY	0983	P				
MARGARET ROBINSON	F	M	3.23.53	KEMPSEY	'90	V				
ROD BROWN		V	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				
JOHN PRESTON		P	3.39.39	ANZAC	0490	P	3.39.39	ANZAC	0489
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
ASHLEY JACKSON		O	3.40.56	AUST IRONMAN	0592	O	3.19.52	DIGGERS	83
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
PETER JOHNSON		M	3.45.24	BUDGET	1089	M	3.40.53	CANBERRA	0484
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	HARBORD DIG	'80
DAWN SHAW	F	M	3.49.47	ANZAC	0487	V				
DAVID BARWICK		V	3.50.58	CITIES	0890	V	3.56.59	SYDNEY	0987
WILLIAM BLECHA		M	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				
STEVEN BLINKHORN		O	4.12.23	MELBOURNE	0592	O				
DONALD ELSE		S	4.25.00	SAN F'CISCO	0691	M				
TONY ROBINSON			4.29.27	COOMA	1092	?				
ALAN TONGE		M	5.07.02	ADELAIDE	0889	M	4.46.49	ADELAIDE F/C	'85

Anyone for a run...?
in the hills...?
the Mt. Everest hills!

I'm assembling a *Sydney Striders* team to join me on the ***Himalayan Run & Trek*** at the end of October this year - 100 miles over five days at altitudes of up to 12,000 ft. - huge views of Mt. Everest and K2 - stage race or at your own pace. Partners can walk 30 miles following a similar route. Or you can do the bike rally on the same course! Options afterwards include either a visit to the Taj Mahal or compete in Sikkim's Gangtok Marathon.

Interested? For more details, give me a call on:
(02) 331 4867 - before Monday 5th September 1994, please.

JOHN TURNER
Vice President
Sydney Striders