



A.U.R.A.

NEWSLETTER



Vol.2, No.1

January, 1987.

Australian Ultra Runners' Association

Hi folks!

Well it serves me right rubbishing Max Bogenhuber about no race report from his Western States 100 miler. He fixed me right up by hitting me with a 10 page epistle (which I've since reduced to 7), printed on pages 15 - 21. It's a beauty however, and we found it fascinating. Thanks Max! Bet you loved that American bird who walked all over you and left you for dead when you were cramping up at the 60 mile mark!

With Al. McManus going to Hong Kong, we've replaced him with Klaus Schnibbe, of East Burwood, Vic on our main committee. Thanks for taking us on Klaus.

Trevor Harris is doing a particularly good job supplying us with info. on the Queensland ultra scene. We were very concerned to hear of his near-fatal motor-bike accident and bad leg injuries during the year. However, we're now pleased to report that he's back running again (but slowly) and wish him all the best in his recovery.

Another tragic report we received more recently was the news of Trevor Pettigrove's death. Those of you who have run the Coburg 100km. track race will remember him well as race organiser. He will be sadly missed in ultra circles.

One final item. Westfield are hoping to sponsor the established 24 Hour Runs in Australia as their sole trials for the Sydney to Melbourne Run from now on. That is, Tony Tripp's 24 in Perth, Sri Chinmoy in Adelaide, Dot's 24 at Box Hill, Sydney Striders 24 in Sydney and establish a 24Hr. in Queensland, hopefully organised by Andy Semple.

Suits me. It'll mean I don't have the hassle of having to find sponsorship monies to cover my expenses, which is never easy.

Incidentally, I'm appealing to you Victorian A.U.R.A. members for help with my 24 Hour at Box Hill on February 28/March 1. Already, I have quite a few interstate entrants who will need lapscorers and crews and I'd be really grateful for any help you can give. Phone me and tell me when you're available (and that you can help too!)

Finally, thanks a million to my great mates and helpers, Ray and Anne Callaghan for printing this newsletter on their infernal machine. So much appreciated.

'Eye for now,

Dot Browne

P.S. We now have 56 A.U.R.A. members!! Doubled our membership since the last issue. Wow!!

P.P.S. Keep those articles, race reports, news items, race information etc.etc. flowing in, and don't forget to spread the word about our A.U.R.A. to your fellow runners.

Membership \$8.00: Send details to: Dot Browne, 4 Victory Street, Mitcham 3132
or Geoff Hook, 42 Swayfield Rd, Mt. Waverley 3149.

1987

COMING EVENTS FOR ULTRA-RUNNERS

- Feb.7 Cradle Mountain Run, Tasmania, starts at the northern end of Cradle Mountain/Lake St.Clair National Park, finishes at Cynthea Bay at the southern end of the park - approx. 85-90km. Contact: Richard Pickup, P.O.Box 946, Launceston, 7250, phone (003)954294.
- Feb.28/
Mar.1 24 Hour Track Race (Victorian Championship), Vic.Veterans at Box Hill, Vic. 12 noon start, \$15 entry, contact Dot Browne, 4 Victory Street, Mitcham 3132 for entry forms. Closing date for entries 7th February, 1987.
- Mar.7 12 Hour Track Race: Rosebud, Vic. on grass track at Village Green, Nepean Highway, Rosebud, 8am start, \$20 entry, contact Terry Cox (059)864792 for entry forms.
- Mar.21 "6 Foot Track" Marathon: Katoomba to Jenolan Caves, NSW, Blue Mountains - a tough mountainous marathon! Contact Ian Hutchinson, 18 Oaklands Road, Hazelbrook, 2779, NSW.
- Mar.27 Sydney to Melbourne Race (Westfield Run), Parramatta, NSW to Doncaster, Vic, contact John Dangar, Westfield Shopping Centre Management Co.P/L, 100 William Street, Sydney 2001, or phone (02)3564333.
- April ? Frankston to Portsea, Vic, 34 miles, Peninsula Road Runners (more details when available)
- April 18 100 Mile Track Race: at Manly, NSW, contact Ian Hutchinson, 18 Oaklands Road, Hazelbrook, 2779 NSW, phone (047)588050.
- May/June 24 Hour Track Race, NSW (more details when available)
- June 20 50 Mile Track Race (Australian Championship) at Box Hill, Vic., 8am start, contact Geoff Hook, 42 Swayfield Road, Mount Waverley 3149 or phone (03)2889739 for entry forms.
- June 21 50 Mile Road Race, at Carlton, Vic, 8am start, contact Geoff Hook, 42 Swayfield Road, Mount Waverley 3149 or phone (03) 2889739 for entry forms.
- Aug.23 50 Mile Road Race, (C.H.A.S.E. Carnival), Ballarat, Vic. Wendouree Athletic Club Inc, P.O.Box 511, Ballarat 3550 or phone Andrew Bush (053)321434.
- Aug.? Sydney to Wollongong, approx. 50 miles road race. NSW, contact Tom Gillis, 7 Wilmot Street, Sydney 2000 NSW.
- Sept.?? 100km Track Race at Coburg, Vic. (more details when available)
- Sept.19 50 Mile Road Race at Bathurst, NSW, contact Ian Taylor, 206 Rankin Street, Bathurst 2795 or phone (063)313230.
- Oct. ? 50 Mile Road Race; in Brisbane, Q'ld. contact Andrew Semple, Queensland Marathon and Road Runners' Club, P.O. Box 192, Everton Park 4053
- Oct. ? 90km Road Race (Adelaide to Victor Harbour), South Australia, Distance Runners' Club of South Australia. P.O.Box 102, Goodwood, 5034. S.A.

1987

COMING EVENTS FOR ULTRA RUNNERS continued

- Oct. ? 24 Hour Race (1km circuit on an oval), Perth, W.A., The Centurion Runners' Club, c/- Tony Tripp, Flat 100, "Lakeview", Davies Road, Claremont, 6010, W.A.
- Nov. ? 24 Hour Track Race (Australian Championship), Adelaide S.A., Sri Chinmoy 24 Hour Run, P.O.Box 277, Unley 5061, S.A.
- Nov.16-22 6 Day Track Race, Colac, Vic. Contact Colac 6 Day Race Committee, P.O.Box 367, Colac 3250.Vic.

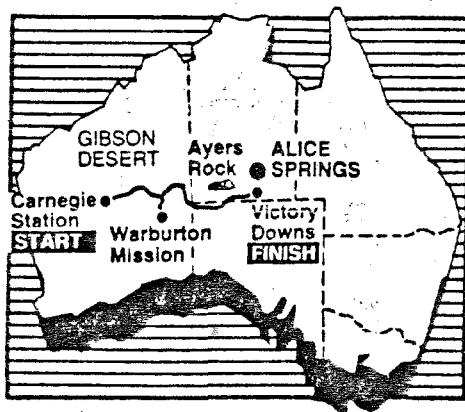
Please note: If you can give us any more details about races we've listed, or any we've missed, we'd be delighted.Thanks!

Peter Vernon of Cheltenham, Victoria sent us this newspaper report of an incredible run he completed earlier this year. Thanks Peter!

Advertiser

Adelaide, Friday, April 11, 1986

Marathon fuelled by a warm, flat Coke

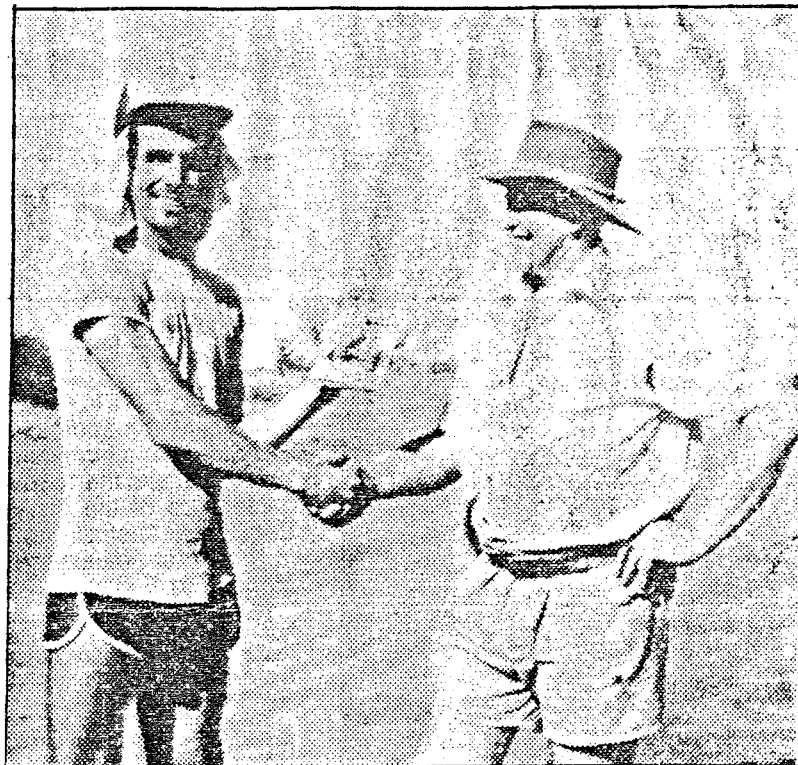


Tepid Coca Cola was the special fuel Victorian runner Peter Vernon used to power his body for 1360 kilometres across the inland deserts.

The ultra-marathon runner took 23 days in temperatures of up to 46 degrees to cross the lonely Gunbarrel Highway on a run between Carnegie station in WA and Victory Downs station on the SA-NT border.

His epic run was a personal dedication to the work of Adelaide author Len Beadell, whose solo explorations and geodetic surveys in the '50s laid the groundwork for building the Gunbarrel Highway and a network of 10,000 kilometres of Outback roads in Central Australia.

Vernon, 31, who has a degree in mech-



Author Len Beadell greets Peter Vernon at the end of his run.

By SAMELA HARRIS

anical engineering and what his friends describe as "an obsession with the Outback," has been running marathons for 12 years. He made an attempt on a Gunbarrel run last year, but had to call it off after 300 kilometres when his ankle was severely dislocated on the rutted roadway.

This time, with his friend, mechanical fitter Richard Mason, 30, of Wangaratta driving his specially converted four-wheel drive Holden panel van towing a tandem trailer of supplies, he set off from Carnegie homestead on March 15 and rendezvoused with Beadell at the end of the highway on April 6.

"I made refreshment stops every three to five kilometres drinking lots of water and Coke and eating small quantities of tinned fruit, cereal or biscuits," he said.

"I drank about 20 litres of water a day and went through seven dozen cans of Coke on the run... It is quite amazing what warm, flat Coke can do for a runner."

Vernon has no plans for more desert ultra-marathons, but intends to establish a safari business to maintain his relationship with the great Aussie Outback and take fellow adventurers in the footsteps of the explorers.

"One of those brave explorers was Len Beadell, so my safari itinerary will include the Gunbarrel Highway," he said.

Peter has entered for Dot's 24 Hour Race in February. Good luck!

La Rochelle International 6 Day Ultra Marathon

BY TONY RAFFERTY

Thierry Bruant is a man with an eye for an audience. He has the marketing expertise to attract 3000 people each day to Le Parc Des Expositions to witness 22 of the world's best 6 day ultra athletes complete hundreds of laps of the 200 metre, newly laid, tartan track. This year's race, which started on September 29, was his fourth year as promoter of what is now recognised as the World Championship.

Yiannas Kouras didn't appear. Bruant told me that a 'John McEnroe fee' could not be justified for the world's greatest ultra distance runner. "Our sport cannot afford this demand," he said. I think he's right.

However, a top class field did assemble in the historic, sunny port of La Rochelle on the South West coast of France.

Just 3 weeks before I took first place in an international 1000 mile race in Hull, England and people said that I was competing too soon after the long and tough event. I took the risk.

In the early stages, American postman Don Choi, moved like a gentle breeze, lap after lap, over the bouncy texture of the brand new surface. When three days had passed his consistent, relaxed running rhythm, faded.

The gregarious 1000 mile world record holder from New York, Stu Mittleman, ran hard for 2 days but his strength, gained from his early years as an American schoolboy wrestling champion, and his incessant energy supply, ran out. His pre-run confrontation with the French security forces at Charles DeGaulle airport didn't help. They exploded his unattended suitcase containing 30 cassette tapes and a head set. This experience would have upset his mental attitude for a 6 day race.

After 4 days Christine Barrett displayed her tenacity to reach 4th place and once again showed the world, like Eleanor Adams in past events, that

women can compete on equal footing with the men in the ultra running world.

During one early morning period when most of us were going through the agony of the 6 day blues, I tied a large red carrot to a long piece of string and lured Christine into faster running when she had dropped back a few places. She struggled and stretched to grasp the carrot and eventually was successful after a few laps of exhibitionism.

The spectators cheered, the lap counters laughed and the pain of endurance running disappeared if only for a few moments. Suddenly everyone was running upright and more relaxed. They talked and joked and were back to business after a running lull all too common on the 6 day track.

The handlers for French Canadian, Trishel Cherns didn't appreciate my act of humour. It might disrupt his concentration they said. It didn't seem to. I don't know of any runner who puts in so much concentrated effort, lap after lap and hour after hour as Trishel Cherns. No time is wasted and every minute off the track is a productive one. The ultra adage of 'hang in' when the going gets tough is projected in its true form every race he enters.

The French spectators had no sympathy for runners who slept. They clapped, yelled and rapped the aluminium advertising signs in a continued show of elevated exuberance. The bar, which never closed, helped to prime them up somewhat. The music was projected

through the system at mind blowing volume and some of us with throbbing heads resorted to ear plugs. Trumpets were blown out of tune and drums pounded. The enormous din ricocheted from the tin roof to create the noisiest atmosphere I have ever witnessed. Strangely, it seemed to assist my running performance.

Meanwhile, calmly and systematically, Frenchman Gilbert Mannix, in his first 6 day race, ran with a vision of becoming the third man in modern times to break the 600 mile mark. His flushed red face, so predominant in the early days faded to a pale gray due to sleep deprivation as he approached the 144 hours.

I moved from 22nd place on the second day to 6th place with one day to go. My running was consistent and strong despite the 1000 miles and an infected toe due to a toe nail wedged back into the skin. I finished in 6th position after a long battle with Decemme and Oliveaux for 4th place.

Race favourite and national hero Jean Gilles Boussiquet pulled out after a tired 119 miles.

Petite Edith Couhe, blistered and leg sore, finished in 13th place and Christine Barrett dropped back to a gallant 9th after a

lunge at Eleanor Adams' world 6 day record.

Patrick Macke, who hallucinated his way to 3rd place in this year's Westfield Sydney to Melbourne classic completed 579 miles for 2nd place.

Trishel Cherns and his familiar head set, finished in 3rd place, for the second time in two years. His unyielding running technique gained him success for a place under continued pressure from Daniel Decemme early in the race.

Gilbert Mannix, with great flourish, realised his fantasy and won the race with 609 miles to record the second highest mileage in modern times.

The La Rochelle race was a thrilling, charismatic event, televised nationwide throughout the country. 15,000 people attended the presentation ceremony.

I was the only Australian in the tough invited field with runners from USA, France, England, Canada, Spain, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Sweden and Switzerland. Happy with 6th place, but far from satisfied, I look forward to 1987 and Le Jours de La Rochelle Du Monde where no doubt Thierry Bruant will once again present a similar extravaganza.

Kilometres

1	G. Mannix	980.8
2	P. Macke	932
3	T. Cherns	866
4	D. Decemme	761.6
5	D. Ollivau	759.2
6	T. Rafferty	747
7	J. Martinez	737.2
8	M. Stuchlik	725.2
9	C. Barrett	722
10	H. Portz	709
11	P. Lind	704
12	P. Faucheu	675
13	E. Couhe	673.6
14	D. Choi	609.4
15	B. Jarlaker	607.6
16	E. Laharrague	591.6
17	S. Mittleman	557.8
18	V. Sedlak	460.4
19	M. Campbell	455.6
20	A. Touchard	439.8
21	J.G. Boussiquet	192.4
22	N. Roedgiers	143.6

Article reprinted from Mike Hall's "The Veteran Athlete", which, incidentally, is giving us great ultra coverage each month. His newspaper is \$2 per issue and can be ordered C/- "The Veteran Athlete" McInnes Road, Tynong North, 3813, Victoria.

Tony Rafferty.

November 1986.

A Classic Confrontation Over 1000 Miles

by Malcolm Campbell

The Sri Chinmoy 1000 Mile road race held in New York earlier this year had almost everything, and the high level performances of the five finishers, and the ultra-high level of Stu Mittleman's new world record, have drawn considerable attention from runners throughout the world. British multi-day specialist Colin Dixon had intended to run in New York, but instead decided to organize a similar event in his home city of Hull to raise money for the local Multiple Sclerosis Society. Comparisons between the two events are inevitable, and in terms of achieved times the vote obviously goes to New York. But in terms of a tactical, man-to-man confrontation, the Hull race was the outright winner; we saw a return to racing as it must have been over a hundred years ago and a duel between two competitors that rivals anything seen on the roads this century.

Dixon was anxious that as much money as possible should go to the M. S. Society and as a result the race was run under spartan, but adequate, conditions. The route was on sidewalks around the Sutton Fields Industrial Estate on a circuit that measured exactly 4/5 of a mile. On each circuit the runners would need to step down and up eleven times to pass the various entrances to business premises; moreover, the very uneven surface of the sidewalk sloped downward toward the road. A trailer was provided for every runner and a small allowance was given for the purchase of food. There was a drinks table, but for feeding you were strictly dependent upon the services of your personal handler. If you brought no handler, you had to make your own arrangements. There were no medical personnel available, and you either popped your own blisters or had a handler capable of doing so. Not surprisingly, the small field of five runners consisted of athletes with a good history of survival in multi-day events. Their talents would be tested to the utmost in this one.

The entrants were Dan Coffey, who had run so well in New York, and ranked number two in Great Britain; Tony Rafferty, an Irish-Australian with runs of crucifying length to his credit, and who had completed a 1,000-mile run in Australia only a few weeks earlier; myself, who given the time will run anyone into the ground; Colin Dixon, the probable favorite who was the only entrant not to have completed a 1,000-mile event, but who had impressive credentials over six days; and John "Paddy"

Dowling, a walker who, a few years ago, had completed 1,000 miles well under 16 days in most difficult circumstances. The time limit for the race was 15 days, which was a bit harsh but within the capabilities of us all.

At twelve noon on Saturday, July 26, we started. We found the surface a little strange at first, and at the end of each lap we were obliged to reverse direction in front of the lap scorers' table; this was to prove an added irritation as the race progressed.

Originally I had hoped to average 75 miles a day for the first half of the race but, as my friend Roger Lawton pointed out with good Yorkshire logic, if I could not do this in a six-day race I was unlikely to do it now. I settled for a more realistic target.

After the first 24 hours a surprising John Dowling was the race leader with 100 miles; Dixon was ten miles behind him and a few laps ahead of Rafferty. Coffey had achieved 85 miles but would trouble the lap scorers no further; he was obliged to retire with a groin strain. The "Clockwork Mouse" had completed three 24-hour races in the five weeks leading up to this race, and had probably done a little too much without sufficient recovery time. I completed 77 miles and was thankful the first 24 hours had finished.

At this point our handlers were becoming organised and it became apparent that Rafferty was under a considerable disadvantage. He had no handler and no specific person had been allocated to him. As the race progressed John Dowling's charming wife Dorothy assumed responsibility for Rafferty's well-being; as she was her husband's sole handler, she had undertaken a considerable task.

Dixon had to work hard to close the gap to Dowling, but he took the lead on the third day. After 72 hours he had 232 miles



Malcolm Campbell (left) and Tony Rafferty. Both have cut the toe boxes out of their shoes.

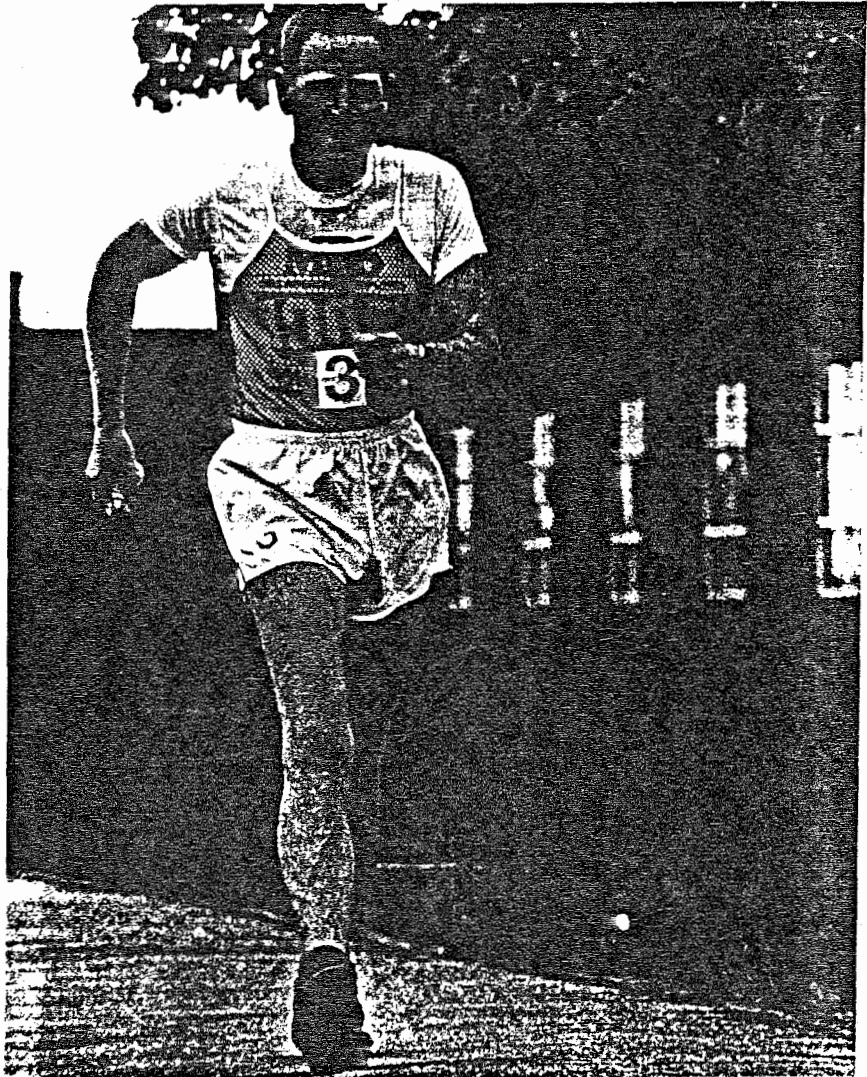
to Dowling's 228. Rafferty was at 215, and I was neatly on 200. It was a typical English summer-rain: cold, strong winds, and occasional periods of hot sunshine when you least expected it. On one occasion Rafferty was blown from the sidewalk into the middle of the road and he could do nothing about it.

I have seen Dixon in many races and the greatest weapon in his armory is his ability to stay awake. In this race he was taking more rest periods than usual, and I wondered if this was a sign of problems or just sound race tactics. In any event, he was the first man to 500 miles, reached just before the finish of the 7th day; for this he won the Nationwide Building Society Trophy. He was about 30 miles ahead of Dowling who was 5 miles up on Rafferty. I was in deep trouble with 433 miles. Pains in my knee began to worry me—not so much when running, but during my rest breaks when it became impossible to sleep. It felt like little men with hammers were knocking on my knee caps. To add to my problems I fell over on the 7th day and injured my hand, which became swollen and later in the race quite painful. I learned after the race that I had broken a bone in my hand.

At the end of the 8th day Dixon retired. He made a few token appearances afterward, but he was out of the race. A visit to a local infirmary confirmed that his blisters and leg injuries were too serious for him to continue further. He had completed 682 laps and was, by only a little, the race leader. However, the real race was just starting and although I was still on my feet, I was in essence a mobile spectator to one of the greatest duels there has ever been on the roads.

Day eight started with Rafferty on 677 laps to Dowling's 666. Every 5 laps was another 4 miles added to the total. At this point laps seemed more significant than miles. Rafferty had to preserve his slender lead or add to it. Neither task would be easy because behind him was probably the greatest walker in the world, and Dowling scented victory. It was now a contest that the gambling public of a century ago would have rushed to in droves. Could the Irish walker catch the Irish runner? When would he do so? How far ahead would Rafferty be each day? Who would complete the most laps each day? All questions would have been the subjects of many a wager. I had more knowledge of both men than most but even so could not pretend to have the answers.

Dowling is a throwback to the early pedestrians. He is 57 years old and was born in Waterford. He has the unique distinction of having represented both Great Britain and Ireland in walking events. He can walk over 130 miles



John Dowling's walking style - he covered 1,000 miles in 15 days without running a step.

in 24 hours and his whole life has been spent in improving his ability. Last November at Gateshead he helped me during my 1,000 mile track race. Afterward I discarded an old pair of Adidas shoes that had given me good service but were not needed any longer. I did not know it at the time, but John salvaged the shoes and removed the soles. The soles were then fixed to a pair of his walking trainers and were now passing me at regular intervals. I remember thinking that they were going much faster and probably much further than they would ever go under me.

Rafferty is in direct contrast to Dowling. He was born in Belfast but has lived in Australia for about 27 years. He is 47 years old and a Sports Motivation Lecturer. He has a deep knowledge and love of the sport. Rafferty has completed the grueling Sydney-to-Melbourne race three times, and has raced through the Simpson Desert in Australia, which is probably one of the hardest runs in the world. Everything he had learned about survival, tactics, and motivation would be needed

now. Imagine the mental problems he would have. His handler was Dowling's wife! He could not ask her to keep an eye on John's progress. It would not have been fair to her or to John. It says much for the sportsmanship of both competitors that although no quarter was asked or given, no sharp practices took place.

During the 9th day both men needed sleep badly. Rafferty could not leave the track for any long period. If he was absent for three hours he would have conceded the lead to Dowling. Dowling would leave the track for short breaks but on his return would be walking faster. His pattern seemed to be that his first hour after a rest would be quite brisk and during this time he would complete about six laps. For the next two hours he would probably cover about eleven laps and in the fourth hour he would cover five laps. When he began to move a lot slower than this he would leave the track for a short break. Rafferty would start with three laps at about 11 minutes a lap, including short walking breaks at suitable points

en route. The next two laps would be appreciably slower and after these he would leave the track for a few minutes.

At the end of the 9th day Rafferty had completed 759 laps (607 mi). He had fought hard to maintain his lead but had to give one lap back to Dowling who completed 749 laps. Both men now needed sleep desperately. It would have been easy for them to have done a deal. They could have both left the track for eight hours sleep and resumed hostilities refreshed, but they were honorable competitors. No deals; no discussions. They just carried on with the battle with respect for each other.

Rafferty was now unshaven and quite unrecognizable from the start of the race. He had been obliged to treat his feet for a number of problems and one pair of his shoes had received considerable attention from a sharp knife. His brain was still razor sharp, however, and he was constantly keeping an eye on Dowling's progress. Sometimes Dowling would try to make a break and walk even faster than six laps an hour for short bursts. At these times Rafferty would stay a little distance behind him, but maintain the same pace. It was utterly absorbing for any informed spectator. Probably the most involved spectators at the race were the lap scorers. They could see this gigantic battle unfolding in front of them, and many of them were reluctant to leave the course after their stint of duty was over. Rafferty reached the 1,000 km mark in 9 days plus 3:40:28. Dowling reached the same point in 9 days plus 6:51:20, almost certainly setting a number of new walking records.

During the 10th day Rafferty made a determined effort to increase his lead. He ran briskly and his walking breaks were faster than earlier. He wanted a bigger lead; needed it if he was to have some decent sleep. He finished the day with 848 laps, 15 ahead of Dowling. The next day was probably the most important day of the race. The two men had been covering about 65-70 miles a day, and Dowling had always felt that he could manage 80 miles on one of the days before the finish, which perhaps could win the race for him. On day eleven Dowling made a determined effort to catch Rafferty, but every time his pace increased so did Rafferty's. It was quite astonishing that both competitors completed 80 laps (64 mi). Dowling had developed some foot problems but, like Rafferty, he was unwilling to discuss them in great detail during the race. The following day they were still at it and Dowling pulled a couple of laps back. Rafferty recovered these laps and four more besides on the following

day and the end of the race was now in sight for both men. After 13 days Rafferty had completed 880

miles and Dowling 864½. The weekend has arrived and the race will soon be over. On Friday evening Dowling gains a few laps and then loses a few. It's a bitter battle as both men are now in some pain, but Rafferty gently eases ahead. They continue through Saturday oblivious to anything but the race and each other. Both are looking for signs of weakness in the other and an easy ride to the finish.

The end came during Saturday night. John had severe problems with one of his feet and his walking had lost a little of its easy style. Tony seemed to sense this and increased the distance between them. Just before five o'clock on a misty Sunday morning Tony Rafferty won the first 1,000 mile road race in England this century with an Australian record of 14 days plus 16:45:11.

John Dowling was at the finish line to welcome the victor, but he now had another battle on his hands: He had to beat the time limit of 15 days. He needed rest and took it and at nine o'clock on Sunday morning, with about 9 miles to go, he seemed certain of finishing. At this point a Chaplain arrived and John retired to take Holy Communion. This had happened the previous Sunday and the service had lasted about ten minutes. This time it lasted 40 minutes, and I was certainly worried about the lost time John was racking up. He eventually returned to the race and completed the 1,000 miles with nineteen minutes to spare.

These athletes will have learned much from this race. They will have learned because they want to learn. They have been to places we can only dream about, having gone beyond mere tiredness and pain. The walker and the runner have shown us excellence in a highly visible form and for those of us with eyes to see they have shown us the true meaning of sporting competition.

RESULTS :

The MBS Alveronic 1000 Mile Road Race

Hull, England 4/5 mi loop
July 26-Aug 10, 1986

1. Tony Rafferty, Australia
14 days+16:45:11
 2. John Dowling, Ireland (walked)
14 days+23:41:20
- | | |
|------------------|--------|
| Malcolm Campbell | 750 mi |
| Colin Dixon | 528 mi |
| Dan Coffey | 85 mi |

Tony Rafferty plans coast to coast ultra



A race across Australia between the world's 20 best endurance runners would provide a great spectacle, according to distance runner Tony Rafferty.

Rafferty, a world-class endurance runner, is in Perth to raise sponsorship for a proposed run from Adelaide to Perth as a fund-raising project for the Australian Freedom from Hunger Campaign.

The 47-year-old Irish-born Victorian will accompany former American marine Sarah Fulcher (24), who is attempting to become the first woman to run from Sydney to Perth.

She left Sydney on September 22 and passed through Melbourne earlier this week. The pair will leave Adelaide later this month. They are expected in Perth before Christmas.

"Australia leads the world in ultra-marathon running," Rafferty said. "We have so many great runners who can hold their place in any field internationally."

"The Westfield Sydney-to-Melbourne race is the world's No. 1 endurance race. Now the time is approaching when a race across the continent would create a tremendous impact throughout the world."

Rafferty also believes Fulcher's performance will encourage women's participation in endurance running.

Rafferty, who has lived in Australia for the past 27 years, earlier this month finished sixth in the world six-day championship in France.

This year he has also contested the Box Hill 24-hour race, the Colac six-day event, the Westfield Sydney-to-Melbourne Classic, set an Australian record for running 1000 miles in Queensland, reduced the record by another 16 hours in Hull, England, and run across the Simpson Desert. Next weekend he will compete in the Adelaide 24-hour race.

— Courtesy of West Australian News.

Geoff Hook is making good progress finalising our Constitution and we are hoping that our association will become incorporated early this year.

AUSTRALIAN 24 HOUR TRACK CHAMPIONSHIP
 CONDUCTED BY: SRI CHINMOY MARATHON TEAM
 ADELAIDE HARRIERS TRACK, 1st & 2nd NOVEMBER, 1986

by GEOFF HOOK

"Hitting the Wall" after 22 hours prevented race winner David Standeven from breaking the event record set by Cliff Young last year (Cliff also broke the Australian record in that race but it was subsequently broken by Brian Bloomer this year in Melbourne). In fact, had David been able to continue his fast pace over the closing stages of the race, he could have broken Brian Bloomer's current Australian record. As it was, David was able to break the Australian 200km record in a fast time of 18:56:04. David's great effort of 228.566km resulted in a substantial increase in his PB as well as a PB for 100 miles (the fastest run by an Australian since George Perdon in 1970) set during the race. Also, David is the first South Australian overall winner of this race, all the others have been Victorians.

The remarkable Cynthia Cameron continued her string of record breaking successes by capturing the following records:

Australian records for 100 miles (18:11:37); 200km (23:56:11); 12 hours (115.25km); 24 hours (200.615km) and the Australasian record for 24 hours.

What a gutsy performance by Cynthia since she had to contend with second place to Sue Andrews, the New Zealand runner who holds the local records for 50 miles, 80km and 100km; for $\frac{1}{4}$ of the race. The greatest achievement for Cynthia was to become the first woman in Australasia to surpass 200km in a 24 hour track race.

Congratulations to both David and Cynthia for fine performances. They are respectively the male and female Australian 24 hour track champions for the next 12 months.

The runners had the mildest weather for the 5 occasions of the event but it was still deceptively hot. The race started in cool, overcast conditions, became fine and hot from midday to mid afternoon, cloudy for the rest of the daylight hours followed by a mild but dew-forming night. Most runners required substantial hats to ward off the ultra violet rays and those who did not use sunscreen cream were sunburnt the next day. So the race was a lucky window in otherwise tough weather, with strong winds the day before and a hot sunny 32°C. the day afterwards.

After the usual short meditative/comtemplative silence, the race commenced just after 8.00 a.m. Cliff Young was first to break the silence which indicated he was anxious to get going. Consequently he lead out at a quick pace to result in the relegation of normally fast starter, Geoff Hook, to playing second fiddle in the 24 hour race orchestra. David Standeven and Anyce Melham were both up near the leaders as were the two top women Suzanne Andrews and Cynthia Cameron. David worked up through the field with some steady running to be in the lead by the Marathon point, closely followed by Cliff in respective times of 3:09:39 and 3:11:27. At this point, Sue achieved her marathon in 3:47:38 to Cynthia' 3:56:46.

From this point on, David continued to run so well that he kept increasing his lead until the 22 hour mark. Even though David is small in stature, he certainly showed he could run the legs off taller runners. The other runners bunched through the middle stages of the race with Cliff just ahead of Geoff who in turn was just ahead of Anyce. Cynthia was well up there in the overall placings and Sue had struck trouble and was struggling.

As the night wore on the dramas developed. Of the front runners, Geoff Hook was first to fall in the big hole that lurks for the unwary runner, followed by Cliff Young. Anyce and David only fell in little holes and then had to struggle along at a slower pace. Cynthia had her problems too but courageously battled on to reach (what appeared to be out-of-reach for so long) that well deserved goal of 200km inside 24 hours. David was not troubled due to the high lead he had built up and walked most of the last 2 hours. That super vet, wily Riley, after wanting to pull out at 50 miles, moved steadily up through the field, while most were having their private troubles, to easily secure second place and a remarkable PB.

The steady runners moved up through the field, displacing the unfortunates. Roger Stuart moved into fifth position and John Champness into seventh. Frank Biviano decidedly beat arch rival and neighbour Klaus Schnibbe. Kevin Cassidy was able to record a great PB. Helen O'Connor, second woman, Sue Worley, third woman (and first time over 100 miles) and Andy Dockerty (first time over 100 miles) were other known PBs and great performances. The indomitable Stan Miskin race walked most of the way with a little bit of running to post another grand 100 mile plus performance. Cliff Young went back to his motel after 92 miles - he has well proved himself before, why push it when you feel so tired? Marilyn McCartney beat husband Stan and improved her PB by a big margin. Eileen Lush should have received the "Most Gusty Performance" award for never giving up and limping, no dragging, a right leg, that would not work, because of a gammy knee, round and round the track.

The Sri Chinmoy team again conducted a most prestigious race and were thanked for their efforts by the runners and support crews. We were again treated to madrigals by the lovely Sri Chinmoy girls at the remote end of the track during the small hours of the morning.

Well done team.

RECORDS_BROKEN:

Cynthia_Cameron:

Women's Australian
100 mile record:
18hrs.11min.37s.

Women's Australian
12 Hour record:115.25km.

Women's Australasian
24 Hour record:201.017km.

David_Standeven:

Men's Australian
200km.record:18:56:04

Best 100 mile time
recorded in Australia
for 15 years:14:02:47

Congratulations!



A brilliant performance and a personal best for Gerry Riley, 56, from Werribee, Victoria, to finish runner-up in the National 24 Hour Track Championships, held in Adelaide recently.

RESULTS

Place	Runners Name	Ag	State	Dist. Km
1st	David Standeven	34	SA	228.566
2nd	Gerry Riley	56	VIC	210.272
3rd	Anyce Kip Melham	28	NSW	202.862
4(1stW)	Cynthia Cameron	44	VIC	200.615
5th	Roger Stuart	43	SA	189.962
6th	Geoff Hook	41	VIC	188.704
7th	John Champness	45	VIC	184.014
8th	Frank Biviano	42	VIC	179.006
9th	Guy Schubert	35	SA	177.652
10th	Tony Ashwell	50	SA	172.640
11th	Kevin Cassidy	26	VIC	172.620
12th	Klaus Schnibbe	43	VIC	172.470
13(2ndW)	Helen O'Connor	34	SA	171.426
14th	Stan Miskin	61	VIC	170.010
15th	Ross Martin	57	SA	169.785
16th	Max Kitto	40	SA	168.706
17th	Bill Gutteridge	56	SA	168.311
18th	Tony Rafferty	47	VIC	167.814
19(3rdW)	Sue Worley	39	SA	164.568
20th	Andy Docherty	55	SA	162.241
21st	Greg Coulter	28	SA	161.336
22nd	Robert Byrth	37	SA	161.018

Runners over 100 miles (160.934km)

23rd	Cliff Young	64	VIC	156.106
24th	Graeme Wilkinson	40	NSW	153.187
25th	Stephen Foulkes	32	VIC	149.428
26(4thW)	Marilyn McCartney	37	SA	147.777
27th	Stan McCartney	41	SA	133.065
28th	Max Barnes	65	SA	132.397
29th	Dick Crotty	56	SA	130.538
30th	John Sinclair	44	QLD	129.838
31st	Bob Taggart	40	SA	127.138
32(5thW)	Suzanne Andrews	41	NZ	118.286
33rd	Kaven Dedman	39	SA	115.937
34(6thW)	Eileen Lush	39	SA	114.263
35th	Graham Light	37	VIC	99.376
36th	Alexander Matthew	48	SA	62.764
37th	Don Cox	39	SA	62.362

FARMERS AMP FINANCE LIMITED24 HOUR TRACK RACE

1PM 27/28TH SEPTEMBER, 1986.

EAST COAST BAYS STADIUM, AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND

RESULTS

1. Richard Tout	38	247.216km.
2. Don Mitchell	40	240.453km.
3. Gary Regtien	50	218.981km.
4. Sandra Barwick	36	195.217km.
5. Cy McLaughlin	69	176.473km.
6. Dave Sutcliffe	50	168.437km.
7. John Taylor	53	168.107km.
8. George Hodgson	42	162.00km.
9. Sue Andrews	41	138.553km.
10. Dave Powell	50	117.092km.

Records: Men

R.Tout	100 miles	12.52.02 (N.Z.)
	200km	18.11.51 (Australasian)
	24 Hour	247.216km (Australasian)

Records: Women

Sue Andrews	50km.	5.02.10 (N.Z.)
Sandra Barwick	80km.	8.15.53 (N.Z.)
	100km.	10.20.08 (N.Z.)
	100 miles	17.48.54 (Australasian)
** 24 Hours		195.217km (Australasian)

** Note: Sandra Barwick's 24 Hour Australasian record has since been broken by our Cynthia Cameron, when she ran 201.017km. in the Sri Chinmoy event in Adelaide in November, 1986.

Letter to the Editor:

George Audley,
RMB 9210,
Lwr.Denmark Road,
Albany W.A. 6330.
19.11.1986.

Dear Dot,

I have received a letter from John Dangar, stating I have been invited to run in the Westfield 1987. run.

From the stories I have been hearing, and I can well believe them, the crew I have can make or break my attempt. Can you find me some experienced crew? At the moment, I am only looking at bringing two or three with me. They would have to be volunteers as I am on the dole half the year and my attempt will depend on my finding sponsors. I hope you can help.

George

(Ed. Righto you lot! Can anybody help him? Write to him direct if you can.)

George Audley wins Hi-Tech 24 Hour Ultra in Perth

(Article reprinted from Mike Hall's 'The Veteran Athlete')

George Audley, 50, the "iron man" from Albany, West Australia, brilliantly won the 1986 Hi-tech 24 Hour Ultra marathon at the McGillivray Oval, Perth, on Sunday, 19th October, after suffering near exhaustion at one stage of the race.



George Audley, 50, on his way to a new state record for 100kms., at the McGillivray Oval, Perth, on the 27th July.

Completing a distance of 219.361 kms — a new State open record — Audley now rates highly on the National 24 hour rankings and looks almost certain to gain acceptance in the prestigious 1987 Westfield Sydney-to-Melbourne race early next year.

The versatile Audley, who is also a successful race-walker, having represented West Australia earlier this year at the National 50km Titles in Adelaide, seems to have found his forte in ultra distance running.

On the 27th July at the same venue, George set a new W.A. State record for 100 kms (formerly held by National 50 mile champion Alistair McManus) in a time of 8 hrs. 47 mins. 18 secs.

Audley's victory over last years winner Alan Croxford (210.934 kms), where he finished third, was sweet revenge indeed as the two continually exchanged the lead in the latter stages. With little between them at sunrise, after a long relentless duel throughout the night both runners were experiencing various problems of fatigue. As the heat began to take its toll on Croxford, Audley slowly began to increase his lead each lap over the last few agonising hours.

In the female division of the event the ever consistent Trisha Spain also broke W.A. State Women's records for 24 hrs (177.658 kms), 100 miles (21.08.02), 150 kms (19.32.44), and 50 miles (9.02.25), to finish a

gallant third overall in a field of 13 starters.

As can be seen by the rankings on this page, Trish seems poised to challenge Cynthia Cameron from Victoria for the No. 1 spot, as the leading female on the ultra scene.

A courageous run also by race-walker 38 year old Bronwyn Salter, gave her ninth place, covering a distance of 161.000 kms.

World ranked Joe Record (120 kms) and last year's runner-up, Ian Partington (100 kms) were both forced to withdraw because of illness.

The race this year was sponsored by the Hi-Tech Shoe Company and organised by the ever efficient Centurian Runners Club, ably led by president Tony Trip and his many officials, who ensured a thoroughly well organised event in a carnival type atmosphere for the entire 24 hrs. Well known Ultra identity Tony Rafferty made the presentations to Award winners.

— Mike Hall.

RESULTS

1. George Audley **	219.361km.
2. Alan Croxford	210.934km.
3. Trisha Spain	177.658km
4. Gary Clark	167.113km.
5. Michael Thompson	165.342km.
6. Bill Taylor	163.692km.
7. Charles Spare	163.00km.
8. Tony Tripp	162.00km.
9. Bronwyn Salter	161.00km.
10. Joe Record	120.00km.
11. David Bird	101.00km.
12. I. Partington	100.00km.
13. B. Heppell	38.00km.

** Western Australian Open Record

200km: George Audley - 21hrs.43m.37s. **

Congratulations George on a fantastic run, from all of us in A.U.R.A.!!

Results —

1 G. Audley	51 219.361
2 A. Croxford	43 210.934
3 T. Spain	44 177.658
4 G. Clark	39 167.113
5 M. Thompson ..	38 165.342
6 B. Taylor	N.Z. 163.692
7 C. Spare	47 163.000
8 T. Tripp	40 162.000
9 B. Salter	38 161.000

How Good Is Yiannis Kouros?

by Andy Milroy

To present-day observers of the world ultra scene Yiannis Kouros's performances seem incredible, stunning. If, however, we take a moment to step back and attempt to get his runs into perspective we may perhaps see him in a different light — less the superman and more the forerunner of the ultra runner of the future, who will increasingly dominate events from 24 hours upwards.

How good are the records at 24 hours and beyond?

In comparison with present-day standards Kouros's runs are phenomenal, but I would contend that the records from 24 hours upwards (I include the sub-24 hour 200 km in this) were soft until his efforts. A look at the history of these events shows that they were held only very spasmodically, and that the constant testing of records through competition has been lacking until recently.

The first man that we know of to complete 100 miles in 24 hours as an athletic feat was John Hague in 1762, but obviously even then athletes were capable of more. This was proved 25 years later when Foster Powell added twelve miles to Hague's total. In 1807 the great pedestrian Captain Barclay was matched against Abraham Wood in what may have been the first 24 hour race. Although the race ended unsatisfactorily in a doping controversy (Wood was hobbled), experts at the time thought it probable that Barclay would cover 135 miles. This, remember, is nearly 180 years ago.

It was not until 1879 that 135 miles in a day was approached. George Hazael ran 133 miles and 110 yards at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, England, but not in just a 24-hour race. He went on to cover 221 miles in 48 hours, and over 492 miles in six days. The subsequent 24 hour bests of 146 miles/251 yards and 150 miles/395 yards of Charles Rowell were set under similar circumstances. The 146-mile performance was only Day One of a new world six-day best of 566 miles, and the 150 miles was his opening flourish in one of the most remarkable ultra runs of the nineteenth century. Rowell continued to a forty-eight hour total of 255 miles, and 353 miles in 72 hours. Even Yiannis Kouros has not yet surpassed his 300-mile record split of 58:17:06! When Rowell set this latter 24-hour best he stopped deliberately after 22:25:25 to rest. If he had continued, as his later running shows he was well capable of doing, he

would surely have totalled over 160 miles. This performance was over one hundred years ago. In those days the world mile best stood at 4:19.4, and over the marathon distance (here I extrapolated from the more common 25-mile) the top runners were recording times in the vicinity of 2:42.

Since then the mile and the marathon have been regular athletic events in many countries and have been contested by generations of top-class athletes. In ultras generally, and in the events of 24 hours and longer particularly, this has not been so. Six-day racing petered out after 1890. There was a brief flurry of ultra activity in France in the early 1900s but in the main running competition stopped at 100 km in this period. Up until as late as 1973 even 24-hour races were extremely rare. In 1934 at an indoor event Arthur Newton squeezed past Rowell's best with 152 miles and 540 yards but he took the full 24 hours to do so and thus his record can, perhaps, be regarded as intrinsically inferior to Rowell's mark. The next recorded 24-hour event was twenty years later when the top ultra runner of the day was persuaded to tackle it.

Wally Hayward of South Africa was a former Olympic marathon runner who had also run the six-mile in the 1938 Empire Games. He came over to England and broke the Brighton record, the Bath 100-mile best, and then a month later tried his first 24-hour at Motspur Park. He knew his capabilities and he and his handlers had reckoned he could do 170 miles. Perhaps he went out too fast in covering the first 100 miles in 12:46:34, but remember, this man had run 12:20 for the distance. The fatal error was in stopping at 100 miles. A brief rest of ten minutes had been planned, but Wally wanted to come off the track for a shower and massage, and the break stretched to a half-hour. By then he had stiffened up and from then he ran differently — walked a little, ran a little, then walked again before gradually running again awkwardly and heavily. He struggled on in this way until the end of the race. He covered 159 miles/562 yards — seven miles further than Newton but still really only comparable with Rowell's mark.

Hayward's record was an athletic curiosity for another twenty years. In that period there were a couple of 24-hour races in New Zealand and that was it. In 1972 the amateur all-time list showed only three men over 130 miles! In 1973 24-hour track races were held in South Africa, Italy, and Great Britain. In the British race at Walton Ron Bentley, one of the strongest ultra runners in Britain, eclipsed Hayward's mark. With 22:59:38 of the race gone he passed the South African's 159 miles; then reaction, relief, and the weather forced him to a slow walk for the last hour. He achieved only 161 miles/545 yards.

Over the next few years there were several attacks on this record. First Park Barner (unofficially), then Jean-Gilles Boussiquet eased past with 162 and 164 miles, respectively. In May, 1981, to squash an unauthenticated rum-

or of 167 miles, Boussiquet ran 169 miles and 705 yards which was greeted with great admiration. In fact, it was still only ten miles further than Hayward's 30-year-old mark. A year later Dave Dowdle added just over a mile in achieving the current authenticated best of 170 miles/974 yards.

Events beyond 24 hours have an even briefer modern history. In May, 1979, Don Choi organised the first 48-hour race in well over 80 years. He won and set a modern-day best of 204 miles/942 yards. A year later he did the same for the six-day with a win in 401 miles. It wasn't until last year that Ramon Zabalo passed Charles Rowell's 102-year-old 48-hour best of 258 miles, and three months later Yiannis Kouros beat George Littlewood's 623 miles set in 1888.

Thus it could be said that prior to Kouros the 24-hours had progressed only 10 miles in 100 years, the 48-hours two miles, and the six-day not at all! This doesn't compare with the other ultra events in which there has been consistent competition on road or track with only relatively brief intermissions.

How is Kouros different from other 24-hour and multi-day runners?

Ultras generally have not often attracted the faster marathon runner with the determination and mental fortitude to turn superior marathon speed into record-breaking performances. When such men as Hayward, Woodward, Ritchie, Klecker, and Fordyce do tackle ultras they meet with such success in the shorter events — i.e., up to 100 miles — that they seldom feel the desire to go beyond that point. So why is Kouros different?

In South Africa the Comrades is the great attraction that draws talented marathoners into ultras. The esteem in which winners of this event are held has ensured a succession of top-class "short ultra" runners from Ballington and Hayward right down to Fordyce. To a lesser degree the other ultra countries offer classic races at 50 miles or 100 km for would-be ultra runners to aim at. In the ultra desert of Greece Yiannis Kouros entered the ultra world at a different point — 155 miles, the distance of the Spartathlon and a distance beyond that attainable by most 24 hour runners, even beyond many would-be 48-hour performers. Thus the Spartathlon helped create a unique ultrarunner — a 2:22 marathon runner experienced and successful in a very long, tough event as testing as any 24-hour run. Don Ritchie and Martin Daykin have both tackled the 24-hour spasmodically but have often been thwarted by injury or weather. Their very success in the shorter ultras may perhaps deprive them of the single-minded persistence to push their limits ever upwards; success at the 24-hour is just icing on the

How Good is Yiannis Kouros

cake. A further point is that their pounding styles, which make them so formidable at the 100 km, do make the chances of injury more likely the further they go.

The difference in basic speed as shown in marathon PRs is marked when one compares Kouros's 2:22 with other top 24-hour and multi-day runners. Bernard Gaudin's is around 2:29, Dave Dowdle's 2:35, Boussiquet's 2:42, Mark Pickard's 2:27 (prior to his 163 miles), Park Barner's 2:37, Zabalo's 2:33, and Bentley's 2:28. The only runner in the top ten all-time best 24-hour performers to match him in marathon speed is Pat Macke. Pat's 24-hour debut on the first day of the Montauban 48-hour has been surpassed only by Kouros himself. I suspect that Kouros and Macke will be the stars of a trend that will reinforce the changes in attitudes and standards for the longer ultras.

If the prospects of substantial

prize money, international travel, and the challenge of the multi-day races prove to be big incentives to other marathon runners of similar speed or faster then I can see Yiannis Kouros's feats being equalled and surpassed in the near future. In the meantime I look forward to seeing just what are the limits of this revolutionary runner from Greece. We should be grateful to Yiannis not just for his great runs but also for making us stop and re-examine our expectations and standards in the 24-hour and beyond.

RACE DIRECTORS OF ULTRA EVENTS

If Race Directors would like to forward about 60 of their entry forms to me at A.U.R.A. -

4 Victory Street
Mitcham 3132 Vic.

I would be happy to include them with our next issue of A.U.R.A. magazine and supply you with a list of those we've sent them to. Might save you some postage.

Dot Browne.

TOUGH JOINTS

Does a lot of jogging wear out your joints? No, says Stanford University researcher Dr Nancy Lane. "It's an old story that running wears out joints," she said in an article in the Journal of the American Medical Association.

She directed a study in which the joints of 41 long distance runners were compared with those of 41 non runners and occasional runners. She found no difference in the two groups in the prevalence of

osteoarthritis or degenerative joint disease.

The bones of the runners aged between 50 and 72 were 40 per cent stronger than those of the non runners.

Dr Richard Panush, of the University of Florida, Gainesville, also found in a study of male runners that running does not cause arthritis. "Putting a normal joint through a normal range of motion is not harmful," he said.

HOW TO AVOID BACKACHE

One of the most widespread complaints of the 80s is the backache. Often the cause is tight back muscles and weak abdominal muscles. Tight muscles, says our physiotherapist adviser, can put pressure on the nerves and blood supply of the lower back, which can result in painful muscle spasms if you over-exert yourself.

Ideally you should keep your back muscles loose and limber. There are two simple exercises you can do, says our adviser, to achieve that looseness.

One is the rolling situp. Lie back down on the carpeted floor with your knees bent and feet flat and with your arms out in front of you. Slowly curl your back and lift your shoulders towards your knees until your chest meets your thighs. Then let yourself down. Breathe normally as you do it.

The other is the hands and knees back bend. Go down on your hands and knees and arch your back up as high as you can and then down as far as you can push it. In other words first force your back into a hill shape and then into a hollow. If your back muscles are excessively tight you will find it difficult to move it either way.

Start out with as many repetitions of those two exercises as you can comfortably manage, but work up to at least 20 repetitions of each. They won't take long.

The Total Runner

What You Need	Why You Need It
Stamina	Training the cardiovascular system through steady running is the cornerstone of the sport.
Strength	Strong muscles can aid running form and help avoid muscle-imbalance injuries.
Speed	Learn to run faster and all-around running becomes easier.
Flexibility	Stretching can produce a more efficient stride and fewer injuries.
Balance	As training options increase, a balanced program is essential.
Variety	Other sports help runners get more fit on less mileage.
Nutrition	Good square meals of low-fat, high-carbo foods make a healthy runner.
Rest	Don't overdo it: recovery time is essential.
Discipline	A multifaceted program demands concentration and organization.
Toughness	Because you have to want it to do it.

Anyone wanting detailed information on the evolution of ultras over the last 250 years can obtain copies of Andy Milroy's booklet, *The Long Distance Record Book*, by writing Don Bonsor, 76 Benhill Wood Road, Sutton, Surrey, England. The cost is \$4 for airmail delivery, \$3 for surface mail.

Chuck Jones, Kathy d'Onofrio Emerge Victorious at WS 100

Four hundred and fifteen runners were on the starting line at Squaw Valley at 5 a.m. The early morning weather turned out to be cooler than expected, in the 40s. With the fastest field in the ten years of the vent and the cool, inviting conditions, the times over Emigrant Gap were fast...too fast. The last person cleared Emigrant Gap (4.7 mi, 2300' climb) in just over 1 hour and 35 minutes. Last year the last person took more than two hours.

First into Red Star Ridge checkpoint is Joe Mangan, 4 minutes ahead of three-time winner, Jim King, who in turn is followed closely by Steve Warshawer. Skip Hamilton, Jim Howard, and Bruce LaBelle. At Duncan Canyon (24.2 miles) Mangan has opened up a 7-minute lead on King, but Mangan dropped out at Robinson Flat, putting Jim King in his customary frontrunning position.

The pressure on King was greater this year, however, as he was pursued by a bevy of talented trail runners. Joining Hamilton and Howard was newcomer John Loeschhorn, moved up from 11th to 4th. And Chuck Jones is soon in 5th. The order of the leaders remained

the same through Last Chance (43.3 mi), an old gold mining town of the 1850s.

For many runners the worst part of WS is the nearly 2,000-foot climb up to Devil's Thumb. After two miles of endless switchbacks the runner is rewarded with one of the most beautiful sections of the trail, a 5-mile descent at a very constant grade into El Dorado Canyon. Near the bottom of this descent appeared the first new hazard on the course, an 8-foot diameter and 25-foot deep shaft of an old gold mine, right smack in the middle of the trail. The heavy rains earlier in the spring had caved in the dirt cover. Trail crews had marked off this hole, but it was still quite a surprise to the runners.

At Michigan Bluff (55.7 mi) the real flavor of the race comes out. The killer canyons are behind and the crew support and encouragement and cheers from hundreds of spectators gets the adrenalin flowing for many. But for others the terrain has been too much. The quads are gone, depletion and dehydration have been companions for too long. Blisters cannot be ignored, and the 90° heat in the canyons has sapped any reserves. The Michigan Bluff checkpoint comes after a hot, exposed, 4-mile climb; only 330 runners continue past this checkpoint.

Jones and Howard are soon both past King, and they run part of the new section of the course, California Street, together. But Howard emerges from this section with stomach trouble, leaving Chuck Jones alone in front.

Jim Pellon mounted a late-race charge, and he closed to within 4 minutes of Jones on the Auburn Lake Trail. But Jones was able to hang onto his lead for the win.

First master was John Loeschhorn, owner of a running store in southern California. Next master was Doug Latimer, now 48, who finished 8th overall. After the race Doug indicated that he will now run WS for fun, as he can no longer win the event against the new breed of mountain runner, and probably can't even be first master.

Twenty-one year old Kathy d'Onofrio blasted out to a large lead early in the women's race, and held on for the win. For most of the race the battle for second place between Tennessee's Vicki Johnson and Maine's Kim Moody was close, with Moody only 2 minutes up after 78 miles. But by the end the top women were all pretty secure in their positions.

In one of the most heart-

wrenching finishes ever, local favorite and friend of so many runners Nancy March entered the stadium mere seconds before the finish clock hit 24:00:00. She crossed the finish line at 24:01:29. Among those who know her there was not a dry eye, and many buckles of sympathy were sent from their hearts.

Rick & Donna Fay

First Interstate Western States 100 Mile

Squaw Valley to Auburn, Calif.

June 28, 1986

Trails; 17,000' climb, 21,000' descent

1. Chuck Jones, 27	16:37:47
2. Jim Pellon, 36	16:48:19
3. Jim King, 29	18:20:29
4. Herb Tanzer, 34	18:35:45
5. John Loeschhorn, 42	18:40:49
6. Dan Williams, 37	18:47:56
7. Tim Twietmeyer, 27	19:02:03
8. Doug Latimer, 48	19:03:40
9. Craig Moore, 33	19:03:46
10. Dave Stevenson, 33	19:29:21
11. Jim Pomroy, 39, MT	20:08:32
12. David Roberts, 31, ME	20:20:25
13. Martin Jones, 43	20:32:40
14. Rob Volkenand, 55, OR	20:47:51
15. David Roth, 32	20:57:13
16. Kathy d'Onofrio, 21	20:58:16
17. Roger Daniels, 50	21:01:30
18. Charles Savage, 38	21:02:00
19. Kimberly Moody, 31, ME	21:05:59
20. Alfred Bogenhuber, 46, Australia	21:10:00
21. Chris Turney, 28	21:16:02
22. Vicki Johnson, 43, TN	21:17:48
23. Gard Leighton, 52	21:23:22
24. Bjorg Austrheim-Smith, 43	21:26:14
25. Bill Kissell, 33	21:30:16
26. James David Park, 30	21:37:35
27. David Gray, 32, WI	21:38:51
28. Bruce LaBelle, 30, CO	21:40:32
29. Tom Rotkis, 38, AZ	21:44:13
30. Dana Gard, 41	21:45:08
31. Dane Larsen, 35	21:53:42
32. Marv Hammes, 26, TX	21:54:39
33. Charlie Hoover, 37	21:55:51
34. Eric Evers, 36	22:05:01
35. Jack Christian, 33, OK	22:09:35
36. Stephen Harris, 32	22:11:34
37. Chris Libby, 28	22:18:05
38. Bruce Wise, 37, AZ	22:19:57
39. Bobbie Dixon, 39, MT	22:25:58
40. Mike Pelechaty, 31, OH	22:29:15
41. Roger Sebert, 42	22:30:57
42. Max Bogenhuber, 44, Australia	22:33:32
43. Dennis Fugate, 34, TX	22:34:34
44. Milano Zeman, 44	22:37:59
45. Harry Sloan, 37, MN	22:42:44
46. Nancy McCord	22:43:43
47. Ron Whitmill, 30	22:45:55
48. Harlow Akins, 42, OH	22:49:51
49. Robert Develice, 32, NZ	22:52:30
50. Everett Riggle, 53	22:54:17
51. Roland Martin, 37	22:57:42
52. William Tramontin, 37	23:01:32
53. Tim Guinan, 39, WA	23:08:21
54. Chris Cole, 23	23:08:33
55. Jeff Hagen, 39, SD	23:11:22
56. Jerry Gusc, 46	23:12:36
57. Thomas Brezolzky, 21	23:16:55
58. Bob Silverman, 38	23:17:25



This was Max's souvenir photograph. It is inscribed "The World Champion-ship. 100 Miles in One Day. June 28, 1986"

THIS IS MY BROTHER, HE LIVES NEAR WHERE THE RUN IS HELD
BUT I ENTERED HIM FROM OVER HERE TO GIVE HIM A BETTER CHANCE
TO GET A START. THEN HE GOES AND BEATS ME!

I had known about the Western States 100 Ultramarathon for more than two years. When I first heard of it, it was just something I had read about, certainly not something I would ever attempt. Then by early 1985 I had run my first 100 miler and the Western States 100 started to seem like something I could finish, if I really applied myself. By mid 1985 I had decided that I would enter. I sent away for entry forms, filled one in, sent it off together with the requested entry fee and resumé of previous ultras I had done, and hoped for the best.

For those that are not familiar with this run, I give a very brief run down. It is a 100 mile endurance run across the California Sierra mountains. It starts at 6200 feet, goes to 8980 feet at its peak, has a total of 18800 foot climb, 22800 foot drop, temperatures during the day down in the canyons reach 115 degrees, the nights are very cold and the ultimate challenge is to finish in less than 24 hours. It is advertised as not only the toughest run, but the toughest sporting event in the world. You have to qualify to get a start and even after qualifying, your entry is drawn from a barrel as they only allow 500 starters from more than 2000 entries. It is the most prestigious ultra to win, for the big guns, and to finish for the ordinary runner. The ultimate challenge of the run is to beat the sun, before it rises a second time. If you finish inside 24 hours, you receive a solid silver belt buckle for your troubles. If you finish inside 30 hours, you are one of the official finishers and receive a replica of the cherished silver buckle. Anyone later than that, goes home empty handed.

Early January 1986 I get a letter stating that my entry has been accepted. Now it's down to serious training. From all the stories I have read, I know it is tough, I know there is a lot of up and down. I try to train accordingly. However there is one aspect of the run that I cannot train for. It's the altitude. I live in Sydney and the highest I can go within reason is about 3500 feet, up in the Blue Mountains. I do that too, on Sundays.

June 26th, Squaw Valley, California. Here I am. I have trained as hard as I know how, have prepared like never before. The last few days here in California have been a bit hectic but I am as ready as I ever will be. There are runners everywhere. I attend the "First Timers" briefing held at 2:30 pm. We are told to keep the trails clean by one speaker, then we're told that if you have to go, you just go, by another speaker. Well, I suppose it's bio degradable.

June 27th, Squaw Valley. Check in for the medical at 10:00 am. Get a plastic tag on the wrist, giving weight, pulse rate and blood pressure. My pulse is a bit high, the rest is good. Must be a bit anxious. There are some of the top runners around. The atmosphere is quite electric. Here are all the big guns of American ultra running, the people you normally only read about. Doug Latimer (previous winner of the event) is lined up right next to me. Jim King, Jim Howard, Jim Pellon, Rae Clark, they're all here. In the afternoon there is another briefing, compulsory. Again we're told to keep the trail clean. Will they please make up their mind! We're once again told of the dangers awaiting us. We really don't have to be reminded. Even the entry form mentions the bears, the rattle snakes, the altitude, the cold, the heat, the snow, the dust, the river at 78 miles and the distance. Surely we all know what we're in for, or do we? The veterans of this run certainly do, the first timers, like myself, may think they do, but really they don't! We are told that of the 500 that are accepted each year, normally only about 350 make it to the starting line, but this year there are 415. This makes it the biggest field that has ever started. We are also told that the course has been changed and it is now 100.6 miles, it is all trails, and it has 18000 foot of climb and drop added to it. Who are these sadists, have they no heart? It has always been awfully hard to earn that silver buckle, why make it even harder?

June 28th, Squaw Valley, 4:45am. ¹⁶ It's still dark. It's cold. There are more than 400 runners milling around. I register at the check-in. I cannot make up my mind, should I carry two drink bottles or one, should I use a bum bag or not. I decide to run with one bottle and no bum bag. I mingle with the runners. The air is thick with expectations. Everyone seems to have a plan. 5:00 am, the guns go off (a shotgun and a 45 at the same time, would you believe). I waddle along with the rest of them, along a dirt road that takes us up to Emmigrant Pass. A climb of over 3500 feet in less than five miles. This is easy. The path we follow is not always the road. We get off the road every so often and climb up really steep. This is not so easy. Like most, I walk all the steep sections and very slowly run the milder ascents. I reach the top in 52 minutes and I am among the first 30 or so runners. It is still not very light, it flashes through my mind "Will I get to the other end before the sun rises again?". Forget it, just push on.

I run with Kim Moody, first girl to 78 miles last year when she got lost, and Kathy D'Onofrio, last years second placed girl. The pace seems easy. We run across some snow. I get to talk to a Canadian. He has run this several times before. We promise to buy each other a beer when we get to the end, if the bears don't eat us. It is said that by the time you reach halfway you wished that a bear WOULD eat you, to put an end to your misery. There are patches of mud between the snow, I jump one such patch and sink into the snow over my knees, as I land. Better just run through these patches from now on. On I go, across snow, through mud, over rocks. I reach the first aid station, Hodgson's Cabin, that's ten miles down, 90 to go. My water bottle is empty. I fill up and grab a banana. It took almost two hours for the first ten miles. I am already beginning to realise why it is such a difficult task to get to Auburn in less than 24 hours.

To our left, way in the distance, is Lake Tahoe. The scenery is really out of this world, it's a pity I cannot take a closer look. We start to head down a bit. There are all sorts of alpine flowers out in bloom. Rae Clark comes up and asks "Where are you from?", I reply "Sydney, Australia". "Running this the first time?", "Yes". "Take it easy, if you go too fast early, the bear jumps on your back and drags you right down". "Thanks Rae, but I am aware of that." We run together for a while but eventually he pulls away. Some time later I catch up with Doug Latimer. Although the pace feels really easy, it enters my head that I might be going a bit too fast. These are top runners and have run this many times before. I should not be up so far with the leaders.

I go past Cougar Rock and make it into Red Star Ridge aid station without further incident. They fill up my drink bottle, I grab a can of cola, a banana and head off again. I walk while I eat the banana and drink the cola. I stick the empty cola can into my pants and start to run again. Constantly I keep a check on my body. All systems are still go. Good. The trail is getting worse and worse. The downhills are really steep and the dust is so deep and so fine that you cannot see where your foot is landing. Runners ahead disappear in the dust kicked up. These people really move on the downhills. Still, I am happy with my progress.

There are little signs saying "RED HOT WOMEN AND ICE COLD BEER" and I know that I must be close to another aid station. I can hear the people holler. Duncun Canyon here I am. This is a super aid station and I feel like a car at the Indy 500. They fill my drink bottle, wash down my face with ice cold water, shove food into my mouth and send me on my way. Boy, never have I been treated like that before in a run. This is tops. I feel really good and I know the next aid station is only six miles away. I pick up the pace a bit. Other runners have disappeared and I am running on my own.

I get into Robinson Flat. This is the first major aid station. There are people everywhere. They put me on the scales. I have lost a pound. Must keep an eye on my weight. A loss of more than three pounds means that the doctors check you out further and may hold you back for a while.

A loss of five pounds means they¹⁷ definitely hold you back for a while and a loss of more than seven pounds means that they will pull you out of the race. We don't want that to happen, now do we? They fill my drink bottle, I take some pretzels, some cake, some rock melons and a banana for good measure. I walk out eating and keep walking until all the food is gone. 32 miles done in less than six hours. I am in 25th position, but my **body** is starting to tell me something. The temperature is rising and it becomes more difficult to run. With less than a third done I realise that I am going to have to back off if I am to make the finish. The difficulty of the course is really starting to come home to me.

The next aid station is a bit more than five miles away and I now know that I made a mistake running with only one bottle and no bumbag. The heat really saps the body. The only way to alleviate this, is to drink lots and to pour water over the head, if you have enough. So I must conserve, water and energy. As I slow down, runners come past. It is mainly downhill, yet they come past. Am I paying for going what I thought to be an easy pace earlier on? I'm heading down into the first real canyons. Are they steep?! My quads are starting to ache. This is going to be harder than you thought, **Boy!** I battle on. I get into the Deep Canyon #1 aid station. I try to look cheerful. There are medical people around. You always try to look cheerful around them. I fill up and head off again. Having to eat out of every aid station is costing me time. Had I used my bumbag I could have filled it at the aid stations and done my eating on the uphills, which I intended to walk anyway. Have to put that down to experience, for next time, if I survive this time.

The temperature is now at the awful stage and will remain so for the next ten hours or so. I hate this heat. Last Chance aid station is at last within ear shot. Gee it's good when you don't know how far it is to the next station, then you hear the hollering. What a welcome sound. Now I know how the beduins felt when they came across an oasis. On the scales again, lost another half pound. Fill up, get a quick washdown with cold water, grab a bite to eat and off again.

Down into the steep canyons again. My legs are really parking up at me with every downhill step I take. That really frustrates me. Runners pass me on the downhills, going a hundred miles an hour, I pass some of them again going up the other side of the canyon. Devil's Thumb is a bit more than four miles from Last Chance. It takes me an hour and twenty five minutes. This is not running, it is torture. My ambition of making the top twenty goes out the door real quick. My utmost concern becomes finishing. I have to look after my body well enough for it to carry me down to Auburn. Halfway is nearly made, if I'm smart I will be able to make it through. My level of fitness and my experience will carry me through. Just hang in there. I have probably slipped back to 60th or 70th position, I don't know and I don't care. I reach Devil's Thumb, so called because of the thumblike rock sticking out of the side of the canyon. As you head out of the canyon leading up to Devil's Thumb aid station you can see the rock on your left. I also get to meet two rattle snakes as I walk up the canyon. They disappear in a real hurry. They are more worried than I am, I'm sure. At Devil's Thumb aid station I do the usual, fill the bottle, have a big drink, grab some food (all the aid stations are stacked with all sorts of food) and off again. Must not waste too much time.

Eight miles to Michigan bluff. The next major aid station. That's a long way to go with one drink bottle, in the heat of the day. Heat has always been a problem for me. Today is no exception.

Going down into the canyon, Vicky Johnson, last year's third placed female, goes past. My quads are so sore I can hardly get down the steep trail. It is horrible. Going up the other side I pass her again. I try to make conversation by telling her that she is running third again. She just ignores me. I've got the impression that ^{she} does not like men. Good riddance to her, I think. Before reaching the top, there are TV cameras perched on the side of the trail, taking in all the pain they can get from this angle, and I bet they get plenty. This is the worst canyon.

The TV cameras have followed us all along the way. There is always the sound of choppers up above. In a way, it is reassuring. Finally I reach Michigan Bluff. The crowds are very cheerful, as they are right throughout the entire course. It's just great. People call out your name which they get from the race programme, and they make you feel like you are somebody. I love the hospitality of the American people. As this is a major station, on the scales again. I am dangerously close to being three pounds down on my starting weight. Some guy disappears with my drink bottle. I sit down, take my shoes off and put some vaseline between my toes. These aid stations have everything. I want to head off, but cannot find my drink bottle. It is almost panic time. There is no way that I can go without a drink bottle. Ah, at last, here is my drink bottle. It was my fault, he couldn't find me while I was sitting on the ground fixing my feet up. He thought I had gone without the bottle and was worried stiff. Poor guy.

I am now well past halfway and at the next aid station I can pick up a pacer. A pacer is a runner that accompanies you over the last 38 miles. This is like a security blanket. There is a sixteen mile stretch where you never come near a road again. It will also be getting dark before too long after the next aid station. You have most probably run the last twenty miles on your own and a bit of company is like a magic potion at that stage. It's something to look forward to, and I do.

Down the canyon I go again. My right calf is starting to feel really crampy. I know I am going to have to watch this carefully. Down, down, down. It is terrible. The pain in my quads is excruciating. Why do I do this? My right calf cramps up completely, the toes pull forward and I fall on the trail. There is not much room to play with on these trails. To one side a sheer drop, to the other scraggy rocks. I know the only way to overcome this cramp is by pulling the front of my foot back. I try desperately, but cannot reach my toes. Is this where I will finish my trial? Along comes a female runner, steps over the top of me and disappears. So much for runners' camaraderie! A few seconds later a male runner approaches. He stops, pulls my foot back to release the cramp, asks me if there is anything else he can do for me and, after being assured that I am O.K., heads off down the trail. From now on I take it really easy on all the downhills. If there is anything that can stop me from finishing this, it will be these cramps. I have had this problem in previous runs, and I know it well. No more than two miles later, I catch up with the female runner, that so graciously stepped over me, while I was laying on the trail, writhing in pain. We talk for a little while. It turns out to be Terri Gerber, last year's winner of the womens division. She offers me a hand full of salty pretzles and assures me that they will help me with my cramps. As it turns out she is really quite helpful. Before too long we part company as she stops at a small creek to wash her face.

Somehow I make it into Foresthill. The time is 5:30 pm. I have been going for twelve and a half hours and I have covered 62 miles. If I can hold on to that average speed, then I will get my buckle. This is what I came for! Sam, my pacer, waits for me at the Foresthill aid station. I grab a drink, get my bottle filled, grab a few bites to eat and together we head off down the road. I tell Sam "You go up front and I will follow". I figured that in the state I was in, it would be better if he looked for the trail. I may miss it. We go no further than half a mile and Sam misses the turnoff back into the bush. I call him back. Some two hundred metres further down the trail he misses another turn. Again I call him back and tell him "Sam, you go to the back and I'll lead". We slowly wind our way along the narrow trail. Sam is very, very helpful, but I get the impression that he is not used to running on this sort of terrain, but then who is? He reminds me to drink, he dips my pandaena into any water that we come across and generally tries to look after me as best he can. We reach a very steep uphill section. We both start to walk. Suddenly Sam stops and says "I think I've got altitude sickness". I look at him. How could he be altitude sick here, we're no more than 3000 feet high? I push on and leave him there. What can I do? He's not after the belt buckle, I am. At the top of the rise there

is a minor aid station. They have water and biscuits. I grab some of each and have a few words with the guy manning the station. He asks me if I want a vegemite sandwich. That turns my pain to laughter. He tells me that he spent two years in Melbourne, but did not like it, so he came back to the states. I reply "If you spent your time Melbourne, I'm not surprised that you didn't like it". We both have a laugh and, after looking back to see if there is any sign of Sam, I'm off again.

The next aid station, another minor one, is over seven miles away. Slowly I wind my way up and down the hills. They are not so long now. I come across a runner laying on the ground, his cap half over his head, his eyeballs popping out and his tongue between his teeth. His pacer is sitting next to him. I offer some water, which I have little of. His pacer assures me that they have enough and he tells me that a rescue team is on it's way to pick them up. The only way out of here is either on foot, or on horseback. Roads are a long way from here. So they'll just have to wait. As I am talking to the runner's pacer, I realise that the runner is none other than Jim Howard. Twice winner of this event.

"You're just going past one of the best ultra runners in the U.S. of A", I tell myself. You're not doing too badly. More than an hour later I reach the next aid station. This is down by the American River. The water they supply is really warm. They apologize and explain that all the supplies they have, have been brought in on horseback. "It's O.K." I reply. My feelings have long left my body and I don't really care much about anything anymore. My body moves on, but my mind has long left me. You reach a point where the pain and the fatigue completely rob you of all judgement. You're in another world. Things become comical, but you're not laughing, yet.

The trail follows the river. There are long stretches of deep, soft sand. I really needed this. Running in the sand. Isn't this what the purists recommend for strength training? To hell with the purists. The sun has disappeared, the temperature is dropping fast. I feel I have strength again. If I don't hurry up, I will not reach the river crossing before dark. The drop bag at Rucky Chucky (the river crossing) contains my flashlight. I must get there before dark. "Maaax" someone is calling out from behind. Sam is back. To his credit, he did not give up on me. He struggled on and caught up with me. In the distance there is a sort of a halo hanging in the river valley. As we get closer we hear a motor running. We decide that it must be a generator. As we get closer we realize that we were right. Rucky Chucky, here we come. This is a very big aid station. There are lots of stretchers standing around. They are all occupied. On one of these stretchers I recognize Rae Clark. The guy that warned me of the bear jumping on my back. Looks like the bear jumped on HIS back. It makes me smile. This race is a great leveller. This year it is harder than it has ever been before. The organizers have added some seven miles to make it the full 100 miles, and swapped 16 miles of forestry dirt roads for sixteen miles of extremely rough bush trails. This added another 1800 feet to the climb and descent of the run and it is sure claiming its victims.

Rucky Chucky is great. The scales tell me that I have put on half a pound since Foresthill, there is hot soup, the helpers are all great, there is a real atmosphere with all the bright lights across the river. Tanked up we go down to the water. There is a thick rope stretched across, with people standing in the water supporting the rope. We wade in. There are big rocks all along the line of the rope. I am told to stay on the rocks, but my legs will not stretch that far any more. Consequently, I am up to my waist in icy cold water, most of the time. My legs are cramping and the cold makes me shiver all over. How ridiculous. You spend all day fighting the extreme heat, now you're freezing your butt off. We both make it across. My first drop bag is waiting for me on the other side. I take off my shoes, get my socks as dry as I can, put them back on, put on a new singlet, drink a can of energy drink and grab my torch (flashlight, as the yanks call it). The aid station doctor has a lengthy conversation with me. He is trying to establish my mental state. He asks some inconsequential questions.

It is not without danger to be²⁰ travelling on foot through this lonely wilderness, even more so if you are all depleted, both mentally and physically. I concentrate on giving him crisp answers. The last thing I need is to be pulled out of the race by a well meaning doctor! When he asks me if I feel tired, I reply energetically "Of course I am tired". That's got him convinced that I am still thinking O.K. He disappears and I am ready to go, but Sam is not. A few moments later, we are off into the night.

It is only a couple of miles to the next aid station. But it's all uphill. I am feeling awful. All the soup and drink I had must have upset my stomach. This is not surprising. Like a lame duck, I drag myself up the hill. At Green Gate aid station I have a piece of home made fruit cake. It is very good! Let's go. Suddenly I get a burst of energy. The food I have taken in must be having it's effect.

Auburn Lake Trails is six miles away. Everything around us is pitch black. It is almost eerie. Just two little lights bobbing around in the wilderness. We are now down far enough to strike the infamous Poison Oak bushes. A touch of these can cause severe blistering and extreme pain. Just another obstacle. So what! Just take care though and stay on the trail as much as possible, which is difficult, as the trail is so narrow at times that it is inevitable that one touches the growth on either side if it. Let's hope I am not allergic to this stuff. Some people are not affected by it at all, I may be one of them. We scamper along, me up front, Sam behind. A skunk hops onto the trail between us. Sam calls out and the skunk disappears again. We go on. Up, down, up, down. I feel reasonably strong and from time to time we pass another pair, runner and pacer. Two lights in the dark. Apart from the runner's lights, that one passes every now and then, there is absolutely no light to be seen anywhere. It's a long way from anywhere! Again we can hear the croning of a motor in the distance. It must be another generator, but there is no light visible anywhere. We wind our way around a bend and there are lights down in the valley. Suddenly there are some very loud Yahoo's being called out from below. We holler back. This is terrific. People, lights, food, drink, and the scales. We're at Auburn Lake Trails. A girl sits us down and gives my calves a quick massage. This is great. I cannot get over the friendliness and the enthusiasm displayed by these people. They are out here in the dark, cold, stark wilderness, waiting for the occasional runners, just to help them. All on a voluntary basis. Never have I seen this sort of dedication to running anywhere before. This is where I have my other drop bag. I take a spray jacket from it, put it on and we're on our way again. The Highway 49 aid station is our next stop and it is almost eight miles away. Not far on a normal day, but seems like a million miles at this stage.

we think we are running, but in reality we are just hobbling along. The pain, the stiffness in the joints, the fatigue, it all adds up to what must be a funny sight to see. I am glad I cannot see myself. There are two little lights just ahead. It's somebody shining two torches straight up into the trees. I see a guy holding the torches and I think "Where's the other runner?". I shine my light down the path, right on the guy holding the lights. Then I espy someone squatting behind him. I shine my light there. All I see is a white backside. It is embarrassing enough without someone shining his light on you, so I turn my light away quickly and Sam and I make our way past. The trail is so narrow, we almost fall over each other. It is no afternoon picnic. Sometime later, what had beset the runner earlier, now forced me to stop. But I am not as flexible as that other runner before. My knees won't bend enough to squat. So what do I do? Standing up of course course, what else can you do?

The trail becomes wider, we hit some very dusty stretches again. It's awful. Up, down, up, down, on and on we go. We come to a very steep and dusty uphill section. We hear noise from above. The Highway 49 aid station must be close. As we get closer we start to holler out. The

people from the aid station²⁴ holler right back. Hey, we're back in civilization. On the scales. Weight is O.K. This station is run by the National Guard. It looks like something out of a war movie. There is an open army tent with stretchers inside. The stretchers are all full. One of the Guardsmen takes me inside and gives me a cup of thick, hot broth. Ahh, I love it. I know my stomach doesn't handle this too well at this stage, but I love it. I am told that it is only a bit over six miles to the finish. I tell Sam that I will go straight through from here. I will not stop again. But we go.

We cross Highway 49 and are back on a very narrow trail. It is steep uphill again. Why are we going up, when I know that Auburn is somewhere down to our right. God, these people are cruel. They will just not quit punishing you. The uphills are not too bad, but I know that if we go up, we will come down again. And the downhills are absolute hell. My light begins to fade and within ten minutes it is out completely. Sam gives me his light. This guy would give me his heart if asked him. I tell him to stay real close to me and we stumble along as best we can. On the rough, rocky downhills I have to wait for Sam. It is impossible for him to follow close enough to see. So I go down a bit, stop, and shine the light back up for Sam. It's slow progress, but it is progress.

We come out of the trees just above No Hands Bridge aid station. We head straight down to it. Sam tries to get me to fill up my drink bottle, but I am not interested at this stage. All I want is the finish line. I can smell it, I am sure of it. We go straight past, across the bridge, up the narrow, washed out path along the river. Desperately I look for some lights. I know the city of Auburn is now just a couple of miles away, up to our right. Somehow I manage to pick up the pace a bit and we are actually running. We reach the last steep uphill leading us up to Robie Point, the last aid station before the finish. We walk this bit, then straight past the aid station and on to the sealed road.

A bit over a mile to go. The smooth running surface feels good. It is past three in the morning and there are people out on their front lawns, clapping and cheering. It lifts me up and I start to run faster. There is a runner up ahead. I pick it up and within a couple of hundred yards I pass him. Another incline, I slow down. The road flattens out, I pick it up again. There is a runner up ahead just crossing the railway bridge before heading left towards the stadium. I am determined to catch him and I do. I am running flat out. Sam is hanging on and we hit the entrance to the stadium. As soon as we are through the gates I can hear the loudspeakers declaring "In 42nd place, Max Eogenhuber, Grays Point, Australia". This is it. I've done it. Giving it all I've got, I sprint around the track, heading towards the finish line. Sam reaches for me and we cross holding hands. The time is 3:33 am, 22 hours and 33 minutes of hell, turned into a moment of glory. The crowd is fantastic. There are hundreds of people cheering, the entire area is lit up like day and television cameras are running. Here, everybody is a winner.

So, what price the silver buckle?...not much. Just a day of pain, a day of bloody torture and exhaustion, that's all.

Run statistics: 471 officially accepted entrants,
415 official starters on the day,
210 official finishers,
92 silver buckles earned.

Of the first 10 runners into the first major aid station at 32 miles, only two made it to the finish. Although the field was comprised of the best ultra runners in the U.S. as well as runners from England, Canada, New Zealand and Australia, the first ten places were filled by local runners.

ADELAIDE TO VICTOR HARBOUR90 KILOMETRES ULTRA MARATHON

12TH OCTOBER 1986

This event is conducted by the Distance Runners' Club of South Australia Inc. each year, for those intrepid souls who wish to pit themselves, and the patience of their dedicated crews, against the distance, O'Halloran's Hill and Sellick's Hill, the wind, the motorists, the tempting scenery, and a time limit of 11 hours.

It has always had a fairly small field and this year was no exception. There were ten starters. Of these, Andy Docherty, Ross Martin and Roy Sutcliffe are members of the South Australian Veterans Athletics Club. Each of the starters had entered the event several times before. Ross had completed the event each time it had been conducted; Roy Sutcliffe originated the event in 1980, both organising it and running in it.

The event has, for the last few years, been held a few weeks before the popular 24 Hour Run organised by the Sri Chinmoy group, and a number of entrants in this ultra marathon were using it as a valuable lead-up event.

RESULTSMEN:

1. Bob Taggart, 39 years	7.54.11
2. Roy Sutcliffe, 57 years	8.25.41
3. Max Kitto, 40 years	8.53.18
4. Andy Docherty, 55 years	9.26.11
5. Graham Stenner, 42 years	10.29.59
6. Peter Kitschke, 55 years	10.48.32

WOMEN:

1. Cheryl Standeven, 30 years	9.33.24
2. Margaret Schubert, 31 years	9.54.54

Also ran:

Ross Martin, 56 years	70km in	7.26.50
Kaven Dedman, 39 years	36km in	3.55.00

Ernie Walker sets new mark for 100km Ultra Marathon

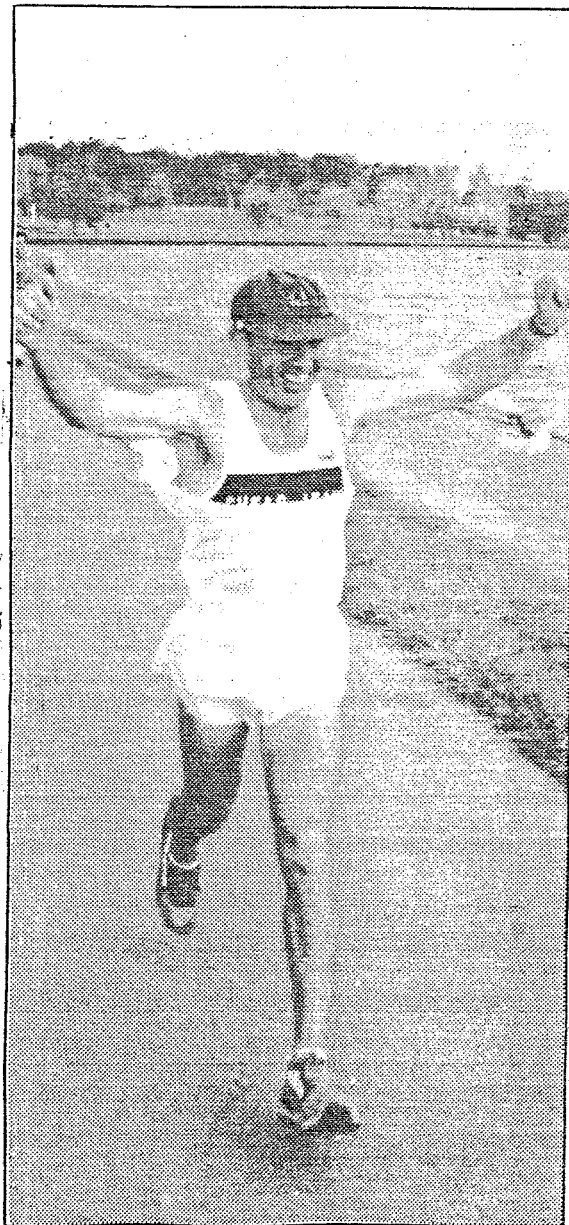
(Courtesy: "The Veteran Athlete")
Canberra Restaurateur Ernie Walker, M50, burst on to the Ultra distance scene recently by successfully completing 100 kms (Road) in 10 hrs. 9 mins. 2 secs.

In his first attempt at an Ultra Marathon, Ernie finished strongly over the concluding stages of the event to take 11 minutes off the previous ACT mar, 10 hrs. 20 mins. 00 secs, by Canberra club member Derek Quinto (M35).

The attempt, organised by a six person support group, covered twenty

laps of the 5km circuit around the Central Basin of Lake Burley Griffin on Sunday, 12 October, in warm but windy conditions for most of the event.

Walker, confident his current fitness level will stand him in good stead, recently left to contest the gruelling Honolulu Marathon, in December.



Ernie Walker has good reason to smile as he successfully finishes his first Ultra Marathon, in Canberra recently.

Q.M.R.R.C. 50 MILER, BRISBANE, 19th OCTOBER, 1986

by Trevor Harris

Seventeen starters, sixteen male and one female, toed the start line at the University of Queensland at 1.00 a.m. on the 19th October, 1986 for the commencement of the Queensland Marathon Road Runners Club 50 Miler. The reasons for the 1.00 a.m. start is to avoid the heat of the day. The temperature at 1.00 a.m. was 21°C.

The course consists of a 5km circuit run on the roads in the grounds of the University of St. Lucia. To run it once in the daylight is very enjoyable, however to run it sixteen times with most of the laps in the dark requires mental as well as physical dedication. The word flat is often used to describe the 5km circuit however gentle inclines to several small hills would be a more accurate description.

This year, unlike previous years, there were no hot favourites, several runners have sub 2 hour 40 minute marathons to their credit but were not sure about going the distance. Kerry Beattie appeared to be one of three of four runners that was capable of winning, his seconds certainly have the credentials to assist and motivate him, Ron and Dell Grant.

The pace was rather quick for the first 10km. Four runners, Kerry Beattie, Ivan Walsh, Derek Jory and Carl Wagner all went through in about 42 minutes. The heat was affecting all the runners and liquids were being drunk regularly. Robyn Wallace, the one lady, was running a controlled race with very even pacing.

Positions did not alter until the 50km mark when Ivan Walsh called it a day, he had used the run as his Sunday morning training run.

The first three runners and their seconds were very relieved when Ivan retired, it was felt by all that he could have won had he continued.

Paul Smith had been running with Robyn until this point and decided to increase the pace and leave Robyn who was still running very consistently. She deserves a medal for listening to Paul's jokes for so long.

Alan Peacock and Robert Wilson were having a great personal duel with only minutes separating them at any one time. Ian Javes had started out quick and was now starting to pay the price. This trio were keeping close tabs on each other.

John Lanham and Ken Yarwood were further back in the field also keeping tabs on each other. John was having problems with blisters and cramps but refused to stop.

Peter Raeburn and Joel Gourley were running together every step of the way. From the very start they had intended to run all the way together. It was very difficult to tell which one was hurting the most. The encouragement they gave each other was shared equally.

Stuart Hall was running last but really did look the fittest and freshest of all the runners. He ran at his pace and was really enjoying himself. When he finished he looked as if he could have turned around and done it all again.

Kerry Beattie slowed dramatically at about 60km and his nine minute lead was reduced to 1½ minutes.

Derek Jory and Carl Wagner were still running well and were both within three minutes of Kerry.

What happened next was very disappointing from my point of view. Kerry Beattie was joined by his seconds who not only ran with him but paced and motivated him for about 40 minutes. His lead increased to approximately 7 minutes with 10km to go. From that point on the winner of the race was never in doubt. Derek and Carl, second and third, did not have the luxury of being paced and were unable to run any faster. I sincerely believe that without the aid of pacing, the lap times put in by both runners may well have enabled them to catch and pass Kerry had he been unaided. No protest was lodged by either runner however Derek Jory was clearly annoyed at what had been allowed to happen.

Kerry Beattie completed the 16 laps in 6 hours 12 minutes 12 seconds to win the 50 Miler.

Back in the field, runners were battling with the heat, in some cases with other runners, and with themselves to keep going.

One runner who won everyone's respect was Robyn Wallace. She was running very even splits, not walking, and smiling at everyone. Perhaps it was the thought of stopping after 50 miles. Her finishing time of 7 hours 28 minutes 50 seconds was a very good effort. All 13 finishers are to be congratulated on finishing in rather difficult weather conditions.

1. Kerry Beattie	6:12:12	7. Ian Javes	7:19:38
2. Derek Jory	6:24:30	8. Robyn Wallace	7:28:50
3. Carl Wagner	6:29:37	9. John Lanham	7:36:26
4. Paul Smith	6:43:43	10. Ken Yarwood	7:40:29
5. Alan Peacock	6:59:59	11. { Joel Gourley	7:50:17
6. Robert Wilson	7:04:57	11. { Peter Raeburn	7:50:17
		12. Stuart Hall	8:13:19

Editor's Comments:

It is very unfortunate that pacing has been raised as an issue in an ultra event. The comradeship and friendliness normally evident between ultra runners is under threat in this sort of circumstance. Even though ultra runners have a competitive spirit, they have often been noted to maintain a high level of integrity by helping a fellow runner in trouble or distress and would never contemplate unsavoury tactics.

Pacing is an issue that is up to race officials to decide and is best tackled by a statement in the race rules. Thereby it is easy to enforce the rules during the race.

The organisation of A.U.R.A. has not yet reached a stage where we have standard sets of guidelines available for use by race organisers. These guidelines will contain model sets of rules for the various types of races that are currently undertaken in Australia. I hope these guidelines can be made up and available in the near future.

STOP_PRESS!! Bob Bruner has written to us from Singapore telling us that he has won the Singapore 12 Hour Ultramarathon held at McRitchie Reservoir on December 28th '86 - 33°C temperatures, 98% humidity - a 10.5K. circuit through jungle!! He tells us it rained for 3½ hours so the waterlogged course was very muddy and slippery, and that it had 11 hills every circuit! Bob covered 115½K to win the event. However, he felt great and is ready to race in Dot's 24 Hour. event at Box Hill in February. Congratulations from all of us, Bob.

AUSTRALIAN 50MILE TRACK RANKINGS.(AS AT OCT 1986).

1. Bruce Cook	ACT	5-35-32	Box Hill V.	29Jun1985.
2. Laurie Brimacombe	V	5-38-49	Box Hill	29Jun1985.
3. Keith Swift	NSW	5-40-45	Melb Uni	11Jul1981.
4. Martin Thompson	V	5-45-20	Tipton UK	24Oct1975.
5. Phil Lear	V	5-47-45	Melb Uni	11Jul1981.
6. Ian Rands	V	5-49-21	Melb Uni	23Mar1980.
7. George Perdon	V	5-55-21	Melb Uni	23Mar1980.
8. Alistair McManus	V	5-55-58	Box Hill	28Jun1986.
9. Barry Brooks	V	5-59-08	Box Hill	29Jun1985.
10. John Connellan	V	6-07-16	Melb Uni	25Jun1983.
11. Gary Beale		6-07-23	Melb Uni	25Jun1983.
12. Brian Bloomer	V	6-07-23	Box Hill	23Jun1984.
13. Peter Logan	V	6-07-28	Melb Uni	25Jun1983.
14. Kon Butko	V	6-08-59	Melb Uni	25Jun1983.
15. Peter Milne	V	6-11-32	Box Hill	28Jun1986.
16. Peter Moore	V	6-14-12	Melb Uni	26Jun1982.
17. Mike Whiteoak	V	6-15-49	Melb Uni	26Jun1982.
18. Leif Michelsson	V	6-19-29	Box Hill	28Jun1986.
19. Ernie Elliott	V	6-21-33	Melb Uni	23Mar1980.
20. Frank Prowse	V	6-30-31	Box Hill	28Jun1986.
21. Cliff Young	V	6-31-26	Melb Uni	26Jun1982.
22. John Barrie	V	6-35-39	Melb Uni	25Jun1983.
23. Geoff Hook	V	6-35-54	Box Hill	28Jun1986.
24. Bob Marden	NSW	6-36-23	Box Hill	28Jun1986.
25. Gerry Hart	V	6-36-27	Melb Uni	11Jul1981.
26. Neil Coutts	V	6-37-32	Melb Uni	11Jul1981.
27. Ashley Parcell	QLD	6-37-37	Box Hill 24Hr	15/16Feb1986.
28. Walter McCrorie	NSW	6-44-08	Melb Uni	25Jun1983.
29. Peter Schultz	SA	6-45-50	ADL 24Hr	5/6Nov1983.
30. David Standeven	SA	6-46-25	Manly 100Mile	29Mar1986.
31. Paul Sharp	V	6-46-55	Box Hill	23Jun1984.
32. Terry Cox	V	6-47-39	Box Hill	28Jun1986.
33. Ron Hill	V	6-49-16	Box Hill	28Jun1986.
34. Keith Fisher	V	6-50-44	Box Hill	28Jun1986.
35. Ken Walters	V	6-50-48	Box Hill	28Jun1986.
36. Graham Chapman	V	6-55-00	Melb Uni	25Jun1983.
37. Don Keyssecker	NSW	6-56-19	Melb Uni	23Mar1980.
38. Bob Schickert	V	6-56-33	Melb Uni	11Jul1981.
39. Peter Armistead	V	6-56-35	Box Hill	29Jun1985.

AUSTRALIAN 50MILE TRACK RANKINGS(CONT)

40.	John Brown	6-57-05	Melb Uni	26Jun1982.
41.	Gordon McKeown	V 6-57-50	Melb Uni	25Jun1983.
42.	Alistair Wallace	NSW 6-58-30	Manly 100Mile	29Mar1986.
43.	Bill Beauchamp	V 6-59-42	Box Hill	28Jun1986.
44.	Ian Olifent	SA 7-05-26	Adelaide 24Hr.	9/10Nov1986.
45.	Anyce Melham	NSW 7-05-50	Manly 100Mile	29Mar1986.
46.	Peter Richardson	V 7-07-40	Box Hill	28Jun1986.
47.	John Bell	V 7-08-14	Box Hill	29Jun1985.
48.	Chris Stephenson	NSW 7-08-57	Melb Uni	25Jun1983.
49.	Gerry Riley	V 7-09-40	Melb Uni	25Jun1983.
50.	Roy Sutcliffe	SA 7-09-52	Adelaide 24Hr.	5/6Nov1983.
51.	Claude Martin	V 7-10-39	Box Hill	28Jun1986.
52.	Les Bradd	V 7-12-05	Box Hill	28Jun1986.
53.	Howard Ross	7-13-31	Box Hill	29Jun1985.
54.	Jack McKellar	V 7-16-54	Box Hill	15/16Feb1986.
55.	Ian Hutchinson	NSW 7-18-26	Melb Uni	23Mar1980.
56.	Greg Wishart	V 7-20-16	Box Hill	28Jun1986.
57.	Peter Risk	V 7-21-50	Melb uni	25Jun1983.
58.	Barry Allan	V 7-22-10	Box Hill	23Jun1984.
59.	Roger Weinstein	V 7-22-30	Melb Uni	25Jun1983.
60.	Andrew Docherty	SA 7-22-42	Melb Uni	25Jun1983.
61.	Rory Wilson	7-23-11	Melb Uni	25Jun1983.
62.	Denis Davis	7-23-52	Melb Uni	11Jul1981.
63.	Bruce Cook	V 7-24-05	Melb Uni	23Jun1984.
64.	Geoff Kirkman	SA 7-25-19	Adelaide 24Hr.	9/10Nov1985.
65.	Bob Bruner	V 7-26-10	Adelaide 24Hr.	5/6Nov1983.
66.	Peter Manning	NSW 7-26-35	Box Hill	28Jun1986.
67.	Joe Gobel	V 7-29-44	Box Hill	23Jun1984.
68.	Greg Mathews	V 7-30-47	Melb Uni	11Jul1981.
69.	Max Bogenhuber	NSW 7-33-17	Manly 100Mile	6Apr1985.
70.	Stan Miskin	V 7-33-27	Melb Uni	25Jun1983.
71.	Charlie Lynn	NSW 7-37-17	Adelaide 24Hr.	9/10Nov1985.
72.	Reg Williams	V 7-42-14	Melb Uni	25Jun1983.
73.	Steve Bentley	V 7-45-11	Box Hill	23Jun1984.
74.	Colin Silcock	V 7-50-16	Box Hill	23Jun1984.
75.	Geof Warren	V 7-50-49	Melb Uni	11Jul1981.
76.	Barry patterson	V 7-53-42	Adelaide 24Hr.	3/4Nov1984.
77.	Geoff Ryan	7-59-56	Melb Uni	25Jun1983.
78.	Brad Boyle	NSW 8-02-05	Manly 100Mile	6Apr1985.

AUSTRALIAN 50MILE TRACK RANKINGS (CONT)

79.	John Champness	V	8-02-16	Box Hill	23Jun1984.
80.	David Williams	NSW	8-02-21	Box Hill	23Jun1984.
81.	Bob Moore	V	8-06-04	Box Hill	23Jun1984.
82.	Andrew McCombe	SA	8-06-17	Adelaide 24Hr.	5/6Nov1983.
83.	Ross Martin	SA	8-12-52	Adelaide 24Hr.	9/10Nov1985.
84.	Kevin Foreman	SA	8-14-27	Adelaide 24Hr.	5/6Nov1983.
85.	Geoff Molloy	V	8-16-14	Box Hill 24Hr.	4/5Feb1984.
86.	Trevor Harris	QLD	8-17-22	Melb Uni	26Jun1982.
87.	Tony Rafferty	V	8-22-19	Box Hill	29Jun1985.
88.	Paul Woodhouse	NSW	8-22-33	Adelaide 24Hr.	3/4Nov1984.
89.	Peter Ryan	V	8-22-54	Melb Uni	26Jun1982.
90.	Bernie Brennan	V	8-23-59	Melb Uni	26Jun1982.
91.	Klaus Schnibbe	V	8-28-59	Box Hill 24Hr.	15/16Feb1986.
92.	Dave Taylor	NSW	8-31-09	Hensley 24Hr.	19/20Jul1986.
92.	Ken Hough	V	8-41-04	Box Hill	28Jun1986.
93.	John Dean	SA	8-43-02	Box Hill	23Jun1984.
94.	Allan Fox	SA	8-43-57	Adelaide 24Hr.	5/6Nov1983.
95.	Stephen Foulkes	V	8-46-06	Box Hill	28Jun1986.
96.	Graham Light	V	8-53-39	Box Hill 24Hr.	4/5Feb1984.
97.	Frank Biviano	V	8-54-12	Aberfeldie 150Km.	10Mar1985.
98.	David Waldeck		8-55-07	Adelaide 24Hr.	5/6Nov1983.
99.	Ray Ramelli	V	8-55-09	Box Hill 24Hr	15/16Feb1986.
100.	Don Spenser	SA	8-56-39	Adelaide 24Hr.	3/4Nov1984.

WOMEN.

1.	Cynthia Cameron	V	6-52-42	Box Hill	28Jun1986.
2.	Adrienne Beames	V	7-04-34	Melb Uni	23Mar1980.
3.	Dawn Parris	V	7-27-11	Box Hill	28Jun1986.
4.	Gloria Kennedy	NSW	7-57-27	Melb Uni	25Jun1983.
5.	Anne Callaghan	V	8-09-02	Box Hill	23Jun1984.
6.	Caroline Vaughan	NSW	8-28-28	Box Hill 24Hr.	4/5Feb1984.
7.	Margaret Smith	V	8-28-49	Aberfeldie 150Km.	10Mar1985.
8.	Sue Worley	SA	8-36-45	Box Hill	23Jun1984.
9.	Helen O'Connor	SA	8-47-45	Adelaide 24Hr.	3/4Nov1984.
10.	Patty Bruner	V	9-14-03	Melb Uni	11Jul1981.
11.	Geraldine Riley	V	9-39-09	Box Hill 24Hr.	15/16Feb1986.
12.	Leonie Gordon	SA	10-34-08	Adelaide 24Hr.	3/4Nov1984.
13.	Marilyn McCarthy	SA	13-23-46	Adelaide 24Hr.	3/4Nov1984.
14.	Elaine Guterres	SA	15-53-20	Adelaide 24Hr.	9/10Nov1985.

AUSTRALIAN 100KM TRACK RANKINGS (OCTOBER 1986)

1.	Martin Thompson	V	7-22-38	Tipton UK	24Oct1975.
2.	Bruce Cook.	ACT	7-32-41.	Coburg. V.	14Sep1986.
3.	Brian Bloomer	45 V	8-33-17.	Box Hill 24Hr.	15/16Feb1986.
4.	Ashley Parcell	30 QLD	8-37-14.	Box Hill 24Hr.	15/16Feb1986.
5.	Ron Hill	46 V	8-58-05.	Coburg V	14Sep1986.
6.	Cliff Young	63 V	9-02-52	Adelaide 24Hr.	9/10Nov1986.
7.	Joe Gobel	49 V	9-05-26	Coburg V	15Sep1985.
8.	Terry Cox	49 V	9-08-10	Coburg V	14Sep1986.
9.	Keith Swift	NSW	9-09-21	Hensley 24Hr.	23/24Feb1985.
10.	Phil Lear	39 V	9-12-01	Box Hill 24Hr.	4/5Feb1984.
11.	Anvce Melham	28 NSW	9-15-10	Adelaide 24Hr.	9/10Nov1985.
12.	Bill Beauchamp	41 V	9-15-17	Coburg V	14Sep1986.
13.	Geoff Kirkman	35 SA	9-24-04	Adelaide 24Hr.	9/10Nov1985.
14.	Geoff Hook	38 V	9-26-30	Adelaide 24Hr.	5/6Nov1983.
15.	Jack McKellar	45 V	9-30-14	Box Hill 24Hr.	15/16Feb1986.
16.	Chris Stephenson	28 NSW	9-33-48	Adelaide 24Hr.	3/4Nov1984.
17.	Klaus Schnibbe	42 V	9-38-06	Coburg V	15Sep1985.
18.	Bob Bruner	47 V	9-43-30	Box Hill 24Hr.	15/16Feb1986.
19.	Kevin Cassidy	26 V	9-44-06	Coburg V	14Sep1986.
20.	Alistair McManus	35 V	9-49-00	Adelaide 24Hr.	9/10Nov1985.
21.	Gerry Riley	54 V	9-49-54	Coburg V	15Sep1985.
22.	Barry Allen	30 V	9-55-29	Coburg V	14Sep1986.
23.	Charlie Lynn	NSW	9-59-07	Adelaide 24Hr.	9/10Nov1985.
24.	Keith Fisher	21 V	10-03-53	Coburg V	14Sep1986.
25.	Gordon McKeown	61 V	10-12-28	Adelaide 24Hr.	3/4Nov1984.
26.	Keith Crowle	V	10-15-59	Coburg V	14Sep1986.
27.	Michael Whiteoak	40 V	10-17-12	Aberfeldie 150Km.	10Mar1985.
28.	Geoff Molloy	42 V	10-17-21	Box Hill 24Hr.	4/5Feb1984.
29.	Bob Marden	32 NSW	10-18-05	Adelaide 24Hr.	3/4Nov1984.
30.	Ross Martin	56 SA	10-22-44	Adelaide 24Hr.	9/10Nov1985.
31.	Gerry Hart	47 V	10-26-28	Coburg V	15Sep1985.
32.	Peter Logan	35 V	10-26-42	Adelaide 24Hr.	3/4Nov1984.
33.	Howard Ross	40 V	10-36-51	Box Hill 24Hr.	15/16Feb1986.
34.	Barry Patterson	35 V	10-40-28	Adelaide 24Hr.	3/4Nov1984.
35.	Frank Biviano	41 V	10-45-58	Coburg V	15Sep1985.
36.	Stan Miskin	60 V	10-50-17	Coburg V	15Sep1985.
37.	Pony Rafferty	45 V	10-50-48	Adelaide 24Hr.	3/4Nov1984.
38.	John Champness	44 V	10-51-29	Box Hill 24Hr.	15/16Feb1986.
39.	Robert Lachlan	NSW	10-55-40	Hensley 24Hr.	23/24Feb1985.
40.	Graeme Dunlop	27 V	10-58-28	Coburg V	15Sep1985.

AUSTRALIAN 100KM TRACK RANKINGS(OCTOBER 86 CONT.)

41. Greg Wishart	46	V	11-03-00	Aberfeldie 250Km.	10Mar1985.
42. John Bell	41	V	11-06-24	Box Hill 24Hr.	15/16Feb1986.
43. Andy Docherty	54	SA	11-11-11	Coburg V	15Sep1985.
44. David Standeven		SA	11-11-18	Adelaide 24Hr.	9/10Nov1985.
45. Dave Taylor	34	NSW	11-15-54	Hensley 24Hr.	19/20Jul1986.
46. Brian Steel		NSW	11-18-20	Hensley 24Hr.	23/24Feb1985.
47. Frank Pearson		NSW	11-31-54	Hensley 24Hr.	23/24Feb1985.
48. Peter Gray		V	11-40-31	Coburg V	14Sep1986.
49. Andrew McCombe	54	SA	11-44-24	Adelaide 24Hr.	3/4Nov1984.
50. Ken Murray	48	NSW	11-44-47	Hensley 24Hr.	23/24Feb1985.
51. Dan Gray		NSW	11-45-39	Hensley 24Hr.	19/20Jul1986.
52. Stan McCarthy	41	SA	11-51-24	Coburg V	14Sep1986.
53. Reg Williams	34	V	11-51-36	Box Hill 24Hr.	15/16Feb1986.
54. Tony McCool		SA	11-51-40	Adelaide 24Hr.	9/10Nov1985.
55. Colin Silcock	52	V	11-55-18	Coburg V	15Sep1985.
56. Matthew Kaley		NSW	11-55-30	Hensley 24Hr.	19/20Jul1986.
57. Graeme Wilkinson		NSW	11-57-40	Hensley 24Hr.	23/24Feb1985.
58. Paul Woodhouse	22	NSW	12-01-18	Adelaide 24Hr.	3/4Nov1984.
59. Roger Stuart		SA	12-01-50	Adelaide 24Hr.	9/10Nov1985.
60. Don Spenser	48	SA	12-02-22	Adelaide 24Hr.	3/4Nov1984.
61. Ray Ramelli	40	V	12-23-06	Box Hill 24Hr.	15/16Feb1986.
62. Tom Donovan	53	V	12-23-19	Aberfeldie 150Km	10Mar1985.
63. Tony Tripp	39	WA	12-23-22	Box Hill 24Hr.	15/16Feb1986.
64. Ian Hutchinson	39	NSW	12-33-06	Hensley 24Hr.	19/20Jul1986.
65. Peter Milne	30	V	12-36-19	Box Hill 24Hr.	15/16Feb1986.
66. David Waldeck	38	SA	12-38-57	Adelaide 24Hr.	3/4Nov1984.
67. Keith Marshall	59	V	12-47-22.	Box Hill 24Hr.	15/16Feb1986.
68. Peter Ryan	36	V	12-59-01	Adelaide 24Hr.	3/4Nov1984.
69. Peter Pfister	45	V	12-59-37	Aberfeldie 150Km.	10Mar1985.
70. Alan Staples	37	NSW	13-01-24	Hensley 24Hr.	19/20Jul1986.
71. Bruce Cook	47	V	13-07-20	Aberfeldie 150Km.	10Mar1985.
72. Chris Woolgar	42	V	13-22-31	Box Hill 24Hr.	15/16Feb1986.
73. Tony Ashwell		SA	13-23-10	Adelaide 24Hr.	9/10Nov1985.
74. Robert Byrth	35	SA	13-35-40	Adelaide 24Hr.	3/4Nov1984.
75. Frank Frowse	33	V	13-52-45	Aberfeldie 150Km.	10Mar1985.
76. Mal Pendlebury		NSW	13-57-38	Hensley 24Hr.	23/24Feb1985.
77. Dick Grotty	54	SA	13-57-49	Adelaide 24Hr.	3/4Nov1984.
78. Mark Barnes		NSW	14-09-25	Hensley 24Hr.	23/24Feb1985.

AUSTRALIAN 100KM TRACK RANKINGS(OCTOBER 86 CONT.)

79. Bill Gutteridge	SA	14-19-19	Adelaide 24Hr.	9/10Nov1985.
80. James Harvey	49 SA	14-24-22	Adelaide 24Hr.	3/4Nov1984.
81. Gray Summers	39 V	14-30-12	Aberfeldie 150Km.	10Mar1985.
82. Jeff Down	28 V	14-36-31	Box Hill 24Hr.	15/16Feb1986.
83. Kon Butko	38 V	14-43-21	Box Hill 24Hr.	15/16Feb1986.
84. Graham Venus	SA	14-47-32	Adelaide 24Hr.	9/10Nov1985.
85. Nick Bazzica	27 SA	14-54-58	Adelaide 24Hr.	3/4Nov1984.
86. Walter Smith	45 SA	14-55-28	Adelaide 24Hr.	3/4Nov1984.
87. Ken Hough	41 V	14-50-15	Box Hill 24Hr.	15/16Feb1986.
88. Gordon Fry	45 SA	15-02-21	Adelaide 24Hr.	3/4Nov1984.
89. Graham Firkin	NSW	15-42-47	Hensley 24Hr.	19/20Jul1986.
90. Jonathon R Smith	33 SA	15-54-58	Adelaide 24Hr.	3/4Nov1984.
91. Stephen Foulkes	31 V	16-00-55	Aberfeldie 150Km.	10Mar1985.
92. Max Barnes	03 SA	16-38-16	Adelaide 24Hr.	3/4Nov1984.
93. Pat Farmer.	NSW	16-44-27	Hensley 24Hr.	23/24Feb1985.
94. Alan Oliver	NSW	17-57-00	Hensley 24Hr.	23/24Feb1985.
95. Grahame Deacon	NSW	18-50-39	Hensley 24Hr.	19/20Jul1986.
96. Alex Matthew	46 SA	19-17-50	Adelaide 24Hr.	3/4 Nov1984.
97. Graham Light	37 V	20-11-54	Box Hill 24Hr.	15/16 Feb1986.

WOMEN

1. Cynthia Cameron	44 V	9-15-26	Coburg V	14Sep1986.
2. Margaret Smith	49 V	10-30-43	Aberfeldie 150Km.	10Mar1985.
3. Helen O'Connor	32 SA	11-38-12	Adelaide 24Hr.	3/4Nov1984.
4. Geraldine Riley	22 V	12-08-05	Box Hill 24Hr.	15/16Feb1986.
5. Dawn Parris	32 V	13-17-45	Aberfeldie 150Km.	10Mar1985.
6. Sue Worley	SA	14-01-17	Adelaide 24Hr.	9/10Nov1985.
7. Leonie Gordon	40 SA	14-18-06	Adelaide 24Hr.	3/4Nov1984.
8. Marilyn McCarthy	35 SA	16-58-48	Adelaide 24Hr.	3/4Nov1984.
9. Patty Bruner	48 V	19-35-10	Aberfeldie 150Km.	10Mar1985.
10. Elaine Guterres	SA	21-24-03	Adelaide 24Hr.	9/10Nov1985.

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**Please forward any ultra race results to him.