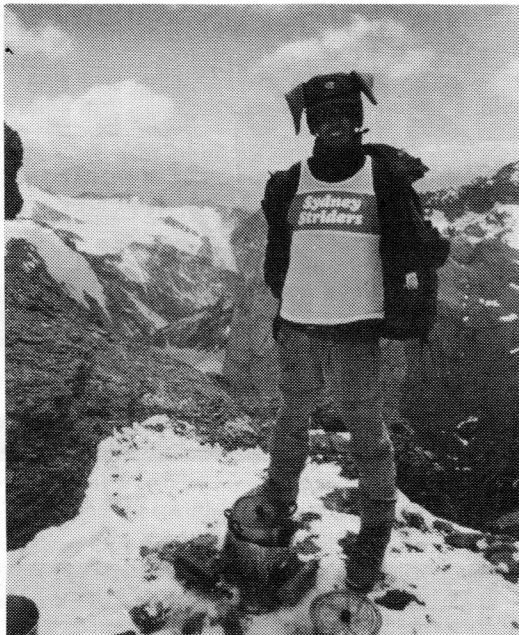




Edition No. 62: June-August 1996

Special Adventurers' Edition: Striders on 5 Continents

Striders love to run. Even better, they love to travel and run, and as a result our club's colours are recognised well beyond the shores of Australia. Better still, they love to travel and run and write about it. In this edition of *The Blister*, we focus on Striders adventurers all over the world in 1996, the year the Olympic flag was handed over to Sydney, the year our beautiful city assumed its rightful position at the centre of the world's stage.



The tradition continues: Steve Jackson proudly displays the green-and-white near the summit of Aconcagua

Well, who's been where? Steve Jackson (above) and his fellow adventurer Grahame Murphy took the Striders' vest which saw the

North Pole to South America's highest peak, Aconcagua. Ten mighty men dared to tackle a 90km Fun Run from Pietermaritzburg to Durban (or was it vice-versa?). Not content with that, Messrs Butler, Bartlett and Smith continued on to the Kalahari, where they carved a swathe and caused water to flow in the desert. Margaret Gee chose the pollie-ridden streets of Canberra for her marathon debut. Carl Barker lurched around the Derbyshire Peak District doing fell runs. Peter Cookson, David Solomon and Alf Field braved the cold hard cobblestones of London. Stuart Smith found himself in Jakarta, unable to leave, and equally unable to work out why. David Sill went to Leeds and never came back. And in this edition, S.W. Bag didn't go to Norrköping, Sweden.

Read all about Striders' travellers, and much more, inside this edition of *The Blister* - the journal for the thinking runner.

Inside this 62nd Blister:

- ◆ **ADVENTURERS:** Striders in South America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Oceania;
- ◆ **FOCUS on PEOPLE:** Personal Profile and two more Members of the Month;
- ◆ Striders' new **PRESIDENT:** his first report;
- ◆ Your High Performance **DIET**, part 2;
- ◆ **RACE RESULTS and REPORTS:**
Sydney Morning Herald Half-Marathon;
Striders' Equaliser Cross-Country;
Striders' 10k Series Update to Race 6;
- ◆ **SMH-Updated Half-Marathon Ladder;**
- ◆ **Club News, Letters to the editor;**
AND MUCH MORE!

The Blister

Journal of SYDNEY STRIDERS ROAD RUNNERS' CLUB INC. (Founded 1980). P.O. Box 679, Crows Nest NSW 2065, AUSTRALIA. Circulation 400.

Opinions published in this journal, whether expressed by members or non-members, do not necessarily represent the official policy of the club.

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Classified ads: Single edition \$5, full year \$25.

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Copy Requirements

Contributions are welcome from all Striders.

(1) **Deadline dates** for copy are published in the Club News section. Late contributions will be printed in the following edition, if still relevant.

(2) **Email contributions:** send text in body of email message or as file attachment.

(3) **Disk format:** PC-compatible 3½-inch disks. Apple Mac disks must be early for file conversion.

(4) **File format:** Please save files in text format! Other formats may delay production.

(5) **Tables, results, spreadsheet output:** Word95 tabular, Excel95 or Access Database 2.0 preferred. Otherwise contact Blister Production Editors first.

(6) **Typewritten, or readable handwritten copy:** Note early deadline in Club News for re-typing.

(7) **Graphics:** Colour or black/white photos, line drawings, cartoons etc, welcomed. Note early deadline in Club News to allow for scanning.

(8) **Verbal contributions** may be filed under "G", even if accompanied by a LARGE BRIBE.

(9) **Disks and photos returned**, if you're lucky.



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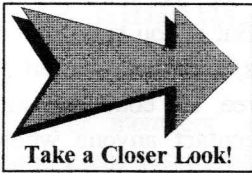
891 9294

RANDWICK

48 Frenchmans Road Randwick

399 3893

Club News



• Sydney Marathon: Striders'

Marathon championship '96

Sydney Striders' club marathon championship for 1996 will be awarded on official times at the Sydney Marathon on 18 August. To qualify, you must be financial before the start, and must wear official club uniform throughout the race.

• Urgent! Host required for new 10k at Meadowbank

from John Hamilton

We are looking for a volunteer to act as host of the new Meadowbank 10k race once (maybe twice) a year. Duties include:

- Buy drinks and ice for post-race refreshments;
- Prepare and serve water during the race;
- Help with entries;
- Help with marshalling the course;
- Help at the finish-line.

It's fun. It's not onerous. And it's all over early on a Saturday morning! Please contact 10k Series Director John Hamilton on 9484-4773 (H) or 9312-0525 (B).

• Wanted: New 10k Courses

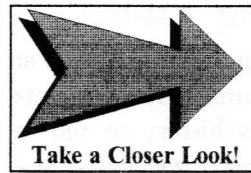
from John Hamilton

Do you know of a good 10k course which can be used in the club's 10k race series next year? It can be a 10k circuit; or a 5k out and back; or four x 2.5k laps; or anything else which works!

It would be good if it has been measured (by wheel or bike or car). We will arrange official measuring. Please contact 10k Series Director John Hamilton on 9484-4773 (H) or 9312-0525 (B).

• Quote of the Month: July

"Ian Whitfield isn't in danger of setting any new PB's - apart from weight". Kevin O'Kane.



• Are YOU financial? If not,

this is your last Blister!

From Kevin Tiller

The Striders membership year runs from 1st January to 31st December, regardless of the month of joining throughout the year. Membership renewals are sent out around the Christmas - New Year Holiday. Consequently, many members lose the renewal form and forget to renew. Many think they have sent in their subscription but the flow of years is so quick that they are really remembering the year before. The problem is that if you are unfinancial you may not even know it. From now on, until someone has a better idea, all mailouts to unfinancial members will have the word "unfinancial" on the address label. This will let you know what your membership status is.

If the label on YOUR envelope says "unfinancial" then this will be your last mailout!

Alternatively we could have had an administrative oversight (cock-up) and the fault is ours - it has been known. If you think you fall into this category then you should contact Kevin Tiller as soon as is humanly possible.

• "Band-Aid": a reminder

from Club President John Turner

There are many times throughout the year when assistance is required on a one-off basis and it is not always easy to know who to approach at short notice. "Bandaids" helps us fill the voids in the operation of club events, STaRs, administration etc.

If you can help the club in this way, phone Chris Robb to register your name (your family too if you wish) for this group of volunteers.

You may only be called once a year, you may not be available (that's OK too), you may not even be called at all; but please register your name just in case. You would be amazed at the difference it makes to know that there are people out there who just **might** be able to help (in any area).

Club News

• STaR Starting Times

It has been traditional for the Striders to run at 6am on a Sunday for many years. A few attempts were made early in the club's history to run at other times, but for the last half dozen years, any discussion of moving start times has been loudly shouted down.

Last winter, 1995, saw attendance on Sunday mornings drop to a very lonely few. Maybe we're all getting older, or whatever, but there seemed to be a growing movement to run at a slightly later time than 6am.

It was discussed, along with a few other "old chestnuts" at numerous committee meetings. An agreement was reached that the following winter, a trial start time of 7am would be attempted to gauge whether it was a good idea or not.

Everyone then forgot about this until the winter calendar was about to be distributed. Hastily, a small slip was inserted announcing the 7am start time - which did conflict with the regular (6am) time on the back of the calendar. Unprofessional ? probably. Clumsy ? probably. A good try at progress ? probably.

In the usual Striders' style (total chaos), we had runners leaving at 6am all the way through to approx 8am. However, there were quite a few runners who had turned up for the first time in years specifically because of the more social start times. There WERE quite a lot of runners turning up on Sunday, its just that they all ran in groups of 2 instead of 20. The early starters never met the late starters and vice versa.

On the whole, it was a shambles. It appeared that some of the members had VERY entrenched views about NOT trying anything new, even for a trial period. A couple of surveys were taken on Sunday mornings and the majority of runners preferred the previous 6am regime.

The committee had no practical alternative but to officially pronounce the trial over and return to the early start times. It has taken just a few weeks of confusion for everybody to work out that the times had changed (back).

The club would like to apologise to anyone who has been confused, in particular if you turned up to run and found that you were strangely an hour late. Your normal (but early) running calendar will resume where it left off.

On a final note, don't be too hard on the committee, we do our best. But if you think that if YOU were organising things, everything would be plain sailing, then feel free to come to any committee meeting - just contact anyone whose name is at the front of this magazine (we only have them every 6 weeks so it's not a very onerous task).

• Westfield-Hopetown relay: Entries by 26 August

from Margaret White via Chris Robb

The Westfield to Hopetown Relay will be held on Sunday 8 September 1996, starting at Westfield Shoppingtown, Eastgardens, Pagewood, at 7am.

The event is a 12-stage race, with the length of stages varying from 6.5km to 12.4km. Two of the 12 stages (the 3rd and 8th, of 7.1 and 6.5km), must be run by women. Teams may have 12 different runners, or may choose to allow individual runners to run more than one stage.

Entries are accepted in 3 categories: (1) Registered Athletic Clubs; (2) Triathlon/Joggers' Clubs; (3) Corporate/Services teams. State Government buses will transport athletes from the start to the finish, if required. An informal presentation will be conducted at the conclusion of the event, followed by a barbecue, with food and drinks supplied.

Striders are requested to contact Margaret White on 9958-0161 to register their interest and obtain entry forms.

• Blister #63 Deadlines

by the Blister Editors

Final deadline for copy submitted via Email or on PC diskette for Blister #63 will be **Sunday 22 September**.

Deadline for any contribution which requires re-typing (whether typed or handwritten), photographs, and contributions in Apple Mac format, will be **Sunday 15 September**.

If your contribution is on an Apple Mac diskette, please submit it directly to Nick Thomsen for file conversion. Blister editorial committee addresses can be found on page 2.

• Club News

• Committee Deliberations

Summarised by John Turner

For members' information, these were the main items discussed at the meeting of the Club Committee on 6 June, 1996:

- Budget forecast adopted for 1996/97 showing a projected surplus of \$600.
- Quarterly reviews to be undertaken of Club's accounts, including clothing stock.
- Recommended that The Blister be published five times per year, rather than six, to ease the demands on production volunteers and Brian Tailford's printing generosity.
- Editor called for more photos for The Blister
- Continuing success of our 10k Series reported (115 starters at the Domain event), suggests we could promote it even more, but will need to look at external constraints, i.e. permits, policing, etc.
- Concerns raised about STaR starting times - maybe need for later start in winter, particularly to increase our attraction to new members. Resolved to promote the 7 am Group (up to 20k) to potential new members; also to try to introduce a "new member host" system, e.g. the host for the next week's STaR, who has to be there anyway to pick up the gear, to shepherd new members at 7 am.
- Uncertainty expressed about the Club's logo. Need to clarify what's in and what's out, particularly for our uniforms.

Club Archives

from Kevin Tiller and Steve Cornelius

During the coming months, we will be going through back-numbers of the club's publications, and any other records we can find, to compile a complete set of club records and archives. This will probably include not only race performances and results, but also items of historical and curiosity interest related to Sydney Striders.

If you have any relevant material, no matter how obscure or esoteric, or if you believe your knowledge of some aspect of Striders' history may assist us in this endeavour, contact Kevin Tiller (9456-1959) or Steve Cornelius (9977-3267).

• Club Uniforms

from Peter Truscott

Price List:

New Design Polo Shirts	\$25.00
New Design Tracksuit Pants	\$45.00
New Design Running Shorts	\$25.00
15th Anniversary T-Shirts	\$25.00
Mesh Singlets (Male or Female)	\$18.00
Coolmax Singlets	\$25.00
Cotton Shorts (green & white)	\$22.00
Cotton Shorts (plain green)	\$22.00
Short sleeved T-Shirts	\$18.00
Long sleeved T-Shirts	\$22.00
Tracksuits (made to order)	\$100.00
Sweatshirts (NEW DESIGN)	\$25.00
Triathlon Lycra singlet	\$25.00
Triathlon Lycra knicks	\$25.00
Bike Pants (with padded seat)	\$40.00
Bike Top with pockets at back	\$40.00
Lycra Bra Tops	\$18.00
Polo Shirts	\$20.00
Squeezys (box of 10)	\$10.00

• Errata (Blister 61)

from Steve Cornelius

The paragraph headed "Time difference" in my article "Atlanta Olympic Update" (Blister 61, page 42) was unmitigated garbage. I unreservedly apologise to anyone who set their alarm clock for 3a.m. after reading it and arose to find their TV screen blank. The error was a direct result of either my tendency to abuse alcohol, or my severely deprived childhood. There will be no recurrence of such slackness on my part. I take considerable comfort from the fact that most readers would have dismissed the information presented as patently ludicrous after a cursory glance. The rest of the article wasn't half bad, considering I wrote it while inebriated.

• Quote of the Month: June

"Starting times? Well, with this meeting starting a bloody half-hour late, I don't know why it's an issue". Jim Screen, attempting to instil some sense of urgency into the first meeting of the 1996-1997 committee.

Club News

Photos wanted

From the Blister editors

Probably our most enduring editorial problem is how to obtain sufficient good-quality photos for the Blister. We don't receive a lot, but many of those we do get are too dark, too small, too distant, or too fuzzy. It doesn't have to be a spectacular action shot - a clear, sharp mug-shot of an article's author would do just fine, to break up a page of text. We really do our best to return your precious snaps, despite the facetious comment on page 2 (copy requirements, note 9). We look forward to receiving your photographic efforts.

• Striders' Roll of Honour

Data supplied by Kevin Tiller

We congratulate the following members, who have passed significant membership anniversaries since the publication of the last Blister. We thank them for their loyalty to the club and wish them many more happy years of Striding.

15 YEARS: LEO LEADER

10 Years: John Timbs

5 Years: Jeremy Lowes, Paul Mandl, Dawn Tiller

From the (new) President

by John Turner

Fellow Striders, thanks for giving me your confidence at the Club's Committee Elections in May. As deputy to two former presidents, I reckoned it was time either to put up my hand for the top job or get off the pot. Of course, Wendy Downes and Alf Field are hard acts to follow, but our Club is in great shape as a result of their efforts. As well, you have elected an excellent bunch of Committee people, and I'm going to enjoy working with them.

In four years' time, on 1st July 2000, just before the Olympics, Sydney Striders Club will enter its 21st year. We'll have a lot to celebrate, not least being the contribution we've made over the years as Sydney's "foremost club for people who enjoy running". We will also be looking forward to our "coming of age" on 30th June 2001. So, with that exciting time ahead of us, I believe we should be putting our minds into gear now as to how we will commemorate both Sydney's Olympic year and our Club's "majority" soon thereafter.

Naturally, we don't yet know what forms our celebrations will take, but we sure have a great springboard. Look at the four "pillars" on which our club is founded and you'll see what I mean:

Fellowship

If you had to pick three examples of the how we promote the strength of our fellowship, you

couldn't go past the success of Kevin O'Kane's Marathon Training Group, the quality of "The Blister" team, and Peter Truscott's enthusiasm for gear.

Leadership

Maintaining our reputation for leadership in the Australian community running scene, what better example than our 10K Series put on by John Hamilton and his team? Every month, ten months of the year, 100 or more runners take part. Up to half of them are usually non-members.

Organisation

With a committee like we have now, need I say more? Not to forget our administrative back-up in the shape of Chris Robb, whose Sporting Spectrum gives us the security of a permanent office staffed by switched-on people. And where would we be without Kevin Tiller and his membership/results database?

Fundraising

The club's finances are in good shape, all skilfully controlled by Treasurer Geoff Taylor, thanks originally to the generosity of our Life Members, then underpinned by a year of DHL sponsorship, and now amply sustained by 10K Series entry fees plus the extraordinarily generous donations of people like Scott Crawford (wine raffles) and Brian Tailford (printing).

These are our foundations, first class in

anyone's terms. To give us the confidence to make our club's contribution to the millennium, I would like to see us do a bit of preparation right now. In 1993, we produced a Business Plan - you remember, it was endorsed by members at an EGM. At that time, we set bold targets. Involvement in the Sydney Marathon, major continuing sponsorship, 600 members by 1996, were some that we failed to achieve. But we did achieve other important targets, e.g. a clubhouse, a permanent admin. office, and an expanded 10K Series.

The principles underlying that Business Plan remain valid. We've learnt a lot about what we can and can't achieve, and anyway the external environment has changed. So it's time to review it, update it, and move forward under a revised Business Plan. I will be asking a small subcommittee to do just that over the next two months.

Focussing now on short term objectives, the things I would like to see reinforced are:

Volunteer Helpers

A club like ours needs its members and their families to give up a bit of their time to help the club's programs. STaR hosting is our most frequent example. Another is our 10K Series which gives competitive enjoyment to non-members and members alike. And there are lots of other tasks for willing helpers. Let's encourage that spirit which has made Striders so successful.

Younger Members

It's just great to see young champions like Darren Benson, Chris Truscott and Andrew Hallam turning up week after week, proudly wearing club colours. They represent the future of our club. I want to see us enhance our appeal to young people, both men and women. Maybe we need to look at our uniforms and social events, and encourage multi-discipline sports?

Older Members

Loyalty is one thing you can't buy. Yet it's the most valuable of our club's assets. Sydney Striders is like "family" for many of us - you may not get on with all of the "rellos" all of the time, but they're flesh and blood, and you'll bloody well stand by them in a crisis. So I want to see 100% membership renewals every year - or as close to that ideal as we can get.

Calendar

This is every Strider's bible - the one piece of paper most of us keep handy and refer to week

after week. Of late, it's been getting a bit weary. Murray Town continues to do a great job in assembling our STaR program, but some of our STaR's have fallen by the wayside (new hosts needed) and we have to upgrade our notices about external events.

Planning

This is one for the Committee. Club events tend to sneak up on us, leaving us with a bit of a scramble to get them organised and, most importantly, advertised. I would like to see us plan broadly for a whole year ahead, then fill in the details every three months. That way, too, we give Steve, Sarah, Graham and Nick the best chance to co-ordinate event notices with each Blister issue

10K Series

Mark Fiore built it to where it is today and John Hamilton is ably carrying on the tradition - Striders' highest profile interface with Sydney's running community. Not only that, but we donate the proceeds of two events per year to charity. Now if that doesn't deserve all the help we can give it, I don't know what does.

History

Finally, a word about history. Fifteen year member Brian Colwell reminded me of this recently, just before he departed for at least five months overseas. He was clearing out his unit so he delivered to me two massive files. One included every calendar from Day One in June 1980. The other is a compendium of all Blisters, (and Stitches) starting at Vol.1 No.1. And I know of lots of other material we have which records major events in Sydney Striders 16 year history. My question is this: Is there someone out there who can offer to take a look at the Club's archives?

As founding president Charles Coville (still running and still a member) always concluded his messages: Good luck with your training - and keep on Striding! Which, by the way, our 1996 Comrades Marathon representatives did in spades. Congratulations to each one of you, and especially to our Comrades front runner Jonathon Trope.

John Turner, Club President

Kev's Korner

from Kevin Tiller

Still trying to figure out when the cheers change from "looking good" to "hang in there".

Our Club Logos: the New and the Old

Striders' New Logo: The Rationale Explained

by John Turner

A rown tuit is something we never got. Yes, we never got a rown tuit. What I'm talking about is a story that should have been told three years ago - how Sydney Striders acquired its new logo. So settle back and listen. It happened like this:

The club underwent a sea change in 1993. The incoming committee, under new president Alf Field, was all fired up to revitalise the club's fortunes. Amongst other things, we pushed hard to become a driving force for a Sydney Marathon (even before that little Spaniard said: "And the winner is Thydney!") and we searched high and low for a club sponsor. We were successful in the latter, DHL taking the bait, and we hoped for a long term partnership. We also had an obligation to add DHL's logo to our uniforms and banners, so they would need a rethink anyway.

Before doing so, the club's committee posed two questions: Will the old logo, designed 13 years ago, continue to serve us well for the next 10+ years? If not, what should a new one look like? If a new one was required, it had to take into account the vision we had for our club in 10 to 15 years' time, ie heavily involved in major international events like the Sydney Marathon; strong membership growth; association with, or maybe even acquisition of, other clubs; Striders to become a major recreational club a la New York Athletic Club; and probably with affiliates in other Australian cities and towns, all following the Striders model.

Good graphic design

So the Committee went to prominent club members who represent several of Australia's top advertising companies. McCarthy Watson & Spencer (McWasp) picked up the challenge. The club is now in debt to their generosity. Anyone who has had to acquire good graphic design respects the amount of effort and expertise involved - not to mention the cost. So Wayne and Hugh's highly skilled graphic artists, David Petschack and Paul Smith, gave it their best shot, guided by the club's committee.

Their advice was that the existing logo had

passed its use-by date. It lacked pizzazz. It was too like the State Bank logo. The overall shape was prosaic. The italicised seriphon style of the words was now musty with age. When placed beside sponsors' logos, the contrast would be highlighted. The two words "Sydney" and "Striders" had equal emphasis, but common usage was just "Striders". Our colours were OK, but a bit monochrome, and anyway, the exact green was anybody's guess.



The new logo, with the go-fast stripe

David and Paul presented the committee with more than a dozen new shapes and styles. Some incorporated a stylised Sydney Harbour Bridge or Opera House (done to death by others, they felt). One even had a representation of Uluru underneath!

Everyone's an expert

The committee studied them, debated them (everyone's an expert when it comes to logos) and generally thought long and hard about them. If you had all the time in the world you might have put them on display for everyone to comment, then try and sort out arguments between the traditionalists and the avant garde. But we didn't. The club committee is elected to manage and take decisions - and that's just what we did.

The chosen logo had what we were looking for: the single word "Striders" fitted neatly in an imagined square box, allowing a less dominant sponsor's logo to be placed below and to the right. If there were no sponsor, our logo would still appear balanced with that space empty. Putting a smaller "Sydney" between the "t" and "d" of the primary word, eliminating the dot over the "i", was a good solution because if, in time, other towns and cities in Australia were persuaded to emulate our model and become affiliated with our club,

they could replace "Sydney" with the name of their home town. We may be proud but we're not parochial! In any case, sloping the word "Striders" up to the right represents the hills we train on in Sydney. Lovely symbolism, don't you think?

Go-fast stripe

The master-stroke (forgive the pun) was the "flash" underneath. It's the go-fast stripe, the bit of pizzazz that's reflected in so many modern logos. (Now that I've mentioned it, you'll see them everywhere. Even Hyatt has one!) The orange was carefully chosen so that future gear designers could go mad with orange splashes, swirls, stripes, whatever took their imagination, on top of our basic green and white. And our colours are now defined in the Pantone system. For the record, the green is PMS 340, the orange is PMS 144, and the white is - well - white!

So there you have it - at least until someone comes up with a better one. Oh, and the cheetah? I have to tell you it's no longer part of our logo. Our advisers persuade us that it spoils an otherwise clean, modern style - and anyway, it isn't an Aussie animal. However, if someone out there would like to bring us a modern rendering of some quick Australian fauna, (NOT another bloody kangaroo, spare us!), or even a simpler line drawing of the original cheetah, I'm sure no-one would have a problem.

Our Original Logo: a Reply

by Charles Coville

I welcome John Turner's explanation of the rationale behind the change in Sydney Striders' logo. However, the club's name, colours, font and logo were all well researched back in 1980 and introduced with precise logic. While I and many others support progress and welcome change, there needs to be a compelling reason to change and there is a need to ensure that the original intention, if appropriate, is maintained.

Marketing billboard

The logo was introduced to be both a marketing billboard for the club and a geographic statement of the origin of the athlete. I have run and raced interstate and overseas and have found that having "Sydney" emblazoned front and back has served a number of purposes.

On training runs it has prompted runners who I meet while training to start up a conversation

about Sydney and dispel the myth of the loneliness of the long distance runner. In races far from home, without any personal support, it has been a revelation to have spectators and competitors sing out "Go Aussie" or "On you, you creepy cockroach", something they may well not have done had it been only "Striders" that they read.



..... and the old, with the cheetah atop

In the new logo we have lost the visibility of the word "Sydney" and the unexpected and spontaneous support we needed after hitting the wall at 35km, or when we had lost the plot in a fast road race and become defeatist. And now that Atlanta is over, Sydney will be the buzz-word for the next four years - we will have lost the recognisable noun of the future.

The font is also an emotional issue, and based on my research Striders' original logo has widespread support. We have had three logo changes in six years - the issue needs further debate to resolve our identity once and for all! Are IBM, Coke and McDonalds, with their "prosaic logos, lacking in pizzazz, that are musty with age and past their use-by date" about to do a U-turn on their traditional images?

Fastest creature on land

Incidentally the cheetah, although supposedly abandoned, was incorporated into the latest changes to the club shorts by appearing on the rear. There was sound logic behind the choice of the cheetah as our club emblem. The symbolism is that it's the fastest creature on land, and if we replace the cheetah with an Australian creature, no matter how fast, we will have lost that symbolism.

Finally, I feel that in moving to the new logo only on the front of the vest we have also lost a further billboard and geographic statement. Our club name in large letters on the back of the vest would frequently generate a comment from some unfortunate runner you were passing or from the spectator who missed you from the front, and would often elicit encouragement from a faster runner coming past while you were struggling.

1km Hill Reps - with a Difference!

By Grahame Murphy and Stephen Jackson

Grahame Murphy and Stephen Jackson are two Sydney Striders who are better known for their extreme training methods than their regular attendance at club runs.

Their most noticeable running achievement to date was in 1994 when they completed two circumnavigations of the world. This feat that took them all of four minutes and at the time set a new record for the most northerly STaR which is unlikely to be broken.

Sun never sets on Striders

They ran twice round the base of the flag at the Geographic North Pole in a brisk minus40 degrees C. (Rumour has it they took the easy option with the six o'clock group but this can't be substantiated because (a) there were no other Striders present, (b) the 6:00am start couldn't be judged by daybreak because the sun never went down, and (c) all the world's timezones meet at the North Pole so the actual time is whatever you want it to be!

Shortly after returning from this epic STaR they became aware of the fact that the Striders 10km course at Marsfield was proving to be a difficult one on which to set a P.B. It was concluded that it was due to the fact that the Marsfield course is not a flat one.

A secondary factor could also be the roughness of the ground at the side of the road up the Epping Highway stretch. Anyway, the boys tried to put more emphasis on 1km rep sessions to improve their Trafalgar run times - but to no avail. Race performances out of Waterloo Park refused to get any better. A systematic and structured approach was required. The first step was to establish the exact training requirements.

More is better

The most important aspect was felt to be hillwork. Our gallant (?) duo also reckoned more would be better and so decided to seek out the most severe 1km repeats imaginable. As steep an incline as possible was the order of the day. Added features of this vicious workout would be i) oxygen debt simulation to help with the final 1km sprint back down Vimiera Road, ii) immense endurance and leg strength for the difficult section round the back of the University, iii) a cooler environment to better prepare for colder days in the critical mid winter races of the 10km series and iv)

ideally a nice view to make the session somewhat more bearable. Lastly it was considered desirable to try and locate the training a little above sea level to provide concurrent preparation for high altitude symptoms occasionally experienced at Brindabella.

Armed with these detailed needs the pair of sterling (?) Striders looked around for the most suitable venue. Could it be a mid-Winter run (naked?) over the hill at the tail end of the Berowra StaR with Elastoplast over the nose and mouth to restrict breathing and run in cement filled boots for added effect, with self-induced vertigo from injecting copious quantities of a suitable "medication"? Possibly.

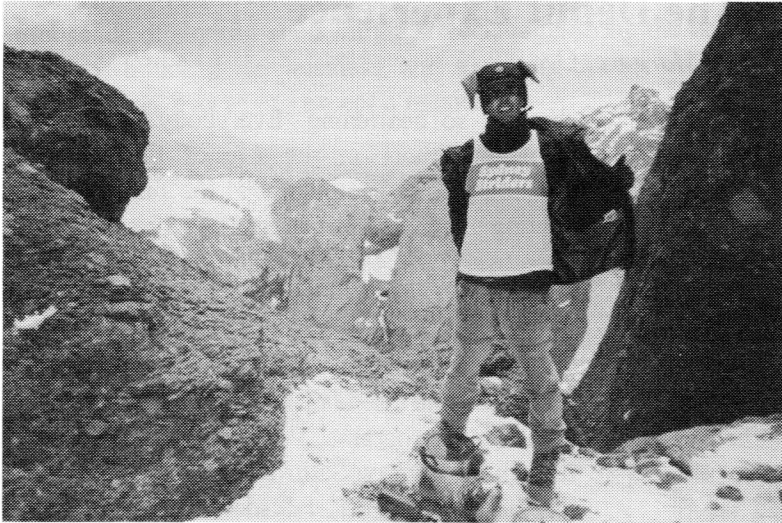
But then again, no, the view is not good enough there (Sorry, Kev.)

Drink bottles freeze

Grahame and Stephen hunted high and low with no apparent success. Undeterred, they looked harder and further afield for their ultimate workout options. "More is better" - then they heard of a training ground where the reps were not just ridiculously steep, but actually vertical; where the air was so thin that pilots cannot fly there without oxygen, so rough ropes and crampons are recommended; so cold that drink bottles freeze in minutes; and such a great view that people put up with all of the above to gaze upon it. In fact, each rep finishes 1000 metres in height above the start point. Perfect. An additional appeal was the fact that 20kg backpacks would be necessary to cover the course. This would help with overall weight training.

And so they were off. To where? To Cerro Aconcagua in South America, at 22,834ft (close to 7km) the highest mountain in the world outside of the Himalayan region. It really was a perfect solution with ideal timing because :-

- Qantas offered to let every frequent flyer point equal 16,750 pts on Lan Chile;
- work was starting to get dangerously interesting and enjoyable;
- credit cards were almost all paid off;
- kids were demanding too much of father's time;
- climbing mountains were high profile after the Everest disaster;
- Channel 7 wanted to do a documentary on the climb..



**Strider Steve Jackson snapped by his co-adventurer
Grahame Murphy not far from Aconcagua's summit**

It was time for another expedition anyway! After nearly 36 hours of economy flying the masochistic pair landed at Mendoza in Argentina and met the rest of the expedition - just their luck to get an Adelaide boy, Ed Darby, on board. Ed is a 32 minute 10k runner, so the boys were forced to defend Striders honour with a far too fast 15k training run around Mendoza (12 hours after landing and jet lagged to boot). No probs...

Was it enough for Marsfield?

Off to Aconcagua for the 5 day walk to the mountain - goat tracks, raging rivers, and 3,000 vertical metres to base camp. By this time altitude sickness had kicked in and Grahame was acting like he does after every marathon - having problems remembering his name and generally staggering about - lucky we were used to it..... but the reps were obviously working. Day by day we were getting stronger, and day by day we were becoming more confident of tackling Marsfield - however, more was needed.

As we climbed the mountain (base camp at 4,000 metres, camp 1 at 5,000 metres, high camp at 6,000 metres, and the summit at 6,980 metres) the 1000 vertical metre reps of climbing to the next camp with 20kgs of gear and then descending, climbing then descending, climbing then descending, was doing something to us.... Eventually, after frostbite, white outs, blizzards, and other training inhibiting events, we summited. However, as we descended, one of our party, Megan Glasby of Sydney, fell 200m - but was luckily stopped by rocks (lucky? Huh?) with only severe bruising and ligament damage - a Japanese climber had been killed at the same spot only two weeks before....

11-hour battle to descend

The strength training came in handy as the only way to get Megan off the mountain was to gently walk / carry her down, turning what should have been a 3 hour descent to Camp 1 into an 11 hour battle that saw her so impressed with the benefits of SVI (Striders Vertical Intervals) that on return to Sydney she joined Striders! Some people

will never learn. Grahame regained his sanity (or what he passes off for sanity) as the altitude lessened, Stephen threw in a couple of extra vertical 1000m reps to retrieve gear that could not be carried down by injured or incapacitated members of our team.

Then there were three

Back in Sydney (via Easter Island and Disneyland) the intrepid Striders, now numbering three, put the training to the test! Stephen failed miserably at Shelley Beach (2 minutes slower than his best - guess he forgot the speedwork), Grahame survived brilliantly at Comrades (only two hours behind his target - guess he forgot about the effects of too much oxygen at sea level), and Megan ran her first race at Pitt Town (and she didn't fall down once!)....

All agree that it (climbing the mountain, not doing the training) was a worthwhile exercise. But the question must now be asked.... Where to from here? What next? Sigh, it all sounds too hard. But Comrades '97 followed by Mt Kilimanjaro and Mt Kenya has a certain ring to it.... Grin.

**Kev's Other
Korner**

from Kevin Tiller

Each time you run you will receive lessons. You have enrolled in the school of running. You may like the lessons or think them irrelevant and stupid. What you think makes no difference; the lessons will be presented until they are learned.

Marathon: The Debut Experience

by Margaret Gee

I'm walking like Gandhi, talking like Kermit, and thinking like mashed potato. That's how it is when a 41 year old, under-trained, post-modern hippie 'comes down' after completing a 42 kilometre run on the wild side, my first marathon.

Although numerous sedentary friends were saying 'why?' I was saying 'why not?', when less than a year ago my partner and some other veteran mad joggers said 'think about the marathon, you've got what it takes.' Talk's cheap, but a marathon is the toughest thing I've ever done, although I'm sure childbirth, and round the world solo sailing is up there with the pain and pleasure of conquering what was my mini Mount Everest.

Running with the wolves

In this era of webs, nets, information superhighways, glass ceilings, and sticky floors it's almost organically comforting to pit your body and soul against the road, out there where nature's hand can choose to stroke your face with a balmy breeze, or lash you with bullets of rain, and windy knives. The buzz of being self-propelled, or was it hunting with the pack and running with the wolves, became a new high I hungrily embraced.

I am lucky to count Bryce Courtenay as one of the authors I've published in non-fiction land at least, and he is renowned for saying: 'Dare your genius to walk the wildest unknown way.' Walk, run, hop, skip or crawl, across the line, I was determined to arrive, alive. It was 'death before dishonour' in bitterly cold Canberra on April 14, as my twin sister Christine, and beaming mother cheered me down the home straight.

The running mafia

Bryce, veteran of 30 marathons, with the historic 100th Boston marathon now under his belt, is the golden not so oldie at 62, who runs between 20-32km with our running group each Saturday. We are a mixed bag of about 20 lawyers, doctors, nurses, housewives, and advertising whiz kids, who are driven to turn up at 6am and charge along the Bondi Beach coastline in all weathers, grinning like Labradors with the Sunday roast. I affectionately call it the running mafia. The sense of family, camaraderie, and Nike Networking, or in our case Asics Associating is incredible. Along the way we chat about everything from Proust to pesto, Leningrad to lattes.

And it is the ultimate sense of egalitarianism

which is so heartening. Everybody's equal when you're out there in the eye of the storm, or marvelling as Bryce puts it 'at the fingers of God' painting another Turner-esque sunrise. Political correctness, and gender gentility hits the dust when a - what is it, a gaggle, brace, herd or skein of runners - takes off to face the dawn.

I live with Brent Waters who's up to his 15th. marathon and is wait-listed for the endorphin methadone program. When he used to blast through the door on Saturday morning and say he'd just run 25-30 kms, I'd sneer and say: 'You're crazy'. I now realise that repudiating response was undoubtedly envy, resentment and awe.

Sitting there swathed in weekend newspapers, cushioned by cellulite, and onto my third coffee and buttery croissant I secretly wanted to discover the inner amazon, and shed the Vittadini-suited career image, and hot foot my way into a natural and spiritual high. If this all sounds rather blokey, it pays to remember that at least ten percent of long distance runners are women, and each year more are joining in. To date the best marathon time ever recorded for a woman stands at 2.21 run by Norwegian Grete Waitz. The best marathon time for a man is 2.06. Deek's best time was 2.08.13.

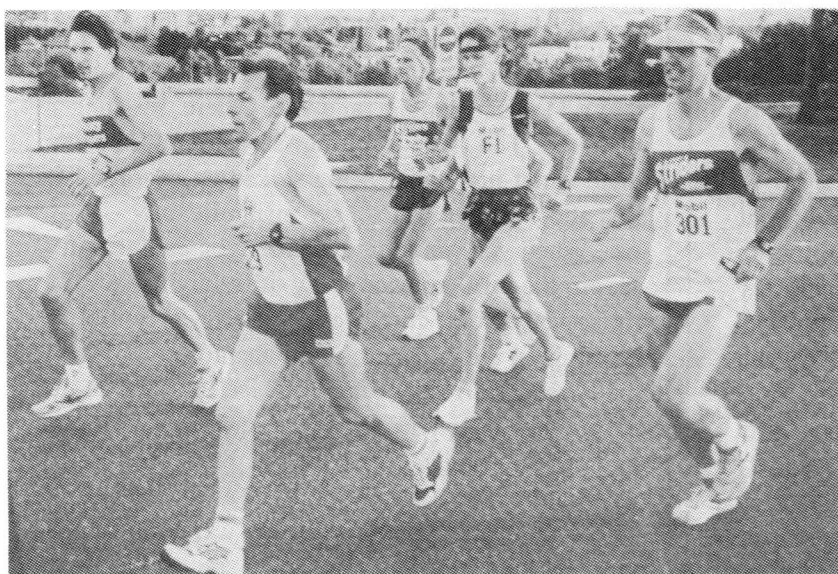
Big daddy

But, what is curious is the X factor which makes you go from being a recreational jogger, puttering along doing 5k-10k runs, to the quantum leap of over 70kms a week, and ending up doing the big daddy of running events, the marathon.

For me, obsessed from adolescence with first passing exams then the endless heady goals - journalism, publishing and writing projects, but never anything which could specifically be called a physical challenge, running a marathon became an irresistible wannabe.

Perhaps this flighty dream was triggered by being lucky enough to meet one of the great, sadly late running gurus James F. Fixx, author of the blockbuster, 'The Complete Book Of Running'. In 1980 I was his publicist when he toured Australia for three weeks. The book sold a record breaking 65,000 copies in hardcover, a statistic beaten only by Paul Barry's bestselling biography of Kerry Packer. I was in awe of this marathon man with his ropey legs, gleaming eyes, and a body which belied his middle aged years. He is justifiably credited as

playing a serious role in founding the phenomenal running boom which saw thousands of slothful souls hit the streets, engineering the designer running shoe billion dollar business, and spawning dozens of running books, boutiques, everything except a musical.



What's the surest way to get your picture in the paper? Just run with the leader of the women's race! Canberra winner Birgit Schuckmann-Wilson surrounded by Striders who know the secret. Picture courtesy of "Fun Runner".

But just what was it like for me when the big day dawned, and the moment of truth arrived. At seven o'clock that inhospitable frosty Canberra morning I had every reason to believe the Gods were angry. I felt as if I had a brick in each lung from a lingering cold, my tummy had B-52's flying around, and my cosy Hyatt kingsize bed beckoned like a hot new lover. I'd coughed like Thomas the Tank Engine all night, slept like a guard dog with one eye cocked to the clock and I wondered for a moment how Gary Gilmore felt before he faced the firing squad all those years ago.

No time for histrionics, running is essentially a basic business, so it was down the hatch with steaming coffee and toast and out the door, geared up and ready for action. At the start the adrenalin was pumping like the space shuttle, anxious female spouses clung to their Michelin men, and lean mean machines darted around gulping Gatorade.

It comes down to this

Suddenly a year's intensive training had come to this. Months and months of dawn raids on Bondi beach, multiple massages for aching muscles, carbohydrate loading diets, swatting up marathon books, early nights and interrogating old marathon hands - all behind me now.

Now was the hour, as never before. Clustered amongst this motley group of fabulous fitness fanatics I felt as if I had somehow, almost fraudulently, made it into the Olympics. I glowed with pride, and my heart was beating like an operetta as the gun went off. I felt like Pharlap in his first Melbourne Cup, thundering down the straight, nostrils flared, eyes streaming in the cold morning air.

Along with Brent Waters I was with a good natured bunch-of

running mates, Wayne McCarthy, Matt McCarthy, Roger Rigby, and Graham Butler. We bantered as we bopped along, enjoying our familiar corny conversations, quips and quotes, a necessary distraction from pounding the endless, unforgiving bitumen.

Although long distance running is very much a solo sport, 'real runners' genuinely keep an eye on their running buddies, gently saying 'how's it going?', 'are you okay?', 'don't push yourself too hard' - so you never feel 'left for dead'.

I was tagging along with this elite A team of guys ranging in ages from late 30's to late 50's - men built like water buffalos, with more than 100 marathons between them, including the unimaginably tough South African 'Comrades', the ultimate ultra marathon, hardly a doddle, of 90 kilometres. Roger and Wayne went for it, again, in June. (They both did a very healthy sub ten hours!). They were charging along doing just over 5 minute kilometres, and as the trees and drink stations flashed by I could feel my lungs whistling, and my legs flagging. Just before the 15km mark like a retreating army they disappeared around the bend and out of sight.

Suddenly I was alone staring down the barrel of another 27 kilometres, with lungs like bags of kitty litter, and feeling about as tenacious as a Pomeranian pup. "Deek, Lisa Ondieki, Steve Moneghetti, the Kenyan Kings, the running Gods I had worshipped for a year, they are made of different stuff," I moaned. Mentally I started to

dive like a submarine questioning how the hell a five foot two, 47 kilo bibliophile came to be slogging along this long and winding road, when I really should have stayed home with another good book, a strong earl grey tea and a doting tortoiseshell cat.

Curse, cringe, whimper and whine was the tantrum tune I danced to, knowing I still had many more marathon mountains to climb before I reached the magical 42km line.

The next thing I did was conjure up a big fat rationalisation as to how I was going to explain to my friends, family and 'the Comrades Commissars' why I had chucked in the run. "I would've finished except for my cold, lack of sleep, hadn't trained enough, stomach cramps etc.' These lame excuses had all the impact of cold coffee on my pitiful state, so I thought I'd better 'straighten up and fly right, or regret not giving it another shot forever.

I switched gears and got into what I called 'the running of the bulls' mode, a maniacal full-on charge at the horizon, oblivious to the pain and the enormity of the task, crash or crash through, do or die. Knock the bastard off, isn't that what Ed Hillary said as he reached the summit of Everest? At 20 kms, I was starting to plummet back into the quit zone, and I thought, 'well the rugger bugger strategy didn't work so how about zen and the art of finishing a marathon.'

A million blessings

Years ago I had been a rather evangelical meditator so I conjured up my rusty mantra, blissed out on the autumnal vista of Canberra in it's pre-winter glory, communed with nature, and hoped the chariots of the Gods would wing me to nirvana - the finish line. That cosmic concoction lasted for a good ten kilometres, so with a million blessings to the Maharishi, Buddha and Krishna I mentally ticked the 30km mark, and thought, 'And for your next trick, Margaret!'

At this point I knew I needed more than mantras and a Mars bar to get me home as I had never crossed into 'no man's land', 30 kilometres being the farthest distance I had ever run.

Bryce, my marathon mentor's words rang in my ears like a cracked didgeridoo. "You can always run double whatever you've run'. If you can run ten, you can go to 20, run 20 you're a cinch for 40". 'Hmm, Bryce you know what you can do with your advice,' I thought as I strained and stumbled, mystified as to how the hell I was going to crank out another 12 endless, boring, pounding,

punishing kilometres. I felt like Scott forging the Antarctic wastelands, Bonington clawing up the summit of Everest, Thesiger staggering across the Empty Quarter, Amelia Earhart beating her wings across the Pacific.

Strangely enough, at that point of no return in the marathon, I realised that I had finally hit upon the WHY of running, and the 'where' no longer mattered. The truly inspiring, sensational 'runner's high' is not just about being stoked on endorphins, it is about feeling deliciously 'insignificant'.

When you run long distances you can actually savour the thrilling anonymity of feeling like an ant tottering across the Gobi desert, a butterfly hovering in the Amazon, or an anemone wafting in the Great Barrier Reef. You feel connected to nature and if you'll pardon the 'new age' palaver, part of the bigger picture. How much you earn, who wins or loses, who's got what and whom, it all seems rather peripheral out there when the wind's in your hair, the sun's in your smile, and your freedom tastes like fresh vanilla icecream.

After this bout of profundity I only had a few kilometres to go, and although my battery was pretty flat, and I felt as if I had a bean bag attached to each foot I ploughed on. On the horizon the War memorial shimmered like the Taj Mahal and I pondered on how my father had slaved on the Burma railway and returned home 4 years later, only 26, bashed, broken and blind, and I thought: "After what he went through, this is child's play."

At this 11th hour, actually it was a rather plodding four hours a guardian angel in the form of 'iron man', and Australian champion masters triathlete, John Turner materialised on the horizon like a mirage on a bicycle. I think he could see that I was 'on the edge' and he became a welcome 'minder' for the last few crucifying kilometres.

Lived the dream

As I tried not to be swallowed up by the black snake which yawned at me like an empty elevator shaft, every time I looked down at the road, John hummed 'Summertime', talked about life, love and the universe in a wise and witty way, and before I could say 'Help!' the finish line loomed.

The last thing I heard John whisper to me was: "You did it kid, you're home." I had a lump in my chest like Ayers Rock and I took off as if I was on fire for the last half kilometre. In minutes I swept across the line and dissolved into the pastiche of faces, and clapping hands. I had finished the task, and lived the dream.

Round the Block (or Round the Bend?)

by Jonathan Trope

I have some really good friends at Striders, but sometimes I question their motives when they arrange "special" events which are supposed to enhance the preparedness of those unfortunate, mentally challenged individuals who choose to run Comrades every year.

Last year, it was Chris McLean (why is it that every reference to Chris in the Blister and other Striders publications spell his name "McClean" when we know he's as sweaty as the rest of us) who decided that we needed to run from Manly to Palm Beach and back about a month before Comrades. The four participants in that crazy 60k ball breaker have still not recovered. Chris hasn't beaten anyone in a 10k, 21k or marathon since, David Sill had to go to England to get away from running, Geoff Taylor gave up his job and I am still trying to find out which way Peter Corte went on his bicycle.

Arranged an alternative

This year, Geoff Taylor and Dick Bartlett had a go at arranging an alternative; this time from Hornsby to Mt White and back. There's a lot to be said about this 60k run when you're contemplating Comrades as the big hill to Mt White is at about the same point in the run as the notorious Field's (not Alf's) hill. Then you have to come back up from Brooklyn to Berowra. Anyway, we all agreed (10 of us) to run together. Geoff said he'd put out the drinks along the way and meet us at the start at 6:30. When I arrived at Hornsby, only Grahame Murphy was there; the rest having pushed off half an hour early. Geoff phoned to say he'd be a few minutes late so Grahame and I waited till 6:50 before we gave up on him and started. Geoff of course had done his own thing and ran off at 6:40 or so, hence Grahame and I had no idea where all the drinks were and we used my 200ml bottle to sustain us. We caught up to the mob at the bottom of the hill (Brooklyn) and they then turned back while we chased Geoff and the drink stop map.

Stopped at the Old Pie Shop

On our way back (after catching Geoff) we happened upon the rest of the crew having tea, scones and pies at the Old Pie Shop at the top of the hill. Geoff, Jim Screen, Grahame and I couldn't believe our eyes - these guys still had to run another 15-20k's after gorging themselves on cream-puffs - so we carried on. Suffice it to say

that due to extreme dehydration caused by Geoff's missing drink stops, Grahame and I hit the wall (he was a bit ahead of me and it made a larger dent in him I think) and we crawled home after successfully missing the train at the Asquith Station because Grahame was so slow that I turned round to hurry him up, stood in a hole, twisted my ankle and then got cramp in the other leg at which point the train went through. Thank goodness for Jim who came back to look for us and gave us a lift for the last 1½ k.

Then came the most brilliant idea of all - this time from two blokes who aren't even running Comrades this year, Ray Potter and Tony Hatch. Ray said they had a nice, easy, 44k course from Hornsby which they call "Around the Block". I've always liked Ray, mainly because I can beat him over 10k on occasion even though he's got a better marathon PB than me, so I took him at face value and we invited the Comrades runners to join us for a last long run before the big day.

So it was that six of us arrived on time for the start at Hornsby (Geoff defaulted, this time he said he'd overslept). Believe it or not, only three of us were "Comrades" (Jim, Alf and me) the others being "also rans" but not in the usual sense. Ray, Tony and the incredible hulk (Murray Town) made up the numbers.

Around the block

Ray handed out the map which was totally illegible but it didn't matter as we were running "Around the Block" and off we went. As we departed, Grahame arrived all hot and sweaty having run 1½ hrs to the start (I thought his lunatic fringe car had blown up or something) and another one or two k's further, Derek Smith joined the pack.

So then there were eight.

The route was born in hell. First, we ran down the hill to Galston Gorge which is the 8.5k point where Ray had stashed some water, Exceed and Coke. Alf complained all the way down that he'd had dinner with Scott Crawford the previous evening and he'd been forcibly coerced into drinking some plonk that Scott had been saving for a day when a mob came around. Anyway the Sauterne caused his tongue to stick to the roof of his mouth and he was forced to bail at the bottom of the Gorge. He said he was going to run back

slowly but we think that he'd called Rosanne on his mobile surreptitiously when we thought he was having a leak.

So then there were seven.

Slogged up the other side

We slogged up the other side of the Gorge towards Galston and then turned into Arcadia Rd, past the Benedictine Monastery, into Bay Rd and followed the road down to Berowra Waters (26k). I couldn't understand why Grahame kept pushing the pace down the hill until I realised that he'd parked his car on the other side of the ferry point and was anxious to get home so that he could fulfil his other commitments that day (I think they were eat, sleep, eat and sleep).

We crossed Berowra Waters by ferry, Grahame waved us goodbye and then there were six.

A lot of grumbling went on when we were running up the hill from the ferry to Berowra and I sensed that Ray was not a popular bloke anymore, in spite of his efforts to locate his stashed drinks and pass them around generously. Anyway, we eventually got back onto the Pacific Highway at Berowra (32k) and commenced the haul back to Hornsby.

Taking the strain

All of a sudden, Tony and Derek peeled off into Mount Colah Station and then there were four.

Jim started taking a bit of strain at this point so he and I walked a bit but kept in touch with Murray and Ray. It's fortunate that Murray was running with Ray because neither Jim nor I had anything nice to say to him or about him, and Murray is such a good bloke that he'll talk to anyone who's prepared to listen.

Anyway, at Asquith, Murray and Ray took the wrong road and then there were two.

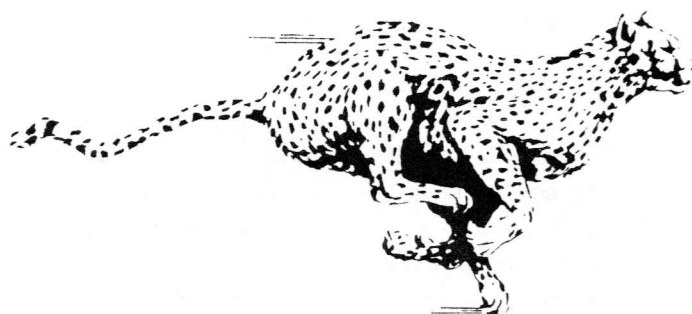
Jim and I finished at Hornsby in about 4:10 total time. I guess you can deduct a good 30 minutes from that time for all the messing around and cursing. Lo and behold, within a minute, Murray and Ray arrived from the wrong side of the station.

Frozen wretches

Then, to our surprise, a train pulled into the station and out hopped, or should I say crawled, two frozen wretches, Derek and Tony, who'd spent 45 minutes or so at the Mt Colah Station, waiting for a train.

I learned a good lesson that day; don't run around the block with Ray!

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Almost Quotes of the Month

"Terry McIver is no longer certified" (John Hamilton, obliquely and idiosyncratically explaining that Mr McIver is no longer able to certify the length of new 10k courses, since his accreditation has expired.

"The anarchists' option" (Graham Butler, referring to the 6.30am mass start at STaRs.

London Marathon 1996

by Peter Cookson

You have seen it many times in the pages of the Blister. Runners who have joined the Striders and run their first marathon, all the time vowing that this would be their last and then a few months go by and they are out there again, pounding the streets training for the next one. (Yes, I've been sucked in!) A few more local marathons under the belt and the urge comes to combine a holiday or business trip with an overseas event (don't forget to mention it to your partner - preferably not in the taxi on the way to the airport).

Marathons: a cure for jetlag

It is not always easy to get entry to some of the more well known events unless you are prepared to go on a fairly inflexible travel package, or in fact are good enough to qualify for Boston, which ruled me out. So, through a business contact I was quite lucky to meet one of the Directors of the London Marathon a couple of years ago who offered me the chance to avoid the "ballot", an offer which was quickly accepted. I kept in contact and called up the favour this year and was even able to obtain another place for David Solomon who just happened to be on his way to a meeting in Montreal (marathons are his cure for jet lag - Striders medicos might like to do some research into this).

I had to leave Sydney three weeks before the event and try and keep up the final training during a mixture of business and holiday over the Easter period. There were some compensations in this though, as it is quite strange going back many years later to the area that you grew up and run over all your old walks and cycle rides from childhood. The thing that really hits you is how the scale has changed. What is to be a two hour run turns out after half an hour to cover the whole of your childhood universe...back to the maps.

Became an honorary Welshman

With such a popular event, now in its 16th year, the London Marathon Committee have got the administration down to a fine art and I was keen to mail the paperwork in as soon as I received it, firstly to avoid the vagaries of two postal systems and secondly to avoid paying a hefty overseas entry fee by registering through my mother's address in Wales. So, when the forms arrived I filled them in for myself and David, getting a colleague to sign the disclaimer for David

(Nobody ever checks that do they?) and they were back in the mail within 24 hours.

Registration for the marathon takes place in Earls Court Olympia 2 from the Wednesday prior to the event. This has to be done in person for UK entrants, which we now were, and everybody is advised to turn up as early as possible in order to avoid the lengthy queues that build up on the Saturday. I arrived at Olympia Tube station on the Thursday morning along with a few dozen obvious runners and a Chelsea Pensioner in full uniform complete with medals - I'm not sure what he was doing there, I didn't see him in the race, perhaps he had a Preferred Start.

Trouble Desk well named

When I lined up to collect my number I had to sign for it and was surprised to see them check my signature against my entry form before handing it over. Oh well!, time to come clean on the issue of David's entry so I was sent off to the "Trouble Desk" to sort out the problem. As soon as I explained the position to the stocky SAS Sergeant Major type behind the desk I could see why this was not called the "Help Desk". No, I was in trouble and this was the place for me to have it rubbed in. I now know what all the years of negotiating with difficult clients, waterside workers and rebellious ships crews had been for... it was to prepare me for the "Trouble desk".

Forget logic, excuses and even lies it really had to come down to out and out grovelling and humiliation. I guess the only thing that kept me from telling him where he could stick his Flora London Marathon finishers medal was the thought that David was going to arrive from Sydney the following day especially for the run and might decide to take a similar course of action with my finisher's medal when he found out he'd come all the way for nothing.

Lost in the translation

Well I left there with a sort of acknowledgment that he might be able to sort something out. Not wishing to leave this to chance I rang my Director friend who said not to worry, if there was any problem, just send David round to his desk and he would sort it out. This got somewhat lost in the translation to David as I headed out of the hotel in the morning to a meeting and David arrived in a taxi from the airport.



Once were worriers: Peter Cookson, David Solomon, Alf Field after the London Marathon

So off he went to Olympia to pick up his number, hoping to get away with a scrawled signature; up to the desk; "Oh, your number must be at the Trouble Desk". Well after a few minutes Mr SAS was clearly not going to yield to actuarial logic so David played the trump card: "Just speak to John Legge, he'll sort it out". "Who the hell is he" was not the response David expected and as he couldn't remember which desk John Legge was going to be on it was back to the grovelling before finally emerging clutching his number.

There is a moral in here somewhere and I suppose it is that the London Marathon is extremely well run (even if the Administration is a little rigid). It is big business due to the fact that a large proportion of the runners are running for charities and collect hundreds of pounds each for a variety of causes. The closest experience you could compare it with is a big, well organised City to Surf, without the long wait at the start like rows of sardines and the surges towards the line as the start approaches.

Feared the worst

With memories of Cities to Surf gone by we feared the worst so figured we should front up to the start at least two hours before the start at 9.30. We'll leave the support crew to have a leisurely full English breakfast before they head out to the Cutty Sark at the six mile point. Meeting in the hotel lobby at 6.30, a short stroll to Oxford Circus tube, but it seems somebody had forgotten to tell

London Transport that they should get an early start too.

In fact by the time we got down to Waterloo we still had 10 minutes or so to wait for the first train and had visions of hordes of people queuing for the loos and crushed daffodils as we crowded into a bulging Greenwich park at the start. The train eventually set off for Blackheath barely half full and barely two hours to the start. At Blackheath there seemed to be more marshals at the station and approaches to the park than there were runners. They must all be there already, so much for a good start.

Ging gang gooly

There is nothing we Poms like more than a good queue. I had this mental picture of people camped out overnight at the start around camp fires, in sleeping bags, with beanie hats on their heads, thermos flasks of tea at the ready singing "Ging gang gooly" and other scouting favourites to while away the hours through to dawn. But no, there we were an hour and a half before the start and barely any runners in the park. One portaloos per runner, a drink Marshall each and even a park bench to sit on adjacent to our start area. A couple of trips to the loo for the nervous bladder and I finally found a queue, the masses were stirring!

And what a sight!. Roman Centurions were very popular, perhaps an acknowledgment of the origins of the race. Some wore light plastic breastplates, but others had the full regalia as if

they had just stepped off the set of Ben Hur. Quite some weight to cart around the course.

The fellow with the bi-plane strapped to his shoulders probably had a similar task before him, even though made of fibreglass, the four foot wing span would have been very tricky to handle, especially having to taxi all the way. But I think the toughest one to comprehend was the guy in the painter's overalls with the two section aluminium ladder on his shoulder - have you tried carrying one of these from the back shed to house - that's enough for me. Apart from the masochists there was a vast selection of humorous outfits ranging from Supermen to Satan. 1996 appeared to be the year of the Queen, as the date of the run coincided with her 75th birthday.

Basking in the sun

A cannon boom at 9.00 a.m. heralded the start of the seeded women's race, not that we saw it, as it was across the park from where we were, at one of the other of the 3 starts. Finally, a few people wandered onto the road into their designated start zone (estimated finishing time), with Marshals checking nobody was in the wrong zone. With 20 minutes to go we decided to abandon our position basking in the morning sun on the park bench and ambled into the road to wait for the start.

As you can imagine, my main concern when training for this race had been how to handle the cold weather, especially whilst hanging around at the start. How many layers would I wear?, thin gloves or thick?. Well there is one thing that English weather can always guarantee and that is unpredictability. Sure enough, the 3 weeks prior to the race had been cool, cold, rainy, windy, the odd day of sunshine, but hot weather - never. Suddenly the day before the run the north-easterly wind veered to the South East and Siberian winds were replaced with winds from the African Desert.

Swearing at his manager

Over 20 degrees at 9.00 a.m. and 26 degrees by midday was hardly what I was led to believe we could expect for the run. However, whilst we were sitting on our park bench enjoying the morning sun, the Belgian runner Vincent Rousseau was probably cursing his luck and swearing at his Manager. Normally he has a clause in his contract that says he has the right to pull out of any run right up to start time if the temperature rises above 19 degrees. Even he didn't think it would be necessary to insert a clause like that for a London marathon!

So one layer of Striders' gear was all that was required and as usual it helped to break the ice with the local runners. A minute or so before the start a lady came up to us wearing a Striders' singlet, wished us all the best and then disappeared before we had a chance to find out who she was. I've never seen her at any Stars before or since...one of life's little mysteries. Also, standing in front of us was a pair of identical twins, Jean and Jenny of Asian decent who had the broadest West Country accents you can imagine. They had run just been interviewed by the BBC and were running for the second time.

Finally, the gun went and we shuffled towards the wrought iron gates of the park to turn left towards the start line. By the time we got there the leaders were well over half a mile down the road. Three minutes to the start was really not too bad considering the numbers and it didn't feel quite as frenetic as the starts for shorter runs. After about 4 minutes we were running at a steady pace without too much side-stepping, although the footpath came in handy from time to time.

Not designed by a Strider

This was the big hill of the race!, Charlton Road, a gentle decline, obviously not a course designed by a Strider. At Artillery Place after 5km the competitors from the two other starts merge in with us and we run parallel for a few hundred metres before the barrier in the middle of the road finishes. There is plenty of good natured rivalry at this point. The influx of extra bodies doesn't really seem to make much difference to the crush but I think others had problems with a few tumbles occurring close to us. One fellow directly in front of me tripped and fell, hitting his head against the kerbstone with a nasty crack. Plenty of blood and people rushed to his aid. I don't think he was able to carry on with the race.

Woolwich Road was next taking us back close to the start and on to one of the highlights of the run at 10km - the "Cutty Sark". This was a very popular viewing spot not only because Greenwich is a pleasant spot and near to the start, but also because there is a tunnel under the Thames at this point where spectators can walk through and catch the mid section of the race through docklands. No sign of the support crew though, breakfast must have delayed them. The disappointing aspect of the run is that although the course follows the Thames for much of the time, there are not many opportunities for the runners to see it, especially in

the section from Greenwich to Tower Bridge.

One thing we couldn't complain about was drink stops. The official ones were every mile all equipped with 1 litre bottles of water and large squeeze packs of Isostar. As well as this there seemed to be ad hoc stations in between not to mention local communities handing out oranges, barley sugar and all manner of sustenance. The end product was that before too long we were forced to make a toilet stop, lined up along a chain link fence with a few other similarly afflicted others, but with the temperature rising, we weren't about to stop taking fluid.

Pubs doing a roaring trade

Talking of fluids, the pubs were doing a roaring trade by now and all those with a beer garden or balcony seemed to have laid on some form of band to keep our spirits up. These ranged from Trad Jazz bands through to a full Youth Orchestra at Canary Wharf. At one pub in the East End they even had a rock and roll group "The Undertakers", belting out a 60s Standard. From memory they started life as Screaming Lord Sutch's backing band - and he's still unsuccessfully running for Parliament on behalf of the Raving Looney Party. In the Jamaica road we had a Cockney band made up of Pearly Kings and Queens, their sequinned waistcoats flashing in the sun.

As we approached Tower Bridge the crowds got thicker again and the roads narrowed down. The crowd all seemed to be shouting "Come on Chrissy Boy" so I figured the fellow in front must be a local T.V. or Sports celebrity. That was until I overtook him and saw he had "Chrissy Boy" in large bright letters on his chest. The Striders logo drew a good response. I was wearing the T shirt which has "Sydney Striders" in clear letters front and back and I had welcome encouragement throughout the race. Running over Tower Bridge was a great experience. The Tower of London on the Northern bank with flags fluttering from the Bloody Tower and hordes of people crushed onto the footpath.

Wedding dress and veil

The fact that this was almost the half way mark helped to boost the spirits too - now for the Easterly run down to Docklands through the East End. Along Poplar High Street with the blocks of flats straight out of the television series "The Bill". The guy in front was wearing a full wedding dress and veil and had been just in front of us for the

previous 10km. He had plenty of support and a few proposals of marriage along the way, and he must really have been hot under all those layers. Not that things were too cool with us. Most of the local runners we talked to along the way figured we'd be used to running in such conditions - right of course, but it doesn't help much on the day.

The next 10 or so km would be run through fairly uninteresting territory and we looked forward to the boost we would get from our support crew who must by now have finished breakfast and be eagerly waiting for us at Canary Wharf on the Isle of Dogs. By this stage we were well over the half way mark having done 25km and although there was a full orchestra and throngs of onlookers there was no sign of our team - perhaps the Docklands light railway has been too crowded and they would be waiting at the Tower of London. This section went on and on for ever with twists and turns and we really felt that we were getting nowhere.

High fives

There were more kids out now offering "high fives" to all, but any setback to forward motion at this stage would not have been a good idea. Somewhere around here I heard somebody say that the men's race had been won by Dionisio Ceron of Mexico in 2:10 flat. We later heard that he had ambled down the Mall waving to all, costing himself about \$40,000 by not securing the bonus he would have received for breaking 2:10. Rousseau of Belgium overcame the heat and came in second. The women's race was won by Liz McColgan in 2:27:54 after holding well back for much of the race.

Around this time I lost David. Assuming he had gone ahead I tried to lift the pace to try and find him. Little did I know that he'd had to take another toilet stop so had to run like crazy to catch me up again. We felt sure that around the next bend we would see the familiar form of Alf Field. Surely as he had run Boston only that Monday he would not be in sufficient shape to be too far ahead of us, even if he did get a better start from the Blue area.

But instead of Alf we bumped into another Strider, Steve Roach, who was not going so well and had seen Alf go past a few km back. The frustrating thing at this stage was that Tower Bridge kept appearing on the horizon reasonably close and then we would head off at 90 degrees to it. I wasn't quite aware that when we reached

Tower Bridge for the second time we would only have about 5km to go, it had always seen so far from one end of London to the other. By now there were a fair number of sorry looking people around us even down to a few lying on stretchers obtaining medical treatment.

David was complaining about a sore ligament and telling me to ahead. My quads felt like they would cramp if I increased speed too much, but I gradually drifted ahead of David and so before long I was on my own and heading past St Katherine's Dock and the Tower of London, at last, at about 38km. The Bride was still ahead and being courted by a couple of Portuguese runners who were out for a good day out and insisted on taking each other's photograph with the Bride in front of the Tower of London.

Keep running

The cobblestones along the Embankment by the Tower were very hard on the legs and the rubber matting they put over them for the benefit of the wheelchair athletes were more of a hindrance than a help, so I opted to run on the cobbles where at least you could see the ruts. Normally by this stage of a marathon I run between drink stops, stop for a drink for as long as I want and then run on to the next. That's OK when the drink stops are 5km apart because you have a goal, but what do you do when they are at every mile - keep running that's what I did.

The Embankment was packed all the way along and I was overtaking an increasing number of tired runners. Big Ben finally appeared on the horizon and at least I knew that it was a straight run before turning into Parliament Square, past the Houses of Parliament and Birdcage Walk.

That was when my spirits lifted. The end was close, the streets were wider and there was more room to move and the crowd was cheering. This is what it was all about and then the right hand turn towards Buckingham Palace and the magnificent Queen Victoria Monument. What a place to finish a marathon! The final corner and the end in sight. Two hundred metres down the Mall to the finish, framed by the Admiralty Arch at the end and Nelson's Column visible behind.

Time to turn it on, the final sprint, my legs suddenly strong again and powering me to the line. And as if by magic a new finishing chute opened up as I got there so whilst the others queued I kept on running down the outside to collect my medal, my space blanket and bag full of goodies. The

time, well nowhere near my best at 3 hours 49, but I had to keep something in reserve for walking around the sights.

Slow silver service

David finished a few minutes later without lasting injury, but pretty tired. Alf of course was already here, waiting for us at the meeting point, looking like he had been for a trot around Hyde Park. And the support crew?. They finally made it - but only to the meeting point, I think the silver service in the breakfast room had been a little slow that day. Well at least they were able to join Alf, David and myself for a very pleasant dinner in Mayfair that evening (outside - yes, it was that warm)- and we all stayed awake.

Why Chocolate is Better than Sex

from Nick Themsen

Here are 20 reasons why:

- You can GET chocolate;
- "If you love me you'll swallow that" has real meaning with chocolate;
- Chocolate satisfies even when it has gone soft;
- You can safely have chocolate while driving;
- Chocolate will last as long as you want it to;
- You can have chocolate in front of your mum;
- If you bite nuts too hard chocolate won't mind;
- Two people of the same sex can have chocolate without being called nasty names;
- "Commitment" doesn't scare chocolate off;
- You can have chocolate on top of your workbench/desk during working hours without upsetting your co-workers;
- You can ask a stranger for chocolate without having your face slapped;
- You don't get any hairs in your mouth with chocolate;
- With chocolate there's no need to fake it;
- Chocolate doesn't make you pregnant;
- You can have chocolate any time of the month;
- Good chocolate is easy to find;
- You can have as many kinds of chocolate as you can handle;
- You are never too old or too young for chocolate;
- When you have chocolate it doesn't keep neighbours awake;
- With chocolate size doesn't matter.

Brisbane Waters Bush Bash

by Phil Hugill

[Eds' note: It's a while since the Bush Bash, but Phil's report was omitted from Blister #61 owing to an oversight. We felt that his characteristic wit shouldn't go to waste. This is an edited version of his original account.]

Orange ribbons and collisions

The runners, including about 16 Striders, gathered at 6 am to hear last minute instructions. These consisted of (1) watch for cars, and (2) follow the orange ribbons which show the way in the bush. Very sensible advice. Fortunately everyone followed the first instruction and avoided car/runner collisions, but about half the field including yours truly also managed to avoid the well placed and very bright orange ribbons.

Still, my view is that anyone can stay on course, it's more interesting and challenging to forge new paths. As I staggered from the bush at one point I seemed to perplex one local pedestrian by asking where I was, only to be informed the finish was about 200 metres around the corner!

Motorbike's pace a bit quick

We were led away by a motor bike rider who promptly disappeared into the distance. He did wait for us about 5km along the road, having either realised runners are not that quick or gone a different route to us. The fire trail is undulating and quite challenging, to be clear when I say undulating, picture short sharp uphill and savage downhill. You have to either be brave, careful or stupid at some points as the trail is covered in loose rocks, tree roots and closed cattle gates.

Hot cars

One thing that confused me as I enjoyed running along the flat fire trail section was the number of burnt out cars. Every few k's there'd be another 2 or 3. Is this a local pastime or a sort of Holden graveyard? Anyway as you can see my mind was beginning to wander, probably because we were about 2 hours into the run and Sydney's Indian summer had delivered another hot day.

Lost in the Bush

At this point my mental and physical state was basically stuffed so I'm not sure of the exact order of events but here goes. Kelvin from the Striders passed me, I fell down and then got lost. I can rationalise the first two as outside my control, Kelvin was running very well, the rock I tripped on jumped out and tripped me up, but running straight

past the orange ribbons and past the final turn off into the bush had got me confused. At that stage I was praying for the finish so why I would keep going and do 2k extra is beyond me.

Bloody big sign

The finish is basically downhill through the bush and a few hundred metres along the road, Michael Burton won in approximately 3 hours 43 minutes with Kelvin second in 3 hours 52, and I managed to finish from the opposite direction a few seconds later.

The run though low key is very friendly and well organised, though perhaps for the runners whose geography and navigation is a bit poor (like me) a bloody big sign pointing the way on the last bush section would be appreciated.

Had a bingle? Good news!

If you've pranged your car, that's bad news. We certainly hope no-one was hurt. But there's good news too. Embassy Smash Repairs will donate \$75 to Sydney Striders for every insurance claim we take to them (see below). Give them a ring, ask for John Walker, mention The Blister.

EMBASSY SMASH REPAIRS

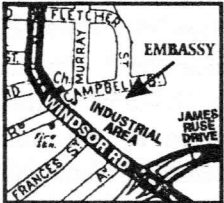
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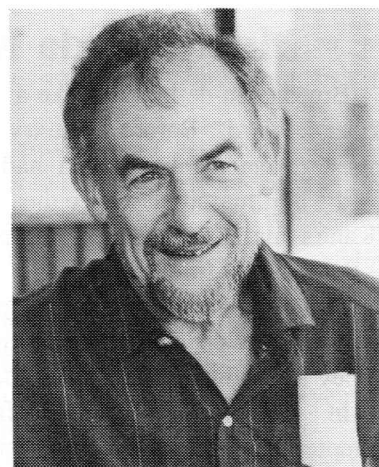
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5D, 23 Windsor Road, Northmead 630 3300

Personal Profile: John Turner

by Sarah Entwistle

Full name	John "grain of truth" Turner
Place of birth	Beyond the Black Stump - Perth WA, I'm told
Age	Lost count - say 60
Star sign	Whatever it is, it's probably on the Cusp
Family	3 beautiful daughters, 2 gorgeous grand-daughters, more relo's than you can poke a stick at - and Sydney Striders en masse
Occupation	Main job: hanging out with Striders (who needs more?) Management consultant, between times
Best feature	Strength, looks, intelligence, humility, etc -and hanging out with Striders
Worst feature	Obsessive hanging out with Striders
Favourite reading	Proust, bus tickets, Tim Winton, anything - even The Blister
Favourite music	Anything from my era - Mozart to Miles (Davis)
Favourite food	The cakes at Paul Lunsmann's and John Ayliffe's STaRs - and good steak
Best time of day	Dawn at Bondi - no contest
Other pastimes	Fifth Amendment!!
Person(s) most admired	Sir Edmund Hillary, and all my fellow Striders
Dreams and ambitions	Win Gold at the Sydney Olympics, ski Antarctica, to be on time just once in my life - and similar impossible feats (... in your dreams!)
Years running	Started when Methuselah was in short pants - around '83 BC
Why started	Harvey Blue used to kick sand in my face when he took off
Sporting ambitions	To beat Harvey at sand kicking - and Murray Town at everything else
Races/events you are most proud of	Rigging ballot to be elected President of Sydney Striders (how else?), and going sub-3 once in my life - thanks to Alistair Mackie, now in Qld.
Training partners	Sarah, Wendy, Margaret (ladies first), Harvey, Brent, Gary, Warwick, and anyone else patient enough to go that slow for a bit
Pre-race prep.	Steak and a good cigar. Otherwise the same as Mike Ward, ie red wine and lots of it
Favourite facial expression	One eye closed and tongue firmly in cheek



John Turner

Yet Another Korner of Kev's

from Kevin Tiller

"It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbles, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs, and comes up short again and again, because there is no effort without error and shortcoming; but who does actually strive to do deeds; who knows the great enthusiasms, the great devotions; who spends himself in a worthy cause; who at best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement, and who at worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those timid souls who know neither victory or defeat." Theodore Roosevelt (1910).

Korners of Kev's Just Keep on Koming

from Kevin Tiller

A woman walked up to a little old man rocking in a chair on his porch. "I couldn't help noticing how happy you look," she said. "What's your secret for a long, happy, life?"

"I smoke three packs of cigarettes a day," he said, "and I drink a case of whisky a week, eat fatty foods, and never exercise." "That's amazing," the woman said. "How old are you?" "Twenty-six," replied the little old man.

Members of the Month

by Sarah Entwistle

May: Breeda Kelly

Breeda can definitely stake a claim for a 'Mad Strider' award. Before January this year, the longest distance race Breeda had ever attempted was the half marathon. Since then, thanks to Kevin O'Kane's marathon training group, she has raced the Palm Beach to Manly, the Six Foot Track, and the Canberra Marathon - all in great times - and then topped it off with a seven minute PB in the Sydney Morning Herald Half in May.

In true mad Striders' fashion, Breeda attempted her first ultra before her first marathon, and (as Kevin pointed out in the last Blister) having demolished the Six Foot Track in 5 hours 15 minutes, she raced back to Sydney to complete a few legs of the TAB relay at Homebush as a recovery run.

Breeda is now training for another Striders' favourite, Brindabella, plus the new Mt Wilson to Biltin 35K bush race in October.

Results:

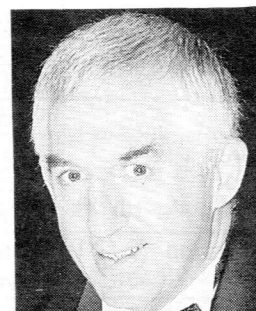
Palm Beach to Manly 30k:	2:45:00 (Debut)
Six Foot Track 47k	5:15:00 (Debut)
Canberra Marathon 42.2k	3:36:19 (Debut)
SMH Half M'thon 21.1k	1:39:20 (PB 7 min)

June: Jim Screen

It all started last year at Brindabella where he took a massive 36 minutes off his previous best. Since then, Jim (who is also our new Secretary) has made running PBs a habit. In January, it was a 6:29 PB at the Palm Beach to Manly, followed by PBs at the Six Foot Track with leg cramps, the Canberra Marathon, the Brisbane Waters Bush Bash and the Sydney Morning Herald Half; and this was all just a warm up for the Comrades in July.

Results:

Brindabella 1995	5:37:59 (PB 36 min)
Palm Beach-Manly 30k:	2:40:54 (PB 2:41)
Six Foot Track 47k	5:59:24 (PB 6 mins)
Canberra Marathon	3:39:11 (PB 40 secs)
Canberra Ultra 50 k	4:32:29
Brisbane Waters 47k	5:00:35 (PB 38 mins)
SMH ½m'thon 21.1k	1:37:14 (PB 2:50)
Comrades Ultra 90k	10:20:56



Breeda Kelly and Jim Screen

More news from

Carl Barker

from a letter to Jo Cowan

[Carl, wearing the Striders' shirt just about everywhere on his travels in Europe, writes]: "...Unfortunately Australia pulled out of the 100km in Moscow, due to insufficient team numbers able to make the trip I did the London Marathon, but it was really hot and I didn't run very well, but I managed to retain my championship number for next year (sub 2:45). Robert Elstone, who ran with Striders for a while, tapped me on the shoulder going through docklands (he recognised the Striders' vest, as did about 50,000 spectators!).

I've since done the White Peak Marathon, a complete contrast to London, i.e. gates, hills, sheep! I was pleased considering I ran 2 hours in hills with friends the previous Sunday then a 23¼ mile run in 2:24 on Bank Holiday Monday, then 2 hours in hills again the day after Saturday's marathon!

I'm now at college two nights a week upgrading my near 20 year old electrical qualifications and I've got numerous work related courses in the pipeline - isn't life supposed to get easier the older you get?

No news at present about coming back [to Australia]. Maybe in a year's time. It's a question of finding the right job, i.e. one that will allow me to train.

PS I was 4th in a half-marathon on 19 May, and at the prize-giving they announced that the 4th runner had come all the way from Sydney to do the race!". [Stride on, Carl! Eds].

Your High Performance Training Diet: Part 2

Adapted from an article by Karen Inge BSc. Dip Diet F.ASMF

[Eds' note: This item continues a 3-part series which began in Blister #61, and which will conclude in Blister #63.]

Enough Protein

Protein is the nutrient from which our muscles, skin, bone and blood cells are made. Hormones, enzymes and antibodies are also created from protein. As well as being used in the structure of our body, we now know that some protein is also used for energy during exercise. For this reason, athletes need more protein than people who are not exercising.

Protein is found in many foods including lean meat, poultry, fish/seafood, low fat dairy products, wholegrain cereals such as rice, and legumes (baked beans, chick peas, kidney beans etc.).

Estimated Protein Requirements

Grams protein per kg of body weight per day:

- Sedentary person: 0.75gm;
- Strength athlete (power, sprinter): 1.2-1.7gm;
- Endurance athlete (distance): 1.2-1.6 gm.

However, even though your protein requirements may be almost doubled, with good planning you should easily be able to meet your daily protein demands. Young growing athletes, vegetarians, those on strict weight loss programmes, and athletes on very high carbohydrate diets are most at risk of not meeting their protein needs.

It is important that most of the protein in your diet is high quality protein. Protein is made from building blocks known as amino acids, most of which can be manufactured by the body from elements in the diet. The remainder cannot, and are called essential amino acids and need to be consumed every day.

Animal protein contains all of the essential amino acids and is therefore considered a 'complete protein' - eg. lean meats, low fat dairy products and eggs.

Plant proteins do not contain all the essential amino acids and are called 'incomplete protein'. Good sources of plant protein include cereals such as rice, corn and wheat, legumes such as baked beans, split peas, lentils, and also nuts and seeds.

Tips to eat enough protein

- Include high quality protein at each main meal. Eg. low-fat milk or yoghurt for breakfast, low fat cheese or baked beans, tuna, salmon, lean

meat, chicken in sandwiches for lunch; and rice, legumes, lean meat, chicken or fish for dinner.

- Have a high protein/high carbohydrate snack after heavy training sessions or competition, such a smoothie made with Lite White milk, low fat fruit yoghurt, and fresh fruit or Vitari.
- Choose low fat milks and yoghurts as these generally have more protein and calcium than the full cream varieties.
- Select lean cuts of meat as they will have more protein per serve than fatty alternatives.
- Combine grains like rice with legumes for high quality protein snacks or meals, eg. baked beans on toast or rice cakes, tuna and tomato pasta.

Plenty of Dietary Fibre

Dietary fibre has a number of important performance enhancing functions. It regulates the rate of good digestion and absorption, thereby slowing down the release of sugar from foods. This gives you a steady release of energy over the day. This is particularly important for athletes who need a continual supply of fuel to work/study and train effectively. Other benefits of dietary fibre are in helping keep our bowel regular, filling us up and protecting us from heart disease.

Tips to eat plenty of dietary fibre

- Choose wholegrain varieties of cereal, wholemeal or multigrain bread and wholemeal pasta.
- Add Sunfarm Rice Bran to cereals, soups, casseroles, and muffins for a tasty and healthy fibre boost.
- Leave the skin on fresh fruit and vegetables (remember to wash well first)
- Substitute rice cakes, wholegrain breakfast cereal, wholemeal dry biscuits or fruit for sweet biscuits, cakes and chocolate bars.

Less Salt

While salt (or sodium) is important for many functions in the body, most Australians eat far too much salt which can increase the risk of dehydration.

Salt is found in foods such as bread, breakfast cereals, vegetables and dairy products. We can well and truly meet our sodium needs through these foods without adding extra salt to foods, or eating salty processed and takeaway food items.

Letters to the Editor

Carbo loading

Dear Editor,

I wish to add a few recommendations to your information in the Canberra marathon guide on food intake. Firstly, the reason for carbohydrate loading is to 'supercompensate' the muscles with stored carbohydrate (glycogen). This increases the time before glycogen stores are depleted ('hitting the wall'). Without loading we are limited to about 90-120 minutes of exercise before extreme fatigue sets in. Loading can increase this by an extra 30 or more minutes. Although carbo loading may not work for everyone, most athletes do not know how to load properly and then claim to get no benefit from eating extra carbs. The amount needed is around 7-10 grams per kilogram body weight for the 3 days prior to competition with concurrent tapering of training. Most athletes fall well short of this mark. There is NO extra benefit in loading for longer periods and may in fact cause more harm than good. Carbohydrate loading is a simple technique to improve your race and won't do any harm if done correctly.

In addition to loading, consuming carbohydrate **during** a marathon can further improve running times. This is because after 2 to 2½ hours of running both liver and muscle glycogen levels will be low even if well loaded before the race. Extra carbohydrate will provide muscles with additional fuel, top up blood sugar levels preventing hypoglycaemia and delay time to fatigue. The quantity of carbohydrate that seems to be of most benefit is 30-60 grams of carbohydrate per hour. This equates to one cup (150-200mls) of sports drink every 15 minutes. This means that if the drink stations are 3km apart and you run 5min/km, you will need to drink sports drink at **every** aid station to get around 35-50 grams of carbohydrate (especially since half the cup ends up down your front!). If consuming sports drink every 2nd to 3rd station as suggested in your article, you will only consume 6-12 grams of carbohydrate per hour! This is not enough carbohydrate to be of any significant benefit.

Towards the end of the race, carbohydrate needs are closer to 70grams/hr so an extra boost may be needed. This is where 'Leppins' or other forms of gel-like carbohydrate supplements may come in handy. Each supplies an extra 20 grams of

carbohydrate. Also note that extra carbohydrate is of no benefit if left too late in the race. You must start consuming carbohydrate at least ½ hour before fatigue sets in and continue to supply it at regular intervals.

Although it is too late for Canberra, start practising now for your next marathon. It may be your best race yet!

Fiona Pelly, Sports Dietitian

Fellow strider and marathon runner

[Eds' note: Fiona has offered to share her expertise in this field with us by contributing a regular segment in future editions of the Blister.]

In praise of our Web Page

Dear editor,

I wanted to share my applause for the Striders' home page. I enjoyed reading the information about your club. I'm a fellow runner from Marion, Indiana (USA). I average around 25 miles weekly and have been into running for about 12 years. I've run the Indianapolis half-marathon several times and recently ran the Chicago Marathon. I'm not very speedy (average about 8:45 per mile) when I have an exceptionally strong wind in my back.

We have a beautiful running trail in our community that runs along the Mississinewa River (Miami Indian word...means laughing water). It's quite a beautiful running trail and enjoyable through the various seasons.

Congratulations on Sydney 2000 as the next Olympic site. Maybe we'll see a Strider, or two, at the finish line! Best wishes to the Striders....enjoy the run!!!

Joe Chambers

Scurrilous rumours

Dear Sir,

There are three scurrilous rumours circulating about me with regard to the Comrades Marathon that I wish to firmly, fully and finally put to rest.

The first is that I keep returning to run the Comrades because I am hoping that an event which occurred during my first Comrades in 1983 might recur. I positively and utterly refute this suggestion. The reason I return is to see my mother-in-law and Comrades just seems to be staged at about the same time.

For newer members and to avoid constant

Letters to the Editor

questions about it, I will recall the incident in question from the 1983 Comrades. It occurred at one of the remoter areas of the course about 70k into the race where there were few spectators. As I was running past a field of tall, yellow dried grass, I heard a voice cry: "Help me. Help me! Somebody please help me."

I stopped, not certain that I had heard what I thought I had heard. The plaintive cry came again. It was obviously a female voice. I stumbled into the grass looking for the source of the voice.

"Hello there" I yelled, "what's the problem? Where are you?". "Oh, thank goodness!" came the response. "Over here."

I lunged towards the voice and there I found a pretty young lass squatting down with her knickers around her ankles, obviously a runner in need of a pit stop. "Please help me" she cried, "I can't get up.". "Of course" I replied, and concerned about her modesty, added: "Don't worry, I'm blind in one eye (which I am) and I'll close the other eye."

The second scurrilous rumour is that I closed the wrong eye. I will not dignify this accusation with a response.

The third scurrilous rumour is that, because I finished the 1996 Comrades holding hands with a man, I am gay. Anyone who believes this does not understand the lengths runners will go to in order to get on to national TV. Any casual observation of the Comrades TV record around my finishing time will verify the accuracy of this statement.

Yours in all honesty, Alf Field

Strider in Jakarta

Dear Striders,

I'm afraid work has taken me away from the Striders, perhaps for several years. My family and I are now resident in Jakarta, Indonesia, following a transfer by my employer. The weather is not conducive to running, and to date my exertions are limited to the gym. I enclose as a matter of interest a Hash House Harriers' circular - I haven't worked up the courage to join as yet, and after reading the circular you can guess why.

Faithfully, Stuart Smith

[Eds' note: If space permits, we'll print some extracts from Stuart's HHH newsletter, heavily censored in the interests of propriety! Any Strider of robust constitution and adult years who wishes to receive a full photocopy in a plain brown

envelope should contact the editors.]

Will the real Neil please stand up?



Dear Editor,

My apologies to Grant Ranken whose name appeared under my photograph on page 8 of Blister #60. I am sure that he would not wish to look this old just yet.

Kind regards, Neil McPherson

[Eds' note: Oops! Will both Grant and Neil please accept OUR apologies?]

Clean living

Dear Sir,

I was disappointed to see the disgusting photograph of those inebriated old soaks Whitfield and King on page 16 of Blister #61. Instead of promoting alcohol abuse, you should be featuring clean living examples of sobriety such as myself.

Sincerely, S.W. Bag

Letter from Norrköping

Käre Kollega,

Vi tar härmed tillfället i akt att informera er att S.W.Bag aldrig deltagit i Norrköpings Maraton även om han har påstått annorledes. Vi måste därför be er att korrigera registreringsrullorna om nödvändigt.

Er tillgivne, Per Vers (Tävlingsdirektör).

Sydney Morning Herald Half Marathon

by Graham Butler

My mate Hugh Spencer wanted me to get him round the course in 105 minutes. Not a major task you might say, but the older we get the slower we become. I can remember only a few years back when a half marathon time over 90 minutes would have been considered something of a failure.

Race day came around with just about perfect conditions; a cool autumn morning with cloud cover and virtually no wind. Spencer and I decided to get a good start by shoving ourselves towards the front of the field, close to Lisa Ondieki. God, she's thin! We did ponder for a moment the possibility of getting trampled underfoot by the real runners around us. Fortunately, the race organisers have improved the start from its earlier version which had the field squeezed into a narrow section in the first hundred metres or so.

Go out like the clappers

This year the start was a fast one. Not really knowing how fit Spencer was, I decided the best race strategy would be to go out like the clappers and try to hang on. There have been some notable occasions when this ploy hasn't worked but this time it did.

I still have to say though that we felt a lot better on the first loop than the second. The few hills on the course, particularly the climb up to Chifley Square, were sufficient to test us out after our flying start around The Rocks. We passed the 10k marker in a little over 45 minutes, well ahead of our planned 5 minute per kilometre pacing requirement. I sensed the commencement of some whingeing from Spencer and so we did back off a tad in the second half until it became clear that sub 100 minutes wasn't completely out of the question. Spencer implored me to abandon him and give the race my own best shot, but I refused. I just wanted to be there to see him suffer.

We dragged each other through the final few kilometres and across the line in a smidgin under 100 minutes for the pair of us. Success for the two amigos. Not our fastest ever half but a decent result taking our advancing ages into account.

Overall, the race was well done by the Sydney Morning Herald. A field of some 3,500 runners is a success by any measure in today's post running boom era. I did feel that only two drink stations was a little light on, but otherwise pretty well done by the organisers.

Striders' results

John Young	15 th	1.10.34
Darren Benson	PB	1.11.33
Chris Truscott	PB	1.11.55
Mike Martin		1.18.18
Andrew Smith	PB	1.18.25
Chris Smith	PB	1.18.44
Andrew Hallam		1.18.50
Chris Dwyer		1.19.05
Jo Cowan	F	1.20.32
Jeff Gissing		1.21.02
Wayne Stanton		1.21.24
Godfrey Franz		1.22.10
Phil Hugill		1.22.22
Marlies Laaper	F	1.22.42
Geoff Cox		1.22.48
Ray Potter		1.22.58
John Hamilton		1.24.20
Jonathan Trope		1.24.24
Phil Boswell		1.24.46
Rod Lovel	PB	1.24.52
Neil McGill	PB	1.25.15
Mark Fiore		1.26.16
Murray Town		1.28.16
Charles Coville		1.28.36
Chris McLean		1.28.40
Derek Smith		1.29.10
Peter Cobby		1.30.46
Gary Leahy		1.32.10
Peter Hammerschmidt		1.33.05
John Shepherd	PB	1.33.08
Graham Shipley		1.33.24
Charles Reis		1.33.24
Crispin Gardner		1.33.36
Keith White		1.36.08
David Solomon		1.36.16
Amanda Dawson	F PB	1.36.22
Brent Waters		1.36.58
Jim Screen	PB	1.37.14
Peter Cookson		1.37.52
Kevin O'Kane		1.37.54
Neil McPherson	PB	1.38.58
Tina Campbell		1.39.18
Aiko Abbas		1.39.18
Breeda Kelly	F PB	1.39.20
Geoff Taylor		1.39.22
Wendy Downes	F	1.40.49
Steve Roach		1.40.54
Roger Rigby		1.41.54

Tony Crosby		1.41.54
Michael Wilson		1.42.28
Manfred Fiedler		1.43.26
Ernie Jordan		1.44.10
David Theriault		1.44.54
Phil Madden		1.46.16
John Gilpin		1.47.44
Max Coleman	PB	1.49.30
Penny Taylor	F PB	1.50.22
Elana Leigh	F	1.52.30
Lesley Clarke	F	1.54.00
Rozanne Green	F PB	1.54.56
Leo Leader		1.55.30
Vicki McGill	F PB	1.59.10
Michael Bailey	PB	2.01.30
Margaret Gee	F PB	2.02.30

Notes: Crispin Gardner pushed a stroller throughout the race. Dawn Shaw and Julia Stenton also finished, but times not known.

Various Race Results

data supplied by Kevin Tiller

Assorted recent (and recently received) results:

Gold Coast Half-Marathon:

Chris Truscott 70.22

14 July 96: Pitt Town 13.5k

(Horst Wegner 1st, Andrew Lloyd 2nd)

Stephen Jackson 47:41 (5th outright)

Megan Glasby 75:12 (5th in age group)

14 July 96: Pitt Town 5k

Grahame Murphy 18:31

(4th outright, 1st in 41+ age group)

Stephen Jackson 18:41

(5th outright, 1st in 19-40 age group)

Sutherland to Surf 11km

Stephen Jackson 38:06,

Grahame Murphy 39:06.

Palm Beach to Manly

Peter Cobley 2.23.05

14 Apr 96 Canberra Marathon

Michael Wilson: 3.28.46 PB

6 Apr 96 Marsfield Striders' 10k

Michael Wilson: 44.12 PB

Music Quiz

by Terry McIver

I would like to thank the people who sent in answers to the last quiz, namely David Sill, Tina Campbell and Graeme Hansen. I hate to admit it but David got all the right answers, with a lot more detail than I can print. If anybody would like a copy of his letter I will gladly send you one. Congratulations David, 5 out of 5.

Tina your answers are getting more interesting: 4 out of 5. In answer to your question "What time does the first North and Western bus leave North Ryde Post Office on a week day?" It does not.

Graeme your answer to the last question Toronto Blue Jays gets you half a point, maybe you don't know what the F.A cup final is? 3½ out of 5.

If you like the Musical Quiz Corner please let me or the Editor know. I can make the questions easier if you like? A few people have said they like it, one John Hamilton said he could have answered all the last ones if he was as old as David Sill (I never told him about Tina getting most of them right).

The answers to the questions in Blister#61:

- (1) John Lennon;
- (2) Neil Sedaka 1960 (Led Zeppelin did not release it on a single);
- (3) Rod Stewart (married to a Kiwi);
- (4) Cliff Richard (who doesn't);
- (5) Liverpool (we are the Champions)

Here are your next 5 easy questions: Who are these people better known as? (I have given you a few hints):

- (1) Walden Robert Cassotto (big hit late 50's "Dream lover")
- (2) Richard Wayne Penniman (big hit late 50's "Tutti frutti")
- (3) Ernest Evans (was a twister)
- (4) Cherilyn Sarkasian LaPierre (sang with a little bloke)
- (5) Harry Roger Web (he's a bachelor boy)

Hope to hear from you all soon. Good luck.

News From Afar

Dave Sill, who quit the country to live in tropical Leeds, England, has returned to running with a 3.16.50 in the Leeds Marathon to finish 69th. He is now "thinking of doing some ultra's now off minimal training". Good on yer, Dave!

Striders Strike Water in Kalahari Desert

by Graham Butler

Kommandant Dick Bartlett's Striders' Afrika Korps had cut a brutal swathe through Southern Africa. They'd swaggered through the Comrades Marathon, driven a wedge through Zimbabwean lines to capture the Zambezi and smashed their way from Victoria Falls into Namibia along the Caprivi Strip before storming their way hundreds of miles across the desert to the Atlantic Ocean.

At Swakopmund, the very heartland of the old German colony of South West Africa, the ruthless Herr Gruppenfuhrer Schmidt had excited his troops to a frenzy with totalitarian speeches and countless glasses of schnapps and had them goose stepping at Midnight along the town's broad Strasse Kaiser Bill.

Evil tide

The turning point of this evil tide came during their return journey through the Kalahari regions of Botswana, that vast wilderness of grey dust and thorn trees. Little could they even imagine that Botswana's oldest but deadliest ally, the freezing winter nights, would indirectly become the undoing of this barbarous Bartlett battalion.

At their campsite near the desert metropolis of Nata, Botswana, the Bartlett forces lit a camp fire on the sand, cooked their food and, over many drinks, exchanged battle stories around the glowing embers of the fire.

At around 11pm they locked the troop carrier and retired to their sleeping bags. The still of the freezing cold desert night was disturbed only by a contingent of Afrikaner lager louts who rampaged around the camp until they too fell into their drunken sleep some time around 1am. All was peaceful, or at least it was for a while.

Gott in Himmel

Imagine the pandemonium when a muffled explosion and roaring noise rang out just before 2.30am. Some searched desperately for tent zips, others thrashed frantically reaching for their Swiss Army penknives to cut their way out of the imprisoning canvas of their K-Mart tents. Flashlight beams cut through the desert night and all was utter chaos.

Who was attacking? What was on fire? Was it the Afrikaners? Why the Gott in Himmel was a jet of water spurting from the desert ground feet into the air and already beginning to flood the campsite?

What Barlett's Afrika Korps hadn't reckoned with was African plumbing! By some very slim odds and cruel mischance, they'd lit their camp fire directly over a plastic water pipe which the Africans had laid a mere four inches below the sand instead of the regulation two feet. The heat of the fire had eventually melted the plastic pipe which, under high water pressure, had ruptured in fairly spectacular fashion.

Turned off the stop cock

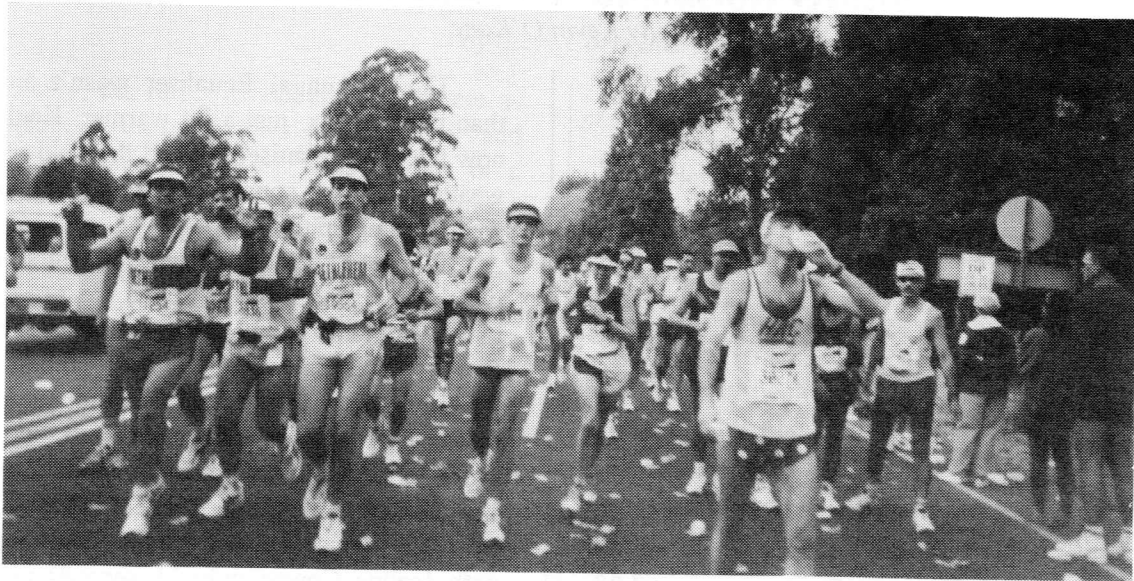
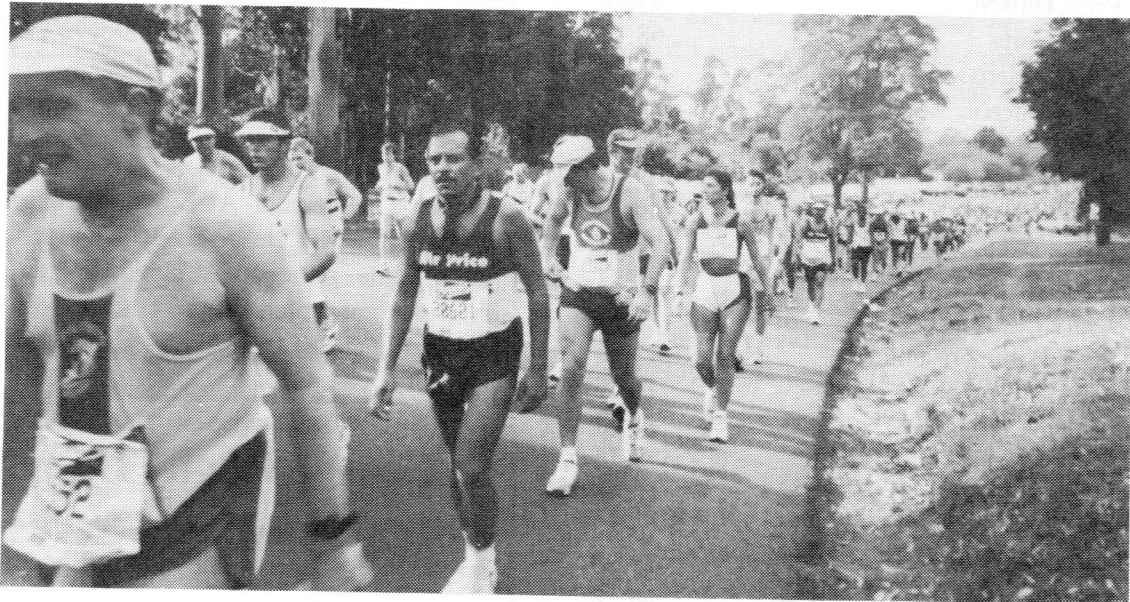
Footnote: Members of the Striders Afrika Korps were Dick and Claire Bartlett, Graham and Patrick Butler, Derek Smith and their Zimbabwean friends, Pete and Jill Pocket.

With the flood waters rising, nobody came to help or even investigate the disturbance in the sub-zero night. Dick Bartlett had the presence of mind to find the water tank and turn off the stop cock. Litigation is pending.



The road goes on forever! Above and on facing page: scenes from the 1996 Comrades' Marathon in South Africa, snapped on the run by Blister editor and adventurer Graham Butler, using a lightweight disposable camera.

Comrades' Marathon 1996



Equaliser Cross-Country '96

By Kevin O'Kane

Results:

1	Andrew Hallam		58.20
2	Chris Smith		61.13
3	Rod Lovel		62.49
4	Joe Vucetic		62.52
5	Charles Coville		64.09
6	Neil McGill		64.24
7	Alex Whitworth		64.35
8	Andrew Segula		65.09
9	Joanne Cowan	1F	65.14
10	Dawn Tiller	2F	65.49
11	Jon Worswick		65.50
12	Mike Ward		66.43
13	Peter Dulson		67.28
14	Peter Corte		68.12
15	George Herisson		68.13
16	Clara Vucetic	3F	68.16
17	Steve Zolezzi		69.03
18	Hakan Parsson		69.17
19	George Lisson		69.36
20	David Solomon		70.43
21	Shane Newton		70.51
22	Jenny Christian	4F	71.12
23	Peter Hammerschmidt		71.33
24	Kevin Tiller		72.30
25	Amanda Dawson	5F	72.53
26	Chris McLean		77.14
27	Kevin O'Kane		77.46
28	Peter Cookson		78.17
29	Michael Wilson		79.07
30	Merri Mack	6F	80.18
31	Wendy Downes	7F	82.21
32	Brian Tailford		86.13
33	Max Colman		96.45
33	John Ayliffe		96.45
35	Bill Blecha		97.00
36	Lesley Clarke	8F	106.19
37	Belinda O'Neill	9F	128.00
37	Vicki McGill	9F	128.00
dnf	Maria Nuss	F	

Age category winners:

40+: (M) Rod Lovel; (F) Clara Vucetic

50+: (M) Alex Whitworth; (F) Merri Mack

K9 category:

(m) Bruin Blecha 97.00 (f) Tippy O'Kanine 77.46

The 7th annual Equaliser wasn't any easier than the first six, just a bit warmer. Keith White, now the race organiser, started the field off in fine weather, and the course had dried off a lot in the week leading up to the event.

With the help of a couple of course markers which had gone missing, the route presented the usual problems to the navigationally challenged. Even the eventual winner, Andrew Hallam, ran off the course on one occasion. Andrew has long threatened to challenge the club's best, and put in a great performance which was more than enough to win the day.

The women's event was strongly contested, with Joanne Cowan only 35 seconds in front of Dawn Tiller. The post-race baby show was a tie. The 3 seconds between 3rd and 4th stopped Joe and Clara Vucetic winning veterans' prizes for the second straight year.

Apart from the winners, rarely seen veterans Charles Coville and Alex Whitworth performed well for 5th and 7th respectively. The race also saw the welcome return of Debbie Stokes and the obviously not retired Brian Tailford. Someone who looked a little like John Ayliffe also joined in.

Advertisement

St George Rugby League FC 8km Fun Run, 25 August

St George Rugby League Football Club will stage their 75th anniversary 8km Fun Run (and 4km community run/walk) on Sunday 25 August 1996 at 9.00 am.

Venue: Jubilee Oval, Koragah

All entrants receive free entry to the main game. Finishers receive specially minted limited edition commemorative medallions and certificates. Lucky draw prizes include Grand Final tickets.

Age categories in the 8km run will be: Under 16, 16-25, 26-35, 36-45, 46-55, 56-65, and 65+.

Entry fees: Adult \$15, Under-16s \$10, family of two, three or four \$25.

Enquiries and entry forms: Brett Davidson or Adam Peek 9587-1022. Race direction by Derek Foley Sporting Services 9597-6750.

SevenSpeak: a Translation Guide

by Steve Cornelius

Visually, the recent Olympic Games were as spectacular as most of their predecessors, and more spectacular than most. This is part of a progression which we now take for granted - records are broken, new heights of achievement climbed, opening and closing ceremonies more pyrotechnic, with every succeeding Olympics.

Recalcitrants

Audibly, however, our impressions of the Atlanta Olympics have largely been shaped by the television coverage provided by Channel 7. Linguistically, the Olympic experience has been passed through a filter of what Channel 7 decided we should hear. A few recalcitrants, refusing to countenance commercials, may have tuned exclusively to Radio 2BL, but the vast majority of sports enthusiasts will, during the latter half of July, have had their linguistic horizons extended, their semantic boundaries challenged, by the language of Channel 7's commentators: it's called SevenSpeak.

SevenSpeak is a dialect of English, but one which is not commonly spoken in Australia, at least by ordinary people. And as with all unfamiliar dialects, misunderstanding can easily arise among the uninitiated. Listening to SevenSpeak has a lot in common with listening to an Appalachian hillbilly, in that you know it's based on English, and you believe you've understood, but subsequent events prove that your understanding has been imperfect or in some way incomplete.

Glossary

In response to many requests from readers, The Blister has retained a team of qualified linguists and translators to prepare a glossary of SevenSpeak terms. File this article away in a safe place, since it will be an invaluable guide to comprehension of the next major sporting event covered by an Australian commercial TV network (NineSpeak and TenSpeak are dialects closely related to SevenSpeak).

Here we go:

SevenSpeak: Coming up shortly. **English translation:** Coming up when we feel like it.

SevenSpeak: The Australian just failed to qualify for the final. **English translation:** We will not be showing the final live.

SevenSpeak: We'll take a break. **English**

translation: The 5,000 metres is coming to a critical point.

SevenSpeak: Highlights. **English translation:** Lots of Aussie winners gazing mistily up at the flag of their nation.

SevenSpeak: Next up, the [track event longer than 1500 metres]. **English translation:** Next up, bits of the [track event longer than 1500 metres].

SevenSpeak: The Olympics are all about racing / all about giving it your best shot / all about seizing the moment / all about getting out and giving it a go / all about competing / all about getting it right on the night / all about guts and determination. **English translation:** We're not really sure what the Olympics are all about, but hey, it's great to be here on this junket.

SevenSpeak: Australia has qualified for the bronze medal match in basketball. **English translation:** Bang goes the live coverage of the athletics finals day.

SevenSpeak: Tremendous. **English translation:** Hi, I'm Rob de Castella.

Bum tickled with a feather

SevenSpeak: "What a fantastic swim! It was soy cloyse!". **English translation:** Hi, I'm Linley Frame. My voice isn't quavering with emotion, it's just Dennis Cometti tickling my bum with a feather. I am attempting a world record for repeating the same two phrases after successive Olympic races. My name will soon be in the Guinness Book of Records.

SevenSpeak: The Itayyian tahtoo-hoader wiww be thriwwed wiv his briyyiant fith place in the semi-fahnnoo of this fiewd event, and he's a reeo goad medoo chance in tonaht's fahnnoo. **English translation:** [Eds' note: Our linguists almost had to admit defeat with this one, but have produced this attempt at translation]: Hi, I'm Bruce McAvaney. I have great difficulty persuading the tip of my tongue to touch the roof of my mouth.

Seven-Speak: "When there's an appointment with destiny," (slow-motion footage of athletes leaping and diving, Kathy Freeman gaping skywards) "when the superior being who records history has the book opened and the pen in hand," (footage of Carl Lewis on long jump runway) "amazing, isn't it, how the seconds become years, and the years eternal? When she was a little girl,

just beginning," (kiddie photos of KF), "the great man came to Australia" (footage of CL) "to talk to her about will and want, about being a winner. On day 10 at these Olympic Games, so long down the track" (alternating footage of KF in 400m, CL in long jump) "they came to the same theatre, with so much will and want, to thrill the world. Knocking a whole second off your PB" (footage of KF finishing 400m) "is like knocking off at lunchtime, or celebrating Christmas in October. And winning your fourth Olympic long jump, your ninth gold medal" (footage of CL, hands in air) "that's like nothing else, like Christmas on a stick. For some, on this day in history, the Devil danced" (footage of Mike Powell, face down in sandpit). "For others" (footage of Michael Johnson), gold from the very beginning. As Atlanta spins," (footage of diver executing triple back somersault with 4¼ twists) "mesmerised, the book is closed, the pen put down, but only for moments, moments more amazing than time itself". **English translation:** It's dashed bad luck that Carl Lewis upstaged Our Kathy, by winning his 4th consecutive long jump and 9th gold medal on the very day she took silver in the 400m. So we'll create a link between the two of them, portray their achievements as equal in merit, and ask our most macho-sounding voice-over man to deliver the intro in Pretentious Gobshite Mode. After all, only Media Watch will notice it's total twaddle, and no-one watches that, do they? Oh, and we won't be giving up our day jobs. Melodrama was what you wanted, wasn't it?

Aussie battlers

SevenSpeak (to Bruce Barber, father of Kathy Freeman): "Bruce, how does a bloke that (sic) works on the railway in Brisbane know that this little girl had something special, foresee what she might be able to do?" **English translation:** Hi, I'm Garry Wilkinson, and you're Aussie battlers, aren't you? I met some of your sort once, when Seven sent me right out of Balmain to what we used to call the western suburbs but which I've now been trained to call "Sydney's West". God, it was hard to find a decent cappuccino out there. Anyway, you're inarticulate, and not quite in the same class as us cosmopolitan TV journalists. But at least you give us an irresistible opportunity to segue neatly from Pretentious Gobshite Mode into Patronising Gobshite Mode. Thanks for that. Hey, what do you think of my eyebrows? Aren't they wild?

We trust this short guide to SevenSpeak

terminology will be of use to Striders when next they encounter a speaker of this mystifying dialect. Which could be as close as the next time you turn on the TV.

Comrades Marathon Results

supplied by Alf Field

Jonathan Trope	7.43
Geoff Taylor (pb)	8.45
Alf Field J	9.08
Wayne McCarthy (pb)	9.16
Derek Smith (pb)	9.17
Graeme Murphy (pb)	9.24
Dick Bartlett (pb)	9.41
Graham Butler	9.49
Roger Rigby (pb)	9.49
Jim Screen (pb)	10.31

The Penguin Papers, part 1: You may be a Penguin

from "Netpicker"

[Eds' note: This is the first of a series of articles which came to us by way of the Internet from an anonymous author. For the uninitiated, a Penguin is a slow runner].

I can see the finish line, and I feel an emotional rush that transforms me from a mere mortal into a mythical creature with winged feet. Well, OK, maybe not winged feet. How about a mythical creature with webbed feet? Forget eagles and sparrows, it's time to celebrate the power of penguins.

The runner as Penguin? No way !! Gazelles, Cheetah, thoroughbreds. The metaphors for runners always seem to conjure up images of fleet footed creatures moving swiftly across the landscape barely casting a shadow. What those metaphors miss are the thousands of us who plod steadily along undeterred and unmoved by glycogen depletion and lactate acid buildup.

Chaotic flurry of feet

You've seen a penguin run. A chaotic flurry of feet. A living testimony to the dominance of will over form. And many of us, those for whom a 10k qualifies as their long, slow run for the week, represent no less a victory of will over form. With the indomitable force of the glaciers, we plod and shuffle our way through race after race. More amazingly, to you eagles and sparrows, we

penguins are having the time of our lives.

You've seen us at the races. Or at least you've seen us at the races that are out-and-back courses. We are the ones with huge smiles on our faces. We are the ones coming across the finish line as you are getting in your car to go home.

Take this test

You may be a penguin, and not even know it. Take this simple test:

- 1) At your most recent race your goal was to,
 - (a) set a new national age group record.
 - (b) finish before the awards ceremonies were over.
- 2) The food at the end of a race is usually,
 - (a) a selection of fresh fruits, cookies, sports drinks, water.
 - (b) bruised bananas and broken bits of oatmeal raisin cookies.
- 3) At a recent marathon you,
 - (a) ran negative splits after mile 15.
 - (b) stopped to get the rest room key at a service station.
- 4) At the finish line, the people are,
 - (a) screaming because you just set a new national record.
 - (b) related to you.

It may surprise the eagles to know that we, the penguins, are really and truly doing the best that we can. One cannot undo the physical effects of 30 or 40 or more years of neglect and abuse in a matter of weeks or months. What one can do is to slowly but surely undo the years of emotional neglect and abuse of the soul.

Burden of failure

We penguins run with more weight than the eagles and sparrows. We run carrying the burden of failures past, present and future. We drag with us our failures as husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, sons and daughters. We carry on our shoulders the accumulated residue of diets that didn't work, exercise programs that didn't stick, and resolutions that were never kept.

Our running shoes are really erasers. Every step erases some memory of a past failure. Every mile brings us closer to a clean slate. Each foot strike rubs away a word, a look, or an event which led us to believe that success was beyond our grasp.

Embrace the penguin

You may be a penguin, or you may know someone who is. The running community has barely begun to attract and embrace the penguins in their midst. We are out there. We are looking for

any chance at all to prove to ourselves that we can do it. We need to convince ourselves that we can persist against the odds. We are waiting to prove that we can succeed.

A word to the race directors: Most of you are, or were, probably at least sparrows, if not eagles. Most of you continue to be involved in the running community because of the pleasant and positive experiences that you have had. Most of you cannot imagine running a 10K in 60 minutes and being thrilled.

But, believe it or not, there are thousands of penguins out there shuffling and scuffling their way to the finish line. For them, as for me, the miracle is not that we finished, the miracle is that we had the courage to start.

If you want to do the nicest thing imaginable for the penguins, give us a round of applause at the beginning of the race. Let us take a minute to congratulate ourselves for standing at the starting line. Let us hear, maybe for the first time in our lives, the sound a group of people cheering for our accomplishments.

Search for the inner child

Nearly everyone will be gone by the time we reach the finish line. If we are going to hear the cheers, it will have to be at the beginning. Once the race starts, as the eagles pursue absolute perfection, and the sparrows reach for a new personal record, the penguins will be engaged in the search for their inner child. Our run is not measured by the clock. Our run is measured only by our own will.

So... fellow penguins... UNITE. We, the webbed-footed wonders will prevail. We do not march to the beat of a different drummer, we ramble to the syncopation of our own existence. We run free of the constraints of VO2 max and lactic acid. We seek a higher order satisfaction.

Athletes

And yes... fellow penguins... we are athletes. We are, perhaps, the greatest of all athletes. Whatever your chosen method of play, whether it is running or bicycling (oh yes, there are penguins out on the roads !!) or water aerobics, or anything else that gets you up and moving, you are an athlete. You personify the very best of the athletic ideal.

Waddle on, friends, the future is ours.

Olympic Afterthought: why ARE boxing and shooting still Olympic sports, anyway?

1996 Sydney Striders 10km Series

Data supplied by Ray Potter

Result, Race 5: Domain, 1 June 1996:

Name	Time	Targt	H/c Pos	Next Targt	O/r Pos
Joannides, Desie	48.06	52.06	1	48.54	5
Goodsir, Darren	42.51	45.24	2	43.22	28
Russell, Robi	49.06	51.32	3	49.35	6
Mehrabam, Pirooz	57.23	59.46	4	57.52	43
Gilpin, John	46.39	48.39	5	47.03	38
Lisson, George	39.28	41.23	6	39.51	16
Inglis, Rob	42.23	44.15	7	42.45	26
Green, Rozanne	51.36	53.25	8	51.58	10
Hill, Sue	51.30	53.10	9	51.50	9
Cookson, Peter	44.26	46.02	10	44.45	32
Taylor, Brian	52.08	53.30	11	52.24	41
Harrison, George	40.59	42.06	12	41.12	20
Campbell, Tina	45.16	46.12	13	45.27	2
Howard, James	39.26	40.22	14	39.37	14
McPherson, Neil	44.55	45.48	15	45.06	36
Potter, Raymond	38.35	39.28	16	38.46	11
Zolezzi, Steve	41.29	42.20	17	41.39	22
Fiedler, Manfred	45.59	46.46	18	46.08	37
Murphy, Grahame	36.57	37.42	19	37.06	8
Lovel, Rod	38.21	39.05	20	38.30	10
Dawson, Amanda	46.38	47.20	21	46.46	4
Gordon, Barney	44.45	45.25	22	44.53	34
Whitworth, Alex	38.48	39.24	23	38.55	12
Smith, Andrew	35.13	35.47	24	35.20	3
Field, Alf	43.14	43.46	25	43.20	29
Ward, Mike	40.43	41.12	26	40.49	19
Kelley, Breeda	45.46	46.11	27	45.51	3
Lie, Jeff	42.00	42.25	28	42.05	24
Walker, John	39.54	40.18	29	39.59	17
Taylor, Penny	49.58	50.18	30	50.02	7
Hallam, Andrew	35.37	35.51	31	35.40	4
Wilson, Mike	44.16	44.26	32	44.18	31
Dulson, Peter	38.53	38.48	33	38.48	13
Themson, Kirsten	52.50	52.44	34	52.45	11
O'Kane, Kevin	44.01	43.52	35	43.53	30
El-Khansa,	44.53	44.42	36	44.43	35
Byrne, Tony	44.45	44.29	37	44.31	33
Shepherd, John	41.46	41.29	38	41.31	23
Burnell, Tom	53.55	53.35	39	53.37	42
McLean, Chris	37.31	37.09	40	37.11	9
Coville, Charles	41.08	40.43	41	40.46	21
Cowan, Joanne	37.38	37.11	42	37.14	1
Holland, Steven	36.51	36.13	43	36.17	6
Truscott, Chris	34.15	33.27	44	33.32	1
Trope, Jonathan	39.26	38.31	45	38.37	15
Jackson, Stephen	36.48	35.46	46	35.52	5

Name	Time	Targt	H/c Pos	Next Targt	O/r Pos
Hugill, Philip	36.51	35.49	47	35.55	7
Benson, Darren	34.36	33.29	48	33.36	2
H'schmidt, Peter	42.26	41.19	49	41.26	27
Corte, Peter	39.56	38.43	50	38.50	18
Very, Cathy	50.23	48.44	51	48.54	8
Crawford, Scott	46.45	42.36	52	42.51	39
Hatch, Tony	42.07				25
Simmonds, John	52.04				40

Result, Race 6: Marsfield, 6 July 1996:

Name	Time	Targt	H/c Pos	Next Targt	O/r Pos
Segula, Andrew	42.19	44.37	1	42.47	19
Shepherd, John	42.55	44.31	2	43.14	22
Coville, Charles	39.53	40.46	3	40.04	11
Young, John	33.05	33.52	4	33.14	1
Goodsir, Darren	42.57	43.22	5	43.02	23
Ward, Mike	40.31	40.49	6	40.35	15
Vucetic, Clara	41.47	41.51	7	41.48	3
Boswell, Phil	39.30	39.29	8	39.29	10
McLean, Chris	37.29	37.11	9	37.13	5
Dawson, Amanda	47.06	46.46	10	46.48	5
Green, Rozanne	52.27	51.58	11	52.01	8
Lisson, George	40.20	39.51	12	39.54	14
Howard, James	40.10	39.37	13	39.40	13
Reis, Charles	43.27	42.52	14	42.56	25
Trope, Jonathan	39.20	38.37	15	38.41	8
H'schmidt, Peter	42.10	41.26	16	41.30	18
Hallam, Andrew	36.26	35.40	17	35.45	3
Truscott, Chris	34.19	33.32	18	33.37	2
Jackson, Stephen	36.44	35.52	19	35.57	4
Joannides, Desie	49.47	48.54	20	48.59	6
Cowan, Joanne	38.08	37.14	21	37.19	1
Burnell, Tom	54.36	53.37	22	53.43	33
Russell, Robi	50.34	49.35	23	49.41	7
Doran, Ray	37.41	36.36	24	36.43	6
Laaper, Marlies	40.29	39.18	25	39.25	2
Lovel, Rod	39.59	38.30	26	38.39	12
Hugill, Philip	37.25	35.55	27	36.04	4
Hill, Sue	53.28	51.50	28	51.60	9
Taylor, Geoff	43.23	41.37	29	41.48	24
El-Khansa,	46.32	44.43	30	44.54	28
Brown, Tony	50.16	48.20	31	48.32	32
Whitworth, Alex	40.51	38.55	32	39.07	17
Holland, Steven	38.20	36.17	33	36.29	7
Vucetic, Joe	40.48	38.35	34	38.48	16
Murphy, Grahame	39.23	37.06	35	37.20	9

Name	Time	Target	H/c Pos	Next Target	O/r Pos
Fiore, Mark	42.39	39.14	36	39.29	20
Cookson, Peter	48.27	44.45	37	45.00	30
O'Kane, Kevin	47.56	43.53	38	44.08	29
Murray, Bruce	48.43	43.49	39	44.04	31
Wilson, Mike	46.12	35.38	40	35.53	27
Glar, Lesley	58.04				10
Herrisson, George	43.47				26
Pelly, Fiona	46.21				4
Sulman, David	42.39				21

Outright Placings to Race 6

Minimum points for inclusion: 4

Name	R1	R2	R3	R4	R5	R6	Tot
Truscott, Chris	21	22	22	21	22	21	129
Cowan, Joanne		22	22	22	22	22	110
Vucetic, Clara	20	19	20	21		19	99
Hallam, Andrew	17		15	18	19	20	89
Benson, Darren	22	21	21		21		85
Holland, Steven	14	19		20	17	15	85
Laaper, Marlies	22	21	21			21	85
Dawson, Amanda	14		15	17	19	18	83
McLean, Chris	15	17	10	8	14	17	81
Taggart, Sally	21	20	19	20			80
Smith, Andrew	19		17	19	20		75
Taylor, Penny	13	16	12	13	16		70
Lovel, Rod	9	14	7	13	13	10	66
Joannides, Desie	10		8	12	18	17	65
Murphy, Grahame			16	17	15	13	61
Green, Rozanne	11	11	7		13	16	58
Franz, Godfrey	20		20	15			55
Kelley, Breeda			16	19	20		55
Hugill, Philip	18			2	16	18	54
Campbell, Tina			14	18	21		53
Russell, Robi		15	9	10	17	2	53
Keams, Brenda	18	18		16			52
Hill, Sue		12	10		14	15	51
Jackson, Stephen				14	18	19	51
Trope, Jonathan			14	12	8	14	48
Whitworth, Alex	7		13	11	11	5	47
Very, Cathy	15			14	15		44
Young, John				22		22	44
Dunworth, Cathy	19	4	18				41
Cox, Geoff	5	16	19				40
Vucetic, Joe	10	11	8	4		6	39
ThemsEn, Kirsten	9		6	11	12		38
Boswell, Phil		13	12			12	37
Dulson, Peter	6	12		9	10		37
Stanton, Wayne	16	20					36
Doran, Ray		18				16	34
Clark, Lesley	12	13		8			33

Name	R1	R2	R3	R4	R5	R6	Tot
Maher, Lesley	16	17					33
Potter, Raymond			9	10	12		31
Howard, James			6	6	9	9	30
Allan, Lyn		14		15			29
Gissing, Jeff	12	15					27
Truscott, Peter	11			16			27
Walker, John	2	10	5	3	6		26
H'schmidt, Peter	4	7	2		2	4	19
Lisson, George			4		7	8	19
Worswick, Jonathon			18				18
Coville, Charles			2	2	2	11	17
McGann, Sharon	17						17
Tiller, Dawn			17				17
Cobley, Peter		9		7			16
McCarty, Michelle	8	8					16
Shepherd, John	2	8		2	2	2	16
Ward, Mike	2			2	4	7	15
Downes, Wendy			13				13
Gardener, Crispin	13						13
Burnell, Tom	2	2	2	2	2	2	12
Byrne, Tony	2	3	2	2	2		11
Leigh, Elana			11				11
Lie, Jeff	2	5	2		2		11
Smitheran, David			11				11
Hodges, John	8			2			10
Langsworth,	10						10
O'Neill, Belinda				9			9
Segula, Andrew		2	2	2		3	9
Wong, Kathy		9					9
Crawford, Scott	2	2		2	2		8
Dearn, Frank	2	2	2	2			8
El-Khansa, Mahmoud		2	2		2	2	8
Gordon, Barney	2	2		2	2		8
Inglis, Rob	2	2	2		2		8
O'Kane, Kevin			2	2	2	2	8
Taylor, Geoff	2		2	2		2	8
Wilson, Mike		2	2		2	2	8
Herrison, George			2	2	3		7
Urwin, Steve	3		2	2			7
Brown, Tony		2	2			2	6
Fiedler, Manfred	2		2		2		6
Goodsir, Darren				2	2	2	6
Hatch, Tony			2	2	2		6
McPherson, Neil		2	2		2		6
Mehrabam, Pirooz		2		2	2		6
Murray, Bruce		2	2			2	6
Reis, Charles	2		2			2	6
Russell, Paul		6					6
Simmonds, John			2	2	2		6
Stitzinger, Ron	2	2	2				6
Taylor, Brian		2	2		2		6
Zolezzi, Steve			2	2	2		6

Name	R1	R2	R3	R4	R5	R6	Tot
Corte, Peter					5		5
Hammond, Mathew				5			5
Cookson, Peter					2	2	4
Field, Alf			2		2		4
James, Peter	2	2					4
Solomon, David	2		2				4
Themsen, Nick			2	2			4
Thompson, Billy	2	2					4

Handicap Placings to Race 6

Minimum points for inclusion: 4

Name	R1	R2	R3	R4	R5	R6	Tot
Segula, Andrew			20	22		22	64
Joannides, Desie			14	20	22	3	59
Inglis, Rob		19	22		16		57
Howard, James			17	14	9	10	50
Shepherd, John	7	18		2	2	21	50
Green, Rozanne	2	17	2		15	12	48
Dawson, Amanda			19	13	2	13	47
Russell, Robi		21	2	2	20	2	47
Vucetic, Clara	12	2	7	6		16	43
Taylor, Penny	20	7	2	11	2		42
McLean, Chris	18	2	2	2	2	14	40
Goodsir, Darren					21	18	39
ThemsEn, Kirsten			18	18	2		38
Truscott, Chris	14	11	2	2	2	5	36
Taggart, Sally	22	2	2	5			31
H'schmidt, peter	17	2	2		2	7	30
Lisson, George			2		17	11	30
Boswell, Phil		10	2			15	27
Hill, Sue		9	2		14	2	27
Stanton, Wayne	21	6					27
Wilson, Mike		12	11		2	2	27
Zolezzi, Steve				21	6		27
Coville, Charles			2	2	2	20	26
Whitworth, Alex			13	9	2	2	26
Benson, Darren	13	8	2		2		25
El-Khansa, Mahmoud			21		2	2	25
Smith, Andrew	19		2	2	2		25
Ward, Mike	4			2	2	17	25
Clark, Lesley		22		2			24
Trope, Jonathan			12	2	2	8	24
Burnell, Tom		2	2	15	2	2	23
Holland, Steven	6	4		8	2	2	22
Hugill, Philip	16			2	2	2	22
Hallam, Andrew	9		2	2	2	6	21
Hatch, Tony				21			21
Lovel, Rod	5	2	2	7	3	2	21
Mehrabam, Pirooz				2	19		21
O'Kane, Kevin			15	2	2	2	21
Simmonds, John				21			21

Name	R1	R2	R3	R4	R5	R6	Tot
Dunworth, Cathy		14	6				20
Kearns, Brenda		3	15		2		20
Langsworth,		20					20
Stitzinger, Ron		2	16	2			20
Allan, Lyn					19		19
Byrne, Tony		13	2	2	2		19
Kelley, Breeda				17	2		19
Young, John						19	19
Gilpin, John					18		18
Truscott, Peter	15			3			18
Gordon, Barney	11	2		2	2		17
Herrison, George			4	2	11		17
Cowan, Joanne		2	8	2	2	2	16
Themsen, Nick				16			16
Worswick, Jonathon			16				16
Cookson, Peter					13	2	15
Campbell, Tina			2	2	10		14
Cobley, Peter		2		12			14
Reis, Charles	2		3			9	14
Taylor, Brian			2		12		14
Cox, Geoff	2	2	9				13
Potter, Raymond			2	4	7		13
Walker, John	2	5	2	2	2		13
Franz, Godfrey	8		2	2			12
McPherson, Neil		2	2		8		12
Cornelius, Steve				10			10
McGann, Sharon	10						10
Murphy, Grahame			2	2	4	2	10
Smitheran, David			10				10
Vucetic, Joe	2	2	2	2		2	10
Fiedler, Manfred	2		2		5		9
Crawford, Scott	2	2		2	2		8
Deam, Frank	2	2	2	2			8
Dulson, Peter	2	2		2	2		8
Jackson, Stephen				2	2	4	8
Laaper, Marlies	2	2	2			2	8
Taylor, Geoff	2		2	2		2	8
Brown, Tony			5			2	7
Lie, Jeff		2	2		2		6
Murray, Bruce		2	2			2	6
Urwin, Steve	2		2	2			6
Very, Cathy	2			2	2		6
Doran, Ray		3				2	5
Field, Alf			2		2		4
Gissing, Jeff	2	2					4
Hodges, John	2			2			4
James, Peter	2	2					4
Maher, Lesley	2	2					4
Solomon, David	2		2				4
Thompson, Billy	2	2					4

Sydney Striders' Half-Marathon Ladder

Data Supplied by Kevin Tiller

This ladder includes '96 SMH ½-marathon results. Only Striders who have run a half-marathon since joining are listed. Faster races prior to joining are listed on the right. Please notify Kevin Tiller (9456-1959) of any errors or omissions, but refrain from abusing him, since it's unlikely to be his fault.

Name	Time	Race	Date	Prior Time	Prior Race	Prior Date
Phil Garvin	1.09.22	Sydney	0587			
John Sauer	1.10.54	Striders Open	0990			
Darren Benson	1.11.33	SMH	0596			
Chris Truscott	1.11.55	SMH	0596			
Godfrey Franz	1.12.48	SMH half	0593	1.10.41	Pretoria	1983
Wayne Stanton	1.14.30	Cooranbong	0485			
Chris Mclean	1.14.48	Lake Macquarie	0692	1.10.40	Sutherland	0483
Geoff Cox	1.14.58	Bathurst	0688			
Christopher Dwyer	1.15.11	Nabiac	1994			
Jeff Gissing	1.15.12	Internal hkp	0890			
Ray Doran	1.15.17	Sydney	1987			
Bruce Inglis	1.15.44	Sydney SMH	0592			
John Hamilton	1.16.01	Sutherland	0690			
Joanne Cowan	F 1.16.17	Tokyo	0192			
Terry Mciver	1.16.23	Bathurst	0786			
David Sill	1.16.36	Sutherland	0688			
Stephen Jackson	1.17.02	Smithfield	1092			
Warwick Selby	1.17.14	SMH	0592			
Andrew Hallam	1.17.23	SMH	0595			
Alex Whitworth	1.17.40	Lake Macquarie	0692			
Malcolm Satchell	1.17.59	Internal hkp	0890			
Mike Martin	1.18.05	Striders	0394			
Grahame Murphy	1.18.10	SMH half	0593	1.17.00	Edinburgh	0688
Steven Holland	1.18.18	SMH	0595			
Mark Fiore	1.18.22	Sutherland	0691			
Charles Coville	1.18.23	Randwick	0780			
Andrew Smith	1.18.25	SMH	0596			
Christopher Smith	1.18.44	SMH	0596			
John Hodges	1.18.47	Bathurst	0787			
Kevin Tiller	1.18.47	Sutherland	0691			
Paul Russell	1.19.08	Striders half	1985			
Crispin Gardner	1.19.50	Striders half	0992	1.18.47	S'thn Cross	0490
Brian Gatfield	1.19.57	Sutherland	0689			
Ron Schwebel	1.20.10	SMH	0593			
Marlies Laaper	F 1.20.18	SMH	0593			
Jonathan Trope	1.20.35	Internal	0392			
Stephen Urwin	1.20.36	Lake Macquarie	0692			
William Thompson	1.20.46	Combination	0788			
Brian Colwell	1.20.48	Lake Gillawarna				
Scott Crawford	1.21.02	Striders	0790			
Graeme Hansen	1.21.19	Reading UK	0492			
John Cullity	1.21.31	Tokyo	0192			
Harvey Blue	1.21.50	Striders half	1983			
Grant Rankin	1.21.55	Lake Macquarie	1994			
Peter Copley	1.22.13	Cities	0586			
Mark Robinson	1.22.27	Sutherland	0691			
Alf Field	1.22.32	Internal half	0890			
David Ritchie	1.22.34	Sutherland	0691			
Steve Cornelius	1.22.40	North Ryde	0388			
John Ayliffe	1.22.54	Lane Cove	0790			
John Sutherland	1.23.00	Striders half	0393			
John Newcomb	1.23.00	Lane Cove	1987			

Name	Time	Race	Date	Prior Time	Prior Race	Prior Date
Philip Huggill	1.23.09	SMH half	0593	1.17.00	Gt North run	'88
Mike Ward	1.23.18	City of Sydney	0587			
Peter Truscott	1.23.44	Gold coast	0794			
Graham Butler	1.23.59	City of Sydney	0586			
Raymond Skinner	1.24.01	Internal half	0988			
Alan White	1.24.20	Sutherland	0790			
Philip Boswell	1.24.23	Sutherland	0695			
Jonathan Worswick	1.24.30			1.22.20		
Hugh Spencer	1.24.40	City of Sydney	0586			
Paul Killeen	1.24.41	SMH	0593			
Rod Lovel	1.24.52	SMH	0596			
Raymond Potter	1.25.00	SMH	0595	1.17.30	Watagan	1986
Ian Henderson	1.25.02	SMH	0595			
Neil McGill	1.25.15	SMH	0596			
John Turner	1.25.16	Combination	0788			
Susan Roberts	F 1.25.30	SMH	0593			
Murray Town	1.25.32	SMH	0594			
Derek Smith	1.25.39	Canberra	0592			
Kelvin Marshall	1.25.44	SMH	0595	1.21.20	Taralgon Vic	0690
Phillip Barrow	1.25.46	SMH	0595			
Greg Byrne	1.26.00	Eloura	0793			
Tony Crosby	1.26.15	Internal half	1988			
John Preston	1.27.44	SMH half	0593			
Bruce Murray	1.27.54	West Dist jog	0785			
Peter Corte	1.27.54	SMH half	0593			
Brian Tailford	1.27.57	Gillawarna	1985			
John Hawkins	1.28.02	Internal	0892	1.27.16	S'thn Cross	0489
Jack Woodward	1.28.11	Centennial park	0988			
Gary Leahey	1.28.15	Internal	0892			
John Whealy	1.28.19	Combination	0788			
Tina Campbell	F 1.28.26	City of Sydney	1987			
Sue Hill	F 1.28.30	Greenbelt SA	0583			
Geoff Taylor	1.28.42	SMH	0593			
Ian Whitfield	1.28.49	Gold Coast	0788			
Geoffrey Caban	1.28.57	SMH	0595	1.28.00		
Terry Rose	1.29.04	SMH	0592	1.19.00	Westport NZ	0287
Kevin O'kane	1.29.10	Internal half	0387			
Stephen Roach	1.29.13	Sutherland	0686			
Charles Reis	1.29.30	SMH	0595			
Graeme Shipley	1.29.40	SMH	0594	1.26.09	Bathurst	0688
Tony Hoban	1.29.48	SMH	0595			
Stephen Lloyd	1.30.50	Canberra	0590	1.12.21	Romford UK	0576
Philip Johnston	1.30.59	SMH	0595			
Dawn Tiller	F 1.30.59	Canberra	0592			
Wendy Downes	F 1.31.00	WDJH half	1985			
Roger Rigby	1.31.00	Internal half	1989			
Michael Royal	1.31.00			1.27.00		
Peter Hammerschmidt	1.31.20	SMH	0594			
John Plummer	1.31.35	Sutherland	0687			
Sarah Entwistle	F 1.31.47	Southern Cross	0490			
George Herisson	1.31.48	SMH	0595	1.21.30	L. Illawarra	1984
Clara Vucetic	F 1.32.00	SMH	0595			
Andrew Grant	1.32.00	SMH	0595			
Keith White	1.32.00	SMH	0595			
Ken Edmondson	1.32.38	SMH	0594			
Graeme Nyland	1.32.57	SMH	0594	1.30.27	Hmbltd USA	1090
Benny Hagberg	1.33.04	Anzac	0490			
John Shepherd	1.33.08	SMH	0596			
Peter Donnelley	1.33.14	Internal	0392			
Joan Boltz	F 1.33.15	Sutherland	0791	1.29.15	Cnberra Vets	0787

Name		Time	Race	Date	Prior Time	Prior Race	Prior Date
David Fahey		1.33.19	Striders	0991			
John Ross		1.33.20	Internal hkp	0790			
Ross Betts		1.33.24	Lane Cove	0388			
Edward Sharp		1.33.30	SMH	0594			
David Solomon		1.33.40	SMH	0595	1.31.10	Sutherland	0691
Aiko Abbas		1.33.54	SMH	0595			
Michael Wilson		1.34.00	SMH	0593			
Keith Jackson		1.34.04	Internal	0392			
Cameron McCullagh		1.34.08					
Ron Daly		1.34.50	SMH	0593			
Paul Lunsmann		1.35.04	Sydney SMH	0592			
Alex Hamill		1.35.12	Sydney SMH	0592			
David Theriault		1.35.38	SMH	0595			
Susan Griffith	F	1.36.00	Striders	1990			
Amanda Dawson	F	1.36.22	SMH	0596			
Merri Mack	F	1.36.30	SMH half	0593			
Ivan Freys		1.36.46	Internal	0892			
Rosalind Lloyd	F	1.37.00	Internal	0390			
Lesley Maher	F	1.37.08	SMH half	0592			
Jim Screen		1.37.14	SMH	0596			
James Howard		1.37.28	SMH	0595			
Joe Degabriele		1.37.36	SMH	0595			
Brenda Hamill	F	1.37.58	SMH	0595			
Owen Denmeade		1.38.30	Sydney SMH	0592			
Bruce Christie		1.38.30		1993	1.33.11	Lane Cove	1992
Ian Manners		1.38.44	SMH half	0593			
Richard Hannan		1.38.44	SMH	0595			
Neil McPherson		1.38.58	SMH	0596			
Brian Taylor		1.38.59	Southern Cross	0490			
Breeda Kelly	F	1.39.20	SMH	0596			
Manfred Fiedler		1.39.50	SMH	0595			
Steve Hitchcock		1.40.00	SMH	0595	1.34.54	R/Life Melb	0886
Dick Bartlett		1.40.29	Internal	0892			
Jeanette Kristensen	F	1.40.30	Sunrider	0994	1.30.00		
Iain Dow		1.41.23	Sydney SMH	0592			
Susan Marr	F	1.41.36	SMH	0595			
Phil Madden		1.41.42	SMH half	0593	1.38.50	SMH	0594
Alan Phillips		1.42.24	SMH half	0593			
Peter Cookson		1.42.48	SMH	0595	1.34.27	Sutherland	0691
Graham Firkin		1.42.53	Internal	0392			
Tony Partridge		1.43.54	SMH	0594			
Fiona Pelly	F	1.44.00	SMH	0595			
Bryce Courtenay		1.44.52	Sydney SMH	0592			
Cathy Verry	F	1.45.00	SMH half	0593	1.39.38	SMH half	0892
Elizabeth Campbell	F	1.47.18	Anzac	0490			
Bill Blecha		1.47.20	Lane Cove	1989	1.43.45	Randwick	1984
Lesley Clarke	F	1.47.45	Cocoa River USA	0192			
Robi Russell	F	1.48.12	Internal	0592			
Peter Butcher		1.48.22	Sunrider	0994			
Maxwell Coleman		1.49.30	SMH	0596			
Peter Johnson		1.49.50	SMH half	0593			
Elana Leigh	F	1.50.00	Cronulla	0695			
Leo Leader		1.50.14	SMH	0593			
Penny Taylor	F	1.50.22	SMH	0596			
Julia Stenton	F	1.52.31	Sutherland	0691			
Margaret White	F	1.53.26	SMH	0594			
Paul Glare		1.53.49	Internal	0892	1.35.48	USA	1190
Rozanne Green	F	1.54.56	SMH	0596	1.54.00	Diggers	1980
Patrick Freeman		1.55.26	Bankstown	1095	1.44.00	RSA	0886
Irwin Light		1.55.34	SMH half	0593			

Name	Time	Race	Date	Prior Time	Prior Race	Prior Date
Vicki McGill	F 1.59.10	SMH	0596			
Ted Bailey	2.01.30	SMH	0596			
Margaret Gee	F 2.02.30	SMH	0596			
Frank Dearn	2.05.45	Thornleigh Rty	0591			
Tom Burnell	2.08.00	SMH	0595	1.55.00	Gold Coast	1987
Alan Tonge	2.23.39	Adelaide Grnblt	1988			

You are fanatics

from "Netpicker"

It's true, you're a bunch of fanatics. I'm not a fanatic, but the rest of you are. I've seen you. You wear running stuff all the time - shoes, tee shirts, clothes like that. I do too, but not because I'm a fanatic. It's just I have so many tee shirts from races that it would be stupid to buy anything else. Same thing with shoes. I've worn so many out that it would be profligate to buy more when I can pick from all those pairs for something to walk in.

That's not why you do it though - you're fanatics. You run when you're injured. That proves you're fanatics. The only time I've done that was when my sciatic nerve flared up. And when I pulled a muscle in my back (but that was from pulling up a tree by the roots). And when my plantar fascia swelled up and felt like someone was sticking knives in the bottoms of my feet (but I won my age group in one race and placed second in another one when it was like that. Nothing fanatic about that). And when my hamstrings hurt so bad that I kept falling down. Or when I pulled the muscle in my ribcage. That's not fanatic - not like you running puppets.

Some of you even run ridiculous distances. Not me. 26.2 miles is plenty. I'm not insane like all of you (many, anyway). The only reason that I'm going to do a 50 mile race is because my wife is. I'd never do all that training otherwise. Not me. I'm not crazy. She's like all of you, a fanatic too. I just run along with her to make sure she's safe. Who knows what might happen?

You spend ridiculous amounts of money on clothes. To run in, for crying out loud. Just to be a few seconds faster. Hah. The only reason I bought my Nike Air Streak Lites was because they match my shorts. You're compelled to go to silly extremes like travelling the whole course before the race just so you'll know the tangents and can shave another few seconds off. As if that mattered. I either walk or drive the course beforehand because I enjoy the scenery, and I can see it so much better when I'm not running and there aren't all those other people blocking my view. The only reason I run the shortest route is because I want to be sure I get back to the port-a-potties in case of an emergency. I'm no poor, pitiful marionette like the rest of you.

Jakarta Hash

kindly (??) sent in by Stuart Smith

Strider Stuart Smith has gone to Jakarta for a while (see despairing letter, p. 27). The closest he's come to a run is to send us a copy of Jakarta HHH newsletter. We only have space for a small sample, which is probably a good thing, as we don't want to offend Striders' delicate sensibilities and elicit a whingeing letter from SW Bag. Here's how they describe one of their runs. (Good luck, Stuart!)

"Seems to get late early these days. The long run was long and the short run was not as long, I assume. You know. You were there. If you were not there, tuftitty. HashMaster Bloodclot was deliberately misled ("I know a shortcut") by Bolt-One-On who claimed he had been promised an ample reward by the hounds for doing so. A cold bum was all he got."

Striders' Membership: How you can help us grow

You can help the club's membership to grow by simply photocopying the Striders' 1996 Application Form (on facing page, inside back cover) and giving it to a running friend.



1996 Membership Application Form

Given name: Family name:

Sex: ☐ Male ☐ Female Date of Birth: (day/month/year)

Address:

Post Code:

Telephone: (H) (W) Occupation:

How did you hear about us ?

- ☐ Another Strider (name :)
☐ Striders Race (10k/½ Marathon:)
☐ Running Store (name :)
☐ Magazine (name :)
☐ Another Runner ☐ Other (how :)

Running Background

How long you have been running : years months

Type of running you are interested in :

Best 10K time : when : where :

Best City to Surf : when :

Best Half Marathon time : when : where :

Best Marathon time : when : where :

1996 Charges (please select by circling amount)

Joining Date	Full Member	Student Under-20 Unemployed	Joining Date	Full Member	Student Under-20 Unemployed
Jan/Feb/Mar	\$48	\$28	Jul/Aug/Sep	\$24	\$14
Apr/May/Jun	\$36	\$21	Oct/Nov/Dec	\$12	\$7

All memberships are due for renewal on 31st December 1996, regardless of joining date.

Payment Method

- ☐ Cheque (payable to "Sydney Striders") ☐ Mastercard
☐ Money Order ☐ Bankcard
☐ Cash ☐ Visa

For credit card payment only:

Name on card:

Card number:

Expiry date:

Signature:

"I would like to automatically renew my membership every year using these card details, until I notify the club in writing": ☐ Yes ☐ No

Club Running Kit

"Please send me an order form for the club running kit": ☐ Yes ☐ No

Mail this form and payment to: Sydney Striders, PO Box 679, Crows Nest NSW 2065

(Keep this address and use it for any correspondence)

Run 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 the 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.



Entry fee includes refreshments. Register on the day.
Entry fees for 1996: Striders \$5, Non-members \$8,
First Saturday of every month, Race starts 7 am prompt.
Enquiries: Chris Robb (02)-9959-4269.

Remainder of 1996 Programme:

- Sat 7 Sep:** Meadowbank Park, (South end of Adelaide St - Parramatta River end)
- Sat 5 Oct:** Shelley Beach Park, Manly (east end of Bower St)
- Sat 2 Nov:** Lane Cove River Park, Chatswood West (Fullers Bridge)