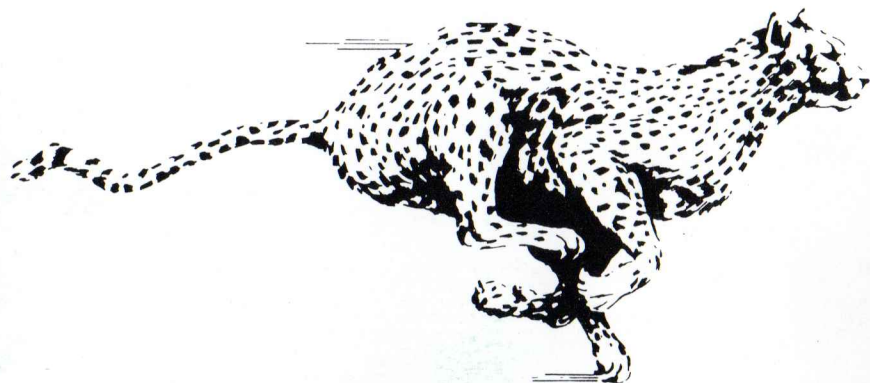


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OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE SYDNEY STRIDERS ROAD RUNNERS CLUB

ISSUE NO. 53
MARCH - AUGUST 1994

Striders restaurant night

at
Naturally Delicious Restaurant
(vegetarian)

101 Military Road Neutral Bay
on
Monday September 26
at 7.30pm

B.Y.O.
Good health food
\$2.00 deposit required

Guest speakers:

Stan Johnson
(Tani Ruckle's coach)
and Tani Ruckle

RSVP September 19 to Patti 960 3897
or George 888 2490



CLUB MAGAZINE OF THE
SYDNEY STRIDERS ROAD RUNNERS CLUB
SYDNEY, NSW, AUSTRALIA.

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(Elected at AGM, 29 May 1994)

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VICE PRESIDENT John Turner 331-4867

SECRETARY David Sill 489-6463

MINUTES SECRETARY Jon Marsden 975-5380

TREASURER Geoff Taylor 16-7299

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STITCH EDITOR Sarah Entwistle 360-4516

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10k DIRECTOR Mark Fiore 874-3034

10k ASSISTANT Scott Crawford 416-8117

INTERNAL RACES DIRECTOR John Sutherland 955-9196

BLISTER EDITOR Graham Butler 041-1112363

ASSIST EDITOR Steve Cornelius 427-3064

BLISTER PROD DIRECTOR Roger Rigby 487-2302

CLUB MANAGER Chris Robb 959-4269

**Home phone nos.*

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

If I needed any confirmation of the strength of Sydney Striders, I saw it on Monday 20th June. It was an occasion that had nothing to do with running but everything to do with **caring**. On that sad day, our Club was represented in force at the Northern Suburbs Chapel for the funeral of Dylan Tiller who, at just two weeks old, had succumbed to meningitis. Every Strider who could possibly attend was there to pay their respects and offer their support for their much-loved fellow Striders, Dawn and Kevin.

It's that kind of Club spirit which makes it such an honour for me to accept the job of President this year. I am proud to head up an organisation which so readily and compassionately rallies to help a Strider family in their hour of need. Dawn and Kevin are, after all, part of the larger Strider "family" and we demonstrated that fact in ways that will leave them in no doubt as to how strongly they can rely on their fellow members.

And this is the solid foundation which gives me confidence about the year ahead when I intend to see us add even more value to our Club's service to its members. You can read progressively about the details in regular issues "The Stitch". Suffice to say here that I am very pleased to see newcomers to our Committees working so effectively with our old hands and bringing their fresh ideas to bear.

I'll give you this assurance - 1994 is going to be one of your best years yet for enjoyment of your chosen recreation, with **Fun** and **Fellowship** to the **fore**!

Happy Striding!

Wendy Downes
President

PAST PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Delivered by Alf Field, on retiring from his presidency of the Sydney Striders Road Runners Club, Annual General Meeting 29 May, 1994.

I have decided to retire with effect from this AGM and I feel that this report should cover the two years of my stewardship. The reason that I have decided to resign as President is that the strains of office have a serious deleterious effect on the running performances of the incumbent. Look at what happened to Nobby Young. After five years as President he could no longer run and was reduced to walking. He had to go for a long walk around Australia to hide his embarrassment.

My own running performances are in serious decline. I should have noticed it during the Gold Coast Marathon two years ago when Dave Ritchie beat me, the first time that he had beaten me in **anything**. At the time I blamed it on the cramp that I was having when he passed me, not recognising that it was the sign of **worse to come. The fact is that** I have not beaten Dave Ritchie in anything since then.

Frankly I can't stand the way he smirks and taps me gently on the shoulder as he flashes past me in the 10k series. I have got to arrest the situation now, before I turn into a Nobby Young. This means that I must quit being President and reverse the downward trend in my running so that I can wipe that smile off Dave Ritchie's face.

When I assumed office two years ago, the club needed to be reorganised so that it could operate more efficiently. The structure of the club was changed to the system of Support Groups that we now have and an enthusiastic Committee was recruited. Thanks largely to the efforts of everyone on the Committee and in the Support Groups, a new exciting atmosphere pervaded the club and soon it became clear to everyone that the club was running more smoothly.

The second year, which is the year currently under consideration, was devoted to ensuring the continuity of the Club. This required a programme to be set in place to build up membership, for without new members any Club will just fade away. I also felt that it was essential to ensure the continuity of the efficient management of the Club, particularly when changes of Committee might result at times in less determined management. I felt that it was vital that a professional manager be introduced into the club.

Naturally a professional manager costs money. As things turned out, we found Chris Robb before we found the money. To help fund the costs of employing Chris, we opened the doors to Life membership as a means of raising some money quickly. I would like to thank most sincerely those 16 people who each parted with the \$1,000 cost of Life membership. It was an act of great faith in what we were trying to achieve for the club and deeply appreciated by all members.

The Life memberships bought a breathing space, an opportunity to look for sponsorship to fund the club on a more permanent basis. With the Olympics in the offing, you will recall my dream of getting the club to be a part owner/controller of a Sydney marathon over the proposed Olympic course, leading up to the establishment of a well trained team to organise the 2000 Olympic Marathon. We endeavoured to put together the best possible group of people to stage a quality event of this nature. The idea was that the budget for the event could carry the cost of Chris Robb and possibly spin off some profits for the club in future years.

The group we proposed was Sydney Striders, The Dusty Lewis group (who organise the top class Gold Coast Marathon and Half Marathon) and Athletics New South Wales. We were able to interest Optus in sponsoring the event while Dusty Lewis had interested Qantas and another large sponsor. We were aware that Athletics New South Wales were talking to sponsors as well. We proposed that the event should be controlled by each party holding a one third share of the organising body, a structure that I thought would work well.

A carefully prepared proposal document was drafted and submitted to the Minister of Sport. I understand that this document eventually reached the office of the Premier. At a meeting in January of all the parties concerned, agreement could not be reached. Athletics New South Wales stated that they wished to operate the event on their own utilising their own sponsors. As they appeared to have the support of the Minister, we withdrew as gracefully as we could.

That left us with a small problem - how to finance Chris' cost quickly. The attack has been two pronged. Firstly we have endeavoured to ginger up the 10k Series, which with the wonderful support from South African Airways and other sponsors is starting to happen. Secondly we decided to prepare a promotional video to "sell" the club to sponsors. This video is in the final stages of production and we hope

within a couple of weeks to be able to approach potential sponsors in a professional way to show that we really do have something special for the right companies. This will be my final priority.

When I took over the reins two years ago, I introduced the theme that we were members of Striders for the 3 "F's" - Fun, Fellowship and Friendship. I should have added a fourth one, Fitness. I suggested to those people that I cajoled into joining the Committee that they would find it very rewarding, that they would have fun and make lots of new friends.

Although I only half believed it at the time, I can honestly say now that it was fun, it was a very rewarding sojourn and I made many new friends while cementing a lot of old friendships. I can assure everyone who joins the new Committee that they will truly have a most enjoyable and rewarding time. To anyone who is even half thinking of offering their services, I would say "Go for it". I guarantee that you will have fun and make friends.

Finally I would like to thank all of you, every single Strider, for making my stint as President such a happy and rewarding time for me. To all who worked so hard on the Committee, in the Support Groups and behind the scenes, I say a very special thank you. Without you and your efforts it would not have been possible to be where we are today. I know who you are and you know that I know who you are. I thank you and salute you.

Farewell for now. Dave Ritchie, I'm coming back.

Alf Field
Ex-President

ALF FIELD: THE FOUR Vs.

John Turner

Alf Field has done an outstanding job for our Club during his two terms as President and I want to mark his retirement by this letter for the Club's records.

Alf is fond of using the alphabet, and I reckon you can list the ways Alf has benefited the Club under four "V's":

- **Virtue**
- **Vision**
- **Vitality**
- **Value**

Virtue: Alf's Presidency should be remembered mostly for re-emphasising fundamental **virtues** of Sydney Striders Club. The main reason we remain Club members is that we enjoy its **fellowship**. And along with fellowship comes: **concern** for the welfare and enjoyment of our club mates, and the opportunity to have **fun** in our recreation. By focusing on those fundamentals, from the very beginning of his Presidency, Alf revitalised the all-important spirit of Sydney Striders - in particular the virtue of **camaraderie**.

Vision: Alf talked about "**vision**" quite a lot. It's one thing to talk about it and quite another to get the Club moving in the direction of your vision. It requires leadership. Alf gave that in spades! Alf's vision involved seeing Sydney Striders as more than just another running club. He wanted it to be Number One, offering the best service to its members that the Club could afford. So first he set about lifting what it could afford. Then he raised the level of service to its members. He did these things by inspiring others to share his vision. Alf inspired them either to dig deeper in their pockets, or give more of their time and talents, or both. Because of that, Sydney Striders now does more for its members, has a higher community profile, and looks to a better future than any similar Club in this City.

Vitality: A club is a kind of organism. It is **alive** because its members give their energies to it. Sydney Striders has always had a lot of internal energy because runners are like that anyway. But, unless the energy is properly marshalled, even a running

club can stall because people sometimes pull in different directions. What marked Alf's Presidency was the vigour of his leadership, the way it fired up people on the Club's committees, and the useful things they accomplished. Things like: revitalising the Club's uniform so that members felt good when they wore it; reviving the Clubhouse idea and actually making it happen; listening to what members wanted in the way of social events, award ceremonies, STaR's (7:30 starts), and news (The Stitch), and then lifting our game to give them what they wanted. And there are lots more in the pipeline, things that started during Alf's terms in office.

Value: The remarkable fact is that Striders achieved all this without undue pressure on the hip pocket. Quite the reverse. Remember Alf's own generosity, before we had the Clubhouse, when he and Roseanne hosted all those sumptuously catered Committee meetings at his house? And the Life Membership "loans" Alf extracted from a generous few for the great advantage of **all** members? Under Alf's leadership, lots of members - many more than in the past - have been encouraged to give freely of their time and expertise to support the Club's ventures. These are prime examples: photocopying The Stitch, preparing our bid for the Sydney Marathon, preparing a sponsorship package for the 10K Series. On top of all that, we benefit from another of Alf's initiatives, Manager Chris Robb, whose value to the Club grows by the week.

Naturally, all this gain didn't happen without a degree of pain. There were critics of some of the changes. When you're dedicated to Sydney Striders' welfare, and giving it 110% as Alf did, criticism is sometimes hard to take, particularly when you have renowned personal integrity and a keen sense of fair play like Alf does. In fact, it is only remarkable that, while he was President, Alf got so much to happen with so little dissension.

In summary, Alf Field did an outstanding job as President. As I see it, Sydney Striders Club is just going to get stronger and better from now on, all because Alf picked it up, turned it around and pointed it back in the right direction.

So I say: "Thanks, Alf. It was great to be part of your team."

THE OUTSTANDING 1993 AWARDS PRESENTATION

The Club held its annual gala dinner on Friday 11th March, 1994, to honour the Club's top achievers of the previous calendar year.

The importance of the occasion can be judged from these unsolicited comments by well-known Striders:

"I had to complete my walk around Australia before March, 1994 just so I'd be in time for this Awards night!" (X.Y., Gladesville Post Office)

"Ever since I read about Jo Cowan's fabled 2:40 marathon, I've wanted to meet her - and scratch her eyes out!" (L.O., Kenya)

"Awards night is great fun, especially if you're into bare-arsed Dixie whistling!" (S.W-B., Long Bay)

What a wonderful experience it was. Throngs of Striders, all milling about, chatting excitedly about who they had voted as Outstanding Achiever, slipping fat brown envelopes to the judges (for insurance), some with long-handled knives between their shoulder blades, and everyone in black, or white, or a mixture of the two, probably signifying the factions they supported. All that is, except Harvey, the man who gave his name to coloured pants - (Blue jeans, get it?) - who blamed his 'blacklessness' on his tidy wife. That very week she'd thrown out the only dark suit he possessed because he'd not worn it in 20 years.

There were three awards.

First up was the **Brian Tailford Award** for best literary contribution to "The Blister". Judges John Ayliffe and Roger Rigby naturally selected none other than *Whingebag himself, Steve Cornelius*, as the 1993 winner.

Next was the **President's Award** for personal achievement and service to the Club (but who had received no other award recognition). President Alf Field decided this should go to that *outstanding contributor Wendy Downes*.

The third and major honour was the Maria Gemenis-Cruikshank Award for Outstanding Athletic Achievement.

This was presented by John Turner. This is what he said:



Joanne Cowan

1993 Winner of the Maria Gemenis-Cruikshank Award
for Outstanding Athletic Achievement

"Honoured guests and fellow Striders:

"It was a golden year for outstanding achievers. In 1993, we received no fewer than seven nominations. That's a record by itself, and there were several more Striders who probably deserved to be on the list but weren't. More than a third of the Club's members exercised their right to vote. That's also a record.

"And each of our seven nominees received lots of first and second preferences. In other words, you Club members have widely divergent views when it comes down to what constitutes an outstanding achiever. And that's healthy.

"Now let me run through a brief reminder of who the nominees were and why they were nominated, in alphabetical order:

Joanne Cowan - a spectacular year in a long career of excellent running. Yet another marathon PB at Canberra (first place again in 2:42, sadly NOT the 2:24 world classtime as misprinted in the voting papers). And lots of successes at other distances - like first place in the NSW State 10K Championship and first 35-39 y.o. female in the City-to-Surf. In the 3 Ports Race, she was Queen of the Mountain for the 5th straight year. Jo collected no less than four best performance awards at Striders' 1993 prize-giving three months ago.

Marlies Laaper - beneath that gentle smile lies a gutsy achiever. 1993 was so excellent for her that she won the title of "NSW Female Distance Runner of the Year", the result of consistently good performances in ten major races ranging from half marathons down to a 4K X-C relay. You know how good she is when you think that even Jo Cowan could only manage 6th place for that award.

Chris McLean - Mr. Consistency himself, a long time training partner for Jo Cowan, Chris is over 40 and still churns out top performances - like his 2:37 in the Canberra Marathon to win the Striders Championship last year. He was also first Strider again in the 3 Ports Race and blitzed City-to-Surf in 48.5 minutes.

Susan Roberts - when you look at the number of events she competed in, it's obvious she had no spare time at all. Must have been at least 20 events. And the variety! Fun runs, biathlons, x-country, road relays, track 1500 and 3000 m - the lot. She had several PB's, the best being 85.5 mins in the SMH Half Marathon. And she was a member of the winning women's team in the State 10K championships.

Dawn Tiller - now here's a little power package. Dawn blitzed the awesome Bogong-to-Hotham 60K in 9.5 hrs, and followed that with a big 4.5 hr win in the 46K Six Foot Track. Then she tried her first 10K (34th place out of 3,000 women competitors), and her first marathon (3:09) winning her the Striders female debut marathon award.

Kevin Tiller - nobody travelled further to do more distance running with more success in 1993 than Kevin. A PB 3rd place in Victoria (Bogong to Hotham), a PB 8th place in Six Foot Track, a first time 3 Peaks Race of 135K in Tassie, a sub-3 in Canberra Marathon, then the Gold Coast Marathon, the Cities Marathon (2:49 PB), a PB City-to-Surf, and then across the world for the London to Brighton, 88K in 8:20. A great Club worker too.

Nobby Young - And finally there's Jim English. Not many of you know Jim so well. His big achievement for 1993 was to drive a truck, very slowly, around Australia for 16,000 km. He also made about 2,000 meals and countless snacks. He gave about a thousand massages and organised 300 interviews. Most of all he had to listen to a voice, day in day out, for a year - a bloke continually explaining why he wouldn't ride in Jim's truck - the voice of the world non-running champion, Nobby Young!

"Seven remarkable athletes. Now for the remarkable results:

"Right in the middle of the field, almost inseparable in 5th, 4th and 3rd place were Marlies Laaper and that great husband-and-wife team, Dawn and Kevin Tiller. Congratulations to the three of you.

"The person you voted into second place is so clearly an outstanding achiever that it serves to underline the strength of the ultimate winner. Nobby Young, a fantastic year, but such is the depth of our Club that even you were runner-up (or should I say walker-up) to...

"Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the 1993 Maria Gemenis-Cruikshank Outstanding Achievement Award, now the only person ever to have won it three times, in 1990, 1992 and now 1993 **Joanne Cowan**.

Congratulations, Joanne.

THE 1994 NORTH POLE SKYDIVING EXPEDITION - ALIAS THE NORTHERN STAR

Grahame Murphy

Towards the end of 1993 two Striders of ill-repute, Grahame Murphy and Stephen Jackson started planning their recreation (running and adventure) targets for the next year. This is the story of two competitive spirits, neither of whom would back down when dared by the other - with the result being a mind blowing adventure!

We decided to set a really challenging personal goal for 1994. Shortly after making that commitment we heard through the skydiving grapevine that one of the legends of skydiving, Bill Booth of the USA, was planning to lead an expedition to skydive onto the North Pole in April 1994. This had potential.

We had already been thinking of creating a record for the most northerly Striders Sunday run, but Gosford didn't seem quite adequate, Queensland still wasn't right and even the far side of the Equator didn't really fire up the imagination - but the North Pole - that would be a pretty good first attempt. We immediately tracked Bill down and faxed him our applications.

Nothing happened until Christmas Day 1993 when the return fax arrived. It was Bill advising that the expedition was on and that confirmation of participation was required ASAP. Christmas lunch at the Jackson's was spent with both Murphy and Jackson families pulling crackers and eating turkey while the fathers plotted in the next room over a hot computer composing a reply to Bill that would lock us both into the trip of a lifetime.

Preparation

We had only twelve weeks to prepare ourselves, so the North Pole Skydiving Expedition proceeded to take over a large part of our lives from early January (when our slots on the team were confirmed) until April 24th (when we arrived home in Sydney). During those months we had to gain sponsorship (it cost each team member nearly \$20,000 to complete the expedition), train physically and mentally, develop a myriad of skills and polar equipment, and attempt to co-ordinate with 43 skydivers from 10 different nations.

A detailed training program was laid out - we had to be ready for the inaugural Northern STaR. It involved three different repetition sessions during each week (Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday), a longer midweek run of 12-18k on Wednesday, a fast 8k run every Saturday and a long run of between 30 and 40 k on a Sunday. Monday and Friday were to be jog recovery sessions.

The rep workouts were to be one of 10 x 1k repeats, one of 6 x 500m and one of 4 x 2k reps. The target pulse was to be V02 max for the short sessions and AT2 for the longer intervals. The long Sunday outing was targeted at AT1 pace. Oh, yes - we also planned to spend a short time in a blast freezer, visit a vertical wind tunnel and try the odd skydive or two! Basically, the idea was that if we were not ready for the Northern STaR then we should be able to run a decent Striders 1 Ok at Shelly Beach on our return.

Moscow

We flew out of Sydney on April 12th bound for Moscow on an Aeroflot flight - arguably the most hazardous leg of the entire expedition. On arrival in Moscow we were met by representatives of our Russian hosts - a pair of Cossacks whose command of the English language rivalled our command of Russian - none! The team assembled at the Hotel Roysia (over 5,000 rooms), a stone's throw from Red Square, and spent the night before the Expedition proper at the Bolshoi Ballet - magnificent.

On the morning of the 15th the team met in the hotel lobby - although we were a bit late - we had to complete an excellent speed workout round the walls of the Kremlin and across Red Square - it is really quite exciting to weave in between all the rush hour pedestrians and Red Guards with AK-47's at sub 3:30 k pace while taking tourist photos of all the interesting sights.

Having met in the lobby after our run, the team was ready to depart for our base camp in Northern Siberia. We were heading for a small village called Khatanga. It used to be a thriving strategic air base but the break up of the Soviet Union had turned it into a nearly deserted slum. As we waited in the lobby, our interpreter arrived and advised us that there was a delay for an hour or so - so hurry up, get ready, and wait. This became the theme of the expedition - "hurry up and wait".

After waiting most of the day - and half the night, our buses arrived at 8pm and we were whisked off to a military air base 100 km from Moscow where US\$60,000 cash was used to hire a military aircraft (an huge IL-76 - like a Jumbo Jet without seats). We were driven down a darkened runway, surrounded by guards and loaded into the back of this transporter along with 60 Russians and many tonnes of equipment - all (including us) tossed into the back of the jet - no seats, heating, toilets, windows, or insulation. Six hours later we landed in Khatanga. The temperature on arrival was minus 15 degrees Celsius so it was decided to postpone training.

Khatanga

The plan was to fly from Khatanga up to the Pole (4 hours) in the IL-76, lower the tailgate of the aircraft and jump from 12,000 ft. As the IL-76 is far too large to land anywhere near the Pole, it would turn around and fly back to Khatanga to await our return. In the meantime, part of our support crew had cut a runway in the ice pack about 100 km from the Pole. An M1-8 helicopter was to pick us up from the North Pole and fly us to the ice runway from where a light aircraft could fly us to Sredniy, another ex-strategic airbase in Siberia. From Sredniy a larger aircraft would take us back to Khatanga.

The slight wrinkle in these plans occurred when the ice runway broke up. The crew proceeded to cut a second runway further south but this was disrupted by a polar bear coming out of hibernation and deciding that the crew would make a good breakfast. One team member was mauled badly but the bear was chased off by a frying pan wielding Russian! The risks some people will take to get in a run. How fast do you have to run to get away from a Polar Bear? Only slightly faster than the other guy!

The 24 hour delay caused by the bear and the runway gave us the opportunity to seriously consider a run. After serious consideration it was decided - NO. It was far too bloody cold so we commandeered a helicopter and went off to explore the Siberian wastes.

We skydived into an Eskimo village and then dropped into a herd of reindeer (not one of them had a red nose!) in the middle of nowhere. This day alone made the trip worthwhile (apart from not managing to get a run in) - but better was to come.

The North Pole

Once the delays were rectified, we took off from Khatanga at 3:30 pm on April 18th and skydived onto the Pole at 7:30 pm, some four hours later. What a buzz - what a view - talk about cold! It was minus 120° Celsius on exit from the aircraft, it warmed up to minus 83° Celsius once we opened our parachutes at about 4000 ft, and it was a balmy minus 35° Celsius on the ground.

It was a mind blowing experience - running full tilt out of the cargo door of a jumbo jet travelling at 320kph at 12,000 feet above the ground into a vast expanse of glistening and freezing white. Looking around while in free fall was awesome - 1000 km in every direction was the same - pure, clear and sparkling - amazing - spectacular - worth absolutely all the effort! It was nearly as significant a moment as crossing the line at the end of the Internal Half.

Unfortunately Grahame had problems with his gloves while under canopy and suffered a decent case of frostbite to the fingers. Thank goodness all legs and feet were alright for the big run.

Once on the ground we assembled our emergency gear, patched up those who were injured on landing, and then proceeded to explore. The first evacuation flight could not take everyone out at once, so it took all but a few of us out about an hour after landing, the remaining 13 ready for a stay of at least 6 hours, perhaps 6 days.

The waiting time was well spent mentally preparing (on a diet of champagne and Snickers Bars) to ensure we got up enough courage to venture out from the medical tent and actually complete our special run. On Sunday, April 17th at 3:00am. (because of all our heavy polar gear we considered ourselves the very, very slow group- we were not going to hang around for the 6:00am group!) we achieved our life's ambition of the North Pole STaR.

We took the long option - twice round the world eat your heart out Nobby!) and twenty seconds later we were victorious (even the 6:20 group would have problems with that pace!). We even cut a hole in the ice down to the Arctic Ocean - 4000m deep with the surface only 10 cm below us as a drink stop on the run. We then did the bulk of our camera work (until the cameras froze over) - including the famous Striders Singlet.

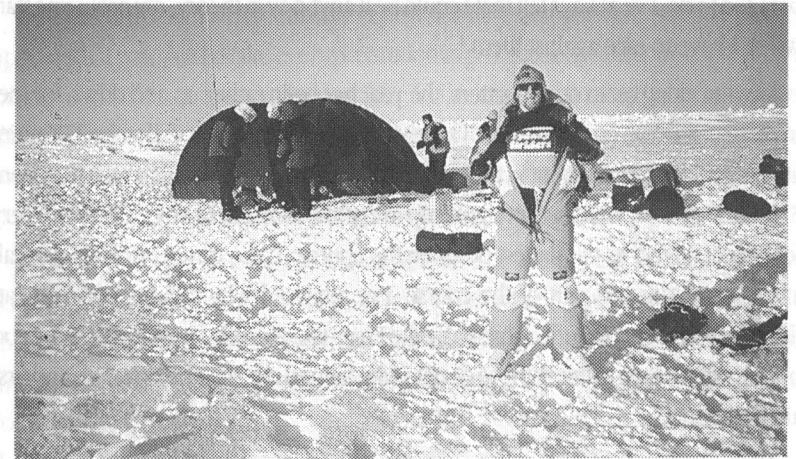
Sredniy

Around 5:00 am we heard on the radio that the helicopter could not find us - we had drifted some 10 km from the Pole on the pack ice. Thought seriously about a quick jog over to him but decided against it. Eventually with flares and good eye sight the helicopter found us and after nearly 12 hours at the North Pole we flew out. More dramas were to follow.

When we arrived at the ice runway we had to sprint to the waiting aircraft (speedwork for the day) as the runway was cracking up just as the first runway had done. We made it back to Sredniy and then on to Khatanga. Another cargo flight back to Moscow and it was just about over.

The End

We spent a day skydiving at a Russian airbase from helicopters (at least most of the day first of all there was a superb hill workout from the hotel up to the St Basil's end of Red Square) and then returned home on April 24th. Then came the hard part, returning to normality and ploughing through 9 hours of video and 500 pictures. Now, what next? Perhaps a skydive on to the South Pole for a Southern STaR, a crossing of the Simpson Desert by mountain bike (for a Sandy STaR - lots of sandhills) or even a drop on to a live volcano in Equador (for the Warmest STaR - a really hot pace?)? Hell, let's really shoot big let's go for a sub 48 minute City to Surf!



BETWEEN A ROCK AND A SOFT PLACE !

A review of the year so far by Phil Hugill.

In between running, work and living a life I seldom have the time or the inclination to write articles for the club magazine, never mind my rather dodgy grammar. But leaving that-all to one side I felt the time was right to share some personal thoughts on the year so far.

Firstly I would like to express my concern at some of the comments that have been made in relation to the Ultra Marathon club award for 1993. Steve Urwin the award winner is a friend of mine but as he would be the first to point out, that counts for nothing in a race, I always try to beat him. Personally I was pleased that Steve's achievements last year were recognised and I feel that he fully deserved the award. It did however make me think, well if he can win that, then so can I. To me that is what awards are all about, recognising a persons achievement and motivating others to strive for that same 'Peer' recognition.

As far as the debate about who would have won "if" they had raced each other, well thats just plain daft. The history of sport is full of so called favourites, form runners, the better athlete who on the day fails or is beaten by a so called lesser competitor. To me Steve's achievements took account of those people who were there on the day, as for those not present, who can say what they would have done or failed to do. I've always felt that I could beat anybody in theory, my problems start when I have to race against them.!

Moving along on to other matters, the year has been rather up and down for me, in particular down on the Six Foot Track Marathon, I managed to fall at the 37K point and so end my involvement in the event. For those of you unfamiliar with the event 37K is the point at which you've gone up every hill, crossed the river, climbed every fence etc., in fact its the flattest point on the course. To be direct I managed to fall at the easiest/flattest part of the course, I've analysed why this happened, heat, dehydration, but concluded that basically I was knackered. Anyway this is a good opportunity for me to thank those people who helped me, the drinks station and first aid personnel.

After nursing a bruised head my next attempt to run was the Canberra Ultra which

again I failed to complete, dropping out at 42K. I have no particular excuse for this failure, though I would point out that as the first and second placed runners passed me going back out for the final 8K they smiled and waved, I gasped and shuffled on thinking God how can anyone look that good, closely followed by the feeling of oh stuff it, and I did.

This gave me the rather impressive Ultra record for the year of entered two, completed none, Steve's award becoming ever more distant a hope.

Not being known for my sense I entered the Brisbane Waters 47K Bush run, my logic being if I keep trying I've got to finish a run eventually. This run is I'm told exceptional, for the views and the bush scenery, personally I've never been able to raise my head much above shoe lace level during a race. Quite how people manage to run and take in the tourist views is beyond me, I'm always covered in a slime of saliva and sweat, not to mention those bodily fluids which emanate in such quantities from my nose.

Anyway enough of my fluid interruptions, on with the run, which for me went surprisingly well. I was feeling very comfortable and enjoying running with the eventual first and second placed runners. This only lasted until the first down hill of the run, this down hill section was more akin to an abseil or ski jump event rather than running. I became a mere observer as the other two runners took off without a pause or moments hesitation,

I on the other hand have always believed that when possible pain or danger appears that you should take every precaution to protect body and soul. I descended on my backside hanging on for dear life. As the other two runners became a fast disappearing speck on the horizon I plodded along in my own world, it's amazing the way your body can switch off to the reality of time, distance and pain, so I'm told, personally I felt every possible discomfort for the next 40K.

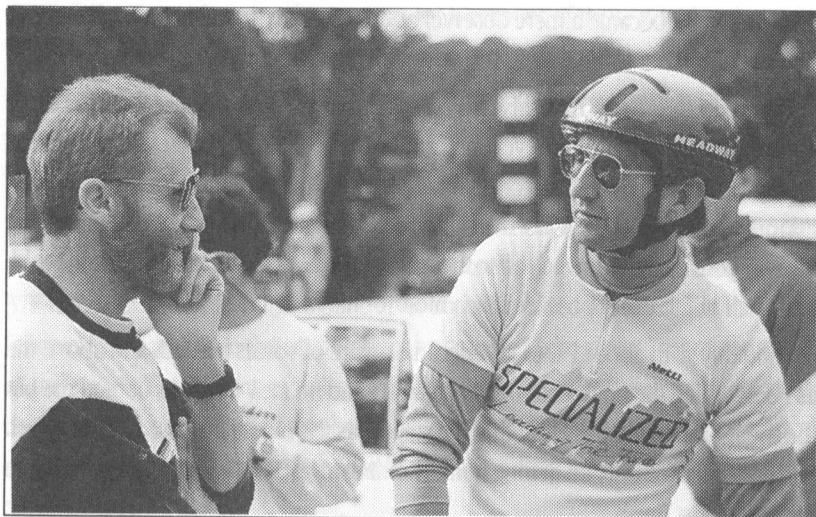
Suddenly with about 1 K to go I became aware of voices behind. and above me as I descended the final section of bush trail. I had no idea who was behind me but the thought of being passed at this late stage was too much, I focused on the finish and concentrated only on getting home, holding my place. No looking back or time for doubt, just finish.

I told myself, unfortunately around this time on such a nice sunny morning in

peaceful Gosford two rather elderly people chose to go for their morning stroll, much to my concern their route placed them between me and the finish. Was this some devious plot to impede me, had President Alf sent word ahead to stop me at all costs?. Was there a greater power at work wishing to maintain my D.N.F. record, all this and more flashed through my mind, at the point of despair at this barrier I was overcome with a sudden rush of determination, I fixed them both in my vision and was upon them. False teeth, shopping bags, hats, walking sticks and permed hair flew everywhere as with a bellowing roar I demanded "get out of my way", with that I was through with the end in sight.

I finished in third place thirty seconds ahead of 4th and 5th placed runners and was at once overcome with guilt, what if the old dears had been stricken by a coronary, did they fall, were they all right etc., then I reflected on it and thought bugger them!, after all I worked hard for my third place and no geriatric walker was going to rob me of it. OK it's not the best excuse for mugging a pensioner but it was the best I could come up with at the time.

That more or less concludes my thoughts on the year so far, I wish all runners good luck in the rest of the year and hope that no rocks leap out to trip you up and in my case I manage to avoid making my head any softer than it already is.



"Have you thought of buying a Harley, Steve?"

"You look a bit like that chap Terry McIver, who used to be a bit of a runner".

Run in the Striders SAA 10k Series and you could end up in AFRICA.

Two return tickets to South Africa to be won, courtesy of our major sponsor, South African Airways. One will go to the winner of our ever-popular Handicap Division, open to Striders only (so why not become a member soon?) The other will be a lucky draw prize, open to everyone completing five events.

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1994 Programme: 5th February Marsfield . 5th March Domain .

2nd April Lane Cove . 7th May Shelley Beach . 4th June Mosman .

2nd July Marsfield . 6th August Shelley Beach . 3rd September Lane Cove .

1st October Mosman . 5th November Domain

21st HONOLULU MARATHON

Jim Screen

A series of 30k or thereabouts STARS had lifted my confidence somewhat and my vision for a time somewhere under four hours was strong. Being reasonably new to the running game I was not sure what to expect in Honolulu even though I had found numerous Striders who had themselves competed in the Marathon and who had given me lots of good advice.

My first surprise came at Sydney International Airport where after checking in with my wife and finding our way to the departure gate we came upon a group of runners dressed in shorts, singlets, T-Shirts, running shoes and good spirits. For a moment I thought I was going to miss the start but it turned out to be a very happy group of Western District Joggers.

After we boarded, found our seats and sort of settled down our new found friends from WDJ, or some of them at least, commenced their liquid build up for the test to come. Their consumption rate was impressive as was their eventual effort in the Marathon, with several of their party posting personal bests.

Honolulu met my every expectation as a tourist city. Great hotels, bars and weather but a few too many T-shirt shops. One small error I made was to put the Marathon out of my immediate thoughts in order to concentrate on working my way each evening through the cocktail lists. MaiTais, Rum Punch, Back Scratchers (complete with a back scratcher). Zombies and so on. I tried to be moderate but I have always been easily led, this time by my wife, who was intent on enjoying her holiday to the limit.

Just to remind myself that the Marathon was only a few days away I entered in the Diamond Head Duet; a couples fun run of 7 Kms where the men run clockwise and the women the other way. Times are added together and the combined ages factored in to decide the winners of the various groups. A fun run it was with plenty of celebrities on hand. I found myself talking in a group with Alberto Salazar and Mary Decker-Slaney.

My partner in the run was a lovely lady in the 65-70 age group from Illinois. She and her non running husband visit Honolulu every year so that she can run in the

Marathon. I'm not sure where we came but we didn't collect a prize.

Marathon morning came soon enough. A 4-30AM bus took us to near the start and the crowd. I soon lost touch with the WDJ folk and made my way to as close to the start as possible. The eight lane road was chock a block with Japanese competitors; old and young, men and women, boys and girls.

Of the 29,514 entries received, 19,001 were from Japan. There were 1,011 entrants from other countries and the remainder from Hawaii and the U. S. A. mainland.

The threatened high humidity didn't seem to be around and in fact it was a reasonably pleasant morning. The race started with a roar and lots of fuss from the Japanese. Many seemed to be in either corporate groups or representing running clubs. They had been through lots of pre race hype such as sitting in circles, holding hands, singing and chanting.

From the very start I began overtaking other runners and this continued to the end of the race. With my non blistering speed this was a handicap. The tremendous enthusiasm for the race shown by many meant that enormous numbers of entrants had gathered as close to the front of the field as possible. Most of these did not intend to run the whole distance but were only intent on becoming finishers. The last competitor came in at 10. 47. 34 with about half the field taking longer than 5. 30 hours.

Overtaking for most of the time was a bit of a hazard and often meant slowing down, crossing from one side of the road to the other and threading your way through much slower groups. The crowd was a happy one and lots of brief conversations were to be had with fellow runners who wanted to talk to a Sydney Strider.

One hour forty eight minutes into the race we passed going in the opposite direction a 120 pound package of dynamite from Korea. He had just blasted a bunch of very fine runners from South Africa, Kenya and Tanzania who were strung out along the road behind him. This string included 1993 Boston winner Cosmas Ndeti and defending Honolulu champion Benson Masya.

Bong Ju Lee went on to win in 2. 13. 16, the 5th fastest time for the event. It was considered a very fine effort considering the 25mph head winds and driving rain

encountered for a time in the middle of the race.

When we passed, Lee had 25 minutes to go and I had 2 hours 20 minutes. Not long after Lee and his pursuers had gone by Carla Beurskens glided past on her way to a second consecutive victory and 7th overall win. This 41 year old Dutch runner cruised to victory in 2. 32. 20 some 10 minutes ahead of second place.

It was about this time that the sun came out and with it the humidity and temperature increased considerably. It was also when I overtook Santa Clause for the first time. He was resplendant in all the gear except his boots which he had swapped for Nikes. For the next hour or so we overtook each other several times. Santa I must admit beat me home by a short whisker. (Should I have beaten him? I think not.)

One of my strategies was to make sure I had plenty to drink during the run. I would achieve this by walking through the drink stations making sure I got as much water in me as was necessary. I could also sneak a little rest this way without wasting much time. What I didn't appreciate was how many and how long the drink stations would be. Some of them seemed to go on forever; water, gatorade, sponges, rubbish bins, toilets and first aid. In the end I just jogged on through and spilt my water as usual.

A competitor in the Honolulu Marathon doesn't need to want for much. Lots of support comes from runners and spectators alike. The Striders' gear certainly attracts attention and lots of calls of: "there's Sydney - come on Sydney - looking good" were frequent and welcome.

The finish of the Marathon is also something special. The last kilometer passes between thousands of spectators with lots of cheers and calls of encouragement. An archway of brightly coloured balloons sets the scene for the last hundred meters or so down to the finish line where a shell necklace is placed around your neck and lots of "Alohas" and well dones issued by friendly officials.

The finish is also where many would be Marathoners from the land of the rising sun come to be treated for all kinds of runners ailments. The most spectacular were some of the male runners with blood soaked singlets caused by what must be the worst cases of nipple rash ever recorded; something extra by which to remember

Honolulu. For the next couple of days the most common sight in town was groups of tourists walking around as though they had been non-stop horse riding for a week. The finishers T-shirts were everywhere and then nothing. It was all over for a top event for another year.

My time - 4. 10. 54. Not much to shout about but pleasing; a personal best for the Honolulu Marathon.

THE 1993 TAILFORD AWARD FOR 'BEST OF THE BLISTER'.

The 1993 Tailford Award was presented at the 1994 Outstanding Achievements Dinner held on Friday 11th March, 1994.

After a thorough and reflective review of all articles, the judges felt that three articles in particular stood out as representing the best sort of contribution, not only for style, but also because they reflected a sense of 'Strideritis' as Alf Field once called a particular condition of club members.

The Award is based on contributions to the previous three Blisters and the judges chose three contenders as Finalists for announcement on the night.

They were:

'Honolulu 1992: Not really running but not really standing still either'

by Peter Johnson

'The Rise and Rise of Sydney Striders: A Millennial Nightmare' -

by Steve Cornelius

'The 1993 London to Brighton Road Race.' -

by Kevin Tiller

The Winner of the 1993 Tailford Award for Best of The Blister was:

The Rise and Rise of Sydney Striders: A Millennial Nightmare'

- by Steve Cornelius

The judges thank all those Striders who contributed to the Blister during the last twelve months.

MARATHON MIND

Norman Myers (From *The Guardian*)

You line up for the London Marathon, clad in skimpy clothing and running shoes: the "unadorned man" of King Lear, reduced to your essentials. All you have to do is get yourself from here to there with whatever capacities you can mobilise—not just legs and lungs, but your head as well. Especially your head: the best physique is no better than the brain that drives it.

Example: the Finn, Lasse Viren, went to the 1972 Olympics as pretty much an unknown. He won both the 5,000 and the 10,000 metres, one of the greatest athletic achievements ever. In the next four years he won next to nothing. Then he went to the 1976 Olympics as a "no hoper", and won both events again. He was a master of getting it all together on the day and saved his mental powers for the few races that counted. More, he confessed he was as surprised as anyone that he performed so well: he felt he "ran out of his skin." Plainly he knew how to deliver.

There are lots of similar instances of athletes who surpass themselves on the big occasion. Not only runners, but jumpers, throwers, swimmers, gymnasts, tennis players—any activity which allows a competitor to truly compete.

The phenomenon is pertinent also to team events. In the men's long relay at the 1991 World Athletic Championships, the British anchor man Kris Akabussi — no great shakes as a 400-metre runner—took over the baton one pace behind the American leader who had earlier become the individual 400 metres champion. Akabussi trailed his opponent until the home straight, then, as he put it, dug into personal depths he never knew existed and finished a vest's thickness in front. He said that running for a team made the difference. His legs could not do it; his head did.

Many leading coaches under-estimate this crucial factor. They talk much about motivation while rarely exploiting this supreme component of the winner in substantive or systematic fashion.

Most coaching manuals wax eloquent about oxygen uptake and muscle structure, but if they mention the brain they do it largely as an afterthought. If athletes used their heads to better effect, they would be all the better performers. It is the key factor that

makes the competitor. It marks out the racer, leaving the rest as runners.

In 40 years as an athlete, I have run on tracks and roads, across country and up mountains. I have competed alongside internationals. I have won age groups. I have occasionally broken records of a sort. I have found that some days I am left feeling frustrated with my performance, other days I exceed my expectations and enter that realm where I explore entirely new horizons of achievement. What's the crucial ingredient? What causes things to "gell" in some races, what makes me race as a complete person rather than just a highly trained body?

The answer I have distilled from hundreds of forays is that I excel on those occasions when I get it all together and that always means that I run with my head firing on all cylinders. But getting my fingers on the right psychic levers remains something of a mystery. I still don't know just where to locate them on call. I realise I could probably come up with the proper response time after time, if I learned more about what makes me function as a complete person — what faculties of imagination, emotional drive and intellectual creativity enable me to do I know not what.

On those days I get through an awful lot of living. I feel I am presenting myself for what I am: this is what I amount to, this is Norman Myers, with all that makes up Norman Myers. The race becomes an intense microcosm of my whole life, hence it is a race with myself. Not a race with others; they quickly fade from the screen of my inner world. Can I run to the full height of my being as well as the full stretch of my legs? Will I live better with myself afterwards and attain that sense of wellbeing that depends on what my non-physical self has contributed during the race?

To say "I am going to do my darndest" or "aim for my super best" is not the way. It is too deliberate. To achieve the fusion of body, mind and spirit that is the essence of ultimate performance, one needs something else, something that lifts one above narcissistic preoccupations with self.

To seek to do it through direct effort misses the point. It's like trying to get a rabbit out of its burrow by rattling a stick down the entrance to the hole. You have to withdraw the stick and stand aside. Or it's like trying to see something in the dark. You do better by looking slightly to the side of what you are gazing at if the object is to emerge clearly.

I discovered something of the secret when I took a crack at the Kilimanjaro record. The previous best was over 15 hours for the run to the summit at 19,340 feet and back, an up-and-down distance of 64 miles. I set off at dawn, and I felt fine as I trotted up through the forest of the lower slopes and out onto the moorlands, nicely within schedule. But after four or five hours I began to get bored. How could I urge myself on for another 10 hours before I could claim the record?

Record, what record?

What did that have to do with a glorious day on a beautiful mountain? A futile fantasy, it seemed, even though I sensed my body could do it. Worse, it felt a desecration of Kilimanjaro, which had become much more than a site for record chasing. I stopped struggling against the mountain. I started to run with the mountain. I slipped into a conversation with the mountain, I listened to it.

I heard it telling me we could do it together and not any other way. It pushed power into my legs. And hand in hand, so it seemed, we went upwards and onwards in unison. A couple of hours later we were onto the upper slopes, then among the glacier cliffs, finally to the summit. We had got there together, and I shook hands with the mountain.

The descent was easy. I plunged downwards, a voice telling me the record could be mine. But a stronger voice, the mountains, told me that was an irrelevance. On reaching the moorlands, I paused to admire the view. I spotted a patch of wild flowers and went off to pick a few of the mountain's further offering. I took three-quarters of an hour: magical moments, even though they endangered my chance of the record.

When I started running again, I felt so refreshed that I could hardly believe I had sweated all the way up to the peak of Africa's world. The last sectors were my best running and I felt as if I was semi-sprinting through the forest to the end.

At the finish line, one of my support team told me I had taken an hour and a half off the previous record. I felt as if he was talking about someone else. I had had a fine day with Kilimanjaro. The mountain had been mine and I had been the mountain's: We two had surged to a summit way above normal experience. A halcyon life.

Three years later an Outward Bound instructor beat my time by 20 minutes. People asked if I didn't want to have a go at getting back the record. It sounded an absurd idea. I had done something special once, and I could never do it again.

I have often looked back on the experience, notably when lining up for a marathon. On the day I ran at Boston, I reached the 20-mile point—halfway, as marathoners put it, in the 26-mile effort—feeling wearied out of my mind (so to speak). My thoughts wandered. From the past, Kilimanjaro spoke to me. Indifferent to the result, I ran on and recorded my fastest time.

[Acknowledgements to 'The Guardian' - April 12, 1994]

KEVIN TILLER TO REPRESENT AUSTRALIA.

We are delighted to announce that Kevin Tiller has been selected by AURA to represent Australia in a 100 kilometre race at Victoria, Canada coinciding with the forthcoming Commonwealth Games in August.

Kevin was given the alternative option of competing as a national representative a month earlier in the World 100 kilometre Championship in Japan, but chose the Canadian event instead.

Please give this outstanding young Strider every encouragement before he jets off to Canada around August 20th. We all remember his amazing ultra performances in London to Brighton, Bogong to Hotham and Six Foot Track.

Kevin is currently training twice daily to build up from 150 kms per week to a grinding 200 kms in the critical pre-race weeks.

His employers, Westpac, are giving him special time off and financial assistance.

Kevin's quiet goals are to run sub 8 hours in Victoria, Canada and then target 205 kms in October's 24 Hour Race to challenge Nobby Young's longstanding record.

NOT ENOUGH BUSH

Jonathon Worswick

First of all, I'll introduce myself, my name is Jonathan Worswick. I'm the Pom that is usually whingeing about there not being enough bush in the STaR runs or when there is that it's not rough enough.

Now for the reason for my letter. I know that there is a large number of Striders who like "going bush", (just check the turnout for the 6 Foot Track), so why isn't there more organisation within the club devoted to this end (ie bush/trail or mountain running)?

For example; there has been a number of times I've turned up a race and met a number of other striders who have all driven separately, (travelling down to the Snowies in a Beetle is not to be taken lightly). This not only adds to the carbon dioxide problem it also reflects that there is something lacking!! in this section of the club, (on the other hand it may be that nobody talks to me?).

So I would like to put forward some ideas to anyone interested;

1. An annual club bush championship.
2. A greater involvement in local bush races (even having our own).
3. A specific section of the club magazine devoted to information on things like orienteering, rogaining, AURA events, travel arrangements for races, world news, advice for things like nutrition on long distance mountain races for the inexperienced.
4. Alternative STaRS, maybe doing a recce of a forthcoming race (as is done for the 6 Foot Track).

Hopefully incorporating these sort of ideas would attract a more specialised type of runner to join the club as well as benefiting those people who are already members.

This would of course create a reasonable amount of extra work for those who are already heavily committed. So, to lighten the burden I would like anyone interested, who has any of their own ideas or would like to help in any way to please let me or maybe Kevin Tiller know (sorry for dropping you in it Kev).

Just to establish Jonathon's credentials for making the suggestion that The Striders should consider holding more bush runs, he continues in his letter:

Royal NP 93

2nd place (*Run before the bush fires, is there going to be another??*)

Brindabella 93

8th place (*I thought I'd died after crossing the finish line, never again!!*)

Mount Hotham to Bogong 94

2nd place (*What a great race, it's the first time I've worn my balaclava in Australia (I think David Sill is still out there!!).*)

Cradle Mountain to Lake St Claire 94

5th place *Great camaraderie and beautiful scenery but it's a long long way (80km). Interestingly 2 Siberian AURA members came 1st and 2nd place also a very fit 47 year old lady "walked" it (ask Gary & Murray how long her stride was) and still finished just over half way through the field PS Thanks to Richard for the very relaxed organisation.*

The Brindabella Classic

13 November 1994

A 53k ultramarathon run in the Brindabella Mountains superbly organised by the ACT Cross Country Club.

Contact Trevor Jacobs (06) 279 0134

or GPO Box 252 Canberra ACT 2601

GREAT RECORD, SHAME ABOUT THE BACKING

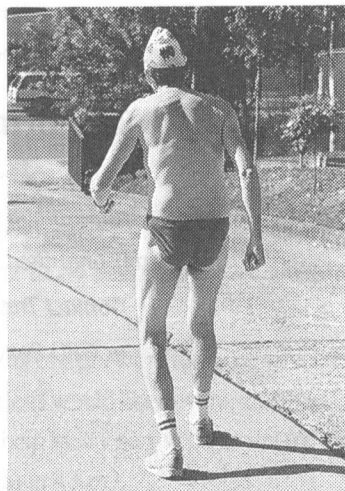
Steve Cornelius

At about ten seconds to ten on Sunday 28th February 1993, it finally became impossible for the loafing onlookers to deny that Nobby Young, ex-president of Sydney Striders Road Runners' Club and ex-owner of a head of hair, was about to carry out his threat to stride out of Martin Place, under no visible coercion or duress whatever, and attempt to walk 16,000 kilometres around Australia.

And at about ten seconds past ten, as the diminutive madman marched up George Street flailing his arms, a number of small brown envelopes were seen to change hands back in the pedestrian precinct. The envelopes, commensurate in many ways with those discussed at the Fitzgerald Commission, contained wads of unmarked, low-denomination Australian banknotes, in settlement of certain wagers which had been made over the previous few weeks (e.g (a) that Nobby wouldn't front, (b) that he would front but wouldn't start, (c) that he would start but wouldn't get further than Hunter and George, (d) that he would get further than Hunter and George but would get a blister before Kirribilli). Sadder but wiser, the men who had doubted Nobby Young's resolve slunk home to apply the principles of damage control to their bank accounts.

During the following seven days, those of us who faced ruin, on account of Nobby Young's unreasonably pedantic adherence to his word, tackled our problems in a number of vividly contrasting ways. Some, seeking an early solution, chose to throw themselves off the Gap; others, girding their loins for a prolonged struggle, chose bankruptcy. As for me, I decided to apply the Cornelius family motto "Furtivus Optimus Est" (Sneaky Is Best).

On the following Sunday morning, at the Sydney Striders' STaR run, I announced that if Nobby Young completed his walk, and if club members would raise 500 smackers for Life



Education Centres, I would run 10 kilometres backwards, wearing only a pair of jocks, socks, shoes and a silly orange Nepalese lama's hat, while whistling "Dixie".

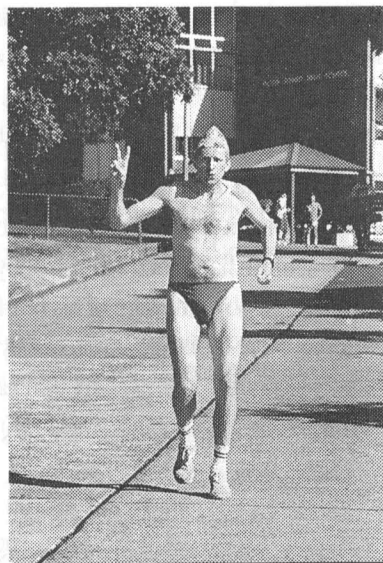
My reasoning was as follows. (a) Nobby had already cost me an entrepreneur's ransom by even starting his round-Australia walk, therefore revenge was called for. (b) The best way to obtain that revenge would be to sabotage his record attempt. (c) The expectation of seeing me make an unutterable dong-head of myself would get the little fellow over-excited, thus increasing his chances of burn-out along the way. (d) The chances of his finishing anyway were about the same as Balmain's of winning a premiership while still employing Jonesy. (e) Striders are generous to a fault, and two or three of them would donate the 500 smackers without having to see me in my Reg Grundies and silly hat, if I just told them I liked their last ad campaign for Sudso Soap or Molarbrite Toothpaste. It was a foregone conclusion. I would never have to run a single metre backwards, nor would I have to learn the tune of "Dixie".

Months passed. Nothing much happened. Nobby turned left at Cairns. More months passed. Holidaying in May 1993 in Broome, I carefully constructed a parcel-bomb and left it at the local Post Office for Nobby to collect. More months passed. Nothing much happened again. Nobby collected the parcel, but the bomb failed to detonate. Nobby, unaware of his brush with the Grim Reaper, turned left again at Broome. More months passed. Nobby turned left at Albany. Nothing much more than before happened, and kept on happening.

I was unconcerned about Nobby's three successful left turns. The Nullarbor would certainly sort him out. I relaxed, sure in the knowledge that no human being could ever walk across this desolate moonscape, this sun-scorched surrealistic wasteland, this mind-numbing expanse of nihilistic nothingness. Months passed. Nobby strolled across the Nullarbor, and in December 1993, crossed the border into AlexanderDownerLand. As we all now know, Nobby is not a human being, but a Krubon from the planet Throg. Krubons have little or no hair, pay no attention to human conversational norms, and regard physical challenges which would reduce most Earthlings to rubble as trivial. We all should have noticed the evidence, but unfortunately did not until it was too late. The Krubon was on his way back to Sydney.

The death squad I despatched to Melbourne got on the grog in Lygon Street and forgot why they were there. The semi-trailer I sent to wipe him out on the Princes Highway went down the Hume and missed him altogether. Events had begun to take a distinctly disquieting turn. It began to look as if I might actually have to do a little training. Fortunately, in early January 1994, I was fit, having completed the 30 km Palm-Beach-to-Manly Bushfire Obstacle Course, my longest run since 1987. A bit of backwards running would be a joke.

In the second week of January, citizens walking their dogs in Lane Cove's Blackman Park witnessed a tall, perspiring figure, running backwards and bearing a grimace which could only be indicative of extreme distress. I wore shorts and a green tee-shirt, no silly hat, and was not whistling "Dixie". Nevertheless, after one kilometre I came to a grinding halt and collapsed on the grass, gripping calves, thighs, hamstrings, and every other muscle to which I could apply my attention. As I sat there close to tears of pain on the turf of Lane Cove West, one of Life's Great Enlightenments came to me in a shaft of light similar to that experienced by Saul on the road to Damascus. It was as follows: NO amount of running forwards prepares you for ANY amount of running backwards.

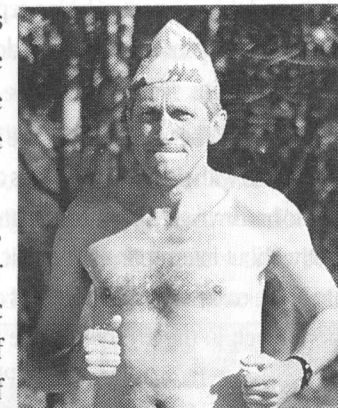


There was an unresolved problem here. Where had all these extra muscles, which were hurting like bejasus, actually COME FROM? I decided to consult some Striders medics. Warwick Selby said "It serves you right. Get out of my surgery within 30 seconds and I won't tell the rest of the club members". Irwin Light said "You'll find the latest 'Penthouse' in my waiting room. Read it for 30 seconds and the pain will go away. Don't forget to sign the chit". Paul Russell thought for 30 seconds, then said "I haven't got a bloody clue. That'll be \$80".

Eighty dollars poorer and not a great deal wiser, I took to the road again, gradually increasing the distance I ran backwards. In another of those Great Moments Of

Enlightenment, it occurred to me that running forwards was actually counter-productive, and that in order to minimise the pain I should be running in no direction except backwards. Accordingly I fronted a couple of Striders' Saturday 10k's in February and March '94 with absolutely no intention of running forwards, and laid claim to inaugural club records of 41:35 and 22:56 for 5k and 3k backwards respectively.

On February 28th, 1994, displaying his predilection for extreme pedantry, the Krubon from Throg strode back into Martin Place exactly one year after leaving. The world record was in his pocket and it was time to settle up. On March 13th, filled with apprehension, and to the accompaniment of catcalls and whistles, I stripped to my emerald green Jockeytes ted backwards down the High School. The orange on my head. It was the since Captain Cook.



For the first 2 km, versing up Pittwater dered to the mesmeric same tune hundreds of with its pathetic total of restatements, soon paled into insignificance. Emerging onto Delhi Road, it occurred to me that this was the first time in my life I had appeared in public on a major road dressed only in undies, and I mused on the probability of my being arrested before making the Plassey Road corner.

I needn't have worried. It seems that there are six degrees of deviation from contemporary standards of normalcy. At stage 1, no-one notices at all. At stage 2, they notice, but don't let on. At stage 3, they bip their car horns. At stage 4, they blast the horn loudly and leer out of the window hurling abuse before speeding away. At stage 5, they perform a citizen's arrest, and at stage 6, they phone the wallopers. By the time I made Plassey Road, it was clear that my performance rated 1_ at most.

It was on Plassey Road that I began to think my "Dixie"-mantra-induced trance had begun to generate hallucinatory effects. When you do substantial amounts of

of the Month and trot-drive of North Ryde lama's hat was perched coldest March morning

things went well. Re-Road alone, I surren-effects of repeating the times. Ravel's "Bolero", a mere 18 thematic

backwards running, you learn that too frequent glances over the shoulder disrupt the rhythm, obstruct the windpipe and upset the balance, so after a while you tend to become somewhat sparing with your backwards glances. I found that I could take in anything up to 100 metres of road surface each time and carefully note all moving and static objects which might become a hazard. One of my regular over-shoulder checks on Plassey Road, however, gave me cause to doubt my sanity. There, early Sunday morning, just south of the caravan park gate, was a vision of young loveliness in a low-cut black evening gown, teetering delicately southwards on 5-inch heels toward Delhi Road. She had to be a mirage. I looked again. She was still heading my way. Utterly ignoring my state of relative undress, the unusual direction of my gait, the ludicrous hat, and the constant piercing repetition of an American musical refrain, she proved herself not to be a mirage by addressing me thus: "Where can I get a taxi?"

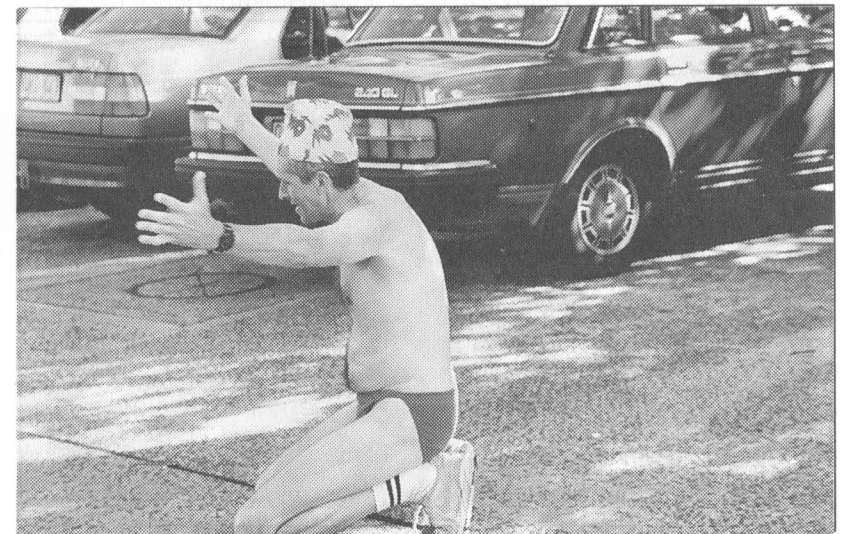
The matter suddenly became clear. The vision did not live in the caravan park, and was making good her escape, filled with regret at the events of the previous evening, while the out-and-out cad who had inveigled her into his van/cabin/tent slept off his hangover. Chivalrously, but without interrupting the music, I gestured southward. She teetered on. At the gate of the caravan park, a man was alternately gazing at me and the disappearing vision, much in the manner of one watching a tennis rally which featured a good deal of slow baseline slogging. Plainly he had difficulty assessing the relative unlikeliness of the two persons now disappearing from him in opposite directions. He was last seen turning bewilderedly back into the caravan park, shaking his head, mumbling "...seen it all now..."

Down Scribbly Gums hill and on into the Lane Cove River Park I strode, really motoring now. Another vision, this time clad other than in a black evening gown and heels, approached me after about 4k. It was Tina Campbell on her bicycle. A few minutes earlier she had apparently been waylaid by an apprehensive woman, who confided that there was "a weirdo down the road in his underpants", and that Tina should "watch out". Tina could have chosen any number of replies at this point, not excluding "Yes, I sat next to him at our club's annual dinner last night", and "Oh, he's just an old teddy-bear who wouldn't hurt a fly", either of which would have been the literal truth, but unimaginatively rejected these options in favour of merely thanking

the woman for her concern.

Turning at my 5km point in 39:00 minutes, I realised I had made the critical error of starting too fast. So fast, in fact, that I had broken my previous 5km backwards record by 2 minutes. Slowing the pace after my U-turn, I nevertheless found that I was slowly but inexorably gaining on two women joggers I'd passed only a minute earlier going the other way. Unfortunately, the similarity of our pace resulted in my running only a few metres behind them, gaining extremely slowly, for a considerable distance. Their frequent backward glances and lack of conversation told a story of apprehension and dread. Meanwhile, I was no less apprehensive, certain that they would flag down the next runner, cyclist or Ranger and beg them to arrest or otherwise restrain me. To avoid this situation, I speeded up markedly and overtook them, making sure to wave, grin and radically increase the volume of my whistling. None of these measures seemed to achieve any marked calming effect on the ladies, but the continuance of my unobstructed progress was assured.

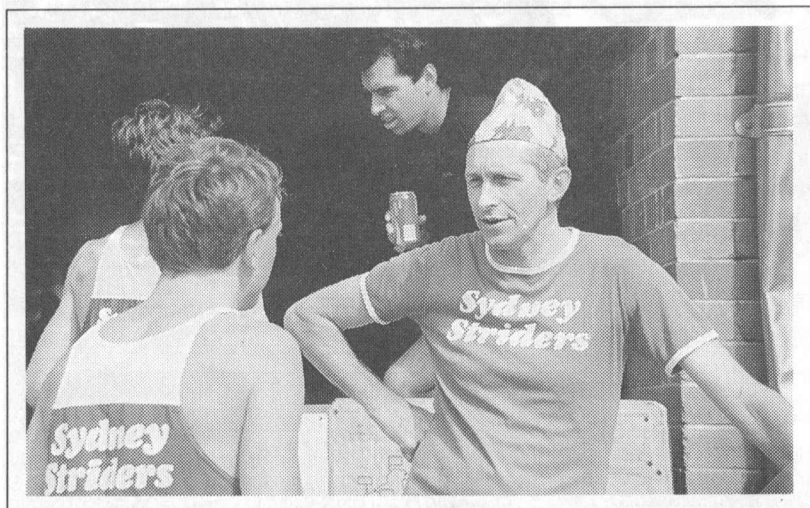
It also tired me out more quickly, an effect I had hoped to avoid. By 7km, at the foot of Scribbly Gums hill, I was paying the penalty. I'd never planned to RUN back up that hill, but neither had I planned for the walk to be so painful. The last 3 km remain to this day something of a blur, but somehow I summoned up the effort to



"...regarded this latest departure from sanity as just a boil on the bum of my turbulent career".

run up the Everest-like drive of the High School. At the finish, there was another of those Great Dawning Realisations, namely that the centripetal leverage of the orthogonal bisector over the bifocal fulcrum is exceeded by the median tangential moment around the epicentre of gravitational force in such a way and to such an extent that the fundamental pivot compensates by revolving counterclockwise at a velocity equal to the cube root of the atmospheric pressure on your endoplasmic hypotenuse. This means that when you finish running backwards and turn around to go forwards, you fall on your arse.

My inaugural club record of 88:40 for 10k backwards (NB "backwards", not "backward") raised over \$700 for Nobby's friends at Life Education Centres, or 1 cent every 14.3 centimetres. Thanks are due to Nobby, who forced me to do it; Tina Campbell and Ron Daly, for on-road encouragement; Joanne Cowan, for her life-saving water-station at Scribbly Gums; all those who gave dollars, including one notable Strider who bet \$200 on a single billiards shot then did a foul stroke; and my wife Sally who, having seconded me on 4 Sydney-Wollongong Ultras, regarded this latest departure from sanity as just a boil on the bum of my turbulent career. As for those 3 new club retro-records, you're all welcome to have a stab at them, because it's forwards only for me in future. Lovely records, shame about the backing.



"...didn't they mention the running-backwards-wearing-funny-hat-before-you're-fifty-event when you joined the Striders...?"

COMRADES '94 UP, UP, UP ALWAYS UP

Dick Bartlett

In case you wondered why I have been missing from STaRs etc for awhile it is not because of some mysterious injury but an extended business trip to London. I have been here since early March and expect to be back in Sydney late August.

As it was going to be 2 months before Clare, my wife, joined me I figured I could get in some serious training and considered what I should aim for.

On the day I left Sydney I had struggled around the 25K option of the Bondi Lifesaver so I figured this was an ideal base on which to build up for another assault on the Comrades up run. The next problem was to convince Clare that this was a good idea. A quick call to SAA in London gave me the answer.

Their fare to Sydney via Johannesburg return was cheaper than Qantas through SE Asia so I convinced her that after her months visit in May we could fly together to Durban, take in the delights of the Comrades experience and then fly to Jo'burg, where we could go our separate ways, me to London and Clare to Sydney with a return to London with SAA in mid July.

The next step apart from training, was accommodation. Brian Swart via the Blister had kindly offered to organise this, so a phone call to Brian in Pietermaritzburg resulted in Brian putting me in touch with Steve and Nan Gray. They were delighted to provide accommodation for Clare and I during our stay and were happy to pick us up and drop us back at the airport. The only worry was when I casually asked Steve if he ran Comrades often and replied that this year would be his tenth, 7 silvers and 2 bronzes so far. (The 2 bronzes having been obtained when he accompanied Nan in 1987 and his brother-in-law last year). I was certainly going to be in elite company.

Well, bookings were made and accommodation organised so all that remained was the training. I did manage a 32-36K run each weekend during March, mostly around Hyde Park which is not exactly good hill training stuff and I got out most nights, albeit due to work commitments and awful weather the distance I intended to go usually got shortened. Here I wish to pass my thanks on to Kevin Tiller for the quality of the Sydney Striders long-sleeved running top I bought just prior to leaving.

It kept out most of the cold and wind and became my best friend during this time.

Do you believe in coincidences and are you any good at working out odds? In 1990 when I was last in London on an extended business trip I made a last minute decision to run one lunch time and as I reached Hyde Park, Warwick Selby drove past, having arrived in England that morning. A quick hello and we each went our separate ways.

Well, I was running towards Hyde Park one dark evening in March down Bayswater Rd when a car hooted me. I resisted the temptation to tell them where to go and caught up with it a few seconds later. Who was driving? Warwick of course! A few words and he was off when the traffic started moving again. We'll have to stop meeting like this Warwick.

(Nobby will probably be able to keep his mind active trying to calculate the odds on his next long distance walk – Incidentally, congratulation on your world record Nobby, however I had become so used to not having you around when I heard you were returning, I went to England the day before to prolong the peaceful bliss).

As April approached it was obvious it was going to have to be a big month, I was sick of Hyde Park so I bought a running magazine and from the diary in its back pages chose some marathons to run:

10th APRIL – Bungay Black Dog Marathon (Suffolk)

This is named after a black dog that supposedly haunts the local church. The marathon started at 12.30 under dark skies and with a howling gale blowing. Two loops of a 21K course with a half marathon at the same time. A field of 400 or so started but only 60-odd continued on for the second lap.

The weather was terrible and at one stage I had icy rain blowing horizontally into my side and I thought my ear would crack off it was so cold (Kev, the long sleeved top came in bloody useful that day). Well it was a lonely trudge around the second loop and I finished in 3hrs 34mins, 32 out of 63 finishers. The winner ran 2hr 42mins.

There was no hype at the finish just one person logging us in and a lady huddled up in a chair giving us a medal. Where were all the cheering crowds? Inside in the warm watching Manchester United beat Oldham in the FA Cup semi final. It took me a week to get warmed up again.

17th April – London Marathon

I did not have an entry and I was going to watch it from the roadside but the weather was a turn off so I watched on TV instead. The day before I did a 55K run/walk training run in the rain. I gave Hyde Park a miss and ran out to Richmond Park. This was a mistake as due to the rain it was more like running the bogs of Cradle Mountain. In addition they have deer in the park and somehow the stags always seem to be standing on the running track meaning, for me to whom discretion is the better part of valour, a number of diversions through scrub and even deeper mud.

April 24th Shakespeare Marathon, Stratford

Stratford is a delightful town and for the marathon which started at 1pm some sun actually poked through the clouds. Temperature was estimated to be shooting up to 13C so in the changing rooms I was debating whether to use a T-shirt or the long-sleeved running top. The main concern amongst the other runners who were changing at the same time was whether it would be too hot and dehydration set in.

Another course of 2 x 21K loops with a half-marathon at the same time. It was a nice course and I enjoyed some good company on this run. There were two firsts for me on this run.

Number one was a runner whose crew gave him a special something at a stop along the road. A cigarette! He jogged off with it in his mouth happily puffing away. Didn't offer it around thank goodness. The second was a pee break on the run. I had been running and chatting with a young fellow for a while when he mumbled something about having a pee. I thought this was where I would lose him but no he just grabbed the old fella and had a squirt with each stride without missing a beat (so to speak). I haven't got the bottle to try it let alone the ability to aim properly.

My finishing time was 3.40 for 99 out of 176 finishers.

May St – Neolithic Marathon, Stonehenge

This was a run from Avery through the countryside, on dirt tracks through farm yards and paddocks, over stiles and finally through the military land on Salisbury Plains to finish at Stonehenge. The day was, for a change, glorious (21C) and, having no sunscreen, I got burnt but it was worth it as it was a lovely, but not fast, run and now comes highly recommended. My time 3hrs 53 mins, 73 out of 178, winning time 2hrs

47 mins. Incidentally they have an 11 mile and 22 mile walk at the same time so after a while the track becomes quite busy.

I thought I was doing something special in turning out for 3 marathons in 4 weeks but soon discovered there were plenty more like me and quite a number who had thrown in London as well for good measure and some I talked to were going to turn out the following week for their 5th in 5 weeks. It is no wonder I met runners with up to 250 marathons under their belt and one who completed 86 marathons last year alone!!

Well that was the big month under my belt. One more 34K in mid May (in the rain again) and I was ready as I could be for Comrades.

We flew into Durban on the Saturday before the run and were met by Steve and Nan and their delightful 4 yr old daughter Tonielle (she soon had me wrapped around her finger). I guess we were all apprehensive about meeting people for the first time and staying with them. However after we met and had swapped stories of how each couple had almost not made it to the airport (Steve and Nan because their car broke down, Clare and I because I mistakenly thought the plane left London at 9pm when in fact it was 7.30pm) the ice was broken and we got on famously for our stay of 5 days.

Our first port of call was the Runners Expo and registration. As those who have been will know the Expo is something else and needs to be seen to be believed. It certainly helps build the atmosphere for the run.

We had a couple of relaxing days with Steve and Nan and joined in on his huge carbo-loading program. I put on 2 or 3 Kg over those few days I am sure.

On the Sunday night before the race we went to Brian Swart's place for another pasta load and met up with Bob Harlow from Canberra. He had been over the course on the bus that day and had revised his estimated finish time as a result. We weren't able to find out what time he did but Clare said he seemed to be on 7.5 hour pace at Fields Hill but didn't see him at Polly Shorts.

On the Monday we went into Durban and lapped up the atmosphere. The place was full of runners each carrying their Comrades bag.

Incidentally, one of the five give aways in the goodie bag this year was a condom.



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I don't know what use it was meant to be on the run, but one runner did comment that there was only one muscle left that didn't ache at the end of the run!. Durban was buzzing with excitement and it was runners their support crews and locals alike who contributed to this. The race is certainly something that grabs the attention of everyone.

An early night and it was soon 4am on race day and we were on the road to Durban and the start. No privileged start for the internationals this year unfortunately so I found myself some way back from the front in fairly warm conditions.

'Chariots of Fire' played, the Cock crowed and then at 6am we were off. At least the lead runners were. It took me 4 minutes to reach the start line and then quite some time to get running. In fact it took about 25K for the runners to thin out sufficient to run my own race and some of the early water stops were quite chaotic. A major memory of the first few kilometres was the overpass coming out of Durban where most runners decided to dump their T-shirt, etc they had been wearing to keep warm. They threw them over the railings to the road below where the locals were waiting and scrambling around to grab garments as they floated down. Quite a sight.

Now how do you write about an 87K run? Honestly the K's and time slip by. Pretty soon I passed Clare and Nan at Fields Hill (25k) and it was after this I begun to realise I was tiring. Maybe it was the inability to run/walk under control from the start, maybe it was something else, who knows. All I knew was that I was digging deep and I wasn't any where near half way.

It seemed to take for ever but finally I sighted Drummond and went through halfway in 4.75hrs some 20 minutes or so slower than the last time I did an up-run.

In my dreams I had entertained ideas of running up Inchanga but survival was necessary so a 3K walk up hill followed.

It was at that point my socks started to irritate me so at the top of Inchanga I stopped to take them off. I bent down to my left foot and was hit by searing pain of a cramp from my left calf. I threw my cap on the ground in disgust and leaped about a bit. At this stage a native boy made a grab for my hat on the ground (a prize for him, a necessity for me for the next few hours in the sun). "F—K off you sod" I managed.

Either language or the manner in which it is said is universal and he jumped away like a scalded cat. I gingerly removed the sock from my left foot put my shoe back on and then turned to my right foot. Guess what. Yes, another searing cramp, only this time in my right calf. I got the sock off and the shoe back on and grabbed my hat. By this time the young boy had set his sights on my socks so I gave him them and he ran off happily with his prize to the next runner to see what he could coax from them.

Now I had a problem, a mere marathon to go and cramps in both calves. So I set off running in a most ungainly fashion where I could and walking as necessary. Thank goodness the aid stations are only 1.5K apart. I drank more Coca Cola over that last 42K than I normally consume in a month. I kept working out the distance to go at a 10min per kilometre walking pace and for quite some time it took me past the 11 hour cut-off mark but then suddenly it was below 11 hours and I knew with certainty I was going to make it.

All I had left was Little Pollys and then Polly Shorts. What a struggle they were for me and just about everyone around me. But they were all cheerful and such wonderful company egging each other on. Even at this late stage in the race the spectators still lined the course in large numbers and their enthusiasm had not wavered.

I reached the top of Polly Shorts where Clare and Steve were waiting. Steve had finished in 7hrs 2mins for another silver and his green number and looked as fresh as a daisy. Quick instructions on where to find them at Jan Smuts Stadium and I was off on the last 6K.

This went surprisingly quickly and suddenly I was climbing the hill into the stadium, around the track, a quick look around at the crowds of spectators and over the finish line in 10hrs 32mins.

It only took a few minutes to find Clare and she took me back to where our group was located.

It was here I made a mistake and lay down. Every time I moved to try and get up cramp struck me so I just had to lay there. It took an hour or so before I was able to move so unfortunately I missed seeing the gun fired at the 11 hour mark.

My thanks must go to my support crew who looked after me so well during this agonising period and to Nan who managed to obtain some Denco Rub for me.

Believe it or not after a hot bath I was fine and we went out for a few beers and to meet up with some friends from Jo'burg. It was a fairly early night and I had one consolation. It was seeing Steve trying climb up the steps to his house that evening. The stiffness had finally settled in for him.

Steve and Nan took leave the next day and we had a wander around

Pietermaritzburg. I was able to meet Sean Micklejohn, a member of Steve's club, who is representing South Africa in the world 100K in Japan later this month as well as a number of others from his club who had completed the Comrades the day before all in very respectable times.

We joined them all in the pub at lunchtime for a few wind-down drinks. Steve and Nan kindly drove us to Durban airport that afternoon and we said a sad farewell to them. However we are certain we will see them again. Nan wants to run a down run and needs company and I only have another 7 to go before I get my green.

A wonderful race, another tremendous experience, terrific hospitality and for me, one to go back to again and again. The experience and the comradeship just gets better and better.

Albert Salazar in his first ultra took the lead early, maintained it and won. Nick Bester (S.Africa) was 2nd. Charley Doll, last years winner came in an exhausted 4th or 5th and Bruce Fordyce, trying for his 10th win came in 19th (he will now run the race for pleasure?). Don Wallace of Australia came in 12th.

Russian runners took first and second places in the women's section. Frith Van Der Merwe, the favourite, pulled out after 2 hrs with shin splints.

Some final comments/observations:

- Almost everyone seemed to know Charles Coville. I was asked so many times if I knew him I wished I had a sign on my back saying hello from Charles.
- The course climbs from sea level to 810m but with all the ups and downs the runners climb twice the height of Ben Nevis (the highest mountain in Britain).
- I always thought the 'FRN' of squeeze fame was the name of some exotic

formula. Do you know what it stands for? I have told the editor so the answer may be elsewhere in the magazine if you are lucky. [Fordyce, Rose, Noakes, the inventors].

- The crowd participation never ceases to amaze me. It is a major day out for all, not just those associated with, or interested in, running. It is their participation and encouragement that keeps the back markers like myself going.

To use the words of Brian Swart which echo my feelings. *"If you never run Comrades, believe me, you will have lost out on one of life's most memorable experiences. It's magic."*

Well I am now back in England and have run around Hyde Park a few times (at least there are no hills), however, it is off to Stoke-on-Trent for the Potteries Marathon this weekend but maybe something on this in the next issue.

1994 COMRADES MARATHON RESULTS

Men

1. Salazar	(USA)	5.38.39
2. Bester	(SA)	5.42.52
3. Moholi	(SA)	5.43.15
4. Camenzind	(SWITZ)	5.43.37
5. Rafiri	(SA)	5.44.52
6. Doll	(GERM)	5.52.51
19. Fordyce	(SA)	6.01.54

Women

1. Liakhova	(RUSS)	6.42.18
2. Shatyaeva	(RUSS)	6.47.40
3. Vass	(HUNG)	6.51.48
4. Buekes	(SA)	6.52.21
5. Joubert	(SA)	6.58.53

SELBY QUITs

Dr. Warwick Selby, one of the gun runners of the Sydney Striders club, surprisingly announced his retirement from competitive running today. In a press statement released by his under-assistant east coast promotions liaison officer, Dr. Selby was quoted as saying: "It's a combination of a number of factors that brought me to this decision. Firstly a persistent foot injury, a lack of real challenges and a creeping fondness of fine foods. Also, on occasions, I have found myself at the end of a race tired and emotional, dazed and confused and it made me wonder. I have climbed the mountain and looked yonder."

Reaction to this unexpected decision brought a mixed response from club members.

Malcolm Satchell, a longtime competitor of Dr. Selby, said "Warwick was like a bright beacon to me; one that could be snuffed out with comparative ease. I have to be frank and say he was slowing down."

Joanne Cowan stated "Warwick was a runner I really looked up to until I found out that he didn't bulk bill. After that I started to question his true values."

Scott Crawford stated that "Warwick had been very competitive and had kept his shit together over a long period, but recently it was starting to fall apart."

Mike Ward looked upon Warwick as someone who had assisted him both spiritually and physically over the Six Foot Track Race on a number of occasions, but recently felt he had lost the plot when he found him swimming backstroke in the Cox's River.

David Ritchie was a little more forthright when he said "Thimble Heart never had much and now he has got less. I don't know about losing the plot, but I'm sure he could help him find one. Rookwood comes to mind."

Final word must go to Ray Doran who compared Dr. Selby to an old slipper. "He was getting worn down at the heel; soft and sloppy on the inside and a bit scuffed on the outside." Dr. Peter Corte, when asked, would make no positive comment based on ethical reasons. Dr. Selby stated that he would continue to run on Sundays for mere social interaction.

SYDNEY STRIDERS 100 KILOMETRE ROAD FOOT RACE

David Sill

Our club has extended the range of events it promotes by deciding to hold a 100 kilometre road race next May.

There are ultramarathon events of many distances which are popular around the world, but one that is attracting strong attention is the 100 kilometre road race, which is becoming the international standard ultra. Ultramarathoners are hoping to have such an event accepted in a Commonwealth Games and ultimately the Olympic Games.

There are at least four such events held regularly in Australia each year, but the only one held in New South Wales is the Bathurst 100 which is held on a demanding, hilly course. The Striders are proposing to hold their race on a flat, fast course in the Sydney metropolitan area, probably on a multi-loop 10 kilometre course.

The time duration will be 11 or 12 hours.

The reason this race was considered was an approach I received from AURA, of which I am a New South Wales committee representative. AURA

(Australian Ultra Runners' Association) is the body which is affiliated with Athletics Australia and carries out functions related to ultra events for AA. AURA wants a 100 kilometre road race held in the Olympic city. If the annual race is a success, there is a possibility that AURA will apply for our race to become the world championship course in the year 2000.

This is an exciting prospect for the club, which should not put too much strain us to organise. Also, many Striders take part in ultras such as the Six Foot Track and some may wish to try the 100k challenge.

It is probably not recognised widely that Australian ultra runners feature prominently in the world. Many Australian runners hold world rankings or hold world age group records.

Australia has some excellent ultra runners, of whom Don Wallace is our fastest male over 100k, with Canberra based Strider, Trevor Jacobs next best. Trevor has some great performances in world championship races. Australia also has a strong

group of female ultra runners who are capable of winning team events at world championships.

We are still to decide the course for our race next year. Any suggestions would be very welcome.

I am really proud to be a member of a club like ours which is able to have such strong involvement in our sport, both in participation and organisation of events. I am sure we will put on a 100k race to be proud of and I welcome participation by club members in the planning and organisation of this race.

AXE VALLEY RUNNERS: MAD AS MEAT AXES?

Steve Cornelius

Remember Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, and Harry Hawke? Thought not. They were the six English West Country loonies who, along with the singer of the song and Uncle Tom Cobby, persuaded the incomparably gullible Tom Pearce into lending them his grey mare as their transport to Widecombe Fair. The mare, not unexpectedly, carked it half way there, as any sane person might expect from a nag obliged to carry eight West Country yokels simultaneously into town.

From the evidence presented overleaf, however, sanity is not high on the list of commodities to be expected in the inhabitants of the English county of Devon. Not too many miles from the place where Tom Pearce's old bag'o'bones met her maker, if you take the A3052 from Exeter and ramble eastwards a few rolling miles, you'll encounter the valley of the River Axe. The source of the Axe is in fact in Dorset, and it meanders lazily into Somerset for a league or two before finally rolling through Eastern Devon and discharging into the English Channel at, appropriately, Axmouth.

What makes this valley so special is the running club which calls it home: the Axe Valley Runners, who produce some of the most imaginative, offbeat race entry forms (and races!) in the world. Those of you who attended last year's Striders' Xmas Brunch would have heard a few quotes from the hilarious entry form to AVR's incomparable "Grizzly" cross-country ("There will be no changing facilities, no showers for MILES, and the toilet facilities will be VERY primitive."). These are runners who enjoy cross-country in the old English tradition: lots of mud and water, lots of opportunities to lose the trail, more mud, extreme cold, and much more mud. And if more than 50 percent of participants make it alive to the finish, you sack your course designer.

Overleaf we present the entry form for last year's AVR Mid-Summer Dream Marathon, as a supreme example of wacky entry form design. Read and enjoy! But if you are ever down Devon way, hesitate about running with these folk. As they say, "many big men (but no women) have been broken by this course". Don't say we didn't warn you.

JACK FOSTER ON MARATHONING

The editors, just had to reprint this article about that astonishing marathoner, Jack Foster.

[Acknowledgements to the ACT Cross Country Club, for allowing us to reprint this article from the April 1994 issue of the 'Canberra Runner'].

For the past 15 years we have asked a well known marathoning identity to record his or her thoughts on the marathon as a special feature of our race program. Our list of celebrity guest writers now reads Chris Wardlaw, Gerard Barrett, Rob de Castella, Kathrine Switzer, Pat Clohessy, Lisa Martin, Frank McCaffrey, Alberto Salazar, Garry Hand, Steve Moneghetti, Derek Froude, Rosemary Longstaff, Pat Carroll and Colin Neave. And we can now add Jack Foster, holder of the world's best veterans' marathon time from 1974 until broken by fellow Kiwi John Campbell in the 1990 Boston Marathon.

Jack set his time of 2:11.18 when winning the silver medal in the Christchurch Commonwealth Games at age 41. This was the 12th fastest marathon run at the time.

Jack represented NZ in two Olympics, two Commonwealth Games and three World Cross Country Championships. He was fourth in the 1970 Edinburgh Commonwealth Games, eighth in the Munich Olympics and 17th in the Montreal Olympics. His second and third fastest marathons of 2:12.17 and 2:13.42 were recorded in the Fukuoka Marathon in 1970 and 1971 respectively. He bettered 2:15 on five occasions.

Although not renowned as a track runner, Jack recorded a world 20 mile track record of 1:39.14 in 1971.

To celebrate his 50th birthday, Jack tried to better 2:20 in the 1982 Auckland Marathon. He finished in 2:20.26 - one unforgiving second per mile short of his target.

Here are some thoughts from Jack on the marathon:

"I find it hard to believe that modern-day runners would want to read anything an old has-been like me has to say. On the other hand it is flattering to still be asked, especially when I read who has "gone before" me.

Another reason I'm responding is that it must be hard for you Aussies - I suspect

Lenton's hand, or foot, in this too - to ask a Kiwi to contribute. But it's even worse than that, because I'm really just a "thinly" disguised (pardon the pun) Pom!!!

Joking aside, I enjoyed the company and hospitality of all you Canberraites last year and indeed over the years with such great lads as "Farro", "Rabbit", Dave Chettle, etc, etc. Great days.....

I'm not such a "wordsmith" as Chris Wardlaw so my comments will be not quite so "professional" as Chris's.... and some of your other contributors.

It's 1982 since I last ran a marathon so I'm a bit out of touch but basic principles remain; 20 miles is relatively easy, it's the last six plus which sort the men from the boys or women from girls. Races are won by people who slow down the least, and not necessarily the fastest runner.

This not only applies to winning races but also to setting personal best times. When running a PB there is always an after-race feeling of "I'm sure I could have gone faster, ." and this, I think, is why people continue to try marathons; it is a pursuit of excellence.

The accepted criteria of "winning" doesn't necessarily imply excellence of performance. I much preferred to run a PB in any race than to win a race in a mediocre time; even though the PB may have given me ONLY a third or fourth placing. It was a far more satisfying run.

Again I'm sure this is why people with no chance of winning a race continue to run, chasing the elusive, tantalising personal best.

With regard to older runners, and I've always been an "older" runner, the sad fact is that it is just not possible for a runner of 50 plus, who has been running for a number of years, to improve or do PBs. If there is improvement, then the runner just hasn't been trying, for there is no substitute for youth!

What we have to aim at is losing as little as possible, or maintaining what ability we have left. It boils down to the recovery business.

The "hangover" from a long run or interval session lasts much longer, and although the desire to race at as high a level as possible is still there, it is accompanied by an equally lessened desire for hard training efforts.

What worked for me were what I called "aerobic" intervals as opposed to the old

anaerobic character builders - 400m reps (these being too demanding of wind and limb).

Best done on grassed areas such as golf courses and preferably in excess of 800m. I ran them at a whisker faster than my proposed marathon pace, and tried five or six per session.

Recovery should be the by-word for older runners - to continue to try to train on fatigued legs is just begging for an injury. Far better to have one day off than to persist with the "can't miss a day" attitude and sustain an injury, then miss a couple of weeks.

I trust these notes don't read like "advice" - there's too much advice written elsewhere and let's face it, no one knows the "secret" for sure.

Let's just hope that people keep running, especially the marathon, as there is nothing like the feeling of running on air whilst doing a PB and I love the old saying - if it doesn't kill you, it makes you stronger!"



FIRST IMPRESSIONS

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Phone 667 3993 Fax 317 5439

Contact Strider Brian Tailford

IT'S ALL OVER! NOBBY'S FINAL REPORT SYDNEY

Nobby Young

It is now a few months since we returned to Sydney and I needed every day of that period to settle down before writing this final report. To stop walking was not a problem at all but for my head to let go of a life style that was so constant, 24 hours a day seven days a week, was not an easy trick. The best way that I can sum it up is to say that my legs covered 7km an hour but my mind managed 28km. I feel that I could well do without thinking time for the next ten years or so!

Jim English has settled back into life in the Southern suburbs, even finding time to do a bit of training and coaching at a local gym. I'm not too sure when he will be ready to travel again but I don't think it will be for a while. He must look back on the Walk and think it was the craziest challenge he ever took on. It was tremendous the way he stuck to the task despite the many difficulties that became part of every day life. He should look back on his efforts and be proud of himself. Thanks to Leila, Jim's wife, for lending him out.

Gwen has now moved to country Victoria, ignoring what we discovered about the weather down there, having decided that Sydney lifestyle is not what she wants. Having her bedroom in the back of a Nissan Nomad for five months must have prepared her for anything, not many young ladies could handle a situation like that. How many bedrooms do you know where you have to go outside to put your clothes on? Jim and I were so pleased that Gwen could join the team at Perth for the last 6000km, the difference it made was enormous. Jim's family is still reaping the benefits of the cooking skills Jim learned from Gwen, the little bugger is seldom out of the kitchen!

I'm also on the move, heading to Queensland to live in a few days time. I must have become addicted to living in the campervan as it is going to be my permanent home; life on six wheels, a modern day Gypsy. I want to keep my involvement with the Life Education Centres going and prefer to work out of the Gold Coast so that is where I'm heading. There is something about working with kids that can get you hooked, although I must admit that giving them back to the teacher after a while is an advantage. My new address is PO Box 1140, Broadbeach 4218 and my mobile phone

number will remain (018).296 787.

To Jim and Gwen, my most sincere thanks for your untiring efforts. On the road we always referred to 'us' doing the walk, and that is the way it was, we were a team. We had four separate identities out there, Gwen, Jim, myself and the Walk. The Walk was not personally mine, it belonged to the three of us and everything we did had to protect it, our whole lifestyle revolved around it. It was a bit like playing football with an egg in your pocket and trying to keep it intact!

I could thank hundreds of people for their help and support but I will whittle it down to a couple for practical purposes.

Terry Hearity from Corporate Communications of Australia Post in Melbourne kept us on the road through our darkest hours. He really was a member of the crew, the only difference being that he didn't get up at 3.30am each morning. In a situation where we had to rely on others so much for support, sometimes thousands of kilometres away, Terry's efforts were a prime factor in the success of the venture. Thanks, Terry, I will buy you a beer when I get to Victoria.

Margaret Young, who has supported so many of my ventures over the years, made it possible for me to get to the start line. In these days of very limited sponsorship dollars her backing allowed me to hold on long enough to get the corporate support required for a world record endurance event. Marg, if you ever want to go for a long walk you will have my total support!

Around Australia we ate, drank, laughed, cried and related stories to thousands of people from Life Education, Australia Post, other sponsors and the public at large. Gwen, Jim and I would like to thank you all for your assistance, goodwill, humour, care and concern. The greatest lesson I learned on the trip is that life is about people, first and foremost. The encouragement given us by so many fellow Australians and visiting tourists supplied the fuel we operated on. If I didn't meet anyone on the Walk it would have ended by about Ballina.

Since my return to Sydney I have been working on my notes for guest speaking and writing a book, a task that has taken far longer than I anticipated. How did we fit so many experiences into such a short period of time? No wonder we all felt a little stuffed at the finish. At this point I have well over a thousand story's to relate; some

regarding Gwen I have had to eliminate as she was getting more than her share and I don't want to upset Jim. I might need him on another support crew one day.

Now I'm planning my future and our roving days are but a memory, it is time to move on.

Want to share a few memories of the Walk? Try these for starters:

- Battling for weeks to get permission to use a traffic lane of the Harbour Bridge at the start of the Walk. We won!
- The farewell in Martin Place, lots of people, what a hoot.
- Spraining my foot going out of Sydney. Couldn't believe it!
- Nine days at the Big 4 van park at Emerald Beach (Coffs Harbour) waiting for my foot to mend and camper-van repairs.
- Walking into a live kangaroo at 4.30 am, in the dark.
- Our team being guests for half a day at Thursday Plantation, Ballina, the tea tree oil centre of Australia.
- Switching from running shoes to Teva sports sandals saved my heels from total destruction.
- Gwen and Merv Westerweller helping out as honorary crew members for parts of NSW and Qld.
- Great welcome and Jim's birthday party in Normanton, up in the gulf country.
- 12km underground in the Mt Isa mine where I fell asleep several times in the back of a truck. In those days if I wasn't walking I was sleeping!
- Jim telling me at the Qld/NT border that the camper-van had a blown motor and couldn't go anywhere. Shit!
- Walking in and out of Camooweal 13 times to keep the continuous walk record intact. I'm still the only person to go there that many times in one day, a record that will last forever.
- Walking around Mt Isa, around 45km a day for thirteen days waiting to get the camper back. If you know someone there I bet I also know them.

- Wearing just sandals, pith helmet and a shirt for many days in the NT when I had a rash on my inner thighs.
- Jim riding a mountain bike into a barb wire fence. TWANG!
- Telling all on ABC TV News in Darwin that I was pushing my left leg up my bum each day because of the slope on the road.
- Fun times in Broome and Pt Hedland, we wanted to stay. A big bugger named Wilbur forced me to leave Pt Hedland at 3.30 in the morning!
- Two days and one night on the road with a golf buggy and survival gear near Carnarvon when the camper developed an oil leak and needed repairs.
- Personal life thrown into turmoil in Moora, WA. A long story that will have to wait for the book.
- Getting locked in a toilet by a Reliv Distributor while trying to keep an appointment with Reg (The Toe Cutter) Withers in Perth.
- Gwen joining up as crew, also in Perth. It never crossed my mind that Gwen being female would cause people to think that she must be a partner to myself or Jim. Poor Gwen spent the next five months informing everyone that she was a free agent.
- Around the bottom of WA. Nice country, friendly people, nearly froze at times but it was worth it.
- The Nullarbor, lost Gwen one night but apart from that it was quite easy. Had to step between the rabbits.
- Big welcome by the City of Adelaide, one of my longest and most tiring days, but a real success.
- Colac, and catching up with Cliff Young and Drew Kettle, two of the greatest characters I have ever met. We should get them into politics. They would stuff everything up but they wouldn't be as boring as the lot we have in now.
- Melbourne and using a traffic lane to cross the Westgate Bridge with Cathy Freeman and Rod Woodhouse, REAL sports people. Big reception at the mail centre.

- Up to Orbost, the home of most of the Westfield Run officials. A rough lot, the only blokes I know that claim to know Charlie Lynn. Charlie is just a mythical figure, a bit like the Tasmanian tiger, except that this myth stood for Government.
- Whoops, somewhere a couple of thousand kilometres back I picked up the Australian walk record.
- Very hospitable welcome to Bega (the first time) and then out to Canberra and lunch with Rob De Castella. I was all set to give him a few tips on running, I used to run a bit you know, but I didn't get the opportunity. Pity, he could become quite a handy athlete with a bit of guidance.
- Took in Queenbeyan, Yass, Boorowa, Young (nice name), Cootamundra, Gundagai, Tumut and Cooma because some twit told me it was a nice place to go for a walk.
- Into Bega a second time and what a day. The world record was in the bag and what a reception. This was a day to remember, hundreds of enthusiastic school kids, lots of 'bigger kids' and plenty of media coverage. Bega! I could not have found have something I know it when
- a better place to break the record, some places special about them that I can not define but I find it. In Bega I sure as hell found it.
- Then there was the run through to Sydney with all the South Coast towns and Cities along the way. Activity galore all the time with Sydney managing to turn on constant rain for the finish. To think that we had about five months without rain on one part of the trip and then it wouldn't ease up for us to finish.
- The rain couldn't spoil the finish after twelve months of effort out there on the roads of Australia. It all finished with a bang, we all returned safely although somewhat the worse for wear and all the challenges had been met.

The Great Australina Walk Was Over.

There is room here for another Gwen story. At a road-house somewhere across the bottom of the country, Gwen was sitting writing letters when couple of road train drivers started asking her questions about what she was doing. When informed that she was part of my support crew they wanted to know if she was paired up with

anyone for a bit of fun, if you know what I mean. Gwen spent considerable time convincing them that this was not the case. While this was going on unknown to me, I had paid for fuel and drawn cash for expenses. I walked into Gwen and handed her \$200 for the kitty, saying for a joke "thanks for last night, it was great." The reaction from those truckies and from Gwen had to be seen to be believed!

Here is a strange but true story. I seldom drank coffee during the trip, maybe three times a week. Jim used to make me a cup of tea as I approached the camper-van, not waiting for me to get there and therefore saving time. Three times over a two week period I mentally sent Jim a message over the last 2km of a walk leg to 'make coffee, make coffee' and each time he had made coffee. A further test was when I mentally 'told' him to spin the safety light on top of the vehicle after he went past one day. Only did it once. Jim spun the light! All that remains is for me to thank the organisations who supported the Walk and the Life Education Centres.

Major Sponsor: AUSTRALIA POST. There from the start and supported us everywhere we went.

Co-Sponsors: Reliv Nutritional Products. Kept me healthy with their supplies at a time when I needed it most;

Endeavour Credit Union. I'm a part owner, like every other client. Who needs banks?

Sub-Sponsors: Sanitarium Health Foods. Even in the most remote areas they managed to keep us supplied with their products.

Big 4 Tourist Parks. The people who know how to give their clients a relaxing time.

Telecom MobileNet. Saved us from the hardships of isolation, even helped me keep my sanity.

Coles Stores. Always a friendly welcome, it was nice to have your support.

ABC Radio. I didn't know how much fun radio could be until I met up with this lot.

Mt Franklin Mineral Water. This is mainly a dry continent, need I say more?

Zurich Insurance. Did they know how risky

Goodyear Tyres. My feet were not the only things that needed to be well shod.

Unofficials: All Seasons Hotels Emerald Beach Tourist Park Mt Isa Hotel Teva Sports Sandals Thursday Plantation Tea Tree Products Merv Westerweller Video Services

171 Mills Street,
Middle Park,
VICTORIA 3206
21 March 1994

Mr. Alf Field,
President - Sydney Striders,
P.O. Box N119,
Grosvenor Street,
Sydney 2000

Dear Alf,

I recently received a note from Kevin O'Kane reminding me that memberships are now overdue.

After fourteen years, I have decided not to renew.

For those of us who were lucky enough to be present at the birth of the club, the rewards of the last fourteen years have been ample.

You and your committee have embarked on a bold course of action to transform the club into something never envisioned in Charles Coville's apartment in Artarmon in 1980. I have a personal point of view about it which it is inappropriate for me to express, given my lack of involvement. Nonetheless, I wish you all well.

Despite having to re-locate to Melbourne, I still intend to manage the occasional run with a few mates in Sydney. Maybe I'll keep up with Striders news that way.

As Frank Sinatra has said ... 'Regrets... I've had a few...'. Among them the fact that I will now lose my vice-like grip on the oldest marathon PB in the Club - a 3.02.24 set at the State Marathon Championship in 1980. In spite of 5 other efforts below 3.03, I never did better that time.

Say good-bye and thank you to everyone for a lot of great times on the road.

Regards,

David Blackhall

The Editor
Blister Magazine

Dear Boofhead,

Some malevolent miscreant within the club's hierarchy seems to want to extend the Silly Season well into the middle of the year.

This numbskull, whose intelligence quotient would seem paltry alongside the cube root of a pigeon's left testicle, has taken to scrawling insults on envelopes which contain my copies of Striders' publications. For example, on the rear flap of the envelope bearing my club Calendar in February appeared the word "RATBAG!" in rudimentary, childlike capitals. Plainly this is the work of some kindergarten oaf.

Please inform this intellectual pygmy that his game is up! He has been rumbled. Because the postmark on the same envelope (and if this seems unlikely, you may inspect the evidence, which I have retained) quite clearly reads "Darwin Mail Centre, 15 Feb 1994, Australia's Tropical Mecca".

Far be it from me to imply that some fellow club member is a couple of Falcons short of a parking lot, but might I suggest that the person who takes a publication aimed at a readership which is 98 percent based in metropolitan Sydney, bulk-mails it in DARWIN, then labels someone ELSE a ratbag, is on fairly shaky ground?

I am willing to make a deal. You let me know the identity of this snivelling apology for humanity, and I won't tell the club membership at large anything at all about the catalogues for crotchless lingerie and rubber gear your secretary said she found on your desk. I have almost full sets of "Whips and Leather" Magazine and "Handcuffs Monthly", in very good condition, if you would care to swap.

Sincerely, S.W. Bag

P.S. Now that I am on the staff of the Blister, perhaps you could make it a priority to advise me of my starting salary. I would suggest something around the \$400,000 mark, which SOCOG hopefuls seem to be turning down in droves these days, as a working minimum.

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

NAME	Age Race			Best as a Strider		Best Before Joining		
	Now	Age	Time	Race	Date	Time	Race	Date
PHIL GARVIN	V	P	2.21.56	BATHURST	0786			
GODFREY FRANZ	P	O	2.29.38	JOHANNESBURG	1083	2.21.36	BUFFALO	0382
CHRIS McLEAN	V	V	2.35.55	CANBERRA	0492	2.27.31	AUSTRALIAN	'83
JOHN SAUER	P	O	2.36.11	ANZAC	0489			
MARTIN THOMPSON	V	V	2.37.23	TRARALGON	0688	2.28.07	POLYTECH UK	'77
DON PRICE	V	V	2.37.31	ANZAC	0488			
BRUCE INGLISS	P	P	2.38.11	NEWCASTLE	0788			
JEFF GISSING	O	O	2.38.17	ANZAC	0488			
RON FEENEY	O	O	2.38.32	LONDON	0485			
WAYNE STANTON	P	O	2.38.51	AUSTRALIAN	0686			
WARWICK SELBY	V	V	2.41.19	ANZAC	0490			
CHRIS DWYER	V	V	2.41.28	CANBERRA	0493			
ALEX WHITWORTH	M	V	2.41.49	WORLD VETS	1287			
JOANNE COWAN	V	V	2.42.00	CANBERRA	0493			
TERRY McIVER	V	V	2.42.24	WORLD VETS	1287			
MALCOLM SATCHELL	V	V	2.42.29	AUCKLAND	1192	2.42.33	CITIES	0890
CHARLES COVILLE	V	P	2.45.13	WINSTONE, NZ	1083			
IVAN FREYS	V	P	2.46.54	CANBERRA	0484			
STEPHEN JACKSON	O	O	2.47.04	HOLDSWORTHY	0992			
JOHN HAMILTON	P	P	2.47.22	CANBERRA	0493	3.01.30	WANG	0683
PETER DONNELLEY	M	V	2.47.42	AUSTRALIAN	0684			
PAUL RUSSELL	V	P	2.47.53	CANBERRA	0484			
RAY DORAN	M	V	2.48.23	AUSTRALIAN	0687			
ALISTAIR MACKIE	V	P	2.49.22	MELBOURNE	1084			

NAME	Age Race			Best as a Strider		Best Before Joining		
	Now	Age	Time	Race	Date	Time	Race	Date
KEVIN TILLER	O	O	2.49.26	CITIES	0893	3.22.08	LONDON	0486
LINDA THOMPSON	V	P	2.49.34	S MELBOURNE	1188	2.49.32	MELBOURNE	'86
WILLIAM THOMPSON	V	V	2.49.38	ANZAC	0488			
PETER COBLEY	V	P	2.50.01	AUSTRALIAN	0683			
JON MARSDEN	P	O	2.50.17	AUSTRALIAN	0687			
HARVEY BLUE	M	V	2.50.17	AUSTRALIAN	0683			
GRAHAME MURPHY	P	P	2.51.20	HOLDSWORTHY	0992	2.43.09	CITIES	0889
BRIAN GATFIELD	V	V	2.51.23	GOLD COAST	0889			
PHILIP HUGILL	P	P	2.51.47	CITIES	0893	2.57.00	DUBLIN	1091
JONATHAN TROPE	V	V	2.51.47	CANBERRA	0492	2.54.20	VAAL	0388
DAVID SILL	V	V	2.52.54	HAMILTON NZ	1087			
SHARON DOBSON	V	O	2.54.14	GOLD COAST	0791	2.53.00		1182
GAVIN MORISSET	M	V	2.54.22	GOLD COAST	0889			
STEPHEN URWIN	P	P	2.54.27	N CALEDONIA	0792	3.04.00	BAS'STOKE UK	0686
STEPHEN GILL	V	V	2.54.49	GOLD COAST	0792	2.55.40	ANZAC	0489
STEVE CORNELIUS	V	P	2.55.31	NSW STATE	0682			
MARLIES LAAPER	O	O	2.55.55	CANBERRA	0492	3.27.00	ANZAC	0489
RAYMOND SKINNER	V	V	2.55.57	ANZAC	0488	3.12.56	MELBOURNE	'86
GEOFF COX	O	O	2.55.58	HONOLULU	1291			
BRET NICHOLS	V	P	2.56.14	ANZAC	0490			
NOBBY YOUNG	V	P	2.56.33	NSW STATE	0584			
MIKE WARD	V	P	2.57.41	AUSTRALIAN	0686			
ALF FIELD	M	M	2.57.43	S MELBOURNE	1190	3.05.52	CANBERRA	'86
MARK FIORE	O	O	2.58.33	COMBINATION	0791	2.58.08	HUY, BELGIUM	0690
DICK BARTLETT	V	P	2.58.34	MELBOURNE	1085	2.59.32	MELB VETS	0784
JOHN TURNER	M	V	2.58.46	AUSTRALIAN	0685			
PAUL MANDL	P	P	2.59.14	MELBOURNE	0592			
SUE HILL	M	V	2.59.15	AUSTRALIAN	0684	2.52.01	AVON, W GERM	'79
SCOTT CRAWFORD	V	V	2.59.21	ANZAC	0490			
TINA CAMPBELL	M	V	3.00.32	WORLD VETS	1287			
SIMON FRETTON	P	P	3.01.42	CANBERRA	0493	2.35.05	MANOLIOS	0984
BRIAN COLWELL	V	P	3.01.47	MELBOURNE	1082			
PETER CORTE	V	V	3.02.00	COMBINATION	0791			

NAME	Age Race		Best as a Strider			Best Before Joining		
	Now	Age	Time	Race	Date	Time	Race	Date
JOHN AYLIFFE	M	V	3.02.12	ADELAIDE	0890			
DAVE BLACKHALL	V	P	3.02.24	NSW STATE	0680			
BRENT WATERS	V	P	3.03.01	MELBOURNE	1082			
DAVID RITCHIE	V	V	3.04.13	GOLD COAST	0792	3.07.41	AUSTRALIAN	'88
ALEX HAMILL	M	V	3.05.15	GILLAWARNA	0884			
MURRAY TOWN	V	V	3.05.47	CANBERRA	0492	3.00.51	VIENNA	0488
MARK ROBINSON	P	O	3.07.14	GOLD COAST	0791			
JOHN C-SUTHERLAND	P	P	3.07.53	AUCKLAND	1192	2.57.00	HASTINGS NZ	0888
HUGH SPENCER	M	V	3.09.02	AUSTRALIAN	0685			
JOHN HODGES	V	P	3.09.07	MELBOURNE	1084	3.41.39	MELBOURNE	1083
DAWN TILLER	O	O	3.09.13	CANBERRA	0493			
GREG OVERTON	P	P	3.09.16	GOLD COAST	0792	3.15.02	CANBERRA	0491
GEOFFREY TAYLOR	O	O	3.09.26	CANBERRA	0493			
GARY LEAHEY	V	P	3.09.55	CITIES	0890	3.20.48	ANZAC	0488
LEO LEADER	V	P	3.10.00	CANBERRA	0484	3.05.00	PEN'SULA, RSA	'80
GRAHAM BUTLER	V	P	3.10.13	AUSTRALIAN	0686			
TERRY ROSE	V	P	3.10.23	CITIES	0889	3.07.12	CHR'CHURCH	0687
STEVE NORDISH	V	P	3.11.11	KEMPSEY	0688			
STEPHEN ROACH	P	P	3.11.16	AUSTRALIAN	0686			
DALE THOMPSON	V	P	3.11.40	CANBERRA	0489	3.36.06	STH MELB	'78
SUSAN ROBERTS	V	O	3.11.45	GOLD COAST	0791			
PETER KEEBLE	M	M	3.11.49	ADELAIDE	0984			
WENDY DOWNES	M	V	3.11.56	ANZAC	0487			
KEITH JACKSON	V	P	3.12.27	COMBINATION	0787			
IRWIN LIGHT	V	M	3.12.31	AUSTRALIAN	0684	3.10.38	BLUFF, USA	'77
STEVE HITCHCOCK	O	O	3.12.40	CANBERRA	0493	4.14.17	MELBOURNE	1088
JOHN WHEALY	V	V	3.12.51	CITIES	0888			
JACK WOODWARD	M	V	3.12.54	ANZAC	0488			
TONY CROSBY	V	V	3.13.02	WORLD VETS	1287			
BRYCE COURTENAY	S -	V	3.13.58	CANBERRA	0483			
ALAN PHILLIPS	V	V	3.14.02	AUSTRALIAN	0687			
BRIAN TAILFORD	V	P	3.14.03	CAM'TOWN	0785			
KEVIN O'KANE	V	P	3.14.38	AUSTRALIAN	0685			

NAME	Age Race		Best as a Strider			Best Before Joining		
	Now	Age	Time	Race	Date	Time	Race	Date
BRUCE MURRAY	S	M	3.14.49	CAM'TOWN	0784			
JEREMY LOWES	V	V	3.14.58	CANBERRA	0493	2.24.17	STH AFRICA	'83
KARIN GAGGIN	V	O	3.19.07	KEMPSEY	0691			
RICHARD BAMANN	M	V	3.19.34	AUSTRALIAN	0685			
JOAN BOLTZ	M	M	3.20.35	CITIES	0891	3.07.46	GOLD COAST	0787
PAUL LUNSMANN	M	V	3.20.54	ANZAC	0489			
ROGER RIGBY	M	V	3.21.25	WORLD VETS	1287			
IAN WHITFIELD	V	P	3.22.15	CANBERRA	0487	3.13.06	AUSTRALIAN	'83
GRAEME HANSEN	V		3.22.52	LONDON	0492	3.10.45	AUCKLAND	0286
BARRY JONES	S	M	3.23.18	VETERANS	0781			
DEREK WHITE	S	M	3.23.26	CAM'TOWN	0784	3.26.34	CANBERRA	0481
ROSS BETTS	M	V	3.23.28	CITIES	0888			
BRENDA HAMILL	M	P	3.23.38	SYDNEY	0983			
MARGARET ROBINSON	M	V	3.23.53	KEMPSEY	'90			
PETER HAMMERSCHMID	M	S	3.24.29	CANBERRA	0493			
PAUL GLARE	P	P	3.25.21	CANBERRA	0493	3.29.50	USA	0690
RAY REID	V	P	3.27.57	AUSTRALIAN	0686			
MARK PRESTON	P	P	3.28.20	CANBERRA	0491	3.28.35	GOLD COAST	0789
FRANK GALLAGHER	M		3.28.36	AUSTRALIAN	0686	3.24.51	AUSTRALIAN	'84
RON DALY	S	S	3.28.46	ANZAC	0490			
JOHN FENNEL	V	P	3.30.06	ANZAC	0489			
TIMOTHY READ	M	M	3.31.11	CANBERRA	0491			
GRAEME GAGGIN	V	P	3.32.27	KEMPSEY	0691			
CATHY VERRY			3.33.26	CANBERRA	0493	3.30.48	CANBERRA	0492
WAYNE MEADER	P	P	3.33.50	MELBOURNE	0592			
VICTORIA CLARK	O	O	3.34.07	CANBERRA	0493			
WAYNE McCARTHY	M	V	3.34.54	WORLD VETS	1287			
SUSAN GRIFFITH	O	O	3.35.20	GOLD COAST	0790			
JOHN PRESTON	V	P	3.39.39	ANZAC	0490	3.39.39	ANZAC	0489
SHARON McGANN	O	O	3.39.54	CANBERRA	0493	3.55.00	GOLD COAST	'91
JOHN TIMBS	V	V	3.40.00	AUSTRALIAN	0687	3.23.08	AUSTRALIAN	'84
MICHAEL BURTON	O	O	3.40.31	6 FOOT TRACK	0391	2.28.47	EDINBURGH	0984
ASHLEY JACKSON	O	O	3.40.56	AUST IRON TRI	0592	3.19.52	HARBORD DIG	'83

NAME	Age Race		Best as a Strider			Best Before Joining		
	Now	Age	Time	Race	Date	Time	Race	Date
ALAN WHITE	V	V	3.41.00	ANZAC	0490			
OWEN DENMEADE	M	V	3.42.51	AUSTRALIAN	0684	3.36.00	SYDNEY	'83
EDWINA MacARTHUR	V	P	3.44.47	CANBERRA	0486			
KEVIN FITZGERALD	M	M	3.45.22	COMBINATION	0791	3.16.39	BUDGET	1086
PETER JOHNSON	M	M	3.45.24	BUDGET	1089	3.40.53	CANBERRA	0484
ROBI HANCOCK-RUSSE	V	P	3.49.00	WORLD VETS	1287			
DAWN SHAW	M	V	3.49.47	ANZAC	0487			
DAVID BARWICK	M	V	3.50.58	CITIES	0890	3.56.59	SYDNEY	0987
WILLIAM BLECHA	M	V	3.58.40	BATHURST	0789			
JIM SCREEN	M	V	4.01.21	CANBERRA	0492			
JIM DONOVAN	V	P	4.06.57	CANBERRA	0483			
LESLEY MAHER	V	P	4.08.00	AUSTRALIAN	0684			
TONY ROBINSON	?		4.29.27	COOMA	1092			
ALAN TONGE	S	M	5.07.02	ADELAIDE	0889	4.46.49	ADELAIDE	'85

**THE EDITORS THANK THE FOLLOWING
CONTRIBUTORS TO BLISTER 53:**

Wendy Downes

Alf Field

John Turner

Grahame Murphy

Phil Hugill

Jim Screen

Jonathon Worswick

Steve Cornelius

Nobby Young

Dick Bartlett

Dave Sill

We acknowledge 'The Guardian' for the article by Norman Myers.

KANGAROO VALLEY

Country Club

FAMILY WEEKEND

Enjoy a weekend of peace and tranquility
or fun filled adventure in cosy
cabins in picturesque Kangaroo Valley

WHAT'S ON:

Running, bushwalking, cycling,
horse-riding, tennis, golf, canoeing
or simply relaxing in the spa.

There will be a BBQ Dinner on Saturday night
– \$25 per person.

WHEN:

Saturday 24th and Sunday 25th September.

COST:

Self-contained cabins: 5 to a cabin – \$200
4 to a cabin – \$175, 3 to a cabin – \$150, 2 to a cabin – \$125.

All prices include breakfast.

Limited numbers of 50, get in early.

For further information please ring George on 888 2490.

Name: _____

No. of Guests: _____

*Please forward by 31 August to PO Box N119, Grosdvenor St., Sydney, or place in
Blister box at STaRs.*