Sydney Striders

Road Runners' Club Australia

Edition No. 78: April - June 2000

Thanks, Apologies & Excuses

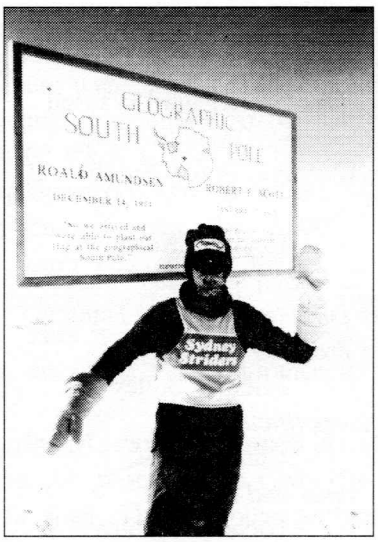
During the period I have been involved in the Blister production it has never been "necessary" to request material from the members. It has simply arrived in a steady stream. Close to the deadline for this issue I was very short of material, produced an "advertisement" on the LiSSt - and what a response. Thank you very much for that to all contributors to this very large edition of our magasine.

The amount of material and the number of contributions for this issue have on the other hand caused an increase in production time with a delay in delivery as a result. I apologise for that, but hope that you all will find the edition worth waiting for.

When planning for a new edition of the Blister, I normally allow myself two weeks after the published deadline to put it all together. This usually involve a full week-end plus any additonal time necessary. The plan obviously have to take into consideration other priorities of which work and family play a major role. So when the published deadline is not adhered to by a number of the regular authors and your daughter turn 18 with all the festivities involved, it become very difficult to produce a magasine to the planned day of publication. Those were the excuses and I know I can't reuse them all again.

The Club is now 20 years old and this issue could rightly be considered the "Birthday Edition", displaying the variety and enthusiasm with which our members participate in all sorts of grueling events around the globe, in this edition spanning from Antarctica via Africa to North America and Europe. Of the worlds seven continents, only Asia and South America miss out Fantastic, isn't it?

-Ed.



Grahame Murphy went for an experience of a lifetime when "conquering" Antarctica. I bet you it will take some time before the Striders singlet are displayed at the South Pole again.

Content of Blister No. 78:

- **Forster Ironman**
- **Shoalhaven Ultra**
- **Host City Marathon**
- **Personal Profile**
- **SMH 1/2**
- **Super Series (of course)**
- **10K Series (naturally)**
- **Marathon Training Group**
- **Trailwalker**
- **My Last Marathon**
- **A couple of 100k runs**
- **and much, much more**

The Blister

Quarterly Journal of Sydney Striders Road Runners Club Inc (Founded 1980), P.O. Box 87, Killara, NSW 2071, Australia. Opinion expressed herein by members or non-members do not necessarily represent official club policy.

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Club phone contacts

0500 - JOGGER
(0500-564437)

Club President: Jim Screen	9402-7947
Vice President: Kevin Tiller	9456-1959
Secretary: Gill Cavenagh	9904-7747
Treasurer: Charles King	9816-5593
Database manager: Richard Wassell	9799-5351
Uniform Director: Gavin Morisset	9451-1434
Calendar Manager: Penny Smith	9427-2794
Super Series:	
Kevin O'Kane	9449-1435
Stephen Ball	018251860
10k Series Director 00: Mike Hansen	9415-6315
Marathon Training Group:	
Michale Bailey	9713-2897
New Members (incubator):	
Carol Taylor	9418-3648
Internal Events and Social:	
Nicholas Adams	9438-3190
George Herrisson	9888-2490
Blister Editor: Nick Themsen	9484-0848

Copy requirements

Members contributions usually given priority. Non-members efforts welcome too. Submit preferably via email or on diskette. Legible typed/faxed/handwritten also OK. Word limit for major articles approx. 1800. **DEADLINE DATES** in Club News. Late contributions printed in next edition, if still relevant. Email: Text in body of email message much preferred. Send tabular material as email attachments. **Avoid fancy formatting**, which will only have to be edited out. If in doubt about formats etc, please phone the editor.

Color or B/W photos, line drawings, cartoons etc most welcome. Verbal contributions may be lost even if followed by a very large bribe,

Club email contacts

The LiSSt: General exchange of running and club related info: *info@sydneystriders.org.au*
Contact the database manager for details to subscribe to "The LiSSt": *rwassell@primus.com.au*
The President: *president@sydneystriders.org.au*
Blister contributions: *blister@sydneystriders.org.au*
I'have been informed that only yours truly receives the Blister-contributions, so there is no reason not to submit even confidential reports (gossip) and articles.

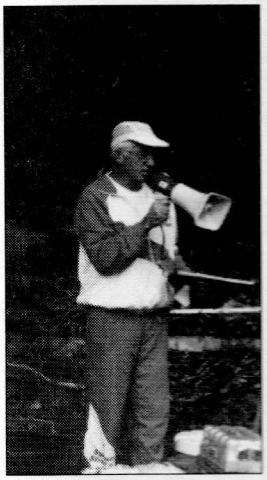
Credits

Photographs were supplied by Jim Screen, Kevin O'Kane, Grahame Murphy, Alf Field, Lesley Clarke, Leon Walker and Nick Themsen.

Paper Tiger Printing at Chippendale did the printing. Special thanks to Brad (it's his fault) Renshaw and his crew for excellent support, patience and assistance. Thanks to all contributors who make up this issue of the Blister: The usual one's plus Sean Greenhill, Alf Field, Mark Fiore, Lesley Clarke, Leon Walker, Grahame Murphy, Stephen Jackson, Charles Coville and Jonathan Worswick.

L to R: Keith White, Michael Logue, Graham Willis, Mike Hansen, Greg Perau,Neil McPherson, Tracey Love, Scott Trevethan, Pat Morris and Paul Jackson. Before the start of the Host City Marathon.

The Presidents Report



Striders Start

The first meeting of Sydney Striders was held on 30 June 1980. Nine like minded runners were there (a further 5 sent their apologies). Under the guidance of Charles Coville Sydney Striders made its way into the distance running scene in Sydney. Since then the Club has provided a unique environment for running enthusiasts to train in the company of a tremendous group of people. It doesn't seem to matter what one does through the week. On a cold and dark Sunday morning dressed in singlet and shorts all are equal; gathered together with a common goal and sharing a desire to improve oneself by achieving personal goals put within reach through the support and comradery which abounds in the Club.

Inspiration

Many members have found by taking inspiration from others, they also have the inner strength and discipline necessary to run a marathon and lift themselves into a select group of individuals who have achieved what some see as an impossible dream.

Variation

In many ways Sydney Striders are an unusual bunch . As a group we can be contrary and difficult to influence. Sometimes we like to do our own thing ignoring the responsibilities which exist in any group. On other occasions volunteers and supporters turn up almost without prompting to help out and ensure that the Club's activities are professional and successful. Some of us avoid the Club's social functions for fear of catching the plague whilst others are always among the first to book a place.

The future

Some of us have an obstinate streak or perhaps a cultural cringe and avoid wearing the Club's colours, whilst others would not consider running in any event without their favourite Striders singlet. Some runners have disabilities or simply lack the talent or physique which normally marks a long distance runner. Nothing is more moving and inspirational than to see these folk toiling along not just beating the odds but trashing them. However strange, distinctive and special the Club is ,I for one hope it continues to adapt to changing times and that Sydney Striders can go on for another twenty years, improving and developing at an even faster rate than it has for the past twenty years.

Host City Marathon.

What a blast! We had 218 entrants. Of those 185 started. There were 3 DNFs and 32 DNSs. This was as oustanding contribution to the success of the marathon . All 67 starters from the Striders Marathon Training Group finished the course successfully.

Sydney Trailwalker 2000.

Three teams entered for 3rd,5th & 6th place. What an outstanding performance in a field of 127 teams of four. This is a particularly tough event and demands great discipline and endurance to finish the 100kms .

Comrades Marathon- South Africa.

We had eleven starters in Comrades this year and all eleven finished . This is another particlarly tough event which places a great deal of pressure on evenry individual who attempts what must surely be the World's best road ultra marathon.

Now all we have to do is put the Trailwalker teams in a room with the Comrades finishers and let them sort out which is the toughest event.Well done and congratulations to every member of the Club who participated in these events. We are all proud of you.

Jim Screen.

Randwick Runners Shop
223 Clovelly Road
Clovelly, NSW 2031
Phone: 9315 8711, Fax 9315 7382

Sydney Trailwalker 2000

David King, Tyler Pike, Mike Ward, Warwick Selby, Gary Leahey, Keith White , Martin Fryer, Joel MacKay, Roger Rigby.

The "Girls Team" were no where to be found when this picture was taken. The team comprising Dawn Tiller, Elizabeth Edmonds and visitor Jo Hume and Phil Hugill finished in outright 3rd position in a terrific time of 16Hrs 59 Min. They also won the Mixed Team Section.

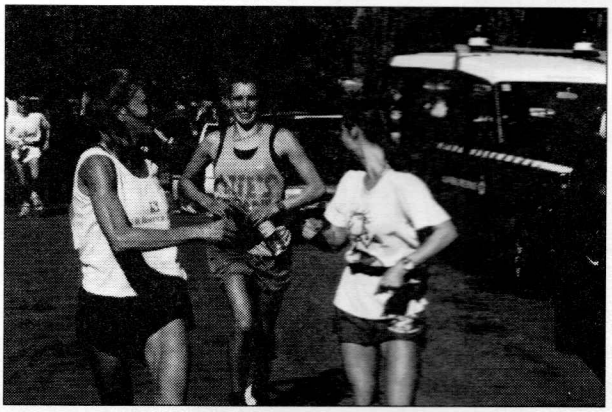
Team No 95 included Warwick Selby, Gary Leahey, Joel MacKay and Tyler Pike. They came 5th outright in 19.30 . They also won the Community Team Section representing Sydney Striders.

Team No 175 of David King, Mike Ward, Martin Fryer and Keith White came 6th in 20.10.

Long time Strider member Roger Rigby ran in full Strider Colours but with a group of friends.

The results achieved by all of our runners was nothing short of spectacular.

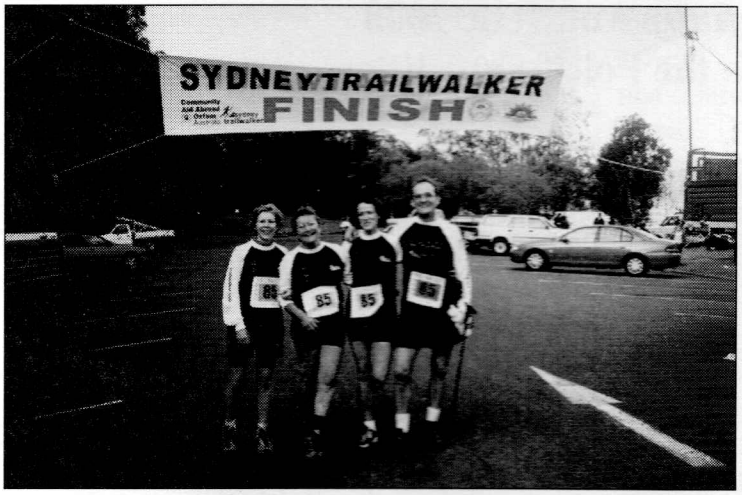
Jim Screen



Here they arem, The "Girls Team" in Lane Cove National Park. L to R: Elizabeth Edmonds, Jo Hume, Dawn Tiller and in the background Phil Hugill.

Team 175: Mike Ward, David King, Martin Fryer and Keith White.

Sydney Trailwalker 2000



Not everybody was in it to compete against anybody else but themselves.
L to R: Miriam Mott, Lesley Clarke, Breeda Kelly and Richard Darke.
Congratulations on your effort. It sounds as a good experience. Well done.

Trailwalker notes from us:

Competing as Infidelity (named for our most generous sponsor, Fidelity Investments) were Striders Lesley Clarke and Breeda Kelly, former Strider Miriam Mott and never a Strider, Richard Darke. Our goals were twofold – priority one to finish as a team, and secondly to walk the 100k's in under 30 hours. We succeeded in both, crossing the line together in 28 hours 50 minutes, aided by a huge effort from our support team, volunteer podiatrists and a cocktail of caffeine, painkillers and other vital drugs. This placed us 39th of the teams to finish and 21st complete team.

Dinner

Eight hours from the start, we had reached our dinner stop two hours ahead of schedule. Our support team had arranged a sit-down meal just past Checkpoint Four in a dining room on Rosemead Road, of soup, pasta and even dessert if we could possibly have managed it and kept going. After 12 hours and reaching Crosslands, the just past halfway mark, we were still travelling well. Many walking teams were bunking down to sleep, with only 15 behind us continuing to walk through the night.

Ambo's and drugs

Crosslands to Mt Ku-Ring-Gai on the Benowie track is not an easy one to do in the dark. Training walks paid off, as we recalled the creek crossings and counted them off. But Richard began to feel the effects of too much dinner and not quite enough training. At Checkpoint Six a ghastly shade of yellow and haggard face caused us to call in the ambos; a few drugs and an hour's rest and we were off again on the challenging night walk to Berowra.

Sleeping supporter

Berowra Waters, Saturday morning, daylight and a repeat performance from Richard. With only 20k's to go he was not going to give in, so more drugs were applied – this was the magic formula, as he began to walk as though it was 10am Friday. A key element of our strategy, porters for the last two rugged sections, fell apart as Dave Soloman overslept and missed all but the flat part of section nine.

Sprint to the finish

So, two porters walked with us on section ten and how good it was to carry nothing. So good that six k's out from Brooklyn we passed team 2, also still intact. After a couple of k's they began to gain on us. Thinking to break their morale, we ran off and while they were no longer in sight, then began the race against the clock to beat 29 hours. With a flying change into official team t-shirts at Brooklyn, we jogged around the headline and slowed for a walk to the line. That was when Breeda spotted team 2 sneaking around the corner at full speed, so it was a desperate race to the finish. Their bid failed, although they did get credited with the same time.

The physiotherapists arrived at the finish at the same time, so we all got a massage to go with our champagne and chips.

Lesley Clarke

The World's Most Southerly STaR

otherwise known as

The *Infinity* Antarctic 2000 "Stroll to the Pole" Expedition

In April 1994, Grahame Murphy (well known to many in the club but only rarely seen at StaR's or 10k's) teamed up with Stephen Jackson to set a record for the world's most northerly StaR. The course they ran was literally around the Geographic North Pole and so this particular record is unlikely to be beaten. See Blister No.?? for details.

In October 1999 Grahame went in search of a matching book-end for his achievement 5 years earlier – this time a run to the Geographic South Pole. Unfortunately, in his meticulous planning and attention to detail he forgot one important item – his training partner Stephen. Here are his trip notes.

Easy course – (StaR #2000, H0, B0) – long option selected – 1,150kms – from Ronne Ice Shelf on the coast of Antarctica directly to the Geographic South Pole. No water stops so must tow a sled with supplies (weighing 95Kg.)

Getting to The Start

Initial travel – Sydney/Los Angeles/ Lima(Peru)/Santiago(Chile)/Puerto Montt(Chile) and finally Punta Arenas(southernmost tip of Chile) – 38 hours of wing flapping. I've been reading Ranulph Fiennes' book on Antarctic sled hauling during all the flying time – looking for inspiration. However it's having the reverse effect and just thoroughly daunting me for what lies ahead.. These top-flight expeditioners struggled desperately not many years ago to do what I am attempting to do now. How come I think I can be successful? Can you run a good StaR no matter which course?

Spectacular sunrise on the way into Santiago – the bright red horizon slowly is pierced by the jagged edges of the Andes. As the mountains reveal themselves gradually one peak rises up from amongst the volcanoes to stand above all others – Mt. Aconcagua (6,960m)! She looks magnificent but the painful memories of my 1996 climb only serve to make me even more thoughtful. Eventually Lan Chile flight 61 approaches Punta Arenas – I feel rushes of anticipation as I think about it all. Perhaps Ranulph Fiennes was prone to exaggeration. The unknown – not knowing what is about unfold – is so exciting in its own right.

Suddenly I've arrived at Punta Arenas, at the military airbase. There's the Adventure Network International (ANI) Hercules – a huge airforce turboprop cargo transporter that we're going to use for the 6.5 hour flight due south. I'm introduced to the rest of British Millennium Expedition team – confusing to have a Scotsman with an Irish name as the token Aussie ethnic in an otherwise U.K. squad. Punta Arenas itself is beautiful. I'm really inspired by the windswept remote looking countryside and coastline – similar to the islands of Scotland. What a way to start an adventure!

Ice Runway!!

The Preparation Phase

We spend the next 9 days preparing food supplies, precisely packing sleds, practicing with tents and modifying equipment & clothing. Try on my specially couriered ski boots for the first time – just as well they fit! Food? We plan on consuming just over 6,500 calories every day (actually this was not enough) of which 65% is fat – good to see the food we've planned is not all dehydrated powder – lots of cheese, pepperami, chocie bars, biscuits, fruit & nuts, muesli as well as the ubiquitous powdered soups and casseroles.

Much time spent in and around the ANI offices, located on the hill at the high point of Punta Arenas. Views from here are breathtaking, overlooking most of the town, up & down the coast, the Straights of Magellan towards Argentina and over Terra del Fuego as the first stepping stone to Antarctica. The offices are even high for us to use for basic rope and crevasse rescue training.

Find an Internet café on what is to be my last evening in Punta Arenas. I spend one and a half-hours preparing emails offline for sending, feeling good about keeping loved ones up to date with progress. Then, just on closing time, jet lag catches up with me and I fall asleep on top of the keyboard, deleting the whole lot just before sending – not good.

Eventually, after 4 aborted attempts over as many days due to changeable weather conditions, we load trucks and head out to the airport. The delays are frustrating but the weather has to be near perfect and stable in Antarctica because we'll be landing on an ice runway 3,000kms away – the cost of a flight aborted and turned around just before touchdown is a cool $270,000! En route to the airport we hear that a window blew out on the Hercules as it returned from the Patriot Hills base camp on its last sortie – wonder what that must have felt like?

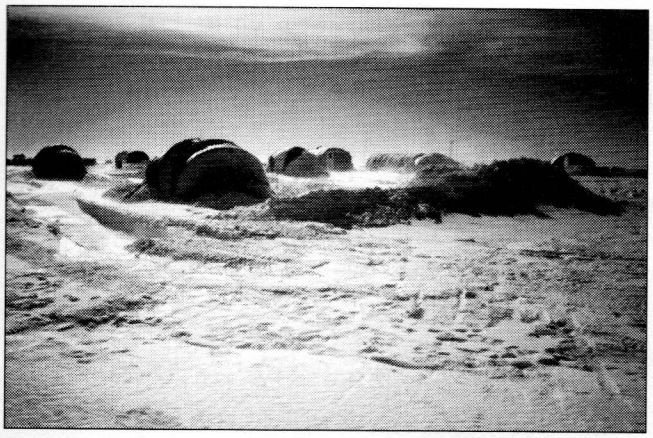
Arrive at a busy Punta Arenas airport – weigh-in process involves a tiny set of scales that look as though they've just come from the nearest doctors surgery. No formal procedures – we bypass immigration control with an airline ticket I have just written out myself. Photos in front of the Hercules, under strict instructions not to point cameras anywhere near the military section of the airbase. The aircraft is being loaded and refuelled as we climb into its belly – now the heart is racing – the noise, the vibration, the smell – it's all so similar to the departure from Moscow 5 years ago aboard the Russian IL76 towards Siberia and the North Pole. This is good, Mum!.

Other points of note from my time in Punta Arenas – I break the ANI course record for the 28km run from the office up to the top of the local ski slopes and back (now you know why I forgot Steve J.), have to chase down (not literally) a wolf's tail to use as a windbreak peak on my Goretex jacket, almost trip over a dead body on another early morning final tune up run, and help the rest of the British team with some critical preparation – the acquisition of 10 space hoppers from the local toy shop, desperately needed for a planned spectacular arrival at the South Pole.

Welcome to Antarctica

Belt myself into the old leather seat and things rev up – absolutely no time for nerves or doubt – it's such a buzz! Slowly – very slowly – the Herc heaves itself off the ground and away from civilisation. Six hours pass quickly – in-flight food of ham & cheese rolls (just like on the North Pole expedition – I wonder if the two airlines are alliance partners?) – brief views of icebergs and ice flows off Alexander Land as we approach our destination. The landing at Patriot Hills on rutted ice is nowhere near as brutal as the stories I've heard and we glide to a halt. The pilots are exceptional – there's a fine art to balancing 4 engines with reverse thrust braking on sheet ice – Hercs have been known to hang 180's at over a hundred kph here!

Rear doors open and there's a huge white vastness – again shades of the North Pole skydive exit, only this time at ground level. Stagger out into an amazing sight – so so incredibly big, vast and beautiful. Broad daylight at 11:30pm with not a breath of wind. And a little chilly – minus 28 degrees. Drag my pulk (sled) for kilometre over the ice to the base camp itself and the real beginning of the Antarctic experience. It's apparently 3:30am as I hit the cot – first time camping out in



Base Camp!!

broad daylight in temperatures so low that if you touch the tent poles with bare hands you'll lose the skin off them.

One day is spent practising and fine tuning tents, pulks, stoves, clothing combinations, etc. – not easy as the cold gets in everywhere. A tour of the camp site shows DC3's, twin otters, a Cessna, comms station, food storage ice cave, tents for staff, hangars and lots & lots & lots of white stuff. Our guide shows us the maps for the route – 3 x A3 photocopies. The first piece of paper shows just base camp and a few mountains, the last one has the South Pole plus a couple of key landmarks and the middle sheet looks as though the copier didn't work – it's pretty well a blank bit of paper. Looks like GPS is going to be needed.

Then it's time for the real departure – by Twin Otter northwards 50kms to the exact point where the continent meets the sea. We touch down across a faint grey line which apparently is the "water's" edge. In no time the tiny aircraft takes off again and suddenly all is magnificently quiet and serene – not a sound, not a movement anywhere as we all take in the splendour of our circumstance. This is really special indeed.

In At The Deep End

We're off! In a parallel line we ease our way forward on the first few metres of well over a thousand kilometres. This is the first time I have been cross country skiing in my life – I try not to think of the absurdity of that fact. We put in an hour's shakedown sled-hauling and set up what will be the first of many, many camps. Our flat out pace is around 3kph – about half the speed of a brisk walk. The effort required to maintain this speed is equivalent to a long Sunday run base aerobic heart rate – how on earth we are to keep this going for nine hours a day, and keep coming back day after day for weeks and weeks, with no recovery allowed?

Any expedition has its extremes of high's and low's as I am quickly discovering. The route to the South Pole takes us initially up a steep incline away from the Ronne Ice Shelf back towards Patriot Hills base camp. In stark contrast to the beautiful setting for our arrival at the coast, the next few days are inordinately difficult. On the second day the weather deteriorates suddenly and dramatically. The ground is slippery with much bare blue ice and the prevailing headwind is gusting continually to over 50kph, thereby reducing the temperature to well below minus 70 degrees. Also I pick up a flu bug from one of the other team members and have to battle through headaches and the general malaise thing that comes with the lurgy. No taking a few days of work – have to force myself on and, during what would transpire to be the worst storm conditions of the whole trek, I am really quite ill.

I have little energy and my body oscillates between profuse sweating and shivering violently within my own frozen perspiration (this has not been a good time to discover that Goretex membranes do not function below minus 15 degrees). Quickly I start to struggle badly . It is hellish – diabolically hard, my head is throbbing, my pulse is racing and I just want it all to stop. My high (low) point comes towards the end of the day when I collapse with exhaustion and fever and have to be carried into a quickly erected tent. This act of compassion is made all the more difficult through my resisting these efforts under hallucinations that all my team members are out to murder me and dispose of my body in an igloo.

14 hours sleep and 2 litres of cup-a-soup seem to be the required antidote – at least I can now stand upright. Off we go and I'm on my way again to meet my next challenge – how to blow my nose during the day when wearing a tight-fitting neoprene double layer face mask. Solution? - just blow down the nose, sans hanky or fingers, and feel the warm mucus run out, dribble round the side of the face and congeal in a lump wedged between skin and mask and where it remains until later picked off bit by bit over the tent stove. It takes three of the most arduous, taxing and unpleasant days of my entire life before I eventually regain full health.

Each food break – exactly ten minutes every two hours – is such good and bad news. Good that the torture of extreme physical effort and discomfort temporarily ceases and bad in that I know I'll cool down and chill; the inside of my gloves and Gore-Tex jacket

will literally freeze and it'll take 15 minutes of further effort before the numb parts of my body painfully thaw out. By Day 8 I start to measure how far to go not in terms of kilometres or days but number of times I have to go through this pain barrier. I smile wryly to think that the innocent little cross country ski adventure I had planned has turned out to be just unadulterated purgatory – why didn't I read the fine print?!

Each Day Like Any Other

The days start to drift past in a blur of exhaustion and monotony. The greatest difficulty is always how to occupy the restless mind. Constant views of white and more white that never changes, wind conditions that do not permit any meaningful conversation, nights totally preoccupied with grabbing large quantities of food, sleep and warmth mean I have only myself for company. How to keep up with the pace? What to think about, hour after hour? I daydream, think of home and family, dwell on life, fantasise on the end of this slog and yet the mind is still ever greedy for attention. I even begin to think I might return home mentally unstable. However, in comparison to this unsettled state of the mind and absence of mental stimulation, it seems normal life is one heavily event-driven, dominated by distractions and characterised by a lack of any true time to simply be with oneself.

The days continue to gradually roll past; the constant mental and physical struggles are relentless – desperately trying to hang on to a vicious pace (the other guys are far too fit), the intense all-pervasive cold and the mind-blowing drudgery of slogging my guts out for more than eight hours a day with so little recognisable progress. It is very unsettling – there's no way out – I have to endure, stay within the "system", look after myself to the best of my ability and survive. I'm constantly feeling cold and not able to relax at break stops, with further frostbite in fingers and thumbs ever threatening. I seem to be always near freezing and just longing for it all to end. I think longingly of each night's rest in the sanctuary of a warm sleeping bag – a temporary reprieve from the horrors.

The start of the expedition.

The whole journey is highlighted not so much by places (there are only campsites – all look the same) or days (only the diary keeps track) but by notable events, both good and bad. I have many, many days of wishing I am not stuck here, almost claustrophobic in this land of vastness. I even plan how to feign injury to gain a quick exit by evacuation (you'd be surprised just how many heroic expedition failures were actually engineered by those who'd simply lost the plot). But there is no way out.

Towards Halfway

Day 10 – I fall in a crevasse – probably the most significant event of the entire expedition. The track we take across the ice suddenly has a black line across it about 5cms wide. Two of my colleagues in front pass over it without incident. I start to follow then suddenly the ground drops away from under me. I instinctively throw my arms out and immediately become lodged at upper waist level. With my legs I can only feel fresh air – and a quick look down through some smaller holes just reveals a vast cavern that seems bigger than Sydney harbour. On hearing my shout one of the British team shouts for me to grab the end of his pulk and he then proceeds to pull me clear. It all happens pretty quickly and I don't get the shock I think I might. We then go so cautiously over the remaining crevasses that we all get pretty chilled and much of my day is spent trying to thaw out my fingers and minimise the new frostbite damage. Again I'm so glad to reach the end of the day and the save haven of the sleeping bag.

Other particularly strong memories of the first half?

- a lot of body problems – shin splints, Achilles tendons and blisters on heel blisters!
- Forgetting one day to put on the shoulder straps of my salopettes (literally too cold to fix this en route) and so a day spent continually trying to stop them falling round my ankles.
- Frequently iced-up goggles reducing vision to only 5%, particularly interesting when I'm navigating!
- A day off the planet, back on a mind journey into

my earliest childhood. I spend all nine hours today reliving and revisiting my entire life, my surroundings and the key events along the way. Good fun exploring the house where I was born, touring round every room, every corner, and letting the memories come flooding back. Remembered my early primary school days, times as a family on holiday and all my friendships through the years.

- Thermarest (airbed) bursting on Day 14 – sleep on a rigid surface for the remaining 54 days
- Major nose bleed one morning – easy to deal with as all the blood quickly freezes.
- Break the record for frozen drool from my face mask - an icicle spike measuring 13cms.
- Losing all feeling in my right hand and arm for two hours due to a day of extreme cold
- Witnessing an enormous halo around the sun (appears to be 10 times its size) – a freak of conditions caused by airborne ice crystals only ever seen in Antarctica
- Breaking five sets of ski bindings
- Negotiating a major sastrugi field (area of ice with undulations up to 2 metres high) – arduous and painful with constantly getting knocked around from the pulk lead jerking in all directions. At its worst my back starts hurting, the pain spreads to my rib cage and chest so severly that for a short while I think – seriously – I'm on my way to a heart attack
- Finally seeing the DC-3 fly low overhead to signal it was on its way to lay down our refueling supplies (someone remarks cheerfully said that without refueling we are 8 days from death!) It was such a surprise to see it – we all cheer and get emotional – the first signs of humanity beyond the nine of us for over a month and 570kms!

Antarctic Sledhauling

The Second Half

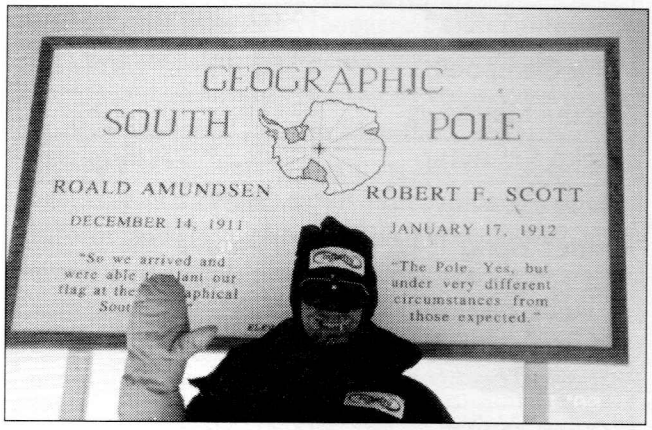
Eventually we reach Thiel Mountains – the only mountains of any note large enough to break through the two kilometre deep ice cover and therefore break up the monotony of endless white. This is the location for our resupply. After an all too brief half day break to restock, re-organise and read my 47 hard copy emails, we're off again – only 550kms to go! Thoughts? Many. Still feel I'm in a tunnel – stuck on a track. It's not pleasant, not fun and certainly only to be savoured in a sense of growth or development. What an incredible place this is – so very very vast but I think even bigger is this whole undertaking of trying to cross it on foot hauling a sled, permanently living in an environment of minus 20 degrees or lower. I'm told to "relax in the cold" but I have great difficulty. I have accepted my circumstances by this point. I am now focussed on the ultimate goal of getting to the South Pole. I do appreciate the great privilege of being able to be where I am doing what I am doing. But I am not enjoying it in a fun sense, only as in an experience. I really do want to be at the finish of all this as quickly as possible.

Events from the second half

- My tentmate Justin and I nearly gas ourselves with the acrid fumes from the new supply of stove fuel. Still feel the effects for two days – nausea and fuzzy head.
- On a particularly mild minus 14 degrees day I leave off my fleece trousers i.e. legs covered only by thermals and Gore-Tex shell – bad mistake! It was warm at first but quickly a strong wind came up and I started to panic about both my legs and my you-know-what – no possibility (time & cold) of being able to put more trousers on during the day's trekking. I stuffed a glove down my knickers to keep "things" warm but it starts to chafe the top of my right leg. The whole day was spent concerning myself about my legs and my "prized possessions" – was I or was I not going to do some damage to them – it was constantly impossible to tell as they hovered between being very cold and being numb
- End of Day 39 – two and a half feet of blizzard snow overnight. Tents get close to being buried (no longer feel the wind as more & more of the tent sinks below the surface.
- Day 47 snowquakes – ground suddenly dropping six inches beneath my feet and great thunder cracks to accompany them – good fun!
- 850 kms from the coast in this frozen desert – awaken to find a Skua (large gull) hovering over the

campsite. We reckon it has flown all the way from the opposite coast

- Celebrating Australian timezone Christmas – Aussie flag flying on the pulk during Christmas Eve for everyone else.
- Christmas Day church service – seven of us crammed into a two man tent – yours truly leading the worship.
- 5 hours spent digging on Christmas Day (only planned rest day) to create a snow cave – this huge cavern six feet under the sastrugi that had seats for 9, its own table and amazing wall features with blue bits that glowed when someone stood in the doorway and reduced the light but increased the colour contrast inside – really unusual! An energetic stove brings the temperature up to something bearable i.e. minus 12 degrees!
- Running out of food completely with 8 days to go (the resupply planned for 5 days earlier didn't happen due to bad weather). Dinner of half a bag of peanuts and a cup-a-soup is interrupted by the arrival of the Twin Otter supply craft. It lands in a flurry of noise and snow within 10 feet of the tents – a stunning and welcome sight. This is our first contact with human life for 50 days – the ultimate in home delivery!
- Eventually seeing the Geographic South Pole from 25kms away – on a day of phenomenal but cold and still weather conditions that make the trip briefly feel like the "travel brochure".



Finally reached the goal.

Right: They even have a postoffice down there.

My management of deteriorating energy and muscle mass is only fractionally less than perfect. I grind to an absolute halt 1,500m from the South Pole, not able to go a step further. 90 minutes later, with a Thermos-full of staminade and 5 raw glucose bars inside me, I stagger slowly off on the final (so near yet so far) stretch. And then here we are – at the Geographic South Pole – the immensity of it all starts to sink in – it really is preposterous.

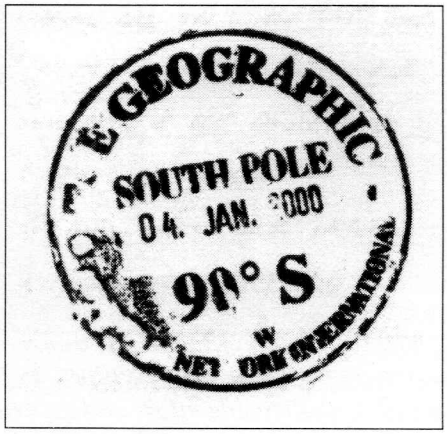
Homeward

Usual photo sessions at the Pole plus a tour of the U.S. research station there – absolutely fascinating! Then I successfully attempt the unthinkable – running round the Pole (and therefore the entire world) non-stop to add the South Pole StaR short course option to my collection.

Depart by Twin Otter from the Pole in feelings of jubilation and relief – now I simply have to cope with being in the Antarctic cold as opposed to surviving the rigours of the trek. Gone – what a shame – are the daily treats of:-

- hoar frost snow dropping from the tent roof into your eyes in bed
- getting out of sleeping bag in minus 20 degrees
- beard freezing on to face mask, requiring 30 mins over a stove to prise off
- constant nose dripping on to face mask, freezing and causing frostbite
- sweat cooling down & freezing during meal breaks
- putting the frozen GPS down my underpants in the evening to warm it up

Four hours flying time later, we arrive back at Patriot Hills base camp. One of the first people I meet is Walter Ross, a 70 year old acquaintance from the 1994 North Pole Expedition – it is indeed a small world.



Main events & noticeable items on return from Antarctica:-

- darkness – end of daylight for the first time in 68 days – the world is caving in!
- artificial lighting – eyes can't cope – everything appears in blurred yellow
- first shower for 68 days – what is clothing & what is dirt?
- traffic movement & noise – initially quite frightening
- rain – it's beautiful
- excess of colours – sensory overlaod – street scenes, interior decors, etc.
- can't climb stairs – the main muscles required have not been used for 10 weeks
- weight loss – low of 57.5Kgs at the Pole – stick insect – much lean muscle wastage
- consuming 24 x 3 course meals during first 3 days in civilisation – where does it go?

Finally head homewards, this time via Easter Island & Papeete – the quickest and most direct route involving eight days and nine flights. Now, what next?!!

-o End of Log o-

Grahame Murphy

Editor's note - When not undertaking record breaking StaR's, Grahame is better known for his streak of at least one sub-3 hour marathon every year. His record stands from his first year of marathons 19 years ago in 1981. He says it's getting harder every year and, contrary to his expectations, his training run to the South Pole has probably increased the difficulty of the task for this year.

CASTLE HILL resident Grahame Murphy (right of picture) was honoured for his daring trek across Antarctica at a civic reception hosted by Baulkham Hills mayor John Griffiths last week.

Mr Murphy was the only Australian among a nine-member expedition which set off on cross-country skis from the coast of Antarctica on December 5 with the aim of reaching the South Pole by New Year's Eve.

After facing many difficulties, they made it to their destination on January 5, spending New Year's Eve on the International Dateline.

The civic reception acknowledged his spirit of adventure and achievement and was well attended by local government representatives and members of the community.

Cr Griffiths presented Mr Murphy with a certificate of recognition and a gift while wife Angie (right) received flowers.

GM receiving a plaque for his adventure. It's very well deserved. Unbelievable effort and experience. Thanks for sharing it with us. -Ed

Woodford to Glenbrook Results

Dean Degan	1.26.45	1st overall
John Young	1.29.38	1st u/30
Chris Truscott	1.31.53	3rd u/30
Stephen Jackson	1.33.50	1st 40+
Randy Brophy	1.37.05	2nd 40+
Andrew Smith	1.39.42	3rd 40+
Bernard Fortune	1.40.18	3rd 30+
George Lisson	1.43.23	
Phil Boswell	1.45.28	
Peter Truscott	1.45.56	
Xandra Dunn	1.46.48	2nd overall 1st 40+
Marie O'Connell	1.48.11	3rd overall 1st 30+
David Harris	1.48.11	
Dawn Tiller	1.49.35	2nd 30+
Barry Rutter	1.46.28	
Rod Lovel	1.50.18	
David King	1.52.09	3rd 50+
Keith Spackman	1.57.04	
George Herisson	1.57.09	
Mike Hansen	1.58.48	
Kevin O'Kane	1.59.47	
Keith White	1.59.51	
Charles King	2.00.04	
Graham Willis	2.02.19	
Tina Campbell	2.07.13	2nd 50+
Jacqui Matthews	2.08.32	3rd 30+
Heiko Schaefer	2.09.21	3rd 60+
Marie Bleakley	2.09.27	
James Bond	2.10.59	
Jim Screen	2.11.12	
Richard Wassell	2.16.49	
Kirsten Themsen	2.18.33	3rd 50+
Louise Walker	2.20.49	
Pascaline Legros	2.20.49	3rd u/30
Robi Hancock-Russell	2.32.56	
Penny Smith	2.34.44	
Carol Taylor	2.36.55	
Margaret White	2.36.56	

Kevin Tillers photos is available on the website.

So is the Course Accurate??

Just before starting each Striders 10k race, the fearless Mike Hansen categorically states that the course is measured and is indeed accurate. Nobody openly challenges his statement, although there always seems to be someone after the run who questions the accuracy or the kilometre markers. Let me take you through the process that is used to measure the Striders courses, and for those that can't be bothered reading the rest of this article, be assured that you have run as close to 10,000 metres as in humanly possible to measure!

We don't use West Australian Surveyors maps (although the Triathletes swear by/at them), no car odometers (although the BMW one tends to be pretty damn close), no magnetic bike speedo's (even the expensive ones freak out at speed), no surveyors wheel (except for approximations), and definitely no paced out measurements (well, perhaps there was one time....) - just a surveyors 100 metre steel tape, a thermometer, a 10kg scale, roll of wide masking tape, a watch, a hammer and masonry nails, cans of survey paint, a calculator, pen and paper, a bicycle, a lot of time, and the magical ingredient - a jones counter!

I started running many moons ago in Canberra with an awesome organisation - nearly as good as the Striders - the ACT Cross Country Club. We ran over hill and dale, road and track, and I was always interested in the statistics of it all. The key stat (besides how many buggers finished in front of me) was how long a particular course was, which led me to one Dave Cundy, the highly regarded organiser of the legendary Canberra Marathon, and now the Olympic Marathons. Dave was, and is, a stickler for accuracy and he has enthusiastically encouraged all race organisers to get their course measured properly. Some embrace the measuring and are rewarded with good courses - the recent Sydney Marathon, the Cities Marathon last year, the Sydney Morning Herald Half 2000, and, of course, all this years Striders 10km runs.

Some are enthusiastic until the measurement of their "10k" proves to be 9.7k (Mini Mos-Marathon) and so ignore the measurement, and yet others decline the option altogether to stick with the "traditional" length, such as the 14k? City to Surf - what you don't know won't hurt. All are reasonable options, and for the bulk of fun run participants it makes little difference, but for those that sweat on each second of a result, an accurate course is a must have.

The rules for measuring are to IAAF standards, using IAAF techniques as taught in the Course Measurement Seminars, using approved equipment (purchased out of your own pocket!), and then doubled checked by some other pedantic bastard just to make sure nobody - but nobody - gets to run a world record on a short course!

Step 1 - the calibration course.

An accurate 500m straight line is required. Once a suitable stretch of road is found (do you know how rare a straight 500m stretch is?) you wait for a dry day of about 20 degrees Celsius. Put a nail in the road at one end, take your 100m steel tape, stretch it out 100m down the road, apply 10kg of pull, put some masking tape on the ground at that point, and mark exactly 100m with pen on the masking tape. Repeat 5 times. Turn around and do it back the other way to check your first pass measurements. If everything adds up and the temperature hasn't varied, you then put nails in every 100m and mark them with the paint. This gives you your base calibration course to be used over, and over, and over again. A good example can be found on Hickson Rd starting just near the overhead bridge and going south.

Step 2 - the pre measure calibration.

Equip you bike with a Jones Counter and make sure you have good tyres and good air pressure. The Jones Counter is a little gadget that is fixed to the front wheel. It increments as the wheel revolves, about one count per 9 centimetres. Ride up and down the Calibration Course to warm up the tyres, note the time and temperature, and then ride the calibration course 4 times to get an average count for each 500m pass. Check the temperature, apply the various distance factors, calculate the count per kilometre, and then head for the course to be measured.

Step 3 - measure the course.

Self explanatory really. Ride the course, marking the km points with just a dot of paint. Take note of the final count, turn around, and do it again! Hopefully the dots are pretty close to each other. Make sure you ride the runners line - cut corners, up over gutters if needed, don't forget - the shortest distance between two

points can only be defined by a runner. If there is a short cut it will be taken - and will invalidate a course. Tow trucks were needed to get to the running line on the Sydney Marathon!

Step 4 - the post measurement calibration.

Return to the calibration course, ride it 4 times again, calculate the counts, compare with the pre calibration counts, average the differences. Note temperature. Hopefully everything matches up.

Step 5 - final measurement.

Head back to the course. Based on final counts, adjust the km marks, start and finish line. Mark the points well, make a note of them in the docoumentation, and be prepared to defend your course!

Now remember, if a flat front tyre happens, or a major change of temperature, or a deviation from the running line, or roadworks, or changes to curbs, or cars parked on the line..... or a corner cut by runners, the course measurement is invalid and you have to start all over again. sigh.

Hours

How long does all this stuffing around take? About 40 hours for the Sydney Marathon (plus half a dozen police cars and bikes, three bikes with Jones Counters, and a couple of cans of paint - and even then we had to wait until the afternoon before the race to finish the job because the City West Link wasn't runable until then!), about 6 hours for a Striders 10k (those damn calibration courses are never close to the course!), about 9 hours for the Cities Marathon.

The Striders courses at Lane Cove, Meadowbank, Domain, and North Head are all spot on - well, except for that one time when the day before the Meadowbank race the council decided to rip up a large chunk of the course and we had to use a wheel to loop around the oval 30 minutes before the start.... and for those interested in the Corporate Cup, it is 5.89934km!

Stephen Jackson

Steve is doing a fantastic job for the running community. Thanks for telling us what's really involved. I think very few people actually know the amount of work required to measure a course correctly. No wonder you are so fit. It sounds like excellent cross training. -Ed.

Hosting of Athlete's Families during The Olympics

Over the past 10 years I have learnt much about hosting people from other countries, through being a member of The Friendship Force, a world wide culture exchange organisation, with the aim of creating friendships across different countries and different cultures, and helping to create a world of peace.

I know, therefore, what a great experience it can be to host people from another country, especially if they have a different culture, and friendships can be quickly formed that can result in return visits. Because of my involvement with The Friendship Force, I am helping with the organisation of the Samsung Athletes' Family 2000 Program for the Olympic Games in Sydney in September.

With the Games now not being far away there is a desperate need for more people to come forward and offer to host. If there are insuficient hosts, many athletes' family members will not be able to come to Sydney to see their athletes compete. Just imagine how disappointing that would be for them.

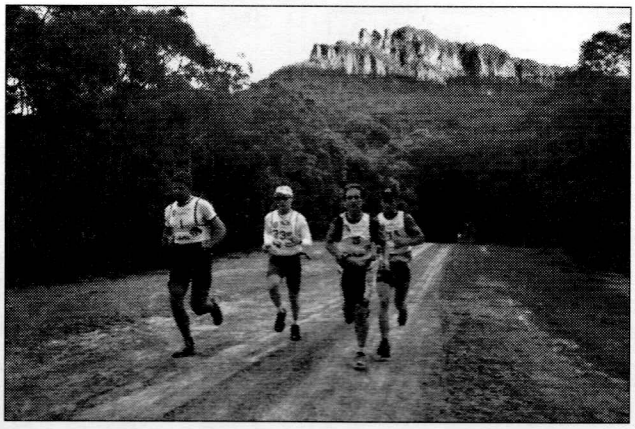
With many Striders having great sporting backgrounds, it would be good to see more Striders offer to host athletes' family members during the Games. Host application forms can be provided by Jim Screen or myself (tel. 9476 6484 - I cannot do a Star run for a few weeks) and we could also furnish more information or answer questions.

Well, Striders, what about moving to the starting point on this one and putting in an application form. You never know next year you could be staying with a family in another country - perhaps even running around the Black Forest in Germany.

Bruce Murray

A worthy cause. If you are able to help, please give Bruce a call. Personally we are hosts for an american fellow and although we haven't met him yet, I think it will be a very nice experience, based on our ongoing email correspondance. -Ed.

Jones Lang Lasalle Challenge



Katoomba to the Rocks

The weekend of the 20th & 21st May saw the second running of the Jones Lang LaSalle Challenge. The race is a gruelling multi-sport challenge consisting of running, cycling and kayaking stretching over 180 kilometres and two days and takes competitors from Katoomba to Observatory Park in the Rocks. The field consist of a mix of individual competitors in addition to male, female, mixed and corporate teams.

The race was blessed by generally favourable conditions. The first day saw the run start in cold but clear conditions in Katoomba with the quickest runners in the field covering the 21 kilometre bush run to Wentworth Falls in around 1 hour 45 minutes. The mountain bike course then took competitors to the Nepean River via a challenging and often technical course. This was followed by a 30 kilometre kayak down the Nepean and Hawkesbury Rivers to Richmond. Many competitors did not reach this mark until well after dark.

The second day covers what is arguably a easier course, however road cyclists heading out of Richmond at 7 am were greeted by rain and wind. The effectiveness of riding in packs and rotating turns on the front aided the lead competitors however, who covered the 49 kilometre course in well under 1.30 hours. A relatively short 12 kilometre paddle down the Parramatta River to the Gladesville Bridge then set competitors up for a final 17 kilometre run via the Lower North Shore to Observatory Park. The quickest runners in the field covered this course in around 1 hour flat, not a bad result given that many were racing in the individual category.

Australia's premier multi-endurance athlete John Jacoby survived a strong challenge to win the race for the second year running. The 35 year old banker from Geelong held out Gold Coast triathlete Gary Sutherland to win the event by just 2 minutes 45 seconds with Novak Thompson of Canada Bay a further seven minutes back in third place.

The women's race went to Belinda Ryan of Deniston East in her first attempt at the race, crossing the line in an aggregate time of 12 hours and 32 minutes, well ahead of her closest rival.

Sydney Striders members were not readily apparent in the field, but the race does represent an opportunity for the Club to show off the running prowess of its members. So start recruiting for or practicing your cycling and kayaking for next years NSW race in May or the sister race held in Victoria in May.

(For the record, mixed team Bagpuss in which I competed as the runner finished fourth in the mixed team category in its first attempt at the race).

Leon Walker

The Runners Shop

The SMH 1/2 -A Spectators View

Half marathons are a doddle really – certainly they are from where I was standing!

More seriously many people have remarked to me what a pleasure it was to have been able to make use of Keith and Margaret's place to store belongings etc. On behalf of all Striders runners in the half marathon, a big thank you to Keith and Margaret for not only making their house available but for their catering both before and especially after the race.

As for the race itself – the start, or rather prior to the start, it was particularly cold but once the runners set off, most people have reported pretty good conditions. I read that the winner's time might have been faster had it not been for the wind on the day but few Striders have mentioned this to me.

Most Striders were backing up in the Half from the recent Host City Marathon and not surprisingly, felt tired – most times were outside PBs for the course although a few did manage exceptionally good times. A couple of those who just missed PBs have reported delays at drink stops and next time will carry their own bottles.

I always want to emphasise that we should not loose sight of the fact that even the slower runners amongst us are damn good runners – running a half marathon is no mean feat for most people and we must not forget that. On the other hand the speed of a guy running a 64-minute half marathon has to be seen to be believed – even an eighty-minute runner looks pretty slow by comparison. I now know how I must look!

It was quite interesting for me being a spectator for once – the leader and eventual winner was so fast and so smooth and runs apparently so effortlessly. He was able and willing to acknowledge my encouragement even whilst running at his break neck speed – a joy to see.

I took quite a few photographs of Striders in the run most of which turned out to be just a blur. I'm unclear whether this was my lack of photographic ability or the sheer speed of the runners.

The full Striders results appear in this issue and well done everyone – especially those who had also run the recent Marathon.

Michael Bailey

BROKEN WING CLUB

Oh so many injuries from hamstring tears, sprained ankles, crook quads, bad calves, broken feet, and on and on and on . Most of this information was gained compiling why we had some 32 non starters in the Host City Marathon (HCM). Sorry everyone for your problems but to list you all would take up most of this edition. I hope you are all recovering and will soon be back on the road.

There were however a couple of notable injuries which should not go unreported.

While out training for the HCM long time member Bryce Courtenay fell pen over inkwell and busted his shoulder thus side lining him for the big run. And would you believe it; Bruce Murray is at it again. This time Bruce didn't fall off a ladder. He fell off the ground i.e. he jumped off the side of the road and broke a bone in his leg to earn four weeks in plaster. Well done Bryce & Bruce. According to best reports recovery on both accounts has been achieved.

Jim Screen

Editors Corner

In the last issue of the Blister, I opened the debate for the possibility to produce the magazine in an electronic format in the future. I invited specifically members without web-access to come forward with any consideration they may have with respect to this subject. I must admit to not having received one single comment from this group of our members. It might be because they haven't read the last issue, so my invitation is still open.

The discussion page on the web generated contributions from approximately 20 members of which at least 85% pronounced their support of the idea. The committee will discuss this matter further and a final decision can be expected before the end of this year. It is therefore important that we know as many members view as possible and I invite everyone with an opinion on this matter to bring it to either the committee's attention, submit it to the discussion page or send it to me.

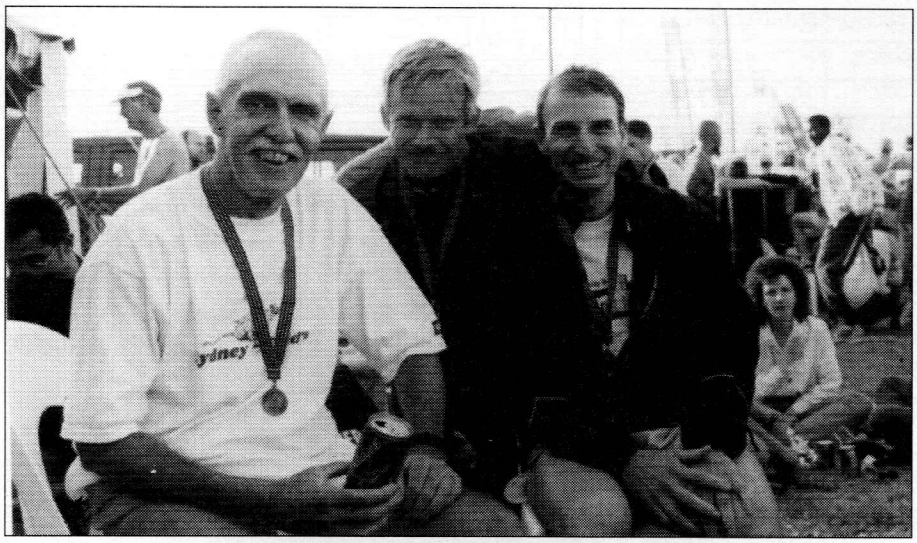
-Ed.

SMH 1/2 Results

SURNAME	FIRST NAME	PLACE	TIME
1. Degan	Dean	13	70.16
2. Young	John	23	72.00
3. Truscott	Chris	34	76.28
4. Truscott	Peter	44	78.02
5. Dwyer	Chris	67	80.06
6. Jackson	Stephen	76	81.16
7. Fortune	Bernard	99	83.00
8. Truscott	Jenny	103	83.10
9. Logue	Michael	139	84.48
10. De Leeuw	Bastiaan	141	84.56
11. Gissing	Jeff	151	85.14
12. Cowan	Joanne	153	85.20
13. Boswell	Philip	167	85.40
14. Aitkenhead	Gary	174	85.50
15. Briscoe	Richard	175	85.52
16. Austin	Tim	180	86.04
17. Lisson	George	183	86.08
18. Smith	Andrew	191	86.24
19. Potter	Ray	198	86.38
20. Murphy	Grahame	265	88.52
21. Rutter	Barry	284	89.18
22. Van Heerden	Pierre	320	90.18
23. Van Yzendoorn	John	337	90.42
24. Schwebel	Ron	363	91.08
25. Hatch	Tony	366	91.10
26. Frykberg	Nicole	377	91.26
27. Craven	Bruce	390	91.42
28. O'Connell	Marie	427	92.34
29. Goodsir	Darren	460	93.10
30. Prerau	Greg	582	95.26
31. Hansen	Mike	584	95.28
32. Joester	Jurgen	600	95.38
33. Wilson	Mike	704	97.20
34. Roach*	Stephen	812	98.44
35. Herisson	George	829	98.56
36. Preston	Mark	829	98.56
37. Glare	Paul	845	99.06
38. King	Charles	890	99.38
39. Willis	Graham	894	99.42
40. Campbell	Tina	917	99.54
41. Norden	Steve	997	100.56
42. Johnstone	Michael	1009	101.08
43. Gardiner	Dean	1012	101.10
44. Hammerschmidt	Peter	1049	101.34
45. Waudby	Andrew	1078	101.58
46. O'Dea	Brian	1179	103.12
47. Prahl	Maybritt	1186	103.16
48. Love	Tracey	1195	103.22
49. Olsen	John	1215	103.34
50. Shepherd	John	1262	103.58
51. Baker	Peter	1268	104.02
52. Fiedler	Manfred	1270	104.04
53. Lunsmann	Paul	1329	104.44
54. Whealy	John	1353	105.02
55. Laurent	Jacques	1357	105.04
56. Taylor	Marlene	1593	107.22
57. Butler	Graham	1679	108.14
58. Renshaw	Brad	1689	108.20
59. Schaffler	Jean	1698	108.24
60. Morris	Pat		109.00
61. Brailey	Ted	1897	110.16
62. Fahey	David	1916	110.30
63. Chung	Derek	1977	111.14
64. Leonard	Rob	1990	111.24
65. McPherson	Neil	1990	111.24
66. Themsen	Kirsten	2111	112.40
67. Scott	Pamela	2187	113.36
68. Kunzle	Jurg	2279	114.30
69. Stringer	Mary	2289	114.36
70. Calitz	Talia	2348	115.18
71. Joseph	Andrew	2425	116.14
72. Murray	Bruce	2463	116.38
73. Wassell	Richard	2481	116.50
74. Jackson	Paul	2640	118.58
75. Green	Rozanne	2670	119.26
76. Priest	Janis	2684	119.34
77. Pluss	Martin	2687	119.46
78. Themsen	Nick	2769	121.10
79. Simmonds	John	2803	121.44
80. McGill	Vicki	2867	122.48
81. Partridge	Tony	3209	129.50
82. Taylor	Carol	3224	130.12
83. Richardson	Tom	3493	142.12

Randwick Runners Shop
223 Clovelly Road
Clovelly, NSW 2031
Phone: 9315 8711, Fax 9315 7382

Comrades 2000



Striders celebrating their fantastic effort. L to R: Gordon Forsyth, Benny Hagberg and Mark Davis. It must be an unrealistic feeling. I'm just dreaming.

Introduction

For any runner contemplating a trip to Europe or a visit to Africa go via Durban in mid June run the Comrades and you will experience one of the greatest running events on the face of this earth.
Called the Comrades Marathon [it is actually more than 2 successive marathons] it is held on the 16 June each year which is a public holiday . The crowd support is incredible and is of great assistance in the latter stages when you are running on empty.This year was an 'up' run from Durban on the sea to Pietermaritzburg in the hills [seemed like mountains] some 87.3 km away. Next year will be a 'down' run of 89.9 km.The direction alternates each year.

The run normally attracts approx 13000 each year with an 11 hour cut off to complete it.
This year however as a one off the time was extended by an hour and being the first Comrades of the millenium attracted 24505 entries [8492 runners were attempting the run for the first time].Distance running in South Africa is very popular as there were only 810 international runners of which 511 were from overseas the remainder from other countries in Africa.

The Run

The run started in the main street of Durban at 5.30am and with a temperature of 20 degrees it was going to be a long day. Setting off, the city lights soon disappeared as we climbed out of Durban and into the darkness. After about 45 minutes the altitude provided a welcome drop in the temperature which was to last for a couple of hours.Like a lot of runners feeling fresh I ran Cowies Hill and then Fields Hill 2 of the big 5. Next came Bothas Hill. Time to go back to the race plan and start run\walking these hills. Just after the halfway at Drummond the 4th of the big 5 'Inchanga' is encountered. After reaching the top I have been on the course for about 4 hours 40, I have completed 4 of the big 5 hills and only a marathon to run. Although I am working hard, this run isn't so bad.

Some inspiration is provided by the students on crutches and in wheelchairs on the side of the road from a nearby handicapped children's school. However it's time to go to plan B which is get to the finish and forget the pre race finish time. The mixture of coke, powerade and water from the 52 drink stations that line the race and the fact that the temperature has risen to 27 degrees are starting to take their toll on me. The key word at this stage is forward, be it running or walking. I am thinking I should have trained more [but what about the risk of injury]. Those around me and myself walk up Polly Shorts the last of the big hills at 80 km into the race. From then on I plod to the finish, racing the final 400 metres. I think' why couldn't I find this energy out on the course'.

The Wrap Up

19979 runners finished with 1600 getting over the line in the last 6 minutes. Tragically a 30 year old father of 2 died from a brain haemorrhage. Last year I did the 'down' run but I found the 'up' much tougher. Forget the big 5 hills as around almost every corner is another hill. The camaraderie of the other runners, the crowd support and the helpers at the drink stations has

to be experienced to appreciate their contribution to you getting through the race.

Race winning male was Russian Vladimir Kotov 5.25.33 a new 'up' record, with Aussies Don Wallace 8th 5.42.49 and Tim Sloan 19th 5.57.43.The top 10 in both the male and female categories get gold medals. So congratulations to Don. The first female was Maria Bak from Germany in 6.15.35.

Now to us mere mortals. Alf Field completed his 10th Comrades and gets his green number. After battling cramps Dick Bartlett completed his 9 th Comrades [one more to go for the green number],Mark Davis completed his 12 th Comrades [these guys are definitely crazy]. Michael Wilson decided to have a snooze by the side of the road for about 10 minutes but completed his 2nd Comrades. Rozanne Green achieved an ambition she has had for a long time to enter and complete her first Comrades. Well done Rozanne. Pierre Van Heerden who had been training the house down picked up a side stitch he couldn't get rid of but battled on to finish. Congratulations to Benny Hagberg, now residing in Hong Kong, first Strider home .Benny also collected the Bill Rowan medal which was given to all runners who finished in under 9 hours.
The Sydney Striders results were:

STRIDER	POSITION	TIME
Benny Hagberg	3230	8.49.48
Mark Davis	5064	9.28.35
Graham Sharp	6901	9.57.42
Gordon Forsyth	7212	10.02.41
Alf Field	7516	10.07.56
Pierre Van Heerden	8230	10.17.56
Michael Wilson	11889	10.53.27
Rozanne Green	15535	11.32.18
Dick Bartlett	17073	11.42.45
Shane Grobler	17949	11.47.27
Wayne Doney	17955	11.47.29

A very memorable experience .
Gordon Forsyth

Masanutten 100 miler Virginia USA, 13-14 May 2000

Purpose

In this article I have tried to relay some of the lessons that I learnt during this years event. Although some of the points may already be common knowledge for the more experienced 100 milers it may be helpful to those of you reading this that have never have attempted a 100 or maybe run one that is less technical. For you "old dogs" there may be a different perspective from your own.

The Trail (taken from race information)

".....The MMT 100 is a challenging trail ultra over a slow, rocky course. Short but rugged mountain climbs and descents occur from start to finish. Our terrain profile shows a dozen ascents with the elevation gain and like amount of loss in excess of 16,000'. Depending on rainfall, runners may experience wet and muddy sections with fordable streams. Darkness increases the challenge. In brief, MMT 100 is a tough trail race.

Eighty-two of the miles of the MMT 100 are on trails, the remainder interspersed stretches of country roads, 14 dirt and 4 asphalt. There will be 16 aid stations. Runners will need to carry water and food to maintain hydration and energy. Some sections of the course could take three to four hours to complete. Reliable flashlights - yes, more than one, - are necessities at night....."

Race Summary

I will not go into detail about the race itself as there are many articles from past years and I am sure many to be written about this year that you can read. Here are some highlights though:

One of the main factors during the event was the weather. As we headed off into the darkness at 5:00am everyone knew what to expect as by the time we were climbing the 1st hill we were already drenched in sweat. I very soon removed my T-shirt which stayed off for much of the rest of the day (refer later tips on Clothing and Water), it was very humid, the temperature rising into the 90's! During the afternoon we had two storms which although short caused some discomfort during the 2nd storm particularly as a freezing wind, rain and then heavy hail came pouring down. Patrik Gunnarson (who i ran with up to 66 miles) came close to being hit by a lightning strike. We heard later that a runner got hit by part of a tree that was blown down. Also some of the trails became raging torrents of muddy water.

The course follows some really great trails, some had hardly seemed to have been used before (a bone of contention for some!!). Adding to the beauty were the flora which was in bloom. We passed Rhododendrons and Azaleas that tumbled over onto the trail. There was also much fauna to see such as Box (?) Turtles and Deer.

The second major factor was the Rocks, what can I say but there were lot's of them! The trails were narrow and very rugged in many places particularly in the second half of the course (refer later tips on Shoes). During the Short Mountain section, which I was very lucky to get through in daylight (refer later tips on Night Running), I saw a Black Bear, fortunately for me he wasn't too impressed and decided to take off in the opposite direction.

During the last third of the course and in the dark for me we ran through a recent forest fire, by recent I mean it had just been put out!!. Well actually most of it had been put out as we found out. It was an eerie feeling running through shadowy black trees with smoke still billowing into the darkness from the occasional tree trunk still smoldering.

Have a Plan

Well actually have more than one! I had a schedule that was worked out from the top 5 runners in the previous years event although I had to modify it due to the humid weather conditions. I also planned my drop bags considering that I had a crew (my partner Kate). You need to stick to your plan(s) as much as you can although be flexible enough to modify it to suit the conditions and your form on the day.

Drop Bags

Make sure your drop bag is watertight as this year many bags got wet. This is not the fault of the Aid station as they have limited space and equipment and have enough trouble keeping themselves dry.

1. A rainjacket should be available during the day from 11:00am to 3:00pm as it does sometimes get stormy and we had hail this year.
2. Although I don't usually change shoes or socks, some people do like to do this. The trail can get really wet and muddy so a clean pair of socks is the least you should have prepared in a bag.
3. Of course picking up a flashlight prior to darkness which for most is the aid prior to short mountain. I switched on my light at about 8:30pm. Some (myself included) also carry a small spare, just in case! Instead of leaving spare batteries in a drop bag it is much easier to leave a fresh flashlight as changing batteries or bulbs at night in an exhausted state is not fun!!
4. A long sleeve thermal top is a good idea which you may want to pick up prior to 10:00pm when it starts to cool down. This years event stayed warm until around 4:00am but this is not always the case.

Crew & Pacer

Obviously a crew and pacer is the ideal. The MMT organisers specify various rules about pacers and supply instructions for the crew on which and how to get the aid.

My partner Kate who gets the thankless job of crewing for me said the road directions were good and there were also signs to the aid stations although expect to overshoot a couple of turns. For the runner the course is sufficiently marked that you don't require a pacer although during your "down" periods or particularly at night a companion is a distinct advantage. I ran without and had no paticular problems.

Night Running

Some people like to train in the dark by doing a few night runs prior to the event although I don't believe this is necessary. The MMT course is particularly treacherous during the later 3rd so make sure you allow additional time. I didn't get to run much due to the single twisty track and of course the infamous rocks. I carried two handheld flashlights although I ended up using only one that had a wide beam as the narrow beam didn't offer enough coverage for the twisty path. Ideally I think a headlamp would be best for this race. Remember much of the course has a dense tree canopy so you get little light from the sky, it basically gets pretty damn dark....

Water

Make sure you have enough of it! Make the most of the ice cold streams, what I found useful is ducking my head and also wetting my shirt (although be careful about shafing). If you wear a cap then put a few cubes in at the aid if it is available.

What to wear

Due to the tree cover I found that a cap was unnecessary. I found my T-shirt a little heavy when it got wet, a light sleeveless would have been ideal, there is little direct sunlight so not much chance of getting sunburnt. In the night section I carried a long sleeve thermal wrapped around my waist although never really needed it. I also had available and used during the storms a rainjacket.

Shoes

I was happy with my choice of Montrail Vitesse due to the rugged terrain, some additional grip may have

been an advantage.

Food

Some of the later aid stations had choices for vegetarians such as Potatoe, Miso and Rice soup (yummy) as well as the usual noodle soup and fruit etc. Most of the time I found it difficult to eat solid food due to the hot and humid conditions so I also drank 3 cans of energy drink (Balance/Boost) and consumed a plentiful supply of salt tabs (Succeed) due to the humidity. I also carried with me Cliff Bars and dried fruit for those long stretches between aid. I am afraid to say the pre-race pasta was really disappointing from a veggi point of view, so eat in town if you like a good meal.

Odds and Ends

Make sure you check out the vibrant flora and the abundant wildlife. Also be wary of TICS, I had to remove 4 in the first 6 hours plus two after the race while in the shower. Check the backs of your legs, under your socks and in your crutch!

Race Organisation

I was very impressed with the low key but efficient organisation. The course was well marked, aid stations well stocked (although not always manned by runners so don't expect to be spoon fed like at Western!), results were up in a flash the web-site extremely informative and updated regularly. Good job Ed and your volunteers. Also book early for you accomodation at the Ranch as it's great to be able to step over to your cabin/RV pre and post race.

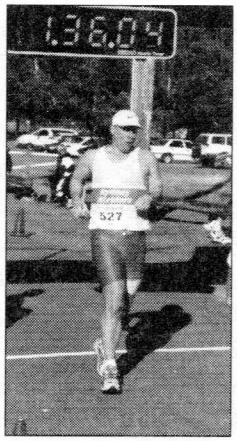
That's about it other than to say it was a fabulous trail and I would recommend this event to anyone who likes REAL mountain running as I enjoyed it tremendously.

Statistics

128 Starters, 61 finishers
Top Ten:
1 Torrence, Ian 27 Boulder City, NV 20:14:23
2 Ricklefs, Chad 32 Boulder, CO 20:36:15
3 Worswick, Jonathan 37 Solana Beach, CA 21:16:17--1st Int'l
4 Gunnarsson, Patrik 35 CA 22:31:10
5 Eppelman, Scott 33 Coppell, TX 22:48:54
6 Johnston, Sue 34 F Waterford, VT 26:12:40-1st F
7 Evans, Russ 40 Reston, VA 27:37:43--1st VHTRC Male
8 Sandt, Evan 30 Lancaster, PA 27:40:00
9 Lieb, David 40 Frederick, MD 27:58:58
10 Finnemore, Wesley 37 Boston, MA 28:23:28

Jonathan Worswick

10 K Series



I'll be in Detroit on holiday (yes we holiday in the Motor City) on the day of our next race so this column only covers the first five events of the 10 Km Race Series. We are averaging 75 Striders entries and 53 non-member entries for each race. These numbers represent a 20% increase for Striders and 5% increase for non-members. Nearly half the members of our club have participated in at least one race.

Outright Competition Update

Again this year the Runners Shop is providing a $100 gift vouchers for the outright leaders at the half waypoint of the 10 Km Race Series. The women's leader board is very competitive with several new faces at the top of the standings. Marie O'Connell has earned the top spot with five strong runs.

Name	1	2	3	4	5	T	P
Marie O'Connell	14	18	17	20	21	90	1
Nicole Frykberg	19		19	22	19	79	2
Jenny Wickham	20	21			22	63	3
Joanne Cowan	22	19	22			63	3
Debbie Richards	10	13	14		15	52	5

The leaders on the men's outright competition are will be more familiar to those that follow the 10 Km series. Chris Truscott with two first and two second position finishes is threatening to run away with this years men's competition.

Name	1	2	3	4	5	T	P
Chris Truscott	21	22		21	22	86	1
Bernard Fortune	15	17	17	15	13	64	2
John Young	22	19		22		63	3
Peter Truscott	20	18	2	19		59	4
Ross Sinclair	13	16		11	17	57	5

Although the outright leaders for both divisions are Strider members the outright competition is open to all 10 KM Race Series participants. Remember that with the best 8 results from the 10 runs used to determine the final leaders there is plenty of time for several runners to make a run at the current leaders. For our new members the outright competition is based solely on finishing position. The top finisher is awarded 22 points; the next finisher receives 21 points. All entries receive 2 points.

Handicap Competition

At this time the handicap competition is wide open with 10 competitors separated by only a few points. Like the outright competition the handicap leaders are awarded points. The points are awarded based on their result against a personal target established from previous race results. This competition is only open to Strider members. Like the outright competition, only the best 8 runs are used to determine the top positions at the end of the year.

Name	1	2	3	4	5	T	P
Brian O'Dea	2	19	8	16	4	49	1
Richard Fyrkberg	2		20	22	2	46	2
Jean Schappler	2		21	21		44	3
Paul Jackson	2	21		2	19	44	3
Jurg Kunzle	12	7	13		9	41	5
Marie O'Connell	2	17	2	18	2	41	5
Marlene Taylor	2		2	19	18	41	5
Gerard Frahill		22	18			40	8
John Van Yzendoorn	2	18		14	6	40	8
Tom Burnell	2		2	13	21	38	10

Charity Event

We have decided to make our last run of the season on Saturday 4 November a charity event. All race entries will be $10. A $5 donation to the Achilles Running Club Sydney will be made for each race entry. For those unfamiliar with the Achilles Running Club its mission is "To enable people from all walks of life, including those with physical impairments, to enjoy the health giving benefits of walking and running in a supportive, social and encouraging environment." Please make sure you join us in November for a good run and help us support the Achilles runners.

Mike Hansen

Mike's report was obviously written before race 6 in July. The following tables show the standing after race 6.

10 K Handicap Position 2000

Name	Domain North Head	Lane Cove	Domain	North Head	Domain	Total	Position
	R1	R2	R3	R4	R5	R6		
Richard Fyrkberg	2		20	22	2	19	65	1
John Van Yzendoorn	2	18		14	6	20	60	2
Brian O'Dea	2	19	8	16	4	7	56	3
Jurg Kunzle	12	7	13		9	10	51	4
Paul Jackson	2	21		2	19	2	46	5
Charles King	2	2	2	10	13	16	45	6
Jean Schappler	2		21	21			44	7
Marie O'Connell	2	17	2	18	2	2	43	8
Marlene Taylor	2		2	19	18	2	43	8
Gerard Frahill		22	18				40	10
Tom Burnell	2		2	13	21	2	40	10
Nicole Frykberg	2		15	12	2	6	37	12
Darren Goodsir	2	2	2	11		17	34	13
Benny Gauci	21	10			2		33	14
Sean Greenhill			17		16		33	14
Scott Trevethan	18	13					31	16
Tony Saunders		2	11	2	14	2	31	16
George Herisson	2	3	19	2	2	2	30	18
Greg Mackay		2	2	4	2	18	28	19
A York	15	11					26	20
John Sparks				2	22	2	26	20
Leon Walker	2	4			20		26	20
John Olsen		2	16	7			25	23
Felix Carlyle	2					22	24	24
Steve Ball	14	6	2			2	24	24
Tim Ashby			2		7	15	24	24
Andrew Bryan				2		21	23	27
Barry Rutter	7	2	9		2	2	22	28
Christian Sellears	2	20					22	28
Ferdi Nell	22						22	28
Gary Aitkenhead	2	2	10	2	2	4	22	28
John Boakes			22				22	28
John Hamilton	2	2	2	6	2	8	22	28
Jonathon Gliksten	8	14					22	28
Bernard Fortune	13	2	2	2	2		21	34
David Ritchie		2	2	2	2	13	21	34
Greg Donovan		12	7		2		21	34
Heiko Schaefer			2		17	2	21	34
Peter Truscott	10	2	2	5		2	21	34
Chris Truscott	2	2		2	2	12	20	40
Denise Carney	20						20	40
Tony Hatch				20			20	40

Personal Profile

Mister MTG and Super Series himself is Andrew's victim for this profile

Kevin O'Kane – Retiring Marathon Training Group leader.

PBs 10km 40:22 1988 (38:13 before joining Striders)
City Surf 57:25 1987
Half 1:29:00 1987 Striders internal half
Marathon 3:14:38 1985 Australian marathon

How and when did you get involved with the Sydney Striders and running?

My squash partner, Ian Whitfield, and I ran in the first Striders Half then saw Striders around at other races so joined.

What was the inspiration for starting the Marathon Training Group in 1995?

I hadn't run a marathon for umpteen years and wanted to have something to aim for and I was sick of running by myself. I thought there might be other people who wanted the same and to run STaRs slowly – not at race pace.

Do you think we lost many new members from some 6:00 runners going too fast?

Always. Every week somebody would get dropped off the back of the 6:00 group, storm off in their car and we'd never hear from them again.

You passed on the baton as MTG leader. Will you have a rest from running or try to fulfill some further running goals?

I won't stop, I'll try not to get slower. I'll go for 3:30 in next year's Canberra Marathon when it's cool and there are no hills in the last 5kms.

You were hoping for 3:25 in the Sydney Marathon and ran 3:40 – what happened ?

I thought 3:25 was realistic without the heat. I'm an awful heat runner. 3:40 was precisely what time I thought I could do just before I started. I backed off because of the heat so I could finish.

You were aiming for just 10mins slower than your PB of 15 years ago...

I could have done 3:05 if I had run the marathon better in 1985. I didn't get the pace right which was disappointing because I was trying to break Ian Whitfield's PB, which was and is one minute faster. This time I had lost 13 kilos, from 82kg to 69kg, between January and the marathon – the lightest I've ever been at the start of a marathon.

How did you lose the weight ?

I lost the weight by increasing training, cutting out the wine every night (painful), skipping lunch and junk food.

When did your rival Ian Whitfield stop running and did you lose interest in running afterwards?

He stopped in the early 90s, he never recovered from the Sydney – Griffith charity fundraiser for which he was undertrained and continued running on a knee injury. I lost enthusiasm for marathons after running ridiculous mileage and five marathons in 1987. I then didn't run a marathon from 1987 to 1995.

Have you considered breaking in a new rival?

I'm working on Graham Willis. I've carved a big 'X' on his back (and he on me). He beats me more than I beat him... but then so did Whitfield.

How were the Marathon Training Group at keeping to their training schedule?

It tended to work only when they have a particular aim. You need to pick a new goal or they won't do it. The numbers at 6:00 have dropped from seventy to twelve since the Sydney Marathon. After a couple of

months rest we want to see them back - interested and focussed.

Will the MTG runners keep running marathons or were some aiming to do Sydney 2000 and no more?

The challenge will be to get them back and give them another goal as the Sydney Marathon course was a once-off. Some won't come back.

Steve Cornelius described the MTG as a 'benevolent dictatorship'. Is this fair and accurate?

Both fair and accurate. It's too difficult to run if you don't run it as a dictator.

Are there any 'star pupils' that the MTG has nursed onto greater things?

Breeda Kelly; Mike Hansen has become quite a handy runner from not much experience. Marie O'Connell has done well and was the star this year with a 3:16 marathon and a decent half. Michael Logue could be very good if he did more training but has too many other interests. He did 84m for the Sydney Half on very little training.

How many MTG runners did better than target/ expected in the Sydney marathon?

I estimated their times and most ran pretty close, some a bit slower because of the heat. Most were pretty happy. One or two could have gone faster. Most ran conservatively which was good for the conditions, those who went out hard paid for it.

What speed range does the MTG cater for?

3h16m to 5h12m for the marathon, 84m to 130m for the Half.

Do they manage to stay together in a training run?

The Thursday night session splits into two groups. At the STaR they split into four groups. They know the people they should be running with. I try to get them to keep in groups so no-one gets stranded. I am at the back to sweep up those who get dropped off. Faster runners staying with slower runners is one of the objectives of the group. The newsletter lets everyone know who everyone else is and keeps them in touch.

Does the MTG do any speed sessions/fartlek?

We couldn't get together often enough so it has to be done on your own or with another runner. I recommended one session of 400m intervals and one threshold workout per week.

The MTG had some large turnouts. How did you ensure road safety?

I warned them about dangerous parts of a run and split them into smaller groups.

Is it good to plan to run a race with another runner or should you aim to run your own pace?

Run your own race. Even if you are the same pace, the other runner may have an off day.

You have been quoted on the excessive speed of StaRs relative to race marathons – what pace should a STaR be run at?

1 minute to 1 ½ minutes slower than race pace. So a 3:30 to 4 hour runner should be taking 3 hours.

Should Striders be running 30km StaRs if not in training for a marathon or ultra?

It's good background. If only doing 10km races, 30km is a bit far.

Have you got a favourite event?

The City to Surf. I know some Striders don't like it. I like thousands of people around to get me going. It's a distance I can go flat out without worry.

What individual race have you most enjoyed?

The Terrigal to Gosford 11km fun run when I ran 40/41 minutes which was my fastest pace ever. I beat one fellow I'd been trying to beat for years, and never beat again, getting 30 metres on him at the end.

Does the MTG coordinator have to sacrifice all personal running ambitions for the year?

No. I do my fast training runs on my own and in races go hard enough.

Has any Strider been particularly helpful in helping with the MTG?

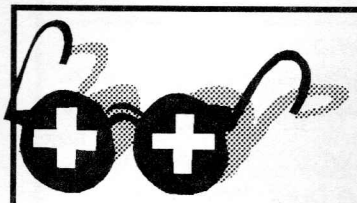
Bronwyn Wassell, Brad Renshaw, Michael Bailey...dozens of others.

What personal rewards do you feel you have got from organizing the MTG?

Watching other people achieve their potential and getting the best out of themselves on the day.

Andrew Smith

AWARDS 99/00



WHITE CANE AWARD *for services to traffic safety*

For most of this year, the Mr. Magoos of the Group have been surprisingly under control. Certainly, as usual, they have been trying all their favourite tricks - waiting until they are facing a red light before crossing, running in the gutter with three lanes of traffic behind, darting in and out of moving traffic etc. You have to expect this from experienced dodgers like Ted Brailey and Michael Bailey. Then there is Benny Gauci, who once was run over by a bus during a race, then got up and finished. Since the Marathon, she has had a close encounter with a car, causing a scream or two from onlookers. But it didn't actually hit her, which is not really good enough by her standards.

However, it must have been my warning that this award would not be awarded posthumously that reined them in. It seemed that no-one had encountered a moving vehicle with enough force to put them out of the Marathon. Well, almost no-one.

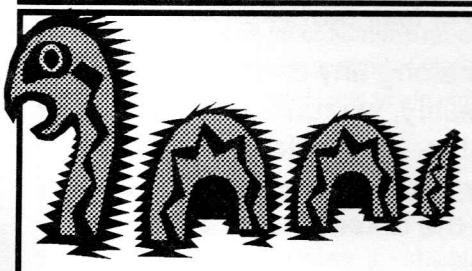
Our winner was able to stand up (or is it fall down) and be counted, at least until her foot was run over and broken by the bike whose wheel she had put it under, only a few weeks before the Marathon. From out of left field , the winner is **Cathy Baker**

FRAN DRESCHER AWARD *for understated good taste*

Runners are not generally known for sartorial elegance. Look around you at any race. In all truth, not everyone in the Group is known for colour matched style and taste [any correspondence about the sickly pink and purple-blue outfit I won at the Bilpin run a few years ago will be ignored].

However, there was no really garish example to earn this award (last won by Bill Blecha's red legionnaire hat, which was unfortunately not colour fast when wet) this year. However, all was saved at the End of Group Dinner. In among the often unrecognised well dressed runners (I'd like a dollar for every time I heard - or said - "I didn't recognise you with your clothes on", and in truth, I actually didn't in a couple of cases) was one shining (literally) example.

The winner turned up with a wonderfully ill-matched outfit of dark red/blue and purple, with a red bow-tie and running shoes. However, in true Club tradition, he had on his Striders singlet. The winner is **George Herisson**



MAD AS A CUT SNAKE AWARD *if brains were dynamite, they wouldn't blow your hat off*

I almost didn't get to give this award this year, as sanity seemed to overcome the usual madness one or more runners might show. Breeda Kelly and Brian Grant really earned their accolades in the past. And I've always felt guilty that Pete Baker missed out to an even madder Brian. That year, Pete broke his ankle in the bush, and was told that he could not run again for 5 weeks. So he didn't, and his first run 5 weeks later was the Honolulu Marathon! So I'm very happy that this year at least the family earned the award. I omitted to mention that, after breaking her foot, **Cathy Baker** ran the Marathon anyway. Madness! Well done.

Disclaimer *I give no guarantee a to the truth of anything in these Awards. Information based on observation and what your "friends" say. Remember the Irish (and MTG) motto "Never let the truth get in the way of a good story"*

THANKS FOR NOTHING AWARD

With friends like these.....well, you know, who needs.....

Many aspects of running are all about timing. Your training, your tapering, your running efficiency etc. The winner of this award had her timing just right, on one of the few occasions when she was able to come to our Sunday runs. Cruising through the bush heading for Buffalo Creek, she managed to wind back a ten foot palm frond to the maximum before letting it go, so that it struck Dawn Shaw at maximum velocity, smack across the bridge of the nose. Perfect timing from **Mary Stringer**

"HOW DO YOU FEEL" AWARD

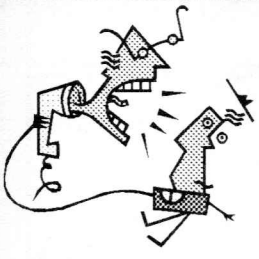
For the most expressive body language during the Marathon- "if it hurts, show it"

While most runners experience some degree of discomfort in the later stages of a marathon, particularly a hot one on a hilly course, most of us either manage to keep it to ourselves, or to look only mildly uncomfortable around that last lap. Some of our runners would have had a funeral director rubbing the hands in anticipation. Dawn Shaw had her usual look of utter desolation, while perhaps Ross Betts (of Forster) should have run more than one STaR with the Group.

The winner, however, had a unique way of showing the joy expected when the agony is about to end. All the way around the lap of the Stadium, alternately, smile, grimace, smile, grimace etc. etc. And when she heard the Group's encouragement in the back straight, she replied "It hurts, it hurts" [smile, grimace]. Little wonder that she summarised her impression of the marathon afterwards "Pain Pain Pain". **Pascaline Legros**

HIGH AS A KITE AWARD *For those who still haven't come down to earth*

With so many enthusiastic first time marathoners, a well as born again veterans making up the Group, there was no shortage of excitement before and after the Marathon. One runner, however, kept up the smiles all through the event, even, by all accounts, ON THE HILLS. I hope that this doesn't mean that sanity has deserted the winner of this award permanently. Keep smiling, anyway. **Yvonne Sobolewski**



YAKKETY YAK AWARD

For those intoxicated by the exuberance of their own verbosity

Do we reward volume? As anyone who lives along any of the streets we pass at 6.00 a.m. on Sunday mornings can testify, we runners are not a quiet and retiring lot. Runners who in their other life would never dream of raising their voices can be heard to bellow, six feet from some sleeping beauty after a night out "Which way do we go?", totally ignoring the detailed directions in their hand.

Or do we reward consistency - the ability to keep talking, rain, hail or shine, without the need for subject matter, just to make sure that no nook or cranny of the run is filled with silence?

This year, I've decided to reward multi-skilling, of the type popularised in the movie "Titanic", where the band continued to play as the ship descends. The winner of the award showed her talents in the Six Foot Track, managing to run, descend extraordinarily steep and slippery steps, turn around to talk and fall heavily onto her sitting machinery, all without missing a syllable of her story. Who else but **Carol Taylor**

ANNUAL REPORT

SYDNEY STRIDERS ROAD RUNNERS CLUB INC

31ST MARCH 2000

This year the Club completed one of its most successful years since being founded . Participation in the Club's activities has been at an all time high, membership is at record levels and the financial position is sound.

- The introduction of the Super Series has encouraged members to turn out in large numbers in their Sydney Strider uniforms at a variety of running events.
- the Marathon Training Group has provided a unique opportunity for over 100 members to prepare as a cohesive group for the challenge of completing a marathon
- membership is at an all time high with 425 members (322 financial) as at 31 March.(361 in 1998 with 297 financial)
- finances are in a sound position with the operating deficits of recent years turned around. An operating surplus of $4036 was recorded.
- the 10K Series has been highly successful and professionally conducted
- the STaRs have continued to be most popular with record attendances .the STAR map project has made steady progress in updating and standardising our maps and the quality of the after run breakfasts provided by the Hosts has been exceptional
- Our uniforms have been improved by the introduction of a new fabric for singlets and the shorts have an external pocket. Steps were also taken to overcome the fading problem of the shorts.
- The WEB Site is extemely busy and the Email LiSSt is proving very popular for a variety of reasons. The high standard of the Blister has been maintained.
- The general office administration has been improved with an effective method of responding to the various requests and contacts made with the Club at no cost to members.
- The enthusiastic groups which make up the Striders in Training continue to operate at their various locations providing a valuable meeting point for groups of friends within Striders and ideal opportunities for new members to meet other Striders in groups smaller than the Sunday STaRs.
- Our social functions have been well organised, have provided value for money and have had record attendances.

There is little doubt that the cause of this success is the great attitude of members in general. Without a keen and enthusiastic membership nothing can succeed no matter how much effort goes into setting up an activity. Keen membership is followed by an active and professional committee.

The current committee, which is run along activity lines with each committee member being responsible for one or two activities has presided over records in just about every aspect of the Club.

Kevin O'Kane has done an outstanding job with the **Marathon Training Group (MTG) and the Super Series.** The amount of time energy and effort plus personal support for many individuals with training advice and information on injury treatment contributed by Kevin is awesome. 67 MTG members finished the Host City Marathon and whilst all are to be congratulated for finishing some individuals recorded outstanding times for their first marathon.

At last years AGM the Club failed to elect a Treasurer. We were very fortunate however to have Charles King agree to take on one of the most important jobs in any organisation. Not only did he have to come to grips with the Club's computer records he agreed to re-organise the accounting system into activity based categories so we can see exactly where our income and expenses originate. **Financial reports are attached.**

The 10K Series continues to be one of the most challenging activities undertaken by the Club. It is resource demanding and is becoming more and more difficult to organise because of the demands made by the various authorities who control the venues. It is open to the public and consequently requires a high degree of organisation and must provide value for money. Mike Hansen did an extremely good job during 1999 and agreed to do the job of Series Director again in 2000. Not only do we get his services but those of his wife Judy and his two children. Average attendances at races in 1999 were 112 (92 in 1998). Revenue for 1999 amounted to $7147.00 ($5906.00 in 1998).

The 10K Series could not be held without the continuing support of all members. Those making a special contribution in 1999 include Mahmoud El-Khansa who looked after all of the gear , Jo Cowan for making sure the results were in the paper, Ray Potter for doing the results, Elizabeth Edmonds

and Bronwyn Wassell for handling registrations,
Brad Renshaw & Richard Wassell for time keeping,
Stephen Jackson for marking and measuring the courses & Jonathan Trope for looking after drinks . Many thanks also to Dave Ritchie and his wife Helen, Tina Campbell, Pauline Flannagan , Nick Adams , Dave Dornbrack and the many other individuals who help out on a frequent basis.

On numerous occasion up to 100 runners have attended **STaRs**. This places huge demands on the STaR Hosts and also brings into focus the very essence of running in groups which is the Club's basic training philosophy. We can only continue to emphasise courtesy and safety issues and the need to do the right thing by running in the right group at the correct time. As the Club grows it might well mean that some formal process is introduced to ensure that the essential aspects of our STaRs are sufficiently preserved . This will ensure that runners of all standards get the full benefit of doing their long training runs with runners of similar standard.

Kevin Tiller has introduced a new level of expertise in preparing the **STaR maps** and is progressing steadily in updating every course in conjunction with the STaR Hosts. In due course we will have an up to date library of maps.Kevin has introduced experimental double sided maps for some courses which has made it much easier to read street names etc. Improvements in this area will continue .Maps are generally available on the WEB Site prior to the STaR.

A special thanks to all of our STaR Hosts. The standard of the breakfasts is great .Marking of the courses has also improved out of sight. The Club extends its sincere thanks to each and every one of you and also your partners who have to contend with the not inconsiderable amount of work which has to be done to conduct a successful STaR.

Our **Calendar Manager** for the past two years, Jo Cowan has organised our STaR program without fuss or bother .It is not an easy task and demands lots of discipline to make sure the Calendar is produced and distributed on time.

Gavin Morisset has had a very busy year with the **Club's uniforms.** He has been most efficient in arranging the quarterly uniform orders and distribution. Improvements have been made which make the latest version as good as any commercial garments. The external pocket on the shorts has been popular and the fabric in the latest batch of singlets feels and looks terrific. Steps have been taken to overcome the fading problem of the shorts and in future that should not be a problem. A special T-shirt or similar garment will be produced in 2000 to mark the Club's 20th anniversary.

Communication within the Club continues to be a challenge. The Email LiSSt is by far the easiest and cheapest way to send messages. We would encourage any one who uses Email but who is not on the LiSSt to enrol. Correct usage of the LiSSt has improved considerably over recent times. The WEB Site is ever so popular and helps attract new members. Many thanks to Kevin Tiller and Richard Wassell for their terrific efforts.
The Blister Man, Nick Themsen has done a great job in making sure we get our Blister every quarter. I know many members who when they receive their copy do not put it down until they have read it from cover to cover. Well done Nick and many thanks for your contribution.

Nick Adams has organised our **award presentation functions** with a great deal of skill. We have had record numbers at each function which have been run better than budget. The Outstanding Achievement Awards dinner held in March was a terrific success with our guest speaker Nick Gleeson giving everyone something to think about. The Awards Brunch in December had the biggest turn out in years. Many thanks to all those generous members who donated a bottle or two of wine for the raffle.
Committee meeting minutes have been faithfully recorded for the last couple of years by Carol Taylor. Although committee meetings sometimes ramble Carol has always managed to keep us on track and remind us later of the things we should have done. Many thanks Carol for your support.

Fred and Lainie Howe of the **Runners Shop** have continued to give very valuable financial support to the 10K Series for which we are very grateful. Fred & Lainie also provide members with valuable discounts on any shoes or gear purchased from the Runners Shop.
The Club was very well represented by 32 members at the **Inter Club Challenge** held at the Mt Annan Botanic Gardens. This was a well organised event with a picnic and sausage sizzle after the run. We are looking forward to a much better turnout in 2000.
To summarise our 20th year it is probable sufficient to say that the Club has had a vintage year. We have been highly visible at all of the main events and have assisted many individuals to achieve personal goals and achieve better levels of fitness. The Sydney Striders style of running continues to attract new members and provide a special place to make lasting friendships and improve our quality of life.

Jim Screen
President

Sydney Striders

Treasurers Report 99/00

Please find following a copy of the Balance Sheet as at 31st March 2000 and Profit & Loss Statement for the 12 months ended 31. March 2000.

Financially the year has been a good one for the Club.

The Club recorded a surplus of $4,036 for the 12 months ended 31. March 2000. This result compares favorably with the $3,106 deficit recorded for the previous year.

In relation to the balance sheet, as at 31. March 2000 the Club had $15,468 in the bank –($10,000 on Interest Bearing Deposit). This compares favorably to the position as at 31. March 1999 of $11,958.

During the year we commenced the recording of Club costs on an activity basis. Doing so allowed us to better understand the cost drivers impacting the Club, to better manage the finances of the Club. As a result a Profit $ Loss comparison with 1999 is difficult.

Despite this it is important to note that revenues for the period ended 31/3/00 were $23,014 compared to $21,034 last year.

With regard to expenses, for the period ended 31/3/00 total expenses were $18,978 compared to $24,141 last year.

With regard to GST, there is no obligation for the Club to register – given our non-profit status and turnover below the threshold. Despite this we examined the pro and cons of GST registration and concluded that registration conferred no advantage to the Club.

It is important to note that the GST, which will impact Club cossts, may result in an increase in membership fees.

With regard to next year we anticipate the Club will record a surplus. The size of the surplus will be a function of member retenition and the rate of movement for Blister, Calender, Notices (et al) – from a paper based dissemination to electronic.

Charles King.

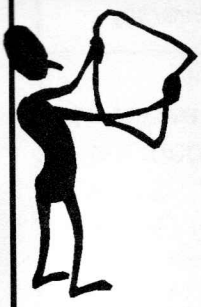
Balance Sheet as at 31. March

	31/03/00	31/03/99
Current assets		
Cash at bank	5,468	12,139
Interest bearing deposits	10,000	
Stock on hand (at cost)	5,105	5,597
Prepaid venue fees	700	200
Total assets	**22,023**	**17,936**
Current liabilities		
Members fees – this year	10,100	10,400
Members fees – next year	350	0
Total liabilities	**10,450**	**10,400**
Net assets	**$11,573**	**$7,536**
Members equity		
Opening balance	7,536	10,642
Surplus/(deficit)	4,037	(3,106)
Net assets	**$11,573**	**$7,536**

Profit & Loss Statement

01/04/99 Through 31/03/00 (in $s)

Category Description	01/04/99-31/03/'00	
INCOME		
Income:		
10 KM Series	6,688.95	
Interest Rec.	4.07	
Membership	15,112.00	
STaR Net Procs.	1,209.45	
TOTAL Income		23,014.47
TOTAL INCOME		23,014.47
EXPENSES		
Expenses:		
10km flyers	120.00	
10km other	779.90	
10km prizes	3,000.00	
10km stop watch	463.00	
10km venue fees	1,140.00	
Awards Brunch	1,255.60	
Bank Charges	1,118.03	
Blister - post	824.35	
Blister - print	2,830.00	
Blister-dist'n	123.33	
Calendars-Post	681.00	
Calender-Dist'n	277.45	
Calender-print	597.55	
Donations	880.00	
Gen admin phone	48.45	
Gen admin post	885.17	
Gen admin print	371.89	
Insurance	428.67	
Lodgement Fees	55.00	
Loss on gear	-1,211.15	
M'thon Train Gp	847.65	
Meetings	1,133.00	
Notices - post	458.00	
Notices -dist'n	112.86	
Notices-print	443.00	
S'Series Prizes	150.00	
Subscriptions	130.00	
Sundry Equipt.	240.00	
Sundry Expenses	351.00	
Web	444.00	
TOTAL Expenses		18,977.75
TOTAL EXPENSES		18,977.75
TOTAL INCOME - EXPENSES		4,036.72



BURKE AND WILLS AWARD *For navigationally challenged wanderers*

For non-natives, Burke and Wills were two nineteenth century Australian explorers whose main claim to fame is that they became utterly lost deep in the outback, and ultimately starved to death. Their spirit lives on in our Group.

This Award is always keenly contested, as few Striders ever have much of an idea where they are, let alone where they've been, or where they're going. Because of the high standard of navigational illiterates, I'm also awarding certificates this year to the two runners up, as well as the winners.

Runner up #1 - **Jurg Kunzle** was nearing the end of the Western Wanderer. After carefully studying the map, showing a right turn, with another turn after 100 metres, Jurg of course turned left and kept going for about 40 minutes. He and his victim Pascaline were rescued by car somewhere around 10.00 a.m.

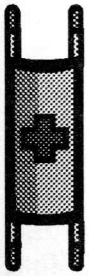
Runner up #2 - **Pat Morris**, at the Cherrybrook run, also nearing the end, asked me for directions. After being told 50 metres before the corner that all she had to do was turn right, she promptly turned left, taking Dawn Shaw with her.

The Winner really deserved his award. Ignoring what the map said, and the runners ahead whom he'd seen turning, this runner, leading a group of blindly faithful runners, worked out that he could divert to the next corner, and get back on course. The next corner came and went, as this runner led his followers across a railway line, past an oil refinery, and for several kilometres towards the airport, all the time getting further and further off course. Finally, the light dawned, just before he crossed the tarmac. A straight line was the only way back - straight across the Lakes Golf Course, where the Greg Norman Classic was being played out, through the Hospitality Tent, avoiding soaring golf balls as they went. "We're almost there", he claimed, as the new runner (never seen again) climbed into the taxi. Pat and Dawn, of Cherrybrook fame, believed him, and followed all the way back, arriving exhausted and not all that happy, particularly as Pat was due to start work at about the time they returned. He is, of course,

Michael Bailey

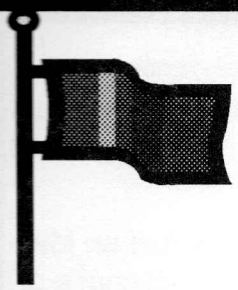
GALLOPING GOURMET AWARD *Where diet is a little different*

The question of diet is a personal one. We all have our own thoughts on nutrition, and whether or not our performance might be helped or hindered by our oral intake. The winner of this award certainly tried something outside the mainstream. While running the dreaded Equaliser one dark morning, he felt something big and crunchy enter his gasping mouth before heading downstairs. After half an hour or so, he began to feel more than a little unwell. A convulsive heave or two later, and what should appear but a large, hairy and rather unhappy spider. **Graham Willis** doesn't recommend it.



BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS AWARD *Those who pay a higher price*

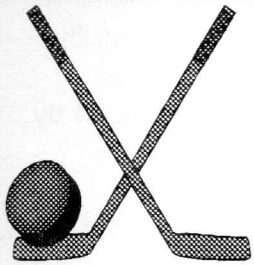
It's a pretty good effort if you stay on your feet in a marathon. You might think that you'd have a chance for this award if you fell in the last kilometre of the Marathon, then climbed back up, wiped off the blood and battled to the finish. Unfortunately for the runner-up, Tracey Love, this has been done before, and with half a dozen photographers around to record the gore. The winner of this year's award started much earlier on Marathon day. While trying to get a vehicle into a secure parking area, our winner had to get out of the car to see why the large wooden boom was stuck in the "up" position. Naturally, as soon as he positioned his head under it, the boom lowered. Unfortunately the boom splintered into a hundred pieces. Fortunately, his head is made of harder stuff. The hard headed winner is **Mike Hansen**



UNITED NATIONS AWARD

For services to cultural diversity

Striders in general, and members of the Marathon Training Group in particular, come from many areas of the globe. The winner of this award has an overseas background himself, from a not so large nation. No doubt his own origins are occasionally attributed to another larger neighbour. So he should have known better than to refer to the Maltese terror, Benny Gauci, as "that Spanish girl". A braver man than I is **George Herisson**.

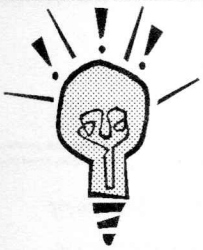


WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU THINKING AWARD

For those for whom common sense is decidedly uncommon

This award is named after the first question asked by American talkshow host Jay Leno, when speaking to Hugh Grant after the ..... incident with a woman known as Divine. The winner of this award had long sought the holy grail of a sub 4 marathon. In the last two years, his attempts have resulted in frustration and injury. This time, he left nothing to chance. Starting six months out, he hardly missed a training session, even organising mid-week long runs to give him the extra stamina for the run to the finish. Diet and time were managed carefully - unkind people might say obsessively - with just the one aim in mind. When the last long run has been put behind him, he starts to think about the fine tuning for his inevitable success. So what does Mr. Intelligence do? After a 100km plus week, he plays his first hockey game in many years, of course. Hobbling off with a suspected torn tendon likely to end his marathon before it started, he looked as if his world had crashed in. What the hell were you thinking,

Michael Bailey!



HOMER SIMPSON AWARD

The light's on, but there's no-one there

Sometimes you wonder if people have too much time on their hands. Even when Steve Cornelius is not here. The runner-up for this award read carefully through the pacing chart in a sequence 4.52,4.59, 5.05, 5.12. Overlooking the obvious assumption that these were minutes and seconds, he provided me with a detailed chart showing why my pace times were up the pole, thinking they were 4 point 52 minutes etc., so that there was no pace to run at between four and a half and five minute kilometres. Good one, Paul Lunsmann.

Another good effort came from Carol Taylor, who told me that the published time for her Half Marathon was wrong. It showed 130 minutes, when she'd actually run 2 hours 10 mins.

The winner, however, certainly earned this award. In my injury treatment guide, I'd gone into considerable detail over about a page spelling out the benefits of Rest, Ice, Compression and Elevation when treating joint injuries. This is shortened, as I said in the article, to R.I.C.E., after the four elements. After I said this, I then gave specific treatments for various injuries, often referring back to the use of R.I.C.E. as a treatment. The winner skipped the start of the guide, and went straight to the individual treatment section. She was heard to complain a week or so later that her ankle was improving, but she was getting sick of eating rice every day to fix it. Obviously a lateral thinker is

Pat Morris

FAKAWI AWARD

If there's a stuff-up, count me in

The winner of this award might not be a spectacular stuffer up. But if there's one going, she'll be in the thick of it. Week after week, she follows anyone willing to take a wrong turn, or make a wrong move. If there's a rogue group coming from the wrong direction, she's always there, following along. And she has no fewer than four other mentions in relation to other awards.

So steer well clear of

Dawn Shaw

Shoalhaven 46 K

Whilst most Sydney Striders were travelling to Woodford in the Blue Mountains to contest the Woodford- Glenbrook 25K, I was travelling down Nowra way for my second running of the Shoalhaven Ultrmarathon 46K, a longer extension of the well frequented King of the Mountain 32K which winds from Cambewarra (just outside Nowra) to picturesque Kangaroo Valley over roughly half tarmac and half fire trail style tracks.

Living legends

After staying up the night before to see Australia hammer Argentina in the Rugby Union, I ronted up this morning at Cambewarra to join a reduced field from last year- only about 14 started. Last year's top two, Trevor Jacobs and Peter Goonpan, weren't there but two living legends of Australian ultrarunning took their places- Kelvin Marshall and Paul Every did front up for what promised to be an intriguing battle for line honours. Another such legend, Peter Gray, had started at 7am, having been given a dispensation because of a gammy knee.

The weather was cool but not cold, cloudy but not overcast. Essentially, a perfect day for running. I stood on the start line next to Kelvin and Paul, and when the gun was fired at 8am these two took off. For about the first ten metres, I ran behind them- in third place, woo hoo!Then I settled down as the course wound through the waking streets of Cambewarra. A number of residents were standing in their front yards to clap us past. After a couple of minutes I settled in next to Nick Drayton, fellow UltraOz list member, who had run me down a few kilometres from the finish of this race last year. Very quickly we were at the back of the field, which felt very odd as the first four kilometres flashed by at 5 minutes per kilometre. The road started to roll and dip and climb, and we settled down to pass 10K in exactly 60 minutes.

A fabulous companion

It's funny how you can meet someone for the first time and within a few minutes be chatting away like brothers, because Nick and I were doing exacly that, nattering away about work life, family life, ultramarathoning life. Before today we'd run in the same race a few times and swapped a few emails, but that was all. We were still hovering precisely on 6 minutes/kilometre pace as twenty, then twenty five kilometres came and went. By now we had left the bitumen and set a course on fire road through the Morton National Park. Nick wasn't out to run himself into the ground either, so we walked a few steep climbs, and made up the time on the downhills. This course can be run the entire way- all the hills can be run- but we couldn't see the point in running ourselves out to do so. The race passed through rainforest type surroundings, then farmland, and, as we climbed higher on the escarpment, dry eucalypt forest. We passed Peter Gray, exchanged a few words, then kept on.

Nick was a fabulous running companion. No potential go get bored with him around, and he was setting a good pace for the pair of us. At around the 32K mark we emerged onto the long stretch of hilly bitumen that would take us right into Kangaroo Valley and the finish. At times we had spectacular views of the ranges of Morton National Park, still in some parts enveloped in fog as the clock approached lunch. In the foreground, we had trees, spinifex type scrub and a number of farms and properties. This road wasn't closed to traffic- cars came by not infrequently, and the drivers and passengers of every car- every single one- waved as they passed these two runners who had come a long way. Nick's muscular frame and my 190cm body must have looked an incongrous pair in an ultramarathon. At around 41K we passed the road where the King of the Mountain runners came down to join this main road. We didn't see any at that point, but the prospect of running down a few KOM runners who had gone 14K less in an hour shorter time perked us up considerably.

Finishing together

We reached the marathon mark, 42K, in around 4.15 (my second best time ever). Nick worked out that we still had a chance to finish in 4.36- precisely 6 minute kilometres the whole way- if we pushed hard over the final four Ks. At that point I couldn't believe how good I felt- as though I'd only been jogging for 20 minutes. I really didn't feel tired or sore, which was a great sign, but then Nick picked up the pace hard and I went with him. We passed a pair of KOM runners, raced to the top of the next hill (after debating at the bottom whether we'd walk it or not), hauled in two more KOM runners further down the road ("like stalking prey, isn't it?" said Nick), then reached the 45K mark and the turnoff to Kangaroo Valley in 4.30.

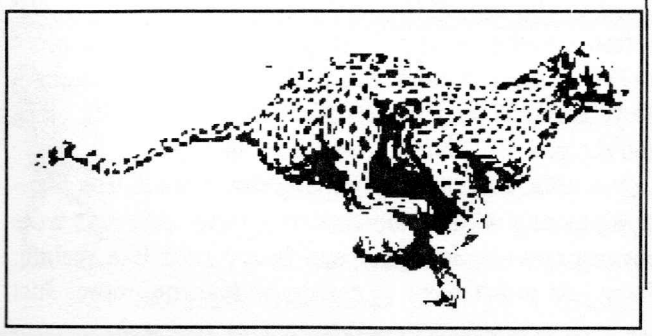
Nick was slowly pulling ahead, but I was managing to stay within a few metres of him. My legs were hurting now- a dull pain and heavy lead like feeling. They just didn't want to turn over fast any more. Just

hang on a couple more minutes, I thought, gritting my teeth as we ran through the town to the applause of pedestrians and passerby, then reached the last rise. Nick was bellowing at me to keep it up, and slowed a little for me as we turned left off the road into the Sportsgrounds and the finsih gate. We finished with arms round each others shoulders in 4.36.19 and feeling pretty good.

A Strider winner

I was delighted, actually- I had finished twenty minutes ahead of last year's time but with legs that flet fine (the soreness and heaviness vanished as soon as I stopped), as opposed to last year's race where I destroyed myself for about three weeks afterwards. I scoffed a Coke and chatted to Nick and Paul Every while we awaited the presentations in bright sunlight. Kelvin Marshall won in around 3.26, with Paul coming in second (three weeks after taking second in the Trailwalker 100K) in around 3.33. I caught up with Kelvin after the awards, just before he set off to drive back to Melbourne. "Get home around midnight tonight," he said (I suppose he's still going as I type) "and tomorrow I'll be nodding over the PC a bit, but the guys at the office are used to that." He was genuinely delighted with his win.

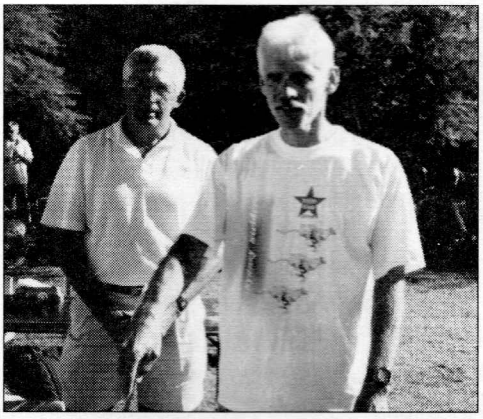
I like this run. It's potentially quite fast, and scenic, even from the road sections. Aid stations are not too frequent, so you have to carry your own stuff (unless you run as fast as Paul or Kelvin, who both ran without packs and relied on special drinks at the aid stations and the water those stations served up). I ate regularly throughout the run, mainly mars bars and potato chips (really healthy eating) and finished with a stable stomach, even after the hard running at the end. Quite a contrast to my vomiting episode at Glasshouse 50K 7 weeks ago after drinking lots of fluids and not eating a thing. I got a lot out of this race- confirmation of my ideas on eating on the run, and a great long hard training run. If you ever do it, a good choice of running companion can heighten the experience further.

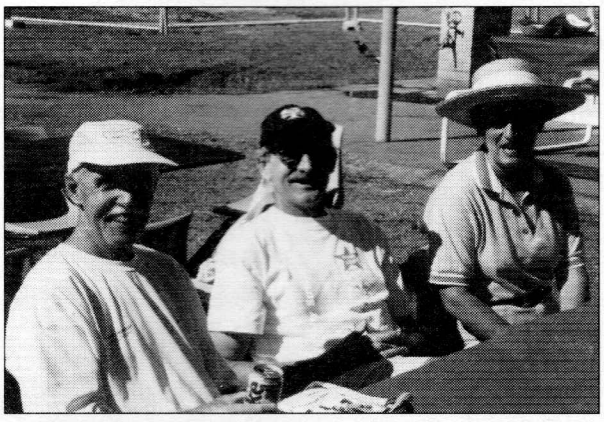


Results for Shoalhaven Ultramarathon 2000

Place	Firstname	Surname	Time
1	Kelvin	MARSHALL	3:26:23,
2	Paul	EVERY	3:39:52,
3	Alan	WATSON	3:42:36,
4	Michael	CORLIS	3:53:08,
5	James	ROONEY	3:55:39,
6	Chris	GAMBLE	4:07:28,
7	Tania	NEWSOME	4:13:52,
8	Ludwig	HERPICH	4:20:57,
9	Terry	THRELFALL	4:24:57 (first local male),
10	Nick	DRAYTON	4:36:16,
11	Sean	GREENHILL	4:36:16,
12	Rajiv	OBEROI	5:24:06,
13	Peter	GRAY	6:50:44

Sean Greenhill





The above shots are from the 20th Anniversary Picnic and Outstanding Achievement Awards. Top: Present President with Charles Coville, the first President. Below: Gordon Forsyth, Mike Wilson and Annette Screen enjoying the day.

Outstanding Achievements Awards 1999

One of the highlights of a Sydney Strider year is the voting for the Maria Gemenis - Cruikshank Outstanding Achievement Award. The Club is fortunate in that there is never a shortage of people who do outstanding things in any one calendar year. The wide spread of running activities undertaken by members means that there will always be some difficult choices to make between members whose running events are sometime worlds apart in style.

Should we vote a members top time in a marathon event as the most outstanding or is perhaps another runners very fast 10K or half marathon more deserving ? How many races did the nominee enter ; was it only one or was there a string of snappy times over many race distances? Such are the questions which come to mind that it perhaps stops some members from casting a vote.

A lot of time is spent on trying to present the facts in a concise and fair manner to ensure that members can make their votes with as much information available as possible on each runner. It is very disappointing though to notice that generally each year only about 20% of the Clubs members are keen enough to send in their votes. Some members have said they didn't vote because the nominees were not known to them personally. This may have some validity but we are voting on what we personally feel is the outstanding achievement based on the facts as presented on the voting papers. It shouldn't matter that an individual is not known to everyone . We are voting on the achievements ; not the personality.

Maria Gemenis-Cruikshank Award

The nominees for 1999 were Jo Cowan, Dean Degan, Chris Dwyer , Brian Grant, Kelvin Marshall, Jonathan Trope, Chris Truscott and Jenny Truscott. All had great years and were worthy nominees.

Kelvin Marshall won the Marian Gemenis-Cruikshank Award for his excellent results and consistency in a large number of marathon and ultra marathon events. Well done Kelvin . You have been nominated many times before and now you are a most deserving winner. Dean Degan came a close second followed very closely by Jo Cowan.

STaR Host Award

The STAR Host of the Year Award was also closely contested. Nineteen different hosts received votes. First and second places were only two votes apart. The winner for the second year in succession were Richard Wassell and Brad Renshaw. They do a great job but they only just got home ahead of Nick & Kirsten Themsen. Third place was taken by Kev O'Kane.

Blister Article Award

The Blister Editor's Award was won for the third time by Mark Fiore. Mark's article on his experiences as an Ironman Triathlete was just great. He was followed by Steven Cornelius for his story on the Spirit of Cumbria with Charles Coville in third place for his story on the JLW Challenge.

The President's Award

The President's Award for Excellence was given this year to Steven Jackson. Steve does an outstanding job in setting out and measuring our 10k courses. He has been doing this for many years now and his expertise in this area ensures we have accurate courses on which to run. Steve is one of only a small handful of accredited course measurer in N.S.W.

Jim Screen

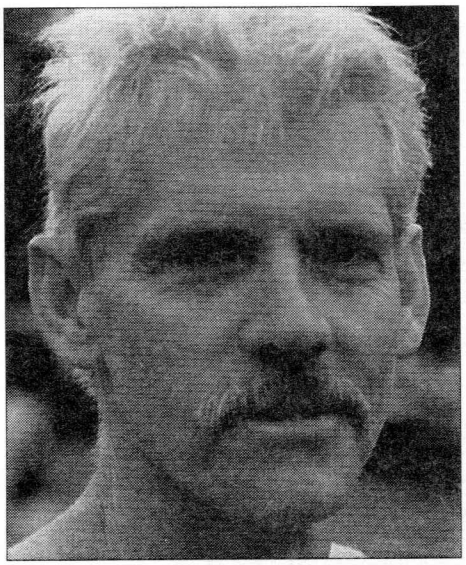
THE EQUALISER

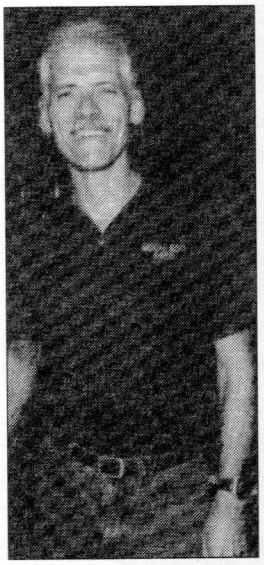
This years 15k (approx) run is on Sunday 10 September at Wyatt Avenue Belrose. The Equaliser is a first class cross country run through some of the best native bushland around Sydney. The tracks are generally good but there are some rough sections. There is no STaR on the day but rest assured if you want a good work out the Equaliser will provide it. If you want to run 30kms then go around the course twice.

There will be prizes for the winners of all the standard age sections as well as first male and female. A STaR breakfast will be provided with the compliments of the Club.Don't forget this is also a Super Series Event.

Jim Screen

My Last Marathon





Charles Coville, one of -if not the- Fiunder of the Club, has decided that the City Host Marathon was his last. He has produced an article outlining his career, which is quite spectacular

My time is up

It happened to Jack Nicklaus and Tim Horan in June 2000. Ricky Stuart and Samantha Riley had the same experience in May 2000. Each month there is a man or woman somewhere who leaves a sporting stage not in a blaze of glory but rather ignominiously. While I am in good company it still hurt me, more than just fatigue, to bow out from marathon running on 21 May 2000 at the Host City Marathon by substantially under achieving my final goal.. In the process I collected a 16-minute pw (personal worst) and a trip on the ambulance buggy to the medical room at Homebush after crossing the finishing line somewhat distressed. It was with sadness that I grovelled through my farewell marathon having started reasonably fit but not fully recovered from a bout of flu that had me in bed on the Thursday, 3 days before the Olympic dress rehearsal.

I have now recovered to reflect back on the 32 years of marathon running that has been so much a part of my life. While Alf Field and Dick Bartlett are a hop and a step away from running number 100, I retired with only 48 on the board, 21 of which were ultras. Persistent injuries were continually frustrating my training in recent times and my competitive nature would not allow me to run a marathon without racing it. My time was up.

The beginning

So how did it all start? At school in Queenstown in South Africa, back in the early 1960s, I played many sports but enjoyed the highest level of success at hockey. I was a member of the strongest schoolboy hockey team in South Africa in the mid 1960s. In 5 years of hockey I only ever suffered defeat on 1 occasion. Moving on to University in Johannesburg in 1967, it was logical that I continue with hockey. The University of the Witwatersrand (Wits) had one of the strongest teams in the country and my hockey career seemed assured. However, the politics of the administration of the club and its disorganisation soon had me disillusioned with the sport and had me seeking an alternative within the Uni environment. I was running to keep fit for hockey. My brother, Neil, who was also at Wits, was already a state representative cross-country runner. I was soon sucked into a new form of sporting competition; cross-country and road running.

The Wits cross-country side included Springboks and state representatives so it was obvious that with my limited running talent there was no room for me in the nine man team. It was a very social club so I hung around in the lower teams enjoying the new individual sport with its companionship and heavy partying. I did not make the 1968 team for the annual inter Uni cross-country championship and it was suggested that those who missed out on selection represent the Uni at the inaugural inter Uni marathon instead. The Comrades, a novel 90k ultra marathon in Natal was the recommendation. No one considered a standard marathon as a more realistic option! And so began my 32 years of marathoning.

My first Comrades

A 56k marathon in April 1968 from Pretoria to Germiston, the Pieter Korkie, outside of Johannesburg was considered the best warm up. I was a mere 19 years old and ran a 4h37m in a small field of 56 finishers. It would be 32 years and 1 month to the day before I finally retired. I had not bothered to start with a standard but dived straight into an ultra. My other Comrades warm up was participating in the Wits team of 18 that broke the world non stop relay record of 1425k by completing 1778k in 128 hours with each runner running for 1 hour over the hilly Wits campus. My first Comrades a month later was a disaster with a dnf by halfway. I had no idea of what to expect, was totally unprepared including running in tennis shoes, and by 45k my iliotibial band had called it a day.

It was now time for a standard 42.2k marathon so I chose a local standard marathon from Johannesburg to the airport and back. The 23rd Jackie Gibson marathon in July attracted a field of 35 runners with only 24 finishers. I finished the boring and tough course in 18th position in 3h19m26s. That time in 1968 remained my slowest for the next 32 years until 2000 when I recorded my farewell 3h36m33s at Homebush.

Zimbabwe

1969 saw my first venture to Zimbabwe (then Rhodesia) north, over the Limpopo River, for some serious Comrades training. The scenic Matopos 53k starts in the Matopos Hills below Cecil John Rhodes grave, and passes through the dry African veldt dotted with thorn trees finishing in Bulawayo, Zimbabwe's 2nd largest city. Touring the surrounding country invariably followed marathon races and Zimbabwe was no exception. I toured Zimbabwe extensively over the years, even honeymooning in the old colonial outpost. My time of 4h18m positioned me 18th out of 41 competitors. This was followed up 3 weeks later with a another Pieter Korkie 56k in 4h20m (34th out of 63). My Comrades training was in full swing.

Comrades again

My first successful Comrades 1 month later was also my 2nd slowest of all my 8 Comrades, where I finished the down run in 392nd position in 9h48m25s. There were only 586 finishers then (over 20,000 finished in 2000). It was a lonely run in those days and one had to be self-sufficient, usually being accompanied by a family support crew. Distance markers, drink stations and squeezies were unheard of. We were running trail blazers. I had ankle problems from 50k and hobbled into Durban wondering if I would ever finish a marathon without suffering (no, you never do!). Perhaps the 2 ultras earlier had taken their toll.

A Short Walking Career

A second Jackie Gibson marathon was completed in 8th position in my first sub 3 of 2h55m46s. The field of 27 saw my dad complete his first marathon at the tender age of 51 in 4h49m58s. He reasoned that running the marathon would be easier than acting as support crew for a demanding son. Once again I missed out on selection for the inter Uni cross country in Stellenbosch, but made the 20k walk team as consolation prize. A surprising 3rd place in 1h59m in my first ever walk saw me get selected for a combined Uni against Western Province. This was my first and last foray in the walk. Back to marathons.

A 100 miler

In 1970, at the age of 21, I switched from full time Uni to part time as I started my CA (chartered accounting) articles with Deloittes. Training was now restricted due to work and studies, yet I kept up the marathons. Matopos now became a regular Comrades warm up for me, as did the 56k Bergville to Ladysmith, an area within sight of South Africa's highest mountain range, the Drakensberg in Natal. My first up run Comrades finished in 9h21m. I then tackled my 3rd standard with disaterous results. A dnf in the Golden Reef marathon resulted from severe blistering by halfway due to wearing new running shoes (not tennis shoes) for the first time! So if you are down and out what better challenge than to enter the track Milk 100 Miler (160k) at Kings Park in Durban. Once Dave Box had broken the world record in the 69 strong field in 12h31m the spectators all went home. The remainder of the field was left to struggle on with little support through the cold night on the 400-metre grass track. My iliotibial band injury resurfaced and I was forced to walk most of the last 30k. I did win a prize though – last man home in 21h51m31s. It wasn't a wooden spoon but rather an impressive miniature trophy!

Bushmen Marathon

Another Matopas, Pieter Korkie and Comrades filled up 1971. I was running ultras without any standards but such was the way of life in South Africa in those days. An incredible and unique experience then occurred in the neighbouring Kalahari country of Botswana. As president of the Wits club, I was invited to manage a team of Wits marathoners to undertake a unique marathon experiment. The local Bushmen (remember the movie 'The God's Must Be Crazy'?) are hunters who track animals for days on foot. The

Botswana authorities believed that the Bushmen had potential to compete in the Munich Olympic marathon. We organised a 30k race against them in semi desert conditions outside the capital Gaborone, Wits runners against 3 diminutive Bushmen. While performing surprisingly well despite being heavy smokers, the Bushmen were not motivated by Munich and gold medals, and rejected advances of marathon stardom. They also thought that running in shoes was pretty dumb.

Sub 7-hour Comrades?

1972 was to be a more serious year of marathon racing. The Southern Transvaal marathon championship was run in a frustrating 3h0m45s. But I bounced back with a creditable 3h46m at the 53k Matopos (14th out of 102) and a pleasing 3h49m at the 56k Bergville (51st out of 337). In one freakish week I clocked up 240k (150 miles) training; a one off obscure goal. My ambition was to run a sub 7-hour Comrades. One month later was well on track at half way, but the old lady hadn't sung. I finally struggled in to Pietermaritzburg in 72nd position (out of 973) in 7h16m for a silver medal, with one of my two Wits companions during the race finishing in 37th in 6h53m. If only...

24-hour Relay

Yet another crazy relay finished off the year. The 10-man cross-country Wits team, for which I finally qualified, established a South African record for the track 24-hour relay. Each member ran 1-mile (1.6k) on a 440-yard track before tagging the next runner to do the same. With members averaging below 3m30s ks, one had to backup every 50 minutes to run again. Runners World Magazine acknowledged our 270 miles 488 yards as the "8th longest of the 256 teams results in 1972...and a South African record". It was especially tough when one member retired injured after 18 hours. Sleep was only in 30-minute bursts. Another achievement in my repertoire of "marathon events".

Comrades, politics and Australia

Over the next 4 years the only marathons that I ran was Comrades; 3 of them. I boycotted the 1974 Comrades, as I was involved in a political black armband protest against the on going exclusion of blacks and women being allowed to officially compete. This was one of my motivations to emigrate; South Africa's politics. Running was replaced by being lead support to Vincent Rakabaela, an unofficial Black runner who led Comrades to halfway, but then faded to finish 20th. His 2h16m was the fastest standard in the country that year and he later became the first Black runner to win a Comrades gold medal (top 10) by finishing 8th. He also represented his country, Lesotho, in the Moscow Olympic marathon.

My 1976 Comrades was the last marathon that I ran before emigrating to Australia. Due to exam and work commitments I had only done 200k training over 4 weeks and I was uncomfortable by the 15k mark. I suffered so much that day that I vowed never to run a marathon again while unfit. During the race, my running companion invited me into the Rugby Hotel in Pinetown, 21k from the finish, for a beer! It was his farewell present to me. The moral of the story – it makes interesting reading 24 years later, but it was a disaster. I threw up shortly after and walked and shuffled home in 9h50m for my 7th successful Comrades. Bruce Fordyce began his assault on Comrades in 1977 and between 1981 and 1990 won 9 times.

In between all the road marathons I was also competing in kayak river marathons. In December 1975 I experienced one of the highlights of my marathon career, albeit a kayak marathon. I lead a team of 7 kayakers down the Orange River from the inland Aughrabies Falls to Oranjemund on the Atlantic Ocean, the first ever kayakers to paddle the border between South Africa and Namibia. The 650k expedition through the hottest and most desolate areas of Southern Africa took 13 days and is a Blister article for the future.
(looking forward to it. -Ed.)

Sydney Striders

It was to be 4 years before I ran my next marathon. After living in London and travelling the world for 18 months, my wife Maureen and I arrived in Sydney in October 1978. My first marathon downunder was the Colonels (KFC) and was run from Manly to Bayview and back. I helped a friend through this marathon, his first in 3h11m. Canberra followed in 3h4m. The LSD training was lacking and long Sunday runs were needed. Roll on Sydney Striders in July 1980. The totally disorganised NSW State marathon was a shambles and so began my relentless fight with the AAA. A 3h01m was achieved with running off course due to poor marshalling. I finally saw out 1980 with pb in the Western Districts marathon at Lake Gillawarna in 2h50m07 after yet again taking a wrong turn and running an extra 200 meters off course. Striders needed to organise a race to show everyone how it should be done. This marathon was to be the first time that Striders entered a team in a marathon. There were 7 finishers. Being the first Strider home I recived the Striders award for the fastest marathoner that year; a feat never to be repeated.

My 7 marathons over a 3-year period from 1980 to 1983 included 4 pbs. I lowered my times from the 2h50m at Gillawarna to 2h48 at the Southern Transvaal marathon in Johannesburg while on holiday in 1981. This was followed up with a 2h46m56s at the NSW State marathon at Holsworthy. I was into a sub 2h50m routine.

PB

My current pb was run at Manukau City outside Auckland in October 1983 at the age of 34. The wind sprung up at half way through the final lap of the 5-lap course and took the edge off my sub 2h45m pace. I was still pleased with the 2h45m13s time for 67th position in a very strong field, but disappointed that Stuart Greaves held me off over the closing stages. This race also doubled as the world Blind Marathon championships where the local blind runner Tuie Rupe ran a sub 3. Another enthusiastic (or stupid?) local shuffled the race with a 30kg bag of coal on his shoulder. Brian Colwell caused the strongman some consternation when he spilled the coal on checking the contents of the bag after the race, just before weigh in.

Osteoarthritis

During the late 80s my times started to average around the 2h53m mark. The ageing process had begun. Bathurst marathon was my highest ever placing in a marathon with a 4th (out of 40) in 2h56m in cold and wet conditions. 1992 was my comeback year and I ran my first ultra in Australia, the 6-Foot Track. I cramped on the final 400m descent to Jenolan Caves and lost my lead as the first Strider home. I was placed 12th in 4h25m, 2nd Strider to Warwick Selby, in a year of very slow times. A reasonable time of 2h53m at the Gold Coast was not enough to catch Godfrey Franz but it was my fastest in 8 years. However this marathon was the beginning of my on going running injuries. Immediately after the race my left toe became very swollen. After months of rest and treatment for a stress fracture, I was finally and correctly diagnosed with osteoarthritis of the big toe. Dr Light's recommendation was to limit my marathons to ensure longevity of running.

Comrades again

So I took up triathlons with limited success due to being a lousy swimmer and not much better at cycling. My run sections were always respectable. It was only due to attending my dad's 80th birthday that I came out of self-imposed marathon retirement. His birthday celebrations in South Africa were 2 weeks before Comrades. An earlier Blister article described my return to Comrades after a 21-year absence. My 1997 Canberra qualifier for the 90k ultra was achieved with a badly strained calf muscle incurred at 25k. I did hang on for a 3h4m but the injuries disrupted my Comrades preparation. My 8h54m Comrades was an emotional experience having overcome many setbacks. I had carried a calf injury throughout the race and had managed only five 30k plus training runs.

The finale

And so we return to May 2000 and the Host City marathon. My training for my swansong was yet again interrupted with injury. My swollen toe, a sensitive calf but a more serious upper hamstring injury for the first time were obstacles that I overcame (or merely shut out of my mind). I also had to contend with a serious viral infection in 1998 and 1999 that had kept me out of running for 7 months. I had lost 3 kg in weight, which was never replaced. Yes, with my physique, I needed those kgs. Yet mentally I felt that I was prepared. Physically it would be a matter of running myself into the ground. I had done that so often before. I felt that I could exit the marathon scene somewhere very close to a sub 3-hour and do it on the Olympic course. It was not to be.

A disappointing finale, but then so have sportsmen and sportswomen more talented and more famous than me experienced the same underperformance departure. However, I do have one over Sir Don Bradman. My 27 standard marathon average pre Host City was 2h58m29s. To retire with a sub 3 average I could afford to run up to 3h39m45s. The sole motivation after I had hit the wall at 10k, besides finishing, was to keep my sub 3 intact. My 3h36m33s gave me an average of 2h59m53s. Eat your heart out DB.

So I look back with a deep sense of satisfaction on my 32 years of marathoning. The rich and unique experiences happened during the pioneering days of marathon running when we learnt how to run marathons and ultras through trial and error. The memories will endure forever.

Charles Coville

The Host City Marathon Results

Note: Club Marathon Championships. Positions have not yet been finalised.

PLEASE CHECK THE LIST AND INFORM US PROMPTLY IF YOUR NAME IS MISSING OR IF WE HAVE MADE AN ERROR.

110	Gibbons Andrew	2.48.54
121	Jacobs Trevor	2.49.52
222	Marshall Kelvin	2.58.56
243	Brophy Randy	2.59.48
261	Griffin Guy	3.01.19
271	Selby Warwick	3.01.36
310	Sinclair Ross	3.04.11
321	Gissing Jeff	3.04.52
363	Lisson George	3.06.37
393	Rutter Barry	3.08.18
413	Trope Jon	3.08.59
415	Cowan Jo	3.09.02
424	Fortune Bernard	3.09.25
431	Boswell Phil	3.09.58
435	Jamieson Greg	3.10.04
440	Shingler Mark	3.10.13
446	Potter Ray	3.10.44
458	Donovan Greg	3.11.24
537	Hugill Phil	3.14.48
565	Mackay Gregory	3.15.47
575	O'Connell Marie	3.16.10
610	Logue Michael	3.17.37
611	Greaves Stuart	3.17.44
627	Briscoe Richard	3.18.02
635	Edmonds Elizabeth	3.18.27
665	Dunn Xandra	3.19.31
706	Austin Tim	3.20.42
709	Van Heerden Pierre	3.20.47
714	Harris David	3.20.51
715	Herisson George	3.20.55
718	Tiller Dawn	3.20.57
722	Mackay Joel	3.21.06
828	Hansen Mike	3.24.54
842	Foster Tom	3.25.14
853	Walker Leon	3.25.28
863	Van Yzendoorn John	3.25.40
867	Boakes John	3.25.53
910	Schwebel Ron	3.27.09
921	Prerau Greg	3.27.26
965	Merrett Peter	3.28.24
976	Smith Andrew	3.28.34
1001	Davis Mark	3.29.02
1017	King David	3.29.15
1038	Lane Richard	3.29.56
1090	Norden Steve	3.31.18
1104	El-Khansa Mahmoud	3.31.39
1106	Mainsbridge Ray	3.31.42
1135	McEnroe Andrew	3.32.21
1153	Forsyth Gordon	3.32.45
1169	Caban Geoff	3.33.18
1180	Wilson Michael	3.33.41
1186	Olsen John	3.33.52
1187	Satchell Malcolm	3.33.56
1192	Harvey Shane	3.34.00
1202	Craven Bruce	3.34.08
1211	Morisset Gavin	3.34.24
1212	Dunworth Cathy	3.34.24
1213	Ward Mike	3.34.25
1239	Cookson Peter	3.34.54
1268	Campkin-Smith .M	3.35.40
1315	Coville Charles	3.36.33
1326	Patrick Jon	3.36.45
1370	McGee Gary	3.37.38
1371	Love Tracy	3.37.39
1373	Sellars Christian	3.37.44
1378	Braund Sarah	3.37.54
1412	Willis Graham	3.38.50
1458	Serman Nadene	3.39.49
1468	Crowe Philip	3.40.04
1480	Jackson Paul	3.40.15
1492	Taylor Brian	3.40.35
1495	O'Kane Kevin	3.40.37
1498	Trevethan Scott	3.40.40
1502	Aguilera Juan	3.40.47
1510	Leahy Charles	3.40.58
1577	Smith Derek	3.42.26
1612	Campbell Tina	3.42.51
1630	Roach Stephen	3.43.17
1633	Leahey Gary	3.43.22
1726	Matthews Jacqui	3.45.15
1729	McLean Chris	3.45.22
1817	Rigby Roger	3.47.03
1830	King Charles	3.47.23
1840	Sharp Graham	3.47.34
1859	Goodsir Darren	3.47.59
1879	Hammerschmidt Peter	3.48.14
1881	Carlyle Felix	3.48.16
1994	Shipley Graeme	3.50.38
1995	Lloyd-Jones Charles	3.50.39
2007	White Keith	3.50.48
2042	Callister Sharon	3.51.43
2051	Johnstone Michael	3.51.56

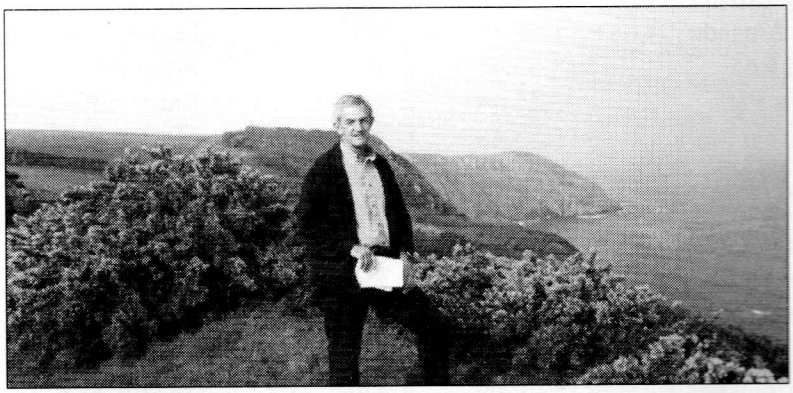
2120	Pluss Martin	3.53.14
2145	McLennan Matt	3.53.42
2206	Fahey David	3.54.39
2241	York Amanda	3.55.19
2260	Lloyd Roz	3.55.41
2266	Morris Pat	3.55.46
2267	Robinson Mark	3.55.48
2271	Daly Ron	3.55.50
2310	Flinn Joe	3.56.51
2410	Voysey Simon	3.58.12
2452	Butler Graham	3.58.48
2473	Wiersma Michael	3.59.05
2509	Fiore Mark	3.59.27
2541	Free Michael	4.00.06
2549	Barr Warren	4.00.13
2571	Kunzle Jurg	4.00.42
2581	Ayliffe John	4.00.49
2607	Lunsmann Paul	4.01.27
2654	Spencer Hugh	4.02.35
2713	Maher Lesley	4.03.52
2715	Gauce Benny	4.03.53
2734	Baker Peter	4.04.29
2821	Jefferys Carl	4.06.36
2869	Bleakley Marie	4.07.40
2897	Leonard Rob	4.08.27
2907	McPherson Neil	4.08.38
2913	DeGabriele Joe	4.08.57
2995	Themsen Kirstsen	4.10.40
3035	Woodhams Elizabeth	4.11.49
3037	Chung Derek	4.11.52
3165	Green Rozanne	4.14.43
3169	Ford Peter	4.14.52
3170	Renshaw Brad	4.14.54
3171	McCarthy Wayne	4.14.55
3172	Bailey Michael	4.14.55
3175	Waudby Andrew	4.15.01
3210	Wassell Bronwyn	4.16.03
3270	Shepherd John	4.17.10
3293	Schaefer Heiko	4.17.51
3313	Glare Paul	4.18.25
3315	Colquhoun Colin	4.18.27
3342	Calitz Talia	4.19.02
3343	Calitz Innes	4.19.03
3352	Chalmers Robert	4.19.18
3354	Crosby Tony	4.19.26
3355	Hamill Alex	4.19.26
3397	Conn Karin	4.20.44
3400	Gardner Crispin	4.20.46
3489	York Tim	4.23.21
3500	Hancock-Russell .R	4.23.28
3543	Sobolewski Yvonne	4.24.22
3545	Shaw Dawn	4.24.22
3549	Simmonds John	4.24.23
3555	Joseph Andrew	4.24.30
3556	Taylor Carol	4.24.31
3615	Legros Pascaline	4.25.45
3634	Priest Janis	4.26.09
3640	Baker Cathy	4.26.22
3678	McColl Ruth	4.27.20
3711	Smith Penny	4.28.01
3841	Betts Ross	4.31.19
3852	Grobler Shane	4.31.36
3863	Scott Pamela	4.31.54
3880	Langshaw Hugh	4.32.29
3950	Wilson Helen	4.34.31
3969	McGill Vicki	4.35.01
3970	Laurent Jacques	4.35.02
4098	Richardson Tom	4.39.24
4312	Kennedy Philip	4.47.23
4324	Brailey Ted	4.47.52
4334	Samia Mercy	4.48.20
4354	Hamill Brenda	4.48.57
4363	Doney Wayne	4.49.14
4464	Bartlett Richard	4.52.34
4501	Riedmuller Susannah	4.53.50
4503	Wassell Richard	4.53.55
4504	Dearn Frank	4.53.55
4732	Tailford Brian	5.10.03
4746	Themsen Nick	5.12.08

Dwyer Chris DNF, Truscott Chris DNF
Truscott Peter DNF, Barton Joanne DNS
Belcher Sandra DNS, Brown Tony DNS
Carney Denise DNS, Casey Roger DNS
Cornelius Steve DNS,Courtenay Bryce DNS
Cox Geoff DNS, Crowe Sarah DNS
Edmondson Ken DNS, Elyan Gillian DNS
Firkin Graham DNS,Gliksten Jonathan DNS
Grant Brian DNS, Head Kristen DNS
Hirner Michael DNS, Laurent Fran DNS
Lee Narelle DNS, McCullagh Cameron DNS
Millar Alistair DNS, Miller John DNS
Oh Sue DNS, Palmer Lesley DNS
Pelly Fiona DNS, Rayner Bert DNS
Schaffler Jean DNS, Screen Jim DNS
Stringer Mary DNS, Taylor Geoff DNS
Tunstall Philip DNS, Vucetic Clara DNS
Walker Louise DNS

Visitor/ Now Member

284	Fitzgerald Matthew	3.02.04
322	Ryan Sean	3.04.56
618	Chrisp Darryl	3.17.53

Cornwall Challenge Marathon



THE ECSTASY AND AGONY OF NUMBER 98

My most memorable marathon? I have had no ready answer until now. It has taken 98 marathons to absolutely declare one to be **the** "most memorable".

The winner is the Mid-Cornwall Coastal Challenge that is run along the gorgeously scenic southwest coastal path in Cornwall from St Anthony's Head to St Austell. If you look at a map of the UK, the little bit that juts out in the lower left-hand corner looks like a claw. The extreme left-hand side of the claw is Land's End and the right hand extremity is St Anthony's Head. The course then extends up the coast to the northeast across umpteen headlands and through picturesque villages to St Austell.

The course is said to be 33 miles (about 53k), but I suspect that nobody has ever measured it. It certainly seemed to be much longer. The race advert mentioned 4,600 feet of ascents, but I think that this is also a minimum.

A Comrades Training Run

I had been looking for a run of about 5 to 6 hours early in May as part of my training for the Comrades Marathon and the Mid-Cornwall Coastal Challenge seemed to fit the bill. The Comrades after all is an "Up" run this year with 6,000 feet of ascents and is over 87k in length, so I felt that I should be able to handle this Cornwall thing without too much trouble.

The race information caused a few small amber lights to start flashing. The ladies record is 6.40. For 53k??? Then there were two pages of closely typed race directions which raised the spectre of getting lost. The following is an example of one small section:

PORTLOE TO CAERHAYS (4 MILES) At the first hamlet, Portholland West, follow the road to Portholland East (alternatively walk along the breakwater, but it can be slippery – and beware the tide). From Portholland East take the steep path up the hill, then turn right at the first path junction. As you enter the field at the end of the path ignore the Coastal Path sign pointing right and head straight on keeping the hedge to your left. Cross the stone stile into the next field and continue along a new permissive path which emerges on the road near the beach. Follow the road to Control.

Pre Race Worries

My hope was that I could latch onto some local runner and follow him or her. To follow the Coastal Path signs would probably be safe most of the time, but to miss just one instance where they were to be ignored, such as in the above example, could lead to some serious extra distance and irritation, if not being lost for the duration!

I was also concerned about the possibility of rain on the day. Not just because the treacherous nature of the course would be aggravated, but I could visualise my vital "Race Directions" being a sodden mess within minutes. Without these directions one would be history.

God was smiling on us. Race day was clear and beautiful with no threat of rain. In fact, it was almost perfect. Clear blue skies, no wind and a glassy sea. The temperature rose to the middle 20's, making it the first really warm day of spring in England.

About 250 souls presented themselves on St Anthony's head for the start, but not everyone was doing the full distance of 33 miles. There were two shorter options of 11 and 23 miles. This meant that there was plenty of company for the first few hours – hence little chance of getting lost – but later, as the numbers thinned out, I often found myself running on my own.

Running in ecstasy

The course was beautiful, especially on this near perfect day. The beaches had clean white sand and the calm sea was a turquoise colour. The meadows were covered in grass of emerald green that would have made the Irish homesick. The gorse bushes were everywhere and were covered in bright yellow flowers. Interspersed were patches of bluebells, contrasting spectacularly with the yellow of the gorse bushes.

I ran along drinking in the beauty and feeling so thankful to be there at that moment, to be fit enough to run and enjoy that wonderful place. Cresting each headland brought another stunning view into sight, prompting an involuntary "Wow!" Then it would be downhill, across a beach and up another headland, almost always running along the cliff edge. To say that I was in ecstasy probably does not overstate the truth.

Dangers

There were also dangers that could not be ignored. The path was often close to the edge of the cliffs and to have tripped and fallen the wrong way could have resulted in a 300-foot plunge to the rocks and beach below. Often the path was narrow and scoured into the earth. It was rather like running along the white line in the centre of the road, only the white line was several inches below the level of the rest of the road.

I did trip twice in dangerous places. The first time my left foot snagged something and I was thrown to the left, landing on my left shoulder in some gorse bushes and nettles. Had it been my right foot.... I shudder at the thought. The second occasion I was running in a cow meadow that went right to the cliff edge. The farmer had erected a barbed wire fence to prevent his livestock from disappearing over the precipice, and we ran alongside the barbed wire. This time my right foot caught something and I felt myself flying towards the barbed wire. Somehow I managed to turn it into a stumble and not a fall. It was an **extremely** close call. I must have a good Guardian angel.

Climbing

After about 4 hours I started to take some strain. The continuous climbing followed by steep descents was taking its toll on my quads. I later worked out that 4,600 feet of climbing (and descents) was the equivalent of running up to Barrenjoey Lighthouse and returning to Palm Beach 13 times, so it was not surprising that I was feeling some pain. The beauty of the run, however, transcended the pain at that stage.

At Mevagissy, a lovely working fishing village where we were staying, I had an opportunity to pull out of the race after just more than 5 hours, but here were only 8.5 miles left to go. The race directions talked about "one last pig of a hill" and the last 4 miles being on flat tarred road. It didn't seem too daunting, so I decided to continue. Not my smartest decision.

Pig(s)of Hills

The uphill climb out of Mevagissy certainly qualified as a "pig of a hill" and I can remember thinking that I was glad that it was now out of the way. Unfortunately the decline was equally steep. Then the hills started to come with increasing frequency and increasing steepness. Each one could have qualified as the "pig of a hill". Those readers who have run the Six Foot Track will understand when I say that it was like going down Nellie's Glen and immediately up the Pluviometer hill, again and again, but obviously somewhat shorter distances. Straight down and then straight up again.

At this stage the ecstasy had given way to agony. My quads were screaming and each climb was draining. I felt exhausted and found it almost impossible to run downhill. Where was the 4 miles of flat tarred road? All I could see ahead was more of the same.

Naked Women...

I was pulling myself up perhaps the biggest of the hills (was this the "pig?) when I heard screams and shouts on the beach below me. I glanced down and saw three young ladies, one of whom had ripped off her clothes and was running naked into the sea. I closed my eyes and rubbed them with my knuckles.

"I'm hallucinating!" I thought fearfully. I have never hallucinated before. The screaming and shouting continued. I looked down again and the other two ladies had also stripped off and were running stark naked into the water. Such is the impact of the first warm day of spring and an inviting sea in this part of the world.

I'm ashamed to say that I stood and watched. Partly, of course, to check whether I was hallucinating and partly because I seriously did need a rest. The scene was so tempting that I was inclined to abandon the race and go for a swim myself. The temptation was fleeting and after a minute I sighed and started to lug myself up the hill again.

...through binoculars

About 100 meters further on around a bend in the path I came upon a man sitting in a deck chair with an Esky cool box next to him. He was studying the 3 naked nubile nymphs through a pair of binoculars.

When he saw me he reluctantly lowered his

binoculars. "Are you from St Anthony's Head?" he asked me. Obviously he was there to support some runners. When I said "Yes", he offered me some jelly beans.

I couldn't think of anything I wanted less. Jelly beans are not my favourites. "No thanks" I replied, "but how about lending me your binoculars".

He shook his head negatively. "I don't think they will do you any good at this stage of the race" was his response. I glanced suggestively at his Esky, but he didn't take the hint, so I reluctantly had to resume my upward climb. Eventually I did reach the tarred road, but I was in no condition to do much more than run for a minute and then had to walk for two.

The Finish

The last mile was through the town of St Austell and warranted the largest section of the race directions. "***Many participants have managed to get lost in the last mile!"*** was the warning in bold type. Indeed the leading runner did get lost on this section. He was rescued by the second runner and they completed the course together.

We had driven that final part of the course the day before, so I had some idea of where I was going, but I still reached a point where I was uncertain. I was trying to straighten my crumpled and sweaty race directions when a runner came up behind me. "Follow me" he yelled kindly, and I did.

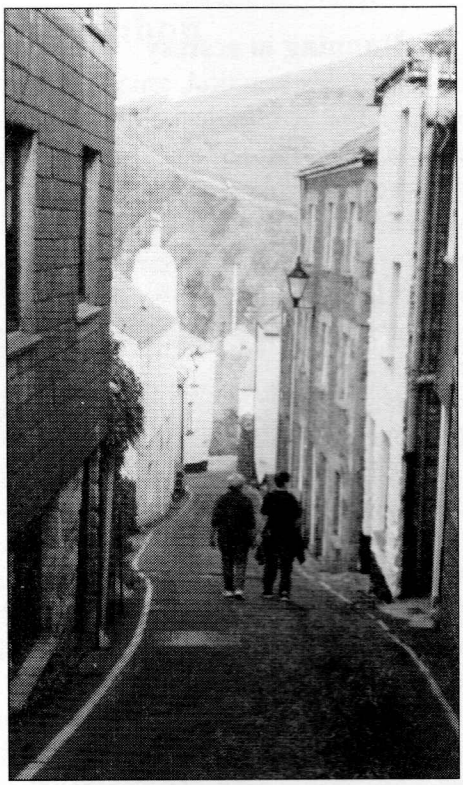
My faithful support crew of Rosanne and her friend Helen were standing at the finish, obviously quite concerned at how long it had taken me – an incredible 7 hours and 19 minutes for 53k! When I received the race results I was amazed to find that only 75 people had completed the full run and that I had finished in 15th position. The winning lady was a mere 6 minutes ahead of me, but I never once caught sight of her.

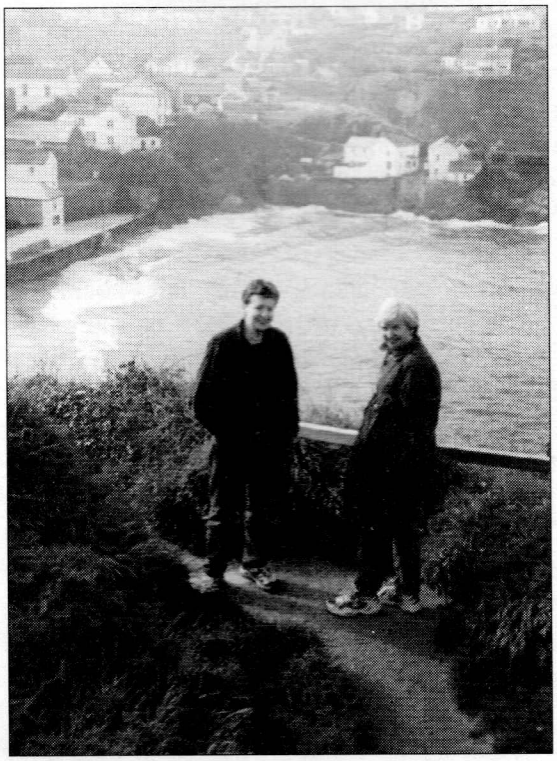
My legs the next day were the stiffest and most painful that I can recall after any race. Nor can I remember ever being quite so exhausted. Yet transcending all of this was the beauty of the Cornwall Coastal Path and that is what I remember and what made it my "most memorable marathon".

Going for number 100!!

Comrades will be my 99th marathon, which will be followed by the big event on 8th October when hopefully Dick Bartlett and I will both complete our century of marathons by finishing the Melbourne marathon. We hope to see a few of you there.

Alf Field





Above are a couple of the pic's submitted by Alf. It certainly looks very pictoresque. We now know that Alf finished Comrades and are looking for number 100 in Melbourne 8th October. It would be nice if a few Striders could celebrate that event with both Alf and Dick. I'll try and be there. -Ed.

Marathon Training Group- MK2

As most members will be aware by now, Kevin O'Kane has decided after several very successful years that enough is enough with coordinating the activities of the Marathon Training Group. So, the lot fell upon me.

The Striders marathon championship in 2001 will be the Canberra event on April 8 next year – so, for the MTG, that's the goal.

The plan as it is now is that we'll start the 'proper' training on October 22, just after the Olympics and a couple of weeks after the Melbourne Marathon.

The goal actually has two components. To attract new members to the Striders and to get as many as possible, especially first timers, to experience the thrill of crossing the finishing line in Canberra.

With regard to attracting new members to Striders and especially to the MTG, I'm suggesting we each look for a new person. They should be capable of running 15 kms, even if slowly, by mid October – with a bit of luck we'll then be able to help and encourage them to train up to 42.195 by April.

There's quite a bit of demand for a longish mid week run and we'll certainly organise that on Wednesday evenings unless members wish otherwise. Where would you like to start from? (City, N Sydney or somewhere else)? Assuming a two-hour run, what is your preferred start time?

Kevin's Thursday night run from Waverton will continue as long as people keep turning up. For those who don't know, this is a tough 9.5kms course with 2 drink stops, starting at 5.50pm for the slower group and 6.00pm for the others.

So, who wants to be in the MTG and what is your email address? Who else would you suggest I include on the mailing list? What is your preferred venue for the Wednesday evening run and what is your preferred start time?

Please write to me at:

Unit 17, The William,
1 Kings Bay Avenue,
Five Dock NSW 2046.

Michael_bailey@lendlease.com.au

Super Series 2000

The General Division this year is the reverse of last year. At this stage in 1999, there were many contenders in the Men's section, with Brian Grant eventually edging Tim Austin by just one point.. Not so this year. In the Women's section in 1999, Joanne Barton quickly established a big lead and won by a huge margin. This year, it is hard to find the winner yet.

General Section - Men

Bernard Fortune continues to pile on the points, and his lead is now approaching 40 points over Barry Rutter. Phil Boswell, who has missed one event, and George Lisson, who didn't score in the first two events are next. If Bernard keeps up his consistency, he will win, but there are still plenty of events to go, so who knows? Barry Rutter heads the over 40's, Warwick Selby the over 60's, while newcomer Heiko Schaefer heads the 60+ runners.

General Section - Women

The winner of the Women's section depends on what runners compete in what events, and there are plenty of possibilities. Kirsten Themsen (also first 40+) leads at the moment from veteran Tina Campbell (first 50+), but not far behind are some of the Club's faster women.

Age and Gender Adjusted Division

This category is based on the World Association of Veteran Atheltes' tables (WAVA for short). In theory, all runs can be brought together to allow for age, gender and distance. However, as for last year, the fact that 3 events can be dropped means that the winner can be well hidden until the last event is run. Excluding the Woodford to Glenbrook results (still pending), the present scores are set out below, with Barry Rutter holding onto his early lead.

Barry Rutter	3680
Bernard Fortune	3577
Joanne Cowan	3302
Graham Willis	3282
Kirsten Themsen	3088

Events to Come

We are still waiting on confirmation of the Interclub Challenge date. Why not make it a real challenge to the Westies this year, with plenty of the faster runners turning up. It's closer this year – near Parramatta.

August 19	Mt. Wilson to Bilpin 35kms
September 10	The Equaliser 15kms
October?	Interclub Challenge 10kms
November 4	Final Striders 10k race

Kevin O'Kane

The Glasshouse Trail 50K

It was a strange feeling to be driving north out of Sydney last Thursday night, when most runners were arriving in the Olympic City to take their part in history by running in Sunday's Host City Marathon. Over 5500 competitors were readying themselves to pound Sydney's streets while I was heading for a small town two hours north of Brisbane to do a trail run which attracted 25 entrants.

The April Glasshouse Trail 50, 30 and 12K races are a sister to the "big events" held in the same locale in September/ October- the 100 and 50 Mile races. They are organised by Ian Javes, one of Australia's best ultra runners in his own right, now making a major contribution to the nation's other competitors.

Preparation

I arrived at the Glass House Motel around 8pm Friday night, and the following afternoon drove out to the start where Ian was setting up his tents, BBQs etc for the next day. He took out a copy of the course map and pointed out a few changes that had been made because rain had made some sections of trail virtually impassable. The 50K, to start at 5.30, consisted of two laps (a loop, with an out and back on the eastern end of the loop, and the start at the northwestern corner of the loop). Some was on trail shared with the 100/ 50 Mile, others (like Hennessy's Hill) I had yet to see. Ian explained he was going to camp at the start overnight, glanced up at the grey sky, and uttered a quick prayer that it wouldn't rain again, as he had just laid out dolomite arrows over the course. His promise lasted a few minutes, then the skies opened again.

When I rose at 4am the following morning, I opened the door and looked up into a clear sky. Should be a good race, I thought, and had a shower and readied my gear. When I stepped out to the car, the rain had swept in again, and it was almost impossible to see through the downpour. "Mad dogs, Englishmen and runners" I joked to Ian at the start. I was the only NSW entrant in the 50K. Peter Gray, of Sydney- Melbourne and Nanango 1000 Mile fame, had driven up from Melbourne, and the other 23 entrants were Queenslanders. These included Melanie Jonker (who had driven from her Brisbane home at 2.30am), Kerrie Hall (twice finisher of the 100 Mile) and Adam Barron, second place at 1999's Fifty Mile. Pretty soon, the rain stopped, but a fog settled in over the bush and the road where we stood. It looked like a scene from Hound of the Baskervilles. Although the sun was rising, it was still pitch black because of the cloud and fog, so the start was delayed till 5.45.

...muddy walking track

So it came to pass, we were off and running through the blue- grey gloom along a dirt logging road, past the lookout, and down a bitumen section of road. I surprised myself as I seemed to be pretty close to the leaders- definitely not part of my plans, which were to finish in around 6 hours. We swung off the bitumen, past a gate and onto some rough muddy walking track. The trail nazis started to overtake me, and before long I was running next to the legendary Peter Gray. Or rather behind him, and he fed me a stream of commentary on the trail conditions he could see up ahead. The trail descended down the side of a ridge, through another gate, and onto a soaked section of flattish fire road. The sky was still grey and threatening, but there were only passing showers during the race- although it came down steadily again not long after the finish.

Muddy climb

The trails all pass through a mixture of pine plantation and native bushland (parts of the latter are preserved as the Glasshouse Mountains National Park). This section of fire road, which was not part of the 50 Mile course, wound through silent bush, up a rise, and the runners then left the fire road onto a section of walking track. In fact it was little more than bush bashing in spots, but Ian and his crew had marked the course excellently and navigation was never a problem. By this stage I had fallen in with a loose group of five other runners, and we started walking as the trail ascended Hennessy's Hill. Not as bad as some other hills I have done (not as severe as Duane Spur at the Bogong-Hotham, or as long as Staircase Spur from the same race or Pluviometer at Six Foot Track), it still came as a nasty shock for us all, and we were reduced to pulling ourselves up by tree branches because our shoes were slipping on the muddy slope.

I was feeling pretty good at this point- going pretty quick and my legs didn't feel sore or tired from the climb at all. Just before the top we passed a fern filled valley filled with morning mist- a pleasing sight. Then we reached the top and set off through the bsuh again. Soon enough we reached a dirt road where the first aid station was waiting. My bottles were still half full so I skipped the aid and kept going. This section of

trail was a bit "up and down" and covered in pieces of timber from recent logging operations. It started to drop and came into clear on the edge of farmland. We ran along the edge of a plantation (of macadamia nuts, I think) and plunged into the bush again, passing through the wettest section of the course. There were a few largish pools (including one part where a flowing creek followed the trail for 20 metres or so) and plenty of mud. I emerged from this section with a badly gouged wrist from a fall and plenty of cuts on my legs. The course followed a logging road for about a kilometre and arrived at the next aid point, on the edge of a pine plantation. I refilled my bottles with gatorade and headed back along the route I came, back through the bush and mud again.

Slopes

Up until this point (about 14K in) I had felt pretty good and I had started to entertain thoughts of a 5.30 finish, which i would have been thrilled with given the tricky conditions. However, my legs started to feel heavy at this point- not tired, just no "oomph" in them. I guessed it was the effects of a too- fast start, but it may also have been a result of the humidity, as I found breathing difficult on this section on both loops. As I passed back through the plantation, the sun came out briefly. I wished it to return behind the clouds, as I didn'twant the rain to bbe evaporated and raise the humidity further. After a few minutes it did so, and a brief shower followed. I reached the checkpoint on the road again, then turned left and followed the road. This section I knew, as we had run this part during the Fifty Mile. It went down a sleep slope, up the steeper far side, along the top of a small ridge, then downhill again and along a logging road back towards the start of the second loop. The road turned right and rose and fell several times before heading through the middle of an old plantation now mostly barren of trees. I could see the roofs of the tents at the start, and eventually reached there after a 2.45 loop, just as the 12K runners were about to start. Some of them applaused, which I found uplifting.

Second loop

I refilled my bottles with gatorade, drank some coke, debated whether I should take a beer and decided to wait till after the race. Then I was off again on the second loop. This time, the logging roads had been churned up by 50K and 30K runners and I found the going nastier and slower. Then the 12K runners started to pass me, as did another 50K runner. Going up Hennessy's Hill the second time around, it started to rain again and I started swapping jokes with the 12K runners, to the effect that they must have been better runners than me, as they were fast enough for the 12K. "I don't do 50K because I'm good, I'm not, I do it just because I'm too slow," I said. Some of them professed disbelief.

Past the ferns and onto the road and the aid station again, I skipped filling my bottles but did take a few cups of coke. By now I was walking some parts of the trail. I didn't feel tired, just slow still, and mentally a bit bummed too, I suspect. Had I been in a positive frame of mind I could probably have kept running. The muddy out and back to the pine plantation seemed to take forever, but eventually I got there, refilled my bottles, swapped a few jokes with the guy staffing it and set back again, passing, among others, Peter Gray, Kerrie Hall and Melanie Jonker. I started glancing at my watch, trying to work out if a sub six hour finish was still on, and eventually told myself it wasn't- another example of my negative state of mind at this point. However, when I reached the road again, and the aid station for the fourth and final time, the guys reckoned I looked better than before! I had my bottles partly refilled ("safety blanket", I told them) and set off for the last 5K. I was feeling a bit queasy by now- I had taken no solid food (a mistake) and the gatorade and coke must have made an unpleasant frothy mixture in my stomach. Still feeling slow but not tired, I navigated the last few hills, put on a couple of minor surges, and crossed the line in 6.10. It started raining again.

Beer

Adam Barron fetched a couple of cans of beer, and we sat down and started to sink them. I got most of the way through mine before a wave of nausea hit me and I vomited up everything I had consumed that morning. I felt a lot better after that and finished the beer, but decided a second wouldn't be wise. Adam eventually went home, Peter Gray came in through the rain, and eventually I congratulated Ian on his effort, promised I'd be back in October (for the 50 or the 100- not sure which yet) and was on my way.

Ian put in a great effort in organising the races. I took a map with me, but never needed them. The course was well enough marked to do without. The October races include Australia's only 100 Mile run, and one of only two (I think) trail 50 Mile races, so they deserve solid support. As for my own race, it was neither good nor bad, but I'm taking as a good sign the fact that I didn't fall apart like I did at Six Foot Track two months ago. From now, the build up to Glasshouse in October starts.

Sean Greenhill

Australian Ironman 2000
The Longest Day

I know we have been using this shot of you before Mark, but nothing better exist in the library. Let me know when you are in Striders gear, and I'll bring the camera.
-Ed.

People often ask me what is the most difficult thing about Ironman. My answer is getting to the starting line. So it was for Ironman 2000.

Qualification

My Ironman challenge normally starts way back at the end of winter the previous year as I start to train hard for the Ironman qualifiers. Qualifying for Forster is getting harder and harder, especially as I am creeping up in my age group. There are a number of Half-Ironman qualifiers around the country. In previous years I had qualified at the Callala Beach race, which is the last qualifier. This year they decided to make that race the Australian Long Course championships, so I was worried that the level of competition would be higher than in previous years. So I thought I would look into what other qualifiers I could do.

I decided to enter 3 qualifiers. These were in a 5-week period. The first was the Forster Half-Ironman. Traditionally this is the hardest qualifying race because it is the first. Normally all the fast guys do this one and qualify, leaving the other races for us mere mortals. This year was no different. The race was quite hard in windy conditions. I struggled a little in the first half of the run and finished in 5 hours 9 minutes. As expected this was just outside qualifying by 5 minutes. Not to worry, the next race was in 3 weeks.

The Long Journey

The next race was in Shepparton Victoria. In the previous year the qualifying time for my age group was 5 hours 17 minutes. So I thought it was worth the long journey. I tried to get a travelling companion without any luck. My family was otherwise engaged and my training partners thought I was crazy. Well maybe, but Ironman has that affect on you. So early Saturday morning I drove off. It was a long 10 hour drive, but fairly uneventful. When I got to Shepparton, I found out that they had problems with the lake we were supposed to be swimming in. So they moved the swim to another (smaller lake) about 800 metres away. It meant that the Triathlon would have 4 legs. A swim, followed by a run (carrying the wetsuit), a bike and then another run. Oh well, not to worry my running is supposed to be my strongest leg.

When we got to the swim start, I was horrified. The lake was like a large mud pool. It was terrible and hardly wide enough to cater for 50 swimmers let alone 400. Off we went in the worst swim of my life. I was getting smashed in the crowd and swallowing heaps of muddy water. I finally dragged myself out of the water 5 minutes behind schedule. Then onto the run carrying my wetsuit. Actually it is quite hard running with a wetsuit, but at $500, I was not going to throw it away. From that point on the race went very well. The cycle was solid and the run was good. During the run I was pulled along by getting in a duel with a couple of guys in my age group. I raced hard over the last few kilometres including a sprint finish with a guy in my age group and was able to pip him on the line. As we crossed the line in 5 hours and 2 minutes I thought we had easily qualified. I turned around to offer my congratulations to my running mate. He swore at me, but I said "Don't worry mate, I am sure we will both qualify". The time was a PB and given the swim and the extra run, I was very happy.

Instead of heading home straight after the race I decided to hang around, get some lunch and wait for the results. I thought that it would be easier to drive home with the satisfaction of the qualification letter in my hand. I had to endure the usual boredom as the organisers kept telling everyone that the results will be posted soon and then the presentations to the pro's and age group winners. When they finally posted the results and the qualifiers I quickly checked my age group. Shit, the qualifying line for my age group was four places above my name. The qualifying time was 4 hours 57 minutes. Shit, shit, shit. I headed for my car and headed home. You beauty, a 10 hour drive with all the time to think about how good life was treating me. After 1 hour I felt

terrible. I was tired and pretty upset. I pulled into a service station. I bought 2 bottles of coke and slammed them down fast. With the caffeine buzz, I got back into the car and turned the music up. Fortunately the rest of the trip home was uneventful. I had plenty of time to think and decided that life was not too bad and determined to regroup for the next qualifier.

The Eye in the Storm

The next race was in 2 weeks at Callala Beach. As well as a qualifier it was also the Australian Long Course Championships. The field was pretty hot and included Pro's such as Greg Bennett and Emma Carney. However, I was feeling good, as it is my favourite course due to the previous successes. I went down with the family and we had booked a house on the beach for the whole weekend. On Saturday the weather was beautiful. We went down to the beach for a swim. I taught my son to body surf in 6 inch waves. They have to start somewhere.

On Saturday night I went to bed early with plenty of optimism. I was woken up at 5am, not by my alarm, but what sounded like a hurricane. I looked outside and couldn't believe my eyes. A major storm had blown in. I had breakfast and then ventured outside in the cold, wind and rain. I had to walk along the beach to get to the start. The 6 inch waves were now a 2-3 foot swell. Some of the yachts in the bay had broken away from the moorings and one of the bigger yachts had run aground on the beach. When I got to the start, there was talk about calling off the race. During the next half hour the wind abated a little, so they decided to start the race with a reduced swim. Luckily after last year's hypothermia incident in the Ironman, I had bought a new long-sleeve wetsuit. It kept me warm and more importantly it looked good. The race started and fortunately the swim was only about 800mtrs. I felt sea sick as I struggled through the swell.

Out on the bike the conditions were cold and wet, but I managed to keep warm enough and stay upright. Since the swim was short, there was a lot of congestion on the bike and a lot of drafting. I managed to stay out of trouble and rode a good solid cycle leg. On the run I struggled a little, but with encouragement from the family and friends I ran a solid 97 minutes for the half-marathon and finished in 4 hours 40 minutes. Given the short swim it was an okay effort. Though after my recent experience I was not over confident that I would qualify. I waited nervously for the results. When they posted the results I looked for that magic line. You beauty, this time it was 5 places below my name. I had qualified.

Training or Just Stupid

Three hard races in 5 weeks took its toll and I had a couple of easy weeks running up to Christmas. Past Christmas it was full on training. The training went quite well. The problem as always was getting time on the bike, especially when we had some wet Saturdays. I remember one really wet day when my training partner and I tried to ride 180 kms on the M2. It was pouring down and the only people on the road were us two and Louise Savage who was training in her wheelchair for the Boston Marathon. I told my buddy that only the tough were out today. He replied by saying only the tough and stupid were out today and guess which one was Louise and which ones were us. After 5 punctures in 4 hours we decided to cut it short.

Anyone For Tennis?

Three weeks before Ironman I joined my wife on a business trip to Mildura. It was a management conference over a weekend. We had a good time and I managed to do a bit of running and swimming in between the serious business (ie. drinking and eating). After an early Sunday morning run I joined the rest of the group for a game of tennis. We had been invited to play on the grass courts that were used for the infamous Davis Cup tie against Zimbabwe. It was the first time that I had played on grass. The courts were magnificent. Though not a great tennis player, I can handle a racquet and after getting used to the grass I started to warm to the occasion. Before long I thought I was Pat Rafter (well not as good looking) playing a serve and volley game. I was chasing every ball down and raising quite a sweat. Then on one point I tried to play a running forehand down the line and BANG, blew the left hamstring. I limped off court and back to the hotel room. I got room service to supply a bag of ice and applied the ice o the leg for two hours. By the time we left the hotel I could hardly walk.

Visiting the Physio

The next day I went to the physio. My wife knew I was seriously injured when I voluntarily submitted myself to someone in the medical profession. The physio told me that I had badly pulled my hamstring and it would take 4-6 weeks to repair itself. I told him that I had to do an Ironman in 3 weeks. Thankfully he didn't know what an Ironman was and also he never said that I was mad (though he probably thought it). Over the next 2 weeks I went to the physio 9 times and slowly improved. I went back to swimming and the leg felt

okay. I tried spinning on my home trainer, but the leg was still sore. Things were looking bad.

By Tuesday before the Ironman I had my last physio session. The Physio told me that he had done all he good and wished me luck. He said that I never asked him whether I should do this race. I told him that I didn't want to know his answer.

Head To Forster

That night I tried spinning on the cycle and the leg was okay, so I decided that I would go to Forster and at least start. I arrived in Forster on Thursday before the race. On Friday I went for my first run in 3 weeks and my leg felt terrible. Not that it was sore, it just felt really weak.

I met up with my training partners at the Carbo dinner. They had heard the "tennis" story and gave me their condolences. They asked me what I was going to do. I told them that I had paid $425 to enter this race, let alone the money spent on the qualification races and all the associated accommodation and petrol. I was going to finish this damn race and get that finishers medal. They thought I was crazy. I asked the guys what was the worst time one of our guys had done at Ironman. After a quick discussion they came up with a 14 hours 14 minutes by one of the guys at the World Championships at Hawaii, when he cramped on the bike and had to walk the marathon. "Okay guys, that is the goal". I am going to beat that time.

Race Day

Race day turned out to be perfect conditions. A cool start, but no rain and little wind. I was determined to take it easy and protect the leg. When the swim started it was the usual mass of arms and legs. I decided to keep wide and out of trouble. It probably means that you swim another 100 metres on the course, but I was not worried about saving a couple of minutes. I felt surprisingly good in the swim. After the second lap, I headed for the shore and stood up in 68 minutes. I was pleased. It was only 1 minute behind my best swim time for the race. I walked through transition taking it very easy. Everyone else was rushing by.

Out on the bike, I got into a nice rhythm just spinning along and keeping a nice cadence and an average speed of 30kms per hour. The pace elsewhere on the bike was hot. Due to the good conditions there was a lot of packs forming. Now Ironman is supposed to be a draft-free race, but it seemed that everyone had forgotten about this, including the officials. Oh well, I was not going to worry about this. I had my plan I was going to stick to it. The first lap was uneventful. I went through the halfway mark in 3 hours and felt good. There was a huge crowd in town and they cheered everyone as we rode through. This is a great race. The atmosphere is second to none.

The second lap of the bike is always tough. I started to slow down a bit as I went through 100 kms. Then at about 120kms we had to climb a hill and my quadricep in my left leg started to cramp. I supposed that by protecting my left hamstring I had put more strain on my quads. Great, the left leg was basically stuffed and I was a long way from the finish. I nursed the leg for the remainder of the bike. I was going slowly, but I made sure I was well hydrated and fuelled up by eating and drinking as much as I could. Though cramping, the leg held together and I finished the bike in 6 hours 20 minutes.

The Run/Walk

The Scouts motto is always to be prepared. I never was a scout as I do not look good in khaki, but I must admit I usually prepare for most situations. In my run bag I had packed some sports cream to rub into my leg. As I got dressed into my run gear, I told the volunteer that I had leg problems. He organised the resident physio to come over and rub the cream into my leg. So fortunately I got a 5 minute massage on my left leg.

I stormed out of transition in a fast walk. I walked the first 500 metres to make sure the leg was okay. I meet the family who asked me how the leg was. I told them to be prepared for a long night. On the first lap of the run I was able to shuffle a bit on the flats. However I had to walk the hills and my definition of a hill was anything that was not dead flat. I was being passed by a lot of people, but I was determined to keep going. By 15 kms I was starting to feel pretty bad. The left leg was starting to cramp again. I couldn't shuffle for more than 100 metres before the leg started to pack it in. Coming back into town I started to feel terrible. This is always a hard part of the race mentally. People are finishing and the crowd are cheering, yet you have another 21kms and a lot of pain to go. I went through halfway in 2 hours 30 minutes. Not too bad, but I was feeling terrible and the leg was cramping badly. I walked down past transition. I looked for the family and I saw my father, who gave me a cheer. My wife and kids were nowhere to be seen. Beauty, they have given up on me.

I walked past the caravan park and round the corner. On one of the balconies in the flats overlooking the lake came a voice of encouragement. It was an American voice and I looked over and saw it was a tall

elderly gentleman and I recognised it as Commander John Collins. This was the guy who 20 years ago decided to start a sport called Triathlon and organised the first Ironman race in Hawaii. He had been invited to Australia as part of the celebrations of the 15th Australian Ironman. Using the entry list he called out "C'mon Mark, you can finish. Just keep moving forward". I yelled back, "Thanks, Mr Collins, but I blame you for all this pain". He laughed and yelled back "Hey, I have been there and it is worth it". Well that was the encouragement I needed. There wouldn't be many sports where you can talk to the person who actually started the sport. That was pretty special and emotional. With a tear in my eye I started up the shuffle again. When I got to the next aid station, I asked for some massaging oil. I gave my leg a quick massage and pushed on. As I got to the Rockpool turn-around, my wife and kids gave me a big cheer. The kids had wanted to go for a swim and to practice that body surfing. My wife told me to keep going and she would be there at the finish no matter how late I was.

Back over the bridge and more encouragement from Mr Collins. I shuffled up through the crowd again. Mentally I was feeling a lot better. I was going to finish this even if I have to walk the remaining 17kms. As I was walking I was able to chat with some of the other walkers. One was a friend I had made over the last 3 years. He had done 8 Ironmans and told me that we were doing well. I asked him if we would beat the cutoff time of 15.5 hours if we walked the rest. He said "No worries, you should go under 14 hours if you walked the rest". 14 hours, shit I forgot about that goal.

As we got to the flat sections, I started to shuffle again. It was very dark now and all I could see was the glow sticks up ahead. The leg was pretty useless by now. I decided to shuffle for 2 telegraph poles then walk for 1 and so on. Sometimes, I was able to go further, other times I couldn't. I kept going and before I knew it I was heading back into town with 4 kms to go. The time was over 13 hours now and I just kept shuffling as far as I could. Before I knew it I could hear the crowd cheering. In the last 2 kms I was able to shuffle pass a few walkers. Wow, they must be in pain.

I headed into the last kilometre and up the final drive. I wanted to keep the shuffle going up the finish chute and at least look like a runner. The crowd was great. They cheered me all the way up the chute and I tried to "high-five" as many people as possible as a thank you. I got across the line in 13 hours 34 minutes and collapsed into the hands on the volunteers. That was a 5 hour 57 minutes marathon (Ouch that hurts). I went to the massage tent and got one of those fantastic massages. I held my finishers medal tightly in my hands. That was a tough one to get and I was not going to lose it.

Post-Race

I found my family who had stay around to cheer me home. Even my kids were there. It had been a long day for us all. My wife said well done, but it is now time for a rest. "No way, I have the Sydney Olympic Trial Marathon in 3 weeks time". That is, however, another story.

As a postscript to the race, the biggest cheer given at the awards night was to fellow Sydney Strider Paula Whitehouse. Paula finished 3rd in her age group in an incredible time of 11 hours, qualifying for Hawaii. The crowd was blown away when Paula came on to the stage with her 6-month baby and informed them that it was her 6th. Her performance reminded everybody that there is no such word as can't. It is only a state of mind.

Mark Fiore

This is the only picture of Paula available, but on the other hand she hasn't changed.

The Runners Shop

Zane Grey High-Line Trail, 50 miles

Summary

This is one of my favourite races in the states. It's for trail runners who like awesome scenery, fantastic flora and fauna, rugged terrain, using navigation skills and a low-key organisation. Also if you enjoy running on the lesser trodden trails then this is the race for you as I saw only a handful of hikers over the 9 hours I was out on the trail. If your lucky, as I was this year, you come across herds of Elk, a 5ft+ Gopher snake (lucky because it wasn't a rattler!) and other wildlife.

The start is just north of a town called Payson which is just below the imposing cliff face of the Mogollom Rim. The race follows a meandering trail below the rim but high enough that you are above the rest of the valley. This allows some great views of the pine forest to the south and the rim immediately above.

The race entry is limited due to park regulations so a hardy group of 55 people started out in the dark at 5:00am. I left the finish line at 7:30pm and there was still a few people out on the trail so be ready for a long day.....

My race turned out pretty much to plan, basically I knew I would be chasing Ian Torrence. I set a time of 9:00 hours loosely following Eric Clifton's splits from last year. By half way everything was going well as I was only 5 or so minutes behind him. I knew Ian would gain on the next section as there was a long climb (which doesn't seem to interrupt his stride as much as it does mine!!!). This section was worse than I imagined as I forgot to pick up my 2nd water bottle ending up having to conserve every drop. I kept going and attempted to rehydrate as much as I could at the next aid. I then ran (slowly) the final miles to the finish. Ian had another great day only a few minutes slower than his last years record time.

After a couple of hours recuperation I began knocking back some beer, chilli and corn bread. Geri, one of the race directors producing a large bottle of Tequila which a few of us were forced to drink not wanting to be refused entry in future years!!

The next few hours were spent chatting with the various people at the finish line including radio hams, aid station volunteers, crew and spectators as the runners continued arriving. It turned out another great day, thanks to all volunteeers and of course Linda and Geri for putting on an awesome trail run.

Here's some tips/course notes for competitors:

Navigation

Some mountain sense is helpful. The course is marked by grey triangular markers or ribbon at difficult intersections, the trail markers can be easy to miss as I found out, losing 3 or 4 minutes, (some people lost a lot more). The reason I initially missed the turn was that the marker was nailed to a fallen log of a similar colour and also there was an animal trail leading off in a different direction. So stay alert and keep looking around you. Good advice was given by the organisers at the race briefing that if you don't see any markers after 5 or 10 minutes then retrace your route until you get back on track which is exactly what i did and wondered how on earth i missed the marker!

What to carry

There were some long stretches inbetween aid stations (for me the longest being 2.25) hours. At least two bottles were necessary in fact 3 would be preferential. I made a mistake by not picking up my 2nd bottle (drop bags are allowed) and ended up running for 1 hour with only a few mouthfuls of water. Its worth mentioning this was my own fault as the race director had given out warnings. The aid stations were well stocked but taking some additional nutrition is definitely a good idea, I carried a cliff bar and some sports gel, restocking at the aid stations. The race is at elevation and the sun is strong and there is a stretch of about 15 miles through a burnt area that offers little shade so be prepared with hat and sunscreen. A suggestion would also be to wear light leg and arm cover such as orienteers use as many of us finished looking like we had been thrashed with a 'cat-o-nine-tails'. Although it usually gets warm during late morning and afternoon it can be very cold in the morning (this year being the exception) so gloves and maybe long sleeves are necessary. Also couple of years ago the day after the race it snowed! As the race starts at 5:00am a flashlight is useful but not necessary for about 30 minutes and can be dropped at the 7.5 mile aid.

Pace yourself

This race is a lot longer and tougher than it

looks on paper for example my time was almost exactly the same as my 100km time at Catalina this year. You very seldom get into any rhythm as the trail is windy, rocky, covered with fallen trees and overgrown vegetation.

Enjoy yourself

Plan to stay awhile after the race as there is great chilli, beer and other goodies as well as good conversation also you can cheer in the runners. Bring warm clothes as it soon cools down and the finish line is in the shade.

Crew

Most of the aid stations are accessible by car with a little dirt road driving. You can use a dirt access road to cutoff a few miles or stay on the main road following directions supplied in the race pack.

Race Stats

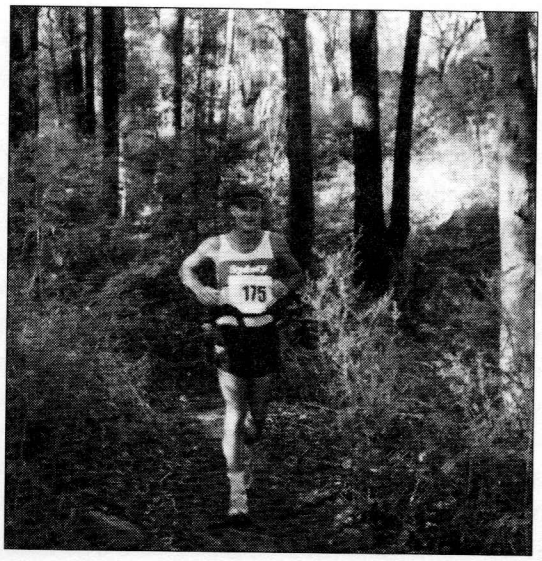
Date: April 29th, 2000
Distance: 50 miles, (these are tough miles not wimpy!)
Location: Payson, Arizona (2 hours drive north of Phoenix but don't let this fool you into thinking it's in the desert!)
Highest point: Approx 6800ft
Lowest: Approx 5400ft

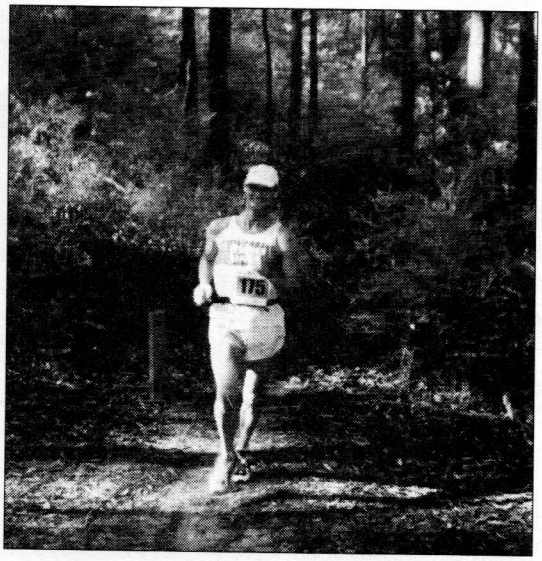
Results:
1. Ian Torrence 8:34 (another awesome performance, just 3 minutes slower than his record from last year of 8:31)
2. Jonathan Worswick 9:07 (thoroughly dehydrated although happy with a PR of 40 minutes and 4th fastest course run)
3. Eric Clifton 9:58 (last year eric was 9:10 so he did it tough this year!)
4. Paul Bonnett Castillo 10:33 (a minute faster than last year)
5. Scott Gordon 10:45 (4th last year with 10:38)
6. Scott St John 11:09:24 (road resume that people dream of e.g. 2:15 marathon!!!)
7. Valerie Caldwell 11:17:47 (1st woman and a great run although slower than last year by 17 minutes)
8. Tyler Curiel 11:17:47
9. Dennis Podheco 11:19:14
10. Mark Usak 11:22:30
11. ?
12. Pam Richter 11:33:19 (2nd woman)
13. Andy Roth 12:16:45
14. Steve Olsen 12:18:50
15. Dave Capron 12:24 (1st in age category and almost an hour faster than last year)

55 starters, 46 finishers
Limited entry so get your entry in early next year
For more information visit the race web-site at:
http//home.earthlink.net/~gkilgariff/

Jonathan Worswick

Unfortunately I have no pic's of Jonathan, but he certainly get to see at lot of the country side over there. Below is a couple of other ultra-runners on home soil during the Trailwalker.





Striders AGM

The Annual General Meeting was held after the StaR at Waverton Bowling Club on Sunday 7. May 2000 and as a relief for everyone involved, a quorum was present.

It was a beautiful morning where the majority at the AGM had been enjoying a good run hosted by Sue Hill and Brian Taylor – yours truly was an exception. The President decided unanimously with himself that the weather was good enough for a standing outdoors AGM and the poor runners who had been on their toes for several hours didn't complain.

Before the meeting commenced was the annual report from Jim distributed to everyone present together with the treasures report, balance sheet as of 31. March 2000 and a Profit & Loss statement for the period then ended. Both reports are printed as the middle pages in this edition of your favorite running magazine.

Generally speaking it has been a good year for Striders with good running results, better participation in StaR's and 10k series, higher number of financial members and a couple of very well visited social events. Despite costs to operate the MTG, an extremely successful Super Series and production of the Blister, the year ended with a small profit and an improved balance sheet as a consequence.

All positions in the committee were open for new candidates. New members were elected to the positions as MTG-boss; Michael Bailey, Super Series; Stephen Ball, Social; George Herisson, Secretary; Gill Cavenagh, Calendar; Penny Smith and as a new position, New Members; Carol Taylor. Their contact details are printed on page 2 in the mag. We are still searching for a new 10K director for 2001. If anyone is interested, please contact Mike Hansen or Jim Screen.

The AGM ended without any controversies and the new Committee has already commenced it's work in the new year. We are aiming to continue the increase in memberships and try to maintain the quality level of different activities in Sydney's premier running club for runners of all ages, gender and abilities.

-Ed.

Photo Gallery

Bernard Fortune, Marie O'Donnell, Xandra Dunn and Dick Bartlett before the start at the City Host Marathon

Above: Malcolm Campkin-Smith, Mike Wrad, Jonathan Trope and David King
Below: Peter Cookson, George Herisson and Michael Logue.
Why are people smiling before 42k's??

We have received the following letter from the Ministry of Fish and Wildlife, Mozambique. It reads:

"Warning

Due to the rising frequency of human-lion encounters, the Ministry Fish and Wildlife, Inhambane Branch, Mozambique is advising hikers, hunters, fisherrmen, runners and any motorcyclists that use the out-of-doors in a recreational or work related function to take extra precautions while in the bush.

We advise the outdoorsman to wear little noisy bells on clothing so as to give advanced warning to any lions that might be close by so you don't take them by surprise.

We also advise anyone using the out-of-doors to carry "Pepper Spray" with him or her in case of an encounter with a lion.

Outdoorsmen should also be on the watch for fresh lion activity, and be able to tell the difference between lion cub shit and big lion shit. Lion cub shit is smaller and contains lots of berries and dassie fur. Big lion shit has bells in it, and smells like pepper.

Enjoy your stay in Mozambique."

Now you know why I didn't make it to Africa this year. I couldn't get hold of "Pepper Spray".

-Ed.

Blister #79 Deadline

In order to avoid delays of the length experienced with this issue, I would very much appreciate if **ALL** contributors would try and meet the following deadline: **1. October 2000.** The way the production are designed at present does not allow me to commence production before all material is available. Consequently a delay of 2 weeks in expected material generates at least 2 weeks delay in delivery - and even more if I cannot shuffle my week-end plans around. I know that the general opinion is: "can't you just fit my little bit in when you get it." Unfortunately it doesn't work that way.

This does not mean you have to wait to send it to me until 1. October. Often I have to contact contributors re. photos, additonal stuff, lay-out etc and all of that can be done before the deadline.

Also the above comment should not in any way limit your contributions. I am greatful for every little bit that reach me.

So keep them coming in a steady stream, but be aware that any material received after 1. October will not be published until Blister #80.

We will now commence the production of the 20th Anniversary commemorative edition, so you should see 3 more Blisters before the end of the year after which, depending on the response from you, the members, it might prove advantageous for the Club to continue the Blister in some way of electronic format.

Looking forward to receive all your running related experiences for the next issue.

-Ed.

Striders in Training

What and When	*Who*	*Where*
Achilles Running Club: Chris Robb 9959 4269. Assisting disabled walkers/runners. Sunday 8 am.	Rozanne Green, Chris Robb and others	Hyde Park near St James Station, Elizabeth Street, Sydney
Equalizer AM Group: 12k or so, Wed. 5.30 AM. Contact Kevin O'Kane 9283 3355	A great variety of Striders	Acron Oval, Akron Road St. Ives
Lane Cove River Runners: About 10k. Tuesdays and Fridays 5.45 PM.	It varies a bit	Lane Cove River Park, Fullers Bridge Entrance, Fullers Road
Marathon Training Group: About 10K. Thursdays 6.00 PM. Contact Kevin O'Kane 9283 3355	Michael Bailey, Ricard & Bronwyn Wassell, Brad Renshaw and numerous others	Waverton Bowling Club, Wollcott St. Waverton
Saturday Morning Bush Group: Northside Bush run, 6.30AM summer, 7.00AM winter	Jonathan Trope and others	Various locations. Contact Jonathan

Sydney Striders
Y2 10k Race Series

Sydney Striders Open 10k Race Series

- **Four Scenic Certified Courses *Start 7 AM sharp,**
- **Registration from 6.15AM**

Entry fees for 2000: Striders $5, non-Striders $10
Runs for Charity: Striders $7, non-Striders $12
Entry fee includes refreshments

Enquiries:Sydney Striders 0500-JOGGER or
www.sydneystriders.org.au

2000 Programme

05 August	**Lane Cove National Park**
02 September	**Meadowbank Park**
07 October	**North Head, Sydney Harbour National Park**
04 November	**Lane Cove National Park**

The Sydney Striders are proud to be associated with our sponsor

Normal opening hours: Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday: 9:30 to 5:30
Thursday: 9:30 to 7:00
Saturday: 9:00 to 3:00 Sunday and Monday Closed
They will however process mailorders at no additional charge to Striders and you can still maintair your 25% discount as a member.

Randwick Runners Shop
223 Clovelly Road, Clovelly, NSW 2031
Ph.: 02 9315 8711 Fax: 02 9315 7382
-ask for Fred

Sydney Striders